

# Canadian Boy

MARCH-APRIL 1969, VOL. 6, NO. 2

JUNIOR EDITION

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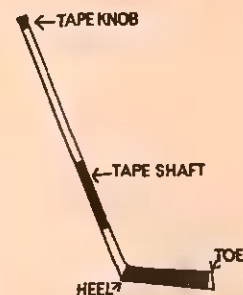
Cover photo by Jac Holland

NEXT ISSUE, we'll take a look at one of the most serious problems of the 20th century, pollution of our planet. We'll also have an interesting report of an international Scout exchange, written by Pierre Berton. And we'll be announcing CB's big Writers' Contest, something a lot of you will want to get in on. All this, and more, in May!



### TAPE YOUR HOCKEY STICK TO MAKE IT LAST

Taping a hockey stick isn't something you do just for looks. Any NHL player will tell you the time to tape your stick is when it's new. Ordinary black friction (electrical) tape does the best job. So, have some Wrigley's Spearmint Gum and get on with the job.



Many pros tell us they like to tape their sticks right from toe to heel. This protects the blade from cracks and also provides a cushion when you're taking a pass. It helps to give you better puck control too.

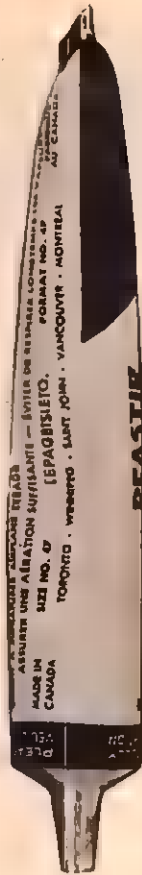
Some players tape the shaft of their stick because this is where most sticks break during a game. Taping the shaft also helps you to hang on to your stick and improves stick handling.

Don't forget the tape-knob on the end of your hockey stick either. It helps keep the stick from slipping out of your glove.

After every game check the tape for serious cuts and replace if necessary. Enjoy Wrigley's Spearmint Gum after every game too! It helps you to relax and you'll really go for the long-lasting flavour.



You'll enjoy the lively long lasting flavour—get some soon



## The Facts About Sniffing Glue

The truth is, not that much is known about the effects of glue-sniffing. But some facts have come out into the open, and here they are.

Glue-sniffing produces much the same effects as drinking a large amount of liquor.

It can also cause amnesia.

It can cause erosion of the gums and a lot of other temporary physical problems.

It can cause unconsciousness or convulsions.

It can produce tolerance to the extent that an experienced sniffer may need three times as much glue as a beginner.

It's being used by kids as young as seven, mostly boys.

It is used by a large number of kids with mental problems.

It can kill even the first-time user by suffocation.

Nobody knows what the long-term effects of glue-sniffing are, what it does to your body and mind. But these few facts make you stop and think about trying it. Even once.

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LIVING IN METROPOLITAN TORONTO**

As part of our continuing effort to improve our hockey school operations, we have arranged for pickups of day-school students in the Metropolitan Toronto area for Sessions 1 and 2 only.

Pick-ups will be made in school buses at shopping centres, school grounds between 7 and 8:30 a.m. each morning. Students will be dropped off between 5 to 6:30 each evening.

Cut out and mail today!

BH2-69

Dear Bill & Dave:

Please send me complete details about your hockey school. I understand this is no obligation.

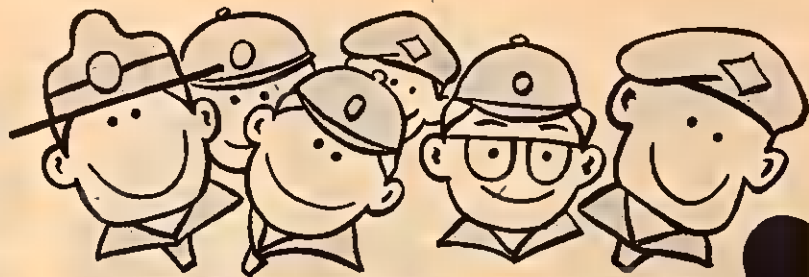
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**The Billy Harris-Dave Keon Summer Hockey School**  
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# the winners!



in the Braves Scout "Tracks to Treasure" Contest

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Rick Pannell, Melfort, Sask.  
Jim Brinson, Rossland, B.C.

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Ross Mounteney, Ponoka, Alberta  
Steven Slivinsky, Islington, Ontario

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Plus 100 winners of Corgi Cars

## Every Scout's a winner with the Braves Scout Shoe!

If you haven't seen the Braves Scout Shoe yet, better try on a pair soon. Looks like a school shoe . . . but it's a lot of fun. It's got exciting animals and animal tracks on the soles and a real compass hidden in the heel. And best of all it's the official shoe of the Boy Scouts of Canada.



Tell Mom you want a pair. You can see 'em at most shoe stores in your neighbourhood.



*the official Boy Scout shoes for school and Scouting*

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Written,  
produced,  
and directed  
by



So you'd like to make a movie? If you have a movie camera and some film, with the slightest bit of imagination you have all that's really needed to make your own motion pictures. Topics aren't a problem either. (continued on the next page)

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BY JEFF ROACH, PHOTOS BY ANDY ANDREWS



(Continued from previous page) But you must recognize your own limitations. If you tried filming the Riel Rebellion you would face formidable obstacles, the least of which would be finding enough actors and actresses to make it look real.

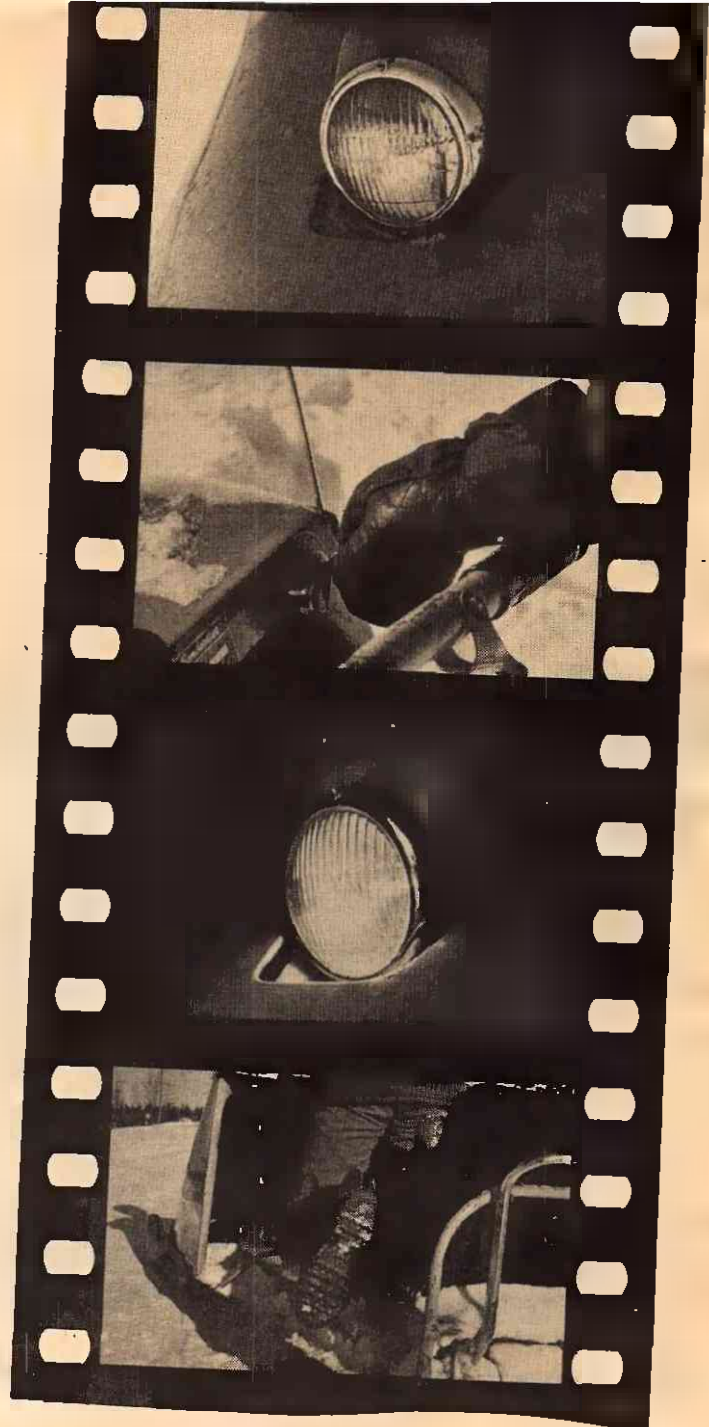
The simplest household scene often makes for an interesting film story: your sister going to her first high school formal; your mother icing the cake for your brother's surprise party; or your father banging his thumb as he tries to hang a picture on the wall.

If you like, you can even write your own film script and have some of your friends act it out before the camera.

But before you start, know how to use your camera. Your first step should be to study thoroughly the instruction booklet that comes with it. If you don't, you run a good chance of muffing some once-in-a-lifetime shots.

The booklet will tell you how to load and unload the camera, what type of film to use for indoor and outdoor shots, how to keep the camera in top condition, and a number of other pointers that will help you get the best possible results.

Then common sense takes over. A camera is like a



baseball bat or a hockey stick. You have to get the feel of it. Learn how to hold your camera steadily at eye level for 20-second intervals. If it isn't battery run, be sure to remember to rewind it after filming each scene.

Be careful to load and unload it in the shade whenever possible. A hard-to-repeat shot of your father swinging at a baseball can be ruined through light seepage.

Finally, the most important point of all. Always remember that you are taking motion pictures. The more movement and action you can get into a shot, the more interesting it will be for the viewer.

Keep the subjects moving. If you are shooting the back yard, swivel the camera so that the scene gradually unfolds. This creates the impression of movement and adds life to the shot.

If you are filming some friends at play, try not to let them know it. Most people stiffen when they realize they are being photographed. The result is usually a shot in which their actions are unnatural and robot-like.

Of course there will always be the situation where your subjects will know you are pointing a camera at them. Try to keep them loose and lively. Remember,



Written, Produced  
and Directed by  
**ME**

**THE  
END**

you're shooting a motion picture.

There is no strict rule governing how long each shot should last. Generally, however, an interval of from five to 20 seconds should be long enough to tell the story. You don't need a stopwatch. Mentally count off what you feel is a long enough interval and with practice you will become quite proficient.

Remember to keep your subject moving. Slowly swivel your body from the hips, without moving your feet, and you will get a smooth picture of the action.

Perhaps you would like to make a film on snowmobile safety? Go out with a friend who has a snowmobile available. Discuss with him what you would like to film, and maybe he can give you some ideas, too.

Your first shot might show the proper clothing to wear. Perhaps a four-second shot of the driver putting on his safety helmet, which is equipped with a visor, for a start. Then slowly move the camera to show his warm ski jacket, a heavy pair of mitts and woollen socks.

Next, you might follow the driver as he starts up, checks his lights and makes sure the snowmobile is in

good working order. This would give you an interesting sequence of shots.

In another scene you might show how to safely cross a highway. Or you can show how to negotiate hazards, like avoiding barbed wire fences. And you could illustrate some safety manoeuvres, for preventing collisions or upsets. A lot would depend on how expert your snowmobile driver is.

