



TOTEM TIMES



Read in the best messes in the Canadian Forces

Vol. 104

CFB COMOX, THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1968

No. 9

If the Boss Calls when I'm Out Be Sure to Get His Phone Number



Yellow Mule Cartage Company Cops Contract

LOW BIDDER on the move to move LAC McWrench and his family from Comox to Point Illamagoutick, N.B., was the firm of Yellow Mule Cartage Ltd., a local firm that recently made headlines when it moved two entire squadrons, airplanes and all without losing, smashing, breaking or totally destroying more than 83% of the stuff. President R. L. Dropkick attributes his firm's success to the unique vans, which allow the air to circulate freely around the goods and chattels. He said that there was no charge for the cleaning effects of the rain.

— RFE photo

409 Unmoved by Changes

The big move occasioned by the arrival at 407 of the hundred-eyed whatzit is just about completed, and only one or two offices are still set up on forklifts. The move was smoothly worked out on the musical chairs principle, but this time it was called musical offices, and when the boss's hornpipe or whatever stopped, those offices which were still impaled on forklifts and front-end loaders stayed there, along with their luckless inhabitants.

121KU and the AMU are now happily engaged in scraping barnacles off their new digs, and installing the latest in geriatric care equipment, both for their personnel and their aircraft. Boat school complained about being deprived of the barnacles, so the excess was donated to Major Stevens to enable him to have wall-to-wall carpeting in his panelled office.

One result of moving the boat school to that end of the flight line has been the rather hasty start that has been made on the construction of the swimming pool, right across the road from their luxuriously appointed of-

fices. No doubt when the Base Commander goes to open the pool he will find it already stocked with Albatrosses practicing short-lake landings.

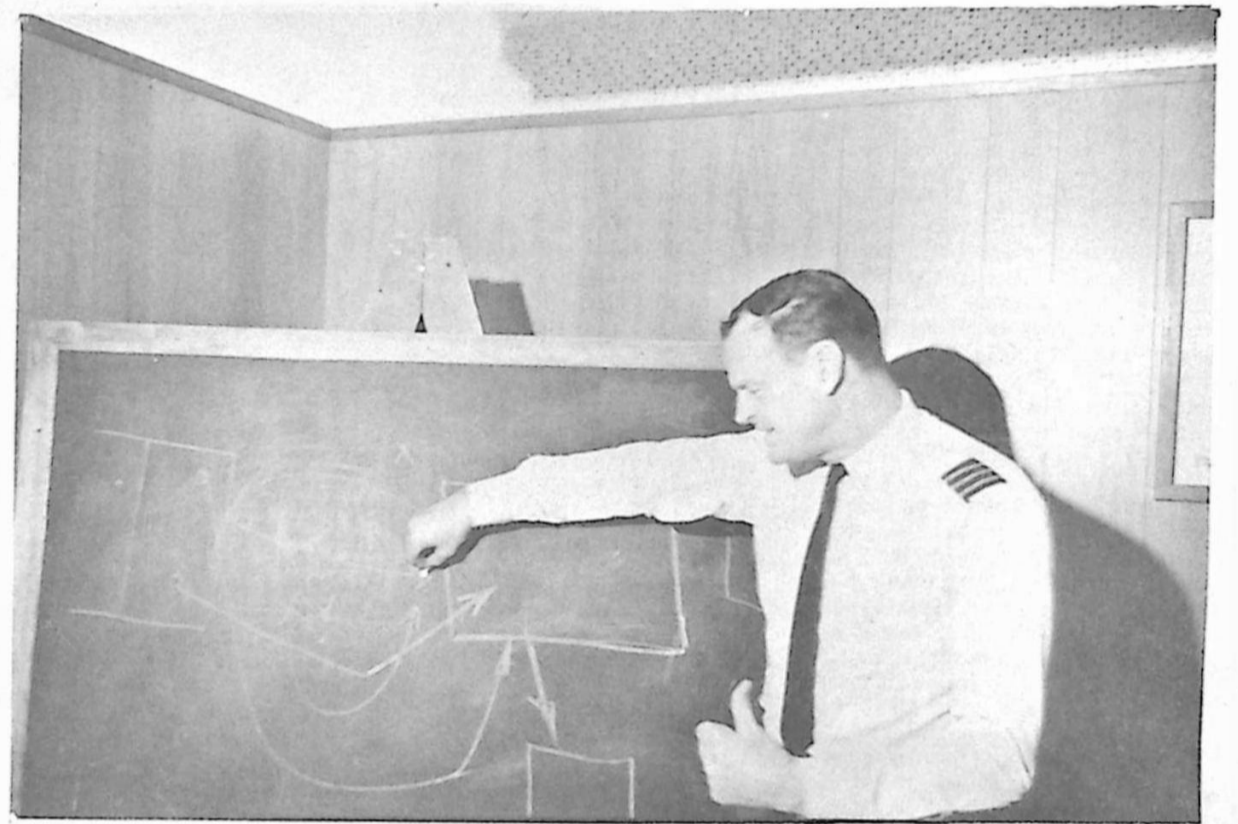
The timeless veterans of transport flight are also nicely settled in their new accommodation, and they got there without missing so much as a flight, which is quite remarkable when you consider that for a lot of the time they didn't have John Sorfleet available to help them. However, Capt. Stephenson and his hired help have finally managed to break the Daks of the habit of heading for 7 Hangar on touchdown.

Over in 7 Hangar meanwhile, the confusion of fitting all those millions of ROs into the space available has finally died down and the troops have managed to get on with the job. Kingdoms appear, flourish, and are demolished within a day. Walls are painted before they are put up, and the putting up has to proceed as quickly as the tearing down can proceed on schedule. Despite all this, the preparation for the Argi continues at a rapid pace, and when they get here, the whale-killers will be ready.

The all-weather, swept-back and supersonic group has been left largely unmoved by all this dash and drama, except that they now have to squeeze more airplanes into somewhat less space, and it is rumoured that they are going to steal some Tracker wings to help them out, or rather, in.

To make the move go as smoothly as it did, a lot of people had to do a lot of work. Wires were strung and restrung all over the place, walls were moved, carloads and carloads of stuff were freighted back and forth, and there were very few miscues. Everyone, with the possible exception of a few ROs wound up with an office, or at least a hook for his hat, and there were no more than the usual number of missing files and things.

To all of those who laboured so that the re-organization could take place, the TOTEM TIMES would like to say, "Well Done."



"AND THEN THE flanker-back moves laterally along the line of scrimmage until he comes to something that looks like a hangar, but it isn't a middle guard, it's No. 1 Hangar. Then he cuts smartly through the line and plugs in my coffee-pot. Meantime, the tight-end comes over from his position at beer-call and blocks out the tackle that used to be used for lifting overweight ROs out of Neptunes." Doc Payne, coach of the Westcoast Whiz-bangs, readies his charges for another season in a different Coliseum.

— LGM photo

Cleaners in 7 Hangar Are Talking Strike

One of the unforeseen consequences of the re-organization that has seen the westcoast whale-killers and their aluminum overcoats take possession of large part of #7 hangar is the threat of a cleaner's strike. As one aggrieved cleaner put it, "I don't mind mopping floors, but when some aquatic comes along and tells me to scrape the barnacles off the deck, then I call in my shop steward."

Another cleaner put it this way: "It was really wonderful, cleaning up after all those elderly gentlemen from 121 KU. Every morning I would go into the pilots' room and dust off all the wheel chairs and polish the Geritol mugs. Now, I spend my time scraping salt-corrosion off the walls. . . oops, I mean bulkheads, and you should see what all the pet seagulls are doing to the floors."

The cleaners who clean the front offices are no happier. Said one, who declined to be identified, "I've been cleaning offices for years now, but this is the first one I've ever seen with a great big spoked wheel in the middle of it, and one of those telegraph things that you used to see on ships. This one's different though. Instead of saying: 'All ahead full', or 'Slow Aft', or 'Clear the Bilge,' or whatever, it says, 'Black,' 'Cream Only,' 'Cream and Sugar,' and 'Grog.' Whatever it does, it's a terrible dust catcher."

"You think you got problems," chimed in his friend, "you should come down to the other end of the hangar where they keep the RO cage, I mean office. You've never seen anything like it. These guys do most of the cooking for the Maritime Crews, see, which ac-

counts for the fact that they're such an unhealthy bunch, and you ought to see their offices. Books all over the place. 'Marvelube as a Salad Oil' was the title of one I saw, and 'Cooking in Diesel Oil' was another. What's worse, they practice their cooking down there. It's awful. I never saw a frying pan throw up before."

Despite the disenchantment for the change, no definite strike deadline has been set, and it appears unlikely that one will be, because there are compensating advantages. The cleaners will no longer have to make beds, as the bunks have been traded in for hammocks. But this biggest advantage of all is, as one cleaner whispered, "They're filling the front end of the hangar down to a point, so there will be a lot less to clean."



STREAKING off the ground in search of the MacBrien trophy, a 409 Squadron Voodoo takes to the

air for a practice round of shooting down a tired T-Bird. Isn't austerity wonderful? — Canadian Forces photo, Comox

409 Squadron Select Crews for MacBrien Shoot

Ten aircrew and 30 ground crew will represent 409 Squadron and CFB Comox at the MacBrien trophy shoot, to be held this year at Bagotville, Que., May 21-28. The aircrew are: Major Leiter and Captain Dodd; Captain Warren and Captain Bland; Captain Walker and Captain Brittain; Lieut. Putland and Captain Mason, and; Captain MacLeod and Captain Sherratt. Lieut. Liddiard and Captain Marsh will attend as observer and coordinator. At this writing, the names of the selected ground-crew have not been released. The MacBrien shoot is an annual event which pits ADC squad-

rons against one another in a competition to determine which squadron is best. In addition to the competition between the squadrons there are competitions to select the best individual crew, and the best controller team. The competition places a tremendous strain on the ground-crew. For these sorties, the aircraft must be in perfect condition, and the fire-control system must be better than new. During the week of the shoot, the ground-crews work long hours under immense pressure, and the high standard attained during the shoots in past years have been directly attributable to their ef-

orts. The competition also places a strain on the aircrews, as they too must know, and perform their jobs perfectly. On these runs, there is no second chance. There is strain too on the controllers. They must correctly position the fighters, using approved procedures, and they are allowed no mistakes. Targets for the competition are provided by the St. Hubert based 414 (EW) Squadron, which sends its best jammer and its nastiest operator to the shoot. Only one raven is provided, to ensure that all squadrons get the same type of jamming, spoof-

ing and chaff-dropping. The judges come from Air Defence Command, and they are completely disinterested, despite the fact that many of them have served on the competing squadrons. Between now and the date of the competition, the 409 crews will be practicing for the meet. When you see the airplanes land, think of the groundcrew, who will have to take them, rectify the faults and get them into even better shape, every day. When the airplanes have reached perfection, they will depart for BG, where the Comox detachment will get them into even better shape. It should be a good year for Comox.

If You Have Points to Spare Go by Service Air

OTTAWA (CFP) — Changes in the forces Canada-wide domestic flight schedule have been announced by movement officials here. They went into effect April 27.

Biggest change is the rescheduling of the weekend Trenton-Vancouver run. It will leave Trenton on Mondays and return Tuesdays with a regular stop at Ottawa. The Monday Shearwater leg of the flight and Saturday's service to the east coast are therefore cancelled.

Cosmopolitan service between Ottawa and Shearwater via St. Hubert and Fredericton begins Sunday, May 1. On the return run Mondays via St. Hubert, it connects with the west bound Yukon in Ottawa. The mid-week Trenton-Edmonton flight has been put back until Thursdays. It returns to Trenton on Fridays with stops at Winnipeg and Moose Jaw both ways.

