

THE BOY SCOUT MAGAZINE FOR ALL BOYS

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

MAY 68

# Canadian Boy

This 12-year-old Scout is throwing the Pan-Am judo champ: see page 7



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# Canadian Boy

MAY, 1968, VOL. 5 NO. 3

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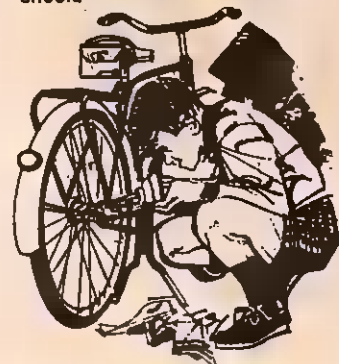


TOM BROWNE, author of our fiction story this month, *Terry's Decision*, has been involved with the publishing trade since he was 13. His first job at that tender age found him working full-time in a weekly newspaper office and job printing plant. He's followed the trade ever since, with periodic escapes to house-building, cascara bark gathering, canoeing, salmon fishing, and as many hours outdoors as he could manage. He's kind of nuts about rain and snow and wind and sun. Tom's a grandfather now, and he still writes articles and fiction when the urge hits him. Most of all, he enjoys boy characters. As he says, "Boys are most important people."

WRIGLEY'S  
'HAPPY-GO-LIVELY'  
THINGS TO DO

### BIKE TUNE-UP TIME

Get your gang together and give your bikes a Spring check-up. Clean and polish the bikes and then give them a safety check.



### HOW DOES EACH BIKE RATE?

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- White or red reflective material on fenders
- Wheel bearings lubricated

This check list is important for maximum safety — and for maximum enjoyment the gang will go for that happy-go-lively flavour of Wrigley's Spearmint gum!



taste that  
'HAPPY GO LIVELY'  
flavour

# How to Split it Canadian Boy

There's a column on grooming on page 27 of this issue of CANADIAN BOY, but Cubs won't be able to see it. No, it's not invisible, and we don't mean Cubs have bad eyesight. But this grooming column is strictly for Scouts and Venturers, so we made sure it was included only in those copies going to boys in the older sections.

Cubs don't need to feel they're missing something, though. In their copies they'll find a special feature on page 27 in place of the grooming column.

The technical term for the substitution of one story for another during the printing of a magazine is a "split run". It's done by running off all the copies going to Cubs, then stopping the press and putting on a new printing plate with different material on it, and starting the press up again to print all the Scout and Venturer copies.

All this just to put in a grooming

column? No, that's just a start! In our June issue we'll be changing a lot of things.

Cub readers will be getting fiction and articles and columns written and edited especially for them. Scouts and Venturers will get more mature fiction and features, plus columns which reflect their interests. From June on, about seven or eight pages an issue will be changed in this way. The other pages will carry stories we think all our readers, no matter what their ages, will enjoy.

The result? Well, the changes will allow us to give you a better magazine. Younger readers won't have to puzzle their way through stories that are too complicated for them. And the older guys won't have to plough through the elementary stuff all over again.

The "split run" will help us in our only aim — to make CANADIAN BOY the best — for you!

## Letters to Lester

### THE STORY OF CANADA

Dear Lester:

Why did you take away the article, *The Story of Canada*? I would have taken away *Rib Ticklers*. I really enjoy it so bring it back in.

Cameron Davidson,  
North Bay, Ont.

My dear boy, you are asking the impossible! *The Story of Canada* was a history comic, and it was brought to an end in our December '67 issue simply because we had caught up with Canada's history. If you want to go into some other aspects of Canadian history with CB, then follow our new feature, *Great Canadians*. — LS

### SMALLEST CUB, SCOUT, OR VENTURER IN CANADA

Instead of publishing all the letters and photos we've been receiving from parents and leaders, who believe they have discovered the smallest Cub in Canada, or the smallest Scout, we've decided to make this a national contest! There will be four winners, four fabulous prizes, and four months of sweating it out to see who are the Smallest Cub in Canada, the Tallest Cub in Canada, the Smallest Scout or Venturer, and the Tallest Scout or Venturer! See page 21 for details! —LS

### SKINDIVING COMING UP!

Dear Lester:

You've got a great mag going so keep it up. I would like to see an article on skin diving. How old you have to be, how much it will cost, and things like that.

Kent Brown, Victoria, B.C.

Continued on page 5

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**LETTERS**

*Continued from page 4*

**LIFE IS A MANY-HOBBIED THING**

Dear Lester:

You've got a great mag. Would you please have an article on World War One and early World War Two aircraft? One of my other hobbies is slot car racing. Would you please tell me where I can obtain one-thirty-second scale scenery? So far, I have built my own buildings from scratch. I also compliment the artist who drew the Sopwith Snipe (CB, Oct. 67). It looks nearly real.

*Ron Grant, Fredericton, N.B.*

The artist, **Low Parker**, thanks you, **Ron**. He looks nearly real, too! We'll have some dope on WW1 and WW2 air buggies in '68. Nearest hobby shop to you seems to be **Maritime Hobbies & Crafts Ltd.**, 1863 Barrington Street, Halifax, N.S. — LS

**WANTED: SPORTS COLUMN**

Dear Lester:

Why can't you have a monthly sports column? I say this because you could talk about many sports instead of having just one! Well, how about it?

*Claire Hawkins, Girvin, Sask.*

Dear Lester:

I know how disgusted you must get having to read long, drawn-out letters, so for this reason I am making this letter as "short" as possible. I will come right down to the point because I realize how frustrating it must be for you to read letters that are "overdone" and yet actually have a very short message. It must be terribly boring to read a letter by some "nut" who beats around the bush before he gets to the subject he wrote to you about. I have learned that getting right to the subject saves a lot of time and effort. I am making this letter "short" because I realize the truth of this fact. I would not have you read a long, drawn-out letter for the world, because I know you get enough of them as it is. And I know how mad you must get when you have to read that type of letter. Well, rest assured that I'm not one of those people who has to make a dull, endless speech just to express a small statement. That is why I will get right down to what I wrote you about . . . which I forgot.

*Paul Bitove, Toronto, Ont.*

*Continued next page*

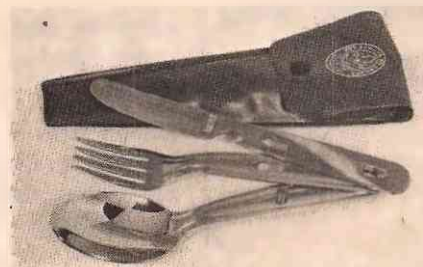
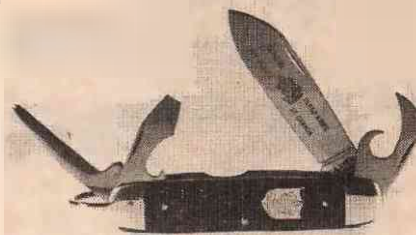


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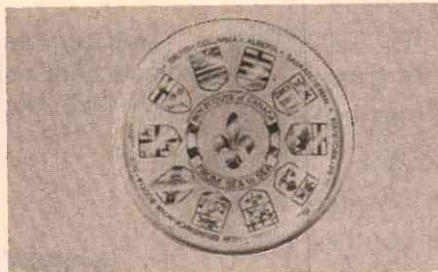
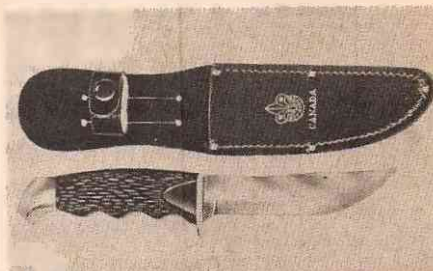
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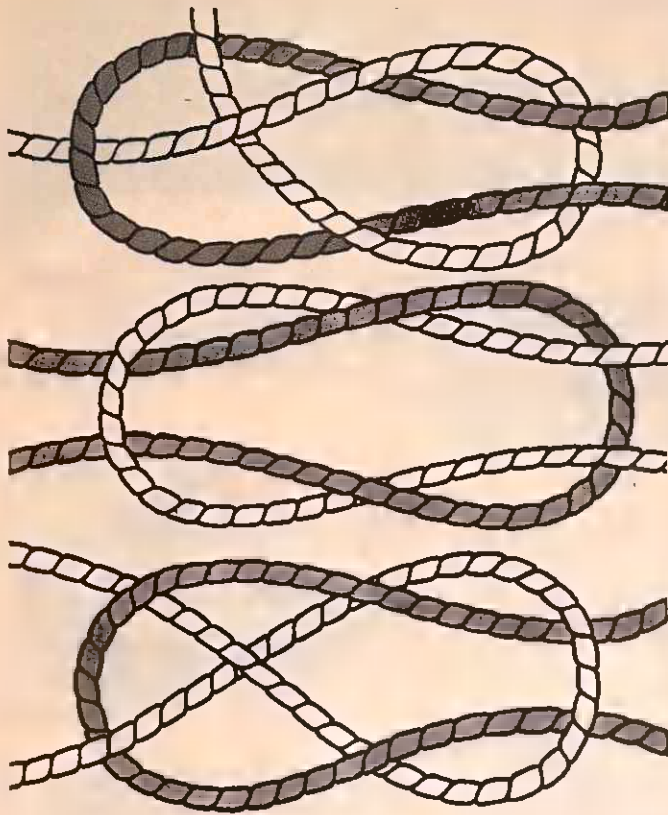
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## LETTERS

*Continued from previous page*

### PATROL BOXES PROBLEM

Dear Lester:

I would like to see an article on patrol boxes in your magazine. These are boxes that a patrol puts all or most of its equipment in. I would also like to know if, when you turn to the age of 14, you have to go into Venturers.

*Ian Shepherd, Wingham, Ont.*

We hope that, eventually, we will be able to cover pretty well all the important aspects of Scouting and Scout equipment. To your second question, the answer just now is "No"—but, for details, check with your local Scouter.

— LS

### STAMP CLUB THRIVING

Dear Lester:

I would like to thank you for giving our club its start by devoting half of your July/August 67 column to it. I wanted to thank you sooner, but I wanted to wait until the club got on its feet, and when it did, I got lazy for a while. The Canadian National Junior Stamp Club, the name we gave it, now has 29 members. We would, of course, like to greatly increase this number.

*Doug Bird, Saskatoon, Sask.*

Doug's letter was passed to our desk by Mr. Woodman, our Stamp Corner editor. If any of you guys want to know more about the club, write to Doug. His address is 17 Phillips Crescent in Saskatoon. — LS

### HOW TO BUILD A CANOE

Dear Lester:

I think it would be a good winter project if you put in a blueprint telling how to make a canoe of some sort. Our troop is not the only one that would like to make this, but there are a lot of Sea Scout troops who could use one, too. And if you are wondering why a canoe is the best I'll tell you: it is the easiest to transport.

*John Wilson, Galt, Ont.*

Good idea! Better still, how about a kayak? And a story about white water racing? Watch for something like this in our July-August issue. — LS



ダク・ロージャース  
世界的に有名な柔道家

IS THE GREATEST!  
AND WE MEAN DOUG ROGERS  
WORLD FAMOUS JUDOKA  
THAT MEANS DOUG ROGERS



# JUDO

BY DAVE EMPEY

PHOTOS AND COVER PHOTO BY DENI EAGLAND, VANCOUVER SUN

Imagine how Yoshi Kawabata felt. Here he was, only 12 years old, just four-feet-four-inches tall, and a mere 78 pounds after a heavy meal.

And over there, across the room, waiting to toss Yoshi around like a sack of flour, was this giant named Doug Rogers, a massive man with a friendly smile but the bulging muscles of a lumberjack.

Doug Rogers. Six-feet-four, 235 pounds. Pan American Games judo champion.

Gulp, you say.

"He sure is big," Yoshi said.

There was, of course, nothing to worry about. Doug Rogers is not only huge; he's gentle. He's a giant, all right, and as tough as steel in a competitive match. But he's as soft as powder snow when it comes to teaching kids the art of judo, his first love.

During their workout in the Bugei Kan Judo Club, in Vancouver, Yoshi got flipped around a bit, but Rogers was careful. And Yoshi, a Scout with the 4th Richmond Troop, has taken judo training for two years with the Steveston Club. One of the first things he learned was how to fall properly, and safely.

Yoshi had the honor of trading Uki Goshis (floating hip throws) and Ogoshis (major hip throws) with one of the finest athletes in Canadian sporting history.

Doug Rogers, who looks more like a tackle with the Hamilton Tiger-Cats than a superb judoist, not only won the Pan-Am gold medal, but took the silver medal for second place in the 1964 Olympics in Tokyo.

To learn his art Rogers has spent four-and-a-half years in Japan, home of the judo experts. It was there, at Takudai University, that Doug met the Great Kimura, his teacher for one year.

Doug loves to talk about the Great Kimura, loves to tell the marvellous, almost unbelievable stories that surround Kimura.

"He could tear an ordinary man apart," Doug says. Kimura was known to do 2,000 pushups in 30 minutes every day! Try it sometime. You might make 200 if you're in excellent shape. And he would eat 25 bananas, 20 eggs, and meat, all at one sitting while training for a judo match. Kimura could . . . but more of that, later.

Right now let's find out how a Canadian gets to be a gold medallist in judo. Usually judo champs are Japanese or European, and Canadians just don't normally rate a chance.

Well, Doug Rogers started by reading comic books. That's right, comic books!

"I was a timid kid," he explains. "I read about judo in comic books when I was about 15. At the time it was sort of unknown and mysterious, the way karate is today. I thought it would make me tough."

So, like any youngster who gets tired of being pushed around by neighborhood bullies, Doug took up judo for self-defence. Soon it fascinated him so much it began to dominate his life.

"The idea was that the weaker person could overcome," he says. "The teacher explained it to us by talking about two trees—an oak and a willow. When it snows, the branches of the oak stay firm and the snow piles up and eventually the branches break under the great weight. But the willow branches are more flexible and they bend and yield. The snow slides off and they don't break.

"It all proved that the most advisable course isn't always to show your power. There's strength in yielding, too, and it's the same way in life."

Doug soon found there are no quick results in judo. "I've been studying for ten years," he says, "and I'm still learning."

When he was a boy in St. Catharines, Ontario, he'd take books home from the library and practise in front of a mirror. "I was keen. It came naturally to me."

It did. Enough for Doug to advance through the white





belt (novice) and brown belt (intermediate) ratings to his second-degree black belt, while in his sophomore year at Montreal's McGill University.

But he was still not satisfied with his progress.

So Doug Rogers packed his bags and headed for Japan, intent on learning the art of judo from the best teachers, the Japanese themselves. After all, the Kodokan Judo Institute of Japan (governing body of world judo) was formed back in 1882 and the Canadian Black Belt Association wasn't even recognized until 1956. Obviously, the Orientals are about a century ahead of North America when it comes to Kaki (throwing) and Ukemi (falling).

For three-and-a-half years Doug ambled from club to club, learning to speak Japanese and enjoying the food. He got a job teaching English and earned even more money working as a stand-in for movie actors, including Yves Montand in an American film called *My Geisha*. All the while he was absorbing every bit of judo technique and discipline he could.

