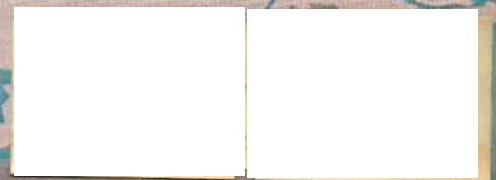


# Canadian Boy

JUN 67



**CAMPING  
CROSS  
CANADA**



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START SHOOTING FOR A PRIZE TODAY—Pick up a box of "Imperial" or "Canuck" 22's right away. These great 22's now come in a unique new slide out plastic tray pack. No fumbling or spilling. Just slide out the tray, pick out a cartridge, load up and "Shoot-To-Win".



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# Canadian Boy

JUNE, 1967, VOL. 4, NO. 4

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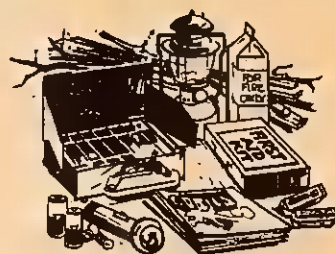
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**NEXT MONTH:** The lead story's theme in our July-August issue is school. If you're thinking, "Heck! Who wants to read about school?" — don't panic the pushbutton, fellas — this is school with a difference! We'll take you back through the time tunnel to 1867 and show you what a boy's life was like a hundred years ago. Then we'll transfer you to present-day Manitoba where you'll find the rugged-outdoors-type whose story comes up next in our boys across Canada series. Getting back to the subject of school, how you've been making out there will be a deciding factor in how you make out with our *Mathematical Puzzle Contest*, which is just a glimpse of what we've got lined up for you!

**WRIGLEY'S  
'HAPPY-GO-LIVELY'  
THINGS TO DO**

### BE READY FOR THAT CAMPING TRIP

If your family is planning a camping trip like the one described by Ed Donovan in this issue—here are a few important things you can plan on getting ready.



Check your first-aid kit. See that it is well stocked with fresh supplies of tape, bandaids, insect repellent, etc. — and a dime for making an emergency 'phone call.

Make a neat bundle of some kindling so it's easy to get a quick meal going when you stop at a roadside camp. Help Dad clean up the camp lantern and portable stove before starting on your trip.

Check your fire extinguisher to make sure it works. If you don't have one—get a milk carton and fill it with equal parts of mixed sawdust and baking soda. Label the carton "For fire only" and make sure everyone knows what it's for.

You will enjoy your trip more if you get information on camp sites and events that take place where you will be visiting. Your library or travel agent will be able to help you.

Don't forget your flashlight and extra batteries and bulbs. Also, put aside a small supply of comic books and games to enjoy during the car ride. A package or two of Wrigley's Spearmint gum for the family will help make the car ride a little shorter and will refresh you too!



taste that  
'HAPPY GO LIVELY'  
flavour

# A WORD ABOUT CAMPING

Of all the stories and articles **CANADIAN BOY** is featuring this year, the ones closest to our hearts are those on Outdoor Canada. In January-February's CB, you read about skiing; in May, about wild-life; and in later issues you'll find articles on hiking, cycling, survival and snowshoeing.

And, on page 6 of this issue, you'll find *Camping '67*, which we hope will give you a bit of an urge to go camping. We can't think of anything more important!

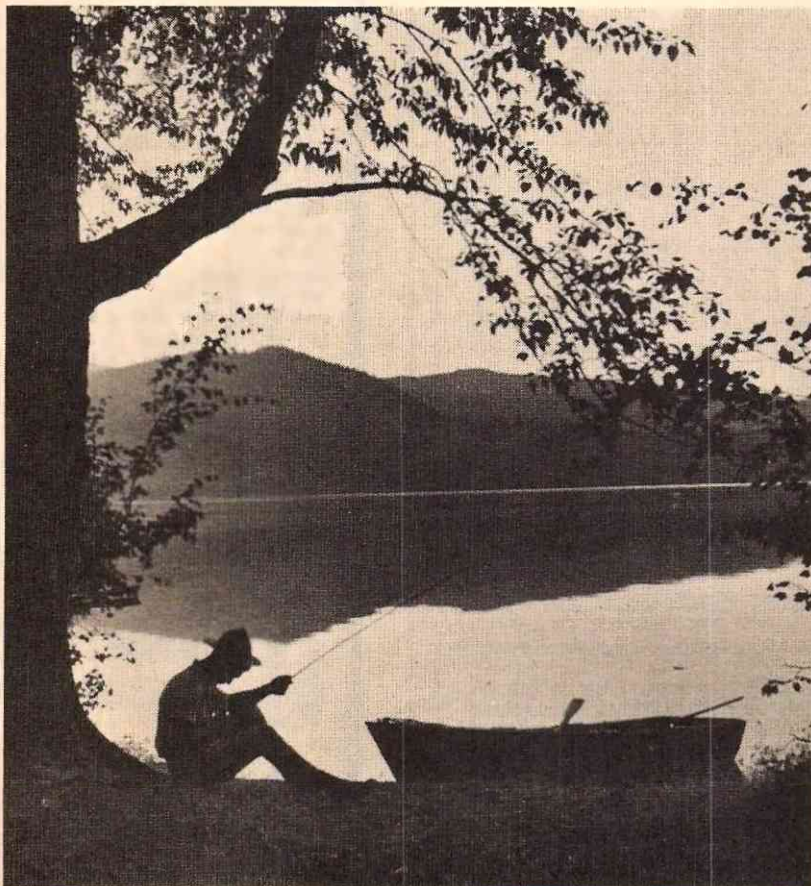
Camping is the key to all the outdoor activities we've mentioned, because camping is basically getting out-of-doors and having fun. All your other outdoor activities can be built around camping. You like canoeing? The answer is a camping trip by canoe. Is mountaineering your line? Once again, camping is the backbone. In other words, any activity that takes you out-of-doors overnight can be called camping.

The activities we mention above can be carried out as part of your Scouting program. They can be at some other organized summer camp. They can be built into your family's camping trip. Or, if you're old enough and experienced enough, you may be able to undertake them informally with friends.

No matter how you go about it, though, the one thing you'll find when your gear is all packed away and you're heading home is that it's been great! You've lived with nature. You've used your body and canoed, hiked, climbed, hunted, fished, done whatever you set out to do. You've had a ball!

That's the thing about camping. It's real life out-of-doors, and it's a life you can put all of yourself into. Whether it lasts 24 hours or 24 days, you get more out of it than almost any other activity.

So don't just sit there thinking about it! Get out and live it!



Norman Brown  
EDITOR

George Bourne  
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Margaret Large  
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

Jack Young  
ADVERTISING MANAGER

Mary McWilliams  
SUBSCRIPTION SUPERVISOR

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

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You've never seen anything like Expo 67—you never will again. It's a look at the future; a college education in days; a real ball! It opens in Montreal April 28th.

Some 25,000 camp and trailer facilities are located at 120 spots along the routes to Montreal. And we're adding sites all the

time. The great majority of sites are within 40 miles of Expo 67 and the sooner you make your reservations, the closer you'll be. Reservations may be made through the official Expo 67 Accommodations Bureau, LOGEXPO.

Simply fill out the request for camp or trailer site below and send it to: LOGEXPO, Camping Section, Expo 67, Montreal, P.Q. Or, ask for detailed information regarding all camp and trailer sites in the Expo 67 area.

All trailer sites offer 3-way hook-ups to provide electricity, water and sewage disposal. Rates are from \$3.50 to \$5.00 a day. Rates for camp sites are from \$2.50 to \$3.50 a day.

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<p>Name _____</p> <p>Address _____ Apt. _____</p> <p>City _____ Zone _____ Prov. _____</p> <p>Coming via: _____</p> <p>Remarks: _____</p> <p><b>Mail to: LOGEXPO, Camping Section, Expo 67, Montreal, P.Q.</b></p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Required Accommodation:</i></p> <p>Camping site <input type="checkbox"/> Trailer site <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>Size: _____</p> <p>No. of sites required _____</p> <p>No. of nights _____</p> <p>No. of persons _____</p> <p>Arrival date: _____</p> <p>Departure date: _____</p>
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# CAMPING '67



**Outdoor  
Canada**

by Edward J. Donovan

*National Film Board photos*

This is *the year*, Centennial year, and if you're a camper, this summer should see you somewhere on the woodland trails of our great country. Listen carefully: you'll hear Canada's bushlands calling to you!

If you are a stranger to this popular pastime, now is the time to get with it! Become acquainted with this exciting world of fun and adventure. Thrill to an early sunrise on a lake somewhere beyond the fringe; hear the shot about dawn that is the slap of a beaver's tail on water; inhale the nose-twitching fragrance of bacon and eggs cooking on a campfire, while all around is the perfume of sweet-smelling pine and cedars. Or see the headlight eyes of a wise old owl in a tree watching you in the dark!

It's a great way to spend any summer, and Centennial summer should see more of us camping in the woods. Have you ever, at day's end, heard a loon laugh across the water, or listened to the dulcet notes of a whippoorwill's call?

Camping is not expensive fun. You have no tent, and not enough money to buy one? For a few cents buy a large sheet of plastic. You've seen construction workers use them as protection against winter winds and cold. Build a lean-to in the woods and drape the plastic down the front as a barrier against rainstorms and night-time wildlife prowlers. Turn the bottom in under and weight it down with rocks. You're inside, snug as a fox in his den. Provide an opening for ventilation, of course!

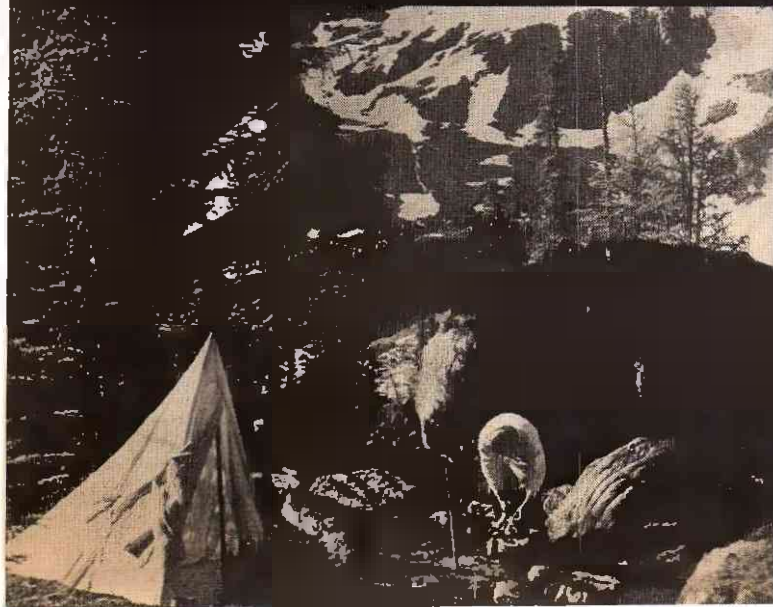
For more detailed information on polythene plastic and its many advantages for campers, write to: Public Relations, Canadian Industries Limited, Box 10, Montreal.

Did you ever wonder what the first campers used? It's a cinch they didn't have plastic—or even canvas!

No one even knows who those first campers were! However they must have lived thousands of years ago and quite possibly they were forced into camping by circumstance. Maybe a group of primitive men became lost while hunting, or delayed too long before returning home and were overtaken by nightfall. So they constructed crude shelters and did the best they could.

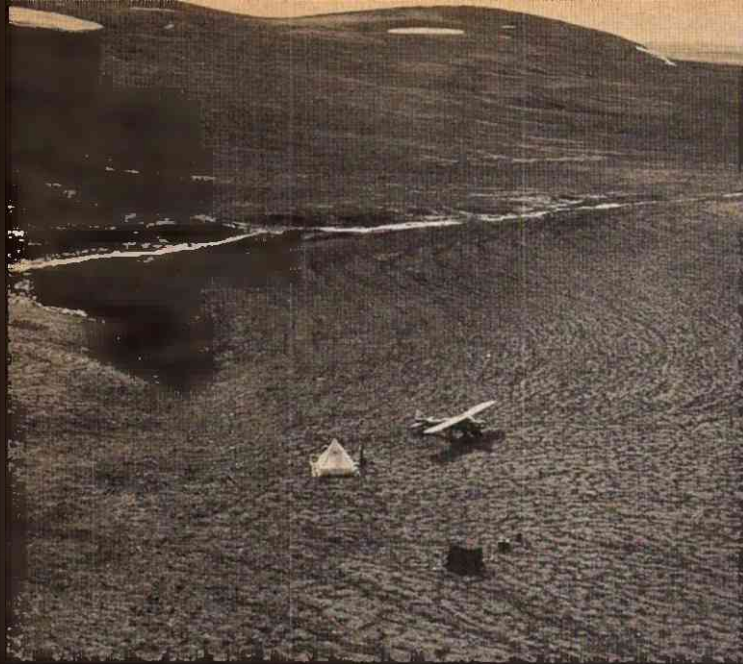
Such situations may have occurred many times and these stone-age

An Alpine Club climber unpacks his gear at a high altitude camping site in the Canadian Rockies.



This family is picnicking in Banff National Park, Alta. Note the variety of small tents and portable equipment.





**This is camping where you can really get away from it all! You have to go in by plane, at Boothia Peninsula, N.W.T.**



**Boys from Camp Ahmek portage their canoes during a four-day trip through Ontario's Algonquin Park.**

people learned that camping was not only necessary at times, but that it could also be pleasant. Possibly some of higher intelligence realized more suitable shelters could be made from the covering they employed as clothing — the hides of animals they killed. The habit caught on and our prehistoric men turned to the nomadic life, wandering about and settling down wherever night overtook them.

The armies of ancient times were campers during their campaigns and gained experience in campcraft as time went on. Right here in Canada live some of the best campers in the world — the Canadian Indian and the Eskimo! They accepted the challenge of nature and became skilled campers. They built shelters

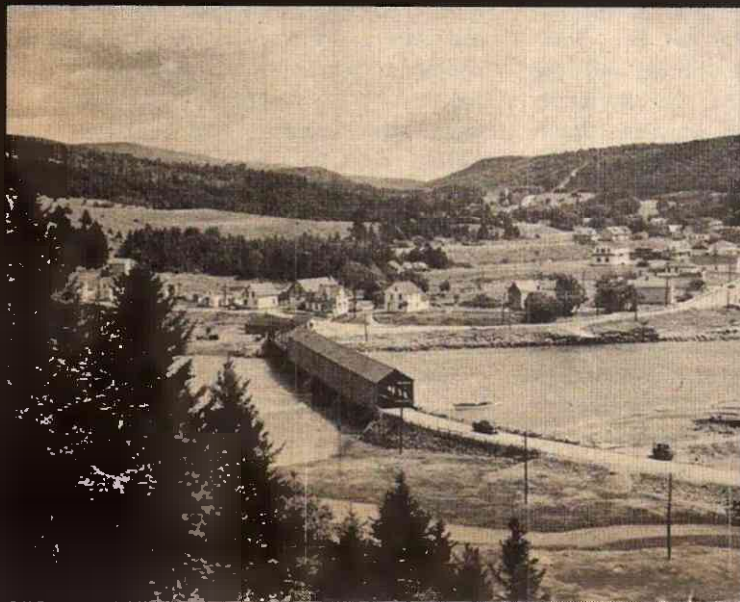
from nature's storehouse, the Indians using birch bark over cones of saplings for their teepees and wigwams; the Eskimo cutting huge blocks of snow and molding them into structures resembling bee-hives in shape.

Today that's all changed. With the advent of fishing and hunting as sports about 100 years ago, woodsmen were required to assist the sportsmen. These "guides" conducted the hunter and fisherman into unexplored wilderness and brought them home again. Canoes and pack-horses were used to transport the necessities and camp gear.

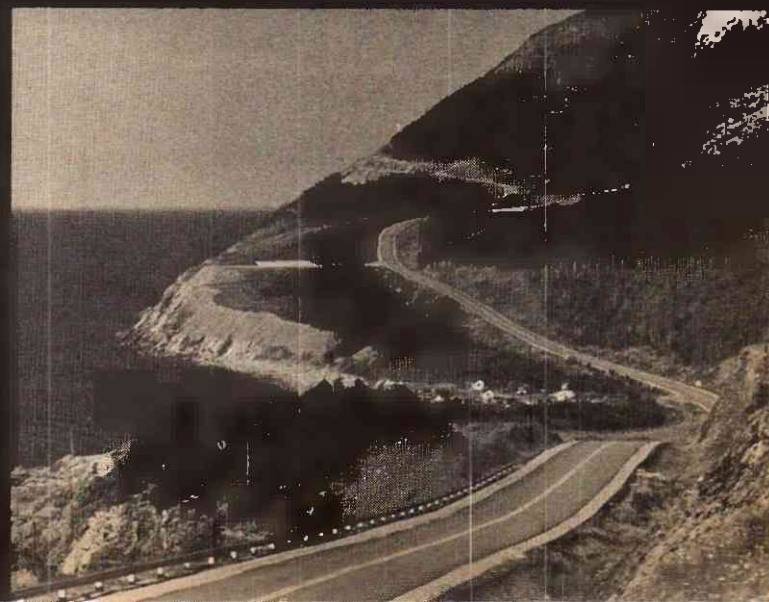
It was an expensive pastime, until the Boy Scouts came into existence and camps for them were essential to their program.

Meanwhile changes occurred in camping equipment. The torch gave way to candles which in turn were replaced by the kerosene lamp and then flashlights were introduced. Folding cook stoves replaced the ground fires, and crude cooking utensils faded before the efficiency of camp cooking kits. Folding cots and air mattresses were easier and faster to set up than the stationary beds of fir and balsam. And tents became available. All sizes and shapes! The popular pup tent and "baby" wall tents for small groups, the explorer and medium size wall tents for larger groups and the umbrella and family wall tents for even greater numbers. Automobiles and trailers brought about other changes and made far-away campsites more

**This covered bridge can be found at Alma, New Brunswick. There are lots of them all over New Brunswick and Quebec.**



**This is the famous Cabot Trail, seen from a high angle. It winds its way into Nova Scotia's hills.**



accessible.

