

# Canadian Boy

JULY-AUGUST, 1968, VOL. 5, NO. 5

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NEXT ISSUE, we head west to the Calgary Stampede to watch a fourteen-year-old win the top award for junior bronco-busting. We'll also have an on-the-spot report from Vancouver Island, where a group of teenagers are making and launching rockets, plus the latest word on whether flying saucers are for real, and a look at a tiny threat to Man, the insects of this world. Oh yes, our phifth phantastic photo contest comes up in the same issue. And to top it all off, a special four-page, full-color look at the new Scout program. All in all, one of the best issues yet—September's Canadian Boy, mailed next month to you.



### IT TAKES THREE TO WATER SKI

That's right! Three people should participate whenever waterskiing is under way.

First, an experienced boat driver whose job is to drive the boat and keep well away from other boats on the water.

Second, an observer. His job is to watch the skier at all times. If the skier falls, keep your eye on him until the boat can pick him up.

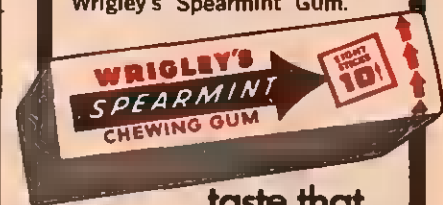
Third, the water skier himself. Before you ski — check over the safety tips below with your driver and observer.



#### SAFETY TIPS

- Have a rear-view mirror on the boat so driver has a general view of what's going on back where you are.
- Make sure you and the observer agree on a simple set of hand signals before you start — slow down, speed up, turn right or left, back to dock, stop.
- Make sure all three of you are wearing Dept. of Transport approved life jackets.
- Apply common sense while skiing. No shallow water, no skinning docks or other boats, no skiing at night, don't get tired.

After skiing — relax on the dock and soak up some sunshine and the lively flavour of Wrigley's Spearmint Gum.



taste that  
'HAPPY GO LIMEY'  
flavour

# Slaloming Down The River

We aren't really being sarcastic at our own expense on this month's front cover. CB really does take to the water with a splash this time. What with kayak building, rowing, waterskiing and all, we hope you don't overlook Rae Parker's funny and perceptive piece of writing on white-water kayak racing, on page 12. And that leads us to the point of this editorial. (Yes, we do have a point.)

We think white-water kayak racing, of the downhill (downstream?) and slalom variety, is one of the best events to come along in Canadian sports. And, with training in the skills and safety aspects of this sport, we think any Scout or Venturer can probably have the time of his life blasting down a white-water course.

It takes every kind of ability you have — steady nerves, strength, co-ordination, stamina, and quick thinking. And it gives you back everything you could want in an activity — the feeling of speed, excitement, thrills galore, and the enormous satisfaction of seeing all your moves pay off, in a skillful, swift, smooth descent of the rugged watercourse.

The Venturers who shot the rapids on the Credit River, while author Parker quivered in his beard, were no different from you — except that they had undergone training and practice under the sharp eyes of an expert. Experienced white-water teachers don't grow in trees, we know. But there should be at least one somewhere near you.

Maybe he'd be interested in coaching your patrol or company in his sports specialty. If you can't find such a man, get your Scouter to write to:

Mr. Roger Parsons,  
Ontario Voyageurs Kayak Club,  
15 Langside Avenue,  
Weston, Ontario.

He should be able to help you. And with a skilled advisor and a couple of boats, you should be all ready to go.

We'd like to join you, but we're a little — not afraid — uh, chicken, maybe? Fast water can bother you once you've slipped on a bar of soap in the shower. . . .

Anyway, you're not chicken. Are you?

## Letters to Lester

### OUR JOKES NOT FUNNY?

Dear Lester:

I have been an avid reader of CANADIAN BOY ever since the first issue came out. CB is a very good magazine except for one fault: the jokes are not funny. Can you do anything about it?

*Bruce Perman, Shawinigan, Que.*

Can you? If we offer you a prize??

### NEW ZEALAND CALLING!

Dear Lester:

I have just finished reading several

back copies of CANADIAN BOY and I think the magazine is just great. I wish the magazine for Scouts in New Zealand was just as big! The one we have at present has one sheet and is available only to adult members of Scouts. I'm keen on collecting district badges. Would anyone who is interested in trading some Canadian district badges, for New Zealand ones, please send them to me? Please do not send badges from Saskatchewan or Quebec, as I already have those.

*John S. Catley,  
Blenheim, New Zealand*

Glad to hear CB has made the scene in NZ and that you find us OK. If any Canadian readers have badges for our friend from Down Under, his home address is 37 Howick Road, Blenheim, NZ.—LS

*Continued on page 23*

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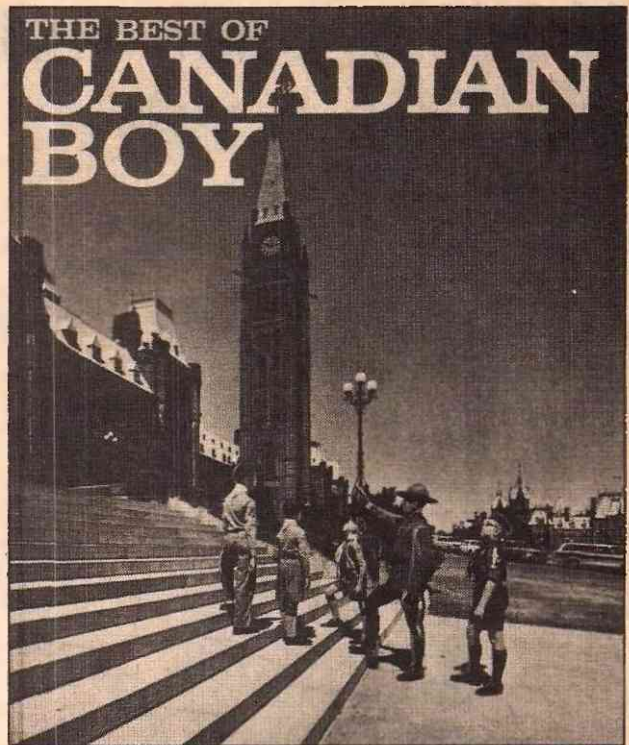
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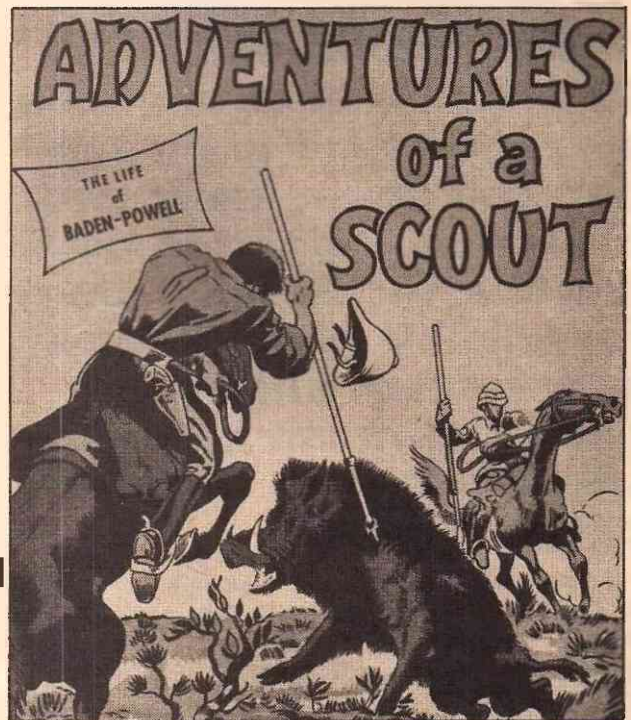
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Send your entry now to: Nicholson Trophy, Boy Scouts of Canada, P.O. Box 5151, Station F, Ottawa 5, Ont.

## Science



### THE ASTEROIDS —forgotten children of the sun

We people of Earth are going to be terribly embarrassed if a day ever comes on which we discover there is intelligent life on the asteroids. These tiny worlds, revolving about the Sun at an average distance of just over a quarter-of-a-billion miles, are the "forgotten children" of the solar system. Textbook diagrams often don't show them, and many people don't even know they exist. (To refresh your memory, they orbit the Sun between Mars and Jupiter.)

Two hundred years ago, nobody knew about the existence of the asteroids. This isn't surprising, since they were also not aware of the planets Uranus, Neptune, and Pluto. Only the six planets out to and including Saturn were known. Many astronomers, noting that the farther you got from the Sun the farther apart these six planets were, thought there might be some kind of a "law" governing their distances.

In 1766 a German astronomer named Johann Titius announced he had found this law. It was just a bit complicated.

Not only was the system very complicated, but in order for it to be correct there had to be a planet between Mars and Jupiter!

But he was only guessing. The belief that a planet might exist in the huge space between Mars and Jupiter was not a new one, but Titius was relatively unknown and his "law" made very little impression.

But then, in 1781, the planet Uranus was discovered beyond Saturn . . . and somebody noticed that if you *extended* Titius' figures beyond Saturn, they came remarkably close to the actual position of this new planet.

That somebody was Johann Elert Bode, another German astronomer. Bode was very well known. When he resurrected Titius' "law" it attracted a lot more attention.

"Maybe," said Bode, "there is a planet between Mars and Jupiter, after all. Why don't we have a look in the region indicated by these figures?"

So, all over Europe, astronomers started looking.

On New Year's Day, 1801, an Italian monk named Piazzi, searching in the area prescribed by Bode, found the first of the asteroids. He named it Ceres.

*Ceres was right where Titius had said it would be! Was the law therefore correct?*

Unfortunately, no. It was shown to be wrong in 1846 when the planet Neptune was discovered. This eighth planet from the Sun was nowhere near the spot where Bode's Law would have had it.

(Despite the fact that Titius thought of it, it's known as Bode's Law to this day.)

The law suffered the final blow when the planet Pluto was discovered. This newcomer was millions and millions of miles distant from where it "belonged".

But it is one of the strangest true stories of astronomy that, thanks to this incorrect "law", the asteroids were discovered.

Incidentally, someone has noted that Pluto—the ninth planet—is fairly close to the spot where Bode's figures show the eighth planet should be. Perhaps, this theory goes, the law is correct after all . . . and Neptune is an intruder!

**By Chuck Davis**



# FIFTY CENTS



**That's what  
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**Canadian Boy**

And so do Cubs. And Venturers, and Rovers, and uniformed leaders. Fifty cents a year for nine big issues.

Boys outside Scouting pay \$2.00 a year, or 25 cents a single copy. Boys in Scouting get a year's CANADIAN BOY for the price of a film or five chocolate bars. And have you noticed how chocolate bars seem to be getting smaller?

Not CANADIAN BOY. It's getting bigger, as you'll see this fall. The September issue will carry a special section on the new Scout program, and the October issue will contain the official Scout catalogue.

So stick with CANADIAN BOY. It's still the best magazine bargain we know of. Anywhere.

This is a story about a fifteen-year-old tiger at the 1967 world water ski championships. This tiger in human form led Canada's team to its highest finish ever. Even better, the big showing was made in front of Canadian fans at Sherbrooke, Que.

We had been represented at every world championship except for the first one, in 1949. Team performances had been so-so and the final standings always found Canada somewhere in the bottom half of the list. In 1963 it was eighth. In 1965 we even dropped a peg to ninth. It seemed to be the best we could do. After all, Canada did, have a long winter.

Last year's championships produced an extremely exciting race for the top three team spots among the United States, Australia, France and wonders of wonders, Canada. For a brief breathless moment second place looked like a possibility. Final standings were United States first, France second, Canada third and Australia fourth. Third place! Up from ninth in two years! How was it done?

There is an old tennis maxim, "If you are playing a losing game, change it." Canadian teams were picked from the results of major tournaments held in the year of a world championship. Then the team was sent away with little or no extra training. It was obvious to everyone that a change was needed.

Hosting a world tournament in our Centennial year provided the incentive for a dramatic change. Surely we must do our best when the eyes of all Canada were on us! An over-size team was picked in 1966 from the results of the national championships. These skiers were told that the 1967 world championship team would be picked from their ranks. The skiers spent the winter of 1966-67 doing special exercises and scrimping and saving for the coming summer. Early in the spring of 1967 team members were sent to advanced training locations in Florida, California and Mexico. Some spent up to one month working with world champion instructors. When they left Canada it was too cold to ski; when they returned home the season was just

beginning but they were already fit and raring to go. And they all got a good jump on the season. The team was then assembled in Sherbrooke to practise on the actual tournament site and to build up that intangible "team spirit".

Team competition and spirit played an important role in raising the overall standard of skiing. Each person knew he might not make the final selection. But if they all worked hard it would be to the good of the group.

Two weeks prior to the world championships a special three-round selection tournament was held to pick the four men and two women who would represent Canada. But that is not the whole story, because the skier who earned the number one spot on our team went on to perform so well in the championships that many veteran observers tag him as a potential world champion in 1969.

