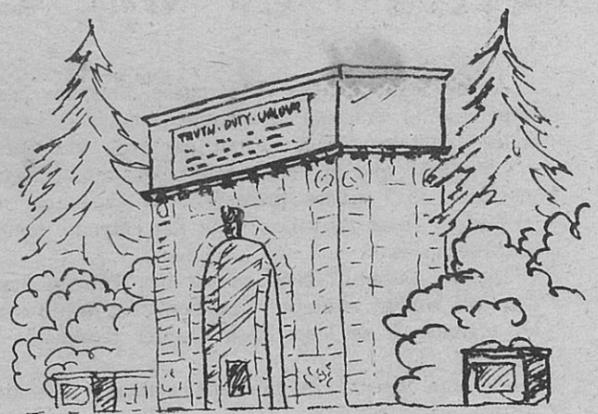


# The ARMS

The  
Royal Military College  
of Canada



## OUR CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

Christmas, the greatest and most meaningful festival of the year, is traditionally regarded as the festival of the family and children. A host of delightful and enchanting customs survive in the celebration of this gay holiday. Pretty legends associate the tree, Santa Claus and gift-giving with the birth of Christ. However in another part of the world, a festival was celebrated long before it was held sacred as the birthday of Jesus of Nazareth.

The pagan, (non-Christian) North European tribes held a big yearly festival about the 25th of December to herald the return of the sun from the long days of darkness. As solstice approached (when the sun reaches its highest winter equinox) a watch was kept from the mountain-tops for the first glimmer of light in the east. When it appeared, huge burning wooden wheels, 'sunwheels' or 'Sonnenaeder' as they were called, were sent rolling down the mountainsides. Great festivities celebrated the return of the sun and the rebirth of new life. The lighting of the Yule-log, once a widespread European custom, stems from this time. It was such an important custom among the Lithuanians and Letts that their words for Christmas Eve literally signify 'Log Evening.'

Symbolic with Christmas is the fir tree, a thing of wonder at Christmas-time, dazzling with lights and shining with coloured ornaments. The Celtic and Teutonic tribes of long ago honoured fir trees at their winter solstice festivals as symbols of survival and eternal life. The fir tree is also associated with St. Boniface (an Anglo-Saxon monk by the name of Wynfrith, lived 680-755, called the Apostle of Germany) who converted the Druids (an order of priests of an ancient Celtic religion) to Christianity. To symbolize this conversion, he hewed down a great oak tree, the sacred Oak of Odin, the object of their pagan worship. Then, pointing to a little fir, he told them that it was the

holy tree of the Christ child.

The origin of the Christmas tree as such, we can ascribe to the leader of the Reformation, Martin Luther (1483 - 1546). The story goes that one Christmas Eve he was so enthralled by the sight of an evergreen, standing alone in a clearing and lit up by the blazing stars, that he put a similar tree, decorated only with white candles, in his home. The novel and symbolic idea soon caught on and spread throughout Europe and later America and the world.

The Romans of course didn't have fir trees, but used holly wreaths in their Saturnalia festivals (i.e. feast of Saturn held in Rome in mid-December, celebrating the winter solstice). An old legend says that the crown of thorns placed upon Christ's head had holly woven through it, and that the originally green berries turned red from His blood and have remained red ever since.

According to tradition, Christmas Eve is the proper time for putting up Christmas greens. It was often considered unlucky to bring holly into the house before that time. In many parts of Europe nowadays, the Christmas tree is still decorated in secret by parents, and unveiled to the children on Christmas Eve. Custom varies as to the time of removal of the decorations, but the Christmas Season is usually considered to end on the 6th of January.

And what would Christmas be without Santa Claus? The idea of Santa Claus originated with St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra. It is said that one night he put money into the stockings of the daughters of a poor nobleman and thus began the tradition of the stocking. Saint Nicholas being the patron saint of children, the custom spread to that of giving little presents to children at Christmas-time.



The custom of sending Christmas cards is relatively modern,

however its origin is quite obscure. The first one seems to have been sent about 1846 in England.

The singing of Christmas Carols is yet another beautiful old custom, which seems to have had its beginnings with the Gregorian Chants (instituted by Pope Gregory I, about 600 AD). The origin of the most popular and beloved of all Christmas Carols, 'Silent Night', is rather interesting: On Christmas Eve, 1818, in the little church of the Austrian village of Oberndorf, high in the Alps, the organ broke down. The 26-year-old assistant pastor Joseph Mohr, thought something special should be done

to make up for the mishap, and (in his distress one might say), wrote the words for 'Silent Night'. He gave them to his friend, Franz Gruber, who doubled as church organist. That same day, Gruber returned the verses with music for two solo voices, chorus and lute, and that evening, 'Silent Night, Holy Night' drifted across the star-lit valley from the little church on the hillside, for the first time. One of those who heard it was the man engaged to repair the organ.

Continued on page 2



### THIRD YEAR PROJECT

III Year is sponsoring a children's Christmas Party, to be held on Wolfe Island (weather permitting), Dec 20, the morning after the ball. But! There's GOT to be a morning after. . . ! There'll be sleigh rides, movies, games, food and good times for all.

A local merchant has provided gifts, tagged and wrapped FREE, for 100 children, as well as loaning us a Santa outfit. All that's missing is the somebody to fill that Santa-Suit and volunteers to help supervise all the activities. You're welcome to bring dates along too. If interested see Marcel D'Eon (1Sqn) Bill Webster (8 Sqn), Geof Baker (3Sqn) or Mark Bigham (3Sqn).

Mark Bigham

### A CFMC DEGREE IS ...

The purpose of this article is to respond to two of O/C Caspik's many questions which appeared in the October issue.

QUESTION 1: Why do we put up with all the hassles JUST to graduate from RMC ?

ANSWER 1: The hassles are what it's all about.

Apparently O/C Caspik is not impressed by the feat of attaining the 'RMC' (quotes explained later) degree. This disappoints me, not only as an ex-cadet and member of the faculty, but also as a member of the senate. I am especially disappointed because it was to protect the uniqueness of the 'RMC' degree

that the senate of the college created a new division, the CFMC. If by the 'hassle' we mean all that a cadet has to do in addition to what he might have done to attain a purely academic degree at a Civvy U., then, to those of us who believe in the 'RMC Cadet' institution, the hassle is what it's all about, and, in fact the reason for the existence of the College.

QUESTION 2: What is a CFMC degree ?

ANSWER 2: A CFMC degree is an RMC degree awarded for academic achievement only.

The CFMC degree is an RMC degree because it is awarded by

the RMC Senate which is empowered by an act of the Ontario legislature to grant degrees. If it helps, think of the Royal Military College as a university with two colleges, two colleges because the conditions for entry and for the receipt of a degree are different in each. The 'RMC' degree is distinct in Canada in that it is not awarded unless a cadet, in addition to achieving pass standing in his course of study, obtains a satisfactory standard in Physical Training and Drill and a favourable report in officer-like qualities (Academic Regulation No. 29, RMC Calendar). The CFMC degree is not distinct in this sense. The existence of the CFMC division in the college helps make it clear to all of us that the 'RMC' degree program is a 'whole man' program. For those who do not recognize or appreciate this dis-

inction there will, of course, be no visible difference between the two degrees.

We at RMC are proud of the academic reputation which our 'RMC' degree has earned. However, we are even more proud that to hold an 'RMC' degree means more than achieving a certain academic standard.

I sincerely hope and intend that we will be equally proud of the academic stature of our CFMC degree. In the beginning, the CFMC will, of course, benefit by the existing reputation of the 'RMC' degree. However, in the long run its stature will be built by the record of those who hold it.

J.B. Plant, Ph.D.  
Dean and Chairman of  
The Canadian Forces Military  
College



# Letter To The Editor

Cher éditeur,

Je me sentis un peu embarrassée dimanche dernier après la cérémonie du 'Souvenir', me posant la question à savoir si dans un collège militaire on ne devrait pas avoir une fierté nationale.

L'incident que je veux relater, est que personne parmi les membres de l'escadre présents à la cérémonie n'a chanté le 'O Canada', mais les voix se sont fait entendre pour le 'God Save the Queen'.

Que se passe-t-il? N'est-on pas fier d'être 'Canadien'? Même dans un collège militaire 'Canadien'? Ne devrions-nous pas être les premiers à se lever et à chanter tête haute notre hymne national!

Je pense que cela est une bonne matière à réflexion.

Cher M. Grimard

III Y. Grimard

Merci de votre opinion, nous apprécions le temps que vous avez dévoué à la rédaction de votre lettre. En effet ceci est bonne matière à réflexion pour ceux de la 'langue de Molière'.

Dear Editor

On Sunday, November 11th, the whole college stopped to remember our war dead. The ceremonies were appropriately solemn.

When the band struck up 'O Canada' I expected few people to offer vocal support. I am well aware that most Canadians still do feel somewhat embarrassed at displaying publicly even the most discrete nuance to patriotism. Murmuring was heard, but not a note came from the cadets. I was only mildly disappointed.

Then the band began playing 'God Save the Queen' to which cadets responded. It was soft, I admit, but nevertheless a response over and above that accorded our own national anthem.

I do not wish to be accused of anti-monarchical sentiments. The British Empire of Victoria may be a myth but we do owe our allegiance to the reigning monarch of Britain.

On the other hand I will not let my own country take a back seat with respect to the loyalty of its citizens. The next time we have the occasion, let us stand up and sing out as Canadians: let's give 'O Canada' at least as much as we do to 'God Save the Queen'.

Marcel F. D'eon

Dear Editor,

'God Love Ya'. You'll do a good job I'm sure! Keep us parents in touch with our sons through your paper and you will have fulfilled my hope in you. Your columns are our only means of participating in your world and be as personal (& kind) as you can with your comments. Don't forget that your first year cadets are not less thought of THIS side of the arch and perhaps you can help us on this side to adjust too. I wish you great success!

Sincerely,

Cora Smith

Dear Mrs. Smith

On behalf of the Arch's staff, thank you for your encouraging words.

You have done the Arch a great service for you have informed us - the staff - of what you, the reader, would like to see in our paper. Thank you!

The Editor

Dear Editor:

As a taxpayer, a subscriber to the Arch and the mother of a cadet, it makes my blood boil to read some of the articles in Arch. You are trying to do a service but I don't think it is fully appreciated.

