

Canadian Boy

JUNE, 1968, VOL. 5, NO. 4

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THIS ISSUE, in both Junior and Senior editions, the former director of the World Scout Bureau speaks to all Canadian boys active in Scouting. Dan Spry's guest editorial, on page 4, is for you. Take a look. See what you think of it.

The cover on this issue is one of our more unusual efforts. No, we didn't have to send a cameraman around the world. We found some Canadian boys who represent the various ethnic groups. We asked for and received official uniforms from different countries. We put them all together and—the June cover! Howzat for trick photography?



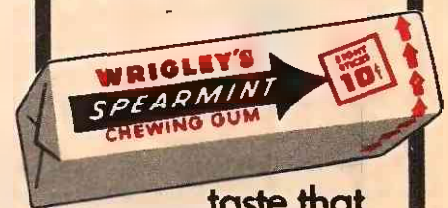
BOATING SAFETY

When it's time for boating at your camp or cottage — take a minute to check these safety precautions.



- Examine the boat hull. Is it in good repair?
- Is there a Dept. of Transport approved lifebelt for everyone?
- Is there a bailer?
- Is there a good distress signal light or bright flag?
- Is the first-aid kit O.K.?
- Is any food or equipment stowed carefully and protected?
- Are there two paddles or oars in the boat?
- (On power boats) is there a fire extinguisher?
- Be sure to inform your parents or another adult where you plan to go and how long you will be.

If you check all these points you'll enjoy your trip more—and for added enjoyment be sure to take along enough Wrigley's Spearmint gum for the whole gang.



taste that
'HAPPY GO LIVELY'
flavour

Go To It!

Investiture is a big moment in the life of every Scout. During the ceremony he is told he is "now a member of the worldwide brotherhood of Scouts." How many of us appreciate the full meaning of this welcome?

Many of us know there are Scouts in different countries on this planet, but do we realize that Scouting census figures show *thirteen and a half million* men and boys working in our movement, in 92 countries? Do we fully appreciate that all of them, regardless of race, creed, or nationality, are our brothers? I feel we must admit that most of us have a hazy idea about the movement we joined. Surely we were signing up for fun, for adventure, for friendship!

Now we need only read our daily newspapers or lock onto our television sets, and we can see that in some parts of the world our brothers are having a rough time. Race riots, student strife, and other incidents of violence indicate that all is not well in our space-age, Telstar-TV world.

It's my impression that young people today are more aware of and more concerned about their fellow humans than the older people are. The splendid participation of our youth in every Oxfam walk and March for Millions, and in door-to-door canvassing for any number of charitable, urgent causes is only a reflection of the teen's awareness that poor people need help, that the hungry and the sick in distant places cannot survive without a hand from us.

This is good. Kids from two to 20 are giving their time, their energy, and a magical thing called *heart*, without expecting to be paid for it. I hope there will be more participation, and more interest, in these acts of thoughtfulness for others.

As technology shrinks the physical size of our planet in terms of rapid travel, instant communications, and a resulting deeper under-

standing of one another's problems, concern is kindled and bursts into a flaming desire to help. We can be proud that our movement was one of the first voluntary organizations on Earth to work at helping in the development of a real sense of the brotherhood of man.

We know now, surely, that we are not our brother's keepers — at home or abroad — but we have come to know that we *are* his helpers.

In Canada, where we are blessed with a beautiful, bountiful land, we have the wherewithall to be good helpers. We have a responsibility to share our wealth, our know-how, and our energies, with less fortunate peoples in this world of ours. As Scouts, we've already set an example for others, for years past, and for the years ahead. Now, let's go an extra mile. Give that extra ounce of interest, and care, and concern, for a troubled world. Opportunities exist in Scouting, in CUSO, WUS, Oxfam, the Canadian Hunger Foundation, and in a multitude of other organizations, for action that can give personal satisfaction, and create good.

Too often, young people blame their elders for the condition of today's world. Too easy! People of the older generation did their best — when they were your age — but perhaps their best wasn't enough, for the times they lived in. They did manage to survive depressions, they fought wars, they opened up uninhabited land and developed the great nation that is Canada today — great in the eyes of the world.

Canada is far from perfect. There's a lot more to be done. We know it. So do you.

Young Canadians have the chance, the great opportunity based on our affluent society — which your elders built with good intent — to give your time and talents to help make the world a still better place, for yourselves and all your brothers. Go to it! **By Dan Spry**

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Letters to Lester



ROVER HOSPITALITY

Dear Lester:

The Maccabee Rover Crew of the Sir William Van Horne District is once again extending its hospitality. *Man and His World* promises to be just as exciting as Expo 67 was, and our crew is offering accommodations to any Rover Scout or Rover Crew visiting Montreal this summer. All those interested write to:

*Sheldon Spier, Secretary MRC,
4610 Mackenzie Street,
Montreal 26, Que.*

And get your letter away to Mr. Spier as soon as possible. This offer does not include Cubs, Scouts, or Venturers.—LS

CYPRESS JAMBOREE

Dear Lester:

The Cypress Jamboree, August 3rd to 11th this year will be held in Cypress Hills Provincial Park, 20 miles south of Maple Creek, Saskatchewan. "Cypress 68" — as we call the jamboree — is on the site of the original home of the Royal North West Mounted Police, and will involve a real adventure program. Anyone interested should write to:

*Bill Metcalfe,
489 Central Ave. S.,
Swift Current, Sask.*

WANTS MORE SPORTS

Dear Lester:

I would like to see more stories on Canadian sports, like hockey interviews with some of the older stars, trades in football, something about Nancy Greene and skiing. I would also like to see more stories on indoor sports like slot racing (*CB Mar/Apr 68*). Otherwise I think it is a very good mag.

David Fisher, Calgary, Alta.

Dear Lester:

This is my first year subscription to *CANADIAN BOY* and I enjoy it. Next year why don't you put a sports story in every issue, especially hockey?

Byron Howard, Trail, B.C.

CURSE YOU, RED BARON!

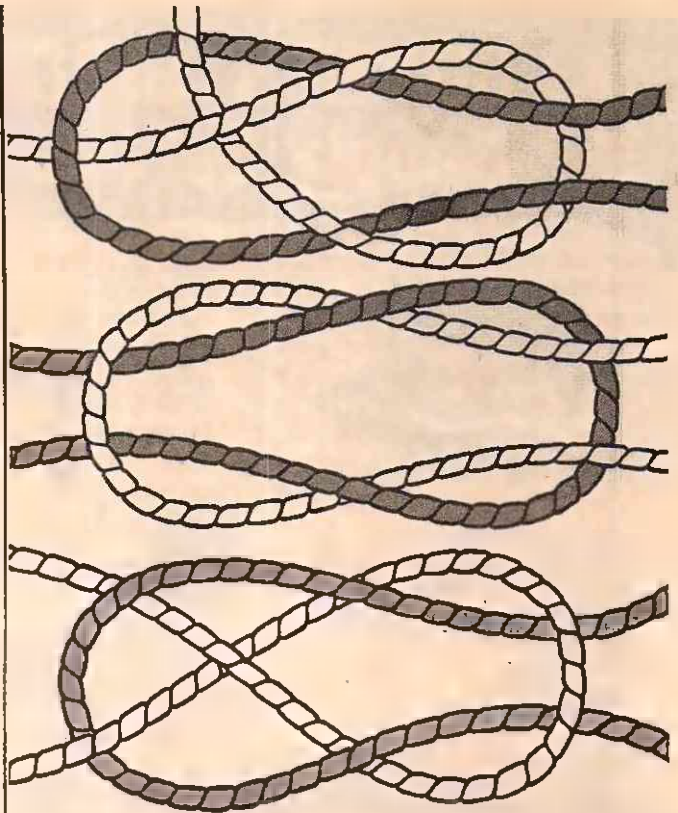
Dear Lester:

On page 18 of your Jan/Feb 68 issue, under *Great Canadians*, you stated that Capt. Brown shot down Baron von Richthofen while Richthofen was chasing Wop May, but this is not true. Richthofen was already hit when he came down behind Wop May. It was Brown who shot down the Red Baron, but not as you described!

RS Pat Eckert, Sidney, B.C.

Were you there? Nope, that would make you too old to be a Rover Scout. We'll concede the point and skip the qualifications.—LS

Continued on page 6



It takes all kinds

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

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

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



Bank of Montreal

Canada's First Bank

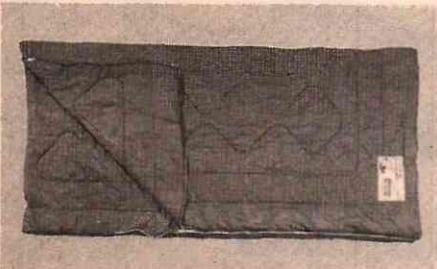
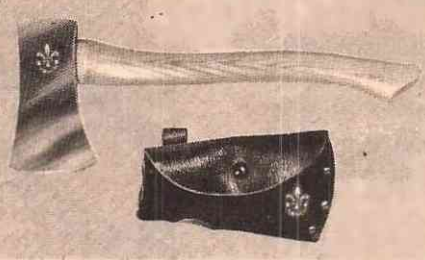


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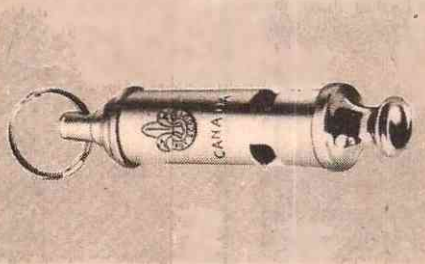
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LETTERS

Continued from page 5

UFO AND OTHER QUESTIONS

Dear Lester:

Do you think you could get an article on facts about UFOs? Also I would like to know if you could have an article on how to handle a patrol.

Craig Swayze, Islington, Ont.

Dear Lester:

I think Sandy Gardiner's column is a little bit too much pro-Canadian. How about some articles on the Jefferson Airplane or The Turtles instead of second-rate Canadian bands? An article on UFOs would be educational and controversial. I hope to see it.

Andrew McKenna, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

In 1968 we will definitely publish a UFO story, not fiction, facts! With pictures! — LS

HE LIKES OL' HERB!!

Dear Lester:

Could you please have an article on the Tijuana Brass, with pictures? They are my favorite group. Thank you very much. P.S.—Your Science column was great!

Jim Makinson, Vancouver, B.C.

ADC LIKES CB

Dear Lester:

Speaking for the older reader, I might say that CB has produced some very enlightening articles. This statement bespeaks not only our respect for the younger readers who, by their response, obviously appreciate the versatility of CB, but also a sense of pride that this excellent publication is presented as part of the Scouting movement to Canadian boys of all ages, including us Scouters.

Denis Magee, ADC (Cubs), Humber West Distr., Rexdale, Ont.

A MINI-BIKE?

Dear Lester:

I was wondering if you could get me some information on building a mini-bike. Also, where could I get the material to build this? If you can get this information, would you please send it personally to:

Mike MacDonald, 12 Young Street, Georgetown, Ont.
Can anybody out there help Mike plan a mini-bike?—LS

Continued on page 29



Scouting Round the World

In the past 60 years, Scouting has spread from England to more than two hundred other nations and geographic areas. Let's take a look at a few of these faraway places and the different ways they've found to enjoy Scouting, like Staffan Trewer (below) of Sweden.

Sweden: Svenska Scoutforbundet is a good group!



It was a very cold Christmas morning. The temperature was 25 degrees Centigrade below zero and it was only six o'clock. You might think everybody would be asleep at that hour!

And who would want to go out in that terrible cold? Suddenly, right behind the football stadium of Rasunda, a long worm of living lights started to move.

On closer examination it turned out to be a hundred children carrying torches, marching happily, as if the sun were blazing!

This was the Solna Scoutkar, a group of Girl Guides and Boy Scouts marching to their annual Yule service in the thousand-year-old church of Solna.

Tradition dictates that they should do so, come nice weather, or come blizzard!

One of those looking forward to the ceremony was Staffan Trewer, patrol leader of the Martens. His patrol has only five members, but two of them were to receive their first class badges on this crisp morning, from one of the outstanding Scouters in Sweden. Staffan remembered receiving his first class badge a year ago from the same man, and he felt honored to have received it in such a setting.

Sitting in the pew, Staffan was thinking not so much of the service but of the next hike the troop was going to have. They planned to visit their group hut 25 miles northwest of Stockholm.

Staffan is a member of a group belonging to Svenska Scoutforbundet, and there are 225 members in his section. It's a good group, but not extremely good; just an ordinary bunch of ordinary girls and boys and their leaders are as clever as most leaders are.

Some of them are bit better than average, as is Staffan's troop leader, who is an active young man wanting his boys to get out into nature as much as possible. He urges them to take hikes with their patrols whenever they don't have any troop hikes or green-bar hikes coming up.

Let's visit Staffan's home. He lives on the first floor of a four-storey house. It's an apartment house, like all the other apartment houses where Swedish people live. There are five in Staffan's family, in a three-bedroom apartment, just enough for the family. It does not really permit Staffan to bring home his patrol or his other pals too often, but he does have a room of his own.

In that room he has collected his dearest possessions: a few turtles; and two basins containing fish.

He can distinguish a Spitfire from a Swedish Draken, or a Hunter-Hawker from the Swedish Flying Tun. And he

knows the various sport planes, which he likes to watch from one of the airports of Stockholm. But, above all, he has lots of airplane models which he built himself.

He also likes to watch the birds in the Spring and, like so many Swedish people, he goes out early in the morning with his field glasses to watch the birds.

In at least one respect Staffan's family is not an ordinary family. His mother, who is now 48, was a Girl Guide at 11, and she has with only a few years' interruption been active in Scouting ever since. His father, who is an engineer, was one of the builders of the Scout hut. Staffan's sister Anita, now 20, was in Guiding until she was 18 and his other sister, Marianne, 18, took part in the Ex-

son!

Next term Staffan will be transferred to the Senior Scouts. The Senior Scouting section is entirely united, and there is no difference in the programming for boys and girls. Staffan thinks he will miss his old patrol and he realizes he will no longer be first man in his own small gang. Still, he's looking forward to the new program because he knows his older pals are enjoying Senior Scouting.

Staffan is a first class Scout not only with regard to the badge requirements, but also in spirit. Last year he attended a confirmation camp at the association's High School Kjesäter. There he spent 30 days with other boys and girls, getting religious training. This was crowned by a



Staffan, fourth from left, makes plans with some of the hoys in his troop for a "Blue Hike". These hikes are held every year in four different parts of Sweden. More than a hundred boys and girls take part for 10 to 12 days.

plorer Belt Expedition in Germany in 1967, together with 40 other Girl Guides and Boy Scouts from Sweden. In Sweden the Girl Guide and Boy Scout movements are united. In summer, the girls and boys camp together. The girls have their own camp and the boys have another, but they are not far from each other, so that their daily programs can be integrated easily.

Staffan is 15 now. He's not too keen on girls, yet, so he doesn't bother much about parallel camps of this nature. Of course, it is nice sometimes to have parties and invite the girls. But, within rea-

confirmation in the newly erected little chapel at the school. Like most other Swedish people, Staffan is a member of the Lutheran State Church, and he should really have been confirmed in his home parish of Solna. But the popularity of Scout confirmation camps made the family decide on his attending the one at the Kjesäter school. Besides getting the religious training, they did a lot of Scout activity work and, as a specialty, they got riding lessons every day.

Another bit of excitement is waiting
Continued on page 20

Mexico: Olympic Games in the streets!



How would you like to stand in front of your own house and watch Olympic athletes racing by?

Two Mexico City Scouts did just that during last year's pre-Olympic games and, when I visited Mexico, they told me how it happened.

Pancho and Carlos Macias Valadez said that at first it was thought the Olympic marathon race would be held on an



Mexican Scouts invite Scouts of the world to visit them in 1968 and stay for the Olympic Games.

ordinary track. But officials decided to route the race through the city itself, down tree-lined streets that would provide shade for the athletes. And when the route was announced Pancho and Carlos discovered it ran right past the corner of their block!

That was why, during the pre-Olympics, they were able to watch the marathon pass their home. Then they piled into the family car and drove to the stadium to cheer the same runners across the finish line.

Right now, everybody in Mexico is talking Olympics, dreaming Olympics, and scheming to become part of the glamorous international events in October. Pancho and Carlos are lucky. Because they are Scouts, they are already assured of a role. Scouts will man information centres, carry messages for athletes and officials, and play host to boys from other countries.

Mexican Scouts are inviting their comrades from all over the world to visit them in 1968 and to stay at their camp, Meztitla, near the city of Cuernavaca.