All these improvements and innovations have continued to contribute to the camper's comfort, until in Canada and numerous other countries camping is now a well-established tradition. And that's where you come in! Keep that tradition alive in Canada!

There are so many interesting methods of camping. For instance, you could become a vagabond and set out on a walking tour with a packsack on your back. Take a camera along and see how many cairns or historical plaques you can capture. Or with three or four companions pitch your tent beside a lake and enjoy the big outdoors, swimming and fishing and exploring some woodland trail. Or if you like canoeing, become a voyageur and travel up or down your favorite river from one town to another, camping wherever night-time finds you.

Where to go camping?

That may depend on where you live, or it might hinge on whether you want to camp in the mountains, in deep forest, on a lake, or by a river.

In eastern Canada there are countless excellent places. The Ottawa Valley is the porch of the Gatineau Hills, and not far from the capital city is Harrington Lake, a beauty spot where the government provides top grade camping facilities. Farther north and west is Algonquin Provincial Park, another scenic wonderland for campers with rivers and lakes just waiting for you and your canoe. North Bay on Lake Nipissing is a focal point with trails to a camper's paradise—the great north country!

In fact, you can go as far north as the Arctic Circle, if you really want to be adventurous! The Northwest Territories and the Yukon offer vast wildlands where you can get away from it all!

In Quebec we have Mont Tremblant Park — 1,200 square miles of nature, including approximately 1,000 lakes, and picturesque rivers with their scenic waterfalls too numerous to count! In fact, all through Quebec you'll find good fishing and good times in abundance.

In New Brunswick there is the longest covered bridge in the world, with wooded countryside in all directions, and the Fundy National Park where no fishing licence is required.

On Prince Edward Island, camp near the beautiful white birches by the Mill River and enjoy the fishing and boating there. Pause for a while at historic Fort Edward and Victoria Park. In Nova Scotia you'll find the Fort Anne National Park, while on Spencer Island there is a cairn marking where a famous ghost ship, *Marie Celeste*, was built. Newfoundland offers rugged beauty along with ancient churches, interesting lighthouses and poetic places with poetic names such as Spaniards Bay, Grates Cove, Heart's Delight and dozens of others.

Across the nation, in British Columbia, there are literally thousands of good campsites. Don't forget to look in on Tweedsmuir Park or, if you're near it, Bowran Lake Park. Alberta has numerous reconstructed pioneer villages and interesting museums, as well as the Alberta Game Farm and Lakeview Park, with its inviting camping facilities, sandy beaches and the desert-like Badlands! In Saskatchewan we have Cypress Hills Park with its sanctuary for wildlife, and old Fort Walsh, one of the first centres established by the North West Mounted Police, from which law and order emanated among the Blackfoot, Cree, Sioux and Assiniboine Indians. And Manitoba has about 80 parks, including the zoo and botanical gardens in Assiniboine Park. There is also Old Fort Garry gate, and the first locomotive to reach Winnipeg.

Yes, Canada has thousands of interesting spots for campers to visit, and if you want detailed information about certain locations, write to the Canadian Travel Bureau, Ottawa, Canada. That's all the address you need!

Plan your Centennial project to include camping. Discover how great Canada is; feel the spell of the nation's outdoor wonderland, away from honking automobile horns and the whirl of heavy traffic, the city noises and tooting factory whistles. Stand on some forest knoll and inhale the bigness of it; you're free as a bird and you no longer experience that shut-in feeling!

Living in the wilderness pleases with a freedom you can all but taste! Plan carefully which kind of camping is involved for you—heavyweight camping, middleweight camping or lightweight camping. The first is for large groups or for families, and most

of the equipment is transported in automobiles. The second type is for small groups of from four to six people. You carry most of the gear on your back, so you must decide to take only what is necessary. Then there is lightweight camping. This is for two or three buddies, and here your selections must be decisive indeed. Practise camping in your own backyard, and you'll soon learn what gear is essential and what is not. A harmonica is a good item to take along. It's light and provides suitable background for the singsongs around the campfire at night.

Your camping trip doesn't require a long journey from home. Twenty-five miles from the centre of any large city in Canada, less from smaller places, will put you deep in the heart of camp country. It's there, waiting for you to enjoy—swimming, fishing, watching wild animals, hearing squirrels and chipmunks chatter incessantly, seeing a fox lope across a clearing, geese flying low over the water, or otters sliding down a river bank. You'll have a lot to remember and talk about in the long winter evenings ahead!

Some fellows use bikes on their camping trips. This is good, if you ride on a road—never a highway—that is safe for cycling. If you have no bike, there is the family car, or buses. Possibly the idea of camping with the family doesn't appeal to you. Sisters can be nuisances, especially in the woods! On the other hand they are mighty handy for helping with the cooking or washing dirty dishes while you're busy at some other chore, like bunting for firewood!

Camping with the family can be fun. So talk dad and mother into a few weeks of it this summer. Show dad how you can identify wild animals from their tracks, or how you can start a fire after a rainstorm by chopping deep into a stump where the wood is less damp or smearing on liquid cement, which is a good fire-starter. Also show him how familiar you are with the birds you see, naming them and explaining their habits. Warn him not to leave his clothes on any old dead log when he goes swimming. That old log may house a colony of ants!

Get cracking on this camping idea, and perhaps we'll meet up with you this Centennial summer in some bush-land glade!



# AMORY ADVENTURE AWARD WINNERS 1966

## *First Burnaby Burrard Senior Scout Troop*

When we saw this bulky big log with the wooden covers, it looked like a winner! Birch bark and worm-eaten driftwood formed the hardbacks, and these were bound together firmly with tiny leatherette hinges and a sturdy rawhide thong. Brass fittings, including a hook-and-eye to keep the monster shut, completed the unusual structural aspects of the big book. It sure looked like a winner . . .

After the judges had read it, it came back to us, officially declared *the* winner! We weren't surprised, from what we'd already seen of it . . .

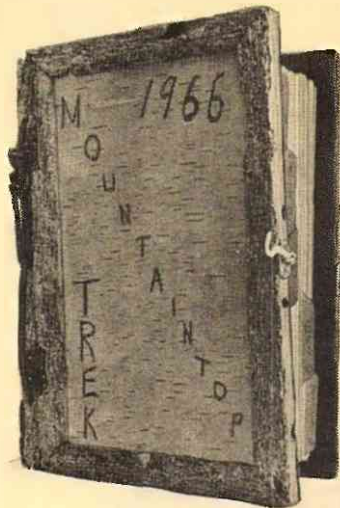
So, the word is out: The 1966 Amory Adventure Award winners are the Senior Scouting seven from North Burnaby, B.C., all members of the 1st Burnaby Burrard Senior Scout Troop. And this is the second year in a row B.C. has won!

Their adventure lasted from July 30th to August 6th last year, as they picked their way a hundred miles on foot across the southern mountains of British Columbia, from Manning Park to Jones Lake. They called it their "Mountaintop Trek" and their theme-song was "These Boots Were Made for Walking".

Participating were Queen's Scouts Dick Day, Jeff Sluggett, Rick Bourgoin, Mel Dudych, Drew Lydiard and Fred Savinkoff; First Class Scout Ian Black, and Scouter Pat Connell, 20, who acted as trek photographer. All the boys are 16 years of age. Day was expedition leader; Sluggett, his assistant; Savinkoff, quartermaster; Black, log-keeper; Bourgoin, grubmaster; Dudych, treasurer, and Lydiard, his assistant.

The idea for the trip was born in February, 1966, during a discussion about the Troop's summer camping plans. The Senior Scouts wanted to do something bigger and better, on their own, in the true spirit of Venturing! So they planned a separate trip, using the requirements of the Provincial Commissioner's Adventure Award as their set of guidelines.

The plan, which they followed pretty closely, went this way: Start at Manning Lake, hike over the Skyline Trail to Skagit Valley, through the southern mountain country of British Columbia. Then go northwest up Ross Lake Logging Road and on up the Skagit Valley



to Hicks Creek. From there, they'd cut west towards Chilliwack Lake and into the Chilliwack Valley. At Chipmunk Creek they planned to climb Mount Laughton then travel northwest again to Cheam Peak. They had to modify this plan because of the lay of the land—almost impassable—and instead moved around the base of Cheam and over into Jones Lake, to their Troop's summer campsite. They made it!

Not without hardship, however, and minor injury. Nor without humor and hardy goodwill.

Scouter Connell's own conclusion after it was all over included a remark we think wraps it up pretty well: "Enthusiasm, challenge and sense of accomplishment!"

The marvellous log that came out of the "Mountaintop Trek" contains maps and photos and menus and all the things you'd expect in the way of reports and conclusions.

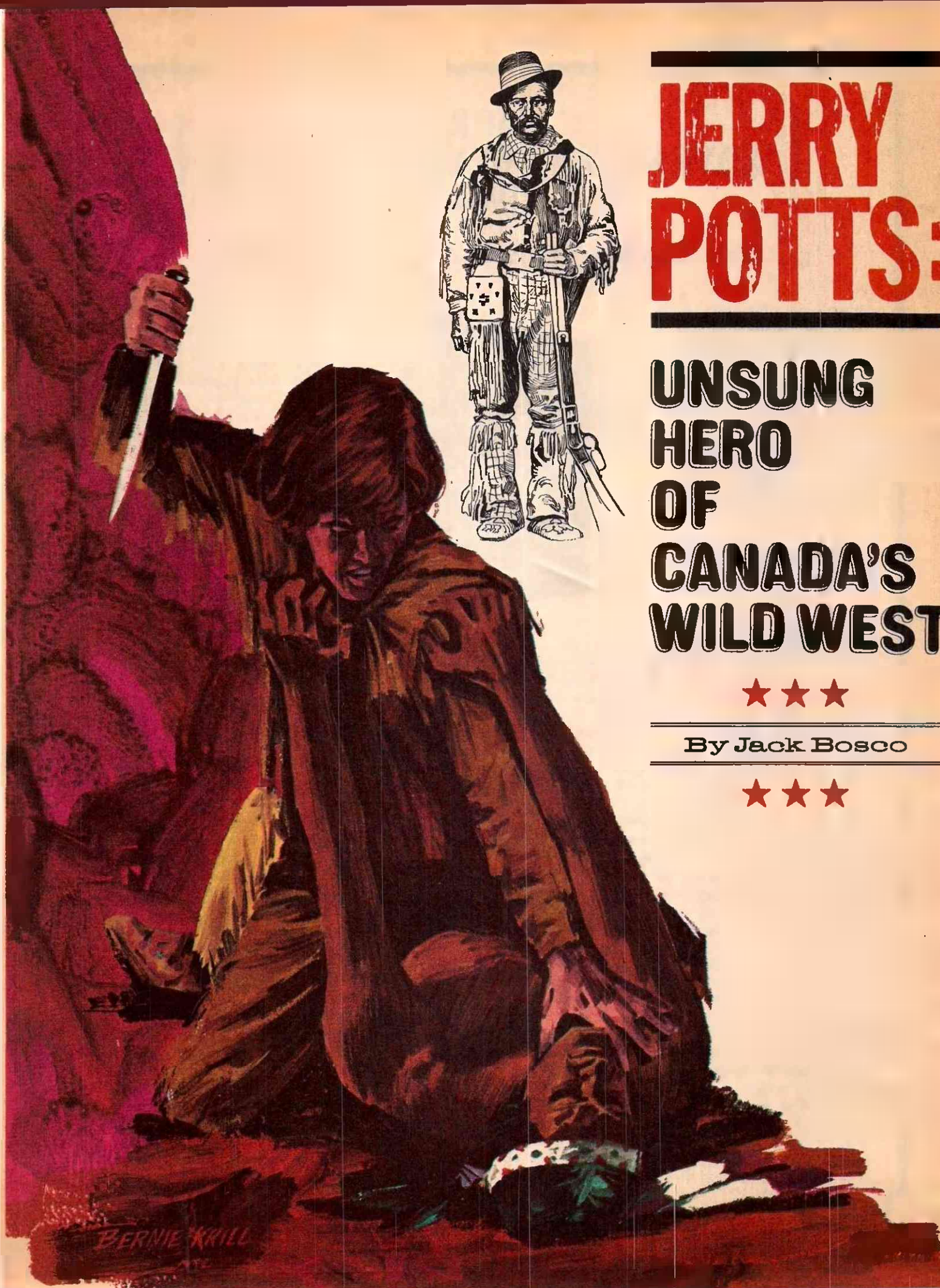
But this one also contains aerial photographs and photostats mapping out the terrain—a sure sign of solid planning! There's a financial statement we could understand, and there were cartoons especially drawn by members of the expedition.

To round it all out, the boys included a scrapbook section of all the press clippings they could find. Their trip was thoroughly covered by their photographer, in colorfilm!

It's a wonderful example of teamwork in the planning, in the field, and in the preparation of a truly monumental log. Congratulations to these Senior Scouts of 1st Burnaby Burrard—undisputed winners of the 1966 Amory Adventure Award!

Judges this year on the Amory Award panel were: Dr. A. H. J. Lovink, the Netherlands Ambassador to Canada; Dr. E. F. Roots, co-ordinator, Polar Continental Shelf Project; Eric Morse, national director, Association of Canadian Clubs, and an avid and noted canoeist; J. D. Pearse, program host on the CBC's television show *Jack in the Box*; Charles Levy, World Scout Bureau; P. M. O. Evans, official historian for Boy Scouts of Canada; and Norman Brown, editor of CANADIAN BOY.





# JERRY POTTS:

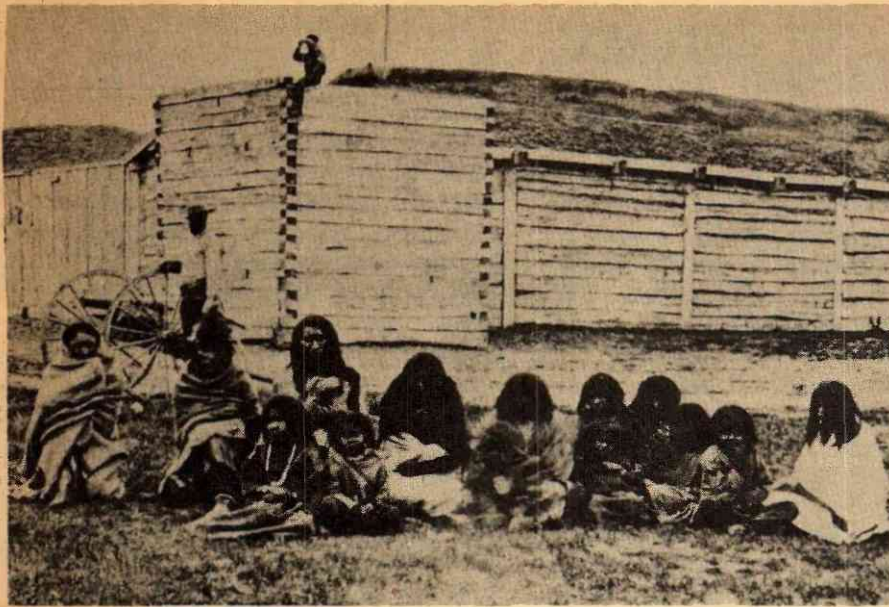
## UNSUNG HERO OF CANADA'S WILD WEST



By Jack Bosco



BERNIE KRILL



Fort Whoop-Up, as seen in the late 1860's. This trading post, the centre of the illegal whiskey trade between the Indians and American renegades, was wiped out by the Mounties, guided by Jerry Potts.

SILENTLY, JERRY POTTS CREEPT INTO THE BLACKFOOT'S TENT. The sleeping man stirred and groaned. Jerry froze, listening for sounds outside in the Indian encampment. Nothing. Two quick strides and Jerry had crossed the tent to the sleeping man's side. He drew a knife from his belt. One swift savage stroke downwards. The man jerked, gasped and went back to sleep, this time forever. Fifteen-year-old Jerry Potts had killed his father's murderer.

It had all begun a few days earlier in his father's trading post near the Alberta-Montana border. His Scottish father, who had taken care of Jerry alone since Jerry's Indian mother had died, had been closing the store up for the night. Jerry heard his father upstairs, closing the window shutters. The sharp report of a rifle, followed by the thump of his father hitting the floor, brought Jerry on the run. He arrived just in time to see an Indian leap on his horse and vanish into the night.

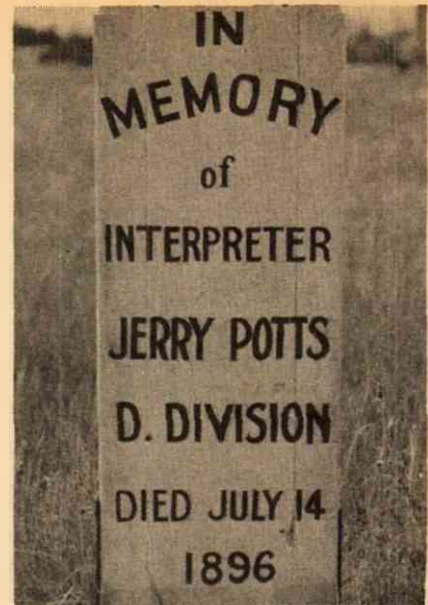
Seeing his father was beyond any aid, Jerry saddled up his own horse and set out on the trail of the killer. He doggedly followed the trail for

days until it ended at a well-guarded Blackfoot encampment. Then, under cover of night, Jerry crawled past the guards, into the very heart of the camp, to the killer's tent. His mission accomplished, he slipped out into the night, and worked his way out of the camp past the same guards, to freedom.

Jerry's actions may seem free and easy to us nowadays, but keep in mind that all this took place in the wild, unsettled frontier country of Canada's West, 100 years ago. There were no police to help him, and no army post for hundreds of miles.