I have just finished reading the October issue and I can't help but wonder why Bernie Caspick is in Military College. He is getting a college education at the taxpayer's expense. He was neither drafted nor conscripted to go to Military College. If he can't stand a bit of discipline and a few inconveniences like missing his mother and his girl, he shouldn't be at Kingston. With all his crying he probably won't last the four years.

As for the article by Mike Ramsay from lax Queen's, he seems to forget one thing. He is doing his thing by attending a civilian 'U' but his thing isn't everybody else's thing. Even some of today's generation shudder at the thought of a world run by the products of Civvy U's as the product of the majority of them is pathetic and apathetic. When the going gets rough, they fall apart at the seams. Maybe the cadets will have more stability from their training with routine and discipline. Time will tell!

An Interested Onlooker

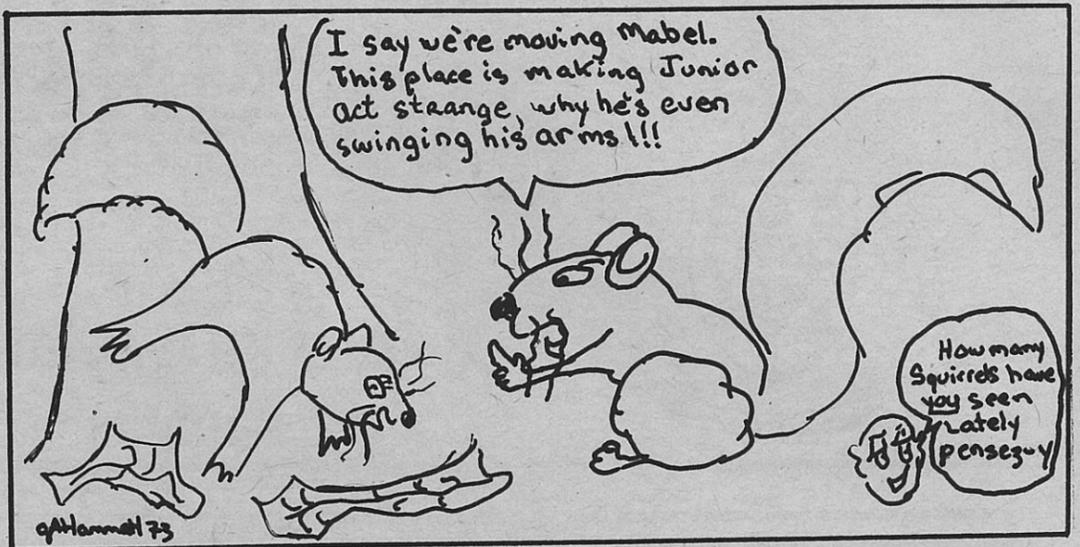
Dear Onlooker:

In your letter you have expressed, strongly, three points.

Your first one was unfortunately not explicit enough. You wrote: 'You are trying to do a service but I don't think it's fully appreciated.' If you meant by 'service' that I am trying to inform people, make them aware and think, then simply by the existence of your letter, I have indeed succeeded.

Your second point was regarding Mr. Caspick's article. I respect your opinion, however, there are some aspects that I am afraid you misunderstood. Mr. Caspick was trying to compare an RMC and a CFMC degree and pointed out how much easier is a CFMC degree. (For explanation on a CFMC degree please read 'CFMC degree is...' in this issue). Secondly, Mr. Caspick - a cadet living here - will definitely have an opinion regarding RMC, which will be different than anyone else's idea who does not live a cadet's way of life. Thirdly speaking also as a taxpayer, I know that a large part of the civilian universities is financed by 'tax money'.

As for Mike Ramsay and his friends - your third point, I appreciate the support that you gave to the cadets. So far, there were not many



people who voiced (in the paper) their support or discontent with us.

Thank you.

The Editor

Letters to the Editor on any article or issue, will be more than welcomed. They may be sent at any time, regardless of the issue's deadline date.

Please sign all letters. Pseudonyms will be used, however, upon request.

If I have not answered your letter or another letter to your satisfaction, please write me and I'll attempt to clear the point.

The Editor

## OUR CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

Continued

When he went home to the Zillerthal, he took a copy with him, and gave it to the Strasser Sisters, a touring troupe that specialized in Tyrolean Songs. They made it popular everywhere they went. And so that song, written by an otherwise unknown country pastor, has found itself into the hearts of men the world over.

And thus we can see how some of our delightful and enchanting Christmas customs have come about, and how they have changed over time. The synthetic trees of today are a mockery of the fir trees of the old Norsemen. Even the popular scotch pine seems out-of-tune with the true sense of Christmas. The plain white candles of Luther have been replaced by strings of coloured lights. The beautifully melancholy symphony of Christmas bells, tolling across the countryside, has made way for today's electric clangers. Commercial Christmas starts even before December is here. With the disappearance of fireplaces, the blazing Yule log, spreading cheerfulness and warmth, is no more. And dear old Santa has turned to picking locks.

It seems that the essence of Christmas is rapidly drowning in today's modern sophisticated society. I can only feel that we have lost more than we can ever hope to gain!

A.B. Kleer

## THE CHANGING IMAGE OF THE COLLEGE

While on leave recently, I was catching up on one of my favorite pastimes, watching television. As usual, a particularly tense part in a movie was interrupted by a commercial. I was astonished however to see the Arch in this advertisement. It was not another attempt to seduce the cream of the crop into the college but a clever ruse to lure the youth of today into the depths of alcoholism. It was a beer commercial. Where did we go wrong?

K. McKay

## Editorial

Rebel! Revolutionist! Radical! Anti-Establishment! . . . anti-this and anti-that.

These names are often used against people who try to integrate change into any system, or organization. These names are usually followed by a reason why one should not change or a reason why a new plan should not be carried through. A reason which often crops up is: 'It was never done before!'

I believe that anyone who comes up with 'It was never done before' as a reason. . . is the biggest fool alive!

Change is necessary! changes should be made only for improvement sake, not, for change sake. The necessity for change cannot be doubted for one can prove it with examples from the world's history, where there were many cases where great Empires and Kingdoms isolated themselves from those they called 'Barbarians' and avoided any external influence. Years later, they found that the 'Barbarians' had surpassed them in knowledge and strength.

We too, are vulnerable to such a disaster if we don't change to suit the times!

Therefore, next time a new idea is suggested to you, don't refuse it instinctively. Think about it. If it makes sense and it is feasible, use it! If the idea doesn't make sense, explain your reasons, but don't give that excuse-for-an-excuse: 'it was never done before!'

Agree? Disagree? Write c/o The Arch, RMC, Kingston, Ont. K7L 2W3

R. Kuban

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KINGSTON, ONTARIO

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The opinions expressed in this paper are not necessarily those of the Minister of National Defense, the College or the Editor. The Arch is a student newspaper published under the authority of Brig. Gen. W. W. Turner, Commandant of the Royal Military College of Canada.

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**FROM THE BULL'S PIT**

I received the following response from a cadet and it refers to a question in the last issue. I wish to remind everyone that any comments are welcome. Also, to Mr. Wild, 2Sqn, I'm still looking for the answer to your question. I'll have it for you question. I'll have it for the next issue. Dear Bull, Why 3rd Years are tasked: 1. To provide Wing Officers with an assessment of possible candidates for their positions; 2. To let CSL's see what sort of cadets will be taking over the Squadron. Therefore, 3rd Years will be tasked, and occasionally pumped under, but it is for their own good or perhaps for the 'Good of the College.' signed L.

Dear Mr. L., I don't know exactly how to say this, but is that all? Are these the only reasons for shafting 3rd Years? For the sake of the system and those in it, I sincerely hope not! Why ARE Cadet Officers chosen and be realistic about it? Surely it is because they have proven they can assume the responsibilities of the position and carry out its functions effectively. They have a job to do! 3rd Years, in particular, as well as 1st and 2nd Years, are simply used as bodies who can help them accomplish their tasks with a minimum of difficulty. I think third years are tasked not only because of the reasons you have given but also because one cadet officer does not have sufficient time to do all the required preparations himself AND do the academic work needed to pass. It is simply too much of a workload. As long as he does not pass the buck to a single 3rd year, rather he spreads it out over the whole wing, his problem is solved. He has the time to study and yet maintains control over his subordinates. The problem arises when several cadet officers task the same 3rd year cadet at the same time with different shafts; he gets pumped under and upset. Don't worry guys, it happens to the best of us. BULL

Dear Bull, Rumour has it that the barbers are to send names of all those who come into the barbershop with homemade trims to a certain squad boss. What's up? signed, CURIOUS

Dear Curious, Why are you worried? If it is true, I'm sure you'll use your initiative to get around such a simple obstacle. (Further information is not available because everyone has clammed up on the subject.) BULL

(Any questions or comments should be sent to Dan Bulpit, 5 Sqn)

**WISDOM**

Wisdom begins when a man finds out that he does not know what he thinks he knows.

THE REPUBLIC OF PLATO

**FREEDOM**

Freedom is not God given  
But is man made!  
Freedom must be earned.  
And must be defended!

**Christmas Homecoming**

Christmas is traditionally a time of joy and happiness. For our family it means a reunion; our son returns from RMC.

The excitement of the Christmas season brings to his sisters' minds memories and expectations of good times - snowball fights, tree trimmings, skating on the canal - that cannot be complete without their brother at home. They look forward to his stay, ask his advice when he comes, and enjoy making a fuss over him.

It also means that his room will buzz again with activity. The fridge will tend to be bare and the car will creep into the carport in the wee hours of the morning. Sturdy arms and a steady hand will hang the outdoor lights onto the eaves.

We all pitch in to get the house fixed up and the baking done in time for his arrival. Special meals are cooked and activities planned that could not be the same without him.

We are all sure to note when he goes out, comes in, and with whom. We inform him of the latest fashions and help him decide what to wear. Gossip is not his favorite topic, but we like to let him in on it anyway.

The best thing about having a brother come home after a long absence is that we appreciate him more and we know that he feels the same way about us. Indeed, it will be a Merry Christmas at our home as we celebrate together the birthday of the Prince of Peace.

Mom and Dad

**What The Law Says About Wearing Military Uniforms**

The current law allows young people for wearing parts of military uniform, regimental insignia and medals, according to the Criminal Code of Canada, can lead to a court appearance and upon conviction, a fine of up to \$500 or imprisonment as long as six months - or both. Even musical groups who wear uniforms that could be mistaken for those currently in use by a regular or other force can be charged under the Criminal Code. In the matter of uniforms, the code says anyone who wears a uniform of the Canadian Armed Forces or any other regular force, or one that is so similar to the uniform of any of those forces that it is likely to be mistaken for it, is guilty of an offence punishable on summary conviction.