He lived in a humble room and slept on the floor. "Ten feet wide by ten feet long was one of my bigger rooms!"

In winter he joined millions of other enthusiasts who gathered for pre-dawn, two-hour workouts in the unheated dojos (judo gyms) for 30 consecutive days, then 30 more in the heat of summer. He trained when he was ill or injured, as the tough judo code demands.

It was a rugged life for a rugged man. And it paid off enormously.

In 1963 Doug Rogers was the only Canadian entered in the Tokyo International Sports Week events. He was barely defeated by a Japanese champion, the famed Shigematsu, and there were many who thought he had really beaten his more experienced opponent.

Such a remarkable performance opened the eyes of the Canadian Olympic Association which had thought our judo standards were about as low as a tree stump. Because Doug had proven that at least one Canadian could compete with the best judoists there were, the COA decided to make room for him at the 1964 Olympics.

It was a wise decision.

On October 22, 1964, Doug Rogers, then a green 23-year-old who weighed in at a massive 265 pounds, stalked into the heavyweight finals and won the Olympic silver medal before 15,000 fans—including Emperor Hirohito, Empress Nagako, and his own proud father, Reverend A. A. Rogers of Vancouver.

The skirmish went the full 15-minute time limit and the tall, cat-quick Canadian lost only because his opponent, Isao Inokuma, showed "slightly superior" technique. Neither man could manage a legal fall and they struggled through the last six minutes perfectly even! It was an epic climax to the first judo competition in the history of the age-old Olympic Games.

"He won because he attacked me more," Doug said modestly. "He was the better man."

But Inokuma admitted: "I was very much surprised to find Rogers had become so strong. I was also impressed to discover that he had studied my own techniques so diligently!"

Perhaps that is the word that best describes Doug Rogers: diligent. Then add courageous. And dedicated. Two weeks before the Olympics Doug had finally wandered into the Takudai to find the Great Kimura, chief instructor.

Now he was at home.

For the next year, until September 1965, he trained under Kimura. He has more stories about the Great One:

"They have a proverb in Japan: No one before Kimura, no one after Kimura. And when they say something like that in Japan, they mean it! He was in a different class, completely. The judo men now are babies compared to him."

Kimura was called the Judo God. He won the all-Japan championship 12 years in a row! Then he turned to professional wrestling in 1949, at the age of 33. He trained eight hours a day and spread 195 pounds of steel and granite over his five-foot-seven-inch frame. His neck measured an enormous 20 inches.

"He could bench-press 130 pounds for half an hour, over and over, without stopping. He'd do 2,000 pushups in 30 minutes himself, but he only made his students do 1,200. Even I could do 500 in a row — after I'd been with him for a full year!"

Kimura never wore shoes. Instead, he walked on wooden sandals that had the heels raised so he seemed to tilt forward all the time. "He did that because he always wanted to be on the attack when he was fighting, never on the defensive. He was always coming forward and he used to say that you could slide a piece of paper under his heels at any time when he was moving."

The Great One practised karate for six years just to strengthen his wrists, and he could do 1,000 pushups on his knuckles! He wrestled poles and boxes packed with bricks up and down stairs to develop his stamina and endurance.

At those all-Japan finals Kimura would pick up his beaten opponents and drop them in front of the Emperor as a show of strength.

"Nobody came to beat him," Doug says. "They only came to see how long they could stay in there with him! Only three guys ever drew with him — and they did it by running."

It got so bad the press boys would write Kimura's name into their stories as champion — before the contest started!

When the Great One walked into a gym workout he would take on everyone in sight, one after the other, and he once threw a man out the window of a dojo when the man refused to stand up to him.

By the time Doug Rogers made it to the Takudai, Kimura was already 51 years old. But he was still the Great One.

"You could throw him over your head and he'd do a full twist in the air and come down on his feet. He was a great acrobat. Once I went to the mat with him on top and I tried for one minute to lift him off. I was strong then — I weighed 260 and could bench-press 400 pounds — but I couldn't lift him! I couldn't feel his power, but it was there, and I just could not lift him."

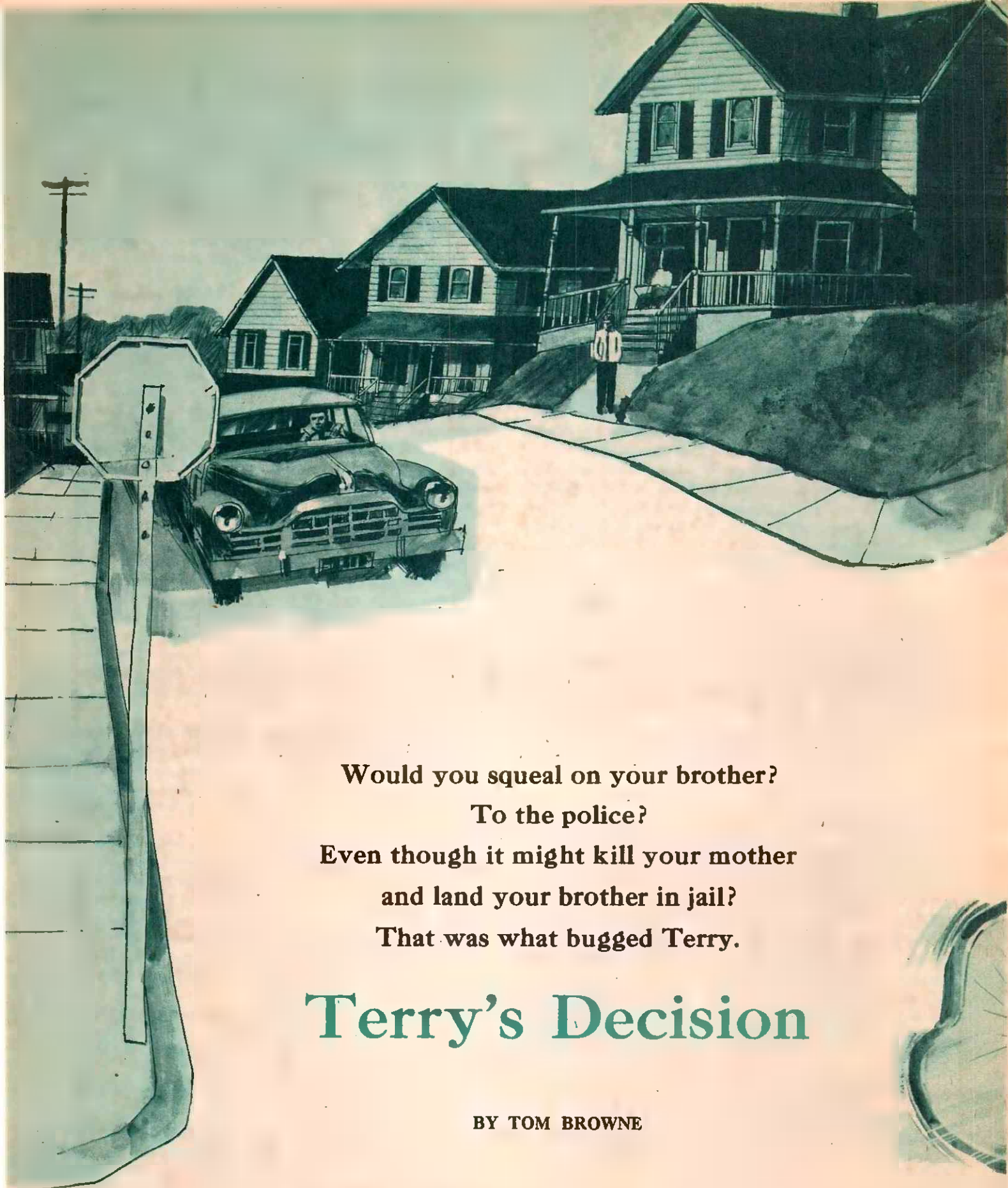
Doug is not alone. Kimura has never been held down by anyone and, in fact, he is so strong he practises with three or four of his pupils trying to hold him on the mat. And they can't!!

All this makes Kimura sound like a tough man. Without much kindness. But it isn't so. He had been taught to fight alone, live alone, think alone, be alone. It was his way of life.

But Doug says that when the Takudai won the Japanese university championship in 1965, Kimura broke down and cried, and called it the happiest moment of his life! Doug Rogers and the Great Kimura were close friends throughout that year.

And it was that year of training that gave Doug Rogers

*Continued on page 24*



**Would you squeal on your brother?**

**To the police?**

**Even though it might kill your mother  
and land your brother in jail?**

**That was what bugged Terry.**

## **Terry's Decision**

**BY TOM BROWNE**

**T**ERRY was positive his brother's car had struck the bicycle. Impact of the crash sent the rider hurtling through the air, to land in a grotesque sprawl on the lawn of the Dinsley house at the corner of Third and Pine.

Terry had been finishing his paper route down the Third Street hill when his brother Michael passed, driving at a fast clip. Terry hollered at him but Michael hadn't heard.

Then there was the crash. When Terry saw the accident was imminent, he shuddered, closed his eyes momentarily. The sound of it sickened him.

He darted down to the corner. In his haste to reach the injured rider, he almost stumbled over the crumpled bicycle in the street, its front wheel still spinning slowly and soundlessly.

He sprinted across the lawn, saw the injured person was a man. "Mister, can I help?" he wanted to know. Other people were coming on the run.

The man made a futile attempt to rise to his feet. He fell back groaning. Then Terry noted the man's right leg somehow didn't seem to look just right: it was too limp and at an odd angle.

"My leg must be broken," he panted. "Call an ambulance. Call the police. Did you see that crazy guy driving through the intersection that way? Must be a maniac!"

Despite the man's anguish and bitter denunciation, a wave of dismay washed over Terry

that left him chilled. Michael certainly wasn't a maniac. Maybe he wasn't the best driver in the world. He was almost 18 — three years older than himself — and he'd worked hard in the supermarket on Paisley Street. He had scrimped and saved to buy a beat-up old heap which he had rebuilt and got ticking as sweet as a Caddie.

It must have been brake failure or something like that that had caused him to speed down the hill, then through the intersection without slowing down one little bit.

Anyway, Michael would be able to explain just how the accident had happened. So Terry looked around for his brother. Dozens of autos had now pulled up, their occupants gazing curiously. Terry's eyes searched everywhere, but Michael's car wasn't there.

He raced to a nearby home, took the steps two at a time. A pleasant motherly woman was standing at the door.

"May I use your phone?" Terry asked breathlessly.

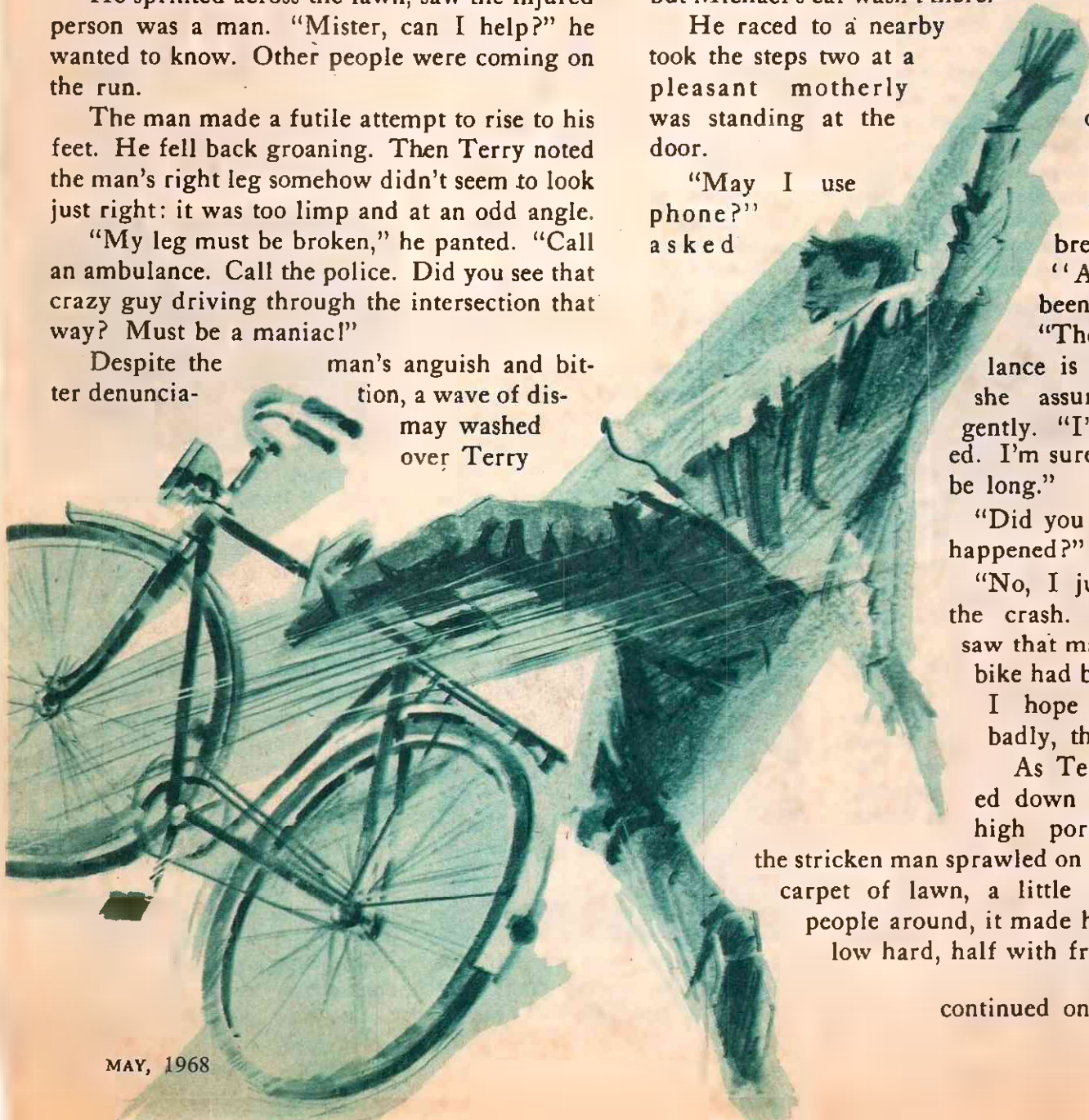
"A man's been hurt!"

"The ambulance is coming," she assured him gently. "I've phoned. I'm sure it won't be long."

"Did you see what happened?"

"No, I just heard the crash. Then I saw that man on the bike had been hurt. I hope not too badly, though."

As Terry looked down from the high porch upon the stricken man sprawled on the green carpet of lawn, a little circle of people around, it made him swallow hard, half with fright over



continued on page 23

## Glad to be Alive

Last August, six boys stumbled out of the swamp and timber stands of Ontario's Haliburton Scout Reserve, looking none the worse for their two days of survival training. They had been bitten bloody by black flies, soaked to the skin by heavy all-night rain, chilled to the bone by pre-dawn temperatures and fog, and they'd eaten swamp fish, frogs' legs, wild hazelnuts and goldenrod leaves to keep up their strength.

But they were not unhappy. Two of the boys were 15-year-old American Scouts, delighted at the chance of roughing it in the Canadian bush. Two were 14-year-old Canadian Scouts. Both city boys, they'd enjoyed the unusual experience, a first for both. The other two, one 17 and one 15 years of age, were old hands at this survival business. They were pretty blasé about it all.

