



TOTEM TIMES



Canadian Forces Base Comox B.C.

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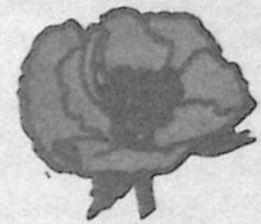
NEXT DEADLINE MONDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1989

COST: PRICELESS

Remembrance Day

Special

Edition



Remembrance Day — likely the most important date in the military calendar. It means many things to many people.

To a veteran of WW I, WW II, or the Korean War it is a day to reflect, willingly or otherwise, on the traumatic and tumultuous events of long ago; to remember good times, bad times, and old friends, many of whom never saw their homes again, dying on distant, bloody battlefields.

To the vast majority who never served in the armed forces but lived through those troubled times, it is a day to remember the months and years of gnawing worry over whether a loved one or friend would return from the fighting and the daily news of momentous and far-reaching events that would inevitably reshape the world.

To millions of innocent victims, from the decimated Jews of the Holocaust to interned Japanese-Canadians, it is a day to remember man's inhumanity to man and the bitterness, hate and overwhelming tragedy and sorrow that are the most enduring legacies of any war.

For the rest of us who were born after the last war or were too young to remember it, it is often just another day. There is no callousness or thoughtlessness in this attitude, it is merely a normal facet of human nature. We tend to forget or ignore the unpleasant. Besides, for most of us it is ancient history, too far in the past to be significant. Unfortunately, what we also forget, as a famous historian once put it, is "those who do not learn from history are doomed to repeat it." War forgotten is a lesson unlearned and likely to haunt us.

This special edition of the Totem Times is meant to encourage that necessary, indeed vital, act of remembrance; to remind the present generation of the sacrifices made by past generations; and by doing so, help succor a belief in the utter futility and waste of war.

(Public Archives, Canada PA 122813)

... at grave of fallen comrade in United Nations Cemetery, April, 1951, at Pusan, Korea.

Remember...

Heroism — an act of love?

It has been more than thirty-five years since Canadian soldiers last fought in a war. Many wounds, both physical and emotional, have been healed by this bandage of time. Some have not and thousands can never be; their graves lie scattered across Europe and Korea.

I often imagine what it would be like to fight in a war. Part of me, the naive child, thinks it would be an adventure. Okay, people would be dying (never my friends, of course), but every day would be filled with thrilling, heart-stopping (literally) action. And yes, I know I would suffer, but I would also grow in ways not possible otherwise; I would gain an insight into man and the world that can be acquired in no other way. In a life that sometimes drags from day to day with little change, that seems welcome.

The more mature part of me (I think), the cynicist, knows the truth is a far cry from my musings. I know war is a dirty, brutal, chaotic affair with no winners, at least not amongst the people who do the fighting. All the soldiers do is try to survive — so they can see their homes again. I wonder if any soldier thinks of what he is doing as being 'for his country' in the midst of battle or, indeed, at anytime after his first shocking encounter with enemy forces who seem intent on maiming or killing him. Surely facing death has a way of reducing the complications of life to a single, overriding desire — to live!

So this cynical part of me is astounded at the acts of courage which commonly occur during the fighting. I'm not talking of the everyday variety of courage displayed by soldiers just doing their job (which is remarkable enough), but those special cases which stand out. With bombs and bullets flying helter-skelter, seeking a deadly embrace with vulnerable human flesh, a few men (and women) willingly risk their lives, going well beyond what is demanded or expected of them. I have a particular case in mind.

On 12 June 1944, an R.C.A.F. Lancaster bomber, part of a large force attacking a target in France, was jumped by a German fighter and badly damaged. When a fire broke out, the Captain ordered the crew to abandon the aircraft. The mid-upper gunner, Pilot Officer Mynarski, making his way towards the escape hatch, spotted the rear gunner trapped in his turret. "Without hesitation... Mynarski made his way through the flames in an endeavour to reach the rear turret and release the gunner. Whilst so doing, his parachute and his clothing, up to the waist, were set on fire. All his efforts to move the turret and free the gunner were in vain. Eventually the rear gunner indicated that he should save his own life. Pilot Officer Mynarski reluctantly went back through the flames to the escape hatch. There, as a last gesture to the trapped gunner, he turned towards him, stood to attention in his flaming clothes and saluted, before he jumped out of the aircraft... He was found eventually by the French, but was so severely burnt that he died from his injuries." Miraculously, the rear gunner survived the crash. (Mynarski posthumously received the Victoria Cross.)

What could motivate someone to such incredible self-sacrifice? Was it his country? Did the thought of Canada somehow lying pregnant to the German jackboot cause him to put his life on the line? Was it democracy and freedom? Did he feel they would be lost if the rear gunner lost his life? I think not.

There is probably only one thing that could generate that degree of selflessness: love. Not love for his country or freedom or democracy — they are too abstract to influence a person during moments of extreme peril — but love for his friend; someone he had trained, fought, laughed, and perhaps cried with. For this person he unhesitatingly gambled his life — and lost.

I can't help but feel the vast majority of heroes in war are impelled to their acts for this reason. War generates an amazing kinship amongst individuals in a group (even just in basic training, most people in the military get a small taste of this). It is this which makes a unit fight effectively and also can lead to extraordinary deeds of courage. Freedom and other ideals have very little part. As Billy Joel sings, "And who was wrong, and who was right, it didn't matter in the thick of the fight."

So Remembrance Day to me is remembering, even amongst the carnage and death, the love and devotion of man towards man.

Way back when



In the Eulataw tongue of the local Indians, it was called "Komuchway," meaning abundance. Gradually the name shortened to Comox. In mid-1942, at the zenith of Japanese power in the Pacific, it was obvious that another aerodrome was needed in Canada's West Coast to support the increasing military traffic, and Comox was chosen as the site. Carved out of the forest, the runways were quickly laid down, followed by construction of the necessary base structures. Officially opened in May, 1943, this photo was taken in October, 1943, and shows what looks like, apart from the runways, a farming homestead. But by May, 1944, the base strength was over 1,000 and, with 50 some aircraft, large numbers of transport aircrew were being trained as part of the massive war effort.

Fond memories: in Brighton's fields

My father lies with poppies. Killed in 1943, he lies in Ortona, Italy. I will go one day to touch my fingers to the stone and trace his name. Oh, I have pictures, comments from papers when he was promoted, and the telegram sent to his mother when he was killed. I also have letters, many, many letters written to his brother in Alberta of his desolation being away from home, worrying about their mother. So poppies to me, and the meaning behind the symbolism, have a personal connotation. But they also mean something else.

My father, a captain in the Canadian Army, was stationed in England during WW II. I was born six months or so before he was killed, to an Englishwoman in her 20s who was alone and worked as a seamstress. Although I've heard stories of how they met and felt and of the anguish of his death, my earliest remembrances are of four and five years old. I remember swinging around a gun metal railing outside my house in Brighton. The metal, cold and smooth, was my favorite playground except for bike riding with mother.

And we'd go to the poppy fields of Brighton. On her day off, whenever that was, she'd pack a lunch and wheel out the bike. Behind her seat there was the little seat for me, with sides and a back, and the picnic hamper behind me. She'd pack me on the bike and we'd ride through Queen's Square and onto the front by the sea and away for miles, or so it seemed, the sea to the right, pebbles glistening, everyone on bikes. But she and I were going to picnic in the poppy fields.

I don't remember climbing or walking, but I remember suddenly being there, halfway up a hill filled with hundreds and thousands of poppies. Their heads were huge with bright red petals and funny things on them, long, long stems with spiky leaves. I'd run and run and fall and look and pick and peer and loved those poppies. Mother would be lying back on her elbows, probably talking to me, I don't remember, maybe just musing and wondering and wishing. I remember such a happy time, always the sunshine, and the grass so green, and the sea going on and on forever, left and right and as far as I could see.

But I remember mostly the poppies, my field of poppies. I lay in the fields of poppies again and again over those couple of years before I was taken away forever from my beloved Brighton.

I returned there a few months ago, so many, many years later. I still love Brighton and she looked wonderful, smelled wonderful, with so much still there — the aquarium, the pier, the flowers and the glorious sea. My fields were gone. In their place were horrid houses all alike, and roads, and cars and nothing.

But joyous memories, places, faces, cannot be taken away, ever. And though I remember thoughts of my father, for that's all I have, and pictures in my mind of my fields, for that's all I have, I feel joy with sorrow in November. I think of my father lying in his field of poppies, as I remember lying in mine.

by Anne E. McConnell
courtesy Legion Magazine

TOTEM TIMES

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A veteran of another kind

If the word 'veteran' is taken to mean one who has been in combat, then Warrant Officer Brian O'Cain doesn't strictly qualify. He is, however, a veteran of another kind. O'Cain is in his 30th year of military service, with eight to go. He has never engaged in a single warlike act. Yet, he and others like him may soon represent the single main source of strength for the acts and traditions of Remembrance, which we observe on 11 November, and throughout the year.

In a world less and less exposed to the gritty realities of large scale combat, and more hopeful of universal peace, it is difficult for present and emerging generations to visualize the agony of past wars, or to properly understand why those wars were fought.

O'Cain has served twice in Europe; while he was there, and in his own way, he made it his business to understand.

"At Grostenquin (formerly 2 Wing, RCAF) I was a member of an Honour Guard on Memorial Day at the nearby U.S. war cemetery in St. Avold. Later, I visited the French cemetery at Choloy, which has a Canadian sector, including the graves of a complete Lancaster crew from



"But it was the graves, the sheer number of graves, and the ages of those who lie in them - 19, 20, 21 -- some from the same families, that I cannot forget."

World War Two, after that, I decided to visit places where Canadians fought in Europe, and where they were buried," said O'Cain, "starting with the Normandy beaches, then

through Belgium and Holland. I saw the city of Rotterdam being rebuilt, and thought 'how expensive'. But then I thought of the other greater cost; the lives of all those very young men who liberated Rotterdam."

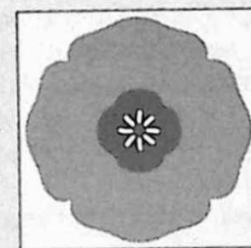
O'Cain visited Vimy Ridge and its towering memorial, "Built by a grateful nation" ... a pilgrimage for most Canadians overseas. There were other trips, to Njimegen, Remagen Bridge and tragic Arnhem, the 'Bridge too Far'.

Near Gostenquin, "Every step we took on the ground, was a step into history, one of our combat shelters was a Maginot Line fort at Teting, At Verdun, I saw the 'Trench de Bayonet', named for an entire company of French soldiers buried in an artillery bombardment, with only their bayonets showing above the earth," recalls O'Cain.

"But it was the graves, the sheer numbers of graves, and the ages of those who lie in them - 19, 20, 21 -- some from the same families, that I can not forget. When you walk on that hallowed ground, you'll know why you are there, and you will remember."

by Norm Blondel

The Royal Canadian Legion
Together... We Will Remember



Poppy Campaign

OTTAWA — The 1989 Poppy Campaign began 23 October and runs until 11 November. Conducted by the Royal Canadian Legion, the Poppy Campaign raises money which is kept in trust and used to assist needy Canadian ex-service members and their families. Veterans of Commonwealth and allied countries who are resident in Canada may also qualify for assistance through the Poppy Funds.

The Poppy is a visible reminder of the sacrifice made by some 114,000 men and women who died while serving in Canada's armed forces

the Korean Conflict. For each donation given during the campaign, a visible symbol of remembrance is provided, either in the form of a single poppy, a wreath or spray, or, in the case of group donations, a certificate.

Poppy material is assembled by disabled veterans and their families. This not only provides them with a small source of income, but allows them to take an active part in the tradition of remembrance.

During 1988 some \$5 million were distributed in accordance with the general bylaws of the



Why the poppy?

Every November I wear a poppy, not because someone tells me to, nor because it's a custom, but because I know about the brave men and women who fought for Canada's freedom.

I was young when WW II was fought, but I remember that many young men from our community went to war. Can anyone forget how dashing a well-pressed uniform and polished boots made every lad? The uniforms helped conceal fear and uncertainty, I'm sure, just as a loved one's pride helped conceal those feelings.

Some veterans of WW I, too, returned to barracks and uniforms. Like the young, they didn't wait to be called when their country required their services. Many left behind wives and children. Duty's call was strong.

Each leave home was an important event for the whole community. Everyone spoke to the serviceman and of him. He was a man willing to give his life for us all. He was entertained and praised. Farewells, though tearful, were usually "Till we meet again."

Some of these men never returned. Some came back crippled in mind and body. Time passed. Some resumed civilian activities, others found their jangled nerves couldn't cope with everyday life. War continued to demand its price.

For as far back as my memory goes, students from schools surrounding Kyle, Alta., where I grew up, gathered in the town hall for the Remembrance Day service. Was it compulsory? I don't know. We went. We participated. We remembered.

Mine wasn't a family of veterans, but relatives, class-

mates and friends married them, and some of their children became my classmates.

I became aware that war was a 'locked away' period of many men's lives. They never mentioned it. Others relived the terror nightly or while under the influence of alcohol. Occasionally some publicly recalled this part of their past. But veterans had one thing in common. Each 11 Nov they wore a poppy and gathered to remember the dead and the living.

I don't feel that Remembrance Day is a glorification of war. Men who silently lock away a portion of their lives are not glorifying battle. Perhaps their silence is a prayer that war will be no more.

The red, handmade, felt poppies of my youth have been replaced by machine-made, plastic-backed blooms, but their message is the same: Remember.

Books, movies and television shows about war abound but cannot convey to many of us the brutality, pain, anguish, fear and shame suffered by men in combat, or the anxiety and terror felt by their families. Many of us can never fully appreciate their desire that war shall be no more.

Veterans and their families can instill in young Canadians the importance of Remembrance Day. Those of us who are part of a younger generation perhaps need to be reminded of the significance of the blood-red poppy we wear 11 Nov. We need to remember with gratitude not only those who gave their lives, but also those who returned.

by Anne Rae
courtesy Legion Magazine

Remember...

John Magee — the Pilot Poet

It was a grey, overcast day in December 1941, and in the skies above the flat Fenland countryside of south Lincolnshire a squadron of Spitfires was returning home to its base near the village of Wellingore after an uneventful morning patrol. The young pilot of one of the aeroplanes was a handsome 19-year-old called John Magee. As he looked down on the vast patchwork of fields, criss-crossed by long straight lanes and dotted here and there with farms and cottages, the feeling of exhilaration that he felt whenever he took to the air again swept over him.



Soaring above the matchstick-sized figures far below, John wouldn't have changed places with anyone. The Spitfire had proved itself to be the swiftest and most deadly fighter plane in the skies, and as he sat at the controls of his own machine with every sense and sinew perfectly tuned to the feel of its fabric around him, and the familiar sound of its engine, John felt as free as a bird. He was a knight of the skies riding a charger that would respond like lightning to his every command; and, if he came under attack from any enemy aircraft, twist and turn out of the way with awe-inspiring speed.

Were it not for the presence of his fellow-flyers and the need to be in a constant state of readiness for the call to intercept enemy bombers coming in from the North Sea, John would probably have opened up the throttle and put the Spitfire through its paces, for to soar and swoop through the heavens was the supreme experience of his life. This love of flying was coupled with an equally powerful passion for writing poetry — the spiralling freedom of flight finding softer, more subtle echoes in the dramatic rising and falling of poetic rhythms.

In fact, when it came to poetry, John Magee was a genius. He had demonstrated this a few months earlier after his very first flight in command of a Spitfire, when his two great gifts for poetry and flying had come rapturously together to create *High Flight*, a poem which has in the past 50 years become a rousing anthem for pilots everywhere. It has been reproduced in scores of anthologies and now hangs on the walls at air training schools and flying museums throughout England, Canada and the USA.

But this was all in the future, and as he started his descent of the airfield at Wellingore, which as suddenly obscured by a thick bank of cloud, John could have had no idea of just

how famous *High Flight* would become — he had only ever shown it to his family and a few close friends. Nevertheless, no one who knew John Magee would have been surprised that his poetic genius had flowered so quickly. He had lived his short life at full speed, an unusual background of wide travel and hard-fought personal battles giving him experience and maturity far beyond his years. As the aeroplane disappeared into the clouds on that day in 1941, it was only John's dogged determination and burning desire to assist in the defence of England that meant he was there at all. Had he listened to the advice of others and put aside his own feelings and beliefs in favour of a safer existence, his life story might have been completely different...

Born to missionary parents in China, his father was American and his mother English. When he was nine he was sent to England for schooling where he quickly showed sharp intelligence and a mischievous nature. In 1939, he moved to America, to continue his education, where his great talent for poetry blossomed. But his heart lay in England and, as the Battle of Britain raged over the English countryside through the summer of 1940, he was drawn irresistibly to the skies and to the fighting.

In the autumn of 1940 he joined the RCAF.

Air Force discipline turned him into an assured and purposeful young man, even if he was still something of a daredevil who delighted in risky aerobatics.

John received his all-important 'wings' in June 1941 and shortly afterwards was posted to Great Britain and his

final training station at Llandow in South Wales. It was while he was in the officers' mess on day at Llandow, talking in a loud, excited voice about the qualities of the Spitfire, that a fellow-flyer suggested to him that, as he was interested in writing poetry, he ought to put his feelings down in words. Immediately John took an envelope from his pocket and in no time at all he had scribbled down the words of what was to become the most famous flying poem in the world, *High Flight*. Soon after, when he had completed his final training and joined 412 Squadron at RAF Digby in Lincolnshire, he sent a copy of the verse to his parents.

Time was divided between practising manoeuvres, taking part in usually uneventful coastal patrols, attacking shipping or intercepting bombers over the North Sea and Holland, and enduring that curse of all fighter pilots during the last war, the nail-biting wait for a call to action. There were also, of course, the parties in the mess that followed any particularly dangerous or successful exercise. On these occasions, John and the other young flyers would unwind as only fighter pilots knew how. John was a very popular member of the squadron and there was a great sense of comradeship amongst them all.

He visited Oxford where Elinor Lyon, the love of his life was a student at Lady Margaret Hall; John was quite sure that he was in love with her. Elinor, who now lives on the coast of Wales, vividly remembered the meeting:

"Before he went back to the squadron he came to say goodbye and brought an old motor-bicycle he had acquired. It was

just like him, I thought, to buy a cycle that kept breaking down and had to be pushed most of the time, and it caused him great amusement by its eccentricities. We shook hands rather solemnly when he went and it seemed rather foolish and inadequate to wish him good luck, because whatever happened he considered himself marvellously lucky and I never remember him complaining of anything. The motor-bike, however, cheered us up a bit; it went five yards and then stopped dead, and when at last it went on again we laughed and John waved his hand and disappeared round the corner."

John's flying ability improved all the time and he was soon a section leader, taking part in operations over occupied Europe. So it was that he came to be flying towards Wellingore on the December day in 1941...

While undergoing his fighter training John had once written: "I want to die in circumstances violently heroic", but as he descended through the bank of cloud, suddenly the unthinkable happened — he collided with another aircraft from the nearby RAF College at Cranwell. A farmer working near the village of Roxholm witnessed the incident. Looking up, he actually saw

John climb out of his doomed aircraft in an attempt to use his parachute. In the event, it got tangled up and failed to open. Both young men were killed.

John was buried in the village cemetery at Scopwick in Lincolnshire, close to where he died and alongside many of his friends who had also been killed defending Britain. The headstone of his grave bears the first and last lines of *High Flight*.

John's death came as a great shock to Elinor. "He liked to live life at full speed", she wrote, "and danger only made life more thrilling. I don't think he could have borne to grow old."

At the time of his death *High Flight* was virtually unknown, but after John's father had it printed in his church magazine it was spotted by a reporter and published in a Washington newspaper, when it captured the imaginations of the thousands who read it. More recently the poem was referred to by President Reagan in his speech to the American people following the 'Challenger' disaster in January 1986.

So, through this great work, the memory and spirit of John Magee lives on... nearly 50 years after he himself 'touched the face of God.'

by Stephen Garnett
courtesy This England Magazine

HIGH FLIGHT

*Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth
And danced the skies
on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed,
and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds
— and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of —
wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence.
Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along,
and flung
My eager craft through footless
halls of air...
Up, up the long, delirious burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights
with easy grace,
Where never lark,
or even eagle flew —
And, while with silent, lifting mind
I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.*

JOHN MAGEE



Remembering the Holocaust

The look on their faces is as bleak as their surroundings. Surprisingly, there is no appeal to pity; they know, perhaps, no such emotion exists in the men facing them. They are wearing only undergarments and their feet are bare, although the day is obviously cold — the onset of a long, Russian winter. They stand huddled together but each seems wrapped in their own thoughts, their own suffering. They are all five women; the youngest a mere child, two show the bloom of early womanhood, one a mother, maybe, and the other a grandmother — a family one is inclined to believe. Transposed to a beach somewhere and it could almost be a casual family snapshot, taken before they had a chance to arrange their smiles. But it's not. Standing around them, in heavy greatcoats, are soldiers with rifles, soldiers with disinterested looks, as though they were lounging by a parade square waiting for a parade to start. Nearby are piles of discarded clothing and many more people in stages of undress.



The next photograph shows a group of women standing in a row, their backs to a deep pit filled with uncountable bodies, waiting for the inevitable. Both of these photographs were discovered, along with many other Gestapo documents, after German forces retreated from the Baltic Republics in the later stages of the Second World War. They speak eloquently of a horror it is almost impossible to contemplate. Their very matter-of-factness — that someone would take the time to photograph, document, such horrific happenings — says even more than the people in the photograph.

At these camps, genocide became a science. As the huge numbers of prisoners arrived they underwent a careful selection process. Most women and children and some men — the elderly or those in poor health — were immediately sent to the gas chambers. Here, standing naked shoulder to shoulder, they died within dark, sealed, concrete rooms in agony and terror. The remaining men were used as forced labour until they reached complete physical exhaustion at which time, being no longer useful, they too were sent to the gas chambers. A few unlucky ones were selected for medical experiments — dying in low-pressure chambers, ice-cold water, or from injected diseases.

So great was the Nazi obsession with wiping out the Jewish population that resources desperately needed elsewhere were diverted, under the highest authority, to continue the killing. Even when it was clear that Germany was losing the war, still the ovens burned night and day disposing of the bodies as the gas chambers continued in full

operation. It ended only in late 1944 as the Allied armies were rapidly engulfing the crumbling remnants of the Third Reich.

How could a modern, civilized nation have engaged in such barbarism? There is no clear answer to this disturbing question. The Germans of the time were no different fundamentally from other peoples. The Nazis, preaching their perverted religion, gained control by manipulation and maintained it with ruthless efficiency. And "in a regime that declares crime to be law and every humane action to be crime, the individual can easily find himself in a position where he has only two alternatives — to be either a villain or a hero.

And only the very few are born martyrs."

Have we learned any lessons from the Holocaust? That is doubtful — since 1945 further instances of genocide have left millions more innocent victims dead.

Unfortunately, when these awful events are rendered into statistics they often lose their significance. 6,000,000 horribly murdered human beings is a fact whose very enormity and repulsiveness is difficult to comprehend and so makes us reluctant to deal with. But one murder, or a few, we can immediately grasp — what if the person killed was someone I cared for? — and the emotional impact is powerful and unpleasant. Ultimately, that is how the Holocaust must be viewed if it is to have a lasting effect; not as a single colossal tragedy or evil, but as millions of individual and distinct ones. Eugen Kogon, a survivor of the death camps, put it better: "As you view the history of our time, turn and look at the piles of bodies, pause and imagine that this poor residue of flesh and bones is your father, your child, your wife, is the one you love. See yourself and those nearest you, to whom you are devoted heart and soul, thrown naked into the dirt, tortured, starving, killed."

Robert H. Jackson, the U.S. Chief Prosecutor at Nuremberg where Nazi was criminals were tried, spoke of the Jewish dead and many, many others when he wrote: "These two-score years in this twentieth



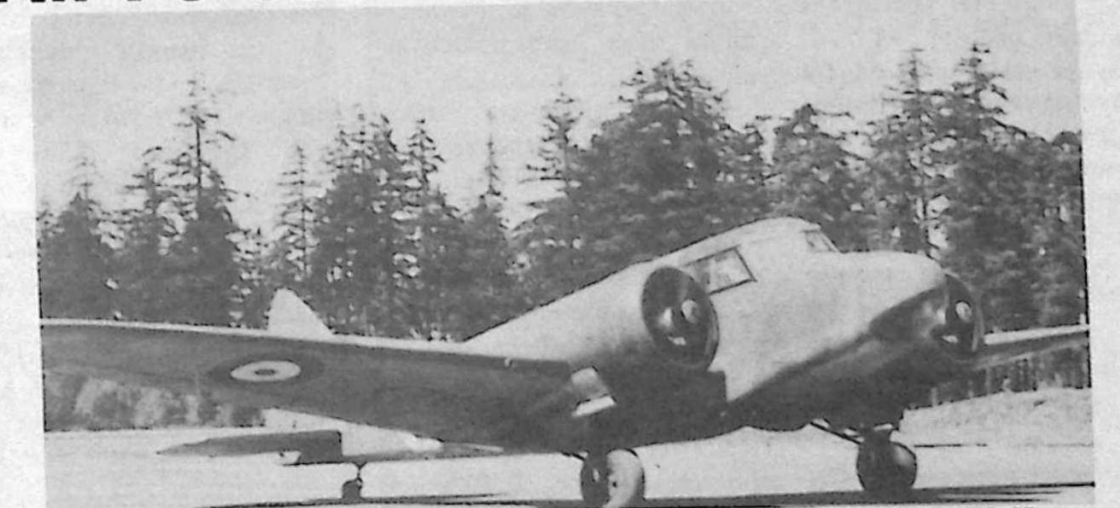
Auschwitz survivor, 1945

century will be recorded in the book of years as some of the most bloody in all annals. Two world wars have left a legacy of dead which number more than all the armies engaged in any war that made ancient or medieval history. No half-century ever witnessed such slaughter on such a scale, such cruelties and inhumanities, such wholesale deportations of peoples into slavery, such annihilations of minorities. The terror of Torquemada pales before the Nazi Inquisition." "These deeds are the overshadowing historical facts by which generations will remember this decade. If we cannot eliminate the causes and prevent the repetition of these barbaric events, it is not an irresponsible prophecy to say this twentieth century may yet succeed in bringing the doom of civilization."

by Kirk Sunter

Air Force Trivia

WHAT WHERE WHEN WHY



Definitely not a Cessna Crane, this one. It is the first of seven from the H.W. Homes collection. Harold Holmes is a member of 800 Wing RCAF Victoria.

Trivia Answer



We are advised this is a T2 Trojan, possibly US Navy. Can anyone offer more details?

