



TOTEM TIMES



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Vol. 9

CFB COMOX, THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1968

No. 17

CAPITAL (ists) TAKE OVER



L/Col. John S. Middleton, new commanding officer of 407 squadron picks up the phone and calls L/Col. G. F. Hammond, the new C.O. of 409 squadron to welcome him aboard. L/Col. Middleton was born in Ottawa, Ontario and was educated in that province. He enlisted in the RCAF at Toronto in July of 1949 and obtained his pilot wings in June 1950. L/Col. Middleton has served in practically all parts of Canada before coming to Comox from CFHQ in Ottawa. He, his wife Audrey and their daughter are looking forward to a long and pleasant tour on the west coast.

— Canadian Forces photo



L/Col. George F. Hammond ignores the incessant ring of his telephone while he tries to concentrate on his travel claim that just brought him from Mobile Command Headquarters. L/Col. Hammond was born in Ottawa and acquired his education in Ottawa, Montreal, and Timmons, Ontario. He enlisted in the RCAF in 1948 and received his pilot wings shortly afterwards. He has served various tours in Canada and overseas with ADC and the Air Division, before coming to Comox for his first tour on the west coast with his wife and three children. The Totem Times extends a hearty greeting to both L/Col. Hammond and L/Col. Middleton and their families and hopes their stay here will be a happy one!

— Canadian Forces photo

Bullhead Derby All Wet



J. Tremblay Photo

Contrary to popular beliefs this derby was not a contest amongst section heads! Weather conditions were somewhat less than ideal for the entrants in the Point Holmes Fishing Derby. Except for the last day, high winds and heavy rains kept the fish safely under wraps.

The children's Bullhead Derby went quite well. Mrs. Myrtle Vickberg and Maj. K. Pulham, Mayor of Wallace Gardens, lead the youngsters to the shore at 10 a.m. last Sunday and let them at the fish.

The children went in the water up to their armpits and even the miserable weather couldn't stop them. For the first Bullheads caught, several youngsters received prizes and a dollar for each fish landed. There was ice cream for everyone. What a sight! Kids with a fishing pole in one hand, ice cream cone in the other, and black and blue from the cold. A tremendous success!

The winners in the Bullhead Derby were: Age group 10 to 14, Brian Parker, prize, a bicycle!

Age group 4 to 9, Carey Paisley, Prize, a bicycle!

There were also many other prizes for the youngsters, and it was tremendous fun all around even if a few kids did catch colds!

TOTEM TIMES
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by L. McCAFFREY
The biggest Air Show in North America and the second or third largest air show in the world was held at Abbotsford last week. Unhampered by too many commercial displays and large swarms of military hardware, the show is strictly for the true flying enthusiast. The build-it-yourself type. With only a sprinkling of military and commercial displays the show is made up of home built, antiques, private and small commercial aircraft. A small commercial aircraft these days can mean a sleek twin engine jet executive transport that tools along at 550 mph.

AN AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER'S NIGHTMARE

This year there were over 2600 small aircraft in attendance, some 500 of them on display. Take a stick and stir up a beehive some time and you will get the picture of what the departure on Sunday night looked like after the show and everyone decided to go home at the same time. The aircraft took off two at a time on two separate runways in fifteen second intervals. The 1912 Boeing seaplane roared off at about 50 mph alongside of a sleek 250 mph midget racer. An Apache raced an Aztec down one runway while a Commander took off with a Lear on another. The best suggestion that I heard was made by a Texan who said "Man, I just take off and hug the trees until I get to Seattle." On the ground the situation was just as ridiculous. After Saturday's show 130,200 souls all took for the public highways at the same time.

SHOW STARTED

FRIDAY AFTERNOON

After the Band Concert by the Abbotsford Concert Band and the official opening, the show was started by a Spitfire fly-past. The aircraft is a beautifully restored model owned by a Mr. William Ross of Chicago, Ill.

The afternoon was devoted mainly to the industry which demonstrated the many aircraft now available to the small aircraft owner and businessman. One of the new products of particular interest were the Hovercraft. Two of the commercial models were demonstrated along with several home built. One was the Airskat, a Volkswagen engine powered vehicle with a 400 pound payload that is being manufactured in California. This model rises one to three inches off the ground and uses a nylon brush type skirt. The single engine drives both the lifting fan and the propulsion fan, moving the craft along at about 50 mph. The second model was made in Germany and looked very much like a flying saucer. It rode along on a plastic skirt and was powered by two lifting engines and fans plus a propulsion engine and fan. It had to be admitted that a flat field was not the best place to demonstrate the capabilities of Hovercraft. While the several different craft raced up and down the field, a car could have done the same thing out there. It was indeed unfortunate that there was no water obstacle for them to cross.

In between these demonstrations was a preview of the airshows to follow on Saturday and Sunday, and the show was closed by the Red Knight doing his fine show in his brilliant red Tutor.

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY

SHOWS BASICALLY THE SAME

The morning show was started off with a flypast of Home Built Aircraft. These aircraft were on display on the edge of the tarmac. Some of them were only fifteen feet long and some of them were capable of incredibly high speeds.

While the home built were buzzing up and down in front of the crowd Art Seller's Schweizer Sailplane was being towed aloft by a big Stearman biplane flown by his son, David,



History taxis past the present as this beautifully restored Spitfire L. F. 16 goes past the huge Vulcan V bomber of the Royal Air Force which attended the Abbotsford Air Show in conjunction with the 50th anniversary of the Royal Air Force celebrations. The Spitfire is owned and flown by Mr. William Ross of Chicago and was once the personal aircraft of Air Chief Marshal James M. Robb, RAF. Total time on the air-

releasing at 3,000 feet Art put the 1100 pound, 60 foot spanned glider through a series of beautiful soaring turns and loops ending with a fly by at some 20 mph. None but the most devoted landlubbers can witness a Schweizer in flight without having his heart moved by the desire to "soar like a bird."

The afternoon show was again kicked off by the Spitfires fly-past. With the Battle of Britain reunion vets on hand plus a lot of other old vets in the crowd, here must have been a few misty eyes around as the lovely old bird roared aloft. Next the antiques took off in a cloud of dust, mainly because some of them spun the runway and just boar off across the grass. In order at all were a 1912 Curtis Pusher, a 3/4 scale replica of a Fokker tri plane, the 1930 Pietenpol, its 40 hp Model A Ford engine just a puffin, the snappy Tommy Morse Scout in full battle colors, the Fly Baby, the 1941 Stinson Reliant, the sleek "his and hers" Ryan Racers. The huge 1912 Boeing Seaplane thundered on at 55 mph, the 1936 Stinson Airtruck and several others. History on the wing.

Next on the programme was Mr. Nellis Walker from El Paso Texas, putting his Erocoupe through an unbelievable set of aerobatics that had the crowd holding its breath. Coming out of a loop, Nellis landed the Erocoupe, taxied into the static display area, shut the engine down, waved to the appreciative crowd and was lifted out of his aircraft and into a wheelchair. Nellis is a paraplegic and is paralyzed from the waist down. Hardy types those Texans!

The pylon race took the first and only casualty of the show, on the ninth lap one of the five racers missed the turn and smashed into the runway. Heartbroken, the pilot dropped his radio control box and ran over to pick up the pieces.

Wiltold Kasper gave a startling performance in his tallless glider. This strange bird seemed to be able to do a loop inside of fifteen feet.

Freddy Ludtke took his Monocoupe, circa 1930s, off with a roll, then a hammerhead stall, Immelman, snaproll, another hammerhead with a rolloff, a vertical half roll and a split "S." Diving at 220 mph he executed a vertical slow roll followed by a split "S," another slow roll and a 360 degree slip turn ended his schtick which he calls "4 1/2 Gs in 4 1/2 minutes."

The local skydiving club followed Freddy with a mass jump from a Twin Otter. The Otter earlier gave a short take off and landing demonstration that had to be seen to be believed. The sky divers did their free fall but were hampered by a cross wind. Some of them ended up in the spruce berry bushes and had to return by bus.

Chuck Lyford thundered into the sky in one of the fastest vintage aircraft around, the P-38 Lightning. Just the thing for the weekend flyer, Chuck put on a high speed aerobatic show that bordered on the Jet class. His heart stopping finale brought gasps from the crowd as he did a high speed low level pass with a roll, with both engines feathered. Definitely not a manoeuvre for the faint of heart. The great race was re-enacted when a gleaming 1912 Cadillac and the 1912 Curtis Pusher raced each other down the runway. Our grandfathers must have been astounded at the real event when both machines strained for the finish line at 45 or 50 mph.

Cliff Howard, a professional precision aerobatic pilot put on his show mostly upside down, in his T minus 2, a chopped and stripped light private plane.

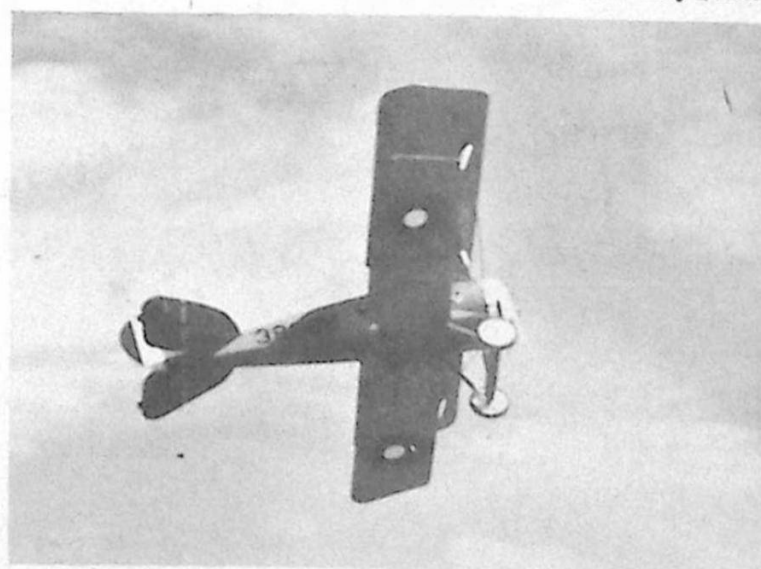
(Continued on Page 2)

frame was only 250 hours and 75 hours on the engine, a Packard "Merlin" 1,705 hp. The propellor is a four-bladed variable pitch job with wooden blades. Normal cruise is 210 knots and the top speed is 385 knots. The wartime color scheme took nine weeks to complete and cost about \$3,000. Highly manoeuvrable, the "Spit" was the mainstay in the Battle of Britain.



Wowing the crowd with the amazing versatility of his WWII P38 Lightning is Chuck Lyford from the U.S. Beginning his show with several barrel rolls immediately after take-off and continuing in one of the most fantastic single aircraft displays ever seen at Abbotsford, Lyford continually amazed the audience with low level loops, rolls, Cuban 8s and finally climaxed his performance with the execution of a slow roll with both his engines completely feathered!

J. Tremblay photo



The Tommy Morris Scout banks away and a hearty "Curse you Red Baron" is heard above the roar of the engine as Snoopy is forced to break off the action because of jammed guns. This perfect replica of this 1918 Thomas Morse Scout was one of the antique stars of the airshow this year, and is owned by Mr. Skeeter Carlson.

— LGM photo

MORE ABBOTSFORD



When the Royal Air Force Jump Team began to balk at the idea of free falling through the B.C. air, the Kootenay Highlanders brought this anti aircraft gun into position beside the Argus and threatened to shoot their Hercules out of the sky. When they heard this on the wireless, the whole team jumped out only to be followed by the crew, hence there were eighteen jumpers vice fourteen.

— LGM photo



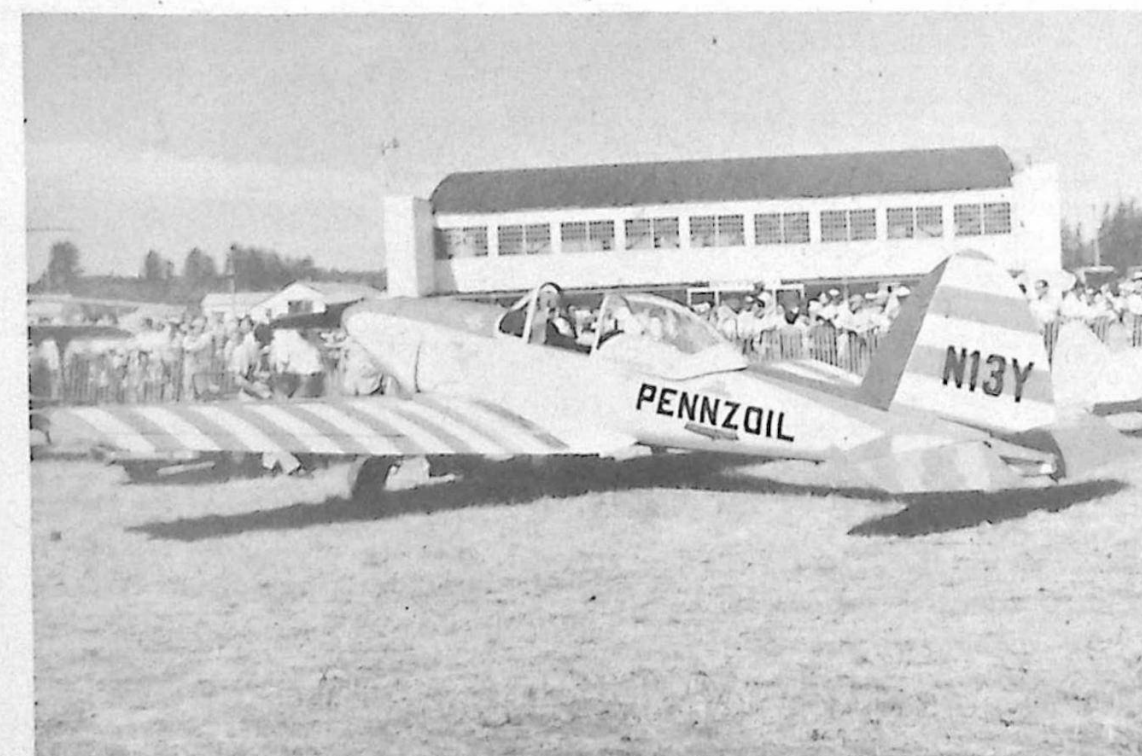
Captain Koehn and Cpl. McGuire manned the 409 static display this year. Besides their regular duties of ushering curious civilians around the pride of the fightin' 409th, they manned a small cold drink concession on the side to help defray the cost of staying in their luxurious quarters at Chilliwack. "We are on the low rate of T.D. and find the budget pretty tight" said Captain Koehn.