The Haliburton Scout Reserve contains some beautiful lakefront property and excellent camping sites. But it also embraces some of the deadliest terrain you could imagine. It has everything short of quicksand



**Stig Andersen chlorinates the swamp water to make it safe for drinking. Better than nothing, tastes awful!**

—and if you looked hard enough you might find that, too!

Stig Andersen (he pronounces his first name "Stee") was the 17-year-old survival group leader, from Cooksville, Ontario. His second-in-command was hard-working 15-year-old Mike Gladish, from Toronto. These two knew the woods as well as any Indian and they quietly imparted useful knowledge — mainly through example and demonstration — to the others.

The Canadian "survivors" were Colin Pardoe of Toronto, a tenderfoot

Scouts in the East and Scouts in the West have been trying in different ways to do much the same thing: learn to live in the Canadian bush — off the Canadian bush!

# Living off the Land

in the 16th Scarborough West Troop, and Damian Hanel of Brampton, Ontario, a 2nd Class man in the Brampton Venturers. The Americans, Rick Friday of Norristown, Pennsylvania, and Alan Powell of Glenside, Pennsylvania, both belonged to Oréland No. 2 Troop.

Andersen had been taking survival groups out into the bush all summer. Before leading his charges off into the jungle, he showed them the latest thing in survival kits, made certain each man carried the dozen basic items required, and outlined where they would be going.

The briefing over, the boys unceremoniously picked up their packs and started walking. Destination at this stage was the Gibson Trail, seven miles long from the base camp to High Falls, in the swamp country. That's where the survivors were to make camp and sit tight overnight, before moving on to the second stage.



**Stripping birch bark carefully off a big tree to provide roofing for the lean-to and pots for cooking.**

High Falls is not high. It's a mere ten-foot waterdrop. The fast, white water is well aerated. But the boys were to use swamp water for drinking and cooking. They chlorinated the water, with a kit carried by Stig, to make it safe. It tasted awful.

Bug repellents didn't help much.



**The lean-to takes shape slowly but surely. It leaked like a sieve!**

Sweaty, itchy and damp, the crew staggered to a ragged halt at the swampside campsite, only to face the herculean task of felling two great silver birches, for their bark.

Birch bark has a hundred uses in the bush. It served this crew as roofing for a lean-to, as cooking pots, as drinking cups, and as tinder and fire boosters — even in a solid downpour of summer rain!

Near the campsite, Stig showed the boys where to find food in the forest. He pointed out the five top leaves of a tall variety of goldenrod. These leaves taste like a mixture of parsley and pepper and they tend to freshen your mouth after you've been eating fish or meat.

Continued on page 14

## How the Air Force does it

That week started off badly. The rain began shortly after we left our rendezvous and it continued off and on for six days!

We had assembled in the Hinton Hotel, at Upper Hinton, Alberta, on the fourth day of July, then took off in an air force truck for Jarvis Lake, in the rain.

When we got to the RCAF Sur-



Brian Earle shows off the two fish he caught at the Hinton base camp.

vival Training School there, we were billeted in winter shelters called para-cabins. These are log-built up to three feet from the ground, and the rest of the structure is parachute silk.

After supper we were taken on a tour of the school area, which we found to be filled with shelters and snares. Air crew personnel are taught to snare anything from a moose to a mouse.

Tuesday morning, Flight Lieutenant Lyle Sproat, chief instructor at the survival school, and a district commissioner in Scouting in Edmonton, gave us an exercise in compass work and tallying.

Tallying is a method of marking off distances. One pace equals thirty inches, 66 paces equals one tally, and 16 tallies equals one mile. The pace varies with individuals and must be checked out in every case.

We went on a trek to find edible plants, leaves, fungi, roots and berries. And after that, some of us went fishing. Three of the 19 in our group caught fish. Our field executive, Denny May, ended up in a tree trying to retrieve a fish-hook he had wrapped around a branch.

Next came a talk on mapping and search procedures, and we were issued with parachute shroud line, for making fishing nets.

On Wednesday we prepared to leave the survival school's few comforts for Cache Lake, where we would "survive" for the remainder of the week.

We were issued the meager rations that were intended to keep us alive and healthy for three days, and when we reached the lake — after an afternoon of tough hiking through dense bush on compass bearings — we set up plastic shelters and ate our skimpy supper.

As we were getting ready for bed, the RCAF instructors arrived to tell us we were lost! This was a shock to us and we later learned that two trappers had been pressed into the hunt along with an air force truck driver who made it clear he would've been much happier to stay at the Hinton Hotel.

Thursday began with a search that uncovered spoons, parachutes, a bucket, and a lost child — Denny May, again — in his favorite position: up a tree.

Our leaders ran us through the Junior Forest Wardens' obstacle course. It was terrific! Rope bridges, scaling walls, tunnels, an aerial runway over a swamp, and a two-rope bridge over another swamp.

The swamp proved to be almost everybody's undoing and we had an unwanted dip in the black, slimy water. One Venturer, Vern Akerlund of Edmonton, preferred climbing



Darry Nielsen and Keith Olsen down wild peas, bear root, and Labrador tea, at the Cache Lake campsite.

hand-over-hand along the greasy cable to the dip in the cold muck. He made it!

We wolfed down our last supper, then our other leader, Jay Ainslie, removed all further temptation. He snaffled all our uneaten food, leaving us with a survival ration of sugar

candy, two Oxo cubes, each, some lumps of sugar, and a small flint-and-steel kit which was not particularly edible.

We awoke Friday to a hearty meal of lichens, wild peas, Labrador tea, and bear root. The bear root became our staple ration. We had bear root fried in butter, in water, baked, boiled, roasted, steamed, and raw! By Saturday, nobody could even look at a piece of bear root.

Friday evening found us around our campfire, and Corporal George Raymond, another survival instructor who is also a district Scouter in



Darry Nielsen tries eating lichen. The boys also ate leaves, fungus, roots and berries on survival trip.

Edmonton, dropped by and gave us a little bear meat. The bear, he said, had been shot on another survival course being held near our campsite. It tasted a little like pork and a bit like beef.

Venturer Don Critchley somehow got a large portion of the meat. But then, he seemed to have large portions of everything else that was going too, including parachute cord, nails, and that sort of thing. But he offered to share his bear meat with the rest of us — probably because he sensed imminent attack if he hadn't offered it!

Saturday morning finally rolled around, to the tune of rumbling bellies. Our wills weakened almost to the breaking point, we dug into the supply of candy we'd been saving for our trip back into Hinton.

Camp broke, and we hiked to the northern tip of Jarvis Lake, where we were picked up by boat and delivered to base camp at the RCAF Survival School.

We got there just an hour before lunch! It was the longest hour we had to live through that week!

By Bob Blakely

## GLAD TO BE ALIVE

*Continued from page 12*

The boys gathered wild Canadian hazelnuts, which can be eaten raw or cooked. Careful of the fuzzy little barbs on the outer pod, you can crack these open with your teeth and eat them raw. If you cook them well, you have something that tastes vaguely like bacon!

The swamp yielded plenty of little fish, called chub. These little scavengers range in length from two to five inches. Not much eating on any one of them, but a dozen or so will make a meal. Tasty!

Then came the frog-bopping. At a stepping-stone watercrossing just above High Falls, the boys armed themselves with sticks about three or four feet long. They flushed green frogs out of their cool hiding places and bopped them. They killed a couple of dozen as quickly and humanely as possible and brought them back to the campsite in little plastic bags provided by the resourceful leader.

Gathering food was a steady job. Feeding the fire — started with one match and kept going all night — was another full-time job. Meanwhile, the lean-to had to be built before dark. And the desolate sky was greying up fast.

It poured rain all night! Well, Stig had warned the crew something like this might happen. The roof of the lean-to *looked* substantial enough and the ground seemed to be laid out against the chances of a flood occurring across the floor of the shelter.

But, in the downpour, which began around midnight, the lean-to leaked in 17 different places. That's the count, by actual observation! Some of the Scouts dozed in short spurts, fitting themselves in around the puddles that formed after the rain really got going.

The boys took turns standing around the campfire, in the rain they scarcely noticed by now, steaming some of the wetness out of their clothes, drying socks and boots. Every so often somebody would ease away quietly and slide into the dry spot inside the lean-to.

There was just one spot of high ground in there, and the boys seemed to be silently outwitting one another all night, trying unobtrusively to take possession of the least wet place in the lean-to, for a snooze.

Others would wander back in like sleepy sheep and huddle around him

— whoever he was, temporarily in the dry spot — and try to get some shut-eye.

At one point, when it grew a little chilly, the whole group stomped around the fire in a crazy singsong game. They looked and sounded like a bunch of Indians who had managed a successful rain dance and were now trying to remember that *other* routine: the one that stops the rain when you've had enough!

Singing songs helped and led to a little laughter. That slipped into storytelling, and a few jokes, and exchanging experiences. The Canadians tried to draw out the Americans, to find out what Scouting is like in the States. But the Pennsylvania boys spoke mainly of Canada's wild woods and expressed glowing opinions of the way things were done in Canadian Scouting. The Canadians were secretly flattered and obviously embarrassed by the compliments, coming from people who seem to have so much more than we do in the way of resources.

The Americans said they preferred to do their pioneering and survival work in Canada because most of their own natural parkland — in Pennsylvania, at any rate — had been spoiled by tourists. The Canadians remarked candidly that they liked swapping Scouting equipment with Americans, who rarely seem to care about the monetary value of anything material. They made fabulous little deals that more than satisfied the Canadian boys.

They all told tales from camps and jamborees they'd attended, mostly funny stories. Then the atmosphere grew heavy. Somebody said he wished he were home right now. Then somebody else began babbling about French fries and wieners and roast corn. Andersen had to stick in his two cents' worth about toasting marshmallows over that lovely fire over there. "Beauty!" he kept saying. "It's beauty." You might've thought him delirious . . .

It was Stig, however, who put an end to the deepening moodiness in the group by suggesting that they all sing hymns. It sounded like a boatload of shipwreck survivors, but it did tend to lift the boys' spirits.

At long last, after they'd been imagining they saw dawn breaking, the dawn really arrived. It didn't actually break at all. What you could see was the other side of the swamp coming gradually into focus. The dead trees and the bullrushes and the forested shoreline and the old beaver dam were

slowly advancing from wherever they'd been hiding all through that soggy black night. The boys kept piling firewood into the flames, but now they worked with a fresh strength, a new will that came upon them as if by magic.

Just as they were running out of conversation and wet firewood, the sun struggled out through the morning mist and still heavy skies. The boys cleaned up their campsite, buried the last of the fire, and started hiking again, to the Hurst Lake shelter, a 45-minute walk from High Falls.

The permanent structure was already inhabited by a mob of American Scouts and their leaders. Later a small crew of Canadian Scouters came through. They were Haliburton Reserve staffers, not looking especially for this group's survivors — just scouting around the Reserve, making sure nobody in the area was *really* lost!

The Andersen crew made breakfast in the well-equipped campsite, then settled back in the forenoon sunshine, drying out on the big rocks and waiting for a truck to come by from the base camp to pick them up.

A horrible brew — laughingly called "survival stew" — went virtually untouched. It contained burdock stems and roots, lily pad roots Andersen had dug up someplace, chopped chub and Oxo cubes, with a little arrowhead weed thrown in. Even Stig said it was without a doubt the worst mess he'd ever tasted!

The Canadians caught more frogs and everybody enjoyed some larger legs than had been available at the High Falls campsite. The frogs' legs were toasted over a low fire, or stewed in Oxo broth.

Their stomachs under control again for a little while, everybody felt tired. There seemed little left to talk about. All fell silent, sprawled on the rocks or explored nearby, waiting. Finally, transportation arrived.

The truck took them back to base. The boys stumbled into the camp administration office, glad to be alive. They were never worried about making it. Main concern was a lack of sleep, the bugs, the rain, and the "garbage" they'd had to eat.

It was only an hour until camp lunchtime. But this bunch lashed into huge peanut butter and jam sandwiches anyway, then crammed down regular full course meals in the mess hall!

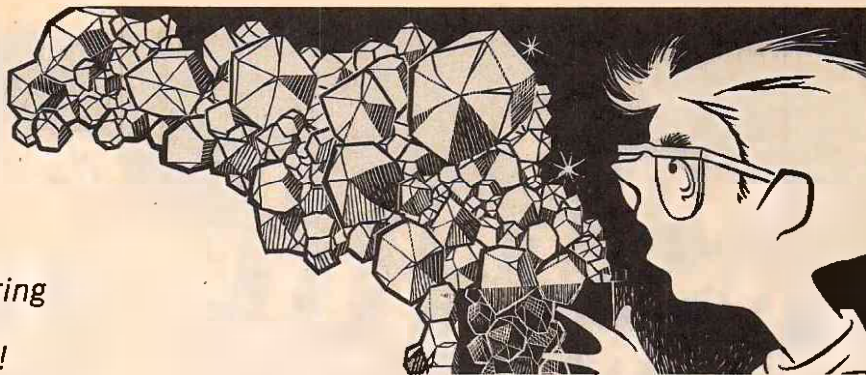
By George Bourne

# CRYSTAL GROWING:

A sparkling new world!

by Mark Gersovitz

You can create your own glittering collection of beautiful crystals, using easy-to-get chemical salts!



Translucent crystals can be grown from common chemical salts you find at home, or get from a drug-store, camera shop or mail order house.

The formation of crystals is a phenomenon caused by the nature of the ions of a salt, which tend to cluster in a regular geometric form. This formation is called a crystal lattice.

The science of crystals is important in the field of electronics. Consequently the Bell Telephone Laboratories have carried out a lot of serious research on this subject. One of the Bell researchers has written a book, *Crystals and Crystal Growing*, in the Anchor series of books. It explains the theory of crystal formation, for anyone interested in looking into it further.

Most people grow crystals simply for their striking beauty.

Here's some of the equipment and supplies you'll need to grow your own crystals:

- Several 15-oz. jars
- Magnifying lens
- Razor blade
- Gauze
- Elastic bands
- Insulated wire

Various salts, including alum, chrome alum, Rochelle salt, potassium ferricyanide (poisonous!), sodium chlorate, nickel sulphate or nickel ammonium sulphate, sodium bromate, and copper sulphate.

Some of these will have to be purchased for you by an adult, because they are poisonous if taken internally. Some druggists require the purchaser to sign a "poison book" as well as proving he is 21 years of age, when such substances are sold.

To grow large crystals, you must first provide a centre or core for the salt to crystallize around. This centre is called a seed crystal, and it can be prepared by making a supersaturated solution of the salt, then cooling the solution rapidly.

To do this, first stir into an ounce of boiling water as much of the salt as you can dissolve without leaving any deposit on the bottom of the jar. Place this solution out on a windowsill on a cold night and watch it carefully. Small particles of the salt should crystallize out of solution before the whole thing freezes. Remove these crystals and dry them on a blotter or a sheet of newspaper. Pick out the most regularly shaped ones, examining them with your magnifying lens, and use these as seed crystals.

The seed crystals must now be suspended in a jar filled with a solution similar to the one used to obtain the seed crystal.

