



TOTEM TIMES



Only 115 (count 'em) Shopping Days 'til Christmas

Vol. 9

CFB COMOX, THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1968

No. 16

407 (VP) SDN. GREETES NEW CO



The drums rolled, the cymbals banged and the medals clanked as 407 lined up in true service fashion to say hello and goodbye to incoming and outgoing Commanding Officers. Actually no such words were spoken on the parade due to an ancient Air Force tradition that forbids talking on the parade ground except by the guys up front. The hellos and goodbyes were said in the messes after the parade.

— Jim Tremblay Photo

L/Col. Middleton Piped Aboard

On the 31 July the Demons officially welcomed their new Commanding Officer, Lt. Col. Herb Smale relinquished command of 407 in a handing-over parade to Lt. Col. John Middleton. After three and one half years as CO of 407 (VP) Sq. Lt. Col. Smale heads to Maritime Command Headquarters.

The new 407 Commanding Officer comes to CFB Comox from the headshed in Ottawa. Lt. Col. Middleton takes control of Demons with many years of Maritime service to his credit. As in the past the Demon capability will keep its top notch position as an ASW force.

To honor the occasion a full squadron turnout on parade was presented the new CO. Parade Commander, Lt. Col. Smale, made his final inspection prior to the march past. With the airman drawn up in three flights and the aircrew in single file to the rear, an outstanding review was presented the dias.

After reviewing the march past, Lt. Col. Middleton accepted the reins of the Squadron. As a final show of respect for the retiring Commanding Officer, the parade commander brought the Squadron forward for the traditional salute.

One Site For '69 Call Shot

NORTH BAY, Ont. (CFP) — The 1968 Call Shot competition was termed a big success following a critique of the meet by a board of experts convened at Air Defence Command Headquarters here.

They said that pitting of fighter squadrons together for the annual contest created a more competitive spirit amongst the contestants than had prevailed in previous meets.

This year's exercise, held at base Bagotville, Que., marked the first time since Canada acquired CF-101 Interceptor aircraft that ADC fighter squadrons had been brought together to determine their effectiveness in competition. Previously, they competed at their respective bases and the results were tabulated later at ADC headquarters. The critique board for the 1968 contest was established by ADC to review results of the contest and to plan the 1969 meet. All elements of the competition, such as ground environment, armament, maintenance and flight operations were represented.

ANOTHER GO? For the 1969 contest, the board decided to retain the competitive one-site concept but reached no definite conclusion regarding the location for the meet. They did disclose, however, that Bagotville is again the most likely choice since they can provide accommodations, ground support and other logistics required for the meet. While a definite date for the contest was not established by the board, ADC officials said it would probably be around the same period as this year which was May 25-28.

Trophies are awarded for the best overall squadron, the best individual aircrew team, the best maintenance team, leading crew and the top radar control team.

In the 1968 competition, 409 squadron from Comox, B.C., won the McBrien trophy as the best radar controller team, while their 25th North American air defence command division, McChord



— Jim Tremblay Photo

RED KNIGHT'S TUTOR THRILLS THOUSANDS

The Canadian Armed Forces solo aerobatic jet pilot, the Red Knight originated in 1959 at RCAF Station Portage la Prairie, Man. as the RCAF's contribution to the 50th anniversary of powered flight in Canada. The Red Knight was named after Germany's First World War ace, Baron Von Richt oven, whose legendary flying exploits earned him the title of "the Red Knight of Germany." Canada's Red Knight has thrill-

led millions across Canada and the U.S. with his spectacular displays of precision aerobatics in his bright red jet aircraft. The most outstanding aspect of the Red Knight's demonstration is his ability to confine his entire routine to the display area despite the relatively high speeds he attains.

Saturday the 3rd of August, Comox Day, saw Captain David

Curran of Kingston, Ontario, this year's Red Knight perform an intricate display of high speed precision aerobatics. Capt. Curran managed to keep his entire show within the confines of Comox Harbour and within easy viewing of the large crowds gathered on Comox wharf. The gasps and ahs of amazement attest to the fact that the crowd thoroughly enjoyed the Red Knight's complete show.

Capt. Curran is no stranger to high performance jet aircraft. His past reveals that he has spent almost 10 years flying jets both operationally and on instructional tours before assuming his new role as the Red Knight. He pilots the Canadian designed and built Tutor jet trainer and will appear all across Canada before relinquishing his position. His next major commitment will be the Abbotsford Air Show.

Abbotsford Air Show

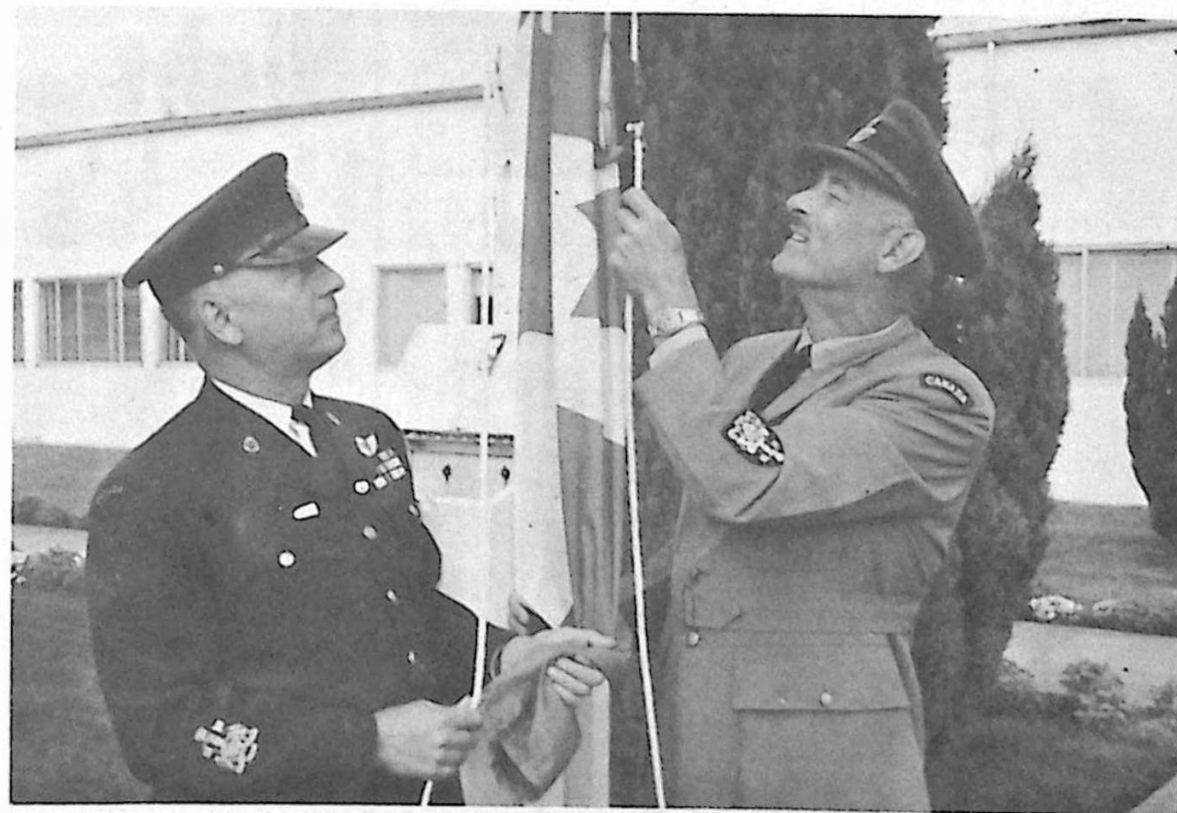
Welcome to the wonderful world of airplanes. This is the theme of this year's Abbotsford Air Show! Spread before the fortunate individuals who manage to make it out to that veritable oasis in the desert known as VFR Land will be all the airplanes in the world, give or take one or two. Before you, oh fervent worshipper of silver wings you will see the mighty Argus from across the great sea known as the Straits of Georgia. You will be introduced to that god of the heavens called the Voodoo and the fearless warrior who commands it. You will be forced to cover in wretched respect before that levitation of land and sea, the gofast striped Albatross. Oh what wonderful things will befall the deserving mortals who make the pilgrimage to Abbotsford this weekend. However, as the God of FAA and DOT, has not shined upon us favorably this year, you will not be able to view the Avro Arrow, the Avro Flying Saucer, or the HMCS Bonaventure. Oh the shame of it all!

AFB, Washington, won the Tyn-dall trophy.

The Vincent trophy for the best individual air crew went to Captain Bill Purdy and Keith Bottoms, pilot and navigator of a CF-101 belonging to the 425 squadron from Bagotville. Crews of the 425 squadron also won the Hughes trophy for the best base technical support team, and the CF-101 weapons loading trophy for best loading team.

Call Shot is a combat readiness type competition in which four flying crews from each of the ADC fighter squadrons carry out missions ranging from low level interceptions to supersonic flights against simulated "enemy aircraft." Ground technicians, radar controllers and armourers support their respective flying teams.

NEW BWO OLD QOR RSM



"This is where we keep the flag," CWO Ostrander, the Base Warrant Officer explains to his replacement CWO Fred Thomas. "Well I'll be darned," exclaimed CWO Thomas, "That's the same kind of a place that we use to keep ours in the Queens Own Rifles".

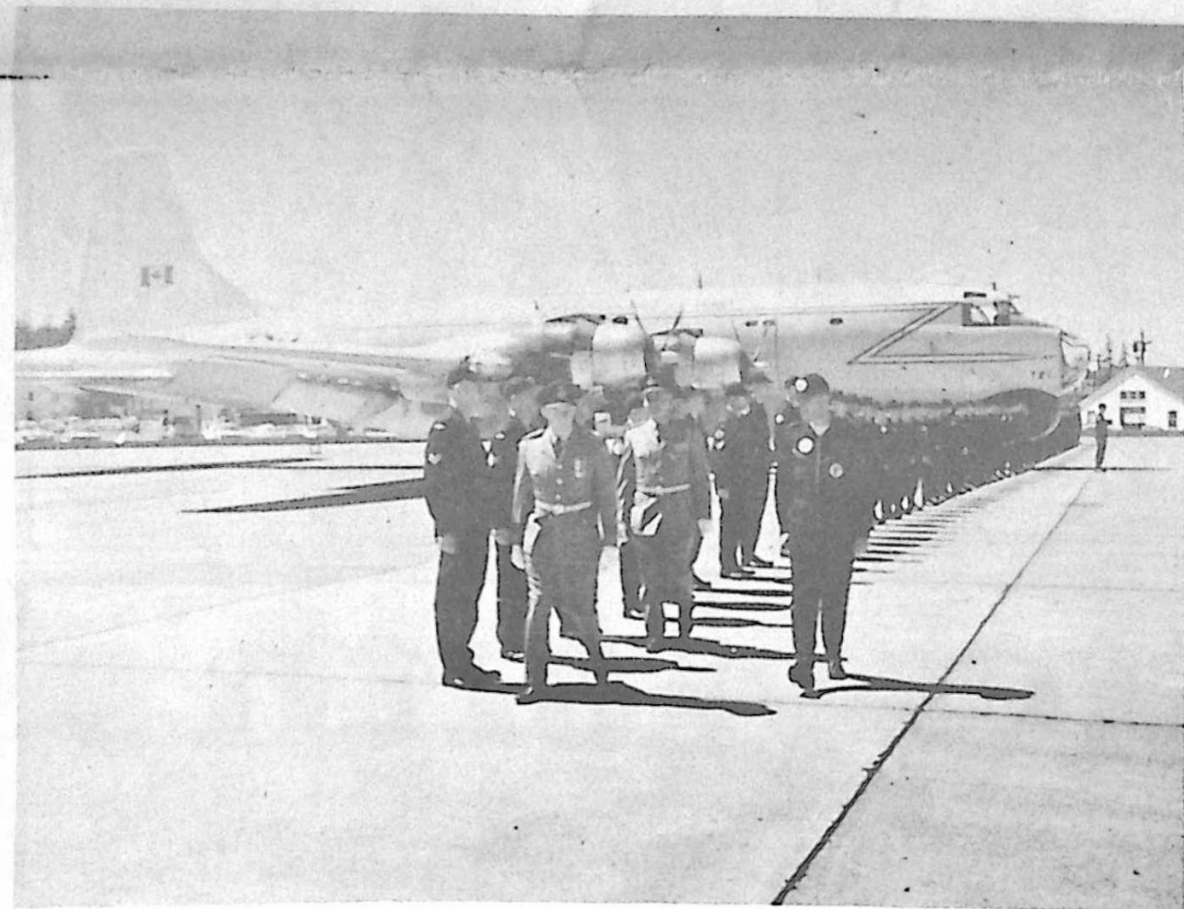
— Times Photo

Oriole 6th

OTTAWA (CFP) — They didn't win any hardware but two maritime command yachts provided gainful experience for trainees in trans-Atlantic, trans-Pacific races in July.

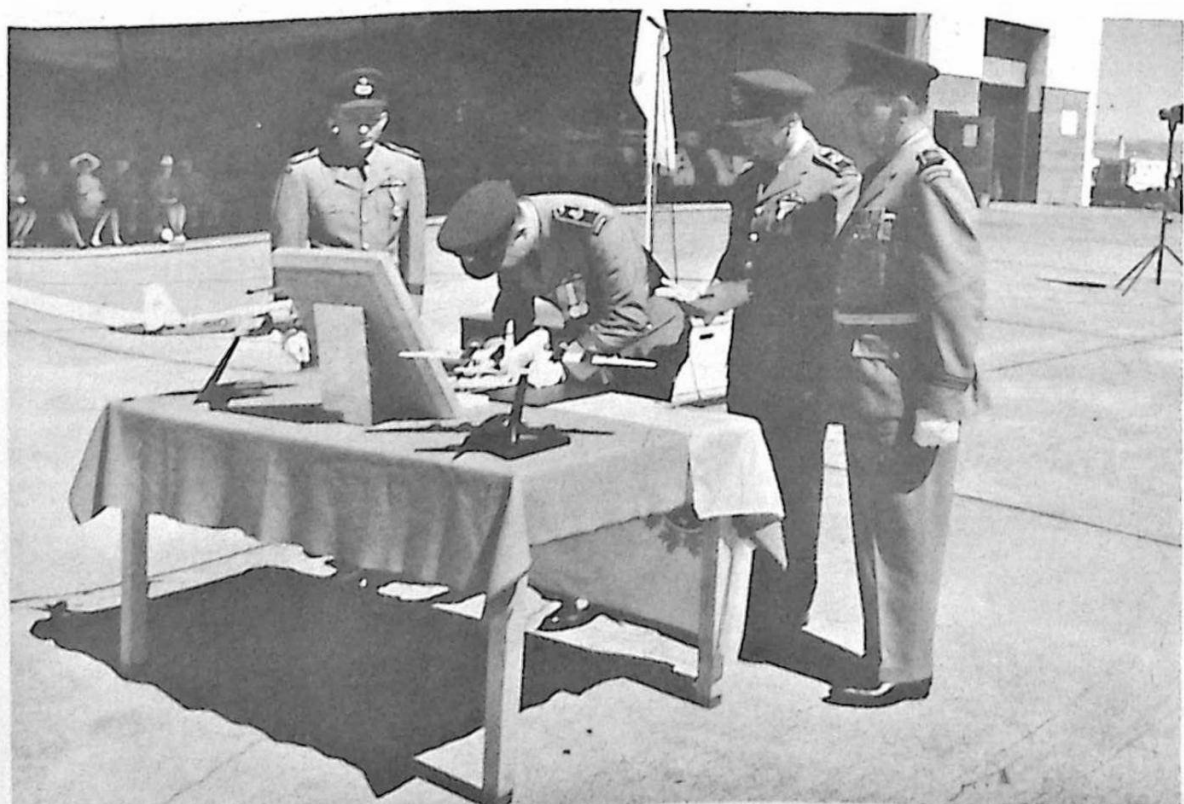
The work-and-play races resulted in HMCS Oriole, 91 foot ketch, getting across the line in sixth place of 14 contenders July 20 in the 2,400-mile Victoria-Maui, Hawaii, international yacht race.

The yawl Pickle reached Travemunde, Germany, from Bermuda July 26 with an unofficial standing of 19 out of 33 starters.



