

# Canadian Boy

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JUNIOR EDITION

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NEXT ISSUE, five members of the Canadian Boy Advisory Council, a group of readers picked at random, will get together to discuss the question "should boys hunt?" We'll carry the story of their discussion, plus articles from experts for and against hunting. The fiction blockbuster will be *Winchester's Wonderful Nose*, and we can only say it's different. We'll also have articles on guns and a boy's stay with a scientific expedition to the Arctic, plus columns, features, more and better humor, and maybe even more.



THINGS TO DO

## GET IN SHAPE FOR FOOTBALL

As sportswriter Dave Empey says in his article on Page 8 of this issue, Canada offers every good reason for you to play sports. Right now, it'll probably be football and that's one sport where you'll be using a lot of muscles you haven't even thought about all summer. Swimming and water-skiing may have kept your wind in shape but they probably tightened up your legs too much for football. So, relax with some Wrigley's Spearmint Gum and read the exercise tips listed below.

Decide on the best muscular adjustments you need for the football season.



1. Run or trot, trying to remain loose until you are winded. Then deep-breathe for 2 or 3 minutes. Run again.
2. Jog on the spot (like running without going any place) while shaking hands to loosen wrists and arm muscles. Breathe with control during this exercise. Stay loose.
3. Hands on hips, do deep knee-bends. Control breathing in time with the exercise. Jog for a few minutes after this exercise.
4. Run through obstacle course, like a staggered line of old auto tires, to strengthen your legs. Remain relaxed.
5. In between action or exercises, concentrate on relaxing. A good way to relax is chewing Wrigley's Spearmint Gum. You'll enjoy the lively, long-lasting flavour any time.



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

# Your Time Will Tell

If you're looking for something to do this fall, you could help pay back Scouting's debt to the United Appeal.

What's more, you really can do it, if enough of you try. The United Appeal (or United Fund or Community Chest or Red Feather or whatever your community calls it) does a lot for Scouting every year. Part of the money UA raises can find its way into the operating fund of your own district or regional Scout office and Scout camps. But the United Appeal is a *giving* as well as a *taking* operation. Your family probably give to it already, so — what can you give? Especially when you don't have that much money anyway?

You can give some of your time, either on your own, or through Scouting. The latter is probably the best way, since the contribution an organized pack, troop, or company can make is greater than that of a number of disorganized individuals. For instance, Cubs can run contests in their pack for the best United Appeal poster, and display their work publicly to promote the campaign. By coincidence this has the advantage of tying in with Star requirements for posters and murals.

Scouts and Venturers can publicize the United Appeal by creating displays for schools, church halls, and other public gathering places. They can also serve as sparkplugs in United Appeal campaigns in their own schools, they can remind their families of the community campaign, and they can run film

or slide projectors during meetings. In smaller centres they can probably act as runners, workers in campaign headquarters, or as canvassers.

But the first step is to get your pack, troop, or company interested. Then let your local campaign headquarters people know you want to help, and ask them what you can do. They'll be happy to hear from you.

What else can you do?

For starters, remember that Scouting is one of the more fortunate members of the United Appeal. There are other agencies who serve people who have much less to be happy about.

You and your section can — and should — be involved in service projects with other United Appeal member-agencies. You can go into the homes of senior citizens and invalids or shut-ins, put on a concert for them, and give them gifts from your handicraft projects. A gift you've made yourself means far more to older people than something you picked up in a shop simply by paying money for it.

You and your group can take handicapped kids on outings, picnics, or sightseeing trips. You can take Boys' Clubs members along with you to your camp.

You can do almost anything — the only real limit is your imagination. Once you're interested, that'll look after itself.

Do your part as a United Appeal member. Share your good fortune with others.

quite a long time. Until now I have had one major problem. My brother also likes the magazine and used to fight me for first turn at reading it. Our problem has been solved and he now has his own subscription to your wonderful book. CB is a great magazine and gets better with every edition. Keep up the good work.

*George Nodwell, Toronto, Ont.*

*Continued on page 5*

## Letters to Lester

### PROBLEM SOLVED

Dear Lester:

I have been reading CANADIAN BOY since Vol. 1 No. 1, which is

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CCAB

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INC.

## Letters

Continued from page 4

### SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR IMPROVEMENT

Dear Lester:

Your magazine is fab. Keep putting in *Award for Valour*. How about another story on slot racing? Some other improvements could be made, like, say, a monthly column on coin collecting. Also how about a crossword puzzle, on NHL players, or something special like that?

*Jamie Rea, West Covehead, P.E.I.*

*Award for Valour* seems to be in no danger of disappearing from the pages of CB, Jamie. Slot racing is a horse of another color — the big boom is over, even in Canada, and the hobby-sport is dying out. Engine-powered (not electric motor-powered) radio-controlled cars are the big incoming feature of hobby racing now. Price tags boggle the mind — \$100-plus in the U.S. and nearly twice that in Canada, per car. Coin collecting passed out of the picture after the 1967 Centennial coin issues were released. Since we've dropped our Coin Collector column, mail reaction has been practically nil. Crosswords coming up. We've been mulling over a few weird ones.—LS

### THE BEST OF CANADIAN BOY (IN MEMORIAM)

Dear Lester:

I just received *The Best of Canadian Boy*, which I won (for a *Rib Tickler* CB could use). It is a very good book to remember the magazine by. I would recommend the book to anyone, if they asked me. I hope this book will get printed in a series, because I would probably buy it.

*Nigel T. Hopkins, Ottawa, Ont.*

When you say "it is a very good book to remember the magazine by" — do you know something we don't know? Are we about to pass into history, along with *The Open Road for Boys*? You're not clairvoyant, are you? We've been looking into the book business. More about that later.—LS

Dear Lester:

I like writing stories, only fiction of course, especially science fiction stories. I would like a chance to send some in. They are just short, of course.

*Neil Robinson, Edmonton, Alta.*

Of course! Why not? — LS

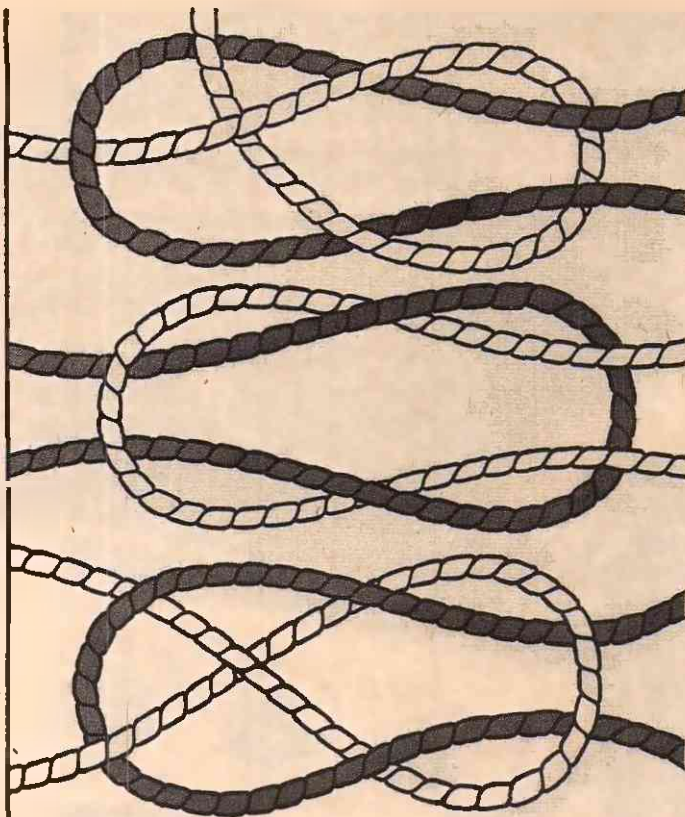
### ROYAL CANADIAN WHAT?

Dear Lester:

Please send me application forms for the American Topical Association and the Royal Canadian Philatelic Society.

*John M. Gerez, Montreal, Que.*

We've had a fair number of requests like yours, John. We have no application forms for the American Topical Association, but you can write direct to them. Address: Jerome Husak, Executive Secretary, American Topical Association, 3306 North 50th Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53216. We've been sending out applications for the other group which, by the way, is the Royal Philatelic Society of Canada (RPSC). Everybody seems to have got the name twisted around. — LS



## It takes all kinds

There isn't any single knot that'll do all jobs. As a Scout, you'll have learned how to tie the various knots — and the proper function of each.

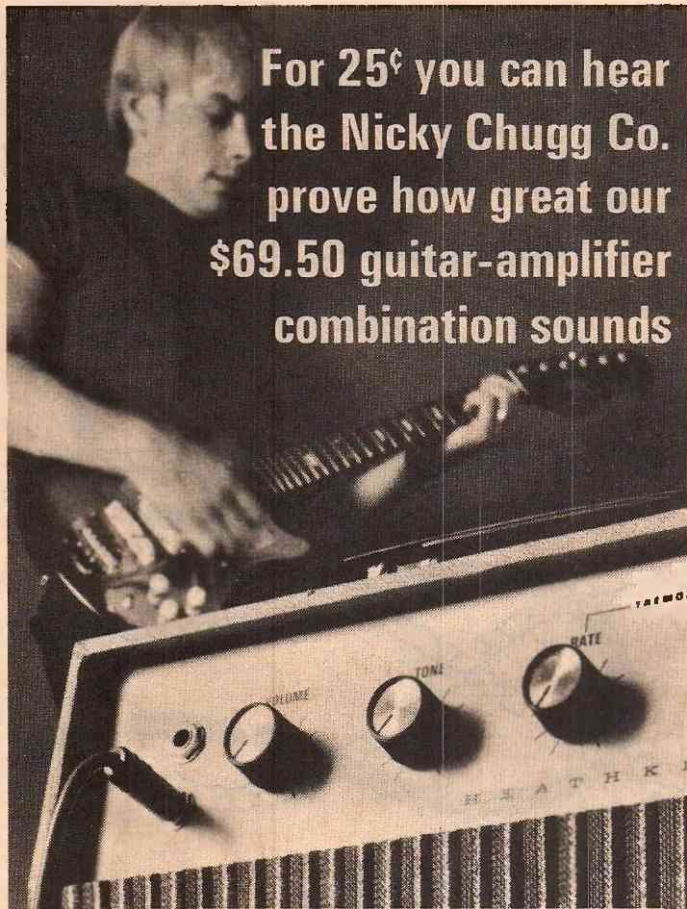
The banking services at Canada's First Bank are a lot like that. There are 21 of them. Each designed to do a particular job to help our customers.

For instance, the service that would be right for you just now probably is a Savings Account. You can tie yours up for as little as a dollar. Then build it up with regular deposits.



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For 25¢ you can hear  
the Nicky Chugg Co.  
prove how great our  
\$69.50 guitar-amplifier  
combination sounds

Of course you can always take our word for it. That way you'll be 25¢ ahead. But if you're the least bit doubtful about the kind of sound our \$69.50 combination can deliver, send us a quarter. We'll send you a 33 1/3 rpm record of Nicky Chugg Co. playing our Heathkit Double-Pickup Guitar through our Heathkit Solid State Guitar Amplifier Kit. Then you can judge for yourself. If we didn't think you'd blow your mind, we wouldn't ask you to blow your 25¢.

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Yes, I'm interested in your \$69.50 guitar and amplifier combination. I would like to:

order now  I enclose \$69.50 (plus provincial sales tax for Ontario or Quebec.)

get record  I enclose 25¢ for your Nicky Chugg Co. record.

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# Science

As the dying wail of a siren echoes across the hills, hushed silence falls over the landscape. Suddenly the metallic raucous voice of a loudspeaker crackles: "Launch crew to stations, launch crew to stations. All systems green. Prepare for final countdown. Counting. Zero minus eight seconds. Safety Officer clear the area! Zero minus seven. Alert recovery crew and trackers. Zero minus six. Launch Control Officer arm the launch panel. Zero minus five. Activate firing button. Four ... three ... two ... one. FIRE!"

*Pshoo-Whoosh!* In a flash of flame an Astron Apogee Mark Two rocket streaks into the air at a speed of 600 miles an hour. A cheer goes up from the crew in the launch control bunker as another successful rocket launch is made — by a Grade 8 class of students, on a rocket launching range at the science school in Ottawa, Canada.

To participate in model rocketry a boy (or a girl) must be a registered member of a branch of a Canadian rocket society. The society's adult members have been specially trained under government supervision.

The rockets can be no heavier than 16 ounces and they must be constructed of wood, fabric or paper. No metal parts are permitted. Most model rockets are built for a soft landing and recovery so that they can be used again and again, like a model aircraft that is handled and flown with common sense and skill.

The nose cones are designed so that when the rocket is in its final glide path, the last charge in the engine ejects nose cone, parachute and streamer for the soft landing recovery. Rocket engines, manufactured to meet the Canadian government's specifications, are made of paper and use a solid fuel propellant. Under Canadian law, all model rockets are launched by electrical means only. Electric igniters are supplied with the engines.

An igniter of this type consists of a nichrome wire with a plastic coating, which burns when heated to about 1,100 degrees F. The igniter is installed in the model rocket engine so that its coating touches the end of the rocket fuel. When an electric current from a car battery passes through the igniter the wire heats to the required temperature, ignites the coating and starts the engine.