Attending a Mexican Scout camp can be quite an experience. In northern Mexico, for instance, Scouts who go in for rock-climbing have to check every rock ledge before they use it for a hand-hold. There could be poisonous snakes in one of those crannies. First aid training for Mexican Scouts includes lessons on treating snake, spider, and scorpion bites.

"In all Mexico we have snakes and big spiders," Pancho said. "And in Meztitla we have many scorpions." But he hastened to assure me that the scorpions at Meztitla are not really dangerous. It's the ones in the hot parts of Mexico that you have to worry about!

Both the boys are looking forward to meeting Scouts from other countries, but Pancho has a special reason. He has attended jamborees in Alberta and in Panama, and he's hoping some of his old chums will turn up in Mexico this year.

If they do, they'll find that a hike at Meztitla can mean exploring caves nearby or climbing an ancient Indian pyramid less than a mile away. And if that sounds like a Scout camp that's different, so is the food that Mexican Scouts take to camp with them!

There are always *tortillas*, the flat pancake-like corn bread of Mexico, in which the boys roll meat or other fillings to make *tacos*, the Mexican version of a sandwich.

Just as Canadian boys like milkshakes, Mexican boys savor *atole*, a corn flour broth which comes in various flavors, like vanilla, strawberry and chocolate. They drink it for snacks, with meals — even for breakfast. (This is beginning to sound like a tv commercial!) And, Carlos told me, his camp cooking often includes chopping fiery hot chili peppers to make *mole* (pronounced "mo-lay") sauce for chicken.

I asked Carlos what he would do if he absent-mindedly rubbed his eyes with his

hands after chopping chili peppers. Pancho answered for his brother. "He would wash his eyes!" Then he laughed. "And then he would cry some more."

But if Mexican Scouts are looking forward to showing boys from around the world some of their customs, there are a few that they *cannot* show! Take *posadas*, for instance.

Every year, Pancho's Scout troop holds one of these traditional Christmas parties. *Posada* is the Spanish word for *inn* and *posadas* are held to commemorate the night that Mary and Joseph found "there was no room in the inn."

At their Christmas *posada*, Scouts and members of their families assemble outside the door where the party is to be held. Then they ask for shelter, singing a special *posada* song. At first, the hosts refuse to let them come in, just as the innkeeper of olden days refused to admit Mary and Joseph in Bethlehem. But, later, the door is thrown open, fireworks explode in the courtyard, and the party begins.

The highlight is the breaking of *pinatas*, fancy clay pots especially decorated and filled with candy. The idea is to try and break the *pinata* with a bat while you are blindfolded. The *pinata* is hung overhead from a rope, but as you swing blindly trying to hit the thing, your friends will jerk the ends of the rope to make it a little more interesting!

There's one *pinata* for the big boys

Continued on page 20



Pancho and Carlos Macias Valadez work constantly on their Scoutcraft. Here they try out some knots, bends, hitches and tricks they can show you if you get to Mexico this year.

Australia:

Jungle life
in the suburbs!



Jeffrey Clark has lived through the greatest period of progress Australia has seen since Captain James Cook first sailed into Botany Bay nearly 200 years ago.

Jeffrey was born in Sydney 14 years ago. In that brief period, his country's population has exploded from nine million to nearly twelve million.

The population explosion Down Under wasn't all homegrown, though. Much of this growth results from Australia's immigration drive which, since World War Two, has brought in more than a million new settlers, mainly from Great Britain and Europe.

In Jeffrey's lifetime, Australia has developed from a nation which produced mainly primary products into one which is close to being self-sufficient industrially. Australia exports highly sophisticated secondary products all over the world. Just in the last decade, huge new deposits of iron ore, coal, oil, and nickel have been discovered and opened up.

And Jeffrey has seen, though he may not fully understand its significance yet, an Asian country, Japan, emerge as Australia's most important trading partner, and Britain drop into second place. With this shift has come an increasing awareness throughout Australia of the importance of Asia to her future development and well-being.

Jeffrey is probably not yet aware of what all this is going to mean to him, but it has already had an influence on his life.

Jeffrey is Patrol Leader of the Kingfishers, one of two patrols in the First Bardwell Park Troop, a southwestern suburban group in Sydney. A good deal of residential development has been going on in Bardwell Park recently. It has shared in Sydney's great postwar building boom which has made it a city that sprawls 40 miles along the coast of the State of New South Wales and 25 miles westward to the Blue Mountains.

Jeffrey's troop has been organized for about three years. Scouting in Australia has kept pace with the population growth and new groups have been formed wherever there has been a demand for them. There are now 50,000 uniformed members of the movement in New South Wales, and 150,000 in all Australia.

Like a hermit crab, First Bardwell Park Troop took over a small, dilapidated clubroom vacated by an older group who had built new quarters elsewhere. Jeffrey and his fellow Scouts and their parents painted the building inside and out. But with a flourishing Cub pack, a troop of 15 Scouts, and the prospect of a senior troop soon, the clubroom is already too small. The Group Committee is working towards a larger building which can be erected around the existing one.

Jeffrey is the middle member of a family of three boys. His elder brother, Gary, is the Troop Leader of First Bardwell Park. His younger brother, Philip, is a member of the other patrol, the Buffaloes.

Jeffrey's father is an electrician with the New South Wales Government Railways. He and Jeffrey's mother have encouraged their boys to develop wide interests. Jeffrey plays soccer with the YMCA club in the winter, and enjoys



Jeffrey Clark, 14-year-old Australian Scout, lives in a country that has seen tremendous development in recent years. Jeffrey rides his new bike — his pride and joy.

swimming and diving in the summer. He has a new bicycle — his pride and joy. He likes building model cars from kits. He does free-hand sketching, belongs to a church fellowship group, and likes watching TV. In Sydney he has four channels to choose from.

And a family interest, pioneered by brother Gary, is the keeping of bees.

Jeffrey goes to school at Kingsgrove High, one of Sydney's big new co-educational

schools, with about a thousand students. To get there, he walks from his home to Bardwell Park station, rides an electric train two stations farther on to Kingsgrove, then catches a bus to the school. He attends classes from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. week days.

Kingsgrove High School, like the major part of the educational system in Australia, is government-run. Again, Jef-

Continued on page 20

The Terror of the Tar Sands

by Ed Cosgrove

SYNOPSIS: Deep in the Northwest Territories, the Indians are terrorized by giant demon-like forms they think are Windigos, or evil spirits. Investigating are the flyers of Windigo Wings, a bush-pilot company: Grant Mackenzie; Chuck Johnson, an Indian himself; ex-RCMP female agent Madeleine Boisvert; and sixteen-year-old Ricky Trudel. Chuck discovers the demons are really machines, but his plane is shot down by helicopters before he can tell the others, and for five days he dodges death in the woods, living off game shot with a bow and arrows. He stumbles on the giant machines hidden under a huge net, and discovers them to be laser-bearing drilling rigs being used to separate oil from the Atha-

baska tar sands. Meanwhile, Ricky overhears two suspicious-acting hunters, Sommers and Duncan, plotting to ambush Chuck, using an Indian named Crow. Ricky is himself ambushed by the Indian, but his life is saved by Chuck. Grant Mackenzie and Corporal Davis of the RCMP, with Madeleine Boisvert, are searching for Chuck and Ricky as our story opens.

Grant studied the ground below intently as he circled downwind for his landing. Beside him, Corporal Davis had just finished cleaning his pistol and was carefully replacing the bullets.

The Windigo flier was still angry at Ricky for leaving in the middle of the night. The note was not the only surprise they had had that morning when they awoke. The two hunters had broken camp during the night and were gone, along with half of the Indians from the village. The rest were packing their belongings furiously, their faces dark with fear.

"They say their chief, Crow, has vanished and they think the Windigo has got him," Corporal Davis reported.

On the flight down the Clearwater, Grant had been in touch with the Searchmaster's plane, which was airborne at first light, making the final sweeps over the route Ricky had marked out on a map.

"We'll be pulling out soon," the Searchmaster reported. "We'll make one final radio check with you in about two hours to see if you're all right."

"Roger, out," Grant replied, his anger increasing.

Adjusting the flaps as the plane dropped to the surface of the river, Grant muttered between clenched teeth, "When I find that kid, I'm going to tan his hide. I don't care how old he is."

Davis laughed. "Calm down. When you think it over, he may have done the right thing."

"That's right, Grant," Made-

leine said.

The landing was a smooth one. Grant taxied the big plane to the shore, where Corporal Davis helped him make it fast.

The camp was as they had left it, with Chuck's sleeping bag and the small store of food apparently untouched.

"Well, we'd better push on and find our missing pilots," Grant said. "Wait here. I'll get the rifles from the plane."

"That won't be necessary, Mister Mackenzie."

Grant froze. Two figures stepped from behind a large rock, rifles held steady.

"Sommers and Duncan," Madeleine gasped.

The smaller man smiled and bowed slightly. "At your service, Miss Boisvert."

From where he stood, Grant could see six other men, clad in black uniforms, rising from their places of concealment.

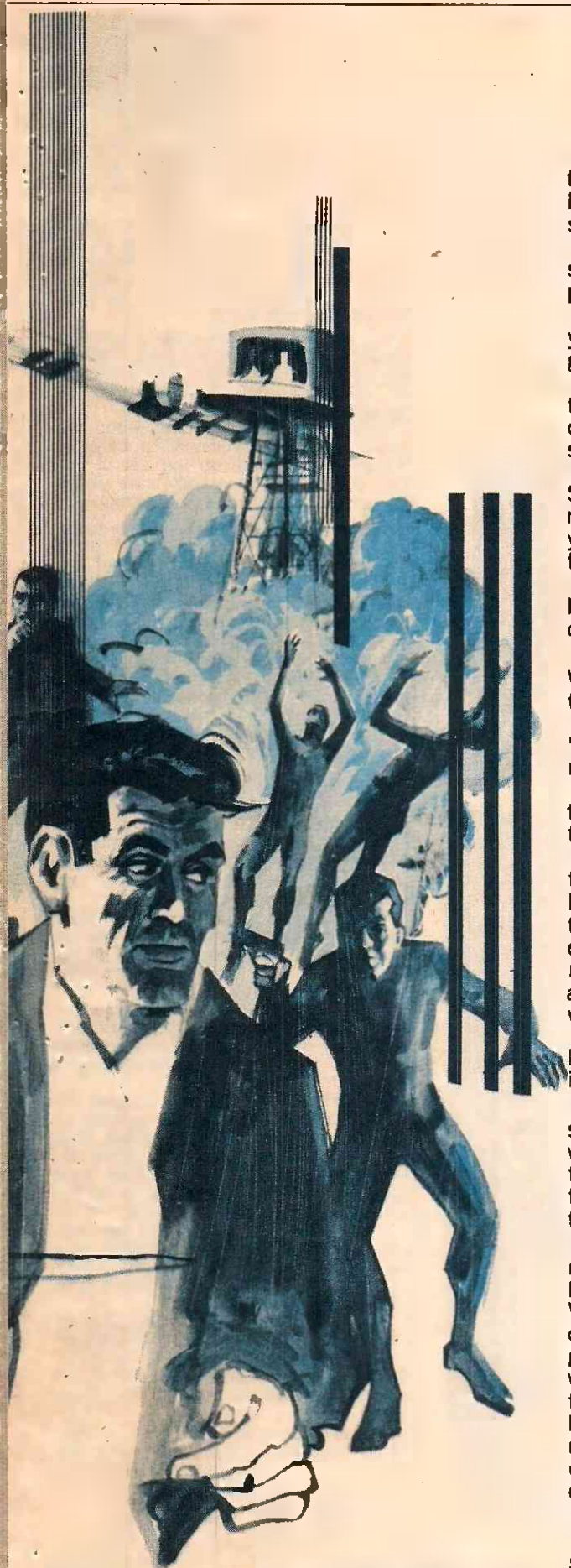
Corporal Davis moved suddenly, his right arm streaking for the pistol holstered at his waist, but he was not fast enough. A shot rang out, the

bullet whipping past the policeman's ear.

"The next one will be right between your eyes if you try that again," Duncan rasped. He made a motion with the barrel of his rifle and the black-clad men surrounded the trio, searching them for weapons.

"All right," Duncan said. "You two." He motioned to





From Ed Cosgrove's new book, *The Terror of the Tar Sands*, published this spring by Burns & MacEachern, Toronto.

the heat as the sun climbed higher. He consulted his watch several times.

"Okay, Sommers," Grant spoke quietly. "What do you plan to do with us?"

The big man grinned. "After you send the message, you're going to have a little accident."

Grant shrugged. "If I'm going to die anyway, why should I cooperate and send that message?"

"We have ways to make you," Sommers said softly. "You might as well make it easy on yourself and do what you're told."

"The stakes must be pretty high to justify wholesale murder," Grant continued.

"You said it, fly-boy. Millions. We're stealing an entire oil field."

Grant raised his eyebrows. "Sounds interesting. Tell me more."

"What for? You're not going to be able to pass the information along."

Sommers lit a cigar and settled himself comfortably on a log. The guard took up a position behind Grant, his rifle levelled at the flier's spine. The man looked hot and uncomfortable in the black clothing he wore.

"What's the idea of the monkey suit?" Grant asked, gesturing towards the guard.

Evidently bored with the silence, Sommers forgot his warning against talking. "Protection," he said. "He's harder to spot, and the cloth is treated to protect him from rays."

At Grant's puzzled look, Sommers went on. "We're using lasers to drill into the ground. We're carving out a chamber down there, a great big underground storage tank, in which we're going to pour more oil than you ever dreamed of, fly-boy. Then, when the time is right, we send in a regular drilling crew on land we already own, sink a well, and start pumping."

"Smart idea," Grant said softly.

"You bet it's smart," Sommers snapped. "This is a big-

time operation. We have enough money behind us to buy and sell jerks like you. The Syndicate—," he paused, afraid he had gone too far.

"The Syndicate?" Grant said sharply. "What Syndicate?"

Sommers grinned. "As I said, you're not going to tell anybody. Yes, the Syndicate. In the old days we used to hi-jack liquor and dope. Now we hi-jack oil wells. We're getting out of the old rackets, into legitimate business, with regular offices, and everything on the up and up."

"How about that? Crime moves into the oil business."

Sommers consulted his watch. "Okay, fly-boy, we've talked long enough. Get in your plane and send that message. And remember, this gun is pointed right at your spine. You wouldn't be the first smart guy I've knocked off."

The guard followed them down to the edge of the water.

"You stay here," Sommers told the man. "Keep your rifle handy just in case he gets too smart."

Inside the plane. Grant switched on the radio and adjusted the dial.

The Searchmaster sounded surprised at hearing Grant's voice. "We didn't figure on calling you for another half hour," he said.

Grant felt the rifle nudge his back. "We've landed and are leaving the plane for a while, so we thought we'd make our final check now."

"Sorry it turned out this way," the Searchmaster replied. "But I think we're wasting time looking. Your partner evidently died in his plane."

"I guess you're right," Grant said into the microphone. "Tell the rest of the pilots how much we appreciate their help."

"Roger, out." The radio went dead. Sommers looked at him with a pleased smile on his fat, sweating face.

"Smart boy. Now come on. We have things to attend to, such as your funeral."

He backed into the cabin of the

Continued on page 19

Germany: Pfadfinder in Schwarzwald

To 130,000 German boys, the word *Pfadfinder* means Boy Scout. More than that, it means the comradeship, instruction and motivation that only a group such as this can give. From the opening words of the troop meeting to the final song, these boys have captured the true meaning of Scouting.

Germany is a small country by Canadian standards. You can drive from the

Konrad is lucky to be living in this part of Germany, filled with forests, rolling hills, and old legends. From his house on the outskirts of Offenburg, he can see one of the many old castles in this area. This castle, so the legend goes, was once inhabited by a wicked baron. The tall stately fir trees which abound in this area grow almost to the walls of the castle ruins.

North Sea to the southern frontier on one day on an *Autobahn* or freeway. The climate is similar to that of our west coast.

At the southern end of the country, in the middle of the *Schwarzwald* (Black Forest) Konrad Bauer lives. A 15-year-old Scout, he is a member of the Freiburg District Group and a leader of the Panther troop in Offenburg.

It is said that people make a country. Industrious people like Konrad's mother, and his father, who is an interior decorator, have done a fabulous job of rebuilding the country.

Right now Konrad and his troop are getting ready for the annual jamboree at Chichilrame, France, on the 1st of August. Because Germans take care of the few forests they have, Panther troop has had overnight camps in them in preparation for the jamboree. During these camps they have heard sounds of the wild boar packs that inhabit these woods. When these boars are aroused they are just as dangerous as a cougar or a mountain lion.

Activities at the joint French-German jamboree will include mountain climbing under expert supervision, judo, riding, woodcraft, exploring caves, and other projects. German Boy Scouts on the jamboree will live with French families for two days.

