

CANADIAN BOY

MAR
APR
1966

THE BOY SCOUT MAGAZINE FOR ALL BOYS



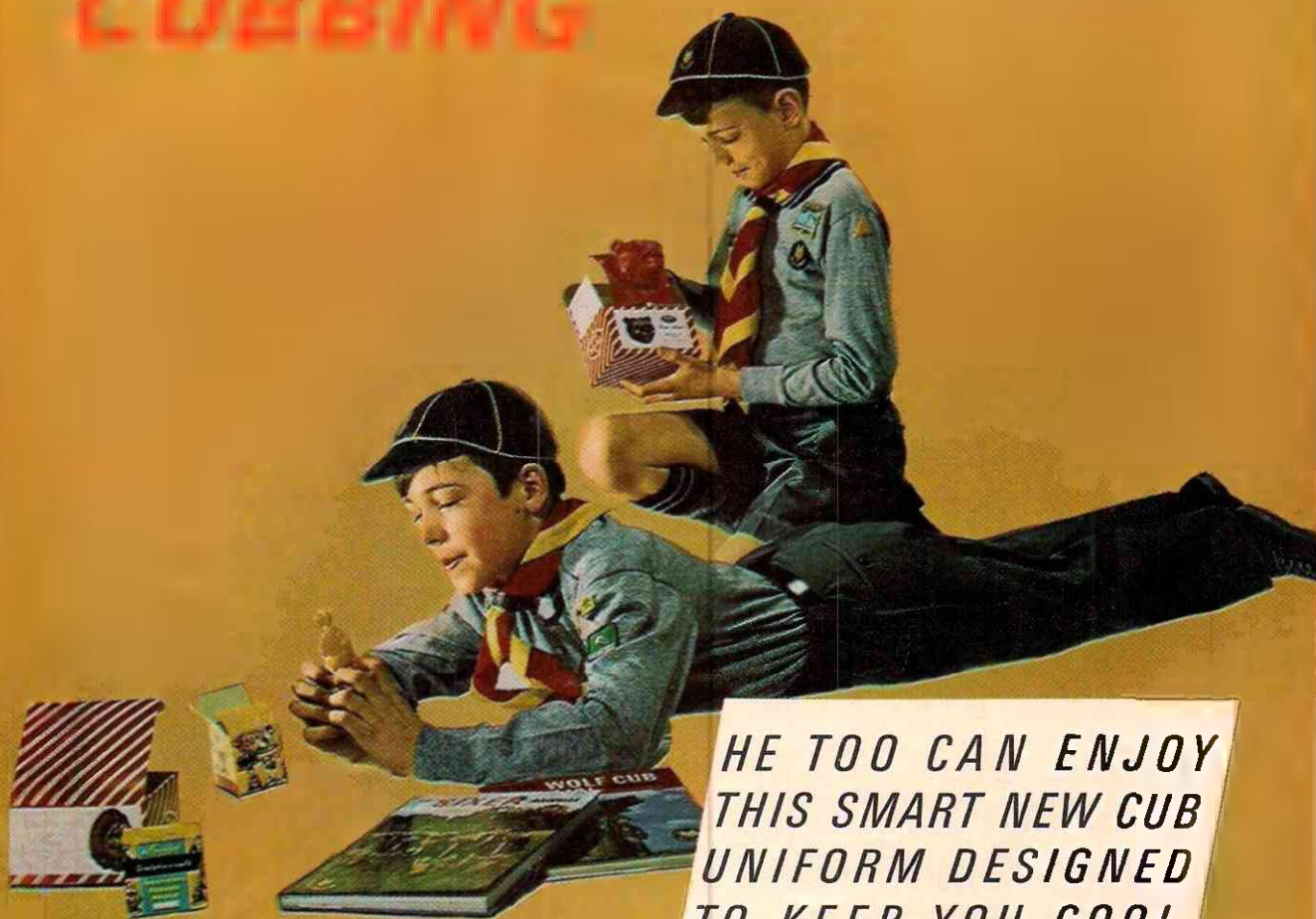
VOLUME 3 / NUMBER 2 / TWENTY-FIVE CENTS



**Special Issue:
Wild Animals
Wild and Tame**

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JAN EDMAN
EAB FALLS ONT

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Contest Time Again!

For quite a while now, we've been getting suggestions from a lot of you that we run some kind of popularity contest in Canadian Boy, to give you a chance to tell us which are your favorite parts of CB. We thought this one over for a while, but it wasn't until Lester offered to take care of totalling up the results that we finally said okay. So here's your big chance.

On this page you'll see a form giving full details on the contest. You can tell us what you like best (and least) in CB, why you like it, and what you'd most like to see in future issues. As well as giving you a chance to speak out, it'll help us know what we can do to make CB a better magazine for you. Because after all, it is your magazine, not ours. As a bonus, when the contest closes April 30, we'll draw five entries and send the lucky winners some camping equipment. You could be a winner, so get that entry in!

Speaking of letters of criticism, most of the ones we get are very constructive and helpful, even when they don't agree with everything we publish. And some writers really speak their minds, and say they don't like a lot of things in CB (like Terry Hills in the Jan.-Feb. letters column). This kind of letter

is okay with us, as we said before, because it helps us improve the magazine.

But we also get a few letters we don't publish. These letters usually find plenty wrong with CB (some of them don't like anything), but that's not the reason we don't put them in the letters column. The thing that these letters have in common is that the writers always sign with a fictitious name, or "anonymous". These writers seem to feel they shouldn't identify themselves (maybe they're ashamed to), but that we should print their letters. They usually say somewhere in the letter "print this if you have the guts". There's only one answer for this—we'll print the letters when they have the guts to sign them.

Anyhow, all we're saying is that you should feel free to say what you want about your magazine, in the popularity contest or any other time. But if you want us to print your letter (something we can't do in every case because of limited space and too many letters) sign your name and address to it. We'll do our best. And even if it doesn't appear in the letters column, you can depend on it that we'll have read it and we'll take your opinion into consideration when producing future issues.



COMPLIMENTS

Dear Lester:

I left the Scout movement this year, but I am still an avid reader of CB. I read most of your stories, although some are a little young for my set. I like your book reviews, model building, photohints and jokes. I think hi-fi and ham operation sections could prove to be interesting additions, but all in all, it is a fine, well put together boys' magazine.

*Glen McLeod,
Hawkesbury, Ont.*

Dear Lester:

I would like to mention how much I enjoy Canadian Boy. I have used it in countless ways for Cub and Scout meetings, and it is an invaluable tool in some of the writings I undertake on Scouting in our Wing magazine.

*R. Reeves, ASM,
RCAF Marville, France.*

Dear Lester:

Your sections on how to make things are very good, because I take them to our industrial arts teacher, and we make most of the things in our shop.

Scott Pickles, Sydney, N.S.

Continued on page 5

CANADIAN BOY ★ ★ ★ popularity contest!!!

My favorite CB feature is

My second choice

My third choice

The best single story or article CB has had is

The feature I'd most like to see in CB is

The feature CB could best do without is

My second choice

My third choice

NAME

AGE

ADDRESS

Send to: Popularity Contest,
Canadian Boy, P.O. Box 3520,
Station C, Ottawa 3, Ontario.

CONTEST CLOSING
MIDNIGHT, APRIL 30, 1966

CANADIAN BOY

THE BOY SCOUT MAGAZINE FOR ALL BOYS MAR. - APR., 1966, VOL. 3, NO. 2

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Next month, we'll have our spring special, featuring an Andy O'Brien story on why baseball is the best sport of all. Other headlines will be a different fiction adventure story, features on Scouting, outdoor sports, and a special section on fishing, from baiting the hook to the frying pan. We'll be seeing you about the middle of next month, so don't go away.

Norman Brown
EDITOR

Margaret Large
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

Jack Young
ADVERTISING MANAGER

Mary McWilliams
SUBSCRIPTION SUPERVISOR

CANADIAN BOY Editorial Advisory Committee: Royd Beamish, Blair Fraser, Robert McKeown, Peter Newman, James Tidman.

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MEMBER OF
CANADIAN
CIRCULATIONS
AUDIT BOARD
INC.

LETTERS

Continued from page 3

THE DEFENDERS

Dear Lester:

I wish to say that Terry Hills, the creep who wrote the nasty letter, is nuts. The heck to what he says, your magazine is great. I've got 25 more kids on my side if he wants to argue.

Shaun Hamilton-Smith, Toronto, Ont.

Once again, our defenders rise to the rescue. In addition to Shaun's letter, we had a lot more readers write in with challenges to Terry Hills (Jan.-Feb. letters). We appreciate the support, but we're against violence.—LS.

PUZZLES

Dear Lester:

Come on, take off the lid will ya, let a few harder cross-words out.

Ric Gray, Lancaster Park, Alta.

Try the ones on page 33. Heh, heh.—LS.

Dear Lester:

I wish you would advertise your magazine a bit more. Most of the kids I know have never heard of Canadian Boy unless they receive it from Scouts. How come you aren't selling it on the newsstand?

Stewart Carter, Montreal, Que.

That's a long story, Stewart, but the facts are that it would cost us a lot of money to sell CB this way. However, we hope to make it available to everybody in the future.—LS.

MODEL FANS

Dear Lester:

I don't see why your model column can't have articles on airplanes.

Donald Kennedy, Deep River, Ont.

Dear Lester:

If you have any ideas on model boat building, I wish you would publish them.

Kenneth Riddell, Ottawa, Ont.

Ken Browning tells us there'll be lots of variety in future models columns.—LS.

Dear Lester:

I've always thought CB is a fantastic magazine for boys, but now I've hit a snag. Sometimes I see articles that I'd just love to do, but for a boy living in a duplex, it's just impossible. So please come up with something that we can do that'll be pleasing, and will fit an 11-year-old's pocket-book.

Andrei Grushman, Ottawa, Ont.

Take heart, Andrei! I'll dig up something for '66 that's cheap, and easy enough to make that even I could do it.—LS.

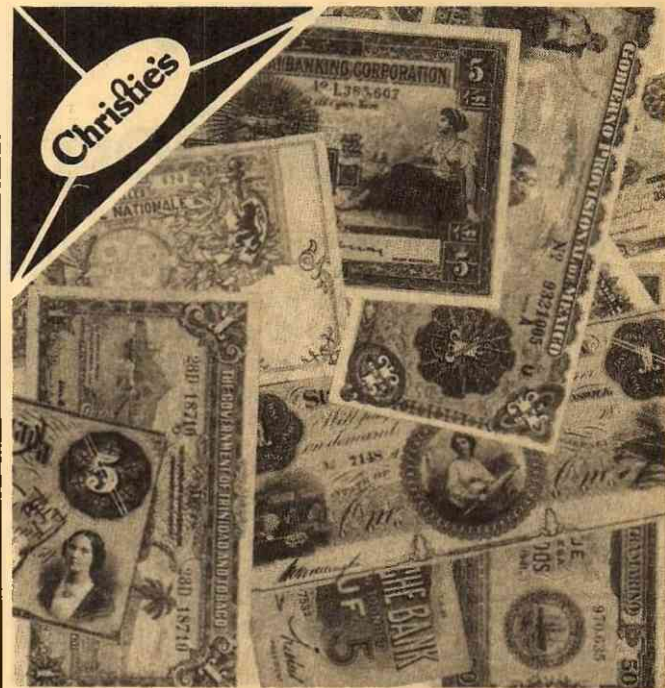
Dear Lester:

What happened to your old character? This new fink is crowding him out. Maybe Lester does need a job, but couldn't you keep the old character for a special job or special occasions?

Dell Bornawsky, Kinuto, Alta.

On behalf of myself, I resent being called a fink! No-good, thimblebrain, dumbell, maybe! Fink, never! To answer your question, my old friend and former CB character A. Nonymous is still hanging around here, and you'll see him from time to time.—Grrrr! LS.

MARCH-APRIL



FREE CHRISTIE'S Millionaire Money

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Here's How to Pick Your Dog

A boy and his dog go together as harmoniously as bread and butter, hamburg and buns or mustard and hot dogs. Nine times out of ten, you can pair up any type of boy with any breed of pup and they will grow up to love each other. But there is always the chance, if the pup is not carefully chosen, that he may not get on quite as well with everyone else; or he may grow to such a size that he has to be disposed of, to the heartbreak of his young owner.

So it's wise to give the matter considerable thought, if you have been lucky enough to persuade your parents to let you have a dog. Do you know that you have over sixty different varieties to choose from? According to Canadian Kennel Club standards, these have been sub-divided into the following groups:—

- | | |
|-----------|---------------------|
| Group I | — Sporting Dogs |
| Group II | — Hounds |
| Group III | — Working Dogs |
| Group IV | — Terriers |
| Group V | — Toys |
| Group VI | — Non-Sporting Dogs |



The sixty-odd varieties mentioned have been classified and reclassified through the years into a grand total of one hundred and twenty-five distinct breeds, each with its own particular characteristics, size and special qualities, to say nothing of its own particular likes and dislikes, and its adaptation to a special sort of life for which it is best suited, and in which it is happiest. This brings up a good point—avoid a tendency to be selfish when choosing your pup. Put the welfare of the animal ahead of your particular preference. Not only will you then end up with a perfect companion for yourself, but your family and friends will love both of you, instead of muttering among themselves, "I wish that boy and his dog were somewhere else!" Or, worse still, complaining to the police or the Humane Society.



