



TOTEM TIMES

Oil can harry fishes

VOL. 14 — NO. 13

CFB COMOX TOTEM TIMES

THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1972

Free



SUNSET ROUTINE SIGNALS the end of another busy day at HMCS Quadra. At the quarter deck and

at the bows of the ships along-side the jetty, flags are lowered slowly to the sound of the bugle. (McNair Photo)

ASC holds symposium on patrol aircraft

WINNIPEG — Canadian Forces Long Range Patrol Aircraft, System requirements for the years 1975-1985 was the subject of a one-day symposium held here June 22 for more than 100 officers from across Canada.

Staged by the Winnipeg-based Canadian Forces Air Navigation School, the symposium saw 12 officer-graduates of the Aerospace Systems Course present their views and recommendations on this topic.

They defended their conclusions against a knowledgeable audience of senior officers and scientists. The value of the project to the students, to the Canadian Forces and to other national and foreign agencies will depend upon the thoroughness with which the topic is researched.

Content of the symposium is

Cold Lake CF-5, 104s

Aircraft move to Namao for summer

EDMONTON, Alta.—The operational "sights and sounds" emanating from Namao at Canadian Forces Base Edmonton, are due for a temporary change. Two jet strike and fighter squadrons arrived Monday and will be located at the airbase until about mid-August.

They are 417 Strike-Reconnaissance Operational Training Squadron, flying 15 CF-104s, and 434 Tactical Fighter Operational Training Squadron, flying a like number of one and two-seater CF-5s. Both are normally based at Canadian Forces Base Cold Lake. They are commanded by Lieutenant-Colonels H. L. Graves and P. G. Howe, respectively.

Flying out of Namao there will be no departure from normal squadron routine. It includes weapons training, which will still be done over the Cold Lake range. The deployment of the aircraft along with over 200 aircrew, groundcrew, and supporting staff was completed last Sunday.

The move will be necessitated by the re-surfacing of Cold Lake's 12,600 foot main runway. About one-third of the work was done last year and final stages will render the runway temporarily unserviceable. It should be completed within about eight weeks.

Squadron operations will be conducted from headquarters situated in facilities at the southeast end of the Namao airport. Briefing and class-rooms will be located in the Canadian Forces Survival Training School. Flying will see most of the "upper air" training conducted over Cold Lake.

The Legion wants you

OTTAWA (CFP) — The Royal Canadian Legion took a look into its future recently at its national convention in Regina, and the occupants of that future seemed to be current members of the armed forces.

One resolution made serving personnel eligible for ordinary Legion membership, regardless of how long a person has been in the forces. Prior to the convention it was necessary to have two years' service in the forces.

Reserve and militia personnel now qualify for Legion membership after two years of service. So do members of the RCMP.

These moves were designed to broaden the base of Legion membership in order to attract younger members.

Current membership numbers 308,000, the highest ever. But Legion leaders want younger members with a background of service to carry on and expand Legion work in the future.

The convention asked that the government provide more aid to the cadet movement, and that reserve units be reactivated in areas which can support them and where no such units now exist.

Les Alouettes vont au tournoi Guillaume Tell

Air-sea rescue gets new boats

OTTAWA (CFP) — Air-sea rescue services provided by the Canadian Forces to Canada's west coast will be augmented by three new rescue boats, belonging to the ministry of transport.

To be based at Victoria, Long Beach and Mayne Island, B.C., the 15-foot-long craft, capable of speeds of 20 knots, are powered by outboard motors. They have inflatable sides to allow crews to pluck persons from the water without injury and come alongside stricken craft without difficulty.

The program is a first step towards more efficient search

and rescue facilities on the Pacific coast, as well as easing the load of hard-pressed Canadian Forces' search and rescue facilities.

Manned by university students now being trained at western universities, each craft will be skippered by a Canadian Coast Guard officer.

Six students will be assigned to each boat, three "crewing" at a time with the others on standby. Cost of the boat program is \$60,000.

The new boats are capable of fast inshore work and have proven to have seaworthy features.

Le commandant de la Défense Aérienne a annoncé que les gagnants de l'annuelle compétition de la défense aérienne, le "Call Shot", représenteront Canada dans la compétition "Guillaume Tell" de la Force Aérienne des Etats-Unis qui aura lieu en septembre.

Aviateurs de l'Escadrille 425 (Les Alouettes), de la Base Forces Canadiennes de Bagotville, soutenus par techniciens et armuriers de leur base entreront en compétition avec les meilleures équipes de la défense aérienne de la FAEU en Europe et les E.U. La compétition aura lieu à la Base Aérienne de Tyndall, Floride.

Les meilleurs contrôleurs d'interception du CDA seront les yeux électroniques. (This means, for you unilinguals, that 425 is going to represent ADC at William Tell at Tyndall supported by their ground crew and ADC's best IND's in September. Or near enough to that meaning as we could get.)

Dickson full bull

Word has trickled out of the remote wilds of northern Vancouver Island that Holberg's CO will be promoted to the rank of colonel effective July 1.

LCol J. D. Dickson is also transferred to 24th NORAD Headquarters at Malmstrom AFB, Montana. He takes up his new post August 1st, leaving his old post behind at Holberg as they are difficult to obtain up there. He has had many posts over the years, none quite so soggy as the one he's leaving behind. Some posts have even been underground, such as the one he left at North Bay.

His replacement has not been announced. At least not by the Holberg paper, The Seagull Courier, from which the Totem Times obtains most of its hot scoops.

Pollution watched

For the third continuous summer, a program of regular sampling of the beaches from Union Bay to Miracle Beach will be instituted by the health unit to ensure that the previous satisfactory level of water quality has been maintained.

This program is now entering its third year and would not have been possible without the participation and assistance of volunteers from each of the communities concerned. These volunteers every week take the water samples and arrange for their onward transmission to the Health Laboratory in Vancouver. It has thus been possible to keep a continuous record of the local beaches which will be valuable not only for the present but even more so for the future.

Changing of the guard

Historic ceremony back for summer

OTTAWA — Parliament Hill's annual summertime spectacle, the changing of the guard, began at 10 o'clock Sunday morning June 25, for the 14th consecutive year, and will be performed daily until Labor Day, Sept. 4.

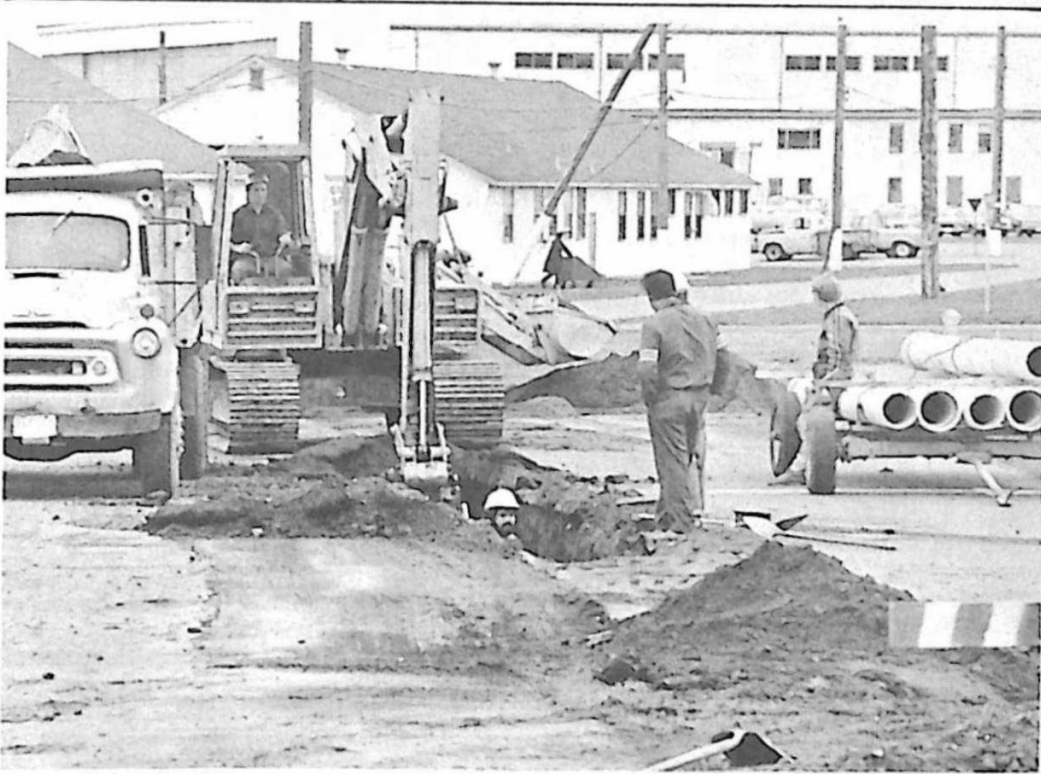
The centuries-old ceremony, carried out the last four years by members of the Militia (Reserves) will see 120 guardsmen perform, clad in scarlet tunics and bearskin headgear.

Taking the salute at the first mount of the guard was the Canadian forces' director-general of organization and manpower, Brigadier-General R.S. Graham.

One hour later, at Government House, Governor-General Roland Michener inspected the guard at an 11 a.m. ceremony at the main gate.

Members of the guard are drawn from Ottawa's Governor General Foot Guards, and Montreal's Canadian Grenadier Guards, both oldtime militia regiments.

Most of the reservists are university students who spend a one-month training period at nearby CFB Petawawa before moving to summer quarters at CFB Uplands, just outside Ottawa. Training the guard in Petawawa was the 3rd Battalion, The Royal Canadian Regiment.



ALTHOUGH IT MAY LOOK like we have started a hard hat bury-in, in fact this is one of the many sections of new sewer which is now being laid on the base. Virtually every part of the base will have new sewers to help cope with the anticipated monsoon in September. (McNair Photo)

30,800' in a 30 year old plane

Serviceman sets altitude record

COLORADO SPRINGS — A new world's light-aircraft altitude record — 30,800 feet — has been set by a Canadian Armed Forces officer, 47-year-old Lieutenant-Colonel Roy W. Windover of Ottawa and Belleville, Ont.

He accomplished the feat in a 31-year old antique plane over Pikes Peak, near Colorado Springs. Col. Windover serves with the joint Canadian-U.S. North American Air Defence Command (NORAD) headquarters.

Set April 10, 1972, the record only now has been confirmed by the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale in Paris, France, the official air flight record agency.

Taking off from the Meadow Lake Airport, near the Rocky Mountain east slope, Col. Windover flew a 75 hp 1941 Interstate Cadet Si-A aircraft to reach just 880 feet short of

six miles in the air.

The aircraft was equipped with a self-registering barograph that traced the entire flight to provide a permanent record and verification of the altitude reached.

Shortly after takeoff he thought he would have to land in some farmer's pasture. With only 75 horsepower on a warm 76 degree day, and taking off from an airfield nearly 7,000 feet above sea level, he was practically scraping the ground. Finally he managed to find a warm bubble of air which he rode to several hundred feet above the terrain.

