

THE BOY SCOUT MAGAZINE FOR ALL BOYS

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

SEPT 68

# Canadian Boy



**Teenage Cowboy at the  
Calgary Stampede: page 7**



# Canadian Boy

SEPTEMBER, 1968, VOL. 5 NO. 6

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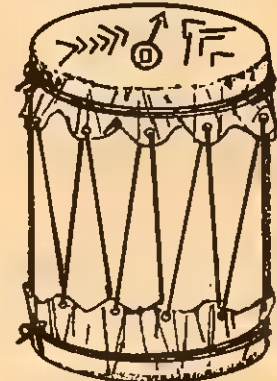
THE OCTOBER ISSUE of CANADIAN BOY will satisfy those of you who've been demanding a little football, and things on sports in general. In addition, there'll be what we think is a pretty funny account of a Rover crew's trip across Canada by private bus, plus a feature on the basics of flying radio control models, and thrilling fiction. And, for the third year, the October issue will contain the official Scout Supply Services catalogue — twenty-four pages of the best in Scout equipment.



## THINGS TO DO

### INDIAN SUMMER FUN

Here's a wild music making project for you. How about your own Tom-Tom. We bet you'll be the only one in your group who carries a drum instead of a guitar. It's simple to make too, and it produces a great sound. So, sit down, enjoy some Wrigley's Spearmint Gum and put your Tom-Tom together.



Take the ends off any large can, like a coffee, jam, or shortening can. Then cut out two circles of rubber from an old car inner tube. Your neighborhood service station will probably give you one. Make sure that the radius of each rubber circle is about 6 inches larger than the opening in the can.

Cover the top and bottom of the can with the rubber circles and lace the two sections together with thong or plastic lacing so it looks like the drawing above. Use more lacing to go around the drumhead to help hold the rubber as tight as possible on the can.

Now paint some Indian designs or 'mod' designs on the drumhead. You'll enjoy getting into the act with a basic beat just as you enjoy the flavour of Wrigley's Spearmint Gum — It's great to chew any time you need a little break.



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



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# STEP UP AND TAKE CHARGE!

In the middle of this magazine you should find a four-page insert telling you something of the new Boy Scout program, SCOUTS 68. Chances are you've heard plenty about it already. Some facts might have come to you from your leaders. A lot of opinions may have reached your ears from almost everybody who has heard the program was undergoing a major change.

Whatever you've heard, it all means pretty much the same thing to you in the long run: more boy leadership.

The boy in Boy Scouts of Canada is the kingpin of the whole operation. That's what he's been all along, since Lord Baden-Powell dreamed up the first program for Scouting 60 years ago. But, as the years rolled by, more and more boys in the movement began to wonder about leadership. It seemed to them in a lot of instances that leadership was almost always handed down by adults, with rules laid down by adults, based on adult ideas of behavior and adult conceptions of what is fun and what is worth learning.

The boy felt overshadowed by a leadership that dictated to him what he should or should not do. If his leader were a boy, then *he* was an older boy, or a bigger boy. Again, everything was spelled out, and dished out, and carried out.

Now, under the new program, SCOUTS 68, the boy is the centre of things in Scouting. They've

dubbed this concept *boy-centredness*. A mouthful, isn't it?

All it means is that the people who try to work out programming for Boy Scouts of Canada have rearranged their own thinking in an effort to put more emphasis on the boy in Boy Scouts.

They've offered new badge systems, with what they hope will be appealing, up-to-date, "with-it" ideas and practical interesting requirements.

They've put the adult leader in a new light, too. His role is no longer that of the old Scoutmaster — a carry-over schoolmaster. Instead, he is to be an advisor, a real leader, and not a boss.

Your leaders should be probing now to find out what interests you, and the other boys in your group. The new program works only if you stand up and be counted, if you take a firm stand for what you believe your group should be investing its time and effort in.

You have only four years in Scouts. If you are willing to step up and take charge, and lead your patrol or your troop in an effort that interests all of you — a hike, a weekend camp, or some indoor project like building something, or even organizing some kind of a drive or a public service — if you'll lend a hand in leadership, then you will be tackling the biggest job in Scouting.

Take charge of yourself. Make up your mind. Then do it. Be a leader.

## Letters to Lester

SOAP-BOX RACERS STARTED  
Dear Lester:

My friend and I have started a soap-box racing club in our area. We built one and then a few days later everybody had one. They are easy to build and easy to drive.

Even my little brother, Lawrence, can operate it. Anyone who wishes to start a club in their area, please write to Terry Watson, 748 George Street, Burlington, Ont., or Kevin Horton, 2209 Prospect Street, Burlington, Ont. We will gladly send out copies of the plans for our latest cars.

Kevin Horton, Burlington, Ont.

Hey! Send me a copy, will you? Since I got rid of the *Squaremobile*, I need some wheels. Maybe this is just what I've been looking for.  
— LS

Continued on page 6

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CANADIAN BOY is published by Boy Scouts of Canada, 1345 Baseline Road, Ottawa 5, Ont. Chief Executive, J. Percy Ross. Advertising Office, 696 Yonge Street, Toronto 5, Ont. Western Canada representative: John L. Jackson, 3610 Main Street, Vancouver 10, B.C. Single copies 25c. Subscription prices: In Canada, 1 year \$2.00, 2 years \$3.50, 3 years \$5.00. All other countries, \$3.00 per year. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Contents copyright by Boy Scouts of Canada. Contents may not be reprinted without written permission. Characters and names in fiction stories in CANADIAN BOY are imaginary. While the publishers will take all reasonable care they will not be responsible for the loss of any manuscript, drawing or photograph.

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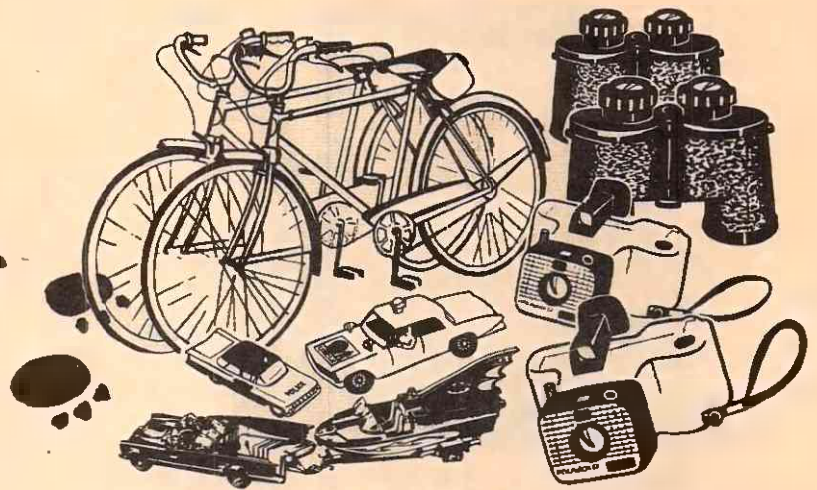
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# YOU STILL HAVE TIME TO ENTER THE "TRACKS TO TREASURE" Contest



And WIN one of these  
Exciting Prizes



- 5 — CCM BICYCLES
- 10 — POLAROID SWINGER CAMERAS
- 10 — BINOCULAR SETS
- 100 — CORGI MODEL CARS

Scouts and cubs across the nation are making tracks to their favorite shoe stores. They're entering the Braves "Tracks to Treasure" contest and trying on the new Braves Scout — the official shoe of the Boy Scouts of Canada. The shoe with authentic animal tracks on the soles and the genuine compass in the heel. Best of all, they're filling out those entry forms for the exciting prizes. Entries are coming in fast — but you still have time. Head for your nearest shoe store today.



"With the  
compass in  
the shoe"

THE SCOUT SHOE  
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# shoot a bear and win this trophy!



Or shoot a deer, a goose, a salmon or a grasshopper. But shoot them with a camera — and you could win the Nicholson Trophy for wildlife photography. The subject should be alive and in its natural wild state — no tame or caged animals.

The competition is open Jan. 1 to Dec. 30 annually to registered Scouts, Cubs and Venturers. Photos must be unretouched, unmounted, black and white, and no smaller than 3x5 nor larger than 8x12. Do not send negatives. You can send as many entries as you wish. Mark your name and address on back of each. Entry must contain your name, address, a Scouter's endorsement, and 25 cents. Judges' decisions will be final. Boy Scouts of Canada reserves the right to retain and publish any or all photos entered.

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

## LETTERS

*Continued from page 4*

### WE HAVE TWO EDITIONS NOW

Dear Lester:

How could you people at CANADIAN BOY do it? Why on earth did you take away the *Rib Ticklers* from us older guys to put in *The End*? I used to enjoy *Rib Ticklers* and now you go and louse up your mag with *The End*. This is my first letter to CB and I would like to see more letters printed. Also I would like to see more fiction stories and not too much about sports. I like sports but I don't usually like to read too much about them.

*Ross Ward, West Advocate, N.S.*

You got the Senior Edition of the Magazine, Ross. *Rib Ticklers* gets into the Junior Edition of each issue now. Junior Edition is for Cubs only. Senior Edition is for Scouts, Venturers and Rovers. See page 4 in the May issue. You must've missed it first time around. — LS

### HE KNOWS WHAT'S HAPPENING

Dear Lester:

As one of your older readers I welcome the news that you are starting a split-run policy for your magazine. I sincerely hope that you will attempt to rid the older boys' edition of that juvenile fiction which bears the unmistakable stamp of boys' magazine stories — completely whitewashed, containing boy heroes and villains to an unbearable degree and pathetically moral. I, for one, am tired of such predictable and set stories and I am sure many of your more widely read readers also feel this way. Thus I have written a story . . .

*Don Walker, 57th Rover Crew, Ottawa, Ont.*

Thanks, Don, for the manuscript you submitted. We are giving it serious consideration for our Senior Edition of a future issue of CB. — LS

### HELP STAMP OUT CHAINS

Dear Lester:

In regard to the article *Collecting and Trading Badges* by Evan Morris, June issue, could you point this out to your readers? A warning to those who are starting or have been collecting badges — stop any chain-letter badge collecting! Destroy the letter! 'Anyone might have to send between 100 and 1,200 badges to the next one in the chain. At the cost of badges today, they don't come a dime a dozen. Collecting badges can be expensive but it can also be very interesting. My wife and I belong to a worldwide club and we have collected many badges, made many friends in many countries and are continually doing so. I am pleased to say, incidentally, that I was one of the many leaders who approved the go-ahead on the birth of CANADIAN BOY and I hope that it will continue. It is hard to please everyone at the same time, and only so much can be printed in each issue. All the best,

*Harold Sissons, Cubmaster, Exeter, Ont.*

*Continued on page 30*



# Eight Seconds of Action

By Cliff Faulkner

Ride a bucking steer in the Calgary Stampede with 14-year-old Randy Girtetz, an Alberta boy who does it for kicks, year after year!

You feel a tightness in the pit of your stomach—sick even—but you don't worry too much about it because you know this is the way you should feel. Jammed in the chute underneath you is the yearling steer you are about to ride. At least you hope you will be able to ride him.

He is old enough to be plenty rambunctious, but not old enough to be mean. And he is just as scared as you are—more so, perhaps.

He has been pushed sideways into a narrow chute, none-too-gentle hands have fastened a "flanker" strap just in front of his rear legs, and he finds it irritates him every time he moves. It is supposed to irritate, to make him buck.

The boy in the next chute has mounted his steer. You hear the creak of the hinges as the gate swings open. Then the clanging of the bull rope bell and the deepening roar of the grandstand crowd tell you that he is away and riding. But you have no time to think of him now. Your turn is next.

Now your own bull rope—a flattened rope that has a cowbell attached to it—is passed under your steer just behind his front legs. You ease yourself down onto the critter's back and grasp the loose ends of the bull rope with both hands. It is all that you will have to hang onto, so you shift your grip around it until it feels just right.

You hear the voice of the handler giving you last-minute instructions, and you force yourself to listen be-

cause you know that what he has to say is important. The tension mounts as you wait for that gate to open.

When it does, you do not even notice the creak of the hinges. There is a sudden flash of sunlight as the gate swings wide, and your steer leaps forward to freedom, pitching and bucking to get that unwelcome thing—you—off his back.

The bell clangs madly, but you do not notice this either, or the fact that the uneasy feeling in the pit of your stomach has disappeared.

You are too busy trying to stay on top as your body whips wildly back and forth.

Suddenly the bull rope seems to be coming loose in your hands. You tighten your grip instinctively, but the action pulls you a bit too far forward. In a panic you feel as if you are going to be tossed over the steer's head, so you forget about your hands and lean away back, digging into his flanks with your spurs.

Then the klaxon sounds and you realize that you have made it. You let go of one end of your bull rope and slip off the steer's back. It feels mighty good to be on the ground again, and still right side up. As you walk slowly back towards the chutes you wait for the official timer to announce your score. Now you are interested to know what kind of a ride you made. Just being able to stay on the steer is not enough. This is the big time, the Calgary Stampede, and competition is as keen as

a honed razor.

