

THE ONLY MAGAZINE FOR ALL BOYS

TWENTY FIVE CENTS

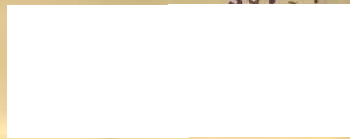
1963

Canadian Boy

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST SNOWBALL



1963



In today's game, this young man handed out five stiff body checks, blocked two slapshots from the point, was boarded by a big right winger, caught an elbow while digging the puck out of the corner, was flattened trying to clear the puck, and picked up an assist on a goal.

He played a good game.

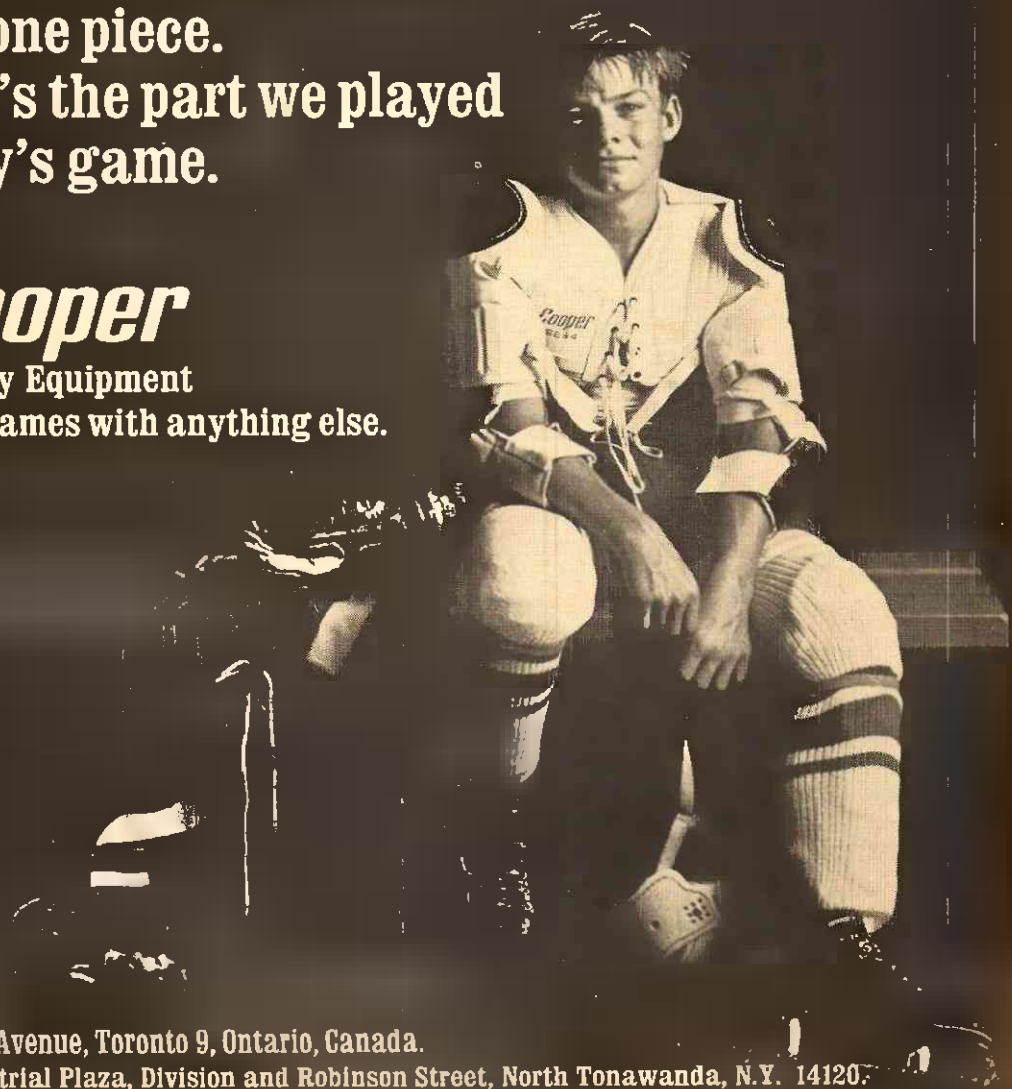
He played it hard.

But most important, he's still in one piece.

That's the part we played in today's game.

Cooper

Hockey Equipment
Don't play games with anything else.



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Triangle Industrial Plaza, Division and Robinson Street, North Tonawanda, N.Y. 14120.

Canadian Boy

DECEMBER, 1968, VOL. 5, NO. 9

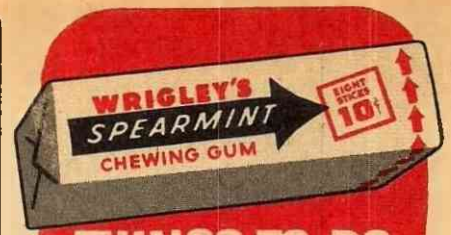
SENIOR EDITION

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Cover photo by *Andy Andrews*

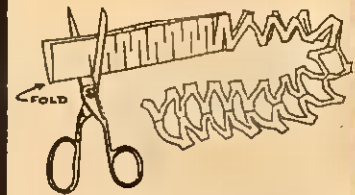
NEXT YEAR we start with a big winter issue that tells you about snowmobile camping and how to make a snowmobile sled to carry your winter gear. And there'll be an article on how to build an interesting piece of radio equipment, as well as another brain-wracking CB contest. All this and more will be going out to you around January 15. Meanwhile, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all of you!



THINGS TO DO

CHRISTMAS TREE CHAINS

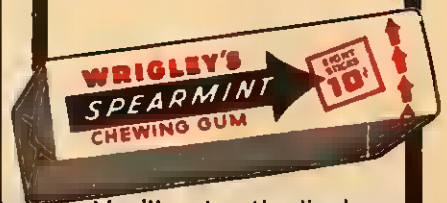
Here's a simple project that can add lots of colour to the Christmas tree this year. All you need is some brightly coloured paper and a pair of scissors. And remember, when you're making your paper chains and decorating the tree, include enough Wrigley's Spearmint Gum for everyone. It adds that little extra pleasure to whatever you're doing.



To make your paper chains, fold each strip of paper lengthwise before cutting, as indicated in the diagram above. Then, cut slits up and down on the folded paper as shown. Be careful not to cut all the way across. Continue cutting all the way along the strip. If you cut the slits close together, you get a fine chain. If you cut them farther apart, you will come up with a heavier looking chain.

Now, gently unfold the strip and pull it out from both ends and there's your Christmas tree chain.

When friends drop in during the holiday season, it's a good idea to have plenty of Wrigley's Spearmint Gum on hand. Put some near the tree for everyone to enjoy, because fun and Wrigley's Spearmint Gum go together.



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

Farewell, Lester Square!

Lester, after saving his money for three years, has decided to go on a round-the-world trip. We'll miss him.

This is what he wants, and maybe it's what he needs. He seems to feel that travel will broaden him. We think he means it will broaden his mind, although sitting for long periods on trains and planes, buses and boats, might be more likely to broaden something else.

When Lester announced he was leaving the CB staff, a flood of little memories crashed in on us.

We thought of how he had arrived on the scene suddenly, unannounced, on our August-September 1965 cover, and how he worked namelessly for three months while we ran our Name-the-Character Contest for him.

During that period, he gradually took over some of the chores being done by A. Nonymous, in illustrations and column headings and on the *Rib Ticklers* page. The two characters seemed to work together fairly well.

Lester made the cover again in November '65, loaded down with outdoors gear and, inside, he headed up a feature on hunting safety. By this time, he'd also worked his way into the *Model Building* column, *Movies, Off The Record*, and had taken over *Rib Ticklers*, as Chief Joke Scrutinizer.

In the December '65 issue, Lester Square was named, by David Martin of Pointe Claire, Que., who won the Name-the-Character Contest. Lester lent a hand in our Christmas section and it was announced by the Editor that Lester would be seen and heard from more often in future.

Starting in January-February '66, Lester took charge of the *Letters* columns, a job he has done consistently well since that time. He went to great lengths sometimes to get information from weird sources so that he could reply to some of the weird letters he got from readers. He usually managed to inject a little wit and humor into his comments, too.

In May 1966 CB published Lester's first feature of his own: *Going Fishing with Lester Square*, endorsed by expert Tom Campbell and backed up by freelance Paul Brock with an article on how to cook your catch.

In June '66 Lester headed up a new column by Roger Appleton, called *Cars*. This was the forerunner of our

present *Wheels* column. Meanwhile Lester took over the *Penpals* column and carried on with a whole series of what had now become regular duties for him. He made the cover again in September '66 and, by this time, A. Nonymous was pretty well right out of the book.

In December '66 Lester published his famous collection of ditties, *A Square's Garden of Verses*, which resulted in a flood of mail. In a number of schools across the country, teachers and students reproduced Lester's verses and distributed them throughout classes for Christmas singsong sessions. Some readers sent in additional verses for some of the songs, which gave Lester quite a kick.

That same month, Lester entered salesmanship in a small way, and went out to help publicize *Adventures of a Scout*, the B-P comic book. He also had a hand in the production of *The Best of Canadian Boy* in 1966, illustrating the six big section pages.

By January-February 1967, Lester was very much a part of the editorial staff of this magazine. He appeared on the editorial page in an informal group portrait with the editors — the everpresent stub of a pencil stuck behind his left ear! In May of that year he gave up illustrating the *Rib Ticklers* page, but continued to sift out the jokes. Gradually, he began dropping out of other column heads, too. He wanted to spend more time writing, he said. In December '67 Lester's family story was published — *The Square Tree* — and that gained tremendous mail response from the readers.

That same month, Lester announced we would begin giving prizes for all *Rib Ticklers* we could print. Another hit with CB fans!

In 1968, Lester has been fairly quiet. When the *Scoutcraft* page was revamped in June of this year, Lester took that over and renamed it *The Square Page*. He demonstrated some maturity, in being able to laugh at himself, by allowing the editors to dedicate the new page to The Great Know-it-all.

Lester feels he has done his job and can add little more to the total effort. So, he's on his way to greener fields.

Farewell, Lester Square! And drop us a line sometime from wherever you may be.

Norman Brown
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George Bourne
ASSISTANT EDITOR

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ART DIRECTOR

Margaret Large
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ADVERTISING MANAGER

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SUBSCRIPTION SUPERVISOR

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ccab

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Letters to Lester

SCOUTS 68

Dear Lester:

Thank goodness! Your articles on Scouts 68 explaining new concepts and program and exposing the old have arrived in the nick of time. Gone is the old schoolmaster (Scoutmaster?) who is now going to be a real leader. We've been saved by those wonderful people "who try to work out programming for Boy Scouts of Canada." They have conceived a great idea which puts "more emphasis on the boy." But how do I dare show myself in public again? Man! What ignorant beasts we all were before your September issue. My Scouts thought they were having a real ball. There is much of the Scouts 68 emphasis and program that has interested and excited me. But I do think you made an error in judgment by publishing the article and editorial with their style of sneering contempt.

*Fred Woods, Scoutmaster,
133rd Scout Troop, Toronto, Ont.*

Of course we are sorry if we have offended any of the thousands of men and women who serve the Movement, and work hard for it. We've had a number of letters like this one from Mr. Woods, and in replying to each writer we have explained that our articles were written to emphasize the key points of the new program to boys. In so doing, the language was dramatized as an attention-grabber. Meanwhile, what do you readers think?
—LS

BONE COLLECTOR

Dear Lester:

I think CB is the greatest. I am interested in collecting bones of early beings that once roamed the Earth. Could you please put in stories on archeology?

*Glenn Ankrom,
St. Boniface, Man.*

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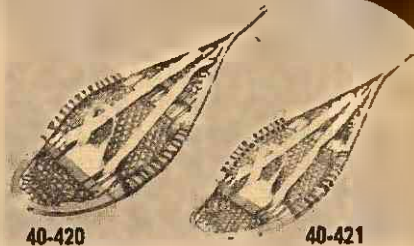


BUYER'S GUIDE Supply Services



SNOW SHOES — Made by Huron Indians — good quality, durable — complete with lampwick harness. A must for overland winter hikes. Junior size for persons up to 100 lbs.

40-420—Senior 42"x14" .. \$13.95
40-421—Junior 35"x11" .. \$11.95



CUB-PARKA. Rugged and durable for everyday wear or for those winter nature rambles. Grey gabardine, treated with water and snow repellent. Thermo filled quilted to red nylon — reflective armbands.

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SCOUT PARKA. For the rugged outdoor type. Made from green poplin with red quilted lining—detachable hood—safety armbands.

40-300 size 28-34 \$18.75
" 36-46 \$22.25

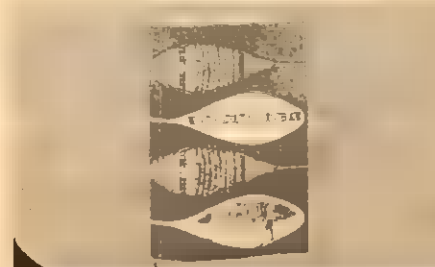


CUB TOQUE. Smart, warm and sensible. Green botany wool with yellow pom. Cub crest on front. Keep those ears cosy this winter.

40-119 \$2.10

SKI-CAP, SCOUT Norwegian style, windproof poplin, fold-away ear flaps. Good quality but economical—long-lasting cap. Sizes 6½ to 7¾.

40-100 \$2.35



WINTER SCOUTING HANDBOOK.

Experts' advice on the ways and means of winter camping. Well illustrated.

20-611 50c

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SCOUT DISTRIBUTORS
or direct from

SCOUT SUPPLY SERVICES
BOX 5151, OTTAWA 5, ONTARIO
(Cash with order)

LETTERS

Continued from page 5

THANKS TO ALL

Dear Lester:

It was a surprise to open the August senior edition of *CANADIAN BOY* and read the very good article about our missing daughter, Marianne. We were not aware that Boy Scouts, Venturers and Rover Scouts had come from so far to take part in the search. May we ask all leaders to thank their boys for a job well done. I have always felt that the boys taking part in the search should receive some special honor or badge. We do not know as yet what has happened to Marianne but we feel sure her abductor will someday be found and have a fair trial.