Mondays Ottawa-Shearwater Cosmo service via Trenton and St. Hubert has been rescheduled. It goes on Wednesdays returning via Fredericton the same day.

The thrice-weekly Dusseldorf-Trenton runs (SF 191-192) are booked solid for the two-month period.



NEVER ON SUNDAY

— Canadian Forces Photo

NEED MORE POINTS

Space for the holiday set is becoming scarce on most runs. Movements here have upped the point ante by five points on all but a few flights. If you want to figure out your point score count a point for each year of

service then add a point for each rank level from 14 for a private down to one for a lieutenant-general.

Trans-Atlantic travellers are reminded that a \$10 deposit for in-flight meals and accommodation must accompany applica-

NEXT TOTEM TIMES DEADLINE IS MONDAY 13th MAY

DON'T FORGET NOT TO WEAR YOUR WINTER UNIFORM ON MONDAY



Hospital Humbug

YOUR BEESURG AT WORK... AND PLAY

Whereas it was understood that the Base Surgeon was recently on leave sunning himself in California, it transpires that his trip was made really for quite different reasons:

Firstly, after listening to so many staff problems and complaints at the Base Hospital, he decided to see for himself the conditions under which others worked. Having always considered Vancouver Island to be just an aircraft carrier moored off the mainland of B.C., he thought that he should visit a sister ship. He found that the U.S.S. Coral Sea was docking at Alameda Naval Air Station after an eight month combat cruise off Vietnam. No sooner was she docked, than your dauntless Beesurg was aboard the 63,000 ton monster with a 973 foot flattop, searching between decks for the sick bay. That he ever found it was thanks to the noble Executive Officer who volunteered to show him around. In the bowels of the ship he was greeted by a Medical Assistant - a nineteen year old veteran of two years combat service, whose pale features suggested that he rarely saw the light of day. When tackled as to whether this was the case, he replied "Yes, I often go as long as eight days down here without ever seeing the sunlight." His story confirmed this statement.

With a ship's complement of over 4,000 supporting an air arm which had flown more than 11,000 combat and combat support flights in 133 days on the line off Vietnam and more than 2,000 missions in close support of the Third and Ninth Marines in the Khe Sahn area in 17 days, it was quite obvious that he had been a busy boy! Not that he had coped all by himself, he had had others to help him, but the space available compared to the Base Hospital here was the difference between PMQ duplex and the Empress Hotel. The laboratory was the size of the men's washroom in the MIR and the X-ray room was only a little larger. The operating room was the size of the Matron's Office and the sick bay itself with 30 bunks arranged in tiers of three, could fit into one half of our Ward A.

With barked shins, frontal contusions and stiff calf muscles, but reassured by such cheerful acceptance of these working conditions, the Base Surgeon came away feeling better able to deal with any complaints his Base Hospital staff might dream up on his return. (Footnote) We are still awaiting word from our own Dick Orman for his impression of life afloat in the sick bay of the "Saskatchewan" somewhere off the coast of Japan.

Secondly, disturbed by reports of nefarious activities by his crews while on trips to the states, L.Col Smale of 407 Sqn. had requested a cloak and dagger approach by a Flight Surgeon, to investigate the goings on. Anybody would think, of course, that it would be a simple matter for a Flight Surgeon to bum a ride on a Neptune, but no, it is just about as impossible as it is for a physician to procure blood from a flaccid female in heart failure. (And that's rough, Baby.) Things may change after May 15th. It would appear that in that particular outfit there are too many chair-borne Majors who abhor flying on routine patrols, but who cannot resist the temptation of putting in flying time on recreational training flips.

Anyhow, be that as it may, for better effect it was planned that the Base Surgeon should make his own way down to the sunny climes and appear from out of the blue. That is just what he did, to the utter amazement of Crew 2, or at least a representative portion of the better behaved members of that crew, who, hell-bent on having a good time, descended on the Alameda Mess late one night. The mere fact that the behaviour of Bill Holland, Doug McArthur, Jim Putman, John Keech and Joe Barnes that night was exemplary, in no way furthered the investigation, for the absence of Nobby Bartels, Bill Cowan, Murray MacDonald and Bob Currie on other dubious pursuits, remained unexplained, rendering what could have been a favorable report to the Colonel quite invalid. Obviously, more research in this direction is indicated - on a space available basis, naturally.

BUGGING THE HUM DEPT.
Al Gray of the Hospital Orderly Room had not yet quit laughing at Lou Cusson over his transfer to Cold Cold Lake, when WHAP! he gets word he too is transferred... to Moisie, P.Q.

Capt. Bob Thatcher just returned from a week's TD in Kingston, says he had a lovely room there in spite of the government's determination to tighten up on travelling expenses - he says his room had a lovely view overlooking the exercise yard! Bob thinks Kingston is a nice placeto visit, but he wouldn't want to do life there.

Also on course presently is Barney Newport. He is at Borden for a Pest Control course. Seems the Matron decided he needed the course when she saw him repeatedly spraying himself in the eye with a can of RAID! Some of us around here feel that Barney should know already how to point the can - after all, this is his second time on the same course.

Peter Seland went missing for a week recently - to lend strength to the nasty rumour he started about leaving the service, he has bought a home in Edmonton. Hell of a sneaky way to avoid inviting us to the housewarming.

Some new arrivals -- Capt. Margaret Hill, an army-type nursing sister from a place called Petawawawawa or something. Sister Hill's arrival should help the time off situation for the other nurses -- at least for a little while. Also, from Holberg, Cpl. Phil Elphick (I got the spelling from Maj. Stewart, Phil. I hope its at least close). All of the Hospital staff I am sure, welcome you both to Comox.

DENTAL DOINS
Capt. Bill Ebert and Sgt. Ian McLean were informed last week that they were required to pass First Aid test. After studying very hard for several weeks, they sat the exam and passed with flying colors... mostly red... in the face!

Cpl. Dave Eden is presently at the Combat Arms School in Camp Borden, for his junior NCO Course. He has traded his dental probe for a bayonet, which still leaves him one up on Jim Thompson, who doesn't even know the correct name for a dental probe. Right, Jim? Quite a bit of confusion in the dental clinic lately. They are conducting a survey which requires them to examine all personnel under a certain age. When it came time to do the MPs, they would look out into the waiting room every day to find three times as many people as they had given appointments for. It turned out, to their relief, that the MPs in the SAS site work and live in teams and wherever one of the team goes, o must go the other two!



- Canadian Forces Photo

Spring Fashion

OTTAWA (CFP) - The defence department has given the green light for manufacture of 25 trial ensembles which, with any necessary changes, will be the uniform for all women of the forces, including nursing sisters.

The basic new uniform is medium green, considered a more flattering shade than the one used for the men's new uniform. But the overcoat and gabardine raincoat are the men's dark shade and material. The uniform jacket is single breasted semi-fitted and waist length, with pleated, modified A line skirt half covering the knee caps. The pastel green blouse has pleated panels in front and centre zipper in back. The working dress is pale green synthetic or blended fabric, unlined, with removable plastic buttons coloured old gold.

A dark green felt hat of soft bowler style has a brim swept up except for the peaked front. A green ribbon indicates other ranks; narrow gold stripe on green, junior officers, and wide gold ribbon for senior officers. A water-proof head scarf is worn in inclement weather when a woman isn't carrying her collapsible umbrella. The "broolly" has a case.

The ensemble includes black, silk-lined kid leather gloves (semi gauntlet) and purse of black morocco grain leather with adjustable shoulder or hand strap. The clasp is concealed. The sweater is green wool cardigan style, without pockets, and is worn with working dress.

The raincoat is single breasted with covered buttons, rayon lined and pockets. In the front panel single breasted with five black buttons and the pockets cut the same way as the raincoat. The back lining is seven-ounce thermal. The dark green scarf is the same as the men's.

Tracker Lives it Up in Caribbean



Anti-submarine aircraft go round the clock Monday through Friday on maritime command exercises in the Caribbean. The twin engine Tracker lands on and Sea King helicopters take-off on ASW missions. Fair weather conditions allow five days of concentrated training out of five, while alongside time is devoted to upper deck maintenance that's impossible during winter time in Canadian Atlantic latitudes. — CFP photo

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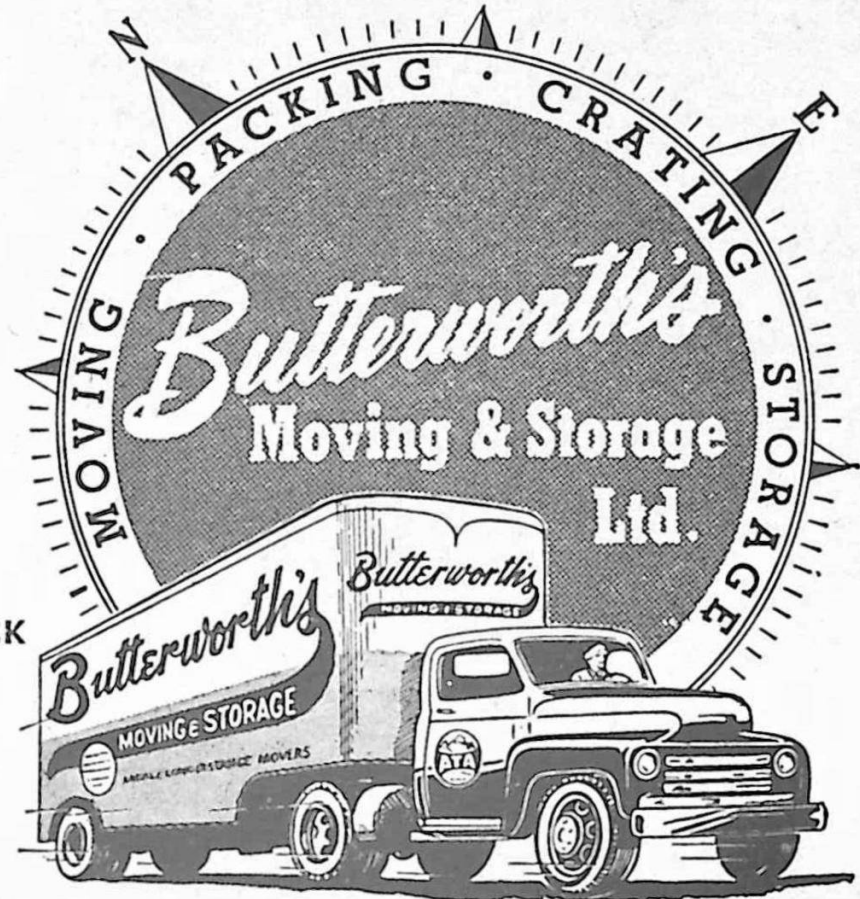
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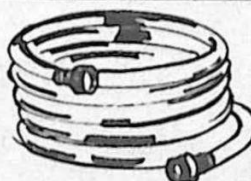
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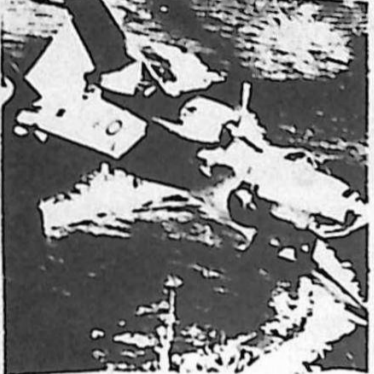
"Just Across the Courtenay Bridge"



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FUNGUS FEATURES

by Mac



Demon Doins

Keep Your Fingers

By JIM TREMBLAY

This coming Friday afternoon will end in a giant mug party for at least eight of our squadron members. Let's have a good turn out for our departing comrades whose recent postings will spread the name and fame of 407 to as far away as Scotland and as close as Pat Bay. The depletion of Friday afternoon revellers has continued to such an extent in the past few months that it has been suggested that mirrors be installed in the bar for the benefit of those who don't wish to drink by themselves. And the most delinquent of all is the 407th. So let's get together on Friday night and support TGIF!