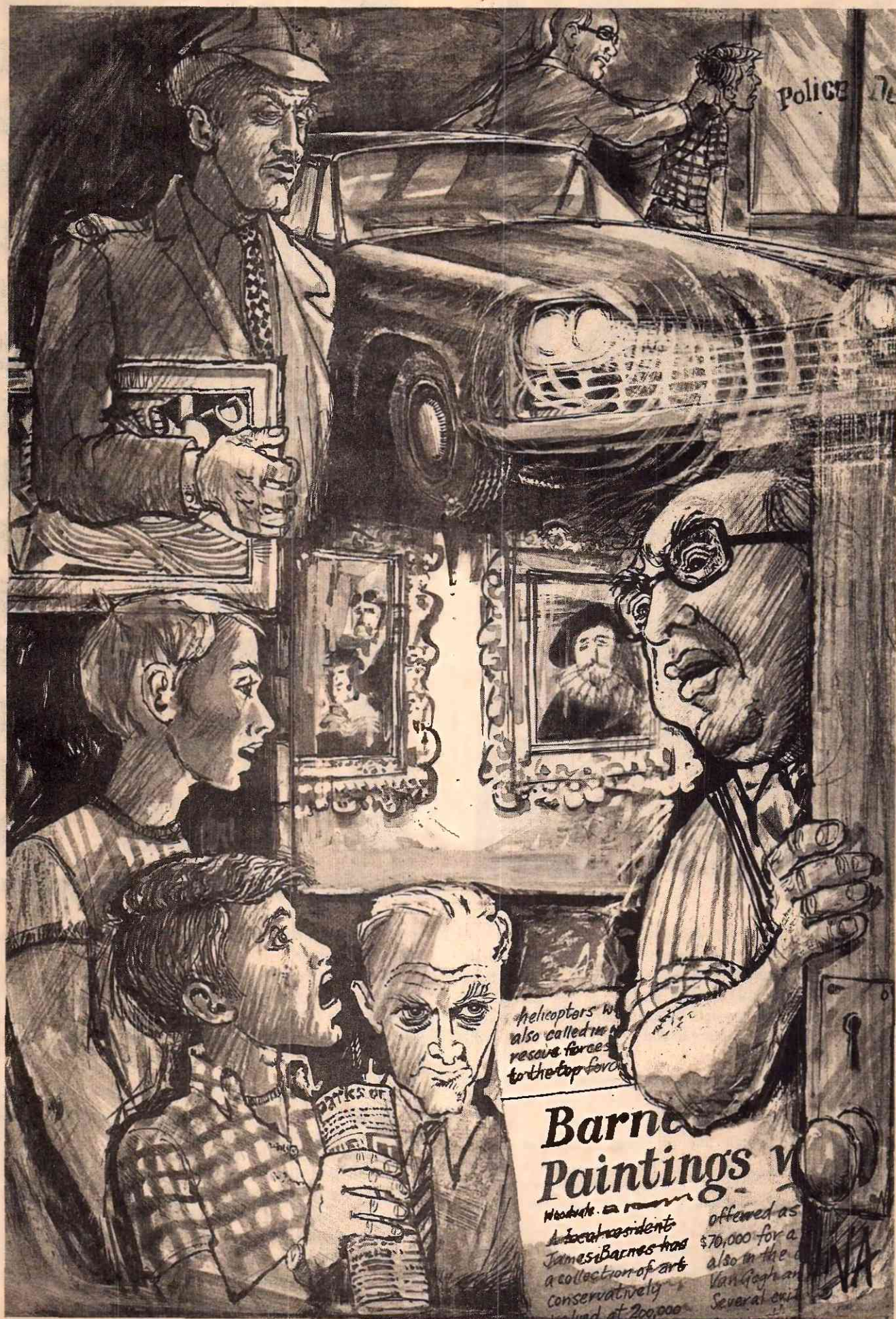
In other seasons, you could make similar movies on bicycle safety, or motorcycle riding, or horseback riding, or any number of sports activities.

As your proficiency grows, your reputation will likely grow with it. Friends may ask you to shoot film at parties or outings. Or your neighbor might invite you to film a few scenes of his family reunion.

By charging three or four dollars over the cost of your film, you will find you can save a surprisingly substantial sum in a short time. Most important, you will enjoy using your camera.

Who knows? You may even become a professional movie director someday. After all, the pros had to start somewhere, too!





Police

helicopters were also called in to rescue forces to the top of the

# Barne Paintings

Headline in newspaper  
A local resident James Barnes has a collection of art conservatively valued at 200,000 offered as \$70,000 for a Van Gogh and several other

WA



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# Me, Smitty, and the paper route mystery

by C. G. A. Storey

---

I'VE GOT THIS PAPER route, see, (yeah, it's me, Mike Halloran speaking) and I'm delivering to this house—people called Barnes. Well, I'll tell you that bag of papers gets heavier all the time, so I dump it at the end of the drive, pull Barnes' paper out and hop up to the house.

I'm almost at the house when suddenly I remember — boy, what a dope I am. Mr. Barnes told me "no paper this week 'cause we're going away." I'm just about to turn back when — surprise — the front door opens and this guy appears. He sees me and it's as though I'm his worst enemy — man, does he scowl. Then I guess he sees the paper under my arm 'cause he stops scowlin' and gives with: "I'll take the paper, kid." Kid! And me 15 years old in a couple of weeks.

Well, what to do? I could have told him I made a mistake. But suddenly I think "Who is this guy? I've never seen him before — and he looks real mean." So I decide to play it cool. I give him the paper and I ask, "Is Mr. Barnes in?" He gives me the brush quick like, "Yeah, yeah," he says. "But he's busy," and with that he hops back in the house and pulls up the drawbridge.

I make it back to my papers and all the time I'm thinking, "What gives? Did Mr. Barnes change his mind or what?" Anyhow, I finish my route — and natch, I'm a paper short on account of I'd cancelled one for Barnes. So I'm out a dime 'cause I have to buy one at Jones' store to make the last delivery.

I'm coming out of the store when — WHAMMO — a hand like a catcher's mitt hits me on the shoulder from behind. Without lookin' I know it's Smitty — William

Archibald Smithers to give you his name in full. But call him Archibald and you're asking for a face full of fist.

You never met Smitty? Man, you can't miss him! He's the same age as me, but that's where the resemblance calls it quits. He's topping five foot eleven, weighs in at two hundred pounds and not an ounce of fat. He practically wins our school football games by himself.

I get up from my knees where I landed when he tapped me. "Hey," I says, and tell him of the caper at Barnes. "Man," he says, "you're on to a big one. That guy's a phoney." Smitty's a great one for the private eye stories. He sees crooks on every corner.

"Knock it off," I say, "old Barnes probably changed his mind and stayed put."

"It would be a neat trick if he could do it," says my pal, grinning like Mr. Clean, "'cause I saw the whole Barnes family leavin' on a plane yesterday, Dad and I were at the airport to meet Uncle Bill."

Well, what do you make of that? The guy is a phoney.

"What say we go take a look-see if everything is on the up and up," says the private eye of Grade 10, "or do we call the gendarmes?" Honest, this Smitty's dead keen on playing Sherlock Holmes. And to tell you the truth — I want to find out what's going on, too.

So, I get rid of the last paper, grab a meal, and as night falls Smitty and me are tippy-toeing through the bushes alongside Barnes' drive. For a big guy, old Smitty is real light on his feet, and the only sound you can hear is branches clobbering me across the eyebrows.

Well, sir, by *Continued on page 18*

# the great gordie

by Paul Dulmage

**Call him what you will,  
Gordie Howe is still  
The man with the most.**

No one ever wrote a song about Cyclone Taylor or Newsy Lalonde or Howie Morenz or Rocket Richard.

But they wrote one about Gordon Howe and it said, simply, "Gordie Howe is the greatest of them all."

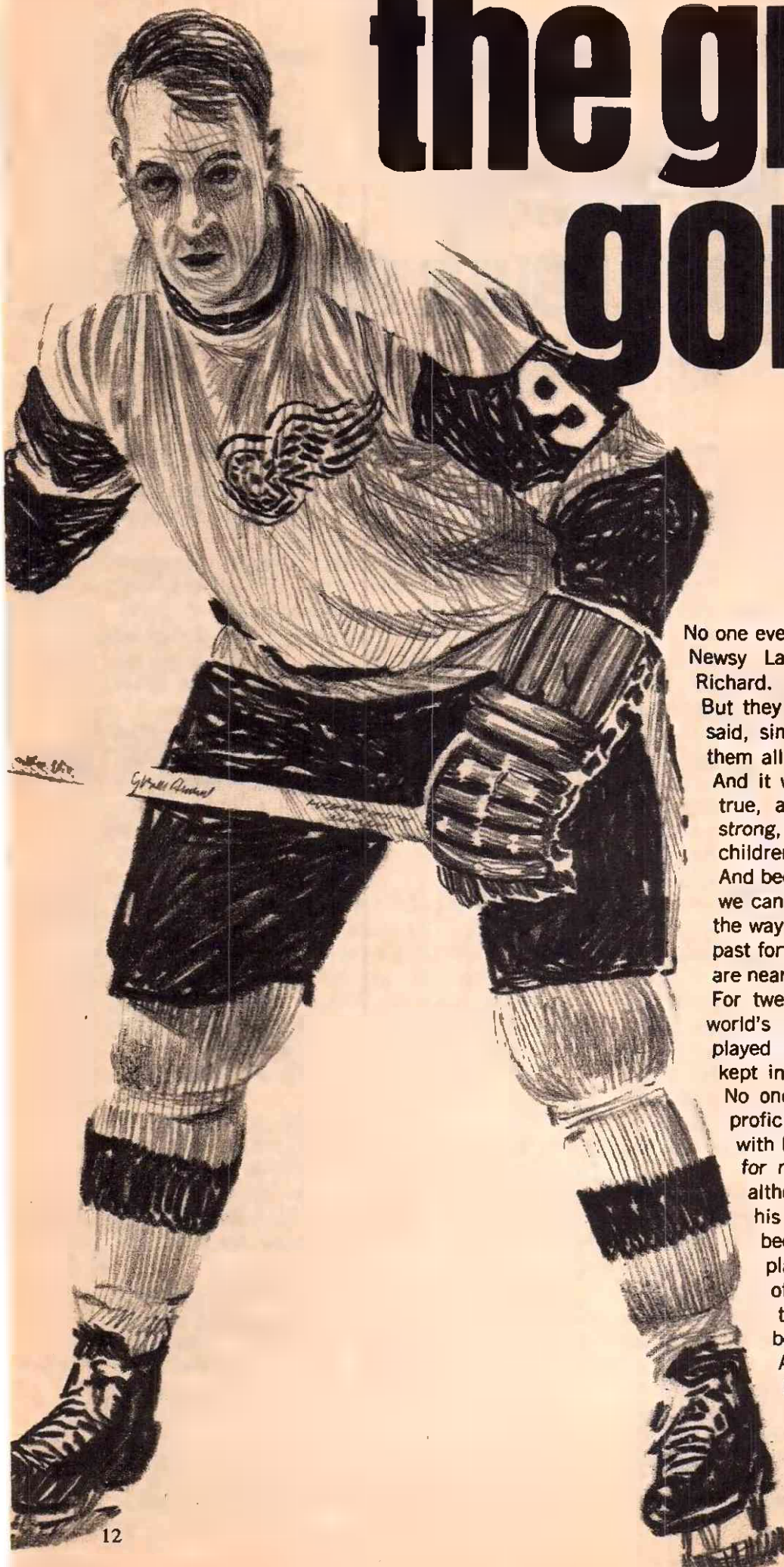
And it was a very good song, because it was true, and because it was about a hero, a strong, good man whom men and women and children could look up to.

And because he is everything people say he is, we can still see him play the game of hockey the way no other man ever has, although he is past forty and his hair is thinning and his sons are nearly as big as he is.

For twenty-three seasons, he has played the world's fastest, most-demanding sport, and played it so well that his records should be kept in a special section of the NHL Guide.

No one has been able to do anything more proficiently than Gordie Howe. He is No. 9 with Detroit Red Wings, the team he has led for most of those twenty-three years, and although he lives in Detroit and has raised his family there, he has never considered becoming an American citizen. His birthplace is Floral, Saskatchewan, a speck of prairie warmth just south of Saskatoon. He is a Canadian, and always will be.

A thousand writers on both sides of the border have tried to capture his personality by probing his life on and off the ice. Most, in some way or another, have succeeded. But Gordie Howe is a simple human being,



and so a simple word may be used to describe him.

He is a man.

In an age when it is difficult to tell if a man can really be under that shoulder-length hair, ruffled shirt and frilly suit, Howe stands apart as a man with a personality that one writer said, "might have been designed by Lord Baden-Powell."

In King Arthur's time, he would have been Sir Lancelot. While David took care of Goliath, Howe would have handled the rest of the Philistines. Don't ask how he'd have done it: he would have done it and made it look easy.

This season, there are just two players older than Howe in the NHL: Johnny Bower, his life-time friend, and Allan Stanley, who has been checking Howe nearly all his life.

There are no 40-year-old forwards, however, who scored anything like 39 goals and 43 assists or finished third in scoring, as he did last year. And the talk about dropping him back to play defence, which started as long as ten years ago, has suddenly stopped. Where will Bobby Hull be when he's forty? Surpassing Howe? Not likely.

Today's players will get in, get the money while it's going, and get out. Only Howe seems to go on forever. Rocket Richard was more exciting. Howie Morenz was faster, maybe. Charley Conacher could shoot harder. So can Bobby Hull.

Howe is a dirty player, Howe is a clean player, Howe paces himself, Howe is lazy. Controversy swirls around him, yet in the eye of the storms, he has skated quietly along to collect or share 27 NHL records.

"I enjoy playing," he says. "I'll keep on as long as I'm happy and my health is good." Bobby Hull says, "Gordie is probably the greatest player that ever played or is likely to play."

From time to time last season, the Red Wings, who

finished last, would lead their opposition for two periods before collapsing defensively to lose. And going into the dressing room, you would find Howe, looking so very tired, slumped beside Alex Delvecchio. Always a smile, never any recriminations or threats.

"I'm taking my son's advice," he would say. "Do your best and then forget about it. It's only a game."

Because hockey is a game where body contact is unavoidable, Howe came into violent contact with his opponents. From the very first, his great strength helped him, and, coupled with his great desire to excel, soon brought charges that he was a dirty player.

"I'd rather say I'm aggressive," Howe says. "But if somebody puts his hands on my equipment, I'm going to put my hand in his face. And if he swings a stick, I'm going to get my lumber up, too. If they'd found out early I wouldn't hit back, they'd have run me out of the league."

Run Howe out of the league? Not a chance. Year in and year out, he has been the standard of excellence. If you cannot remember, perhaps your father or your older brother can recall when Howe controlled the puck and fans would stand up, screaming, "Hit him! Hit him!" as Howe stickhandled around and through bewildered forwards.

