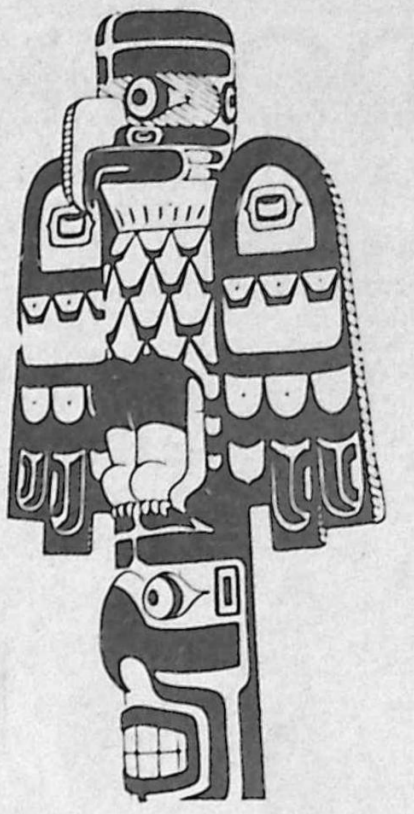




TOTEM TIMES



Read in the best messes in the Canadian Forces

Vol. 9

CFB COMOX, THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1968

No. 5

407 DEMONS TO GET ARGUS

It's Official Now

The Commanding officer of Comox based 407 (VP) Squadron, Lt. Col 'Herb' Smale, C.D. announced recently that the Demon Squadron will shortly be trading in their ageing P2V-7 Neptunes for six MK I Argus aircraft. The Neptunes, which have logged 63,000 hours in the air whilst flying the 407 Squadron colors, have covered over 10 million miles with only one major incident. However they are considered too short range for present day Maritime Command requirements, hence the need to convert to the Argus. Built by Canadair Ltd., Montreal, the Argus weighs over 150,000 pounds. It has fuel capacity of 6,688 imperial gallons with provision for an auxiliary load of 500 gallons and is powered by four Wright Turbo Compound engines, each of which develops 3,700 brake horsepower. The twelve foot diameter fuselage contains two 18-foot long bomb bays capable of carrying four tons of offensive armament.

The conversion of the squadron will not result in a radical

change in the personnel establishment nor will there be any major transfers of personnel off the squadron. Conversion training has commenced and will take approximately three months for all personnel to complete the required training. The first Argus is due to arrive permanently at C.F.B. Comox in the near future where a ribbon cutting ceremony will take place to welcome the new aircraft.

Lt. Col. Smale completed his briefing by saying that the Argus will increase our capability to carry out the Squadron's assigned role of protection of our West Coast waters against any under-sea aggressor and will enhance surveillance of the Canadian area of responsibility in the Pacific.

The Argus is one of the most modern long range anti-submarine aircraft in the world today. Flights of over 30 hours duration have been recorded, and on one occasion an Argus departed from C.F.B. Greenwood, Nova Scotia, flew to Ireland and returned to Gander, Newfoundland without refuelling.



THE BIG BIRD finally makes it to Comox. After five years of hoping, three years of praying, and one year of finagling the Demons finally will ride in comfort. Forces photo

Election Fever Runs High

The Mayor of the Wallace Gardens PMQ Council, Maj. K. M. Pulham, announced today that one half of the Council will be replaced during elections to be held at the end of this month. To many new residents of our Wallace Gardens community the activities of the Council must be difficult to understand. Most new residents wonder what their tax (between one and two dollars per month depending on rank) is used for and what the PMQ Council is responsible for on the base. Actually the Council operates in the same manner as in any civilian community. It endeavors to provide the cultural, social and recreational needs to all age groups and to sponsor and assist existing agencies such as Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, Gyra Set Teen Club, YAAC Club and many others in carrying out their programs.

A great deal of effort is expended by the Council in the field of recreation. It is difficult to estimate how many dependents are being reached by these programs, however, we estimate that 730 girls and 825 boys are taking part in some activity. There are just over 800 boys and girls between the ages of one and 18 living in PMQs, therefore it would appear that some children are participating in two or more of the sports. A valuable contribution to the recreational endeavors is the assistance being given by volunteer leaders. We estimate at least 150 adults and teenagers give their time and effort as team managers, coaches, instructors, referees and umpires. One can imagine the planning and co-ordination required to carry out sports of the magnitude of minor hockey and little league baseball, to mention only two of the numerous sports being played. The recreational activities range from Pee Wee baseball to ladies' broomball and slimette classes. During last year there were in excess of 18,000 individual exposures to one of the numerous recreational activities sponsored by the Council.

The budget this year includes revenues totalling \$6104. These monies come from PMQ taxes, provincial grants and profits from play at home bingo. As sponsoring agency for the Gyra Set Teen Club, YAAC Club, Cubs, Scouts, Venturers, Brownies, Guides and Rangers, there are certain obligations on the part

of Council to provide revenue over and above that which can be made on bottle collections and the like. For example, this year the Council contributed \$575, to the Gyra Set Club and has recently arranged to give the club one half of the play at home bingo revenue. Another donation was a total of \$500, to the Boy Scout and Girl Guide organizations. The recreational program requires the largest portion of the available revenue. Uniforms and equipment are expensive and there is a constant demand for replacements. One example is the little league baseball whose expenses this year will cost the community in excess of \$500. The summer recreational program will cost approximately \$800, this summer. Added to all of these are the community activities such as Halloween, Christmas, bicycle rodeos and many others. Last year the Wallace Gardens community donated \$2500, surplus revenue to the conversion of the Glacier Gardens arena into a year round community hall. This conversion was the community Centennial Project.

The council consists of two members from each of nine wards equally dividing the PMQ area. These 18 members, plus a Mayor appointed by the Base Commander, serve for a term of one year. The Council is broken down into controllerships of Special Activities, Recreation, Publicity, Works and Community Activities. The Council through the Controller of Community Affairs conducts close liaison with the groups for which it is sponsoring agency, and the Controller of Works is very active in sponsoring improvements to recreational facilities, parking areas and safety of children.

Several major projects are being emphasized by the Council this year. These include improving the cleanliness and facilities available at Air Force Picnic Grounds, formerly called Air Force Beach; providing a proper home and adequate recreational and financial resources for the Gyra Set Teen Club; and improving the condition of playing fields and playground areas as much as possible.

If you live in PMQs, have you ever thought of becoming an umpire for the little league? Anyone interested should call the recreation director, Mrs. Judy Cowan, at local 372.

ICE REVIEW 1968



TINY TOTS go through their paces as the Spring Flowers, Pussy Willows. Perhaps the parents can sort out, Robin McKintosh, Shelley and Tara O'Conner, Pam Savage, Sandra Davis, Debby Rudolph, Shelley Woods, Alan Zwanowski and Bobby Hoepner. We couldn't.

— RFE photo

Skaters Thrill Capacity Crowd

Last Sunday night at Glacier Gardens personnel from CFB Comox and many parents from the surrounding area were treated to an exceptional display of skating ability. Everyone among the capacity crowd that was there could not help but be impressed by the performance of the children in their colourful costumes. The costumes themselves were obviously the product of many hours of hard work. The mothers of the young performers are to be commended for their demanding and difficult job.

The organizers and the instructors of the Comox Valley figure skating club can be proud of the performance of their talented and hardworking young members.

The Comox Valley Figure Skating Club has approximately 35 members, ranging in age from 3 years to and including adults. The club began operating in the winter of 1965-66. In 1966-67 season the National Skating Tests were adopted to form an incentive for the members to practise and achieve certain standards.

These tests were designed by the Canadian Figure Skating Association in collaboration with the Professional Skating Association of Canada as a means of encouraging the beginning skater to learn the fundamentals of the art of skating. The tests are assigned to teach the basic moves of skating which are required for all aspects of the sport, be it figure skating, hockey or any form of pleasure skating. Equipment for skating and its care.

Socks or tights must not be too big or too small but fit with-

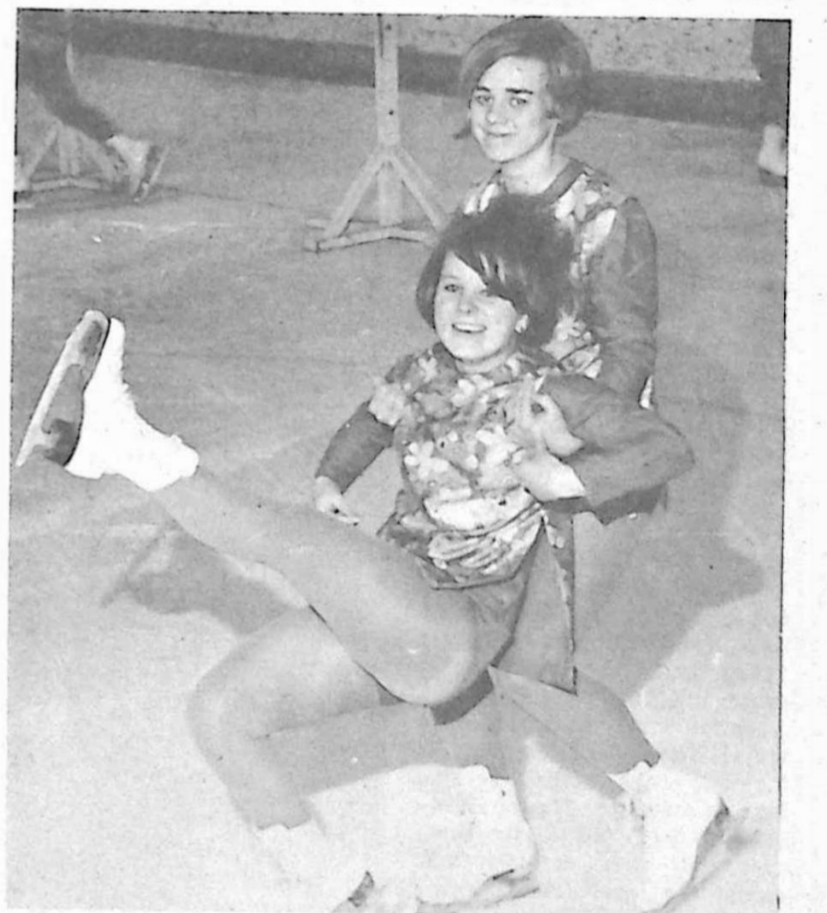
out squeezing the toes or have too many wrinkles.

Boots — should be of a snug fit but not too tight. Boots that are too loose or big are a real handicap to the skater, putting an improper and harmful strain on the ankles, making it exceedingly difficult to skate. It is better to buy good used skates every year than to buy a new pair several sizes too big "so that they will last".

A skating boot does not bend as a walking shoe does, the foot does not need room to slide in as it needs in walking. This means the skating boot can be a slightly shorter size than a shoe.

Blades must be balanced on the boot, some matched sets are not always correctly balanced so care must be taken when buying this type of skating outfit.

Blades should be wiped dry after use, and guards used for walking to and from the ice surface, but never left on from one skating session to the next as this causes rusting.



TWO BELLES kick up their heels, Stephanie Mitchell, daughter of a retired serviceman is supported by Lynn Grant.

— RFE photo



CAUGHT BEHIND the stage practicing are these five members of the Snowflake Ballet.

— RFE photo

SAR Brock Continues 121 Works Day and Night

SAR Brock goes into its 17th day today. The Brock aircraft, a Cessna 206 "Skywagon," went missing on March 1st, on a trip from Vernon to Alberni, on board were Mr. and Mrs. Brock, their son and his friend, Rescue Co-ordination Center in Vancouver was notified that the aircraft had not reached its destination on the 4th of March and immediately launched S A R Brock. To date, in spite of the hampering by the weather, civilian and military search air-

craft have logged 242.3 hours searching 24,625 square miles of the flight route and the area around Nanaimo and Cameron Lake, Captain E. Papp, the Searchmaster said that all available aircraft are in the air.

The Base Met forecaster said today that a small weak front started moving slowly across the island today and the search area may be under high cloud. But look remains good for the next few days.

DOWNED IN THE YUKON

121 Receives Yukon Diary

The following diary was received by 121s Captain J. W. Crawford who was the Search Master for the recent Search "Tjontveit". The Totem Times is grateful to Captain Crawford for passing this interesting diary on to us. Please note that the following diary and pictures connected with this article are not for reprint.



Thor Tjontveit and Ernor S. Pedersen, Yukon, October, 1967.

Downed in the Yukon

In brilliant morning sun the airplane is rolled out of the hangar and made ready for flight. The airplane is a Piper Apache. It has been named "Spirit of Fairbanks". Several of our friends from Anchorage are present at the airport to see us well off and they are specially pleased about the letters, which are painted on the nose of the aircraft: Anchorage-Oslo 29 hours. One of them suggests that we ought to put a question mark behind the 29 hours. Another suggests that we change 29 hours to 29 days.