Again, make up a supersaturated solution of the same salt. Then place a piece of gauze over the mouth of the jar and secure it with an elastic band.

Place this jar in a room of constant temperature where the crystal will be allowed to grow undisturbed, free from drafts or vibrations or sudden shocks.

Allow it to stand for two days. As the solution cools, salt will fall to the bottom of the jar. Filter this out of the solution before beginning to grow the crystal by straining the solution carefully through paper towels into a clean jar. The crystal must be suspended in the clean solution from a string—one which will not act as a wick. To make one, strip the insulation off a length of plasticized copper wire and cut it very thin with a razor blade. Tie one end of this thin plastic strip around your seed crystal and the other end around the middle of the wire. Bend the wire over the mouth of the jar, suspending the crystal in the solution. Replace the gauze cover to keep out dust.

Place the jar where you had it before, under stable conditions—no drafts, no shocks! The crystal will grow under these controlled conditions as the water evaporates from the solution. Debris may

form on the bottom of the jar. But this time you do not have to remove it, as long as it does not interfere with the growing crystal.

From day to day check your crystal with the magnifying lens to make sure no smaller crystals are growing on its sides. If they do, these may be scraped off with the razor blade.

Remove the crystal from the jar before the water has evaporated below the level of the crystal. You can use it for a larger seed later on. When a crystal has grown to the size you want, or as large as you can get it to grow, take it out and dry it on a blotter or on newspaper.

Part of the plastic "string" will be buried inside the crystal, but you can cut away closely any that is sticking out.

Store your crystals by wrapping them individually in small pieces of clean, soft cloth and placing each little bundle in a bottle with an airtight cap or cork. This should protect your crystal from the effects of too-dry or too-damp atmosphere.

Here are a few notes on some of the individual crystals you can grow:

*Alum* — Best for the beginner. A clear octahedral crystal.

*Chrome alum* — Also easy to make. A purple octahedral.

*Alum on chrome alum* — First grow a medium sized chrome alum crystal. Then use this as a seed for an alum solution. Pretty combination.

*Nickel sulphate or nickel ammonium sulphate* — A blue-green or green octahedral crystal.

*Potassium ferricyanide* (not ferrocyanide)—Not difficult to build. If handled with care, although poisonous taken internally, this is no more dangerous to work with than other salts. A red rhombic crystal.

*Sodium chlorate* — A clear, square or cube crystal.

*Sodium bromate* — A clear tetrahedral crystal. ❄️

# THOSE WONDERFUL TWO-WHEELED MACHINES!

## PART ONE:

*With two wheels,  
two hands, two feet,  
and one good head  
on your shoulders,  
you can do a lot  
more than riding  
to and from school,  
says Roger Appleton!*



BERNIE  
KRILL



**B**ICYCLES! Who cares about them any more? What's the point to a set of wheels without a motor? Why bother with an old fashioned turtle-type machine that has trouble going fast enough to get out of its own way?

If you think bicycles are dull, don't bet on it! Fantastic as it sounds, bicycles have been pedalled at speeds well over one hundred miles an hour! It's done with a special trick called "drafting." Nope, we're not going to explain it any further, because some of you would rush right out and try it. That's a miserable idea unless you happen to be a bicycle expert, first class. Upset a bicycle at a hundred miles an hour and the odds are high you're dead.

Bicycle racing is still an important sport in many countries and, in Europe, top cyclists are highly honored athletes. The sport also has many fans in Canada, particularly in Quebec. Few sights are more exciting (or dangerous) than half a dozen fast bike racers, heads down, legs pumping, streaking toward the finish line with scant inches separating their speeding machines.

Bicycles tame? Hardly. It takes a strong, tough, quick, brave athlete to ride a bicycle well. There's extra satisfaction in getting your speed by your own sheer muscle power, rather than having a gasoline engine do all the work. Another good point — most people can afford a bicycle, and there is no better practice for moving



up to a motor-cycle later on. So what can you do on, a bicycle? Four things: travel, use it for sports riding, for stunt riding, or to race.

Let's talk about sports riding first.

Hockey-stick polo on bicycles is fun . . . and hard work. The game is much the same as ice hockey except that a rubber ball or tennis ball takes the place of a

puck. Hockey stick handles should be cut shorter, for better ball control. The field has no blue lines or red lines and there are no offsides; passing the full length of the field is okay. But checking, pushing, bunting blocking or any other kind of contact is illegal.

If your bicycle, or stick, hits another player, or touches his bike, off you go for a two-minute penalty. Bikes and riders must never touch each other, although it is quite all right if sticks whack together while players are fighting for the ball.

The best technique is to pass and shoot with handed slapshots, keeping one hand on the stick and the other on the handlebars. If goalkeepers are used they should play on their feet, not on bikes. You can play without goalies by making the nets about half regular hockey size.

In any kind of bicycle sports riding, stunting or racing, you need to wear protective clothing. A full set of hockey equipment, including helmet, gloves, shoulderpads, pants, shin-guards and a cup-type athletic support will fill the bill, although hockey gear plus a proper crash helmet is better. Good protective equipment is important. Falls off bicycles can cause painful scraps and bruises, particularly on sharp



(Continued on page 33)

# CANADIANS

## GREAT



THE GREATEST CANADIAN TEAM IN A HUNDRED YEARS OF SPORT-THE EDMONTON GRADS -

SWEEPED ALL OTHER BASKETBALL TEAMS BEFORE THEM WHILE WINNING 502 GAMES OF 522 OVER A 25-YEAR PERIOD. THE GRADS WON FOUR OLYMPIC TITLES AND DOZENS OF INTERNATIONAL AWARDS. THIS ASTOUNDING ASSEMBLY OF FEMALE ATHLETES DISBANDED IN 1940-BECAUSE THERE WAS NOBODY LEFT TO BEAT !!!

TWO BACKWOODS CANADIAN BOYS WHO LEFT THEIR MARK ON BRITISH HISTORY!

ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE WESTPHAL AND

ADMIRAL PHILIP WESTPHAL, BROTHERS BORN IN DARTMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA, BOTH SERVED AS ADMIRALS IN THE ROYAL NAVY UNDER LORD NELSON. BOTH WERE WOUNDED MANY TIMES IN ACTION. SIR GEORGE SUFFERED WOUNDS WHILE SERVING IN NELSON'S FLAGSHIP "VICTORY" IN THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, 1805, WHERE NELSON DIED.



# Science



## THE CHUNNEL — Scientists are working on an old idea with the most up-to-date tools!

Walk from Britain to France? Well, you can't do it today but you could have done it about ten thousand years ago, if you had lived as a prehistoric man.

At that time the two land masses were linked by a natural land bridge, as were some other areas of the world. As the centuries rolled by, the land bridge submerged and left a channel of water 21 miles wide between England and France.

For a long time men have dreamed of reconnecting the island country with the rest of Europe. In the 1890s construction was started on a tunnel under the English Channel, but it had hardly started when the project was abandoned. The reason? People feared that such a tunnel would provide a doorway for a European enemy to invade Britain. Today, in the age of guided missiles, no island is safe from invasion.

Besides, with modern industry and mass transportation available, greater facilities for transport are required than we have even today. Recently, France and Britain decided to have another look at the channel tunnel idea — now called a "chunnel".

During the past nine or ten years geologists have been carefully studying the channel floor. Much like the sound-

ing mechanisms used by the porpoise and the whale, the equipment used by these scientists sends out high frequency sound waves to report a "sound picture" of the rock formation. And by sending drills deep into the rock layers, and studying the core samples brought up, they've found there is a continuous layer of chalk under the channel floor, extending from England to France, without a gap.

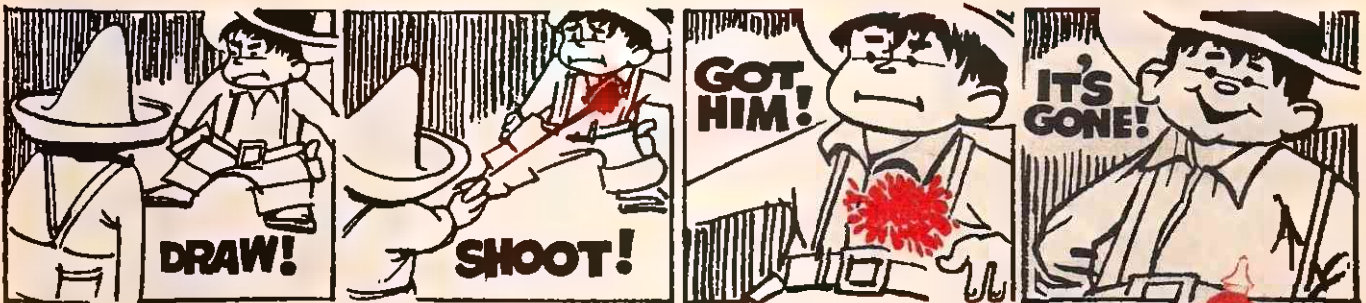
The scientists have also learned that there are no major cracks in the rock formation. This means the chances of earth pressures splitting the chunnel are remote.

There couldn't have been a more ideal rock layer than chalk! It is a mining engineer's dream, for cutting through chalk with mining excavators can be compared to slicing cheese with a knife. On top of it all, chalk won't allow water to seep through itself; it's impervious.

Other suggested methods for making a chunnel are to construct a big prefab pipe, large enough to carry cars, and to lay this on the channel floor. Some have even suggested the pipe be pressurized and goods and materials (like food, mail, products for export-import) be shot through it like darts through a blow gun! Whatever the eventual method of construction, the chunnel will have to stretch about 32 miles, to include the terminal entrances at Sangatte in France and Folkstone, England.

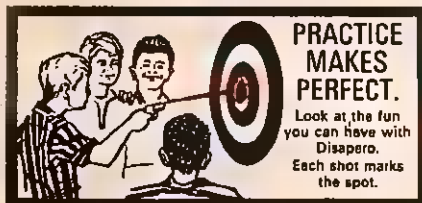
Ventilation will be a major problem. In fact, to cut down on air pollution, the scientists believe that only electric-powered vehicles will be used in the chunnel. You can imagine how fast exhaust fumes from internal combustion engines would create a deadly poisonous atmosphere! Automobiles will have to be transported piggy-back on flat cars much like the way tractor-trailers are now carried by trains between major centres in Canada. **By D. A. Coburn**

# Hey kids! Have some QUICK DRAW FUN WITH **DISAPERO!**



Prove who draws fastest with **DISAPERO.**

The first guy with the red stain is "out".



Disapero is the magic new fluid you put in your watergun. Watch it shoot red, then disappear right before your eyes! And Disapero won't mark or stain clothes after it's disappeared. (Tell your mother, that will make her happy.)

**DISAPERO... shoots red, disappears completely right before your eyes!**

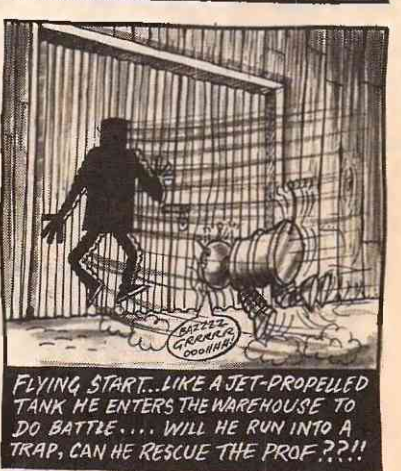
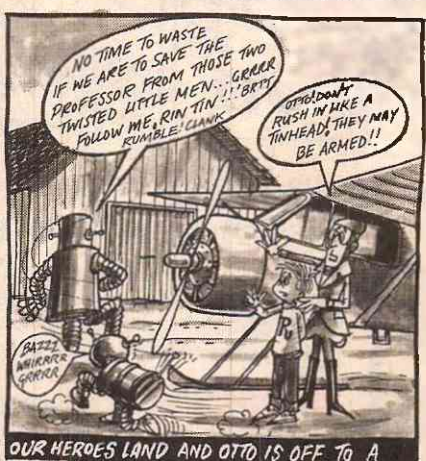
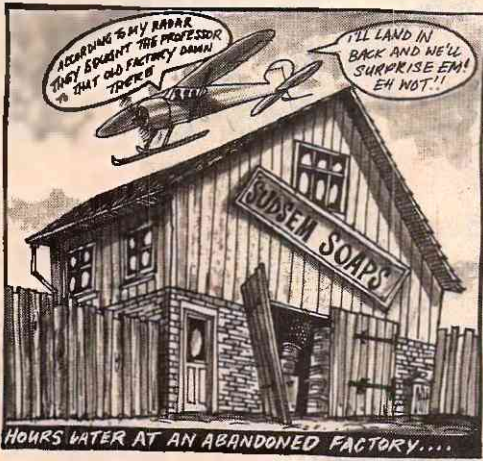
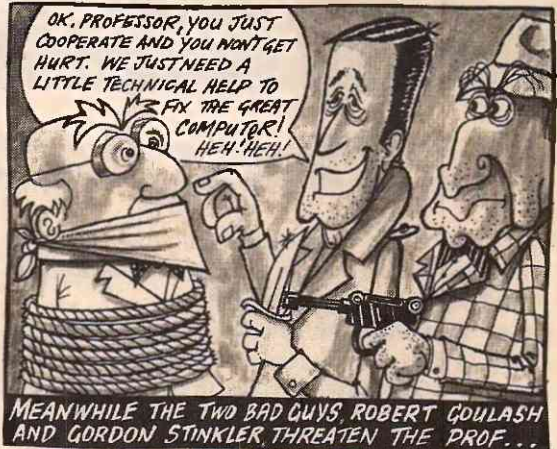


**DISAPERO** sold at Variety, Drug & Toy Departments everywhere.

# OTTO Matic

BY VIC ATKINSON

We left Professor Twiddle being kidnapped by two Bad Guys, while Capt. Wings McFlapp and Robin Rover tried feverishly to reach the Prof by short-wave radio. Otto & Rin Tin have been thawed out after their Arctic rescue by our heroes, and Otto has told of the desperate plight of the other robots since the great computer broke down.



TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE

# ANNOUNCING THE AMORY ADVENTURE AWARD 1968

For adventurous activity requiring originality and initiative on the part of Scout and Venturer teams. Permanent awards will be made to members of the winning team and recognition given to all participants.



## CONDITIONS

1. Open to teams of from four to ten members, Scouts or Venturers, age 11-17 years at the time of the activity. The competition is not open to Rover Scouts.
2. Anyone 18 years or older may not take part in the planning, preparation or execution of the activity, but may be consulted.
3. Competition period: January 1st to December 31st, annually.
4. Entry forms to be received at Boy Scouts of Canada, National Headquarters, Box 5151, Station F, Ottawa 5, Ont., no later than January 31st of the year following the activity.
5. An entry fee of \$2.00 per team is to be submitted with entry form.
6. The adventure activity must last a minimum of 72 hours, of which at least 60 hours must be consecutive.
7. Each team will submit an illustrated log.
8. Completed logs to be received at Boy Scouts of Canada, National Headquarters, no later than January 31st, 1969. Entry forms are available from your Scout office. For complete info ask your Scouter. He'll find all the details in the February '68 issue of THE SCOUT LEADER.

