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IN THE

## “TRACKS to TREASURE” Contest



Entries close December 31st for the Braves “Tracks to Treasure” contest, so make tracks now! See your favourite shoe store today and try on the new Braves Scout — the official shoe of the Boy Scouts of Canada. It’s the shoe with authentic animal tracks on the soles and genuine compass in the heel.

Entries are coming in fast — but you still have a chance to win one of these big, exciting prizes. Try on the Braves Scout — and send in your entry form today.

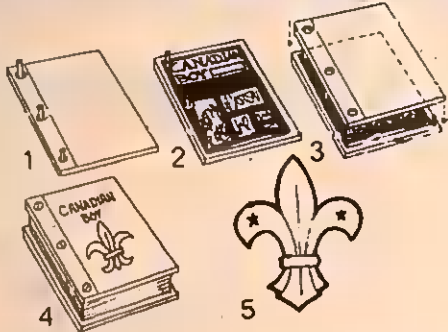
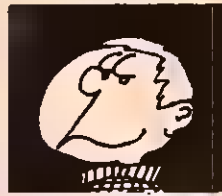


“with a  
compass  
in the shoe”

THE SCOUT SHOE  
ONE OF THE

**braves**

# CANADIAN BOY BINDER



## Happy Handicrafts!

A lot of CB readers want to know how to bind their magazines.

Here are two methods used by Mrs. R. A. Gruhl of Welland, Ont. Mrs. Gruhl asked us to pass them along to you.

1.  $\frac{1}{8}$ " plywood slightly larger than magazine all the way round. You will need 2 pieces this size with 3 evenly spaced  $\frac{1}{4}$ " holes drilled along left edge. Now saw a strip off each piece just past the holes. Fasten 2 hinges or 2 strips of leather  $1\frac{1}{2}$ " wide to form hinges. Put a Chicago Screw or Binder Extension Post through each hole. (May be purchased at Stationery stores.)
2. Punch or bore 3 holes along margin of magazine, to correspond with those in plywood and slip the magazines numerically in order over the upright posts.
3. Lay top cover on and tighten down screws.
4. As a finishing touch, stencil on title and glue on Scout emblem that has been cut from  $\frac{1}{4}$ " plywood and suitably painted. Back and front cover could be finished with clear shellac or varnish.
5. Markings and outlines on title and emblem may be made with a stylus or penknife, before painting.

## ALTERNATE METHOD

1. Substitute corrugated cardboard for the plywood and masking tape for hinges the full length of covers. A leather thong or cotton shoe lace, light cotton rope or venetian blind pull may be used in place of Binder Posts. A toy pea shooter cut the desired lengths may be used here and the lace strung through. This is not necessarily essential, but will alleviate the possibility of the holes tearing out in the magazine.
2. Continue as before instructed.
3. Pull laces through and tie.
4. Before assembling, corrugated cardboard could be covered with Craft Paper or shelf paper or painted with poster paints. Title can be painted on or glued on, cut from another color paper. Likewise the emblem.

Submitted by: Mrs. R. A. Gruhl, DCM Welland, Kevin Gruhl, PL 9th Troop Welland, Mark Gruhl, 14 "B" Pack Welland, Lindsay Gruhl, 14 "B" Pack.

# Letters to Lester

Three weeks of postal inactivity in Canada (better known as the Great Postal Strike) left us without much in the way of fresh correspondence, and we are now feeling the bite. So, if some of these letters seem to be dealing with old issues, you understand why. Don't you? —LS

## WHAT ABOUT FISHING?

Dear Lester:

Could you please put an article on fishing, casting, and trolling in your magazine? I enjoy CB very much, and I was wondering if you could send me some information on fishing.

*Norman Langlois, Windsor, Ont.*  
Maybe next spring. Last big spread on the subject was in our May '66 issue, so maybe it's time we did something about fishing.

—LS

## THAT MUMBLEMUMBLE PARKER

Dear Lester:

Your July/August issue was pretty good except for Rae Parker's article on canoeing. Yecch! I've been canoeing for three years now. Canoeing isn't hard after you get the knack (which takes about a day to get). He's going to scare every kid in the country with that tale. Next time let's have a real article on canoeing. Keep up the good work.

*Alan Drew Brook, Toronto, Ont.*  
Rae Parker was babbling about white-water canoeing, which takes more than a day to catch onto — ask any expert. But, worst of all, you seem to've missed the humor in his story. Aren't you taking yourself a little too seriously?—LS

## HE LIKES US ALL WET

Dear Lester:

The July/August issue of CANADIAN BOY was just great. You weren't kidding when you titled it "... all wet". That story of *Sir Sam* was just about the best I ever read.

*David Luke, Sutton West, Ont.*

Continued on page 30

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# SHOULD YOU HUNT?

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Here are the two articles, pro and con, that our panel read prior to discussion.

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by  
C. H. D.  
Clarke

# Yes!

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In my boyhood, in rural Ontario, nobody would ever have asked such a question. Hunting was part of the rural tradition. If you were a naturalist by inclination you were almost certain to be a hunter as well. It had nothing to do with social status, or politics or religion, but rather it meant a link with the open country.

Nowadays more and more people live in cities. There is less open country within reach, and access to it is not so free and easy as it used to be. In spite of the fact that there are far more hunters than formerly, or possibly because of it, it is harder for a boy to get started in hunting than it once was. There are more things you have to know, more rules and regulations, and such basic things as safety are no longer left to the conscience of the individual. The desire to hunt is still there, but it is no longer an automatic step from a casual interest in nature.

If a boy is discouraged by all this the chances are that he would not get much out of hunting anyway. However, a very large number of boys still want to hunt. After all, they know people who do hunt, and realize that though it is not as easy and automatic as it once was, it is still not all that hard. More than half a million people in Ontario hunt. That is one person in twelve. If you eliminate women and children (though some women do hunt) you will see that a very high proportion of men hunt. A few are goons who cause trouble, but most of them are ordinary people, your neighbours. A lot of boys know quite

*Continued on page 21*

by  
Elmer  
Talvila

# No!

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The big hunt was nearly over. Dusk found our party of four poling across the pond to the little island where we hoped to bag our last bird for the day. Quietly we waited.

Almost imperceptibly, it happened. A big, chicken-like bird walking sedately through the reeds, its large bill silhouetted against the brackish waters of the pond. A king rail, a rare bird for our area. And the first one we had ever seen.

We lifted our binoculars and looked.

"That's number one hundred!" whispered Jim, as he wrote down a note of the sighting in his field book.

One hundred different species in a single day! What a day it had been. And what a hunt!

We had started before dawn in a pine woods where we listened to the sonorous hooting of the great horned owl and the whinnying call of the screech owl. Dawn found us by the shores of a marsh listening and watching intently for the sora and the bittern. At midmorning we were excitedly following a blue-winged warbler — a real rarity — at the edge of a woodlot. At noon we were wolfing down sandwiches by the shores of a mudflat and counting sandpipers. Somewhere that afternoon we had stopped to watch the antics of a marsh hawk turning somersaults in the sky and the romping of a litter of wild fox cubs in a meadow. Supper we ate on the beach as a flock of black-crowned night herons flew up the river to feed.

And then dusk had

*Continued on page 21*



# SHOULD YOU HUNT?



**Moderator Larry Wilcox**



**Steve Leach, 15**



**Charlie Colwell, 13**

**Charlie Colwell:** I don't like hunting that well. I think the bloodless hunter gets all the activity and everything, and he learns more. If you see a deer, the hunter with a gun shoots it right off. But if he shoots it with a camera he learns more because he can study its habits and everything.

**Brian Duquette:** I thought that the two articles were very good, but . . . Like, the one that was for hunting said that hunting was rigidly controlled and that hunting didn't affect wildlife, whereas the other one pointed out that hunting was killing all the wildlife and was not rigidly controlled. One was totally against the other.

**Bernd Mensch:** If we didn't hunt there would be too much game, then a scarcity of food for them, and they would die of starvation. If the wolves get out of hand, you wouldn't have any deer.

**Charlie:** Nature sort of takes its way, I think.

**Steve Leach:** Makes me sick to my stomach sometimes, in these sports magazines, these guys with a pickup truck with a great bloody bear in the back, in color, raw. Bear in a pool of

blood. The big hunt! I don't get this.

**Lawrence Kempffer:** I'm not a naturalist, but I think I can get my marksmanship on a target.

**Larry Wilcox:** Do you hunt?

**Lawrence:** No.

**Larry:** You're saying, Brian, that in your view hunting is a conservation practice, eh? Is it desirable from that standpoint?

**Brian:** No, I wouldn't say it was. All down the ages men have been hunting. And no animals were extinct because of hunting. Everyone hunted because they had to. And now there's just a few more people hunting, just about the same number of people hunting as there was then. People nowadays don't have to hunt. But they are doing it. I don't think any animals will become extinct because it's rigidly controlled.

**Larry:** We'd better be factual here. It's my understanding that the passenger pigeon is extinct largely because of hunting. And whooping cranes. I wonder if we can compare that kind of commercial, mass slaughter with the kind of hunting that goes on today.

**Brian:** I wouldn't be too surprised if

some animals did go extinct because there are some hunters who do poach and they go in and shoot animals out of season. But it's pretty well controlled.

**Larry:** Well, what are we saying, then? Are we saying that hunting does endanger the existence of some wildlife? Or are we saying that this has been the case in the past but controlled hunting today doesn't make this possible?

**Steve:** Hunting, to a certain extent. But not mass murder. Like these nuts that get out with a rifle — they are nuts, too! — guys that go out and shoot at the first thing that moves.

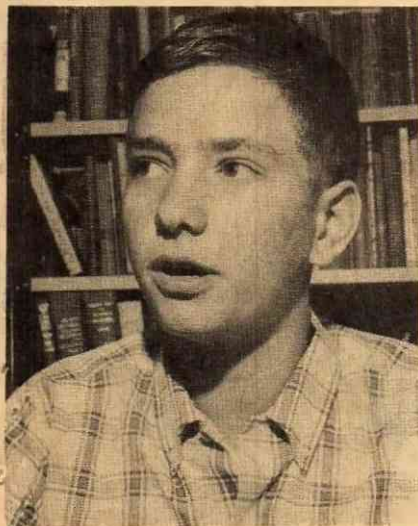
**Charlie:** I think a person should be able to shoot for food but not just for sport.

**Steve:** He's right.

**Brian:** Yeah, but these are the guys that probably haven't got a licence to hunt and these are the few that do cause trouble. If one animal does go extinct it will be because of these guys and not because of the ordinary hunter.

**Steve:** You're right there. The whole idea's good. It's just that it's not pulling off right.

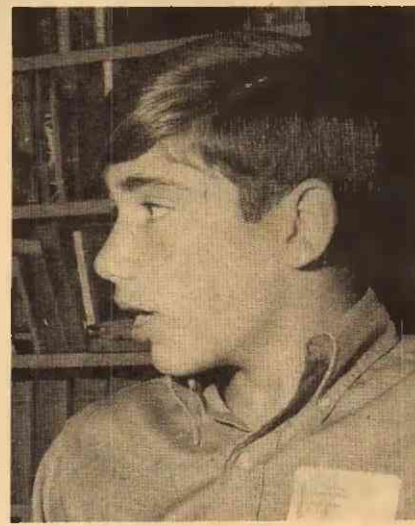
## A panel of CB readers batted this question back and forth. Here's what they thought.



**Bernd Mensch, 14**



**Lawrence Kempfer, 12**



**Brian Duquette, 14**

**Lawrence:** I see the way they say that they can get almost everything just being a naturalist and taking photographs and notes, other than killing it.

**Larry:** Do you think hunting helps to make animals extinct?

**Lawrence:** Well, not necessarily. Before, when it was a real job to people, it might then. But I don't think it's as bad as it was then, maybe.

**Larry:** What do you mean by a job? Commercially hunting?

**Lawrence:** No, when people had to hunt. To live.

**Larry:** So you don't think the hunting that's going on today endangers the existence of animals?

**Lawrence:** Yes, it might some. I think there's an animal related to the caribou in the Northwest Territories. You have to pay before you can shoot one. These people have really no reason to shoot them, but they go out and shoot them for nothing. But the Eskimo are not allowed to, and they've got to shoot them.

**Larry:** Well, there seems to be another question here, that's been under the surface. I think we'd better bring it out now and find out what we think about it. And that is, is it right to

hunt? Or is it morally wrong to hunt?  
**Steve:** It's a must. It's been going on for quite a while. I don't get a kick out of it. But some guys get their fun that way.

**Charlie:** I don't think there should be a law against hunting but I think they shouldn't just go out and kill. If they need food why not go out and kill it and eat it, but don't just let it rot.

**Brian:** There are not too many hunters who go out and shoot an animal just for the sake of shooting it. And there are not too many hunters who cause trouble but there are enough to kind of wreck conservation. And most of the hunters don't just leave an animal after they've shot it, because I think they would kind of like it and maybe use the head, stuff it or something.

**Charlie:** Well, the bloodless hunters go out and take a picture and they get just as much activity, and they can show a picture on the wall. It's just the same except that the other guys have the head . . . and they've lost one life.

**Brian:** Yeah, but there's always so many others being reproduced.

**Steve:** Yeah, they're being killed off

too, though, because there's not enough of them to protect the little ones 'cause they're all being shot off.

**Larry:** I think one of the things we should be aware of is that the game laws in most provinces, and certainly Ontario, are such that the regulations are becoming stricter, that safe gun-handling practices are being introduced, hunter safety courses, as an example, and gradually I think we're seeing an improvement in terms of the safety aspect of hunting. There has been a drop in hunting accidents and deaths from hunting . . . A little while ago, Steve, you said that you chose not to hunt. That you have made this decision. Why?

**Steve:** I shot a bird when I was a kid. I didn't kill him, I hit him through the wing. Then he jumped into the water and he went under. He didn't come up again. I felt really rotten about it. You know when something happens when you're a kid — something like that — you usually don't forget it. And I didn't forget it. If I really wanted to get out and do some target shooting, I guess I'd do some skeet or something like that.