If you did hit him, you perhaps went down yourself, for he is one of the strongest athletes who ever lived. He would hold off a checker with one hand and get off a shot on goal holding the stick in the other. He could switch hands on his stick so smoothly that a goaltender, expecting a backhand shot from Howe, would suddenly be confronted by a left-hand shot.

And oh, what a shot he had when he was younger. A wrist shot that hardly ever was off the net, a slap shot with a backswing of no more than 12 inches. Once I saw that shot tear the stitching in Harry Lumley's glove on its way into the net for a goal. *more on next page*



*He gets into the heavy going, and gives more than he takes.*



*He's one of the best-ever stickhandlers, leaves defenders sprawling.*

They used to say, "Howe is playing that funny game tonight — he won't let us have the puck." On those nights, dynamite wouldn't shake the puck from his stick until he was ready to shoot it or pass it.

And receiving a pass from Howe was as easy as catching a bus — perfect timing, and anyone could handle it. If you played with Howe, you could make a living on the rebounds that bounced off goaltenders. For instance, in four full seasons, Parker MacDonald never scored more than 14 goals. Then, in 1962, he wound up on Howe's line and scored 33.

All this happened after Howe's most famous partners had retired.

These men were, of course, Ted Lindsay and Sid Abel, and with Howe they formed the greatest line in hockey history: the *Production Line* terrorized everybody in the late 40s and early 50s. And when Abel retired and Norm Ullman centred the line, they set a league record in 1956 with 226 points.

You see Montreal today with their swift skaters and their good goaltending, but those Detroit teams never let you get away with anything. They could skate and they scored and scored and they had tough guys and if you got past all that, there was Terry Sawchuk in the net.

When Howe came into the NHL a shy, scared kid at 18 years old, they thought he couldn't skate. He scored seven goals in 58 games that year, or six fewer than Bobby Orr did as an 18-year-old rookie.

He scored 16 the next year and 12 the next while playing in 40 games, and then began the terror — 35, 43, 47, 49, 33, 29, 38, 44, 33, 32, 28, 23,

33, 38, 26, 29, 29, 25, 39, and 21 as of Jan. 21 this year, which brings you up to date. That's 709 goals, plus 65 in playoffs. Howe has been a failure in playoffs, you know — he's never scored a goal in overtime.

One day, when he was 20, Howe came into the office of Jack Adams, the late general manager of the Red Wings. He signed his contract, but appeared to be unhappy.

"What's the matter, son?" Adams asked. "Is there something bothering you?"

Howe nodded. "Mr. Adams," he said, "the contract is just fine. But you promised me a Red Wings' jacket when I first joined the team and I never got it."

Adams, telling the story last year, laughed and said, "Gordon, if that's all that's worrying you, we'll buy you a dozen jackets."

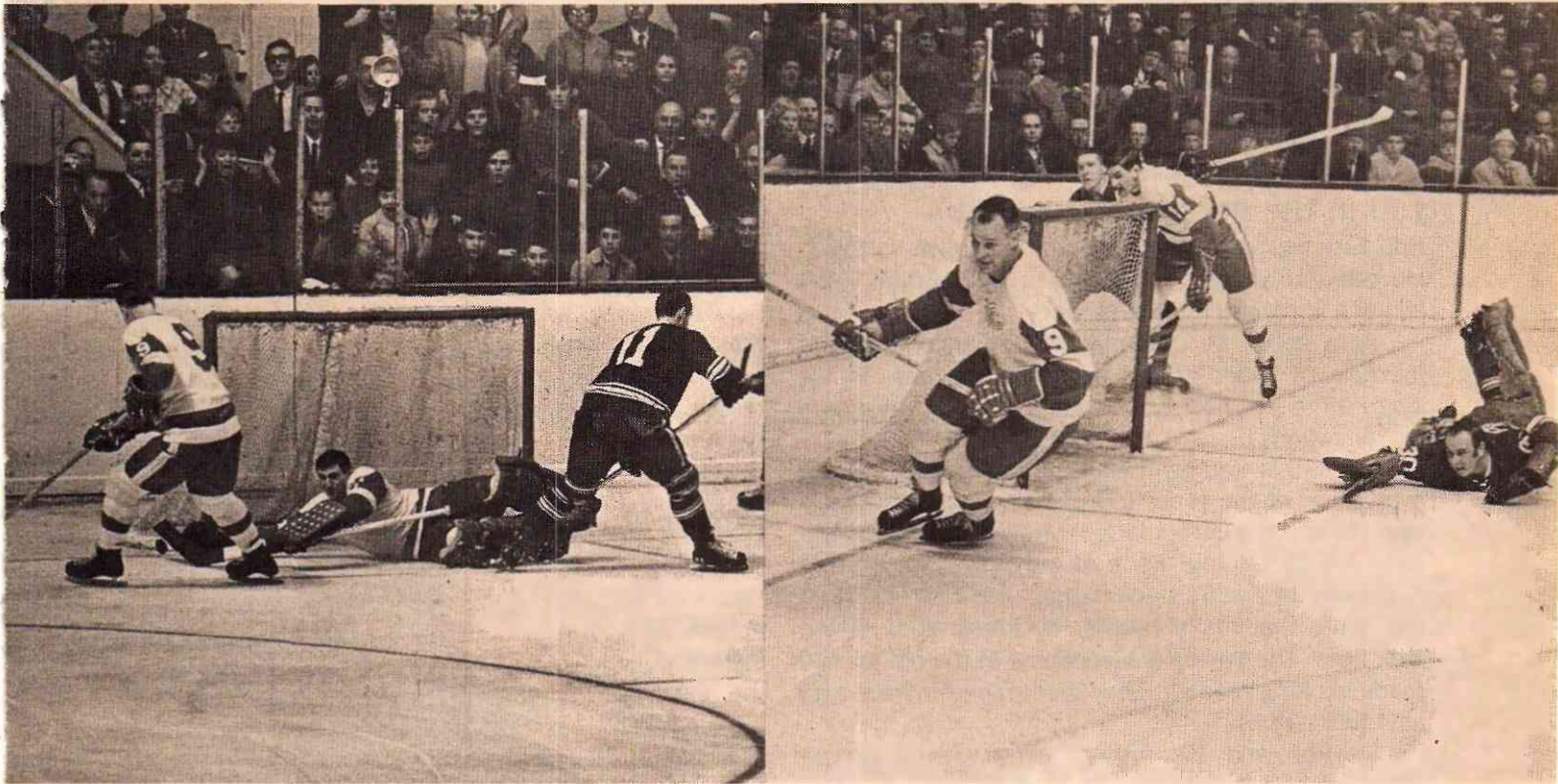
Now, of course, it is Howe's sons who wear the hockey jackets while father wears snappy dinner jackets and keeps an eye on their fashions.

There was the night after Toronto had beaten Detroit last season and Mark Howe, tall, rangy and mop-headed, came out of the dressing room with his father.

"Look at that hair," Howe said. "What are you, anyway, some kind of nik-beat or something?" But he ran his hand over his son's head, and you knew he approved. You could tell.

It is not inconceivable that Howe's two sons could wind up with the Red Wings in the near future. They are both stars with the Detroit Rooster-tails, and both show great promise.

They know that their father quit school one month after he began grade 9, and every so often,



When his own team's goal is threatened, he's there to clear the puck. And, of course, no one in all of hockey is a bigger scoring threat.

one will look up from his homework and say, "Why is school so important, Dad? Look at you — you did all right."

But both Mark and Marty have excellent school marks and their father intends things to stay that way. "They're going to go to college," he says. "I've tried to work them into a lot of TV commercials. That money goes into their own bank accounts, and they have enough now to pay their way through college if anything happens to us."

If anything was going to happen to Gordie Howe, it would have happened when he was six years old and the doctor told his parents that their son had a calcium deficiency in the bones in his back.

Every day he had to hang from a doorway, moving just the lower part of his body, hanging on to strengthen himself. Later, working in the summers with his father, a Saskatoon construction foreman, Howe shovelled sand and gravel and water in a cement mixer every day. Constant exertion built his strength to incredible levels, levels he still maintains at his rather advanced age.

"They say that I'm lazy," he says. "Even Rocket Richard said it. I guess I must be a deceiving skater, because I always feel tired when I come off the ice."

And he still works hard at conditioning.

"I sometimes ask the coach for extra ice time if I'm not sharp. I'd rather kill penalties than sit. A few years ago, Ted Lindsay, Red Kelly, Marty Pavelich and I used to go to the dressing room after practice, and then go back out and take on the Detroit police team by ourselves, without a goalie. It was fun and it helped us to stay in the game that much longer."

Several years ago, the Toronto Telegram asked

artist-writer Robert Markle to see a game between Detroit and Toronto and record the action from the artist's viewpoint. This is how it looked to him.

"Howe gets the puck, everybody seems to, seems to be waiting for him to tell them what to do, he seems to have taken over, forced the game to his pace — seems to be actually running the game.

"It's really weird but as soon as this man Howe is there, it's got to go his way. I mean he actually seems to be telling everyone how to play the game.

"Well, he's the Man. Hero. Artist. So much control, great moves, a winner, he knows! Perfect passes, perfect plays, slow, thoughtful, intense. Look at him. Really look at him. He's the man. Love this man, he's the artist in this mug's game."

When it came time last season for the coaches to choose the all-star teams, you know who the first all-star right winger was. Gordie Howe. Right. Who else could it have been?

That was his tenth first-team selection. He's been on the second team nine times.

Other records (as of Jan. 21, 1969): most seasons (23), most games (1,517), most goals (709), most assists (932), most points (1,641). Most points in a season by a rightwinger (95, tied with Bernie Geoffrion) and most points by a line in a season (226 with Ullman and Lindsay).

Most playoff points (65 goals, 91 assists), most playoff penalty minutes (216), most points in a final series (five goals, seven assists). Fastest playoff goal (nine seconds, tied with Kenny Wharram).

Most all-star games, most all-star goals, assists, points.

The most, as we used to say when we were kids. He's the most ever.



## MAROONED ON THE BARRENS A TRUE STORY BY DEE MULLEN

What do you do when your companions, your canoe and most of your gear are washed away by a roaring river, leaving you in the middle of nowhere?

Bob Bromley's adventure began on August 1, 1967. He was a 16-year-old Boy Scout at Yellowknife, NWT, son of a hardware merchant there.

As a hobby Mr. Bromley had collected rare old journals of expeditions across the Barrens. In his spare time he had also organized a Scout group in Yellowknife.

The father and son found their enthusiasm rising over some of the reports they had read in the journals. They were particularly interested in the expeditions led by Captain Back of the Royal Navy.

It was 144 years since Captain Back had followed one route that really caught the imagination of the Bromleys. The day-by-day accounts in the old journal made exciting reading. They determined to have a go at it themselves.

So Bob and his father, along with a dentist friend named Ian Calder, planned to follow Captain Back's route across the Barrens to Chantrey Inlet on the Arctic Ocean. By air the distance is 450 miles. But the way they planned to travel, it would be 700 miles.

They had no way of knowing it then, but before this trip of theirs was over it would cost two of them their lives. And the third member of the party would be left marooned with only a small chance of being found alive.

With their plans as complete as they could make them for so lengthy a journey, and their equipment and supplies gathered together, they set out.

On that first day of August, with their 16-foot Prospector canoe and all their gear, they were flown to Muskox Lake, near the headwaters of the Back River. Following Captain Back's journal, they would be due at Chantrey Inlet on September 4.

The Back River used to be known as Great Fish River. Its name had been changed in memory of Admiral Sir George Back, who commanded an expedition to explore the river in 1833-35. The river rises north of Great Slave Lake and flows 605 tortuous miles through the Barrens to the Arctic coast.

The upper course of the Back River is filled with rapids. The Bromleys and Calder hit this fast white water on the morning of August 27.

Up to that point, all had gone well on the trip. They had been following Captain Back's journal a day at a time. Now they were only eight days from their destination. Almost in the home stretch.

Suddenly the chestnut canoe's nose dipped under the white water. She filled slowly and gently rolled over. Nobody panicked as the three travellers

were dumped into the churning water. They just kept grabbing at the sides of the canoe as it continued to roll over and over in the current.

No matter how they tried, they could not shake the water out of the canoe. They found it impossible to push it to shore across the strong current. They hung on, trying to decide what to do.

The water was cold and they all felt themselves getting weaker. One of their three lifejackets had been lost.

"It was decided I should try to get to shore in one of the remaining lifejackets," Bob recalls. So he started out for the shore, about 50 yards away. He remembers reaching the gravel beach and falling down.