The airplane takes off with ease although it is heavily loaded and it sets course for Fairbanks. After approximately two hours we land at Fairbanks International airport. The pilot, Thor Tjontveit takes a quick trip into Fairbanks to pick up an emergency transmitter, which he has borrowed from a friend. The co-pilot Rolf Storhaug and myself fill up the aircraft with gas and prepare the flight plan from Fairbanks to Inuvik via Fort Yukon.

1408 Alaska time we are airborne and head for Fort Yukon on route to Inuvik in Canada. The flying weather is excellent and we are making better time than planned as we pass over Fort Yukon. At 1609 Alaska time we cross the Canadian border. A position report is transmitted via HF radio. Vancouver is the only radio station receiving the message. They acknowledge receipt and at the same time they give us a weather report for Inuvik. The landing conditions there are very good.

Flying along the Porcupine River we pass over the old Indian village Crow. I notice that a sandbar is used as a landing strip. About 10 minutes after passing Old Crow the port engine suddenly quits. Thor makes several attempts to get it started again but has no success. We continue on one engine towards Inuvik but the aircraft is not able to maintain altitude. Slowly we descend from our cruising altitude at 9,500 feet to approximately 3,000 feet. Ahead of us the Richardson Mountains loom up 7,000 feet high, and it becomes quite clear to us that we cannot continue towards Inuvik. I suggest to Thor that we shall backtrack to Old Crow, but Thor decides to fly to Shingle Point on the Arctic coast where a radar station is situated. He wants to fly through the mountain pass along the Blow River, but it soon becomes apparent that we will not be able to maintain the necessary altitude even to fly through this pass. Thor then starts circling over the tundra looking for a suitable landing place while the right engine still is running. According to

the instruments the engine is getting very hot and runs very rough. Finally Thor has found a spot, which looks agreeable and shutting off the right engine he starts a glide towards the ground. Rolf and I take crash positions and when we are about 10 feet above the ground, Thor lowers the under carriage. The plane stalls, hitting the ground with its left wing first and smashing the nose completely. Rolf jumps out first and I follow him. Together we drag Thor out as he is stuck with his left foot and not able to get out himself. All our emergency equipment is then brought out as fast as possible because of fire danger. All gear is gathered at a safe distance from the aircraft.

Now we have time to look at our injuries. Thor has a large bleed-

ing cut on his forehead. He seems to be choked. Rolf has a black eye and a sprained ankle. I have broken my upper right arm. As fast as possible Rolf and I put up our tent and put Thor into a sleeping bag in the tent. Rolf Bandages Thor's head. When this is finished he crawls into the other sleeping bag in the tent. I remain outside close to the wreckage in order to watch for search planes. The night is clear and cold, -17 degrees C. The display of northern lights is magnificent. In the darkness I can see small groups of caribou passing by and from the mountains west of us wolves are crying. However, nothing happens during the night.

SATURDAY, OCT. 14

Just before sunrise a high flying jet aircraft is passing over our area. We put fire to a can of gas in order to draw their attention, but in vain. Thor tries to call on the VHF emergency radio, but the batteries are probably too weak. After sunrise we make an inspection tour of the wreckage and the surrounding area, gathering together loose equipment, which has been thrown out of the aircraft during the crash. About 100 feet away from the plane we find one box with emergency rations, sufficient for one man in seven days. We cannot find the other emergency ration box, which was on board. We also find the axe and a few other important items. Rolf who is unable to walk, is promoted to camp cook and starts preparing a meal of hot soup. While waiting for the dinner to get ready I stamp out SOS in the snow and mark the letters with orange dye powder. Our first hot meal after the crash landing tastes very good. The short day is almost over and we make the camp ready for the night. Thor and Rolf crawl into the tent, while I make myself as comfortable as possible in the cabin of the airplane. The rubber dinghy is used as a substitute for the door, which was torn off during the crash.

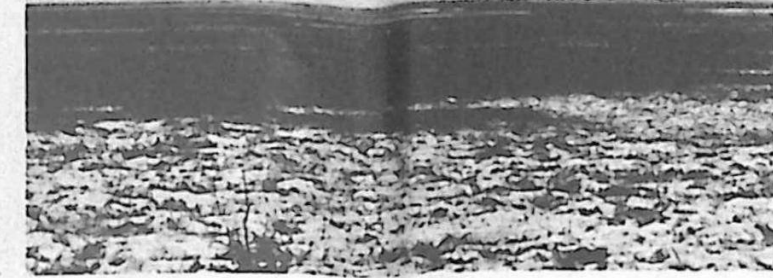
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 15

Snowstorm from the north. Due to the blowing snow the visibility is very limited. I can hardly see the tent from the airplane. Thor and Rolf stay in the tent the whole day. I take a quick trip outside to inspect the SOS-signals on the ground. The orange dye shows up through the new fallen snow.

The strong wind forces me to withdraw to the airplane, where I remain for the rest of the day. Late at night the sky clears up and the wind calms down.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 16

Beautiful weather. At sunrise I take a walk to the wooded area 1.5 km north of the crash site in order to look for a better camp site and find plenty of dry wood and lots of good timber. There is also a good supply of good snow up here and tracks in the snow from caribou and ptarmigan indicate that it ought to be a good hunting ground. The area looks very well suited



RCAF Albatross over Yukon Tundra.

for survival. Suddenly a bull caribou approaches me and stays close behind me all the way down to the airplane. 150 feet away from the tent I call Thor and tell him to shoot the caribou. Unfortunately there is snow in the barrel of the rifle and before Thor has finished cleaning it the caribou gets tired waiting and disappears.

We move our camp up to the wooded area. All our equipment is loaded in the aircraft and pulled up to the new camp site. It takes us almost a whole day to move. At the new camp site the tent is put up and we build a large fire. From now on we will keep this fire burning day and night.

When the camp is ready, dinner is prepared, consisting of hot peasoup.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17

Beautiful weather. Breakfast consists of hot chocolate and biscuits. Thor wants to start out for Shingle Point and Rolf agrees, but his foot is too badly hurt. I insist that we stay here at least one month in order to give the rescue planes a chance to find us. After some discussion it is decided that we remain here.

While Thor takes a reco, trip up to the mountain behind the

camp, Rolf and I build a lean-to from spruce trees. It is primitive but very comfortable. We cover the whole floor with spruce branches and we cover the roof with our orange colored tent. Thus it can be easily discovered from the air. Thor returns from the mountain completely exhausted. He is losing faith in our rescue. "Nobody is searching for us", he sighs. Rolf and I cheer him up and tell him that this very moment the Canadian as well as the U.S. Airforce are on their way. It is a very nice feeling to be under a roof again, but it requires a lot of dry wood to keep the fire burning. A late dinner is served: hot peasoup again.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18

Beautiful weather again. At sunrise we eat breakfast: hot chocolate and biscuits. Then we start cutting down trees in order to improve our living quarters. Just after noon a jet aircraft passes over the area. We start the fires, which we have built for signalling purposes, but the aircraft is too fast and too high. During the afternoon a snowstorm starts and it lasts the whole night. The lean-to gives us excellent shelter. For dinner: mashed potatoes and a small

Continued on page 7

Gulliver's Gorillas

Elements of the Queens Own Rifles were back in the soaking bush country of Vancouver Island again last week. You will recall in an article in the Totem Times just before last Christmas, that they were playing war games in the Comox Lake area.

This time the simulated situation is as follows: Timidia, a small friendly country just north west of Nanaimo, has been under constant guerrilla pressure of the adjacent Orange Block country of Pushia for several years. Intelligence warns of an impending invasion of Timidia by Pushia on March 18. The Allied Commander Europe, part of the NATO force has dispatched his ACE Mobile Force, of which the Q.O.R. are part of, into Timidia to rout the Pushian guerrillas out of the bush country and into the open so supporting T33 aircraft from Mobile Commands 408 Sqn. can execute air strikes.

The action was a complete success, for on March 18 the invasion failed to materialize. The Gallant, but wet Q.O.R.s had done it again.

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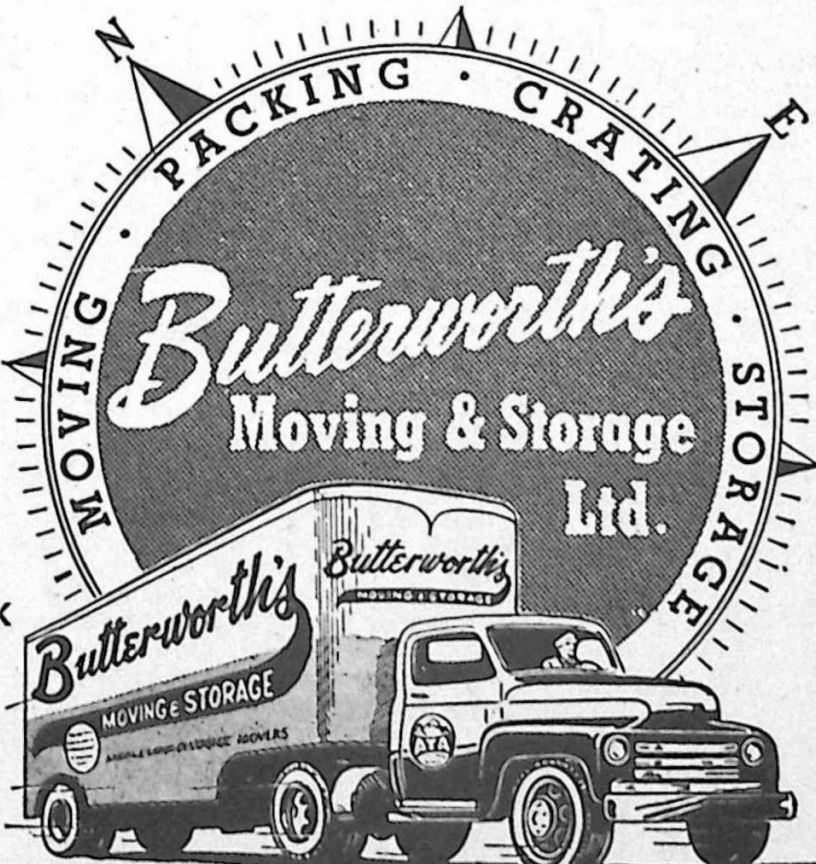
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FUNGUS FEATURES

by Mac



Fungi Retired



WO. STAMM receives a mounted electronic gyration tube, completely equipped with a manual tube toppler. The gift was designed to give many hours of pleasure in his reclining years.

— RFE photo



CPL. PETER O'MONOGHAN receives a gift of a wall barometer to measure the humidity and temperature in his retirement home in merry old England from Lt. Jack McNeil, 121s AMO.

— RFE photo



WO. STAMM and Cpl. Peter O'Monaghan look into Seemore's kit bag for more goodies, but alas, that was it.

— RFE photo

FROM UP IN MY PERCH

Last week as I was digging down in the old kit bag, looking for my thesis entitled "Wing Warpage Systems, Their Advantage Over Ailerons" when I came across my green dress tie. "May the Saints be blessed," I cried in my best Irish brogue. "This weekend the Great Saints Day itself and it's time for my annual St. Patrick's Day breakfast."

Saturday morning I arose early, dressed to the nines, and donned the green. By 10 a.m. the final preparations for the festivities were completed and my guests arrived. We sat down to the traditional feast of steak with two fried eggs on top accompanied by quaffs of assorted fruit juices. I must point out that these fruit juices are under government control, but something must have been amiss with their quality control system as all of the fruit juices were slightly fermented. Needless to say that most of my guests became a little boisterous as the day wore on. My own annual rendition of "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" was reported to have rocked the windows on the Little River Ferry Terminal. I hope this won't spark another window crises.

This gala event was followed by the retirement bash for two 121 mushroom types! Good ol' Bob Stamm and Good Ol' Pete O'Monaghan, held in the Totem Inn Annex last Tuesday.

Tucking my excessively high Alka Seltzer bill into the ol' kit bag I noticed...

Mrs. Fran Little going by the window on her way to another "Wig Out".

Who was the airman, oh, pardon me, Canadian Forces Man who broke the barrier last week? Is this an 'aeronautical' first?

I have a tiny friend who is a sports car nut and owns one of those Swedish jobs. Just mention cars to this guy and you're good for at least an hour or more on twin carbs, superchargers, and the merits of radial cord tires. The other day I was treated

to a ride into town and back with him. On the return leg, in middle of a discourse on radial cord tires, (the current favorite subject) he mentioned a handbrake one-eighty. I now bite my tongue at the very thought of a handbrake one-eighty but I said, "What the heck is a handbrake one-eighty?" "I'll take you down a back road and show you, old buddy," was his anxious reply. Down a back road we go, about 45 miles per hour. All of a sudden he puts the clutch in, pulls the handbrake and quick as a wink we're heading back towards the directions from whence we had just came. As my heart slowly returned to its place of ordinary residence I heard my friend saying, "... by locking the rear wheels and giving the front ones a fast crimp, we have mounted 'G' forces building up at the rear of the car. This, of course, is what brings the rear of the car to the front, not the front of the car to the rear. Funny, that's the first time the hand brake ever gave off that terrible smell, I better have it looked at"... Well my friend, I can guarantee that your hand brake is all right!