Just recently two more squadron members received the chop. Capt. Tom Griffiths and Lt. Joe Barnes hung their heads and slunk out of our hallowed halls. Both are proceeding to CFB Borden to commence Chipmunk training. They felt so bad about having the course dates announced that they couldn't stop smiling long enough to make a civil comment. Best of luck and see you chaps in the fall.

Another training trip departed for Moffett Field this week to reconnoiter with our southern cousins. The remnants of crew six were chosen to go but so few of the originals remain that any similarity is an accident. However, the absence of Capt. Vern Lewis on the manifest came as a surprise - too bad Vern, I guess the jam has caught the fly.

Capt. John Pettelerc departed last Tuesday. It seems that

John's fineness has been noted in higher places, and he is being called in for an interview with the Governor General of Canada. It would appear that an aide position might be in the offing. Remember John, brush your teeth and keep smiling.

Capt. Jim Stith and Ed Swift returned from Staff School all fired up. Jim says that the biggest stumbling block today stems from the solution of problems. He says that if everyone of us could solve one problem a day and in the process only create one new one, we would have the system licked. However most people tend to create more problems than they solve. Ah! Great things are learned at Staff school.

At the last Coboc dinner, Lt. Nobby Bartels, phantom writer to the Totem Crimes, was seen entertaining Lt. Col. Smale with his thoughts on regrouping the squadron with the Argus' arrival and the future prospects of 407 in general. Nobby has so far missed his calling, he should have been a CO. Lt. Dick Saunders mumbled a few unintelligible words before wandering back to the refreshment line. But the past master of squadron organization, Capt. Baz, swooped in to the fray to solve all the problems: being discussed, then banked to the left and disappeared out of sight in a slow roll.

Rumor of the Month: Capt. Des Mayne is going to fly an inverted Dak at low level during the Argus arrival ceremony.

My description of a ring is; a small instrument useful to get your fingers removed quickly by numerous hazards that exist around aircraft. My first experience was not a complete cure for wearing a ring, but the second time, I gave up jewellery completely.

While bush flying in northern Quebec many years ago, we were operating around Knob Lake on a supply run. Being spring time, the snow was getting quite slushy on the lakes, and it was a real chore to taxi to a safe spot long enough to unload and take-off again. We had landed with a load of food for a surveying party and, as we started to move, our Husky sank quite deep in the slush. After shovelling our way clear to get started again, I was going to rock the wings by pushing on the struts up and down, while my friend gave full throttle. The plane suddenly got free and started to move a little too fast, meantime I was being dragged along because a ring on my right hand caused my hand to be caught between a jury strut, and the main wing strut. Finally I fell and my hand was free. I looked at my finger; what a sight. Through the bleeding I saw that the blasted ring had pulled the skin out clear to the bone. With a hack-saw, we managed to cut the ring and save my finger.

FUZZ BUZZ

Your correspondent changed the title this edition after being told that MP Blotter stood for Member of Parliament Blotter - a thing that soaks up information and gets it all down backwards! Perhaps we'll switch back to MPB next issue. Congratulations to Don Duncan who took bicentennialism very seriously and married petite Susan Royer. Good luck to both of you. If you see the three Macs - MacA Snr, MacA Jr and McI playing with rods and canvas they are not making camp beds. They are probably practising the art of erecting sports car hoods in a hurry. Angora wool smells when it gets wet they say, I thought she was wearing a cashmere sweater too.

If we can believe our status board Boom Boom Brillinger and Artful Art McKay will be rejoining us from their last postings. There's two that know their way around. Time's getting short for those taking release which brings us to the question "What can you give a guy as a going away present when he's going to be a guard at the Pen?" Black-Jack maybe? Understand that the old Cpls. who decided to remain in are hoping for their PhPs. That's Paul Hellyer Pensions. Got that crack from the MP who after visiting Forbidden Plateau found out that a salami is not a half brother to a salami. Staff changes. Our friendly Bingo caller flunked my card and is now at the Guardhouse working while Wally the Hack and Don Palmer are in Training (Section that is). Another vital question asked was "Did Big Bad Don's car break down last week through overloading the springs or was it just another lemon type failure?" The answer to Trade Exam question 985 has now been released; Q. Why is moonshine so called? Ans: Because it's made in the 'still of the night'. Getting back to staff changes and hockey trades - who got Murray Westgate we haven't seen him lately!

Lost in the maze of signs at Base Headquarters recently while looking for the latest hide-away of AMU, I heard the wonderful song 'Onward Christian Soldiers' coming from where I thought the CPO hangs out. Knowing Mr. Ford cannot sing that well

I checked a little deeper and there in a tiny windowless office, almost out of the building I found the singer. It was Mrs. Ivy Chapman. Now Ivy is what I would call an 'in betweenee'. She is the Secretary for the three Padres, one RC and two Prots. She herself says she is a 'fence sitter'. Guess we could call her 'Sky Pilot's Groundcrew'. Herday is made up of typing reports, Church and Chapel schedules, sermons, Service 'programs' and other paperwork associated with the religious trade. Furthermore she types all the forms required for Astra Loan Club users. She is one of the fairy godmothers on base that we hear little about chaps and yet she is as essential as the flowers in May. Incidentally she wasn't singing 'Onward Christian Soldiers' it was my bad ears. She was rendering 'Rule Britannia' complete with appropriate accent. LGR

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Bouquets and !?x! From the ASRO

I have been catching it since the last issue came off the press. Shane insists on being identified as the assistant kindergarten teacher and Cliff has disconnected his speedometer cable.

Bob found his office so comfortable the Friday of the Generals visit that he was an hour late for weepers. He claims to have worked so hard all week that he needed the rest. Sorry no photos.

A special bouquet to the alert technicians in the Snag who discovered loose rivets on a power cylinder bracket. They are voted Raven protectors, of the month.

The following courtesy of the Yarmouth Vanguard, could be food for thought:

If he talks to everybody, he's a gossip;
If he doesn't, he's stuck up.
If he insists that the rules of the plant be kept, he's too particular;
If he doesn't, he's careless.
If he looks around, he's snooping;
If he doesn't he's unobservant.
If he tries to settle all complaints, he must have the wisdom of Solomon;
If he worries about them, he'll soon be crazy.

He should have the patience of Job, the skin of a rhinoceros, the wits of a fox, the courage of a lion, be blind as a bat, silent as a sphinx. He must know all, see all, say nothing, but solve everything.

Cheer up! The new uniforms will be issued before 1971!

Years later on a flight from Trenton to Wawa, Ont., we made an emergency landing with a C-47 on a small grass airstrip near Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. When I opened the door quickly and jumped out, my hand got caught between the door handle and a small protruding bolt. Again the ring came loose but with all the skin of my finger. I pulled the skin back and taped it in place. I saved that finger too. That experience settled the question of wearing a ring for good.

There are many ways you can be electrocuted with a ring too. Don't give it a first, or second chance as I did. There may not be a third chance.

Power of Example

A British air marshal, air officer commanding-in-chief of technical training command on an official tour of RAF station Hereford, halted a PT class of young airmen doing push-ups recently. He whipped off his tunic to show them how because they "looked like a lot of camels with humped backs".

A/M Sir William Coles, well-known RAF sports man, does 18 push-ups each morning and evening himself. (CFP)

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TOTEM TIMES

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An Editor's Thanks

It is not often that a person has the opportunity to become the editor of the TOTEM TIMES, and with this in mind I would like to thank all of those who made my short tenure of the position a fun one.

Special thanks go out to Bob Merrick who taught me everything I knew about the paper before he left, and to Mac McCaffrey who has taught me quite a few things about it since then. Where would we have been without our photo editor Ron Elmer who worked all sorts of odd hours in making the paper a good one. Pete Conley and all the advertising staff. I also thank for putting the paper on a fairly sound financial footing. (WE don't make any money, but we don't lose as much as we could).

Before I begin to sound too schmalzy I'd like to thank all of the people who complimented us on the TOTEM TIMES we've put out in the last four months. Your encouragement, although you may not have realized it, is what makes the paper come out as one of the best service newspapers in Canada. (If I may be permitted, on behalf of all those who work on the paper, to brag a little).

To the new Editor who will be putting out the paper in the future I wish you the best of luck. If you have a staff as good as the one I had you've got it wired; and don't forget to put me on the distribution list. —Bob.

Letters to the Editor

Totem Times
CFB Comox,
Lazo, B.C.

I want to thank you for the fine coverage you gave the Pacific Region Strike Battalion in your April 18th edition of the Totem Times. However, I would like to correct one point. You stated in the text that there were four Companies of Seaforth Highlanders. This was quite wrong. The Strike Battalion was made up of a Company of Royal Westminster Regiment from New Westminster, B.C.; a Company of Canadian Scottish Regiment from Victoria, B.C.; and a Company of Seaforth Highlanders from Vancouver, B.C. Also attached to the Battalion were elements of 6th Field Squadron RCE; 17th Field Squadron RCE; 44th Field Squadron RCE; 3 Area Signals Squadron and Vancouver Service Battalion. It was through the co-operation of all these units that the Strike Battalion was able to operate at Goose Spit.

I hope you will correct this error and also pass on to the people of CFB Comox, who in their job worked with us, how much we appreciated them.

Yours truly,
(DJ Anderson) Lt. Col.
Commanding Officer

Our mistake, we hope the Royal Westminster Regiment, the Canadian Scottish Regiment, the 6th Field Squadron RCE, the 17th Field Squadron RCE, the 44th Field Squadron RCE, 3 Area Signals Squadron and Vancouver Service Battalion will forgive us for omitting them. If they don't we are certainly out-numbered.

Totem Times,
CFB Comox,
Lazo PLO,
B.C.

Dear Editor:

If I may, I would like to use a little space in the Times to discuss some of the views expressed in "Avez-vous une clef anglaise?" Views, which the author seems to intimate are facts. The overall impression given, that there will be problems involved in introducing new French language units in our service, is undoubtedly correct. But to give the impression that this is going to be a new and unmanageable problem is misleading; for the problem has been tackled successfully long ago. I would like to remind you that the Royal 22em Regiment, which is a French-speaking unit, has been in existence for a long time. It seems to me that if the problems outlined in your editorial were that difficult, the 22em Regiment would not be in existence today. Not only does this unit still exist but it has maintained a reputation of being most efficient and has acquired an enviable record of service for our country.

One of the intents in forming French speaking units is to ensure that the service has access to all our country's manpower resources. For somebody who has never had to master another language, this approach may seem hard to understand; however, the statistics of service reenlistment for the French-speaking Canadians illustrate why this step has to be taken (27 per cent of all the recruits come from French-speaking homes; however, French-speaking Canadians account for only 15 per cent of the Forces).

Concerning your remarks about living in Quebec; first of all I would say that you are wrong about French-speaking Canadians not particularly wanting to live there. I have observed different in my 20 years in the service and if you do not believe me the above statistics about reenlistment of French-speaking Canadians should prove that point. With regards to your other statements about the cost of living, etc., if one goes out of his way enough, it is not possible to find detrimental things to say about any place in Canada? I have heard plenty in the service. Unfortunately this is not the kind of attitude that builds a country.

