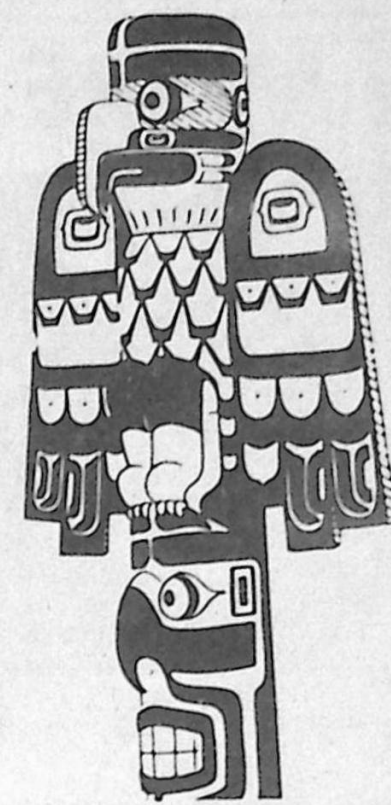


TOTEM TIMES

Vol. 9

CFB COMOX, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1968

No. 3



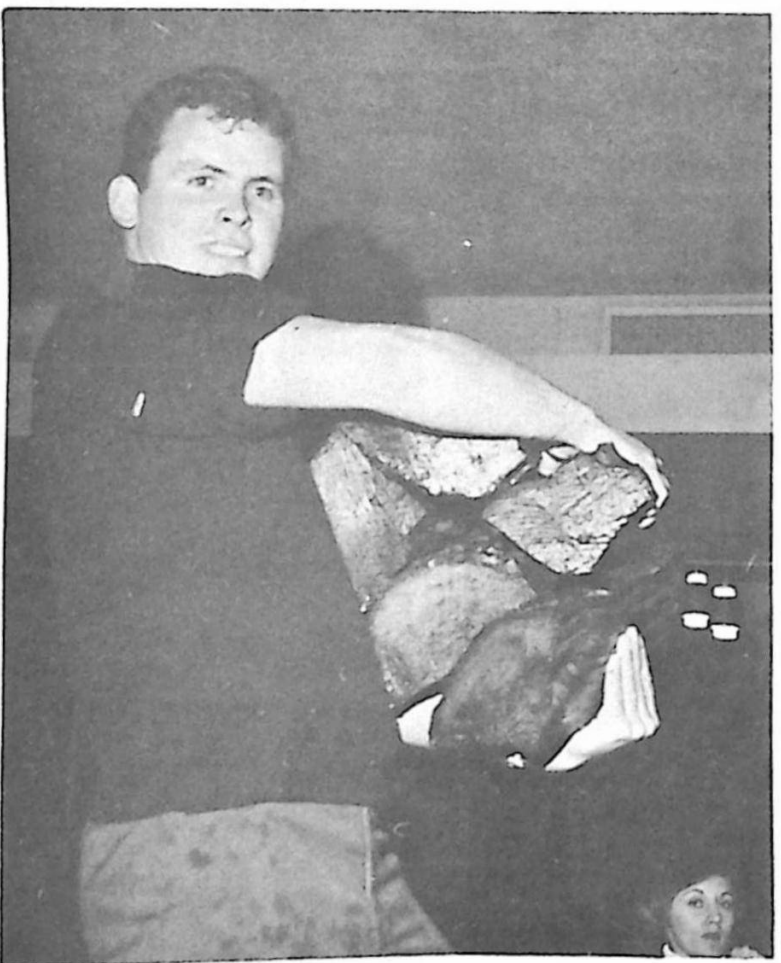
COBOC FLY-IN SMASHING SUCCESS



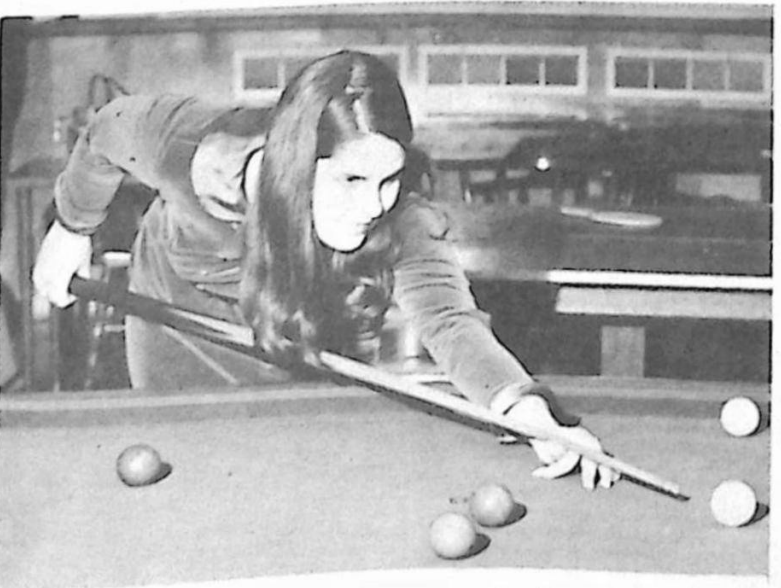
IN THE RAIN, on Friday afternoon they started to arrive. Coboc members with buses were there to meet them, and to get a look at their neat aircraft. — RFE photo



IN THE MESS Friday afternoon and evening they played crud, and the mess manager made a mental note on how much it would cost to repair pool table. — RFE photo



SATURDAY MORNING the girls began to arrive, so firewood had to be hauled and a roaring fire was soon blazing in the fireplace. — RFE photo



HERE ONE of the lovely ladies, who had come from far and wide, shows fine form at the pool table. — RFE photo



THE BIG event of the evening, the shipwreck party, which began at 9:00 p.m. was livened up by the arrival of the 435 contingent in their version of the Jolly Green Jumpers. Their integrated drill was superb. — RFE photo



BORDIE NEIL, one of "Hellyers Hellions", stands at the bar with 435 Squadron's favourite drink, ginger ale in a tall glass. — RFE photo



THEY DANCED and danced and danced, and then they danced some more. When the band left (they were terrific by the way), somebody put on some recorded music and the party continued on into the night. Would you believe morning? — RFE photo

International Convention Held Here

The weekend had ended and, as seems to be typical these days, a trip to the local doctors office was required. However, this day instead of diagnosing the usual hangover symptoms, the Doc felt that it was necessary for a psychiatric examination by the head shrinker. (The whole reason behind this was that the Doc was a "bagger" and wanted to know exactly what had happened the past weekend so that he could reminisce of good bachelor times).

"It all started Doc, last Friday, there arrived out of the blue (actually WOJOF) in great procession from the grey and white bird of VP-47. Within a half an hour the mess was seemingly overrun by our southern friends from Moffatt. Coboc's annual fly-in had begun. A total of one P4 Orion, one P2V7, two Dakotas, five Tutors, two T-33's, one Voodoo and a Hercules arrived at the base to culminate a male contingent for the party.

Beer call was quite an affair, especially with a group that seem to emanate a certain je ne sais quoi, from 435 Transport Squadron. The poor pool table was put to good use with a rather lively Crud game between everybody. The trouble is that no one actually knew who won but then again does it matter?

Saturday morning came early, and for those up at the ungodly hour of 0800 could have viewed a convoy of cars of the resident Coboc members heading in the direction of Nanaimo, Campbell River, Powell River and Courtenay. Needless to say, it was to pick up all the women who had decided to come over for the weekend party. The cars with their full loads arrived in Courtenay around 1230 and all accommodations were then taken care of, and from there off to the mess for the afternoon decorating party.

All that were present, would agree that the mess was certainly decorated that afternoon. It also gave everyone of the bachelor status an opportunity to meet the bevy of beauties that arrived from all parts of beautiful B.C.

for the party. Unfortunately, the deteriorating weather conditions necessitated a cancellation of the ski bus, however the planned apres ski party commenced a night bit earlier.

After an excellent dinner of chicken and chips, the girls adjourned to the motels to change their clothes for the evenings entertainment and the mess prepared for the forthcoming festivities.

At approximately 900 p.m. the mess was invaded by what might be termed as an unruly group of men? Dressed in a Namao version of the jolly green jumpers. With a definite example of superior military marching drill the 435 (Who owns this mess club) group led by Major Disaster astounded all those present.

The music, supplied by a local band commenced soon after and the party was under way. It would be ridiculous to relate to you the events of the party, for they are just far too numerous to mention. The only thing applicable is that all those present had a very good time. Next years party will have to be quite a bash to outdo this years festivities.

Sunday morning, the aircraft began their exodus back to their home bases and the girls were collected from the motels and once again the convoy of cars proceeded towards Nanaimo for the end of a perfect weekend. The members of Coboc were honoured by the presentation to representative Hugh Lines of a plaque from VP-47 in appreciation of the memorable weekend they had spent at Comox. Also, an invitation was made by our southern friends for a return visit in the near future to Moffatt for another weekend of revelry and good times.

The members of Coboc would like to extend their thanks and greatest appreciation to all those personnel and specific sections on the base for their aid and service this weekend. For it can certainly be said that without their support the whole event could not have been the success that it was.