# TALLEST

# SMALLEST & SMALLEST CONTEST

ARE YOU THE SMALLEST CUB IN CANADA?  
SMALLEST SCOUT? OR SMALLEST VENTURER?  
AND WHO'S THE TALLEST?? IS IT YOU???

You can win a valuable prize!

If you think you qualify, and can prove it, send us a full-length black-and-white photo of yourself, with the following information:

Full Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Prov. ....

Age, at ..... Height to near-  
June 30/68 ..... est quarter-inch .....

Mail this info and your photo to CANADIAN BOY, TALLEST & SMALLEST CONTEST, Box 5151 Station F, Ottawa 5, Ontario. Do it before June 30, 1968. Do it today! FOUR WINNERS will be announced in the September '68 issue of CANADIAN BOY. Each of the four winners — smallest Cub, tallest Cub, smallest Scout or Venturer, and tallest Scout or Venturer, will have his choice of a Heathkit portable radio kit OR a big slot car road racing set!!!!

Contest open to all registered CB subscribers.

# CANADATA

## Canada Geese

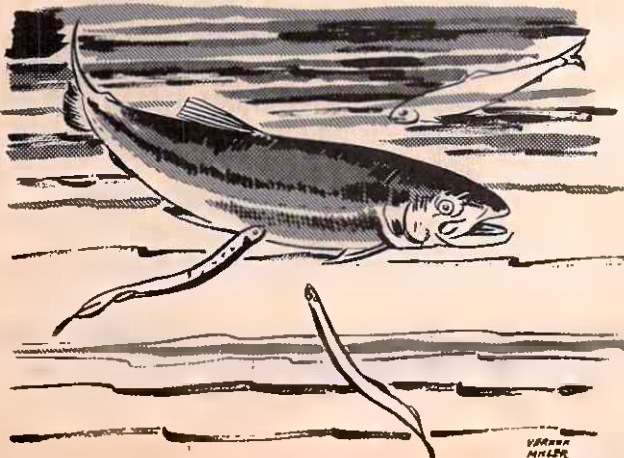
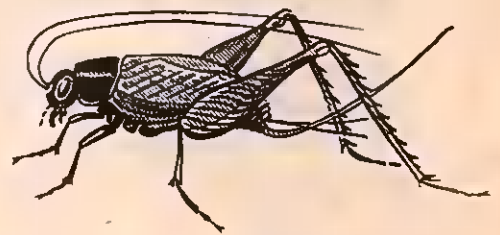
FLY IN V FORMATION FOR TWO PRINCIPAL REASONS... EACH GOOSE CAN KEEP AN EYE ON THE LEAD BIRD AND EACH GOOSE AVOIDS THE AIR-WAKE OF THE BIG BIRD AHEAD OF IT... V FORMATION FOR GEESE ISN'T INVARIABLE.. SOMETIMES, ESPECIALLY ON BLUSTERY DAYS, WE MAY SEE THE HONKERS STRAGGLE OUT IN SINGLE FILE.



**M**OST CARNIVORES HAVE THE PRESENCE IN THEIR EYES OF A MIRROR. LIGHT ENTERING THE EYE HAS ONE OPPORTUNITY AS IT GOES IN TO BE ABSORBED AND STIMULATE VISION... IF IT MISSES BEING ABSORBED, IT IS REFLECTED BY THE MIRROR AND SENT THROUGH THE RETINA AGAIN, GIVING IT ANOTHER CHANCE... THE PRESENCE OF A MIRROR IN A CAT'S EYE ACCOUNTS FOR THE EYESHINE WHEN A STRONG LIGHT IS SHONE INTO THE ANIMAL'S EYES AT NIGHT... THE BEAM FROM A FLASHLIGHT IS REFLECTED BACK AGAIN WITH SUCH INTENSITY THAT THE CAT'S EYES SEEM TO GLOW... NOCTURNAL ANIMALS' EYES SHINE FOR THE SAME REASON THAT ROADSIDE REFLECTOR BUTTONS SHINE.. THEY ARE THE SAME KIND OF REFLECTORS...

## CRICKETS

CAN TELL US WEATHER CONDITIONS... THEY CHIRP FASTER WHEN THE TEMPERATURE GOES UP AND SLOWER WHEN IT GOES DOWN... COUNT THE NUMBER OF CHIRPS A CRICKET MAKES IN 14 SECONDS... ADD 40... THE TOTAL IS THE TEMPERATURE ... THIS IS ACCURATE 90 PER CENT OF THE TIME...



## The SEA LAMPREY

FOUND ITS WAY INTO THE GREAT LAKES THROUGH THE WELAND CANAL ...

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SINCE THE FEMALE LAMPREY LAYS OVER 50 THOUSAND EGGS AT A TIME AND LIVES ABOUT SEVEN YEARS, IT IS EASY TO SEE WHY OUR GREAT LAKES HAVE LOST SO MANY FISH...

ONLY RECENTLY HAS MAN BEGUN TO SUCCEED IN ARRESTING THE DEPREDATIONS OF THE LAMPREY...

## TERRY'S DECISION

Continued from page 11

Michael, half with compassion for the injured victim. But he was glad of one thing: the woman hadn't seen Michael's car strike the bicycle.

Then he heard the wail of sirens.

"Thank you," he told the lady. "Thank you very much for phoning."

The driver of the ambulance wheeled it in expertly, dirge of the siren dying.

So intent was Terry as he watched the ambulance men, his thoughts so mixed up emotionally, he was unaware that a police car had bounced to a stop at the curb, its protesting siren moaning to a halt. The officer slid out and was coming toward him. Then he was looking directly at him, asking: "Anyone witness this accident?"

No one answered, and the officer's keen gray eyes seemed levelled straight into Terry's. "Someone must have seen it," he persisted, notebook out. "Where's the car that was involved?" His gaze wandered around the crowd inquiringly. Apparently there were no witnesses, and the driver had gone.

Terry wanted to tell the officer he had seen the accident, that his brother's car had struck the man, but his throat became so constricted he was unable to utter the words.

Soon the attendants had the stretcher with its blanketed burden ready. As they wheeled it toward the open inviting doors of the ambulance, Terry looked directly into the face of the traffic victim. It was old, not composed, but screwed up in pain and worry.

It frightened Terry, just to think about it. He dispersed with the rest of the crowd after the ambulance had left and the policeman had given up the task of seeking witnesses and the driver as hopeless. But Terry never felt so heavy-hearted in his life before. He knew what he should have done, but hadn't. And what right had he to protect Michael, to become an accessory in this whole sordid affair? It was obvious that Michael had hit and run. And that was criminal. But perhaps Michael had believed help would arrive quickly. That perhaps explained his callousness. After all, it wasn't the same as if it had happened on a dark lonely rainswept road at night. Anyway, maybe Michael's brakes weren't working. So how could he have stopped?

But still, there could hardly be mitigating circumstances under any conditions, for Michael would have had time to come back. His car had to stop somewhere, brake failure or not!

He would ask Michael point-blank about it, tell him he had witnessed the accident, and ask if he'd gone to the police.

But Michael was late for supper. And Mother kept asking Terry worriedly, "Wonder what could have happened to Michael? He's never usually this late."

Terry detected the sharp edge of fear in his mother's voice, thinking, as mothers are wont to do, that Michael had met with an accident and been hurt.

Terry was beside himself with sorrow and remorse over his own deceitful part in protecting his brother from the police officer, and now from his mother. But the fact that he knew Michael couldn't be injured decided him to remain silent for the present and not heap more anxiety on his mother's perturbed mind. He would keep quiet at least until Michael came home.

But Michael didn't come home and Terry went to bed reluctantly, to remain wide-eyed and sleepless, more distraught than ever. Perhaps his eyes deceived him. Perhaps it hadn't been Michael's car he had seen. It was possible it hadn't. Mistaken identity was possible.

It was well after eleven o'clock before Michael came home. Terry heard him drive into the carport. And when his mother had dished out supper, and there was the usual pleasant clatter connected with tableware and dishes and eating, Terry dressed and slipped outside.

He was going to investigate before making any charges. Undoubtedly there would be tell-tale marks, probably a big dent, on Michael's car's right front fender.

Outside it was dark, moonless, so Terry ran his hand gently over the fender where Michael's car would have struck the unfortunate cyclist. It was smooth as silk. Not even the hint of a dent. Now Terry became ashamed of himself for having such a suspicious mind. He had been so positive in his accusation, when all the time it hadn't been Michael he had seen driving. Not his car at all, but a similar model. Oh! he was so glad . . . for Michael, and for Mother that he

Continued on page 29

# HEY!



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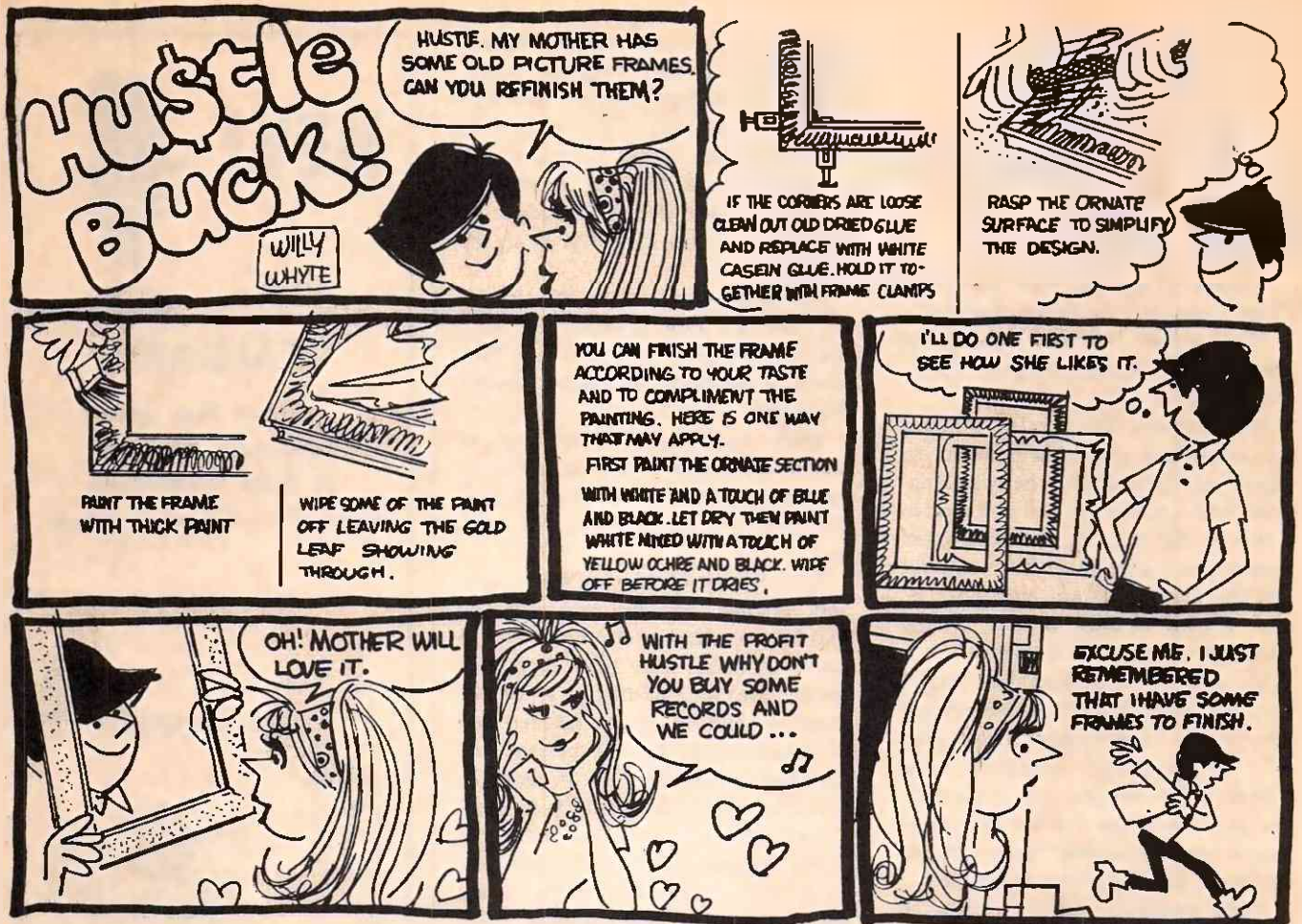
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## JUDO

Continued from page 9

a chokehold on the 1967 Pan-American Games judo gold medal in the open division. He was, he says, 50 percent better after training under the Great One. He proved it by whipping four opponents in five minutes to win the gold medal without working up a sweat!

In the finals, Doug beat American Jim Westbrook with a hold called Shime-Waza, what amounts to a perfectly legal choke.

"You take one lapel of your opponent's jacket and press it against his carotid artery," Doug explains. "Then, under your breath, you count to five. Your opponent doesn't feel anything. Really, it's quite painless."

All he does is pass out momentarily, and the match is over.

All this is part of the great mystery of judo, the mystery that men like the Great Kimura and Doug Rogers understand so well.

Doug talks about the "martial art" and the "spartan spirit" of the sport, the clean toughness that is important to the Orientals.

It's all part of the honor code, where a man once faced death and disciplined himself to accept that possibility with courage. "In the older days, if you lost in a jujitsu match, you died. There was no way out. You staked your life on your body and your mind."

He thinks that judo is the greatest teacher of self-discipline, a virtue that is sadly lacking these days. "When you want to quit you have to do one more exercise. The tough individual keeps on going."

Doug calls judo "the search for self-perfection." He adds: "It's, like, to travel and never arrive. Because you never really reach that perfection. This is what makes it so frustrating, but so intriguing."

He's well aware that judo has not really taken hold here in Canada. He calls it "the sport of the future". It will take time. "We are excited by the spectacular but when we find out there is little more to it, we shy away. The Europeans accept judo as an art. And in the Orient they say that it doesn't matter if it takes ten years to learn, or 20. It's not what you do that counts. It's how you get there. What's the point of doing anything unless it develops you all-around? Judo is an art form where you look into yourself and become aware through sweat. You must push past your own limits and find that there are no limits to what you can accomplish."

Perhaps that is a little difficult to understand. But it's exactly the attitude that Doug Rogers is trying to develop in the 35 young students he teaches at Bugei Kan. He says that judo has finesse and strength that is often not clear to the spectator. But it's really there, hidden like the big part of an iceberg.

Doug thinks that a boy should start judo at the age of eight or nine, or as soon as "he is able to assume a certain amount of individual responsibility."

In other words, the boy must be able to apply the self-discipline that is so crucial to the sport.

He won't have a coach or his father harping at him continually, to do better. So he'll have to force himself on, if he is to improve.

"There are accidents in judo," Doug admits, "but only seldom. And if a boy is in good condition, he can take the physical punishment. Anyway, our society has too many



momma's boys. They should get out and take their lumps instead of lounging around watching television all the time!"

Doug Rogers likes all sports. He played hockey with Stan Mikita, of the Chicago Black Hawks, when they were kids. And he has done some swimming. But he believes the only thing holding judo back in North America is a shortage of qualified instructors.

But what is the future for Doug Rogers, gold medallist?