Word reaches me via the usual sources that the Totem Inn will be having the famous Ink Spots as an entertainment highlight sometime in the very near future. Speaking of bands, there is a new outfit starting up in the area called the "Four Fingers and a Thumb." Its a one hand band. Young Private Nancekerville has certainly changed since he got that new Mustang of his. He used to be such a quiet lad but now he's never at home. His love life is presently having it's ups and downs. His latest caper is, when he goes to a dance stag, he gets the band leader to announce that the Mustang is blocking the road and would the owner please move it. Then Bob goes out slowly so all the girls can see who he is.

The 121 Flight engineers moustache contest is coming along nicely, although some of them still look like a remnants sale in a fur coat factory. Tony Gosselin looks more like the Mexican bandit that held him up in Tijuana than the bandit does.



I must say I was among those who were shocked and surprised with the official announcement that 407 Sqn. was to be re-equipped with the Argus, that's the first I heard of it. Does this mean that 121 will be seeking new "temporary quarters" again?

Rumour of the Week: 409 Sqn. is to be re-equipped with Chipmunks?

Runner up for Rumour of the Week: 121 is moving to Victoria.

And finally: 407 Sqn. will be commanded by an Admiral and each Argus will be commanded by a Captain and driven by a Coxswain.

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200	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	12.24	12.24	12.24	12.24	12.24	12.24
500	10.00	12.50	15.00	17.50	20.00	22.50	30.60	30.60	30.60	30.60	30.60	30.60
1000	20.00	25.00	30.00	35.00	40.00	45.00	61.20	61.20	61.20	61.20	61.20	61.20
1500	30.00	37.50	45.00	52.50	60.00	67.50	91.80	91.80	91.80	91.80	91.80	91.80
2500	50.00	62.50	75.00	87.50	100.00	112.50	153.00	153.00	153.00	153.00	153.00	153.00
3000	60.00	75.00	90.00	105.00	120.00	135.00	183.60	183.60	183.60	183.60	183.60	183.60
4000	80.00	100.00	120.00	140.00	160.00	180.00	244.80	244.80	244.80	244.80	244.80	244.80
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The Bobby-Win-a-Trip Contest



Fly to Scenic Holberg

Fill in the balloon in the photo with a suitable caption. Sample: "If I am elected president I'll see that everyone in 'F' Troop is promoted."

The contest is open to service members and their dependents.

First Prize: A trip for two to scenic Holberg on any 2nd or 4th Wednesday of the month of your choice. Plus your picture in the Totem Times.

Second Prize: A personally conducted tour for two of an Albatross aircraft by Major Maxwell.

Third Prize: A 3 month subscription to the Totem Times and an autographed picture of Seemore.

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The Fat Society

By LAC STIRLING
 Helicopters, frozen pizza, plastic flowers and four barrel carburetors are all inventions of modern man -- so why can't man invent a painless way to lose weight.

Back in the misty edges of time, even before Santa Claus and the Dakota, man wore a Tarzan suit and got his dinner by batting it over the head. He was hot, sweaty, tired and out of breath when he squatted down to eat.

Today's man employs all the hard won advantages of the ages. He sleeps in a warm bed, drives to work with the windows up and gets his dinner at a table. Then he gets hot, sweaty, tired and out of breath trying to work off the excess fat.

Enjoying the comforts acquired since the Neanderthal days would be fine if somehow the stomach was modernized. We are still chugging along with the Mark I model that makes the most of whatever we eat, even if our diet has changed from 'brontosaurus and wild berries to german chocolate cake.

Dieting, reduced to its simplest form, is keeping the jaws clamped shut in the presence of food. This takes about as much effort as pushing loaded box-cars on a rusty railroad track with your bare hands. Eating is harder to give up than smoking.

There are all kinds of systems to cut down on your intake of food. All involve an empty knawing pain in the region of the belt buckle. From there on only the details differ.

First are the quickie diets. These are used by grim-lipped people who decide to get rid of all their excess fat at once.

They lean towards meals consisting of grapefruit and eggs three times a day. As a bedtime snack they have a glass of warm distilled water. Supposedly, the chemical combination of the grapefruit and eggs will melt fat almost as fast as spray-on over cleaner.

It is also a distinct possibility that the sight of grapefruit and boiled eggs on that plate for the fifth straight meal might knot a stomach enough to prevent eating.

Another diet, favored mostly by ex-hen-types whose bodies have gone bad, consists of half a pound of rare broiled beef at each meal. This is supposed to be a throwback to the cave man days -- and who ever heard of a Cavemanagron. Of course, staying on an all meat diet will also get you scurvy.

Pills instead of food is popular among women. This shrinking plan provides a handful of different colored pills to be swallowed at each meal. These pills are supposed to take away the appetite and, at the same time, speed up the metabolism.

They work on the same principle of gunning your car's engine while telling the gas gauge that the tank is remaining full. People on this type of diet are easily spotted. They rattle faintly on still days.

Liquid diets are perhaps the simplest. Each canful is a meal. The only problem is that too many people know that the stuff put into the cans make a great milkshake when mixed with a goodly portion of ice cream.

Having approximately the same shape as a pear used to be fashionable. Down through the ages, surplus fat was like money in the bank. It proved you were eating better than most people in the world. Faunch used to be equated with prestige and secretaries were the only members of the carrot stick for lunch bunch.

Then in the early 1950's came carbohydrates, arteriosclerosis and small foreign cars. Overnight, fat was out and slim was in. The skinny look that people were trying to lose in the 1930's has suddenly become popular. Now if you have to wear a belt with your jeans, you are admired.

sure that some one else would do just that. This brings about a moral: "Don't wait for someone else to write - do it yourself."

Totem Times is a controversial paper more widely read than WORS because it can publish things that are forbidden in WROs etc. I assume of course we cannot discuss the three usuals - religion, politics and sex but there are a million other subjects anyone can write on. You don't have to write in perfect English, prose, verse or be an essayist. Just write a letter. Answer one of the five questions and live on discussions. If you can't type - write; if you can't write - print; if you can't print you shouldn't be trying to read my garbage anyway.

Signed A Pushed Pen Pusher.

The Art of Supervision

Although this article may appear to be industry oriented, the fact remains that industry and defense should be organized and run along the same economic lines. Terms such as employees and supervisors are interchangeable with say, airmen and corporals or sergeants. The same rules apply to both organizations and should be applied to both.

Supervision, by definition, is the formal authority for direction of others. From managements' viewpoint, the supervisor is the person in the organization to whom authority for the direction of the work of others has been assigned. From the viewpoint of the worker, the supervisor is frequently regarded as the organization itself.

Supervision in its purest form occurs at the first or lowest level, commonly called first-line supervision. The supervisor has a definite hierarchical position, supervision itself occurs wherever there are groups of workers who may therefore, receive direction from more than one source. But the supervisor directs with authority and is responsible to management which places him in a different role from all the others. The supervisor is now being regarded as "a member of the management team." In those organizations where thought is being given to the supervisory role, the supervisor has ceased to be another worker -- one who merely passes on the work from on high and the complaints from below.

In less systemized and routinized operations -- office work for example, any or all of the problems relating to technical responsibility, method, or quality control may well remain in the supervisor's hands. To be sure, the supervisor must "know the work". But it does not necessarily follow, as is sometimes contended, that the supervisor must be an expert in the fields. He must conform to the organizations' ways of doing things, but in many instances, institutional regulations interfere with good supervision.

In summation, the supervisor must know the kind of work that is done by his unit and the policies and procedures of his agency, but neither the work nor the rules are the key to supervision.

The critical knowledge and the indispensable skill for effective supervision is nothing less than personal leadership. This is the more distinctive phase of supervision -- the human side. In the writings on management, the supervisory skills can be identified as functions either of a "task nature" or of a "social nature". The prime question is whether or not these two facts of the supervisory skills can be combined in the same person.

Management must accept the implications of its role by re-examining its policies and operations to see if they conflict with the tasks of the first-line supervisor. It is unreasonable to hope that he will maintain much enthusiasm for improving job methods in the face of hostility of his own supervisor every time he makes a suggestion. A supervisor will not be convinced very long that his superiors actually want to treat employees fairly and intelligently if he himself is suffering from unfair or unintelligent treatment. He will relax his efforts if his superiors ignore the need for good employee relations in formulation or enforcing personnel policies. Again, the supervisor may become fully convinced that it is part of his job to improve his employees' efficiency through training on the job, but this conviction will not be sustained if no continued interest is taken higher up in his own improvement.

The supervisor does not have to perform his job alone; but the burden continues to be his, for in the concrete situation all of this is his job. All too often in the past, because of the emphasis on production rather than on the producers, the best worker was appointed as the foreman or supervisor. In addition, large organizations with involved procedures were prone to promote "the old hand" because he "knows the ropes". Both of these qualities have great value in a supervisor. But when used alone as a basis for supervisory selection they ignore the key to the supervisors' job -- the personal qualifications that enable him to work with others and to make them work better. Seniority, alone, is one of the most possible bases for picking supervisors. Someone has very pointedly remarked that twenty years of experience may be simply one year's experience repeated twenty times.

The supervisor needs the ability to do the work skillfully for obvious reasons, but too great an expertness in the work is not desirable, especially if it tends to make the supervisor the best worker of the unit, rather than its supervisor. More important than expert job knowledge is a sense of system and method that enables the supervisor to organize and co-ordinate the work of his subordinates. The supervisor must not be submerged in the details of his work, but be detached enough to see the problems beneath.

How to find qualified supervisory material is a critical problem. The only adequate answer is to have a plan well prepared in advance. Although this is the responsibility of top management unless the workers also know the plan they cannot have adequate incentive and direction to achieve advancement. A good device for selection is an understudy system. During a probationary period when the candidate is acting as understudy, he should be given training to qualify him fully for his job. His performance both as acting supervisor and as trainee will allow a fairly definite rating of his promise.

The character of supervision in any organization is neither merely a reflection of a particular function or activity that is being supervised nor principally the result of the personal qualifications of the supervisor, important as these are. The policies imposed upon the first-line supervisor affect his work to a great extent. These factors governing the "institutional climate" play a definite role in the character of supervision.

Many of the problems of supervision that affect the practice of that art can be telescoped into one question -- that of the short-run versus the long-run point of view. Management may insist on immediate peak production at any given level of work without giving the worker an opportunity to train and develop himself. Such a policy has far-reaching implications for the supervisor's role, for then the job contends against the individuals' personal development.

In the past, the government has generally done less than enough to provide training and educational opportunity by placing immediate efficiency ahead of long-run self-development.

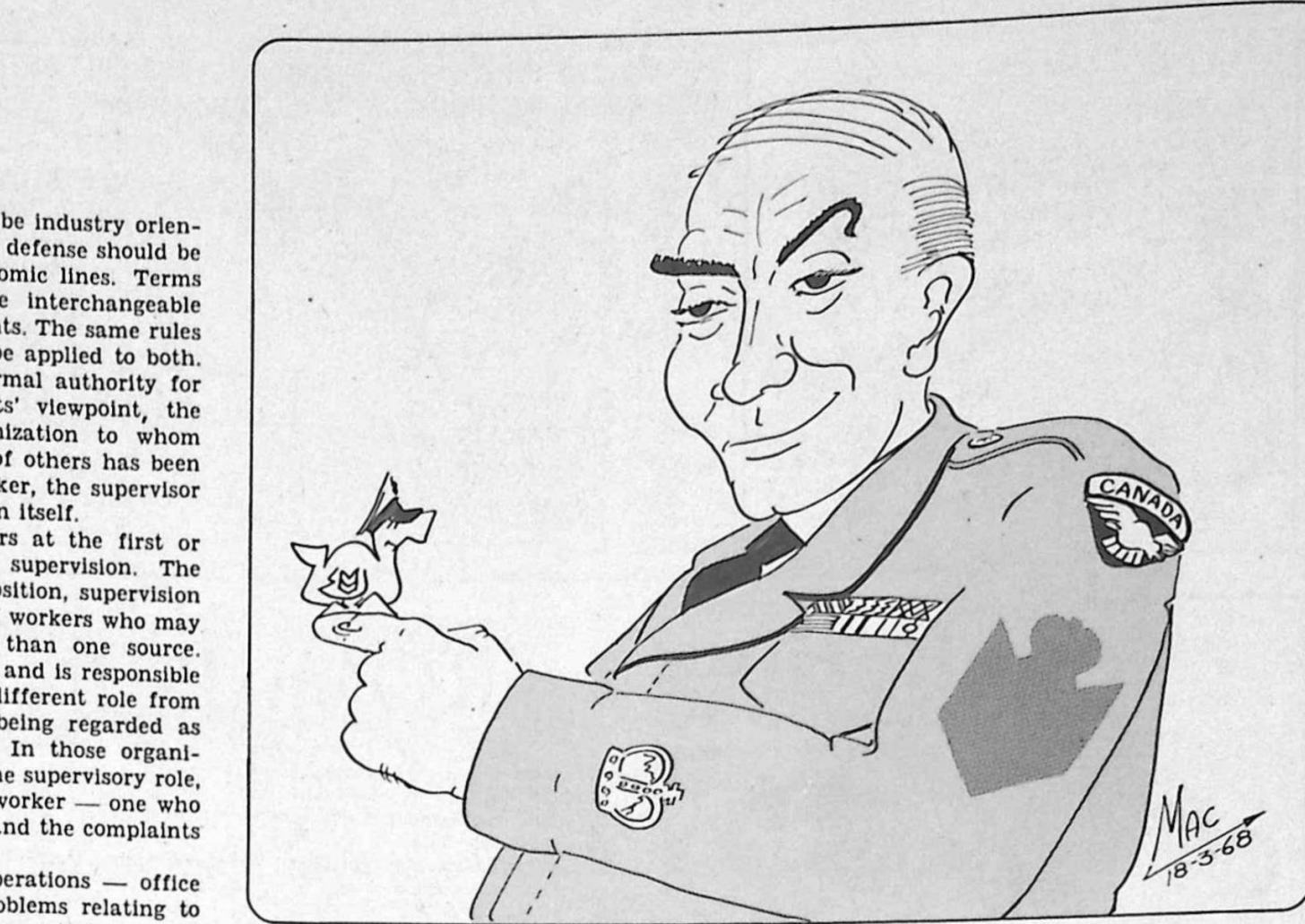
Do WE make the most of supervision?

