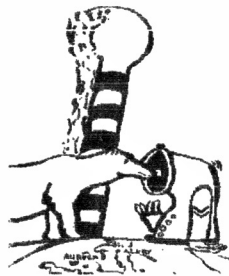


POLE



TALK



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ELLSMERE ISLAND

ALERT



Vol 1, No 2

Alert, NWT located 8230 North Latitude, 6221 West Longitude

January 1994

CROATIA

THE FORGOTTEN MISSION

by Col Ken Hague, Special to CFINS

In this article, I will provide some of my impression of life in Croatia for Canadian peacekeepers.

As you read this article, it must be remembered that, until 1991, Croatia was situated in a Communist country. Since it declared its independence in June 1991, the government and people have been wrestling with the concept of democracy. But the attitudes and practices of 50 years are difficult to abandon.

Perhaps the greatest limitation we witness daily in the technology gap between East and West. It is evident in their cars, appliances, and level of computerization. Their daily life differs as well: much of the traffic is tractor or horse drawn "buggies"; much of the physical labour is done by women, especially farming; grass is cut by scythes; people commute on foot...

In the midst of this, members of the Canadian battalion (CANBAT 1) have learned to make themselves at home. They have become particularly adept at taking fairly primitive facilities and turning them into comfortable and practical living quarters. An excellent example is the Pakrac Hotel in Pakrac, which houses 2 PPCLI's "A" Company headquarters and one platoon.

Following the war, it was a boomed-out structure with no roof. Using the talents of a Militia corporal who is a carpenter by trade, a new roof was installed and the interior repaired, thus providing the company with a centrally located headquarters.

Many platoons are living in destroyed, abandoned houses repaired by the soldiers to make them habitable. You would be proud of the Canadian ingenuity, initiative, and determination evident in the restorations done by various platoon.

CONT PAGE 2 - CROATIA

ANIMALS NEWS

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, Everybody!!

What's Up? Dr. Giggles and B Break O here again telling you what been happening in the world of the Animals. Over half the pack has left the den this month heading south because, hey, you just can't get any more north than this place.

GONZO ANIMALS:

- Meg (Steak) Bigras
- Donald (Crash) McGrath
- Phil (Boyscout) De Guise
- Bob (Jus' Do Me) Leroux
- Chris (Psycho) Taran
- Denis (Babbles) Valleries
- Pat (Playboy) Chaisson
- Carolyn (Muppet.Sneazy) Maheux

Norman Newanimals:

- Steve (Hurting) Watters
- Guy (Prez) Bruneau
- Dean (Diet Coke-a-holic) Sackett
- Scott Crouse
- Sheryl (Honker) True (2 days, isn't that some kind of record!!)
- Roger Himbeault
- Lee (Irving) Kolbuc



Lisa (Planters) King

Gonzo Animals, you will be missed by all. To all the Norman Newanimals, Bonjour!

This month, the Animals decided to do something out of the ordinary. We had a drive-in fund raiser for the Ronald McDonald House. Our head fund raiser was Bob. Bob put in many hours of prep time just so it could be postponed for 2 days because of a Condition 1 Snowstorm. Well, we finally had the drive-in and everybody enjoyed the movies - "Cliffhanger" and "Free Willy." It was a cold clear night out; like, as if the sun was shining. Everybody was bundled up in arctic gear, sitting in "Taxi One", go-trackers or dump trucks with either a walkman on, or a getto see page 2 -ANIMALS

...CROATIA

they create a home away from home that makes the difficult job of peacekeeping bearable. When offered the option of newer and cleaner prefabricated UN dwellings, the answer is unanimously no. In some cases, however, due to local circumstances, the troops have no option but to live in UN prefabs.

Most platoons have a military cook and several locals who assist in food preparation and cleaning. In most cases, these people are paid by CANBAT 1, but often the soldiers chip in to hire their own helpers or to augment the salaries of those hired by the battalion.

Each platoon has a TV, a VCR, and access to some 400 movies. Plus, there is a weight room and a variety of sports equipment. Although they have some free time, the troops generally work seven days a week. During their six-month tour, they receive one 6-0-hour pass and a two-week vacation.

The Sector headquarters staff live in Daruvar in the Termal Hotel. This fairly new, state-owned facility is built over a hot springs and has a year-round, heated, indoor-outdoor swimming pool. The hotel is surrounded by a large park adorned with a 1.5 km promenade, a duck pond, a soccer pitch, two tennis courts, several ping pong tables, and a playground.

The locals use the facilities extensively, including the hotel bar and restaurant. UN personnel eat in a separate dining area, shared with Croats who have disabling war injuries. They live on the hotel's first two floors; we live on the third and fourth floors.