In concluding, I believe that the biggest hurdle in setting up new French-speaking units in our service could well be the negative attitude barrier and I am sad to see that the Totem Times is a contributor in building this barrier.

Bilingual Optimist

Editor's Note:
You make a valid point referring to the Van Doo's, however, your other points are not quite so clear. You chastise the author for "seeming to intimate his views are facts," but your own views on the desirability of a Quebec posting you back up only with your own observations. I fall to see how the statistics rates on retention can prove that French-Canadians leave the service because they are not posted to Quebec; as you seem to intimate.

As for your statement that the Totem Times is a contributor to a negative attitude barrier; we draw your attention to our most regarding views of the individual contributor; also note that the latest issue of the Totem Times allotted equal space to the CFP release on the formation of French-Speaking Units. What the author of "Avez-vous une clef-anglaise" fears is that the services will be divided into the "French guys" and the "English guys". Bilingual Author. DRM

Dear Editor:
I have been stationed at CFB Comox for over three years and have always been an admirer of the Totem Times. The Times editorials, articles, and cartoons are usually quite entertaining, however, your last issue contained an article which I figure is quite sick. I'm referring to the article titled "Food for Thought."

The writer of that article must be somewhat of an idealist. He seems to give the impression that Armed Forces are not necessary for Canada. I agree it would be a wonderful thing to be able to eliminate the need for military forces, however, you must admit it would be a suicidal thing to try right now. The fellow who wrote the article seems to be obsessed with the same ideas that prevailed prior to the last two World Wars, when Canada was caught severely short of manpower in the Armed Forces.

The suggestion that the presence of nuclear arms eliminates the need for conventionally equipped troops is really a wild one. The combatants in the Middle East, in South-East Asia, along the Indian-Chinese border, and in countless small revolutions around the world have certainly not let the thought of a nuclear war deter them in their activities; top military personnel agree if a nuclear war was waged, the victorious country would still need conventionally equipped forces to complete the job.

In closing this letter, I'd like to suggest that your writer take another look at the "very real" world around him. Roosevelt's statement concerning a "big stick" still applies today!

Distressed Serviceman

Editor of the Times:

It is with regret and anguish, that a truly saddened reader of the Totem Times, must take pen firmly in garbled, and work crippled hands. To defend the honor and integrity of 409 Sqn. Why? It is asked, does the editor of a paper as fine as the Times, condone the printing of such slanderous remarks. It is time to regain the high cultural level that the Totem Times once enjoyed.

Let us unite and subdue this tyrant in our midst. Let us demand that the ASRO's column be replaced by recipes from a prominent PMQ household, such as chicken dumplings or the fine old art of distillation. It is also time to clarify the rumor that a certain 409 engineering officer, whose duties are somewhat obscure, was seen walking to Powell River. This is untrue. He was heading for Texada Island. It is also rumored that he has a certificate attesting the feat of water-walking.

A Persecuted Poultry Plucker

Shot by Radar

A miniature radar trap that can be held in the hand and "fired" like a gun at speeding drivers has been developed in Britain. It could easily be used by a mounted Moutie, or equally hidden under a policeman's jacket.

Government researchers at the Royal Radar Establishment, Great Malvern, say their newly invented miniature radar is "small, simple and cheap enabling sets for burglar alarms, automobile speed measurement, speed docking and other domestic and professional uses."

The hand-size speed-trap looks rather like a space age shaped 'barrel' projecting from a meter which instantaneously records a vehicle's speed.

According to the public service division of British Motor Holdings whose engineers have been studying this new "drivers" torment, its range is 50 yards on a man and 200 yards on a large vehicle. Cost: it could be as low as \$50.00 subject to quantity production. For the technical the new miniature radar devices are all based

It's Accordion Time Again

By LANCE STIRLING

Spring is in the air. You can tell by the way the part-time farmers are all taking leave, the re-runs are showing up on TV and convertible owners are smiling.

Its time again for some fine old spring time military traditions -- like moving the office phones back near the windows and trying on the summer uniform. Properly done, the annual "trying on" is a three-act drama in itself.

First you ensure that it is indeed the week before the shirt-sleeve season starts. You do this by calling your neighbors, all of whom wear coveralls and don't know, looking fruitlessly for an old weekly Routine Order with the uniform schedule and finally calling the base laundry -- where the dates are engraved in gold, right next to the cleaning and pressing prices.

Once you have established that the 6th is the big day, the second phase of the big project starts, finding the uniforms. This may not be a problem for the kind of guy who has shined shoes and creased pants at quitting time on Friday, but for the rest of us it means a hunt through the debris of a long winter. Finally at the bottom of a closet, under the sweatsuits and the boxes of Girl Guide cookies, you find the wrinkled remains of last summer's finery.

Now all your ability in judging shades of color and putting puzzles comes into play. You have to match the pants and tunics by age and wear. Most uniforms do not grow old gracefully. It takes a near genius to get the exact match in faded fuzz so that the almost new tunic does not make the old pants look too shabby. You finally get everything sorted out and the shirts found about the time your eyes give out.

The disheartening part of the whole process comes next. You have to struggle into those uniforms. Somehow a long winter at the depths of the closet has played havoc with the material. Everything has shrunk. The armpits, the waist, the legs, even the watch pocket has grown smaller. By the time you get on you feel like a freshly packed sardine and look like a Sunday sausage.

Since it is impossible that you have gained weight, there is only one way to react to the clothing fit -- with anger. There is two cases on record of troops receiving write-in votes at the Academy Awards for their display of emotion when they found their summer uniforms too tight.

At first you examine the material closely to see where it might have shrunk and you tug at various parts to see if they stretch. Then you try the pants on again. They look pretty good as long as you stand upright and hold your breath, but sooner or later you pass out or get muscle spasms in your back. The tunic is ever worse. You feel like Mae West in Twiggy's shirt.

Finally, as a last resort, you get on the scales and learn the horrible truth. Since you admit that maybe the uniform stayed the same and it's you that has changed dimensions -- its all downhill. Your morale and your wallet both deflate.

You make a panic trip to the clothing store and stand in line behind the rest of the people who have eaten better than they should have all winter.

By the 6th you have accomplished two things. You have one presentable summer uniform and a firm resolution to get rid of that extra poundage.

This is where another, yet unmentioned, military tradition takes place. Just as you set foot out of the door, the skies open and the rain comes down in buckets -- all over your one good uniform. Its one of the fine old military customs to have rain the first month of the summer uniform season.

Here at Comox, its in the Base Standing Order.

on the gallium arsenide (GaAs) Gunn-effect diode. This is a piece of bulk semi-conductor which only requires a low voltage battery to be connected across it to produce oscillations in the microwave region.

BMI says a policeman operating the microwave Doppler radar gun would simply have it wired to a small battery in his pocket, they say there is a great potential for their new device. Unfortunately they may be right.

In 1968 the hospitals in British Columbia will need between 85,000 and 90,000 donors to meet all patient requirements. This means 1,700 donors every week of the year will have to give blood to fill the needs of hospitalized citizens.



Every year you promise to have the new uniform and every year I end up trying to keep this old rag pressed.

A History of CFB Comox

By LAC Lance Stirling

BY LAC LANCE STIRLING

Never talk to a visiting archaeologist. Especially if you work in station headquarters and he looks like a relative of Seemore. The results are financially disastrous.

The other morning while hunting for my Standard and Uniform Dictionary of Military Terms (English Edition), I noticed a curious sight in the No Parking area next to the headquarters building. A motorcycle, sporting a sidecar made from an old T-33 tip tank whizzed up and a chap, that from the other side of my slightly fogged window, looked like Seemore in a pith helmet, the latest birchbark from Ottawa. They were easily identifiable as crew members by their baggy, black loin-clothes and heavy moccasins.

Right there I made my first mistake. Thinking it was Seemore I waved him in instead of running for my life. Once inside he introduced himself as a visiting archaeologist from Cobble Hill college who had just discovered the very beginnings of CFB Comox and wanted to tell someone about it. He said I would do as the propeller on my sleeve and my mature appearance indicated I must be in a position of importance.

Naturally, I didn't wish to seem disrespectful so I just ignored his error in evaluating my relative position in the hierarchy and invited him to press on.

He then pulled out a scroll made of authentic, genuine, imitation birchbark which he said he had discovered under curious circumstances. While looking for evidence that Eric, the Leaf, had first visited British Columbia by beaching his boat in what is now downtown Courtenay in 99 B.C., he came across an old ex-Air Works corner stone. This corner stone had at one time held up an ancient government building and he had purchased it on a whim. Noticing how light it was, he tapped it gently with the butt of his government-issue ball-point pen and as it crumbled, the very scroll that he had in his hand had fallen out.

It looked like the first edition of the Totem Times. Headlines announced that a new unit, the 409 Tribe, was setting up its wigwam in 7 Teepee. The new tribe was a part of the western NORAD (Noble Redskin Area Defence) Region. Its mission was to protect a section of the west coast and to guard against surprise attacks.

To accomplish its job the tribe had the finest in defence weapons platforms -- the Mark 101 "voodoo" canoe. This was a two place, highly mobile unit, powered by tandem paddles. As a weapon it carried the lethal AIR-32 "Genie" arrow.

The Mark 101 carried a crew of two -- the man in front steer-

ed the canoe and the one in back watched out for rocks in the water, strangers and unidentified floating objects. The Mark 101 was an all-weather canoe and the brave in the back required special training by medicine men to operate the MIG-13 Fire Control System crystal ball.

The story went on to say that some of the braves were always on duty, round-the-clock. Their canoes, fully loaded with cocked "Genie" arrows and paddles in place, were parked in special alert teepees at the water's edge. The on-duty crew members were always nearby, usually reading the latest birchbark from Ottawa. They were easily identifiable as crew members by their baggy, black loin-clothes and heavy moccasins.

A letter on the editorial page contained a complaint from one of the tribe scribes. It seems that most of the crew members had additional "desk" duties and every time a scribe got a birch bark drawn up, he could not find anyone to sign it. The man whose name went at the bottom was always on alert duty or on portage cross country. On top of that, the Big Chief in Ottawa was always on their backs to get reports in on time.

The last line in the letter to the editor read: "We could run this tribe if they would get rid of those canoes."

Another letter to the editor gave evidence that crew braves have their problems too. Besides the scrolls piling up on the tables while they were gone, there was always the question of what blin-cloths to take on a trip. About half the places switched to Shade Bison-Green on the coming of the new moon in May and with any luck, a crew brave would show up with the wrong shade of loin cloth, or be invited to a dining-in after he had left a 200 wampum mess dress back at the wigwam.

A story on the second page told about another unit, the 121 KU (keeneyed unskin) getting new canoes called Alberts. These were specially designed canoes that carried a lot of ballast and two paddles. They were loud and slow to attract attention and keep the crew braves awake. Every time a hunter was overdue at his lodge or a canoe was overdue on its Float Plan, a group of intrepid crew braves climb into their Albert and go out looking. In between flights they raise mushrooms in the pontoons.

A bulletin on the front page said that 407 tribe had been scheduled to receive new Argus canoes to replace the old Neptune then being used. It went on to say that this was the first time any word has been received

ed on the switch so the change should come soon.

A note on the sports page also said that the peaceful tribe across the waters from the end of the island called the Vancouverers were dickering to get a team of seals. Why, they didn't say.

Now obviously, a document as old and informative as this one must be awfully important. The archaeologist adjusted the goggles on his pith helmet and I noticed he wiped a tear from his eye. Heaving a deep sigh, he said that I would probably be the only one to see this precious scrap of birchbark. He was a little down on his luck at the moment and was being forced to sell the document to a heartless oil well and museum owner in Calgary. He said he really wished the birchbark would be able to stay at Comox because of its historical significance.

