

MAR/APR 70 CANADIAN BOY 25



**Major League
baseball
wants young
Canadians.**

**Montrealer
Jim Budd
tries an Expos
uniform on
for size.**



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SENIOR EDITION



COVER: Jim Budd, 11, is a Montreal Scout who likes baseball so much the Expos club found a uniform that would fit him so he could pose in Jarry Park, the team's home field. You can read about the Expos starting on page 6.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover, Rod MacIvor. Page 7, Canada Wide. Pages 10, 11 Toews Studio. Pages 12, 13, Hughes Aircraft Company. Pages 18, 19, Arthur James. Page 29, Paul Durant.

NEXT ISSUE: Go-karts and mini-bikes have been held over for the May/June 70 issue of CB. That issue will also bring you scuba diving, scuba Venturing, soap box derby racers, and Red Adair, the famous firefighter. Watch for it, with all these features and more!

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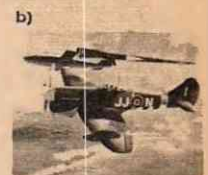
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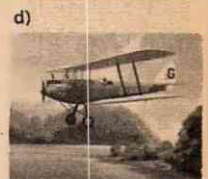
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Letters

CITY CENTENNIAL

Next July the city of Port Colborne will be celebrating its centennial. As our centennial project a group of about 50 grade 13 students plans a trip across Canada, during the first two weeks of June. Our purpose is really twofold. Firstly, we want to publicize our city's centennial and attract people from all parts of Canada to Port Colborne. Secondly, we want to find out more about our own country—the people, the landscape, the history. No final plans have been set as yet but we hope to travel by train to the west coast, stopping at Ottawa, Montreal, and several of the major cities in the western provinces. As you can imagine, the amount of time, money, and planning for such a project is tremendous. In an attempt to arrange sleeping and travel accommodations, we are writing to service clubs, universities, provincial and municipal governments, and various individuals in the areas we expect to be visiting. We would like to hear from any Venturer companies which would be willing to help us by offering suggestions for raising funds, arranging

tours in their areas, and especially any Scout group willing to put us up for a night in their hall. We would like to hear from the Girl Guides as well, since about half the members of our group are girls. Having been in Scouting for the past nine years, I enjoy hearing from other Scouts and Venturers. If you could mention our group or print this letter in your next issue of CB, we would appreciate it very much. Any interested groups can write to me. Peace!

*Jim Parkes, Treasurer,
Operation Trans-Canada,
271 Killaly Street West,
Port Colborne, Ont.*

FROM SOUTH AFRICA

I have been receiving CB from a Scoutmaster pal of mine in Sydney, Nova Scotia, for years, and I feel I must write and tell you how much I appreciate it. It has helped me with ideas for my troop (1st Villiersdorp) and when the patrol leaders and I are finished with it, we pass it on to the 1st Bothasig troop, who also find it helpful. Keep up the good work! If I can do anything to help you from this side of the globe, just let me know! I wonder if you could put me in touch with Scouters or Scoutmasters who would like tape-sponding with me in South Africa, and exchanging magazines and brochures, or

All correspondence intended for the LETTERS columns should be addressed to the Editors.
**CANADIAN BOY Magazine,
Box 5112 Station F,
Ottawa 5, Ontario.**

stamps, or Scout badges. I am 48 years of age and I promise to answer every tape or letter received!! Thank you in anticipation of a reply and, again, congratulations on CB. It's great!

Vic Smith, Cape Town, S. Afr.

Mr Smith's postal address is: H.V. Smith, 11 Highfield Street, Green Point, Cape Town, South Africa. Flood him!

NO BLISTERS AT ALL?

I note with pleasure Bob Parsons' article on hiking the Bruce Trail. May I request no more pallid jokes about blisters? Hikers do not get blisters. Tenderfeet get blisters. Hikers get one-inch adhesive tape and heavy wool socks and very good boots. But they do not get blisters.

*Ralph Wood, Advisor,
First Humber West Company,
Thistletown, Ont.*

Continued on page 17



ANDERSON SPORTS CAMP

At Anderson, the important things are taught. Every boy, regardless of his ability, is given the same opportunities to learn.

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All boys at Camp Anderson learn to win and lose like true sportsmen.

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Prices are down-to-earth: only \$80 per camp period of 12 days.

For the Anderson brochure and application form, write now to:

anderson sports camp

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Dorval 740

Quebec
See also page 14 in this issue of CB.

Ever wish you could learn hockey from Dave Keon?



You can this summer!

Along with instruction from hockey stars Bruce Gamble, Keith McCreary, Bob Wall, Marcel Pronovost and Billy Harris.

Now is a great time to plan your hockey holiday next summer. Two weeks or more of personal instruction of nothing but hockey, pure hockey. You will be learning under the watchful eyes of N.H.L. stars.

They'll give you on-ice personal instruction, chalk talks, video replay of your actual practices, question and answer periods, and instructional movies. Nothing but hockey.

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Attend one or more of the weekly hockey sessions of The Billy Harris—Dave Keon Hockey School, at the Doublerink Arenas near Woodbridge, just north of Toronto from June 29th through September 5, 1970.

Make sure there is room for you. Fill in the coupon below and mail it today to receive complete information on how to improve your hockey skills this summer.



Dave Keon discusses positional play with some attentive students.



This video tape replay equipment helps instructors and students during practice sessions.



Keith McCreary of the Pittsburgh Penguins helps out with personal instruction.

GOOD NEWS FOR BOYS LIVING IN METROPOLITAN TORONTO

As part of a continuing effort to improve our hockey school operations, we have arranged for pickups of day-school students in the Metropolitan Toronto area.

Pick-ups will be made in school buses at designated points between 7 and 8:30 a.m. each morning. Students will be dropped off between 6 and 7:30 each evening.

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BH2-70A

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BIGTIME BASEBALL IN CANADA

By DOUG LONG

Canadian boys can stop dreaming about flying south to make the major leagues. Montreal's Expos are looking for players in Canada.



Expos Pitcher Claude Raymond, of St. Jean, Que.

So you want to be a major league baseball player?

Members of the Montreal Expos Baseball Club believe you have a better chance than ever of making it, if you have the basic ability and the dream of becoming a pro.

That's the key! You have to really want to become a professional ball player.

In spite of long cold winters which have helped Canada to National Hockey League fame, some Canadians have overcome the problems of our short baseball season and made it to the major leagues.

Claude Raymond, a relief pitcher for the Expos, is a good example. Born in St. Jean, Que., Raymond hit the majors in 1959 when he started with the Chicago White Sox. Since then he has played in 305 major league games over a nine-year period.

Left-handers Mike ("Killer") Kilkenny and John ("Canuck") Hiller are two Canadians who play for the Detroit Tigers

in the American League.

Kilkenny, a 24-year-old from Brantford, Ont., started as a rookie in 1964 and graduated to the majors last year. He played in 39 games with the Tigers, won eight and chalked up a respectable earned run average of 3.38.

A pitcher's earned run average (ERA) is the number of runs scored against him during a nine-inning period. The lower his ERA, the better the pitcher.

Twenty-six-year-old John Hiller, from Toronto, has been playing with the Tigers since 1965. He appeared in 40 games last season and had an ERA of 4.00.

When the New York Mets made baseball history by winning the 1969 World Series, Toronto-born Ron Taylor shared their glory. The 32-year-old pitcher has been with the Mets for three years. During the 1969 season Taylor played in 59 games and scored an ERA of 2.72.

Perhaps the best-known Canadian in big league baseball is 26-year-old Ferguson Jenkins of Chatham, Ont. A

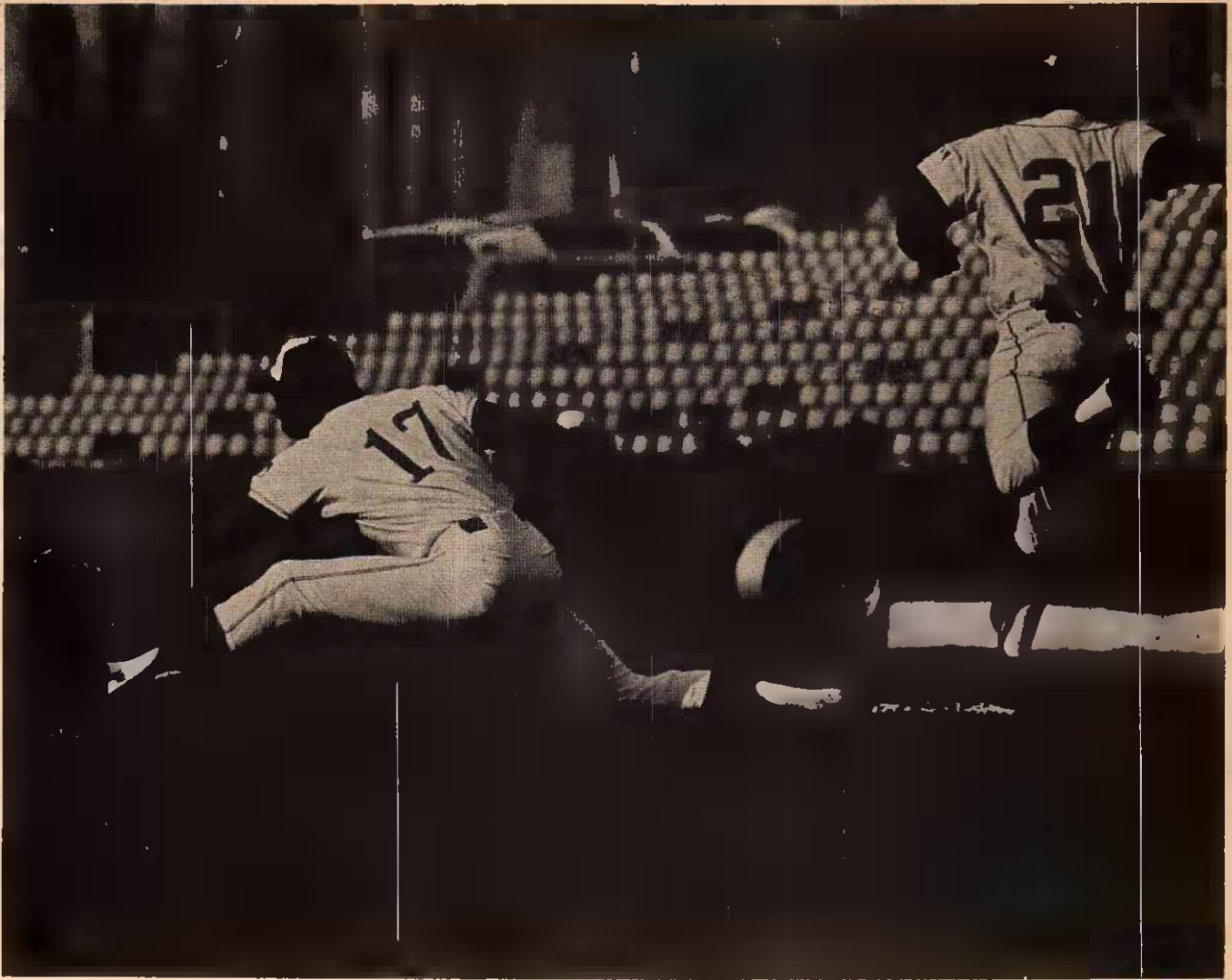
starting pitcher for the Chicago Cubs, Jenkins is one of the best pitchers in major league baseball today.

He has been with the Cubs since 1966 and in the last three years he has won 20 or more games each season. An impressive record!

Achieving baseball fame has not been easy for any professional player. Most of them began working toward their careers as youngsters playing scrub ball on local sand lots. They spent plenty of time just playing catch, or throwing a ball against a wall.

Like you, the Canadian players were handicapped by long winters and short baseball seasons. Until they were spotted by a baseball scout and signed to a farm team operated by a major club, they had to practise as best they could, when they could.

They played on organized teams in high school leagues, in local leagues, and with junior and intermediate teams. Every time they played ball, they increased their



chances of being seen by a professional scout. Time spent on the diamond improved their skills so that when a scout noticed them he stayed for a second look.

Jim Fanning, general manager of the Montreal Baseball Club, emphasizes that an aspiring baseball player has to start early.

"I was about five years old when my aunt gave me a catcher's mitt," he recalls. "Then someone else gave me a baseball uniform. That was it. From that day on, I was going to be a major league catcher."

Fanning made it to the major leagues, and appeared in 64 games between 1954 and 1957 as a reserve catcher for the Chicago Cubs.

Fanning says that as a boy he often played catch and "when we could get five or six friends together we'd form a scrub team— but we played."

He adds: "That's the most important thing. Just go out and play. If there's no one to play with, then bounce a ball. Get the feel of it in your hands."

Since major league baseball came to Canada, the number of amateur teams has "increased amazingly" across the country, says Fanning.

Last year an estimated 75,000 Canadian boys played baseball during the summer on about 5,000 organized teams.

Fanning expects the popularity of the Expos to stimulate more and more boys to play the game.

"Of course, this will give our scouts greater opportunities to see Canadian boys in action and to discover those with potential."

The Montreal Baseball Club consists of the Expos of the National League and a farm-team system composed of minor league clubs in Buffalo, N.Y., Jacksonville, Fla., West Palm Beach, Fla., and Sarasota, Fla. A fifth minor league team is to open this summer in Winnipeg.

The job of the Expos baseball scouts is to comb the country wherever organized baseball is played, in search of young prospects for the club.