This blend of peacekeepers and war victims creates some rather interesting scenarios... The food is tasty but extremely greasy -- my cholesterol is thriving! The menu is always the same but with varied ingredients: chicken, pork, or beef. Since the UN arrived last March, the hotel has made some compromises: french fries are now standard fare, there's ice cream for dessert, and you can get a sandwich for lunch (albeit always ham and cheese).

To give you an example of how basic the service is, one dessert is advertised as "Banana." So you think, "a banana cut up and covered with cream and berries." No! The waiter brings you a plate with a banana on it...

We recently formed a messing committee, which has met the hotel staff on several occasions. As a result, some progress has been made to adapt the cooking methods and food preparation to standards more compatible with the UN members.

It seems the hotel is still operating under Communist philosophy. For example, the concept of "quality" and "customer service" is still quite foreign to the management staff. But again, we are beginning to witness some changes in their attitudes due to our persistent request and the work of our newly formed committee.

We have set up a TV room for UN personnel in the hotel, with a satellite dish. But with six different nationalities vying for programs, the only compromise we could agree on was the evening news at 1900.

Socially we don't do very much. However, we do have our traditional "Night on the Town in Daruvar," which we do each Saturday. We start with a pizza at "Twins" -- topped with tomato sauce, cheese, and about four mushrooms. We also have beer from the local brewery, called "pivo."

Then it's on to the local movie theatre. Popcorn and dice cream must be bought from a street vendor, while pivo is available at the theatre. A bell rings at 1850 sharp, the doors open, and everyone takes their seats. At precisely 1900 the show starts.

The movies are in English with Croatian subtitles. Give the low quality of most of the movies, we often watch the subtitles, which are frequently upside down, shown only for a nano-second, and unreadable or incorrect.

The beauty of this "Night on the town in Daruvar" is the cost: about \$4.20 (pizza \$2.60, pivo \$.70, and tie movie \$.90).

Besides going to the movies, there's not too much happening in downtown Daruvar. As a result, the Canadians tend to work long days and most weekends. We exercise daily and spend lots of time reading.

I approached the mayor of Daruvar concerning volunteer work to fix and maintain recreational facilities for children. Although we took on two projects for the town, neither the mayor nor his staff appeared terribly enthusiastic about the idea. On the other hand, 2 PPCLI has performed several projects in smaller villages, including constructing a jungle gym in Okucani.

Our area of responsibility remains relatively calm and receives very little press coverage compared to Bosnia. We hope it remains that way. Our fervent desire is a peaceful solution to the issues which divide the two parties.

Although current indications are not pointing in that direction, we must continue to believe that common sense will prevail. Peaceful negotiation and compromise will hopefully be favoured over armed conflict.

(The writer, Col Hague, completed his tour in Croatia last summer and is now deputy commander of the Combat Training Centre at CFB Galetown. He wrote this in mid-summer.)

ANIMALS...

blaster near by. What a site, but hey, it worked. Poor Pat froze his butt off because somebody had to operate the projector, didn't they?

Meanwhile, in the main linkway of CFS Alert, we had the first McDonalds restaurant ever. Big Macs, 1/4 pounders with cheese, hamburgers, fries, onion rings, pop, and of course popcorn going for \$1 each. Werner (Mr Colt) Frei and Brian (Hammered) Power were in the kitchen cooking up a storm while Dennis (DJ) Labiberte, Rick (Mr Attitude) Lalonde, Meg (Steak) Bigras and Roxanne (Dr Giggles) Colgan took all the orders. It seems that in every McDonalds restaurant there must be an employee of the month. Guess who won that - Miss Congeniality herself, Dr Giggles!

There was a Medieval Dinner
see page 3 - ANIMALS

ANIMALS...

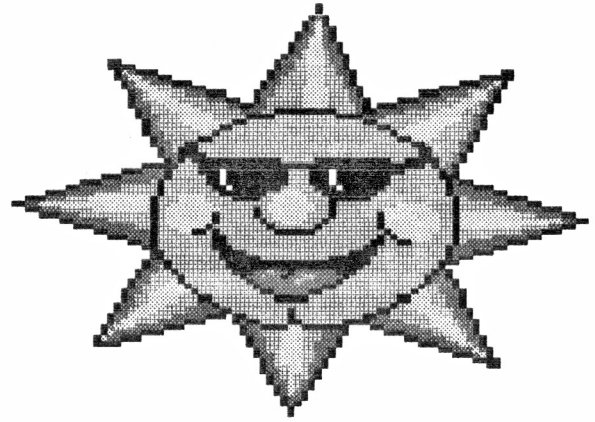
Friday 10 Dec, but of course the Animals couldn't attend. We had other commitments - like defending Alert from wolf attacks. During one of the wolf patrols, Chris and Roxanne decided to take some food over to the Cat House for Jim (Picasso) Osborne. He's light and Power 1. Anyways, the mission went well for the most part. It was in the common room that things "broke loose." Roxanne decided to check the mace. Being the super soldier we all know her to be (I lost it!) she hadn't noticed that the pin had fallen out. She ended up spraying the door in the common room, barely missing Chris by about six inches (we've heard that before, hey girls!). Roxanne could not believe what had happened, so she put her face right up next to the door. Holy, did she ever get a good whiff of the mace. The two of them were forced to evacuate the building. Chris or shall I call him "Blade" told the DSS, Chris (by the book) Van Breda, about the incident. As time passed, the mace started to really stink. To make a long story short, I had to clean the mace off the door. Now it smells like lemons and you can bet that bad old door won't attack anybody every again (hee hee).