Also, says the Criminal Code, it is up to the wearer to prove he is not trying to give the impression he is entitled to wear the uniform. The same section of the code warns against the wearing of any distinctive mark relating to wounds received in service performed during the war.

This includes military medals or ribbons, badges, the number or other distinguishing mark of a service unit or an imitation likely to be mistaken for military service insignia.

A young person who decides to wear his dad's old battle dress picked up the street is advised to be off the regimental shoulder insignia, flashes, ribbons, badges or anything else that denotes service.

ener, wearing a uniform before the courts in 1935. The star was told by magistrates that these medals are only to be worn by those who have given much to their country to win them.

The law is equally severe with adults who wear service discharge badges they are not entitled to and the offence carries a maximum penalty of a \$500 fine or six months imprisonment.

Although many people are under the impression that a son may wear his deceased father's medals on his right breast at certain functions, or a father may wear his deceased son's medals in the same manner, according to the Queen's rules and regulations and the Criminal Code, this is not the case.

The practice is permitted at some Legion ceremonies, but the honours and awards section of the national defence department say there is no written sanction of this practice. A spokesman for the Department of Veterans Affairs says the department discourages this.

Even a war widow or the mother of sons lost in the war who wears her husband's or son's decorations and medals at Remembrance Day ceremonies is not doing so legally although no action is ever considered in these cases.

If you want to wear to a fancy dress ball, a uniform to which you're not entitled, make sure it is an obsolete one that could not be mistaken for a uniform currently in use. The National Defence Act is very explicit about this, as it is about uniforms used in theatrical productions.

The officer commanding a military command may give permission for uniforms currently in use to be used in the performance of a play where it is essential to the meaning of the work that certain actors wear uniforms.

But if the play is of such a nature as to bring discredit upon the services represented, the National Defence Act can be evoked and the wearing of the uniforms forbidden.

The Department of National Defence also keeps a sharp eye on advertising that uses uniformed figures or regimental insignia that might convey the impression the product is officially endorsed or exclusively used by a certain element of the Canadian Forces.

from The Shield, October 73

**The ArchAngel**



Elizabeth Anne Allen is a 20 year old nurse. Liz came to Kingston 3 years ago to take nursing because she'd heard that there was a shortage of beautiful girls. She is an impulsive person driven by what ever catches her fancy at the moment.

Her passions are horseback riding, skiing, music and RMC Cadets, (her taste is superb)  
Being the ArchAngel is only the beginning for this lovely lady.

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Last week the Commandant came to the cadet's dining hall to preside over the official opening of a new annex by Mrs. 'Gurdy' Smith. Photographers took shots of the simple ribbon cutting ceremony attended by many of our Officers. The addition was in use by the cadets several days before the General came but was even then several months late according to the original contract.

**Pit Monster Meets Fraust Monster**

Look at yourself right now! Go ahead, tear your eyes from this article and fix them onto your pants. Are there red strands of wool plainly visible to the eye? Could we start the Frigate snowball fight by frausting your shoulders? You have had an encounter with the Fraust Monster!

The Fraust Monster (Lintonous Continuous), like the Pit Monster, is not native to Canadian soil. It, too, was planted here at RMC in an attempt to demoralize the RMC cadet. For you see, the Russians had also noticed the heroic actions of the RMC graduate during the Korean War. They also knew that the Communist Chinese were working on the Pit Monster. In order to save face and keep up with the Jones' they had their top biochemists invent the Fraust Monster.

Like the Pit Monster, the Fraust Monster required several years to evolve. When the scientists were satisfied with their product, they released it to the military authorities. From there, the Fraust Monster was sent to Canada. It was not until the Gerda Munsinger trials that the new beast on the RMC campus was revealed. As it turned out, Miss Munsinger had accompanied a VIP to the graduation parade in 1957. She loosed this terror onto that parade and the campus.

The Fraust Monster is also a virus. It resembles a giant paramecium, attaining a length of six inches and width of three inches. Why then, you ask, can I not see these globs? The Fraust Monster, of course, is invisible. Being invisible, it is weightless. The fraust one sees all over one's body are the tracks left by the Fraust Monster as it ran up and down, back and forth... all over. There could be one on your shoulder now!

The Fraust Monster feeds and reproduces on tension. Consequently, the Fraust Monster has done well at RMC. It reproduces by fission. It may take a Fraust Monster only five minutes to reproduce or in extreme cases, years. Fraust Monsters near recruits during recruit camp or in exam rooms reproduce at astronomically large rates. However, a Fraust Monster staying on a cadet's pit may never reproduce. Everyone knows that a cadet is least worried while he is on his pit. However, it seems the Fraust Monster does not realize this very fast.

So, if you wish to elude the Fraust Monster stay on your pit. But, then the Pit Monster will attack you. Which of the two viruses will you succumb to? I choose the Pit Monster... Ah!

K. McKay

**INFANTRY WIFE**

The following article appeared in 'Infantry', the U.S. Army Infantry School magazine. While Americans call CANEX a commissary and a military base a post, many Canadian servicemen's wives will be able to readily identify with the author.

By Mrs. Terry M. Major

I know that somewhere in the Army community there are women who are quietly and efficiently living their lives. Pert faces framed by neat hairdos, and clothed in smart outfits. They make being a wife and mother look easy. The crisis of entertaining is effortless for them, their children are well behaved and impeccably clean, and their homes polished to a cheery glow. Always busy, yet cool and calm, life flows as a smooth stream for them. They are in short, not my type of people.

I am the exact opposite. Born under the sign of hard luck, I compounded my legacy by inheriting a great aunt's gift for infinite clumsiness. My stream of life resembles the Colorado River rapids.

So, if my hair looks as if it hasn't been combed all day, it's because my comb and brush were flushed down the 'john' by a two-year old. My home could always look neater, but on the days that it does, and I have a comb, no one comes near me. I could die neatly dressed in a clean house and never be found. But on that one day when everything has been going wrong, and debris litters the house, the baby will put beets in his hair. He will do this because the doorbell is going to ring, and reveal the boss's wife.

I also seem to go to the commissary (CANEX) only on days when a rumor has hit the rest of the post (base) that meat is free. I never, never find a parking space near the building, and I suspect that those cars near the front are permanent. The Army just sprays them different colors of paint each month to fool me. The shopping spree is usually climaxed by the commissary checker either running out of tape for his register or going on a break.

**ROYAL ROADS EXPANSION**

Contracts have been let for construction of a new \$1,000,000 library for Royal Roads Military College near Victoria.

The announcement of the new library coincides with the announcement of the expansion of the Royal Roads two-year course to a four-year course in environmental science.

Third year studies are expected to commence in 1974 and fourth year studies in 1975 by which time the college will have equivalent status with the two eastern colleges: The Royal Military College of Canada at Kingston, Ont. and College Militaire Royale de St. Jean, in Quebec.

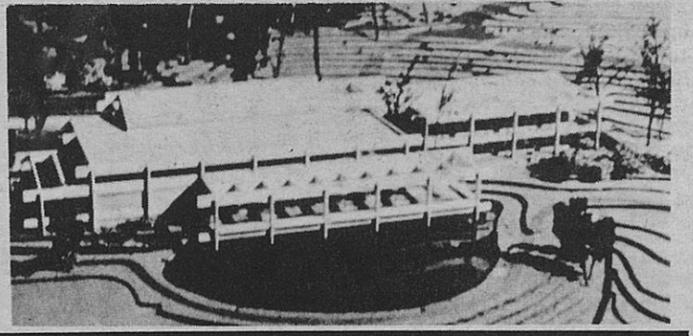
At present students take a two year general arts or a pre-engineering course and then transfer to one of the two eastern colleges to complete their degree.

The future four year course means Royal Roads will expand to include environmental sciences such as ocean studies, meteorology, climatology and pollution control. It is hoped that Royal Roads will also become the Canadian Forces study centre for pollution control and environmental protection.

A planned federal oceanographic centre at Patricia Bay will be available to the college as well as oceanographic research vessels stationed on the west coast.

The new library, which won a design award, will replace the present library housed in interim quarters. When it opens it will ease a shortage of faculty office space, as well as provide adequate shelf space for books.

VICTORIA (CFP)



Yet, at each new post I vow that things will be different.

Just once, when our family reports to post housing, I want to hear, 'You folks timed this move just right. We've got plenty of quarters available!'

Just once I want our yard not to be the one that becomes a sump in the winter, and a dust bowl in the summer as the permanent neighborhood football - softball field.

Just once, I want our fearless dog not to live next to a cat that can beat him up. His paranoid fear of going outside causes serious kidney malfunctions.

Just once, when I go to a party and people are staring at me, I want it to be for my uncanny resemblance to Raquel Welch and not because the heel on my shoe fell off and I am standing at a definite list.

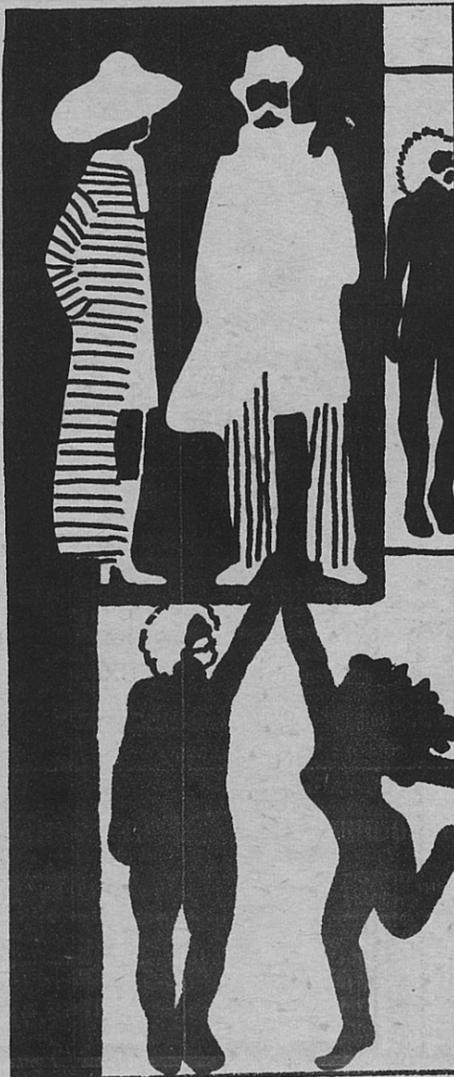
Just once, for a change, I want

the MP's to stop me only to the MP's to stop me only so that they can congratulate me for using my seatbelt.

