

CANADIAN BOY

DEC
1965

THE BOY SCOUT MAGAZINE FOR ALL BOYS
VOLUME 2 / NUMBER 9 / TWENTY-FIVE CENTS



Christmas 1965

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TRADEMARK

Meet Lester Square!

Zero hour had arrived! Our lone-some cover character could hardly contain himself in his excitement. He was all set to pick his name from the thousands of entries in the Name-The-Character contest.

To help him out, the whole staff had pitched in, reading the entries and narrowing the choice down to the last hundred. These went into a large box which was sitting right in front of our strange-looking friend.

"Five - four - three - two - one - zero!" we counted down. His hand plunged into the box and came out with a letter clenched firmly in it. Shaking with excitement, he reached into the envelope and picked the entry form out.



"Well, what does it say?" we demanded.

"L-l-lester", he said, "L-lester Square. Hey, that's me! That's my name! Lester Square, isn't it beautiful? Lester Lester . . ."

He seemed to sink into some sort of trance. With a happy smile on his face, he just sat there, mumbling over and over, "Lester, Lester Square . . ."

We agreed the name couldn't have been better. Boy, did it suit him, especially that "Square" bit. We reached over and took the entry form from his nerveless hand, and read the name of the winner, "David Martin, 219 Lakeview Avenue, Pointe Claire, Que."

We contacted David right away, and asked him about himself. He said he's ten, in grade five, has a strong interest in astronomy, rockets and hockey. He's also a sixer in the Cedar Park pack in Pointe Claire. David said, when he heard he'd won, "I thought it was an hallucination," but he recovered in time to send us his picture, which appears right. In return, we sent David an autographed picture of our friend Lester, and a \$10 bill.

In the meantime, Lester was still mumbling to himself in the corner. Going up to him and shaking him, we managed to bring him back to reality.

"Congratulations, Lester," we said. "You're now a full-fledged member of the Canadian Boy team."

"Thanks," he said modestly.

"From now on," we added, "you're in charge of jokes and letters. Starting next issue, all jokes



and letters should be sent to Lester Square, Canadian Boy, P.O. Box 3520, Station "C", Ottawa 3, Ont. And now, get cracking with all the letters that have piled up while we were finishing off the contest."

"Yes, sir!" he said, saluting smartly and accidentally punching himself in the eye.

"Whoops, just a minute, Lester," we added. "Don't forget to say something to our readers."

"Aw, do I have to?"

"Yes, like now!"

"Well, okay. I'd like to thank everybody who sent in names for me. I'm sorry you all couldn't win, because you all sent in terrific names. But there'll be plenty more Canadian Boy contests next year, and you'll get another chance to win.

"In the meantime, I'd like to wish you all a very Merry Christmas, and let's have the greatest New Year ever in 1966."

That goes for the rest of us at CB, too.

LETTERS

Dear Sir:

I think the Story of Canada in the Oct. CB is just great. I also enjoyed the story on car engines, and I hope you go into it more deeply.

Edwin St. John, Candiac, Que.

ERROR, ERROR

Dear Sir:

In the October issue of CB the

story on television shows contained an error. The picture said to be of the National Theatre School students presenting Macbeth was really a scene from the National Ballet of Canada's Romeo and Juliet.

Carol Sorensen, Calgary, Alta.

You're right, Carol. The uncultured editors of Canadian Boy missed the boat on this one. We apologize.—Ed.

A NEUTRAL OBSERVER

Dear Sir:

I am not writing to praise your magazine. I am not writing to criticize either. I am just writing because of your mournful plea for more letters, and I have nothing better to do so I thought I'd write and cheer you up.

Tim Johnson, Aurora, Ont.

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CANADIAN BOY

THE BOY SCOUT MAGAZINE FOR ALL BOYS

DECEMBER 1965, VOL. 2, NO. 9

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HUGH SHEWELL, 18, author of "Christmas Eve at Mr. Plain's", is a student in Ottawa. He is interested in drama, both in school and out, but writing is fast becoming his real interest. He's an Ottawa Rough Rider fan, likes folk-rock, John Lennon's books, and is a staunch Canadian nationalist.

This year he is attending Carleton University, then hopes to go into teaching or broadcasting, as well as doing some writing.

NEXT YEAR, Canadian Boy goes into its third year of publishing. In the New Year, you can expect more of your favorite articles and fiction, our regular columns, some great new contests, all the surprises we can dig up for you, and lots more of our new handyman, Lester Square. We kick off 1966 with a winter issue, featuring Scouts in action out-of-doors, a hot new fiction story, a hockey story, and lots more. See you in January.

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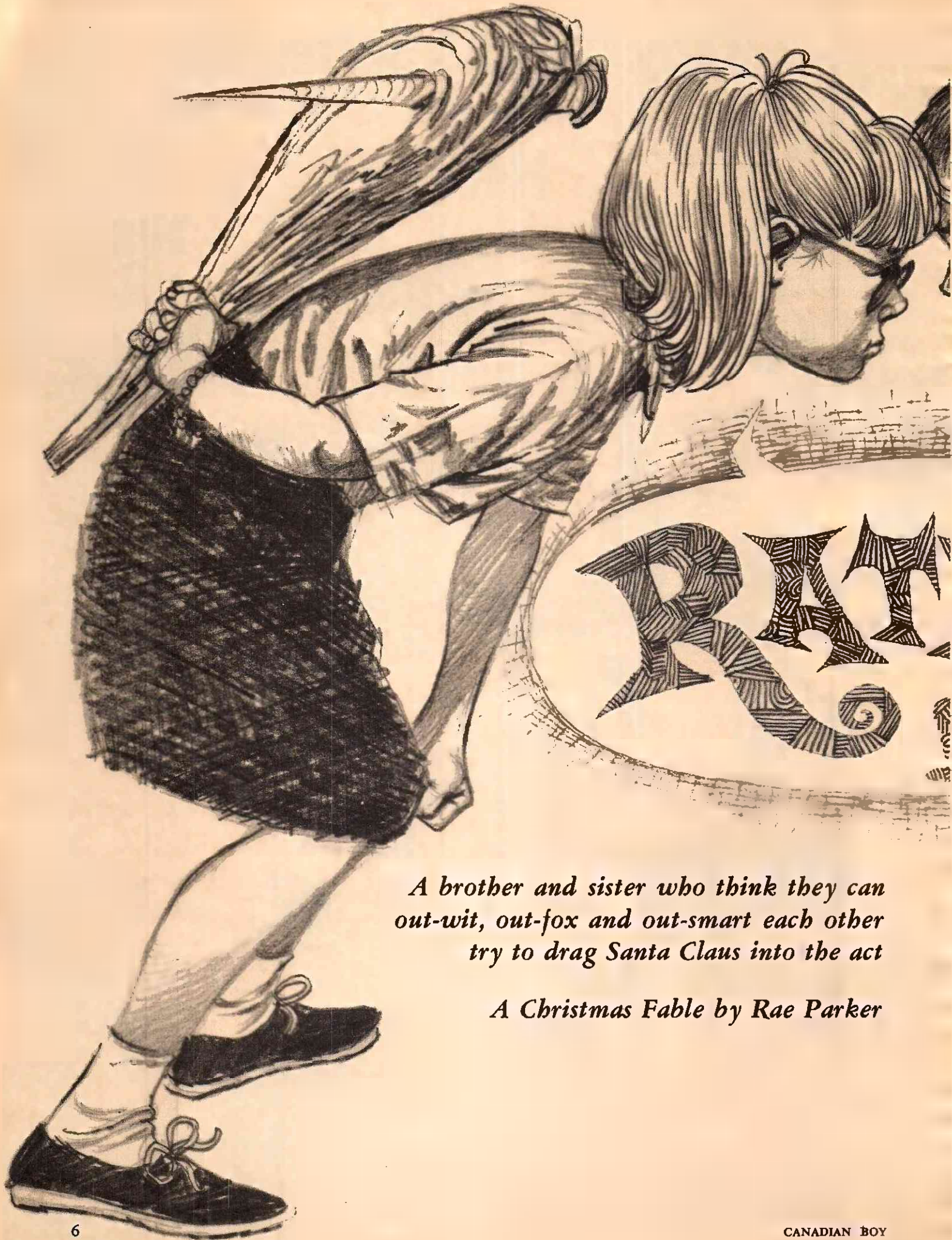
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*A brother and sister who think they can
out-wit, out-fox and out-smart each other
try to drag Santa Claus into the act*

A Christmas Fable by Rae Parker



IF SOMEONE HAD ASKED ME when I was nine years old, what I hated most, I wouldn't have even thought of answering "School" until after I had gnashed my teeth, rolled my eyes and screamed, "My sister! I hate my sister! I will murder my sister! I can't stand my sister! I will tear her limb from limb and feed her to a vulture if I can find a vulture with a strong enough stomach! I will throw her into a fifty foot hole, then throw down a ten foot ladder for her," or words to that effect. She didn't like me much, either.

Her name was Miriam. It still is, of course, but at that time I called
Continued on next page

her Miriam only when my parents were within hearing distance and I had to watch my tongue. This magazine cannot print what she used to call me.

As we grew older we became very good friends, but when I was nine and she was twelve, and we both lived in the same house, we were friendly toward each other only while father had a firm and painful grip on our ears, and even then only if Christmas were just around the corner.

And if this same someone were to ask, "Did you have no love for your sister?" I would have had to confess I did. There was nothing I loved better than a nasty piece of business on my part which would get her into a lot of trouble. It was a good feeling and I was grateful to her for providing so much pleasure for me at such times. It was then I would feel something very close to love. But she would completely ruin this love by pulling some dirty, stinking, low-down-rotten, cheap, mean, underhanded and completely uncalled-for stunt, like telling my father I'd broken the basement window with my baseball, which would make me hate her all over again.

I mean, how can a guy even pretend to love a sister who would do a thing like that? Especially since father would have found out anyway! If she were a sister truly deserving of my love and respect she would not have said a word, then maybe by the time he found out I could have thought up some way of blaming her for it and completely avoided getting into trouble myself.

Anyway, I don't remember just what it was I had done to get her into enough trouble to make me think for awhile that I loved her a bit, nor do I remember what she did in return to make me remember I hated her — perhaps it was the broken window — but I do remember that this one time I got my revenge on her with a mighty kick in the shins (purely by accident, of course), which almost crippled her for two weeks. But she wasn't too crippled to get a good grip on my hair and start pulling it out by the roots, and hanging on even though I was hitting her frantically with every fist I had. I don't know whether I was screaming louder with the pain or with fury, but I think she was scream-

ing louder than I, which even then I was rather pleased about.

Then, out of nowhere, I felt that familiar grip on my ear, a grip which made me wonder whether my ear would pull loose from my head or whether the rest of my body would follow it up into the air. It gave me only a little satisfaction to see Miriam's feet also dangling above the



Hanging from our ears, we had no choice.

ground, her ear suspended between father's other thumb and finger.

We both promised to be very nice to each other, and to behave, and to love each other as brother and sister should. Hanging from our ears, we didn't have much choice. Besides, Christmas was only two weeks away.

Later that evening, after we had wiped away our tears and massaged our ears back into shape, mother got into the act. She gave us the longest lecture anyone ever suffered through on why it is a good thing for brothers and sisters to love each other as they should. And because she kept on dropping the word Christmas into her lecture, we both promised we would try our best.

Then she told us it was about time we wrote our Christmas letters to Santa Claus. By way of a hint, probably because she thought she knew our horrible minds so well, she added that Santa Claus didn't think much of children who wrote nasty things about each other, nor did he care for children who didn't love one another. With these words the lecture ended.

We both went quietly to our rooms to write our letters. My mind was busy. So busy that I hardly noticed when Miriam locked her door behind her, so busy that it didn't occur to me to think it a mighty strange thing for her to do, even after I had locked the door to my own room, which was very unusual for me. The only times

I ever locked my door was when I was preparing something nasty for Miriam and I didn't want her barging in before I was ready.

I sat down and thought heavily about what mother had said. "Santa doesn't like nasty or greedy children." My mind played with it for awhile, and my smile got wider and wicked the more I thought. Then I picked up my pen and began to write. "Dear Santa: My little brother Rae is a very nasty boy and I hate him and he doesn't deserve anything for Christmas. I would like . . ." and then I listed greedy presents Miriam would want, enough to make her seem the greediest girl in the world. Then I signed it with her name, and added as a P. S. a few more things to make her seem even greedier.

