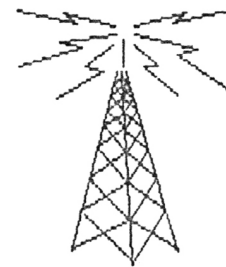


# THE DANIEL'S HEADLINER



MAY 1992

## SPRINGFEST A SUCCESS

The Junior Ranks held their annual Springfest on the 1st and 2nd of May. This years huge success can only be attributed to the people who gave up there time freely. This event does not come together over night and its preparation requires dedicated people to ensure its success.

On behalf of the chairman - MS Kevin Murphy, co-chairwoman - Cpl Amanda MacPhail, PMC of the JRC - MCpl Pete Perry and VPMC Cpl Dave MacPhail: our sincere gratitude and thanks to everyone who came out Friday and Saturday night to lend a hand.

Amanda MacPhail  
Co-Chairwoman

## FIN CORNER

It's been a busy month for Finance in April. In the beginning of the month we had the implementation of the CCPSIII Pay Computer System for two weeks followed by a Command Inspection for another two weeks. The beach clean-up, a quarter-guard and Springfest preparations. The JRC had two stockchecks during a stand down (causing the SLOGO to owe a few

of us six packs) and all this on top of our usual busy work load.

All in all it sounds like a typical month at the pay office. One reminder, if you have any questions about the new pay stubs don't ask Sgt Ethier unless you have already checked out the Bulletin board. Just ask (Sgt St. Pierre).

I found out that it pays to be fully informed about the importing of pets to the island this month when my two cats returned to Canada after a short stop at Immigration. Any one needing information on this subject should call Bermuda Fish and Agriculture well before you plan to bring any pets over.

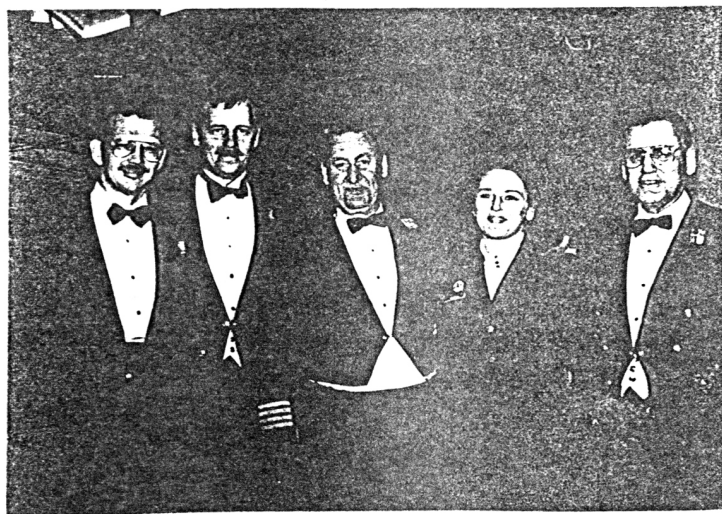
The SLOGO was seen out sun-tanning this weekend trying to get as dark as the rest of the band members of Fantasy (nice playing LAPD!!).

Brian

NEXT  
DEADLINE

24 MAY 92

## COMMANDER CFSRS VISIT BERMUDA



FROM R-L CO MAJ GILLESPIE, SWO CPO1 OLSON, COMMANDER CFSRS CAPT(N) CROFT, STATION EDITOR CPL A. MACPHAIL, AND CPO1 FOERS.

Capt(N) Croft, COMD CFSRS and the system CWO, CPO1 Foers visit CFS Bermuda from the 23 April to 4 May 1992. On the 27 April a Quarter Guard was held in Captain Croft's honor. Following the Quarter Guard MCpl Hagarty was presented his CD.

During the COMD's visit a number of activities were scheduled. These included station tours, briefings, informal get togethers, an International Officers luncheon held in the SRM, a mess dinner at the Junior Ranks mess on the 29th of April and a little fun at the JRM Springfest.

Captain Croft will make an opening address on May 4 for the Atlantic Region PERI Conference, taking place at CFS Bermuda this year. Upon completion of this address both Captain Croft and CPO1 Foers return to Canada

Their visit was enjoyed by all station personnel and we look forward to seeing both the COMD and CPO1 again next year.

## THE COTE AFFAIR

It began late last March when I was abruptly woken from a nap by a loud rapping on my office door. "Come in" I mumbled. There was no response. "Enter" I said. Again, no response. "Come in!" I bellowed.

