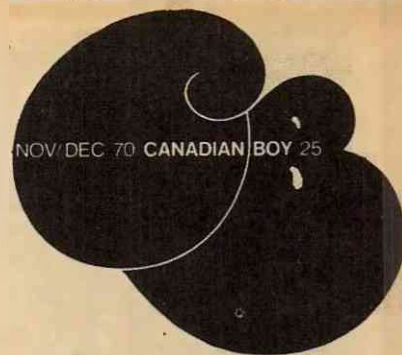


Indian boys  
and scouting

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*Managing Editor* GEORGE BOURNE  
*Art Director* DON MACMILLAN  
*Editorial Assistant* MARGARET LARGE  
*Advertising Manager* JACK YOUNG  
*Subscription Supervisor* MARY McWILLIAMS  
*Publisher* NORMAN BROWN

*All editorial correspondence should be addressed:*  
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**COVER:** Frederik Stephenson has caught some happy faces in a group of Indian boys. For more about Indian boys, read Ted Ashlee's story, starting on page 7.

**PHOTO CREDITS:** Page 8, Ted Ashlee. Page 10, Ted Page and Pat Warner. Page 16, The London Free Press.

**NEXT ISSUE,** we swing in our new look, with three new tabloid newspapers, one for Cubs, one for Scouts, and one for Venturers and Rovers.

# Letters

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

## PRESIDENT AWARD WINNERS

On the 24th of May weekend this year a patrol of seven boys from the 46th Kit-silano troop, under the leadership of Les Corbett, went on invitation to Muddle Creek, Wash., for the Puget Sound District Camporee. About 800 American Boy Scouts attended. We were the only Canadians there. At the final ceremonies of the camporee, our patrol and five other patrols were given the President Award, for the best dressed and best organized patrols, of the 127 patrols attending. We also received a 2nd class ribbon for our campsite. We believe we are one of the few troops in Canada to have received this award, and we would like to know about any other troops who have won it. Write to me.

Ken McFaul, 666 West 17th Avenue,  
Vancouver 9, B.C.

## ANOTHER WRITERS' CONTEST?

On the whole your mag is pretty good. I like the occasional touch of humor you often add to your articles, making them all the more interesting. I know of a lot of guys who would like to see a story or two on the space program, like you had in the May/June issue on the Mariner spacecraft. I just got a groovy idea: Why not have your readers donate their own articles and stories? Maybe you could make it into a contest or something. You've got a great mag. Keep it that way.

Boyd Tattie, Toronto, Ont.

We did have a writers' contest last fall, and it was so successful that we're planning to have another one in the near future.

## WE ASKED FOR IT

Concerning model building, you asked for "some mail reaction". Well, here it is! I started building models out of balsa wood and tissue paper a short time ago. I have found it lots of fun. Anyone with a little patience and knowhow can design and build his own planes. Balsa wood and other necessary items can be bought in any good hobby shop. I feel that you should make plans available via mail, as well as practical advice.

James Hern, Pointe Claire, Que.

There are three or four good hobby magazines on the market, dealing specifically with flying models, and we have no intention of trying to compete with

them! Stick with the experts, and you'll be a winner.

I like hockey and I am a great Boston fan. I used to cheer for Montreal, but I changed. I like being in nets when I play hockey. I like all the Boston players, but I have some favorites, like Bobby Orr and Phil Esposito. My favorite goalie is Gerry Cheevers. Gerry is really good in nets. If you know, please give me the addresses of Orr, Esposito, and Cheevers. I'd like to write to them. I really like hockey.

Brian Seaman, Chatham, N.B.

Try writing to them in care of the Boston club, in the team's hometown, for a start.

## DOESN'T WANT GIRLS

I am a Scout in the 9th Penticton troop. Last night I was scanning our local paper. One article caught my eye: Girl Boy Scouts? You Want to Believe It! It came as quite a shock, as I presume it did to many Scouts and ex-Scouts. Must we integrate our ranks with females? I'm sure Lord Baden-Powell is turning in his grave. This action has brought the Canadian Boy Scout movement down in my eyes and in the eyes of many. I'm sure. To me Boy Scouts is practically sacred. This latest thing has made it all seem a big joke.

Gerald Proulx, Penticton, B.C.

The question of female membership applies only to the Venturer and Rover sections of the movement and does not mean that girls would be joining Scout troops.

I read your article on mini-machines in your May/June 70 CB. It was an excellent article and you should have more articles about mini-machines, but how about telling about the machines and not who makes and sells them?

Also, if possible, would you please send me plans for making a go-cart?

Ron Moore,  
Victoria County, N.S.

Continued on page 20

## 13TH WORLD JAMBOREE "FOR UNDERSTANDING"

Join the 20,000 Scouts and Venturers from all over the world who will be making the scene in Japan, August 2-10, 1971, for the 13th World Jamboree.

A pre-jamboree camp is to be held at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver, with a tour of that city before departure. Travel from there to the jamboree will be via World Airways Boeing 707 jet planes, a 12-hour trip across the Pacific Ocean.

There will be guided tours around the jamboree site, free time in Tokyo for sightseeing, fishing, hiking up Mount Fuji, and a host of other attractions.

All registered Venturers and Scouts age 14 to 18 are eligible to apply for the jamboree. Don't miss this opportunity to visit Japan and meet the Japanese people.

For more information, ask your advisor or call your district, regional or provincial office.

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# Getting a kick out of Cubbing in the 5th Squamish all-Indian pack

By Ted Ashlee



**A**t the headwaters of Howe Sound, the most easily accessible of all coastal inlets from Vancouver, a valley meanders northward between almost vertical mountains to Pemberton Meadows, 60 miles away. Down that valley flows the swift Squamish River fed by the Mamquam River, the Cheakamus and the Cheekye and a hundred nameless creeks to form a delta upon which the town of Squamish is built.

Two miles southeast of Squamish is the Stawanus Indian Reserve. There, in February 1969, a unique Cub pack was formed. Except for three white boys who were permitted to join, the 5th

Squamish pack is all Indian.

It started when a group of interested parents from the Squamish Band got together in their sturdily built, artfully decorated Totem Hall community house, to discuss the advisability of forming a Cub pack.

The project was enthusiastically launched. Since there have been Scouts and Cubs in Squamish for more than 20 years, experienced help was not too difficult to find. Numerous non-Indians came forward to lend a hand. Sidney Pudney is district commissioner. Gray Mitchell is district president. Mrs. Rose Tatlow, editor of the Squamish Times, is district secretary-treasurer, and Mrs.

Alma Hill accepted the post of Akela.

Captain Jonathon Auclair became knotting instructor and presented a silver cup as Highest Achievement Award. That was won by 10-year-old Harold Baker.

Mrs. Brad Harris, who has lost none of her Glasgow accent after 24 years in Canada, is deeply involved with Indian people. She is secretary-treasurer of the education committee and she takes a special interest in the activities of these youngsters.

But the Indians themselves are in control of the 5th Squamish Cub pack. Ann Billy is secretary, Doreen Baker is treasurer, and Shirley Williams is in



**LEFT**  
A Hallowe'en party in Totem Hall, where everybody had a good time.

**BOTTOM LEFT**  
Harold Baker, with the Capt. J. Auclair Cup.

**BOTTOM RIGHT**  
Totem Hall is used for everything, including Cub meetings and the nursery school. This is a Christmas party.



circle turned about-face, each boy was looking straight at his "brother".

There were two quite different looking Cubs facing each other. One was a classic coast Indian, short, broad-shouldered, dark-skinned, and wearing an ear-to-ear grin. His opposite number was an equally classic Caucasian, fair-skinned, blue-eyed and slender, with an ear-to-ear grin.

"Hi, brother!" yelled the Indian.

Both boys collapsed with laughter. So did everyone else, including the audience. It was one of those elimination games where the circles moved in opposite rotation and on command each Cub rushed to find his "brother". The

last to succeed in each round would be eliminated.

Jim Harry enjoys the serious responsibility of leadership and his dark eyes sparkled with pleasure when he told me about the trips the pack has taken.

Especially delightful is his story of the pack's visit to Camp Byng in west Howe Sound, and the episode of the honey bees. Commissioner Sid Pudney, who went along with the boys on that venture, still shudders at the memory.

With the skill only adventurous boys are capable of, the pack found nests of wild bees in hollow logs and proceeded to remove the honey with their bare

hands while infuriated insects went zinging around them. The boys calmly carried on, casually flicking bees from a handful of honey before eating it. The strange thing is that not one Indian was stung, but non-Indians up to 25 yards away were attacked without mercy.

The 5th Squamish Indian Cub pack is a tremendous success. With the quality of leadership and parental interest and participation so much in evidence, the pack must inevitably go on to greater heights.

Akela Alma Hill once remarked that in all her years in Cub work, she has never before known such co-operation and enthusiasm.

were new to most of the southerners, but everybody got involved and enjoyed themselves.

There was plenty of time, too, for souvenir hunting and shopping, and for bus tours to the nearby rocket range, the old Prince of Wales Fort, neighboring Indian and Eskimo villages, and the northern museum.

The jamboree—in fact, any jamboree—has been described as a party, a happening. The 2nd Arctic and Northern Jamboree could be called a party in the sense that it was a nine-day binge of smiles, chuckles, and bellylaughs. Good humor was the order of the day, every day. Something was forever happening to draw a smile or a laugh.

A jamboree is also a gathering in its simplest sense, and a reunion. For those who had never met before, it was an event bursting with exchanges of ideas and a unique kind of close communication. There was a personal touch to everything that happened at Camp Nanuk and it's likely that everything that is recalled by those who were there will be remembered in connection with some person who turned out to be worth knowing.

It was literally a reunion for some who had worked together before, at other jamborees.

The Jamboree Special train which rattled northward from Winnipeg for about a thousand miles, bringing southerners to Churchill, provided plenty of time and space for getting acquainted on the way to the jamboree site. Four hundred boys easily survived the forty-hour ride, which proceeded at a snail's pace.

Most of the same people travelled southward again together after the jamboree, on the same train, better prepared for the two nights on board. And they had a chance to compare jamboree notes and gain even more from this experience, in terms of opportunity for self-improvement, as Scouts and as leaders.

The royal visit on July 10th was probably the most obvious highlight of the jamboree. But you've read all about that in your local newspapers, and you've seen and heard it on television and radio, so we won't dwell on it—except to say we're sure Her Majesty was glad she came to visit the 2nd Arctic and Northern Scout Jamboree. We know she smiled a lot.

# QJ'70

**A thousand boys and leaders attended the Quebec Jamboree at Tamaracouta Scout Reserve in August. The week-long program bristled with highlights and attracted people from so many different places that the jamboree took on international overtones.**

Represented, besides Quebec, were Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, Ontario, Alberta, British Columbia, Manitoba, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Antigua, Trinidad, Guyana, Jamaica, Barbados, Dominica, and Grenada.

Quebec's Chief Scout and Lieutenant Governor, Hon. Hugues Lapointe, paid an informal visit and brought greetings to the Quebec Soiree. On this occasion all jamboree participants were given traditional Quebec red toques and enjoyed a solid French-Canadian meal of pea soup, tortiere, and sugar pie.

All the boys had a chance to attend Man and His World on the declared Boy Scout Day, and they saw the Expos baseball game against the Houston Astros in Jarry Park. Mayor Jean Drapeau officiated at the flag raising and arrangements had been made for all the boys to see the special film, *America the Beautiful*, in the modernistic round theatre.

One activity area that proved extremely popular involved Indian displays and instruction by Mohawk Chief Howard Deer of the Caughnawaga Reserve. Assisted by his wife Margo, and Cynthia McCumber, Georgina Goodleaf and Robert Sky, the chief had the boys participating in tepee building, beading headbands, Indian dancing, and carving portions of a full size totem pole.

Right Rev. Kenneth McGuire, the Anglican Bishop of Montreal, and Father Brian Connolly officiated at the ecumenical service on Sunday. At that time, a donation of \$125.78 was made to the Can-

Carib Project for QJ'70.

Radio station VE2BSX operated full time throughout the jamboree, and made contacts in Ethiopia, Finland, Wales, France, Peru, Yugoslavia, Panama, Scotland, Nicaragua, South Africa, the United States, the Canadian Arctic and numerous other points in Canada.

Pushball games were a gas. The six-foot ball was pushed back and forth over a big field by teams of about 50 on each side—preferably in a sea of mud. We're told the New Brunswick Scouts at Man and His World wanted to get up a pushball game with the Biosphere, but they couldn't get any takers.