Avionics Sergeant Has Unusual Hobby



SGT. HANK MORIN makes a final adjustment after recalibrating his home built portable seismograph. Recalibration became necessary after Hank recorded the highest reading by his machine since the Alaskan Tidal Wave. Sgt. Morin, a long time resident of the Seven Hangar Tube Tapping Emporium, became interested in the model seismograph while thumbing through a back issue of Popular Mechanics during one of his lengthy coffee breaks. "After hearing the theory that integration was going to shake the Air Force to the core," he said, "I wanted to be the one who recorded this phenomena for posterity." "Many misinformed persons have mistakenly identified minor to moderate subterranean disturbances for sonic booms from aircraft. I think it's a shame that the credit should go to those fly boys when it really belongs to the little elves who are bowling down in their secret underground caves." — Times photo

Demise of RCAF



THIS BEAUTIFULLY put together "set piece" was to be seen at the Sergeant's Mess last Wednesday night at a Farewell to the RCAF Dance. Also on display was a "Crying Post, Mod I" beloved by all WO's, however the TIMES photographer was too overcome at the sight of all those stout hearts bowling away, to get a picture. — RFE photo

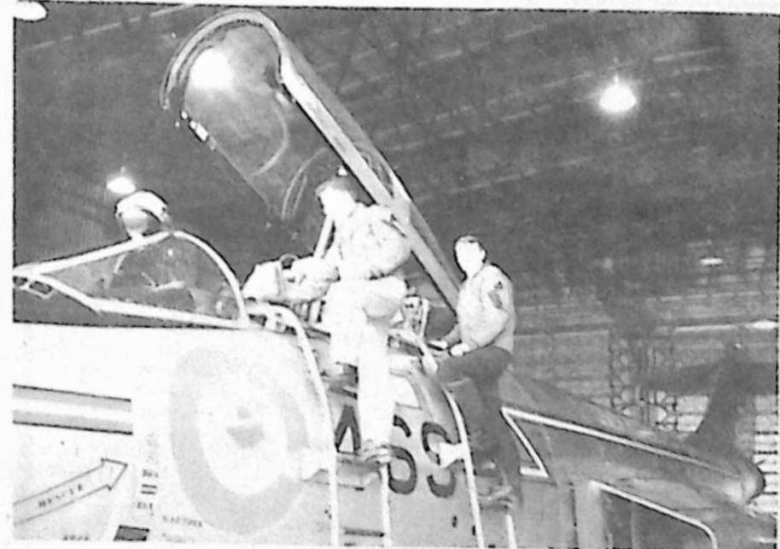


THE OFFICERS MESS held a Dining In night and invited A/V/M Orr (retired), to be guest speaker. A plaque commemorating the birth and death of the RCAF was put up in the foyer for the occasion, and the new integrated ensign was on display (for a while). — RFE photo



AT THE festivities in the officers' mess, one of the members, a navy chap who, through his affiliation to the hospital, has infiltrated CFB Comox, was seen to rise and complain that he took affront to the way the festivities were being run. At this point the PMC, who answers all complaints, drew a pistol and put him out of his misery. Rather than let him lie there and rot, a stretcher was rounded up, and he was carried to the back of the mess, where he was deposited in a garbage can. — DND photo

Last RCAF Flight flown from Comox



AT 2345 HRS on the 31st of January '68, this CF 101 Voodoo Interceptor took off from CFB Comox on what proved to be the last flight flown by a RCAF aircraft. Standing on the ladders are the crew who manned it. Due to poor photography on the part of one of the TIMES staff, their faces are not very clear and as a result we were unable to identify them. — Times Photo

MORE OF THE WEEK-END



And here's a toast to you guys paying for all this!
— RFE photo



I told him not to try and walk a straight line.
Poor devil!
— RFE photo



Double your pleasure, double your fun. Latch onto two girls instead of just one.
— RFE photo



Yep, things were sure rough out there in those trenches. Should get a purple heart for this!
— Times photo

COBOC CACOPHONY

Greetings, Coboc readers. As you all must have heard by now, the combination Coboc Fly-in, Drink-in and Love-in (with luck) was a resounding success. In fact it was so good that we have been forced to dig deeply into our literary talent library to find extra help in reporting this rather fantastic event. To begin, all of you married types that may be thinking of lodging a complaint against the paper for the extra coverage that Coboc is getting this week, may as well forget it, as Totem Times standing orders show that once in every year, single people are allowed equal billing in the paper.

It goes without saying that all of the weekend's events were exceptionally well planned, co-ordinated, and carried out. Every phase of the weekend was bigger and better than the comparable event last year, especially the ski party. This year's foray to the slopes was perhaps the finest singular happening of the weekend. We all remember that last year's ski party was excellent and hard to match, however, this year's was literally impossible to describe. It looked for a while as if this year's snowy sojourn might not come off as planned, as Saturday's weather appeared to be pretty miserable and without any forecastable (we budding young Hemingways' can't afford dictionaries) improvement in sight. This, fortunately, did not deter everyone and the end result was an exact 100 per cent increase in the number of skiers over last year. In laymen's terms this means that last year we actually had one person go skiing instead of drinking and this year we had two. Single people are a hardy breed.

As must be evident by now, Comox was host to an exceptionally, great number of old friends and single pretty types from all over Canada and the Western U.S. Also present and deserving the mention was ex-coboc Scott Eichel, who displayed his obvious enthusiasm for Unification by bringing to the fly-in a Navy nurse. Several of us have had the misfortune to meet S/Lt. Reed on a professional basis at the Naden hospital, however due to the fact that she showed such excellent taste in coming to the fly-in with a Captain (forgetting of course that it was Scott Eichel) we have decided to nominate her to the post of honorary Coboc member. This is an honor never before bestowed on a Navy type and if the Coboc board of directors can only overlook Linda's inhumane treatment of Coboc members in the past (violent protests have been lodged by former patients Lemm, Richter and Bartels), Coboc can actually add a name (to its rapidly reducing list) of Vancouver Island single types.

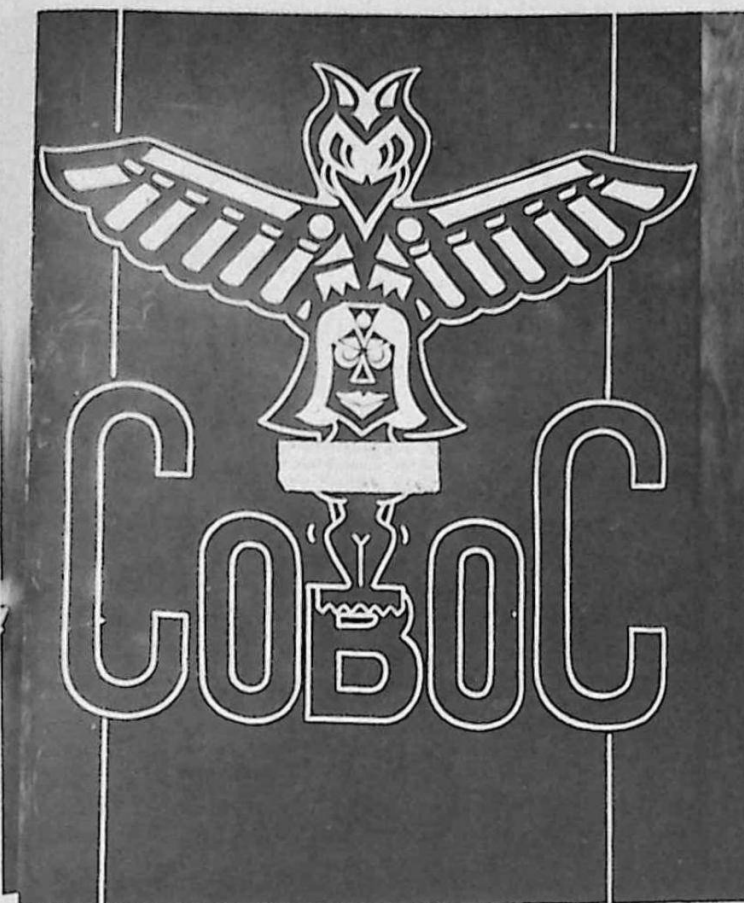
This weekend was not just an endless chain of frivolous affairs. The Coboc powers at the top ingeniously produced a guest book into which all female guests were required to list their names, addresses, and phone numbers. Approximately 100 girls had signed this dubious register before it disappeared on Saturday night. We have been unable to produce the culprit as of yet, however, a plan has been formulated for his capture. The theft of the book whose value can only be compared to the Dead Sea Scrolls, can not go unnoticed and God only knows what will become of this vile fiend once he is apprehended. The plan for his capture is simple indeed. We simply wait a few months until some individual becomes conspicuous by his tired appearance, loss of weight, greying of hair, and a general absence on weekends. This guy will either be our culprit whose fate remains to be seen, or the base doctors will have themselves a case that can't be cured with just aspirins and rest.

The happenings of this weekend are too numerous to list, however, there was one rather newsworthy item that came out of the rubble of the Officer's Mess. Terry Montgomery (the Toad) was continuously seen with a girl who was wearing a rather interesting looking diamond ring. Either Terry is playing some funny games or he has done something so foolish that he could end his Coboc membership forever. As no formal request has been made to the Coboc Board of Directors concerning this matter, we can only speculate on what the Toad is up to. People sure do funny things when they become old enough to legally drink.

We'll close this Coboc contribution to the Totem Times by inviting all our Brown Bagger friends to feel free to ask any Coboc member to inform him of the good times had last weekend. The tales you hear may not compare to the excitement over the kid's first tooth, the satisfaction received by painting the basement floor, and the gay times had at a candlelight dinner, however, we feel that a pretty good time was had by all who attended. There was, however, one lesson we feel that the married types could learn from our party. It is possible to attend a party without crying in your beer in front of your boss. Cheers.



EVEN the Base Commander had fun.



A recent intercept of a communique from Paris to Quebec has proven beyond all doubt the conspiracy to wrest the Coboc crest from the West Coast of Canada to adorn the proposed ensign of the army of Free Frenchman. King Charles (Chuck) of France has decreed that the letters in Coboc will stand for the army's new motto, Combined, Obstreperous, Beligerant, 'oly, Calvary!
— RFE photo

Do You Remember?

This was your BLACK-BLACK: for those fortunate souls who missed bits and pieces of the COBOC weekend a slight recap of memorable performances by our beloved COBOC and guests was deemed necessary. JIM McDermid, Cool Pool's wandering gypsy played his great swinging tunes on his guitar Saturday but had a little problem turning the tide until his rendition of "I'm in the Mood For Love."

Jack Baker from VP-7 was by far the most congenial and perfect guest. If anyone knows of a Black for Jack we would certainly appreciate a little help. No one person should be that good! VP-46 can be highly pleased with two of its participating members, Wayne Boatman and Lonnie Hoskins. Next year Wayne promised to bring the remainder of his circus act and Lonnie will learn to keep to his own room. Bordie Neil of 435 fame mentioned how happy he was that he stayed upright this year for the party. Last year Bordie didn't make it pass 5 p.m. Saturday. But this year he doubled his walking time.

