

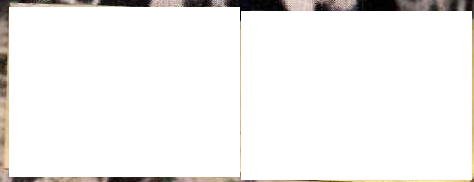
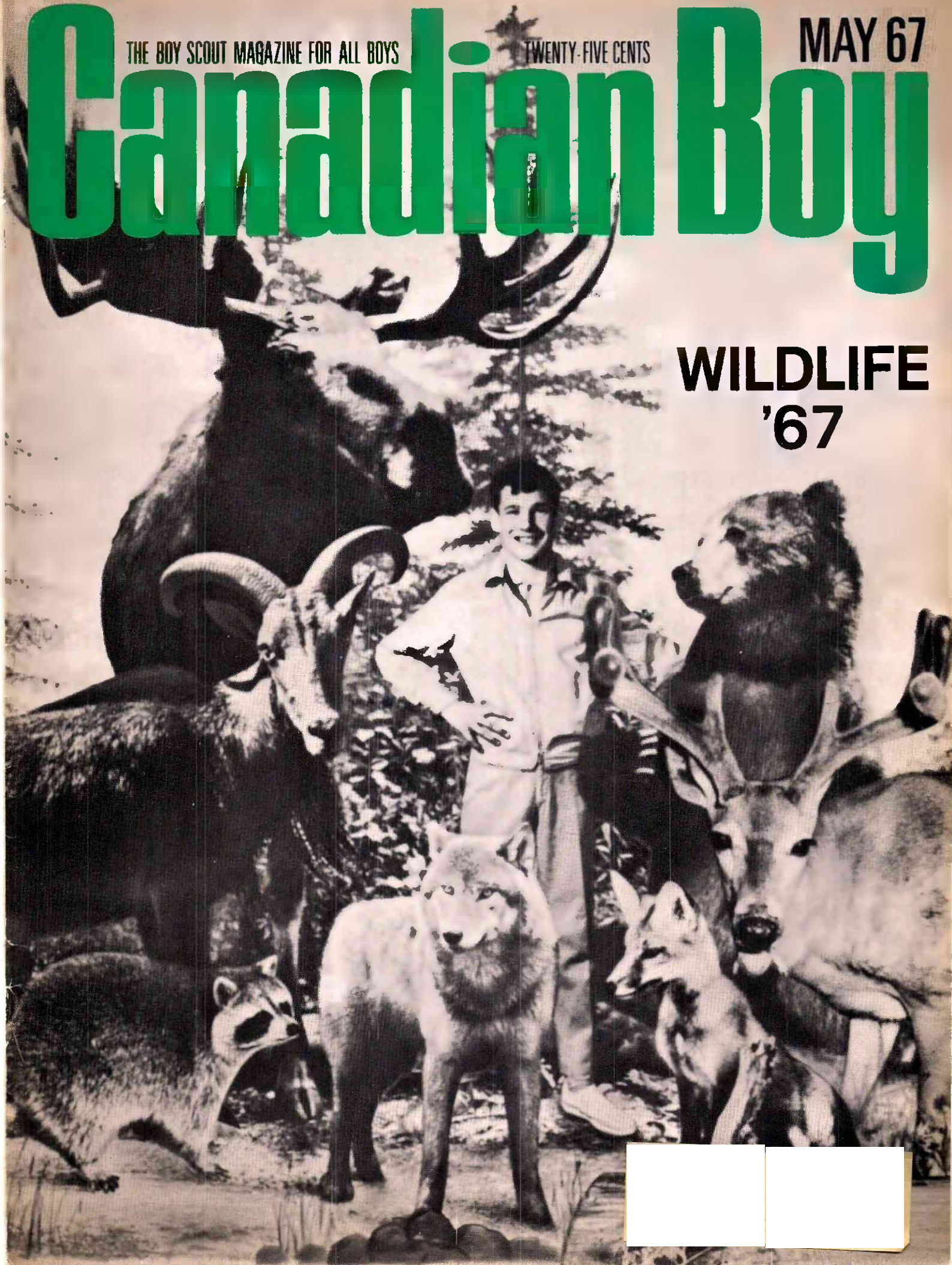
THE BOY SCOUT MAGAZINE FOR ALL BOYS

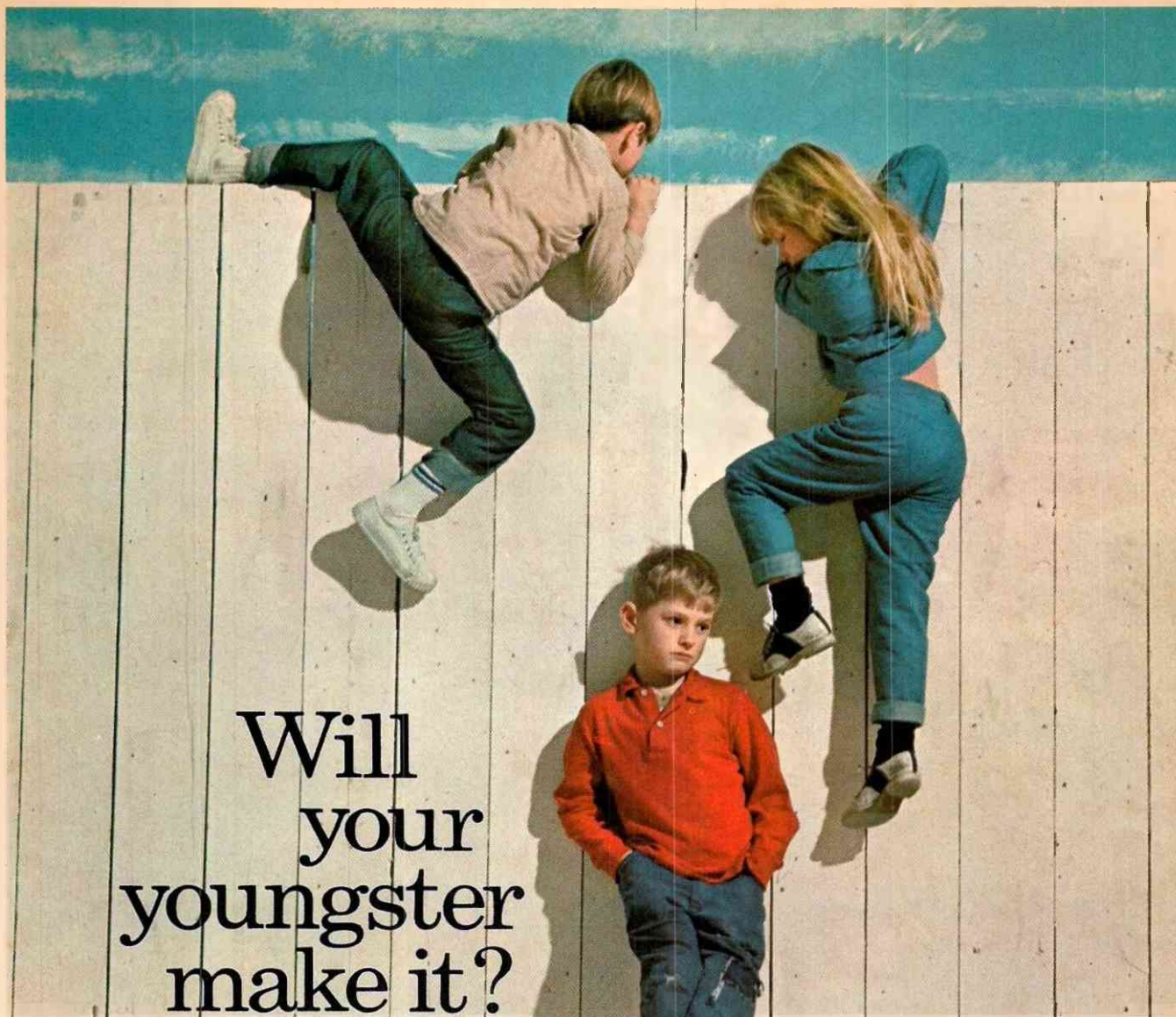
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MAY 67

Canadian Boy

**WILDLIFE
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**From a review in "The Canadian Teacher", November 1966—Canada's national magazine for teachers.*

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A NEW GROLIER PUBLICATION CB57

Canadian Boy

MAY, 1967, VOL. 4, NO. 3

Contents

Wonderful World of Wildlife by R. D. Lawrence	6
Quebec Boy by Don Bell	9
Winter's Tale by Thomas H. Raddall	10
Drops of Blood by Syd Young	13
Cougar! by Mary McLaughlin	14
Ghost Ships by Paul Brock	16
The Story of Canada by James Simpkins	18
Scoutcraft: Travel	20
Centenews	21
Award for Valour	22
Off The Record by Sandy Gardiner	23
Movies by Clyde Gilmour	23
Hustle Buck!	24
Cars by Roger Appleton	25
Books by Morocco Bound	25
Canadata by Vernon Miller	26
Gagline Contest — Win Real Neat Junk!	27
Stamp Corner by H. L. Woodman	31
Penpals	31
Rib Ticklers	34
Editorial	4
Letters to Lester	5

Wildlife photos by Miller Services Ltd.



THOMAS H. RADDALL, author of *Winter's Tale*, is among the best-known of Canada's writers and has a long list of successful books to his credit. Among these are *The Wings of Night*, *A Muster of Arms*, *Tidefall*, *The Nymph and the Lamp*, *Halifax*, *Warden of the North*, *West Novas*, *The Wedding Gift*, *Pride's Fancy*, *Tambour*, *Roger Sudden*, *His Majesty's Yankees*, *The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek*, *The Markland Sagas*, and *Saga of the Rover*. *Winter's Tale*, is from *The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek*, which first appeared in 1939. Mr. Raddall was born in England, went to school in Halifax, and now lives in Liverpool, Nova Scotia. He likes fishing, hunting and golf.

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

BIKE TUNE-UP TIME

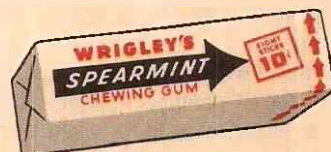
Get your gang together and give your bikes a Spring check-up. Clean and polish the bikes and then give them a safety check.



HOW DOES EACH BIKE RATE?

- All spokes in
- Tires and tubes in good condition
- Chain oiled and tight
- Horn or bell firmly fastened and working properly
- Handlebars secure
- Lights in working order
- Rear fender red reflector clean
- Brakes fast acting
- Seat at correct height and secure
- White or red reflective material on fenders
- Wheel bearings lubricated

This check list is important for maximum safety—and for maximum enjoyment the gang will go for that happy-go-lively flavour of Wrigley's Spearmint gum!



taste that
'HAPPY GO LIVELY'
flavour

Sprig Feber



“... where the birds warble sweet in the springtime ...”

The snow is gone, the grass is rizz, wonder where my pup tent is . . . Spring fever has taken a firm grip on CB staffers these days. You'll see them gazing out the window when they should be pounding on typewriters, or doodling daisies on their memo pads when they ought to be editing stories for the magazine. They're even dreaming up schemes for getting out of the office on wildlife and camping assignments!

R. D. Lawrence, who has written books on the subject, shares a wildlife adventure with us — and you! — in this issue of CB. Camping comes up in the next issue of your favorite magazine.

Besides Mr. Lawrence's denizens of the Canadian jungle, there's something else in this issue that's pretty wild! It's called *Cougar!* — a true story you won't want to miss!


Paul Brock's *Ghost Ships* is a surprising collection of out-of-this-world anecdotes that should send

the hair standing up on the back of your neck!

Thomas H. Raddall, one of Canada's foremost writers of tales about Canadians, honors us in this issue with his *Winter's Tale*. Written originally for adults, this story about a boy in the midst of death and destruction should appeal to all boys.

Speaking of boys, you'll see another in our Boy series — this time a Quebec Boy — something a little different with a few giggles thrown in.

In this issue of CB we start our latest contest — the Gagline Contest! If this isn't the cheapest contest you've ever seen, with the lousiest prizes you've ever heard of, then we'd like to know where you've seen a junkier one!

You'll find our regular features in these pages, too. Just glance down the table of contents on page 3 for an idea of what we've whopped up for you this time! 

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Margaret Large
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

Jack Young
ADVERTISING MANAGER

Mary McWilliams
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LETTERS TO LESTER



WITH LOVE FROM INDIA

Dear Lester:

Canadian Boy is the journal which is awaited by all of us here in this hemisphere very anxiously every month. Perhaps you don't know the thrill and excitement that Canadian Boy gives us here in this remote corner of the lower Himalayas. The magazine gives us interesting and inspiring reading. The layout is good and get-up is attractive. I have noticed that all the visitors to our headquarters and to our reading room have a craze for this journal.

Amar C. Sharma, Simla Hills, India.

FOR OLDER BOYS

Dear Lester:

I think that the articles in your magazine should grasp for a higher age level such as that of high school, since most Scouts are in that age group. Very few of the good stories in your magazine are mature enough. Secondly, do you think that almost every Canadian boy who reads your magazine likes just hockey, baseball and football? You mentioned in your January-February issue that other sports stories such as swimming would appear. Have you ever heard of handball, tennis, basketball, sailing and spelunking, to name a few?

Graham Barker, Guelph, Ont.

Dear Lester:

Sandy Gardiner could help your magazine a lot if he improved his column. If you had some articles for older boys and some for the younger, it would help. Another point: When we pay our dues in Scouts we are forced to buy the magazine. Do you think I should drop out of Scouts just so I won't receive your mag? It would help if you print this, because it will probably stir up people who have feelings similar to mine, and they will send their suggestions for improvement. There's still hope!

Doug Borrowman, Pointe Claire, Que.

NO JOE TACK

Dear Lester:

I know how Sandy Gardiner feels about Canadian singers, but we're not interested in Joe Tack and the Carpet-makers! We want the big groups: The Stones, Stitch in Tyme, Paupers, The Monkees, and so on. I know I'm sick of the way Sandy sounds off week in and week out just to give the all too well known facts about Canadian music. I'll bet my bottom dollar Maritimers Robert DeBlois and Glenn O'Neil, in your January-February issue, are blissfully happy over their extremely poorly done photographs and write-ups.

Mike McKinnon, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Lester:

That story about Robert DeBlois was good! I hope you go on putting in Hustle Buck, and Award for Valour. The Story of Canada is very good. The Rib Ticklers weren't so good. Chopper was funny.

David Buley, Summerside, P.E.I.

What are you doing this summer?

How about spending a week or two with: Billy Harris, Dave Keon, Bob Pulford, and other hockey stars?

This summer, do something really different, exciting and rewarding.

Attend one or more of the seven weekly hockey sessions of The Billy Harris Hockey School, at the Doublerink Arenas near Woodbridge, just north of Toronto, from July 17th, through September 2nd.

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Dear Bill:

Please send me complete details about your hockey school. I understand there is no obligation.

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CITY OR TOWN PROV.

Wonderful World of Wildlife

by R. D. Lawrence

Would you believe that in a single acre of Canadian wilderness you could come across so many different forms of life?

It was night, dark and frost-nipped, and the wilderness stretched untamed to the four points of the compass. I stood in the lee of a great conifer, alone in that primordial place, when suddenly the shuddering, wailing call of a timber wolf shattered the stillness! The cry was long as it rose to its sad fullness.

I heard and I shuddered, yet the haunting call of that wolf drew me closer to this wild land that is the real Canada, a land alive and vibrant, free from the synthetic influences of civilization.

The time was autumn and the broad-leaved trees, come morning, would glow with the flames of the dying year: scarlet would be the maples; straw yellow the birches; golden the poplars; green the pines and spruces and balsams.

What I saw and felt that night was just one of the many moods of nature, the

fall time, perhaps the best known of all the seasons. In reality, it is only a pause in the incredible cycle of creation, that mysterious force that formed life millions of years ago and which has gone on since then conducting intricate feats of chemistry that, together, produce living beings in the air, in the water, on the earth and even deep down under layers of brown soil.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, this land of ours, celebrating its hundredth birthday, is a place of living wonders during each and every day of each and every year—if we know where to look for them.