The water skiing show was put on by real pros, the Roblin Cutters. But their boat was so powerful it couldn't really go full out on small Lake Tamaracouta. Quebec's Camp Anderson staff helped give every boy the opportunity of trying his hand at water skiing, and it proved to be a popular activity.

Some of the other many highlights at this jamboree were swimming, boating, Kon-Tiki raft building and racing, archery, rifle shooting, tug-o-war, singing and rock groups, La Ronde games, rodeo, barbecue and corn boil, horseshoes, handicrafts, concert band, QPP displays and the Jambo-Lines newspaper.

Catering was excellent and well organized, and left the boys more time for activities, once they had taken care of their own breakfasts.

When a rocket was launched at the official opening of the jamboree, it shot into the sky with a great burst of red smoke. Immediately the boys began yelling, "Pollution!"

All in all the Quebec Jamboree was an unqualified success. The boys had plenty of fun while learning and making new friends, and there were dozens of examples of patrol spirit and teamwork that made life more pleasant for everybody.

er shoreline. Canada's first division of the Northwest Field Force moving in to attack Batoche was 900 strong.

Curiously, the first shots were fired from the paddlewheeler. The opposing general, Frederick Middleton, used boards and provisions, even the billiard table, from Dumont's own farm to bolster the vessel. Dumont swore revenge.

"The troops have burned my house and pulled down my stables to strengthen their steamer," he cried, ordering his men to knock it out of action.

Dumont himself wrote an 8,000-word account of the battle, declaring: "I . . .

suggested . . . an iron cable thrown across the river would make the vessel capsize . . . ."

The cable tore off the smokestack and set the boat afire. Before the crew could remedy the situation, the boat had drifted four miles downstream. The Northcote sat out the rest of the prairie war, useless.

In spite of such brilliant tactics, the defeat of the Metis was inevitable. They had neither numbers nor sufficient supplies.

When Riel was taken into custody, Dumont fled by a circuitous 600-mile route to the United States, swimming through the ice floes of the Saskatchewan River to do so.

In exile, he met the president of the United States, joined Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, played before European royalty, and longed for home.

With the granting of amnesty, he came back, applied for patent on his original land claim in 1893, but never farmed again. He preferred to hunt, and that was mainly what he did, until his death on May 19, 1906. ■



"Yeeuuuoww!!" The piercing scream broke the quiet of the moonlit, British Columbia bush country, and brought us both sharply to a stop:

We were two teenaged boys. My fourteen year-old cousin, John, and myself. John was a cripple. He had caught polio when he was six, and it had left him with one leg shorter than the other. I was a husky lad and big for my age. Although in all my sixteen years I'd never heard one before, I knew instinctively it was the cry of a cougar.

An icy chill shot through me, and my heart began to beat wildly. I suddenly wished we'd not stayed so long with our Uncle George. The walk home to our grandparents, a mile away wasn't so far, but now all at once it seemed to stretch interminably into the distance.

John and I, lived in the city of Vernon. Spending our summer holidays here, at Gelena Bay, with our grandparents. We'd been making the annual jaunt into this wild, mountainous region for many years. Both of us waiting patiently for the months to slip by until at last school was out, and we could be on our way.

Sometimes we spent our days at the Bay, as it was commonly called, tramping through the thick underbrush, with Uncle George. A big raw-boned trapper of forty years, who lived in his cabin in the forest. There were days when we just listened to grandfather spin his endless yarns about the bush country. His thin, wiry frame sprawled comfortably in the rocking chair on the front porch after supper. With John and me curled up at his feet hanging on every word, for our grandfather could really spin a yarn.

There were stories about the cougar, too. I remember him saying once how unpredictable they were. "Best not to run from a cougar boys," he had warned in his raspy tones, "they're just like a cat—love to chase." Well that was out anyway. John couldn't run far with his limpy leg. But what, I wondered, should we do?

Just then the cougar howled again, it was much closer this time and the eerie sound sent the flesh crawling on my back. John looked up at me, and his eyes were like two dark, limpid pools in his startled pallid face.

"Is it a cougar, Bill?" he asked. I nodded. "Do you think it will go away?"

I didn't know.

We moved off again slowly. Our eyes searching the heavily wooded area of forest that surrounded us. Fingers of moonlight filtered down through an archway of leaves and branches that lined each side of the narrow path. The rays not quite reaching beneath the low huckleberry bushes, and waist-high ferns. Dark shadows immersed and intermingled with fallen twisted stumps, until they seemed to take on strange and terrifying shapes. We fancied the cougar to be in a dozen places at once, ready to jump out and devour us.

We quickened our steps. Clinging together, hurrying along, sliding on the soft carpet of fine powdery dust and tumbled pine needles. Our blundering feet sending small pebbles skittering ahead, down the steep, uneven grade toward the lake. We didn't speak. Our one thought now was to get home as soon as possible.

Although we hadn't heard the cougar again, I couldn't shake off the feeling that it was lurking nearby. I glanced behind and uttered a half strangled gasp, which caused John to turn and look. Silhouetted in the pale moon glow, the giant-sized cat stood as if ready to spring, gazing down at us from a rocky ledge a few yards back up the hill.

We stood rooted to the ground for a moment then—"Look out, look out!" shouted John. "Let's get out of here, he's going to pounce!" He turned and made a stumbling run. I felt like running, too, but something stopped me. Perhaps it was grandfather's words. I grabbed John's coat sleeve and hung on, stopping him. "Don't run whatever you do, just keep walking."

We pressed on. The cougar jumped off the ledge and followed keeping to the shadow of the trees. We reached the lake where the small bay curved gently inland for a quarter of a mile. Straight across the stretch of water, we could see the bright, yellow gaslights from our grandparents's home. I knew our path over the sandy beach around the bay was blocked by logs, driftwood and large rocks.

I looked down at the dark, still water. It had reached its high point in June and now in the middle of August it was about seven feet deep in the bay. How close the house looked on the opposite bank. If only John were a good swimmer, we could try swimming across. I

knew I could make the hundred yards easily, but dare I chance it with John on my back?

Just then the animal, which had paused, took a menacing step towards us. That did it! With both hands I lunged at my cousin, and half dragging, half carrying him, splashed into the lake. "Hang on to my back, John, we're going to swim it!" I yelled. He didn't argue, and together we ploughed the tepid water until it circled our necks. Once more I looked back. The big, furry cougar stood on the very spot we had just left, where tiny ripples washed the sand.

I started to swim, trying to keep my head from becoming immersed. John was slightly built weighing sixty pounds less than my one hundred and fifty, but he was pushing me under. My running shoes touched down on the gritty lake floor. I took a few steps pushing up and we hit the night air again, spitting and spluttering.

Frantically I fought to stay up, my arms splaying at the water, in. . .out. . .over. I must keep going. The cougar was out there somewhere—still coming, any moment now I was sure I would feel its teeth gripping my throat. John's arms were like a vice around my neck—choking me—my back felt as if it would break. I tried to speak and my voice came out in a high-pitched gurgle, "Kick—kick—kick!" With sudden unexpected strength in those seemingly useless legs, John started to kick, and we finally made it to the other.

With the boy still clinging to my back, I tore across the sand and up the bank. All the tense moments we had spent on the trail had given way to stark terror, and I was on the run now.

Sprinting the last few yards to our grandparents' home, we burst through the door and landed in a tangled, panting heap on the floor.

Next day word of the cougar in the area was quickly transported to Uncle George, who hunted down and shot it. Apparently it was an old one that had wandered down from the high country, in search of easier game. Grandfather estimated it to weigh at least one hundred and sixty pounds. Even in death its two-inch claws and wicked fangs seemed ready to tear us apart. I shuddered as I thought of the damage they might have done last night on that long trail home.





ns WHAT I'M TRIANG TO SAY IS...

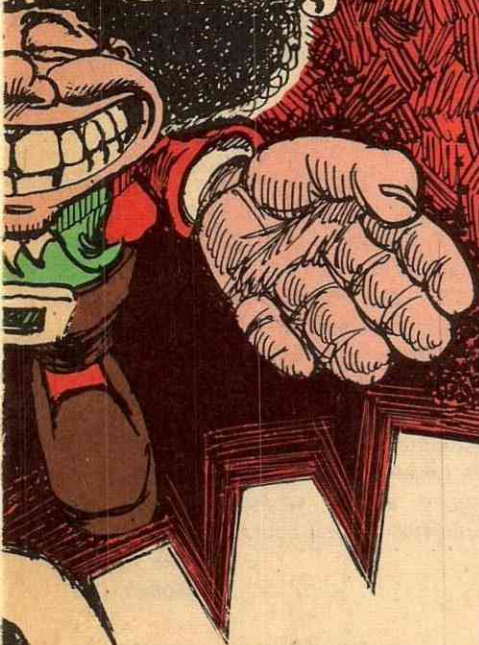
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BUILDS ALMOST ANYTHING

the NEW

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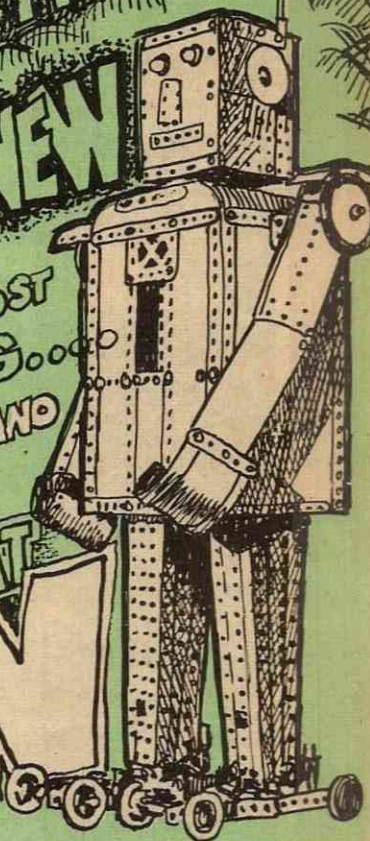
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# Canadata

TO THIS ESKIMO YOUNGSTER CHRISTMAS TOYS ARE A WHALEBONE DOLL AND A TOY HARPOON... THE ESKIMOS ARE UNIQUE... NO OTHER RACE, HAVING SO LITTLE TO WORK WITH, HAS ACCOMPLISHED SO MUCH... FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS THESE REMARKABLE PEOPLE HAVE MANAGED TO MAKE A LIVING WITH ONLY PRIMITIVE IMPLEMENTS... THEY HAVE NO HISTORY OF WARFARE...

DISHONESTY IS ALMOST FOREIGN TO THEIR NATURE, AND THEY HAVE DEVELOPED COMMUNITY CO-OPERATION TO A DEGREE TO WHICH WE OFTEN ASPIRE BUT RARELY ATTAIN.....



THE FIRST NORTH AMERICAN CHRISTMAS CAROL WAS WRITTEN IN 1642 BY A MISSIONARY TO THE INDIANS... INSTEAD OF DESCRIBING THE FAR OFF PALESTINIAN SCENE THAT PERHAPS THEY COULDN'T UNDERSTAND, THE MISSIONARY TRIED TO TELL THE INDIANS THE CHRISTMAS STORY AS IF IT HAPPENED IN THEIR OWN FOREST HOME... THE FOLLOWING IS THE CAROL....



1- 'T WAS IN THE MOON AT WINTERTIME  
WHEN ALL THE BIRDS HAD FLED  
THAT MIGHTY GITCHY MANITOU  
SENT ANGEL CHOIRS INSTEAD

2- WITHIN A LODGE OF BROKEN BARK  
THE TENDER BABE WAS FOUND.  
A RAGGED ROBE OF RABBIT SKIN  
ENWRAPPED HIS BEAUTY ROUND  
AND AS THE HUNTER BRAVES DREW NIGH,  
THE ANGEL SONG RANG LOUD & HIGH.

3- THE EARLIEST MOON OF WINTER  
IS NOT SO ROUND AND FAIR  
AS WAS THE RING OF GLORY  
ON THE HELPLESS INFANT THERE.  
WHILE CHIEFS FROM FAR BEFORE HIM KNELT  
WITH GIFTS OF FOX AND BEAVER PELT.

4- O CHILDREN OF THE FOREST, FREE  
O SONS OF MANITOU  
THE HOLY CHILD OF EARTH & HEAVEN  
IS BORN TODAY FOR YOU.  
COME KNEEL BEFORE THIS RADIANT BOY  
WHO BRINGS YOU BEAUTY, PEACE & JOY.

OUR ANCESTORS  
BELIEVED THERE WAS  
MAGIC IN HOLLY....  
IT HAD THE POWER  
TO BANISH EVIL SPIRITS

IN SWITZERLAND TRADITION SAYS THAT ANIMALS ARE GIVEN THE POWER OF SPEECH AT MIDNIGHT ON CHRISTMAS EVE... TRADITION ALSO SAYS THAT FEW HUMANS HAVE EVER HEARD THEM BECAUSE THE ANIMALS KNOW BETTER THAN TO REVEAL THEIR INNERMOST THOUGHTS TO MEN.....