A middle-aged not-quite-portly fellow wearing glasses and a sheepish expression furtively skulked into my office. "Are you Dick Studley?" he asked. I nodded. "Sorry about that" he said. "I was telling the janitor about how we did the floors back when I was in Inuvik and I lost my train of thought."

I sighed. "How can I help you?" I asked.

Hitching his pants up over his belly he announced "My name is Fred Cote and my wife is trying to kill me!"

I smiled as I thought of the money I would make off this sap. "Alright Mr. Cote, why don't you have a seat and tell me everything" I said. "My fee is \$100 a day plus expenses." Fred sat down and related this squalid tale. Apparently the soul-mate of Fred Cote was one Trish Cote, a loving and dedicated mother of two and also a mover and shaker of the dental profession. In short, a prize. But there was more to her than met the eye.

Prior to hooking up with Fred, Trish had been a professional clog dancer with an attitude. She had cut a ruthless swathe through the clog dancing fraternity, never relenting until the opposition was human hamburger under her little wooden

heels. She would never accept defeat. She was one hard boiled egg alright.

For fifteen years all was marital bliss and it appeared Trish had laid to rest the dark side of her character. Trish was a model wife and Fred an adequate husband. It seemed a match made in heaven.

Then late last year the Cotes arrived in Bermuda. Trouble arrived with their luggage. Trish requested Fred purchase a car and Fred, not seeing the steely glint in her eyes, refused. Instead he resolutely purchased two scooters.

It was then that Fred began to reap the whirlwind. At first it was minor things. Shirts ripped, shoes scuffed, supper on the table for everyone but Fred, a frosty no when bedtime marital requests were made. . . Fred didn't pay any mind to these apparent warning signs of impending doom. Then Fred began to notice his scooter was often inexplicably on its side in the driveway - no matter what the weather. Then his windshield was smashed. Being a typical adult, Fred blamed it on teenagers. However, things took on a different hue when he found the brake cables cut on his scooter. Going back into the house to borrow the keys to his wife's scooter, he discovered a pair of wire cutters in her purse. He began to be slightly suspicious. Then he remembered how Trish would rattle on about how they needed a car and how much handier it would be to have a car and . . . The lights began to go on. The elevator went to the top. He decided to hire a professional and came to me, Dick Studley.

"I'll tell you what Mr. Cote. I'll keep

### CFS BERMUDA 1963 - 1993 COMMEMORATIVE BOOK

We are looking for any pictures, stores or articles of life in Bermuda for entry into this 30 year Commemorative Book. Submissions can be anything from Station live to your reflection on Bermuda itself. All entries will be considered. In addition, there will be a Photo Contest so pull out those cameras and start clicking away. Prizes to be announced at a later date. For any additional information, please contact Denis Laliberte or Meagan McBride.

**DON'T FORGET TO PURCHASE YOUR 58/58  
TICKET TODAY!!**

an eye on your wife and we'll see if I can catch her in the act" I said. "But have you thought of just buying a car? It would probably be cheaper then paying my fee" I added. "No we don't need one" he said. "Besides, there's a principal involved." So saying, he left my office. (Well actually he said a lot more, but I don't have the time or inclination to recount his incisive comments on the leadership failing of the Canadian Forces.)

The next few weeks were like sex. Hot, sweaty and monotonous. I watched Trish's every move. Just when I thought nothing would ever come of this case, Trish made her move. It was a somnolent sprint day but I, being the professional I am, was immediately on the alert when I saw Trish place a hunting crossbow into the basket of her scooter.

"Aha!" I thought. "The games afoot!" Quickly mounting my trusty Lido, I followed in hot pursuit. Unfortunately, my bike is a 50cc and hers a 100cc and I was soon trailing far behind. So far behind in fact that I was only just in time to see the blonde amazon

standing in the doorway of the Loyalty Inn, crossbow at the ready. Throwing my scooter to the ground, I raced towards her yelling "Don't do it Trish!" Startled, she loosed her bow and the arrow flew straight into the tire of a Mr Rick Scally who just happened to be passing by at the time. He crashed to the ground leaving most of his skin on the pavement.

Immediately afterwards, Trish raced through the Loyalty to the back entrance and sped off toward Watford Bridge. I stood slack-jawed and amazed. The vixen meant business. I wondered if she still meant to take out the hapless Fred.