That is the way 14-year-old Randy Girtetz of Youngstown, Alberta, described it as he came, bull rope in hand, off the infield at the finish of one of the boys' wild steer riding events. This was Randy's second year of steer riding at Calgary. He has just posted a score of 44 points, which is close to an average ride but not enough to put him in the money.

Top scorer in the boys' wild steer riding could win as much as \$500. To do this he would have to have the highest score for the three go-arounds. When every contestant has ridden one steer it is called a "go-around". Even a go-around winner could get \$170. But only a few of those who enter can be top winners, and at the Calgary Stampede it's about 12 out of 600.

For the rest, there is always next year to look forward to. That's the way a rodeo performer has to look at it. The ride you just made is past history. Forget about it and set your sights on the next one. In boys' wild steer riding, you can compete until you are 15. Then you have to make way for younger fellows, like Randy's 10-year-old brother, Ray, who also rode this year.

On the Stampede's last day Randy was dumped before his steer had properly cleared the chute. This is something that can happen to anybody. If the bouncing critter jams your leg against a post, and tries to scrape you off, you have to part





company with him right then and there or risk a broken leg. This means you don't get any points at all for that go-around, and it puts you right out of the running. But that, too, is all a part of competing in the Stampede.

"No matter how well you ride, you won't get a big score if the steer you draw is a dog," Randy explained.

In rodeo talk, a "dog" is a critter that fails to put on a good show of bucking. Contestants pick their animals out of a hat. If you draw a lively one and manage to stay on top of him, your score will be high. In general, half the points go to the rider and half to his mount. At Calgary this year, World Champion bronc riders Casey Tibbs and Marty Woods failed to get into the big money because they were unlucky enough to draw horses which were poor buckers.

The Calgary Exhibition and Stam-

pede is the biggest of the big shows. A boy who has competed there can hold his head high in any company. "The Greatest Show on Earth" is what the promoters call it and, for once, they are not just exercising their tonsils.

The first Calgary Stampede opened on Labor Day, in 1912. It grew out of the imagination and energy of a young Wyoming cowboy named Guy Weadick, backed by four leading ranchers of the area, George Lane, Archie McLean, A. E. Cross and Patrick Burns. These men were known as the Big Four, and the Big Four Building—newest and largest structure on the Stampede grounds today—was named in their honor.

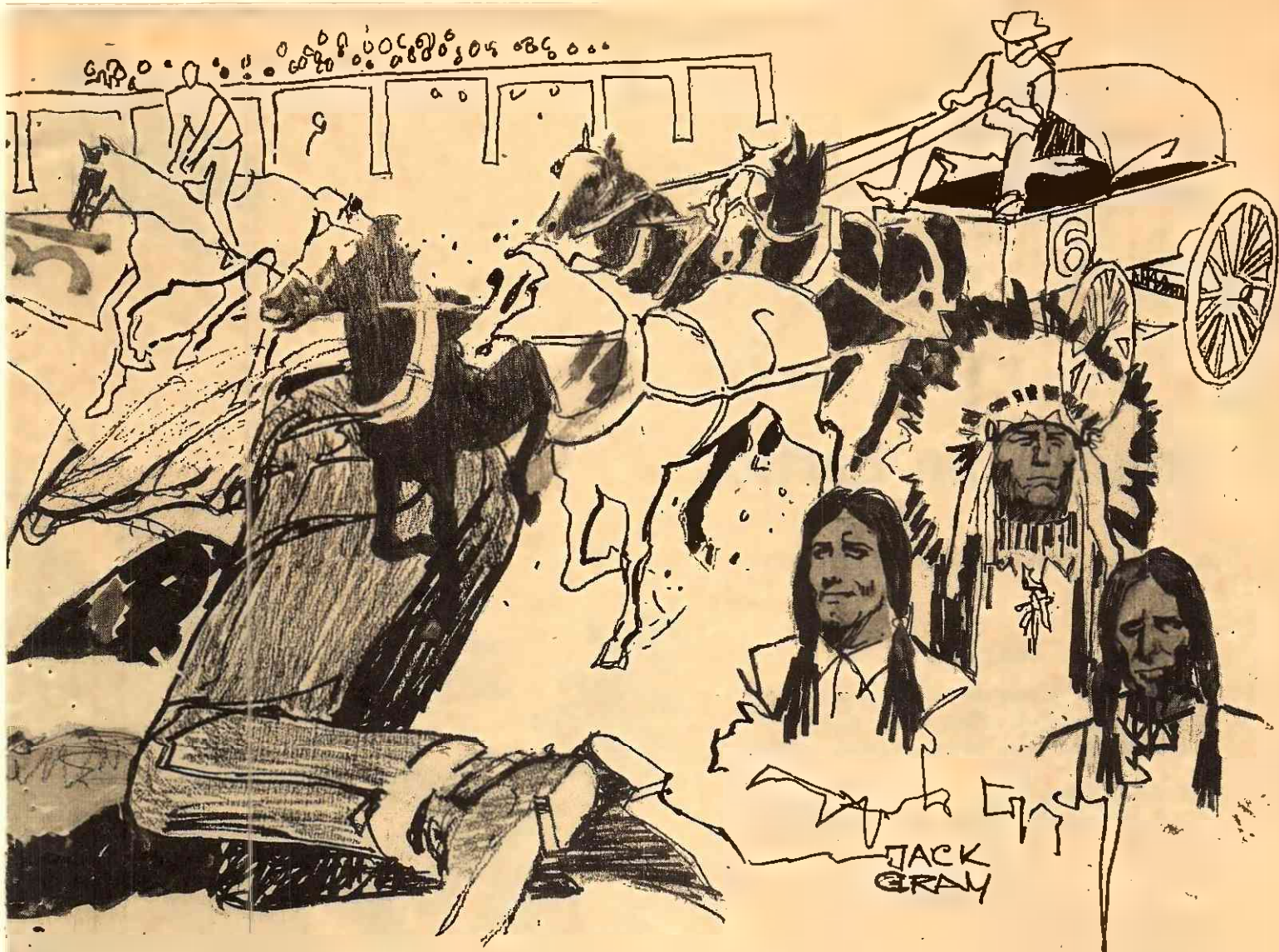
The first Stampede Parade was an event to be remembered! The pioneer west was barely past. Many of the 2,000 Indians who rode in the parade could remember the Riel Rebellion and the fierce tribal wars

fought before the Redcoats came. For some, these tribal hatreds were still alive as they put on their war-paint and lined up for the big show. Most of them had brought their rifles. The Royal North West Mounted Police had to make sure these were unloaded, and that no ammunition was available for them.

Fourteen thousand people crowded into the stands for the first performance. Stampede guests included the Duke and Duchess of York and Princess Patricia. In those days there were no side-delivery chutes like the one young Randy Girlatz came charging out of this year. Bucking horses were led into centre field, where they were blindfolded and saddled. Then the riders were allowed to mount and get set before a handler ripped off the blindfold.

When the dust had settled, and the first Stampede was over, a young Canadian—Clem Gardner of Pirmez





Creek — was named Canadian Champion All Round Cowboy. Another Canadian, Tom Three Persons of Cardston, Alberta, had won the coveted Saddle Bronc title by subduing Cyclone, one of the most famous bucking horses of the day. The land for Camp Clem Gardner, just west of Calgary on Pirmez Creek, is Mr. Gardner's legacy to the Boy Scouts of Canada.

Although the first Stampede was a tremendous success, the Big Four failed to back Weadick for a return engagement next year. He was forced to hold his rodeo in Winnipeg. Then World War One came along, and everybody forgot about cowboys and bucking broncos. It was not until 1919 that the Big Show was staged again in Calgary. Weadick preferred the foothills city because it was the centre of Canada's range cattle industry.

Excitement at the 1919 Stampede

centred on another Canadian product—a bronco outlaw named Fox that had been raised by the McHugh brothers of Gleichen, Alberta. Riding him in the feature event was famed American rodeo star, Yakima Canutt. Although Canutt failed to stay on Fox for the required time, he gave the Canadian horse a ride that is still talked about. Then he climbed onto another bronc to win the \$1,000 top prize and the championship saddle.

Then, as now, Calgarians took a lot of convincing. Weadick soon found that it would take more than one or two successful shows before the idea of an annual western rodeo would "sink in" with Exhibition Board members. A less determined man would have given up in disgust, but Weadick persisted. Victory finally came in 1922 when the Exhibition's finances reached such a sorry state that board members

agreed something drastic had to be done. With the help of its general manager, E. L. Richardson, Weadick was able to persuade them that a modest Stampede might not be such a bad idea.

But Guy Weadick was not to be satisfied with a modest effort. When the Stampede was ready to roll again in 1923, a brand-new feature had been added. This was the Chuckwagon Race, an event which was to make the Calgary show famous. The way Weadick planned it, the wagons would dash around the half-mile racetrack, circle centre field and then make camp. The first outfit to show smoke in their camp stove would be declared winner. An interesting spectator to these thrilling events was Edward, Prince of Wales, who had become an Alberta ranch owner.

Since then, a brave company of international *Continued on page 23*





# Trouble on Earth

Another Spacejumpers Adventure by Rae Parker

## PART ONE:

**The kids find themselves under heavy attack by every spaceship within range of them — and learn they have been declared traitors!**

The Spacejumper Corporation's number one cruiser "Starhopper" returned to Earth from a field trip to the second planet of sun 38rb-62881K.

Foureyes was finishing off his report as the ship came in for a landing at Spaceways, Manitoba. Bingo Bletch brought the ship in, under Jim Kennedy's watchful eye. This was the first time he had been permitted to land the ship by himself. Except for Jim's little sister, Jeannie, Bingo was the only one in the crew who didn't yet have his space-pilot's license. Foureyes wanted all of them to be qualified for space-flight — even Jeannie when she would be old enough — in case of emergencies. But Bingo was such a hot-headed stumble-bum that it had taken him all this time to become skillful enough to be allowed to try a landing.

The last 500 feet was supposed to be at a speed not exceeding seven mph, after which the ship would settle to the ground on its three legs like a feather falling on a pillow. At least, that was what it was like when Foureyes brought it in. Jim was as good, and Moose Fenderbender tended to be a bit rough — half the time you could feel a bit of a jolt when Moose landed it.

Bingo brought it in like a ton of bricks, and bounced it off the ground no less than seventeen times before the ship stayed put. After everything stopped quivering, Foureyes undid his safety harness, looked at Bingo and said, "Yes, very good", Bingo. (Continued on page 19)





ILLUSTRATED BY  
RAE PARKER'S  
BROTHER.



# UFO'S AF



One out of five could be from out of this world. The rest is space junk we've put up there ourselves.

By Guy Simser

For the boy who keeps his eyes skinned and turned to the sky, there's a good chance of seeing a flying saucer. Flying saucers, commonly called Unidentified Flying Objects (UFOs) do exist and they are not man-made. Furthermore, last year produced a bumper crop of sightings.

UFOs come at any time of the day or night. They are seen at high and low altitude and on radar. They appear to have about nine different shapes ranging from a flat disc to a Saturn disc to a cigar shape. One report of a Saturn-like disc was made in the year 1884, so you can see that the flying saucer phenomenon is not new.

Even before 1884, there were sightings of strange objects in the skies. When reported, the people who saw them often were called sensation seekers or crackpots. And true enough, some sightings after investigation proved to be hallucinations, or hoaxes. But there are many that could not be explained away so simply. You can't call all the people who report sightings crackpots. So what the sightings are remains a mystery, but they are there all the same.

On January 30, last year, an ex-RCAF radar technician, a doctor and 10 other people saw a UFO near Dundas, Ontario. It was at night and the strange object glowed with an orange color, and a green light seemed to flash on the object's fringe. The UFO hovered, skittered back and forth and then faded away.

On the 27th of the following

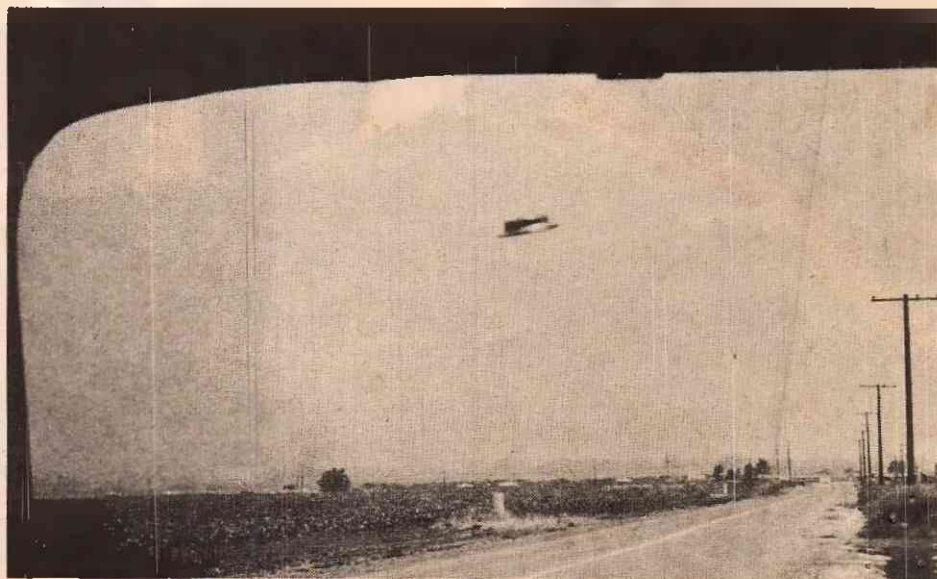
month, between 7:30 and 8:30 p.m., four people in Port McNeil, British Columbia, saw through a 45 power telescope a large oval, white on top and blue on the bottom, with a sort of tail. It travelled straight, turned right, then left, and disappeared and reappeared a number of times.