**Larry:** Lawrence, *Continued page 23*



# WINCHESTER'S WONDERFUL NOSE

BY JEAN GILCHRIST

*Winchester and Joey follow the fabulous nose  
in search of a deliciously fragrant gooseberry jam.  
Their quest carries them right out of the country!*

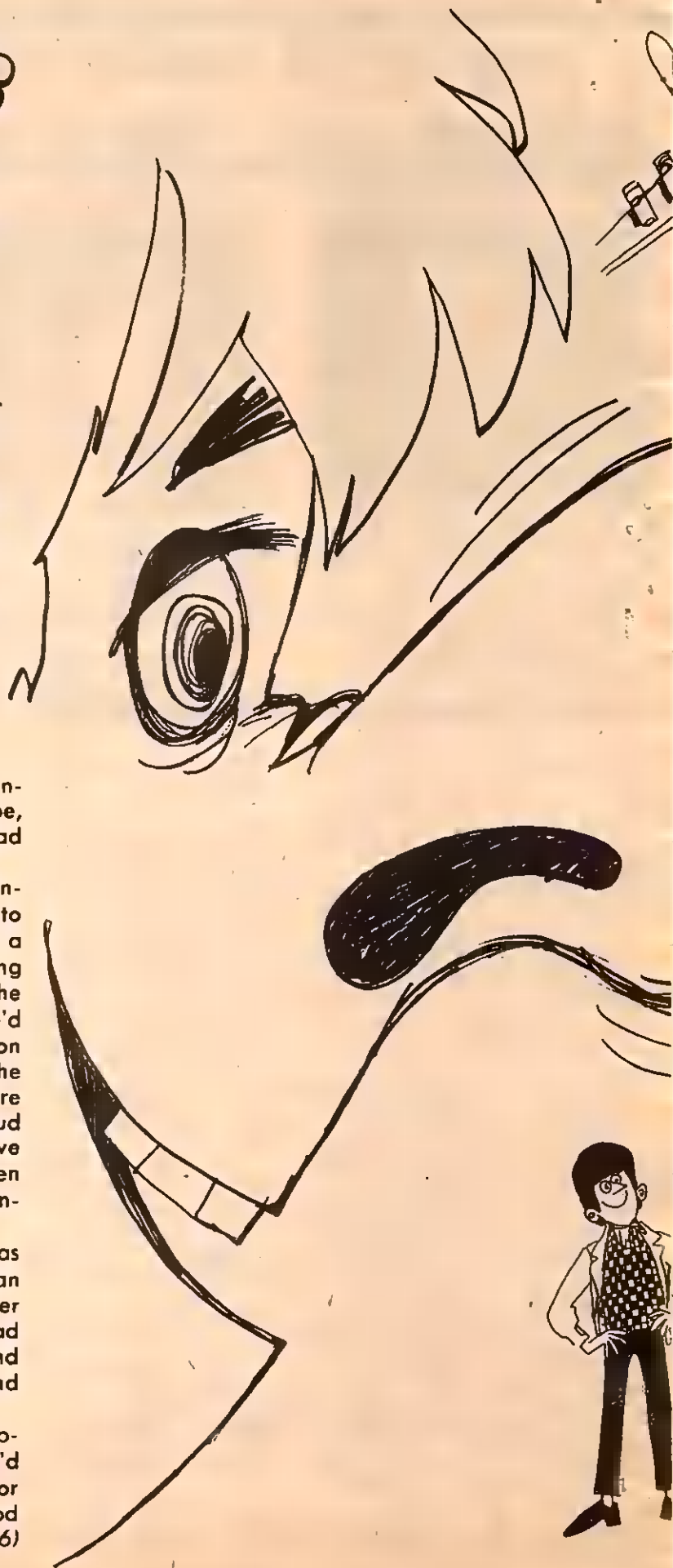
Consider yourself lucky if you've never met Winchester Wilson. Not that he is such a bad type, mind you, but that nose of his sure could lead him into a peck of trouble.

There was a time, for instance, when Winchester and I left the hay we were supposed to turn over in the sun and went galloping off up a little Nova Scotia mountain for half the morning trying to get some dandy food Winchester said he had smelled. Well, we finally figured out he'd smelled the lunch a stewardess was serving on a passing plane, and when we got back to the field we were really hungry. But my pa was there and he scowled darker than a hurricane cloud in August and said we'd get no lunch until we finished turning the hay. It was two o'clock when we staggered into the kitchen. Winchester's wonderful nose!

But the time I'm going to tell you about was after that, and I should have known better than to follow Winchester's nose. Not that it was ever wrong about what it smelled, mind you, but it had no way of telling us the details and obstacles and such-like that might be between the nose and what it smelled.

It started when Winchester and I were camping in the woodlot out behind my place. We'd told our parents we'd be out in the woods for three or four days at least, which was a good thing, because it was

*(Continued on page 26)*





Jack Gray



# ARCTIC SUMMER

When these Canadian teenagers decided to see the world, they started at the top! They landed summer jobs in Arctic camps, met Eskimos, and resolved to go north again.

BY MICHIEL  
HOYER



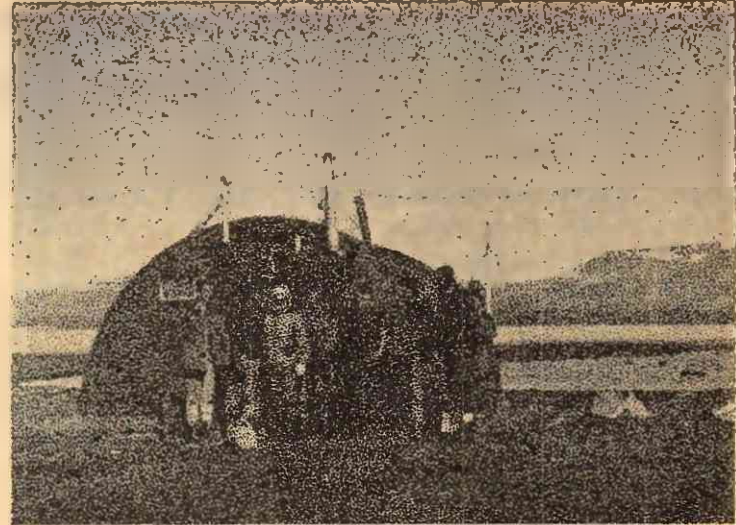
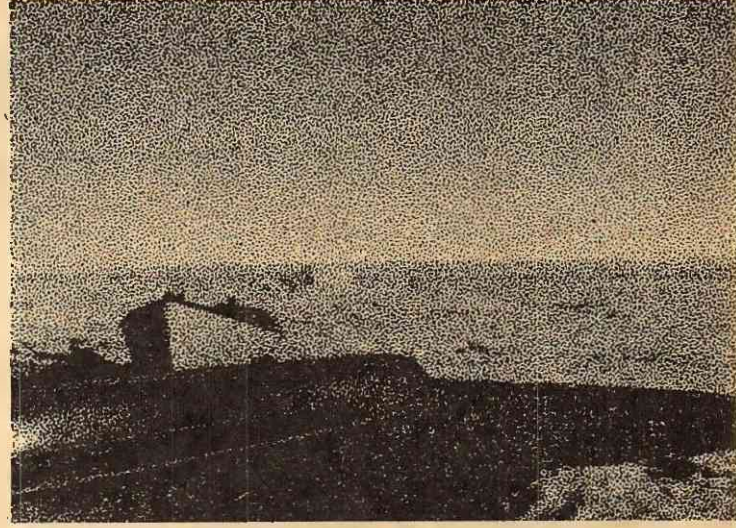


When Richard Whittaker and I left Montreal, we were just over 16, headed north for Resolute Bay, a little weather station about 600 miles above the Arctic Circle. It was June.

Hired as general camp assistants for the summer, we were on our way to the permanent research station on Devon Island. The station is operated by the Arctic Institute of North America. Our summer jobs would have us working with scientific investigators and helping with the needed annual repairs on the base.

Our trip was made possible by Peter Downes, former ADC of Cartier District, by this time living in Chicago, but still unofficial leader of our five-man Rover-Venturer crew.

We arrived on a warm sunny day on tiny Cornwallis Island in Resolute Bay, where the temperature stood at about 45 degrees above zero. This favorable weather trend *Continued on page 25*



**Not too much in the way of scenery this far north. Everything seems bleak wherever you look, a stark contrast to what we are used to in most parts of Canada. People in the Arctic take a more relaxed attitude toward work. Maintenance of buildings becomes a continuous process, part of a never-ending battle against the extreme weather**



# THE WHOLE SHOOTING MATCH

BY D. R. KING

**From ancient and primitive Chinese rockets to today's sophisticated space missiles, we seem to have come full cycle in the game of pushing projectiles through the air.**

**CB takes a look at some of the developments which have led to present-day ballistics.**



Probably no hobby in the world has experienced such avid and widespread interest as the collection of firearms. Probably no other hobby has produced such a vast number of self-styled experts.

Gun collecting, as it is commonly known, has become one of the most popular, and expensive pastimes ever known. Whole libraries have been written on the subject, and dozens of magazines are devoted to it. Obviously it would be impossible to set down in a few pages the history, romance, evolution and application of the firearm. Therefore, in this article we can only hope to explain some of the events and terms associated with the subject.

It is popularly believed that gunpowder was first discovered or invented by the Chinese, who used it to explode fireworks for religious ceremonies. Also, it is believed the Chinese were the first to use it to propel projectiles, first in the form of rockets, and then in crude cannons. Marco Polo reportedly brought it from China to Europe, where its death-dealing use was exploited to the fullest.

The first ancient forms of firearms were mortars or cannons, but gradually the size was reduced, through the cannon that could be held in the hand to specially designed weapons which were carried on the person and fired with almost complete control.

The igniting of the gunpowder in the weapon was of greatest importance. At first the touch hole method was used. This involved a small hole, at the back or closed end of the cannon, which was filled with powder,

and a red-hot iron or burning stick match applied. The powder in the hole acted as a fuse, burning down into the main charge and igniting it. This method was common on cannons for many years. When the cannon turned into a shoulder weapon, or hand weapon, it was still employed. Hand weapons were bulky, heavy and dangerous, so the first improvements in firearms took the form of shoulder-weapons, like muskets. In this case, the matchlock was the obvious design, being simply a small-size cannon mounted on a stock which could be held in the hands, braced against the shoulder, and aimed quickly. It usually was supported, because of the weight, by a long forked stick planted in the ground, and carried with the weapon. The ignition was accomplished by means of a slow match, a long string wick held in a device which was controlled by the trigger. When the trigger was pulled, the smouldering match or *serpentine* (because of the snake-like coiling of the long wick around the weapon) was forced into contact with the touch hole, thereby causing the explosion.

Many forms of igniters were introduced at this time, the most common being the wheel lock. It was based on the same principle as the present-day cigarette lighter, merely a spring-wound wheel which rotated against a stationary flint, caused sparks to fly off and ignited the powder at the touch hole.

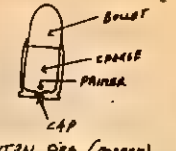
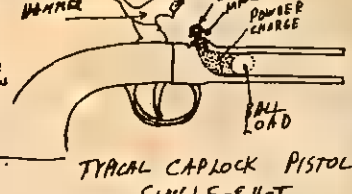
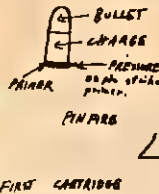
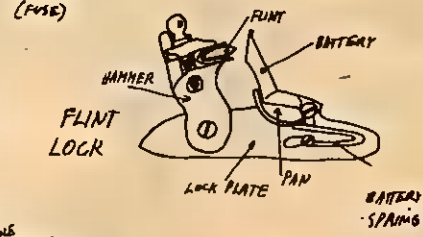
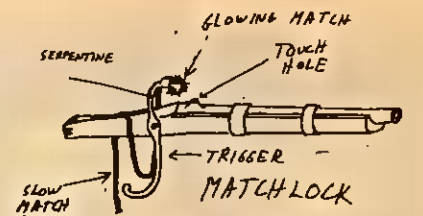
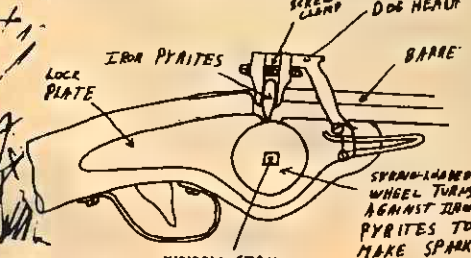
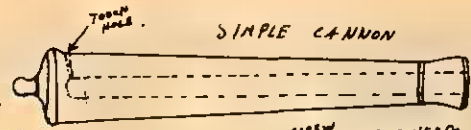
To make ignition certain, the upper portion of the touch hole was enlarged to form a pan, which con-

tained the priming powder, which in turn led through the touch hole into the main charge.

Next, an improvement on the wheel lock, came the snaphaunce or flintlock. The word lock (in gun talk) applies to that part of the weapon which is controlled by the trigger, and which consists of the springs and hammers and striking or igniting devices. Thus the wheel lock employed a wheel in the lock, the flintlock exchanged the stationary flint for a moveable flint. The flint in this case was held in a moveable arm, as was the serpentine in the matchlock. On actuating the trigger, the spring-powered arm struck its flint against a piece of metal known variously as the brizzen or battery, causing a spark to fly off into the priming in the pan.

Somewhere in the first half of the 19th century the cap was invented. This was nothing more than a highly active explosive, such as lead azide or mercury fulminate, which is pressure-sensitive. When struck sharply, it will explode. A small drop of this fulminate, enclosed in a thin metal foil case, was placed over the touch hole. The touch hole was lengthened into a tube or nipple which would allow the cap to slip over it and stay in position. The serpentine of the matchlock and flintlock became a hammer, a heavy-headed arm, with a long lever on one end to facilitate cocking against the spring, and a hollow-nosed striker on the other. The hammer struck the cap, exploding it and igniting the powder train inside the nipple or touch hole. The nose of the hammer had to be hollow to prevent





flashback from the igniting cap and priming which might injure the user's eyes.

With the invention of the exploding cap we derive the term caplock, and from that day hundreds of variations of the principle were introduced, some with marked failure and some with great success. One type which deserves mention is the tapelock, a caplock which featured, instead of metal caps, a roll of paper caps which was actuated by a small lever. When a cap was needed on the nipple, the lever moved a new cap into position.

The caplock gave us the present-day cartridge. From the first invention of the gun, all weapons were loaded by pouring the powder charge down the muzzle and forcing the bullet down on top. More about this later.

With the introduction of the cap, it was possible to load much faster, and carry a quantity of caps with no trouble regarding loading in wind, lost and broken flints, and the many difficulties hitherto experienced.