Returning to my scooter, I was just in time to see Fred nonchalantly drive by on his way to Watford Bridge. Muttering imprecations, I dusted off my Lido and followed Fred. I feared I was going to be too late to save the boob.

Speeding across the bridge, I saw my worst fears realized. For there, just past the bridge lay the smoking wreckage of Fred's scooter. Beside

it, mangled and battered, but fortunately not smoking, lay Fred.

I raced up to him and asked "Are you alright?" Blearily peering up at me with puffy glazed eyes he replied "You're fired Studley." Obviously he was incoherent.

I managed to get him to the hospital and as he was wheeled into Emergency he managed to croak out to me. "I mean it Studley. You're fired. Go away." It was the last time I saw him. I attempted to give a statement to the police about Trish but they were on their way to play crown and anchor and so no charges were laid against her.

Today Fred is recovering from his terrible injuries under the tender care of Trish and is expected to be up and about in no time. Fred is now in the market for a new car and with this decision Trish returned to once again being a loving and dedicated wife.

I quit the private investigator business after this case. It was just too sordid. I'm now employed as a policy advisor to the president of a local Bermudian union.

by Mike Saffer

### INTERFACE

It was with a heavy heart that the Tech Shop said good-bye to MCpl Dave Heichert who headed off to Pensacola on course, and from there he's posted to Gander. Dave's adventures were the cornerstone of many Interface articles and without him this column will certainly be a lot shorter. If Andy St Pierre and James Hennebery left Bermuda I'd have nothing to write about!

The Tech Shop welcomed back MCpl Al Bonenfant from the Flaghoist Course and at the same time bid adieu to MCpl Mike Savard who headed off to Pensacola on the same course. It must be hard being a Rad Tech

Congratulations go out to MCpl Jon Huneault for being the first Canadian to finish in the recent end-to-end walk. Just another example of the superb physical conditioning of Tech Shop personnel.

Sgt Andy St. Pierre seems to have had more than his share of bad luck lately. The same day that his bike had a flat tire he found out the brakes on his car were bad. How much insurance money would Valerie get anyway?

MCpl Mike Petit, in the true spirit of brotherhood, helped his new neighbor Capt

Sylvain Bigras move in the apartment upstairs from him. Sylvain, demonstrating an outstanding potential for promotion to major, thanked Mike by letting Mike buy HIM a beer.

Well, that's it for now. I'm off to ask Cpl James Hennebery where I can get one of those new peanut butter and strawberry deserts. TTFN.

### BERMUDA END-TO-END

#### WALK

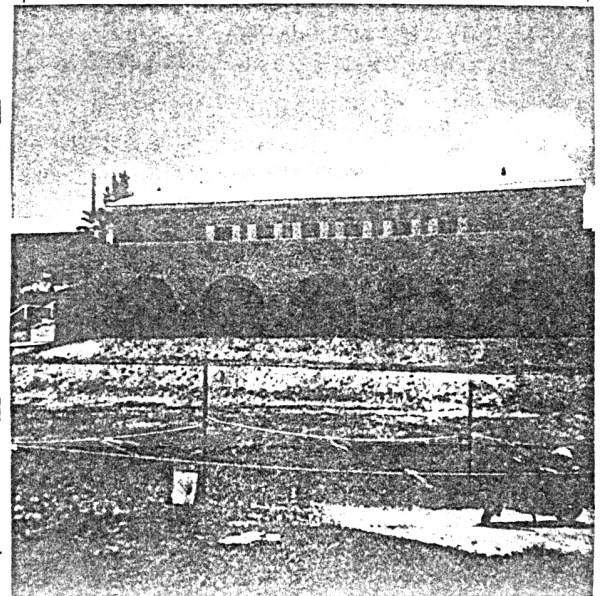


CONGRATULATIONS - to all Bermuda 26 Mile End-to-End walkers.

Fastest Canadian time was Jon Huneault with 5 hrs 18 mins, making him the 20th person to finish out of about 650 registered walkers. Next was Louis Myre (5 hrs 29 mins), Mike Murray (6hrs 04 mins), Al Elliott (6 hrs 50 mins), and Gail Holtby.

Jean McIntosh was so busy with Springfest '92 that she was unable to attend the walk. James Hennebery was not able to attend either but came out for the 15 mile and 9

### CFS BERMUDA COMMUNITY CENTRE



CFS BERMUDA COMMUNITY CENTRE Grand Opening was held on 17 Apr 92. The Community Centre which was built in the last year will house our station PERI, the Ladies Association, Computer Club Station Library and two exercise training rooms.

mile practice walks.