I folded the letter, addressed and sealed it, grinning merrily all the while and very pleased with myself. Then I took another sheet of paper and wrote, "Dear Santa: I love my sister very much and I hope you bring her something nice for Christmas. I don't want much myself, be-



I would make Santa think she was greedy.

cause I am not greedy. Yours truly, Rae."

"That should do it," I thought to myself. "Santa will think she's greedy and nasty and that I'm not, and he'll bring me tons of presents and won't bring her anything." I turned out my light and chuckled myself to sleep, thinking about Christmas morning and the sad look that would be on Miriam's face.

Next morning I hid the letters among the pile of Christmas cards my mother was going to mail, then went to the store to do my Christmas shopping. I had five dollars to spend, and I spent all but twenty-three cents on

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Christmas Eve at Mr. Plain's

BY HUGH SHEWELL

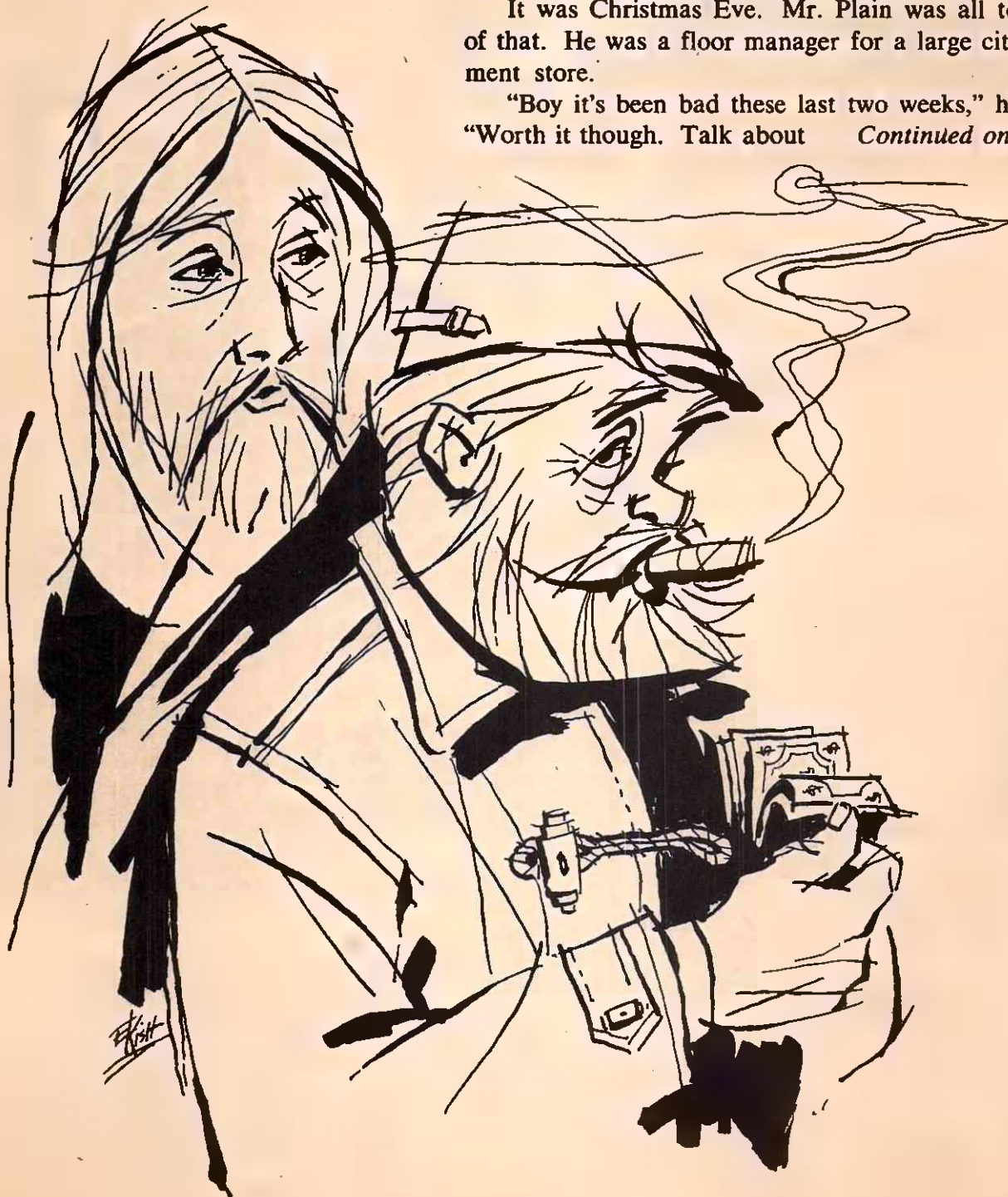
This is not a very cheerful Christmas story. What happens at Mr. Plain's house might happen in thousands of

other homes across Canada. But does it have to? Read this new and startling look at commercial Christmases.

Mr. Plain was just settling down in his armchair by the hot-air vent when the door bell rang.

It was Christmas Eve. Mr. Plain was all too aware of that. He was a floor manager for a large city department store.

"Boy it's been bad these last two weeks," he mused. "Worth it though. Talk about *Continued on page 21*





*Frank didn't want to spend Christmas morning
searching for a child in the bitter wind
and driving snow of the Laurentian mountains.
But if he didn't find young Jeremy, the
little boy would freeze to death. Frank's
father had told him everything depended on his
efforts, so Frank plunged down the icy slope on
his skis once more, into the blizzard on his*

Christmas Search

BY IRENE GARDINER

It was more than ten minutes now since Frank had seen the child's small footprints. He had stood, the edges of his skis biting into the icy western slope of the mountain. He had felt his sense of helplessness grow as he scanned the ground all around. Then, hardly believing his eyes, he had seen the footprints, tracing a faltering path through snow drifted into a small gully. They headed down toward the road. Stopping now to rest, Frank knitted his brows angrily. Christmas morning was usually a time to sit back, to enjoy a special breakfast of ham and steaming waffles swimming in butter and maple syrup; then to gather close to the fire and open the gaily-wrapped gifts piled under the tree. But now . . . Frank lifted himself on his poles and slammed down hard, to warm his feet. His boots were too small. To think, one of the gifts left unopened would certainly contain the new boots his father had promised. With them he could have begun training this very afternoon for the giant slalom on Big 80 hill. He had been planning on it for months. To conquer the giant slalom was his greatest ambition. Why, Frank asked himself, had these people, the man and the woman and their little boy — Jeremy his name was — why had they come skiing at all, before breakfast on Christmas morning? And why had Jeremy's mother not had the sense to keep her eye on her son? *Continued on next page*



So that now, leaving his home at the foot of the ski slopes, he, Frank, searched for a little boy lost in a wilderness of snow and forest. And there were not many to help. Most of the ski patrol to which Frank belonged had gone home to Ottawa or Montreal for Christmas. His father, chief instructor at the big Laurentian resort joined in too, of course, and that made a big difference.

The wind began to howl louder now. Worse, tiny needles of snow whipped Frank's face; a few at first and then more and more. Certainly he could not be blamed for turning back. They had not counted on such weather. He might even be blamed for going on, for risking his own safety and the only clue to the child's whereabouts.

Frank turned his back to the wind, as he considered what to do. The sound of his father's voice came back to him above the growing storm. He remembered the words the older man had spoken that morning as they left the house together:

"It is only the boy that matters," his father had said, in the heavy accents of his native Austria, "only the boy."

His father had known, as he always seemed to; had sensed the resentment his son felt in spite of the adventure of the search. Frank had been a little ashamed. Of course, it was only the boy who mattered. But, he couldn't help thinking, it was too bad the boy hadn't mattered more to his own mother.

Frank turned again toward the downward slope. He would go on a little further. The snow half-blinded him as he lowered his head and pushed forward, so that he came dangerously close to tree trunks, and barely missed tripping over jutting rocks. He might have made better time on foot.

Christmas snow. Frank smiled grimly. No, this was certainly not Christmas snow, the kind his father always talked about, the kind that often fell at this time of year. Christmas snow drifted down quietly and gently in big, five-sided flakes like stars, each perfect. Christmas snow was like a billion glistening miracles.

But this was becoming a whirling driving fury that stalked the mountainside like a beast, seeking to destroy. Soon all footprints, all other

signs, would be buried.

There was no time to waste. Frank's eyes thrust this way and that as he threaded his way—skiing, sliding, snowplowing—cautiously nearer the road. Then, came a sound more welcome than all the Christmas presents in the world at that moment—faint, far-off, church bells, like a friendly voice.

Gratefully Frank was reminded that this was only the west slope after all and not the end of the world. It was Christmas Day and the bells of the old church in the Quebec village called the people to worship, from farms still farther away. If only he could believe the child had found his way to safety or even was being comforted by the sound too. If only he hadn't remembered just then that men often drown a few feet from shore and a person could freeze to death a few steps from a warm house. His feet and hands were almost numb and he would be hard-pressed to reach town himself now.

He pushed harder on his poles, leaving the gloomy thoughts behind. A final clearing or two and he was beyond the trees and pushing through shrubs at the edge of the road—no road now really, just a long, narrow clearing chockful of snow. He looked frantically up and down. Which way? Inwardly he begged the wilderness for another clue—just one! What if the little boy, he thought with a sinking heart, had crossed into the denser forest beyond, the home of the deer and the wolf. He would not be able to follow.

Then, as he squinted anxiously off to the right, in the direction of the village, his eyes narrowed. What was that? Yes, there was something there, further down. It was a strange-looking object, like some mystical offshoot of the earth. It rose suddenly out of the drifts. Frank moved hesitantly toward it, until, closer now, he gave a sigh of recognition. Of course. He must have come out beside the shrine. It had stood here, beside this road, probably forever. Certainly since he could remember. It was one of many that dotted the countryside; little shelters of stone or wood to house statues of beloved Jesus, or Mary, or one of the saints. At such shrines the people of Quebec prayed.

Frank skated eagerly on. Could it be that the little boy had sought out the stone shelter, that he might still

be there? Frank's heart raced with renewed hope, but he knew how wild a hope it was.

In a few moments he was peering into the darkened recess. There, as it had done for many winters, the Christ figure looked down sadly. But now—beyond belief—it looked down on a small boy in a red snowsuit huddled at its side. The child was staring out at Frank like some small fawn discovered in the underbrush.

"Jeremy," Frank said softly, as if the child would prove a vision and vanish. Then louder with joy and triumph, "Jeremy!"

The child left off staring and began to cry, deep sobs that told the story of its terror and suffering. Frank felt as if he would cry too. He knelt in the shelter of the statue, brushing the tears away with his hand. He fumbled in the kit on his back and took out a thermos, filled with cocoa. As he coaxed the boy to drink, he saw how he trembled with cold. One hand that had lost a mitt had been protected by a pocket, but it was white, probably frostbitten. The child stopped sobbing, too stunned to do more than gaze appealingly at Frank and to say over and over, "Mommy, Mommy", as if the demand would magically produce her.

Frank knew more than magic was needed. Quickly, he took a blanket from the pack, his own hands fumbling and stiff with cold. He wrapped the child gently, and then snapped on his skis again. It was not far now, he told himself bravely, as he lifted the small, shrouded figure, but the wind answered with a blast that nearly tore his burden from him.

As he pushed away from the shelter, his feet felt as if they belonged to someone else. With every step further down the road, the boy grew heavier. Once he fell, then labored to his feet again. To go forward when things are tough, his father always said, you must put one foot in front of the other. That is all.

"You must try, Francis, and keep trying."

He bent his shoulder again toward the village, his whole body and mind one great prayer that he might endure a little longer. Then, just when it seemed he could not, he was rewarded with another peal of the bells. He was almost too exhausted to rejoice that they sounded closer now; and frightened it might not be so.

Continued on page 32

Make your own Christmas Cards

This year send your own personalized Christmas cards to all your friends. Get a few pieces of scrap linoleum from around home or from your local dealer — he always has some on hand. Mount the linoleum on a block of wood using glue or cement (don't use nails), let it dry under pressure. Draw your design about 3" x 4" or 4" x 5". If you have a good design from a last year's Christmas card or a clipping from a magazine use this as your design. Make sure that the design is bold with not too many fine lines.

