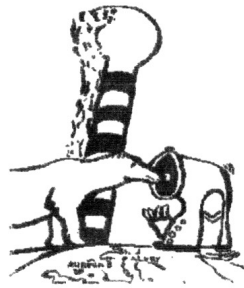


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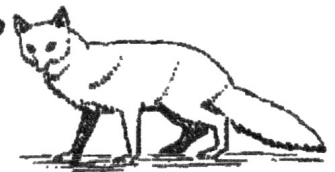
TALK



ELLESMERE ISLAND



CFE'S ALERT



Vol 1, No 3

Alert, NWT located 8230 North Latitude, 6221 West Longitude

February 1994



2TAC

Good day to all you polar prowlers and those of you south of the tree line. It's that time of the month when we must keep you well informed of the daily rituals of 2TAC.

Lets shake the icicles off the brain for a moment and take a minute to give a whole hearted good bye to Kim (Saran Wrap) Verge. We will all miss that smiling face and the table strapped to her back. She set a new world strength test record for saran wrap and a speed record for being strapped to a coffee table in 1.2423 seconds. Not bad for someone that had trouble standing and talking at the same time (note - it was her birthday).

We must not forget the "Spic and Span King and Queen"

Chris and Maria Jenkins. Their unique hostility toward dust particles will be remembered by all, especially when we have to replace the paint that they took off the walls when they were cleaning (there wasn't a safe place for a germ anywhere). They will also be remembered for their mild mannered Nintendo playing. NOT! More like Mr and Mrs Hyde of the video game world.

We have also said our last farewell to Ken (the Stripper) Harding, who gave a new meaning to the phrase "keep your pants on! And lets not forget Serge "Catman" Bouchard, our power plant guy.

We would just like to say goodbye and good luck to all of you that have left us. Our thoughts of you basking in the sunlight while eating at Wendy's or MacDonalds' just about makes us ILL!

With every person that leaves us, we are blessed with a "Newbie". The Newbies of the month are John "The Squirt" Taylor, who was our replacement for Randy

Messurvey (our early outer last month), Neal "Spud/Sprout/Spot/Sputnik" Rushton - Michelles' answer to the GD of her dreams/nightmares. Rob "F.N.G." Carter (got his nickname because he wouldn't tell us what they really call him down south). Eric Arsenaault and Steve O'Shea (both to be named later). Of course, we must not forget John "The Headhunter" Cane and Rick "The Empty Oil Tank" Balcombe. We all would like to welcome you to our home away from home.

Some of the events that have made history in the 2TAC Hall of Fame this month were the Century Club and Alerts first morale dinner of 1994. The Century Club victims were Rob "C.C." McRae, Rob "Gilligan" Gillis, Don "Chucker" Kelly, Nigel "K.O." Colley and 2 associate members that will remain nameless to protect the guilty!

Our morale dinner was a great success and we owe alot of thanks to Maria, Roger, the cooks and all of us that did our part to make it a class act. Also, a special thanks to the

Ops Daystaff for serving us. (We give a pat on the back to all concerned! Good work and thanks again). We also had a Pizza and Nacho night. Actually, we have those on a regular basis when we can get all the fixin's!

In the next few weeks we have a lot of events coming up to look forward to - like the Sunrise Carnival. Just seeing the sun again is a good enough reason for a party. As the spring approaches we can always look to outdoor activities and the spring Boxtop. We'll just have to wait and see what will become of these events.

Well, I guess it's time for 2TAC to say goodbye for now and we hope that you are thinking about us when we're thinking about you (eating a lousy hamburger somewhere southside). Take care and we'll see ya real soon!

Flipper Forster

**NEXT
DEADLINE
16 MAR 94**

FOOD SERVICES

We in food services are proud to be able to contribute to the monthly POLE TALK. So far in its existence the station allowed many branches to talk about their proud accomplishments and share valuable moments with the entire station. The logistics branch is proud to participate in this endeavor in order to inform the public about some of the ongoing changes in the support world. I would like to thank the rest of the section heads for allowing Food Services to speak first.