Latest from the VOW

The Voice of Wrath

The Times recently was granted an exclusive interview with Mrs. Tillie DoGood, President of the national chapter of The Voice of Wrath, a small but very active women's group dedicated to analysis and commentary on some of the more pressing problems of our time.

When asked why she was originally attracted to the V.O.W.



Well Seemore, it's just going to stay like that until I get the new uniform.

HANSARD HIGHLIGHTS

March 8, 1968, Page 7407
 REPORTED ESTABLISHMENT OF FRENCH SPEAKING UNITS AND OTTAWA MESS FOR SENIOR OFFICERS

On the orders of the day: Mr. Harold E. Winch (Vancouver East): Mr. Speaker, I should like to direct a question to the Minister of National Defence. In view of the promulgation of the Armed Forces Unification Act and the coming into effect on February 1 of this year of the Q.R.O. changes, as well as certain orders in council, will the minister bring to a halt suggested policies to establish new armed forces organizations, French speaking only, and the establishment of a mess and guest house in Ottawa available only to those of the rank of brigadier and higher?

Hon. Leo Cadieux (Minister of National Defence): Mr. Speaker, I think it is unfair to say we ever had any plan to establish units that were exclusively French speaking. We never had that in mind. So far as the senior officers' mess is concerned -- Mr. Winch: And guest house. Mr. Cadieux (Terrebonne): I don't know what the Hon. member is talking about when he refers to a guest house. There is a mess for which senior officers pay the expenses.

March 8, 1968, Page 7408
 CANADIAN PARTICIPATION IN FORTHCOMING OLYMPIC GAMES

On the orders of the day: Mr. Heward Graftey (Brome-Missisquoi): Mr. Speaker, although the Minister of National Health and Welfare alluded to this subject a few days ago, for sake of clarity I should like to ask him whether the government's policy of assistance to those organizations sponsoring our athletes at the summer games in Mexico has been affected by South Africa's apartheid policy.

Hon. Allan J. MacEachen (Minister of National Health and Welfare): Mr. Speaker, policy in connection with international competitions is determined basically by the sports associations in Canada. The Department of National Health and Welfare has not taken the attitude that we ought

conversational cliches covering various institutions and things we are against, and in that way remain current on many of the questions of the time."

On NORAD her face lit up, she said "NORAD has given our group a lot of mileage, particularly with something they do about air defence and attacks and the bomb and all that, and then about the sterility of cows and chickens and things that give it sort of sexy, but not really dirty aspects that can talk about." She said "We had a nice man speak to us once at a meeting about there is no threat of attack to North America and that if we were all attacked we would get it from the good guys together and tell them to stop like they did back at Dunkirk and at Pearl Harbor. The men he came with were all so friendly with each other too, they kept calling each other comrade and a lot of that."

Mrs. DoGoodies thoughts then went to the problems of free air space for song birds around busy airfields. She cited the atrocity committed by an airline captain in the United States when he killed over twenty starlings on his take off roll just before he and all on board crashed and died at the end of the runway. She mentioned too, the inconsistency in the number of communists living in the Soviet Union compared to those per capita in the United States and Canada. She then mentioned that she had heard there was a tremendous white minority in China compared to the number of orientals living there.

Several husbands of V.O.W. members were asked their reaction to their wives being part of this organization; the opinion seemed similar in all cases, they said: "look at it this way; at least it keeps them off the streets."

to direct the policy of sporting organizations and associations in Canada.

Mr. Graftey: A supplementary question, Mr. Speaker. Can I assume then that the usual government assistance to our athletes will be given this year.

Mr. MacEachen: Mr. Speaker, advice on grants to the associations in Canada comes from the national advisory council on fitness and amateur sport. The council has been meeting this week in Ottawa and has undoubtedly considered this particular point, and will be expressing its views. In the meantime I think the situation has to some extent been assisted by the decision of the L.O.C. to reconsider the matter.

MARCH 12 1968 Page 7521.
 INQUIRY AS TO PURCHASE OF TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT

On the orders of the day: Hon. D. S. Harkness (Calgary North): Mr. Speaker, I wish to direct a question to the Minister of National Defence. In view of a Canadian officer's comment that "mobile command is the most immobile force in the world," has the minister made any progress in the direction of securing further heavy transport aircraft which would have as one of their functions the refueling of the CF-5 now coming off the assembly line?

HON. Leo Cadieux (Minister of National Defence): Mr. Speaker, may I comment on the first part of the question and say I hope my hon. friend saw my photo-

graph in the local newspapers the other day, showing me jumping off the first helicopter that we had received for mobile command. This implies that very soon we will have the means of being completely mobile. So far as the C-141 is concerned, we are now studying all the options available to the government.

Some hon. Members: Hear, hear.

March 13, 1968, Page 7582.
 PROPOSED MANNING OF NAVAL SHIP WITH FRENCH SPEAKING CREW

On the orders of the day: Mr. Harold E. Winch (Vancouver East): I desire to direct a question, a most important one, to the Minister of National Defence.

Because of the technical training problems involved, and since under present procedures all orders are conveyed in English by the naval squadron leader, commodore or admiral, will the minister reconsider his proposed separation of a specific navy ship from normal operation and procedure with the designation that all on board must have French as their mother language?

Mr. Speaker: Order. I suggest that the hon. member place his question on the order paper. Mr. Winch: In view of the fact that this new procedure is in the mind of the minister, is it not of urgency?

Mr. Speaker: The minister can, of course, reply in writing to the hon. member's written question.

The Peloponician Party

Can anyone remember when the Olympic Games were for the healthy competition and fellowship of the competitors and the entertainment of the spectators? The Olympic Games have come a long way since the time when they were a festival held in honour of Zeus in prehistoric Greece. Many of the changes have been to the betterment of the Games, but in more recent times they have become increasingly influenced by politics, and the term "Professionalism." In the time of Zeus, an athlete was an athlete was an athlete, but nowadays there are two kinds, the "Professional" and the "Amateur". One may think that there is a distinct difference between a "Professional" (one who makes it a trade) and an "Amateur" (one who makes it a pastime), but in the eyes of a narrow minded, omnipotent Olympic Committee an athlete can be considered (more appropriately -- "Branded") a "Professional" for anything from thinking about "turning professional" to not taking "brand names" off their gear when being filmed.

The strict rules about "Professionalism" in Olympic Games are there to maintain the highly moral aspect of the Games, and since by definition, money is immoral, the "Professional", who accepts remuneration, is banned and only the clean living, highly moral "Amateur" is allowed to compete. What this essentially does though, is eliminate those athletes who don't have that immoral substance called money. To be highly skilled (Olympic calibre) in many sports is a full-time job. If an athlete cannot afford to take anywhere from two to twelve months of the year for intensive training, they will not be of Olympic calibre. This is where the politicians make a mockery of the rules.

Since much propaganda can be made of the fact that "our people, due to a superior political and social climate are mentally and physically less corrupted than your people", it pays a government to see that their athletes are not wanting. As a result we find governments developing all sorts of ploys to keep their athletes healthy of mind and body, like providing free board and lodgings the year round, nominal employment that requires a minimum of time and effort and other special unpublicized privileges and thus unduly obligating the athlete so that he or she may be used as a political football at the whim of some petty politician.

One of the very essences of Olympic competition is to excel, to surpass all previous performances, to set new records. This is being done today because competitors are better coached, better fed, and better motivated. It only stands to reason that a person who devotes their whole to a sport will make a superior effort and the only practical and honest way to do this is to become "Professional". It is unrealistic to ask our athletes to be "Amateurs" and in so doing become pawns of the state.

The Olympic Committee whose Games have progressed beyond the days of Zeus has allowed their thinking to remain prehistoric. They are Idealists living in a world of Realism and unless they modernize, the Olympic Games, bred of fellowship and goodwill will die of animosity and discontent.

Survival of the Fittest or the Prepared?

Mr. Elmer Pedersen's diary printed in this issue is a classic example of survival through preparedness. The three men that found themselves sudden residents of Canada's Arctic tundra were thoroughly trained for Arctic survival and were exceptionally well equipped for their enforced stay. One item that was conspicuous by its absence though, was a Crash Position Indicator (CPI).

CPI's have been in existence for some years now, and while their worth is incalculable, it is astonishing that there are so few installed on aircraft utilizing Canada's air spaces. Searches are costly. CPI's would greatly reduce the number of flying hours required to conduct a search. Location of a downed CPI is a relatively simple matter. It can be done day or night and in the case of bad weather, the searching aircraft can fly over the weather and still be effective. In the event of rescue aircraft being grounded by unsuitable weather, ground parties could be utilized.

Safety devices are mandatory for cars and boats, but what about aircraft? Not only would the mandatory installation of CPI's save the tax payers many thousands in search bills; more important, many lives would be saved by sparing crash survivors the ordeal and uncertainty of relying on visual search methods.

Too Many Men on the Ice

Everyone on the West Coast held their breath. It couldn't be true, Vancouver with an NHL hockey franchise? But it seemed to be true. The good old Labatt's brewing company came through with a deal that was to warm the hearts of many the frustrated hockey fan. Perhaps Vancouver would go big league at last.

"Not true" said the sportswriters the next day in their columns. Those bad old eastern clubs with their typical eastern methods are trying to "freeze us out".

For once, the B.C. provincialists have a good case. In true NHL fashion the Montreal and Toronto empires have decided in their infinite and secular wisdom to put greed ahead of nationalism.

Much has been said about the evils of nationalism, however, having another Canadian NHL team certainly would not cause any international world crises. Let's look at the problem logically. The fact that a brewing company intends to bring another hockey team into the Canadian circuit would probably not please the hierarchy of the Montreal Canadiens' organization. Television rights also enter into the picture (pardon the pun). Many people contend that three-way split in television rights is the big stumbling block. Automatically, a Vancouver entry into the NHL would induce the two existing Canadian clubs to resist such a move, but what of all the American teams? With the exception of the Los Angeles Kings, one would think that the other American clubs would welcome the increased television revenue due to the loss of one of their members. But, unlike the Air Force, the NHL takes care of its own, and Vancouver should never have insulated Con Smythe by refusing to allow him to build a stadium in their fair city.

If by some quirk of fate, Vancouver does acquire the Seals, a losing club, Vancouverites will take them to their hearts. . . . After all, Vancouver is accustomed to supporting a losing team.

Why?

Why don't people write more letters or articles to this paper? Recently the Editor requested me to submit an article regularly on behalf of my section. The subject of letters to the Ed, came up. In an endeavour to get people, service, DND employees and dependants to write, I ask a few questions which may stir someone up into answering.

QUESTION 1. When is the best time to plant flowers in the PMQ gardens? When is the best time and what must be done to improve PMQ lawns, by the occupants? QUESTION 2. When the new floor is down in the Teen's Centre-when are the boys going to give the Gyra Set their full support? (I hear they will not come until there is a pool table installed). Why don't the boys work together and earn money, through the Club, and buy a table instead of waiting for a gift horse to come along? Are they lazy? QUESTION 3. Why can't the Fish & Game Club not publish articles on local fishing hot spots, tips on lures baits etc, and what they intend to do about improving the boat ramp facilities? Stir up enough conversation and perhaps you'll get some volunteer labor and extra members. QUESTION 4. Why can't the Rec Centre put an article in or write a letter telling people how to lose weight at home. Our service pubs seem so cold to read and implement. Tell them how, after losing weight on the floor the object of the exercise is defeated by going upstairs to the Canteen and eating pie and ice cream etc etc. QUESTION 5. Why can we not have a few brief sports in the Totem Times sup-

plled by the hospital staff giving gems of wisdom on community diseases - mumps, measles, chicken pox, mononucleosis etc. The old tried and true methods of detection - you know Doc "Suck a piece of lemon and if your throat feels cut you've got the mumps". Tell the adults the real results of mumps; that should add to the spice of life.