YOU AND YOUR DOG

Let's take each group and see how a dog from that particular selection would fit in with your surroundings:—
GROUP I—SPORTING DOGS. If you live in the Prairies or in any hunting area of the other provinces, and like a day's sport, choose from this group for here are the dogs which will provide your perfect companion. Your choice ranges all the way from the tremendously popular Cocker Spaniel, through the Setters, Retrievers and Pointers, to a rare breed known as the Vizsla. If you want to own a really new breed, choose the Vizsla, or a Pudelpointer, which is—as the name implies—an offshoot of a Poodle-Pointer cross. And don't forget the increasingly popular Weimaraners.

To go back to the Spaniels for a minute; as we all know, the Cocker has been bred as a family dog and household pet for some years now and seems to adapt himself pretty well to almost anything. If you want a really sporting dog, however, it might be well to think instead of a Springer, Clumber, Brittany or Field Spaniel. English Cockers have more stamina and are higher in the leg than the American variety, and are, therefore, more capable of field work.

There are also the Water Spaniels. But, if you want a combined house-dog and outdoors companion, just bear in mind that their oily, waterproof coats can, at times, make them pretty objectionable in the house to sensitive noses.
GROUP II—HOUNDS—Lovable fellows, but, by nature, inclined to be noisy, "giving tongue" in a way which may be music to a hunter, but "a pesky nuisance" to sleepless neighbors.

Basenjis are included in the Hound Group. These are the "barkless" dogs, said to be one of the oldest breeds in the world, as depicted in the paintings in the Tombs of the Pharaohs. But don't let that "barkless" bit fool you—Basenjis are not mute. When excited, they scream!

Salukis and Afghan Hounds are also ancient breeds, but they need a tremendous amount of exercise, as do Borzois and the giant Scotch Deerhounds and Irish Wolfhounds. If you take any of these breeds out with you when you are going for a ride on *Continued on page 30*

Here's How to Care for Him

Most registered, purebred pups will have been inoculated against distemper and tetanus, as well as rabies, by the breeder. It should not be necessary to have your pup examined by a veterinarian, but, if you are in any doubt, by all means take it for granted that the breeder will not object to such an examination before closing the deal.

It is not necessary to have a purebred pup, of course. Many mongrels have proved intelligent, faithful companions. However, you should never pay attention to people who try to tell you that *only* mongrels are intelligent—this is so much eye-wash. Avoid shyness in any pup you are considering, whether purebred or not. It is a very bad trait and indicates trouble in the future. Shy pups very often grow into untrustworthy dogs, which can even be the means of getting you involved in lawsuits and court costs. If such a dog gets into trouble, ten chances to one

it will have to be destroyed, and this can mean real heart-break.

Choose a pup who comes to greet you, tail wagging. His eye should be alert and bright, with no sign of weakness, weepiness or dullness. His skin should be loose and his coat glossy. A bit of mischief may cause some annoyance at the start, but it usually denotes a good-natured mature dog.

You may be able to pick up a good mongrel pup from a neighbor, but do make sure you know the parents. This will give you a key to both the pup's disposition and its size. It is unlikely that you will have to pay anything above \$10. The Humane Society charges something like \$6.50 and usually is *able* to provide a good choice.

It goes without saying that the expense of a pup does not end with its purchase. This is just the start of it. It



must have a comfortable place of its own in which to sleep, and this should be just as much its bed, as yours is yours. Breeders are quick to point out that all dogs like to have little houses of their own, feeling safe and secure in them, even if left alone in the home for several hours at a time.

Training is important and should be started in the right way the minute your pup enters his new home. Shredded newspaper in a shallow box is an excellent start. Easily disposed of, it should be disposed of at once whenever used, and new paper added. Shavings are good too. If the puppy makes a mistake anywhere else, he should be taken to the scene of his crime *at once*, his nose held over the excretion with one hand, while, with your other hand you give him a few mild slaps and say—in a very stern voice—"BAD DOG!" Then take him *immediately* to his box of paper, sit him down in it and, patting him kindly, say in a soft voice, "GOOD DOG!" Treated in this way, his cleanliness is guaranteed. Before long, he will be a model dog.

Obedience Training Classes for dogs are a feature in most large centres, and well worth the cost of a course of lessons for you and your dog. Failing that, you *must* teach your dog obedience, for his own safety.

The breeder will probably give you a suitable diet sheet and most dogs today have their own particular favourite brand of a dozen different dog foods. His dishes should be kept scrupulously clean and *fresh water must be kept in front of your puppy at all times*. Renew it at least twice a

YOU AND YOUR DOG (OVER)

day. Puppies usually need four meals at first, gradually reducing them until, at maturity, your dog is eating only one meal a day, except for a "snack" of biscuit or milk bone either night or morning — perhaps both. His food should not be sloppy and if he is properly rationed, he should be healthy and happy, with no superfluous fat on him.

Continued on page 33

Here's How to Train Him

There are 30 million dogs on the North American continent. About 95% of these dogs are free loaders, albeit affectionate fleabags, but useless mutts who learn nothing useful because no one sees to it that they do. The wag of the tail entitles them to free room and board, medicare, unemployment compensation and eventually old age security, plus your easy chair. Yet a good working dog would rather work than eat once he has been trained to work.

There is a wide difference between dog lovers and dog trainers. A trainer accomplishes two things: loves his dog and has a well-behaved companion. Lovers of dogs can accomplish only one thing. Affection alone produces spoiled brats and unmanageable dogs — discipline can be an act of love. Discipline does not mean pounding your dog, since this only proves that you are bigger and stronger than he is. Discipline is the whole training technique applied to your dog.

First of all you must ask yourself, do I possess sufficient patience and time to do the job? If the answer is "yes", as it was in my case, then we have a good start, for the basic fundamentals of field training take about twenty minutes a day for a full year. You must be prepared to work with your dog at least a few minutes every day. He can benefit best from this daily attention.

Just a word about dog psychology. Studies conducted on dogs selected for training as seeing-eye dogs proved conclusively that a puppy that is 49 days old has reached full mental development and can start to be trained in simple obedience.

Communication between you and your dog is the next important thing. Remember, keep it simple. A dog, unlike a human, cannot reason. You can teach a child that two and two equal four and then ask him how many apples he has if he has two apples in one hand and two in the other. His think-tank will come up with four. A dog can't do this and this you must remember. A dog relies upon his memory and experience. So, if you have a dog blessed with a good memory you have a smart dog that will be easy to train.

There are about five basic commands that all dogs must learn. These are: NO, SIT, STAY, COME and HEEL. Don't fill his head with a lot of cute parlour tricks. Rolling over and playing dead is what the duck is supposed to do, not your dog.

NO: means just that and is to be one of the most important words in your vocabulary. No formal lesson will be needed but there can be no compromise. Whenever the dog does a wrong thing use whatever physical force is necessary and at the same time say NO! Say it firmly,

shout it if necessary but leave no area of misunderstanding and he will quickly learn this command. It will make him into a decent citizen and may even save his life if he should venture near the bull's pen or come on a porcupine or rattlesnake.

SIT: To teach this command simply hold him by the collar or scruff and push his rear down with the other hand. As you do this say SIT! in a firm tone. Hold him in the sitting position a few seconds then release, praise and pet him. Repeat this until he associates the command with the action. After a while the command alone will receive instant obedience.

STAY: When he has learned to sit hold him there with an upraised hand similar to a policeman stopping traffic. Repeat the word STAY! and slowly move back a few paces. Then with the STAY hand slap your leg



and say COME. The dog will bound in for his reward. It's hard for people to realize that the greatest reward the dog receives is your pleasure. Don't bribe him with things to eat. His greatest desire is to please you and as the dog gets older the job well done will be sufficient unto itself.

If the dog leaves SIT before you give the command to COME, tell him NO and take him back to the place where he was told to sit. Start him over again and he will soon get the picture. If you want him steady don't always reward him with COME. Occasionally walk back to the place where he is sitting and make a fuss over him there so that he will not anticipate COME and be aware that he is being rewarded for staying in one place and will not always be required to leave it.

HEEL: You will not want him leading the parade and bounding all over the countryside scaring all the game and skunks within a radius of half a mile. Attach a short leash to his collar. Get him on the side you wish him to walk on and do not vary it. Pat your leg and say "HEEL" and step off briskly. If he lags behind or forges ahead, pull back on the leash and repeat HEEL. When he has learned to carry his head about level with your knee, praise him to show him what you want. When he is performing satisfactorily on the leash slip it off and see how he will behave without it. Keep saying HEEL and stop walking until he comes in by your legs. Sometimes a stick placed just in front of his

Continued on page 33

YOU AND YOUR DOG

A Falcon Finds a Friend



BY MRS. D. BURRELL

A very strange friendship sprang up between a small wounded sparrow hawk, or falcon, and young Philip Thompson of Sundre, Alta. When Philip found the young bird with a disabled wing he carried it home to safety, feeding and caring for it constantly. The little hawk seemed to sense his need for a friend at such a time, and in less than a week was riding around on Philip's shoulder wherever he went. It ate well from the very start, bugs, worms, mice—anything the hard pressed Philip could find, until at last he had to resort to supplementary feedings of canned pet food which the little hawk ate with great relish. Strangest of all, it often shared its meals with the family kittens, the full grown cats, the dog, or whoever happened to feel hungry at feeding time. None of them seemed to mind in the least, and none made a move to attack the other. In fact the hawk often perched on a cat or dog's back, and scolded shrilly if a

quick move jiggled him too much.

At no time did Philip restrain his bird in a cage. So no one was surprised when after two weeks' recuperation the little falcon went back to the woods. However, after two days' time it returned to Philip, thin, hungry and dishevelled, and seemingly settled in to stay indefinitely, for his wing was still droopy and undependable. Perhaps he knew a good thing when he found it, and liked his regular feeding schedule.

The hawk sat on the outside porch rail at night; and because it was summer, Philip often slept out on the porch too. On such nights nothing would suffice but that the little hawk be allowed to crawl right under the covers with Philip; and there morning and mother would find these two strange bed-fellows, perfectly snug and happy.

Came fall, the little falcon returned from his woodland flights less and less frequently, and finally ceased to come at all, presumably having taken wing to some warmer clime for the approaching winter. ❀

The Real Genius

BY ESTELLE SAEATA

Malcolm, the mighty thinker, solves a problem, starts a fad, and becomes a hero, all at once.





My friend Malcolm isn't exactly a musical genius or anything like that. Maybe he does practise the piano for an hour every day and plays better than all the rest of Miss Tipmarsh's pupils put together, but that doesn't make him a genius. Like Malcolm says himself, he only practises because Miss Tipmarsh cracks his knuckles so hard when he plays badly, he can't hold a fishing pole for a week.

I guess Malcolm is a genius in one way because whenever he makes up his mind to do something, there is no stopping him. Once he invented a Garbage Bringer-Inner to take the garbage pails out on Friday nights while he sat on the back steps and worked the pulleys. The only trouble was it worked pretty good on bringing in the empty pails, but the Bringer-Outer part of the operation was a big flop. The ropes just weren't strong enough to haul all that garbage out to the road without having it spill 'all over the driveway. So Malcolm abandoned the whole thing because as he said, what good is a Bringer-Inner without a Bringer-Outer to go with it?

Whenever Malcolm isn't busy inventing or practising the piano, he is usually wading in the creek in his bare feet trying to catch minnows
(continued on next page)

in his sister's hairnet. But Malcolm's genius hit its greatest heights the time that the world famous Polish pianist Potosky, came to our town to perform in a concert at the town hall. Malcolm and I had gone down to the railway station. Malcolm wanted to see what a real genius looked like in person.

A hush had fallen over the crowd as the train pulled into the station. Malcolm and I pressed forward eagerly to catch a glimpse of the tall white haired man in the black suit who climbed down from the train onto the platform.

The mayor stepped forward, cleared his throat, and made a formal speech welcoming Potosky to Rocky Creek.

"Thank you," cried the great man, kissing the mayor on both cheeks.

"Wow, look at that," Malcolm whistled between his teeth. "He sure does act like a genius all right."

Potosky set his briefcase and two suitcases down on the platform and began to fan himself with the fringed ends of a purple woolen muffler he wore in spite of the August morning heat. On his hands he wore gray kid gloves and he kept stroking his pointed white beard.

Malcolm went streaking across the platform and stopped in front of Potosky, ignoring the look of dismay on Miss Tipmarsh's face and the mayor's frantic signals for Malcolm to move back.

"Carry your suitcase?" Malcolm asked.

Then, without waiting for an answer, he picked up the bags and started half dragging and half carrying them across the platform. Potosky looked at Malcolm reflectively. Then he stroked his beard, shrugged his shoulders, and fell into step behind him.

The luggage looked so heavy that I guess Malcolm was wishing he had invented some sort of a suitcase-taker-inner. I took pity on him because he stands about a foot shorter than I do, and doesn't weigh more than a bag of wet marshmallows. I picked up the heaviest suitcase. We carried the bags across the street to the hotel, Malcolm giving me a grateful smile.

