

Something For Everybody in '66

Here's an inside look at what's coming up for all you CB readers in 1966. In this issue, we've got hockey stories by two of Canada's top sports writers, Andy O'Brien and Scott Young, and in following issues, we'll give you sports lovers a varied diet of informative and exciting stories on just about every sport going — fishing, football, lacrosse, hunting — the works. For the outdoor types, this issue has a story on Scouts and traplines, and throughout the year, we'll bring you the best in stories on camping, hiking, wildlife and nature, and lots of Scouting stories, naturally.

For fiction fans there'll be a real bonanza of adventure, suspense, humour and thrills in the pages of our regular fiction story (at least one per issue). For those who like

a touch of the offbeat, we'll have stories like Ghosts, Ghosts, Ghosts (see page 9). Naturally, we'll include in each issue our popular comic features—The Story of Canada, Award for Valour, Canadata, Chopper. And for the hobbyist, we've got columns galore, and a lineup of outstanding hobby features coming up later in the year.

One of the strongest things going for CB is the letters you send in. Through them, we find out what you like and don't like about the magazine, what you'd like to see added to its pages, etc. Keep those letters coming. Our official letter-opener, Lester Square, keeps us informed on what you want. For instance, Lester tells us that Larry Klassen of St. Catharines, Ont., sent us a letter with his definitions

of a fink, which we think are pretty good. Larry says: "A fink is someone who visits you when you're sick in order to play with your new toys"; "a fink is someone who reminds the teacher that she forgot to give out the homework assignment"; and "a fink is a smiling doctor with a needle behind his back". We know these aren't new definitions, but we'd like to see if you can come up with some of your own. Send your ideas in, and we'll run them on the joke page.

In parting, we'd like to say a special word to the thousands of new readers of CB for whom this will be the first issue. Welcome aboard. Now, before someone can say "a fink is an editor who writes too long a column", we'll say so long 'til next issue.



CHRISTMAS WAS TOPS

Dear Lester:

The "Ratfink" story in Dec. was simply marvellous. My brother is nine and I am 12, so it is just about the same.

*Barbara Milincevich,
Hamilton, Ont.*

Dear Lester:

I think your "Ratfink" story has taught my sister and I a lesson.

Alan Jones, Greenfield Pk., Que.

Dear Lester:

I wish to congratulate Hugh Shewell for his symbolic story "Christmas Eve at Mr. Plain's." I think it is one of the three best Christmas stories I've ever read.

John Snow, Calgary, Alta.

Dear Lester:

I would like to see all the writers' names and pictures put in CB, after all, they bring us all the best boys' mag in Canada. I also think Ratfink, Christmas Eve at Mr. Plain's and Christmas Search were very good. Also, when we send letters,

do we address them to Mister or Master Lester Square?

Calvin Smith, Victoria, B.C.

I'm not fussy about titles. Just send them to Lester Square.—LS.

Dear Lester:

I think the contest for Lester Square was great. You should have contests like this more often.

Alan Ross, Knowlton, Que.

Hey, wait a minute. How many names do you think I can use? Seriously, don't worry, we'll have some great contests this year.—LS.

WE GOOF AGAIN (AND AGAIN AND AGAIN)

Dear Lester:

Your puzzle in the Christmas Gifts for the Family page can't be done unless one of the small pieces is cut in half.

Peter Kanold, Port Colborne, Ont.

Dear Lester:

You have an error in the Dec. issue in the story Christmas Search. You say that Frank was skiing, then on page 12 you say "Frank skated eagerly on."

Michael Hall, Sudbury, Ont.

Dear Lester:

In the crossword puzzle on page 34 of the Nov. issue, one of the letters is omitted in number 12 down. It should be an "O".

Ron Rimmer, Fort William, Ont.

You're all correct, and I hang my head in shame to think that I'm associated with the clods responsible for these whopping goofs. From now on I'll check these things personally.—LS.

ODDS AND ENDS

Dear Lester:

My sons Barry and Chris are both Scouts, and both keen collectors of badges. They would like to exchange them with any interested Scouts or Scouters in Canada.

*Mrs. G. Usher, 101 Horton St.,
Port Macquarie,
New South Wales, Australia.*

Dear Lester:

In the Dec. issue's Story of Canada you state that John Cabot landed at Cape Breton. The fact is disputed as some historians claim he landed at Bonavista (oh happy sight)! Being a Newfoundler, I hold this to be true. I think both claims should have been stated.

J. J. Healey, Windsor, Nfld.

We're checking up on the artist who told the story — we suspect he may be a Cape Bretoner in disguise. At any rate, we now have two alternatives for Cabot's landing place—take your choice.—LS.

Continued on page 34

CANADIAN BOY

THE BOY SCOUT MAGAZINE FOR ALL BOYS

JAN.-FEB., 1966, VOL. 3, NO. 1

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Canada's most widely read sports editor, Andy O'Brien, sports editor of Weekend Magazine, is read by an audience of 7,000,000 readers through 44 newspapers from coast to coast.

His covering of the international sport scene included Olympics in Japan, Australia, Italy, Austria, England and the United States, world hockey tournaments in Germany, Norway and Sweden, World Cup soccer in Chile and North American baseball and boxing.

He has written several books, one of them, "Rocket Richard" (Ryerson Press, Toronto), a runaway best seller. Andy recalls with particular delight a recommendation which his magazine adopted 13 years ago to do an all-out feature on a senior player "as an N.H.L. star of tomorrow". The player was then with Quebec Aces and the name: Jean Beliveau.

NEXT ISSUE will be a special on animals, wild and tame. There'll also be something on sports, the best columns and jokes around, and lots more. See you in March.

Norman Brown
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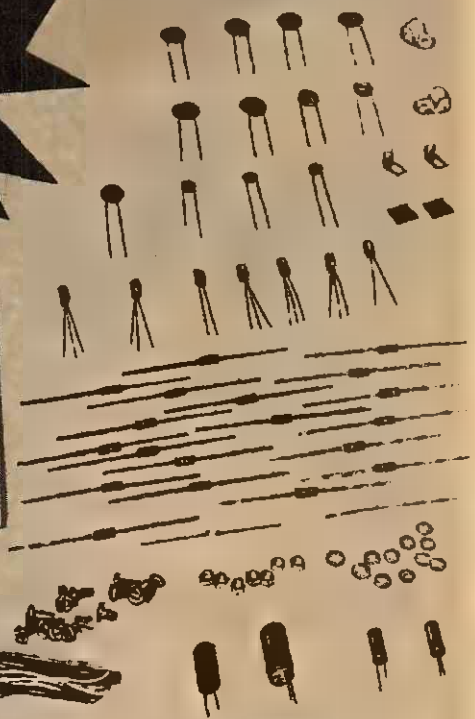
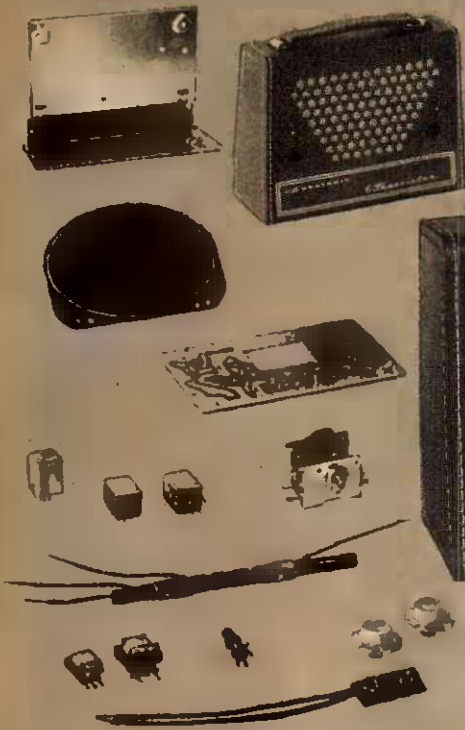
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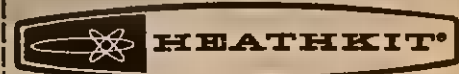
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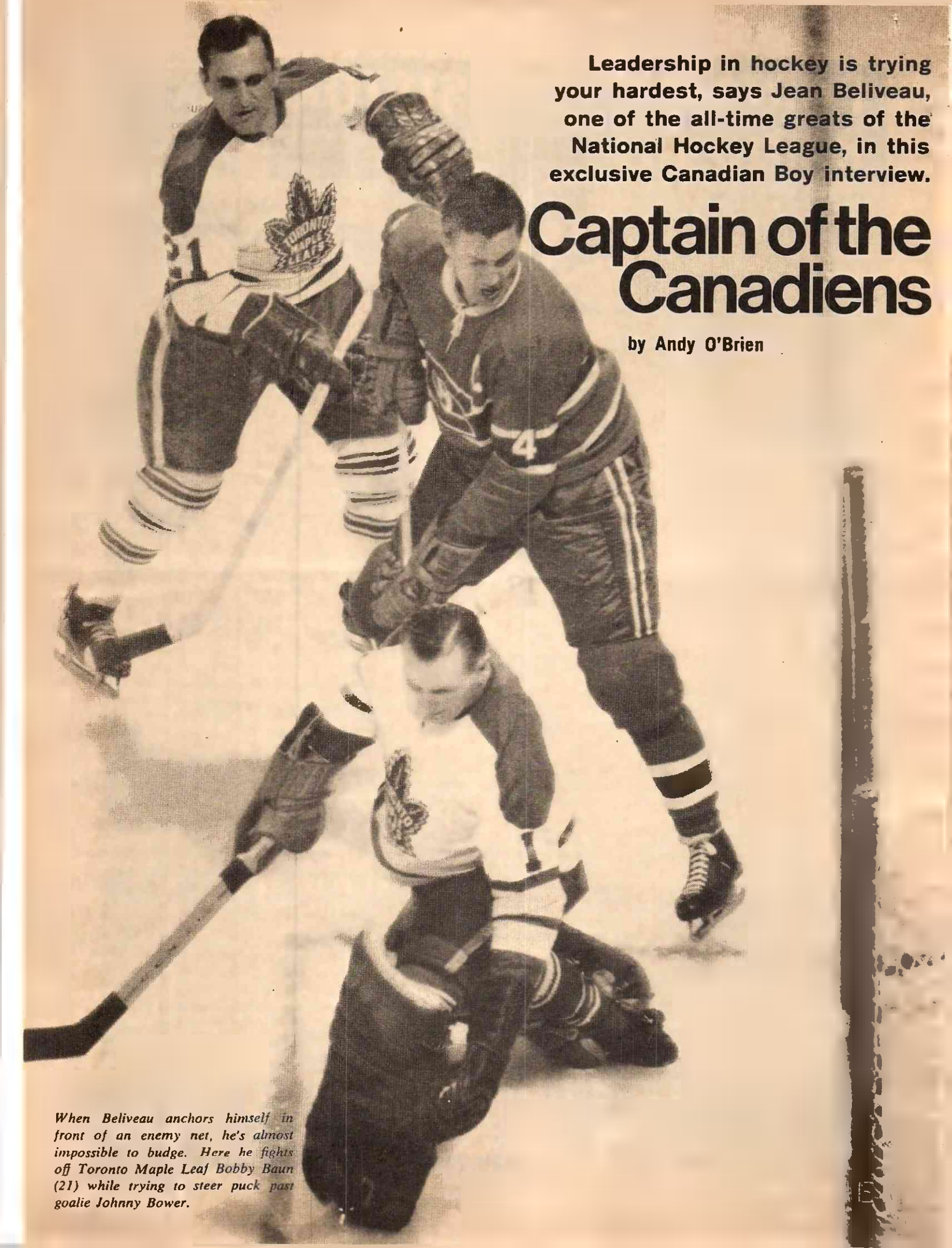
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6501



Leadership in hockey is trying your hardest, says Jean Beliveau, one of the all-time greats of the National Hockey League, in this exclusive Canadian Boy interview.

Captain of the Canadiens

by Andy O'Brien

When Beliveau anchors himself in front of an enemy net, he's almost impossible to budge. Here he fights off Toronto Maple Leaf Bobby Baun (21) while trying to steer puck past goalie Johnny Bower.

It had been a tough weekend with a harsh hangover for Montreal Canadiens. They had beaten Chicago Black Hawks in a gruelling game on Saturday in Chicago. On Sunday night in Detroit they had to skate like crazy to emerge with a tie. All day Monday had been spent on a train. Tuesday morning — because Ice Capades had taken over the Forum and their huge dressing room — they had to practice over in Verdun at 8.30 a.m. after dressing in a temporary, box-like room at the Forum and clambering aboard a bus.

Team captain Jean Beliveau could certainly have been excused from practice. His left hand was so swollen it was difficult to hold his hockey stick while an ankle was paining him annoyingly. I asked trainer Andy Galley why Beliveau, now a senior citizen and most respected star of Canadiens, had been told to work out.

"Told?" Galley repeated, "nobody told him to come and all he had to do was report his injuries to escape practice. But the dirtiest words you can use with this club are: 'I'm tired'. The second dirtiest are: 'I'm hurt'. If you are hurt bad everybody knows about it and treatment is ordered, otherwise you are expected to work out the routine injuries of hockey in practices. Anyway, Beliveau is a born leader and just seeing him out there on the ice this morning when he could have ducked it, was an inspiration for the younger fellows."