His altruistic attitude touched me deeply. I mentioned that I understood his feelings and only wished I had more in my pocket than 10 dollars and my hand-embroidered set of Corporal's books.

Somewhat, in the next few minutes, the hooks, the 10 dollar bill and the birchbark changed hands. Feeling the flow of self-sacrifice, I hurried back to my desk.

The first edge of self doubt started creeping in when I noticed a copyright on the birchbark. Indians never even heard of copyrights. As I turned the document over, my misery became complete.

The back was printed in French.

Officers Wives Spring Blast

The Annual Spring Wind-Up Banquet will be held Wednesday May 15th at the Officers Mess. Time is 7:30 p.m. Dinner will be in the form of a Smorgasbord. Fashions to delight the eye will be presented by the Sweet 16 shop of Courtenay. The new executive will be introduced who are: President; Lyn Clark; Vice President-Marilyn Northrup; Secretary - Barga Thatcher; Treasure - Alberta Masor; Food Convener - Pat Mc Gill; Entertainment - Maxine Caulbeck; Welcoming - Setty Small; Publicity and News Letter - Sally Hughes. Spoons will be presented to the Ladies who are leaving this fair Station, and any one knowing someone who is leaving please submit their names to the executive as we don't want any one to be missed. Tickets for the Banquet are Officer Wives or member - \$2.25; Civilian Guests - \$3.00. Cut off time to buy tickets will be May 8th, and no tickets will be sold at the door, they will now be available from the Executive or at the Officers Bar. Hope to see you soon.

A bulletin on the front page said that 407 tribe had been scheduled to receive new Argus canoes to replace the old Neptune then being used. It went on to say that this was the first time any word has been received

To Forgive is Divine

Recently, the West German Air Force announced plans to hold a ceremony to mark the 50th anniversary of the death of Baron Manfred von Richthofen, the fabled Red Baron of World War I. To mark the occasion, they decided to have a fly-past, and they invited some other air forces to participate. The RAF said, "Sure, only too glad," as did the USAF. Even the French air force forgot its hostility to the rest of the world and sent participants. But what about Canada? The Maple Leaf did not show up for the occasion.

No official statements about the reason were given. There were vague mumbblings about policy, but there was no firm reason given why the RCAF, or the air arm of the Canadian forces could not participate.

This is not the first time that Canada has looked a bit silly in its dealings with former enemies. Some years ago, the Air Division hosted the remnants of Richthofen's Flying Circus, and had its wrist slapped in full view of the rather amused rest of the world.

It is granted that von Richthofen can never be counted as one of the Fathers of Confederation, and there is little reason why he should be idolized in Canada. This is not, however, sufficient reason to snub the request of a now-friendly nation to dress up a commemoration of one of its heroes.

It is the memory of von Richthofen that was being commemorated, and not the spirit of German militarism. It was the memory of a gallant man who, to the end, did the utmost for his country, just as present-day Canadian servicemen are supposed to do.

Von Richthofen fought through four years of World War I before he was killed by a Canadian, Capt. Roy Brown of Edmonton (or, depending upon which version you accept, an Australian machine-gunner, Sgt. R. M. Bule). In that time, he fought valiantly and well. He was rated by G/C J. E. Johnson (RAF) in his book Full Circle, as the greatest war pilot of the great war.

To refuse to honor his memory at this late date is just a bit childish, but after all, it's policy.

Give Me the Good Life

So I said to the guy, "what's B.C. got that you can't find in Saskatchewan?" --I get a little tired of always being on the defensive but after three years I also get a little tired of hearing how lucky I am to be in B.C., "dynamic society" or not.

Back home we have our own name for this so-called "dynamic society" that runs around in horseless carriages and wears store bought clothes with their high falutin ideas about sex, religion, and government.

And he says, "look around you, look at those snow covered peaks, did you ever see anything in Saskatchewan like that?" I could tell by the myopic look in his eyes that there was no use telling him about Nut Mountain or the Touchwood Hills so I let him continue. He rambled on about the hunting and fishing, the temperate climate, the smell of the salt water, the majestic forests and the general affluence of the people and so on, and I just bided my time. We people from Saskatchewan learn to be patient, we wait for rain, we wait for the Wheat Board payments, we wait for spring and we wait for Grey Cup time. So when he was finished, after everyone else had gone home, I said to the guy

again, "so what's B.C. got that Saskatchewan hasn't?" only this time I didn't give the poor fellow a chance to get going. I told him about lying in a field of rank barley watching the grasshoppers mow it down, I told him about watching a big thunderstorm build on the horizon and then along about dusk turn loose its pent up energy as a prairie hail storm that flattens everything in its path. I told him about praying for rain that came too late for a crop already shrunk and brown, I described the beauty of a winter morning so cold you could hear the frost split a tree a mile away, and I rambled on about flood and wind and dust and blight and when I was finished he got this sympathetic smile on his face and walked away quietly shaking his head, happier than ever -- that he has never been east of Salmon Arm.

I smiled too, because what I hadn't told him about was, a way of life, a good life that makes men and women out of boys and girls, a life that is not a breeding ground for a sick society of erstwhile philosophers and welfare cases; a life that perpetuates a legacy of real and honest values.

Sentinel Attention!

Far be it for me in Payfield Three To question a man in Five, But 'Rest on your arms reversed' as seen Is not, or ain't never been. TAKE YOUR HAND OFF THE MUZZLE! (Reference: Sentinel, April 68, Page 15, left hand bottom) —L.G.R.

Mulvihill Moves On

After this issue the name of Capt. D. R. Mulvihill will disappear from the mast of the Totem Times, and the Times will be the poorer for the loss. Bob has been on the Times since last fall, and in December he became editor. During his stay on the paper Bob gained international fame and renown with his crisp editorials and ready wit. He devoted a great deal of his own time to the paper and introduced many improvements. Recently, in its infallible wisdom, the department of career management, personnel planning and promotion withholding de-

clared that it would be nice to have a pilot who could write. Considering that it would be dangerous to teach a pilot how to wield a sharp implement like a pen, they decided instead to teach a navigator how to fly, and accordingly, Bob has been packed off to CFB Borden for training on that monstrous leviathan of the air known as the Chipmunk. On behalf of all personnel at CFB Comox we would like to thank Bob for his efforts on the paper, and wish him every success in his new career as an airframe-overstresser.



Which Copter is Using Platformate?

This Canadian Coast Guard Alouette 111 Helicopter recently made a forced landing near Qualicum Beach. In an effort to restart the engine the crew inadvertently killed the batteries. After a very long wait on the scenic beach they were spotted by sharp eyed Captain Ed Riley who was enroute to his golf course. The Captain stopped and graciously offered assistance. "All we need is a assist-stance." The Captain of the Alouette, said the Captain of the Alouette. After giving the tow rope three hundred turns for extra torque the Labrador was hooked on and the mad dash down the coast was on. Several miles went by but the Alouette refused to start. That great Mechanical genius, Cpl. Gerry McNutt gave the solution by leaning out the back door and shouting "turn the key on." The Alouette Captain realizing his error promptly complied. The ensuing backfire was so

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McKee Trophy Re-Instated

The Trans-Canada (McKee) Trophy for aviation pioneering, retired in 1964, is being reinstated in 1968.

The new conditions for presentation of the award emphasize contributions in the field of air operations whether the recipient be military or civilian. The trophy will remain on display in the Aviation and Space Museum, Ottawa, and be removed for formal presentations. The award will be made only in those years where the contribution of the nominee is deemed worthy of such recognition.

The trophy was donated by amateur pilot J. Dalzell McKee, Feb. 1, 1927, for contributions to aviation pioneering. By 1964 it was felt that the terms of the award were no longer applicable and the trophy was retired.

In 1966, the Minister of National Defence, official trustee of the trophy, withdrew the trophy from retirement and presented it to Philip C. Garrett, a well known pioneer of aviation and then president of DeHavilland of Canada. This presentation generated renewed interest in the award and has resulted in its being permanently re-instated. A call for nominations for the 1967 award year is being requested.

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From Up in My Perch

By SEEMORE

Last week as I was looking around for the old kit bag, my heart turned to ice in a moment of sheer panic as I realized it had become lost during the move from the old hangar. My first action was to enlist the aid of the Military Police but all I got from them was a gay chuckle and a "tough beans Seemore." My second action, the shrewdest of the two, was to conduct the search myself. Into the mountain of lockers, shelves, aircraft parts, back issues of the Totem Times, and my coffee cup I dove. After three and a half hours of searching I gave a futile kick at my old cap winter, melton cloth that was standing in the corner. A flash of pain shot up my leg and the cap gave off a resounding clunk. Cautiously I tried to move the cap. It was too heavy. In a flash it struck me -- some clown had pulled the cap over my beloved kit bag as a practical joke. Forgetting my momentary anger I pulled the cap off and ensured that my beloved kit bag was O.K.

Looking over the cap I couldn't help but marvel on how well it had withstood the years. Of course caps winter, melton cloth or the old porridge pot as they were affectionately known as, were made from the original weaver cloth and were originally designed as Busby covers for the Grenadier Guards when they went on their first and only Arctic manoeuvres in 1903.

When the Busby covers were ordered, the Quartermaster making out the E42 suffered a sudden attack of hiccups and inadvertently changed the demand from one thousand to one million. As the Guards had a requirement for only one thousand, the remaining nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand occupied valuable shelf space in the Royal Quartermaster stores until April 1924. At that time a Corporal submitted a suggestion to the Royal Suggestion Award Committee that the surplus

covers be converted by E52 action into caps winter, and sold to the fledgling R.C.A.F. being formed at that time. The Committee saw an opportunity to make a buck and adopting the suggestion, completed the deal with a price of six dollars and twenty-eight cents per cap. In showing their gratitude, the committee awarded the Corporal the handsome sum of two pounds ten.

While the old cap has been retired for several years now, many old vets will remember the hours of entertainment it provided in the barracks and the wets, where numerous attempts to improve its appearance and proposals of new names and uses for it was made.

Standing the old chapeau in the corner beside the kit bag I turned and saw:

The new replacement for 121's SAMEO has been named. He is a cadet from one of the military colleges. While this is a severe blow to the SAMEO's ego, imagine if you can, how Capt. McNeill must feel about this? The Captain has been aspiring to the SAMEO position since his arrival in 121. Now in his first successful manoeuvre to have the SAMEO transferred a total stranger, a junior total stranger at that, comes in and reaps the glory.

It's that time of the year again and I can hardly wait to see who's going to win this years coveted "Seemore's I forgot all about changing into blues" award, which goes to the Boob who shows up the first day of summer still wearing his blues.

Some 407 types can't wait for the Argus to arrive. I splded two of them carving their own compact version from a Log from the local forest.

One of the 121's Albatross maliciously attacked and killed one of my cousins last week near Tofino. While no charges were laid against these wanton killers vengeance was for the birds as my dear departed cousin carcass caused enough damage to their engine that it had

to be changed, at Tofino. As the aircraft was on its way to pick up Doc Savage and the ground search team, it was necessary to give an additional supply of rations via the old parachute. The savage screams could be heard all the way to Alberni.

Stock Controls Cpl. Robert leaves this week for that wonderful summer resort on the southern end of James Bay, Moosenee.

There must be a search coming up for 121 as they are planning a house warming on Thursday May 9th. All the Merry Marshrooms are asked to attend to say "Farewell" to three of the "Fungli, Sgt. Buckland and Cpls. Bulls and Hayes.