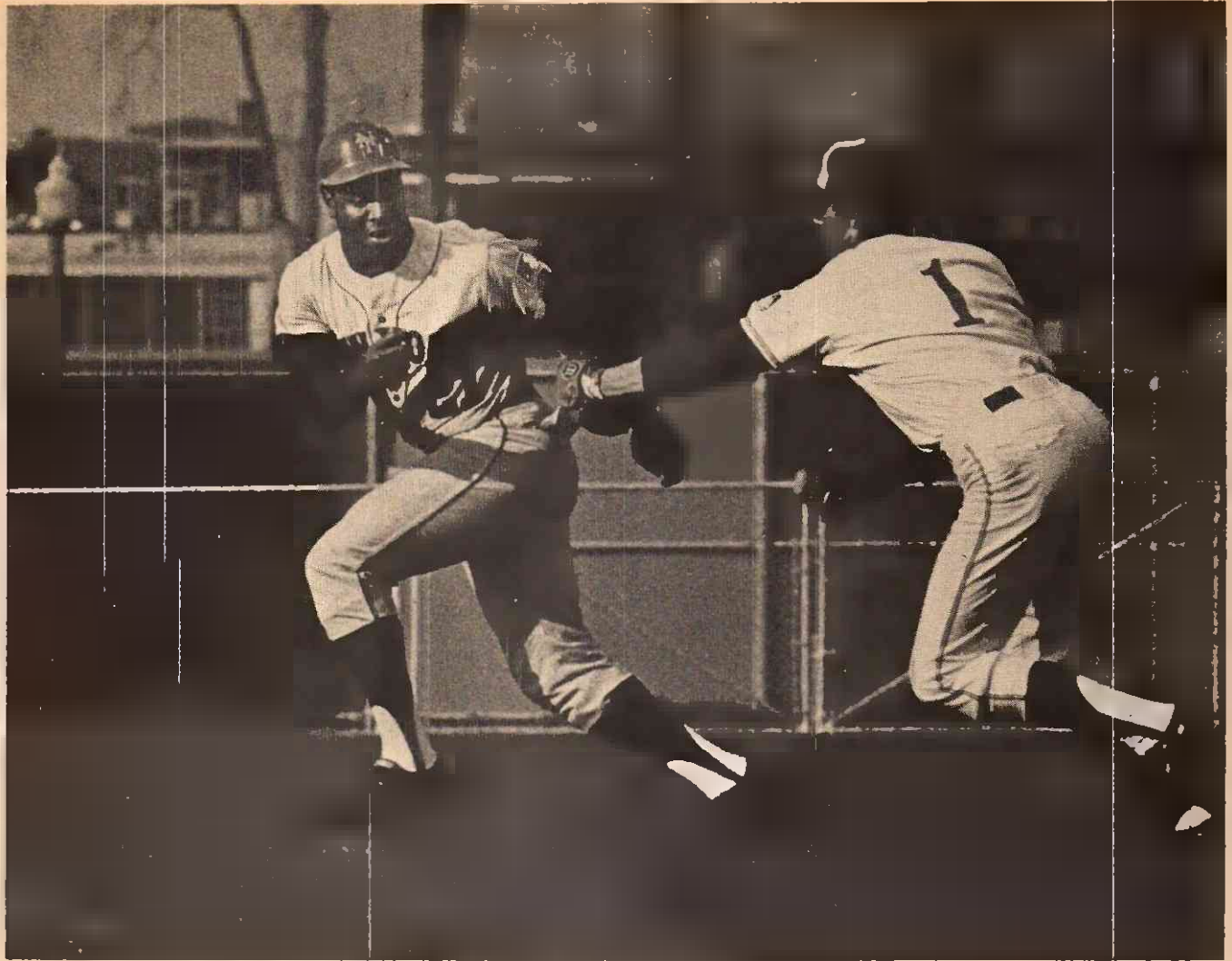
Naturally, much of the Expos' scouting efforts are concentrated in the southern United States, where baseball is played all year. But they are also looking for Canadian players. After all, the club is a Canadian club, and Canadian fans prefer to see Canadians on the diamond.

Danny Menendez, director of minor league clubs, says that when Claude Raymond first came out of the bullpen in an Expos uniform, the crowd in Montreal's Jarry Park "roared like it was the return of Babe Ruth!" And several times last season, fans gave him a standing ovation. "The fans appreciated the fact that Raymond is a Canadian player."

Management agrees it's good public relations to have Canadian players with the club, but they also want the best players they can find.

Consequently the club is looking at Canadian amateurs, not because they are Canadian but because there are boys in this country who have the ability to

continued next page



become good professional ball players.

The Expos have four full-time scouts hunting for Canadian prospects. In the summertime between 30 and 40 part-time scouts are added.

Full-time scouts responsible for discovering Canadian players are: George McQuinn, who covers most of Quebec and the Kingston, Ont., area; Andre Pratte, assigned to the Montreal area; Bill Schudlich, who searches around Toronto, and Al Ronning in western Canada.

Currently, Ronning goes into western Canada only if he is tipped off about a promising boy. The club feels that not enough baseball is played in that area yet for him to spend his entire summer there.

Danny Menendez expects baseball activity to increase substantially in the west once the Expos open their farm team in Winnipeg.

The club's scouting work in Canada has paid off. When the Expos began as an expansion team in 1968 they had no Canadian players. Last year four Canadian

boys were signed to rookie contracts with the Expos' farm club in Sarasota.

They were Denis McSween, 17, of St. Timothee, Que.; Michel Dostaler, 19, of Montreal; Richard Favreau, 17, of Chateauguay, Que., and Dan Makey, 19, of Toronto.

Makey is an outfielder, while the other three boys are pitchers.

McSween, Dostaler, and Favreau have all signed 1970 contracts and the club expects to re-sign Makey shortly. Both Dostaler and southpaw McSween spent the summer of 1969 with the Expos Bradenton entry in the Gulf League.

This season the young Canadians will probably play in Winnipeg with the Expos' new "A" team, a step up from rookie.

Menendez says the club expects to sign "an additional one or two Canadian boys before the summer is out."

Apart from its scouting activities, the club has been conducting coaching clinics throughout Quebec this winter. The clinics, free to amateur baseball coaches,

have dealt with all aspects of the game including the development of new players. Similar clinics are planned for the Winnipeg area next winter.

Larry Chiasson, Expos publicity director, says the clinics are the most important thing the club is doing to discover and develop Canadian talent.

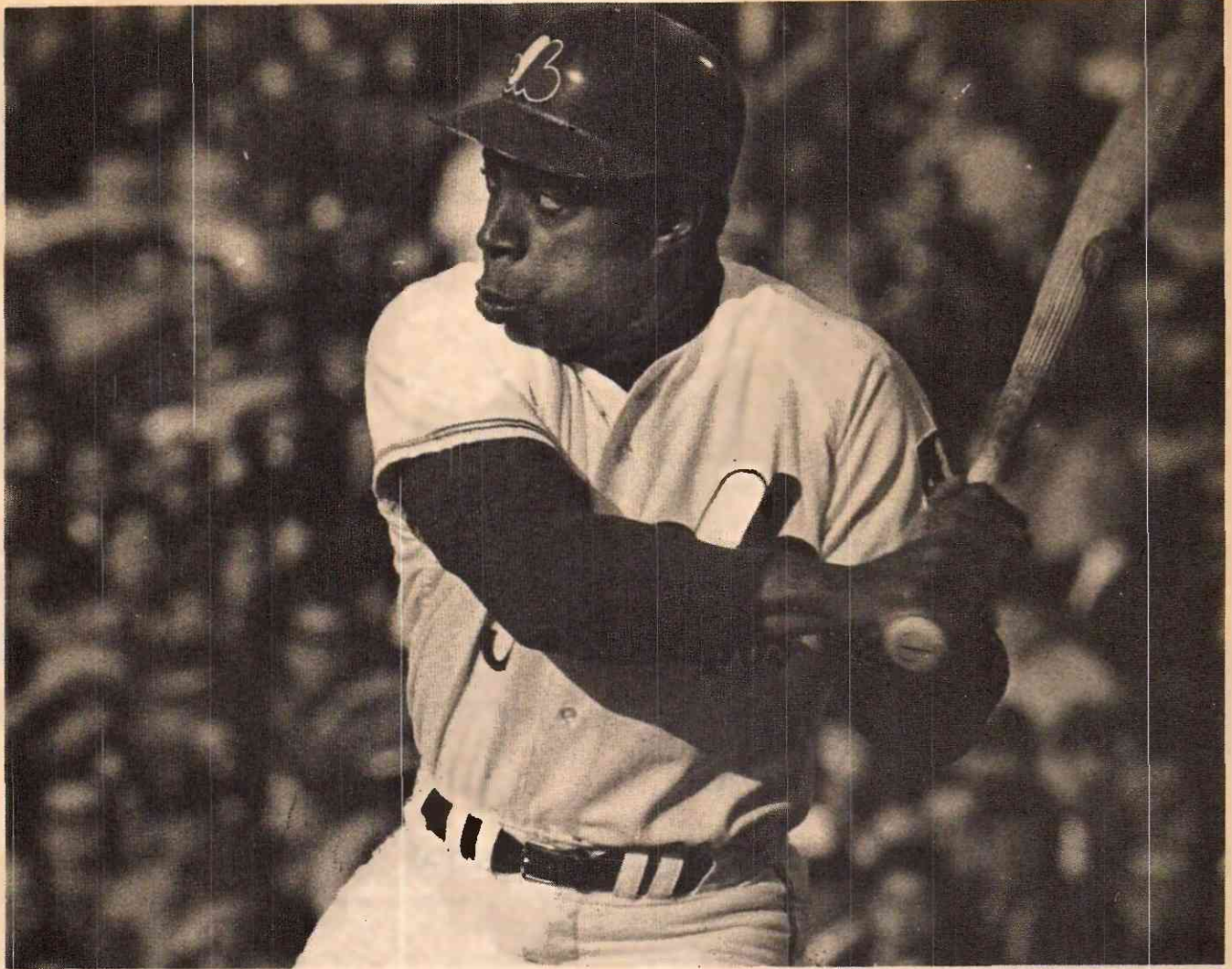
"The first thing Canada lacks is good coaching," he says. "There is so much that can be done but the first thing is to start at the grass-roots level of coaching."

Good coaching takes a lot of time.

To really help a boy learn the fundamental skills of baseball, a coach must know the game, be patient, disciplined, and dedicated to teaching baseball.

"He must also be able to develop and stick to an organized program of practices," says Menendez. "That's why really good coaches are hard to find."

The Expos hope their clinics, which involve pitchers Claude Raymond and Bill Stoneman; Mel Didier, director of scout-



ing, and Expos manager Gene Mauch, will help produce more and better amateur baseball coaches and instructors in Canada.

Now, what can you, as an aspiring ball player, do to prepare yourself for a major league career?

Start while you're young. Don't wait until you're old enough to join an organized team.

"Get into the game as soon as possible, even if you're only in some kind of sand lot ball," says Menendez.

The minor league chief has this advice for boys who hope to be seen by an Expos scout: "Play at every opportunity. It's as simple as that. Play! Somebody will see you. If it's not a scout, then somebody else will bring you to the attention of a scout."

The Expos publicity director notes that boys signed for the first time with the club's rookie team are usually 16 or 17 years old. Once he's signed, it'll take a young ball player four or five years to

move up to the majors—"if he makes it."

Play lots of catch during the winter.

Running is one of the best exercises there is to get you in shape for the baseball season.

"Work hardest on your weaknesses, not on your strong points," says the minor league director.

If you never miss flyballs, but grounders run through your glove like water through a sieve, have a friend hit you 50 or 60 ground balls at every practice.

Don't worry about your batting. It's one of the toughest of skills to improve, and hitting opportunities are limited, especially if you play on a team. But you can catch, throw, and play the field all day long if you want to.

If you're alone you can practise pitching. Mark out a patch of ground 60 feet six inches long. That's how far it is from the pitcher's mound to home plate in major league baseball.

In place of the home plate, set up a rectangular piece of wood, or draw chalk


marks on a wall to indicate the batter's strike zone. Your rectangle should be 17 inches wide, and as tall as the distance between an average batter's knees and his armpits.

From the pitcher's mark, practise throwing at the strike zone until you can hit it regularly. Don't pitch fancy. Just use a simple fast ball. The important thing is to hit the target. Later you can try to hit a particular spot on the strike zone.

If after months of practice you can hit any area of the target you choose, you're on your way to becoming a good pitcher.

A few other things: Get into the habit of eating and sleeping regularly. You'll need lots of protein and energy foods. And you'll have to get your rest between bursts of energy, too.

Really hustle when you're playing a game, or practising. If a baseball scout is watching, he'll be far more impressed.

Start while you're young, then. Practise hard. Play as often as possible. And stick at it. That's all. 

For many years Boy Scouts of Canada programs have been very much a part of the middle social-economic community. Not that we restricted our programs to anyone else, but that's the way, over the years, it has turned out.

Boy Scouts of Canada in Winnipeg felt they had to do something to bring a program to young people who don't enjoy the benefits that members of their own age group enjoy in the middle class community.

Through a sizeable donation from the Winnipeg Foundation to the Boy Scouts of Canada and through a number of donations from service clubs, high schools, Scout groups, and interested individuals, we were able to launch a

youngsters is a small group activity where they go out for a short airplane ride with an experienced pilot who donates his time and his aircraft to the program. A fourth activity is visiting Winnipeg's Planetarium. And, sometimes, it's a little adventure for these guys and girls just to go for a stroll down the city's main streets.

If you live in the Inner City of Winnipeg, or of any large city in Canada, you'll have a lot of strikes against you before you even get started in life. People living in this area often have a tough time finding jobs, and difficulty in holding those jobs. The result is that the children in the Inner City don't usually enjoy those things you and I take for granted.

Another major problem is the lack of

Centre. This centre is on the fringe of the community and it provides bowling, volleyball, and pool tables, for the use of the young men and women in this area. Along with the normal activities, as you would find in most drop-in centres, there are sleigh rides and special outings which are organized by the youngsters themselves.

Operation Opportunity also works closely with other youth-serving agencies in the community. The Young Men's Christian Association and the director of Operation Opportunity, along with a number of other interested people, have recently secured a building for use by the residents of one of the Inner City communities. Without the efforts of Boy Scouts of Canada in Winnipeg it would be difficult to imagine that this community centre could be a reality today.

Every young person coming into the program has the choice of doing either an Operation Opportunity program or forming a Cub six, a Scout patrol, or a Venturer company. We have also found that a number of young people have chosen to belong to both programs.

It is amazing to see that 11- and 12-year-old boys can group themselves together in a Scout patrol, or that a group of 15- and 16-year-old young men have tackled the challenges and opportunities of Venturing. Boy Scouts of Canada's name is a good one in the Inner City, and this is reflected by the number of young people involved in both programs.

The future of Operation Opportunity is under discussion. An evaluation is going on, of its program, and of its worth within the community, by the people in the community, and by the Community Welfare Planning Council of the City of Winnipeg. Based on the findings of these two bodies, the program either goes ahead or it is phased out. From all appearances, at the moment, it looks to be most positive.

To sum up: Boy Scouts of Canada in Winnipeg and the Winnipeg Foundation are two organizations that care. They are two organizations that are trying to do some positive recreational and community work within the Inner City of Winnipeg.

It is the hope of these two bodies that other cities will see value in such a program and will attempt to do something along the same lines as Operation Opportunity.

Inner City

by Pirie Mitchell

program entitled Operation Opportunity.

Did you know that today Boy Scouts of Canada supply programs in Winnipeg to more than 250 girls? This is a long step from the days of a boys-only program. Did you also know that we have about 450 young people involved, ranging from the age of six to 20?

Most of the programs in Operation Opportunity are done on a small group basis with each group doing their own thing. All groups have at least one group counsellor or advisor who helps the group get what they need and want. The Winnipeg Regional Office, as well as supplying overall co-ordination for the program, also supplies a series of resources that the young people and their group leaders can participate in.