He gained altitude for a while, then lost some as the air got rougher. Ultimately he caught the air currents and was on his way.

He travelled to 19,000 feet before turning on his oxygen, breathing slowly to conserve

its limited supply. "I probably could have climbed higher," the colonel said, "but I was getting a little concerned about my oxygen supply."

The one small bottle contained only an hour's supply. Towards the end of the climb he had only a 37 mph air speed. "You just get in a wave and ride straight up like a helicopter," according to the Canadian. "The aircraft acts more like a glider than an airplane at that altitude. You can even go backwards if your aircraft angle is not right."

"It was a fantastic view, with a visibility of about 125 miles. Sitting in the wave you feel like you aren't even moving."

It was slow going at the peak of his flight, in fact he could have walked faster. He said he was climbing about 20-feet-per-minute — not exactly a speed record.

This was the second altitude

record established by Col. Windover. He set a Canadian national record Feb. 29, 1972, in his own 1946 Cessna 140, by reaching an altitude of 27,050 feet. This light aircraft is powered by an 85 hp engine. Not all of his off-duty flying is powered. The colonel is also an avid glider pilot, soaring as high as 27,500 feet over the Colorado skies from a local glider club. It was this glider experience in a standing wave that first convinced him altitude records were possible to obtain by using older light aircraft with large wing areas.

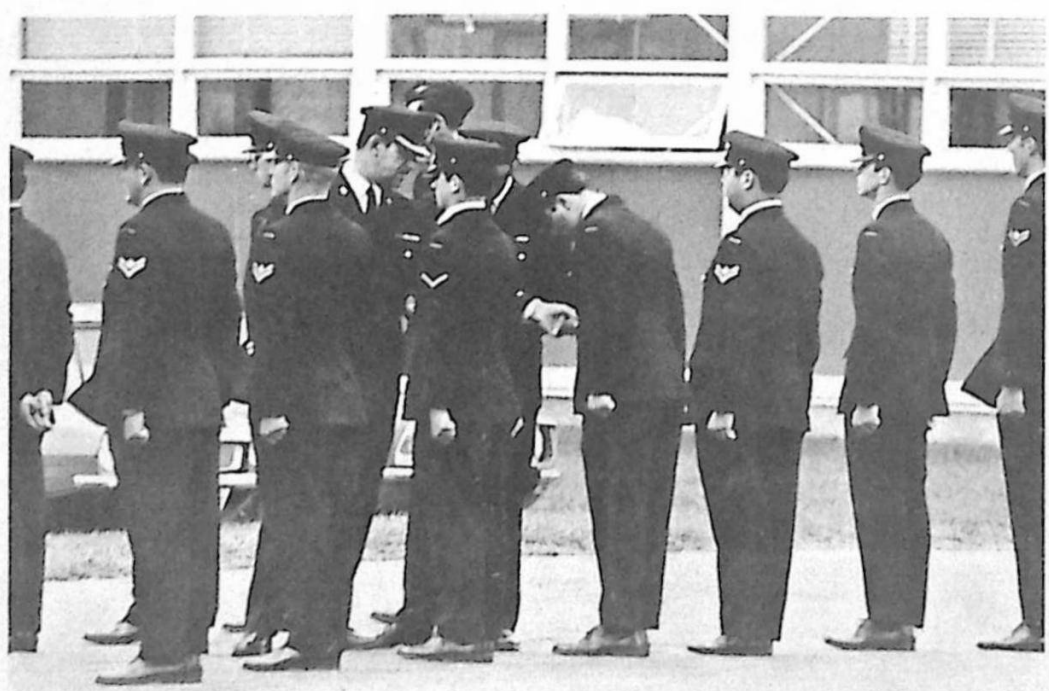
Is the flying hobby expensive? "Not really," according to Windover. "It costs me about \$3 for fuel and oil per flying hour. But like your car expense, that is only part of the story. I would estimate the accurate cost would run more like \$10 per hour after you add the other essentials,

such as inspections, storage, maintenance and insurance."

Col. Windover has been the commanding officer of the Canadian Forces Support Unit here for the past 30 months. His organization provides the Canadian personnel for NORAD headquarters at Ent Air Force Base. He is also the executive officer for the deputy commander of NORAD.

He started flying for enjoyment in 1941. His "serious" flying started in 1943, when he joined the Royal Canadian Air Force. Other than a five-year period with the Royal Navy and Royal Canadian Navy, the colonel has been with the air force of the Canadian Armed Forces for 24 years.

If Windover is going to set any new altitude records in Colorado, he will have to hurry. He is scheduled to return to Canada this summer.



AS THE THREAT OF A parade hangs over their heads, many officers have begun to inspect their men. Here the leader of F Troop (firehall) is about to point out that when he says spit and polish, it doesn't mean in the hand. (McNair Photo)



TO HELP MAJOR GLEN GOODMAN, 407 AVSO, on his impending move to a jammy posting in the States, the 407 Avionics Section presented him with a stainless steel dog collar and tags as an aide memoire. Would you believe that with one bite he devoured that 2 by 6 which he's holding? We didn't think so. (407 Air Photo)

Nighthawks Nest

The crack drinking team from North Bay arrived last week to once again test the best aircrews in ADC's inventory. This is one of the few chances that the North Bay Nitpickers have during the year to see real aircrews in action. For three days and-or three hangovers, whichever comes first, they examined, poked, pried and generally made a big nuisance of themselves. Hopefully they won't get up enough courage to come all this way for nothing for at least another year.

The only thing that Karl never complains about is the wonderful piece of German machinery he drives. Karl didn't think this was fair and, with threats of making him spend the rest of his life as a bar of soap, managed to persuade a local car dealer to unload a Detroit masterpiece on him so that Karl would have something else to complain about. Have you ever seen a bright red car with black crosses on the door?

Le Capitaine d'orange jus is back once again, this time as a qualified one-o-wonder on B flight. Now he can compare notes with the other professional course takers on the squadron.

Wasn't it just last week that A Flight finished reorganizing and now they're at it again. They must figure that if you shuffle people around enough, it will look as if you're busy all the time.

Ernie Poole was saying in Bagotville that it really irked him to have to stand to attention for a navigator. I

wonder what he is saying now that he has to work for one.

Ernie Briggs is lamenting the fact that squadron reunions happen only once every five years. The way he pads mess bills he figures he could hold one every two years and still make money.

Major Sos has calculated that it should take no longer than six months to learn how to be a flight commander. He leaves A Flight shortly to become Squadron Ops Officer and the way he is going he should be ready for Squadron Commander by January.

Some of 407's spit and polish rubbed off on the Nighthawks as they celebrated Military College Day with a bit of drill and a fingernail inspection. Of course, the academy graduates put everyone else to shame with their spit shines. Even Guy had his pate waxed for the occasion.

Next week, B Flight won't have any cause to complain about not being able to find a spot to park close to the hangar. With 0715 met briefings, and the kids out of school, it looks as though everyone will be having a Sakamoto breakfast in the squadron.

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Students of secondary schools throughout British Columbia were recently given the opportunity to express their views on the abuse of drugs and alcohol. This was done through an advertising contest sponsored by the Provincial Government's Council on Drugs, Alcohol and Tobacco. Below is the winning advertisement in the category of drug abuse, as selected by a student panel of judges. A \$1000 cash prize, for use by their school, McRoberts Jr. Secondary School, Richmond, was received by Heather Middlemass, Maury Peterman and Christine Middlemass, the team which created the advertisement.

407 Tech Ramblings

Avionics personnel in servicing are all set for the change in working hours and most have finished their leave juggling. Let's hope everyone has an enjoyable holiday this summer or whenever.

Goodbyes were said at a gathering of the clan to Major Goodman, Sgt. Walkins and Cpl. Crouse who are on their ways to better places.

On June 15, Maj. Glen Goodman, 407 AVSO, who is the recipient of a jam posting to the Johnsville, Penn., was duly honored by his section in that he was presented with a stainless steel dog collar, "Lest I forget". This was awarded in recognition of his outstanding leadership and attention to detail.

The 407 Squadron Sports Day was held on a cold, wet, miserable day, but most enjoyed themselves...

A story is told of Blackie driving away and leaving his boat on the ground. Pete and Jim tried in vain to hold the boat on the trailer.

The Avionics hockey jackets have arrived and now we await the crests. So if you haven't paid for them call Pete at local 275.

Our section football team made it to the playoffs in the A side of a very unusual draw.

Rollie Pryor proved he was not a Graham Hill when he let a 289 beat his 350 in a race at Victoria. The idea, Rollie, is not to miss a shift.

The women at the farewell party are singing "Where, oh where, did the con carne go?" Seems the party guys scooped the chili. By the way, a big thanks goes to Bill for the use of his pad for our party.

Someone needs to give cribbage lessons to Ross

Collier. He keeps getting waxed in his own domain. Don't forget our fishing derby and BBQ from July 9 through 15 with the BBQ and dance at the Air Force Pavilion on Saturday the 15th.

NATO on tac air exercise

BRUNSSUM, The Netherlands — A new, large-scale combined air and land exercise by Allied Forces Central Europe (AFCENT) is being staged in the Central Region this week.

Identified as Sand Martin '72, the exercise is designed to practise all aspects of the mission of tactical air forces assigned to Central Region. There will also be limited participation by land forces.

Air units from Belgium, Canada, the Federal Republic of Germany, the Netherlands, the United Kingdom and the United States will take part.

A variety of aircraft will be utilized, including the F-104 Starfighter, F-4 Phantom, NF-5, G-91, Mirage, Harrier, Lightning and Buccaneer.

A large number of missions are planned, including night sorties and low-level missions. However, no sorties will be flown over densely populated areas.

Demon Doin's

Yes, there is a Demon Doin's this week. There have been quite a few internal changes made on the squadron, but I am sure you are all aware of them by this time. Most of the moves become effective in the middle of July, but a few have occurred already. Major Erv Rose is the new Flight Commander, Major Stan Froehler the new boss in Standards, and Major Tom Dandeno has taken over as XO. We've had some major changes. Possibly lost in the shuffle is Capt. Andy Stephaniuk who is now firmly entrenched in ASCAC, replacing Cal Desserault.

Crew Six recently returned from Yellowknife and Namas where they conducted a Norpat. The crew was given a full briefing by Northern Region covering their responsibilities and capabilities in the Arctic, and also an informative briefing concerning the trips the crew was to fly while there. A lot of questions were answered, and other crews flying out of Yellowknife may find it to their advantage to talk to the Ops Officer there.

Prior to returning to Comox the crew visited Namas for Canadian Forces Day. The Argus was set up for a static display (external view only) with the crew nattily attired in Green. The weather there was no better than it was here, but there was quite a turnout. The most common questions were "Who sits in there?" (pointing to the nose) and "What's that?" (pointing to the radome). Some visitors expressed surprise when they were told it was an operational aircraft and in regular service with Maritime Command. A few thought there had been a fire, as they had been led astray by the appearance of a normal Argus engine. After the display the crew retired to the various messes, defending VP 407 and Marcom until bar closing.