Konrad's school hours are slightly different from those of Canadian boys. He attends classes from eight in the morning until 2.30 in the afternoon, Monday through Saturday. One of his favorite subjects is English. After school, he helps in his father's shop.

Apart from his troop meetings, Konrad's interests lie in photography. He has a darkroom at home and develops all his own pictures. His tape recordings also take up much of his spare time.

Panther troop has just finished a fund-raising drive to help the medical missions in Africa. During this drive they cleaned rugs, washed cars, and collected bottles for resale.

The boys of this troop, headed by Scoutmaster Gunther Giesler, purchased a 12-man inflatable life-raft some time ago. They've taken this craft on some adventurous journeys. Among their best trips was one from Offenburg to Rotterdam, Holland, via the Rhine River.

It took them two weeks and was well worth it, the boys say. The Rhine has swift currents and, several times, they had to be towed by one of the big barges carrying supplies upriver.

Unlike Canadian Scouts, the German Boy Scouts have no proficiency badges. In a fireside ceremony soon, however, Konrad and two other members of his troop will receive the coveted First Class Badge.

Konrad and other *Pfadfinders* in Germany, while they speak a different language and are not called "Scouts", have the same aims and principles as any Boy Scout in the world.

Even the words of their song, *Good-night, Friends* — which closes out their meetings — tells of their brotherhood with all Scouts, and goodwill towards all men, no matter where they may be.

By R. C. Morrison

German Scouts in the Black Forest, at the southern end of their country. They wear no proficiency badges.



The boys in Konrad's troop have been making plans for the big annual jamboree at Chichilrame, in France, on the 1st of August. Panther Troop has just finished a campaign to help mission work in Africa.

Sardinia: Panther Patrol stalks the pillboxes!

The blazing noonday sun beat down on their backs as a column of uniformed Canadians climbed up the side of a rugged hill, advancing ever nearer their objective: a German pillbox at the crest, staring out over the Mediterranean like a giant leering face.

It seemed as if machine-guns would open up on them any second. But all was silent.

The patrol leader, Hal Button, called his column to a halt: "Let's take a break here!" And the Panther Patrol of the 6th Maple Leaf Group, Sardinia, sat down in a bunch along a ledge inside the eye-like gunports of the pillbox to wipe their brows.

The Germans were gone. They had been gone now for 23 years.

The date was April 7, 1968, and the first wave of the long hot season, stretching from April through September, had arrived in Sardinia. It had brought the Scouts out on the first of their many summer hikes.

Today they were exploring only a couple of many fascinating ruins to be found on this large Italian island. It was hard to believe that in some parts of the world (like Canada, for instance!) people were still up to their eyeballs in snow, while here in Sardinia all eyeballs were squinting against the glare of the warm Mediterranean sun.

Wait a minute! What are Canadian Scouts doing in Sardinia?

Their fathers are in the RCAF Air Weapons Unit, staffing a NATO base not far from the city of Cagliari. Most of the Canadian families live at the Poetto beach district of Cagliari where Maple Leaf House, the community club, is located. It was in front of M.L.H. that this day's activities began.

Under the leadership of Scouters Chuck Martin and Dave Leigh, the troop

assembled at 10 a.m. and boarded a special bus for their first destination of the day: the U.S. Coast Guard station at Cala Mosca, on a rocky, jagged point of land that once housed big coastal cannons.

Arriving a short time later, the Scouts were eager to get started. The trail was rough and rocky leading up to the top-most turret. The big guns were long gone but the ammunition storage areas, caverns and tunnels of this huge complex survive, and are now used by the Coast Guard as closets for their radio equipment and other material.

The Scouts had a field day probing through passages inside this former enemy fortress. It was built like a smaller Gibraltar, guarding the lagoon below and the sky above.

Little wonder the area was so well fortified! Beneath this huge stone promontory there once existed a great German submarine pen. The underwater entrance to this cavern was blown up by the retreating Germans themselves in 1944.

After seeing Cala Mosca, the troop climbed back into their special bus and headed for another German fort. This one was located on the far northern side of the Poetto. A different type, designed to hold off a ground invasion force, this second stronghold is actually a system of bunkers and pillboxes built into the side of a small mountain overlooking and controlling an expansive beach.

The Scouts piled out of the bus and soon found the entrance to the long tunnel that twists and turns through the hillside, connecting all the bunkers. Down into the ground they went, to explore the insides of this engineering marvel. Later they stumbled out into the sunlight again, inspected the outside more closely and started their climb toward the top,

and the last face-like pillbox, set apart from all the rest.

This hill is part of the complex of coastal defences ringing the island. Built during World War Two, they never saw



The boys reach the tunnel entry at Cala Mosca, a rocky, jagged point of land that once housed big coastal cannons. The complex is a little Gibraltar with its underground installations. It's a U.S. Coast Guard station now,

action! As the Allies advanced, during the last days of the war in Europe, Italy surrendered and the German forces withdrew to defend the mainland. They took with them all their weapons and equipment, abandoning the island but leaving most of their fortifications intact.

And the majority of these fortifications are still standing today.

Returning to the Poetto from this day's outing, the Scouts were a hot, dusty, thirsty, tired lot. But not too tired to top off the day with a cooling swim!

And, after lunch, away to the beach they went, with diving masks, fins, and towels.

The water was a warm 62 degrees. All the boys dived right in without hesitation. They had the beach to themselves.

The Italians wait for even warmer weather before they go in swimming. But not these tough Canadian boys! The weather and water were perfect for them — like mid-summer back home.

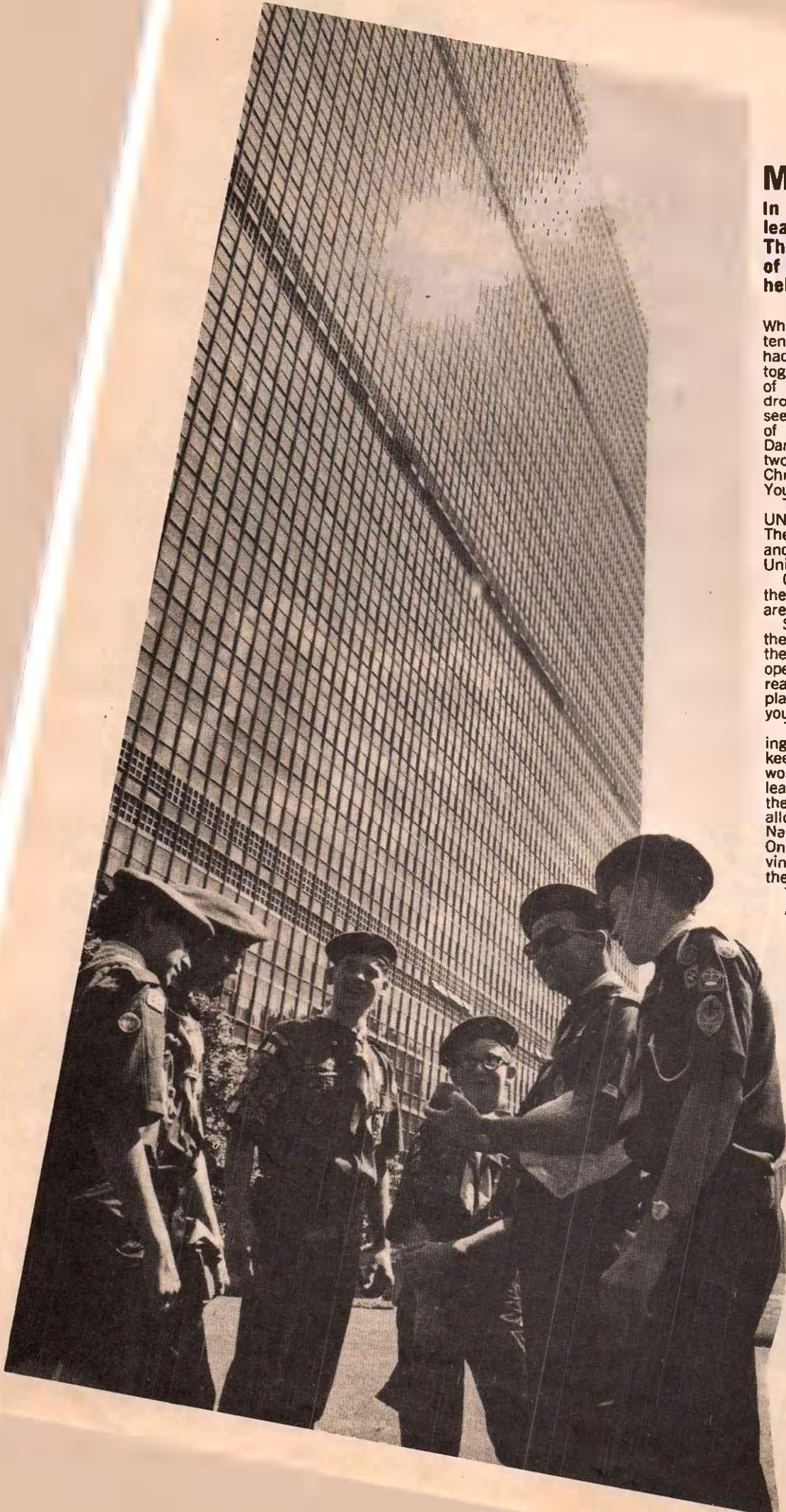
After romping in the surf for a while, these hardy guys decided to practise gymnastics up on the white sand. The appearance on the beach of some pretty girl-type people might've had something to do with this decision!

After all, it was a good way to dry off. And they needed the practice, of course!

By Richard J. Schumert



At Poetto beach on the sunny Mediterranean Sea, Canadian Scouts in Sardinia have the surf to themselves in April. Even though the water is a warm 62 degrees, Italians prefer to wait for summer.



Make Peace Not War

In 23 years the world has endured at least 28 wars, declared and unofficial. This, in spite of the existence and efforts of the UN. Will the UN ever be able to help us keep peace in our time?

What is the United Nations? What it was intended to be? Is it really what 50-odd nations had in mind when they put their best brains together in favor of peace, during the final days of World War Two? Five Scouts from Canada dropped into UN Headquarters in New York to see if they could find out. Doug Bolduc, 16, of Lomond, Alta.; Michael McGrail, 16, and Darell Smith, 15, both of Champion, Alta., and two Vulcan boys, Roger Grant, 14, and Bill Christensen, 13, did get some answers. How? You could do it.

They went on a regular public tour of the UN buildings. They listened to their tour guide. They asked questions. And they sought out and chatted with a Canadian who works in the United Nations Organization.

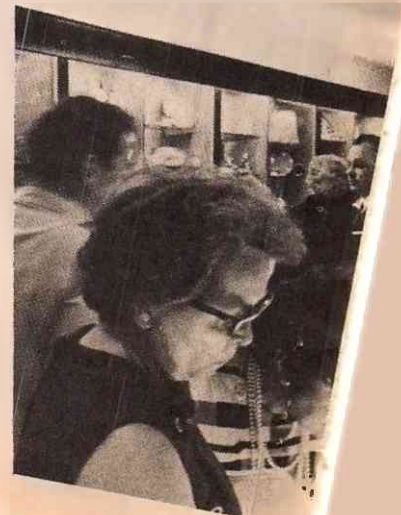
Canada was one of the founding members of the UN. That was 23 years ago. Now there are more than 120 member nations.

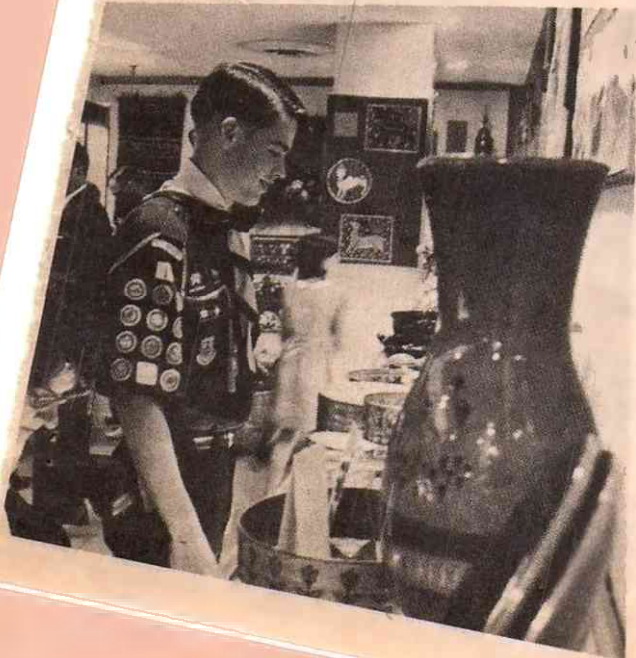
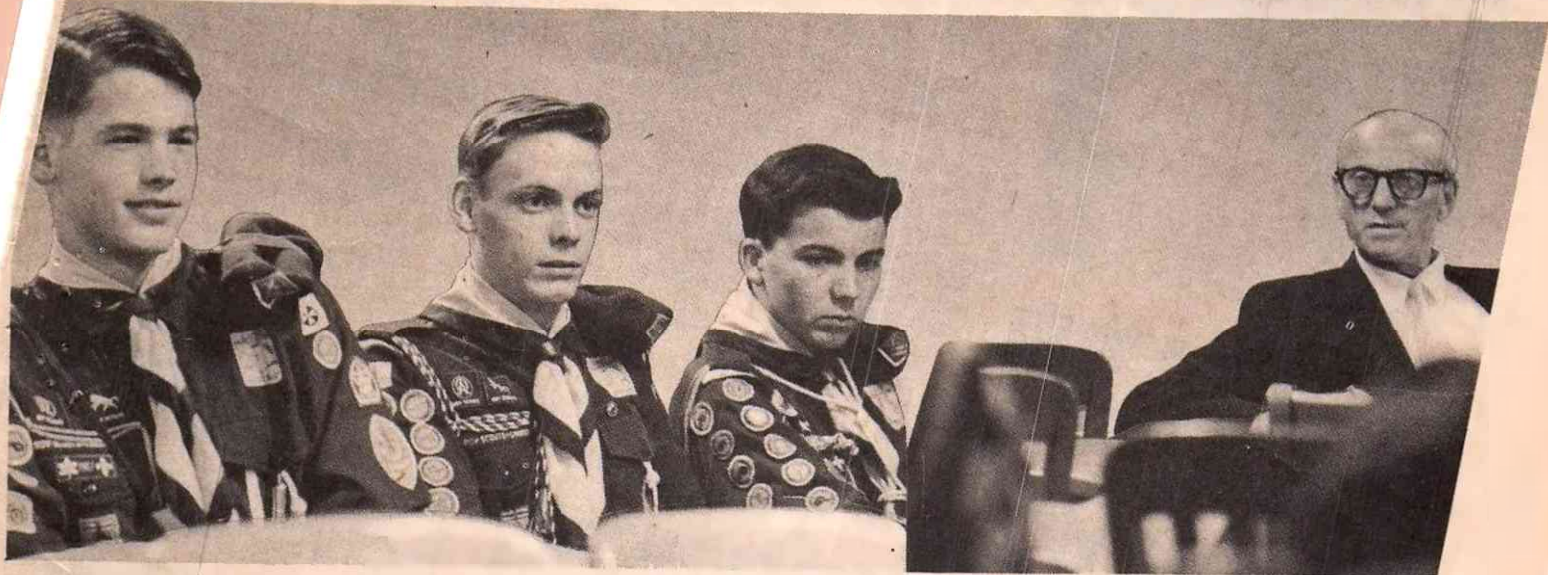
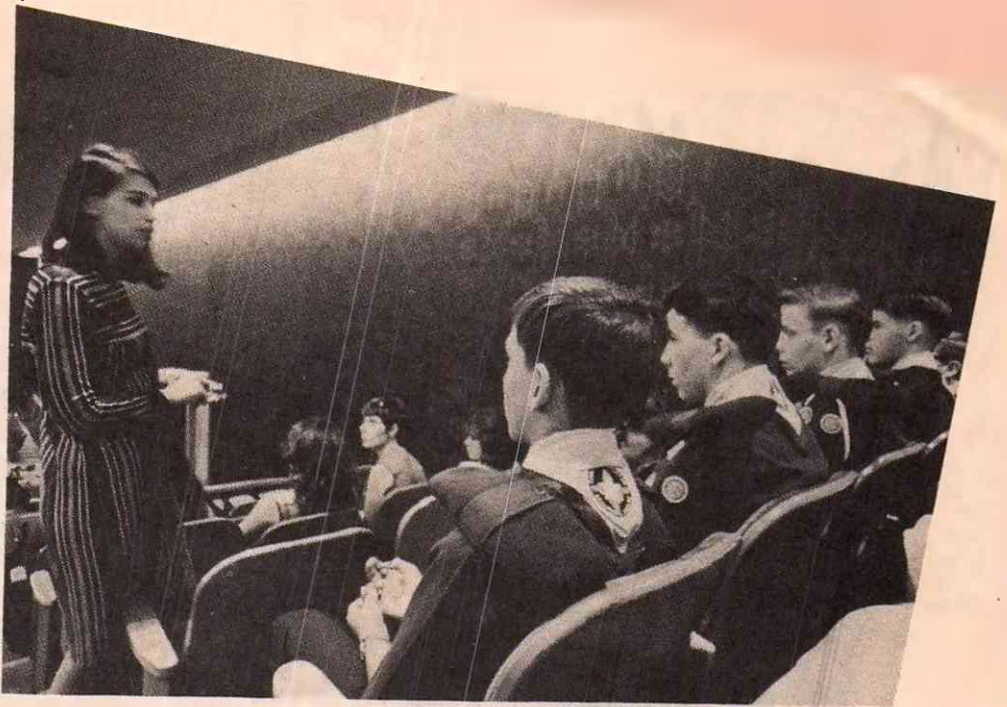
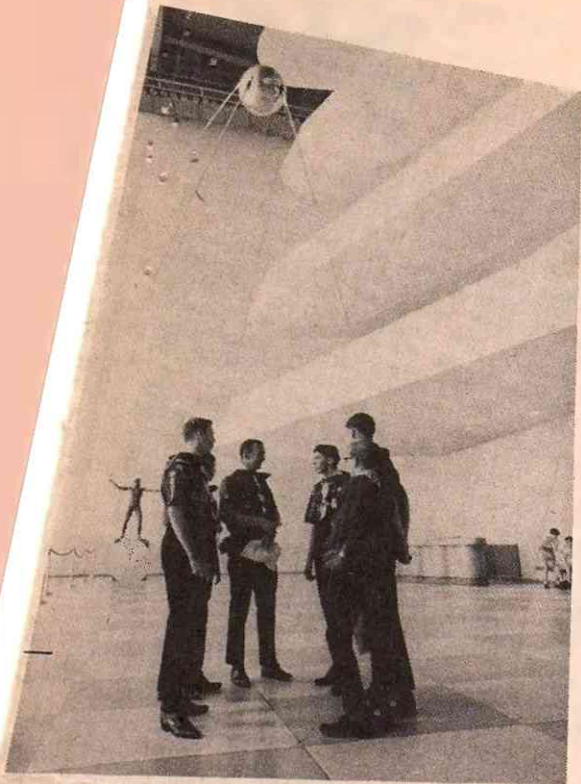
Sometimes the UN fails to keep peace in the world. Sometimes its members don't pay their dues, and won't support peacekeeping operations. Still, the UN is the world's only real hope for peace. At least, it provides a place for talk. As long as you can keep talking, you're not fighting.