A good sighting took place in Toronto during March 1967 near Malton airport. James Dorman, 18, heard of a UFO sighting on his radio and quick to grab the opportunity he ran out of the house with his camera. His pictures, later published in a Toronto newspaper, show a series of disc-shape objects with pulsating lights. Jim, a Rover Scout with the Griffin Rover Crew, St. James United Church, said he wasn't sure what the object was and he was going to investigate it thoroughly. He got in touch with some local UFO investigators and has changed from the casual observer of the flying saucer phenomenon to an ardent investigator.

In this case at Malton, like many

cases, the air force and government authorities refused to discuss the sightings. Similarly, in the United States, where a great number of sightings have been recorded, the air force and government refuse to acknowledge the existence of such objects. And their explanations of sightings have often been worded to ensure that the reader got the impression that the objects were pieces of rocket ships in re-entry, hallucination, weather balloons, or some other man-made object.

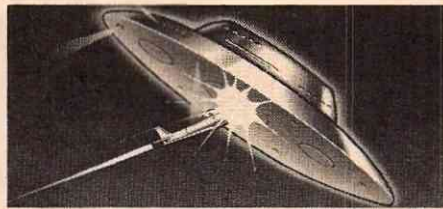
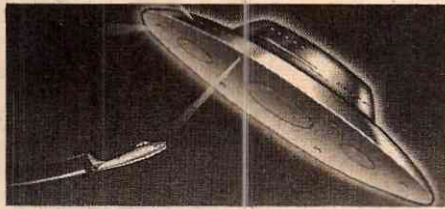
But with the passing of years, that type of explanation was not good enough for the people who had made the sightings. Nor was it good enough for a number of scientists, educators and other well-informed people in the United States. For that reason a number of people from all walks of life, but with a common interest in UFOs, got together to try to clear the air of hoaxes and government all-too-easy explanation. They formed the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenom-



First of three photos of UFO taken in California by man who thought UFO was a jet at first. Seeing it was not, he snapped pictures through windows of his truck. Object zoomed out of sight in 15 seconds. (NICAP photo).



# RE REAL!



ena (NICAP). They gathered various experts in fields such as astronomy, photography, physics and other related fields and put them to work examining as many UFO reports as they could with a small staff. That was in 1956. Now, 12 years later, their conclusions: UFOs are real and are not man-made; they come from outer space; they are controlled by some form of intelligence, either remote control or by a physical being inside the craft.

Mind you, when they make these statements they are careful to say that many sightings are not real UFOs, that in fact they are weather balloons or pieces of rocket ships or hallucinations. But there are enough sightings — they claim about 2,000 — that defy rational explanation except that of being flying saucers. These are the real flying saucers. NICAP accepts this explanation and will continue to accept until they are proven wrong or another hypothesis fits better.

Like many people, I was skeptical

about the existence of flying saucers. I had seen something unusual one evening near Sussex, New Brunswick, but passed it off as a plane in the distance. It aroused my interest and I read a little about the subject, then gave it up. But recent events have brought the interest back. Some of the documented cases of radar tracking of UFOs and the strange presence of unexplained electromagnetic activity associated with them are hard to ignore.

Eyewitnesses claim that during sightings their car radios act strangely, headlights dim or go off, or their cars stall right on the highway. For example, on March 3, 1957, near Calgary, Alberta, a witness said that a very large blinking light passed over his car; the car motor stopped and then started and the headlights flickered. Many of these eyewitnesses are respectable people and it is hard to believe that they are making up the stories for publicity. Furthermore, stories like this have come from scientists, en-

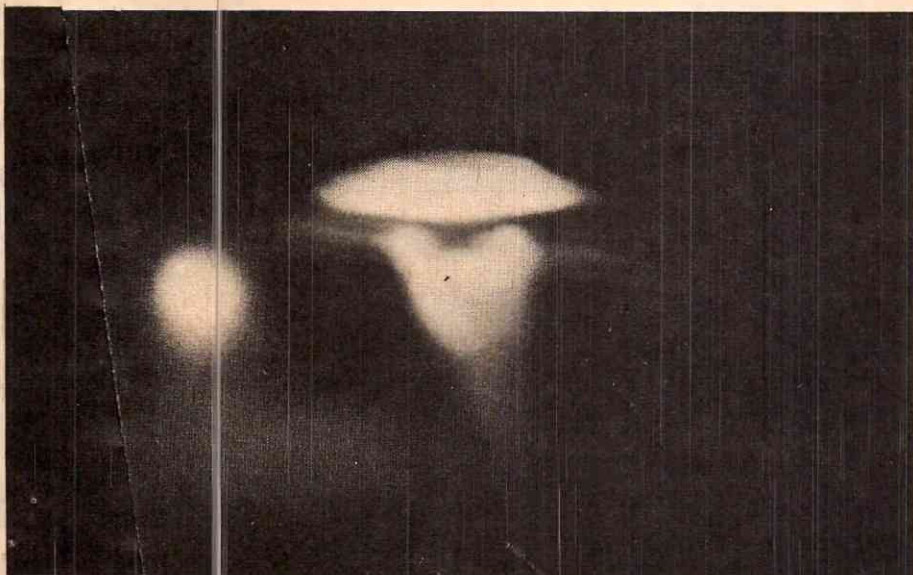
gineers, commercial and military pilots and even some astronomers.

Recently, I heard tapes made by a radio announcer who had interviewed some university students. They claimed to have seen UFOs in the area near Toronto. I also heard of a number of Grade 11 students who, during the night, while on a snowshoe trek in northwestern Ontario, saw what they thought were fireflies. Of course, in March with temperatures of five below zero, there are no fireflies around. Were they flying saucers?

I don't know, but at the same time the phone lines to Washington were jammed with calls from NICAP people reporting a number of sightings in northern Minnesota. And that's only about 40 miles from Atikokan where these Grade 11 kids were at the time.

Perhaps a more convincing argument is provided by the evidence which indicates that when pursued by jet aircraft, these UFOs take evasive action much like any pilot trying to get away from an attacking aircraft. There is one case of an F-86C all-weather interceptor which was scrambled to chase a UFO shown on radar over Lake Superior. It happened on November 23, 1953. The chase was recorded on radar. The two radar tracks showed a collision over the lake and the blips disappeared from the screen. The pilot and plane never returned and no trace of a wreck was found. That one is still a mystery today to those who refuse to accept the United States Air Force explanation. They claim that the pilot intercepted an RCAF C-47 and on return crashed into the lake. Yet the RCAF has no record of an intercept on that date.

There are too many cases of these questionable explanations on record. For a growing number of people these explanations are not good enough. There is a change of attitude. Perhaps this year you should keep your eyes peeled!



Second of two photos of UFO taken in Pennsylvania by a 17-year-old high school student. UFO appeared, was photographed, slowed and hovered; was again photographed, then accelerated out of sight. (NICAP photo)



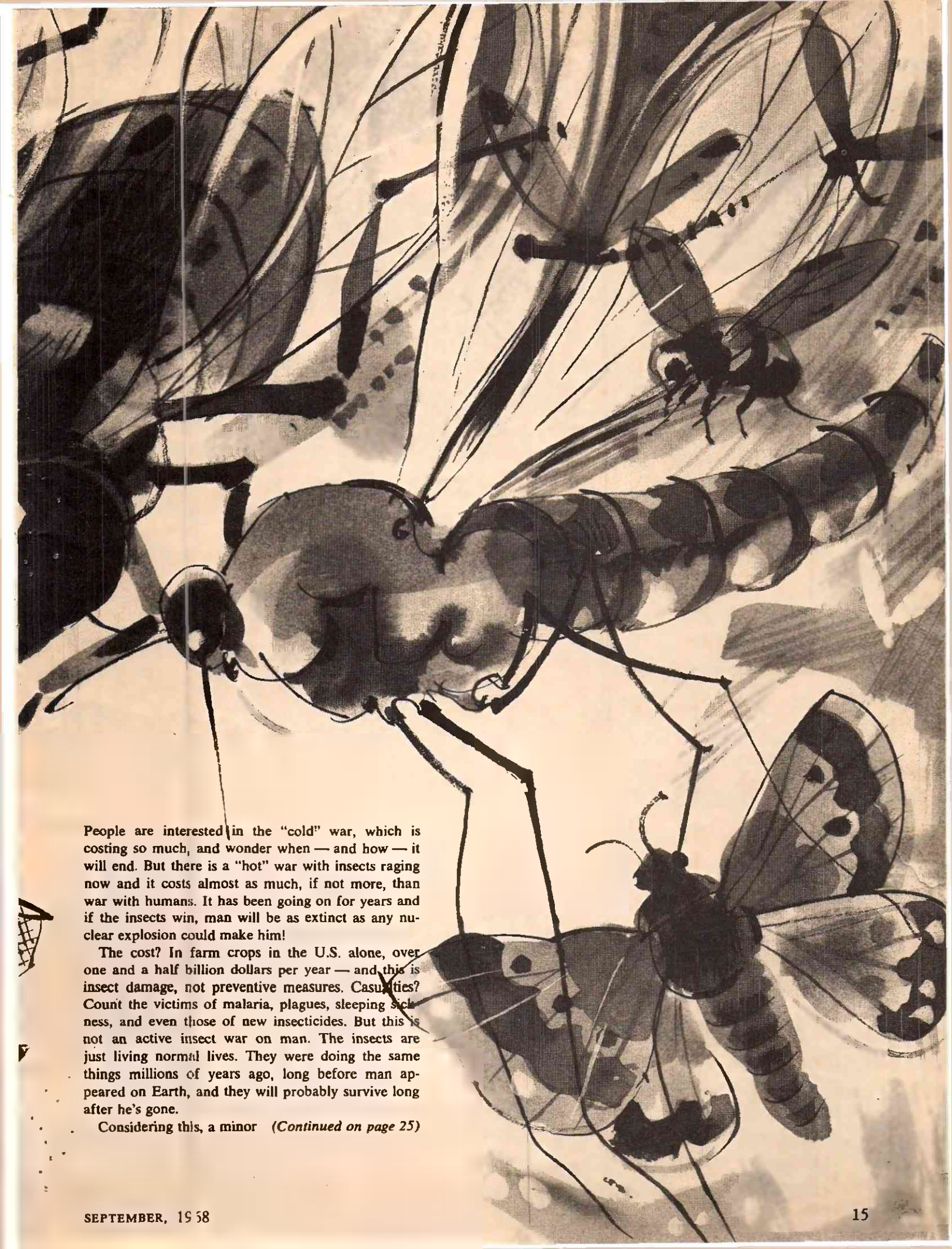


# INSECTS WITHOUT END

STORY BY MICHAEL BRUCE

Short lives, big families, tough hides, booster hearts and monstrous big eyes help members of the insect world to wage unending war on man and his world





People are interested in the "cold" war, which is costing so much, and wonder when — and how — it will end. But there is a "hot" war with insects raging now and it costs almost as much, if not more, than war with humans. It has been going on for years and if the insects win, man will be as extinct as any nuclear explosion could make him!

The cost? In farm crops in the U.S. alone, over one and a half billion dollars per year — and this is insect damage, not preventive measures. Casualties? Count the victims of malaria, plagues, sleeping sickness, and even those of new insecticides. But this is not an active insect war on man. The insects are just living normal lives. They were doing the same things millions of years ago, long before man appeared on Earth, and they will probably survive long after he's gone.

Considering this, a minor (Continued on page 25)









# NIGHT OF THE KILLER WHALES

BY TED ASHLEE

The setting sun, glowing dull crimson through the forest fire smoke, rested a moment on top of Valdes Island to spread its diffused light in a blood red pool across the quiet sea and to transform all it touched, my fishing boat, the drifting seaweed, the rocky shore of Galiano Island, into wondrous things of burnished copper.

As I glanced westward to gauge the remaining light, and partially blinded by it, an object which I took to be an Indian in a dugout slid past my bow. With a shock I realized what it was. It was the tall dorsal fin of a killer whale.

The school of whales surfaced all around me. I was trapped. My staunch twenty-eight foot boat suddenly seemed a fragile thing, my fishing gear with which I earned a living became a nuisance. The whales closed in, many of them swimming past an oar's length away, slapping the water with powerful flukes, drenching me

with spray. It was a moment for a quick and accurate decision. To cut my line and run for it would be suicidal. No workboat could outrun a killer whale. If I rammed into one, which could easily happen in the uncertain light of dusk, the enraged brute could reduce my cedar hull to kindling in seconds. There was nothing for it but continue working and hope that the whales would accept my presence as part of the natural scheme of things.