The "Phantom Kisser" from VP-1, Gerry Rygg, was a steady,

reliable performer this weekend. Susie promised not to wash the back of her neck for at least a month. By the way I hope you remember your proposal to the Vancouver doll! She does! Duff Duffey, VP-47, turned on and scored high, with his prowess on the pool table.

Brian Roberts of Namao pranced his way to stardom Saturday night and we heard that another marriage is in the offing. She came back and wished Brian had! Tom Guisto (VP-1) should be awarded a COBOC commendation for his valiant efforts to get his boys out of Comox, Sunday. It seemed apparent that most of his troops were still ready to have a party but Tom succeeded and to Tom our heartfelt thanks.

Back in Qc Two COBOC members returned after visiting hospitals for a short while. Bob Lemm bounced in for the party and Jim Loring arrived in from Toronto in good health.

Until further BLACKS are reported, keep up the good work and don't forget our motto, Eat, Drink and be Merry.

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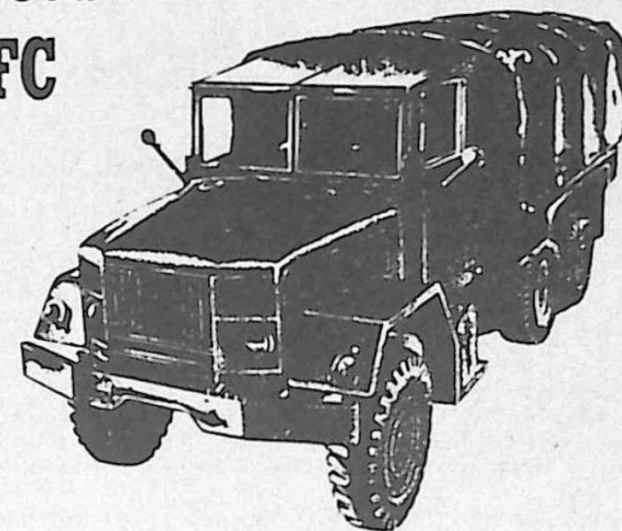
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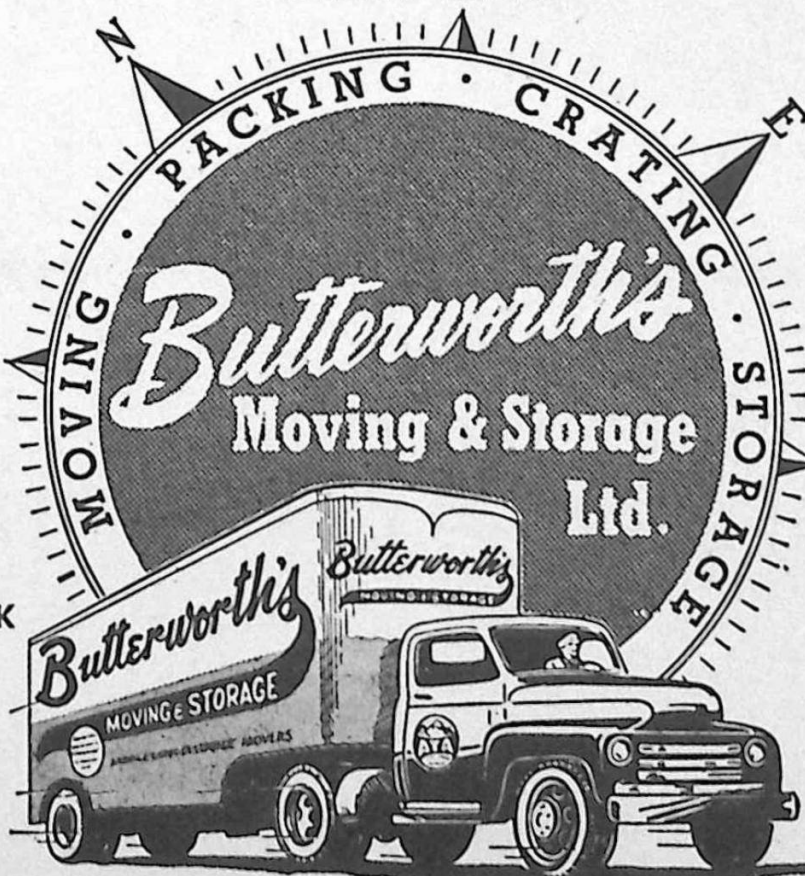
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GROUP CAPTAIN LETT, Base Commander presents a \$355 cheque to Flight Sergeant P. Klem. This cheque was paid by the Suggestions Award Committee for his suggestion concerning the breather apparatus on the J57 engine. His suggestion eliminates the necessity of removing the engine for Test Cell testing of certain malfunctions by making it possible to perform the tests with the engine in the aircraft. The Suggestions Award Committee estimates the potential savings in manpower amounted to \$5,700 per year. By a process of mysterious but set, computations known only to the S.A.C. the Flight received \$355 less tax. This is the largest award received on the base to date, however there are some suggestions in the mill at present that may be even larger.

— Canadian Forces Photo

Suggestion Award Committee Loaded

It's the truth, the Suggestion Award Committee is loaded, with plenty Wampum. To get some, simply submit a money saving idea. Depending of course, on the size of the savings to the government it is possible to be showered with so much money that you will be hard pressed to decide which color Cadillac to buy next.

Although the S.A.C. is giving away money every day it is one of the few money making departments within the Department of National Defence. Having a sure fire profit formula, it pays only when it is making money. It could be considered a profit sharing business. The committee deals with three main types of savings. Actual savings, where there is a positive saving such as a reduction of manpower or material consumed. Potential savings, where savings are based on such items as re-occurring snags, the actual number of which are unpredictable, and intangible savings on items such as safety, morale, etc.

Changes in the policy of the S.A.C. are presently under consideration. The most interesting change to money made inventors is the use of Para 18 approval on the Unsatisfactory Condition Report as authority to make an award. If this goes through, the time between submission and the pay-off will be greatly reduced. Everyone, at one time or another has had an inspiration or an idea of how his or someone else's job could be made easier, short cuts, or technical innovations deal with their own trades. Most ideas make it only to the idea stage. Not all successful inventors are hidden away in remote but lavishly equipped laboratories chuckling madly away to themselves, but all of them do spot the problem, find a solution, work out the technical details, and then, most important of all, they put their ideas on paper so that they can be communicated to others.

Consider the chaps who develop grand inventions in idea form only. For instance, the type who, reportedly, during the Battle of

Britain, came up with the idea of solidifying search light beams and using them to knock down the enemy aircraft. Preposterous? Of course, but the idea did have merit if it could be made to work. Upon presenting the idea to the powers that be, he was asked how this feat was to be accomplished. "I haven't the foggiest old boy," he replied, "I'm just giving you the concept, I leave the details to you."

It is a well hashed theory that the problem of travel between Vancouver Island and the mainland could quite easily be solved by the building of a bridge. Unfortunately, it's the engineering details that seem to be holding the project up.

Most successful inventions follow that old adage, "A good design must be a simple and functional" (Can you think of anything more simple or more functional than a hammer?) Some people have difficulty getting their thoughts on to paper. This seems to be the main killer of inventive thought. If you are one of these, try explaining your idea to someone in a completely different field, once you can get him to understand your idea, write it down as you explained it to him. If you're still stuck, get help from someone, even if you have to give him a "cut". Something is better than nothing. Don't forget to show how your idea is going to save the treasury boys money.

While the S.A.C. is not looking for great literary contributions of fine works of technical art, they must be able to transmit your idea to the other end of the country.

Since the forming of the local S.A.C. in March 1966 they have paid off on 12 submissions, rejected 19 and have 11 pending. The odds are favorable, remember too, that you are encouraged to make a S.A.C. submission when you submit a U.C.R. if it is applicable.

Good luck chaps. I must get back to my own project. I'm developing a triple handled mop that will be readily adaptable to all three arms of the Canadian Forces.

GETTAIRCUT!

With the modern trend of boys letting their hair grow long it is getting extremely difficult to tell boys from girls. Summer time it may not be so bad when the mini skirts come back but with girls in slacks the average male driver is in a quandary. I was telling one of these weirdo types the other day that until he got his hair cut to a civilized length he would never get a hitch hiked ride from me. I explained to him that from a criminal court point of view the average male driver does not have a leg to stand on in court if he is accused by a female of 'ungentlemanly conduct'. I put it that way to miss out the seamy words. It is very easy for a female in a car with a man to disprove such an allegation, especially if she tears her clothing, scratches her own face and that of the driver. Girls don't take the hint please! Just see what the law can do to a man found 'guilty' of one of these crimes. He can be sentenced to imprisonment for life with a whipping, 10 years for an attempted crime also with a whipping, a straight assault can be imprisoned for 14 years, 10 years or 5 years according to the alleged offence. What driver in his right mind will pick up a long haired individual when allegations are so easy to make, sentences easy to get and acquittals hard to obtain. In addition I wonder how many drivers realize that when the pick up any hitch hiker,

or run a car pool jeopardize their car insurance. A hitch hiker involved in an accident can sue, I don't say will sue, the driver of the car he is travelling in. If you do not have a hitch hiker's paragraph in your policy buster-you've had it. I personally will take a chance on a clean cut, decent hair cutted individual. A long haired type in skirt or pants can walk for my money, and time and every time. Signed 'Baldy' I prefer to remain anonymous in case of reprisals from my son.

KNEES

I think that I shall never see A thing as ugly as a knee. Above whose gnarled and knotted crest, The mini hemline comes to rest, Or one that's even worse than that, When padded with repulsive fat. A knee that may in summer wear Nothing at all but be quite bare. Behind whose flex there oft remains A net of blue and broken veins. Some knees continue to perplex, How can they form the letter 'X'?

While in another set one sees, A pair of true parentheses. Small nuts write verses such as these But greater nuts display their knees.

—From 'The Twelfth Street Beat,' University Hospital.