Captains Larry Tomchick and Gord Drysdale recently returned from their Captain's check with Crew One. They visited sunny Hawaii as well as the garden spot of Alaska, Adak. With great foresight it was decided that the crew would pick up the main ingredients of a Mai Tai in Hawaii for the Hawaii Night held in the mess. This was done, and, with the help of Bud Churua's keen group the aircraft was unloaded and the fruit prepared for the horrendous bash. It, too, was a success, if the appearance of some of my neighbours is a reliable indicator.

John Moberly came back for his mug, which was presented in the mess last Friday. He is staying with the Hills before leaving on his jammy posting.

Just in passing, I notice the MND has opened the old can of worms again, saying the powers that be have not made a firm decision on whether or not the Argus will be re-equipped. Your views on this or any other subject are requested.

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WHILE IT LASTED

A MESSAGE FROM STUDENTS OF HUGH MCROBERTS SCHOOL, RICHMOND, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



SHY AND RETIRING ACCOUNTANT ... shy \$50,000 and retiring to Rio de Janeiro. Well, that doesn't really describe Capt. Howie Leach who is retiring in Comox after 22 years of service. Maj. MacFarlane, our Base Comptroller, presents Howie with his certificate of service. (Canadian Forces Photo)

Voodoo Nuts, Bolts and Volts

BY PAUL KLEM

Try as I might I just couldn't conjure up a ghost writer. Perhaps it was because the matron wouldn't let me burn incense.

I'll try to keep this column going through the grapevine. In the meantime, maybe some of my readers might be interested in what an average day in Naden Hospital is like. After three weeks I'm pretty well used to the routine.

The day starts at 0630 sharp, when the place erupts in a beehive of activity. The blinds go up and it's wakey, wakey for everyone. I can usually get away with lying in bed for an extra fifteen minutes before retiring to the bathroom for the morning ablutions. If I time it right, I can come back to find my bed all made up by the ward orderlies.

At 0700, the vampires arrive and sample your blood. This is done by sergeants who are experts and you don't feel a thing if you look the other way.

Breakfast is usually a relaxing, pleasant pastime and the menu is according to your request made out the day before, as are all the meals. If you are scheduled for x-rays or other tests, they think nothing of starving you until you're ready to drop.

The x-rays, which I have had several sessions with, are somewhat of an experience that you don't exactly look forward to. By the time they call for you, you're almost too weak to go down the stairs. There you strip and put on a paper gown.

You stand in front of the x-ray machine and sip a concoction that's as heavy as lead and tastes like a milkshake made of chalk flavored with vanilla.

While you're doing that the radiologist is in command as he probes you with his machine.

"Take a drink. Don't move! Don't breathe!" Click, click. He turns you left, right, over and upside down.

"Don't move. Don't breathe." Click, Click!

When he's through, you don't feel like eating even though you're starved.

The ten o'clock coffee break is another pleasant interlude after which comes a rest period and the doctors' rounds.

Lunch is brought in around 1130 and is also your choice of the day's offerings.

Then it's quiet and rest period again. Nothing like a nap after lunch! At 1430 it's coffee break again and time for any other tests your doctor may have scheduled for you. In the meantime, you sleep, read, write, watch TV or listen to the radio to pass the time.

Supper is brought in at 1700, after which your time is your own. Visiting hours are from 3 to 8 p.m.

You look out the window, the sun is shining, the weather perfect and you think how nice it would be to be out fishing or even at work. At least at work, you know you'll be through at four and can go home and relax.

And so the day goes ...

Don't adopt wild babies

The British Columbia Fish and Wildlife Branch reminds well-meaning nature lovers that "Babes in the Woods" are not "fair game" for adoption.

Dr. James Hatter, director said that while infant wildlife creatures may appear lost, hungry and forlorn, only in very few cases have they been abandoned by their parents.

The young of all wildlife are protected by law under the Wildlife Act and it is an offence to have them in possession.

The kindest thing to do for young animals found in the wild is to leave them alone, says Dr. Hatter.

coffee again at eight after the visitors have left and then it's back to bed.

The nurses are always around pleasantly dispensing pills, comfort and advice throughout the day and night, treating each patient according to his needs.

I understand the squadron is again back to routine after receding from operation Call Shot. Sgt. Robinson and his crew are holding their own in the JEFM Shop, with WO Floyd Smith as chief engineer.

WO Listoen is now supervising Servicing operations. No other big changes are visible for the immediate future. I hope to be back to work before too long, but I'm not sure when.

Ed's Note: Paul is back in Comox, recuperating from his ordeals down in Esquimalt.

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Safer car seats for kids

Canada's greatest asset — children — depreciated by 164 lives lost and 12,000 injured in 1970. All were hurt inside cars involved in accidents.

To reduce this toll, the federal government has imposed standards on children's car seats manufactured in Canada and those imported. Effective June 1, all children's car seats and harnesses will be subject to new regulations imposed under the Hazardous Products Act administered by the Department of Consumer and Corporate Affairs.

It was a matter of some urgency. A product survey conducted by the department late last year revealed that 70 per cent of the seats being sold would not have complied with the new regulations. The industry was told of the department's concern and the situation has improved since. Now, car seats for children on the market after June 1 must meet government requirements. Penalties have been provided for law-breakers.

Regulations now require that the manufacturer's identity be on the product. He must also supply detailed instructions about installing it. The seat must be accompanied by a guide to the minimum and maximum weight of the intended occupant. Besides specifically outlawing the type that hook by two arms over the regular car seats, the regulations

insist that a child car seat must withstand a forward pressure pull of 1,000 pounds, and, if it faces the back seat, a pull of 500 pounds.

The head restraint must be of a height adequate for the intended occupant. Also the harness webbing must be at least 1 1/2 inches wide and the seats themselves must be free of sharp projections, corners and edges. The chair padding, where required, must be of suitable energy-absorbing material.

Robert Andras, Minister of Consumer and Corporate Affairs, has pointed out that adult seat belts alone are not ideally suited for restraining small children in case of an accident. He has emphasised the need for greater public acceptance of special protective devices for children riding in cars. The new seats can help prevent injury and death but parents must make sure the seats are properly installed ... AND USED!

(Consumer Contact)

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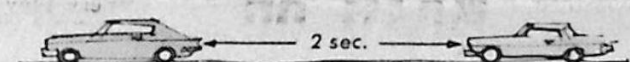


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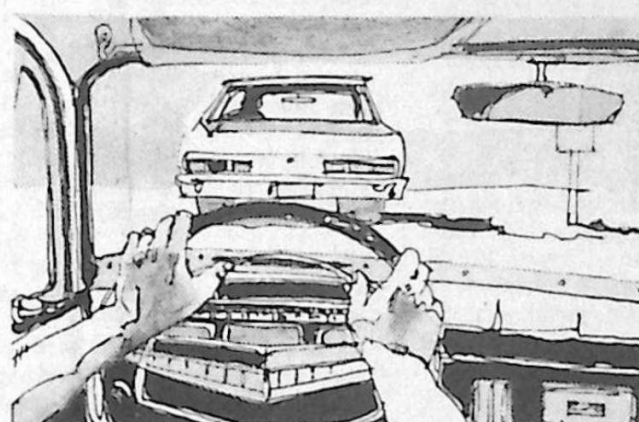
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The 2 Second Rule Learn it and live

Tailgating is one of the major causes of accidents in this province. Now there is a simple new rule to help you maintain a proper safety margin. It's called "The 2 Second Rule". All you have to do is leave two seconds between you and the car in front. Learn it now, and live.



1 Two seconds is the time you leave between you and the car in front.



2 As the lead car passes a fixed point, count "ONE AND. TWO AND." for a safe following distance.

Whenever the car you're following passes a sign post, a tree, or any fixed point beside the road, count "One and. Two and." before you reach the point. That's a safe following distance.

10 MPH 70 MPH



It doesn't matter whether you're going 10 mph or 70 mph. Because the faster you go, the greater the distance you cover in 2 seconds.

Two seconds gives you time enough to react and brake if the car in front suddenly slams on his brakes.

3 At any speed 2 seconds is the safe following distance.

4 Every sign post, every pole, every tree you pass, is a chance to check if you're tailgating.

Tailgating is a traffic offence in this province. It results in hundreds of accidents, injuries and deaths every year. Now there is no excuse. Next time you're driving test The 2 Second Rule. And from then on, live by it.

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Gongs and such

So, with a flourish, we have the announcement by the Prime Minister that we are now to have genuine made-in-Canada hero gongs, courtesy, of course, of Mr. Pelletier's Secretary of State's Department, after a long term effort by the Department of National Defence. They didn't come out quite the way DND wanted them, but no matter. To DND, it was clear that some replacement was required for the Army's Military Cross, the Navy's Distinguished Service Cross, and the Air Force's Distinguished Flying Cross, and their non-commissioned equivalents, often more highly regarded by many, including us, as more difficult to get, the Military Medal, Distinguished Service Medal, and Distinguished Flying Medal, since their retention flew in the face of integration, unification, and all that good stuff. It wasn't quite so clear to DND and its upper military echelon that there was much wrong with the Victoria Cross and the Distinguished Service Order, or the non-combat awards of the George Cross and the George Medal, since these Commonwealth awards were not tainted with "service" affiliation. But once started, the idea of all-Canadian hero gongs took hold, and it seemed that it would have to be all or nothing.

We really don't mind too much. It's after all a sign of our emerging nationalism that we have just got to have our own bits of glory tinsel. Every emerging nation needs them, just as we recognized a few years ago that every emerging nation ought to have the F-5 Freedom Fighter, so we got them, but we made them ourselves which beats all other emerging nations more than a little, right?

The value of any gong is written in blood. So, at the moment, our new ones have no value, and we can't guess what they will be worth until they're awarded. We do know the value of the ones they are to replace. Their worth is measured in terms of the courage displayed on a thousand battlefields, on every ocean in the world, and in the skies over every Commonwealth battle since the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service and their Commonwealth successors were born. We are confident that, since the recommendations for our new awards will be in military hands, the same high standards will prevail. But right now, they have nothing but rather peculiar names which rank valour, courage, and bravery in descending order. Curious.

As a matter of fact, the names of our new gongs leave one uncomfortable. Although the device on one of our previous awards did state simply "For Valour", no other previous Commonwealth award mentioned heroic virtues and none had any reference to heroism in its title. We find ourselves uncomfortable about the names of our new gongs. You could always apologize for the DFC by saying you got it for picking up the AOC's pencils, but what do you say about the Star of Cold-Blooded Courage, or whatever it is? Surely, it could have been better named like the American Silver Star with no mention of heroism, but with a Canadian flavour, such as the "Toronto Star", but perhaps that would be a little too reminiscent of Mr. Hellyer for Mr. Pelletier's department, so we could settle for the "Montreal Star". Of course, if we are really awarding it for courageous devotion to duty, what about "Le Devoir"?

A similar problem exists with the Cross of Valour. It really won't do. It doesn't sound Canadian and it would be downright embarrassing to any genuine, red-blooded, and, of course, modest Canadian hero to admit he had the Cross of Valour, for with such a title it could only have been awarded for valorous deeds, and how could our hero respond to enquiries concerning how he got it with the traditional reply, "It came up with the rations"?