Doug is an airline pilot, for Canadian Pacific, flying mostly DC-6s to the interior of British Columbia. And he wants to make flying his career. There is no judo competition in this year's Olympics (at Mexico City, October 12th to 27th, inclusive). And Doug doubts that he can wait until the next Games, in 1972.

His only regret is that he didn't find the Great Kimura earlier. "In that one

year my judo improved 50 percent," he recalls, relishing the thought vividly. "But I still only approached maybe 50 percent of my potential. Kimura said one more year and I would have been there. I just didn't go to him soon enough."

Will he go back? "I don't think so."

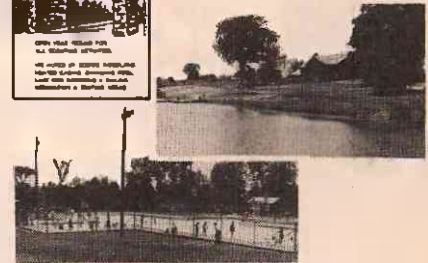
But when you see that look in his eyes as he talks about judo, the way they glint when he remembers the tough training and the sweet victories, you wonder . . . Maybe 1972 isn't so far off for Doug Rogers, after all.

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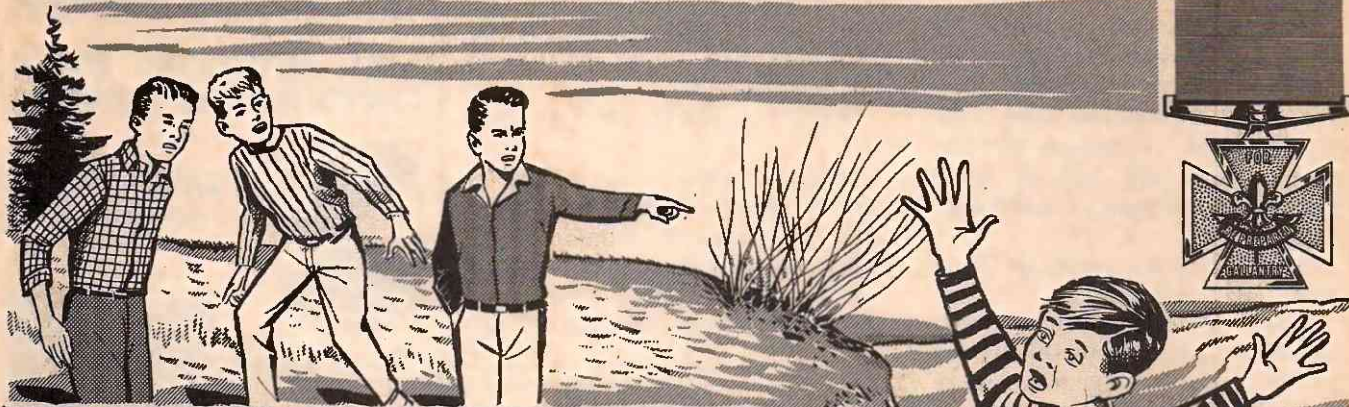
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# AWARD FOR VALDOR.....



JOHN ADRIAN VANANGREN, AGE 9, WAS WADING IN THE POUCE COUPE RIVER IN BRITISH COLUMBIA WHEN HE STEPPED ON A CLAY LEDGE WHICH COLLAPSED UNDER HIS WEIGHT... THE CHILD FELL INTO A POTHOLE AND TRIED TO TREAD WATER.... GORDON WAITE, 10, SAW THE ACCIDENT FROM SHORE, WHERE HE HAD BEEN STANDING WITH HIS BUDDIES.

GORDON SWAM OUT TO HELP JOHN AND, AFTER A STRUGGLE IN THE WATER, MANAGED TO BRING THE BOY INTO SHALLOW WATER.....THE OTHER BOYS ON SHORE HELPED GORDON AND JOHN THE REST OF THE WAY.... SECOND WILLIAM GORDON WAITE OF THE 1ST. POUCE COUPE CUB PACK, FOR HIS GALLANTRY AND PROMPTNESS IN PERFORMING THIS RESCUE WAS AWARDED THE SILVER CROSS BY THE LATE GOVERNOR-GENERAL VANIER.

## Models

For too many moons the bogey of every aeromodeller has been color.

Pinning down dead-accurate camouflage for a WW2 French bomber can be an exercise in panic! In the '40s colorphotos were unreliable as shade guides. Once the color was printed in a magazine, the problem was compounded by oft-dubious printing quality. After all, printers can do just so much with colored inks!

Then there's the problem of a ground level Leo 45 looking nothing like the coloration of the same aircraft at 15,000 feet, where sunshine glare drastically alters color shading.

Then there's the problem of what time of day the picture was taken, under what weather or lighting conditions, and so on *ad frustratum*.

Nov., Humbrol has changed all that!

The company that came to the model plane builder's rescue years ago with accurate RAF colors has done it again with a range of a dozen air force and army uniform and vehicle color kits.

At only \$1.50 for a box of six tins, plus reference information, you can't go far wrong. These paints are almost as low in price as Humbrol's regular line. And they're far less costly than the *Official* line (home base Belleville, N.J.) or the mixing formulas devised by Floquil (of Cobleskill, N.Y.), using their colors, of course.

As applied to an Arado 196, Humbrol's *Lustwaffe* paints tested out with a superbly smooth coat, with just a hint of gloss to relieve the dead-flat finish found on many models, but almost nowhere on frontline aircraft.

Humbrol's paint streaks not, neither does it leave brush marks — as long as it's applied reasonably thickly. Using their *sky blue*, though, it's advisable to apply a second coat. This was the only color of 12 tested (*Lustwaffe* and Japanese) that failed to "hide" with the first coat.

The shades of 11 of the 12 paints tested looked great, but the 12th seems fishy. The *Japanese N.1 green* comes out the tin a light olive shade, definitely brownish. The same color seen on box-lids, in *Profiles* publications, in any number of aeromodelling and aviation magazines, and on an *Oscar* fighter in Dayton's Air Force

Museum, comes out a true green, rather dark.

All the same, Humbrol's latest offering is the answer to a painter's prayer, and well worth the few shekels involved. To hedge his bets, the model builder might well invest \$4.54 in a set of 100 researched and lab-tested camouflage colors produced by the already mentioned *Floquil* people. Their address: Floquil Inc., Cobleskill, N.Y. 12043.

Beauty of these is they include an actual chip of the paint. There's no problem with interpreting the quality of a printer's coloration.

After years of comparing wildly differing color shots, black-and-whites for accurate shading, and horsing around with paints that don't want to mix, this reviewer feels that Humbrol's latest has come along about 40 models too late!

By George A. Newell

### BACK ISSUES

Some back issues of *Canadian Boy* from 1965 and 1966 are still available. Cost is 10 cents per magazine. Write to Back Issues, CANADIAN BOY, P.O. Box 5151, Station F, Ottawa 5.

# Grooming

With this new series, we hope to keep you informed on what it takes to make up the total appearance of today's young man. What is it that makes the way he looks say to others:

"There goes a young man with good taste, and the sense to avoid looking ridiculous!"?

Let's make it clear, right now, that good sense doesn't necessarily mean being a conformist or a dull unimaginative clod. What sets a well-groomed person apart from the crowd is a total picture of how he takes advantage of his assets and plays down his weak points.

For example: If you have healthy hair that looks good long and neatly combed, that's fine. But if you have a small face, too much hair would tend to hide your features and spoil your general appearance. We'll touch on hair styling later in this series.

Color is another aspect of good grooming that points you out as a man of good taste. You choose colors that are right for you, not simply because everyone is wearing them in some far-fetched combination. Although, we must admit, there is far more freedom in the mixing of colors today than ever before!

Certainly, you are in a lucky generation, lucky to be living in an age when men are coming out of their dull, drab suits into the bright light of color.

There was a time when the human male, like the males of the bird species, was the one with the colorful plumage. It was the man who wore the brocade and the ruffles and the rich velvets and wigs and powder; while the ladies hid in quiet corners in their simple gowns.

No longer does the male take a back seat in the sporting of color.

Until the 1960s it was charcoal grey, navy blue, or jet black for men. Now we hear Hardy Amies, the British designer, commenting: "We're in a new era of dandyism."

And how far out have these designers gone? Consider, for instance, bold checks in double-breasted gangster-style suits, with ruffled shirts! Or Paris designer Pierre Cardin's look into the future, where he sees black leather pants with matching leather shirt, laced up the front.

These and other new ideas are, perhaps, a little ahead of the popular trend. But consider that only a year ago a turtleneck was for sailors, or skaters. Yet, today, turtlenecks are so *in* that the retail stores and fashion shops cannot keep up with the demand. Men are finding them comfortable and colorful.

The fact seems to be that nowadays *everything is in*. The secret is to know when and where you can appear in certain types of apparel, or how to comb your hair, or when to slip into shorts and sandals.

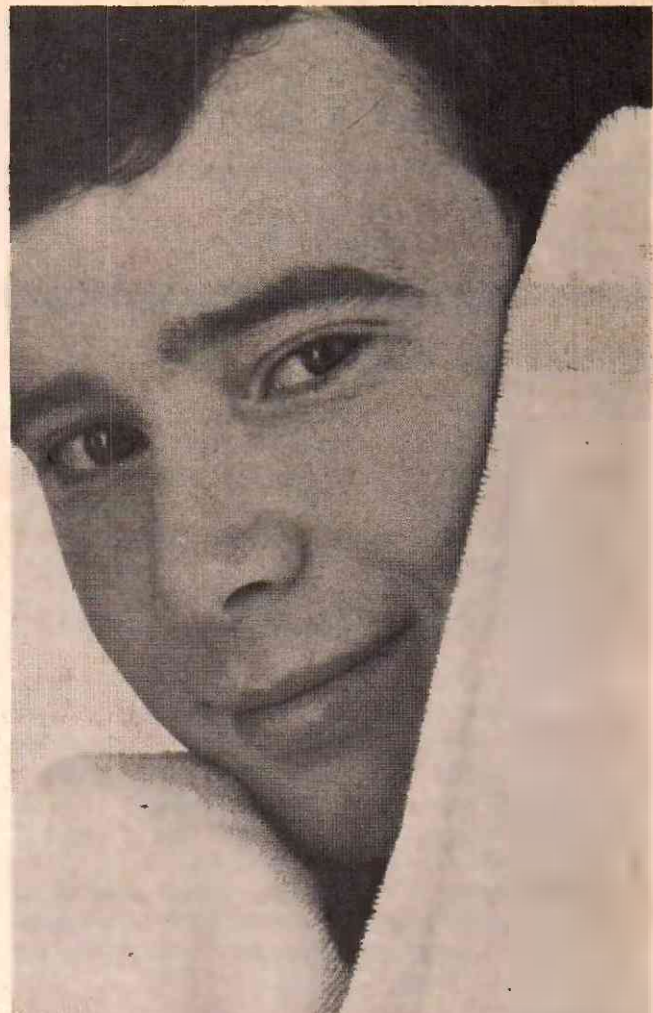
The real key to good grooming is common sense—plus a bit of imagination.

And some restraint.

A complete lack of restraint can result in the way-out, dirty, unkempt appearance that antagonizes people. And, just as foolishly, the disorganized haberdashery results in the over-colorful over-dressing that simply advertises bad taste.

That's what it's all about.

Questions are welcome, of course! **By Gordon Allen**



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# SCOUTCRAFT

## JUDO

Here's a sport that is a fun way to exercise, develops your physical and mental skill and provides healthy competition. Judo is a manly sport!

### What is Judo?

Judo is a form of mental and physical training as well as a world-wide competitive sport. It is a type of unarmed competition that uses throws and various holds. It is different from wrestling because of its underlying principle of *ju* which means "yield". Victory is gained by yielding to an opponent's force instead of opposing it with your own force. The key to judo is in understanding and using your powers of balance.

Judo originated in Japan in the late 1800s when Dr. Jigoro Kano developed it from the rough, violent *ju-jitsu*. He believed the sport should be governed by one principle: "... the highest or most efficient use of mental as well as physical energy ...". He called his new sport *Kodokan judo*. The *do* part of the name means "way" or "discipline."

Judo grew in popularity and spread around the world. An International Judo Federation was formed in 1951 and eventually judo was included in the 1964 Olympic Games at Tokyo.

### Want Help?

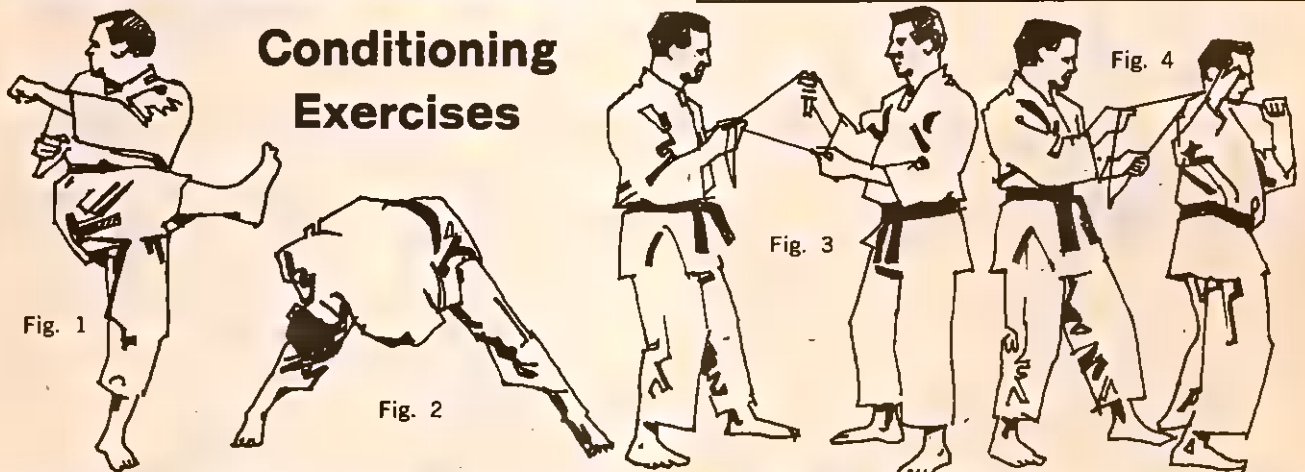
If you want to know more, see a demonstration, join a judo club, or form a judo team, check these community resources:

Your local judo club	Your athletic centre
Your YMCA	Your Phys Ed teacher
Your recreation department	Your police department

### Judo Safety

Judo is not a dangerous sport if you follow safety practices. Here are some of the basic rules:

- 1 No rough play. It is unnecessary and unsporting. Competitors (*judogi*) respect each other's ability and they use only those techniques they know their opponents are qualified to use.
- 2 Tap your partner or mat for release. This is the signal for immediate release of a hold.
- 3 Do not maintain your grip on an opponent you have thrown if it prevents him from making a proper fall. He has trained himself to fall freely.
- 4 An opponent must be trained in the proper falling techniques before anyone is permitted to throw him. Learning how to fall is most important and it must be learned carefully under competent instruction.
- 5 Throwing and falling are practised on large gym mats, grassy or sandy areas, or other padded surfaces.
- 6 Always wear an athletic supporter.