For example, one group decided they would like to start an Inner City band. They are now operating with instruments borrowed or bought by either the members of the group themselves or by Operation Opportunity. A number of groups have visited Winnipeg International Airport and have actually been inside an airplane. One activity that has been most popular with these

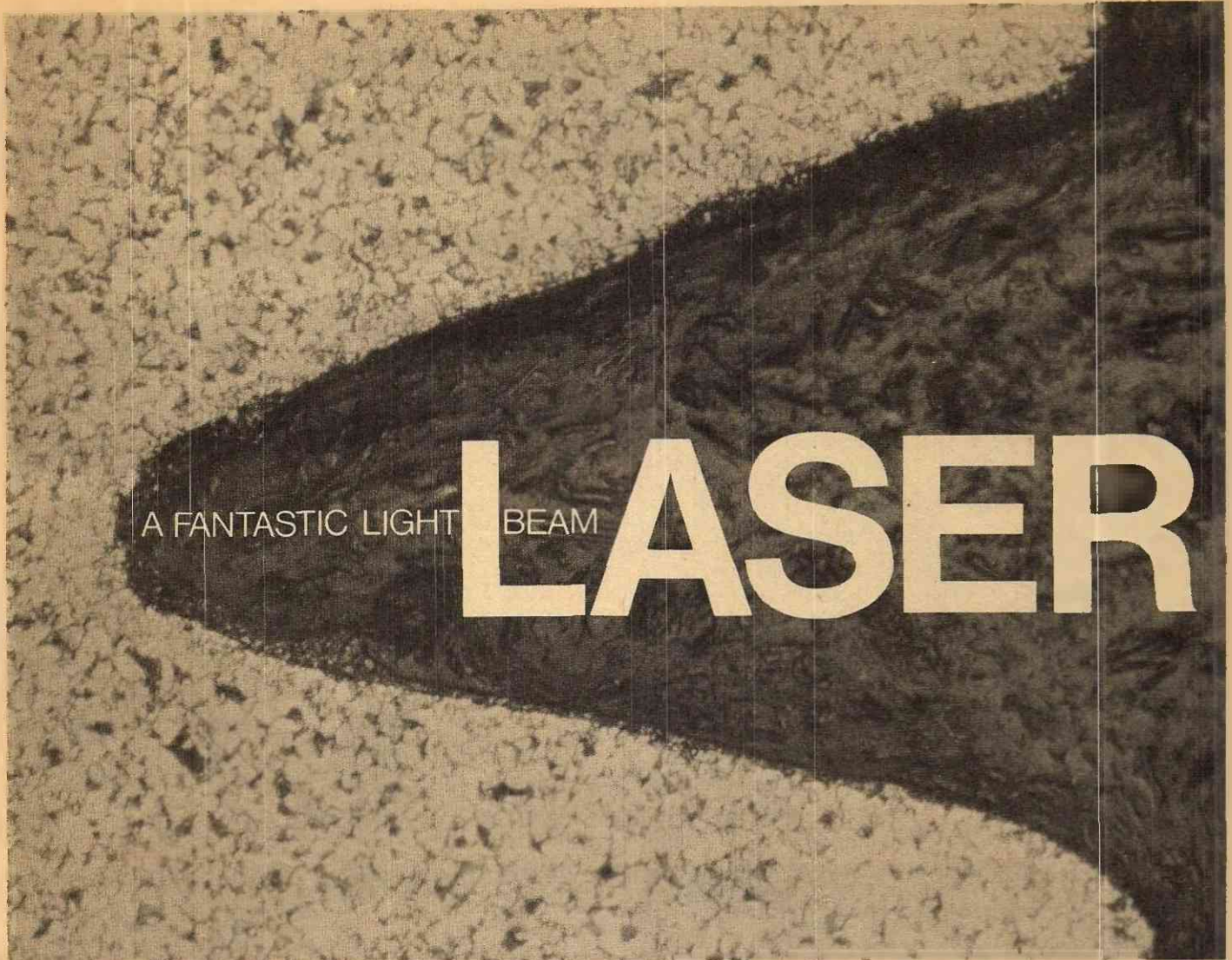
experience in the normal everyday things that you and I do. For example, riding in a car, or going shopping in a department store, is a real occasion for Inner City people.

Normally schools in the Inner City are the oldest ones in any metropolitan area and, generally speaking, this is also true in Winnipeg. One of Operation Opportunity's goals is to see that these young people have a chance to do, or to be involved in, more things than they normally would.

As you can well imagine, obtaining leadership has proved no less difficult in Winnipeg than it has in other cities. However we are fortunate. We have two excellent universities here, along with a number of small colleges, and the students of these institutions supply about 60 percent of our leadership. Part of Operation Opportunity's task is to secure leadership from the community itself, and this is now beginning to pay off with a fair number of parents and older teens interested in working with their own children, or in simply helping out.

Operation Opportunity now has a number of groups in full swing, as well as one highly successful Teenage Drop-in





A FANTASTIC LIGHT BEAM

LASER

This photomicrograph shows the cross-section of a hole generated in a block of steel by a laser burst. The picture is magnified 100 times to show detail of how the laser burns its way through the toughest of metals.

Just a matter of weeks ago, Canada's Defence Research Board announced to the world that scientists in its Valcartier laboratories near Quebec City had made a major breakthrough in gas lasers.

A team of physicists headed by Dr. J.A. Beaulieu of Quebec City had placed Canada in the front line of the gas laser field. The power of the new Canadian laser is so high, the government announcement said, that wood, asbestos, and steel were instantly vaporized by the laser beam.

It all started a few years ago, when a scientist came up with a new kind of light source that violates all the known rules of how a light source ought to behave. It's called the laser beam.

The laser was conceived by Theodore Maiman, a scientist on the staff of the Hughes Aircraft Company in California.

A laser doesn't radiate light away from itself like an electric light bulb. It produces a beam of light, about broomstraw size, that streaks through space and can be sent incredible distances. All you can see in the dark is the beam itself. The space around it is just as dark as ever.

This laser ray can be sent into outer space, to throw satellites off course or to command them to change direction under control. One laser transmission has already been made to the

moon. It lit up a spot on the lunar surface about a mile wide. If a searchlight could penetrate that far it would light up 25,000 square miles of the moon's space. The laser's focus is much sharper, by far, obviously.

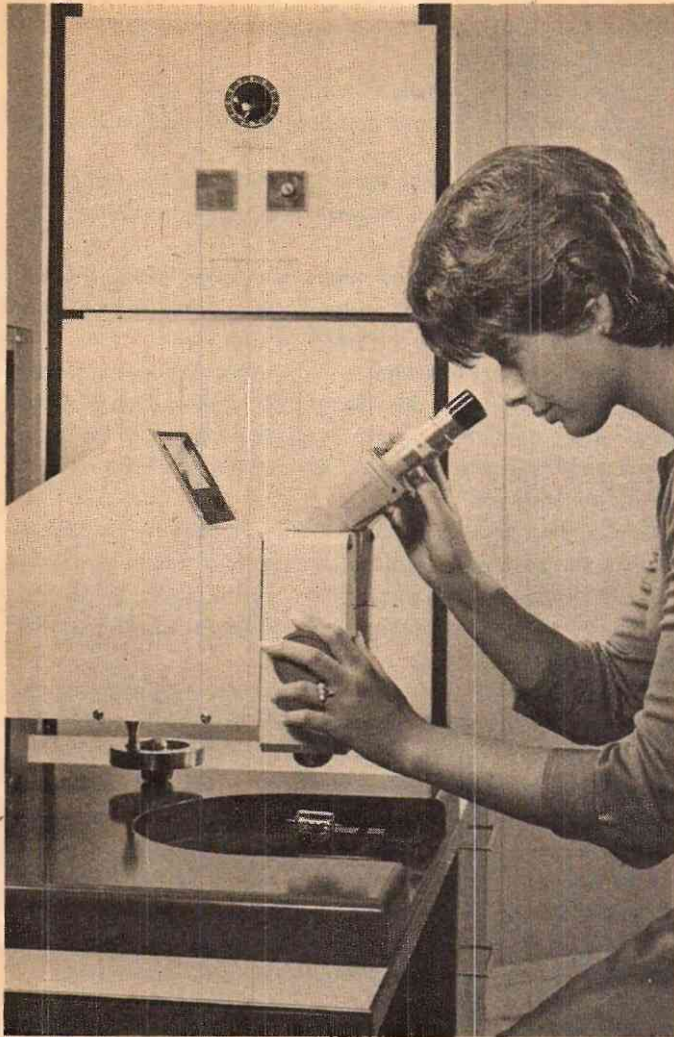
The laser that Maiman invented is in its simplest form sent out from a ruby rod or gun. It can be made to produce an intensity of light one billion times the intensity of our sun.

When focussed on a diamond, which is the hardest material known on this planet, the laser shoots a hole through it in one one-thousandth of a second. It can also be a tremendous aid in industry, for drilling holes through hard metals. It can cut, weld, or drill metals, for most purposes, more easily than any of these jobs can be done by conventional methods.

The heat intensity of the laser is so great that it can vaporize almost any known material, and it has been known to set fires a mile away!

While laser beams were first shot from a synthetic ruby gun ranging from the size of a lead pencil on up, scientists have since developed more than fifty different types of sizes of laser guns—some of glass, others of plastic, and new ones using organic liquids, and gases.

Besides being used to weld or machine metals, the laser can



This is a commercial laser microwelder designed for use by non-technical operators with a minimum of training. The operator is viewing an electronic component through the binocular microscope, ready to fire the laser beam.

be applied to the treatment of human ailments. It can be controlled to a gentleness that enables a surgeon to focus it on the human eye, and re-attach a detached retina. This can be done in one one-thousandth of a second, bypassing the slow delicate process of using surgical instruments.

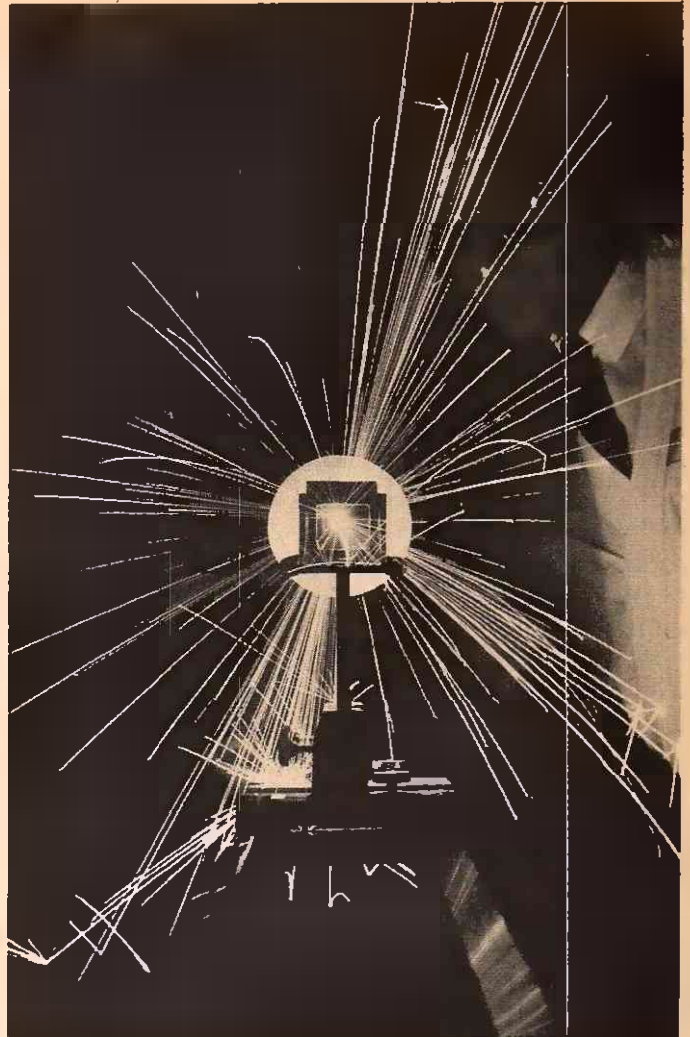
One patient in a New York hospital had a tumor in his eye. The surgeon in charge sent a controlled shot from a ruby gun into the patient's eye and the tumor disappeared instantly. The laser has also been used successfully in treating some forms of cancer. In the Children's Hospital at Cincinnati, a 45-year-old man had a cancer the size of a golf ball removed from his thigh. The operation was done in 15 minutes!

However, the laser's usefulness in the field of cancer treatment lies more in future discoveries than in its present applications.

Dentists have also made the laser a good operating device. When focussed on an offending tooth, the laser destroys the decayed particles without any of the discomfort of drilling.

This beam can be concentrated to where it can drill one hundred holes in the head of a pin!

Another important use for it is in the clearing out of rocks for a subway train tunnel or in the excavation for a tall building.



When a ruby laser pierces a hole in a sheet of extremely hard tantalum metal, this is the spectacular effect you get. The laser beam takes less than one one-thousandth of a second to make the hole, at about 10,000 degrees F.

Turning the laser on a rock will send the rock crumbling in a few seconds. This technique will save time, and vast amounts of money, over the costly method of dynamite blasting.

One of the most important uses the laser is being put to is in the field of long distance communications. For example, you can send a message over a laser beam the same way you do now over a telephone cable. Just shoot the beam across the country and in a short time it is ready for communications. If we ever colonize the moon or Mars, the laser will be a distinct aid in communicating with Earth.

The laser will greatly improve overseas communications, too. Scientists tell us that a single beam can carry more information than all of today's radio channels. They say a single light beam can carry 100,000,000 simultaneous telephone conversations. On our present transatlantic cables, only 100 calls can be handled at a time. With such limited capacity, they are badly crowded.

Several hundred companies of scientists and engineers are working daily to find more uses for the laser. The increasing number of new applications points towards a future with no limit in sight.

BY ROSS L. HOLMAN

At Hudson, Quebec, not far from Greater Montreal, they've got something new in Scout camps. No pitching tents, lighting fires, or tying knots. Not at Camp Anderson.

At this campsite they live in chalets with all modern conveniences, and the order of the day is football, baseball, basketball, swimming, sailing, canoeing, waterskiing, and you-name-it.

It's fun and it's noisy. And there is the usual sweat, blood, grime and grit you get wherever boys hurl themselves into team sports.

The picturesque resort-like camp caters mainly to boys from the Montreal environs. Scout troops and Venturer companies have been taking advantage of the Anderson Sports Camp program for a number of months.

Last summer, while the camp's program director waited for the first campers to arrive at Anderson, he knew instinctively that plenty of excitement was in store for the boys, and for the staff of coaches. Warren Felson believes in outdoor sports, almost religiously. To him, team activity is practically a way of life. Now he had a chance to put his program ideas into practice.