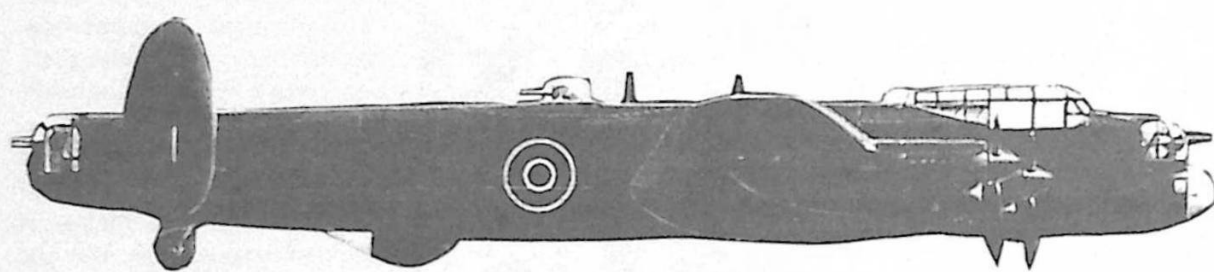
Remember . . .

Padre Bob speaks

Some folks think that Remembrance Services should not be held in Chapels because they feel that such services glorify war. When we meet on this coming Remembrance Sunday Service and on Remembrance Day we mark events that happened over forty years ago and can be thankful that most of us are too young to have any memories of the actual events. My maternal grandfather always called it Armistice Day, which as a boy I thought a funny word because Remembrance Day was so much easier to say. But more and more, Remembrance Day is not a time of remembering but rather a time to teach about the past events it represents.

Thankfully, my generation has not had to face the reality of war, but WW II had a tremendous impact on the older generations. I am not certain that I have had any experience that I can relate to theirs. In September '88 in Winnipeg, I took my father to the Convention Centre where, as a part of a Wartime Aircrew Reunion, veterans were gathering to be transported to

CFB Portage for an air show. I was impressed by their sheer numbers. Think of the impact that WW II had on that generation! An impact so strong it caused people from 18 different countries to gather in Winnipeg, Canada, over four decades after the fact.



Early last summer I had the privilege of standing next to a gentleman who had 250 operational hours on the Lancaster bomber in WW II. As we stood on the apron in Winnipeg and listened to the four big Merlin engines of the Mynarski Memorial Lancaster roar as it taxied out for take-off, he commented that he must have been crazy as an eighteen year old to fly them out of England and over hostile enemy territory. As the Lanc started its take-off roll, he said, "Wat-

ch her, she is a real lady; she slips gently into the air, not like the pushy jets of today that thunder off the end of the runway, noses pointed high." The Lanc did slip into the air, banked smoothly to the West, and came around for a fly-past. She lined up on the gap bet-

ween the two hangars where we stood next to the Western Aviation Museum. As she flew over us we were inundated by the sound of the Merlins and then she headed off East to her home base in Hamilton. As I started back to work, I looked over my shoulder and this gentleman was still watching her go. Could he see other Lancs form up on her, all those call signs and friends who did not

make it back home? He could remember. Thankfully, instead of having my own 'war stories' to relate, I have only had to read about these wars in preparation for Remembrance Day, Battle of Britain Sunday, and Battle of Atlantic Sunday. So why do we gather for this

occasion? Air Chief Marshal Sir Peter Harding, Chief of the RAF Air Staff, writes in the current RAF Year Book, "Fifty years ago the United Kingdom became involved in what eventually turned out to be the second great World War fought in this century. There were many lessons which were learned from the conflict but, above all, two that proved enduring. The first is that peace is

not secured by good intentions and wishful thinking but by peaceful policies backed by an effective military capability. The second enduring lesson to emerge from WW II was the importance of air power. So why do we hold Remembrance Day Services? Because the younger generation needs to be taught those lessons learned years ago."

So as we gather at cenotaphs on Saturday, we do not glorify war, but we do honour those of previous generations who, like my acquaintance in Winnipeg, can reflect through more mature eyes, 'I must have been crazy...' That man and others of his generation were called on in their youth to fight for their ideals and for freedom. We gather at cenotaphs to hear their stories and learn the lessons of history so that we will not make the same mistakes.

See you at the cenotaph Saturday and see you at Chapel.

by Padre Bob

The privilege was ours



The clock in the Peace Tower began to strike 11, and at that moment a member of the House of Commons Protective Service Staff snapped to attention in the Memorial Chamber to begin the ceremonial Turning Of The Page. It seemed incredible that my friend and I were witnessing this solemn daily ritual, a privilege we never expected to be ours.

Although I'd visited the chamber a number of times over the years, this was the first time I'd be able to look at the name I was longing to see. It wasn't until recently that I had learned the date when his name appeared. A letter from the Veterans Affairs said my soldier's name appeared every 30 Sept in the WW II Book of

Remembrance. We'd made this journey to Ottawa specifically to see it.

The activity on Parliament Hill that morning was twofold: Outside, the armed forces were getting ready for the opening ceremonies of the United Way campaign. Inside the members of Parliament were preparing to appoint a new Speaker of the House. As we approached the Centre Block we had no idea how the next half hour would unfold.

The blow came when we paused to have a few words with an RCMP officer near the steps, who said all tours for the day were cancelled due to a special sitting of Parliament. As this news sank in he added, "I'm sorry. Have you come far?" Was 300 miles far? The distance didn't seem important, but the fact it would be a year before the name came up again did. Seeing my dismay, the officer suggested we approach security and tell them our problem.

Standing on the Centre Block steps, I repeated my

continued on page 22

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Prisoner of war

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6:35PM.
Ottawa Ont
19th October 1942

Mrs Mary Smith
Box 6
Fisher Branch, Man.

To: 444... Official information has been received from Tokyo Japan through the International Red Cross Geneva that H. 6601 Private Reginald Arthur Smith is a prisoner of war at a HongKong Camp stop further information follows when received.

Office: I.UT 3, Records
Y. 19.07



Pte Reg Smith prior to departing for Hong Kong.

"... there are things you would like to forget . . . But I don't want to forget . . ."

Driver mechanic Private Reg Smith was on garrison duty in the Caribbean islands of Jamaica and Bermuda with 'A' Company of the Winnipeg Grenadiers, in late 1941, when the message came from Ottawa, transferring then to Hong Kong. Included in the move were the Royal Rifles of Canada (NFLD) and Brigade HQ from Victoria.

Japan had massed more than 40,000 troops on the border at Kowloon, and Reg's machine gun regiment was sent in to bolster the defences of Hong Kong. Their trucks and Bren gun carriers were sent by sea. They never got there.

In simultaneous strikes at Pearl Harbour, the Philippines, Malaya and Hong Kong, the Japanese began to enlarge what they called their 'Co-Prosperity Sphere.' Ill equipped and badly organized, the Canadians fought for 17 days until Christmas Day, when the Governor of Hong Kong surrendered to the Japanese.

Smith recalls, "we were marched from Fort Stanley, (where the 16 inch guns faced the sea) to a refugee camp at North Point on Hong Kong island. We were badly treated from the start, having to perform heavy manual labour on very little food. We were eventually shipped in groups to the P.O.W. camp at Oyama, 150 miles south of Hiroshima. I was a prisoner of war for 1347 days, and my weight dropped from a normal 162 lb to 107 lb. Our treatment in Japan was worse than in Hong Kong. We

were forced to work, poorly clothed and fed, in the cold and wet of an open pit nickel mine. By war's end we were walking skeletons. After working as a medical orderly, I got fed up with putting so many of my comrades in coffins. After the 40th coffin, I switched to working in the mine."

A member of the Hong Kong Veterans Association for 43 years and a Legion member for more than 20 years, Reg Smith has his own way of remembering. Each year he purchases and lays his own wreath on behalf of the Hong Kong veterans, at the cenotaph on Mission Hill.

About remembrance, he says, "there are things you would like to forget about. They are always running through your mind. But I don't want to forget. I hope the reason for Armistice Day and the remembrance ceremonies is properly explained to our young people. I hope and expect the Armed Forces will keep these memories alive."

by Norm Blondel



Reg Smith, 44 years after his release, reflects on the years spent as a Japanese POW.

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Remembrance Day Ceremonies

- in the Comox Valley -

Courtenay-

407 Squadron, veterans, and cadets depart the Courtenay Legion, 367 Cliffe Ave., at 10:20 and march to the cenotaph at the bottom of Mission Hill.

Comox-

442 Squadron, veterans, and cadets form up at 10:20 at the corner of Norden and Beaufort and march to the cenotaph in front of the Town Hall.

Cumberland-

VU 33 Squadron, veterans, and cadets depart the Post Office at 10:45 and march to the cenotaph in front of the Legion, 2270 Dunsuir St..

The ceremonies, which pay tribute to the war dead and to local veterans, begin shortly before 11:00. Come pay your respects to those who gave so much to you.

Receptions follow in each of the Legions, and, for military, cadet, and legion members, in the Totem Lounge at CFB Comox.

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Public Review Panel on Tanker Safety and Marine Spills Response Capability

Comité d'examen public des systèmes de sécurité des navires-citernes et de la capacité d'intervention en cas de déversements en milieu marin

INVITATION TO MAKE SUBMISSIONS AND ATTEND HEARINGS

The Public Review Panel on Tanker Safety and Marine Response Capability has been appointed by the Federal Government to conduct a public review into all facets of the distressing problem of spills from tankers and barges bearing oil or chemicals.

The Panel will review the systems currently in place to support the safe movement of oil and chemicals in bulk by tanker or barge through Canadian waters and fishing zones, and the capability of Canada to respond to tanker spills of these materials.

Public hearings are being held in communities on Canada's Atlantic Coast, the West Coast, the St. Lawrence River and Great Lakes System, and both Eastern and Western Arctic waters. All interested persons are invited to attend.

The Panel is seeking input from special interest groups, including environmentalists, native people and others; the three levels of government, and industry including shipping, oil, chemical, fishing and others, as well as the general public.

Should you wish to make a submission, please write or telephone for details as indicated below.

PUBLIC HEARINGS SCHEDULE

1:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. and 6:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. each day

Prince Rupert Monday, November 20, 1989 Board Room Highliner Inn	Calgary Wednesday, November 22, 1989 Amphitheatre Calgary Tower
Norman Wells Thursday, November 23, 1989 Community Hall	Whitehorse Monday, November 27, 1989 Rendezvous Room Westmark Klondike Inn
Vancouver Wednesday, November 29, 1989 Grouse Room Hyatt Hotel	Tofino Thursday, November 30, 1989 Reception Room Long Beach Golf Club

For further information, please write or call:

Public Review Panel on Tanker Safety and Marine Spills Response Capability
14th Floor, Jules Léger
25 Eddy Street, Hull, Quebec, K1A 0H3
or telephone toll-free: 1-800-567-6876

Remember . . .

In Flanders fields

Each November over four million poppies bloom in Canada. Dotted the lapels of half of Canada's population, this symbol of remembrance makes its annual appearance as it has done every year since 1926.

Although everybody knows what the poppy means, no one is certain of how it all began; how the poppy became so closely associated with remembrance of the war dead.

The association was certainly not new when the poppy was adopted in Canada in 1921. At least a hundred and ten years before that time, a correspondent wrote of how thickly poppies grew over the graves of the dead. He was speaking of the Napoleonic War and its campaigns in Flanders.

But a Canadian medical officer was chiefly responsible for this association, more so than any other single known factor.

John McCrae was a tall, boyish 43-year-old member of the Canadian Medical Corps from Guelph, Ontario. An artillery veteran of the Boer War, he had the eye of a gunner, the hand of a surgeon and the soul of a poet when he went into the line at Ypres on April 22, 1915.

That was the afternoon the enemy first used poison gas.

The first attack failed. So did the next and the next. For 17

days and nights the allies repulsed wave after wave of attackers.

During this period, McCrae wrote "One can see the dead lying there on the front field. And in places where the enemy threw in an attack, they lie very thick on the slopes of the German trenches."

But McCrae came out of Ypres with 13 lines scrawled on a scrap of paper . . . "In Flanders fields the poppies blow . . ."

Working from a dressing station on the bank of the Yser Canal, Lt Col McCrae dressed hundreds of wounded, never taking off his clothes for the entire 17 days. Sometimes the dead or wounded actually rolled down the bank from above into his dugout. While awaiting the arrival of batches of wounded, he would watch the men at work in the burial plots which were quickly filling up.

Then McCrae and his unit were relieved. "We are weary in body and wearier in mind. The general impression in my mind is one of a nightmare," he wrote home.

But McCrae came out of Ypres with 13 lines scrawled on a scrap of paper. The lines were the poem which started: "In Flanders fields the poppies blow . . ."

These were the lines which are enshrined in the hearts of all soldiers who heard in them their innermost thoughts, by living word of mouth. Men learned it with their hearts.

In the United States, the poem inspired the American Legion to adopt the poppy as the symbol of Remembrance.

In Canada the poppy was officially adopted by the Great War Veterans Association in 1921 on the suggestion of a Mrs. E. Guerin of France. But there is little doubt that the impact of McCrae's poem influenced this decision.

The poem speaks of Flanders fields. But the subject is universal: the fear that in death we will be forgotten, that death will have been in vain.

The spirit of true Remembrance, as symbolized by the poppy, must be our eternal answer which belies those fears.

*In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our places; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below
We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.*



John McCrae

*Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.*

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Remember . . .

The stepping stone to victory

In the summer and fall of 1940, the RAF — which included many Canadians — won what was to become known as the Battle of Britain. Many regard it as the turning point — albeit an early one — in the war against Germany.

But the real turning point, "the stepping stone to victory", says W/C (Ret'd) James 'Stocky' (or Eddie) Edwards was the war in the North African Desert. At El Alemein and points west, it was the series of battles won by allied air and ground forces which was the first step towards victory over fascism in Europe and the Japanese in the Pacific.

Eddie played his part in this conflict: flying Kittyhawks and Spitfires he destroyed 20 enemy aircraft, (with another 6½ probable kills) and damaged a further 16, all in the air. On the

ground he destroyed 12 aircraft and damaged 2. Add a couple of hundred trucks to the tally and one can see Eddie, like many of his fellow Saskatchewan farm boys, was a crack shot.

There were a lot of Canadians who fought in North Africa and Eddie wonders if anybody in Canada knows of their deeds and their sacrifices in that crucial combat zone. Their graves litter the desert, but there is little recorded about them. At El Alemein there is a cenotaph for all combatants — the Allies and the Axis—but in Canada only the veterans remember.

In his book, "Kittyhawk Pilot," Eddie writes of the battles that began in North Africa and continued through Sicily and into Italy, and of the

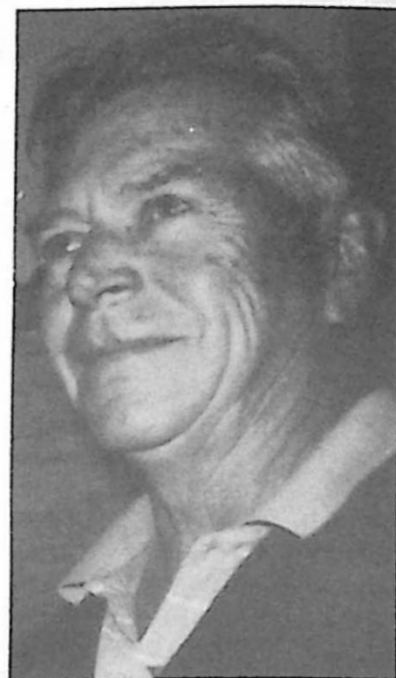
"... but what about the ones who couldn't go home? We remember them now, but what happens when the veterans are all gone?"

heroes on both sides. He comments: "But after it was all over (in Europe), Canada was too ready to 'Pack up and go home,' and forget about the war. A natural way to feel, but what about the ones who couldn't go home? We remember them now, but what happens when the veterans are all gone? The present generation has no memory of their

sacrifices. They will not remember."

While this sad commentary may not be shared by all, Eddie Edwards expresses a legitimate concern about Remembrance in the absence of these veterans, these comrades of the fallen. In the presence of peace, will we forget those who brought it about?

by Norm Blondel



They died for peace

Most people would not dispute that the United Nations is a noble venture, one which has found peaceful solutions to many of the world's tensions and conflicts. Born during the tumultuous and bloody years of the Second World War, it held out hope to a disillusioned world of an end to wars. And Canada has played no small part in it.

Major R.L. Sibbald, Commandant of the Air Force In-Doctrination School at CFB Comox and, like a large number of Canadian Forces' personnel, a veteran of U.N. operations, writes: "Canada was one of the founding members of the United Nations. Ever since the Right Honourable W.L. Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, signed the United Nations Charter on 26 June, 1945, Canada has been an active supporter of and participant in the whole range of UN activities."

Canada is the eighth largest financial contributor to the UN with more than one billion dollars give between between 1946 and 1979 but our backing goes far beyond money. As Major Sibbald says, "Canada has been a member of nearly all

of the various disarmament and arms control bodies . . . has been active in the general area of equal rights and self determination of peoples and specifically decolonization . . . has been involved in assistance to refugees and, perhaps more importantly, had accepted 200,000 refugees as immigrants [by 1975]."

Without doubt, though, Canada is most remembered and respected for its role as a peacekeeper in troubled lands around the globe. Since 1950, Canada has been a part of every UN peacekeeping operation (the only nation with this distinction), with more than 80,000 CF members serving to date. Most recently, a Canadian contingent, including four CFB Comox personnel, went to Namibia (or Southwest Africa) as part of UN forces trying to ensure the country moves forward from decades of civil warfare to a secure democracy able to decide its own future.

In a way, as Perrin Beatty, the former Minister of National Defence pointed out, Canada invented peacekeeping. During the Suez Crisis in 1956, Lester Pearson, then Secretary of State for External Affairs

and later to be Prime Minister, developed the concept of using an international peacekeeping force under the auspices of the United Nations to stabilize the military situation between Egypt and Israel. For his efforts he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1957.

Peacekeeping has not been carried out without substantial risks. When former enemies are separated by only a thin cordon of minimally armed UN forces, 'accidents' will happen. Since the end of the Korean War, 81 Canadians have lost their lives on peacekeeping operations. But, as Major Sibbald says, despite this high cost in human terms "Surely there is no greater evidence of Canada's whole hearted support for the UN in general and for the cause of peace in particular."

Thirty-one years after Lester Pearson's historic peace endeavour, UN military peacekeeping forces were likewise awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. Perhaps this Remembrance Day we should all reflect for a moment on the sacrifices of those of whom it can be said truly: "they died for peace."

by Kirk Sunter



Sacrifices: Does the old bargain still apply?

"The universe is so vast and so ageless that the life of one man can only be justified by the measure of his sacrifice."

By one of the miserable coincidences that war abounds in, those were the last words PO V.A. Rosewarne wrote to his mother before he was shot down and killed, at the age of 24, in the Battle of Britain. His mother sent his last letter to The Times, which published it 18 June 1940. The words are now inscribed on the wall of the Royal Air Force Museum in north London.

He probably did not say those words to himself as he fell out of the sky in his burning Spitfire, but he did mean them. Strip away all the rhetoric, and the core remains: We expect our young men to sacrifice their lives for us if war comes, and they are willing to be asked.

It is a very old bargain, and it is not just a practical one. We cannot help believing that a sacrifice like Rosewarne's — one which hundreds of thousands of young men make every year — confers a kind of dignity on those for whom it is done. It is a deeply entrenched notion in any culture with a military tradition — and that is practically every culture on earth.

What we avoid thinking about, because it is a most unwelcome truth, is that all this sacrifice is useless waste. Rosewarne died fighting Hitler, which we believe was a noble cause. But the German fighter pilots who died on the same day were just as brave, and their sacrifice just as great. The bargain was the same on both sides.

Hitler is now almost 40 years dead, but war is still with us.

New generations of fighter pilots prepare to lay down their lives fighting new enemies, and it really doesn't matter who: Royal Air Force pilots who were trained to fight Russians found themselves killing Argentines in 1982. Every war seems to have a specific and unique cause, but all wars are the same. The disorder is in the system.

The external symptoms of the disorder are the states in which we live: organizations of vast power that claim the right to complete independence from all the rest of the world. In defence of that absolute independence, they also claim the right to kill people living in other states, and to send their own young men to their deaths in war.

But these mighty and terrible sovereign states, for all their deep-rooted traditions, have no existence beyond the people who make them up. They behave as they do because we think as we do: What's ours is ours, and no damn foreigners are going to take it away from us.

It was always wrong, but we can find excuses for our ancestors. If you don't really believe that foreigners are fully human, which most people didn't — perhaps they still don't — then killing them rather than compromising with them is acceptable behavior. There were also grave practical difficulties: Attila the Hun was not very good at compromise.

We can find excuses for ourselves too. Compromise between different peoples with conflicting aims is still not easy: Both sides actually have to sacrifice things they care a great deal about. Everybody

understands the terms of the bargain almost instinctively. But the wars we fight now are not like that.

In most wars in the past half-century, the civilian dead have outnumbered the military dead. If the developed countries go to war again, using all the weapons they have now, there will be a hundred dead civilians for every soldier who is killed. The old bargain has become utterly meaningless, and we cannot go on pretending it still works.

But the idea of sacrifice does not become meaningless. It's just that we can no longer place that burden solely on our young men. Instead of asking them to die in war so we can all get what we want, we all have to make the lesser sacrifices necessary to avoid war.

Lesser sacrifices, but not small ones. We will not avoid war of unimaginable destructiveness just by expressions of goodwill. We will have to stop trying to make ourselves invulnerable to others, not that it is possible nowadays anyway. We will have to let all sorts of foreigners who think in strange ways have a say in what we do. It will hurt, and it will cost us dearly.

In short, we will have to give up our precious independence. It may sound naive even to talk of such a radical change in the way we run our affairs — the practical and psychological obstacles are immense, and it will happen, if at all, only over decades — but there is no other way.

What we always should have been doing, we now have to do. Either we adapt to our new realities, or we die.

by Gwynne Dyer
courtesy Legion Magazine



The corpse of a German soldier in the trenches of WW I. "What we avoid thinking about, because it is a most unwelcome truth, is that all this sacrifice is useless waste."

PUBLIC HEARINGS LOG EXPORTS

British Columbia Legislative Assembly

SELECT STANDING COMMITTEE ON FORESTS AND LANDS

PRINCE RUPERT • WED., NOV. 1/89 • 11:00 A.M.

The Prince Rupert Hotel • 2nd Ave., & 6th Street

STEWART • THURS., NOV. 2/89 • 10:00 A.M.

Banquet Hall • Stewart Arena

DAWSON CREEK • FRI., NOV. 3/89 • 9:00 A.M.

The George Dawson Inn • Tremblay Room • 11705 - 8th Street

VANCOUVER • WED., NOV. 8/89 • 9:00 A.M.

The Westin Bayshore • Stanley Room • 1601 W. Georgia

KELOWNA • THURS., NOV. 9/89 • 9:00 A.M.

The Lodge Motor Inn • 2170 Harvey Avenue

DUNCAN • WED., NOV. 15/89 • 10:00 A.M.

The Silver Bridge Inn • 140 Trans Canada Highway

The purpose of these meetings is to receive submissions on the criteria and procedures for determining the availability of the exemptions pursuant to Section 136 of the Forest Act and conditions, fees and permits imposed pursuant to Section 137 of the Forest Act.

The committee may, at its discretion, hear views with respect to the prices of timber bought, sold or traded on the Vancouver Log Market; whether such prices represent or reflect the true market value of species for export or domestic use and the suitability of such prices for determining the relative values of different species for the purpose of calculating stumpage payable under the Forest Act.

Those wishing to appear at the above locations should notify the Clerk of Committees as soon as possible supplying him with 12 copies of any printed material intended for presentation to the committee.

Address all correspondence or inquiries to:

Mr. Craig H. James
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Remember...



Korean War

Three wars — three local veterans

World War Two

Courtenay resident James Patrick Egan, 58, served with the British Army in the Korean War, at Kure, South Honshu Island, Japan. He was a Sergeant Instructor at "Cassell's Camp," working with convalescent soldiers, sailors, and airmen wounded in the Korean front lines, and transported over from Pusan on a hospital ship.



James Egan at home

His duties were the rehabilitation, education, and restoration of moral of the troops. The first two casualties he saw — one wounded in the left leg, the other in the right, supporting each other, both dressed in field grey uniforms and French army fatigue hats — were Canadians. It was truly a United Nations force.

As a British National Service conscript, James found he liked army life, and signed on as a regular, doing his basic training with the Seaforth Highlanders at Inverness, in Scotland, and his trade training at the Army School of Education at Beaconsfield in Buckinghamshire. Posted to Korea, he expected to land near the front lines (producing a *Service newspaper*) but he found himself instead at the Casell's convalescent training camp, responsible for 56 wounded men, just released from hospital.

The so-called 'Korean Conflict,' was a dirty little trench war by this time, with men constantly on patrol, often ambushed by superior numbers of the enemy. The weather was extremely cold (sometimes reaching 40 deg. F below zero) and living conditions were similar to those of World War I, with trenches and underground bunkers. The misery was compounded by the strong enemy firepower — burp guns, anti-personnel grenades and landmines, and Napalm — and fanatical troops. Often overrun in mass attacks by drug-crazed, untrained Chinese and Korean lads — pushed towards the UN guns by trumpets, gongs and screaming commanders — the UN soldiers often called fire down on their own positions, leaving enemy bodies twenty deep around UN strong-points.

James Egan saw the UN survivors of those attacks, wounded in body and spirit, and it was his job along with a highly trained team from the Army Medical and Physical Training Corps, to rehabilitate them. The teams collective spirit and hard work saved many of these casualties from physical and mental collapse.

Almost all the wounded came in plaster casts — even for flesh wounds — which drove them it-ch-crazy in the Japanese heat. James remembers the time when casts were removed by

medical staff: "Look at that soldier!" they would say. Momentarily distracted, the 'soldier' had his cast suddenly ripped away, often taking body hair with it.

To revive their spirits, the convalescents were kept active in almost every sport known to man, and had access to a limitless supply of beer and grub. Frequent trips 'over the wire' by James' charges, were the most common 'sport.'

"One night I carried out a bed check," James remembers. "Out of 56 wounded men, only two were in their beds, apart from several makeshift dummies wearing Australian hats. I didn't need to ask where they went, or what they did, but it seemed to do them a power of good."

"When I think about Remembrance Day, my first thoughts are of my father, John Joseph Egan, who was a sniper and a Lewis gunner at Vimy Ridge, Paschendale, and other notorious WW I battlefields, with the Durham Light Infantry. He survived the war, in spite of being blown up by a railway gun shell. Wounded in the butt, he crawled to a nearby artillery position and directed return fire on the



Canadian soldiers on patrol in Korea

railway gun (where his sniper's eye had spotted it), putting it out of action. For this he received no medal."

"Secondly, I remember my six older sisters, drafted to night time war work, making bullets for Spitfires. They all married servicemen, including one from the Polish Army. Thirdly, I remember my friends who went to Korea and Malaya and paid with their lives or loss of limbs for the freedom and prosperity which those countries now enjoy.

"Canadians should always be aware of the contribution made by young men and women from this country, often under hellish circumstances, thousands of miles from home. Many of them lie in unmarked graves, their names known only to God.

"There seems often to be a lack of understanding of the service man's and woman's role today. They still serve far from home in arduous conditions, often posted at very short notice with disruption of family life, to support Canada's role as a major peacekeeping force in the world.