I was struck recently by an article by a correspondent complaining because his PMQ rent was to go up and he hoped that someone higher up was listening. Why did someone not attack the problem from another angle. Take my case, I have not lived in a PMQ since I came here yet I asked for one, annually, and I've been here two years, I spend \$5000 more in rent than he does. I spend \$207 on transportation.

That makes a total of \$707 per year standard outlay over and above his expenses. On top of that I have meals to bring or buy because I cannot get home at noon. This year was bad for the car. I had to get four new tires. Add all this up and it works out to quite a bit for basic requirements. The correspondent earns far far more than I do and I earn far more than an LAC in the same boat as myself. Why was the problem attacked from the PMQ rent side of things. Why wasn't the attack made on "the higher up listener" to increase allowances for people not living in PMQs so that equality of rents prevailed. Personally I did not write at the time the PMQ letter went in because I felt

UNISKINS

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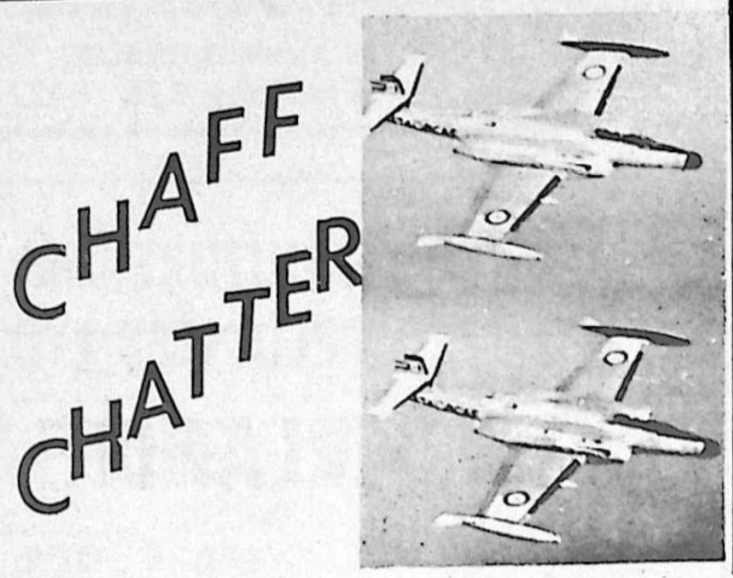
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CHAFF CHATTER

She's not swept back -- but she's super. She burns coal -- others use the other. Pilots adore her -- Naves have sore backs, EO's abhor her, airmen fly with her. Rushton is sad, Knight is glad, Sorfleet is riding a Dak, Mitchell is saying "Thank God for that." This para makes no sense but who the hell cares. She trained Wheeler to fly, got Taylor out here, and gave Merrick the only 2 grand he will ever get.

Gents, that is the partial saga of the grand old Clunk -- the CF-100. Come April 1 Inksater and Co. clear the lanes for the last time for the everloving bird of these congested Can. Force jet skies. On that day the CF-100 unit at Comox is to be disbanded -- like the Raven said "Forever No More." I'm rambling, but it fits. Mulvihill is always saying, "hurry up, we need your garbage for the column by six!" He'll be sorry, as his lousy page 2 will never be the same. How can the Colonel say anything interesting about T-Bird targets that will always be late, up the M I rate, and have no #14 Naves for "sheriff." Admittedly Mitchell may some day break a one hundred, but he'll have to re-muster.

This, said said the man with time on the Spad that zilch post-

Intersection Hockey Champs.



STANDING L. TO R.: Lt. Col. Patterson (CO 409 Sqn), Gerry Lapierre, Paul Godin, Ken Addis, Lyle Solinger, Jack Morgan, John Kaulback, Capt. Templeton, Maj. Cartwright, Kneeling L. to R.: Ted Jablonski, Bill Holland, Al Rogue, Greg Bell, Al Gray, Chuck Webster, Robby Robinson.

— DND photo

Night Hawk's Nest

409

A body arrives on squadron, sizes thing up and then decides on a course of action that will result in the least amount of work and responsibility, yet still leave plenty of free time for pursuit of the arts, etc.

It only took one or two weeks to realize that:

- if you speak slow, in a monotone and have trouble keeping interested in what you are saying you will end up giving lectures in ground school;
- if you talk a lot, use big words and say nothing, you will be appointed flight nav leader;
- if you speak eloquently to get out of the sticky, you will probably end up with an office of your own in a concrete hole in the ground;
- if you can't comprehend any of the above, chances are good that you'll get pilot training.

I decided that to avoid any silly little jobs, I would speak brightly, in monosyllables and add nothing, either culturally or intellectually. I had forgotten about the Totem Times.

Fred Williams has bowed to the pressure and accepted a tour in the flight simulator. For all the flying time we're allowed, it's probably the best place to be. Stu Baines isn't looking as cheerful as Bill Bland, however, since hearing that he is taking up residence in CAC for about six months.

Now that Bob Gillet's play has ended its run on the local theatre circuit he has found that he is free to leave the confines of the flight simulator building and return to "A" Flight to try night flying and alert. Word that Harry Chapin was taking leave was well received. Someone in the commander's office was heard muttering cheerfully about serounging a fresh paper cup. Heartless Harry fooled all. He left out two and a half dozen cups and rumour has it that he smuggled the rest into the SAS area.

A long standing squadron tradition has been broken. Previously, all an officer had to do to escape from CAC was to complete one briefing correctly. It was announced however that Walt Hartzell will be returning to "A" Flight on 1 Apr. 68. It's been a good year for breaking traditions!

Bob Barr is complaining about the timing of his ticket ride. He claims that Les Putland had his ticket ride prior to Dale Northrup commencing construction of his rumpus room and that the price of a green ticket has doubled in just a few months. Wait until he furnishes the room, Bob, maybe your timing was alright.

I understand that Peter Fellow didn't mind the idea of the course as much as the thought of missing a summer of salmon fishing. Just think, Brodie, if you were a fisherman, you might have the incentive to find an out.

The recruiting plan for the Mc-Caller Hostel for Single Officers has apparently suffered a setback. It seems that Al Cooper has moved back to his own apartment after a one night trial. Al says that the meal, the one after-dinner lemonade and the pleasant conversation was up to scratch but that the bed was a bit soft and breakfast was much too early. Besides George's razor was dull, tooth brush too stiff and he uses the wrong tooth paste.

Ron Little and Harry Redden moved into an apartment in Courtenay recently and are considering calling tenders for the position of lead harem girl. The wording has to be just right, so they are still working on the ad. If it works, fellows, you can take over this column.

A comprehensive poll of squadron members show that except for one vote, everyone feels that

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What's in a Name?

The Editor, Totem Times.

While sitting in the arena on Monday night, March 11 last, along with a large and vocal group of 409 Officers, airmen and a large contingent of wives of both, I was immensely cheered to see the 409 Hockey Team win a resounding victory in the Intersection League.

Granted, the goals scored were attributed to a team called "Technical" but it seemed passing strange that all of the players wore 409 Nighthawk crests. It also seemed odd for this amorphous "Technical" group to insist on having its group picture taken in front of the 409 crest in the arena; but then, it was largely the same team that put that crest in position in the first place and the same team that had added over that crest the legend "1966-67 Champions".

By dint of a mean and bootless argument and in spite of my personal and very vocal outrage, that team was denied the name "409". Well, perhaps on the printed schedules it was "Technical", but in the minds of all of the players and spectators it was 409 that dominated the hockey league.

And a look at the composition of that group photograph tells a story. In the group were such disparate elements as an MP, armourers, systems techs, avionic techs, a fighter navigator, a safety equipment tech and an airframe tech. Flanking the group were two of its most ardent fans and supporters, the BAMEO (an EA Officer) and the CO 409 (a pilot) both there at the request of the team captain because they belonged there.

The pointless quibbling about organization charts and legalistic chains of command in establishing the name of this team was nothing more than that. Pointless quibbling. 409 is not merely a group of fighters and fighter aircrews. If this were so, 409 could not have completed the recent remarkable Tac Eval that sent the Tac Eval Team home astounded and a visiting Squadron Commander home with a very long face indeed.

409 Fighter Squadron is the sum total of every man who services, repairs, flies, guards, supplies, launches and recovers a Voodoo at Comox. In short, 409 is a team and, in my experienced estimation, a virtually unbeatable team. I am extremely proud to report that this unbeatable team has an unbeatable hockey team.

G. W. PATTERSON,
Lieutenant-Colonel, CO 409 Fighter Squadron

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MP BLOTTER

This column has been missing for some editions now due to a malfunction in the typist. Our apologies to all newcomers for not covering their arrivals and also to our recently departed friends for not covering their wrench from the sunny shores of Comox. As most of you know the Captain left the ship to go south on leave. Now he is due back and I am assured he will scream if any one mentions trees, apparently he planted out some 100 poplars, cedars and weeping willows on his estate during the liquid sunshine of Victoria. What a way to spend leave when he could have been steelheading. Seems like Scotty and Marryatt went steelheading down the Tsolum and found that the compact European cars make good sleds on muddy slopes. Takes a while to get back up some of those hills especially when the car is weightless (ie no fish). Don Flowers hit the salt chuck and made off with one nice fish despite the height of the waves and the wind. Warrant PA C was on leave and we guess he spent most of his time preparing the land for his spring plantings. Oh boy, these part time farmers, sure have to work when on leave. The MP School is under renovation personnel wise. The GHOF has returned to the Guardhouse fold to help the Law Enforcement boys and the BNOF has filled in the space behind the rostrum. Definitions: GHOF - Grey Hair'd Old Fellow; BNOF - Broken Nose Old Fellow. Now that Herb has learned to read numbers as well as words he has been allotted the task of calling bingo numbers. By my card he sure is a beginner. Don Palmetier is now vice-PMC of the Cpls club or whatever it is called these days (I did hear it was the 'Intigrated Institute') Don complains it is all work and no vice. Postings are in for some of us but there will be no comment until the tears have dried up and then we will tell you who is definitely going where. One lad worthy of mention is a newcomer by the name of Walker. He, on his first day enquired about learning to fly and learning to parachute jump. He has two horses of his own which he is meadowing locally. Seems he's Pegasus reincarnated -- or else he's squirly already. Welcome to Comox.

Hot tip from the Guardhouse. Drinking drivers test phrase for the next six months will be

"Many unmanageable monsters, married to magnanimous men, make much malicious mischief." Back-up test phrase is "Rattle three blue beads in a blue metal bottle." Sallfernow.

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A Fair Shake

A plan designed to equalize education opportunities for all children of Canadian Armed Forces personnel has been approved by the government.

The plan will apply to personnel located in areas in Canada where the child's parent language, either English or French, is not available in schools as the language of instruction.

The benefits will apply to both English speaking and French speaking dependents of military personnel whether or not they reside at a defence establishment.

Some children will be separated from the family for the school terms. However, provision is made for the children to return home once during the school year.

The plan will come into effect on April 1 and will provide special allowances for elementary and secondary education.

The allowances will cover tuition and book costs, board and lodging.

Maximum allowances payable will be approximately \$1,300 per year. Initial estimates are for an annual recurring cost of up to \$650,000.

Did Someone Get Sucked in?

Found on Jet Ramp

Will all Sections please check nominal rolls

Freeze-In

CHURCHILL, Man (CFB) - The forces have been giving two new aircraft a frigid reception here. A fanjet Falcon transport started a "cold sit" late in February and will continue getting the cold treatment to the end of March. It joined a Buffalo undergoing the same treatment.

The Buffalo trials began early in January and few problems came up. It now heads for the U.S.A. and hot-weather trials. The Falcon will go to Trenton for training of people when the Churchill ordeal is over. The forces should have all seven Falcons in hand this spring. They will operate in 412 squadron.

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Chapel Chimes

Protestant Chapel Services

Sunday Services - 9:30 p.m. Anglican Communion; 11:00 a.m. Morning Worship; 1:00 a.m. Sunday School in the PMQ School. On Sunday March 31, a family service in the Chapel will replace Sunday School. The Junior Choir will sing at this service and the sermon title will be, "Will Your Anchor Hold?"

Nursery facilities for babies and young children are available at the Chapel every Sunday morning during church. Anglican Communion is being celebrated every Wednesday evening during Lent from 7:30 to 8:00 p.m. Member of all denominations are invited to attend.

Protestant Chapel To Hold Congregational Services

Plans have just been announced by the Protestant Chapel Committee to hold a congregational supper in the Combined Mess on April 17. As this is during the Easter holidays it will be a family supper.

Arrangements have been made to have as guest speaker a member of the New Westminster team which travelled by canoe from Vancouver to Expo last spring and summer. Tickets will be available for this supper on the first of April.