The football field was ready with freshly painted red and white goal posts and carefully groomed playing surface. The professional baseball diamond stood waiting for somebody to yell, "Play ball!" The bases were brand spanking new, white and clean, as they would never be again.

The basketball court, with its two towering baskets and shiny white lines was quiet now, but wouldn't be for much longer.

In the background, Anderson's olympic swimming pool sparkled in the bright afternoon sun. Sailboats, canoes, and motorboats rocked gently at water's edge while two staff members finished off the paint job on the dock.

At 5 p.m. the boys began to arrive. It was as if somebody had opened a gigantic door someplace and all the guys in the world came pouring out. Within minutes, boys were everywhere, their luggage and equipment spilling out of cars amid noise and confusion and laughter. The boys rushed off to the chalets which were to be their homes for the next 12 days. Each boy picked out the bunk he wanted to sleep in and tossed his gear onto it, automatically reserving it against all comers.

"Hello! I'm Jim."

"Hi! I'm Art. This fella's John—hey, John! Come here. This is Jim."

"Hi. Where you from?"

In no time, introductions buzzed through the chalets and acquaintances were struck up. Some of them would later develop into friendships. No time to feel alone.

Supper call was heard and the word spread as a mad dash started toward the dining room. Campers and staff mixed it up, vying for elbow room. The fun had begun at Camp Anderson.

After the delicious roast beef dinner, it was time for fittings. The football coach got the boys moving and trying on uniforms.

"My pants are too big!"

"Hey—willya hand me those pads? Thanks, coach."

"This helmet fits. Number five."

"Man, this uniform feels great!"

"Looks okay, if you're going to be playing baseball!"

"Quit pushing! I dropped my boots someplace back there."

"Yank the back of this sweater down for me, will you?"

Somehow, everybody got all the uniform items they needed.

Then it was off again, on a tour of the sports camp. They

moved from the pool to the rec hall and on down to the boathouse, coaches in the lead and Scouts following with a flood of questions.

Finally, everybody crashed for the night.

Seven a.m. came around too soon for some. The day had broken bright and sunny.

"Get up, you guys! Time for calisthenics and a swim! Come on—open the other eye! Breakfast is waiting. Up, up, and awaaaaay!"

That cheerful charlie they might have done without, but a man needs a good breakfast under his belt buckle if he's in for a morning of calisthenics and muscle toning.

In the next 12 days the shouts and laughter were punctuated by the crack of the bat and the crunch of the tackle and the splash of the pool and the bobble of the backboards, as those Scouts and Venturers worked at and learned the best ways of playing major sports.

On Sunday, parents invaded Camp Anderson—by invitation—to see their sons perform. And perform they did!

The Montreal Expos should have had a scout there. The Alouettes might have blushed at what those kids did on the grid.

The day was filled for the whole family with split-second action and the friendly spirit of competition. The baseball and football games completed, the proud parents trooped over to the dock to see sailboats and canoes ready to go. And everybody was invited to use the watercraft.

Basketballs dribbled, bounced and flew through the air in another area and, again, parents were invited to grab a ball and pit wits and agility with their sons.

Later that afternoon the camp bell signalled the start of a general swim. On so warm a day it was just what the doctor ordered. The boys jumped in, cooled off after their sweaty endeavors on the playing fields, and showed their folks what they had learned in swimming skills and fancy diving stunts.

One of the glittering highlights of that visitors' day was the picnic supper and barbecue on the Camp Anderson lawns. The boys mingled freely among the adults and answered questions about Anderson's program and the staff and the food and what they expected during the upcoming week.

After supper it was back to the field, onto the diamond, and into action. In a sudden-death game of baseball, fathers versus camp staff and coaches, some of the fathers surprised the coaches by demonstrating that they really could play ball! A couple of 'em hit homers! But in no time the game was over and the fathers, their old stars notwithstanding, had lost to the staffers.

Maybe next time, they said. . . .

Soon the last of the cars had pulled out. Parents' day was done. Part of camp history.

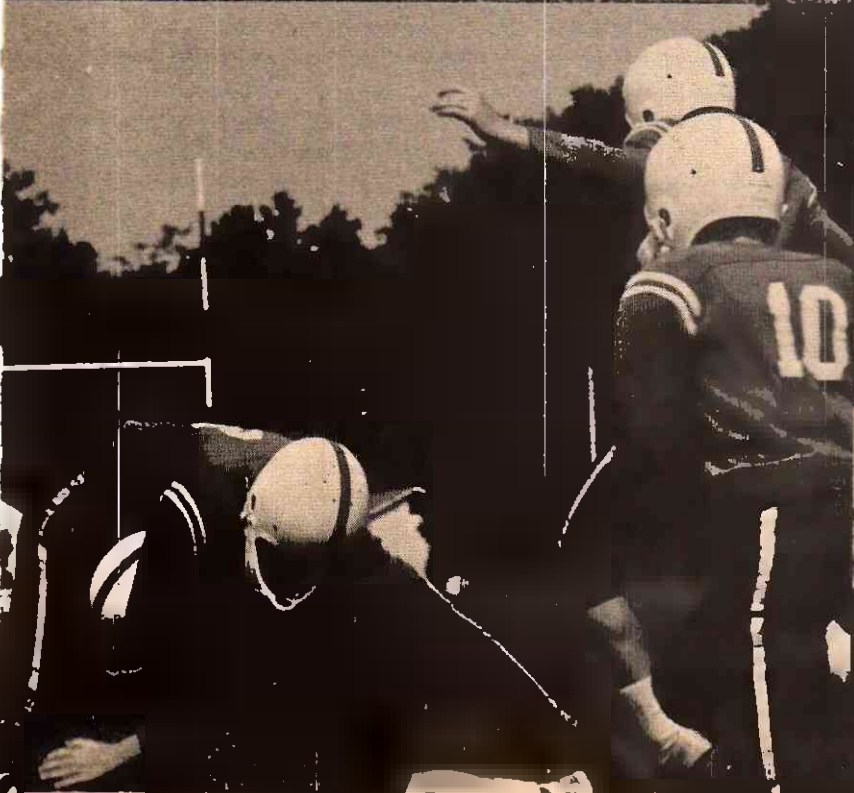
During the first week the boys had spent hours learning the fundamentals and fine points of every sport available under the extensive and flexible Camp Anderson program. During the second week they put into practice all the tricks they had learned and tested every theory that could be translated from blackboard to body co-ordination.

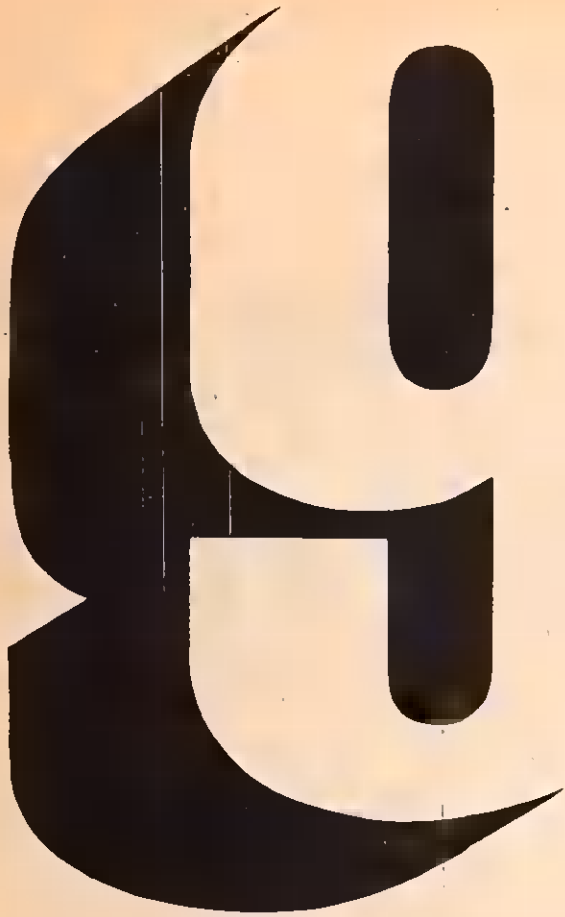
At the end of their two weeks, with the trophies handed out and the flag brought down ceremoniously, the boys begin to leave for their homes.

Camp Anderson becomes quiet—but not for long. Next day, it'll start all over again. See you on the gridiron? Huh?—you say your specialty is chess??

Play Ball!

Camp Anderson is the place.
You can name any major sport, and they have it.
They will teach you baseball, football, basketball, and watersports.
John Paquet tells about it.





IS VERY GLOOMY NUMBER!

by Paul Brock

Nine is the trinity of trinities, the perfect plural. No wonder it is credited with mystic properties.

When the figures from one to nine are added together, the sum is 45, and four plus five makes nine.

The product of the "nine times" table, up to and including nine times nine, all written in a row and then divided by nine, gives this strange answer:

10203040506070809.

If any number up to ten is added to the number nine, the sum of the digits will equal the number added, thus: 9 plus 4 equals 13, and 1 plus 3 equals 4.

Any number, the sum of whose digits equals nine, can be divided by nine, as follows: the digits of the figure 8991 added together make 27, but 2 plus 7 makes 9. And 8991 divided by nine gives 999.

When any number is multiplied by nine, the digits in the product always add up to nine or a multiple of 9. Thus: 2 x 9 equals 18 (1 plus 8 equals 9); 7 x 9 equals 63 (6 plus 3 equals 9).

With a telephone directory and the number nine you can perform miraculous feats. Get a friend to write down a telephone number, add two zeros, and then subtract the original number.

Suppose he writes down 6842 for the telephone number. He adds two zeros—684200—and subtracts the original number from that—6842 from 684200 gives 677,358.

Now tell him to add up all the digits in this answer: 6 plus 7 plus 7 plus 3 plus 5 plus 8. That comes to 36.

"Get the telephone directory," you say. "Turn to page 36, second column, ten lines from the top of the page and look at the name and address without telling me what it is."

He does so and you are able to tell him what name and address he is looking at.

"But," he protests, "you could have learned this name and address by heart."

So you tell him to give you another phone number and repeat the process: 1479 plus 00 gives 147900. Take away 1479 from that number and it gives 146,421. Add these digits together and you get 18. Tell him to turn to page 18, and for the second time you are able to quote a name and address. He chooses a third number.

This time he writes down, say, 7267, adds two zeros and subtracts the original number. Which gives 719,433. Add up all those digits and the result is 27. "Turn to page 27," you say, quoting a name and address.

It all revolves around the magical number nine. You can get only three numbers by adding up the digits after this process. They are 18, 27 and 36, all multiples of nine. So all you need to do to convince anyone that you know the telephone directory off by heart is to learn three entries—on pages 18, 27, and 36.

LETTERS

Continued from page 4

The following letter has been received and acknowledged by the editors of CB. It comes from Group Committee Chairman Peter Austin, of Weston, Ont.

Dear Sirs:

On behalf of our 19th Humber West Venturers, I am writing to ask if a short note could be inserted in one of the forthcoming issues of CB—senior edition. The enclosed letter is self-explanatory. It is acts of this kind that make Scouting so rewarding.

Peter Austin, Weston, Ont.



Dear Mr. Austin:

I wish to inform you of a very important deed that was performed by members of the 19th Humber West Venturers.

There was a very serious fire at my farm near Alton on Saturday, September 13, 1969. A complete loss was realized of my barn and farm equipment. The boys did everything in their power to control the fire and save the equipment and the stock. However it was beyond their capabilities. I assure that their efforts were very much appreciated as I feel that further damage would have resulted if it had not been for them.

It is acts of this nature that make youth so very important in today's world.

The names of the boys involved: Dennis Bailey, Ernie Lynch, Ian Shrozaki, Rick Brown, Bob Shaw, and Brian Zufelt. They all live in Weston.

I wish these boys every success and happiness in their young lives.

Yours very truly,

Murray J. Paterson, Toronto, Ont.

THANKS FOR PRIZE

I was one of the winners in your Writers' Contest. I would like to thank you for the prizes. The money has proved very useful and the encyclopaedia, even though I haven't received it yet, I am sure will prove just as useful. Thank you again.

Robert G. Rahn, Toronto, Ont.

CHRISTMAS GOOD TURN

I am a Scout leader who is crippled. I can't walk. I wanted to hang up our outside Christmas lights, so I asked the troop, never thinking that they would remember. But they did. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon of December 9th, four boys came along to put up the lights for us. In less than three-quarters of an hour, the job was done, and done well. Then my mother, with whom I live, tried to give the boys some money, but they wouldn't take it. I hope others in the troops in this town will notice this. The boys who did us a Christmas good turn were D. Pannell, M. McDonald, R. Boucher, and T. Bond. Nice work, boys, and thanks!

*Scouter Jack Paterson,
3rd New Liskeard Troop,
New Liskeard, Ont.*

FIGHTING POLLUTION

In CANADIAN BOY you carried an article on pollution called *The Poisoned Planet*. I am very much interested in air pollution and I wondered if you could give me Robert Turnbull's address. I am fighting air pollution tooth and nail, and any information is very helpful.

*Mrs. Isabel Cole,
Hamilton, Ont.*

Mr. Turnbull is the travel editor for *The Globe and Mail*, Toronto. He wrote the article on a special assignment for CB.

WANTS TO SEE TRAILBIKING

I've subscribed to CB every year since it started publication, but I've yet to find an article on trailbiking or motorcycling. Since I'm under 16, I've found that trailbiking can be a lot of fun. Maybe some Scout or Venturer groups might become interested enough to start a mini-bike or trailbiking patrol, if you publish an article on it.

Fred Jewett, Toronto, Ont.

We've got feelers out right now for information on these subjects.

VOICE OF GRATITUDE

I would like to tell you that you have a good magazine. I would like to see something on archery if you have some spare space. I would also like to thank the people who make Scouting possible. I would like to make a dedication to the fine Scouts in the 5th Port Arthur troop, and to the great, patient leaders who put up with us. The leaders: Brian Craig, Paul McCracken, and Morris Grinstead.

Don Melvin, Thunder Bay, Ont.

Thank you! And thanks for the hatful of jokes you sent us.



Three Boy Scouts from the First Two Hills (Alberta) troop recently presented a canteen cart to the hospital auxiliary in their community. The cart was designed and built by the Scout troop under the leadership of Scouter Jack Bennett. The Scouts making the presentation were Edwin Albrecht, Alan Sorochan, and Barry Mandrusiak. An outstanding example of a good deed for the community, and the creation of a piece of equipment that will bring pleasure to a lot of people for a long time to come.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU

The good turn is still one of Scouting's best known trademarks. Everybody—Cubs, Scouts, Venturers, Rovers, and leaders—can share in world Scouting through the Canadian Scout Brotherhood Fund.