These rockets usually burn for about a second-and-a-half. Then there is a two-and-a-half-second delay fuse which allows the rocket to reach its apogee and enter its final glide path. At this time a second ignition takes place in the front of the rocket. This last charge releases the nose cone and parachute recovery equipment.

Participation in rocketry enables you to gain a clear understanding of the natural forces and laws governing rocket behavior. You face some of the same technical problems confronting the professional full-scale rocket scientist.

For the serious student, with regard for the potential risk involved, a study of rocketry offers a highly valuable educational experience. And fun.

For further information, consult your nearest rocket club branch. Or write to the Canadian Association of Rocketry, 2277 Riverside Drive East, Ottawa 8, Ontario. You must be at least 10 years of age to qualify for membership. The rule book costs 25 cents. **By D. A. Coburn**



# Win awards like this Join the new C-I-L Shooting Sports Program

Thousands of young Canadians have learned to shoot and earned awards under our Dominion Marksmen Program. Now, we've changed the name to the C-I-L Shooting Sports Program and created a whole new array of impressive awards for *you* to shoot for.

If you've never thought about taking up shooting, think about this. It's a wide-open, challenging sport for young people who thrive on group competition and get a kick out of having their skill recognized. What's more, it offers exciting opportunities for you to pit your skill against other crack marksmen in local and nation-wide competitions. Every member of Canada's 1968 Olympic Rifle and Pistol Team has competed for the Dominion Marksmen awards.

The new C-I-L Shooting Sports Program will help you to develop your skill quickly and reward each step of your progress with a pin, badge or shield. Targets and awards are provided free.

All you need to get started is a group of five or more friends. Like to know all about it?

PLEASE SEND ME FULL INFORMATION ON THE  
C-I-L SHOOTING SPORTS PROGRAM.  
I AM INTERESTED IN:

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NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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# CANADA'S SPORTS



# PARADISE

BY DAVE EMPEY

# Where do Canada's best athletes come from, and why? Vancouver — because they start young and have everything to work with.

Dear cousin Jim:

Vancouver is really mint. We only been living here a year now but I'll tell you one thing — we're never going back to the east. Everybody who comes out here says that.

You know why?

Well, with me it's the sports. It hardly ever snows in Vancouver and the summer isn't so hot you don't want to do anything. You can play about anything you can think of and the tough part is picking which game you'll do next.

Like, right now I'm signed up for a minor football team — you know, guys 80 pounds and up — and we'll be kicking a soccer ball around pretty soon, too. I just finished Little League baseball and swimming classes and hiking and water skiing and tennis . . . and maybe I'll take up lacrosse next summer.

They say B.C. is the California of Canada — and you can sure see why. Remember how we used to spend all winter just playing hockey, hockey and more hockey? Well, you know dad was out playing golf here last Christmas (honest!), he got a bit wet (boy, does it rain around Vancouver!), but he still went 18 holes. I won't fink and tell you what he shot, but it was over 99.

Our Little League team plays at this mint park called Kinsmen Stadium and it's just like that Yankee Stadium you read about and see on tv, only smaller. Fences all around, this big score board and a place where they sell pop and gum and stuff.

But the best game here is soccer, I think. They have about a billion kids playing and you start in September and don't finish until the next April, playing every Saturday or Sunday. Each year they bring in teams from Seattle (that's about 150 miles away, right across the border in Washington State) or the juvenile-teams from up here go down there for the weekend.

The best thing about the soccer is the Tournament of Champions at the end of the season. That's when the top two teams from each of the seven divisions play off in the B.C. final and it's extra mint. They put a couple of the games on tv, live even, and the papers have a whole bunch of pictures and stories on the games and the Soccer Boy of the year. Some of the guys I play Little League with were in the final this year — but they lost 3-1.

All the school sports here are real big, too. They have this Shrine Game for the best two high school football teams and play it at Empire Stadium — the same place

**C**OUSIN Billy is correct. Vancouver is mint, especially if you're young, healthy, vigorous and interested in as many sports activities as you can name. The climate is undoubtedly the finest in Canada — mild, brisk enough to keep the blood flowing, unpredictable enough to save a guy from boredom, and not as wet as most easterners like to say.

It has been said that Vancouver is a setting searching for a city and that is profoundly true. Being a seaport — and one without much tradition, at all — the city of Vancouver has grown helter skelter without much significant planning or imagination. This has created some immense difficulties — including traffic congestion, ugly,

the B.C. Lions play their pro games. And my brother Steve (you remember him, the big, dumb guy who always bugs me?) played basketball at his school. It was too bad that his team wasn't good enough to make it to the B.C. championships because they had the final game for that tournament in the new Pacific Coliseum.

I ain't much for track and that running and jumping stuff, you know, but I got this friend who belongs to a track club and they're always training out at this place in Stanley Park called Brockton Oval. (Stanley Park is great, Jim, honest. There's this perfect zoo and the nine o'clock gun that always goes off at nine o'clock, naturally, and a forest right in the middle of the city.)

Anyway, that track stuff leads to the high school meet they have every year at Empire Stadium. I heard it was the biggest of its kind in North America but that might just be the people out here bragging a little, which they do a lot. But I went this spring to the meet and I'll tell you there was about 20,000 kids there from all the high schools all over town and the thing lasted for about six hours and everybody's yelling and screaming the whole time.

This was the best summer I can ever remember. We live in North Vancouver and that's right on the side of a mountain, almost, Grouse Mountain, and we'd go hiking all the time and camping out on the weekends. And it seems like everytime you look around some kid next door is getting a swimming pool built at his house. I'm working on dad for one right now . . . but I don't think I got much chance for a few years.

Sometimes we even went sailing on this sailboat that my buddy's dad owns. That's the most — out on the inlet here with a good wind blowing and the mountains and the sun and all that stuff. Or we'd water ski or just lay around on the beach.

The football team I'm on plays in the Gordon Sturtridge League and there's three divisions right on up to 16 years. They even bring in a team from Hawaii to play an exhibition game each year and they have this big jamboree where there's about 10 games going on all at once on these fields next to each other in West Vancouver.

Well, anyway Jim, I'm sorry you didn't move out here, too, because you'd like Vancouver just about as much as I do. But then I guess everybody can't live there . . . only us lucky ones.

Your cousin, Billy

deteriorating downtown areas and petty bickering in city hall. Vancouverites have reason to envy the outlook of cities like Montreal.

But the Vancouver setting remains — and every city in Canada has reason to be envious of that. It is abundantly beautiful, rich with sport potential. To the west you have the Pacific Ocean, some of the most beautiful sunsets on Earth, good fishing, and all the water sport in the world. To the north there are the mountains — Grouse, Seymour, Hollyburn — majestic, snowcapped and accessible. There are those who all but live on Grouse during the winter — they can rent a cabin and still be only a half hour drive from downtown Vancouver. *Continued on page 25*

BY RAE PARKER

# TROUBLE ON EARTH

**CONCLUSION:** Evil Uncle Heinz has come back and has taken over the world — can the kids find a way to put down the most unpopular dictator?

*Foureyes and the kids have been under sudden all-out attack by everybody in the Federation, and can't figure out why — until they learn that evil Uncle Heinz was not killed at Expo 2067, but has come back and somehow gained control of the entire Federation! Heinz and Edalb E. Fink believe they have destroyed the kids and their spaceship. But have they?*



"Just as we thought," said Foureyes after they picked themselves up off the floor. "That was our scoutship which Uncle Heinz just blew up with a Dalhousie Beam."

"Boy!" said Jeannie, "if he and that Fink guy were mad after their first surprise for us failed, imagine what they'll be like now!"

"Except they probably think they've succeeded this time," said Jim.

"In that case," said Moose, "maybe now we can take them by surprise, and help get the World Federation back into proper hands."

Foureyes threw the ship into a space-jump, and they reappeared instantly in the universe near the star Vega.

"Uncle Heinz thinks he's destroyed us," said Foureyes, "and this gives us

a chance. Now all we have to do is try to think of a way to return to Earth and overthrow his illegal government. 'Prestident' he calls himself! Hah! He'll be the worst dictator that ever lived! He'll bleed the world white in two years, and progress will be set back a hundred years, to the dark ages of the 1960's. With him and that weasel Edalb E. Fink in control, he can pick the pockets of the world's seventeen billion people who will be powerless to stop him. Anybody who doesn't do as he says will be herded into the disintegrators. We've got to find some way to overthrow him!"

"Yeh," grumbled Bingo. "I've already missed most of the hockey season. And last year we were buzzing around





space when  
Fredericton  
beat out Boston  
for the Stanley

Cup."

"Is hockey all you think about!" exclaimed Jim. "When the whole world's suffering under the thumb of a dictator! Besides, that was two years ago Fredericton won it. Last year Moscow took it from Toronto four straight."

"O yeah," said Bingo. "I forgot."

"Would somebody mind telling me how all this is going to overthrow Uncle Heinz?" asked Foureyes. "Moose, have you got any ideas?"

"Oh," said Moose. "Nothing to it. We'll get at it as soon as I finish my nap!"

"Wise guy!" Bingo groaned. "His whole life's been one long nap. The only time he opens his eyes is to make wise-cracks, or to throw his weight around and pick on me. I don't understand how anybody who sleeps so much, can be so pow-

erful  
— even  
stronger than  
me, in some things. I'm not too  
proud to admit it."

Moose opened his eyes, stretched and lumbered to his feet. "How can a guy get his proper rest with so much yacking going on? I guess I'm just not going to get any sleep until we put Foureyes' uncle behind a permanent force-field. Well, let's get at it."

"It sounds," said Foureyes, "as if you know how it can be done."

**Continued on page 19**

# A BUS NAMED WHATISIT

From Saskatoon to Expo and back or bust!  
The bus did bust, but they made it anyway.  
Here, in the words of one of the Rovers  
who survived, is (definitely) the last  
published word on Centennial Year. We promise.

BY JACK STILBORN

Fatigued by long years of bearing boisterous school children, the school bus stood, hunched down in despair, in the concealing grass of an empty lot. A 1948 Ford forty-passenger unit, this unlikely vehicle was to become the official limousine, main project and portable den of the Highwaymen Rover Scout Crew of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. Purchased for the nominal sum of \$425 in the spring of 1966, its eighteenth year, it became the object of frantic attention during the succeeding months as attempts were made to ready it for a trip to the 1966 Rover Moot in British Columbia.

This trip was successful — the bus providing its share of minor entertainments such as a catastrophe which necessitated an entire new engine. Members of the crew, however, have consistently shown an amazing ability to completely ignore certain of the less glorious aspects of the early history of their bus.

This ability to ignore the facts and proceed on faith alone was clearly shown when, in the fall of 1966, it became known to shocked parents and innocent bystanders that the Crew intended to mount its burgundy steed sometime in the distant summer, point it into the sunrise, and flog it to Expo.

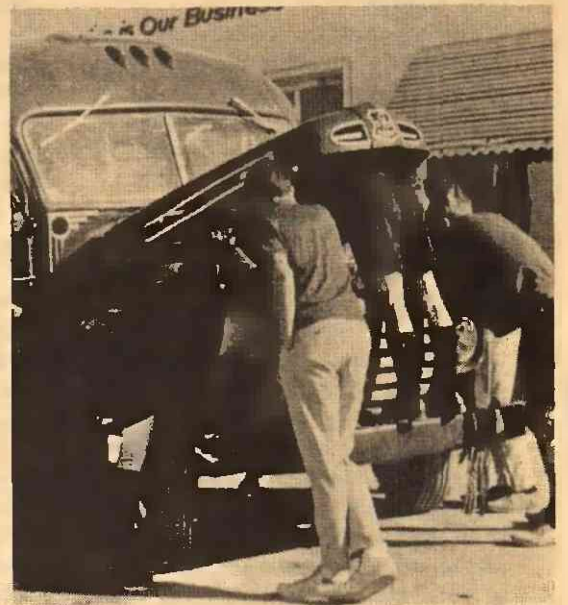
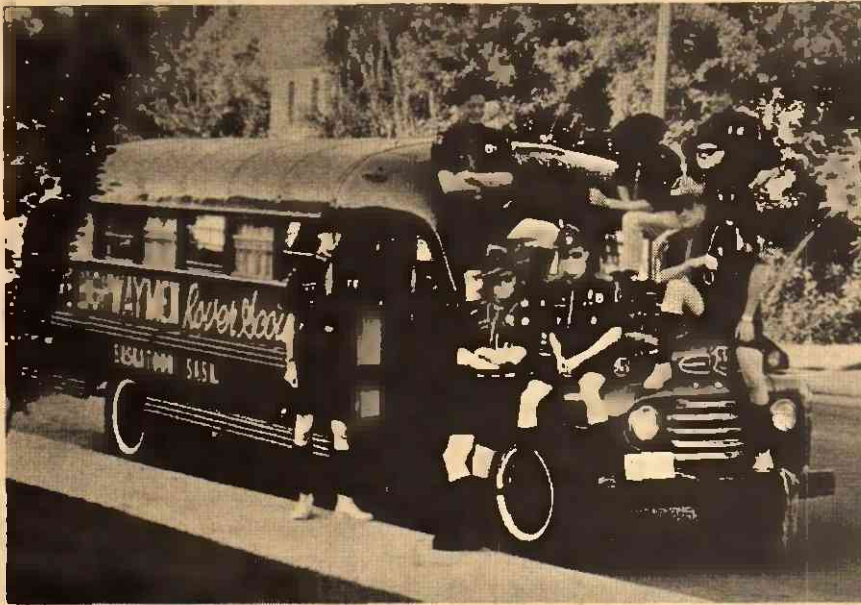
Concrete plans were drawn up and work proceeded on the bus. Operations designed to repair the damage caused by the last trip merged imperceptibly into preparations for the upcoming one. Unrepaired mechanical ailments having been either hidden or disguised, sanding blocks were vigorously applied to the interior causing paint dust and sand to drift through the noisy atmosphere into gaping mouths and eyes below. Thus smoothed, the interior was given a "lustrous" coat of lime paint — the shade turning out to be disconcertingly similar to that found in service station restrooms. Shelves were erected at the back, a radio was installed and curtains were hung to supplement the early Danish (very, very early Danish) style seating arrangements which had been set up before the B.C. trip (Rover Scout ingenuity can be seen here in that bars can be inserted across the bus between the seats and the seat backs laid on the bars to convert the entire seating area into a cushioned

sleeping space). Various gauges were installed — notably a 1958 Edsel speedometer which was placed at several locations, finally taking up residence in the open glove-compartment from where, during the early part of the trip, it added a frenzied neighing to various other noises which jarred our ears. Eventually, the bus was pronounced ready and stood in regal majesty among the numerous junked vehicles which surrounded it in the service station yard where it was parked. Numbers of passersby were drawn over, gape-mouthed, to ask such technical questions as "What is it?" and "Are you them Rovers?"