Of course we all know one good blade deserves another and if one has patience opportunities tend to arise, or fall asleep as the case may be. Chris fell asleep in the TV lounge (as if it was his first time sleeping there). I, being the good Animals that I am, could not pass up the chance to prove, once again, to Chris, that this practice will not be tolerated. But this time I did something different. After I completed a masterpiece on his face, arms, and feet, I painted

his toenails a pretty shade of pink. He was not sure who did it, so I told him it was someone from the Zoo (sorry guys). He didn't believe anyone but I think it brings out the woman in Chris.

It was a fine evening on the 25th of Dec, after the Christmas dinner, a pack of Animals belled up to the bar in Animal House to have a few socialiables. Around 2140 local time, Sheryl had a morale phone call. So she is talking away (blah blah blah) because that's what women do best, when all of a sudden, "Honk". Well, the rest is best left to the imagination but rest assured - it was not a pretty sight.

Sandi (B Break O) is really a FOS2 wanna-be instead of a 291er. Looking "TRES CHIC" in her combats and white wedge on the 30th of November, she was able to fit in just fine. Sandi began the day as all good FOS's do, by polishing off a half a pack of Players on the beach. After her "break" (she's the B Break O for more than one reason) she helped Paul in the storeroom for only about 10 min then she could be found, you guessed it, on the beach smoking the other half pack of cigarettes, and working on her tan. Half way through her so called working day, Sandi was getting hot flashes, and cold flashes, so she decided to show us her wardrobe. Well Sandi, from one Animal to another, it must be "menopause", because the temperature in the kitchen doesn't fluctuate that much. By supper Sandi had a new nickname - Barbie - (John Hall was her workie - Ken -, get it, Ken and Barbie). Well, Barbie proved to everyone that she is not fit for being a FOS2. She had a hard time trying to chew bubble gum and keep up with



SUNRISE CARNIVAL

IT'S JUST AROUND THE CORNER!

the dishes at the same time. The problem wasn't the gum because even when she ditched the gum, it didn't help. The dishes kept piling up and Barbie started to panic. She yelled for help and the only advise come from WO Fox. What was that advise you might ask, "Sandi, turn the dishwasher off and the dishes will stop!". Hey, how was she supposed to know. Poor B Break O, she just couldn't get anything right that day, Oops, I'm wrong, she proved to be a heck of a napkin stuffer...

Dr Giggles & B Brake O



cool one.

Having had to work Mids on christmas, we had the pleasure of being served our Christmas dinner by candlelight by the Ops O, Ops C, and of course our bosses. Well, let me tell you that they all did a great job and they won't have to worry about getting a job after they retire. We opened our presents that we had locked up under the tree, to keep certain people from opening them early (isn't that right Rob, Kim and Maria)! We had a gift exchange amongst ourselves and some were really well thought up.

The New Year always gives a renewed hope that your body is

going to forgive you for what you did to it at the New Years Eve party. What a party it was too! We started with the dinner and dance, then at midnight we stood looking out into the darkness at a brilliant display of fireworks. I bet the Fuzzo didn't have to scare the wolves out of camp that night. I thought it was a great party, until we had to get up for work the next morning. I always make a New Years resolution and this year wasn't any different. I vowed not to make any more resolutions!

Since our last edition of Pole Talk we have lost a few and gained a few, and I'm not just talking about poundage either. ON the out going side of the house, we say Guy "the Bouncer" Beaubien, Lyle "The Grouch" Wegner, and the former Pole Talk writer for our shift Anton "Wire Brush Chin" Franc. We lost Randy "Don't Mess my Hair" Messervey a week before his scheduled out date due to wisdom teeth problems. We all hope that he is doing well slurping creamed

potatoes through a straw!

With these people leaving it's always nice to see new faces around the shacks. We wish to welcome Nigel Colley and Marc Dallaire (our resident tourist) into the halls of 2TAC. We would have done the same for Lyle's replacement, but he never got on the plane in Trenton to come up. He must be in the twilight zone somewhere.

2TAC is doing very well in the sports field up here, and computer sports don't count either. At the present we have only lost one volleyball game. The other intersection sports are just starting up again after a short delay for Christmas. We hope to continue the good work in the New Year.