ARMENIA CELEBRATES  
CHRISTMAS BY EATING  
BOILED SPINACH!

VERNON  
MILLER

# CB CROSSWORD PUZZLE CONTEST WINNER!!!!



Winner in CB's Crossword Puzzle Contest is 14-year-old Mark Olynchuk of 73 Donn Avenue, Stoney Creek, Ont.

Mark's solution to the puzzle was the first correct one drawn from all the entries received, and he was able to answer a skill-testing question correctly. Here's how he solved the puzzle, to win the ten-dollar prize.

## And You Know What That Means!

by Margaret Bremner

*The following incidents are true. The names have been changed, to protect the innocent—and because it might incriminate me.*

My brother has just joined Scouts. And you know what that means!

I am learning how to drive, and I've just acquired my learner's licence. And you know what that means!!

Mix well, and you come up with this:

"Here're the keys."

"I'll go out and start it."

"Is SHE driving???"

"Yup."

"Ounngghhh." (Dead faint.)

"Get up. You're going to be late."

We go out to the car. I put the key in the ignition. My brother screams: "Don't let her go any faster!"

I start to back out. I don't turn soon enough. Left-front, down with a crash.

"I think you're in the gutter."

"Yes. Do believe I am. Shall I try to drive forward, out of it?"

"Sure."

My brother is crouched on the floor in the back of the car. I hear him say:

"Where are we?"

I stomp on the accelerator. Vvrrroooooommm! Screeeeeee! Brake.

"I don't think it's going to work."

Mom says, "I'd rock the car and let you drive out, but I don't want to leave you in the car alone."

"How about I rock and you drive?"

"Yeah."

I get out. So does my brother. Then he realizes we haven't arrived at the church yet.

Mom steps on the accelerator. Vvrrroooooommm! Screeeeeee! Brake.

"I don't think it's going to work."

Two cars come around the corner. The drivers see they can't get by. Both stop. Drivers get out. We know both of them.

"I think I know what the problem is."

"What?"

"You're stuck."

"We're stuck," I tell my mother.

My brother gets the pick from the garage. Dr. Geoffrey picks at the ice around the tire. My brother, Dr. Geoffrey, and Mr. Dorne, together, start pushing on the front end of the car.

Dr. Geoffrey looks as if he's going to have a heart attack. He's as red as a boiled lobster. Mr. Dorne is watered-down-Kool-aid purple. My brother is pea-green, as per usual. I am watching.

Mom steps on the accelerator.

Vvrrroooooom! Screeeeeee! Whump! Whump-WHUMP!!

The car is out. My brother puts the pick back into the garage. I get into the car. My brother crawls into the car. Mom starts driving.

She forgets to put the car into Drive from Reverse. My brother comes flying into the front seat, saying: "Uuunnnnnngh!"

My mother says, "Oh!" and puts the car into Drive.

We start to go through the alley. A car is coming from the other side.

Back up.

Mr. Dorne is still behind us. Dr. Geoffrey has quit while ahead. We back up, and miss the gutter by three-quarters of an inch.

We go through the alley. Mom has forgotten to adjust the seat from where I had it. She is almost sitting on top of the steering wheel.

Going through another alley, just before we reach the church, Mom yells: "BUMPI!"

My brother does an encore into the front seat, saying, "Uuunnnnnngh!"

We all arrive at the church in one piece. Miraculously.

That's how my brother gets to his Scout meetings. (Scout's honor!)

He is being invested next week. And you know what that means . . . .

# Stamp Corner

If there is one basic rule for all stamp collectors, it is this: Never glue, paste, or otherwise permanently attach any stamp to any album page.

Many of us who started collecting stamps while we were young resumed the hobby in later life after a busy period of doing other things, like making a living. Some grownups have kept their childhood stamp collections with the idea of handing them over to their own children. Either way, you can bet there will be sessions of remounting and rearranging the stamps. But if they've been glued down tight, they're permanently arranged—unless you want to go through the business of soaking, lifting, drying, pressing, and all that.

Some stamps that have been glued down with their own adhesives will crack or become discolored. These are of no value to a serious collector. And they certainly carry no trading value whatever.

The best way to fasten your stamps to an album page is with transparent and peelable hinges. These are easy to get, in hobby shops, hobby departments of the bigger stores, stationery stores, and—believe it!—many modern drugstores. Stamp hinges are not expensive. You can buy a thousand of them for a quarter, or 30 cents. You needn't pay any more than that.

Stamp hinges can be purchased flat, or pre-folded and ready for use. You had better start with the pre-folded ones. In these, the fold is found about one-third of the way down the hinge. The smaller portion is moistened slightly on the tip of your tongue and affixed to the back of the stamp. The other part is similarly attached to the album page.

When you are mounting mint stamps—those which have not been postally used and still carry their original gum—you must make sure there is no moisture at all on the unhinged portion of the stamp. After you have fastened the mint stamp to your album page, it is a good idea to lift the stamp gently with tweezers, from the bottom edge of the stamp. Let it dry in that position for a few seconds before closing the album or placing any weight on the freshly mounted stamp.

For the beginner, a good album is simply a three-ringed binder and some quadrille-ruled pages. This costs about two dollars in most places.

You can rule a neat margin around each of your pages, allowing an inch all the way around the page. An inch-and-a-half on the punched side might be even better. Suit yourself about that, though.

Your pages will look much better with some breathing space. And your stamps should not be crowded onto the album pages. Leave at least one row of the quadrille-ruled squares all the way around each stamp, and give them some breathing space, too.

The pride you can take in this attractive collection may just be the thing that will help you decide to be a longtime stamp collector.

When you're shopping for your album materials, it would be wise to buy a couple of packages of those little round gummed reinforcements, to strengthen the area around the holes in your album pages.

Finally, handle your stamps with care. Let's say, extreme care, if you ever hope to do any worthwhile trading, or selling, someday. Most collectors who are at all serious about philately are fussy types, interested only in nearly perfect specimens, or old material—some of it more than a hundred years old—which has evidently been handled with care by anyone who has realized the value of such material. You will find out for yourself how important this can be when you get together with other collectors for swapping sessions.

By H.L. Woodman

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?			

# EATON'S

er. Nothing will come out of a predetermined structure or a pre-set constitution. Let the organization grow out of the activities you undertake, out of real needs, not theoretical or traditional considerations.

Find some specific projects that people can appreciate, like sampling the effluent of a particular plant and following up with publicity; investigation of sewage treatment facilities, or having a street closed to automobile traffic. Vague ideas must be translated into concrete action.

5. **RESEARCH.** Make sure of your facts. Nothing can destroy your credibility faster than false or unreasonable charges. Consult local professionals who are on your side. Many are willing to help. Contact other anti-pollution groups who may have done similar projects.

Assign people to various aspects of the problem. Use all the resources at your disposal. Speak from knowledge, not out of ignorance.

6. **PRESSURE.** Communicate your beefs. If government is moving too slowly in enforcing legislation (and most are), let them know.

If a company is polluting with no thought for the welfare of the community, write to its president.

They are concerned about what people think. An individual can have a tremendous effect by writing letters or making phone calls, especially when that individual is not alone. Today he no longer is alone.

And don't forget to compliment the leaders of industry and government who are moving in the right direction. They need and appreciate your support.

Petitions and well-timed visits are other ways of getting your anti-pollution message across.

7. **NEWS MEDIA.** Accurate and sympathetic coverage of your activities is essential. Get to know the publisher, the editors, and the reporters on your local newspapers. Try to interest them personally in your campaign. The same applies to your radio and television stations. Let the people in charge there know what you're doing, through personal phone calls, and concise, punchy press releases. They can aid you immeasurably in spreading the word.

8. **FUNDS.** Sooner or later you are going to need money. Even for such simple things as postage and stationery, the production of a newsletter, or information to hand out.

One obvious source is membership. Set fees at whatever you think the people in your group or area can afford. Eventually, you could also sell buttons, posters, bumper stickers and the like. This requires some initial investment. Local businesses may be approached. Churches might hold a special collection on Environmental Sunday. Or how about a benefit performance?

9. **DO IT.** Be creative and imaginative. Put the emphasis on action and, above all, enjoy it.

The threat is grave, but working together for the quality of life doesn't mean making it deadly serious and dull. If there is not something joyful in the fight for a better environment, then you have missed the point. What we are really talking about here is minimizing death and destruction, and celebrating beauty and the complicated web of life.

There you have it. Nine points that can guide you. If you want to join Pollution Probe, write to:

**POLLUTION PROBE,** Ramsey-Wright Building, Room 215, Zoology Department, University of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario.

Theodore Roosevelt once said: "A ton of talk is worth less than nothing if it isn't backed up by action." This applies not only to anti-pollution programs but to the Rover and Venturer programs as well. The next move is up to you.

By Dennis W. Lewis

# Embarrassing skin? Wash with the Killer.

**pHisoHex** professional skin cleanser kills  
the bacteria that can cause  
and complicate your skin blemishes.

Right now, your skin is at its most susceptible. Your diet, your activities, your whole metabolism seem to be conspiring against you. But you can take a stand.

Generally, skin bacteria either cause or complicate "problem" skin. And you can put a stop to that with pHisoHex — the sudsing, antibacterial skin cleanser that not only kills bacteria, but builds up a protective invisible barrier that inhibits new bacteria growth between washings.

pHisoHex is such a thorough skin cleanser that most hospitals use it routinely for infection control (in fact we suggest that you ask your own doctor's opinion of pHisoHex.)

Give your skin (not just your face, but all over) a therapeutically clean start. Start and stay with pHisoHex.



**Jim Hughes**, 16, of RR 2 Branchton, Ont., is a Queen's Scout of the 1st Sheffield who would like a penpal from anywhere in Canada. His hobbies are travelling, swimming, girls, reading, badminton, writing, and scuba diving.

**Richard Haines**, 16, of 900 William Street, Cobourg, Ont., will correspond with anyone. He enjoys folk and rock music, paperbacks, and soccer.

**Debbie Antrobus**, 16, of 56 Lingarde Drive, Scarborough, Ont., would like to hear from anyone in any province. Her main interests are water skiing, stamps, horseback riding, music, writing, travelling and camping.

**Lorraine Nunes** of 136 Knowles, Daly City, California 94014, is a shut-in who's interested in postcard clubs. She says this is her only hobby and she'd like to hear from anybody anywhere.

**Sherry Gardiner**, 15, of 360 Hixon Road, Hamilton, Ont., has tried a few of our penpal listings with no luck. Drop her a line, guys! Her hobbies are water skiing, swimming, and guys. She loves writing letters, to anybody.

**Janis Johnson**, 15, of Box 20, Michichi, Alta., wants a penpal 15 to 17, preferably a boy. Her interests include snowmobiling, motorcycling, pop groups, listening to the radio, and boys.

**Carol Geddes**, 15, of 63 Risebrough Avenue, Willowdale, Ont., would like a penpal from anywhere in the world. She likes dancing, records, reading, art, and hockey, among other things.

**Kim Malloy**, 15, of 19 Farquharson Street, Dartmouth, N.S., is a Venturer who'd like a p.p. from anyplace. He's been in the 1st Woodlawn Company for two years and is interested in minerals, firearms, sports, and girls.

**Daniel Boucher**, 14, of 580 Miller Street, Pembroke, Ont., would like a p.p. from anywhere who'll play chess by correspondence.

**Lee Gordon**, 14, of 147 Audrey Avenue, Scarborough, Ont., says she's interested in boys and music. She'd like to correspond with someone her own age or older who'd write to her in French, because she's trying to learn the language.

**Patsy Ogle**, 14, of 4 Hardy View, Box 328, Onaping, Ont., would like a CB penpal. Her interests are reading, sports, cars,

# Penpals

and boys, and she wants to be a social worker someday.

**Tara Mile**, 14, of Kennedy, Sask., would like a boy penpal. She likes horses, cats, radio, dancing, and boys 13 to 16. Send her your picture, if possible.

**Tom Elgie**, 14, of 788 Strand Street, London 25, Ont., wants a tapepal. He is interested in model aircraft, all sports, all types of music, animals and wildlife. He'd like to exchange cassette tapes with anyone outside Ontario.

**Chuck Schram**, 14, of RR 3 Thedford, Ont., would like a p.p. from B.C. He's a Venturer in the 1st Thedford Company and he likes fishing, skiing, and reading.