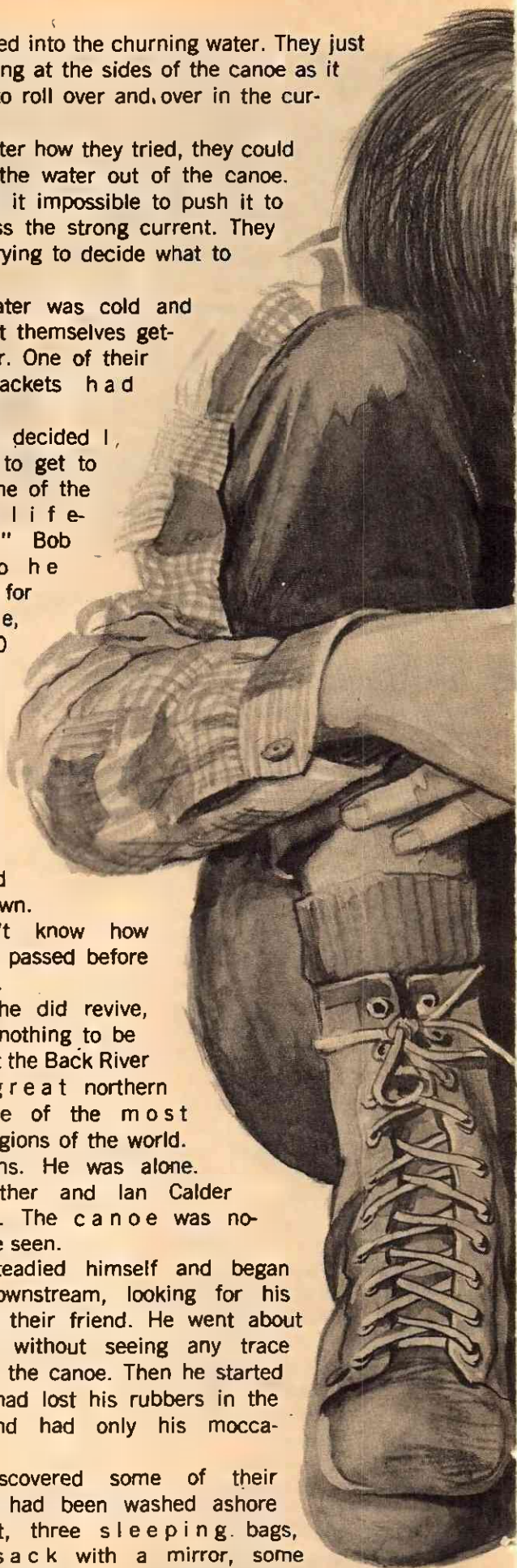
He doesn't know how much time passed before he came to.

When he did revive, there was nothing to be seen except the Back River and the great northern desert, one of the most desolate regions of the world. The Barrens. He was alone.

His father and Ian Calder were gone. The canoe was nowhere to be seen.

Bob steadied himself and began walking downstream, looking for his father and their friend. He went about five miles without seeing any trace of them or the canoe. Then he started back. He had lost his rubbers in the current and had only his moccasins.

He discovered some of their equipment had been washed ashore — a tent, three sleeping bags, a knapsack with a mirror, some 12-gauge shells but no shotgun,



and a packsack containing seven cans of dried meat. There were also a couple of Coronet magazines.

Everything was wet. That night, Bob slept behind a rock.

On the morning of August 28, the cramps in his legs were so severe that he could only walk a few yards at a time. He spent most of that day trying to dry out the sleeping bags. The two down bags were moderately dry by that night.

The third sleeping bag, a synthetic, was to remain wet for four more days.

Bob set up the tent on a rock ridge beside the river. There, he would be just below a rise of ground which contained a patch of muskeg.

On the 29th he set out again to look for his father and Ian Calder. On this sortie he found one more can of dried meat, the canoe paddles, and some tiny sticks of firewood which they had packed in the canoe. Even tiny willow sticks are precious on the Barrens.

Where Bob was marooned there was nothing available to burn except tiny lumps of willow roots.

On the 30th, after an overnight fall of snow which melted in the daytime, Bob wedged one of the canoe paddles into a cairn of rocks on the highest ground he could find nearby.

To the paddle he lashed an aluminum insulation blanket. He hoped this would flash in the sun. But the sun never shone brightly again during his ordeal. And the tireless winds tore at his makeshift signal and slowly ripped it into thin shreds.

That first night, on the beach, he had heard a plane pass, but he couldn't signal with his mirror.

His little sticks contained about a total of 10 minutes of heat, with no appreciable smoke. There was nothing at hand that he could use for a signal except the flapping aluminum blanket.

"It was sort of exasperating," Bob said later. "The trouble was the wind blew day and night, and it always sounded like a plane. I would get out of the tent, but there wasn't any plane."

That sound drummed in his ears for two solid weeks after Bob got home.

Most of the things he had been taught in Scouting had little value on the Barrens. There were no trees for firewood, and he had only his little bundle of willow sticks. But he got five two-minute fires out of them, and was able to stew his dried meat. There was just nothing else to work with and, worst of all, no sun for daytime signals by mirror.

He thought there was an Eskimo camp about 80 miles downriver. But he doubted he could survive the walk.

There was nothing to do but sit tight, keep himself alive, and hope for the best.

He kept propping up the tent when the tearing winds blew it down. He tended his aluminum flag and watched it slowly disintegrate.

The wet blue sleeping bag was put to work, with some rocks that spelled out . . . - - - . . . as a distress signal that might be seen from the air in the daytime.

He read and memorized stories from the two Coronet magazines, to keep his mind occupied.

He rationed his food to one meat patty per day.

On the eleventh day he was certain he was becoming much weaker.

When he heard a plane's engine, but couldn't get to the hilltop in time to wave his aluminum flag, he knew he was losing his strength fast.

That plane was a Beechcraft piloted by Rocky Parsons of Baker Lake. On board were Bob's mother and his 14-year-old brother Stuart, and Ian Calder's wife, along with an Indian guide remembered by the name of Alphonse.

Bob's young brother was the one who spotted the shredded aluminum blanket streaming in the wind.

Parsons brought the Beechcraft down and they picked Bob up. It was a rescue that defied all odds. And its success hinged on Stuart's sharp-eyed lookout, spotting the tattered remains of that aluminum blanket.

They flew downriver in hopes of spotting further evidence of the travellers. Eighteen miles down, they sighted the remains of the Prospector canoe wallowing in the white water rapids. There was no sign of Mr. Bromley or Ian Calder. They are believed to have drowned, but their bodies have never been found.

Bob Bromley is a Venturer now, and he wants to go on other canoe trips. But he says he probably won't attempt the Barrens again for a few years. ❁

DON MACMILLAN

## PAPER ROUTE MYSTERY

Continued from page 11

the time we get to the house we're groping our way like we're blindfolded. We part the bushes and peer out.

The house is in darkness except for a light in a ground-floor room. We creep across the grass on our knees, rise up to peep in the window — and there's a face peepin' out at us!

Man! I feel the hair rise on the back of my neck and Smitty's grabbing my arm so tight it goes dead. Then I see the face is on one of those jugs — Toby I think they call them. I dig Smitty in the ribs and he lets go.

Suddenly we hear a car. "Quick," whispers Smitty, "it's comin' up the drive." Like bunnies we hop back in the bushes.

Lucky it's driving slowly 'cause its lights aren't on. "Hey," breathes Smitty, "what more evidence do you want?"

The car pulls in to the side of the house, a guy gets out, pussyfoots to the front door and gets let in. "Come on, back to the window," says Smitty. Boy, is he a glutton for punishment. Away we go and repeat the performance. This time we keep our eyes off the jug and look into the room.

It's just like an art gallery. The walls are covered with pictures. "I've just remembered something," whispers Smitty, almost stuffing his head down my ear, "Old Mr. Barnes collects paintings. There was an article about it in the paper."

"You're right," I whisper back, "I saw it, too — some of those pictures are worth thousands."

"And those guys are pinching them," went on Smitty.

"Right you are, Hawkshaw," I say. "Well, why don't they get on with it? I could have those pictures off the wall in five minutes."

The two fellows in the room seem to be looking at something on a table. Then one of them goes and lifts a big picture down from the wall and takes it over to the table. After a while he takes it back, hangs it on the wall — and the painting is still in the frame!

"I don't get it," whispers Smitty. I'm giving it lots of thought, too. The guy inside repeats the business, and again the painting is back in the frame.

Suddenly, I catch on. "Boy, what a racket," I say. "The ones they're put-

ting back on the wall are fakes! That way it will be a while before somebody tumbles to the snatch — and by that time these birds will be miles away."

"We'd better get the cops," says Smitty — but too late, we see the crooks have rolled up the paintings and are almost out of the room.

I dig Smitty with an elbow and we start for the bushes — and Smitty — my pal — did I say he was light on his feet? He slips and falls flat on his face. Not only that, he knocks down a pile of plant pots and wooden crates stacked against the side of the house. Man, you could have heard him for ten blocks!

Me, I'm still stood there trying to look like a tree, when the two guys rush out of the house, grab hold of me, and we're in the car and half way down the drive before I realize they didn't even see Smitty.

In the car I'm shoved down on the floor with one guy keeping me there. It's murder and I'm wriggling around but no dice. I think to myself, "Maybe if I keep still I can figure out which way we're going!" But just what I'm going to do when I get there — that I can't figure out.

The guy driving is making like he's entered in the big race of the year, and he's swerving so much I can't work out when he's turning. So I give up and settle down to see what happens.

Well, pretty soon the car slows down a bit and it's as though the driver is looking for something. And all this time nobody says anything — I'm keeping quiet in case I get a bop on the head.

Suddenly, the car zooms into the side of the road and we stop. Quick like, the guys jump out and drag me with them. I take a look round — and where are we but in front of the police station! Boy, have these crooks got a nerve!

In we go and there's the sergeant at the desk looking up surprised like. "Officer!" I shout. "Arrest these men!" I sound just like a character in a thriller.

At this the two guys break into the act. "Sergeant," yells one, "we caught this thief out at Mr. Barnes' place on Cherrywood Drive!" Will you get a load of that!

"Me?" I shout back. "You're the thieves! Look, sergeant, they've still got the paintings they stole."

Then the sergeant finds his voice. "Will you all shut up?" he bellows,

and there's dead silence. "Now then," he goes on, pointing at me, "what's this about paintings?"

I open my mouth — and the phone rings. The sergeant gives us all a glare and answers it. There's a long conversation at the other end and it must be about us 'cause the Law turns and gives us a long look. "O.K.," he says, "they're all here. I'll send a squad car to pick you up."

Right off I know it's Smitty on the phone. The sergeant calls another guy and sends him off for my pal.

"Now then," he says, looking us over, "let's have the story." So I tell him. Almost before I finish, one of the guys starts to laugh and the other one breaks into a grin.

Then the first guy reaches inside his coat, brings out an envelope and gives it to the sergeant. "I think this will explain things," he says. "I'm an art dealer acting for Mr. Barnes in the sale of some paintings to a famous art gallery, represented by this gentleman, Mr. Fisher. The art gallery wants the deal kept secret because it is interested in other works by the same artist. If word gets out that the gallery is buying, the price of these paintings will go up."

He turns to me. "That's why Mr. Barnes went out of town, and why we were looking at the paintings at night, so that no one would know Mr. Fisher was here. When you saw us taking the pictures off the wall and then putting them back, Mr. Fisher was comparing them with copies to make sure Mr. Barnes' paintings were the real thing."

The sergeant looks again at the letter and nods his head. "That's what Mr. Barnes says here."

Then the door opens and in comes Smitty. "Hey, keen, man," he yells. "How'd you catch 'em? Boy, they really look like crooks!"

"Hold it, buster," I say before he can dig a hole and bury himself. "They're on the up and up." And I put him in the picture.

"Man," says Smitty as we leg it for home, "what a cryin' shame. I was sure we were on to a big one."

"Lookit, Sherlock," I say, "do me a favor? Next time I tell you I've seen something suspicious — pretend you don't hear me."

But I know Smitty, and it won't be long before we're up to our necks in another caper. See ya!



# Pets

People who live in apartments or small homes find a cat a most satisfying pet. A kitten trains easily to the sandbox. He doesn't require daily walks; nor does he disturb the neighborhood with barking. Other assets that make him likeable are his individuality and self-sufficiency.

Cats are divided into two groups, short-haired and long-haired varieties. Since the types are not frequently listed, I will mention them here. Short-haired types are: Abyssinian, Black, Blue, Blue Cream, Burmese (blue, seal-brown), Chestnut Brown, Cream, Manx, Russian Blue, Siamese (blue, chocolate, lilac, red, seal), Tabby (brown, mackerel, red, silver), Tortoiseshell, Tortoiseshell and White, White (blue-eyed).

The long-haired types are: Black, Blue, Blue Cream, Chinchilla, Color-pointed (blue, chocolate, lilac, red, seal), Cream, Red, Smoke (blue, black), Tabby (brown, red, silver), Tortoiseshell, Tortoiseshell and White, White (blue-eyed, orange-eyed).

Many cats are very intelligent. Many are nervous. For the cat that seems nervous it is worthwhile spending time making friends. Approach this cat quietly, speaking to him, stroking the head behind the ears, taking care not to pat the lumbar or lower part of the back. Some cats resent being touched in this area.

In general, hold a cat by placing your arm across his back and passing your hand forward under his chest to support the weight of the cat. Thus the uppermost parts of the forelegs are controlled, and the body and hind-legs are tucked firmly under your arm. A cat appreciates being handled firmly and confidently. Such a cat will seldom scratch unless it feels the necessity to grasp for support.

In choosing a kitten for a pet, certain points should be considered. A healthy kitten is not afraid. He is alert, with head held high, showing interest in his surroundings. He can spring to the floor from a chair or table with an easy controlled movement. His skin is clean and his hair has a sleek appearance.