That afternoon, Miss Tipmarsh's pupils had to be over at her house at two o'clock sharp. She had arranged for Potosky to hear each of us play the piano. I guess she wanted to find

out if there were any budding geniuses amongst us.

So at two o'clock, Malcolm and I were sitting in the piano teacher's pinneat parlour dressed in our best suits. Malcolm fidgeted uncomfortably, wrestling with his tie and tight collar.

Potosky, on the piano bench, looked at the keyboard distastefully. He ran his fingers over the keys.

"The keys, they stick, Madame Tipmarsh," he exclaimed, his eyes despairing.

"Oh, maestro," wailed Miss Tipmarsh, wringing her hands together. "It must be the humidity. They always stick when it gets too hot outside."

He was still wearing his purple scarf and the gray kid gloves.

"May we have our first pupil, Madame?" Potosky asked, bowing graciously. "I have to have my afternoon sleep before a performance. We must hurry, hurry, hurry."

Miss Tipmarsh inclined her head at Nancy Norwood, and Nancy, decked out in a bright pink organdy dress, pranced over to the piano and sat down on the bench.

The muscles on Potosky's face relaxed when she began to plink out the notes. Then a spasm passed over his face and he seemed to be in pain. Nancy started off playing the Minuet in G but by the time she had finished, she was in A Minor.

Potosky clasped his gloved hand to his forehead and waved one of Miss Tipmarsh's knitting needles at the air.

"Please, please, please," he pleaded. "That will be all."

Nancy, looking pleased, stood up and curtsied, then walked back to her straight backed chair and sat down.

I stumbled through Butterflies and The Volga Boatman while Potosky stared fixedly out of the window. Then Miss Tipmarsh was nodding at Malcolm.

"Malcolm," she urged, and her eyes seemed to be saying, 'Don't you let me down too.'

Malcolm plodded to the bench and sat down. He cleared his throat nervously and grabbed at his collar. The maestro tweaked his white beard and motioned Malcolm to begin. Malcolm played through his pieces without making a mistake.

When he had finished, Potosky threw his arms out wide and beamed down at Malcolm.

"Bravo!" he cried. "This boy has the touch. I knew it the moment he

picked up my luggage."

Miss Tipmarsh flushed with pleasure, but Malcolm rolled his eyes and I knew what he was thinking. This could only mean one thing. More practising and less fishing.

Potosky handed Malcolm his bulging briefcase.

"You may carry this to the hotel for me," he said, examining his gloved hands. "I cannot strain my fingers before a performance."

Outside in the sunlight, Potosky took long loping strides, his thumbs hooked to the inside of his old fashioned waistcoat. Malcolm hurried along behind him trying to keep in step. When we reached the hotel, Malcolm carried his briefcase up to the room where Potosky left us at his door.

"My dear boy," he declared dramatically, looking down at Malcolm. "You have the touch. I shall reward you. Be here at seven to-night. You may have the honor of carrying my briefcase to the performance."

Sharp on the dot of seven, we were rapping on the door of room four. Potosky answered.

"Right on time," he shouted, as if we were about forty feet away and had our ears plugged with cotton.

He was dressed in a black suit with tails. The purple muffler was wrapped around his throat, and he still wore gray kid gloves. He seized Malcolm's naked hands and examined them closely. There was an expression of horror on his face.

"You must protect your hands," he exclaimed. "You have the touch. You must keep them from catching a cold."

"But it's a hot night," Malcolm protested.

Potosky ignored him. He rifled through a suitcase on the bed and found another pair of gray kid gloves and Malcolm put them on. They were a little too big, but Potosky assured him he would soon grow into them. I wondered what his friends would say when they saw Malcolm wearing those fancy gray kid gloves in the middle of August.

"They are a gift," Potosky said. "I have a suitcase full of them."

Malcolm picked up his briefcase and we started down the carpeted one flight of stairs to the lobby. Everyone turned to stare at us and to nod a greeting to the famous man.

We walked across the street to the

Continued on page 25



dinosaur lore

by Marie Whitehead

STUMPING ALONG on pillar-like hind legs and towering over fifteen feet into the air, Allosaurus, the meanest of the cannibal dinosaurs, was on the prowl for his dinner. As he especially liked dinosaur steak he headed for the humid swamplands where lived cumbersome Brontosaurus (thunder lizard) who was so huge the earth shook when he walked. It was impossible for Allosaurus to maneuver his eight-ton hulk close enough for a sneak attack without being detected by his chosen victim. When 65 foot Brontosaurus, spied the fearsome dinosaur dictator coming, he lumbered for the lake at his top speed. Although he was more than three times his attacker's size and had a huge whiplash tail with which to defend himself, he was no match for the sharp-clawed monster with the dagger-like teeth. Fortunately for Brontosaurus, he was close to the lake, for he was a slower runner than his land-dwelling enemy. Unhesitatingly he waded into the water until it completely covered him except for the nostrils atop his head. The thwarted Allosaurus wasted no time in crying over his lost dinner: there were other free meals roaming about the swamplands.

A flying reptile with a 20 foot wingspread soared by overhead and a tiny, shrew-like mammal scurried across his path. Suddenly, Ornitholestes (bird robber) appeared at the edge of the forest but Allosaurus wasn't overly eager to tangle with this dinosaur's sharp teeth and long curved claws.

A little farther on he came across peaceful, plant-eating Stegosaurus but paid no attention to him either. The body of this 30 foot-high-armed dinosaur was enclosed in bony plates; a regular reptilian tank. He had a double row of large plates parading down his back and his spiked war-club tail packed a mighty whallop.

Rounding a clump of fern trees, Allosaurus finally found the ideal meal—another land-and-water dinosaur.

Bulky Brachiosaurus had decided to have tree leaves for his dinner. His long front legs and extra long neck enabled him, while standing on all fours in the shallows, to eat leaves from the overhanging top of a forty foot tree. Engrossed on his meal, he didn't notice Allosaurus until it was too late. It was an earth-shaking, water-lashing, battle royal — but it didn't last long. Although Brachiosaurus was 75 feet long and only a small amount of this bulk was tail, he was a poor fighter — his ponderous body was unwieldy and slow moving; he had no claws and only a few small peg teeth.

This food hunt could have taken place millions of years ago in what is now Wyoming during the middle period of the Mesozoic era (Age of Reptiles). At the end of this period (except in the southern United States) the huge plant-eating, land-and-water dinosaurs died out, but another branch of plant-eaters that had been developing more slowly began to come into their own. They reached their peak during the last period of the Mesozoic era. Let's go to prehistoric Alberta to take a look at these fantastic creatures. The meat-eaters were still around and one that roamed the Alberta area was 34 foot Albertosaurus. He, like Allosaurus, enjoyed feasting on his brother dinosaurs but had just passed up Anchiceratops as a bad bet. He knew from past experience that this rhinoceros-like dinosaur with the bony protective neck frill and horned face would plant his four feet solidly on the ground and defy anything to move him. It could be done if he wanted to take the time, but Albertosaurus knew there was easier prey to be had.

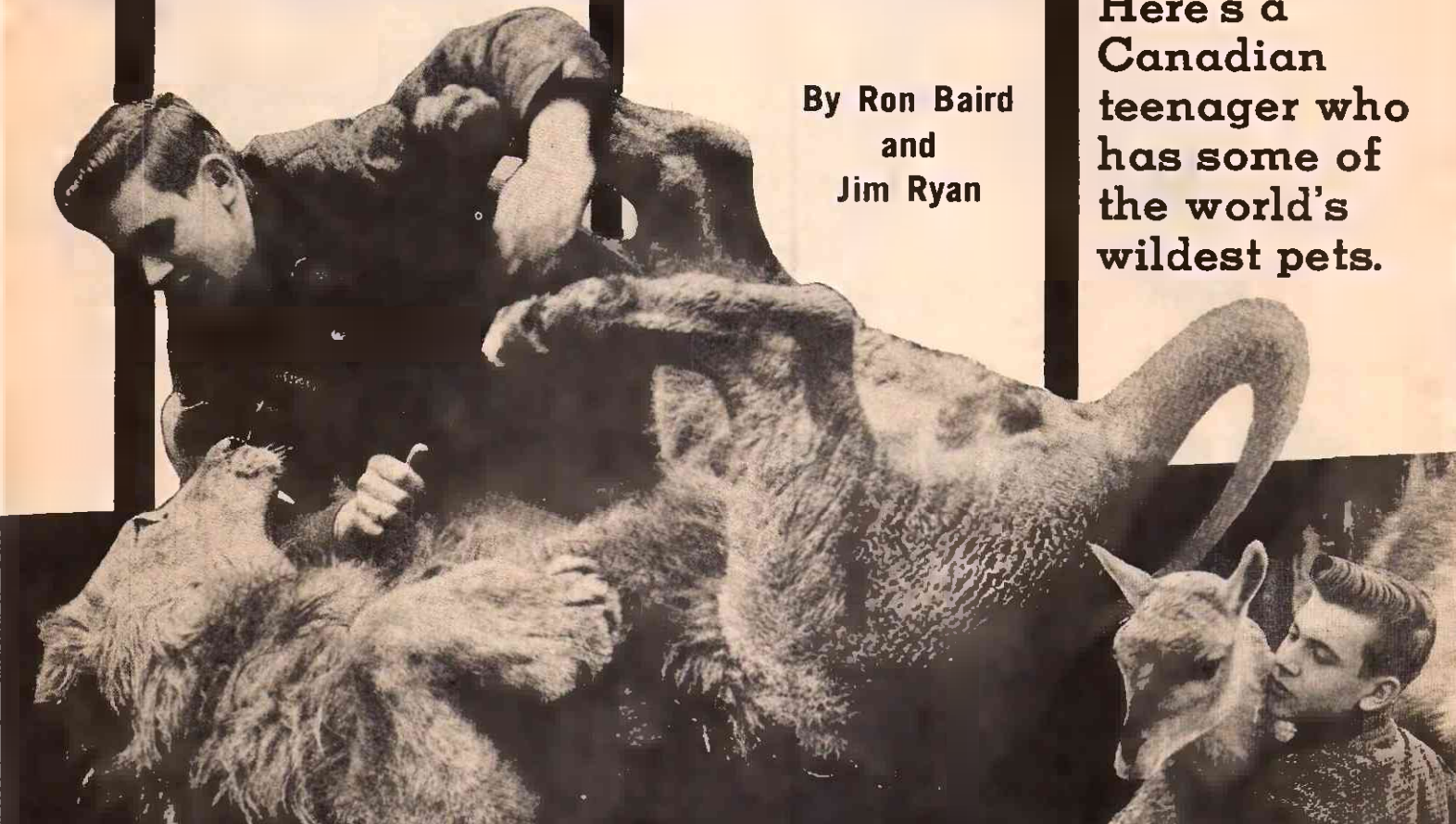
Next he came across a fifteen foot low-armed dinosaur that was mired in the swamplands. Only the flat, armor-like plates that covered his back showed above the mud.

Continued on page 21


TEENAGE ZOOKEEPER

Want to know how it feels to have lions and wolves in your backyard? Here's a Canadian teenager who has some of the world's wildest pets.

By Ron Baird
and
Jim Ryan



Floppy started playing for keeps and brought an end to their game.



Llama from Peru seems to want to dance with his young master.



Lutz roughhouses it with one of his favorites, Floppy the lion.

The pockets of Canadian teenagers are a handy carryall for a variety of oddments, but when Lutz Bauersachs of Victoria, B.C., arrived at school his teacher never knew what to expect next. Out would pop baby chicks, a tiny alligator, pocket-sized raccoons, or perhaps a guinea pig or two. Whenever he was asked where all the animals came from, Lutz would invariably reply "From home."

"Home" for German-born Lutz, 19, is his father's big, 37-acre zoo near Victoria, where a collection of 500 animals, birds and reptiles delights some 25,000 visitors a year.

Some time ago, his father took ill. For a time it appeared as if the zoo might change hands, but Lutz stepped in and became Canada's youngest zookeeper.

In winter, he is up at earliest light to feed his charges; his day ends about five o'clock. In summer, the alarm rings at 5:30 a.m.; 17 hours later, his work is finished.

To feed the animals, Lutz cuts up 135 pounds of meat, and gathers fruit, fish and dozens of loaves of bread. The daily feed bill amounts to nearly \$180. Half his time is spent scrubbing out the dozens of cages, and there are always a few of his furry friends which need some special attention.

One is Floppy the lion.

He and Lutz grew up together. Lutz played with him as a boy would with his dog. Almost overnight, Floppy was no longer just an overgrown cat, but a powerful, 300-pound animal. Recently, a romp with the cat started out as friendly as ever. Then something irritated the lion. With a spring,

he landed on Lutz' back, ripping his jacket with sharp fangs, and scratching Lutz' chest with a powerful paw. Lutz was out of the cage in an instant. As he took time to recover from the shock, Floppy just looked sullen and paced the concrete floor.

For Lutz, his daily romps with the lion were over.

He found a similar situation existed with Lobo, a Canadian timberwolf. A few months ago, he could wrestle with Lobo in fun. Then the wolf began to growl, and the friendship ceased.