The topic that I would like to cover deals with the difference between the old and the new way of acquiring food stuffs in order to feed personnel. The old way was called the "RATIONS SYSTEM" and the new way is called "CAFACS", an acronym which stands for Cost Accounting Food Allotment Controls System. This article is not meant to lecture you. It is merely meant to sensitize you to the actual realities of what we in Food Svcs have to do in order to reduce the cost, become more efficient managers and achieve better business practices. CAFACS is not supposed to take effect in Alert for the next foreseeable future. I believe it is a matter of time before it is implemented. Another possibility to reduce cost would be to contract out to a civilian catering company. In my opinion this option isn't the best in terms of "service" or flexibility of service. A caterer's motto is to get the best dollar value using the least costly method of food

production. The morale could suffer greatly for various reasons. Now that I have your attention I will explain those two differences.

The rations system is a means by which we (Food Svcs) are allowed to get one ration credit per man per day. That ration can be utilized as a fraction ie: 1/4 or 1/2 of a ration, depending on if an individual consumes only a part of the 3 daily means. At the end of each month the SOR gives us a report called the R.E.V. (Ration Entitlement Voucher) which confirms the number of ration credits allowed for that month so that we can draw food against it. Once we have that number and depending on the food required, we are entitled to draw as much food as the scale allows. There are 14 commodity groups in the scale to draw from and they range from milks, meats, sugars and so on. In order to feed you we will draw as many rations as necessary out of each group. The main source of the problem with the ration system is that, regardless of what the food costs, we are entitled to draw it as long as there are credits until the end of the fiscal year and then we lose the credits. Therefore, the price was sometimes escalating because kitchen managers had a tendency of acquiring food which was very expensive or stock up to the point where there was no room for more food to be stored.

This is what CAFACS will address. The entitlement of ration credits will still exist but we will be given a money value called a Daily Ration Allowance (DRA), per man per day to buy the food. For example, if for the month of

January there were 2000 people entitled to public rations and the yearly DRA was estimated to be at \$5.25 per day, then the amount of money credited to the kitchen to buy food would be \$10,500.00. There exists other sources of revenue but this is the main one.

For you the diner, it really makes no difference what system is in place as long as you get to eat well and as plentiful as you wish. We understand that but what we have to do in order to run our business properly (which really means like a restaurant business) is that we have to go back to the basics (which means for example putting out a few less salads and pastries on the buffet, offer two choices vs three, etc). We must spend the money as logically and as smartly as we can and make use of all the left-overs in every way possible, within reason. There are actual calculations made to come up with the DRA and they will be decided on a yearly basis by D FOOD S. Also, instead of having a duty Cpl stand at the door to count people, there will be a debit card system implemented to actually only charge a member with meals consumed vs the usual monthly ration charge. The DRA calculation will be based on actual and not forecasted attendance. This simply means that if everyone comes to eat all 3 meals everyday, we will be allowed a larger DRA. We are presently doing a "plate count" at each meal to later adjust to the system.

By the way, if you think that you've got it bad in the CF, ask someone who has been around for a while or if they have served with the UN or

NATO and has experienced eating a meal elsewhere. You will soon understand that we have a far better system than anyone else. As Canadian cooks, we've always been proud to compare our talent with those of other countries and may I say, we have a flawless record.

Like any other tradesmen, we take pride in what we do because we want respect and sometimes appreciation (this sure goes a long way in Alert). With these changing times of fiscal restraints, we certainly hope that the pride will not be affected to the point where we have to resort to the bare minimum to meet your expectation and meet our commitment.