After much packing and repacking, all our luggage was crammed in and it remained only to get in and go. At 7:32 a.m., C.S.T., on August 20, 1967, we got in and went, departing from the Grosvenor Park United Church and leaving our Rover leader, Don Silverson and a haggard-looking group of parents standing by the curb smiling and mechanically moving their hands up and down. Spirits in the bus soared as we pointed its snout down Saskatchewan Highway 11 and Foster Jansen, the first driver, made with the gas pedal. Smiles of joy quickly became grimaces of anguish as the ears of the eight vacationers: Mat Phenix (mate), Foster Jansen, Rob Webb, *continued on page 14*



Adventures  
in Canada



## A Bus Named Whatisit

Continued from page 12

John Crabb, Peter Gerard, John Nanson, John Waddington and Jack Stilborn, were assaulted by the following: the aforementioned speedometer pouring forth the agony of its little soul, and a loud and jarring vibration, felt as much as heard, which threatened to shake the bus apart at speeds above 50 miles per hour. Morale sagged still lower when it was found that we were getting only six miles per gallon of gas. Driving in two shifts, we soon pattered into Regina where it was found that the bus' six volt electrics had been violated with several 12 volt parts, thus causing the poor mileage.

Having absorbed a \$26 repair bill, we settled in to endure the four hours of vibro-massage necessary to get us to Virden, Manitoba where we stopped at Pleasant Acres Farm owned by Matt's aunt.

Gradually we settled into a travel routine and so it was that all was calm as we pounded down a hill 10 miles east of Kenora. The uniform noise of the vibrations was suddenly punctuated by a rending crash followed by a series of very destructive sounding clanks. We coasted to a stop under a pall of deathly silence. Fearful glances under the flanks of our beloved vehicle showed that the drive-shaft had snapped off — the rear section dropping down and being bent in upon itself, when hitting the road. Several of us, during the ensuing wait for a made-up part, hiked back along the highway and found several pieces of our drive-line. Several other pieces remain — a permanent contribution by the Crew to the scenic landscape of North Western Ontario.

Much travelling back and forth between the bus and the Kenora Machine Shop, labor under the bus and, most of all, spending of money (\$148 all told) finally got us back on the road after a delay of about 30 hours. The vibration at speed was worse than before but at least we were moving.

Steady driving and steady vibrations for a period of 24 hours brought us to the Denison Mines uranium plant at Elliot Lake where we had arranged a tour in the evening. After much sorefooted trudging along gang-planks, much breathing of sulphur-

polluted atmosphere and much blank staring at vats of moiling gook we re-treated to the bus. The more technically inclined of the crew had derived much interesting information and the rest of us were very impressed with both the size and the complexity of the operation.

A night and most of a day of relatively uneventful driving (excepting when the bus stalled because of more 12 volt electricals) brought us to Ottawa where we rebalanced the replacement driveshaft and visited National Scout Headquarters. At Headquarters we purchased considerable quantities of uniform pieces, badges, etc., and were impressed by the small museum at the front of the building. In the evening we saw the Sound and Light display at Parliament Hill and were able to obtain occasional glances at the sun setting across the river while eluding a hostile gendarmerie. The following day we tested the bus and found it greatly improved. We also paid a second visit to National Scout Headquarters where it was arranged to provide this article to Canadian Boy. Later in the day, after touring the Parliament Buildings, we left Ottawa to arrive in Montreal in the evening, taking up residence at a service station. The owner was amused to note that for supper we eagerly disposed of a large pot of pea soup.

Expo was many things — each individual making of it what he chose. Suffice it to say that we all thoroughly enjoyed it. During our stay in Montreal we had the bus shaft again rebalanced — thus finally removing all traces of vibration.

After a hectic week at Expo and a visit to Quebec City we found ourselves once again in the bus, this time heading back west by the novel device of going south. Our junket south took us across the American border and through the green fields and grey

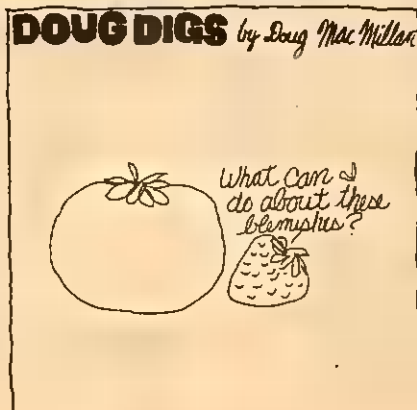
haze of New York State. After our first day of travel we stopped for food and rest at Selkirk Shores on Lake Ontario and the foolhardy and the brave waged a refreshing war against its icy waves. Then, reluctantly, it was back into the bus and on to our destination: the Kodak plant at Rochester. A fascinating half-day was spent touring parts of this enterprise and marvelling at its efficiency.

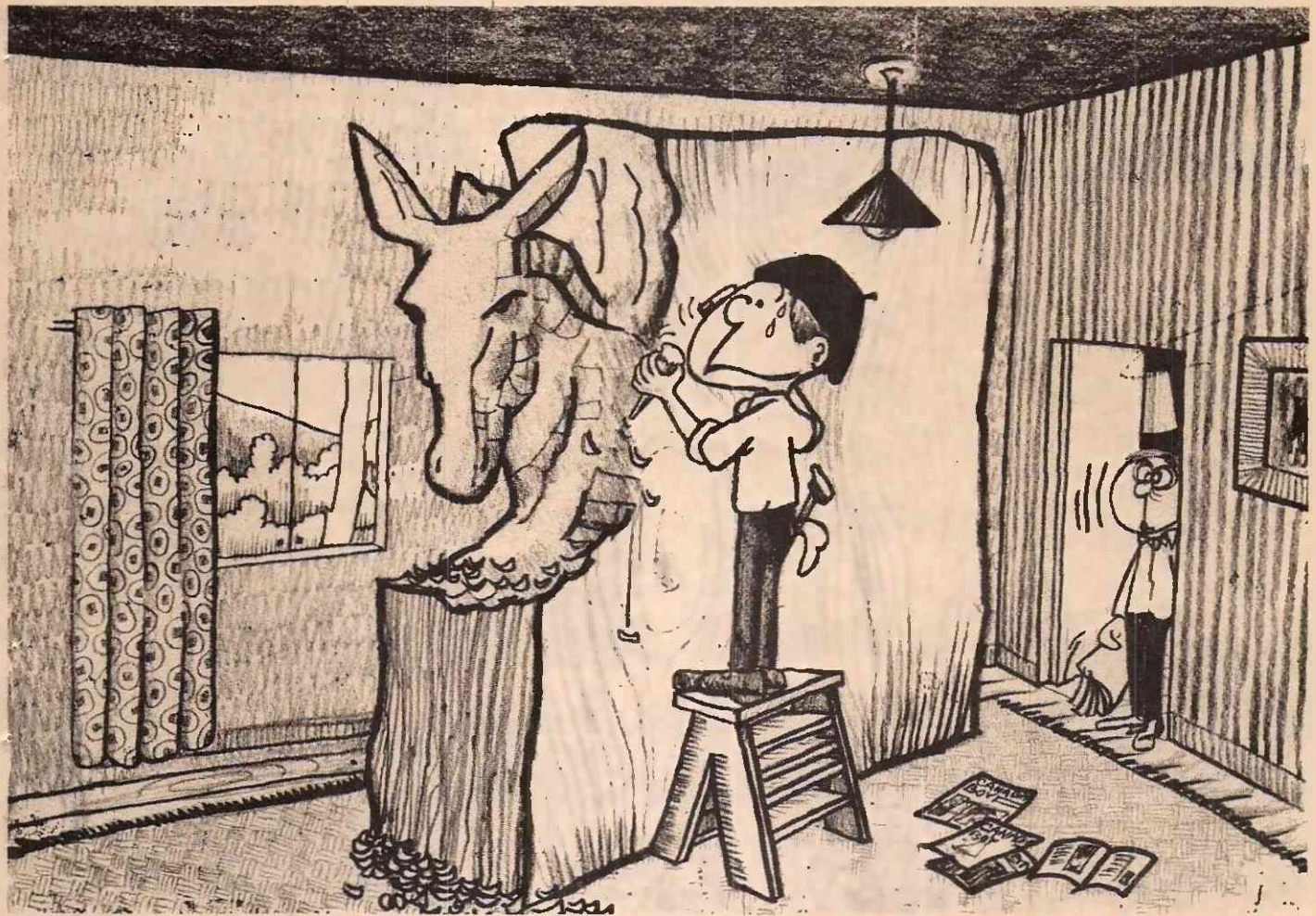
Having paid our homage to industry we set out for Niagara Falls which fell short, as most things do, of our expectations. Still, we were dazzled by the effect of the lights on the water at night. Also in the Niagara area, we spent a very enjoyable few hours in communion with the algae of Dufferin Island swimming hole — the current being strong enough to slide us along the slippery rock of the stream bed. In the early evening we departed to steer an erratic and halting course through the orchard country as we headed for Toronto and a meal at the home of Linda Sword, whom we had met in Montreal. Seated peacefully in lawn chairs we resurrected the phrases of civilized conversation and ate salad. Our hostess gave us a guided tour of Toronto which included the City Hall, the University, and Yorkville where our Scout uniforms announced to everyone our membership in the "establishment". Having explored Yorkville we went back to the bus and bed — looking forward to the following morning when we would tour Casa Loma. Some of us went on the tour while others readied the bus for the drive to Saskatchewan. Casa Loma, it goes without saying, was extremely interesting. Ah, the rich.

Shortly after noon we droned onto Toronto's immense digestive tract of freeways and exited. We decided to drive steadily until our final destination was reached. With the exception of a stop at Kakabeka Falls, and meal and gas stops, we did just that.

On September 10 at 1:20 p.m. we re-entered home-port, so to speak, and after sorting our way through masses of luggage which nobody seemed to own, we dined on barbecued steaks at our Rover Leader, Don Silverson's, and became accustomed to speaking of our trip in the past tense.

It remains only to say that, as of this writing, the bus is still in good health and we are looking forward to a trip through the Rocky Mountains this summer.





# TURN YOUR WHITTLING INTO WOOD-CARVING

by  
Bart  
Hayzen

Most boys whittle at one time or another, but Mom's not too pleased when she finds wood shavings all over the place. She grumbles to Dad, who warns you with a little twinkle in his eyes; he's thinking, when he was a kid he whittled on everything that was loose and on some things that weren't so loose around the house.

So tell Dad you're going in for wood-carving and enlist his help. Suggest you'll wash the car and rake the lawn, or shovel snow if it's that time of year, that you want to earn a really good pocket-knife, costing between \$5.00 and \$7.00. You want good quality steel and a strong spring. A weak spring may cause the blade to close suddenly across your fingers.

Dad will approve your caution and so will Mom when you ask her for some assorted Band-aids to keep by, just in case. Then ask Dad if you can borrow his handsaw from time to time to cut wood to the length you want. Your local lumberyard will cut wood lengths to the width and breadth without extra charge, but you'll need to get Dad to help you pick out clear first-run grade pine; avoid hard wood or a wood with coarse splintery grain. Also, steer clear of heavy coarse sandpapers, which will scratch the wood. You'll want fine sandpapers to work down your wood slowly. Mom may have this for kitchen use, so make her feel she's pitching in when you ask her for some.

Strips of wood two inches by four inches are best for a start, and when the lumberyard foreman hears from an eager boy what he wants the wood for, he may just let him have odd leftover lengths for a few cents. Then, get out the handsaw and cut off some six inch lengths and you're all set to go.