Many thousands of dollars have funnelled through this fund during recent years, to assist:

1. the Universal Fund of the Boy Scouts World Bureau, which helps Scouting the world's developing countries, where the needs are greatest;

2. the Can-Carib Project, which serves 18 countries and territories in the Caribbean region. It's entirely a Canadian project, and you can designate your contributions for use in this project if you want to;

3. disaster victims in Canada or in other countries, left helpless by fires, earthquakes, floods or storms. Recently troops in Ancaster and Hamilton, Ontario, were assisted through this fund after they'd lost all their books and equipment in fires.

You can make Canadian Scout Brotherhood Fund support a personal project, or a project for your pack, troop, company, crew, or group, and help Scouting where help is needed most.

Make the good turn really mean something!

Continued on page 20



TEENS TRY BIG TIME SELLING

BY ALEX WATSON



"The real business world is very different from school." That's the conclusion of five grade 12 boys who were given an opportunity of working for a week at Apsco Products (Canada) Ltd., in Scarborough, Ont.

Mike Sullivan, Terry Stevens, Terry Smith, Joe Powell, and Dan Meyer, after working in the office and warehouse and then actually selling clients, agreed: "We weren't sure what to expect, but the experience was certainly different from what we thought it would be." All five boys were in their final year of a four-year business and commerce course at R.H. King Collegiate, Scarborough.

Ralph Roger, president of Apsco Products (suppliers of stationery supplies), who is a strong believer in business participation in community affairs, arranged a detailed program for the boys. They worked in various jobs at Apsco from February 21 to February 25.

The first two days they opened mail and followed it through various departments in the company. They recorded checks, filled orders, studied invoices from suppliers, and commented on requests for donations and enquiries. "The mail is a good place to learn what business is all about," says Mr. Roger.

"The first thing that surprised me was how organized a

business office is," says Dan Meyer, who hopes to go into administration or accounting when he graduates in June. "I thought things just sort of happened."

Wednesday and Thursday the boys called on customers with Apsco's salesmen. Joe Powell flew out to Winnipeg while Dan Meyer went to Montreal, to travel with the salesmen in those territories. Mike Sullivan, Terry Stevens, and Terry Smith worked out of Toronto. Selling held more surprises for the boys than anything else they did during the week.

"We got the impression at school that selling was extremely difficult and customers did nothing but sit there and make objections," says Mike Sullivan. "We found selling easier than that, although we didn't always get an order. We did learn, however, that you should be prepared to answer questions about your products. Otherwise you lose the sale."

"And you must never try to fool a customer or promise something you can't deliver," adds Terry Smith.

The boys went out with salesmen who had arranged everything in advance and with those who just dropped in cold because they found it better not to try to make firm appointments in advance.

Dan Meyer said after selling in Montreal that he wished he had learned French in school. Some of the boys thought it extremely important in order to make sales to get the customer to like you. Terry Stevens felt it was most important for a salesman to have his day well organized. All the boys but Dan Meyer (who has his mind set on an inside position) said they would like to go into sales when they graduate.

Friday morning the boys made out their sales reports and met with Mr. Roger, who explained to them that sales reports were extremely important, so that both the salesman and his sales manager would have a record of what transpires with each customer. They should be complete but as short as possible and as factual as possible.

"A good way to organize yourself is to list the customers you plan to call on, in a daily sales plan," says Mr. Roger. Then the following night all you have to do is complete the sales plan and you have completed your sales report. "Sales reports should always be made at night," Mr. Roger points out. "Daytime should always be used for making calls."

Friday afternoon the boys were given the case history type of sales training course Apsco has developed for its customers' salesmen. Sales Manager Earl Brønneman conducted the course and the boys were allowed to play different roles in different sales situations.

After the course was completed each boy was required to make a detailed report to marketing teacher G. Pennington.

They were all enthusiastic about the course, saying they had learned more in a week on the job than they could learn in school in a month. They suggested, however, that the course might be more helpful to students in grade 11 because then they could apply what they had been taught to their courses in grade 12.

Mr. Roger has conducted these courses for three years and this year planned to have a second group of boys in for a week in April. He does all this at his own expense because he claims "there is no answer in business for the boy who says: 'I'd like to be a salesman. Where do I start?'" He hopes this business experience program for high school students is providing part of the answer. ❁



why don't you get some pHisoHex?"

To tell the truth, pHisoHex wouldn't do much for a rough pineapple...but it sure does a lot for teenage skin.

pHisoHex *really* helps teenage skin. This special liquid skin cleanser thoroughly removes all dirt, grease and grime. It contains an effective anti-bacterial, and after each washing an invisible germ-fighting film *remains* on the skin to protect you for hours.

If you have pimples or blackheads (a few or a million), wash with pHisoHex 3 or 4 times every day to help clear up your skin—then continue to use it to keep your skin clear. Use pHisoAc Cream, too, to mask and heal pimples and help loosen blackheads.

Promise yourself you'll start using pHisoHex today—and keep on using it *indefinitely*—anyway until you're out of your teens.



pHisoHex

keeps on working even after you wash it off!

"Available at pharmacies only"

Winthrop
LABORATORIES
AURORA, ONTARIO





Think a little funny. Win a little money. Think funnier. Get munnier.

Any funny caption or gagline for this photo could win you ten dollars. And for a few seconds of funnybone scratching, that's not bad scratch!

Second best gagline wins five dollars. Third prize is two dollars. And even that's not bad, tax-free, postpaid and delivered to your door.

Switch on your gaglight. Haul out your gagpoint pen, or sharpen up your crayons. And think funny. Wayout, wild, or sick—they all have a chance in this crazy cheap contest.

Get your photo gagline mailed to CANADIAN BOY PHOTO GAGLINE CONTEST.

Box 5112 Station F, Ottawa 5, Ontario, no later than April 15, 1970.

Open to all registered CB subscribers.

LETTERS

Continued from page 17

HE DIGS DON'S DIG-UPS

Your magazine is very good, and I mean it! I like reading those stories and doing your puzzles and contests. Tell Mr. Miller that I like his *Canadata* and I really dig that perfect pass receiver that Don dug up.

Mike J. Bender, Abbotsford, B.C.

MAGICIAN, BEWARE!

This letter is a warning to Bruce Postgate, who wrote the article entitled *Magic is Fun*. If he intends to write any more, I'd advise him to cut out the stupid magician talk. I'm a magician myself, in a small way, and the last thing on Earth I'd do would be to talk like that. It doesn't sound natural, because it isn't natural.

Alastair Boyd, Ottawa, Ont.

MAYDAY MAYDAY MAYDAY

The article on radio ghosts by Don MacClure explained a few things I didn't understand before. I have been experimenting with radios and electronics in general for a long time. I think it got serious when I was eleven years old. I am now 26. I have a lot of books on radio and

tv repairs but none of them tells me what I want to know. I'd like to learn much more on the subject, so if someone is willing to help me, please write to:

*Michael Maher,
Blackhead Road,
St. John's, Nfld.*

HE WANTS TO GO

I am writing to ask for instructions on how to make a motorized go-kart. If anyone reading this could please help me, it would be appreciated.

David Allan, Coquitlam, B.C.

There are several places you could write to about this. One we know about is GO CYCLE, 820 North Hollywood Way, Burbank, California 91505. They have plans and instructions for both go-karts and mini-cycles.

SORRY, WRONG NUMBER

We would refer you to the September issue of *Canadian Boy*, page 13. There have been many claims as to where Scouting started in Canada. However, we refer to your mention of famous ex-Scouts: "The late Dr. J.T.M. Anderson, former Premier of Saskatchewan, was District Commissioner in Saskatoon in the early 1902s." We are happy to have had

what must have been the earliest District Commissioner, according to your story which, of course, is in error.

Tom P. Stark, PSE, Saskatchewan

How early can you get? Sorry about the gremlins in the type, Tom.

SCOUTOREE '70

St. James District will be holding a Scout Exposition, known as Scoutoree '70, on May 3rd in the St. James Civic Centre. The Scoutoree '70 staff wants to let everybody know about this event. We already have applications in from Greater Winnipeg, and Manitoba, and a number of American groups. Thanks for spreading the word.

John Graham, Winnipeg, Man.

If your group wants more info, write to John Graham at 336 Sharpe Boulevard, Winnipeg 12, Man.

MORE ON ICE FISHING

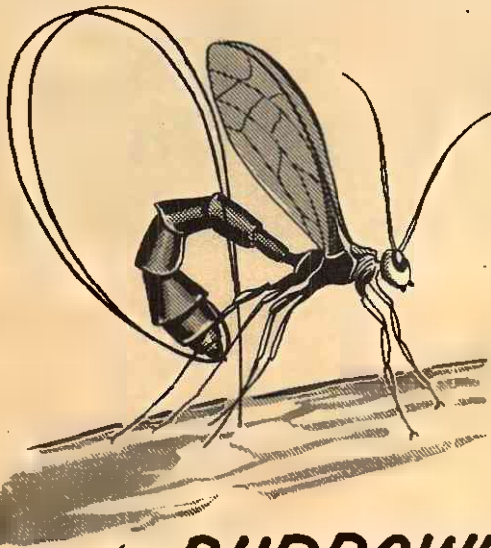
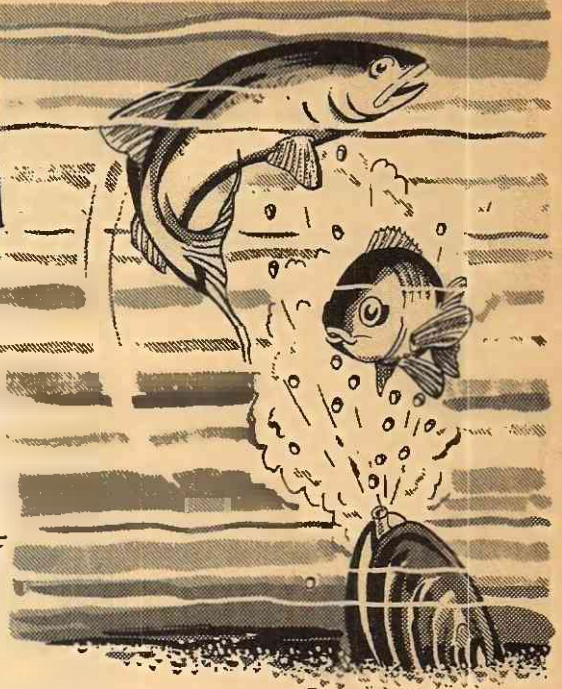
I am 12 and I am hooked on ice fishing. It's been so long since I've seen an article in CB on ice fishing that the fish are getting too old to bother. So what about it, boys?

Wayne Roffey, Ottawa, Ont.

CANADATA

MUSSEL EGGS...

WHEN A FISH SWIMS OVER AN EGG-LADEN MUSSEL, (FRESH-WATER MOLLUSK), ITS PASSAGE SENDS DOWN A MESSAGE AND A STREAM OF TINY YOUNG ARE SHOT FROM THE MUSSEL'S SIPHON..... SOME HIT THE FISH, AND THEIR THIN SNAPPING SHELLS CLAMP TIGHT ON A FIN OR SCALE.. IN TIME THEY DROP OFF IN SOME OTHER PART OF THE POND... IN THIS WAY THE TRIBE OF MUSSELS IS SPREAD.....



The THALESA FLY

IS AN ICHNEUMON FLY & IS SEEN IN MANY PARTS OF CANADA.

THE THALESA FLY IS ABOUT TWO INCHES LONG... ITS 'TAIL' IS REALLY A DRILL, ABOUT THE SIZE OF A HORSEHAIR.

WITH THIS DRILL IT BORES INTO SOLID WOOD, SOMETIMES AS DEEP AS TWO INCHES OR MORE....

The BURROWING OWL...

IS FOUND IN SASKATCHEWAN AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.... IT NESTS IN CAVITIES EXCAVATED IN THE EARTH BY GROUND SQUIRRELS AND PRAIRIE DOGS.... IT MANAGES TO LIVE NEAR THESE ANIMALS IN A HABITAT INFESTED WITH RATTLESNAKES.....



VERNON MILLER



Owls PAPER MAKING HORNET

MANUFACTURES REAL PAPER BY CHEWING WOOD TO PULP AND MIXING IT WITH STICKY SALIVA..... WITH THIS PULP THE QUEEN HORNET BUILDS A PAPER NEST....

MAN MAY WELL HAVE LEARNED THE SECRET OF MAKING PAPER FROM THESE INDUSTRIOUS HORNETS.....

**“Well . . . they told us
the Citizen badge
would get us involved!”**



The Citizen badge has got to be one of the most important badges a Scout can earn. There are three levels: bronze, silver, and gold.

The Citizen badge is also one of the main requirements for both the challenge and achievement awards.

Now don't let the word "citizen" throw you! Nobody is going to think any less of you for trying to obtain the badge, and there's nothing corny about wanting to become a better informed, "good" citizen.

A great many adults have a great deal to say about politics, governments, the United Appeal (or Community Chest, or Red Feather), pollution control, businesses, and institutions. But the truth is that a large number of grownups don't know the inside story, or possess many of the facts.

How many adults do you know who have actually been inside your city hall, or town hall, to attend a council meeting? Not very many. Yet your average Mister Citizen probably walks or drives past such a building almost every day of his life without going inside. The same can be said of community institutions, plants, and business offices of various kinds.

A man can be born into a community, travel abroad, live and work in the area all his life, and still not know what makes his community tick.

What is actually happening behind those dark grey walls of industry?

What does your dad really do for a living? What do they manufacture, or what services do they offer, in the place where he works? What is it all about?

Once you start asking questions you are on the first step to a great exploration.

If you haven't had a chance to read much of *The Canadian Scout Handbook* just turn to page 257. Read the section *Home and Community* through to page 288, then turn to the requirements of the Citizen badge, on page 422.

Talk these things over with your friends and the members of your patrol. Getting to know your community is one way of beginning to know Canada better.

You've heard that money doesn't grow on trees, and that Dad, or Mom, or both, have to work to earn enough money to pay for the family's food and to keep the house going generally, and maybe you're tired of hearing about it. Face it! Some fathers labor in hot, dusty, dirty places every day for half the money that you might be in the habit of taking for granted.

Behind the walls of business and industry that you might pass each day on your way to school, some weird and wonderful things are going on. Dozens, sometimes hundreds, of people work to make the products we finally catch up to

in the stores and showrooms. You'd be amazed at what goes on in your own hometown, or in a nearby city.

In another direction, how do you look at the woods, or the mountains? They have a story for you, and getting it isn't merely a matter of hiking along, cooking your meal, and going home again.

The mountains of Canada have seen strange men come and go. They've stood as a silent challenge to strong men, to scale their jagged sides and slippery cliffs. They almost prevented engineers from laying railroad track, and the pioneers struggled to carry their heavy loads over rough trails to find a new home, or riches, or adventure.