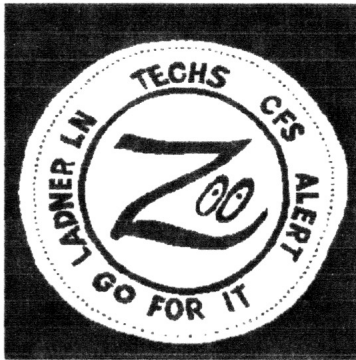
It is quite obvious to me that the food in CFS Alert has to be good and eye appealing. Otherwise, a multitude of tasks could be jeopardized because the quality of the food affected morale. This is always on our mind; even if it is at times taken for granted. It's important that you understand the principles. If you are entitled to public food and we give it away to someone not entitled (ie someone who normally scrounges coffee or other goodies from the same kitchen), I may be depriving you of your entitlement. Once the food is gone we have to buy it to replace it. I am speaking from experience as I have on many occasions heard the controversies and bad feelings surrounding the denial of food to someone who normally was able to get it "buckshee". This is reality and I hope that you won't take it personally if you are one of the ones who gets turned down somewhere down south.

I'm certainly not saying that we are against the CAFACS concept. In fact, it will make us better managers. We will be able to decide with more accuracy what is needed to feed the troops and how we are going to spend those precious dollars.

In the meantime, we are trying our best to ensure you have fond memories of all the functions involving the kitchen, here in Alert.

By the way, we're opened to suggestions if you ever want to see a favorite dish of yours on the menu, we will certainly try to do it if we have the food. CHOW!

J.M.P. Lemire
MWO
FSO



Well folks, here we are again. Our fifty-six days of no scheduled newbies has come to an end and we say good-bye for the first time in 1994 to a departing Zooite.

We, unfortunately, had to say goodbye to Mike Kyte earlier than we had planned on. We all wish him the best of luck in the future and hope everything works out for the better. Newly arrived to replace him is Len Anderson from Leitrim.

First of the scheduled people to leave is Chris Michaud who has been in the air all of

three hours at the time of this writing. Chris' contributions will be missed both in the Zoo and the Teletype Maint Shop. I just hope he remember our final instructions to him...on your back, on the floor! Replacing Chris from the same shop in Ottawa is Derrick Mondry. It's nice of you to wake up and make the trip to join us Derrick! Along with Chris goes civvy bin rat Pat Gilbert. Pat was a resident of H-I but saw the light and joined as a Zoo member to improve the quality of his life. Besides, everyone in H-I had already heard all his stories! Good luck and happy travelling down south Pat.

The flight leaving Feb 17 takes three Zooites south: Tony Spruyt, the TMC who made his mark as the leading cause of false fire alarms in SSM; Paul Cooper, who kept us all supplied with our favorite beverage as manager of the JRC and rescued damsels in distress in his other persona as "Captain Canex"; and thirdly my planey Daniel Landry from HOC, the Fos Extraordinaire without whom the station would have nothing to revolve around. We wish you all a good trip and happy landings back in the land of sunshine and Big Macs. Tony, soon to be planting his weathervane farm down south, is replaced as TMC by Bill Marley from Ottawa. Welcome aboard Bill, we hope to see you around the Zoo real soon. Our bell hasn't been rung for days! (Hours?)

Ann Marie Mugford-Goss, the OAC and the Mother of All Zooites, will be leaving the following week. You contributed much to the Zoo and to your fellow Zooites

Ann Marie. You will be sorely missed by all of us, your friends. Enjoy your reunion with Doug and the kids and tell them Santa won't be calling from the North Pole next year! Ann Marie is being replaced by Cheryl Johnsen from the beautiful town of Comox. We welcome you and hope you come to visit us in the Zoo. Knowing Ann Marie, you won't have a choice.