And when I enrol in a slimastics class I want the instructor to tell me that I really don't need to attend.

They say that women get better with age, and life gets easier all the time. I believe, and cling to those thoughts as desperately as my son clings to a box of Cracker Jacks.

So, the next time that my husband calls to inform me that in 30 minutes we will have guests for dinner, I am going to look at my destroyed living room, empty refrigerator and sumpy lawn, and I am going to smile. Then I'm going to put my Helen Reddy album on the stereo, make myself a martini and dream about how much better things will be in 1980.



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Shown above is Enola Lehman who was recently enrolled in the Canadian Forces as an Officer Cadet under the regular Officer Training Plan. She is being offered congratulations by her father Captain Alex Lehman of CFB North Bay. Officer Cadet Lehman's parents reside at 20 George Street, North Bay. Officer Cadet Lehman will be considered for her university programme in Ottawa. THE SHIELD, CFB-NORTH BAY

### ONE OF US

All my life I seem to have 'missed the boat' for various opportunities and programmes. I was always either too young, too old, or too female. When the time came to plan a career, ROTP was opened to female applicants and I jumped for it. After applying last December and waiting anxiously all spring and most of the summer, I was finally accepted in August as an Officer Cadet.

In my experience the CF is one of the most progressive organizations in the country. Although I'm no doubt biased since I grew up in a Forces family, I consider the CF to be a highly enlightened employer. The battle for equitable treatment for women is being waged in many areas and on many levels. In almost all circumstances, employers, whether in the governmental or private sectors, have exhibited, to varying degrees, reluctance in granting job equality to women. The CF is unique in that it has opened the doors to women without being pressured into doing so.

I can only hope that my future employment in the Forces will not prove to disillusion me. The signs so far are good. I do expect problems to arise however.

Hopefully we will learn to understand each other and how to work together.

I am looking forward to Phase I training in spite of all the nasty stories I've heard. I expect that the women cadets will tackle it in a slightly different fashion but I'm sure that most of us will earn our place among those of you who have already passed through the fire.

My sentiments are aptly summed up by this quote taken from the November 1973 edition of the CANADIAN FORCES NEWSLETTER:

Those women who insist on taking advantage of their sex to avoid the unpleasant tasks of their trades, and those men who deprecate the efforts of their female co-workers, will find their prejudices interfere with their work and result in lessened social and professional status.

Enola Lehman

Miss Lehman:

Thank you for your article. It has indeed presented another point of view. Best of wishes to you.

The Editor

### WORK? WHO WORKS?

The population of Canada is 22 Million, but there are 7 million over 65 years of age leaving 15 million to do the work. People under 21 total 10 million leaving 5 million to do the work. Two million government employees leave 3 million to do the work.

Five hundred thousand in the Armed Forces leave 2,500,000 workers. Deduct 1,250,000 provincial, municipal and city employees which leaves 1,250,000 to do the work. There are 250,000 people in Hospitals, Asylums etc. leaving 1,000,000 to do the work. But 700,000 of these are unemployed and 200,000 are on welfare or won't work, so that leaves 100,000 to do the work.

Now it may interest you to know that there are 80,000 people out of the country at any one time and 19,998 people in jail so that leaves just two people to do all the work. And that is you and me. Brother, and I'm getting tired of doing everything myself!

SO LET'S GET WITH IT!

Le Rempart

### VETS WANTED

Management know-how and various other skills of service folk are gradually gaining due recognition on civvy street in Canada.

More than one ex-general has tapped this big pool of talent, Gen. F.R. Sharp, former CDS, for one. Holding a comfortable lead, however, is retired Brig.-Gen. E.A.C. (Ned) Amy in Ottawa. He places retired service people as managers, administrators, specialists and technicians throughout government and business for a modest fee. His slogan: 'We Market Experience.'

His folder states E.A.C. Amy & Sons Ltd., to be a 'Canadian management support company with a difference. Our English and French speaking resource personnel have completed successful careers in all parts of Canada and many have international experience.'

On the operational side of his career, Gen. Amy was wounded twice in Europe during the Second World War. His honours and awards there and in Korea include the DSO, OBE, MC and U.S. Bronze Star. The armored corps officer also served on SHAPE'S staff in Paris, as Canadian contingent commander in Cyprus and on several senior postings in Canada. When he reached retirement age in Ottawa during 1971 he had been director-general land operations. He is colonel of the regiment, Royal Canadian Dragoons.

The Amy firm (Suite 109, 261 Cooper St., Ottawa K2P0G3) also steers ex-service talent to professional and trade associations, foreign embassies and trade missions and to all levels of educational institutions. Fulltime or temporary needs are met.

'Our role is to complement and support the youthful executives in both the public and private sectors. We provide integrity and service,' says the firm.

To those of us nearing retirement here's the straight Ned Amy Message:

'The Canadian Forces have a great deal to offer. Be proud of the quality of your experience. Others are.'

OTTAWA (CFP)

### CHANGE EVER CONSTANT?

RMC is now embarking on its 97th year of operation, and while the system has undoubtedly changed greatly over the years, I feel that there are still many areas and aspects of college life which could be improved. Like the first year, I am new to the college, but unlike the first year, I have three years' experience under my belt from CMR. In the short time I have been here, I have seen things which have impressed me, and things which have failed to impress me in the least, or at least not positively.

The great thinkers of mankind have constantly stated that the only thing that is constant is CHANGE. To me, it appears that RMC has stagnated, is resting on its laurels as it were, while its two sister colleges, or at least CMR, have forged ahead; keeping pace with today's rapidly changing lifestyles.

Although we do 'exist' in an autocratic and bureaucratic system, surely there must exist some forum to introduce the much needed change that the cadets are continually saying the Wing needs. The college being what it is, completely rules out any radical changes in policy or operating procedures, therefore I suggest incorporating some of the methods which have been tried, proven and implemented at our two sister (?) colleges CMR and Royal Roads. I am, to say the least, surprised that after twenty years of a triumvirate of Military Colleges, the operating procedures of the three remain so different. Is it that the Rodents and Cémériens who have preceded us could have forgotten their initial years in the system, or have preceding articles like this, only ended up in the circular file?

Some basic changes, which could easily be implemented, here at RMC, drawing from my years at CMR are:

a) integrate the SOR's into block orderly rooms. Not only does it reduce the number of duty positions, but it is feasible and it does work!

b) install P.A. systems in the blocks to enable a more rapid and uniform dissemination of information.

c) issue Chilliwack-style webbing, ie. 3 inch belts and matching frogs, so that one's buckskin is not totaled everytime we have a practice.

d) elimination of dress rehearsals the day before parades, because the only inspection that counts is the real one. Why go out and deliberately destroy your boots and webbing the day before a parade?

e) finally, for the muster parades, why not use the disposition boards for their original purpose — to show the squadron disposition. If a person forgets to move his tag, "means" are available to ensure he doesn't forget a second time.

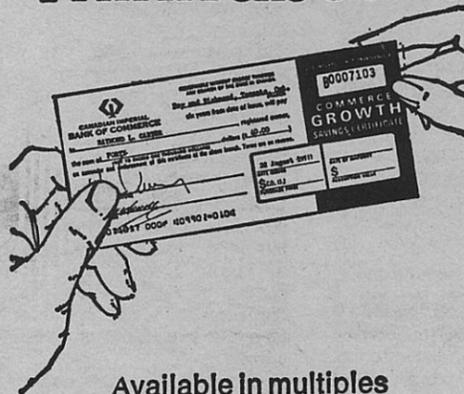
Two other points to ponder are, that at CMR, 3rd year have cars and civvie leave. Hmmm!

The above suggestions are all changes which I believe could be introduced into the Wing with a minimum of teething problems because they will work (they are working right now at CMR.) I realize that this article is slanted towards CMR, but that is the only college I really know. Surely the cadets from Roads must have some ideas or changes that they'd like to see implemented as well. Why not send your suggestions to the ARCH, who knows, maybe the powers that be will read this article and yours, and you may end up doing yourself a favor.

RMC has always prided itself on its accomplishments but lethargy can soon reduce accomplishments to memories, and memories fade with the years.

III Pat Doherty

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## REP STANDINGS

as of 2 Dec 1973

PLACE	WATERPOLO	B. BALL	HOCKEY
1	Queen's	Laurentian	Toronto
2	RMC	Ryerson	York
3	Ottawa	York	Laurentian
4	York	Carleton	Queen's
5		Ottawa	Ottawa
6		Queen's	Carleton
7		Toronto	RMC
8		RMC	Ryerson

### RMC's Winning Team

Everyone at the College has heard of the feats of the Rep Waterpolo team this year. As any I.M. hacker knows there is a lot that goes into a successful season. Let me tell you about some of the rep team's season.

The cuts had been made. The team of John Cutbill, Rick 'Convert' Charland, Chris 'Ernie' Chance, Pete Prediger, Davey 'Readski' Read, Graeme 'Streak' Rodgman, John Linscott, Bruce 'Laz' Lazenby, John 'Rocky' McManus, Mike Hache, Andy German Gabor Vajay, and Eric Thomas, was about to elect a captain. However, before any nomination or discussion could take place we were honoured by 'Convert's' great oratory as he announced that it had been decided that he and Johnny Cutbill would be co-captains. Well, that was alright since captains were usually from fourth year; right? I still wonder though how it was decided. Fourth year Ernie probably wonders most of all.

We couldn't start the season off cold so we headed down to Hamilton College for an exhibition game. After the long drive we decided to hit the college pub.

We lost the game the next day. We were disappointed? Well it's hard to say; you see the duty free shop was on the way back.

At our first OUAA tournament in Toronto we blew a 2 goal lead to lose to Toronto but came back to defeat Queen's.

We weren't happy about our performance but things were looking up because we were in big T.O. and one of Laz's old CFOCS flames was going to get us all dates and have a party at her place. Well the party turned into some show. The team consumed a lot of beer that night, but no one remembers seeing much of Laz. Good old Laz; what a bud.

Next weekend we were off to Ottawa, but without Ernie.

Where was Ernie? Ernie had pneumonia. Ernie, being the team man that he is, shares everything with us. Just ask the coach and Readski about their pneumonia.