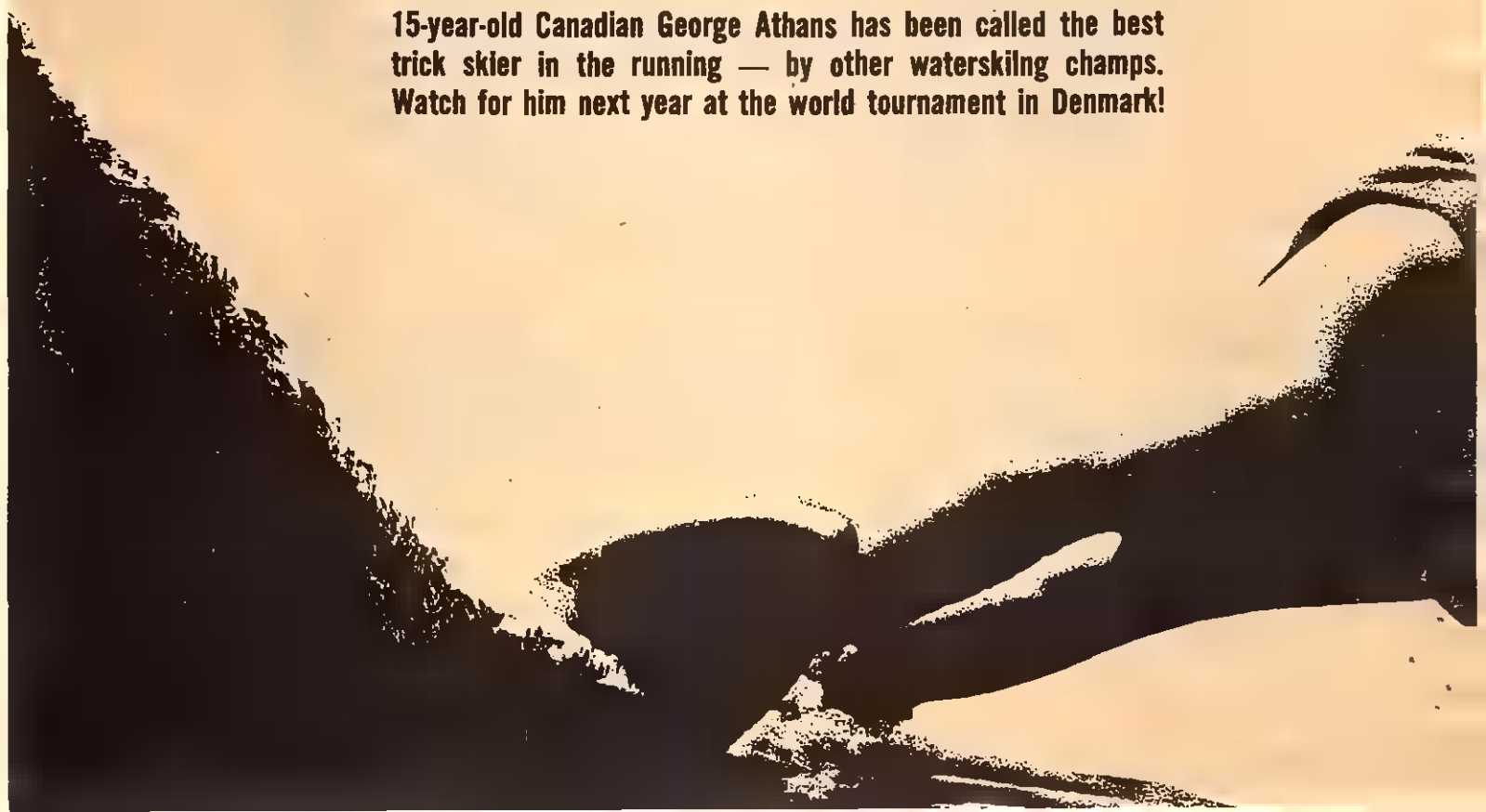
And that skier is our tiger from the west—15-year-old George Athans of Kelowna, B.C.

Pressure at an international athletic event can cause even brilliant

# Tiger from the West!

by Clint Ward

**15-year-old Canadian George Athans has been called the best trick skier in the running — by other waterskiing champs. Watch for him next year at the world tournament in Denmark!**







**Canada's 1967 Waterskiing Team**

performers to falter, and experience counts heavily when the going gets rough. At 15 a skier can be long on ability but will always be short on experience so it is understandable when young athletes make mistakes. That is why it takes so long to reach the top. The best in the world often spend many miserable moments during their developing years in international competition. The champion athlete is only partly born a champion. He is mostly made through hard work and sacrifice and never

overnight.

For young George Athans the tenth world championship was almost an intolerable pressure cooker on the road to the top. He was the number one man on the team; at a tournament in which we were the hosts; in our Centennial year; the youngest skier in the field. In the face of all these factors he still managed a fourth in slalom and a fourth in trick skiing. He showed the mark of a true champion and with maturity will be one of the favorites for 1969.

George was the youngest entrant in the tenth championships but he didn't let the older skiers push him around. He is a skier already used to winning and he has a room full of trophies to prove it. George earned his position on the team with a first in slalom, second in tricks and third in jumping during the 1966 Canadian championships even though he was competing as a junior! This qualified him for a position on the team that represented Canada at the Group One Championships in Mexico later that year.

It was his first taste of big international competition. Against the top skiers from North and South America, young George finished third in the slalom. It was the highest finish for a Canadian in international competition since 1953 and along the way he beat all of the members of the highly rated U.S. team, except the reigning world champion.

To practise slalom you need three things. A slalom ski, a slalom course, and a good fast boat with a steady pull. The dimensions of slalom courses are standard the world over. They are 285 yards long by 25 yards wide. In a competition course 16 buoys establish the entrance and exit gates plus a guide line for the tow-boat, which always drives down the centre of the course! There are six turning buoys placed alternately, three on each side of the course.

The skier enters the course through the entrance gate and cuts out to the right to round buoy number one and then races across the course to buoy number two and then to number (Continued on page 29)








# FAREWELL TO THE RIVER

The river had always been part of Paul's life. He didn't want to move to the city, into the fast world of the future — until a Yukon Indian helped open Paul's eyes to the facts of life!

BY PATRICIA A. LOTZ



**P**aul picked up the last log. It was the same length as the others on the pile, the same length as all the logs his father cut. Four feet long, to fit into the boiler of the sternwheeler. Paul placed the log carefully on the woodpile and stepped back to admire it.

"It's a fine pile, Dad."

"Aye," replied his father but he sounded (Continued on page 19)





The telephone rang. I barely had time to say "Hello!" before the voice of the Editor of CANADIAN BOY roared in a strong clear blast: "How'd you like to write a story for us?"

"Sure," I answered. I am an ardent fan of *Hustle Buck!* so I offered: "How about a story wh—"

The editor interrupted rudely. "I even have a good title you can use," he said. "*How I Shot the Rapids mumble-mumble Canoe.*" There must have been a bad connection, for everything he said was crisply clear except for those last couple of words.

But it didn't matter. I'd caught the general drift. "Well, okay," I said. "Lemme see. It could be a Space-jumpers science-fiction story. On the planet— ah— Aechtuo. And Moose Fenderbender could—"

"No-no-no!" screamed the editor. "No science-fiction. I want a story on how you shot the rapids."

"Oh," I said. "Well, I guess I could make up a story like that. Don't know much about it, but I guess I

could use my imagination."

"No need!" he roared. "You're going to do it, then write about it."

There was a lengthy pause while I gave this time to sink in, swirl about, compute and file itself in my cranium-cardex. Then I said: "What did you say that title was?"

"*How I Shot the Rapids mumble-mumble Canoe.*"

"How I shot the rapids what??"

"*In a Paper Canoe?*" he almost whispered.

"Yer outta yer cotton-pickin' MIND!!!" I literally screamed.

Somehow, some little time later, he convinced me pretty well it was all sensible and logical. Scientific. All risks calculated and pre-determined. Safe as a battleship. Well—at least as safe as a birch-bark canoe, which sort of makes sense if you think about it long enough and keep biting down hard on your thumb-bone. It helps, too, if you don't know a blessed thing about shooting rapids.

For as long as I trusted the editor and remained ignorant of what all was involved, I felt perfectly safe.

I agreed to do it, even though the most exciting and dangerous activity I have attempted in the last ten years has been playing chess with my father. But, having recently won a game from him, I was beginning to feel I could do anything.

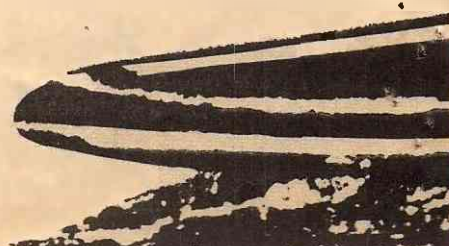
The editor made all the arrangements. Like having a local Scout troop build me a paper canoe or kayak or whatever they call them. And entering my name for me in a white-water race on the Credit River in the western suburbs of Toronto. And keeping me uninformed for as long as possible, and meanwhile taking out a large insurance policy on my life, undoubtedly with the intention of becoming a millionaire on the day after the race.

\* \* \*

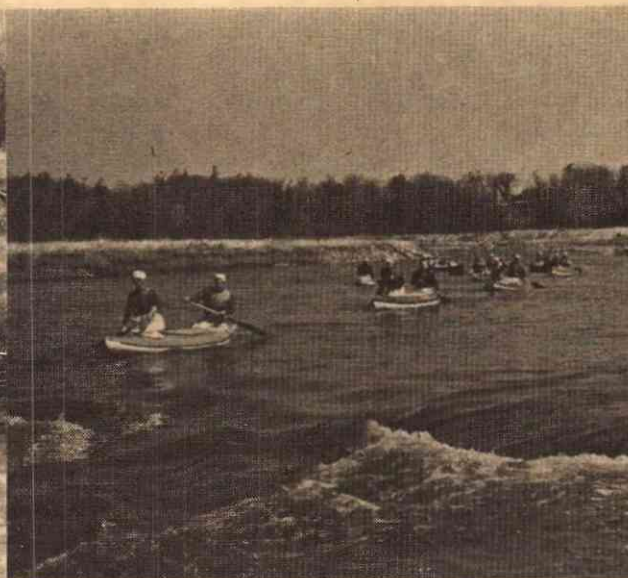
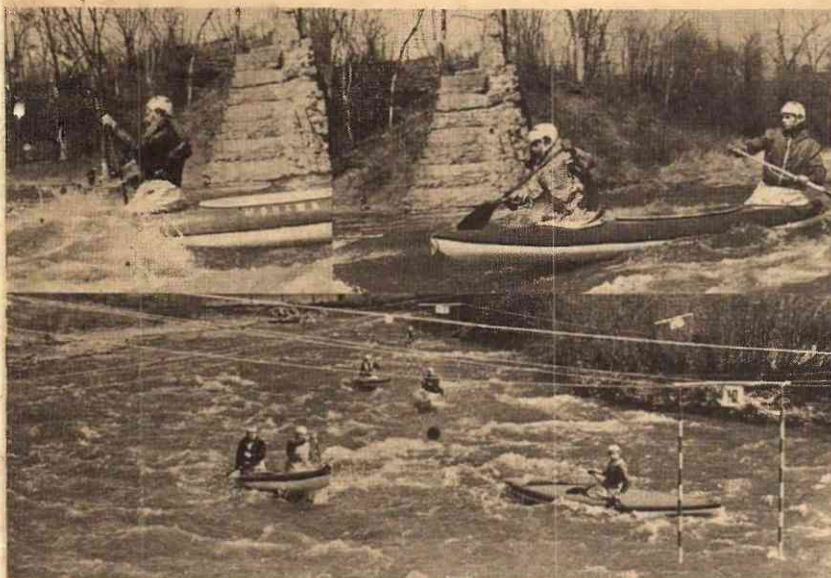
Two weeks before the race, when it is too late for me to back out, the editor however relents a bit, perhaps

# HOW I SHOT THE R. mumble-mumble CANOE

BY RAE PARKER







because his conscience is bothering him, and decides that I should have at least a 50-50 chance of coming back alive. He begins to send me little bits of information — not too much at a time, because he doesn't want me to go into nervous shock.

First he sends me a note. "... I would seriously suggest that you try to get hold of a diver's wet suit. Even if you don't capsize, you're bound to get sprayed, and the water will be cold at this time of year..."

After I recover from this note, he sends another. "Take a life-jacket, a helmet and extra clothes. Just in case." Immediately after picking myself off the floor, I make out my will, with shaking hand.

The next day he sends me a little booklet called "Slalom and White Water Course", which gives me all the horrifying details of the exact manner in which I am about to die. It is really quite a fascinating booklet. I don't understand how anyone lived to write it. Like for instance, it

tells one to do things that one is just not naturally inclined toward doing. If a person is about to capsize (which seems to me to be almost the only thing one does), he shouldn't try to lean the other way, which might seem the logical thing to do. Instead, he should lean *into* the direction in which he is capsizing, and at the same time push his paddle as far out as possible on top of the water, which is supposed to brace him (so the book says) and prevent overturning. I don't believe a word of it. And even if I did, I doubt very much that I would ever remember to *do* it if I discovered myself to be in the process of capsizing.

Also, throughout this booklet, they give practice assignments. One of the first assignments is to practise leaning way out to the side, then it says, "If you have not capsized often enough, you have not practised hard enough." So much for practice. Thanks, but no thanks.

It goes on to say that there are

several shapes for a canoe or kayak, ranging from a flat-bottom (stability greatest in upright position, but greatly decreases with lean) to a V-shaped cross-section (little stability in upright position, but increases with lean), to a circular cross section (no stability but also no critical point). I just can't make up my mind which is worst. Anyway, by this time my nerves have gone numb. I've resigned myself to the fact that certain death is unavoidable. And since I have neither the time nor the courage to practise *any* of the things I'm supposed to practise, it'll come quickly.