The wilderness of this land, whether it be in the Rocky Mountains, the great rolling prairies, the forests of middle Canada, or the sea-lapped shores of the eastern provinces, is the last real frontier

of nature. It holds a million puzzles. Man, though he has eagerly probed this earthly crust, has not yet been able to decipher all that is still locked within the vastness of creation. Many new discoveries await the naturalists of tomorrow. Listen, while I tell you this tale of the wilderness of Canada. Better still, stay with me and together let us explore some of its forest lands. It does not matter where these are located, for there are certainly places like them near you wherever you may be. We'll cover a single acre of land.

So let's go out into the autumn and feel the frost crackle under our feet while the snowshoe hares lope silent in their changing coats and the wolf howls his requiem to the dying year.

We have hardly started before we must pause near a small beaver lake, because three white-tail deer are coming, their progress almost inaudible. Soon we shall



see them as they thread their dainty way down to the water's edge, where they will drink before they turn and fade, wraith-like, back into the night.

Now on again, walking silently, lightless, for a flashlight would spoil this scene, we soon hear the shuffle of a raccoon. He is big and roly-poly and he's hunting crayfish in little pools formed in the rock shallows. He hears us and sits upright. He chitters at us and then he turns and waddles away, the bush swallowing his fat rump, the night hiding the tell-tale shaking of the hazel bushes through which he has gone.

In the sky above us, the great horned owl is hunting, too. He flies on almost silent pinions; nature has endowed him with wings that do not whistle as they beat the wind. We see his dark shape; it flies slowly, effortlessly, quartering the country like a hunting dog.



We walk again and we are stopped almost at once! The wolf has howled again and we must listen to this sonata of the wilderness. The call floats over the tree



tops and loses itself in space and there is silence. Then from another place an answering howl slowly travels through the air. Again quiet. The forest waits, seeming to hold its breath. When the big wolf calls, fear travels with the lesser things.

In a poplar nearby, the black silhouette of a porcupine is clearly visible as we move again. He watches us, curious but unafraid, for the quill pig has few enemies when he is ensconced in a tree's crown! Now we have reached the lake and we hear the ducks and geese. Their sleepy calls are different from their busy gabble of summer; it is as though they are conscious of the great flight that faces them on the vast journey they must make to reach the warmth of the southlands. Under our feet, beneath the brittle frost, the ground is springy with a wealth of dead things: the needles of pine and

spruce and balsam; the mulched broad-leaves of maple and poplar and birch; rotting deadfall trees; shattered twigs and branches. And beneath all these, unfeeling of our weight or of our clumsy footsteps, the small things of perpetual darkness: the insect larvae, and the worms and the invisible bacteria and fungus spores. Each is alive, yet now dormant; each playing its small role in the dramas that constantly unfold in the Canadian wilderness.

Now our autumn walk ends. But we are not done yet! We shall not leave the forest, because we have progressed beyond the barriers of time, and we find ourselves enshrouded by winter. . . .

We press on, but now our feet seldom reach the earth and instead we walk on top of the snow, our showshoes grotesque shapes that take us easily over the blanket of white crystals that have come to put the land into deep freeze for another season.

Soon we come upon two sharp holes punched into the snow and we know that here a ruffed grouse has spent the night. It came in low, plummeting its sturdy body at the white crust and burying itself deep. There it slept, secure but still alert against the stealthy foot-

steps of hunting meat-eaters. In the morning it burst out of its snowhouse and left in search of poplar buds and frozen cranberries.

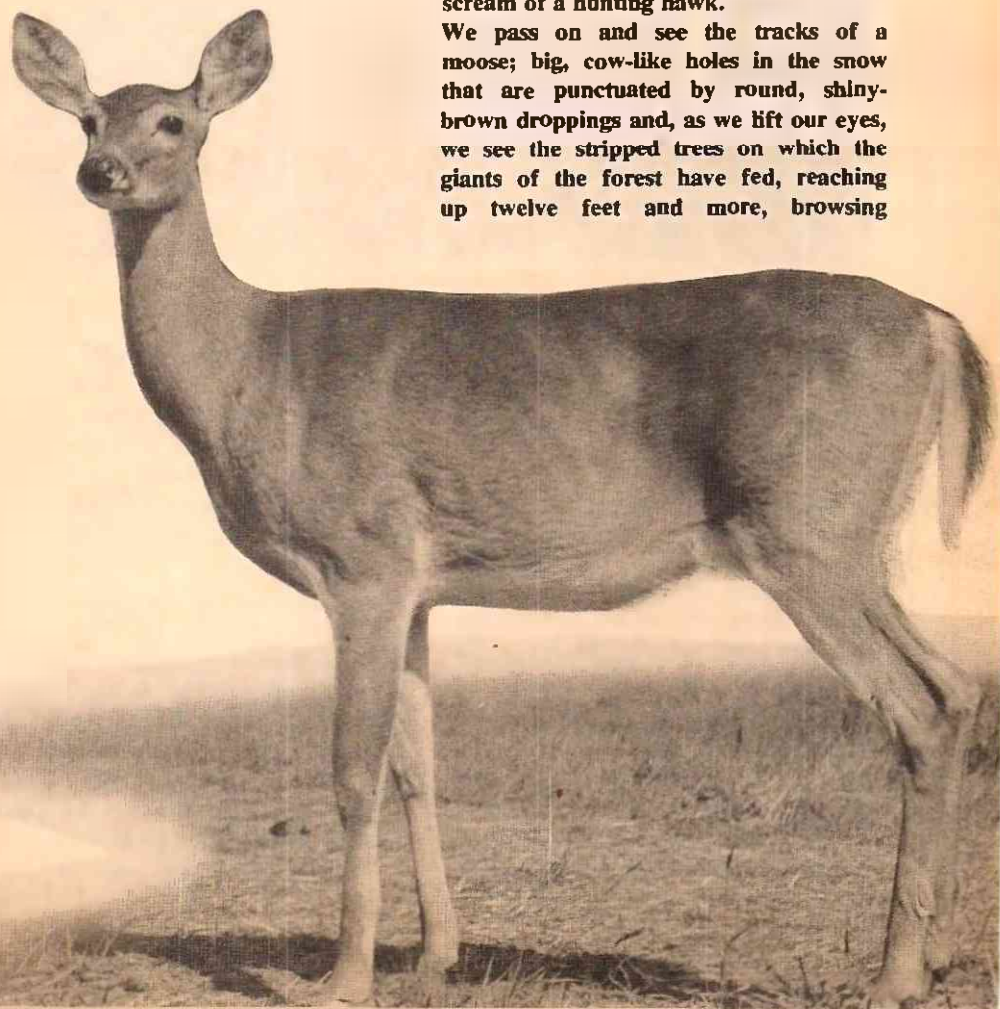
Watching us from a spindly spruce, a gray bird sits quietly, his head held to one side, the better to see us. He is a Canada jay, a cheeky, friendly bird who will quickly leave his perch if we stop to eat and offer him some of our food. He looks like an over-size chickadee, this



Outdoor Canada

whiskey jack, and he has many voices. Now he uses some of them, making harsh calls and sweet calls, and coos and screams; sometimes sounding like a jay should, and as quickly copying the high scream of a hunting hawk.

We pass on and see the tracks of a moose; big, cow-like holes in the snow that are punctuated by round, shiny-brown droppings and, as we lift our eyes, we see the stripped trees on which the giants of the forest have fed, reaching up twelve feet and more, browsing



higher than any deer can.

The tracks are fresh and the wind is blowing towards us. We follow. Soon we hear the great beasts as they feed. We become more cautious, our hearts beat a little faster, there is dryness in our mouths, and we are not sure whether we are afraid or enthralled.

We remove our snowshoes as we advance, seeking shelter behind the thick screen of swamp cedar in which the band of moose has sought cover after the night's wanderings. Now we pause, crouched behind a gnarled old tree. We see them!

A bull, his coat chestnut and sleek, pendulous dewlap hanging from his

follow him and we are alone again, our gazes still intent upon the livid scars left in the snows.

Now, as our walk continues, we step from winter into spring. The honking and crying of the wild geese are musical sounds of gladness. There they fly, a long black-and-white V high above us, their leader just ahead of his flock, the point of the V aimed north towards their ancestral breeding grounds.

We watch until our necks ache and we listen until the last wild cry has faded into small sounds. And then we listen again, to the vibrant whistle of a flock of pintails, the wind buffeted by their wings as they streak

dashes for deeper water and plunges! His tail, flat paddle of many uses, strikes hard on the lake's surface and the sharp report echoes over the forest. Only water rings mark the place where the beaver was, but we know where he is going. The air trapped in his fur leaves him, a bubble at a time, and rises to burst at the surface. We know, too, that the invisible swimmer is paddling quickly with his webbed back feet and that his nostrils are shut tight from within by twin valves that close automatically when he submerges.

We leave the beaver, because there is more to see before the coming of summer. But we are quickly halted again: the drumming of a ruffed grouse calls to us. Bup! Bup! Bup-bup-bup-up-urrr! We can't see him, but we know he is strutting on a log, his crest erect, his tail fanned almost round, his wings hanging from his sides. It is with the wings that he drums, not upon the log, as some people believe, but by beating them so quickly that the wind, vibrating through the stretched flight feathers, makes the booming sound!

On we go again, and find spring has aged and it is the time of the insects. The mosquitoes and the blackflies seek us and feed, and the dragon flies and the damsel flies seek them and feed, and the nighthawks and the whip-poor-wills eat them.

And as we walk summer comes and the forest is a place of new life. The bird young are hatched and clamoring for food; the bees and the wasps and the hornets are raising their broods. In the beaver lodge, two black mites are already seeking water. Muskrats are swimming with their young in a stream that feeds the lake.

The timber wolf pups play by their rock den; white-tail fawns lie curled and dappled in shady places, almost odorless yet, for they are still in need of protection! If they cannot be smelled, there is less danger that they will be found by roaming predators.

A she-bear, shaggy and rumbling, leads twin cubs in search of berries; young squirrels are moving; round leverets hide under new ferns . . .

This is summer, and this is the end of our walk through an acre of wilderness, in the wonderful world of wildlife!



bulbous chin, looks up, raising his shaggy head until it is three feet above ours. He is shorn now of his majestic branched antlers, but he is a regal thing as he tests the wind, suspicious of the slight noise we have made!

Behind him, chewing her cud in bovine drowsiness, sits a cow, her front legs bent under, her long hind legs stretched out sideways. Near her is last year's calf, almost looking like a moose now, but still clinging to the ungainly proportions of his youth.

The bull has seen us! He grunts, a sharp, harsh cough of a sound and he turns and bolts, his legs brown pistons as they lift high, sending showers of flying snow mixed with frozen fragments of musk! The others

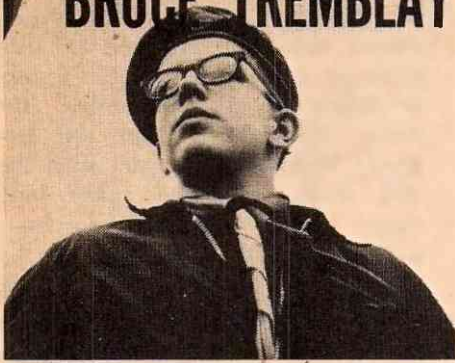
by at tree-top height.

The other birds are with us, too, and their calls fill the forest. The three melodious syllables of the chickadees; the mad scream of the blue jays; the sweetness of the tree sparrow; the courting cries of the red-shouldered hawks, and the cackle of the crows.

We are back at the lake and we are just in time to see the beaver leave a maimed poplar tree and waddle down his slipway on his journey back to his lodge. His fur shines almost red in the sunlight, for now it is dry, but in another moment it becomes sleek and glossy as he slides into the water of the feeding channel.

We move and he sees us. He

QUEBEC BOY: BRUCE TREMBLAY



Photos by John Maz



Where Bruce lives, he enjoys both city life and unspoiled nature.

Twelve-year-old Bruce Tremblay, as a Quebecker in 1967, doesn't live very differently from most of his English-Canadian compatriots. In fact, Bruce is just as proud of his Canadian identity as he is of his Quebec heritage.

This heritage is quite something. As a Tremblay, he comes from one of the oldest and, no doubt, the most prolific family in French Canada. Pierre Tremblay, the first of Bruce's ancestors to come to Canada at the end of the 17th century, begot so many Tremblays that a few years ago, when there was a convention for the Tremblay clan at the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec City, more than 15,000 showed up!

Bruce's father claims they were only a fraction of the total. He says there are 150,000 Tremblay families, living not only in Quebec, but in the rest of Canada and the United States. In some cases the name has been changed to Trimble (former Montreal *Alouettes*' coach Jim Trimble may be Tremblay kin), or Shakers. Why Shakers? Because, phonetically, Tremblay in French sounds like *trembler*, which is a verb meaning to tremble or to shake. Hence, Shakers!

But it's rare indeed for French Canadians to be called Bruce. In multilingual Pierrefonds it comes in handy, because many of Bruce's friends are English-speaking. In fact, the school he attends, St. Thomas High, where Bruce is in eighth grade classical, is itself a bilingual institution where French and English kids study and play together. Bruce, who speaks English quite well, finds his English-speaking cronies can handle his name much better than the often-hyphenated names (such as Jean-Jacques) of the other French

language kids.

It doesn't really matter to Bruce what language group his friends belong to or what racial background they have. It's character and personality that count! In fact, Bruce who loves hockey and plays right defence for the Roxboro Peewee *Flyers*, has as his National League idol not Jean Béliveau or Henri Richard, but an English Canadian, Ralph Backstrom! Maybe he sees a bit of himself in Backstrom, who is a persistent, good-skating, hard-working player, a *besogneur*.

Bruce doesn't want to be a professional hockey player, although he wouldn't mind getting as far as Junior. His ambition is to be a doctor or, failing that, a mechanical engineer. If he keeps up his good school work there shouldn't be anything to stop him from reaching his goal. He had an 80.4 percent average last term and came third in his class.

As his father, a pharmaceutical company worker, explains, Bruce isn't long-winded. He likes to get to the point quickly when telling a story. So, when his teacher asked him to write a composition about a picnic, Bruce wrote:

"Mama made us lunch. We climbed a mountain. We ate our lunch. We came down. We went home."

Bruce likes to do things, rather than talk about them! He is especially good with his hands and makes copper enamels as a hobby. And, since joining the Scouts three years ago, he has been awarded badges for cooking (Spaghetti Bolognese is his specialty), knotting, athletics, laundering and swimming, as well as a green and yellow all-round crest and white patrol leader cords.

Actually, the St. Luc des Sources troop Bruce belongs to is one of the few French-language troops in the Boy Scouts of Canada. Elsewhere in the province, French-Canadian Scouts belong to a movement called *Les Scouts Catholiques du Canada*, which has its own manual and its own program. Curiously, Bruce's troop probably has less contact with *Les Scouts* than with English troops in the Boy Scouts of Canada.

For instance, last summer the boys in Bruce's troop attended a camp at Tamaracouta in the Laurentians to meet English-speaking Scouts. A wonderful bilingual time was had by all, and at the end of the camp each language group was that much wiser about the other's culture.

But this isn't to suggest that the Bisons and the other packs in St. Luc des Sources are gradually losing their French-Canadian identity! The leaders are making sure this doesn't happen. When they organize field days or camps, they usually have as a theme some great French explorer, like Jacques Cartier, or Champlain, or Maisonneuve, and they encourage the Scouts to take a keen interest in their forefathers. They have a heritage to be proud of, a culture which is part of a rich and picturesque Canadian mosaic.

Adults who know him say Bruce is a natural leader. Even boys a year or two older than he have respect for him. He is firm and quick in making decisions and, in whatever he does, he oozes confidence.

As long as he retains that solid confidence, in himself and in his country, both Bruce and Canada will do all right!

By Don Bell

Winter's Tale

BY THOMAS H. RADDALL

It starts out like any other ordinary day, then—BOOM! What does one boy do when his whole world blows up around him? This fantastic story is woven among the facts of the great Halifax explosion of 50 years ago!