The bosun piped "all hands turn to" and all the members of 407 Aircrew receive their final inspection by the departing Commanding Officer L/Col. Herb Smale. The Aircrew showed their finest by turning out with their boots shined, flying suits patched and pressed, their snappy squadron caps set squarely for and off and all A/C's propellers turned so that each had one blade pointing straight down.

— Jim Tremblay Photo



L/Col. John Middleton signs the handing over papers and accepts the command of 407 (VP) Squadron from L/Col. Herb Smale. L/Col. Middleton came from of 407 (VP) Squadron from that was with the Argus in Greenwood, where he CFHQ in Ottawa and before the Argus. L/Col. Smale leaves Comox for Halifax and logged some 2000 hrs. on the Maritime Headquarters.

— Jim Tremblay Photo



DEMON DOINS

Once again "that time" of year has come. The Squadron secondary duty roster has been updated. The PTO department has been passed to Captains John "Nosey" Moberly and George "Gabby" Krisk. Along with the other duties of PTO they have assumed the bi-monthly contribution for Demon's Doins. Now you know who to blame.

The past few weeks have been busy for the Demons. The main event being the change of CO's. Lt. Col. Smale relinquished command of 407 (VP) Squadron to the capable hands of Lt. Col. John Middleton. The handing over parade and ceremony were held on 31 July. The parade was deemed an overall success. A Kudo goes to Lt. Col. Middleton for having the shortest acceptance speech ever recorded. The new record at 43/4 seconds, left the head of the mushrooms green with envy. It is rumoured that a solemn vow was made that the record would be regained. Our second Kudo of the day is presented to WO Parker for management of the parade. Conditions, similar to the Sahara at high noon, were termed perfect by DP's across the country.

On the social side the squadron officers provided a tea party on the 31 July and the farewell party on 1 Aug. The tea party had a scanty attendance, possibly due to the fact that refreshments were as advertised. However, the farewell party will not be soon forgotten. Lt. Col. and Mrs. Smale bade fond farewell to the Demons. As a token of Squadron feeling, a silver tea service and lovely bouquet of

flowers were presented to the departing couple. Half time entertainment, provided by Lt. Bill Delaney and cohorts, proved very enjoyable. After watching F/L Winn's antics one could hardly resist having the same type of accident.

In keeping with this atmosphere, Lt. Col. Smale made a small presentation to the head of 442 Squadron. A cake, fashioned after King Mushroom, was handed to Lt. Col. Payne. The gift being gracefully accepted we returned to the festivities.

At a station dining in night on 2 August, the officers of CFB Comox attended a retirement function for two former Demons. After many years of fine service Maj. "Red" Hazlett and Capt. Bob Black are leaving the air force for greener pastures. The Demons stand together in wishing these gentlemen all the best in the future.

Even with all the social functions the operation life on Squadron never dulled. Crew 1, with Capt. Don Chapman at the helm made successful round robin patrol to Adak. Reciprocal for the many controversial answers as to the purpose of the outriggers on the MAD boom the American hosting squadron taught the crew a new dance. The new step will be presented to the Demons in the near future. Crew 2 departed for a trip to San Diego this past Thursday. Capt. Jerry Regher, our new addition from S/Side, promised that no harm would befall any of the uninitiated members of the crew. A report on their antics is not available as they will not be back

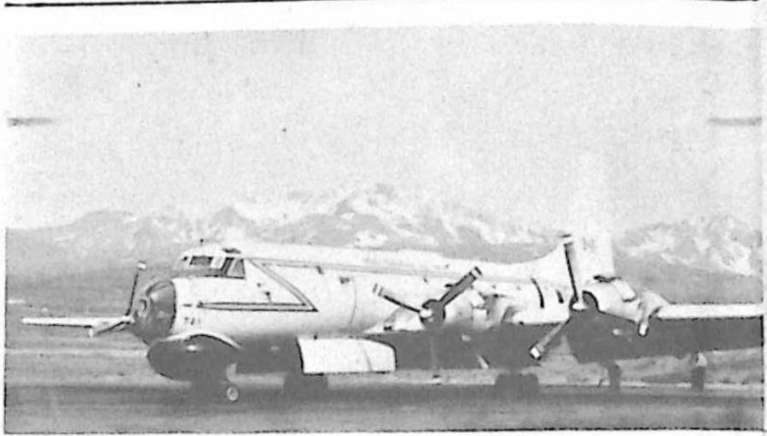
Demon's Retire

On Friday, August 2, 407 Squadron and CFB Comox turned out to say goodbye to two good friends, Capt. R. J. "Bob" Black CD, and Maj. C. "Red" Hazlett DFC CD who were honored on the eve of their retirement with a dining-in night held in the Officers Mess. Capt. Black was born in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan on January 15, 1922. He first joined the RCAF in April 1941 and was posted to training. He was then posted to 1(F) OTU RCAF Station Bagotville and 1ATT RCAF Station Greenwood before going overseas to join 438 Squadron in April 1945. Bob received his Pilot's Wings on July 17, 1942, and while overseas received the Canadian Volunteer Service Medal with Clasp, the France and Germany Star, and the War Medal. He returned to Canada in September 1945, and civilian life in November of the same year. Capt. Black rejoined the RCAF in February, 1951 and has been a career officer since that time. The highlights of his career since 1951 include postings to 1(F) OTU Chatham in 1952, 4(F) OTU Trenton in 1959 where he received the Canadian Forces Decoration, 1(F)S Moosejaw and 1(F)S Rivers in 1963. He first came to Comox as a CE officer in July 1966. After becoming a Demon in May 1967, he attended course 92 at 2(M) OTU Summer-side and again resumed flying duties with 407 Squadron until his retirement.

Major Hazlett first saw the light of day in Little Woody, Saskatchewan on July 12, 1921. He received his wings as an Air

Gunner in September 1941, and his commission in 1943. During the Second War he received his Operations wings with a first Bar. Major Hazlett was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross on March 29, 1945 after he and his crew were instrumental in destroying a German U boat. In 1950 he received the 1939/45 Star, the Atlantic Star, the Canadian Volunteer Service Medal with Clasp and the 1939/45 War Medals. Awarded the Canadian Forces Decoration in 1954, he received the first Clasp in 1963. The highlights of Maj. Hazlett's career include tours at Western Air Command in 1945, Search and Rescue Vancouver in 1948, North Western Air Command HQ Edmonton in 1949. He then got into the Maritime Command circuit and with one small exception has remained in the command until his retirement. He went to Maritime Command Headquarters in 1950, AFHQ in 1953, 407 Squadron Comox in 1958, and CFB Greenwood in 1961. On July 23, 1966 he was appointed as Chairman of the Saskatchewan District Centennial Planning Staff. Returning to 407 Squadron in November 1967, Major Hazlett and his family have decided to make their home in the Comox Valley area, where he plans to catch all of the local salmon.

The Officers and Men of CFB Comox, and especially the members of 407 Squadron would like to wish Bob and his wife Ev, and Red and his wife Ruth all of the very best in the future and we certainly hope to see you again in the future.



At 2400 hrs. on July 22, Crew 1, 407 (VP) Squadron, departed CFB Comox. With crew captain, Don Chapman, at the controls Argus 20721 headed seaward for another lengthy ASW patrol. This was one of the normal trips carried out by the Demons in their primary role as sub hunters. The only difference was that this particular trip would terminate at Adak. This lonely U.S. Navy

until after the paper has gone to press.

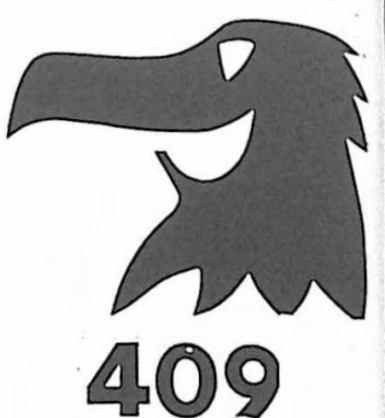
The Neptunes have finally received their travel orders. The ferry flights from Comox to Saskatoon will commence on 6 Aug. After spending many years by the sea they now go to the birthplace of Canada's seafaring men, the Prairies.

With all the departures it is only fair to mention that the Demons have also had many new arrivals in the past few weeks. Too numerous to mention by name we would like to say, Welcome to the fold. You now belong to the top Squadron in the Forces.

station is located in the western part of the Aleutian chain. For the uninitiated, Adak leaves a lot to be desired. The weather is always poor and the local terrain being made up of old volcanoes is certainly very forbidding to say the least. All landings in Adak are tough at the best of times but for a crew that had been flying for sixteen continuous hours there is that additional element of fatigue. However, the gods were smiling and the weather on landing was the best that station had seen for some months.

Upon arriving the Demon crew were met by the XO and officers of VP 46. These gentlemen are old friends of 407, having come from Moffat for their tour of operations. For a few of the Orion aviators the Argus was something to be seen while for the others it was old hat. During the few days that were spent preparing for the return trip there were numerous OP's briefings and social functions for the Argus crew. Unfortunately the prevailing conditions at Adak are not conducive to lengthy visits so the Demons were only to happy to get airborne for the return trip home.

Night Hawk's Nest



Have you ever wondered how a Nighthawk gets the way he is? Well so have I, and here are some observations that may help to explain the phenomenon. When scrambled:

A Nighthawk races through the QRA - leaps for the cockpit ladder - and sticks his foot between the first and second rungs, or:

A Nighthawk races down the corridor of QRA - makes a sharp right turn at the end - and ends up in the washroom, or:

A Nighthawk tears out of the Seven Hangar briefing room - down the stairs and into the breezeway - and then stops to help the CO peel himself off the back of the breezeway door.

A Nighthawk tells visiting American buddies that "Doc" Casselman is the CO of the Black Duck, and "Doc" Payne is the station obstetrician.

A Nighthawk goes on a sea-survival exercise on the Black Duck and gets seasick and the hiccup at the same time.

A Nighthawk goes nite flying with the Base Commander and tries to talk him into a burner pass over the Officers' Mess.

A Nighthawk comes out of the Base Commander's office at 0930 the following morning with you-know-what heaped on his head.

A Nighthawk is a troop who

looks so young that he has to have a vote from the CO to get a drink in the Mess.

A Nighthawk drives down town on July 1st - stops at the intersection and whips his arm out to signal a left turn - and bashes the traffic mountrie right in the mouth.

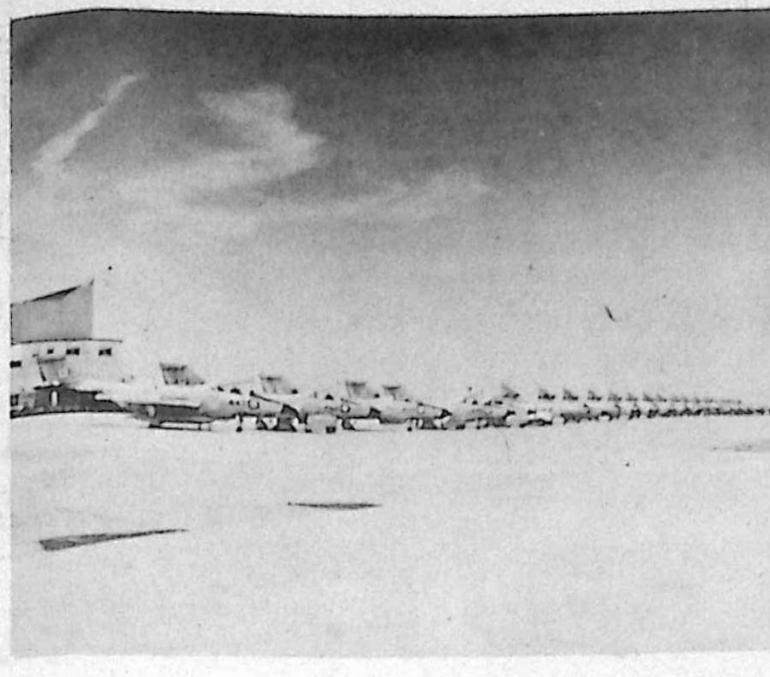
A Nighthawk steps off the street in front of a bus and then tries to explain to the mountrie that he was keeping a sharp look-out for parachute flares.

A Nighthawk diets and exercises for months - loses no weight - and decides to be jolly instead.

A Nighthawk spreads stale bread out on the patio to attract the seagulls so 407 will feel at home.

A Nighthawk can be seen on the patio every morning with a stiff brush and a shovel.

A Nighthawk is a single type who takes his girlfriend to the drive-in movie and discovers that she hasn't seen the picture. Ed's Note: To all gentlemen who indulge in writing the Nighthawk's Nest, we on the Totem Times wish that you would refrain from insulting 407 in your columns. After all there are much more of them than there are of you and we on the base paper would hate to have to print 409 casualty figures!



Pick yourself an airplane from one to twenty-one and win yourself an all expense paid trip to the boneyard in Saskatoon. No sport fans, CFB Comox has not become ADC's equivalent to the burial ground of the elephant. These planes are actually here on an exercise, as any member of 409's ground crew will substantiate, however, it sure looks like a terrific waste of a choreographer's talent!

Department of National Defence

Fourteen members of Britain's Imperial Defence College will tour government, defence and industrial installations in Canada beginning Aug. 7.

Tour leader is Captain L.G.W. Robertson, Royal Navy.

The members begin their tour in Ottawa where they will confer with senior defence and government officials, visit the Parliament Buildings and RCMP headquarters.

They leave Aug. 10 for Niagara Falls via Toronto to tour Ontario Hydro facilities. In Toronto Aug. 11-12, the group will be briefed on provincial government, tour Toronto City Hall and visit the Canadian General Electric Plant.

On Aug. 13 the members fly to Sudbury for a tour of International Nickel Co. and then on to Winnipeg for briefings and tours of the grain farming and marketing industry Aug. 14.

The group will stop off at Edmonton on the way to Vancouver Aug. 15 for briefings on Alberta provincial government. In Vancouver the members will visit B.C. Hydro, the Pacific National Exhibition, Simon Fraser University and a McMillan and Bloedel lumber mill.

They will take the train to Calgary Aug. 17, flying on to Quebec City Aug. 19 after visiting the Alberta Trailer Co.

In Quebec City the members will attend provincial briefings and tour the Citadel and other historical sites, leaving for Montreal Aug. 21. There they will tour the Montreal stock exchange and St. Lawrence Seaway area.

The tour concludes Aug. 22 when the party returns to Britain. Included in the group visiting Canada will be 11 military officers and three civilians, representing Britain, Ghana, India, Australia and Kenya.

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ACROSS THE CITY—
ACROSS THE COUNTRY



Cpl. Burl Workman from 407 Demon workshop has just been transferred to Europe. Burl, an AE Tech has been with the squadron for 8 years. Here he exhibits for us his interesting hobby of making fancy coffee tables from old B.C. trees. Burl thought for a while that his transfer might put an end to his productive pastime, however, he has just learned about an interesting place called the Black Forest. The last we saw of him, he was running around on clearances with a chain saw under his arm and singing "A Walk in der Black Forest." If we caption his picture he's threatened to pour fibreglass all over us.