On the day before the race, the editor helps me load the canoe into the station wagon. It's very light, but the whole thing is covered with oversized Saran-wrap or something, and it has to be loaded quite carefully. The slightest scratch can put a small hole in the plastic covering. While my mind's eye is picturing the canoe scraping *Continued on next page*

APIDS  
E

  
Adventures  
in Canada



over some jagged rock that I won't know how to avoid until it's too late, the editor hands me a roll of plastic tape "to seal up any rips it might get." Gee, thanks, Mr. Editor.

I'll be meeting my brother in Toronto. He and his son Craig will be coming along to take pictures and identify my body for the coroner. As I'm about to leave Ottawa, the editor says, "Tell your brother that I want some action shots, like for instance if you capsizes."

If I capsizes? If I jumped off the Empire State Building he'd probably say "IF you hit the ground."

We arrived at McCarthy's Mill on the Credit River near Streetsville at 8:30 in the morning, half an hour early. I was all for turning around and going right back home, because it was more than obvious that the river was flooded and overflowing beyond anyone's wildest expectations. This raging torrent was certainly what they would class in the little booklet as a No. 7 rating, if they went that high. A No. 6 rating is "Limit and navigability—generally impossible and extremely dangerous."

My brother thought the same way I did, but my nephew, who is only 15 years old and no doubt too stupid to know what he's talking about, said, "Hey, groovy! I wish I could do it instead of you!" See what I mean? Too young to know better. I'm pretty sure a person would have to be at least 20 before he'd be allowed to even sit in a white-water canoe.

But before we could clear out, Roger Parsons of the 4th Weston Venturers arrived. He's the one putting on this event, and I had been told he would arrange for an instructor to show me the ropes. He glanced at the river and said, "Hm-m. Water's down about a foot from when we were on it last week. All the ice is gone, too. Won't be quite as much fun, but it'll still be a good race. A No. 2 rating, I guess."

My jaw dropped. Is everybody crazy? The book says, after No. 2 rating, "Minor difficulties. Unobstructed rapids. Spray cover useful." Then someone else told me the most flagrant lie of the year. "There'll be four or five twelve-year-olds in this race today," they said. "Most of the racers are from local Scout Troops." I looked around. Some of the competitors *did* look rather young and foolhardy, but I had thought it was all a gimmick arranged by the editor

of CB to try to make me think it wasn't as dangerous as it all seemed.

Then I met Paul Moecking, my instructor. Paul has retired from active competition, supposedly because he "can't keep up with the stamina and reflexes of these young kids," but I think really so he can devote himself to instructing and what he calls week-end paddling, besides going on Safety Patrol during competitions. I breathed a sigh of relief—a nice, safe old-timer who will keep me out of danger. Little did I realize that he was part of the CB editor's plot to collect my insurance.

Paul was very clever and deceptive about it, too. Until the time we actually started down the river, his every action was designed to lull me into regarding him as the epitome of caution and safety. For instance, when he saw the paper canoe I had brought, he advised me strongly not to try it. "It would be fine in deep water," he said, "but not in these rapids. The rocks will tear it apart." That advice, along with some lighthearted but rather tasteless jokes from some of the competitors, which I refuse to repeat here, convinced me not only to leave my paper Titanic unlaunched but also to never again trust the soft-soaping words of the CB editor.

Paul led me to the bridge, where we watched some boys who were limbering up in a calm spot and practising at the foot of a small rapids. He called to one of them to demonstrate the sweep stroke, and then the draw stroke; the two major but fairly simple strokes I would have to learn. I soon saw that these kids could make their canoe do just about anything they wanted it to do. It all began to look a bit easier.

Then we donned helmets and life-jackets, and launched the canoe with the reassuring Safety Patrol painted on its top.

I took it as a bad sign, a portent of things to come, when I discovered that even getting into a canoe is very much like trying to commit suicide—or at least like walking on ballbearings. The canoe tried its best to overturn as soon as I put one foot in it, the other foot still on shore.

I'm sure it would have sent me to the briny deeps if a young fellow who calls himself Grog hadn't rushed to my rescue and held the canoe steady while I scrambled aboard. Grog is only eleven years old, too young to risk his life in this frightening sport,

so I guess he has to content himself by hanging around the fringes, helping others, sort of like serving an apprenticeship.

He helped me adjust my kneestraps—or rather, he adjusted them for me, since I didn't know how to—and I felt much more comfortable and secure, not to mention better-balanced, once they were in place. He also helped me fasten the spray-cover, then he disappeared before I had a chance to thank him.

Paul and I paddled into the calmest water we could find, then Paul called out commands of "Sweep!" or "Draw!" until I caught the drift of it. In the meantime, twenty or so other canoes joined us in the calm. Paul explained that this was to be a practice run for the race later in the day, and everyone would be taking it slow and easy, to find the best route down the river, with lots of stops to study the water, where they'd come from and where they were going.

Then he yelled to the gathered canoeists. "All right, let's get going!" Canoes and kayaks pulled out one after the other into the faster water.

Within minutes, while Paul and I were still in the calm spot, a canoe had overturned. "Go and help them!" Paul yelled to several canoeists. I was secretly glad he didn't suggest *we* go after them, because I was again in the process of having second thoughts about the whole business. I must have been too numb with fear to voice my regrowing doubts. I studiously avoided watching the drama down river, nevertheless hoping they hadn't been killed outright and that someone had called an ambulance.

But a few minutes later they crawled back into their canoe, dripping wet, and started all over again, which seemed like a miracle to me but to everyone else it seemed quite natural.

Then Paul said, "Let's go!" By this time I was absolutely numb—beyond panic, beyond fear, and beyond comprehension of vague instructions like "Let's go!" I sat there like a statue. Paul yelled "Sweep!", and I knew how to cope with that. I swept. Before fully realizing it we were out in the fast water, doing about 500 mph, following the other canoes, which looked to be doing about 10 mph, yet we didn't overtake them. My numb brain soon adjusted to this strange twist of physics, and I thought, "It's not so bad, as long as I can see where the

*Continued on page 23*



Everyone has heard of Jason and his loyal band of Argonauts. You'll remember they were the ancient Greeks who rowed a war galley over the vast seas in a long and dangerous search for the magical Golden Fleece. In the end they were successful, after blindfolding a sleepless dragon which stood watch over the Fleece.

Next October my eleven teammates and I hope to follow in Jason's "boat-prints". As members of the University of Western Ontario Varsity Rowing Crew, we are seeking something too: a gold medal in rowing at the Olympics in Mexico!

Sometimes I think Jason had an easy time of it, compared to us. First we had to win the Ontario-Quebec Athletic Association heats by defeating teams like Toronto and McMaster. To be eligible for the Olympics we now have to win either four- or eight-man shell races at the Canadian trials in St. Catharines this summer. Let me describe the competition.

There's the University of British Columbia crew, from the only college to date that has represented Canada in rowing at the Olympics. And they have represented us well! Only last summer the UBC crew won a silver medal at the Pan-American Games in Winnipeg.

The great team pride and dedication that exists out there not



**Western University's Rick Fearn**

only wins races but is a wonderful thing to be part of. I know. I rowed on that silver medal winning team.

Another opponent at the trials will be the St. Catharines' crew themselves. That'll be like trying to beat the Montreal *Canadiens* on a Saturday night in their own Forum! They will have more than the advantage of rowing in their hometown going for them. Rowing in St. Catharines is the BIG sport, and most of their oarsmen have been rowing since their early high school days.

In contrast, some of our crewmen are rowing for only their second year. We don't have the experience of those other two crews. We don't have the equipment and facilities that they enjoy, either. At Western, I don't think we even have as much ability. All we do have is a fierce will to win. If you don't think that'll be enough at

the trials, listen to how we got *this far!*

I came to Western, at London, Ontario, a year ago from my home in Vancouver and the University of British Columbia, to take a post-graduate course. I was on the campus five weeks before I found out Western even *had* a rowing team!

Later I could see why they tried to keep it a secret. The "boat-house" on Lake Fanshawe was actually an old unheated barn. It contained a total of two elderly boats, for the four teams to practise with. Besides, at Western, the Varsity, Lightweight, Freshman, and Junior Varsity crews also race in university competition. All pretty bewildering for a man used to the UBC setup.

We had a lot of good times that year. And, if we weren't the best crew around, we weren't the worst, either. So nobody was too concerned. After all, nothing much is expected from Western rowers.

What a difference a year makes! People ask me how we improved so much over one year, and I don't know how to answer them. When we began training last September, each oarsman gradually realized we had the makings not only of a good crew but a *great* one. Most important of all, we became a *team*.

Teamwork is the measure of

*Continued on page 25*

## ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT!

by Rick Fearn as told to Kim Lockhart

**They may not win the Olympic rowing title,  
but Western's crew will give it all they've got!**



An easy-to-build boat, light as a feather and costing as little as \$15, can be yours. All you need to build it are a few materials and tools, and a bit of time and patience!

### MAKING FRAMES

First step in construction is making the jigs for the frames (diagrams, A, B, and C). Lay out dimensions of frames on three pieces of one-inch-squared paper. You can draw your own squares on a large sheet of wrapping paper, for instance. Place a 2" x 2" x 2" block of wood at each point indicated, making sure the outside edge of the blocks follow the line of the frame. Nail paper and block to a sheet of 1/2" ply-

wood, starting with sheet for frame C.

The frames are made of three strips of three-ply veneer, four feet long and 1 1/4" wide. If your veneer is marine-grade plywood, soak strips until very flexible. If using ordinary plywood, steam the strips. Place centre of strip on bottom block and staple. Bend strip around blocks, stapling to each one. Apply second and third layers of veneer to first with epoxy glue and staples. Wood clamps will be a help in holding strips together. Allow one frame to dry before building next one. Varnish and sand all frames.

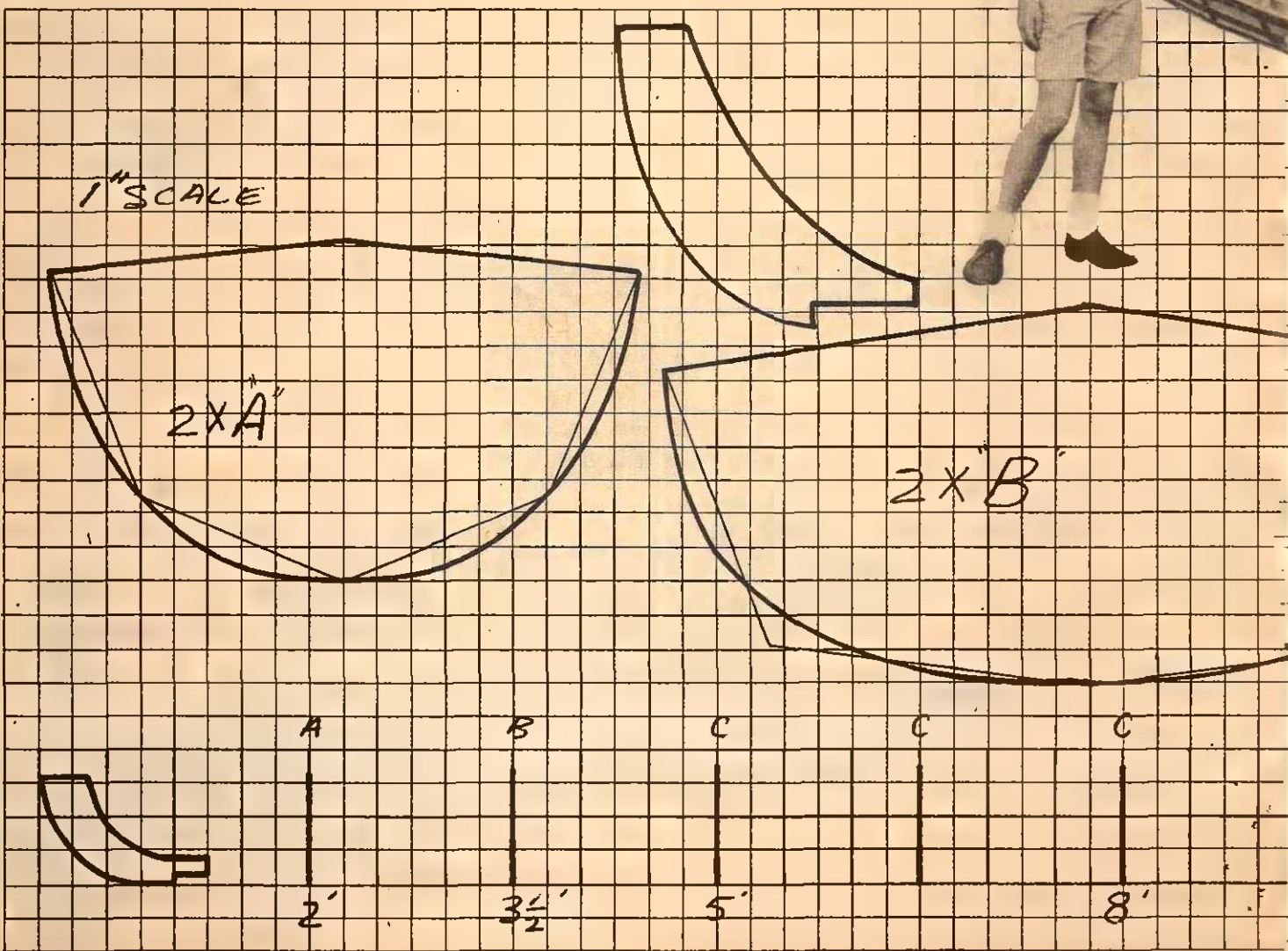
Next build the keelson. Taper it to 5/8", starting one foot from each end. Sand and varnish. Now, draw

the bow and stern pattern full size, cut out and trace onto sheet of wood. Cut out with a bandsaw or fretsaw. Sand and varnish.