Clearly the Secretary of State's Department knows few, if any genuine, modest Canadian heroes, or they would never have suggested such a title. We, of course, know a lot of Canadian heroes, some of them very modest indeed (and quite rightly so) and are more than willing to help dear old Mr. Pelletier out on this tricky problem of gong-naming.

First, the title should be obscure, and preferably employing, in Commonwealth tradition, (we mustn't abandon all tradition, you know) someone's first name. Pierre, at once, comes to mind. Possibly "La Croix de Pierre" would be too Franco for types in B.C., so we could Anglicize it to Stone Cross, seemingly a suitable title for a weighty award. Once awarded, it would naturally move into the past tense and become the Stoned Cross, which we all would agree seems quite fitting, for we are confident that any hero holding so high an honour would have a tough time remaining otherwise in any of our good old integrated officers' messes, not to mention the true-light-blue, good old Ottawa Gloucester Street Mess, or, come to think of it, the Navy Mess on Lisgar Street.

Unification and all

Eight years have passed since Mr. Hellyer's White Paper burst upon a startled world announcing the Government's intention of integrating, unifying, and reorganizing the Canadian armed services in the interests of better Departmental management, streamlining the decision-making process, economizing by reducing overhead and enhancing the glory of Christendom. This year we have the designation of a fourth Chief of the Defence Staff, and the announcement of another major re-organization of CFHQ and the Departmental HQ in Ottawa, which will see the elimination of one three-star general in CFHQ and the addition of two Assistant Deputy Minister's posts to bring the total of ADM's to five, which just ought to be a Good Thing. It seems appropriate to assess lightly (we do everything lightly, you know) the success of unification, at least as seen from here on the smaller island.

It shouldn't be assumed that the present re-organization means that the managerial goals of unification have not been achieved, nor yet assumed that the establishment of a financial ceiling on DND and thus a forced reduction in the size of the armed forces, means that the expected economies of unification were not attained. Indeed no. Quite the contrary.

At this point we realize that we should explain why not, and why quite the contrary, but we fear that we must have failed to research the subject adequately since we're really at a loss. It seems better to examine other aspects of the unification process instead. For instance, little of what was feared has come to pass. We haven't had to change our ranks -- at least some of us haven't. We do have a new uniform, and a smart one it is. And we have our regiments unaltered, our dress uniforms complete with funny hats unaltered -- at least our regimental dress uniforms. We have our corps. The kilts remain. We have had to give up practically nothing, when you come down to it, right?

Since we have lost nothing, what have we gained? Well, we've gotten to know a lot of sailors better, and learned phrases like "gin time" instead of lunch, "heads" instead of john, and "make and mend" instead of goofing-off. Our exposure to soldiers has been somewhat more limited, but it's good to find that they are really quite like us. They think they got the worst deal out of unification, but it doesn't really matter who did as long as your firmly believe that your particular service was it. This is essential for a healthy outlook.

When we look at the matter of unification with our customary serious and analytical approach, we conclude they'd be in trouble in Ottawa anyway, unification or not, and that, in all probability, what with the new branch structure, we have the best of both worlds. We're one service, and have the sense of belonging to one service, and the knowledge that we belong to the best damn branch of that service. What more do you want?



This situation wasn't really discussed at the Defensive Driving Course!

Over the counter

Look a gift horse in the mouth?

By LCDR I. F. McKee
"I'm concerned," said the caller. "The other day I received in the mail a certificate

for 100 shares of a stock I did not buy."
"If you're concerned about your broker," I said "it is probably unfounded. You know that

Silence is golden

By JAMES BOSWELL

W. H. Auden, the famous English poet and social critic, wrote not long ago that he believes that everything he has ever written has really amounted to naught. His point was that he hasn't apparently managed to change wrongs, ills and injustices one iota through the influence of his literary criticisms.

It is an interesting, and at the same time, disturbing thought. Is the world out of control? It would seem so from the mindless headlong gallop the world so evidently follows directed by the selfish motives of men and nations.

In this mood then, I should like to depart a little from any social comment and offer instead, for (I hope) just a moment's glad reflection, a simple little poem -- principally for, I suppose, the purpose of the ladies.

Candour
October - A Wood
"I know what you're going to say," she said, And she stood up looking uncommonly tall; "You are going to speak of the hectic Fall, And say you're sorry the summer's dead. And no other summer was like it, you know, And can I imagine what made it so? Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said; "You are going to ask if I forget That day in June when the woods were wet, And you carried me" -- here she dropped her head -- "Over the creek; are you going to say, Do I remember that horrid day, Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said; "You are going to say that since that time You have rather tended to run to rhyme, And" -- her clear glance fell and her cheek grew red -- "And have I noticed your tone was queer? -- Why, everybody has seen it here! -- Now, aren't you honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," I said: "You're going to say you've been much annoyed And I'm short of tact -- you will say devoid -- And I'm clumsy and awkward -- And I bear abuse like a dear old lamb, And you'll have me, anyway, just as I am. Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Ye-es," she said.

transactions have been at a premium recently and this was undoubtedly an administrative error. I'm sure you wouldn't find a broker doing this on purpose. If you contact your broker he will ensure the debit to your account is corrected."

"But that's just it -- my account has not been touched. The shares just arrived, all properly registered in my name."

"Well you can't keep them, that would be stealing -- just pop them in an envelope and send them to your Broker."

"What do you mean, calling me a thief!"

"No, that isn't what I said. If you just return them."

"Now, just a moment -- the price has gone up -- the shares have doubled in the last two days. I think maybe I would like to keep them."

"Well, I don't know ..."

"Besides, what if they got lost in the mail. Who is responsible? -- if it comes to that, they might have got lost enroute to me. In any case, how can I sign at the back and say I hereby sell the shares if they are not mine to sell, or don't I have to sign? It's all very confused. They are in my name, the company and transfer agent both consider that the stock is mine. It was sent to me -- unsolicited. I didn't ask for it. Maybe it's mine if I pay the par value."

That is the end of the story. However I have been told that I can't stop there, there must be a conclusion. My conclusion is that there is no answer. If this happens to you write me at once to let me know how the matter was finally resolved.

Letters

Man the boats!

Dear Sir:

Just to prove that your paper is read even in far-off Halifax, I make the following comment on the 1 June issue, page 1, (I never got any further!):

Under the picture bottom right, your caption might more elegantly and correctly read:

"Secured at COMOX jetty HMC Ships CHIGNECTO and MIRAMICHI stopped over on their way from Campbell River to Vancouver. These ships are on a cruise etc. etc."

Please remember boat applies only to small craft often carried by ships, and submarines if you are a submariner. "Jetty" is more acceptable than "Wharf", tied up is a no no and we surely cannot have the Her Majesty's Canadian Ships. Please learn all about the blunt end and the pointy end. (There must be a sailor somewhere in CFB Comox).

V. W. Howland

Captain (N)

CFB Halifax (BADO)

Ed's note: Guess we missed the ship on that one. See page 1.

What's a Comox?

Dear Sir:

In the latest issue (June 15) of your garbage bag, you had a picture of Col Nichols shaking hands with the Governor - General and below that the caption read, in part, "... just before boarding a Comox which flew him back to Ottawa."

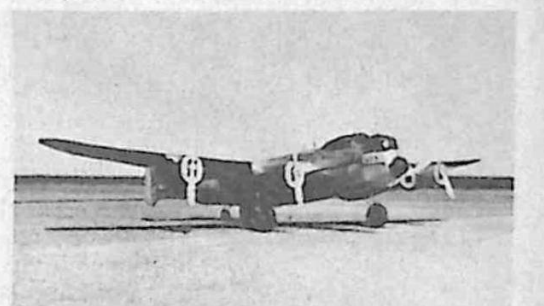
A Comox, I take it, is some type of aircraft, of which I have never previously heard. My faith was shattered when your article, credited to the North Bay Shield, revealed that Cosmopolitan aircraft had been used as fighters. That I am prepared to believe, but if you can produce a picture of a Comox, I'll eat my Jane's, page by page.

C. Osmo

Dear Mr. Osmo:

Would you care for relish or mustard, or both?

Editor



A COMOX

Does anyone know?

By VICTOR YEREX

Will there be PMQs in heaven?
Will the painters and sanders be there?
Will the occupants complain about colours?
Will the drains be plugged up with hair?

Will the windows break for no reason?
Will the baths overflow down the stair?
Will my telephone vibrate,
With calls from the irate,
Who say they are treated unfair?

If so, Dear God, please excuse me,
From answering your final bell -
I'd be more content,
If I quietly went
And reserved accommodation in Hell.

Severance pay or rehabilitation leave?

By D.M. WITT
AIR COMMODORE, RETIRED

Confused whether you should opt for severance pay or rehab leave? Well, then, this is for you. If you have opted the new retirement ages then the problem is simpler than if you are still on the old, since you must, in any event, complete all terminal leave benefits prior to CRA. Terminal leave, remember, is made up of three different leave entitlements -- special leave, annual leave, and rehabilitation leave. If you opt for severance pay, you'll be entitled only to special and annual leave, plus severance pay at a rate of seven days' pay for each completed year of continuous service, instead of 30 days of rehab leave for each five years. That's an advantage to severance pay right off the bat, since that's 210 days pay for, say, thirty years service rather than 180 days leave. You're ahead one month's pay.

On the other hand, if you're still under the old retirement rules you can take your rehab leave, your annual and your special after reaching CRA, and thus extend your pensionable service by eight months, assuming thirty years service. This extra service will increase your pension by one and one third per cent besides increasing the six year average of your best paid years by adding eight months of today's higher pay rate at the price of a similar period of lower earning six years ago, which would probably have been at a rate at least one third less. The base upon which your pension is calculated would then be increased by about four or five per cent.

In light of this, it can be confusing what to do. Well that's what this screed is all about. There won't be too many maths, to avoid confusing both you, the reader, and me; the author, who has long had difficulty in adding up his log book, or even figuring out if nine o'clock high means "up there on the left (or is it the right?)" without checking his watch. That he survived the challenge of the Luftwaffe under such circumstances must be attributed to his good luck in having a navigator along at all times after the

harrowing experiences of his first tour. Navigators understand these things, you know, which only goes to show that they've just got to be watched.

Nevertheless, some maths are unavoidable. However, the main thing to bear in mind in this matter of severance pay versus rehab leave is that a buck is worth 100 cents of its purchasing power only right now. Next year it'll be worth less. And the year after less again. Even at a modest three per cent per annum decline in purchasing power, in five years the dollar will be worth only 86 cents in today's terms, and in ten years only 74 cents. Remember that. It's important. It means that you should go for the buck you can get today, not the buck twenty-five you may be entitled to in ten years' time. In spite of what you other pilots might think, and as you navigators have instantly realized, that buck twenty-five ten years from now, with 3 per cent inflation, is not worth nearly 100 cents in today's values, but only 93. It's terrible, but that's the way it is. Now if you had that 93 cents now and invested it at 6 1/2 per cent, allowing for, say, 35 per cent income tax on the interest earned, it would be worth a buck thirty eight in ten years. Get the idea?