Hospital Humbug

"THE GOOD DOCTOR'S REVENGE" OR "NOBODY LIKES A POOR SPORT"

The Base Surgeon, Major Stewart, left last weekend for an extended period of TD. So now our writer feels quite safe in relating the following incident, in which the good doctor gets the needle - in more ways than one:

It seems there came to Comox a young Clerk Admin so dedicated to his job that his presence in the BOR threatened to influence other clerk types and turn the whole HQ Building into a model of efficiency, a situation which is traditionally intolerable on the air force.

So the lad was quickly moved to the Hospital Orderly Room, where his talents could not foul things up any more than things were already fouled up.

One day recently, while this clerk was checking the documents of the medical staff (a deplorable habit in anyone's book), he noted that the Base Surgeon was way overdue for his "Over 40" medical. Which fact he immediately made known to his superiors.

The delighted hospital staff, seeing here a chance to work off past frustrations, proceeded to drag their leader about the hospital. No torture method was overlooked - the poor man was given the works - ECG, X-ray, laboratory tests and even the dread inoculations. When they had degraded him completely, he was returned to his office to brood.

Alas, the experience was too much for Major Stewart to bear - something snapped. His fevered mind began to plot for revenge.

Now enter Sister Rose Bastow, an innocent Newfoundler and unprepared for the conniving of the new quite mad doctor.

Threatening to foreclose on her overseas transfer, the evil man

forced her to turn on her fellow workers.

No one was spared! The man's wrath even included the Dental staff. The once sweet Sister roamed the hospital corridors with the medical records of the entire staff. She rounded them up one by one and (oh, shudder at the word) immunized them all - right up to date! All this while, our villain sat cackling in his office.

Naturally, a deed so evil as this did not go unheeded by the powers above. Within days of the event the heavens gave forth with the new famous "Big Noise From On High". Straight for the Major's office window came the heavenly shock wave, shattering the glass and causing such suffering as he has never known. Just when his only suit of Standfield's thermal underwear was in the laundry. (Can't we keep politics out of this, please?)

Whatever else you have heard about the mysterious boom - it was intended solely to punish the Major and point up the error of his vengeful act.

As for the poor misguided Rose - she is to be pitied most for her punishment is the cruellest of all. She is now doomed to spend her whole tour in Europe with the awful guilt of her betrayal weighing on her conscience. How can she ever really enjoy herself over there?

The End, SHORTS OFF TOO, PLEASE DEPT.

Mentioned above that the Base Surgeon is away on TD. Specifically, he is attending a Medical Officers' Senior Staff Course, during which he will spend time at Borden, San Antonio and Suffield, Alta. Gads! from Stetson and cowboy boots to parka and mukluks, all in six weeks. During our leader's absence, Peter Sealand - our member from the senior branch of our oh, so junior service, - takes over as acting Base Surgeon. Pete of course is very happy these days - seems he became a Captain on the fateful first of Feb. This is the goal of all ambitious Navy types.

Some other choice items from around the hospital... Capt. Bonnie Buchanan returned from leave in her N.Z. home via Fiji, all tanned and ready to go to work. Ground pounders in the Dental Clinic suspect disgruntled air force types from the CE section are intentionally messing up their premises. Feelings running very high. C'mon fellas - take a soldier to lunch - they're really not so bad. But would you want your sister to marry one? Mrs. Dick Orman (we call him Admiral Nelson of the Seaview) has presented him with a brand new girl - their first. Since there are officially no more NAVAL doctors, you chaps with belly-button problems will now be sent to civilian specialist - I suppose...George Brown, the hospital cleaner, is home sick. We all hope he recovers soon. Seems the free advice he was getting from the MOs was all duff gen...Barb To-bacco's hubby is filling in for George - The spaghetti-benders are taking over the joint...The Matron, Capt. Kosaka still hasn't found her voice and Tim Forsythe says he won't help her look for it...Capt. Bob Thatcher says he is not impressed with local hockey fans-seems they are anything but homers. I agree, we should cheer for them bums, no matter how bad they are!...Raquet Got A Hole In It Dept. Dental Capt. Garry McCrae recently competed in a badminton meet in Edmonton - oh well-we hear he enjoyed the trip ANYHOW...How's this gem from our departed leader - Le Grande

Charles wants to buy Gibraltar... he wants to rename it "DeGaulle Stone";...? SABOTAGE REPORT

Feel it our duty to report a serious act of sabotage. It involves the new Flight Surgeon Clinic in seven hangar. Just when things are starting to run smoothly over there, someone decides to send an MO on TD. So, for the next six weeks, Capt. Bob Thatcher, the Flight Surgeon, will have to spend most of his time in the main hospital, unless "someone" relents and sends us a replacement. Morning Sick Parades will continue as scheduled and medicals will still be arranged at the Clinic. Brian Turner, the Clinic MedA, will remain on the job to book appointments and handle inquiries.

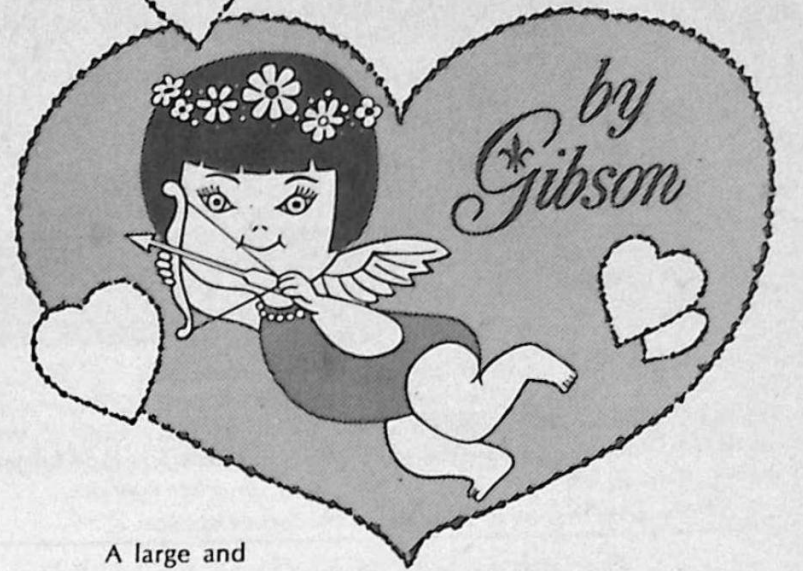
BLOWING OUR OWN HORN

DEPARTMENT

On Sunday 21 Jan. a mercy flight to Kamloops was undertaken to pick up a seriously ill eight year old boy. He was taken to Vancouver General and kept Peter Sealand, Rose Bastow and Vic Wauthier pretty busy in the back of the Dak. With the mission completed, and it being Sunday, it was decided by the thoughtful crew, to remain overnight in Vancouver, so that they would miss the Monday morning sick parade rush.

On Thursday, 25 Jan. another mercy flight was undertaken to Bella Coola by helicopter to pick up an eighteen-year-old lad who had been involved in a car accident sustaining serious brain injuries. There being no other nurses available, once again Rose Bastow stepped into the breach, this time ably assisted by the Base Surgeon and Barney Newport. By carefully skirting heavy snowshowers and dipping under power cables on route, the Labrador limped into Van after dark and promptly folded up. Perhaps it was because Rose had enjoyed her previous stay so much, that it was again decided to remain in Vancouver for the night. The 121 Warriors maintain that nice as it is to have Rose around, the weather was really the deciding factor, on both occasions.

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TOTEM TIMES

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So it was just another excuse for a party, was it? A chance to get away from the snuffling kids and nagging wife. After all, many of us, (most of us), weren't even a wayward thought when it all started, and many of us, (most of us), didn't really know, nor care that much, what was happening the other night. If you went to the party, laughed and joked, went home and woke up in the morning with nothing more than a headache and the dim recollection that it had been a great party, then you may as well go on to the comics. If, on the other hand, instead of just laughing at the jokes that really weren't meant to be jokes, did you ask yourself, "what was it all about?"

Well, here's just a smattering of what it was all about. Forty-four years of, at all times commendable, frequently outstanding service. It was the kind of Service that could do better with ten men what it took fifty men from any other service to do. It was the kind of Service that could outdrink and outcuss any other, a somewhat dubious honor, but, it could get up the next morning and doubt them, and that's what counts. It was mainly a peacetime Service, through years when maintaining morale was an almost insurmountable task, but it was made up of MEN, the kind who lived to serve because it was their life.

Progress is inevitable though, and it is our task to see that the new Service gets the job done better. We retired a Veteran the other night, a highly decorated and highly deserving Veteran, so let's pay respect where it is due. We must always know who we are, but—let us never forget who we were. We owe that much to those who went before us.

Gossip

There isn't anything more fun to do on a quiet morning, between two or three women, than to chew the fat. A little gossip splices their humdrum housework and lets them get through the next boring day by giving them cause for speculation. "Why'd he do that? Her a nice girl, too, five kids to feed and goodness knows she's a good worker. Oh, they're all the same, those men." And they la-de-da throughout the vacuumed-and-dusted day feeling a certain amount of unctuousity and a lack of compassion only a starving predator could match.

It's not a female trait: watch men as frightfully bored, acidly discuss the people they dislike. Perhaps even more than women, men are half-informed. Women, of course, by and large are uninformed: the evil they do to things is the evil of ignorance. Men speculate, given a rumour or a fact illuminated by its solitude. Men start wars, which end their boredom by providing them with noble occasions, by spreading gossip.

Well, we all know people aren't perfect and we don't need two-bit exhortations from the Totem Times to remind us of our fallibility. Nobody's any better: it's the same the whole world over. Except that in our world, the military, we have secrets. Tidy little things we wouldn't tell anyone except those who need to know.

God help us. I wonder how many of us tell our wives an anecdote involving somebody's secret.

Why don't we all mind our own business?

The Second of Feb.

"Hey, Martha, wake up, it's the 2nd of Feb!"
 "Look, John, get off my back. God knows I'm cramped enough in this puny den of ours without you climbing all over me. Only good thing you've ever done was dig our hole in a classy neighbourhood. Anyway, if it's the second of Feb, why aren't you outside looking at your shadow?"
 "Look, Martha, quit your griping, or we'll move back to Little River. Besides I've already been outside."