I must say I'm surprised to see Ralph bulls pull the plug as he has been threatening to take his release since I first met him in 1951.

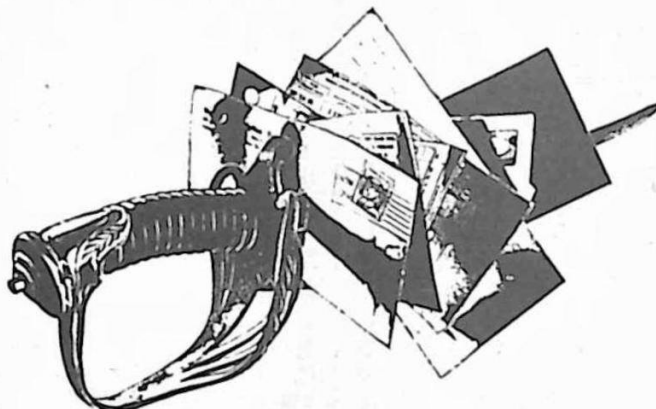
What will Warrentosser Sent do when Sgt Buckland leaves? What will the Engine Bay do without Cpl. Hayes? Tune in next Thursday and find out.

Rumour of the Week: The crafty C.E. Section has started putting Fluoride in the base drinking water system. This deed was performed on the Q.T. to avoid the usual hue and cry that accompanies any additives to a drinking water system. Well you've been found out fellers. Personally "Je ne give a care pas" but I found the thought of CFB Comox being one of the few bases in Canada producing Fluoridated home brew intriguing. Its nice to know that our Winos have fewer cavities.

Runner up for rumour of the week: The Telecom Ground people are going to publish a new Base Telephone directory.

Mushroomer: 121 is to be fitted with the new four engine turbo-prop. Albatrosses no later than July 25th.

Need money to pay bills? See HFC



Got more bills than money to pay them? See the military loan counsellor at HFC and get a Bill Payer Loan from Household Finance.

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	60 months	48 months	36 months	30 months	24 months	12 months
\$ 100	\$ 2.00	\$ 2.50	\$ 3.00	\$ 3.50	\$ 4.00	\$ 4.50
500	10.00	12.50	15.00	17.50	20.00	22.50
1000	20.00	25.00	30.00	35.00	40.00	45.00
1500	30.00	37.50	45.00	52.50	60.00	67.50
2000	40.00	50.00	60.00	70.00	80.00	90.00
2500	50.00	62.50	75.00	87.50	100.00	112.50
3000	60.00	75.00	90.00	105.00	120.00	135.00
4000	80.00	100.00	120.00	140.00	160.00	180.00
5000	100.00	125.00	150.00	175.00	200.00	225.00

Above payments include principal and interest and are based on annual repayment, but do not include the cost of life insurance.

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"THERE'S NO USE of being NCO I/C of the Orderly Room if you don't take advantage of it" Sgt. Barnett tells Cpl. Bezdick as he completes the final order to be left out offered to carry the Sarge's bags, shine his shoes and buy the beer made him sign an oath in front of a Notary Public, and handed him his travel orders dated ten days previous.

—LGM photo

Night Hawk's Nest 409

The Nighthawks' political convention is over, and after weeks of lying, cheating, stealing, backstabbing, and shrewd political manoeuvring, the Call-Shot team has been re-elected. Comprising the team are pilots Maj. Leiter, Warren, Walker, Putland and MacLeod; navigators Dodd, Bland, Brittain, Mason and Sherratt; with Gary Liddiard and Mike Marsh as an observer and co-ordinator. The rumor factory reports that the inclusion of Len Dodd indicates that there will be no romances on the shoot.

Things have gone from bad to worse for those Nighthawks who emulate "Forty Hour Freddy" and collect bags of flying time. Since Maj. (Greasepencil) Larson started riding shotgun on the schedule board there has been a noticeable decline in the amount of trap swapping, perhaps because one can't swap what one doesn't have.

Old Mouldy will be leaving shortly to begin his course at P.W.S. (pre-wiper school). Upon hearing of his transfer he began to practice his clear hood check by doing a few rollsons the Kye Bay Road.

The Wednesday night Coboc dinner was the scene of some of the finest Gran-Prix racing ever seen at Comox. Commenced by a rather elderly member of

Ham Club Meeting

The last meeting of the base "Ham" club was held on April 22nd. The club was hosted by one of the civilian members, Mrs. Vic Brendle, an instructor at the New Vanier High School in Courtenay. We were first conducted on a guided tour of the new school's facilities and then held the monthly meeting under the able guidance of our president Capt. Denny Tretiak, VE7AIS.

On the 17th of April, the club heard the nasty rumour that Capt. Don Loggie of 407, was taking a Neptune down to Trenton. Being Neptune lovers from way back and fearing that since Don had been transferred to Trenton, he might not return, a few club members decided that maybe something should be done to keep track of Neptune 24102 so, they sent Capt. Doug McGill, VE7BUP, our able secretary, along on the trip and arranged to talk to him on the "Ham" to keep him in contact with us. We kept in contact with him until he was well into Saskatchewan, and on the way back received an ETA for Comox from him as the A/C was departing from North Bay.

The next club meeting will be held on the 13th of May. It will be a dinner meeting at the Waikiki restaurant in Comox. Any interested person is invited to attend and bring your XYL or YL. For further information contact Capt. Tretiak or Lt. Lines at Loc. 241.

No Traffic Problem Here

Man is being replaced by machines in so many walks of life that one wonders how long it will be before the MP at the main gate will be replaced by a set of lights. Complaints about being held up at rush hours periods are rife, but an objective investigation of the situation does not reveal that any major hardship, was suffered by any driver. The hardship is endured by the MP on traffic control duty.

Traffic lights cannot be installed at the junction of Ryan and Little River Roads without the Department of Highways consent. Our traffic is so light that the department deems that we do not warrant traffic signals.

Facing the problem squarely what do we have? A straightforward four crossroad situation. The same situation as at the junction of 5th Street and Cliffe Avenue in Courtenay. Now if anyone cares to check the change cycles at that intersection he will find that the delay is about 20 seconds per red light when heading up hill and 30 seconds when heading down toward Comox. The 10 second advantage is for traffic turning left along the main island highway. There is no left turn for traffic heading toward Comox at that junction. There is a one and one half minute red light for motorists coming from the Post Office side of these lights.

At our main gate we have traffic free to move left or right or straight ahead, and it is manually controlled, i.e. No traffic-no hold up. With lights, there is a delay whether there is traffic or not. You will find upon observation that the delay at the intersection at the main gates lasts a maximum of 45 seconds. Normally it is about 30 seconds. Is this too much to ask?

After all, the MPs do serve four roads which are fed by another four roads on base, the Post Office and the parking lot -- all funneling into that one cross road. The MPs also have to consider those drivers who wish to leave the Post Office and either cross the main traffic flow or turn left. There is station bound traffic that wishes to turn left. Time checks have proved that the peak periods last no more than an average of nine minutes morning and night.

Bear in mind that there are two avenues of escape from the base; the Main Gate and the PMQ Gate. The vast majority of drivers use the Main Gate as an exit. Our traffic problem begins at the intersection by the Fire Hall which is fed by all Hangar Line Traffic, CE Parking Lot, Parking Lot rear of Officers Mess, SAS, QRA, GCA, Tower, MIR, Base Hq. etc. etc. Now, I personally feel that fifty per cent of that traffic, and possibly more, could use the PMQ gate. The hold up at Knight Road and Anderton is practically nil-try it some night.

Staggered working hours are not possible on the base so we must have this problem--everybody trying to get off home in two minutes or less. I am not the voice of the Guardroom but I do express my thoughts as a policeman who has dealt with traffic at main gates and in busy cities as a civic cop. I say we have no traffic problem at Comox. I say we have impatient, irritable and inconsiderate drivers. We have chronic complainers.

We have the time to consider the man on point duty but we don't consider him too much outside of the MP trade. The MP on point duty is just as anxious to

the totem inn lounge ENTERTAINMENT

TK & the CITIZENS
FRIDAY, 3rd MAY COMBO
Dancing Saturday
FOOD - CHICKEN or CHIPS

SUNDAY 5th
Organ music
by
M & FENWICK

SATURDAY 11th
Hip o' Beef
REFLECTIONS

SUNDAY 12th
COMBO
with the
GOLDEN KNIGHTS
GET YOUR "INK SPOTS" TICKETS NOW
MOVIES ON TUE - BINGO ON WED

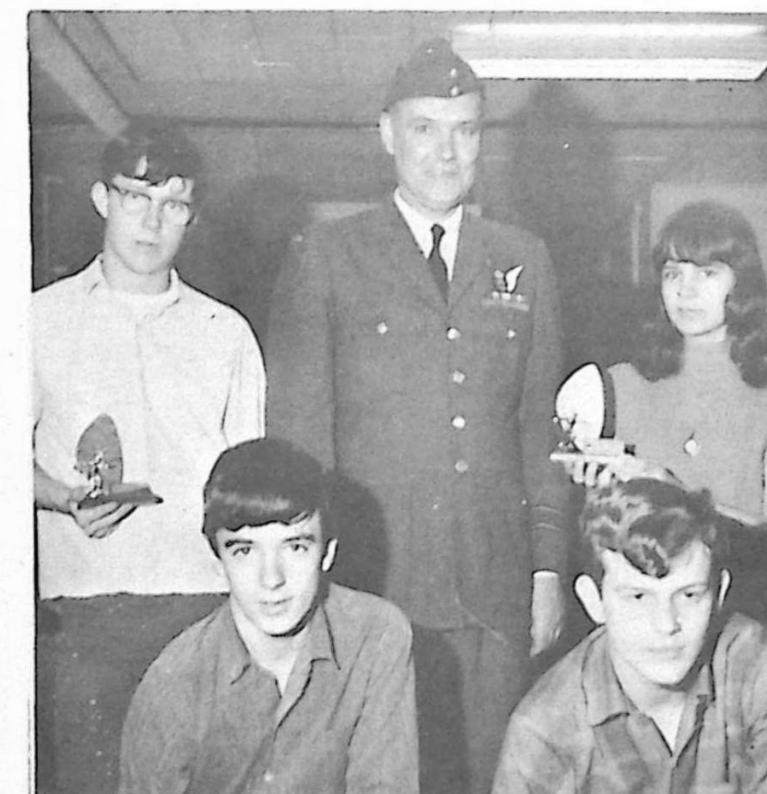
GYRA Set Bowling Awards Presented



HIS HONOUR the Mayor, Major Pulham presents the boys and girls high average trophies to Miss Kay Worth and Bill Cartwright.



RECEIVING TROPHIES for high triples were Dwayne Rawlik, Gale Barlow and Dove Kings.



WINNERS of the Playoff Championship, back row from left to right are Tom Murphy, Mayor Pulham and Darlene Winter. Front row L to R John Rinfret and Bill Cartwright.

Hip Hip Hooray. It's the second of May, Outdoor necking starts today.



"SEEMORE is a Rat Fink" screamed Sgt. Barnett, NCO i/c 121's orderly room when he saw this prize character study in this issue of the Totem Times. - LGM photo

Missing Something?

The following articles have been handed in to the Base Guardhouse from the Arena, Glacier Gardens and have remained unclaimed. These items may be claimed by the owners between 0800 to 1200 and 1300 to 1600 hrs. Monday to Friday.