Blame the Parents

By Padre Archer.

I was quite startled recently to read an article with the above heading; an article on the psychological hazards of American Army life. It was written by Dr. Morris Fishbein in his column "Medical News of the Month" in a recent issue of McCall's Magazine. It is so valid for us in the Air Force that I am sure you will all want to read it.

"Army families move frequently, but this doesn't harm the children. Dr. Frank A. Pederson, a psychologist of the National Institute of Mental Health, in Bethesda, Maryland, reported that when the parents liked military living, the children had no trouble adjusting to new locations. He compared 27 emotionally disturbed boys, all averaging 13 years of age and all sons of Regular Army Officers. At Walter Reed General Hospital, in Washington, the disturbed boys revealed many emotional and behavioral problems, including difficulty with studies and teachers, truancy, brushes with the law for property damage, neuroses, and psychosomatic troubles. These boys had moved an average of 10 times (one had moved 17 times), did well in school and got along with everybody.

"Almost all the mothers of the disturbed boys disliked moving, complained about packing and changing homes, thought switching schools was bad for their children. They hated the Army, chafed at military social functions and the rank system, wanted their husbands to leave the service, and hoped their sons wouldn't enter it. Their husbands didn't mind moving but disliked military service and also hoped their sons would not enter it. The normal boys' parents enjoyed travel and change, didn't mind moving and thought a variety of schools enriched their children. The fathers liked military service and wanted their sons to pursue military careers." (Reprinted with permission from McCall's Magazine).

DEPENDENTS DOINGS

After having completed registration for the West Coast Ball Leagues, we find that the enthusiasm on the part of the children was overwhelmingly great. We need more coaches! Parents, it's up to you. We require two coaches for Midget Girls' (age 9 to 12 years), one for Bantam Girls' (13 to 15 years) and at least three coaches for the boys 8 and 9 years old.

Along with all these coaches, there is a great demand for umpires. Simply call the Rec. office at loc. 372 between 9 a.m. and 12 noon daily and you'll be doing your bit to help the Community. Ladies! We have finally solved the softball problem. There will be two leagues this year: one for those who are competitive (these ladies will play in the Upper Vancouver Island League). A second league can easily be established for mothers who simply wish to get out in the afternoon to exercise and have the time of their life playing ball again. So far there are nine women who have shown interest in this SCRUB league. Let's put your name on the list also.

CWL MEETING

Our lady of the Airways CWL held its regular monthly meeting on Tuesday 12th of March.

After the business meeting was concluded, Mr. John Milburn, first vice-principal of Georges P. Vanier School gave a most interesting and informative talk about the school, touching on such subjects as administration methods used, layout of classrooms and the planned additional open classrooms which the school hopes to acquire when funds become available.

Mr. Milburn discussed the advantages of the educational system being used at the school, and felt it would eventually lead to the students acquiring powers of self-discipline which will stand them in good stead when they graduate.

During Mr. Milburn's talk the ladies asked a wide variety of questions concerning the school. At the conclusion of Mr. Milburn's talk Father P. Lahaye, Spiritual Director, commented briefly on topics covered during the evening, and a vote of thanks was expressed to Mr. Milburn in appreciation of his talk.

Meeting was concluded by serving of refreshments.

DON'T FORGET
The Plant and Bake Sale
 Comox United Church
March 30th
10 a.m. to 12 Noon
 COFFEE SERVED

Floating Gas Station

The largest tanker in the world -- one fifth of a mile long and 10 storeys high -- is under construction at the Second Yokohama Shipyard in Japan.

When the mammoth 276,000 ton vessel is completed it will be 1,135 feet long, 175 feet wide and 106 feet high -- with a deck area that could easily accommodate two full-sized soccer fields or 62 tennis courts.

Cargo capacity of the new \$20 million tanker -- 77 million gallons of oil -- is equally staggering. If this oil were placed in 200 barrels and the barrels were stacked one on top of the other the total height would be 180 times that of Mount Everest!

Now 80 per cent complete, the new tanker is the first of three ordered by National Bulk Carriers Inc. of the United States. After trial runs in June, the tanker will make regular trips, carrying oil from the Persian Gulf to Ireland via Capetown.

Work on the new vessel started on October 7, 1967 when 500 workmen started assembling 900 different sections. After preliminary work was completed, the tanker had to be moved to a special "finishing dock" that would accommodate its tremendous size.

The new tanker will be 16 feet longer than the 210,000-ton Idemitsu Maru that presently holds the title as the world's largest tanker. The Idemitsu Maru was built in the same Japanese shipyard.

Modernization of the oil industry and closure of the Suez Canal have focussed new emphasis on larger tankers. Japanese ship engineers are now preparing blueprints for vessels that will weigh 500,000 tons or more.

Electrical Cords and Motors

All electrical devices are connected to house circuits by flexible extension cords. By their very nature, they are subject to mis-treatment and hard usage. People walk on them, children play with them, dogs even bite them. Insulation on electrical cords must be as tough as walrus hide.

When cords become frayed at any place, they should be replaced unless the frayed portion is at one end where it can be cut off and the cord reconnected to the appliance. If the home occupant doesn't have the tools and the "know-how" to do this correctly, a competent serviceman should do the job. If these frayed defects are not corrected, wires may soon touch each other, sparks may arc will occur, and nearby flammable material may ignite. It doesn't pay to fool with electricity.

Cords should not be placed under rugs or carpeting. They should not be placed over or behind radiators or any other heated surface. They should not be hung on nails or over piping. The use of "octopus" wall outlet fittings that allow five or six extension cords to be plugged into a single outlet should be eliminated. It's unsightly and overloads the outlet. It is far cheaper to have an electrician wire up a few more wall outlets than it is to overload one and have a fire.

Electric motors do work for us. They're very efficient but if they are not maintained properly, they will heat up and catch fire. Like anything that rotates, they need oiling periodically. The ends of motors are open so air can flow through and keep them cool. If these openings get plugged up with dust or lint, the motor gets hot and sets the dust or lint on fire. Several times a year, use your vacuum cleaner to clean out lint and fuzz from refrigerator motors, vacuum cleaner, hair dryers and shop tool motors.

Sometimes when a motor is started, the lights dim a bit momentarily. This is a sure sign that the electric circuit is overloaded. This usually happens when the devices use large motors such as are on the furnace or home workshop device. The dimming lights are a signal that these motors had better be shifted over to a separate circuit to cut down on overloading. A clean, well-oiled motor seldom causes trouble.

A 120-volt house circuit, fused at 15-amps, will handle safely 1800 watts of power devices. You can add up the wattage figures on lamps, motors and other electrical devices on any one circuit -- if they add to more than 1800 watts, that circuit is overloaded.

RUMMAGE SALE

protestant Chapel, Saturday, March 30

Hours of Sale will be 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.

Anyone having goods to be sold at this sale may leave them inside the front door of the Chapel at any time.

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Hospital Humbug

We reported in previous issues that the BEESURG, Major Stewart, was away on an extended trip. Now that he has returned let us look back on the trip and see what impact, if any, it had on the world situation. Our research found some of the following very significant news items from newspapers around the world:

Jan. 1st, 1968 - "RMS SAYS WORLD IN BLOODY AWFUL MESS" - In his annual New Year address the world renowned adviser to western heads of state, R. M. Stewart, was quoted by the Canadian Press as saying "the world is in a bloody awful mess."

Jan. 15th, 1968 - "RMS TO TOUR CANADA, U.S." - Usually reliable sources reported today that R. M. Stewart will leave soon on a tour of North America. It is rumored that he will meet with Canadian and U.S. Leaders in an attempt to straighten out the world situation which he recently described as a "bloody awful mess." RMS was not available for comment at press time, but it was learned from an aide that his trip will take him to Ontario and Texas. This lends strength to speculation that he will meet with Prime Minister Pearson and President Johnson, both of whom have sought his advice in the past.

Feb. 4th, 1968 - "GOVERNMENT DEFEATED IN TAX VOTE" - The government of Lester B. Pearson was defeated today in a vote on Finance Minister Sharpe's tax bill by a count of 84 to 82. Leaders of all opposition parties are calling for immediate resignation of the government. The Prime Minister has cut short his vacation and will return at once to take charge of his cabinet.

Feb. 5th, 1968 - "RMS IN OTTAWA" - R. M. Stewart has interrupted his stay in Camp Borden, Ontario and is reportedly in Ottawa today. Rumors around Parliament Hill are that he has met with Mr. Caouette, leader of the Creditiste members of Parliament.

Feb. 12th, 1968 - "RFK SAYS HE WILL NOT ENTER RACE"

Feb. 20th, 1968 - "BRITAIN DEVALUES POUND"

Feb. 21st, 1968 - "RMS MAKES UNEXPECTED TRIP TO U.K."

Mar. 1st, 1968 - "RFKSAYS HE WILL NOT ENTER RACE"

Mar. 5th, 1968 - "GOLD RUSH DEVELOPING INTO WORLD-WIDE ECONOMIC CRISIS"

Mar. 10th, 1968 - "RFK SAYS HE WILL NOT ENTER RACE"

Mar. 11th, 1968 - "WORLD BANKERS TO MEET IN WASHINGTON TO CONSIDER STEINWART PROPOSALS"

Mar. 14th, 1968 - "STEWART RETURNING WEST - RFK ENTERS RACE"

And you wonder why we all love and respect our Base Surgeon! Where would we all be without him?

HOSPITAL HAPPENINGS

With the Base Surg back with us, Peter Seland has taken some leave to give instruction on latest medical techniques to some of the local MDs. This leaves us just about where we were, with just two MOs on the base.

That transfer for Capt. Yoshi Kosaka has been confirmed - to Soest, Germany. Also just learned that Sister Bonnie Buchanan will be leaving us soon. She is transferred to NDMC, in Ottawa.

Transferred in recently (and that's a switch) was LAC Bob Pack, a real greeny - fresh off the MedA course. We all welcome you to Comox, Bob.

Tim Forsythe of the Hospital Orderly Room took a bit of leave to try some steelhead fishing - seems he learned his fishing from Al Gray, a hero of our last issue. Bob Collington, a MedA, tried out our facilities for a few days and swears he will work harder in future to improve the lousy service in the hospital.

The pest control expert on the base, Sgt. Chuck Cooney, has been warned to be careful with his sprays and stuff - lest he destroy Wilf Grant's brand new VW.

During Capt. Bob Thatcher's week of leave, we had Maj. Hawthorn from Esquimalt here filling in and Peter Seland took over the duties of Flight Surgeon, in seven hangar. He managed to get lost on all but one morning - each time keeping a lineup of flyboys waiting for their aspirins and band-aids.

DENTAL DOINGS

Lots to celebrate in the past week for Ian McLean. First his Mrs. presented him with a bouncing baby girl (and I still say it's doughnuts!) then, a few days later, the powers above presented him with a third hook. Congratulations on both achievements Jan.

Dave Eden, another Dental type suffered the worst possible humiliation recently - his Volkswagen was run over by a Honda. Dave can be heard to this day, muttering something like, "Crazy kids should be chased off the road..."

That's about it from the Temple of Terrors for this week - next issue should be really, really great - our regular correspondent will, I fervently hope, be back on the job.

COBOC CACOPHONY Downed in the Arctic

(Continued from page 3)

Since the beginning of modern life as we know it today, the single man has been confronted with a rather disturbing situation. The problem that this article is referring to, is that of the young bachelor who somehow winds up slightly overexposed to alcohol, sees a woman who he figures is a veritable Venus and immediately proceeds to make mad sweeping but suave advances to her. These situations have seen many varied and interesting endings but the usual one is that the gay blade sobers up and finds himself with the most horrible creature he has ever laid eyes on. This situation has been kicked around for many years without a suitable solution being found; however, recently the chief wheels of COBOC have devised a method which will protect our young single types from the clutches of some of these so called women.

The system that we have come up with is to take all women that you meet and analyze them on our newly devised, "Beer Scale" comparison system. We will now explain the finer points of this system. We all appreciate the workings of the mind when under the influence of alcohol, especially where women are concerned. Our system calls for each individual knowing just how many bottles of beer he can drink in 4 hours and remain coherent. This can be done in clinically controlled test in your local tavern. For people unable to take the tests, we have arbitrarily decided that 18 bottles is simple indeed. You look at any women you meet and decide how many beers it would take in your blood stream to get her looking like semi movie star material. Simple, yes?