The Canadian Scouts came away with a feeling that Canadian activity in the UN — peace-keeping — is the cornerstone of our diplomatic work in the world today. There is, when you leave this great meeting-place, a feeling that the United Nations Organization will not be allowed to crumble, like the old League of Nations eventually did, following World War One. You come away from this place convinced that there is too much at stake to let the world's biggest international club fold up.

Things like peace.
And people.

Left: Scouter Gary Jopling chats with his five travelling companions on the cool lawns beside the UN buildings. The boys' uniforms drew hardly a glance from security guards or passersby, who are accustomed to seeing people from all over the world, in national dress or uniform. How you dress or what language you speak makes no difference here! Most of the guides and information staff can switch from one language to another in mid-sentence.





Top left: Inside the main building, the Canadian group is almost lost in the spacious foyer. Unusual blending of traditional art with space-age artifacts gives the visitor a sense of standing on history's horizon, while gazing through a window to the future.

Top right: Highly informative guide explains setup of General Assembly and Security Council at the UN. The Vulcan boys found it impossible to become bored, with so many attractive sights grabbing their attention! It's still not known which the Scouts noticed more: the UN buildings or the UN guides! Remarkable architecture.

Above: Canadian press attaché S. A. Freifeld, at right, briefs the boys on Canada's role at the UN. He said the Canadian mission's job is primarily one of peacekeeping activities — without appeasement. The boys were interested to know if you had to be bilingual to work for Canada's UN mission. Mr. Freifeld's answer: "Bilingualism is important in Canada, and anywhere else. In the UN, if you are not bilingual when you start working here, they'll soon have you that way!" Still, only 1,200 people in the entire world are qualified to hold a UN interpreter's job!

At left: Even the United Nations has a tuck shop, jam-packed with souvenirs from every imaginable corner of the globe. Little toys from Taiwan, expensive jewelry and valuable vases share the limelight here with simple souvenirs and penny postcards. The boys laid down their money for unusual knives and knick-knacks.

*Photos by Clay Price, Black Star
Photostory by George Bourne*

Hong Kong: Scouting on Red China's doorstep!



Sea Scouts in Hong Kong carry out a camp project. Familiar?

Hong Kong is one of the most important cities in the Far East. It is a tribute to the energy and versatility of the people here, eight thousand miles from England, that by 1909 informal Scouting groups had been formed in Hong Kong.

But inadequate organization and leadership exposed this as a false start. Soon the informal groups ceased to exist.

Between 1911 and 1912, in the face of some difficulty, a group of British merchants and army officers succeeded in founding Scout groups in Hong Kong on an organized basis.

But the movement was still young and, with no assistance or support from Britain, the first Scout troops were weak. A year later the situation had improved and the Hong Kong branch was registered and officially recognized by the Boy Scouts Association in England.

Between the world wars progress was steady. By 1941, the year war broke out in the Pacific, the total strength of Hong Kong Scouts was about 1,500.

During the Japanese occupation the movement became completely inactive.

But Scouts loyally defended their home territory. Forty Scouts lost their lives during the occupation and an appreciable number of Scouts and Scouters endured great hardship in order to reach China, where they could continue to serve against the militant enemy.

When the war ended in 1945, Scouting revived in Hong Kong. By 1946 about 400 pre-war Scouts and Scouters had reorganized a large number of troops. A year later enrollment reached 2,000-

plus. Three Scout Districts were established: Hong Kong Island, Kowloon, and the New Territories. District Commissioners were officially appointed and an efficient headquarters was set up.

The year of the Hong Kong Jamboree, 1959, also celebrated the 50th anniversary of the inauguration of Scouting there. It was the first jamboree ever held in Hong Kong, and it appeared to have been a great success among the 1,600 Scouts who attended it.

In 1961, the year of the Golden Jubilee Jamboree, the movement marked the 50th year of Scouting in Hong Kong. This was a significant milestone in its history and its record of service to the youth of the colony.

The jamboree camp in Kowloon was attended by 3,000 men and boys from the Philippines, Malaya, Singapore, Brunei, Thailand, Japan, and the United States.

More and more young people were attracted to Scouting after that, and the numbers have continued to grow. As a result there are now three Area Headquarters to serve Hong Kong Island, Kowloon, and the New Territories, plus 18 districts!

The years since the jamboree have been busy ones. A great deal of planning and preparatory work has been done for the future development of the movement here.

When Hong Kong Scouts are not out on reforestation schemes, they are starting new projects for the betterment of

Continued on page 20

Warsaw: A pocket of Canadian Cubs behind the Iron Curtain!

Ever hear of a Canadian Wolf Cub Pack with no Canadians and located, of all places, behind the Iron Curtain?

Well, there is one, in Warsaw, capital of Poland.

How come? That's an international story.

In 1962 the Boy Scouts World Bureau in Ottawa received a letter from Group Captain Barry H. Moffit, air attaché at the Canadian Embassy in Warsaw. He wanted to know how to go about organizing a Cub pack for sons of the western diplomatic personnel in the Polish capital.

Since Group Captain Moffit was to be the Cubmaster, it was decided, with the consent of other nations concerned, that the pack would be registered in Canada. So, since 1963, the Warsaw Diplomatic Corps Pack has appeared in the census of Canadian Scouting.

Before this could happen, though, we had to have the consent of all countries concerned. We had not only to get their permission, but to establish that whatever the boys achieved in this international pack would be recognized by Scouters on the local level when the boys returned to their own countries. The nations in-

involved here were Canada, Great Britain, Israel, Finland, the United States, India, Belgium, the United Arab Republic, Argentina, France, and The Netherlands. All these governments and the Scouting officials concerned agreed to the unique proposal and the pack was off to a howling start!

Since that time this pack has remained on registry in Canada, although there are no longer any Canadian boys or leaders in the group.

In 1964 Group Captain Moffit returned to Canada and his son Craig, a charter member of the Warsaw pack, became a Scout in Ottawa. Cubmaster Moffit was succeeded as pack leader by Major R. F. Dorey of the British Embassy. Mrs. J. Luckin, also from the British Embassy, served as his assistant.

Later, Colonel J. T. A. Zwiijnenberg of The Netherlands Embassy became the pack's Akela. His assistants were Mrs. Yvonne Legrendre of the French Embassy and Corporal Jack Burns, United States Marine Corps.

The Western Diplomatic Corps Cub Pack, as the group came to be known, boasts one of the most distinguished

Group Committees in existence. Its membership includes the British Ambassador, the United States Ambassador, the Canadian Ambassador, and representatives of a number of other western embassies in Warsaw.

The pack continues to use the old Two Star Program and has made frequent exchange visits with Polish Cub Packs. The Polish Boy Scout movement still exists, but its government does not permit affiliation with world Scouting.

The Canadian pack has joined in weekend camps, regular pack meetings, campfires and other Cubbing activities with their Polish counterparts. It has been a happy and rewarding association for boys from both sides of the political barrier.

Colonel Zwiijnenberg is still the Pack Scouter, and his assistant is now Miss N. Collins of the British Embassy.

Membership includes boys from Great Britain, Finland, France, the United States, India, Afghanistan, and Japan.

And, as we started out to say, there's not a Canadian boy or Canadian leader in sight in this Canadian Cub pack behind the Iron Curtain! *By Bert Mortlock*



If you're going buggly over badges there are thousands of others who are doing the same thing! Trading is wild among badge collectors, at jamborees, meetings, or by mail!

Collecting and Trading Badges

BY EVAN MORRIS

An increasingly popular hobby among Scouts is collecting badges — Scout badges, that is. Almost any badges are collected, but the favorite types are the provincial and district badges which Scouts wear on their uniform, and sometimes individual town or city crests.

Other sought-after badges are those from jamborees, especially foreign ones, such as the Seventh Australian Jamboree, or the National Jamboree held at Valley Forge in the United States.

Scout flag badges from foreign countries are also popular. These badges are given to Scouts to wear on their uniform when they attend jamborees in another country. Collectors in many parts of the world are asking for the maple leaf flag badge, which has replaced the red ensign.

If you're interested in collecting badges, the best way to start is to

buy from your Troop Scouter a dozen or so of your provincial and district badges. If the badges are made of silk, they won't cost too much, but the hard-backed crests vary considerably in price. The best possible time to exchange these badges is at a jamboree. Most Scouts at one time or another have the chance to go to a jamboree, particularly a provincial one.

All provincial jamborees see troops attending from the other provinces, and usually one or more troops from the United States; so you have a chance to get badges from all Canadian provinces, as well as from another country. If you're good at bargaining, you should do all right, and perhaps come home with twice as many badges as when you left! But if you're not good at this type of frantic trading — beware!

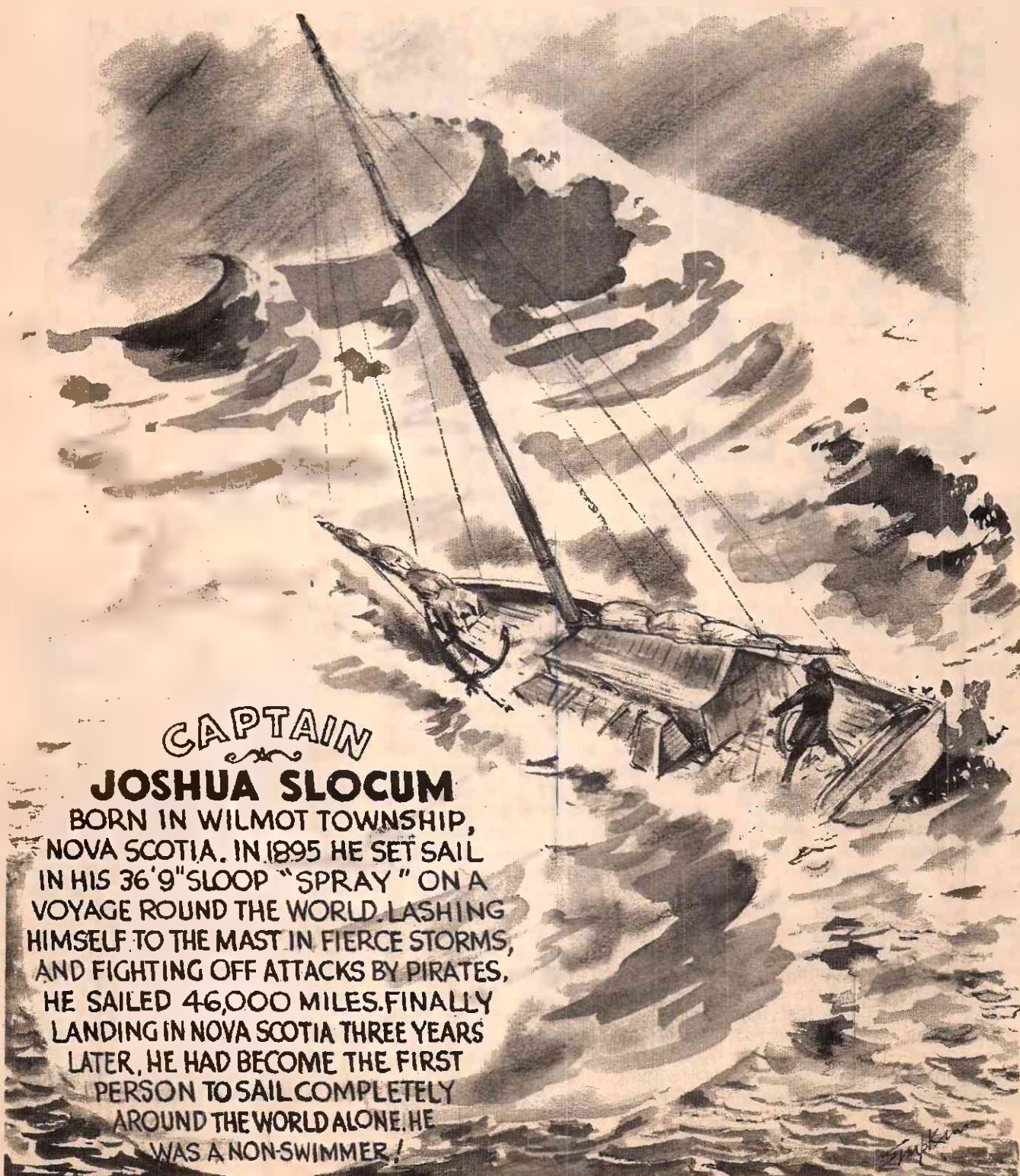
For more serious collectors, trad-

ing badges by mail is another possibility. By exchanging in this way, you can get Scout badges from other countries, especially the Commonwealth nations. Bartering by mail is not at all like the hectic trading that goes on at jamborees. Badges are usually exchanged on a one-for-one basis, and in this way you can get a large number of valuable badges at low cost.

When you've gathered a bunch of badges, you'll probably be faced with the problem of how to display them. One method is to sew the badges on to cloth squares of different colors. Felt is usually a good material to sew them on.

Another method is to pin the badges in their proper positions on a large wall map. As long as you have a good selection of badges, and the map doesn't get too cluttered, then this method will give you a handsome effect.

GREAT CANADIANS



CAPTAIN

JOSHUA SLOCUM

BORN IN WILMOT TOWNSHIP,
NOVA SCOTIA. IN 1895 HE SET SAIL
IN HIS 36'9" SLOOP "SPRAY" ON A
VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD. LASHING
HIMSELF TO THE MAST IN FIERCE STORMS,
AND FIGHTING OFF ATTACKS BY PIRATES,
HE SAILED 46,000 MILES. FINALLY
LANDING IN NOVA SCOTIA THREE YEARS
LATER, HE HAD BECOME THE FIRST
PERSON TO SAIL COMPLETELY
AROUND THE WORLD ALONE. HE
WAS A NON-SWIMMER!

TAR SANDS

Continued from page 11

plane, keeping his rifle aimed at the flier. At the entrance, Grant faced the guard, who watched him carefully as he climbed from the cabin. Sommers was about to climb down the small ladder to the floor when the guard suddenly grunted and fell forward.