The following weekend we were off to Halifax by Canada's finest airline - Air Transport Command. We managed to reach Shearwater 3 hours late along with a bottle of exploded Javex all over the baggage compartment.

After beating Dalhousie 8-5 we headed to some of Halifax's hot spots before the game; that's before they closed. We finally found a place three quarters of an hour before game time. What does Ernie do? He orders two jugs of draft. Gabor's eyes lit up, and Pete turned green at the thought. We handled the challenge and then proceeded to beat Nova Scotia 10-1.

While we were enjoying ourselves out of the pool we were also showing our prowess at the game of Waterpolo. The highlight of the game against CFB Petawawa (we won 14-4) was goalie Gabor Vajay's first goal of the season on a juggling act that any Hungarian circus would have loved, but which would not have impressed P.T. Barnum as Gabor dropped the ball into his own net.

In our tournament at Queen's we displayed our ability never to be outdone - especially in chokes as both 'Rocky' and 'Streak' blew two penalty shots almost enabling us to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory.

All in all we had a great first season in the OUAA. Our success can be attributed almost entirely to our coach, Captain Ken MacDonald without whom we would have been lost. Thinking back on our season I would say it's a great game, played by a great bunch of guys with a great coach who all had a good time.

G.M.R.

## The training room

Hello sports fan? This is your unbiased sports critic reporting to you from the creaking rafters and rotting floor boards of our phys. ed. complex. This building housed many grunts and groans of phys. ed. tests since the latter years of the First World War. It was once the old DCDT's back yard. It was donated as a gym to improve the deteriorating physical stature of the cadets of today and to shield his hallowed home from hot lead spewing forth from the trenches where gunners fire viciously at paper targets. IT DOESN'T WORK!

The greatest news of the year is about to come. The water polo team, you know, the guys who play with yellow balls, have won a position in the OUAA Championships and will be on T.V. To achieve that they won three out of four games at Queen's pool 23 & 24 Nov. Scores were 5-3 over Queen's, 12-5 against York, 10-2 over Ottawa but lost 8-5 to U of T. The victory over Queen's was the Reddies second over their cross town rivals and they were the only team to defeat the Gaels this year. Outstanding performances by Gabor Vajay in this series who with many a rapier-like thrust blocked sure goals of the cannonading shots from the opposition. John Cutbill, 'mangled' thumb and all, who has been the team's leader all year, did not let them down in this series either but led the spirited RMC attack.

The Reddies travel to McMaster U. in Hamilton to play in the OUAA Championships. McMaster is the perennial Canadian champion and training room sources say the chances of a Reddie win are very, very, very slim. i.e. pffffffft!

Despite not having a shallow end to rest in the RMC team did very well owing almost entirely to their exclusive use of life jackets.

Congratulations H2O polo team and the best of luck in McMaster.

The basketball team seems to be in bad shape and we here at the training room have few worthwhile comments to write about them partly because they don't frequent our establishment. Their most recent victory was over St. Lawrence College and have put in very close games a couple other times especially against Queen's who beat them 57-52. But sorry Reddies close only counts in hand grenades horseshoes and NUKES.

Jacques Strappe  
Chuck & Dave

### KILL 301

If during the last month and a half you happened to have passed by the new gym during one of the periods in which third year were taking their physical education class, you would have undoubtedly heard screams, shouts and incredible bangs. This commotion seemed to be announcing the beginning of the end. One such person who upon hearing the uproar entered the gym rather hurriedly, wearing a worried look was Father McRae. His relief was quite visible when he found that it was only the cadets practicing their unarmed combat. This was his introduction to the famous 'Kill 301' course.

Actually I can understand why Father was quietly away in the gallery. All these young men he knows so well to be the fun-loving 'gentlemen officer cadets' were taking seriously the art of throwing each other around. There are excellent reasons for being so serious; one false move and it can really smart.

The unarmed-combat course is designed to give the cadets a basic idea how the major pressure points and a few simple moves can be combined into an effective fighting combination.

Continued on page 7



### Hero's worship

Here are the wing 'hero's'. Those tough first year who fought on against such a heavy competition to win... the first year boxing championship.

In Bantam weight the winner is MacDonald. In light, the winner is Neal with Honour as runner up. Light Welter winner is

Hall, runner up is Kennedy. Welter weight won by McLeod, runner up is Heath. Light Middle winner is Stokes. Jamieson is his runner up. Kuto won Light heavy and had Scharf as his runner up. In Heavy Weight, Carey was the champion with Sarsons as the runner up. Jacques Strappe

### HEAD QUARTERS

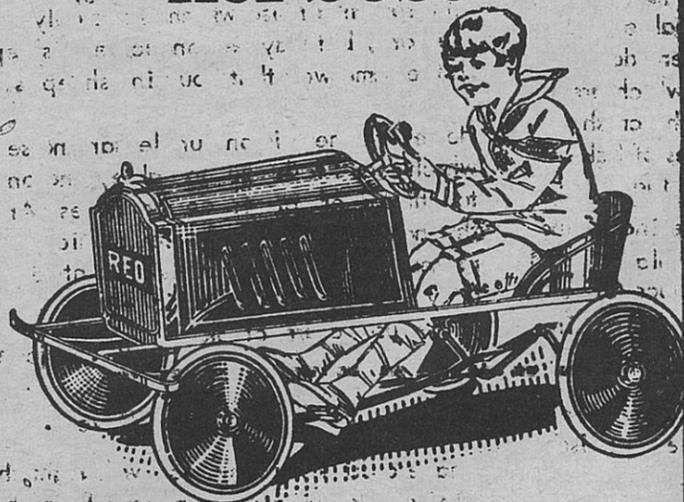
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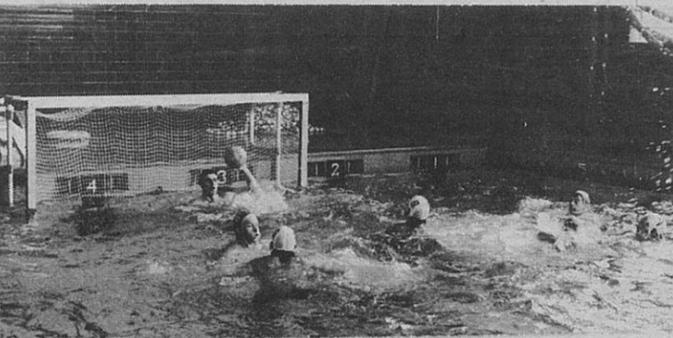
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## HOCKEY REPORT

The R.M.C. Redmen entered the Ontario University Athletic Association this year and were quickly welcomed by the Ottawa Gee-Gees (7-2) and the York Yeoman (10-1). Despite their slow start with only two points out of a possible twelve the Redmen have the talent to become a contender. There have been occasional flashes of brilliance when the team 'got it all together' and put out a solid effort to win. This is the team that most fans have not seen. The team that outskates, outplays and outscores their opponents has not played at Constantine Rink. Not once this season have the Redmen looked really impressive on home ice. Only on the road are they at their best. Just ask one of the faithful who followed the team to Oswego. In that 4-3 overtime victory, the Redmen played their best game of the season.

One of the team's major problems is in the injury department. Dick Mohns and Henry Van Keulen have been out with shoulder injuries and Dennis Fodor has been sidelined with a wrist injury. Keeping the rest of the team on the ice has become a constant task for the trainer Pat 'Hands that Heal' Clayton.

In the goal scoring department the captain Marc Ouellet, leads the team with six goals in six games followed by Chuck Barkman and Brian Hook with two goals each. One-goal scorers are Jim Alkins, Brian Wilson, Dave Hall, Bob Booth, Larry Russell, Rick Wing and Gord Brown.

The defensive squad, led by assistant-captain Brian Hook has also had its share of problems. They have been hurt by the loss of Dennis Fodor. The defence has the hitting and checking ability necessary for a strong defence.

With only three games left before the Christmas break, the Redmen certainly hope to pick up points to move out of their seventh place position in the league standings. In a league

### Etre un Arbitre?

As one passes by any one of the RMC playing fields when an intramural game is in progress they are bound to hear some kind of outburst proclaiming the failings or incompetence of the ref. Usually the cries come from both teams but at different times during the match. However, in most cases we all agree that the refereeing is not what it should be.

Même si les arbitres ne sont pas toujours du calibre professionnel on doit se souvenir des buts du programme intramural. Il n'a pas été développé seulement pour la récréation des élèves-officiers, mais aussi comme autre stage de notre formation. Ce programme donne une chance aux élofs d'apprendre comment organiser une ligue ou une équipe ou comment arbitrer ou juger tout en les gardant en forme.

Therefore if we realize that these people are not necessarily well trained in the art of officiating, nor in many cases well versed with all the rules, we can understand that there will be some instances in which the ref seems completely "out to lunch!" This is the point at which it is better to talk to the captain of your team and have him question the ref.

Imagine yourself reffing your first game of lacrosse with all sorts of people telling you to "open your eyes" and "get a grip" and some other less pleasant comments, when you're not even sure what you are supposed to be looking for.

Alors si tu penses en fonction de l'arbitre, tu comprends que c'est mieux de rester tranquille et de jouer la partie. Un autre petit auquel il faut faire attention est que si tu cries trop souvent à l'arbitre, peut-être que tu le feras lâcher et ce sera ton équipe qui en souffrira. Alors la prochaine fois que tu penses que t'aimerais crier à l'arbitre, pense-y: COMMENT AIMERAIS-TU CA ETRE UN ARBITRE?

G. D. Baker

'A journalist is a grumbler, a censurer, a giver of advice, a regent of sovereigns, a tutor of nations. Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets.'

Napoleon

made up of the University of Toronto Varsity Blues, York Yeomen, Ottawa Gee-Gees, Queen's Golden Gaels, Carlton Ravens, Ryerson Roms, Laurentian Voyageurs and teams from Windsor, Trent, Guelph and Waterloo, the Redmen will be fighting a continuous uphill battle.

One thing that is lacking for sure is fan support. Twenty-eight hundred fans turn out regularly to cheer their Lakers and 'boo' the opponents. Obviously Constantine will not hold twenty-eight hundred fans nor are there twenty-eight hundred fans available, but other than the few faithful followers, attendance has been disappointing. Come out and watch the Redmen; they need your support. Their brand of hockey is close hard-hitting and exciting. You certainly won't be disappointed.