"And you saw your shadow? Great! Now let's get back to sleep, boy, am I beat..."

"Will ya quit interrupting me Martha, someday..."

"Well, you try it and you'll get a fat lip, remember Mother is still bigger than you."

"Keep that mother of yours out of this, if you would just keep quiet for about three seconds I'll tell you what I saw."

"If you'd keep quiet I could tell you that I didn't see my shadow."

"You didn't. Oh no! Well I guess I better get up..."

"Relax Martha, and listen. You aren't going to believe this."

"Believe what for pity sake? John, sometimes you take the longest time to say the simplest things..."

"Well, who's fault is it? If you'd shaddup for a few minutes and let me talk, I could tell you about the Group Captain."

"The Group Captain? Don't tell me he's found out about our hole? Maybe he's got a gun. Oh, John I'm scared."

"No, he hasn't got a gun and he hasn't found out about our hole either, because he isn't there anymore."

"There's a new Group Captain? What's he like? What's his wife like? Have they got a dog? I'm scared of dogs, John."

"No there's no dog, and there's no Group Captain either. He's been replaced by a full Colonel."

"Is that as good as a Group Captain, John? Don't tell me we moved into the neighbourhood just before the property values start to go down. And after the way I bragged to Alice."

"Get off it Martha. This society bit has got me fed up, worry about the army if you want to worry about something. If there's a full bull up there, then it means the army has taken over and they'll be coming around digging foxholes all over the place, and laying charges, and running over defenceless animals with their tanks."

"Did the army really take over John? I thought the airforce could take care of the army."

"Well I heard some passing kid call it Integration, but it looks like a take-over alright."

"Integration! You don't suppose this Colonel is..."

"There you go again Martha, if it makes you feel any better he looks a lot like the old Groupie, a bit older perhaps. I caught a glimpse of him as he put the garbage out this morning."

"That reminds me John, am I ever hungry. Let's get up and eat."

"Look, Martha, the way things are up there, we'd better go back to sleep for a few more months, maybe by then things will have blown over."

Buying the Bomb

By LAC Lance Stirling

Never buy a new car on an empty stomach, or after work on a Tuesday.

Buying a new automobile is on a par, in complexity, with doing logarithms without a slide rule or figuring out tariffs acceptable to all members of the common market. It is a solemn occasion, replete with much handshaking. With a little organ music the whole thing could pass for a wedding.

The gyrations you go through in getting a new buggy would put the acting fraternity to shame. The first thing you do is enter a showroom — casually. The last thing on your mind is buying a car. You are just killing an unfilled hour. You just may, barely, be interested if the deal is good enough.

This is the image you are trying to create anyway. Usually, it turns out that your sly looks make the general manager of the place think you are a berserk hubcap hi-jacker.

After you check over the Detroit buggy that you would like to have and hold on a three-year chattel mortgage, you wander away to another model. Here you look knowingly into the back seat for the pumas or whatever it is that leaps out of the thing in those T.V. ads. Just as you get your middle shirt button caught on one of those shiny chrome bits, the salesman shows up.

The handshaking ritual is the first order of business. After you exchange names that neither remembers, you pass on to wordless admiration of the car. Both of you stare in silent adoration for a minimum of 60 seconds. Then the sparring starts.

First the salesman asks if you like the car. You allow as how it may be all right for some but it misses your inner responsive chords. This sort of verbal ping-pong goes on until you both finally get around to the car you wanted in the first place.

Now you get down to the serious stuff.

The salesman gets out his order form and his books and you sit down in the little office. First you have to decide on the exact car you want. This is more than picking between a convertible, station wagon, and sedan. All cars may look like they fit those general descriptions but the amount of subtle changes from one style to another will amaze you — almost as much as the names they hang on each of these models.

Deciding you want the Razorback Roadhog 650 is just the beginnings of a long evening of decisions. Next you must use all of your automotive engineering skill to pick the right kind of transmission. You can get the 3-speed, fully synchronized manual or the PikenChus Nike-Ajax automatic with six different gear ratios. If you happen to show up in a sports coat wearing a snap brim hat, you may be asked, straight faced, if you wish four-on-the-floor in your gut bucket.

It's usually about this time you find out that asking for a radio and heater dates you. It's also about this time you begin wishing you had ate dinner before embarking on this task.

Radios, plain and simple, have been replaced with a choice of super-sonic, stereo tape decks; FM radios with a 200-mile range; transistorized solid state radios, and finally the humble AM radio with built-in alarm clock.

Heaters have been replaced with temperature systems that would do justice to an Atlas rocket. They have thermostats, refrigeration to keep you cool, air-conditioning to keep your sinuses clean and summer-treated breezes to keep your toes warm — assuming they will ever get cold in your choice of three types of floor carpeting.

You also have to decide if you want any of the more esoteric stuff being offered these days, such as the little lights that tell you that your seat belt are unbuckled, you are out of gas, your tires are getting flat or your high-beams are on. There is even a light over the ignition switch that goes on when you open the door to show you where the key goes amongst all the clutter on the dashboard.

Dashboards are also out. Now they are instrument panels and come in choices of plain, padded or contoured with tachometer.

This is not the end or even near it. You have yet to decide if you want retractable headlamps, power seats and steering, tinted windshield, and if so what color. Then you have to make up your mind between a plain or tilting steering wheel and regular or disc brakes.

Once all this is out of the way, you are down to the relatively easy stuff — like colors. The best way to pick a color is to walk around the showroom until you see the shade you want and point it out. Telling the salesman that, for instance, you want a green car is a lost cause. Cars are not made in green anymore, or any other color that most people recognize. Green is now seafoam mist, blue is anywhere from diamond dust to Caribbean skies. Even white has lost its name. It is now pristine fog.

Usually, some three hours after you strode into the showroom, a smiling confident man, you sink out, your head in a whirl and your hand well shook.

What is amazing is that after you get this monster home, that you feel you have practically built yourself, it takes one trip with the kids to turn it into just another car.

A Constitutional Consensus

Oh, I hope they solve the constitutional problems back east for all of us. Those statesmen and politicians will show us the way to a better Canada. It's a pity that all the provinces aren't as old as each other because that makes them poorer judges of Canadianism, said one of our statesmen. "Course, it's the old story: the older you are the wiser you are. How often we try to peddle that line; when you bin in long's I've, ya won't be so dumb."

The real crisis is the French-Canadian vs Majority-Canadian question. Let's not dignify it as French/English; both those peoples, except for De Gaulle, have better things with which to concern themselves. And the Scots, The Germans, the Ukrainians and all the others in Canada aren't English.

That's the background to this editorial. What is this fearless newspaper's stand on the constitutional issues at stake? As servicemen and women we have the breadth of travel and experience to use as a basis for our comments. Most of us have lived in Quebec for months, sometimes years. Who better to judge the question? Who better to provide the cogent answer? Nobody, of course.

The thing is, they shouldn't let Quebec have any more privileges. No, not a one. All those Frenchmen have too many now. They're just too parochial to realize it. Let's ask them some questions.

Query: Where else in Canada can you have a glass of beer on Sunday?

Query: In which of the other nine provinces can you get gourmet cooking? Toronto, gay metropolis of Ontario and arbiter of Majority-Canada's taste buds, issues each restaurant in the country, except Quebec, with a menu compulsory for use; steak, roast beef au jus, turkey, fried chicken, pizza, Vancouver has tried to offer a splendid alternative, Chinese cookery, but nobody ever believes the natives of Hilarland.

Query: Why can't other than Quebec girls dress fashionably? It isn't fair that girls from St. John's to Vancouver should have to grow up without training in wearing high heels, and hair-combing.

Query: Why don't people write songs about the skiing in Saskatchewan, the sailing in Alberta, the racing in New Brunswick? What's the matter with a Nova Scotian sunset? Why couldn't Expo '67 have been located in

Europe Anyone?

OTTAWA (CFP) April in Paris!

It's possible if you have enough points to land one of the few leave seats on the big forces Yukons. If you want to get back the same way but have less than 25 points, don't bother trying.

Here's a fast look at the prospects.

The Thursday eastbound Trenton-Lahr Yukon, during April, has 35 open seats available to 20-point passengers. The westbound trans-Atlantic run has 25 vacancies available to passengers with 25 or more points.

Eight seats are open on the Sunday, Trenton-Lahr UN special, but the thrice-weekly Yukon to Dusseldorf is booked solidly for the month.

Five seats are open to 25-point passengers on the east and west bound Ottawa-Gatwick flight. It leaves CFB Uplands for Gatwick on Fridays and returns Sundays.

The weekend Yukon to the west coast has room for more than 40 twenty-pointers as far as Edmonton and return. And up to 70 seats are vacant on the east and west bound Edmonton-Vancouver leg but there's no point quota to worry about.

From Trenton to the east coast almost half of the Yukon's seats are available, both ways, with no point quota. The Monday Cosmopolitan to Shearwater via St. Hubert is booked solid, but the westbound flight via Fredericton has five seats available to 25-point passengers.

The Wednesday westbound Ottawa-Edmonton Cosmo has five openings, both ways, available to passengers with 25 points.