A stiff-bristled brush is good for long hair. A damp sponge or cloth aids in removing loose hairs after

brushing. If grooming is done only occasionally, it becomes a big project, since your pet doesn't know what is going to happen.

On the other hand, a little brushing done regularly each day is accepted by the kitten and therefore is easy to do.

Long-haired cats must be kept groomed or else their coats become matted.

Too many cats are accustomed to one type of food and it is difficult to get such a cat on to other foods. It becomes important that the new kitten in your home learn to accept a variety of dishes, like meat, fish, and dry foods.

For the cat who tends to eat plants, tender green shoots of oats may be provided by planting the grain in a pan of earth which has been placed in a sunny window. A cat's diet should be high in protein (30 to 35 percent) and the fat content can vary from 15 to 40 percent.

Cats do not respond to corporal punishment and it is useless to scold them. They learn quickly by coaxing and by following a regular routine. In addition, they can be taught tricks.

By Dr. A. L. Kassirer

# Science

A greater part of Canada than we care to admit, or let ourselves believe, is a land of muskeg, willow, black spruce and birch. This is the land of the trapper and of many rivers and waters. It is the home of the moose, muskrat and beaver.

Scientists have estimated that at the time of the coming of the white man, there were at least sixty million beaver in North America. Every stream, pond and lake that had available food supported its colony of beaver. The range of the beaver extended to the tree line and from coast to coast.

The life of the beaver changed rather drastically in 1534 when Jacques Cartier bargained for furs in the area of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It was the beaver's fur that led to the exploration and settlement of our country. In all of the furious activity that surrounded the beaver, it was the beaver that had the most to lose — his life. As we know, the beaver faced extinction until only a few years ago.

What do we really know of the beaver? A lot of what we hear is surrounded by folklore and legend. Some have said that the beaver used his tail to carry mud and stones for the construction of his dam or lodge. The beaver actually uses only his front feet for these activities and, when he's not carrying anything, the front feet are balled up into little fists and carried high against the chest, while only the hind feet are used for swimming.

Many people have the idea that beaver work hard, never stopping for a rest. We hear such phrases as "eager beaver" and "works like a beaver" or "he's a beaver for work." True, the beaver works hard when the need arises, but once his lodge and dam are built he has plenty of time to just feed and relax.

Some people claim a beaver can fell a tree in any desired direction. The beaver has no control over the direction of falling trees and, in fact, the beaver is sometimes killed by the very tree that he is felling.

At times people are fooled into thinking you find beaver only where there are lodges and dams. This is far from the truth. If you think of the purpose of the beaver's dam, you will know why this is not true. If the water level of a lake or river is already high enough, instead of building a lodge the beaver may live in a hole in the bank of the river. These beaver, although no different from any other beaver, are often called "Bank Beaver."

Living as it does in all parts of Canada, the beaver is one animal all Canadians are familiar with. There is no doubt that the beaver stands high as a figure of importance in Canadian history. On the foundation of the fur trade was built the richest continent in the modern world. The beaver is one of Canada's well-managed natural resources.

By D. A. Coburn

## DOUG DIGS by Doug MacMillan





## CB's Photo Gagline Contest!

You can win a prize by dreaming up a funny caption or gagline for this photograph. The best one wins ten dollars. Second best gets five dollars. And the third-place winner picks up two dollars. Just for a few words of wit! So get your sense of humor working right now. Write your best gagline for this photo on a sheet of paper, with your name, age, and address, and mail it to Canadian Boy Photo Gagline Contest, Box 5151, Station F, Ottawa 5, Ontario, no later than April 30, 1969. Contest is open to all registered CB subscribers. Remember that deadline: April 30, 1969!



## Letters

### VENTURER EXCHANGE

Our Venturer company would like to contact another Venturer company in the Maritime provinces for an exchange program. Please write to: Lone Pine Venturers, c/o Paul Pothier, President, 8 Colonial Court, Transcona 25, Man. Please write for details so we can plan this trip for July or early August.

*Paul Pothier, Transcona, Man.*

### HAPPY READERS

I wish to take this opportunity to thank the publishers of CB for the excellent service they have given me. I think you have a great mag on your hands but it would be nice to see more fiction.

*Robert Smith, Winnipeg, Man.*

I like CB very much. Please keep *Otto Matic* and *Stamp Corner* in. Could you please put in another *Spacejumpers* story and more stories on science? Please keep up the good work!

*Chris Bjerring, West Hill, Ont.*

You have a great magazine, which I have enjoyed for a long time. I liked the story on snowmobiling best. I also intend to make the squawk box.

*Gary Gregoire, Thornhill, Ont.*

I'm just writing to tell you how much I like CANADIAN BOY magazine. I'm a senior patrol leader in Troop 73, Voorheesville, New York. This past summer the "green bar" of our troop was invited to a campout at the Dunn Memorial Camp of the Chateauguay district. There I met a lot of Boy Scouts and Venturers and Rovers. One of the Scouts sent me a couple of copies of your mag and now I'm hooked on it. It's better than some of our Scout magazines. Keep up the good work! The guys in our troop and I really enjoy it!

*Walt Friebe, Altamont, N.Y.*

### SHOCKED

I looked at page 4 of your December '68 issue and I got the shock of my life. Is it true? Is Lester Square, our hero, gone forever? I am sure you would get many more letters like this.

*Brian Taylor, Ottawa, Ont.*

*Continued on page 24*

2069 A.D.

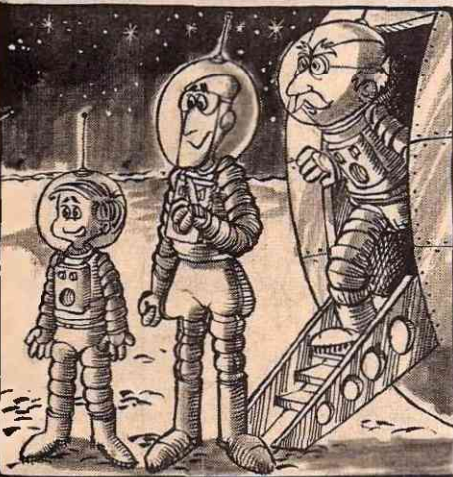
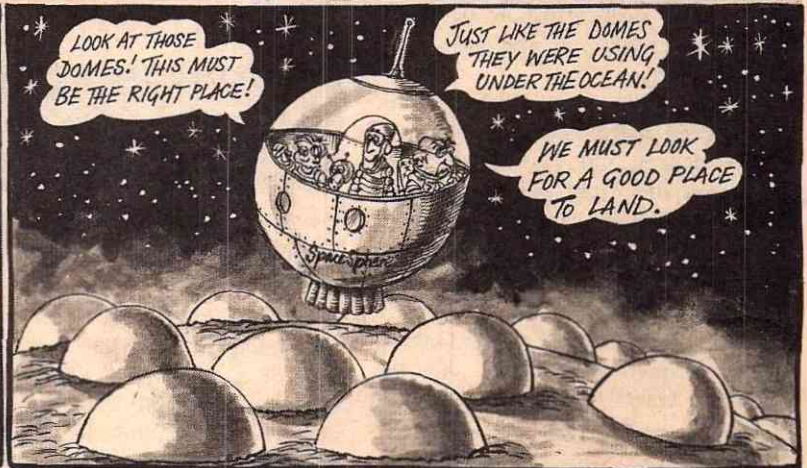
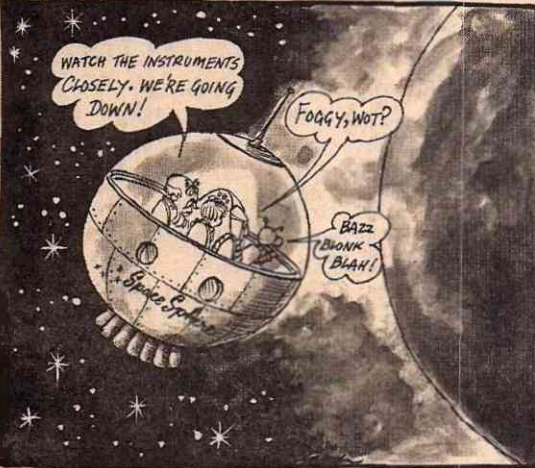
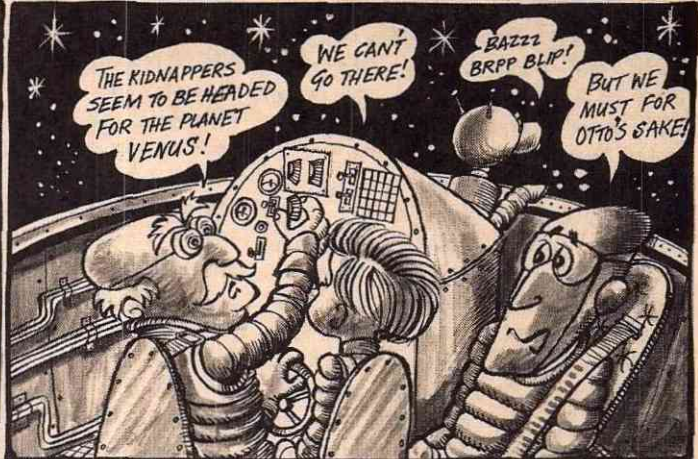
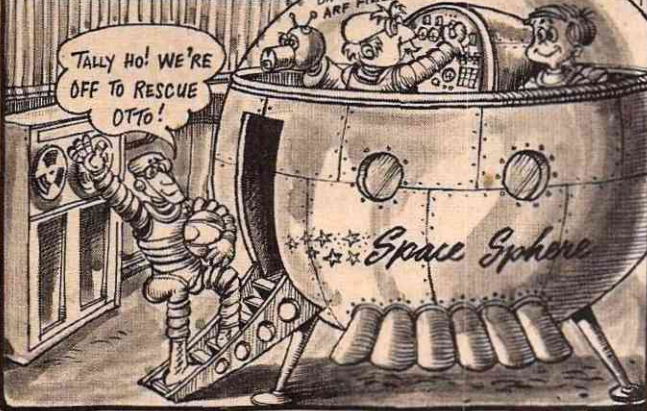
# OTTO Matic

BY VIC ATKINSON

OTTO HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED BY SOME STRANGE ROBOTS WHO HAVE BEEN SECRETLY HARVESTING ALL THE FISH FROM CANADA'S ATLANTIC FISHING GROUNDS. BOARDING A FLYING SAUCER THE ROBOTS MAKE THEIR ESCAPE CARRYING OTTO WITH THEM!!



BACK AT THE LAB, OUR HEROES BOARD THE SPACE SPHERE



WHAT KIND OF JACKPOT ARE OUR HEROES IN THIS TIME?  
IS THERE A CHANCE THE GIANT INSECTS MIGHT BE FRIENDLY?  
OR ARE THEY AS SINISTER AS THEY LOOK?  
FIND OUT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CANADIAN BOY.

# Sports

I'm at kind of a loss to figure out Mr. and Mrs. Russell Boys of Pickering, Ontario, and their 17-year-old daughter, Beverley. For eight years, her parents have been sacrificing themselves so that Beverley could concentrate on becoming one of the top tower divers in the world.

Mr. Boys is a sheet metal worker, so to pay for Bev's training expenses, he and his wife sacrifice some pleasures. There isn't even an indoor 10-meter tower within 600 miles of Pickering, and what training Bev does must be done at Montreal, Winnipeg, Halifax or Florida, in short concentrated bursts.

To help raise money to travel to those places last year, so she could train for the Olympic Games, Bev and her mother cleaned offices in their spare time. When Bev was named to Canada's diving team, Mr. and Mrs. Boys went into debt so they could take a well-earned vacation and see their daughter compete in Mexico.

They do this without complaint. Bev returns their affection by working hard at school, at practice and at cleaning offices.

Bev has heard of Yorkville but hasn't been there. She goes to some school dances, but says she'd rather practise diving right now. She's been robbed of one gold medal because of international politics, and missed two more because she isn't blessed with proper training facilities.

Yet in the British Empire Games, the pan-American Games and the Olympic Games, she has executed

dives which earned her the highest marks of any diver in those competitions.

She got annoyed because the Ontario department of education decided to lengthen the school year. She is the first Canadian diver ever invited to compete in Moscow, and the invitation conflicts. But she's never had to write a final examination before.

Instead of going with the mob to the Legislature and insulting the minister of education, Bev told her coach she'd just have to work harder to make sure she didn't have to write. That way, she didn't have to take a day off school to protest.

She has a bronze medal from the BE Games, a silver from the Pan-Am Games, and a fourth-place in the Olympics. She just swore a loyalty oath to her coach, Don Webb, to go on working until the 1972 Olympics, saying that if any foreign scholarship offers came her way, she'd refuse them to stay with her coach.

Loyalty, hard work, honesty, dedication and talent. And personality, too. Takes after her parents, I guess. There's a family that's just out of step with today's modern world.

I wonder how they'll ever survive.

By Paul Dulmage

# Hobbies

If you're looking for something different in the way of a hobby, taxidermy might be it.

For the hunter or fisherman, this fascinating art provides the opportunity of preserving a lifelike trophy. But a great number of people who never do any hunting or fishing have taken up this interesting hobby, too, so it's certainly not limited to the outdoorsmen.