The air in the classroom was warm and rather stuffy, because it had snowed a little the night before, and Stevens the janitor had stoked up his great furnace fiercely. Grade Nine, coming in rosy-cheeked from the snow outside, found it oppressive, but nobody dared to open a window. Old Mr. Burtle, who conducted the educational fortunes of Grade Nine, was principal of the school and a martyr to asthma.

It was just one minute past nine by the clock on the classroom wall when James hung his schoolbag on the back of his seat and flung an arithmetic manual on the desk. All about him was a bustle of preparation.

"Attention!" demanded Old Gander Burtle, with his asthmatic cough. Everybody sat up very straight. "We shall sing the morning hymn." The class arose with a clatter, shuffled a little, and then burst raucously into "Awake my soul and with the sun" as Old Gander raised his bony forefinger. James had a point of vantage when they stood up to sing, for his desk was near the windows and he could look down into the street, two storeys below. It was certainly too nice a morning to spend indoors. The sky was blue, without a speck of cloud anywhere, sun very bright on the snow, and wisps of smoke rising straight into the air from a forest of chimneys that stretched away southward. Grade Nine intoned a long "Ahhh-men!" and sat down. It was five minutes past nine by the clock on the wall.

The act of sitting down in unison always produced a clatter, but this morning the effect was astounding. The hardwood floor began to move up and down very rapidly, like a gigantic piston of some sort; the walls swayed drunkenly to and fro, so that the blackboards came down and were followed by plaster, crumbling away from the walls in lumps and whole sheets. The great clock dropped from its fastening high on the wall, missed Old Gander's head by an inch, and spewed a tangle of springs and cogs over the heaving floor. The opaque glass in the door of the boys' coat-room sprang across the classroom, sailing over James' head, and went to pieces in a mighty splatter on the wall in front of him. The windows vanished, sashes and all. The room, the big echoing school, the whole world, were filled with tremendous sound that came in waves, each visible in breakers of plaster dust.

Then the sound was gone, as suddenly as it had come, and in its place there was a strange and awful hush that was emphasized somehow, by distant noises of falling plaster and tinkling glass. A girl broke the silence, screaming shrilly. James perceived that her cheek was laid open from ear to mouth, with a great red river pouring down her chin, and that other were putting fingers to cut faces and heads, and staring strangely at the stains. Grade Nine was covered with plaster dust, and looked like a company

of startled ghosts, and when James saw the thin red trickles running out of those white masks he knew he was dreaming, because things like that did not really happen. The girl with the red mask screamed again, and there was a chorus of screams, and then with one impulse the class turned and fled, as if it were Friday afternoon fire practice. For a moment James was poised for similar flight, but in that moment he remembered his Dad's deep steady voice saying, "Never run from anything, son, till you've had a good look at it. Most times it's not worth running from."

Old Gander was standing beside his desk like a statue, gazing at James in enormous surprise, as though he had never seen James before. Then he said in his old asthmatic voice, "James! Is that you, James?" and without waiting for a reply he added, as though it were the most ordinary thing in the world, "Some of the little boys have been playing with dynamite in the basement." James nodded slowly. Old Gander knew everything. The kids in the lower grades said he had eyes in the back of his head.

"You are a good boy, James," murmured Old Gander in a dazed voice. "I think we'd better see if there is any fire."

"Yes, sir," James said. "I'll go through the upstairs classrooms, sir."

"Very good," murmured Old

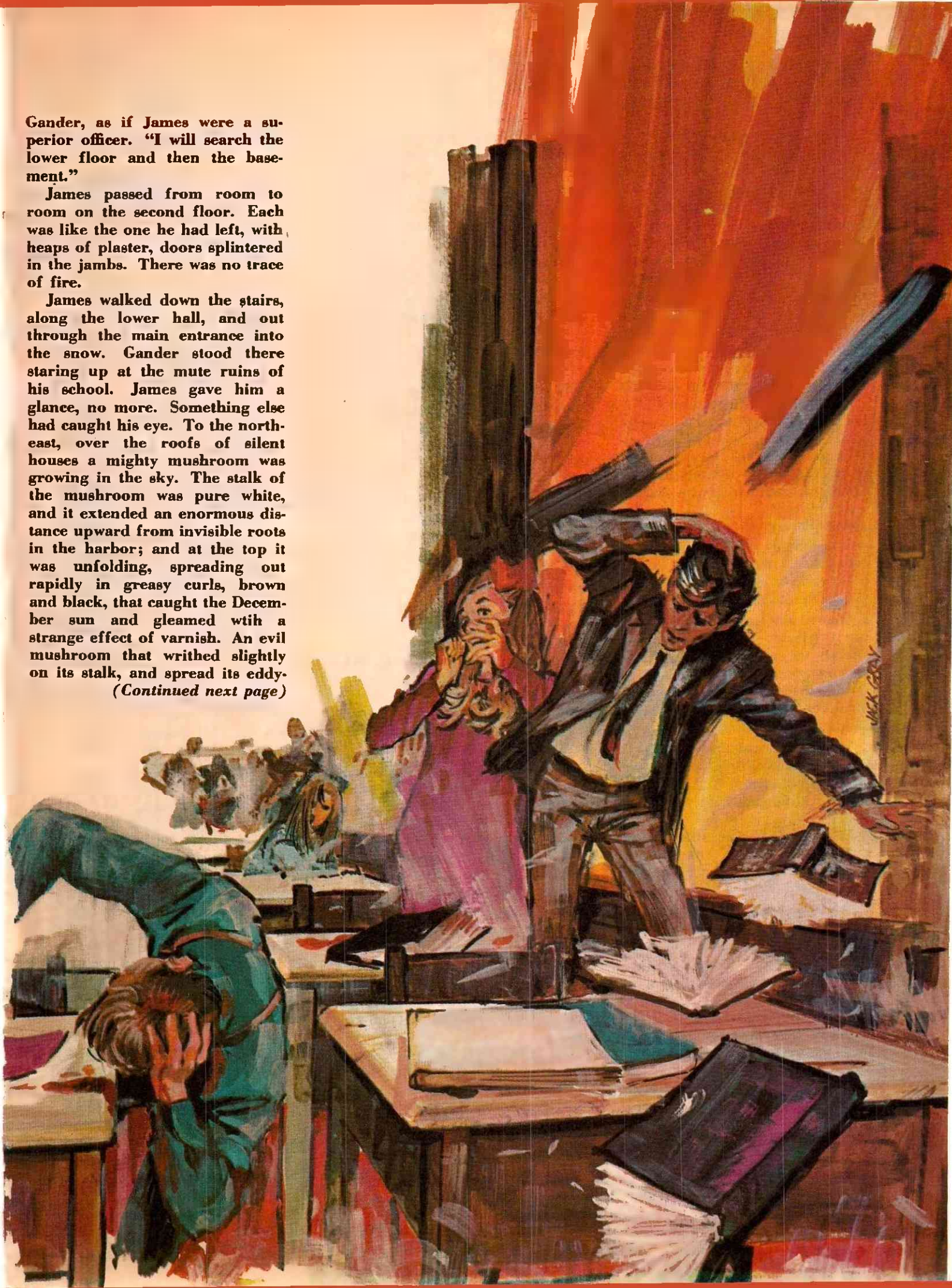


Gander, as if James were a superior officer. "I will search the lower floor and then the basement."

James passed from room to room on the second floor. Each was like the one he had left, with heaps of plaster, doors splintered in the jambs. There was no trace of fire.

James walked down the stairs, along the lower hall, and out through the main entrance into the snow. Gander stood there staring up at the mute ruins of his school. James gave him a glance, no more. Something else had caught his eye. To the northeast, over the roofs of silent houses a mighty mushroom was growing in the sky. The stalk of the mushroom was pure white, and it extended an enormous distance upward from invisible roots in the harbor; and at the top it was unfolding, spreading out rapidly in greasy curls, brown and black, that caught the December sun and gleamed with a strange effect of varnish. An evil mushroom that writhed slightly on its stalk, and spread its eddy-

(Continued next page)



ing top until it overshadowed the whole North End, strange and terrible and beautiful. James could not take his eyes from it.

There was a great silence everywhere, a dead quiet in which nothing moved except Old Gander and James and the mysterious mushroom that grew in the sky. James saluted Old Gander awkwardly. "I-I guess I'd better go home now, sir." If Mr. Burtle heard him, he gave no sign. James left. His hand was bleeding, he noticed.

Home was not far up the street. Just now it was silent, without doors or windows. Ragged wisps of curtain dangled in the gaping window-frames fluttering. James went up the front steps shouting, "Mum! Mum!" The house was cold and still. Like a tomb. James ran, frantic, through that ominous quiet. Margery's room was empty, the bed littered with broken glass. Mum's room. His own room. Broken glass, crumbled plaster, shattered doors. Slivers of glass thrust like arrows through the panels of Margery's door. In the wrecked kitchen he heard voices at last. Mum's voice outside, in the garden.

Mum's voice again, "James! Is that you, James?" James scrambled through the wreckage of the back door and ran into her arms, and they stood in the snow for several minutes, Mum and Margery and James, holding each other in silence.

There were sounds from next door. Old Mrs. Cameron appeared, embracing her husband in a strange hysterical way. Mr. Cameron was something in the railway.

"Station roof came down!" he shouted across to them. "All that steel and glass! Crawled out somehow! Ran all the way!"

"Mr. Cameron, what does it all mean?" Mr. Cameron took an arm from his wife's waist and wiped his face with a sleeve. "There was a terrible explosion in the harbor, down by the Richmond wharves. A French boat with two thousand tons of T.N.T. on board. She came up the harbor flying the red flag — the powder flag — and ran into another ship in the Narrows. She caught fire and blew up. It was like an earthquake. The whole North End of the city is smashed flat. Houses like bundles of toothpicks. And the boat went to pieces about the size of a plum — that big ship! When I ran up North Street the

sky was raining bits of iron. I don't think many got out of the station alive."

Mum shivered. "No use standing here," James said. They went into the house and tramped silently through the shattered rooms. A motor-truck went past, soldiers leaning from the cab, shouting something urgent and incoherent. "What are they saying?" Mum said.

James said, "Sounds like, 'Get out of your houses'." Mr. Cameron appeared on the sidewalk outside, shouting in to them through cupped hands. ". . . out! Magazines on fire! Big magazine at the Dockyard! On fire!"

They went down the street steps together, and beheld a strange and tragic procession approaching from the direction of the city. Men, women, and children in all sorts of attire, pouring along the sidewalks, choking the street itself.

Margery said, awed, "It's like pictures of the Belgian refugees." James looked at Mum's firm mouth and held his own chin high. They joined the exodus without words or cries. The human stream flowed westward. Open spaces began to appear between the houses, with little signboards offering "Lots for Sale." Then the open fields. The nearest fields were black with people already, standing in the snow with rapt white faces turned to the northeast, as in some exotic worship.

They halted in a group of those strange expectant faces.

At the roadside was a pile of lumber. James went to the pile and pulled down some boards, made a small platform for Mum and Margery. The great retreat poured past the field towards the Dutch Village Road for half an hour. Then it thinned, disintegrated into scattered groups, and was gone. The street was empty. The field was a human mass. Northeastward rose fountains of smoke, black, white, and brown, merging in a great pall over the North End. People watched the biggest of the black fountains. "That's the Dockyard," they said.

Two hours went by; long hours, cold hours. Still the people faced that black pillar of doom, braced for a mighty upheaval that did not come. Three hours, and no blast from the burning Dockyard. Only the smoke poured up into the December sky.

James said, "Looks as if we might be here a long time. I'll go back to

the house and get some blankets, and something to eat." Mum caught him to her swiftly. "No, James," she said, through her teeth. Surprisingly, old Mrs. Cameron said, "That's right, James. I'll go with you. Mrs. Gordon you stay here with Margery." James looked at Mum. "Anywhere outdoors we'll be just as safe as here. I won't be in the house very long." Mum stared at him queerly.

"You sound like your father, James." They set off at a brisk pace, old Mrs. Cameron clutching his arm.

Home at last. Smoke curled, a thin wisp, from the kitchen chimney. It was absurd, that faithful flicker in the stove. They paused outside for a moment. Old Mrs. Cameron said, "We must rush in and snatch up what we want. Don't stay longer than it takes to count a hundred." James nodded dumbly. He clattered up the steps, then along the lower hall and upstairs. All the way he counted aloud. Numbers had a sudden and enormous significance. He stripped a blanket from his own bed and passed into Mum's room. Mum's big eiderdown was there on the bed. A gust of chill air came through the empty windows, and the bedroom door slammed shockingly. The slam gave James a sudden feeling of suffocation and made his heart beat terribly. He went to the door quickly and twisted the handle. It came away in his hand. Outside, old Mrs. Cameron was calling, "James! James!" her voice very loud in the awful silence. Fear came to James in a rush. He fancied that sidelong earthquake again, and the big brown house tumbling into the street, a bundle of toothpicks, as Mr. Cameron had said. He went to the window, and debated throwing the blankets into the street, and jumping after them. It looked a terrible distance down there. Mrs. Cameron caught sight of him staring down at her, and waved her arms awkwardly and shouted. Inspiration came to James at last. Dad's rifle kit. He snatched out a dresser drawer, brought forth a tiny screwdriver, prised back the catch with it. Freedom! He came down the stairs in four leaps, dragging blanket and eiderdown, and was out in the street, sucking in an enormous breath. Old Mrs. Cameron scolded. "I thought you were never coming, James. You should have counted."

Continued on page 22

drops of



blood

Blood is a handy thing to have in your body. You feel, somehow, that you wouldn't be the same without it — sort of run down. Not only does blood make your cheeks a healthy pink but it also rushes past pressure points and enables you to pass your first aid tests. Which is all very interesting but only the merest hint of the real story. Blood is a very complex fluid and as well as mineral salts and highly complicated body chemicals, it contains things called corpuscles, of two kinds mainly, red ones and white ones, the red outnumbering the white by about 500 to 1. These corpuscles swim about happily in a fluid called plasma, and you can imagine them doing the crawl and calling out to their buddies on the bank, "Come on in, the plasma's fine".

Your body contains six or seven pints of blood and if this was put into a container and the container shaken up the blood would splash about a bit.

THE DAILY GOOD DEED

Blood fulfils two main functions. First, it provides your muscles, brain and body tissues with fuel and, second it brings along its own oxygen to burn up the fuel. A "do-it-yourself" project. Now about the fuel. This, of course, is the food we eat and essentially it consists of carbohydrates, proteins and fats. These may take any form: a full course meal, an ice-cream sundae or a missionary if you happen to be a cannibal.

To get into the blood stream food has to be made liquid and digested. This is done by the teeth, mouth, stom-

BY S. YOUNG

ach and great lengths of tubes called intestines.

The finished product is absorbed into the blood and it dashes away, eager for work, looking for such signposts as, "to the leg muscles", or "straight ahead for the brain".

Now all fuels require oxygen to burn them and this is where the lungs come into the act. The red corpuscles, after they have given up their oxygen in the good cause, are a bit pooped and struggle back to the lungs feeling and looking blue. They are kindly helped to the lungs, by the heart muscles and when they check into the lungs they clap their little hands, feebly but with joy, because they find there the best and purest fresh air as breathed in by Boy Scouts. Chemically this is what happens. The haemoglobin in the red corpuscles combines with the oxygen in the air forming oxyhaemoglobin which is a bright red color.

And so the re-charged boys dash



"Yes, it is our first time out. How did you know?"

back into the plasma, on the job again. And during British Bulldog and exercise they have to get back on the job fast.

THE BIG WHITE TEAM

These white corpuscles are pretty cute. They stop you being ill. Suppose you have a cut. In come the germs, sneering evil smiles and looking like Dishonest John. A message goes to the blood stream, "White corpuscles alert, enemy on board. Stand by to repel boarders." And off the little guys dash and the battle commences. Sometimes the struggle is a tough one and you get all hot and bothered. A fever. But if the trouble is an infected cut, well looked after, the whites soon have everything under control. Incidentally, they eat their enemies. The "pus" is a mixture of dead germs and gorged white corpuscles.