This was mid-November in his 13th National Hockey League season. I was reminded of the night seven months previously when Canadiens knocked off Chicago for the 1965 Stanley Cup and Beliveau was unanimously named the first winner of the Conn Smythe Trophy as "the most valuable player for his team in the entire playoffs." The selection panel, made up of the six Governors of the N.H.L., added (together with \$1,000) this citation:

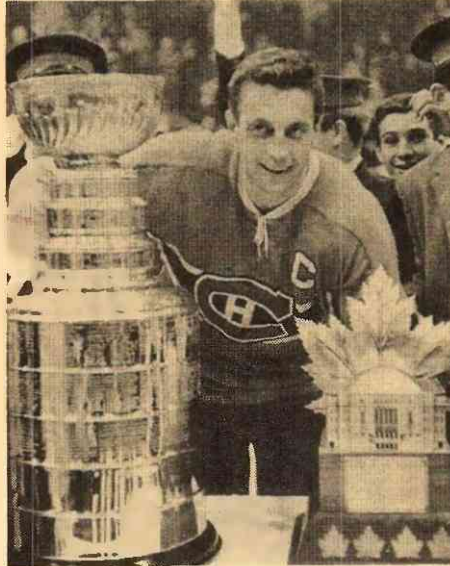
"He was instrumental in leading the team of which he is captain to the Stanley Cup championship. Canadiens defeated Chicago Black Hawks four games to three in the final after eliminating Toronto Maple Leafs in the semi-final. Beliveau scored eight goals and eight assists in 13 games, including five goals and five assists in the final series. His goal at 14 seconds of the seventh game proved to be the one that gave Canadiens the championship."

The phrase, "leading the team", had interested the editors of Canadian Boy. Now, sitting in the crowded Forum dressing room beside Beliveau who had showered and was now quietly massaging his sore hand, I asked, "just what is leadership in hockey?" After all, a hockey game is not like a battlefield where an

officer may stand out front, yell: "Charge!" and lead the attack to victory.

He thought it over for a few moments before answering: "I have never been asked that question before but leadership in hockey can only be one thing: trying your hardest. After all, no matter what you say in the way of pep talk, no matter what else you do on the ice, nothing works if the others know you are not going all out yourself."

The term, "all out", in hockey has to



Jean Beliveau in one of his happiest moments, last May. He had just led Canadiens to the Stanley Cup (left) and also became first winner of the Conn Smythe Trophy for being the outstanding player in the playoffs.

mean "two-way" because a player who lets down defensively may cost his team more than he earns even in a starring offensive role. In the gruelling, seven-game Cup final series with Hawks, Beliveau not only scored the winning goal in three games and assisted on the winner in another game, but he also handcuffed Hawks' great Stan Mikita who had just won the N.H.L. scoring title for a second consecutive season. Mikita failed to score a goal in the seven games, managing to get himself only two assists.

Five years ago Beliveau was made captain of the Canadiens—an honor which the much-honored center has cherished above all others. I asked, "has it affected you in terms of a responsibility to lead?"

"No, I can't honestly say that," he replied slowly, "because in every game I have played since signing my first contract with Canadiens — now more than 850 games ago (regular and playoff) — I have always really tried my best. Often I played a bad game, often I went into a slump, but always I found trying harder, trying my

hardest, would get me back in form."

In the summer of 1963, after two 18-goal seasons which — for Beliveau — added up to feeble results, he had wearily consulted Senator Hartland de M. Molson, supreme ruler of the Canadien empire, on the subject of retirement. He worked off-season as well for the Senator and had been offered a major post in the huge brewery organization. The Senator replied:

"I am not going to influence your decision, Jean," then added smilingly, "whichever way you decide I will be lucky to have you working for me."

The Senator's warmly generous answer apparently put new spring into Jean's step. His jaw set grimly, possibly determining at last to answer the flood of "what's the matter with Beliveau?" questions. He decided on hockey and ended the following season, 1963-64, with the Hart (most valuable player) Trophy.

Again, he heard the question last season. An injured leg sidelined him for three weeks at the start and he had only five goals and 10 assists by the halfway mark. Then came the revival — 15 goals, 13 assists, in the second half followed by one of the greatest Stanley Cup performances of hockey history.

"Everybody kept asking me the secret of my change from first half to second half," says Beliveau, "but it wasn't much of a secret. I just kept on trying hard, knowing from experience that as long as you don't let down you will improve."

There is no doubt, again in terms of leadership, that Captain Beliveau's relentless fight with himself fired up the entire team. He took the club with him to the summit of the Big Time but the "experience" he mentioned was 10 years old. He recalls:

"I don't think I was ever as discouraged as I was at the start of the 1955-56' season. I must have hit 15 goal posts before coach Toe Blake told me to start shooting at the net rather than at a particular spot in the net until I broke my slump. Sure enough, a couple went in and I did all right."

("All right" is putting it mildly; Jean went on that season to win the scoring championship with 47 goals, 41 assists as well as the Hart Trophy for his first time and then, in the playoffs, tied the N.H.L. record for goals scored in a single playoff year with 12 in 10 games.)

It seems incredible to me that this magnificent superstar has retained the burning desire of a hungry rookie so long.

Now 34 years old, Jean Marc Beliveau has been signing autographs for half of his life. He was presented with his first automobile when he was 19 years old and

Continued on next page

has been a banker's delight ever since teen age; what with salary, bonuses and sidelines, an educated guess would place his before tax earnings at close to half a million dollars.

Actually, his name began appearing in headlines when he was only 16 and playing Junior B hockey at Victoriaville, Que., when he scored 47 goals and 21 assists in half a season. The next campaign (1948-49) saw him end with a 48-27 record and selection as the "best N.H.L. prospect."

His four-year stay at Quebec City wrote enough headlines to stretch end to end, all the way to Montreal where they haunted the Canadiens' front office. His first Junior A season with Quebec Citadels was impressive enough with a 35-45 record, but his second season tore the league apart. In 1950-51 he banged home 61 goals, assisted on 63 others and followed with 22 playoff goals. The \$4,000,000 Quebec Coliseum, bearing a larger-than-life picture of him over the entrance, was tagged "The House That Beliveau Built".

He stepped from junior to senior hockey with Quebec Aces without apparently noticing any step at all — not only did he top the loop in scoring with 45 goals and 38 assists but also scored 21 goals in 20 playoff games as Aces went all the way to the Alexander Cup (Canadian Senior Championship). The next season (1952-53), at the age of 21, Canadiens brought him for a three-game trial and he scored five goals.

Frank Selke, then general manager of Canadiens, invited Jean to his office; gave with the big sales talk buttered with references to the glamour of playing under the N.H.L. roofs from Chicago to Boston and offered a contract said to call for \$53,000 (three seasons). With the immense politeness he has never lost, Jean declined and went back to the Aces.

Canadiens won the Stanley Cup without him but the Montreal natives were restless — they just couldn't bear all those headlines from Quebec about a Senior star who had humbled the N.H.L. by scoring five goals in three games. Selke called another summit conference and bounced out of it excitedly waving a signed three-season contract. Asked how he did it, Selke replied:

"There was really nothing to it. All I did was open the Forum safe and tell Jean to help himself."

(In all fairness, however, it should



Beliveau, six feet five, 235 pounds atop skates, is a fearsome sight.

be mentioned that Beliveau believes in sharing the wealth. He didn't really clean out the safe; all he took out was \$100,000.)

A gentle giant who totals 235 pounds with full padding and six feet five inches atop skates, he becomes a boy again when talking with boys. I have never ceased to marvel at how awe-stricken boys so soon forget that they are talking to a fabulous superstar in his 13th N.H.L. season with more than 400 regular season and play-off goals behind him (as well as assisting on more than 500 others). They forget to be tongue-tied in the presence of one who has made eight N.H.L. All-Star teams (six times on the first team) and six times had his name engraved on the Stanley Cup. It is because Beliveau's boyish enthusiasm still shows in his answers to the endless questions that boys ask.

"Your best shooting range is 15 feet out," he tells them, "and cultivate early an important habit — always shoot as hard as you can."

On the subject of sharpshooting, Jean confesses that less than one half of his shots are "aimed". He hastens to explain:

"To get a lot of goals in the N.H.L. you have to aim as often as possible, but over-aiming can hurt because your opponents don't allow you much time. Usually when you're near the opposition's net, the puck has to leave your stick in the same second it gets there. If you pause to take a careful aim the chances are that a defenseman's

stick will poke your puck loose and even if that doesn't happen, the goalie has been given time to get set."

He hates breakaways: "Planning a goal on an N.H.L. goalie is difficult. I have never been able to find weaknesses that a goalie keeps for long. I remember when Terry Sawchuk was with Detroit he nearly drove me out of my mind by stopping everything I threw at him, yet when he shifted to Boston I could beat him fairly regularly. Now that he's with Toronto and after more than a dozen seasons of firing at him, I'm never quite sure I've got him figured."

Goalies, it has long been quite obvious, have the same trouble in figuring Jean Beliveau's shot, particularly his slap-shot. It is the closest to an exactly aimed slap-shot the game has known. One night in New York during 1955-56 when he was rolling up a 47-goal season, coach Phil Watson of the Rangers was asked if there really was no way to stop Beliveau and his slap-shot.

"Sure there is," replied Watson, "I have just remembered there is nothing in the N.H.L. Rules Book prohibiting the use of hand grenades."

That was expert opinion a decade ago. Today we find the problem of stopping Beliveau largely unchanged in the N.H.L. But even the frustrated observers in the five opposition cities respect the great skill behind this arch-enemy. Toronto's allegedly retired patriarch of Maple Leaf Gardens, Conn Smythe, says ruefully:

"Beliveau is the greatest thing that could happen to modern hockey. People say that there is no skating and stick handling any more. I ask you, where could you find a better skater and stick handler than Beliveau?"

In that comment lies the answer to Beliveau's appeal; he has kept the game freshly evergreen in a modestly dignified way. That appeal has always been there. The late Premier Maurice Duplessis used to tell of an afternoon in Quebec City when "all the political publicity heat" had been turned on his presiding at the opening of a new road over Quebec Bridge.

"Only 4,000 turned up at the ceremony," recalled the Premier, "but it was my own fault. I had been foolish enough to compete against the opening of La Dame Blanche, a curb service spot, where Jean Beliveau was giving out free ice cream cones." ❄️



You'll scare nobody but yourself, but here's how to conjure up your own spooks.

GHOSTS! GHOSTS! GHOSTS!

by Paul Brock

Many people who see "ghosts" are not imagining things. The weird shapes that suddenly appear before them are what scientists call "after-images" and they are quite capable of being formed by any human eye.

One form of after-image is called "Swindle's Ghost" because it was first described by the American psychologist P. F. Swindle, 45 years ago. It

can be summoned up by anybody, using nothing more mysterious than a table lamp.

Your friends can join you in this weird but fascinating experience, right in your own room. Choose a dark moonless night and draw the curtains securely so that no stray light from street lamps or passing cars can enter the room. Group some chairs near a lamp standard with one person directly alongside it to turn it on and off.

Everyone must remain for ten minutes inside the darkened room before the experiment starts. This enables the

eyes to adjust completely to the darkness.

Each ghost-hunter must look steadily towards the lamp but a little to one side of it. He must keep perfectly still and not allow the eyes to move.

Now switch on the lamp for a full second. Switch it off.

Shortly afterwards you will see the whole scene loom up in the darkness with startling clarity. This ghost impression will last for several seconds.

Not only will everything appear in the darkness exactly as it was when the light was on, but many precise details will be evident which you could not possibly have noted during the brief illumination.