**Rhonda Wilson**, 14, of Box 714, 4119 Victoria Avenue, Petrolia, Ont., would like a boy or girl penpal from anywhere. She likes skating, baseball, hockey, volleyball, boys, mini-skirts, and wild music.

**Holly Cottrell**, 14, of 76 Gordon Drive, Calgary 8, Alta., is the sister of a CB reader, and she'd like a Scout for a penpal. Please send a photo of yourself. Holly is interested in sports, travel, and listening to hit records.

**Sonja Burgess**, 14, of 5525 Moreland Drive, Burnaby 2, B.C., would like to hear from a guy between the ages of 14 and 17, preferably English-speaking. She digs pop music, reading mysteries, horror mov-

**W.R. Gold**, a longtime Montreal Scouter, is now the National Penpal Secretary. Mr. Gold works out of National Headquarters and would be happy to have the names of Canadian Scouts who wish to correspond with Scouts in other countries. If you want a foreign Scout penpal (or Cub or Venturer) send your name and address, troop or pack number, school grade, Scout grade, hobbies, languages spoken, and religious affiliation, together with the name of the country with which you would like to correspond. Mr. Gold's address is: Mr. W.R. Gold, National Penpal Secretary, Boy Scouts of Canada, Box 5151, Station F, Ottawa 5, Ontario.

ies, watersports, and boys. She also loves to watch baseball and is a faithful wrestling fan.

**Brenda Walkeden**, 14, of Box 123, Tribune, Sask., would like to correspond with boys or girls 14 to 16 years old. She likes swimming, camping, writing letters, and pop music.

**Nancy Delcollier**, 14, of Adastral Park, Clinton, Ont., would like to write to any Venturers or Rovers in Canada, but especially in the Ottawa district. She enjoys writing letters, likes swimming, and digs pop music.

**Karen Sivell**, 14, of 1793 Chilver Road, Windsor 20, Ont., would like to write to a boy. Her interests are swimming, roller skating, pop music, and boys. She'd like your picture, too.

**Gus Arrigo**, 14, of 9 Morewood Crescent, Willowdale, Ont., would like a penpal, boy or girl, from outside Ontario. His interests are chemistry, hockey, football, baseball, canoeing, camping, stamps, girls, chess, hit pop music, model building, playing drums, and reading humor and mystery books.

**Tom Burns**, 14, of 49 Gondola Crescent, Scarborough, Ont., would like to trade Cub, Scout and Rover district badges and camp crests, with anybody, anywhere.

**Eric Evans**, 14, of Box 212, Gravenhurst, Ont., wants a p.p. outside of Ontario. He likes water and snow skiing, and is interested in small control line and free flight planes, car models, and girls.

**Danny Skleryk**, 14, of 19 Hamptonbrook Drive, Weston 626, Ont., would like a penpal anywhere. He's interested in the sciences, especially astronomy, and likes cars, playing golf, collecting decals, following NASA space shots, writing letters and stories, reading, sports, and girls.

**Laurie Parker**, 13, of 16 Victoria Avenue, Kapuskasing, Ont., would like a boy penpal anywhere. She likes swimming, and skating, and enjoys hockey, baseball, and other sports. Please enclose picture.

**Terry Connors**, 13, of 15 Ash, No. 12 C, Kapuskasing, Ont., would like a boy penpal from anyplace. She's interested in swimming, reading, and sports. Please enclose picture.

**Stephen Ferguson**, 13, of 101 Colborne Street South, Simcoe, Ont., wants a p.p. from anywhere. His hobbies are music and bowling.

# Hobbies

Every collector should read books on his hobby in order to increase his knowledge. Young collectors, especially, are not rich, and cannot rush out and buy whatever they want.

This fact should not scare anyone away from collecting coins, however. The coin collector should study all available literature and learn what to look for. This way the collector acquires useful knowledge for the day when he will earn enough money to buy the coins he wants to own.

A few years spent in study during a financially lean period are well repaid later on. A well-informed collector is almost never deceived, for he understands grading, current prices, and how to distinguish genuine coins from fakes.

Dishonest dealers, of whom there are fortunately very few, feed on the ignorant collector. They are found out, and disappear. Ignorant collectors who have been deceived are soon no longer ignorant.

There is more literature on Canadian coins now than ever before. The situation is the best it has ever been, although it could be better. But that is another story. Today we have standard catalogues which were not in existence 20 years ago. Literature is being published on all aspects of Canadian numismatics.

Two standard catalogues are available for the beginner and the advanced collector alike. The first is J.E. Charlton's Standard Catalogue of Canadian Coins, Tokens, and Paper Money. This book has been published every year since 1952, and deals with modern decimal coins, colonial

coins and tokens, and paper money of the Dominion and the Bank of Canada.

The other is Somer James's The Guide Book of Canadian Coins, Paper Currency, and Tokens. This one has been published every year since 1959. It also deals with modern decimal coins, colonial coins and tokens, and paper money of the Dominion and the Bank of Canada. In addition, it has listings of trade tokens, and notes of the chartered and broken banks of Canada.

In recent years there has been a rising interest in minor varieties of the Canadian decimal coins. Many varieties have been catalogued, and explanations of how and why they occurred are included in the catalogues. The best works are Hans Zöll's Major Canadian Coin Varieties and its companion work, Minor Coin Varieties.

After a lapse of about 30 years, interest is growing in Canadian colonial coins and tokens. Besides the listings in the standard catalogues, the works of Breton and Leroux have been reprinted. Breton's Illustrated History of Coins and Tokens Relating to Canada was reprinted in 1962, and Leroux's Canadian Coin Cabinet was reprinted in 1964.

An interesting booklet, Pre-Confederation Currency in Canada, has been issued by the Bank of Canada. This little book is not a catalogue but a short illustrated history of coinage in Canada since 1670.

Some of the articles on colonial coinages by Courteau, McLachlan, and Wood were reprinted in 1964 and bound with the reprint of Leroux's Canadian Coin Cabinet.

Most of the early studies of colonial coinages were done by French-Canadians who published, as did Breton and Leroux, in French and English.

Canadian paper money is being studied by an enthusiastic group known as the Canadian Paper Money Society. They publish their work in a magazine of their own every three months. They have contributed to the listings of paper money in the standard catalogues.

Another field of study today is that of trade tokens. Trade tokens are pieces issued for goods and services in a limited area, and they were not intended for use as money. They are usually inscribed GOOD FOR 10c. IN TRADE AT THE STORE, or some such legend. They could be redeemed only at the shop of the issuer. They appeared in every Canadian province and in the far north as well.

Two books have been published recently on trade tokens. The first is C.C. Tannahill's Trade Tokens of Saskatchewan. The other is F. Bowman's Trade Tokens of Ontario.

Medals are at last receiving some attention, but there are not yet any books available dealing only with Canadian medals. Breton's and Leroux's books, mentioned earlier, contain sections on medals, but little has been written since.

Magazines are available dealing with Canadian numismatics. The Canadian Numismatic Journal is published every month by the Canadian Numismatic Association. Its pages contain articles on all phases of Canadian numismatics.

The Canadian Paper Money Journal, issued quarterly by the Canadian Paper Money Society, deals only with paper money.

Articles on Canadian numismatics are often carried in American periodicals such as Coins, Coin World, and the Numismatic News.

By R.C. Willey

## STAMPS — (Cont'd)

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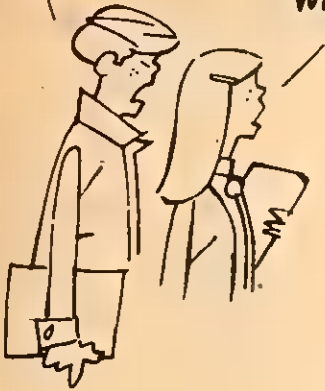
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# ...UPSET

...BOY AM I MAD...

WHY?



... FRED WAS ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE STUDENT COUNCIL, ... IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ME...

WHY?



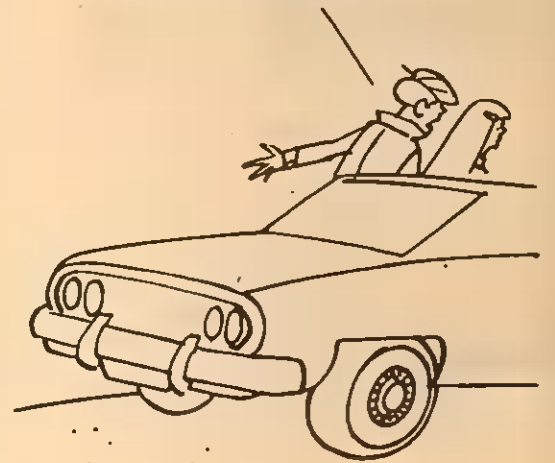
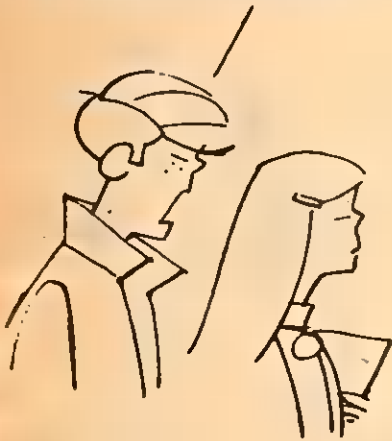
I KNOW HOW TO CONDUCT MEETINGS...



... I LIKE TO GIVE ORDERS

I'M GOOD AT PICKING COMMITTEES ...

I'LL GIVE MY OPINION ON ANY SUBJECT...



I'M A GOOD SPEAKER...

... AND A BORN LEADER...

WELL, DOESNT FRED HAVE ABILITIES TOO?

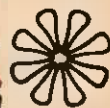
... I DONT KNOW, HE NEVER TALKS ABOUT IT...



Wp/dsh



**It's  
sockit  
to ya time  
again.**



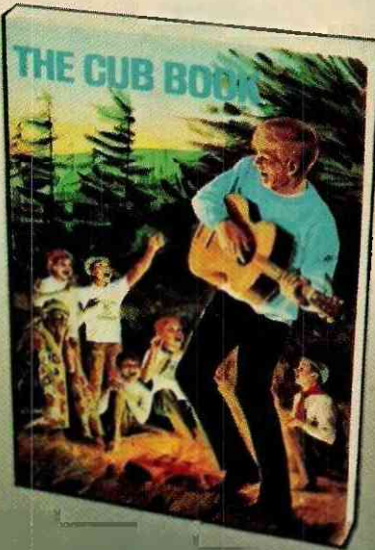
Almost.

Christmas is coming up - - there'll be stockings to fill and presents to buy.

Why not make it a Scouting Christmas?

There are hundreds of perfect Cub, Scout, Venturer and Rover gift items available. See them all in the Supply Services catalogue your son received in the September-October issue of Canadian Boy. Or see your Scout dealer or Scout office for a handy list of Scouting Christmas items.