"Wha-," The big man had no chance to finish the word, for Grant hit him in a football tackle. Sommers fell from the float with the flier on top of him. Grabbing the gangster by the front of his jacket, Grant slammed his fist once, twice into the beefy jaw, and felt Sommers go limp.

"Okay, champion! That's enough!"

Grant looked up. Chuck grinned at him from the shore. Beside him, Ricky reached down to help Grant pull the unconscious gangster from the water.

Grant stared at his friend. "What are you made up for — Robin Hood or Hiawatha?" he asked.

Chuck waved his home-made bow, with an arrow already notched and ready for release. "You'd better thank your stars I still remember how to make these. A shot would have tipped off that plug-ugly who was guarding you, and you might now have an additional hole in your head."

"What about the other guard?"

Grant asked, looking toward the sprawled figure on the grass.

"Don't worry about him." Chuck said grimly, and Grant shuddered slightly as he saw the feathered arrow protruding from between the man's shoulder blades.

"Look, when you two get finished with all this chatter, how about some action to get Madeleine and Corporal Davis?" Ricky snapped.

"Right." Grant picked up the guard's rifle. "Ricky, get some rope from the plane and tie Sommers up. Then you get on that radio and try to raise the Searchmaster."

"And what are you going to be doing?" the boy asked.

Grant looked at Chuck. "We're going after Madeleine."

"How come I get left behind?" asked Ricky angrily.

"Because we need help. There are three of those drilling rigs in the neighborhood manned by about fifty men, all killers, and if the other two find out we're alive and kicking, they might send for reinforcements."

"Okay," the boy said.

Chuck clapped him on the shoulder. "Switch to the PAL* frequency, because the air force plane may be pretty far away. Stick with the radio until help comes. We're counting on you, Ricky. Fifty men are too many for us to handle."

"Come on, Chuck," Grant said impatiently. "We've got to move fast."

It wasn't hard to find the hidden drilling site in daylight. Grant was astonished by the size of the place when he caught his first glimpse of the huge green mass of camouflage netting through the trees.

Briefly, Chuck explained what he had learned. "And they move these rigs westward every night, drilling a long chamber underground with lasers," he said.

"But why is there no sign of a hole in the surface?" Grant asked.

"It's like the x-rays they use in treating cancer," Chuck explained, leading Grant into a clump of bushes where they could scramble under the tent canopy unseen. "The rays pass right through skin and bone without harming them, and burn only the cancer."

"Pretty advanced technology for a bunch of gangsters!" Grant muttered.

"Hold it!" Chuck whispered. "Over there!" he added, pointing.

Grant could see a number of men working around several helicopters.

"The big ones are used to haul supplies and machinery," Chuck whispered. "Those little ones are scouts, and deadly!" He pointed to the lasers mounted on the nose.

Grant could see Duncan among the group of men around the helicopters. Madeleine and Corporal Davis were close at hand, tied to one of the long steel posts that held up the ceiling of the huge tent.

"The way I figure it," Chuck whispered, "they plan to load us aboard our plane, then after dark, one of those big cargo carriers will air-lift it to some small, deep lake, where the laser choppers will blast it into wreckage."

"Just another accident in the bush," Grant replied through clenched teeth.

The Windigo fliers could see Duncan talking to Madeleine and Corporal Davis. They saw him throw his head back in a laugh, then speak to the other men, who joined in the laughter.

"Bunch of cold-blooded killers, making fun of their victims." Grant

felt anger surge inside him. The men were drifting away now to other tasks, and Duncan had entered the small-tracked vehicle that served as the central control of the drilling complex.

Desperately, Grant searched the interior with his eyes. A huge mass of metal, about the height of a three-story building, caught his attention.

"What's that?" he asked Chuck.

"That's the monster," the Indian replied. "The drilling rig. It's hoisted into the sky by a sort of retractable tripod built right into the body. That little penthouse on top is the main laser, used for drilling."

A plan was beginning to form in Grant's head. It was desperate, but it might just succeed.

"Look, all this stuff piled around here stretches right up to where Madeleine and the Corporal are tied up. If I created a diversion, could you slip up and cut them loose?"

Chuck nodded, a worried look on his face. "But be careful."

Grant gave the big Indian's shoulder a squeeze, then scrambled towards the huge laser machine. Chuck slipped away towards the captives his hunting knife held steadily in his hand.

Grant had no idea what he would do once he reached the machine, but since this was the main part of the entire operation, it seemed to him the best objective to aim for. Fervently, he hoped Ricky was reaching someone by radio.

A small steel door on the side of the machine caught his eye and he headed for that. Suddenly there was a shout! Grant whirled. One of the black-clad guards had spotted him and was reaching for a pistol belted around his waist.

Firing from the hip, Grant dropped the man with his rifle, then hurled himself through the steel door. There was a confused babble of shouts and commands in the tent now. Men began racing towards the sound of the shot.

Inside the machine, Grant saw a steel ladder that vanished through an overhead hatch and darted towards it. Feet clattered hollowly overhead and he caught a glimpse of black-clad legs coming down the ladder. A hand appeared, clutching a gun. Grant fired again, the explosion echoing loudly in the steel chamber. A black-clad figure tumbled down the ladder and lay still.

At the top of the ladder, Grant

Continued on page 27

*Peripheral

Wheels

The sleek red sports car hurtled into the S-turn at 70 miles an hour, tires howling. The driver cut the steering wheel hard right, and floored the accelerator. The red car straightened and headed down the backstretch, flat out. Its exhaust sound rose to a screaming "puff-puff-puff-puff" . . .

Hey . . . wait a minute! A car exhaust that goes "puff-puff-puff-puff"??

Yep! Just like an old-time railway locomotive. The sleek red sports car is driven by a steam engine — an old type of automotive powerplant that may be on the edge of a big comeback!

Steam cars were big news in the early days of auto history. Doble Detroit and Stanley Steamers were as famous as Oldsmobiles and Mercers. But the gasoline engine won the battle and the steam engine became an automotive museum piece.

Now, steamers are in the news again. Both General Motors and Ford are experimenting with steam power. Los Angeles County has begun a series of freeway tests with a steam-driven Volkswagen.

Main reason for revived interest in steam is air pollution. Standard gas-burning engines cause heavy pollution of our atmosphere. A steam engine, fuelled with kerosene, diesel juice, bunker oil, or even paint thinner, burns much cleaner.

Steam cars are also a little easier to drive. They need only three controls — a throttle, a cutoff, and a brake. Because steam drive is direct, there are no transmissions, gearshifts, or clutches.

Main problem with the steamers is size. Because a steam car must carry along its own water tank, steam powerplants tend to be bulky. However, factory engineers are working on this problem and say they think they'll soon find an answer.

What about performance? Just fine! The Los Angeles experimental Volkswagen gets up working pressure in 14 seconds, goes 36 miles on a gallon of cheap fuel, and drives ordinary motorists straight up the steering column as it whizzes past them on the freeway, blowing its whistle and going "puff-puff-puff-puff!" **By Roger Appleton**

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SCOUTING ROUND THE WORLD

SWEDEN (from page 7)

for Staffan this summer. Those patrol leaders who are outstanding and who are going up to the Senior Scouting branch next term have the chance to take part in a "Blue Hike". This is held in four different parts of Sweden each year. More than a hundred girls and boys live an exciting Scout adventure during a period of 10 to 12 days.

The hike Staffan is going on will involve a raft, going down one of the large rivers in western Sweden, close to Norway.

They will spend their days and nights on board the raft, make excursions on land, and anchor up for the evenings to have campfires. Staffan has heard so much about Blue Hikes that he is eagerly looking forward to this summer's trip.

Staffan's troop leader is going to be the leader of the Explorer Belt Expedition to Scotland this summer. There was some discussion in the family about Staffan going, but they decided he was too young. He couldn't have gone anyway: minimum age is 16.

Staffan's experience with camps abroad amounts to participating in a jamboree in Denmark. There he enjoyed meeting Scouts from other nations, and he came to the conclusion that international friendship is a great thing!

To go back to our Christmas morning scene, it should be said that after the service everybody got hot cocoa and buns, in the great hall of the School for Blind Children. Staffan's troop has invited the blind troop to their meetings on occasion, and his gang all enjoyed being with the handicapped Scouts.

In the Scout Hall, which is now in the premises of the football stadium at Solna, every unit of the group has a board. On the board of Staffan's troop everybody pins up clippings from the press, which they think are funny or informative. The system works well and keeps everybody up-to-date as well as in good humor!

Coming home from the church parade, Staffan felt he had earned some sleep. So, at nine in the morning, he was fast asleep again. Sleep is a good thing for growing Scouts, too! **By A. E. Ende**

MEXICO (from page 8)

and another for the little guys. The most fun of all, according to Pancho, is watching the fathers trying to break their *pinata*.

Mexican Scouts often arrange *posadas* for poor children. And their good turns throughout the year might include collecting clothing and toys for the poor.

Still, the main reason most Mexican boys join the Scouts is to have fun. And, for Pancho and Carlos, 1968 will provide even more fun than usual.

In not very many months, the marathon runners will race past the corner of their street again. This time, it will be the real thing: the 1968 Olympic Games. Pancho, who competes in the 5,000-meter races at his school, is most interested

in the long-distance running and the diving competitions. Carlos, a soccer player himself, is just as excited about the football and swimming competitions.

I asked Carlos if he would be watching the football games at the Olympics.

"*Quien sabe?*" he said, answering me in his native language. Then, in English, with a shrug: "Who knows?"

Pancho grinned in harmony with his brother. "Mexican Scouts are going to be pretty busy this year," he said.

And that must be some kind of record for understatement! **By Merna Leviston**

AUSTRALIA (from page 9)

frey finds himself part of some sweeping new thinking introduced only in the past decade or so. His curriculum involves geography, art, technical drawing, English, maths angled towards the age of the computer, science in a wider sense, woodwork, music, and physical education. It's a course designed to give the student a broad base of knowledge, rather than steering him too narrowly towards specialties in academic or technical studies before he's ready to decide on his career.

Jeffrey also finds himself working and playing with new settlers from Europe, North America, and Asia.

The Clarks have a car but Jeffrey hasn't travelled much yet, except to country centres fairly close to Sydney. There is a motor vehicle for every four people in Australia, according to government statistics.

Scouting will give Jeffrey the chance to go to jamborees in the main capitals every four years. Meanwhile he's working on his First Class, which involves a hike into the Royal National Park. That's an area of varied natural bushland, ranging from bald sandstone plateaus to lush rain forests, beginning on the southern fringes of Sydney and occupying a coastal strip of 40,000 acres.

Ahead of Jeffrey Clark lie almost unlimited opportunities to choose what he will do with his life. He is a reflection of an Australia which, in little more than the short span of his own lifetime, has developed a new spirit of independence, thought, and action, and a real sense of destiny.

HONG KONG (from page 16)

Hong Kong as a place to live and to grow up. Five-year plans have been begun.

These are aimed at furthering Scouting's service to youth in the colony. And they're going after more leaders, more and better training and camping facilities, and leadership cadres.

Today Hong Kong's enrollment stands at 18,000. About 99 percent of this number are Chinese Boy Scouts, a tribute to the international appeal of Lord Baden-Powell's dreams and schemes of so long ago. **By Evan C. Jones**

Evan Jones is a 15-year-old Scout living in Hong Kong. He is interested in writing as well as in the history and future of Scouting, in the colony and around the world.

Books

Clarke Wallace, who has done a wide range of reporting and writing for *CANADIAN BOY*, once again demonstrates his keen insight into and understanding of the personalities of boys and girls — how they think, what they do, and why — in his *Montreal Adventure* (Burns & MacEachern, \$3.95). As a first book, it is surprisingly un-autobiographical and free of the painful soul-searchings so often evident in a writer's first novel. This book is also a Canadian literary milestone of sorts: it sets the story in the vicinity of Expo, in Montreal, in Centennial Year, and it smacks of a bilingual flavor.

Canadian author Kerry Wood has published another of his big paperbacks, this time a guide of hobbies and handicrafts which he calls *A Time for Fun*. It's riddled with references to Scouting and deals mainly with making happy use of wilderness materials you can pick up around streams, ponds and lakes. *A Time for Fun* costs \$3.95 a copy and is in most Canadian book stores. You can also get it direct from Kerry Wood by writing to him at Box 122, Red Deer, Alta.

David Harwood's third book, *Scouts Indeed!* (Clarke, Irwin, \$3.85) offers encouragement to anyone in Scouting who may be losing faith in the Movement or losing confidence in his own ability to give further service through Scouting and gain any worthwhile experiences from it. As Ralph Reader says in his foreword to Harwood's work: "In the pages of this book you will re-discover our faith in the younger generation and particularly in our movement . . . In this year of our Diamond Jubilee we enter into a new phase of our Scouting. I believe that you will find encouragement when you read this book." We couldn't pretend to say it better, Mr. Reader!

Many Beavers (Dodd, Mead, \$4.25) by Harry Sinclair Drago, is the story of a young Cree Indian boy, crippled from birth, and his friendship with a bear. This is a heartwarming story. But it is also a graphic picture of the way an isolated band of Crees, far from their homeland in Manitoba, lived deep in the forest of British Columbia in 1885.

Allan W. Eckert's *Wild Season*

(Little, Brown, \$5.95) is the detailed day-by-day observation of what happened in the month of May, at Oak Lake, near the Illinois-Wisconsin border. There is nothing soft about the life at Oak Lake. Yet nature's harsh world is rarely mean or ugly. This book contains stories of remarkable animal heroism!

Life in the raw is something we've all dreamed of. Tom Neale did something about it! He tells you what in his book, *An Island to Oneself* (Collins, \$6.00), and how he made out alone on his personal desert island. Beautiful color photos!

Whether you're a Scout or not, *Knotcraft* (Welch, \$6.50) by Allan and Paulette Macfarlan, can help you in work, play, games, stunts, magic and general fascination. Fully illustrated throughout its 186 pages.

Dr. H. C. King's *Book of Astronomy* (Collins, \$3.95) is only one of a number he has written on the science of the stars. Dr. King, who is now director of the new planetarium of the Royal Ontario Museum at Toronto, believes astronomy is a scientific discipline. At the same time it does not bar the non-specialist; so this science, and Dr. King's beautifully illustrated book, should prove interesting to anyone who has even noticed the night sky!

Windows to Space (Little, Brown, \$5.75) is written especially for the amateur astronomer. It deals with the two huge "windows" through which men can look into space: telescopic astronomy, and radio astronomy. You'll get some of the history of astronomy, too, from the picture-packed pages of this worthwhile book!

Elinor Chamberlain's *Mystery of the Jungle Airstrip* (Lippincott, \$4.25) would be a good thing to pick up if you're looking for a birthday present for your sister! You might even want to read it yourself, even though this fast-paced, suspense-filled novel is about an American girl in the Philippine jungles. Adventure is where you find it!

Husky of the Mounties (Dent, \$3.50) by Francis Dickie is a collection of Canadian animal stories, written to awaken new interest in the strange loyalties of animals. The title of the book is really the title of the first of the ten stories in this little gem. The last five yarns all concern themselves with Queen, the Airedale. There's a hair-raising one in there about Black Death, the wolf-dog!

Victor Ambrus has done some admirable illustrations for some of the more dramatic scenes.

On Course! (Macmillan, \$5.50) by S. Carl Hirsch recounts the whole history of navigation on the sea, in the air and in space as far as man has gone — and returned to tell about it. Illustrations by William Steinel are as informative as Mr. Hirsch's easy-to-read text, and add to the reader's general enjoyment of this big book.

U.S.S. Mudskipper (Dodd, Mead, \$5.50) by William M. Hardy, is another good novel, set off the coast of Japan. It's the tense tale of the submarine that wrecked a train.

The Sea Cub (Musson, \$2.10) by Showell Styles, and *Tawny Trail* (Musson, \$2.10) by Falcon Travis, are both for Cubs. These two adventure stories fit right in with Cubbing, and the first one should also interest Sea Scouts.