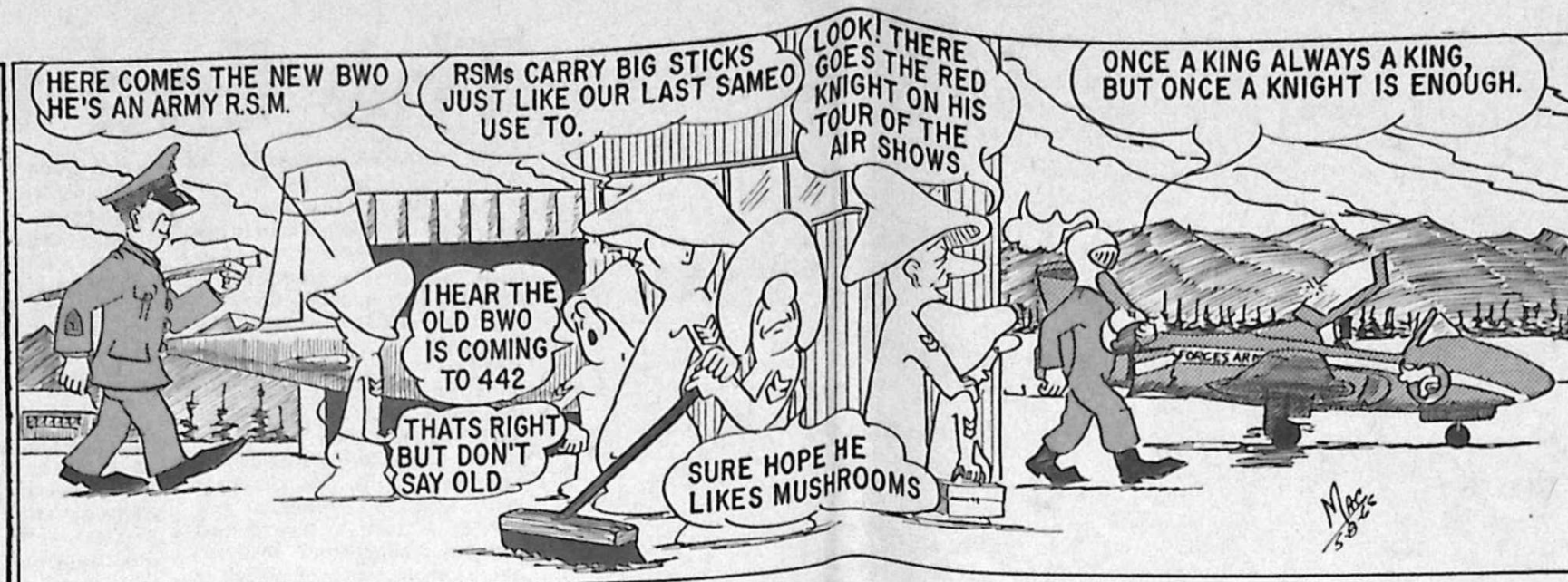
— Jim Trembley Photo



407 sqn's recent handing over ceremony was just upstaged by a far greater happening in 409. Here we have Capt. Mel Warren officially handing over the position of Sqn. Flight Safety Officer to Lt. Harry Chapin. This photo was taken at official FSO handing over ceremonies at CFB Comox on 30 July 68 and was saluted by a march past of GCA controllers carrying pickets. The CDS was unable to attend Harry's parade (incidentally, Harry is known as Mr. Fly-Safe of 409), however, he sent as his emissary Major Larson who instantly denied the rumour that Harry is actually a Navigator who got confused and climbed into the wrong seat one day and liked it so much that they couldn't get him out!

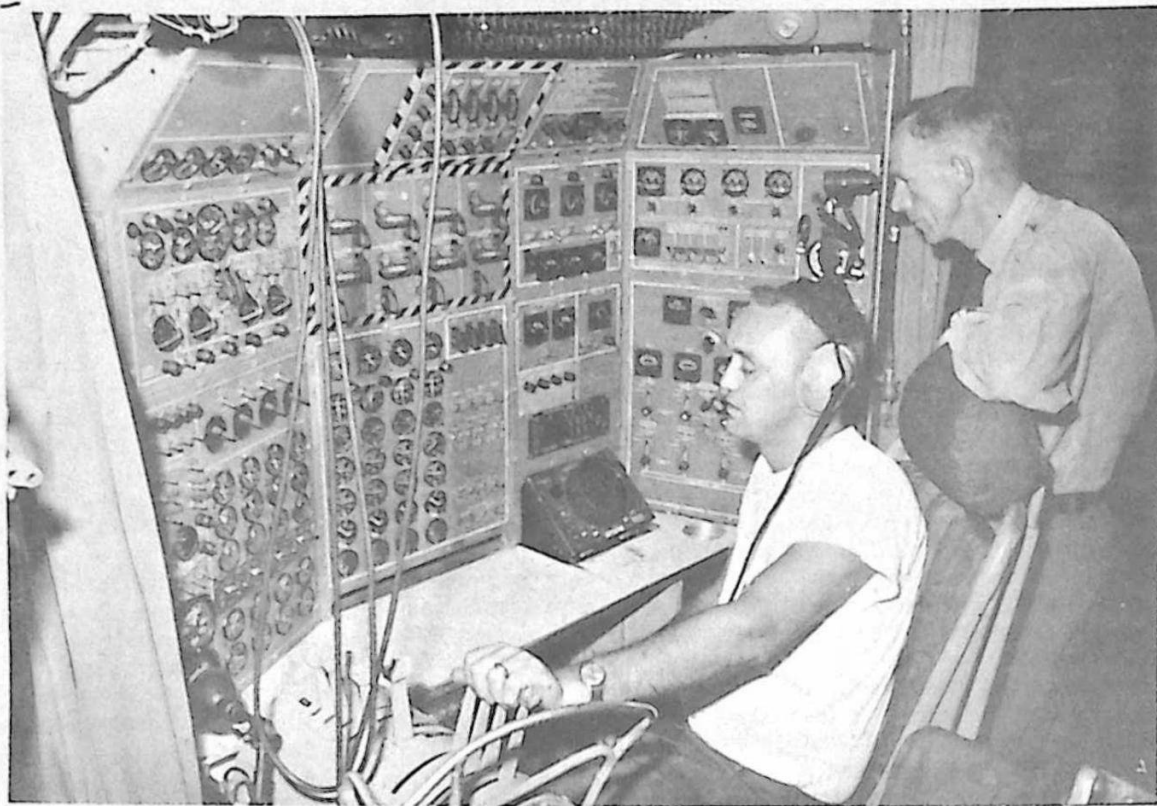
FUNGUS FEATURES

by Mac



407 SQN. SERVICING

by Jim Tremblay



"These run-ups would sure be a lot simpler without all of those crazy dials to distract a guy," thinks Cpl. Gerry Kee as he masterfully checks out the Argus's fire warning system. "I sure hope that Gerry isn't distracted by all those dials," thinks WO Lowdon as he masterfully watches Cpl. Kee. During the run-ups it is extremely important that all engine gauges are closely watched. Should a malfunction develop the ailing engine can be quickly shut down to prevent damage.

Jim Tremblay Photo



"Whee, I've always wanted to fly one of these," thinks Cpl. Scotty Scotland. Scotty's particular job in this run-up is to ride the brakes and prevent any unauthorized take-offs!

Jim Tremblay Photo

The Demon's Workshop

By JIM TREMBLAY

When the huge Argus aircraft taxis to its parking area, and the four large fans are brought to a stop, the work only begins for the servicing crew. While the metal structure of the Argus creaks back into place, and the mighty power plants groan and snap while cooling off, the ground crew waits for the serviceable or unserviceable verdict. If everything is ok, the Warrant Officer in charge of the shift crew gives the order to all trades concerned to carry out a post flight inspection.

The aircraft is suddenly invaded by dozens of men. The Aero Engine techs push their stands to position and quickly begin to disrobe the engines of their cowlings, and to scrutinize them from front to back, and top to bottom, carrying with them an ample supply of rags to wipe off the incessant flow of oil; a very prominent feature of reciprocating engines.

The Airframe Techs, dividing themselves into a search party of five men, promptly go into action searching the huge metal structure and complicated control system for flaws or possible failures. This also includes the undercarriage where there are 10 tires to scrutinize. Nothing goes undetected. The aircraft must also undergo a window cleaning and galley check.

A huge yellow beast, belching black smoke, is connected to the aircraft with large electrical cables, providing power for the various trades to carry out their checks; Instruments, Electrical,

Telecom, Armament, Photo and Safety Systems. The aircraft is lit up like a Christmas Tree. After everything has been done, the plane is re-fueled for its next mission.

While this has been going on, perhaps a departure took place, so the next shift will probably look after this aircraft when it returns.

Occasionally an aircraft gets dirty. The Airframe Techs tape all scoops and vents, and the soap machine is filled with 45 gallons of detergent. All trades are combined into one, and a giant plane wash takes place. This reduces corrosion, and also helps to fade the paint a little.

On trips recovering at foreign bases (Adak is about as foreign as you can get), some ground crew usually fly along with the aircraft; one man from each trade. This usually means long hours since the trip is also part of a patrol. However, no time is wasted if there is a component failure as spares are carried in the aircraft and repairs are done quickly.

Often spares are not always available, and must be manufactured locally. Workshop technicians have done a tremendous job thus far, and the welders have had many chances to keep in practice by mending flight hoods. Once in a while, a tradesman feels somewhat tired and disgruntled. "Why couldn't I work on a Chipmunk instead?" he asks. This, however, soon slips his mind.

Under the leadership of Major Dove, Squadron C Tech O and Captain Parker, Squadron ASO, along with their team of Warrant Officers and Sergeants, the show goes on. They rarely take no for an answer, and have given them moral support and suggestions to make the work easier.

We feel proud to be a part of their great team. After all, we must keep the DEMONS out of our hair, and let them raise hell over the sea instead.

TREMBLAY TREMBLES

It all started a decade or so ago, when I was based with Search and Rescue in Trenton. A film based on an actual rescue operation had been in the making for some time and the final sequences had to be filmed in the bush country north of Ottawa. In making a movie all sequences are shot under different conditions according to the story, and since all the previous filming of the main parts had been done, all that remained was the final episode in a wild area covered with snow near a lake. This movie was about two people who crashed their light plane and had been lost for some time. Also showing, were the personnel usually involved in a search operation of this nature.

My role in this particular movie was that of a ground search party leader with his crew heading towards the crash site on snowshoes with the necessary equipment to build a landing pad for a helicopter. We were first flown to the location to erect a campsite for the filming. At the site we immediately erected the tents, however, we had no heating equipment except for the large fire we made. Since we were supposed to finish in two or three days we didn't mind too much. However, at 20 below zero in my pup tent I was quite uncomfortable as during the night I had to make a trip outside, for obvious reasons.

Next day, we had clear weather and the cameramen shot a sequence in which we the search team, came out of an Otter a/c with all our gear. We then headed towards the crash site where they were also filming. I was carrying a large power saw and a 5 gallon can of gas, quite a load. The next sequence for the day was our party coming down from a small hill towards us, crashed a/c, we had procured for the occasion. There had to be 2 or 3 retakes as I broke 3 pairs of snow-shoes as well as coming out from under the trees with a neck full of snow. Quite a job I tell you. Finally as we approached the cameras we were supposed to cheer and smile. I did but swore at the same time.

Now the next film sequence was of myself cutting trees to make the landing pad for the helicopter rescue scene. This took place by the small lake near the campsite and was going quite smoothly. That is until I saw the helicopter pilot coming in to land in the shaded portion of the lake instead of the spot we had designated. After they landed the crew headed for coffee. This is when I noticed, as I got closer to the chopper, water around the right wheel area. The water was coming through the ice and I had seen that many times before while bush flying. I also remembered shovelling for 3/4 of a mile to get an old Norseman a/c out of trouble.

The ice forms in 2 layers and you sometimes break through the first layer onto the second one. You must then clear a patch before the water freezes the a/c to the spot. You must shovel like mad to obtain enough clearance for the prop and with full power rock the wings to get moving. In this case it was entirely different. I ran up to the crew and told them the situation. They ran for their chopper, started the engine, and attempted to get off. However, as soon as the main rotor was engaged, the vibrations caused the a/c to wobble slightly and break right through the ice. It was an embarrassingly loud

"Kaaaplunk" followed by complete silence.

We had enough time to remove some survival equipment and I then cut 3 long poles to place under the rotor blades to support the a/c. By the time we had finished placing the poles to prevent the chopper from sinking further, we were all wet and since there was no further danger we called it a day and headed for camp.

We tried to contact someone on our SARAH sets, but none would work so we decided that three of us would snowshoe our way towards a road to try and make contact with the Air Base. Equipped with axes, rifles, and parachute flares, myself and two others set out and walked for an hour. The stars were shining but it was bitterly cold and dark. Our snowshoes were filling with sash and since walking on the craggy shoreline was nearly impossible, we were soon very tired. We decided to turn back to camp. High above we heard a twin engine a/c and as soon as we saw its lights we fired a flare. He acknowledged with his landing lights. At the same time the boys back at camp were firing everything they had; yellow, red and green flares. Just like Dominion Day.

Back at camp we sat down and ate the remainder of our rations as we were sure that a search plane would be sent out that night. An a/c was sent and made a low pass with its landing lights on. After noting our predicament,

it returned to base.

The next day rations were dropped to us. We opened them up and I managed to grab a package of cigarettes. I lit one and somehow was able to burn my lips. Since it was an old wartime brand I decided, so much for the smoking. Next we tried the chocolate. It was packed in 1945 and tasted that way also. What a sumptuous repast!

Snow then began to fall and we realized that we were going to be there for a while so we had to make the best of everything. We sang and told stories all night as well as discussing real food and beer. We were never really put to a test but we were frustrated over the various happenings. Regardless of how it came about, we were there until better weather.

Better weather arrived in three weeks and a helicopter arrived to fly us out. Soon we were back in the mess with our buddies although initially we didn't look like typical clean cut servicemen. The SWO came up to me and after taking my name and number, directed me to the nearest bath. The next day we were back in Trenton.

Back home I was asked, "how does it feel to be an actor?" I made no comment except to say that it was just a typical episode in an airman's life. The film was successful although no one thought to thank us for our ordeal. As for me, I'm giving up acting and staying behind the cameras from now on!

GEORGE HAMM

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ART MEYERS

Art is well known in the Comox Valley where he has served with the Air Force for the past four years. Art is an ardent curler and he is on the executive of The Comox Valley Curling Club. He would like to extend his personal invitations to all his friends and acquaintances in the area to come in and see him whether buying or selling Real Estate.



JOHN MORRIS

Mr. Morris has recently taken his release from the Canadian Armed Forces Base, Comox, after having served twelve years in the Air Branch. At the time of his release, John held the position of Operations Officer with 409 Squadron, Comox. He has resided in Comox for the past 3 years.

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TOTEM TIMES

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It's Nice to Be Wanted

Germany's Defence Minister, Mr. Gerhard Schroeder's recent good will visit to Canada had more economic undertones than military. Schroeder's justifiable concern over the possibility of Canada's withdrawal from the NATO force in Europe again proves the integral part the military plays in a country's economy.

All of our servicemen in Europe add up to a total force of some 11,000 men approximately 11 per cent of our entire military establishment. Considering the paychecks of these men and combining them with all the necessary logistics it's not hard to come up with an expense bill of over 100 million dollars, probably a conservative yearly estimate.

So why does our government continue to pump millions of dollars yearly into the economy of West Germany? The reasons are quite clear! The NATO force in Europe was formed at a time when the world political situation contained a very real threat to the weakened Western European countries. Canada as well as the U.S. took on the responsibility to send forces to Europe supposedly to support the NATO forces already there. A significant economic fact is that the other forces assigned to NATO were stationed in their own countries, thereby not subsidizing any other economies. Once the commitment had been made and continued to be justified, Canada had no choice but to continue supplying and supporting troops in Europe.

In reviewing the present NATO set-up as promised by our new government, the first question that should be asked is: can we still justify the presence of our forces in Europe? The answer must come out; no! Germany's military power is almost 5 times that of Canada's and is considered to have become in the last year, the most powerful in Western Europe. Britain is slowly withdrawing her forces from around the globe in favour of a less costly and more powerful force at home. France, no longer seeing the threat to her political sovereignty as we do, simply pulled out of the NATO force completely but continues to maintain a very well equipped force at home.

So just what are we doing over there? The NATO countries in Western Europe are continuing to show us the futility of our presence in Europe. Britain has shown us that unnecessary military globe-trotting is a useless and expensive proposition in this day and age. France obviously sees no real threat and Germany, it would seem, is well able to take care of herself.

The reasons behind Mr. Schroeder's visit are now very evident. His government in Bonn wants Canadian Forces in Germany for their economic value. 100 or so million dollars per year injected into Germany's economy can't help but give it a healthy boost. Perhaps its time we brought the people back from Europe and gave our own economy a needed shot in the arm. We could leave with the promise to come back "when something happens."

Are we Prostituting our talents?

Once upon a time, when Swiss mercenaries had the reputation as the most formidable fighting men in the world, military retirement policy was no problem. When a soldier grew so old (30 or more) that his reflexes began to slow, or his breath began to shorten, he just quietly faded away - with a cross bow's bolt between his eyes or a sword separating his ribs. His possessions were divided among his fellows who quaffed an ale for him in farewell and then forgot him. Ideal, what? No speeches, no regrets, and no pension.

The military desire to take the best and most vigorous years of a man's life has not changed. What has changed however, and caused a problem, is the life expectancy of the military man. Our present service technique for taking the good years without having to take the bad, has definite shades of pied piping. A young man, physically fit and potentially capable, is enticed into the services with promises of adventure and glamour. He is kept on the string with bolstered hopes of financial gain in the form of gratuities, or promotion, or per-

haps a posting to Europe. If he shows promise, but still fits the military mold, he is offered a permanent commission and encouraged by his superiors to accept it.