— LGM photo



When the Merry Mushrooms of 442 Squadron go on a picnic, they do it right. Taking one of their luxuriously appointed DC3s complete with the VIP troop seats down both sides of the interior, they had a picnic fly-in at the Air Show. Parking their bird on the front row, they not only had the ring-side seats but also some of the much coveted shade. Being a practical bunch, they invited Lt. Suzon Armstrong, the base food service officer who accepted and ended up spending the whole day serving the goodies.

— LGM photo



Aerial Hot Rod. Look again its a Chipmunk, originally the same kind used by the RCAF as a trainer and now used to train fledgling pilots at CFB Camp Borden. This highly modified version is used by Mr. Art School in his breathtaking aerobatic performances all over the world. Starting with the original model, the wings were clipped by 18 inches, and enlarged ailerons installed. The vertical stabilizer area was increased and a 200 hp Ranger engine was installed. These, plus numerous other minor modifications give this souped up Chipmunk unlimited vertical capability and a cruising speed of 145 mph.

— LGM photo

(Continued From Page 1)

Cliff's specialty seemed to be outside loops. The Avenger water bomber did a short but spectacular act by doing a purple bombing run right on the edge of the runway. Color film buffs had a field day when the brilliant purple fire extinguishing mud was dropped. Want an airplane for the family? How about a Citabria? The Stock Citabria was demonstrated by putting it through a loop, split "S", Immelman, slow roll, hammerhead turn, a horizontal eight, snap roll and a spin. Just the kind of stuff mother would perform on her way to the weekly market fly in.

SNOOPY AND RED BARON MIX IT UP

In a cloud of oil, smoke and dust the Fokker Tri plane and the Thomas Morse Scout took off and had a Dog Fight over the heads of the crowd. As they turned and jostled each other for a better position a voice was heard to say "Curse You Red Baron," over the whine of the engines and flying wires.

The familiar, but rapidly becoming a rarity, Mustang was next. Owned and flown by Bob Hoover from the States, the Mustang took off with a roll, did four, eight, and sixteen point precision rolls followed by an inverted low level flypast. Next Bob did a Cuban eight with vertical rolls, a loop, roll and landing in one maneuver followed by a one wheel landing and finally a touchdown, pull up with a roll and a touchdown.

Following Bob Hoover was the midget racer pylon race. Entered in this race of skill was a Casutt Racer, two Midget Mustangs and a Formula One. These little speedsters seemed so small that the pilots didn't get into them, they put them on. They raced around the three pylon course with their wing tips just brushing the grass. No wonder this pastime died out.

Amid the frantic calls from the announcer there was the usual demonstration on "How not to fly." This was one of the best that has been seen for some time.

During the show, the announcer, an Army Sgt. (they're sneaking in everywhere) kept making remarks to a pair of Hill Billies who were fussing with one of the sorriest looking Aerobics in Canada. It had a clotheline and sundry other items of junk hanging from it and was put together from miscellaneous parts scrounged from around the airport. Even though it was minus one aileron the Hill Billies took it up and put on an excellent aerobatic performance.

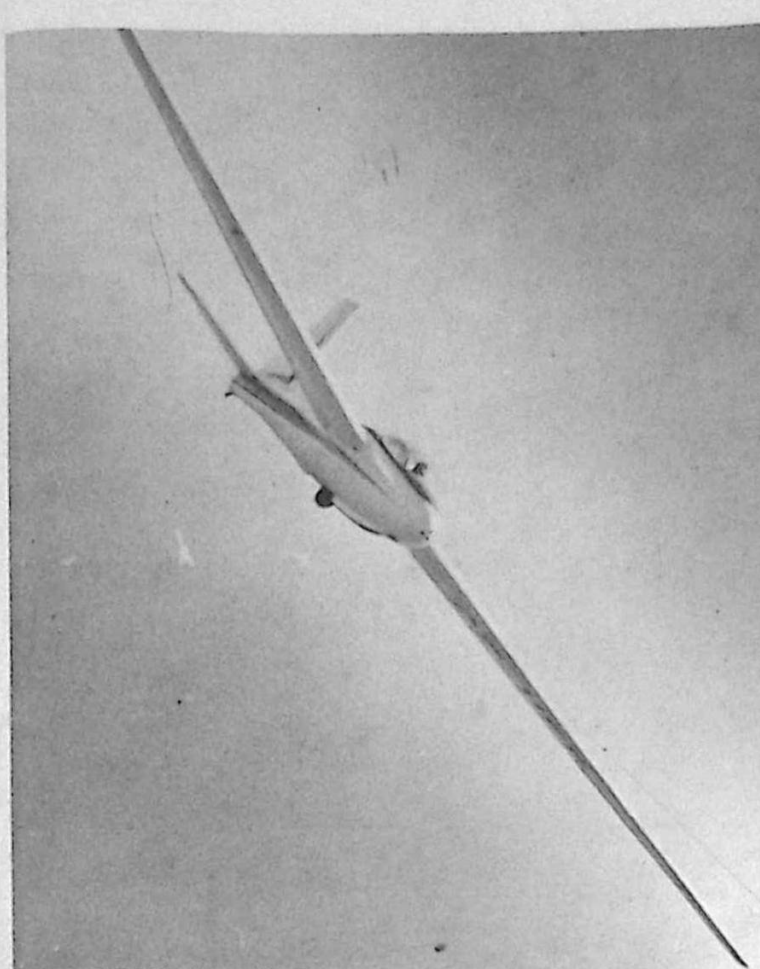
Mrs. Terry Holm, mother of three, strapped herself in a standing position on the top of the Big Stearman and allowed Bud Fountain to perform aerobatics. Go play bingo tonight Mother, but for Pete's sake stay away from those flying machines.

After this breakfast tuning episode came a touch of nostalgia as the Spitfire, the P-38 and the Mustang did a flyby.

Another highlight of the show was Art Scholl in his highly modified Chipmunk. Art is the head of the Department of Aeronautics at the San Bernadino Valley College, and no stranger to the art. The aircraft is hardly recognizable, only a close examination reveals it to be a Chipmunk. The act consists of Hammerheads, Cuban eights, snap rolls, vertical eights, upside spin, loop with an outside snap at the top, and a turny tightening tail slide. Finishing his act he did an eight pint roll, a Lomcevak, and a low level inverted ribbon cutting. All these gyrations were made even more impressive by the smoke coming from the wing tips.

The military portion of the show consisted of three Voodas who did low and high speed passes and ended with a high speed pass, pulling up and firing the afterburners which scared 130, 157 people out of their wits. The Argus did a few passes while the narrator explained it roll and told everyone it has just come off of a 12 hour patrol. The Albatross did a JATO take-off and the helicopter took off two para rescue men at about 150 feet with the aid of the hoist, and let them back down via a pair of ropes from the back door. The magnitude of this exercise seemed to be lost to some, when one young thing was heard to ask, "why don't they just land and let them in and out?" The RAF Vulcan flew by a few times casting a very large shadow over the crowd, while their Hercules took the RAF Falcons up to 18,000 feet.

The Falcons put on the finest para jumping display ever seen in this part of the world. Dr



The Schweizer Sailplane. One of the most beautiful of all sights in aviation has to be a Schweizer in flight. This bird is being flown by Mr. Art Seller, a glider enthusiast from Abbotsford. The glider has a 60-foot wing span and weighs 1,150 pounds. It will glide, under ideal conditions, 37 miles for every mile of altitude. Art's maximum altitude to date is 21,000 feet.

— Jim Tremblay Photo

ping in two sticks of nine men a mile apart they free fell into a predetermined area and all 18 jumpers opened their chutes together. The chutes, the Aero Commander type were beautifully decorated as roundels and made a most impressive sight. Still trailing smoke all 18 men landed in the drop zone in an area of about 75 square yards.

The Red Knight put the cap on a perfect day. His performance was his usual finest. His high speed however took him over an area ten times the size of the area used by the other smaller performers. Jets are here to stay and are a great thing, but when it comes to aerobatic displays the little light kite just can't be beat.

Next year's Abbotsford International Airshow will probably be even bigger and better. Be there if you can. If you do go take a couple of tips. Take a chair, umbrella, hat, supply of cold drinks and a late supper. Wait until the traffic is all gone before going home. It took some people 2 1/2 hours just to reach the highway, a distance of about six miles. If you plan on staying for a couple of days make your reservations early. Motels were booked solid months ahead of the show this year.

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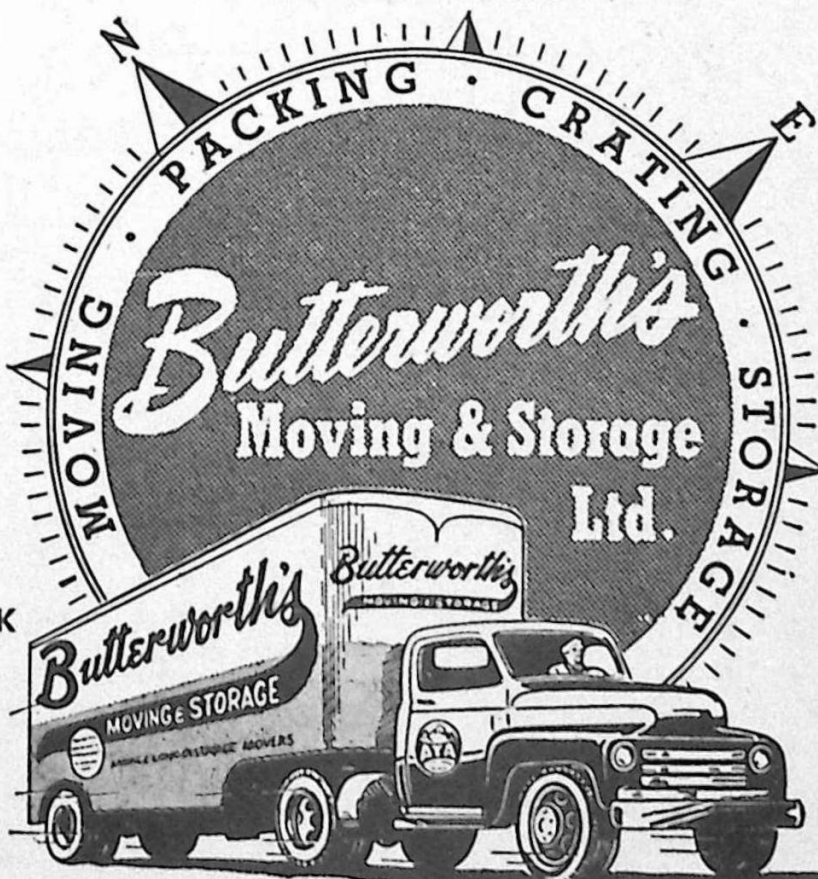
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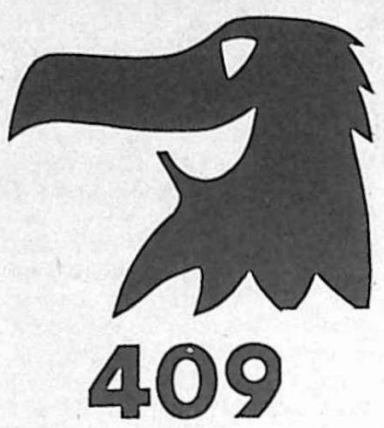
ACROSS THE CITY—
ACROSS THE COUNTRY



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Night Hawk's Nest



The Nest welcomes our new Head Hawk to the Squadron. Most 409'ers (aircrew branch) met Lt Col Hammond and his wife informally on Saturday night at the indoor patio party and he's probably still trying to sort out names and faces. Since it's always been the aim of this column to confuse and bewilder anyone, anywhere, at any time, we now come to the aid of our new boss with a list of those he met.

Maj S. G. Skinner — He is your number two man who has been Acting Squadron CO for 10 these many weeks, and he was thinking of you just last week when he said, "When the hell is the new CO going to come to work?"

Maj A. Leiter — If he ever tries to tell you about being used as bait in a whale fishing expedition — believe him, it's true. Known affectionately around the Squadron as "Jonah,"

Maj G. C. Morrison — Please speak to "Maj Moe" and see if you can get him to clean up the inside of his locker door.

Maj W. B. Sterne — If you ever need a replacement at a mug presentation get our Nav Dad to do it; all the captains listen most attentively when he speaks.

Maj H. B. Larsen — "Swede" is the BFO, and if he ever approaches you about taking his sea survival exercise, just drop whatever you're doing — and run like heck!

Capt L. A. Dodd — Alias "Fat Lennie" alias "Lennie the Lip" has been known to talk for three and three quarters minutes without drawing a breath. This man is considered dangerous when loaded.

Capt A. J. Cooper — "Coop" has been here a long time — perhaps a bit too long. In fact he thinks he's Pancho Villa so he's grown a mustache and keeps a horse in his room.

Capt J. L. Larrison — Our American exchange pilot; John is a good man to take on cross-country trips, provided you get him

to sign everything first and have no particular destination in mind.

Lt G. W. Liddiard — Known to all as Twiggy; he's the only troop on the Squadron who has to raise his seat full up to climb out of the cockpit.

Capt F. C. Brittain — Should you happen to stumble into Fred when he's throwing paper planes around, just relax; that's Fred's way of developing new fighter tactics, usually for low level intercepts.

Capt D. S. Northrup — It's easy to recognize Dale; he's the scheduling officer for "B" Flight — he suffers from ulcers, has a nervous tick in his right eye, has grease-pencil stained fingers and cries a lot.

Capt B. W. McLeod — Believe it or not, "Beatie" is your test pilot; he starts the working week very slowly but finishes strong — usually reaching his power peak about 1630 hrs on Friday.

Noted for his mild manner and suave speech, which is how come he's also your PIO.

Lt R. P. Little — Ron's pet nickname is "Chicken Little," but don't be misled; actually he's a very capable pilot — particularly at contour flying, and that's why the BCom has volunteered him for 104's.

Lt H. A. Redden — Don't be confused by Harry's flushed face and bulging eyeballs (there's nothing medically wrong with him) — he drives to work with Little.

Capt R. A. Sherratt — Treat this man with respect because he's your Adjutant/PADO/Executive Officer (cross out those that don't apply); and if you're miserable with him, he'll keep you knee deep in paper work or go to headquarters and re-design a golf course.

These are some of the people that you met and will have the pleasure of working with in the years to come, and if I'm still around for the next edition I'll give you the gen on some more of this motley mob which we shall now re-name Hammond's Hairy Horde in your honour.

Soap Box Derby Sat.