Well, that's the key to the severance pay versus rehab argument. Go for the buck now, not a greater pension in the future.

We could leave it at that but we won't. Instead we'll do some comparing, starting with an example of a severance pay, thirty year service pension of ten thousand dollars. In this case, the seven months' severance pay would be worth \$10,200 at the likely present pay level that would provide such a pension. Assuming a 45 per cent tax, \$5610 would remain after taxes. Invested at 6 1/2 per cent and assuming 35 per cent tax on the interest, after ten years that \$5610 would be worth \$8302. But that's not really the way to do it. Better put the money into equity growth investment or a registered retirement savings fund. In the latter case, you would pay no income tax either initially or on accumulated

interest. Most such funds pay at least 7 per cent interest. Compounded at that rate your \$10,200 severance pay would be worth \$20,063 in ten years. That amount would buy you a life-time annuity of about two thousand dollars or more, depending upon your age at the time.

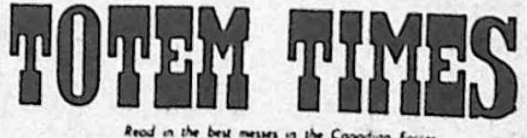
In addition to the severance pay you must not forget that you commence receiving your pension at once, in a sense drawing pension plus full pay for the period over which your severance pay entitlement is calculated. So, by opting for severance pay you're ahead, not only an extra month's full pay, as we have seen, but six months of pension, albeit at a somewhat lower rate.

Now, let's have a look at the rehab pension, keeping to our same example of a ten thousand, thirty year, severance pay pension. Converting this to rehab would increase it to thirty and two thirds years worth of pension, and increase the base upon which it is calculated, resulting in an annual pension

\$671 greater. Assuming a 35 per cent tax on the upper levels of your pension income, this would amount to an additional \$436 a year to spend or invest. This extra amount invested each year at 6 1/2 per cent and assuming a 35 per cent tax on the interest, would provide \$5234 after ten years, compared to \$8302 for your severance pay if you paid tax on it as you received it and invested it at the same rate, or \$20,063 if you put it all in a retirement savings fund and avoided the tax.

No more calculations should be necessary to convince you that, if you use your head, you are far better off by opting for severance pay. Depending how you invest your severance pay when you receive it, it could take up to thirty years after age sixty or so before your greater rehab leave pension would equal it, if you should live so long! And remember, that buck will only be worth 41 cents thirty years from now!

So you still opt for rehab leave? Well, I give up.



TOTEM TIMES
Read in the best messes in the Canadian Forces

Published on alternate Thursdays, with the kind permission of Col. G. H. Nichols, Base Commander, CFB Comox

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Golfing with a King of England

By SCOTTY HUNTER
I'm only a common old air force type as anyone here can see
But when I play golf with a British king,
The golf course belongs to me

This could be in the order of shooting a line. But thought you'd like to know ...

There's a couple of ex-RCAF kite flyers living in the Comox Valley who have the fond recollection of singing the above refrain to the obvious tune. Brought about by the fortunes of war, it was sparked by a chance face to face meeting with HRH Edward the Duke of Windsor when he held the post of Governor-General of the Bahamas Islands.

This grand gentleman's recent passing prompted the reminiscence and this is how it came about.

Attached to the RAF, we were more used to the cold mists and crags of Iceland and Stornaway when a posting came to a base in the Bahamas. First, for some ungodly reason known only to the brass, the crews had a sub-zero course dicing about in Airspeed Oxfords on night cross-countries out of North Bay, Ontario - at that time a Quonset hangar and an Ops shack. Oh, just a little bit ago. January '43 to be exact.

Anyhow ... it developed that in Nassau we were to check out in the venerable Martin Maryland to have a go at the beefier A-30 Baltimore (dubbed the Maytag Washer) and the flying brick known as the B-26 Marauder. But pending the arrival of factory-fresh kites - which were flown by a curious ragtag lot of Allied airmen to the land of snakes and Gungah Din - there was a day or two off.

So, not to be outclassed as a name-dropper, we will continue about that golf game with His Royal Highness.

(Harrumph!) ... Well ... one sunny morning a gaggle of us pedaled our bikes out to the sandy little golf course with the old bronze cannon of Fort Charlotte frowning down from the palm-treed heights. One of our bunch was a monster Aussie, Bert McKinnon, a 6 ft. 4.225 pounder who had hands like a bunch of bananas and feet so big they came down in sections about ten degrees at a time like wing flaps.

With a Herculean swing Bert sliced his drive way, way over in the rough bordering an adjoining hole. I scampered along to help Bert look for the ball just as a suntanned gentleman came strolling along with his native caddy.

Says the suntanned gent in friendly anticipation, "I say! Are you playing alone?" This query in the most polished of old-school-tie accents.

Says Bert (indeed the original Wild Colonial Boy), "Now, myte, I'm lookin' for me bloody ball!"

Meantime, myself, stunned into immobility in the royal presence, stood rigid saluting, no hat, clad in shorts, Yankee GI boots with socks rolled down, and madly trying to think what a sprog Pilot Officer should do when confronted by a King of England!

The Duke of Windsor smilingly set us at ease and seizing the royal prerogative said: "Well, chaps, let's find your 'bloody ball' and I shall join you for a game."

Turns out he's a cracking good golfer and put us all in the shades. But not before the garrulous Bert gets in another good one. As the Duke muffed a sandtrap shot, Bert shouts, "Stone the crows! Keep the bloody head down, myte!"

However, HRH must have taken into consideration that we were all wild colonial boys, and we were soon sequestering on the golf club's "19th" hole sipping tall cool ones as guests of His Highness.

It was here that another Duke enters the picture. The aforementioned other ex-RCAF type now living in the Comox Valley.

This anecdote refers to Harry "Duke" Schiller and it's likely where he picked up the nickname. At the time Schiller was sporting a nifty pair of shin-high "mosquito" boots. They were beautifully made of soft supple leather and most of us had bought a pair in Belem, Brazil, for the grand sum of a Yankee dollar. They made dandy little flying boots, providing you shook the scorpions out every morning.

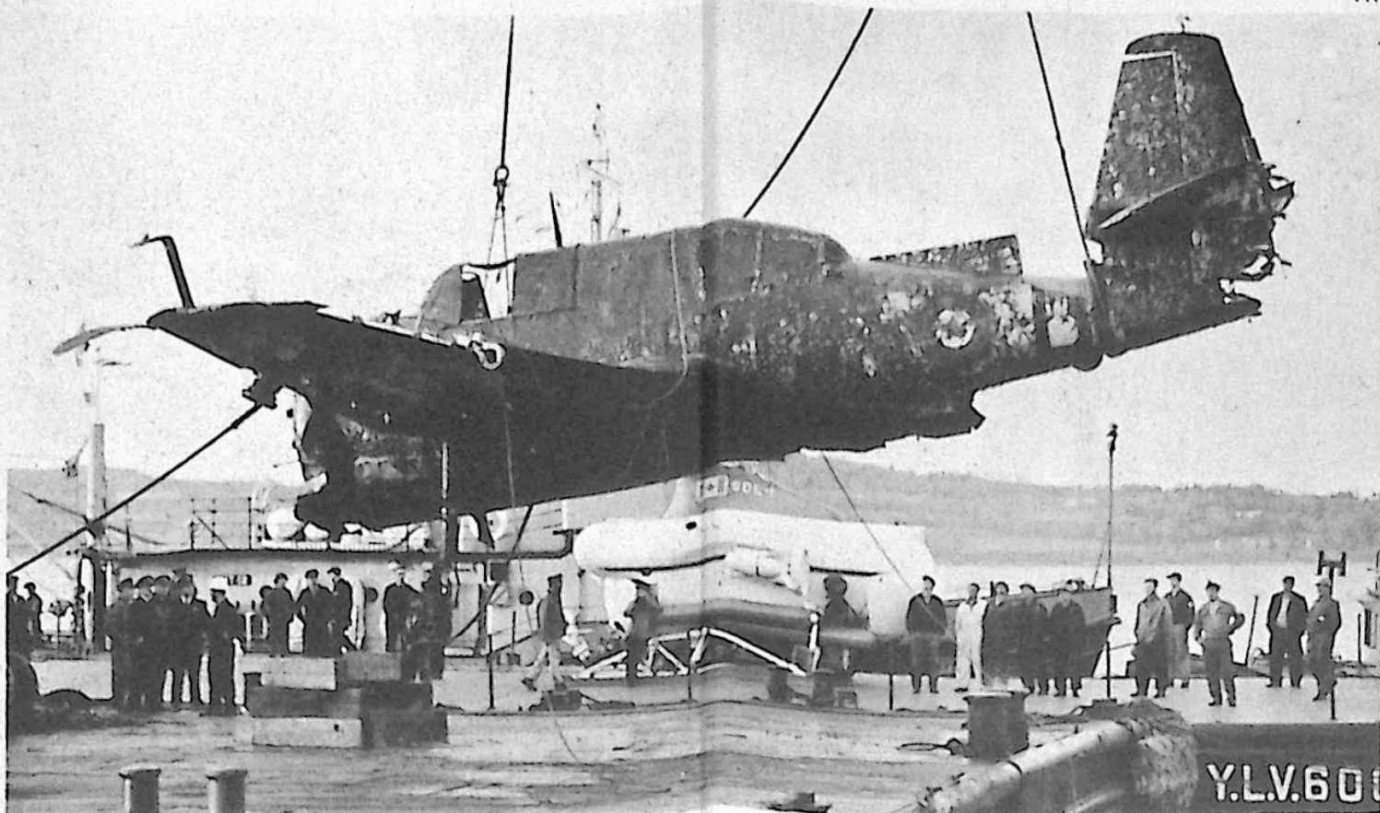
"I say!" says the Duke to the other Dook, "Just the thing for jodhpurs! Could you get me a pair, old boy?" Which, of course, amounted to a royal command.

Well, our Dook dived around the South Atlantic run for a couple of months - flying from Brazil to flyspeck Ascension Island, to Takoradi on the African Gold Coast to Kartoum and up to Cairo and back again - with a moldy pair of mosquito boots tucked down in the bottom of his chute bag. And from time to time during that summer of '43, the Duke of Windsor would ask the whereabouts of Schiller and his blinkin' boots.

Methinks Harry the Dook sold them at 500 per cent mark-up or lost them in a poker game. Fess up, Dook.

In conclusion, I would like to say, that although our raggedy, oil-stained bunch had little braid and few gongs between us, wherever we met His Royal Highness - on the golf course, at a favorite watering hole, or as guests on his veranda - we were treated royally and no holds barred.

The Duke of Windsor. A Prince of a guy.
Thought you'd like to know.