Now, where will you get your models? Illustrated school books like "Black Beauty" are ideal, or the comics are sources of ideas. These may be better for you, so that if your knife slips a little deep into the wood or you cut off part of one ear, well, that's all in the spirit of

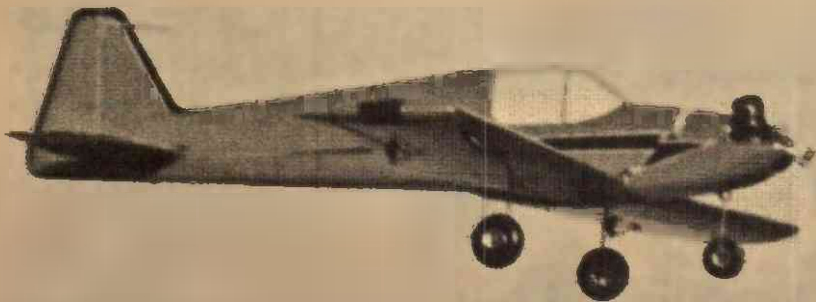
comic cartoons and comic models.

Say you're going to copy a mule from a comic strip. Your wood is two inches thick. Draw a centre line around the block with a pencil. This is to keep your carving centred so that the head and tail will be centre to the body. The mule has long slender ears and four knobby legs. You'll want to keep the strength of the wood in these more fragile ends, so roughly outline your figure on the block, trying to keep the grain of the wood running with the ears and legs. The cross-grain should be in the thick stomach and hindquarters where the bulk will keep it from splitting.

You should now have the outline of the mule on both the wide sides of the block. Outline the head at one end and a long tail at the other. Start cutting away the wood outside the outline, cutting clear through the two-inch block. When you've done this, Mom may laugh and say it looks like you've been using her cookie cutter; Then mark with a pencil a division line between the ears and the same with the legs; don't forget the knobby knees and big feet. Don't worry if your carving exaggerates a bit — you're copying a comic animal.

Remove all wood between the legs and ears, then round out the body, tapering

*Continued on page 23*



## *It's the Only Way to Fly*

BY ART LARGE

*If your income is the average three dollars a week and you save every cent of it and find you still can't afford real flying lessons, try R/C.*

*Photo Courtesy of Model Airplane News*

If you've always had a desire to fly, but you can't afford a full-size aircraft, flying radio controlled model aircraft is the hobby-sport for you.

Although at one time it required a lot of electronic know-how, this is not true today. The latest proportional type radio control units can be purchased complete, ready to install in the model of your choice: aircraft, boats, or cars. However, my hang-up is aircraft, so this article will be confined to them.

You deserve to be warned that R/C flying is an expensive hobby. But it is one of the most enjoyable and worthwhile hobby-sports you can become involved with, because it embraces so many aspects of skill, understanding, craftsmanship, science, art, and sheer fun. If you find yourself facing a seemingly insurmountable financial barrier, group up with some other people interested in starting R/C flying and make it a sort of club project or group effort.

The aspect of competition is there, too, and that's why R/C modelling is more than a hobby. It's a true hobby-sport, and you can get into contests locally, regionally,

nationally and, eventually, the "Internats" and world championships.

If you're thinking of starting with second-hand equipment, be careful. Ask someone who knows you and R/C for the best place to buy. Better get everything brand new, with factory warranty signed, sealed and delivered.

For the uninitiated, radio control amounts to exactly what the name implies: the ability to control a model by radio from a distance. The basic requirements are a transmitter, a receiver, and servos or actuators.

The idea behind radio control is to transmit a command from a control point to the model being controlled. The model should react precisely as directed. In other words, you can make the model perform all the maneuvers accomplished by the full-sized aircraft.

A complete model would have the following controls: engine, rudder, aileron, and elevator. These will enable you to be in complete control of the aircraft at all times. Although it is possible to fly an aircraft with fewer controls, for instance rudder and engine only, the use of these two controls will limit the number of maneuvers that

these small planes are capable of performing.

To show why it is better to use four main controls, here is what these controls do.

**Engines:** It is essential for the flyer to be able to control the engine speed from minimum to maximum whenever he wants to. This is achieved by the actuator connected to the carburetor of the model engine. The engine must be of a type designed for R/C flying, not a free-flight engine that has no throttle on it.

**Rudder:** The rudder is the hinged, flat movable section attached to the rear of the vertical fin of the aircraft. It is used mostly to control the aircraft when it is on the ground, since it is connected to the nose wheel or to the tail wheel, depending on the type of plane you're operating. Certain types of aircraft can be steered in the air more easily by rudder alone. Other types are more easily controlled by ailerons.

**Ailerons:** The ailerons are the movable parts of the wings, used primarily to maintain lateral balance while flying. There are two kinds, strip ailerons and conventional ailerons. However, strip ailerons are confined to model aircraft and are most commonly used on non-scale models (not really "models" of real planes, but especially designed for hobby flying by R/C). As well as being used to maintain lateral balance the ailerons may also be used to bank or roll the plane. In conjunction with the elevator, the ailerons are the controls most widely used for steering model aircraft during a flight.

**Elevators:** The elevator is the hinged, flat movable section attached to the rear of the tailplane or stabilizer (stab, for short). Its main function is to raise or lower the plane during flight and it is used in the performance of inside and outside loops.

While these are the four main controls used on model aircraft, it should be noted that other controls can be added, such as retractable undercarriage, flaps, bomb-dropping devices, parachutes, and smoke trails. I have just touched lightly on the surface of the subject, and further information can be obtained from any of the R/C magazines on the newsstands. Incidentally, *Beginner's Guide to Radio Control* by R. H. Warring, reviewed in the *Books* column in this issue of CB, is in my opinion the most up-to-date book I have seen on the subject.

Now that I've explained what you'll need to get airborne, let's move on to the actual flying.

Flying R/C models is not quite as easy as it looks to the casual observer. It requires a great deal of skill and experience to accomplish a successful flight and to land the plane in one piece.



R/C club member gasses his plane and checks it out before takeoff.

First of all, it is important beyond doubt to get the engine peaked to just below maximum revs at high speed and, at low throttle, be slow enough to ensure that the engine will not stop or pull the plane along the ground. With the engine running from low through to high, all controls must function perfectly.

When all the controls have been checked out — and these should be checked every time before you make any attempt to fly — we now taxi our plane to the take-off position. This should be into the wind and facing down the runway. We ease forward on the engine control stick, making sure we're steering the plane in a straight line. The plane starts to move forward and it will gather speed when the control stick is pushed forward to maximum. Ease back slightly on the elevator stick and the plane will become airborne. We hold the elevator stick in the same position until we have gained a good altitude (the higher, the better), then ease off the elevator stick to a neutral position, and the plane will level out.

Push the aileron stick slightly to the left and, at the same time, ease back just a small amount on the elevator stick. The plane will bank and execute a gentle turn to its left. If the stick is held in this position, the plane will continue in a complete circle without losing height. As we have completed one full circle, the plane will now be flying upwind again.

Since this is our first flight, I wouldn't advise you to try any maneuvers whatsoever. If a beginner attempts more intricate maneuvers at this early stage, the results could be disastrous!

The plane is now soaring along fine and you feel great. Continue to try a few more gentle turns to the left and right, and try to trim the model out with the trim controls on the transmitter.

Now comes the hardest part — landing it in one unscratched piece! Pull back on the engine throttle control stick to about the halfway mark, then gently bank the plane to the left with the aileron and elevator, and proceed to a downwind position. The plane should be losing altitude slightly. Bank to the left once again, still using aileron and elevator, until we are (Continued on page 30)



Closeup of biplane — wingspan, five feet. In foreground, the transmitter.

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## Trouble on Earth

Continued from page 11

Moose blinked. "Sure. Doesn't everybody?" He looked at each of the others in turn, but his gaze was met by blank stares in every case. "Oh!" he said, and considered, wondering if it was really as simple as he had first assumed. But he could find no obvious flaw in the solution. "Didn't somebody say that President Hallenday — I mean ex-President Hallenday, and 142 members of congress weren't executed, but thrown into prison?"

"Yes," said Foureyes. "But that won't do us any good. We don't know where they're being held prisoners. And even if we did, we still wouldn't know where to find Uncle Heinz, who's obviously ruling the world from some safe hiding place. I don't imagine he's a popular dictator! Too many people hate him and are afraid of him — like maybe seventeen billion people. How do you propose we find both the prison of the proper leaders, and the hiding place of Uncle Heinz?"

"Jeannie's ESP," said Moose. "Now can I get some sleep?"

Foureyes slapped his forehead with the palm of his hand. "Of course! Jeannie could find them all with very little trouble, using her Extra Sensory Perception. An ESPer can find anything, especially with the pre-cognition type of ESP Jeannie has!"

Even with ESP, it took them nearly two days after they landed secretly to find the imprisoned world leaders.

They finally located the prison deep in the underground caverns of Arizona. With Jeannie's help it was not difficult to avoid the various alarm systems that were set up to warn intruders. Jim, an expert in karate, quickly took care of the single guard. Moose flicked off the switch which maintained the imprisoning force-field. Actually, all the guard was there for was to keep his eye on the computer which maintained the force-field, dole out the necessary food to keep the prisoners alive, and also emit a program of planned tortures designed to break down the prisoners' willpower.

"If we'd been there many days longer," said the Honorable Paul Hallenday, proper President of the World

Federation, "we would have done almost anything — perhaps even agreed to that monster Einfeinstein's demands — to get out of there. These soundwave tortures are extremely subtle, but very effective over a length of time. I'm sure I speak for not only the World Federation but for all of civilization when I thank you most emphatically for effecting our escape!"

"However," said the President, "our freedom is at best of doubtful worth while Heinz Einfeinstein is still free with his greedy fingers grasped around the world's neck."

"Ex-excuse me, s-sir," said Foureyes. "But this girl, Jeannie Kennedy, will be able to find my Uncle Heinz's hideout with her ESP."

"I had forgotten for a moment," said the President, "that you are that man's nephew. Strange how so much bad and so much good can come out of the same family. Did you say this wisp of a child has a developed ESP? It doesn't seem possible."

"It's true, sir! Her ability to see things before they happen has been very helpful on several occasions."

"If that's true, she will be helpful on this occasion also. We should be able to find your uncle's hideout in a matter of minutes."

"Minutes, sir? I'm afraid it might take a few days. You see . . ."

"Not if she's as good as you say!"

"But sir, we might have to fly over the whole world before . . ."

"We don't have time for that. Miss Kennedy, may I call you Jeannie?"

"Y-y-y-yes sir," said Jeannie, amazed and frightened by being spoken to by the great man.

"Now, could you tell me whether Mr. Einfeinstein is in the eastern, or the western hemisphere?"

Jeannie considered while Foureyes knocked his forehead with his knuckles. "The old elimination trick," he thought. "I'm a dolt for not thinking of that myself!"

Finally Jeannie said. "He's in the western hemisphere."

"North or south of the equator?"

"North."

"Inside or out of North America?"

"Inside."

"United States or Canada?"

"Canada."

"Eastern or Western?"

"Western."

"Prairies or the mountains?"

"Prairies."

"Manitoba or Saskatchewan?"

"Manitoba."

Foureyes exclaimed, "Of course! My own Space-Jumper Corporation! Which I inherited when Uncle Heinz became an outlaw two years ago! Who would think of looking for him there?"

"Yes!" said Jeannie. "My ESP tells me that's exactly where he is!"

"This girl's better than a computer!" said the smiling President. The 142 members of the World Congress who had also been imprisoned cheered and applauded Jeannie's successful display.

"Let's go get them!" yelled Bingo, carried away with enthusiasm. "I get first crack at that lousy space-pirate's neck, which I'll tear off and heave into orbit around the . . . oops — 'scuse me, Mr. President, I forgot myself."

President Hallenday laughed. "I understand your enthusiasm, Mr. Bletch. But I'm afraid Heinz Einfeinstein will have to stand trial first — that is, if we capture him!"

"Of course, sir," Bingo said happily, his head swollen at least two sizes from being addressed as 'Mr. Bletch'.

"I suggest," said the President, "that in order to preserve the element of surprise, these people with me remain here while I accompany you. To avoid the risk of being detected by radar or by watchful eyes, Foureyes detached the Mole, an underground vehicle, from the spaceship. They burrowed through the ground, a mile below the surface, at the Mole's top speed of about 140 mph. In a few hours they were directly beneath the property of Space-Jumper Corporation. Slowing down to a crawl, the Mole began to burrow upward. "I'll try to ease it out of the ground inside of one of the empty warehouses, then we can look around from there."

"How far are we from the surface now?" asked President Hallenday.

"We'll reach the surface in ten minutes," said Foureyes.

But after only six minutes the ship lurched suddenly, and seemed to fall about ten feet before it steadied and continued burrowing. "We must have hit an underground air-pocket, or a small cavern," said Foureyes. "It happens sometimes."