Jerry Potts, who killed a man when only fifteen, and lived the rugged life of the lawless frontier, is also one of Canada's unsung heroes. As a matter of fact, he was one of the greatest forces in establishing law and order in our West. He spent the major part of his life as a scout for the North West Mounted Police, finding trouble and lawlessness, then bringing the officers of the law to it to solve the problems in a peaceful and just way.

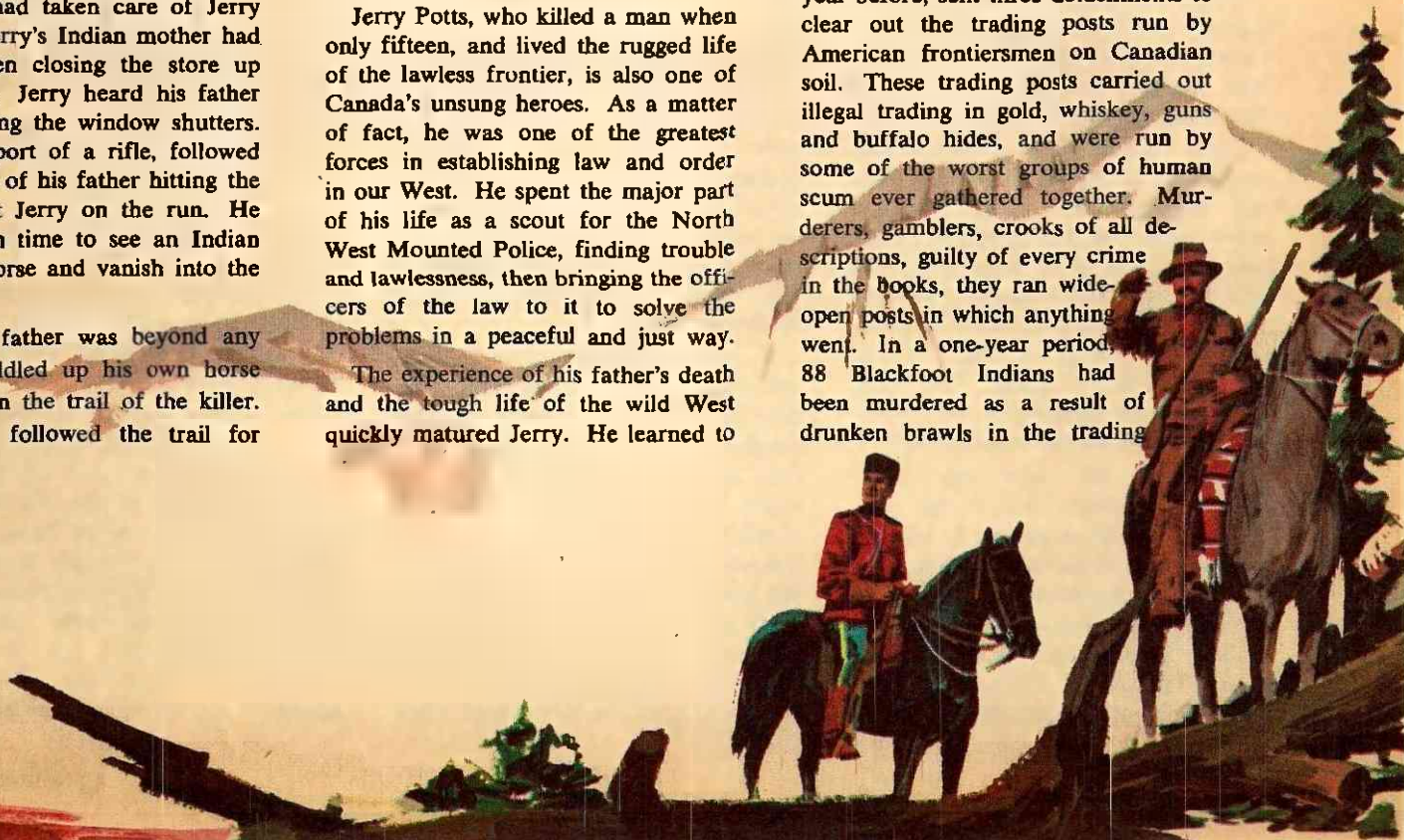
The experience of his father's death and the tough life of the wild West quickly matured Jerry. He learned to



This simple wooden marker stands at the head of Jerry Potts' grave near Fort Macleod.

ride a horse as if they were one being, with or without a saddle. He became a crack shot, could speak Indian languages as well as English, and could follow a trail with the sixth sense of a wild animal. He became toughened to loneliness and the rigors of fending for himself, grew wise in the ways of the West, and soon earned himself a reputation as a dependable scout and highly qualified interpreter for the traders of the West. Then came the event that changed the course of his life.

In 1874, the North West Mounted Police, which had been formed the year before, sent three detachments to clear out the trading posts run by American frontiersmen on Canadian soil. These trading posts carried out illegal trading in gold, whiskey, guns and buffalo hides, and were run by some of the worst groups of human scum ever gathered together. Murderers, gamblers, crooks of all descriptions, guilty of every crime in the books, they ran wide-open posts in which anything went. In a one-year period, 88 Blackfoot Indians had been murdered as a result of drunken brawls in the trading



posts. The job of the Mounties — clean out the trading posts, and bring peace and order to the frontier.

One of the detachments of Mounties stopped off at Fort Benton, Montana, for supplies. They were headed for Fort Whoop-Up, one of the worst of the illegal trading posts. Commander of the Mounties was Major James Macleod, who met Jerry Potts at Fort Benton. Jerry had been recommended as a scout and interpreter by a trading company, and Major Macleod had his first look at the man who was to spend many years guiding the Mounties around the West.

Jerry could not have seemed too impressive a figure to the major. Jerry had never been big, and when he was fully grown stood only five feet two inches in height, and was slim to boot. But what he lacked in stature and poundage, he more than made up for in strength. He was able to fully draw back the cord of a Blackfoot bow, which was an almost impossible feat for a big, husky man. Jerry wore a tall-crowned fedora-like hat, a buckskin-fringed jacket and breeches decorated with Indian beadwork, and moccasins. He carried a long-barreled Winchester rifle, without which he was never seen. He had sad eyes, and wore a mustache, and looked for all the world like a meek and mild bank clerk dressed up as a frontiersman. But in action, Jerry was one of the toughest and smartest.

At any rate, Major Macleod was impressed enough with Jerry's cool manner and evident knowledge of the country and its inhabitants to hire him. And so Jerry set out to guide the detachment to Fort Whoop-Up.

With Jerry's sharp trailwork and knowledge of the terrain, the Mounties reached the trading post far sooner than they had expected. They surrounded the post, from which no sound or sign of life issued, and drew two cannons up to fire. Every Mountie loaded and cocked his rifle. All was quiet; maybe too quiet. The only sound was the flapping of the American Stars and Stripes over the fort.

Jerry and the major rode up to within a hundred yards of the post, expecting a hail of gunfire to unleash itself at them at any second. Still nothing. They dismounted. The major strode forward, Jerry at his side. They walked through the wide-open main gate. The major rapped with his leather-gauntleted knuckles on the

nearest doorway. Nothing happened. Then, after what seemed minutes, the door slowly opened. Inside was an elderly U. S. Civil War veteran, Dave Akers, who genially asked them in. He did not seem surprised or alarmed! There was no resistance, no Indians, no whiskey traders . . . and no liquor anywhere in Fort Whoop-Up. The traders had got the message about the redcoated Mounties being on the march, and had wisely retreated.

The next stop for the detachment was Fort Slide-Out, another illegal trading post. The reception was the same there. No resistance, no liquor. So Jerry was ordered by the major to select a site for a police post. He found a likely site three days' march from Fort Whoop-Up. Here the Mounties established a central post, to become known as Fort Macleod, and raised the Union Jack over the fort.

The new fort was isolated. It was 200 miles from the nearest outpost of civilization, a U. S. Army fort in Montana. If Indians or traders attacked, the Mounties would have to stand alone. Reinforcements or supplies could not reach them in good time if they were besieged. All alone, these men had to administer the law to the last frontier, where thirty thousand Indians roamed the plains.

These Indians were formed into a confederacy of Blackfoot, Blood and Piegan tribes, allied with the Gros Ventres and Sarcee, all of whom did battle with the Crees, Sioux, Assiniboines and the Flatheads, and the Kootenays from over the Rockies.

To help them in their work, the Mounties could not have chosen a better man than Jerry. Strangely enough, he had earned the high respect of the Blackfoot for his courage and audacity in tracking his father's killer down. He had won a place in their camp councils, and was trusted by them.

In 1870, Jerry had endeared himself even more to the Blackfoot and their allies. A hunting party of Crees slaughtered a camp of Piegan families. Only one survivor, a young boy, escaped. He found Jerry with a party of Blackfoot buffalo hunters, and told him of the massacre. Jerry took matters into his own hands, and led a war party intent on revenge. The resulting battle was short and bloody. Several hundred died in the battle, and Jerry got a severe gash in his head, an arrow

in his ribs, and the satisfaction of seeing the men who had slaughtered women and children get wiped out themselves.

Besides being the friend of the Blackfoot, Jerry could track and trail better than the redmen themselves. He had a built-in radar that let him guide a party to its destination over unknown territory. These instincts made him the number one scout on the plains.

Once the Mounties had established Fort Macleod, Jerry was sent out to explain the aims of the new peace-keeping force. The few Mounties could not survive and do the job they were sent to do without the cooperation of the plains Indians. And so Jerry went to the tribes; to each he explained the Mounties' job, interpreted methods of law and order, and asked for their cooperation. He assured the chiefs that the Mounties wanted to be friends, and that the Indians would not be expected to aid the police in their work. Presents were exchanged, and the Indians pledged their friendship.

But whiskey traders renewed operations. So Jerry led a police party to Pine Coulee, where they met a chief who had informed on the traders. Two days later the lawbreakers were seized, along with two wagonloads of liquor, 16 horses, and an arsenal of rifles and pistols.

One of Jerry's adventures came in 1875 when his party of police ran into an unexpected March blizzard near the U. S.-Canada border. They were forced to shelter in a coulee without heat, and without food, except for some raw bacon.

Jerry kept the party on the trail despite the storm. The group finally managed to make their way to a border shack where U. S. cavalry personnel almost shot them in mistake for whiskey peddlers they'd been waiting for. They reached Helena, Montana safely, minus three horses, and thanks to Jerry.

Due to the splendid feelings between the Indians and the police, and as a result of Jerry Potts' exceptional "public relations" talents, the Mounties built posts at Swan River, Fort Saskatchewan, Fort Walsh, Fort Calgary and at several minor places. By 1875, only two years after their formation by Parliament, the Mounted Police had begun to make its place in history.

*Continued on page 28*

# BOY IN PARLIAMENT

It is not every day that a Scout gets to make a speech in the Canadian Parliament, but that is what happened to me!

A 16-year-old member of the Tyndale House Scout Troop in Montreal, I was president of our Court of Honor. So far I have earned at least twelve badges.

Among the things I like about Scouting is not only earning badges, and learning how to do many types of jobs, but making friends as well. I attended the first Quebec Jamboree with several other Scouts from my troop, and we met other Scouts from all over Canada and the United States. I was chosen to be patrol leader for my group, and we all enjoyed the Scout activities and friendships there.

One of my most unforgettable experiences was being invited to make a speech in the Canadian House of Parliament. It happened this way:

In September of 1964 the executive director of Tyndale House was asked by the Kiwanis Club to select several members of the youth groups to join in a cavalcade going to the capital city of Ottawa. Not only was I picked to be one of the members of this group, but they chose me to be the one to deliver a speech of thanks in the Parliament Buildings on behalf of the English group! I was so excited that my heart beat like a woodpecker!

They gave me the prepared speech on the train to Ottawa, and I studied the words for some time. When we reached our destination there were so many things to see that I had no time to worry about it then. First we headed for the Parliament Buildings



by George Deare  
with Elizabeth Kastner

where I had my picture taken with an RCMP officer. Then we saw the Senate Chamber, where the ceiling has the Canadian coat-of-arms on it and the doors are made of Canadian oak.

We toured the Parliament Buildings, visiting such places as the Library, with its thousands of books in English and French, and the Peace Tower, at the top of which the 53 bells, weighing from 10 pounds to thousands of tons, rang out loud and clear over our heads.

Then we all assembled in the state dining room where shortly afterward the Speaker of the House and the Kiwanis Club chairman, with several others, entered the room. They each spoke to us about their work and

Here's how one Scout felt when he was given the job of delivering a thank-you speech — on Parliament Hill!

their aims in life, and their goals for citizenship in our country.

Then it was time for me to make my speech on behalf of the English-speaking young people there. My speech was as follows:

"Honorable Mr. Speaker, and Members of the House, on behalf of the children here today who are guests of the Kiwanis Club, I would like to express our sincere thanks for your kindness and time in permitting us to look around the Parliament Buildings. This is a wonderful experience for all of us, and one we will remember for a long time."

My delivery was well received, and as I sat down I was thankful that my past training had made it possible for me to speak up in such a gathering.

Later we were invited to sit in on Parliament in session, and then we boarded a special bus that took us on a guided tour of Ottawa. As I took in the sights and sounds of the Canadian seat of government, where important matters concerning all the citizens of the land are dealt with, I thought of the meaning of citizenship as I have been learning it.

To me, this means doing your share in the community, no matter who or where you are, or how hard it may be. If I can learn now, while growing up, to be a working member of my community, then this would help me to become a strong citizen of my country in the adult years ahead.

It may be that some day in the future I will have the chance to make another speech in the Canadian Parliament concerning other matters, and if so—then I will certainly be prepared!



# PLASTIC MODELS —THE EASY WAY

by George Bourne



You've just gnawed your way through the seals on that brilliantly colored box, spilled its plastic contents all over your work table, and now you sit back and chew the old, long-dried plastic cement off your thumbs as you begin to decipher the plans for building your gorgeous, authentically scaled, minutely detailed, realistic, complete-with-working-parts plastic model!

Where to start? What more do you need to buy to finish the job? What alternatives of design or finishing are suggested for this kit? Even if you have worked on plastic models before, you don't always know the immediate answers to these questions.

Fret no more, my gunky-fingered friend! If you can read slowly, then do it now. If you can follow instructions on how to take an aspirin or open a box of cornflakes, then use the same brand of native intelligence to follow the step-by-step instructions your kit manufacturer has given you, and you shouldn't go far wrong!

But if you think you can go off half-cocked and throw a hundred and ninety-seven injection-molded plastic parts together like a ten-cent jigsaw puzzle, without even glancing at the plans or instructions provided with the kit, then you're in for a king-size mess with matching disappointment! Plastic model kits don't just fall together in the right places; they've got to be *constructed*.

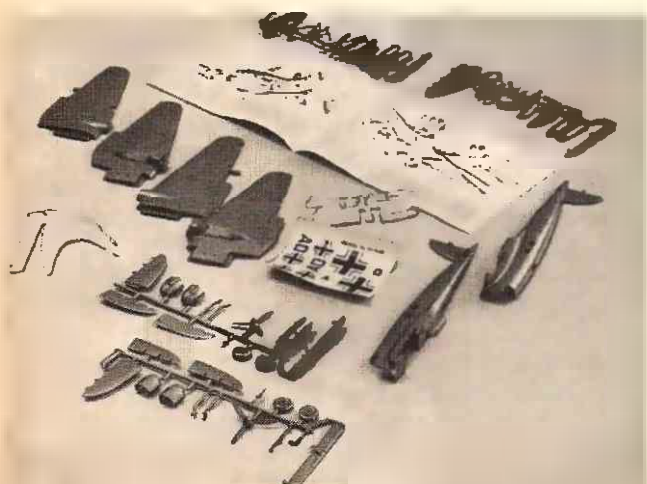
First off, lay out those pieces you spilled all over the shop in some decent order on your work table. The illustrations in the plans will help you place the parts in their roughly relative positions. Too, you'll get a thorough check-out on whether they're all there, before you start construction!

When you're satisfied that everything's in order, all parts present and accounted for, and your wits are in tune with the job at hand, read the first step over again, and again, and again! Then make sure you've got the right kinds of gunk and goo to stick things together properly, and you're ready to begin in earnest.

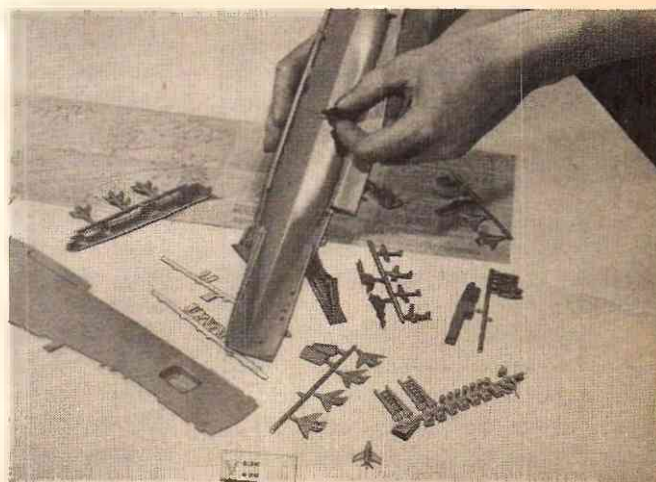
There are just two important rules to remember in assembling plastic models: *Work slowly* and *follow the manufacturer's instructions carefully*.

A few things you usually need to have handy include:

1. a bottle or tube of polystyrene (plastic) cement.
2. straight pins or toothpicks for applying cement to small parts.
3. three clean soft cloths—one for your hands, one for applying decals, and the third for applying abrasive paste or polish. Don't mix 'em up!
4. several razor blades or a sharp hobby knife, for trimming "flash"—the rough unwanted edges on some parts, left there by the molding process.
5. a dish or small bowl, for water, to be used with decals



If you lay out all the parts of your plastic model kit carefully, like this, you'll be sure there's nothing missing before you start! Check everything against the plans and instructions so that you understand where everything goes and how the parts are intended to fit together. You can try out "fittings" this way, in dry runs.