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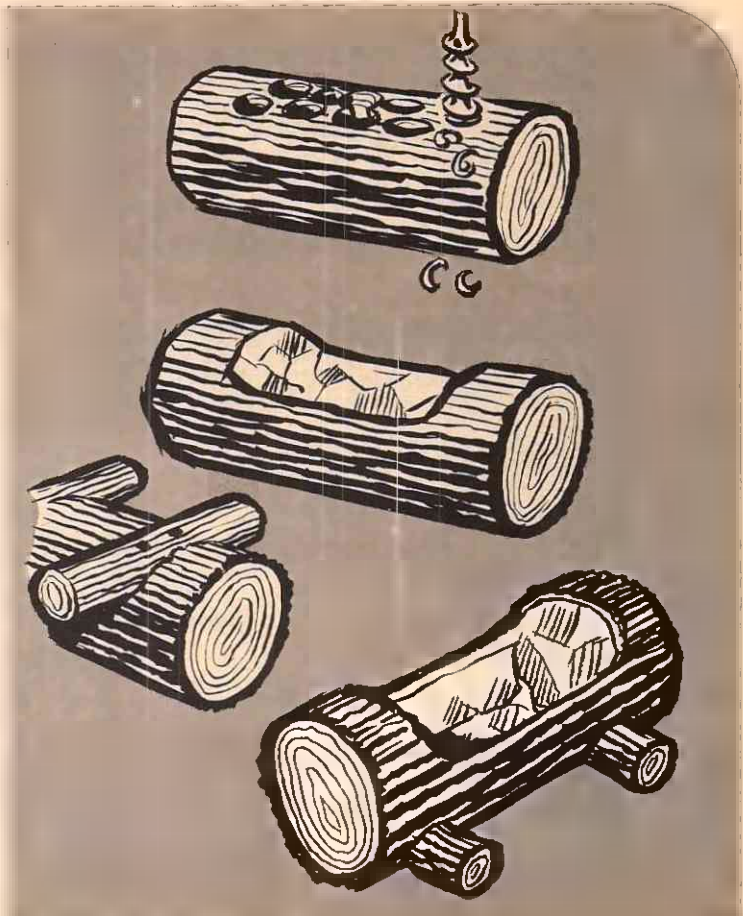
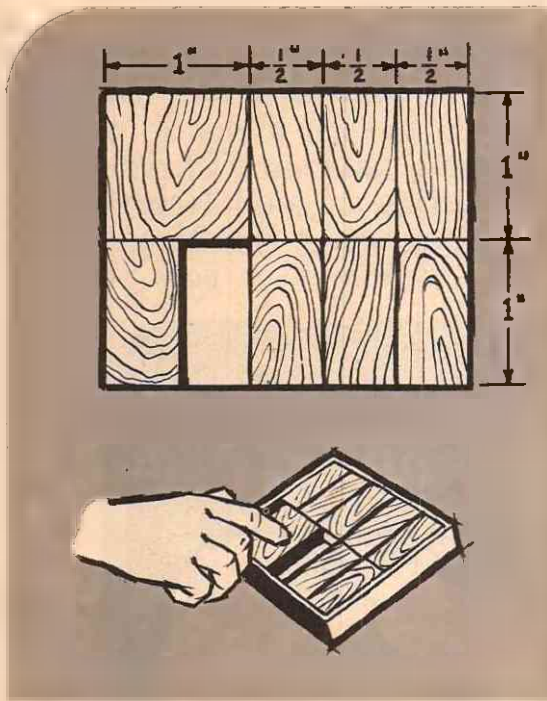


Christmas always puts a strain on the old budget. Here are a few ideas that cost very little "cash money" to make, are useful and you'll have a lot of fun making them. All you need is a little imagination, some household tools and a little

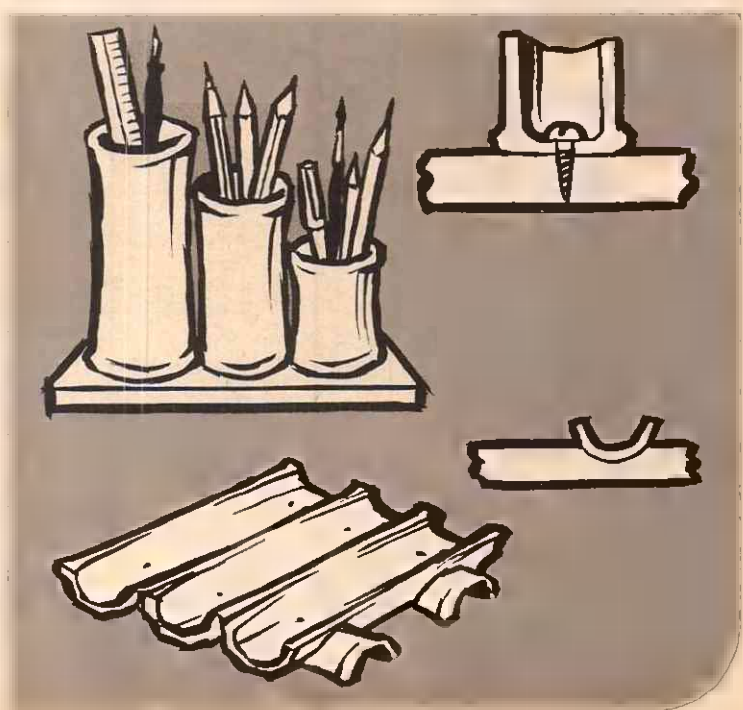
handicraft skill.

A clown ring toss game will make a hit with the small fry in the family. Using a coping saw or dad's sabre saw cut out clown (or any other figure) from $\frac{3}{4}$ " pine;

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CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR THE FAMILY



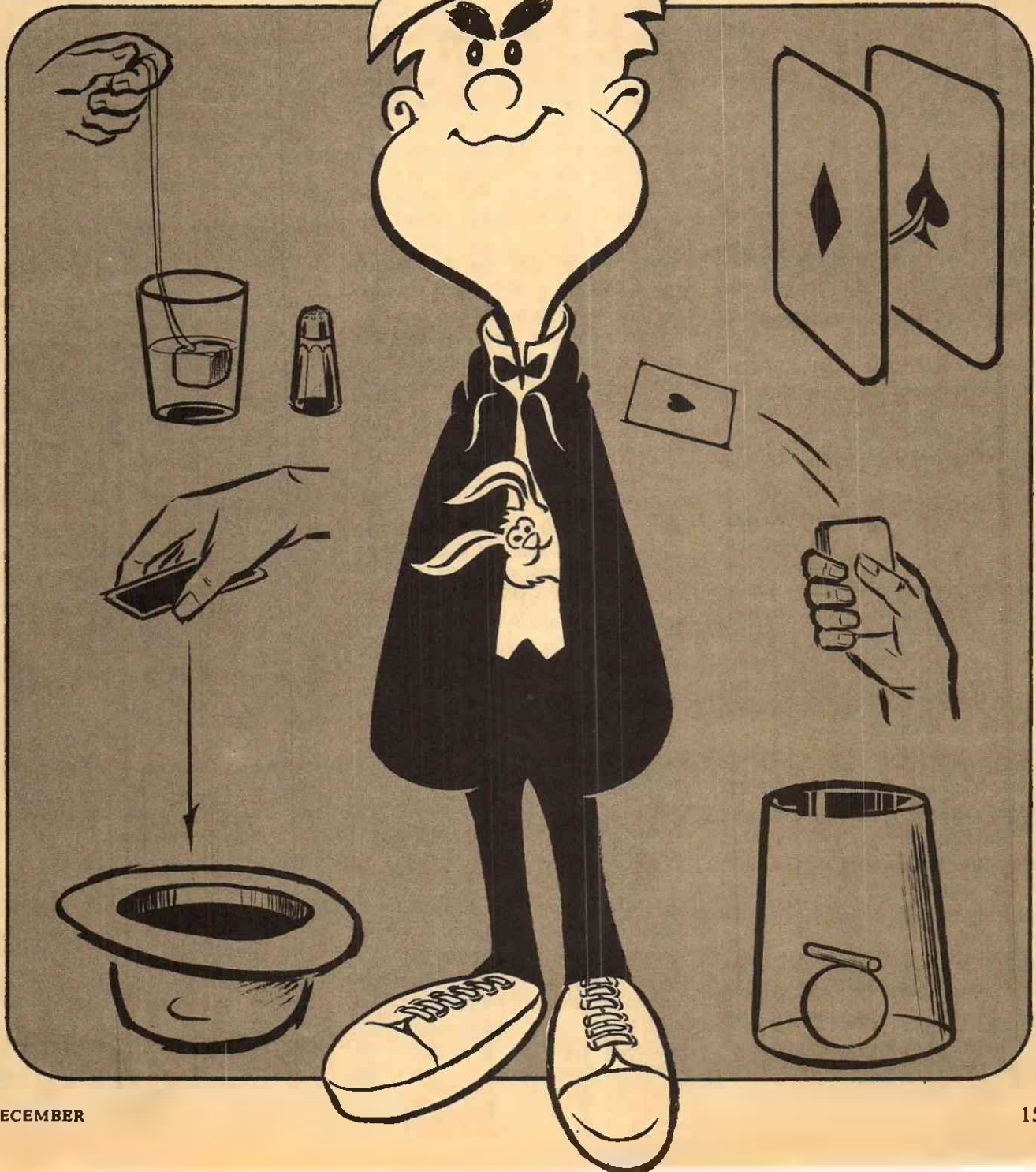
MAGIC FOR CHRISTMAS

Amaze your friends during the holidays with these four mystifying tricks

ICE-CUBE TRICK: Fill a glass three-quarters full of water and float an ice cube in it. Challenge anyone to snare the ice cube with a piece of string and remove it from the glass. No takers? But you can do it. Lay the string over the ice cube in the glass and sprinkle salt on both the string and the cube, as in illustration. After two or three minutes the salt freezes to the string and the cube can be lifted out.

CARD AND HAT TRICK: Get several friends to participate in this trick. Place an upturned hat on the floor, and give each player several playing cards. The object of the game is to drop the cards from a standing position into the upturned hat. They all fail in their attempts, as each one tries to drop the card into the hat by holding the card in a vertical position. You drop one card after another into the hat without a single miss, by

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Christmas Cards

Continued from page 13

When the glue on your linoleum printing block has dried wash the linoleum thoroughly to remove any grease. Now give it a thin, even coat of white water color or poster paint. While that is drying trace your original design onto tracing paper using a sharp medium hard pencil. Now flop your tracing paper over onto the linoleum block and rub the design directly onto the linoleum. It will be in reverse and this is as it should be. Touch up the design on the linoleum block here and there and make sure the design is properly transferred. When first starting it is a good idea to black out with a soft pencil those areas that you are going to cut away. Remember it is the raised parts of the block that make the print. For cutting you can make your own tools from sharpened pen nibs or use a sharp penknife and razor blades. However, for the best reproduction a set of linoleum cutting tools is best. These may be purchased quite reasonably from hobby shops or art supply stores.

Start in the centre of the design and work towards the outer edges. Use the tools boldly and try to work without hesitation to cut clear outlines. Don't undercut the lines of the design. The sides of the design line should slope away from the top of the cuts as shown.


For hand printing there are two main types of inks — oil colors and water colors. If you are using water color you need ink or water colors, paper, a small brush, some old newspapers and a rubbing pad. The rubbing pad can be made quite simply from straw or raffia. A firm, flat surface such as table top or bench is required for printing.

Using the small brush, cover the lino block with your water color. It doesn't matter if a little ink runs into the cutaway part of the block but care must be taken to avoid filling in all the hollows with ink as this will make the printing blotchy. After the block has been inked, place it on the table ink side up. Place your sheet of printing paper over the inked block carefully and firmly so that the print will not be smudged. Cover the back of the printing paper with one or two

folded newspapers then take your rubbing pad and work in a zig-zag movement back and forth across the block. Remove the newspaper pad and rub gently on the back of the printing paper. Remove your print by taking one corner and lifting it away from the block with a clean movement. Look at the trial print and make any alterations or corrections that are necessary on your lino block. Don't be disappointed with the first print, it usually takes five or six to work the block in.