But new animals are born at the zoo, and as they grow from infancy, Lutz recaptures the fun he had with Floppy and Lobo in daily romps with them. Until they grow old enough to signal the end of what used to be playful wrestling matches.



Big black bears make way as Lutz gives the cage its daily scrub.

Lobo, the timberwolf is another playmate who is now too rough for games.

Anaconda from South America ties Lutz up in knots.

Goats are big attraction in zoo's children's area.

Animals of Canada

By Elizabeth Kastner



THE NORTH AMERICAN TIMBER WOLF is the largest and most powerful of all the wild dogs in the wilderness. He is related to the foxes, jackals and coyotes, and he is a close relative of the domestic dog.

The wolf ranges from four to seven feet in total length and weighs anywhere from 30 to 100 pounds. In appearance he looks like a large German shepherd dog. Although his color varies from white to black, his usual color is a grizzled gray (darker above and paler below).

Avoiding areas where people dwell, the wolf prefers to live in the untamed wilderness all over North America, from the deep south up to the Arctic regions.

He is by nature a sociable animal among his own kind, and usually lives in groups or packs made up of the parents and their young ones, as well as relatives. Sometimes new members are added to the pack, but a stranger is not accepted unless each member of the pack shows his approval. If the stranger is not accepted in this way, then he is driven away to join another group.

To most people the wolf is considered a cruel and dangerous animal, but they are good parents to their young ones, and they are always loyal to their family and friends. A mother wolf will adopt any pups who have lost their parents, and she will raise them as her own. Even the older male wolves show affection to the pups and are patient with their playful ways.

When the male pup grows to be two or three years old, he then looks for a mate — sometimes a member of his own pack, but usually a stranger. Once they get together, they remain together for life. They start looking for a den or burrow; if they cannot find one, then they both get to work digging out a burrow.

In the spring, the mother wolf gives birth to from four to 14 fuzzy little brown pups, with short tails and blunt noses. After the first week their eyes are open, and soon they are playing about the den. They remain with their mother in the den for some weeks, while the father goes out looking for food for his new family.

In the middle of the summer, the family moves on to better hunting grounds, and then the young ones are taught all the secrets of life in the wilderness.

Hunting for food is the chief task, and the pack always works together. When they go after a moose or other large animal, they work in relays. One member of the pack starts chasing the animal and keeps on until he is tired, then another wolf takes up the chase, then another, until the victim is caught, or escapes. Usually they pick on an old or sick animal that can be easily caught.

While larger animals are sometimes caught, the wolf prefers to stick to the smaller, less dangerous animals if possible. He likes mice and squirrels, but sometimes eats certain grasses as well.

The wolf has always been unpopular with farmers, because if his hunger drives him he may approach a farm and try to kill some of the chickens or other animals on the farm.

Yet Nature has made a place for the wolf. He and his pack help to keep down the number of wild animals that would otherwise become so many that soon there would not be enough food to go around. The wolf also destroys sick animals, and in this way helps to prevent the spread of disease that might otherwise wipe out a whole herd.

Because he has always had to depend on his wits for survival, the wolf is one of the

Continued on page 24

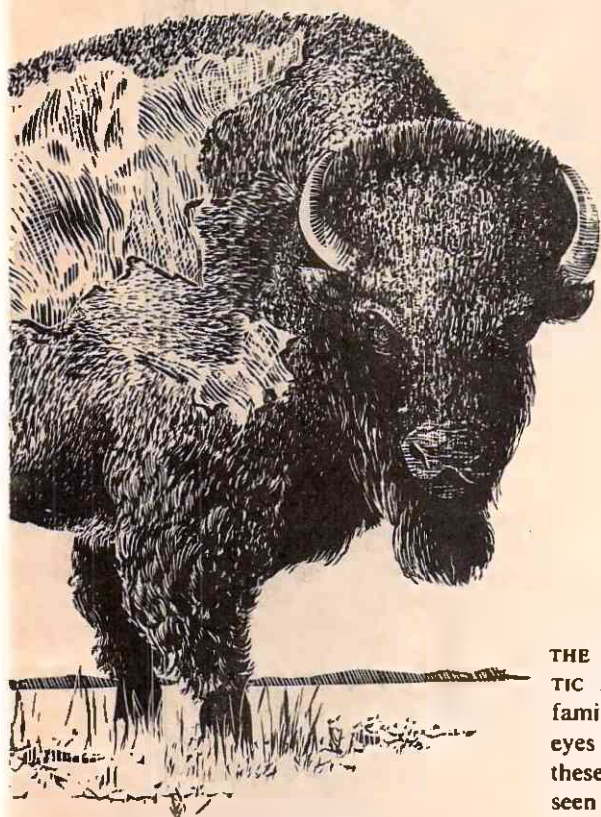
THE NORTH AMERICAN BUFFALO (SOMETIMES CALLED BISON) is known as the "wild ox" of North America. Although he looks like the domestic ox, he is much larger in size. The body of the buffalo is 10 to 12½ feet long, about 5 to 6 feet high, and he weighs about 1,600 to 2,000 pounds.

He has a very large head and neck, a high hump on the shoulders, short, flat and curved horns (on both the male and the female) and a short tail ending in a tuft of hair. Long, woolly hair grows on his shoulders and front legs, and the hair forms a small beard on his chin.

In the early days, the buffalo roamed over most of the Great Plains, from Great Slave Lake south to New Mexico and Florida and from Pennsylvania west to the foothills of the Rockies. Those that lived in the northern woodlands were a little larger and darker than the plains buffalo, and these were called Wood Buffalo.

When the early white settlers reached the Great Plains, there were millions of buffalo, living in thousands of square miles of territory. The bands of Indians living there at the time usually killed

The Wolf The Buffalo The Polar Bear



just enough of the buffalo to give them the food, clothing and shelter they needed.

When the white man arrived, he brought with him his modern guns and bullets, and this period became a special one in the history of the buffalo. Before, the Indians had only used spears and arrows, and the buffalo could often escape from these weapons. But when the gun came along, the buffalo could not defend himself as before — and so whole herds of them were killed off by the guns of the white man.

By 1900 the original number of buffalo had been cut down to just a few hundred. At this time, some of the wiser men in the United States and Canada became concerned about the future of the buffalo. They asked their governments to set up special areas where these wild cattle could live in safety.

In 1925 the Canadian Government set up the Wood Buffalo Park, where they released a small herd of buffalo to see how they would live in such a place. They did so well there that they soon increased greatly in number, and so other protected

Continued on page 24



THE POLAR BEAR OF THE NORTHERN ARCTIC REGION is the only one of the Bear family who has a white coat of fur. His eyes and snout are black, and sometimes these are the only parts of him that can be seen as he stands against a white background of ice and snow. He has a longer neck than most of his other bear cousins, and his feet are made with rough pads on the bottom, that make it easier for him to walk on the slippery ice and snow of the Far North.

As one of the giants of the bear family, a full-grown male Polar Bear can grow up to 9½ feet long, and can weigh up to 1,600 pounds. (The female is smaller than the male.)

The life of the Polar Bear is very different from that of the rest of the bear tribe. He always has to struggle against the very cold climate, the lack of food, and the dangers of strong currents and moving ice floes in the Arctic region.

But even though his life is hard, the Polar Bear has survived for thousands of years in this frozen wilderness, and he will probably go on living there for many long years to come.

He lives on many kinds of Arctic animals and fish, but seals are his main food. It is very hard, and sometimes dangerous for a Polar Bear to hunt seals. The seals are not only tricky but they live among shifting ice-floes where an unlucky bear could be crushed to death, if he is not very careful.

But the Polar Bear has a safe way of hunting the seals. He looks for a group of seals as they are sleeping on the edges of ice pans — large areas of frozen ice and snow, surrounded by water — then he quietly comes closer and closer to the sleeping seals. As he moves along he keeps hiding behind snowdrifts and big pieces of ice, until he is a few feet away from his victim. Then he will leap on the seal and kill it with one blow of his huge paw. . . .

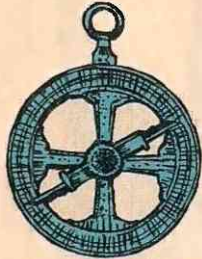
While the other members of the bear family in the warmer climates are hibernating during the winter, the Polar Bear is active all year around, winter as well as summer. It is only the female who is going to have babies, who looks for a winter burrow. In late autumn, she picks out a snowdrift among jagged ice heaps, and here she makes a den big enough to hold her huge white body. Here, sometime in December, the two almost hairless cubs are born. These cubs stay in the burrow until they are three or four months old, when they are about the size of a small dog. Then they go out into the big white world of the North, not only to play but to learn how to hunt for their food.

The mother Polar Bear teaches her cubs how to stalk the seals, where to search for stranded whales and other sea animals, and how to escape from their most dangerous enemy, the walrus. The mother takes them

Continued on page 24

THE STORY OF CANADA

by James Simpkins

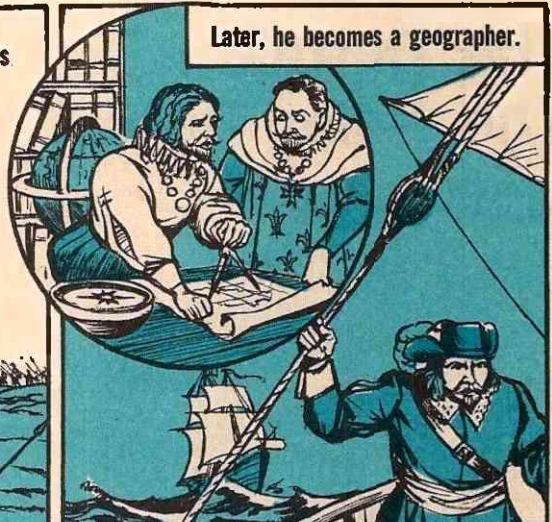


THIS INSTALLMENT
Samuel Champlain



Son of a sea captain, Champlain learns about the sea at an early age, but

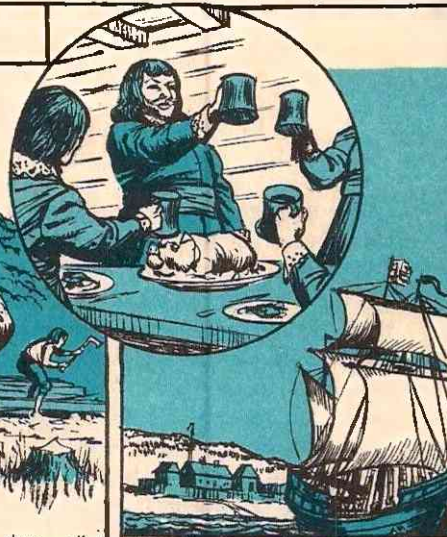
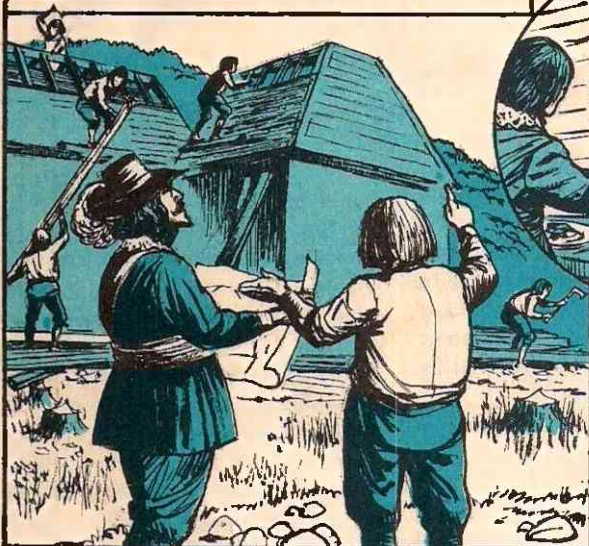
he starts his career as a soldier and not a sailor, serving in the army of Henry IV of France as a quartermaster!



Later, he becomes a geographer.

In 1604, Champlain sets sail for the New World as geographer with the De Monts expedition.

They build Port Royal on the Bay of Fundy, but

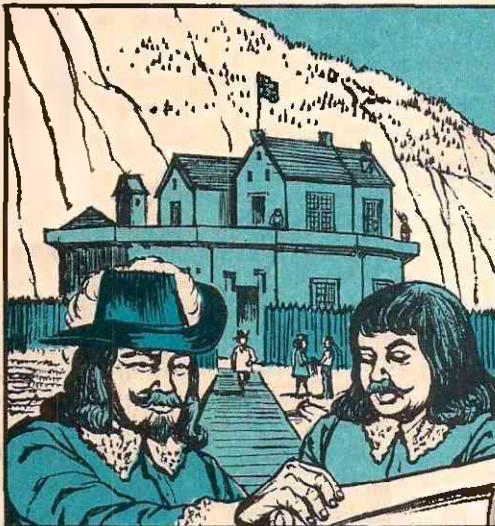


after the first winter, they abandon the colony, and go home.



In 1608, Champlain once again sets sail, this time to start a trading post on the banks of the St. Lawrence River.

Champlain picks the natural fortress of Quebec for his trading post.