After signing on for a career the young man doesn't think too much about the flexibility he has forfeited or about the advantages he has relinquished. He may remain keen, dedicated, and loyal for years. He is given a decent salary which helps him to rationalize his continuance in a job which demands so little of him, and his self respect is thrown an occasional sop in the form of a make-work project with an impressive-sounding name.

So he whistles and fiddles all summer long while his qualifications become outdated and his individual abilities atrophy. He feels an occasional uneasiness as time and promotions pass him by, but the twinges become less frequent as he mentally ticks off the number of years to go before retirement. His most productive years are spent waiting and his pension has become his goal. He has become a rotting Boreas who spends his lifetime waiting. He could have been used, but wasn't.

What Cost Education?

Being totally immersed in the Service we may, at times, lose sight of the fact that others are not so fortunate. By this I do not mean that the Service is a complete Utopia or anything like it. We are all very well acquainted with all the pros and cons and these can be endlessly debated. What I do mean is that for many people on the "outside" the source of their next dollar is occasionally doubtful and if not doubtful, then very meagre indeed.

I am sure that a lot of readers are going to tell me to try to live on their salary and then I'd sign a different tune. But the fact remains that the Service is one of the few employees that is not really concerned with the past educational record of its employees. There are certain minimum requirements set down but these are hardly what can be called stumbling blocks. The essential point is that after you sign on the dotted line it is back to square one again and you start all over from there.

No matter what all the malcontents may say or what you may hear the Service looks after its own concerning education. There are probably some isolated incidents where some obvious injustice has been done but these are usually rare. After all, we are only human, aren't we? If one is willing to improve oneself and this always takes a good deal of work, there are very few times when it doesn't pay off. Any Service course is by and large a very good course and none should be frowned upon or passed by if the opportunity arose to participate.

What is the aim of further education? This is a simple question as this is the only way in which to get further responsibility and with responsibility comes advancement. The best of it is that it is all free. There are no fees, tuition, or living expenses. It is a blank cheque from the government to you asking that you fill in the amount. All they ask is your trust and your energy. Is it too much?



Scouts Honour Colonel, I was on the exercise over Canada and I was intercepted by an aircraft that had English markings on one side and French markings on the other side.

Who Really Cares?

Today's wide and wonderful news media has created for us a grand and glorious offspring; the critic, sometimes called the news commentator. Critics are now an integral part of our society. They are people who comment vehemently on every news event from day to day and yet are rarely qualified to even open their mouths. The best critics are people who read, know, and care the least, are slightly educated and talk the most. The survival of the critic depends entirely on the activity in the world and were it not for his daily feeding of scraps from the news services, he would surely starve in an instant!

In the last month or so the critics have been feasting on a veritable wealth of information. The recent condemnation of birth control by Pope Paul has enabled the critics to rise to new heights in commenting. Policies relating to the starving children of Biafra have not escaped the tongue lashings of the critics and heart transplant morality presently rounds out the critic's main diet. The critics' arguments on these subjects are mildly interesting and although they are stereotyped, therefore not really worthy of comment, provide us with entertaining reading in the evening newspapers. The Pope's decision on birth control was actually a decision to continue

present policies rather than the proclamation of new ones. Once the critics get their fill of this, the subject will be largely ignored and the world will continue to turn complacently around the population problem.

The starving people in Africa appeal to the philanthropic personality that we find in some critics. People have been starving since the beginning of time; however, the publicity that Biafra is getting certainly satisfies the acceptably observant but disinterested on-lookers. We don't have to cross an ocean to find starving people but screaming at conditions many miles away is easier and makes more sense than commenting on local conditions about which you may be asked to render a hand in solving!

Organ transplants show the critics what wonderful society we really live in. It's so wonderful to see what modern medicine is doing for all of us. The fact that these transplants are strictly experiments for rich sick people and curious doctors, and if perfected will never be available for all citizens, is ignored by the masses in the continuing illusion that they do live on the right side of the fence.

So now you ask, what is this article trying to get at? It's very simple. We live in a society of have and have nots which is completely disinterested in the

problems of the world around us. How many Catholics families are following the present doctrine of their church, therefore, can say that the Pope's decision actually affects them? Very few doubt! How many people actually care about the people in Biafra? Unfortunately as it may be this problem has not changed in years. The family pet in Canada and the U.S. receives more thought than all the have nots in the world. As for the controversies raging over organ transplants, they happen with such low frequency that they don't really deserve a place in our everyday conversation. Curiosity is a wonderful thing, however, and tends to keep dull minds from wasting completely.

The job of the news commentator is to give the people what they want to hear much in the same manner as P.T. Barnum's philosophy. People on the average don't really care what goes on outside their tiny social circle but reading and reflecting on world affairs gives their egos a boost in the realization that they are actually concerned. This is the main case behind the hundreds of do-gooder cults springing up all over the land. Their actual accomplishments give a true reflection of their real concern. In closing we offer the critics or news commentators a bit of good advice which will protect their place in our society, "Soak it to them."

Up to the Empires

The military life presents to the outsider a life that, to say the least, does seem pretty idle. Clives do tend to look upon us as a strange breed apart from the rest of the world. We often break the unbreakable rule of not always working from nine to five. Our holidays are often up for suspect and to say that we really do pay our income tax, well that borders on heresy and you'd better be among friends if you are going to persist in saying things like that. Unfortunately, the hard facts of life, if unknown to our civilian counterparts, are very well known to us and to compound insult to injury they are often brought home in a manner that is far from pleasant.

To expose an innocent civilian to these facts is enough to cause severe paranoia and a general detachment from reality. Perhaps you may feel that this is an exaggeration but to bring things back into perspective let me introduce a matter that is near and dear to our hearts. For a moment let us dwell on the matter of EMPIRES. If nothing else in the services this idea or concept or whatever you wish to call it in those particularly lucid moments that we all have just before the bar closes is an integral part of our lives.

How or why this concept has taken over is something that has been lost in the closed files of time. The important fact is that unlike the dinosaurs this creation has not diminished but has grown in power and strength with every passing month. It has steadily grown into all areas and lucky is the person indeed who is not subject to it through all his working hours. So strong and powerful has it become that it has now gone through what can best be called a period of reverse metamorphosis. Instead of the beautiful butterfly we have the ugly caterpillar. To compound this felony it has actually become popular to have an empire! If nothing else in life it now seems that to be a success in the forces you have to, somehow, have complete control of an empire. This process of em-

pire-building has gotten completely out of control. It has become cancerous and has spread with the rapidity of the same disease and the same ramifications. It has become totally unwieldy and unmanageable. Destroying efficiency and morale for the sake of personal aggrandizement is hardly in keeping with our role as public servants, which is basically what we are.

The final question is whether or not this can be stopped and a return to the old system made possible. I don't see why it cannot be done. All that would be

required is that all the little empire-builders admit to themselves that it doesn't prove anything to anybody as to now big or so-called efficient their empire is. What it would prove is that some people are very capable and can do what is required of them without having to inform the world that he is capable of writing a letter. You can call it maturity or self-confidence or anything you want but the fact remains you would have least proved your self-worth.

How many can honestly do that?

Age No Qualification to Vote

1968 has been not only a good year for cheap wine but also for elections. In Canada, we have had our go at the federal politicians for '68 and down under the 49th, the American people are just getting warmed up to tackle theirs.

The winning Canadian party and both American parties have a common platform; youth! It seems that the politicians have finally awakened to the vast numbers of young people throughout our various lands and are adjusting their administrations to suit. Since the young people are becoming increasingly aware of the politicians newly found concern over their feelings it's just a matter of time before the youth of America will scream for more concessions and more recognition.

Young people are getting into the limelight almost daily. We've all seen news reports of student street riots, militant racial riots centered around young people, minor insurrections, etc. The is an old standby in this voting year, the lowering of the voting age. Amidst all the nonsense and turmoil caused by angry students, this one point has their desired change in policy!

DECLINE IN TB
New active cases of tuberculosis have declined dramatically in the last decade since the introduction of anti-tuberculosis drugs.

to fight you're old enough to vote is also a favourite argument of those advocating lowering of the voting age. Good point? Perhaps! One thing is evident; the system for deciding eligibility to vote is a poor one! What great transformation takes place between the age of 20 and 21? There are no doubt many people over 21 not mature enough to walk down a street alone, while without a doubt, there are many 18 year olds well qualified to vote in a federal election. Perhaps it's time to institute a set of qualification exams to be given to everyone over an arbitrary age, designed to test a person's knowledge of the current issues prevalent to voting day. If a person is senile at 60, he is less qualified to vote than a well informed 16 year old!

There are a lot of holes in this system, however, one can't deny it has merit. It might be difficult to convince a newly-elected government to revamp the voting system, however, if the nation's youth continue their present anti-establishment philosophy perhaps they might just receive their desired change in policy!

Happy but Confused Airplane Watcher.

The End to a Mean

One of the bitterest truths to a thinking man is that no man is indispensable. Nowhere is this fact more in evidence than in our present military force. All of us know people who have tried to bargain their qualifications for a particular job, a course, or a program of study. Most often they have lost. Why? Because the service demands a uniform, homogeneous group of 'individuals' that can flow to any part of the organization without any problem of a fit. But what happens when you reduce a wide variety of men to their lowest common denominator? Well, you get a whole bunch of pieces of men. Some have to operate at 50 per cent efficiency to fit the pattern; others can fill the mold with 5 or 10 per cent of what they have. Only the military can tolerate, nay insist upon such an operation.

When industry hires filing clerks or stock checkers, no university degree is demanded, or even wanted. When the postal

service hires mail carriers, the prime requisite is a good pair of legs (strong, not shapely). The military, though, pays great lip service to the shrine of education. But education breeds thinking, and thinking breeds discontent with the stultifying system which encourages deadening of all thought processes. A non-thinking soldier is a happy soldier. So let's get rid of all the thinkers, those malcontents who aren't happy with an inefficient and unwieldy machine, who beat their brains out striving for ideals and progress. We can train pilots with little intelligence but good co-ordination; we can turn out navigators with a few brains and no co-ordination; and we can get administrators to look after the whole mess and take care of the promotions.

What ever happened to the fifteen year commission that was rumoured a few years ago? That would have gotten rid of a few thinkers, a few of those brash enough or foolhardy enough to

believe that they could make a go of it on a civilian street. Or then there was the optional 20 year retirement with no penalty. That was another good one. A person would really have to be grasping at straws if he was a senior Sergeant or a senior Captain and he felt that he could improve his lot by moving on. He'd really have to be a thinker to do that. And it's so much easier not to think. Just collect your pay regularly, get drunk on Friday night and don't think. You can become like Aesop's bird who, for one whole summer completed the same daily transaction; he traded one of his feathers for two big juicy worms. It was so much easier than getting out and hustling, but he found, when it was time to fly South for the winter, that the question of his ever flying again had become purely academic. Perhaps that's the most insidious onslaught of all. If we keep our thinkers around for a 28 or 30 year 'Career', we will invariably find that they have become thinkers.

Ex Forces Form Attractive Labour Pool

Talk of retiring and you picture a man of 60 or 65 years of age, who is considering a time for fulfilling those never-had-time-to-do hobbies like fishing, reading and putting in the garden. But what of the 2,000 or so men and women between 45 and 50 who this year will reach compulsory retirement age - the servicemen of all ranks to be retired from the Canadian Forces?

For some of them it will be hard to start a second career since they are considered older workers. But the Department of Manpower and Immigration, in cooperation with the Department of National Defence, has realized the great executive and technical potential of this new labour pool. That's why Manpower and Immigration became a partner in the administration of the DND Civilian Employment Assistance Program (CEAP) on Jan. 1 of this year.

The number of retiring career servicemen this year, and for several years to come, will be heavier than it has ever been. Men - and some women - who joined during the Second World War are now reaching compulsory retirement. Most of those retiring are between 47 and 51 years old.

DND has been handling retirement problems itself for several years. However, the current heavier load led to the joint agreement with the Department of Manpower and Immigration which

has the appropriate and nationwide resources to place those retiring in new jobs.

Doug Wallace, who is in charge of Canada Manpower Centres CEAP activities, said in the period April 1 to June 30 of this year more than 700 applications for assistance were received at Canada Manpower centres across the country. Of this number, 125 have already been placed in jobs. Of the remainder, many have some months to go before completing their tours of duty.

In the year before their retirement, DND refers servicemen to its own counsellors who will ultimately put them in the hands of the M and I Department specialists. These specialists work in Canada Manpower centres near military bases where most men will be discharged.

For the employer, retiring servicemen have a wide range of technical and managerial skills to offer. A 25-year veteran is likely to have spent a substantial part of his career supervising others. Military men are also accustomed to constant training. For instance, the National Defence College equates well with any post-graduate college.

However, Canada Manpower centres are aware that retiring servicemen face a number of problems when they move back into civilian life. They are classed as older workers and a num-

ber of companies are reluctant to hire them for this reason. There may also be some employer misconceptions, especially among those employers who were in the service during the war and still equate soldering today with what it was 25 years ago.

The Department of Manpower and Immigration realizes that the skill differential between civilian and military jobs has narrowed substantially as military life has become more technologically oriented.

The fact that retired servicemen draw pensions can also be a problem. Some employers may be tempted to offer salaries sufficient only to bridge the gap between pension income and a serviceman's pre-retirement earnings.

Canada Manpower centre counsellors will certainly discourage servicemen from such job offers. There is a danger that low-salaried jobs will not be challenging and will offer little hope of advancement.

For those servicemen who do find their skills hard to transfer to the civilian world, Canada Manpower centres can call on the resources of such programs as the occupational training for adults program. This program is designed to help those who need training to find jobs or raise their earning capacities by upgrading the work skills they already have.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

Realizing what a fantastic influence on CFB Comox's policy your office obviously holds, why don't you use some of it to co-ordinate next year's participation in the Comox Day celebrations. The flying displays on Comox Day were exciting and welcome, however, disorganized they were.

At 1030, Saturday morning, three Voodoos thundered over Comox in a thrilling but completely unexpected show of speed and noise. About 11 a.m. the Voodoos came back to awaken the crowd once more and this act was followed by a well executed flying display by an Argus. Two p.m. saw the Red Knight perform over Comox Bay with an intricate display of flying, however, we didn't see too much of the advertised smoke. The Red Knight's act was then followed by an excellent show of Air Sea Rescue in action.

What I'm getting at Mr. Editor is that all of these shows would have been much better had they been organized in one long, well advertised display. I know that the Air Show co-ordination and commentary is probably out of your hands but why don't you drop a subtle hint to the bosses out at the base and organize everything a bit better next year. Individually this year they were all "good shows".

Signed
Happy but Confused Airplane Watcher.

Ed's Note:

Dear Happy; your points are quite well taken, and we're publishing your letter in order to air your views. You might, however, take cognizance of the fact that CFB Comox has already put on one organized air show this summer and we can't allow these things to interfere with operational commitments. We'll just leave you with the thought that our participation was probably organized around existing requirements and that "confused airplane watchers" are usually happier than "no airplane watchers."

Dear Editor:

Where on earth did our ALFIE go? The base theatre advertised two days of Alfie. We drove in from Courtenay to find some kind of substituted triple called 'Arriverdachi Baby' or something like that. This is not the first time this has happened and personally I find it darned annoying to say the least. I appreciate that it is not the fault of the poor man behind the pay desk who gets all the abuse and has to repeat 'We were out bidden' time and time again. Through your paper can we get a rundown on the manner in which we get our films and why we do not get what is advertised? Who picks the substitutes? What can be done to rectify this wrecking of an evenings planned entertainment.

Disgusted from Courtenay
L. G. R.

Dear LGR: To answer all your questions would be most difficult as the Base Theatre is out of our hands entirely as you can well imagine. All we can do for you is print your remarks and hope the people in charge of the theatre read them and reply to them at their earliest convenience.

Sir:
I would like to answer Cpl. Kings answer to my letter of two issues ago. First I agree that the entertainment that we have enjoyed while he and his committee have been in power has been great, they deserve one of your "Well Done's", but what happened this month?