- 1 blue hockey elbow pad
- 4 pairs skate guards
- 1 pair size 8 skates
- 1 pair skates - no size
- 1 black lined jacket size 14 (Eaton's)
- 1 khaki jacket (Tecumseh)
- 1 blue rain jacket with hood
- 1 black winter jacket
- 1 blue winter jacket (Après Ski)
- 1 tan winter jacket (Utex)
- 1 black and white jacket
- 1 blue jacket
- 1 blue nylon jacket
- 1 blue lined jacket
- 1 short sleeved green shirt
- 1 tan summer jacket (Utex)
- 1 black pullover sweater
- 1 pair boys trousers, black
- 1 boys black winter ski cap
- 1 blue woolen tuque with face opening-red and white rim
- 1 brown woolen tuque
- 1 black and yellow woolen tuque
- 1 maroon and gray woolen tuque
- 1 red wool tuque
- 1 red and white woolen tuque
- 1 plaid curling tam
- 1 girls woolen kerchief, white
- 1 red kerchief
- 1 pair of boys rubber boots size 2
- 1 pair boys rubber boots size 4
- 5 change purses;
- 1 men spring and fall coat, brown
- several pairs of childrens mitts and gloves - wool and leather.

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French Cuff
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SPORT SHIRTS AND JAC SHIRTS
By Townline
6.00 to 11.00

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DUSTING POWDER 3.75 and 5.00
SPRAY BATH SET - 6.75
TRIP-LET - 4.75

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213 Fifth Street Courtenay, B.C.





Chapel Chimes

PROTESTANT CHAPEL
SUNDAY MAY 5
0930 hrs. - Holy Communion (Anglican)
0945 hrs. - Padre Archer's Bible Class will begin sessions again, in the chapel.
1100 hrs. - Divine Worship, The United Church Confirmation Candidates will be received into membership in the United Church of

Canada during this service. The Sacrament of Holy Communion (United Church) will be observed immediately following this service.
SUNDAY, MAY 12
Mother's Day Service at 11 a.m. Honor your Mother by attending Church for this Special Service.

YAAC CLUB



YAAC CLUB at a bowling night. Mrs. Jean Hall (if you recognize her among the kids) is giving some advice to her gang.

The Youth Active Activity Club, a program which started a couple of years ago, has been very successful so far, and has given our young girls in the 11 to 14 age group, many hours of pleasure and entertainment.

All aspects of activities are covered, sports, dances, tea parties and fashion shows. Never a dull moment, at CFB Comox, everything has been provided for the young ones. Mrs. Jean Hall wife of M/Sgt. Dick Hall (USAF) is the present club supervisor, Mrs. Hall came to Comox from Oklahoma and will be leaving shortly with her family for North Carolina. She was the young lady

responsible for the successful preparation of the famous Easter Egg hunt in Wallace Garden community centre. I am sure that the clubmembers will remember Mrs. Hall for her complete devotion to the group, and we take this opportunity to thank her for her co-operation.

For anyone interested in joining this club and have many hours of good fun, inquiries can be made at the recreation centre or Mrs. Hall.
Activities start in January and continue until June, on the 10th of May, a fashion show and tea party will be held for the mothers.

Dust Cement and Lumber

D, C, L. does not stand for Dust, Cement and Lumber as some would have us believe. The proper definition is Defence Construction Limited, This small but powerful outfit is government controlled and yet neutral in behaviour. Our DCL staff can be found in a secluded office (hide-out) in Bldg. 22 next to the MP Headquarters. Not sure whether this is to keep them honest or to assist in keeping crooks away. What do DCL types do? As there appears to be some folk on base who 'Never 'erd of 'em' this reporter paid them a visit during their pensionable hours and found that there were three honest, just men and true. The Boss, The Ganger and The Slave. Messrs. Cox, Turner and Swirski respectively. DCL is a kindofasorta referee organization between DND and civilian contractors who do jobs too big for C&E to handle or too small for C&E to care about. In any case DCL ensures that the government gets its pound of flesh as ordered by the contract specs. These lads (Lads he calls them and one retires this year) have to be dedicated sewage engineers, construction engineers, electricians, soil consultants, groundsmen, lab technicians and labourers to say nothing of their ability to type, read blue prints and interpret crazy orders. I recall a typical example of how they function and their type of supervision which has now passed into the annals of time unheralded and unobtrusively. It was an example of how they work behind the scenes ensuring through liaison with base personnel that dates were met and the job completed exactly repeat exactly how called for by DND. I refer to the runway extension last summer. It was DCL who ensured that the area was first marked out correctly and clearances of scrubland and trees did not exceed requirement. It was they who ensured that the earth's surface was removed to the correct depth and refilled with gravel and concrete to the correct levels. Not to the nearest inch but bang on the mark. The gravel being put in was checked, sampled and inspected and any muddy gravel outlawed from the job. The lab tech working on that task reminded me of the old time prospector playing with all his graded sieves.

and after water soaking. These 100 pound test blocks were subjected to pressure and bending and finally cracking/breaking strains noted. This was to prevent us losing an Argus in a flurry of cement in 50 years time sort of thing. All the time this was going on the hard-hatted DCL chaps were checking and re-checking blue prints. Checking of runway wiring and drainage systems became a daily event. Progress reports were made where necessary chase up corrective action instituted. Also at this time DCL had to ensure there was adequate water supply for the contractors, the workmen had access to the base runways including crossing during flying exercises. There was also the visits from labour unions to contend with. They themselves are non-union and work round the clock when the situation demands. The job was completed and final checks, inspections and reports completed before acceptance and hand over to DND. All this just so's 407 could have an elite parking area? Yes DCL is one of the unsung hero outfits on the base whom we hear very little. At least until something goes wrong. I recall, if I'm not mistaken, of one project out east where a base swimming pool was constructed without DCL being on the spot and as a result the bottom fell out of the pool first time it was filled with water. DCL is a necessary evil, and essential outfit to take the work load from C&E shoulders. This article may help to clear up some misapprehension, misunderstanding or just plain bald headed ignorance about this little group, who may cause consternation to the Tower, MP and CE by their continuing fight to ensure that the government isn't cheated. There is also no truth that MPs check DCL offices to make sure no one is still asleep at lock up time. These gentlemen are as much a part of CFB Comox as the rest of us. No lady they are not the men to get your PMQ kitchen painted.

Ladies' Guild Coffee Party

Protestant Chapel
Thursday, May 16th
10 a.m. to 12 Noon —
2 to 4 p.m.

Tea, Coffee, Squares and Fruitbreads will be served 35c

BAKE SALE

Take Your Coffee Break at the Chapel on Thursday, May 16
COME AS YOU ARE

BRIDGE

By ONE-EYE

When counting your expected tricks for the purpose of making a penalty double you must use common sense methods rather than relying on the point count system.

An ace/queen is normally regarded as 1 1/2 quick tricks, but if that suit has been strongly bid on your right, you may be justified in counting on two winners. If that suit had been bid on your left, you could not expect to win more than one trick.

It is rarely wise to count on more than two tricks in any one suit and if you have great length in the suit, it is dangerous to rely on more than one defensive trick from that source. Occasionally none should be expected, as might be the case if you held six cards to the A, K, Q and partner has supported the suit.

Be quick to double when short in partner's suit, but be cautious when holding as many as four cards in partner's suit.

An item of value that should not be forgotten is the possession of four cards in the trump suit. For defensive purposes this can be counted as one trick even though no honor card is held. In order for declarer to exhaust the trump, he has to lead them four times and he will rarely find it convenient to do so.

On the above basis observe why south should double in the

following situation:

South's holding — Spades — AKJ9; Hearts — xxx; Diamonds — xx; Clubs — AKJ.

The Bidding — South — 1S; West — 2D; North — DBLE; East — 2H.

The defensive tricks may be estimated as follows:

Since partner has doubled two diamonds it is unlikely that he has any length in spades and two tricks should be cashed there. At least two club tricks should be counted on, and one trick counted for the holding of four hearts. This brings the total to five tricks or book and any tricks that partner produces will be gravy.

When doubling the opponents you should appreciate the fact that there could be a rescue bid, and ask yourself if you can do any damage if there is.

When counting on partner's expected tricks, you must consider what action he has previously taken. If he has opened the bidding with one of a suit, or made a take-out double, he may be expected to win three tricks. If he opened no trump he may be depended on for four tricks. If he overcalled count on him for one trick and if he opened with a pre-emptive type bid do not expect to get any defensive tricks from him.

Rag Drive

On Monday morning, May 13th, the Cub and Scout Mothers Auxiliary will be having a rag drive. These cotton rags are cut and sold to Crown Zellerbach for machine wipes, and are the chief source of income for the Mothers Auxiliary.

Please help with your donation of clean cotton rags, and if you will be out on Monday, please leave them on your street doorstep.

COBOC Cacophony

The wonderful world of COBOC has been a reasonably active place in the last few weeks. Plans to attend the fly-in at CFB Edmonton are coming along quite well, with many of COBOC's finest showing a keen desire to go. The other night saw a COBOC dining-in take place. This informal version of a mess dinner was probably the most refined, cultural, high society-like happening to take place in the mess since the big fly-in last February. It goes without saying that the entire evening was the epitome of gracious hosting and entertaining to which any mother would be proud to send her daughters.

The evening began in a very familiar manner. Cocktails were served beginning at four o'clock. The Base Commander and invited guests arrived about seven and the dinner started around eight o'clock. Unfortunately, the cooks didn't have enough wood for their stoves and this necessitated lengthening the cocktail period. The dinner consisted of the usual high quality hamburgers, french fries, and canned beer that COBOC's honoured guests have become so accustomed to over the years. Needless to say it was a gourmet's delight.

The high point of the evening came after the dinner when CFB Comox's senior officers made the gross tactical error to accept COBOC's challenge to a game of crud for drinks. Not wishing to humiliate the opposition completely, COBOC even consented to allowing the Base Commander to referee the game. This was comparable to giving them an extra player, however, it was to no avail as the Olympic calibre COBOC crud team handed the senior officers the most devastating defeat ever inflicted on an opposing team.

Soon afterwards one of the better known players decided to exit the scene. He climbed aboard his trusty flush-riveted, subsonic (and borrowed) at great risk to life and limb) vespa scooter and along with Ed Bazylinski riding shotgun could be seen screaming off into the distance amid visual vocal vectors from the sidelines. Their ride into infamy was short lived as (due to equipment failure or POD) they were unable to negotiate the high-speed turn off by the TV room and were then seen crashing into the record player. Neither low level aviator were injured however, the L-14 entries on the Vespa were something else again.

All in all, the entire dining in night was a great success. Everyone who attended had an excellent time and there are still rumours floating about concerning an all night thrash in the kitchen, the only people upset by all these proceedings were a few section heads the next morning. It seems that about half of COBOC didn't make it to work. It must have been something they ate!

Stretch That Food Dollar

By JEAN CONLEY
Do you find that your food dollar buys less and less lately? Can't afford that jug at the end of the month anymore?

The beaches around here abound with nature's most perfect food; the oyster. Don't believe that malarky about oysters being good only on "R" months, it is just not true around here, providing of course that you pick only those that are on the real low tide edge. These are covered with water most of the time and don't get so milky and foul smelling. So you don't like oysters? Just try my recipe and you'll change your mind. The secret is to make oyster stew, the right way, and serve it often. If you have trouble convincing the family to taste it, budget for that jug and feed a little of it first. Prying their little mouths open with a stick also works in real stubborn cases. Now here's the recipe.

INGREDIENTS (All measurements may be construed as "More or Less")

- 4 medium sized potatoes
- 4 medium sized carrots
- 4 medium sized celery stalks
- 2 medium sized onions
- 8 to 12 oysters (Shucked)
- dash of salt
- dash of pepper
- dash of celery salt
- 4 heaping tablespoons flour
- 4 heaping tablespoons butter or margarine.