In recent years, boys of 12 and 13 have become experts in the art of mounting wildlife specimens. One 16-year-old boy in Michigan made a specialty of mounting game heads, and earned extra money by applying his hobby to doing work for people who wanted trophies.

Taxidermy can be a worthwhile sideline for anyone who wants to work at it in his spare time. No lengthy preliminary training is necessary. You can get a free introduction to taxidermy by reading some books

about it from the public libraries. And you could follow this up by taking a correspondence course from one of the well-known schools specializing in this field. The courses generally are not at all expensive.

Whether you're a sportsman or a naturalist, you can find a great deal of satisfaction in taxidermy. You learn about the animals and birds you are working with, and you find pleasure in setting them up in natural poses and groupings.

Museums rely heavily on people skilled in the taxidermist's art. And some movie producers use mounted animals and made-up monsters in trick photography sequences. In many cases these are prepared by a taxidermist who has learned to make the animal look realistic, almost alive.

Fish, reptiles, and even insects provide interesting models, too. In some cases, a humorous aspect can easily be introduced as you set up a novelty grouping.

Aside from being fun for you, taxidermy offers a great opportunity for you to learn more about animal life. And this particular art and hobby is considered in some quarters as one of the most powerful influences in wild game protection. It has been argued that if more hunting and fishing specimens were preserved as trophies, then perhaps fewer animals, birds, and fish would have to be taken by sportsmen. You can think about that, in terms of conservation.

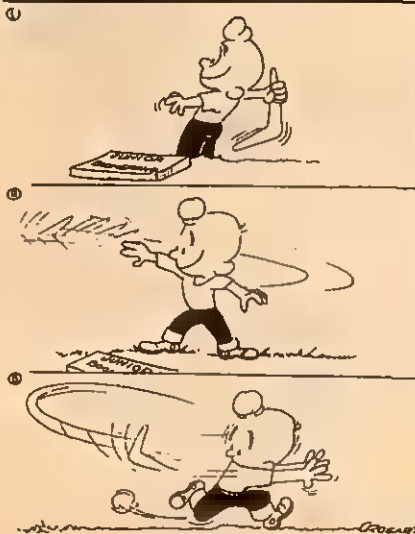
Whatever your reasons for being interested in taxidermy, you'll find it offers you plenty of fun and fascination. And profit, too, if you decide to take on work from other people who've bagged specimens they'd like to keep.

Maybe you've been missing something in the hobbies you've tried up to now. Taxidermy may involve that extra something you've been looking for — a new challenge, greater satisfaction in the finished work, or the chance to find fun and profit in a single pastime that also gives you a creative outlet.

You might look into it. And you may be surprised at how easy it is to get started.

The possibilities are almost limitless, and the field is so broad that you can be sure of finding enough interesting projects to keep you busy for a long time.

By George Bourné



# award for valour.....



IN THE SPRING OF 1967 DAVID THOMSON, 9, AND BOBBY HABERSTOCK, 10, WERE PLAYING ON A RAFT ON TUC-EL-NUIT LAKE WHEN BOBBY SUDDENLY SLIPPED AND FELL INTO SIX FEET OF ICY WATER... KNOWING HIS FRIEND COULD NOT SWIM, DAVID PLUNGED IN, FULLY CLOTHED, AND MANAGED TO PULL BOBBY ASHORE, ABOUT 45 FEET AWAY... WOLF CUB DAVID THOMSON OF THE 3<sup>rd</sup> OLIVER, B.C. PACK, CREDITED WITH SAVING THE OLDER BOY'S LIFE, RECEIVED THE GILT CROSS FROM GOVERNOR GENERAL MICHENER.



**BOBBY ORR - BOSTON BRUINS**  
DAILY HOCKEY INSTRUCTION

*Where's your son going for his summer vacation?*

## HOW ABOUT THE **BOBBY ORR-MIKE WALTON SPORTS CAMP**



**MIKE WALTON - TORONTO MAPLE LEAFS**  
DAILY HOCKEY INSTRUCTION

**RICKEY LEY - TORONTO MAPLE LEAFS**  
DAILY HOCKEY INSTRUCTION

**TOM WATT B.P.H.E. - CAMP DIRECTOR**  
HEAD COACH UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
1967-68 INTERCOLLEGIATE HOCKEY CHAMPIONS

**CAM NEWTON - DAILY GOAL TENDING INSTRUCTION**  
1966-67 MEMORIAL CUP CHAMPIONS

**BOB AWREY B.P.H.E. - WATER FRONT DIRECTOR**  
**BILL WATERS B.P.H.E. - LAND ACTIVITIES DIRECTOR**

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## LETTERS

Continued from page 20

I would like to wish Lester good luck on his trip. I'm an avid CB fan and I think your mag is just great. I would like to see a detachable pamphlet put out in CB on how to make snowshoes, toboggans, and sleds. Maybe a section on mountain climbing might help, too.

*Terry Clark, North Surrey, B.C.*

I have a better idea for Lester to do with the money that he is going to spend on vacation. Why doesn't he use it for plastic surgery? It would do wonders for him. Either that or buy some new clothes. The article in your December '68 issue about the winter car rallies was *très* good. In the future I hope that you will have more stories and information guides on winter sports and camping.

*Peter Hughes, Scarborough, Ont.*

I am enclosing my money for a subscription to the senior edition of CANADIAN BOY. I'm sorry to see Lester go. I hope his replacement will be just as good, but it will be hard to beat Lester.

*Jon Slater, Halifax, N.S.*

### CAUSE FOR JOINING

I think you have a great mag. I like articles on model railroading. I like *Rib Ticklers* and all of the other regular features. I think *Letters to Lester* is very interesting sometimes, especially when you get a complainer on the "hook". CANADIAN BOY caused me to join Scouts.

*Wes Moul, Belleville, Ont.*

I would appreciate it very much if you would send me a subscription form so that I would be assured of getting all the 1969 issues of CB. I have always enjoyed CB, ever since I started getting the magazine three years ago, and want, greatly, to keep getting it for as long as possible. CB is getting better with every issue. Keep up the good work!

*Bill Hagborg, Richmond Hill, Ont.*

You have a great magazine. I'm glad my Scout membership allows me to get it. But you don't include enough of electronics and that junk. Why did you cut off *Rockhound* before I saw it once? Please get more info, even from another geologist. And put in more Spacejumpers adventures.

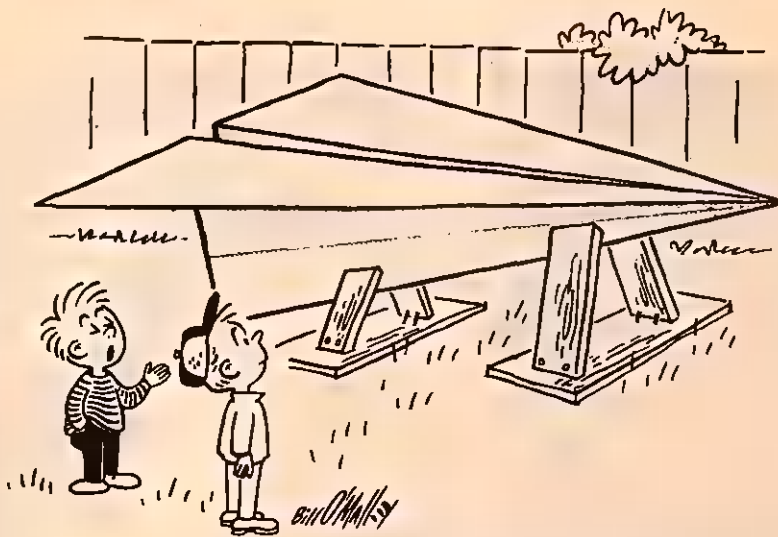
*Kenneth Bell, Fort Saskatchewan, Alta.*

I am 14 years old and belong to a Venturer company. I would like to see more articles about Venturing. I think you would have a magazine if you would do this. Of course I realize that you cannot please everybody, but if you would try this I would be satisfied.

*Raymond McDonald, Elrose, Sask.*

To win third prize in the CB Photo Contest is something I did not expect. I must admit I entered in a "why not" type of mood and forgot about the contest. To my surprise I managed to win. Thank you for the microscope which came in good order. It created a big thrill for my little brother, who kept asking all evening for another look. Now I have some ideas about microphotography.

*L. Ciplijauskas, Weston, Ont.*



"Of course, you must understand it's still in the experimental stage."

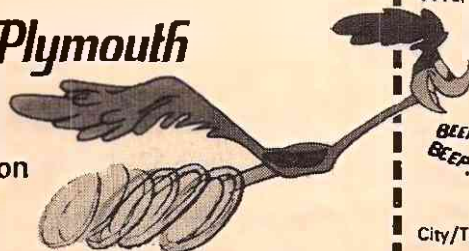
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road runner

# SCOUTING IN CANADA



The beginnings  
and the growth —  
and how it has  
grown!

## NEWFOUNDLAND



Early records of Scouting in Canada are often vague. Although some dates are known, in some cases it is not clear who actually started the first group.

Perhaps that is no longer as important as the fact that Scouting did get a start in each of the provinces, at some time, because somebody was interested enough to do something about it.

In Newfoundland, Scouting got its start during the fall of 1907 in St. John's when eight or nine enthusiastic boys met to form a group. The first Scout camp was held in 1908.

Interest in such activities spread and Scouting flourished. The Boy Scout Act was passed by the Newfoundland government in 1924.

When Lord Baden-Powell visited Newfoundland in 1935, travelling from Port-aux-Basques to St. John's by train, his visit there, as did his appearances everywhere, helped to increase enthusiasm in the movement. It continued to grow, far beyond its humble beginnings.

In 1949, when Newfoundland confederated and became a province of Canada, the Scouts there joined the Boy Scouts of Canada.

Newfoundland now contains seven districts, with four district campsites. The St. John's region is the largest council in the province, and the smallest council is Grand Bank-Fortune.

There are 2,455 Cubs, 2,198 Scouts, 64 Venturers and 40 Rovers in Newfoundland, served by 489 uniformed leaders and backed up by about 500 non-uniformed adults.

Newfoundland held its provincial camporee in 1957, when 300 boys attended. The first Newfoundland jamboree is planned for 1969.

Among now-famous ex-Scouts from the province are Premier J. R. Smallwood and Chief Justice R. S. Furlong.



## NOVA SCOTIA



No one man can be named as being solely responsible for the beginnings of Scouting in Nova Scotia. What is known, from early records, is that troops were operating by 1908 in areas like Wolfville and Glace Bay.

The provincial council was formed in 1911 at a meeting called by Nova Scotia's Lieutenant Governor, the Honorable J. D. MacGregor. By 1920 there were three districts, Halifax, Kings County and Sydney. And the Sydney district soon became so large it had to be split into two districts.

In 1918, when there were 28 Scout troops operating in the prov-

ince, two Wolf Cub packs were also active. Over the next two years the Cubs expanded to eight packs, and by then there were 48 Scout troops and two Rover crews.

The first Sea Scout group was sponsored by the oldest Anglican church in Canada, St. Paul's in Halifax. And the Halifax Shipyards sponsored a second Sea Scout group about the same time, nicknamed "Halship".

Several large camps were held on a leased provincial campsite in the early 1920s and the first complete registration came in 1921. By 1922 there were 19 district councils. Today there are 28.

During World War Two the training site at Miller's Lake was turned over to the Royal Navy for their use as a rest centre. The navy built facilities on the island for their own purposes, and these are being used today by Cubs of the Halifax region.

Scouters of this region ran the Tweedsmuir Room throughout the war as a club for former Scouts then serving in the armed forces. The club was established by the provincial office and the furnishings and mementos were supplied not only from Scouting units in Nova Scotia, but by various groups across the country. A good many ex-servicemen will remember the old Tweedsmuir Room.

In 1963 the province purchased its own campsite and in 1967 the first Nova Scotia jamboree was held. More than 1,600 Scouts participated in a widely varied program of activities and lived in 250 patrol campsites slashed out of virgin forest.

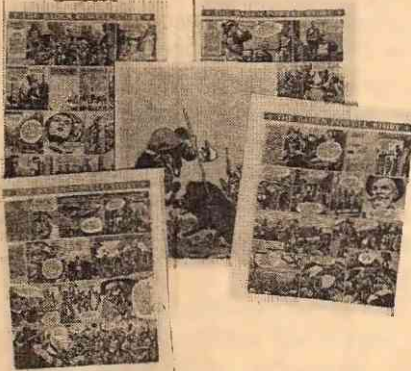
The Scouting population of Nova Scotia has continued to grow, until today the uniformed membership numbers 15,795. These people are organized in 295 groups which contain 319 packs, 267 troops, and 29 companies. The largest district today is Kings, and the smallest Springhill.

General D. C. Spry, former director of the Boy Scouts World Bureau, is noted among those who served as Scouts in Nova Scotia.



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# Slippery

## The sightseeing seal from Storybook Gardens

By Alice Mulvey



Down through the centuries stories have been written about animals, their adventures and resourcefulness. In London, Ontario, there is a seal named Slippery who is as adventurous as any great animal in history.