DRIP OR POWDER

Just a word about blood transfusions. Blood is transfused in two ways. Direct in a liquid state from Joe to Tom, as it were, making sure that the right blood group is selected. Or blood can be stored or "banked". In this case the red corpuscles, which die after a week or so, are filtered out and the plasma is stored, sometimes even dried. The value of the plasma lies in the mineral salts and the proteins it contains.

Well, there you are. A glimpse behind the scenes. Perhaps I have enthused you enough to make you want to find out more for yourself.

It's a thrilling story.

COUGAR

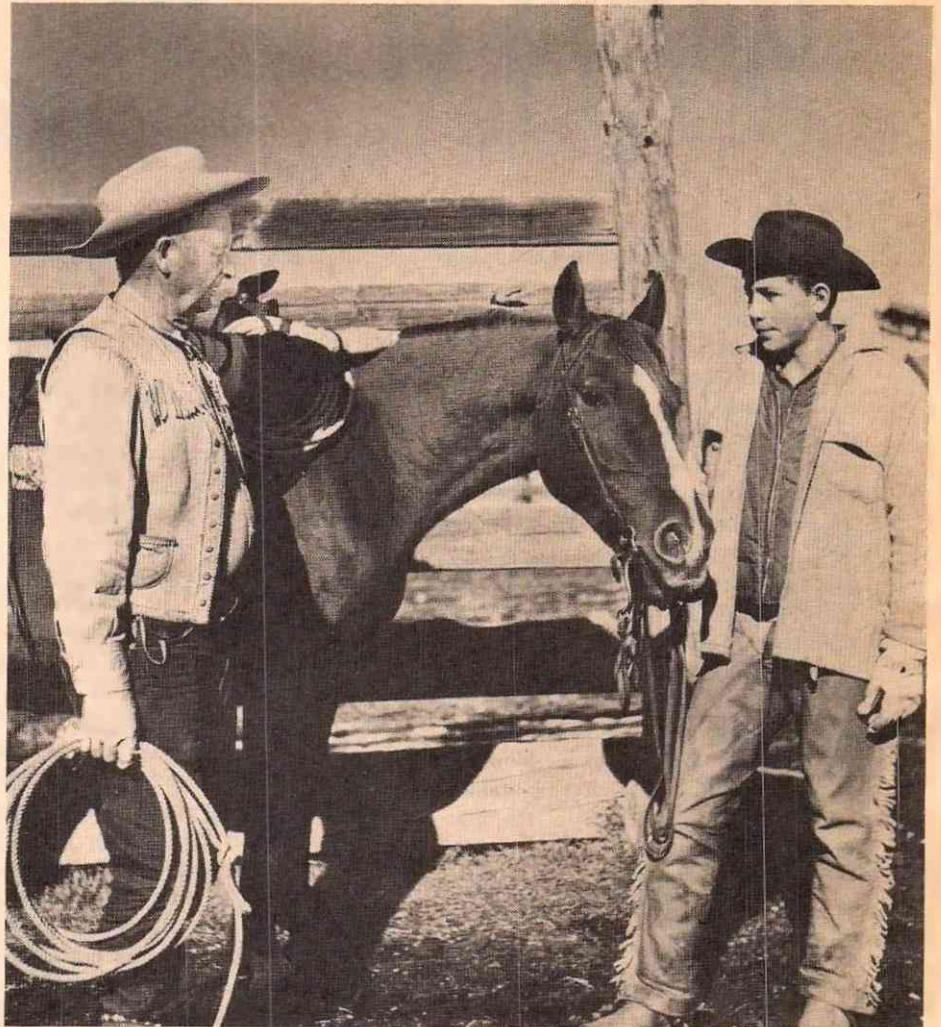
BY MARY

Gary Primrose, 15, stiffened. The dogs had started howling. Somewhere up ahead, they'd caught up with the killer cougar.

Gary was on his first cougar hunt in the wilderness of the Alberta hills. With him were Ed Burton, Canada's most famous cougar hunter, and Paul Guyot, CBC cameraman, who was filming the hunt for "This Land of Ours".

Gary's family lives at the Round-up Ranch in Turner Valley, not far from the ranch where Ed Burton has settled in 'semi-retirement' after a long and exciting life as a hunter and conservationist. The day finally arrived that Gary had been waiting for. Mr. Burton was going to teach him all the tricks of roping wild horses. With each new lesson Gary was confident he had the best teacher ever. Before Mr. Burton settled on the ranch he'd spent years as a cowboy and a rodeo hand.

Gary headed home for supper one night, feeling pretty proud that he'd roped the wildest stallion in the corral. As he reached the border of the Burton Ranch his eye caught sight of something in the clearing ahead. He rode closer and found it was a dead steer, half eaten. When you live on a ranch you get to recognize the danger signals and Gary was sure of one thing — the steer had been killed by a cougar and right now all the steers in the Valley were in danger. And that's how the adventure started. "If there's one man who can track down that cougar, it's Ed Burton," Gary thought. A quick check by the rancher proved that Gary was right. "From the look of these tracks I'd say that cougar



Rancher Ed Burton is not only regarded as king of the cougar hunters, but he is a former rodeo rider, expert taxidermist, mountain trapper and wildlife photographer. He's giving 15-year-old Gary Primrose tips on roping.

isn't more than five miles from here. We'll start on his trail first thing in the morning."

Gary knew that "we" meant the hunter and his three cougar hounds but still he couldn't pass up this chance.

"Please Mr. Burton, do you think I could go on the hunt?"

This could be a long, dangerous

trek but it hadn't been that many years ago that Ed had longed for the excitement of his first cougar hunt . . . the answer was YES!

One evening wasn't a very long time to warn Gary about the dangers ahead, how to use a gun, the importance of that one shot — the only chance you have with a killer cougar — and he listened intently

FEAR!

McLAUGHLIN



Ed and Gary pose with the dogs, beside a cougar they tracked and killed. They spent an entire day tracking down a big cattle-killer cougar. Gary grabs much-needed rest after an exciting day with Ed, hunting the big cat.

but still the hours seemed endless and the boy could hardly wait for morning to come. At daybreak they loaded the truck with guns, provisions and the three cougar hounds. Winter comes early in the Alberta foothills and at the edge of the woods they picked up the first tracks in the fresh snow. From there on the hunters had to make

it on foot. Ed's number one hound Old Boo (and that's not a stage name) led the way, following the tracks through the hills. Gary knew he had to keep up because once Boo caught the scent of the cougar nothing would hold him back. As they moved up through the thickness of the woods, Ed kept a sharp eye to the trees above. A cougar

could hide anywhere — this is his country. "Boy, I sure hope these dogs are as good as Mr. Burton says," thought Gary.

He was about to find out just how good they really were. Old Boo's bark turned to a yelp and then a howl and then all three dogs were howling. Ed ran ahead with his gun ready and Gary followed close behind. By the time the boy reached the clearing he found the dogs circled around one great tree and Ed had his gun centred on the target — high in the tree the killer cougar was perched, waiting. In that moment Gary remembered his first warning! "One shot — that's all you'll get." That was all Ed Burton needed. With a great thud the cougar fell from the tree to the ground and lay quite still.

"What a shot!" This was something Gary would never forget. But as he ran toward the cougar his face lost the traces of excitement — how could he have known that the killer cougar could be such a beautiful animal?

"It had to be done — once a cougar tastes beef he becomes a renegade — the steers will be safe now—Mr. Burton wouldn't kill any animal unless he had to—but still the cougar's face looks so shocked, so sad . . ."

Gary didn't say much on the way back to the ranch. The cougar was tied on the front of the jeep and the dogs took a much-needed rest . . . it had been their first hunt of the winter. Back in Ed Burton's house everyone settled down to a home-cooked meal and it wasn't long before Gary was asleep on the couch, dreaming of his first real cougar hunt!

Ghost Ships



I saw her with my own eyes, half a mile off the shores of Prince Edward Island. At least a hundred other witnesses swore they had seen her, too. She was a passenger ship with lights blazing behind every port-hole, and she was steaming at a speed of about ten knots up the Northumberland Strait.

Yet one minute before, there had been no such passenger ship in sight! That steamer was near enough and clear enough, yet none of us had seen it.

Then I suddenly became aware, with a queer tightening of my throat, that no sound came from across the waters. And another thing made my scalp tingle — there was not the slightest trace of movement visible aboard the mysterious vessel!

As I gazed, the vessel sank. Not a ripple

Are they reality?
Or a dream?

Wraith-like forms
slipping in and out
of the spirit world
are real, says
Paul Brock!

marked the place where she had disappeared and absolute silence blanketed the whole weird spectacle.

It wasn't the only phantom ship that had been seen in those waters. Only three years earlier, a three-masted schooner was seen off the coast of New Brunswick, burning fiercely from stem to stern. Then she vanished!

The same flame-wrapped schooner has been seen several times since. The flames are always at exactly the same stage.

Another ghost ship, which I actually boarded, was the Great Lakes steamer *Utopia*. The crew had been complaining for a year that ghosts walked her decks. I heard for myself the wailings and moanings which echoed throughout the entire hull of her!

It sounded as though the tormented souls of lost passengers and crew were groaning and shrieking over their fate.

Eventually those pitiful sounds became so unnerving that the steamer was withdrawn from service, and sold to the breakers long before her time. Mystery ships are never popular!

After thirty-five years of travel along the known and unknown lanes of the seven seas, I'm bound to admit that many so-called "hauntings" of ships are instances of that strange, centuries-old sea superstition which still lingers among mariners even today. But certainly not all hauntings can be dismissed that easily.

I recall the mystery of the U.S.-owned schooner *Star*. With a crew of 13 she sailed on her homeward voyage, carrying a general cargo of oil, timber, skins and furs. Off lonely Midway Island, in a black squall, she struck a submerged shoal.

The crew put up a terrific fight to save their vessel, but were forced to abandon her. They were picked up by the *Ecclefechan* of Glasgow, and safely landed at Puget Sound, Washington.

But that wasn't the end of the *Star*!

Six months later the steamer *Doon* passed the "dead" schooner at a cable's length. She was afloat, full-rigged, and apparently there was nothing wrong with her. The captain of the *Doon* reported his discovery on his arrival at San Francisco. Three months later, and four hundred miles west of the Golden Gate, more than 1,000 miles from the shoal on which she had foundered, the *Star* was sighted by an oil tanker. She was sailing happily enough in the wind!

That autumn she drifted past Fauning Island, and was sighted by both a signal station and a cable ship. She was then more than three thousand miles from her former position!

Four months later she reached Hull Island in the Phoenix Group. And *four years later*, the *Star* returned to the original shoal, and there she piled up.

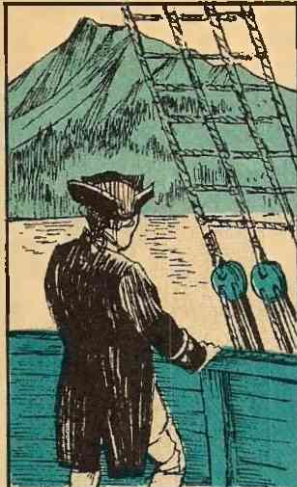
Mariners who know these parts have told me they are (Continued on page 28)

SETTLEMENT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA



THE STORY OF CANADA

by James Simpkins



In 1778 Captain James Cook begins exploration of the west coast in the area we now call British Columbia.

A British trading post is founded at Nootka on Vancouver Island. By 1794, Captain George Vancouver has surveyed the entire west coast for the British government, a job which takes two years to complete.



In 1793 the interior is entered by Alexander Mackenzie, who crosses the Rockies and reaches the Pacific. Fur-traders follow.

The interior is opened up! In 1821, the North West Company amalgamates with the Hudson's Bay Company, ruling that vast territory reaching down into Oregon!

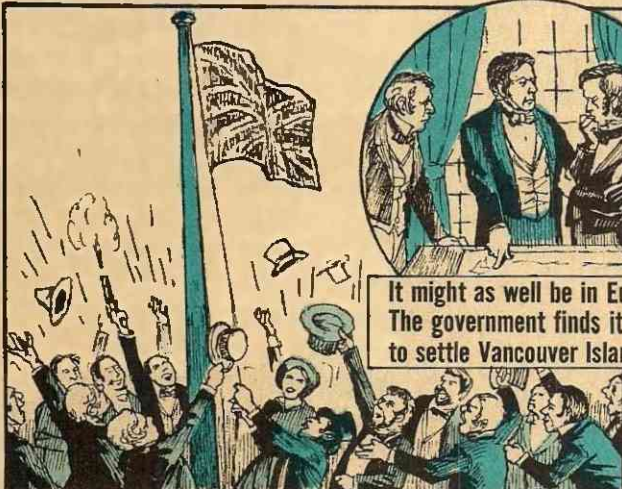


By 1840 the Oregon border dispute warms up. Westward migration has once again sparked conflict with the fur trade! New settlers are determined to secure the area for the United States. Tension mounts!

The following year American claims extend to demanding the whole west coast right up to Alaska! Cries of "fifty-four-forty or fight!" are heard as a prelude to violence!



In 1846 agreement is reached on the forty-ninth parallel as the international border. Vancouver Island is saved!



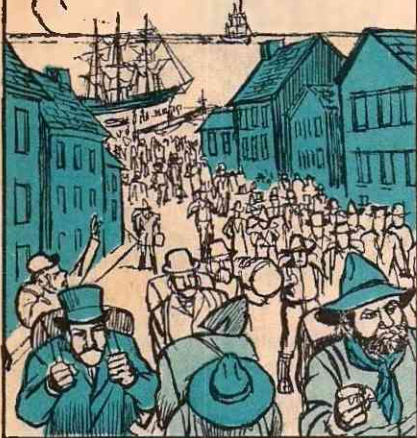
It might as well be in Europe! The government finds it costly to settle Vancouver Island until

In 1849 Vancouver Island is proclaimed a British colony. The British government makes this move in an effort to forestall any tendency among American settlers to push north of the boundary. The colony is 2,000 miles from the Canadas!



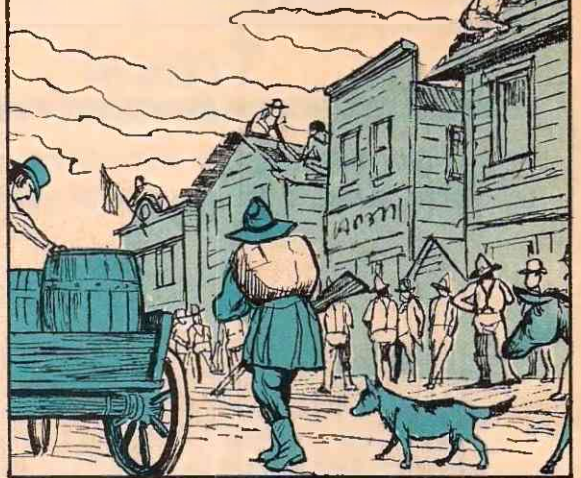
... 1858, when gold is discovered in the Fraser River and the Cariboo District! The problem of settling Vancouver Island disappears at once as wild-eyed prospectors flood into the area, hungry for riches! News of the gold rush spreads like wildfire throughout all North America!

Victoria is overcrowded as 25,000 gold-seeking prospectors move north from the California gold mines. They spread over to the mainland and up the Fraser River, lured by new reports of gold discoveries! There is a real epidemic of gold fever!