It's a tradition for James, Mike Olson, Louis, Jon, and Roxanne to finish every practice walk with ice cream from Bailey's. Hot Fudge Fantasy for Jon, Roxanne, and James. After the second walk, James switched to Banana Splits. Mike Olson prefers Hot Butterscotch Fantasy and Louis vanilla shakes. However, at the end of the 26 mile walk, we had to settle for Haagen Dazs ice cream bars.

When Mike Murray finished, he went right to the Police Officers Club, got a cool drink and stood in the ocean up to his knees for about 15 mins with a couple of other walkers just to cool off his feet.

During the walk, the weather was ideal. HOT! When we started at Kings Square in St George's at 0800, it was cool, the sun was shining and there were clouds in the distance. During the walk it got warmer but there was a cool breeze. Right around 1030 it rained. Not a sprinkle here and there but buckets after buckets for about 20 mins.

My walking buddy, Mike Olson and I were drenched, feet soaked and only 3/4 of the way finished. There were two

End-to-End . . .

Bermudian ladies that met up with us. All they could say was "work that body, work that body, work that body." Mike and I started to chant "Haagen Dazs, Haagen Dazs, strangle those ladies, Haagen dazs."

Around the 20 mile mark, I turned to Mike and asked "why am I putting my feet through all this abuse?" He replied "Sunshine League (Orphanages), Bermuda Hospice Trust (Aids victims), Fairhaven (battered women), and Haagen Dazs."

The total amount of money raised from the station was about \$1000.00

It should be mentioned that without Roxanne Colgan's tireless organization efforts, constant encouragement (threats) and guidance, the stations part in this event would not have been such a success.

Roxy, the "Canadian Contingent"  
Thanks you!

## SRS BIRTHDAY

WEF: 8 May 1938

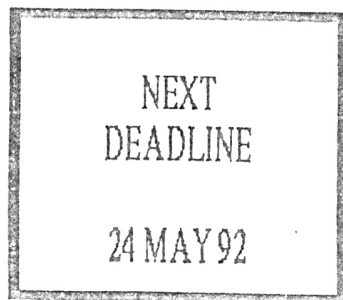
OTTAWA - Capt(N) Croft:  
On the occasion of our 54th birthday I wish to extend to all serving Officers and Members of the Sup Rad Community my heartfelt congratulations.

The years have passed quickly with many changes in CF doctrine and the associated rapid transition to ever changing technology. The advances over the years from manual equipment to the use of complex state-of-

the-art computer systems has indeed been a challenge and a quantum leap forward. Each of you has mastered these technological advances and can be justifiably proud of your accomplishments.

You are all aware of the major impact the world geopolitical situation is having on our country's defence policy and naturally the SRS System is not immune from these changes. Our first re-alignment has been the announcement of the closure of CFS Bermuda and detachment Augsburg in 1993. Rest assured this HQ continues to argue for the existence of the Supplementary Radio System, modified as new technology and targets dictate, to meet the demands of an uncertain geopolitical future. Although the direction of our efforts may change I am confident that your can-do attitude and professionalism will ensure a high standard of vigilance will continue.

To all personnel in the system, your continued dedication and outstanding efforts are most appreciated. BRAVO ZULU!



## SHIFT ONE

### THE SHIFT THAT BONKERS BUILT

Good day, today we will cut a swathe through the innuendo and intrigue surrounding Shift One and uncover the facts. In this edition we'll take a closer look at Graham Burgess - a self-proclaimed "Bonkman."

During the past few weeks there have been three sudden and unexpected departures from Shift One. Jon Huneault was the first to depart leaving to join the new Techie shift system. He claimed not to want to leave the shift. However, this reporter has noted the absence of Jon's previously ubiquitous harried and hunted demeanor. Jon has also lost his pallid and waxen look and now has some color in his cheeks. Whilst the shift was getting over the tragic loss of their shift technician, Tom Luptak pulled up stakes and returned to Masset. He claimed to miss his wife and child but this scribe had to wonder. Was there a connection between the man at the helm, one Bonkers Burgess, and the sudden exodus of personnel? All doubts were erased when Fred Cote announced he was going to work for John McCallum. The analogy of rats off a sinking ship came rapidly to mind to all the remaining shift members.