Well, it's time for me to say adios, and remember that an apple a day might keep the doctor away...but bran flakes are quicker!

Bye Bye from 2TAC

Flipper Forster



THE ZOO

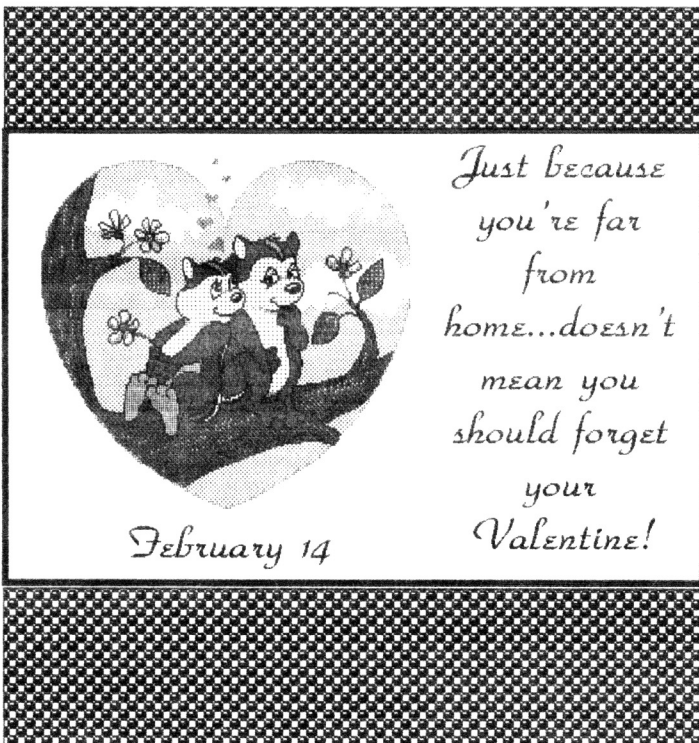
Well, now we're in our long stretch, fifty-six days of now new arrivals or departures among the inmates. However, we are pleased to welcome back Alex (I'm Sleeping In your Bed Tonight) Meldrum. Alex returns to us after three weeks Christmas leave to finish the last six months of a nine month tour. At least this time you know how long you're "supposed" to be here for. We'd like to thank Alex for bringing with him the thirty Big Macs and the supply of KFC. It was much appreciated. Alex takes over as computer tech from Jim Putters.

Over the next month we will be attempting to add nine new initiates to our hallowed roster of members. You will be joining some great company. Everyone from Tequila Joe to the OpsO, Terry (No Way---cool) Capener, Tony (Damn I've Set the Fire Alarm Off Again) Spruyt, John (Head Cheese and Ketchup) Hall, Ann Marie (Whose That Stranger Sleeping On Our Couch) Mugford-Goss, Don (Where'd This Money Come From) Bennet, and all the rest of the Zooites welcomes our new additions to the best house in Alert. Our family of over 850 technicians, cooks, 291ers, mechanics, clerks, tel-ops, bin rats, people of the officer persuasion and other can be

found from coast to coast and around the world. You can always find a Zooite no matter where you go. We'll be looking forward to seeing you Fridays at 3pm.

For those of you who have just arrived in Alert you will find time passes here very quickly. You will also find that you will make many good friends here. With that in mind we'd like to share a poem with you that was written by a former TMS and a former Smokey, Charlie Chaput and John Gardiner. It's entitled: "As Time Passed By" (see next page).

I just thought I'd mention, for you people who don't know who the residents of the Zoo are, where we fit into the "Master Plan" in Alert. We're the folks who fix the computers, teletype, telephones, FM radios, TVs, VCRs, transmitters and receivers, antennas, and other kinds of specialized equipment. We keep CHAR and ACTV on the air and we keep the JRC supplied with your favorite refreshments. We make sure you can tape your favorite CDs and copy your favorite movies, and we keep the DJ in business with sound equipment. We provide and support many of the functions and activities of the station by providing the technical knowledge and equipment to get the job done. We enable you to call home on a regular basis, and perhaps most important to many of you, we enable the Herc pilots to talk to the ground controllers and we make it possible for the plane to find the station so it may land to take you home. We're a busy crew who stay on call 24 hours a day for our entire tour. When you add to this the other members of the Zoo from the various trades you lean that there is nothing



the Zoo can't do! "Go For It."

Well kiddies that's it for this month. There will be more to come next month when we start to say goodbye to our departing Zooites. Chow for now.

*Dusty
Zookeeper*

CHILDREN OF THE TUNNELS

(Parts re-printed from
MACLEANS's Nov 8, 1993)

It is a terrifying experience to follow Dan into the hole he considers home. The door is a manhole cover, he squeezes through and descends on iron rungs into a dark, and dirty space. Huge, warm hissing pipes run along one wall. Rats scuttle underneath and the smell of urine and excrement permeate the air. Other boys glance up at us as we enter. Saying nothing, looking with dead eyes, expressionless. They consider themselves lucky to have a warm place, on this cold nigh in bucharest.