So the work went on, pulling in the ground trawl, twisting hooks from the rough toothed (Continued on page 33)



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Dept. CB



## TROUBLE ON EARTH

Continued from page 10

I've always meant to get around to testing the strength of our landing gear. I don't suppose it'll ever get a better test. Yes, very good. While the rest of us find out how many loose teeth we have, you may switch off."

"Aw, I couldn't help it. The ground came up too fast," muttered Bingo, and started turning off switches.

They all picked up their gear and were about to leave the ship when Jim happened to glance at a particular spot on the control panel. "Hold it!" he yelled as Moose was about to go through the hatch. "Bingo! You left the force-field defensive screen switched on! If anybody had left the ship they would have been disintegrated!"

"Oops!" said Bingo. "Gee, I forgot!"

Moose had been inches away from instant obliteration. "Forgot!" groaned Jim. "What the heck did you have it switched on for anyway?"

"In case a meteor hit us!" snapped Bingo. "Why else, you idiot?"

"I think we've mentioned before," said Foureyes, "that any meteor big enough to even dent our luxinium hull would be spotted by our warning system twenty minutes before it could even touch us — plenty of time to avoid it. Now if you wouldn't mind switching *everything* off, we could leave this ship."

Bingo went back to the control panel and reached out a finger toward the switch. Before he could touch it there was a violent shudder throughout the ship, accompanied by a high-pitched electronic squeal.

"What in the name of jumpin' blue parsecs was *that*?" yelled Jim.

"We've been hit," said Foureyes, incredulous. "Our defensive screen was hit by something, and something *big*! I don't understand, but leave the screen on, Bingo." He led the way to the viso-screen. Before they got there the ship was hit again, harder than before. "Jumpin' Jehosopah! We're being attacked! In my own spaceport! I don't know what's going on but let's get out of here, and fast! We're being hit with several hundred megatons of energy, and with our energizers switched off the defensive screen can't absorb much more."

Working feverishly, it was impossible to get off the ground in less than

five minutes. During that time they were hit again, then once more, and on the next hit they heard the implosive 'pop' of the force-field as it gave out. The next one would hit the unprotected hull of the ship, and though the hull was made of luxinium alloy it couldn't keep out everything.

Foureyes threw the switch for blast-off. Slowly the ship rose, then gradually picked up speed. "Faster," whispered Jim, trying to urge the ship on by sheer will alone, as in fact all of them were trying to do.

At half a mile they were hit again. The jolt sent the ship spinning end over end like a leaf in a hurricane, even though they were in full power. When they straightened out they were pointing straight down, directly toward Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, at 23,000 mph. Frantically, Foureyes side-blasted and flipped the ship onto a sharp angle. It was closer than close. The ship tore a four-mile path through a forest of pine trees in Alberta, the trees deflecting the ship slightly upward but not enough to avoid blasting a brand new tunnel through the Rocky Mountains, which in turn deflected them slightly downward but also cut their speed to about 600 mph, slow enough to have a chance at manoeuvring. Foureyes was able to level the ship out, but, since he was only 1,000 feet over the huge metropolitan area of Trail, B.C., he couldn't take the chance of frying a good part of the city by turning upward to blast away. In four minutes they would be over an uninhabited area, where it would be safe to give full power to the rockets.

The warning system lights began flashing. "What's that all about?" asked Foureyes.

"It's okay," said Jim. "It's a couple of World Federation ships, a few miles to our left, above and behind us."

"What are they doing?" asked Foureyes.

"Nothing. Just cruising."

"Same direction as us?"

"Pretty well."

"Strange," said Foureyes. The last houses of the city were passing behind them. Quickly, Foureyes threw the ship violently to the right and up, blasting away at full power.

"Hey!" complained Moose. "Why so rough? You'd think we ... jumpin' jetfeathers! Look at that!" He was gaping at the viso-screens. A huge crater had suddenly appeared in the

earth, just below but to the right of where the ship had been an instant before.

"My hunch was right," said Foureyes grimly. "That was those two Federation ships, blasting at us!"

"But why?" asked Jeannie. "Why is everybody shooting at us? What have we done? Are we criminals?"

"Something's mighty wrong, that's for sure," said Jim, "if their orders are 'shoot on sight, and to kill.'"

"Least they could give us a fair trial," complained Bingo.

"It's almost like it's one of those revolutions like they used to have in South America," said Moose, "where somebody's taken over the government and the first thing they do is shoot everybody else who twitches his nose the wrong way." Moose was winded after such a long speech. He closed his eyes and dozed off.

The Federation ships gave up the chase as soon as the "Starhopper" went to full power. They knew they would never be able to catch it. Foureyes slowed down and went into an orbit halfway between Earth and the Moon. Then they tried to figure out what had gone wrong.

Jim suggested they establish radio contact. "Maybe we can find out *something* that way."

Foureyes pondered. "I guess we don't have any other choice, unless anybody can think of a better idea. I admit I'm stumped." He looked at Moose who shook his head, and at Bingo who shrugged.

But little Jeannie was worried. Foureyes noticed her biting her lower lip. "What's wrong, Jeannie?" he asked, suddenly cautious. He always paid close attention to Jeannie's premonitions. As an ESPer, her ability to recognize events before they happened had saved their necks more than once.

"I'm not sure," she said, "but as soon as Jim said to establish radio contact, a voice in my head started yelling 'no, no, no, no,' over and over."

"I don't see what could go wrong establishing radio contact," said Jim, a bit miffed at having his pipsqueak sister trying to veto his suggestion. "Maybe they *can* trace our location if we use radio, but we could tell if they came after us, and could easily outrun them."

"When I concentrate," said Jeannie, "all I can see is a huge explosion."

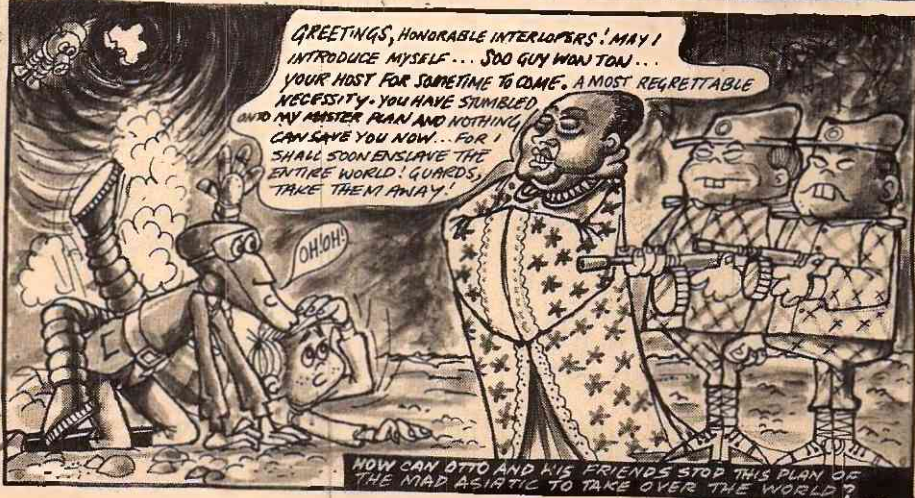
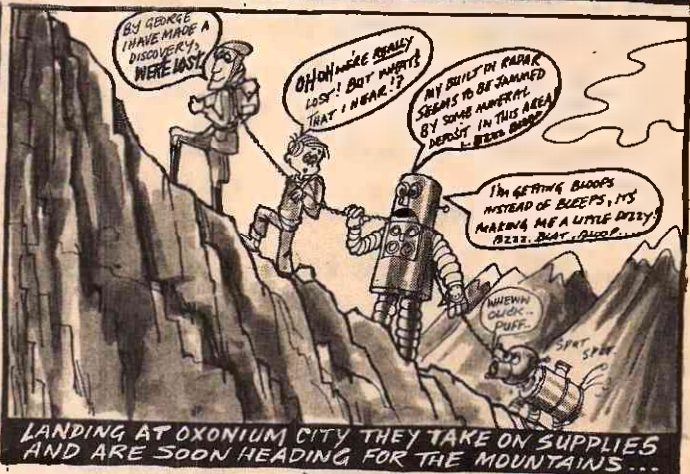
Continued on page 27



# 2068ad

# OTTO Matic

BY VIC ATKINSON





# Science



Last month we discovered how an incorrect "law", formulated by an obscure 18th century German astronomer, resulted in the accidental discovery of the asteroids.

These tiny worlds — the biggest has a diameter of only 480 miles — orbit the Sun between Mars and Jupiter. It has been estimated there could be 50,000 of them!

Finding the first one took thousands of years, but finding the rest of them became easy when photography began to be used in astronomical explorations. A telescope is aimed at a certain portion of the sky, and made to move at the same rate and in the same direction as the stars. The image entering the telescope is trained onto a photographic plate. Since the telescope is following the motion of the stars they will simply turn up on the finished plate as points of light.

An asteroid, however, since it is moving against the background of stars will leave a streak of light.

Where did these "forgotten children of the solar system" come from?

It's generally thought that they originated in the same way as the nine major planets, but nobody knows for certain why they took the form they did. (Because of their size, astronomers call them the "minor planets".) It's been suggested that they're the result of an explosion, scattering through space pieces of what was once a sizable planet. But as the renowned astronomer, Robert S. Richardson, writes in "The Fascinating World of Astronomy", the trouble is "it is so hard to think of any reason why a planet should explode in the first place."

Dr. Richardson writes that "a more likely suggestion is that the asteroids were created by a collision between larger parent masses in the asteroid zone."

A Japanese astronomer, Hirayama, has shown that asteroids can be grouped into "families". If you were resting at a specific spot in the asteroid zone, all the asteroids in one "family" would eventually pass nearby.

Some of the minor planets have orbits that take them far out of the otherwise well-defined asteroid belt. In fact one, named Icarus, came to within  $4\frac{1}{2}$  million miles of Earth last June!

This is the closest any planet has ever come to us, and some people were worried there might be a collision!

Eros, another asteroid with an unusual orbit, also comes quite close to us (in astronomer's terms!). During its last close approach —  $13\frac{1}{2}$  million miles — scientists were able to use it as a reference point in more accurately measuring the distance between the Sun and the Earth.

They also discovered that Eros is shaped like a brick!

So many asteroids have been discovered that suitable names — those with mythological connections — have been almost exhausted. The 100th to be discovered was named **Piazzia**, in honor of Piazzi, who found the first one. There is an asteroid named Geisha, and one named in honor of Limburg, the Belgian province where they make Limburger cheese! Businessmen and politicians have been honored: there is an asteroid out there, zipping around the Sun, named **Rockefelleria**.

If you discover one, they may name it after you!

By Chuck Davis

## HERE THEY ARE!

# Winners in CB's

# TALLEST

&

## SMALLEST

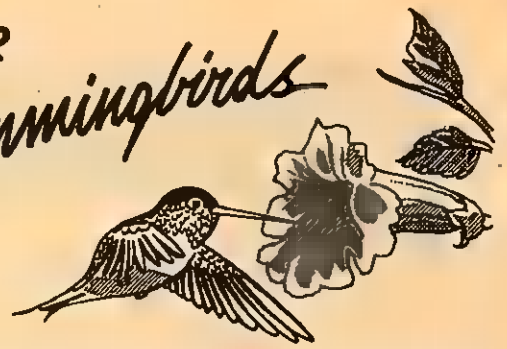
# CONTEST

When we announced this contest in our May 68 editions we promised four winners would be announced in the September issue. In each of the two TALLEST categories we had a tie, so we've wound up with six winners! Syl Asadoortax, 126th Toronto Troop, Scarborough, Ont., and Robert Cordery of 1st East Gwillimbury Heights Troop, Newmarket, Ont., topped the tall ones at six-foot-five-and-a-half each, in the Tallest Scout or Venturer category. The Smallest Scout/Venturer prize was won by James Paches of 20th Edmonton Troop, at three-foot-seven-and-a-half. Tallest Cub title brought in another tie, between Ken DesChamp of 1st Bridgenorth Pack in Peterborough, Ont., and Robert Willms of 2nd Leamington A Pack in Leamington, Ont. They matched up at five-foot-five-and-a-quarter. Smallest Cub in the contest is Peter Caarls of 85th Montreal East Pack, Pointe-aux-Trembles, Que. He's 10 years old and, at three-foot-two, he's forever being mistaken for a five-year-old; Peter tells us! Anyway, those are the six winners. There were 101 losers, all of whom we want to thank for helping make this contest a success. Now, winners: What do you prefer as your prize — a Heathkit portable radio kit you can build yourself? Or a slot car racing set complete with all the makings for homegrown trackside thrills? All six of you get your choice. Let us know? Write to CANADIAN BOY, Box 5151, Station F, Ottawa 5.