Next on the plane will be the dynamic duo of Transmitter Tech John Hall and Ops/Tech Bin Rat Tequila Joe Snow from H-I. First, we thank John for doing such a great job as ZSecurO and for his literary contributions to the Friday afternoon proceedings. Being naturally shy and quiet has not been an impediment to John. Just ask him! We'll miss your voice on CHAR, your fine shooters in the JRC and the headcheese and ketchup sandwiches, not to mention the laughs you gave us during initiations at the expense of some poor wannabe. Good luck down south John and many thanks. Tequila Joe, your sense of humor, good nature, and always helpful attitude made you a respected and welcome addition to the Zoo and to the Tech Section. Your "Saturday Specials" will long be a happily recalled memory for many Zooites. We don't like to see you go but your wife will be home from the Golan soon and I suppose you'd like to be there to greet her? All our best wishes go with you, we'll meet again somewhere down the road. Scott Malotte from Millcove will be my new wally for a week as he replaces John, and Jacques Martel from North Bay will attempt to fill Joes shoes.

Finally the day comes, Mar 10, when it's my turn along with planey Styve Bouchard from HOC. Styve joined the Zoo just a few short weeks ago but has already contributed big. "Butches" enthusiasm for his new status in life was reflected in the wonderful eats he put on in the Zoo along with Paul Matte, another new Zooite. Butch has added that extra spark to the Zoo Fridays that helps to keep things fun for all. I'll see you on the Herc Butch. As for me, it's been a good tour up here. I've met a lot of people, made some good friends, sang a little kareoke (usually against my better judgement and other peoples requests), and got my European posting that I wanted. As Zookeeper, I thank all my fellow Zooites for making my time so much fun. It's you who really make the meetings what they are. Keep up the Customs and Traditions, support Alex Meldrum as he takes over as the new Zookeeper, keep the fun in the Zoo and it's activities, and "Go For It"! I wish you all the best for the future, and if you're ever in Maastricht...

I'm being replaced as TCMS by Dawn Goulden from the school in Kingston. Welcome to the Zoo Dawn. I hope you have as much fun and as good a tour as I did.

One lone Zooite leaves on the 17th of March. Pierre Jobin, the only GD to be getting Spec pay, packs his bags for the sunny south. Playing pickle ball and walking the treadmill everyday is rough work we know, but Spec pay!! Next thing you know they'll be sending ex TE Techs up here. We were glad to have you in the Zoo Pierre.

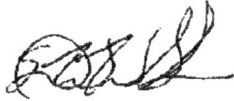
It was good to see you again and we wish you good luck in the future.

Last but not least, rounding out the month of March is Receiver Tech Mark Price and Paul Matte from HOC. Paul, as was mentioned, helped provide us with some great eats. We thank you for your efforts and can only wish you had been with us longer. Enjoy the little time that remains of your tour and have a good trip home. Mark let us know the week he arrived just what kind of Zooite he was going to make... He made one of a mini-skirt and Tiara! Thanks for all the fun you gave us Tonto. You are what a Zooite is all about. It was good to work with you and to party with you as well. Your contributions to morale will long be remembered. Have a safe journey home and all the best down the road. We welcome James Nickerson from Gagetown who moves in to replace Mark.

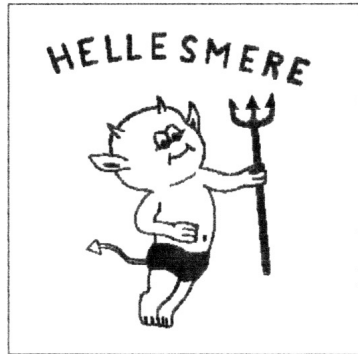
That's it for all the comings and goings for the Zoo for now Boys and Girls. The Sun is coming up and I will be out of her shortly. The Zoo sports teams continue to dominate. The Techs are still tops in their field, and the Zoo is still the best house in Alert to belong to. All is right with the World!

I wish the best of luck and short tours to all of "The Frozen Chosen" in the "Land Beyond The Land Of The People".