Some time prior to the coming of the detonating cap, experimental cartridges were introduced which precluded the necessity of pouring loose powder.

These first cartridges were merely charges of powder wrapped in paper. When used, the paper at one end was torn so that it would spill slightly in the barrel and ignite, and the whole was forced down the muzzle. This eliminated measuring and spilling when loading quickly. Shortly after this advent, the load or ball (bullet)

was added to the cartridge. It did not take much inventive genius to incorporate this first cartridge with the detonating cap to produce the modern cartridge.

Two main methods of striking this now-enclosed cap were evolved: The pinfire and firing pin. In the pinfire cartridge, a long thin pin or piece of metal wire protruded through the end of the barrel where it was struck by the falling hammer, exploding the device. The firing pin consists of a loose metal pin secured in the weapon itself, or on the hammer, which reaches through a narrow hole to strike the cap on the cartridge. This is the modern method of firing.

With the coming of the cartridge it was necessary to change the design of the weapon. From the old type muzzle-loading gun we have an abrupt change to what is known as the breech-loading gun. Breech is of course a word meaning "to break". Where formerly the gun barrel was simply a long tube open at the muzzle and securely closed at the other end, the breech-loader opened the end of the tube to take the cartridge. This did away with the necessity of ramming powder and shot down the barrel. The detonating cap completed the new quick-load idea.

These descriptions fit all types of firearms through the ages. But you must remember that firearms are of many different types. The first weapons were simply iron tubes, smooth on the inside, like the present-day shotguns. These were smooth-bores or muskets. They normally used a solid lead ball. With the need for greater

range and accuracy, rifling was introduced. This is a series of grooves spiralling the length of the barrel, which give the bullet a twist as it travels along the barrel, and making it spin through the air. The spinning action improved the accuracy of the bullet's flight. So we have rifled guns, or rifles. Guns meant for sporting, such as bird shooting, use a load of small pellets, which of course could not be aimed as a rifle bullet could, and therefore do not need rifling. They remain smooth-bored.

Hand guns were evolved directly out of the need to carry weapons on horseback, thus the term horse pistol, merely a shortening of the weapon, and a handle which could be held in one hand while riding. To follow the evolution here, we have first the smooth-bore, single-shot horse pistol; the double-barrel pistol, (which held two charges and allowed two shots without reloading); the single-barrel pistol which incorporated a revolving cylinder which held more than one charge and could be loaded ahead of time to allow more than a single shot, up to six or seven.

Often a number of cylinders were charged in advance, and carried fully loaded, to be used where quick reloading was necessary. With the advent of the cap, and of the cartridge, the pistol was adapted to breech loading techniques. A subsequent improvement over this revolver type was the automatic pistol. Actually few models of automatic weapons are fully automatic. Automatic implies that the weapon will load and fire automatically, (Continued on page 33)



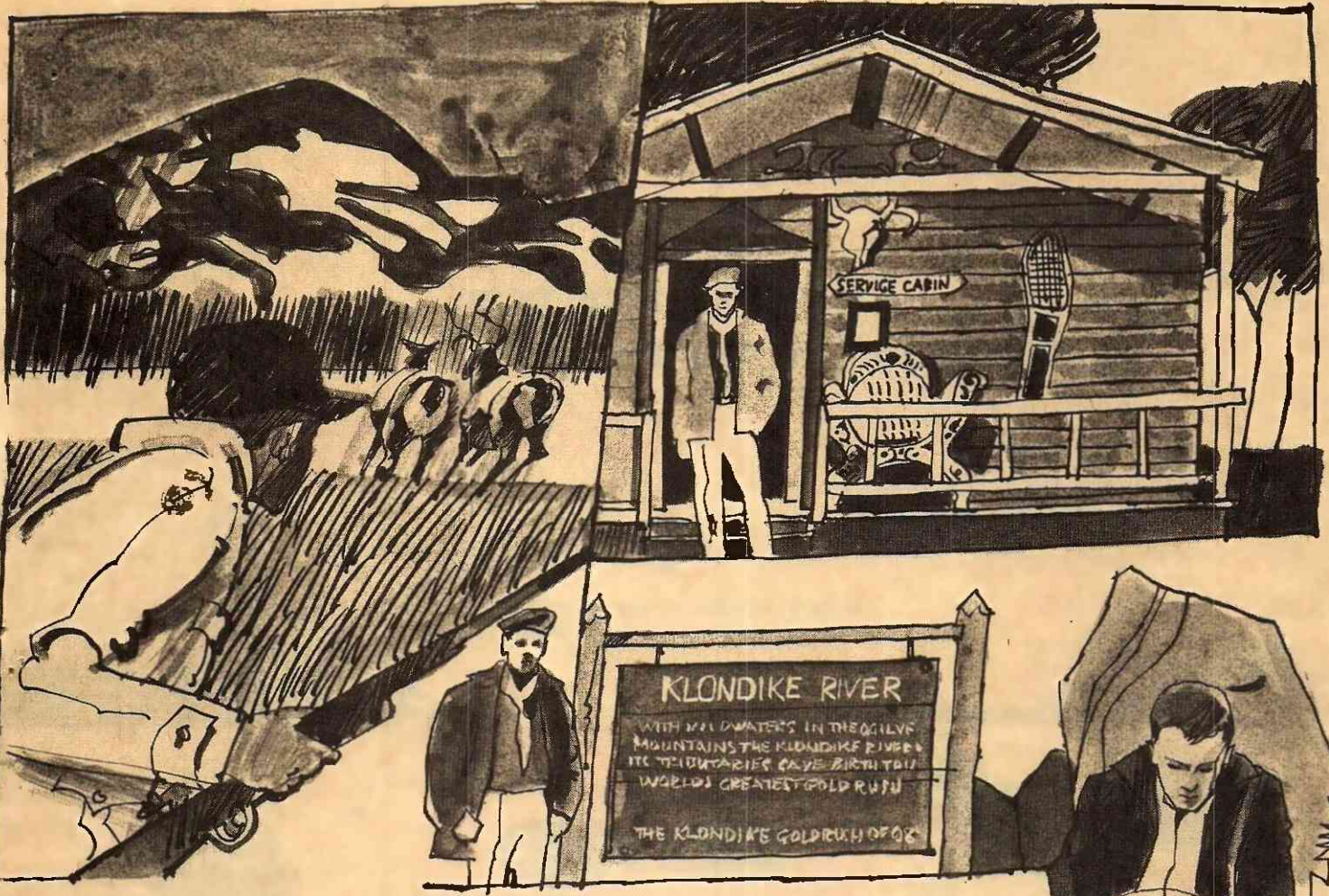
# ONLY SCOUT IN TOWN

BY IRIS WARNER



**Life is anything but dull for a Scout, who can go fishing, panning for gold, or hunting for big game in the Klondike just about anytime he feels like it.**





Jimmy Cook is the only Scout in town. He lives in Dawson City just a few miles from the Klondike, richest and best-known gold field in the world.

Jimmy goes fishing in Bonanza Creek, panning for gold on Eldorado, shooting rabbits up Lovatt Gulch. His playground is the Klondike and the valley of the Yukon, mammoth watersheds for the 208,000 square miles that make up the Yukon Territory.

Needless to say (but we'll say it anyway), Jimmy likes hunting. He's already bagged two caribou with his 8-mm Mauser. Even hunting is romantic and exciting when one caribou is shot on the Sixtymile, the Top of the World route to Alaska, and the other along the Dempster Highway that runs 72 miles of the projected road to the Arctic Ocean.

Jimmy is 16 and attends Dawson Elementary High School. Last year his woodworking class, for its Centennial project, built a pair of maple leaves four feet across. They stood all year on poles at either side of the main entrance to the school.

The population of Dawson City was close to 20,000 in 1898 when the town was laid out for 15,000 people. Now scarcely 600 people live there.

Scout troops were established in Dawson before 1916, but these have dispersed and disappeared. Now Jimmy Cook is the only Scout left in town!

Although he could send for Lone Scout courses from Prince George, British Columbia, Jimmy is content to follow the Scout handbooks under the guidance of his mother, Mrs. Jean Cook, who was a Guide leader in Dawson for many years.

Jimmy has earned his Second Class and is prepared to pass further tests toward his First Class whenever a qualified examiner comes to town, or if he gets to Whitehorse, 350 miles south. There, there are several troops. Jimmy was hoping to get his First Class in time to go to the Arctic Jamboree at Yellowknife.

Trips away from Dawson take Jimmy "outside". He was one of three Dawson City Scouts to attend the B.C.-Yukon Jamboree near Penticton in 1966. As well, he has vacationed with his family in Mexico, in Madrid, and in Rome!

Dawson City is a tourist town in the summertime. The Palace Grand Theatre sparkles with entertainment. Thousands of visitors liven up the old town, stroll the wooden sidewalks and peer through dusty windows in little cabins or derelict stores. (Cont. on page 31)



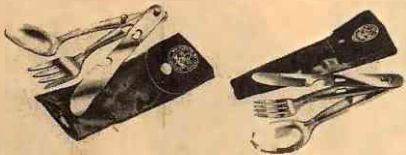


# Hey fellows!!!

leave this page open  
Mom and Dad may get ideas for

## Christmas Presents

All items available through your local  
Scout Dealer or direct from Supply Services



55-936

55-935

**EATING SET** - Compact, rugged, stainless steel. Will not rust or tarnish. Knife, fork and spoon clip together and fit into plastic case.  
55-935 Regular eating kit ..... 2.95  
**LITTL VITTL KIT**  
55-936 ..... 1.95



**JEWELRY** - an always acceptable gift. See the selection on pages 18-T and 18-U of your Supply Services Catalogue.



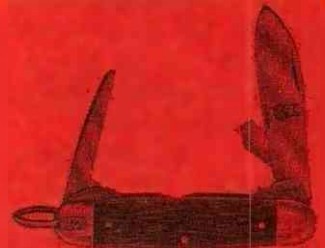
**POCKET COMPASS** - Popular with the outdoorsman, luminous points, brass case, jewelled bearing and needle lock.  
54-103 ..... 1.40



**INDIAN MOCCASINS** - An excellent item for winter and general camp wear. Made of top quality chrome tanned cowhide leather.  
40-400 - Size 1 to 5 ..... 5.50  
      Size 6 to 12 ..... 6.50



**BOOKMARKS** - Smart and new - gold finished with raised Cub or Scout emblem. Excellent gift for awards or prizes.  
60-114 - Cub ..... .65  
60-115 - Scout ..... .65



**WOLF CUB KNIFE** - Perfect for Cubs. Features safety catch and three quality blades that cut, punch, opens cans and drive screws.  
50-110 ..... 4.50



53-129

53-130

**WATER BOTTLES** - For the traveller on foot, boat or car. Of light weight stainless aluminum in special carrying case.  
53-130 About 1 quart capacity ..... 3.70  
53-129 About 2 quart capacity ..... 4.50



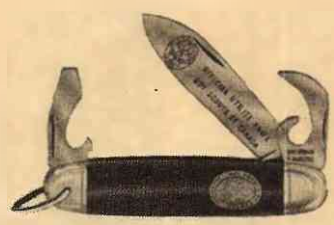
**KUB-KAR KIT** - Be a winner. Model and race these cars with your chums. Kit includes all necessary parts, instructions and designer badge.  
71-105 ..... .85



by BULOVA

**CUB WATCH** - "Caravelle" by Bulova, with Cub emblem on face. 17 Jewel, shock resistant, waterproof, luminous. One year guarantee by BULOVA.  
60-263 ..... 14.95

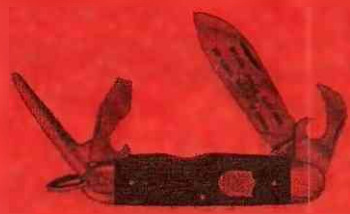




**UTILITY KNIFE** - Has master blade, can opener and screw driver. A quality, low priced knife.  
50-114 ..... 2.25



**HAND AXE** - The keen carbon-steel, tempered head combined with a shock absorbing, tough hickory handle make this the ideal Scout axe. Weight 1½ lbs. length 13".  
50-101 ..... 3.00



**CLASP KNIFE** - Has 4 carbon-steel blades; that cut, punch, open cans, drive screws, lift bottle caps. Stag type handle.  
50-113 ..... 4.50

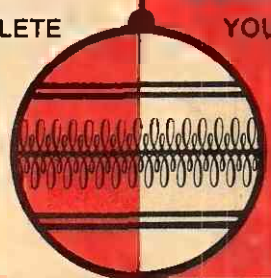


40-421 ..... 40-420  
**SNOW SHOES** - Join in the fun of a popular Scout activity. Made by Huron Indians of quality white ash, cowhide leather facings. Complete with lampwick harness the favourite of experienced snowshoers. (Junior size for boys up to 100 lbs.)  
40-420 - Senior size 42" x 14" ..... 13.95  
40-421 - Junior size 35" x 11" ..... 11.95



**SCOUT COMPASS** - Popular Silva Compass and handy instruction booklet team up to make this a top notch kit for orienteering. Magnifying lens.  
54-106 ..... 3.10

CHRISTMAS TIME PROVIDES AN OPPORTUNITY TO COMPLETE YOUR *UNIFORM* - ALL ITEMS LISTED AND ILLUSTRATED IN YOUR SUPPLY SERVICES CATALOGUE.



### Supply Services Catalogue

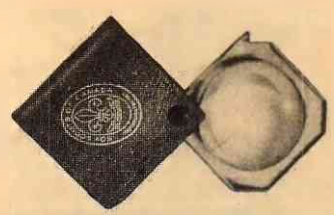
YOUR GUIDE TO CHRISTMAS GIVING. INCLUDES ILLUSTRATION OF THESE AND SCORES OF OTHER ITEMS AVAILABLE FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.