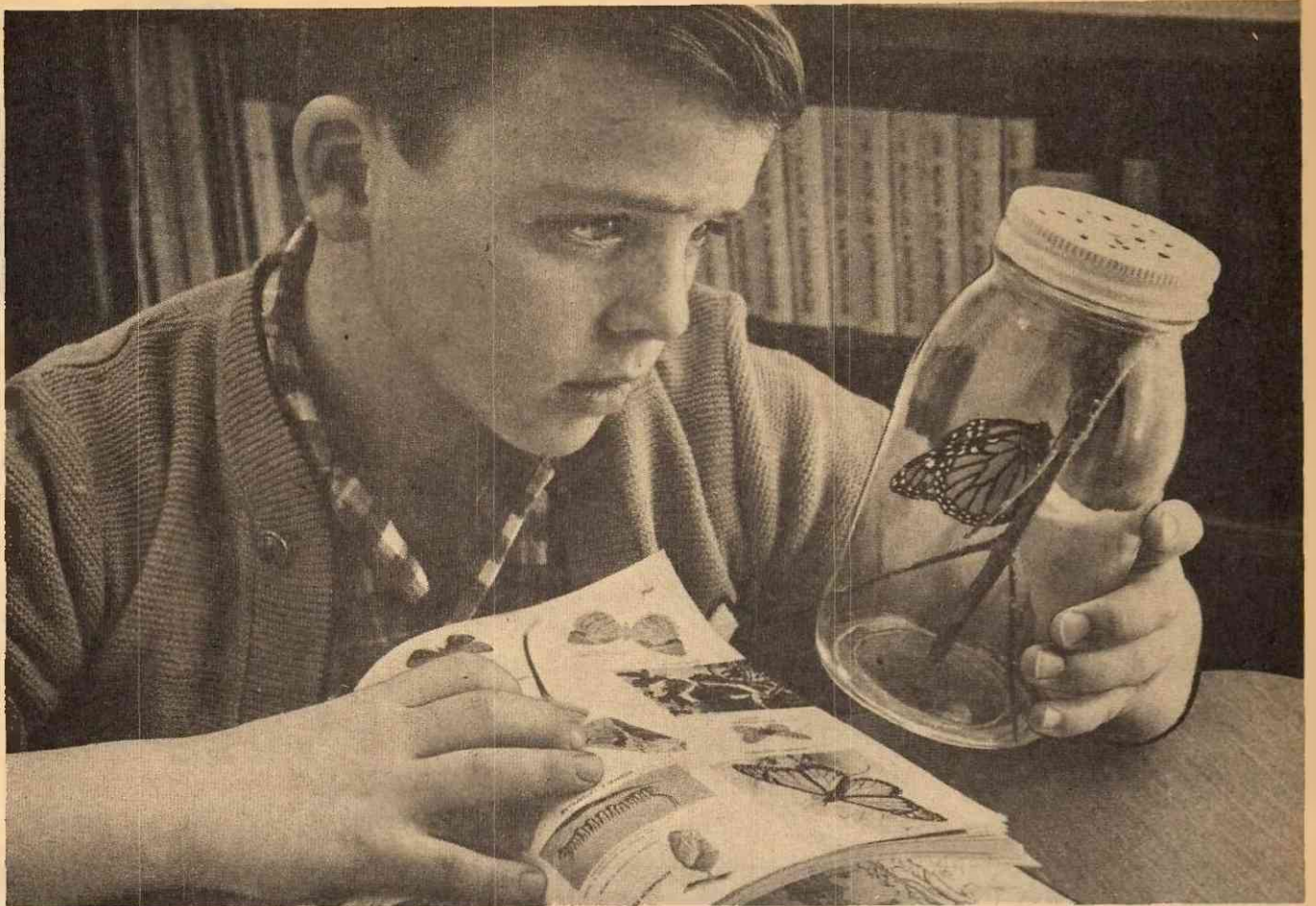
Make it a Scouting Christmas. Your son will be glad you did.



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Cub Book**

**Bigger. Better than ever.**

Every Cub will want one. Only \$1.25.  
Your Scout dealer has them now. So do all Scout offices and Supply Services,  
National Headquarters, Ottawa. The Cub Book is great for gifts and prizes too.



**This is Gary. Age 11.  
Last Christmas his grandparents gave him a gift  
he will remember all his lifetime.**

Some day he will pass it on to his own children because this is one gift that lasts. It can't break. And it won't wear out (though it will become fingermarked and warmly bedraggled through thousands of hours of use). Not so with the usual Xmas toys. They're fun while they last. But the minute they're broken (so often before the big day is done), they're tearfully rejected. The Book of Knowledge is hardly the usual present. It's the one great gift of a lifetime that can outlast a lifetime. It's packaged enchantment. It's a ten million dollar teacher (for that was the cost to develop it) . . . an understanding teacher born of wonder, full of fun, as is the human one who truly loves her children and in return, is loved by them. Here, in twenty marvellous volumes, is adventure, exploration, drama and suspense especially written and beautifully illustrated to appeal to modern youngsters (though we're not surprised to find that it also appeals to youngsters who went to school some sixty years ago!).

Here, in ten thousand pages, is an inspiration bordered pathway to greater achievement in school. Here in word and picture is the means to help develop a child's interest in the fascinating world around him. Here, then, is a powerful attraction for learning, a colourful aid and supplement to school studies, and the focal point for authoritative reference in the home.

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OF KNOWLEDGE**

*A famous GROlier publication*

Know what Gary is doing? He's working on a school assignment at home. Away from T.V. Away from horror comics. Completely absorbed. Learning to think for himself. Probing for the facts. Developing a keen inquiring mind—the kind that will be able to programme a computer, run a big business or achieve prominence in service to his fellow men. Gary is happy. His teacher will be too when she writes "EXCELLENT" on his project.

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My age is \_\_\_\_\_ I have brothers and sisters

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Name \_\_\_\_\_

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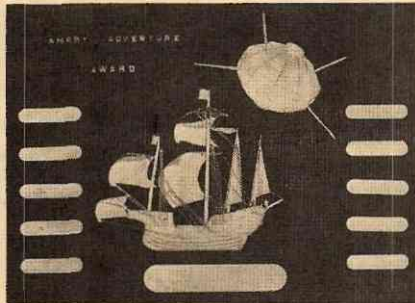
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CB-110

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Former Deputy Chief Scout, Commissioner L.H. Nicholson, has made this award available for annual competition in wildlife photography. For the individual.



### THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S CHALLENGE SHIELD

His Royal Highness presents this shield annually, under the control of the National Small-Bore Rifle Association of Britain, for the best four-man rifle team in Commonwealth Scouting.

### DRUMMOND TROPHY

Offered annually to any Scout or Venturer who takes top score in .22 rifle marksmanship. Standard DCRA 25-yard targets supplied by Boy Scouts of Canada. Minimum eligible age is 14. Presented by Sgt. Peter W. Drummond, formerly of the 4th Hussars, to mark his 60 years as a rifleman.

### PEPSI-COLA TROPHY

Presented to Boy Scouts of Canada by Pepsi-Cola Canada Limited, as a companion trophy to the Drummond Trophy. The Pepsi-Cola Trophy goes annually to the winning team in .22 rifle competition. Minimum eligible age is 14. Teams can be four-man or larger, up to eight men.

TO: BOY SCOUTS OF CANADA  
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OTTAWA 5 ONTARIO

PLEASE SEND ME RULES OF  
COMPETITION AND ANY OTHER  
INFORMATION I MAY NEED FOR:

- Amory Award       Nicholson Trophy  
 Duke of Connaught's Shield  
 Drummond Trophy    Pepsi Trophy

MY NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

**RIGHT**  
*A bike rodeo gave the boys a chance to test their skill, and to compete against each other.*

**BOTTOM LEFT AND RIGHT**  
*Snapshots taken by Gwen Harry with her polaroid, inside the Volkswagen bus.*

**PHOTO PAGE 7**  
*Thinking Day parade in February was led by the 5th Squamish Cubs. Jimmie Harry can be seen towering over the others.*



charge of phoning, no easy task in an area thick with party lines.

Parents and friends give unqualified support to all money-raising schemes, bake sales, bingos, or whatever. Ann Billy and Gwen Harry divide the work load of collecting Cubs from the several reserves and driving them to and from the Wednesday evening gatherings in Totem Hall.

Gwen Harry, who handles the new Volkswagen bus with consummate skill, told the story of a carwash project. It seems a crowd of eager youngsters gathered on the parking lot of a local service station and when the first automobile appeared they swarmed over it wielding

wash cloths energetically. When the job was done the surprised motorist explained that he had come in to have his car repaired, not washed. But he good naturedly paid the boys anyway.

The district council was responsible for the pack's most profitable business venture. Under their guidance the 5th Squamish, together with all the other Cub packs and Scout troops in the district, acquired a tree farm licence. Directed by Ernie Harry, the boys cut Christmas trees in the Pemberton Meadows, 60-odd miles from home, and sold approximately \$2,000 worth, including \$800 in local sales. Most of the trees were let out at wholesale to

Scout troops in Vancouver.

One lad deserves special mention. He is Ernie Harry's nephew, Jimmie Harry. Only 13, Jimmie is a hefty five-foot-eleven and shows promise of becoming a giant among men. In his soft-spoken Indian way, he bubbles with enthusiasm for all things connected with Scouting.

In his pack he is Bagheera, and he takes charge of the games, which are much the same as those played by Cubs everywhere. They do not have games which are distinctly Indian.

One Wednesday evening a game was played where two groups of boys formed circles, one inside the other. The idea was that when those in the inner

# 2nd ARCTIC JAMBOREE!



**C**anadian Scouting's 2nd Arctic and Northern Jamboree, held at Churchill, Manitoba, this past summer, will be long remembered by boys from all across Canada.

Eight hundred Scouts camped on the shores of Hudson Bay during the nine-day jamboree, which saw boys from northern communities working, playing, and relaxing with boys from southern Canadian cities and towns.

They were joined by Scouts from Greenland, Alaska, and the United States for this highlight of the Scouting year.

It was certainly the biggest gathering of northern boys anywhere. Camp Chief

Major General W.K. Carr, who is noted for his intense interest in northern Canadian Scouting, said the people of Churchill had every right to be proud of this major Scouting event and of their active part in it.

"Without the fullest co-operation, support, and encouragement of the local people, and federal government support, this achievement could not have been possible," General Carr said.

The 2nd Arctic and Northern Jamboree was an event of national scope, at least. It involved national identity and national unity. Boys from widely varying cultures and ethnic backgrounds proved they could live and work together

for the good of a common cause: experience and fun.

The jamboree was also a celebration of the Northwest Territories acquired by Canada from the Hudson's Bay Company in 1870. Coincidentally, but no less important, 1870 is the year Manitoba was formed as Canada's fifth province in the confederation.

One hundred and fifty leaders from across Canada worked with the 800 boys in Camp Nanuk.

Nanuk is the northern name for the polar bear, and polar bears were seen in and near the camp from the time to time.

Eskimo and northern Indian games

**B**orn of Cree mother and French father 130 years ago, Gabriel Dumont became the greatest of the Canadian plainsmen. He ranked with Buffalo Bill Cody, Annie Oakley, Wild Bill Hickok and Sitting Bull, all of whom he knew and worked with. But he is still relatively unknown in his own country.

As a boy he was an excellent runner, swimmer, rider, bowman and fighter. If he was without formal schooling, his intellect was keen, his instincts sharp, and his judgment sure.

He learned Indian dialects rapidly. If he wrote his signature with an X, he made his name large upon prairie history.

As a man he went to Montana to bring back Louis Riel, to help settle their grievances with the white man's government. When open warfare broke out, Dumont became Riel's military commander. If all of Dumont's fighting judgment had been heeded by Riel, the Metis might have achieved better results.

Even today Riel is a figure of controversy among the Metis. Of Dumont there is no doubt. He is the hero, the leader, the greatest of them all.

At the age of 10, he and a brother accompanied their father's band up the Red River. The two of them were setting up smudge pots against the mosquitoes when they heard a rumbling in

was with his father leading a column of Metis into the North Dakota-Manitoba border regions.

"Form your carts in a circle," Isadore Dumont ordered. Gabriel shouldered his rifle, killed his first Indian and went to help his seriously wounded parent.

Years later Gabriel helped his father again in dealing with a Sioux tribe along the U.S. border. This time it was to negotiate a treaty of peace, the first there was.

Gabriel Dumont was prepared to make both war and peace, but neither one was his objective. His greatest love was the buffalo hunt. The Metis hunted buffalo best without Indian harassment.

With confrontation inevitable, Gabriel Dumont was prepared and always resourceful. It was a challenge when two scouts rode into his southern Alberta camp with news of the deadly Blackfoot, 20 miles ahead.

"We will meet our old enemy on his home grounds" Gabriel said, mounting his horse to ride west with six of his men.

Dusk fell and they continued riding through the evening hours. Finally they came to a hill overlooking the Blackfoot encampment. Below them the braves were performing a religious dance around a peeled birch pole. The Blackfoot warriors sang lustily of their battles.

simple gesture. He offered them tobacco.

"Take some," he said. "I did not come into your midst to fight."

If the great Dumont had been their enemy, if he had killed 20 of their men, it was forgotten now. Who could not admire the courage and value the friendship of such a man as this!

Dumont's own men were not so impressed. They were horrified, and turned to flee. The Blackfoot, placated by Dumont, rode out and brought them into camp. Then began a feast which lasted for days.

Amidst such revelry the Blackfoot quickly agreed to passage for Gabriel and his six Metis followers to return to their own camp. Even more important for the future was the assurance given for safe hunting in what hitherto had been dangerous territory.

The buffalo were everything to the Metis people and they were everything to Gabriel Dumont. The meat provided their sustenance, and the furs and skins their trading livelihood.

That Gabriel was an accomplished "caller" for luring the big shaggy animals into a trap was only one of his further attributes for leading. In this society, it was vital.

As commander-in-chief of the buffalo hunt, Gabriel Dumont knew everybody else's job as well as his own. He was even the camp "doctor".

## GABRIEL DUMONT

the distance. In youthful excitement, Gabriel took the sound to be their old enemies, the Sioux. He ran to his father and asked for a rifle.

It wasn't the Sioux.

It was the buffalo.

Delighted with his son's reaction, Isadore Dumont presented him with a rifle of his own. Boy and man, Gabriel was never to be without one again.