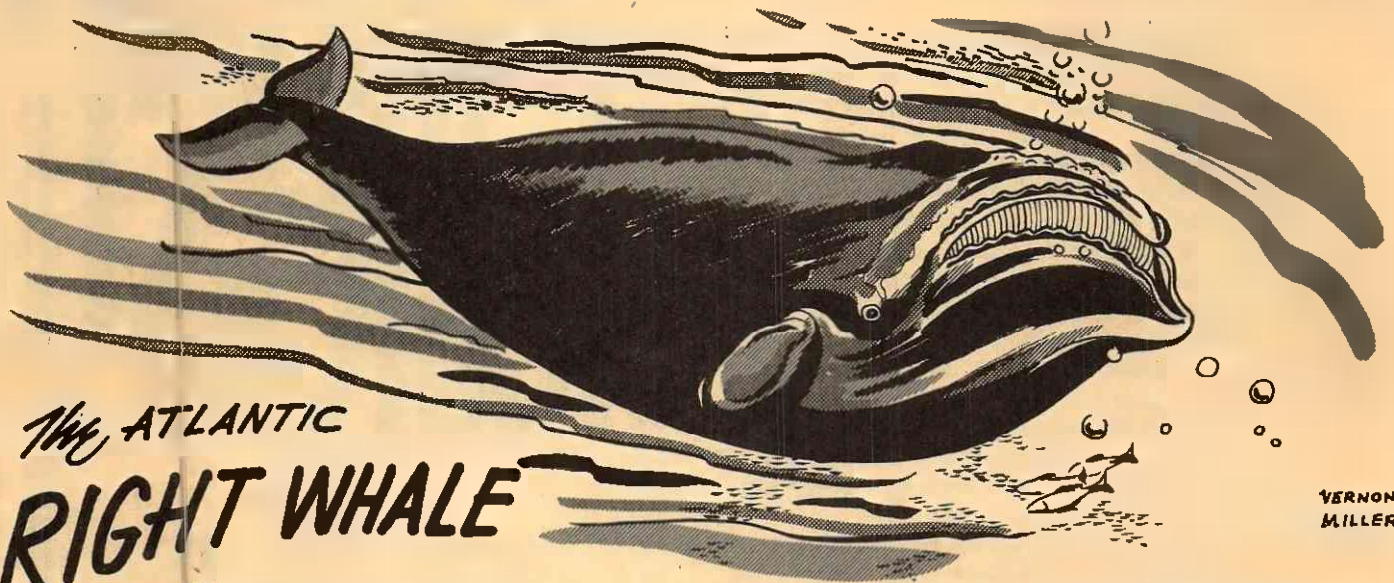
# CANADATA

OUR  
Hummingbirds



DO NOT LIVE ENTIRELY ON THE NECTAR OF FLOWERS... WHEN A HUMMINGBIRD PROBES INTO THE COROLLAS OF FLOWERS IT IS EXTRACTING NOT ONLY NECTAR BUT ALSO SMALL FLIES, BEES AND SPIDERS.

A HUMMINGBIRD CAN FLY BACKWARD... IT FLIES DEEP INTO FLOWER TUBES, POISES THERE ON BEATING WINGS AS IT FEEDS, THEN FLIES BACKWARD OUT OF THE FLOWER IN STRAIGHT REVERSE... THE REASON IT IS SO FANTASTICALLY MANEUVERABLE IS BECAUSE IT CAN TURN ITS WINGS OVER... A HUMMINGBIRD CAN FLY COMFORTABLY AT ABOUT 50 MILES AN HOUR.



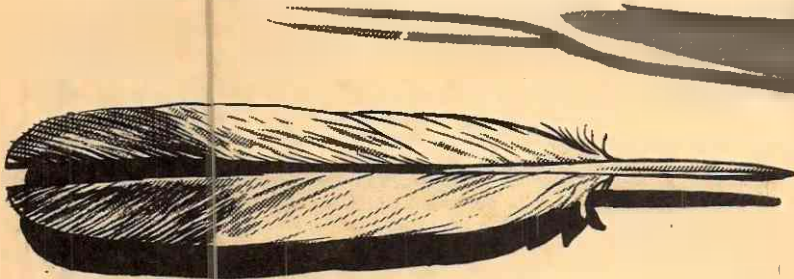
## THE ATLANTIC RIGHT WHALE

VERNON  
MILLER

EARLY WHALERS CALLED THIS BLACK, OIL RICH 60-FOOT-LONG WHALE A 'RIGHT' WHALE BECAUSE IT FLOATED WHEN KILLED.

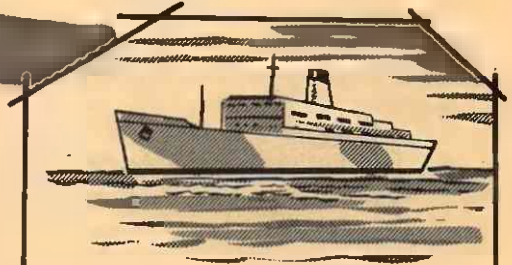
MOST OTHER WHALES WERE 'WRONG' BECAUSE THEY SANK WHEN KILLED.

THE 'RIGHT' WHALE NEARED EXTINCTION AROUND THE YEAR 1900... IT IS NOW PROTECTED BY LAW BUT STILL VERY SCARCE...



THE COUP FEATHERS OF OUR EARLY INDIANS CAN BE COMPARED TO THE CAMPAIGN RIBBONS AND MEDALS AWARDED OUR MODERN SOLDIER... AN INDIAN WOULD RATHER PART WITH HIS HORSE OR ANY OF HIS BELONGINGS THAN TO LOSE HIS EAGLE FEATHERS.

EACH FEATHER TOLD A STORY OF SOME PARTICULAR ACT OF COURAGE OR SUCCESS... A RED FEATHER TOLD THAT THE WEARER HAD BEEN WOUNDED... A FEATHER THAT WAS SPLIT DOWN THE CENTER RIB PROCLAIMED 'MANY WOUNDS.'



WHEN ON A SEA VOYAGE PEOPLE HAVE SOMETIMES SEEN A SHIP IN THE SKY... THIS IS A MIRAGE... THE SHIP THEY ARE SEEING IS ACTUALLY BEYOND THE HORIZON AND IS BEING REFLECTED BY A LAYER OF HOT AIR...



## EIGHT SECONDS

Continued from page 9

Saddle Bronc Champions have passed through the chutes at Calgary. Many of them have been Canadians who got their first taste of big time competition here, and then went on to win world titles. Their names read like a Who's Who of professional rodeo. Among them was Pete Knight of Crossfield, Alberta — King of the Cowboys — who won four world championships before being trampled to death by a bronc at Hayward, California. In more recent years, the World Saddle Bronc title has been won by three Canadians, all of whom are still competing.

In the All Round Cowboy championship, Herman Linder of Cardston, Alberta, won the Canadian title seven times and the North American title five times from 1931 to 1938. Other Canadians have taken their full share of prizes, among them Wilf Girletz, Randy's father, who won both the Canadian and North American titles in 1952, and the Canadian title three more times after that, displaying his skills in such faraway places as the Madison Square and Boston Gardens.

But Randy Girletz does not intend to make a career of rodeo. Now a Grade nine student in Youngstown Junior High, he hopes to join the armed forces some day and be a pilot. His mother and father have a cattle ranch near Youngstown, where they run a herd of about 130 head of commercial beef animals on 3,680 acres. This means there are a lot of chores to do such as punching cows and putting up supplies of winter feed to last the cattle over the cold winter months.

Wilf and Maxine Girletz have four children — three boys and a girl. Fifteen-year-old Glenda is the oldest. Next comes Randy, 14, then his brothers, Ray, 10, and Kevin, who is seven.

When their herd has to be moved to new grazing, the three boys become full-fledged cowpokes. At haying time, the whole family lends a hand. In winter, when the native grass is covered with snow, this hay has to be fed out to the cows.

But there is time for fun, too. Both Randy and his father play on Youngstown hockey teams.

People who know rodeo say a performer can never quite get the thrill of the contest out of his blood. Perhaps this is the reason so many former

stars find themselves heading back to the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede with their families, year after year. The Stampede is more than just a rodeo show, even for the spectators. It is a chance for young and old to let their hair down for awhile and relive the days of the old west. For contestants, both past and present, it is a chance to renew old friendships and, once there, few able-bodied veterans can resist the temptation to sign up for at least one event.

Because both Randy and Ray wanted to enter the wild steer riding, Wilf found himself signing for calf roping. This can be a costly business. The entry fee for calf roping is \$100, while each boy entering the wild steer event must pay \$10.

"I would just as soon have stayed home and done the haying," Wilf grinned. But chances are he would've come anyway, even if the boys hadn't wanted to try their hand at steer riding. There is something about the big Stampede that draws them all — range cowboys and drugstore cowboys alike. This year, the Girletz family made the four-hour drive back to the ranch to tend to their haying between go-arounds. There are some ranch jobs that just can't be ignored, not even for the Calgary Stampede.

The Big Show has been a part of Randy's life for as long as he can remember. He was born at Calgary during the 1953 Stampede. Familiar as it is, he still wouldn't want to miss one. When he is not getting ready to ride, he spends his time behind the chutes talking to other boys, most of them the sons of contestants. Sometimes he runs into a cousin or two. Later, he and a friend might take a walk through the Midway to see what new thrill rides the promoters have come up with. But few of these can match the thrills and spills of the rodeo infield.

Stopping in front of a freak show this year, Randy watched while a performer contorted his stomach for the benefit of the gathering crowd.

"Isn't that stupid?" he said. "He sure has good control of his stomach muscles, though. But I don't think he is doing himself any good!"

The Midway, the Indian Tipi Village, and the displays change little from year to year. What most people come to see is the rodeo, and being a part of that show is bound to make a fellow walk just a little bit taller. 🍀

## Wheels

IBM computers may soon be helping you fix your car.

That's the aim of a new program being developed by International Business Machines, with one of the large oil companies, Mobil Oil Corporation.

Thousands of things can go wrong, go wrong, go wrong with an automobile. And finding them by trial and error can be a real headache. Computers will make the job as easy as hooking a few instruments onto the car and pushing a button.

To start a test, electrical and mechanical instruments are connected to various parts of the automobile. The car is started up and driven on a special test platform. The instruments begin sending information into the computer, an IBM Three Thousand model. In the computer's memory banks are all the factory specifications for the car under test.

At electronic speed the computer begins comparing the car's performance against what the factory people say it ought to be. It checks the automobile part by part, printing out such information as "satisfactory" . . . "adjust" . . . "repair" or "replace" and, within seconds, providing a full report for the car owner.

The computer elaborates on its own preliminary findings, prints out a neat form which tells the owner what repairs are needed, and warns him whenever certain parts need out-and-out replacement. Even more: The computer tells the car owner what each part will cost him and what the cost of the labor will be.

The thoroughness of computer testing goes far beyond anything ever done in the automotive field up to now — and that's covering a history of 199 years to date!

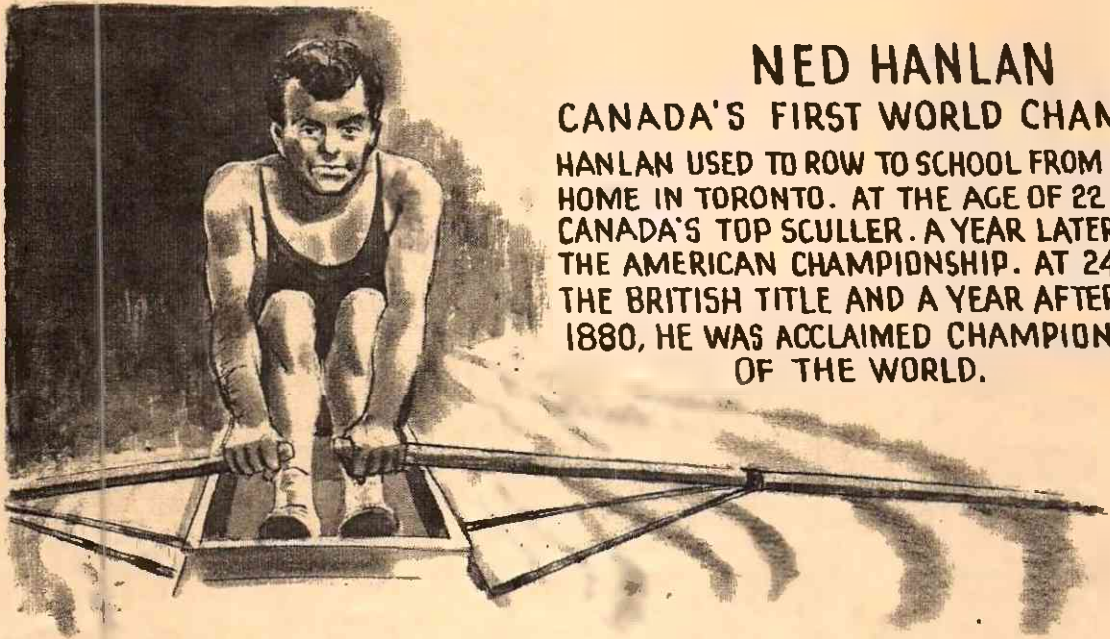
The computer on this kind of car test receives about a thousand measurements during the split-second firing of one single spark plug. The computer can analyze about 300 different sparking patterns.

It also analyzes the car's brakes 200 times per second, while the brake pedal is pushed down. That's what you might call a quick checkout!