Romania has become a nation of stranded, desperate, homeless children. they have no-one, because no-one cares. Problems are rampant with drugs, sniffing glue and prostitution. Young girls prostitute to get enough money for their pimps to buy glue. Pregnancy amongst the young homeless girls is rampant. The former communists are gaining in power once again and Ceausescu's policy's of pregnancy and no contraceptives still hold sway.

The Romanian governments attitude is one of distancing

As Time Passed By

*I came to Alert by light of day
My God, I though, 183 days.
The hours were long walking alone
My god Alert, It's hard being away from home.*

*Time passes and friends become known
We meet at the beach our second home
Passing the hours dreaming of going home
My God Alert it's hard being away from home.*

*Months have passed and feeling grow strong
As bonds are created and a family is born,
Now comes the feeling that I belong
My God Alert this is my home.*

*Hump day has passed and snow has fallen
Light rays are gone and darkness is calling
The wolves are howling as shadows take hold
My God Alert I'm feeling so low.*

*Time has come, the family is broken
As one by one they leave the Frozen Chosen.
Their Herc has come their engines roaring
Mixed feelings are felt laughter and tears flowing
God Alert will I ever be going?*

*The final days are long, my turn is coming,
I lie awake at night tossing and turning.
I sit on the beach watching strangers befriended
My God Alert my six months has ended.*

*The day has come, my turn at least,
I remember the feelings I felt from times past.
As I board the plane one last look back,
My God Alert you are not part of my past.
Hooray hooray going home at last.*

*by Charlie Chaput
John Gardiner*

itself from the Children of the Tunnels. They either pretend the problem does not exist, or that it is one of the "bad things": of changing from communism to capitalism.

The children are dying. Slowly and with each passing day they are passing from the sight of authorities and entering a Draconian world of dog eat dog. The elders of this new tribe are the strong and the older boys. Girls have no place other than as an income source for the pimps. The sale of drugs is controlled by the teenagers and extortion of the young is common place. Glue sniffing is the preferred choice, cheap and easy to get it gives a high that transports the user to a different place, away from the miserable existence that they have. Glue is smeared on the inside of a bag and placed over the opening of the mouth. Some of the youngest children have burns on their faces from repeated usage.

Fortunately for the very very lucky there is one place to turn. CARITAS, a Catholic run charity, has group homes around the city. They try to give the children safe hostels to spend either the day, night or their life if they so choose. Run strictly by volunteers from around the world, these centres are the only hope in a

desperate city.

They at least offer the vestige of sanity.

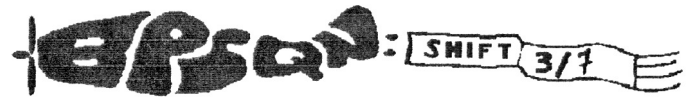
The CARITAS group tries not to preach but to lead. They offer education, a warm meal, sanctity and eventually a way out.

CARITAS has set up a group farm in Aricesti village, 65 km north of Bucharest. There, 25 kids are learning skills that we all take for granted. Cooking, cleaning, washing, woodworking - they are building their own group home on land that once belonged to the Communist party.

CARITAS reaches out with a light that must shine for all the world to see. This is the only hope that children have in this savage and strange land. We look on their faces and see the reflection of our own children there. What would happen to us, to them, if our society was turned upside down. Hopefully CARITAS would be there to lead the way.

If you would like to help you can contact them via:

Michael Morby
Gara de Nord Station,
Bucharest
Romania



On behalf of the BPSqn I would like to wish everyone a belated Seasons Greetings, Meilleurs Voeux, Felices Fiestas, Pozdravlayu! So Christmas he come and Christmas he go. New Years too Manh. What next!? Sunrise Carnival...

December was an extremely bush month for us here at the BPSqn. During this most festive time of the year we were busily planning and making preparations for our shift Christmas and New Years parties. We did the BBQ thing for both parties but the New Years Party had the added dimension of being a champagne breakfast.

The Phreepers New Year Bash went off with only a few hitches. We celebrated the great day on the 3rd (off mids) and had our New Years count down at 1000AM. From there things only got better. We stayed around and had a few more festive liquids, then at 1300hrs we decided to do the Polar Bear Role, while the rest of the station wore shorts and shirts the Phreeps found it only right to follow the example of the executive and go in underwear!!! Once again the Phreeps stood out in the crowd. Then our resident para-medic Phreep Jethro (R.J. Walsh) went into action first bringing our very own Prez to Mini and Maxi with a bashed up knee from the Polar Bear Roll and then later in the day bringing Phreep Geekster (Guy Fournier) to the MIR with a broken foot. Hey Maxi, the Phreeps took a vote and think that R.J. should get one of the nice E.M.T. Hats! Well, even with all the A.R.A.'s the New Years bash was a great success.