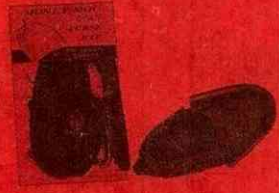
**INDIVIDUAL COOK KIT** - A favourite for rustling up chow outdoors. Canadian quality aluminum fry pan, stew pot with cover, cup and plate. All nest into carrying case.  
55-920 ..... 4.50



**CUB COMPASS** - Easy-to-read dial, liquid filled, sturdy.  
54-112 ..... 1.35



**POCKET MAGNIFIER** - Ideal for studying insects, stamps and other small objects.  
71-223 ..... .85



**MONEY-MOC PURSE** - Have fun facing the pieces together for the best change purse possible. Black cow-hide with gold crest.  
71-252 - CUB ..... .85  
71-253 - SCOUT ..... .85



53-933 ..... 53-901  
**SCOUT FLASHLIGHT** - Just right for the active Scout. Plastic break-resistant case. 3-way signalling switch and belt clip.  
53-901 Complete with batteries ..... 1.65  
**CUB FLASHLIGHT** - Carry yours for night traffic safety, games and fun. "Safety glow" red, break-resistant head, metal case and belt ring.  
53-933 Complete with batteries ..... 1.50

### Suggested Stocking Filler

(not illustrated)

Cub belt loop and snap.	32-250	.....	.30
Scout belt loop and snap.	35-250	.....	.35
Scout whistle	46-460	.....	.75
Scout money pouch	46-466	.....	1.10
Cub money pouch	46-467	.....	1.00
Cub pocket comb	53-126	.....	.25
Scout pocket comb	53-127	.....	.25
Cub pencil	60-108	.....	.10
Scout pencil	60-109	.....	.10
Cub good turn token	60-112	.....	.35
Scout good turn token	60-113	.....	.35

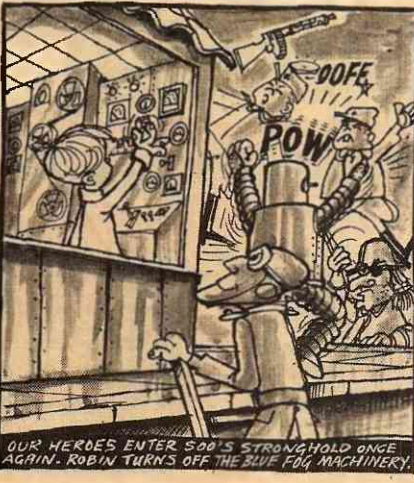
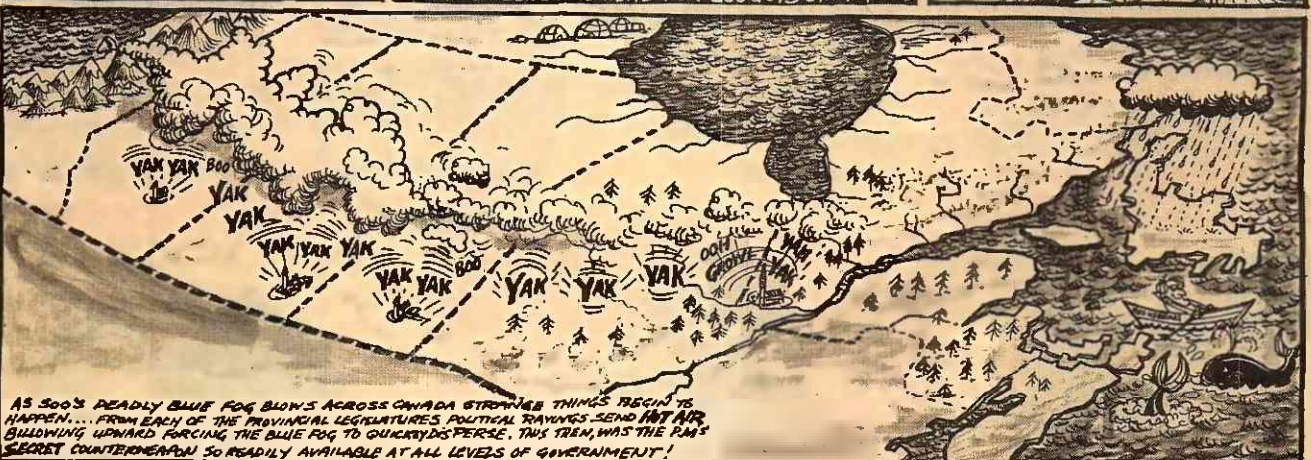


# 2068 A.D.

# Otto Matic

BY VIC ATKINSON

WHEN LAST SEEN, OUR HEROES WERE CHARGING WESTWARD IN A BORROWED RICKSHAW, SPEEDING DOWN A PRECIPITOUS MOUNTAINSIDE TOWARDS THE PACIFIC COAST, THEY RACED TIME AND BAD WEATHER IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO WARN THE COUNTRY OF IMPENDING PERIL. REACHING VANCOUVER THEY FIND A TELEPHONE BOOTH ONLY TO FIND THEY HAVEN'T A DIME AMONG THEM, BUT ROBIN ROUER QUICKLY COLLECTS FIVE POP BOTTLES, CASHES THEM IN, AND PRODUCES A DIME!



WHAM

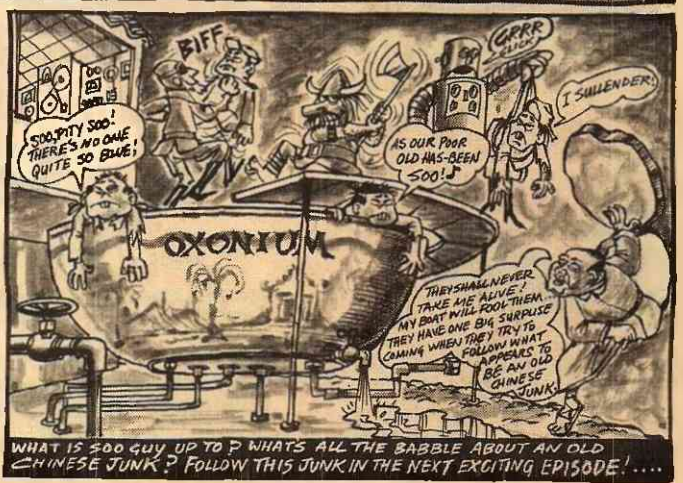
POW

OOHRR

ZAP

THUNK

CLUNK





## SHOULD YOU HUNT? YES!

*Continued from page 7*

a bit about it, and want to hunt when they grow up.

Should we encourage them? Some people say that wildlife is in dire need of protection and people should be discouraged, if not actually prevented, from hunting. There is no foundation for such a belief. There is no species of wildlife in this country that is in the slightest danger because of hunting. Wildlife in many areas is seriously affected by the destruction of habitat, by pollution, by pesticides, and by other environmental changes, but hunting is the one thing that is rigidly controlled. Some animals are quite capable of increasing to the point where they destroy their own food supply and hunting is the only means we have of preventing this. Modern hunters have taken the lead in putting conservation on the footing it now has, and whatever else may be out of control, the hunter is under control.

Some people also say that it is wrong to kill anything. Such a position is emotional rather than rational, and is consistently held only by vegetarians. It is argued that hunting is cruel, as opposed to abattoirs, which are humane. Vegetarians would argue that killing is never kind, and they are right. Certainly killing by a wild predator is often rather gruesome, but it is much more humane than the fate of a sick or old animal, hiding as best it can and awaiting its end.

A number of people, who are not as inexorably consistent as Dr. Schweitzer, accept the feed lot and the stock yard but take the stand that it is morally wrong to go out deliberately to kill wild creatures. This is an emotional attitude that is held by some to the point of fanaticism. A true fanatic cannot see how any right-minded person could possibly disagree with him, and the kindest thing they can say about a hunter is that if he is not mentally ill he is at least immature. Alas for the assurance of self-righteousness! One of the best known anti-hunting fanatics of modern (or any other) time was a man by the name of Heinrich Himmler, whereas the founders of the Royal Humane Society were all hunters. The truth is that hunting is a perfectly natural relationship between man and nature, all the more so because of its involvement of the man. Man is not something apart from nature; he is

part of it, and there is an element of unreality about any attempt to achieve benevolent detachment.

Anthropologists study hunting tribes because their emotional maturity is in striking contrast to the immaturity of modern urban dwellers. The good hunter may hope that he will attain some of the maturity of his predecessors.

The thing is, however, that not all hunters are good hunters. There are even emotionally sick hunters, just as there are some sick boilermakers and clergymen. When you look at the whole fraternity you can see quite easily that it is knowledge of wildlife, of the environment, and of hunting, together with a deep respect for nature, that distinguish the good hunter, whether he is a city dweller or an Eskimo. He can derive more satisfaction from a single unsuccessful excursion than an ignorant hunter can from a season in which all his excursions have produced game in the bag. ❁

## SHOULD YOU HUNT? NO!

*Continued from page 7*

brought us the king rail.

We had "bagged" 100 kinds of birds that day — and yet we had not fired a shot or spilled a drop of blood. For we were naturalists, the bloodless hunters, and we hunted with binoculars, cameras, and notebooks.

Nowadays very few Canadians — perhaps none of my readers — have to hunt to eat or to protect themselves or their homes. We have reached a level of civilization where we can look at the wild creatures as living beings sharing this Earth with us, interesting in themselves rather than as meals. We enjoy them as food for thought and as a feast for our eyes, rather than as food for our stomachs.

And yet many people still hunt. Why?

Is it for adventure? The outdoors? exercise? Companionship? If those are the reasons you come up with, then drop your rifle and join the naturalist. He gets all this and much more. Let me tell you about it.

Adventure? You bet!

Ever climb a tall cypress with a rope ladder into the midst of a raucous, vomiting, colony of herons, cormorants and egrets? Or hunt for bats in a pitch black cave?

Nobody gets to see more and to

know more about the out-of-doors than the naturalist. Oh, sure, there are hunters who know something about the out-of-doors, too. But most of them haven't taken the time to study all of outdoor life. Not just the deer or the duck or the moose he's about to shoot — and that's about all the gun-toting hunter cares about.

Exercise!

Well, try scaling a mighty pine to band a fierce aerie of eagles, or scale down a rope to reach a nest of falcons. Or see if you're strong enough to take one of our "big hunt" days, when we try for 100 birds. We're up about 19 hours, walking and running, climbing, paddling; looking, listening, and learning.

Best of all is something hunting gives you precious little of: knowledge. Maybe you've heard of that legendary outdoorsman, wise in the ways of the wild? A hunter?

Nosiree, he's a naturalist!

If you ask the average farmer what that hawk floating above his fields is doing, he'll probably say it's measuring his chickens for size. But he's wrong, because any naturalist can tell you that hawks — most of them — eat mice, rats, and grasshoppers, not chickens.

Or listen to the farmer or hunter talk about "varmints", as they like to call them. Then talk with the naturalist and he'll tell you about ecology, the relationship of an animal to his neighbors. Then you'll see that it's good for the deer herd to have a predator and that the "varmint" is not as black as he's painted either — unless he's a crow.

In Canada, we have helped to exterminate the Labrador duck, the great hawk, the passenger pigeon, Eskimo curlew, and the wild turkey. We've come mighty close to killing off the whooping crane, trumpeter swan, golden and bald eagles, peregrine falcon, the bison, mountain lion, sea otter, polar bear, musk ox, grizzly bear, and all the whales.

Why not join the ranks of the preservers, the nature hunters, and pick up your binoculars or your camera, instead of a gun?

You can always go to the nearest grocery store or supermarket for your food supplies — and get them a lot cheaper, too. Shoot at a tin can if you want target practice.

I'm willing to bet you'll be happy you became a bloodless hunter ❁



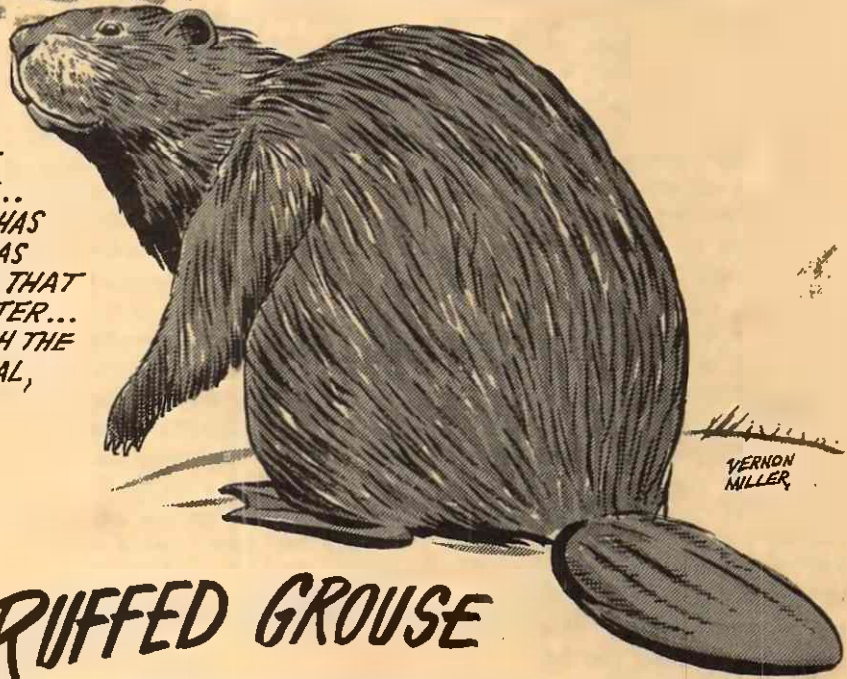


# Canadata

**WATER**...WHAT IS IT? WHERE DOES IT COME FROM? HOW DID IT BEGIN? WITHOUT WATER THERE WOULD BE NO LIFE, NO PEOPLE, NO PLANTS, NO ANIMALS, NO CIVILIZATION AS WE KNOW IT... THERE WOULD BE NO MOON SHOTS OR SATELLITES, NO GREAT AND THRIVING CITIES, NO BOOKS, NO MAGAZINES SUCH AS 'CANADIAN BOY'... OUR WATER FEEDS, CLEANSSES, WARMS, COOLS AND PROTECTS.. IT IS ODORLESS AND TRANSPARENT... IN RIVERS, OCEANS OR RAINDROPS IT IS WET...AS A VAPOR OR GAS IT IS DRY... THE AVERAGE CANADIAN FAMILY IN AN AVERAGE HOME USES ABOUT 16,000 GALLONS OF WATER A MONTH...WATER LIKE THE AIR WE BREATHE, IS ONE COMMODITY THAT MAN CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT... WHAT WOULD WE DO IF WE RAN OUT OF WATER? SCIENTISTS SAY THAT LARGE ICEBERGS, SOME ARE 10 MILES LONG AND 600 FEET THICK, COULD BE TOWED TO COASTAL CITIES, MELTED AND THE WATER USED...