For printing with oil you need some oil colors, paper, a piece of glass about 12" x 12", a thin bladed knife, roller and a burnisher — this can be a large spoon and the back of the spoon only is used. A small can of turpentine or varsol and some rags for general cleaning will be found useful. . . . In this method the ink is not applied with a brush and it is not applied direct to the lino block. The ink is transferred to the block by means of a small sheet of glass and a roller. Place a small quantity of the oil color onto the glass and spread evenly with the thin bladed knife. The inked sheet of glass should then be rolled out with the roller to complete the even spreading, then the inked roller is used to transfer the oil color to the lino block. Roll the ink evenly and thinly onto the block. If it is too thick, thin it out with turpentine on the glass.

When your lino printing block has been inked it should be placed on the work table with the inked side up covered with a sheet of your printing paper which again should be carefully dropped onto the block to avoid smudging. Place the pad of folded newspapers over your printing block. Now take your large spoon or burnisher and rub this over the back of your newspaper pad using a zig-zag motion to cover all portions of the block. It will be found that more rubbing is necessary than when using water colors. Lift your printing paper from the block in a clean movement to avoid smudging.

Experiment with different types of paper and colors of paper and ink. Fold your paper like a card and print your design on the front and hand letter an appropriate Christmas message on the inside page. Remember to design your own Christmas cards to a size to fit a standard or readily available size of envelope. 

Christmas Gifts

Continued from page 14


paint in bright colors; screw to a firm base. Five fruit jar rings complete the game.

Now how about a puzzle gift for a friend or brother or sister? Get a small, strong cardboard box—2½" x 2" is the size of the one we have used. Costume jewelry boxes are ideal. Cut pieces of various kinds of wood into shapes shown. To fit the 2½" x 2" box you'll need 1 pc. 1" x 1", 2 pcs. ½" x ½", 6 pcs. 1" x ½". Make them as thick as the depth of the box you are using. Sand the blocks and give them a coat of white shellac to bring out the grain. Assemble the pieces in the box as shown. The idea of the game is to get the large block into the lower right corner by sliding the other pieces around.

Make a log planter for mom. Make it any size you like, depending on the size of log you get and where it is to sit. The one shown was made from a branch about 6" thick and 14" long.

Drill a series of holes with brace and bit to about ¾ of the log's depth. With a chisel and mallet gouge out the excess wood and smooth ends and sides of the hole. Nail or screw two cross pieces to the bottom of the log as a stand. Brush on a coat of white shellac over entire log to bring up grain on ends and bark. Line the planter with heavy aluminum foil, and a shallow layer of sand and then put in soil mixture.

For dad make a bamboo desk set. From an old bamboo fishing pole cut three different lengths using a fine tooth saw, for instance, a hacksaw. Our model has lengths of 2", 3" and 4". Scrape the bamboo with a piece of glass to get them smooth then polish them with paste wax for a high gloss finish. Carefully smooth a piece of wood for the base. The size will depend on the sizes of your bamboo and the size of the desk your finished set is to go on. Carefully drill holes in the bottom of pieces of bamboo and fasten to base with screws.

As a companion piece make a desk rack. For this project you must split the bamboo lengthwise. Finish with glass scraping and wax as before. You'll need three pieces about 7" long for the rack and two pieces about 4" long for the base. Cut notches in the base and cement the rack pieces to them. 

BOYS' CLOTHING CAN BE FASHIONABLE, YET PRACTICAL. There's a wonderful Christmas world of clothing for boys that is styled just as brightly as any for teen-agers or even adults.

Good styling is never extremes of color or extravagant cut of jacket or trousers. In all cases, it's good taste coupled with good grooming habits, including regular haircuts, clean shoes and trimmed fingernails.

On this page are illustrated some excellent examples of practical, but good-looking fashions.

Christmas Gift Section



Wool convoy coat, styled with full zipper and three horn button, frog closure. Stocking toque is black and red, pure wool. Coat sells for \$23.94; Toque \$2.98.

clothes

Be in style with the latest and best

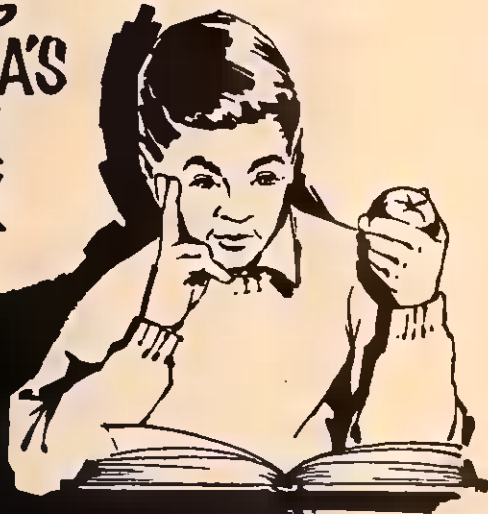


LEFT: Botany wool, double knit cardigan in beige, styled with black and scarlet suede stripes and suede buttons . . . Cardigan priced at \$14.95.

RIGHT: Herringbone, pure wool sports jacket in the new shade of gold. Styling details include the new "L" shaped lapel, flap pockets and side vents. Jacket is cut in a high two button. Worn with a matching bold wool worsted double knit vest with metal buttons. Medium yellow tab collar shirt is worn with solid dark tie and matching puff handkerchief. Trousers are solid black, continental styled and cuffless. Jacket is priced at \$22.95; vest, \$7.95.



This is
YOUNG
CANADA'S
BOOK
WEEK



Read
THE BEST BOOKS
Give
THE BEST BOOKS

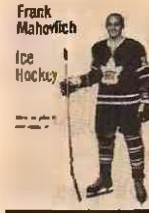
Good books give your life a touch of quality. They impart knowledge, stimulate creative power, bring satisfaction and relaxation to the reader. Good books greatly enrich your awareness and interest in all manner of things that surround us.

The titles shown here have been carefully selected by Canada's major publishers as a reliable guide for absorbing and rewarding reading.

These fine books are available at leading book stores coast-to-coast.



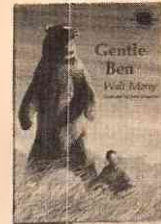
they make terrific gifts!



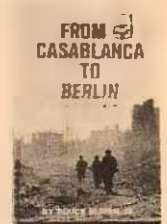
FRANK MAHOVLICH
Ice Hockey—How to play it and enjoy it. Suitable for boys of all ages.
THOMAS NELSON & SONS \$3.00



JIM BOWIE AND HIS FAMOUS KNIFE
By Shannon Garst. From the series of Archway Books the true, exciting adventure story of one of America's great heroes.
COPP CLARK \$2.50



GENTLE BEN
By Walt Morey. Illustrated. Young Canadians will love this story of a giant Alaskan brown bear and the boy who befriended him, which won the first Dutton Junior Animal Book Award. Ages 10-14.
CLARKE IRWIN \$4.25



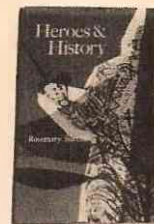
FROM CASABLANCA TO BERLIN
By Bruce Bliven, Jr. Here is a vivid account of Allied Fighting in the European and Mediterranean Theatres of World War II. The author traces the course of the conflict from 1942 to 1945. Illustrated with photographs. Ages 11 to 15.
RANDOM HOUSE \$2.75



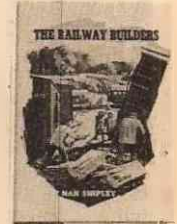
ANDREW TOLLIVER
By Richard Wright. Illustrated by Lewis Parker. Ages 8-10. Buckskin Book No. 11. A fast-paced adventure story in which the town of Harmony celebrates its one hundredth birthday with a circus at the Fair Grounds and Andrew Tolliver's curiosity leads to intrigue with two John A. Macdonalds.
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By Hugh Maitland. The Calgary Stampede is only the beginning of Brad's summer vacation. He soon finds himself, not only helping an ex-convict's son, but solving the mystery of the Abominable Snowman. Ages 10-13.

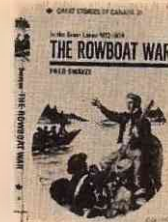
LONGMANS \$1.39



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By Doug Wilkinson. Illustrated. Three Eskimo boys have exciting adventures climaxed by an almost-fatal encounter with a giant polar bear in this true-to-life story of work and play in the Arctic, by the author of *Land of the Long Day*. Ages 12-15.

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THE ROWBOAT WAR: On the Great Lakes 1812-14

By Fred Swayze. Illustrated by Paul Liberovsky. Ages 11-15. Great Stories of Canada No. 31. A thrilling narrative account of the dramatic fight between rowboats and American warships on the Upper Great Lakes, during the War of 1812.

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A story from Cariboo Country, Paul St. Pierre. When seventeen-year-old Delore suddenly finds himself boss of a dangerous British Columbia cattle drive, he encounters mystery and adventure.

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Why not clip this page. Check your favourite title and show them to mom and dad.

CANADATA

THE FAT JOLLY SANTA CLAUS WAS CONTRIBUTED TO OUR CANADIAN CHRISTMAS BY THE DUTCH...

THE EARLY DUTCH SETTLERS TO NORTH AMERICA INTRODUCED THE LEGENDARY SAINT WITH THE WHITE BEARD AND RED ROBE AND WE ADOPTED HIM... SAN NIKLAUS IN GERMAN BECAME SINTER KLAAS IN DUTCH WHICH IN TIME WE CHANGED TO SANTA CLAUS...



SAIN'T NICHOLAS WAS AN ACTUAL PERSON, BORN AT PATARA, IN ASIA MINOR, ABOUT A.D. 380

THERE IS A TRADITIONAL CUSTOM OF DECORATING MASTS OF SHIPS WITH CHRISTMAS TREES WHICH IS KEPT UP BY CANADIAN CREWS.... THE TOPPING OFF CUSTOM IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN STARTED BY SCANDINAVIAN SAILORS CENTURIES AGO.

THE EARLY TRAPPERS DIDN'T ALWAYS DINE BOUNTIFULY DURING THE FESTIVE SEASON... MANY TIMES ON THE TRAIL CHRISTMAS DINNER CONSISTED OF BOILED PARCHED CORN OR SCRAPS OF DRIED MEAT TOASTED ON A GREEN STICK.



IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY THE FIRST CHRISTMAS CARDS CAME ON THE SCENE IN ENGLAND... THE EARLIEST 'CARDS' WERE SHEETS OF PAPER WITH GAY HOLIDAY SCENES AROUND THE EDGES AND A BLANK SPACE IN THE CENTER FOR WRITING... ON THIS CONTINENT LOUIS PRANG IS BELIEVED TO HAVE DESIGNED THE FIRST CARDS ABOUT 1875.

Mr. Plain

Continued from page 9

people, never seen so many in my life. Pushing, poking, swarming, swearing . . . herds of 'em. Ringing it all up on credit, too!" He laughed to himself. "Ah, well I got mine though . . . cold, hard cash. One thousand smackers on the Christmas rush . . . That's keeping the old average up. Nice Christmas bonus too! Nice boss, Mr. Greenback. Sure got the kids some nice presents with that little extra take." He sighed.

The door bell rang again. Mr. Plain mumbled a curse under his breath about "Certain people who couldn't leave a guy alone" and then he thought again.

"Ah well, it's Christmas Eve, what the heck." He got up and went over to the door. He opened it just as the bell rang for a third time.

"Excuse me, my car's given out and I was wondering if I could use your phone to get a mechanic out here."

"Oh, yeh. Sure, come on in."

"Thanks a lot."

The stranger entered.

"It's just in the kitchen, on your right." He followed the stranger into the kitchen and busied himself in the refrigerator. He looked over to the phone and saw that the stranger was just hanging up.

"The mechanic said that he would be out here in about half an hour," said the new-comer.

"Oh," said Mr. Plain. "Well er . . . uh, you want to come into the living room and wait?"

"If you're sure I won't be bothering you," replied the stranger.

"Oh, no, no."

The stranger was tall and lean. He walked without hesitation and yet not with an air of authority. His face was rather thin and creased and seemed to convey an expression of mental torture. His lower jaw was covered by a closely cropped brown beard and his thick, wavy brown hair sat on his head almost like a tea cosy. But what struck Mr. Plain about the man's features (and heavens above, he wasn't often observant of this sort of thing) was his eyes. They were like the sea, and they possessed a depth of understanding and kindness that Mr. Plain had never encountered.

"Have a seat Mr. . . . er, uh. . ."

"Christ," prompted the stranger.

"Oh, oh thank you. Well, have a seat Mr. Christ."

The man sat down. He sat very straight in the chair and he drew up his right leg, crossed it over his left, and clasped the hands around his knee. He looked straight and intently at Mr. Plain.