*Mrs. M. Schuett & family,
Kilbride, Ont.*

ROCKET REACTIONS

Dear Lester:

Our club is writing you to disprove the statement made by Garry Oyen in your magazine, that he has the only club of its sort in Canada. Our club of 33 members is devoted to promoting education in model rocketry and space science. The club owns five rockets and has about 26 rockets at its disposal. We have a two-acre launch area outside town.

*Brian Smyth, President,
Saskatoon Model Rocketry Association*

WORD FROM A SEABOARD BIRD WATCHER

Dear Lester:

I would like to see some articles on bird watching. Also I would like to see one on hobbies. I like the covers of the magazine because they are so colorful, attractive, and bright.

Bruce MacLean, Halifax, N.S.

Bird watching, nesting boxes, feedingtrays, and all that, are in the works for a future issue. Hobbies coming up as a regular CB feature in '69. Our cover-dreamer-upper is pleased that you like his work. Too bad he isn't always as bright as his covers.—LS

WHERE'S THAT CLICKETY-CLICK COLUMN GONE?

Dear Lester:

How come you took out *Photohints*? I found it helped me quite a bit. And how about removing some of your ads to make room for other things?

Lyle Walker, Calgary, Alta.

Photohints was dropped for the same reason our Coin Collector column got the axe. Too few of our third-of-a-million readers were interested in these subjects. And your comment about dropping ads — well, it is to laugh, no? What magazine could possibly survive without advertisers?—LS

Continued on page 30

announcing . . .



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ORILLIA • ONTARIO

**HEAD OFFICE: BOBBY ORR-MIKE WALTON SPORTS CAMP
TEL. 364-6113-4, SUITE 701, 80 RICHMOND ST. W., TORONTO**

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This Is a Registration Form

BOY SCOUTS OF CANADA

01-152/68-CUB

REGISTRATION AND CANADIAN BOY MAGAZINE MAILING LIST FORM

No. AND NAME OF COMPANY 13th "B" Pack, Lower West Slopp Falls
 DISTRICT/REGION Eagerbeaver District PROVINCE N.W.T.

SCOUTER: RETAIN BLUE COPY, FORWARD REMAINING COPIES TO SCOUT HEADQUARTERS WHERE YOUR PACK IS REGISTERED. WHERE THERE IS NO LETTER CARRIER DELIVERY OF MAIL, OR POST OFFICE BOX NUMBER, PLEASE LIST NAME OF PARENT IN THE ADDRESS OF BOY. FOR EXAMPLE: JOHN DOE, C/O THOMAS DOE, R.R. No. 1, CARLETON PLACE, ONT. SHOW APARTMENT NUMBER IF APPLICABLE.

PLEASE TYPE OR PRINT AND LIST NAMES ALPHABETICALLY, BY SURNAME.

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1	Phineas Swordswath	11	1313 Crowsnest Crescent	West Slopp Falls	
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3	Marmaduke Flugg	10	14 Bear's Breath Boulevard	North Slopp Falls	
4	Sylvester Smythe-Jones	9	Apt. 202 Aurora Towers	Slopp Falls	
5	John Doe	8	32 Main Street	West Slopp Falls	
6	Jean-Pierre Toutfinis	8	RR 1 Lower West Slopp Falls		
7	Waldo Schmakkenheimer	8	19 Roscoe Park	Slopp Falls	
8	Gus Gritt	8	c/o Thaddeus Gritt, RR 2 Slopp Falls		

Next year's Canadian Boy will be better than ever. You'll enjoy a wider range of stories and articles, new features and columns written and illustrated especially for you. You won't want to miss a single issue. But if we don't get your pack, troop or company's registration form early enough, you may miss one or more during the registration period.

Every Scouter and every boy can help ensure that no copies are missed. All boy members can get their name and complete and accurate address (including apartment number, if any) to their Scouter. He in turn can get the section's registration form forwarded to his Scout office as fast as possible.

So don't delay. Get those registration forms completed.



WINTER in Canada can be rugged for car drivers. Motors groan and shudder in the cold. Ice forms in carburetors. Tires wail and slither as they fight for traction on the slippery snow.

It takes skill just to drive well in the wintertime, let alone race.

Race? In the wintertime? Sure. Thousands of Canadian drivers do it all the time. They race, they rally, they fling themselves and their machines around with wild abandon and rarely do they have bad accidents or get seriously hurt.

Almost every town and city in Canada now has winter motorsport. All you need are a frozen lake or river, a plow to push the snow aside and a dozen or two eager leadfoots with a taste for action and a steady driving hand.

Ice racing is one of Canada's fastest growing sports — one that soon separates the men from the boys. If you can stay on course while making a tight turn on a patch of ice at sixty miles an hour, call yourself a driver, man. Anyone who can handle a hot car on a stretch of slick in the heat of competition can hold his own in any company.

In many ice races drivers must use stock tires, with no chains or studs. The secret is to take it easy on the corners, then let it all hang out down the straight sections. Good judgment and a light touch on the steering wheel are the answers. One mistake means tally-ho sideways into the nearest snowbank.

Some races allow the use of extra traction aids and tires bristle like porcupines with metal grippers, studs and clips. The traction is almost as strong as bare rubber on dry asphalt, and the winning speeds show it. With good studs on hard ice, it's full bore on every section of the course.

Just as tough as ice racing (in some ways even tough-

er) is the sport of winter rallying. A rally driver not only has to be good — he has to be smart. Rallying is a team sport; the crew is made up of a driver and a navigator. Some top rallyists never touch a steering wheel. They specialize in telling the driver what to do. A lot of top rally drivers got their start as navigators, often before they were old enough to get a licence to drive.

A rally is not a race, but a test of total driving skill. It's not the fastest team that wins, but the team that drives at the steadiest pace. Keeping up an average speed of forty miles per hour may sound easy . . . but not when the course runs over dirt roads, plowed fields, abandoned railroad tracks and old river beds. In a winter rally, drivers have the additional trouble of subzero weather, icy roads and deep drifts of snow.

One of the world's most famous tests of drivers, navigators and machinery has been the Canadian Winter Rally, organized by Ontario's British Empire Motor Club. It's a terrific contest, with plenty of rough road and bad weather and it's one top motor event where Canadians usually win over crack teams from other countries.

The Canadian Winter Rally began in 1953 in a pelting January rain storm. The course ran through eastern Ontario, the northern United States and Quebec. It called for 36 hours straight driving. The rain kept up for the first 30 hours, sheathing roads in glare ice and making the first Canadian Winter Rally a sheer nightmare.

Brake and throttle cables froze and locked solid. Windshield wipers froze and broke. Drivers and navigators rolled down side windows and shoved their faces outside in the driving rain to see.

In northern Quebec the rain stopped — to be replaced by a blizzard. Snowbanks along the course were six feet high and every mile took a heavy toll of contestants.



WINTER RALLY

By **ROGER APPLETON**

Drivers and navigators became so exhausted they forgot where they were. With less than 135 miles to go, one team, although leading, became confused, pulled into a motel near Peterborough and went to bed for the night!

The next year, 1954, was the year of the hard luck rally. By letter-perfect driving and navigating the team of Jim Plumley and Ron White, in a Morris Oxford, had built up a huge lead. The weather was ideal. They were past the last check point and faced only a smooth easy run.

Suddenly a fibre timing gear broke. The Oxford coasted to a dismal halt, finished and out of the race.

The disconsolate White and Plumley hitch-hiked a ride to Toronto and handed in their check point cards. To their consternation, they were immediately hailed as winners! They were still the first team to reach the finish line and their cards were all in order.

With fine sportsmanship, White and Plumley immediately disclosed that they had finished, true enough — but in somebody else's car. Reluctant rally officials had no choice but to mark them out of the money.

By 1956 the Canadian Winter Rally had grown into a major international motorsport event. That year there were 117 teams competing and 80 teams were able to finish. The Ford, Triumph, Rootes and Volkswagen factories were sponsoring official entries.

In the 1956 event one team set an unofficial record by finishing with 4,330 penalty points. Their 1948 Studebaker had spent seven hours in a garage in Deseronto while a smashed radiator was under repair.

In 1957 the rally ended with a giant hassle, with an incredible 26 teams declared the winners! The victorious cars included four Chevrolets, four Morris machines, four Triumph TR3's, three Jaguars, two DKW's, two Hillmans, a Borgward, and MGA, an Anglia, a Plymouth, a Sun-

beam, a Nash, and a Zodiac.

What happened? Well, the official map of the rally route contained an error. Drivers were told to take a certain road, then they were penalized for doing so. Harried rally officials decided to wipe out all the penalties that came up because of the mistake, opening the door for the biggest mass win in rally history.


In 1958 the winning car was a Volvo. In 1959 a non-Canadian won for the first time when Homer Trotter, an American, placed first in a Saab. A Riley won in 1960 when a record 92 cars finished the course in near-perfect weather conditions.

The Canadian Winter Rally continued to grow in prestige and importance. In 1961 there were 13 manufacturers' teams, 12 club teams and three teams entered by automobile dealers, in addition to more than a hundred privately driven and navigated cars.

For the next few years the weather remained gentle and a high percentage of entrants reached the finish line.

Then, in 1965, the Canadian winter gave another taste of what it could do. The weather came up ice. Torrents of rain fell on snow-packed roads and froze. Cars skittered into snowbanks, sideswiped trees, slithered down hillsides and slammed their fenders into guard rails. Twenty-three tired teams reached the finish line. The ice put another 117 teams out of action.

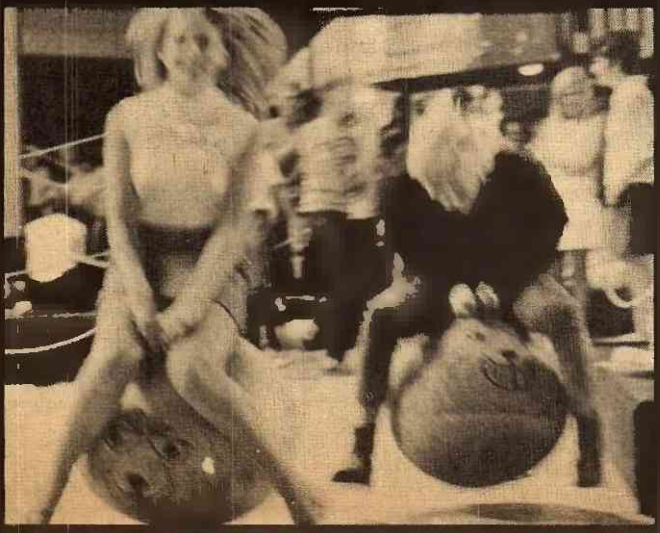
What makes a top rally driver and navigator team? Skill, brains, courage, common sense, careful preparation and a good deal of resourcefulness and mechanical ability.

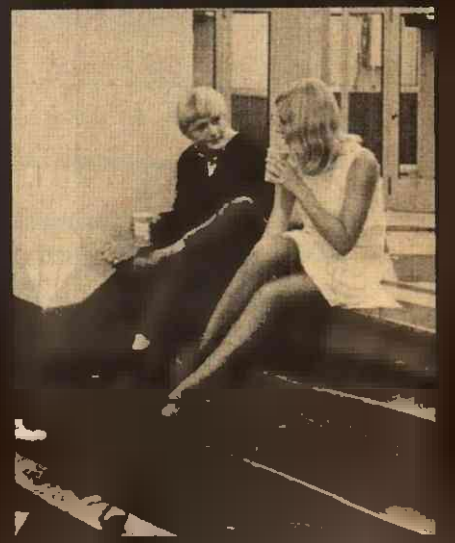
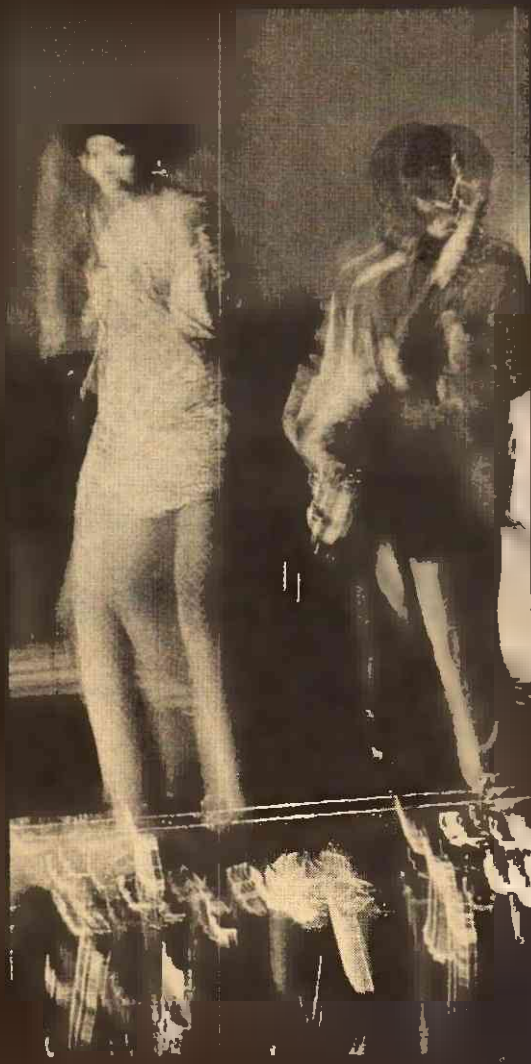
Or, as veteran rally competitor Chuck Stockey puts it: "Top rally drivers are perfectionists. To win the Canadian Winter Rally you have to be almost perfect on navigating, on driving and on preparation — then you have to be lucky, as well." 



TIME BEING AGENT ON YOUTH

The CNE's pop-your-eyes, blast-your-ears and blow-your-mind whacky world of youth leaves CB's reporter Clarke Wallace slightly shook up but still gurgling happily. *Story begins on page 18.*





Mistassinni River Expedition

From the journal of Michel Landry



We left Ottawa on the afternoon of August 2nd, 1967, for Chibougamau, the end of the line for commercial passenger travel in Quebec.

In this gold and copper mining town we met the truck and driver we had hired to take us the last 112 miles of gravel road — to the very end of the road in Quebec! We collected three canoes which had previously been sent by rail to Chibougamau, and then set out along the very good but dusty road to the Temiscamie River. . . .

As we watched the truck pull away we felt a certain apprehension and emptiness, coupled with a peace of mind from our environment, all the while knowing

that our survival depended on ourselves, our resourcefulness and our ability to cope with the situations. . . .