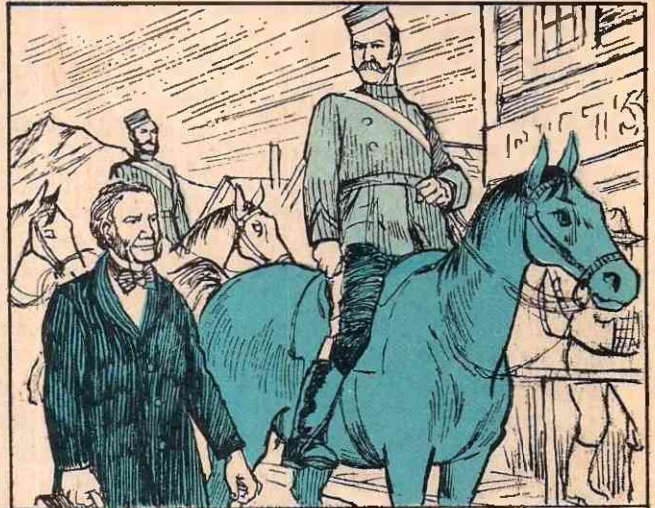


Thousands of gold hunters are panning dust out of tumbling mountain torrents, dreaming of the great wealth they hope to be soon taking away with them!

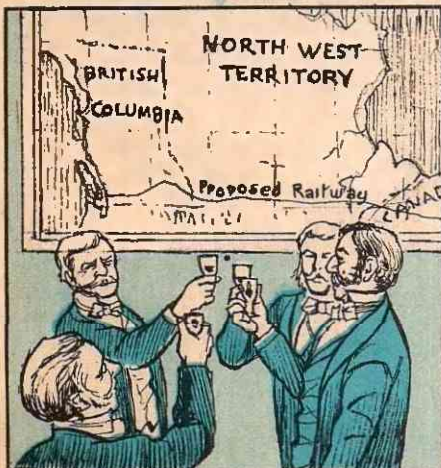
Fantastic fortunes are made and lost in the Cariboo! Dozens of towns spring up in the district, many of them short-lived as the prospectors move on. Gold fever is running at a high pitch!



For a time, life is free, fast and booming! Fortunes change hands overnight amid gambling and carousing! There are no restrictions on free-swinging gold miners because there is no law enforcement body in the interior to keep them in line. So the rowdiness goes on unchecked for a time, nobody giving thought to when it might end!

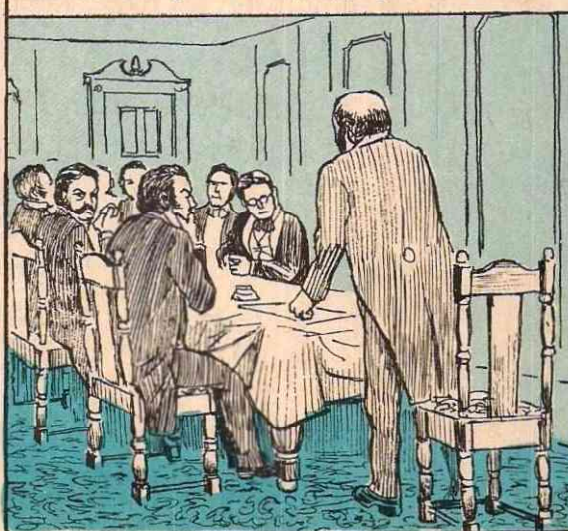


In 1858, a new mainland colony, British Columbia, is created. Governor Sir James Douglas sees to it that law and order move inland with the gold miners. The fast life slows down a bit!



In 1866, Vancouver Island is united with the mainland colony and becomes a part of British Columbia. Our west coast province is now established and awaits only the building of a trans-continental railway to link it with the too-distant Canadas!

The country stands on the threshold of Confederation. Conferences have been going on in Charlottetown and Quebec City since 1864, mapping out the Dominion.



British Columbia continues to thrive, a veritable treasury of natural resources! The establishment of B.C. has opened the door for a great, undivided nation stretching from Atlantic to Pacific!

Next Issue: Confederation

SCOUTCRAFT

Travel

This is the year to get to know Canada better! Here are some ideas to help you with your travel plans!



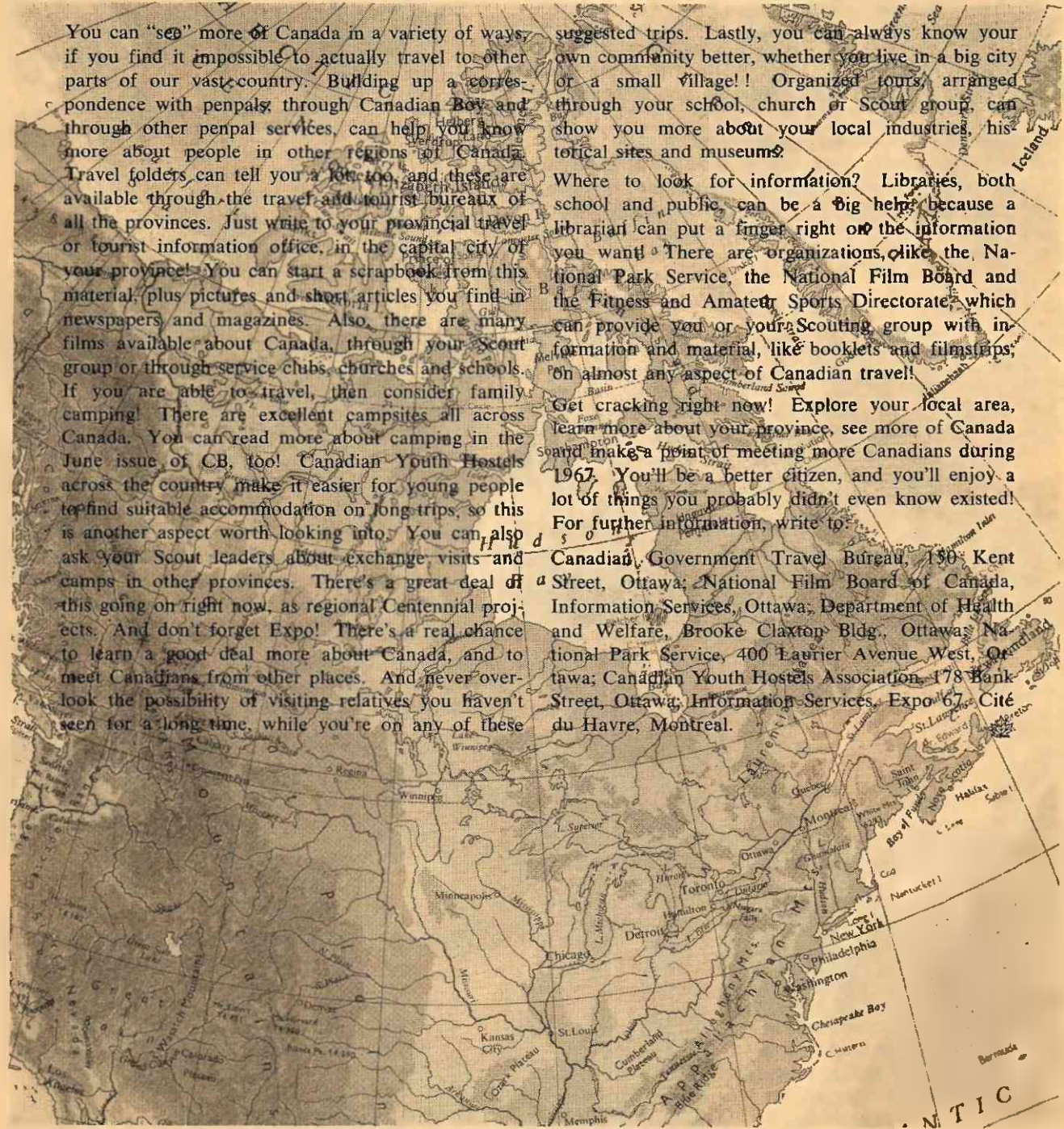
You can "see" more of Canada in a variety of ways, if you find it impossible to actually travel to other parts of our vast country. Building up a correspondence with penpals, through Canadian Boy and through other penpal services, can help you know more about people in other regions of Canada. Travel folders can tell you a lot, too, and these are available through the travel and tourist bureaux of all the provinces. Just write to your provincial travel or tourist information office, in the capital city of your province! You can start a scrapbook from this material, plus pictures and short articles you find in newspapers and magazines. Also, there are many films available about Canada, through your Scout group or through service clubs, churches and schools. If you are able to travel, then consider family camping! There are excellent campsites all across Canada. You can read more about camping in the June issue of CB, too! Canadian Youth Hostels across the country make it easier for young people to find suitable accommodation on long trips, so this is another aspect worth looking into. You can also ask your Scout leaders about exchange visits and camps in other provinces. There's a great deal of this going on right now, as regional Centennial projects. And don't forget Expo! There's a real chance to learn a good deal more about Canada, and to meet Canadians from other places. And never overlook the possibility of visiting relatives you haven't seen for a long time, while you're on any of these

suggested trips. Lastly, you can always know your own community better, whether you live in a big city or a small village!! Organized tours, arranged through your school, church or Scout group, can show you more about your local industries, historical sites and museums.

Where to look for information? Libraries, both school and public, can be a big help, because a librarian can put a finger right on the information you want! There are organizations, like the National Park Service, the National Film Board and the Fitness and Amateur Sports Directorate, which can provide you or your Scouting group with information and material, like booklets and filmstrips, on almost any aspect of Canadian travel!

Get cracking right now! Explore your local area, learn more about your province, see more of Canada and make a point of meeting more Canadians during 1967. You'll be a better citizen, and you'll enjoy a lot of things you probably didn't even know existed! For further information, write to:

Canadian Government Travel Bureau, 150 Kent Street, Ottawa; National Film Board of Canada, Information Services, Ottawa; Department of Health and Welfare, Brooke Claxton Bldg., Ottawa; National Park Service, 400 Laurier Avenue West, Ottawa; Canadian Youth Hostels Association, 178 Bank Street, Ottawa; Information Services, Expo 67, Cité du Havre, Montreal.





CENTENEWS

NORTHERN REGION

Boys of the 4th Prince Rupert Troop are raising money to donate Scouting books to their local public library. The library board chairman has expressed keen interest in the idea and it is hoped the library board will match the Scout contributions to provide a good selection of Scouting books for public use.

CENTENNIAL ROVER MOOT

The Rover Round Table of Ottawa is sponsoring a Rover Moot to celebrate both Centennial and Scouting's Jubilee. All Rovers in Canada are invited to the camp, Dominion Day weekend, July 1 to 3, in the Ottawa Greenbelt near Bells Corners. Fabulous program shaping up there!

★ ★ ★



A National Council Centennial good turn was initiated in Ottawa when several thousand copies of "Way to the Stars" and thousands of Wolf Cub proficiency badges were readied for shipment to Africa. The books and badges, weighing more than half a ton, are being shipped to Bennett Shotade, Boy Scouts World Bureau regional executive in Africa. Mr. Shotade will distribute them to African Scout associations. Shipping charges, which will run to several hundred dollars, are being paid by the Canadian Scout Brotherhood Fund, which receives donations from Scout groups in every part of Canada.

NOVA SCOTIA JAMBOREE

Scouts, Venturers and Leaders will be getting together at Brown's Lake, Nova Scotia, for this provincial jamboree, July 15 to 22. The campsite is brand new, carved right out of the the Canadian bush! Minimum age for this rugged camp is 12 years.

BRULÉ DISTRICT

They're planning a monstrous Centennial celebration in Etienne Brulé Park on May 20, 21 and 22. Everybody connected with Scouting in the district is invited to participate. Highlights include a barbecue and moccasins hop a go-go!

TRENTON ROVERS

Rover Scouts of the 1st Trenton Airforce Husky Rover Crew plan to hold a Centennial Camporee for Scouts of the Belleville, Presqu'île, Trenton and Airforce Trenton districts. About 300 Scouts are expected to attend from May 19 to 22, in Presqu'île Park near Brighton, Ont.

RADISSON CREW

As a Centennial project, the Rovers of Radisson Crew (4th Welland) want to make a collection of 1967 licence plates from all the provinces and territories, for their den. If you want to send your '67 plates along—after you're through with them!—get in touch with Gerard Delisle, secretary of the Radisson Rover Crew, at 33 LaSalle Street, Welland, Ont. They'll send you a reminder in January '68.

CORNWALL DISTRICT

The district has acquired a new campsite containing 68 acres on the mainland and more than 100 acres on an island in the St. Lawrence. Cornwall Venturers will build a large gateway for the new campsite, to be easily seen from Highway 2. St. Paul's Troop is building a monument to Scouting on the campsite, which is expected to be in use by late spring. Sacred Heart Troop has made the planting of trees its Centennial project.

WINNIPEG REGION

They want you to remember there's room for you at the Centennial Scout Village and the Pan American Games, at Birds Hill Provincial Park, Winnipeg, July 23 to August 6. Plan now with your Scoutmaster!

VANCOUVER-COAST REGION

They're going to spread it around, with a "Scouting in Action" show, getting in on the Exchange, attending a Provincial Jamboree, going to Idaho for the World Jamboree, sailing in the National Centennial Regatta at Montreal, and having all Camporees during '67 run on a Centennial theme.

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AWARD FOR VALOUR.....

BRYAN ASHBY, 14, WAS HELPING HIS MOTHER CLEAN DRAPES ON AUGUST 11, 1965, USING GASOLINE IN THE BATHTUB OF THEIR EDMONTON HOME.... THE FUMES WORKED THEIR WAY DOWN TO THE FURNACE, WHERE THEY EXPLODED AND SENT A BACKFLASH INTO THE BATHROOM, FILLING IT WITH FLAMES.. MRS ASHBY PANICKED AND TRIED TO CLIMB OUT THE WINDOW...

BRYAN LED HIS MOTHER TO SAFETY, THEN RAN TO A NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE TO CALL THE FIRE DEPARTMENT..... HE RETURNED, GRABBED THE GARDEN HOSE AND TRIED TO CONTROL THE FIRE WITH WATER UNTIL FIREMEN ARRIVED... BRYAN AND HIS MOTHER WERE BOTH BADLY BURNED.. MRS ASHBY DIED LATER FROM HER SEVERE INJURIES.

FOR HIS QUICK THINKING AND EXTREME GALLANTRY IN RESCUING HIS MOTHER, AND FOR HAVING THE PRESENCE OF MIND TO TRY AND CONTROL THE FLAMES, PATROL SECOND BRYAN ASHBY OF THE 98TH EDMONTON TROOP WAS AWARDED THE BRONZE CROSS BY GOVERNOR-GENERAL VANIER.



Winter's Tale

Continued from page 12

"I couldn't get out," James said. The breeze felt very cold on his brow. He put up a hand and wiped big drops of perspiration.

Mum and Margery were still standing on the little wooden raft in the snow. Mum clutched James against her, and held him there a long time. It was two o'clock in the afternoon.

★ ★ ★

At half-past three an olive-green truck appeared from the city, stopped in the road by the field. A soldier said, "It's all right now. You'd better go back to your homes. The magazine's all right. Some of the sailors went in and turned the cocks and flooded it." The truck roared away towards the city again. People stood looking at each other, with many side-glances at the smoke. A man cried, "Better to burn than freeze," and shouldering his bundle, walked off in the direction of the city, whistling "Tipperary." Then people began to move out of the field into the road in groups, walking slowly, cautiously, towards the city. Mum, James and Margery got home at half-past four in

the afternoon. The sky had turned grey, like steel.

Mum said, "We'll have to spend the night in the kitchen." James looked at the kitchen stove-pipe. It was all right. He put coal on the faithful fire, and got the coal shovel out of the cellar and began to scoop plaster and broken glass from the kitchen floor, throwing it out into the snow. He counted the shovelfuls. There were seventy-five. They looked at the yawning window frames. "That old storm-window," James said suddenly "It's still in the cellar." They carried it up to the kitchen, and Mum and Margery steadied it while James mounted a table and drove nails to hold it in place. "We must have something to cover the other window," Mum said. They gathered up the living-room carpet, folded it double and nailed it over the north windowframe on the inside, and James stuffed the gaps between nails with dish-cloths and towels. "The snow will drift into the house everywhere," Mum said. "But we can't help that." James nodded soberly. "The water-pipes are going to freeze and burst. We must let the taps run and hope for the best. We can get help in the morning, I

hope. Tonight it's everyone for himself."

Margery said, "Couldn't we go somewhere for the night?" Mum shook her head. "Everybody's in the same mess," James said. "Lots of the houses looked worse than ours."