The inside of the hull in this aircraft carrier kit illustrates the application of a strong, water-tight cement seam. These ship models will float realistically, if their hulls are properly constructed. Do all the cementing on the inside of the hull, for a clean job that won't spoil the outside appearance of your finished model.

# One retired plastic modeler recalls his gunky-fingered days of trial and error, slash and smear, in an attempt at helping you build better models!



or for abrasive compounds.

6. a pair of scissors, for cutting out decals.

There are 22 other things we could list, but you don't really need them! You can improvise quite nicely on "tools" and "aids" as you progress.

Remember, reading kit model plans is common sense, mostly. It's a good idea to be so careful that you feel a little silly, checking and re-checking yourself so often! But it'll pay off!

Okay, gunky-fingers, you're on your own, except for glancing at the photographs on these pages, which may give you a little additional help.

For those of you who may be interested in the birth of a plastic model kit, here's a brief rundown of the events leading up to that immaculate delivery.

A new kit begins its life at a conference of the manufacturer's executives meeting with the heads of sales, design and engineering departments. At such meetings, recent trends and surveys are studied along with hobby dealers' reports. From these three sources, manufacturers decide on what new models are most likely to appeal to plastic kit enthusiasts. Sketches are made and once a design is decided upon, all its features, including scale and cost, are worked out.

From this high level conference the project is turned over to the engineering department whose task it is to make plans

for the master model. The engineers and draftsmen work from official blueprints, data, and photographs, furnished by the manufacturer of the prototype, to give the model authenticity down to the finest detail. It is often necessary for the engineers to make extensive field trips to measure prototypes and to make hundreds of photographs and sketches. These trips take model designers far afield, to museums, army proving grounds, factories all over the world; to international airports, and to famous auto racing tracks. The startling realism and precise scaling of plastic model kits are the results of this vast research!

From the plans, the project moves to master model, and to steel mold. This is used in intensive test runs until all the bugs are ironed out, then the mass production begins!

You know, model making has been with us a long time. Archeologists are still digging up "models" made thousands of years ago!

In modern times, model building has evolved into a highly respected and often thoroughly professional job. The early hobbyist had to start from scratch. He had to gather wood and other materials for his model—after creating his own plans and general design, and even developing his own tools!

In the early 1930s, kit models were introduced that provided the hobbyist with plans and balsa wood parts. Model building was becoming less of a challenge in some people's minds, but it was still a complex, exacting task, calling for hours of work on intricate details!

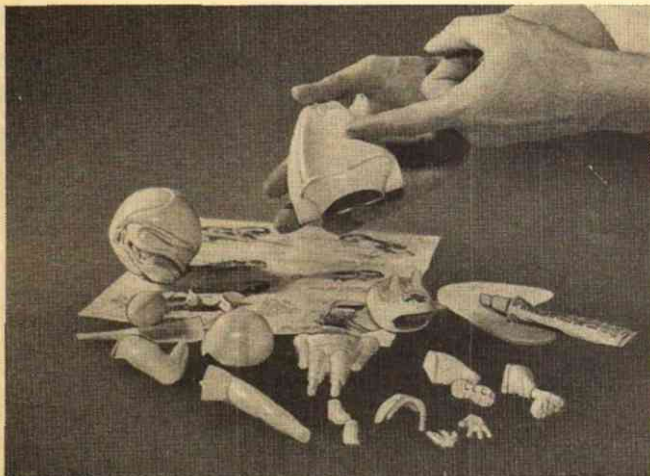
This was true until 1947 when a new type of "solid" scale kit made its appearance on hobby dealers' shelves. These were the new, complete, all-plastic model kits.

But several years passed before these kits were accepted by the public. Hobbyists apparently saw little or no challenge in a kit perfectly and precisely molded, with nothing left to carve, shape or finish! It was not until 1954 that the new kits began to achieve the following—now grown to phenomenal proportions—which has made them one of the fastest selling items on dealers' shelves.

The reasons for this popularity are fairly obvious. Plastic models are designed so that every part can be precision engineered. Each model is a painstakingly faithful reproduction of its prototype.

Manufacturers today can make a plastic kit of almost anything. Witness the run on models of The Beatles, all the monsters of movies and TV; road racing accessories, like gas pumps, pitstop equipment, grandstands, kiosks, garages, and people!

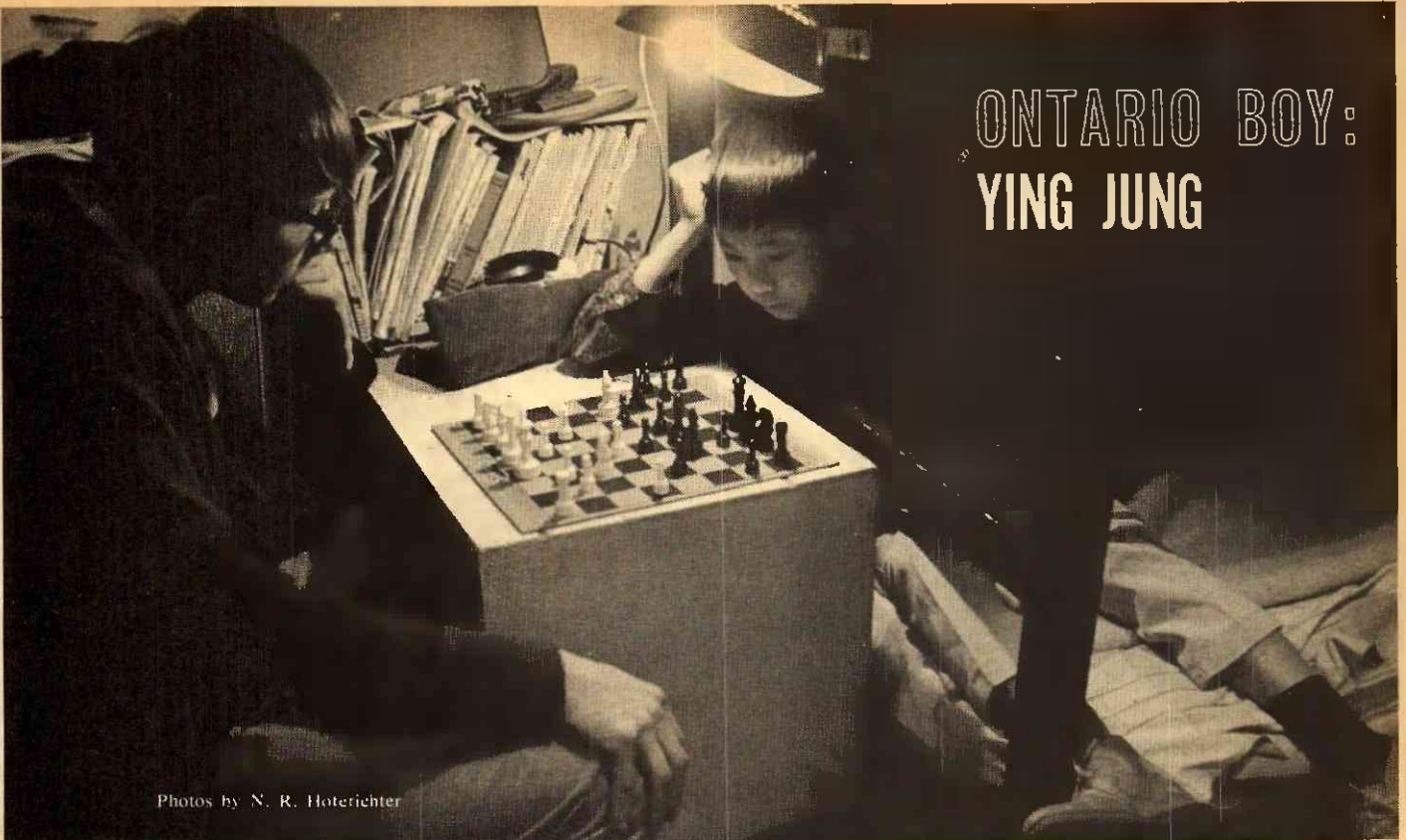
Plastic modeling is a hobby that offers you enough material to keep you going for a lifetime.



This Weird-oh kit shows you the importance of neat work. See the nice clean seam on the body of the model? All cementing was done on the inside of the piece, applying the cement carefully with a toothpick. If you slop some cement where you don't want it—let it dry before you try to remove it! Otherwise you'll ruin the finish.



# ONTARIO BOY: YING JUNG



Photos by N. R. Hoterichter

**Ying plays a relaxing game of chess with his brother Victor's friend, Richard Stuszewski.**

The city is Ying's home. He lives about as far into it as you can get, before starting to come out the other side. Ying Jung lives in Toronto's Chinatown, right in the commercial area where homes are strung out wall to wall with the occasional break to let a street pass, or to squeeze in some garages.

Ying loves this area and if you ask him why he does, he will give you that shy, friendly look, then say, "Because it's really close to everything, you know? There's a park near here, and shows, and the Settlement. All sorts of things go on around here!"

The Settlement, operated by the University of Toronto, supplies the community with about every form of activity imaginable and that is where 12-year-old Ying plays basketball or flexes his muscles during gym classes.

The park he mentioned gives him a bit of breathing space where he can play baseball in the summer, touch football in the fall, or hockey in the winter. Then a stone's throw away from his home is the parish hall where he and the rest of the Scouts from the 57th Toronto Troop meet regularly. School too is handy. It is a block away, though Ying isn't quite sure if it isn't too handy!

Toronto is Ying's city. Mind you, he has to share it with almost two million others, but then this is a

country of sharing, a sharing which involves just about every national and religious background you can imagine.

Ying knows this all right. All you have to do is look at the 57th Troop of St. George the Martyr, which seems like a miniature United Nations!

Probably one of the strangest things Ying Jung shares is a milk route which must be perfect, as far as milk routes go. He is never outside in the rain or snow and indeed never has to leave a building! He and two others hop it down to Ogden public school at the foot of the street and distribute the milk in the classrooms an hour before their

classes begin. And for this each gets a free bottle of chocolate milk every day, which, as Ying says, "is pretty good, especially when it's free!"

This getting up early and hurrying down to his one-spot milk route seems to typify Ying himself. He is always on the go. Even an interview with him means walking along beside him as he heads for a gym class, or to singing practice, or for the hockey rink.

And probably the best way to see what makes a city boy like Ying Jung tick is to follow him, if you can keep up, through what he considers an average day.

But so that you will get the full picture of him, let's first look at him



**At the end of a busy day, Ying rides home on the subway, after playing a hockey game. His team lost, 4-2.**



up close. He is not a very big Scout, and he fully admits it himself. We got the scales out and found he weighed in at 55 pounds and stands four feet four inches in his socks. That includes the whisp of hair that sticks up at the back, too.

Ying was born near Hong Kong, in a city on the Chinese mainland called Kowloon. About ten years ago he came to Canada to settle where his grandfather had lived for years, in Toronto. He came here with his mother and father, two brothers and three sisters. He can remember little of his life in China, which is not surprising, since he left at the age of three. "I do remember my brothers flying kites off the roof," he says, "with their friends, and they would cut each other's strings."

With that bit of background, come along with photographer Bert Hofrichter and me as we follow Ying through what he calls a "normal" day.

We caught up with him in the attic of the parish hall at St. George the Martyr. For an hour he and eight others (one was his 15-year-old brother, Victor) had been out around the neighborhood scrounging bits of wood so that two large shelves could be built. The Scouts had cornered this portion of the sloping-roofed attic and there was so much stuff lying about that there was hardly room for the Scouts themselves. Besides, they were collecting books for a library of their own and little room could be found to put them.

By the time we arrived Ying was busily cutting up a thick wood block with a tiny electric saw. He smiled and pointed proudly to the wooden crates and two-by-fours they had found. "We are the best scroungers in the neighborhood," said his brother, Victor. "We collected all this today, although we may not have quite enough for the shelving itself."

This turned out to be true. So, sometime around eleven a detail under Troop Leader Henry Jung, 18 (no relation to Ying and Victor), headed for the lumberyard over on Spadina. On the way over, Ying said he was sorry more hadn't shown up. "Everybody was supposed to come." He shrugged. "But I guess they were too lazy or found something else to do."

Before getting there they discussed what they would need. They had \$7.85 to spend — from the Scout "buy-what-you-need-but-be-thrifty" fund — and they were hop-

ing to find a special sale on!

Ying Jung liked these forays. It was a little cool outside, just right, and he enjoyed roaming around. They passed a huge half-finished building which went much higher than any in the area. He stopped and in a glance summed up its progress. He kept an eye on this building. Each day he would pass by to see what the builders would be up to next. Someday, he says, he would like to be an architect and build places like this. But, for now, he'd have to watch what was going on, though he would give anything to look down from the top away up there. Why, there must be 15 storeys, maybe 20.

"Hey, shortie!" yelled one of his buddies. They had reached the next block by now and Ying tore across the park to catch up with them.

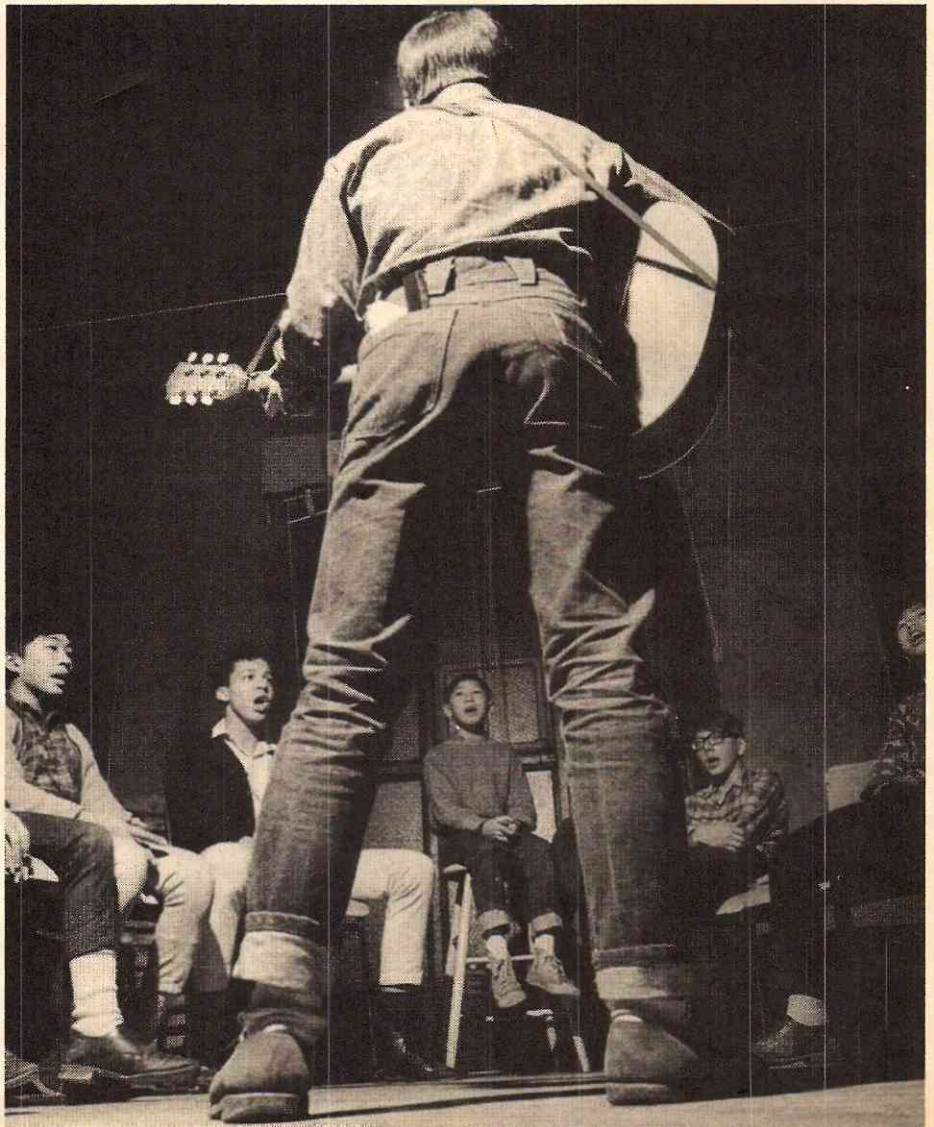
At the lumberyard they found what they were looking for: a day's special. They held a conference while Ying whipped up the nearest

ladder to see how things were from there. The higher up he went the higher the cost. He yelled something and scrambled down again. He was really happy this morning. This was his world of narrow streets, back alleys, funny little lumberyards sandwiched in between brick and concrete buildings. Life was never dull for him.

On the way back he ended up carrying a section of wood by himself. His friends were all strung out in a line as they cut down an alley, along a small side street, then out into the open and right by that big building once again. Would he have time to count the storeys as he walked along? One, two, three — oof! A board nudged him in the back. He had slackened his pace. Well, maybe he had best leave the counting to another time!

Once at the parish hall, the lumber buyers struggled up through the trap-door with their goods. "How

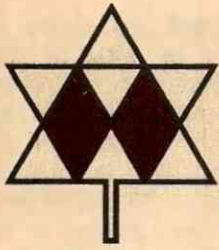
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**Victor Jung frames little brother Ying during practice session of the Singing Knights of St. George.**

# THE STORY OF CANADA

by James Simpkins

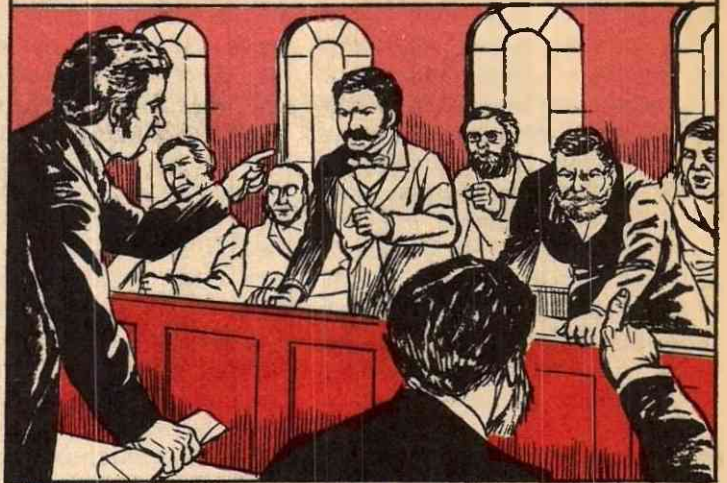


**CONFEDERATION**



Union of all the colonies in British North America had been suggested in 1790. In the 1850s a group of leaders gets serious about the idea!