Before I continue I think it would be fitting to extend some thanks and praise to some individuals for their special efforts to make the parties a real big success. First, to Joanna Wiggins who cooked and prepared most of the food for both parties. To Bill Claudia Tenwolde for all their help with the Christmas party, to Sene and RJ for the organization and clean up of the New Years Party, to Boss Phreep (Graham Burgess), to Glen, and anyone else who helped out in some other way, shape, or form (kind of reminds me of movie credits).

In addition to our own socials, we visited the SSM, and attended the various events put on by the station. However, but to operational commitments (in other words work) we were unable to fully participate in the Christmas Day celebrations. Shift one was so kind as to work an extra hour and then some, to enable us to get thoroughly fed up (pigged right out) at the Christmas day dinner. Thanks Shift One! Also, thank you to all the station personnel who made the Christmas Day Dinner come together the way it did. It was much appreciated.

Well with Christmas gone and New Years fast approaching you would think all of us Phreeps would be looking forward to the gigantic buffet with the smartly bedecked and deliciously adorned tables (the food was good too), and meeting and greeting in the New Year at the station bash. But Noooooo! while the rest of the

POLE TALK

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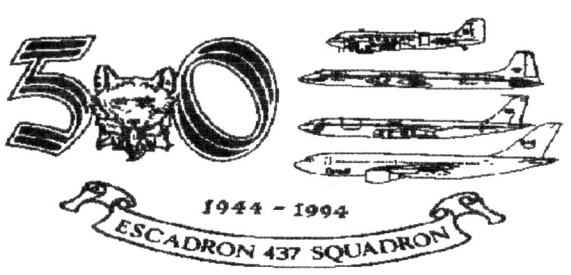
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K0K 3S0
Editor & Publisher - MCpl Ian Burden

station partied and celebrated and excitedly and drunkenly (hiccup) anticipated the arrival of baby new year - we worked again. All of us except one loyal Phreep Amos (Dwyane Chrona) who won the dubious honour and distinction to represent BPSqn at the Gala affair. I might add he did so in a very staggering manner.

The New Year arrived at work probably in much the same fashion as anywhere else. Exactly one second after midnight. A toast was made, salutations and hugs and kisses were exchanged, then a few of us moseyed off to the Ops O's office to witness the bedazzle of the fireworks display. As the arctic sky was illuminated and filled with the various colours of red, yellow, gold, and green the from filled with the sounds of ooooh, aaaah, oh look at that one, oohh, that's a nice one, ohhhh yeah! as quick as it started it ended. We went back to work.


So what else is new at Phreepers Hall? Amid the hustle and bustle of the Christmas and New Years rush we managed to elect a new executive. Saying good bye to old, loyal and dedicated Phreeps of the executive Joanna Wiggins Ex Prez, Julian Blais ex V-Prez, and Guy Fournier Ex Prez, and hailing Phreeps Alberto (sly Senechal) as our new Prez, Phreep Jethro (RJ Walsh) new V-Prez, and Phreep Amos (Dwyane Chrona) new Padre. Prior to their election to office these guys were known as the three musketeers in the Phreepers Hall of Infamy. Before they they worked as models for Fruit of the Loom underwear.

Lastly, we bid farewell to Joanna Wiggins. She will be missed by so many of us here (boo hoo) and we welcome our newest member of the shift and arctic paradise Joanna Gould (hey Joanna watch out for the bell).



437 (T) HUSKY SQUADRON
50TH ANNIVERSARY
 May 27 to May 29, 1994
 Trenton, Ontario

All former and currently serving members are invited. The programme for the weekend will include a meet and greet, a golf tournament, a CC-150 Airbus tour, a banquet and much more! Contact Major Francois Fortin at (613) 965-2172 or write to CO 437 (T) Sqn, CFB Trenton, Astra, Ont., K0K 1B0 Attn: 50TH Anniversary Committee



Since 1949, at the rate of 1,500 each summer, well over 135,000 Canadian and 2,000 American teenagers have attended the Vernon Army Cadet Camp in Vernon, British Columbia. The training they received has made them pretty good Canadian and American citizens.

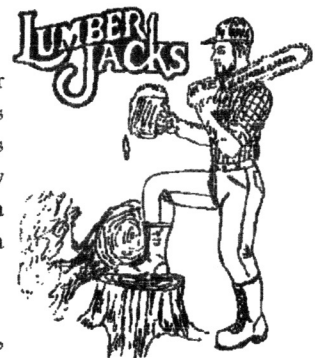
These boys and girls came from, and still do come from ever small village, town and city in Canada and Washington State. They're so spread out, we don't know where they are... and now, many of them are in twenties, thirties, forties and fifties.