In a desperate bid to gain the affection of his oh-so-few remaining underlings, the "Bonkman" announced there would be a pizza party at the mess to bid a fond adieu to those leaving the shift followed by a sin-fest at the Loyalty Inn. When this reporter, doubling as taxi driver, arrived at the residence of the Bonkman, he found the Bonkman clad only in socks and a robe. Apparently he had a lascivious rendezvous to keep at the

homestead. Apparently he he never forgot his years as a shift catamite in Alert. The remaining members of the shift convened at the Loyalty and sang dirges till dawn.

Following this half-hearted and pathetic attempt to garner the goodwill of his shift, the Bonkman decided to fight back with discipline. His reasoning was "I enjoy being disciplined so hopefully the shift will too." With this in mind, he volunteered four of the remaining members of the shift for a parade. Yet another leadership shot-in-the-dark from the hand of the Bonkman. Much to his surprise, there was no rancor displayed or aspersions cast in his general direction. To his amazement (and sundry other individuals) he had done the right thing? He had little realized that the shift really was gung-ho outfit and enjoyed nothing more than breaking up a long, boring and sunny day off with a little rifle drill. When he followed it up with a mess dinner, the mood on shift was positively euphoric. Realizing he was onto a good thing, he then had the shift break up another day off and go paint a large wooden object at the beach. This caused ecstasy on the shift and many underwent a near-religious experience.

Shift One is now a happy and disciplined shift. With the personal growth that Graham has undergone during the last few weeks, all is sweetness and light. No longer will one see shift transfers and posting request being submitted. No, Shift One is now much too busy discovering the intricacies and joys of working for a true leader of persons.

NEXT ISSUE: We'll go behind the scenes of the tawdry Bermudian television industry with Amanda MacPhail and get the truth behind the on-going allegations of sleaze and corruption. The truth will be told. Join us then . . .

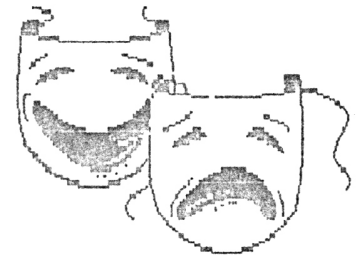
# THIS SPOTS FOR YOU

Next month please help us fill it.

All contribution greatly appreciated.

A special thanks to those who took the time to make this paper what it is today!

## CANINE CAPERS



by Peter Perry

Everybody has a dog named Rover or Spot, but I called my dog Sex. He was a great pal but he caused me extreme embarrassment when I went to renew his license. I told the clerk that I would like a license for Sex. She said that she would like one too. "You don't understand; she's a dog." "I don't care what the person looked like," she replied. Hoping to clear this misunderstanding I told the clerk that I have had Sex since I was nine years old. She just stily winked and told me that I must have been quite a kid.

When I got married and went on my honeymoon; I took my dog with me. I told the man at the motel that I would like a room for my wife and I and a special room for Sex. "As long as you pay the bill we don't care what goes on around here fellah." Hoping to convey my meaning more clearly I told him that Sex keeps me awake at night. He just looked at my wife then back to me and said "tough break buddy."

One day I entered Sex in a Dog show, but before the competition he ran off. Another contestant asked me why I was standing there looking so disappointed? "I was hoping to have Sex in the contest" I muttered morosely. As she was walking away she broke me out of my despair by squawking snidely that I should have sold tickets. Hoping to convince the lady of my dogs talent, I quickly shot back at her "I was going to have Sex on TV." Turning back she replied it was no big deal now that everybody had cable.

When my wife and I separated we went to court for custody of the dog. I said "Your Honor, I had Sex before I was married." The judge replied "This is a courtroom not a confessional son, slick to the facts." So I told him that after I was married Sex had left me. He bowed his head and very compassionately repeated "Me to son, me to!"

Last night Sex ran off again. I spent hours looking for him. A cop asked me what I was doing in the alley at 3 o'clock in the morning? I told him I was looking for Sex. My case comes up in court next week.

I have been seeing a therapist for the past 6 weeks to help me get over the loss of my dog. He told me that I am making steady progress, but until I got sex totally off my mind I would never truly be happy.

Daniel's Headliner is really an unofficial publication. Views expressed are of those of the contributors and probably don't reflect those of the Commanding Officer, the Department of National Defence, or the Editor.

In case of typographical errors, they were put there for a purpose - for those of you who have nothing better to do but find them. The Station, Commanding Officer and the Department of National Defence refuse to accept liability for any of them.

The Editor reserves the right to edit, condense, puree, blend, microwave, or reject any material.

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