Rivers called upon the adventurer and tested his skill with the canoe. The forests lay quiet as if they were guarding a great secret—and they still do!

Huge trees today stand aloof, swaying over hidden trails the pioneers once used. Forgotten graves dot the land, lying in the undergrowth as though they had pulled the woods and brush over themselves like a great blanket.

The land has been invaded in places. Men have settled over the trails, poured concrete, and darkened the waters of rivers and streams. Today we call it pollution, and we tend to panic about it—rightfully.



“Yeah, Frank, but this is ridickledockle!”

20th Century Fox photo

The land may have been changed, but the same old challenges are still there, if you will listen, and hear them.

Some pretty basic questions arise that you might ask yourself. Like, how did your town get there? Who were its founders? How did the town get its name?

Who was your community's first mayor, or reeve? Where did the town's first settlers come from?

What does your local United Appeal do with the money they collect?

What do your policemen really do? Just sit in cars or stand on street corners?

Getting to know your community and your country can make Canada come alive for you!

It can jump right out of a schoolbook you have just read, or a movie you have just seen, or that tv special you caught the other night. It is as close to you as the nearest site you select.

Read the challenge on page 64 of your copy of *The Canadian Scout Handbook*. The decision is up to you.

Your preparations can start any time. Your program can begin at the local level, then branch out and expand to your county. Next you can study your province, and the entire nation—all of Canada—your country.

Summer camps can be held near and tours conducted through historical sites,

industrial areas, big buildings, small towns, and special institutions.

If you want to study the ethnic groups in the part of Canada where you live, handicrafts provide a practical way of doing so. The national dress costumes can be recreated in miniature, and typical artifacts, implements, and vehicles can be modelled. You can set up a display to show all the ethnic influences that have gone into the growth of your hometown.

Maps, with models, can show dramatically the routes used by early traders and explorers. Then you can plan a hike or a canoe trip or some other scheme, to cover the same routes yourself.

With a little imagination and some simple planning, you'll find that getting to know your community and your country can be fun, and adventurous. Even the mode of travel can be changed. Instead of riding in a car as part of the trip, perhaps you could go a couple of miles with a horse and wagon, or on horseback. Or maybe you could take a flip in a light plane. Almost anything is possible—with planning and arrangements.

On your feet, young man! Canada is just outside your own door. Go exploring and make sure you believe your Citizen badge is worth working for, and worth wearing. It's up to you!

By Dennis Lewis

REPORT from Major Catastrophe



Patrol program ideas are sometimes difficult to develop. Try organizing a night patrol hike, designed as a challenge to the other patrols in your troop.

Have everybody gather at the troop hall and hand out some simple instructions. Then send the patrols away, each in a different direction or to different parts of your town or city, where they've been given some tasks to perform.

On returning from the night hike, each patrol presents its log, read by the patrol leader or any appointed patrol member. Each patrol also submits a map showing clearly the route taken during the night hike.

The project can wind up on a social note with a campfire and cookout. Hot dogs and cocoa help finish off a fun evening. And don't forget to invite your counsellors along on the night hike. They'll probably be able to assist with ideas and planning.

SERVICE CLUB VISIT

Just about every city and town has a number of men's service clubs operating within its general limits. Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, Optimists, and various Progressive clubs are always interested in what young people are doing, and they are particularly interested in Scouting.

Why not arrange with the officers of your local service club or clubs to have your patrol attend one of their luncheons?

Find out who the club president is, and tell him about your idea to have the boys attend one of their meetings. You might even arrange to have one of your Scouts attend as the club's guest speaker. He might want to inform the club members of your patrol and troop activities and projects, or speak about recent changes in Scout programs. Such a visit would give your Scouts an opportunity of seeing first-hand what the service clubs do and, at the same time, it would give members of the club a chance to meet and talk with young people in their community. ★



"The bear was driving, Officer! We were sitting in the back, singing songs!"

You who were born about ten years ago: Do you know what you did? You created another generation gap, that's what! You even separated yourself from your teenage brother and sister.

If it just happens that you were born on April 12, 1961, for instance, you came into this world on the date Russian Cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin made history as the first man to orbit Earth in "outer" space.

As you let out your first baby squeal, Yuri was telling the world: "I am in good spirits. The machine works perfectly."

The Russian spaceman took 108 minutes to circle Earth in his Vostok I, and you probably slept through it all.

What you take for granted now as "old hat" stuff, your dad or your older brother saw as a big event. So, even if you have just reached the ripe old age of ten, you represent a new generation.

It's a sure bet that your dad remembers the Edsel, since it's only 10 years ago that the Ford Motor Company canned it as a production car. He probably remembers Rocket Richard as a hockey star, and he likely knows from being an interested spectator at the time that Floyd Patterson knocked out Ingemar Johanson, in the professional ring. Let's not forget the big news of nine years ago when Nikita Khrushchev took off one of his shoes and banged it on his desk at the United Nations. You ask: "Who is Nikita Khrushchev?" Wow! Was it that long ago?

To your dad it's just a few years ago. To you, it may seem like a lifetime.

Here's something else to think about. There are undoubtedly a number of things you are told not to do. If you're lucky enough to have a grandfather, don't let him kid you about sitting in front of the tv boobtube. In his day they had a similar box people used to lock onto. They called it radio. Would you believe that a group of people would actually sit around a radio set and listen? And do nothing else?

Grampa may have been just a boy himself, then, but he was expected to sit quietly when his dad's favorite program was on the radio. This was even more important if there was a lot of static and nobody could hear the station too clearly. There was no static-free FM radio in those days.

Come to think of it, your granddad may have created his own generation gap when he was born. Just imagine: If he was born on that December day in 1903 when Orville and Wilbur Wright flew the first power-driven heavier-than-air machine, called the airplane, Grampa probably slept through the whole thing just as you might have about the time of the first space flight.

Strange as it may seem to you, your dad saw some of the first tv sets put on the market for use in the home, just like your granddad was in on the early days of radio.

If you think some of the shows on tv are corny today, your dad watched some

weird shows on the boobtube himself when tv first came into Canada. They were something else!

Your dad was also around when the first space rockets were fired, and he probably saw some of the first jet-powered aircraft that ever flew. He also did things with an old car (pre-1939) that you wouldn't believe!

It seems now as though some of the same kinds of things happened in their day between Dad and Grampa, only things were called by different names, and some of those things are not used so much any more.

You will see, hear, and do things in your day that your dad and your granddad never dreamed possible. But don't sell Dad and old Gramps short. They've seen, heard, and done things you will never have the opportunity of seeing and doing.

Somehow, while things are going to be different with you—even between you and your teenage brother—and what seems to be miles away from anything Grampa did as a boy—they are very much the same, in experience.

Things have a habit of changing to remain the same, to those people who are living in that period of time.

And, remember, your own son may be born on a day when some fantastic event is occurring, and he will probably sleep through the whole thing, just as you did. That'll be the day you will start to face your own generation gap, as an adult.

By Dennis Lewis

A LETTER FROM LESTER



Lester Square as we remember him.

To All the Gang at CB, and
To All My Former Readers:

Hi! Bet you all thought I was dead—I heard that crack, Mister Brown! Well, I'm writing you for several reasons, after all this time. One reason is to prove that editors don't know everything. Like, I am not dead, and any reports of my death are silly rumors, gross exaggerations, and malicious propaganda.

I have been away from Canada since last April, and now I am back in Canada. I went to Scotland last Spring, after I heard somebody say, "Oh, to be in England, now that April's here!" I figured I'd find out what that jazz was all about, but the only cattle boat I could get passage on out of Montreal was going to Scotland—the *S.S. Aberdeen Angus*. Of course, you're fully aware that Scotland is NOT England. But their climates are comparable, and I found the weather most comfortable.

I stayed in Scotland for a month-and-a-half, at Loch Ness, mostly, seeing if I could catch a glimpse of the famous monster, affectionately known in those parts as Nessie. I didn't see this fantastic piece of tourist bait. I kept looking, and so did a lot of other people. But Nessie didn't show.

The legend of the Loch Ness Monster is well known in most parts of the English-speaking world, so I won't go into a lot of detail about that now. Maybe I could do a story about it for CB sometime, if the readers want me to?

All I want to say about it right now is that we had a lot of fun with those two mini-submarines putt-putting around in the Loch, one carrying out an American-backed investigation of the monster legend, and the other working with a film crew on a Sherlock Holmes movie using a dummy monster. The dummy broke up one day and the head floated off while the guts and

machinery sank into the bottomless black waters—about \$40,000 worth of junk! The newspapers splashed that story all over the front pages in Britain, you can bet!

It was good for a few hearty chuckles.

I hit a few others places, like Holland, West Germany, Sweden, Finland, Hong Kong on the China coast, Japan, Hawaii, New Zealand, Australia, Bali, Singapore, Tahiti, and Saskatchewan, before I decided to write to you.

You might wonder what I was doing in Montreal between December and April. Well, you can keep right on wondering, old chums. Does Eaton's tell Simpsons? I arrived in Canada's great eastern cosmopolitan city in mid-January, actually, after spending Christmas and New Year's in Ottawa. (Dear old Ottawa! Have they filled up all the pot-holes yet?) I got a ride to Montreal with a couple of guys who live there.

I worked in a restaurant, washing dishes for about three months, and saved my money. After all, I didn't have to spend anything on food.

The trip to Scotland was—well, what do you expect on a cattle boat? *Eau de Cologne?*

One thing I learned in Scotland is that some Scotsmen don't really mind being called Scotchmen or Scotch. Others do mind. But they will usually tell you, with typical wry humor that they are "Scottish by birth, and Scotch by absorption" and let it go at that.

The tulips were nice in Holland, but those wooden shoes—no thanks. West Germany is full of old castles, but then so is Scotland. Sweden is one of the most broad-minded countries I've been in—wow! I had a hard time getting my mind off those broads. Finland is a lot like Sweden, to me, except for the language. I tried to get into Russia, but *nyet*. Those Soviet guards are not impressed by a Canadian Boy Advisory Committee card!

Hong Kong is interesting, and noisy, and busy, and there's lots of stuff you can buy cheap. Japan is really modern! They have eight or nine television stations in Tokyo alone! It's the most populated city in the entire world, so you never feel like you're alone there.

Hawaii—aah! Waikiki Beach and old Diamond Head. The sand on the beach is as soft as talcum powder, and the water's almost as warm as pea soup. But the sun's brighter there than we ever see it in Canada, and I even saw a *double* rainbow there once.

New Zealand and Australia are really worth seeing. The mountainous country of New Zealand takes your breath away. And the coastal cities of Australia are in some ways more modern than Montreal or Toronto or Vancouver or Edmonton. The people are really friendly, too.

Bali? Well, . . . It's not like you thought after reading *The National Geographic*. Times have changed.

Singapore is like Hong Kong in a lot of ways. Busy. Noisy. People run a lot there.

Tahiti is not unlike Hawaii I found. They like much the same kind of music and they go swimming and boating and fishing a great deal of the time.

Saskatchewan is nice, too.

I'm running out of paper here. So I'd best cut this short. I'll be back to see you guys soon. Meanwhile, everybody have a Happy Easter!

Your old pal,
Lester Square.

Venturing

PHILMONT: HIGH ADVENTURE

Philmont is 214 square miles of northeastern New Mexico ruggedness and innumerable trails. Every so often you find a trail camp where you can spend the night and possibly take part in one of the many programs.

Philmont: High Adventure was the theme of a recent expedition that the 76th Winnipeg Crusader Venturer company undertook in connection with the Silver Stage expedition of the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme.

This expedition, at Philmont Scout Ranch and Explorer Base in the Sangre de Cristo mountains of New Mexico, was the culmination of months of hard work and planning by the Venturers.

Our first contact with Philmont was at the base camp, where we were processed. That means we were given a medical checkup, issued with equipment we'd need, and briefed on Philmont generally.

Here we also met our ranger, Rick Gay, who was to accompany us and make sure we knew what we were doing before we got onto the trails. Once you're on one of those trails, you're on your own!

We started our trek after instruction in saddling and packing and handling of horses, and rode to our first night under canvas. At this point we felt there wasn't too much to Philmont. But the next day was something we were totally unprepared for!

Unfamiliar with the ways of Philmont, we awoke the next morning at 10 to find another group waiting for us to break camp. Puzzled by the other group's early arrival, we nevertheless broke camp. By the time we had done this it was about noon, and we found out why they had arrived so early. The sun.

If you know what it's like to be in a steam cabinet, you'll know how we felt, with that sun delivering 120 degrees.

The altitude—something we couldn't have prepared ourselves for at home—was also beginning to affect us. Pack rests were frequent, and welcome.

When we stopped for our lunch of dehydrated foods, which were tasty, by the way, we lay down wherever we could. At this particular time we just happened to be on top of a pile of rocks. But the worst was yet to come. . . .

After going a short distance, we found the trail had been obliterated by a landslide. This just about killed us! It meant an additional two miles of hiking. At Philmont you don't measure distance by how far forward you go—it's how far



This is our group photo atop Mount Phillips. We have just claimed the mountain for Canada. However, when we found out what the customs duties on it would be, we decided against shipping it home. From left: Gordon Stelman, and Lawrence Stalder. Then, from top to bottom: Don Maxim, Richard Kruzynski, and Bob McNamara. Bob's in a hole. Don's on a rock.

you go up, or down, or sideways, or backwards!

At Lower Bonito, our night camp, after our meal and a brief review of camping skills by our ranger, we just flaked out wherever we could find a spot. So ended a typical day on Philmont.

What followed was seven days of ups and downs, hundreds of thousands of feet of it, plus altitude sickness. It was the most rugged terrain we had ever hiked over, and the most beautiful.

We broke camp at six every morning, after that first morning, forgot about breakfast and took our lunch as we hiked, making camp every day by early afternoon.

Gradually we became accustomed to the altitude and our pack rests became fewer. Our 65-pound packs actually felt lighter. By now we were able to look up and enjoy the scenery.

At the staffed campsites we took part in the programs they offered: rock climbing, target shooting, gold panning, and fly fishing, for instance.

By Day 5 we were something else at Philmont. We devised our own methods of coping with the problems Philmont offered us and we began to enjoy the place even more, if that was possible.

We hiked over a 12,000-foot mountain, down again, and then over a 10,000-foot "hill" into camp—a hike that was 18 miles long and of about 12 hours' duration. This was just one example of

how we were getting used to Philmont.

During our second last day on the trails we climbed The Tooth of Time, one of the most significant mountains associated with Philmont. From atop The Tooth we were dazzled by one of the most magnificent and lasting views of the country we had hiked through.

The next day—our last—we had an easy, short hike into the base camp.