In 1864, a political deadlock between Upper and Lower Canada results in the defeat of the Macdonald-Cartier ministry. Reform leader George Brown favors federation of the Canadas or a general confederation to include all the British colonies.



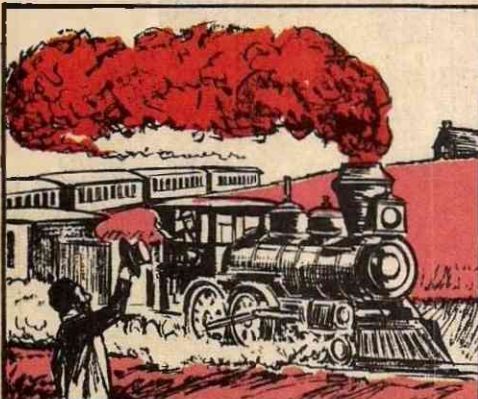
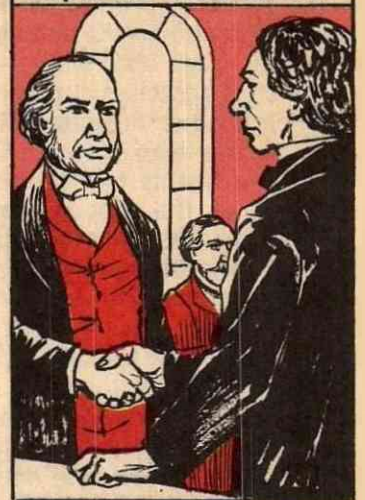
George Brown, the founder and publisher of The Globe, personifies the radical element that represents the down-trodden farmers.

John A. Macdonald is an ultra-loyalist, extreme conservative who can see Brown's scheme as government salvation!



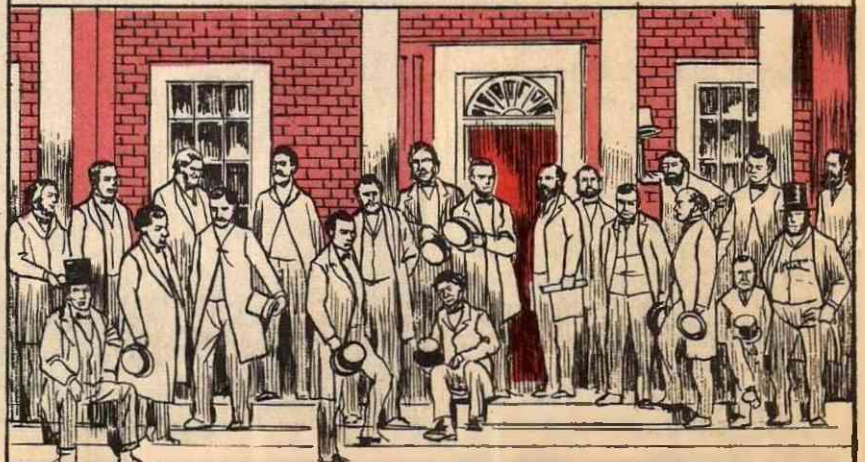
Georges Etienne Cartier is Macdonald's Quebec lieutenant. Without him federal union would be far more difficult!

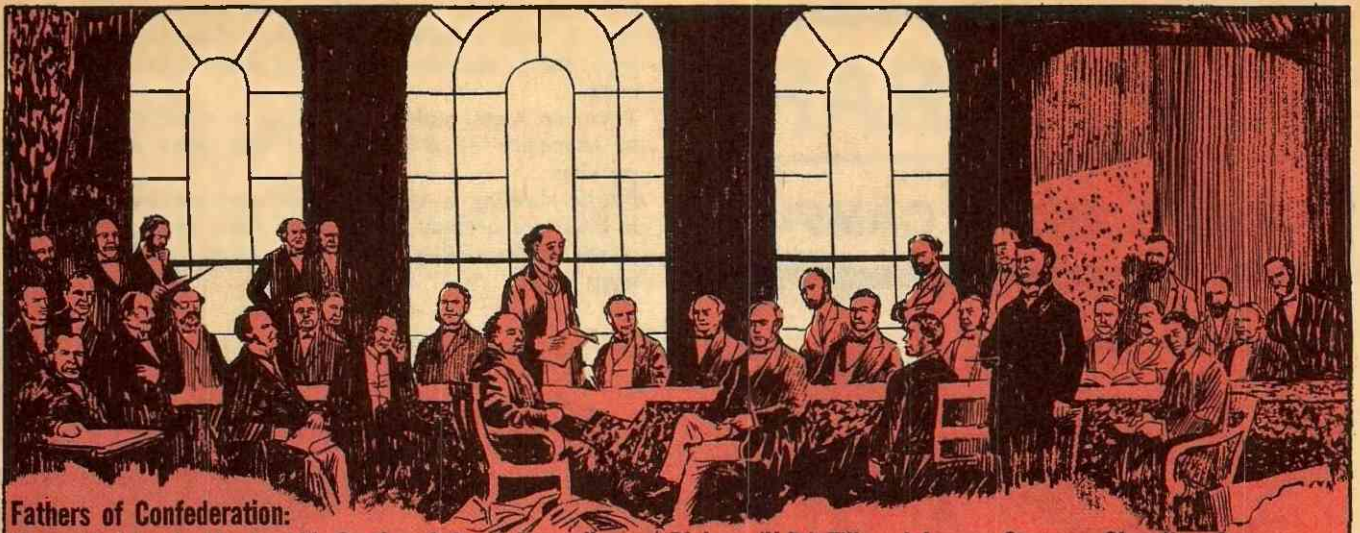
Brown decides to enter the ministry in coalition with Macdonald and Cartier, and help in the federal scheme!



The Grand Trunk Railway has failed, even with substantial government assistance. But its very existence at this time gives rise to the tremendous vision of a vast railroad spanning the entire continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast!

The Atlantic provinces are already planning a regional union of their own. The Canadians send delegates to the Charlottetown conference of 1864, put forth their federal scheme. The Maritimers agree to meet again that year, in Quebec City. The Canadians have got their union plans rolling!





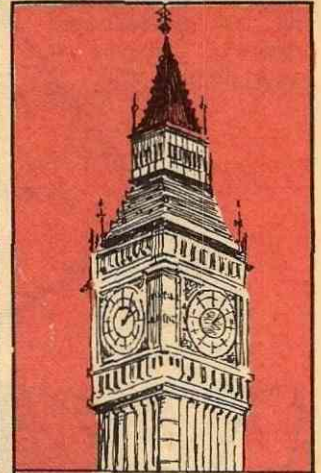
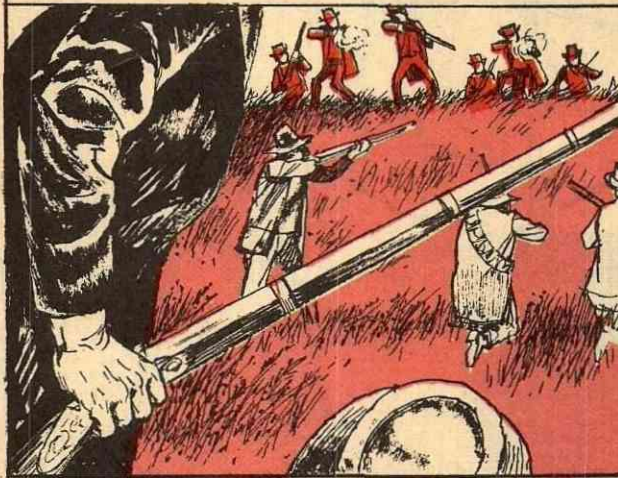
**Fathers of Confederation:**

(Canada) John A. Macdonald, Cartier, Galt, McDougall, Langevin, Brown, McGee, Campbell, Tache, Mowat, Chapais, Dickey; (N.B.) Tilley, Johnson, Steeves, Chandler, Gray, Mitchell, Fisher; (P.E.I.) Gray, Palmer, Pope, A. A. Macdonald, Cockburn, Bernard; (N.S.) Tupper, Henry, McCully, Archibald, Coles, Haviland, Whelan; (Nfld.) Carter, Shea.



There is great impatience to get on with the work. Fear of attack from the United States and strong talk of American annexation of Canada set up a sense of urgency!

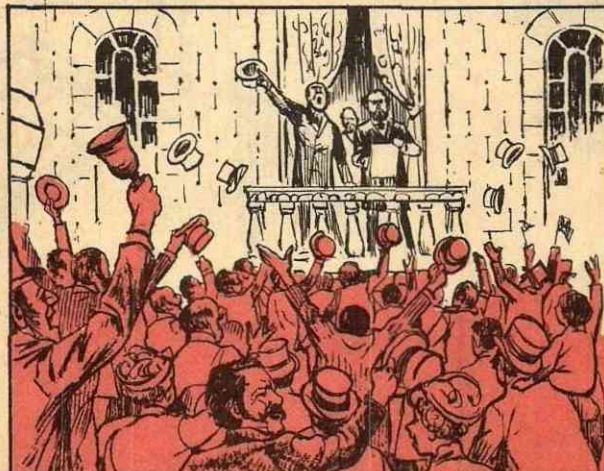
The Fenians are causing trouble on the international boundary with frequent border raids, giving Canadians a real awareness about defence. Britain is in favor of the colonies standing on their own feet in America.



The London conferences of 1865 and 1866 gain further British support for the federal scheme!



The British North America Act, passed in 1867, creates four provinces and preserves rights of French Canadians.



On July 1st, 1867, the first Dominion Day, the BNA Act becomes law by proclamation! Macdonald chose "dominion" from the Bible. The name "Canada" had been agreed upon by all the delegates concerned.

With P.E.I., Newfoundland and the western provinces still to come, the railroad to be built, the task of finishing up this gigantic scheme will be far from easy!



Next: RIEL REBELLION

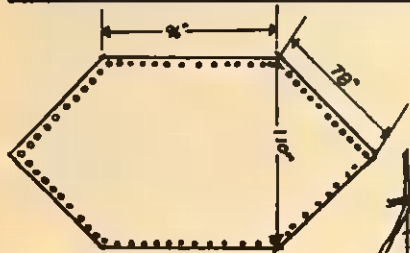
# SCOUTCRAFT

## PLASTIC GOES CAMPING

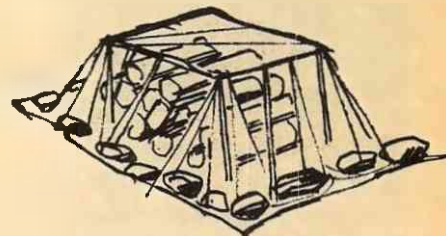
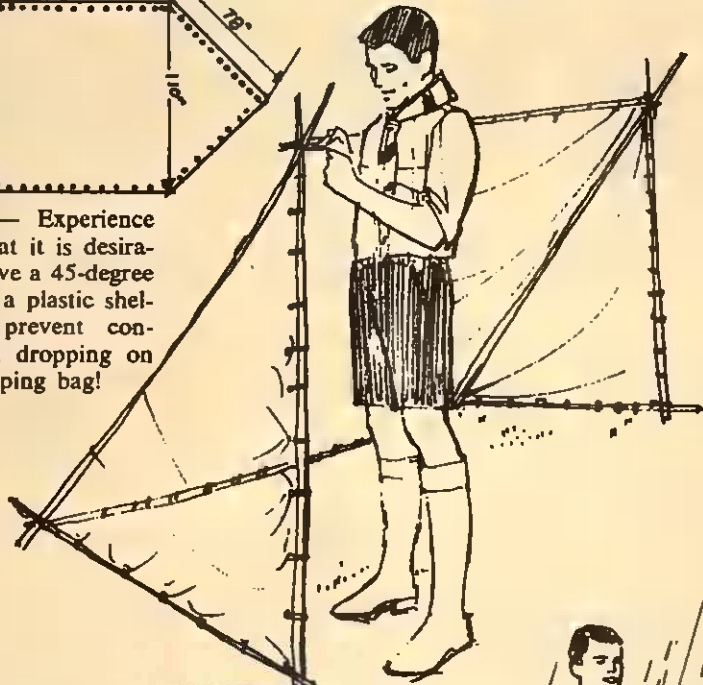
The basic unit of camping in Scouting is two. This is evident in such activities as the First Class journey, canoe trips, Rover Rambler badge, and some Scout proficiency badges.

Two-man tents, unless the group is relatively rich, can be expensive — and heavy for long canoe trips or trial packing.

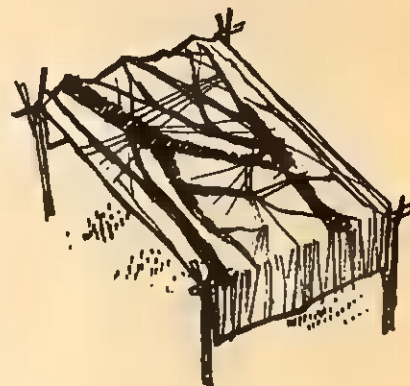
Plastic sheeting is relatively light and inexpensive. With a little preparation and normal care and maintenance, plastic shelters, flies and groundsheets can be used for many trips.



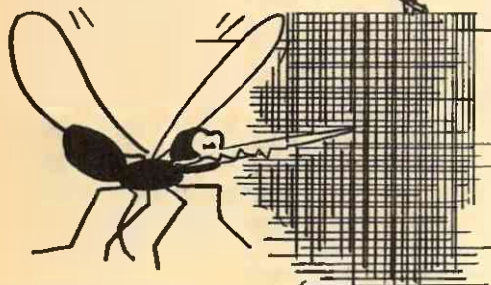
**Shelter** — Experience shows that it is desirable to have a 45-degree slope on a plastic shelter, to prevent condensation dropping on your sleeping bag!



Protect your Woodpile



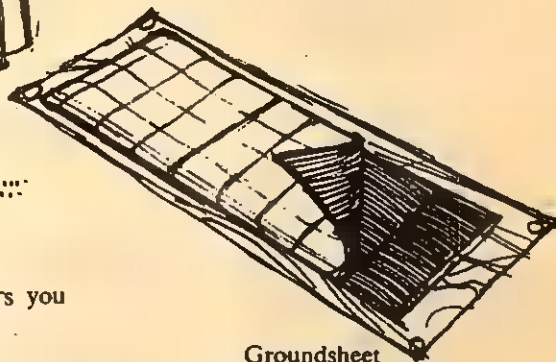
Bivouac — sandwich plastic between branches on roof



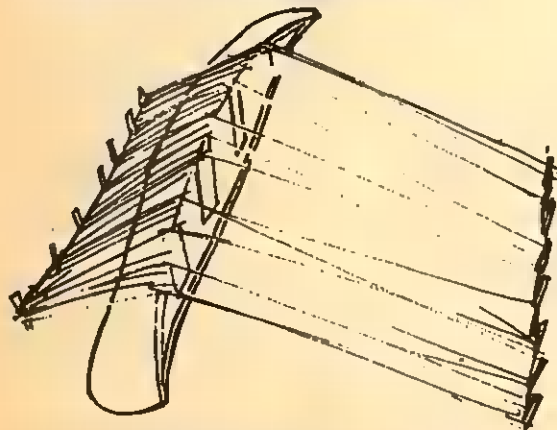
**Fly-bars** — Fine nylon mesh can be used in a fly-bar (or mosquito netting), or hanging from the front of your shelter. Light in weight, it can mean many more comfortable hours of peaceful sleep!



Poncho — covers you and your pack!



Groundsheet



Emergency shelter — over canoe

Buy, if possible, nylon thread reinforced plastic sheets for shelters. Use a grommet-setting kit and grommets for ties. Experiment with using woven tape on the edges where grommets are set in, for additional strength!



# Wow!

A 32-page book of full color drawings depicting the life story of Lord Robert Baden-Powell, Founder of the Boy Scout Movement. Here you will find exciting, fantastic adventures as you follow B-P into action in India and Africa. See him outwit the fierce Afghans along the Northwest frontier of India! Be with him in Zululand, on the Gold Coast, in Southern Rhodesia and in the Boer War!



Single copies, **ONLY 25** cents.  
Group orders, 20 or more, 20 cents each.

Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... Zone .....  
Province .....

Mail with remittance to:  
**SUPPLY SERVICES,  
BOY SCOUTS OF CANADA,**  
Box 5151, Station F, Ottawa 5,  
Ontario.



# CENTENEWS

## OWEN SOUND DISTRICT

They're planning on a giant get-together for May 27, in honor of Centennial year! A thousand Guides, Brownies, Scouts and Cubs, with their leaders, group committees, ladies' auxiliaries and the local council will meet in Victoria Park, Owen Sound, for an afternoon of demonstrations and a load of fun! A campfire will be held in the evening. A feature of the day will be a gigantic six-foot "cake" to celebrate Canada's birthday.

## ST. LAURENT—CARTIERVILLE

This busy Montreal district is staging a Cub Centennial Program on May 28, with a big parade in St. Laurent. The various participating Packs will represent the provinces and the territories, complete with marching bands and floats built by the Cubs themselves! At the end of the parade, in St. Laurent Park, there will be displays from the various provinces, in booths, tents and covered wagons. The public is warmly invited to take part in this program!