### Conditioning Exercises

**Body Twist.** Stand relaxed and swing your body and arms from side to side vigorously a few times. Then swing your leg in one direction while you swing your arms and upper body in the opposite. (Fig. 1) Do this a few times with one leg and then the other. **Body Bending.** Stand with your legs far apart. Keep your knees straight. Touch your head to one knee and then the other. (Fig. 2) If you can't make it

easily, don't use force. Work up to it gradually through regular practice over several weeks. **Rope Exercises.** This exercise helps you co-ordinate your arm, body and leg movements. Using two two-foot ropes held by a partner or fastened firmly to your home gym wall, you hold one rope as you would your opponent's lapel, and the other as you would his sleeve (Fig. 3). You can then practise pivoting (Fig. 4) with the rope simulating your opponent's resistance.

## TERRY'S DECISION

*Continued from page 23*

had remained mute when the officer looked him in the eyes. If he had spoken then it would have done Michael a grave injustice, would have questioned his ability to drive responsibly and cautiously. And worst of all, the police would have interviewed Michael in their cold, analytical, impersonal way.

Gleefully, Terry slid his hand up and down the fender, feeling its smoothness with intense satisfaction. He gave the fender a last relieved tap with a light heart, and happiness and relief welling in him, returned to his room.

Covers on his bed were rumpled, so he snapped on the bedlamp to straighten them. Smoothing the top coverlet he was astounded to see paint streaks where his fingers had touched. Blue paint. Blue like Michael's car was blue. Terry gazed numbly at his right hand — the one he had used to stroke Michael's fender. It was stained with blue fresh paint.

Now he couldn't possibly sleep. He kept mulling over in his mind how foolish he had been not to blame Michael, and not to have told the policeman all he knew about the accident. He wished now that Michael and he shared the same room, as they used to, when he was more close to him. It would be easier if he could talk to him in brotherly fashion — now.

But somehow Michael had considered himself too grown up to be sleeping with his younger brother, so he had a room of his own. This, after their close association, was like being in another country, and Terry had never really got accustomed to being alone.

Finally, his mind still a whirl, he fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. Next day was Saturday, and as usual, Terry slept in till nine.

While dressing, he decided to broach the matter to Michael immediately he got downstairs. But at breakfast his mother told him Michael had been up extra early and had driven away in his car.

"He didn't say where he was going," his mother said at Terry's urging. "Anyway, I trust him and I trust his judgment. For Michael's a good boy." Then, smiling fondly, "You are too, Terry."

Terry managed a slight grin at the

compliment. He wanted badly, just then, to point out that Michael wasn't the good boy she thought him to be, but stifled the urge. Anyway, the happenings of the evening before seemed nothing short of a nightmare, lacking substance. But still, the evidence was irrefutable. It was real.

Michael would be working at the supermarket, and Terry thought of going there before he left for the paper shack, but decided against this as Michael would be too busy to talk anyway.

At the paper shack, Terry usually spent a minute or two scanning the headlines before starting on his route. He was dismayed when he came across an item headed: "Hit-Run Driver Sought In Mishap."

The body of the story told of the accident: "A 53-year-old father of three received a fractured leg and other injuries while riding his bicycle home from work at 5:15 p.m. Friday. The man was Clint Fostwick, of 5215 Clarendon. The accident occurred at Third and Pine when his cycle was involved in collision with a car. Police said the driver didn't stop, and appeal to witnesses to communicate with them."

Terry stared at the item, reread it; then imagining several of the other carriers staring at him, folded the paper and shoved it into his bag.

But he was trembling with fright as he started his route. Why shouldn't he protect his brother? The man wasn't dead . . . only hurt. And what about Mother? He had a responsibility to her. She wasn't in the best of health, the doctor had said. She had to take things easy; no excitement, no worry. It was her heart.

Terry delivered his papers mechanically, for his mind was not on the task.

It couldn't have been all Michael's fault. But why hadn't he stopped? If only he'd stopped!

He delivered his last customer, saving an extra paper to take home, as he always did.

But he didn't go directly home. He walked slowly, wanting time to think. He was tormented by the problem of being loyal to his brother, or of being a squealer. No one had much use for a squealer. He visioned Michael behind bars, at least until he could raise bail. At best he would be heavily fined and lose his driving license.

Terry's dragging footsteps took him

along Seneca Street, a route he seldom used. There was a police station several blocks up Seneca. He was heading for it unconsciously. His legs, his feet, his whole being felt extremely tired. His head ached from worrying. He realized how bad news concerning Michael, her favorite son, would prey heavily on Mother's health but somewhere, deep down, Terry felt he had to do what was right, not what was wrong, or he would never be released from tormenting thoughts of his own spineless inaction.

When Terry walked into the station, the morbid dreariness of it somewhat awed him. The officer on duty regarded Terry stonily, then grinned, showing strong teeth, apparently at Terry's serious, worried expression.

Terry stepped up. "Sir," he said, dragging the newspaper from his bag, laying it on the counter, pointing a finger at the story concerning the accident, "I witnessed this. You want a witness, don't you?"

"Then tell me about it."

Terry hesitated. "Well . . ." he said, "it was my brother's car that struck the man."

"Your brother's car? What's your brother's name?"

"Michael . . . Stronley," Terry replied, knowing there was no way back.

"Right!"

"Did you know that?" Terry wanted to know, believing the police somehow must have knowledge of everything.

The officer nodded, then explained, "Your brother came in before going to work at the supermarket. That's where he works . . . on Paisley Street, isn't it?"

Terry nodded, dumbfounded.

"You know we might need you as a witness," the officer told him. "Your name is . . .?"

"Terry."

As he was jotting it down on a pad, Terry said, "I'm glad it's all over."

"Well, not exactly . . . but I know what you mean. We'll be letting you know if we need you."

Terry went out through the ponderous big doors to the street. His step was light. So was his heart. He had lost all his tiredness. He walked homeward. The evening was lovelier and fresher than usual. Everything was lovely now.

He had made the right decision! So had Michael. He was proud of Michael. Michael was only 17, but he was already a man.



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# Stamp Corner

We have been receiving quite a number of letters from stamp-collecting readers who wish to start stamp clubs and trading services. They've asked us to publicize their efforts in the magazine. We regret that we cannot accept such notices as editorial material, since they more properly fall into the realm of advertising. However, we are doing all we can to emphasize stamp collectors' interests through the Penpals columns.

Movie-makers tend to glamorize the most colorful people in their stories, often at the expense of the real historical hero. *Mutiny on the Bounty* is a case in point.

Fletcher Christian emerges looking better than William Bligh, although this is not necessarily the truth of the matter.

Bligh ended a long and successful career in the naval service of Great Britain with the rank of Vice-Admiral. He sailed with Captain Cook on his second world-circling voyage as sailing master (aboard the *Resolution*) and it was on this trip that "breadfruit" was discovered, at Otaheite. It was breadfruit that took Bligh and the *Bounty* back to the South Seas. He was skilled at navigation and earned his appointment to the 25-ton *Bounty* in December of 1787.

The *Bounty's* mission was to take a cargo of the fruit-plants to the West Indies for transplanting. But Bligh was overbearing and most of the crew, unable to adjust to his manner, eventually mutinied under Christian's leadership. Bligh and 18 of his loyal crewmen were overpowered and cast adrift in an open boat only 23 feet long.

They had a limited supply of provisions but no charts. Bligh was as resourceful as he was skilled, and in slightly less than two months, they had sailed 3,618 nautical miles, reaching the Portuguese colony of Timor. The mutineers, still under Fletcher Christian, landed and settled on Pitcairn Island, where their descendants still live.

William Bligh died on December 7, 1817, and he was buried in St. Mary's Churchyard, next to Lambeth Palace.

Several countries have issued stamps

commemorating both the *Bounty* voyage and the Bligh experience. Latest of these, issued on the 150th anniversary of Bligh's death, recall both incidents. Fiji and Pitcairn issued a set of three on December 7. These were produced by the Crown Agents Stamp Bureau.

The Royal Air Force will mark its 50th anniversary this year and the General Post Office of Great Britain will issue a one-shilling stamp on April 29 in honor of the occasion.

Other British stamps to watch for are a one-shilling-nine-pence commemorative on the 200th anniversary of Captain Cook's first voyage of discovery, and on June 1, the 50th anniversary of the granting of the franchise to women will be marked by a nine-penny stamp. Four more British paintings will be reproduced on stamps which will go on sale August 12. Three new ones for next Christmas are to be released on November 15.

In addition, the new definitive series begun in 1967 will be completed this year, in three stages.

By H. L. Woodman

# Penpals

Lionel Walsh of 80 Rushley Drive, Scarborough, Ont., wants somebody in Newfoundland to write to him. He is interested in gymnastics, mystery books, and drawing.

Michael Bradley, of 187 Dorchester Street, Charlottetown, P.E.I., wants a p.p. who's interested in nature and photography, preferably in the Prairie Provinces.

Jimmy Shard of 19 Amberley Drive, Scarborough, Ont., is a handicapped Rover Scout finishing up research on the Canadian provinces for his Centennial project. He'd like Scouts from all parts of Canada to send him postcards picturing their provinces.

Alan Mackenzie of 836 Wicklow Street, Fort Garry, Man., wants a word with somebody from Quebec Province who is even slightly bilingual and owns a tape recorder "so we can tape letters". He like swimming and The Rolling Stones.

Doug Kellough, 16, of 14604-88 Avenue, Edmonton, Alta., would like to correspond with girls age 15-17. He says, "At least one from every province and as many as possible from the

U.S. — a Centennial project!" His interests: coins, stamps, pop music, outdoors, and CB, of course.

Mark Nemeth, 11, of Box 373, Co-mox, B.C. is "pretty lean on penpals" and wants to hear from guys all over Canada. He goes for water skiing, baseball, soccer, model building, books, and spy movies.

Lawrence F. Jardine, 10, of Box 321, 235 Duke Street, Chatham, N.B., wants a p.p. his own age who loves animals, collects models and lives in Canada.

Graham Knight, 11, of 57 Rockwood Avenue, Fredericton, N.B., would like to correspond with any Canadian boy. Special interests include pop groups, car models, basketball, and hockey.

Gordon Denning, 10, of 31 Beacon Road, Scarborough, Ont., likes fishing, model building, science fiction, and baseball. He's in the 9th Scarborough West Pack, and he'll write to anybody, anywhere.

Rob Humeston, 14, of 3615-12th Street S.W., Calgary, Alta., wants penpals from eastern Canada and the Maritimes to trade Coke caps with (?).

Bill Cameron, 35 Crownhill Street, Ottawa 9, Ont., is 10, likes photography and reading, wants a p.p. from anywhere.

David Patterson, 14, of 79 Baldwin Crescent, Saskatoon, Sask., would like penpals outside the home territory. He says: "I would really appreciate it if all the Lees and Pattersons who are Scouting in the Petittcodiac area would write to me. I want to get in touch with some of my cousins." He likes astronomy, chemistry, physics, electronics and the sciences generally.

Spencer Lee of 1719 23rd Street S.W., Calgary, Alta., is a member of the 87th Troop and of the largest aeromodeling club in the country — Calgary's! He writes a good letter.

Mark Ritchie of 7373 E. Grandview, Douglas Hwy, Burnaby 3, B.C., is on the lookout for a Cub who would like to trade stamps with him. He has a fair selection up for grabs.

Ian McLean, 11, of 621 Watts Avenue, Peterborough, Ont., would like a p.p. in his age group from Niagara Falls. He collects rocks and likes football, reading, and girls. He's a useless speller, he says, but we didn't see any boobos in his letter.

# Off the Record

Rock 'n' roll isn't dead.

About two years ago it looked as if the instigator of the pop music industry was being laid to rest while a more sophisticated form of listening came to teenage ears. However in the last couple of months there have been several records which have resurrected the old sound and returned it to the fore.

One of the leaders in this field is John Fred and his Playboy Band, a big combo who scored rapidly on the charts with "Judy in Disguise" and "Hey, Hey, Bunny". And the funny part about their recorded sound is the instrumental likeness to the first of the rock greats — Bill Haley and His Comets.

It was 15 years ago when Bill Haley first blasted into the music scene with a song called "Rock Around the Clock". After that he enjoyed a hot spell of fast platters before his disappearance in 1958. He was followed by Elvis Presley, who turned rock 'n' roll into the screaming thing it is today.

And it's a strange coincidence how many of the hot acts on the pop circuit today copy the old-timers for personal appearance excitement. Jimi Hendrix has borrowed the Presley movements for his act, and spiced it up by doing wild withings with his guitar — playing the box with everything from his fingers to his teeth. Blue Cheer, a hot group from the west coast, took an old song, Eddie Cochran's "Summertime Blues", and turned it into a smash.

It seems that all the old rock 'n' roll hits are coming back strong. The Cryin' Shames from Chicago revived "Up on the Roof", a big hit for The Drifters, and scored again on the charts. The Four Seasons reached into the past for their latest big one, an upbeat version of The Shirelles' "Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow?"

All the classics of the rock age are coming back, as new group after new group tries to cash in on the old material. Although most of the credit for the rock revival is going to John Fred and his Playboy Band, another group initially on the scene failed to win the general recognition.

Tommy James and The Shondells first made top spot on the U. S. charts with "Hanky Panky", a song that could never be classed as anything but rock. Since then the group has changed its style — and for the better.

It's unfortunate that music is reverting to rock. Like all musical efforts,

some songs from the era live on as standards.

But basically the majority of the songs were three-cord wonders that raised howls of laughter from today's more competent musicians. Since the arrival of The Beatles, popular music has become a more intelligent art form. Teenagers today are paying almost as much attention to the lyric of a song as they are to the beat.

In the rock era the lyric meant nothing. The secret of rock success was in a twanging guitar, an echo-laden drum sound, and simple vocal harmony. Today all these things are gone, replaced by an emphasis on total instrumentation, background, and outstanding vocal harmony.

Even today, though, there are some garbage hits around, like "Simon Says" by the 1910 Fruitgum Company. Yet overall the hit parade has been dominated by classier discs and the exciting vocal sounds of groups like The Association and The Fifth Dimension.

Even The Beatles have retrogressed with their latest, "Lady Madonna", which is the closest thing to rock 'n' roll they could do.

Rock 'n' roll could have been laid to rest years ago — and almost was. But nobody nailed the lid on the coffin!

By Sandy Gardiner

# Wheels

A famous Italian race car builder named Ferrari, criticized for poor brakes on his automobiles, once said: "Who worries about brakes? I build cars to go—not to stop!"

A few bad accidents soon convinced Mr. Ferrari to change his mind, and Italian brakes now are among the best in the world. Brake designs are changing rapidly and some really good systems are being installed as factory equipment on North American highway cars.

In the early days, most automobiles used a "mechanical" drum-and-shoe brake. Metal rods and levers connected the brake pedals to the wheels. It took a lot of foot pressure to make a heavy car stop, and the system wasn't very satisfactory.

In the late 1920s, "hydraulic" brakes began to appear. Instead of leverage, they used pressure. The pressure was applied through hollow tubes containing brake "fluid". A "master cylinder" was built into the line to increase the fluid pressure. In

this way, less force was required from the driver's foot.