The issue at stake seems to be my sexy neck, and whether I should have to keep it covered up. The new air conditioners will have to be turned down pretty low before I will want to cover this gem up with a tie or collar button. I'm sorry that Cpl. Kings neck is not as sexy as mine but some of us have it and some of us don't. Take it from one who knows, there is nothing like having a cute cervix to make the ladies swoon.

Beeble.

Dear Mr. Ed:

I'm very happy to say that the Totem Times Editorial page continues to be a very interesting and informative section. The various editorials are controversial and although I don't agree with all of the points stated, they enlighten us all to another point of view. Keep up the same approach and please don't try to please everyone all the time. You might find it rather difficult.

Signed,
Satisfied reader.

Dear Mr. Ed:

Just what are you people over there trying to do, I've just finished your last editorial page and found it absolutely full of things I'd never expect to see in a service newspaper. There was only one measly little article on anything remotely connected with the Armed Forces and it was just a rehash of old and familiar policies. We get enough drivel concerning strikes, philosophy, world politics, etc. out of the regular newspapers. Why don't you print a bit more on what's going on around Comox and the Armed Forces in general.

Signed,
anti drivel.

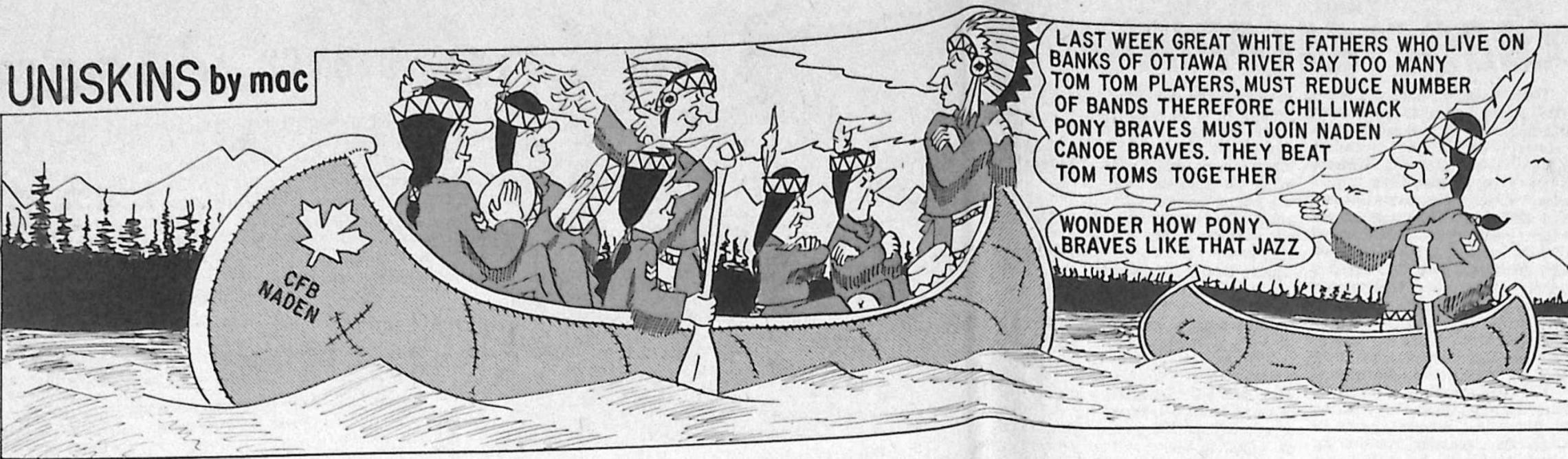
Ed Note: Well, it's as they say, you can't please them all!

Dear Mr. Editor:

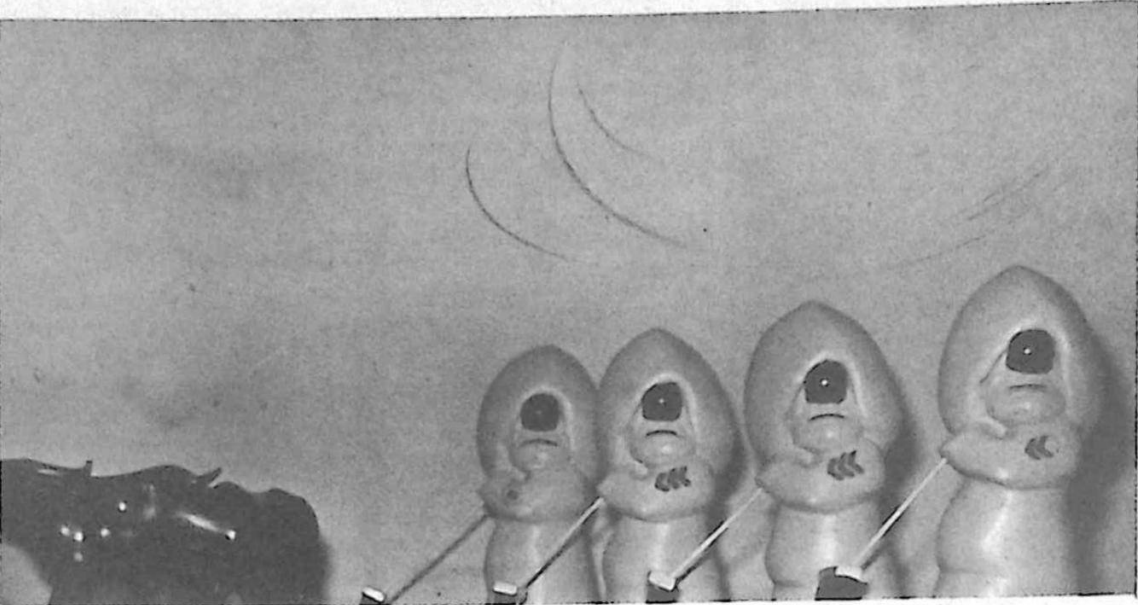
I wish to thank you very much for printing all the goings on over the PMQ parking situation. My wife would also care to express her undying gratitude. Since nobody comes out in the open about this, it is the greatest thing that ever happened to us. Our liquor bills have diminished, the kids don't get in half as many fights and now I've got room to park my own car. Thanks again.
PMQ Resider.

Ed's Note: Anytime!

UNISKINS by mac



Gala Party Held After 407 Parade



All ranks of the Merry Mushrooms turned to last week to help clean up after the 'Whole Killers' had their big parade and fish fry. With all ranks manning the brooms the Mushrooms practically were on the heels of the paraders as they marched off and had the tarmac back in ship shape in just 33 minutes after the dismiss, or all clear order was given. The afternoon was not a total loss as most of the F.O.D. that was left on the tarmac was salvageable and was promptly put on the Merry Mushrooms secret mushroom bed.

FROM UP IN MY PERCH

Last week as I was digging down in the old kit bag still looking for information on the history of 442 Squadron I came upon a small pebble. It is just an ordinary pebble as pebbles go. It is about a half an inch long and about three eighths of an inch in diameter. Such an insignificant little thing but it and thousands of its comrades helped me make a decision that was to change my destiny and form what I now laughingly refer to as my career.

How did such a little piece of matter force such momentous events? It happened many moons ago when I was a young lad and serving with the Reserve Army. Later in life all of us P. Fers looked down at the Reserves, but when we were young lads and too young to enlist in the for real outfits the reserves were an exciting interlude.

I was in Calgary for a couple of weeks attending a rifle shoot on the Sarcee range. I was staying at Currie Barracks as a guest of the Lord Strathcona Horse Regiment. By current Army Standards I really had it 'made'. I had a room that I shared with only three other fellows, a single bunk, complete with two blankets and one pillow. Late in the Straths mess and had mess privileges with the same group of gentlemen. I remember how many I felt as I sat in their mess listening to their many tales of drinking, smoking, swearing and the chasing of women. I could hardly wait until I became of age and I could join this jolly group on a full time basis.

One morning, having slept through the cheerful notes of the built in alarm system that they used to wake everyone up, I emerged from my hut with a bare seven minutes before the mess hall closed. My route to the mess hall took me around one of the largest and barest stretches of tarmac that I had ever seen as of that date. As I hurried around its perimeter I recalled the many stories about the fates of those who dared to tread on a parade square without an invitation. I admitted to myself that the shortest route to the Mess Hall did lie on a line that bisected this holy ground. It was getting late and the thought of spending the morning on the dry, hot and dusty prairies of Sarcee Range with an empty stomach did make the thought of committing a small misdemeanor a little more tempting. I stopped, took a quick look around and saw no one in sight. "What the heck can they do to me anyway?" I said to myself "I'm just a reserve, they can't touch me." With no more hesitation I took the big step and started across the parade square.

Mentally cringing I marched on. Nothing happened. "That stuff about parade squares is just a lot of bull!" I was saying to myself as I came close to the point of no return. "I guess I'll have bacon and eggs this morning just to treat myself for being so brave." Just as I reached the PONR I heard a wounded bull bellow "You there, gethehloffa myparadesquare". Looking around I quickly saw the source of this offending sound. There on the perimeter of the Parade Square was the biggest and fiercest looking Regimental Sergeant Major I

ever saw in my life. Wanting to make sure that it was I that was the target of this outburst I gestured towards myself and said "You mean me?" In a rather impolite tone he said "Yes you, get offthere." I said "Sorry" and since I was at the PONR I proceeded in the direction of the 'original target, the Mess Hall.

This manoeuvre seemed to upset the RSM because he came running around the edge of the square waving his swagger stick and intercepted me as I reached the end of my course across "His" parade square. He was red with rage. I couldn't see why he was so mad, but I knew he would calm down after he had heard my perfectly valid reason for committing this minor infraction. "If you like walking on my parade square so much how would you like to walk on it some more, only behind a broom?" he belted. "Thanks very much sir" I replied "but not right now I'm in a hurry for my breakfast." "You come with me" he ordered and off we went to the Quartermaster's stores to get me a nice broom. The broom was the biggest I had seen as of that date too. About five feet across. "Look sir" I started to explain "I have to get down to the rifle range and..." "Give this lad a smaller broom" the RSM said to the Quartermaster's clerk, cutting me off in mid explanation. The QM's clerk handed me a new four foot broom. "Sir, I would like to help you sweep your Parade Square but I'm in the reserve and you're not supposed to make us do things like..." "Make that a three foot broom QM" he said cutting me off again.

As the clerk handed me the three foot broom I had to decide whether to sweep the accursed parade square in three foot swaths or to stick to my guns and take a chance on using a toothbrush. Glumly I began to sweep in three foot swaths. It was my first real taste of military discipline, barring my father's Sam Brown belt with the snake buckle. The lesson was well taken. I knew that they couldn't do that to me, but they did. On the end of the third day I finished the last swath on the square and picked up a pebble. I was just about to secretly fire the pebble back onto the square when a voice behind me said "You there Private, all finished eh?" It was the RSM. Straightening up I clutched the pebble and said "Yes Sir". "Learned your lesson have you?" He demanded. "Yes Sir" I answered "Thank you Sir."

The next week I enlisted in the Air Force, and within two weeks I had a four foot broom and was sweeping the hangar floor at RCAF Station Aylmer.

Putting the pebble back into the kit bag to await its turn to be placed in the Air museum I turned and noticed:

A disheartening response to my call for information on 442 Squadron. Anyone got a July and August 1951 issue of the Round 1?

Number thirteen on my list of pet peeves is the vast number of cards that we are required to carry around in our wallets. At last I have found solution to the bulky wallet, and I hope the Suggestion Award Committee is listening. Why not issue one card that lists all the cards the owner has and certifies that the card bearer really owns all those cards. I think anyone who could come up with a brain wave like that should be knighted or at least promoted.

Speaking of that old subject, 442's own Robbie got his third today. I think Sgt. Robinson is the first Rigger to make Sgt. in the squadron for at least two years. Congratulations Sgt.

Rumour of the week: 407 Squadron will take over the base pool this fall and stock it with killer whales. This will take the pressure of the maintenance people by eliminating the necessity of using aircraft in the fall and winter whale hunts.

Runner up for Rumour of the Week: Clothing stores has a secret hoard of new green uniforms but won't give them out until they find one that will fit Cpl. Don Nesbitt.

Mushroomer: Someone made up a phony message about Cpl. Robinson getting promoted to Sgt. and gave it to him. That wasn't very funny fellows.



"I don't know where it is now honey, it's not my hangar anymore" L/Col. Payne says during a visit to his when I owned this place but when L/Col. Smale took over he took them all out and had them replaced with.

On my way to work the other day, I noticed that the first integrated Albatross was coming out of the 442 paint shops. On out of the 442 paint shops, the port side was neatly lettered "Canadian Armed Forces", and on the bow was the familiar "Rescue". On the other side, carrying on the spirit of integration, was "Forces Armees Canadiennes", and a big glaze orange "Sauveteur".

There is no point in going in to the politics behind all this, for the line between bilingualism and double talk is very indistinct. It might be interesting, however, to consider some of the consequences. For example, let us suppose we have two fliers down somewhere in the boonies in 442 land, and let us suppose we can listen in on their conversation.

Ed: Do you suppose they'll ever find us?
Ted: Dunno.
Ed: Hey! I hear a plane!
Ted: Yeah. There it is! Over there!

At this point, a bilingual Albatross swerves over the campsite, and commences right hand circuits around the survivors.

Ted: Boy. We must really be lost.
Ed: Waddya mean? I knew where we were up until half an

hour before we ran out of gas. Ted: Then how come we're in Quebec?
Ed: Huh?
Ted: That there's French on that aircraft, ain't it?
Ed: Dunno. Never seen no French before in my life.
Ted: Well it is. I saw some once on a box of corn flakes, and that looks about the same.
Ed: Jeez. How'd we ever get as far as Quebec?
Ted: Dunno. You sure can get some funny winds off them mountains.

At this point, the Albatross disgorges two para rescue types, and they float gently to earth.

Ted: Boy! It'll sure be great having someone else to talk to.
Ed: Careful. They might be separatists.
Ted: Oh. Never thought of that. Do you think it's safe?
Ed: I dunno. They might try to hold us as hostages.
Ted: Yeah. Let's get out of here!

And so our two intrepid fliers-cum-woodsmen light out into the bush. It would seem the only way to avoid tragedies like this would be to place an operational restriction on all 442 aircraft. Left hand circuits ONLY around survivors found in our area.

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LAST WEEK GREAT WHITE FATHERS WHO LIVE ON BANKS OF OTTAWA RIVER SAY TOO MANY TOM TOM PLAYERS, MUST REDUCE NUMBER OF BANDS THEREFORE CHILLIWACK PONY BRAVES MUST JOIN NADEN CANOE BRAVES. THEY BEAT TOM TOMS TOGETHER

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Times Photo

New CWO For 442

"If I'm going to the Mushroom Squadron I had better make a little bouquet of mushrooms to take to the Commanding Officer when I report in" Chief Warrant Officer Ostrander muses to himself as he rummages through the flower beds beside the Headquarters building, looking for a hidden mushroom bed.

CWO Ostrander will be reporting in to 442 Squadron early next week, he will be the first CWO that the squadron has had for about two years. The position of Squadron Chief Warrant Officer has not been vacant for

the lack of aspirants, however, the current economy drive dictated that we make do with an old (excuse the expression sir) CWO rather than make a new one. Command was forced to cast about far and wide to find a man to replace the CWO in his duties as Base Warrant Officer but finally they found one and now we have our very own Chief Warrant Officer.

Not exactly a new comer in the service, our spys tell us that CWO Ostrander became eligible for his second clasp to his C.D. on August the 4th.