Slippery was captured in the Pacific Ocean and flown to London while still very young. There he was placed in a special salt-water pool in Storybook Gardens.

In less than twenty-four hours he escaped. He slipped into the near-by Thames River, swam down through Lake St. Clair, into the Detroit River, and on into Lake Erie.

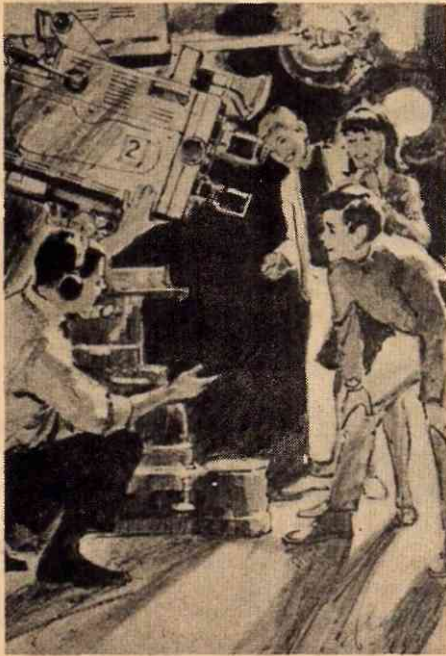
Boats from both the Canadian and American sides of the lake followed in hot pursuit.

Slippery had a keen sense of adventure. When a boat passed close to him and a man was about to drop a net over him, Slippery quickly dove underneath and came up on the other side. For ten exciting days he managed to elude his captors but he eventually tired of his long swim. He had covered some 400 miles.

Then the zoo director from Toledo, Ohio, came out in a boat with a tranquilizing gun which he aimed at the runaway seal. Slippery felt something hot penetrate his thick skin and a strange drowsiness came over him. With the aid of a rope on the end of a long stick, the zoo director was able to capture him. His long swim was over but he had, by his adventure, become famous in both the United States and Canada.

Through his escapade an international friendship sprung up between the people of Toledo, Ohio, and London, Ontario. Now to celebrate the occasion, a delegation from one city will visit the other annually and happily discuss the 'Day that Slippery Ran Away'. As for Slippery himself, he is now content to splash in his salt-water pool in Storybook Gardens. Like all heroes he still bears the scars to show for the eventful journey.





# Whatever happened to the little red schoolhouse?

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various fields and experts in communicating with children. Throughout each book the exciting visuals capture the imagination of youngsters and set up a chain reaction of exploration. There are 22,500 illustrations in **THE NEW BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE** and 989 maps of many kinds which, with the easy flow of narrative, present the practical assistance a student needs. All subject material is directly related to children's interests and covers the subjects and projects dealt with in the schools today.

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\*From a review in "The Canadian Teacher."

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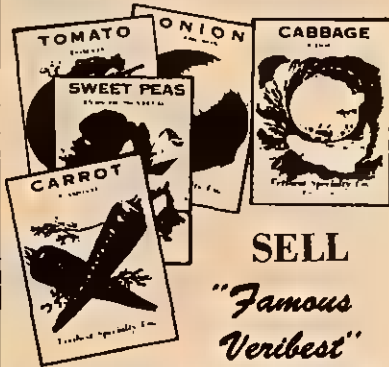


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# DX-ing with the Kitchen Radio

By James L. Lee

Did you know that you can receive ordinary radio stations from all over North America on just your kitchen radio? A lot of people have the mistaken idea that to get signals any farther away than about fifty miles you need a big expensive short wave receiver and a tremendous aerial cluttering up the backyard. That's true if you want to receive short wave, of course, but if you're not fussy about the type of signal you pick up, your own little radio is capable of pulling in A.M. stations from across the continent.

All you have to do is tune in some night on a station that has a fairly weak signal and listen closely. You're DX-ing now - chasing after distant signals, in other words. If a record or commercial is playing, wait until it's over - the chances are that the announcer will give the station's call letters, and you can look them up in a radio log to find the station's location. A good log can be found in the back pages of a popular science experimenting magazine which appears on most newsstands, listing all North American A.M. stations by call letters and location.

If the signal fades before you are able to get the call letters, don't immediately get discouraged and twist the dial away. Instead, keep listening, because in all probability the signal will come in again within the next few seconds, due to a phenomenon known as "skip".

If you write down what you hear and send your information to the station, it may return a verification card or letter, commonly called a QSL, if you request verification. In giving information you must be sure to accurately include the time, the station's frequency, and, of course, what you



heard. The station will, to confirm your report, check it against their own log to ensure that you were actually listening to them.

A typical report might run like this: One night you hear a commercial for Sludge Cigarettes at 8:15. This is followed by a weather report and then a record. You would state in your report that you heard at 8:15 Eastern Standard Time (or whatever time zone you live in) on the night of October 7, (or whatever the date is) a commercial for Sludge Cigarettes followed by a weather report (including the high and low of the day if it was given and any other such information). When mentioning the record which was next, it would be best to mention the artist and/or the title. Five or six items like these are usually sufficient verification.

Although every station will not return a verification, fifty to seventy percent should if you enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope. The letter should be written to a specific person, such as the Chief Engineer, and addressed to him, c/o Radio Station XYZ, and the city and province (or state, if it's an American station). You can expect a QSL to come back in about three weeks or a month, although this can vary to as short a time as three days, or as long as a year. These last two instances, however, are the exception, not the rule.

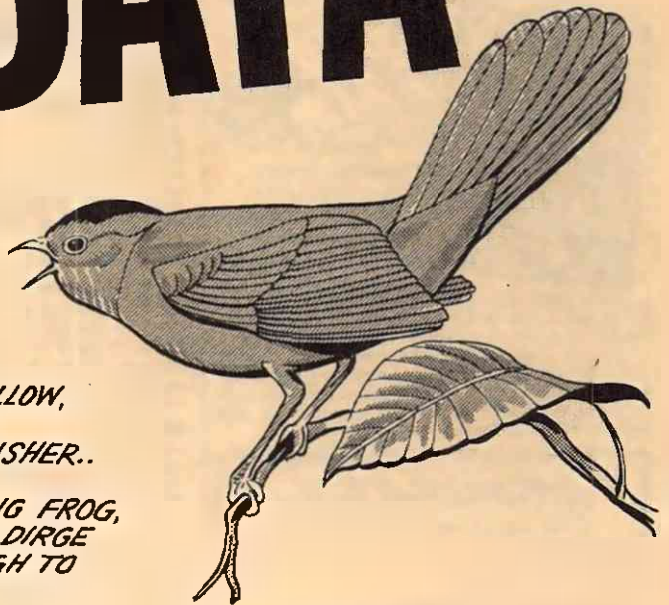
So tonight, if you don't have anything special lined up, why not sit down by your radio and listen up and down the dial? You may have beginner's luck and pick up five or six distant stations on your first try. And after you've received your first two or three QSL's in the mail, you'll discover that you have been bitten by the DX bug, and can't stop DX-ing!

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IT CAN TEACH ITSELF TO COPY  
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VOICES AS THOSE OF THE ROBIN, BARN SWALLOW,  
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WESTERN MEADOWLARK AND BANDED KINGFISHER..

THERE ARE RECORDS THAT THE CROAKING FROG,  
THE SQUAWKING HEN, AND EVEN THE RUSTY DIRGE  
OF A WAGON WHEEL ARE COPIED WELL ENOUGH TO  
DECEIVE THE LISTENER



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NEAR WHERE ALASKA, THE YUKON AND  
BRITISH COLUMBIA MEET.... THIS BEAR IS A  
BLUISH GRAY COLOR AND VERY RARE....

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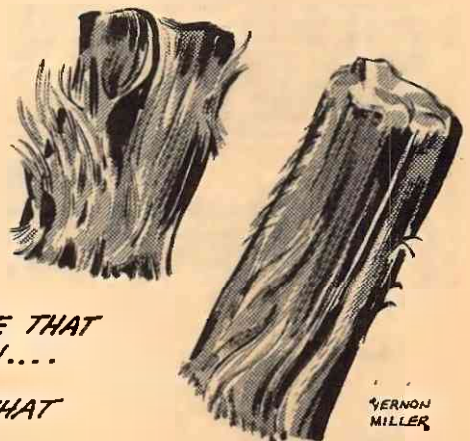
IS A SMALL WHITE BEAR WITH  
A BUFF COLOR ON ITS HEAD AND BACK...  
THESE BEARS ARE FOUND SOUTH OF  
THE SKEENA RIVER IN THE KITIMAT  
ARM SECTION OF DOUGLAS CHANNEL  
AND ON GRIBBELL ISLAND, BRITISH COLUMBIA..  
VERY LITTLE IS KNOWN ABOUT THIS  
SCARCE ANIMAL



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IT INTO A FIRE.... THE FIRE BURNED OFF ALL THE GREASE THAT  
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30 COMMS. of G.B. INDIA AND AUSTRALIA, Cat. \$1.45, just 30c to get acquainted. 1-5c approvals accompany. Dept. O, STAMPWARDS; Sandy Point P.O., New Brunswick.

ANIMALS, Sports, 10c, Request Approvals. THORNDALE STAMP CO., Box 431, Thornhill, Ontario.

SPANISH COLONIES. 25 Different Commemoratives, 35c. Approvals. WAHA STAMP COMPANY, 68 Grand Ave., Cedar Knolls, N.J. 07927, U.S.A.

WORLDWIDE Accumulations, includes sets, singles, mint, used, airmails. U.S. if requested. Generous packets — \$1.00, \$3.00 and \$5.00. Packet of hinges included free. ZODIAC STAMPS, 5730 Halandale Blvd., West Hollywood, Fla. 33023.

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## READ THIS CAREFULLY BEFORE PLACING ORDERS

APPROVALS—Most of the stamp advertising in Canadian Boy makes offers to "Approval Applicants" or words similar. This means: In addition to the special offer, you will receive stamps on approval which are yours only if you pay additional for them. You may select the stamps you wish, and return the balance along with payment for the ones not returned.

# Stamp Corner

A number of our readers have asked for a list of the Canadian stamps to be issued this year.

On March 26 the 100th anniversary of the birth of Aurèle deFoy Su-zor-Côté will be commemorated with a six-cent stamp. On May 21 there will be two, one to mark the 50th anniversary of the International Labor Organization and the other the 50th anniversary of the first trans-Atlantic non-stop flight by Alcock and Brown.

The 50th anniversary of the death of Sir William Osler will be observed with a special issue on June 23.

Three new stamps in the wildlife series will go on sale July 23. These will depict the white-throated sparrow, hermit thrush and Ipswich sparrow. The 200th anniversary of the founding of Prince Edward Island's capital, Charlottetown, will be the occasion of a commemorative on August 19. The birth 200 years ago of Sir Isaac Brock will be the subject of a stamp to be issued September 12.

Two for Christmas are to be released October 8, and the 100th anniversary of the birth of humorist Stephen Leacock, on November 12, will be the last of the 1969 issues.

Although 1968 was International Human Rights Year, and many countries issued suitable stamps to mark it, some of these did not find their way into post offices until this year. A set of three from Jamaica on this topic was released in February.

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The Declaration of Human Rights, in 1948, incorporates the four freedoms as outlined in a speech to the U.S. Congress in 1941 by the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt. These are freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom from want and freedom from fear.

Crown Agents have announced Scout issues this year for Bermuda, Botswana, and Guyana.

The collecting of Boy Scout stamps is becoming increasingly more popular and there is hardly a month goes by without one or more countries honoring Scouting with a new stamp.

The Scouts on Stamps Society International (SOSSI) is an organization which deals exclusively with Scout topical philately, and membership in SOSSI is almost a must for those specializing in the Scouting theme. Drop us a line if you would like an application form.

By H. L. Woodman

# Penpals

**Jim Martindale**, with a friend of his, is starting a magic club, called The Marla. Anyone interested in joining The Marla is asked to write to Jim at Box 168, Dorchester, Ont.

**Kenny Evans**, 894-48th Avenue, Lachine, Que. He's coming up to 10 years of age and is interested in sports, models and trading stamps. He'll answer all letters.

**Larry Palkowski**, RR 4 Fenwick, Ont., is 11 and would like an Ontario penpal his own age. He likes pop music, plays guitar and builds models.

**Daniel Decaire**, 613 River Drive, Fort Frances, Ont., is a serious model railroader. He's 13, in sea cadets, and anxious to hear from another model railroader, anywhere.

**Murray Eldred**, 55 Victor Avenue, Toronto 14, Ont., would like to get in touch with any boy 12 to 16 who collects model soldiers. He's 14 and specializes in this hobby.

**David Day**, 17 Hammond Street, Saint John, N.B., would like to hear from Cubs and Scouts all over Canada. He's interested in models, reading, and Western movies.

**Gary Honegger**, 666 DesChenes, Be-loeil, Que., is 12 and likes gymnastics, swimming, bowling, running, skiing, The Monkees, electronics and flying model planes. He'd like a p.p. from anywhere, his age, with similar interests.

**Chuck MacKinnon**, Box 225, La Ronge, Sask., is a 15-year-old Scout interested in trading badges of all kinds with anyone.