### ASSEMBLY

Nail and glue bow and stern to keelson. Attach frames at points shown in diagram with nails and glue. Note that keelson runs inside frames. When finished attaching frames, turn half-finished boat over and apply first lengthwise strip along centreline of bottom. Apply second and third strips along gunwales. The rest of the strips can then be applied, spacing them the same distance apart as the width of the strips. Before placing strips on top, put strips on the inside of the frames from B

## BUILD YOURSELF





to B. Then add sheets of styrofoam between these strips and the outer ones to add strength and buoyancy.

More sheets of styrofoam between frames A and bow and stern will also help buoyancy.

Final step of the assembly is to put slats on top. If a splash guard is desired use two layers of three-inch strips of plywood nailed and glued across the tops of frames C and along the gunwales. Varnish the splashguard.

### SKIN

Several coverings can be used, each with advantages and drawbacks:

Plastic of the heavy gauge building variety is cheap but easily torn.

It can also be repaired easily with plastic tape. Plastic reinforced with threads is stronger than other types.

Canvas with sealer and paint is heavier and more expensive.

Fiberglas is strong, but also more expensive (about \$25 to cover kayak). It's heavy, too.

Plywood, sealer and paint, costs about the same as fiberglas, is heavier still. By using every second point on frames A, B and C, 2 x 2 marine plywood can be used.

When applying plastic or cloth, use at least two people to stretch material tight. Slit from C frames to bow and stern and overlap. With plastic seal, overlap with plastic tape. With cloth use a keel strap (half round).

### LIST OF MATERIALS

One piece 1/2" plywood two feet by three feet for mounting frame.

One piece 1" x 6" x three feet 1/2" plywood for stern and bow.

One piece 1" x 3" x twelve feet 1/2" plywood for keelson.

Two sheets four feet by eight feet three-ply veneer for frames and strips.

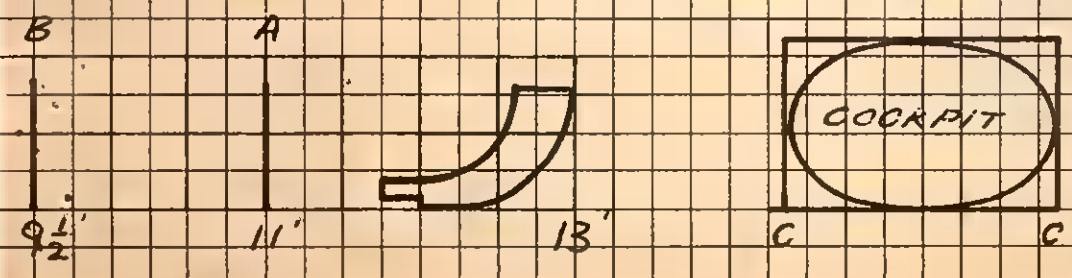
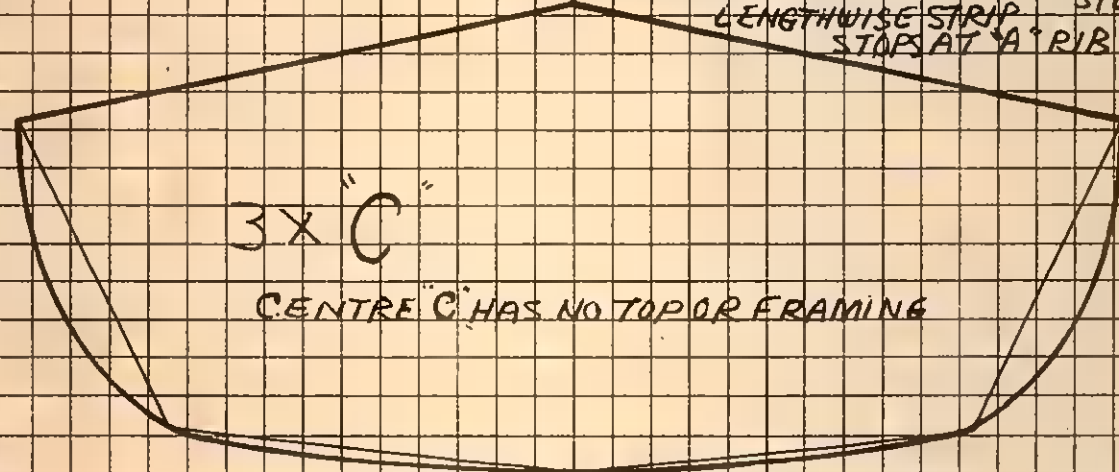
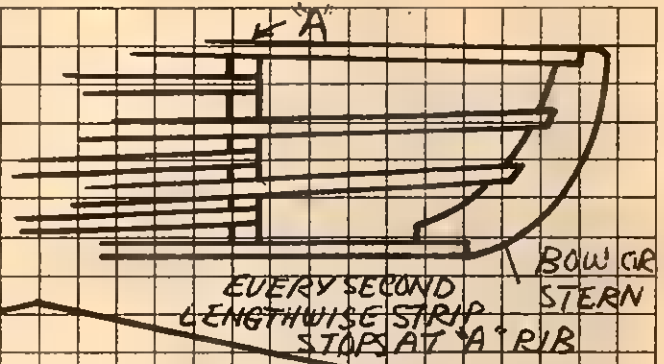
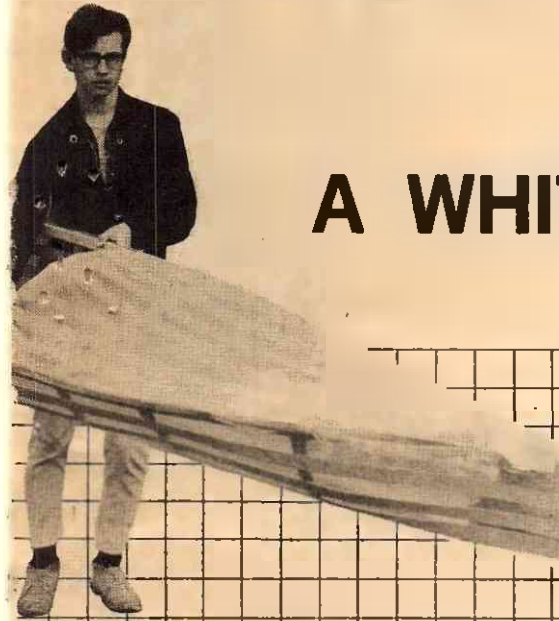
Three 2" x 2" x 2" wooden blocks. Epoxy glue.

One half pint urethane varnish.

### FRAMES NEEDED

Two each of patterns A and B, three of pattern C, one without top (for cockpit).

# A WHITE-WATER KAYAK!

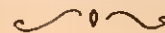


# GREAT CANADIANS

THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR TV CHARACTER, CANADIAN ACTOR **LORNE GREENE**, WAS BORN IN OTTAWA. DURING WORLD WAR TWO HE WAS NEWS BROADCASTER ON CBC RADIO. AFTER MANY YEARS ON BROADWAY'S STAGE IN NEW YORK, HE MOVED TO HOLLYWOOD AND ASSUMED THE ROLE OF BEN CARTWRIGHT IN THE TREMENDOUSLY SUCCESSFUL TV SERIES "BONANZA".



**ANGUS MACASKILL**  
THE CAPE BRETON GIANT, STOOD 7 FEET 9 INCHES TALL AND WEIGHED 425 POUNDS. HIS SHOULDERS WERE 3 FEET 8 INCHES ACROSS. HIS HANDS MEASURED 1 FOOT LONG AND WERE 6 INCHES IN WIDTH. IN THE EARLY 1800s HE PERFORMED AMAZING FEATS OF STRENGTH, AND ONCE LIFTED AN ANCHOR WEIGHING 2,200 POUNDS. TOM THUMB, THE FAMOUS MIDGET, DANCED ON MACASKILL'S PALM, AS PART OF THEIR ACT IN A TOURING CIRCUS.





## FAREWELL TO THE RIVER

*Continued from page 11*

as though his thoughts were elsewhere. He picked up the axe and balanced it across his hands. "Shan't be needing this anymore," he said. "I'll put it with the other things for old Kanaga. Supper will be ready soon. Are you coming?"

"I want to look at the river for a bit. I'll be up soon."

Paul watched his father and his heart was as heavy as his father's plodding steps. The axe had felled its last tree. After tomorrow, the stern-wheelers that steamed along the Yukon River would no longer load up logs from here. When the boat left Little Bear Creek tomorrow it would carry with it Paul and his family.

Paul ran his fingers over the gnarled wood and thought of the many winter and summer days he had spent piling up the logs as they fell from his father's saw. Now he left the woodpile and clambered onto a large rock to gaze out across the mighty Yukon River. The thought of leaving the river came upon him like a great pain; he would not see it freeze up this year, nor see the ice break up next spring.

Paul loved to watch the river wake up from its long winter sleep. Sometimes it awoke slowly and sedately. The ice cracked as if the river were gently shaking itself and the cracks widened and large slabs of ice flowed calmly downstream. More often the river awoke in a great burst of energy, shattering the ice with sharp explosions. Cakes of ice of all shapes and sizes rushed swirling and whirling, carrying with them small willows, shrubs and pieces of wood torn from the river's banks.

The river had been part of Paul's life for as long as he could remember. It ran through the territory like a great cord, holding all the people together. Down the river in summer came boats and log rafts, big stern-wheelers and Indian canoes. Down the river came news, stories from outside, rumors, tales of gold strikes, announcements of births and deaths. Soon he would cease to be one of the river people. He was going to Vancouver, to live in a house, attend a school, walk on concrete sidewalks. And he did not want to go; the Yukon was his home.

Here he had learned so much that

would be useless in a city; how to secure his snowshoes so that they did not slip from his feet; how to set a snare and stalk a moose; how to handle a gun well, clean it and care for it. He understood its true use; to kill only for food or fur. He had learned the code of the North. He knew that here any man could use any other man's cabin, but before he left he must clean and tidy it and leave a store of firewood for the next comer.

At their own cabin the door was always open. No one was ever turned away and Paul learned that men tended to be very much alike no matter what the color of their skin or the style of their dress. Some white men spoke a lot and said nothing; some Indians spoke no words but said much.

Paul wondered if Adrian and his father, Kanaga, would be here tomorrow to say goodbye. He could not be certain since his friend's movements were so unpredictable.

Adrian would appear one day with his family from the bush. Kanaga would sell some furs to Paul's father, buy a few cans of food, some tobacco and some ammunition for his old gun. The family would stay around the post for a day or two and Adrian and Paul would play with the dogs, run races, wrestle, trail each other through the bush and climb the high hills behind the cabin. Then as suddenly as they had come the Indian family moved away again. Adrian never said goodbye. Sometimes, in the summer, Paul would see them leave the inside clearing and wave to them, but neither Adrian nor his brothers and sisters would turn round and look back. One day Paul asked his Indian friend why they moved around so much.

"Why don't you stay a while? My mother would be only too glad to teach you. She teaches me and Jamie real good. We have arithmetic, reading and writing and even some French." Adrian smiled and said only, "We are like the caribou. We are always moving."

Paul had not seen Adrian since visiting the Indian fish camp with his father three weeks ago. Paul recalled the delicious smell of burning wood and smoking salmon. What would Vancouver smell like? He wondered . . .

"Paul!" His mother's voice broke in on his thoughts. "Supper's ready."

His mother, father and brother Jamie were already at table when Paul

entered the cabin and sat down. When they had said grace, Paul gazed sadly at his soup. "It's the last supper we shall eat here," he said.

"Last, last, last," chanted Jamie cheerfully.

"Stop it, Jamie," said Paul to his younger brother. "It's a sad word, a horrid word! The last night we shall sleep in our home," he added.

Later, when Jamie was rolled up like a small puppy in his bunk, Paul asked his father once more, "Why must we go?"

His father sighed and looked at his mother. This time it would not be enough to say simply, "Because soon the boats will stop using wood." He bent his head over his pipe for a moment and then looked up at his son.

"Because you and Jamie must learn to grow up in the world of tomorrow. It's a world of speed and machinery, and its people must be trained and educated." He paused to relight his pipe. "Your mother and I have been happy living and working here in this world of yesterday, but for your sake and Jamie's we can no longer put off going outside. Do you understand what I am trying to say, Paul?" Paul nodded.

"Yes, Dad, I understand." But later that night as Paul lay awake in his bunk, he realized that understanding his father's reasons for leaving had done nothing to ease the ache of departure.

The family rose early next morning for there was much to be done in preparation for leaving. Early in the afternoon, Adrian and his father appeared.

"There's nothing more you can help with here, dear," Paul's mother told him. "Why don't you and Adrian go down and check the woodpile?"

The two boys hurried out and, after making sure the logs were still neatly stacked, they climbed up on to the large flat rock. For a while both were silent.

Paul was remembering how excited he used to be each time the great sternwheeler steamed round the bend in the river. Since he had been old enough to lift a log he had helped to fuel the sternwheelers. The great steamer, with its single thin funnel, loomed above the post. The crew and passengers seemed like people from another world. They trooped ashore while the family's furs were loaded on board and the trade goods and gro-

*Continued on page 27*









## Sir Sam

**Bravest Dog In North America**

**— As told in his own words to —**

**Zita Barbara May**

For a while after I was born, I lived near Ottawa, in the country. My mother was a Labrador Retriever, and her owner used her for duck-hunting. He valued her highly, but he had no use for me.