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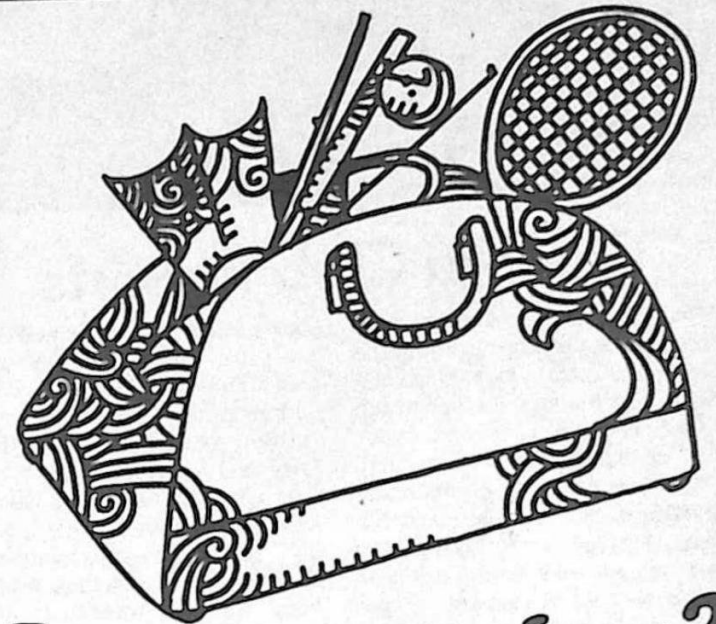


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| 200 | 4.00 | 5.00 | 6.00 | 7.00 | 8.00 | 9.00 |
| 300 | 6.00 | 7.50 | 9.00 | 10.50 | 12.00 | 13.50 |
| 400 | 8.00 | 10.00 | 12.00 | 14.00 | 16.00 | 18.00 |
| 500 | 10.00 | 12.50 | 15.00 | 17.50 | 20.00 | 22.50 |
| 600 | 12.00 | 15.00 | 18.00 | 21.00 | 24.00 | 27.00 |
| 700 | 14.00 | 17.50 | 21.00 | 24.00 | 28.00 | 31.50 |
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Camera Club Reports

The club has recently purchased Ektachrome processing kits. These color processing chemicals are the new E4 type which do not require a second exposure of the film. We also have a full set of color compensating filters that can be used for slide copying or printing. We hope to see new members this September when a new season will start. We now have exhausted fans installed, and the memberships will be on sale in September.

Bulk film buyers, beware of the bargains you think you may be getting by buying bulk film and single rolls. Sometimes the brand is not as good as you may have expected and the film is time expired and foggy. When you buy film, check the expiry date, and the seal on the can. Kodak has a warning sign on their bulk film cartons that reads "... If seal found broken return or do not accept..." Stay with a dealer that you can count on. It is better to pay a little more than to buy garbage.

By the way, if you are not getting the results you want with

your pictures, drop in and see us for a few lessons on uncomplicated and straight forward facts on how to use filters.

Come in and see a club that is fully equipped. For just a small fee, you can become a member and learn about shooting, printing, and processing your color films in a few lectures. Remember, we are amateurs, and if you know more than we do, we gladly accept informative ideas. The club is located next to the snack-bar, and the names of the executive are posted on the door. We are there every Monday night from seven to 10 p.m.

J. Tremblay
Tech AD/v

Ed's Note: The Totem Times Photo Department has again shown us what can be done with a simple camera. The above photo should be an inspiration to all amateur shutter-bugs, to try and seek the finest subjects in and around the Comox Valley. Any problems arising about how to handle various photographic situations can be referred to the Totem Times staff. We'll be only too glad to help!

COBOC CACOPHONY

Throughout a person's service career, he is constantly plagued with what they call secondary duties! A career in Coboc is no different. When a single type arrives here in Comox, he, according to his desires and abilities, is assigned a secondary duty by the Coboc Board of Governors. In this column we will illustrate the challenges and hardships attributed to a career in Coboc! Due to rigid censorship we are forced to use pen names. The names have been changed to protect the guilty! The chap who has successfully held the most important position in Coboc for several years is Capt. Baz, commonly known as "Baz by the Sea," or "Baz the West Coast Host!" The job he has done so well is that of "Coboc Protocol Officer." In his oh so important position, Baz has been specializing in mess dinners, handling such demanding tasks as VIP host and entertainment officer. VIPs from far and wide come to Comox expecting a casual time only to find their stay enriched by that past master of hosting etiquette, Baz by the Sea. To aid him in providing material for his hosting duties Baz has become an amateur Horticulturist.

Temperance is a subject very dear to Coboc members as well it should be. The man whose teetotaling ways we have all been following for many years is none other than Coboc's former president and newest member, Blind Bob. Much as we hate to mention married people in our column, Bob did such an outstanding job in saving many of Coboc's wanton drinkers from slipping into a mire of alcohol that we just had to give him a Coboc good show and job well done!

The guy credited with being Coboc's top "financial and economic advisor," will simply be called Bart, and his specialty is

used car and boat deals. Bart's claims to fame are the fantastic deals he has obtained around Comox for Transistor Mary and other fortunate individuals, however, the truth has recently come out and it now appears that Bart owes all his success to a rather car and boat business known as long nosed character known as Square Deal Newt Goldstein.

The "Public Relations and Information Branch of Coboc is a most important one and the head of this is none other than love, fellow we all know and love, Tricky Dicky! Dicky is sort of a poor man's Chet Huntley and can often be found disseminating bits of gen around the Comox Valley on behalf of Dicky's Information Branch. Although the authenticity of Dicky's information can often be open to question the sincerity in which his baby brown eyes convey their message cannot help but instill a feeling of confidence in his listener!

Coboc's Career and Retirement Counsellor is a chap we'll just call Capt. Garry. Garry has become an acknowledged expert in the art of career planning and retirement schemes, however, it seems that the majority of his plans are of the short range variety. Garry specializes in aiding those career officers whose careers just happen to be a little shorter than most. So good is he at this job that he has earned the title of Comox's Ann Landers!

Coboc's roving diplomat and answer to U Thant is none other than good old Black Hank. Hank's specialty in this wonderful organization is conveying the best wishes of Vancouver Island bound Coboc members to their friends back East. Hank's a real true Humanitarian and at this writing happens to be on a good will mission in Edmonton. We're beginning to wonder though, as he never seems to have time to look up non female friends. Until next time "Cheers."

Consumers' news and views

by
Consumers' Association of Canada

Cleaners, waxes and polishes - these modern products are fairly cheap, easy to use and effective - but, if used, there is always the possibility of damaging expensive items of furniture.

It is not so much the type of wood as the finish it has been given by the manufacturers that decides the type of polish to use, and it is very hard for the layman to tell one finish from another.

If you have very valuable furniture, either new expensive pieces that you want to keep at their best for a long time, or very old pieces, Consumers' Association of Canada suggests you ask for expert advice. Antiques may have been finished by the craftsman with, for example, an oil finish or french polish, or subsequently polished by owners in such a way that only certain types of polish should be used. With some modern furniture, if it has been finished with a synthetic resin, it may be better left with no polish at all.

For most furniture, a paste wax - carefully applied and buffed - will probably give the best looking and longest lasting polish. But the disadvantages are obvious

-- it is comparatively troublesome to apply and it doesn't have real cleaning ability.

However, a paste wax is more likely to give a harder, more durable gloss than any other type of furniture polish, and is likely to prove more economical.

The cream type polishes are emulsions of oil and naphtha -- and sometimes wax -- in water. They are easier to apply than paste wax, but still need buffing to bring up the gloss.

Liquid polish contains wax in solvents, and so combines good cleaning ability with wax polishing.

Spray polishes packed in pressurized cans are usually water-based and most also contain solvent. Spraying is an easy way of applying polish to large surfaces, it gives a glossy finish but some do not resist water well. (A word of caution -- never put the aerosol container on a radiator or near a stove or open flame, or throw an empty pressurized can on a trash fire. Even when empty a pressurized container can explode when exposed to high heat.)

Oil polishes are one of the oldest types. Except for pieces of furniture that are oil-finished, this kind of polish has little advantage over modern ones. Although easy to spread, an oil polish still has to be thoroughly buffed to avoid streaking, tends to collect dust and finger marks rather easily, resists water poorly and soon loses its gloss on surfaces exposed to wear.

Silicones in furniture polish are a relatively recent development and have a qualified success. They are compounds which act as a kind of lubricant to the wax particles in a polish, allowing the use of harder waxes that would otherwise be difficult to spread evenly. Silicones are often added to cream, liquid and spray waxes and it is claimed to discourage dust from clinging.



Cpl. Willie Haras looking towards the last leg of the climb. "Sure ain't nothing like this in Manitoba!"



Cpl. Chuck Webster standing near the cairn erected by previous climbers. Each time a new climbing party manages to make their way to the summit, another stone is added!

Comox Airmen Spend Week-End on Glacier

By CHUCK WEBSTER
and JIM TREMBLAY

There are many ways to keep cool, but to climb a glacier on a weekend is cool man, real cool, and three Comox airmen decided that they should give it a try. Cpl. Willie Haras, one of the climbers and a member of the mountain climbing club, had already been up there a few times and was showing the way to his two friends, Cpl's Chuck Webster and Dick Kensett.

The Comox Glacier, located approximately 30 miles from Courtenay, is a famous landmark in this valley, and forms a picturesque background for the area.

Our three climbers drove as far as they could on logging roads, parked their car, and each equipped with a 30 pound pack, started the 6,000 foot climb toward the Glacier.

The first part of the climb through dense bush, black flies and mosquitoes, took five hours of strenuous work. A camp site

was erected for the night and the rest of the day was spent scouting around and looking for the best possible way to finish the remaining 2,000 feet of the climb. During the night, too tired to sleep, the boys were star gazing as well as looking at the visible lights of Port Alberni and Courtenay which were approximately the same distance from the camp site. It was a beautiful evening.

At 8 a.m. the next day, our three ardent climbers took to the trail again, and it took four hours to finish the climb. The air temperature above was around 80 degrees, and there were many pools of water around so one had a chance at a well deserved bath. The sightseeing, which was out of this world and the thrill of a lifetime, was really worth the effort. On the way down, the 2,000 foot distance was covered in about 20 minutes by sliding down the snow patches on the steep side of the glacier. After reaching the campsite, the gear was loaded onto the packs and the remaining 4,500 feet was merely routine.

I was told by one of the climbers that the Rec Centre staff is going to climb the glacier for their physical fitness test. The trail has been marked, and the water is plentiful, so good luck fellows.

So, if you feel hot under the collar, climb a glacier. You will cool off in more ways than one.

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in Bonaville Bay early in His Excellency's tour of Newfoundland ports.

The Assiniboine will also be taking the vice-regal party on tour of St. Lawrence River ports during July. Her big Sikorsky Sea King helicopter is used to reach otherwise inaccessible places on the tour.

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Canadian Forces Base Comox News Release

CFB COMOX — 1 Aug. '68— Although July is noted as a time to be lazy and sit back and conduct exercises in fishing and swimming, such was not the situation for the Rescue Co-Ordination Centre in Vancouver.

This July turned out to be 31 days of the most feverish activity in RCC's history: the busiest month since its inception in 1947.

The July record over the 20-year history shows an average of 130 incidents. This year, however, 167 incidents have been actioned and have kept RCC constantly on its toes for the whole month.

A breakdown of these incidents would show that there were 10 mercy flights, six communications checks, seven incidents in-

volving aircraft, and 144 incidents involving marine craft.

The fine weather throughout the majority of the month and the fact that so many people are small boat owners contributed to the high marine incident figure.

This is also an excellent illustration of why prospective fishermen, sail boat and power boat owners, etc., should become conversant with the way of the local waters and of the capabilities of their boats.

At least three lives have positively been saved because of the activities of the RCC and its active units. How many other lives may have been lost had it not been for their efforts will not be known, but undoubtedly RCC and its facilities contributed a great deal to the summer safety of the boat owners.

MP Blotter

It has been quiet around the office of late. Wally went off to coach the baseball team at Naden, Don took off to manage the Totem Inn while Scottie took

leave to keep pace with the dishes and diapers at home. Wally Davis has joined the Training Section just in time. In addition to ASF training he may get saddled with TA work for the 44 eligibles who write in November.

We had some visitors of note recently. The Jolly Green Giant dropped in to say farewell before taking his home and family out of the district. Johnnie Zig dropped in to say "Hi" and show us his contact lenses and the fact that if you fall on your feet right in clyvie street you can still play softball. He's off to the Yukon as we understand to pitch for his firm in some Arctic ball league. JFC dropped in to confirm his promotion. After taking the trouble to get a set of hooks delivered and the date of promotion given, two days before his wedding, he refused to believe it. Wonder why? What could he have been thinking of? Bill Mc has a firm cast on one foot and a good casting hand when it comes to fishing. Despite the fact that he has a heavy plaster cast on one foot and a Boris Karloff built up shoe on the other he can still get down to Little River Point and cast from an arm chair. Should be fun to watch if he hooks into a big one - or a passing boat??? He's one fish that got away from the Media's clutches.

Unfortunately we still have to report that Ptes Robb, and Van Dieman are still in hospital following their motorcycle accident. Let us hope they get out before too long. The Cap'n got himself all bitten up while on leave by treading in a wasp

The Queen is dead, "Vive" the Queen. Her name is Marg Keenan; she's the new matron (pardon me, chief of nurses). Directly from Holberg, she came to Comox to rest from all the activities and night life up there. She looks nice and easy to speak with, but be careful what you say, you might remind her a story and away she goes... Marg, welcome aboard.



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Chapel Chimes

Sunday services on August 11 and 18 will be conducted by the Reverend D. Dunbar in the absence of the Base Chaplain on leave. Services will be at the usual hour of 11 a.m.

Padre Dunbar may be reached at Local 273 during working hours and through the Switchboard Operator after hours.

CHAPEL CHIMES RING OUT
PMQ residents, particularly those close to the Protestant Chapel, who have been noticing a ringing in their ears the last two Sunday mornings need not worry about the state of their nerves. The ringing is really there, for the Chapel Chimes now sound out-of-doors, as well as in the chapel.

Mrs. Edith Houtt, the Chapel organist, plans to play a 5-minute "Come To Church" selection of chime music each Sunday morning at 10:30 as well as her usual chime and organ music prelude just before church.

If you hear the Chimes on a Friday evening or Saturday afternoon you will know that another

young couple have been happily launched on the sea of matrimony and you may rush over with some confetti, rice or old shoes, to speed them on their way.

Fall Dance and Smorgasbord

Friday - 13th Sept.

in the CFB COMOX REC HALL

Tickets \$1.50 per person or \$3.00 per couple

Tickets on sale in all messes and Anchor Garage, Comox

ALL RANKS ARE INVITED AND CIVILIANS

Sponsored by the RC Chapel Committee

Soap Box Derby Sparks Much Activity



This scene is typical of the many taking place throughout Wallace Gardens these days, as kids all over PMQs search for wheels to make their soap box cars mobile. The babysitter cringes with fear as these two holdup men commandeer the wheels from the Wallace Stage Coach. "Just jack up the carriage partner and off come the wheels." There are so many wheelless carriages, wagons, golf carts and tri-cycles being reported in PMQs that the government is considering appointing a Royal Commission to investigate the subject.

— Times Photo

The Big Wallace Gardens Soap Box Derby that was announced in the last issue has put many idle hands to work. Soap Box Cars are springing up in basements and patios all over the PMQ area. Prizes for the event are still to be announced but His Honor Mayor Pulham has assured us that they will be numerous and well worth the effort required to make a car.

The boys should be encouraged to make their cars as safe as possible. The cable and drum steering mechanism is necessary as it makes the vehicle safer and easier to handle. While this system may be a little difficult for some of the younger boys and they are supposed to build the cars themselves a little supervision in the engineering department would not be unacceptable. In fact this could prove to be an excellent Father and son project. A simple brake is also required. These two features plus the general construction of a good looking car will be some of the points that will be considered by the judges.

Watch for a flyer that will be delivered in the near future which will have the necessary information and an entry form. If your boy is not yet making a car why not encourage him to do so. Let's make this a big event.

Soap Box Derby

Aug. 24th

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Zweibrücken Kaput

After 16 years in the business of being part of the NATO air shield, 3 Wing will cease to be a separate Canadian base next summer, and its personnel deployed to Lahr and Baden-Soellingen, Canada's other air bases in West Germany.

Closure of Zweibrücken and regrouping to a two-base posture were discussed with Canada's NATO Allies at Brussels last December. The detailed configuration of the Air Division in its two-base posture will be announced later. At present Lahr has two photo/recon squadrons. All fly the CF-104 Super Starfighter. The Aviation Medical

Centre and Hospital will move to Lahr, headquarters of the Air Div.

Col. K. E. Lewis, Base Commander at Zweibrücken, told his service personnel of the move plan June 28 and that the German Press which had been speculating on the closure for some weeks was being officially informed. Col. Lewis will become Commandant of Royal Roads Military College on Aug. 19, and succeeding him as 3 Wing Commander, will be Col. William J. Marsh from Air Defence Command HQ North Bay. Zweibrücken has been the home of the Air Div's 3 Wing since early 1953.