"We must keep the stove going, James. Thirteen hours before we see daylight again," Mum whispered, as if to herself.

There was a knocking. James opened the hall door carefully, and saw the dim figure of a soldier framed in the front doorway. "Does James Gordon live here?" Mum stepped into the hall, shielding the candle with her hand. "Colonel James Gordon lives here. But he's — away, just now." The dim figure lifted a hand in a perfunctory salute. "I mean young James Gordon that goes to the big brick school down the street." James stepped forward, but Mum caught his shoulder firmly. "What do you want with James?" The soldier was a young man with a uniform far too big for him, and a long solemn face, rather sheep-like in the candle-light. "We—the sergeant, I mean — has been sent up to this here school for a — well,

Continued on page 33



Off The Record

BY SANDY GARDINER

The Monkee-Beatle controversy rages on!

On the one hand is the group spiraled to the top through a television show. On the other, the undisputed champions of pop music, who put English hairdressing styles back in the 18th century. The big question in teenage minds these days seems to be who is better. Let's analyze the acts:

First, The Beatles, who emerged to international glory in 1964, and today are still considered the trend-setters in the rock 'n' roll field.

Their humble beginnings were in Liverpool and they created some local noise but no riots. Then they were offered a chance to play in Germany backing a singer called Tony Sheridan. They grabbed the opportunity, packed up and started making the club rounds in Hamburg. After a successful but financially uninspiring tour they returned to their hometown. While in Germany they had made a record.

Back at the Cavern they played the song and received a few requests for it. The teenagers liked it and went along to one of the local record shops trying to pick up a copy. There were more than a few enquiries and it set the store manager thinking. If they can cut a disc in Germany, why couldn't they do the same in Britain?

So Brian Epstein went to see the group and offered to manage them. The first step was to get them a recording contract. He went to Decca, one of Britain's major companies, and was turned down.

Then he tried many others—with no luck. At one point John Lennon was ready to accept anything—even one of the low cost record companies whose product you'll find in a dime store!

But, just when it seemed all was lost, Brian got lucky. He ran into George Martin, one of Britain's best record producers, and brought him to Liver-

pool to hear the group. He liked what he saw and heard—and gave them the contract!

From then on, Beatlemania broke loose—first Britain was captured, then Europe followed by the U. S., and finally, with the exception of the communist countries, the world!

The Monkees' rapid rise to fame came about because of an ad in a trade paper. It requested young men to audition for a TV series.

Of more than 200 applicants, in came Peter Tork, Micky Dolenz, Mike Nesmith, and Davy Jones.

Dolenz was no newcomer to show business. He started out in television at the age of 10, as the child star of "Circus Boy". Davy Jones had played the leading role in the stage play, "Oliver". Mike Nesmith was already a songwriting musician, and Peter Tork, a talented guitarist.

Together they were selected, packaged, rehearsed and finally unleashed on the world as The Monkees!

On record they do not play their own instruments but use session men, since Micky and Davy are still learning. However they do sing, and their stage appearances are just the opposite to those of The Beatles.

While the British quartet will just stand there and perform their many hits, The Monkees sing, dance, joke and generally act it up just as they do in the TV series.

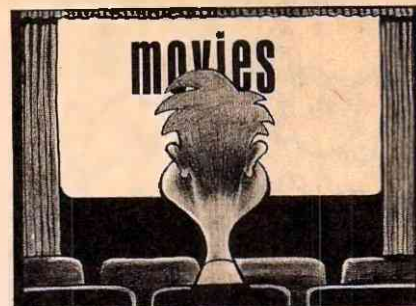
When it comes to making a disc, The Monkees aren't in the same league as The Beatles. In the first place their voices are not outstanding and have little range. On the other hand, The Beatles' harmony is one of the tightest ever to be found on wax.

The Beatles are highly original. The Monkees aren't, since their inception was intended to cash in on the fame of the English foursome. They are copies of The Beatles in every respect but one—stage appearances. What they do on their television show is almost just a take-off from the early Beatle movies.

I don't dislike The Monkees. They are talented and they are providing good entertainment on both screen and record for teenagers.

But let's have no more of these Beatle-Monkee comparisons! It's a lot of nonsense, and an attempt by the people involved to make some money for themselves out of the controversy!

You just can't compare the two groups.



BY CLYDE GILMOUR

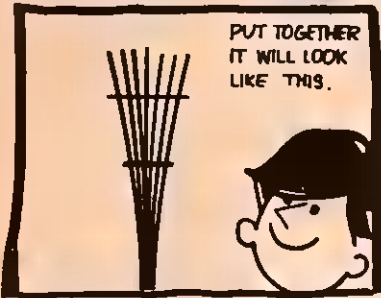
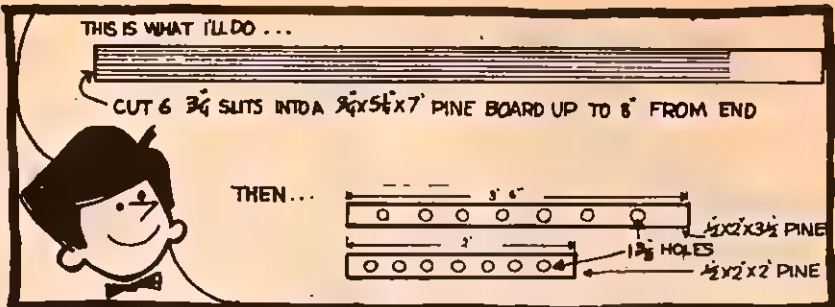
GOAL! is an exciting feature-length roundup of the highlights of last July's World Cup soccer games, held in England and finally won by the host country. Soccer, of course, is called merely "football" in Britain, and the World Cup is its world series. The producers of this stirring documentary used 117 cameras (in color) to put together enough footage to run two solid days, all of which has been trimmed to 106 minutes with hardly a dull moment among them. You don't need to be a soccer fan (I'm not myself) to enjoy the picture thoroughly.

THE DEVIL'S OWN: Although corny in spots, this is an entertaining melodrama about a timid but plucky school teacher (Joan Fontaine) who is trying to regain her "cool" after a shattering experience with voodoo in Africa. She becomes headmistress of a private school in a secluded English village, and for a while everything looks cosy; but there is soon good reason to suspect that her Cornish neighbors are dabbling in witchcraft. The story gradually rises to a climax—a Satanic "orgy" in a cave—which is either scary or funny, depending on the personal temperament of each viewer.

THE SPY WITH A COLD NOSE: A genial comedy for customers of all ages. The secret agent referred to in the title is not a human but an English bulldog named Disraeli. He is sent to Moscow as a personal gift from the British prime minister to the head-of-state of the Soviet Union . . . and the Russians, naturally, don't suspect that the beast is carrying, just under its skin, a miniature mike-and-transmitter which unlocks all the secrets of the Kremlin. Lionel Jeffries, a bald and angry operative back home in London, is hilarious as the blundering genius who dreams up Operation Bandylegs. Unlike most comedies, this one gets funnier as it goes along.

Hustle Buck!

HOLY SPRING THAW! I'LL MAKE A NEW TRELLIS.



MR. IRONMUNGER I'LL MAKE TRELLIS KITS IF YOU WILL SELL THEM.

HARDWARE

OK I'LL GIVE IT A TRY.

NANCY LOOK! A TRELLIS DISPLAY I COULD USE 3 OF THEM FOR MY ROSES!

SURE MR. IRONMUNGER I COULD MAKE 4 DOZEN MORE. I'LL GO INTO PRODUCTION.

KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK BOYS! I'LL TIE THEM UP AND MAKE DELIVERIES.

WE'VE MADE A GOOD PROFIT FELLAS! LET'S GO AND CELEBRATE.

DAVE and his DAD in

"BREAKING ALL RECORDS"

IT'S GOT TWO BARRELS! BOY, IT'S A BEAUTY!

IS IT A DOUBLE BARREL SHOTSUN, DAD?

BETTER YET! IT'S BOTH A RIFLE AND A SHOTSUN. C'MON, I'LL SHOW YOU.

I'LL ROLL THIS OLD RECORD. PRETEND IT'S A RABBIT. SET YOUR SELECTOR UP FOR "RIFLE".

CRACK!

CRACK!

BULL'S EYE!

OK, PUSH THE SELECTOR DOWN. HERE COMES A CROW.

CRACK!

ON THE NOSE!

GEE, WHERE'D YOU FIND A GUN LIKE THIS? IT'S GREAT!

IT'S A SAVAGE 24. LETS YOU LEARN TO BE A CRACKSHOT WITH BOTH A RIFLE AND SHOTGUN!

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BY ROGER APPLETON

A few readers have been writing in, asking for some details on the new model cars.

Frankly, I don't think there's too much point in covering all the technical details of new automobiles. Some people will understand it just fine, but a lot of others won't. There is nothing much duller than reading a bunch of technical stuff if it all happens to be away over your head.

Still . . . five or six letters have come in asking for details. I could be wrong. So, in this column, there is going to be an experiment. I'm going to write about one car, Chevrolet's new special sports model, the 295 horsepower Camaro. Then I'm going to let you decide!

If you want more stories on individual cars, write and tell me. If you don't want them, write and tell me that, too! Whatever you say will decide it in the future.

Okay, here's the lowdown on the Camaro Super Sport. Most of you will have seen the car on the street by now, so there's no need to describe how it looks.

The optional 295 horsepower engine is a V8, with a bore of four inches and a 3.48-inch stroke, for 350 total cubic inches. Compression ratio is 10.5 to one. The 295 horsepower output is reached at 4,200 r.p.m., with maximum torque of 380 lb.-ft. coming 1,000 r.p.m. earlier.

The standard "stick shift" transmission is four speed, all synchro. The differential is semi-floating, with overhung pinion gear and a stock ratio of 3.55 to one.

Front suspension is unequal length

A-arm and coil spring. Rear suspension is single leaf. Brakes are Delco-Moraine—discs in front and drums in rear.

The Camaro's wheelbase is 108.1 inches. The car stands 51 inches high, 72.5 inches wide and 184.6 inches long. The weight, without driver or passengers, is a snappy 3,380 lbs.

If the low weight, plus high horsepower, sounds like the Camaro Super Sports should move . . . it does! In one recent test an SS turned a crisp 95.65 m.p.h. in 14.85 seconds, in a quarter-mile.

Translated into street performance, that means you're not likely to find the new Camaro SS holding up much traffic!



BY MOROCCO BOUND

A brand new pack of paperbacks published by G. R. Welch Co. Ltd. of Toronto, under the general title of *The Camp and Trail Pocket Library*, is just what a lot of us have been waiting for! These five little books, priced quite handily at \$1.10 each, are jammed with information on things to do in the great out-of-doors! To break it down a little more for you: Ronald H. Perry's *Canoeing for Beginners* tells you how to use a canoe safely, skilfully and happily, and gives you the best methods for paddling, boarding, repair and maintenance. Harry D. Edgren and Gunnar A. Peterson have added *The Fun in Winter Camping* to the library. LaRue A. Thurston's *Good Times Around the Campfire* is filled with notions you can use. *The Handbook of Trail and Wilderness Camping*, by John A. Ledlie, is a worthwhile guide to have around anytime. And Oscar E. Norbeck's *Indian Crafts for Campers* nicely rounds out this neat little library with clear instructions for making authentic Indian artifacts.

If you want some chuckles and a lot of surprises, read Kerry Wood's *A Corner of Canada*. It's a fabulous little book, a veritable treasury of colorful Canadian anecdotes and sometimes startling vignettes of life in the West. It's Mr. Wood's personal Centennial project, published privately. The book tells of the early struggles

of a young writer — particularly interesting for those of you whose ambitions might lie in that direction. It contains all kinds of odd characters, including Indians, gold miners, trappers and Boy Scouts. This is history, humor and adventure, all rolled up in a neat package. Most Western Canadian stores stock this book, but if you live east of Winnipeg you can get postpaid, autographed copies from the author, at \$3.00 per copy. Just write to Kerry Wood, Box 122, Red Deer, Alberta.

Stories about North American Indians always seem to offer plenty of action and adventure. So it is with *The White Peril* by Cliff Faulkner (Little, Brown, \$3.95). We're not giving the plot away by telling you that the White Peril is a white buffalo, but to say much more than that would spoil it for you. So if you want excitement in your reading, there you are!

The Curse of the Viking Grave by Farley Mowat (McClelland and Stewart, \$4.50) is a bit spooky in spots. The story takes place in the Canadian northland, where a Cree Indian boy, an Eskimo boy and a white boy stumble onto a cache of Viking relics in an ancient tomb. Because of what they find, their travels take them north by dogsled and canoe to Hudson Bay. This is a story of courage and skill among boys whose customs and beliefs divide them from time to time.

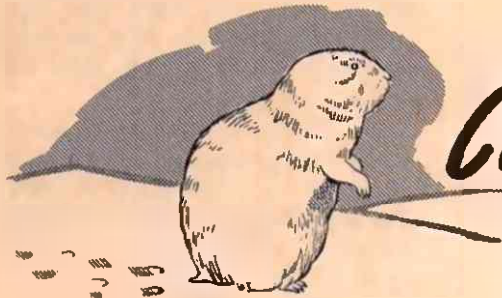
I, Nuligak, translated by Maurice Metayer (Martin, \$5.00), is one of the most remarkable books to come out of the north. It is the autobiography of Nuligak, a member of the Kitigariukmeut tribe of Canadian Eskimos. The story of his life, told in translation faithful to his original Eskimo manuscript, is one of fascinating contrasts. Incredible physical hardship in the harsh Arctic and the struggle to survive mix with gaiety and laughter in the human warmth of the Eskimo community. And there are quiet interludes of contentment and a kind of peace unknown to us.

Molly by Charles Perkins (Longmans, \$3.50) is the story of a St. Bernard dog, told with gentle humor and without sentimentality. The Mounties are involved in this story, too, and they're always good for a dash of color! If you've ever owned a dog, or wanted to own one, this book is for you.

Canada

The BALD EAGLE

IS NOT BALD.... IT HAS A WHITE FEATHERED HEAD.... WILD LIFE EXPERTS ARE BECOMING WORRIED AT THEIR POSSIBLE EXTINCTION IN THE NOT TOO DISTANT FUTURE... LIKE MANY CREATURES THEY FACE TOO MUCH COMPETITION FROM MAN AND HIS WAYS



COLLARED LEMMING

IS THE ONLY MEMBER OF OUR NATIVE RAT AND MOUSE FAMILY WHICH CHANGES THE COLOR OF ITS FUR FROM SUMMER BROWN TO ARCTIC WHITE IN WINTER. SOME YEARS THEY BECOME VERY ABUNDANT ON THE BARREN GROUNDS OF NORTHERN CANADA... THEN MIGRATIONS OF THOUSANDS ARE OBSERVED.

WAMPUM

INDIANS USED A FORM OF MONEY SHELLS CALLED WAMPUM... THE MAKING OF THIS MONEY REQUIRED MUCH LABOR AND SKILL... AFTER A TIME WAMPUM TOOK THE PLACE OF ORDINARY MONEY FOR THE WHITE SETTLERS AND WAS ACTUALLY MADE LEGAL; ITS VALUE WAS 3 BEADS TO A PENNY... BLACK BEADS WERE COUNTED AT DOUBLE THE PRICE OF WHITE ONES.... SETTLERS THEN BEGAN TO MANUFACTURE WAMPUM WITH THEIR STEEL TOOLS AND THE VALUE DECREASED RAPIDLY.



The NARWHAL



NARWHALS ARE ARCTIC ANIMALS GROWING UP TO 16 FEET IN LENGTH NOT INCLUDING THE UNUSUAL TUSK... LIKE THEIR COUSINS THE WHITE WHALE, THEY HAVE NO DORSAL FIN... THE NARWHAL HAS ONLY ONE TOOTH-LIKE TUSK, SPIRALLY CURVED AND SLENDER.. IT IS ON THE LEFT HAND SIDE OF THE UPPER JAW AND GROWS TO A LENGTH OF UP TO NINE FEET AND IS OF THE FINEST IVORY. ESKIMOS USE THE TUSK FOR HARPOON HEADS AND SPEARS... THEY USE THE MEAT OF THE NARWHAL FOR FOOD AND THE OIL FOR MOSS LAMPS....