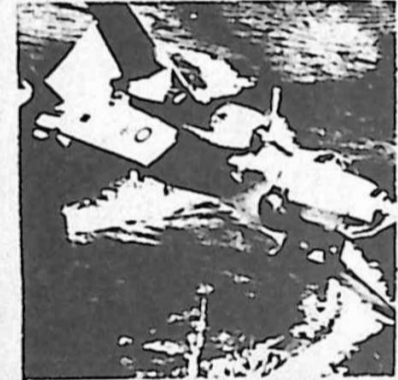
The system has several important points. For instance if you meet a girl who you think only requires you to drink 3 beer (quite acceptable) to get looking good and you've already drunk 12 in the last 4 hours you must then add 3 to 12 giving you 15 from which you subtract 4 (the human system eliminates the effects of

beer at the rate of approximately 1 bottle per hour) winding up with 11 not so good eh? The scale actually goes from 1 to 19 since you can't really refer to a living doll as a "zero". Nineteen is the point just short of passing out and where most guys can't see what they're making a pass at. You see that you must add 1 to your figure to the beer scale (BS). In summary: take the number of beer required, etc., add how many you've already had, subtract your drinking time in hours, and add the correction factor of 1. Compare this final figure to the scale on which Ann Margaret is a 1 and Zelda Gooch is a 19. Using this system will no doubt tremendously help a single type assess the girl he has just met at any party. Modern thinkers are an amazing breed.

This system has several drawbacks as even ideas emanating from Coboc are not always perfect. A person must be careful not to forget how much he has drunk. That can prove disastrous and needs no elaboration. Seeing a girl in a darkened bar can prove interesting. It's that old "the closer you get, the worse she looks" bit again. Environment plays an important part. People just arriving from a radar site tend to give women a better rating on the scale (note the similarity between this system and gold).

You can now all appreciate how this system can help any "happy" single type avoid getting overly suave with the not so lovely belles at a party. In finishing this column, it is only correct to say that Coboc has felt obliged to re-lease this information to bachelors everywhere.

Finally, we have a question to our friendly Officers' Wives club members. "Does your husband come home drunk a lot?" Coboc's imported news gem of the week. Okanagan Lake's Ogo-pogo is actually four, 150 foot long sturgeons swimming line astern on the surface of the lake. CHEERS!



Demon Doins

Last week all rumors were buried when the Official release was read to Squadron members that the Argus will "six of them" would be in Comox by June. Needless to say this was good news and so ended the news that the Argus was coming to Comox supporting a rumor that started in 1961. That's not bad as it only took seven years.

No major changes in personnel were anticipated, only the transfer in of approximately twenty additional people required to round out the larger crews that the Argus carries. This bit of info was quickly put to the test and oh how wrong news can be.

The first person to be posted was Major (Hank) Waslasko the "B" flight commander who will take up residence in Halifax. Major Waslasko will join the staff at CPMWS and he leaves Comox we are certain, with mixed feelings, a challenging new position at CPMWS. But then Halifax is not Comox. Nine postings quickly followed the first with Captain Don Loggie, Leo Salminen, and Ken Harvey posted to 437 Sqn. at Trenton to fly the Yukon and I might add all are very pleased. Captains Sid Mason and Carl Enson were posted to Winnipeg Sid to ANS and Carl to Search and Rescue. Sid is not really pleased but he tries his new Camaro on the prairie flats. Carl on the other hand is worried that his tennis game will suffer. Captain Dennis Bisson got the plum of all the postings, an overseas exchange to Kinloss. Captain Ross McGillivray was close behind with a posting to VU 33 at Victoria, another happy man. Captain Des Mayne received his posting to CFB Cold Lake and all I heard was a terse "no comment". Lt. Bill Cowan was posted to Moose Jaw to instruct on the

Tudor and he is still wondering how memos can be misunderstood, it's going to be hard sailing around Moosejaw.

The first four flight engineers to head east for the Argus conversion course have been selected and are Jack Kingston, Matt Allen, Stretch Dunn, and Cliff Salter, they are heading east next week and will suffer through spring to winter and back to spring.

The next person selected to start pilot training was announced last week and he is Captain Skip Hier, his course starts on March 25. This news was hardly out and Skip was gone, in three days he vacated his house and moved his family; this must be a record. It took approximately one month from the time he attended air crew selection to the start of his course.

There is currently an interesting construction program going on in one hangar with large rooms being turned into small rooms and small rooms being turned into large rooms, doors replacing walls and sawdust all over the place. This is the beginning of "operation big switch" as 407 prepares to move to 7 Hangar and 121 replaces them in 1 hangar. While all this has been going on there has been a cooperative and friendly atmosphere and we hope it remains until all projects are completed.

To round out the news this week our two travellers are back from Hawaii. There are rumors circulating that each has purchased an estate and we presume they are going to grow volcanic ash for resale to natives. The writer has not had a chance to interview the new landowners but will keep trying and will inform all readers as soon as possible.

piece of Spam. Hot tea afterwards.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19

The weather is clearing up again. After breakfast, consisting of tea and biscuits, Thor and I walk down to the aircraft to get a carton of cigarettes for Rolf and two gallons of gas, which we drained from the wing-tanks. We are hardly back to the camp again, when a new snowstorm starts. Then we gather dry wood for the camp fire and crawl into the hut, where Rolf has dinner ready: peasoup. We take stock of our emergency provisions and find that the emergency food box, which should last for one man in seven days, shall last 21 days with our present rationing. This discovery makes us very cheerful.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20

The wind has calmed down and there is plenty of new fallen snow on the ground. I leave the camp early in the morning in order to look for game or fresh tracks in the snow. The result is very discouraging. The last stragglers from the caribou herds have disappeared. When I get back to camp, a camprober is sitting in a tree close to the hut, Rolf is asked to shoot it in order to get a little practice with my 9 mm. Mauser rifle, and he gets it after a few shots. There is not very much meat on it, mostly feathers. After dinner, consisting of mashed potatoes and a small piece of Spam, we start discussing our situation. Now we have been here for seven days without sign of any search planes. Thor and Rolf seem to lose faith in our rescue and they want to start walking towards Old Crow this time. I assure them that my wife Ingrid probably is looking for us, so we just have to wait here, where we have a comfortable camp, plenty of fire wood and enough snow for melting water. Leaving the camp would mean that we have to carry or haul our equipment within us and in the condition we are in, we cannot make more than three miles a day at the best. Moreover it will be extremely difficult for the search planes to locate us when we are on the move.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21

The weather is very good. Breakfast is served early in the morning and by 12 o'clock we have packed everything. The visibility is poor. Suddenly a Cessna 180 circles our camp. We wonder if this is going to pick us up. Then the RCAF Albatross arrives and through the radio we are informed that a helicopter will pick us up around 1500 hrs. and fly us to Old Crow. From there a DC-3 will fly us to Inuvik. Exactly at 1500 the helicopter approaches and lands just in front of the camp. An airforce major runs out and starts taking movie pictures without saying a word. Aparamedic helps us to get onboard with all our equipment. Then we fly down to the wreck of the airplane. The major runs out and takes more movies and Thor picks up some radio equipment. Then we set course for Old Crow. On the way to Old Crow I study the ground we fly over and wonder about the possibilities of walking out from the crash. The tundra looks very desolate, not much shelter. A few signs of game.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22

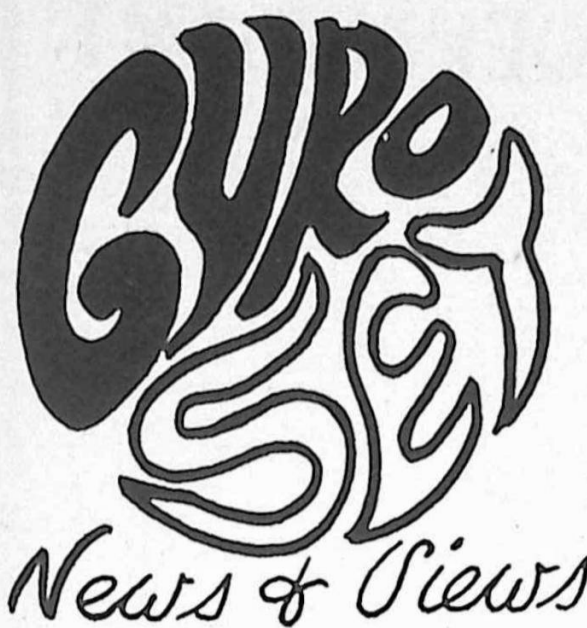
Snowfall and poor visibility. We do not expect to see any planes today. I leave the camp early and visit a hunters grave, which I have found. Here I find lingonberry leaves and edible moss, which I gather and bring home. From the leaves and the moss we make a kind of tea, which has a very rich flavor. While enjoying the tea, Rolf suddenly discovers an aircraft flying low along the mountains to the west of us. We scramble out. Thor pours gas on a large pile of dry wood and sets fire to it. I run out on the open tundra in front of the camp, waving my left arm, Rolf nearly sets fire to the hut in his excitement. Suddenly the aircraft turns towards us and sweeps low over the camp. We have been discovered! Then follows an exhibition in low flying. Thor and

Rolf embrace each other and cry of happiness. The Wien Air Alaska F-27 circles the camp and after a short while RCAF Albatross appears on the scene and takes over the watch, while the F-27 leaves for Fairbanks. A paper bag containing sandwiches and a message to us is dropped from the Albatross. The message tells us that Rolf's father and my son Sverre are onboard the Albatross and that my wife Ingrid is onboard another search plane. This makes me very happy and the sandwiches taste wonderful. Another message tells us to stand close together if we are OK, or spread out and lay down on the ground if we are hurt. We move close together and wave to the aircraft. A third message tells us that we will be picked up by a helicopter in a couple of hours, but this message is closely followed by a fourth message telling us that the helicopter has developed engine trouble and will not arrive tonight. However, a DC-3 with paramedics and emergency equipment and an emergency radio will arrive soon. Shortly afterwards the DC-3 arrives, drops emergency equipment and an emergency radio. We make the radio ready in a hurry and get in contact with the Albatross. They wonder if we need any medical assistance, but we tell them that we do not want the paramedics to jump due to the high wind and the rough surface. In the meantime the DC-3 drops some flares and finds that the wind is too high for parachute jumps. Rolf talks to his father and I get a chance to talk to my son. Darkness falls over the tundra and the airplanes leave, promising us to pick us up the next day. We unpack all the parcels dropped and find comfortable sleeping bags, food for a month and various other equipment. Royal dinner: Tomato juice, corned beef and spaghetti and canned pears. Our only worry now is that we shall overeat. The last night in the camp is very pleasant and full of expectations. For the first time in nine days I sleep in a sleeping bag and I sleep very well.

Monday Oct. 23.

This is our longest day. Breakfast is served early in the morning and by 12 o'clock we have packed everything. The visibility is poor. Suddenly a Cessna 180 circles our camp. We wonder if this is going to pick us up. Then the RCAF Albatross arrives and through the radio we are informed that a helicopter will pick us up around 1500 hrs. and fly us to Old Crow. From there a DC-3 will fly us to Inuvik. Exactly at 1500 the helicopter approaches and lands just in front of the camp. An airforce major runs out and starts taking movie pictures without saying a word. Aparamedic helps us to get onboard with all our equipment. Then we fly down to the wreck of the airplane. The major runs out and takes more movies and Thor picks up some radio equipment. Then we set course for Old Crow. On the way to Old Crow I study the ground we fly over and wonder about the possibilities of walking out from the crash. The tundra looks very desolate, not much shelter. A few signs of game.

Arriving at Old Crow the whole Indian population gathers around the helicopter to get a look at us. We are transferred to the DC-3 and after 1 1/2 hrs. flying in luxury we land at Inuvik. It is dark, cold and snowing. Big reception. A big hug from Ingrid and my son Sverre and then I am introduced to search master FL/Ltn. John Crawford and his assistants. For 10 days he has been responsible for the search, which proved to be very successful. We are very grateful for the tremendous efforts laid down by RCAF, USAF, searchers. Their combined effort saved our lives.



News & Views

by D. RAWLUK

The committee wishes to express their sincere apologies to any members who were inconvenienced by the closing of the 'Club'. Due to further tiling of the floors, this was unavoidable. We feel that it was well worth the time spent because, as you will see, it brightened up the building and, on the whole, makes the atmosphere much more pleasant. The atmosphere is greatly improved. As many of you know, the old tiles were badly beaten and cracked.

1. Rent a bus to take a group of club members down to Victoria for the day. What could be done there? Shop, visit the Wax Museum and many more interesting things. What we do will depend on what the people going like.
2. Have a large dance in the future with one of the top bands from Vancouver. If one of these dances is held, we sincerely hope that we will get a lot of support from the members because, what good is a dance without people!
3. Have a good smorgasbord. This idea may not be too popular with some of the dieting girls.
4. A 'poster contest'
5. Purchase a set of 'physiologic drawings' to be placed, most probably, in the games room. These are badly needed because the walls are very bare looking.

6. A games night.

7. Build a stage on the dance floor for the bands.

8. Tournaments arranged for the members in ping-pong, shuffle board, and hopefully (if we get a pool table) pool.

9. Have a big beach party in the summer.

These ideas will be discussed during the future meetings of the committee. If you have any good ideas, please give them to one of your committee members. We would be pleased to receive them.

The Teen Club will be open on Friday 22 for a Games Nite and a Sock Hop. There will be no charge for the games or admission. Please come out. As of Easter, the Club will be open two nights a week.