"And who remembers the magnificent work of the Canadian Red Cross nurses in the Korean War? Only those who have experienced similar situations can truly evaluate their sacrifice. I hope that future generations of Canadians will also answer when the call comes — as come it will.

"We promised to remember. I will remember — and to me that is worth all the medals in the world."

by Norm Blondel
James Egan is Vice-President of the Canadian Korean Veterans Association, Unit 39, Courtenay. Anyone interested in more information about the KVA may write to: P. O. Box 3643, Courtenay, B.C. V9N 7P1, or telephone (604) 338-8515.

James Egan:

"I hope that future generations of Canadians will also answer when the call comes — as come it will."

World War One



George Hadley recalls a long ago war

heat of Suez, he returned to the U.K. with his battleship, and spent the remainder of the war at North Shields, Tyneside. He retired as an executive with the Furness-Withy Shipping Company, and moved to

Canada in 1960.

"Remembrance Day is a reminder to parents, to pass the word to the younger generation. The young may protest about a lot of things, but their right to do so was made possible by



From WWI — a soldier sleeps. (Public Archives, Canada)

George Hadley:

"The young may protest about a lot of things, but their right to do so was made possible by those who fought for liberty and suffered or died in the process."

those who fought for liberty and suffered or died in the process," he said. "We must never, ever forget that."

George Hadley isn't as mobile as he was a couple of years ago, but he keeps busy. An ex-accountant, he can still out-pace his bank teller when it comes to adding up the figures. "They rely too much on calculators these days. What happened to mental arithmetic?" George asked. What, indeed?

by Norm Blondel

Duke Warren:

"It's amazing how young we all were. In the graveyards overseas you almost never see the grave of a person over thirty."

"I always wanted to fly. The war gave me the opportunity... there were the patriotic feelings as well... the general feeling at the time was that Germany was mistreating people." Duke Warren, a local veteran of World War II who retired from the Canadian Forces in 1973, was eighteen years old when he joined the Royal Canadian Air Force in 1940 and after training found himself on the shores of a beleaguered England in January, 1942.

"My first big operation was Dieppe. I flew four sorties that day." At Dieppe, 6,000 troops — mostly Canadian — landed on the beaches of this small French port (in the first amphibious assault since WW I), with the objective of capturing and holding it for twelve hours. But things went disastrously wrong almost before they began. The Germans commanded the cliff-tops and laid down a withering storm of fire, cutting down the helpless Canadians as they landed. Thousands were left dead and wounded with only a few actually making it into the city. The remainder were captured or withdrew in disarray to the waiting ships.

Overhead, the biggest air battle of the war raged, with RAF and RCAF flying more than 3,000 sorties in support of the ground forces while the German Luftwaffe flew 1,000 sorties against them. "There was a madhouse of airplanes going in every direction." Warren and his twin brother (they were known on the squadron as Duke I and Duke 2 — his brother died in 1951 in the first CF-100 crash), who went through training and the war with him, were flying Spitfires and shot down a Dornier 217. "I was very pleased. It's like winning an Academy Award — it means you've done your job... I didn't think about the pilot much, it was



A youthful Duke Warren poses before his Spitfire fighter

just a machine I was shooting at... I was happy when the pilot bailed out... I think four people managed to bail out of the Dornier that day."

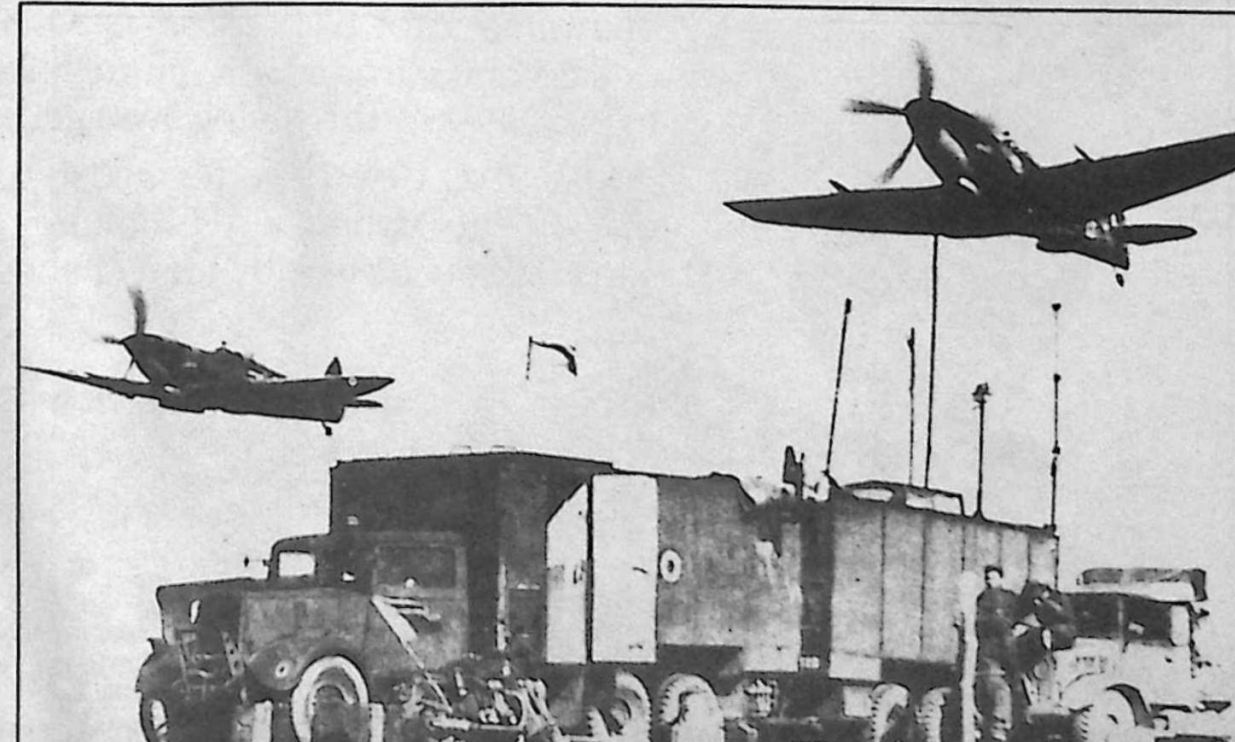
Too busy in the air, Duke remembers little of the battle on the ground although one indelible memory came strongly to him. It was the first time I saw a destroyer burn up. God, they are made of steel! How can they burn?" It wasn't till late in the day, after his last sortie, he found out how badly the Canadians on the ground had suffered.

The Warrens moved onto the fighter-bomber role later in the war, flying sweeps across the French and German countryside where the 'flak was fierce' and it wasn't unusual to return with a few holes punched in the aircraft. "I remember one time a large piece of flak came through the side of the cockpit and ended up nestled in my breast pocket. It was warm but it did nothing more than tear my shirt... it almost doubled over the D-ring on the seat harness before it hit me... otherwise it would have killed me."

Losses were unrelenting during this type of flying. "On most wing sweeps we would lose 2 or 3 aircraft... one day the wing flew 100 sorties and lost 8 pilots with 15 aircraft badly damaged... several times our squadron lost 3 out of 12 aircraft on one sortie." Warren is reluctant to talk about his friends who didn't survive the war. He's happier talking about aircraft — his love of flying is still evident. "There were 38 or 39 pilots on my initial course. Only 7 survived the war. A lot died in accidents... My roommate told me he would never return... 'I'm going to die,' he told me. Sure enough he died in a flying accident... he had a real premonition."

Sitting in Duke Warren's den forty-four years after the war in Europe ended, I glance at the walls adorned with WW II aircraft paintings and mementos from a long career in the Forces. Duke leans back in his chair. He seems uncomfortable with the conversation — as though I have stirred up the ghosts of lost friends and family that he would sooner see laid to rest. Like many veterans probably, I think he doesn't look forward to Remembrance Day. It takes little as it is to send his thoughts winging back to darker days when a comrade who was wonderfully alive one moment might lie broken and burned the next. "It's amazing how young we all were. In the graveyards overseas you almost never see the grave of a person over thirty."

In the Legion in the town of Westaskawin, Alberta, where Duke grew up, there are 34 dead listed from WW II. "Nineteen of them — in the class ahead of or behind mine — I knew personally... when I stand to attention [on Remembrance Day] I'm always thinking



Remember . . .

Cracking up: when nerves fail



The failure of nerve is insidious. It creeps up on you when you are least prepared. It dries out your mouth. It gets into your bones and muscles. It's like dry rot in the brain and heart. Malaria or typhoid. You can't eat or sleep.

For weeks I had been feeling panic simmering in my gut. I couldn't make it to the latrines. I had developed a sickly odor. I began to hear whisperings. One night on patrol I got lost. My corporal had to find the way back. Then my rifle and pack vanished.

I was serving in Europe with the British army, a Canloan officer with the King's Own Scottish Borderers. When action was slack I censored letters, made out casualty reports, wrote letters to next-of-kin, checked ammunition supplies. I scrounged treats for my men: smokes, chocolates, socks. Scrounging was not to be confused with looting, which was what Jerry did.

Twice a week, if things were quiet, we held our current affairs class. The army was keen that men keep up with what was going on back home. Every soldier must have a chance to express his ideas on postwar construction.

I remember gathering my men together in the kitchen of a farmhouse near one of the main roads leading out of Arnhem. Somebody had tossed in a grenade the day before. The floor was covered with smashed dishes, scrapes of clothing, school-books. The walls and ceilings were spat-

tered with stains. Over the kitchen door was a portrait of a bearded and venerable old gentleman, a family patriarch. The frame and glass was gone; the portrait was hammered to the wall with a spike driven through the canvas.

I ordered my corporal to light a fire. He smashed up a couple of chairs with his rifle butt for kindling and got a fire going in the kitchen stove. It was soon warm and comfortable, and the men flopped down on the floor. They were dead tired; most of them had been on double guard duty. The corporal announced our topic for discussion was Job Training After The War. In the distance we could hear Moaning Minnies grumbling through the sky, and occasionally the sharp crack of an .88. The kitchen filled with the stench of damp clothing and

burning leather boots too close to the stove.

I stared at the stained walls and ceiling, the school-books, the face of the old man above the kitchen door. After a while, I could see my men were comfortable and announced we'd carry on with the break and forget the discussion until next time. My eyes kept straying back to the face of that old man. The picture reminded me of one of those paintings by Georges Rouault — agony of man on a cross.

Suddenly mortar shells started dropping near us. We doused the fire, and I babbled orders. What fools we had been to start a fire! Then the corporal took charge. Everything went quiet. The shells moved away in a big arc toward the south.

When the crack-up finally comes, the mind seizes up. I

remember a soldier cursing and shoving me away from a window. I babbled about the portrait. We must take it with us!

Before dawn, two officers from brigade and my corporal hustled me into a jeep. I was taken to Nijmegen, then flown to Brussels. A medic slipped a white tag around my neck and I read the big type — NEURASTHENIC. The tag hung like a mark of Cain, albatross, trademark of the outcast. Somebody said the tag was 'just to help sort us out'. Later I was shipped to Basingstoke, England. At the hospital it took months to toughen up my soul.

At the Remembrance Day service at our Legion branch, I listen to a pink-cheeked laddie blowing the Last Post. He shapes his notes with tender care and I remember clear as day fresh graves, the portrait of

by Sam Roddan
courtesy Legion Magazine

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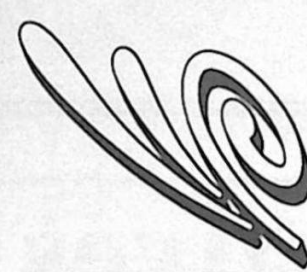
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Junior Ranks Mess

Upcoming events



Remembrance Day 11 Nov

Come to the lounge and reminisce with the veterans. Opening at noon with a light lunch. Entertainment provided by DJ Kirby. PMQ gate (walkers only) will be open. Dress Code DEU #3 with name tags. Ham and Turkey Dart Shoot. Cost \$5.00 per person. Sign up at the mess prior to 1700 hours.

Comedy Night 18 Nov

In conjunction with the Steak Night and Dart Tournament, Comedian Tim Bretcht will be performing at the lounge. See him and he'll have you in stitches all night. Begins at 2000 hrs and goes till midnight. No cost.



Ms Gay Cup Pageant 24 Nov

Time to get those dresses pressed and that hair curled. Ms Gay Cup Pageant is only two weeks away. Applications available for contestants at Junior Ranks' Mess office. Entry is FREE. DJ Candu will entertain, prizes for winner and runner-up. See you there! East vs West. Sign up at the Messes. Begins at 1300 hrs. Same rules as last year. Starting at 1100 hrs with the pre-game warm-up. Come and cheer on your team. There will be back to back TVs, munchies available.

Mixed TGIF 1 Dec

Ham & Turkey Dart Shoot. Cost \$5 per person. Sign up at the mess prior to 1700 hrs.

Jerry Watson 9 Dec

Come to see a professional billards player at the Mess. Starts at 1800 hrs — he'll dazzle you!

Reminder

Every Friday afternoon beginning at 1730 hrs, there are MIXED TGIF and Sports. Check at the mess to see what event is taking place. Food is available. Sign up prior to 1715 hrs.

What A Night!!!

The Hallowe'en Dance was a great success. DJ Ozzy of Much Music was a hit for all. Thanks to everyone for coming out.



No you didn't have too much to drink, they did look like this



The Sheik of CFB Comox



Two weeks at Club Med without my sun screen!

The Junior Ranks' Luncheon on Friday 27 Oct was well attended. The Base Commander's speech was very informative in regards to future plans for the Base. He also presented a framed Lithograph to the Jr Ranks with the official words to the CAF Marching Song. Everyone enjoyed the meal. Thanks to all those who made it possible.

Remember . . .

Dad — I hardly knew you

If I want to hear firsthand what it was like landing on the beaches of Normandy 40 years ago, I am going to have to watch one of the many documentaries that will surface June 6 or frequent one of the Royal Canadian Legion branches conducting special memorial services.

The D-Day ceremonies will be a little more earnest this time. Normandy survivors will wonder if they will be around to mark the 45th and 50th anniversaries.

My dad never made it to the 35th. He died during bypass surgery in 1976. N. Leslie Clark served with London's 1st Hussars, landing at Normandy en route to the Lowlands.

Dad was a sergeant. He was not the type to interest historians. Somewhat typical of his generation — matured by global depression and aged by global war — he would later try to instill virtues of "truth, duty, honour" in a boy who happened to be in his teens when it was fashionable to turn on, tune off and drop out. When the son fell from those lofty ideals, the



Soldiers on the advance north of Arnhem, Holland, April 1945.

father was standing by, ready to help him up, dust him off and start him on his way back to the pinnacle.

He knew his sons. He encouraged one through RMC, but dissuaded the other from joining the U S military, correctly advising him he would rebel against "chicken-shit" aspects of military life.

Dad didn't talk much about the war. When he did, he usually selected the more humorous episodes. With marvellous self-deprecating wit he

explained to an enthralled child that the Canadian Army selected sergeants from among those stupid enough to stick their head outside a tank to lure snipers.

Dad had a knack for humanizing his enemies. His major war story was of the time he ordered a round of explosives fired over a haystack, behind which squatted a German soldier, pants at ease. He couldn't kill a man answering nature's call. His usual reference to the Germans was Jerry. It

sounded almost formal. He loved Lili Marlene.

Only when he talked of the German snipers who slaughtered his friends (then, eyes defiant, surrendered to troops they correctly surmised would not kill them) did I hear anger bordering on hatred.

Dad was brief in his descriptions. Normandy was vomit. France was wine that soon soured. Holland was starving children, and decades before the term became fashionable, liberated women.

He had a soft spot for the Poles, but never lost a chance to jibe my Polish father-in-law that "the damn Polacks" were so intent on killing Germans they would outstrip their flanks and have to be extricated by the Canadians at day's end. The Poles had no time for thanks as they rushed to the rear in the race for female companionship. It was a race the Poles traditionally won.

Ludwick, too, talked little of the war. He, too, is dead. It was not until they pinned his Monte Cassino Cross on his

burial jacket that I even knew where he served. He was among those labelled "D-Day Dodgers" by an arrogant English ass.

I have grown too old to be too sentimental. After my dad's death, I embarked on a journalistic career, interviewing many Canadian veterans of the Vietnam and Korean wars and finding it unsettling to realize I know more about their experiences than of my father's.

Shortly after dad's death, a family friend leaned over his beer and began telling me how rough it had been in Europe. "Les really saw some bad things over there," I was told. "I don't know how he did it without going crazy."

"Yeah," I bluffed. But sad to tell, I really don't know what Les and Ludwick did. All I have are some carefully preserved medals.

I wish I had more.

by Doug Clark
courtesy Goose Bay Times
(1986)

Ortona veteran recalls WW II

"To... Be... Scheldt... the... we...

near where the Terra Theatre is now...

... took a job in... following year, ... tow cables at... Wire Company.

... was only 16, he was... for the regular army, ... joined the militia. But on... 18th birthday, he was off to... basic training in Cornwall, ... followed by eight weeks at A-11 Advance Infantry Training Centre ... and his drill hall was what is now the Terra Theatre.

"The biggest drill hall in the British Empire was at Borden then. It was called Lee Hall, and I watched it burn down after the war, in 1951." The Borden and Gun Club now... adjacent to a large... which was the... Lee Hall.

... after Borden, there came England, and the wait for invasion. The Royal Hamilton Light Infantry entered Europe on D-Day plus 28, and Private Doug Shaughnessy found himself at war.

"The stark reality of war faced us as we came up the beach, and saw the line of wounded men, bandaged, dirty and bloody ... I recall the wrecked vehicles and piles of barbed wire on the beach."

The Royal Hamilton Light Infantry was part of the 2nd Canadian Infantry division, which by the end of July was near Verrieres. The regiment's commanding officer, Colonel John Rockingham, summoned Shaughnessy...



Driver Doug Shaughnessy—today

Private Harold Green was killed on 12 August at Barberry Crossroads, France. He was buried by his friend Doug Shaughnessy, on a hilltop above the town of Bretteville-sur-Laize.

The RHLI went on to play a signal role in the liberation of Holland, pushing the Germans back across the Scheldt Estuary and clearing Walcheren Island. When the Germans surrendered to Field Marshal Bernard Montgomery on May 4, the regiment was deep inside Germany. It had suffered 1,464 men killed in ten months ... about twice the war establishment of the battalion.

My job was simple. I was to drive truckloads of weapons, explosives, fuel, shells, equipment and supplies to the army units along the front lines, in all but total darkness. On occasion, I drove with a partner or a non-commissioned officer. To make large deliveries, we travelled in convoy with a jeep leading the way, the driver and an officer in the jeep trying to figure the

member of the Scout Platoon named Harry Green, and told them he needed a prisoner for interrogation. Armed only with rifles and grenades, they set out through the lines.

"Suddenly we broke into a clearing ... and we were in the midst of a maze of German trenches. Harry cocked his rifle and jumped in front of one trench. I pulled the pin on one of my grenades and jumped in front of another. I heard Harry yell, 'Come out you so-and-so.' And I heard a German voice: 'Nicht schiessen, Kamerad! Nicht Schiessen!'"

The man they had captured was a member of the 272nd Infantry Division, and he was the first prisoner the Scout Platoon had taken in the war. He would

Ortona resupply:

convoy through hell!



"The truck was sitting on the side of a cliff, with me hanging over the edge. . ."

In the fall of 1943, when rain was the daily curse and mud stuck to everything, we'd spent the better part of two weeks moving from place to place. The exact location, whose appearance changed with every new shelling, was a number on a map near Ortona, in northern Italy.

All we could see were dark clouds, destroyed buildings, lines of soldiers, mud and more mud. We were Canadian volunteers, but what were we doing in the mud in Italy?

I signed up for basic training at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont. Since I was in fairly good shape from doing farm work as a kid, and played a lot of soccer, basic training was hardly a major challenge. Later, a group of us volunteered to go overseas, but at the last minute the Canadian Army cancelled the draft and sent some of us to Delbert, N.S. After some more training, I volunteered to join the Sherbrooke Fusiliers, 27th Armored Regt., and we were shipped to Healdy Downs for training on the Canadian Ram tank — the early prototype of the American Sherman tank.

I was sick of all the training and had volunteered for the first opportunity that meant less of it. Little did I know putting my name on a sign-up sheet as a replacement would take me from England through North Africa, across the Mediterranean in an LCI boat to Sicily, and at last to the mud of northern Italy with the Canadian Service Corps.

My job was simple. I was to drive truckloads of weapons, explosives, fuel, shells, equipment and supplies to the army units along the front lines, in all but total darkness. On occasion, I drove with a partner or a non-commissioned officer. To make large deliveries, we travelled in convoy with a jeep leading the way, the driver and an officer in the jeep trying to figure the

way in the darkness. Our only defense was darkness and not losing our wits on the side of a dark mountain. Driving a supply truck without headlights took a lot of nerve.

Ortona, somewhere west of our supply line, was being taken one building at a time, using a new tactic of infantry action. A squad of men placed explosives on the inside of the wall of a neighbouring house, then ran like hell while the occupation troops met their maker in the next apartment.

All the supplies, explosives, weapons, fuel, and food for that campaign had to be transported to the front by the Service Corps.

Once we drove our trucks all night over a god-forsaken, muddy mountain road to deliver supplies. My truck was right in the middle of the convoy, with two trucks ahead and the same number behind. We all carried personal weapons, but driving trucks loaded with gas, explosives, and ammunition, darkness was really our only defence.

Beneath each truck, directly behind the rear axle, was a little light with a small bulb the size of a fingernail. It was the only light showing the following driver where to direct his vehicle. The rear housing on the trucks was painted white to help illuminate the little light ahead. This helped a little under ideal conditions, but the mud made the job pure hell for the drivers. When the light got splashed or the bulb burned out, the truck ahead would seem to disappear into the darkness.

As I followed the third truck, suddenly, without notice, its light disappeared. I stared into the dark. The sergeant who was riding with me sat up. I stopped the truck, opened my door and for some unknown reason looked down. There was no ground below. The truck was



sitting on the side of a cliff, with me hanging over the edge. I hung onto the door, gasping for air, until I swung back into the truck.

The sergeant got out on his side of the muddy road and waved me to the right. The truck ahead had turned a sharp corner that way and its light was hidden by the rock face of the side of the mountain. The trucks behind, meanwhile, had stopped just in time to avoid pushing yours truly down the side of the mountain along with my load of ammunition. It could have been quite a fireworks display, at the expense of the Canadian taxpayer and two human sacrifices, namely me and the sergeant.

Somehow, we managed to get down the mountain to a clearing where some of the trucks had started to unload. The officer who led the convoy waved our vehicles to a location near some trees.

I backed into a spot beside the truck we'd been following. Without a word, we passed the ammunition into the eager arms of infantry men who had their hands and faces blackened for camouflage. We didn't stop to chat. We wanted to get off that mountain the fastest way possible, while the eager soldiers wanted us out of there to avoid their detection by the Germans.

It was about 2:30 a.m. by the time the trucks were turned around and headed back. I was directly behind the officer's jeep. The sun started to come

up two hours after dropping off the supplies, and as the trucks pulled around a low hill beside the road, I spotted a German soldier leaning against a boulder with his rifle pointed at the convoy.

Simultaneously, I hit the brake pedal, popped the motor out of gear, turned the steering wheel into the hillside, pulled up the emergency brakes and screamed, "Jerry on the hill!", as I opened the door, pulled my Thompson with me and jumped to the mud below.

The German sat motionless, his rifle across his knees. I took a breath and waited to see what would happen next. The drivers behind me were standing in knee-deep water and mud.

By this time the officer and sergeant were out of their jeep and doing the same as the rest of us.

I ran, half crawling, slipped in mud, into a ditch, but that passed the German soldier. We to the high ground, our convoy moving down on the side of the mountain, going to be sitting totally motionless.

On his back, the sergeant was wrong. It started blood spattered, and we had to be dead. The sergeant probably died sitting in the mud. I had to wait for the Grim Reaper to come. I would have been sitting in the mud.

I looked around for my comrades. With my eyes closed, I walked down the hillside.

sweating hands gripped to my Thompson. As I got closer, I could see the death smile on the man's face. For what reason I don't know, I kicked him and he fell over. Talk about being stupid, I could have been blown up had he been booby-trapped; but you never think of things like that until afterward.

The soldier's wallet had been in his clenched hand, and when he fell over some pictures fell out on the ground. One picture was a woman and a kid. I figured it was his wife and daughter. The poor guy was trying to find his family picture before he died.

The German's hands looked big and hardened, as if they were the hands of a farmer. I looked at my hands and thought to myself, that poor guy would have been me had the war been different.

There was not time to think. With the sun over the horizon, we to the high ground, our convoy moving down on the side of the mountain, going to be sitting totally motionless.

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Remember . . .

Dad — I hardly knew you

If I want to hear firsthand what it was like landing on the beaches of Normandy 40 years ago, I am going to have to watch one of the many documentaries that will surface June 6 or frequent one of the Royal Canadian Legion branches conducting special memorial services.

The D-Day ceremonies will be a little more earnest this time. Normandy survivors will wonder if they will be around to mark the 45th and 50th anniversaries.

My dad never made it to the 35th. He died during bypass surgery in 1976. N. Leslie Clark served with London's 1st Hussars, landing at Normandy en route to the Lowlands.

Dad was a sergeant. He was not the type to interest historians. Somewhat typical of his generation — matured by global depression and aged by global war — he would later try to instill virtues of "truth, duty, honour" in a boy who happened to be in his teens when it was fashionable to turn on, tune off and drop out. When the son fell from those lofty ideals, the



Soldiers on the advance north of Arnhem, Holland, April 1945.

father was standing by, ready to help him up, dust him off and start him on his way back to the pinnacle.

He knew his sons. He encouraged one through RMC, but dissuaded the other from joining the U.S. military, correctly advising him he would rebel against "chicken-shit" aspects of military life.

Dad didn't talk much about the war. When he did, he usually selected the more humorous episodes. With marvellous self-deprecating wit he

explained to an enthralled child that the Canadian Army selected sergeants from among those stupid enough to stick their head outside a tank to lure snipers.

Dad had a knack for humanizing his enemies. His major war story was of the time he ordered a round of explosives fired over a haystack, behind which squatted a German soldier, pants at ease. He couldn't kill a man answering nature's call. His usual reference to the Germans was Jerry. It

sounded almost formal. He loved Lili Marlene.

Only when he talked of the German snipers who slaughtered his friends (then, eyes defiant, surrendered to troops they correctly surmised would not kill them) did I hear anger bordering on hatred.

Dad was brief in his descriptions. Normandy was vomit. France was wine that soon soured. Holland was starving children, and decades before the term became fashionable, liberated women.

He had a soft spot for the Poles, but never lost a chance to jibe my Polish father-in-law that "the damn Polacks" were so intent on killing Germans they would outstrip their flanks and have to be extricated by the Canadians at day's end. The Poles had no time for thanks as they rushed to the rear in the race for female companionship. It was a race the Poles traditionally won.