"Would you like a cigarette, Mr. Christ?"

"No thanks. I don't smoke."

Mr. Plain fidgeted. He felt as though he were a poor host.

"What about a drink?" offered Mr. Plain.

"Well, I don't suppose you have a little wine? That would do me nicely."

"Oh, yes, sure." Mr. Plain brought him a glass of wine.

"Thank you very much."

Mr. Plain picked up his drink. He thought he'd better propose a toast.

"Well, Merry Christmas, Mr. Christ."

"Merry Christmas." But Mr. Christ didn't drink on it. Mr. Plain, meanwhile, was guzzling down his drink. He made a horrible, sucking, gurgling sound as he drew in the last drops.

"Boy when I toast, I always believe in burning it!" He let out a low guttural laugh at his own joke.

"Nice neighbourhood you live in, Mr. Plain."

"Yeh, yeh, nice neighbourhood, guess you could call it that. It's not classy mind you, but then it's not low rental either. It's a good place. Gets pretty bad in spring though, with the flooding and all. There's just a sea of mud everywhere. Ground isn't too firm around here, that's the trouble."

"No rock?" asked Mr. Christ.

"That's it exactly. Just sand and clay around here."

There was a pause. A strange smile spread over Mr. Christ's lips for just a moment and then disappeared.

"Hey wait a minute!" suddenly interjected Mr. Plain. "How did you know my name? You called me 'Plain' just a minute ago."

"Oh, I've known you for quite a while, Mr. Plain. Quite a while."

"Yeh? Say, do you ever shop Greenback's Money-Mart?"

"No? You sure? Gee, come to think of it I'm sure I know you. By gosh, you're familiar. Now hold on; don't tell me. It's that hair of

yours and that little beard, and those eyes . . . those eyes . . . Oh no — wait a second. — It can't be . . . you're in that book, aren't you?"

Mr. Christ didn't answer. Instead there was a loud thumping on the front door followed by a few impatient rings on the bell.

"Excuse me." Mr. Plain arose and went to the door.

"Are you Mr. Plain, Mr. John Plain?" asked the new stranger.

"Er, that is — why yes."

"Glad to meet you. I'm Mr. Claus, Mr. Santa Claus. Mind if I come in a moment, Mr. Plain?" He already had one of his feet firmly wedged between the door and its frame.

"Oh no, no of course not. Come on in Mr. Claus — you're kidding."

Mr. Claus was dressed in a very flashy sports jacket. He was a pudgy chap with a great, fleshy face topped by a little sports cap. He smoked a cigar. Mr. Claus glanced into the living room.

"Same tree this year, eh Mr. Plain? They're pretty good, the aluminum ones."

"Are you really Santa Claus?"

Continued on page 24

NEW... OFFICIAL

BLACK OXFORD



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OFFICIAL
BOY SCOUT SHOES

for school
or
official wear

These Official Boy Scout Shoes are extra tough, comfortable and sure-footed. He-man styling and ruggedness make them swell for school as well as scouting activities. Come in and try on a pair today.

Sizes 1 to 6, 10⁰⁰
Sizes 6½ to 12, 12⁰⁰
All sizes in B, C, D, widths

OFFICIAL BOY SCOUT SHOES
by Pedwin



BY IRVINE BRACE

This is your Christmas Hinting Licence. It works like this: I have listed several photographic products with space beside each for a check mark.

Check the ones you'd like to receive for Christmas, then leave your hinting licence in plain view of your family.

Wait until Christmas Day!

CHRISTMAS HINTING LICENCE

This is to certify that _____ is licenced to hint broadly until December 24, 1965. Anyone finding this licence has the owner's full permission to read about (and act upon) the Christmas gifts indicated by check marks. Gifts so marked are suitable, appropriate, wonderful (something he has always wanted.)

Local camera dealers are willing to co-operate and offer free advice to parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles, brothers, sisters, cousins and friends.

() 35mm camera that takes color slides and prints in black and white and color.

() A camera that takes larger pictures, black and white or color, in size 127 or Instamatic.

() A camera that takes pictures and develops them within ten seconds.

() An 8mm movie camera. (Ask about the new Super 8 cameras, but be advised that they can't be used with the older standard 8mm films.)

() A slide projector that will project the slides made by the first two cameras listed above.

() A flash gun that takes AG1 (or larger) flash bulbs to fit my existing camera (ask camera dealer for advice) or, if I'm lucky, to fit one of the cameras listed.

() A movie light, so I can shoot movies indoors at night (ask dealer, especially if camera is a Super 8 model).

() A gadget bag with a shoulder strap and carrying handle. It's useful for me to carry my camera equipment in.

() Close-up attachment for my camera.

- () Lens-cleaning blower-brush.
- () Lens-cleaning tissue.
- () Tripod.
- () Flash bulbs (blue for color pics).
- () Slide viewer.
- () 8mm movie editor (standard or Super 8) and splicing equipment.
- () Color film for my camera to make slides.
- () Color film for my camera to make prints.
- () Filters to use on my camera with black and white film.
- () A slide sorter to help me arrange my slides in order, and thus make a more interesting slide show.
- () A developing tank that is loaded in-darkness but with which the development can be completed in room light.
- () A photographic thermometer to be used with the developing tank.
- () A special safelight to be used when developing prints.
- () Print tongs.
- () Developing trays in different sizes (at least three are needed.)
- () An enlarger that accepts my negatives.
- () An enlarger easel to hold the photographic paper flat and make a white border.
- () A contact printing frame for making paper prints.
- () A darkroom timer that tells me in the dark when the development time is completed.

GOOD HINTING



The Rockhound

BY ROBIN McLACHLAN

After your interest has become established in rockhounding, it is advisable to subscribe to one or two rock magazines for amateurs. Although there are several published in the United States, I would recommend patronizing the two Canadian publications as they deal in more detail with collecting in Canada than their

American counterparts. **Rocks & Minerals in Canada**, published quarterly, is well worth its \$2.00 yearly subscription. Subscriptions or a sample copy for fifty cents can be obtained from Box 550, Campbellford, Ontario. Published six times a year, **The Canadian Rockhound** has a \$2.00 yearly subscription. Although it is published by the Lapidary Rock and Mineral Society of British Columbia, it remains quite national in its scope. Subscriptions or a sample copy for twenty-five cents is available from Box 194 Station "A", Vancouver, B.C.

1965 saw the publishing of a three-part book of interest to the rockhound. **Rock and Mineral Locations in Canada**, written by Ann Sabina and published by the Geological Survey of Canada, is a three-volume set in paperback. Volume 1, priced at \$1.30, deals with locations in the Yukon, North West Territories, British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba. Volume II, costing \$1.65, has locations in Ontario and Quebec. Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, and Labrador are dealt with in Volume III, which sells at \$1.00. The three books can be purchased as a set or individually; and are available through most book stores or the Geological Survey of Canada, 601 Booth Street, Ottawa.

Remember that the books and magazines I have mentioned will make excellent presents for the rockhounds on your Christmas list.

Thanks to Donald McDougall of Sherwood Park, Alberta for his interesting note on Handhills agate. The agate, which is found in the Handhills about 20 miles from Alberta's Drumheller valley, makes quite attractive jewelry. Also thanks to Joan Athey for her very informative and interesting letter. Joan is the secretary of the Junior Mineralogical Club, which is for collectors of high school age. If any Toronto area Rockhounds are interested in joining this club, write to 45 Wyndcliff Crescent, Toronto 16.

In 1966, I will try to write on as many aspects of rock collecting as possible. We will look at hand lapping and tumbling — inexpensive and simple types of lapidary. Canadian gemstones, minerals and fossils will be dealt with in some detail.

Merry Christmas and the best of rockhounding in '66.

for a BIG YEAR IN SCOUTING
SEE ALL THAT'S NEW
IN UNIFORMS FOR '66

**FOR
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 SCOUTS**

**SHARP...
 DISTINCTIVE
 PRACTICAL!**



**FOR
 SEA
 SCOUTS**

**TRIM...
 AND
 DURABLE**



**FOR
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**SMART,
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**FOR
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**FOR
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SERVICES

FIT FOR * SERVICE

THE THEME | FOR 1965-1966

Mr. Plain

Continued from page 21

"Why sure. As a matter of fact that's why I'm here. Now I won't keep you long Mr. Plain, but if you'd just like to sit down, there are few things I would like to go over. First of all Mr. Plain, how's the Plain Christmas this year?"

"Not bad, not bad at all," replied Mr. Plain.

"Could be better?"

"Well, sure."

Mr. Claus reached back into his hip pocket and took out an extremely gross wallet. He looked sharply at Mr. Plain, opened the billfold and thumbed through a number of bills.

"Here you are, Mr. Plain. Sorry I don't carry a sack any more. You've got to be real, Mr. Plain. You've got to keep up with what the people want — cigar, Mr. Plain? — Well sir, they want cash so that's what I'm giving them. Yes sir, you have to move with the times."

He flashed a very toothy smile revealing a gold-capped front tooth.

"Gotta drink, Mr. Plain?"

Suddenly Mr. Claus noticed Mr. Christ.

"Howdy Mr. Christ. Busy night?"

Mr. Christ acknowledged Mr. Claus with a very soft "Good evening", and finished his wine.

"Say look," said Mr. Plain. "My kids would get a real kick if they could tell their friends that they had met you two. Wait a second, will you?"

Mr. Plain ran upstairs.

"You seem to have a pretty thriving business Mr. Claus?"

"Not bad, Mr. Christ, not bad. How's yours?"

"Fair I'd say. We're non-profit you understand," replied Mr. Christ.

"Oh yes, of course," grunted Mr. Claus rather cynically.

Mr. Claus shifted his gross frame in the arm chair. Mr. Christ made him feel uneasy.

"Making the usual rounds Mr. Christ?" he queried.

"Yes, Though not every round is usual Mr. Claus."

"Curse him anyway," thought Mr. Claus. "He always rubs it in so quietly . . . so smoothly. Make a heck of a salesman with a little more

technique."

There was a silence.

"I guess this guy's house was on the list was it? Just what exactly are you trying to sell?"

"Who? Me Mr. Claus?" Mr. Christ chuckled softly and, for a moment looked with pity upon Mr. Claus. He gazed with faint despair into his empty glass. Mr. Claus twiddled his thumbs. He was upset. Mr. Christ bothered him.

"Mr. Claus, I have nothing to sell tonight, nor do I have anything to give away; . . . except . . . perhaps . . . but how can I explain what is abstract to a man like you? How can I tell you that my nothing is everything?"

"Mr. Christ, . . . man you aren't coming through! You can't be knocking on doors on Christmas Eve with nothing . . . you've got to have something . . . that's what the people want."

Mr. Claus was feeling a little better. Mr. Christ was slowing down.

"Now that 'nothing' of yours is Love, right?"

Mr. Christ nodded.

"Of course that's plain unrealistic,



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Join **DOMINION MARKSMEN**, the C-I-L program that helps to develop shooting skill. Win coveted awards.

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There is no cost! Targets and awards are provided free of charge to groups affiliated with Dominion Marksmen. If you have 5 or more

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DOMINION MARKSMEN

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Dominion Marksmen, P.O. Box 10, Montreal, Quebec.
I'd like to know more about the Dominion Marksmen program. Please send me your literature.

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AGE _____

CITY or TOWN _____ PROV. _____

Mr. Christ. That's like you claiming this is your birthday. Now come on Mr. Christ, what you need is a gimmick . . . something that will sell your nothing. Mr. Christ you can't talk to a man about Love, you've got to show him what it is. You gotta let him grab it and hold it. You gotta show him what's real!"

He heaved in his chair and slapped his hip pocket. The slap was completely absorbed by the fat wallet.

"You know what's in there Mr. Christ?" laughed Mr. Claus. "That's the real Christmas."

Mr. Christ looked once more upon Mr. Claus and he looked at him with the same pity. He gazed once more into his empty glass . . .

Mr. Plain appeared leading his son and daughter.

"Which one is which, Daddy?" asked Johnny, whispering in his father's ear.

"The one with the cigar is Mr. Claus, the other is Mr. Christ."

"Daddy is it really Santa Claus, really?" queried Barbara.

"Why of course it is, Barbara."

"But Daddy, he looks exactly like Mr. Greenback."

"Good heavens, so he does," thought Mr. Plain. "This must be some kind of a joke—go and say hello, kids," said Mr. Plain.