One spring day, when I was about two months old, the man said to my mother, "Before we go hunting tomorrow, Tess, we'll have to get rid of the pup . . . can't afford to keep a mongrel!" Until then I had thought I was a Labrador Retriever, same as my mother.

The man reached for his gun and, thinking he was going to shoot me, I made a bolt for the door. Scuttling down the gravel road, as fast as my wobbly legs could carry my roly-poly body, I splashed through puddles, my white shirt-front soon as black as the rest of me.

I had never been outside the yard before, and I was scared. Hearing a car coming, I backed up and fell into a ditch. The car stopped and a man got out and came towards me.

A woman called from the car. "See Gord — in the ditch — a little kitten!" The man moved closer. He looked as big as a giant. Trembling with fright, I cowered down at the very bottom of the ditch, but the man

clambered after me and picked me up.

"It's a pup!" he called out to the woman — "Mighty scared, and dirty, too!" He climbed back into the car and handed me to the woman. "We'll drop him off at the Humane Society," he said.

"We'll do no such thing," said the woman, holding me tight. "This is Easter Sunday. He's the nicest Easter present ever!"

"Good job we're coming back from church, not on our way there," laughed the man. "Look at the mud on your new Easter outfit!" Edna (that's what I learned to call her) laughed and hugged me tighter. "Who cares for mud if it comes off a pup as cute as Little Black Sambo?"

From that very minute, I belonged to Edna and Gord White — every

inch of me! Their house was my house and I guarded it with my life. If they were out, no one (not even my best friend) could set foot inside the yard — not until Edna or Gord said "O.K. Sam!" From then on, visitors had the freedom of the place.

One spring day, Gord took me in the car to Lansdowne Park, where I gamboled about, barking and having fun, while he and some other men set up fireworks for "The Twenty-Fourth". Soon, I was joined by two small boys, who threw a ball for me to catch. Suddenly, one of them scooped me up in his arms. "Come on!" he said to the other one. "Let's take him home!"

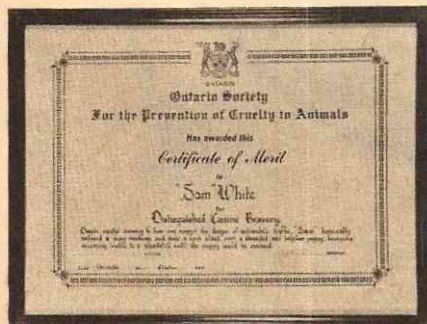
The other boy tried to stop him. "If the police catch us, we'll get put in jail maybe!"

"Aw, nuts," said my kidnapper, as he ran off with me.

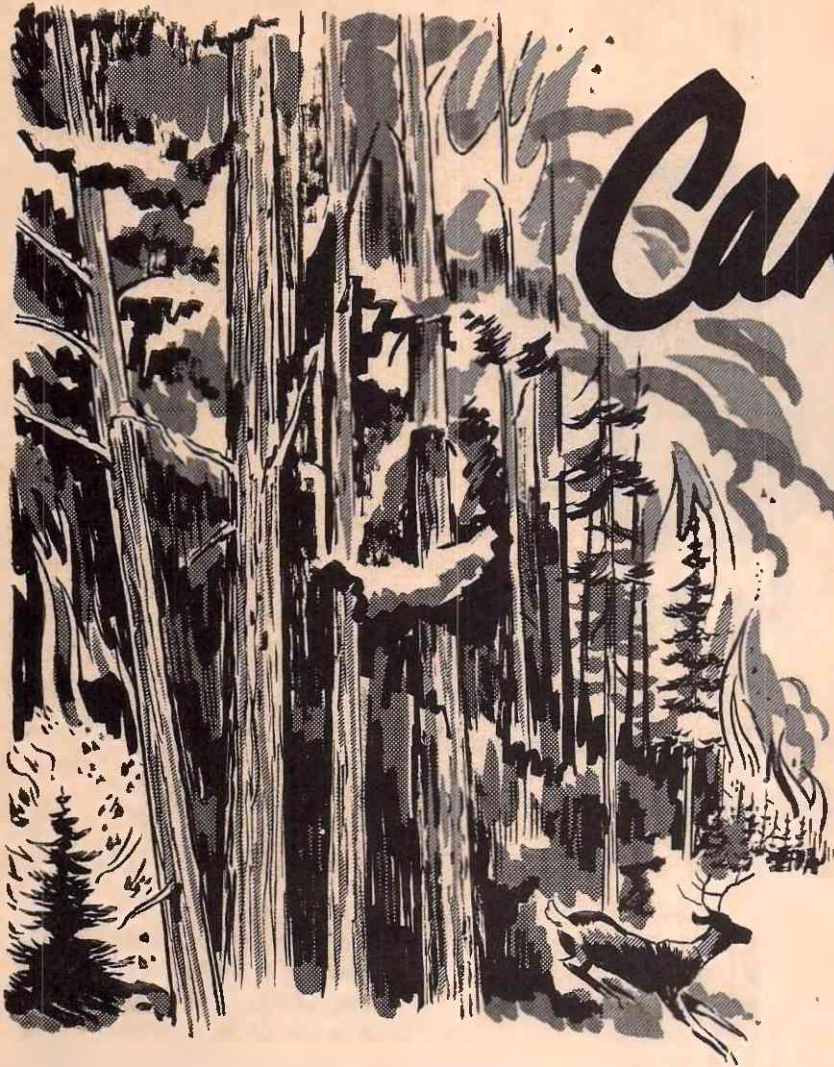
When the boy got home, he yelled out, "Mom! I found a puppy. Can I keep him?"

"Not in my clean kitchen," scolded his mother, shooing him outside. The boy hid me in a shed. When night came, it was dark and cold. I shivered and whimpered with misery.

*Continued on page 33*





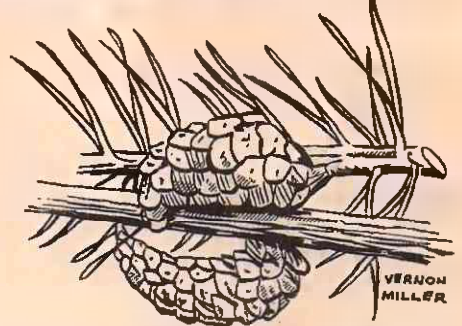


# Canada

ONLY A SMALL PERCENTAGE OF OUR FOREST FIRES ARE CAUSED BY LIGHTNING... NINE OUT OF TEN ARE CAUSED BY MAN.

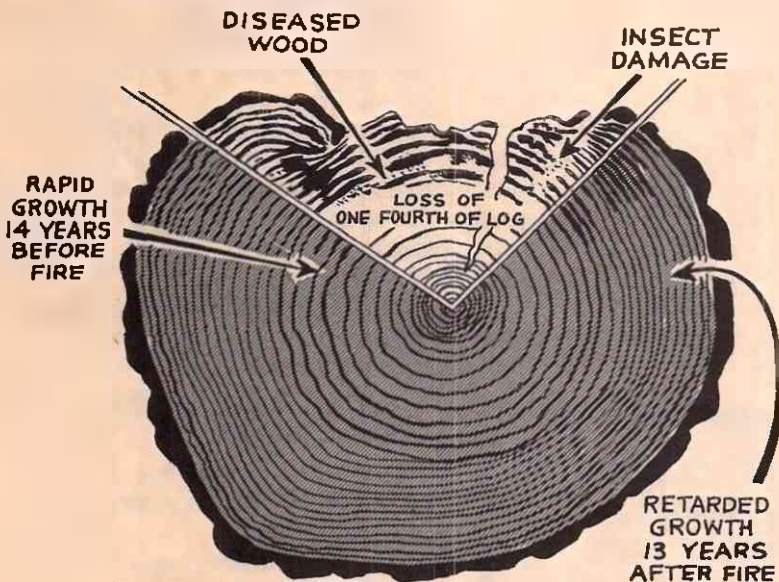
WITHIN THE SPACE OF A FEW HOURS, A RAGING FOREST FIRE CAN DESTROY AN ENTIRE FOREST.

A FIRE DOES MORE THAN HILL OR DAMAGE TREES ALREADY GROWING; IT CHANGES THE WHOLE FOREST FOR DECADES TO COME. BY REMOVING THE LAYER OF LITTER FROM THE FOREST FLOOR, KILLING SEEDLINGS AND DOMINANT TREES, IT CREATES CONDITIONS FAVORABLE TO SUCH TREES AS THE JACK PINE...



## HOW FIRE RUINS TIMBER....

DISEASE AND INSECTS ENTER THROUGH FIRE SCARS...



UNDER NORMAL CONDITIONS, THE CONES OF A JACK PINE REMAIN TIGHTLY CLOSED AND HANG ON THE TREE; THE SEEDS INSIDE REMAIN VIABLE FOR YEARS...

WHEN HEATED, AS BY A FIRE, THEY OPEN, SCATTERING IMMENSE QUANTITIES OF SEEDS ONTO A BED OF ASHES FROM WHICH OTHER COMPETING SPECIES HAVE BEEN ELIMINATED.

ONE STUDY OF FIRES REVEALED THAT THERE MIGHT BE AS FEW AS HALF A DOZEN JACK PINES TO AN ACRE OF FOREST BEFORE A FIRE, BUT AFTERWARD THOSE FEW TREES MIGHT COVER THEIR ACRE WITH 15 THOUSAND TO 20 THOUSAND SEEDLINGS.

THE JACK PINE DEPENDS LARGELY ON FIRE TO SURVIVE...

WHEN A MODERN LOGGER CUTS OVER AN AREA, SEED TREES ARE PLANTED TO REFOREST AND HEAL THE WOUNDS... AFTER THREE CENTURIES OF PLUNDER, THE TIDE HAS NOW TURNED; INSTEAD OF EVER-SHRINKING WOODLANDS, CANADIAN FORESTS ARE NOW GROWING MORE TIMBER EACH YEAR THAN IS BEING CUT....



## MUMBLE MUMBLE CANOE

*Continued from page 14*

others are going and we follow the same path."

But then Paul showed his true colors. It seems he didn't want to follow the same path as the others. *He was out to kill me!* Where the others avoided the larger waves, Paul steered directly for the largest. I was helpless! I was doomed! I watched, spellbound, as the nose of the canoe disappeared into a wall of water, then I quickly shut my eyes as the same wave washed clean over my shoulders. I didn't dare open them, for fear I would see I had already drowned, until I heard Paul yell, "Yahoooo!" I couldn't believe that we were still afloat, let alone still heading in a straight line directly for another whopper. Again we went right through it, and again Paul was yipping and hooting like an Indian.

Since we still hadn't drowned, I began to think that maybe it was fun after all—at least, a little bit. After a few more medium sized waves, each one of which I was sure was hiding a canoe-busting rock, Paul yelled for me to sweep hard, and we pulled into an eddy by the bank. I thought we had finished. Paul informed me we had barely started. The whole course is 4½ miles, and we had only gone a couple of hundred yards.

Instead of trying to adjust to this news, I relaxed a bit and watched the others. I was quite impressed by the way these kids could handle their one-man or two-man canoes. It was almost as if they were controlling the swift water, instead of the other way around. They were certainly using the various currents and eddies to the best advantage. The kayaks were especially fascinating — they looked harder to handle, with different skills involved.

My eye followed one of the kayaks coming down through the rapids, cutting the water smoothly and riding the currents skillfully. Whoever was riding it sure knew what he was about—he must have 10 or 15 years' experience. He shot niftily through the last big wave, then did some tricky things with his double-bladed paddle, skidded around on a dime and came to a splashy and confident stop two inches from our canoe and absolutely parallel to us. I revised my estimate of his experience to at least 20 years.

Then I looked at him. It was Grog. He grinned and said, "Lots of fun,

huh?" Then turned his head to study the rapids, missing the scowl of disapproval I threw at him for lying to me about his age. Eleven years old—huh! He is obviously a 40-year-old midget who just *looks* like he's eleven! I was justified in this assumption by watching him when he again pulled out into the fast water. He simply had too much confidence, too much skill, for a mere eleven-year-old.

But then Paul made me doubt my assumption by saying, when he saw me watching Grog in his kayak, "Now do you see why I've retired from active competition?"

I don't know how we managed to survive the whole trip, especially after we started bumping over some rocks, unless I can believe Paul's explanation, which I don't. He says ours was a very stable canoe, being exceptionally wide. Also, the other canoeists were picking the route which would prove to be fastest in the afternoon's race, while he, not being entered in the race, was looking for the route which would be the most fun. According to him, the big waves will slow a canoe, but are more exciting. That part I believe, but the rest of it—uh-uh! I still think the editor of CB hired him to kill me off for the insurance, and though Paul tried, he botched the job.

When I finally crawled out of the canoe, my arms felt like soggy lead and my legs like useless twigs better suited for kindling than for walking on. I was stiff for four days afterward, which isn't surprising considering that I haven't had any exercise since I left school 15 years ago.

I thanked Paul heartily for botching the job he was supposed to do of drowning me (he pretended he didn't know what I was talking about), then we headed home. As we drove, I discovered that my nephew Craig, whom I had previously thought to be rather intelligent for a 15-year-old, isn't as smart as he looks. He wants to buy a kayak. No matter how much I try to reason with him, he refuses to believe it's as dangerous as I make it out to be. In fact, he says it looks like fun.