That night we made camp on what turned out to be an old campsite, where we found the remains of three small log buildings. I have tentatively concluded that they were the wintering quarters of a small group possibly travelling from Quebec City or Lake St. John to Rupert House, sometime during the last century, and forced to winter at this point by the early onset of snow.

Early that evening, before supper was ready and with no water on the fire, we suddenly noticed three Indians slowly and silently drifting by in their canoe,

with paddles resting on the gunwales, and eyeing us with expectation. We let them drift by without saying a word. About 500 feet past our campsite, much to our disapproval, they shattered the stillness of the wilderness by starting a small outboard motor! They were soon gone into the distance. . . .

For three days we travelled up the Temiscamie River, a slow-moving, sandy-bottomed body of water, until we reached the portage leading from the river to Kawwachigamaui Lake. In the process we passed from the deciduous tree-line and entered into spruce. . . .

We set up the PRT-20 radio and tried to get through to the Domtar Company,

Landry's 87-page report of this six-man expedition into the wilds of northern Quebec calls for little comment from us. Following are edited excerpts from this colorful, down-to-earth narrative written by the group's leader after the trip. The six participants in this Canadian adventure were Michel Lan-

dry, 27, of Ottawa and Montreal; David Beevis, 27, an Englishman living in Montreal; and four Ottawa boys: Eric Taada, 17; Michael Whalley, 15; Christopher Johnson, 15, and Donald Barber, 15. They all made it back — but how they made it is a stranger-than-fiction story you won't be able to put down until you've finished reading it!

250 miles to the south. On batteries, our output was low and our signal strength correspondingly weak over such a distance. Nonetheless, we could hear the distant Domtar stations nattering back and forth asking one another who was trying to get through to whom. We could hear them quite clearly but they were having a hard time reading us. Eventually their patrol aircraft broke in and advised them that he could hear us clearly but distantly, and he kindly relayed our message for us.

It had become obvious that we wouldn't be able to keep to the transmission schedule we had set up with Domtar. . . .

We soon ran into fast water and found as we went along that it was easier to get out and walk the canoes up the current than to portage. Blazing a portage in the dense underbush would have been tedious and we would have lost time.

We unofficially named the stream the Montgomery River, in honor of Dr. Don Montgomery of Ottawa, who was of great service to us in securing most of our equipment. Procedures have been initiated in Quebec City to have this name officially accepted by the Quebec government. . . .

All in all, it took us three days of real sweat and hard work to travel the 12 miles from Temiscamie Lake to Coldwater Lake, so that our arrival there in the early evening of August 10th was cause for rejoicing.

We carried on through one more lake and reached the height of land between the Hudson's Bay and Atlantic Ocean watersheds. This was also the end of the Mistassinni Reserve. We had reached this point in eight days of travel. . . .

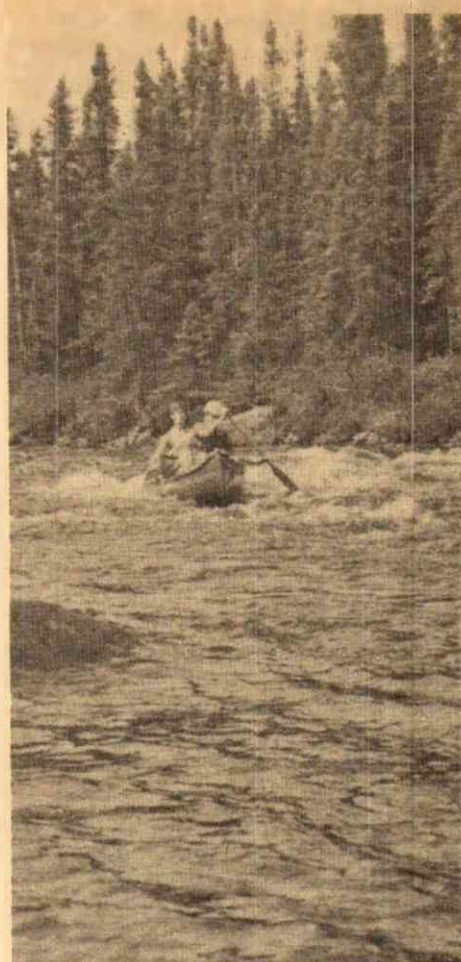
Morning, August 12th, after portaging the last of our equipment and personal gear. We stood at the very top of the watershed. There we attached side by side to a spruce a Canadian flag and an Expo 67 flag in honor of our country and of our international exhibition. Beneath them we hung a Centennial pennant and an Ottawa pennant in honor of

the year and of our home city and point of departure. Then, standing with arms linked, we sang *O Canada* and *God Save the Queen* followed by Bobby Gimby's Centennial song *Ca-na-da* while Eric, Dave, or I took photographs. We then warmly shook hands, congratulating one another on our achievement. . . .

When we started our downhill run we expected to gain time and to get ahead of our schedule. But there were so many rapids that had to be tracked or lined that we had a time just keeping to the schedule. . . .

We tried once again to get through (by radio) to the Domtar people to the south of us but, whereas we had managed to establish contact on several other occasions, this time we could get only static.

Rapids became longer, more ferocious and at times very narrow, yet all the while the lads kept cool and calculated every move with skill and accuracy. It had been accepted, at the beginning of our descent of the Mistassinni River, that I would be the first to negotiate all waters at all times, so as to chart the best route down for those to follow. The fact that my canoe was of aluminum as opposed to canvas and Fiberglas, for Chris and Michael respectively, was a great asset in tackling some of those boiling rapids! *Continued next page*



Top right: two of the voyageurs thread their way through a tricky section of a wilderness river. Center: Typical set of rapids — the group encountered dozens of stretches like this — and shot most of them! Right: Trying to establish contact with the outside by radio — until it broke down!


**Adventures
in Canada**

Shortly after noon this same day, August 15th, we entered a longer and more difficult rapid than usual. Half-way down it we saw the grotesque carcass of a third canoe, its back broken in two, suspended on a huge boulder in the middle of the rapids. A chill went up and down my spine as we manoeuvred around that boulder! . . . We then beached our canoe to wait for the others.

Chris and Eric came down very well until they reached a point between the big boulder and the shore. Here they "hung up" on a rock and came to a grinding standstill. This in itself was not dangerous, but Michael and Don had already started their run down and couldn't stop. Nor could Chris and Eric float their canoe in time to clear a path before Michael and Don reached them. Then the catastrophe happened.

Michael and Don were cut off. In trying to accomplish a miracle by slipping between Chris and Eric and the boulder, they crashed broadside into it and overturned. Immediately packs broke away and were washed downstream. Some went only a few yards before sinking. Others floated all the way down to where Dave and I were. Dave made frantic grabs for the packs and managed to recover some of the equipment.

Meanwhile, I darted back along the shore to help the others. As I reached them my heart sank, when I saw the damage incurred by the Fiberglas canoe. There were two great gashes in the hull, at right angles to one another. Although unholed, the Fiberglas structure had been severely weakened. . . .

We were extremely fortunate that the canoe's back had not been broken. . . .

It transpired that we had lost our Fiberglas repair kit in the upset. We also lost a hatchet, three tumplines, a dozen candles, blanket pins and a host of other items. But most concerning of all was the loss of all our tinned meat, bacon, sausages, ham loaf — which had been in another pack. Michael had lost his trousers, his heavy shoes and his sweater, all of which had been riding loose in the canoe. . . .

While walking back to our canoes, Eric and I spotted a general mess and some canvas on the opposite shore. I waded across and was astounded to find a host of abandoned equipment lying about, as well as six wannigans

(wooden cases). Upon investigating the wannigans I found that two of them were filled with food. We also found an axe and large quantities of clothing. The most amazing part was that we were able to re-outfit Michael from head to foot, including a fleeced-lined hooded sweatshirt, and leather boots, all of which were an almost perfect fit!

The finding of such supplies in the wilderness, precisely at the moment when we needed them is, I think, phenomenal bordering on the uncanny. . . .

We brought all our canoes and equipment across the river to the find and, while the wet gear was put out to dry, Dave readied the fiber canoe for emergency repairs while I cooked lunch.

We heated several rocks on the fire and when these were hot enough we carried them to the damaged canoe, put them on the cracks and dried the material in preparation for repairs. After extracting the last few drops of Ambroid cement from a tube we had found, Dave spread this into the cracks. He even mixed a bit of flour with it. Then he covered both cracks with wide sticky tape on the outside of the canoe and, using a small container of white enamel paint found on the site, he painted over the lot. On the inside of the canoe we poured molten candle wax into the cracks to finish off the job, and left the whole thing to dry and set while we ate lunch. . . .

Strangely enough, at one small set of rapids, I noticed what looked like signs of a portage. . . . I decided that since we were there we would take it, but the lads weren't in agreement with this. . . . My philosophy was that portages were there for a purpose and therefore we would portage this one. . . .

The first part of the portage was easy and we went around another former Indian campsite. We also began to hear deep rumbling water noises. The portage went down a steep bank, across a frigid stream and up to the opposite bank. The air here was very thick, moist and cool. The rumbling sounds changed to a fantastic roar as we made our way through thick shrubbery for the last third of a mile. We set our canoes down among the rocks by the shore and, on turning around, we were face to face with a gigantic 50-foot waterfall spewing foaming waters through two narrow

gorges. The sight stunned us all and shook us up considerably. . . .

About a half-mile down another set of rapids I stood up and looked behind me to see how the others were doing. It seemed to me that Chris' and Eric's heads were not at the level they should have been. My heart sank when I realized that they had had their turn at going over!

According to Chris, later, they had been sucked into the big standing waves. The first one had swamped them. The second one had flipped them over.

I hollered to Dave to head for shore. . . . I peered back and could see Chris riding his overturned canoe down the rapids like a bucking horse! He had also grabbed two packs and, although they were waterlogged and heavy, he refused to let go of them, all the while clinging to his overturned craft. Eventually he lost the air pocket trapped under the canoe and, in order to give it a better chance in the rapids among the rocks, he slid off and fended for himself in the current. . . .

The canoe itself was a sight: half of one gunwhale was lost and the bow had taken quite a battering, particularly near the deck where it had been holed. But the canvas was still sound and the canoe seaworthy. . . .

Eric lost his expensive camera in the upset, but what distressed him most was that the film in the camera was by far the best of the trip, and he had lost it. . . .

We had lost yet another food pack, this one containing the remainder of our tinned goods.

We were three days behind schedule, two people's personal and sleeping gear was soaking wet, and it was raining, so we had no prospects of drying things out before nightfall. . . .

I studied the map carefully and realized that the first ranger cabin we were to reach was 16 miles farther on and we were to have reached it the following day. It was already close to six p.m. We had no choice; we had to reach the cabin that night, and warmth and shelter for Chris and Eric. . . .

It felt truly wonderful to have a roof over our heads, a solid floor under our feet and a good stove to keep us warm. . . .

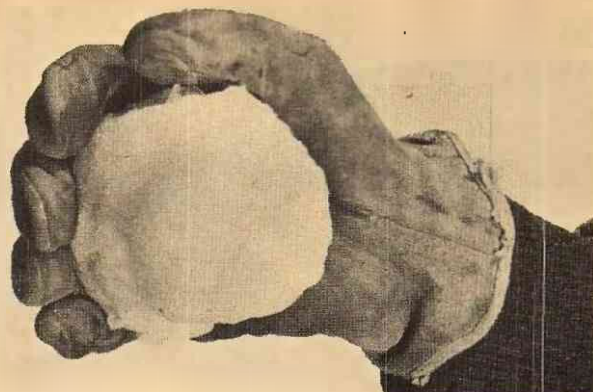
It was now August 22nd, and we were still three days behind schedule.

Continued on page 25

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST SNOWBALL

and how it grew

How do you make the world's biggest snowball? First, you make a little one, like this. Then you just roll it for a while. Pretty



soon it'll be as big as the one on this month's cover. Then you keep rolling it and rolling it until at last, it looks like this. Two problems — finding a hill long enough, and the fact that civilization keeps getting in the way. Better try Ungava or Baffin Island if you hope to make a big one.

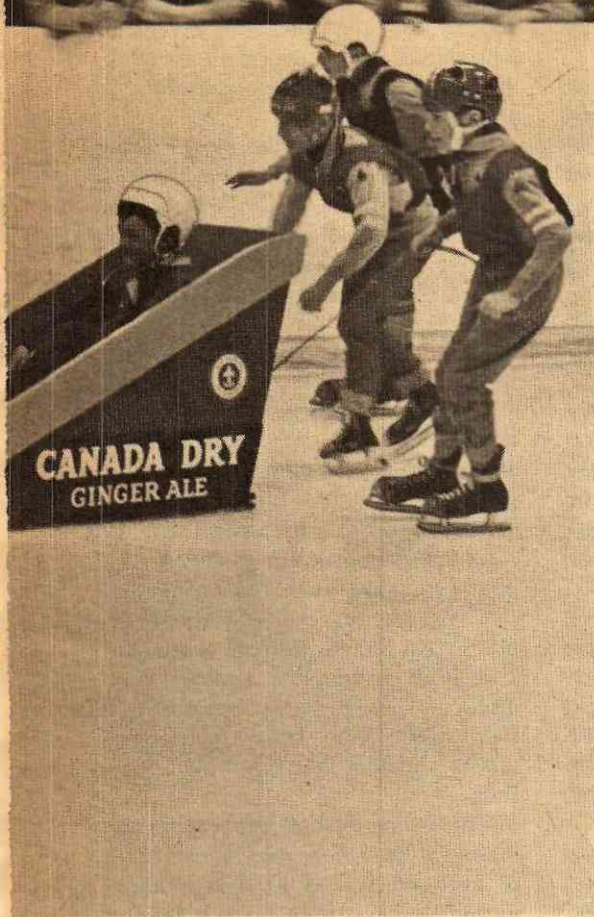
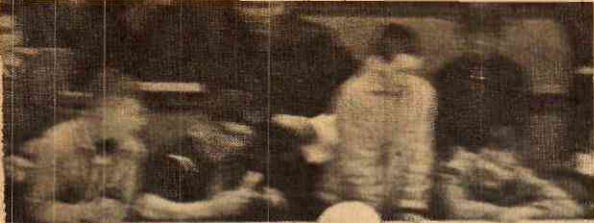




The Kamotik Jamboree saw nearly 500 Cubs and Scouts competing in wild ice races with a new team spirit!