Rivalled only by the Abbotsford Air Show the first annual Wallace Gardens Soap Box Derby is expected to draw crowds from all corners of PMQs this Saturday. The race course has just been announced, it is the Spruce Street hill and the starting point will be the corner of Spruce and Elm. Also just announced by Captain Vince Penny, the Track Marshal, there will be special treats for all contestants and fans in the crowd who are cheer-

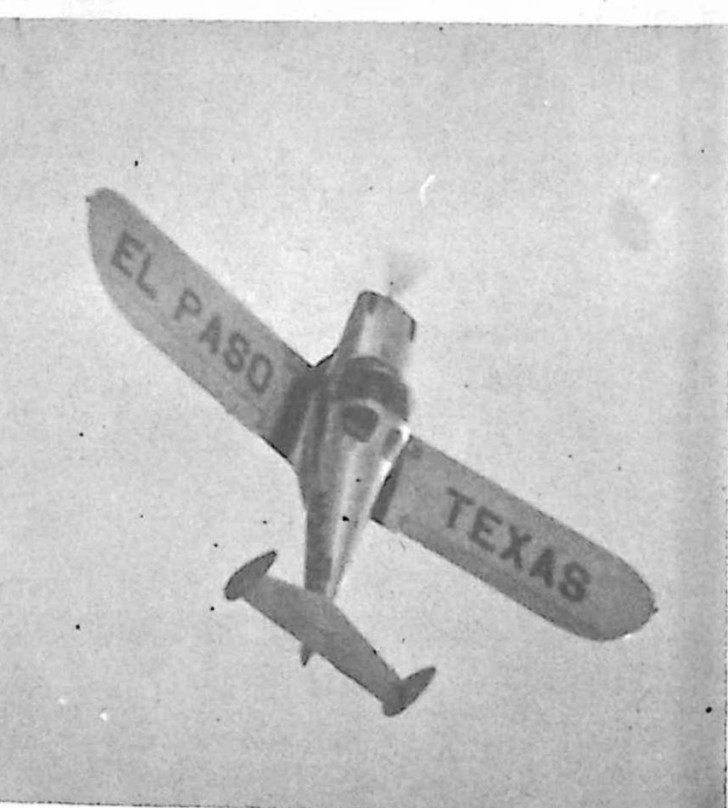
ing the contestants. Drivers and cars are reported to be in top condition and some of the fastest dragsters in the district are expected to enter.

Many notables will be present and His Honour Mayor Pulham will be making the award presentations after the race. Deadline for entry forms to be in the Totem Times office is 1500 hrs. on Friday the 23rd. Make sure yours is in.

LOCAL CADET OUTSTANDING



Cadet Sgt. Les Robert Rose was awarded the "Most Outstanding Cadet" trophy while attending the Technical Training Course at CF Borden this summer. The course, attended by 100 Air Cadets from all over Canada consisted of training on safety systems, photography, an introduction to trades training and two weeks of aircraft servicing. Lasting six weeks the course also placed much emphasis on sports and regular forces manual drill. In addition there were three tours included taking the cadets to Niagara Falls, Toronto and Orillia. Les has been in the Air Cadets for two years and plans on going through ROTP and becoming an aeronautical engineer when he finishes high school. Les, The Totem Times extends it's "Well Done."



Nellis Walker, a paraplegic, performs in his Escoupe before a crowd of 130,200, doing practically every manoeuvre in the book before returning to his wheelchair to watch the rest of the show. It is interesting to note that Mr. Walker was unable to obtain a pilot's license in Canada as the authorities felt that he was incapable to fly an aircraft.

— Jim Tremblay Photo

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DEMON DOINS

The Demons are gradually regaining full squadron numbers. The annual exodus on summer leave has diminished and there are the many new additions from the far eastern provinces. Without a doubt Big Brother has many sub periods and a few deployments planned so that the winter hours will not be idled away.

Now that the air display season has run the gamut, the populace can once again wander the local beaches in peace and tranquility. The Phantom of Miracle Beach has closed the hangar doors for another year. Heavy demands were placed on the Demon aircraft and crews during the Abbotsford air show and others held in the past few months. Due to the commentator's stereotyped spiel the tax-payers now think that Maj. Dunbar is a code word for Argus pilot.

Tuesday saw the final flight of Neptunes depart for the stowage area in Saskatoon. Unlike the CP's, these aircraft have really left CFB Comox for the last time. As the last two P2V's taxied away, Demon air and ground crews gathered to pay tribute to the old warriors.

The flight line has been busy getting the MFR up to the required rate. Along with the everyday patrols and crew trainers there have been a few trips recovering in the States. Crew 2 returned from a successful sortie to San Diego. From all reports the fine tourist town just over the Mexican border still enjoys the protection of the ever colorful constabulary.

The initial Argus probe into sunny Hawaii will be made on Thursday. Lt. Col. Middleton will accompany the crew to ensure that they do come back. Having just passed that way a few short months ago, the CO will no doubt arrange tours through the more interesting churches and museums! For the other crews things have been fairly quiet.

After four years as a line RO, Capt. Gary Thain has now gone to work. He has been appointed Acting PADO, our regular PADO, Capt. Tony Nagy is now billed as a star attraction at the PNE.

Fortunately for Capt. Thain, of the five hundred and fifty seven problems normally encountered by the PADO, he only managed five fifty six.

Something has finally happened in the Flight Engineers trade. Congratulations to WO "Stretch" McNeil on his recent promotion. Unfortunately we will have to wait for awhile before he will be able to finance a promotion party with his new raise. With normal service luck the pay review scheduled for this fall will raise the Sgt's pay by reducing the WO's.

In closing we would like to mention the few who rise at four a.m. faithfully every morning, to practice the ancient art of salmon fishing. So far, Capt's Bill Mazey and Des Mayne have reeled in a few of the elusive Tyee, proving that there is talent hidden behind the locked door of Ops.

1500 The Hardway

Comox, B.C., 7 August, 1968. The para rescue group of 442 Squadron has recently made a bit of history.

This group, which has been called upon so frequently to drop into the scene of an aircraft crash or to the assistance of victims of marine incidents, continues to maintain its high calibre of efficiency.

Although being required to jump only once each quarter to

maintain their qualifications, the men average three to four jumps per month. This, of course, keeps them at top proficiency. The five with their total jumps, each of whom has achieved a new plateau on competing this particular leap, are: Cpl BJ Fitzgerald, 500 jumps; Cpl GF McNutt, 400 jumps; Cpl LJ Franks, 300 jumps; Cpl R Cummings, 200 jumps; Cpl B Newport, 100 jumps.

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COBOC CACOPHONY

Coboc members although humble and philanthropic by nature, do deserve and expect a certain type of treatment from the people they meet. As many persons are probably unaware of how they are supposed to handle Coboc members, we thought that it's about time we published a decorum guide for the various groups and individuals that are likely to meet Coboc types in their everyday lives.

Officers Wives Club members have for a long time held a warm spot in the hearts of every Coboc member. Not only do they hold the controlling interest in the mess which we all frequent now and again, but they also stay in close contact with every mother in the Comox Valley. Officers Wives Club members should treat Cobocers with the mutual respect that can be found on any battlefield. We suggest that to stop the war from escalating the wives should publish their supper menus on the bulletin board in the mess. This would be a very friendly gesture and would save our single guys from dropping in unannounced on evenings when hamburgers are being served!

Used Car Salesmen should be ultra careful in any dealings with Coboc oriented persons. Cobocers are considered to be the shrewdest financial wizards to ever appear on this side of the rocks. Many a car dealer was left muttering to himself as guys like Transistor Marv, Scott Eichel, and John Petticiere drove off into the sunset sporting new cars and laughing to themselves.

Food store operators aren't required to treat Coboc members in any special fashion as

for some reason or another these groups rarely seem to cross paths.

B.C. LCB store managers are expected to give Coboc ultra special treatment as Coboc for some reason or other, controls the store's economic destiny. The only strike against them is that they don't pay any return for the empties. The troops in the Sugar Shack are just praying for the day that they can rush down to the LCB and collect some benefits for all their patronage.

Doctors and Cobocers have a mutual interest: our "Vancouver Island Bon Vivant's" health. Next to women and booze, Coboc types like to take care of their health. Should one of our guys come down with something, the ensuing results would be catastrophic. The last time four Coboc members got sick at one time, 27 women suffered nervous breakdowns. Mind you, there were 52 parents, husbands, and boy friends who petitioned the base hospital to leave our stalwarts in for a while.

The RCMP is probably the only group that Cobocers actually treat gently, however, the boys in red couldn't get along very well without Coboc. It seems that they have been using us for training aids in riot control. This usually takes place at the local drive-in show or restaurant when groups of guys get choked up with their girlfriends' swooning over our heroes when they drive in and decide to take it all out on our stalwarts.

Well sport fans, now you all have an idea how to treat our heroes from the Comox Valley. Until next time, "support couch and culture, take a Coboc to lunch." Cheers!

TOTEM TIMES

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EDITOR: Lt. N. Bartels (loc 308)
PHOTO EDITOR: Cpl. J. Tremblay (loc 417)
EDITORIAL STAFF: Capt. PG Northover (loc 308)
Sgt. HE Miller (loc 311)
Capt. R. Koehn (loc 409)
DEPUTY EDITOR AND CARTOONIST: Cpl. LG McCaffrey (loc 299)
ADVERTISING STAFF: WO H. Image (loc 311)
WO EG Yendall (loc 270)
BUSINESS MANAGER: Sgt. T. Shaw (loc 283)
CIRCULATION: Cpl. K. Paisley (loc 409)
BOOKKEEPER: Mrs. B. Cocker

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Inquiries may be directed to Cpl. McCaffrey at Local 299.

CFHQ or Ottawa

When Military decisions are announced in the various news media's, the Canadian public's reactions are well worth watching. The taxpayer is sometimes understandably disturbed, particularly over financial matters. He is often apathetic as over the procurement of logistics, and sometimes he is actually embarrassed or angered, for instance when the Canadian Military Image abroad is tarnished. This is particularly true of people with a Military history stemming from the various wars we have been caught in since the turn of the century.

All in all, the Military policies emanating from CFHQ have been good ones and generally designed to meet existing obligations with the resources at our disposal. Since CFHQ has done all these things with standard efficiency, we should, therefore, be tolerant of the occasional questionable policy to flow out of Ottawa. As the taxpayer hasn't had a lot to scream about lately, it's only fair that he be given something once in a while over which he can voice some serious objections.

The decision by Ottawa, to paint the starboard side of Canadian Military aircraft with French markings, has to be one of the all-time great gems to ever make its way westward from our glorious capital. Before discussing this topic further we had better differentiate between Ottawa and CFHQ as we see it for the purpose of this article. They are both in Eastern Ontario and CFHQ gets enough criticism from the troops in the field! CFHQ is basically the home of our Military leaders while Ottawa is considered to be the home of our politicians who, as we all know, reign as lord and master over our generals!

"Sauvetage." This word can now be found emblazoned on the right side of many of our search and rescue aircraft. Presumably it means rescue, however, not too many people are certain, therefore, it's open to a host of interpretations. Why was this done? Good question! France's SAR a/c have "Rescue" written on their fuselage. As a matter of fact, Germany's SAR a/c have "Rescue" printed on their sides. Come to think of it most ICAO SAR a/c (Canada is a member of ICAO) have "Rescue" on their fuselages. Where does that leave us? Probably with the only Sauvetage a/c in the world instead of rescue a/c.

Politicians are noted for their lack of military thinking. I think case they obviously don't realize that the military have to fly these a/c to foreign lands and that it could be very embarrassing for the crews to explain all the implications of the paint scheme to every curious individual that comes along. English is the language used throughout the world in connection with aviation. If the Canadian politicians insist on fighting their battles over national unity, they should fight them in offices between themselves and the people concerned. The Armed Forces would just as soon not be swept up in the issue of national unity and would prefer to concern themselves with the problems pertaining to military matters.

Now as long as we are in the business of repainting our a/c, perhaps we should add an axiom often found in the newspapers. "The views expressed on the side of this plane are not those of the crew but rather of those . . . etc., etc., etc.!" This would at least alleviate the military from the burden of answering the questions of many civilians and perhaps direct them to the crux of the issue, Ottawa!

The Truth About Flying

From the beginning of recorded history man has always envied the birds and has wished that he could somehow get his feet off the ground. The first man to attend the flying school of hard knocks was, as legend has it, Icarus who got his wings severely burnt in the process. But he tried to attain the impossible and if you want to believe everything that the Americans tell us his dream was not realized until the Wrights did the impossible. From that day on the dreams and aspirations have been steadily increasing. A solo flight across the Atlantic made a national hero out of Lindbergh notwithstanding the scores who have perished in similar attempts. Man has never preferred to rest on his laurels and this has caused him to go higher and faster. The X-15 flights in the United States started off the program and they have now completed the Mercury tests and are preparing for the even bigger Apollo flights.

Surrounding the whole concept of flight is an aura of mystery and believe it or not, romance. From the diehards who feel that if man was supposed to fly he would have wings to the incorrigibles who live for nothing else the mystery of flight is all consuming. But we have to differentiate somewhere between the various kinds of flying. It is pretty hard to say that a jet-jockey does the same thing as a pilot of a big passenger jet but many people do. Not many can separate the distinct kinds of flying but prefer to lump them all together and say that it is all just amazing. It is amazing but it is certainly not all that glamorous.

For example, assume that you are on an Argus crew, that's that big plane with the four engines and that funny looking tail. Wouldn't that be a gas? Then you find out that it is to be an early morning patrol - which means say a 6:00 o'clock briefing. Yes Virginia, we do HAVE

BRIEFINGS before every trip. So if you want to have breakfast before you get airborne you get up at five, otherwise you postpone the inevitable until five-thirty. Briefing usually takes about thirty to forty-five minutes and you have to be in the aircraft by quarter after seven. So far you have been right - it is real neat and full of mystery to be getting up in the morning when all the rest of the hapless civilians are still asleep and blissfully ignorant of your daring and self-sacrificing mission.

Bleary eyed and not so bushy you board the aircraft and then it hits you. Perhaps you made the wrong turn and ended up in the town dump. But, everyone else is unconcerned. Perhaps there's something dead on the aircraft or a peacefully rotting pair of old sweat socks. But the rest of the crew don't seem to mind. The fragrance that is wafting your eyes is as elusive as it is pungent. It is impossible to analyze its separate components. It is a unique odor and once to be smelled can never be forgotten. Modesty forbids a detailed breakdown but now you may feel that perhaps you shouldn't have eaten after all.

Once you are airborne you find many conflicting stimuli. Without your headset on the noise of the engines is unbearable. You have still not conquered the smell and now you are starting to bounce around as we hit some turbulent air. This is getting to be too much. Now comes the final straw. Another smell wafts back to you - somebody on the crew did not eat before the flight and is now cooking his breakfast. Flying is the correct term and never before has bacon smelled so awful.