Johnny walked straight up to Mr. Claus.

"Hi! Mr. Claus, I'm Johnny."

"Well, hello there, Johnny."

"You look exactly like Mr. Greenback, my daddy's boss. Are you really Santa Claus?"

Mr. Claus looked puzzled for a moment. Then he flashed another great smile.

"Why sure I'm Santa Claus. Look, here's my card."

And he gave Johnny a very up-to-date business card with his name and telephone number on it.

"MR. SANTA CLAUS," read Johnny, "MONEY FOR CHRISTMAS; FREE DELIVERY."—Gee, you really must be real."

"I sure am Johnny," said Mr. Claus, quickly waving a twenty-dollar bill before the youngster's astonished eyes.

Johnny laughed. "Boy, you sure are!"

Barbara went over to Mr. Christ.

"Daddy says you're Mr. Christ, but I don't think I know you."

"Oh, I think you do. I know you,

Barbara," Mr. Christ replied very quietly.

"Are you really Mr. Christ? Really? Is he real, Daddy? Is he real, too?"

"I don't know, Barbie, I don't know. Once I thought so, but I'd forgotten all about it . . ." Mr. Plain looked very bewildered. He looked suspiciously at Mr. Christ.

"Are you Mr. Christ? Are you real?" asked Mr. Plain.

Mr. Christ was silent, and then he spoke.

"I can offer no proof. You must decide."

Mr. Claus took a puff on his cigar and slapped his bulging hip pocket.

"I'm real," said Mr. Claus. "I'm real."

They all looked at Mr. Christ. He wasn't there.

Christmas Magic

Continued from page 15

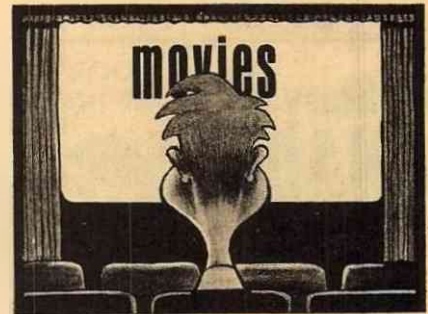
holding the card parallel to the floor, as shown.

JUMP-UP CARD: Fan a deck of cards, face down, and ask someone to select a card. Ask him to look at the card and then return it to the deck. Shuffle the cards and say the magic word. Instantly the chosen card pops out of the deck.

Before the trick is performed, take two cards from the deck, fasten a three-inch elastic band to the centre of each of the two cards, as shown. Place these two cards in the centre of the deck. (Care must be taken when the spectator selects his card, that he doesn't choose either of these cards.) When the chosen card is returned to the pack, insert it between the two "fixed" cards. Pretend to shuffle the cards. To make the card jump up, release the chosen card, which has been held down in place against the pressure of the stretched elastic band.

COIN-AND-GLASS TRICK: Stand a nickel on its edge and balance a matchstick over it. Cover the nickel and the matchstick with a glass, and ask someone to make the matchstick move without touching either the glass or the nickel. Can't be done, except by you.

Run a comb through your hair several times, and place the comb near the glass. The static electricity in the comb will cause the matchstick to move.

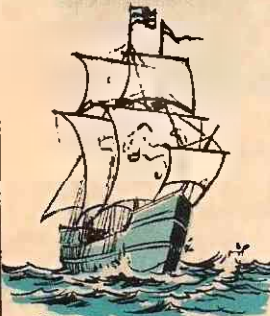


BY CLYDE GILMOUR

LAUREL AND HARDY'S LAUGHING TWENTIES: A skinny, sad-looking little Englishman named Stan Laurel and a fat, majestic American from Atlanta named Oliver Hardy had separate careers in silent movies in Hollywood before they started operating as a team. They made a marvelous combination. Some of the best scenes from their long-ago comedies are dished up in this feature-length package, produced and written by a man named Robert Youngson who has a special fondness for the good old days when Grandfather was young. There is, of course, no dialogue except in printed subtitles. The producer, however, has fixed things up—and, at times, spoiled them a bit—with a lot of overly cute music and sound-effects, along with a spoken narration that does too much talking. Unlike some other collection of silent-movie bits, this one consists mainly of generous chunks, and many of them can be heartily enjoyed by audiences of all ages. One of the episodes contains a great pie-fight which is imitated, but not surpassed, in a big-budget new Hollywood film (see below).

THE GREAT RACE: This expensive new Hollywood comedy-spectacular is dedicated "to Mr. Laurel and Mr. Hardy." Some chunks of it are undeniably hilarious while a trueblue hero (Tony Curtis) and a snarling, sneering villain (Jack Lemmon) are competing in a 1908 auto race from New York westward to Paris via Siberia. Unfortunately, director Blake Edwards and his writers seem to have forgotten that brevity was the soul of wit as far as the old-time comics were concerned. This enormous show rumbles on for two hours and 38 minutes, and I can sympathize with anybody who starts glancing at his watch long before the finish. Natalie Wood is a cute, cigar-smoking girl reporter who goes along for her paper, and Peter Falk and Keenan Wynn earn a few chuckles as assistant villains.

The Story of CANADA



This installment:

John Cabot

GOOD NEWS SEBASTIAN, WE HAVE AN AUDIENCE WITH THE KING!



John Cabot and son Sebastian are Venetian navigators who have settled in England.

Cabot interests Henry VII and the merchants of Bristol in a short western route to the Orient.



YOUR MAJESTY A SHORT ROUTE TO INDIA WOULD BRING GREAT RICHES!



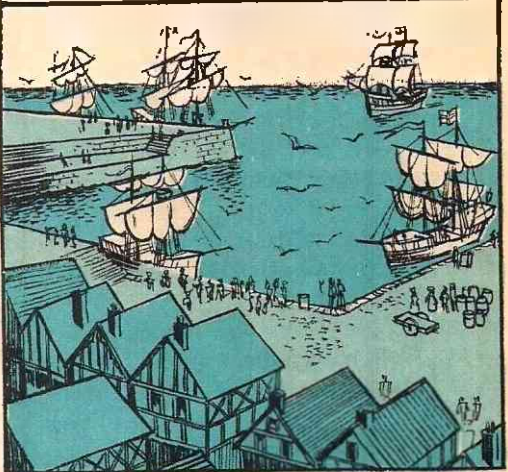
Supplied with a ship, the Cabots sail from Bristol into unknown Atlantic waters.



SET THE COURSE BACK TO BRISTOL!

Time after time, dense fog and the fierce gales of the North Atlantic drive his ship back to England without sighting the East.

No one believes the East can be reached by sailing west, and Cabot is forced to hide his time. But he never stops believing in a western passage!



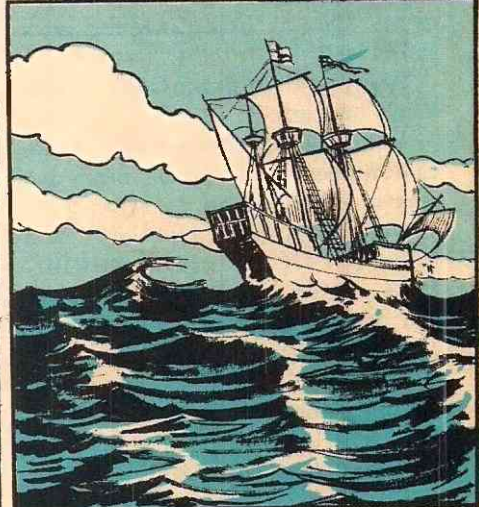
YOUR MAJESTY, GRANT ME A SHIP THAT WE MAY BE THE FIRST TO FIND THE ROUTE TO INDIA.

Columbus crosses the sea, 1492! Cabot again seeks aid.



BON VOYAGE! CAPTAIN CABOT. OUR PRAYERS GO WITH YOU!

Once again, he prepares for the journey.



On May 2, 1497, Cabot and a crew of 18 men set out in the tiny ship Mathew on a voyage that will bring them to the shores of Canada!



After many weeks at sea, at last they hear a cry from the crow's nest lookout!



LAND HO!

Before them lies the unknown continent of North America!

June 24, 1497—they anchor off what is now Cape Breton, and Cabot goes ashore.



IN THE NAME OF KING HENRY VII OF ENGLAND I CLAIM THIS NEW LAND!

They find no natives, but snares and blazed trees are proof of inhabitants.



THIS MUST BE THE NORTHERN SHORE OF ASIA!

Cabot did not know that North America barred the way to the west!



Going home, they find codfish so thick on the Grand Banks they can be picked up by the basket!



NEXT YEAR SEBASTIAN, WE WILL RETURN AND EXPLORE FARTHER!

In England, Cabot is given a hero's welcome. Henry VII grants him a pension for life. First man to plant England's flag in Canada, Cabot opens up a new frontier for his countrymen!



NEXT MONTH: CARTIER



Do you like rock 'n' roll, blues or folk music?

You can learn to play all of your favourite songs on a versatile Hohner Harmonica. And it doesn't take long. Usually after only a few weeks of practise you're able to play a Hohner Harmonica like an expert.

You can learn by music or by 'ear' whichever is easier for you.

And right now is an ideal time to learn to play the harmonica. You can play along with today's rock 'n' roll and folk singing groups. Like the Beatles. Or the Rolling Stones. Most of these professional entertainers use Hohner Harmonicas. Simply because Hohner Harmonicas deliver perfect harmonica sound—they're known the world over for their high quality.



Hohner Chromatic Harmonica #270—\$15.00
Other Hohner Harmonicas from \$1.50 to \$20.00

And, if you're thinking of starting your own musical group, Hohner also makes a new instrument called the Melodica Piano.

The Hohner Melodica Piano sounds like a small organ and accompanies the harmonica beautifully. The keyboard is similar to that of a piano so you can play chords as well as melodies. The piano type keyboard also offers an excellent introduction to piano basics.

Begin your career in music this Christmas. Ask mom and dad for a Hohner Harmonica or Melodica.



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At musical instrument stores and department stores.
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Scouting on the Move

Next year will be a great one for Canada's Scouts. New places to go, new things to see, new things to do. You can be part of these Canada-wide and international events planned for 1966.

☞ **First British Columbia — Yukon provincial Adventure Jamboree**, Penticton, B.C., July 9-16, 1966. Held on a 2,000-acre campsite on Okanogan Lake, basic fee \$35, program includes swimming, boating, archery, rifle range, go-karts, Scouting skills. More than 3,000 Scouts from across Canada to attend. Second class Scouts only.

☞ **Fourth Nippon (Japanese) Jamboree**, Nipponbara, August, 1966. Twenty-five or more Canadian Scouts may attend. Contingent leaves Aug. 2 from Vancouver, returning to Vancouver Aug. 18. \$900 fee includes seven-day tour of Japan. Canadian Scouts must be at least 14.

☞ **Icelandic Guide and Scout National Jamboree**, Borgarfjordur, July 24-31, 1966. 2,000 expected to attend. Cost — air transportation, Montreal — Reykjavik (return) \$250, tent fee \$35. Canadian Scouts going — up to one patrol. Scouts must be at least 14.

☞ **Fifth Canadian Pacific Rover Moot**, Parksville, B.C., Aug. 24-31, 1966. Held on 115 acres of seaside parkland, tent fee \$10. Program includes tours, fishing, hiking, mountain climbing, swimming, sailing, sports, lively discussions. Eligible: Rovers only.

☞ **Sixth National Boy Scout Regatta**, Glenmore Park, Calgary, Alta., Aug. 4-11, 1966. All Canadian provinces invited to send two teams of two boys each. Entrants must be Scouts, 12 or over, but under 18 on first day of regatta, with knowledge and skill in sailing small centreboard boats (13-foot Flying Juniors).

For further information on all above events, contact your Scouter. He can provide you with forms, requirements and advice.

Ratfink

Continued from page 8

something for my parents. With the twenty-three cents I bought a present for my sister, a small jar of marmalade. If there was anything she hated worse than she hated me, it was marmalade. It always made her break out in a rash. It had the same effect on her that mushroom soup had on me.

For the next two weeks a person would think my sister and I almost liked each other. Not once did I kick her in the shins or get her into trouble. Not once did she pull my hair or get me into trouble. I felt so good smiling down my nose at her that I didn't bother wondering what she was up to, grinning down her nose at me all the time like that.

Nor did I really notice that father and mother frowned whenever they looked at either one of us, and were very glum most of the time.