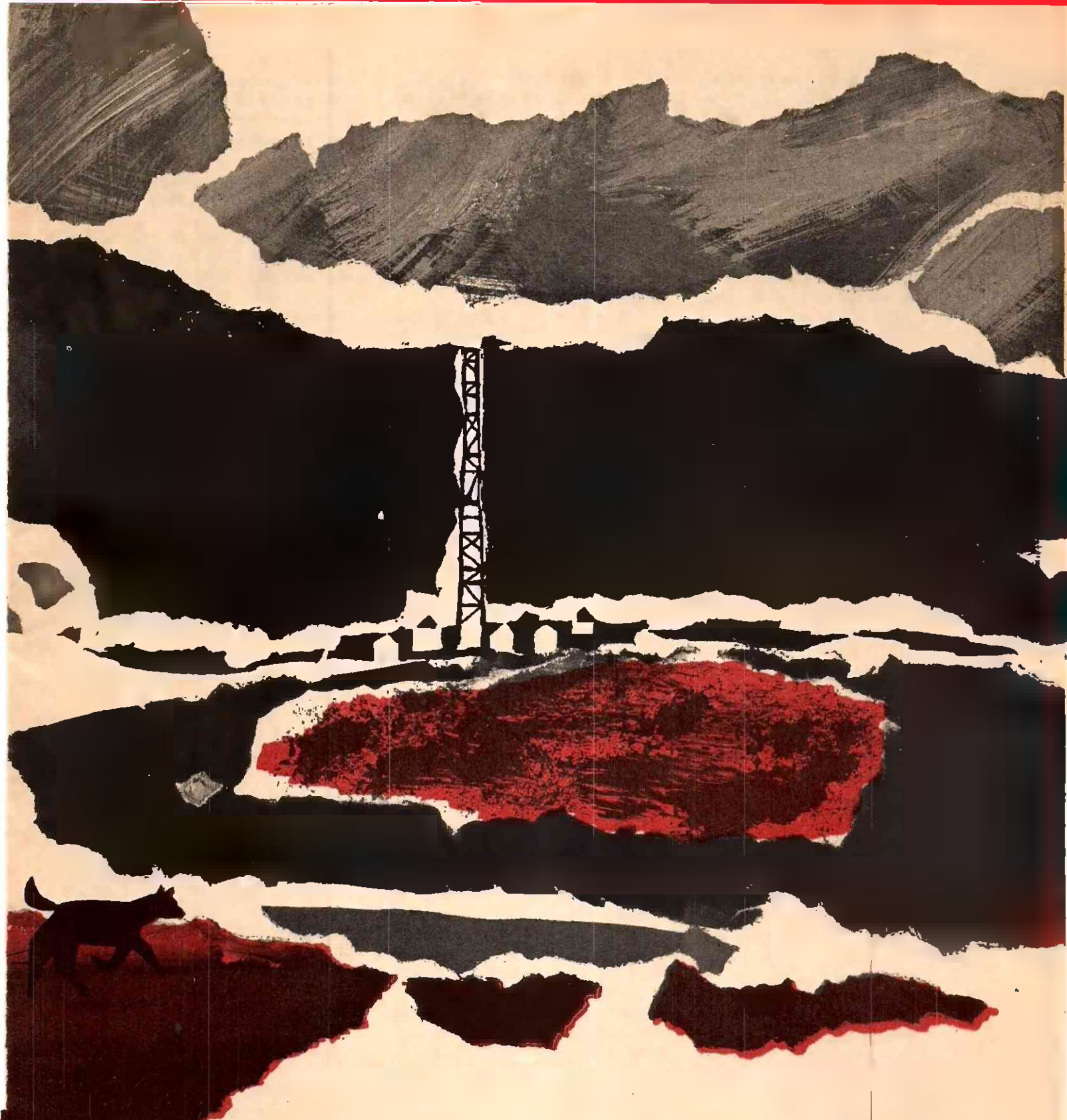
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THE GUIDE

by W. G. Crisp

An old dog's experience helps a young man in this race for life





Larry Stevens' hand trembled slightly as he twirled the clinical thermometer in the ray of sunlight shining through the window of Kingmik Island trading post. It was nearly midnight, but the sun, slanting across the sodden tundra, still gave enough light for him to take the reading. He set the thermometer in a tumbler without saying that it still registered over 101 degrees.

"Is the pain any better?" he asked gently of the figure in the bed.

Dave Finlay answered weakly, "I . . . guess I can stand it now. The cold compresses seem to ease it a little."

Looking down, Larry was chilled by the pallor of the post manager's face. Normally it had something of the texture of seal-skin boot soles — the result of years of frostbite alternated with sun and wind burn.

The responsibility that had fallen on Larry's shoulders suddenly seemed to be a crushing weight. Up until now his first season as assistant at the post had been more or less steady routine. He had hauled ice for fresh-water, coal for the stoves and goods from the warehouse to fill the shelves in the store. He had learned to bake bread and how to make entries in the

Continued next page

ledgers. There had always been Dave Finlay to tell him what to do — but now the tables were turned.

The last Eskimo family had left a week ago for the fishing lakes inland. The only spare tube for the short wave transmitter had burnt out about that time too.

Larry thought, "Even if the ice isn't safe for a plane to land — if only we had the wireless, I could get advice from the doctor at Erebus Harbour." And then he said to himself, "At least I have learned how to handle a dog team — I've got to do something before it's too late!"

Taking a bottle down from the shelf, Larry poured a spoonful of olive oil. Dave Finlay swallowed it without a word. So far neither of them had mentioned the dread word *appendicitis*.

It was something that men at the isolated outposts seldom talked about.

Larry pulled on his canvas snow-shirt and said firmly, "I'm going to hitch up the dogs. I've got to get you to Erebus Harbour. We'll have to start while the frost is still in the snow."

"I don't want you to take the risk . . . tide cracks getting wider . . . break-up any day now . . . fifty miles with no land marks to guide you . . ." the post manager's words trailed off.

"There's nothing to worry about." Larry paused in the doorway, his voice carrying more conviction than he felt. "I can follow the trail left by the last Eskimos who crossed. It should be easy going when we get away from the shore . . . we should make it in ten hours."

Minutes later, seven dogs were howling and whining as he stopped the light basket-sleigh at the door. He lashed the grub-box and the primus stove at the rear of the sleigh and spread out the canvas sleigh-wrapper and two deerskin robes, noting with satisfaction that the up-curved nose of the sleigh would raise the patient's feet higher than his head — which was as it should be.

As Larry helped Finlay out to the sleigh it seemed that the man was in too much pain to make any further protests. Before he wrapped his patient up, he placed a canvas bag filled with chipped ice on the swollen abdomen. It would have to be changed every hour or so. That might extend his optimistic estimate of ten hours — but he tried not to think

about it. He would have to strain every nerve to try to keep the dogs going at top speed.

But, for the first hundred yards, he had to hold the fresh team back as they galloped over the bare shingle, sparks flying from the sleigh-runners. Then there was a slow drag of another hundred yards paralleling the strip of open water at the shore, until he was able to steer the dogs along a tongue of ice.

The team put on a burst of speed when they felt the snow underfoot. Larry ran behind, holding onto the handle-bars. He wanted to spare the dogs his weight on the sleigh as much as possible. Just for a minute or two did he stand on the step at the back. Leaning over he called to the man lying in the robes, "I'm sorry about that jolting. We're all right now — there's just enough snow left on the ice to show up the trail."

"Can do!" The brave reply came through clenched teeth.

The sun shimmered across the snow on Larry's face, which was as brown as any Eskimo's. The dogs settled down to a steady but agonizingly slow pace. "Hi! Hup!" Larry shouted and clapped his hands together, but he barely had to jog to keep up with the team.

Five miles out, the land already a shapeless smudge behind them, they came to the first tide crack. "Nothing to worry about," Larry said to himself. But Smokey, the lead-dog, stopped and looked back several times before he made a dignified jump, urged on by shouts of, "Mush!" Then each of the three pairs hitched on the long tow-line followed, and the sleigh slid across the dark strip of water with scarcely a quiver.

But Larry wondered what would have happened if the gap had been a little wider. He needed a lead-dog, he decided, that wouldn't hesitate — one that would set a pace faster than a slow jog-trot. A dog with lots of pep — like young Bingo in the lead-pair. He stopped the team and went ahead to exchange the places of the two dogs. There was deep-throated growling and the glint of wolf-like fangs when Smokey found himself dethroned from the lead position that he'd held for years.

Larry felt he was justified when Bingo started out at a gallop. He let the team run for two or three

miles to get used to the new line-up before he dared to stop them. When he did they sank down on the snow and he set about chopping ice to refill the ice-bag.

"We're making good time now. I've put Bingo in the lead," he told Mr. Finlay.

It seemed to take the post manager a minute or two to digest what he'd been told. "Don't know that it's a good idea," he half whispered. "Smokey has had lots of experience — that may count more than speed on a trip like this."

Larry shrugged. "It won't hurt to try Bingo out, anyway." Secretly he thought: the two of them are alike — Smokey and Finlay. Smokey is a good dog, but he's getting old — too set in his ways — just one speed and that's dead slow.

When they started off again, beads of sweat fogged Larry's snow-glasses as he ran behind the sleigh. There was heat in the sun now. He had to take more frequent rests by riding on the step. Once he glanced behind him and glimpsed black clouds along the coast line. But he wasn't particularly interested in what lay behind.

It was eight in the morning when he stopped again. He lit the primus and made hot soup for his patient and brewed coffee for himself to wash down the hard tack and bully beef from the grub-box. Ahead of them the trail turned off sharply to the left and a jagged ridge of ice stretched across the horizon. His trip to the seal-camp had taught Larry what that bend in the trail meant. He knew it must be where the Eskimo families with their heavily laden *komotiks* had made a long detour in search of an easy crossing through the wild confusion of ice-cakes piled up by the pressure of the tides.

Larry thought it over while he was eating. By the time they were ready to start again he had decided that he could take his light sleigh through the jagged ice floes that had turned aside the big family *komotiks*. "It will save time," he said to himself. "Once over the pressure-ridge, I can swing back and pick up the trail again."

But they got off to a bad start. Bingo slowed down and weaved uncertainly from side to side as the youth drove him to the right of the trail. Then Smokey jumped the tow-

Continued on page 23

Here they are — the top 27 across Canada.

**winners
of the
2nd
annual
photo
contest**

"Keep your eye on the birdie" seemed to be the key to the Second Annual CB Photo Contest, as the top three prize-winners all won with shots of our feathered friends.

"Even better entries than last year" is the way the judges summed up the Photo Contest. Judges Richard T. Logan, Canadian Boy's art consultant, and professional photographers Andy Andrews and Bill Lingard had a really tough time picking the top 27 from more than 1,500 submissions, nearly all of which were of top quality.

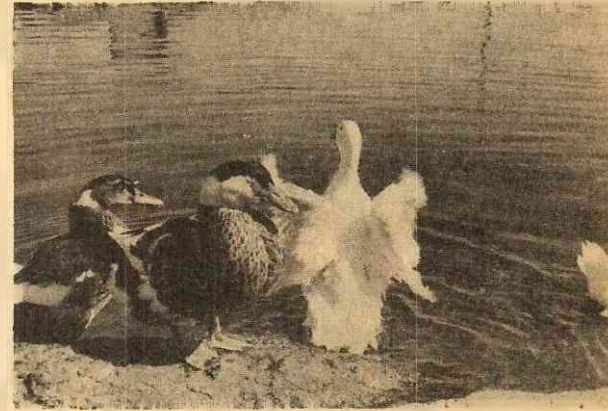
But pick 'em they did, and here are the results — 27 winners from some of the outstanding young amateur photographers in Canada.

Winner of the best of show (black and white or colored) and a \$50 bond, is David Nichol, 16, Ottawa, Ont., for his dramatic color shot of a seagull. Second color, is Jim Anderson, 15, Peterborough, Ont., second black and white is Bruce Robbins, 15, Yarmouth, N.S. Both receive frontier-type Daisy air rifles. Third prizes (complete fishing outfits) went to Doug Soutter, 15, Fredericton, N.B., for color and Dale Webster, 9, Heart Valley, Alta., for black and white. Fourth prizes (leather sports bags) were taken by Douglas Noakes, 14, Calgary, Alta., for color, and Garry Ben-

Continued on page 23



David Nichol took first prize for "his magnificent composition and excellent timing of a seagull feeding from a friend's hand." Unfortunately, CB couldn't reproduce this one in color.



Jim Anderson won second prize (color) for a bird on a canoe, "showing fine balance."



Bruce Robbins took second place (black and white) with this photo of ducks, "with finely contrasting tones".



Dale Webster won third prize (black and white) with this "exciting shot of stopped action".



Doug Soutter took third (color) with this photo of the Canadian Guards, which had "particularly fine color contrast".

These B. C. Scouts have a new twist in winter activities. Operating a commercial trapline, they learn about wildlife conservation and raise funds at the same time.

by Wally Cheer

TRAP LINES



There's more to trapping animals than just setting out a few traps, leaving them, and checking them once in a while, as the First Prince George, B.C., Scout Troop found out last winter.

The Troop models itself on the pioneer Nor'Westers; those hardy men who opened up a great deal of Canada while engaging in the fur trade. And so the Troop **to be continued on page 32**



TOP, Prince George Scouts Terry Dixon and Jim Saunders and Scoutmaster Peter Russell inspect a lynx caught for game biologist.

LEFT, Jeff Ridd totes a 40-pound beaver.

RIGHT, Wally Cheer and Jim Saunders show a fisher, whose pelt now adorns their Troop room.



ABOVE,
handle
RIGHT
way.



Trapper Mel McIntyre shows the boys how to set a Conibear trap.



Trapper Al Huble sets a trap on beaver dam spillway while boys watch.



LEFT, Jim Saunders finds a beaver catch in the spillway.



ABOVE, two Scouts check the trap during visit to trapline.



ABOVE, Jim Saunders, Danny Palumbo and Brian Cadden display the beaver after removing it from the water.



ABOVE, trapper Huble gives instructions on skinning a lynx.



ABOVE, Dennis Lawrence, Jeff Ridd, Wally Cheer and John Yardley take part in stretching and drying of beaver pelt under direction of trapper McIntyre.



**three abre
through a
keyhole**

Smith

One of Canada's best-known sports writers recalls a hockey game that was both a high and a low point in his athletic career.

Once while recalling in print some of the low points between slumps that have marked my athletic career, I modestly remarked that I had played for the United Church Tuxis Boys' team of Prince Albert, Sask.

As I believed everyone knew, this was the team that won the Prince Albert Sunday School championship in 1932 (for hockey, that is, not piety).

This poignant fragment of my memoirs came back from an editor with a note in the margin which asked: *Real team, or are you kidding?*

Was that a real team?