Witan

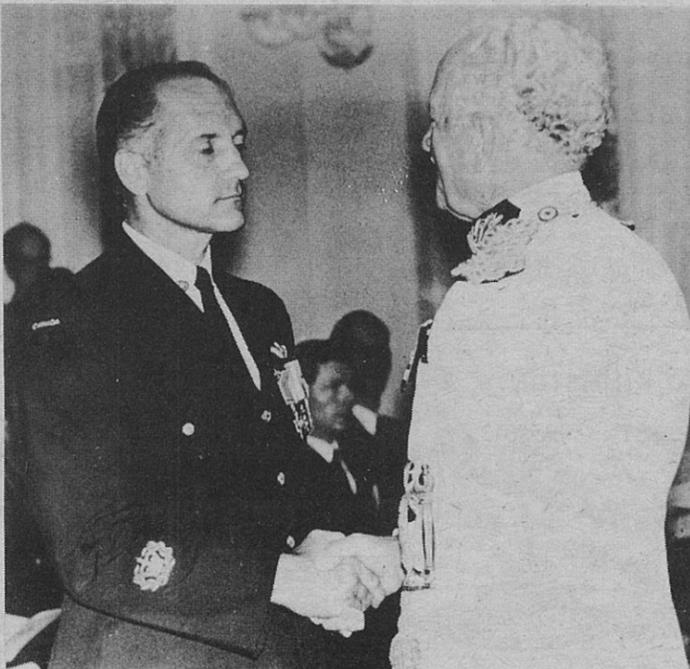
KILL 301

Continued

I'm not sure whether it was the people watching or the cadets involved who had the better time in this particular part of our training. The idea of introducing a rep. team to display this type of military activity has been very well accepted by the cadet wing. All toll the course was a great success and a total blast!

G.D. Baker

OTTAWA - - Governor-General Roland Michener congratulates Master Warrant Officer Denis Bradley, 40, of Kingston, Ont., Royal Military College, Kingston, after investing him as a Member of the Order of Military Merit. Master Warrant Officer Bradley received the award for his exceptional service in the field of physical education.



Bravo Claude.

## IM STANDINGS

as of 2 Dec 1973

HANDBALL					
SQN	GP	W	L	T	PTS
1	6	6	0	0	18
6	5	4	1	0	13
3	5	3	2	0	11
4	5	2	3	0	9
7	5	2	3	0	9
2	5	1	4	0	7
8	6	0	6	0	6
FLOOR HOCKEY					
SQN	GP	W	L	T	PTS
8	4	3	0	1	11
1	4	2	1	1	9
4	4	2	2	0	8
7	3	2	0	1	8
6	3	1	1	1	6
2	3	0	3	0	3
5	3	0	3	0	3
ICE HOCKEY					
SQN	GP	W	L	T	PTS
2	4	2	1	1	9
3	3	2	1	0	7
5	3	1	1	1	6
8	3	1	2	0	5
4	3	0	1	2	5
WATER POLO					
SQN	GP	W	L	T	PTS
5	4	4	0	0	12
6	4	3	1	0	10
8	4	2	2	0	8
1	3	1	2	0	5
3	3	1	2	0	5
2	3	1	2	0	5
7	3	0	3	0	3
BASKETBALL					
SQN	GP	W	L	T	PTS
5	4	3	0	1	11
4	4	2	1	1	9
7	5	1	3	1	8
6	3	2	1	0	7
1	4	1	2	1	7
3	4	1	3	0	6

## Mackenzie Squadron Presents

For the first time ever, the Christmas Ball has been made a Squadron (as opposed to a Wing) task. CWHQ made one of its usual brilliant decisions and gave the assignment to the big A-T-E. Enthusiastically, the boys in green (not putrid or slime as some would like to think) plunged into the gargantuan task way back in September, despite gasps of disbelief from countless cadets who couldn't envision such an early start in preparing for the RMC Christmas highlight. But that's just how it is in 8 Squadron - eager and quick to react. Many said that it couldn't be done, that it was just too huge a job for one squadron, but these critics did not reckon on the 'Never say die' spirit of Bowman's Boys.

With the theme 'Medieval Christmas' decided upon, we got under way with fireproofing and painting; at present, the decorations are nearly finished, meaning that we're right on schedule. In all honesty, we feel that the decorations this year surpass those of previous years. Granted, the motif is simple, not because 8 Squadron is simple-minded, but because certain details had to be changed or deleted to suit the implementation of unit tasking. However, it is often the plain things that have the greatest effect. We think that this is the case here.

Mackenzie's first year cadets have done a good deal of work,

much more so than those responsible for regattas, track meets, and other Wing activities. In past years, we've usually had over one hundred rooks decorating; this year we have only twelve and we're very satisfied with their efforts. The second year, who probably came back in September feeling that their decorating days were over, recovered from the initial shock and performed admirably as well. One of them can boast that he owns more pop cans than anybody in the Wing. Right, Joe?

What about third year? Who would ever have thought that third year would have to dirty their hands in decorating again? But they did nevertheless - omnipotent WITENAGEMOTE. And, for the first time ever, CSC's were actually called upon to command their sections, which is what unit tasking is all about.

As can be seen, everybody got into the act and for the most part, had fun doing it. The squadrons responsible for the West Point and Grad Balls will have to go a long way to surpass this effort. They had better start arrangements well ahead of time. Mackenzie Squadron will be looking forward to seeing you all at THEIR ball. Have a good time and try not to eat everything off the trees, okay?

B. Davis  
8 Squadron

## Tale of Two Birds

Once upon a time there was an island in the middle of a large pond. On this island grew an old maple tree; a big green tree with two thick branches. On one branch lived a family of hawks on the other lived a family of owls. In the middle of the tree, protected from the cold unfriendly wind by thousands of leaves, was built a communal nest with a high wall of twigs. In this nest a stork would lay tiny green eggs with one thin gold stripe, so similar in appearance as to make it difficult for the casual observer to tell them apart. Before the stork left he would entrust both the hawks and the owls with the task of incubating the eggs.

Whether the unhatched egg developed into a hawk or an owl depended upon which species of bird kept it warm. The hawks demanded that they should nurse the eggs in the nest; they believed their intensity and strength were desirable characteristics in any chick. On the other hand the owls reasoned that they should nurse the eggs; they thought the warmth from their feathers would instill the virtue of wisdom in the unborn chicks. Both being civilized birds they discussed the problem and arrived at a compromise.

Keeping in mind that the eggs required round-the-clock protection from the hostile environment, it was decided that both the hawks and the owls should share the duties of incubation. This compromise they called 'The Best of Both Birds Deal'.

So the hawks and owls would alternate their sittings; each concentrating on instilling in the dormant chick the good tendencies in their respective species. But often, in the short interval during change-overs when the eggs were openly exposed to the cruelty of the environment, a shell would crack, rendering the egg useless to the

### I.B.T.T.Y.

DATING CLUB

Thank you very much for your letters, they were greatly appreciated. The response to the I.B.T.T.Y. Club was more than what we anticipated. However we have found it necessary to alter our conditions upon requesting our services. Due to feedback from the female side, we discovered that it is difficult to arrange for individual dates therefore in the future our services will be available for group functions only i.e. dances, squadron parties. We apologize to the cadets who did not receive replies to their letters. It is our hope that this letter will help you understand the reasons why. As a result from a correspondence we received we are now coordinating our services with Mr. Brian Lofthouse from LaSalle Squadron. In upcoming events you may contact him or write directly to us. Thank you very much for the interest you have shown in our Club. So keep those cards and letters coming!

B.C.H. & Co.



DOES ANYBODY KNOW THE WAY?

birds. In such a case there was no choice but to drop it over the side of the nest - what would become of it was never known. Sometimes a nursing hawk would crush one of the eggs beneath it; the bird's strength had proven too much for some of the weaker shells. And even the owls would often cause the odd yolk to boil; the heat of wisdom was overwhelming in its depth. Similarly these eggs would have to be released from the family of the nest, their usefulness spent.

But the stronger eggs survived and both the hawks and the owls were pleased. They thought the value of the nest had been proven.

## THANKS

Congratulations to all the RMC Third Year cadets who were given the privilege of owning and driving cars in and around RMC.

Sincere thanks to all those who helped to form the decision. A Third Year

## What is a Bud?

Someone who discovers your rifle 'insecure' and who hides it under your 'pit' covers so you won't get charged.

Though imagine how it feels coming back very 'tired' from the Mess, climbing into your bed and snuggling up against a rifle!!!

Thanks anyway, whoever you may be.

G.C.N.

D.J. Broderick

## THE PURE BIRD

It seems that RMC is full of all sorts of strange 'beasties'. Last issue we were introduced to the plague of every hard working mid nite oil burning cadet - the pit monster!

Well this month I'd like to describe a far more exotic animal which goes by the name of 'RMC pure-bird'.

This fowl bird can be seen strutting about Kingston with beak pointing skywards and on fine days it has even been known to carry an umbrella as a walking stick. (You never can tell when it's going to rain.)

Though once a member of the 'snobbish' clan of finer fowl, the pure-bird of late has found its blood lines contaminated by half-bird types from outside the area. Hence the RMC pure-bird has itself almost been reduced to half-bird status. In fact, the only major difference I've been able to see between the two types is one of background - the

pure-bird is of 'veteran' RMC stock.

However, being a pure-bird myself I tried to get an objective opinion from the delightful Queen's 'birds' . . . but they thought we were all just plain 'animals'!

## Arch Personal

A new attraction as of our next issue will be the ARCH personal column.

This column is a free service to all our subscribers. It will include anything from classified ads, to brief messages to or from the parents, birthday or anniversary wishes and the like. The mailing address is:

Arch; R.M.C.; Kingston, Ont.; K7L 2W3

The Editor

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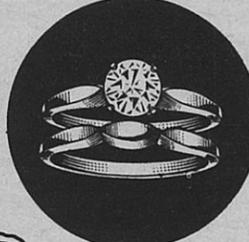
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# K.I.C.

Life at RMC seems to be finally settling down and people are starting to realize that, 'yes we do have academics here.' With the Xmas Ball the social life here will be brought to a close for the year 1973. Bruce Davis has been working hard on the decorations for the Ball and it should prove to be one of the best ever at RMC.