SCOUTS ON SKATES





Last year's Cub and Scout Kamotik Ice Jamboree in Edmonton was a bang-up success. It had become a reality because the boys wanted it. There was plenty of support from Group Committee people and uniformed leaders, but the happening itself was possible because something like 500 boys turned out for the races.

A kamotik is an open Eskimo dogsled. In the Scout version of the kamotik, the huskies and the mushers are on skates, hauling and steering the sled on ice. In a race, it leads to spills, thrills, and peak excitement.

Spirit was keen. And the fans loved it. The organizers and the boys who took part in the races felt the jamboree should become an annual city-wide event.

In the finals, 54 teams competed. That meant 432 boys were actually racing, plus spares and stand-by members. Add two Cub packs and a Scout troop for the opening ceremonies, the Color Party, another Cub pack selling programs, the clowns, and the number of participants easily tops 500.

What's fun about a kamotik race? It's fast. It's furious. It's sweaty, strenuous exercise, and it's noisy. It's exciting. And it's great for just blowing off steam!





TIME BEING AGENT ON YOUTH

Continued from page 11

All it took was about three or four small, medium or large steps into the huge, bulky building in Toronto's exhibition park to make you realize that something was really in the air. But what was it?

That something was a pulsating, ear-deafening frenetic bash called Time Being, an extravaganza of sights and sounds and images which set it apart from the usual world of the Canadian National Exhibition — and gave young people a thing of their own.

Frenetic might sound too harsh — that is until you walked in through the front door, paid the admission, fee, then found yourself just out of this world. You were funnelled into a small room that hit you like a ton of bricks, lashing out at you with brilliant throbbing flashes that gave movement a funny old-fashioned quality of interrupted direction, like the old silent films.

This room, according to the public relations release for Time Being, was the conditioning area before you stepped into Time Being proper, which was designed by young people, constructed by young people — and run by them too.

Confused? Let's drop the clichés and say simply that the exhibition's automotive building was turned into a place to show young people what in the world's going on for them. The building itself was divided chiefly into three areas: the commercial section where companies showed their wares designed for the youth trade; the Village Bazaar where artists, painters, café owners, flower makers and even body painters were found, and the entertainment section of flashing lights and bombardments of sounds to loosen the mind.

And it all began with this small conditioning room. It was a boxlike area, covered in aluminum foil where these bright strobe lights battered at

you as you walked to the exit 15 feet away. And what was the effect?

Just as Dave Storey and his date Kim Sunnen strode happily through the front door and pushed their way into this room, it hit them.

"Man, I have never seen anything like it!" said Dave, as he emerged from the exit a few minutes later. "It gives you the funniest sensation. You sort of jerk along and bump into others and forget where you are going. And talk about the eyeballs — I thought mine would pop right out!"

That's how it felt, emotionally. Technically, and to put it into words that even I can understand, it is like being in a room when a camera's flashbulb goes off. Only in this case the silvery walls serve to exaggerate the result. However this goes on incessantly, leaving great gaps of brightness interjected with quick spaces of darkness.

Therefore everyone in the room seems to be moving in a jerky, erratic fashion. As Kim exclaimed, "My head just whirled around. I could see all these grinning faces bouncing all over. It was really crazy! And if David hadn't led me out through the exit, I'd probably still be in there!"

If this is the introduction to our new computerized, electronic, slap-happy world, then it is only a hint, because later in an enormous curtained-off portion of the building, wild lights and such goings on are thrown at you along with strange electric sounds that blurt at you, scream and whisper at you, while giant screens bounce an endless series of designs at you and photographs click away just over the bandstand.

And that is Time Being in a nutshell. Or, as the press release said, "a multi-media show for contemporary youth — a gigantic mixture of sound, light, color, and excitement."

As this brief, to-the-point explanation does little to excite my imagination, it might be best to give you a general rundown on what made up Time Being and from time to time see how David and Kim are getting along — if we don't lose them in the crowd, or in the pulsating lights.

It may be difficult to imagine that the entire building (and you could have a couple of football games going on inside without running into each other's interference) could be turned over to things young and imaginative, but that's what happened. And it is not that the young are incapable of

running such a show, but rather that they could find powers-that-be who would let them do it.

There it was. Everywhere you looked young people were in charge of exhibits, selling their own art work, boutiques, little cafés — you name it, it was there.

"What struck me the most," Dave Storey said later, "apart from the wild music and sounds, were the kids. The place was packed with them! It was as though adults didn't exist." Then he smiled. "Not that I have anything against adults, but it truly was a world of our own, you know what I mean?"

So much was going on that it is almost impossible to explain Time Being without taking it a section at a time.

We'll begin with the main floor, the commercial end of things. Every display was aimed at the young market. For instance, musical instruments exhibits that didn't just sit there and look back at you, but jumped, man. There were musicians attached to these instruments, from electric guitars to anything that would pick up a tune.

Get two or three of those lively exhibits within a hop, skip and a jump of each other, and it's one hundred percent bedlam! Mentally mix in with this a radio station broadcasting at the top of its lungs — and you can imagine the chaos.

Add the dash of a fashion show nearby, also competing for some hearing space, plus a fencing display, an underwater show, and many many other happenings, and you have a real bash.

Then throw in go-karts, mini-motorcycle exhibits, live makeup demonstrations, and modelling school booths, and that gives you some idea of how things were on the move.

Now for the second section, the Village Bazaar, located on the second floor which, as Dave Storey said, "looked as though color had been added with a hose."

It was color beyond belief! "We were trying to create a noisy hustling bustling bazaar like you might find in India or France or anywhere in the world," a public relations man said. "And I think we've achieved it. Just look around you." We did. And somewhere in all that confusion, he disappeared.

Again it's hard not to underesti-
Continued on page 27

Grooming

Having ranged all over the place from hair styles to sweaters and trousers, it may be a good time for us to look at the base of things, the feet.

No matter how well groomed you are, if any single element speaks out about your approach to your appearance, it is your shoes. Not only the style you choose to wear, but whether those shoes are clean and neat, or battered and scuffy.

It goes almost without saying that a little care makes shoes last longer and look better. But my real purpose is to give you some information about what's coming up in the styling of shoes to help guide you when new shoes are on your shopping list.

The Footwear Bureau of Canada, for example, says men's footwear has taken on great fashion significance as a result of the happenings in the men's fashion industry in the past few years.

Variety is the rule in your choice of shoes for 1968 and '69. With your jackets and slacks and suits cut in a wide range from bright-colored cloths to sombre shades, in bold checked patterns or subtle checks, stripes and plains, some changes are obvious. Trousers are slim, and more and more of them are cuffless.

Against this background, men's shoe designers have been inspired with a whole new approach to design. The result is that you are liberated from the traditionally conservative shoe choices. There's more color, variety in leathers, new detailing for you to think about and choose from.

Shoes are masculine in appearance. Pointed toes are out. The "in" thing now is the square or rounded toe. And you'll be properly groomed for school or a party in slip-ons which are available in dressy styles as well as in sporty designs.

The brogue is important in a sort of demi-boot, and you can be well dressed in boots which are coming on strong, also.

You'll also be right if you let yourself enjoy ornaments on your shoes, items like buckles, tassels and hand-stitched trim.

Your next area of interest should be color. From rich golden tans to dark browns and olive tones, and if it

co-ordinates with the rest of your wardrobe, it is right.

Even the finishing of the leather offers you a chance to make your grooming sharper. Some are smooth; there are antiqued effects (brown in which there's a hint of black — very smart), and bold grained leather for the rugged look. Suedes in colors ranging from beige to olive green are popular for leisure times.

If you're a grooming conscious young man, and there's nothing conformist or weak about good grooming, color, shape, and texture should harmonize from head to toe. You must dress with the "total look" as the experts term it.

If you do dress this way, you'll find yourself feeling 'better. There's something about looking in a mirror and seeing yourself neat and presentable, rather than scruffy and slightly disreputable.

In its simplest terms, that's what good grooming is about.

By Gord Allen

Sports

Are there any fat Boy Scouts in Canada? I ask because I'm curious. I used to be a fat Boy Scout who grew up to be a fat sportswriter, and I'm not particularly proud of it.

I now spend most of my working hours watching professional athletes: the best hockey, football and baseball players the world produces. And the only thing I'm in shape to do is pound a typewriter.

When I was a Scout, there was plenty of emphasis on games, but physical fitness was something practised by a dedicated few. Today we are hearing more and more about fitness; not just being fit to catch a football, or hit a baseball, or shoot a puck, but all-over fitness.

Two quick examples come to mind. Carl Yazstrzanski of the Boston Red Sox and professional golfer George Knudson.

Yaz, an established star, two years ago was told by a physical education expert that he was in terrible shape. Yaz listened, went onto a winter program to develop his entire body and wound up leading his team into the World Series. He also won the home-run, runs-batted-in and hitting titles

and was consequently voted Most Valuable Player in the American League.

And George Knudson, a 150-pound strip of determination, was a fairly successful golfer until he met Lloyd Percival. Percival, a fitness expert, took Knudson under his wing with astonishing results. After a series of weight-lifting and isometric exercises, Knudson rejoined the tour and won two consecutive tournaments.

He now weighs over 170 pounds, regularly outlifts football players twice his size and has plans to spend five months away from golf developing himself even further.

Both men have admitted that previously they had been in shape only to play their particular sport, and they feel far better physically now than ever before.

In hockey, overall fitness means fewer injuries. Proof is available from the Minnesota North Stars of the National Hockey League, who last year asked Lloyd Percival to help them train for their first season. Percival's program resulted in the North Stars having fewer injuries than any other NHL team.

This fall, when Toronto Maple Leafs went to camp, they were greeted by Jim Gebhardt and Wally Travis, physical education officers from the Royal Military College, Kingston. These men had hundreds of exercises designed to strengthen every muscle, improve muscle tone, increase and benefit circulation and generally provide a fitter group of athletes for coach Punch Imlach.

On my way to work at 6 a.m., I see many businessmen, clad in sweatsuits, jogging through the early-morning darkness, knowing that they must spend eight hours each day seated at a desk. Recently a man told me he runs five miles each day. He says he is ridiculed for it, but adds that he has never felt better.

The point of all this is that young people shouldn't have to wait until they are older before sampling the benefits of physical health. Regular exercise, begun early in life, becomes a habit hard to break.

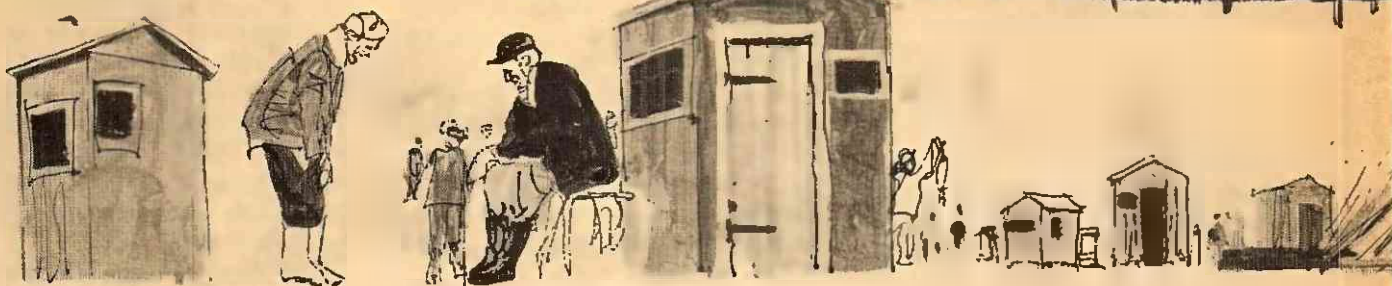
Years ago, hockey players retired early. Now, men like Johnny Bower, Allan Stanley, Glenn Hall, Ted Lindsay, Dickie Moore and Sir Stanley Matthews are proving that if you're fit you can play well into your late thirties and early forties.

By Paul Dulmage

THE ABC'S OF ICE FISHING

BY JEROME J. KNAP

For the hardier outdoors types, ice fishing offers a really cool pastime. It's not easy on you but it's fairly simple and requires no expensive gear.



Fishing through the ice is not a new sport. Indians were doing it long before Jacques Cartier spent his first winter in Canada. Ice fishing is a simple sport in which very little money needs to be invested. It requires only simple homemade fishing tackle, an ice chisel to cut out the ice, a simple kitchen strainer to remove slush ice from the hole, warm winter boots and clothing, and perhaps a sheet of canvas or some plastic sheeting to use for a windbreak.

True, elaborate fishing huts, snowmobiles for rapid and easy transportation around a lake, and expensive ice augers are used by many ice fishermen but they are just luxuries which aren't really needed.

There are two basic fishing methods: with an artificial lure which is jigged up and down beneath the ice, or bait fishing with a hand-held rod or a tipup. First consideration should be given to the required equipment. A device called a tipup is frequently used for fishing with live or fresh bait. There are a great many plans for tipups, but the simplest ones are best. One of the simplest consists of a crossbar much like a seesaw. The line is attached to one end and when the fish bites it pulls one end down and the other up. The tipup is then tipped up. Hence its name.

Tipups can be purchased for about two dollars each, but most of us make our own. Those of you who are studying industrial arts in school will find that making a tipup is simple. Scrap but sturdy lumber, some hand tools and a bit of time is all that it takes.

Many fishermen prefer to use a hand-held rod instead of a tipup, even when they're fishing with live

or fresh bait. Ice fishing rods made of steel can be purchased for two to four dollars. However, again most of us prefer to make our own.

The simplest is a stout piece of bamboo about three feet long with the line wound around it. An old steel casting rod can be cut to about a three-foot length, and that's all there is to it. It even has a handle!

I also make ice fishing rods from old hockey sticks, but any other piece of stout lumber with about the same dimensions will do just as well. Cut the hockey stick to about three feet in length. Into one end screw in a sturdy eye screw or eye bolt. In the middle of the stick hammer in two finishing nails about 10 inches apart. Around these two nails you will wind your line, which will be threaded through the eye of the screw.

You notice nothing has been said about reels. There are some simple ice fishing reels available but even these, like the guides on regular fishing rods, have the bad habit of freezing up when the water from the line drips into them. Since the only purpose of these reels is to hold the line, not help in fighting the fish, they are not really needed.