The Bells are Ringing



"Just doing a few cut ups before the big day" Mr. Len Willings said when interviewed to confirm a rumour. "It's true," he said, "I must say that the boys in the workshops were somewhat surprised at morning roll call when I announced that I will be getting married on August the tenth. 'Surprised was not the word for it, we had Lenny pegged as one of the finest bachelors in the district.' One member of the workshops staff said, 'We are returning his application for honorary membership in COBOC' said the COBOC president Lt. Hank Klien. 'Proposals of marriage are totally unacceptable.' In all seriousness The Times staff would like to join the staff of Base Workshops in their best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Willings in their marriage."

— Times Photo

Rodeo Held at Glacier Gardens



The summer program activities for the Wallace Gardens is still very much in progress. Last week the leaders of the summer program organized a bicycle rodeo. The participants reacted to the idea with enthusiastic support. The hours spent on the authentic costumes and the decorations of bikes made the rodeo a success. The winners were awarded prizes. A job well done goes to the leaders that organized the event who are, Janice Racicot, Kathy Mayne, Darlene Leather, Margaret Archer, Dan Browning and Debbie Payne. The parents of Wallace Gardens send their appreciation

— Potvin Photo

Next Totem Times Deadline
Monday 19th of August



Unofficial test trials were conducted this week at the Wallace Gardens speedway on these partially completed Soap Box Cars. Officiating at these unofficial trials was Mrs. Salt, who also graciously volunteered to act as the race starter. The crowd of interested spectators grew so large that it was feared that the Military Police would have to be called in to help control them.

Dapper Dan Devises Program for Budget Busters

OTTAWA (CFP) — "Although the majority of service personnel are managing their finances adequately, there is considerable concern for the small percentage I like to call 'budget busters'. Without any doubt their outgo invariably exceeds their income."

So says Dan C. Hodgert, financial counsellor in welfare services at CFHQ, after looking over the service scene since early last fall.

Budget busters, he continues "are the victims of the consumer credit explosion, and are inundated with bills and pose many administrative problems for the forces."

"These are the ones we want to reach with our message and also to warn the others who are close to tottering into the mud of financial misery."

The financial counselling pro-

gram from CFHQ is designed to help all members of the forces make the best possible use of income, and avoid the pitfalls of unwise spending and credit buying.

It operates partly like a Better Business Bureau, informing members and their families of questionable sales and credit schemes. Another aim is to educate those in supervisory positions on how they can help those coming to them with financial problems. Lectures and seminar leaders as well as written material are available to commanders and units to help get the word around.

Dan Hodgert was brought to

DND from the welfare service branch of DVA to administer the program.

Known as "Dapper Dan" in his army days here and overseas, he served 1940-45, rising to captain from private. From service with both the Lincoln Welland Regiment and the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders of Canada, he demobbed in 1945 to work for DVA. He joined DND in September, 1967.

CFP will move occasional financial counselling items to the service newspapers and radio networks under a series featuring "Dapper Dan" and his advice on a variety of facets in this program.

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With Rod and Gun

By "MUDDY" RIVERS

Salmon fever is running high now with the odd large Spring salmon being boated, and some good sized Coho being taken as well. The big Springs, which are called Tyees when they are the fore-runners of the annual Tyee run which peaks in the last two weeks of August. Yes, "Tyee Madness" time is almost here, and soon the Tyee Pool will resemble a floating village. The Pool is located between the Comox wharf and the Royston Hulks., no problem finding it, as the first boats out there usually launch before dawn, so just head for the mob. Up to the time of writing this column, only eight or ten boats have been working the pool in the early morning hours, but once the first Tyee is landed the panic will start. Last season I counted 139 boats in the pool at 0600 hrs. one morning. Some were circling clockwise, some ccw, a dozen or two were zig zagging all over the place, several boats were mooching, and one guy was Buzz Bombing. Ten RCMP officers armed with scatterguns couldn't have controlled the traffic.

Tangling lines are an interesting occurrence regularly out on the pool. The anglers involved usually each think they have hooked a Tyee, and often a very interesting tug of war develops. Once the two interlocked plugs or spoons become airborne the parties involved sheepishly proceed to untangle the mess, as passing boats rock with laughter. Bearing in mind that most servicemen are here a short time only, and the fact that a Tyee salmon in good condition is a real big game trophy fish, you will understand that to hook one and lose it is a major calamity. You just don't catch them that easily.

However, some of the incidents I have witnessed on the pool over six seasons in the past ten years would send a saint into paroxysms of laughter, or make him a murderer depending on the situation. Here are a few. A young married couple were attempting to land a Tyee of at least 40 pounds with a small trout net; they managed to get the fishes head in the net, which displeased the fish immensely, a geyser of water erupted, and the fish threw the hook and departed. The young couple threw the net after the fish, and headed for shore visibly shaken.

Two fellows attempted to kill their Tyee prior to landing it by beating it over the head with a great club. They hit it at least four times, very hard, and the last blow succeeded in knocking it off the hook. These characters sat for a long time shaking their heads, while fellow anglers gazed in wonderment at their unexplainable actions.

These incidents are rather humorous, however, consider the case of the guy who hooks a Tyee, and remember he may only hook one in four seasons of trying, then has his line chopped by

BRIDGE with WUN-I

Last issue we discussed the Stayman convention after a one no trump opener. Two transfers bids used in conjunction with Stayman are Jacoby and Texas transfers. These transfers bids are used to allow the strong hand -- the opening one no trump bidder -- to play the contract. The advantages in this are that the powerful hand is hidden from the defenders and also the opening lead will be played up to the strong hand rather than through it. This increases the chances of declarer getting a trick which he could not have got if he had to lead the suit himself.

Remember, if you use the Stayman convention and declarer responds two of any suit but clubs after a one no trump opening he wishes to play it at that contract. If you use the Jacoby transfer bid in conjunction with Stayman you could allow the strong hand to play the contract. This is done by bidding the suit lower than the one in which you want the contract to be played in.

For example, you hold: S 972 H Q109743 D J52 C J

You would like the contract to be played by the opener in two hearts rather than one no trump. This can be done by bidding two diamonds forcing partner to respond two hearts which is then passed. You cannot force partner to play the hand at the two level in the minor suits, since as you are playing Stayman he would take a two club bid as asking for majors and as you have already seen must respond two hearts after two diamonds.

If responder has a club or a diamond bid after a one no trump opening and he wishes the strong hand to play the contract he can force his partner to three clubs by bidding two spades, or to three diamonds by bidding three clubs.

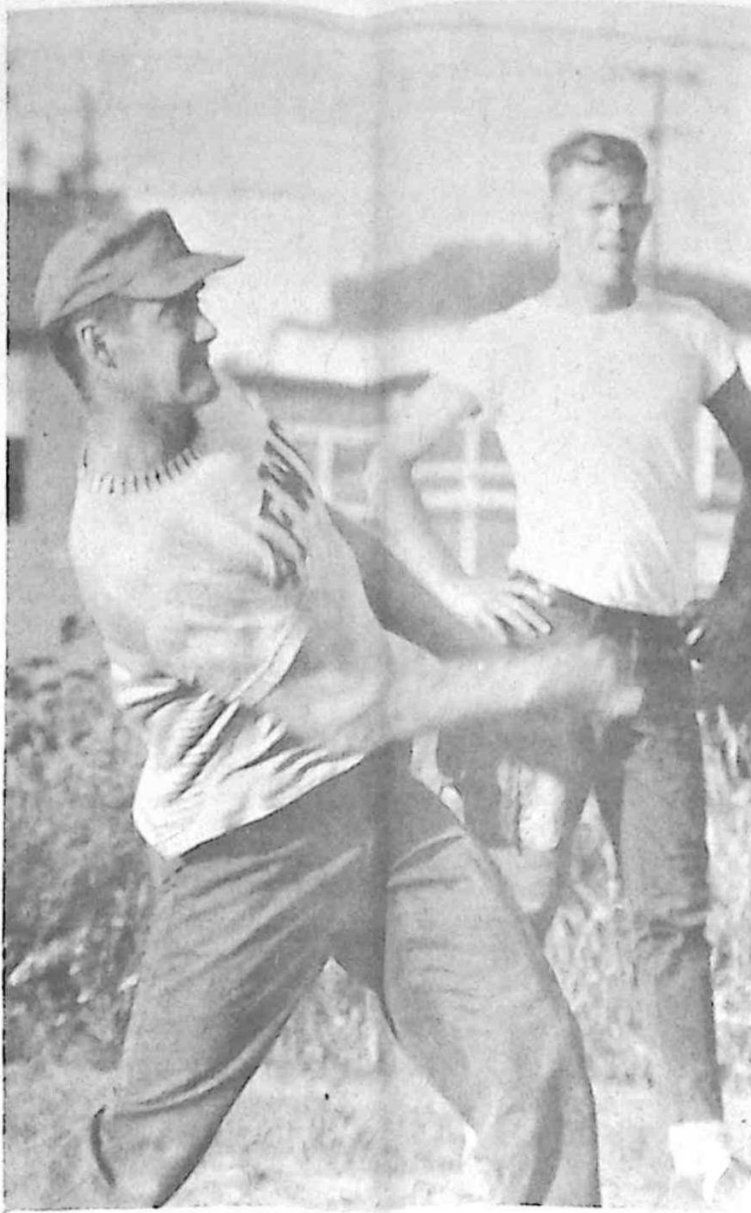
The Texas transfer is virtually the same as the Jacoby Transfer, the difference being, that it takes place at the four and five level. Remember again that you could not make opener bid four diamonds by replying four clubs as he would take this as the Gerber convention asking for aces.

After one no trump opening by partner you hold the following: S J72 H Q109743 D KQ2 C 4

I'm sure everybody would want to be in a four heart contract. The strong may be allowed to play this by using the Texas transfer. The responder bids four diamonds forcing partner to four hearts which is passed out.

TOTEM TIMES SUBSCRIPTIONS MAKE LOVELY GIFTS

Send one today



Just one of our heroes. Pictured above is Norm Honey one of the stalwarts of the CFB Comox football team. Norm is seen unwinding with one of his super specials and obviously another batter is about to go down swinging. CFB Comox recently went right to the wire in the Zone 1 football championships before bowing 2-1 to the Navy in the final game. A big bouquet goes out to coach Wally Hacking and the boys for a job well done.

A Bouquet from the Coach

I would like to take this opportunity to personally congratulate the Station team, for a job well done, and explain how it was done so well.

You see, it doesn't take a Star, but a team consisting of 15 Stars to win any one game in any team sport such as Football, and we have them all. I would like to point out a few of the facts to the public, and make them aware that CFB Comox has a Football team that they can take pride in and possibly give a bit of support to.

I would also like to thank the ardent fans that have come out to our games and so faithfully give us their support, "keep it up gang." I suppose that up to this point, you really don't know why

I'm blowing off, well it could be that your station team has clinched first place, in the Upper Island Football League, and intends to clinch the championship.

This is an undertaking that I personally feel can be accomplished in the same manner that we took first place, sheer guts, and determination, on the part of each, and every one of the players. I wouldn't venture to pick out stars on a ball club that plays like ours, for you see in the coaches opinion we have the combination, and we are not about to give it away.

Congratulations Fellows, Wally Hacking Coach.

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Mon.-Wed. — Aug. 12, 13, 14

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"A BIG HAND FOR THE LITTLE LADY"

Thurs.-Sat. — Aug. 15, 16, 17
George Peppard
"THE CARPETBAGGERS"

plus: Steve McQueen
"NEVADA SMITH"

Mon.-Wed. — Aug. 19, 20, 21
Paul Newman "HARPER"

plus: Tony Curtis "NOT WITH MY WIFE YOU DON'T"

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Fishing Derby

The Point Holmes boat ramp committee reminds the public about the fishing derby coming up on the 17, 18 and 19th of August. Also, a bull head derby for the children on the 18th from 10 a.m. until 2 p.m. The derby for the children will be in the Point Holmes area only!

There will be many prizes for both adults and children plus free ice cream. Tickets are now on sale at the recreation centre and barber shop, also all sporting goods stores in the Comox Valley. The children's derby is free. Prize presentation will take place at Point Holmes at 2 p.m. on the 19th of August!

CANADIAN FORCES BASE COMOX Base Theatre Schedule - Aug. 1968

Thursday, 8 August
CHILDREN OF THE DAMNED
Ian Hendry
Allan Baker
Adult

Friday, 9 August
HONEYMOON OF HORROR
Robert Parsons
Abbey Heller

Tomb of Torture
Annie Albert
Thony Maky

Saturday, 10 August
THE VISCOUNT
Edmond O'Brien
Kerwin Mathews

Sunday, 11 August
BLASTOFF
Burl Ives
Troy Donahue

Tuesday, 13 August
CODE 7, VICTIM 5
Lex Barker
Ronald Fraser

Thursday, 15 August
WATER HOLE No. 3
James Coburn
Carroll O'Connor

Friday, 16 August
GENTLE GIANT
Dennis Weaver
Vera Miles

Saturday, 17 August
HOT RODS TO HELL
Dana Andrews
Jeannie Crane

Sunday, 18 August
WILL PENNY
Charlton Heston
Joan Hackett

Tuesday, 20 August
Frankenstein Created Woman
Peter Cushing

Thursday, 22 August
WELCOME TO HARD TIMES
Henry Fonda
Janice Rule

Fri., Sat., Sun., 23-25 August
DR. ZHIVAGO
Minimum admission set by company at

ADULTS \$1.75
TEENS \$1.25
CHILDREN 75c

Tuesday, 27 August
CASINO ROYALE
Ursula Andress
Peter Sellers
David Niven

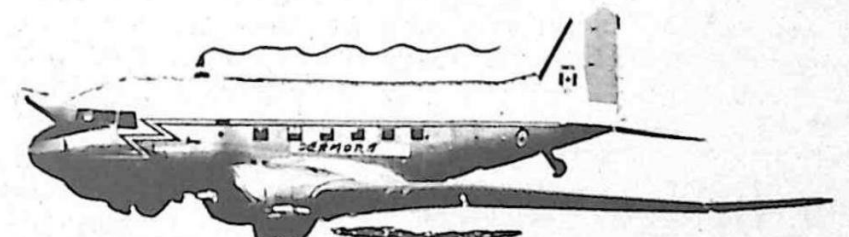
Wed., Thurs., Fri. 28-29-30 August
TO SIR WITH LOVE
Sidney Poitier
Susy Kendall
Minimum admission set by company at

ADULTS \$1.00
TEENS 75c
CHILDREN 50c

Saturday, 31 August
HURRY SUNDOWN
Jane Fonda
Michael Caine

Sat. Matinee, 31 August
FLAMES OVER INDIA
Kenneth Moore
Lauren Bacall

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| SF 44 | Dep. Comox 10:30 | Local | | |
| SF 45 | Dep. Comox 16:00 | Local | | |
| Returning | Dep. Vanc. 22:00 | | | |
| Tuesdays, \$1.49 Day Excursion | | SF 42 | Dep. Comox 07:00 | |
| SF 40 | Dep. Comox 08:00 | | | |
| | Dep. Comox 14:15 | | | |
| Returning | Dep. Vanc. 14:45 | | | |
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1 BOY'S bicycle, 24" wheel, PMQ
99-A phone 339-2500.

FOR SALE
3 BEDROOM house on lease corner lot. Large living room, reasonable taxes, good location close to Comox Plaza and main street. Phone 339-3212 (PMQ A-3).

\$3083.00 OFF LIST PRICE!!
1956 Dodge DeLuxe Sedan, Automatic transmission. 5-Mile -- 50,000 year warranty.
Test drive at PMQ 95.
\$150.00 cash. (\$200 if you want to haggle).

FOR SALE
2 snow tires one mounted 800-825/14 for olds. Gas tank locking cap will fit olds. Coleman camp stove 2 burners and Coleman cooler. Durst 606 new enlarger complete with 50 and 80 mm lens Scheinder Componon \$200.00. Phone 339-2205.

RHUBARB 10 pounds for \$1.00. Ph. 337-5181.

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Totem Times Subscription Policy

Due to an ever increasing demand for copies of the Totem Times we have re-assessed our present circulation policy.

As it is no longer economically feasible to continue supplying cost free copies of Totem Times to all persons on our mailing list, regrettably we have been forced to institute a \$2.00 per year subscription charge to cover our handling costs.

Persons will continue receiving Totem Times by mailing name, address, and a cheque or money order for \$2.00 payable to Base Fund CFB Comox, to Circulation Manager, Totem Times, CFB Comox, Lazo, B.C. This policy will take effect with our 3rd of October issue and will not apply to messes and institutes already on our mailing list.