METHOD

Dice potatoes, carrots, celery, onions and oysters. Put in pressure cooker with enough water to just cover. Cook on steam up for 12 to 15 minutes and cool under tap. Mix flour with a little water and, on medium heat, add slowly while stirring. Add margarine, salt, pepper and celery salt and bring to a near boil. Serve hot in bowls with toast. Its gum smackin' good.

WOW
WHAT SAVINGS!

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1962 Pontiac 4-door 6-cylinder, Auto, Radio, New Paint.	\$1995	1957 Ford Pick-up 6-cylinder, Standard, Radio.
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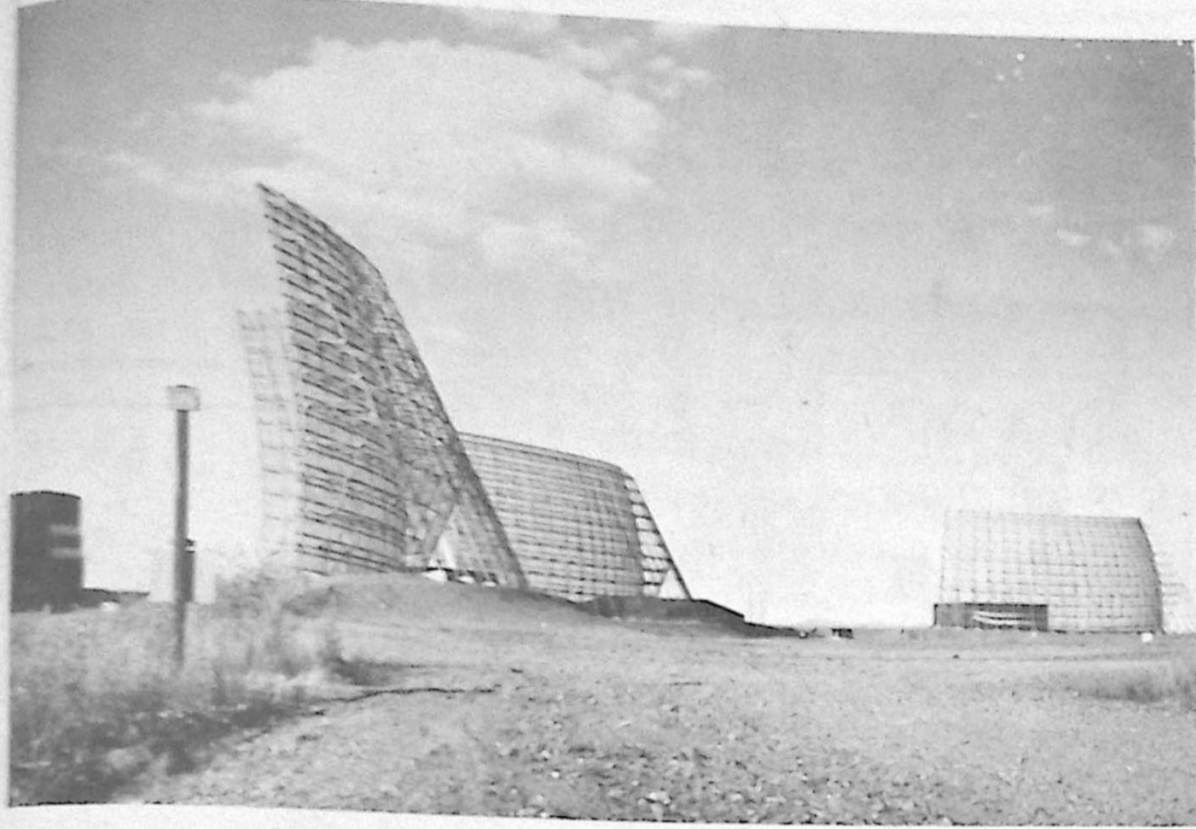
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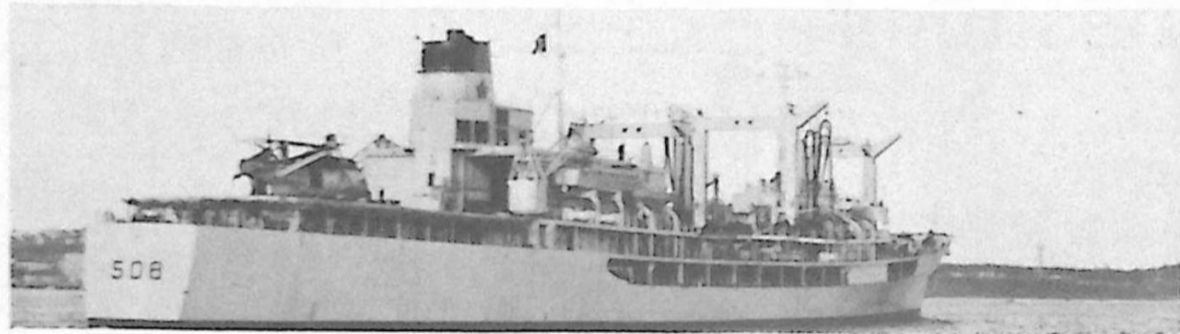


CONSTRUCTION HAS STARTED on the long-awaited sports complex at CFB Grasshopper Junction, Buffalo Scapula, Sask. Shown in this photo are three of the softball diamonds which have recently been completed. The diamond on the far right is for girls, the one in the centre for boys, and the closest one is for gophers, who outnumber the local population about 1,000 to 1, and who play better softball. The turf shown in the foreground is unique to Saskatchewan, but if the wind keeps up it will soon be in Manitoba.

Squamish team in world tourney

The entire Canadian forces 96-man Squamish team sailed recently from an eastern seaport en route to the championship tournament to be held this year in West Outback, Australia. Representatives from 148 sovereign nations, and a couple of sovereign provinces will take part.

Ninety-six man squamish is a particularly gruelling game. The sticks, or schallengrophelers as they are called, weigh 96 pounds each, and it is mandatory for each player to carry three at all times. The game is played on a field three miles long, and six inches wide, and demands the utmost of mobility from the participants. The object of the game is to take the ball, or ruckenschlichen, and juggling it from one schallengropheler to another in turn, proceed the entire length of the field without putting any part of your body out of bounds, or being knocked out of bounds. Great dexterity is involved in handling the sticks, and in juggling the ball back and forth, but even greater dexterity is required when a player comes to one of the wickets, which are located every 12 feet along the field. Then, he must grip all three of his teeth and hurdle the wickets, wickets, which are eight feet high. There was some doubt about how the team would maintain its superb physical condition during the three month voyage, until someone asked why the trip would take so long. "Well," said a spokesman, "It's this way. We don't have enough money to buy the gas to sail the ship that far, so we went out and bought 96 ropes, and your 96 guys will each swim along holding a rope, and towing the ship. We expect the average speed to be about three knots, except in shark regions."



SHOWN ABOVE is the entire Canadian Forces' ninety-six man squamish team as it sailed from Halifax to participate in the world's championship squamish tournament, held this year in the great seaport of West Outback, Australia. During the three months that the voyage will take, the players will work out on the chopper deck, pushing the chopper around. The squamish sticks and wickets are stowed in the hold.

WHO'S ON FIRST? Migawd! It's My Wife

All the wives who have spent the entire winter sitting around the house watching their waistlines slowly lengthen can now do something about it. And that something is not buy a bigger dress, either, so put down that sale catalogue and read this. The PMQ wives have started a scrub softball league, which operates on the far, school diamond every Thursday afternoon between 1500 and 1500, strictly for fun and exercise. It is not the harsh competitive type of game played by the New York

Yankees. Neither is the baseball being played by the New York Yankees this year, either, but that's another matter. Come out and join the fun and games. Gloves are not supplied, so you will have to talk your son out of his. For further information, call Judy Cowan at 372.

What passes for woman's intuition is often nothing more than man's transparency. —George Jean Nathan

Unpaid Bills (CFP) --Canadian posties in Cyprus figure they handle about 106,000 pounds of mail a year. They serve just under 900 Canadians in the U.N. peace-keeping force, most being on six-month tours of duty. The Blue Beret, U. N. force weekly newspaper, reports "They have the routine to such a science that within one hour of a Yukon landing, the boys are aware of all the unpaid bills".

CANADIAN FORCES BASE COMOX BASE THEATRE SCHEDULE - MAY

Thursday, May 2 MALAMONDO	Sunday, May 19 THE SPREE All Star Cast
Saturday and Sunday, May 4-5 A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum Zero Motel - Phil Silvers - Buster Keaton	Thursday, May 23 PEYTON PLACE Lloyd Nolan - Dianna Varsi - Lana Turner
Thursday and Friday, May 9-10 THE TRIP Peter Fonda - Susan Strasberg	Saturday, May 25 HOUSE OF 1000 DOLLS Vincent Price - Martha Hyer
Saturday and Sunday, May 11-12 DON'T MAKE WAVES Tony Curtis - Claudia Cardinale	Sunday, May 26 MODESTY BLAISE Dirk Bogarde - Monica Vitti
Thursday, May 16 LET'S KILL UNCLE Nigel Green - Mary Badhan	Thursday, May 30 THE CHASE Marlon Brando - Jane Fonda RESTRICTED NOTE: Proof of age must be submitted on request when attending Restricted films
Saturday, May 18 MARCO THE MAGNIFICENT Anthony Quinn - Orson Wells	

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50 cents per hour or \$5.00 per day — You buy gas and oil
- FOR BOAT RENTALS - CALL LOCAL 250 (Fire Hall) ASK FOR "NCO i/c BOATS," or drop in in person
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- Capt. Bob Rivers, 407 Sqn. Arm O, Local 402 (Derby Chairman)
Cpl. Blackie Kelleff, X Area, Local 344 (Club President)
Cpl. Jack Wilson, 407 Armt., Local 448 (Club Secretary)
Cpl. Gerry Lanouette, 407 Armt., Local 488 (Club Vice-President)
Cpl. Gord Salt, Col Centre, Local 371
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NCO i/c Boats, Fire Hall, Local 250
- Watch for regular detailed reports on derby in the "Totem Times"

Classified Ads

FOR SALE: 12 x 60 Like new mobile home, 2 bedrooms, front kitchen. Has had adult occupancy only. Ph. 287-3072 after 4 p.m.

WANTED: Part time Manager for Comox Canadian Forces Credit Union. Qualifications: must be a retired or serving member of the Canadian Forces. Must have some administrative knowledge. Must have some knowledge of the Credit Union movement. Salary and hours will be discussed. All replies in writing to be mailed to Box 1030, Lazo, B.C. by May 15.

FOR SALE — Simpson Sears tent trailer with canopy, zip on add-a-room, 2, 3-inch delux mattresses, extra cot, bottled gas, gas stove, Coleman lamp, tent heater, folding table, ice cooler, spare wheel. Cpl. J. E. Parker, ph. 339-3922.

MOVIE camera equipment for sale, Ph. 339-4004.

FOR SALE — Trailer for 12'-14' boat, new 8:15 x 15" — 4 ply, tubeless, low profile tire, 8 foot plywood boat, car seat, 54" slat spring bed. Ph. 339-2350.

FOR SALE — Used half set golf clubs, MLH woods 1 and 3, irons 3, 5, 7, and 9 and putter. Ph. 334-4820 or 339-2211 Loc. 222. Ask for Cpl. Mills.

FOR SALE — '65 Oldsmobile all equipped, will take small car on trade. Ph. 339-2205.

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