## TRINITY MEMORIAL CUBS

This pack is offering overnight sleeping accommodation to any Packs visiting Montreal and area during Expo. No meals will be provided, but kitchen facilities are available for those who may wish to use them. If you're taking them up on their offer, the Trinity boys suggest you bring your own sleeping bag! Your Pack should be accompanied by a male leader for this deal. Check with your local Scout office for details.

## 47TH ST. ALBAN'S GROUP


Cubs and Scouts of this Winnipeg-hive of energy finished up their Centennial project in time for Boy Scout Week: different Canadian themes depicted on triangles two feet wide, and later assembled into huge Centennial "stars". There are nine themes illustrated on 99 triangles!

## OTTAWA DISTRICT WESTERN

The 47 Cub Packs of the Western Area of the Ottawa District Council will hold their annual Cuboree at Carp, Ont., on Saturday, June 3. Each pack in attendance will portray, in costume, a page from Canadian history, ranging from the landing of the Norsemen under Leif Eriksson in 1000 to the Calgary Stampede in 1967. An athletic events program is also scheduled, to test Cubs for badge requirements. A picnic and a campfire will wind up the day for more than 600 Cubs.

**JOIN THE FUN**  
IN YOUR OWN ALCORT

**Sailfish<sup>®</sup> OR Sunfish<sup>®</sup>**



SAILFISH SPORTSCRAFT, LTD.  
Dept. CBY-87, 59 Industrial Rd., Richmond Hill, Ont.  
Please send color folders on your boats.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Prov. \_\_\_\_\_

# AWARD FOR VALOUR....

LOUIS DESCHENES, 13-YEAR-OLD SCOUT AT THE DEAF INSTITUTE OF CHARLESBOURG, QUEBEC CITY, WAS SWIMMING IN LAKE ST. JOHN WITH HIS TWO BROTHERS, LUC, 14 AND JEAN-MAURICE, 10, HIS SISTER, SUZANNE, 10, HIS COUSINS, MARC, 10, AND PAULINE, 12...A STRONG UNDERTOW HIT THE YOUNG SWIMMERS AND CARRIED THEM ABOUT 200 FEET...LUC WAS NOT A GOOD SWIMMER AND HE SHOUTED FOR HELP...LOUIS SAW HIS BROTHER GO UNDER, SO HE DIVED IN AND PULLED LUC TO SAFETY ON A ROCK.

THEN HE DIVED IN AGAIN TO HELP JEAN-MAURICE, BUT HE COULD NOT LOCATE HIS YOUNGER BROTHER IN THE DEEP, MURKY WATER....HIS COUSIN, MARC, HAD DISAPPEARED, TOO...BUT SUZANNE AND PAULINE HAD BEEN CARRIED INTO SHALLOW WATER AND THEY WERE HELPED BY PEOPLE ON THE BEACH..THE BODY OF JEAN-MAURICE WAS FOUND THREE HOURS LATER... MARC'S BODY WAS RECOVERED AFTER 25 HOURS...

FOR HIS GALLANT AND HEROIC ACTION IN RESCUING HIS BROTHER, LUC, AND IN ATTEMPTING TO RESCUE HIS LATE BROTHER, JEAN-MAURICE, SCOUT LOUIS DESCHENES OF THE 69th DE L'EPEE TROOP, QUEBEC CITY, WAS AWARDED THE BRONZE CROSS BY THE LATE GOVERNOR GENERAL VANIER



## LETTERS TO LESTER



### OUR FAITHFUL READER?

Dear Lester:

Don't you ever get sick of some nut always writing you and saying just one thing: that CANADIAN BOY is a great mag? Sure it's great! But all the letters ever say is just that. I would also like to know why you're writing an article on cars for kids that don't know a spark plug from a piston ring. I think you should start out and explain how a car works before you go into all this fancy talk which no one understands.

By the way, where did the *Penpals* section go to? I thought it to be a great way to talk to kids in other parts of the world. One more thing before I stop. I don't like some of the misleading ads you put in this mag. They really should be taken out or explained better. But I got to stop now.

*Rob Salisbury, Ottawa, Ont.*

Some of our readers seem to like us the way they find us, Rob. But we do welcome criticism, too! Your remarks about the Cars column have been passed on to Roger Appleton, who may send a hex-wrench flying through your picture window any day now. The *Penpals* section didn't go anywhere, for a while, because there wasn't

space anywhere in the mag for it to go! Finally, Faithful Reader, just what particular "misleading ads" are you talking about? See page 4 for an explanation of our official advertising policy. — LS

### FROM AN SWL

Dear Lester:

I am sure that there are many Cubs, Scouts, Venturers and Rovers in Canada interested in shortwave listening. If you would put my name and address in your magazine telling the boys who read CB and listen to SW broadcasts to mail station reports to me, including time heard, frequency (state either megacycles or kilocycles), station name, call (if any), country and town or city, I will test the information on my receiver and, if correct, will write up a shortwave reception report for your magazine. I will be waiting for your reply!

*Robert Swinhoe Jr., Edmonton, Alta.*

Sounds like a good idea! Anybody who wants to send such information to Robert for an SWL report should address it to him at 12911 — 82 Street, Edmonton, Alta. —LS

### HOW TO BUILD A ROBOT?

Dear Lester:

Could you please advertise in CB for the plans of an electronic remote controlled robot that walks, talks, bends at the waist and is able to pick up articles? I am a "specialist" in electronics and am willing to pay any price!

*Kevin Tribe, Kamloops, B.C.*

Can anybody help him? I can't — even remotely — at any price! If you have a clue for Kevin, his address is Box 340, Kamloops, B.C. — LS

### WOT, ME WORRY?

Dear Lester:

Last night I found a letter from CANADIAN BOY and in it I found my Canadian Boy Advisory Council membership card, so I decided to write you a letter. I would like to see a story on snow cruisers. Here in Empress they had some races and they were good! Even though I am 13 years old I don't have to worry because I have two younger brothers, Dale, nine, and Terry, 12. Dale said he would like to read more mystery stories. Terry wants adventure stories, mainly about the wars.

*Jim Hern, Empress, Alta.*

What do you mean, you "don't have to worry"? Anyway, the snow cruiser idea sounds like a good one! Tell Dale we'll be having some more mystery stories, but he'll find a couple of excellent ones in THE BEST OF CANADIAN BOY. And Terry can get the kind of adventure stories he wants in ADVENTURES OF A SCOUT.—LS

### RIGHT SIDE WRONG SIDE?

Dear Lester:

What are you, an Englishman or something? On the Squaremobile about your Cars column, the steering wheel is on the righthand side. For Canadian driving the steering wheel is supposed to be on the left side. Watch stuff like that!

*Mark Stevens, no address*

The Squaremobile is a modified 1899 Daimler, and Herr Gottlieb Daimler was no Englishman! You'll find that almost all cars built before 1904 had righthand drive, and very few of those were built in England. Anyway, I'm getting rid of the Squaremobile soon — almost impossible to get tires for it!—LS

### MODEL PLANES GROUNDED

Dear Lester:

Say, what's up? What ever happened to Model Building? I was going to write in and ask you to have more model airplane corners. Now you seem to be giving it up altogether! Why?

*Reg Marryatt, Halifax, N.S.*

We dropped the column for 1967 because we wanted more space for special items during Centennial year. If there's a big enough demand from the readers for a model building column, we'll revive it in '68. Your letters will tell us the score!—LS

### NEW READER WRITES

Dear Lester:

I have just started reading CANADIAN BOY and it's the greatest magazine I've ever read. Who do I send an article to that I want printed in CB? And why don't you print an article on pets?

*Arthur Fish, Downsview, Ont.*

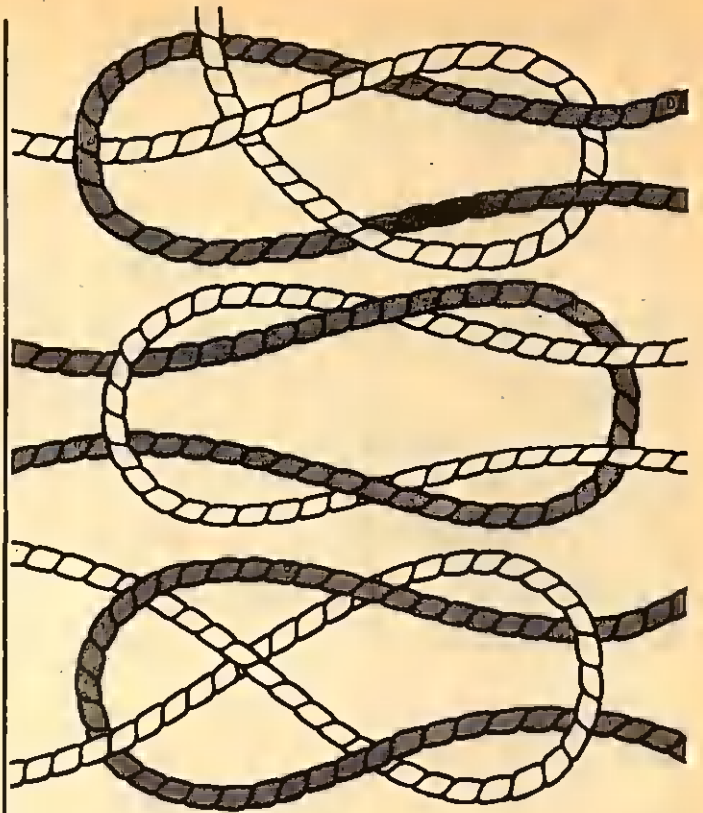
Why don't you write an article on pets? Send any articles you have for us to The Editor, Canadian Boy, Box 5151, Station F, Ottawa 5, Ontario.—LS

### THANKS TO CUBS

Dear Lester:

We found quite a few good ideas about Wolf Cub badges in the replies to our "HELP" ad on page 32 of the March-April issue of CANADIAN BOY. We are grateful to the Cubs who replied to the ad and we would welcome any more ideas you may have!

*The Wolf Cub Subcommittee, Ottawa*



## It takes all kinds

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

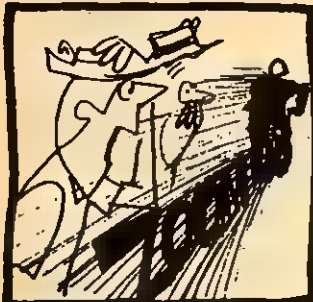
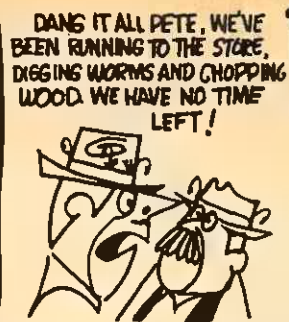
The banking services at Canada's First Bank are a lot like that. There are 21 of them. Each designed to do a particular job to help our customers.

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



## Bank of Montreal

Canada's First Bank



## Ontario Boy

Continued from page 17

did it go?" asked Victor, who had stayed behind and had already put one shelf up. He skirted the junk on the floor and looked at the new wood. He nodded wisely then turned to Ying. "Ying, cut up some more of those sections?" His young brother nodded and stepped over the lumber toward to electric saw. He picked it up and tripped over a cardboard box. That was the third time he had done that, he told me. Would he ever be happy when the shelves were complete so that there would be room for the Scouts up here too!

And this was a place all to themselves. They had fixed up flags and pennants all over the walls, scrounged some old furniture and had even started a library. The books were scattered all over a table right now, but soon they would have a spot for themselves. That sign on the wall over the table (HANDLE BOOKS WITH CARE AS WE ARE TRYING TO BUILD A LIBRARY THANK YOU) wasn't much more than a scribble. They would have to

do better when the books had a place on the new shelf.

It was early afternoon when the project was finished. Ying and Victor went home for lunch. Ying was expecting a free afternoon, but he faced two unsavory chores: haircut and a trip to the dentist. He half-thought that the photographer might insist on his being photographed all afternoon, but the ploy didn't work, and he headed for the dentist's right after lunch.

By 5.15 that night the double agony was over. Ying Jung left the barbershop and started out along Dundas Street, then cut down a one-way street — the wrong way (he was walking, so it didn't matter) — which joined up with an alley. He went down it, passing high unpainted fences and open-mouthed garages. Soon he was on John Street once again and he leaped over the gate and into the parish hall.

Inside, Victor looked up from his guitar. "What kept you?" he asked of his younger brother. Ying shrugged and wriggled out of his hockey windbreaker. "The barber," he answered, with a smile from ear

to ear.

Ying Jung forms one ninth of the Singing Knights of St. George, a group that plays at concerts and hops and special appearances all over the city. Today he would be an even bigger part — an eighth — because someone was missing.

Other members of the group began sauntering in to take their places on the stage. Victor was the leader and today he would play the only instrument as they practised their repertoire.

Ying sat up on the stool, which put him above everyone else — for a change — and he belted out the songs with all his might because he really likes to sing. Of course, he knew Victor would give him heck if he didn't!

Around 6.30 the session was over and Ying Jung hurriedly pulled on his jacket and picked up his skates and hockey stick, which he had dumped off earlier. He was due at Varsity Arena in about twenty minutes and this would mean catching the subway.

But he didn't hurry. He walked part of the way because he wanted to meander by the rink in the square



# CHUCK WAGON

PUTS THE SPOTLIGHT ON



## CAMPING IN ONTARIO

CHUCK WAGON TRAIL FOODS WILL MAKE YOUR WEEKEND CAMPING PLANS MORE SUCCESSFUL THAN EVER BECAUSE

### 1. FAST COOKING MEALS

Do you spend 90% of your time in cooking and cleaning up? Chuck Wagon will free hours for other activities.

### 2. PLENTY TO EAT MEALS

Seasoned for young people; portions are ample; kids come back for more.

### 3. REAL GOOD TASTING MEALS

No kidding — it's good chow! Chuck Wagon meals are as up to date as the space age.

### 4. EASY TO PLAN MEALS

Buy in advance, at home, at your leisure. And don't worry about spoilage if you have to change your plans — Chuck Wagon Foods are Guaranteed.

### 5. LIGHTWEIGHT MEALS

Mighty important if your Camp-out is a Pack-In. Trail foods are feather light.

The Chuck Wagon Catalog is FREE. When you receive your copy be sure to check out our:

- ★ WHOLESALE DISCOUNTS (available to all)
- ★ FAST SHIPPING GUARANTEE



ACT TODAY — SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOG AND PRICE LIST

## CHUCK WAGON FOODS

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outside the new Toronto city hall. It was a beautiful rink. Often he and his friends would come over and skate here, though they were not allowed to play hockey. It was terrific skating there with the city hall lit up behind you. Well, he decided to make tracks, or he really would be late for the game. And he felt he might get a goal tonight. He hadn't all season, but tonight was going to be a lucky one for him.

However it turned into his unlucky night! Instead of getting a goal he picked up a bump on his head. Some big joker on the other team decided to spread Ying along the boards. At this point, Ying lost the puck, his head guard caught against his cheekbone, and he dropped to the ice.

Luckily he was not hurt badly. Someone helped him to his feet and after a short spell on the bench he was up and at it again, though he never got a chance to score.

The game over, Ying Jung headed home. He wasn't too happy about his performance on the ice, and the only good thing now was that he was heading home for a good old Chinese dinner.

Later that night, he ran over in his mind what the next couple of days would bring. Sunday, tomorrow, he would go to church and maybe skate at the park in the afternoon. He would have to clean up his grade six homework, too, and before he knew it, it would be (yawn) Monday.

By Clarke Wallace

## KNOW YOUR BIRDS?



### CLUES:

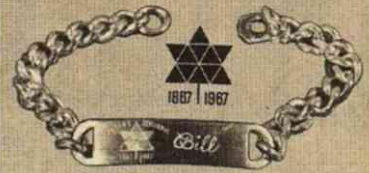
THIS IS CANADA'S LARGEST WOODPECKER. LENGTH 17 INCHES. BLACK WITH CREST AND SIDE OF THROAT RED. STRIPE OF WHITE ON NECK. EGGS WHITE, 3 TO 5. THEY ARE SHY BIRDS, PREFERRED THE SOLITUDE OF SWAMPS AND HEAVY WOODED AREAS.

ANSWER BELOW.

THE PILEATED WOODPECKER.

## FREE "CENTENNIAL" BRACELET

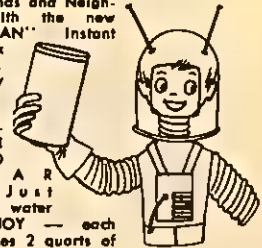
(With "Your" Name Inscribed)



Boys! Girls! Here is a Gift to be Treasured for years! A Chrome Chain Identification Bracelet with "YOUR" First Name Inscribed — plus the official "Centennial" Emblem in Full Colour!

## MAKE MONEY! EARN PRIZES By Selling "SPACEMAN" DRINK MIX at 2 Pkgs. for 25c

Now, you can supply your Friends and Neighbors with the new "SPACEMAN" Instant Drink Mix at 2 pkgs. for only 25c. Spaceman is Pre-Sweetened — NO SUGAR NEEDED! Just mix with water and ENJOY — each pkg. makes 2 quarts of delicious Drink.



### 4 "WAY-OUT" FLAVOURS

That's right! There's "Count-Down" CHERRY, "Guided-Missile" GRAPE, "Outer-Space" ORANGE and "Lift-Off" LEMON-LIME. They're so downright delicious that your Friends will want more and more. We will send you 96 pkgs. (ass't) to sell at 2 pkgs. for 25c. When sold, you can choose a Prize such as a Wrist Watch, Camera Outfit, Fishing Set, etc., from our List or you can keep \$3.75 as your Cash Commission. When your order is paid you will receive as a "Special Bonus" your Personalized "Centennial" Bracelet, "Spaceman" Drink Mix sells like hot cakes — just fill in the Coupon and mail TO-DAY!

### SPECIAL PROMPTNESS GIFT



Don't delay! With the first 1,000 Orders we will include FREE "With Your Order" our special "Centennial Stick Pin" for your lapel or tie.