(Signed) EDITOR

A Trip to Remember

By COOL HAND LUKE

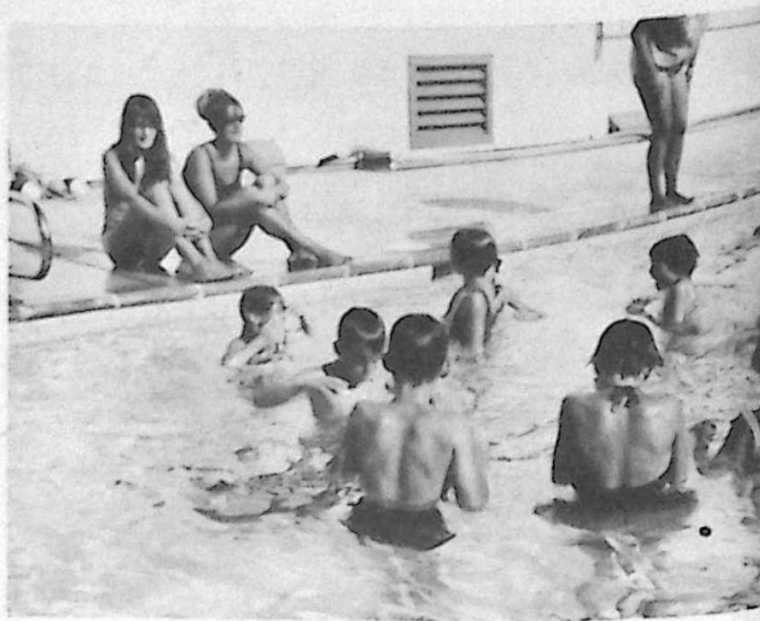
Woodsmen always stay in touch with the outdoors as much as possible. Being the keen woodsman that I am, I decided to take a hike up into the hills behind Comox Lake one fine day. Nobody else had any interest in such a trip at all. "Funny", I thought at the time. With the beautiful territory such as is found in the Comox Valley, I figured there would be a few more outdoors types around. Anyway I left with just a little apprehension at the sight of some ominous looking clouds hanging over the lake.

On nearing the lake, I discovered a neat side road that appeared like it would take me even closer to my destination. So I merrily turned down it. The next thing I knew the car was in mud up to the hubcaps. After somehow powering the vehicle out of trouble and detouring off the road, which resulted in a few scratches, I left the last traces of progress behind. Strapping on my fully loaded pack, I headed for the hills. Approaching an intricately shaped hill. One with sheer bluffs I proceeded to sweat my way up the side. Unbeknownst to me the clouds had brewed up into frightening darkness. Just as I reached the brow of the hill, out of wind and thinking about a nice cold beer, the first drop of rain fell. Hoping it would just be a shower, I dug out some goodies and ate lunch. By the time I was finished the rain was coming down in true Pacific Coast style. Being hardy and used to this sort of weather I continued on.

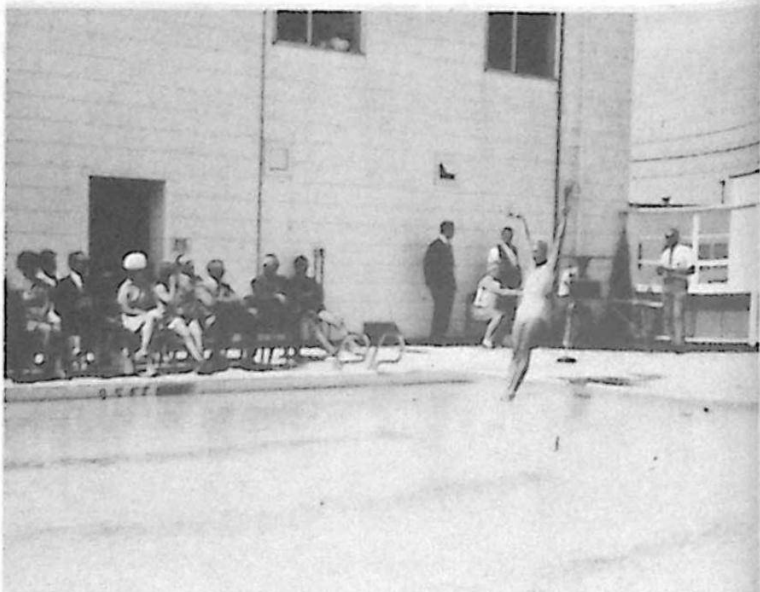
Shortly after two big bucks jumped from their beds off to my right. I decided to stalk them to see if I could get within striking range. Relieving myself of the pack I began the tedious job of circling down wind of the deer. Trying to get a glimpse of the beasts and to get my bearings, I climbed on up a windfall. The rain was still pouring and the log was slippery. Being experienced helps in some cases but not this time. Figuring I could play it cool, I walked along the log in true lumberjack style. Not watching where I was going of course so I didn't notice the overhanging limb until it was too late. Wham! I bounced off two more logs on my way to the ground. Just slightly discouraged now I pressed on. While I was in the process of falling I probably said a few words to myself because the deer had spooked and were no-

where to be seen. Turning back toward the mound where my pack was, I noticed that a thick bank of fog was fast rolling in. Discretion being the better part of valour, I decided to cut the hike short at this time. As if to further make up my mind a flushed grouse took to the air scaring the wits out of me. It was so close I ducked and lost my normally perfect balance and tumbled partially down a crevice. By now I was thoroughly soaked to the skin and fast losing my patience that I pride myself in having.

Where did I leave my pack? For the life of me I couldn't find that mound of ground. An hour later I came upon it quite by accident. The rain was still descending from the heavens in driving floods. Now all I had to do was get off this hillside. Easier said than done! When I had climbed up I managed to get in between two bluffs. Nowhere could the same path be found. Stumbling and frequently falling, I tried several times to edge my way down. Each time I came to a sheer bluff and had to fight my way back to the top in order to find a better path. Finally with daylight dwindling and nearing the exhaustion limit, I came to an area where I could make a reasonably safe descent. Actually a deer had just gone down so I followed its tracks. Another mistake in a day of total mistakes. The deer must have been part mountain-goat because I ended up scrambling for my life on the rocky sidehill. After twisting my ankle, skinning my shins, scratching all exposed areas on my body, and dripping from the continuous rain, I reached the bottom of the hill. Now I was really disoriented. Having come down in fog and on another side of the mountain, I had no idea where my car was. For a further two hours I battled and dragged myself through the jungle like underbrush. What a welcome sight the car was when it was; shape loomed up in front of me. Approaching at a mere shuffle, I almost died on the spot when I saw the flat tire. My tears of frustration mixed well with the rain. More by instinct and blind rage I managed to change the tire and get back onto the paved highway without getting bogged down. Needless to say I have never ventured back to the hills behind Comox Lake for a hike. That last one was a trip to remember!



We hate to get sentimental but whatever happened to those good old kids from way back. Kids that were happy to try and burn down their school in the summer holidays, kids that only required a baseball bat and another kid to hit with it, to be happy. It must be that the modern generation is getting soft, or maybe this swimming pool is just another training school for kids to prepare themselves for the jungle warfare that sometimes goes on on our universities and on our streets. Well, regardless of the motives, the kids have gotten themselves, with help, a brand new pool to frolic in for the rest of the summer and what a welcome addition to CFB Comox's facilities it is. The only problem that we can think of right now is what happens when we fall through the ice while skating on the pool this winter. It sure looks deep!



"Demonstrating the very rare and most difficult reverse backstroke water exit, the visiting member of the Hollyburn Precision swim and Skinny Dippin' Club executes a near perfect leap from the pool with not so much as a ripple, while the audience barely manages to contain itself in the presence of such awe-inspiring aquatic!" Actually, our new pool has been in use for some time before it was officially opened, on Saturday 3rd of August. It's rapidly turning into the finest gift that could ever be bestowed on any parent in the PMQ area. Attending the official opening were Col. Lett and several other Base dignitaries who no doubt will have to fight off the undying gratitude from all mothers in PMQs until September when the school teachers take over. CF Photo

Swimming Pool Schedule

JULY AND AUGUST

Monday —
0900 to 1200 hrs. — Childrens' Instruction
1200 to 1330 hrs. — Servicemen Only
1330 to 1530 hrs. — Casual
1530 to 1600 hrs. — Closed
1600 to 1730 hrs. — Adult
1730 to 1830 hrs. — Royal Life Instruction
1830 to 2130 hrs. — Adult Casual

Tuesday —
0900 to 1200 hrs. — Childrens' Instruction
1200 to 1330 hrs. — Servicemen Only
1330 to 1530 hrs. — Casual
1530 to 1600 hrs. — Closed
1600 to 1730 hrs. — Adult
1730 to 1830 hrs. — Royal Life Instruction
1830 to 2130 hrs. — Family Casual

Wednesday —
0900 to 1200 hrs. — Childrens' Instruction
1200 to 1330 hrs. — Servicemen Only
1330 to 1530 hrs. — Casual
1530 to 1600 hrs. — Closed
1600 to 1730 hrs. — Adult
1730 to 1830 hrs. — Royal Life Instruction
1830 to 2130 hrs. — Casual

Thursday —
0900 to 1200 hrs. — Childrens' Instruction
1200 to 1330 hrs. — Adult Casual
1330 to 1530 hrs. — Casual
1530 to 1600 hrs. — Closed
1600 to 1730 hrs. — Adult
1730 to 1830 hrs. — Royal Life Instruction
1830 to 2130 hrs. — Adult Casual

Friday —
0900 to 1200 hrs. — Childrens' Instruction
1200 to 1330 hrs. — Servicemen Only
1330 to 1530 hrs. — Casual
1530 to 1600 hrs. — Closed
1600 to 1730 hrs. — Adult
1730 to 1830 hrs. — Royal Life Instruction
1830 to 2130 hrs. — Family Casual

Saturday —
0900 to 1300 hrs. — Childrens' Instruction
1300 to 1600 hrs. — Casual
1600 to 1800 hrs. — Closed
1800 to 2130 hrs. — Casual

Sunday —
1300 to 1600 hrs. — Adult and Family
1600 to 2130 hrs. — Casual
Adults are considered to be persons 16 years and over.

The family swimming children must be accompanied by a person 16 years or over.

ATTENTION CURLERS

The season is fast approaching and the Comox Valley Curling Club's looking forward to a bonus year. This can only be done with your help.

For any info concerning the upcoming season contact:

Capt. Gord Kruger
Local 308 or 339-3748

How's Your A/C RECE

In a six-page quiz, the Canadian Forces Sentinel throws out the challenge in the July-August issue, asking its readers how many of the 32 types of aircraft currently in use by the Canadian forces they can identify. Another deals with jungle training of Canadians in Australia, while yet another pays tribute to the soon-to-be-retired Neptune.

Two militia exercises, one on the west coast and another at base Borden, Ont., give glimpses of the new efficiency being demanded of Canada's reserves,

and our naval activities of last spring are covered in six pages of the magazine.

In a four-page spread, Lt.-Col. H. A. Trimble talks about his duties as military advisor to the permanent representative of Canada to the United Nations and, in Over Our Shoulders, Rear-Admiral C. J. Dillon (retired) reminisces about his training under sail in the RCN in the good old days.

It is against the law to throw lighted cigarettes from cars.

the totem inn lounge
ENTERTAINMENT

Sorry about that!

DUE TO THE LACK OF ATTENDANCE AND THE LACK OF FUNDS THERE WILL BE NO ENTERTAINMENT DURING AUGUST EXCEPT THE TUESDAY MOVIES AND WEDNESDAY BINGOS.

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| 1968 Mercury Montego 4 Dr. Sedan. Blue. V-8, auto, P.S., radio, vinyl seats, wheel covers, WSW | 1968 Ford Galaxie 500 Fastback V-8, auto, P.S., P.B., radio, rear window defogger, rear speakers, WSW. |
| 1968 Station Wagon Custom 500 Brittany blue. V-8, auto, P.S., P.B., radio, roof rack, elec. tail-gate, dual action tail-gate, wheel covers, WSW. | 1968 F100's — Long Box Styleline. H.D. springs, big 6, 650 x 16 — 6 ply rubber. |

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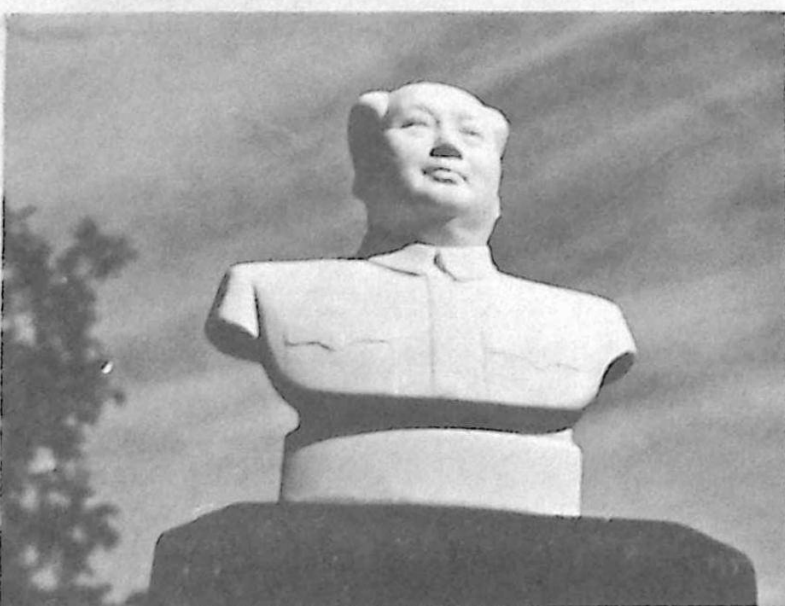
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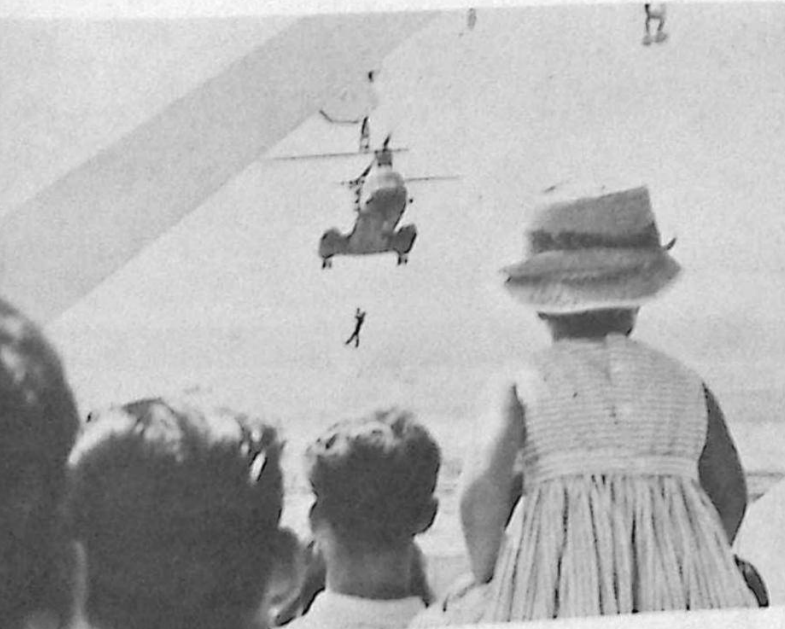
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Standing poised and alert in front of all messes and institutes on the base is our new example of how the well-dressed mess member should look inside his club. Note the very neat way in which the collar is fastened. No scruffy turtle neck here! Please check that all tunic buttons are done up in the manner of our example. Finally, please observe the diligently conscientious countenance, typical of how the average servicemen should look when confronted by the trials and tribulations of service life!



Our sharp eyed Totem Times photographer caught this Labrador helicopter from 442 Squadron's Rescue this flight on one of their many pleasure flights. In this case they were fishing in the Tyee Pool off of Comox wharf. Unable to deny their actions as they had been witnessed by the hundreds of people who had come to see the 'Sea Arms' Minesweeper, they proudly displayed the day's biggest catch for all to see. The dangled the days biggest catch for all to see. The prize fish of the day was a 186 pound split tailed tyee, a rare type in these waters. — Times Photo

F.O.D., LIKE GIRLS,
SHOULD BE PICKED UP