Philips Contest Winners

Fifty-one winners have been announced in the Philips Young Engineers' Contest introduced in the November 1966 issue of Canadian Boy. Prizes include a Philips 19-inch portable TV, two Philips Continental 51 tape recorders, three Philips nine-transistor portable radios, 25 Philips Triple-Header shavers, and 20 Philips electronic and mechanical hobby kits. Winners were required to answer a skill-testing question to receive their prizes. There was one girl among the winning entries. She is Cathy Gunter of North Battleford, Saskatchewan. Her prize? You guessed it — she won a Philips Triple-Header shaver!

TV Winner: Philip Roger, Corunna, Ont. **TAPE Winners:** Ted Manchulenko, Winnipeg, Man.; Bob Sheppard, Fairview, N.S. **RADIO Winners:** David Millwood, Summerside, P.E.I.; Gordon Telford, Calgary, Alta.; Bobby Novak, Toronto, Ont. **SHAVER Winners:** Glenn Goteil, Summerside, P.E.I.; Murray Hubley, Kentville, N.S.; Brian Harper, Atholville, N.B.; Robert Cordingley, Winnipeg, Man.; Russell Bowes, Flin Flon, Man.; Denis Bedard, Kenora, Ont.; Greg Lowe, Kenora, Ont.; Danny Vosper, Victoria, B.C.; Ricky Casey, Westbank, B.C.; John Henderson, Vancouver, B.C.; Ernest Leo Gamache, Hinton, Alta.; Cathy Gunter, North Battleford, Sask.; Rob Humeston, Calgary, Alta.; Frank Desmeules, Ear Falls, Ont.; Bruce Gibb, Galt, Ont.; Ron Yake, Etobicoke, Ont.; Brian H. West, Sarnia, Ont.; Doug Fallow, Oshawa, Ont.; Ron Jeffrey, Courtright, Ont.; John Ruby, Prescott, Ont.; Allan Madvark, Toronto, Ont.; Bob Virkutis, Toronto, Ont.; Eric Billington, Toronto, Ont.; Gray Rintoul, Wyoming, Ont.; John McTaggart, Atikokan, Ont. **KIT Winners:** Robbie Browning, Victoria, B.C.; Mark Termes, West Vancouver, B.C.; Timothy Browne, Kenora, Ont.; Norman Graham, Kenora, Ont.; S. Marshalok, Kenora, Ont.; Bruce Morrow, Winnipeg, Man.; Danny Lightfoot, Summerside, P.E.I.; Gary Cameron, Fredericton, N.B.; Murray Hubley, Kentville, N.S.; Leslie J. Powley, Swift Current, Sask.; Tommy Brown, Swift Current, Sask.; Garry Beach, Edmonton, Alta.; Wayne Richter, Calgary, Alta.; David McLachlan, Scarborough, Ont.; Lyon Palmer, Ottawa, Ont.; John H. Simpson, Sarnia, Ont.; Charles Rogers, Petawawa, Ont.; Bruce Jeffrey, Courtright, Ont.; S. Schlifer, Toronto, Ont.; Walter Lazurek, Sarnia, Ont.

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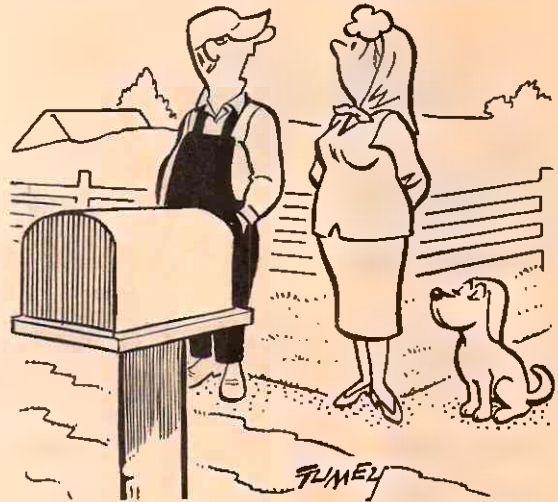
Gentlemen: Without obligation, please send me my FREE copy of "The Magic Carpet." Tell me, too, how we may obtain The New Book of Knowledge on your low cost budget plan. There are children in my family.
 ages

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 A NEW GROLIER PUBLICATION CB57

NEXT MONTH: *Camping '67* leads off the big June issue of CB, which will pack plenty of other exciting reading for you, too! We think you'll get a kick out of the story of *Jerry Potts* in the early days of the northwest. And there's a true story about a boy who made a speech in Parliament! Next in our series about boys across Canada is *Ontario Boy*—a colorful study of a small boy in a big city. There'll be something for the plastic model enthusiasts, too, plus all our regular features!

WIN REAL NEAT JUNK!

PLUS DIRTY MONEY!
 IN
 CB's
GAGLINE CONTEST!!!



You don't have to send in any box-tops or box-bottoms! You don't have to save any cards or coupons! All you have to do is play around with your sense of humor and think up a funny line for this contest cartoon. This is a real cheap contest, so there will be only three lousy prizes! The best gagline wins the artist's original drawing of the contest cartoon, mounted and ready for hanging in your home — plus a twisted nail to hang it with! The winner also gets a dirty old five-dollar bill!!! Second prize is a creased and crumpled two-dollar bill!! Third prize is a mouldy one-dollar bill! Enter now — just fill out the official entry form and mail it to: **GAGLINE CONTEST, Canadian Boy.** All entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, June 30, 1967. Contest is open to all CB subscribers!

MY GAGLINE IS

MY NAME AGE
 ADDRESS

GAGLINE CONTEST, Canadian Boy
 Box 5151, Station F, Ottawa 5, Ontario

TWO ADVENTURE FILLED CAMPSITES

The Oshawa District Council owns and operates two campsites, of which one is in operation for the entire year. Why not come and enjoy modern day camping at:

CAMP SAMAC Training Base

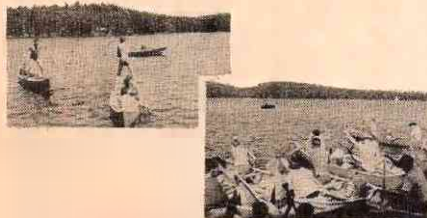
Located on the northern city limits of the City of Oshawa, 172 acres of wooded camp grounds, a lake for sailing, a stream for fishing and a modern up-to-date swimming pool of double olympic scale.



Open the year round, heated cabins, showers, city water and nature trails. Ideal, too, for conferences. Come as a Patrol, Troop, Crew or Pack.

CAMP SAMAC Adventure Base

Located in the highlands of Haliburton, 12 miles east of the village. Situated on Lake of Two Islands, this is a camp for senior campers.



Six hundred acres of solid woodland, a beautiful lake two miles long and a mile across, sailing, canoeing, swimming, fishing. Tents and basic equipment are available. There is a resident Scouter in camp. Open May to October.

For further information
write to

BOY SCOUTS OF CANADA
OSHAWA DISTRICT COUNCIL
P.O. BOX 293
OSHAWA, ONTARIO

Ghost Ships

Continued from page 17

prepared to swear on oath that the vessel never actually came off that shoal, once she had struck. They claim she has been haunting the southern seas ever since!

On material vessels, hauntings frequently occur, and one astonishing example was that of the Norwegian ship *Squando*. While in San Francisco harbor, her captain and his wife murdered the first mate by chopping off his head with an axe.

This, in all probability, say the superstitious, was the origin of the subsequent hauntings. The murderers were executed, the captain's successor was killed in a mutiny, and both the captain who replaced him and his own successor, too, were found mysteriously dead!

It was after the last death that certain unexplained disturbances became so acute that, immediately the ship reached Bathurst in New Brunswick, her crew deserted her.

Several people, including two watchmen employed by the Norwegian consul, spent a night on board her and testified they had seen a headless sailor gliding in and out of the captain's cabin! They added that to sleep on board was impossible. Whenever they had tried to sleep, their clothes had been pulled off them and cold, clammy hands were laid on their foreheads!

After that, no crew could be found to man the *Squando*. She lay in Bathurst harbor for many years, abandoned, and was eventually towed away and broken up.

I saw a ghost myself on board the old and ill-fated North-German Lloyd liner *S.S. Elbe*. It was a winter's night and the *Elbe* was nearing Southampton. I was standing on the deck when the captain, a tall fair man with a vandyke beard, passed slowly by me to the taffrail and, leaning his elbows on it, gazed thoughtfully into the sea.

It suddenly dawned on me that I had just been told, not ten seconds before, that the captain was holding a conference in his cabin with some of his officers, and did not wish to be disturbed.

I mentioned the incident to one of the stewards and, an hour later, when the conference was over, this stew-

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ard approached the captain and they talked together in low tones. The captain went back to his cabin and the steward came back to me.

"The figure you saw," he gasped, "was not the captain. It was his *Doppelganger* (wraith). The ship is doomed!"

Apparently the steward was right. A few weeks later the *Elbe* was on her way to New York from Bremen, when she collided with the *Crathie* of Aberdeen, about forty-five miles off Lowestoft. She was sent to the bottom with a loss of three hundred and eighty lives. Only twenty of the crew were saved!

Once I happened to meet an old shellback named Joe Webb who had actually seen the ghosts of the famous *Has-Call*. One night, during a violent gale on George's Banks, the steamer *Has-Call* broke away from her moorings and ran into the fishing smack *Andrew Johnson*, sinking her at once with all hands on board.

The following night the lookout on board the *Has-Call* saw the shadowy figure of a man, dressed in fisherman's oilskins and jackboots, suddenly rise out of the sea alongside the vessel and up her side!

Other figures followed, one after the other, until they equalled in number the late crew of the *Andrew Johnson*. They then leaned over the side of the *Has-Call* as though fishing, and remained there until dawn!

This same phenomenon occurred repeatedly, night after night, watched and witnessed by all members of the crew. One by one the men left, and because the ship had such a ghost-ridden reputation, it was impossible to replace them. Finally the *Has-Call* had to be abandoned.

No one nation holds the monopoly on phantom ships and crews. It is a fact that there is not a single maritime nation on earth whose seamen do not share deep-rooted superstitions to the effect that certain parts of the seven seas are haunted by spectre ships and crews.

This tradition is best known of all the centuries-old lore of the sea. Poets have told the tale in rhythmic heroics; novelists have taken it for their plots; playwrights have dramatized it. At least one distinguished composer has founded an opera upon the belief in sea phantoms!

The Germans particularly manage

to inject an eerie quality of realism and fact into their mariners' tales of ghosts of the sea. For instance, they tell of a spectral warship to be met within remote ocean solitudes, whose port-holes grin with skulls and whose blood-soaked decks are strewn with dead and dying sailors.

She is commanded by a skeleton who grips in his bony right hand a telescope, and in his left an hour-glass. The German tradition alleges that any freighter or passenger ship chancing to meet this grisly apparition is doomed to founder shortly afterwards!

Coleridge took his idea of a death-ship, in *The Ancient Mariner*, from an old German legend. She is a sailing vessel that approaches without a breeze and without a tide, whose sails glance in the misty sunlight "like restless gossamers" and in her cabin Death plays dice with the woman, Nightmare, for the possession of the ship's crew.

Longfellow, in *The Ship of the Dead*, uses an old New England tradition. A ship was sent to sea from New Haven, Connecticut, one day in January, 1647, but was never heard of again. In the following June, just after sunset, a ship like her was sighted sailing up the river against the wind, slowly fading out until she vanished from view. The apparition was accepted as a sign of the loss of the vessel!

Most famous ghost ship of all is *The Flying Dutchman*, dreaded by sailors as the harbinger of disaster. But the legend usually associated with this vessel is a comparatively recent invention.

There is an earlier version of the story which is supposed to be true in all respects. This claims that *The Flying Dutchman* was a treasure ship, with a fortune on board. The crew, inflamed with greed, mutinied, seized the treasure and murdered all who tried to oppose them.

The murders were particularly brutal, and brought down what seemed to be supernatural punishment on the heads of the cut-throats. They were stricken with bubonic plague!

They sailed from port to port, offering the whole of their treasure if they might come ashore. But everywhere they were refused. No one would risk the dread contagion which was devouring them.

One by one they died, horribly.

but still the ship sailed on, manned now by the ghosts of her murderous crew. She was given the name of *The Flying Dutchman* because, wherever she was seen, she was carrying a full press of sail in weather that made it dangerous for any other ship to show an inch of canvas!

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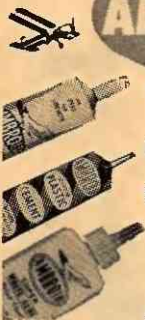


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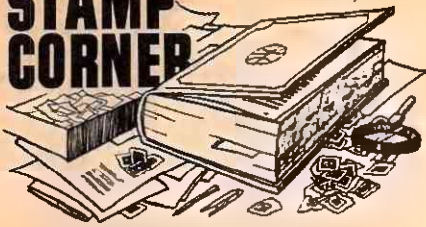
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STAMP CORNER



BY H. L. WOODMAN

Canada has issued another red and blue stamp and, in our opinion, these are rather striking. The first of the Centennial issues in January, which will remain on sale for the balance of this year, is being hailed as one of our finest in recent years.

As this is being written, the Expo issue has not been released. However, from its photograph and description, it would appear that this also will be an attractive stamp.

This stamp goes on sale April 28 for the normal ten-day period, but will be available in Montreal for the duration of Expo 67 (until October 27).

The new Harris catalogue of United States-B.N.A. now contains 192 pages and lists more than 3,000 value changes covering a period of about six months. The publishers sent Canadian Boy a review copy and, after making a careful study of the book, we feel it to be the most practical catalogue on the market for a young collector (or advanced, for that matter) of Canada and the provinces; United States and possessions. The price is just 75 cents and if your favorite stamp store does not carry it, a letter with money order to H. E. Harris & Co., Catalogue Dept., Boston, Mass. 02117, will secure your copy.

One of our readers, Peter Roericht, 78 Eckhardt Ave. E., Penticton, B.C., tells us that he has many stamps to trade. He wants Canada and United States and offers United Nations, Europe, Asia, British countries, and other U.S. and Canada trades.

Gary MacDonald, of Victoria, B.C., continues to keep us up-to-date on new topical Scout issues. We make frequent reference to this list when preparing our column and we thank Gary for his thoughtfulness.

For a stamped and self-addressed envelope, Bob Sheppard, 63 Glenda Crescent, Fairview, Halifax County, N.S., will send readers packets of

stamps made up from his duplicates, of which he has hundreds.

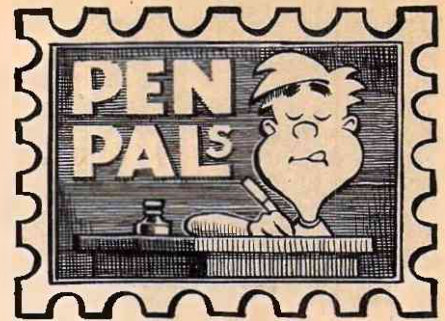
Bob Panting, 1110 Neild Rd., RR 1, Victoria, B.C., asks us to supply a list of philatelic bureaux of the world. We are unable to do this. From time to time, we pass along information about stamp issuing agencies but it would be difficult to find a list such as reader Panting requires.

Many countries (including British colonies) rely on an agency to produce and market their stamps and have no internal sales organization. The Crown Agents do an excellent job in this regard for United Nations, commonwealth countries and colonies. However, stamps of most of these countries must be supplied through dealers. Here, we would like to re-emphasize that in the long run, you are better served by a good, reliable dealer. He supplies new issues at a very modest markup, sells only good copies and is able to fill your needs long after the post office has used up its supply.

From the Crown Agents, we have information of some interesting new stamps. The African countries of Botswana and Lesotho, which last year gained their independence as Commonwealth partners, have attractive definitive issues.

The Botswana birds make a fine page in the topicalist's album.