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More Bouquets and !x?! from the ASRO

409 has done it again. Congratulations to Al Roque and company -- The 409 Hockey Team -- on a well deserved championship. Corporals are going to run the next 409 Tac Eval. The other night they told the boss and I how they could and would run a better show. With the Grey fox as potential TacEval chief do you fellows really think he will allow the record his outfit established, when he was boss man, be surpassed?

You could certainly see that the LSO and WO Daynes were away the other day, even the Colonel couldn't get five minutes service. If the Colonel has to put up his own ladder, pull pins etc. what hope has a lieutenant got of getting any service.

What do you think of a Sgt. who would visit his WO at midnight on a Sunday and when leaving at a much later hour steals the WO's dog? WANTED: Thirty stalwart techs for call shot. To be held in Bagotville 21-28 of May. The MacBrien trophy, The Tyndall Costellers trophy, The Vincent Aircrew trophy and an aircraft maintenance efficiency award are at stake. You know that you are the best troops in the CAF and here is your chance to prove it to Chatham and Bagotville. Volunteers are requested to report front and centre to MWO Stone or WO Daynes.

434 Keeps Cool

No. 434 Operational Training Squadron has been established at Canadian Forces Base Cold Lake, Alta., to train pilots and technicians for the CF-5 tactical support aircraft.

Commanded by Lt.-Col. O. B. Philip, 45, Vancouver, the squadron of 180 officers and men will operate 24 CF-5 aircraft. The first of these planes, initially equipped with dual seats for training purposes, will be delivered to the squadron in October.

A multi-purpose aircraft, the CF-5, is an improved version of the Northrop F-5, and is being built by Canadair in Montreal. It will be used primarily in the role of tactical support for ground forces.

Powered by two J 85-15 jet engines, each with a thrust of 4,300 pounds, the aircraft will be capable of flying at speeds of up to 1,000 m.p.h. It has good manoeuvrability and is able to land on and take-off from sod fields or unprepared runways.

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Ice shadow powder
Sheer pressed powder with sponge applicator gives new dimensional beauty to eyes in one soft stroke.

Eye shadow stick
Romantic pastel shades and creamy texture that smooths on to stay.

Automatic brush-on mascara
Special waterproof Coty formula for lusher, fringier lashes.

Cake mascara (with brush)
Special formula for thick, luscious-looking lashes. Apply with water moistened brush . . . from lash line to lash tips . . . with sweeping upward strokes.

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Looking to Their Future

Children are fun to raise — expensive too. Doctors' bills, dentists' mills, new clothes . . . no need to remind you. Makes you wonder where the money is coming from, especially when you're short of ready cash.

There is, though, a good way of looking after those unexpected expenses, and also of financing those things your family needs. With the Bank of Montreal Family Finance Plan, you can plan your purchases, take care of those sudden expenses and have only one payment a month to meet.

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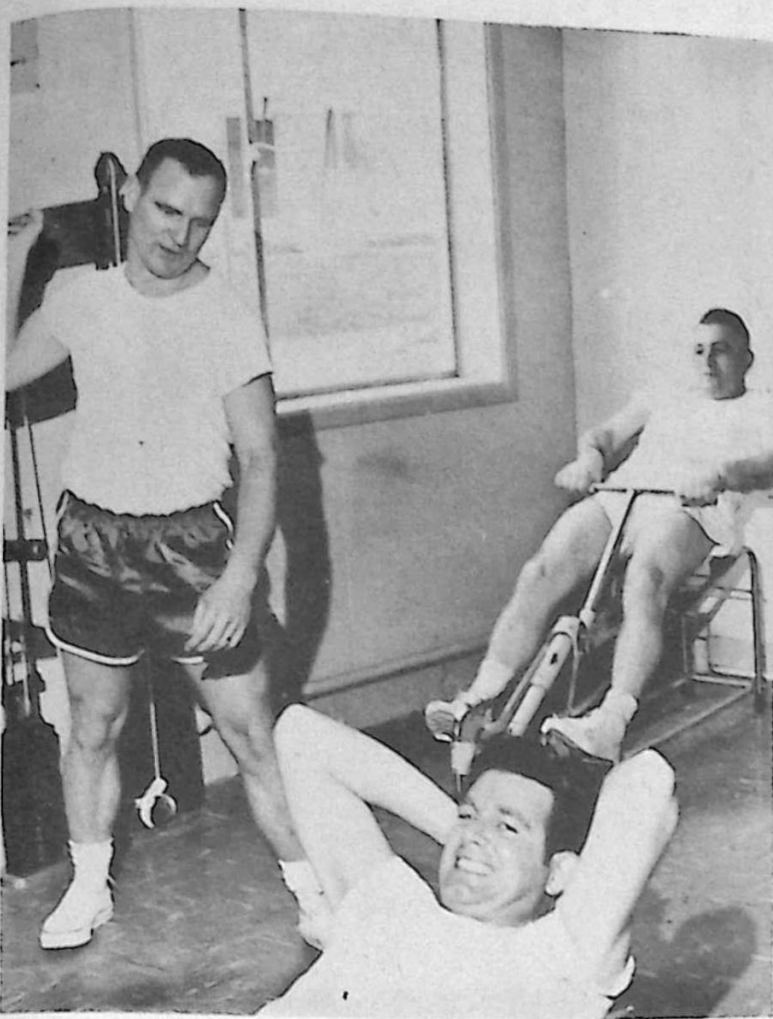
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THEY'RE SAFE: A very happy Mrs. Pedersen calls Sweden to give the good news.



Chilliwack Wins Forces Hockey War

PETAWAWA, Ont. (CFP)—The armed forces hockey championship for 1967-68 has been won by Zone 1, British Columbia, represented by 3 Fd. Sqn. RCE from Chilliwack.

The Sappers won all three of their games, 8-4 over Bagotville; 6-2 over Trenton and then 4-2 over the very strong Zone 4 entry, Rockcliffe Flyers.

The tournament officially opened Feb. 27 at 10 a.m. with the Petawawa base commander, Col. N. W. Reilander, dropping the first puck.

On the final day of play, March 1, Chatham and Moose Jaw met for the consolation win and Chatham, taking command of the game early in the first period, had little trouble defeating Moose Jaw 7-2.

For the championship game at 8:30 p.m. the same evening, the arena sold out an hour before game time and was filled to capacity with cheering fans, banners, and bugles, when the contending teams stepped on the ice. Several Flyers fans had travelled from Ottawa to give their team some support as most of the fans were cheering for the engineer team.

Both teams played cautious hockey during the first period in an attempt to test each other. The game was scoreless until the eight-minute mark of the second period when Bobby Blair of Rockcliffe found the engineer net.

The third period started fast with the Sappers getting caught up in ice several times and Larry Jensen in nets had to work hard to keep Rockcliffe off the score-sheet. Finally, after many close calls, the engineers tied the score and a minute later went ahead 2-1.

Rockcliffe once again tied the score at 8:03 then engineer Carl Marsh got a breakaway and scored the winning goal at 12:08.



"HERE, AL, you take it. I can't stand hard boiled ostrich eggs." Two of the station Volleyball heroes practice their blocking techniques. — RFE photo

YOU JEST: No I don't. Three members of the Volleyball Team getting into shape for the Inter-Service Championships to be held in Winnipeg the first time the trophy has been won. — RFE photo

Second Tournery Win

Your station volleyball team, the recently crowned zone 1 winners, journeyed to Vancouver on March 16 to participate in the YMCA Senior B tournament. Comox compiled a 9-1 record in the preliminary round to easily capture first place in the standings. The semi-final play-off saw the locals falter somewhat and struggled to edge Surrey 30-25 in a two game total point series. Two straight wins over Vancouver City College in the finals gave Comox the tournament championship.

Vancouver City College has extended an invitation to participate

in their tournament scheduled for March 23. In addition to senior Canadian clubs, several U.S. college teams will provide timely competition prior to the Canadian Forces National Tournament which will be held April 3-5 at Winnipeg.

Participation in tournaments such as those mentioned are vital to Comox in order that the team's progress may be judged. The progress that has been made is indicated by comparing an eighth place finish in the year's initial tournament with the last two competitions which ended with Comox as the victor.

Steelheaders

So you want to keep your freezer full of fish eh? Well this article contains about the best advice you will get while I am at Comox. First let me assure you I am not a professional guide, fisherman or conservation officer. I am just an ardent fisherman who has a full freezer. Bear in mind that nearly all fishermen were, or become liars. This is an inherent trait that goes with fishing, and then read on. First of all I will relate an incident that caused me to write this article. Fishing quietly in a local pool where I have taken steelhead in the past the tranquility of the morning was broken about 7:45 a.m. by a large group of people headed by an instructor. They were ardent fishermen to be (fisherwomen too). Now I have fished all winter and worn the same clothing, a red windbreaker and when the weather was frosty and ice formed on the guides I wore yellow wool gloves. I was wearing these when the party arrived. I quit fishing and the gentleman that I am, walked off to the side. After all I had not paid for the course and was not a member of this class. I stayed around long enough to hear the instructor say "You will never catch fish if you wear bright red or yellow clothing." "Don't fish where that chap was fishing-start up here." Now I am not running him down or belittling his statements, but I had worked down from where he indicated since before daybreak that very day and had taken a 19 lb. fish out of where I was fishing the day before. Another couple had taken out five of a good size also. Now he says I was wrong. In case of any other misconception I will give you, as I say, the best advice ever, and free. First you need a rod. They have them in the Canteen. Get a good one about \$15.00 don't worry about the cost, its coming out of housekeeping! Next a reel preferably a spinning reel costing about \$20.00 - again its coming out of housekeeping! The fish you expect to catch will weigh about 20 lbs so get 20 lb mono-

filament line and 15 lb leader lines, then get a packet of each size hook sold. That's another \$10 but don't worry you know where the money is coming from. Now you need a landing net, gaff and waders. Get the chest waders and you will only need the short handed net. Total cost about \$25.00 Housekeeping gets a belt again! I've said nothing of lures or weights. Don't buy any. Walk the river banks and pick up all you want that other anglers have lost. This gives you a wonderful idea as to how terminal rigs are made up and the various types of lures used. Now you have all the equipment except your shirt and gloves. Go along with the instructor and buy a green shirt and if you are a softie like me buy grey gloves. That's another \$10. Money is no object as you are going to get a full freezer of fish remember!

Buy a carton of cured salmon eggs and you're in business. Biggest question now arises - Where do you fish.

Simple. Go along with someone who knows the waters. Saturday or Sunday morning I suggest you call at my place. Don't worry about fixing a lunch my wife will make it all up in the flask and brown bag. Now I have spent oodles of money on magazines, lures, table, lectures and seen many films so I am really gen-n'd up. Incidentally my wife fishes too. She's never read a book or done any of the things I have and when she fishes she does everything backwards. That's why she has a rod worth \$1.25 and a 90 cent reel, my hand-ed down line and hooks etc. Now when you call at my place to go fishing leave your swearing at your own home because I stay at home polishing my \$200 equipment, it's my wife that goes out now and fills the freezer along with my son who has a carpet pole cut down and used worms only. Footnote: Take this with a grain of salt. As I said earlier, all fishermen are inherent liars and we buy our fish at the super market.



ACTION IN FINAL — Rockcliffe Flyers try to clear puck from their own end zone past 16, Pete Needra of Chilliwack, who has just checked 17, Bobby Blair, out of play. The Sappers won the championship 4-2. — Canadian Forces photo



FIRST HOLDER — Cpl. Bob Fiddler, captain of 3 Fd. Sqn., RCE team from Chilliwack, B.C., accepts the armed forces hockey trophy from Maj.-Gen. J. A. Dextraze at CFB Petawawa, Ont., March 1. This is first time the trophy has been won. — Canadian Forces photo

AWOL BUSINESS DIRECTORY

A certain Sgt. whose name we won't mention, but who works in the Nav/Aid Section at Itacon has either gone on the loose or is taking evasive action to avoid anyone that even looks like they are smiling. It seems this Sgt. unwillingly took his wife up to the Power House fishing hole to show her how it's done. After fishing himself for twenty minutes to ensure she had no possible chance of getting any he reluctantly handed her the rod. Removing before hand his favorite lure and replacing it with a piece of red wool. Well as you probably have guessed by now it only took the one cast and the lady had on a 16 1/4 pound steelhead. Now for those who know this is quite a chore for a man never mind a lady especially with a half crazed Sgt. trying to cut the line and kicking the fish away from the shore. Anyway Betty Carson, if he ever comes again show a little compassion OK, don't feed him any fish.

"The Rat"

Wood rot is most common where wood becomes alternately wet and dry. Wood kept continuously dry, or completely submerged in water resists most decay.

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Attention Curlers

The Annual Meeting of the Comox Valley Men's Curling Club will be held on Wednesday, March 27th at 8:00 p.m.

All base personnel who have any interest in curling are urged to attend and support the local club. For info, contact Capt. Gord Kruger, Local 241 or 339-3748.

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