HERE IS ONE Avenger that never made the water bombing fleet in British Columbia. The former Royal Canadian Navy anti-submarine aircraft was recently recovered from the depths of Bedford Basin near Halifax, N.S. The Avenger was ditched

on Aug. 6, 1953 following mechanical difficulties after takeoff from Shearwater. The Canadian Forces Submersible Diver Lockout (SDL-1), in the background was instrumental in affecting the recovery from the 240 foot floor of the basin. (Canadian Forces Photo)

Don't be trapped

Ever since that tobacco-toting cowboy saddled Old Emphysema and rode off TV last Jan. 2, restrictions increasingly are being lodged against cigarette smoking in public places, notes the B.C. Heart Foundation.

Commuter railroads, too, are cutting down on smoking space. In the United States, the rail link carrying almost 100,000 persons a day between New York City and suburban Long Island slashed the number of smoking cars when riders voted 5 to 1 to be spared exposure to smokers' fumes.

While non-smokers seek relief, most smokers would like to be able to quit. But they feel the habit is so hard to lick that they become resigned to the risks of nicotine and tar. Too many people think it's impossible to stop smoking because they still believe the old theory that smoking is an addiction, not simply a habit," says the B.C. Heart Foundation. "That's why they continue puffing away their lives even when they know that the Public Health Service has solidified the case against cigarettes as a threat to heart disease, cancer, emphysema and other chronic respiratory ills."

And if you've learned how to smoke, you can learn to be a non-smoker. Many thousands of persons each year train themselves to do so.

RCAF Memorial Progress

Bulletin 1/72 outlined the joint proposal of Dr. D. M. Baird, Director of the Museum of Science and Technology, and Air Marshal Dunlap, President of the RCAF Memorial Fund, in support of the creation of a National Museum of Aviation and Space. This you will recall, was to be accomplished by the construction of a new building and the consolidation therein of the scattered elements of the National Aeronautical Collection ... the plan being that the building would be financed by the Federal Government. Furthermore, the expectation is that the building will also include a foyer of sufficient size to allow the RCAF Memorial Fund to incorporate memorial features appropriate to the RCAF and related air forces, such as the RNAS, and RFC.

Subsequent to the distribution of Bulletin 1/72, the following developments have taken place. In January 1972 the proposal was presented to the National Aeronautical Collection Policy Advisory Committee (NACPAC), and in February 1972 to the Board of Trustees of the National Museums of Canada. At the latter meeting the Board of Trustees agreed in principle to seek provision of a new building to rehouse the National Aeronautical Collection. Although this falls somewhat short of the recommendations presented in the proposal, i.e., a separate Museum of Aviation and Space, with its own director, we believe it can still develop into something worthwhile. The Board of Trustees also approved the appointment of a Working Group to prepare a study on the proposed museum for

presentation to the Board of Trustees at their next meeting scheduled for October, 1972.

A special meeting of NACPAC was held on May 5 1972 to form and direct the Working Group for the proposed museum. The Working Group will consist of the following:

1. Director of the National Museum of Science and Technology.
2. Curator of the National Aeronautical Collection.
3. Representative from the National Museum of Man.
4. Representative from the Ministry of Transport.
5. President of the RCAF Memorial Fund, who will also represent the interests of the Department of National Defence.

It will be the responsibility of this Group to recommend on the scope of activity, physical size, proposed site, types and methods of display and demonstration, and architectural requirements for the Museum of Aviation and Space.

To summarize, the new building, if approved, will house the National Aeronautical Collection which presently is scattered in several sites; will present the growth and development of civil and military aviation; will portray the impact of Canadian aviation on the development of this nation; and will in addition meet some of the original objectives of the RCAF Memorial Fund.

The successful accomplishment of the overall project will obviously be enhanced by the enthusiastic support of members of the aviation community. The best talking points are:

- a. The National Aeronautical Collection is

rated as fourth best in the world;

b. it should be consolidated rather than scattered about Ottawa as at present;

c. the Federal Government is not being asked to take on something new for they already have the responsibility. They are simply being asked to provide a new and adequate home, one which will properly protect and (display) this irreplaceable acollection of aircraft.

(Plucked from The Plain-sman)

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Saturday 7:00 p.m. Sunday Vigil Mass
Sunday 0930 and 1100 hours

Weekdays:

Tuesday 7:30 p.m.
Wednesday 4:15 p.m.

Thursday 4:15 p.m.

Friday 7:30 p.m.

SACRAMENT OF PENANCE

Before Mass on Saturday - from 6:30 to 7:00 p.m. and before weekday Masses.

BAPTISM

By appointment. Whenever possible on the third Sunday of the month at 1:30 p.m. On other Sundays for a good reason.

PROTESTANT CHAPEL

Sunday 2 July 72:

1100 - Divine Worship

Sunday 9 July 72

1100 Divine Worship

Summer Services:

Will continue at the regular hour of 11 a.m. throughout the summer. Padre Ritchie will be on leave for the month of July and the Reverend Arthur Alfred of Mill Bay and a former Chaplain will be here as his replacement.

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7:30 p.m. Evensong (except 3rd Sunday)

Wednesday 7:30 p.m. Holy Communion

Thursday 10:30 a.m. Holy Communion

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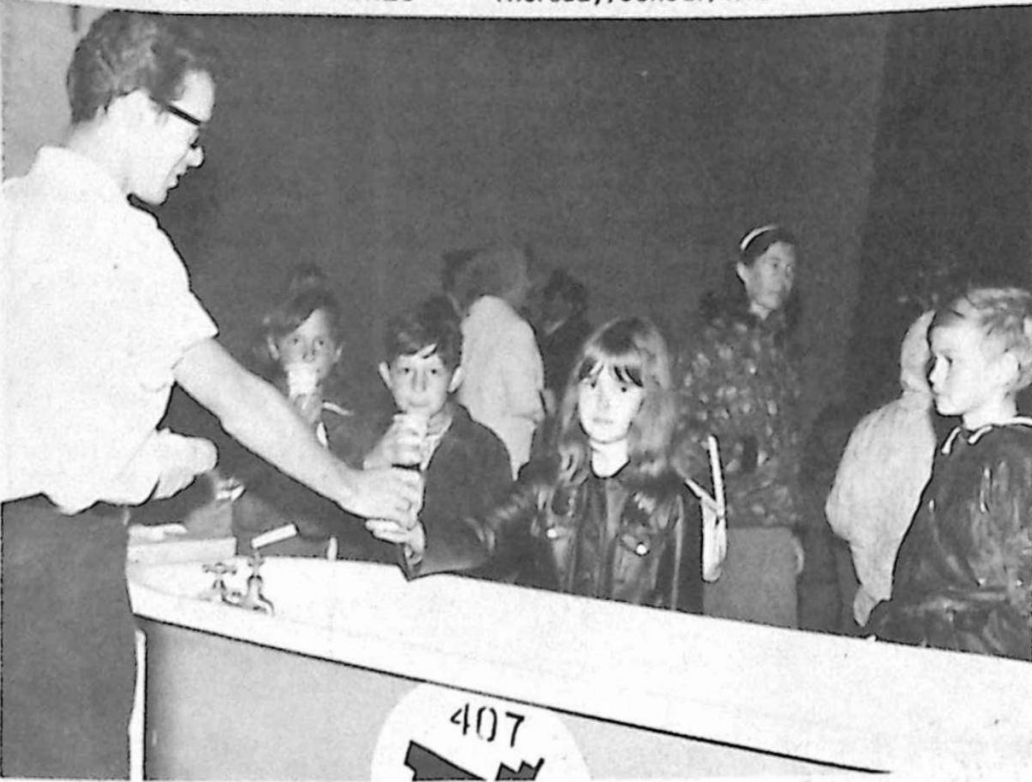
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THE LEVEL OF THE ORANGE drink in the World's Largest Punch-bowl isn't visible as it's getting kind of low. Cpl. Steve Laliberte helped dispense 52 gallons of the stuff to thirsty kids during AF Day. Normally the modified bathtub is used to dispense coffee during long patrols in the Argus. (407 Air Photo)

Through my window

BY ANNE CROUSE

IN SEARCH OF SHANGRI-LA

When we think of our quest for our own personal Shangri-la we think of the idyllic utopia or hidden paradise, made famous by James Hilton's novel, *Lost Horizon*. Rarely does anyone connect this coined word with the meaning given it by Franklin Roosevelt. He used it in the sense of a secret starting place of bombing raids in general, and in particular, the mythical starting place of bombing raids over Tokyo and other cities, April 18, 1942.

We spend most of our lives seeking our Shangri-La, whether we do it consciously or not. Recently a European lady committed suicide in Ontario because her request for landed immigrant status was denied. It had been her dream to live in this democracy and bring her children over here. For many like her, paradise is the fulfilling of the strong desire to be able to say and think what she likes—to be free. To the sick person, it is the desire to be free of pain; to the cripple, the desire to be a reasonably functional human being.

To the career serviceman and his family, Shangri-La

takes on the form of a dream place of retirement. It is so very interesting to listen to our many friends and neighbors when they designate their own personal preference for retirement and what they hope to get there. I have listened to those that think the Maritimes are the answer; to others who think Central Canada is ideal; to the Prairie Lovers; and lastly to those who think that B.C., the beautiful, is the only place for them.

In our service career we have lived in all these places and upon giving it careful thought, it is my personal opinion that we can find good and bad in every place. But what is my idea of good is not necessarily the next person's because of personal likes, dislikes and expediency. Now that we have completed our term in the services; are leaving CFB Comox and returning to Ottawa, we shall be leaving behind a whole way of life and beginning a new one. As it was with all the places we have been, we shall miss many things but will enjoy many others in civilian life. Many times I shall journey in my thoughts to the ocean shore and hopefully other times in reality. By the same token, it will be good to be stimulated by the pulse of

an active city again. There really isn't any way that we can enjoy both.

But does our Shangri-La depend upon our quest for the idyllic utopia that can be destroyed by Franklin Roosevelt's mythical bomb, or to be more specific, the failure of any place to reach our expectations? It is much more feasible to transfer our quest to a stability of inner peace. How many times have we heard stories like the following:

"A homesteader in Texas, suffering financial difficulties, came to the conclusion that he ought to move on to California where he could really make some money. He had difficulty getting rid of his property and finally sold it for a very small sum. Shortly after taking over, the new tenant discovered oil on his land. Within a few short months he became a millionaire."

And so it was with Aaron, the legendary fisherman, who lived on the banks of a river. He spent many days walking along its banks, dreaming of what he would do should he become rich. One evening his foot struck a leather pouch filled with small stones. Absent-mindedly, he continued his walk, pausing now and then to throw a stone in the river and watch the ripples dissipate. As he went to throw the last one, a ray from the late evening sun caught it and made it sparkle. He held it to the light and then realized that the stones he had been casting away were valuable gems.

Despite these little morals, all of us shall continue to seek because it is the seeking that makes the world go round. But while we are seeking, may we all enjoy our world of today to the fullest. There are so many warm memories that shall go with us of our short year at CFB Comox. Perhaps there have been gems of opportunities that were missed but I am satisfied with the ones that we have gathered. It is certainly a heavy collection that we now have from the many bases at which we were stationed.