The fort was two stories high, and a moat ran around the buildings inside a palisade wall.



In 1609, Champlain set out with two other Frenchmen and Huron and Algonquin Indians, up the St. Lawrence and Richelieu Rivers to Lake Champlain. There they plan to attack the Iroquois, deadly enemies of his Indian allies.

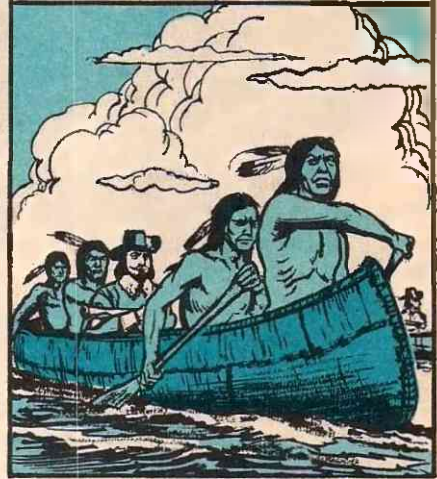


When they meet, Champlain fires his arquebus, killing two of the Iroquois chiefs with one shot. Terrified by this new weapon, the Iroquois flee in disorder from the battlefield.



BUT, victory over the Iroquois earns for the French the undying hatred of this fierce and warlike tribe!

Champlain explores the Ottawa River, Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario, then prepares to attack the Iroquois again.



The Hurons and Algonquins are defeated, and at the height of battle, Champlain is wounded by two arrows! He is carried by his friends for 60 agonizing miles in two days as they start the



long journey back. Then he has to stay with the Indians for the winter, return to Quebec the next year.



Meanwhile, the first settler, Louis Hebert, has arrived at Quebec.



War with England, 1629! Quebec is blockaded by English ships!



The colony faces starvation, so Champlain is forced to surrender to the English Kirke brothers.



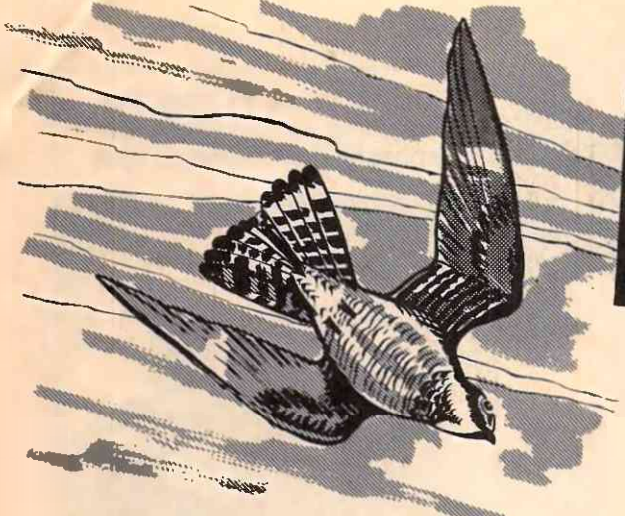
Champlain is taken to England, a captive!

With peace, Quebec is returned to the French, and Champlain returns to rebuild the ruined colony.



Explorer, warrior and leader, Champlain helps found New France.

Next issue: Hudson



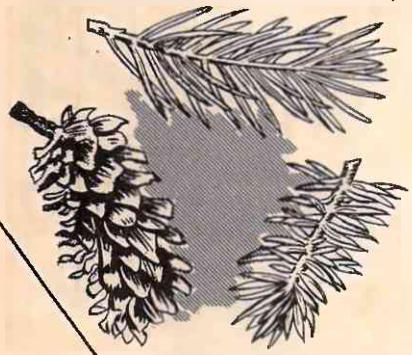
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The NIGHTHAWK
IS NOT A HAWK BUT A MEMBER
OF THE WHIPPOORWILL FAMILY....

THE EARLIEST SEED PLANTS THAT HAVE SURVIVED TIME UP TO THE PRESENT DAY ARE CONIFERS, THE MEMBERS OF THE PINE AND SPRUCE FAMILY WELL KNOWN TO CANADIANS.....

THEY HAVE CHANGED VERY LITTLE IN THE 300 MILLION YEARS OF THEIR EXISTENCE....

The Sitka Spruce
NEEDLES AND CONE
FOUND IN CANADA ONLY WITHIN
THE COAST FOREST REGION.
FRENCH NAME: EPINETTE DE SITHA



The Black Spruce
NEEDLES AND CONE
FOUND OVER THE WHOLE AREA
OF OUR BOREAL FOREST REGION.
FRENCH NAME: EPINETTE NOIRE



The White Spruce
NEEDLES AND CONE
ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL
SPECIES OF OUR
BOREAL FOREST
REGION.
FRENCH NAME: EPINETTE BLANCHE



The White Pine
CHARACTERISTIC SPECIES
OF THE GREAT LAKES
ST. LAWRENCE FOREST REGION
FRENCH NAME: PIN BLANC

ACCORDING TO OUR EARLY INDIANS,
WHEN A STURGEON FISH LEAPED OUT OF THE
WATER & FELL BACKWARDS IT MEANT RAIN....



INDIANS
USED TO
PLACE A
FISH UNDER
EACH CORN
PLANT TO
ACT AS A
FERTILIZER



announcing

THE 1966 AMORY ADVENTURE AWARD

The Rt. Hon. Viscount Amory has donated to the Boy Scouts of Canada an award for adventurous activity requiring originality and initiative on the part of Boy Scout teams.

Permanent awards will be made to members of the winning team and recognition given to all participants.

CONDITIONS

The Amory Adventure Award is awarded annually to the team which displays the most initiative in conceiving, planning and executing an out-of-doors adventure under the following conditions.

1. Open to teams of four to ten (inclusive) members of the Boy Scouts of Canada, age 11-17 years, inclusive at the time of the activity. The competition is not open to Rover Scouts.

2. Persons of 18 years and over may not take part in the planning, preparation, or execution of the activity, but may be consulted. They may accompany the team during its activity only:

- a) when the law demands it, e.g. driving a vehicle, entering restricted areas, etc.
- b) as an instructor or supervisor, if learning a skill is required for the activity.
- c) when safety demands it. In such cases, these persons must limit their participation to their specific function.

3. Period: May 1 to Dec. 31, 1966.

4. Entry forms to be received at Boy Scouts of Canada, National Headquarters, no later than September 15, 1966.

5. An entry fee of \$2.00 per team to be submitted with Entry Form.

6. The adventure activity must last a minimum of 72 hours, of which at least 60 hours must be consecutive.

7. Each team will submit an illustrated log which will:

- a) state the Group Number; name and address of Scouters; and the name, age and address of each member.
- b) state the purpose of the activity.
- c) indicate how and why the activity was chosen.
- d) record details of planning and preparation.
- e) provide a statement of expenses.
- f) provide a day by day account of the activity.

8. Completed logs to be received at Boy Scouts of Canada, National Headquarters, no later than January 31, 1967. Entry Forms are available from your local Scout office.

Dinosaur Lore

Continued from page 13

Eventually, Albertosaurus discovered what he had been looking for — a plant-eating duck-billed dinosaur. And he had found him just where he wanted him — on high ground away from the lake so he couldn't swim for it. Sixteen hundred teeth filled this dinosaur's huge jaws but they were made for chopping vegetation, not other dinosaurs. Albertosaurus made short work of the thirty-foot duck-bill.

The meat-eating dinosaurs lived on land and walked on their hind legs, most of them having short front legs armed with sharp-clawed fingers to tear apart their quarry. Some grew to be forty feet in length, stood twenty feet high and weighed ten tons.

The land-and-water dinosaurs were plant-eaters but lived in the shallow edges of lakes so the buoyancy of the water would partially float their massive 30 to 40 ton bodies. They walked on all fours and came up on land to lay their eggs or (as Brachiosaurus did when he got eaten by Allosaurus) for extra vegetation to supply their huge bodies with food. They had a great swelling in their spinal chord near their hips that served as a second brain, governing reflex action for the hind quarters, causing their tail to switch automatically if hurt. If it hadn't been for this extra brain many a dinosaur would have lost his tail before realizing it was in danger.

The number of facts that paleontologists have unearthed about these reptiles that disappeared 70 million years ago is amazing. All of their information has been deduced from fossilized remains found in sedimentary rocks. An animal must be buried soon after it dies in order to become fossilized. Water is the best protection against decay and if fine sand and mud sift down over the animal after it sinks to the bottom of a lake, the soft parts of the body dissipate and the hard parts are preserved. The sand and mud gradually turn to rock that must not be disturbed for a great length of time. Erosion eventually wears the rock down and fossil hunters find these remains which are reconstructed for museums.

At the site of the dinosaur beds the workers carefully scrape the earth away from the exposed part of the skeleton and brush shellac over it to

harden the bones. Plaster of Paris, wood splints and burlap are used to cement the bones together in one piece. The under part of the skeleton is then freed from the earth by cutting around it, leaving a good bit of rock adhering to it. This mass is turned over and treated in the same way as was the exposed side.

Next it is sent to a museum where the burlap, Plaster of Paris and splints are carefully removed. The bones are cleaned thoroughly of rock and earth pieces and then the fossil expert figures out how the pieces fit together. Making drawings helps in this phase of the work. The bones are laid out in their proper order on a large, flat surface. Finally, a shape is made with wire and pipe, bolts and screws, on which to mount the skeleton.

Sometimes, all the parts don't turn up. There is a skeleton of a Cetriosaurus in the Natural History Museum in London, England for which no head or neck has been discovered. Museums all over the world trade parts with one another in order to make up complete skeletons but as no other Cetriosaurus has yet been unearthed, he remains headless.

Dinosaur remains have been found almost everywhere in the world. The best fossils in Canada are found in the valley of the Red Deer River in the Badlands of Alberta — the site of the world's most prolific dinosaur diggings. None of the very large ones such as Brontosaurus have been found there but duck-billed, armored and horned are plentiful. Two of the flesh-eaters found there are Gorgosaurus — 29 to 40 feet long — and Albertosaurus — 34 feet long. There is a complete mounted skeleton of Edmontosaurus (a duck-billed dinosaur) on display in the Drumheller and District Museum in Alberta. The work involved in excavating, cleaning and mounting this skeleton took more than three years.

Some of the places in Canada where dinosaur fossils may be seen are the National Museum in Ottawa, the Royal Ontario Museum at Toronto, St. George's Island Park at Calgary and Drumheller and District Museum in Alberta. A trip may be taken over the Dinosaur Trail which begins at Drumheller and runs through the Badlands where dinosaur remains have been excavated.

CAMP AT HALIBURTON



THIS IS WHAT YOU CAN DO AT H.S.R.

— rowing, canoeing, sailing, swimming, hiking, pioneering, exploring, fishing, archery —



The Haliburton Scout Reserve, owned and operated by the Greater Toronto Region, situated in the Haliburton Highlands, is just 150 miles north of Toronto, easily reached by car or bus. It is the outstanding Scout Adventureland of Canada, comprising 5,000 acres of wooded, rocky hills and valleys. It is a wildlife preserve laced together by a network of old logging roads on which the remains of logging camps are waiting to be explored. It has 25 miles of scenic shoreline on 12 fresh-water lakes, providing numerous opportunities for water activities, exploration and adventure. An 8-bed hospital is staffed by a Doctor and Nurse.



YOU CAN CAMP ON YOUR OWN — If your troop is not camping this year, sign up for Composite Camp.

- You'll have lots of fun, do lots of things, and meet lots of new friends.
- You'll be in a Troop of 32 Scouts under experienced leadership.
- You'll sleep in tents erected on wooden floors.
- You'll be issued rations and instructions by a Quartermaster.
- You'll prepare, cook and serve own meals as Patrols.
- You'll learn to swim, or practice advanced swimming and rescuing.
- You'll go on canoe trips.
- You'll learn skills and techniques of pioneering, tracking, conservation —

TROOPS — can camp on individual Troop sites. Maybe your Troop is planning a camp, but has not chosen the spot. Why not suggest the Haliburton Scout Reserve?

SEASON: 9 weeks — July 2 to September 3, 1966.

Fees are reasonable. These and other particulars will be sent upon request.

A welcome awaits any Scout or Troop.

THIS YEAR EVERYONE

Camp with your friends
your own Jamboree



Enjoy the wonders of camping
in other parts of Canada.

SASKATCHEWAN

Do you want to spend those hot summer days in or on the water — to learn how to sail and canoe? Then why not plan to attend a Provincial Aquatic Camp being held at **CAMP GILWELL, LEBRET**, on the shore of Mission Lake in the Historical Qu'Appelle or Calling River Valley?

A series of two camps for Scouts, Venturers and Rovers is planned from:

- July 3 - 10th, 1966
- July 10 - 17th, 1966.



HAVE FUN IN THE SUN

OTTAWA DISTRICT

Plan your summer holiday activities NOW! Want to enjoy living in a camp setting? Ask your Scouter about:

CAMP OPEMIKON

for Cubs, Scouts and Venturers — 4 ten-day periods. Also a wonderful place for Troop Camps!

CAMP ECHON

(Cubs only) 2 ten-day periods.

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Have you considered?:

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- **BASE CLUB** — for Scouts and Venturers — Choose your own activities — Come when you like — leave when you like.