## The BEAVER

IS THE LARGEST NORTH AMERICAN RODENT... LIKE MOST AQUATIC MAMMALS IT HAS WEBBED FEET AND, IN ADDITION, HAS VALVES IN ITS EARS AND NOSTRILS THAT CLOSE WHEN IT SWIMS UNDER WATER... THE LONG, SHARP TEETH, WITH WHICH THE BEAVER OBTAINS FOOD AND MATERIAL, CONTINUE TO GROW DURING ITS LIFETIME...



## RUFFED GROUSE

THERE ARE MANY KINDS OF GROUSE.. WE HAVE SIX OR SEVEN SPECIES IN CANADA...THE BEST KNOWN AND MOST WIDELY DISTRIBUTED IS THE RUFFED GROUSE THAT GETS ITS NAME FROM THE "RUFF" OF GREENISH-BLACK FEATHERS SPROUTING FROM THE BASE OF THE NECK AND DRAPED OVER THE SHOULDERS OF THE BIRD...THE RUFFED GROUSE IS A HARDY BIRD AND IS ABLE TO GET ALONG IN RUGGED COUNTRY THROUGH THE COLDEST WEATHER AND THE DEEPEST SNOWS OF WINTER... A CURIOUS FEATURE IS THAT IN THE SNOWY SEASON ITS TOES SPROUT HAIR LIKE FRINGES WHICH ACT AS 'SNOWSHOES'



## SHOULD YOU HUNT?

*Continued from page 9*

Do you think hunting is cruel?

**Lawrence:** In some ways. In others it might be better. Like, if an animal is sick and hides it's going to have a pretty miserable death, but if somebody goes out and shoots it, it's not going to have too much of a problem. But, on the other hand, maybe that animal isn't going to get sick and maybe that animal isn't going to get killed by a predator. So it might not need to be shot.

**Larry:** What do you think about boys who hunt? You say you don't see any need for this yourself.

**Lawrence:** Well, if you're talking about need — necessity — there is none, really. But I'm not going to pin blame on everybody who hunts. In some ways, like in New England, the deer had grown too plentiful for their own food that was there, because the men who lived around there had wiped out their predator, the wolves. So the deer started to reproduce so that there wasn't enough room for them all. The men had to go out and start killing deer whether they wanted to hunt or not because the place was getting overcrowded with deer.

**Larry:** Bernd, we've heard from you that you hunt. Why?

**Bernd:** Well, I go out for the pleasure. It's just walking through the bush that gives me most of the fun. Looking for the animals, and maybe the chance to see if I can get one.

**Steve:** You don't blast off about forty rabbits, do you?

**Bernd:** No. But I don't like dogs in the woods. Hunting with dogs shouldn't be, 'cause the dogs just go through the bush and scare up all the game. Some dogs are good for hunting but some aren't.

**Larry:** What sort of dogs are you talking about?

**Bernd:** Beagles. Labrador retrievers. I know a guy who's got a Labrador retriever and it's quite good. In many places where you couldn't see there was something, it could. It sensed there was something there, and pointed. But some dogs just go through there and have a lot of fun.

**Larry:** What are you saying, then? Your original statement was that you don't think that dogs should be used for hunting. Are you saying that no dogs should be used for hunting or are you saying that only dogs that are

trained hunting dogs should be used?

**Bernd:** Trained hunting dogs.

**Charlie:** Well, I think—

**Larry:** Do you think this gives the animals a sporting chance, using dogs?

**Bernd:** No, it doesn't—

**Steve:** Nor high-powered rifles, either. If you were using arrows or something . . . But these guys that go out with scopes and range-finders and grenades and everything — I don't know, how can they help it?

**Larry:** Aren't you exaggerating just a little?

**Steve:** Oh, sure, but I mean it's so corny!

**Larry:** I see. Well, Charlie, we were talking about hunting and why Bernd liked to hunt and why Steve chose not to hunt. Now you've suggested that you don't particularly advocate hunting. Why?

**Charlie:** Well, I don't particularly like the sight of blood and I like pets and everything that walks and crawls, feathered and fur. I just like nature. I just can't stand seeing things suffer.

**Larry:** And how about you, Brian?

**Brian:** I think most people would practise before they went out into the bush, and check out their guns, so when they did shoot, unless they're on a bad angle or something, in most cases I don't think there would be too much pain for the animal. So I don't think it's bad.

**Lawrence:** If a person has a hunting licence and he goes out and hunts every day of the week practically, just to kill animals and bring them back as trophies, what's the use of doing this?

**Larry:** And you, I think, said you like to hunt.

**Brian:** Yeah. I like shooting. But I don't know about hunting. I don't see anything wrong with it.

**Steve:** I get a real kick out of shooting, and rifles, and all that. But, it's what you use 'em for.

**Larry:** A little earlier, Steve, I think you were saying that as far as you were concerned, as long as hunting is done in a humane sort of way and there was proper gun control, safe practices, and so on, that while you would choose not to hunt, you don't see it as being wrong for someone else to hunt. Is that what you were saying?

**Steve:** Yeah. It depends on what you're hunting, too. If you're going around, mighty mouse hunt or something, y'know — you might come on a bear. If you shoot the bear in self-

defence, okay. But these people who go out, and they've got everything, I mean the whole works, and they get I don't know how close to a moose — which is pretty scarce — and then kill it. I don't get it. What do they have to kill a moose for? Go down to the supermarket and get five pounds of moose meat—

**Bernd:** Aren't there seasons for hunting so that the animals have a chance to reproduce?

**Steve:** The amount of people that go out — well I read that twelve million animals were shot last year. Well, it seems like a lot of animals.

**Bernd:** Were these animals shot by normal hunters? Is this what they brought back? Or were those the poachers?

**Steve:** Hunters.

**Bernd:** Just the hunters. I see.

**Steve:** And we've heard about the seals, and all that. That just turned me right off.

**Larry:** Alright, how do you feel about that, Charlie? Do you think it's alright so long as there's safe practices used and within the game laws of the area concerned that it's alright for someone to hunt if they choose to do so, but you don't personally choose to do so?

**Charlie:** I don't like hunting myself, but if a guy's gotta eat, I think it's okay for him to hunt.

**Larry:** But what if he doesn't have to get it to eat, but he likes to hunt? Are you prepared to say that he shouldn't go hunting? That there should be laws that say that he shouldn't be allowed to hunt?

**Charlie:** Well, occasionally, sure. But not all day every day. That's getting kind of bad.

**Larry:** Well, we did say within the game laws, of course, which set certain seasons when he can and can't hunt, and set certain limits on how much game he can take, eh?

**Charlie:** Yeah, I guess it's okay, but . . .

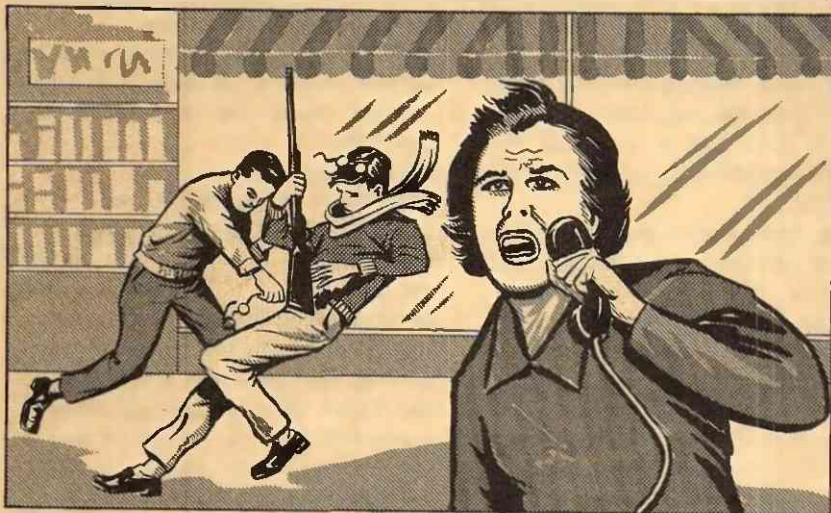
**Larry:** So, while some of you wouldn't choose to hunt, yourself, you don't see anything wrong with it if other people hunt, so long as they abide by the game laws and hunt in a safe way? Is that what you're saying?

**Lawrence:** Yeah.

**Steve:** Well, I think hunting's okay, just as long as when I get older I don't have to go 50-60 miles to see a mouse or something. Or a rabbit or a deer. Y'know, it's just nice to have 'em around.

# \* AWARD FOR VALOUR...

LATE IN THE EVENING OF NOV. 17, 1966, A YOUTH ENTERED A STORE IN THE TORONTO SUBURB OF SCARBOROUGH, WEARING TWO PAIRS OF GLASSES AND A SCARF TO DISGUISE HIMSELF. HE WAVED A FULLY-LOADED .22 RIFLE AT MRS. JOAN MILBURN, THE LONE CLERK, AND SAID, "THIS IS A HOLDUP. I WANT THE MONEY." MRS. MILBURN GRABBED FOR THE GUN AND STRUGGLED WITH THE ROBBER JUST AS CHARLES WILKINS, 18, ENTERED THE STORE. HE GOT THE GUN FROM THE ROBBER, RIPPED HIS DISGUISE OFF, AND HELD HIM WHILE TELLING MRS. MILBURN TO PHONE THE POLICE. JUST THEN, A CUSTOMER CAME INTO THE STORE. THINKING THE TWO YOUNG MEN WERE FIGHTING, HE PULLED THEM APART, AND THE BANDIT FLED. HE WAS NOT CAUGHT. THE OFFICIAL POLICE REPORT COMMENDED CHARLES WILKINS HIGHLY, CREDITING HIM WITH PREVENTION OF A SERIOUS CRIME.



FOR HIS ACTIONS, ROVER CHARLES WILKINS OF THE FIRST CLIFFCREST B ROVER CREW WAS AWARDED THE GILT CROSS, PRESENTED BY GOVERNOR-GENERAL MICHENER.



## Off the Record

As we shivered our way to the car he smiled and said, "Man, ah'm gonna learn how to ski this winter. I dig this weather."

That's nice. Nuts, but nice.

Lew Kirton, the brain behind and the singer in front of The Lew Kirton Soul Revue, likes cold weather. I guess when you're from Barbados you can afford to like cold weather. I'm not from that part of the world so we sat in the comparative warmth of the car to talk.

The Lew Kirton Soul Revue isn't exactly big time stuff. They play around Ottawa at dances and similar affairs. What makes them different is they are out of place. They should be big time stuff.

In Barbados, the land of rum and honey, Lew was a singer of some stature. One of his records, "What About You?", was No. 4 throughout the West Indies for several weeks. He made concert tours. He might even have made some money. But his sister took the trouble of getting him en-

rolled in Algonquin College, Ottawa. She evidently didn't even speak to him anymore. "If things go like they've been going, I won't see school for a long time."

He's only 20, so he can afford to play around for a while. The rest of the group, all Ottawans, are also 20, except for one 26-year-old granddaddy.

As their name promises, they play soul. Lou Rawls, Wilson Pickett, Etta James, and on down the list of soul artists, all slide into The Lew Kirton Soul Revue.

"In Barbados I sang folk because the tourists are the dictators there, and they liked folk." Folk doesn't mean "The Time They Are A-Changing." It means "Island in the Sun" and other Belafonte-type tunes.

"It just wasn't my bag." But Lew Kirton was fairly big down there.

"Playing in Canada has taught me so much. In the West Indies I'd do concerts containing about six songs a night. Here I do 30 or 40. How can I help but learn?"

In other words, we are his steppingstone, his training ground, like we've been for so many others in the past. Canada is great. The United

States is money.

However, if there is a group in Canada that could make money — if they stay together — the Lew Kirton Soul Revue can do it. Their sound is tight, Lew Kirton's voice is good, and they are all young.

Having heard him sing I find it difficult to believe he is only 20. It's difficult to believe any of them are under 25 when they cut loose on the strings, horns and drums and put it together into good music. Someone should wax that music and let the public have it.

Out there somewhere is a mad recording engineer. Hair wildly askew, eyes wide and piercing, with his arms flying uncontrollably, dialing dials and switching switches — but groupless.

Stop groping, groupless engineer! You can easily find The Lew Kirton Soul Revue. Kirton's the one over there in the minus-20-degree weather, up to his shoulders in snow with a big grin on his face. The shivering mass behind him is the rest of the Soul Revue.

Record them before you go completely mad — or they freeze to death!

By Mike Gormley



## ARCTIC SUMMER

*Continued from page 13*

continued well into our stay.

The Arctic, land of the midnight sun, takes a relaxed attitude toward work. This may even explain why we left Resolute for Devon four days later than planned. Probably it had more to do with a lack of air transportation at the time. The airlines were already tied up bringing Eskimo children home from their schools, setting them down in their communities across the Arctic.

When I first arrived on Devon, my civilized eyes registered a crude, backward place. Roughing it at a Boy Scout camp was never like this! Generally you tend to judge a place by its food, among other things. I must admit at the outset that the powdered foods I found there did not appear to me as the most appetizing sight in the world. Nevertheless, the food situation didn't dampen my hopes for a good summer. In fact, the whole adventure turned out to be filled with exciting episodes.

Our base camp was situated on the north side of Devon, near Cape Sparbo. That's where Dr. Fred Cook and two Eskimo men wintered for six months after Dr. Cook's conquest of the North Pole in 1908. They were forced to kill musk ox, a cousin of the buffalo, to stay alive.

This base camp was the main centre for all branches of exploration. It was in an open area with plenty of working space for ornithologists and botanists. It also gave excellent access to the Devon Ice Cap, and the camp was also near the sea, where icebreakers could drop supplies every August.

Life varied on Devon. With total daylight, we could work for long stretches at a time, a great asset for a few months at least. This did lead to some confusion. One person would be having breakfast while another was going to bed. The day normally consisted of two meals with a few hours' work in between. In the field, we used great amounts of chocolate and raisins for body energy.

The scope of our summer jobs ranged over a fair variety of tasks. We repaired some quonset huts that had been raided by polar bears the previous winter. There were also some tractors stuck in the mud the previous summer, frozen in tight, and they had to be moved out. We built a

runway, too, because the old ones had become hazardous and were too close to the buildings. Now and then it was our duty to do some cooking, something everybody took turns at, to share the blame, I guess.