The other fishing tackle is also simple. A hundred feet of 10- to 20-pound test black braided fishing line is adequate for most lakes. A box of various sized hooks and a few split-shot sinkers will complete the outfit for the bait fisherman. It is important that the hooks be the right size for your quarry. Small hooks such as No. 8 are fine for smelt, tommycod or whitefish, while No. 2 hooks are good for large trout, pike or walleye.

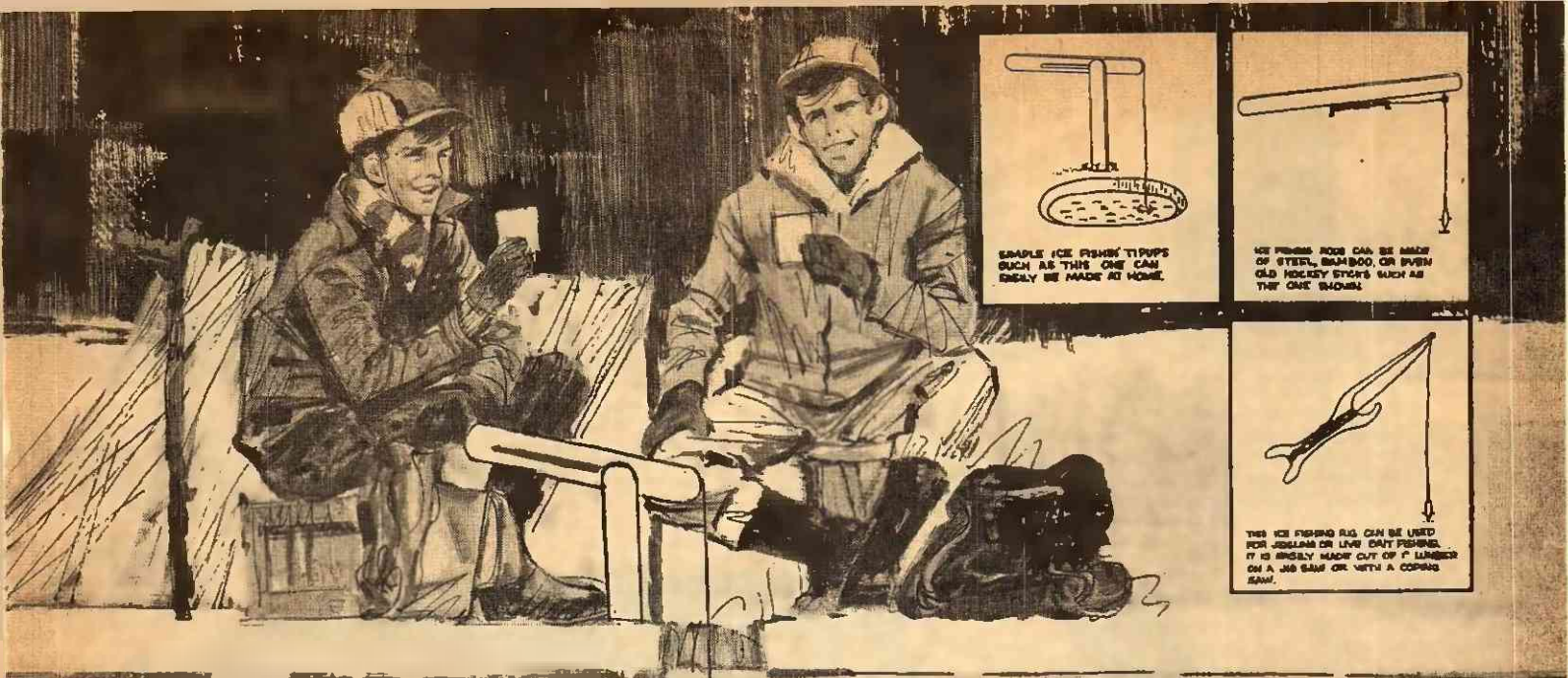
If you do not want to use live bait,

you can use a jig. This is an artificial lure made especially for ice fishing. There are a great many of these on the market. They can be weighted spinners, chromed jigs, bucktail jigs, wet flies and plastic replica baits. They cost from less than a dollar to almost two dollars each. My preference runs to the ones with a chrome or silver finish. Again the kind of fish you are after will determine the lure size. The jigs of about an inch to an inch-and-a-half long are the right size for bluegills, yellow perch, and other pan fish. Lures of two inches and larger are for pike or trout.

Next to the fishing tackle, the most important tool is the ice chisel. Of course, an axe can be used but it is not really satisfactory. You can buy an ice chisel for less than ten dollars but it is much cheaper to make one or have one made.

First, a round bar of one-inch to 1¼-inch steel about five feet long is required. You can buy this in a scrap yard for a dollar or two at the most. One end of this bar is heated with a blowtorch or in a forge and flattened on an anvil to form the blade. The blade is then sharpened with a file or on a grinder. For those of you in machine shop classes this is no sweat. However, most of us aren't that lucky and we'll have to get the job done at a local machine or blacksmith shop. The ice chisel I had made for me, last winter, cost a dollar-and-a-half for the forging and grinding.

The way to begin a day of ice fishing is simple. First, you must make certain the ice is safe! Slush ice is only half as strong as clear blue ice. Usually three inches of clear ice will hold a small group that is scattered,



EXAMPLE ICE FISHING TIPUPS SUCH AS THIS ONE CAN EASILY BE MADE AT HOME.

ICE FISHING RODS CAN BE MADE OF STEEL, BAMBOO, OR EVEN OLD HOCKEY STICKS SUCH AS THE ONE SHOWN.

THIS ICE FISHING ROD CAN BE USED FOR JOELING OR LIVE BAIT FISHING. IT IS USUALLY MADE OUT OF P LUMBER ON A JOB SAWN OR WITH A COBBING SAW.

while four-inch ice will support an even larger, concentrated, party of anglers. However, you should never go ice fishing without at least one level-headed companion.

When you've made certain the ice is safe, select a spot to dig your hole in the ice. If you don't know the lake, look where the other fishermen are fishing. Some of them are bound to know the better fishing locations. Look around, ask how their luck has been, and then dig your hole near the more successful ones, and start fishing. If there are no other fishermen on the lake, look around for old holes, and try there. If you know the lake, things are simpler. Each lake has some spots which hold more fish than others. There'll be underwater ledges, sunken logs, stumps, other debris, and weed beds. These spots offer protection for minnows and other small fish. Hence, they attract the game fish who are after an easy meal. These are the spots to fish.

Once you have your holes dug and your lines in the water, the chores should be divided among all members of your fishing party. One can watch the tipups while the others erect the windbreak, between two sturdy poles buried in the snow. If you are fishing in a more or less wilderness area, dry wood can be gathered for a fire. It might get chilly later on and you will want to have a hot meal!

The method of ice fishing depends on whether a jig or bait is used. Lower the jig to the bottom and, using a wrist action on your rod, twitch the jig so that it darts upwards five or six inches and then falls with a wobbling motion. After jigging directly off the bottom for a

while, you shorten your line and repeat the process. If you get no strikes, you continue to shorten your line and try jigging at various depths.

When you have hooked a fish, or at least get a strike, continue to jig at that level. Many fish such as yellow perch travel in schools, and there may be more of them down there. Several trout may occasionally travel together.

Bait fishing, either with a handheld rod or with tipups, is quite different from jigging. When fishing with a rod you must hold it or be close to it, so that you know when you have a bite. A tipup tips up when there is a bite, so you don't have to be as close to it.

Incidentally, in many provinces you can fish with more than one tipup at a time. You should read your province's ice fishing regulations, or ask your local conservation officer about this law before going out. Once you have the tipups you can sit by the fire or even skate around while waiting for action.

In bait fishing you must make sure the bait is visible at all times. Do not fish directly on the bottom where the bait will be hidden by weeds or debris.

Live minnows, especially, like to seek shelter if they can. If you are fishing several tipups close together, it is best to fish them at various

depths in order to determine what water level the fish prefer. If you get repeated bites at one level, then set your other tipups at the same level, so you can really get some action.

What are some good baits for ice fishing? The same ones you use during the spring or summer. Minnows are hard to beat. It is quite a bit of trouble to keep minnows alive during the winter, for the average ice fisherman. This leaves two alternatives. Near the more popular ice fishing waters, live minnows can be purchased, but they are rather expensive, as much as a dollar a dozen. The second choice is to use home-preserved minnows.

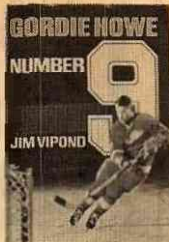
Dew worms make another good bait. I collect mine during the wet, warm nights of early fall and I keep them in a large wooden box full of earth, moss and decomposing leaves, down in my basement. Grubs from milkweed pods are also good bait, especially for bluegills.

Fresh liver or frozen smelts from the supermarket can also be good. When you have caught your first fish, the white belly or the intestines can be used for bait. For yellow perch, the eyes from the first fish are, at times, a deadly bait. Actually there are more ice fishing baits and more ways to get them than there are fleas on the average farm dog.

It's mostly your own ingenuity that will get you a prize fish!

Ice fishing is not an easy sport. It certainly is not for the armchair outdoorsman! However, even when the fish aren't biting, I find it far more fun than sitting in a stuffy living room watching television.

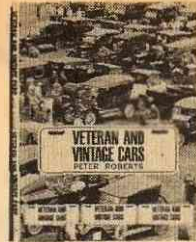
Why don't you give it a try? Maybe you'll agree.



GORDIE HOWE: No. 9

By Jim Vipond. Here is the candid biography of one of hockey's living legends. The reader will come to know Gordie Howe the sportsman, businessman and family man in this fascinating, illustrated account.

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By Peter Roberts. The magic of "ancient" cars is one which spellbinds young and old alike. This striking book with 37 pages of full colour photographs has a text which though non-technical is comprehensive. The Hamlyn Publishing Group (Canada) Ltd.

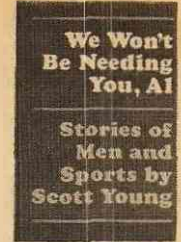
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CLARKE IRWIN \$4.50



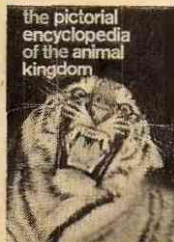
WE WON'T BE NEEDING YOU, AL

Stories of Men and Sports by Scott Young. These are the stories which are often left untold—about the athletes who never made it, and those on the way down. Tautly constructed and cleanly written, these nine tales are a delight to read.

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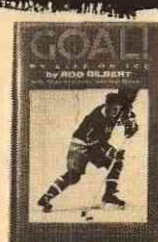
THOMAS ALLEN & SON \$8.50



THE MEN IN THE NETS

By Jim Hunt. This is the fascinating story behind hockey's tortured heroes—the goalkeepers of the N.H.L. Behind the bravado there often lies fear and an intense hatred of the job. These portraits of the personalities behind the padding are sure to thrill readers of all ages. Illustrated.

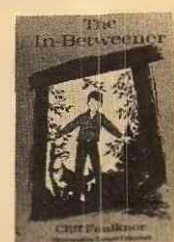
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By Rod Gilbert. The exciting story of one of America's top-rated ice hockey player's twenty-seven thrill-packed years. Also, for the amateur or young player, advice on how to play the game.

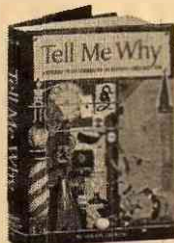
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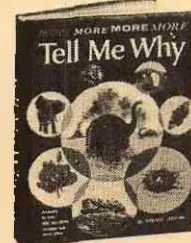
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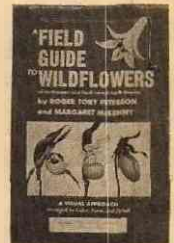
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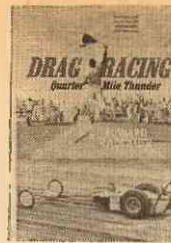
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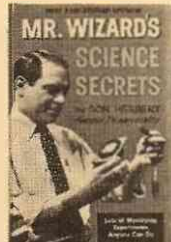
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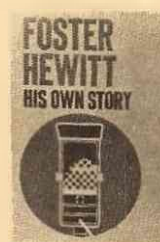
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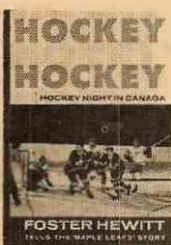
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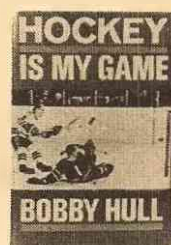
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By Bobby Hull. For hockey fans of any age here is Bobby Hull's own book of Hockey tips—how to watch and how to play Canada's favourite sport. And, Bobby tells about his own life with hockey in special autobiographical sections. Action photographs.