APPLICATIONS AVAILABLE FROM YOUR SCOUTER OR OTTAWA DISTRICT H.Q., 306 METCALFE ST., OTTAWA 4.

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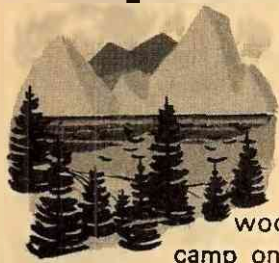
- Weekend District Cub Camps.
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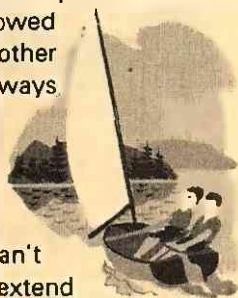
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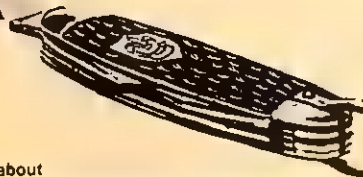
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Address.....City.....

Province.....Troop Name.....



Animals of Canada

Continued from page 17

THE BUFFALO / areas were set up for them.

Today the buffalo lives in peace in this protected park, and in others in the United States.

The buffalo is a sociable animal, and so prefers to live together in large groups, or herds. In most of the herds there are bulls (males), cows (females) and calves of different ages. Usually the leader of each group is an old female who knows the best feeding grounds (for grass, twigs and low shrubs) and the best ways to travel.

Although the buffalo may appear to be a quiet creature, he can become very dangerous if he is made angry. The herds of buffalo can also become dangerous — one minute a herd is grazing as peacefully as a group of domestic cows, and the next minute something has frightened them and they will stampede and become an angry wall of flying hoofs and horns, trampling down everything in their path.

Summertime is their mating season. Each male tries to get as many cows as possible to join his family, and sometime around May, each cow gives birth to a single calf. He looks like a large, reddish-brown domestic calf, but his body is broader and he has a shorter neck. When he is a few days old he is strong enough to follow his mother about. Like all young animals, he is very playful, and in any of the herds one can see a group of calves playing with each other, kicking and butting playfully.

The calf grows very quickly, and when he is only about two months old the tiny bumps that are his growing horns appear on his head. He reaches his full growth when he is about eight years old. While they are growing up, the calves are protected from danger by the whole herd. If they are attacked by wolves, the herd will form a circle with the cows and calves in the middle and the bulls on the outside, ready to protect them.

The buffalo is an important part of the history of the United States and Canada, and it is no wonder that in parks and zoos and museums, the buffalo remains as one of the most interesting animals in North America!

THE POLAR BEAR / swimming, and when they get tired she lets them ride on her back. Sometimes she gives them a tow by letting them grab her tail with their teeth.

While the Polar Bear is not as dangerous to mankind as most of his other cousins in the bear family, he is still a possible danger at times. Because people are so few in the Far North, most Polar Bears have never seen a man, in their whole lives. But when they do see a human being, they are very curious, and are likely to attack just to find out what this new "creature" is like.

Polar Bears have sometimes been caught by a hunter and taken to live in a city zoo, among other animals. They seem to thrive well in captivity, even in warm climates, and do not seem to miss their land of ice and snow too much—especially when a large pool of water is provided for them where they can swim and play in the warm weather.

But it is in the Far North, where ice and snow are part of their way of life, that the Polar Bear makes his home. He is the king in the land of the White Bear!

THE WOLF / most clever of all wild animals. It is no wonder that when thousands of years ago some of his ancestors learned to like and live with Man, and came to be called dogs — that he became Man's best friend! 🐾

The Real Genius

Continued from page 12

town hall. Inside, Potosky strode straight for the piano. He took the briefcase from Malcolm and set it down on the floor. He removed the purple muffler and laid it across his arms. Then he painstakingly removed his gray kid gloves.

When Malcolm began to take his gray kid gloves off too, Potosky stopped him.

"You may take them off when you are performing," he insisted, "not before."

So Malcolm left them on. He kept looking around to see if anyone was staring at him, but the hall was empty.

"I must try the piano before a performance," Potosky said.

With a flourish he let his hands fall to the keyboard. A trill of arpeggios emerged from the ancient instrument. A little shock ran down my spine. Potosky sure sounded like a real genius all right.

He looked far from pleased though. "The keys, they stick," he ex-

claimed. He stood up and opened the top and peered inside.

"I refuse to play on a piano that sticks," he roared to the empty hall.

Malcolm climbed up on the bench and took a look inside too. Potosky touched one of the green felt hammers inside the instrument.

"What's going to happen?" he cried, rolling his eyes and tearing at his beard. "The hammers, they are wet."

"Must be the humidity," Malcolm offered.

"Humidity, stupidity," Potosky cried. He paced back and forth in front of the bench. "I cannot play unless the piano is dry. Do you see what could happen to my hands if they caught a cold?"

He stopped in front of the piano, glaring at it.

"This piano has caught a cold," he said. "It is sick. I will not play a note on a sick instrument."

By this time, the man who had made the arrangements and had sold the tickets for the concert, was on the stage. Two workmen advanced on the piano, but Potosky stood spread eagled in front of it, barring their way.

"We've got to think of something,"

Malcolm whispered. Two little red blotches, which I call Malcolm's *inventing spots*, appeared on his cheeks.

"We could hire a truck," I said, "and bring your piano over from home. Or we could borrow Miss Tipmarsh's piano."

"No," Malcolm said. "Maybe all the pianos in town have caught a cold. By that time, it will be too late."

Then his eyes lit up like a switchboard gone berserk and the inventing spots disappeared.

"Say," he said, "Potosky's got a whole suitcase full of gray kid gloves in his room. Maybe we could cut off the fingers and put them on the little green felt hammers like winter overcoats to warm them up. Just like he does with his hands."

The smile faded as he realized that wouldn't work either. The red blotches came back. He ran over to Potosky and shook his arm.

"Please, sir," he shouted. "I have an idea. Don't do a thing until I get back."

Then he was running out of the hall with me tagging along behind, and down the street to his house. We

Continued on page 27

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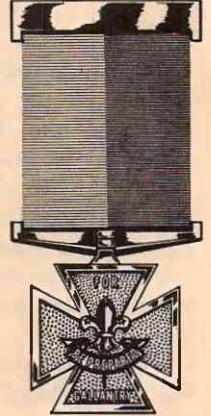
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Scout Wins an AWARD for VALOUR

ON JUNE 22, 1963, TWELVE-YEAR-OLD WENDY WATSON FELL FROM A DIVING RAFT IN THE NIAGARA RIVER, AND WAS SWEEPED DOWNSTREAM BY THE HEAVY CURRENT. JOHN ROBLEY AND HIS FRIEND JOHN KINSELLA, HEARD HER SCREAM AND WENT TO THE RESCUE.



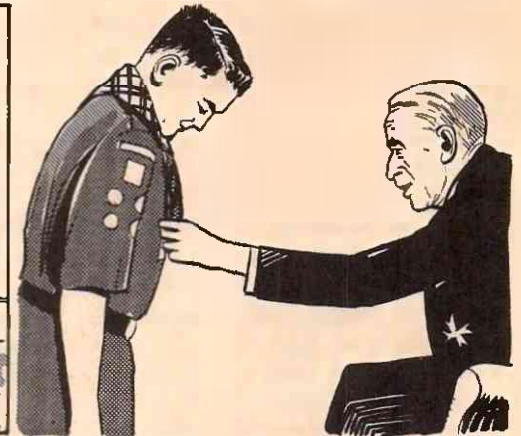
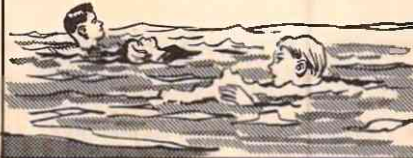
FOR HIS BRAVE ACTION, SCOUT SECOND CLASS JOHN ROBLEY, OF THE SECOND FORT ERIE, ONTARIO TROOP, WAS AWARDED THE GILT CROSS BY GOVERNOR-GENERAL VANIER.



THE PANICKING GIRL GRABBED KINSELLA AND THEY SANK TO THE BOTTOM.

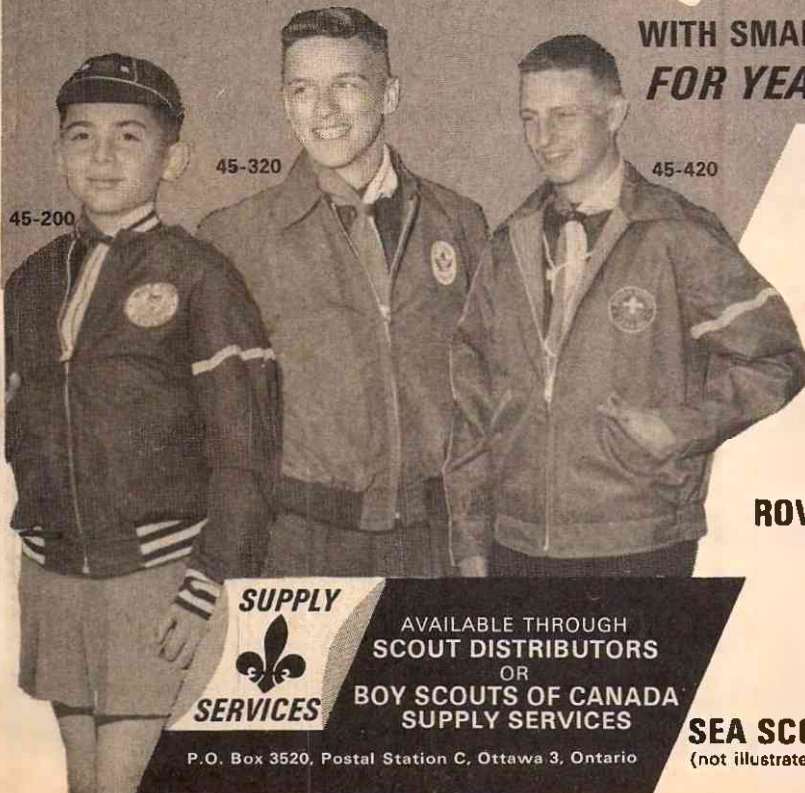


ROBLEY SEPARATED THEM AND PULLED THE GIRL TO SHORE, AT THE SAME TIME TALKING TO KINSELLA WHO WAS QUITE SHAKEN UP FROM NEARLY BEING DROWNED HIMSELF.



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SEA SCOUT

Same style... same price as No. 45-320, illustrated. In navy blue with Sea Scout Crest.

The Real Genius

Continued from page 25

rushed inside, letting the front door slam behind us. Malcolm's father was dressed for the concert. He paced up and down the hall.

"I'm waiting for your mother and sister," he explained. "They're not ready yet. Your sister is still drying her hair."

We streaked past Malcolm's father, leaving him to mutter about women never being ready on time for anything. His sister Meg had her hair wound up in rollers. She was drying it with a portable hair dryer.

"Why, Malcolm," his mother said in surprise when she saw him. "Where on earth did you get those gray kid gloves?"

"Potosky made me wear them," he cried breathlessly.

Then he was yanking the hair dryer plug from the wall. He grabbed the plastic bonnet from his sister's head.

"Sorry, sis," he said, his words stumbling over one another. "I've just got to have this hair dryer. It's a matter of life and death."

His sister was too surprised to look angry. We dashed out of the room, Malcolm clutching the precious hair dryer under his arm. We ran all the way to my house to get my mother's hair dryer too, then back to the town hall. By that time, a line of people had gathered outside the front entrance.

We ran around to the back door. Inside, Potosky was weeping openly. A small group of onlookers watched him sympathetically. We ran up the steps. Malcolm plugged in the hair dryers. Then he opened the piano lid and placed the dryers inside, putting the plastic bonnets over some of

the keys, and turned the dials to "hottest".

The machines whirred into action, blowing warm air on the green felt hammers.

Potosky peeked through his fingers. When he saw what Malcolm had done, he threw his arms around his neck.

"This boy, he has the touch," he said, shaking him and pumping him on the back until I thought Malcolm was going to choke. "I knew it when I heard him play."

It took about an hour to warm up the hammers but nobody seemed to mind if the concert was thirty minutes late.

Malcolm kept poking his head out through the curtains to announce. "It won't be long now, folks."

I had a ringside seat in the front row, but Malcolm sat right up on the stage beside Potosky turning the pages of his music. I guess when Potosky liked someone, he really liked him a lot.

At least Malcolm was safe up on the platform. I mean, when his sister Meg came into the hall, her hair was sort of wet and straggly. The way she glared up at Malcolm, I was mighty glad he had that special seat so that she couldn't touch him until she had had a chance to think things over.

Malcolm didn't even look ashamed because he was wearing those gray kid gloves in public. The funny thing is, since Potosky came to town, everybody in Rocky Creek has been wearing gray kid gloves. I guess you could call it a new fad.

Malcolm is about the only person who doesn't wear them. His gloves are wrapped in a sheet of newspaper and stored away in his bottom drawer to remind him of the time when he met a real genius. But as far as I'm concerned, the real genius is my friend Malcolm.