The brake drum, fastened to the wheels on the inner side, looks like a large bowl with a deep rim. When the brake is applied, metal strips called "shoes" are forced outward, to rub against the rim. The shoes are faced with a hard, tough material called "lining". The friction of the lining against the drum slows the wheels down. It's like stopping a bicycle by dragging your foot along the pavement.

At times, when brake drums are used hard and often, a lot of heat develops. This heat makes the brake drum expand. The shoes cannot make firm contact and the brakes "fade". In bad cases, brakes can fade completely — fail — and leave the car unable to slow down or stop.

To get around this problem, "disc" brakes were developed and they are now factory equipment on many high-performance cars. The disc is a flat, round metal plate. "Pads" press on it from either side. Because the disc runs mainly in open air it cools more quickly. And even if the disc expands with the heat of friction, the pads still press against it firmly, just the way a pair of pliers will tightly squeeze either a silver dollar or a dime.

By Roger Appleton

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Before you move: Send change of address to — **Subscription Department, CANADIAN BOY, P.O. Box 5151, Station F, Ottawa 5, Ont.**



"Please don't get up."



## CYCLING

Continued from page 17

gravel or pavement!

A bike contest borrowed from car and motorcycle racing is the hillclimb. The hill should be fairly steep, but not too much so, because you have to get to the top by pedalling only. A rider who gets off to push is disqualified. If you have a stopwatch the race can be against the clock, with the cyclist who gets to the top in the shortest time the winner. With no stopwatch, riders race up against each other, elimination style. Needless to say (I hope!) races *down* hills are *out!* Downhill on any two-wheeled vehicle must be handled carefully. It's no place for a speed contest. When you can find large enough open spaces, cross country races are a ball. In a cross country run you are allowed to push your bike or carry it. In fact, if the course is rugged enough, you'll have to! Because cross country calls for strength and endurance, younger, less experienced riders should always be given a good head start.

Another contest that's fun is a scavenger hunt. Here, everyone is given a list of things to collect . . . a slice of bread, an old newspaper, an overshoe, a paperclip, a soft drink bottle cap, a pencil, a leaf from a certain kind of tree, and so on. The first rider who gets back to the finish line with everything on the list wins. In a scavenger hunt, brains are every bit as important as speed; the fellow who thinks of the closest and easiest way to fill his list usually wins over a faster rider who tears around wildly, with no idea of where to look for what he needs.

The less these games call for riding on town or city streets, the better. Bicycles and traffic don't mix well! It's hard enough just to ride safely and keep out of accidents. Big parks and playgrounds are ideal for bike sport, if bicycles are allowed. Shopping centre parking lots are good on Sunday, if traffic is light and the owner of the lot gives permission. School grounds can also be used on weekends, if school officials say okay.

In sports cycling, like sports car driving, you should know the basics of maintaining your machine. It's a fact of life that any bicycle used for sport is going to need more repairs than one driven only for moving around on smooth roads. But bike repairs are usually simple and parts and tools don't cost much, so this should be no great problem.

If racing on a round or oval track appeals to you, a bicycle has lots of possibilities. An Australian Pursuit race adds a touch of novelty. In an Australian Pursuit, cyclists start by spreading out evenly around the track. Say, for example, there are fifteen feet between each rider. The object is to pass the guy in front of you. When you pass him, he must drop out. When one cyclist has passed everyone else on the track, he wins.

In a team race, groups of cyclists race against each other. Points are given for first, second, third, fourth and so on and the team that piles up the most points is the champion. In a team relay, only one member of each team is on the track at the same time. A rider must finish one full lap before his team-mate can come on the track. The first team to finish gets the trophy.

Continued next month!

# What are you doing this summer?

How about spending a week or two with: **Billy Harris, Dave Keon, Marcel Pronovost, Bruce Gamble, Bob Baun, and other hockey stars?**

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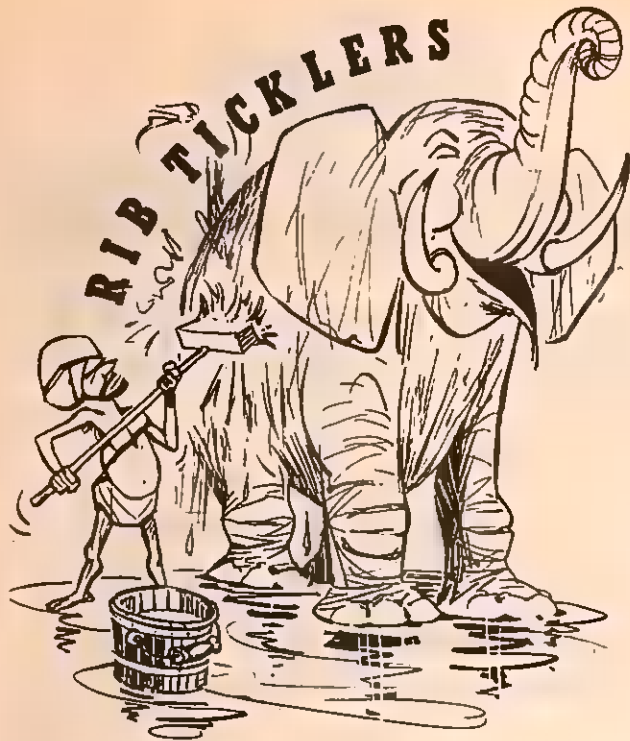
Dear Bill & Dave:

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

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Remember the mini-desk HUSTLE BUCK showed you how to build in the November '67 issue of CB? Big, clear plans for this easy-to-build desk are now available, in limited supply, FREE! If you'd like to have your own clear copy of HUSTLE BUCK'S MINI-DESK PLANS, all you have to do is send Lester a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Use a five-cent stamp, please, and be quick about it — we have only a few hundred copies. When they're gone, that's it!

Hector was complaining about the number of pets in his house. He said to his friend: "Boy, am I sick of all the noise in my house! Aunt Jane's four cats get to fighting with Cousin' Jack's two dogs, then they all get into it with Uncle Jasper's monkey! It's terrible, especially with the windows closed, most of the time!" His friend asked: "Why don't you open a window and let some of the noise out?" Hector replied: "What?? And let my three buzzards escape?"  
David Birch-Jones, Ottawa, Ont.

Rocky: What begins with P and ends with E and has hundreds of letters in it?

Cocky: A post office!

Ricky Prosk, Montrose, B.C.

Tom: What do you call an empty parrot cage?

Bill: A polygon?

Michael Schmid,  
Niagara Falls, Ont.

Q: What has branches, but no bark?

A: A library.

Warren Howe, Hamilton, Ont.

Joe: What are two and two?

Harry: Four?

Joe: Nope — they're numbers!

Ian McLeod,  
Niagara Falls, Ont.

First skater: Did anybody laugh when you fell on the ice?

Second skater: No, but the ice made a few cracks!

Sagar V. Parikh, Nelson, B.C.

Hickory dickory dock,  
The mouse ran up the clock.  
He got a shock, and fell like a rock,  
Because it was an electric clock!

Garry Strahl, Pointe Claire, Que.

Composer: It took me 16 years to write this lullaby.

Publisher: Why so long?

Composer: I kept falling asleep!

Lawrence Smith, Kitchener, Ont.

Q: What part of London is in France?

A: The letter "n".

Marc Hahto, Beaconsfield, Que.

Teacher: Did your father write this composition, Gary?

Gary: No, he started it, but my mom finished it!

Peter Thorup, Mitchell, Ont.

Q: Why do some farmers run big steam rollers over their potato fields?

A: Because they're raising mashed potatoes!

Blaine Rhymer, Sperling, Man.

Henry: My dad can beat up your dad!

Charlie: Big deal! So can my mom!

Peter MacAulay, Galt, Ont.

Jay: Why did you name your first movie The Broken Leg?

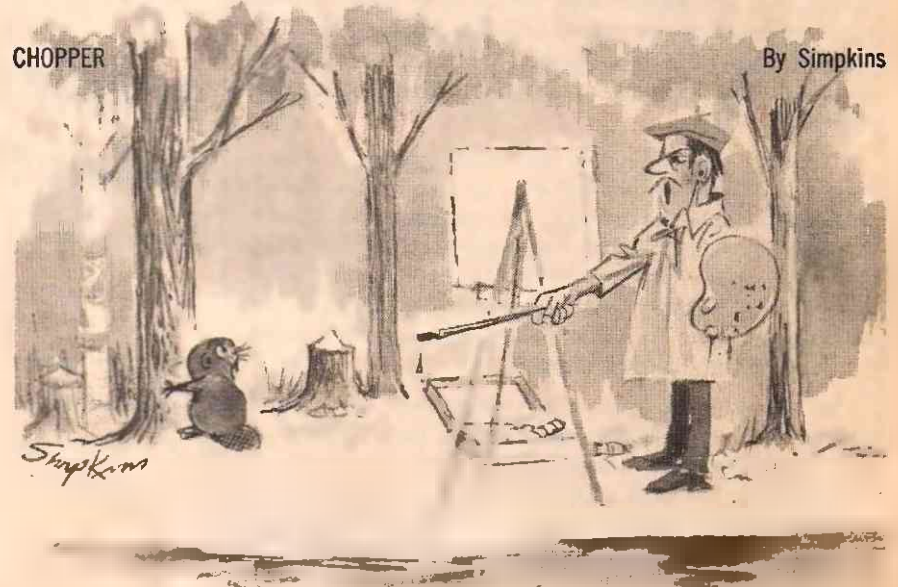
Judy: It had a big cast!

Jonathan Gordon,  
Cote St. Luc, Que.

Downstairs: Didn't you hear me pounding on the ceiling last night?

Upstairs: Oh, that's all right — we were making quite a bit of noise ourselves!

Ian Woolton, Markham, Ont.



"Do you mind? I'm painting that one!"

# Shoot CO<sub>2</sub> Skeet

with Crosman's new CO<sub>2</sub> Shotgun.

## The Sport.

CO<sub>2</sub> Skeet, the most exciting new shooting sport ever introduced, is now available for the whole family. It's economical, too. Costs only a fraction of powder shotgun shooting. Perfect for spacious home areas, club houses, camps, even your basement can become a skeet range! CO<sub>2</sub> Skeet is the fantastic new development for complete family shooting fun.

## The Shotgun.

The Crosman CO<sub>2</sub> Trapmaster shotgun is a full size shotgun. It looks like, feels like, shoots like the real thing. It is the real thing. And it has features that other shotguns do not have—because it has adjustable CO<sub>2</sub> power for limited area shooting.

## The Shells.



The Trapmaster shoots standard No. 8 shot from Crosman CO<sub>2</sub> Shotshells. The load of over 55 lead-chilled shot produces a consistent pattern, assuring a clean target break every time. The system has an effective range up to 40 feet.

## The Targets.

CO<sub>2</sub> Skeet breakaway targets are shaped like real clay pigeons. The domed plastic targets have rings that break away when they are hit. Then they are quickly put together and used over and over again.



## The Trap.

The specially-designed Crosman CO<sub>2</sub> trap provides every thrill of powder shotgun trap shooting. Now, trap and skeet shooters can shoot far more often at far less cost. The Crosman CO<sub>2</sub> skeet and trap system is excellent for beginners. And great practice for you bird hunters, as well. It's the first economical shotgun system for everyone. Standard Trap equipment includes: Remote Foot Release to permit individual shooting. Auxiliary arm for conversion to MO-SKEET-O shooting.



See the new Crosman CO<sub>2</sub> skeet shooting system at your dealer's now. Everything you need comes in one package. Trapmaster CO<sub>2</sub> shotgun, 100 shotgun shells, 10 CO<sub>2</sub> Powerlets, 25 reusable targets, and the new skeet trap. The entire CO<sub>2</sub> skeet system sells for under \$129.00. The Trapmaster shotgun alone sells for less than \$70.00. Pick yours up today.

## CROSMAN TRAPMASTER MODEL 1100 CO<sub>2</sub> SHOTGUN SPECIFICATIONS

ACTION: One stroke side cocking single shot.

BORE: .380 true cylinder bore.

OVERALL LENGTH: 46½"

LENGTH OF PULL: 14¼"

DROP AT COMB: 1"

DROP AT HEEL: 2"

SIGHT: Metal bead front

POWER: Crosman Giant CO<sub>2</sub> Powerlets

SAFETY: Positive Cross bolt safety

STOCK AND FOREARM: Contoured hardwood—walnut finish

BARREL: Full rib 28" true cylinder

PATTERN: Approximately 14" dia. at 40 ft.

WEIGHT: 6¼ lbs.

FAMILY GUNS. Be a two gun CO<sub>2</sub> skeet family. Get an extra Trapmaster shotgun when you buy your CO<sub>2</sub> Skeet system, so your son can learn with his own gun. It's a great way to get close to your boy.

The Fun Guns from  
**Crosman**

Crosman Arms Co. (Canada) LTD., Dunnville, Ont.

**BOYS & GIRLS**  
 Join the  
**ORIGINAL**  
*Junior Sales Club of Canada*  
 Nationally Famous  
**PRIZES**  
 at no cost to you  
**FREE !!**  
 Good Luck  
 Horseshoe Key Chain  
 and  
**FREE PRIZE CATALOGUE**  
*Bursting*  
 with values

**GET YOUR PRIZES THIS FAST EASY WAY**  
 OR, IF YOU WISH, YOU MAY KEEP CASH  
 AS YOUR PRIZE... \$7.20 PER UNIT

OUR BEAUTIFUL CARDS AT ONLY \$1.00, \$1.20 or \$1.50 A BOX are so easy to sell. You can quickly earn these and many other terrific prizes — become a member of JUNIOR SALES CLUB OF CANADA. Cards are sent to you on credit. YOU DO NOT PAY IN ADVANCE — we trust you. Friends, relatives and neighbours will be delighted with such fine cards at such low prices and they all carry the "Good Housekeeping" seal of quality. Many members have earned a prize in only a few hours.

Pick out the prize you want, then simply fill out the coupon and mail it in. We will immediately send you 1 UNIT of the cards requested. Start with 1 UNIT (12 boxes selling for \$1.50, or 15 boxes selling for \$1.20, or 18 boxes selling for \$1.00) even if the prize requires more.

OUR PRICES EVEN INCLUDE SALES TAX AND POSTAGE TO MAKE IT EASIER FOR YOU.

**THE J.S.C.C. PLAN IS QUICK AND EASY AND LOTS OF FUN**

1 Unit of \$1.50 Cards is 12 boxes      1 Unit of \$1.20 Cards is 15 boxes  
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**MAIL COUPON TODAY!**

and receive your FREE LUCKY KEY CHAIN

**JUNIOR SALES CLUB OF CANADA, Dept. 110, Ajax, Ont.**

Enrol me as a member of the J.S.C.C. and send me AT ONCE FREE KEY CHAIN, FREE MEMBERSHIP CARD, FREE PRIZE CATALOGUE, complete with details on how to get valuable prizes, plus a supply of EVERYDAY CARDS.

Please send me:

- 12 Boxes, 21 cards each, @ \$1.50 (English only available)
- 15 Boxes, 18 cards each, @ \$1.20 (English or French available)
- Indicate  English or  French
- 18 Boxes, 12 cards each, @ \$1.00 (English only available)

My name.....Print Clearly

Address.....Apt. No.....

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

Parent's Signature.....