Points, incidentally, are awarded on the basis of service and rank. Each year of service is worth a point, including wartime service, and points for rank

In Defence of Juniors

The art of being a junior, it could hardly be called a science by any flight of fancy, occupies a very lowly place in our present scale of values. The reasons why it has been so debased are many and diverse, but the astute junior can readily perceive the main ones. To be a junior is to have a fingerhold on the infinite ladder of success. He is subjected to all the capricious whims of his seniors. He is readily identifiable by his seemingly insignificant demeanor. He is the one looking for the stapler, the missing wrench, or buying coffee. What has brought about this peculiar state of affairs? Seniors, ever ready with the correct reply, will solemnly say "Experience". This glib reply is supposed to satisfy and appease all juniors, but like all such utterances, fails poorly to the bright light of reason or logic. What is the main hindrance to progress or change? — the simple fact that, quote, it has always been done this way and that is the way it is going to be done in the future, unquote. Who is more liable to notice a fault in a system — a person who has lived with it for years or someone new to the game? The answers are pathetically self-evident but this does still not explain the whole story. For those of a faint heart, I suggest you read no further, but go immediately and bury your head in the classified ads. I hear they have a therapeutic value similar to that of a pile of sand. Juniors, by definition, really lack only one thing when compared with seniors — years. Thus, we have revealed the status-quo for what it really is. Naked, blind, open discrimination to youth! Nothing more, nothing less. Seniors living in the shadows of their glorious youth, juniors their ever-present reminders of these last shadows. Now we see that being a junior is an art, the art of looking wise, of appearing older than our years, smoking pipes and distaining all youthful forms of enjoyment. We forego our youth, never a pleasant task, to appease our seniors. But, we still have hope. Even though this very article was written under the pressure of a particularly offensive and over-bearing senior, we can still retaliate. As we look for the stapler, search in dirty corners for the lost wrench, spill coffee on our pants, our eternal cry will echo resoundingly and continuously through the corridors of time — "FEED 'EM RICE!"

Hornepayne, Ontario? They need the tourists more than Montreal.

Query: Out west here, everyone has to memorize Sam Champ-lain's name, and Jack Cartier's, too. How many of those Quebec kids ever heard of 'mor de Cosmos? Why didn't they have to read "History of Britain" in grade VII like the rest of us who'd never been there either?

All of this is irrefutable: proves that those Quebecois have it too soft now. Didn't mention production of Canadian novels per each group, or even how did they manage to get Irving Layton to live in Montreal, lucky devils. The most telling illustration, however, the thing that really sums it up is on a jar of chicken bouillon cubes made in Canada. In English, the label tells you about hydrogenated chicken fat and sulphurous monoglycerides and benzoated soda and stuff.

In French, it just tells you how to make soup.



Oh, I'm sorry, there's no more Army, Navy or Air Force. We're the new "Unified" Canadian Forces. Which arm are you interested in, the Land, Sea or Air?

LETTER TO EDITOR

Fringe Deficits

DEAR EDITOR

The recently announced proposal to raise PMQ Rents in keeping with established National averages at a rate not to exceed \$15.00 a month for each year following April 68, will hit hard at the pocketbook of all service personnel. Although lacking in detail, the preliminary brief indicates that almost all PMQ residents will experience a \$15 raise on the 1 of April this year, with possible future raises in subsequent years. The end result of the proposed raises in PMQ rent is not predictable at this time, but the immediate results will have far reaching consequences and will reflect directly on the morale of the Force.

The rationale that "service personnel would prefer to be paid for the job that they do, and then pay their own way from there" is an equivocal proposition. It presupposes many things which are not relevant to the basic question: Is the Government in the housing business or not? It certainly would seem so, and with the objective of making money. A PMQ built 15 years ago, and many of them were constructed almost 20 years ago, would have returned the Government over \$14,000 at an average rate of \$80 a month; in 20 years, over \$19,000. A mass produced dwelling, on rural property, with no shower, garage or finished basement, and with guaranteed tenancy, would be a good investment, even including the cost of upkeep and utilities. There seems to be no real justification for increasing rents other than to "bring them up to national average," unless the government is trying to make money.

The actual effect on the serviceman's pocketbook, if he is a resident of PMQs, is to nullify the Oct. 67 pay raise, and in fact, cut into the Oct. 66 raise in some cases. As an example, a corporal in payfield 5, incentive category 3 married with 3 children and living in a PMQ would have realized at \$16 gross monthly pay raise last October, reduced by pension and tax to a net of \$11.89. With the Federal tax increase effective Jan 1, 1968 an additional \$1.00 would have reduced the net sum to \$10.89. Supposing that his PMQ rent were increased \$15 as of April 1, this year, he would then be earning \$4.89 less than before last October's pay raise.

Similarly, a Captain, non-flying list, also with 3 children and living in a PMQ, fares little better. His \$30 raise of last October netted only \$20.95, further reduced to \$17.20 as a result of the tax increase. A \$15

raise — all hung over just like me. Then in walked the boss with a gang of armed MPs behind him. The boss took one look at me and said "That's him". As the MPs came toward me the boss said "I never expected to see you here. Can't you stay away. Go home back to bed where you belong". I looked at him hard and long and retorted "Look Sir. It's four in the cottonpicking morning. I'm in no mood for games. I got recalled and here I am." "So we see" said the boss. "That was a mistake I'm afraid. We forgot to give Cpl. White an up to date recall list. You didn't have to come. After all last night was your last day in the service. You were released yesterday, remember." Oh my Gawd!

Signed P.O.P.
(Peeved Old Pensioner)

R. L. Sibbert
Captain
CFB Comox

Recalled

I had been out drinking with the boys last Monday night and as I lay in my bed dreaming of Sophia and Elizabeth chasing me from pillow to post the blasted telephone rang. This shattered my dreams at once. A man's voice at the other end shouted in my ear loud and clear, "You are recalled — base exercise — report to MP training immediately." Befuddled by booze and my beautiful dreams of delight I climbed into my shirt, pants and uniform then into the old jalopy and away to the base. Driving along the dyke road I realized I hadn't got a tie on. Oh crapes I thought. The Warrant will give me proverbial for that. As I reached the main gate I saw the Commish wave frantically at me so I just waved back and drove on. Once in the section I saw the old familiar work benches, my drinking pals from the night before — all hung over just like me.

This is a matter worth the attention of the highest service authorities; after all, if the Canadian Armed Forces cannot look after their own, who will?

FUNGUS FEATURES

by Mac



Night Hawk's Nest



FROM UP IN MY PERCH

It was just another week, punctuated here and there with transient bits of revelry. Due to other pressing business flying was cancelled for most of the week. If anyone is still wondering why we don't fly any more you probably missed ground school last week. The CO explained it very simply; PROBLEM: We have a tac-eval coming up at the end of the month.

EXPLANATION: Tac-eval is a fairly rigorous exercise that, among other things entails a substantial amount of flying. To fail a tac-eval is reprehensible. One way to fail a tac-eval is to be unable to launch a multitude of aeroplanes over a period of a couple of days.

REAL PROBLEM: It takes a few barrels of JP-4 to crank up one of our sleds and profuse amounts of JP-4 we do not have.

SOLUTION NO. 1: Stop flying a month in advance of said fear-some event and store up all the JP-4 we can.

SOLUTION NO. 2: Schedule tac-eval over a two month period.

REAL SOLUTION: Say "to hell with tac-eval".

Guess what we have decided to do. You probably all know that 409 had the last say in how the late RCAF should be drummed out. Whether starting off a new career in the red is an omen, (good or bad) remains to be seen. At the Dinner John "Ed Sullivan" Kuzik and his wayward troupe kept the audience in suspense most of the night. The theme of the evenings entertainment was "Whose toes shall we tromp on next" or "Maybe

Demon Doins

The past week has been rather quiet for the Demon Squadron and although all personnel were anxiously expecting some news regarding the replacement aircraft for the Neptune nothing was heard. Not to worry though fellow Demons I am certain the news is on its way.

It was with nostalgia that we attended various functions to say farewell to the RCAF and celebrate the arrival of the new United "Canadian Armed Forces" last week. At the stroke of midnight on Wednesday a new era for all our forces came into being and the flypast of all our past memories created a stir that will not soon be forgotten. Our new rank structure also became official last Thursday and old habits are hard to break for we still hear the familiar ranks mentioned in various sections especially when we answer the phone.

407 is currently on an exercise and I will have the latest blurb regarding this operation next time around.

It seems that 407 has filled its quota of personnel required for winter bush survival courses. Lt. Murray McDonald has just left for the latest course and Lt. Barry Morris and Bob Currie are just back from the last one.

We were glad to see that Capt. Bob Lemm made it back from Naden in time to attend the big Coboc fly-in on Saturday. I am also certain that all who attended the function were glad to see you were able to bring the hard worked aide Capt. Scott Eichel up with you from Victoria.

Sgt. Jim Sommen is currently attending the SSTS course in Camp Borden and we wish him the best of luck with the course.

To round out the news this week Capt. Jonny Asac currently is having the most exciting time for he has as helpers three wrens from Victoria to help him in his duties. The Rumour is all about people in standards have decided that it is not fair for now John does not want their help to solve his problems and there are more problems than ever.

they won't remember in the morning", sung to the tune of "I wonder who's listening now".

Those who survived the "Black Wednesday Dinner" were led, somewhat unofficially, down to CFB Esquimalt by big John. John, who suffers from a peculiar type of "dementia praecox" combined with periods of amnesia was understandably upset when not asked to MC the COS Mess Dinner and in lieu of that esteemed position chose to provide the entertainment. The purpose of the visit was to give the COS graduation class a practical demonstration of dress and deportment at a mess dinner. Every member of the 409 contingent was impeccably dressed throughout the entire evening. As a token of appreciation Lt./Col. Button is sending 409 Sqn fifteen personally autographed copies of that perennial best seller "Notes For The Guidance Of Officers".

To the despair of the card players on alert last weekend Capt. Williams returned from leave flat broke. He quickly remedied the situation by taking three days in the nut house ("my own little Las Vegas", he calls it) and has since gone back on leave. Since then Lt's Liddiard and Chapin have been put on strict curfews and forbidden from playing anything except solitaire, well, ... almost anything.

OVERHEARD IN THE WHEELHOUSE: People who live in glass houses should wear long underwear to bed.



PICTURED ABOVE is Cpl. Lorraine Fleming and Cpl. Ronald Fleming, the wife and husband that are currently working in the 407 orderly room. This is the first time to our knowledge that there has been a husband and wife team working in the same office at CFB Comox. Cpl. R. P. Fleming was born in St. John's, Nfld. and enrolled in the RCAF on the 17 Aug., 1960. Mr. and Mrs. Fleming were married at RCAF Station Downsview, Ontario on 31 Oct., 1964. They were posted to 407 Sqn. Comox on the 25 Jan., 1968 from 4 Wing. We certainly hope you enjoy your stay at CFB Comox.