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BY IRVINE BRACE

Have you ever held your camera too close to your subject? The photograph was awful, wasn't it? Fuzzy and out of focus?

Fixed-focus cameras, the kind that you don't adjust for distances, can't be held closer to the subject than five or six feet.

But did you know there's a gadget sold in camera stores for about \$3 that overcomes this limitation? A close-up attachment lets you move in as close as 2½ feet with most fixed-focus cameras.

It works, too. And using it is no problem. The exposure is just the same, except when using flash.

Best of all, the attachment is easy to put on and take off the camera. It just slips on over the lens.

There are a couple of things to remember, though. When shooting close-ups with flashbulbs, you'll be so close the flash will be too strong. Cover the flash with clean, white cloth to reduce the light.

Try shooting flash shots with one layer and then two layers of cloth. When the prints have been made, you'll be able to tell whether to use one or two layers in future.

There's another slight difficulty, too. Your camera probably has two lenses. One actually takes the picture. The other transmits the image into the viewfinder for you to see when composing the picture.

That's where the problem occurs. From the normal 5-6 foot distances,



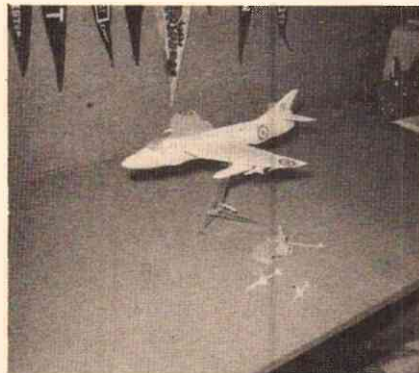
Here's the full area of a picture taken with a fixed-focus camera from five feet.

the two lenses "see" relatively the same area of the subject. But move up close and things change. The upper viewing lens sees a person's head, but the lower picture-taking lens sees only from his eyes down. This is called parallax. If you're interested, you can look up this term in an encyclopedia for a full explanation.

To overcome parallax, merely compose your close-up picture normally then raise the camera to allow more space above the subject's head in the viewfinder.

The range with a close-up attachment on your camera is within 2½ to 4 feet. For taking close-ups of a person, don't get too close. A distance of 3½ to 4 feet is best.

Why? If the camera is too close, it



Here's the full area taken with a close-up attachment (same camera) from three feet.

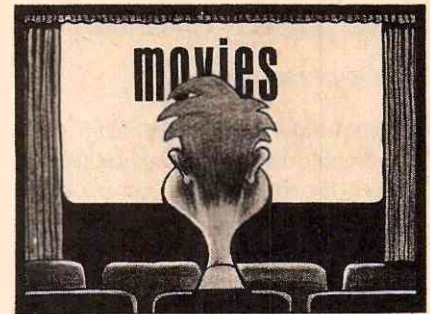
exaggerates his features. His nose could appear much larger than normal, for example. There could be distortion, too.

On second thought, maybe it mightn't be such a bad idea to shoot a super close-up like that!

To make distance-calculating easy, tie a length of thread or string to the camera. Tie one knot 2½ feet from the camera and another 4 feet. Stretch out the string until the knot touches the subject. Then you know you're at the correct distance. Always measure. Don't guess.

One word of caution. Take your camera to the camera store and make sure you get an attachment that fits it. They can show you how to bend the metal clamps until it fits your camera snugly and won't fall off.

This column is about using a close-up attachment. Make sure you ask for that. In my next column, I'll tell you how to use stronger attachments that permit you to move to within inches of the subject. But that's another story.



BY CLYDE GILMOUR

THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX:

An excellent adventure story which also reminds us that the age-old conflict is sharper than ever nowadays between men who work with their heads and men who work with their hands. An oil-company plane piloted by a grizzled aviation veteran (James Stewart) has to crash-land in the North African desert. Among the survivors is a bleak but brilliant young German designer of model aircraft (Hardy Kruger) who slowly convinces the others that an airworthy single-engine plane can be built from the wreckage on the sand. Tension mounts as their supplies run low, alarming strangers approach, and the stranded men themselves gradually reveal their true natures under stress.

The good cast is all-male except for a short, silly and expendable dream sequence involving Barrie Chase as a hula-hula girl who haunts one of the fellows when he sleeps. The story's climax is both exciting and believable.

TO TRAP A SPY and THE SPY WITH MY FACE: This is a three-hour double bill consisting of the full-length versions of spy stories originally shown in shorter form on *The Man From UNCLE*, the popular TV series. Both were first presented more than a year ago, when UNCLE in my own opinion was faster, funnier and generally better than the several episodes I've seen during the 1965-66 season. The two buddy-heroes are Robert Vaughn as Napoleon Solo and David McCallum as Ilya Kuryakin, both being dauntless operatives on the staff of the United Network Command for Law and Enforcement. Leo G. Carroll is their shrewd old chief, Mr. Waverly, and their constant foes are the evil geniuses of THRUSH, described as "that international band of renegades who want to rule the world." The two stories are a bit too complicated to be easily summarized, but on the same movie screen they add up to an entertaining session.



The Rockhound

BY ROBIN McLACHLAN

Jade, highly prized in lapidary, is rapidly becoming Canada's most popular and best-known stone. The interest in jade, which retails at up to ten dollars a pound, has led to a "jade rush" in the jade hunting grounds of British Columbia. The sandbars and gravelbars of numerous British Columbia creeks and rivers, especially the Fraser River, form the hunting grounds for the elusive stone.

There are three types of jade—jadite, nephrite and chloromelanite, but as far as I know only nephrite jade is found in Canada. Nephrite jade is a member of the amphibole mineral family, which are complex hydrous silicates containing calcium, magnesium and iron. This makes nephrite jade a close relative of asbestos, also an amphibole. Nephrite is dense, fairly hard and fibrous in its construction. It varies considerably in both color and texture. Green, the most prevalent color, ranges from light to dark and in shades of yellow, olive and gray. Some almost white jade has been found, but no true black, brown, mauve, yellow, pink or other unusual colors have been observed.

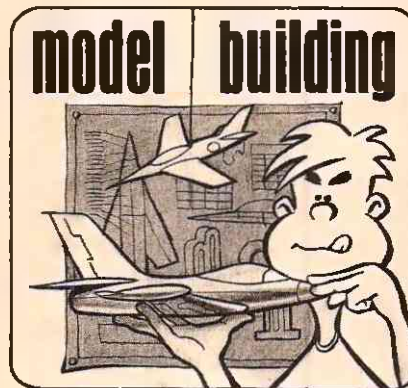
Hunting for jade is not a recent innovation, as Indians realized its value many hundreds of years ago. Of value to them was the fibrous toughness of jade and its ability to maintain a sharp edge.

In the latter part of the last century, Chinese workers hunting for gold in the B. C. gold fields recognized the green boulders as jade. Realizing its lapidary value, they exported tons of the highly prized stone to Shanghai and other oriental ports.

In the field, jade is easily mistaken for grossularite and serpentine which closely resemble jade. Remember

that jade boulders will be fairly clean and smooth in appearance, and will collect less silt than neighboring rocks. Edges of a chip of jade should admit light or be translucent. Because jade has a drab outer skin, a small "window" should be chipped in the skin to see if the stone is jade, and of what quality. Be careful when chipping not to fracture the stone, as it will fill with tiny cracks, ruining the gem quality of the jade. Don't hit the stone too hard. As jade is a very elusive quarry, have your finds verified by someone experienced in jade. Often told is the story of the novice rockhound greedily filling his basement with tons of what he thought was jade, only to find out he has several tons of worthless serpentine.

An excellent little publication on jade is *Jade In British Columbia*, published by the B. C. Department of Mines and Petroleum Resources, Victoria, B.C.



BY KEN BROWNING

Photo 1. The first step in installing working lights is to drill holes in the light housings to accept the bulb. For light bulbs, purchase A.M.T.'s Lighting Kit. (\$1.70 in Canada). This kit includes six light bulbs, wires, battery case, and switch.

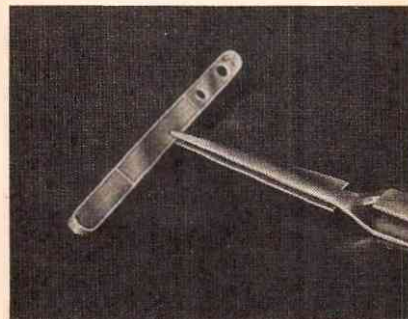


Photo 2. The lights are now placed into the rear of the holes, and putty is built up around them to hold them in position. Then place the red or clear

lenses, as the case may be, over the front of the holes, to hide the bulbs and simulate real lights. If the model had no clear headlight lenses, you could make them from circles of clear plastic, after the hole has been drilled for the light bulb.

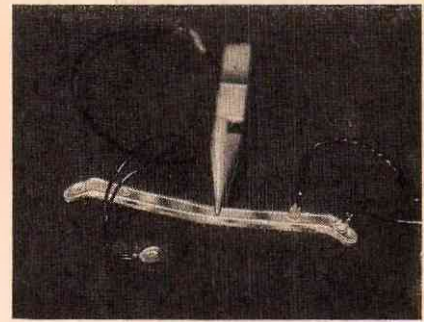
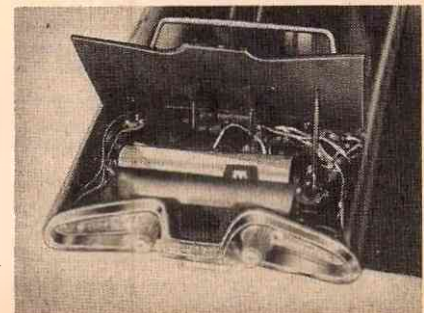


Photo 3. Here you can see the wires running from the battery box in the trunk, to the headlights. The model shown is Chrysler's Turbine Car by Jo-han.



Photo 4. This photograph shows the battery case in position. You can see the wires leading from it under the passenger compartment to the front lights and to the rear lights. The switch was cut short so that the trunk would close. With this particular set-up, there is no sign of switch, batteries, or wires, when the trunk is closed; either above or below the car. On a car without an opening trunk, the battery box could be glued to the underside of the trunk, and an elastic could hold the batteries in place. The switch could extend through a slot in the chassis. The next time somebody is looking at your models, you can throw a little light on the subject.



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Picking Your Dog

Continued from page 7

your bike, you will tire before they will.

GROUP III — WORKING DOGS—

The choice here includes the familiar Collies and sheep dogs, as well as German Shepherd Dogs (commonly called Alsations), Great Danes, Newfoundlanders, Saint Bernards and Corgies.

If you live in the country, this is the group from which you are safe in choosing a companion. You most probably yearn for a Collie "just like Lassie", even if you don't live in the country. Don't give up hope! Turn your thoughts, instead, to the Sheltie (Shetland Sheepdog) a perfect miniature Collie, with all its attributes, yet perfectly content to adapt itself to any surroundings, and very much "A One-Boy-Dog".

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GROUP V — TOYS — Not many boys are interested in owning a Toy Dog, but maybe you are the exception to the rule, particularly in these days of the popular Chihuahua.

Pekes are included in this group,

Continued on page 33

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BY PETER DEGRAAF

All denominations of 1966 coins have been released, after 1965 coins were produced in record numbers. The 1966 Proof-like sets are processed in the Hull branch of the Mint, and facilities are geared to produce 5,000,000 sets if this number should be required.

A special commemorative coinage is being planned for 1967, to include a \$20 gold piece in addition to the six coins regularly struck each year.

Proof-like sets next year may be ordered with or without this gold piece. It will be the first time since 1914 that a Canadian gold coin has been issued.

The 1965 silver dollar varieties continue to be Canada's most popular coins, and a complete set (four pieces) now retails at \$18.

David Walker of Chapman Camp, B.C., has a 1918 large cent (10c); 1921 U. S. silver dollar (\$1.10); and a 1922 U. S. silver dollar (\$1.10).

Philip McKerry of Vernon, B. C., has a Mafeking siege note of ten shillings I regret I cannot tell you the value. The issue of the note was authorized by Baden-Powell and I believe it is fairly rare.

Lee Perry of Camp Borden has a 1962 nickel which was struck on a faulty planchet which has started to split, but it is of no value.

Richard Cooper of Toronto, Ont., has 1910, 1912, 1938, 1940, and 1943 quarters (no premium). He would also like to know the value of a 1947 dime with a Maple Leaf behind the 7 (no premium). Most of the Edward VII coins have "upside down" effigies, Richard, and this fact does not alter their value in any way.

Robert Ryan of Corner Brook, Nfld., has an 1886 U. S. \$5 gold piece which is valued at \$14.


Billy Machlachlan of Three Rivers wants to know the value of a U. S. 1923 silver dollar (\$1.10).

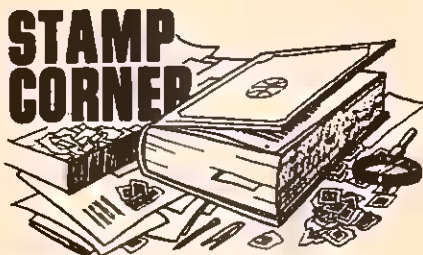
Miles Brett has an 1867 penny is-

sued by the Masons of Goderich, Ont. There is no listed value available for this token.