Ludwick, too, talked little of the war. He, too, is dead. It was not until they pinned his Monte Cassino Cross on his

burial jacket that I even knew where he served. He was among those labelled "D-Day Dodgers" by an arrogant English ass.

I have grown too old to be too sentimental. After my dad's death, I embarked on a journalistic career, interviewing many Canadian veterans of the Vietnam and Korean wars and finding it unsettling to realize I know more about their experiences than of my father's.

Shortly after dad's death, a family friend leaned over his beer and began telling me how rough it had been in Europe. "Les really saw some bad things over there," I was told. "I don't know how he did it without going crazy."

"Yeah," I bluffed. But sad to tell, I really don't know what Les and Ludwick did. All I have are some carefully preserved medals.

I wish I had more.
by Doug Clark
courtesy Goose Bay Times (1986)

Borden veteran recalls WW II

"To many people at Borden, Scheldt and Walcheren are just the names of streets. But they were important battles of the Second World War ... they led to the capture of Antwerp and helped shorten the war. I know ... I was there."

Doug Shaughnessy is now working as a civilian driver with Base Transport at CFB Borden. But in 1939 he was a 14-year-old boy attending School No. 6 at Midhurst, just north of Barrie, Ont. On 10 Sept. of the year, King George the Sixth, as sovereign of Canada, declared the Dominion to be at war with Nazi Germany.

"If the war hadn't happened, I suppose I would have gone on and got more education," he says now. "But at that time I knew the war was coming. I read the newspapers, and I saw it coming from the time I was ten years old."

Within weeks of the declaration of war, CFB Borden had once again become the hub of military training, almost exactly 20 years from the time it had stood down from training tens of thousands of men for the trenches of Europe.

"I never had any doubts that there would be a war, or that I would be in it," Shaughnessy says.

He had a while to wait, and in the meantime he watched convoys of troops rolling by on the roads, and saw flights of



Pic Doug Shaughnessy-Sept., 1944.

Anson bombers and Harvard trainers winging overhead. His formal education came to an end, in the summer of 1940. While his father worked building H-huts, the now 15-year-old Doug got a job with McCrawley and McCracken caterers, helping feed the army of civilian tradesmen labouring to put the base on a war footing.

"If you had a hammer and a saw you were a carpenter and got paid a dollar an hour. If you were a labourer I think it was 50 cents and hour."

Hours of work for kitchen help were from 5 am to 9 pm. "It paid \$40 a week and all the water you could drink. I remember seeing loads of green lumber coming in through what we called Roe Road Station

near where the Terra Theatre is now."

Shaughnessy took a job in Hamilton the following year, making tank tow cables at Greening Wire Company. Because he was only 16, he was too young for the regular army, so he joined the militia. But on his 18th birthday, he was off to basic training in Cornwall, followed by eight weeks at A-11 Advance Infantry Training Centre ... and his drill hall was what is now the Terra Theatre.

"The biggest drill hall in the British Empire was at Borden then. It was called Lee Hall, and I watched it burn down after the war, in 1951." The Borden Rod and Gun Club now stands adjacent to a large parking lot, which was the floor of Lee Hall.

After Borden, there came England, and the wait for invasion. The Royal Hamilton Light Infantry entered Europe on D-Day plus 28, and Private Doug Shaughnessy found himself at war.

"The stark reality of war faced us as we came up the beach, and saw the line of wounded men, bandaged, dirty and bloody ... I recall the wrecked vehicles and piles of barbed wire on the beach."

The Royal Hamilton Light Infantry was part of the 2nd Canadian Infantry division, which by the end of July was near Verrieres. The regiment's commanding officer, Colonel John Rockingham, summoned Shaughnessy and



Driver Doug Shaughnessy-today

member of the Scout Platoon named Harry Green, and told them he needed a prisoner for interrogation. Armed only with rifles and grenades, they set out through the lines.

"Suddenly we broke into a clearing ... and we were in the midst of a maze of German trenches. Harry cocked his rifle and jumped in front of one trench. I pulled the pin on one of my grenades and jumped in front of another. I heard Harry yell, 'Come out you so-and-so.' And I heard a German voice: 'Nicht schiessen, Kamerad! Nicht Schiessen!'"

The man they had captured was a member of the 272nd Infantry Division, and he was the first prisoner the Scout Platoon had taken in the war. He would

Private Harold Green was killed on 12 August at Barbary Crossroads, France. He was buried by his friend Doug Shaughnessy, on a hilltop above the town of Bretteville-sur-Laize.

The RHLI went on to play a signal role in the liberation of Holland, pushing the Germans back across the Scheldt Estuary and clearing Walcheren Island. When the Germans surrendered to Field Marshal Bernard Montgomery on May 4, the regiment was deep inside Germany. It had suffered 1,464 men killed in ten months ... about twice the war establishment of the battalion.

Shaughnessy and his comrades were demobbed in a ceremony in Victoria Park in Hamilton in November, 1945. But by 1950, with the Korean War in full flood, good soldiers were again needed, and he was asked to rejoin. He ended up in the Royal Canadian Army Service Corps, once again at CFB Borden, instructing at the corps school.

He retired from the Canadian Armed Forces in 1969, and later returned to Borden in his current job as a civvy driver. In September, Joe Shaughnessy joined other veterans of the RHLI at a dedication ceremony in Antwerp, as guests of the Dutch government. A monument to the liberation of that country was unveiled on 10

Ortona resupply:

convoy through hell!

"The truck was sitting on the side of a cliff, with me hanging over the edge..."

In the fall of 1943, when rain was the daily curse and mud stuck to everything, we'd spent the better part of two weeks moving from place to place. The exact location, whose appearance changed with every new shelling, was a number on a map near Ortona, in northern Italy.

All we could see were dark clouds, destroyed buildings, lines of soldiers, mud and more mud. We were Canadian volunteers, but what were we doing in the mud in Italy?

I signed up for basic training at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont. Since I was in fairly good shape from doing farm work as a kid, and played a lot of soccer, basic training was hardly a major challenge. Later, a group of us volunteered to go overseas, but at the last minute the Canadian Army cancelled the draft and sent some of us to Delbert, N.S. After some more training, I volunteered to join the Sherbrooke Fusiliers, 27th Armored Regt., and we were shipped to Healdy Downs for training on the Canadian Ram tank — the early prototype of the American Sherman tank.

I was sick of all the training, and had volunteered for the first opportunity that meant less of it. Little did I know putting my name on a sign-up sheet as a replacement would take me from England through North Africa, across the Mediterranean in an LCI boat to Sicily, and at last to the mud of northern Italy with the Canadian Service Corps.

My job was simple. I was to drive truckloads of weapons, explosives, fuel, shells, equipment and supplies to the army units along the front lines, in all but total darkness. On occasion, I drove with a partner or a non-commissioned officer. To make large deliveries, we travelled in convoy with a jeep leading the way, the driver and an officer in the jeep trying to figure the

way in the darkness. Our only defense was darkness and not losing our wits on the side of a dark mountain. Driving a supply truck without headlights took a lot of nerve.

Ortona, somewhere west of our supply line, was being taken one building at a time, using a new tactic of infantry action. A squad of men placed explosives on the inside of the wall of a neighbouring house, then ran like hell while the occupation troops met their maker in the next apartment.

All the supplies, explosives, weapons, fuel, and food for that campaign had to be transported to the front by the Service Corps.

Once we drove our trucks all night over a god-forsaken, muddy mountain road to deliver supplies. My truck was right in the middle of the convoy, with two trucks ahead and the same number behind. We all carried personal weapons, but driving trucks loaded with gas, explosives, and ammunition, darkness was really our only defence.

Beneath each truck, directly behind the rear axle, was a little light with a small bulb the size of a fingernail. It was the only light showing the following driver where to direct his vehicle. The rear housing on the trucks was painted white to help illuminate the little light ahead. This helped a little under ideal conditions, but the mud made the job pure hell for the drivers. When the light got splashed or the bulb burned out, the truck ahead would seem to disappear into the darkness.

As I followed the third truck, suddenly, without notice, its light disappeared. I stared into the dark. The sergeant who was riding with me sat up. I stopped the truck, opened my door and for some unknown reason looked down. There was no ground below. The truck was



sitting on the side of a cliff, with me hanging over the edge. I hung onto the door, gasping for air, until I swung back into the truck.

The sergeant got out on his side of the muddy road and waved me to the right. The truck ahead had turned a sharp corner that way and its light was hidden by the rock face of the side of the mountain. The trucks behind, meanwhile, had stopped just in time to avoid pushing yours truly down the side of the mountain along with my load of ammunition. It could have been quite a fireworks display, at the expense of the Canadian taxpayer and two human sacrifices, namely me and the sergeant.

Somehow, we managed to get down the mountain to a clearing where some of the trucks had started to unload. The officer who led the convoy waved our vehicles to a location near some trees.

I backed into a spot beside the truck we'd been following. Without a word, we passed the ammunition into the eager arms of infantry men who had their hands and faces blackened for camouflage. We didn't stop to chat. We wanted to get off that mountain the fastest way possible, while the eager soldiers wanted us out of there to avoid their detection by the Germans.

It was about 2:30 a.m. by the time the trucks were turned around and headed back. I was directly behind the officer's jeep. The sun started to come

up two hours after dropping off the supplies, and as the trucks pulled around a low hill beside the road, I spotted a German soldier leaning against a boulder with his rifle pointed at the convoy.

Simultaneously, I hit the brake pedal, popped the motor out of gear, turned the steering wheel into the hillside, pulled up the emergency brakes and screamed, "Jerry on the hill!", as I opened the door, pulled my Thompson with me and jumped to the mud below.

The German sat motionless, his rifle across his knees, I took a breath and waited to see what would happen next. The drivers behind me were standing in knee-deep water and mud.

By this time the officer and sergeant were out of their jeep and doing the same as the rest of us.

I ran, half crawling, covered in mud, into a river bed that passed the German. When I got to the high ground, I looked down on this man, who was totally motionless.

On his back, I could see blood spattered all over. He had to be dead, and had probably died sitting, waiting for the Grim Reaper.

I looked around for more of his comrades. With none in sight, I walked down to him,

sweating hands gripped to my Thompson. As I got closer, I could see the death smile on the man's face. For what reason I don't know, I kicked him and he fell over. Talk about being stupid, I could have been blown up had he been booby-trapped; but you never think of things like that until afterward.

The soldier's wallet had been in his clenched hand, and when he fell over some pictures fell out on the ground. One picture was a woman and a kid. I figured it was his wife and daughter. The poor guy was trying to find his family picture before he died.

The German's hands looked big and hardened, as if they were the hands of a farmer. I looked at my hands and thought to myself, that poor guy could have been me had the situation been different.

But there was not time to reflect on it. With the sun already over the horizon, we had to keep our convoy moving or we were going to be sitting ducks, I thought.

But no, I was wrong. It started raining again as we got back in the trucks, and I had to add the constant wartime qualifier. We would have been sitting ducks in the mud.

by James A. Black
courtesy Legion Magazine

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Remember . . .



Comox Air Force Museum

Winter hours of operation are now in effect. We will be open 10 am to 4 pm Saturdays and Sundays. We have a special display in our feature gallery of Canada's UN peacekeeping role. Come by and see it. Admission is FREE and everyone is welcome.

Officers' Mess Ladies' Club

A Michel Delacroix is up for sale. The bid starts at \$150.00. \$150.00 once ... \$150.00 twice ... \$150.00 last chance. Sold to No. 20.

What an exciting evening and what an easy way to spend your spouse's money!

The Auction was conducted by Genesis Galleries of Atlantic, Georgia. The Gallery provided an excellent variety of lithographs, serigraphs, oils, and watercolors with prices ranging as low as \$35 through several thousand dollars.

The Auction was a great success as well as the Stand Up sale on Sunday morning: between 10 am and 12 pm, you could buy, with a reasonable offer, the art of your choice.

Door prizes, courtesy of Genesis Galleries, were drawn hourly. The winners were: Mrs. Anne Gibbon, OCdt Luc Guillette, Mrs. Laurette Subchuck, and Mrs. Olive Wadelius. Congratulations!

And thank you to the Executive for their time and effort to make the two days a huge success.

We look forward to seeing you same time next year for another evening of entertainment and art.

Ladies, don't forget our next function 15 November. Make It & Take It will present craft demos and we will be making the Xmas decorations for around the fireplace.

Thank you!

On behalf of the Beavers, Cubs and their leaders, 1st Lazo Scout Group wishes to express appreciation for the parental and community support which helped to make this year's Apple Day and calendar sales a success. Funds raised through your contributions will assist District and 1st Lazo in carrying out various activities throughout the year. Sincere thanks to everyone involved.

Fortune 501 raffle

The Courtenay Museums' innovative fundraiser, the FORTUNE 501 RAFFLE, is proving to be a tremendous hit with Comox Valley residents. Just three weeks into the campaign and already one-half of the 5,000 raffle tickets are spoken for.

Fundraiser Al Crockatt predicts that all the \$2.00 raffle tickets will be sold by the end of November, a full two weeks ahead of the published draw date of 15 December. Mr Crockatt stated that there is no reason why we should not move the draw date up if ticket sales are completed.

It is not too late to purchase your chance to win five-hundred-and-one new scratch 'n wins. Raffle tickets are available at leading merchants throughout the Valley, from most Lotto B.C. retailers, at the museum, or delivered free to your business or residence in books of ten by phoning 334-3611.

Jr Ranks Ladies Club

Jr Ranks' Ladies' Club general meeting was held 26 Oct in the lounge.

The entertainment was provided by Esther Thompson of Create-a-Book, a collection of personalized children's books. A special highlight was a personalized letter to your child from Santa.

A draw was made for 2 personalized books. The winners were Elizabeth Merpaw and Jeanette Frizell.

Secret Sister selection will be done at the Nov meeting and plans for our Christmas party will be finalized. Come out and make your party wishes known. Thursday 23 Nov at 7:30 pm. New members always welcomed.

Our 4th Annual Fashion Show was held on 1 Nov. As usual fabulous fashions were provided by Reitmans. New to our line up this year were Maida's Boutique (lingerie and maternity fashions) and Casually Yours (great casuals and one-of-a-kind accessories).

During the intermission everyone was treated to samples of wine from Calona

Wines and coolers from Pacific Breweries, and a wide variety of food donated by club members of food provided by Club Members, thank you.

Throughout the evening door prize draws were made several door prize draws were held. Congratulations to the winners and thank you to the generous donors.

We would like to extend our sincere appreciation & a very special thank you to everyone who helped to make this evening a success (our apologies if we miss anyone):

Vernia Mackenzie (Reitmans)
Patti Eastman (Reitmans)
Maida Samuels (Maida's Boutique)
Linda Delany (Casually Yours)

Laurel Bazett (commentator)
Linda Ball (Makario's)
Dorothy Brown (Comox Flower Pot)

Robert & Darlene Haines (Frames by Haines)
Bob Butler (Pacific Breweries)
Ted McEwen (Calona Wines)
All the models
Lin d'Entremont (photos)
Gerry Fairbrother (photos)

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LEGION LOG

BRANCH 17 COURTENAY

ENTERTAINMENT

Fri 10 Nov. Music by SHABOOM
Fri & Sat 17 & 18 Nov. Music by DUKES
Fri & Sat 25 & 26 Nov. Music by EL DORADO

REGULAR ACTIVITIES

BINGO—Thu, Fri, Sun at 7:00 PM

MONDAY. FUN EUCHRE
TUESDAY. PUB DARTS
WEDNESDAY. LEAGUE CRIB
THURSDAY. FUN DARTS
FRIDAY. TGIF & MONEY DRAW AT 6:30PM
SATURDAY. FUN BRIDGE AT 12:30

"MORE PLAYERS WELCOME"

Phone 334-4322 (days) for more information

EVENTS

SATURDAY 11 NOVEMBER--REMEMBRANCE breakfast 0900, parade fall in 1015, return parade to branch followed by an Open House.
SUNDAY 19 NOV -- Fun Crib Tournament -- Upper Hall, everyone welcome, registration 12 to 1 pm.
NOW OPEN SUNDAYS. 12—7 PM

BRANCH 160 COMOX

ENTERTAINMENT

Fri 10 Nov. NO BAND, MEMBERS' NIGHT
Fri 17 Nov. Music by VALLYBOYS
Fri 27 Nov. Music by ALLEYCATS
Fri 1 Dec. Music by DUKES

REGULAR ACTIVITIES

SUNDAYS. Lounge 11 am to 6 pm
MONDAYS. Men's Dart League, Navy Room, 7:30 pm
TUESDAYS. Ladies Crib League, Lounge 7 pm
Mixed Dart League, Upper Hall, 7:30 pm
WEDNESDAYS. Navy League Drop-In Bingo
Upper Hall, 7 pm
THURSDAYS. *1st Br. Exec. Mtg. 8 pm
L. A. Exec. Mtg. (as req.)
*2nd L.A. Gen. Mtg., Upper Hall, 8 pm
*3rd Br. Gen. Mtg., Upper Hall, 8 pm
FRIDAYS. Meat Draws, 2-6 pm
Dance, Lounge, unless advised
SATURDAYS. Meat Draws, Lounge 2-6 pm

SPORTS

SUNDAY NOV 19--Monthly Euchre Tournament, Upper Hall 1pm start, members & guests, reg \$5.
CURLING (Ordinary & Seniors) Legion Provincial Competitions, Sports Officer All Cameron will accept Team (rink) entries in either Ordinary or Senior categories during October & November. Age limits for seniors is now restricted to those members over 50 years. For more info call 339-2022.

EVENTS

Friday Nov 10 -- Members Night, open to all members of Br. 160, No guests.

Saturday 11 November--Remembrance Day--Parade falls in at 1030. Service at Cenotaph 1100. After service Open House at branch, minors in Upper Hall, adults in Lounge.

Saturday, 25 November--Ladies Auxiliary--will hold their annual Christmas Bazaar and Lunch in the Upper Hall.

Wo's & Sgt's Mess

18 Nov

Down Homers Night

Down Homers' Music by 'Kirby'

Seafood Chicken & Chips

Doors open 1900 hrs
Food served 2000 -- 2100 hrs
members \$5 per person
Hon. members & guests \$7 per person

NOVEMBER EVENTS

9 Nov. RCMP MESS DINNER
15 Nov. CRIB CLUB
18 Nov. DOWN HOMER
25 Nov. PRIVATE WEDDING
29 Nov. CRIB CLUB



Base Fire Chief retires



On Saturday, 9 September the Base Fire Hall paid tribute to Capt Herb Livingston, CD. The occasion for this dinner was to honour Herb as he retires from the RCAF/CAF after a long and illustrious career spanning some thirty seven years, three hundred fifty-four days (but who's counting?). In 1952, as an air craftsman, he started his career in Saint Jean, Quebec, and then

went to Aylmer, Ontario, for the basic fire fighter's course. Some, but not all of the stops along the way included RCAF Gimley, RCAF Winnipeg, RCAF Resolute Bay, RCAF Comox, CFS Masset, CFFA, NDHQ, and finally back here to CFB Comox.

A fine dinner and social evening was held at the Kingfisher Inn. Presentations and speeches were the order of the evening and, of course, numerous retirement messages were read. During his acceptance speech, Herb noted that this was the way he always wanted to go, in the company of fellow fire fighters. He then told a few 'war stories' about the old days as the gathering settled in for the evening.

Capt Livingston is a highly respected member of the trade and the Canadian Forces and will probably be remembered most for his days as CWO Livingston. His career, which has spanned four decades, was highlighted by his posting to NDHQ as Life Cycle Manager. This position was the most challenging and rewarding of the many positions he was asked to fill.

The BFC and staff of the Base Fire Hall wish Herb and Rosealie the best of health, luck, and happiness during their retirement in the glorious Comox Valley.

Recycling: it's time!

Composting is a natural process that breaks down vegetation into a rich soil conditioner and is an excellent fertilizer for most gardens.

Kitchen scraps and yard waste may be utilized for composting. Aside from being one of the best fertilizers, using these materials means a reduction in the amount of waste going to the landfill sites. Grass clippings, leaves, fish, egg shells, vegetable and fruit scraps make good compost material. Naturally, you would like you compost pile to be as productive as possible and to be pest-free. So gardeners strongly recommend excluding animal fats, meat, bone, poultry, dairy products, beans, and vegetable oil from the compost pile.

The easiest method for composting is to put the 'compostable' material into an open pile. Or a compost container can be fabricated by puncturing holes in a garbage can. Enclosing an area with chicken wire or wooden stakes is another alternative or wooden bins can be built with scrap lumber. The compost pile should be at least 1 cubic yard in size to guarantee sufficient heat generation.

The compost can be used as a fertilizer when it reaches a rich, dark colour and the materials have broken down into small particles. It can be applied to your garden in a 1" to 3" layer. Finally, mix the compost with the soil by working the compost into the ground.

Composting allows us to play a part in nature's continual renewal: to give back to the earth that which we have taken.

by Dave Ward

SERVICE DIRECTORY

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Remember...

Privilege

continued from page 6

story to the House security members posted there. They listened sympathetically, then, hesitantly, one suggested: "Let's go inside. I have an idea." He left us momentarily to confer with authorities and his subsequent smile told us instantly his idea had worked.

Minutes later, as the Peace Tower clock struck the hour, we stood in the Memorial Chamber, in a corner out of the way, while the Turning Of The Page was performed. This ceremony is the daily act of turning the pages of the Books of Remembrance according to perpetual calendars for each book. The calendars are arranged so each page of each book is turned once a year.

The precision of every movement of each Book of Remembrance clearly showed the turner's pride in this act. His white-gloved hands moved with purpose as he lifted the glass tops of the cases and turned the pages. At each book, he briefly bowed his head and saluted it. This short, touching ceremony brought me to the brink of tears. I knew my friend beside me, a veteran of both world wars, was as moved as I, perhaps more so.

At the conclusion the two service staff men showed my friend about the chamber, pausing by the items of particular interest to him.

Meanwhile, I found the

name I'd come to see and my thoughts went back to the sunny Sunday of another September, when I knelt at a grave in the Beny-sur-Mer Canadian War Cemetery in Normandy and read the same name on a memorial there. As I returned to the present, I realized the three persons in the chamber with me were discreetly leaving me alone with the memories of the soldier whose name was on the page before me. We remained for half an hour, unhurried by these gentlemen who seemed pleased and proud to show us around.

While returning to the rotunda, we thanked them for the privilege of accompanying them to the chamber for the ceremony and the opportunity it gave us to see my soldier's

name, which we'd have missed otherwise. Gallantly, they replied: "The privilege was ours. We couldn't see you disappointed if there was any way we could help." We'll long remember that morning and each of the men who briefly touched our lives with kindness.

It's said that more than half a million visitors a year come to the Memorial Chamber of the Peace Tower to view these five sacred books, put there in memory of the 114,710 Canadian soldiers, sailors, airmen and servicewomen who gave their lives in war for the liberties of Canada.

That day I wished every visitor could at some time be

present, as we were, for the Turning Of The Page that shows Canada remembers — every day. by Florence Cooper courtesy Legion Magazine

OFFICERS MESS

NOVEMBER '89 CALENDAR

FRIDAYS NOV. 10 & 17

REGULAR TGIF: Food as indicated 1700-1800 hrs. Free taxi. Ask at Bar.

WEDNESDAYS NOV. 15, 22, 29

OFFICERS COFFEE HOUR: Coffee will be served in the Lounge at 1000 hours. All officers are invited to attend. Dress will be dress of the day.

SATURDAY NOV 18

BLACK AND WHITE NIGHT: Theme: Black & White. Entertainment -- MESMER, "Canada's Foremost Mentalist". Menu--Chinese Food. Cost PER PERSON -- Members \$10, Limited Associates & Guests \$12. time 1900hrs. Reservations 15 November.

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 26

MIXED DINING-IN to honour retirees: Capt P. Murphy, Capt M. Vermette, and Capt H. J. Livingston. Cost PER PERSON \$25. Dress Mess Kit. Time 1900 for 1930 hrs. Reservations by 22 November.

WEDNESDAY NOV 22

LADIES CLUB BRIDGE 7:30 in the Lounge

WEDNESDAY NOV 15

Officers' Mess Ladies' Club Craft Demos & Xmas Decorations

UPCOMING EVENTS FOR DECEMBER

1 Dec -- Mess Decorating Party
10 Dec -- Children's Christmas Party

Section Xmas Party

The Base Social Centre still has many open dates for section parties. It's your facility and it requires your support. Remember--nobody recycles DND dollars better than us.

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New Years Party

The Base Golf Club will hold a New Year's Party if enough people are interested. Details: Catered dinner 7:30 - 8:30 (Old House) DJ 9 pm - 2 am, post midnight sandwiches and coffee. Cost: Glacier Greens members \$20.00 each, non-members \$22.50 each.

Interested? a \$10/person deposit required before 1 Dec. Go/No-go date 2 Dec. If No-go, all deposits returned/tickets at the bar.

info: 339-8592

Make up a group and join the fun!



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Needed immediately. Figure Skating Pro for Nakusp, BC. Ph: (604)265-3351 or (604)265-4648.

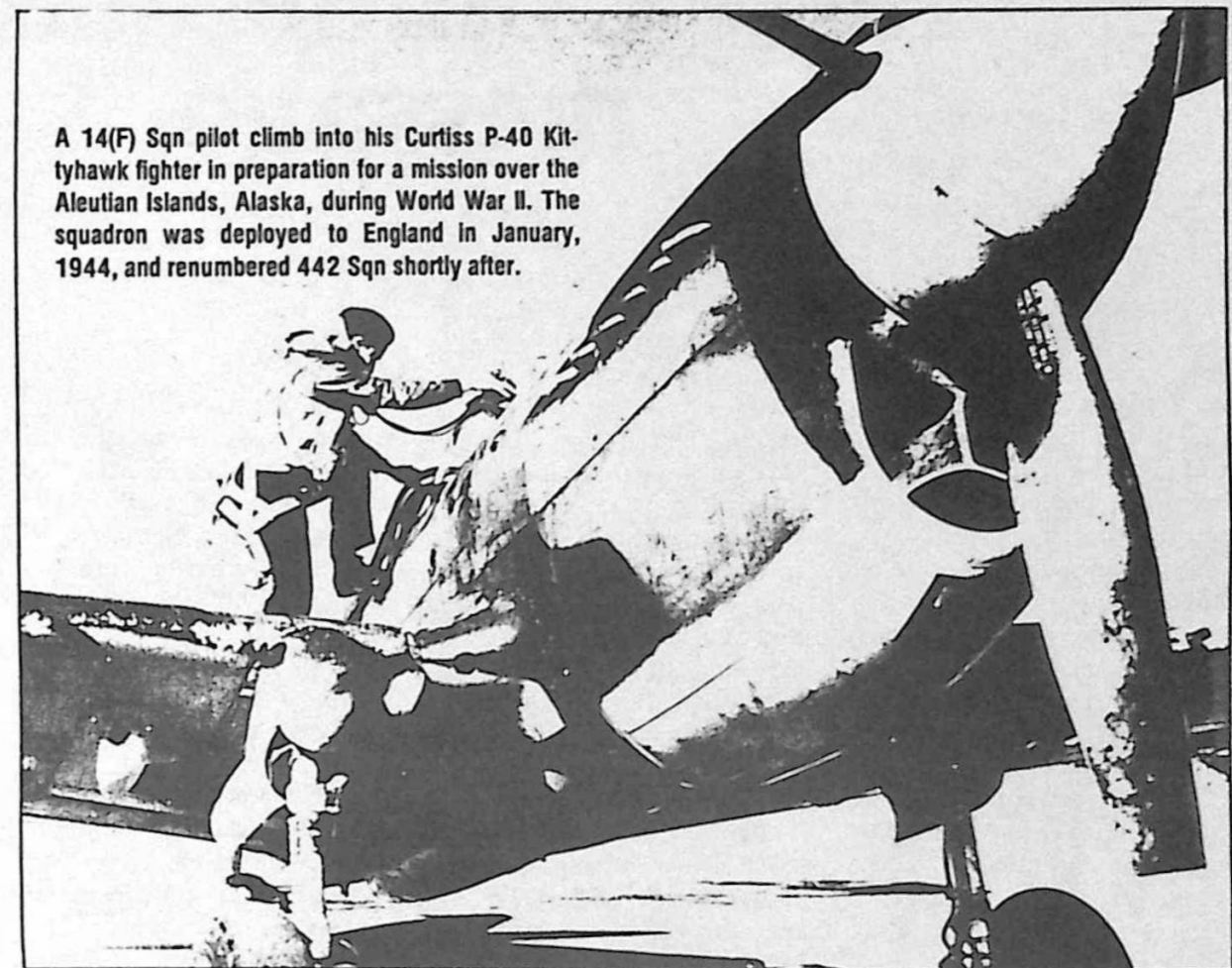
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TRAVEL
IJKAEI TRAVEL...NEWS!! Fall & Winter Seat Sale! Grrreat travel bargains: London from \$539; Amsterdam from \$599; Frankfurt from \$688.