Christmas Eve I couldn't sleep for thinking about Miriam's dismay and tears when she would find practically nothing under the tree for herself and a million dollars worth of toys for me.

At six in the morning I bounced out of bed, got dressed and woke Miriam, hardly able to keep from smirking at her. We both went down the hall and roused my parents, then waited nervously in the kitchen until they came downstairs.

I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw the tree. There was almost nothing under it! Something had gone wrong! I began to feel very guilty, and very nervous to boot. Had Santa seen through those phony letters I had sent? Or had my parents somehow got ahold of them? Nobody said a word. I looked at Miriam, and she looked as worried as I felt. I looked at mother. She was biting her lip and looking at father. He was standing with his arms folded and glaring at both Miriam and I. Then he said to us in a terrifying voice, "Open your presents!" It was an order which gave me more fear and pain than the worst of his ear-pullings. Miriam started wailing. For once her tears brought me no joy at all, because I was too busy wailing myself.

Father stood patiently waiting for
Continued on page 30



Off The Record

BY SANDY GARDINER

Since Christmas and the New Year are rapidly approaching now seems a good time to do a little crystal ball gazing.

What will be the new trend in '66?

Will it be another year of The Beatles?

Or will some new phenomenon hit the music scene?

Looking back on 1965 several new artists and trends in music arrived.

Finally *Bob Dylan* gained recognition, both as an artist and composer.

The Beatles still retained their place at the top of the pop poll with *The Rolling Stones* and *Herman's Hermits* battling it out for second place in the U. S.

Late in the year saw the surge of protest songs and a million-seller for former New Christy Minstrel *Barry McGuire's* "Eve Of Destruction."

Canada's contribution to the U. S. scene was "Shakin' All Over" by *Chad Allan and The Expressions* while another maple leaf hit—"Sloopy" by *Little Caesar and The Consuls*—was covered by *The McCoys* and shot them into prominence.

In Canada many new groups made the scene. Biggest of the bunch were *The Staccatos* and *The Esquires* from Ottawa, *The Big Town Boys* and *Little Caesar* from Toronto, *J. B. and The Playboys* from Montreal; *The Classics* and *The Nocturnals* from Vancouver, *The Royal Family* from Edmonton, and *Chad Allan* from Winnipeg.

Solo singers, too, are starting to make inroads on the charts. Halifax gave us *Dave Britten*, *Barry Allen* was our Prairie ambassador, and *Diane Leigh* came in loud and clear on "It Won't Be A Lonely Summer."

So much for Canada in 1965.

Certainly there has been a significant breakthrough for our talent in the U.S. and it means that next year things look even brighter.

Trends in music come every two and a half years.

Think back to the end of 1956 and *Bill Haley and The Comets*.

Then in '59 a swivel-hipped singer achieved world acclaim—*Elvis Presley*.

In 1962 a new dance brought another king, *Chubby Checker*. This former chicken-plucker spiralled to stardom with his gyrations on the Twist.

In 1963, a group emerged in Britain with an infectious rhythm that took the country by storm.

By February of 1964, the U. S. and Canada had fallen for their long hair and wayward musical ways.

Of course, that was the year of The Beatles.

Now it's 1966 and time for another quake in the music business.

It won't be folk although folk is a steady seller.

Jazz, too, is unlikely to have any great commercial breakthrough.

Which brings us right back to pop.

So it won't be a particular brand of music. Rather a sound and a pleasant sight. A group with plenty of character who don't really rely on long hair and gyrations for screams.

So my bet for '66 is a trend to conservatism in music.

And I'd like to bet our Canadian groups are going to be in there at the finish with a bigger twist and shout than ever.

* * * *

While in Britain on a visit recently, I ran into a group I feel will be big next year.

The *Hollies* haven't had a real miss over there since their first record release and only recently have had a hit here.

I attended one of their recording sessions in London and was greatly impressed by both their musicianship and vocal harmony.

Harmony is their asset. They blend brilliantly and are not afraid to try something which vocally contrasts the music.

If I were to rate British groups I'd say they rank next to The Beatles and The Rolling Stones.

And next year their melodic talent will bring them world-wide acceptance.

Here's to a swingin' New Year. And more from Canada that's really gear.



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SPATZ LIGHTWEIGHT DOUBLE-ROOF SLEEPING TENTS. Free trial for Troop. New — down-filled COMBI-BED, all year-round sleeping comfort. ALL WEATHER TENT MANUFACTURING, MILLBROOK, ONTARIO.

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BRITISH COLONIES ON APPROVAL. Sunmount Stamp Co., 18 Sunmount Road, Agincourt, Ont.

50 STAMPS, INCLUDING SCOUTS, MISS UNIVERSE, TRIANGLES, 10c only with worldwide approvals. TORCA STAMP SERVICE, Box 363, Toronto 7, Ont.

Ratfink

Continued from page 29

us to stop crying. When we did he said "Open your presents," once more, but this time his voice was quieter, not so frightening, and his eyes were a bit damp. He looked very sad and discouraged. By now I knew he had seen my letters to Santa.

Obediently we sat down to open our presents, nervously, awkwardly. I think we both expected the first package we opened would blow up in our faces. Neither one of us was sure what was wrong, but we both felt so guilty we didn't ask questions.

I was closest to the tree. The first parcel was for Miriam, from mother and father. I breathed a sigh of relief and handed it to her, then waited while she opened it, not at all eager to find my own. It didn't explode. It was a pair of shoes, not very pretty but very practical for a twelve-year-old girl. Her face was a mixture of disappointment and relief. A pair of not-very-pretty shoes was better than . . . who knows what her conscience had expected?

The next large parcel was mine, also from mother and father. A shirt and tie. Which nine-year-old boy is glad to get a shirt and tie for Christmas? I was! I had half expected Satan himself to jump out of that box.

The next was for Miriam. I knew what it was, the marmalade. I turned my head away, ashamed, as she opened it.

From her, I got a can of mushroom soup. My stomach turned when I saw it. I would rather have eaten fifty live worms than one spoonful of mushroom soup, but I said nothing.

Next were our presents to our parents, and theirs to each other, and that seemed to be it, until I spotted two envelopes. One was addressed to Miriam, the other to me. We opened them. In mine were two letters, in Miriam's handwriting, both addressed to Santa Claus. One was signed in her name, the other with my name. I didn't read them. I didn't want to. I knew what was in them was almost the same thing that was in her envelope, which I could see were the two letters I had written.

Father and mother left the room quietly, leaving both of us sitting

Continued on page 32



Get this new catalogue to help you solve your Christmas giving or getting problem

Write Shakespeare, enclosing 25¢ for your copy of this new catalogue. It not only contains details of the full line of Shakespeare fine fishing tackle, but it's packed with tips and tricks to improve your fishing catches.

SH 03-42

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His tracks end here



The muskrat that left these tracks never got past the #110 Victor Conibear trap . . . neither do mink, skunk or similar-size fur bearers. Quick, painless killers, Victor Conibears set almost anywhere. Get in on the fun and make extra spending money too! See your sporting goods dealer today. He also carries the new #220 for racoon, fox and similar-size animals. Animal Trap Company of America, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Victor

ANIMAL TRAPS

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Before you move: Send change of address to — Subscription Department, CANADIAN BOY, P.O. BOX 3520, STATION "C", OTTAWA 3, ONT.



BY PETER DEGRAAF

The big story this month concerns the 1965 Canadian silver dollar. A recently-discovered variety at the tail of the five has set the collecting field on fire. Collectors from coast to coast are visiting banks and coin shops in an effort to turn up copies of the "Blunt 5" variety which is thought to be scarcer than the "Pointed 5". First discovered by Quinten McDougal of Walcott, N.Y., the news spread quickly, and the 1965 Blunt 5 dollars will likely be classed as the most important "variety" coin since the 1947 Pointed 7 silver dollar. Current values range from \$1.75 to \$2.50. Please bear in mind, however, that this column is written almost six weeks before you read it, and the value could change either way.

Some of the readers may have finished their Christmas shopping, but to those of you who still need a few items, you might consider coins embedded in plastic, an increasingly popular gift.

Doug Blakely of Weston, Ont. would like to know the value of an 1859 large cent. In very good condition dealers pay 35 cents.

Don Anderson of Charleswood, Manitoba has quite a list of coins. The values quoted are prices dealers would likely pay. Large cent 1915 — 10c; 5c 1942 — 40c; 1947 Pointed 7 silver dollar — \$50; silver dollars of 1951 — \$2, 1946 — \$6, 1950 — \$2, 1960 — \$1.10, 1963 — \$1.10. The remainder are foreign and without premium.


James Filliter of St. John, N.B., would like to know which coins can be cleaned and how. While we usually recommend that you do not clean coins, a mild soapy solution and some cotton batten will usually

loosen most surface dirt without harming a coin.

For silver coins which have tarnished, a dip of two seconds in a solution called "Jewel-Lustre" will do wonders. Jewel-Lustre may be obtained at any coin store, or through Canada Coin Exchange, 49 Queen St. E., Toronto.

Allan Fedorick of Vegreville, Alta., sends us a 1962 cent, which is normal in every sense, and thus without additional value. We would suggest to Allan and all our readers not to send us coins unless we ask for them, as the trouble and expense of returning the coins is seldom justified by the actual value of these coins.

Dave Perry of Scarborough, Ont., asks if a 1936 dot nickel exists, the answer is negative. His query regarding shoulder strap coins can be summed up this way: Some of the 1953 coins and all 1954 and 1964 coins have shoulder straps. None of Dave's foreign coins carry a premium, but his 1945 silver dollar would net him \$20 to \$25.

A new monthly coin magazine listing buying ads and prices paid for coins by most Canadian and many U. S. dealers was recently introduced to the hobby. We will be happy to see that any of our readers who wish a free copy will receive one. Drop me a line in care of the editor. 



BY H. L. WOODMAN

Christmas is coming and with it, perhaps fifty new stamps of the Noel theme. We find through talking with our collector friends that there are many who collect nothing but stamps with Christmas as the subject and it is possible to build up a fairly large and very interesting collection of these topicals. This year, Canada has two and the United States has issued Christmas stamps for the fourth straight year. Australia and New Zealand, as well, are putting out special stamps for Christmas.

We recently met Miss Lily Spandorf, of Washington, D.C., who de-

signed the 1963 U. S. Christmas stamp. The central design was the national Christmas tree and the White House was shown in the background. Miss Spandorf was gracious enough to autograph a first day cover of that particular issue (mailed from Santa Claus, Indiana) which we have added to our collection.

We asked Miss Spandorf to tell us how her design was accepted. She told us that she sat outdoors on a chilly night and made a water color drawing of the scene. A few days later, she took it to the post office department and showed it to the senior assistant to the postmaster general. "Next year's Christmas stamp," he said. As simple as that.

Miss Spandorf was born and educated in Austria. She settled in England, then went to the U. S. for a visit and while in Washington, broke her wrist. At the Georgetown hospital to have the bone set, she noticed the hospital chapel, specially decorated for the christening of J. F. Kennedy Jr. Enduring the pain of the fractured bone, she sketched the scene and sold it to the Wasington Post.


The paper then commissioned her to do water color drawings of some of the rooms in the White House. She completed that assignment and her spot news drawings then began to appear regularly.

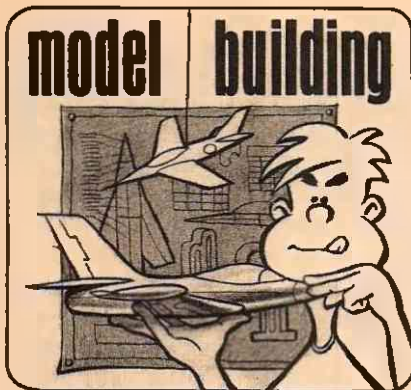
Miss Spandorf exhibits her paintings in galleries in the capital. This, then, is the story of a stamp, and its designer.

In recent years, there has been a trend towards odd-shaped stamps with Tonga making a wide departure from the conventional with circular-shaped stamps die-cut from gold foil paper.

Many countries have made use of triangles to "carry the mail". Now Britain comes up with a very long rectangle. A stamp just three times as wide as the low value issues of the permanent series was issued to mark the 700th anniversary of Simon de Montfort's parliament.

The parliament met in various buildings at Westminster, including the Chapter House of the Abbey.