By Roger Appleton



# GREAT CANADIANS



## NED HANLAN

CANADA'S FIRST WORLD CHAMPION.

HANLAN USED TO ROW TO SCHOOL FROM HIS ISLAND HOME IN TORONTO. AT THE AGE OF 22 HE BECAME CANADA'S TOP SCULLER. A YEAR LATER HE TOOK THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP. AT 24 HE WON THE BRITISH TITLE AND A YEAR AFTER THAT, IN 1880, HE WAS ACCLAIMED CHAMPION SCULLER OF THE WORLD.

## JACK MINER

THE MAN WHO LOVED BIRDS

A NATURALIST WHO SETTLED IN KINGSVILLE, ONT., WHERE IN 1904 HIS WORLD-FAMOUS BIRD SANCTUARY WAS STARTED. ONE OF THE FIRST GAME CONSERVATIONISTS, JACK MINER'S STUDY AND BANDING OF MIGRATORY BIRDS HELPED MAKE GREAT ADVANCES FOR CONSERVATION PROGRAMS. FOR HIS WORK HE WAS AWARDED THE O.B.E. IN 1943. THE JACK MINER MIGRATORY BIRD FOUNDATION IS OPERATED TODAY BY HIS SON.





## INSECTS WITHOUT END

Continued from page 15

examination of the insects and the insect world can be fascinating. Animals have ears on their heads; insects have ears where it is most convenient for them. Animals have one heart and an intricate system of blood vessels; insects have several hearts and arteries, but few veins. Animals usually live longer than insects, but several insect species seen today originated at the same time as, or earlier than, the dinosaurs!

For as far back as we can trace man's history, he has battled with insects for the possession of this planet. When man appeared, they promptly claimed squatter's rights, particularly the fly, louse and mosquito. Man gained a measure of compensation by taking the bee's honey; in more recent years he took silk from worms. The cockroach, bedbug and flea soon moved in. This resulted in the development of the fly swatter, traps, poisons, toxic spray and a general declaration of war on the types of insects which ate man's food, crops, homes — and him. Fortunately for man, insects have never organized and retaliated.

In spite of the tremendous variety of insects (seven hundred fifty thousand so far, and over a thousand more new species found each year) man has brought only three insects, the bee, the silk worm and the shellac-producing scale insect, into his service to help repay him. The earthworm freshens tons of soil each year and the Korean wasp and a fly (*Centeter cineria*) both prey on the Japanese beetle. Man foments such insect wars and brings reinforcements to the side he wants to win. He imported a special beetle that eats only the poisonous Klamath weed, but such kind help is incidental to the insects concerned. They are not intentionally aiding man and could get along quite well without him.

Man would fare a good deal worse without such insect aides, but he would fare a great deal better without his insect enemies.

The locust has been a plague for centuries, though people in some countries eat them. The *Anopheles* mosquito, carrying malaria, delayed construction of the Panama Canal; the *Aedes aegypti* mosquito carries yellow fever. A variety of the tse-tse

fly carries sleeping sickness. The kingdom of Kandy in Ceylon was protected by leeches in the surrounding swamps. Lice carry disease; boll weevils destroy cotton; beetles kill potatoes; a tree-boring insect killed thousands of acres of spruce trees — and raised the cost of the house you live in! There are scores of others, like flies, termites and clothes moths.

Some insects appear to be new species. Others just keep rolling along. There is no known species of mammal alive today that existed in even approximately the same shape fifty million years ago. Yet the fossilized forms of ants, bees, wasps and beetles have been found in rocks of that period, and dragonflies and cockroaches existed in the same form, though larger in size, more than one hundred million years ago!

Possibly their enormous rate of reproduction helped in their survival and the great number of generations in a season would make for speedy evolution. But they did not evolve. They had found a suitable form. The dragonflies reduced their thirty-nine-inch wingspan and the cockroaches went from six inches to their present size. The others stayed as they were. They also just stayed!

While insects may not appear to be evolving, they are certainly adaptable. Orchardists placed gum rings around their fruit trees to prevent the wingless female winter moths from laying their eggs in the tree tops. Recently, however, male winged winter moths have been observed ferrying the wingless females to the upper branches. Other types are becoming more resistant to specific poisons.

Some insects seem to just take a chance on surviving, but most can be divided into two classes, passive defence and active resistance. All have a secondary line.

The passive resistance types are again divided. Most rely on camouflage, blending with their surroundings; in others camouflage is imitation of their active resistance brethren. The Kallima moth at rest looks like a leaf; the larva of the swallowtail butterfly has enormous "painted" eyes and mouth just behind its head. Other harmless types may resemble wasps or other active resistance insects.

The active resistance types are better known. Chief among them are the wasps and hornets, the poisonous spiders and scorpions. The ant can also be classed as active resistance. Less

well-known are the giant poisonous centipedes and such insects as the bombardier beetle with a spray of offensive gas.

The secondary line is the speed and quantity of reproduction. The queen termite ant of Africa sometimes lays eighty thousand eggs per day; a pair of cotton boll weevils can be responsible for twelve million more in twenty weeks! Two house flies may have over a million descendants in only two months. A measured locust swarm was over twenty miles long, one and a half miles wide and a half-mile deep. A little aphid, weighing less than one-sixtieth of a grain of wheat, could be responsible for eight hundred and twenty million tons of family in one summer season, and do so without a male in the family for a hundred generations at a time! The grocery bill for all this is considerable — and man pays most of it.

Insect tastes in food vary widely. The Mayfly, for instance, has no mouth and no stomach. However, it lives only one day and dies of old age before it can perish from starvation. The dragonfly eats as fast as it can catch insects and has been known to eat parts of itself. The larva of the Polyphemous moth eats eighty-six thousand times its birth weight during its life span. Cockroaches eat almost anything; in one house they were found to have eaten the cover of a book on *How To Get Rid of Cockroaches*. Incidentally, all chewing insects' jaws move laterally, instead of up and down, like those of mammals and birds.

True insects have a head, a thorax, and abdomen and only six legs. Those with more, e.g. spiders and centipedes, are arthropods, but are generally called insects. This allows for an enormous variety, most having several features in common.

The insect has internal muscles and an external armor of chitin, which it must molt when it has to grow. It then gulps in air or water, and in its distended state, waits for the skin to harden. It usually has two compound eyes and three simple ones (one lens) as well. The bee, has two compound eyes and three simple ones (ocelli). Others have one set of eyes for use by day and a second set for night use. Some have no eyes at all!

Most breathe through vents along their sides; there are no real lungs.

Continued on page 29



# SCOUTCRAFT

## TABLE OF EQUIVALENTS

Boys who are Scouts and have been working on the existing Boy Scout grade and proficiency badge schemes are not expected to "start over" on the new program. They receive recognition for what they have already achieved as set out in this table of equivalents.

## GRADE BADGES

### Existing Requirements

### New Program

New recruit working on Tenderfoot

Commences working on Investiture Requirements.

Invested Scout (Tenderfoot)

Receives Scout badge to replace Tenderfoot badge.

Scout who has completed four of items (I) to (V) of Second Class requirements

Receives Bronze stage First Aid.

Scout who has completed five or more of items (VI) to (XV) of second Class requirements

Receives Bronze stage Exploring badge.

Scout who has completed twelve or more of the Second Class requirements

Receives the Pioneer Award. If he meets the two preceding qualifications, he receives the First Aid and Exploring badges at the Bronze stage. He does not receive any of the other qualifying badges for the Pioneer Award.

Second Class Scout

Receives Pioneer Award and Bronze stage First Aid and Exploring badges. He does not receive any of the other qualifying badges for the Pioneer Award.

Second Class Scout who has completed items (III), (IV) and (V) and one other of (II), (VI) and (VII) of First Class requirements

Receives Silver stage First Aid Badge.

Second Class Scout who has completed nine of items (VIII) to (XX) of First Class requirements

Receives Silver stage Exploring badge.

Second Class Scout who has completed seventeen or more of the First Class requirements

Receives Voyageur Award. If he meets the two preceding qualifications he receives the First Aid and Exploring badges at the Silver stage. He does not receive any of the other qualifying badges for the Voyageur Award.

First Class Scout

Receives Voyageur Award and Silver stage First Aid and Exploring badges. He does not receive any of the other qualifying badges for the Voyageur Award.

Queen's Scout

Receives Pathfinder Award plus the appropriate equivalent badges for his Queen's Scout qualifying badges.

Bushman's Thong

Receives the equivalent recognition for First Class Scout plus the equivalent badges for his Bushman's Thong qualifying badges.

All-Round Cords — Green and Yellow

Receives Bronze Challenge Award

— Red and White

Receives Silver Challenge Award

— Gold

Receives Gold Challenge Award

## PROFICIENCY BADGES

### EXISTING

### NEW

Red Anchor

Pioneer, Bronze First Aid, Exploring and Anchor badges.

White Anchor

Voyageur, Silver First Aid, Exploring and Anchor badges.

Continued on page 33



## TROUBLE ON EARTH

Continued from page 19

"Then let's put up the force shield," suggested Bingo. "That'll protect us."

"Uh-uh," said Jeannie. "I still see some sort of explosion."

"Of course!" exclaimed Foureyes. "The radio beam itself! The force shield will keep out solid objects, but radio waves will penetrate it — otherwise we could neither broadcast nor receive."

"So?" said Bingo.

"I get it," said Jim. "They could bombard our open transmitter-receiver with the ultrasonic, high-power Dalhousie Beam those scientists in Nova Scotia invented back in 1993! That's the explosion Jeannie foresaw! Boy! They're *really* after us, aren't they?"

"Now how do we find out what's going on?" asked Moose, who opened one eye to ask the question.

"Quite simple," said Foureyes. "We send out one of our scout-ships after we've rigged it to retransmit a delayed signal. That way they could blow up the scout-ship but still not touch us."

An hour later, the remote-controlled scout-ship was ejected. It trailed along about five miles behind the "Starhopper." Twenty minutes later they got a response from the World Federation Headquarters in Tahiti. "WFHQ Tahiti to Star Ship 'Starhopper'. We read you loud and clear, 'Starhopper'. Over."

"Hello, Tahiti," Foureyes said into the mike. "Our reception when we tried to land in Manitoba was a bit too warm for our liking, and two of your ships took a potshot at us over British Columbia. We're beginning to think somebody doesn't like us any more down there! Any explanation?"

There was a six-second delay between transmitting and receiving, because of the distance and the delayed signal going and coming from the scout-ship.

"At least there's still the World Federation Headquarters, which seems to rule out a revolution on Earth," said Jim during the pause.

The voice coming over the speaker sounded very official and unfriendly. "The captain of 'Starhopper', Archimedes Einfeinstein - Forize, also known as Foureyes, along with his entire crew, have been declared traitors and top-priority enemies of the World

Federation. Every citizen of the planet Earth and its colonies on Luna, Mars and the moons of Jupiter, are dutybound to pursue your immediate destruction. Any person who is suspected of aiding, abetting or harboring any crew member of 'Starhopper' will be put to death. Any person who is suspected of intentionally bypassing or refraining from an opportunity to commit their destruction will be put to death. The warrant is signed by the President of the World Federation."

Foureyes spoke into the mike. "But why?" he asked, then realized the radio operator couldn't tell him if he knew. "May I be put in contact with President Hallenday himself?"

During the delay, waiting for the answer to come back, he said, "Traitors? I don't understand it! It was only last month that President Hallenday presented us with the Federation Medal for our contributions to the advancement of civilization. What did we do since then to..."

"Ex-president Hallenday," said the radio loudspeaker, "has been taken prisoner along with one hundred and forty-two members of the World Congress, for their continuous acts of deceit, criminality and high treason, one week ago today. However, I have received a message that President Einfeinstein desires to speak to you personally. He is on his way now, and will arrive in a matter of minutes. Please keep your receiver open."

"President Einfeinstein!" they all exclaimed together.

"Impossible!" said Jim. "He couldn't mean *Heinz* Einfeinstein!"

"Uncle Heinz?" said Foureyes, unbelieving.

"But he'd dead!" said Bingo angrily. "He went up in flames at Expo 2067, a year ago."

"He must have got away," said Foureyes. "But how did he get to be President of the World Federation? He must have quite a crew of gangsters working for him. And with his evil genius, I suppose he *could* take over the world. And of course one of the first things he would do would be to order our destruction. We prevented his attempt to take over the world before, and thought he was killed. I guess we shouldn't have dismissed this insane uncle of mine so lightly! Now all the world leaders who wouldn't go along with his evil schemes have been thrown into prison."

Just then a voice came over the radio. "Greetings, my young friends!" It

was Heinz Einfeinstein's chortling voice. "'Friends' he calls us," muttered Jim.

Heinz continued, "I suppose you have guessed by now that I have finally taken over the world. Yes-s-s," he hissed, "I have the title and the power of President of the World Federation, even though — heh-heh-heh! — I haven't gotten around yet to have elections. I will, someday, but I'll be too busy for at least a few years, I imagine! It's too bad you managed to escape destruction when you landed. It was very ingenious of you to leave your force-field defensive screen turned on!"