I was thirteen that winter and team captain.

This was not because I was the best player. In fact, appraising the situation calmly from this distance, I would say that I was the seventh-best player. We had ten players in all. The eighth, ninth and tenth best players constituted the only forward line in organized hockey that could have skated three abreast through a keyhole without touching the sides.

Even turning up to play hockey in that league was a manly experience. I have no idea what the mean temperature is in Prince Albert, Sask., now, but in those days it was real mean.

Three weeks that winter were between fifty-seven and sixty-two degrees below zero every day. In Prince Albert, this is known as a cold snap. Before moving to Prince Albert I did not really know what a cold snap was. The word "snap" derives from the loud report with which one's nose freezes if it is exposed at all outside of one's mackinaw in winter, in Prince Albert, Sask.

We played only on Saturday mornings in an old wooden rink near a railway siding. Most of us walked a mile or two to get to the rink, then helped to fire up the stove in the dressing room in an attempt to get the temperature up to zero or so, comfortable enough for changing into our skates. On some mornings it was so brittle with frost that when a train passed a few hundred yards away the ice cracked and splintered like glass from the vibration conducted through the frozen ground.

I have good reason to remember the final game of that season. To become league champions we needed a win or a tie against a remarkably stubborn team of Methodists. (A Presbyterian

uncle of mine, hearing this story some years later, asked: "What is so remarkable about Methodists being stubborn?")

Our coach was a young man from a church organization two age groups higher than the Tuxis Boys — the Young People's Society. This morning he had to work and asked me to handle the team until he arrived.

Usually our coach gave our tiny second line almost equal ice time to our good first line. I can remember standing on the blueline and marvelling at the impassive air with which he would toss these three fifty-pound tigers over the boards. I would feel anything but impassive, knowing that the next two minutes would be sheer madness around our goal.

One time my fellow defenceman, in clearing the puck, also cleared our second-line centreman a good fifty feet down the ice by mistake.

So when I was handling the team, and the game wore on and on, every time a whistle blew I carefully refrained from looking at our bench. I knew those three pairs of eyes would be peering mournfully at me. (By standing on tiptoe they could see over the boards.) Our good line played almost the entire game. We finished in a tie, 2-2, and thus won the championship.

However, when we trooped into the dressing-room there was an air of restraint about our self-congratulation. This was caused in part, no doubt, by the fact that the second line players all had tears in their eyes. Our coach had arrived in about the last minute of play. I don't know who told him that I hadn't played the second line during the game except for one mad shift in the first period when the Methodists had scored both of their goals.

But I really recollect that as I was sitting on the bench unlacing my skates the coach bawled me out in front of all the other members of the team. Just a few words to the effect that winning did not count as much as I apparently thought it did and that it wasn't fair to these kids to have them come all this way on a cold morning and then leave them to freeze on the bench.

It is the only time I ever won anything that caused me to go home feeling subdued and sad.

ast

BY
SCOTT
YOUNG

BOYS AND GIRLS



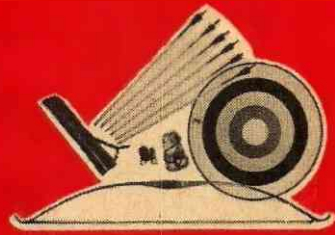
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Sell only 15 Boxes



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JOIN THE ORIGINAL *Junior* Nationally famous PRIZES



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GET YOUR PRIZES THIS FAST, EASY WAY

It's so easy to sell our beautiful cards for only \$1.25 per box and earn these valuable prizes — become a member of Junior Sales Club of Canada. Cards are sent to you on credit. YOU DO NOT PAY IN ADVANCE — we trust you. Friends, relatives and neighbours will be delighted with such fine cards at such a low price and they all carry the "Good Housekeeping" seal of quality. Many members have earned a prize in only a few hours.

IF YOU WISH, YOU MAY KEEP, AS YOUR PRIZE,
50c FOR EACH BOX YOU SELL.

Pick out the prize you want, then simply fill out the coupon and mail it in. We will immediately send you 15 boxes of cards. Start with 15 boxes even if the prize requires more. THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT. The J.S.C.C. PLAN is quick and easy and lots of fun!



FOOTBALL HELMET
Sell only 15 Boxes

MAIL YOUR COUPON NOW! Junior Sales Club of Canada,



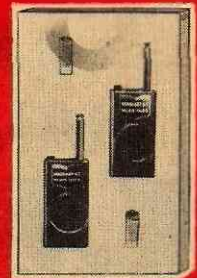
HOCKEY GLOVES
Sell only 15 Boxes



POOL TABLE
Sell only 15 Boxes

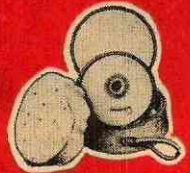


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OPENAD SET
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Sell only 30 Boxes

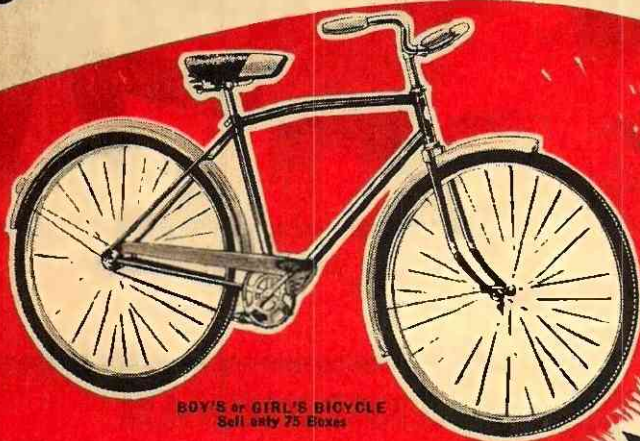
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Sell only 15 Boxes



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4-FINGERED
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Sell only 15 Boxes



REGULATION BUGLE
Sell only 15 Boxes



Junior Sales Club of Canada, Dept. 51, Ajax, Ontario

Enrol me as a member of the J.S.C.C. and send me AT ONCE FREE MEMBERSHIP CARD, FREE PRIZE Catalogue, complete details on how to get valuable prizes plus a supply of "ALL OCCASION" Cards. French cards also available.

My Name.....
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Address.....

City..... Zone..... Prov.....

Parent's Signature.....

Dept. 51, Ajax, Ontario.

CAMP AT HALIBURTON



THIS IS WHAT YOU CAN DO AT H.S.R.

— rowing, canoeing, sailing, swimming, hiking, pioneering, exploring, fishing, archery —



The Haliburton Scout Reserve, owned and operated by the Greater Toronto Region, situated in the Haliburton Highlands, is just 150 miles north of Toronto, easily reached by car or bus. It is the outstanding Scout Adventureland of Canada, comprising 5,000 acres of wooded, rocky hills and valleys. It is a wildlife preserve laced together by a network of old logging roads on which the remains of logging camps are waiting to be explored. It has 25 miles of scenic shoreline on 12 fresh-water lakes, providing numerous opportunities for water activities, exploration and adventure. An 8-bed hospital is staffed by a Doctor and Nurse.



YOU CAN CAMP ON YOUR OWN — If your troop is not camping this year, sign up for Composite Camp.

- You'll have lots of fun, do lots of things, and meet lots of new friends.
- You'll be in a Troop of 32 Scouts under experienced leadership.
- You'll sleep in tents erected on wooden floors.
- You'll be issued rations and instructions by a Quartermaster.
- You'll prepare, cook and serve own meals as Patrols.
- You'll learn to swim, or practice advanced swimming and rescuing.
- You'll go on canoe trips.
- You'll learn skills and techniques of pioneering, tracking, conservation —

TROOPS — can camp on individual Troop sites. Maybe your Troop is planning a camp, but has not chosen the spot. Why not suggest the Haliburton Scout Reserve?

SEASON: 9 weeks — July 2 to September 3, 1966.

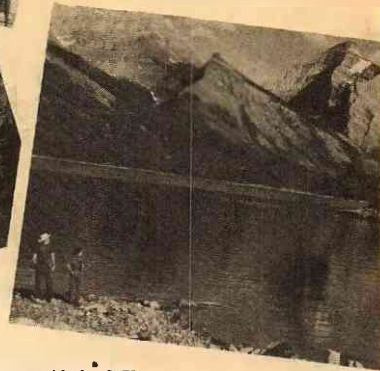
Fees are reasonable. These and other particulars will be sent upon request.

A welcome awaits any Scout or Troop.



THIS YEAR EVEN

Camp with your friends
your own Jamboree



Enjoy the wonders of camping
in other parts of Canada.

SASKATCHEWAN

Do you want to spend those hot summer days in or on the water — to learn how to sail and canoe? Then why not plan to attend a Provincial Aquatic Camp being held at **CAMP GILWELL, LEBRET**, on the shore of Mission Lake in the Historical Qu'Appelle or Calling River Valley?

A series of two camps for Scouts, Venturers and Ravers is planned from:

- July 3 - 10th, 1966
- July 10 - 17th, 1966.



HAVE FUN IN THE SUN

OTTAWA DISTRICT

Plan your summer holiday activities NOW! Want to enjoy living in a camp setting? Ask your Scouter about:

CAMP OPEMIKON

for Cubs, Scouts and Venturers — 4 ten-day periods. Also a wonderful place for Troop Camps!

CAMP ECHON

(Cubs only) 2 ten-day periods.

GOING TO BE IN THE CITY ALL SUMMER?

Have you considered?:

- **DAY CAMP FOR CUBS** — Come in the morning, go home at night.
- **BASE CLUB** — for Scouts and Venturers — Choose your own activities — Come when you like — leave when you like.

APPLICATIONS AVAILABLE FROM YOUR SCOUTER OR OTTAWA DISTRICT H.Q., 306 METCALFE ST., OTTAWA 4.

EAR MAKE CAMPING EVEN MORE FUN!

Follow Scouts in other provinces. It's like having
a. Learn about Canada as you enjoy camping!

Every part of Canada has its special attractions and events . . . the clean north, beautiful lake-lands, cool forests, excellent resorts, busy city-life and entertainment, fascinating historical sites, scenic marvels, fishing, hunting, sports, ceremonial pageantry, colorful traditions . . . all the magic that is Canada unfolds to the Scout camper.

PLAN EARLY

Use this handy guide to better camps in other provinces.

Some of the activities will include—

- Sailing
- Swimming
- Sailing Regatta
- Water Safety
- Canoeing
- Water Sparts Day
- Canoe Regatta
- Overnight Canoe Trip

These will take place in the Council's canoes, sailing proms and Flying Junior sailboats. If you want to camp elsewhere in the Province, then why not try these campsites?

- In the North — Anglin Lake Camp, Saskatoon Region, (Backwoods Camping).
- In the South-east — Gillis Lake Camp, Regina, (Backwoods Camping). Moose Mountain Provincial Park, (Backwoods Camping).
- In the South-west — Cypress Scout Camp, Cypress Hills Provincial Park.

WRITE FOR DETAILS TODAY

To: **Camping Editor,
CANADIAN BOY,
Room 405A, 696 Yonge Street,
Toronto 5, Ontario.**

Dear Sir:

Please send me more information about the campsites checked.

- HALIBURTON
- MONTREAL (specify)
- OTTAWA (specify)
- SASKATCHEWAN (specify)
- Dates preferred
- Number of boys expected

4 BIG MONTREAL CAMPSITES

The Montreal region owns and operates four campsites, of which three are open all year round

CAMP TAMARACOUTA

Seven hundred acres of wooded campsite in the Laurentians. Two miles of lake front. Ideal for District Camporees during Spring and Fall. Lodge and tent sites available for Winter camping. Thirty-five Troop campsites during July and August.



- Summer program includes facilities to take care of 500 campers.
- Large fleets of row boats, sailboats and canoes.
- Program staff to advise Scoutmasters.
- Unlimited program potential for pioneering, archery, marksmanship, nature lore, hiking, astronomy and orienteering.
- Composite camp for Scouts not camping with their own Troop.
- Waterfront program of swimming and lifesaving recognized by the Red Cross and Royal Life Saving Society.
- Unparalleled proficiency badge program.

S.S.S. VENTURE

Located on the shores of Lake St. Louis, twelve miles from downtown Montreal, providing a sailing training program from May through September each year for Scouts, Venturers and Rovers.

Elementary and advanced instruction given in navigation, boat repairs and seamanship.



- Twenty-two Flying Junior dinghies.
- Long cruises aboard whalers and the yacht.
- Mooring facilities for Sea Scout Troops.
- Winter instruction program.

CAMP JACKSON DODDS

Seventy-five acres of woodland on the shores of beautiful Lac Cloutier, sixty miles from Montreal. All facilities specially designed and built for Pack Holidays.

Presently filled to capacity each summer by 800 Cubs and Pack Scouters.

Planning major expansion to double capacity by 1967.

Program includes*

- Overnight hikes.
- Sailing and row boat instruction.
- Well supervised waterfront with excellent swimming training given.



CAMP ANDERSON

Montreal's multi-purpose camp serving Cubs, Scouts, Venturers and Rovers through

- Weekend District Cub Camps.
- Scout Camporees.
- Winter lodges and tent sites.
- Picnics and swim meets.