From time to time we can take them out and enjoy them, when we pause to recall our acquaintances and friends. And in the future we hope to fill our bag of gems with many more.

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BY-LINES, HEADLINES AND DEADLINES

BY NOLA WELLS

Strange the way one can continue to do something for a number of years, and yet not really take the time to understand why. I have written for the Totem Times, for three years come September, and in all of that time I've never really known the reason why.

Recently somebody asked me "Why do you continue to take time, to write when you are not paid, and it isn't a paper like the Green Sheet?" Good question. Why indeed!

Well none of us are paid, and my small part is very insignificant compared to other roles on the paper, and yet I'm sure that thought doesn't enter the minds enough to cause any problems. And there is a big difference, between the roles that a local paper can play, in comparison to a service newspaper. In my opinion, anyway.

Three years ago, I was a completely frustrated housewife, trying to make a home and kids exactly what an old marriage manual somewhere said it should be to a woman. But it wasn't working somehow. I needed expression, and had no outlet for it. So I phoned up the old deputy editor of this paper, 'Mac', on strictly a whim, and asked him if they would run articles by me, on the subject of 'Show Business'. He said a great thing to me, and I'll never forget it. He said the only way to see if you can write, is to dive into it, and just do it. So I did!

Looking back over the series of articles I wrote in those days, I often chuckle to myself, at the manner in which I wrote them. Some of them I wish hadn't been published. Some of them I'm sure old Mac wishes he hadn't published. But there they are in my memory book to either haunt me, or teach me the mistakes every writer in any degree must learn.

Three years ago, I knew nothing about this paper, and very little about CFB Comox. I started writing for my own sake, and was generally interested in my own self-expression. But one cannot go on for so long with something, and not become involved to a certain degree. Now, as I look upon it, I know that I feel sincere pride in the Totem Times. It is a paper that has opened my eyes considerably to the Service as a whole, and one individual base's part in that whole scene. It is a paper, that rarely misses an opportunity to teach its readers, either locally or across Canada, exactly what it is like to defend a nation. It is a paper that cannot forget about humor, and personalism, and trivia. And because it cannot, I believe it has made its place here in this valley.

Three years ago I started to write with much ambition. There were going to be many things that I would eventually do in this particular field. Well, now it all has roared down to one simple thing. I am still an ordinary housewife (though now minus a hubby), and I have no more ambition in the field of writing than contributing once in a while to the Totem Times, and getting those bills off in the mail.

Therefore this paper, has meant a great deal to my life. It has given me the opportunity, to express, without training, and without high education, and without being generally involved with the service. It has given me freedom to learn, in the most beautiful manner. Because I have learned while making my own mistakes, but still while contributing. The words of an Editor or a Deputy Editor, in regards to the mistakes that I was making, were gentle and warm, and always with hopes of teaching me the right way to do the job. And while old Mac would never believe himself to be gentle ... he was, and I appreciated it. How many professional groups, would teach in such a manner, and give out the opportunities that the Totem Times does? Not many!

Throughout the past years I couldn't have contributed and not seen the work that the people behind this paper, put out. The hectic rush before publication day, and the gathering together that they do, when an Editor is off somewhere getting in his flying time. The pressures they face and the adequate manner with which they handle such pressures. The advertising people who tramp around doing their job, and the distributors, with all of their kids, doing another good job. The frustrating situation of being two weeks behind on a news story, and the thrill of being on top of another. The determination, to not change the basic theme of a service newspaper, regardless of the staff changes. All this without pay, and all this without much recognition.

Every second Thursday, a paper is published in this valley. It has been an important part of my life, and perhaps without realizing it, it is a big part of your life too. Support it, and contribute to it in any way you can. You need it as much as it needs you.



Ernest Hemingway's Old Man of the Sea

BIMINI, Bahamas — The late American author, Ernest Hemingway, wrote several books connected with the sea.

One of his most famous is "The Old Man and the Sea". For many years, Hemingway made a seasonal escape to the island of Bimini, known as the fishing capital of the world. It was here he met Joe Robins, island philosopher-historian, born in North Bimini almost 90 years ago. Many historians feel Joe Robins is the prototype of Santiago, Hemingway's salty hero of "The Old Man and the Sea".

Hemingway used to live as the house guest of Michael Lerner, founder of the Lerner Marine Laboratory of the American Museum of Natural History. Joe Robins was the gardener on the estate, and it was people like Joe to whom Hemingway spoke most often. "I never saw him write down anything," Joe will tell you, "because he kept it all in his head, and later you saw it in his books." Joe speaks of Hemingway with something

close to nostalgia, the gleam in his old eyes a sort of tribute to the memory of someone who immortalized a poor, relatively inconsequential, old man.

Hemingway is gone now, but Joe Robins remains. He has weathered two wives, 17 children and countless grandchildren. As big game fishermen and other tourists come to Bimini these days, Joe has become a familiar figure on the street, as his association with the character in Hemingway's book becomes more widespread. To many people, Joe may not be the character Hemingway portrayed in his story, for there are perhaps some variations in the motivations and general physical characteristics of the two figures, but no one here doubts that the soul of Joe Robins pervades this book and other Hemingway sea stories.

Joe is an old man with, as Hemingway noted, "a growing ecstasy or ordered, formal, passionate, increasing disregard for death ...". He is a living monument to the story of the old man and the sea.

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WARRANT OFFICER BOB OUMET, of CFB Toronto, adjusts the rear sphere supports of the full scale model of the CF Submersible Diver Lockout (SDL) before loading it on a Herc bound for England where it was displayed.

Warrant officer builds sub

(Toronto-The Dispatch)
After 27 years as a machinist in the Royal Canadian Air Force and Canadian Forces, Warrant Officer Bob Oumet is used to some odd requests, but building a midget submarine was even more odd than usual.

Bob, who works at the Defence and Civil Institute of Environmental Medicine in Toronto, received the job of building a full scale model of the CF Submersible Diver Lockout (SDL).

The SDL's main component

is a pressure hull consisting of two spheres connected by cylindrical tunnel. The hull is mounted on a tubular frame. With only scale drawings to go by, except for the frame, he began the job the end of November. The first ten days were spent in studying photographs and whatever drawings he had. In early December he had laid out his construction program and briefed his team.

Construction was then started on the tubular frame and detailed measurements worked out for the hull.

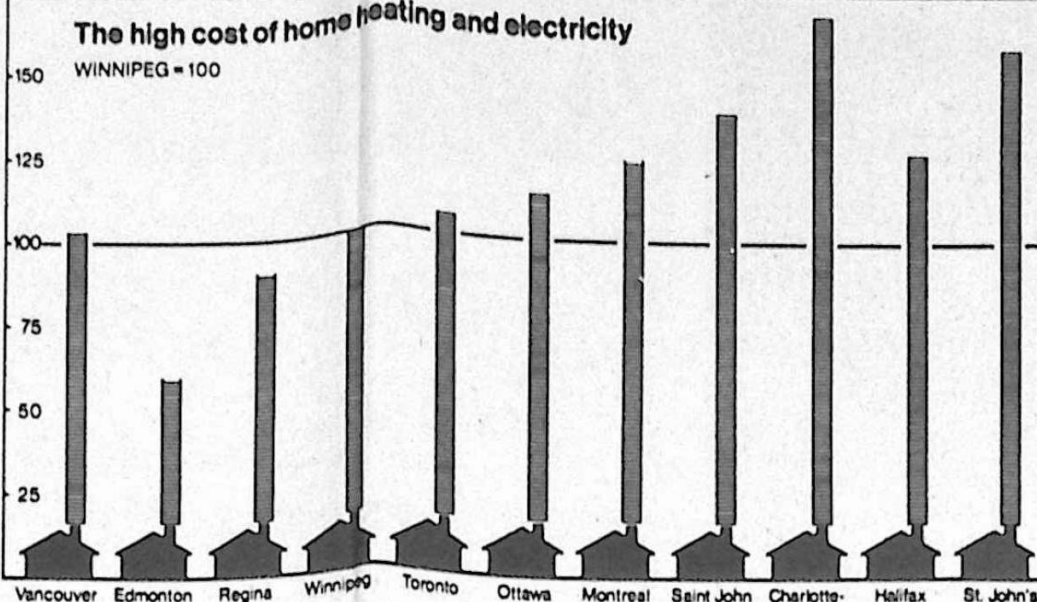
The 7-foot front sphere and 5-foot rear one were constructed of fibreglass with plexi-glass windows. The port side was finished with a fibreglass skin and the starboard made partially of plexiglass to allow spectators to see inside.

The plastic mouldings for the hull were made to specifications worked out by Master Warrant Officer Bob Harris.

Mockup instrument panels were fitted in the control sphere and the job finished in CF colors.

The model was seen first in England as it left Toronto in mid-March for the International Oceanic Show in Brighton.

Plans are already made for showing the model at various Canadian exhibitions during the coming year.



Statistics Canada study shows:

Maritimes have highest heating, electrical costs

Homeowners in Maritime cities last winter faced higher costs for house heating and for electricity than did those in other Canadian cities, Statistics Canada reported today.

The figures were developed from a study of fuel and electricity costs for a standard, 1400 square foot detached house in eleven Canadian cities, conducted in February of this year. Not only were comparative fuel and electricity prices taken into account, but also differences in climate and in the kinds of heating fuels most generally used in each area.

For a similar house, they showed Charlottetown at the top of the list with an index of 145, and Edmonton at the bottom with 59. Winnipeg costs were used as the index base of 100.

The tabulation means that, for every dollar that the homeowner in Winnipeg spent on house heating and electricity, it cost the owner of an identical house in Edmonton 59 cents and in Charlottetown \$1.45 to provide the same heating comfort and electrical service.

St. John's, Newfoundland, had an index of 158 to take second place and the other cities were scattered over a broad cost range, in the following order: Saint John, N.B. (138), Halifax (128), Toronto (105), Vancouver (103), Winnipeg (100) and Regina (90).

Winnipeg's costs were used as the index base primarily because it is midway between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. The selection of any other city as a base would have no effect on the relationship between costs in one city and another.

Peanut butter full of protein

Do you feel guilty when you slap together peanut butter sandwiches and milk for your kids' lunch? Do you feel as though you should spend more time to fix them something more nourishing? Well, cast your guilty away, says Consumers' Association of Canada. Five ounces of peanut butter will provide a 10-year-old with the recommended daily allowance of protein. CAC headquarters are at 100 Gloucester Street, Ottawa, Ontario.

The Outside World

OTTAWA — Lady luck! Have you ever noticed how often luck is mentioned when talk shifts to friends who have recently found jobs in the outside world?

If you stop to think about it, of course, everyone soon realizes that lady luck plays a very small part in this business of finding a job. Planning, careful preparation and, yes, hard work, are the ingredients for success — the very factors which helped in your service career. Only a fool counts on luck alone to find a civilian job during times of tight economic conditions, such as exist in Canada right now.

What is meant by planning and preparation? A key feature of any planning is information. For example: — Start to collect facts and

information long before you move into the outside world.