The ship went six feet farther, then fell again. "What the heck!" exclaimed Foureyes. "Another one? Must be a, big one, because only the bottom burrowing blades are register-

Continued on page 27

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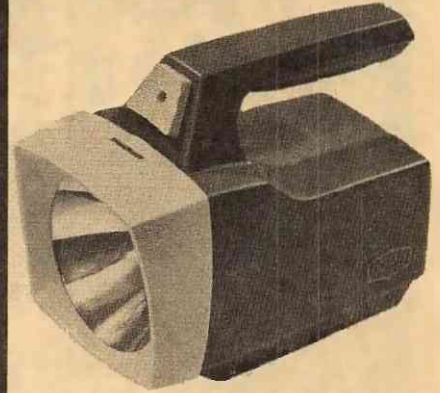
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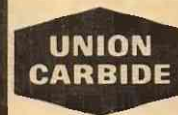
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The "Eveready" 112 Lantern runs on five ordinary "Eveready" flashlight batteries. You can find these in almost any store, almost anywhere. So you will never run out of batteries again and have to search for hours to replace them. And there's more that's special about this lantern. The "Eveready" 112 Lantern is weather-proof. Its rugged "Cordahide" polyethylene casing stands up to the hottest sun and the coldest day. It resists oils, greases and most chemicals too. And the "Eveready" 112 Weatherproof Lantern is lightweight. Oh yes, one more thing that makes the "Eveready" 112 Weatherproof an extraordinary lantern: without batteries, it sells for under \$5.00.



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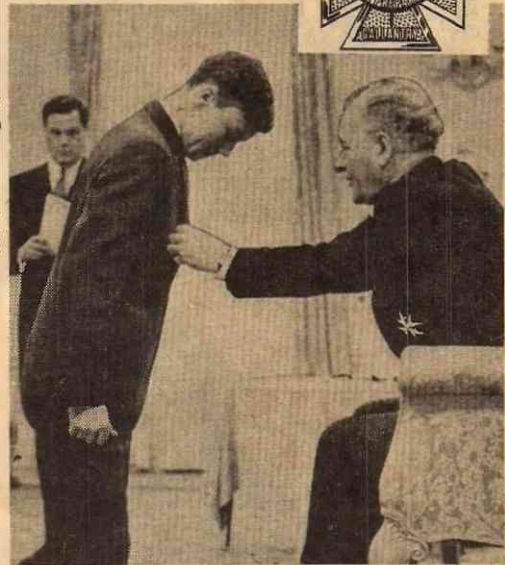
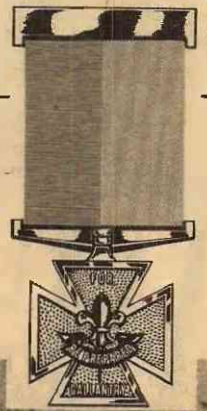


# AWARD FOR VALOUR...

A GROUP OF BOYS WERE FISHING IN A DANGEROUS PROHIBITED AREA OF TWELVE MILE CREEK IN ST. CATHERINES, ONTARIO, ON APRIL 15, 1963... SUDDENLY, JOHN ELLIS, 10, SLIPPED ON THE MOSSY RAMP HE WAS STANDING ON AND PLUNGED INTO THE 10-FOOT-DEEP WATER... AS HE WAS FALLING, HIS BROTHER TERRY, 8, TRIED TO GRAB HIM, AND FELL IN TOO... THE YOUNGER BOY PANICKED AND GRIPPED HIS BROTHER, PULLING HIM UNDER THE WATER... GARY TUDHOPE, 13 JUMPED IN, PULLED THE TWO BOYS APART, AND HAULED THEM BOTH TO SHORE, PULLING TERRY AND LETTING JOHN CLING TO HIS BACK.



THE QUICK, UNHESITATING ACTION OF SCOUT GARY TUDHOPE OF THE 25th ST. CATHERINES TROOP, EARNED HIM THE GILT CROSS, PRESENTED TO HIM AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE IN OTTAWA BY GOVERNOR-GENERAL MICHENER....



## Wheels

There is one sure way to start an argument among car enthusiasts — just ask who makes the world's fastest automobile.

Almost everyone has his own opinion. Ford, Lancia, Jaguar, Corvette, Lotus . . . each maker has strong support. But, according to the official 1968 World Car Catalogue, published by Herald Books, New York, the Ford fans win.

The world's fastest production automobile is the Ford Mark Four, a light, low sports car similar to the model that won the LeMans 24-hour race in 1966.

The Ford Mark Four, powered by a 530-horsepower V-8 racing engine, has been clocked at 211 miles per hour! This is well above the speed of its nearest competitor, the Ferrari 330 P4, which has a top speed of 198.8 mph.

In third place is Great Britain's Lola-Aston Martin, at 193 mph, followed by the Alpine Renault Gordini of France and the Lamborghini P400

Miura of Italy, each with a top limit of 186.4 mph.

Other extremely fast sports cars are the Aston Martin DB6 at 162 mph, the ISO Griffio Lusso 350 at 161 mph, the Chevrolet Corvette Super Coupe at 160 mph, the Maserati Sebring at 158 mph, the Excalibur SS Phaeton at 155 mph, the Jaguar 4.2-litre "E" at 153 mph, and Ford's large-engine Mustang, which will do 138 miles per hour.

Among the large highway cars, the Buick Riviera and the Plymouth GTX top out at 132 mph followed by the Oldsmobile Toronado and the Mercury Seven-Litre Cougar, each capable of 131 mph.

The Dodge Charger and the Thunderbird Landau have a listed speed of 125 mph.

The slowest car in the world? Officially, it appears to be the German Glas Goggomobile T250 with its two-stroke 13.6-horsepower engine and a top speed of — here it comes! — 44.7 miles per hour!

Over short distances, this speed is easily matched by a race horse or a greyhound, which attain speeds in the neighborhood of 45 to 50 in the home stretch.

By Roger Appleton

## WHITTLING

Continued from page 15

the neck into the head. Shape the head roughly, leaving it a little larger than it will end up, and if the wood is a little rough from knife cuts, smooth it down with the fine sandpaper. This will make the surface easier to draw on with a pencil. So sketch out the halter, the eyes, a large nose and a tongue which you should try to show swinging out of the mouth like a large leaf.

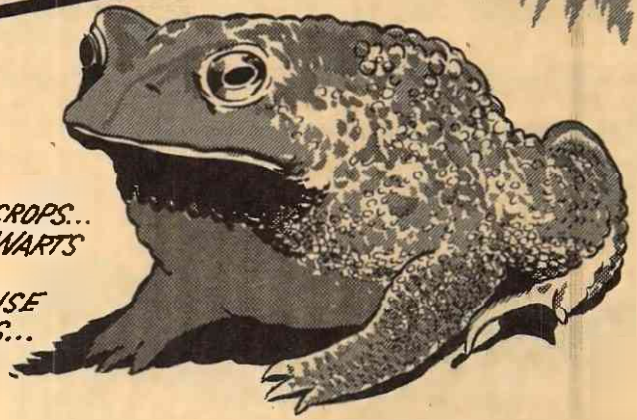
Make a one-eighth inch cut each side of the halter line, then pare off the wood so as to leave a raised halter and start shaping the mule's head. You should now have a rough block resembling a mule, so start working with sandpaper and knife blade; shape out the eyes, tongue and hollows in the ears. Then smooth and finish the entire carving with the fine sandpaper.

Well, you've had a lot of fun and probably given the family some laughs too! But, if your first two or three models seem odd-looking, try, try, try again. Later on, you'll be able to get Mom or Dad to help you get a lacquer or stain finish on the wood.

# CANADATA...

## Toads

ARE REGARDED AS FRIENDS TO THE CANADIAN FARMER... A TOAD EATS NEARLY EVERY KIND OF INSECT THAT IS HARMFUL TO CROPS... WARTS DO NOT COME FROM HANDLING TOADS! WARTS ORDINARILY RESULT FROM PERSISTENT SKIN IRRITATIONS.. THE SUPERSTITION AROSE BECAUSE THE TOAD IS COVERED WITH WART-LIKE BUMPS...

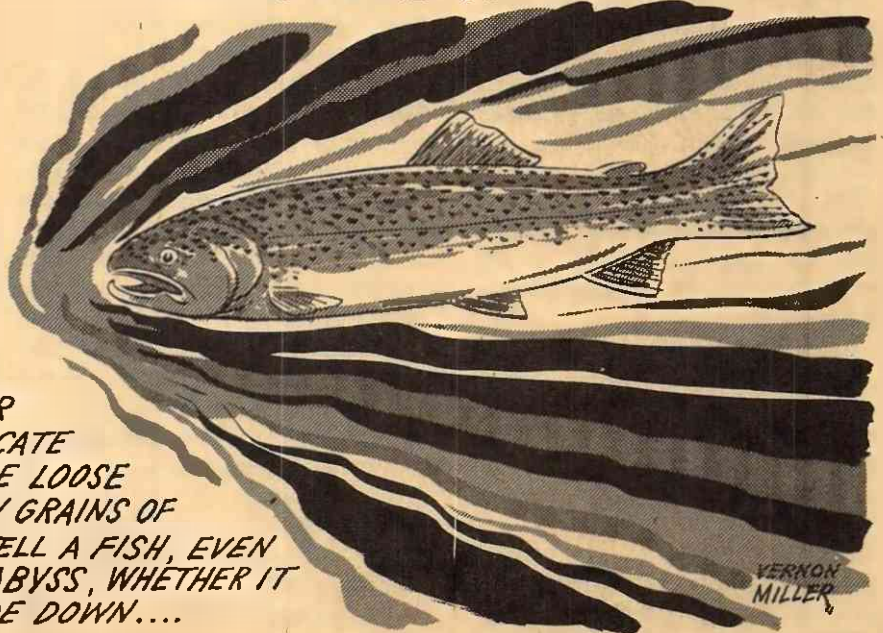


## The MALLARD

MOST NUMEROUS OF ALL DUCKS, THE MALLARD RANGES OVER MOST OF CANADA. PRIZED BY HUNTERS, HE IS ALSO ADMIRIED BY POULTRYMEN BECAUSE HE IS THE ANCESTOR OF ALMOST EVERY IMPORTANT VARIETY OF OUR DOMESTIC DUCKS.... THE MALLARD RANKS AS THE MOST IMPORTANT DUCK IN THE WORLD AND IS THE SECOND MOST IMPORTANT FOWL, NEXT TO THE JUNGLE FOWL, ANCESTOR OF ALL DOMESTIC CHICKENS.

## Most FISH

HAVE SMALL ORGANS CALLED STATOCYSTS, INNER CAVITIES LINED WITH DELICATE HAIRS AND CONTAINING SOME LOOSE OBJECTS SIMILAR TO A FEW GRAINS OF SAND... THE STATOCYSTS TELL A FISH, EVEN IN THE BLACKNESS OF AN ABYSS, WHETHER IT IS RIGHT SIDE UP OR UPSIDE DOWN....



VERNON MILLER

## Sports Paradise

*Continued from page 9*

Skiing, then, is a natural.

The winter climate is so mild that, as cousin Billy says, you can play golf at Christmas. You will probably be a bit cold and a bit wet, but if you are a golf nut chances are you could play around 300 rounds each year. And, remember, this is B.C., not Florida.

Ironically, the temperate weather all but eliminates the sport that Canada is best known for — hockey. There is little or no natural ice in the Vancouver area and only a handful of the people are good skaters. There's hope for hockey, but it's only slim. The winter clubs and municipal rinks have developed programs for the kids but it is impossible to keep up with the rapidly increasing population. Like California, B.C. attracts invaders from everywhere — and most stay on.

But if hockey is fighting a losing cause, it may be the only sport doing so. Football, lacrosse, tennis, basketball, soccer, baseball, track, swimming, golf, rugby, you name it — they are all thriving. The wilderness is so close at hand that the area has become a natural paradise for the fisherman, the hiker, the hunter, or simply the nature lover! Step outside your door in some parts of Vancouver, take a 10-minute walk and you're alone with a forest.

All of this has produced some talented and highly successful young athletes. Perhaps, Harry Jerome and Elaine Tanner are the best known.

Jerome grew up in Vancouver, played football for North Van high school, gradually shifted his attentions full-time to track and eventually owned a chunk of both the 100-yards and 100-metres world records. In short, for a few years no man on Earth could run any faster than Harry Jerome.

His biggest disappointment came in the 1960 Olympics, when he finished last in the 100-metre semi-finals, but his biggest trial came after the 1962 British Empire Games. Jerome came away from Perth, Australia, with a torn thigh muscle and the doctors thought he'd never run again.

Harry did return, though, fast enough to tie the world records again and win a gold medal in the 1967 Pan-American games at Winnipeg. Now he's shooting for the Mexico

City Olympics in October.

Then there's Miss Mighty Mouse, Elaine Tanner. She now lives in Winnipeg, but Miss Tanner became a legend while swimming in Vancouver.

Mighty Mouse eventually went on to win four gold and three silver medals at the 1966 BEG and Commonwealth Games (setting two world records to boot) and then two more gold and three silver at the Pan-Am, where she also broke a pair of world marks. "Ever since I started," Elaine says, "I couldn't just get in the water and goof around. I had to try."