The home of the famous PROJECT MARTLET, a skill program for Scouts, teaching swimming, lifesaving, sailing, canoeing, archery, track and field and gymnastics. A new program every week during the summer months.

- Site of the National Canoe Regatta and Swim Meet in 1966.



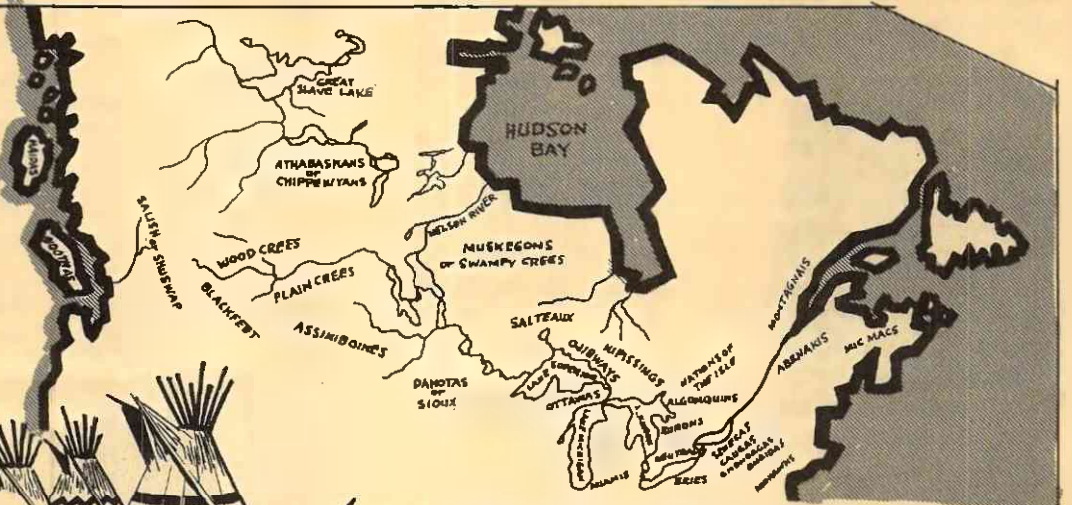
CANADATA



ALTHOUGH IT DOES NOT SEEM POSSIBLE, IT IS PROBABLE THAT NO TWO SNOWFLAKES HAVE EVER BEEN EXACTLY ALIKE AMONG THE COUNTLESS BILLIONS THAT HAVE FALLEN OVER THE PAST THOUSAND MILLION YEARS... A SINGLE SNOWFLAKE $\frac{1}{8}$ INCH IN DIAMETER COULD CONTAIN AS MANY AS 1000 BILLION-BILLION WATER MOLECULES.

IT IS GENERALLY AGREED THAT THE EARLY ANCESTORS OF OUR INDIANS CAME FROM ASIA.

TODAY ASIA IS SEPARATED FROM NORTH AMERICA BY ONLY 50 MILES OF WATER... IT IS THOUGHT THAT SOME TRIBES MIGRATED AT THIS POINT...



AGES AGO BANDS OF HUNTERS MAY HAVE WANDERED ACROSS THE ICE INTO ALASKA AND THEN TRAVELLED SOUTH AND EASTWARD... THE ABOVE MAP SHOWS THE LOCATION OF MOST OF THE INDIAN TRIBES OF CANADA.

The OTTER

IS ONE OF THE MOST INTELLIGENT MEMBERS OF THE WEASEL FAMILY

THEY ARE VERY FOND OF PLAYING, PARTICULARLY OF SLIDING OR TOBOGGANING DOWN SNOW COVERED SLOPES INTO THE WATER.... WHEN SNOW IS NOT AVAILABLE, A HILLSIDE WITH SLIPPERY CLAY SOIL IS SELECTED. THEY WILL SLIDE DOWN AND CLIMB UP AGAIN FOR HOURS... THE BEST LAND, OR RIVER OTTERS, COME FROM CANADA....



Information for
NEW BRUNSWICK
Scouts, Venturers
and Rovers

SPECIAL EVENTS FOR 1966

1. BRITISH COLUMBIA JAMBOREE

Place — Penticton — in the Okanagan Valley

Date — July 9th - July 16th, 1966
Actual full time July 1st - 22nd

Qualifications — A minimum of 2nd Class — 12 years of age

Cost — Approximately \$250.00 which will include side trips to points of interest en route and possibly a tour of the Okanagan Valley before returning.

Highlights — There will be stops in Montreal, Niagara Falls, Ottawa, Vancouver, Winnipeg and Toronto. Our contingent will be four Patrols of eight boys each, one Troop leader, two Assistant Scoutmasters and one Scoutmaster making a total of thirty-six

Time Limit for Applications —
January 31st, 1966

2. OVERSEAS EXCHANGE

Place — England

Date — July, 1966 — This is a three week excursion

Qualifications — First Class or better

Cost — Approximately \$350.00 from Montreal which will include tours while in England

Our allotment is Four (4) boys.

Time Limit for Applications —
January 31st, 1966

3. INTER-PROVINCIAL EXCHANGE

Ten (10) boys will be chosen for the inter-provincial travel in 1966 during July or August. These boys will be guests of Scouts in other Provinces and return to Host boys in this Province.

Fare — is provided through a special grant and the only expense will be personal needs.

Time Limit for Applications —
January 31st, 1966.

If you are interested, please contact your Scouter, District Commissioner or write to
PROVINCIAL HEADQUARTERS,
177 Princess Street, Saint John

SHOW THIS TO YOUR PARENTS

The Guide

Continued from page 12

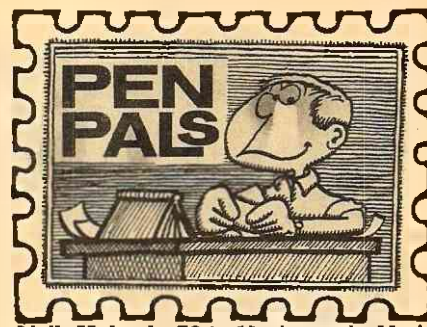
line and crowded his running mate until a fight started. Larry had to rush up with the rawhide whip to separate them.

When they got underway again, Larry noticed a black speck on the ice, far off to the right. He recognized it as a seal basking on the ice as he urged the dogs on. He ran up beside them with a whip in his hand to steer them for the ridge and he panted with relief when they left the seal behind them.

But there was a following wind and he had just dropped back to ride on the step when Bingo's nose went up and sniffed. In a flash the whole team had wheeled around and were galloping towards the seal hole. Larry was powerless to stop them. The seal dived before they were within three hundred yards of it, but the dogs did not stop until they drew up in a tangled huddle, all sniffing excitedly at the deserted seal hole.

Wearily Larry untangled the harness and after many angry words succeeded in getting the team headed once more in the right direction. Half an hour later the pressure-ridge loomed over them, rugged and forbidding. The dogs floundered in melting snow drifts up to their bellies as they started up among the ice blocks. Larry had to work hard at the handle bars to keep the sleigh from overturning. When they reached the top he allowed the dogs to rest while he surveyed the black line ahead that marked the low mainland coast. His keen eyes swept the horizon and fixed on one solitary line standing out above the shapeless coast line. He sighed with relief — it was the tall radio tower at Erebus Harbour. He took out his pocket compass and held it level in his hand for several seconds. But the needle fluttered in every direction. He was not surprised because he knew they were so close to the North Magnetic Pole that a compass was useless, for the pull was vertical rather than horizontal.

Continued on page 25

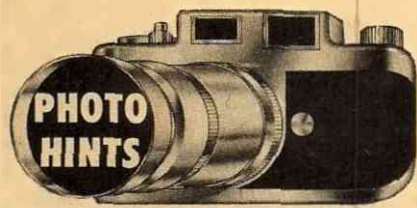


Neil Hyland, 72A Hazlewood, Hudson, Que., is 12 and likes models and The Beatles. **Chris Dusting**, 825 Margaree Pl., W. Vancouver, B.C., is 10 and wants a 'rockhound' p.p. from Alberta. **Paul Barber**, 224 Merling Cres., London, Ont., wants a p.p. outside Ontario. He's 12 and likes racing cars, trains, hockey and basketball. **Brian McKay**, Box 73, Sanford, Man., is 10 and likes models, stamps, coins and sports. **Curtis MacDonald** 217 Windsor St., Port Arthur, Ont., is 10 and wants a pen pal from anywhere. **Gord Meuser**, 30 William Ave., Leamington, Ont., is 10. His hobbies are hockey, boats, water-skiing and tropical fish. **Larry Klassen**, 16 York St., St. Catharines, Ont., is 11 and is keen on baseball, hiking and car models. He'd like to trade hometown pennants.

Photo Contest

Continued from page 13

nett, 15 Abbotsford, B.C., for black and white. Fifth prizes (skateboards) went to James Davis, 10, Portage la Prairie, Man., David Tasker, 11, Leamington, Ont., Kenneth Lefebvre, 10, Brantford, Ont., John Matthews, 16, Winnipeg, Man., Ian Horne, 12, Victoria, B.C., for color. Fifth prizes, black and white (also skateboards) went to John Scott, 16, Montreal, Que., Wayne Nekleva, 14, Honey-moon Bay, B.C., David Sproul, 17, Ottawa, Ont., Eric Denman, 13, Montreal, Que., and John Hodge, 16, Ottawa, Ont. Sixth prizes (official league footballs) went to Daniel Tettamanté, 14, Montreal, Que., Stephen Haber, 10, Vancouver, B.C., Robert Quigley, 18, Georgetown, Ont., Fred Greer, 12, Chemainus, B.C., and Doug Schrager, 14, New Waterford, N.S. for color. For sixth black and white, the winners were Arist Bruemmer, 14, Nashwaaksis, N.B., Jim Collins, 15, Ottawa, Ont., John Huntley, 12, Richmond, B.C., Larry Baldwin, 12, Ottawa, Ont., and Mike Browning, 16, Vancouver, B.C.



BY IRVINE BRACE

Readers of Canadian Boy who live in northern Canada have special problems to overcome when taking pictures in the winter.

Since these problems also exist in southern Canada — although not as severely — I thought everyone would be interested in reading about taking pictures when it's really cold.

Aside from the discomfort of the hands, bared to release the shutter, cold affects the mechanical parts of the camera, the lens and the film.

A temperature of zero, for example, can stiffen the lubricants on shutter parts and slow the actual speed of the shutter. A speed of 1/125th of a second could become as slow as 1/100th or slower.

The plastic base of film can become so brittle that perforations in 35mm film tear.

The lens can cause trouble if it has been exposed to the cold, then taken abruptly into a warm room. Condensation forms on the inner and outer surfaces. Not only does it form on the lens and optical viewfinder, but it also forms on the cold metal parts.

Cameras made of plastic can become so brittle they shatter if dropped or crack if bumped.

Cold air retains less moisture. Cold, dry air gives static electricity an opportunity to flash and spark across the surface of film when it is being advanced to the next picture position. These can appear as streaks resembling lightning or as mere blobs with fuzzy edges.

You can usually notice them. They are black on the negative and white on the prints or color slides.

How can you overcome cold weather problems?

Don't attempt to take your camera apart and remove the lubricants. That's a job for a highly skilled camera repair technician and even he probably wouldn't recommend it.

When taking pictures in extreme cold, keep your camera warm by

carrying it inside your coat next to your body. Don't remove it until you've decided what you're going to photograph and from which vantage point.

Then, take it from beneath your coat, take the picture, advance the film slowly so you won't tear the perforations or generate static electricity, and return it to the warmth.

Another point to watch. Don't take your camera directly from the cold into a warm room. If the camera has been in the cold long enough to have become thoroughly chilled, let it reach room temperature slowly. If you have a closed-in porch or some other cool room, leave the camera there for half an hour or so. When you bring it into the warmer room, wrap it in a jacket.

If you're travelling in a heated car and want to take a picture, make up your mind what you are going to photograph. Then step out of the car, take the picture and return the camera to the warmth of the car before the camera becomes cold.

If you have to walk a distance from the car, carry the camera beneath your coat.

RIVER RESCUE WINS AN

AWARD FOR VALOUR

ON JULY 22, 1964, TEN-YEAR-OLD CALVIN SHAMPER SLIPPED FROM A ROCK AND FELL 25 FEET INTO THE COLD, FAST-RUNNING CAPILAN RIVER IN NORTH VANCOUVER B.C.

AS HE WAS SWEEPED DOWNSTREAM, BOB DICKINSON, 15, JUMPED INTO THE RIVER, AND IN SPITE OF THE CURRENT, HIS HEAVY CLOTHING AND A FISHING ROD CALVIN WAS CARRYING, PULLED THE YOUNGER BOY TO SHORE.



FOR HIS BRAVERY IN SAVING A LIFE FROM A RIVER WHICH HAD CLAIMED MANY LIVES IN THE PAST, PATROL LEADER BOB DICKINSON OF THE 7th WEST VANCOUVER TROOP WAS AWARDED THE SILVER CROSS.



The Guide

Continued from page 23

"All right!" The dogs sprang to life at the single word as their master put the compass back in his pocket. The sleigh lurched smoothly down through the soft drifts. Larry let go of the handle bars after he had swung away from the last up-turned slab of ice. "All smooth going now! Hi-yup!" But even as he called the exultant words to his dogs the snow gave away beneath him. He had broken through a snow-bridge over a wide tide crack.