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BOBBY HULL

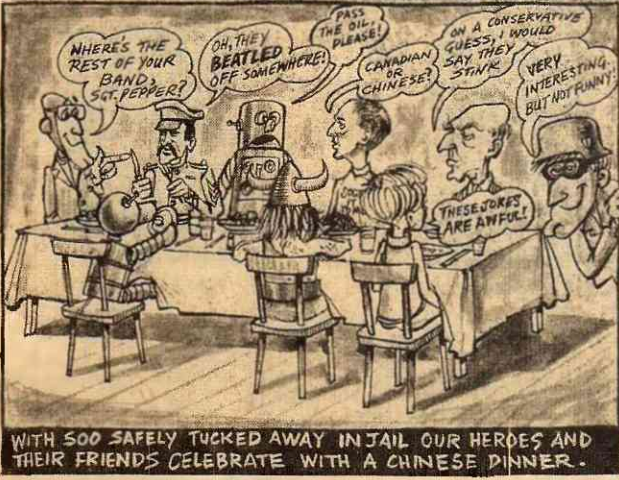
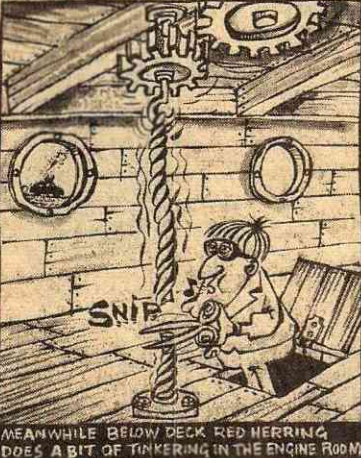
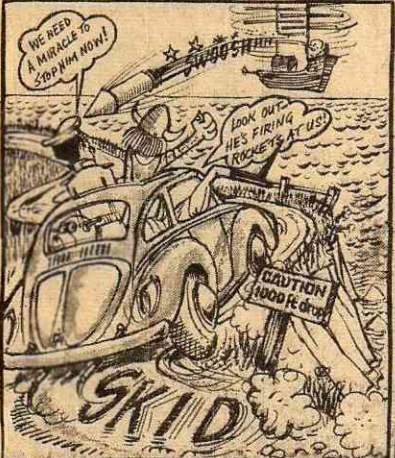
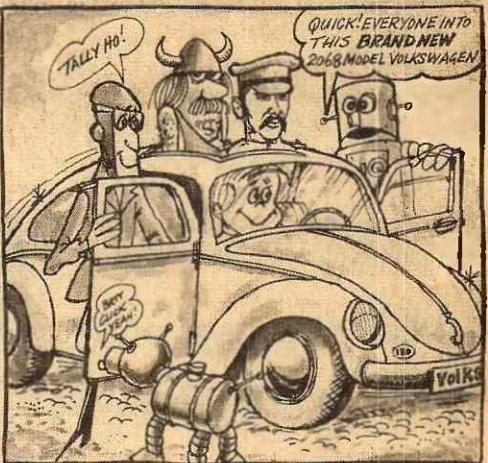
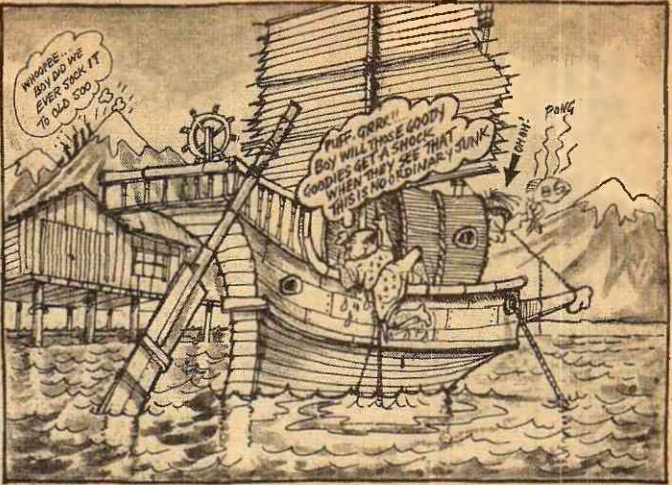
By Jim Hunt. This dynamic story of the most celebrated player in the N.H.L. reveals the many sides of Bobby Hull—athlete, businessman and family man. Illustrated.

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2068 AD OTTO Matic

BY VIC ATKINSON

OUR HEROES HAVE SEIZED CONTROL OF SOO GUY WON TON'S MOUNTAIN STRONG-HOLD AND SWITCHED OFF THE OXONIUM MACHINERY. BUT SOO HAS SLIPPED AWAY IN THE JOY OF THE MOMENT OF VICTORY, BABBLING ABOUT SOME OLD CHINESE JUNK. SO WHILE OTTO AND HIS FRIENDS CELEBRATED, THE ASIATIC FLEW! PHEWW!



MISTASSINNI

Continued from page 14

We were supposed to finish the trip on the 24th but I couldn't see how we would possibly do this! Nonetheless, we had to try. We were perilously short on food supplies!

We were once again on the river by 1.30 p.m. and we went non-stop until the evening. We encountered only one fairly large set of rapids, the last one of the trip. But after what we had been through, it was mere child's play. We gained a day-and-a-half in just under seven hours' paddling!

I awoke at six the next morning, August 23rd, and everyone was up and organized by 6.15.

We soon passed the Rivière a la Truite, on the west side of the Mistassinni, and I knew we were in the home stretch. . . .

We pushed on to Barrière Gervais, our journey's end. We reached the dock by four o'clock and, while the others unpacked the canoes for the last time, I went up to ranger's office to advise him of our arrival. I advised the Ministry by radio that we had returned safely from our trip and thanked them for their help and cooperation. . . .

At eight o'clock the next morning we pulled into Montreal station and the sudden thrust of city noises upon our ears became almost unbearable. . . . Dressed as we were, we were quite a sight and attracted many an inquisitive stare, grubby, our clothes all wrinkled, and sheath knives hanging from our belts.

We arrived back in Ottawa at 10.30 a.m., twenty-four hours ahead of schedule and twenty-two days after having left. . . .

Despite many hardships and the upsets with consequential loss of food and equipment, and despite the fact that the transition from the wilderness to civilization was much too rapid, I must term this trip a complete success. . . .

These youths showed superb strength of character as well as enormous physical endurance. They have proven to me that today's youth is not necessarily lazy, weak-willed, or soft. . . .

I am very grateful to all those who have contributed their time and efforts toward the fulfilment of this year's expedition. **Michel Landry**

Books

Home is the North (Clarke, Irwin, \$3.25) by Walt Morey is the vivid story of a 15-year-old boy who goes to live in Alaska. He runs into a number of adventures and misadventures that spell out in no uncertain terms the dangers — and the beauty — of the North.

John Grierson's *Heroes of the Polar Skies* (Heinemann, \$4.50) is the work of an expert on aviation and a man who has been crash-landed and lost in the Arctic. In this book, he tells you about seven pioneers of polar exploration from the air. He knows, first-hand, what drove them on in their perilous careers.

Eiger Direct (Collins, \$7.95) by Peter Gillman and Dougal Haston, is a big book about a big subject: mountaineering. The Eiger is not considered particularly high by the sure-footed experts, but its forbidding North Face presents one of mountaineering's greatest challenges. Nearly 30 men have died trying to climb it and the last one, John Harlin, fell 4,000 feet to his death. This is an exciting account of that soul-crushing assault on the deadly North Face, the last great challenge in the Alps.

The Stars Tonight by John and Cathleen Polgreen (Fitzhenry & Whiteside, \$4.95) is more than just a book to read. You can take it with you when you go to enjoy the clear night outdoors, and it will help you discover galaxies, nebulae, constellations, and double stars. Key charts for



"I asked him to choose between me and his new car. . . ."

each month guide you straight to the stars you want to identify.

Beyond Apollo by Jeff Sutton (Longmans, \$4.75) is science fiction, a swift and fascinating space drama just one technical step beyond reality. The characters show the courage, humor and daring men will need in real life to carry us through the present-day barriers and on into the Space Age. The author is an editorial consultant in the aerospace field.

By Morocco Bound

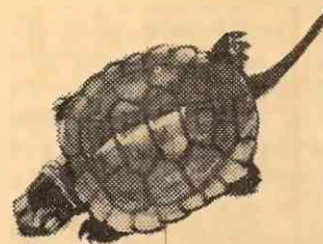
A BOOK OF REPTILES AND AMPHIBIANS

Charles Paul May

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John Crosby

A useful and informative guide for boys and girls presenting 28 common North American amphibians and reptiles.

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ANOTHER FIRST!

For the first time ever, a national conference will be planned and conducted by Venturers, for Venturers, during June, 1969. Ottawa, the nation's capital, will be the host city for 250 invited delegates representing every province, territory and overseas region. Guest delegates may also be invited from the U.S. and Britain. Watch for further details!

Off the Record

Detroit is having problems. The two major industries are motors and Motown. The motors and the bodies that surround them are under fire for lack of safety. Motown is under fire for lack of sales.

Detroit's "Scope" magazine shows Motown didn't have one record in the top ten in 1967.

It's been suggested that Motown, home record company for such recording stars as Diana Ross and The Supremes, The Four Tops, and Martha Reeves and The Vandellas, hasn't kept up with the times, and psychedelic and blues music has taken over the scene.

Others say Motown artists have advanced but in doing so they've entered the white adult market, thus losing the combination of pop and soul that made them a success.

I favor the fact that Motown artists record one song and all their tunes follow the same line. The Supremes, with the possible exception of their original hit version of "You Keep Me Hanging On", have sounded the same on every record for the last three years.

The female trio tried some Broadway tunes and old songs, such as those included in the Rodgers and Hart album, trying to grab the adult market. However they displayed a deep fear of letting go of the youth market and as a result both adult night-clubbers and young record buyers are slowly but surely turning their heads from The Supremes completely.

Internal problems have plagued Motown also. The song writing team of Brian Holland, Lamont Dozier and Eddie Holland were slapped with a four-million-dollar lawsuit filed by Motown Records. They wrote every one of The Supremes' hits plus several other top Motown tunes.

The record company claims Holland, Dozier and Holland haven't produced any new songs since "late 1967" and Motown is mad. Other

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lawsuits, many against the company, sit in legal offices.

Disc jockeys claim Motown productions are weak. Deejays don't play poorly produced platters.

So it goes on and on. The world tries to figure out why one of the biggest companies in the music industry is quickly sliding into oblivion.

And there may lie the key. They are one of the biggest. Possibly too big.

The top car manufacturers are too big and as a result they started to produce unsafe cars. The public caught up with them and automobile manufacturers have revised their production code and are listening to the people who buy and sell their products.

Motown might do well to take notice.
By Mike Gormley

Careers

When we start to take a look at how occupations are classified in an organized way it is soon apparent that it's more involved than you might think.

First it must be determined why a classification of occupations is wanted. Then we have a basis for making distinctions. Let's take a look at some of the ways that have been used, then we can get a better idea of things that are considered in all kinds of careers.

The most common classification is made on the basis of the work to be done. This groups occupations according to the work done continuously or most frequently. For example, an electrician works with electrical installation, electrical maintenance or electrical equipment. This is the most widely used system because people are more concerned with what they do than any other thing about their jobs.

The two most frequently used references to job classification in this country use this as their major method. The two systems referred to are the "Occupational Classification Manual" (OCM) and the "Dictionary of Occupational Titles" (DOT) in the U.S.A. A word about these two books later.

In the meantime a few more methods that have been used for one purpose or another:

One is classification according to personal traits required for the occu-

patation. A moment's thought tells us that all people are not suited to all jobs. Some may not have the patience for repetitive assembly-line operations. Others may dread the thought of dealing with people as a salesman must do. The implications are endless.

Another classification groups occupations according to the "prestige" or "acceptance" given people in our society. None will deny the status of the medical doctor.

This method is closely related to another which classifies occupations according to income. Some remuneration comes in the form of salary or regular pay while others may be paid by fees, commissions, or on a piece-work basis.

Yet another method classifies occupations according to interests. Some people are interested in dealing with people and others prefer to work with things. Some insist on working outdoors while others prefer to be inside. Again, the possibilities are almost endless.

One classification attempts to suggest occupations which seem to relate well to various school subjects. Another describes occupations according to their life span — that is whether you can enter them young, and how long they last. It isn't hard to see that a professional athlete cannot last as long as a school teacher.

The two main systems used in Canada and the U.S.A. are governmental plans. In the United States the DOT lists more than 40,000 job titles and describes briefly the nature of the work. Further information is given in additional sections of the book, classifying industries and indicating worker traits for each occupation.

In Canada our authority is the OCM prepared by the Bureau of Statistics for each major census. The one in use now was prepared for the 1961 census and breaks down all occupations into thirteen major divisions.

Each major division is then subdivided and finally broken down once more into detailed titles. Each division and subdivision is numbered, and an alphabetical list is added for cross-reference.

A new volume is being prepared now for the next census. It is hoped it will be more permanent and more informative than the present one.

Next month we'll find out what an "occupational monograph" is, and how it can be used.

By Don McCullough

TIME BEING

Continued from page 18

mate the concentration of youth behind the whole show. The Bazaar was crammed with imaginative displays of art and paintings, hats and flowers, body painting and cafés. Against this were the shouts and laughter of the crowd mingled with the super salesmen hawking their wares.

And not all the goods were brought in to be sold. You could find artists working on small sculptures and paintings, or watch jewelry being made right on the spot — then buy it the moment it was finished — or even before the paint dried.

Body painting was applied while you waited. Girls were having little flowers painted colorfully on their pretty faces, or knees, or arms. "We'll paint anything you want on you, anywhere!" shouted one artist in this section. Then he said under his breath, "Within reason." And everybody laughed.

And the hot rods. Stationary, to be true, but you could have your photograph taken sitting in one with your girlfriend.

And flowery bikinis for sale. Cheap. Three dollars. Skimpy too. They were cheap because they were made of something somewhat stronger than the stuff paper dresses are made of. And guaranteed to last three months, at least. You couldn't lose, said the comely girl behind this counter, for this price. Not unless, of course, it didn't quite make it to the three months and suddenly left you bare-faced on some beach or in some neighbor's swimming pool!

It was not only sound and sight that captured the senses but, almost, smell, with incense wafting around, mingling with food aromas and perfumes, hair spray, and nail polish. Time Being was on the move — and it made sure you were aboard.

Little cafés like the Picasso Key Club sprouted up from unlikely corners, complete with checkered tablecloths, handsome waiters and leaning lamp-posts. There were hat shops, jewelry shops and places where they sold big lazy floppy scentless paper flowers. "Add your own perfume," grunted one salesgirl. And there was a poster exhibit that stretched the imagination.

Down below others were getting

themselves lost and found in Air Canada's maze, which shot you in so many directions that survival looked a long way off. Or bounce on rabbit-eared balloons that put your heart where your mouth was.

Also on the main floor was the big attraction: the eye-popping, ear-blasting, truly entertaining part of the whole show.

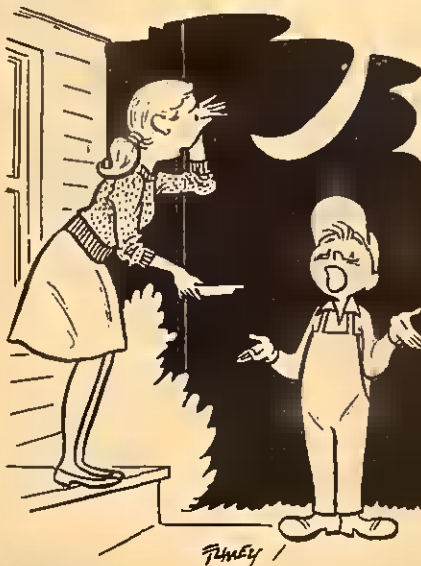
Basically this room, using the term loosely, was a 3,600-square-foot area cordoned off from the commercial bit by ceiling-high heavy curtains. At one end was the stage. Above it, three gigantic movie screens were seen. High above the audience, which had three choices: stand, sit, or stretch out on the floor, were strobe lights and speakers and woofers and tweeters and heaven-knows-what other kinds of sound releasers. Placed indiscriminately around the area were colorful boxes, at least five feet high. These were benches, to be used if you could jump that high. Many did, then hauled their girlfriends up after them.