The first-ever reunion of the Vernon Army Cadet Camp will be held 22 - 24 Jul 1994 at Vernon, BC. Originally, the reunion was planned for the year 1999 (50th) but unfortunately, the powers that be are planning on closing the camp down after the summer of 1994. We're going to try to keep it open, but it's rough going

The Vernon Reunion Hot-line is (604) 268-9977, or you can write to: Vernon Army Cadet Camp Reunion, PO Box 88560, 101-13753 72nd Ave, Surrey, BC, V3W 0X1
 With your help this could be one of the largest reunions ever. Come and join us if you can!

LUMBERJACKS

Tis the season when the year comes to an end and Christmas is just around the corner. This month was a busy one as we saw the departure of old friends, a reunion of old ones plus a beginning - with some new faces.



To start from the last issue, departing us from this lovely haven to a place where the sun does rise every day - we say goodbye, farewell and adieu to:

Dan (COUT) Couture
 Debbie (any Coke left) Croft

All the best to you down south and we'll meet again, NOT!

They've left us but we have been graciously blessed with some new blood. Replacing them are:

Ron (LUMPY!) Raymond
 Kari (I am too a Lumberjack) Jackson

A hardy welcome to the Lumberjack shift. Bringing us up to December, we have what probably will be the

biggest turn over this year. The shift will get a complete face lift. I guess it needed one. For those departing souls who are lucky enough to be making it home for Christmas - have a good one. They are:

Yves (Y-VEZ) Lagace
Shelly (chair dance extraordinary) White
Mati (mad-hatter) Manolagos
Serge (Dooh! Gee!) Kisnik
George (I won! I won!) Forsythe
Lorne (CR and Coke please) Milburn
and finally not to be left out
Roger (wha! wha! wha!) Hay

Replacing those fine people, are some willing victims here in Alert just in time for Christmas. Yeah! I wanna be here, NOT! are:

John (an early up, yeah!) Grove
Rhonda (huh!) Henderson
Mike (I'm not Space, anymore) Leblanc
Eric (Al Tool-Man) Filion
Tim Devitt
Mike (BA) Brown
Claude (French Connection) Groulx

To all new arrivals on the shift - Welcome one and all.

Now onto the curling bonspiel which - there was absolutely no doubt - the lumberjacks were victorious! It came down to the finals when the Mannor trying to avoid being swept off the ice concocted a condition 1 storm. Luckily, for us, there was a break in the weather so, with no further adieu, they had to play, loosing miserably I might add. Way to go LUMBERJACKS! Here's one to the worlds most nothernly champions.

As the month moves on so did we - to a hardy shift Christmas party held in bldg 25. There was lots of drinks and lots of food, well, if you wanted to call it food after Jim (the Boss Man) and Phil (wadda ya mean) attempted to charcoal broil the chicken and hamburgers. You almost needed a hammer and chisel to break the skin on the chicken. But none the less, it all tasted good if you didn't mind eating coal. What else would you expect with a bunch of partying drunks though. Later that night of fun and frolic there was the usual friendly game of euchre while the bar flies buzzed around the bar making sure that their glasses were not empty. The SWO, an ol'Lumberjack, graced us with his presence. Of course, everyone was glad to see him. How could any of us get in trouble not - HA! HA!

The euchre tourney, which seemed to last forever, was finally won by Gray and Claude. Now there's a team match up if I'd ever seen one. Well, the night went on but this lonely soul didn't. Yes, I had to call it a night. I'm just relieved that I was able to make it back to my room across the road. I hear the party returned too and as per norm, the booze stock was emptied once more. What a shift, ya got to love them, NOT!

Well that was only the beginning of the Christmas spirit (spirits). As a Lumberjac, t'was the season for fun and cheer, if you know

what I mean...

Anyway, I guess I'll close for now. To you all - a very Merry Christma sand a Happy New Year too... from the Lumberjacks.

Well, we are now into the new year of '94 with this edition bringing us completely up to date - we hope! Just to let you all know - the Lumberjacks were again victorious, this time in the christmas decorating contest - was there any doubts - not at all. I think the clincher was when we were all dressed in our PJ's and housecoats for the occasion. The winnings of \$100.00 was much appreciated. Anyway, bringing in the mont of Jan we only had one departure. Leaving us was:

Rob (Lou/Rob) Valenti

His replacement, who I am sure is glad to be here is, the one and only:

Chuck (aka Clyde) Porter

Welcome to the Lumberjack shift. Hope you enjoy your tour of stay.

Lumberjack Mike

HELLESMERE



HELLESMERE

The New Year finds our house quieting down with the peasants rejoicing far less. We have already had to say good-bye to Roy Coolen, Cathy (Love is in the Air) Boyd and Paul Dugas. Paul left before the house could properly award him for the lack of judgement shown in attempting a Trollcarry. A Trollcarry, for those who are uniformed, is much like a fireman's carry but while walking you expose the whites of your cheeks and then drop the person you're carrying while trying to correct the situation. We will also be losing Ian Mathieson and Mary Anne (The Troll) Barber; which leaves us with the question of, with the Troll gone who will be there for Maxi when he gets those urges of his?