He's out of his cotton-pickin' MIND!

*(Editor's note: Shortly after receiving the above article from Rae Parker, we discovered he also is out of his cotton-pickin' mind. He has just bought himself his own white-water canoe.)*

## LETTERS

*Continued from page 4*

### OFFSIDE ERROR

Dear Lester:

I believe I have found an error in your Hockey Puzzle Contest. Should not the 12 Down be moved one square to the right?

*Alivars Kakis, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.*

**Bang-on!** You are right, the artist was wrong, and the art director has been hanging his shaggy head in shame ever since we got your letter. Nevertheless, the error in the puzzle diagram didn't seem to slow down any of the contestants. The first three entries drawn gave correct solutions to our incorrect puzzle. Good thinking there! — LS

### ANOTHER WRONG NUMBER!

Dear Lester:

I read your editorial *Is Anybody Out There?* and I found the ad, but I can't enter. You see, I am only 12 years old. I am a fair shot with a .22 and would like to compete. Are there any contests you know that I can enter?

*Evan Lewis, Exshaw, Alta.*

**Sorry about that.** We said see page 25 and the markmanship awards announcement was on page 20. Gremlins in the machinery again! Evan, you talk to your Scouter about it. I think if he can get police permission, you can enter. Check it out. — LS

### WE'RE THE GREATEST?

Dear Lester:

I have read *CANADIAN BOY* for some time now, four years to be exact, and I have found that this magazine has a humor of its own which can't be beaten. Good luck in 1968!

*Robert Weisman, Ottawa, Ont.*

**Thank you. We're all blushing.**—LS

Dear Lester:

I enjoyed your section on Judo. I myself take Judo. I am a yellow belt studying for my green. Why on earth don't you have some more on Judo? What are you? Stupid or something?

*Charles Morris, Montreal, Que.*

**Something.** — LS

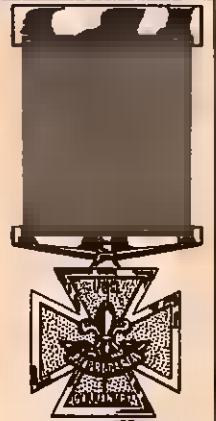
*Continued on page 30*

# AWARD FOR VALOUR



FOUR BOYS ROWED A SMALL BOAT INTO THE CHOPPY WATERS OF HIMBLE LAKE, SASKATCHEWAN, ON JUNE 5, 1965... ED ERTLE, 11, DIVED OVERBOARD, THEN FOUND HIMSELF IN TROUBLE IN THE WHITE-CAPPED WAVES... ONE OF HIS FRIENDS TRIED TO HELP BUT COULDN'T. THEN PAUL SAUM, 12, LEAPED IN.. GRABBING THE SEMI-CONSCIOUS ERTLE, HE SAW THE BOAT DRIFTING AWAY AND THE OTHERS TOO CONFUSED TO HELP HIM, SO HE TOWED ERTLE TO SHORE, REACHING SHALLOW WATER JUST AS HIS STRENGTH GAVE OUT....

FOR HIS GALLANT ACTION TROOP LEADER PAUL SAUM OF THE THIRD MEADOW LAKE, SASKATCHEWAN, GROUP, WAS HIGHLY COMMENDED... HE WAS AWARDED THE SILVER CROSS BY GOVERNOR-GENERAL MICHENER...



## Pets

The creature has eyes like a meadow mouse, fur like a hamster, a tail like a squirrel's and the disposition of a chipmunk. It will learn to sleep at night and be active in daytime. What is it?

It's that new house-pet called the gerbil. Found in the deserts of Asia and North Africa, this little creature has been introduced to North American pet shops because it makes a good pet.

The gerbil is a land rodent. It makes its natural home in the searing heat of the desert sands, a habitat offering little water and temperatures reaching a sizzling 150 degrees Fahrenheit or more — oven hot!

How does this tiny animal survive the extreme heat? Simply by resting in burrows several feet below the torrid surface, where he relaxes in tempera-

tures of only around 85 degrees. When the desert cools off at night, the gerbil emerges from his burrow and goes hunting for food.

Plants form the greater part of his diet, although insects suit him, too. In the dry desert country the gerbil relies heavily on the juices of plants for moisture. He can convert carbohydrate foods, like seeds, into the water his body needs. In fact, from 20 ounces of seed the gerbil can manufacture 12 ounces of water, using his peculiar body chemistry.

If only humans could do this! But we're not desert creatures, normally. This sort of water-making is not uncommon among animals found in arid zones. The well-known desert packrat is capable of doing much the same thing as the gerbil — but he doesn't make a good pet.

The gerbil has no sweat glands, so he doesn't waste any water that way, either. But, because he has no natural cooling system, which is what sweating amounts to in animals, he must not expose himself to the desert sun.

He urinates about once a week, on the average, because his kidneys are designed to purify body fluids and send them back for re-use in the general system.

Now you can see why the gerbil makes an ideal small pet. He can go for a long time without a drink of water, if he has the right kinds of plant and insect food, and is kept at a temperature near that of his natural habitat. Since he doesn't sweat, there can be no unpleasant body odor from him. And, finally, his cage doesn't have to be changed or cleaned out so often because he does not foul his litter as frequently as the more common cage pets do.

The study of the gerbil might prove interesting, and he can be fun to have around.

Incidentally, in case you like to know such things, his scientific name is *Meriones unguiculatus*. Quite a mouthful for a little guy who weighs only three ounces full grown!

By D. A. Coburn



## ROW, ROW, ROW

Continued from page 15

any good crew in rowing. You could put the eight best oarsmen in the world together in a boat, and an ordinary crew with good teamwork is going to beat them! An oarsman has to trust his teammates. You only pull hardest on your oar if you know everyone else in the boat is doing the same thing.

Rowing is unique in this way. If Dave Keon scores four goals but Toronto loses 5-4 he is still chosen as one of the three stars of that game. A rower has no such luck. He can row the hardest race of his life but unless his teammates perform equally well, the race is lost. There are no three stars after a rowing contest.

We worked harder and harder as the date of the opening O-QAA regatta drew near. Some nights we used illumination from car headlights to bring the boat in at the end of a practice session. While the boats were being used by the other crews, we used to spend many delightful hours doing physical exercises. Delightful! Like hitting your head against a wall. It feels good when you stop.

The oarsman is always glad he's in shape once the race starts, though. There is the same sweet torture in rowing a 2,000-meter race as there is in running a four-minute mile. After the first 1,000 meters your arms and stomach hurt so much you want to jump out of the boat. Each man has to fight a private battle, inside himself, to keep rowing. If one man loses that battle, his boat loses the race.

Fortunately we had a lot of horseplay to lighten the load of long hours of training. Once I remember us hiding the boat behind a point in the lake when our coach was late getting out on the water in his motorboat. I think he was just about ready to dive in and look around underwater for us by the time we eventually showed ourselves.

Maybe we just felt we had to show our independence. After all, the first oarsmen in history were slaves, and prisoners!

The big day finally arrived, in October, at Toronto. Before the start of the races we were as frisky as colts. We all thought we had the best crew there. But, in a race, anything can happen.

In the preliminaries we won by

a healthy 12 boatlengths over Brock and McMaster. The strong Toronto crew also won their trials.

Each one of us was ready for a big effort when the final race began. Did we go! Toronto was left far behind as we churned across the lake.

However, it didn't remain an easy race for long. I lost my oar over the side! Hotshot Fearn, the captain of the Western crew! Hah!!

Sadly I looked up to watch the boat from Toronto zip past us. Any oarsman knows that rowing with only seven men is like trying to finish a road race with only three wheels on your car! Yet, would you believe we were three lengths ahead at the finish!?!?

After that race, I knew nobody was going to beat us this year. But *nobody*.

Later, I explained to the other guys that I had really *thrown* that oar overboard. They all agreed it had been a wonderful strategy to slow down the Toronto crew. In fact, Rob MacKenzie suggested that next time I should jump in along with the oar. That, he said, might delay the other crews even more. Nice guys . . .

Actually, losing an oar as I did isn't as hard as you might think. If an oarsman fails to clear the water from a stroke, his oar strikes the water at a funny angle. This is called "catching a crab" and it can lift you right out of your seat and drop you in the drink!

After that first important win, we swept through the season undefeated. In fact, at no time were we ever behind in a race. Following an easy six-length victory in St. Catharines (our fifth in a row!) it became official: We were named the 1967 O-QAA Champions, and we had earned the right to compete in the Canadian trials.

We don't intend to rest on our laurels at those trials in August, either. All winter we have been training five nights a week in the

gym, doing vigorous endurance exercises and lifting weights while the lake was frozen over.

And Western had ordered two new Italian boats, from Europe, for delivery before the trials. These are the best that money can buy, partly sponsored by a Rowing Week held in March of this year. Our old boats were at least 50 pounds heavier than those of the other teams.

All the men on our team have made plans to remain in London for the summer instead of travelling to their homes. Here's our average day during the "holidays":

Get up at 5 a.m. Practise rowing from 5.30 to 7 a.m. Work from 8 to 5 p.m. Practise rowing from 5.30 p.m. to 8, then eat for an hour and go to bed at 9 p.m.

I'll bet even Jason the Greek put in better hours than that! And had more fun, to boot.

The way I figure it, we will have done close to 800 hours of training since November in order to row a race lasting about six minutes at the trials. See what I mean about our fierce will to win? Our style has been poor all year but, when the other crews got tired and quit, that's when we'd pull ahead, every time.

People tell me that the UBC and St. Catharines crews will have too much experience for us in August. Well, I know the experienced teams are often the over-confident ones, as well.

And over-confidence can put you out of any sport you want to name!

Besides, those two teams have been on top for too long. I know from my business training how bad a monopoly can be.

Mind you, we at Western don't have any hard feelings toward the people on those other two crews. On the contrary, we intend to send every one of those guys a postcard from Mexico in October!



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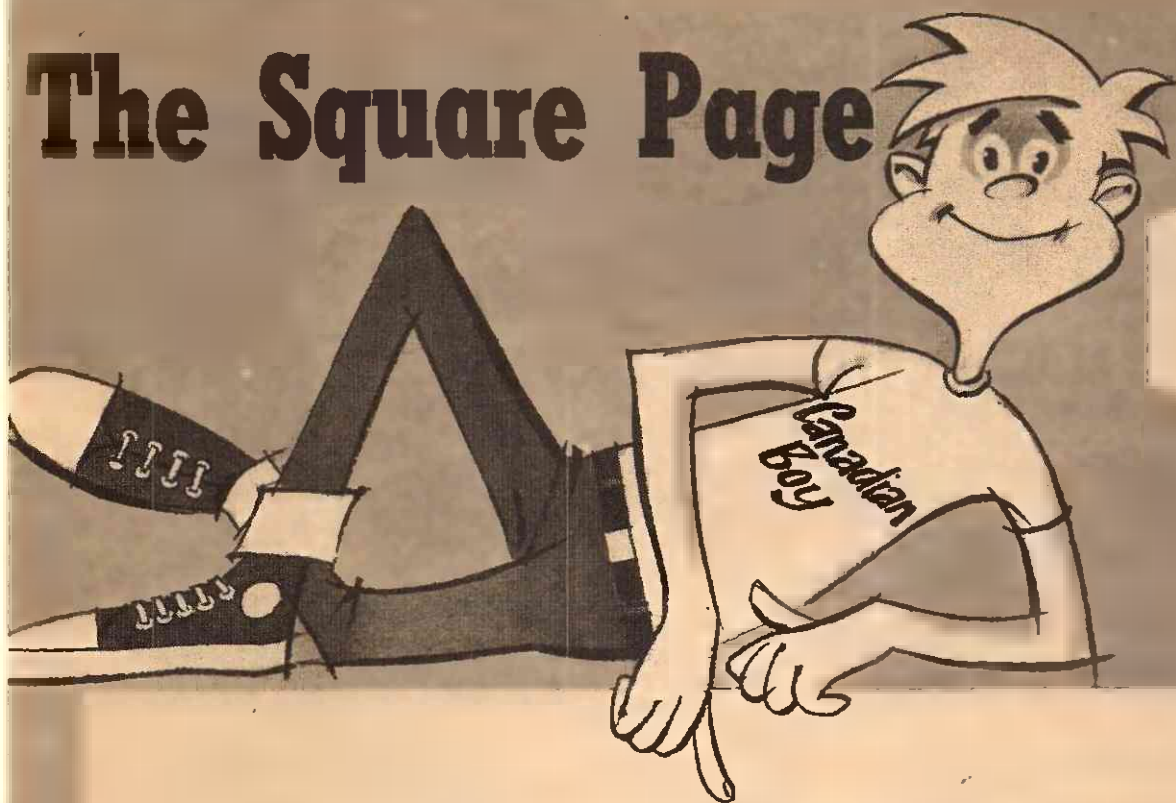
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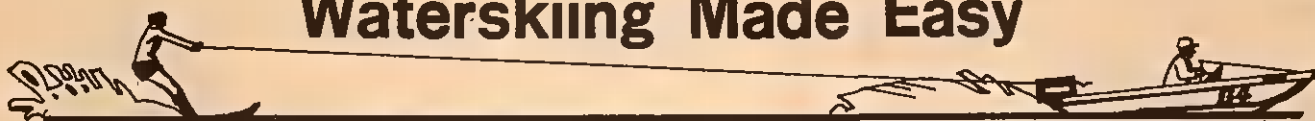
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# The Square Page

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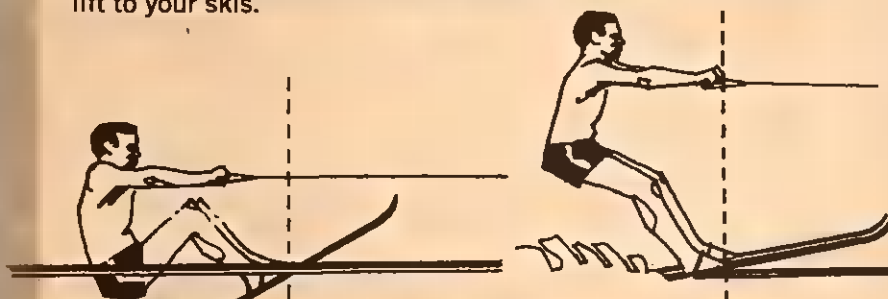


## Waterskiing Made Easy



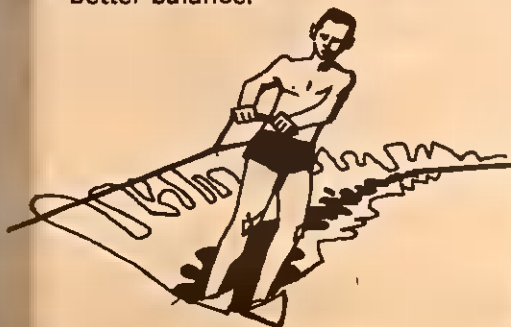
### How is it done?