One of the nicest sets we have seen so far this year is the Turks and Caicos Islands definitives. There are 14 stamps in this Crown Agents' release and all feature either an industry or recreational facility. These islands are in the West Indies and pounds, shillings and pence are the units of currency.



Christopher Brereton, 4043 West 20th Ave., Vancouver 8, B.C., is a Cub going into Scouts soon, collects stamps and is anxious to trade, buy or sell stamps. **Mike Ridgway**, 640 Needham Lane, Cooksville, Ont., is interested in rocks and minerals, and would like penpals from all over Canada. **John Pape**, 43 Dundas Street West, Brantford, Ont., is 11, likes model cars, astronomy, rockets and satellites, hockey, and TV spy shows, wants a p.p. from the Prairies. **George Vincent**, Box 27, Springfield, Ont., is in Grade 7, likes sports, models and books, and will write to a p.p. from anywhere. **Terry Long**, 640 Moody Ave., North Vancouver, B.C., is 11, likes The Beatles, sports, reading, making models, water skiing, boating and music, and collects hat badges. He'd like a penpal from the Maritimes. **Blake Moore**, 151 Sparton Drive, R.R. 1 Penticton, B.C., and **Mel Lidster**, 290 Scott Ave., Penticton, B.C., would like to hear from anybody who attended the B.C.-Yukon jamboree in their hometown. Their hobbies are model building, skin diving, and motorcycles. **Rick Cleghorn**, 550 View Royal Ave., Victoria, B.C., is a 15-year-old Sea Scout and an ardent badge collector anxious to trade Victoria district badges with anyone who will send him their badges and a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Peter Stevens**, 421 Billings Ave., Ottawa, Ont., is 11, likes space science, and wants a penpal from Montreal. **Lee Quinton**, 7819-7th St., S.W., Calgary, Alta., is 11, likes skindiving, skiing, water skiing and archery, will be a p.p. to anybody from anywhere with similar interests. **Stephen Auld**, 1743 Heron Road, Ottawa, Ont., is 11, likes model airplanes and swimming, and wants a p.p. from anywhere between Alberta and Newfoundland. **Bob Bailey**, 1251 Minaki Rd., Port Credit, Ont., is 9, likes reading and The Rolling Stones, wants a p.p. from Halifax.

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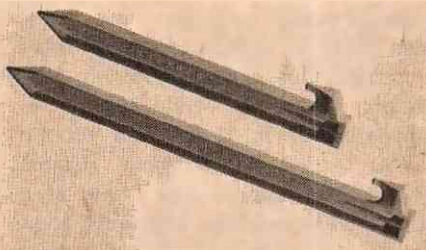
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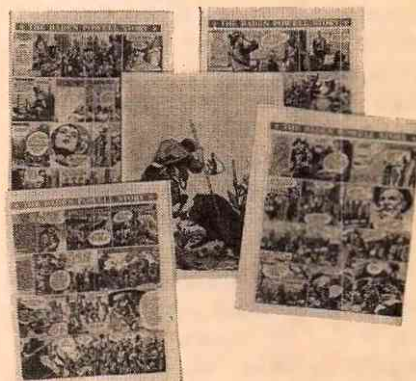
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Winter's Tale

Continued from page 22

a special kinda job, ma'am. The awf'cer telephoned to the head school-master's house. He lives 'way down in the city somewheres, but he said there was a boy named James Gordon lived handy to the school an' would show us how to get in the basement, an' all like that."

James moved quickly, and Mum's hand slipped from his shoulder and fell to her side. "I won't be long, Mum."

It was strange to be going to school at night, and the great silent building seemed very grim and awful with its long rows of black window-holes. A dark blur in the main doorway disintegrated, came towards them. Four men in fur hats and long flapping overcoats. Soldiers. "You find the kid, Mac?" James' soldier said, "Yeah. This is him. Where's the sergeant?" One man waved a vague arm at the dim bulk of the school. "Scout-in' around in there somewheres."

The sergeant came out into the snow, swearing into a turned-up collar. With the shapeless fur hat on his head he looked strangely like a bear roused out of a winter den. "Here's the kid, Sarge." The sergeant regarded him. "Hello, son." James pointed. "The basement door is around there." He showed them.

"Hold a thousand easy," declared the sergeant, after a tour of the echoing basement. The soldiers said, "Yeah." The sergeant fumbled in the big pocket of his greatcoat and brought forth a dark bottle. He took a long swig, wiped his moustache with a sweep of mittened hand, and passed the bottle around. "Gonna be a cold job," he rumbled.

A light came, and as it turned in towards the school James caught a faint rattle of wheels, and a hoarse voice bellowed, "Whoa-hoa!" The soldiers came stumbling up the steps in the darkness, and James went with them towards the light. It was a wagon. A man climbed stiffly from the seat. He was crusted with snow, even to his moustache and eyebrows. They walked to the back of the wagon and the sheep-faced soldier held a lantern high while the sergeant whipped a long tarpaulin from the mysterious freight.

James, peering between the soldiers in astonishment, beheld six figures ly-

ing side by side on the dray: three men, two women, and a young girl. They were stiff and impassive. The snowflakes drifted lightly on the calm up-turned faces. Their eyes were closed, hands lay easily at their sides, as if they were content to sleep there.

Two of the soldiers picked up a dummy by head and feet, carried it awkwardly down the basement steps, and dropped it. There was a dull 'flap' when it struck the concrete. They came up the steps quickly. "Froze?" asked Sarge. "Stiff as a board," they said. The wagon was cleared of its silent passengers and went away into the night.

Another lantern swam up the street. Another wagon. More silent figures under the tarpaulin. More wagons. The intervals diminished. A teamster gave them a spare lantern and in the fitful glow the dummies lay in orderly rows, toes up, faces towards the dim ceiling. The shadows of the soldiers performed a grotesque dance on the walls as they went about their work. Sarge said, "You still here, son? We don't need you no more. Better go home."

Mum greeted James anxiously in the candle-lit kitchen. "How pale you are, James! What did they want? You've been gone three hours." James looked at the stove. "Nothing. Nothing much, Mum. I guess they — just wanted to fix up the school a bit." Mum said, "Don't you want something to eat, James? There's tea on the stove, and there's bread and butter."

"Not hungry," James said in a low voice.

It was a long night. James had never known a night could be so long. Sometimes you would doze a little, and you would see the faces of the dead people on the drays as plain as anything. Then you would wake up with a start. Several times he took the hod and the candle down into the cellar and brought up more coal.

"In the morning, James, you must go to the telegraph office and send a cable to your father. He'll be frantic."

"Yes," James said.

James thought Mum looked very white and hollow, somehow. But when he looked in her eyes there was something warm and strong in them that made him feel better.

"It will be morning soon," Mum said.

But it was a long time. They sat,

stiff and cramped over the stove, and listened to the snow sweeping into the rooms upstairs. Daylight crept through the stormwindows at last, a poor grey thing that gave a bleak look to everything it touched. Outside, the snow still swept fiercely against the carpet and the glass. James found potatoes in the cellar, and rescued bacon and eggs from the wreck of the pantry. Mum brushed the snow and bits of plaster from the bacon and put it in the frying-pan. It smelt good.

The telegraph office was full of people waving bits of scribbled paper. Outside, a newsboy was selling papers turned out by some miracle on battered presses in the night. They consisted of a single sheet with "HALIFAX IN RUINS" in four-inch letters at the top. Within the telegraph office, lamps cast a yellow glow. There was a great buzz of voices and the busy clack-clack of instruments. James had to wait a long time in the line that shuffled past the counter. A broad cheerful face greeted him at last.

"What's yours, son?"

"I want to send a cable to Colonel James Gordon, in France."

The man leaned over the counter and took a better look at him. "Hello! Are you Jim Gordon's son? So you are. I'd know that chin anywhere. How old are you, son?"

"Four—going on fifteen," James said.

"Soon be old enough to fight, eh? What's your Dad's regiment?"

James paused. "That'll cost extra, won't it?" he suggested shrewdly. "Everybody in the army knows my father."


The man smiled. "Sure," he agreed reasonably. "But France is a big place, son. It's their misfortune, of course, but there's probably a lot of people in France don't know your Dad."

James said, "It's the Ninetieth."

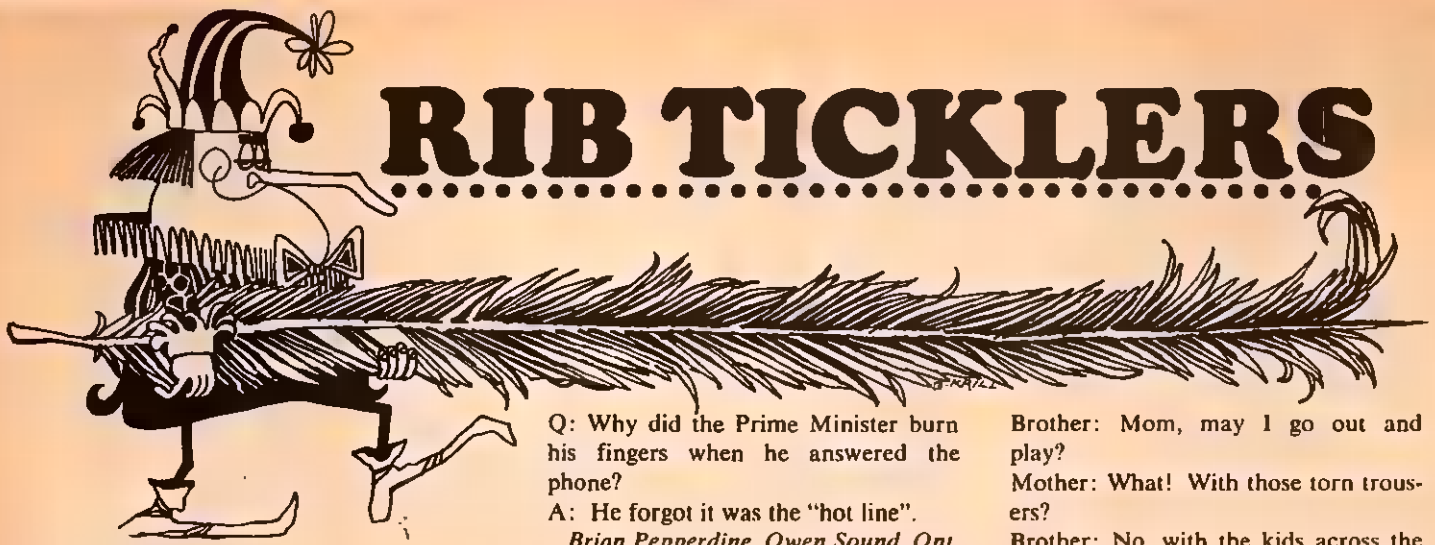
"Ah, of course. Jim Gordon of the Ninetieth. There's an outfit will keep old Hindenburg awake nights, son, and don't you forget it. What d'you want to say?"

James placed both hands on the counter. "Just this: 'All's well. James Gordon.' That's all."

The man wrote it down, and looked up quickly. "All's well? That counts three words, son, at twenty-five cents a word. Why not just, 'All well?'"

James put his chin up. "No. 'All's well.' Send it like that." 

RIB TICKLERS



A man walked into a barbershop and decided to have a change. Instead of having his hair parted usual way, he told the barber he wanted it parted from ear to ear. That was fine, until two weeks later. The man showed up at the barbershop again, and said: "Part my hair the way it was before. I'm getting tired of people whispering in my nose!"

Paul Hayward, Toronto, Ont.

Q: What would you do if you were surrounded by 20 lions, 20 leopards and 20 tigers?

A: Stop the merry-go-round and get off!

Bob McArthur, North Surrey, B.C.

Q: What time would it be if a man gave a dime to his son and fifteen cents to his daughter?

A: A quarter to two!

Teddy East, Everett, Ont.

Tourist: My, the flies are terrible around here! Don't you shoo them?
Native: No, we just let 'em go bare-foot!

Susan Quillinan, Rock Island, Que.

An adult is a person who has stopped growing at both ends and has started in the middle!

Suzie Camp, Banff, Alta.

Long-haired girl to long-haired boy: Of course Dad doesn't mind our being alone. He thinks you're a girl!

Jack Summers, Moose Jaw, Sask.

Barber: Son, how would you like your hair cut?

Small boy: Just like my Dad's—and be sure to leave the round hole on top where his head comes through!

Dean Barts, Pembroke, Ont.

Q: Why did the Prime Minister burn his fingers when he answered the phone?

A: He forgot it was the "hot line".

Brian Pepperdine, Owen Sound, Ont.

A fink is a guy who lets you read his CB, then takes it away before you're finished!

Donald Elliott, Beebe, Que.

Daffynitions:

Ringleader—first one in the bathtub.
Fad—that which goes in one era and out the other.

Nonsense—someone else's opinion.

Waiter—one who thinks money grows on trays.

Tarzan—a real swinger.

Harry Lopers, Drayton, Ont.

Bob: Say! Why is the pail empty?

Didn't the cow give anything?

Sam: Sure! Nine quarts and a kick!

Derek Smith, Arvida, Que.

Q: What did The Beatles sing as they were sinking in the quicksand?

A: I want to hold your hand!

David Waller, Brantford, Ont.

Brother: Mom, may I go out and play?

Mother: What! With those torn trousers?

Brother: No, with the kids across the street!

Jacques Goodyer, Hudson, Que.

Q: Why did you throw the clock out the window?

A: I wanted to see the time fly!

Blaine Blacquiere, N. Rustico, P.E.I.

Me: What happens to old cars. Mom?

Ma: Someone sells them to your father!

Gary Huntley, Richmond, B.C.

Q: Where does Friday come before Thursday?

A: In the dictionary!

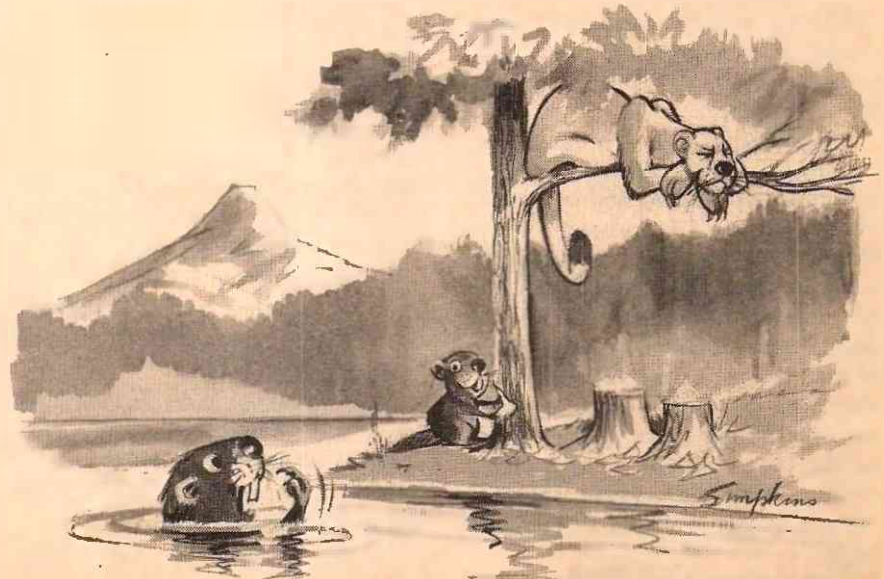
Jimmy Clow, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Two Indians were having their first look at water skiing. One asked, "Why boat go so fast?" The other replied: "Lunatic on string chase 'em!"

Robert Julian, Agincourt, Ont.

CHOPPER

By Simpkins



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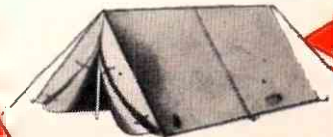
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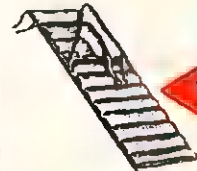
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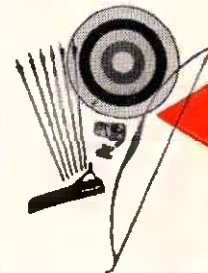
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