If he did not always have shells, he practised aiming constantly without them. Soon he could put a bullet through the head of a duck as it paddled near rushes 100 yards away. He could call his shot beforehand. "I'll take the head off that duck," he would say. And he did.

When the youth was 13, hundreds of the feared Sioux really did attack. He

Dumont was not exactly entranced. If not an overly religious man, the presence of the church was part of his life. He was hardly one to be spellbound by the mysteries of an Indian pole dance. If he could take advantage of it, he would.

Suddenly, he dismounted. "Watch me," he told his men. To their surprise, he set off down the hill alone. Running into the Blackfoot camp, through the dancing tribesmen and up to the pole, he drove in his knife so firmly even he was shaken.

"I am Gabriel Dumont and I have killed 20 Blackfoot," he cried.

The Blackfoot chiefs and warriors were dumbfounded. They huddled to consider what they might do about this awesome phenomenon.

For his part, Gabriel made only a

**BY ROBERT MOON**

The Metis founded a new settlement at Batoche, midway between present-day Saskatoon and Prince Albert, in the 1870s. There they passed laws and regulations with penalties for theft, slander, and starting prairie fires.

Naturally, Gabriel Dumont was elected "president". Early in life he had been called "the prince of the prairies" and he remained that until he died.

In the inevitable conflict with the white man, Dumont first conducted the successful attacks at Duck Lake and Fish Creek, suffering a head wound in the process.

Then came the defence of Batoche. He numbered his force at 175 men. Thirty more watched the enemy gunboat Northcote, with its gatling gun blazing at the South Saskatchewan Riv-



# BIG CAT ON THE TRAIL

BY B. SHAW



D. MATTHEWS

# SCOUTS ON HORSEBACK



Andy and Paul and Jim galloped along the winding tree-lined lane, emerged into a clearing and brought their horses to a wheeling stop in front of a long, low cement-block building. As members of the First Springford Mounted Scout Troop, the boys had just ridden seven miles from their homes to join other Scouts and Venturers in a Sunday afternoon drill practice.

When the boys had all assembled, Scouter Larry Hicks put a whistle to his lips and blew a short signal. The boys promptly guided their horses into a straight line. For a time they practised mounting and dismounting in unison. Then they got down to the business of parade drill, riding in a circle around the Scouter and changing columns on whistle signal from single file to two- or three- or four- abreast, then back again. Scouter Hicks will soon be teaching the boys the more intricate manoeuvres of wheels, reverse marches and the corner to corner crossover.

Mounted Scouts in Springford began in 1957 when the then-leader, Scouter Allan Rice, founded the troop on a love of horses. For five years the boys practised regularly, becoming adept in World War 1

cavalry drills such as the Shanghai Cross (a moving figure-of-eight) and The Charge (two rows of riders, eight abreast, meeting head on and passing at full gallop). Their fame spread afar as they rode in parades, performed at fairs and attended jamborees.

When the group ceased to be mounted, partly because of financial problems, partly because too few boys were coming up from Cubs, it continued as a regular Scout troop. Then Larry Hicks, who had been a Scout in the original mounted troop and now owns six horses of his own, took over as Scouter in the fall of 1967. By the summer of 1968, the troop was again mounted.

At that time only a few of the boys owned horses. But most were eager to ride, their parents were willing to buy horses, and since the majority lived on farms there was no problem with stabling. Scouter Hicks gave instruction in the day-by-day care of horses, everything from proper feeding to the care of hooves. In April, 1969, the troop started riding in parades, their horses bedecked in gold-and-purple blankets, the colors of their sponsor, the Tillsonburg Optimist Club.

Progress and expansion are the troop's

watchwords. In the fall of 1969, the First Springford Venturer Company was founded under the leadership of George Hall, another young riding enthusiast. At present, there are 14 Scouts with 12 boys mounted and eight Venturers with three boys mounted. The motto of both troops is Scouting first, riding second. If a boy failed to attend regular weekly meetings, his riding privileges would be withdrawn.

The Scouts and Venturers with horses meet every second Sunday at the clubhouse of the South Norwich Rod and Gun Club. Some days the troop goes on a trail ride during which the Scouter makes a point of passing through a village or town to accustom the horses to people and traffic. But more often they ride through a solid two hours of drill practice, responding alertly to the Scouter's whistle. Attendance drops only when mares are about to foal.

Even though Sunday practice is a strenuous day of activity, the boys are enthusiastic. Asked about their long and sometimes weather-beaten ride to practice, Andy and Paul and Jim have a unanimous answer: "We come because it's a lot of fun."

*By Louise Plumb*

# Tri-ang Train

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## LETTERS

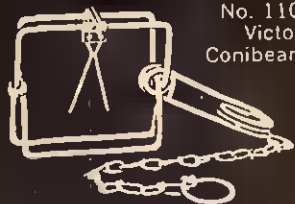
Continued from page 5

I am interested in getting involved with your chess club. Would you please send me the address of the person in charge of it?

*F. Deregnacourt,  
Ottawa, Ont.*

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Ever since CB came to our house, I have read it eagerly in the hope you will print something about model gas planes. I, myself, have five, that includes two .35's (Enya and Fox), a K & B .099, an Enya .09 and an .049 powered car (buyers, anyone?). I would love to hear from anyone, anywhere, wishing to know more about how to start flying. In my area of Winnipeg, there are eight guys who fly big uns. My best friend, Craig Boon, flies combat, so if anyone wants to know about combat, I'll ask Craig for them. Please drop me a line. I would dig it if you could send me a letter.

*Craig Ballance,  
760 Cavalier Drive,  
Winnipeg 22, Man.*

Would you know where I can get model rocket plans (for engine and body)?

*Keith Daniel,  
Verdun, Que.*

Try Estes Industries, Box 227, Penrose, Colorado 81240. If you send them 25 cents, they'll send you a catalogue and rocketry manual.

I am a Scout and enjoy your magazine very much, and hope you keep up the model section(s). In the May/June issue, your model section on page 33 was very good, but you forgot one thing — the price. Everyone wants to know the price of a model they want to get. Please tell me the price of the Hawker-Harrier. Once again, thanks for a great mag.

*Frank Joet,  
Niagara Falls, Ont.*

Check with your local hobby dealer or hobby department for retail prices on all the Frog kits you want to build. Or write to 95 Brown's Line, Toronto 14, Ont., for information about anything you can't find in the stores.

In your May/June issue of CB you had illustrations of the available mini-machines. The one I am interested in is the Mini-Chopper. If you can, could you please get me some information on the cost, motor, type of metal and information on the seat? Also, where to send for plans. I'm interested in the choppers.

*Brian Orchard,  
Stratford, Ont.*

Your best bet is to write to the manufacturer of the bike you're interested in. See the list on page 14 of that issue of CB.

I was reading the issue on mini-machines when a question popped into my mind. Here it is: Is a differential necessary in making a motorized go-kart?

I also liked the story written by Rae Parker, *Supersquare*. Why not have CB subscribers send in stories that can be published? I found one fault in the *Supersquare*. Since the nations wanted to exterminate the *Supersquare*, they used the 4,500 megaton bomb. Since they knew the danger and damage it would do, why did they use it when it nearly split the world in two? Also, do you have information about becoming a Queen's Scout?

*Bobby Plummer,  
Baie Corneau, Que.*

Can anyone help Bobby on the question of the differential? For info on Queen's Scout badge work, check with your leaders.

I have read the latest issue of CB and particularly enjoyed the story by Lieut. Harry E. Rieseberg on scuba diving. This is the second story by him which I have read in CB. The first one was in the July-August issue of 1966. I am very much interested in salvaging and treasure hunting, especially in Canada and the United States. I would like to obtain information regarding licensing and the laws pertaining to these topics, but I'm stumped as to where to write. I'd appreciate it if you could help me.

*Mike Brown,  
Atikokan, Ont.*

Try writing to Lieutenant Harry E. Rieseberg at Box 99, Paradise, California 95969, for any information about salvage or treasure hunting. He should be able to help you.

**NEW!**

## MINI-CHOPPER PLANS!

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# SCOUTING

There is a lot of talk about pollution, but what is being done to stop it? Many people try to get the other guy to change, but do they change themselves?

Here are eight ways Cubs and Scouts can fight pollution. If only a small group would follow these eight points, they would be setting an example for others to follow.

1. Bottle drive.
2. Collect old metal items and sell them to a scrap agent.
3. Newspaper drive. Many paper companies are beginning to recycle newsprint. For every 118 pounds you can return, you save one tree from becoming trash.
4. Start a compost heap and show others how to make one. Organic materials should be returned to the soil.
5. Build craftsmanship into whatever you make.
6. Pick up litter (and don't litter).
7. Extend the life of machinery (like your bicycle, or the family car) as much as possible, by careful handling and maintenance. When machinery wears out, sell it to a scrap dealer. Don't just abandon it.
8. Recycle as many things as you can. Before junking any item, ask yourself, "Can this be used again?" Contribute old toys, clothes, furniture or any useful things you don't want to some charitable group that can get further use out of them.

*Jerome Angelstad, Humboldt, Sask.*

If your Venturer company is interested in camping on a large scale with other companies, write to Gary Prudence, 182 Canlish Road, Scarborough, Ont. He's on a committee representing more than 30 companies in his area, formed for the purpose of planning large scale activities. Gary says his committee will arrange any size camp for any number of companies.

Jack Kellett of London, Ont., reports that his Venturer company had a crack at rappelling on the high cliffs along Lake Erie. They got instruction from a former U.S. Marine and enjoyed the activity so much they wanted to let others know about it. The boys are members of the First Mount Brydges Venturer company.

Members of the First Springford (Ont.) Mounted Scout troop manned a roadside corn stand to raise funds for their activi-

ties. The stand itself was a covered wagon, placed across the road from the field where the sweet corn was growing. You couldn't get it much fresher than that.

Six Scouts from the 2nd Hamilton (Ont.) troop decided to go somewhere different this past summer. So they got together and set out for Florida, to see the sights and try for a look at the rocket base at Cape Kennedy. That's taking a futuristic view of things.

The Thunder Bay Times Journal reports the summer windup of a tough challenge program there. Twenty boys embarked on a 23-day canoe trip that took them 1,200 miles from Buffalo Narrows, Sask., to Fort Providence, N.W.T., on the Mackenzie River. The boys and their five leaders travelled in three 22-foot canoes weighing 240 pounds each. Most of the boys on this Arctic Brigade also participated in a 50-mile snowshoe marathon earlier in the year.

## cb's giant meccano contest

Win fabulous prizes for the best Meccano models! Winners from every province!

It's simple to enter. Build an original model, big or small, from any Meccano parts. Photograph or sketch it (or have someone else do it) and send photos or sketches to Canadian Boy, along with a brief description of the model's main features. **DON'T SEND ACTUAL MODELS.** Non-Meccano parts may be used, if necessary, for trim or in the working parts, if this is unavoidable.

You must build the model yourself. Any number of entries can be made, but you can win only one prize.

Entries will be divided into two sections— one for contestants under 14, and one for those 14 and older.

### TWENTY-SIX PRIZES!

Grand Prize for best entry in each section: \$50.00

Second Prizes, 14 and up: complete Scalextric Watkins Glen road racing set. Second prizes, 8 to 13: complete Mosport Special road racing set. Third Prizes: one in each group from each province and territory, 1/16th scale motorized Porsche Carrera or Nissan R381 Grand Prix racing cars.

Contest open to all Canadian Boy subscribers. Judges' decisions will be final. No entries can be returned.

**CONTEST ENTRIES MUST BE POSTMARKED NO LATER THAN JANUARY 15, 1971.**

To: MECCANO CONTEST, Canadian Boy, Box 5112 Station F, Ottawa 5, Ont.

Enclosed is my Meccano Contest entry.

Name..... Age..... Address.....

Remember to write your name and address on the back of all photos or sketches.



*"He says we're lost."*

There are many reasons why you might find it worthwhile to join a Rover crew.

You could, for instance, explore the value of group life with other fellows your own age or delve into the psychological processes that are at work when you participate in small group activities, where you can test values, develop self or engage in plain old bull sessions about the issues of the day.

But one of the most attractive aspects of Rovering is the fun, fellowship and action in areas of personal interest that it can offer. The action, of course, takes place with young men of similar age, interests and abilities. You can join with a friend or with some of the fellows you chum around with. In fact, it is possible for you and your friends to start your own Rover crew.

Now it may or may not be of any particular interest to you that some of the forces and values are present in group life that were mentioned earlier. However it is important to be aware of them just the same, because they can work for you if you give yourself half a chance.