The try started at Vancouver's Canadian Dolphins Swim Club, the top club in the west when it comes to producing agile youngsters who mow down records everytime you blink your eye. She was so brilliant swimming in age-group competition that Elaine turned senior at the tender age of 12 and soon began to dominate the pool. Her key to success? Sheer determination to do better each time she hits the water. Her goal? The Olympics, of course, and don't think she won't give it all she has.

There are many examples like Jerome and Miss Tanner. John Ferguson, the rough, tough forward for the Montreal Canadiens of the National Hockey League, grew up in Vancouver's east end where he learned to fight to survive. Fergie was a rink rat at the Vancouver Forum and eventually became one of the finest lacrosse players ever before concentrating on hockey.

The B.C. Lions have many local products, including flanker Sonny Homer, place-kicker Ted Gerela (his brother, Metro, is currently trying out with the famous Green Bay Packers of the National Football League) and quarterback Pete Ohler.

And Canada's international teams in almost any sport you'd like to name — rowing, boxing, weightlifting, sailing, tennis, badminton, probably even tiddlywinks — usually seem to have more than their share of Vancouver athletes.

But the future crop figures to be even better than the fine group of athletes already spawned by Vancouver's sports world. The high schools have built an extensive sports system on top of the excellent minor leagues in almost every game. Led by the faithfuls who want to develop the young athlete to his peak, the schools have come up with three showpiece events — the high school track meet,

the Shrine Game and the B.C. basketball championship tournament. All three are dramatic and thrilling experiences for the boys involved.

The track meet is a classic extravaganza, a full day of screaming mobs of kids and bristling races as the runners, leapers and jumpers give it their best. The crowd generally hits 20,000 at Empire Stadium, the arena built for the 1954 British Empire Games.


The Shrine Game has been in existence for only two years but already it's captured the imagination of the public. The 1967 battle ended in a 13-13 tie between Britannia and Vancouver College (really a high school) and 7,432 fans poured into Empire Stadium to watch.

The basketball tournament is something else. For four days the 16 representative schools battle it out until finally you have a B.C. champion. More than 23,000 fans turned out for the 1967 tourney and the Coliseum crowd for the last game topped 7,000. As usual, the newspapers plastered their pages with pictures and stories on the players.

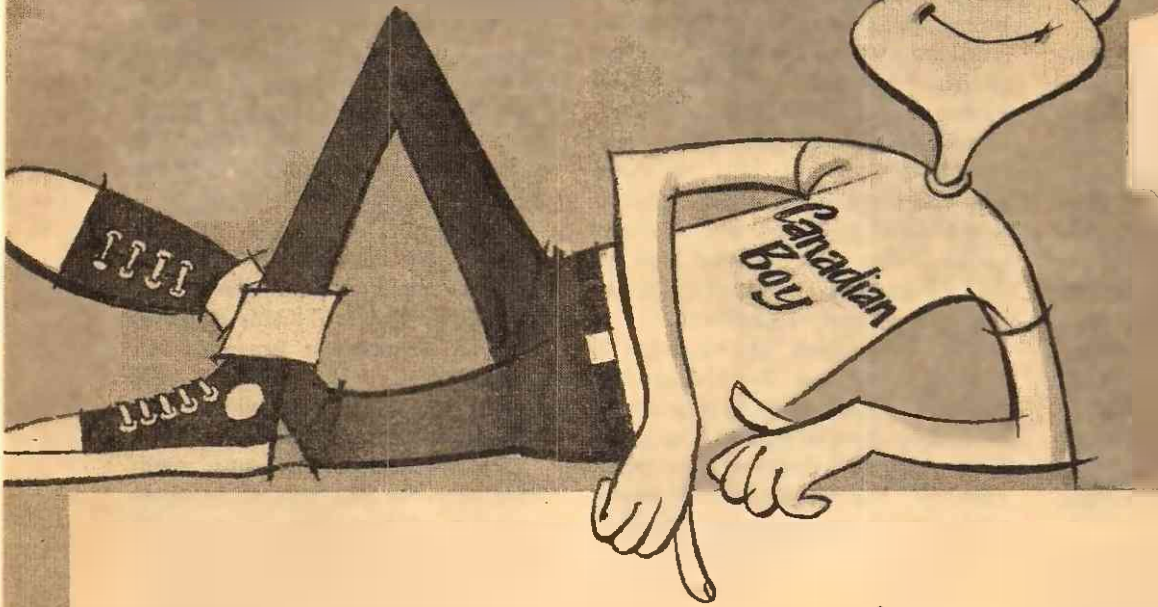
At the same time, a whole new dimension in Canadian sports has opened up at Simon Fraser University, where they hand out athletic scholarships for football, basketball and track. At SFU the program calls for dedication and excellence, combining the best of the Canadian scholastic system (namely high grade standards) and American enthusiasm for college sports. In the long run, SFU may do more for Vancouver athletes than any other institution.

But it all starts at the roots. There are 10,000 boys registered to play soccer in B.C. and probably another 5,000 who aren't officially registered but are having just as much fun as anyone. Lacrosse is expanding so quickly on the minor level they can't find enough sticks to go around, the swimming and track clubs are always overflowing with talent, and the schools and outside organizations are bursting, as well.

There is one real problem. With so many things to do, how does a guy choose which sport he'll play? From season to season the average boy has two or three or four sports on the go most of the time. Often he can't find the time to enjoy them all.

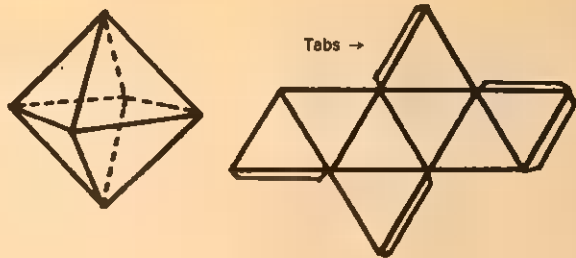
That's the kind of problem everyone likes and, as cousin Billy says, Vancouver is really great — especially if you're hooked on sports. 

# The Square Page

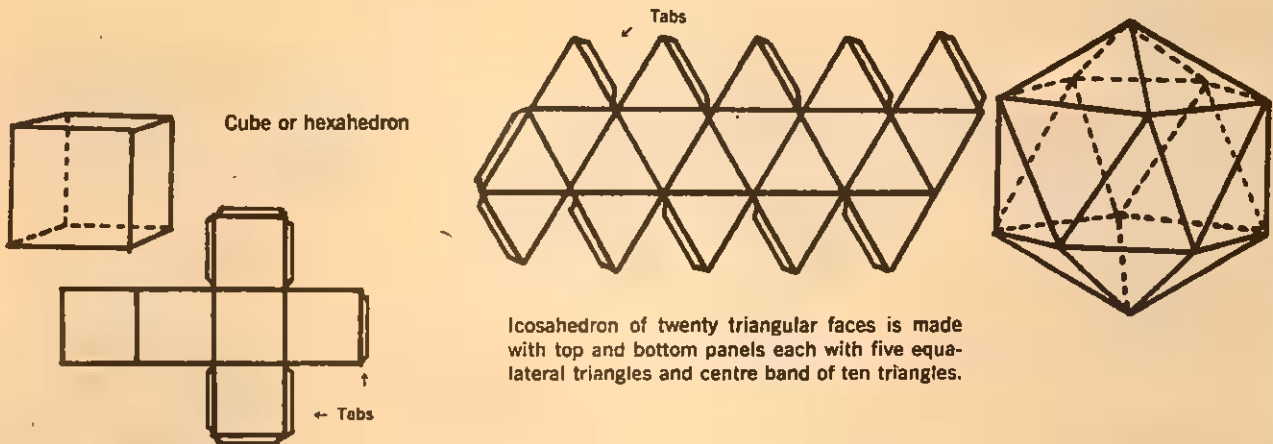


DEDICATED TO  
THE GREAT  
KNOW-IT-ALL

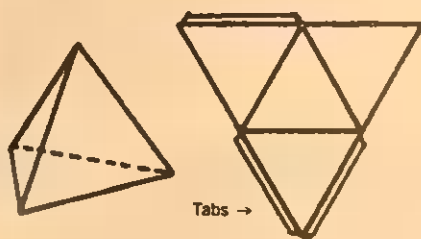
Here's fun with an angle — In fact, a lot of angles. Decide what size you want and make these shapes from heavy card. Use tabs shown in drawings to fasten sides together with glue. Color sides brightly or face them with plastic, tile, designs or bottle caps. Then hang them in your room and mystify your friends by asking, "Say, do you know what these are?"



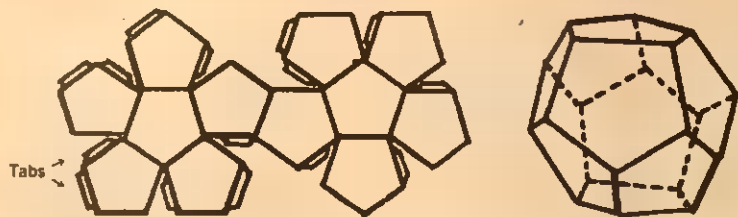
Two four-sided pyramids together form an octahedron.



Icosahedron of twenty triangular faces is made with top and bottom panels each with five equilateral triangles and centre band of ten triangles.



Pyramid or tetrahedron



Dodecahedron is formed by two pentagons (five-sided figures) surrounded with pentagons on each side.



## Trouble on Earth

Continued from page 19

ing solid material. We must be on the floor of a fairly large cavern, though I don't remember any shown by the Corporation's ground testings." He flicked on the viso-screens.

To everyone's amazement, they were in a large, well-lit room — and at the far end of the room, looking at them in disbelief, were Heinz, Edalb E. Fink and seven of their henchmen. Jim Kennedy laughed. "We've stumbled into their underground hideout!"

Foureyes switched on the loud-speaker. "Surrender, Uncle Heinz! You don't have a chance!"

They watched Heinz turn beet-red with anger, and issue quick orders to his men. They all drew their laser pistols and began firing at the Mole as they ran toward the elevator.

"Those are lasers they're firing at us!" exclaimed the President. "And they're getting away! Stop them!"

"Yeh!" said Bingo. "Use the Mole's big laser on them!"

Foureyes had already pressed the button which activated the laser. The thick beam shot out from the nose of the Mole, on a line which separated the nine men from the elevator. "The beam only fires straight ahead," said Foureyes. "It's not an offensive weapon — merely a tool to blaze a hole for the Mole to follow along. But at least it's keeping Uncle Heinz and his men from escaping temporarily — until they realize we have no other weapons and they can simply circle around behind the Mole."

The big laser, having already melted a gaping hole through the solid rock of the wall, at first frightened the nine gangsters, and they ran for cover. When they realized the laser was immovable, they again began firing at the Mole with their own lasers. "That won't do them any good," said Jim. "Those puny lasers of theirs can't hurt our luxinium hull!"

Moose scratched his head. "Looks like we have them trapped — temporarily — but they have us trapped, too, inside the Mole."

But then, one by one, the laser pistols began to give out. Edalb E. Fink was the only one to realize he should save some for later, since it didn't seem to be doing any good at the moment.

The rest kept firing, until theirs gave out.

"They're out of ammo!" yelled Bingo. "Let's go get 'em!"

"Wait a minute," said President Hallenday. "I think Mr. Fink has still some power in his. Besides, they outnumber us. Nine men against one man, four boys and a small girl. We wouldn't stand a chance."

"Heck," said Bingo. "I could handle six of them myself! Moose can take care of two, and Jim and Four-eyes should be able to manage the other one!"

"Wow!" said Jim. "Aren't you a big strong hero! I suppose one of those six you're going to stick in a bun and slap mustard on is the one with the laser?"

"Oh yeah," muttered Bingo, turning white. "I forgot about that. One zip and I'm in two pieces before I can get within fifty feet."

"Look!" yelled Foureyes. "Uncle Heinz has taken Fink's laser for himself and he's realized they can go around behind us to the elevators!"

"We gotta do something! They'll escape!" groaned Bingo.

Then they all heard the click of the Mole's exit hatch opening. They whirled around, to see Jeannie jumping out into the open.

"Jeannie!" yelled Jim. "Come back! You'll be killed!"

But it was too late. she was already running across the floor, in plain view, keeping her eyes on Heinz.

As soon as Heinz saw her, he laughed with evil glee, raised the pistol, took aim, and fired.

But he missed! He couldn't believe his eyes.

Again he took aim and fired. Again he missed. Jeannie just wasn't there when the beam shot out.

In the ship, they watched, amazed. Foureyes said, "She's using her ESP! She foresees where the beam will go to, and when it will come, and she just makes sure she's not in that spot when it does come."

"She can't do that forever!" exclaimed Jim. "Heinz is going to realize, and he'll start fanning the beam. She can't duck that." He ran to the exit, intending to distract Heinz and maybe save his sister.

As if he had heard what Jim said, Heinz got mad and did start fanning. But Jeannie ducked beneath it. Heinz lowered the beam to sweep it close to the floor. Desperately, Jeannie tried to roll away from the approaching beam, just as Jim, followed by the others, poured out of the Mole.

Heinz saw them, paused momentarily in his sweep when the beam was only one foot from the helpless Jeannie, trapped against a wall — and his beam gave out.

Whooping with delight, the Spacejumpers and President Hallenday charged down the room to attack.

But Heinz grabbed up Jeannie. "One step closer," he hissed, "and she dies!"