Thanks and Goodbye



Dusty
Ex Zookeeper
06 Sep 93 - 10 Mar 94



HELLESMERE

Another month has passed in HelleSMERE and as always some of our members have departed or are in the process of departing. We're using the word in a physical sense as some left a long time ago - mentally. Mary Ann (The Troll) Barber was picked up on inspection for having a copy of her favorite reading material under her bed - this left everyone involved rather embarrassed. The house did plan a special farewell for Mary Anne but unfortunately it had to be cancelled as it would have given too many ideas to the other houses on the station - steal all our ideas why don't you! Instead, we "coffee tabled" her a second time; as she is the original coffee table babe. We also lost our Associate members Gary Fox and Dan (Puff) Beaudoin. Don (Snookie Woggurns) Summers, our only genuine Gulf War Hero, who is an inspiration to us all, is departing in early March. Don has always been there with support and advise for everyone, so we hope that he does get

his wish of going to a field unit.

February marked the arrival of a whole had basket of newbies to paradise. Pete Perry, who helped us win our last two games in curling and how could we not win with his style. He calmly goes for a break and has the other team do his sweeping for him. Willie (Free Willie) McConnell started his tour by winning the social blunder award - falling for the drug testing we arranged for him. Lucinda Lopes, who we left wrapped up and on sale for 79 cents in Canex. Personally, I have to worry about Lucinda. She talks to the stuffed animals in the Canex and claims that they talk back to her. Last but not least is Cheryl Johnsen our newest member.

At the start of the month and after a great deal of debate we painted our common room. Everyone ended up helping out but much of the work was done by our house senior Tom. However, there wouldn't have been as much work to do if this same person hadn't painted on drying plaster thus having to replaster and paint the section all over again. As well, his power sanding after midnight was less then appreciated. Glen and Don became rubberheads one evening (gumbies sure are versatile) and went over to Animal House where they had a great time.

Rick found out that it's still too cold to go sunbathing at the beach as even when protective wrapping he ended up with ice in his shorts. Unfortunately, Mary Anne must have thought he was suffering from heat stroke as she tried to cool him down with her water pistol - it wasn't a pretty picture. Speaking of Cinzano beach, people now feel safer thanks to the presence of Brian "The Lifeguard" Key. We lost the use of our microwave, as not only could it make popcorn but it is believed to have caused the destruction of a certain satellite.

"Bootman and Rubber", Alerts new super heroes, announced during one particularly busy evening; "Holy cow! Look at all them Bells." They immediately proceeded to handle the situation. All the peasants rejoiced at seeing these two in action and helped out as well - all except Sue. She just whined and complained. She didn't even like it when the HOC did the HelleSMERE Stomp. The rest of us just retreated to the bar (to avoid the risk of having our beer contaminated by dust and ceiling tiles) and watched the show...

M.J.

POLE TALK

Pole Talk is the unofficial Service newspaper of CFS Alert, NWT and is published under the authority of the Commanding Officer. Opinions and views expressed do not necessarily reflect those of the Editor, the Commanding Officer or the Department of National Defence. The Editor reserves the right to edit or reject any editorial or advertising material. Correspondence should be addressed to:

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PUPS SLAUGHTERED AT CFS ALERT

This factual account was submitted by an unbiased observer.

The dark shroud of Arctic night enveloped the five green clad figures as the heavy weather-proof door of the HAPS slammed behind them with an ominous frozen - KLUNK.

The five shuffled along the ramp and down the ice encrusted stairway. Shearlings hauled on over scuffed running shoes rattled their discontent as they became rigid almost immediately.

The frigid arctic air penetrated thread bare sweat pants and drew low throaty coughs from the lungs of the smokers in the unsightly crew, each silently promising to quit in the near future.

A quick check for wolves and hoods and parkas are drawn close around bearded faces to fend off the sting of the icy head-on breeze.

As they scuffle on towards the aging gymnasium, the day-pukes make a faint attempt at conversation. "Hey, Roger, where's Craig, didn't you wake him up?" A pair of old blood shot eyes roll towards the darkened hole and the source of the question. A voice came out of a deep drowsiness brought on by another overloaded midnight shift long enough to mutter "Phone call".