**John Jackson**, 121 Browning Boulevard, Winnipeg 22, Man., is 11 and would like a p.p. from outside his hometown area. He's interested in electronics, chemistry and research, sports, and writing.

**Brad Brace**, 94 Oakley Boulevard, Scarborough, Ont., collects bus tickets and tokens, and would like to hear from others who collect this material. Says he's willing to pay for good items.

**Oleh Petraszko**, 27 Brock Street, St. Thomas, Ont., would like a p.p. who is 11 and interested in drag racing, swimming, skiing, stamps, models, football and the outdoors. He'd like to hear from any Ukrainian Scouts living outside Ontario.

**David Fraser**, 1249-4th Avenue N.E., Moose Jaw, Sask., is 13 and is interested in chemistry, biology, radiation, rocketry, outer space, the future, books, and puzzles.

**Stephen Davidson**, 17 Ellenvale Avenue, Dartmouth, N.S., is 11 and likes baseball and hockey. His hobbies are stamp collecting, model building, maps, and reading adventure stories.

**Marc Cameron**, 18 Ellenvale Avenue, Dartmouth, N.S., is 10, likes sports, and stamp collecting. He'd like a p.p. from anyplace.

**Michael Switzer**, RR 5, Orangeville, Ont., would like a p.p. outside Ontario. He is 11, collects postcards and builds models.

**Bobby Prosser**, 152 Rosedale Avenue, Fairview, N.S., wants a p.p. from B.C. or Quebec. He's 11, interested in science, the future, comics, and the history of early Canada.

**Ian Redmond**, 530 Talford Street, Sarnia, Ont., would like a p.p. in B.C. his own age. He's 10, interested in reading, geography, and music.

# Wheels

Harley-Davidson or Honda? One cylinder or two? Four-cycle engine or snarling deuce? It's no easy matter to choose the right motorcycle. There are more than 25 brands available. Each one is perfect for somebody — but maybe not for you.

The wrong motorcycle is like a nail sticking through the sole of your shoe. You can put up with it for a little while. But the longer it lasts, the worse it gets.

Motorcycles range all the way from the tiny Honda 90 Bantam street scrambler to the huge Harley-Davidson Electra-Glide, with an engine as large as that of some sports cars.

Just as you wouldn't try to learn horseback riding on a bucking bronco, it makes no sense to start learning to motorcycle on a big, high-powered thunderbolt. Learners should use a machine of under 300 c.c. engine size. And be careful — some of them can do 95 miles per hour.

Unlike Canadian cars, where the size of the engine is listed in cubic inches (c.i. or "cubes"), motorcycle engines are rated in cubic centimeters (c.c.). A centimeter is much shorter than an inch, so a motorcycle engine of 1,200 c.c. is far smaller than a 350-c.i. engine in a car.

Here are specifications for some popular motorcycles with the name first, then the size of the engine, followed by the type of stroke, the rated top speed (where manufacturers list it) and the total weight of the machine. Some specifications may vary slightly as new models are brought out.

**Big Engines:** Harley-Davidson Electra-Glide, 1,200 cc, 4-cycle, 98 mph, 780 lbs. Harley-Davidson Sportster, 900 cc, 4-cycle, 112 mph, 545 lbs. Norton Scrambler, 750 cc, 4-cycle, 102 mph, 368 lbs. B.S.A. Spitfire, 650 cc, 4-cycle, 117 mph, 415 lbs. Kawasaki Commander, 650 cc, 4-cycle, 112 mph, 450 lbs.

**Medium Engines:** Suzuki 500/5, 500 cc, 2-cycle, 108 mph, 385 lbs. Triumph T11R, 500 cc, 4-cycle, 105 mph, 365 lbs. B.S.A. Shooting Star, 441 cc, 4-cycle, 325 lbs. Kawasaki Avenger, 350 cc, 2-cycle, 104 mph, 320 lbs. Honda CL350, 350 cc, 4-cycle, 100 mph, 340 lbs. Yamaha YM1, 305 cc, 4-cycle, 100 mph, 350 lbs.

**Small Engines:** B.S.A. Starfire, 250 cc, 4-cycle, 86 mph, 300 lbs. Benelli Barracuda, 250 cc, 4-cycle, 82 mph, 245 lbs. Suzuki Hustler, 250 cc, 2-cycle, 95 mph, 290 lbs. Yamaha YDS5, 250 cc, 2-cycle, 88 mph, 340 lbs. Riverside 175, 175 cc, 2-cycle, 70 mph, 270 lbs. Honda CL160, 160 cc, 4-cycle, 75 mph, 270 lbs. Harley-Davidson Rapido, 125 cc, 2-cycle, 65 mph, 175 lbs.

**Bantams:** Kawasaki Road Runner, 120 cc, 2-cycle, 185 lbs. Suzuki AS100, 100 cc, 2-cycle, 220 lbs. Yamaha YL2C, 100 cc, 2-cycle, 220 lbs. Honda 90, 90 cc, 4-cycle, 180 lbs.

By Roger Appleton

## Off the Record

The Staccatos have a new album on the market. Well, actually they don't have a new album, but The Five Man Electrical Band does. Which means The Staccatos do, but they don't.

What I'm trying to say is The Staccatos are now called The Five Man Electrical Band, and so is the new album.



In a telephone conversation, Les Emmerson, guitarist and composer for the group, explained the name change. "An executive of Capital Records convinced us a name change just for one record might be good. After throwing a few names around, we decided on the name of the album and the title tune, *The Five Man Electrical Band*. I think it will stick with us."

For those who haven't had a chance to hear the aforementioned long-playing piece of wax, herein follows a quick run through of some of the songs. Because of the lack of space, only the best tunes were chosen — and that was a chore.

*Didn't Know the Time* — released last summer in the U. S. and Canada. Although it didn't sell to any extent it still rates as a top tune. This record-

ing features Mike Bell's voice going from pure falsetto to his straight voice, which is among the best in any musical field.

*It Never Rains in Maple Lane* — currently in the top ten in San Francisco, Miami, Seattle, and most points in between. A really typical Five Man Band tune with tight production, good arrangement and an orchestral backing giving it a commercial flavor.

*Back to You Every Time* — sounds like Gilbert and Sullivan wrote a tune for the group. This song was heard on their Coca-Cola album, only it is 200 percent better since it's been re-done in New York. The tune gives an actual operatic feeling and is probably one of the best produced tunes in the history of the recording business.

*Private Train* — slow ballad-type but with a solid beat. Actually the middle part of a fast-paced tune Capitol liked so much they lifted it from its surroundings and sent it on its own. There's a sprinkling of country in there, but it isn't a country tune.

*Black Sheep of the Family* — a good, gutsy rock-blues song with Rick Bell obviously signing lead and releasing a yet unheard blues inspired voice. Far off in the background you hear a horn section but it's only used like a cushion rather than blasting you up against the wall. It's simple, like most blues, but with life.

*You're Gonna Lose That Girl* — a fantastic version of The Beatles' tune of several years ago. Mike sings lead. Each member of the group has four separate vocal parts, which equals twenty voices. Highlight of this piece is Les Emmerson's never-before-heard bass voice. Cushioned with a string section, Les sounds like he became a cello. Blends in beautifully.

The names of the other tunes on the album are: the title tune *Five Man Electrical Band*; *We Go Together Well* featuring their Beach Boy voices, only better, with more discipline; *Last Time I Saw Memphis*, a country tune with a rock beat; *Fancy Dancing Man*, written especially for The Five Man Electrical Band by Bonner and Gordon, two men responsible for *Happy Together* and many other Turtle hits.

"This is a must for record buyers" is an oft-used phrase, and sometimes mis-used. So we'll re-phrase it.

The Five Man Electrical Band is a record buyer's must.

By Mike Gormley

# Any Questions?

I would like to know what the individual Cub or Scout could do to help anybody. — Len Chapman, Islington, Ont.

You've heard the old saying, "Charity begins at home." That's not a bad idea for starters, so ask around home to see if you can help anybody in your own family. Then see if there's anything you, as an individual, might be able to help your neighbors with. Remember that older people sometimes can't get around as well as they used to, and there are small jobs around the house that you might give them a hand with. Just ask around.

Do you know of a good annual project for a Cub pack?—George Armstrong, Richmond Hill, Ont.

A recent example is the work done by the boys of the 1st Cliffcrest packs of Scarborough, Ont., in their Christmas toy drive. All 63 of the boys collected toys and clothing for redistribution among handicapped and underprivileged children. This has been their annual project for the past three years, and the Cubs have been doing an excellent job of gathering usable material. This kind of project is not restricted to the Christmas season, and you could possibly hold drives at spring cleaning time.

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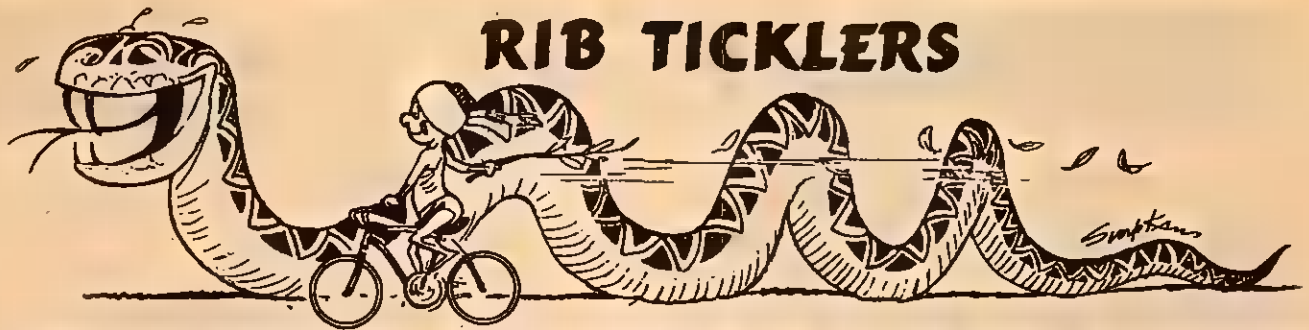
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# RIB TICKLERS

A visiting American teacher was chatting with an Eton schoolmaster, in England, when the American asked: "Do you allow your boys to smoke?" The Etonian replied: "Oh, I'm afraid not!" The American asked: "Can they drink?" and the schoolmaster from the great "public" school said: "Good gracious, no!" The American thought for a moment, then asked, "What about dates?" and the Eton man replied, "That's quite all right, as long as they don't eat too many."  
*Danny Yamashita, Scarborough, Ont.*

Jack: I didn't sleep well last night.  
Ben: Why, what happened?  
Jack: I plugged the electric blanket into the toaster and kept popping out of bed!  
*Bobby Dunsford, Charlottetown, P.E.I.*

Husband: I have tickets for the theatre, dear.  
Wife: Wonderful! I'll start dressing right away!  
Husband: That's a good idea — the tickets are for tomorrow night.  
*Christopher Kular, Scarborough, Ont.*

Sherry: Don't you ever use toothpaste?  
Terry: Why should I? I haven't any loose teeth!  
*George Robinson, Faust, Alta.*

Jim: Do you know why they call some girls dizzy blondes?  
Tim: No, why?  
Jim: Because they're light-headed!  
*Herb Leggett, Lindsay, Ont.*

Hank: Did you hear about the elevator operator who lost his job?  
Frank: No, what happened?  
Hank: He forgot his route!  
*Ricky Clewes, Beaconsfield, Que.*

Q: What is boiled, then cooled, sweetened and then soured?  
A: Iced tea.  
*Ronnie Bolton, Pickering, Ont.*

Paul: I saw something last night I'll never get over!  
Moll: What was that?  
Paul: The moon!  
*Gordon Little, Headingley, Man.*

Bill: I wish you wouldn't call me Big Bill.  
Phil: Why not?  
Bill: Because those nicknames stick, and I'm going to be a doctor.  
*Garth Allen, Ottawa, Ont.*

Seasick passenger: Where is the nearest land?  
Sailor: Five miles, sir!  
Seasick passenger: In which direction?  
Sailor: Straight down, sir!  
*John McLaughlin, Bathurst, N.B.*

A class of seven-year-olds were asked by their teacher: "Who would like to go to Heaven?" Everyone raised a hand, except one boy. His friend sitting next to him whispered: "Put up your hand, stupid! She doesn't mean right now!"  
*Kim Tellett, Toronto, Ont.*

## CHOPPER

Voice on phone: Is this the pet shop?  
Clerk: Yes, but I can't hear you too well over the phone.  
Voice: Please send me a package of goldfish food.  
Clerk: I can hardly hear you—please speak louder.  
Voice: I want some goldfish food!  
Clerk: Please speak louder—  
Voice: I can't! I'm a goldfish!  
*Robert Onodera, Willowdale, Ont.*

When a lady got on a street car with seven children, a man asked her: "Are they all yours, ma'm, or is it a picnic?" And the lady replied, "They're all mine, and it's no picnic!"  
*Danny Demare, Winnipeg, Man.*

Q: What has a foot at each end and one in the middle?  
A: A yardstick.  
*Mark McNabb, Port Arthur, Ont.*

Q: What sort of boat would you use to shoot rapids?  
A: A gunboat.  
*Sandy Ritchie, 3 Wing C.A.F., Germany*

by Simpkins



"Scat!"