You have completed the first hour and still have 15 more to go. If you do happen to recover you will find that although the food is adequate it still lacks a little something. Up to now the concept of glamour and ex-



My theory is, if the weather's duff there will be fewer competitors in a fishing derby.

Because of a Blonde

By Cpl. LANCE STIRLING

Now that the glue holding the new hook has dried and it looks as though the head shed is going to let me keep it, the time has arrived to answer Cpl. Nancekiville's question. He wanted to know, as possibly no one will remember, why I was still a Leading Aircraftsman.

It wasn't easy. It took a snowstorm, the Ground Observer Corps, the Royal Mounted Police, Jeanette McDonald, and Nelson Eddy - not necessarily in that order. As a mere slip of a child I saw that great movie, "Rosemarie." It impressed me. So much so that at every opportunity I saw it again. As of the day I was posted to the Ground Observer Corps, I had thrilled to Jeanette McDonald and Nelson Eddy a total of 137 times. The very day my assignment came in I sat through the movie four times.

I was a brand new LAC then, working as an apprentice fitter's helper. Being on the afternoon shift, I spent most of my mornings at the local movie because the old W.O. that ran the orderly room believed anyone not working in the morning should be put on detail. At any rate, after the fourth showing of "Rosemarie" that day I wandered into my barracks filled with visions of Nelson Eddy in that red coat heading out into the snow, to find a note on my bed. It said to come to the Orderly Room.

I went, to hear that the northernmost detachment of the Ground Observer Corps, located at Buffalo Narrows, Sask., needed a new set of eyes and that the personnel types were looking for volunteers. I must have been still occupied with thoughts of the frozen north and Jeanette McDonald.

Here was my big chance. An opportunity to go up north to the land of huskies and red coated mounties, I thought. "I will go," I said, drawing myself up with simple dignity while simultaneously popping my heels and giving a salute blindfolded in speed. This little act of airmanship was somewhat blunted by the slight miscalculation I made in estimating the edge of my hat. As the rest of the Orderly Room in stricken silence watched my hat doing lazy cartwheels in the air, I returned to my bed to pack. The speed with which I was processed off base was simply amazing.

Duty with the Ground Observer Corps was very enriching, in a spiritual sense. Buffalo Narrows is the sort of place where you get last Saturday's TV programs this Wednesday - on the radio. Other than the snow, the cold that seems to go to the very marrow of your bones, the isolation and tedium, Buffalo Narrows is an average town. It did have a movie house, and joy

citement seems particularly remote and unimportant. Actually, all you want to do is get on the ground again and go home. And here you make a momentous discovery. From what you can understand through all that mumbo-jumbo in your headset the rest of the crew would like nothing better either. But this can't be true. This is their job and who would do something that they dislike for a permanent job? Time proves that you are correct. The crew dislike the smell, noise, bouncing, grime and general discomfort as much as you.

The truth of the matter is that there is no glamour on an operational aircraft. Anybody who flies for more than a couple of hours at a time will tell you that. It is a job and nothing more. The hard fact is that somebody has to do it and you like it, well, so much the better. Although the pay may be better than the national average the working conditions are certainly much worse. So much for the glamour of flying.

of joys, my favorite movie, "Rosemarie." I was the only air force man in town and after a hard day straining both eyes to distinguish between a two engine, hi-wing, monoplane with prominent landing gear and a duck in the sun, I would often relax by watching, or if it was an especially hard day, listening to "Rosemarie."

Life went on well for the first four years or so. Every time I saw an airplane, I would call the filter centre. Sometimes, even if I didn't see an airplane, I would call the filter centre. I made it a rule to never let a month go by without calling.

Little by little, however, I began to feel that perhaps someone had forgotten about me. My official mail started coming in addressed to "Occupant." The International Red Cross offered to repatriate me. My monthly written reports began coming back marked, "unknown at this address." Finally, I read in the Buffalo Narrows Gazette that the Ground Observer Corps had been replaced by something called NORAD using electronic gadgets to scan the skies.

I was obsolete. After debating this turn of events for a month or so, I decided to take matters in my own hands. I asked the local mountie to put on his red coat and arrest me for being AWOL. He objected; for one thing his red coat was in the cleaners and it didn't fit very well anyway since he had quit smoking and put on all that weight, and for another thing, he pointed out that I could not be AWOL unless I went away. As he so brilliantly pointed out, "You didn't go away, it was the Ground Observer Corps that left."

This certainly left me in a quandary. Here I was with a pair of Navy night glasses with nothing to look at, three boxes of thousand-hour lamp pins for an outfit that had packed it in, a telephone line to an ex-filter centre that had become a supermarket (I was plugged into the butcher's locker room), and horror of horrors, I was running out of forms to submit my monthly reports.

It was about that time that sharp-eyed Cpl. Nancekiville inadvertently came to my rescue. When he complained, one of the high powered folks in Ottawa that reads this newspaper noticed my name and decided to pull my card from the big computer. My card was so old it still had round holes in it.

The rest is history. The town of Buffalo Narrows gave me my own bronzed copy of the film can from "Rosemarie," 121 Squadron made a daring rescue threading their way through the ice and the tourists, and I received my present posting.

I also received that new hook and another problem. In between watching ducks in the sun and Jeanette MacDonald, I had neatly monogrammed everything I owned, across thermal underwear and greatcoats to waterglass, I each, mess, with "LAC IS". It was either keep my old rank or take out a first mortgage to buy a complete new issue of everything.

NEXT TOTEM
TIMES DEADLINE
LABOUR DAY,
2nd SEPTEMBER

Yea Ottawa!

The manner in which our Canadian Government exercises control over its various agencies must leave the average observer somewhat bewildered. To the uninitiated, all employees of the government must logically receive equal benefits and opportunities for advancement. A conscientious look at the situation will show that nothing is further from the truth. Government personnel policies are virtually nonexistent and an agency's ability to extract concessions from Ottawa depends entirely on how hard that agency is able to cripple the government by going on strike.

Air Canada and the Armed Forces are two agencies controlled by our Federal Government. There the similarity ends. As this issue goes to press, there is a strong possibility of airline travel in Canada being shut down due to a strike of Canadian airline pilots of which the majority are employed by Air Canada, in other words, the government. The pilots are threatening to go on strike for the usual reasons; higher wages and better working conditions. The Armed Forces of course, have no comparable right!

Air Canada's promotion system is quite an interesting one. An individual who takes his employment with that company simply does his job, keeps his nose clean, and gets promoted steadily as long as people ahead of him retire and the company continues to grow. The Armed Forces promotion policy is also quite interesting and for reasons of brevity we won't go into it at this time.

Air Canada's wages although not really comparable to the American carriers are quite substantial. A senior pilot whose only duty is to fly for Air Canada makes a great deal more money than our Chief of Defense Staff whose duties entail the responsibility for 100,000 or so people. Another interesting fact is that the majority of Air Canada's pilots are ex-Canadian Forces who saw the greener grass in another government branch and took the opportunity for financial advancement and still remain in the employment of the government.

These highlights of our government's caste system are obviously with us to stay. Since we aren't able to change them our government has given its departments such as Air Canada, the Post Office, etc. enough power that they no longer are forced to sit and wait for benefits from Ottawa, perhaps we can simply be content to air some minor bugbears in hopes for some changes.

If a serviceman is transferred and he is unable to acquire transportation via service air, he is usually authorized to travel via commercial air. To sum this up, he goes to accounts, obtains money (originally from Ottawa) in the form of a travel advance, proceeds to Air Canada (usually), and gets his ticket. He then receives his ride and the money makes its way back to Ottawa. You'll probably notice the startling similarity this operation has to taking money you hold in your left hand placing it ever so gently in your right hand. Wouldn't it be so much simpler if a person employed by the government, transferred by the government, could just climb on any aircraft owned by the government, and go along his merry way?

A person going on leave presents an interesting situation. If he is single, Ottawa will pay him (provided he goes to his next of kin and only once a year) to travel Air Canada but nothing to travel service air. If he is married he also gets nothing. It's the old left and right hand bit again. In the U.S. a vacationing or travelling serviceman receives concessions from any privately owned airline, while in Canada servicemen receive absolutely no benefits from the government airline. To break this system down further, the Navy (the briny element of our unified force) are entitled to travel home

Summer Swarm

FROM thousands of miles around did they come. Few came in oxcarts and few by canoe. Most of the hundreds of thousands arrived in a cloud of dust. Some dropped in from the skies in multifarious and improbable craft. All were there to be a part of that carnival of carnivals, that annual impossible success, the Abbotsford Air Show. The weather was as beautiful as if each aircraft that arrived had brought its own small piece of blue and sun-filled sky and anchored it there for the period. The airfield was a gigantic oasis which absorbed the multitudes and still left vast open spaces of sun-baked tarmac for nomads to ebb and surge. The hawkers were altruists to a man donating their time to the public and their profits to charities and worthwhile organizations.

WHO CAME

Friends and enemies, acquaintances and strangers, escapists, romantics, cynics, the sun worshippers and the pickpockets, the long and the short, the halt and the lame, giants and gnomes, dwarfs and even Snow White, a tall and statuesque blonde with a man who was completely unworthy, a chunky girl with feet planted firmly on the pavement to help support her eye-popping superstructure, bikini-clad mannequins, sweating businessmen,

gaudy tourists, a man with the most prodigious overhanging belly that I have ever seen (I'm afraid that I stared, odd balls with Carnaby Street threads, scruffy beards and weirdo shades, girls with naked hero-worship stamped on their faces, and millions of ankle-biting gremlins and kids. "WHEW!"

WHY DID THEY COME?

To watch the airshow? Undoubtedly, but what else? They came to escape from their humdrum routines, to gawk at the new, the strange and the different. Some came to worship, not merely the invention of man, but what man has been able to do with that invention. Some came to take the sun, to watch the girls, to have a thrill, to see the spectacular, perhaps to watch a man die. They all came to be a part of the action. The participants came to seek glory, to gain recognition or just for the fun of it. There was an expectant air throughout each day, an unreal atmosphere where time lost its meaning except where it related to the scheduled six hours of stunt flying, aerobatics, fly pasts, precision parachute jumps, clown acts, and air demonstrations of every conceivable kind. I watched a brilliant performance followed by another brilliant performance followed by another, each pilot try-

ing to outdo the previous act, touring his aircraft, handling it with ruthless skill and loving each moment of danger, flying for himself alone, oblivious to the faceless horde that hoped for some mistake to climax an act, the intricacies of which they could not possibly understand. How many successive pilots could outdo each other? I wondered where it would culminate. Thank God that no one was killed.

OUR CONTRIBUTION

One may have gained the impression from other articles in this issue that the CAF contingent at Abbotsford was operated on a shoestring. True, but how short that shoestring was, you would find hard to believe. Comox ground equipment and support troops were transported to the site via RAF Hercules, but had to be returned by surface means. Of course we had no Centennaires to offer, but presented the usual fly pasts with lots of speed and lots of noise. After the last act on the last day a few of us repaired to the temporary mess to heal our parched throats with a cool grog. While there, one of the Air Show organizers approached me and offered his fervent thanks for the RCAF contribution to the show. He said that we had really made the show and he hoped that we would be counted on to participate again next year. With tears in my voice I thanked him for his kind lies and told him we were always happy to be of service, but sometimes found that our hands were tied (albeit with a shoestring). I did not tell him that next year's budget is in and that an Abbotsford contribution is glaringly absent. But then, I hate to see a grown man cry. We parted friends.

HOW CAME THE END?

A flock of Nordo birds blackening the evening sun with echoing whines and roars, staggering off on the first hop of migration. The stillness returned slowly and the only evidence that remained was the guano - mounds of paper cups and cellophane wrappings, discarded hamburger scraps and cigarette butts. The smokers had been able to ignore the puddles of fuel in their search for a quiet smoke in the shade of a Vulcan or a Phantom, or a Voodoo. Somehow, miraculously, there had been only one fire, and that hadn't burned airplanes or debris, only grass. Now the booths were being torn down and the only job left was for the sweepers and the garbage pickers. And so it ended, with a traffic jam about 40 miles long, and a few dozen diehards standing forlornly around a prematurely closed bar.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

"Where did Alfie go". We understand how L.G.R. feels about driving from Courtenay and finding out a certain film has been substituted. We feel even worse as we are the ones who face the people and try to explain.

Unfortunately this happens periodically. In some cases the Vancouver office has to ship films to their Calgary/Toronto offices for various reasons. A greater demand in a certain area or honoring an older contract. In the case of Alfie, the New York office recalled all 35 mm copies of this film. The reason we are given for this is the backers demand their money. When this happens the company has to calculate all earnings of the film and pay off. These films are usually reissued within 12 months.

Substitutes are picked by the company unless there is sufficient time for correspondence. Details concerning picking and costs of films would be too lengthy for this letter. Your questions or views are quite welcome. See the theatre manager or write addressing your letter to Theatre Manager, CFB Comox and drop same in any base mailing outlet for C.R.

In the meantime, all we can say, "THAT'S SHOWBIZ".
LA OLE MAN S.T.

Mr. Ed:

I would like to take this time to apply for a position on the Staff of the Totem Times. I believe that I fit all the qualifications and would be an asset to your staff. Here are only a few of my attributes!

I'm sort of a shiftless type who would greatly prefer sitting around your office (I check your proximity to the new pool), than working at my job. This is probably the number one prerequisite.

I've got a warped sense of humour and enjoy nothing more than lying around dreaming up weird captions to legitimate pictures.

People have always considered me to be a defender of lost causes and losers in general. I detect a distinct need for that type person on your staff.

Seemore continually uses the term "what I laughingly refer to as my career". My many years in rank qualifies me to make that statement also. Incidentally, I notice you aren't losing any man hours running down to the tailor's shop to get stripes sewn on your uniform either!

So, Mr. Ed., those are my qualifications. I trust that they are in order and I'll be hearing from you soon.