Another voice crops out of a different parka asking, "So who's idea was this anyway?". The same blood-shot eyes roll a second time and "the young pups were yapping, so I chatham up" was the response. The remainder of the walk was

done in silence, except for the loud crunching of the frozen snow underfoot.

The remaining flecks of red paint catch the light as the gym door is swung inward. The aged team crammers in, stomping feet, and pulling at hoods to avoid collisions. "Sure hope Lee makes it" a thought mused aloud. "Shud already be here" Dupper pipes in "He left work early to have a nap before the game". "Yeah, that and tape his knee's, John adds extracting small chuckles from the remaining four.

Shed of boots and parkas, the five amble and limp onto the gym floor. Roger looks up, squinting to focus. He spots Lee sitting alone at the far end of the scuffed grey floor; sporting his usual bored expression and pillow-head hair style.

Six gazelle like athletes warming up in the near court chortle; as the five ragged looking "Old Farts" walk by, leaving the familiar minty scent of A535 in their wake. One giggles to a second "What's 16 feet long and smells like urine - a line dance at the SSM". A loud laugh erupts and high fivers are exchanged. The five pass quietly pretending not to hear, silently marking the slender offender for certain humiliation.

The now six aging Alert veterans assemble in a loose circle and attempt to warm-up. Weak stretches reminiscent of a retired banker getting out of bed are performed. All minds slowly focusing on the task

about to be undertaken.

A jeer from the other side of the net is heard. "You guys ready yet, or ya still waiting for the Geritol to kick in?" Another chorus of laughter erupts. "We're just waiting for one more, he should be here shortly." "No sweat," is heard in response; as the younger team continues its olympic style warm-up.

A couple of minutes later Craig appears. He shuffles down the sidelines in his usual knock-kneed fashion; carrying his ever present canvas LL-Bean workout bag. He approaches his waiting companions while checking out the competition. Smiling inwardly he notices they have picked up a girl. "Hey-suse," he thinks "They sure are cocky!" Quickly scanning the rest of the team decides maybe two games but no more.

A couple of more short minutes of warm-up and the Old Guy's against the Young Snots is on. Roger hands out the assignments and the Old Guys prepare to receive.

The lithe young server, plants several well struck serves to the same unprotected area of the Old Guys court. Another serve approaches and a near impossible return is dug out by Mike (Air) Duplesis. Gord (Hands) Estey moves slowly and smoothly under his intended pass and floats a near perfect set high in the air for Lee (Big Thunder) Maier - an oblong white pill is hurtled to impact only inches from the attack line of the younger opponents court.

As Lee settles gently back on the court he smiles at the young beginners and casually remarks "nice set" to Gord. The young opponents, blood draining from their faces, look at each other in disbelief.

And so the onslaught continued. Each time the young players would hurtle their unsuspecting bodies at the net they were turned away by walls of hairy fore-arms and calloused hands.

Time out, regroup, bump-set-spike. "Blocked again!" "How do they do it?" "Oh-oh we gave them a free ball - now we pay again". This time it's Craig (the Roo) Coish in the breach - another off-white projectile is placed squarely down the line. Now it's John (the Slayer) Groves reeking havoc above the net. "Cover that hole!" "Get up there and block!" "Watch my back!" "Sorry, I thought it was out."

The sympathetic score keeper announces, "15-2, Game!." Good game guys, the Older Sportsmen patronize as they shake hands with the sweaty young students. "We'll have to do it again sometime".

Back in parkas and boots, the victors shuffle back to the HAPS. Roger (the wall) Lajoie submits "4 games out of five - I thought we would have had to throw at least two before they would bet us any beer".

The names of the "junior" players have been carefully omitted by design. The victors have no desire to incur further torment or ridicule, and risk possible family break-ups.