Bird life on Devon was picturesque. We saw the common Lapland longspur, related to the sparrow, according to ornithologist Bob Stamp. This fragile little bird was one of his chief subjects of study. Stamp and University of Michigan ornithologist Dave Hessel, both active in Long Point Provincial Park, Ontario, began studying 30 longspur nests in the vicinity of our base. As the mating season ended, eggs laid, and young hatched, this total narrowed to two nests. A stronger and more powerful bird, the jaeger, preyed heavily on the longspurs. We also suspected a few nests had been raided by foxes.

The jaeger flies gracefully on the wind and only occasionally runs into difficulty in particularly vicious winds. It resembles the sea gull, which is also found there, by the way. The jaeger has a loud and easily identifiable call and, when mating, the male dances and sings vigorously for his lady.

The snow goose is common, too. One day while he was on a bike hike, geomorphologist Bill Barr of McGill University spotted four goslings near a glacial melt-water stream. Their parents made it abundantly clear they were not at all keen about anybody handling their babies!

Another interesting bird, the eider, was seen in great numbers. Both the common eider and the king eider had a habit of nesting near open water. Consequently, when it rained for several days and the lake levels rose, these nests had to be abandoned.

An unusual incident occurred one morning about two o'clock. Just as we were turning in, loud noises erupted from the vicinity of our fish net. We usually pulled in about 10 Arctic char a day with the net. One fish had become trapped near the top and had attracted some red-throated loons. The birds, four in all, also got tangled up in the net, trying to get at the fish. They were, with some effort on our part, brought to shore alive. They were beautiful birds, in fact one of the prettiest species we saw there. They had bright red eyes and a red splotch on the throat. The back, and the rest of the neck, flashed pure

white. The body was grey.

This foursome, obviously outraged at being captured, raised a lot of fuss and noise. The ornithologists seized the golden opportunity to band these birds.

Plant life also varied on Devon. There were many colorful plants, the most outstanding of which was the Arctic poppy, a yellow flower with black seed. It grows in bunches reaching about six inches in height and is the tallest of all plants there, where the growing season is very short.

I took it upon myself to go on an expedition to Cape Sparbo with Bob Brooke, a professor at Simon Fraser University, and Ian MacGregor, 23-year-old Simon Fraser student.

We travelled about 20 miles with 40-pound packs. I also carried a two-way radio but, because it had been dropped in the sea, we remained incommunicado on that trip. The walking was rough, through knee-deep mud and bog. We occasionally fell into the stuff.

A decision to camp atop Cape Skogn, one of the highest ridges there, proved to be a major mistake. We set up our tent on a muddy plateau. When it rained, Ian got soaked. At Cape Sparbo, we camped in a reasonably well protected area, but that wasn't enough to keep those Arctic winds from bringing the tent down. And cold weather had begun to set in.

Returning from our exploits at Sparbo we used a canoe, on loan to the Arctic Institute from the Department of Northern Affairs. We set out, then discovered it had a great leak in it! So, we came back, patched the hole, and started out again.

There were now five of us. Jim Davis, Terry Challice, and Wayne Clark, who were stationed at the AINA Kluane base camp in the Yukon, joined the party. They'd been doing the same kind of summer work at Kluane as Rick and I were doing on Devon.

When the boat's motor conked out, we had to resort to paddling. We were about a mile from shore when the wind came on, bringing with it three-foot waves. We could hear the ice and rough water smashing against the shore. The temperature of that water was no more than 35 degrees, and one member of the party couldn't swim. We had only two life preservers among us. We all knew only too well that any sudden move spelled danger!

*Continued on page 33*



## WINCHESTER'S NOSE

*Continued from page 10*

four days before we got home from the trip, and they would have been awful worried.

The trip? Well, that's what it turned out to be. Not that we'd planned it that way, mind you; but with Winchester's nose around, planning is just a waste of time anyway.

We hadn't been out in the woods half an hour when Winchester put his head up, sort of like a hound, and sniffed the air. "Gooseberry jam," he said thoughtfully. "The finest, tastiest gooseberry jam I have ever smelled. Let's go, Joey."

Well, I hated to spoil his fun, but I'd had gooseberry jam for breakfast and I figured I'd likely left some on my sleeve or in my hair or somewhere, so I broke the news to him nice and gentle.

He just laughed. "Sure," he said. "There's some above your left ear, but I don't mean that. I just ignore the close-in smells and search out the farther ones. More interesting that way. And this delectable gooseberry jam is far away, very far."

"Back at the house, likely," I suggested, but he looked at me with a withering glance and got up and started down the path.

I'm fond of gooseberry jam myself, so I got up and followed him. It couldn't be further away than Danebury's house, or maybe Simpson's, but what they'd say when we came walking in looking for jam I didn't know.

We'd gone maybe five or six miles when we reached the shore of the Bay of Fundy. Winchester looked unbelieving for a minute, but when he'd sniffed the air a little he nodded in a very positive way.

"It's over there," he announced, pointing out over the water toward New Brunswick in a very firm and definite way.

"Well, that's that," I said, and I turned to start the long walk back to the farm. Winchester stayed on the shore, gazing out over the Bay of Fundy. "Are you coming?" I yelled at him.

He hesitated a minute and then came loping over to where I was waiting. "Joey," he said, "if you could smell that jam, rich and thick and altogether scrumptious, you wouldn't be headed for home. We're going to get it."

I didn't say anything. Not that I wasn't think plenty, mind you, but what's the use of pointing out that the Bay of Fundy is a mighty big puddle to jump over. There it was, stretching away so far you couldn't see the other side.

"It's just a couple of miles to the ferry," Winchester announced, and he started down the beach at a half-run.

"What about money, Winchester?" I called as I stumbled along after him. "If you haven't got a ticket they won't let you off at the other end."

"I'll think of something," he said. One thing you have to admit about Winchester, he wasn't one to give up just because things seemed difficult. I couldn't see how he'd get by the money business, though, because it was unlikely that either one of us had more than fifteen cents in his jeans.

When we got to the dock there was a boat due to leave in half an hour, so we walked around to kill time and try to figure out how to get a ticket for the ferry. We even considered stowing away, but without time to plan it properly, and with so many people around, it seemed a pretty unlikely method.

We were walking along beside a line of cars waiting to get on the ferry when we came to a big car with a fat woman sitting in it blubbing and crying. Her husband was trying to comfort her one minute and trying to ignore her the next, but nothing seemed to help. "Fifi, oh my dear little Fifi!" she spluttered.

Before I could stop him Winchester had walked right over to the car and leaned down to speak to the woman. "Pardon me, madam," he said, just as gallant as could be. "May I be of any assistance?"

She stopped blubbing long enough to look up at Winchester's solemn face. "My little Fifi is missing," she sobbed, "and now I must go back to Montreal and face life without her." And she started weeping and carrying on all over again.

Winchester didn't change expression. "Might I ask who Fifi is?" he said politely. "Perhaps I can find her."

The woman turned her fat, tear-streaked face up to him with a pleading look. "If only you could! My dear Fifi is a little poodle, and I always have her dyed pale purple, but she wandered away from the motel just a few miles down the road last night and we can't find her anywhere. If

you saw her you'd know her, I'm sure."

"Yes, madam, I'm sure I would," Winchester said solemnly. He looked very thoughtful. Then he sort of jiggled around with excitement. "I understand," he said, "that women with purple poodles often spray them with perfume." (I don't know where he got this information, but it sounded reasonable to me.) "Was Fifi perfumed in this manner?"

"Oh, yes," she gurgled. "Fifi and I always use the same perfume. It's called *Delirium*."

Winchester leaned close to the woman and sniffed. Then he walked a few paces away from the car and sniffed again, and the first thing I knew he was galloping away across the fields toward the south. The woman stopped crying and looked after him in amazement, but when he disappeared among the bushes she started her miserable wailing again.

Fifteen minutes later Winchester came trudging back to the dock. He was dirty and bedraggled, but in his arms was an equally bedraggled little purple poodle.

The woman leaped out of the car and seized the dog. "Oh, Mummy's poor little kitchy-kookums," she squealed. "What happened to Mummy's little floopsy-woopsy?"

She turned to her husband, who was looking relieved. "Do something for the dear, kind boy who brought back my little precious," she said, and then she went back to cuddling the dog and talking that stupid baby-talk to it.

The man got out of the car and came over to where Winchester and I were standing. "You have no idea how thankful I am to have that blubbing stopped," he said quietly, "although I almost thought it might be worth it if we were rid of that dog forever. What can I do for you, boys? Just name anything within reason."

Winchester looked out across the Bay of Fundy. Somewhere over there was New Brunswick, and somewhere over there was the source of that lovely gooseberry jam smell. "Would two return tickets on the ferry be considered within reason?" he asked politely.

"Most certainly, most certainly," the man said. And that was how we got onto the ferry.

When we got off on the New Brunswick side we made sure the return parts of our tickets were tucked



safely into our pockets, and then Winchester sniffed the air again. He nodded toward the left.

It was the next day when we reached the United States border, but we'd had a good enough night, because Winchester had been able to help a farmer who'd dropped a valuable watch in a forty-acre grain field (Winchester said they put surprisingly strong-smelling oil in watches these days) and the man showed his gratitude in a most generous way. Bed, breakfast, and a bus ride to the town at the border.

I thought for a while we weren't going to get into the States, because the Customs men didn't seem much impressed by two rather scruffy-looking boys wanting to go into their country. But we showed them our ferry tickets which indicated we weren't planning to stay in the States forever, and I told them about my sister just a few miles across the border in the State of Maine (which happened to be true) and they decided to let us through.

The smell of gooseberry jam was so strong by now that Winchester couldn't talk about anything else, so what with walking along and chatting about all the different things you could put gooseberry jam on, like toast and muffins and pancakes and so on, we were turning up the street to my sister's house before I realized where we were.

Winchester's nose was twitching like crazy now, and he went up the street on the run, right up the walk and on up the front steps of my sister's house.

She was real surprised to see us, let me tell you. And when we asked her about the jam she said yes, she'd had gooseberry jam at breakfast the morning before, just when Winchester and I were going out to the woodlot to start camping. She had spread it on hot toast, which made the flavor waft around more, if you know what I mean, and she figured she had likely had the kitchen window open, at that.

Well, I guess she figured that we were hungry, because she started fixing us a snack. Not that we actually asked for it, mind you, but we did mention that gooseberry jam was one of the most delectable things we knew of.

It was delectable, too. "Where," asked Winchester in his grandest manner "did you buy this excellent gooseberry jam?"

"Oh, didn't buy it," my sister told him. "Mother sent me a jar from a batch she made last week. She likely has lots of it left at home."

So there we were, at my sister's place away down in Maine, eating muffins and gooseberry jam, while back in the woodlot we'd left the day before in Nova Scotia there was a package of sandwiches getting stale and soggy. They would have been good, too. They were gooseberry jam sandwiches, and my mother had made them from the very same batch of gooseberry jam she'd sent a jar to my sister from.

Winchester said it was really a good thing we'd come, otherwise the

fat lady would have had to go back to Montreal without her purple poodle and likely would have kept her poor husband unhappy over it for months. And the farmer wouldn't have had a chance of finding his watch before harvest, and maybe not then, and it would certainly have been ruined if he ever did find it.

Well, I guess he was right. It's not that I'm against helping people, mind you, but it doesn't seem sensible to go galloping off right into another country after gooseberry jam when you could have just reached out your hand and had some. But that's the sort of thing that happens when you have a friend like Winchester. ❀

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## Mark Your Property!

Say, ever had your bike stolen? Or lost your wristwatch, when you removed it to take a swim? You feel badly enough about something like that, without having to explain it at home!

Every day, things are being lost, stolen, or misplaced. One way you can cut down on this toll is to mark your belongings; things such as cameras, watches, and sporting equipment. If you report an article stolen, the first thing the police will want to know is: "Can you identify the goods?" So, give them a chance to help you!

There are two classifications for marking. One is with a large obvious mark, which anyone can see immediately. This eliminates genuine mistakes, and also makes the article less attractive to the thief. The other way is with a hidden mark; so if an article is stolen, and later recovered, you can say: "This is my property. I put this mark on it."

If the article is large enough, and suitable, you should use both obvious and hidden marks. Don't forget, there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of articles which appear to be identical to yours! If you want the law to support you, you must be able to honestly say: "This is mine."

There are many ways of marking, to suit different articles and materials. You can use paint, laundry ink, indelible pencil, punch and file marks, crayon, burnt brands, and dozens of others. On fine articles, such as a wristwatch, the jeweller will be glad to engrave your initials. On expen-

sive articles of clothing, your dry-cleaner can help you.

The manufacturer will usually stamp a serial number on heavy, metal articles. You should make a note of this number. If the article is stolen, and the serial numbers filed off, there is a method for restoring the numbers.

So, if you can find the number on your bike frame, make a note of it. If you are lucky enough to have a typewriter, you will usually find the serial number underneath the carriage. And, while we are speaking of serial numbers, it doesn't hurt to jot down the numbers of any paper money you might take to camp, or amongst strangers.

Some articles, such as radios and record players, have a small plate which bears the serial number. You should make a note of this number. But also mark the article in case the plate should be removed. If you have receipts for any of your goods, hang onto them. This sometimes provides the police with additional information, including the value of an article, which may be a factor in any charges laid against the thief.

Not all missing goods are stolen, of course. In many cases, articles are picked up in error. Sometimes lost goods are found by a well-intentioned person, who is unable to locate the owner. So, get in the habit of marking your things. Avoid loss and confusion; protect your goods, and help to prevent theft. Mark your property! By Victor L. Hook



# Pets

The larger breeds of dogs are primarily work dogs. Some hunt for partridge or duck; others track wild game such as wolves, wildcats, deer, mountain lions or bear.

Other work breeds are the sled dogs, sheepherding dogs and guard dogs. A well-known work breed is the St. Bernard. With its keen sense of smell it helps monks in the Alps find their way through trackless snow-bound areas.

Many owners keep their big dogs outside, in a well-built kennel free of drafts and dampness, throughout the year. Others prefer making a pet of a large dog and give him the comforts of the home. Rarely is a big dog seen on a chesterfield, chair, or bed.

Since these dogs can be more difficult to handle because of their size and weight, it is a good idea to take the dog to an obedience school. Dog obedience courses teach the owner how to handle his animal and train the dog to obey voice and hand signals. As a result, when you take your dog for his necessary daily walk, you find he is much easier to control.

Dogs are not really happy when they're turned loose to roam. If they are left outside to exercise without any previous training to stay on their home property, these dogs may become constant roamers, coming home only to eat and sleep.