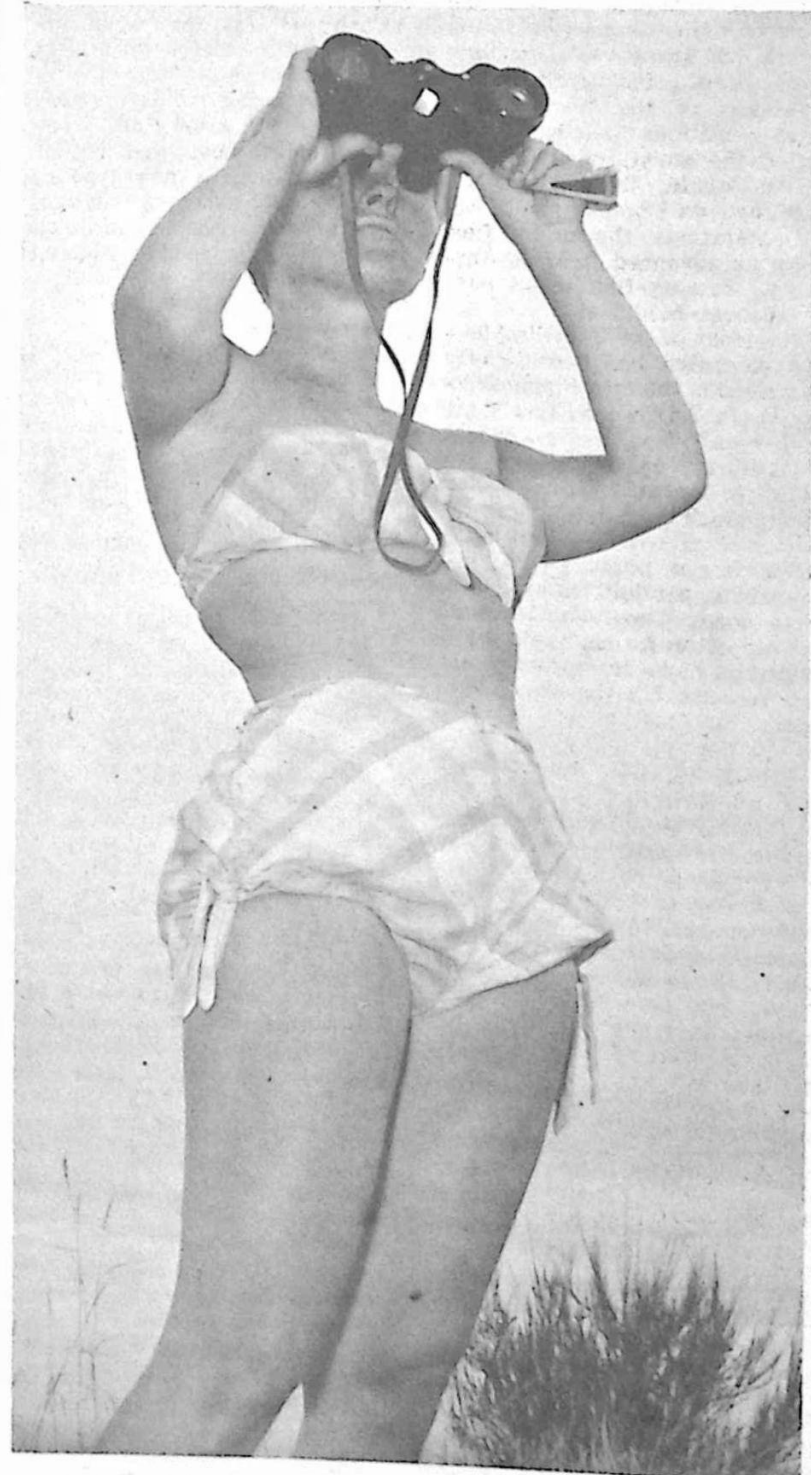
Signed,
Virtuoso of the Quill

Dear Virtuoso:

I think we'll be hiring you to act as intermediary between ourselves and the Base Administration. Such diplomacy shouldn't be allowed to waste!

on duty before commencing leave while the Air Force and Army receive no similar adjustments. Weird system all around, isn't it?

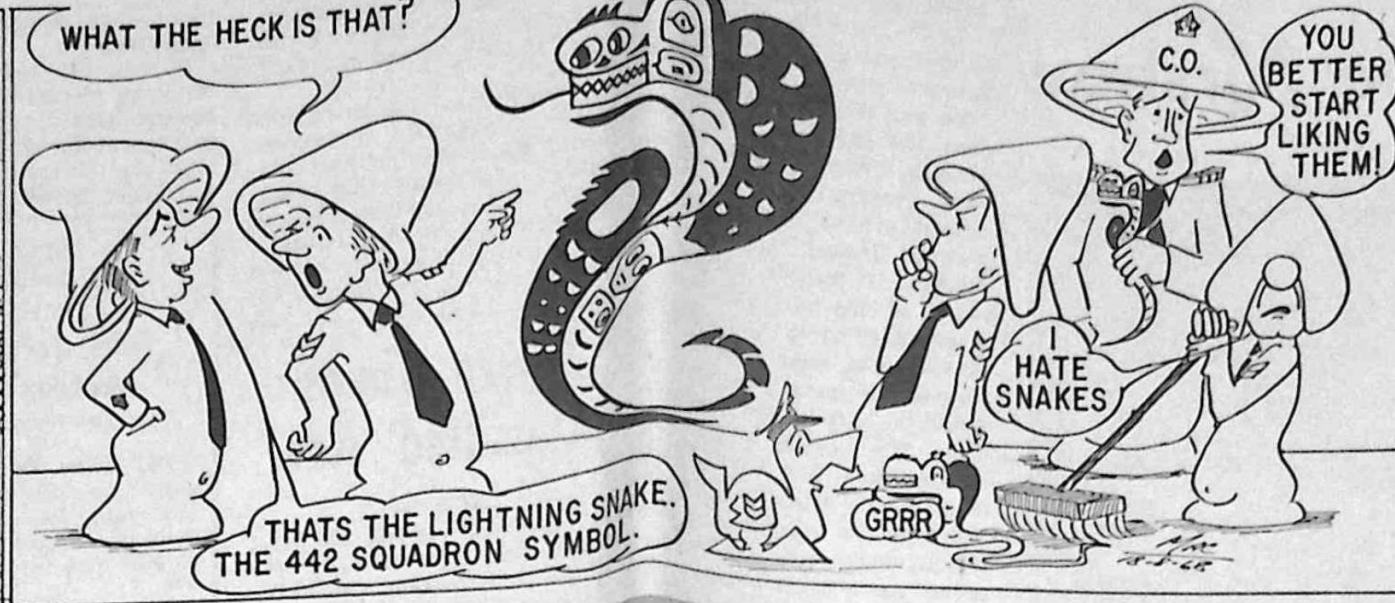
To sum it all up, this article has just outlined some of the facets of working for our omnipotent government. We just hope that we haven't outlined them overly well as a lawsuit with Air Canada would be most interesting. One government agency suing another one would be a classic one for the books!



How to keep cool
at air show

FUNGUS FEATURES

by Mac



FROM UP IN MY PERCH

This week I found myself still rummaging around in the old kit bag looking for a back issue of the 1951 July and August Roundel when "Plop" the elusive tabloid was dropped from a great height into the incoming mail section of my kit bag. "Eurika" I cried "the answer to a tired columnist's prayer, 60 column inches on the history of my squadron. There won't be any room left on the page for me to write on!"

Stapling the copy to the back of this page I turned smugly to thoughts of another elusive article, namely Salmon! NO. 442 (CARIBOU) SQUADRON by Wing Cdr. F.H. Hitchins, Air Historian from the Roundel 1951 No. 442, the Vancouver Reserve Fighter Squadron, has a tradition of achievement in two theatres of war. For twenty-one months it served in Western Air Command on operations against the Japanese; then it went overseas to join Second Tactical Air Force, and for the next 15 months fought with marked success against the Germans from the Norman beaches to the Baltic coast.

The squadron originated as No. 14 (Fighter) Squadron which was formed at Rockcliffe, Ontario, on 2 January, 1942, less than a month after Japan's attack upon Pearl Harbour. Under the command of Sqn. Ldr. B.D. Russel, D.F.C., a veteran of the Battle of Britain, the pilots completed a period of intensive training on Harvards and Kittyhawks, at the end of which they flew their fighters to Sea Island, B.C., in March and April, to strengthen the air defences of the Pacific coast. Here the squadron remained until February 1943, carrying out patrols, scrambles, searches and innumerable exercises, all of which were uneventful but were valuable training for days to come.

Leaving Sea Island, the Squadron, now under the command of Sqn. Ldr. B.R. Walker, D.F.C., another veteran of fighter operations overseas, trekked northward west by sea and air to join "X" Wing in the Aleutians, where, since June 1942, American and Canadian forces had been opposing Japanese invaders. No. 14 spent over six months in the bleak, isolated and distant land of the "willwaws" amid conditions that have been called the worst flying weather in the world. The squadron's base was on Unak Island, but for operations the pilots flew up to an advanced field at Amchitka, seventy-five miles east of Japanese-held Kiska.

The story of the RCAF's Aleutian campaign has been briefly described in the late Flying Officer D. F. Griffin's "First Steps to Tokyo." No. 14 Squadron's share in the campaign was two tours of operations over Kiska during which the pilots made 190 sorties to dive-bomb and strafe Japanese gun posts, radar installations, airfield runways and camp sites. When the Canadian and American forces made their landing on Kiska in August, weather held the Kittyhawks earthbound. But their services were not needed: the Japs had fled. For their services over Kiska, eight pilots were decorated with the U.S. Air Medal and two members of the squadron were mentioned in despatches.

Returning to British Columbia in September 1943, No. 14 was stationed at Boundary Bay until late in December, when its personnel were sent on leave preparatory to going overseas. In this first phase of its career the squadron lost eight officers and men, killed in flying accidents or died from other causes. August, weather held the Kittyhawks earthbound. But their services were not needed: the Japs had fled. For their services over Kiska, eight pilots were decorated with the U.S. Air Medal and two members of the squadron were mentioned in despatches.

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rived from Canada, it constituted the new 144 RCAF Airfield or Wing, which had the famous RAF fighter pilot, Wing Cdr. J. E. Johnson, DSO, DFC, as wing commander flying. Under his guiding hand the squadrons were soon ready for action on their new Spitfire IX's.

On March 18th, 144 Wing flew from Digby to Holmsley South, in Hampshire, and that afternoon carried out its first war operation, a sweep over Luftwaffe airfields in northern France. In the next six weeks, while the Wing moved to West-hampton and then to Huntingdon, No. 442 Squadron made many sweeps, once penetrating as far as the Ruhr, the first time that Spitfires had gone so deep into enemy territory; but enemy aircraft were seldom encountered during this period, and the pilots had no combats.

The last week in April was devoted to a gunnery and bombing course, after which the squadron, once again led by Sqn. Ldr. Dal Russell (its first C.O.) who now had succeeded Brad Walker, embarked upon a busy program of operations in preparation for D-Day. Most of the ops were dive bombing attacks upon V-1 sites, railroad bridges, freight yards and radar stations. Then the invasion forces landed on the Norman coast and for ten days the squadron, now based at Ford, flew protective patrols over the beach-heads and the convoys in the Channel. Two of its pilots were among the first to set foot on the Norman beaches; one was landed there by a Polish destroyer which picked him up from the "drink" when he had been forced to bale out, and the other pilot made a forced landing on the beach-head with his flak-damaged Spitfire.

On June 10th, No. 442 began using one of the hastily-constructed landing strips for refuelling and rearming between patrols, and five days later it flew across to St. Croix-sur-Mer, the first British fighter squadron to be based in France since June 1940. Hitherto the squadron had had no luck in air combat (targets were lacking) but after waiting for over three months, the "Caribous" (as they were now nicknamed) recorded their first victories on June 22nd, and by the end of that month they led the Wing with a total of 15 enemy aircraft destroyed in five days' fighting. A new type of target was attacked on July 8th, when several sections, while on patrol over the beaches, sighted a number of midge submarines, six of which they claimed were destroyed.

Early in July, Dal Russell was promoted to Wing Commander, and Sqn. Ldr. H. J. Dowling, DFC, took command of the Caribou Squadron. A few days later, on the 14th, 144 Wing was broken up and No. 442 then became a part of 126 RCAF Wing at Beny-sur-Mer. Encounters with the Luftwaffe were now becoming less frequent, but a dogfight against heavy odds on July 27th added several more tallies to the squadron's score and raised its total to 19 destroyed, two probably destroyed and eight damaged, within a period of exactly five weeks. Two months elapsed before the Caribous were again able to engage the enemy in the air.

August was highlighted by armed reconnaissances on which the Spitfire pilots wrought havoc along the Wehrmacht's lines of communication in Normandy. In the seven days, August 13 to 19, when the Nazi Seventh Army was trying to escape from the Falaise pocket, the Caribous strafed 575 trucks, cars, armoured fighting vehicles and tanks, sending 210 up in flames, making 98 more belch smoke, and thoroughly clobbering the remainder.

Early in August, 126 Wing had moved to Cristot, west of Caen, where it remained until the end of the month. Then, when the rapid retreat of the Nazis eastward from Normandy to the Rhine left the Spitfires far in the rear, the squadrons began a series of rapid jumps forward, from Cristot to St. Andre, Illiers-l'Eveque and Poix (in France), Evere and Le Culot (in Belgium), and Rips (in the Netherlands), until in mid-October they finally came to a rest, for a few weeks, at Volkel. During this period of frequent moves the Caribou squadron was engaged for a time on defensive patrols over the Nijmegen-Arnhem battle area and won six confirmed victories, plus a pro-

By Seemore



bable and seven damaged, including one of the Luftwaffe's new Me 262 jet fighters.

At Volkel the Caribous, with Sqn. Ldr. W. A. Olmsted, DFC, in command, resumed dive-bombing operations in a rail interdiction campaign to stop all traffic on lines behind the Nazi front. In four weeks they made 77 rail attacks and claimed at least 40 cuts, in addition to which they blew up an ammunition dump and damaged or destroyed 83 locomotives, 90 or more freight cars, 88 assorted vehicles and several tugs and barges.

After a fortnight in England on an air-firing course, No. 442 Squadron returned to Volkel late in November, only to move again a few days later to Heesch, about eight miles away, where it remained for 15 weeks, the longest time the Caribous ever spent on one airfield. Rail interdiction work continued until December 16, when the Nazi counter-attack in the Ardennes ("The Battle of the Bulge") caused a return to fighter sweeps and patrols. On one of the last dive bombing missions in December, Sqn. Ldr. Bill Olmsted was brought down by flak and had to bale out, landing safely within our lines. As he had now completed a very successful second tour, which won him the DFC and Bar and the DSO, Olmsted was posted for a rest and Sqn. Ldr. M. E. Jowsey, DFC, took command of the squadron.

On the last day of 1944 the Caribous had a good fight with 15 Me 109's which ended in the destruction of four of the enemy. New Year's Day, 1945, was even more successful. That was the day on which the Luftwaffe made a series of surprise attacks on Allied airfields and inflicted considerable damage at some places; but it paid a heavy price, for No. 442 Squadron alone destroyed six and damaged an equal number of the raiders. In other combats later in January, Sqn. Ldr. Jowsey's pilots added three destroyed, one probable and two damaged, to their total.