Water skiing is easier than it looks. Two of the same forces that help an airplane fly help you to skim over the water. When your towboat pulls you forward, the water provides the lift to your skis.



### Starting

The two simplest starting positions are in deep water and from a dock. The important thing in starting is to lean well back and keep the front of your skis pointing up. If the front end of a ski dips below the water surface you will spill. As your speed increases, you can stand more erect and gain better balance.



### Turning

Turn by leaning your whole body in the direction you want to turn. At the same time, slightly raise the opposite sides of your skis. Be sure you are not turning into the path of another skier or boat!

### CHECK YOURSELF OUT ON THESE SAFETY POINTS:

- 1 Boat operator is experienced.
- 2 Observer knows hand signals.
- 3 Water in ski path is at least five feet deep.
- 4 Your flotation vest is approved by the Department of Transport.

### AND REMEMBER . . .

- \* If you spill, throw away the tow-line.
- \* To stop, sit down in the water.
- \* When falling, curl up in a ball.
- \* After a spill, recover your skis quickly, because they will help you stay afloat.



# Models

More and more modelers are taking a hard look at the weather-beaten, battle-scarred veterans of wartime aviation.

One company that's made an initial stab at combat realism is Industro-Motive Corporation (IMC). Five new kits, in 1/72 scale, of Vietnam veterans come with substitute parts showing battle damage, if you want to use them. If you don't, you can still build factory-new version from same kits.

Generally, the battle-damaged parts are accurately shaped, though at times a tiny bit off scale. The parts show flak damage, bullet rips and other ailments. In one case you get a torn-off upper rudder effect.

It's a trend toward super-accuracy that — hopefully — other manufacturers will follow, especially on World War Two aircraft kits.

Until then, modelers will have to improvise their own battle damage.

Feathered props are no problem. Break off the blades at the hub and cement them back on with the blades straight ahead. Just make sure the

full-size aircraft did have constant-speed, feathering props!

The damaged engine and cowling is trickier. A needle heated moderately, can be thrust into the plastic and quickly withdrawn to simulate bullet holes. If the needle is a little cooler on withdrawal, the tear will be more jagged, and will look like flak damage.

For really bashed-up control surfaces, aluminum foil is a must. The stuff your mother uses in the kitchen is perfect. Cut away the "damaged" section, slightly oversize. Cement the foil to the control surface by applying a coat of varnish and waiting until it gets tacky before applying the foil. Carefully applied this way, foil can look exactly like real aluminum skin. Now you apply the damage. Wrinkle, dent or punch in the foil to suit yourself.

Smoke and exhaust streaks are easy to re-create if you study a few pictures of warplanes. Remember the smoke follows the airstream, not necessarily the body lines of the aircraft. On types like the Lancaster bomber, exhaust was carried straight up from the pipe, over the top of the wing. Exhaust was usually a shade of grey, or brown, but rarely ever black.

If you have no spray-painting system, use your handbrush as a smudge, working in an almost-dry brush, rubbing it onto the surface. Gives a good "sprayed" effect!

Or how about flat tires? Lots of kites blew tires on landing, or lost them in action. Set an iron to its lowest heat, then hold the tire, with tweezers, about half an inch away from the hot iron. When your plastic wheel is soft up to the hub, press the wheel straight down on a sheet of wax-paper.

Modelers with the courage to attack a beautiful finishing job, wet-sanding off a few worn-paint areas, usually find they've got a far more realistic effort. The plane looks like it's been used, instead of sporting a high glossy.

But try the wet-sanding technique on aluminum-colored plastic for the best results. If the plastic was moulded in some other color, the wear-points will look better touched up with a mixture of two parts silver paint to one part of grey.

Go take a hard look at some of your warplanes. Do they look like they've seen service? If they don't, you know what to do about it.

By George A. Newell

## FAREWELL TO THE RIVER

*Continued from page 19*

ceries were piled on the small dock. For a brief period, the landing became a scene of frenzied activity until the loading and unloading were completed and the sternwheeler steamed out of sight. There would be no joy today in seeing the boat approach, for its coming meant the end of the life Paul loved. Suddenly he turned to Adrian and burst out:

"I don't want to go! I don't want to move to the future! I want to stay here and live like we always have! I'll run away and come and live with you and your family!"

"You would make your parents very unhappy," said Adrian, looking at his friend sympathetically. "You would not do that, surely?"

"Of course he would not," said a voice behind them. The boys turned in surprise for they had not heard Kanaga approach. He rested his hand lightly on Paul's shoulder.

"Your father speaks true when he says you must move into the future. Look at the river. Life is like that riv-

er — it must go forward, it does not stand still. When the water turns aside and is trapped in a pool it becomes stale and stagnant. For some people life becomes like that, there is no future for them. But for you, son of white man, there is future." Something about the tone of Kanaga's voice disturbed Paul but before he could speak to him Kanaga had moved away.

"Adrian, when your father spoke of people with no future, who did he mean?"

"Why, his own people, of course. Indians."

"But you have things to do in the future. I mean hunting and trapping and fishing — like you do now. What's wrong with all that?"

"Because they are not things of the future; they are a way of life that is past."

"You mean, you'd rather live another kind of life?" Paul's voice rose in surprise. It had never occurred to him that Adrian was less than happy with the world of the trapline and fish camp.

"What other kind of life? It is the white man with skills and machinery

who succeeds in the Yukon now, and there is no place for us outside in white men's cities. Your father leaves because he chooses to. We stay because we must."

"I didn't choose to go!"

"That is because you cannot choose until you are a man."

Until I am a man! Paul stared down at the grey-green water of the Yukon.

"I've been behaving as if I had to spend the rest of my life outside. When I'm a man I shall come back! As an engineer maybe, or a teacher."

"We shall welcome you back."

Suddenly the whistle of the sternwheeler sounded, faintly at first, then stronger. Paul leaped to his feet and looked toward the bend in the river, waiting until the boat appeared. Then he turned back to Adrian.

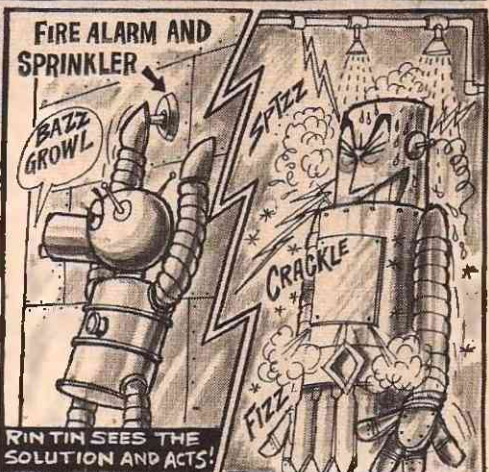
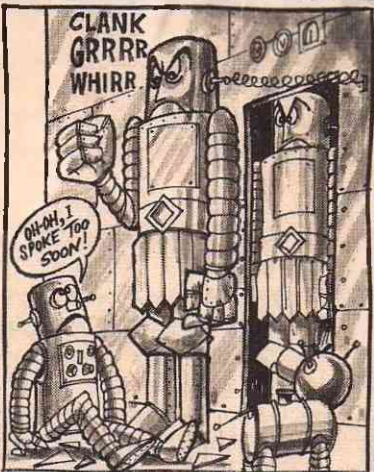
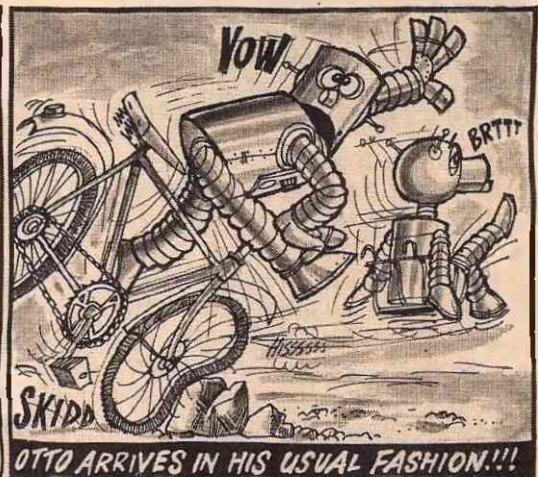
The rock was empty. Adrian had gone, as swiftly and silently as ever. Paul set off in the direction of the cabin, his shoulders stooped in sadness but suddenly he lifted up his head and shouted, "I'll see him again; I'll see him again when I come home!"



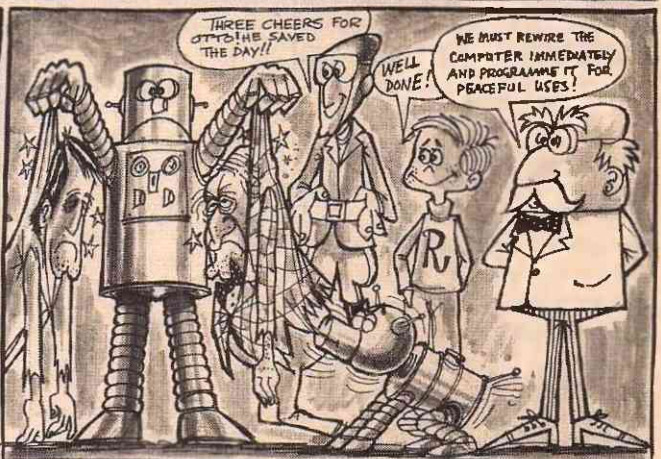
# 2068AD OTTO Matic

by VIC ATKINSON

The Bad Guys, Gordon Stinkler and Robert Goulash, have forced Prof. Twiddle to re-activate the Great Computer, and they are about to throw the main switch that will set in motion the machinery for manufacturing and controlling a species of Super Robots! Meanwhile, Otto and his friends Robin Rover and Wings McFlapp, have taken up the chase on bicycles.



**POW  
BAM  
OH OOH  
SPLAT**





## TIGER FROM THE WEST

Continued from page 9

three and so on, until he has rounded all six buoys and left the course through the exit gate.

A fall or a miss ends the skier's run. After each successful pass where a turn is made around all six buoys, the boat speed is increased by two mph until the maximum of 36 mph is reached. The speed is carefully monitored by stop watch and at 36 mph it takes just 16.4 seconds to run from one end of the course to the other! During this incredibly short time the skier must complete six turns and race across the course six times! The skier's speed averages over 45 mph!

A good slalom skier must have strength, coordination and rhythm as he pits his ability against the course. The speed is so fast that there is almost no room for error of any kind. One mistake and you're out. This certainly builds up pressure and only the coolest athlete can survive and excel. Up to this point the skier has been using a standard 75-foot tow-line. As the event is an elimination one, what do we do if there is still more than one skier left after the 36-mph run is completed? We shorten the line, that's what. Diabolical? First by 12 feet and then six feet at a time. If you think it has been difficult up to this point, look out! Short line slalom poses a mental hazard as well as a physical one and the champions are soon separated from the also-rans.

The finals at the 1967 world championships went to 30 feet off the line! In other words, 36 mph on a 45-foot-tow-line. And to add to the difficulty the skiers went into the course "cold" at 24 off. It is one thing to work up to short line, start at 36 on a 75-foot line, then a run at 12 off, then 18 off and finally 24 off. But to go into the course right from the dock at 24 off is a mighty chilling thought, even for hardened tournament veterans.

George had tied for third in the slalom eliminations and during the finals he was doing well until the 24 off run began. Here inexperience reared its ugly head and George fell victim to a very small error. A good slalom skier will try to ski through the wake of the boat and not allow himself to be bounced into the air even for a split second. This is done by flexing the knees to take the shock of hitting the wake at high speeds. The

reason is simple: If the ski comes out of the water the pull of the boat may cause the skier to lose favorable course position. He gets pulled "down course" more than he would like. It may not be much, but a few inches after buoy number one can become a few feet after buoy number four and a few feet is just too much of an error for survival.