One of the highlights of November's mess functions was 'Pub Night'. Our guest singer, Fred Werthman had that special knack of getting the audience involved in his act. In return the audience was determined to get Fred involved in their act, but Fred, being from the Atlantic provinces, proved too much for the weaker 'mainland drinkers'. He was still able to walk when he left the mess after the show. All in all, everyone had a good time. Activities of this nature are a much appreciated change from the normal mess functions. So let's get with it and have more events like 'Pub Night'.

The 'Mother Nature' dance seemed to be a demonstration of the recent lack of enthusiasm in the cadet wing. The band was good, but the low attendance at the dance put a damper on the whole affair. Maybe it was the dance at KGH or everyone was still hungover from 'Pub Night' but with over 600 mess members I'm certain we can both service KGH and keep our own functions alive.

The last two weekends were relatively quiet, several people were on leave and the rest seemed to sit around and sip a drink or dance to the music of the 'super tapes'.

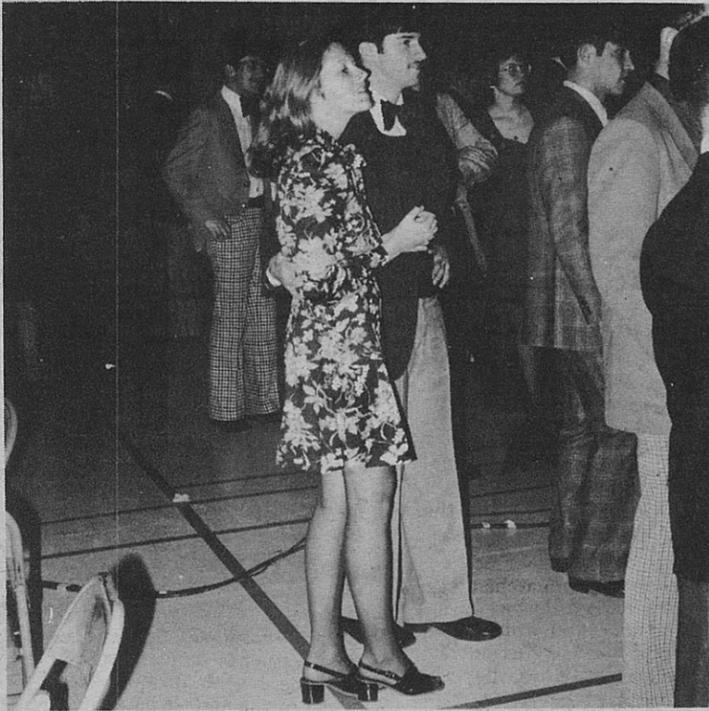
One of the potentially great mess functions, that most of the wing seems to be missing out on, are the RMC Redmen hockey games. The mess is open before, during and after most of the games and take it from me the pre-game warm-up and post-game wrap-up, can really be a good time and the more people there the better. Let's get out there and support our Redmen.

The bananas came to RMC. This band which played for the dance of December 1st left many with mixed reactions. They played very well and in fact it was quite hard to tell their version and the original apart. Their performance was entertaining. But they were a hard band to get to dance to. Besides that they did not play any popular modern music, which displeased several couples.

As a closing note, I would like you all to take a few moments to think over the social life at RMC during the fall term. Any suggestions that you have that might improve our mess functions pass them on to your entertainment reps, they'll be greatly appreciated. So, about all there is left to say is: 'Good Luck' on exams, and have a great Xmas break. B.E. MacDonald



The morning after the night before?



## CHRISTMAS PRESENT

This article was written well before 3rd Year received permission to drive cars. However, it still has some important points.

The Editor

T'was the night before Christmas and all through the house, Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse. The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, In hopes that the General soon would be there. The Third Year were all tucked safe in their beds, While visions of cars danced in their heads.

Then 'across the square' there arose such a clatter, 'Gentlemen the Commandant', I sprang to my feet.

Down the chimney he came light as a feather, Without a word went right to his work, Filled 1st, 2nd and 4th year stockings without a mistake, Then turned with a wink and up the chimney he rose. But I heard him say as he passed out of sight, 'Carry on Gentlemen, but no wheels tonight!'



Photo by Paul Mosher

The door burst open and in typically little boy fashion Billy flew down the hall to the rec room. 'C ess what?' he demanded breathlessly of the three curly headed little girls and one boy gathered religiously around the TV, 'Guess hat!'

Nothing happened. The only movement was from the flickering images on the screen in the dim half-light, like candles in a draft. The only noise was from the TV turned down low so it sounded like a priest incanting a prayer. Finally one white eye was turned up to look at him, as if he were a delinquent late-comer for church that had had the gall to grandly proclaim his late arrival instead of quietly finding a seat.

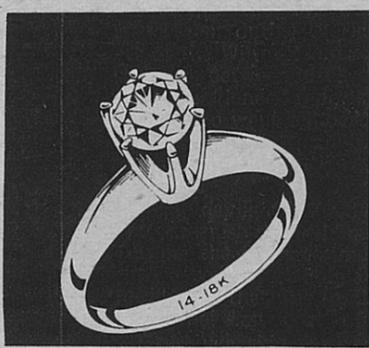
'What?' came the question back from the curly headed girl staring at him, 'We're having a blizzard and we won't have to go to school tomorrow?'

'No. Better than that.' came the eager reply from Billy trying to divest some more attention from a purple rabbit performing ridiculous antics on the TV. 'I was outside just now, talking to big brother and he said Uncle Jack's thinking of gettin' me a bike for Christmas. One just like Roge's That's if I'm good. Isn't that great?'

Continued on page 10

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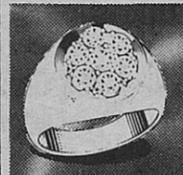
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**THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT**

Continued

Billy puffed up his chest trying to look important glancing around the room to see how much attention he commanded now. The purple rabbit was gone now. In its place someone on the screen was trying to sell them a new breakfast cereal, so for the moment he was the focus of their attention. Trying to get the most out of the situation he demanded importantly, 'What do you think of that?'

Silence reigned again but the looks in three sets of eyes told him that even the thought of having a bicycle, the status symbol of his set, had elevated him to a God-like position in their estimation. 'Wow', exclaimed one of the other curly headed girls, 'Dad said you weren't gonna get a bike until you turned thirteen in the spring. Will ya let me ride it? What colour is it gonna be?'

With an air of one bestowing great favours to the lower classes Billy answered with a wave of his hand, 'Why sure you can ride it s'long as I'm around. It's gonna be black and shiny silver. Yep Uncle Jack says he'll get me one s'long as I'm good.'

Bobby the fourth member of the group, Billy's twin brother, suddenly spoke up having been unimpressed so far, 'I thought you were gonna ask for one of them fancy coats like Roge's got. You said the other day that's all you wanted for Christmas. Sides, what cha gonna do with a bike in all this snow?'

Billy cringed under the attack of somebody with a large pin trying to burst his egotistical bubble.

'Nope', bleated Billy as he saw his followers admiration diminishing at the thought their hero would want something as mundane as clothes for Christmas. 'Nope. Wanta bike. Nice shiny bike just like Roge's. Never said I wanted a coat, wanta bike.'

That wasn't quite true, Billy inwardly knew he had professed quite a bit of open admiration for Roge's coat and on several occasions said how much he'd like to have one just like it. But all he could see now was the vision of his shiny bike. To reaffirm the faith of his followers and partly to assure himself he repeated again, 'nope wanta bike. Gonna get one too, if I'm good.'

He stopped suddenly. If Uncle Jack was thinking of giving a bike to him then hadn't he better find ways to convince him he was deserving of it and really wanted it? Yes, he thought, that would certainly be a good idea.

Bobby broke in with another attack, 'I think you're nuts. Dad said he'd get you a bike in the spring anyway. He sure won't get you that coat then, when you don't need it. You could use the coat now but you can't even use a bike until the spring,' then dismissing him with a shake of his head he too went back to watching the TV.

'Nope, want a bike not a coat' said Billy more to himself than anyone else. Finding that his audience had deserted him and that he was suddenly very hot he retired to his room to plan his strategy, peeling off his winter clothes, leaving a trail as he went.

Christmas was approaching fast and with it came all the trappings of the great season. Out came all the decorations, the shiny balls,

the tinsel, the holly and mistletoe, the Christmas music, the inevitable shopping sprees, and the problems of trying to buy gifts undetected and then hide them until the proper moment, and of course more than enough snow for a beautiful white Christmas.

True to little-boy fashion Billy was as good as gold. There wasn't a thing he wouldn't do to be helpful around the house and of his former tricks he conscientiously reformed them all.

Mysterious Christmas lists started appearing around the house, with a 'Bicycle 10-speed racer' first and sometimes second. Billy had decided that it would be imprudent to have all his subtly-dropped hints be exactly the same, but he was careful to make sure the only recurring item was the bicycle. He left catalogues open where he was certain his mother would find them. They were always open at the bicycles and appropriately marked to look as if he'd been considering the merits of the various makes. He was even so bold as once or twice to channel the dinner conversation onto the subject of bikes, Roger's bike and how much he liked it.

On the night before Christmas, when all other children the world-round have visions of sugar plums dancing in their heads, Billy had visions of himself on his brand new bicycle whizzing along the roads. The next morning when he awoke he lay in bed excitedly, but supremely confident until he heard the rest of the family stir. He could barely restrain himself from running into the living room. Somehow he managed to walk calm in.

The Christmas tree was all aglow with twinkling multicolored bulbs and sparkles of lights and shiny ornaments. Underneath the gaily wrapped presents were piled with abandon so that it seemed the tree had been planted in them. Billy's eyes took this all in quickly as he searched for the distinctive form of a bike anywhere

Great tears were starting to roll down Billy's cheeks as he looked up at Uncle Jack hoping to hear him say no that it wasn't so, there was really one more to go.