Dive bombing attacks on the enemy's rail lines were resumed in February and continued, whenever the weather permitted, until March 17. Over 44 tons of bombs were dropped by the Spitfires; rails were cut in 25 places; and six locomotives, 15 cars and coaches and 47 vehicles were damaged, in addition to which a fuel dump was blown up. In air combat the pilots destroyed 12 German aircraft and damaged another. These air victories were all won in two engagements, one on February 8th, when three pilots annihilated a formation of five Ju 87's (Stukas) and the other on the 27th, when the squadron had the best day in its history by destroying seven fighters and damaging one more in a battle with over 40 Me 109's and FW 190's. The Caribous score now stood at 52 destroyed, four probably destroyed, and 25 damaged. Sqn. Ldr. Jowsey was missing from one strafing operation late in February, when ricocheting bullets hit his Spitfire and he had to take to his parachute. He got down safely, behind the enemy lines, and successfully evaded capture for 40 days until Allied troops reached his hiding place.

No. 442 Squadron left Heesch and 126 Wing on March 21st, returning to England to undertake a new operational role. At Hunsdon the pilots were re-equipped with Mustangs for long range escort to heavy bombers making daylight attacks on targets in Germany. The conversion was effected quickly, and on April 9 seven pilots, led by Sqn. Ldr. M. Johnston, their new C.O., undertook the first of the new missions, escorting a force of Lancasters that bombed an oil refinery at Hamburg. Before hostilities ended a month later, the squadron completed 12 of these long range operations.

In contrast to their previous sorties on the continent, which usually averaged about 75 minutes, the pilots were airborne on their Mustangs for about five hours. The longest of the 12 missions lasted six hours, and the shortest four and three-quarters. Only once, however, were enemy fighters encountered; that was



Framed by the box like structure of a 1912 Boeing seaplane, 442s Labrador helicopter does waiting gyrations before the massive crowd of admiring onlookers at the Abbotsford air show. Besides being the backbone of 442s Rescue Flight the Labrador provides employment for several dozen tradesmen of the various aircraft career fields. Some civic areas that have been plagued by chronic unemployment problems are con-

sidering purchases of Labrador helicopters to provide employment opportunities for some of their unemployed citizens. The Boeing seaplane is a beautifully restored model that is owned by the Boeing Company in Seattle, Wash. The floats, one of the planes most outstanding features were made by the company's wind tunnel section are constructed of mahogany plywood strips laminated together and hand riveted with copper rivets. They

are truly a great work of art. The wheeled undercarriage is an unauthentic addition to the normal configuration, and was added to allow the aircraft to attend the many air shows that it is constantly being invited to attend. Another function of the aircraft was to provide a shady area and an oasis from the blazing sun and 90 degree heat that blessed the air show.

(LGM Photo)

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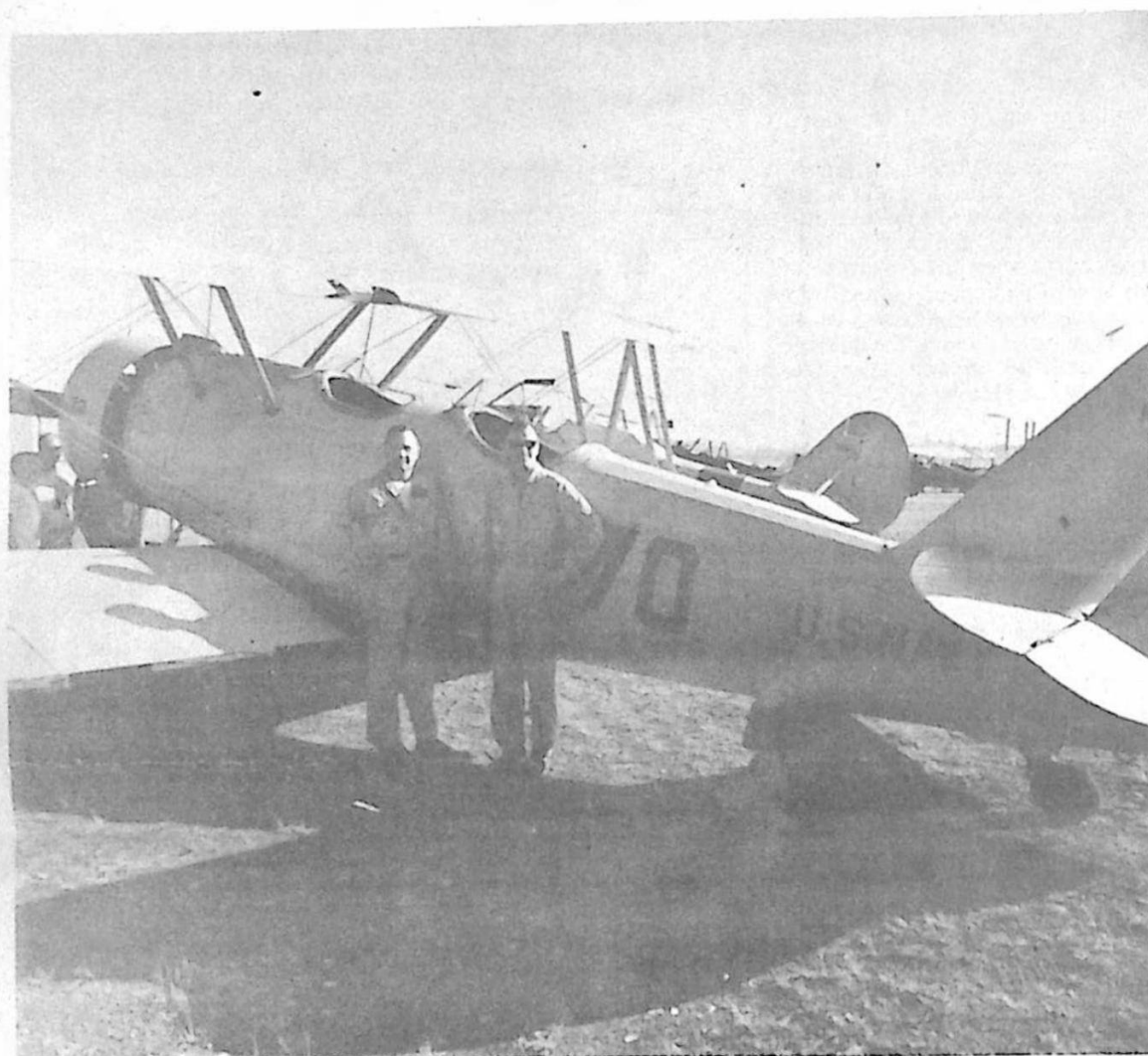
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Antique Aircraft at the Airshow

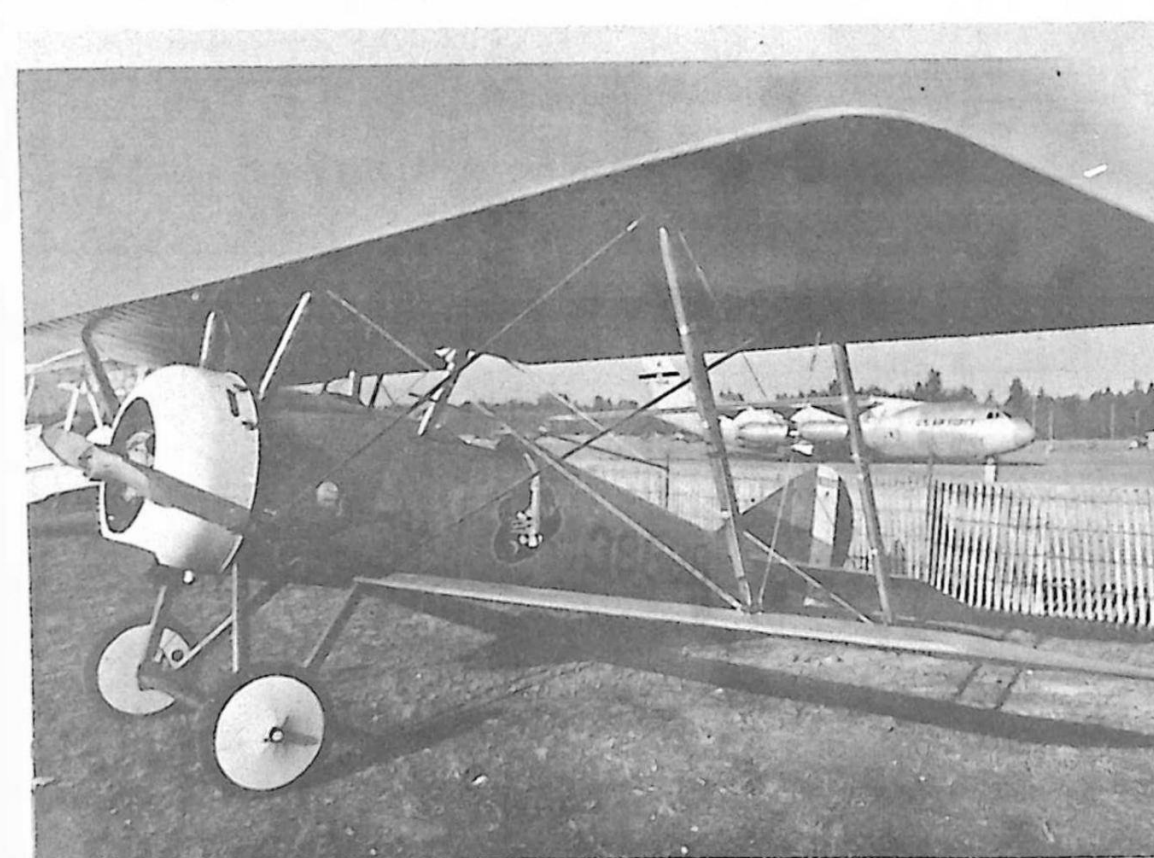
— by Jim Tremblay



Believe it or not, here we have two different aircraft! One is the Ryan PT 22 while the other is the Ryan STA. These his and hers aircraft belong to Mr. and Mrs. Mark Hoskins of the U.S.A. Although the planes have similar configurations, they are powered by different engines! Statistics have proven that more fair maidens in distress have been rescued by handsome actors such as Clark Gable in these aircraft during the 30s than any other aircraft flying in the movies today.



Mr. Jack Tillman and his son Barrett fly their beautifully restored U.S. Navy N3M with a great deal of pride! This is the only remaining model still configured to U.S. Navy specifications, and still bears the Navy emblem of the 1930s!



Skeeter Carlson's immaculate Thomas Morse SE4B Scout fighter makes quite a contrast to the huge USAF C141 Starlifter in the background. Skeeter's Scout doesn't fare too well with the Red Baron, however, it does pretty well against the cumbersome transport!

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Photos and text by Jim Tremblay
In the early morning sky, the faint drone of aircraft could be heard coming closer and closer. Soon you could see them as they flew low over the field before landing. These were the beautifully restored aircraft of the golden era of flying. As the aircraft landed, all types and colours, I noticed around me many of the old timers, the pioneers of aviation, applauding at the sight. Memories of yesterday for many young and old would be here for the next three days. The Curtiss Pusher; the Boeing float and wheel plane of 1916; the Waco cabin of the Thirties; the Aeronca and Ryan PT-22, they were all there — parked in a special corner set aside for those old birds that made aviation history.

Most of them were equipped with an original overhauled engine and were authentic down to the last piece. Months of labor, refabricating and searching for both data and spares was the task required to make an old skeleton or partially completed aircraft of 20 to 40 years ago fly again.

This hobby has become so popular with dedicated aviators, that an organization called the Antique Aircraft Owners Association has been formed, and the hobby has spread like wild fire throughout the world.

I spoke with some of the owners, among whom are Skeeter Carlson of Spokane Washington. Skeeter flies a beautifully restored original 1918 Thomas Morse Scout SE-4B. He has had the aircraft 5 years now, and the only change from the original is the power plant. The original Le-Rhone rotary engine, which used castor oil for lubrication, was swapped for a modern 1934 LeBlond 5 cylinder radial engine. The reason being the Skeeter was constantly wiping off his goggles from the castor oil that was spurring from the engine. Now, dogfighting the Red Baron and his Tri-Fokker is a cinch.

Mr. Frank Heinrichson of Pendleton Oregon owns a Fairchild M62-A open cockpit trainer, equipped with a Ranger 200 engine. Frank spent many hours re-finish his beautiful yellow aircraft before coming to Abbotsford. "This is really flying a-la 30's" Mr. Heinrichson said. This aircraft was the fore-runner of the Cornell Trainer of the early days of World War II. I must mention that most trainers of that era were a little underpowered. Aerobatics could be carried out, but skill was required. You did not flat spin at low altitudes and walk home.

Jack Tillman and his son Barrett are very proud of their Navy N3M Bi-Plane. This model, originally designed in 1934, went into production in 1935. Approximately 988 were built along with their Wright 200 engine, exclusively by the U.S. Navy in a Philadelphia shipyard. This particular aircraft is the only model that was built to Navy specifications, and bears the Navy emblem of the pre-war era. It is heavily built and can withstand much punishment. Jack and Barrett can handle this one like a feather, and with the care it has had, it will outlast anything built thus far.

Bill Mason and his wife Beth flew their bright red Stearman all the way from Mill Valley, California. This model is powered by an original Lycoming R600 engine, and Bill flew VFR all the way to Abbotsford at altitudes of 800 to 4000 feet, sightseeing along the way. Because the Stearman requires controlling at all times, an hour to two hour hops are made, then a rest is required, so the Mason's made several stops to visit with friends. Mr. Mason, a former flight instructor, is now a First Mate in the U.S. Merchant Marine.

Some of the owners are professional aviators, others are lawyers, mechanics, doctors, housewives and salesmen. They all have something in common though; the desire to own and fly an antique aircraft. It is different and challenging to climb into

an old bird, sit at the controls, and check yourself out on a ride. Many of them did and were thrilled.

Members of the association have developed a tremendous knowledge of their models, compiling data through old magazines, books, and friends. If you belong to the AAOA, it is easier to communicate with one another if you require services of any

type, since they now publish a magazine.

It was fun and exciting for everyone who saw the show, and brought back memories as well to thousands of people. Don't miss the next show and the only way to get there is to fly.

Totem Times Classified Ads.

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1967 CAMARO SS350, 295 H.P., red with white trim, 4 spd., trans., post-traction, special instr., including tach, 22,000 miles. Full price \$3,000. 1965 YAMAHA 250 cc, 5-spd. trans., in good condition, asking \$350. Ph. 339-1058 evenings.