Send no money — we trust you!

VERIBEST SPECIALTY CO.,  
Dept. SM2,

183 Bathurst St., Toronto 28, Ont.

Please Rush me a \$12.00 Order (96 pkgs.) of "Spaceman" Drink Mix to sell at 2 pkgs. for 25c. (Be sure to include my Centennial Stick Pin FREE.) When sold, I will send in the payment and choose either a Premium or Commission as my reward for selling. (When my order is paid, I will receive my Personalized "Centennial" Bracelet FREE.)

NAME .....

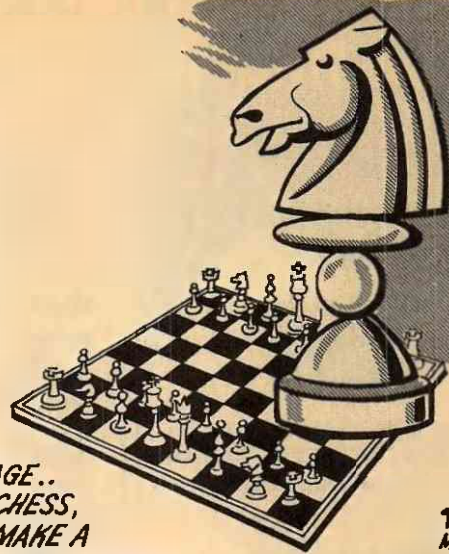
ADDRESS .....

TOWN ..... PROV. ....

# CANADATA..

## CHESS

PLAYED A PART IN THE DISCOVERY OF NORTH AMERICA.... KING FERDINAND HESITATED TO GRANT CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS THE TITLE OF ADMIRAL AND THE FUNDS TO MAKE HIS MEMORABLE VOYAGE.. ONE DAY WHEN THE KING WAS ABOUT TO LOSE A GAME OF CHESS, QUEEN ISABELLA INTERRUPTED HIM AS HE WAS ABOUT TO MAKE A FATAL MOVE.... THE KING SAW HIS ERROR, PLAYED THE PROPER PIECE AND WON.... THE QUEEN THEN ASKED HIM TO GRANT COLUMBUS' REQUEST, WHICH THE KING, IN HIS HAPPY MOMENT DID... THE REST IS HISTORY.



VERNON MILLER

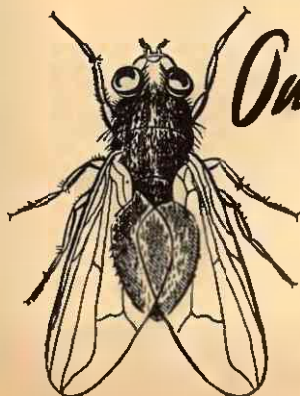
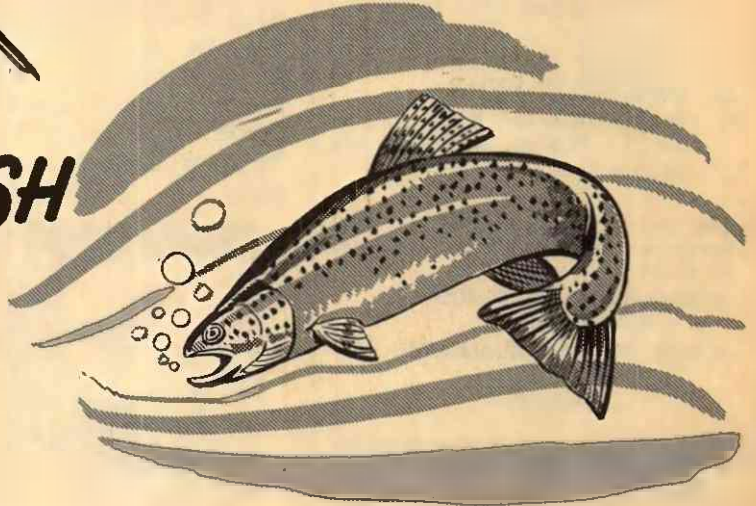


## The WOODCOCK

IS FOUND IN THE SOUTHERN PARTS OF NEWFOUNDLAND, QUEBEC, ONTARIO AND MANITOBA.... IT PROBES FOR WORMS BY BEATING MOIST GROUND WITH ITS WINGS... THE NOISE SOUNDS LIKE RAIN AND BRINGS THE WORMS TO THE SURFACE....

## SALT WATER FISH

MUST DRINK WATER CONSTANTLY TO AVOID DEHYDRATION..... WITH FRESH WATER FISH IT'S JUST THE OPPOSITE... THEY MUST DRINK VERY LITTLE TO SURVIVE.....



## Our Common HOUSEFLY

IS A PRIME CARRIER OF HUMAN DISEASES SUCH AS TYPHOID, TUBERCULOSIS AND MORE THAN 30 OTHER DISEASES.... AS MANY AS 33 MILLION MICROORGANISMS MAY FLOURISH INSIDE A FLY AND ABOUT A HALF BILLION MORE SWARM OVER ITS BODY AND LEGS.

# BOOKS

BY MOROCCO BOUND

If you like cars and racing and rallying, here's an adventure book that's right up your alley: *The Magnificent Jalopy* by John Tomerlin (Clarke, Irwin, \$4.25). How three boys keep their 1930 Packard on the road in competition with a 1954 Ford shows surprising ingenuity and makes for a witty and entertaining story right up to the finish line!

*Sunday's Dust* by William Campbell Gault (Clarke, Irwin, \$4.25) is another book about cars on the summer racing circuit. The author writes with love of the sport, building vividly the excitement of automobile racing in the Midwest on dusty Sunday afternoons. But, most of all, he's telling the story of two young men, each meeting his own challenge on the track!

What is it really like to fly a plane? Read *The Making of a Pilot* by Ed Richter (Ryerson, \$4.75). This book will tell you not only what it takes, but how it feels! There's humor in it, too, through the author's own experiences while learning how to fly. But the book also covers the complete training program of a commercial pilot, so you get the whole inside story.

Back in the early days of flying, it took a man with nerve, endurance and a real love for aviation to pioneer the first air routes into Canada's uncharted northlands. Wilfred "Wop" May was just such a man, described in *Wop May* by Iris Allan (Clark, Irwin, \$3.75). His life is so colorful it's hard to remember this isn't fiction!

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS.** To avoid missing copies, please send your change of address before you move to: Subscription Department, CANADIAN BOY, P.O. Box 5151, Station F, Ottawa 5, Ont.



Walter Safety says, "Think, don't sink! Be water wise! Learn and practise water safety every day."

Radar is one of the most wonderful—and certainly one of the most mystifying—inventions of our century. A new book, *Radar Works Like This* by Egon Larsen (Dent, \$2.65), will really show the older boy "how it works". Big, clear diagrams and drawings on almost every page, with simply written text fitted around them, tell the whole story in only 64 pages!

*Bring 'em Back Alive* by Frank Buck with Edward Anthony (McLeod, 95 cents) is a reasonably-priced paperback reprint of the Frank Buck book which was first published in 1930. But it has withstood the test of time and comes bouncing back with all the original wry wit of Buck himself and the snarling fury of some of the beasts he had to bring back alive. You'll be amazed at how much has been packed into this one little book!

If you like something tamer, try *The Pet-Keeper's Manual*, a paperback by Eric Fitch Daghish (Dent, \$2.00). This is a perfect handbook, complete with 60 illustrations and hundreds of descriptions, for the person who likes to keep pets. Only thing Daghish doesn't deal with in this book is dogs. But anything else—you name it! It's in the book!

For those who like fish, there's *Trout* by Charles L. Ripper (Mc-

Leod, \$3.75). Of all the freshwater fish, the trout are probably the most popular, for a number of good reasons. If you want to know more about the rainbow, golden, cutthroat, brook, lake, Sunapee, Dolly Varden, or brown trout—it's all there! Clear drawings throughout, by the author.



## the great Canadian skin game

W. A. McKay

If you think Canada's history has to be tedious and tiring — try this one! It's the story of Canada's fur-trading past, written with crisp, humorous accuracy and lavished with witty illustrations by Leo Rampen.

at your bookseller's \$3.95

Macmillan of Canada

**SENSATIONAL OFFER!**

**FREE!**

**OR WIN \$5-\$14 IN ONLY A FEW HOURS!**

WIN tape recorders — walkie-talkies — record players — transistor radios — electric hair dryers — cameras — binoculars — watches, etc., etc. You get your free gift by selling 20 of our exclusive "select" two-colour pens. Colour changes from red to blue with click-off device. With our new sales system, one may pay as little as 9c per pen . . . maximum price is 99c and we have them at all prices. **SEND NO MONEY** — When the sale is completed simply return total amount of sale and you will receive the gift of your choice by return mail.

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## Jerry Potts

*Continued from page 12*

When Fort Walsh was being built in the Cypress Hills, site of the massacre, Jerry got a real test of his talents and mettle. A party of Sioux Indians, unexpectedly appeared. They had been hounded over the border by U. S. troops. They were in a friendly frame of mind until they noticed several Mounties wearing odd bits of U. S. military uniforms, a common feature of militia or police apparel then.

The Sioux braves suspected a trick. They threatened battle. But Jerry calmed the Sioux down, and prevented a tragedy.

1877 was the most critical year in our western history. Colonel Custer and his U. S. soldiers had been wiped out to the last man in the massacre at Little Big Horn. American Sioux Indians led by chief Sitting Bull were the victors. Harassed by U. S. military revenge, they fled into Canada. The U. S. campaign to destroy the entire Sioux people led Canada to expect further Indian uprisings. It was important to get all the Indian support they could muster on their side.

The Blackfoot resented Sitting Bull's invasion of Canada. They wanted to fight. The famed Sioux chief soon became a matter of international politics and argument. The U. S. wanted to get its hand on Sitting Bull, but the wily chieftain wisely stayed protected on Canadian soil. Months of wrangling brought about a meeting of U. S. military officials and Mountie Superintendent Walsh, set for October 17, 1877.

During all these moves, Jerry was very much in evidence. He was consulted on procedure and psychology in handling the Indians. It paid off in a treaty of peace at the meeting.

Although there is no record of it, Jerry may well have been on the scene when, a few years later, Superintendent Walsh single-handedly humiliated Sitting Bull. He reduced his importance by tossing him out of the fort door and administering a sound kick to his posterior during an argument over his tribe's horse stealing tactics!

Jerry continued to lead the way in stemming crime on the frontier. In 1879, police constable Marmaduke Graburn failed to return from a ride. His horse turned up with an empty saddle. Jerry Potts headed a search

party which found Graburn's body in a small ravine. A bullet hole through the head told the grim story.

Two Blood Indians, one named Star Child, were suspected. Jerry Potts helped bring in Star Child on May 13, 1881, two years later. Jerry's private "intelligence" gave him the clue which the police acted upon. In full view of the entire Indian camp, who almost mobbed their small party, Jerry and his officer pals handcuffed Star Child and brought him to trial.

Jerry's duties encompassed every degree of lawlessness the west could offer. He helped uncover and suppress liquor smugglers, cattle and horse rustlers, killers of one type or another, white or Indian, and took part in many rescue missions. Despite the "treaties" the 15,000 Blackfoot were still major headaches and needed strong controls.

Star Child came into Jerry's life again in 1883. He had been acquitted of Graburn's murder. Potts rushed him in his cabin hideout while he was asleep, fought him into submission, and brought him in on a stolen-property charge laid in Montana.

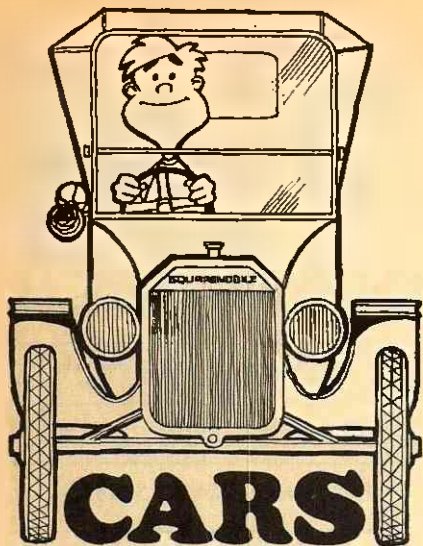
Jerry's work was intensified during the Riel Rebellion days of 1885. Chief Poundmaker and his Crees at Battleford attacked helpless settlers, fought pitched battles with the Mounties and took part in the infamous Frog's Lake Massacre. Jerry's influence kept the "treaty" tribes out of the rebellion.

But the days of the wild, surging, restless west were numbered. Indians resigned themselves to reservation living. Wheat and cattle began to spread across the plains to the Rockies. A new era was dawning. When Jerry Potts paid his last call on Fort Macleod he wistfully enquired where else could he find buffalo grazing in big herds and where Indians roamed at will. When told there were no more, Jerry frowned. "This country's getting too soft for me!" was his sad commentary.

After 22 years of loyal service with the Mounties, Jerry Potts died from a lung ailment, July 14, 1896. He lies in a grave in a police plot near Fort Macleod.

On Alberta's now busy, motorized Highway No. 4, between Stirling and Warner, you'll find a simple sign on a cairn, erected by a grateful province paying tribute to Jerry Potts, the western scout who is one of Canada's unknown heroes.





BY ROGER APPLETON

If you plan to build a sleek custom car someday, or want to save money by knocking the dents and bruises out of a battered stock fender, you need to know something about automobile body repair work.

Basic bodywork is not hard to learn. Nor is it hard to do. You just have to understand the fundamentals and be willing to use some elbow grease, hammering, filing and sandpapering!

For basic bodywork, you need the following tools: a hammer, a curved metal block called a "dolly" and a few pieces of wet-sanding paper (which is special paper, not ordinary sandpaper soaked in water!). You'll also need a file, and a can of plastic body filler material, which you can buy at any auto supply store.

You use the hammer and dolly to smooth out crumpled metal first. The hammer is held on one side and the dolly on the other, "sandwiching" the damaged metal in between. No need to hit hard; light taps will do better!

Hammer the metal as smooth as you can, bringing it as close to the original shape as possible. Then put on a thin layer of body filler. The filler will be soft and workable, like heavy paste, when you first take it from the can, but it will soon harden solidly, like steel.

The trick is to work the filler smooth by hand, or with a rubber squeegee, while it is still soft and pliable. Then you let it turn hard, give it a final sandpapering and wet-sanding to make a perfect surface, and spray on the primer and finishing coats of paint. For small jobs, paint in spray cans is fine.

Done right, this makes a strong, lasting repair job. But some repair men, and many custom car builders, like to use lead instead of plastic filler. Lead comes in sticks, which are melted with a torch, and the molten lead is pressed or "paddled" into position and smoothed.

Lead hardens almost at once, but can be made soft for working any time by heating it lightly with a torch.

No matter whether you use lead or plastic, it is important to put on the filler material in thin layers only! If you dump in big gobs of filler to stuff a huge dent, the material will crack and fall out. Get the job as smooth as possible with a hammer and dolly first.

Next time we'll talk about custom car building and some of the special bodywork it needs. ❀



## Off The Record

BY SANDY GARDINER

The Canadian recording crusade is picking up. And, in the words of the television show, *it's happening!*

In recent years Canada has emerged from a babe in arms out of the woods and into a position where the big musical guns are eyeing us with a little more respect. It isn't that the nation has gained more talent—we've had it for years—but the country's top groups are being pushed to the verge of international prominence.

Across Maple Leaf Land, record production is booming, new studios are opening up, more producers are recognizing the homegrown ability, and record companies are going out on a limb to promote it.

Now, in the words of the country song, *the race is on!* The big question in the minds of the men in the industry is which group will crack the barrier.

Of all the outfits in the land, three are well ahead of the rest of the field—making the big pitch for international acclaim.

From the capital, there's *The Staccatos*, voted by readers of RPM — Canada's national trade music weekly — as the country's top group. The quintet has an original sound. Two drummers, two lead guitarists and electric bass, plus a five-part harmony that The Beatles can't equal and The Beach Boys have a tough time matching. Their first major hit was "Let's Run Away", which shot to the top on charts across the country and was released in the U.S. and Britain.

Then came "Half Past Midnight" which took the country by storm, doubling the sales of their previous giant and smashing into the hit lists south of the border. As a result of the disc, the group has been offered a British tour, and next month may well see them across the Atlantic, displaying their exciting sound.

The second group is *The Mandala* from Toronto, who made their mark coast-to-coast with "Opportunity", a wild raver with blues overtones. This unit relies on personal appearances to win over the fans. Their gimmick is what they call a soul crusade and their wild outfits make their memory, wherever they play, a lasting one. Their disc was released in the U.S. with a \$20,000 promotion campaign behind it—but just failed to strike gold!

Group No. 3 is *The Guess Who* from Winnipeg, who already tasted U.S. success with "Shakin' All Over"—then failed to repeat the trick. They have appeared in the U.S. and England and got quite considerable airplay across the pond with "His Girl"—but it failed to make the top charts!

These, then are the big three. One is bound to make it—and the big question will be decided any day now.

As the manager of *The Staccatos*, I certainly can't pass an opinion. But I'd like to hear from you!