A 14(F) Sqn pilot climb into his Curtiss P-40 Kittyhawk fighter in preparation for a mission over the Aleutian Islands, Alaska, during World War II. The squadron was deployed to England in January, 1944, and renumbered 442 Sqn shortly after.

Not recreation but re-creation!

What is recreation? Recreation is re-creation of the body. It is what you do in your discretionary time (time which you have after all your commitments and maintenance).

Many people use this time for exercise, but most end up on the couch watching MASH reruns or the Golden Girls. "It's too strenuous going to the gym for the sake of exercise," they say.

If this sounds like you, you're not alone. Very few people can maintain a level of enthusiasm when they are bored. You shouldn't race down to the gym to push weights just because it is good for you. You would do better to find an activity you like (ie. that does not bore you) and participate on a regular basis. Aerobics is a good example of an alternate to jogging which can be social and even enjoyable.

How do you know what you enjoy? Try different things. Diversity helps to add to your recreation, as does novelty. Let your mind go wild! If you've never tried something, you'll never know if you enjoy it or not. One of my favourite childhood memories was going to the marina at night with my parents to catch shrimp. The fact that I hated eating shrimp only made the event more enjoyable for my parents who were happy to relieve me of my burden at the end of the evening. Once you find things

Remember...

Base Commander's message



Col Jack McGee

This special Remembrance Day edition reminds us of the terrible price which democracies must pay to earn the privilege about all privileges: freedom, and that our freedom cannot be taken for granted. In Canada we have a proud legacy of volunteers defending our country in war so that our society, way of life, and values may endure. We have been fortunate that our country has seldom suffered invasions and we have been spared during this century the ravages of battle on our own soil. Canadian mothers have lost, seen wounded or captured too many sons and husbands, daughters and mothers. Those who returned deserve the peace they earned for the rest of us. Those who did not return deserve to be remembered for their supreme sacrifice. These things we do on Remembrance Day.

Those who have been in

combat will tell you that there is no glory in war. War is hell. The glory is in the restoration and the preservation of peace. It will be wonderful when the peace which we all seek so earnestly arrives. In spite of our prayers and hopes and the changes which are cascading throughout Europe and Asia, that time has not yet appeared. In some ways, the pursuit of democracy in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe is of greater concern than the relatively stable East-West period of the Cold War. That stability has been replaced with chaos and uncertainty as mean, autocratic governments and social orders attempt to cope and survive the challenge of accelerating democratic reforms. Let us all pray that those democratic forces succeed and that peace will come. Let us not forget that China experimented with similar forms of democracy and retreated from

it this past Spring over the blood of those students and farmers who dared to be free. As the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe test their capacity for democratic reform, we must remember the raw military power at their disposal and their history of the abuse of that power. The pronouncements by Secretary-General Gorbachev are encouraging, but the substance behind the statements is lacking. New, more capable tanks, nuclear submarines, warships, and warplanes are still rolling off the Soviet assembly lines making their military might all the more potent. We cannot relax our vigilance while this process of change is ongoing, but we can and must do whatever is possible to encourage the success of that change.

Sadly, the only threat to our society does not come from the potential for superpower con-

frontation. Well over 100 wars have occurred in the world since 1945. Our peacekeeping commitments should remind us that while we have been blessed by geography in Canada, we are far from immune from the causes of those battles which have torn apart so many distant lands.

Now, a new scourge has appeared. Illegal drugs. According to official statistics, Canadians spend almost as much on illegal drugs as they do on national defence. A recent newsmagazine article claims that foreign drug lords are laundering another sum equal to the national defence budget in Canada. While the narcotics destroy the very soul of those who use and trade in them, the heart and economic engine of our country and way of life are threatened by the related crime and counter-economy. But this is not war. Is it not? Ask the citizens of

Colombia and Panama. Remember the drug related crime and drug busts in Miami, Los Angeles, and New York, not to mention the round-up of heavily armed drug enforcers in New Brunswick and the testimony from the recent trial of a drug pusher who murdered in the Town of Comox.

The challenge ahead will be to cope with all of these threats simultaneously. Will we have the resources and the national will needed to counter the increasing intensity of activity from these threats? We must if we truly cherish the freedom entrusted to us by those who knew war. We must be vigilant, prepared, and successful on all fronts if we are to know a lasting peace. Lest We Forget.



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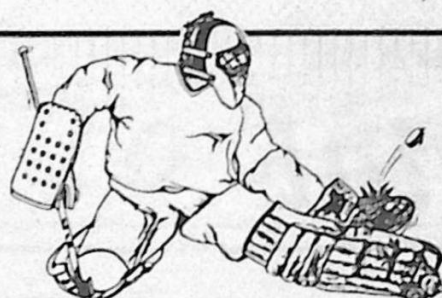
Desperados



Tues Nov 14 to Sun Nov 19
"The Beat" Band



442 Squadron goes spelunking — see editorial page 2



Silver Totems' Boydy Russell performs 'magic' at Cold Lake



TOTEM TIMES



Canadian Forces Base Comox B.C.

VOL 31 NO 20 NOVEMBER 23, 1989

NEXT DEADLINE MONDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1989

COST: PRICELESS

Safe Driving Week Dec 1 — 7

Base Commander's Message

The act of getting into a car or other vehicle and driving away is second nature to most of us. And I suppose familiarity does breed carelessness or over-confidence, if not contempt. All too often we pay lip service to safety by periodically going through the motions of looking up Safe Driving Manuals or sitting through DDC lectures before being retested. At those times only, it seems, we develop an interest in driving safely, but how long does it last? Would we be as complacent if we thought that the captain of a Boeing 707 in which we were to fly, approached his driving job as casually as we sometimes do? I think not! And yet look at the odds: most of us don't fly more than half a dozen times a year but we drive almost every day. And every time you are behind the wheel you literally hold your life in your hands. More than that, you become a potential threat to many others as well. These days all dangerous products must come in containers bearing a warning as to the nature of the contents so users are reminded of the hazards. Maybe all ignition keys should show a skull and crossbones as a reminder to drivers of the potential hazards.

The first week of December has been selected as Canada's Safe Driving Week. The theme this year is "COURTESY IS...". It lets us know we do not practise common courtesy as an essential driving habit and it is amazing to hear that 85% of all accidents could have been avoided had people been more courteous!

Let's make Safe Driving Week the beginning of an accident-free year at CFB Comox.

See Common Courtesy page 19



Brianne and Allison Holland, ages 3 and 2 respectively, help with the Fireman's Toy Drive. See page 3 for details.

Air Force members honoured

What do a lieutenant-colonel from Winnipeg, a rotary wing aviation unit in the Sinai desert and two search and rescue crews from Summerside have in common?

They are the latest members of the air force to receive special awards.

Airman of the Year

Air Command has named LCol Ken Allen of Winnipeg as

Airman of the Year.

For the past three years LCol Allen has had the dual responsibility in Air Command Headquarters of senior staff officer Maritime Command and senior staff officer Flying Training.

As a member of the Pilot-Get-Well program committee aimed at stemming the exodus of experienced pilots from the Canadian Forces, his wealth of

experience and substantial foresight have been the key in developing an effective plan, according to Air Command. He has also developed initiatives aimed at increasing pilot and navigator production, enhancing the image of the flying instructor and improving the operational effectiveness of maritime aviation.

"This enormously talented and courageous officer has brought credit upon the air force as a result of his every endeavour, not only this past year but throughout his career," said Air Command's recommendation. "During this particularly difficult year for Canada's air force, LCol Allen has been both an inspiration and a tower of strength and is highly deserving of recognition as Airman of the Year for 1989."

LCol Allen was presented with the award when he was the guest of honour at the recent annual meeting of the Royal Canadian Air Force Association (RCAFA).

Air Marshall W.A. Bishop VC, Memorial Trophy

At that RCAFA meeting, the Rotary Wing Aviation Unit (RWAU) that was formed to serve in the Sinai, was presented with the Bishop Trophy for 1988.

The trophy is awarded in recognition of outstanding and meritorious service in any field of aviation.

The RWAU is a helicopter unit serving with the Multinational Forces and Observers (MFO) supervising the current peace treaty between

continued on page 15

Energy Conservation Week

Energy Conservation starts with you. Did you know:

- leaving outside lights on during the day and all night wastes electricity?

- keeping drapes closed at night can reduce fuel consumption by as much as 16%?

- opening drapes to take advantage of the sun (a rare event during the winter in Comox) will save fuel?

- shutting off heating vents and closing off unused rooms saves fuel?

- turning the thermostat down a few degrees before bedtime will reduce fuel consumption by as much as 10%?

Many more saving ideas can be found in the FREE literature stands located in the Base Exchange, Base Headquarters foyer, and in the hangar line canteens.

Harold Nicolson — "I notice when we get on both sides of an enemy, that enemy is described as 'surrounded', but when the enemy gets on both sides of us, we are told that we have driven 'a wedge' between his two armies."

Editorial

Mama didn't raise me to be the filling in a rock sandwich!

There I am, sliding along on my belly over rock or through mud and water, dank stone walls crowding me from the sides and above. At one moment the passage is so tight I must wriggle forward like a salmon going upstream to spawn (and die! — lousy simile); at another it opens up into a deep, dark cavern and I must make my way precariously down the side gripping wet, greasy projections, convinced my last breath will be taken to expel a terrified scream as I slip and plunge into the black abyss. Further on, I find myself crawling through a frigid stream which runs along the floor of a narrow, twisted tunnel, the water soaking through, under, and around my expensive rain suit. Once a bright, pristine yellow, the rain suit is now torn and smeared with mud. "Should have just come naked," I mutter to myself, "would have been simpler and cheaper." Next, a vertical crack in the rock confronts me and I must turn sideways and inch along it, desperately trying not to slip down into the wedge where I would likely stick fast and become a macabre warning to others who were foolish enough to follow. And to top it all off, I am constantly banging hand, knee, and elbow upon unforgiving granite, my grunts turning to groans and then to curses as the hours wear interminably on.

Was all this some type of fiendish Chinese torture, you ask? Was there a burly, foul-smelling man with an evil gleam in his eye encouraging me onwards with a cattle prod? No, actually . . . it was all perfectly voluntary. Caving they call it; it's just another fun-filled way to amuse yourself in your leisure time on Vancouver Island.

Myself and seven other victims from 442 Squadron were misguided enough to sign up for a course euphemistically entitled "Introduction to Caving." This sounds interesting, I thought, envisioning a large, dry, warm cave lit by powerful floodlights with the way in and out clearly marked — a hand-railling or painted footsteps and arrows perhaps. I definitely did not imagine myself descending through a small trap door on a six inch wide cable ladder dangling forty feet into a wet hole, then making my way along torturous pathways through stone, my only illumination a pathetic little device mounted to my helmet and casting a dim light into the gloom.

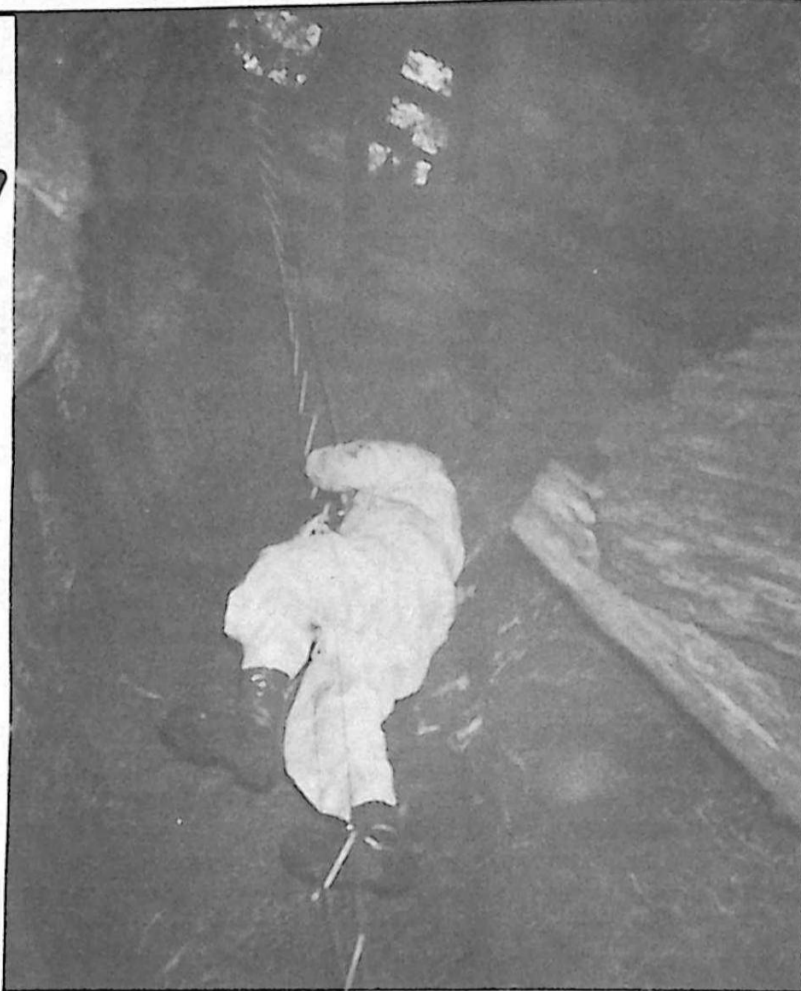
Two hours of hard, painful labour and we arrived at our objective which, quite frankly, looked no different than the rest of the cave. There we cracked weak jokes about how we knew we were 'toast' if there was an earthquake (which, incidentally, there was a few days after our adventure) or if we broke a leg (not necessarily because it would be next to impossible to get someone back out, but because the journey would be so excruciating it would be better to end it where you were).

Cavers are a breed apart from your average bear (I'm being polite — they're obviously quite insane). They seem to relish impossibly tight places, acute discomfort, and extreme danger. When they learn of a new, unexplored cave, they rub their hands together in glee, slap each other on the back, and, at first opportunity, disappear once again into the muddy bowels of the earth. Repelling down ungodly heights into the unknown depths or squeezing through minute openings (cavers seem to be invariably skinny), they follow ancient, snaking paths through the limestone. The deeper, longer, and more difficult the cave the happier they are.

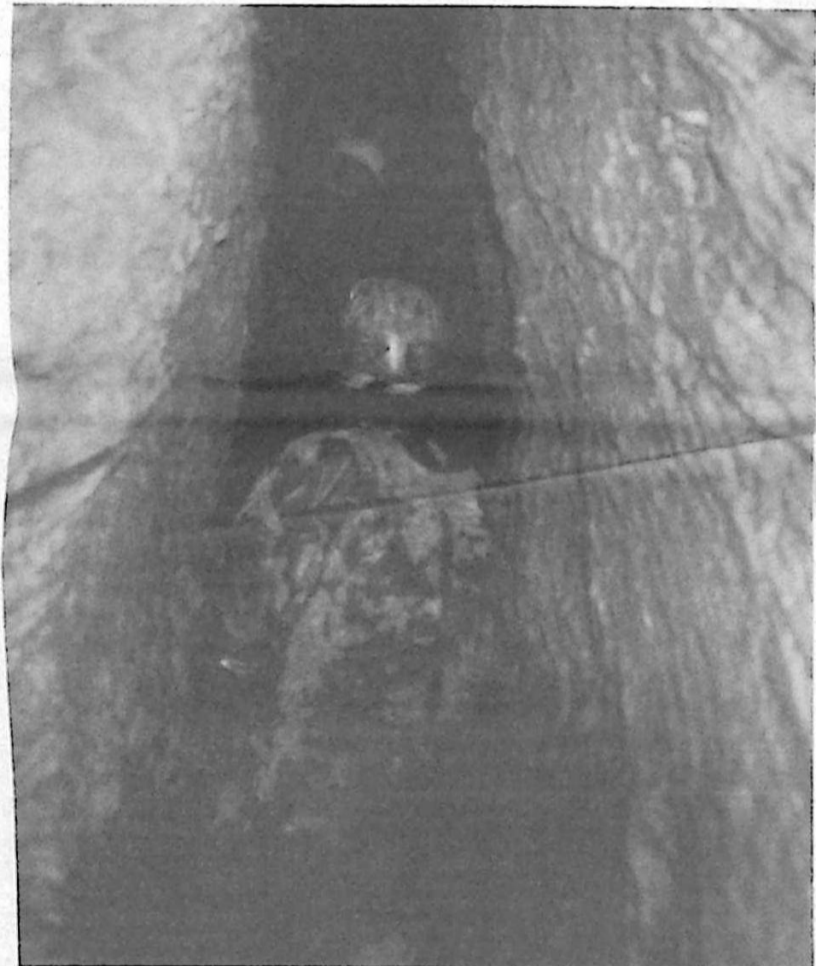
Very little discourages them. A torrent of water filling most of the cave — no sweat! They claw their way along the side or simply plunge into it. A down-sloping tunnel narrowing to the size of a frisbee — a breeze! The lead caver ties a rope to his feet so that if he becomes stuck the other cavers can pull him out, like a reluctant cork. Ice and rocks ricocheting off the sides of a deep cave and whizzing by as they lower themselves down a long rope — hey! that's just part of the excitement.

So what does your average person see in it? You know, the simpletons who enjoy sunlight, singing birds, warmth, and wide-open spaces — like me! I think the answer lies in an old tale: One man comes across another who is banging his head against a wall. "Why are you doing that?" he asks. The other replies, "Because it feels good when I stop."

Disturbingly, I am contemplating another caving expedition though the bruises have barely healed from the last. Must be time to seek psychiatric help. Oh, my aching head!



Caving - not a sport for the faint of heart . . .



. . . or the hearty of appetite.

TOTEM TIMES

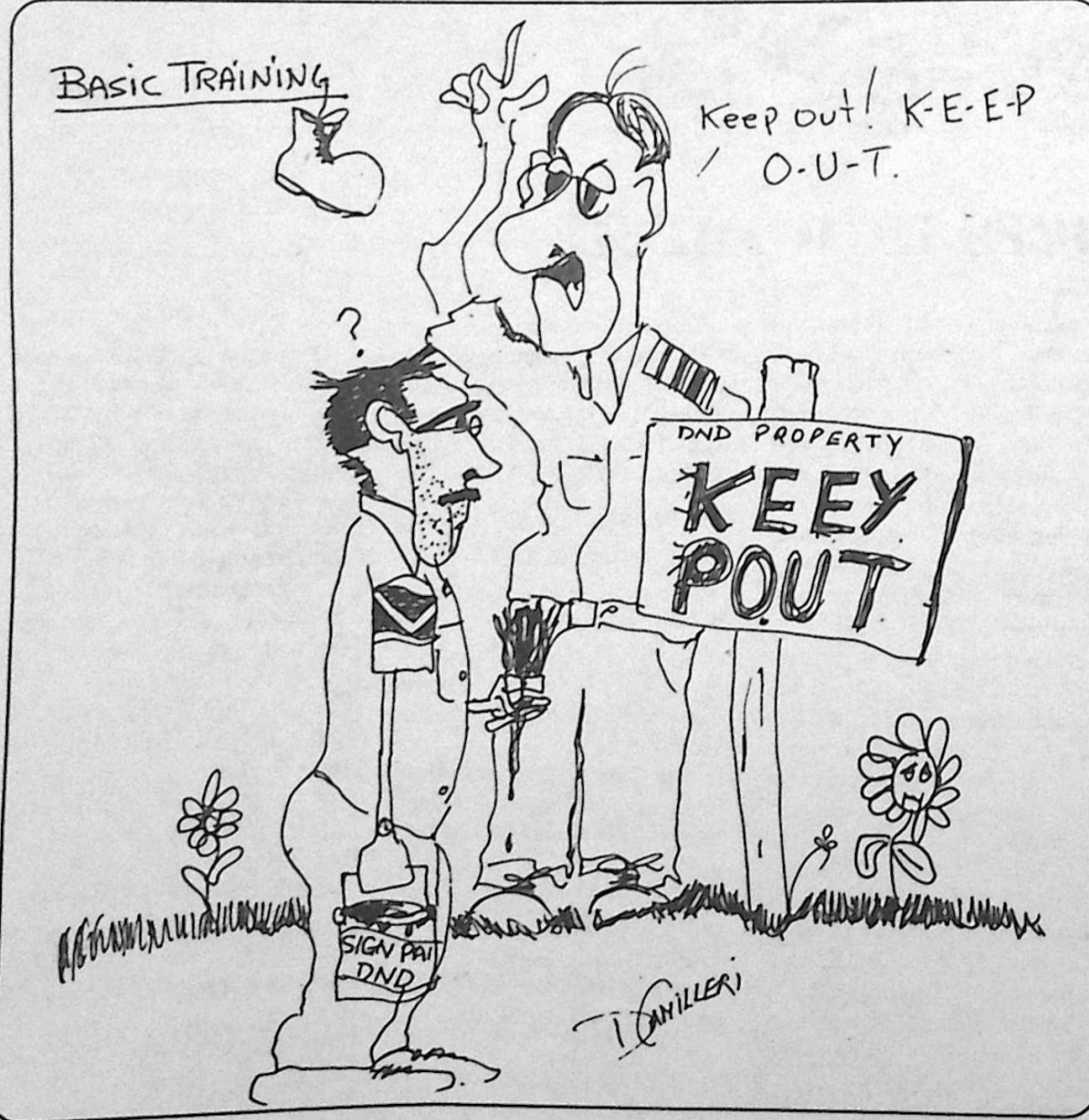
CFB COMOX, LAZO, B.C. V0R 2K0

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Letters To The Editor

Does military sponsor bigotry?

Dear Editor:
 I am curious to find out who is responsible for the upcoming event — Ms. Gay Cup Pageant — being held on 24 November, at the Junior Ranks Mess? Firstly, I'd like to point out that nowhere in the definition of the word 'gay' (according to Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary) does it mention the act of cross dressing. For the right term please see 'transvestism'.
 However, what concerns me most is the insensitivity and ignorance displayed. I find it inconceivable that the military would sponsor an event that promotes bigotry. There distorted attitudes breed contempt and hate, and perpetuate

negative values to our children. It is this example we want to set?
 There will be those who will say, "It's all in fun." Celebrating the Grey Cup is fun; laughing at and ridiculing others is humourless and lacks creativity.
 This is not a Gay issue. We don't have to agree with the sexual practices of homosexuals, but that does not give us the right to stereotype and belittle them.
 If we expect to be respected in life, we have to respect others regardless of our differences.
 A. Kober

Make Goods and Services Tax voluntary

Dear Editor:
 Regarding the Goods and Service Tax dilemma, I believe I have the solution to the problem. Make it voluntary instead of mandatory.
 I would suggest that Mr. Wilson consider installing in every retail store and business office throughout the entire country, a box of appropriate size and colour, with the title, "G.S.T. Contributions" written on it and locked. In this box, every person entering the facility would feel free to donate any monies he or she could afford to this tax. At the end of every week, a representative of the federal government would collect the money

from all of the boxes and send it to Ottawa.
 Via this method, the ones who can least afford paying the G.S.T. would not suffer, and the ones who can afford it would not feel pressed to any great extent either. The paper work imposed on the retail proprietors would be eliminated, and the number of reps needed to collect this tax would also be reduced to a minimum thereby saving the country millions of dollars.
 I have learned something about the Canadian personae during my lifetime in this wonderful country of ours, and this is, Canadians are by their very nature, a frugal people, and

resentful of governments forcing us to do anything contrary to our nature, regardless of how necessary it may seem, particularly in the area of finances. On the other hand, whenever governments make appeals to the philanthropic side of Canadians, the response is almost always positive and generous.
 On the surface, my suggestion would appear to be a bit simplistic, but then sometimes the best solutions are the simple ones.
 What do you think?
 Thank you.
 Yours very sincerely,
 Ernest F. Boggs
 Calgary, Alberta

Winter fun can lead to tragedy

Dear Editor:
 British Columbia is the place for winter fun. But as recreationists spend increasingly more time outside, the potential for winter tragedy also increases. Every year too many people die in this province due to accidents that could have been avoided had some simple winter safety precautions been taken.
 The Canadian Red Cross Society is working to change this in 1989.
 Hypothermia remains a large

threat to winter outdoor-speople, especially when chilling winds blow through too few layers of clothing. Necessary precautions must be taken to prevent rapid loss of inner body heat BEFORE a problem arises. Learning the symptoms of hypothermia is half the battle. The Red Cross urges people to pay careful attention to their body's signals in the cold, and to add extra layers of clothing if cooling occurs.
 Almost nothing could

be more enjoyable than skating, fishing or snowmobiling in the fresh B.C. air on a frozen pond or stream. And almost nothing could prove more potentially fatal. Ice depth must be 10 cm (4 inches) to support a person. Rapidly running water under ice can make even the thickest ice treacherous. The best ice advice is to stay off — if you aren't sure that the ice is safe.
 Always dress in layers, never venture out alone, and let a trusted person know your planned itinerary and route. It only takes a few minutes to insure simple safety precautions that could save your life.
 Accidents and injuries don't need to spoil winter fun. Contact the Canadian Red Cross to learn how to have a happier, safer winter season.