Panic gripped him for a split second as he felt the icy water seeping into his mukluks while he struggled up to his waist in a mixture of soggy snow and broken ice. He saw the end of the sleigh draw away from him, but behind it trailed a loose end of the lash-ropes. Larry clutched at the ice-coated line and managed to wrap a turn around his wrist. He was pulled spluttering onto the snow, writhing like a monster fish, and his weight encouraged the dogs to heed when he called, "Whoa!"

The young trader sat down on the

sleigh to haul off his seal-skin boots and drain the water out of them. Luckily there was a pair of dry socks in his duffle bag, but his trousers clung to his legs, wet and clammy. And now, as he called to the dogs to be off, Larry was suddenly conscious that the sun had disappeared. The dread, black ice-fog had closed in around them!

It wasn't exactly fog, he began to think after the loom of the pressure-ridge disappeared behind them. It was just an absence of light that made nothing around him seem real. Foot-high mounds of snow would suddenly appear, looking as menacing as the great bridge they had just crossed.

"Haw! Haw!" Larry kept shouting at Bingo, thinking the dog was pulling off too far to the right. In his mind he had firmly fixed the course he thought would take them back to the trail. But Smokey appeared to be fighting against his directions — jumping over the tow-line — pulling out always to the right of the leader.

For three hours Larry stumbled on, stubbing his toes on small ice cakes that were invisible in the gloom —

Continued on page 30

CAMP "ON-THE-GO"

JULY 2nd to 14th, 1966

4000 MILES OF LAKES, PRAIRIES AND MOUNTAINS

- Sleep in a Sleeper
- Dine in a Diner
- See Victoria, Vancouver
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No cook kits, tents, or axes, just Fun, Fun, Fun. A camp Fee of less than \$250.00 includes transportation, all meals, the Stampede, and side trips. The porter will make your bed, and the tip is included in the fee. For applications, Scouts in and around London, Ontario, are invited to write:

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Scout Jamboree ever held
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Plan now to join the gang next summer at Penticton in the sunny Okanagan. You'll meet Scouts from all parts of the province and representatives from all parts of Canada and the United States. You'll enjoy a wonderful programme of swimming, boating, watersports, archery, marksmanship, Scoutcraft, as well as all the fun of camping with a great gang. See your Scoutmaster now for all the details.

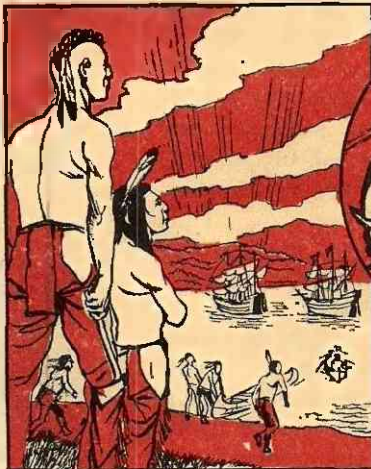


THE STORY OF CANADA

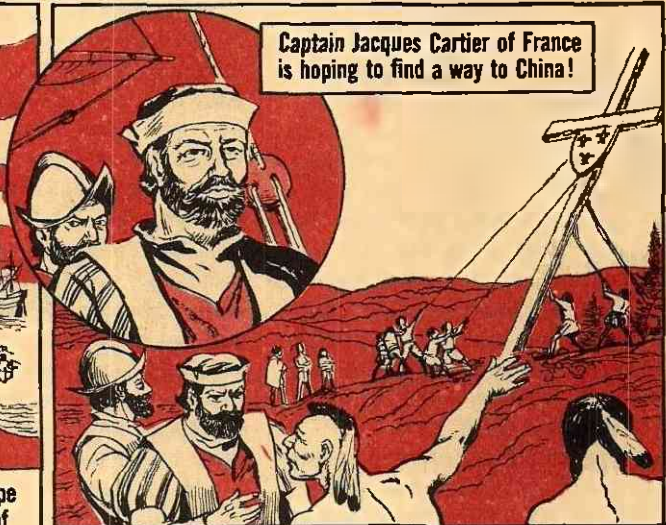
by James Simpkins

THIS INSTALLMENT

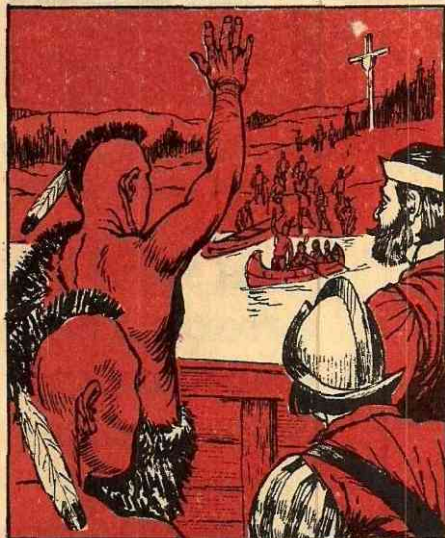
Jacques Cartier claims Canada for France



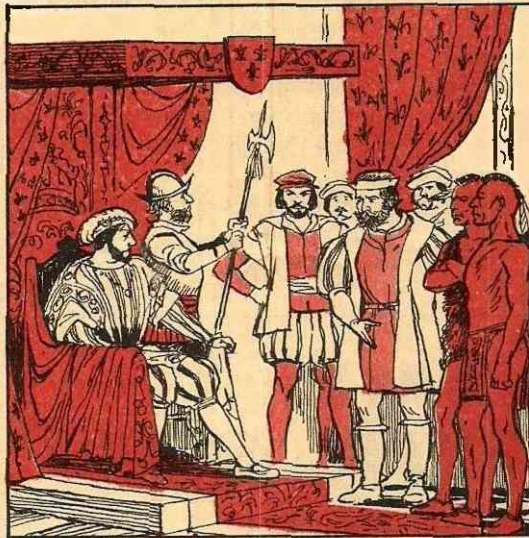
In July, 1534, Indians on the Gaspé coast were amazed at the sight of huge ships standing off the shore!



Cartier raises a giant cross and claims the land for his king!

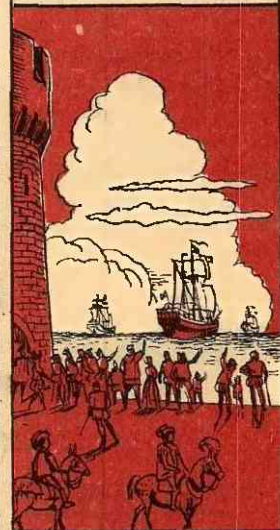


Taking two Indians with him, Cartier returns to France before the autumn storms begin.

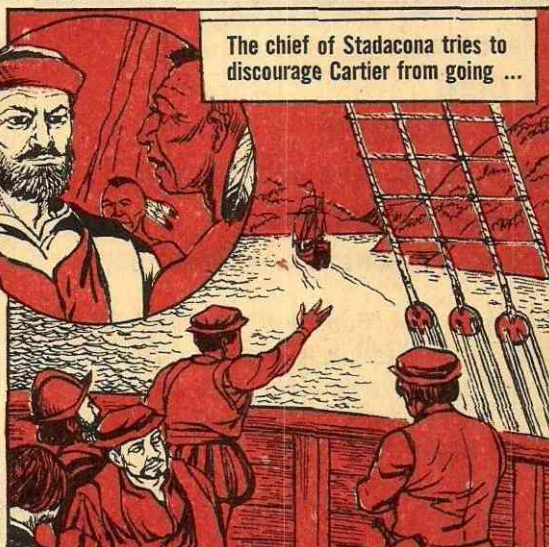


King Francis I, pleased with Cartier's story of the new land, gives him three ships to explore with in 1535.

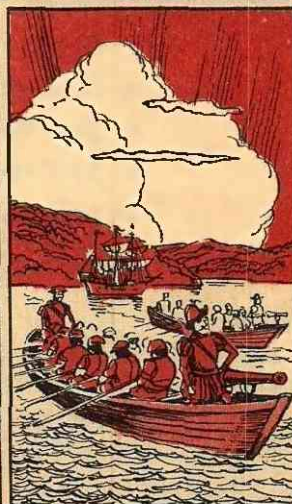
Cartier has a new route — up the St. Lawrence River!



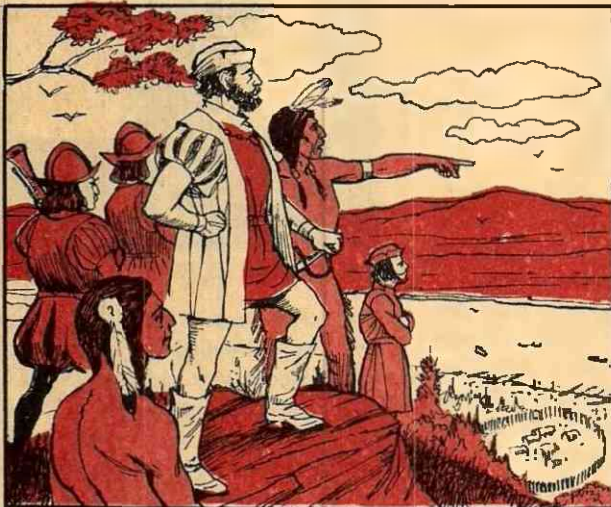
On the St. Lawrence, he finds an Indian town at Stadacona, now Quebec City, and hears of a large city, Hochelaga, further up river.



... but the determined captain heads up the river in his smallest ship to see for himself the fabled Indian city.



Landing at Hochelaga, he finds nothing but an Indian village of 50 huts. Disappointed, he



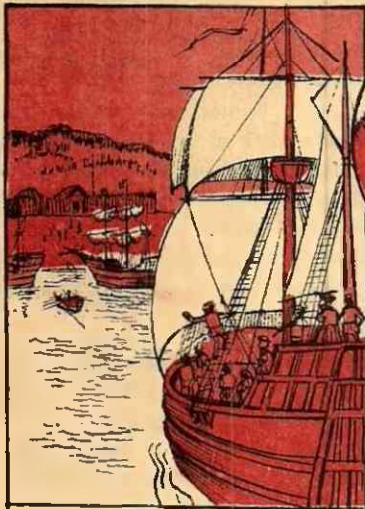
climbs a mountain he names Mount Royal, and sees the St. Lawrence stretching westward into the wilderness to the horizon's edge.



Cartier returns downriver.



He is terribly disappointed in not finding a short way to China.



Winter is coming, and he knows he must make camp downriver at Stadacona with the others.

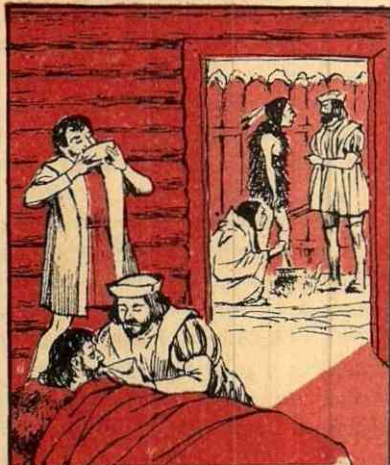


Suffering from intense cold and lack of food, the French fare badly . . .

... living off salted meat, many come down with a dread disease, scurvy! All of them feel weak and sick, and twenty-five die!



One day they see an Indian who had once had scurvy, but now appeared healthy!



He tells them to drink a tea made from the leaves of the spruce tree, and they do. The cure works, and the rest of the crew survive the long winter.



They also fear an Indian attack, hut none comes, and



they return to France with Indian chief Donnacona.



Cartier never realizes his dream of finding a passage to China, but his exploring opens Canada to the French!

NEXT ISSUE: CHAMPLAIN



Off The Record

BY SANDY GARDINER

Some readers seem to think I enjoy raising the ire of pop fans.

Well I don't really, but as I've said before, if the truth hurts that's just too bad.

After all, there is no happy medium in life. You can please some of the people some of the time but you can't please all of the people all of the time.

The same applies to writing about music. I have my opinion. You have yours. I say what I think about recording artists and their records. You say what you think about me.

Freedom of speech is a great thing. Through Canadian Boy I have a vehicle in which to express myself. Your vehicle is the mailman.

Believe me, I don't mind criticism if it's constructive. But don't bother writing if all you have to say is "The Beatles are the greatest. Don't knock them."

Now I like The Beatles and agree that the Liverpool foursome are the tops in the world.

But there are still songs they do that I don't like.

Take their last album, "Rubber Soul," for example.

It's the worst thing they've done as far as teenagers are concerned.

There's no question that it sold its usual millions of copies. But The Beatles to music are just like Walt Disney movies to children — they can do no wrong.

On the long climb to the top the thing the British boys had to keep in mind was that every disc they released had to be commercial.

During this time the Lennon-McCartney songwriting team came up with many songs that they personally enjoyed but that they felt wouldn't sell.

Now that the quartet is firmly established at the top of the wax world, they can please themselves as to the songs they record. And they

know, because of their faithful following, it will sell.

This is exactly what the boys did on "Rubber Soul."

Now you may find it hard to believe that John and Paul would write songs that they couldn't do themselves.

But ask any group songwriter and you'll find that from time to time he comes up with a number that he feels someone else could do better.