— RFE photo

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BASE THEATRE

Thursday, February 8
THE LOVED ONE
Robert Morse, Jonathan Winters, Annette Comr
ADULT — Don't miss this one!

Saturday, February 10
STAGECOACH
Ann Margaret, Rel Butters, Bing Crosby, Bob Cummings
Look at the cast then come out and enjoy a good laugh

Sunday, February 11
HOW TO STEAL A MILLION
Aulrey Hepburn, Peter O'Toole
Great Comedy

Thursday, February 15
WAY WAY OUT
Jerry Lewis, Connie Stevens, Anita Ekberg
Always plenty of laughs with Jerry Lewis

Saturday, February 17
HARUM SCARUM
Elvis Presley, Marianne Mobley
ROAD SHOW — A swinging show

Sunday, February 18
HARUM SCARUM
Elvis Presley, Marianne Mobley
ROAD SHOW — A swinging show

Thursday, February 22
NOT WITH MY WIFE YOU DON'T
Tony Curtis, Verna Lili, George C. Scott
Should be seen by all — Great comedy

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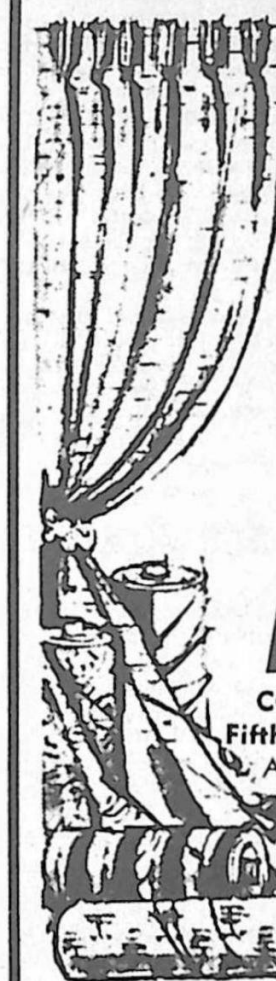
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Admin Hust.	11	5	5	1	11	Operations	16	8	8	0	16
Technical	12	5	6	1	11	121 Sqn.	14	8	6	0	16
407 Torpedo	9	2	5	2	6	407 Sqn.	16	3	12	1	7
407 Demons	12	7	4	1	15	Admin	17	3	13	1	7
407 Untouch.	12	4	7	1	9	Mustangs	17	13	4	0	26

BASKETBALL					
	P	W	L	T	Pts
407 Sqn.	7	6	1	12	
Technical	7	5	2	10	
409 & 425 Sqn	7	3	4	6	
Teens	7	0	7	0	

SOCCER

It was a cold and sunny day when the second half of the upper island soccer league got under way 28th of Jan.

The Base team was also met with a cold reception as they went down to a defeat 4-1 to Courtenay.

The loss was only the 8th or 10th in a row for the Crusaders since the season began way back in October. The lone Comox goal was scored by Ted Fletcher as he went in all alone after getting by three Courtenay players to score a picture goal.

The Base team has run into

a few problems as of late, the reason no one seems to know, it's just that the number of soccer players on the station seem to be diminishing fast, too fast as far as the club is concerned. Are there no new faces around that have any desire to play once a week, a game that is enjoyed by more people in the world next to girl watching that is. I guess there are more women around this area than I thought. Well if you're presently unemployed, on Sunday afternoon call LAC Fletcher at local 275 and let him know if you want to play.



Chapel Chimes

Protestant Chapel

The service of Holy Communion (Anglican) is held every Sunday morning in the Chapel at 0930 hours. The Anglican Confirmation class meets in conjunction with the celebration. Divine Worship is held every Sunday at 11 a.m. The Chaplains are presently preaching a series of sermons on the Old Testament. Padre Rose's sermon subject this Sunday will be "The Rise and Fall of the Great Prophets." Padre Archer will preach on February 18 on the subject "Fear God and Repent." You are invited to give God a Chance in your life by attending the Chapel Services every Sunday.

United Church and Presbyterian Confirmation classes for adults and young people 14 years of age and up will begin this

month. First meeting will be held in the Chapel Lounge on Sunday February 18 at 2 p.m. with times of future meetings to be decided at that time. All those wishing instruction in the United or Presbyterian church are asked to come to the Chapel at that time.

Ladies Chapel Guild - February meeting will be held in the Chapel Lounge on Tuesday Feb. 20 at 8 p.m. A film of great interest to all women will be shown following the business meeting by the District Health Nurse.

If you wish further information, please call Padre Archer at Local 275. Chaplains - Major the Rev. Wm. Archer, 339-3931 Captain the Rev. J. Rose, 339-3427.

WALLS by Padre Archer

My attention was drawn one day last week to an interesting sentence in one of the Epistle's of Paul. In it he is speaking of how Christ has "broken down the middle wall of partition between us." This "wall of partition" is a reference to the wall which divided the inner court of the Jewish temple of his time, open only to Jews, from the outer court to which Gentile visitors were admitted. When the Temple was destroyed in the war of A.D. 70 this wall of partition was destroyed as well.

After reading this verse my thoughts wandered to the multiplicity of walls we have in our modern world. The Berlin Wall comes to mind first, dividing Eastern and Western Berlin, and acting as a symbol separating the Communist and the Western World. It is a wall of hostility, as so many artificial walls are. Then there is the Racial Wall, effectively separating people of varying colours of skin. Through the work of such men as Martin Luther King, this wall is crumbling slowly. A few such walls between Indian and White in our own land need to crumble as well, and all the Canadian churches are working gradually towards this end.

To our shame as Christians there is a wall separating one denomination from another. This is much less evident in Armed Service Chapels than elsewhere, but it is still there, nevertheless. The story of Easter tells us of the potential destruction of another wall, that between man and his God; a wall erected primarily by man's sinfulness and foolishness. The death of Christ upon the Cross was necessitated by this wall.

One of the walls which any Chaplain encounters almost daily is that which goes up when there is a breakdown in communications between a man and his wife, or a family and their neighbour. Problems such as financial

difficulties, meddling in-laws, suspected infidelity, dishonesty, unreasonable drinking, unhappiness at work; when not talked out and shared between wife and husband, soon grow into a nearly impenetrable wall. When there is no communication between you and the person you love; when you are operating on different wavelengths so to speak, then trouble, strife and misery is sure to result.

The message of Jesus Christ, the message of love for one another, is one of the surest agents of destruction of any wall. Human distinctions are not erased by Christ, nor would we want them to be. When distinctions and differences are allowed to grow, though, without an attempt being made at reconciliation, then the wall itself very quickly grows.

Any wall, no matter how high or thick, can be reduced to rubble eventually, when we all begin to practice the words of Jesus; "Love one another, for Love is of God."

F.U.I.M.P.

Continued from page 5

names too. Rumour of the Week: After several years of intensive research D.R.B. has come up with a suitable weapon common to all three branches of the "Canadian Forces, Pikes. These will be issued to our crack M.P.s no later than April 1st.

Runner Up For Rumour of the Week. When that old blue uniform that you have been cooing along until you get the "Green Job" finally gives out, you will be allowed to wear fatigues, dungarees, or Cowboy Kings until you get your first free issue. And finally: PMQ residents will be able to apply for Social Assistance after April 1st, when the rents go up.



SMALL FRY'S take over in the Base basketball activity — Pictured above is the midget team representing Wallace Gardens. Although their last effort was rather a disastrous affair, rumor has it that Wilt Chamberlain will be brought in for the next game to bolster the team. Next game for the midgets is in Cumberland on Sunday at 1 p.m. They play a game against Sayward. Pictured above are, front row, l. to r.: Rory Kilburn, Duncan Brown, Jimmy Clouthier; Back row, l. to r.: Joe Cando, Brian Hatfield, Keith Sibbert, Mike Morton and coach Brian Turner. Missing: Chris Bourchier, Carl Cook, David Hewitt.

Big Qualicum River Study 1968

Weekly summary to January 21, 1968, of the Big Qualicum river steelhead project.

Fence count for the week Jan. 15-21	79
Cumulative total fence count	248
Catch in Zone 1	13
Cumulative catch, Zone 1	42
Catch in Zones 2-6	24
Cumulative catch, Zones 2-6	37
Total number of anglers for the week	181
Total catch for the week	37

Weekly summary, January 22 to January 28 of the Big Qualicum river steelhead project:

Fence count for the week January 22-28	42
Cumulative total fence count	295



The Teen Club "Gyro Set" held a sock hop dance on the 12th and 19th of January and on January 26, a dance with the "Sands of Time" playing. Attendance has been fair with approximately 50 members in attendance on the 26th.

The Teen Committee will be meeting on the 12th February, all members are encouraged to attend. The following items will be up for discussion.

1. A Ping Pong Tournament.
2. A Shuffle Board Tournament.
3. A Dance Featuring the "Elastic Rabbit".
4. A "Paint In"; and

5. Purchase of records for the sock hops.

For the dates of these planned events watch this paper and local advertising posters. The committee secretary hopes that all members will come out and support each and every event. Any teens with further ideas to be carried on by the club, please

contact any committee member. Any parents wishing to chaperone any teen activities, please contact Mr. Simpson at 339-2471.

FORTH COMING EVENTS

Sock Hop 9 Feb. — General Meeting 7 p.m. the 12 Feb.



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Rod & Gun Club News

WITH BOB RIVERS

We have a new slate of officers now, after a successful January meeting. A total of 11 personnel turned out, and elected Blackie Kellett as the new president, and Jack Wilson as secretary. Gerry Lanouette volunteered to stay on as vice-president for another term to provide continuity, thanks Gerry. A membership drive will commence in late February, to be launched at the meeting scheduled for 2,000 hrs. 24 Feb. 68 in the BGTO's Lecture Room (Rec Hall). A cordial invitation is extended to all interested outdoorsmen to attend. Door prizes will be drawn for. Well, the Steelhead season is now upon us, and the early morning races to the most popular pools proving more frustrating every weekend. If it gets you down try fishing in the late afternoon, it can be just as productive as the Dawn Patrol.