Of course one persons departure means another arrival. Natalie Gaudreault the new TFC Tech, who showed everyone that she would fit right in. On her first day we got to her to acquire a bathrobe from the showers (just don't slam the door next time). Brian Key is the new Mr Canex. Also, Sue Savoy, who learned two important things during her first week - to avoid coffee tables and second - there is no duty clerk in the Orderly room on weekends! I'm given to understand that you've already had this pointed out to you by the SWO.

Our favorite weekend house activity is coffee table babing, this being our contribution to Alert's unique environment. Anyway, we would like to thank Roxanne, Erika and Dan for being such

good sports. Tom James started off as our new house senior by winning the first social blunder of '94 - failing to show the house at its best. One Friday sports afternoon he brought the SWO over while members were resting from sheer exhaustion between intense sport events! But did he mention this to the SWO? NOOOO... Thus, he made us look bad. Winner number two was Don Summers who proved to us why he should not be our house photographer. Maybe he should apply for the Station photographer position so that everyone else can appreciate his talent.

Our new Bar Manager is Rick Stoyles. Rick stayed sober all month on the account of a bet - congrats Icky! However, let it be known that the start was not so smooth as on the first day he nearly choked to death on a glass of water.

Anyway, that's a wrap for this month from Hellesmere.

Martin J

Calling all Meteorological Officers and Technicians

who served with Canada's NATO forces in Europe over the past 40 years. A reunion is planned for 8 Wing/CFB Trenton 22 - 24 Apr 1994. For further information, please contact:

Organizing Committee,
c/o Canadian Forces Forecast Centre,
8 wing, CFB Trenton,
Astra, Ont,
KOK 1B0.

Phone: [613] 965-2760;

Fax: [613] 965-3359



NEWS FOR THE CANADIAN FARCES



LITTLEDOWN (Eng.): Press reports reported today, that press reports issued by reporters issuing press reports reported in the press, that these reports reported upon the report of reporters. Reputations reported to be reputed as reprehensible were in fact in disreput.

Ottawa (Can): Prime minister elect Pierre Jackson, leader of the "Now We Done It" party, announced today that the Armed Forces of Canada would participate in the annual - "Lets Walk Like Silly Ducks" Parade held in LowerUpHampton, England. Spokesman for the parade Ken Whapingtondownssmith was delighted at the unexpected Canadian participation. "Deeeelighted, absolutely old boy - woonderfu, go gwa no prad wifou dem. Wonfu com all the wa. Wucha kno rain delay likely but on we ge." Prime Minister Jackson supposed that we were welcome and instantly did an about upstep with a two move down thrust leg lift - applause was widespread and the PM should be out of the hospital next week.

Washington (USA): The republican deputy today announced that welfare cuts would take place on the following Saturday. Recipients will now not be eligible for any previous benefits previously entitled to not collect. The collection of previous benefits previously not non-collectable will not be now collectable except when the benefit exceeds the amount not collected previously. Critics of the bill are heralding it as one of the most advanced of its kind and assure the public that all currently on

welfare will be currently off welfare before being on again. The NAACP was strangely silent on this issue.

SPORTS

South Pacific: Auckland NZ : Todays main event of inter-coastal rabbit tossing was cancelled due to inclement weather. Instead the annual "I can't find my pants" search was held. The team of Fijians, lead by Mumumu Gumumu, fought off the sustained efforts of the Hawaiian team lead by MumUMummu GumumMMum and succeeded in finding their pants first. The Australian and New Zealand team at the start of the event placed their hands on their feet, walked backwards over a cliff, and haven't been seen since.

Toronto - Hockey fans today delighted in the game between the Toronto Maple Leafs and the Ottawa Senators. In a surprise move the Maple Leafs played for the Senators. Felix Potvin was reported to stop 1503 shots on net while allowing in only 3 goals. The Ottawa goalie stopped 4 shots, and let in 5. These were deflections off Potvins mask.

WEATHER

Lower Hemisphere: Hot
Upper Atmosphere: 0.2 depleted
Upper Hemisphere: Cold



Selected Sweat Suits
35% OFF

Hostess Chips 200g
ONLY \$0.99

Warehouse Case Sale
Grape/Diet 7UP
1/2 PRICE

EDITORS \$.02

I wish to extend my thanks for the support shown this month. I didn't expect the kind of response I received or the number of articles. It was a job well done by all and I hope it will continue.

Keep up the good work!

Articles can be dropped off at 2TAC or put in the Ops mail slot addressed to

Ian Burdon/Shift 2