A Rover crew has great possibilities for you. It can offer a wide range of activities and interests. Car rallies, motorcycle rallies, travelling nationally and internationally, co-ed programs, camping, mountain climbing, community action programs,

self-help and development, contacts, new skills, hobbies, and almost anything you want to take a swing at. It depends on the kind of crew you join.

Obviously not all Rover crews are the same, and there is no reason why they should be. So the range of activities will be governed a great deal by the particular crew you join.

If you join a crew with fellows you chum around with, then the chances are you will have a good idea what to expect. The same thing applies, of course, if you and your friends organize your own crew.

If you are a Venturer it might be best to form a Rover crew with the older fellows who leave the company, so that you can keep your group intact. There may be far more sense in developing your own crew among those you now group with than splitting off into various other crews in the area.

However, when you leave high school to go to college, or university, or to work, ideas and interests as well as friends change rapidly, and this will undoubtedly affect your decision. It is also for this reason that joining a Rover crew has value for you.

While crews that have been organized for some time are already operational as far as many projects and programs are

concerned, don't overlook them just because you live away from home or you can't get anyone interested in starting a new crew. An established crew might have just the thing you are looking for, and a change of experience sometimes can provide a balance for you as well as a new challenge.

Most young men like yourself undergo a shift or change as they enter into the world of the adult. They often choose to participate in activities that link them with other people and new interests. There seems to be a growing desire for accomplishment and self-satisfaction. Direct involvement with people and issues can lead you to the fulfillment of these desires.

The opportunity of contributing to community life and practising citizenship through volunteer service work, enjoyment of the company of others, and the sharing of good times and the chance to travel are all possible in Rovering.

Finally the opportunity for a stimulating kind of education within the group context is present, and a crew can provide a good forum for discussion.

Joining a Rover crew, or starting one with your friends, may be one of the most important steps you take in your life. It can open doors to new contacts, new adventure, and unforgettable experiences.

By Dennis W. Lewis



A great deal is being said nowadays about pollution, and how about everyone should be concerned about this or that problem. But unless we turn our concern into action nothing really gets done.

The four sections of Canadian Scouting can help, right from the youngest Cub to the oldest Rover. While some suggestions have been made in the past, Venturers and Rovers can get help, fast, from an organization called Pollution Probe.

If you really want to organize to fight pollution in your community, help is available from Pollution Probe at the University of Toronto.

Pollution Probe is a year old now and growing nationally. Its founder, Brian Kelly, has put together a handbook based on techniques that have worked and pitfalls that should be avoided.

Mr Kelly says, "We don't want in any way to control other groups, and we don't expect them to rely on us. But we would like to form a national image to give us strength if everyone makes a stand on some issue. We are also trying to form an information bank that would be available to all groups."

A number of Rover conferences have passed resolutions to get into the pollution fight, but most of the delegates seem to have been waiting for someone else to get started. Here is your chance, but re-

member, it's what you can do in your community that counts. You have to make the first move.

Here are nine points, provided by Pollution Probe, to guide any anti-pollution group.

1. EDUCATION. It has taken 10,000 years for man to perfect pollution, so how can you learn about it in one hour? In order to do something, you have to know what you are talking about.

This doesn't mean a degree in biology, but it does mean some careful reading. For a start, gather some pertinent material in connection with your local problem. Once you know what you are talking about, get out and speak to every group that will listen.

To attack effectively the broader issues of environmental quality, you should have a grasp of what may seem to be completely revolutionary concepts, but which are just common sense. Like man's amazing dependence on his environment; like the recycling or re-use of waste; like the realization that there are limits to what man can do to nature before she fights back, and she can fight dirty.

Education comes first. Education of yourself, your friends, of those you are trying to win over to sounder ecological principles.

2. THE SITUATION. Where do things stand? Find out who is polluting in your town or city. Have they shown any willingness to clean up? Do they have a program already underway?

Determine what the attitude of municipal leaders is towards these poor corporate citizens. If they are winking at certain ecological sins, perhaps they need to be politely—or rudely—awakened. And how about municipal sewage treatment? You should also be familiar with municipal and provincial regulations that deal with pollution. Ask a lawyer. Are they being enforced? Probably not yet.

3. PARTICIPATION. You can't do it alone. It takes more people like you, working on their own initiative, from their experience, with their own abilities. Each one can work out of his present situation. Teachers can stimulate interest among students. Housewives can pass the word along to neighbors and members of their church or community groups. Businessmen work through service clubs. Rovers and Venturers can work with Scouts and Cubs, and are already doing so in many instances.

Some people have given valuable service to the cause of anti-pollution, like printers, admen, newsmen. Those with special professional knowledge, like teachers and university professors, lawyers, doctors, and engineers, provide essential backup services.

Pollution is a community problem, a people problem. Only people can solve it, by talking, by understanding, by pulling together. Every member of the community can and must play a role in environmental control. Beware, however, that including everyone concerned does not mean the end of action. The one condition for participation in any group or movement must be a commitment to doing something about the problem. There must be no occasion for vested interests to apply the brakes.

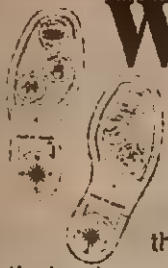
4. PROJECTS. Be action oriented. A group will succeed when its members feel they are accomplishing something togeth-



Scouting doesn't stop in the winter!



# the new official Braves Scout winter boot



Get in on a going thing! The Braves Scout boot is warm, with Acrilan<sup>®</sup> pile lining, and carries the famous "Wear Dated" Guarantee. Fully waterproof, salt and scuff resistant. It's the official Scout boot, right down to the authentic knots and animals embossed on the sturdy, hard-wearing sole, to announce where you're going and tell where you've been. Choose antique brown or black.

## DON'T FORGET:

For Scouting, school or play . . . the official Scout oxford. Durable leather, with a real working compass hidden in the heel.

For rugged fun and action . . . the official Scout sport boot. Green with white trim. Reflective safety stripes on heels for night-time visibility.



**braves** THE OFFICIAL  
SCOUT FOOTWEAR

**Doug Myhre**, 13, of 5615-114A Street, Edmonton 70, Alta., is a Scout who will answer all letters, preferably from the East, in English or French. He likes reading science fiction and enjoys swimming, raising tropical fish, playing tennis, and building models.

**Murray Engelking**, 13, of Vermilion, Alta., would like a penpal from anywhere, preferably a girl of 12 or 13. He's interested in baseball, hockey, football, modern clothes, and hit records.

**Stephen McMullin**, 13, Box 644 Woodstock, N.B., would like a penpal in Ontario or westward. He enjoys collecting stamps and coins, swimming, and pop music.

**Dave Nicholson**, 13, of 310 Garrison Crescent, Saskatoon, Sask., would like a Scouting penpal in Churchill, Man., or in the western U.S. He'd like to exchange cassette tapes, too, if possible. Dave's interests include track, swimming, scuba and skin diving, stamps and coins, pop music, and hockey.

**Michael Faust**, 13, of Box 126, CFS Moisie, Massey Park, Que., would like a female penpal in the Vancouver or Victoria areas. His hobbies are pop and underground music, swimming, basketball, and guitar.

**Suzanne Tardif**, 13, of 502 St. John Crescent, CFB Chatham, N.B., wants some penpals. She likes sports of all kinds, reading, cooking, sewing, and hiking. She'd like to correspond with boys between 13 and 15 years of age.

**Charlie Alex**, 13, of Resolute Bay, N.W.T., is an Eskimo Scout who'd like to correspond with anybody in Canada. He likes camping and mod clothes.

**Randy Ricketts**, 13, of 2164 Melfort Street, Ottawa 8, Ont., would like penpals from Britain and the United States. He collects and trades stamps.



"Hold it, sonny! Where did you say you punched cows?"



# Penpals

**Jim Hughes**, 16, of RR 2 Branchton, Ont., is a Queen's Scout of the 1st Sheffield who would like a penpal from anywhere in Canada. His hobbies are travelling, swimming, girls, reading, badminton, writing, and scuba diving.

**Richard Haines**, 16, of 900 William Street, Cobourg, Ont., will correspond with anyone. He enjoys folk and rock music, paperbacks, and soccer.

**Debbie Antrobus**, 16, of 56 Lingarde Drive, Scarborough, Ont., would like to hear from anyone in any province. Her main interests are water skiing, stamps, horseback riding, music, writing, travelling and camping.

**Lorraine Nunes** of 136 Knowles, Daly City, California 94014, is a shut-in who's interested in postcard clubs. She says this is her only hobby and she'd like to hear from anybody anyplace.

**Sherry Gardiner**, 15, of 360 Hixon Road, Hamilton, Ont., has tried a few of our penpal listings with no luck. Drop her a line, guys! Her hobbies are water skiing, swimming, and guys. She loves writing letters, to anybody.

**Janis Johnson**, 15, of Box 20, Michichi, Alta., wants a penpal 15 to 17, preferably a boy. Her interests include snowmobiling, motorcycling, pop groups, listening to the radio, and boys.

**Carol Geddes**, 15, of 63 Risebrough Avenue, Willowdale, Ont., would like a penpal from anywhere in the world. She likes dancing, records, reading, art, and hockey, among other things.

**Kim Malloy**, 15, of 19 Farquharson Street, Dartmouth, N.S., is a Venturer who'd like a p.p. from anyplace. He's been in the 1st Woodlawn Company for two years and is interested in minerals, firearms, sports, and girls.

**Daniel Boucher**, 14, of 580 Miller Street, Pembroke, Ont., would like a p.p. from anywhere who'll play chess by correspondence.

**Lee Gordon**, 14, of 147 Audrey Avenue, Scarborough, Ont., says she's interested in boys and music. She'd like to correspond with someone her own age or older who'd write to her in French, because she's trying to learn the language.

**Patsy Ogle**, 14, of 4 Hardy View, Box 328, Onaping, Ont., would like a CB penpal. Her interests are reading, sports, cars,

and boys, and she wants to be a social worker someday.

**Tara Mile**, 14, of Kennedy, Sask., would like a boy penpal. She likes horses, cats, radio, dancing, and boys 13 to 16. Send her your picture, if possible.

**Tom Elgie**, 14, of 788 Strand Street, London 25, Ont., wants a tapepal. He is interested in model aircraft, all sports, all types of music, animals and wildlife. He'd like to exchange cassette tapes with anyone outside Ontario.

**Chuck Schram**, 14, of RR 3 Thedford, Ont., would like a p.p. from B.C. He's a Venturer in the 1st Thedford Company and he likes fishing, skiing, and reading.

**Rhonda Wilson**, 14, of Box 714, 4119 Victoria Avenue, Petrolia, Ont., would like a boy or girl penpal from anywhere. She likes skating, baseball, hockey, volleyball, boys, mini-skirts, and wild music.

**Holly Cottrell**, 14, of 76 Gordon Drive, Calgary 8, Alta., is the sister of a CB reader, and she'd like a Scout for a penpal. Please send a photo of yourself. Holly is interested in sports, travel, and listening to hit records.

**Sonja Burgess**, 14, of 5525 Moreland Drive, Burnaby 2, B.C., would like to hear from a guy between the ages of 14 and 17, preferably English-speaking. She digs pop music, reading mysteries, horror mov-

ies, watersports, and boys. She also loves to watch baseball and is a faithful wrestling fan.

**Brenda Walkeden**, 14, of Box 123, Tribune, Sask., would like to correspond with boys or girls 14 to 16 years old. She likes swimming, camping, writing letters, and pop music.

**Nancy Delcellier**, 14, of Adastral Park, Clinton, Ont., would like to write to any Venturers or Rovers in Canada, but especially in the Ottawa district. She enjoys writing letters, likes swimming, and digs pop music.

**Karen Sivell**, 14, of 1793 Chilver Road, Windsor 20, Ont., would like to write to a boy. Her interests are swimming, roller skating, pop music, and boys. She'd like your picture, too.

**Gus Arrigo**, 14, of 9 Morewood Crescent, Willowdale, Ont., would like a penpal, boy or girl, from outside Ontario. His interests are chemistry, hockey, football, baseball, canoeing, camping, stamps, girls, chess, hit pop music, model building, playing drums, and reading humor and mystery books.

**Tom Burns**, 14, of 49 Gondola Crescent, Scarborough, Ont., would like to trade Cub, Scout and Rover district badges and camp crests, with anybody, anywhere.

**Eric Evans**, 14, of Box 212, Gravenhurst, Ont., wants a p.p. outside of Ontario. He likes water and snow skiing, and is interested in small control line and free flight planes, car models, and girls.