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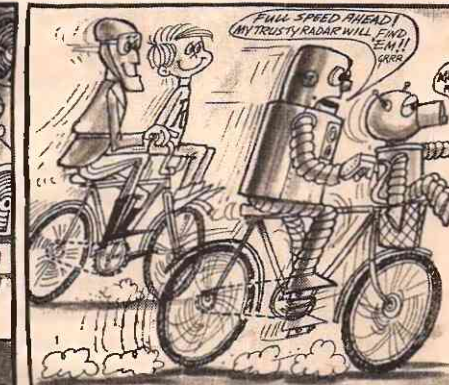
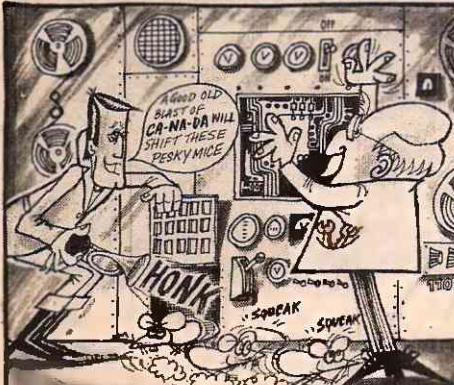
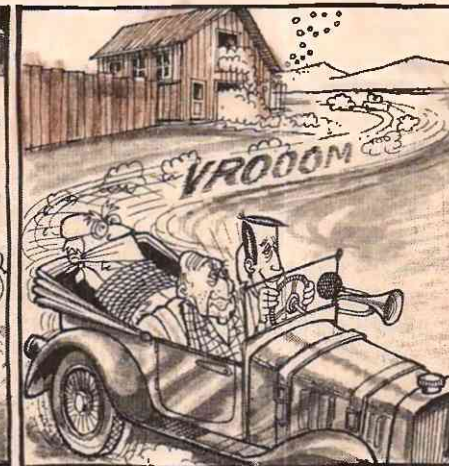
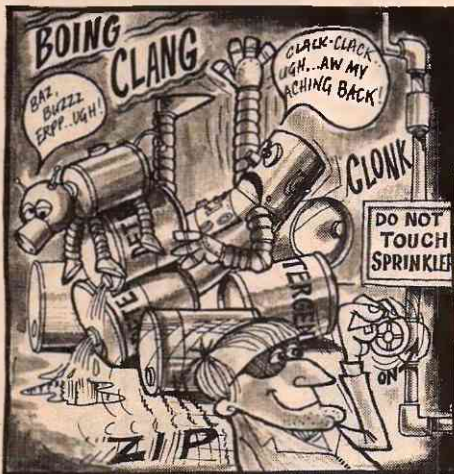
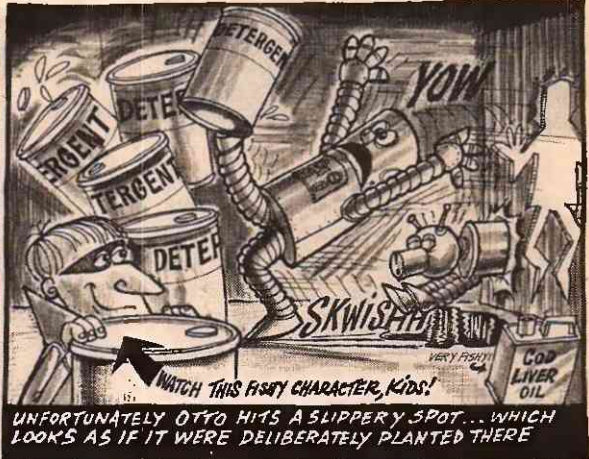
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2068 A.D.

OTTO Matic

BY VIC ATKINSON

Capt. Wings McFlapp, Robin Rover, Otto-matic and Rintin Can have landed near an old soap factory which is the hideout of the bad guys who have kidnapped Prof Twiddle. They plan to force the Prof to reactivate the Great Computer so they can gain control of the Robot world. Otto throws caution to the winds and enters the factory rather forcibly.



MEANWHILE AT THE GREAT COMPUTER CENTRE THE PROF REPAIRS THE INNARDS WHILE ROBERT PLAYS A BLAST OF CA-NA-DA SCARING AWAY THE MICE.

UNABLE TO RESTART THE AIRCRAFT, OUR QUICK THINKING HEROES COMMANDER TWO BICYCLES AND PEDAL OFF IN PURSUIT...

FINALLY THE GREAT COMPUTER IS FIXED AND READY... BUT WHERE ARE OUR HEROES?? WILL THEY ARRIVE IN TIME?? TO BE CONTINUED.

Penpals

Doug Bird, 14, of 17 Phillips Crescent, Saskatoon, Sask., collects stamps and coins and is eager to trade with other philatelists and numismatists. He's also an amateur photographer. He'll write to anybody, anywhere.

Shane Downs, 159 Casey Street, St. John's, Nfld., is 12 and goes for swimming and boating, camping and shooting. He's a Scout, and would like a penpal from any place at all.

Brent Kennedy, Box 744, Cloverdale, B.C., is interested in matchbook collecting. If you want to send him interesting items for his collection, he offers to help you with any collection you might have. (Keep it down to something you can get into a mailbox, guys! — LS)

Barry Hayward of Apartment 27, at 717 Irvine Street, Fredericton, N.B., likes hockey, baseball, books, and model building. He's 10 and wants a p.p. from outside New Brunswick.

Mark Simkins, 36 Lawrence Drive, M.P., Trenton, Ont., and **Doug Frey**, 660 Davis Street, Prince Albert, Sask., are joining forces to offer a stamp collector's service. Write to either of them for more information about their trading service.

Robert Fairbairn of 314 Cartier Street, Drummondville, Que., is organizing a worldwide stamp service for collectors who are interested in mint specimens, at current face values.

Cam Patterson, 13, of Box 607, Indian Head, Sask., has been an avid stamp collector for more than eight years. He'll trade British Commonwealth issues.

Ivo Finotti of 9598 Hamelin, Montreal 12, Que., will trade stamps with anyone. Just send him a stamped self-addressed envelope. He has a worldwide selection available.

Geoffery Nowak of 137 Camelot Drive, North Bay, Ont., has a bunch of stamps he'll trade off for pre-1954 coins. Write to him and see what you can work out!

Mike Martin, 16, of 1747 Christmas Avenue, Victoria, B.C., is interested in

track and field, hockey, baseball, painting, drag racing, sailing, and the out-of-doors. He'll correspond with boys or girls, anywhere, who have interests similar to his own.

Terry Love, of 7th Drive, Oliver, B.C., wants a p.p. from Alberta eastward to P.E.I., preferably somebody who's 12, in grade 7, likes The Monkees, The Beatles, records, TV, and movies. (Note: Our MOVIES man is doing two full-length features this year instead of monthly columns, Terry. Answer your question?)

Greg Feeham, 11-year-old Scout, lives at 7604 Laurier Drive, Edmonton, Alta., likes swimming and skiing, and will correspond with anybody, anywhere.

Grant Parsons, 21 Woodgrove Drive, West Hill, Ont., wants a penpal outside Ontario. He is 12 and is interested in radio, jazz, crafts, and nature.

David McLean of 1167 Albany Drive, Ottawa 5, Ont., is looking for a p.p. around 11 or 12, interested in aviation and life in the Northwest.

Brian Speck of 30 Kesler Avenue, Ottawa 5, Ont., would like a p.p. outside Ontario or Quebec. He's 10 and likes girls, sports, music, and chemistry.

Scott Edgett, 150 Mount Edward Road, Charlottetown, P.E.I., is 11, likes stamp collecting and wants a penpal from outside Canada.

Paul Chantler of 610 McCowan Road, Scarborough, Ont., is 10 and would like a p.p. in Newfoundland or Quebec. He goes for boating, stamps, and wild animals!

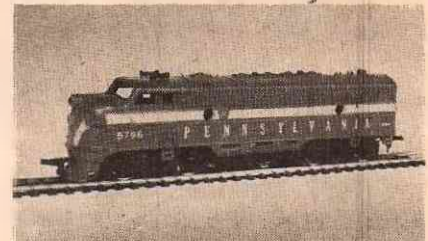
Donald Desserud, Box 6, Grove Hill, Bathurst, N.B., is 11 and is actively interested in fishing, hunting, cars, model cars, drag races and the sciences. He'd like a p.p. from Jamaica, West Indies.

Barry Adams of 1930 Bancroft Drive, Sudbury, Ont., is a Sea Cadet who's looking for a penpal. His favorite activities, besides reading CB, are fishing, skiing, chess and competitive sports.

Clayton Savage, 121 Crofton Bay, Winnipeg 8, Manitoba, would like a p.p. anywhere in Canada interested in radiation, science, the future, and basic chemistry. Eight-or-nine-year-olds, please.

ATTENTION HO TRAIN MODELERS!

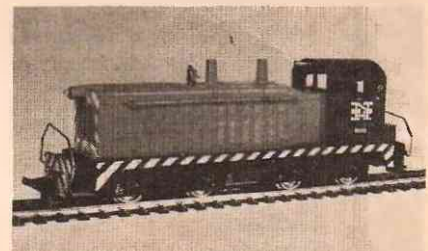
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THOSE WONDERFUL TWO-WHEELED MACHINES!

By Roger Appleton

PART TWO



Bicycles make surprisingly good drag racers, particularly if the course is paved and shortened to one-eighth of a mile, half the length of the normal quarter-mile car drag strip. A good bike man can skid the rear tire easily on takeoff; a real expert can even make the rear skin smoke a little on asphalt or concrete. Bike drags, like car drags, should have a starter with a flag, to make sure everyone gets off fairly.

Now let's consider another type of bike sport — stunt riding. This is best for older fellows who have learned all there is to know about the basics of cycle riding. Stunt cycling is like any other sport; you don't try the fancy

tricks until you know the fundamentals.

For stunt riding, always wear full protective equipment and make it the best quality you can find. There's no way to avoid it . . . you're going to get a few hard knocks while practising your routines. Hard knocks are part of many sports, and you'll certainly get some stiff jolts playing hockey or football, but it's always better to be well prepared for them.

If you have four or five friends interested in stunt cycling you can get together and work out a full stunt show with a complete program of riding tricks!

A good way to open the show is a fast skid turn, with every rider doing the trick at the same time. To make a skid turn to the right, stand on the brake pedal with your right foot and cut the handlebars right gently. When the skid starts, make it sharper by shifting your weight to increase the outward slide of the back wheel. When the bicycle begins to tip over, step off. You should finish the turn standing upright, your weight planted firmly on your right foot, with the bicycle leaning on an angle, held gracefully by the handlebars in your left hand.

Switching riders is spectacular, with cyclists changing machines on the move. Experts can stand up on the seat or crossbar, or do headstands. You can lift the front wheel high off the ground and pedal along, balancing on the rear wheel like a prancing mustang. You can also practise building pyramids, with two, three or more riders on the same machine.

It's better to practise in the beginning with the machine held firmly by

a friend or braced up against a tree. Then you can work on getting your own balance right without having to worry about balancing the bicycle, too.

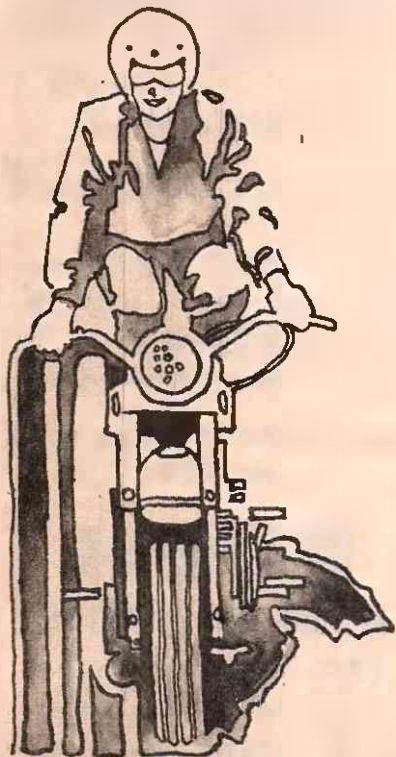
On a bicycle you can do almost everything you can on a motorcycle, except that you can't do it as fast, or nearly as long. When you have a motorbike, the world is at your throttle hand. You can travel hundreds of miles a day, or cross Canada in a week!

With a motorcycle the streets are fair game, but drive carefully. Notice I'm not saying drive slowly. Slowpoke driving isn't safe driving by any means. Caution is fine and necessary, but dawdling along a busy street or highway just invites accidents.

Most of the time, cars and trucks are travelling close to the legal speed limit. A slow moving vehicle in the way is a real hazard. If your motorcycle is one of the small-engined, low speed jobs, keep it off the main arterial roads or freeways. Here's a good guide to follow: if your bike's top speed isn't at least as high as the posted speed limit . . . say 60 miles per hour on a 60 mph limit freeway . . . you shouldn't be on that road. You're safer taking some other route.

As commonsense will tell you, some games that were merely rugged on bicycles become murder on motorbikes! Hockey-stick polo is an example. People are going to get badly hurt.

Scavenger hunts are fine, but don't set a time limit, or riders will be racing around the country at 70 or 80 miles an hour, trying to beat the clock. The hunt list should be made out so brains are more important than an itchy throttle hand.



With a few minor changes, almost any lightweight motorcycle can be rigged for trail riding. There are few things more satisfying than a good run on an eager trail bike, turning swiftly away from the highway's noise and traffic to explore the cool, quiet hills and woods and blue lake country. Just take it easy and don't ride rough. If something breaks, you're a long way from the garage!

Because of the chance of mechanical failure out in the wilderness, it's always better to ride trail with a buddy or two on machines of their own. If you break down, at least someone can tow you over the smooth spots on the way back home. It's also a good idea to carry a tow rope, a basic set of hand tools and a few spare parts and learn how to make small on-the-spot repairs.

Motorcycle enduros are interesting events, especially for riders who belong to a cycle club. The object of an enduro is to travel a certain distance at a regular speed. For example, if the course is 30 miles long, the time allowed to cover it could be 60 minutes. The trick is to ride at a steady 30 miles an hour, not jackrabbit along in a bunch of different speed ranges. The

tougher the course, the harder it is to keep up the right average speed.

To make sure riders hold a steady pace, "checkpoints" are set up along the course. Five miles apart would be fine. A rider gets penalty points for passing a checkpoint too early, or too late. The man with the fewest penalty points wins. A rider who misses a checkpoint completely is automatically disqualified.

Long distance travelling, tenting, camping and touring are all great on motorcycles. You're out in the open air, seeing the country better than you ever could by car. When travelling always pack a heavy waterproof cape or slicker and put a couple of changes of dry clothing in the saddlebags. Nothing ruins a bike trip faster than cold, sippy clothing.

The main rule for successful motorcycling is to learn to handle your machine well and use common sense. A fall off a bicycle is seldom serious; a spill with a fast moving motorcycle almost always means big trouble. Never mount a motorbike without first putting on a crash helmet! Make it a proper road or racing helmet, not hockey or football gear, and get the best one you can possibly buy. This is

no place to hunt cheap bargains. If you can't afford the best crash-helmet made, you can't afford to go motorcycling!

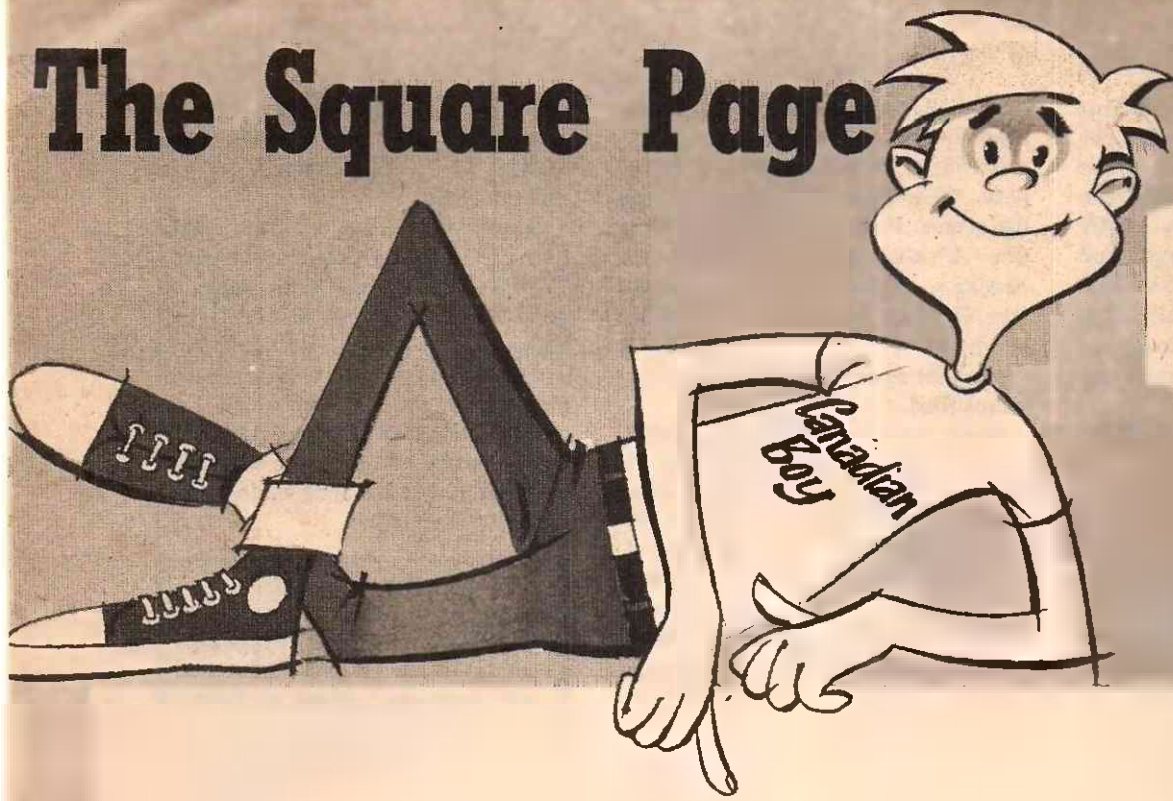
So get a good hat, kick the engine into life and head for open country. There's lots of fun, with plenty of good company along the trails and highways. It makes no difference whether you own a fifty-centimetre puttputt or an eight-cubic-inch twin cylinder streak of lightning. As long as you have two wheels, a set of handlebars and a sweet-running motor, that's all that really matters.