Terry Fox Run success

Dear Editor:
 On behalf of the B.C. and Yukon Provincial Office of the Terry Fox Run, I want to thank and congratulate all of you who contributed to making the Ninth Annual Terry Fox Run an unprecedented success in your area.
 Provincially, participation is up 10% and already, money raised is \$140,000 ahead of last year at the same time. At this rate the Run will easily reach its goal of 100,000 participants and \$600,000 raised.
 Nationally, the Run is also shaping up to be a huge success with projections of 450,000 participants and over \$7

million raised.
 All Canadians should be proud of the commitment and dedication they have shown for this annual event.
 A special thank you to your newspaper for providing such excellent coverage leading up to the Run and contributing in a large way to the overall success this year.
 Please honour your pledges. Late pledges or donations can now be made directly to the Provincial Office of the Terry Fox Run: 203 - 550 Burrard St., Vancouver, B.C. V6C 2J6.
 Sincerely,
 J. Brad Brohman
 Provincial Director

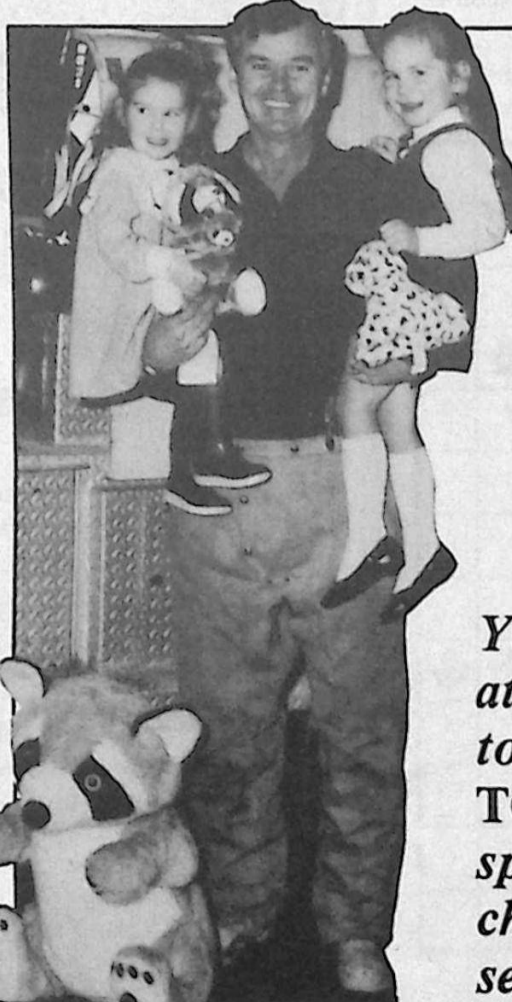
Sincerely,
 Steve Borthwick
 Chairman,
 The Canadian Red Cross Society,
 Water Safety Service

TOTEM TIMES		
1990 PRINTING SCHEDULE		
VOLUME 32		
NUMBER	DEADLINE (1200 HRS)	PUBLICATION DATE
1	JANUARY 8	JANUARY 11
2	JANUARY 22	JANUARY 25
3	FEBRUARY 5	FEBRUARY 08
4	FEBRUARY 19	FEBRUARY 22
5	MARCH 5	MARCH 08
6	MARCH 19	MARCH 22
7	APRIL 2	APRIL 05
8	APRIL 16	APRIL 19
9	APRIL 30	MAY 03
10	MAY 14	MAY 17
11	JUNE 4	JUNE 07
12	JUNE 25	JUNE 28
13	JULY 16	JULY 19
14	AUGUST 6	AUGUST 09
15	AUGUST 27	AUGUST 30
16	SEPTEMBER 10	SEPTEMBER 13
17	SEPTEMBER 24	SEPTEMBER 27
18	OCTOBER 15	OCTOBER 18
19	NOVEMBER 5	NOVEMBER 08
20	NOVEMBER 19	NOVEMBER 22
21	DECEMBER 3	DECEMBER 06
22	DECEMBER 17	DECEMBER 20

Looking for 'Chinook Jargon'

Dear Editor:
 Klahowya tillicums! Kumptux Chinook wawa?
 I am currently conducting research in the extent to which Chinook Jargon was used in British Columbia and the Pacific Northwest during the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Many people used the Jargon not only for spoken communication but also in writing, for correspondence, to keep diaries, even for invitations and poetry. If you or your family have in your possession any letters, memoirs, or other written

material either wholly or partly in Jargon, or referring to it, and would be willing to allow me to examine it, please contact me at the address below. If you, or someone you know, can speak Chinook Jargon, I would be even more delighted to hear from you!
 Sincerely,
 Barbara P. Harris
 Department of Linguistics
 University of Victoria
 Box 1700, Victoria, B.C.
 V8W 2Y2
 (604) 721-7433 or
 (after 5pm) 598-2382



CFB Comox Fire Department needs your support in The Fireman's Toy Drive

You can drop off your new toy at the Base Fire Hall from 9 am to 5 pm Monday to Sunday. TOGETHER we can make it a special Christmas for those children less fortunate than ourselves.

Section news

Anker Klankin'



Remembrance Day is probably the most meaningful parade we participate in on a regular basis in the service today. It's a time to remember those who made the ultimate sacrifice so that we may enjoy the freedom we cherish so much. VU33 again this year participated in the Cumberland Remembrance Day Parade and the veterans were very pleased to see the Sqn turned out in wedge caps and blue uniforms. They were also impressed with the fly past provided by MP 407 Sqn who are to be complimented on their perfect timing. The Cumberland Legionnaires were excellent hosts and many thanks to them for their hospitality following the parade.

Mess. All former VU33 Sqn members are invited to attend and tickets may be purchased from Canteen reps after 1 Dec at a cost of \$12.50 for members and \$15 for guests.

In the AMCRO section, Sgt Williams has just returned from his Fit Safety Course in Winnipeg and Cpl Finnegan is off to CFSATE, Borden, for his A/C Technical Data Control Course. The SAMEO is back from his Tracker Phase-out meeting in Summerside.

MCpl Harry Weeds has been dashing in and out of the Supply Section lately. Harry is continuing treatment for his illness and we all wish him well. Hope to see you healthy and back to work soon.

For those of you who are keeping track, yes, the mighty

VU33 hockey team has lost again — this time 10-3 to 407 Sqn.

1 Crew

It's been a rough month here on 1 Crew. Cpl Glenn Arsenault and Cpl Lewis Bernard are roughing it in San Diego, Ca; something about no Santa Claus and duty free was their excuse for going. Cpl Brown finally recovered his fish finder from the repair shop (after 6 months) to take on his moose hunting trip; hope the moose are biting Dave!

MCpl Nantel sparked some excitement in the Hangar when he arrived in Comox with his aircraft on a two bell alarm and was welcomed by the VU33 crash crew. MCpl Shackleton is on the crew for a couple of weeks helping the gray haired MCpl (JR) find a suitable rest home to retire in. Congratulations go to Cpl Roy on passing his QL4 exam.

2Crew

Ivan Larose is scheduled for surgery in the near future and the whole crew hopes that the doctors can successfully remove the telephone from his ear. Pte Pilon (alias Pighead) finally became a Cpl and only a day late — congratulations!

Sgt Grubwieser gave a touching speech at MCpl Mike Yaciuk's retirement dinner. Goodbye Mike, we'll all miss you. Cpl Sabouring has spent his time 'jet-setting' all over North America but of course it was done for the good of the

Tech of the Quarter



Cpl 'Luke' Lauzon receives the Tech-of-the-Quarter Award (Jul-Sep) from VU33 SAMEO, Capt Bill Snow.

unit. Cpl Trevor Jones is in Trenton on a NDT course so he can finally understand what Nancy is talking about. It is rumoured from somewhere in the Fraser area that Fred Kay has a full nelson on a mule deer and it could take some time to wrestle it back to Comox.

Cpl Paul Sparling has been looking for time off to go home and pack. He has been selected for overseas screening and can't wait to go. Pte Wayne Hartin is thinking of quitting his day job. It seems he has started a new career as a stand-up comic at a local water hole. I said he was 'upstanding', not 'outstanding'.

Sgt Ted Town must have thought he was at K-Mart Friday morning with one of those flashing blue light specials on. No, Ted, the white car is not for bargains unless you were buying 'tickets'. Christmas lights maybe??

WO McManus has been seen leaving the Hangar early lately, at 1530, not 1600 or 2700. Do you suppose it's Retirement Slump setting in? Next thing

he'll be coming in after 0700 instead of before.

MCpl Ernie MacAlpine had a hair raising experience lately but you'll have to ask him about that, or the BWO.

MCpl Boyd Russell has just bought some stock in a Newfie Banana Plantation. Apparently, it just 'sprung' up from nowhere and now the crop is ripe. The new maintenance car pool has 'Larry, Moe, and Curly' riding together, and Cpl Herle and Cpl Lavigne X 2 (the long and the short).

MCpl Greg Zoopkow would like to 'forget' Remembrance Day. No pun intended, of course. The Sqn curling team won their game on Thur the 16th. Well done team! Pte Mike Jameson has adopted the Wayne Hartin 'patch' look. We'll keep an eye out for you 'Jaimo'. MCpl Mark Pigeau has had a few 'pressing' engagements of late that have left him 'panting'. Pte Tony Hernandez is off doing a guest shot in Brake and Wheel for a spell, but he still comes home for lunch.

Air Force Trivia

WHAT WHERE WHEN WHY



Dear Editor:

No, it is not a Cessna Crane -- it is an Airspeed Oxford, powered by Cheetah engines. It was originally designed with twin fins and drastically modified to the single fin configuration. It was supposed to be a light bomber and the first ones we received in Canada were still equipped with a mid upper turret.

How do I know? I had the dubious distinction of flying the first one assembled at Longueuil after their arrival by sea from England. The year was 1938.

As a possible point of interest in 1940, I flew one from Dartmouth N.S. to Patricia Bay, B.C.

Thank you Harry, This was Oxford X7118 of 32 OTV (RAF) at Pat Bay, B.C.



Section news

PROMOTION



At work in the BAMS0/E Lab, Marc Boutet recently received an accelerated promotion to Cpl

wooden duck eh?

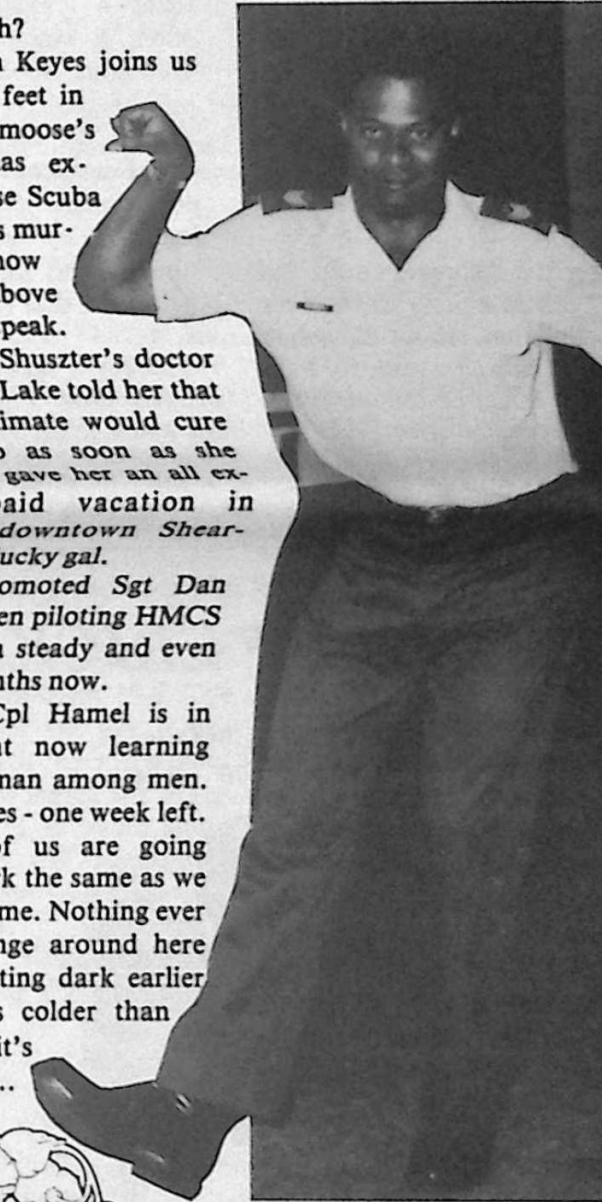
MCpl Robin Keyes joins us from about 5 feet in front of the moose's tail. Robin has exhumed the Base Scuba Club from its murky grave and now has the Club above water, so to speak.

Cpl Cathy Shuzter's doctor at CFB Cold Lake told her that a warmer climate would cure her ails, so as soon as she arrived we gave her an all expenses paid vacation in beautiful downtown Shearwater. You lucky gal.

Newly promoted Sgt Dan Julien has been piloting HMCS Navcom on a steady and even keel for 3 months now.

Acting MCpl Hamel is in Penhold right now learning how to be a man among men. Don't cry Gilles - one week left.

The rest of us are going about our work the same as we were the last time. Nothing ever seems to change around here except it's getting dark earlier each day, it's colder than it used to be, it's raining more ...



Our latest addition to BAMS0 — Sgt Ray 'Which-way-to-the-beach?' MacNeil.



BAMS0

NDT

It's been awhile since our shop was last heard from, due, in part, to the fact that we've been so busy. Boy, I hope the boss reads this.

Sgt Bert Pelletier is back from 'yet another TD', a technical meeting this time, and we've been hearing interesting murmurs with regards to upcoming changes in our shop.

MCpl Dan Duchesne is all settled in finally and he's enjoying the Comox area once again. We have had a couple of trips to Victoria, which is a nice change of scenery, but work none the less. We worked at DREP where we rediscovered the joys of hand developing on about 300 rolls of film. After about 50 the novelty wears off, believe me! I now know why automatic processors are so popular.

As for Cpl Rick Franke and myself, we've spent a couple of days on the southern tip of the island (Victoria and Pat Bay) working and a lot of time studying for exams, which we wrote the last week in October. Now all we need are the results.

Our new shop, which we were to have been in by this time, may be ready for us in the spring. None of us will hold our breath on this one, but it does look promising this time.

Workshops

Hello again from the boys deep within 7 Hangar. A lot has happened since our last article.

Five people were posted out: MWO Bill Oliver to Moose Jaw, MCpl John McDonald to Greenwood, MCpl Miles Knapp to Cold Lake, Cpl

Claude Brochu to Borden (IE tech remustered), and Pte Denise Arnold to Borden. We wish the best of luck to those in their new postings.

As for incoming personnel, we have Sgt Al Gavel from Snowbird country (Moose Jaw). We hope he will enjoy our warmer climate but we hear he would prefer shovelling snow (Eastern Weather). We also have Pte Dawson coming in from Borden later this month.

We congratulate Wayne Tilley on his recent promotion to the rank of WO. Wayne is presently on holiday in Florida. Poor Bob has no one to chat with.

Recent operations: Russ Parker, who after his recent ear operation can hear a pin drop at 200 meters, is doing well. Gary Haynes, who after his nose job can smell better, is still a bit tender. Roger Beauchamp is soon to be a father. At least someone has their act together. Congratulations to both Cathy and Roger.

With Al Hughes either on leave or on TD, Russ Armitage has been left to carry their end of the load; some wonder to what end!

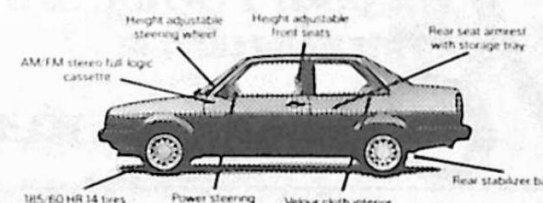
Our shop's new motto is: "SEE NO EVIL, SPEAK NO EVIL, HEAR NO EVIL."

AMSE/Refinishing

On the AMSE/Ref scene things are moving as usual. Sgt Kruger is off to Trenton for a seminar — more stress for Big Al.

Sgt Allie has had enough and taken off south, reportedly for the Oakland area for some peace and quiet.

In 1990 the extra features become standard



while the standard price becomes the feature.

\$13,400*

Extras, extras, read all about them! The 1990 Jetta has more standard features than last year's model. Now features like power steering, rear stabilizer bar, plush velour upholstery and height adjustable front seats are standard on every Jetta.



*Based on manufacturer's suggested retail price for 2 door model with 5 speed manual transmission. Options, freight and pre-delivery inspection extra. Dealer may sell for less.

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Courtenay 338-1550
Lingerie and
Maternity Wear

GENTLEMEN:

Mark Dec. 22 on your calendar—the day to buy your special lady her Christmas gift. Our staff will help you select ... teddy or nightie or robe or Isotoner slippers or gloves ... then we will carefully wrap your gift. Remember Dec. 22 is the special day for you special gift.



Christmas Seals are a hug on every card



THE LUNG ASSOCIATION

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Crossword

By Rick McConnell

- | | | |
|-----------------------|------------------|--------------------|
| ACROSS | 41 Connect | 11 Gel |
| 1 Spanish article | 45 Dash | 19 Chemical suffix |
| 5 Hat | 47 One in | 21 Self |
| 8 Eras | Wacouana | 23 Vic. artist |
| 12 Prison | 49 Border on | 24 Immense |
| 13 Small (cont'n) | 50 Of sound | 25 Feminine |
| 14 Memo | mind | ending |
| 15 Molecule part | 51 Mandela's | 26 Appear |
| 16 In the manner of | group | 27 Linen |
| 17 Small fly | 52 Hill. Y.T. | 28 Motorbird |
| 18 Researches | 53 Store sign | 32 True |
| 20 Requirement | 54 Allow | 33 Woodwater. |
| 22 Certain B.C. | 55 Paradise | Man. |
| thicket | | 35 Write |
| 26 Fish cover | DOWN | 36 Hive dweller |
| 29 Top dog (abbr.) | 1 Soft curse | 38 Type of closet |
| 30 Dead lang. | 2 Fill | 39 Upright |
| 31 One of the Greats | 3 Helper | 42 Retired |
| 32 Distant | 4 Wooden | 43 Fine |
| 33 Kiln | valley in Ont. | 44 Station. |
| 34 Poetic cont'n | 5 Gripper | Ont. |
| 35 Even | 6 Trouble | 45 Within (comb. |
| 36 Moisten | 7 Schemer | form) |
| 37 Flag leaf brook. | 8 Ire | 46 Lick |
| Sask. | 9 Ski lifts | 48 Compass pt. |
| 40 Dryer screen stuff | 10 Airport abbr. | |

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Section news



407 Squadron

Aircrew

It is time again for the semi-annual update for the 407 Sqn aircrew. It has been a busy couple of months starting with Marcot '89. Lots of flying and 0200 hrs briefs kept everyone on their toes. After that, crews took off for Adak, Alaska and Paces '89. On a personal note, this was the most exciting and intellectually stimulating detachment that I have had the pleasure of surviving (But I am an excellent driver!). The recreational facilities in Adak are limited to bowling, McDonalds, and conversation. The USMC threw down the gauntlet and challenged 407 to a bowling match. The challenge was ably accepted by Gord Crawford, Baron Von Skuja Hans, and Marc Bouchard. After kicking Marine butts, we all sat around and conversed until last call.

As the det came to an end, 407 staged a party to show our appreciation. About 100 people showed up and conversed until the wee hours of the morning. It was generally agreed that the CO of the ASWOC (all 6'6" of him) was the best conversationalist we had ever met!

Ekim Remlap went to ground about 3 am and was 'relieved' to be back in his room. One demon was such a team player that he provided hours, if not seconds, of unsolicited entertainment for his room-mates. After all was said and done, more was said than done (conversation being the activity of choice!).

On a sad note, that loveable little fur-ball Taz has vanished. Rumour has it that he is treading water in the North Pacific. Maj Glover has offered a reward to (oops) for the responsible culprit(s).

The end of October saw Capt Kirk throw a Hallow'en party. Being a typical aircrew function, it was attended by axe murderers, meanderthals, and hunchbacks (fortunately they all put on costumes!). Hans and Franz made a brief appearance. All the women were impressed by their bulging . . . biceps and immediately left their weak and flabby husbands.

Hockey is taking up a lot of peoples time. Paul Goon-win has made it his aim in life to spend as much time in the box as a pilot as possible (and we ain't talking FDs). The

Demons/Devils exhibition game resulted in a 3-2 win for the over-rated Devils. The Devils then managed to choke away an over-whelming lead and had to settle for a 3-3 tie in their league game. Lately, it seems that a driver (pilot) who plays hockey can make those 10 hour trips seem much shorter.

407 recently had its all ranks mess dinner. Everyone had a good time and shared in conversation till early in the morning. One not so young Lt Nav was enjoying the conversation so much that he actually invited the entire Sqn to his place for a heated debate.

It is also time to say hi and goodbye to some folks. Goodbye to Paige 'You-gotta-go-flying-in-2-hours' Cutland, and hello to Al Bazley, our new Deputy Dog (Note: P.C. has not left, he's just avoiding work some place else). Also hello to our youngest Demon, Brian Czirjak.

Finally, a parting word of advice. If it takes full power to taxi, you forgot your gear.

ArmPO

Greetings fellow Gunplumbers and Shutterbugs. As we approach the holiday season, there seems to be a growing anticipation. A sort of magic that makes the days pass all too slowly as we all wait for that which comes but once a year . . . you guessed it, the CHRISTMAS PARTY. On the Ar-

mament side of things, Jim Cook seems to have a good bash planned and Steve Watts has been receiving major papercuts while sending invitations to all retired brethren in the province. Rumour also has it that there will be a 407 Sqn party on or about the 8th at the Filberg lodge. In any event, local 8448 would be the number for info about such things.

As for our Photo Friends, the Canadian Military Photographers Association is planning a big bash for all serving and retired members at the RCAF Association 888 wing on the 8th. That also sounds like a blast. Cpl Valiquette is the man to talk to for more info at 8525 or 339-4472.

All folks attending parties are reminded to please play it safe and not drive if you have had anything to drink. It takes only one mistake to ruin everyone's Christmas.

The boys in the Torp show are welcoming Cpl Leblanc in from two crew servicing. Good luck Whitey. WO Logue is getting set for his trip across the pond. Hope you enjoy Germany, boss.

Back to the Photo gang: Neil Lauder is apparently on POET. Good luck Neil. WO Dan Finney is posted in from Baden. Doug O'Brien (no relation to the competition) is in from Baden going to two crew, as is Annie Hermans, recently in from North Bay. Recent escapees from Borden are Pte W Martine Morin and Pte Mike Storozuk.

Also new and having a rough go of things is Cpl Manny Tsagatakis (what ever happened to names like Smith and Jones?) Manny was recently

released from the Hospital with some mystery ailment. Get well soon, Manny, from everyone.

2 Crew Servicing

Well, it's been a while since you've heard from us, and since then we've had a few new additions to the crew.

2 Crew would like to welcome Cpl O'Brien and Cpl Hermans (Photo), MCpl Didsbury and Pte Skwirut (IS), Pte Davis (AF), MCpl McCabe (IE), and Cpl McClelland (AE). I'm sure that your stay with us in 407 will not be one you'll soon forget!

Congrats are extended to Sgt Karl Smith, MCpl Dave Hooper, and MCpl—oops!—I mean civilian, Theresa McIsaac on their recent family additions — all girls!!! Best wishes also go out to Moira Gordon and her husband to be. They will be tying the knot on 16 Dec, and Mary and Marie will be there to cheer her on. Speaking of Marie Oliver, she is now down in sunny Penhold, Alberta on her JLC course. Best of luck Marie.

There have been five promotions on our crew in the last little while. Bob Warrender and John Vanderkooy were promoted to Sgt. Todd Wallace, Mark Charette, and Al Young were promoted to Cpl.

It's almost Dec. again and with it comes ski season, and hockey season. But for Jerry (Rambo) Bodner, it's moose season. Dec. is also party month, so don't forget 2 crew, 16 Dec is our time of the month! This concludes another chapter in the lifestyles of the not so . . . rich and famous. See you next issue. *by MJAP*

On the base

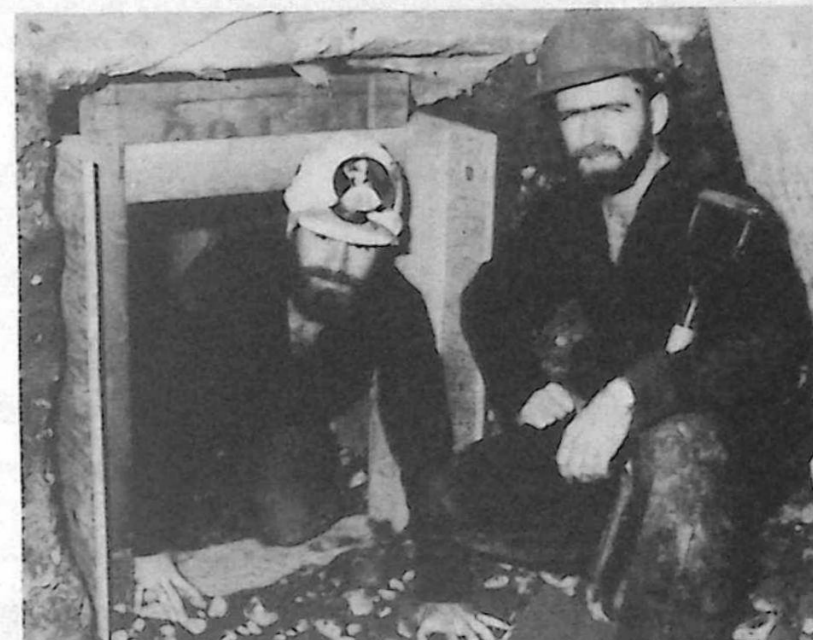


Ripples from the beaver pond

As the monsoon season approaches at CFB Comox, summer work projects are winding down at CE. Work on the concrete between #7 and #3 Hangars is nearing completion as are the retrofitting of base buildings and the new home for the military police.

There is quite a bit of personnel movement in the section as of late, with a number of people away or returning from courses. Top of the list is Mr. Jurgen Schnurch (B Bug O) who recently took a trip to Calgary on a Pesticide Course. Al Donovan, Sgt Brian Hoffman, and Jerry Kipp (alias Larry, Curly, and Moe) are in Summerside on an ABAT School relocation. We'd like to welcome back MCpl Ray Jones from his six months tour in CFS Alert, and say goodbye to Cpl Don Longprey He's off to the Golan Heights for six months. It could be said that Remote Heating is the Air Command training ground for Alert since the last two victims have come from there. Within the section we have Barb going from the front office to Production and Sharon Nicherson is retiring after many years of dedicated ser-

Escape from CFB Comox?



No, actually CE plumbers, MCpl Victor Hazelden and Cpl Ben Rave, were digging underneath Bldg 101 to install a new water main for the sprinkler system.

vice. She will be sorely missed. After a dry run at 0400 hrs, 14 Nov Julie and Kevin Mercer are proud to announce the birth of their latest baby girl, Devon Carrie, at 8 lbs 3 oz in the wee hours of the 15th. Congratulations to you both! Is this the start of an all girls ball team?