They stopped in their tracks.

"Now, somebody go into your ship and turn off that laser."

Reluctantly, Foureyes re-entered the Mole and switched it off.

Immediately, the gangsters poured into the elevator, Heinz last. As the doors were closing, he shoved Jeannie out. She ran to her brother Jim.

"We've lost them," groaned President Hallenday.

"Wait!" said Foureyes. "I don't hear the elevator moving."

They all listened.

"Of course!" he yelled, dashing back into the Mole and manoeuvring it until the laser was pointed directly at the elevator doors.

The others came into the ship. "What are you doing?" asked the President.

For an answer, Foureyes pointed to the elevator. The doors were opening, and nine sheepish-looking crooks came out with their hands up. "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" whined the big, brave Heinz Einfeinstein.

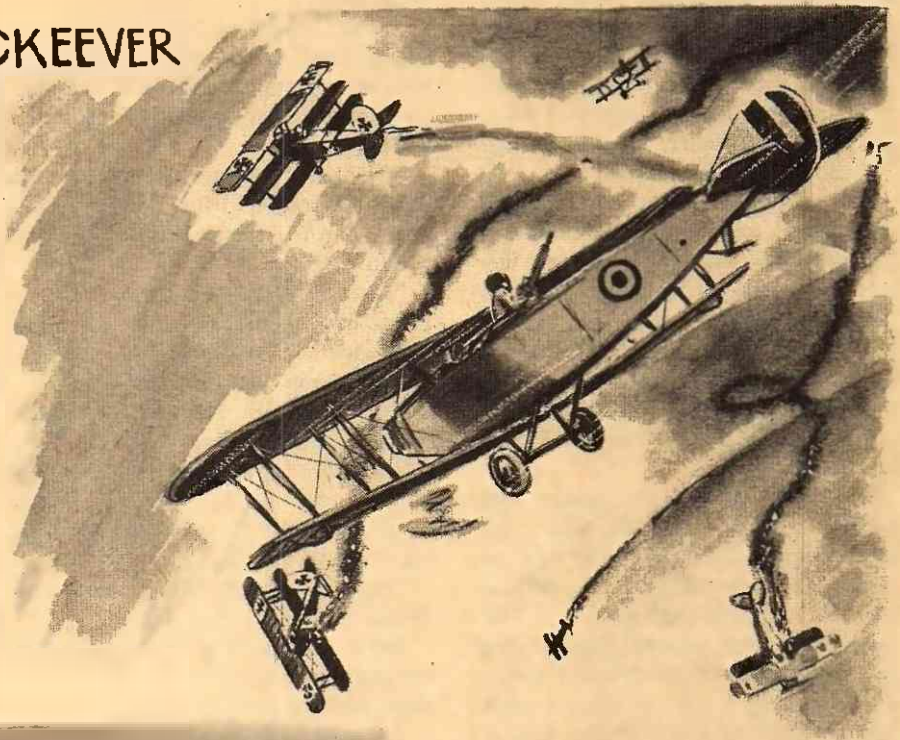
Foureyes smiled. "That's a pneumatic elevator, which depends on a perfect vacuum to go up or down. That first jolt we felt when we were burrowing was the Mole making new holes into and out of the elevator shaft, which destroyed the vacuum. With nine men squeezed into that small elevator cage, I guess they just got tired of going nowhere."

Within an hour every member of Heinz's gang was in prison to await trial. Within four hours the World Federation Congress was back in business — first item: special medals for each of the Spacejumpers. Within six hours, Bingo was being rushed to the hockey game in Toronto, with a ticket for a special seat in the first row. Toronto defeated Moscow 3-0. Too bad that Bingo didn't arrive until 30 seconds after the game ended. However, he got the autograph of Eddie Shack the Fifth, great-great-grandson of the greatest hockey player to ever confuse the opposition!

# GREAT CANADIANS

## ANDREW EDWARD MCKEEVER THE DEADEYE GUNNER

BORN IN LISTOWEL, ONTARIO, HE BECAME A LEADING WORLD WAR I ACE, WITH A SCORE OF 30 ENEMY PLANES SHOT DOWN WITH THE FRONT GUNS OF HIS UNWIELDY TWO-SEATER CRAFT. HIS AMAZING FEATS INCLUDED TWICE SHOOTING DOWN THREE MORE MANEUVERABLE GERMAN PLANES IN A SINGLE DAY. HIS KILL TOTAL WAS THE HIGHEST OF ANY WORLD WAR I PILOT FLYING HIS TYPE OF AIRPLANE.



## MARILYN BELL - WORLD FAMOUS AT 16!

A TORONTO GIRL, SHE TACKLED THE FRIGID WATERS OF LAKE ONTARIO IN A MARATHON SWIM RACE, PERSISTING FOR 21 HOURS FROM THE NEW YORK SIDE TO TORONTO, ON SEPT. 8, 1954. SHE WON FAME AND FORTUNE AS SHE BECAME THE FIRST PERSON TO COMPLETE THE EXHAUSTING 30 MILE GRIND, LATER CONQUERING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL AS WELL.

## Off the Record

Florence Ballard has a strange way of resting up. She works!

Over a year ago Flo was one of *The Supremes*, a successful group, to say the least. But she got tired and decided to call it quits. Her fans called her other names, so now Florence Ballard is back — by herself.

"It gets a little lonely up there, especially since I'm used to people around me while I'm singing. But I'm getting used to it."

She'd better get used to it, because her manager (husband Thomas Chapman, ex-Motown man) has her booked into all the old familiar places. Flo is going to appear in all the clubs and do all the tv shows *The Supremes* did when they were singing the blues — on and off stage.

One difference, however: Flo is now a wealthy girl. When she retired she planned to "buy a few businesses and settle down" but now she's become a walking, singing, box-office business herself. And, with the name as a supreme *Supreme*, she doesn't have to worry about where the next meal is coming from. She'll probably pick one up at the Brown Derby or The Factory in L.A., or the Top of the Mark in Frisco.

Since the day *The Supremes* first



Florence Ballard

sang in front of an audience (in Windsor, Ontario) right up to the present time, Florence's family and fans have helped. This much hasn't changed.

"I'm back because my family convinced me it was a good thing. And what got them thinking about it was the mountain of mail from fans all over the world."

But Florence has a problem. The same thing that could give her footing to make her first step back into the spotlight might prove to be a patch of quicksand ready to suck her in and carry her to nowhere. *The Supremes*.

She was a member of what has become the biggest attraction in show business. But seemingly, all she did then, as they say Mary and Cindy of *The Supremes* of today do now, was back up Diana Ross.

Is Flo a back-up singer? Is she really "the quiet one" as Mary and Diana used to call her? For her sake, let's hope not!

Can you picture her now? All alone on the stage. The spotlight hits her and out comes *ooo doowaaa oo ooh shoooby doo wa wa* . . . Believe me, it isn't that bad.

But her first record, *It Doesn't Matter How I Say It*, didn't exactly end up in a million music rooms. We can only wait and see how she digs her way back up. **By Mike Gormley**

## Pets

Dogs make excellent companions. Since your dog could be a member of your family for at least a decade, it is essential to consider a number of factors before you choose the dog.

Purebred dogs are divided into categories. Five groups will be mentioned here: sporting, hunting, terrier, toy, and non-sporting dogs. Within these groups we will deal with only the small purebreds representative of each grouping.

In the sporting dogs you have the spaniel. In the hunting group there are the basenji, beagle, dachshund, and the whippet. Most of the terrier group can be classified as small. The toys are all small. And, in the non-sporting group, you have the boston and the miniature poodle.

Small dogs can get enough exercise by running around the house, jumping on things like chairs and beds and

being chased off chairs and beds. Some toy breeds whose legs are tiny should be picked up and they should not be left to jump down from considerable heights, in case they break a leg. Toy dogs like to be carried, anyway, and they enjoy curling up in your lap or on a cushion.

For the "average" household the ideal dog, regardless of his size, is the quiet but alert dog who barks only when there is a need for setting up an alarm. He is not over-friendly. He knows when to protect any member of the family.

It is unwise to purchase a dog without knowing anything about his parents, even though all puppies are cuddly and adorable. Once the pup reaches adolescence — and this varies from five to nine months in the small breeds — the true character of the dog is exposed. If you've seen his mother and you found her friendly and affectionate, you can be fairly sure her pups will be that way, too. If the mother of your dog is cross, nervous, a poor eater or thin, it's better not to purchase the pup from that same litter or strain.

Little dogs tend to be fussy about what they'll eat. A good brand of kibble or chow, recommended by your veterinarian, is one choice. Most small dogs prefer the moistened food that comes in a can with either a meat or a fish base. Dogs do not care for a varied diet, like we do. Generally they will be content to eat the same food day after day, at the same time each day. A few dogs will eat only the best of the table scraps, taking protein and nothing else.

For these dogs I would advise a mineral-vitamin supplement to broaden their narrow diet. Of course, fresh water should be available to your dog whenever he wants it.

Because small dogs do not get out on rough ground often enough to wear down their nails, you should check to see if these need attention.

Little dogs with the right temperament, for you, are a pleasure to have around your home. They like to play with you, and they like to have some toys of their own. You'll find they want to share things with you, get in on what you're doing.

Most of all, they just want to be with you.

Next time, we'll talk about big dogs, and some points of medical attention for dogs in general.

**By Dr. A. L. Kassirer**

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## ONLY WAY TO FLY

Continued from page 17

approaching upwind and in line with the runway that we are to land on. We should now ease the throttle stick back slightly more, reducing engine speed, but still leaving sufficient power for the plane to continue its approach.

Under these circumstances the plane will gradually be losing height. When it's about 10 feet off the runway, pull back on the throttle stick so that the engine is just idling.

The aircraft should continue gliding at a decent rate of speed, now rapidly losing height. When it is about one foot off the runway, ease back very slightly on the elevator stick and the plane will settle down quite gently on the runway. However, if too much elevator is used, the model will tend to balloon, and it could end up in a stall. That means the plane will in all probability hit the ground rather hard.

Although all this sounds pretty simple, I would advise you not to attempt the first few flights on your own. Get help from a well-experienced modeller who is fully competent at flying R/C models. Or join an R/C club, where all sorts of assistance will be available to you. Your local hobby shop will be able to tell you if there's a club in your locality.

How much will all this cost? Anywhere from \$75 for a single channel R/C unit, to \$500 or more for the more sophisticated units, such as the one shown in the photos.

But if you're in a hurry and you don't even want to build your own plane, the Testor R/C Corporation puts out a ready-to-fly plane called *The Skyhawk*, complete with a single channel proportional control system. for \$100 (U.S.).

## SPORTS EQUIPMENT

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Used Commemorative Stamps, 75 Different U.S. \$1.00, 50 Different Canada, \$1.00. SUNMOUNT COMPANY, Box 162, Agincourt, Ont.

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DIAMOND Sports, Airmails — Flower Triangles, Nyasaland, 53 others, 10c. Approvals. Loughorr, Box 3068-C, Lubbeck, Texas, 79410, U.S.A.

FREE! Triangles, Scout, 25 others. Approvals. Cambridge, Box 411, Cambridge, Ohio, 43723, U.S.A.

## READ THIS CAREFULLY BEFORE PLACING ORDERS

APPROVALS—Most of the stamp advertising in Canadian Boy makes 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.

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CB108

A NEW GROlier PUBLICATION

# Stamp Corner

It's a safe bet that many of our readers have never heard of Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith.

But, 40 years ago, when it was still a bit of a novelty to see an airplane in flight, Smith the aviator was as well known as are Nancy Green or Arnold Palmer, today.

There was no one particular reason or incident responsible for his fame. Among Smith's accomplishments was the first trans-Pacific (Australia to the United States) flight. This was made in a Fokker tri-motor called *The Southern Cross*.

This year that particular feat is acknowledged with commemorative stamp issues by Fiji and Western Samoa. A few years ago both Australia and New Zealand honored this famous flyer with stamps.

Sir Charles made his trans-Pacific hop in 1928. In 1934 he flew in a single-engine monoplane, *Lady Southern Cross*, from Australia to the United States with a touchdown at Fiji. This was a Lockheed Altair aircraft, and it is pictured on one of the four values in the Fiji set.

The 2d stamp shows a Simmonds-Spartan, a two-seater and the first commercial aircraft in Fiji. The Hawker Siddeley 748 of Fiji Airways is the plane depicted on the 6d value and *The Southern Cross* is shown on the 1/- value.

The Western Samoa stamp is in the 20 sene denomination. It is the current 10 sene definitive surcharged and overprinted "1928/1968 Kingsford-Smith Transpacific Flight 20 Sene".