The Holler design showing St. Stephen's Hall, Westminster Hall and the east end of the Abbey, with the Thames River in foreground was selected for the 2/6d value. Rather than restrict the engraving, it was decided to have a "long" stamp to show the full panorama. 



BY KEN BROWNING

Photo (a) Arise G.M. lovers, and avenge the wrong done by Ford and Chrysler domination of the show car circuit, by building the Pontiac "AVENGER".



Photo (b) Start with a Pontiac Grand Prix body, and mark the sections shown to be cut out. The main change in the styling theme is to make the front grill angle inward, instead of outward. The rear wheel openings will be radiused, which means that they will be cut out round, to match the curve of the tires. The top will be removed, and the rear section will be moved up and used as a type of roll bar. The window posts and front window will be cut down to two-thirds of their height. To find out exactly where to cut the rear wheel wells, place the chassis next to the outside of the body. Trace around the wheel well and then cut inside this line.

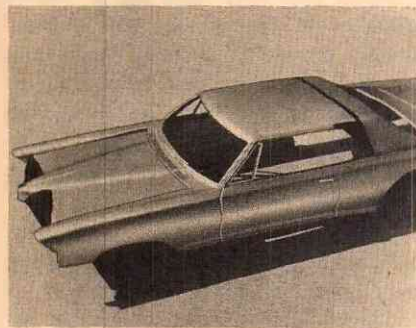


Photo (c) Here are all the parts after they have been cut out. All that remains to be done, is to cut out the rear wheel wells. This can be done with an auto-cutter, a jeweller's saw, or even a coping saw, if you are careful. The flat roof section may be used to fill the area where the rear seats

were originally, or you can use cardboard. The other roof section has been glued temporarily in place, with the front edge aligned with the rear door line.

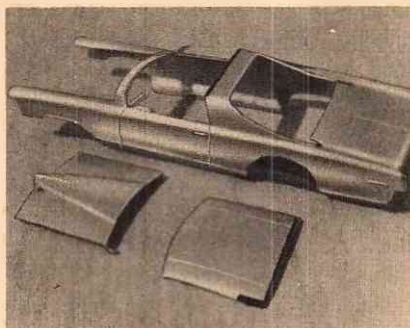


Photo (d) Here you can see the reworking that was done to make the grill. On the left is the stock front end, after the two grill sections have been removed. On the right is the completed front end. To make it, take the wild custom bumper section and cut it in the places shown, and also remove about 1/4 inch from the tops of the centre piece and sides. Reverse the positions of the lower pieces that have been cut out, so that the grill will angle in, instead of out, and glue the parts together. Next, add the grille section from the stock front end, reversing them in the same manner.

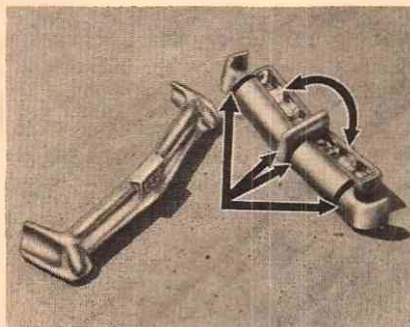
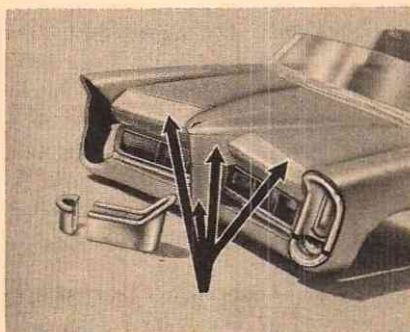


Photo (e) Now we will complete the front end. A section, as shown, must be removed from the custom lights. Then glue the bumper in place and add the parts indicated. These are the only parts that are not in the kit, and must be built up with wood or plastic. Now, add putty to all the places where joints or cuts were made, and when dry, sand. To see the completed front end, refer to the first photo in this article.

Next issue, we will complete the "AVENGER".



Ratfink

Continued from page 30

there feeling very guilty indeed, and looking everywhere but at each other. After what seemed a very long time, she said, almost in a whisper, "I'm sorry, Rae."

Minutes later, when I could trust myself to say it without crying, I said, "I'm sorry too, Miriam."

"Alright," she said, and we both started laughing. I guess either because it all seemed so funny or else we wouldn't feel so miserable about this awful Christmas, if we laughed.

But as Miriam said, the following Christmas, after we had all opened our many and wonderful presents, and I had remarked this was the best Christmas ever, she said, "but not as wonderful as last Christmas!"

And somehow I knew what she meant, for if someone had asked me, shortly after the Christmas when I was nine years old, to name someone I loved, I would have answered "Miriam," without hesitation. And that, under the circumstances, was a pretty wonderful gift to receive on Christmas.



Christmas Search

Continued from page 12

But it was true, really true. And there was a light surely, just there, shining dimly in the gloom. The Carpentier house! As he struggled across the remaining ground, he saw too the family themselves, moving within, where a fire danced in the living-room fireplace.

It was almost as if a signal had been given. For, as Frank stood there, too weary for the moment to remove his skis and climb the steps, Mr. Carpentier came to the window, and seeing the pair standing like that, he rushed to the door.

It was not until much later that day, warmed and comforted, that the two found themselves driving in the Carpentier sled along the steep road toward the house, sleighbells ringing merrily through the forest. Quickly the sled's runners covered the distance to the lodge and, rounding the last bend in the road, brought them home — at last!

Inside the house, there was enough joy and confusion and laughter for a dozen Christmas Days. Frank, sitting

after the first greetings were exchanged, in the easy chair, suddenly realized that he been smiling broadly for a long time, as he listened to Jeremy tell his father and mother all about his adventures.

"It is only the child that matters," Frank's father had said. But the words had meant more. They all mattered, Jeremy and his father, and his mother too, sitting on the sofa, her arm firmly around her son. Frank glanced to where his own father stood by the tree, taller than all of them beaming down. As he looked at Frank, there was a special pride in his face.

It was a wonderful Christmas now! Everything mattered more and was better. Christmas dinner that night — with all the turkey and mince pie and ice cream he could eat — had never tasted so good. The presents after dinner were the best ever — most of all the new ski boots, with their red leather trim and inner lacings.

It was great too, a week later, when a thank you letter came from Jeremy's father, enclosing a cheque. It was enough to buy the best skis — "the real thing," his father said, and added, "You know Francis, if you could manage the west slope with the old skis and boots, certainly you should have no trouble with Big 80. And if you do have difficulty perhaps, the thing to do is to try and keep trying."



Letters

Continued from page 3

Dear Sir:

I think Brian Nelsinsky should apologize for the things he said about Canadian Boy in the Aug.-Sept. letters column. I think the magazine is out of this world.

George Vestergom, Scarborough, Ont.
As a matter of fact, we received another letter from Brian, saying that he might have gone a little overboard in his first letter. He allowed that Canadian boy is getting a little better. Thanks for rising to our defense, George, along with the 50 or so other readers who wrote in wanting to scalp Brian.—Ed.

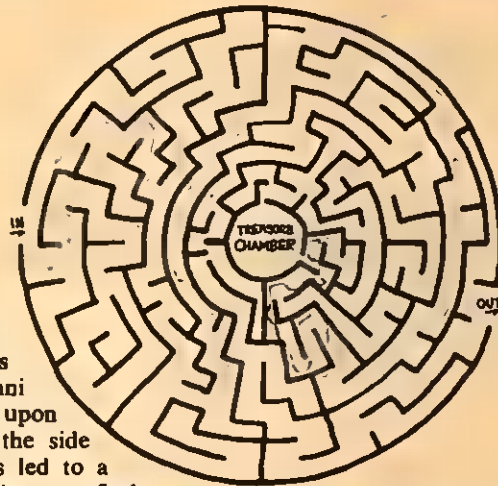
Dear Sir:

Three cheers for CANADIAN BOY — your magazine is the best ever.

James Richardson, Deer Island, N.B.

PUZZLE & GAMES

1. HELP RESCUE THE TRAPPER FROM THE TREASURE CHAMBER



A trapper, exploring the famed "Headless Valley" of the Nahanni in the Yukon came upon a small opening in the side of a mountain. This led to a great cave. Taking his trusty flashlight, the trapper set out to search the cave, which he soon discovered opened into a maze of passages and chambers, leading to the centre of the mountain. Wandering along the paths, he eventually stumbled into a **TREASURE CHAMBER** which had in a huge pile, an immense amount of gold. He was just ready to leave, when sudden disaster struck! The doorway collapsed, filling the passageway through which he had entered with tons of rubble. **He was trapped.**

After a few moments of panic, he searched the chamber more carefully, and his flashlight showed another small opening in the wall of the chamber. Squeezing through he found more passageways.

Here is a map of the passages and chambers through the mountain. Can you find the route the trapper took into the Treasure Chamber? Can you guide him to safety from the chamber out to the exit on the other side of the mountain?

2. CROSSWORD WITHOUT BLANKS

across

1. Scottish church.
5. Most great things begin at this.
6. A person who belongs to this might attend 1.
7. What is done with many copies of **CANADIAN BOY**

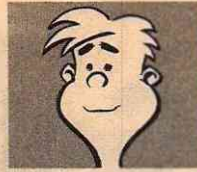
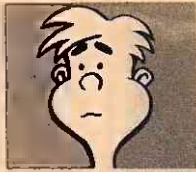
down

1. Starts a football game.
2. Players like this do not make the team.
3. Teams with good players vic tories.
4. Famous German philosopher.

Read the answer in your mirror!

1	2	3	4
5			
6			
7			

KIRK
IDEA
CLAN
KEPT



RIB TICKLERS



In a grammar class the teacher wrote on the blackboard: "I didn't have no fun at the seaside." Then, turning to her pupils, she asked one: "Roland, how should I correct that?"
 Roland: "Get a boyfriend!"
Robert Lafontaine, Scarborough, Ont.

Barry: What would you do if you were in my shoes?
 Harry: Polish them.
Andy Lank, Arvida, Que.

"Is this Joe?"
 "Sure, this is Joe."
 "Doesn't sound like Joe."
 "It's Joe all right."
 "Can you lend me \$10, Joe?"
 "I'll ask him as soon as he comes in."
Tom Smith, Cardston, Alta.

Student: Hey, what's the idea of wearing my raincoat?
 Roommate: You wouldn't want me to get your suit wet, would you?
Dale Esopenko, Yorkton, Sask.

Boss: Why are you carrying only one sack of cement? All the other workmen are carrying two.
 Laborer: I suppose they're just too lazy to make two trips as I do.
Michael Koelbli, Montreal, Que.

"Pull over, buddy," said the traffic cop, "you haven't got any tail lights." The motorist stopped, got out, and examined the back of the car. He looked so genuinely horrified that the policeman was actually moved to sympathy. "Well, mister, it's bad," said the cop, "but not that bad." Recovering his voice, the motorist managed to stammer: "It's not the tail light. What's happened to my trailer?"
David Allingham, Fairview, Alta.

Lady: (Pulling boy out of creek) "How did you come to fall in?"
 Boy: "I didn't come to fall in. I came to fish."
Douglas Wood, Calgary, Alta.

Q: What did the red light say to the green light?
 A: I wonder where the yellow went.
Robin Maguire, Stittsville, Ont.

Lady on phone: Help! Police! Come to 6 Alexander Street!
 Police: What's wrong?
 Lady: That horrible new mail man is sitting in a tree in my yard teasing my watchdog.
Bob Murray, Greenwood, N.S.

Sim: Why does Bink work as a baker?
 Jim: I guess he kneads the dough!
Kelly Gower, Moose Jaw, Sask.

Doctor: I'll look you over for \$10.
 Patient: Good! If you find it I'll split it with you.
Frank Burkinshaw, Weston, Ont.

"I've changed my mind," she snapped. Asked he, "Does it work any better?"
Murray Wallace, Alder Flats, Alta.

Barber: "Your hair is turning grey, sir."
 Customer: I'm not surprised. Can't you work a little faster?"
David Collins, Ottawa, Ont.

Paratrooper Trainee: "But what if the parachute doesn't open?"
 Instructor: "That's what is called jumping to a conclusion."
Keith Jordan, Capreol, Ontario.

Junior: Pop, when I grow up I'm going to drive an army truck.
 Senior: If that's what you want to do I'm not going to stand in your way.
Robert Sleightholm, London, Ont.



"The strange part son, is when they get it home they don't eat it. they burn it!"