BACK ISSUES
Some back issues of Canadian Boy from 1965 and 1966 are still available. Cost is 10 cents per magazine. Write to Back Issues, CANADIAN BOY, P.O. Box 5151, Station F, Ottawa 5.

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



The Square Page



DEDICATED TO
THE GREAT
KNOW-IT-ALL

Start a Tape Exchange

In a hundred lands, Cubs go places and do things — things you'd like to hear about. Getting to know some of these people, and letting them get to know you, can be a ball!

Make and exchange tapes with Cubs in other countries, and in other parts of Canada. Trade ideas on sports, hobbies, records, school, and Scouting.

To get a penpal or start up a tape exchange, write to Lester Square at CANADIAN BOY Magazine, Box 5151, Station F, Ottawa 5. Be sure you give details of your age, your grade in school, your hobbies or special interests, and anything else that might help Lester line you up with new friends.

Scouts on Stamps

Do you have Scout stamps in your collection? Dozens of countries have issued Scout stamps, and this topical specialty has grown at a tremendous rate in recent years. If you'd like to join a worldwide group of Scout stamp collectors, write to CB's Stamp Editor, and ask about the Scouts on Stamps Society International (SOSSI).



Tune in on the World!

The Withit Pack is Alive and Working in South America and Asia and Africa and India and Europe and Canada!!!

Brotherhood Fund

You can help Scouting in other parts of the world if you support the Scout Brotherhood Fund. It brings equipment, training, and service to developing countries, and helps places hit by natural disasters. Next time you have a little good fortune, share it by sending a donation to the Fund, in care of your local council, or to: Scout Brotherhood Fund, Boy Scouts of Canada, Box 5151, Station F, Ottawa 5.

Are You Twinned?

If your community has a "twin" town or city in another country or another part of Canada, get in touch with a Cub pack there and trade badges, pictures, flags, stamps or anything that would make a lasting souvenir. You can write to Lester about this, too.

The 11th Jamboree-on-the-Air

takes place on October 19 and 20 this year. All over the world, Scouts will use shortwave radio to contact as many stations in different countries as they can. Contact your local amateur radio club and make your plans to tune in on the world. You can talk your way around the globe! Meet new people!!

TAR SANDS

Continued from page 19

found himself in a smaller chamber, much like the control room of the huge cranes he had seen working cargo along the docks of the big city ports. Two huge windows of thick glass sloped over the control panel, which contained a baffling array of dials, switches, and levers. This, he realized, must be the small, revolving control chamber atop the huge drilling rig.

There was a faint shout, muffled by the thick steel walls, and Grant could see a man pointing at him. Almost at the same time, a bullet left a sunburst of smashed glass on the window.

There was a scramble of feet on the steel ladder. Grant triggered a shot down the long, dark passage, then slammed a steel hatch into place over the opening, bolting it with a metal bar.

More shots were slamming through the glass. From his vantage point in the control chamber, Grant could see Chuck fumbling with the ropes binding Madeleine and Corporal Davis. Then they were free. A black-clad figure levelled a rifle at them. Grant dropped him with a shot. He saw Corporal Davis scoop up the fallen man's rifle, then follow Chuck and Madeleine behind a barricade of large packing cases.

Grant crouched behind the control panel as more bullets smashed through the glass and flattened against the steel walls of the chamber.

Then the firing died down. Curious, Grant raised his head.

"Mackenzie!" Grant recognized the voice of Duncan. "Mackenzie. There's no way out. Why don't you be a good fellow and toss that gun down! We'll let you, Johnson, and the girl go, with no hard feelings."

"What about the Mountie?" Grant shouted back.

There was a brief pause, then Duncan's voice came back. "Sure, him too. We have work to do here and you're holding us up."

Grant smiled bleakly. Duncan, he knew, had no intention of letting them go.

"No dice, Duncan. Tell you what, you throw down your guns and we'll make sure you get a good lawyer when you come up for trial," he called back.

He heard the man curse and a salvo of bullets smashed into the control

chamber. Rising to return the fire, Grant felt his heart sink when the firing-pin clicked on an empty chamber!

"Okay, wise guy! Duncan shouted in a lull in the firing. "It might mess up our machinery a bit, but we'll fix you!"

Grant heard a sputter, followed by a familiar roar. Peeping over the top of the control panel, he could see the laser helicopters warming up. Sunlight suddenly spilled into the huge tent as the roof was rolled back.

In a matter of minutes, Grant knew, those deadly little machines would be airborne and ready to shoot their searing beams into the control room. Frantically, he studied the control panel. Two buttons caught his eye. A tiny plaque on each bore the legends, **ACTIVATE BASE** and **ACTIVATE LASER**.

Without thinking, Grant pushed the first. He felt the floor tremble underfoot. The control room was rising into the air. He heard a tearing sound as the huge machine pushed its way through the roof of the tent, and almost immediately found himself in sunlight, high above the tiny figures on the ground.

"I'd better take a fast lesson in laser control!" Grant muttered. Shots spanged from the metal walls around him.

A lever beside the buttons proved to be the controls of the chamber, swinging it from right to left. Grant eyed the button labelled **ACTIVATE LASER** then, taking a deep breath, pushed it. Immediately, there was a soaring whine from deep within the steel structure.

Through the bullet-shaped windows, he could see the helicopters surging into the air and swinging away in a circle. Leaning out of the window, Grant caught a glimpse of the red eye shining on the front of the control chamber.

"Now, it's going, but how do I fire it?" he muttered, searching through the maze of controls. A small switch beside a dial labelled **HALF POWER** and **FULL POWER** seemed to offer the best solution. Grant gave it a twist.

There was a screeching roar, and even in the bright sunlight the yellow-green rays were clearly visible.

"I feel like an anti-aircraft gunner," Grant thought, with his left hand swinging the control chamber around to bear on one of the hovering choppers. Then, with his right, he pulled the switch to full power. The screech-

ing roar was deafening and the yellowish-green flames darted across the sky to bathe the helicopter in a weird light. With a blinding flash, the helicopter exploded!

"One down, one to go," Grant breathed, swinging the chamber around. But the second helicopter was more cautious. Zooming high, it circled behind the slowly revolving chamber and its laser darted fire.

Grant felt the chamber rock, while pieces of steel exploded from one corner. Turning, he could see the wall glowing red hot behind him.

"One more like that, and my goose will be well and thoroughly cooked!"

The helicopter was manoeuvring furiously, darting in on an angle for another shot. Grant switched his beam to full power then pulled the control lever back as far as it would go, so that the tower began to swing at full speed, hosing the air around with deadly beams.

Too late, the pilot of the helicopter saw his danger and tried to rise. The deadly fire surrounded his craft and there was another blinding flash.

Grant mopped his forehead. "Much too close," he told himself.

Below, he could hear shots crackling.

"Lasers to the rescue," he thought, studying the control panel. A touch of the right button sent the tower back towards the ground, its tripod legs sliding noiselessly back into their sheath.

As it descended, Grant swung the chamber from left to right like the muzzle of a machine gun.

"Okay, Duncan," he called. "My turn to make demands. I want to see a pile of guns tossed out into the open. Otherwise, I activate this thing and we'll see how you stand the heat!"

There was a pause, then, under the menace of the unblinking red eye, a black-clad man stood up and tossed his weapon away. More followed suit, then Duncan, his face flushed with anger, threw his gun into the pile and raised his hands.

Grant risked a look over his shoulder, Madeleine, Chuck, and Corporal Davis rose from their hiding place.

"Okay, corporal," Grant shouted. "Make the arrest!"

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

AWARD FOR VALOUR..



ON A TWO-WEEK CANOE TRIP IN THE NORTHERN LAKES OF ALGONQUIN PARK IN JULY 1965, SCOUT PHILIP RYAN OF NORTH BAY GOT INTO DIFFICULTY IN THE WATER. TWO SCOUTERS HEARD SCOUT JOHN BOOKHAM SHOUTING, "RYAN IS DROWNING!" SCOUT BRUCE MARSHALL, AGE 13, OF NIPISSING, SWAM OUT TO HELP RYAN IN DEEP WATER AND, WITHOUT HESITATION, GOT THE DROWNING BOY TO A NEARBY CANOE. SCOUT BOOKHAM WAS COMMENDED ALONG WITH SCOUT MARSHALL FOR HIS PROMPT ACTION IN RAISING THE ALARM. FOR HIS GALLANTRY IN RESCUING SCOUT RYAN, TROOP LEADER BRUCE MARSHALL OF THE 2ND TROUT MILLS TROOP, NIPISSING, WAS AWARDED THE GILT CROSS BY THE LATE GOVERNOR GENERAL VANIER.

Models

Maybe you want to be a doctor or a biologist, or an astronomer. An engineer? Well, plastic model cars, ships, and aircraft can help you there. But for the would-be physicians and surgeons, vets, tree and plant experts, or full-time stargazers, there are special kits that zero in on your pet interests, bang-on.

Before this begins to sound like a *Careers* column, let's get right down to what it's all about in the field of medical kits, wildlife models and science specialties.

First, the medical material. Renwal Products Inc. of Mineola, New York, started producing human anatomy kits for plastic modelers some time back. Now they've got a series list as long as your ulna and it includes the visible man, visible woman, visible head, human skeleton and general anatomy. For those who don't want to be doctors or x-ray technicians and would rather work with animals, there are kits like the visible horse, dog, cow, pigeon or trout.

Tree surgeons of the future, and

guys who want to breed weird and wonderful plant life, can learn the basics by building Renwal's botany kit and using their Nature Scope outfit. There's insect and reptile stuff, too!

Pyro Plastics Corporation of Union, New Jersey, has a full lifesize human heart kit and a human eye kit, four times lifesize.

Pyro also puts out a whole series of prehistoric monster kits: Stegosaurus, Tyrannosaurus Rex, Brontosaurus, Triceratops (the horned dinosaur), Ankylosaurus (the fortress lizard), and Dimetrodon (the sail lizard). They're in almost every hobby shop in Canada and they don't cost a lot.

Birds of the World is an interesting series of plastic kits by Bachmann Bros. Inc. of Philadelphia. These fellas have been in business since 1833, and they've learned to keep costs to you 'way down by dispensing with fancy packaging. Their boxes aren't the greatest on your hobby shop shelves, but what's in them is good stuff.

Probably the wildest bird of the bunch by the Bachmanns is the Hoopoe (*Upupidae*). This feathered freak flies around southern Europe and is never found in the natural state in the Americas. You'll maybe run across him in a zoo or a pet shop.

In summertime, the Hoopoe moves

north into the Scandinavian countries, and west into England and Ireland. He nests in holes he finds in old trees and is a ground feeder whose diet is mostly insects.

He has a distinctive sandy-colored body with black-and-white back wings, and his tail and crest trim are also black-and-white.

Other birds in the series: Scarlet Tanager, Baltimore oriole, painted bunting, robin, parrot, red-headed woodpecker, canary, barn swallow, goldfinch, bluebird, and Bohemian waxwing.

In all cases with these kits — and, in general with plastic model kits — do not bug your dealer about missing or defective parts. Write direct to the manufacturer or his North American agent. Look for his address somewhere in the plans or assembly instructions for your kit. A hobby dealer can do nothing for you if one eye or one leg is missing, or you get two left halves of a body. That's a factory goof, and the people at the factory are ready to make good on it, when they hear from you. Be sure to include your name and address, clearly written or printed, with any complaints you may be firing off to the kit-makers.

Now, go man, and develop skills!

By George Bourne

Expo lives again



And the Scout Service Corps needs you now!

This year's version of the greatest show on earth, called *Man and His World*, is in full swing in Montreal until the fall. Canadian Scouting is providing a Service Corps, and if you're a Scout, Venturer or Rover, you can be part of Canada's greatest happening this summer! Get your leader's or advisor's okay, and you can go as an individual. Or, if your district decides to send a patrol or patrols, you can join in. Cost to you is a low \$35 a week — that includes a Service Corps jacket, scarf and crest, accommodation, meals and a pass to the fair. For full details, get your Scouter to write Quebec Provincial Council, Boy Scouts of Canada, 2001 Trans-Canada Highway, Dorval, Que.

LETTERS

Continued from page 6

WOT? NO PENPALS?

Dear Lester:

You've got a pretty fair magazine except for two things. It's geared too much toward the Cub and Scout and not enough toward the Venturer and Rover. Secondly, I've written to *Penpals* 29 times but never get in! Consequently, I can't swap district badges with other Scouts.

Bob Kominar, Windsor, Ont.

Bob's the kinda fella who never gives up! If he can't get his name into CB one way, he tries another, and this time it worked. His home is at 542 Victoria, in Windsor. Somebody, please write? — LS

BRAINWAVES

Dear Lester:

I think at the end of the year you should have a CANADIAN BOY Annual. But you have a terrific magazine.

Walter Crane, Toronto, Ont.

CANADIAN BOY CHESS CLUB

Dear Lester:

The Canadian Boy Chess Club has been in continuous operation since January of 1965, when it was started through your magazine. I am wondering if any new readers of CANADIAN BOY wish to join the club, and play chess by correspondence. Membership is free except for a five-cent postage enclosure with each letter to me. In exchange for a letter of application, the writer will receive the name and address of an opponent along with detailed information on playing chess by correspondence. Those who are not familiar with the game are also invited; these applicants will receive complete information on how to play the game. Kindly enclose ten cents in postage stamps or coin with your application to cover initial postage and handling.

Bill McLean, President,
Canadian Boy Chess Club,
16 D'Amour Drive South,
RR 2 Aylmer,
Lucerne, Que.

AND THE CROWD ROARS

Dear Lester:

How about having a story about some great hockey player like Gordie Howe for the next issue?

Rolf Dawson, Edmonton, Alta.

Continued on page 30

MAKE MONEY! EARN PRIZES!



"You" Too, Can Sell "SPACEMAN" DRINK MIX at 2 packages for 25¢

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That's right! "There's Count-Down" CHERRY, "Guided-Missile" GRAPE, "Outer-Space" ORANGE and "Lift-Off" LEMON-LIME. They're so downright delicious that your Friends will want more and more. We will send you 128 Pkgs. (ass't) to sell at 2 Pkgs. for 25c. When sold, you can either choose from Prizes such as Wrist Watches, Cameras, Fishing Sets, Sleeping Bags, Sport Knives, Archery Sets, Sporting Equipment, etc., or keep \$5.00 for yourself. "Spaceman" sells like hot cakes! Be the First in your district — fill in the coupon and mail TO-DAY!

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LETTERS

Continued from page 29

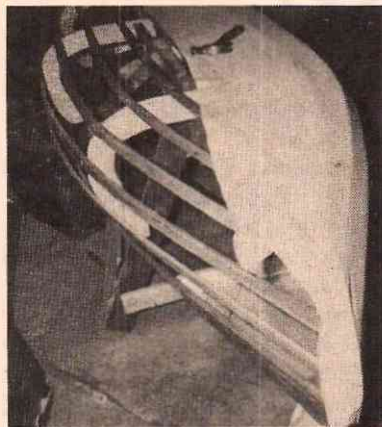


IT FLOATS!

Dear Lester:

Thank you very much for the canoe plans you sent me. I completed the canoe from your plans (see photos), but I used a rubberized paint instead of airplane dope. I have enclosed some pictures that might interest you.

Bob Bogue,
North Vancouver, B.C.