**Danny Skleryk**, 14, of 19 Hamptonbrook Drive, Weston 626, Ont., would like a penpal anywhere. He's interested in the sciences, especially astronomy, and likes cars, playing golf, collecting decals, following NASA space shots, writing letters and stories, reading, sports, and girls.

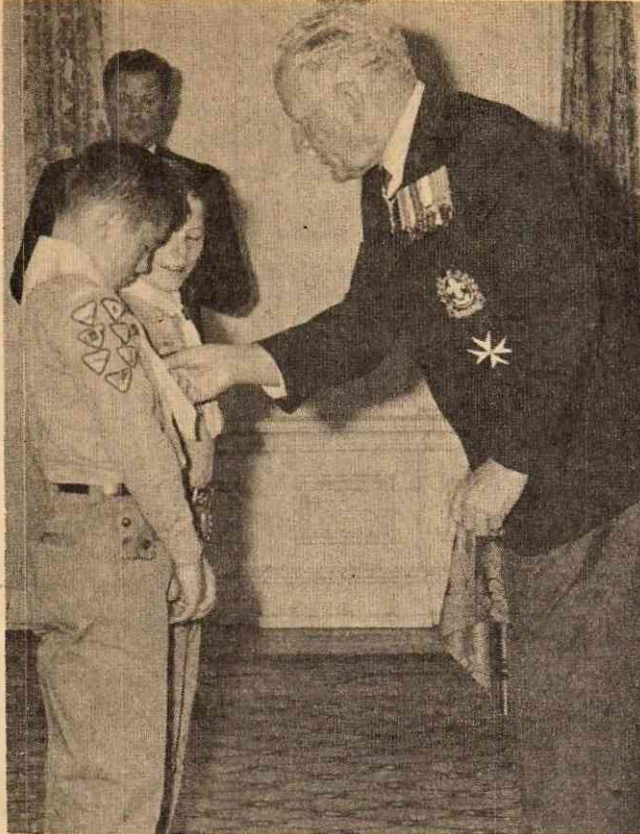
**Laurie Parker**, 13, of 16 Victoria Avenue, Kapuskasing, Ont., would like a boy penpal anywhere. She likes swimming, and skating, and enjoys hockey, baseball, and other sports. Please enclose picture.

**Terry Connors**, 13, of 15 Ash, No. 12 C, Kapuskasing, Ont., would like a boy penpal from anyplace. She's interested in swimming, reading, and sports. Please enclose picture.

**Stephen Ferguson**, 13, of 101 Colborne Street South, Simcoe, Ont., wants a p.p. from anywhere. His hobbies are music and bowling.

**W.R. Gold**, long-time Montreal Scouter, National Penpal Secretary, and works out of National Headquarters and would be happy to have the names of Canadian Scouts who wish to correspond with Scouts in other countries. If you want a foreign Scout penpal (or Cub or Venturer) send your name and address, troop or pack number, school grade, Scout grade, hobbies, language's spoken, and religious affiliation, together with the name of the country with which you would like to correspond. Mr. Gold's address is: Mr. W.R. Gold, National Penpal Secretary, Boy Scouts of Canada, Box 5151, Station F, Ottawa 5, Ontario.

# Valour Award



On a cold February day, three young boys were playing on the frozen Tulameen River at Princeton, B.C., when nine-year-old Melvin Heglan slid and fell into a hole in the ice near mid-river. His companions, 10-year-old Donald Nyman and nine-year-old Michael Bailie, took immediate action, stretched themselves out on the ice head to toe, and pulled Melvin out of the water. The current under the ice was so swift it had removed his boots. For their presence of mind and gallant action, Cub Donald Nyman and Cub Michael Bailie, both of Princeton Hi Tillicum "A" Pack, were awarded the Gilt Cross by Governor General Michener, Chief Scout for Canada.

## Books

*Island Boy* by Margaret Mackay (Clarke, Irwin, \$3.00) relates the events of an unforgettable year. It was 1891 and ten-year-old Austin Strong had gone to live with Robert Louis Stevenson, at the famous author's island home in the South Seas. Austin was Stevenson's step-grandson. Readers of all ages can enjoy this colorful little book.

*Boys Are Boys* is a collection of stories from around the world, selected by Albert B. Tibbets (Little, Brown, \$5.95). They're exciting stories, worth reading for the fun of it. The book is also intended to bring people closer together, in mutual understanding. The boys in these stories hold high ambitions for their own futures, but they think of others, too, as they work toward their goals.

*Black Fairy Tales* by Terry Berger (McClelland, Stewart, \$5.95) is a collection of ten stories, retold from earlier, traditional versions gathered by travellers among these people long ago. The stories are truly African, and they give us not only

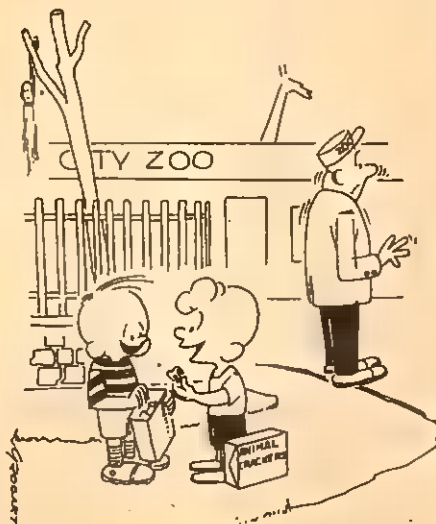
what was important to these people but a good look at how they lived.

*Pistol* by Adrienne Richard (Little, Brown, \$5.95) is a first novel in which the author portrays a maturing boy in a dying land, how he and his family are affected by the disaster around them, and how in the end he affects his own course. It is

fiction, but the description of ranch life is accurate in all details. And for excitement you have a prairie fire, a cattle-drive through a blizzard, the breaking of a wild pony, and more.

David Walker has come up with another one you'll like. It's *Pirate Rock* (Collins, \$3.75) and the setting is Canada's Bay of Fundy. This book makes at least a dozen novels Mr. Walker has produced during the past 20 years. He's been living in Canada since 1948, and he has applied his fast-moving adventure style to a colorful Canadian locale for excitement. He's a master of suspense and humor. This novel shows you two boys feeling their way with some doubt into a new adult world.

*The Lighthouse on the Lobster Cliffs* by James Kruss (McClelland, Stewart, \$4.75) has been translated from the original German by Edelgard von Heydekampf Bruhl. You'll find a wide variety of tales here, demonstrating the author's remarkable gift for story invention. The book is presented as a storytelling session in a lighthouse on a rock in the North Sea. And there's a poltergeist around, just to make sure you don't get bored!

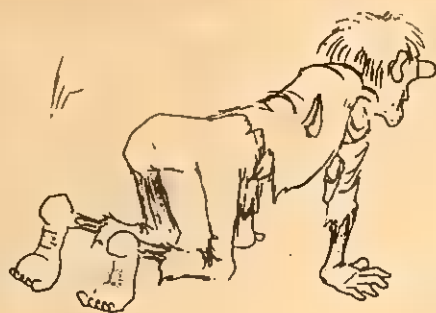


"The elephants taste just the same as the monkeys!"

Once I was eating in a restaurant when I saw a lady picking up spaghetti with her fingers. I was so surprised that I dropped my whole handful of mashed potatoes!

Joe: Did you hear about the guy who broke his neck? He was raking leaves.  
 Moe: No, how did he do it?  
 Joe: He fell out of the tree!

*Beth Haliburton, Deep River, Ont.*



**KEEP OFF THE SAND**

*Ted Robins*

Slip: I always drink lots of milk because my doctor says it's a great bone builder.  
 Shod: Looks to me as though your drinks are going to your head!

*David Capson, Saint John, N.B.*

Q: What kicks but does not have any legs?

A: A rifle.

*Trevor Paget, Kingston, Ont.*

Frank: Hi! Did I return your lawn mower yet?

Ben: No, you didn't.

Frank: Now what'll I do— I want to borrow it again!

*Grant Groves, Moncton, N.B.*

Q: What is the most dangerous time of year?

A: When the buds are shooting and the bullrushes out.

*Curt Kazakoff, Kamsack, Sask.*

Wayne: What has two humps, is brown, can go a long time without water, and is found in Alaska?

Brian: I don't know. What?

Wayne: A lost camel.

*Gary Timmons, Chateaugay, Que.*

Dumb: I've added these figures ten times.

Teacher: Good boy!

Dumb: And here are my ten answers.

*John Wallace, Brampton, Ont.*

Q: What do you do when a stamp is bad?

A: You lick it.

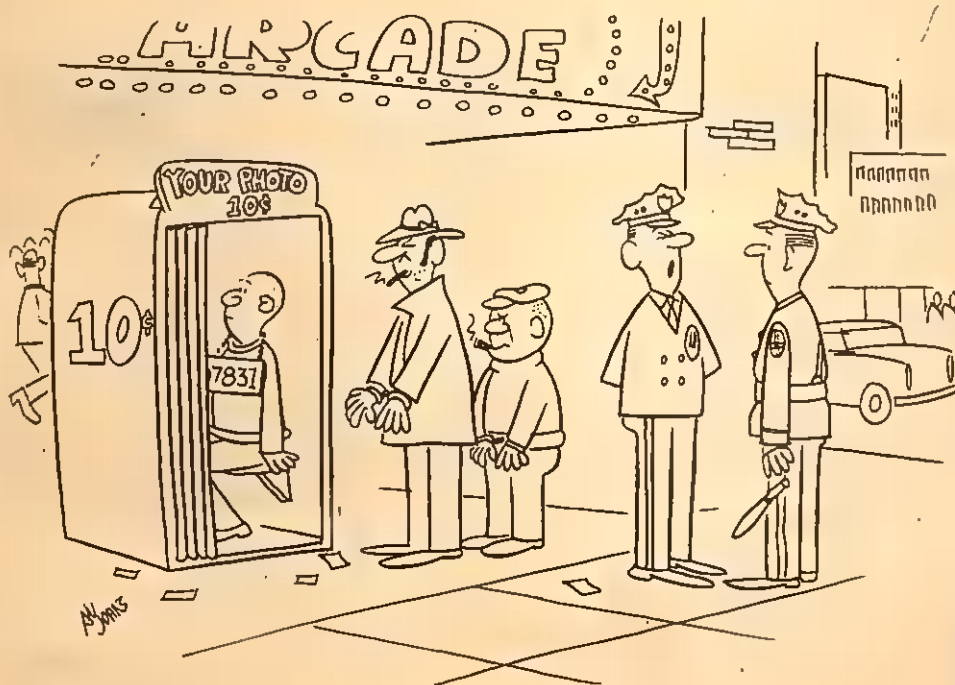
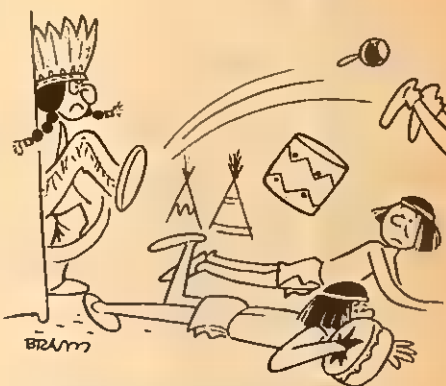
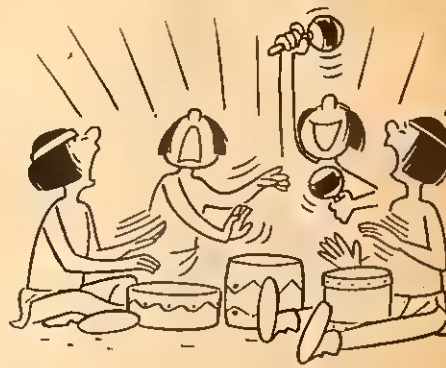
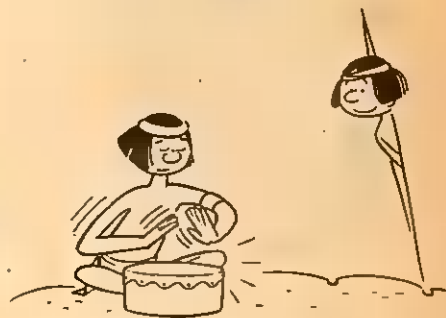
*Robbie Arnott, Saint John, N.B.*

Joe: Gee, are my feet ever cold!

Mike: Why don't you put them inside your sleeping bag?

Joe: You must be kidding! You think I want those cold things in here with me?

*Vernon Zimmerman, Sherston, Ont.*



*"The camera broke down at headquarters."*

**The End**



To the gift wrappers, the party givers,  
the party goes and, of course, Santa Claus —  
seasons greetings and real refreshment.

**It's the real thing. Coke.**   
Trade Mark Reg