It wouldn't have been the first time that The Beatles have given songs to other people. "I Wanna Be Your Man" went to The Rolling Stones and the London group made the British charts with their first record.

"World Without Love" established Peter and Gordon. "How Do You Do It" kicked off the career of Gerry and The Pacemakers. Billy J. Kramer and Cilla Black also made the grade with Beatle songs.

The best track on the set is "In My Life," a ballad given that extra something with George Martin's harp-sichord break.

Another unusual point about the album was the use of a session man on organ.

This seems strange since both John and Ringo are featured on the instrument on other tracks.

Other than George Martin, there have been only three occasions when session men played on Beatle sessions.

Andy Wise played drums on the first ever Beatle single, "Love Me Do", while Ringo played tambourine. On "You've Got To Hide Your Love Away" a session man dubbed in the flute ending. And for "Yesterday" George Martin brought in a string quartet.

Does all this indicate a change in Beatle style?

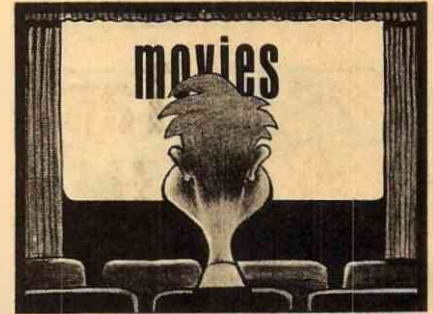
The answer is yes. George Martin, their arranger, producer and pianist on sessions, told me so in London not so long ago.

Keeping up with the trend is a difficult thing. But it's extra hard when you're at the top of the hit parade tree.

The boys have the imagination to stay high in the hit parade for about three more years.

And, believe it or not, that's when you can expect them to retire.

The Beatles intend to be the Rocky Marcianos of music. When they pack it in, they will be undefeated, not dethroned.



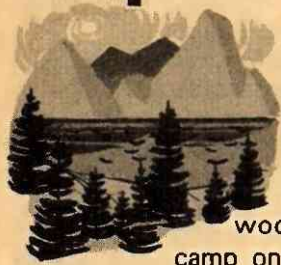
BY CLYDE GILMOUR

The Little Ones: I think this is a good one for well-balanced types in their middle teens and older; younger lads might be somewhat jolted by the fact that two English boys in the story become thieves and are finally picked up by the police. They steal only to keep from starving, however, and the film makes it clear that both youngsters — a white boy played by Kim Smith and a half-caste played by Carl Gonzales — have run away from unhappy homes. There is a lot of quiet humor and fresh, natural camera-work in this low-budget, high-quality British movie. Dudley Foster does an especially enjoyable job as a Liverpool police inspector who goes hunting for the pair after they swipe a suitcase from a millionaire's Rolls-Royce.

The Face of Fu Manchu: An Englishman named Arthur Sarsfield Ward adopted the pen-name of "Sax Rohmer" in 1911 as the creator of an imaginary character named Fu Manchu, an Oriental super-villain. The result was fourteen Fu Manchu novels and four movies. Now the arch-criminal is back in a corny but enjoyable British film. Fu Manchu this time is played by Christopher Lee, a tall, thin British actor of 43 who previously had appeared as Dracula and the Frankenstein monster. The evil scientist is in London, trying to grab the formula for a death potion so powerful that one pint of it could destroy every living thing on earth. His vile schemes are opposed by his lifelong foe, Nayland Smith of Scotland Yard, played with immense dignity by Nigel Green. As usual, Fu seems to be dead at the finish . . . but, also as usual, there is a strong hint of a sequel to come. He's a hard man to destroy.

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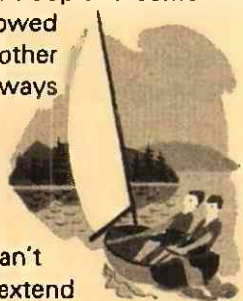
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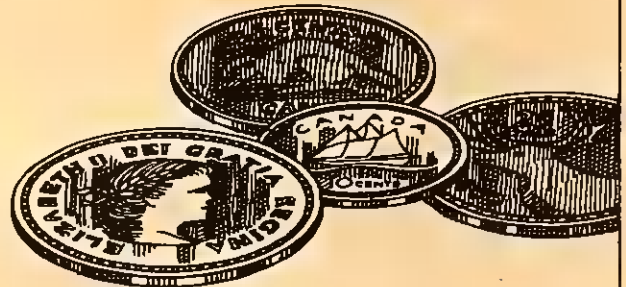
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MONEY MAGIC

FROM SCOTIABANK

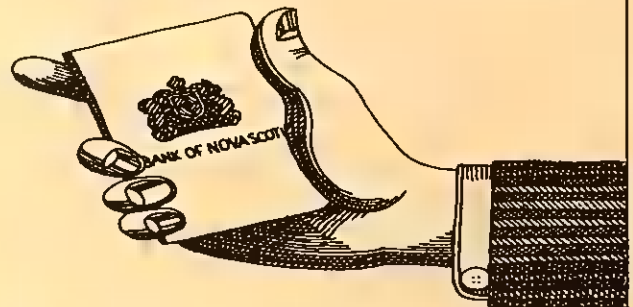
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"Multiplying Money"



Collect a mixed bunch of coins and see how long you can keep them in your pocket or purse. Try again with bills. They disappear like magic.



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Now your money multiplies like magic! Regular saving is a good habit to start. And the best place to start is your nearest SCOTIABRANCH.



The Rockhound

BY ROBIN McLACHLAN

A form of hand lapping was probably the first type of lapidary used by man. Simple and inexpensive, it consists of smoothing and polishing a rock by extensive rubbing against abrasives and polish.

To hand lap a flat specimen, you require a piece of ordinary flat glass, a small piece of finished hardwood, and some 10 ounce canvas. All three should measure at least 6" x 12". Half a pound of 220 silicon carbide grit (costing about 45c) and a few ounces of lapidary polishing compound are also needed. I would rec-

ommend chrome oxide polish, because it is the least expensive at about \$1.25 a pound.

The stone you are going to hand lap should not be any larger than your fist, nor too small for you to have a good grip on it. The side of the stone to be lapped should be very flat and fairly smooth. Actually, the most preferred stones for hand lapping are ones which have been cut with a diamond saw. Small slabs of rock, ideal for hand lapping, can be purchased at any rock shop at quite reasonable prices.

STEP 1 — rough grinding

Assemble your glass and make a paste with some of the 220 grit and water. Place a bit of the paste on your glass and start lapping. Move your stone back and forth with a downward pressure. You should hear a coarse rasping sound that will slowly disappear as you lap. When the noise stops, apply some more of the paste and continue the process. Every few minutes dip the stone in water and after drying, inspect the surface for scratches and marks. When there are no visible marks or scratches, continue lapping for a few minutes longer but


without adding any more paste. This will give the surface a slight sheen and when you are sure that there are no visible scratches left, go to the next step.

STEP 2 — final grinding

On the finished surface of your hardwood board, apply some of the 220 grit and keep moist while using a vigorous circular motion. Presently, a definite sheen will appear on the stone's surface. Without applying any more grit, keep lapping for a while longer and then inspect the surface for scratches and marks. If the stone is completely scratch and mark free, you are ready for polishing.

STEP 3 — polishing

Make a paste with a teaspoonful of the polishing compound and a little water. Spread this on the canvas, which has been tacked to a board. Rub with a firm downward pressure, and after five to ten minutes you should have a fairly good polish.

Your first try may not be perfect, but after some experience and practice you should be turning out excellent material. Remember that time and patience are very important ingredients in hand lapping. Don't try to rush the job. 

The Guide

Continued from page 25

not realizing they had come to an old floe until he floundered knee-deep in the melting snow-drifts in its lee. Still they hadn't come back to the old trail. Bitterly he had to admit to himself that they should have reached the mainland coast by now if they had been travelling in the right direction. He stopped to attend to his patient.

"Can't depend on the compass in these waters . . . have to drop anchor until it clears up . . ." Mr. Finlay was muttering almost incoherent phrases. Larry's heart sank. In his delirium the man was reliving voyages he had made in the small schooners that plied the Arctic coast.

He knew there was no time to lose now — no question of 'dropping anchor' until the fog cleared. Mr. Finlay needed expert attention right away. Larry shouted, almost hysterically, at the dogs. Almost immediately, Smokey was on the wrong side of the tow-line and a savage fight started.

As Larry rushed ahead to break it up, Dave Finlay's words came back

to him. "Lots of experience . . . that may help more than speed on a trip like this."

The youth suddenly came to a decision. He unsnapped Smokey's trace and put him back in the lead. The dog veered sharply off to the right, but he let him have his head.

Little more than an hour passed before the dogs suddenly surged ahead, their bushy tails waving in unison. Larry's heart leapt as he saw the Eskimo *komorik* trail underfoot. Now he ran only enough to keep the blood circulating in his numbed legs. Between these brief spurts he clutched, half-doing, to the handle bars.


The journey was almost like a dream to him from then on, until he blinked his eyes at the sight of a hundred yard strip of water ahead. On it a whale-boat was being rowed out from a rockbound shore to meet him. There were neat white-painted buildings on the shore . . . a tall wireless tower thrust up into the overcast . . .

That was all Larry remembered until he woke up in a warm bed inside the Mounted Police barracks. He stirred and threw back the blankets, but the Corporal was at his side

almost instantly with a cup of steaming coffee.

"Just lie back and take it easy." The Mountie grinned and pulled the blankets back around Larry's shoulders. "There's nothing for you to worry about," the policeman went on. "Dave was in pretty bad shape, but the Doc operated right away — he's going to be all right. The Doc was mighty pleased at the way you'd looked after him."

The Corporal sat down on the bed and gazed solemnly at the young man who was sipping the hot drink. "I unhitched your dogs and fed them — there'll be bacon and eggs for you in a couple of shakes." He rose to his feet. "Say! he exclaimed, "you seem to know your way around. Crossing the straits in fog is no cinch without a guide."

"It was as clear as a bell when we started," Larry explained modestly. Memories of the last twelve hours were coming swiftly into focus in his mind. He thought about the part Smokey had played, and there was humility in his voice as he admitted, "It wasn't until I got completely lost that I realized I did have a guide!" 

BOOKS

BY MOROCCO BOUND

Here's this month's list of the best reading available to CB readers. Take your pick—there's lots of variety.

The title of **A Father Reads to His Children**, edited by Orville Prescott (Clarke, Irwin, \$6.95) doesn't tell the whole story. This is a book you'll want to read to yourself, as well. It's a really big one, 350 pages of terrific stories from the best-known and loved books of all time. Included are exciting moments from mythology, Dickens, Kipling, John Steinbeck, O. Henry, and dozens more. One of the best collections of its type around.

Another good one is the story of a young boy who lives on a ranch in B. C.'s Cariboo country. It's **Boss of the Namko Drive**, by Paul St. Pierre (Ryerson, \$3.75), and tells how a fifteen-year-old becomes the trail boss of a cattle drive when his father is injured and can't make the trip. A top story of outdoor life and adventure.

If you're interested in sports on the international level, the book for you is **The Story of the Olympic Games**, by John Kieran and Arthur Dailey (McClelland & Stewart, \$8.50). A steep price for most of you, but well worth it, since it gives you the complete history of the Olympics from ancient Grecian times to 1964, including records of winners, colorful sidelights and good photographs.

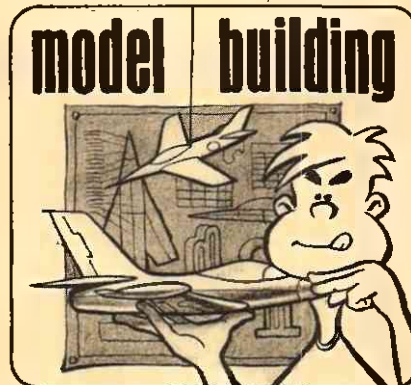
The winter sports fan will like **On Thin Ice**, by Henry Jelinek, Jr., and Ann Pinchot (Prentice-Hall, \$4.75), the true story of how adopted Canadians Maria and Otto Jelinek won the 1962 world figure skating championship for pairs. The story begins in the Jelineks' native Czechoslovakia, tells how the parents and their five children escaped through the Iron Curtain, came to Canada, and how Maria and Otto worked their way up to the top of the figure skating world. It's also a humorous story of life in a family of five very individualistic kids, and an enjoyable volume all around.

Wayah of the Real People, by Wil-

liam Steel (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$4.00) is the story of a young Indian boy who goes to a white man's school for a year, the troubles he encounters there, and the effects the year have on him when he returns to his people.

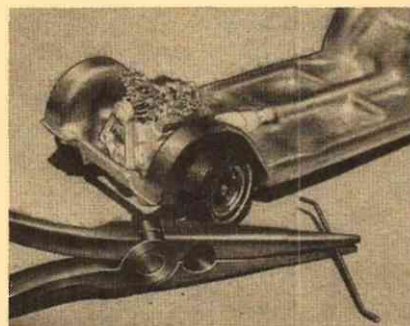
Little Rascal, by Sterling North (Clarke, Irwin, \$3.95) is a shortened version of this well-known book about a boy and his pet raccoon, complete with new, excellent illustrations. Rascal is a raccoon with almost human instincts and habits, and the adventures he and his master get into make a heartwarming and funny story.