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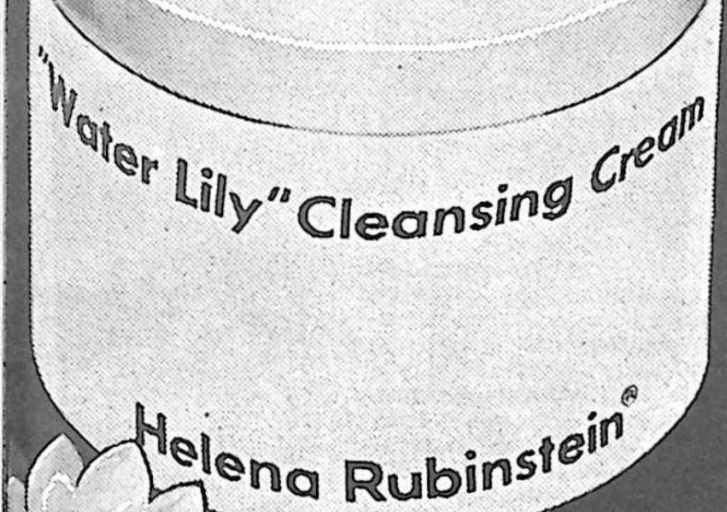
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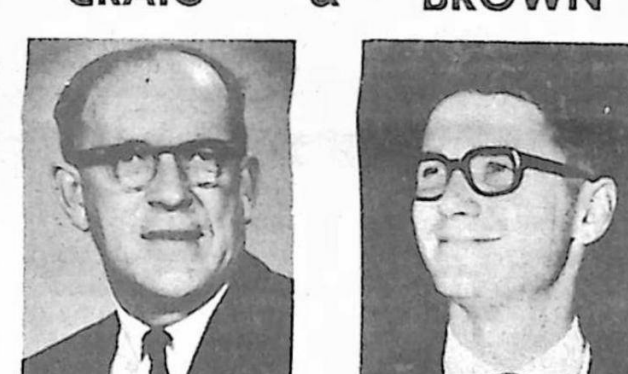
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SOFTBALL CHAMPS



Colonel Lett presents the Intersection Softball Trophy to Brian Cannon and members of 407 Sqdn. Other members, from left to right, are Brian Spencer, Lou White, G. Smith, Gord Lyons, J. Tompkins, Norm Honey, H. Spicer.

Rec Centre News

By STEADY FREDDY
TENNIS COURTS

With all this sunny weather we are having service personnel and their dependents are making more use of the tennis courts. We are very happy to see that the courts are being used so much. Of course with all this use people are absentmindedly forgetting about being considerate to the equipment that they are using and the others that are waiting to have a game of tennis.

There are only two tennis courts available on this unit. This makes it difficult for tennis players who are waiting to play a game or set if there are people on the courts that insist on playing all night long. So don't let it be said that you are a court hog.

Then we have the type of tennis player that makes a bad shot and proceeds to slice the net in half. And of course the player who always must lean on the net and discuss the last rally. The poor net is bent like a bow. This is the type of player who thinks that nets last a life time, and indeed they will if the players do not abuse them.

So for a night or day of good tennis, let someone else use the court if you have been on them for a while and leave the net alone.

The thought in mind is consideration.

SPORTS FIELD COMPLEX

The softball season is nearly completed on the station. At this time the ball diamonds and field are cleaned of debris and left

to the following spring. This year it is planned to maintain the field so it will not fall into a poor condition. To help facilitate this project the parents and children are asked to stay away from the sports field until the proper time. Your co-operation is needed.

GLACIER GARDENS
New dressing rooms, complete with showers and toilets. A new snack bar with hotdog and hamburger grills, a new lobby with heat, newly-located washrooms; and a new heating plant.

All this is in the plans for an addition to the Glacier Gardens for this coming hockey and skating season.

Just imagine the present dimly lit cold dressing rooms replaced by warm ones, with showers and toilet facilities.

A snack bar that will induce anyone to enjoy hot drinks and food; a warm spacious lobby to take the chill from your bones; a sheltered entrance and new toilet facilities. All this should be complete for the arena opening at the beginning of September. Thanks to Base Fund who borrowed the money to finance the job.

JUDO CLUB

How do you feel when you get up in the morning? — BLAH? Try the Base Judo Club and start the day off with a smile. Classes will be available for: Juniors — Boys eight to 16. Girls eight to 16. Seniors — Male 8 to 16, Female — 16 to 20.

Classes will be starting around the middle of September. Watch the next issue of TOTEM TIMES for further information.

ROD and GUN

By MUDDY RIVERS

Caught your Tee yet? Don't feel bad, neither have I. Des Mayne is smiling after landing a few over the past weekend. Yes I said a few. Three that I know of. He swears by Alaskan plugs, while we swear at them. Big spoons are producing too, you just have to be persistent. Dawn, dusk, and low slack tide are the best times to fish, according to the local Fisheries officers. So keep after them lads. Now is the time for a change of pace in Coho tactics. The fish are around but sort of spooky. Time to experiment with your tackle. For instance, try a strip teaser without a dodger. Use a longer line than usual, and hit different spots. Watch for feeding fish or jumpers as well as herring schools then concentrate on that area. Fish along the edge of the kelp beds and you may be pleasantly surprised by a salmon instead of the usual rock cod or dogfish.

Very soon now the big North-ern Coho will reach this area. These fish ranging from eight to 18 pounds or more are real tackle busters. It is possible to fish for these mature fish right up to the end of October, that is if the elements will permit you to get your boat in the water. It's pretty hard to beat the fantastically hard strike of a big coho and that amazingly long first run. They hit big plugs, strips, or bucktails, like a ton of bricks. Try 'em and see.

Retired Major Red Hazlett has commenced to reduce the local salmon population. Several limit catches of coho from Texada Island waters, and a 43 pound Tee, have fallen to Red, now known as "the Skipper of the Osprey". With the onset of cooler, damper weather, the trout in the lakes will soon be sitting ducks for the avid fresh water angler types. Now is the time to dust off your fly rod, and chase the moths out of your fly box, for some of the best trout fishing of the year. The big sea run cutthroats will soon be moving into the rivers too. So don't feel left out you spin fishers, and worm dunkers. Ever tried casting off the beach for sea runs? Little River point, Kitty Coleman, and Miracle Beach are all productive at times. Fish the last hour or so of an incoming tide, with small spoons or yellow and red flies. These fish can run up to three or four pounds, give it a try some time, take the family along too, the kids love to catch bullheads. Of course, you may catch the bullheads, and the kids may get the trout, but you needn't tell the guys at work.

Now for some leave; good luck Tee hunters.

BRIDGE

Although it is generally best to make an attacking lead against slam contracts, there are many hands when the opponent's bidding has warned you to take safer action. One example of this is when the opponents reach a slam contract, but neither one had for sure whether his side had sufficient values. Start with a passive defence and wait for declarer to make a mistake, mis-guess or simply run out of tricks, and your side will get as many tricks, and perhaps more, than you might have earned with an attacking lead. Also in this category is the grand slam, which cannot be attacked, because the opponent presumably have first round control of all suits. Your best bet is to make a super-safe lead and hope that declarer mis-guesses a two way finesse. Four additional considerations which might help you to get off to a winning defense against an enemy slam are:

1. Don't lead an ace unless the bidding screams for a cash-out. The danger that you will present declarer with his 12th trick is far greater than the chance your ace will go to bed.
2. Avoid leading from semi-solid sequences such as KQ9 or QJ9. The risk is great that dummy will come down with a holding that allows declarer to pick up a trick he couldn't have earned on his own.
3. When the auction has exposed the opponent's weakness by all means lead that suit. For example the bidding:

SOUTH	NORTH
1S	3S
4D	4S
5C	5D
6S	

Obviously neither north nor south has the heart ace or he would have cue-bid it.

4. Slam-Bam auctions that end up in slam (1H, 3H, 6H) usually indicate that declarer has first round control of all side suits. It's almost never wise to try and cash an outside ace, as it might be ruffed. Whenever it is difficult for the opening leader to assess how to attack such a hand, a passive defense is recommended.

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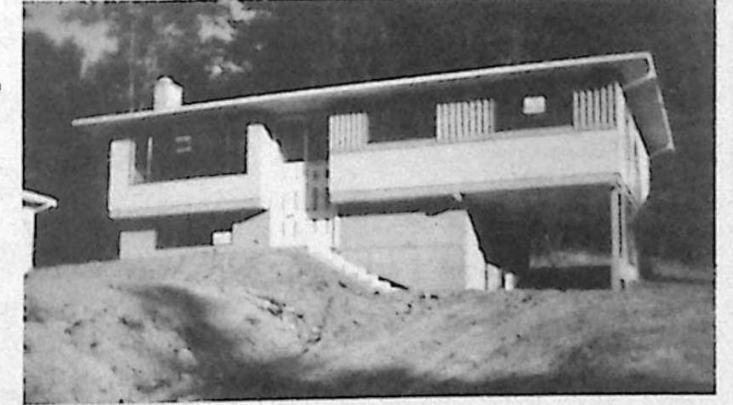
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FEMALE HEROES



Congratulations to the CFB Comox bantam girls' softball team, coached by Mickey Maassen. These "Wildcats" (team name) are the Comox Valley champions. Left to right, front row: C. Thiess, B. Saunders, R. Racicot, C. Mayne, W. Murdock, D. Leather. Back row: N. Carragher, C. Fogarty, J. Coffey, D. Mitchell, L. Rowiet, C. Wirt and coach M. Maassen.

Newt's Brine Levels

22 Monday	02:25 12.9	10:25 3.4	18:40 14.3	23:15 12.2
23 Tuesday	03:10 13.0	11:10 3.0	19:10 14.5	23:55 12.1
24 Wednesday	03:50 13.2	11:50 2.6	19:40 14.6	00:35 11.9
25 Thursday	04:50 13.4	12:25 2.4	20:15 14.8	
26 Friday	01:15 11.6	05:30 13.4	13:00 2.4	20:35 14.9
27 Saturday	01:50 11.1	06:25 13.2	13:35 2.8	20:55 15.1
28 Sunday	02:30 10.3	07:15 12.8	14:10 3.5	21:20 15.1
29 Monday	03:25 9.3	08:15 12.3	14:50 4.6	21:45 15.2
30 Tuesday	04:10 8.1	09:20 11.8	15:20 6.0	22:15 15.1
31 Wednesday	05:00 6.8	10:35 11.4	16:05 7.6	22:35 14.9

SOCCER CHAMPS



Colonel Lett is seen presenting the Intersection trophy to Charlie Putman and the operations team, winners of the six-a-side soccer finals. Other members include from left to right, Jim Sabourin, Ken Padfield, Swish Xlaver, Al Levesque and Scotty Casey. Operations upheld the highly confident Ilvar crew from 407 — Better luck next year Jim !!!

BIG TABBY by Cool Hand Luke

Most people have an unwarranted fear of the Mountain Lion. Called many names, such as Puma, Cougar, and North American Panther. This majestic animal roams throughout British Columbia's wilderness. Preferably the big tabbies live in broken rock and timber land, therefore, Vancouver Island is ideal range land for them.

Fear of these cats stems from a number of reasons, the most common being ignorance of the subject. Most people have never seen one — probably ever will see a puma in its wild state. They base their knowledge on what they read in magazines and papers about cougars being seen near or in towns, about livestock and pets being killed, or about the occasional instance of a human being attacked. There is always a reason for these unusual cases.

The mountain lion can get to an approximate length of seven feet and weight of 140 pounds. It has yellow eyes which show clearly in the glare of lights at night. The main diet is deer and small animals and birds. In stalking game the puma is silent and merciless. When it gets to within striking range its tail will start to slowly swish back and forth. Immediately upon stopping its tail, it springs. Two or three bounds for momentum and then the leap which can cover as much as thirty

feet carries it to the victim's back. The fight is usually short. The panther grips with jaws on the back of the neck, rakes the victim's back and flanks with disembowling slashes, and then breaks its neck with a powerful backward thrust of a front paw. The game is over. A favourite attack for cougars is to perch on a limb above a game trail. When a victim approaches within reach the tabby simply drops onto its back. The cat is capable of very fast speeds for short distances but tires extremely fast. This is used to advantage by hunters because upon tiring the puma trees easily unless it is an old experienced beast. They have been known to turn on a hunter's dogs when cornered. In one such instance three of five dogs died violent deaths before the cat could be dispatched.

The puma's scream is something that sends shivers up even the most experienced hunters back. With uncanny realism, a cougar can scream like a woman or wail like a baby. The cougar is also an accomplished ventriloquist, being able to sound much farther away than it is or much closer.

There are many reasons for mountain lions coming out of their usual wild country or terrain and causing havoc among worried citizens. When a cougar gets old and slows down it must

turn to slower game or starve to death. A young calf is much easier to catch than a fleet-yearling buck for example. If sick or injured a younger one will do the same. Some winters are harder than others and force the cats closer to civilization. There was an instance some years ago in Duncan, B.C. where a cougar actually jumped through a window at a man. This cat was finally killed with a butcher knife in a scuffle with the man. The case is extremely rare and the reason that the cat even attempted such a daring venture was that it was crazy with starvation, weighing about 80 pounds when it should have weighed one hundred and thirty pounds. If somehow a cougar gets tangled up with a porcupine and gets quills stuck anywhere on its head it will become sick and crazy also. A farmer in the interior found this out the hard way. He got up into his hayloft one day to throw some down to his livestock only to find that he had an unwelcome visitor. He killed it quite easily with a pitchfork as the animal was almost dead from sickness and starvation. A study showed that one of the quills had almost pierced the cat's brain.

Quite often a panther may be just transiting from one area to another and get mixed up with the terrors of civilization. An animal caught in this way is more terrified than the local

Seemore

on April 16, when the squadron destroyed one FW 190 and probably destroyed another over an airfield north-east of Berlin. The Caribou's last operation of the war was an escort mission for a strong force of Lancasters that bombed Hitler's chalet at Berchtesgaden on April 25.