Uncle Jack spoke up, 'I know you wanted a bike Billy, but you

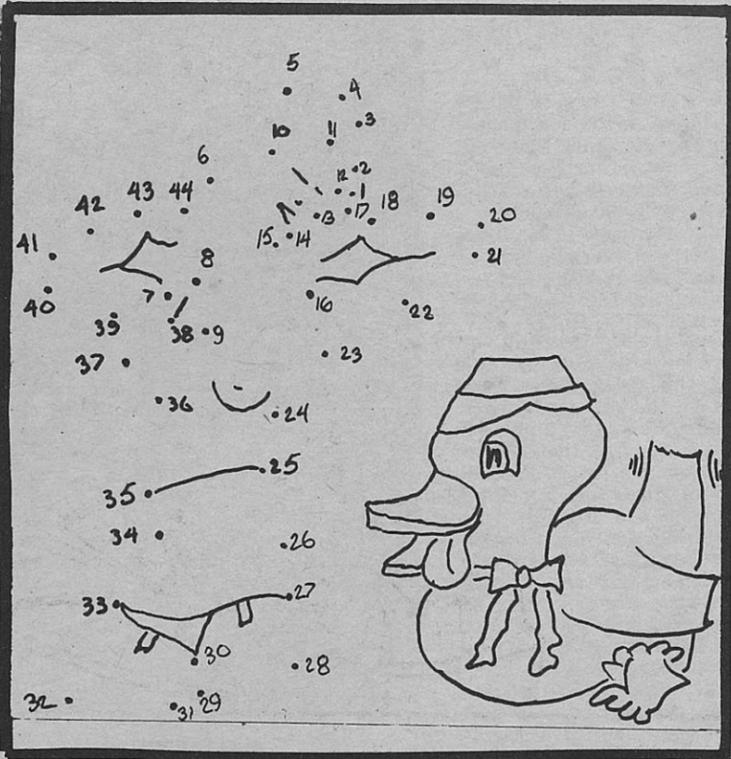
**YESTERDA'S PSYCHOLOGY**

Male Preferences in Women:

Do you prefer the hard-to-get woman over the one that seems a little too eager for an alliance? If you are the normal male, your answer to this question is most likely. "Yes!" Elaine Walster, Jane Allyn Piliavin, and G. William Walster have found that men are equally suspicious of both cold, aloof women and friendly, over-affectionate females. It seems that men prefer women who are hard only for other men to get.

Working to prove the premise that men prefer hard-to-get women, the experimenters were frustrated in that any conclusive or statistically sound support avoided them like the plague. They learned that the more romantic interests a woman professed, the more socially desirable she was; they discovered that the hard-to-get woman, the one who paused to reflect before accepting a date, was not

Continued on page 11



**STOL Air Service**

OTTAWA (CFP) A two-year experiment to evaluate a STOL (short take-off and landing) air service between Ottawa and Montreal will be launched next March by the Ministry of Transport.

The inter-city air passenger service will begin after pilot training and route-proving procedures have been completed. This will be the first STOL passenger service in the world.

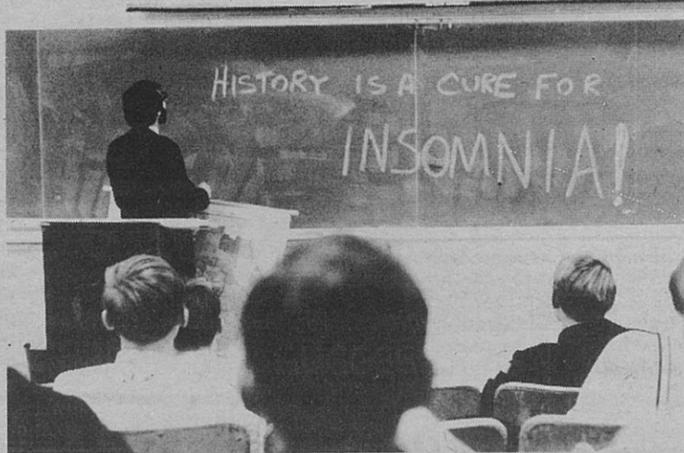
The Ottawa STOLport will be located at CFB Ottawa (North) and the Montreal STOLport will be at the Victoria parking lot, site of the Expo '67 car park. Construction at both STOLports is well under way.

The Rockcliffe Flying Club will continue to use the CFB Ottawa (North) runway during the STOL demonstration project.

The Ministry of Transport has purchased six specially equipped 11-passenger DHC-6 Twin Otter aircraft for the two-year trial project.

Flights will take place approximately between 7:00 a.m. and 11:40 p.m. daily with hourly take-offs. Air time between the two cities is about 40 minutes.

The two STOLports will be operated by the ministry, and the aircraft by an Air Canada subsidiary, 'Airtransit Canada.' During the first year of operation, 90,000 - 120,000 passengers are expected to use the downtown-to-downtown service.



in the room. It was with a funny feeling in his stomach that he told himself that you couldn't hide a bike under a Christmas tree so they'd keep it a surprise, until last, and bring it in from somewhere else. He felt a sense of uneasiness when he found a gift for him under the tree from Uncle Jack but placed it aside, to open last, confident that it would contain a slip of paper telling him to go downstairs and look in the corner behind the woodpile under the blanket for a surprise.

When he finally opened the package from Uncle Jack he felt something was very wrong but he was ready to run anywhere the slip of paper might direct him.

His trembling fingers tore away the wrapping paper and his disbelieving eyes saw a game that he dimly remembered putting on a fictitious Christmas list somewhere. This total disbelief and shock was complete when his father suggested perhaps that now everyone was finished opening gifts that they could have some breakfast.

can't use a bike here in the winter time, and your Dad said he'd promised to get you one in the spring, when you turn thirteen. You know I couldn't think of anything else you might want. You never gave me any other ideas Billy.'

Hot salty tears were flowing down his cheeks, falling on the game box in his hands. He could taste the bitter taste in his mouth.

Over by the window Bobby looked out and laughed, 'Boy we sure got a lotta snow, bet it lasts for ages. Bet it's gonna be real bitter cold too.'

G. Hannah

**EARTH**

'A planet doesn't explode of itself,' said drily The Martian astronomer, gazing off into the air - 'That they were able to do it is proof that highly Intelligent beings must have been living there.'

John Hall Wheelock (1886 - )

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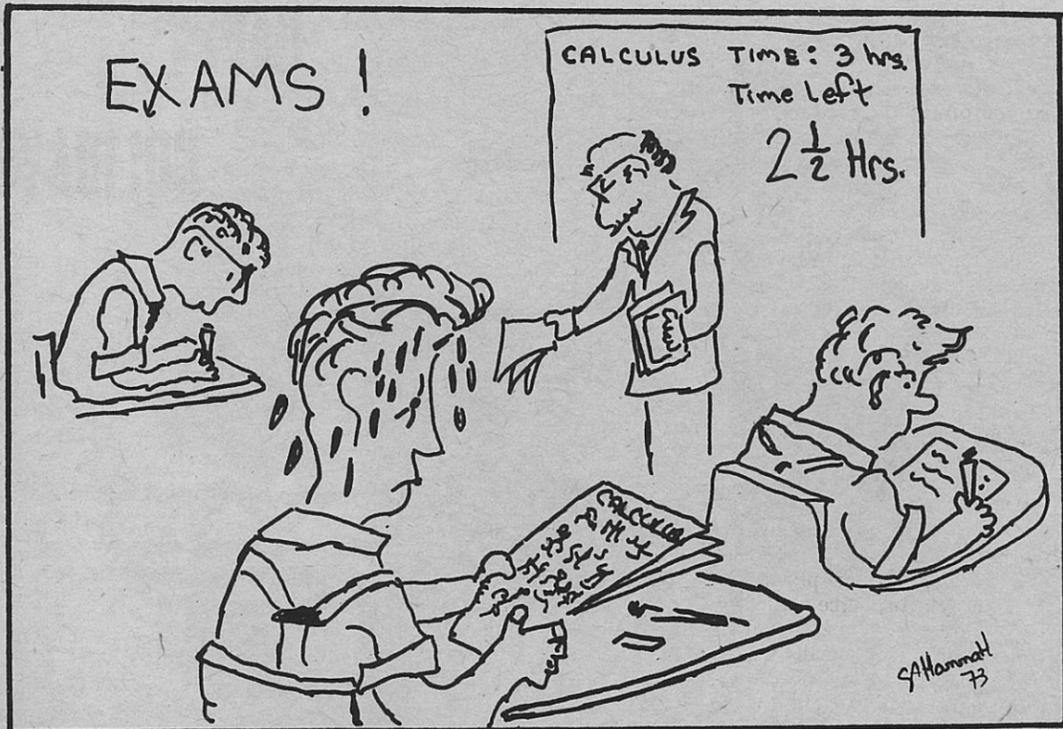
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**Standard procedure on death of officer cadets**

It has been brought to the attention of the military staff that cadets have been dying during examinations, apparently for no reason at all and have refused to fall over. This practice must stop.

On or after 1 January 73, any cadet found dead in the examination room will be dropped from the college at once without any investigation.

When it can be proved that the cadet is being held up by board, desk, stool, or any support which is the property of the Department of National Defence, a ninety day period of grace will be allowed. The following procedure will be adhered to.

If a cadet has not moved or changed position for two hours or more during an examination period, the professor will investigate. Because of the sensitive nature of cadets and the close resemblance between death and normal study habits, the investigation will be made quietly, to prevent waking the cadet if he is asleep.

If doubt exists, a passing mark in that subject may be extended. If the cadet does not reach for it, death may be reasonably assumed.

Note: In some cases the instinct to reach for the passing mark is so strong that a spasmodic clutching reflex action may occur. Don't be fooled by this.

In all cases, a sworn statement by the deceased must be filled out on the forms provided; fifteen copies will be made, three to be sent to the Cadet Wing Commander, two to the deceased, the remainder to be lost in college orderly room.

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Yesterday's continued preferred any more than the woman who accepted outright; and they also learned that a 'hard-to-get' act put on by a prostitute resulted in less frequent visits by her clients.

The researchers took the hint and then, reapproached the problem with an open mind. They again interviewed college men and realized this time that both types of women were uniquely desirable and frightening. The elusive woman is seen as a cold, though prestigious date. The more easy going girl was thought to possess admirable qualities of friendliness

and the ability to make the date more relaxed and enjoyable though most were aware that she could become serious or even hard to get rid of. The woman, on the other hand, who is hard for other men to get relatively easy for the subject is seen to have all the assets with none of the liabilities of both types of women. This selectively hard-to-get woman was preferred to the others and she rated highest on all measures of desirability. She also scored high on the measures of friendliness, warmth, and gregariousness of the available woman and on the popularity and selectivity of the hard-

to-get woman. The results of this study are interesting from our point of view but not readily practical for there is no real reason to suggest that the same is true of women in dealing with the selectively hard-to-get man! Personal observations, comments, and pertinent experiments in this area are sorely needed to support and help expand these researchers' hypothesis.

Elaine Walster, Jane Allyn Piliavin and G. William Walster, "The Hard-to-Get Woman," Psychology Today September, 1972, p. 80.

Marcel F. D'Eon

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