Road Race Around the World, by Robert Jackson (Oxford Press, \$3.15), tells in words and photographs the story of six cars that set out in 1908 to race around the world—a world almost without roads, where all supplies had to be carried on the cars themselves. It's a story of struggle against snow, mountains, swamps, every barrier Nature could throw up. But some of them made it, and how they did is a tremendous story. Don't miss this one.



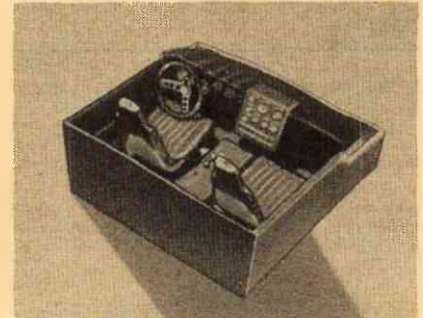
BY KEN BROWNING

Last month, we customized the Pontiac Avenger just short of completion. Below are a few more final touches to finish off this beauty.



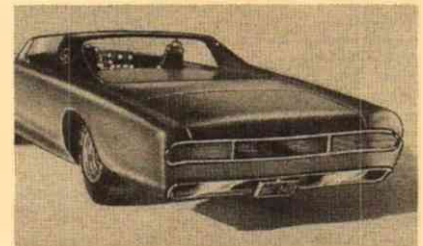
Here is a simple trick to get a few extra points in a contest. Bend the axle, as shown, for the front wheels.

When the wheels are attached to it, they will look like they are steerable. All the custom engine needs now is a paint job and wiring (November, Canadian Boy), and it is completed. The front section of the chassis was cut off to make room for the new front end.



A cut was made at the rear of the door lines in the interior, since only the front half is to be used. A piece of black bristol board was glued across the back of the remaining section, to act as a tonneau cover. All of the custom options were used in the interior, and it is painted bright green, black, and silver.

One of the custom rear ends is used. Putty was added where the top meets the body. It was also used to build up fairings around the wheel openings. To do this, putty around the edge of the wheel opening, working the putty with moistened fingers, and when it is dry, sand it to a smooth curve. This adds a racy and sculptured appearance to the body. All



door handles and emblems were removed from the sides of the car to give it a smooth design. Because of the design of the car, a hand could reach inside to open the door, making the outside handle unnecessary. Cardboard was used here to fill in the area where the rear seat used to be. Spaces were then filled in with putty and sanded. After a coat of spray primer was put on over the areas that were sanded, the body was painted metallic copper, with black and silver for trim. Before painting, be sure to remove all chrome and clear plastic from the body. The "AVENGER" is now completed. ❄️

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Ghosts

Continued from page 9

A weird variation of this experiment is to try it with one eye covered while the light is on. When the ghostly after-image comes up, the eye that was covered will seem to be painlessly trying to pull itself out of your head!

Another "ghost" which people actually do see is called "Purkinje's Spectre", again after the scientist who discovered it. In a darkened room a lighted candle or flashlight is moved backwards and forwards before the eyes of the "victim", who must look steadily at the wall beyond.

After a few seconds the air will appear to him to be saturated with a ghostly reddish glow. Running over this glow in all directions he will see weird veins and blood vessels standing out in bold relief.

Towards the centre of the strange picture a dark figure resembling a tree trunk will appear, with many branches extending outwards.

Purkinje's Spectre has a simple explanation. It is really a projection, enlarged many times, of the retina of the "victim's" own eye, with all its veins and blood vessels standing out in bold relief.

Some scientists call it the Arborescent Figure, from its likeness to a many-branched tree. The spectral trunk is really the enlarged projection of the "victim's" own optic nerve where it enters the eye.

Purkinje's Spectre is interesting to eye specialists because it proves that parts of the retina which actually receive and produce the sensation of light must lie beyond the blood vessels, since these cast their shadows on to it in this experiment. We are able to see them, as we see any other object, externally.

Traplins

Continued from page 14

was happy when it set up a trap line 20 miles in circumference around West Lake, about 25 miles west of the City of Prince George.

Before they got into the field, all Troop members received extensive instruction on different types of traps from the veteran local trappers, who also supervised the operation of the line itself. Further information and encouragement came from the local

Continued on page 34

STAMPS

CZECHOSLOVAKIAN COMMEMORATIVES Cataloging \$1.00, with Approvals only 10c. Hutch's, Box 55, New Ulm, Minnesota.

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BACK ISSUES

Back issues of Canadian Boy for 1964 and 1965 are available. Cost is 10c per magazine. Write to Back Issues, Canadian Boy, P.O. Box 3520, Station C, Ottawa 3, Ont. .

PLEASE! PLEASE! PLEASE!

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THE COIN COLLECTOR



BY PETER DEGRAAF

In our last column we reported the discovery of two different varieties of the Canadian silver dollar. The difference is in the tail of the five, some being pointed while others are blunt. Since then two more distinct varieties have turned up, this time on the obverse: small beads and large beads. The four types can be identified as follows: Type 1, Pointed five, small beads; Type 2, Blunt five, small beads; Type 3, Blunt five, large beads; Type 4, Pointed five, large beads. (The beads are in a circle against the rim of the coin.) While these varieties are highly controversial, the demand for complete sets has forced the price of the sets to double face value, about \$8. The type four appears to be the scarcest and estimates range from 50,000 to 150,000 in existence.

Malcolm Palmer, presently in France, has two Canadian silver dollars; 1959 (\$1.25) and 1964 (\$1.10). In answer to his question, there are no recent French coins of any value to Canadian collectors. The procedure followed in ordering coin sets from the Mint is to send in your order for one, three or five sets at \$4 per set to the Royal Canadian Mint, Sussex Drive, Ottawa, Ont. Money orders should be made payable to the Receiver General of Canada. Orders will be accepted from Jan. 6 to Oct. 31.


Mrs. D. Caldwell of Atikokan, has a French 2 Sols of Louis XVI. Unfortunately, no catalogue value is available for this coin.

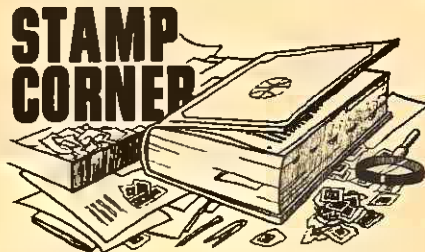
Louis Lee of Charlesbourg, P.Q., has a large English coin dated 1790. Before evaluating it I must have more information. The best way to give me this information is to make an impression of the coin by rubbing a piece of aluminum foil with a toothbrush, over the coin. This creates

an identical replica of the coin.

Richard Anderson of Belgrave, Ont., asks about the 1966 proof-like sets. I answered that same question for Malcolm Palmer in this column. Richard has a 1924 U.S. dollar (\$1.10) and a 1953 Canadian silver dollar in Unc. (app. \$5). He also has a 1950 German coin (no premium).

Ricky Clarke of Labrador City, Nfld., has a list of coins. 1952 silver dollar (\$2.50); 50c Nfld. 1900 (.70); 50c Nfld. 1872 (\$2.50); 1c Cdn. 1918 (.10); 1c Nfld. 1917 (.25); 20c Nfld. 1912 (.40); 1c Nfld. 1936 (.25); 5c Nfld. 1943 (.15); 5c Nfld. 1942 (.25). Ricky also has a token with a value of 15c.

We apologize for the delay in answering your letters, but we are pleased to report that we receive more mail than we can handle with real speed. 



BY H. L. WOODMAN

The 1966 stamp program for Canada has been enlarged to 14 from the previously announced 12.

It includes a space research issue to follow the launching of the Alouette satellite, and Commonwealth Parliamentary Association Conference issue in September. Other stamps, for which firm dates of issue have been fixed are: Alberta and Saskatchewan floral (2) January 19; Newfoundland floral, February 23; Yukon floral, Northwest Territories flora, March 23 (2); 300th anniversary of LaSalle's arrival in Canada, April 13; highway safety, May 2; London Conference,

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May 26; Canada Coat of Arms (floral), June 30; Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy, July 27; Christmas, three cent and five cent, October 12.

Scout stamp collectors should make sure they get the two low-value value issues of Ryukyu Islands. Issued a year ago, the stamps have proven to be very popular and could soon disappear from the market.

The stamps were to mark the 10th anniversary of Girl Scouts on the island, August 31, 1964 and of Boy Scouts, February 6, 1965. The first one featured a girl with a World Trefoil Flag and the other, two boys with Shurei Gate in the background.

The Girl Scout first day cover cancellation shows the trefoil, and the other the fleur-de-lis over a map of Okinawa. Jamborees were held on both occasions.


Contact any dealer advertising Scout stamps in CB, or the World Scouting Bureau, in Ottawa, all of whom can supply the stamps at a reasonable price.

If you happen to be one of the many members of Scouts on Stamps Society, you will see the stamps mentioned in the S.O.S.S. Journal. If you are not a member, and would like to become one, drop us a line and ask for an application blank.

Bruce Hill, 287 Oriole Crescent, Dorval, Quebec, has the addresses of six Czechoslovakian stamp collectors who would like to correspond with Canadian collectors and trade stamps with them. If you are interested, get in touch with Bruce.

United Nations has announced a new \$1 stamp for March 25 to replace the regular issue of 1951. Other U.N. stamps slated for release this year are five cent and fifteen cent denominations for the World Federation of United Nations Associations, January 31; United Nations Institute for Training and Research, May 23 and an eleven cent airmail postcard, June 10.

Send orders for stamps or FDC's to United Nations Postal Administration, United Nations, New York. Do not combine the orders.

Procedure for FDC's is the standard one. Enclose properly addressed envelopes and sufficient money, in U.S. funds, to cover cost of stamps. Because of the large volume of FDC business done by the U.N., you should allow at least three weeks from date of issue before making an enquiry about slow delivery. 

PUZZLE & GAMES PAGE

1		2	3	4	5	6		7	8
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9	10	11	12		13	14	15		16
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p									s

AN ACROSTIC PUZZLE

Guess the words defined below and write them over the numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The blank squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the completed pattern will contain a quotation from the book "Tenderfoot To Queen's Scout".

- A Scout must obey the 7 3 4 38 20 10 1 16
(two words)
- Aviators 34 30 2 11 28 43
- Disintegrated rock 12 13 25 26
- Wearing apparel 5 1 1 1
- Some sea animals' covering 19 5 18 6
- Furnishes light and heat 23 17 42 21 31
- Make up your mind 2 24 14
- Proper size and shape 15 22 37 33 32 27
- CB ised to every Scout and Cub in
Canada 35 36 40

HIDDEN TREE PUZZLE

There are at least 17 trees hidden in the squares. Start at any square and move continuously in any direction, one square at a time — up, down, left, right or diagonally. Do not skip over a square — the ones used must be adjacent. Do not use any square more than once for any one word. But a square may be used again in another word.

a	o	w	r	a	s
k	l	i	n	b	d
l	f	p	e	e	a
o	p	e	a	h	g
w	m	l	r	u	i
s	u	e	s	p	f

Read the answers in your mirror!
oak, elm, pine, beech, apple, maple,
blum, palm, fig, sumach, beech,
willow, spruce, cedar, larch, fir.

M	E	T	U	O	C	S	A
W	D	V	A	S	B	L	I
W	U	S	E	L	E	I	H
E	P	D	E	J	A	R	E
T	G	I	B	M	N	H	E
S	I	E	L	C	U	L	E

Traplines

Continued from page 32

game warden and game biologist. As a matter of fact, the Scouts provided the biologist with information and trophies for use in his work, thus rendering a service with their project.

For their trapline, the Troop used the Conibear type of trap, which kills animals instantly, and is strongly recommended by the Humane Society. Traps were set at intervals, and to visit the line required hiking by snowshoe for eight or ten miles through deep snow. The boys found that visiting the line was a breeze, though, compared to preparing the furs for market.

Since great care and patience are required to skin animals, the boys found that they needed three hours just to skin an average beaver. Then they had to stretch it and nail it to a large board, once again taking great care with each step. The pelt was then allowed to dry for several days before being shipped to a fur-buyer.

The Troop sent 22 beaver, one lynx, one otter, one marten and two muskrat to an Edmonton buyer, for a total gain for the Troop treasury of \$125.00. But the boys felt the best things about their trapline season were that they had truly emulated the pioneer fur traders, flavoring the adventure and experience undertaken by these men, and above all, had learned about humane trapping treatment of forest animals and proper and sensible conservation techniques.

Letters

Continued from page 3

I like your magazine a lot, but I have to leave Scouts soon, so I won't receive it any more. Is there any way I could keep getting it?

Shaun Overton, Scarborough, Ont.
A one-year subscription costs \$2, Shaun. Send money, postal order or cheque to Subscription Dept., Canadian Boy, P.O. Box 3520, Stn. C, Ottawa 3, Ont., and you'll be able to read all the fabulous goodies old Lester has in store for you in '66. — LS.

Dear Lester:

I think CB is the junkiest mag I've ever read. The stories are uninteresting and the model section is the most hopeless section in the whole sick mag. With love.

Terry Hills, Victoria, B.C.

oak
beech
pine
spruce
palm
peach
willow
fig
apple
fir