In all, we had hiked more than 66 miles in 10 days. At base camp we returned our borrowed equipment and spent most of that day lying down.

On our last day at Philmont we were given the red carpet treatment. Early in the morning we had tea with Joe Davis, the camp director and one of the nicest guys we've ever met. We spent the morning chatting with Mr. Davis about Philmont, about what Philmont had given us, and a few improvements we felt we could suggest.

Then we were taken on a tour of the Philmont museums, the training facilities, and into Cimarron to get some souvenirs.

By 5 p.m. that day we were on a train headed for home. Most of us were sorry to leave the place. If you ever bump into one of the guys who's been to Philmont, ask him if he would go again. He'll tell you: "Yes! When do we leave?"

By Gordon Stelman
and Richard Kruzynski

QUEBEC REPORT

Among the four sections of Canadian Scouting—Cubs, Scouts, Venturers, and Rovers—the Venturers are the most vocal in their criticisms of CB and the most constructive in their suggestions on what we can do with it.

Not long ago a group of Venturers in Quebec went through the June 1969 edition of the magazine with the proverbial fine-toothed comb, and came up with a bundle of comments and suggestions.

The reactions were passed on to the editors of CB by Bill Buckingham of Lachine, Que. Bill has taken a keen interest in changes in the senior edition of CB ever since last June, when Venturers from across the nation gathered in Ottawa for their first national conference.

Here are some of the remarks:

On the editorials, which CB no longer carries, incidentally: "This shows anyone that this book is not written for Venturers because many of us are in university, or in our senior year at high school."

On the Letters columns: "I am willing to bet hardly one of these letters was written by Venturers, and it is not because they do not read this. The reason is that

most feel that CB as it stands now has not much to satisfy their desires." *That was last September, and CB has since moved in a more senior direction, in its senior editions.*

On the CB Photo Gagline Contest: "More of the same!" and "Great idea—encourages participation by the readers."

On the *Venturing* column: "I agree with what they are saying but the writing belongs to an elementary reader. Space could be put to far better use." and "Completely worthless. Designed for a three-year-old." and "I thought we were 14-17, not 4-7." and "Hard to believe." and "Not representing Venturing at all."

On the *Hobbies* column: "Good article for everyone—keep it!" *The subject of that particular column was bodybuilding.* "Good!" and "Something that interests most boys."

On the *Sports* column: "Another good one." and "Not too bad." and "Fair—of interest to all ages."

On the *Penpals* columns: "All those with a yellow mark beside them should go in the junior edition." *The page was carefully edited by the Venturers, in accordance with the ages groups of penpals. The editors of CB have been splitting the penpals into junior and senior*

groups. And we've been letting girls use the columns, too.

On that same column, another comment of significance: "Seventy-five percent come from Ontario—what happened to the rest of the country?" *Almost half of the registered subscribers to CB live in Ontario, believe it or not. More than half of those who write to the editors about one thing and another are Ontario readers—maybe as many as 75 percent—it varies, from time to time.*

On *Canada*: "Interesting." and "Helps breed a pride in our great country." and "Put more meat into it." and "This page has nothing to do with Scouting." and "This must always be included. Very educational!" and "Excellent!"

On the *Wheels* column: "Inaccurate and a waste of space. Enthusiasts, toward whom the column is directed, are far more knowledgeable." *Knowledgeable than what? Or whom? Incidentally, no Wheels columns have appeared in CB since May '69.*

On *Award for Valour*: "Everyone deserves recognition. One of the first articles I turn to. Makes us realize we could all be in this position." and "Worthwhile." and "Too much space, but necessary."

What are your opinions? ❁

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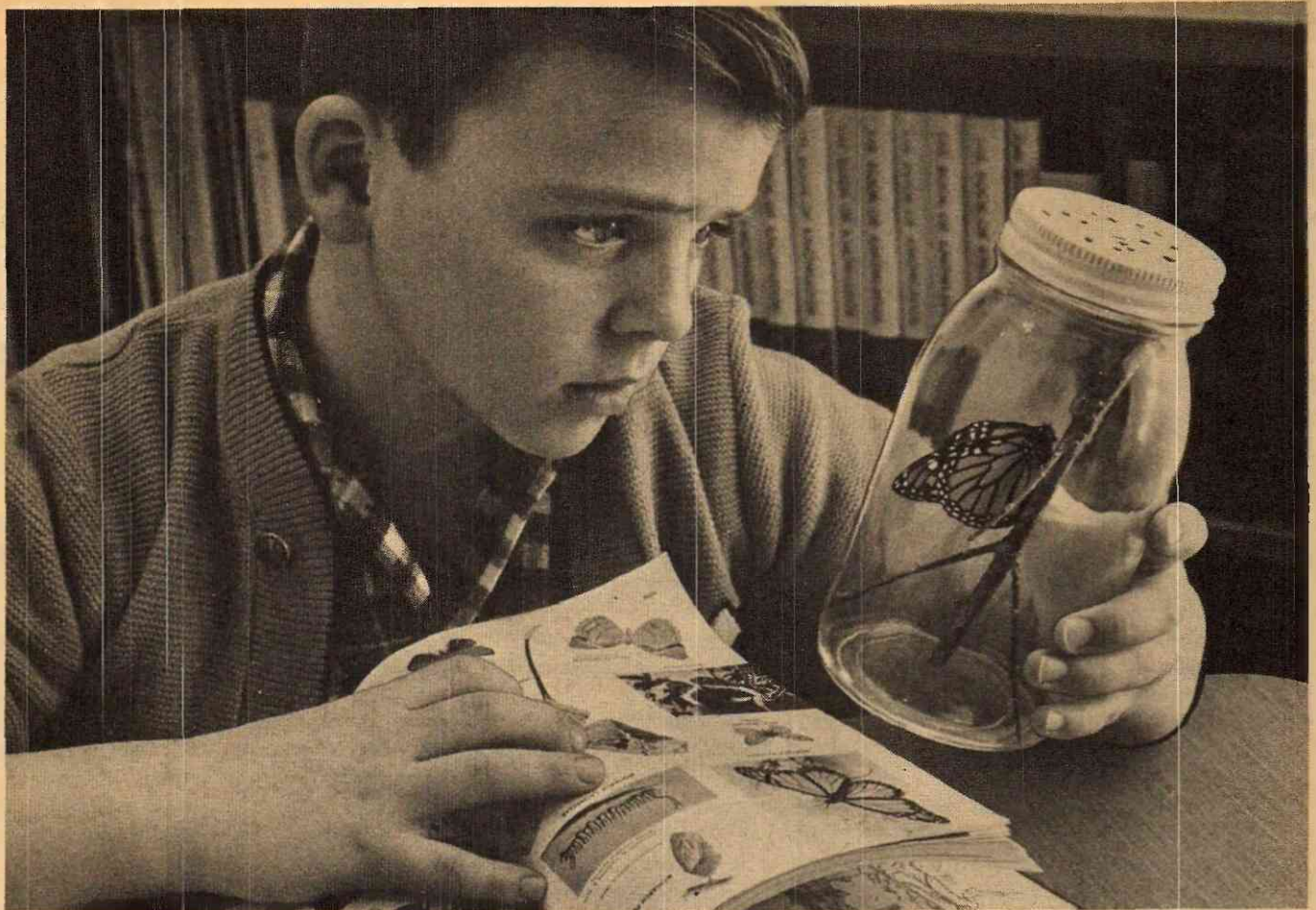
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CB30

Patience, understanding, and expert coaching have helped Montreal's Kalev Scouts achieve an amazing marksmanship record. Since 1966 the troop has held Canada's Drummond Trophy and the Pepsi-Cola Trophy, and they've won the Duke of Connaught's Shield three times.

The Drummond Trophy is awarded annually to the top individual Scout marksman in the cross-Canada, .22-calibre rifle event. The Pepsi-Cola Trophy goes to the best Scout team in Canada.

And, each year, Scout marksmen from all the Commonwealth countries compete for

the Duke of Connaught's Shield.

In last year's Drummond Trophy competition, 13 Estonian Kalev Scouts topped the list, and two of them had perfect scores!

The list of championships won by the Kalev marksmen, who range in age from

12 to 21, seems endless. It includes Quebec honors such as the Elmdale Shield, the Szeifried Shield, and the Lysons and Cullen trophies.

Marksmanship has long been a national sport of Estonia, and that helps explain the Kalev Scouts' dedication to rifle shooting. For them it is not only a challenging character-building sport, but an opportunity of preserving their national heritage.

Scoutmaster Valdu Lillakas attributes much of his troop's success to the excellent coaching of Assistant Scoutmaster Endel Rudberg, who has been teaching boys the art of shooting rifles for nearly ten years.

But good coaching alone does not guarantee victories. The 38-member Estonian team agrees that patience, understanding, and steady nerves are equally important.

Eighteen-year-old Mart Leetmaa, who won the Drummond Trophy in 1968 and 1969, believes that almost anyone can become an expert marksman.

"The main idea is to concentrate," says

Mart. "You don't have to be strong, but you do have to be patient."

And you must practise, practise, practise, "whether you feel like it or not."

The team practises about three hours every two weeks during the winter, and much longer in the summer, when they shoot on an outdoor range at their summer camp. Each year they fire about 25,000 rounds of ammunition, during training sessions.

the bullet men

BY DOUG LONG



Kalev Rudberg, 15, who won Quebec's Cullen Trophy last year, and matched Mart Leetmaa's perfect score in the Drummond Trophy meet, says one of the team's best shooters, Illimar Altosaar, "practises every day by holding a rifle trained on a target for two hours."

Illimar, who is currently too old to enter most Scout competitions, represented Quebec in the Canadian Centennial Match in 1967.

Winning every trophy in sight is not as exciting as it used to be for the Kalev Scouts.

"It's becoming a habit, and a little boring, because we've won so often," says Mart Leetmaa. The shooting team would like to see more Canadian boys entering tournaments, and challenging their supremacy. Kalev Rudberg believes other Canadian teams have the "talent" to become champions and that several more expert marksmen. "There could be many good teams in Canada if Scouts would practise to be patient enough, to

become good riflemen."

The Estonian marksmen would like to see 15 or more teams in the various matches to ensure "more competitive" and "more interesting" championships.

The Kalev team is convinced that finding a good coach is the first and most important step toward marksmanship.

Once a coach has been found, an indoor or outdoor range, a couple of standard .22-calibre target rifles, ammunition, and targets, are all a team really needs to get started.

Add plenty of practice, patience, and perseverance, and the Estonian Kalev Scouts may soon meet their match. ■

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500 STAMPS \$2.00. Approvals on request. STAMPMASTER 5659 Rudy Drive, San Jose, Calif. 95124.

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YUK fifticlers



Patient: What do you charge for pulling a tooth?

Dentist: Five dollars.

Patient: What! For only two seconds' work?

Dentist: Well, if you like. I could pull it very slowly!

Raymond Gaudet, Hinton, Alta.

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FREE PRICE LIST! WANT LIST WELCOMED! GIFT!
Best Value Stamps Co., Toronto, Box 222
"Adelaide P.O."

Q: Why did the little boy bring cream and sugar to the movies?

A: He heard they were going to have a new serial!

Claude Doucet, Bathurst, N.B.

Q: Why is it bad to write on an empty stomach?

A: It's not bad, but paper is better!

Neil Mittelstaedt, Hamilton, Ont.

Boy: I'll bet you ten cents I know where you got your shoes!

Man: Where?

Boy: On your feet.

Richard Watt, Mississauga, Ont.

Jack: Did the play have a happy ending?

Michael: Oh, yes! Everybody was happy when it was over!

Michael Chyzowski, Saskatoon, Sask.

FREE STAMPS Approval Applicants. 100 Mixed \$1.00. ZELLER, 2353 Bolsover, Houston, Texas.

50 CANADA 10c with request for Canada and foreign approvals. Dept. A., STAMPWARDS, Sandy Point P.O., N.B.

Collector sale South Korea Souvenir Sheets 1958-1968 mint, Germany West, Berlin, Germany East, Austria, mint, used only to Collectors, no Price List. FRANKE, 32 Mollard Road, Agincourt, Ontario.

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Valour Award

Two brothers from Ocean Falls, B.C., have been awarded the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission's Bronze Medal and \$500 each, after receiving Scouting's Bronze Cross, for saving the life of a drowning clergyman. On May 20, 1968, 11-year-old Scout Charles McLeod Duncan and his eight-year-old brother, Cub Keith Forsyth Duncan, were fishing at Cousins Inlet, near their home, with Rev. Jared O. Betts, 64. Mr. Betts lost his footing on the rocks, was swept into 50 feet of water by the tide and, 20 feet from shore, was being dragged down by his waterfilled boots and heavy coat. Charles and Keith heard his calls for help, ran toward him and saw him go under. Both boys dived into the swift water and brought the man safely to shore. On October 27, 1969, they received their Bronze Crosses from Governor General Michener and, a week before Christmas, they learned of their Carnegie Hero awards. Both are members of the First Ocean Falls group.

Penpals

Sandy McIver, 16, of 125 Hastings Avenue, Pointe Claire, Que., says he will correspond with anyone. He's especially interested in finding out what it's like living outside Quebec. He plays football, goes out for curling, and is an ardent Montreal *Canadiens* fan.

Robert Pavlis, 16, of 5 Dodds Avenue, Guelph, Ont., is interested in buying, selling, and trading stamps. He's also a keen puzzle fan and has offered to produce some puzzles for CB. (We can use 'em!)

Mike Anderson of 2285 Wagner Crescent, Burlington, Ont., is a Venturer who's interested in what other Canadian Venturers are doing, and wants to

correspond with them. He's also anxious to swap badges and maybe get a worldwide badge-trading scheme going.

Marni Virtue, 16, of 1323 - 15 Avenue SE, Lethbridge, Alta., is the sister of a CB reader who would like a Scout for a penpal. She's interested in folk guitar, skiing and water skiing, and sailing. Marni is a member of a folk-singing group and would prefer a penpal who plays guitar or sings.

Robert Wice, 17, of 21 James Street, Toronto 14, Ont., is interested in a female penpal in grade 10 or 11, or a male penpal about 16 or 17 years of age. He's keen on pop music and plays almost all major sports. He's in grade 12 and would like to correspond with someone living outside Ontario.

Dwayne Hawryluk, 15, 2002 - 44 Street SE, Calgary 23, Alta., is in grade 10, likes modern records and will write to either boys or girls, of any age group—especially girls.

John Norris, 15, of 7 Quinby Court, Rexdale, Ont., collects hub-caps and licence plates (legally, of course!) and would like to hear from others who collect similar material. He'd be willing to trade licence plates by mail.

Steven Kennedy, 15, of 957 Sadler Crescent, Ottawa 14, Ont., says he has a good sense of humor and is interested in everything. He'd like to hear from cute girls, anywhere in the world, in his own age group. He asks: "Could they please enclose a photo of themselves?"