ANIMALS

Nothing like bringing in the New Year with a bang! The 1st of January started off at Igloo Gardens with an awesome feast put on by House of Chefs (HOC) and then a dance that lasted til the wee hours of the morning. The Animals were allowed off their leashes to partake in the festivities. Most of them could be found dancing on the tables, drinking copious amounts of fluids (and feeling it the next morning). Of course, we all know there was "No Party" at the Animal House that night.

Only two Animals got away this month: Mike (who Grieve and Chris (by the book) Van Breda. The people here in Frozen Chosen Land envy you Animals and so do the Newbees: Chris (Puppy) McBride and Pierre (Pinnocchio) Lauzon. Another Animal that got away but was recently captured was Jim (Ozzie) Osborn. They found Jim on a Herc, bound due south for some R&R. Oh yes, he will be back, next week.

If you hear this phrase "I feel the urge." Run... It all started off in Hellsmere. Roxanne (Dr. Giggles) Colgan doing her routine house-hopping one night, decided to check out Hellsmere. They were having a social meeting and they made her feel comfortable in their house (for a few minutes

at least). She should have taken Maxi's advise instead of waiting for a second opinion. Maxi warned Roxanne of the phrase "I feel the urge." Roxanne said "Yea, Yea" - thinking nothing of it. Then she looked at the PERI and he said "I have the urge." It was then that she felt millions of eyes upon her. Someone closed one of the doors and Roxanne got very nervous. She darted out the other door and raced for home. Too late! Caught in the nick of time by Paul (Canex) Dugas when she was about to enter her front door. Roxanne screamed at the other Animals for assistance but received none. The music was too loud (chaaaa!). She was dragged back to Hellsmere for a little initiation. Hellsmere plastic wrapped her to their coffee table and carted her off to the beach. By now the Animals could sense that a fellow Animal was in danger, so they took their cameras and posed beside Roxanne as if she was a prize moose that they just shot. About 10 minutes passed and Hellsmere decided they needed their coffee table back, so they cut Roxanne loose. Just in the nick of time because the Animals came back with markers. It would have been the only time they could paint her...

A short-timer, Baxter (S-God-O) Park came up for a visit from Masset. The Animals adopted Baxter with a quick initiation. He strolled into Animal House and sat down between Lisa and Roxanne holding a brown paper bag. Not knowing who he was or what position he holds in the forces, Roxanne turns to him and said "Do you have any munchies in your bag?" She's feeling depressed because all he had was the same Canex

postcards that have been up here since her first tour. About 5 minutes later, Roxanne goes behind the bar to hang with Chris. Still not knowing who Baxter is, she comes out with the most disgusting remark, just loud enough for everyone in the common room to hear. Chris started howling and finally told Roxanne who the unknown man sitting on the couch is. "Baxter is a Padre." Chris and Roxanne run out of the common room into Chris' room and laughed until their sides hurt and they had the feeling of going to the bathroom. Welcome to Animals, Baxter. You have just been initiated. Later, Roxanne was properly introduced to Baxter by Werner (Mr Colt/one-hand Volley ball player) Frei. All she could say was "I thought you were a tech!" Roxanne gets the big "L" this month.

One night, the Animals went out (in a pack of course) for a little jaunt down to the runway. Our quest - to see the CFS Alert sign. Lisa not being awake at this time thought that we were just going to walk the halls of Alert. She said, and I quote "You mean we're going outside!" Chris replied "No, we're going to get a long piece of rope and everyone is going to hang on to it as we walk from one end of the hallway to the other so no one will get lost.

We finally got the walk on its way. Our fist pit-stop was the bay window at building 53 (the SSM). Our belaclavas pulled down over our faces, we crept up to building 53 and Dennis (Numbkey) tapped on the window. Only 2 people were in the common room watching TV. If the bay

window were a foot lower the SSM would have seen at least 9 full moons that night lighting up the cloudless sky.