On the 24 off run George ran the course a little too straight up. He almost jumped the wakes as he crossed the course. He became slightly behind and at the fifth buoy he must have realized his error which had been increasing as he moved down course. To make up, George pulled too hard out of his turn on number five, the tip of his ski dug in and before the roaring crowd could blink an eye our medal hopes had disappeared under water. Fourth place.

Of the three events in a water ski tournament, trick skiing takes the most time to master. Long hard hours, mostly in the water instead of on top of it make up the price that must be met.

A special pair of trick skis is required. They are short, from 40 to 46 inches, and wide, 9 to 9¾ inches. There is little bend and the bottom is flat with no stabilizing fin. Skiers must learn tricks to program two runs of 20 seconds each. The useable tricks appear in the pages of the WWSU rule book, each trick assigned


In the final round George had scored 4145.820 pts which wasn't that far off the pace and good enough for fourth place.

Silver medal winner Tito Antunano of Mexico claimed that George Athans was the best trick skier in the tournament because he performed his tricks faster than anyone else. The rub was that George didn't have as many tricks at his command as did

the skiers who finished ahead of him. Next year will be a new story and it's a good bet that George will be tricking close to 5000 points.

At a world championship meet, medals are awarded for slalom, trick skiing, jumping and overall. The last named championship goes to the skier amassing the highest total in the three events combined. Going into the final event, which is always jumping by tradition, George was in second place overall. All he needed was a good solid 140-foot jump and the world championship was his. But this was the year George had been coached to concentrate on only two events. It was a calculated gamble because it is difficult for a Canadian in a short season to master three events to "world class". George was skiing in the junior division of a five-foot ramp where he set a new Canadian record of 100 feet, and the six-foot ramp was new to him. Without lots of practice jumping can be a risky event and that is one of the reasons George was kept away from the higher ramp.

George certainly gave the jumping event the old college try and he went all out in spite of his lack of practice. His first jump was a half barrel roll and he almost landed on his ear — a result of cutting too late and trying too hard. His second try was a bit safer but he could only manage 110 feet which put him in forty-first place. There was plenty of room for improvement, but remember one thing: George did establish a new Canadian record of 100 feet on the five-foot ramp at 28 mph. So he is a potential jumper.

With lots of practice, some expert instruction and hard work, George will reach that 140 foot plateau. Look out for the skiing tiger from Kelowna next year at the world tournament in Denmark! He may be the next world champion. 



"C'mon, Clyde, where's the sandwiches?"

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## LETTERS

Continued from page 23

### WANTS CARTOONS

Dear Lester:

How about some more drawn jokes as well as written ones?

Mark Maginel, Medicine Hat, Alta.

If you mean more cartoons, we've got more coming. Immediately. If not sooner. — LS

### THEY DIG JUDO

Dear Lester:

The article on Judo by Dave Empey was excellent. But, as most letters turn out, I must point out something. I am now a Scout and I would hate to keep getting the Cub edition of CB. I am keeping this short for Paul Bitove's sake.

Jim Moreau, Toronto, Ont.

You shortened your address a little too much. Next time, give us your street! — LS

### ALL GONE!!!

Sorry about that. Those HUSTLE BUCK mini-desk plans didn't last long. You guys snapped up all we had on hand within two weeks of the announcement published in CB for May 68. Like that.

## READ THIS CAREFULLY BEFORE PLACING ORDERS

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WORLDWIDE STAMPS at 2c to 5c each. SUNMOUNT COMPANY, Box 162, Agincourt, Ontario.

FREE First Gold Foli Kennedy Stamp 25c with free stamps. SUPREME STAMPS, 6385 Liverpool St., Halifax, Canada.



## SIR SAM

*Continued from page 21*

But my misery didn't last long, for Edna soon found out where I was and took me home again. How glad I was to see Gord. I wriggled and squirmed and licked his face with joy. But Edna was still mad at him for losing me. "I had an awful hunt for him," she said. "I asked all the little boys in the neighborhood if they had seen a black pup. When one said, 'Joey took him home,' I knocked on every door, asking for 'Joey'. When I finally found the boy I was so mad I scared him! How glad I am I found you, Sam," she said, hugging me.

From then on, I stayed close to Edna, never moving off the sidewalk until she said, "O.K. Sam." Everything was fine until the day a cat started calling me names, from across the street. Forgetting all about obedience, I dashed into the middle of the traffic. Brakes screamed and cars swerved to avoid me . . . but too late! One hit me and I was severely injured. Crying, Edna picked me up for dead, rushed me to the Animal Hospital in her car. They found my pelvis broken in two places and I had to stay in hospital for weeks.

Though the doctor and his helpers were kind to me, I was so glad to get home at last. Still very sick, I was allowed on bed and chairs, where I'd never been allowed before, because the doctor said I must be kept off the draughty floor.

But I was a good dog and, once I got well, I went back to sleeping on the floor and never got on the couch again. Out walking, I kept right beside Edna, obeying every word she said. Since my accident, I had become so scared of traffic that, even though we lived close to one of Canada's busiest highways, I was allowed out by myself. I learned to cross with the lights, looking carefully up and down the street before stepping off the sidewalk.

One day, we left Ottawa and went to live in a town called Oakville. We lived in an apartment but it didn't belong to Edna and Gord, so I only had to guard the car. I became the pet of the building, but my special friends were Mr. and Mrs. Fish. When they moved to a house on the outskirts of the city, they missed me so much, they used to come and "bor-

row me" for weekends. Finally, Edna and Gord took a house next door to my friends. Once again I stood guard over our property and wouldn't let anyone in unless I heard "O.K. Sam," from Edna or Gord.

The Fish's got a puppy named "Mike" and he and I became great pals. I trained him to be as careful of traffic as I was and we ran about freely. Once in a while, though, a policeman who didn't know us would haul us in for "running at large". But we were soon rescued and ran loose again — until the next time we were locked up!

Then, one evening, everything changed! Edna and I were walking briskly down Rebecca Street. It was dusk. I could see headlights of cars coming both ways. Suddenly, in the middle of the road I spotted something black and round, and I knew the drivers would never notice anything so small. (After it was all over, Edna told Gord she had thought it was only a stone.)

But dogs can see better than humans can in the dark. I knew Edna's "stone" was a tiny daschund pup. Remembering my own accident, I knew I had a job to do, no matter how much I feared it.

Shivering with fear from the tip of my tail to the end of my nose, I darted away from Edna into the middle of the road, trying to dodge the cars with their blaring headlights. Reaching the puppy, I stood guard over him. He was frozen stiff with terror and his eyes bulged with fright. I could feel his body shaking under me, as the cars pulled up with screeching brakes to avoid hitting me.

Drivers shook their fists and swore at me. "Gone crazy that dog!" "Go on home, you!" "Get off the road, you blankety-blank idiot!" yelled one after the other. Even Edna was mad at me! I could hear her calling, "Sam! Sam! Come here at *once!*"

But, for the first time in my life, I disobeyed her, standing like a rock, "on guard". Drivers got out of their cars "to have a look at that crazy dog", and Edna dashed over to see what on earth kind of fit I had taken all of a sudden.

Seeing the puppy, she realized why I had disobeyed, and threw her arms around my neck, but I did not respond, for I had to hear the familiar "O.K. Sam," before I would relax and move aside to let her pick up the

puppy. The men in the cars who had been so mad, crowded around me then and called me "a brave animal."

The people who owned the pup were glad to get it back and when Gord heard what I had done, he said I was a hero. Mr. and Mrs. Fish couldn't stop petting me, and neighbors kept phoning and dropping in to see "that wonderful dog who saved the puppy's life!"

Next day, Edna said, "Sam, we're in the paper!" and read me a piece which said how brave I was.

Then came the exciting day when, with Edna, Gord and the Fish's I went to Toronto for a special ceremonial lunch given in my honour by the Humane Society. After lunch, a man made a speech about me and presented me with my own Certificate of Merit. It says:

"Ontario Society  
For the Prevention of Cruelty to  
Animals  
Has awarded this  
Certificate of Merit  
to  
'Sam' White  
for  
Distinguished Canine Bravery"

"Despite careful training to fear and respect the danger of automobile traffic, 'Sam' heroically entered a busy roadway and took a firm stand over a stranded and helpless puppy, bringing oncoming traffic to a standstill until the puppy could be rescued."

It's framed, and I've had my picture taken looking at it. It was published in the paper too.

Then along came a letter saying I'd been awarded a huge gold medal called "The Lassie Gold Award". The medal came all the way from the United States. Edna showed me the headlines in the paper saying to "The bravest Dog in North America". — That's *me!*

Before I knew what was happening, I was on T.V. — twice. First, Cap'n Andy had me on his show, to say "hello" to the boys and girls. I had a lot of pictures taken then. Next, Edna and I appeared on a grown-up program.

After the excitement was over, Edna gave me the nicest award of all. "From now on," she told me, "you'll be known as *Sir Sam!* How do you like that?"

Well, it's a long way from "Little Black Sambo" — but how do I like it? JUST FINE!



# RIB TICKLERS

**Ken:** When a Navajo hitch-hikes, what season is it?

**David:** Indian thumber!

*Paul Huether, Galt, Ont.*

**Frank:** My sister's only in Grade 5 and she can spell her name backwards!

**Fran:** Clever! What's her name?

**Frank:** Anna.

*Allan Lillakas, Cote St.-Luc, Que.*

**Q:** Why are sports stadiums so cold?

**A:** Because they're filled with fans!

*Gerald Redwood, Galt, Ont.*

**Greg:** Why can't a teenage girl run away from home?

**Roscoe:** Why?

**Greg:** Because every time she gets to the door, the phone rings!

*J. Gordon, Cote St.-Luc, Que.*

**Q:** What are most of the houses in France made of?

**A:** Plaster of Paris!

*Willard Halina, Willowdale, Ont.*

**Bill:** Why are lobsters like so many politicians?

**John:** They change color when they get into hot water?

*Robert Carroll, Trois Rivières, Que.*

**Policeman:** Didn't you hear me yell stop?

**Motorist:** No!

**Policeman:** Didn't you see me signal you to stop?

**Motorist:** No, I didn't!

**Policeman:** Didn't you hear me blowing my whistle?

**Motorist:** Sorry, I didn't!

**Policeman:** Well, I might as well go home. I don't seem to be doing much good around here!

*Steven Joyce, Scarborough, Ont.*

Two spacemen from another galaxy landed near the home of an Earth musician. They quietly entered the house and were startled when they saw the piano. One of them glared at the keyboard and said: "Wipe that silly grin off your face and take us to your leader!"

*Colin Hines, Windsor, N.S.*

**Psychiatrist:** When would you say you first detected this feeling of insecurity in yourself?

**Patient:** It probably all started when I was a Boy Scout. You see, doctor, the little old lady I was helping across the street got run over!

*Bob Locke, Eston, Sask.*

**Q:** What gets bigger when it is turned upsidedown?

**A:** The number 6. It becomes 9.

*Tim Dollack, Scarborough, Ont.*

**Policeman:** Didn't you see that red light?

**Lady driver:** Oh, officer, when you've seen one you've seen them all!

*Mark Wiskin, London, Ont.*

**Q:** How does an ant feel after it has been shot out the tail-pipe of a car?

**A:** Exhausted.

*Stephen Parcell, Scarborough, Ont.*

**Pat:** I can tell you exactly how much water runs over Niagara Falls, to the quart!

**Mike:** And just how much would that be?

**Pat:** Two pints.

*Bernd von Cube, Moffat, Ont.*

**Passerby:** Well, I see you're putting up a new building.

**Carpenter:** Yessir! That's the only kind I ever put up!

*Stan Jenkins, Agincourt, Ont.*

**Mack:** I lost my pants while I was running!

**Tom:** Were they loose?

**Mack:** No, but your dog was!

*Mike Walker, Willowdale, Ont.*

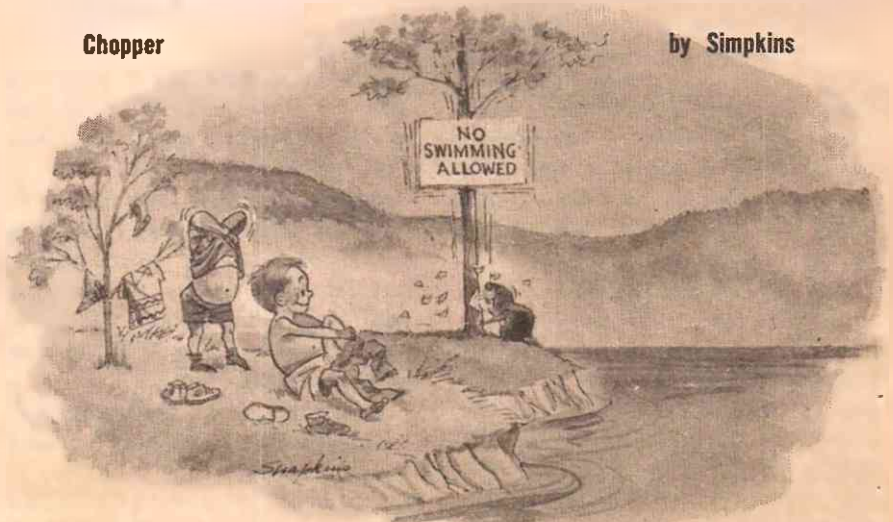
**Q:** How do you keep cool at a ball game?

**A:** Sit next to a fan.

*Freddy Dunphy, Gander, Nfld.*

## Chopper

by Simpkins



"Thanks a lot Chopper!"