Grooming is an important part of dog care. Many types of hair or coats are characteristic of the breeds: very short, fine hair, such as that found in the doberman; the short, stiff, bristly hair of the dalmatian; the long wavy hair or flat coat seen in the springer spaniel and golden retriever; the dense undercoat of the chows, elk-hounds, and collies; the silky coats of the afghans and the fur-like, often woolly-looking hair of the standard poodle.

Dogs with fine hair should be brushed to get rid of dead hair. Longer-coated dogs require combing first, before brushing. It is important that the comb and brush reach the skin in order to clear flakes of dandruff.

Never attempt to bathe a dog before grooming or you'll have a mat on the dog like sheep's wool. A dog should be bathed only if he's really

dirty or has a doggy odor. Excessive washing will remove the natural oils and result in a dry, harsh coat. If your dog is light-colored and you do wash him frequently, then bathe him with an oily shampoo, which you may already have in the house. Be sure to rinse him well. In addition, in the colder periods of the year, make sure the dog is dried carefully.

Most large breeds enjoy eating dry kibble or chow. At between four and eight months of age their food intake increases considerably. Because of this it is a good idea to put these dogs on a self-demand feeding schedule. Meat supplement, extra vitamins, and minerals should be incorporated into their feeding routine at this time.

In the case of a dog kept outdoors, extra carbohydrates and fat should be given during the late fall and winter. It is difficult to say how much you should feed your dog. But one rule-of-thumb, which may prove helpful for a grown dog, is to give him two-thirds of an ounce of wet canned dog food per pound of body weight at his daily feeding. This automatically balances his diet, regardless of his size or appetite.

For instance, a 35-pound dog would require 24 ounces, or a pound-and-a-half, of wet meal in his diet every day. To calculate this, simply figure 2/3 of your dog's weight. The number you come up with is the weight in ounces of wet canned food he needs. This is a good, although rough, rule. Your dog's individual taste and appetite may differ with your mathematics.

Distemper and hepatitis are two serious infectious diseases of dogs, more commonly in puppyhood. Vaccination is one method used to prevent dogs from coming down with these illnesses. If your pup is under nine weeks of age, your veterinarian may suggest a measles vaccine, if there is such infection "going around" your neighborhood.

A pup over nine weeks, but under 15 weeks, will receive a two-dose injection, the second dose about a month after the first shot. A dog over 15 weeks of age will be given a single injection.

Although this is the general pattern for vaccinating dogs, the veterinarian in your area may vary this procedure. Some dogs, after vaccination, maintain a relatively high level of immunity, while others do not. It is for this

reason that your veterinarian may suggest yearly boosters, in the fall.

Big dogs are wonderful to look at, in play or at work. Those with gentle dispositions and those trained to walk at your side make lovable companions. Big dogs, well trained, are no more bothersome in the home than smaller dogs. They just take up more space.

By Dr. A. L. Kassirer

# Wheels

If anyone offered to smash you on top of the head with a sledgehammer, we know what your answer would be.

If someone offered to drive a 10-ton truck over your stomach, you'd tell him to jump in the lake.

Getting hurt is no fun. Only a fool goes out looking for pain or injury. But when it comes to driving cars or motorcycles, some people seem to forget their common sense.

The Province of Ontario has just passed a new law that says all motorcycle riders and passengers must wear crash helmets. Stupidly, some cyclists are mad. Their argument seems to be that if they want to kill or ruin themselves, no one has a right to stop them.

This nonsense hardly needs a comment. Maybe an idiot has the right to kill himself but he has no right to cause other people trouble and cost them money.

There are not enough hospitals in Canada to take care of all the sick and old people who need them. It is a shame to fill up hospital beds with people who are there just because of their own stupidity.

Some dolts think it shows bravery to risk death or injury on a motorcycle. The only thing it shows is low mental power.

Professional racing drivers hardly can be classed as timid. But no professional would think of going on the track without his crash helmet, safety suit and every other piece of protective equipment he can get his hands on.

A good rider wants to keep on operating a motorcycle, not a wheel-chair.

Ontario's helmet law is a good one and should be followed everywhere. A bare head on a motorcycle is a sure sign of a foolish, amateur driver.

By Roger Appleton



# Science

It weighs only ounces, summers in the Arctic, winters in the Antarctic and makes a round trip of about 22,000 miles every year. What is it?

Before Ye Editor slips this into the *Rib Ticklers* page, we'd best answer the question: The Arctic tern.

The tern is a bird that has more hours of daylight during its lifetime than any other animal on this planet.

Soon, many of our native Canadian birds will take off on journeys which will land some of them well below the equator. That much has been known for ages. By means of banding, our naturalists and scientists have established flyway routes, and other facts about bird migration. The big mystery remains: How do they do it?

Try placing yourself in a comparable situation. You are, for instance, on a remote lake in the Northwest Territories. At your disposal is a seaplane, but you have no food and no compass or other navigational aids. It's night time, the sky is overcast and cloudy, but you must take off and fly, with only brief rest periods, to the east coast of South America near the mouth of the Amazon River. You will be allowed twelve days to get there. You will receive no information, you have no maps or briefing instructions, and you will not be permitted to communicate with anyone. Rotsa ruck, Charlie!

If you were a bird faced with a similar assignment, you might be only three or four months old, making the journey on your own energy, for the first time, without anyone showing you the way. For example, the southern plover makes a continuous non-stop flight over the North and South Atlantic Oceans, a distance of 2,400 miles from Labrador to South America. Now, how could you be expected to do that — even if you could fly at all?

A young German scientist has partly solved the mystery. Using birds that migrate at night, he observed that they took off from their perches in precisely the correct direction. With a slide projector, the scientist re-created the pattern of the stars in

the night sky, on the ceiling of his laboratory.

He then moved the projected night-sky image in all directions. But, no matter what he did, the birds always took off on a southeasterly course, as indicated by the star chart. Even if this take-off course was in fact northerly, it was evident that the birds were navigating by the stars, heading toward what should have been the southeastern night sky.

Eventually this scientist discovered that the birds could navigate even if only one or two stars were visible through cloud cover.

In another experiment, Canadian scientist William Rowan kept a light on after dark for a few minutes, using four captive crows. Each day he extended the length of artificial daylight this way. When his artificial days reached the length of time they run to naturally in spring, the crows became greatly excited. When they were released, the crows flew north — even though the experiment was being conducted in the dead of winter!

That the amount of daylight triggers the bird's built-in mechanism to migrate is not difficult to understand. To navigate by the stars may work well for some birds, but others appear to migrate by following visible landmarks, such as the eastern and western seaboard or the Great Lakes or the Mississippi flyways.

Other scientists are examining the Earth's magnetic field and radiation from outer space, searching for clues to the mysteries of animal navigation.

Perhaps all of this serves as example to show us how little we really know about the forces affecting the animal kingdom. **By D. A. Coburn**

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## LETTERS

Continued from page 6

### WE MUST BE DOING SOMETHING RIGHT

Dear Lester:

CANADIAN BOY is great. I love your stories, jokes, articles on other Scouts and troops, and *Award for Valour*. But I am writing to complain about *Award for Valour*, in a way. All the guys in my troop are completely dense on the grades of heroism the different medals are for. Could you please print the information on this subject? Would you please print some more science fiction stories, such as *The XYZ Bomb* and *Expo 2067*? In your July/August issue, on page 30, I noticed under *Sports Equipment* an advertisement for skateboards. I think this was unwise because of the fact that in most cities there is a bylaw against them. They are very dangerous. I would like to commend you on your warning to stamp buyers.

Danny McIntyre, Ansonville, Ont.

For information on the awards, write to Mr. P. M. O. Evans, Administration Services, National Headquarters, Boy Scouts of Canada, Box 5151, Station F, Ottawa 5, Ont. As far as science fiction is concerned, it'll likely be the first of next year before we have any more Spacejumpers adventures, unless Otto Matic takes off for other worlds in the meantime. On skateboards: That ad has been in the magazine regularly since March/April '67, and this is the first time anybody has complained. But, if you don't like skateboards, don't buy one.—LS

### MORE ON ANIMALS

Dear Lester:

I think your magazine is great. I have been receiving it for two years and have enjoyed it very much. However, I would like you to put in an article on wildlife, as I enjoy reading about animals. I enjoy being a Cub and I am looking forward to the day when I can become a Boy Scout.

Glenn Ankrom, St. Boniface, Man.

About as close as we'll come to a wildlife article this year is the hunting material you'll find in this issue, Glenn.—LS

## STAMPS

500 WORLDWIDE ONLY \$1.00 to serious minded approval applicants. Outstanding filler material. Check with Mam and Dad, if okay send today. PAGODA FAR EAST, Box 132C, Sidney, Ohio 45365.

WORLDWIDE 1c and 2c Approvals. SOMERVILLE, 2369A Orchard, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

FREE 11 Triangles, Scout, 25 others. Approvals. CAMBRIDGE, Box 411, Cambridge, Ohio. 43725, U.S.A.

FREE! Insect Triangles! Olympic Diamonds! 25 others. Approvals. LEWIS, Box 531, Crisfield, Maryland 21817, U.S.A.

### READ THIS CAREFULLY BEFORE PLACING ORDERS

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



### FREE BODY-BUILDING COURSE

32 pages containing 15 illustrated exercises which can be followed in your home. You can build muscles, increase your strength and endurance. Send only 25 cents to cover handling and postage charges to:

WEIDER INSTITUTE Dept. CB  
WEIDER BUILDING  
2875 Bates Rd., Montreal, Quebec

### CATCH THEM ALIVE AND UNHURT!



Safe! Easy to Use!

Amazing HAVAHART traps catch rabbits, coons, squirrels, sparrows, etc. Make a pet of a field or forest animal! Work toward a Boy Scout badge! Protect Dad's garden from rascals! Straying pets, poultry released unhurt. No jaws or springs. Galvanized. Write for valuable illustrated guide with trapping secrets.

KETCHUM'S, Dept. CB,  
396 Berkeley Ave., Ottawa 13, Ontario.  
I enclose 10c for 48-page guide and price list.

Name .....

Address .....



# Penpals

**Douglas Fortner** of 22 Frontenac Road, London, Ont., is interested in The Monkees, baseball, and movies. He'll correspond with anybody anyplace.

**Ronnie Caplan**, 10, of 585-101st Avenue, Chomedey, Que., would like a penpal from Manitoba. He likes reading, drawing, mystery and horror movies, swimming, soccer, and hockey.

**Norman Reintamm**, 9, of 368 Charlton Avenue West, Hamilton, Ont., is interested in swimming, chess, canoeing, and mystery books. He's in grade six and will write to anyone, anywhere.

**Patrick Hayes**, 2632 Alta Vista Drive, Ottawa, Ont., is 10 and digs stamps, hockey, and reading good mystery books. Anybody, in any Canadian province.

**Brian Schappert**, Box 246, Lanigan, Sask., would like to correspond with anybody between the ages of 13 and 15. Hobbies are stamp collecting, leathercraft, shooting pool, and reading.

**Bob Lonttit**, 36 Dundee Street, Brantford, Ont., would like a penpal from anywhere in the world, preferably somebody who would write frequently. He's interested in building, racing cars, trains, hockey, stamps, and music.

**Paul Adamson**, 5 Elmsley Crescent, Ottawa 6, Ont., likes models, action, and stamps. He's 10 and would like a penpal from anyplace who'll trade stamps with him.

**Danny Fuller**, 10050 Basile Routhier, Montreal 12, Que., would be interested in having a Scouting penpal from the prairies, age about 12. He's interested in football, hockey, racing cars, and models.

**Louis Hoffmann Jr.**, of RR 3, Lucan, Ont., is 13 and wants a penpal from outside Ontario. He's wiggly over pop music, especially The Monkees.

## ONLY SCOUT

Continued from page 17

In the winter, when temperatures drop to 45 below and 70 below, few outsiders relish the thought of ice-fog, snowbound streets, or the lonely howling of Indian dogs.

Somehow it's different when you live there. Jimmy's summers are spent fishing for grayling up the gold creeks, or for trout in Ethel Lake, a fisherman's paradise until recently reachable only by plane. Fall is for hunting caribou or, perhaps, one day, a moose. Winters, long and dark and usually bitter cold, are for skiing or curling.

Jimmy curls Third for his rink, playing one of the two sheets of natural ice in the Dawson Curling Club. The first curling in Dawson was outdoors on the slough behind the Northwest Mounted Police barracks in 1898. When the Dawson Amateur Athletic Association (known as D-3A) was built, it included a curling rink that was used until the building burned down in 1928. A long warehouse, built by the Northern Commercial Company in 1900 for "warm storage" was adapted to the needs of the curling club and is still in use today.

Jimmy helps his father, Fred Cook of Cook's Taxi, load freight for the three mail runs and one grocery trip each week to Clinton Creek, a brand-new asbestos town 65 miles northwest of Dawson, just off the Sixtymile Road. Trucks leaving Dawson cross the ice bridge that is built across the Yukon River where the ferry usually crosses in summer.

Jimmy finds his woodworking class practical as well as interesting. He enjoyed helping his Grade 8 class, three years ago, prepare an ionic rocket for the Yukon Science Fair in Whitehorse, but his great love is the out-of-doors.

So Jimmy feels that his future may be in mining.

As a miner, or a mining engineer, Jimmy Cook will be in the vanguard of exploration and development in the north, and may see Dawson City boom again — "just like in the old days!"

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. To avoid missing copies, please send your change of address before you move to: Subscription Department, CANADIAN BOY, P.O. Box 5151, Station F, Ottawa 5, Ont.

# Stamp Corner

Trains have been with us for a long time. But who among us does not still find them fascinating? We regret, romantically, the passing of the steam locomotive, as do most people who can remember it. And many welcome the cleaner, more efficient diesel unit which has replaced it.

Most countries, including our own, have found space on one or more postage stamps for a railway engine. Railroading on stamps has become one of the foremost topics for the specialists.

Welcomed by them is a new set of four, issued from Malawi in July, commemorating four stages of that country's railway development. Malawi has 316 miles of railway, stretching from the Mozambique port of Beira to Salima and the Zambesi Bridge. The gauge of the tracks is three feet six inches.

The new 4d stamp shows *Thistle No. 1*, built in England in 1902 and taken to Malawi in 1904. This engine, incidentally, is still in service as a shunter. The 9d value depicts Locomotive No. 49 of the "G" class — backbone of the main line steam locomotive power from 1950 onwards. This one was built in Kassel, Germany.