Robb Dick, 15, of RR 5 Clinton, Ont., wants to correspond with any 14-year-old sisters of Cubs, Scouts, Venturers, or Rovers. He likes pop and underground music, writing letters, and swimming.

Beverley Smith, 15, of 129 Edinburgh Drive, Port Moody, B.C., likes horses, fishing, camping, and boys. She would like to correspond with boys or girls 15 to 17 years old.

Gordon Ritchie, 14, of 10072 Berri Street, Montreal 12, Que., is a Scout and he'd like a penpal anywhere in Canada. He digs books, chess, comics, coins, sports, and letters.

Rocky Lynch, 14, of Mile 6420 Alaska Highway, B.C., wants to get some penpals from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Ontario, Manitoba, and Saskatchewan. His interests include girls, go-karts, warplanes (both WW1 and WW2), and snowmobiling.



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WESTATE ENTERPRISES
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Danial Gillis, 14, of 362 Conifer Street, Sherwood Park, Alberta, would like a penpal from eastern Canada. His hobbies include books, stamps, and models, and he's a hockey fan.

Dave Watson, 14, of 10513 - 164 Street, Edmonton 50, Alta., is a Venturer with the 129th Edmonton Company. He's in grade 9 and likes most sports. He collects stamps and coins and match covers and digs music. He knows a little French and is prepared to write to anybody anywhere.

Robert Trevail, 14, of Box 721, 376 Gem Avenue, Petrolia, Ont., is in grade nine and likes hockey, soccer, baseball, and football. He also goes for camping and travelling. He's a Venturer and acts as a Scout counsellor, and he'd like to correspond with guys from anywhere in Canada, especially the Maritimes and British Columbia.

Greg Page, 14, of 7320 Twiss Road, RR 3 Campbellville, Ont., wants a penpal living in the western provinces. He likes reading science fiction stories and his main hobby is model building. He's also interested in tennis, swimming, horror movies, go-karts, and drag racing.

Ray Mouly, Box 5, Montmartre, Sask., is 14 and would like a girl penpal. He's interested in most sports. Asks for photo.

Derek Jeans, 14, of 25 Cornwall Heights, St. John's, Nfld., would like to correspond with boys his own age from outside the Atlantic provinces. His interests include racing, hockey, tape recordings, and girls. He'd like some tapepals but will also reply to written messages.

John Rajsic, 13, of 440 Beach Avenue, Cornwall, Ont., would like a penpal living west of Ontario. He's interested in sciences generally—especially astronomy—and coin collecting.

Alex Popovich, 13, of 167 Balmoral Avenue South, Hamilton, Ont., would like a penpal from anywhere. His main interests are football, hockey, radio call cards (QSLs), model aircraft building, and general reading.

Bill Robertson, 13, of 716 Janet Crescent, Niagara Falls, Ont., wants a penpal from anyplace except Niagara Falls. He's interested in photography, geography, and girls.

Paul Gautreau, 13, of 25 Cedar Street South, Kitchener, Ont., would like a

penpal 12 or 13 years old, preferably a good-looking sister of a Cub or Scout. He's a Scout and he likes The Beatles, girls, comics, girls, and girls.

John M. Gerez, 13, of 3241 Bellechasse Street, Montreal 408, Que., is a First Class Scout who collects military badges and shells from shotgun, rifle, or handgun ammo. Any traders?

Craig Wilson, 13, of 2110-B 101st Crescent, North Battleford, Sask., would like a penpal who's interested in drag racing and model cars. He's in grade 9 and is a First Class Scout.

Vince Mikuska, 13, of 473 Besant Street, Winnipeg 15, Man., is on CB's Advisory Council, likes sports and trading sports pix: rock 'n' roll; building models, camping, and canoeing. And he'd like a penpal from Ontario or Alberta.

Paul Goodram, 13, of 915 Sanford Drive, Burlington, Ont., would like a penpal from outside Ontario. He digs pop music, models, track and field, and stamps. He'd also like to trade stamps.

Brian Glow, 13, of 13 Mellish Avenue, Winnipeg 17, Man., would like a penpal in his own age group or older, from anywhere except Manitoba. He's a Venturer and is interested in the sciences: reading, listening to music, building space models, hotrods, camping, and girls. He collects chemicals, too. English correspondence only, please.

Bill Fairbairn, 13, of 567 Elgin Street East, St. Mary's, Ont., would like a penpal who's interested in WW1 and WW2.

Andy Courtney, 13, of 2629 Isabella Street, Fort William, Ont., would like a penpal from Alberta. Some of his interests are girls, football, models, girls, astronomy, and girls.

Randy Clements, 13, of 14 Endicott Avenue, Rexdale, Ont., would like a penpal from outside Ontario. He's keen on hockey, football, swimming, cars, and models.

Dale Bundus, 13, of 516 - 10th Street, Courtenay, B.C., wants a penpal from Nova Scotia or anywhere in the eastern part of Canada. He likes photography and says his dad is a taxidermist.

John Rossall, 13, of 5427 Anthony Place, Burlington, Ont., will write to anyone. He's in grade 9 and is interested in soccer, stamps, and UFOs. He'd also like to trade Scout badges.

Mark Sojony, 12, of 1730 East Heights, Saskatoon, Sask., likes CFL football, girls, most board games, and CB. He'd prefer to have a penpal from outside the Prairies.

Peter Teltham, 12, of Box 209 RR1 Orleans, Ont., wants a penpal from outside Ontario. He's interested in girls. And woodwork. And leathercraft. But mostly girls. He's a Scout with 1st Blackburn troop.

Charles Hnatiak, 12, of 19956 - 24th Avenue, Langley, B.C., would like a penpal whose interests are much like his own: hockey, soccer and most other sports. His favorite major league teams are Toronto and Montreal.

Peter Devlin, 12, of 34 Martin Street, Regina, Sask., is interested in finding a penpal anywhere except in his own hometown. He follows hockey, football, baseball, and soccer, and collects stamps, bottle-tops, and bus tickets. He also digs musical groups.

Fred Turner, 12, of Box 6, Landis, Sask., would like a penpal who's interested in playing hockey, reading mystery books, and collecting and building models. He'll answer all letters. Saskatchewan excepted.

Ken Lee, 12, of 304 Lakeshore Road East, Oakville, Ont., would like someone to write to him from Edmonton or Calgary. He's in grade 7 and will buy, trade, or sell badges. He likes football, lacrosse, hockey, and model building.

Mark Morrow, 12, of 176 Gammage Street, London 25, Ont., would like a penpal who lives outside Ontario and is between 11 and 13 years of age. He's interested in rock 'n' roll, sports, stamps, and girls.

Danny Hamilton, 12, of 1357 Sharbot Street, Oshawa, Ont., would like a penpal who's interested in hockey, models, or judo.

Bruce Gamble, 12, of Portland, Ont., would like a penpal his own age or older. He's interested in hockey, the Toronto Maple Leafs, camping, building model aircraft, collecting decals and stickers. Anybody, anyplace.

Neil Burden, 12, of 14 Erica Road, Thornhill, Ont., is interested in stamps of the world, rock collecting, archery, bowling, camping, building things, and fishing. He plays drums and is looking for a penpal about 12. Neil has a dog named Dooly. Dooly is a Lab.

Un garçon a dit à un autre garçon: "J'ai manger 23 hamburgers." L'autre garçon a dit, "Pourquoi tu on n'as pas manger un autre? S'aurais fait deux douzaines." Il dit: "Pour qui tu me prend? Un cochon?"
Jean-Marc Hache, Bathurst, N.B.

Father: Why is your January report card so bad?
 Peter: Well, you know— things are always marked down after Christmas!
Normand Sancartier, Larder Lake, Ont.

Housewife on phone to butcher: Please send me a dollar's worth of steak. And tell the boy if I'm not home just to push it through the keyhole!
Paul Nauss, Halifax, N.S.

Sam: Why does it take three Cubs to play hide-and-peek?
 Clem: One to hide, and two to figure out who's hiding!
Bradley Dahl, Surrey, B.C.



"Cut it out. The time to celebrate is if we ever get off this dumb place!"

Tom: Were you ever kissed by a girl?
 Jerry: Yes.
 Tom: And did you kiss her back?
 Jerry: No. I kissed her cheek!
Michael Jansen, Scarborough, Ont.

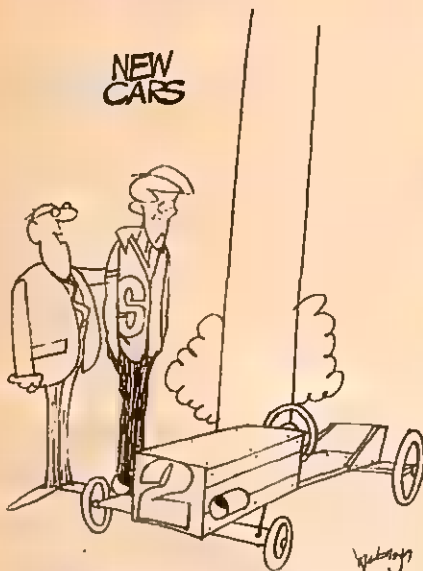
Fat man: It looks like you've been in a famine!
 Skinny man: It looks like you're the one who caused it!
Dan Volbek, Burnaby, B.C.

Bob: May I please have the television set I lent you?
 Tom: I'm sorry, but I lent it to my pal. Why?
 Bob: Because the guy I borrowed it from says the owner wants it back!
David Milligan, Arnprior, Ont.

A clerk asked the lady who was buying a water dish if she wouldn't prefer one inscribed: For the Dog. "It really doesn't matter," she replied. "My husband doesn't drink water, and the dog can't read!"
Ugo Finotti, Montreal, Que.

A minute can be a very long, or very short, time— depending on which side of the bathroom door you happen to be!
Pat Macaulay, Richmond, B.C.

It seems there was this midget who decided he was going to play golf. So he got into his midget car and drove to a midget golf course where, with his midget clubs and other equipment he set out to play. At one point he selected a four-and-a-half iron and was ready to swing when he noticed another player ahead of him. So he called out, as loudly as he could: "Two!"
Glenn Laba, Oakville, Ont.



"This is in your price range. . ."



John: What's that fly doing in your ice cream?
 Peter: I don't know. I guess he likes winter sports!
Paul McKeating, Willowdale, Ont.



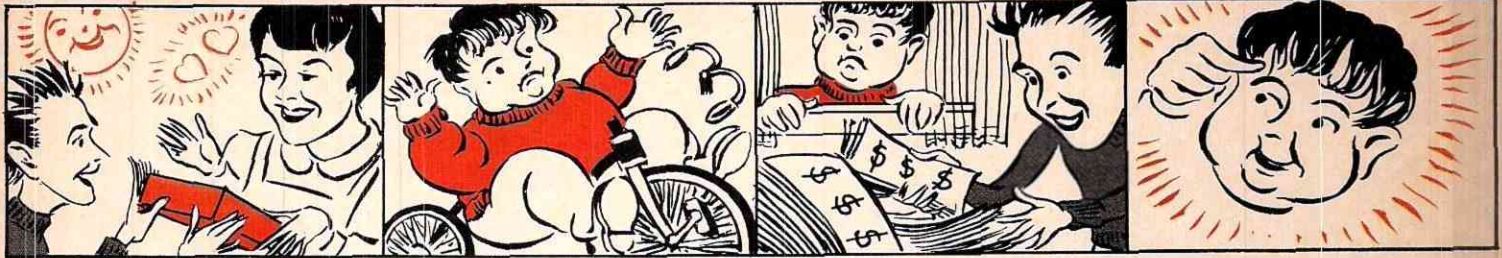
"WHY CAN'T HE JUST CHASE CARS LIKE OTHER DOGS DO?"



"Face it, man—you're extinct."

The End

Presenting WILLIE and CHARLIE



This is the tale of Unhappy Willie Who thought Brother Charlie was awfully silly!

You see Charlie wanted a Mustang Bicycle, Because 10 Ton Willie had busted his tricycle.

Brother Charlie was ambitious, courageous and bold. He discovered selling Greeting Cards was like mining Gold.

Before you could say "Fiddle di, Fiddle de", Charlie got his bicycle absolutely Free!

Unhappy Willie, with envy, turned a glorious blue, He turned yellow and purple and a brilliant red too.

But very soon Willie turned back to normal; He approached Brother Charlie exceedingly formal.



"Dear Brother, tell me your secret, how do I join? I want to start earning my very own coin!"

"The secret is simple", said Charlie, "I'll tell it to you. You'll soon belong to the Junior Sales Club too."

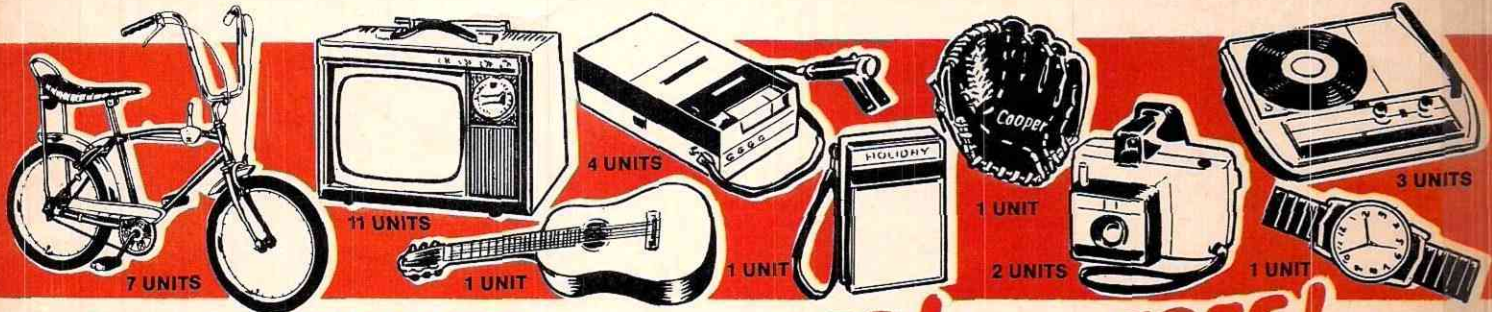
You'll earn prizes or money, have a wonderful time, And really it doesn't cost you a dime!"

"Just fill in a coupon from CANADIAN BOY. Even this simple task is an absolute joy!"

Then mail it away as fast as you can, Soon the cards are delivered by your local Postman."

Now Unhappy Willie is cheerful and gay. He goes cycling with Charlie everyday.

WILLIE and CHARLIE CAN WIN THESE AND OTHER PRIZES, TOO- The JUNIOR SALES CLUB MAKES IT EASY FOR THEM AND FOR YOU!



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