Something was going on here all day, whether it was a fashion show, gymnastic display, karate demonstrations, musical interludes, or soccer.

Now along with this add a touch of electronic sounds and images, pulsating lights and just see what happens.

This is what they call total environment, whatever that means. But it certainly captured our sense and sprung the mind wide open.

Can you see it, with the Kalev Estonian Gymnasts running through their routines while sounds from outer space (it seemed) crashed around



"Well, it was your idea to have a black cat!"

them, strobe lights flickering, shadows looming, music swaying, bouncing off the walls, echoes repeating and repeating. but, getting louder instead of softer? Or the karate team plucked up by the spotlight, only to be dumped into a rainbow of flashing, jumping colors, and the whang, screech, pow-rumph of that electronic music?

The place jumped from 11 in the morning until a little after 11 at night. There was never a pause as six audio-visual experts, under Time Being's creator Howard Levant, plugged away at the electronic controls to surround the visitor with images on the big screen and sounds that couldn't be duplicated by the human voice.

Then take the fashion show. No ordinary one this. The models worked their way through those flashing lights in impromptu skits while above, on the giant screens, were flashed the very outfits the girls were wearing below. After a while in this atmosphere, the mind seemed to be cutting loose.

How Dave and Kim lasted through the entire gamut of these sensations, I'll never know. The senses are literally bombarded with sounds and sights, flashing lights — and the works. The whole building was a pulse, a heart-beat of activity. Particularly when the evening performance began.

The Moby Grape, The Kensington Market, The Guess Who and the Buddy Guy Blues Band from Chicago were some of the groups who played their own thing under the lights and images cast on the sky-screens. And the place hopped. Some danced, some sat on the floor, while others pressed so close to the bandstand that it was difficult to see where it stopped and where the mass of human beings, hot and perspiring, began.

That was it for another day. Tomorrow it would begin all over again, with electronics playing the big role, the guest of honor.

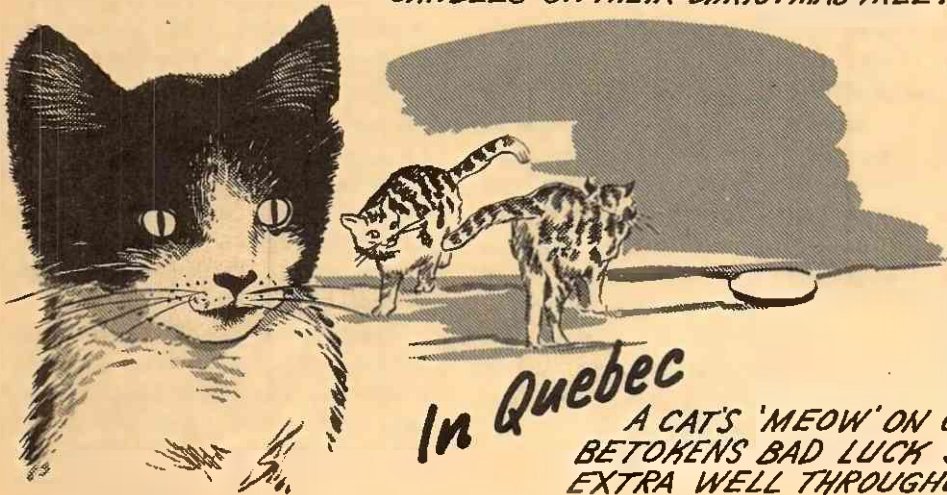
Time Being, an experiment with lots of guts and a jaunty hang-it-all to convention. And if it did anything at all, it will pave the way for more endeavors like it — or beyond it.

As for Dave and Kim, and thousands of their contemporaries, Time Being whetted their appetites and they enjoyed what they tasted. You can bet your last electronic whatyoumay-callit that when another Time Being comes along, Dave and Kim will be among the first in line to get their tickets.

CANADATA

CHRISTMAS CANDLES.

MANY PEOPLE BELIEVE IT WAS MARTIN LUTHER WHO FIRST PUT CANDLES ON THE CHRISTMAS TREE... SUPPOSEDLY, LUTHER, WHILE WALKING THROUGH THE COUNTRYSIDE ONE CHRISTMAS EVE, WAS AWED BY THE SIGHT OF THE SNOW-TIPPED EVERGREENS SPARKLING IN THE MOONLIGHT.... AT HOME HE TRIED TO RECREATE THIS EFFECT FOR HIS FAMILY BY PLACING CANDLES ON THEIR CHRISTMAS TREE....



OUR CUSTOM OF SAYING 'MERRY CHRISTMAS' TO ONE'S FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS ORIGINATED WITH THE ENGLISH LONG AGO..THEY SHOUTED THIS GREETING FROM THEIR WINDOWS...

In Quebec

A CAT'S 'MEOW' ON CHRISTMAS EVE BETOKENS BAD LUCK SO CATS ARE FED EXTRA WELL THROUGHOUT DECEMBER.

Christmas Gifts

THE GIVING OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, ACCORDING TO MANY AUTHORITIES, TOOK THE PLACE OF THE PAGAN CUSTOM OF EXCHANGING GIFTS FOR THE NEW YEAR... EARLY PRIESTS SUGGESTED CHRISTMAS GIFTS, BECAUSE GOOD WILL, GENEROSITY, AND KINDLINESS ARE PART OF THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT... THE FIRST SUCH GIFTS WERE CALLED "PRIESTS' BOXES", BECAUSE THE PRIESTS COLLECTED MONEY AND JEWELRY IN THEM TO DISTRIBUTE AMONG THE POOR AT CHRISTMAS-TIME...

THE GIFT GIVING TRADITION GREW AND WHEN THE CHRISTMAS TREE CAME ALONG, IT WAS ONLY NATURAL TO PUT THE PRESENTS UNDER THE TREE...



YERKON MILLER

HOW TO MAKE A WHISTLE

Look for a piece of flexible plastic pipe about three inches long. Then get the noise-making gadget out of a baby's toy dog or rabbit, and a piece of strong string about 25 inches long.

To put your whistle together punch a hole through both sides of the plastic pipe, thread the string through and tie tightly.

Into the open end of the plastic pipe shove the noise-making gadget. Just before it goes in tight, put a drop of glue (out of your model kit) on the edge of the pipe.

Push in tight and let dry.

That's it. Now blow!!

By A. Leone Hinds

Here's a great gift for Christmas...



Learn hockey from the pros next summer

(DAVE KEON, MARCEL PRONOVOST, BRUCE GAMBLE, BILLY HARRIS, and others)

Christmas is a great time to plan your hockey holiday next summer. Two weeks or more of personal instruction of nothing but hockey, pure hockey. You will be learning under the watchful eyes of N.H.L. stars like Dave Keon, Marcel Pronovost, Bruce Gamble, Billy Harris, Keith McCreary, Bob Wall and other instructors.

They'll give you on-ice personal instruction, chalk talks, video replay of your actual practices, question and answer periods, and instructional movies. Nothing but hockey.

You'll become a better hockey player. Top professionals will be showing you the right way to skate, shoot, pass and play positional hockey.

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The Billy Harris - Dave Keon Hockey School

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

NAME AGE

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Explains how you can learn to mount animals, birds, fish—at home in your spare time. Book shows dozens of trophies mounted by students from all over the world. It's fun, fascinating and profitable! Build a collection of trophies everyone will envy—send postcard today for FREE Book. Please give your age.

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FREE! Helicopter Triangle Set!! Giant Olympic 25 others! Approvals. BECHTEL, Box 595, Peoria, Illinois, 61601.

25 Beautiful Malaya Pictorials 35c. 12 new DDR sets \$1.00. 13 Fine South American Mint sets \$2.00. All \$3.00. BIENER, 20-24 Plainview Avenue, Far Rockaway, New York 11691.

300 Different United States \$2.00. 1000 Different Worldwide \$2.00, and 200 Different Canadian \$2.00. No Approvals. ANTHONY COPPOLA, R. 1, Highland, Michigan, 48031.

LETTERS

Continued from page 6

UFO OBSERVATIONS

Dear Lester:

I was very interested in the article published about UFO's. I am a member of and an investigator for the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization, 3910 East Kleindale Road, Tuscon, Arizona. Anyone wishing to become a member of the Canadian branch of APRO may write to Brian Cannon, Box 1316, Winnipeg 1, Man. Send any queries or opinions to me at 13259 Westwood, Pierrefonds.

Andrew McWeeny,
Pierrefonds, Que.

READ THIS CAREFULLY BEFORE PLACING ORDERS

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

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CLEARANCE! 135 Diff. Worldwide better stamps (One U.S. Dollar). No Approvals. **SPARACIA, 223 N. Linden Street, North Massapequa, N.Y. 11758.**

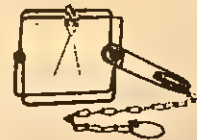
FREE, a beautiful topical stamp set from a sensational new price list. Paintings, space, animals, Kennedy's at prices you can afford. Hurry, write today. No approvals. **LAWRENCE SPRAGUE, 1502C West Hood Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60626.**



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The Victor Conibear No. 110 doesn't miss. It's the perfect trap for (a) muskrat, (b) mink, (c) skunk, (d) weasel, (e) squirrel and (f) civet cat.

Start your own trap line with the instant-killing Victor Conibear No. 110 — the only trap to win the American Humane Society Award.



Victor traps

Woodstream Corp.,
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2875 Bates Rd., Montreal, Quebec

Stamp Corner

Girl Guides, founded by Lord Baden-Powell, have been honored by Barbados with a set of three new stamps, on the occasion of the movement's golden jubilee in that Caribbean island.

Most collectors specializing in Scout stamps include Guide issues as well, and both are listed in the handbooks of the Scouts on Stamps Society International and the Scouts topical unit of the American Topical Association.



Having stamps issued in its honor enhances any organization's prestige, and this is particularly true in the case of Barbados Guides because of the group's relatively small size. Today the membership is just slightly over 1,000.

The daughters of Sir Charles O'Brien, who was governor of Barbados, started the first company in 1918. They had been Guides in England.

The 1,000 members today include Brownies and Rangers, too. Meetings are usually held outdoors!

Barbados Guides became quite famous during World War Two for their "flying squad" which fed survivors from torpedoed ships. These girls also raised funds for the purpose of

carrying on this service and some of their Rangers served in first aid posts.

In 1946 the need for a Guide headquarters became evident and, in 1950, land for it was purchased. The cornerstone for the new building was laid by the Chief Guide, Lady Baden-Powell, in 1964. The area is called Pax Hill. A highly successful Guides Conference for all West Indies companies has been held there recently.

The special stamps issued late in the summer show a Guide cooking over an outdoor fire, a Girl Guide badge, and the Pax Hill headquarters. In addition, each bears portraits of Lady B-P and Queen Elizabeth, who was herself a Girl Guide.

Now that you have seen all of Canada's stamps for 1968, which is your favorite? Why not drop us a line? We will tell you which one the majority of you preferred after we've had a chance to read all of your letters.

By H. L. Woodman

Penpals

Chris Dufield, 1974 Victoria Park Avenue, Scarborough, Ont., is nine, in Cubs, likes all sports and camping and hiking. Has a lot of hobbies and trades badges.

Gary Dancoisne, 11, of Box 808, Chetwynd, B.C., is a Scout, would like a penpal his own age who is interested in girls, swimming, hunting, and fishing.

Lee Burton, 736 Robin Hood Crescent, Winnipeg 15, Man., would like a p.p. in Saskatchewan, interested in hockey, soccer and baseball. Eight or nine years of age, please.



CUB WATCH — This 17 JEWEL CARAVELLE, shock resistant, waterproof, anti-magnetic watch is a quality product by Bulova. It is luminous, has sweep second hand, genuine leather band and a ONE YEAR GUARANTEE by BULOVA.

Catalogue 60-263 \$14.95

Alan Dornian, 10, of 374 Wildwood Drive S.W., Calgary 5, Alta., is in grade six, likes art and music, particularly the piano. He's also looking for a penpal club to join.

Dan Burton, 11, wants a penpal from British Columbia. He lives at 427 East 14th Street, Hamilton, Ont., and collects rocks, coins, and stamps and is keenly interested in nature and chemistry.

Steve Grant of 2060 Dovercourt Avenue, Ottawa 13, Ont., would like a penpal from Saskatchewan or Alberta. 11 years old, interested in stamps, astronomy, football, and 1/72 scale model planes.

Donald Berrill, 9, of 167 Richard Street, Sarnia, Ont., is interested in collecting and trading badges in Canada and other countries. He'd like to hear from other Cubs, and his hobbies include stamps, coins, model planes and cars, and reading.

Robert Stevens of 749 Upper Wellington, Hamilton, Ont., collects stamps and would like a penpal to trade stamps with, from outside Ontario.

Craig Swayze of 45 Cotman Crescent, Islington, Ont., wants a penpal 14 years of age who's interested in stamps and paperbacks.

Kenneth Cook, RR 2, Truro, Nova Scotia, wants a penpal who can translate this message: XZMZUZM YLB UG FRT YTGF NZRZAUMT. He's 16, likes hockey, swimming, and farming.

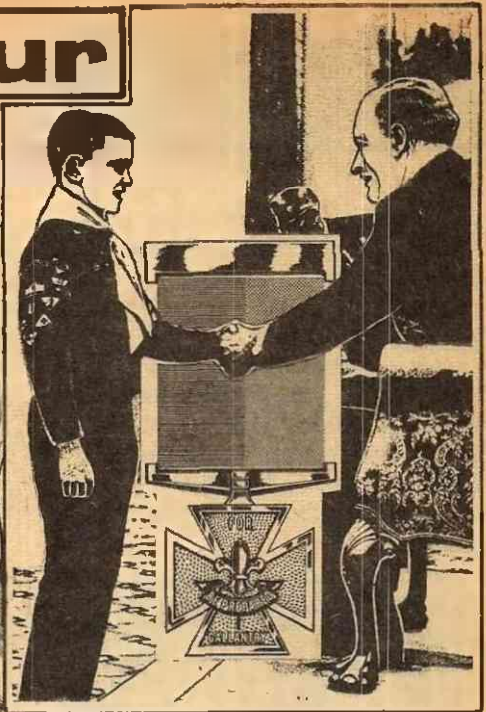
Billy Trimble of 7804-18th Avenue, Burnaby 3, B.C., wants a stamp-collecting penpal from anywhere in the world. He's a Cub, age 10.