Your reporter continues to prove he can lose fish as good as anyone. Score to date one on the beach, six with sore jaws. This has to change soon, I hope. Tip of the week, fish the Power House pool on the Puntledge, everyone else in the area does, and it continues to produce. Trophies will be awarded to the members weighing in the heaviest steelhead in February and March. So don't forget to weigh your fish in at the fire hall. Fish are to be weighed in as caught, that is not cleaned. Overheard in 407 standards: Tom Stobbs is tired of Steelhead steaks, and will sell his fishing gear to the Silver Fox who will lock it up in the interests of conservation. See you at the next meeting.

Our Lady of the Airways CWL

The regular monthly meeting of Our Lady of the Airways C.W.L. was held on Tuesday 16th January, under the chairmanship of Mrs. W. Fenn.

Plans were discussed for a forthcoming Communion Breakfast to be held on Sunday 11th, February at C.F.B. Comox, to which Catholic ladies from Comox, Courtenay, Cumberland and CFB Comox have been invited, and also for the annual bazaar to be held in the spring.

Mrs. Rita Jarvis reported there was a consignment of clothing ready for transportation to the Cowichan Indian band.

The ladies were pleased to welcome Mrs. R. J. Campbell as a new member, and regret was expressed at the departure of two members, Mrs. Bernadette Dale who is leaving for Colorado Springs and Mrs. Hazel Smith, who will be making her home elsewhere in the area.

Refreshments were served at the close of the meeting.

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BRIDGE by One Eye

Count the cards and defeat the contract. The process of counting the distribution in the unseen hands is just as important to the defender as for the declarer and many times easier as the declarer must always have given some clues in his bidding and the defenders may utilize conventions that help partner to achieve a count.

A few of the simple ones follow: 1. When defender high-owns in a plain suit, he often shows a doubleton.

2. When he high-owns in trumps he shows more than two and usually an ability to ruff something.

3. If declarer high-owns in a suit which declarer is attempting to establish, he announced an initial holding of two or four.

Assume that declarer in no trump with no side suit entry is attempting to establish dummy's suit in this situation:

Dummy Clubs... Q J 10 9 8
You Clubs... A 3 2
Declarer leads the Diamond King, partner plays the 5, and you duck. Now if declarer plays the Diamond 4 and partner the 6 you know you can safely take the trick since partner did not high-low he must have the other diamond.

Change the situation slightly: Dummy... Clubs... Q J 10 9 8
You Clubs... A 3 2
Declarer leads Diamond King, partner plays the 5 and you duck as before. On the next lead, 6D, from declarer, partner drops the 4. You should also take this trick as you know partner has either 2 or 4 diamonds, since he played high-low and a duck might give him a trick which he otherwise would not have gotten.

Here is a more complex hand showing the defender's skill in counting:

West North East South
Pass Pass 1 C 1 nt
Pass Pass Pass

West opened the Spade Jack and east's king won. On the return of the five of spades, south played the spade seven and west won with the ten. West shifted to the nine of diamonds and the trick completed with the four, three and south winning with the Jack. Declarer then cashed the ace and king of clubs and led a third one to your queen on which west truffed the spade 3. Now you must count south's hand. He started with four spades to the queen, for if he had only three your partner would have run the suit. He has shown five clubs since you and dummy each had three and your partner only two. He is unlikely to have overcalled in no trump with a singleton so you can assume that he started with a doubleton in each of the red suits.

Having counted his hand you know it is safe to lead a diamond and since you want to preserve an entry into partner's hand you should select the diamond ten.

This is a full hand:

S 9 8
H K 10 6 4 3
D Q 5 4
C 8 6 5

N S K 5
H Q 9 W E H A 8 5 2
D 9 8 7 6 E D K 10 3 2
C 7 3 S C Q J 10

Declarer cashed his 2 clubs but west discarded a heart and a low spade. When declarer led a heart hoping to win a seventh trick, the trick went to the queen, king and ace, east cashed the diamond king and was able to put partner in with the fourth diamond to cash the spade ace for the setting trick.

TOTEM TIMES CLASSIFIEDS

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CPL LOU CUSSON instructing a student in the proper form for a forward roll.

The Roll and Tumble Set

On Saturday mornings at 10:15 to 11:15 girls and boys between the ages of 8 and 10 learn the basic gymnastics. With a short period for warm up, rolls, both front and back, headstands, dive rolls, and vaulting begin in earnest. The students who have been participating in the classes over the last few months are progressing favorably. The same classes are held for girls and boys, 11 to 15 years. It is hoped there will be more who will join the ranks on Saturday mornings.

The classes are taught by Cpl. and Mrs. Marty Cusson with the help of Miss Heather Brown. All three instructors are able to perform gymnastics which is demanded of the students. At the present time there is approximately 20 children attending the classes, so there is lots of room for those who did not hear about these classes, and would like to attend. Just come out to the PMQ school every Saturday morning and join in on the fun.

YAAC CLUB SOCK HOP

January 26 — Sock Hop rendered a grand total of 115 hoppers. Many thanks to Mrs. Lorna LeMay, Mrs. Vera Wills, and Mrs. Fran Little for helping to chaperone. Chris Ford, Dave Hewitt, Debbie Geneau, Reed Archer, Ann Ford, Michele Geneau were chosen as finalists in a dance contest by the Mothers. The "Hoppers" were to decide by applause the winning couple, since they couldn't agree all six received a free pop.

As for entertainment, plenty of top records, and dancing was the attire of the evening. Pop and chips were on sale for refreshments. Fourteen dollars was taken in towards the Sock Hop Beach party to be held in June. We trust everyone had a most enjoyable evening.

February 9th will be our Valentine's party. So, girls invite your sweetheart and see who will be King and Queen for the evening. There will be games, dances, prizes and refreshments.



HOSTER FEWITT picks stars of Comox Minor League Hockey — Pictured above are goalie Wade Dumont of Falcons and forward David Harvey of Mustangs. These two young stars were voted the best on Comox Valley Minor Hockey Day at Glacier Gardens. The day was a huge success and many noted sports writers including Newt and Black Hawk were on hand to help Hoster pick the stars.

Comox Valley Minor Hockey

It has been a very busy two weeks with all the games in the minor hockey leagues and also exhibition games in Port Alberni and Bantam play offs in Powell River. Most of the leaders in the House leagues continue to hold their positions with the exception of the Algonquins in the Pee Wee division improving each time out and are now playing much better and also the Bantam division is keeping tight with all teams staying reasonably close together. The Blackfeet have not had too much luck this year as they have only won one game and of course the Iroquois are still winless but have managed a couple of tie games and will do better yet.

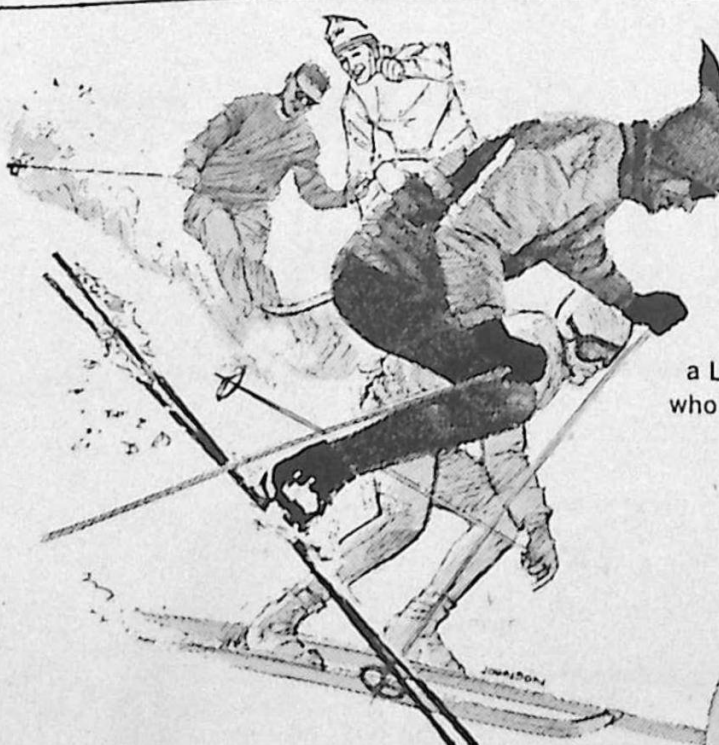
MOSQUITO DIVISION
27 Jan. Apaches 1, Blackfeet 0
Jays 3, Ponies 2;
3 Feb. Jays 1, Apaches 0
Ponies 4, Blackfeet 1

MOSQUITOS	GP	W	L	T	GF	GA	Pts.
Jays	15	11	2	2	37	14	24
Ponies	15	5	5	5	23	20	15
Apaches	15	7	7	1	20	30	15
Blackfeet	15	1	10	4	13	29	6
PEE WEE							
Falcons	12	9	1	2	37	19	20
Comanchees	12	4	2	6	32	19	14
Algonquins	12	5	4	3	34	22	13
Mustangs	12	4	5	3	26	35	11
Iroquois	12	0	10	2	11	45	2
BANTAM							
Broncs	15	8	5	2	44	34	18
Cherokees	15	6	5	4	25	26	16
Sioux	15	5	5	5	34	38	15
Hawks	15	4	8	3	31	36	11
MIDGET BIG FOUR							
Rovers	3	3	0	0	18	9	6
Ottawas	3	2	1	0	14	7	4
Hurons	3	1	2	0	15	19	2
Flyers	3	0	3	0	8	20	0

Base Camera Club

A general meeting of the club members was held recently to discuss ways of maintaining the club premises in a cleaner state. It was decided that the only certain way was to revert to a system of "duty" members, who would be responsible for the state of the premises a week at a time. Members present took the opportunity of voting in Mr. Jean Turcotte as club secretary and Mr. James as Vice president, thus completing a full slate of club

officers for the 1967-68 season. In his closing remarks, club president Ron Elmer mentioned that membership had risen to 25 active participants as at the end of January, and that the long awaited ventilation fans would definitely be installed by mid-February. Technical Advisor Jim Tremblay added that both dryers had been thoroughly overhauled and were as good as new, similar treatment would be given to the studio equipment shortly.



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Wednesday, the 21st
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