Peter Robertson of St. Rose, P.Q., has the following coins, all of them without premium: 1c 1932, and 10c 1929, 5c 1929, 1943, 1944 and 1945.

Steven Stokl asks if a book on varieties is available. Most coin stores carry a book called "Canadian Variety Catalog", it is published once yearly by Phila-Coin Co. of Regina.

Hugh Campbell of Foymount, Ont., asks why he seldom finds cents dated below 1940 in his change. There are several reasons: first the cents are used more than any other coins, second more people collect cents than any other series, and third all cents below 1940 have relative low mintages, especially if compared to the mintage of today's coins. 



BY H. L. WOODMAN

Recently, our friend Dr. Henry Hicks, president of Dalhousie University in Halifax and a former premier of his native province was honored by the Royal Philatelic Society of Canada when he was made a Fellow of the Society.

Interviewed later in his office, Dr. Hicks told a reporter that he felt it no longer practical to be a general collector and he made a great case for specialization when he said that most countries are issuing stamps at such a rate that it would be impossible ever to complete a collection.

Dr. Hicks specializes in the issues of Bermuda and he is rated to have

one of the best collections in existence of the stamps of that island colony.


If we were starting a stamp collection as of this moment, we would confine our activities to stamps featuring Churchill and Roosevelt. Having just passed the first anniversary of the death of Churchill, a great deal of fine material is now available.

The Crown Agents Bureau in London, which produces stamps for many of the Crown Colonies and Dominions, released an "Omnibus" issue as well as sets for British Guiana and Gambia.

The "Omnibus" is a series featuring common design for 32 countries. Each set contains four stamps, and fortunately none are of high denomination, which means that they can be picked up in installments over the next few months without straining the budget.

Mr. Churchill's picture appears in the left side of each stamp and Queen Elizabeth's portrait is in the right-hand frame. Participating territories are Antigua, Ascension, Barbados, Bahamas, Basutoland, Bechuanaland, Bermuda, British Honduras, British Solomon Islands, Brunei, Cayman Islands, Dominica, Falkland Islands, Fiji, Fed. of South Arabia, Gibraltar, Gilbert and Ellice Islands, St. Helena, St. Kitts, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Seychelles, Swaziland, Tristan da Cunha, Turks and Caicos Islands, Virgin Islands.

Australia, New Zealand, Canada, United States, and Great Britain also issued Churchill stamps and all are easy to get. These feature Karsh of Ottawa photos of the great British statesman, Australia and New Zealand collaborated on the design coming up with a very attractive pale blue and black stamp. The U. S. A. got out a black and white stamp and this is our favorite, so far. Canada's is brown in color and the portrait rather small.

Yes, we agree with Dr. Hicks. It must give a great deal of satisfaction to a collector to be able to look at an entire country or topic in his albums. But we started our collection some 40 years ago and have managed to accumulate some 60,000 different stamps in that time. Often to the point of breaking it up in favor of collecting just two or three topics, we have overcome the urge just in time and the general collection has survived. 

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Off The Record

BY SANDY GARDINER

We get letters.

That may be a catchphrase stolen from Perry Como but it's true.

And it's interesting to hear what you have to say—for or against—about the column.

Early this month I had a letter from a girl—you'd be surprised how many of the opposite sex are reading *Canadian Boy*—asking me to interview The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, The Beach Boys, Herman's Hermits and The Dave Clark Five.

As it happens, in the last two years, I've interviewed them all and passed along to you the results of the idol chat.

But one thing about the letters bothers me. It seems Canada doesn't have too many patriotic teenagers.

One letter in every 50 mentions a Canadian group and attempts to promote them.

So, at the risk of having my head bitten off by unresponsive young Canadians, I'm asking you to rally round the flag.

Some of our recording artists can put American and British artists to shame but the support they get from their countrymen is ridiculous.

There is also a bias that prevents Canadian records from being hits in other nations.

Some sounds overcome the handicap. "Shakin' All Over" made it in the States but didn't make it in Britain. The reason was simple — the song originated from the UK and had already been a hit there before Chad Allen's version hit the market.

Some sounds don't.

"My Girl Sloopy" by Little Caesar and The Consuls did well in Canada but only picked up the sales crumbs when The McCoys' disc came out. And although the American disc had a better overall sound, this wasn't its biggest asset in the competition.

Disc jockeys south of the border

said they were playing The McCoys' version because "it was American."

That's unity. And that's bias.

These are the two things that have to be straightened out in our land before we can produce stars of the calibre of The Beatles.

The question is: How do you overcome the wall put up against our sound?

The first thing you need is better production. And Canada is getting more in the groove in this respect than most people think.

While I was in England recently I played a Canadian-made record to George Martin, The Beatles' arranger and producer.

He was interested in Canada's facilities for recording and said that technically he could find nothing wrong with the overall sound.

So that proves that we can be on a par with productions from across the Atlantic and south of the border.

Teenagers are the core of the problem.

That's right. You:

How often do you phone your local radio stations requesting a Canadian record?

If you're an apathetic swinger, you probably don't care for anyone but those at the top in the music business.

If you want to see Canada on the musical map, start a campaign against the radio stations not exposing home talent.

The Beatles are the biggest group in the world. Every day their latest record is played at least 20 times on every hard rock radio station.

It would hardly be missed if it was played only 19 times and a Canadian record spotlighted in the 20th spot.

I'm not saying all Canadian radio stations are neglecting Canadian discs. But I am saying they are far from united.

I'd like to know what you think of Canadian records. Are they good, bad or indifferent? Do you feel Canadian groups aren't worthy of a place at the top elsewhere in the world? Are you interested enough to take up a pen and jot down your thoughts?

Which brings me back to letters.

Send them to me, care of *Canadian Boy*.

The best arguments will win copies of discs by Canada's top groups.

United we stand, divided we fall. Keep that in mind.



BY MOROCCO BOUND

The great outdoors and animals are the themes in the books below, which make up one of the most impressive and interesting collections published in some time.

Islands off New Brunswick, the Gaspé coast and Newfoundland are the scenes in *The Secret Islands*, by Franklin Russell (McClelland and Stewart, \$6.00). The author loves the mystery and fascination of islands, the birds that inhabit the lonely rocks in the sea, and the people who live on the shores. He has written a little masterpiece about life off the East coast of Canada, and a book that everyone in the family will enjoy.

From the ocean to the Rocky Mountains is quite a trip, but it's high in the mountains in Colorado that the golden eagle lives. The life story of one of these magnificent birds is told in *The Golden Eagle*, by Robert Murphy (Clarke, Irwin, \$4.95). The author, who wrote *The Pond*, one of the best boys' outdoor books ever, has come up with another standout in this beautifully-told story. All the details of the eagle's existence come to life, so that you almost feel you too are soaring high above the mountain peaks, fighting the eagle's enemies, and experiencing the feeling of freedom that only a bird can have.

Wandering Through Winter, by Edwin Way Teale (Dodd, Mead) is the story of a 20,000-mile trip across the United States in the dead of winter. From the summery climate of Southern California, the author drives east through every type of weather and geography in the U. S., to the snowy woods of Maine. The book is a classic, and probably the best-ever description of a North American winter.

Resources for Tomorrow, by James Savage (MacMillan, \$2.95) is a fine introduction to our natural resources and man's place in Nature's scheme. Against a Canadian background, the author discusses minerals and mining, soil use and farming, water and fish, the forests and wildlife, and what people must do to maintain our resources.

Picking Your Dog

Continued from page 30

which seems rather unfair; by no means lap-dogs by nature, they are very sporting little fellows and love to hunt.

GROUP VI — NON-SPORTING DOGS—This is the smallest group of all.

First listed is the Boston Terrier. Anyone who has ever owned one of these gay, affectionate little fellows is forever a loyal slave to this breed.

As for Poodles—well, who goes anywhere these days without seeing several of these popular companions? There are three sizes—Standard, Miniature and Toy.

Lovable, ugly-mug, Bulldogs are included in this group, and they can be a barrel of fun. But just because they flop down with a great deal of snoring, don't get it into your head that Bulldogs are lazy. They are solid muscle and need an immense amount of exercise (but not behind bicycles, please) to keep in top condition.

So there you have them. Take your choice. But don't forget that a pure-bred pup of any breed is going to cost you money and it's unlikely that you can get one for less than fifty dollars.

The Canadian Kennel Club officials are ever ready to help locate kennels in your vicinity, and to give expert advice. Rely on their judgment.

Care of Your Dog

Continued from page 8

Exercise is very important, and dogs love routine. If you get into the habit of giving your dog a good brisk walk before you go to school and again when you go to bed, it won't matter how much you play ball with him in between times, he will look for these walks and be bitterly disappointed if you let him down.

Training Your Dog

Continued from page 8

nose will stop him from forging ahead. The leash dangled in front of his eyes may also produce the same effect. Use whichever method produces the best results but dispense with these crutches as soon as possible.

With these few basic commands adhered to you will have a tractable and pleasant dog to have around people.

PUZZLE & GAMES

The Numbers Game

Can you get the numbers from 1 to 25 in the 25 spaces in such a way that no matter how you add them in a straight line, up and down or across, they total 65? It can be done. Here's a clue—put the number one in the center row at the top.

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One-Line Crossword for Spring

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|----|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| | P | R | I | N | G | I | S | H | E | R | E |

- 9, 7, 5, 6, 12, 1 hold up a door
- 3, 4, 8, 10 get up
- 2, 10, 12, 11 an equal
- 1 to 12 an appropriate saying for March 21.

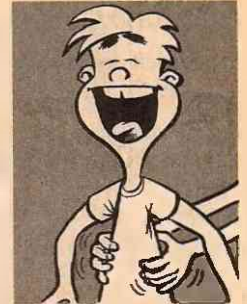
Figure out the words 1, 2 and 3 from the numbers and clues given. Then getting 4 should be easy.

Read the answers in your mirror!

| | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|
| 11 | 18 | 22 | 25 | 8 |
| 10 | 15 | 19 | 21 | 3 |
| 4 | 6 | 13 | 20 | 22 |
| 23 | 2 | 7 | 14 | 16 |
| 17 | 24 | 1 | 25 | 12 |

Answers

1. HINGES
2. RISE
3. PEER
4. SPRING IS HERE



RIB TICKLERS

Did you hear about the near-sighted turtle? He married an army helmet!

John Shearer, Woodstock, N.B.

A man was riding down a highway when he came to a sign which read, "Detour." He went another mile and a sign read, "Proceed at your own risk." He went five more miles and a sign read, "How did you get this far?"

Ian Baldock, Montreal, P.Q.

Carol: How did you make out in the eating contest?

Cindy: Not so well. Bob came in first, and I came in sickened.

Bruce Macdonald, Hudson, P.Q.

Doctor: Sir, I'm sorry to tell you, but your wife's mind is completely gone.
Husband: I'm not surprised. She's been giving me a piece of it for twenty years.

*Steven Dufresne,
Dorion Gardens, Que.*

Q: What did one casket say to the other casket?

A: Is that you coffin?

Ricky Butcher, Napanee, Ont.

Teacher: Who was the smartest inventor of all times, and why?

Harry: Edison. He invented the phonograph and radio, so people would stay up all night using his electric light bulbs.

Gordon Carnes, Victoria, B.C.

Did you hear about the electrician who wired his love on Valentine's Day?

Leonard Harris, Toronto, Ont.

Lady: Why do you drink so much?

Drunk: I'm trying to forget my problem.

Lady: What's your problem?

Drunk: I drink too much!

David Ash, Winnipeg, Man.

A motorist was bogged down in a road full of water-filled holes and paid a farmer ten dollars to pull him out with a team. After he was on the road again, he remarked to the farmer, "I should think at that price you would be pulling people out of this stuff day and night."

"Nope," replied the farmer, "at night is when I tote the water for the holes."

Gordon Smith, Coniston, Ont.

Q: What's the definition of a skeleton?

A: A stripper who went too far.

Johnny Green, Don Mills, Ont.

Teacher: How do you spell inconsequentially?

Willie: Wrong!

Nancy Anderson, Calgary, Alta.

Q: How do you keep milk from turning sour?

A: Leave it in the cow.

Mark Goodfellow, Burlington, Ont.

Patient: I'm a little stiff from bowling.
Doctor: I don't give a hoot where you're from!

Bill Brodie, Montreal, Que.

Q: What do you call a smart duck?

A: A wise quacker.

Jim Coleman, Sault Ste Marie, Ont.

"Last night, a burglar got in the house."

"Did he get anything?"

"I'll say. My wife thought it was me coming home late!"

First Creelman, Sask. Troop.

Q: What did one magnet say to the other?

A: You're very attractive today.

Michael Kelly, Toronto, Ont.

Teacher: Have you read Webster's Dictionary?

Johnny: No. I'm waiting 'til they make it into a movie.

Grant Bjornson, Winnipeg, Man.

CHOPPER

By Simpkins

LOST & FOUND



Simpkins

"How big a piece of wood was it?"

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GIRLS**



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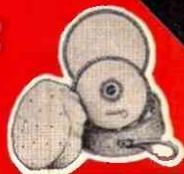
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Parent's Signature.....

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