Glenn Norman, Box 563, New Hamburg, Ont., wants a penpal outside Canada, about 10 years old.

Barry Collens, Box 57, Springford, Ont., is an avid rock collector and is sore at us for dropping our rockhound column. Any rock collectors are invited to get in touch with him. He's 11 and also keen about chemistry and coins, and The Monkees.

award for valour

DEREK MILLS, 10, AND BRUCE STARK, 8, WERE PLAYING HOCKEY WITH A BALL ON THE BANKS OF THE THESSALON RIVER IN NORTHERN ONTARIO ON MARCH 8, 1966...THE BALL ROLLED DOWN THE RIVER BANK, ACROSS THE ICE AND INTO A HOLE...BRUCE'S DOG, FOLLOWING THE BALL, FELL THROUGH A HOLE INTO FIVE-FOOT-DEEP WATER NEAR THE SHORE. BRUCE TRIED TO RESCUE THE ANIMAL, AND FELL THROUGH THE ICE INTO THE SWIFT WATER...DEREK GOT DOWN ON THE ICE, HOLDING HIS HOCKEY STICK IN FRONT OF HIM, GOT BRUCE TO GRAB IT AND PULLED HIM FROM THE WATER...THE DOG MADE HIS OWN WAY TO SAFETY...



OBSERVERS FROM A DISTANCE SAID BRUCE WOULD HAVE BEEN LOST IN THE FAST-FLOWING CURRENT HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR DEREK'S ACTION, WHICH WON HIM THE GILT CROSS, PRESENTED BY GOVERNOR-GENERAL MICHENER... DEREK WAS A SIXER IN THE FIRST THESSALON PACK...

Models

So you've been standing around in your local hobby shop gazing at those lovely plastic U-control birds suspended from the ceiling in various attitudes of flight.

Questions: Will it fly? If so, how well? Answer to the first: Not really. Answer to the second: As well as a dachshund can chase rabbits!

But with some ingenuity and dexterity, you can coax that ground-hugging dodo into the blue, and it just *might* fly as well as it looks.

No doubt about it, the plastic flyer gets top grades on looks. Of the dozen or more such kits available, many have sliding canopies, fine surface detail, and interior details like you'll find in the Cox Spitfire. This WW2 classic boasts an instrument panel, throttle quadrant, mixture and pitch controls, and an accurately-shaped bucket seat.

As for these birds' flyability, that's something else! A new mill up front is a must. The .049 supplied with these kits just hasn't the beef to move a U-

control model.

Better put a little extra money into a McCoy .09 diesel, or an OK Cub .14 or an Arden .09. They're all good powerplants. All install easily, with their radial mounts.

There are, of course, other good engines readily available at most hobby shops.

Tie your engine in with the proper airscrew for the job, like a two-bladed 6-inch 6-pitch for the smaller engines, or a 7-inch 6-pitch for the larger ones. Tornado puts out a 6-inch 3-pitch prop for a more "scale" look.

The Cox PT-19 is a good bet as a flying machine, with its large wing and fairly sturdy undercarriage. By the way, if your landing gear looks as though it will buckle under rough landings, beef it up with more wire, using the same thickness as the original. This addition should run from a soldered joint as close to the wheel as possible, back to the wing. Make sure this wing juncture is strong — it's taking all the strain!

With your heavier engine up front, you'll need a counterweight in the tail end of the fuselage. Make sure your model balances at the same point as it

did with the original engine in it.

Installing a heavier engine should take a minimum of sweat, since most of these plastic birds are screwed together along the fuselage centre line. The Spit, however, is not. I couldn't for the life of me see how I was going to get its nose section apart without extensive surgery. Maybe a chop-job is the only answer there . . .

Proper running-in will give you an engine that will serve well and long. Test run your new mill for at least half an hour, and squirt castor oil into the intake every few minutes.

Now — ready for that first flight? Fine. Choose a field with tall grass and soft underfooting. If anything goes wrong, it's better by far than piloting your plane into asphalt or concrete!

One final word: If your control lines tend to slacken, put a bit of weight on the *outer* wing. As any Ukie buff knows, slack lines are deadly. Good fun, and good flying!

By George A. Newell

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Science

The howl of rubber and the clash of gears signalled the start of the world-famous Indianapolis 500-mile race. Amid the thundering roar of engines a high-pitched whine was heard as one low-slung sleek shark-nosed racing car jack-rabbit ahead of the others.

Spectators at the race were astounded by the greased-lightning speed of this car. Perhaps it was a sign of things to come. Under the hood of this car was a gas turbine engine.

That particular race day in 1967 caused a great deal of excitement and interest because of the "new" engine. Yet there is nothing new about it. Turbines have been around for several hundred years. The first common use of turbines was in water turbines replacing water wheels in old mills.

What exactly is a turbine? Imagine a windmill with many blades, then encase the windmill in a cylinder so that the air or water moved by the windmill can be directed. The type of wa-

ter turbine you might have seen is used in electric generating stations on Canada's rivers.

The gas turbine is different from the water turbine in that it uses gases rather than water to do work. All of you at some time or other have heard of a turbo-jet aeroplane. This type of plane is powered by a turbo-jet engine which works something like this.

When the fuel in the plane is burned, a tremendous volume of hot gas is created which has to go somewhere. If you ignited this fuel in a gasoline drum the drum would blow up. In the turbo-jet engine the hot expanding gases are directed through an opening and into the turbine. Here the force of the hot gases striking the many blades of the turbine causes the turbine to rotate.

The turbine is hooked to an air compressor which sucks large quantities of air into the engine. This increased air supply allows the fuel to burn at a faster rate and makes the engine far more powerful.

A distinct advantage of this type of engine is that its exhaust gases cause only a fraction of the air pollution that a piston-driven engine does. Any of you who have operated an acety-

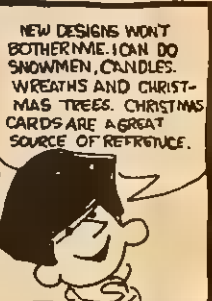
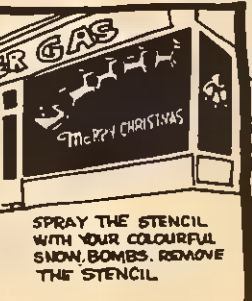
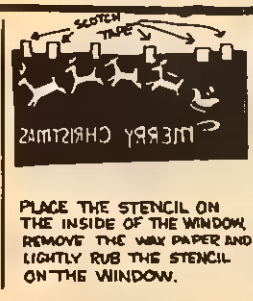
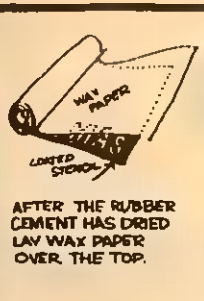
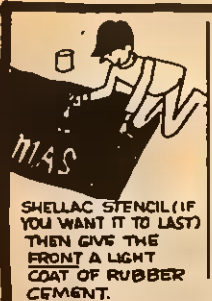
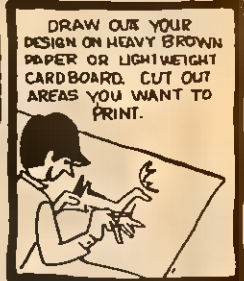
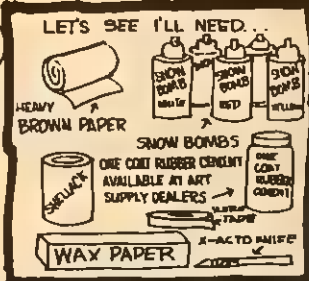
lene welding torch in school will understand the principle. When you first start an acetylene torch you are using straight fuel with no oxygen. As soon as this pure fuel is ignited you can see clouds of black smoke rising from the incomplete combustion of the fuel. However, as soon as oxygen is added in increasing amounts, a more complete combustion of the fuel results and less smoke is added to the atmosphere. A turbo-jet engine, with the large amounts of oxygen it sucks into its combustion chamber, operates in the same way.

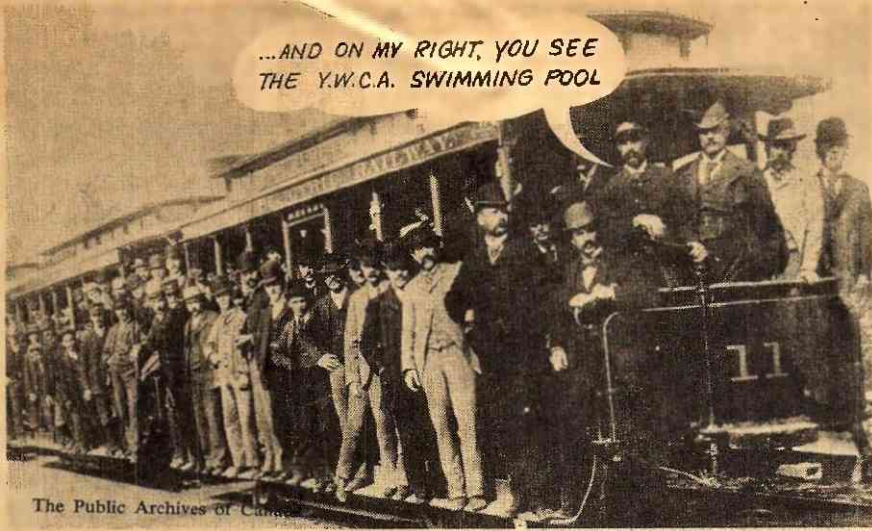
What is the future of the turbine engine? One reason we have not seen a lot of them in our automobiles is that they are going to cost us more money to build because of the special heat resistant metals required and because they will use more fuel.

But we will see more and more of them in high-speed ground vehicles. It is at high speeds that the turbine engine operates at maximum efficiency. Experimental turbo-trains have been produced by every leading country in the world and there is a good possibility that our high-speed long-haul tractor trailers will be equipped with this type of engine. **By D. A. Coburn**

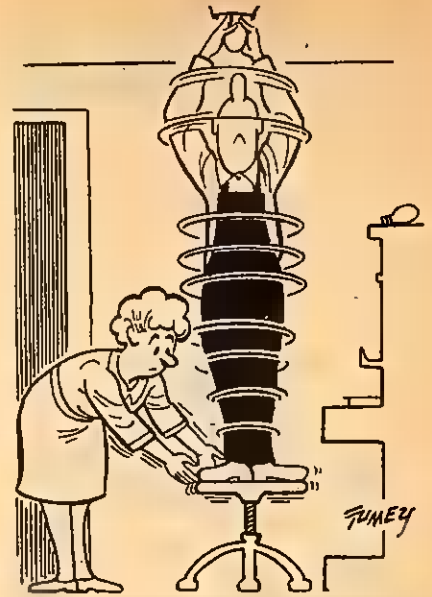
Hustle Buck!

WILLY WHITE





The Public Archives of Canada



CBC-TV: The Chord of Steel

"I love your soup, dear, but do I have to eat it with a screwdriver?"

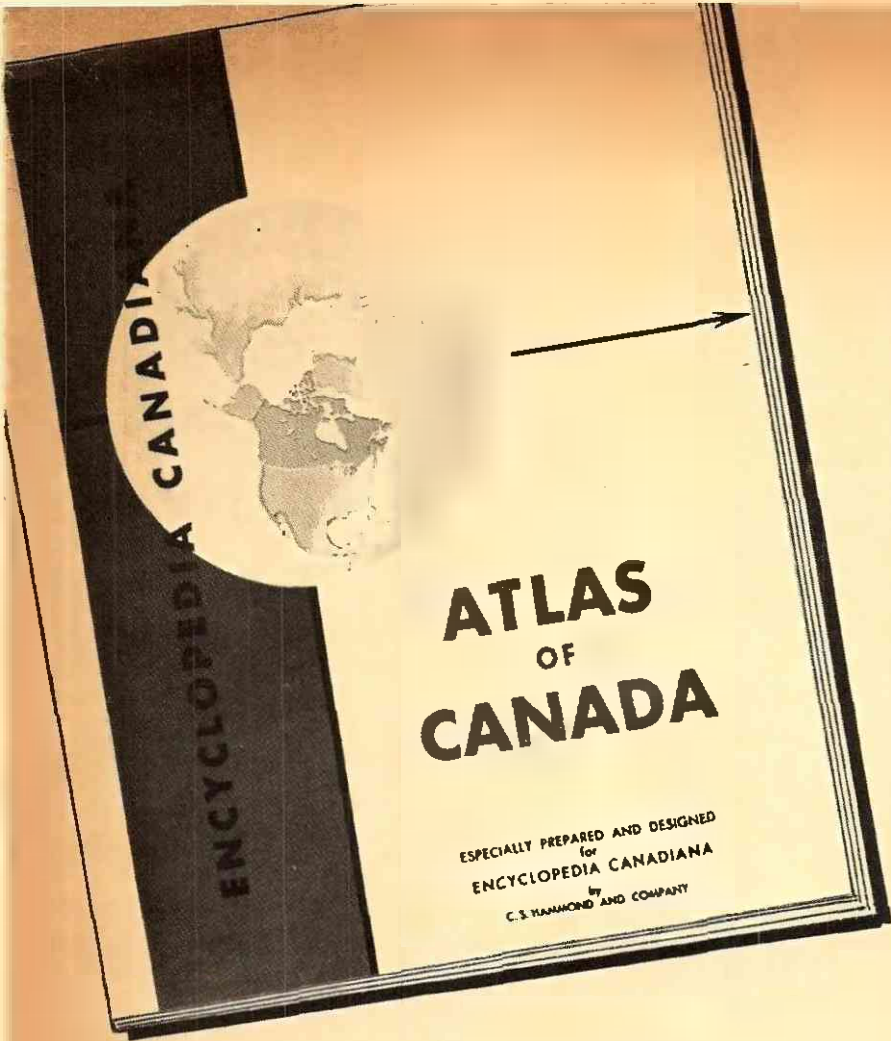


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"He was raised on watermelons."

The End



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**Things
go better with
the taste of Coke**