On the 1/6 value is a 1200-hp diesel-electric, built in Great Britain and delivered to Malawi in 1963. The highest denomination is the three shillings, which depicts a self-propelled passenger (first and second class) diesel car, in service since 1955 and built in Great Britain.

The Canadian stamp commemorating the 50th anniversary of the Armistice at the end of World War One was issued last month, instead of on November 6, as originally planned. By getting the stamp out three weeks earlier, the government reasoned, it would be doing a public relations job — that of making the people aware of this important milestone in history.

And a last-minute decision to issue a second stamp (15 cents) on the same subject ensures that the message will be carried overseas, as well.

Canada's Christmas stamps, which were to have gone on sale in October, have been held back until this month.

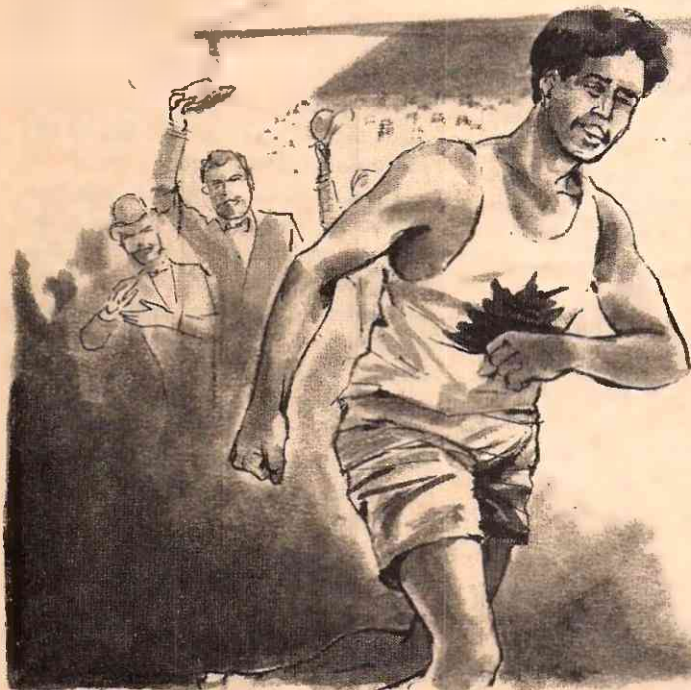
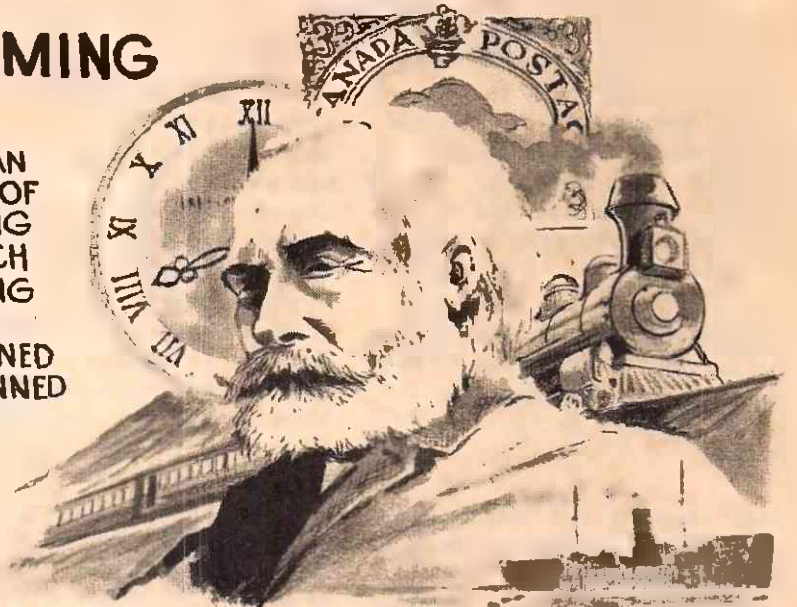
By H. L. Woodman

# GREAT CANADIANS

## SIR SANDFORD FLEMING

### THE GREAT ENGINEER

IN 88 YEARS, FLEMING MADE AN ALMOST INCREDIBLE NUMBER OF ACHIEVEMENTS. BESIDES LAYING THE GROUNDWORK FOR MUCH OF CANADA'S RAILWAYS, HOLDING DOWN JOBS SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH 3 MAJOR LINES, HE DESIGNED THE FIRST CANADIAN STAMP, PLANNED THE FIRST UNDERSEA TELEGRAPH CABLE FROM CANADA TO AUSTRALIA, AND DEvised THE SYSTEM OF STANDARD TIME THE WORLD NOW USES, THEN TALKED THE MAJOR COUNTRIES INTO ADOPTING IT.



## TOM LONGBOAT GREATEST DISTANT RUNNER OF THEM ALL

BORN ON THE SIX NATION INDIAN RESERVE NEAR BRANTFORD, ONTARIO, TOM EMERGED AS A GREAT RUNNER AT 19 WHEN HE BEAT A HORSE IN A 12 MILE RACE. AFTER BEATING THE BEST NORTH AMERICAN AMATEURS AND WINNING THE FAMED BOSTON MARATHON, HE TURNED PROFESSIONAL AND WON SEVERAL RACES AGAINST ENGLISH CHAMPION ALFIE SHRUBB, UNTIL THEN REGARDED AS THE WORLD'S BEST. TOM RETIRED IN 1912, WHEN THERE SEEMED TO BE NO ONE ELSE TO BEAT.



## ARCTIC SUMMER

Continued from page 25

Cautiously, we paddled onward for several more miles. Suddenly we heard a funny noise. It turned out to be a pair of walrus, about a hundred yards from us. Walrus have been known to attack, out of stark curiosity, and the tusks on these two were immense! They showed little interest in us, however, and the excitement of the moment passed. Eventually we made a landing close to the base camp, after picking our way through those jostling ice floes.

Four-legged animals were few around those parts. The musk ox, in small herds inhabiting areas kept open by winter winds, spends most of his time nibbling grass. These animals are big and heavy, like buffalo. They turn vicious at times, especially when we would try to film them. They can also run fast, but they seem to tire easily.

There were few foxes and wolves around, and we saw only one wolf. The fox, though never seen, left plenty of evidence but gave us no serious trouble.

The weather, according to old hand Allan Gill, who seems to follow expedition after expedition into the Far North, was above average. About two-thirds of July was warm and sunny. Our local heat wave came on July 14th, when the temperature reached 57 degrees between five and seven in the morning. On July 4th we had "celebrated" American Independence Day with a snowfall. It lasted 15 minutes.

Coldest day was 27 degrees. On our arrival the sea was packed with ice, which soon loosened but remained walkable. Then, in the first week of August a huge wind ripped through Jones Sound, taking the ice with it. Four hours later the sea was open except for a few ice floes. After the departure of the sea ice, fog set in and it rained for ten days.

The water level of the lakes rose alarmingly. Free walking became limited, something that hampered some projects.

On Devon there were no signs of man anywhere outside our base camp. But at Cape Sparbo there was evidence of Eskimo life from the past. Searching around, we found tent rings, food caches, semi-complete huts, tools, traps and other artifacts.

We did, in fact, find evidence that archaeologists had been digging in the area. An Arctic Institute grantee, Professor G. R. Lowther of the University of Montreal, had been there in 1960 and 1961.

Communication with the outside world was maintained by radio on a daily basis. We had a schedule with Resolute which called for a routine check-in at 0330 hours GMT daily. We communicated regularly with our field parties as well. A battery-operated radio provided us with entertainment from stations at the Thule Air Force Base in Greenland.

The Eskimos we met were living in a small village outside Resolute Bay. Three hundred people made their homes here. The Canadian government had set up schools, churches, and a trading post for them. There was also a co-operative, to protect the Eskimo from the white man's fast-trading in order to get the Eskimo's furs and works of art.

Eskimos were employed by various companies at Resolute. Life in the village was modern, compared with other places we'd seen, like Grise Fiord in Ellesmere Island. The inhabitants here had huts and other conveniences. But the village life was appalling to us. The people were friendly, and talked — if you could get them interested.

This was the mainstream of life we encountered while in the Northwest Territories. For these experiences, which space forbids me from reporting in greater detail, I would like to thank publicly, on behalf of Richard Whittaker and myself, the Arctic Institute of North America, Peter Downes, and Boy Scouts of Canada.

Our Rover-Venturer group wanted to start seeing the world. We certainly started near the top!

*Editor's note: Michiel Hoyer planned two moves after this trip. He decided to visit Kluane base with Terry Challice, and then go to McGill University to further his studies. So, if you ever go North young man, be prepared to be bitten by the Arctic bug!*

### PLEASE! PLEASE! PLEASE!

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

## THE WHOLE SHOOTING MATCH

Continued from page 15

and in the case of pistols this was undesirable. The correct term is semi-automatic, because the pressure of the finger on the trigger actually fires the weapon, depending on various devices in the weapon to eject the spent cartridge, and to reload and cock itself.

Automatic weapons come into their own in the field of shoulder guns and large weapons of war. This includes such names as machine-gun and tommy gun. Newer weapons feature devices which allow them to be used either as semi-automatic or fully automatic guns.

It is a fact that the rifle was developed primarily as a hunting weapon, while the pistol was evolved particularly for the purpose of killing men.

That rifles have become weapons of war and instruments for killing men was inevitable, but no one goes hunting for food with a pistol. This, in my mind, is the main difference between rifles (shoulder arms) and hand guns (side-arms).

### IDENTIFY your Camp, Jamboree or District



by the suppliers of official Boy Scout insignia

### GRANT EMBLEMS

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

Catalogue 60-263 ..... \$14.95



## RIB TICKLERS



Farmer: That new man I hired yesterday doesn't know much about farming.

Friend: How's that?

Farmer: He found some milk bottles behind the barn, then he came to me and said he'd found a cow's nest!

*Sandy Hickman, St. John's, Nfld.*

Nancy: How's your typing coming along?

Cathy: Fine! I can type 20 mistakes a minute!

*Gerry Powell, Manotick, Ont.*

The teacher wrote 92.7 on the blackboard. She erased the decimal point and said, "Alfred, where is the decimal point?" Alfred brightly replied: "On the eraser!"

*Rick Mulhall, Gull Lake, Sask.*

Dave: I just turned down a job I was offered at the Eagle Laundry.

Mickey: Why?

Dave: I don't know anything about washing eagles!

*David Kokocinski, Dryden, Ont.*

A five-year-old came home from kindergarten with a Christmas card for his mother. On the front of the card was a strange tree with odd bells dangling from it and a bullet in the middle. "What kind of a tree is this?" his mother asked. "Oh," said the boy, "It's a cartridge in a pear tree!"

*Les Anderson, Cranbrook, B.C.*

Q: Why would a young man want to join the air force?

A: It's the only branch of service where he could retreat at 300 miles an hour!

*Allan Marsh, Galt, Ont.*

First Egyptian: Who was that lady I saw you with last night?

Second Egyptian: That was no lady, that was my mummy!

*John Mills, Sussex, N.B.*

Minnie: You say she made a millionaire out of her husband?

Binnie: Yes, he was a multi-millionaire when she married him!

*Tom Hughes, Agassiz, B.C.*

A cannibal captured an explorer. Every day the cannibal would stick a knife in the captive's arm and drink his blood. Finally the captive complained, "Kill me if you must, but I'm sick of getting stuck for all the drinks!"

*Pat Gleason, St. Albert, Alta.*

Joe: I invented spaghetti.

Moe: Where did you get the idea?

Joe: From my noodle!

*Bruce W. Smith, Scarborough, Ont.*

Q: Why doesn't a thief worry?

A: Because he takes things easy.

*Erik DuPuy, Drummondville, Que.*

After driving through a London fog for hours, all the motorist could do was follow the white line at slow speed. He fell asleep at the wheel and when he awoke he was in a haystack on a farm. Turned out he had been following a cow with a slow leak!

*Ben Bennett, Victoria, B.C.*

Q: How many balls of string does it take to reach the moon?

A: One — a big one!

*Jimmy Clow, Charlottetown, P.E.I.*

Tom: What would you do if your nose went on strike?

Bob: I don't know. What would you do?

Tom: Picket.

*Scott Sutherland, London, Ont.*

Minister: Do you say prayers before meals at your house?

Small boy: We don't have to — my mother's a good cook!

*Bruce Webster, Edmonton, Alta.*

A tourist in Britain asked a policeman what the strap on his helmet was for.

The bobby replied: "This strap, Madam, is to rest our chins on when we get tired of answering questions."

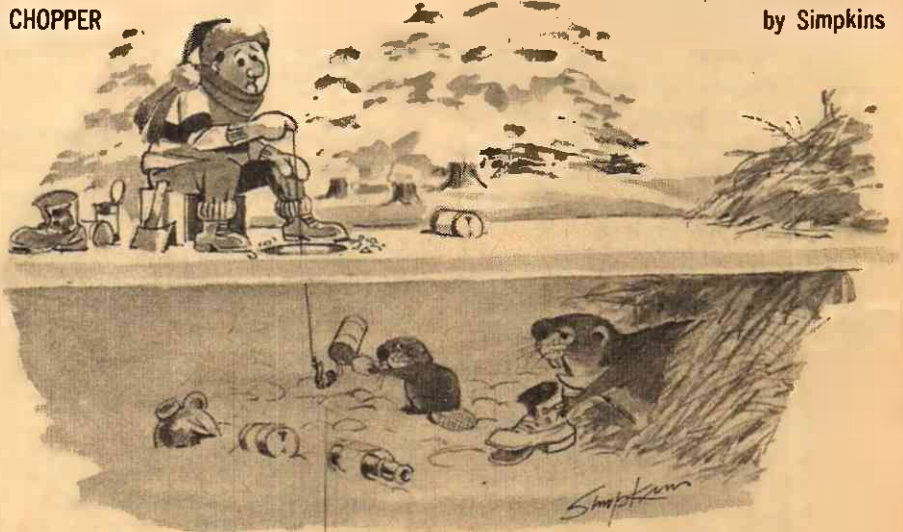
*Kevin Pauli, Stratford, Ont.*

A woman was mailing a Bible to a friend when the postal clerk examined the heavy package and asked if it contained anything breakable. "Nothing but the Ten Commandments," was the reply.

*Kevin Kvisle, Innisfail, Alta.*

### CHOPPER

by Simpkins



"Here, Chopper, get rid of this other old boot while you're at it!"