Bingo beamed. "See! At least *he* recognizes my intelligence! You guys just didn't realize I left it on intentionally because I was suspicious!"

"Oh shut up, Bingo," muttered Jim. "We can't hear what he's saying!"

"... and I was very annoyed," Heinz was saying, "that my little surprise for you wasn't enough of a surprise after all. In fact, my second-in-command and your old friend, General Edalb E. Fink, was absolutely livid with rage. However, he and I have come up with another surprise for you. Heh-heh-heh!"

There was a blinding flash, and a violent explosion battered the ship.

Down on Earth, as soon as Heinz had flicked off the transmission sender and issued a quick order to General Edalb E. Fink, he watched the radar scanner, and the little white dot on it which he knew to be the 'Starhopper'. When the little white dot suddenly expanded into quite a large white ball, which slowly dissolved into nothing, Heinz cackled gleefully, clapped Fink on the shoulder and chortled, "Heh-heh-heh! Finally I've got my revenge on that pesky nephew of mine, and his crew. I would have preferred to see them die more slowly, but I am well satisfied. Now there is no one who can seriously threaten my takeover of the entire world! We shall be *rich*, my friend!"

Next Month: Part Two

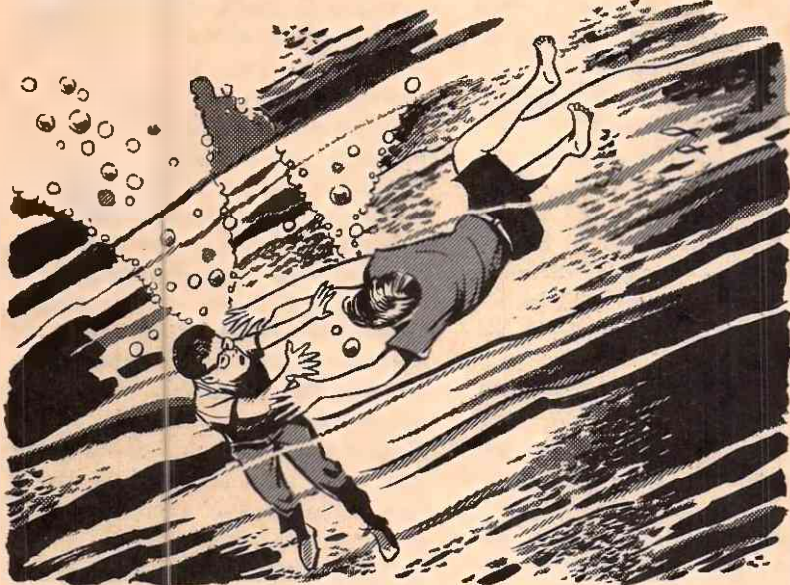
### BACK ISSUES

Some back issues of Canadian Boy from 1967 and 1966 are still available. Cost is 10 cents per magazine. Write to Back Issues, CANADIAN BOY, P.O. Box 5151, Station F, Ottawa 5.



# AWARD FOR VALOUR....

A GROUP OF BOYS WERE FISHING ON ROY'S ISLAND, PICTOU COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA, ON AUGUST 1, 1965. PATRICK DICKSON, 11 AND A NON-SWIMMER, SLIPPED FROM A ROCK OFF SHORE AND FELL INTO THE SEA. MURRAY BIGGAR, 14, HEARD SHOUTS AND LEAPED INTO THE WATER. THE DICKSON BOY, WHO WAS LARGER THAN HE, TRIED TO CLIMB ON HIM AND FORCED HIM UNDER. MURRAY BROKE LOOSE, HIT DICKSON ON THE JAW, AND MOVED HIM TO THE ROCKS, WHERE OTHERS HAULED HIM OUT.



FOR HIS COOLNESS AND BRAVERY, PATROL LEADER MURRAY BIGGAR OF THE TWELFTH NEW GLASGOW TROOP WAS AWARDED THE SILVER CROSS BY GOVERNOR-GENERAL MICHENER. HE ALSO RECEIVED THE ROYAL CANADIAN HUMANE ASSOCIATION BRONZE MEDAL AND THE CARNEGIE HERO FUND COMMISSION BRONZE MEDAL AND \$500.



## CALLING ALL CAMERAMEN:

### CB'S PHIFTH PHANTASTIC PHOTO CONTEST!

Another chance for you to win phabulous prizes, in case you missed out last year! This is Number Five, so it's time to look alive and come out shooting — color film or black-and-white. Hundreds of dollars in worthwhile prizes could be yours, and yours, and yours, for one good picture!

#### PRIZES

First prize, for the best photo, black and white or color, is a fabulous Polaroid color camera. There are two second prizes, complete developing kits for your darkroom work. Third prizes are two high-power microscopes. Fourth prizes will be cheques for \$10. And ten fifth-prize winners will receive cheques for \$5 each.

#### RULES

1. Photos must be taken by entrant. Any number of photos may be submitted, but no individual will

be eligible for more than one prize. Judges' decision will be final.  
 2. The contest is limited to amateurs, 8 to 18, who subscribe to Canadian Boy.  
 3. Photos may be black and white or colored, must be unmounted. Do not send negatives. No retouching is permitted.  
 4. Send prints to Photo Contest, Canadian Boy, Box 5151, Station F, Ottawa 5, Ontario. Print your name and address clearly on the back of each picture. No prints will be returned.  
 5. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, September 30, 1968.

#### USE THIS OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

Name .....

Address .....

Age .... Where photo taken .....

When photo taken .....

Names and addresses of people appearing in pictures

.....

.....



# Models

When the editors of CB asked me to do a column on building a model ship inside a bottle, I dug around and found there are mighty few hobbyists who know how to do this kind of work.

Three weeks after I had been handed the assignment, I found an ancient mariner in Vancouver. He gave me a 2,000-word yarn on building a three-masted barque under glass. Then I tried to reduce that to a two-masted vessel. Still too confusing. So let's wade through the instructions for a one-masted ship, designed to enter a bottle neck at least one-and-a-half inches wide.

For materials, my old sailor in Vancouver requires the following:

Hull — balsa  $4\frac{3}{4}$  in. long by  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide by  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. deep;

Mast — balsa  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. high;

Bowsprit — hardwood  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. long;

Yards — three matchsticks, each 2 in. long.

After shaping hull, hollow it out, allowing  $1/16$  in. thickness for well deck. Leave the bottom of the hull flat.

Bore a hole in the bow nearest the top and slant hole slightly upward. Use boring tool no bigger than a darning needle.

Bore a hole at front of bowsprit, slanting hole downward. Whittle bowsprit to fit into hole in bow.

Bore hole near top of mast. Slant hole to  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. drop to bow. Make three more holes straight across and space them for fitting yard arms. Bore another hole through foot of mast.

Position mast in middle of deck. Draw pencil mark around foot of mast. Bore two holes as in clock positions of 3 and 9, through deck to hollow hull.

Snip off  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. length of fine copper wire. Insert wire through hole in mast foot and bend ends of wire to shape of inverted U. Then insert wire through holes beside positioned mast. Bend wires to shape of an L. Mast will swing freely now on this wire hinge.

Bore hole in deck one inch sternward from mast. Take a good length of linen thread and tie overhand knot (clove-hitch is best to L position of

wire. Then attach single length of thread to eye of thin needle and run thread through deck hole to mast top. Tie off with a small knot.

Glue bowsprit into hole in bow. Run thread through slanted hole in mast and down to hole in bowsprit. Leave enough thread to extend beyond bottle neck when ship is inside bottle.

Tie a double knot in each of the three mast holes that take yard arms. Knot yards to mast. Snip off extra thread. Run remaining strand up to straight hole in mast, then down to be knotted on other side of yard arm, tied to yard in each case. Attach sails.

Lay putty inside bottle, using a small ladle or spoon attached to coat hanger wire. Using a brush attached to a coat hanger wire, paint one side and top of bottle sky blue. Paint putty "sea" green-grey, with some white-caps.

Move yards sideways to meet mast. Lower mast on its wire hinge, towards stern. Insert vessel in bottle. Turn bottle sideways and work hull onto putty with straightened wire coat hanger.

Now pull mast upright with a hook on the end of a length of wire. Straighten yard arms. Bury fore-and-aft thread astern of ship.

Make final adjustments to suit yourself, and that's it! Later, with some practice, you can add one or two more masts and make a really impressive ship-in-a-bottle.

By Gregory Bangs

## INSECTS WITHOUT END

*Continued from page 25*

but air pipes to all sections of the body. In flight, air rushes through the insect faster than the insect rushes through the air. Nearly all insects have a keen sense of smell, but breathing plays no part in it. The smelling organs, far keener than those in animals, are on the antennae.

Few insects have only one heart. They have a main heart and artery, and smaller, booster hearts at strategic places, in the head, or near the legs. The blood, yellow green, is forced along the arteries to the extremities and finds its own way back.

Naturally, an insect does not keep its ears on its head. A water beetle hears with its chest, a cricket's ears are on its knees, and a cicada's on its abdomen. Some insects have an auditory range up to forty-five thousand

vibrations per second, whereas man can seldom hear twenty thousand!

The elephant is used as a symbol of strength; an insect would be more appropriate. The wingless grasshopper leaps twenty times its own length; man leaps only five times his, and an elephant can't even get off the ground. If the antelope could bound like the flea, it would bound two hundred feet into the air! The scarab beetle can carry eight hundred and fifty times its own weight. If a man could run as fast as an ant in comparison, he would stroll along at four hundred miles per hour and hurry at eight hundred!

Insects usually travel by water, leg or wing, but are not averse to assistance. Fleas, lice and ticks (h)itch a ride whenever possible! (Pardon the pun.) Small spiders sit on branches and spin dangling threads until a gust of wind takes thread and spider on a trip of a few feet or several hundred miles. The Painted Lady butterfly flies from Iceland to Africa, from Canada to Florida. The dragonfly flies forwards or backwards and uses its legs to catch its prey or to perch, but never walks. The fruit scale insect walks to its meal, settles down to eat, and never walks again. The backswimming beetle swims on its back, the giant water beetle on its front. The housefly lands on the ceiling by hovering almost vertically and reaching up with its front legs; but it lets go on one side only, doing a roll.

In addition to their dwelling places in human homes, they have their own homes. Aphids have been found at an altitude of eighteen thousand feet; the cicada spends seventeen years underground. One bug lives in the mud of hot springs at a temperature of 120 degrees. Another lives on snow at a few degrees above zero. A tiny one lives on the tongue of a horsefly. A salty species breeds in Salt Lake.

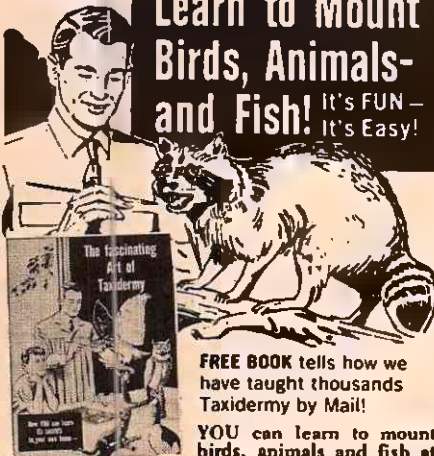
Considering their diet, their toughness, strength and adaptability and their reproductive rate, it seems likely that the entomologist was right when he said that the last living thing to see the last red rays of a dying sun would be an insect, sitting on a piece of lichen!

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**LETTERS**

Continued from page 6

**RED BARON STRIKES AGAIN**

Dear Lester:

This letter is about Pat Eckert. He was the guy who, in his letter to CB in the June issue, said that von Richthofen was already hit before he came down behind Wop May. He is wrong and you are right. It happened the way you said. However, at the same time Brown was firing, an Australian infantryman, Robert Buie, shot at the Baron with his rifle. It was a thousand-to-one shot. You can check this up in *The Courage of the Early Morning*, written by William Arthur Bishop, son of Billy Bishop. But in *Knights of the Air*, by John Harris, it says that two Australian gun crews shot at the Baron. Brown most probably shot him down but was never officially given credit for the kill. Why don't you start an article on WWI aviation? Also, why don't you give your readers a chance to write their own articles and pick the best ones and print them?

Tim Trivett, Simcoe, Ont.

The Red Baron controversy has stumped experts for the past half-century. But it's still a great story. Tim, anyone can submit a story to CB anytime on any subject, fact or fiction. It's done all the time. And the editors consider every one of them for possible publication.  
— LS

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## KILLER WHALES

*Continued from page 17*

mouths of struggling dogfish. I had plenty of time to reflect upon the habits of my unwelcome visitors and to wish that they were the harmless and playful pilot whales with their shiny black skins and short, recurved dorsal fins. Like every other sea creature pilot whales are terrified of the predatory killers and with reason. Killer whales have enormous appetites. While only eighteen to twenty-two feet long a killer stows away enough food at a meal to support a grizzly bear for a month. Stranded whales have been examined. In the stomach of one, fourteen seals were found; in another, fourteen seals plus thirteen porpoises. While killer whales will eat any living thing in the sea there is no record of their attacking a swimming human being. That was small comfort as dusk deepened into darkness and my consort continued circling my boat, a noisy, dimly seen menace, blowing, splashing, throwing water over me.