On with the walk, the Animals made it down to the runway, stood in front of the CFS Alert sign and got their picture taken. Wow, what a quest. The Animals horsed around the runway for a while, then headed for home. We almost made it back without seeing a wolf but someone had to open their mouth. All of a sudden we saw one sitting on the side of the road (the other road that we were not walking on, of course). It looked like a snow pile from a distance, then...it moved. The Animals looked behind them and there were 9 more snow piles moving towards them. The pace picked up to a brisk walk all the way back to the shack.

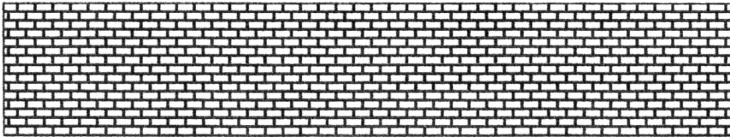
(following written by Lee (Irving) Kolbuck)

It was a normal night in the Animal house (days off). The crowd were swinging and the times were happening. Our local Jim (Ozzie/Nudest) was also swinging. As time passed on well into the morning, their appetites got strong, and so Steve (Hurting/Bluto), Jim and Lee ventured out on a quest for grub. As the hungry Animals were gathering their rations, Steve thought he would demonstrate the fine art of grenade throwing - with a pickled egg. Fortunately, Lee jumped in front of the projectile and saved the innocent grazer from the incoming threat, with his head. So once again, these three Animals carried on with their quest and began to chow down their findings. There we were, three Animals, and three dinners to fed them. Time passed and the grub was

almost gone with the exception of one pickled egg remaining on Steve' dish. Once again, Steve wanted to demonstrate artillery at its finest - this time mortar launching. Within three skillful seconds, he had managed to lock, load, and fire the dreaded egg all over Lee and Jim. With that, the three decided to vacate the area and head back to the den, but first they had to show their true colours by shedding their coats and making a made dash back into hibernation.

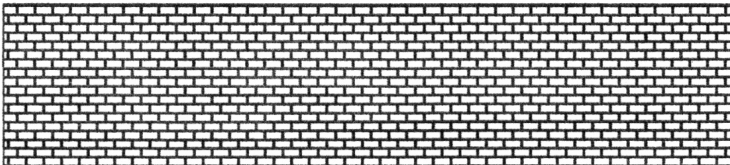
Toga! Toga! Nothing like finishing up the last week in January with a traditional Toga party. A couple of days before, people on the station were talking about this social event like it was the best gossip going. All the Animals got into bedsheets and went uptown (JRC) for Rick (Mr Attitude)'s Hat Night. By one-o'clock, Brian (Charlie Otter) phones the JRC from the Animals common room ordering us (and Animal Wanna-be) back and continue the evening of dancing there. Down goes the beverage because the bus was leaving in 2 minutes. Brian (Hammered) and Rick stood in the doorway and handed out bedsheets to all Animal Wanna-bes without togas. It was a good time by all but too bad they don't remember anything after 3AM.

Dr Giggles



POLE TALK

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EME NATIONAL CELEBRATION WEEKEND REUNION 13-15 MAY 1994 BORDEN ON

The Corps of Royal Canadian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers (RCEME) was formed as a separate engineering corps of the Canadian Army in May 15, 1994. 1994 represents the fiftieth anniversary of this fine Corp. Its members have served in all theatres in World War II, Korea, Persian Gulf, throughout Canada, in NATO and on most United Nations peacekeeping missions. The National Celebration Weekend is the major event of the 50th Anniversary and it will be conducted at the Canadian Forces School of Electrical and Mechanical Engineering (CFSEME) Borden On running from 13 to 15 May 1994. The weekend celebration will bring EME people from across the country and will feature the unveiling of the RCEME Monument. The Electrical and Mechanical Engineering (EME) Corp has a strong, proud history which we are honoured to celebrate and all past and serving members are encouraged to attend this weekend celebration, the likes of which will not come to pass for another 50 years.

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