The Postmaster General has released details of Canada's stamp program for 1969. It includes (1) a commemorative honoring the first Canadian-born Governor General (and a Canadian Chief Scout), the Right Honorable Vincent Massey, to be issued in February; (2) a sports issue featuring curling, in the works for a March release; (3) Canadian artist and sculptor Aurèle de Foy Suzor-Côté, of Arthabaska, Que., also to be available in March; (4) and (5) the 50th anniversary of the International Labor Organization and the 50th anniversary of the first non-stop trans-Atlantic flight, on the same date in May; (6) a famous Canadian, Sir William Osler, "father of psychoso-

matic medicine", in June; (7), (8) and (9) the white-throated sparrow, the hermit thrush and the Ipswich sparrow, in July; (10) the 200th anniversary of the founding of Charlottetown, P.E.I., in August; (11) the 200th anniversary of the birth of Sir Isaac Brock, for release in September; (12) and (13) Christmas issues, two values, in October, and (14) another commemorative — expected to be a popular one — on the 100th anniversary of the birth of Canada's world-famous humorist, Stephen Leacock (*Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town* and others). **By H. L. Woodman**

# Penpals

**Jonathan Gordon**, 5625 Palmer Avenue, Cote St. Luc, Que., is looking for a penpal. Says he likes girls, books on World War Two, and builds things out of wood. He's 14 and will write to anybody anywhere in Canada.

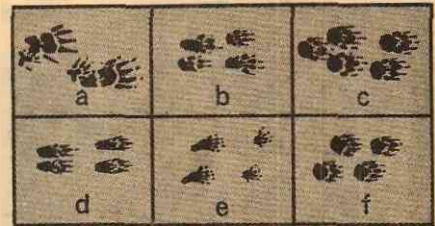
**Tom Reynolds**, Box 426, Cardinal, Ont., is 10, interested in skiing, hockey, soccer, football and swimming, and wants a p.p. from anyplace.

**Ken Davis**, 11, likes stamp collecting, swimming, pingpong and badminton. He will write to penpals from anywhere. Get him at Box 298, Castlegar, B.C.

**Graeme Pole** of 1862 Lakeland Avenue, R.R.-5, Sarnia, Ont., is 11 and wants a penpal from the Canadian west, about his own age. He has many hobbies and interests, including sports, model building, drag races, rocks, camping, wildlife and the outdoors.

**Miss Elsie Harley**, Sellindge, near Ashford, Kent, England, is the lady to write to if you want a penpal in the old country. Give her your age, birthday, hobbies and interests, and enclose a Commonwealth Reply Coupon, which you can get at your post office. Miss Harley will answer anyone who writes to her. (Good chance to get yourself some British stamps for your collection, men!)

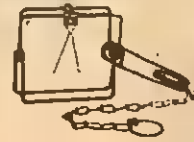
**Lyon Palmer**, 386 Chapel Street, Ottawa, Ont., would like a penpal anywhere outside Ottawa. He's 14 and is interested in shortwave radio, electronics generally, and stamps and coins.



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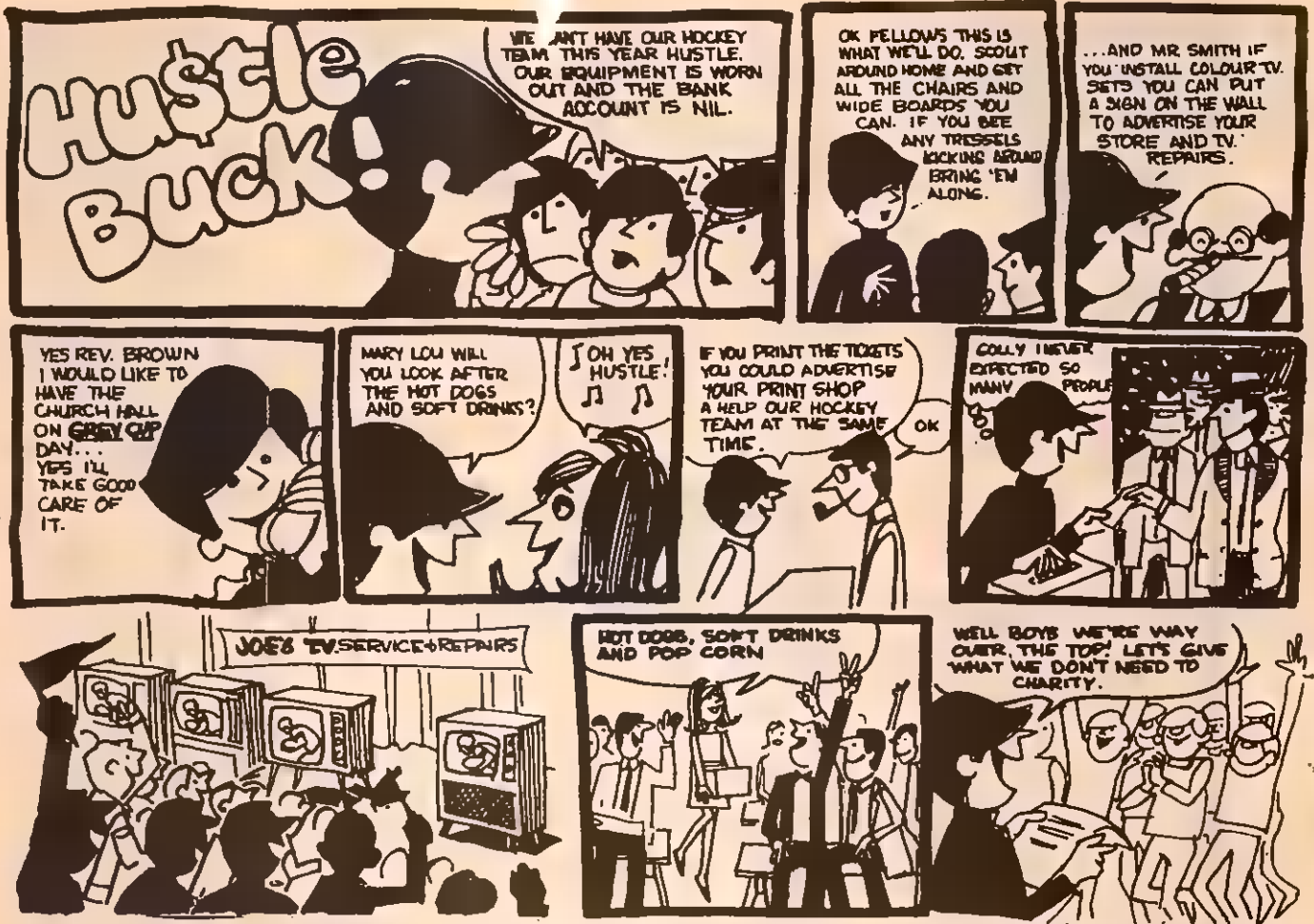
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# Books

In this issue you'll see Art Large's article on radio control model aviation. If you're hooked on this highly popular hobby-sport, you may want to delve into a couple of easily obtainable books on the same subject.

*Beginner's Guide to Radio Control* by R. H. Warring (Welch, \$3.75) is recommended by Mr. Large and others who know the field and the problems it can present for the novice. R. H. Warring has written a whole series of books on electronics, radio and radio control, for hobbyists who like to know what's inside the "black box" and what it's supposed to do when you push a button or waggle a control stick. This latest Warring guide has been described as "the best of its kind to come along in quite a while" and it covers everything from the history and development of R/C through the types of equipment available and their special applications in vehicles, boats and aircraft.

Another book on this subject is

*How to Build Radio Control Models* by William Winter. Mr. Winter has been involved in model aviation for more than 40 years. He has grown up with radio control and has taken an active part in its development and promotion since the days of crystal sets and the first dreams of remote systems of any kind. This big softback book is a Kalmbach publication, available for about two dollars in most hobby shops and departments.

Both these R/C handbooks are packed with clear diagrams and good photography, plain language and a minimum of technical double-talk.

*Windigo Wings* by Edmund C. Cosgrove (Burns & MacEachern, \$3.95) is a book by the man who gave our junior readers a taste of high adventure in our June issue with an extract from *The Terror of the Tar Sands*. In this book, the co-owners of a bush airline called Windigo Wings have found and restored a Bristol biplane surviving from World War One days. They plan to fly the crate in an air force exhibition, re-enacting historic dogfights. But on their way to the air show they witness an aerial attack by an unmarked modern plane of strange design, on a re-built Fokker

triplane from Baron von Richthofen's heyday. They intercept the jet attacker in their 50-year-old Rolls Royce powered Bristol. They become involved in a tangled tale of intrigue that will have you reading right through your favorite tv show.

*The Story of the Winged-S* by Igor I. Sikorsky (Dodd, Mead, \$7.25) is a revised, enlarged edition of a book about helicopters that has seen five major revisions since it first came out in 1938. This edition brings you the latest developments and recent photos of the helicopter in its various forms. The author who, in 1913, succeeded in building and flying the world's first multi-engine aircraft, had taught himself to fly, by trial and error! In 1923 he organized his own company, to design and build the world's first successful helicopters.

*The New World of Helicopters* by Frank J. Delear (Dodd, Mead, \$3.75) carries a foreword by Igor Sikorsky. There are good action photographs on almost every page of this book, which tells you about helicopters in their dramatic evolution from the early days to the modern workhorse of the airways.

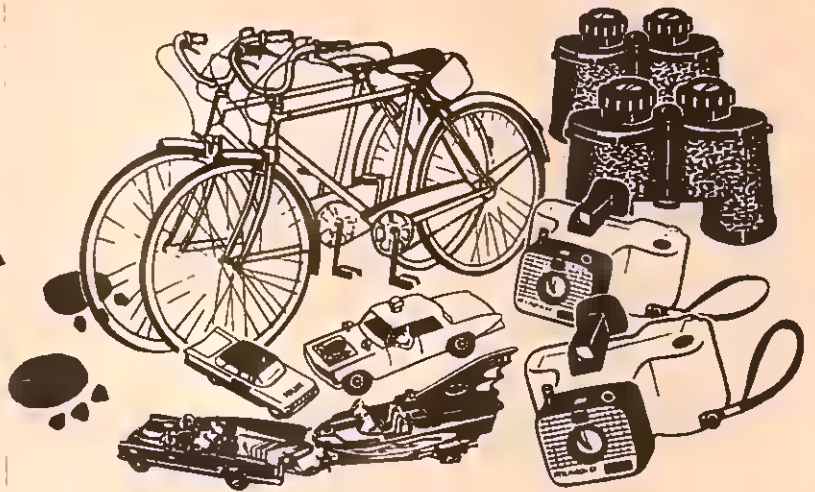
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compass in  
the shoe"**

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Hope: Ouch! That water's hot!  
 Dope: You should've felt it before you put your hand in it.  
*John Reeve, Scarborough, Ont.*

Jo: How long have you been working here?  
 Anne: Ever since the boss threatened to fire me.  
*John Reeve, Scarborough, Ont.*

Tom: Does your car always make that much noise?  
 Dick: Only when it's running.  
*Jim Robinson, Mt. Brydges, Ont.*

Jake: I'm going to be an astronaut when I grow up.  
 Joe: Why? Do you want to fly around in space?  
 Jake: No, I want to go eight days without taking a bath!  
*Donald R. J. Murray, Ottawa, Ont.*

Counselor: What's the best way to prevent infection caused by biting insects?  
 Camper: Don't bite any.  
*Eric Ronimois, Don Mills, Ont.*

Little girl, to parents: I'm saying my prayers now. Anybody want anything?  
*Robbie Pollock, London, Ont.*

Canadian (looking at Niagara Falls): I'll bet you don't have anything like that in Texas!  
 Texan: We don't, but we do have a plumber in town who could fix that leak in ten minutes!  
*Ricky Schelleman, Toronto, Ont.*

Q: What is a definition of teacher?  
 A: A book wired for sound.  
*Bobby Snell, Fairport Beach, Ont.*

Boy: I have a soft spot in my heart for you.  
 Girl: Then why don't we get married.  
 Boy: I said in my heart, not in my head!  
*Bernie Wolf, Baden, Ont.*

History teacher: Johnny, what is the principal contribution of the Phoenicians to mankind?  
 Johnny: Their blinds!  
*Cam Hawkins, Trenton, Ont.*

Baseball coach: How do you hold a bat?  
 Rookie: By its wings?  
*Philip M. Niles, Cobourg, Ont.*

Mother: Rob, how could you be so rude, telling your sister she's stupid? Tell her you're sorry!  
 Rob: Okay. Hey, Sis! I'm sorry you're stupid.  
*John McHugh, Oakville, Ont.*

Clem: Why do you think this fellow is silly?  
 Zeke: Y'know that poster in the post office that says: "Man Wanted for Robbery in Philadelphia?"  
 Clem: Sure.  
 Zeke: Well sir, he went and applied for the job!  
*George Bairstow, Port Credit, Ont.*

Junior: Have you an opening for a bright young man?  
 Boss: Yes, but don't slam it on your way out.  
*Otto Sillius, Whitby, Ont.*

Fat Man: When I play tennis, my mind works at tremendous speed. It issues rapid-fire commands to my body: "Dash forward. Hit the ball accurately. Catch the rebound gracefully."  
 Thin Man: Then what happens?  
 Fat Man: Then my body says, "Who, me?"  
*Mark Sobel, Willowdale, Ont.*

Patrol Leader: When the sauce comes to the boil, put in a teaspoon of water.  
 Tenderfoot: Level or heaping?  
*Rick Russell, Oakville, Ont.*

Every joke on this page comes from a reader in Ontario! What's the matter with the rest of the country — no sense of humor? No provincial pride? Send your jokes to Canadian Boy! Stand up for your native province!