- Build up a file on firm names, telephone numbers, the names of contacts.
- Read newspaper career pages and want-ad sections with care.
- Keep interesting ads for future reference.
- Study the language of job descriptions and begin relating military skills to the needs of the civilian market.
- Study your own background; look at yourself through the eyes of the civilian employer.
- Write a draft career resume and add this to your file.
- Start talking now to your wife as to where you intend living after retirement.
- Learn what jobs are available in the location of your choice.

A second career is much too important to leave to chance. Those who start planning early enough find their file starts to bulge with information and opportunities.

Servicemen approaching retirement are invited to participate in the Civilian Employment Assistance Programme as outlined in CFAO 56-20. See your Base Personnel Selection Officer or Base Personnel Education Officer for further details.

Hillers retired

LAHR, West Germany — The Canadian Forces have retired its last remaining operational CH-112 Nomad helicopter, "old 280," at a ceremony here in the Black Forest area of Germany.

The event was marked by a fly-past and roll-past at the Royal Canadian Dragoons' lines in Lahr with Brigadier-General Jacques Chouinard, commander of the 4th Canadian Mechanized Battle Group, taking the salute.

The Nomad, or Hiller, as the Canadian Forces called the machine, first entered service with the Canadian Army and the Royal Canadian Air Force in 1961. The Canadian Infantry Brigade Group in Soest, West Germany, received nine of them in 1962. The Canadian Army used 25 machines in the reconnaissance and liaison role, while the RCAF used its three for training purposes.

The three-seater light helicopter was powered by a Lycoming, air-cooled six-cylinder engine, had an endurance of 2½ hours and a maximum speed of 87 knots. By comparison, its replacement, the turbine-powered four-seat Kiowa, has an endurance of 3½ hours and a top speed of 120 knots.

For Captain Peter Dudley of the Port Garry Horse and Warrant Officer Richard Middleton, who led the fly-past in old 280, the event brought back memories. Ten years ago, in Soest, Lieutenant Peter Dudley flew the then new 280 and Corporal Middleton serviced it.

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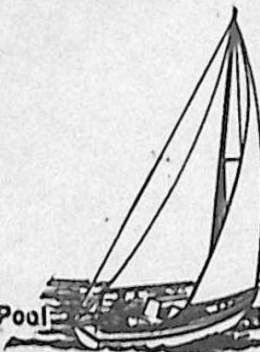
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- 8 JULY - SOCIAL NIGHT - Music: "Records."
- 10 JULY - MOVIE - "They Call Me Mister Tibbs."

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- 2 July - 1900 - BBQ - reservations
- 5 July - JOB \$1.00 jugs
- 7 July - TGIF
- 8 July - 1930 - BBQ 2100 Dance to Trademarks. Reservations. \$4 per couple
- 12 July - JOB - \$1.00 jugs
- 14 July - Change of Command 1500 - 1700 Cocktails. 1800 BBQ 2030 Dance
- BBQ Steaks \$2.00 each. Hamburgers for kids 50 cents.

INSTRUCTIONAL SWIM CLASS FOR ADULTS ONLY

If interest warrants, adult pre-beginner and beginner classes will be conducted at the Base Pool 3 July - 21 July, '72 - 1245 - 1330 hrs. For further information contact the Base Rec Centre, local 315.

SWIMMING POOL HOURS - July '72

- Sunday, 1400-1600 open 1830-2030 Family Session
- Monday, 1330-1530 open 1830-2030 open
- Tuesday, 1330-1530 open 1830-2030 Adults Only
- Wednesday, 1330-1530 open 1830-2030 open
- Thursday 1330 - 1530 open 1830 - 2030 open
- Friday 1330 - 1530 open CLOSED
- Saturday 1400 - 1600 open CLOSED

BASE THEATRE

Schedule for July 1972

- Thurs., 29 June GOOD GUYS AND BAD GUYS Robert Mitchell
- Fri., 30 June Show Ending 2150 George Kennedy
- Sat., 1 July MY FAIR LADY Rex Harrison
- Sun., 2 July Show Ending 2300 Audrey Hepburn
- Wed., 5 July THE ARRANGEMENT Kirk Douglas
- Thurs., 6 July Show Ending 2220 Richard Boone
- Fri., 7 July Walt Disney's SONG OF THE SOUTH Fay Dunaway
- Two Shows 1800 & 2015 2010 - 2230
- Sat., 8 July BALLAD OF CABLE HOGUE Jason Robards
- Sun., 9 July Show Ending 2215 Restricted Stella Stevens
- Wed., 12 July START THE REVOLUTION WITHOUT ME Donald Sutherland
- Thurs., 13 July Show Ending 2200 Gene Wilder

JR. RANKS CLUB

- Fri., June 30 - T.G.I.F.
 - Sat., July 1 - Hawaiian Show - Free Pineapples.
 - Sun., July 2 - Dance at the Annex.
 - Tues., July 4 - Movie - The Fixer.
 - Fri., July 7 - T.G.I.F.
 - Sat., July 8 - Dance - Totem Inn - Timerail.
 - Sun., July 9 - Dance at the Annex.
 - Tues., July 11 - Movie - They Call Me Mister Tibbs.
 - Fri., July 14 - T.G.I.F.
 - Sat., July 15 - Street Dance.
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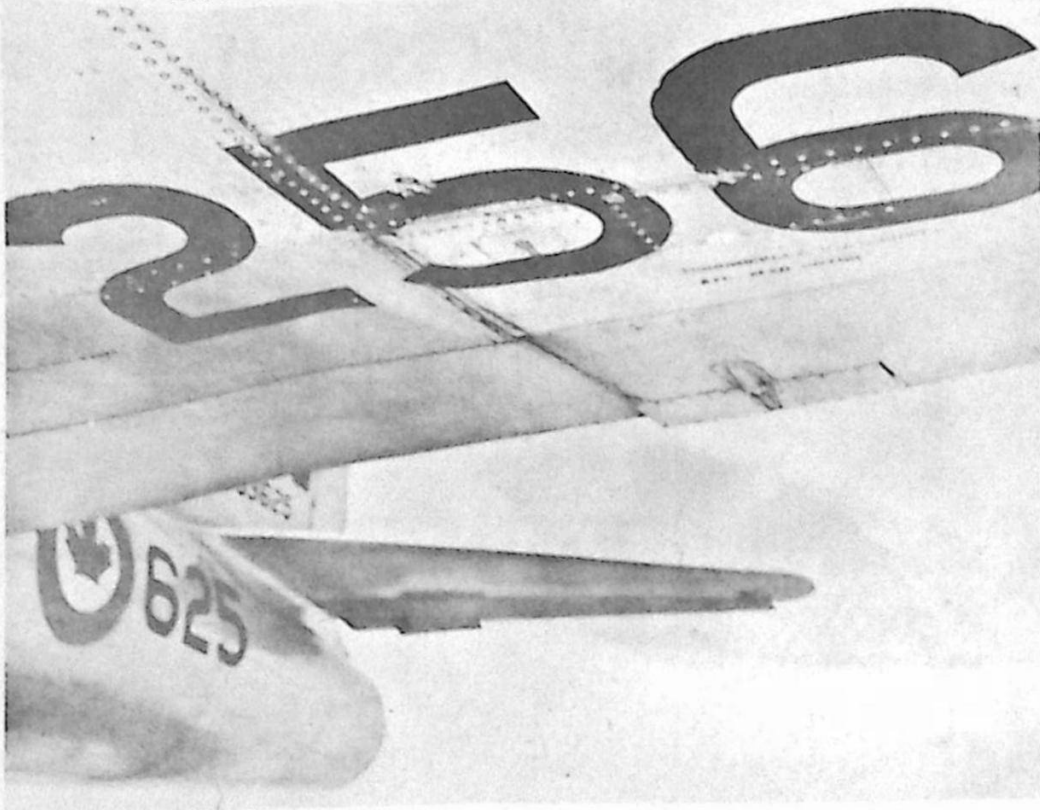
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Geo. Hamm

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AN ALERT GROUND CREW noticed something amiss when this T-bird went through North Bay recently. Some time ago, the aircraft was modified for low level work making it possible to do no-nos without getting caught. (CFB North Bay Photo by McDonald)

Regatta set for this fall

The annual Canadian Forces Sailing Regatta which this year is being combined with the Canadian Forces Sailing Association National Regatta will be held in Halifax from 12-15 October.

The central committee of the CFSA will sponsor the Regatta with the Halifax Squadron and CFB Shearwater hosting. Racing will be conducted in Uniqua 420 sailing dinghies under current Canadian Yachting Association rules.

Regular and Primary

Reserve Forces personnel and all CFSA members of demonstrated racing sailing ability are eligible to compete, but selection will be limited to 40 racing crews. The Central Committee of the CFSA will be responsible for selecting representative crews and elimination races may be required in some areas.

All nominations must reach CFHQ no later than 14 August and must be processed through unit or CFSA channels.

In good shape

Lieutenant-Colonel McNeill, director of operations at CFS Senneterre presented a 3000 miles jogging certificate to Corporal Jim Aucoin.

Cpl. Aucoin has run three miles daily since he arrived at Senneterre on September 69. No matter how cold or hot it was, Jim was on the road every day. This is quite an achievement and, Jim undoubtedly deserves congratulations for his courage and his tenacity.

Cpl. Aucoin, formerly a resident of New-Waterford, N.S., has just been posted to CFB Comox, B.C. His wife and family are all looking forward to this new experience in his service career and some of that lovely B.C. weather.

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4. 48x26 workshop complete with 2-bedroom, full basement home on large 65x400 city lot. Excellent for the hobbyist. Full price \$23,000. Contact Max Weegar 334-4568 or 334-3111.



2. Post and beam 4-bedroom home. Basement, finished rec room, fireplace, w-w carpet throughout are some of the features of this attractive Courtenay home. 6 1/4 per cent NHA mortgage available. For an appointment to view contact Art Meyers 339-2431 or 334-3111.



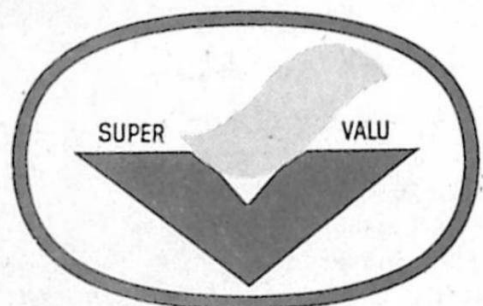
5. 3-bedroom full basement bungalow. Mint condition inside and out. Fireplace, finished rec room, large Courtenay lot. The price is right at \$19,500. Contact Art Meyers 339-2431 or 334-3111.



3. Exclusive 8.77 acres of fantastic property featuring year-round stream, 3 acres cleared with well built barn, chicken house and 3-bedroom home with full basement. This definitely has to be seen to be appreciated. Call Duke Schiller for details 334-2203 or 334-3111.



6. 48x12 2 bedroom completely electrical mobile home on large 85x200 lot with new septic field. Very close to airbase. Lot or mobile home may be sold separately. ACT FAST - Call Max Weegar 334-4568 or 334-3111.



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