The CE Hockey Team is becoming a force to be reckoned with following their latest win over BOps 10-4. The high point of the game was Kevin 'Kordick' Mercer's ejection from the match for being the 4th man in an on-ice altercation. The CE Pickleball

Tournament held last month for the United Way was a huge success with an excellent turnout, fun had by all, and \$111.00 raised for the United Way. The winner was Bill Irving after many hard fought contests. We'd like to thank Ed Kingston for an excellent job in organizing the tournament. It was much appreciated.

That's Section news for this issue but before signing off, I'd like to make a plea to someone in CE. Please buy Peter Cartright a cork for his 'dribble' coffee cup. The janitorial staff will love you.

From the BFSO



It was almost impossible to sift through the twisted wreckage of the four-engine aircraft trying to locate the black box that might give a clue. The post-crash smoke mingled with the dense fog to make the scene look like something from 2001. There were no survivors. No witnesses. What went wrong?

The day had started routinely with the aircraft being tasked to go to Remote AFB and return late that evening. The aircraft was required for another mission early the next morning. The crew reported for a 0530 briefing but were not airborne until 0830 hrs. The weather enroute was OK, and they were on-top 75 NM out of Comox. On arrival at Remote AFB, the ceiling and vis were near limits with strong cross winds — as usual. Our crew, well-rested, had no problems with the approach and landing at 1630 hrs.

After a quick turn around they were airborne again making their way back to Comox. The weather was slowly deteriorating but the alternate was forecast to stay up. A 55 Kt headwind made matters worse. As they got closer, the ceiling and visibility lowered to limits and less at times. The crew was getting tired, a few were getting edgy and starting to make little mistakes like transposing the last two numbers on the altimeter setting.

22 hours after reporting to Squadron Ops this crew was attempting the third and final approach at Comox before they were forced, due to fuel considerations, to fly to their alternate. It wasn't a big emergency, just a failed generator, but this time it was different — because it ended in a searing inferno, twisted wreckage, and sixteen fatalities.

No one will know for sure what happened in this fictitious story but it raises some interesting points. Fatigue is an insidious killer — it can manifest itself as spatial disorientation, bad judgement, channelized attention, or a number of other things. Know your Group flying limits. But equally important, know your own flying limits and have the guts to call a time out when you need it!

Maj V. V. Kippel

Keel laid on fifth of twelve frigates for CF

LAUZON, Que. -- The keel-laying ceremony for the fifth Canadian Patrol Frigate (CPF) took place at the MIL Davie Inc. shipyard 6 Oct. Guest of honour for this occasion was Vice-Admiral Robert E. George, Commander of Maritime Command in Halifax.

The frigate, to be named HMCS Regina at a future launching, is part of a series of 12 City Class frigates. While attending the ceremony, Vice-Admiral George placed the traditional silver dollar under

the keel.

"The aim of the CPF Program is to modernize our Naval Forces. The new frigates will fully protect our sovereignty and will contribute to fulfill our collective defence commitments to NATO," Vice-Admiral George recently stated.

The CPF is being constructed

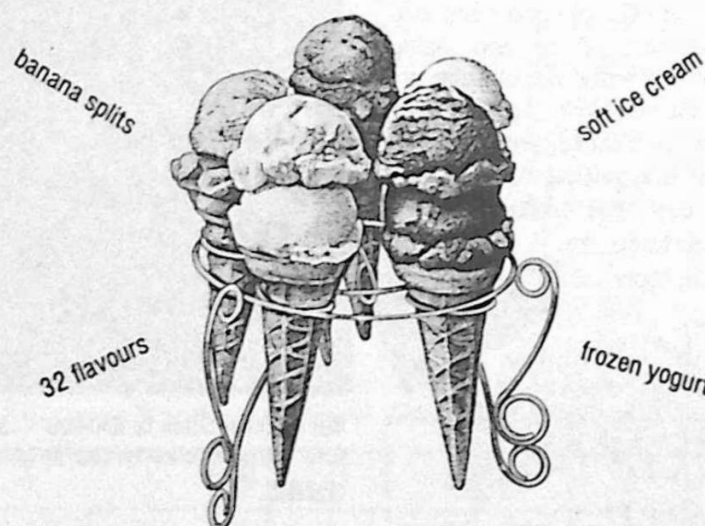
using a modular construction approach. The frigate is divided into 60 assembly units and 36 erection units. This concept of construction is much quicker, more effective and less expensive.

The first six frigates will replace the oldest class of naval ships, the St. Laurent class, built in the 1950s.

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BRITISH COLUMBIA RENTAL SUPPLY PROGRAM PHASE II

CALL FOR PROPOSALS

The British Columbia Housing Management Commission (BCHMC) invites proposals for new rental housing projects in areas throughout the Province with vacancy rates less than 2%.

The goal of the B.C. Rental Supply Program is to encourage projects suitable for families and seniors, which will remain in the rental market for a minimum of five years. Interest costs will be reduced for selected projects which meet Provincial objectives.

Sealed proposals must be received by the British Columbia Housing Management Commission no later than 4:00 p.m., Friday, January 19, 1990.

Information packages are available at the following BCHMC offices, or by calling Mr. Jack Merklej at 433-1711.

- BCHMC - Lower Mainland
1701 - 4330 Kingsway
Burnaby, B.C. V5H 4G7
- BCHMC - Victoria
201 - 3440 Douglas Street
Victoria, B.C. V8Z 3L5
- BCHMC - Interior
290 Nanaimo Avenue West
Penticton, B.C. V2A 1N5
- BCHMC - Prince George
305 - 1488 4th Avenue
Prince George, B.C. V2L 4Y2

BC

Health



Ibuprofen: not for hangovers

At last ibuprofen (trademarks — Advil, Motrin) 200 mg tablets are available in Canada without a prescription (much to the glee of many aircrew I know who swear by its use as a hangover cure). Ibuprofen is classified as an anti-inflammatory (reduces swelling), an analgesic (pain reliever), and it has some antipyretic (fever reducing) effects. It has many uses similar to that of ASA, except that it can be somewhat more effective in some people. It may be used to treat mild to moderate pain as a result of muscle injury, bone or soft tissue injury, headache, dental pain, and dysmenorrhea (menstrual cramps).

It is quite an effective medication and is fairly innocuous, hence the decision to make it non-prescription. However, as with everything else, there are a few important points to remember. Ibuprofen is very similar to ASA in its effects and side effects. It is acidic and decreases blood clotting, which is a potentially dangerous combination especially if you're predisposed to ulcers, I have warned aircrews

that, although ibuprofen seems to be a miracle cure for hangovers, using it after a night of drinking (alcohol is also very irritating to the stomach) may cause an ulcer, or at least an upset stomach. Also, because of this, it is often suggested that ibuprofen be taken at meal time or with food in the stomach to minimize stomach upset. This medication can cause dizziness or drowsiness in some people so caution should be used when driving or operating machinery until you discover its effects on you. Finally, allergies to ibuprofen are fairly common especially in

people already known to be allergic to ASA; be on the lookout for any unusual rashes or hives etc. If this occurs stop taking the medication.

The absolute maximum dosage in adults is 2400 mg/day in divided doses (eg. 400 mg every 4 hours). Generally, 800 - 1200 mg per day (eg. 200 - 400 mg four times a day) should be adequate to control mild to moderate pain. Since not enough studies have been done on the effects of ibuprofen in children, it should not be used in anyone under 12.

by Capt Jo Anne Gour

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NINETEEN
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On the base

As the beacon turns

Hello again eager readers! A lot happened since our last article: there are new faces in the coffee room, the tower, Radar and the Courtenay House; rumours of postings are whispered in the hallways; retirement dinners, promotions etc. So put your feet up, let go of your coffee cup and relax for a moment as we bring you up to date on the ATC soap opera.

The big news item, after the San Francisco earthquake, happened one morning when Gran Pa Murray Turnbull announced his intentions of retiring from the service at the end of November. "I'll make the same money from my pension as I'm making right now..." he says. Makes sense to me, I guess. As if that wasn't news enough, the next day Bernie Murphy walks in to work, hears the big news, sees me playing DATA, and also decides to call it quits. Here is Bernie's now famous comment on this coincidence: "They're losing one thousand years of experience in one shot when we go..." In an emotional moment he confided to me: "When I'm out, I'll get into politics and lobby in favor of Quebec over the Meech Lake Accord." These two gentlemen, along with Sean Sweet will be food fight targets at the Officers' Mess on 26 November. Would someone please throw their vegetables at them for me.

Rumour has it that Two-Turns Jones is posted to Goose Bay in the Spring. Seems happy about it too! John and Heather Moss are posted to Kinisno Beach, Alberta. " *& " says John. Tom Miles is presently undergoing check-out as a Terminal controller. Mike

Strevett qualified as DTA/DCS/PAR and Gregg Huber as tower controller. Well done guys! Where's the beer guys? Tom 'Sarge' Schrader is back from watching the sunset in Thule, Greenland while Tom Banks and Darlene Arseneault are on the PAR course. Doug Godden is also in Cornwall casually breezing through his ATCO course. Gilles Bailey, Annie Dorval, and Shani Cochrane are back from their B'Stand course. Nathalie Aube is back from St-Jean where she attended an advanced english course.

Tom Kennedy and Bill Best (The Mario Brothers) are here to take care of Ops 8 and to do some TQ3 OJT. Nice guys; you should have seen this dynamic duo at Octoberfest! Stephane Gregoire and Nick Vanberkel are under check-out at tower controllers while Jim Arseneault and Beverly 'Charlie' Cuppens are doing the ritual pre-ATCO course hanging around. When asked what impressed her most about Comox, Charlie replied: "The men." Marie-Claude Carre started the grueling check-out in Terminal. Andre 'LaFenetre' Lafontaine and Barry 'By' Norris got themselves an attack dog called 'Meech'. With all these smiling new faces around, it has become difficult to know who is who or what around here, thus giving the ATC facilities a taste of the proverbial shopping-mall flavour. So let me make a suggestion or two on how we may get to know each other a little better. Or worse, of course.

Everyone at the ATC complex should wear one of those 'Happy Face' stickers they use at conventions that say: "Hi I

Hi, my name is Butch, but you can call me Sir!



work here, my name is 'Sir,' or "Hi I'm Gene, I'm a Tech, so don't touch anything, OK?" or "DSC", or whatever you can come up with that is not too vulgar. Them stickers and diligent attendance to the Skinmen meetings on Tuesdays should bring our moral and esprit-de-corps to dizzying heights. Trust me, I had JLC.

Spirits were soaring on Friday 27 Oct at the Norries. Ted 'The Jack of Tarts' received about thirty of us for the annual ATC Halloween razzle-dazzle. A nice change from the previous Halloween parties when we used to bunch up around the heating vents of a 'winterized' Gravel Pit. The grand winner of the best costume contest was Georgi Webb. Georgi wore a stunning black witch costume. Second place went to Marie-Claude Carre for her Easter Bunny outfit. (Marie-Claude and Natalie 'Gagnon' slaved for one whole week over their design costumes). Peter Wooldridge cheated as usual and won third place for his vampire make-up. Erik Howk didn't have to buy the judges and won the traditional 'beer and chili processing contest'. Phew, phew! Bravo. Encore!

Well folks, there you are, fully informed of the comings and goings, the unexpected and the unexplained. Now you can get your feet off the consoles and refill your cup of coffee. Before you go back to your customary daytime reveries though, please make this entry into your agenda or on the back of your hand: ATC Christmas Party, 1 Dec, 1900 hrs, WO & Sgts' Mess. Bring a friend you can control.

by Cpl Alain Rheume

Supply Signals

finds that everyone is settling into their new jobs after their present moves. Welcome to Ptes Sullivan, Mills, Procure, and Blondel.

A speedy recovery to Neil Blondel's wife, Anne Marie, who is recovering from a serious injury.

Congratulations are in order to Cpl Sandy Belanger for her recent engagement. A warm welcome back goes to LS Cathy Higdon and Cpl Cathy Hailes after completing their JLC course. Rumour has it that 1 Sup Grp has a new room, called the Blue Room, which has upset Cpl Monty Hurd who was hoping for Army green. Pte Lucie Allard is now on her TQ5 course in Borden. Good luck, Lucie. MCpl Bill Bailey is back from his ice making course in Borden. Does this mean he now has the recipe for ice

cubes?

Best wishes go to Sgt Dick Hillard who is having back surgery very soon. We hope you have a speedy recovery. WO Lavoie has informed me that he has not been welcomed to the base yet, so here it goes! A warm welcome goes to WO Lavoie who is the new SGO/D. Reg came to us from the pond back east.

Rumour has it that the deer calling whistles imported from CFS Masset by WO Cochrane are not working. Sandy, maybe you should try your bag pipes.

Finally, the logistics Bonspiel will be held 15, 16 & 17 Mar 90 at the Comox Valley Curling Club. All logisticians reserve these dates for a fun weekend. More information to follow in Routine Orders.

Well, that's all for now. My ship is setting sail for Penhold.

Base Commander presents Clasps to CDs



Col J.E. McGee



Sgt G.A. Kane, 407 Sqn



WO M.S. Deegan, 407 Sqn



WO C.F. Jefford, BTSO



WO J.J.S. Gosselin, BCompt

— CFB Comox leads the pack! —



Pte Lorayes (above) and Pte Breton receive their second awards for an Honours Pass on their Aircraft Technicians Advancement Exams from Maj Kightley, BAMS0. They have both now attained a better than 90% grade on their QL-4 and QL-5 exams. Well done! Can Comox 500 apprentice technicians get any better?

CF news

FDU - a lifesaver for divers!

When the sun is shining, Vancouver Island is comparable to any paradise on earth. And when it's hot, water babies from every walk of life make their way to the ocean's edge for recreational activities including swimming, sailing and scuba diving.

Unfortunately, there are sometimes problems. For the swimmers who encounter difficulties there are lifeguards. For the sailors there is the Coast Guard. And for the scuba divers, there is the Fleet Diving Unit (Pacific).

The FDU has the only recompression chamber on Vancouver Island, a device which has traditionally been used to treat diving injuries such as the 'bends' or air embolisms. Shaped something like a small submarine which seats six, it uses air pressure to simulate depths of up to 300 feet. In this way divers who have air trapped in their bodies by, for example, rising too quickly to the surface from great depths, can be treated through a return to pressure which compresses air bubbles in their systems and then gradually returns them to surface pressure. It's a process which can take just a few minutes, or up to several hours, depending on the severity of the problem.

Although the recompression chamber is at the FDU in case of problems encountered by military divers it has also been used extensively in recent years to treat civilian divers who have suffered diving injuries.

According to Lt(N) Moe Coulombe, executive officer at the FDU, there were 13 civilians treated in 1988 compared to eight military divers. This year has been "a lucky one," he adds, because only four civilian and two military divers have been treated.

Because the only other recompression chamber on the west coast is on the mainland at Vancouver, military personnel at the FDU are called out at all times of the day or night when there is an emergency.

"All clearance divers in the Canadian Forces are fully trained as tenders in the recompression chamber to look after patients," says Lt(N) Coulombe. "It is one of the things they learn in their initial courses."

Treating civilians in the military medical world can be a tricky legal practice however, and the Canadian Forces has an agreement which states that the FDU cannot be held liable in the event of a problem with treatment in the chamber. And

because four hours can cost as much as \$600, the Forces bill the British Columbia provincial government each time it treats a civilian.

With a complement of only about 55 military members at the FDU, 30 of whom are divers, treating civilians can mean a lot of extra work and overtime hours. And although they are happy to help the local civilian community, they are hoping the hospital in Victoria will some day have its own recompression chamber. This seems unlikely in the near future however, as one chamber (for a maximum of six people) costs about \$300,000. When you add the cost of personnel and training, funding becomes a problem.

The demand for use of the chamber at the FDU could be on the rise as well, as it is also starting to be used to treat other than diving injuries. Use of the chamber also promotes a more rapid healing of tissues through the quicker transmission of oxygen and according to Lt(N) Coulombe, it has been used to treat amputees who have had gangrene in their stumps, as well as one person who used the chamber to better a facial operation that wouldn't heal. It is also used to treat smoke inhalation and carbon monoxide poisoning.

At the Fleet Diving Unit (Atlantic), divers don't have to



Leading Seaman Bruce Irwin and Leading Seaman Mark Oliver (background) operate the recompression chamber at the Fleet Diving Unit (Pacific)

Photo by Sgt Ed Dixon

worry about treating civilians in their recompression chambers. Although the unit is twice the size of its counterpart on the west coast, the local Halifax hospital has its own chamber to look after civilian diving injuries and other treatments.

"For us on the west coast, it becomes a life and death situation for civilians," ex-

plains Lt(N) Coulombe. "There is usually no time to take them to the Vancouver chamber. We have to do it here."

And although it sometimes means longer working hours, members of the Fleet Diving Unit (Pacific) can be proud of contributing to the local community the world's most precious commodity: life.

by Capt Darlene Blakeley

Study supports NATO base at Goose Bay

CFB Goose Bay will continue to be supported by the Department of National Defence as the proposed site of a NATO Tactical Fighter Centre based on the findings of an Environmental Impact Statement (EIS) released on 31 Oct.

The aim of the study was to examine the possible effects that an increase in low-level flight training under the current multi-national agreement and the establishment of a NATO Tactical fighter Centre in Goose Bay might have on the environment in the Labrador and Quebec areas, and to suggest ways to mitigate potential impacts.

The study, which cost over \$6 million, covers all aspects of the environment including biological, socio-economic and resource use impact. It focuses on an area over 500,000 square kilometers in size, approximately five times larger than the actual flight training areas.

Overall, the EIS indicates that any adverse impacts on the natural and human environment in the area would be more

than offset by benefits to the local area, the province, and Canada as a whole. As such, the impacts do not warrant the withdrawal of CFB Goose Bay as a potential site for the NATO centre.

Over-Flying Avoided

A local native group in Goose Bay, the Naskapi-Montagnais Innu Association, has demanded that low-level flying be stopped. The Innu claim that low-level flying has disrupted their traditional lifestyle. It has long been DND policy to avoid over-flying anyone located in the training area. Should the Innu or any other group wish to be avoided while hunting or fishing in the training areas, they only have to inform DND of their intended location and pilots will be ordered to avoid them. Currently, aircrew who knowingly disregard this policy face disciplinary action.

Flight avoidance, which is the main measure of mitigation, would be greatly enhanced by the participation of all resource users and native groups.

According to the EIS, many

of the interactions between the development of a NATO centre and the environment will result in negligible impacts that will not require mitigation.

Significant Benefits

The Environment Impact Statement also indicated that the establishment of a NATO Tactical Fighter Centre holds the potential to secure the future of CFB Goose Bay and to bring up to \$2 billion in economic and employment op-

portunities to Labrador and the rest of Canada by 2001.

The bulk of the social and economic impacts will be felt by the people of Central Labrador. The population of Happy Valley-Goose Bay will grow significantly and coupled with this growth will be an increase in housing and job opportunities.

In recognition of this expected growth, DND would establish full-time positions for

an additional social worker and personnel officer; funding for a town planner for the town of Happy Valley-Goose Bay; and a Resource Use Advisory Group representing hunters, trappers, fishermen, and outfitters.

NATO ministers could choose the location of the tactical fighter centre as early as this month, but are expected to make the choice by May 1990.

by Capt Darlene Blakeley

New Integrated Data Network for CF

OTTAWA -- The Department of National Defence today assumed operational control of the \$25 million Integrated Data Network (IDN) system developed by Bell Canada and Northern Telecom specifically for the Canadian Forces, in a ceremony at CFB Ottawa (Uplands).

The IDN will provide the infrastructure for the secure and private transmission of all DND computer data. The network is unique in that it allows users of dissimilar types of computers to send information

directly to each other. Additionally, it is faster, more efficient and costs less to operate than the current range of diverse systems.

Bell Canada was awarded the contract over three other competitors in July 1987, and the project has proceeded on budget and ahead of schedule. Ninety per cent of the value of the contract has been spent in Canada, using Canadian technology, expertise, and people. Forty-five jobs have been created across Canada as a direct result of the contract,

and 120 operators/technicians will undergo skills upgrading to support the network.

Work is proceeding in the development of a network encryption device, which would allow users at different levels of security classifications to use the system to transmit data without fear of compromise. This system is expected to be installed by the summer of 1991.

The Department of National Defence expects IDN to pay for itself in about three years.

Recreation



Comox runners doing well

Day after day, rain or shine, they pound the cement. Who are these people? No, they are not postmen. They are the die-hard runners from CFB Comox.

Running has become a high profile sport, with CFB Comox having its share of fine runners. Here are some of the results of our runners: The Navy 10km at CFB Esquimalt saw WO Ralph Murphy place first in the Military Masters' category, with a time of 38:51; also running that day was Cpl Kim Cummings, with a time of

53.44 which was an improvement of over 5 minutes on her last run; closer to home, the first annual Lorne Franks 5 Mile Road Race took place in Courtenay and saw WO Ralph Murphy in 9th place with a run time of 30.14, MCpl Don Merpaw in 15th place with a run time of 30.31, MCpl Wayne Marsh 31.02, MCpl Dave Ward 32.05, Cpl Tracy Holowaty 41.46, and MCpl Sheila Tanner with a time of 46.51.

Good show to all runners, keep up the pace.

Sailing Club news

It's been a long time since the last newsletter and I hope to fill you in on some of the events that have happened since ah... sometime way back in August! Our summers never seem to have a very active social calendar. It must be because everyone is away cruising or are still walking back to where they had parked their car last time they went sailing.

The fall Rum Race was won by Jeff Manney and crew Holly. There were a few grumbles regarding how well captain Morgan was hidden. A mere one half hour after the first crew hit the beach the contest was over. Three crews braved the wild life and red tide to stay overnight and feed on oysters and every gourmet's favourite, hotdogs, Yum! That may be the last event for the 420s because they may be replaced by the new CFSA standard; the Albacore. Dinghy Haulout Day was celebrated in 35kt winds and the coldest day of the year. In spite of this it was well attended and the job was done in jig time. An honourable mention should be given to our poor tired Zodiac which tried it's best to get up and plane while taking on more water than it displaced. We are entitled to another rescue/crash boat so, hopefully, it will be here before spring as well as the dinghies.

For those who haven't heard, there was a national keelboat race held in Esquimalt in the first week of October and Comox was represented. The crew consisted of skipper Cathy Melenchuk and crew Chris Smith and Dave Nurse. The boats that were raced on were called Sailorettes and were older than anybody on the team. There were 12 teams in all, initially, and after a two day elimination series only six teams made the cut. Our team finished sixth overall after five days of three races a day. Much to many peoples surprise the two top teams were from Esquimalt. The top team and the second place team won an

all expense paid trip to Kingston for two weeks to work up for the world military championship in Buenos Aires. Only the first place team and the skipper of the second place team will go on to Argentina at the end of November. Look out next year!

The Fall cruise departed for two different destinations on the weekend of 20-21 October. A good time was had by all even though war stories had to be told via radio link. There seemed to be some confusion prior to departure as to the actual destination and some boats ended up staying in Deep Bay, while others went on to Scotty Bay on Lasqueti Is.

The fall keelboat course is underway and 10 people have completed their theory exams and are waiting for the weather to co-operate to finish off the practical side of things. We hope to run another course in the spring and if anybody is interested in this course contact Ed Goski at 339-5401 or local 8288 or Chris Smith at 338-0649 or local 8327.

The annual fall general meeting is coming up on 23 Nov at 7 pm at the Glacier Greens Golf Club. Some of the things on the agenda will be the 1990 budget, a new clubhouse, a new keelboat for racing first, cruising second (for next year's national keelboat competition), adding more social functions to our activities list, and executive positions available for next year. All members are encouraged to attend and if you know of anybody interested in joining the club bring them along.

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'Russell Mania' hits Cold Lake

'Magic Man' Boyd Russell held spectators, teammates, and opponents spellbound as he went on a scoring spree in the CFB Cold Lake Oldtimers Hockey Tournament. Russell had the Midas touch as he accounted for 10 of the Silver Totems 19 goals in 4 games, leading Comox to a silver medal in the B division. In addition, the team won the tournament Fair Play Award as the least penalized team in the tournament, as they took only 3 penalties.

Bonnyville:

Bonnyville scored early and often as they exploded for a 5-0 first period lead. Boyd Russell then started the Silver Totems back as he scored a natural hat trick to cut the Bonnyville lead to 5-3. Gariepy and Hay assisted on the goals. Barry Howell set up Paul Beattie before the period ended to narrow the gap to 5-4. However, Comox was unable to overcome the first period deficit in the final frames despite a valiant effort and they fell 9-6. Bill Snow and Joe Meyers scored the final two Comox goals.

Cold Lake:

In their second contest, Comox met the town of Cold Lake and fell behind 1-0 early in the opening period. Once again the magic of Russell came through as he evened the count at 1-1 before the period ended. Carl Mullin put Comox out front late in the final period on a three way passing play with Bale and Todd. The Magic Man came through again two minutes later as Comox went up 3-1. Assists went to Meyers and Gariepy. Cold Lake refused to die and tallied once more but were unable to pull even as Comox held on for a 3-2 victory.

Penhold:

The Silver came out flying in their third contest as they built a 6-0 first period lead then cruised to an easy 9-1 victory over Penhold. Wheels Gariepy set up Russell in the opening minute of the game as Comox grabbed an early lead. Steve

Bale made it 2-0, then Russell scored twice in 22 seconds to record his second straight hat trick. Wayne Hay, assisted by Bale, and Gariepy from Russell and Mullin, rounded out the first period scoring. Bale notched two more in the final frame to register his hat trick, Hay and Todd assisted on both goals. Goaltender Vince Lamb lost his shut-out bid midway through the period as Penhold finally found the net. Magic Man Russell notched his fourth of the game to cap a 9-1 drubbing of Penhold.

'B' Division Champion:

Comox and Cold Lake met once again, with Cold Lake looking to avenge their previous defeat. Unfortunately the score sheet was not available for this contest. Cold Lake held on for a tough 2-1 win over Comox, as the Silver Totems repeated as the 'B' division runners up. Boyd Russell scored the lone Comox tally, with Mario Levesque playing an outstanding game in nets.

Nanaimo:

Russell continued his magic show as he tallied twice more to run his streak to 12 goals in 5 games. Steve Bale with a single tally and Joe Meyers with a pair (including the winner with 9 seconds to go), rounded out the scoring. With a shortage of defencemen, coach Tom Esler was forced to use Stan Lawless on the blueline. Fortunately

Billy Fisher had an outstanding game in nets as he made several great saves. Coach Esler said that the team needs more polish around the net as they are missing on too many good scoring chances.

Parting Shot:

Not only has Ted Norrie turned FORTY, it appears his eyesight is going as he collided with an opposing player he claims not to have seen. He has also been observed catching up on his sleep during road trips; must be old age, Ted. Paul Beattie had two excellent scoring chances recently. Luckily his goaltender stopped both shots. Mario Levesque is studying the difference between a delayed penalty and a delayed offside. He recently vacated his net on a delayed offside call, however he did manage to effectively remove an opposing player with an excellent block. Joe... the Championship game was in Cold Lake not Saskatoon. Stan Lawless continues to baffle the experts and the officials with his gentlemanly play. Will it last? The team treasurer, what's his name, continues to play solid defence. Patty Armstrong has questioned why his name has not appeared in these articles. Well, Patty has not hit the score sheets and until he does we will continue to avoid using the name of Patty Armstrong. Remember guys, real hockey begins at 35.

by Gerry 'Bones' Fairbrother

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Recreation

CFB Comox does well at Pac Region badminton tourney



Comox representatives at Pacific Region Badminton Tournament.