**What do you think it will be? What is the most important asset — musical ability, a gimmick, outstanding harmony—or all three?**

**I'll be giving away 10 top albums from Capitol Records to the writers of the best letters. Drop me a line!**

★ ★ ★

Of course, all across the land the story is the same. Groups are sprouting up faster than Centennial projects! ❀

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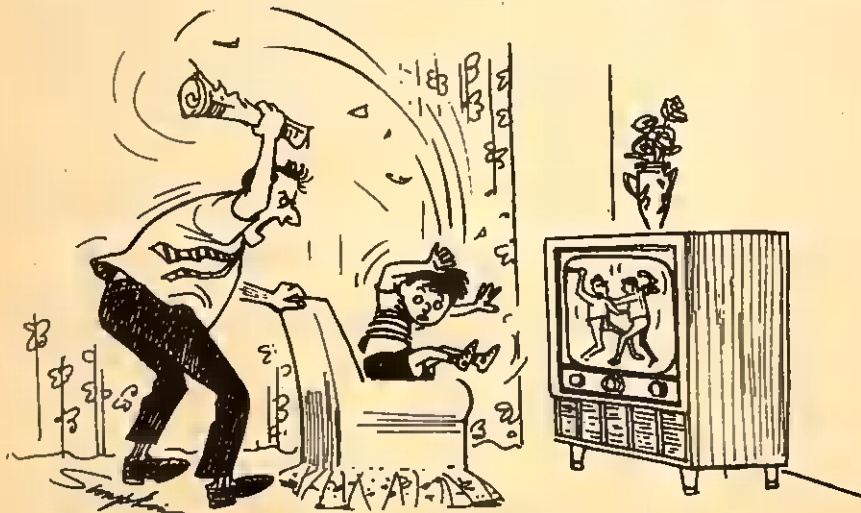
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**APPROVALS**—Most of the stamp advertising in Canadian Boy make offers to "Approval Applicants" or words similar. This means: In addition to the special offer, you will receive stamps on approval which are yours only if you pay additional for them. You may select the stamps you wish, and return the balance along with payment for the ones not returned. Some stamp companies may continue to send approvals to you unless you write and tell them not to do so.

If the advertisement says "to approval buyers" you will receive the special offer stamps only after you have purchased from the approvals. If you do not understand this, ask your parents to explain. Be sure that you include FULL NAME and ADDRESS (Printed).

# STAMP CORNER



BY H. L. WOODMAN

A most interesting stamp issue just released in Guyana (successor to British Guiana) depicts the world's rarest postal adhesive, the 1856 one-cent black and magenta provisional.

The facsimile, we understand, is almost an exact reproduction of the rarity right down to cancellation marks. The stamps themselves are attractive and would enhance the appearance of any collection.

We think some of our readers may not be familiar with the subject and will try to enlighten them here. This philatelic treasure was issued 111 years ago when a shipment of the regular issue was late in arriving from England. It was produced in a newspaper office and the illustration in fact came from the heading of the Gazette's column on shipping.

In due course, the proper stamps arrived and the provisionals were forgotten and it was almost 20 years before the single copy of which we speak here came to light. In 1873, a young collector was searching through some old family papers, in hopes of augmenting his newly-formed stamp collection and found the plain little stamp. He owned a printed album and since it did not provide a space for the provisional, he sold it to a neighbor for sixpence. The next transfer of ownership took it out of England for \$750 and the last time it changed hands, the purchase price was \$45,000!


The Crown Agents Stamp Bureau, describing the original, says: "Philatelically, the stamp is a poor specimen with its corners cut off, but since it is

unique, this can be safely disregarded." The commemoratives are extra large in size and well designed in the tradition of Crown Agents.

Recently some of our readers asked us if there is a stamp magazine produced in Canada, and other readers supplied names of several. Peter O'Laughlin has told us of another: Philotopic Magazine, 1150 Yonge St., Toronto, and the price is one dollar per year. Peter, incidentally, would like to trade stamps with other readers. He offers a worldwide selection in exchange for Canada, U.S. and British Commonwealth. Address your letters: Peter O'Laughlin, 4042 Melba Lane, Burlington, Ont.

On April 14, 1942, the Governor of Malta received this communication from King George VI, in the monarch's own handwriting: "To honor her brave people, I award the George Cross to the Island Fortress of Malta to bear witness to a heroism and devotion that will long be famous in history."

Malta occupied a strategic position in the Allies' Italian campaign and the enemy, recognizing this, made the island a target for concentrated assault. As a matter of fact, the whole Italian air force was thrown in against Malta in an attempt to knock it out. At the same time, offensives against Italy and Africa were being mounted from Malta, which came to be regarded as "an island aircraft carrier". The books are filled with accounts of the heroism of the Maltese people during these campaigns. Little wonder, then, that the king, in an unprecedented move, granted the George Cross to an entire colony. The G.C. is intended primarily for civilians and is awarded only for acts of the greatest heroism or of the most conspicuous courage in circumstances of extreme danger.

A set of three stamps has been produced by Crown Agents for Malta in commemoration of the 25th anniversary of the award. 



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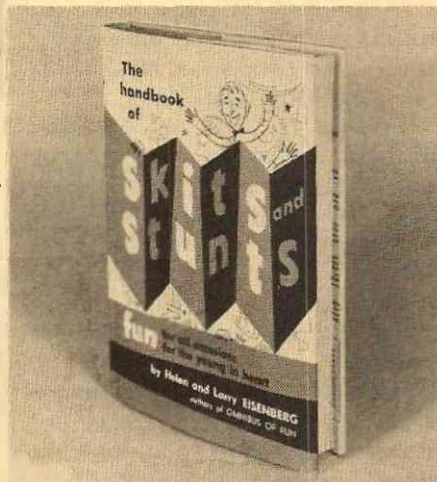
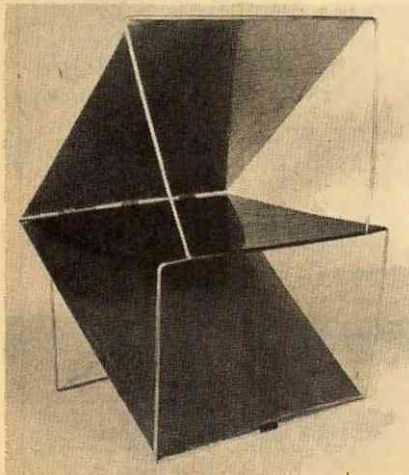


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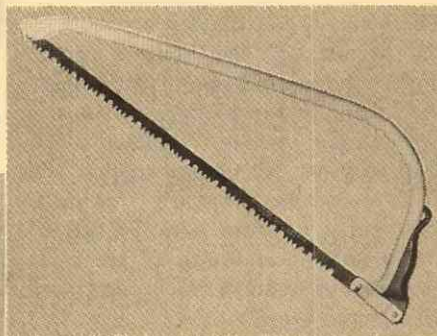
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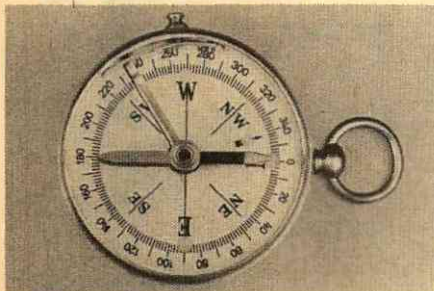


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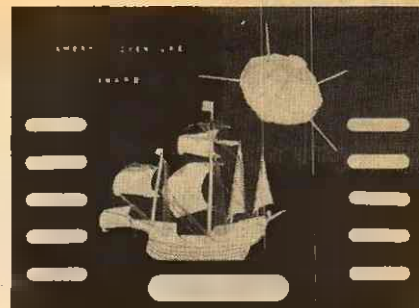


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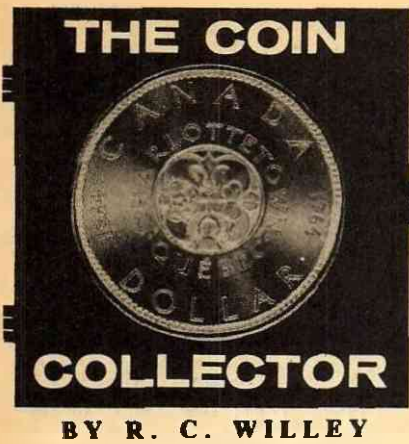
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3. Competition period: January 1st to December 31st, annually.
4. Entry forms to be received at Boy Scouts of Canada, National Headquarters, Box 5151, Station F, Ottawa 5, Ont., no later than January 31st of the year following the activity.
5. An entry fee of \$2.00 per team is 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.
8. Completed logs to be received at Boy Scouts of Canada, National Headquarters, no later than January 31st, 1968. Entry forms are available from your Scout office.





In numismatics, as in any other hobby or livelihood, it is important to know the meanings of the special terms used. The specialized vocabulary of coin collecting is large, but beginners and young collectors need learn only the most widely used terms at first.

To begin with, there is the jaw-breaking word "numisnatics". What does it mean? This is the name for the serious and systematic collection and study of coins, tokens, medals, and paper money. A numismatist is a coin collector who not only collects but studies his coins and shares his knowledge with others.

Next is to distinguish between coins, medals, and tokens. A coin is a piece of metal, usually struck from a die, impressed with a design and issued by a government for circulation as money. It may or may not have a numeral or inscription of value. Canadian coins all bear the value in words or numbers. The best example of a coin without any expression of value on it is the British gold sovereign.

A token is a piece of metal resembling a coin, but issued by a bank, some business firm, a private individual, or a local authority such as a city or county. Tokens may be issued to circulate as money or to be used to pay for goods and services. Such pieces are good only in the community where the issuer does business, or at best only in one province or colony. Most of the Canadian tokens issued before Confederation were issued to circulate as money, and were good in the colony or province of issue. Tokens issued after Confederation were good only at the place of business of the issuer, and were payable in goods and services. Such pieces are inscribed "Good for 5c in trade at the store" or "Good for one

drink at the bar" or "Good for a shave".

A medal is a piece of metal, struck like a coin, but never intended for use as money or to be redeemed in goods and services. Medals are struck as awards for scholastic achievements, military valour, civilian heroism, and similar merits. They are also struck to commemorate great events and to honor famous people.

In case anyone wants a concise definition of money, here it is. Money is what you buy things with. For those who want a more sophisticated definition, money is a medium of exchange, in which the value of all things is expressed.

The piece of metal on which a design is impressed to produce a coin is called a blank, a flan, or a planchet.

The side of a coin bearing the principal design is the obverse. In Canada the obverse bears the Queen's head; hence the expression "heads". The opposite side of a coin is the reverse, popularly called "tails". In Canada the reverse bears the date, the value, and the word Canada as inscriptions.

The main design on either side of a coin is called the type. Smaller things shown on some coins are called symbols. The lighthouse and ship in the background of an English penny are good examples of symbols. The figure of Britannia, of course, is the type. Inscriptions are often called legends. The bottom of a coin, which often has the date, is the exergue. It is sometimes divided from the type by a horizontal line. The best example of an exergue is seen on the reverse of an English penny, on which the date is in just such a space below Britannia.

Most coins have a border on each side, which consists of very small beads or fine teeth. The portion of the coin outside the border is the rim, which is formed by the pressure of striking. A high and narrow rim is called a wire rim, as is seen on the silver dollars from 1935 to 1953. The rim of a coin is not to be confused with the edge. The edge may be plain, as on our cents and nickels, or reeded as on the silver coins. The fine lines on the edges of our silver coins are called reeding. It is incorrect to refer to them as milling!

A proof is a special striking on polished blanks from polished dies. A proof is struck by gentle squeezing pressure, each coin being struck three

or four times. This brings out every detail in the design, showing the design at its best. Most proofs have a mirror-like background, or field, with a frosted type. Proofs were originally made to show a design at its best to those who had the right to choose the design of a coinage. They were presented to the sovereign, the government officials, foreign ambassadors, the mint master, and the designer and engraver, usually. They often entered the coin market after the owners died, and were much sought after by collectors because of their beauty. In modern times proofs were struck for sale to collectors, usually on some important occasion. For example, a proof set was struck in England in 1953 on the occasion of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, for sale to collectors. Canada has struck no proofs since 1937.

A pattern is a suggested design not adopted for the coinage. Whenever there is a plan to change the design of the coinage, artists and engravers submit designs to the mint. Dies are made, and the designs struck in proof. Such pieces, if the designs are not chosen for the coinage, are called patterns. Patterns were also presented to the sovereign and important officials connected in any way with the coinage. They are generally very rare.

The condition of coins is most important. Condition is state of preservation. The better the condition, the more a coin is worth. It is too large a subject to discuss here, and it will be treated in our next column.

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## rib ticklers



At his sister's wedding, the usher was very nervous. When he found a lady sitting in a pew reserved for a certain group of people, he said: "Mardon me, Padum, but you're occupewing the wrong pie! Would you care to take a chew at the back of the perch?"  
*Harmut Mailandt, Wetaskiwin, Alta.*

It isn't the cough that carries you off; it's the coffin they carry you off in!  
*Teddy Moysey, Arvida, Que.*

Q: Why does a traffic signal turn red?  
A: You would, too, if you had to change in front of all those people!  
*Jamie Statham, Brantford, Ont.*

Eileen: The moon is broke!  
Dick: How do you know?  
Eileen: It's down to its last quarter!  
*Tim Redway, Dartmouth, N.S.*

Lou: I'm taking up songwriting.  
Sue: Sold anything?  
Lou: Yes—my watch, my bike, my radio . . .  
*Garry Deacon, Clarkson, Ont.*

Q: Why do ducks fly south?  
A: It's too far to walk!  
*Glyn Morgan, Beaconsfield, Que.*

Q: Why are bald men always so happy?  
A: Because nothing ever gets in their hair!  
*Eric Sibley, Etobicoke, Ont.*

Fred: Why did the grandmother put wheels on her rocking chair?  
Mark: I don't know—  
Fred: Because she wanted to rock and roll!  
*Steven Mannington, Beloeil, Que.*

Q: When did the Irish potato change his nationality?  
A: When he became a French fried!  
*Allan Lawr, Georgetown, Ont.*

Bill: What should you do if you split your sides laughing?  
Peter: Why— I don't know—  
Bill: Run, until you get a stitch in your side!  
*David Gibson, Winnipeg, Man.*

There was a city bus going down the street when an Indian stopped it. He asked the driver, "Are you going west?"

The driver replied, "Yes, sir, I am." And the Indian said, "Well say hello to the Lone Ranger for me!"

*Doug Morrison, Hamilton, Ont.*

Q: What's another way of saying that you sneeze a lot?

A: You have the sneezles!

*John Gomory, Ville d'Anjou, Que.*

First angel: You're kind of fat!

Second angel: Yes, what do you suppose did it?

First angel: Probably too much angel cake!

*Neil Clarke, Brockville, Ont.*

Mother: Now, Norman, don't you know you are not supposed to eat with your knife?

Norman: I know, Mother, but my fork leaks!

*Michael St. Marie, Laval, Que.*

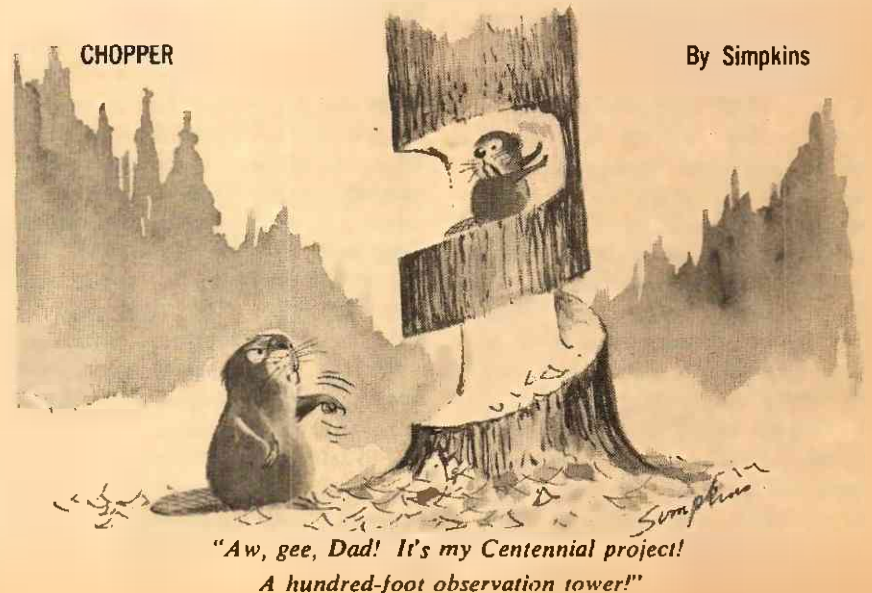
Jim: It's no use! I've skated and skated, but I keep going off balance!

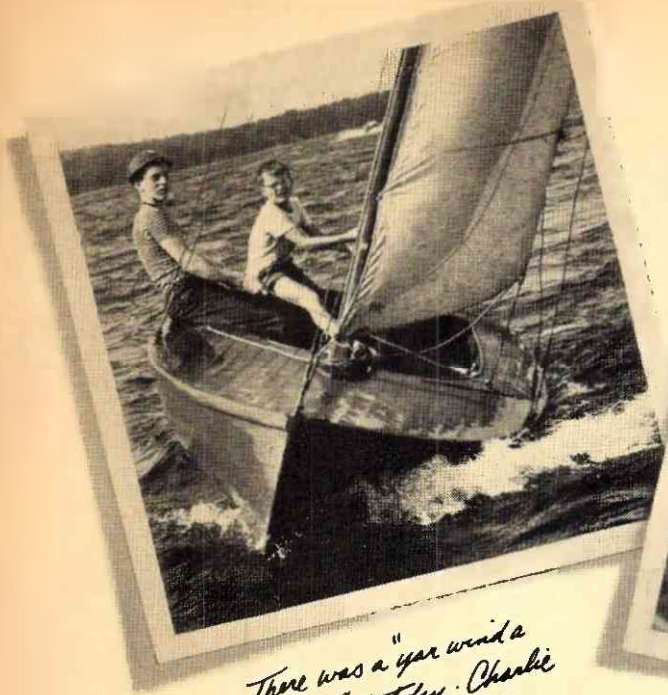
Pete: Why don't you take lessons? You've been skating for hours on end!

*Doug McDougall, Nelson, B. C.*

One day a man walked into a barber-shop and saw a sign on the wall, Shaves \$1.50. He said to the barber, "How come you charge \$1.50 when other barbershops only charge \$1.25?" And the barber replied: "We have to charge 25 cents more because we use more bandages!"

*Robert Henshaw, Streetsville, Ont.*





*There was a "yar wind a blown" that day. Charlie and I nearly went over.*




*Here's Dad and Annie.  
(Annie's the one on the right.)*

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