After V-E Day, No. 442 moved from Hunsdon to Digby and thence to Molesworth, where it was disbanded on 7 August 1945. A recapitulation of its work overseas shows 53 enemy aircraft destroyed, five probably destroyed, and 25 damaged, in addition to which it could count 91 rail lines cut by bomb craters, three supply dumps blown up, over 900 vehicles, 125 locomotives, about 200 freight cars, 23 tugs and barges, and six midge subs damaged or destroyed. It is perhaps indicative of the teamwork that existed in the squadron that its 83 air victories were shared between no less than 44 pilots. Flt. Lt. D. C. Gordon, DFC, headed the list with 5 1/2 enemy aircraft confirmed as destroyed; he was followed by Flt. Lt. B. Barker (three destroyed and one damaged). Outstanding among the ground strafers were Sqn. Ldr. W. A. Olmsted, DSO, DFC and Bar (130 vehicles and 27 locomotives), Flying Officer D. W. Goodwin, DFC and Bar

citizens and may be driven to desperate attempts to escape. Then too on passing through the cat may come upon an unfortunate dog and kill it. Not being particularly hungry at the time, the puma will probably just eat the kidneys. For some reason the first thing that a cougar eats on any of its victims is the kidneys. In one area almost a dozen dogs fell victim to this type of addiction. In a case like this a cougar would be dangerous because in hunting around areas where dogs are the cat may come upon children.

Like all cats, cougars are extremely inquisitive. Many hunters have been followed by a big tabby when tramping through the woods at one time or another. A trapper up north had one follow him for almost a week before he got a chance to shoot it. He found that it had been injured badly and was slowly starving to death. It had not become brave enough to attack him. When one knows he is being followed it does give a bit of a queasy feeling until you realize that a perfectly healthy animal is very much afraid of man. It's his curiosity which attracts it. Only a starving or sick beast will try anything out of the ordinary. Of course a cat will fight if it is cornered but this is only natural.

(Continued from page 5)

(163 vehicles and 20 locomotives), Flt. Lt. B. E. Middleton, DFC (116 vehicles), Flt. Lt. F. B. Young, DFC (75 vehicles), Flying Officer J. P. Lumden, DFC (70 vehicles and 14 locomotives), Flying Officer H. F. Morse, DFC (68 vehicles), and Flying Officer W. R. Weeks DFC, (65 vehicles and 15 locomotives). One DSO, ten DFC's and three Bars to the DFC were awarded to members of the squadron for services in the European theatre. On operations overseas No. 442 reported 16 pilots missing; two of them evaded capture and regained our lines, four were taken prisoner, and the other ten were killed or presumed dead. Two pilots lost their lives in flying accidents.

On 15 April 1946, No. 442 Squadron was reconstituted at Sea Island as a fighter unit in the RCAF Reserve, and in the past five years it has added new laurels to those won in the Aleutians and Europe. Wing Cdr. Roy F. Begg was commander of the new squadron during its early period of organization and recruiting. He was succeeded in August 1947 by Wing Cdr. J. W. Reid (who was moved to eastern Canada a few weeks later) and Flt. Lt. J. F. McElroy, DFC and Bar, after whom Sqn. Ldr. G. W. Northcott, DSO, DFC and Bar, took temporary command until the appointment of Wing Cdr. D. C. S. MacDonald, DFC (one of the first members of the Reserve Squadron), on 2 January 1948. At the end of 1948, Wing Cdr. Northcott replaced MacDonald in command.

The squadron was initially equipped with Harvard aircraft for refresher training prior to graduating to Vampires in the spring of 1948. To demonstrate their proficiency, the personnel of No. 442 have frequently presented ground and air displays on Air Force Day, at the Pacific National Exhibition, carnivals and air shows, and thereby have gained much favorable publicity for their recruiting campaign. They have also co-operated with their friends south of the border on air exercises and in flying exhibitions for USAF Day and U.S. Armed Forces Day. In July 1948 the squadron held a brief summer camp at Comox, with which it combined a visit to the Air Cadet squadrons at Courtenay and Powell River. During the summer of 1949 and 1950 the Vancouver squadron attended summer camp at Gimli, Manitoba and on both occasions it won the Gimli Trophy, emblematic of the highest efficiency of all the units attending the camp.

(Continued on Page 9)

Erickson to REF School

Steve Erickson, 20 year old son of Cpl. and Mrs. Erickson of Wallace Gardens, has been recommended and accepted for Vern Buffles professional hockey referee school to be held in Hallberton, Ont. from the eighth to the 14th of September.

Steve refereed most intersection games, commercial games and several Minor League games at our local arena last season and also was a valuable asset as a player for the Totem Juniors.

The school will be featured by instruction from most referees now operating in the N.H.L. Whether he returns to this area or not will be decided by the N.H.L. at the completion of the school on the 14th of September of this year.

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Sunday, August 25 - Morning worship at 11 a.m. conducted by Padre Archer. The Sacrament of Holy Communion will be celebrated during this service, according to the custom of the Anglican Church, by the Rev. Eric Scott of Courtenay. Members of all denominations are invited to attend this Worship and Holy Communion Service.

Communion in our Chapel is now on the fourth Sunday of every month; United Church one month and Anglican the next. The Celebration will be during the regular worship service, and it is hoped that most members of the congregation will share in every service.

If you are new to our Base, please feel free to worship with us. The Chapel is located off the Base, on the edge of the PMQ area for easy access. It is always

open and available for private prayer and meditation.

BAPTISM: The next Baptismal Service will be on Sunday, September 8. Please call Padre Archer if you wish to have your child baptized. Chaplain: Major Rev. Wm. Archer - PMQ 87. Office Phone: 339-2211, Local 273. Residence Phone: 339-3931.

CHAPEL CHILDREN'S MISSION BAND

Registration for this Chapel group for all children ages three and one half to five years will be held at the home of Mrs. V. Keller, 2134 Cliffe Avenue, Comox, on Wednesday, September 4 from 10 to 12 noon. Come and have a cup of coffee and meet the Mission Band Leaders. Any one who cannot attend may register by phoning Mrs. Keller at 339-3428.

The Mission Band meets in the Chapel every Wednesday from 10:30 to 11:30 a.m.

More Seemore

(Continued From Page 8)

Since 1946, the squadron has known many aircraft. It was first equipped with Harvards and received Vampire Jets in 1948. The jets were replaced by Mustang fighters in 1950, but returned in 1952 to Vampires. By 1956, the squadron had sleek Sabre Jets and T-33 Jet Trainers.

The City of Vancouver squadron received a new role in 1958 when it switched to an emergency disaster and light transport unit. It was re-equipped with C45 "Expeditor" aircraft at that time and was disbanded a few years later.

It was, however, reactivated in 1968 with yet a different role, that of Communications and Rescue. This time, the designation "442" was taken by 121 KU, the West Coast Search and Rescue flight. It was thus an Air Transport Command Unit based as a lodger unit at Canadian Forces Base Comox.

To carry out its many duties it was equipped with the Albatross triphibians, Labrador helicopters, and the ever-faithful Dakotas, that had been on the inventory of 121 KU.

Its first commanding officer in its Communications and Rescue role is Lieutenant Colonel Donald M. Payne, DFC, AFC, CD, a veteran of fighter, bomber and transport operations.

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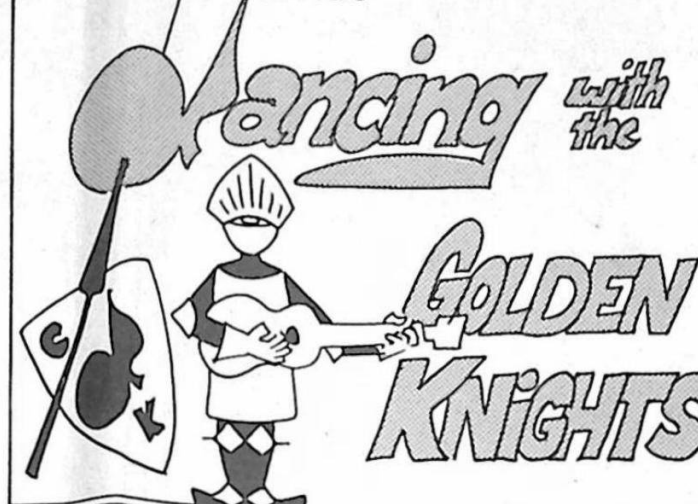
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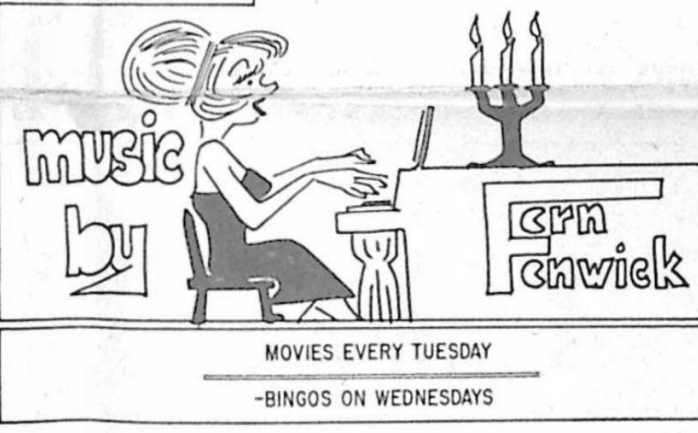
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SAT, 14th SEP



SUN, 15th SEP



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On the Base Paths

by GORD PALMER

TOTEMS FINISH FIRST

Our Comox Totems have completed their regular schedule in the Upper Vancouver Island Fastball League. We should all be proud of the Totems due to the fact that they finished the schedule in first place, and they did it the hard way by winning their final three games, 2 of which were against Campbell River and the last one against Comox Lucies, who were the big winners last year. The Totems were presented with the Courtenay Hotel Trophy which goes annually to the team finishing in first place.

Our Totems are presently playing against Campbell River in one half of the semi-finals and this series should be finished before our next issue. The first game was played on August 11 and the second on the 13th, at the time of writing of this article I do not know when the third game is scheduled for. I would like to take this opportunity to pass on congratulations to the Coach, Wally Hacking and his whole team for a job well done.

The Blues jumped into a 2 to 0 lead in the top half of the first inning but the Totems came right back with a run in the bottom of the inning. The score stayed that way until the bottom of the third inning when the Totems scored two runs thanks to a big home run by Pat Keefe with Butch Bujold on base who had doubled.

In the top of the fifth the Blues tied the score on singles by Clark and Johnson with a sacrifice by Modras sandwiched in between the two hits. In the next two innings the pitchers for both teams, Frank Britton of the Totems and Blair McLean of the Blues, pretty well took care of any threats that arose. In the top of the 8th inning that old pro Hank Modras started the rally with a single, he was sacrificed to second and then scored on a single by Entner when the Totems right fielder had a lapse and didn't seem to know what to do with the ball when he picked it up, thus allowing the winning run to score.

In the bottom of the 8th the Totems got a rally going when Lee Emery led off with a single and the next batter was safe on an error. While attempting to steal second base Emery had a slight scuffle with Clark of the Blues and both players were ejected from the game. This put Totem runners on second and third with nobody out, the next batter flied out and when Bell, who had replaced Emery, tried to score after the catch he was called out on a very close play at home plate. The next batter also flied out to end the game.

The top hitters for the Blues were Modras with 3 hits and Clark and Johnson with 2 hits each. In addition to his 3 hits Hank Modras also came in to pitch in the bottom of the 8th inning and turned in an excellent relief job, after their starting pitcher Blair McLean got himself into a jam.

The best offensive player for the Totems was Pat Keefe who had 3 big hits and had a hand in the scoring of all the Totem runs. Defensively I would have to select Frank Britton, he pitched another of his usual steady games. He was helped in the field by Butch Bujold and Brian Cannon who seemed to hold the infield together. It is my personal opinion that this series is far from over, of course I could be all wrong.

It is raining today so the second game has been re-scheduled for August 15 and the third if necessary on August 18. It sure is nice to see the support our team is getting from all the fans, let's hope it keeps up, it sure helps the team.

NEXT GAME

I have just witnessed what I consider to be the best ball game that I have seen in a good many years. I think the above line score will pretty well speak for itself but there will be a long time go by before we see another game like that one. As in the first game of the series this was another pitcher's duel between Blair McLean of the Blues and Frank Britton of the Totems. The Blues' pitcher got into a bit of trouble in the 8th inning and Hank Modras came on in relief once again, there were runners on second and third at the time with only one out but he retired the side without any runs being scored.

The Totems opened the scoring in the top half of the second inning when Pat Keefe was safe on an error, Butch Bujold forced him at second base and this left a runner on first. Greg Bell came up and batted a double to right field and when the right fielder for the Blues let the

ball get away from him this enabled the run to score.

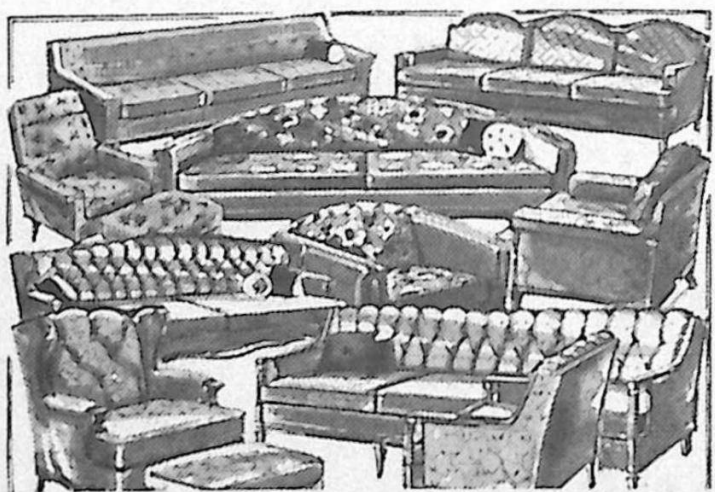
The Blues tied the score in the bottom half of the 4th inning when Bill Clark led off with a single, he was sacrificed to second by Hank Modras, took third when Johnson was safe on an error by Brian Spencer and then scored on a sacrifice fly by Bobby Clarkson. That turned out to be the end of the scoring for the night but both teams had quite a few other chances to score but neither team could come up with the big hit when it was needed. Time and time again Frank Britton came up with a big strike out when his team seemed to be getting into a bit of trouble, he had a total of 9 strike outs in the game, the Blues' pitcher had a total of 5 between them.

I think the outstanding defensive play of the game came in the bottom half of the 9th inning when Johnson of the Blues hit a ball that looked as though it may never come down. The Totems left fielder, Marty Fraser, just kept going back and wound up making a very nice over the shoulder catch. If that ball had got past Marty I am afraid that it may have meant the end of the ball game.

The top hitter for the Blues was Bill Clark who had 3 hits in 5 times at bat, the top Totem hitter was Lee Emery who had 2 hits in 5 times at bat. If I had to select three stars in this game I think I would select Frank Britton as my first choice, I would give my second choice to McLean and Modras of the Blues and my third choice to Marty Fraser who snatched victory right out of the Blues' grasp.

The second game of this series will now have to be re-played and it is scheduled for Campbell River on August 19.

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