The Pacific Region Tournament was held at CFB Chilliwack from 20 to 22 Oct 89.

CFB Comox was represented by Lt Bouchard, Lt(N) Bertrand, MCpl Guitard and MCpl Williams in the open category and by MCpl Arseneault and Sgt Mann in the seniors and masters categories.

In the open category, MCpl Guitard finished second followed by MCpl Williams.

MCpl Arseneault won the seniors category, and Sgt Mann was second in the masters.

Of the six players who represented CFB Comox, five will be playing in the Nationals in December. They are MCpl Williams, MCpl Guitard, MCpl Arseneault, Sgt Mann and Lt Bouchard.

Well done to all players and good luck in Cold lake. Bring home the Gold.

Looking for lifeguard

A lifeguard position is open at the CFB Comox Base Pool. Candidates must be qualified Bronze Cross (current or expired — proof required). The lifeguard duty hours are 1300 to 1400 daily, during the Masters Swim Club hours.

Anyone interested should contact K. Brandel, PO1, at the Base Gym, local 8542 as soon as possible.

Base Bowling alley

The Base Bowling alleys are open for casual use on Sundays from 1300 to 1600 hrs and on Thursdays from 1800 hrs to 2100 hrs. Shoe rental and canteen services are available.

Alleys can be booked for mixed bowling parties, birthdays, etc. For bookings or information contact Mr. Pat Hudson at 339-3965 or MCpl Dave Rothermund at Local 8315.

Sport Parachute Club year ends

With grey skies signalling the fall season and end of summer, it seems appropriate for a final article of the year from those purveyors of parachuting. October saw the last 'First Jump' course completed bringing a total of seventy four trained this year and the awarding of the Sport Parachutist of the Year trophy. 1989's candidate is MCpl Derrick Keene who took his first jump this past April and progressed rapidly to freefall. He invested in a set of gear and accompanied other club members on an exhibition jump during the base community council fun day in September. Derrick's sudden posting notice surprised everyone including Derrick and he will be missed. Good Luck in Toronto.

In other news Cpl Webb joined members of the Victoria club for a get together with their American counterparts on San Juan Island on the October long weekend. Technical ideas were exchanged and participants achieved some large freefall formation jumps out of a Twin Otter brought in for the occasion.

With winter lurking around the corner club members are waxing skis and chanting strange incantations for that



MCpl Derrick Keene accepts the Sport Parachutist of the Year Trophy.

white stuff that adorns the tops of mountains. Which brings us to the topic of the world cup of para-ski to be held next February in Ottawa. This will be the first sanctioned world cup event of its kind ever to take place in North America. Para ski is a combined sporting event consisting of a parachute accuracy competition and giant slalom ski racing. Twelve countries have already expressed the intention of sending representatives and some one hundred competitors are expected to attend — including Alexander Struber and Marina Kueber of Austria, the current world champions. Comox club mem-

bers are no strangers to Para ski having nationals at Big White and Whistler, and the annual meet in Kamloops. While a few of the club will be competing in the upcoming provincial championships at Forbidden in January 1990, only one is in training for the world cup. A past national para ski winner, Cpl Webb is investing considerable time and finances and the club wishes him the very best in his endeavor.

More news on the outcome of these events and other happenings in the spring to come, then, blue skies and white powder!

Ski Club looking for new members

Well Folks, it's that time of year again when the skiers wish for snow and most others look south for sunnier climes.

This is an introductory article addressing primarily those of you who are either new to the Base this year or have pondered the idea of taking up skiing as a winter sport.

The CFB Comox Ski Club is set up in such a way as to both accommodate all levels of skiers and help defray the costs inherent in learning how to ski. For a \$10 single or \$15 family membership, you will receive the following:



a. eight CFB Comox Ski Club 'Ski Days'. These are designated days throughout the

ski season where group rate tickets are secured, transportation to and from the hill is subsidized/provided, and your lunch on selected days is subsidized;

b. free 'tune-up' clinics sponsored by ski experts at one of the local ski/sport stores in the valley. Basic principles of waxing, edge sharpening, and minor binding adjustments are demonstrated;

c. fantastic deals on various ski trips throughout the ski season. For example, the Ski Club can show you how to ski Whistler/Blackcomb for three days on \$300;

d. a great wind up party at the close of the ski season; and

e. loads of fresh air, fun and friends.

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Nov 24/25 GREEK WEEKEND!
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On and off base

Ship swap:

Annapolis arrives on West Coast

The former crew of HMCS *Annapolis* will be home in time for Christmas.

And after travelling thousands of nautical miles in four months, any time back on dry land with their families will no doubt be appreciated.

Annapolis' crew left Halifax in mid-August, heading for Esquimalt, B.C. via the Panama Canal. There, on 28 Sept, the members of the crew swapped ships with the ship's company of HMCS *Terra Nova*.

They will sail for home again aboard *Terra Nova* in mid-November, following a series of work-up exercises designed to familiarize both crews with their new ships.

The two destroyers are switching coasts in an effort to further balance the navy's east and west coast fleets.

Annapolis brings to the west coast the coveted feature of a towed array sonar system. "Annapolis is one of the most modern anti-submarine warfare surface platform in the world," says Capt(N) Ted Heath, commanding officer of the Second Canadian Destroyer Squadron based on the west coast. "There are only a handful of ships in the world with this capability. It's a very important asset to Canada and

her allies."

Annapolis also brings another helicopter flight deck to the west coast fleet.

According to Capt(N) Heath, the exchange of ships is the third in a series of initiatives undertaken to balance more effectively Canada's two fleets. The growing importance placed on the west coast began with the transfer of HMCS *Huron* from Halifax in 1987 with two Sea King helicopters and a full command and control capability. Secondly, two Sea Kings were also assigned to HMCS *Provider*. The four helicopters formed "443 Det West" until July of this year when the remainder of 433 Helicopter Anti-Submarine Squadron personnel and two additional helicopters were moved from CFB Shearwater, N.S. to their new home at Pat Bay north of Victoria, B.C.

Capt(N) Heath is excited about the prospect of having *Annapolis* and its towed array sonar system on the west coast, although he admits it will mean a lot of time spent in more specialized training.

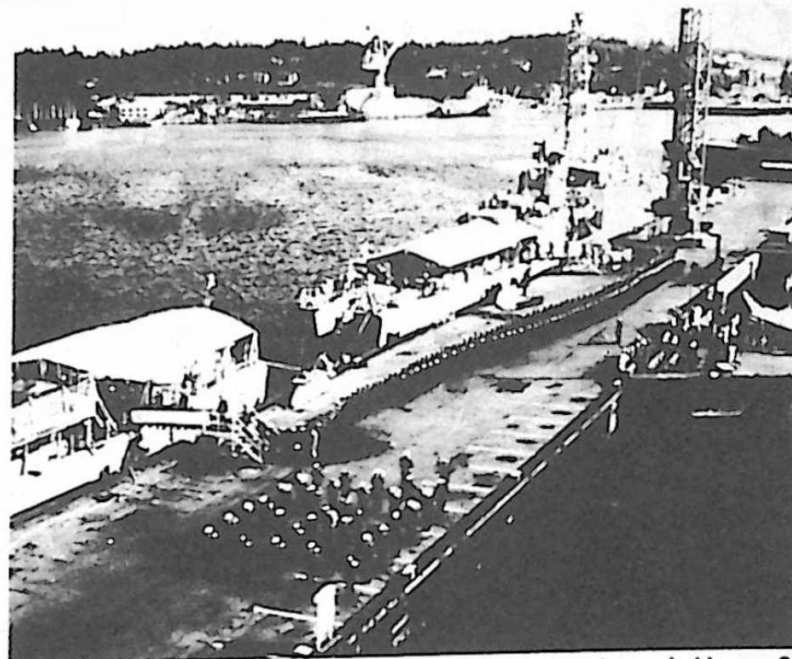
"We're really on the training curve now," says Capt(N) Heath, "but any new equipment has a very positive effect on morale."

Annapolis will face its first

major west coast test in a joint U.S.-Canada exercise in February. It will be a standard exercise designed to allow the ship's new crew to become completely familiar with its operation and maintenance.

The commanding officer of *Annapolis* is now Commander Arthur Vey, HMCS *Terra Nova* is commanded by Commander Richard Neveu.

by Capt Darlene Blakeley



Crews of HMC Ships *Annapolis* and *Terra Nova* exchanged ships on 28 Sept at CFB Esquimalt, B.C. Photo by Sgt Ed Dixon

From the Fire Chief's Office

Beware of heating devices

Heating devices are often the cause of home fires and should be examined frequently. Space heaters, electric heaters, woodstoves, and fireplaces should be used with care and installed in accordance with the manufacturer's specifications. Do not overload the electrical circuits with heaters that require heavier wiring. Also, be sure to have your furnace cleaned and checked by qualified servicemen at least once a year.

The chimney is the most im-

portant part of a woodstove. It should be inspected prior to and throughout the heating season for cracks in the lining and creosote buildup. Creosote is a colourless oily fluid distilled from wood tar, which can easily be ignited if a buildup occurs. As well, before the heating season begins the chimney should be cleaned and all soot and ash removed.

Your stove or fireplace should also be in proper working order. Ensure dam-

pers and drafts are functioning properly. The installation of the unit should only be done by a professional serviceman, which will ensure all safety regulations are adhered to. The fuel you burn will also make a great deal of difference in your home. Use only seasoned dry wood. If you choose to burn wet or unseasoned wood it will cause a buildup of unburned residue and creosote in the chimney. Avoid burning garbage, cardboard, newspaper, or Christmas paper, which burns hotter than wood. This will avoid unnecessary damage.

Portable and stationary electrical heaters range from 500 to 1500 watt capacity. Ensure that they are CSA or ULC approved. Although they are small enough to plug in to regular house circuits, make sure that your house wiring can handle the additional electrical load.

In Canada, fire burns one home every fifteen minutes. It destroys millions of dollars worth of property and claims over 900 lives yearly.

A little extra care on your part may save not only your life, but the lives of others in your family. To prevent your home and your family from becoming a statistic, the Fire Department recommends that you inspect your heating systems periodically. Acquaint yourself and your family with the information in this article and if you have any questions please call your Fire Department at the following numbers:

CFB Comox 339-8552
Comox 339-2432
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Pte Dan Boulet receives his promotion to Corporal from Maj Blakely, BSUPD.

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JESUS IS LORD

Alone but not lonely

Being lonely is not synonymous with being alone.

Test results do not support the hypothesis that loneliness is a result of living alone.

Studies show that single people often have more friends than do people in relationships. As well, single well-adjusted people are less troubled by headaches, anger and irritability.

Research at Ohio State University discovered that when people feel lonely, they usually react in one of two ways.

One reaction is a 'sad passivity', which includes crying, moping, excess eating and sleeping. Another response is 'creative solitude'. People responding this way overcome loneliness by reading, writing letters, listening to music, studying, working on a hobby or playing a musical instrument.

Loneliness is often a symptom of boredom. Subsequently, learning to deal with solitude means spending time alone creatively.

Whether you live on your own or with family, use alone time as an opportunity to

discover yourself. Make a list of what you would like to be, where you want to go and how you are going to get there, and what gives you pleasure. Then act on your plans, taking one small step at a time. You can increase your sense of identity and security as you learn about yourself.

But mastering the art of being alone does not mean becoming a recluse. Instead, it means being content -- whether you are in a crowd of people or sitting quietly at home by yourself.

Community nurse counsellors have found that depression, loneliness and boredom are symptoms of isolation and inactivity. The answer to this problem is going out and getting involved.

If you are feeling a lack of affection, turn your attention to other people. Get in contact, listen, be aware, make plans, offer to assist where you can, volunteer.

Take steps to tell and show people that you appreciate them. When you make the effort to show people you care, you'll probably receive more caring and sharing in return.

An excellent way to reach out is to get involved with a group -- large or small -- that has a definite purpose. The group may be community oriented (environmental issues, food bank volunteer), or it could be related to church, hobbies, or a current affairs interest group.

Devoting yourself to a group's goals serves two important functions. You get the recognition you need and you establish important social bonds.

While pets are not a substitute for people, they definitely help satisfy our need to give and receive affection. A pet can be a significant aid in reducing loneliness.

You can be lonely in a room full of people, or you can be lonely with a house full of relatives. Conversely, you can be active and content living alone. The key to warding off loneliness is care.

When you establish a pattern of caring for an apartment, a garden, a pet, other people or a cause, you are escaping loneliness and ensuring a happier and healthier life.

"Honours"

continued from page 1

Egypt and Israel. Formed in 1986 in El Gorah, Egypt, it currently operates eight *Twin Huey* helicopters and since its formation over 1,300 Canadian service personnel have served with the unit. The RWAU has been manned on a rotational six-month tour basis by 408, 427, 430 and 403 squadrons.

The RWAU provided 24-hour search and rescue and medical evacuation support, command and control flights, transportation of observers, logistics airlift of supplies to remote areas and special missions.

"The members of the RWAU have not only enriched the heritage of the air force, but have also reinforced the high standards attained by Canadian peacekeepers," said Air Command's citation. "It has been an important facet of the MFO and the evolution of peace in the Middle East."

Pilot Officer Andrew Mynarski, VC, Trophy

Also awarded at the RCAFA's meeting was the Mynarski Trophy for outstanding work in search and rescue. For the second year in a row it has been awarded to 413 Squadron of CFB Summerside. This year two crews from 413 Squadron were selected by Air Command for their part in rescuing 27 sailors from the foundering Greek ship *Katia* in November, 1988.

During a six-hour mission, the *Buffalo* crew flew cover for the crew of the *Labrador* helicopter while they lifted the sailors to safety. The first group of 11 were transported to another ship about 10 miles away and the 16 remaining sailors were carried to a safe

landing at Sable Island with only minutes of fuel remaining.

The Air Command citation said "it was an achievement which exemplified the finest qualities of teamwork and cohesion in the face of adversity. The skill and courage demonstrated by the rescue crews in this most demanding mission clearly demonstrated the ideals upon which the Mynarski Trophy is based."

The crew of *Labrador* 302 were Capt. Ron Greenaway (now with 442 Sqn), Capt Paul Fleet, Sgt Bob Land, MCpl Ken Brodhagen and Cpl Al Bevan. Flying in *Buffalo* 457 were Capt J S Komocki, Capt Jim Kinnear, Capt Mike Stortini, MCpl Dave Hancock, MCpl Andy Morris and Cpl Mario Michaud.

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Comment

Fire Chief for a day



During the week of 8 - 14 Oct, Canada observed National Fire Prevention Week. Here at CFB Comox, two of our younger residents will remember it a little longer than most. Sarah Roy, 8 and John Scott, 7, were selected Fire Chief and Deputy Fire Chief for the day. The selections were made as a result of a National "Get Out Alive" program held at the Airport School. The two youngsters were treated to a tour of the Fire Hall, a tour of the RCMP station with the BFC, and then to McDonald's for lunch. They both enjoyed their day very much, especially dressing up as real firefighters! The CFB Comox Fire Department wishes to thank the Principal and staff of the Airport School for their support in this program. And remember, Fire Prevention Week may be over but, fire prevention is a year round practice.

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Public announcements



CFB Comox Wood Hobby Club

With great enthusiasm the 1989/90 year is under way!

We're open: Mon — Thur 1800 to 2200 hrs
Sat 1000 to 1700 hrs
Sun 1200 to 1700 hrs

Come out and join us or just take a look. You don't have to be an expert, we have supervisors ready and willing to offer assistance.

For more information call:
339-8542 (during Hobby Shop hours)

Steve Quinn Loc 8535/339-0680
Brad Shipley Loc 8487/339-4680

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9 June 1990
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'Jitters'

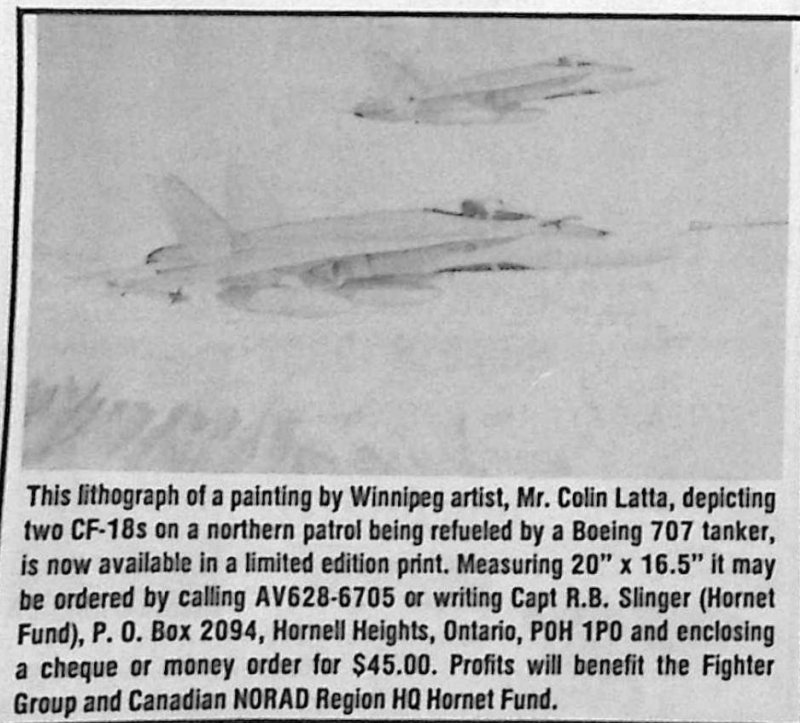
'Jitters', a three-act comedy by Canadian playwright David French, is this fall's offering from theatre students at Carihi Secondary School. It will run for four nights, from 28 November through 1 December at the Tidemark Centre in Campbell River. Curtain time is 8:30 pm. Tickets may be obtained from the Chamber of Commerce at \$7 for adults, and \$5 for students and seniors. Call 286-0764 for reservations.

'Jitters', is a warm, intimate and very funny foray into the guts of a theatre production, allowing the audience to experience some of the agony and the ecstasy of life on the stage.

PMS Self Help

Do you suffer from PMS or know someone who does? If you do here's some good news. The Self Help PMS Group which met last year is starting up again. It will be meeting on the last Wednesday of each month at 7 pm at the family support centre. C'mon out and sit in with the group, we'll be glad to see you.

Nighthawk Reunion Committee
c/o Maj Bernie DeGagne
409 Tactical Fighter Sqn
CFB Baden Soellingen
CFPO 5056
Bellville, Ontario
K0K 3R0
Tel: 07229-67-8798



This lithograph of a painting by Winnipeg artist, Mr. Colin Latta, depicting two CF-18s on a northern patrol being refueled by a Boeing 707 tanker, is now available in a limited edition print. Measuring 20" x 16.5" it may be ordered by calling AV628-6705 or writing Capt R.B. Slinger (Hornet Fund), P. O. Box 2094, Hornell Heights, Ontario, POH 1P0 and enclosing a cheque or money order for \$45.00. Profits will benefit the Fighter Group and Canadian NORAD Region HQ Hornet Fund.

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BRANCH 160 COMOX

ENTERTAINMENT

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Fri 1 Dec. Music by DUKES
Fri 8 Dec. Music by DUKES
Fri 15 Dec. Music by VALLEYBOYS

REGULAR ACTIVITIES

SUNDAYS..... Lounge 11 am to 6 pm
MONDAYS..... Men's Dart League, Navy Room, 7:30 pm
TUESDAYS..... Ladies Crib League, Lounge 7 pm
Mixed Dart League, Upper Hall, 7:30 pm
WEDNESDAYS..... Navy League Drop-In Bingo
Upper Hall, 7 pm
THURSDAYS..... *1st Br. Exec. Mtg. 8 pm
L. A. Exec. Mtg. (as req.)
*2nd L.A. Gen. Mtg., Upper Hall, 8 pm
*3rd Br. Gen. Mtg., Upper Hall, 8 pm
FRIDAYS..... Meat Draws, 2-6 pm
Dance, Lounge, unless advised
SATURDAYS..... Meat Draws, Lounge 2-6 pm

SPORTS

SUNDAY 3 DEC -- MONTHLY CRIB TOURNAMENT. Upper Hall, 1 pm, members & guests, food & refreshments.

CURLING (Ordinary & Seniors) Legion Provincial Competitions, Sports Officer All Cameron will accept Team (rink) entries in either Ordinary or Senior categories during October & November. Age limits for seniors is now restricted to those members over 50 years. For more info call 339-2022.

EVENTS

Saturday, 25 November--Ladies Auxiliary--will hold their annual Christmas Bazaar and Lunch in the Upper Hall from 11 am to 1 pm. Raffles & Door Prizes.

SUNDAY 26 NOV -- GREY CUP BASH, Upper Hall, 11 am, east & west TVs, food & refreshments, members & guests.

SUNDAY 31 DEC -- GALA NEW YEARS EVE BALL, \$35/couple, music by COUNTRYMEN, further details TBA.

The team effort of recruitment

They came to Rimouski from all over the lower St-Lawrence and Gaspé, from towns and villages like La Pocatière, Mont-Joli, Les Méchins, Cap Chat, Manche d'Épée, Perce, Paspebiac and Amqui. They are a diverse lot of large and small, experienced and naive, bold and timid. Most of them come by bus, their suitcases bulging with all the accessories required for a three day stay, excited by the prospects of a military career, yet with some apprehension of the selection they must first succeed. But they are here because they want something: to join the military family and share in the adventure that is part and parcel of a career in the Canadian Forces.

The scene at Rimouski is typical of any one of the 37 recruiting centres across Canada. Perhaps you can recall your own excitement and apprehension. What attracted you to the recruiting centre? Was it a result of a school conference, a visit to the employment centre, a chance encounter at a fair or exposition, or was it through contact with someone, military or not, who told you about service life. I was lucky and had an uncle who spent 3 years in the navy, and loved to tell stories. He recruited me. Sure I was aware of the many advantages such as training, travel, stable em-

ployment, discipline, an attractive pension plan and benefits, and the unique physical and mental challenges that each trade demands, but what convinced me to join was the adventure and team spirit.

Needless to say, I didn't overlook the somewhat stereotyped fears I had, such as drill sergeants and discipline and long hours and hard work. But I took it in the context of a mutual exchange, and if they gave me the chance, I'd do my best. And the recruits of today are no different. I tell you all this because it underlines two important points: first of all, to make a decision you need information, and then secondly, you need a process to realize that decision. And that basically is the mandate of recruitment: to raise general military awareness and, more specifically, to attract and select suitable candidates to fill military vacancies.

There are about 87,000 of us military folk in Canada and around the world, who proudly wear a uniform that is well recognized and highly respected. Due to the growth of some trades and normal attrition rates, in order to maintain this strength we look to recruit nationally about 9,000 new members each year. About one quarter of our new recruits will come from Quebec. These in-

creased objectives come during a time of decreasing target populations, increased competition from and availability of civilian employment, limited resources, and, in some cases, higher standards. Now don't get me wrong, I'm not feeling sorry for myself. On the contrary, this is an excellent time for recruitment. There was a time when, for a number of reasons, recruiting was generally a rather laid back and passive affair. And understandably so. High unemployment rates meant few people leaving the Forces and many wanting in. With lower admission criteria and larger target populations applications far out numbered the few openings. This often meant long waits before, if ever, getting an offer.

But things have changed. To attract and process potential candidates now demands professionalism supported by a balance of knowledge, public relations skills, respect for other points of view, and a genuine pride and belief in presenting and promoting what to many is an excellent career opportunity. We are getting the best staffs for a high profile and dynamic posting. The diversity and variety of responsibility and public interface guarantees unique challenges and rewards at least equal to

that of an operational tour. However the key to this much improved recruiting atmosphere is that now there are many more trade openings available and waiting times are very short. The young man or woman who got off that bus in Rimouski is most likely getting back on with a firm offer to start their career in the near future. And that is good for the recruiter and the recruit.

You probably remember the selection process — the exams, the medical, the orientation, the interview, and then the decision. It hasn't changed that much in format and now we have the best of support in terms of personnel and recruiting tools such as videos, documentation, and information aids. The administration is growing somewhat more involved, but basically the same person will be successful. Someone with a good mix of education, work experience, social and sports involvement; in short, a candidate who is fit, motivated, and capable of adapting to military life. Someone with potential. Someone just like you.

Attitudes are changing as the military is increasingly seen as an instrument of peace rather than just one of war. We are attracting whole new audiences who have much to offer. But many of them may need a little

more exposure to the military, or require more information to trigger their interest. They may simply not know what is available, which is why the title of this article is the phrase "the team effort of recruitment."

Remember I mentioned increasing general awareness as being part of the recruiting mandate. This of course is not a task exclusive to those employed by the Director of Recruiting and Selection (DRS). Every member who wears or has worn a uniform has something important to contribute in explaining the what and why of our Canadian Forces, and its many opportunities. Granted, the military is not the career goal of everyone, nor should it be, but your counsel may be the difference in motivating a friend, a neighbour, or an acquaintance into visiting or calling a recruiting centre and checking out the many possibilities. Your involvement is vital to the growth and well being of our Canadian Forces.

And while you're at it, have you thought about what you could offer and gain from the challenging and satisfying world of recruitment? Think about it. If you need more information, we're in the Yellow Pages, under recruiting.

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CF news

SRR - the part-time servicemen

VANCOUVER -- This fall former service personnel are accepting an invitation to come to Pacific Militia Area Headquarters in Vancouver to enrol in the Supplementary Ready Reserve (SRR). The SRR fills a gap in the range of part-time military service. The Primary Reserve demands a commitment to participate in unit activities once or twice a week, if possible. A reservist who misses regular training for ninety days is posted to non-effective strength. At this point, the member might transfer from the Primary to the Supplementary Reserve. 'Sup Reserve' membership indicates a willingness to serve in an emergency without an obligation to undergo training or to perform duties at other times. As the years pass, a reservist on the sup List usually loses touch with current military life and gradually forgets those skills needed to play a useful role in the forces.

Now, there is a better option for those who want to serve but



Capt Romano Acconci of the B.C. Regiment and MCpl Keith Hughes of Hope go over MCpl Keith's service record as he is enrolled in the Supplementary Ready Reserve.

lack the time demanded by the Primary Reserve. SRR members are exempt from regular duties and must only report annually to confirm their status. Refresher or advanced training is optional. They have designated positions in regular or reserve units to bring the unit up to war establishment strength. They can also accept less than 30 days service with

the Primary Reserve or a 'callout' with the Total Force. As of 4 November, the SRR at Vancouver had enrolled sixty former reservists or retired members of the Canadian Forces. The SRR permits rapid mobilization in an emergency with a minimum of retraining. The former Sup Reserve will continue as the Supplementary Holding Reserve.



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