Wish we could use the whole batch of photos, Bob! However, the half-canvassed framework shows a fine job of construction, and the other shot proves your canoe floats! You were wise to stay away from airplane dope—rots your brains, they tell me! — LS

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Mfgs. Clearance Skateboards. 22", 25" and 28" board with wide axle, steel assembly and large professional fibre plastic wheels — Reg. \$7.95, Sale \$2.50 plus postage; or with forged steel, double action assemblies and professional fibre plastic wheels, the top line skateboard — Reg. up to \$12.95, Sale \$3.25 plus postage. **FOX MANUFACTURING COMPANY**, Box 821, Chatham, Ont.

STAMPS

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109 **DIFFERENT STAMPS** 10c Approvals. **PETERSON**, 405 North Western Bank Building, St. Paul, Minn. 55101.

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U.N. 3 Sets 50c with Approvals. **SIOUXLAND STAMP COMPANY**, Box 994, Sioux City, Iowa 51102.

RARE ERRORS: Inverted Centers from U.S.A., India, Austria, New Zealand and Baden color error, on stamps of Aden — plus Big Stamp Dictionary. Everything 10c; Approvals included. **Stampex**, Box 47-ECB, White Plains, N.Y., U.S.A.

115 **WORLDWIDE** Spocs, Animals, etc.; 10c Approvals. **STAMP FARM**, 3cc2, Oxford, Wis. 53952.

5 Mint Sets, 25c with Approvals **STICKLER'S**, Box 35208X, Los Angeles, California.

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500 **DIFF. WORLDWIDE**, Mint and Used \$1.00. **J. FAGAN**, 1790 Dupont, Lemon Grove, Calif. 92045.

Stamp Corner

To keep our readers informed about interesting new issues it has been necessary from time to time to make reference to the Crown Agents Stamp Bureau. Recently we've had a number of requests for information about this agency. So we'll devote part of a column to it.

Stamps which have come to be known as "British Colonials" are Crown Agents productions. The agency's headquarters is in London, just a few yards from famed Westminster Abbey and practically on the site where William Caxton, the father of modern printing, operated his first shop.

Crown Agents got into the stamp business in 1848 when the bureau placed an order on behalf of Mauritius and Trinidad with Perkins Bacon, printers. The agency was then known as Agents General for Crown Colonies.

This order was followed by others for Western Australia, Cape of Good Hope and other parts of the Empire. Crown Agents has been in the stamp business ever since.

They don't print stamps. But the bureau does have an arrangement with all of Britain's security printers. And it co-ordinates the work involved in issuing a new set of stamps. C.A. controls production at all stages. It ships the finished product to the country concerned, and it distributes new issues to stamp dealers all over the world.

Individuals cannot buy stamps from Crown Agents. The sales department is run on a strict wholesale basis, for bona fide dealers only.

We plan to tell you more about Crown Agents in later columns. The famous "C.A." and "Crown" watermarks, and the Winston Churchill memorial issues, are two of the items we have earmarked for the future.

* * *

In some Eastern countries this is the Year of the Monkey.

In China, lunar years are arranged in cycles, each with a distinctive animal symbol. Hong Kong, a British colony bounded almost entirely by China, observes the Oriental customs and, in January, issued a set of two stamps to commemorate the Year of the Monkey.

The Chinese New Year is a time for celebration, but it also carries responsibilities. All debts are supposed to be settled then. Feuds and grudges are forgotten.

Branches of fir, sesame, and cypress are burned on New Year's Eve, and doors are locked until 5 a.m. the following day. At this time, the master of the house assembles the family to watch him unbolt the doors and windows, and extend a welcome to the new year.

Heaven and Earth and the family ancestors are honored, through the burning of incense.

New Year's is the most important of all Chinese festivals. The season's greetings are said this way: "Kung hei fat choy".

Hong Kong's new set, 10 cents and \$1.30 face values, were printed by Harrison and Sons — one of the security printers in Britain. As you might expect, monkeys are prominently featured on both the new Hong Kong stamps. **By H. L. Woodman**

Pets

Starting your own aquarium is fun. But, in your haste to get going, don't skip the preliminaries. You'll regret it!

A good tank is recommended, the bigger the better. A large glass bowl will do the job temporarily for one or two fish.

Clean your container with a salt water solution. Rinse *thoroughly*. *Never use soap or detergents* on anything connected with this hobby!

Even a new tank you've bought in a hobby shop or department store should be cleaned and tested for leakage. Fill to one-third with tap water. *Let it stand for one full hour*, checking to see if any driplets of water are working out through the seals in the corners or bottom of your tank.

Then fill to two-thirds. *Let it stand for another full hour*. Check in frequently for seepage. You can treat any bad spots or weaknesses that might show up with *aquarium sealer*, according to instructions provided with your new tank, or follow the instructions on the package of sealer. Repeat the tests after sealing.

Rinse the gravel you've chosen from the several colors available, using hot water to wash away the dust and grit.

Wash all ornaments, like castles, sunken wrecks, divers, treasure chests, lighthouses or natural shells, using the same strong salt water solution you used to clean the tank. Rinse thoroughly in fresh water.

Dump the clean gravel into the tank to a depth of from one to two inches. Create an uneven, natural-looking bed. Then set your tank in its permanent position, on a sturdy table. Never attempt to move an aquarium with water in it. You will strain all the corner seals, so play it safe and move the tank only when it is empty.

Avoid placing your aquarium in direct sunlight. Too much algae, green scum, will form on the glass, and even a tankful of algae-eating fish and a good hard-working snail won't be able to keep up with it!

Avoid drafts, because the temperature of your aquarium will change too suddenly — murder for tropical fish.

When you have decided on a place for it, half-fill the tank with tap water.

Now, aquascape. Why? Because green plants, besides adding natural beauty, provide healthy surroundings in the aquarium. They draw nitrogenous wastes from the water and gravel bed and give the fish natural food.

When you've got all this set up to your satisfaction, *carefully* fill the tank to about one inch from the top.

From the many varieties you can get easily, there's no better fish for the beginner than the guppy. This is a true tropical fish, *Lebistes reticulatus*, a small topminnow native to the 75-degree fresh waters of the Barbados, Trinidad, and Venezuela. Its common name comes from the name of a man who donated many specimens to the British Museum, R. J. L. Guppy, of Trinidad.

Guppies are fun, interesting to watch — and relaxing!

Best of all, they are hardy little guys and will probably survive your own inexperience better than any other tropical fish.

To introduce new fish to your aquarium, float the water-filled plastic bag you bring them home in, in your aquarium for a while, to make sure the water temperatures have settled. Recommended range is 74 to 78 degrees Fahrenheit.

When you release your new fish into their new home, just watch them go! Before you know it, you — and they — will probably have the whole family hooked on fish-watching in no time! **By Irene McCulloch Bourne**

Announcing

THE WINNERS OF

CB'S 1968 HOCKEY PUZZLE CONTEST

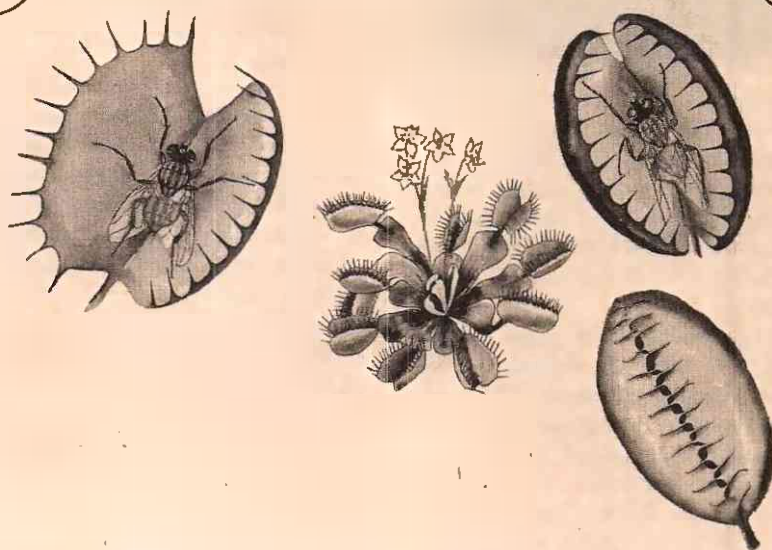
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As promised in the March-April 68 issue of CB, the draw has been duly and legally made in our Hockey Puzzle Contest. Although there was a minor error in the puzzle diagram, and for that we do apologize to anyone who had trouble with it, a total of 867 entries were received. The first three drawn were correct, right down to the last zero in that bottom row. **FIRST PRIZE**, a cheque for \$25.00, goes to Bryan Belyea of Amherstview, Ont. He's 17. Bryan's entry was the first correct solution drawn, in accordance with the published contest rules. **SECOND PRIZE**, a cheque for \$10.00, will be sent to 16-year-old John Barratt of Cookstown, Ont. And the **THIRD PRIZE** cheque of \$5.00 belongs to Bruce Spicer, 11, of Bridgetown, Annapolis County, Nova Scotia.

Congrats to the winners! The rest of you puzzled puzzlers try us again, in our next big brain-twisting contest. That'll be soon!

BACK ISSUES

Some back issues of Canadian Boy from 1965 and 1966 are still available. Cost is 10 cents per magazine. Write to Back Issues, CANADIAN BOY, P.O. Box 5151, Station F, Ottawa 5.



Strange Plants

MARGARET MALCOLM

Did you know that some plants are carnivorous? Carnivorous means meat-eating. Imagine a plant that eats meat! Of course, the meat only amounts to tiny insects and flies.

These plants are unusual, but some of them could grow near where you live. You may even be able to see one in action.

Nature has provided these plants with a special way of obtaining the food they need. These carnivorous plants grow in swampy areas. All plants need nitrogen to grow. In swamps there is not enough nitrogen in the soil, so the carnivorous plants find their own nitrogen — they catch and digest insects.

One of these plants, called Venus's Flytrap, is equipped with a pod-like leaf. When an insect lands on this leaf it disturbs the tiny hairs that cause the leaf to close. It closes like a steel trap. And the insect is digested. One leaf is used only once or twice. The leaf shrivels and dies. Venus's Flytrap has small clusters of white flowers and is found in Florida and the Carolinas.

Another insect-eating plant is the Pitcher Plant which grows from Labrador to Florida. It has a red flower, which may attract the insect. The "pitcher" is a cone-shaped leaf that collects water. When an insect falls into the "pitcher" it is doomed. There are tiny hairs that grow downward, and the insect cannot climb out.

Still another is the butterwort. It grows in Northern countries. It has small purple flowers. Near the ground it has sticky thick leaves. The sticky substance attracts insects and when an insect lands on the leaf — it's stuck. Then the leaf slowly closes.

The bladderwort is one that grows in water in Canada and the United States. It has tiny bladders filled with water. There is a door, like a valve, that opens. When a curious or hungry insect crawls in, the door snaps shut. The bladderwort digests the part of the insect it needs and opens its door to await another victim.

So you see, nature has provided a way for even the lowliest plants to survive. Even innocent-looking flowers can be devious—especially if they are hungry.

Science

BEE TALK — Jostling, dancing, buzzing bees can tell their comrades exactly what they've found, how big a crop, and in what direction they'll have to fly from the home hive to harvest it.

It was Dr. Karl Von Frisch, an Austrian scientist, who carried out some of the most interesting studies on bees. He knew, as you do, that bees in search of nectar travel great distances from their hives. They fly around hills, through valleys, across lakes and streams, far out of sight or scent of home, yet always find their way back to hive easily.

Dr. Von Frisch wanted to learn how bees navigate so well. He recalled that travellers in Marco Polo's time used the stars and the sun to find direction. Since bees are most active in the daytime, was it possible they might navigate by the sun, too?

In his investigations, Von Frisch learned that bees do use the sun to find their way but, far more exciting than that, he discovered that bees can communicate with one another!

Here are some examples of bee code:

"Attention! I have found a field of clover blossoms." The bee communicates this message by jostling the other bees so they can get the scent of the flowers he has been investigating.

"I need many bees to help." The greater his agitation and jostling, the richer and sweeter the nectar he has found, hence the greater the number of bees required to transport it back to the hive.

"The field is exactly in line with the sun." The bee performs a dance to get this message across. Wagging its abdomen, it takes a few steps in a straight line, stops, turns around to its starting point, and advances with a waggle, in the same direction again. It stops and repeats this routine for several minutes. The other bees follow behind the dancing bee until they get the message, then take off to the clover field.

In this case, where the food is in a line with the sun, the bee dances in a line straight up the comb. If the food lies to the left of the sun, the dance is performed on an angle to the left. The sun is the bee's compass.

In the darkness of the hive, the bees substitute the force of gravity — an astonishing brain achievement for the little creatures!

The distance from the hive to the food is indicated by the speed with which the bee moves in its communicative dancing.

Another form of communication is by sound — buzzing. However, not all bees can communicate in these ways. Some of the more primitive bees do not even guide other bees to food discoveries. More advanced, stingless bees use sound communication but do not dance.

It is *Apis mellifera*, our honey bee, that has developed an extraordinary memory for direction and distance and, from its distant ancestry in prehistoric times, this variety of bee has become the most brilliant "talker" in all the animal kingdom.

By D. A. Coburn

ANNOUNCING THE AMORY ADVENTURE AWARD 1968

For adventurous activity requiring originality and initiative on the part of Scout and Venturer teams. Permanent awards will be made to members of the winning team and recognition given to all participants.



CONDITIONS

1. Open to teams of from four to ten members, Scouts or Venturers, age 11-17 years at the time of the activity. The competition is not open to Rover Scouts.
2. Anyone 18 years or older may not take part in the planning, preparation or execution of the activity, but may be consulted.
3. Competition period: January 1st to December 31st, annually.
4. Entry forms to be received at Boy Scouts of Canada, National Headquarters, Box 5151, Station F, Ottawa 5, Ont., no later than January 31st of the year following the activity.
5. An entry fee of \$2.00 per team is to be submitted with entry form.
6. The adventure activity must last a minimum of 72 hours, of which at least 60 hours must be consecutive.
7. Each team will submit an illustrated log.
8. Completed logs to be received at Boy Scouts of Canada, National Headquarters, no later than January 31st, 1969. Entry forms are available from your Scout office. For complete info ask your Scouter. He'll find all the details in the February '68 issue of THE SCOUT LEADER.



RIB TICKLERS



Q: Why did Humpty Dumpty have a great fall?

A: To make up for the terrible summer.

Bruce Greenwood, Vancouver, B.C.

Q: Why didn't the shark eat that lady when she fell into the water?

A: Because it was a man-eating shark!

Bart Blachford, Scarborough, Ont.

Hester: What animal eats relatives?

Pester: An ant eater!

Robert Herweyer, Ottawa, Ont.

Teacher: Jill, if you had 15 chocolate bars and you gave five to John and five to Bill and five to Glenn, what would you have?

Jill: Three new boy friends!

Bob Swainson, Agincourt, Ont.

Saleslady: Well, Mrs. Jones, didn't I tell you that new detergent would make your husband's shirts whiter than they've ever been?

Mrs. Jones: You did. Only trouble is two of those shirts were my husband's best blue ones!

Gordon J. Herridge, Sudbury, Ont.

Voice on phone: George Smith, your delivery boy is sick today and can't work. He asked that I call you.

Employer: Thank you. Who is calling, please?

Voice: This is my room-mate.

Jean-Paul Dubois, St-Jean, Que.

A man was walking down the street dragging a piece of rope, when a second man came up to him and asked: "Why are you pulling that piece of rope around?" And the first man replied: "Have you ever tried pushing a piece of rope?"

Martin Pallett, Calgary, Alta.

Q: What two inventions help a man get up in the world?

A: The elevator and the alarm clock.

Warren Henki, Donalda, Alta.

Policeman: Pull over there! You're under arrest for speeding and dangerous driving.

Motorist: I wasn't speeding, but I passed a couple of idiots who were!

Alan Graham, Campbellton, N.B.

Teacher: I want you to do a picture of a horse drawing a wagon.

Teacher (later): Timmy, where is the wagon in your picture?

Timmy: I thought the horse was going to draw the wagon!

Louis Van Belkom, Toronto, Ont.

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

A: Boy! Would I like to have *his* doe!

Gary Moore, Paris, Ont.

Paul: Why did you wake me out of a sound sleep?

Fred: The sound was too loud!

Don Wright, Edmonton, Alta.

Frank: Did you see the eclipse last night?

John: No! What channel was it on?

Frank Erschen, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Joe: If you had your choice, would you rather be in a collision or an explosion?

Jack: A collision.

Joe: Why?

Jack: In a collision, there you are. But in an explosion, where are you?

Jeff Chad, Calgary, Alta.

Paratroop trainee: But what if the parachute doesn't open?

Instructor: That is what we call jumping to a conclusion!

Alan Robb, Windsor, Que.

CHOPPER



By Simpkins

"Don't interfere with Nature, Harry! Let him cut it down if he wants to!"