The killer whale has a powerful, streamlined body and is capable of tremendous speed. They enjoy playing games, especially their own form of water polo. Using a chunk of driftwood as a "ball" they punt it around with their heads or throw it accurately for great distances with a thrust of powerful flukes. I had read somewhere that antarctic whalers take advantage of that habit by tossing chunks of blubber into the water to distract the killer whales when they move in to destroy a dead blue whale moored alongside the factory ship.

The full moon rose. My unwelcome companions stayed with me, blowing and cavorting continuously. Occasionally they moved away a few yards only to return to swim around my boat or dive under the long line without touching it. Watching their effortless manoeuvres, being aware of their mental powers, I wondered if my whales were descended from those which destroyed the giant squid of Cowichan Bay.

That story had been told to me by an Indian friend, a member of the Koksilah band of the Cowichans.

According to the legend there once lived in Cowichan Bay a squid so huge that it soon ate all the salmon, all the cod and rockfish and herring in the bay. Not even the most coura-

geous warriors dared to venture out in their canoes to do battle with the giant for they knew they would not return. The Cowichan people, who lived almost entirely on fish, were starving. The great squid devoured the killer whales that came into the bay in search of food. Finally, after a fearful struggle, one whale escaped. He returned the next day bringing a whole school of killers with him. They attacked the squid from all sides and, after a fight that lasted for hours, succeeded in tearing their enemy to pieces. The surface of the water was covered with slime, all that remained of the giant squid.

The salmon and cod which had escaped in the beginning returned to the bay to provide food for the Cowichan people.

This may seem a farfetched tale but it has been recorded by reliable eye witnesses that in the north Atlantic sperm whales, which can reach a length of seventy feet, have been drowned by giant squid.

I had plenty of time to think about an incident which occurred at Toba Inlet a year or two previously. At that time two men in a power-driven thirty-foot dugout canoe were travelling through a school of killer whales when they were attacked, apparently without reason. The killers turned the boat over and ignored the men as they swam to the rocky shore thirty yards away. There they sat on a seaweed-covered boulder and watched, horrified, as the killers smashed the dugout to pieces.

This was not a cheering thought as, still pulling up the ground line, I kept a wary eye on my own potential trouble makers, now clearly visible in the moonlight. My killer whales, as I had come to think of them, kept up their antics. It almost seemed as though they were contesting among themselves to see who could come closest to my boat without touching it.

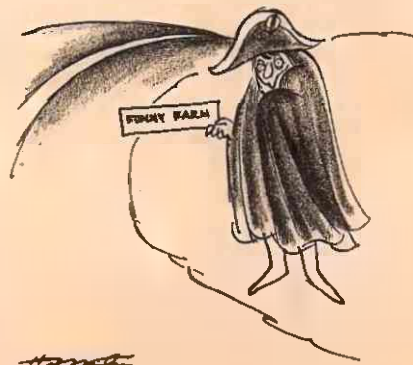
At last my gear was stowed aboard, the loose stock trawl anchors neatly folded, back lines coiled. As the final marker buoy was lifted over the transom the whales, as if on signal, turned and swam through Porlier Pass to the Strait of Georgia. With a sigh of profound relief I put my helm over to starboard and headed for Galiano Island. The years have passed, many exciting, interesting years, but no new experience can dim the memory of the night of the killer whales.

## BADGES

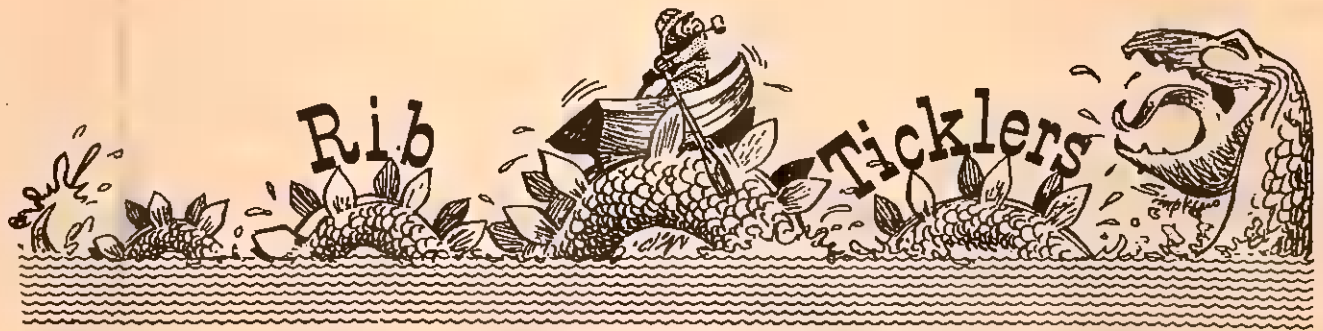
*Continued from page 26*

Gold Anchor	Pathfinder Award plus the appropriate equivalent badges for his Gold Anchor qualifying badges.
First Aid	Continues to wear until replaced with higher stage.
— Green	
— Bronze	Bronze First Aid.
— Silver	Silver First Aid.
— Gold	Gold First Aid.
Life Saving	Bronze Life Saving.
— Bronze	
— Silver	Silver Life Saving.
— Gold	Gold Life Saving.
Personal Fitness	Continues to wear until replaced with a higher stage.
— Green	
— Bronze	Bronze Personal Fitness.
— Silver	Silver Personal Fitness.
— Gold	Gold Personal Fitness.
Swimming	Continues to wear until replaced with a higher stage.
— Green	
— Bronze	Bronze Swimming.
— Silver	Silver Swimming.
— Gold	Gold Swimming.

To get equivalents for other Proficiency Badges, discuss the program with your Scouter.







Patient: I'm sorry, Doctor, but I can't pay my bill.

Doctor: How is that?

Patient: You told me to slow down, and I was fired!

*Craig Hurst, Ancaster, Ont.*

Professor: What is the first rule in chemistry?

Student: Don't lick the spoon.

*David Gittings, Clarkson, Ont.*

Q: Is it legal in Canada for a man to marry his widow's sister?

A: No law against it, but difficult for a dead man to marry anyone.

*Philip Murphy, Grand Falls, Nfld.*

Joe: My teacher got mad at me today because I didn't know where the Great Lakes were.

Father: Next time remember where you leave things!

*Greg Danylichenko, Port Credit, Ont.*

Boastful Fisherman: *Yep, that fish was too small to bother with, so I got a couple of guys to help me throw it back into the lake!*

*Jeffrey Douglas, Sarnia, Ont.*

Q: Why is doing nothing so tiring?

A: Because you can't stop and rest.

*Gordon Wilkinson, Irlington, Ont.*

Q: Why do we say Amen, and not Awomen?

A: Because we sing hymns, not hers.

*James Hawker, Cookstown, Ont.*

Q: Spell jealousy with two letters.

A: NV.

*Walter Illman, Monkton, Ont.*

Patient: What should I do, now that you've told me I have water on the knee?

Tired doctor: Wear pumps.

*Larry Ducette, Frankford, Ont.*

The Red Cross was training some people to be prepared in case of bombing raids and they had called on the Boy Scouts to act as wounded. The program was about two hours behind schedule just as the instructors got to one spot where a boy had been waiting for "treatment" by some first aid trainees. All they found was a note which read: *I bled to death and went home.*

*Rick Mulhall, Gull Lake, Sask.*

The bank robber shoved a note across to the teller. The note read: *Put the money in a bag, Sucker, and don't make any false moves.*

The bank teller pushed back another note, which said: *Straighten your tie, Stupid, they're taking your picture.*

*Ralph Jibb, Cold Springs, Ont.*

Loser: Man, he fought dirty!

Pal: How come?

Loser: Didn't you see him run over my foot with his wheelchair?

*John Mills, Sussex, N.B.*

He: I'm looking for a beautiful girl.

She: Well, here I am.

He: Good. You can help me look.

*Bev Dywan, Port Credit, Ont.*

Camp counsellor: You look upset. What's the matter?

Camper: I sent home for money for a study lamp.

Counsellor: So?

Camper: They sent me a lamp!

*Mark Algar, Ottawa, Ont.*

Peter: What's the best way to teach a girl to swim?

Bob: First you put your arm around her waist, then gently take her right hand—

Peter: She's my sister.

Bob: Just push her off the dock.

*Gord Hercus, Streetsville, Ont.*

Policeman: Lady, as soon as I saw you come around that corner, I said to myself, *forty-five, at least!*

Woman Driver: That's silly! It's just this hat that makes me look that old!

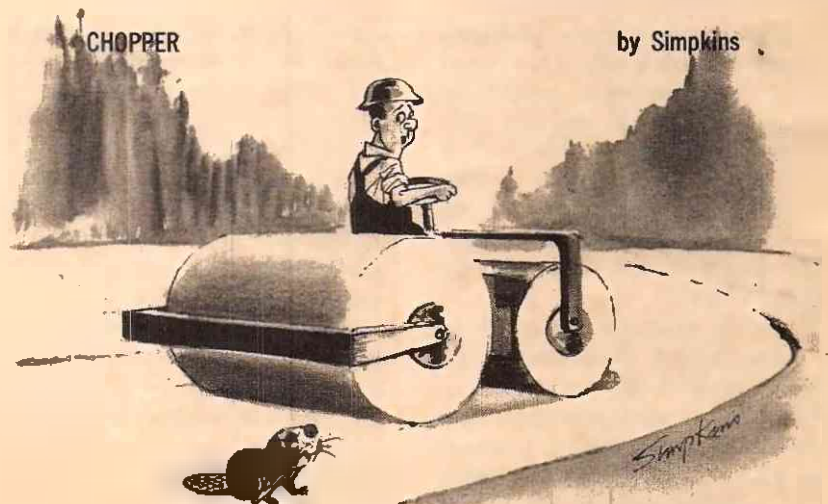
*Andrew Mitchell, Dartmouth, N.S.*

Marty: Alf was kicked out of school for cheating.

Wade: How come?

Marty: He was caught counting his ribs during a biology exam.

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



*"Good grief! I must've run over that poor little animal's tail!"*



# What's NEW in Scouting?



## NEW program

\*NEW handbook

NEW patrol leaders woggle (1)

NEW challenge award lanyard (2)

NEW Scout badge (3)

\*NEW sash for badges (4)

NEW patrol emblems (5)

\*NEW style dual-purpose shirt

For Sea Scouts — navy shirt — Sea Scouts cap  
other items as shown.

\*Book, sash, and shirt available through your local dealer  
or direct from Supply Services — other items must be  
obtained from Scout offices



# Boys and Girls



Join the **ORIGINAL**  
Junior Sales Club of Canada  
**Nationally Famous**

## PRIZES

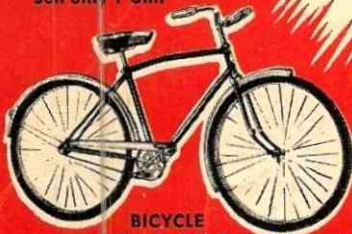
AT NO COST TO YOU



6 TRANSISTOR RADIO  
Sell only 1 Unit



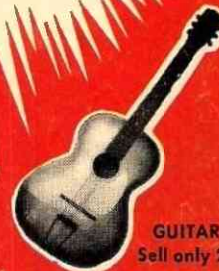
BINOCULARS  
Sell only 3 Units



BICYCLE  
Sell only 7 Units



POOL TABLE  
Sell only 1 Unit



GUITAR  
Sell only 2 Units



CAMERA KIT  
Sell only 1 Unit



DAISY 102 CUB  
B-B GUN  
Sell only 1 Unit



HOCKEY OUTFIT  
Sell only 4 Units



WATCH  
Sell only 1 Unit



SLEEPING BAG  
Sell only 1 Unit

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Good Luck  
Horseshoe Key Chain  
and  
FREE PRIZE CATALOGUE  
*Bursting*  
with values

**JOIN J.S.C.C.  
MAIL COUPON TODAY**

and receive your FREE LUCKY KEY CHAIN

**GET YOUR PRIZES THIS FAST EASY WAY**

OR, IF YOU WISH, YOU MAY KEEP CASH  
AS YOUR PRIZE... \$7.20 PER UNIT

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

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

THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT —

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AND LOTS OF FUN**

1 Unit of \$1.50 Cards is 12 Boxes    1 Unit of \$1.00 Cards is 18 Boxes

JUNIOR SALES CLUB OF CANADA, Dept. 112, Ajax, Ont.

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

Please send me: (Check only one)

- 12 boxes "Natural Colour" Christmas Cards, 21 cards each, @ \$1.50
- 12 boxes Catholic Christmas Cards, 21 cards each, @ \$1.50
- 18 boxes "Nationally Famous" Christmas Cards, 16 cards each; @ \$1.00
- 18 boxes Christmas Bible Verse Cards, 16 cards each, @ \$1.00
- 12 boxes "All Occasion" Cards, 21 cards each, @ \$1.50
- 18 boxes "All Occasion" Cards, 12 cards each, @ \$1.00

My name..... Print Clearly

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

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

Parent's Signature.....