

THE BOY SCOUT MAGAZINE FOR ALL BOYS

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

JULY/AUGUST 1969

Canadian Boy

**he knows how to stay
alive in the water.
with drownproofing,
you can do it too.
see how: page 10.**



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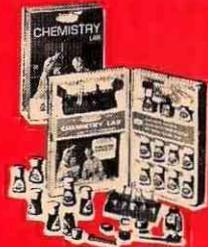
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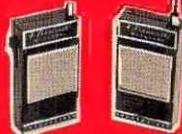
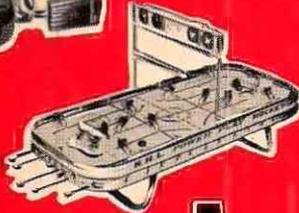


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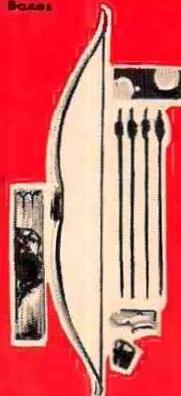
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Canadian Boy

JULY-AUGUST 1969, VOL. 6, NO. 5

JUNIOR EDITION

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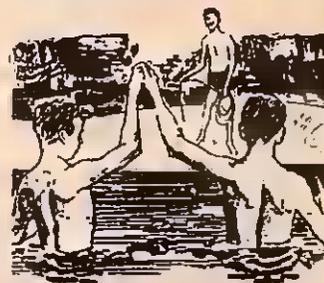
Cover photo by Andy Andrews.
Photo page 10 by Andy Andrews.
Photos at Big Top, page 22, by Andy Andrews.

EARL ALEXANDER OF TUNIS, former Governor General of Canada and Chief Scout, died June 16, 1969, at the age of 77. Famous as a soldier, statesman, and diplomat, he served in Canada as the last of the British-born governors general from 1946 until 1952. He was also known as Baron Rideau of Ottawa. His death is mourned by many, among them the young people who remember him skiing on the Gatineau slopes or strolling through the Ottawa woods. He was a man of great skill, buoyant wit, and decisiveness. He was always cheerful.



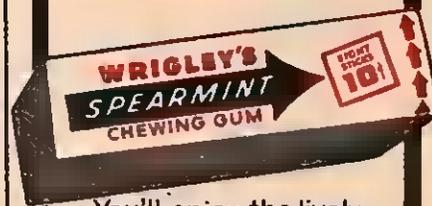
Check Out the Old Swimming Hole

Swimming is great summer fun. In this issue you'll read about the new technique called "drownproofing". Let's hope you'll never need to use it, because you can have plenty of enjoyment in the water this summer if you just remember a few simple rules. And speaking of enjoyment, be sure to include plenty of Wrigley's Spearmint Gum in your summer plans. It makes whatever you're doing just a little more fun.



1. Nobody should swim alone. Use the buddy system—you keep an eye on your buddy and vice versa.
2. Watch for any strong currents or undertows.
3. Look for bottom hazards like deep holes or sudden drops; broken glass, tin cans, jagged rocks or submerged logs.
4. Make sure the water is not polluted. (Look for signs indicating that swimming is safe).
5. Never horse around pretending to be in difficulty and never shout for help unless you really need it.
6. Do not swim until at least one hour after finishing a meal.

And why not top off that meal with some Wrigley's Spearmint Gum while you're waiting for swim time?

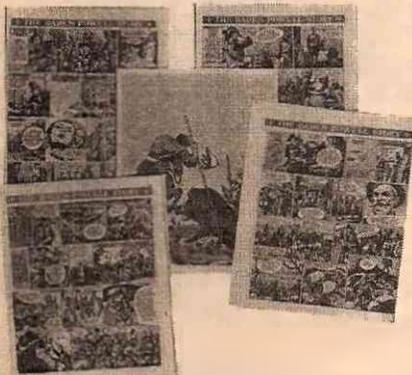


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LETTERS

continued from page 4

CB, thus causing a reduction of material in this famous and terrific mag. I wonder if you'd be willing to raise the price of CB? I'm sure that all of your readers wouldn't mind paying 25 or 50 cents more for the regular size CB.

Paul Arsenault, Chatham, N.B.

We don't expect to be raising the price right away, Paul. A subscription increase is being considered, and we hope that a lot of our other readers feel the same way you do about paying more for CB.

THE UNKNOWN SCOUT

The enclosed 35-mm slide of the Queen making a presentation to a Boy Scout was taken at ceremonies in Kingston, Ont., during the Queen's Centennial visit, July 1967. Would you please publish a copy of the picture in your magazine and tell the boy he can procure the slide by writing to you? We thought the boy who appears in the slide would be happy to have it.

A. Bruce Martin, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.



The temporarily "unknown" Scout in this picture, if he recognizes himself and if he wants the colorslide, should write to the editor of CB and let us know where he's living now.

STATIC STARTS

In reference to your May issue and a letter from Bob Pritchard of Vernon, B.C., regarding the use of Morse code and voice transmission on ham radio: Firstly, a person does not have to be 18 or over to operate voice. How you operate is determined by the class of licence in radio that the operator holds. The only stipulation is that to hold any valid licence one must be over 15 and be a Canadian citizen or a British subject. An amateur certificate holder is restricted to CW (Morse code) except for some frequency allocations. The ham who holds the advanced licence is not restricted. Both certificates are obtained from the Department of Transport after successfully completing an examination.

Secondly — and unfortunately for Scout jamborees — no one except a li-

continued on page 22

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Yes, fresh milk that keeps for weeks without refrigeration is now available for all manner of outdoor activities.

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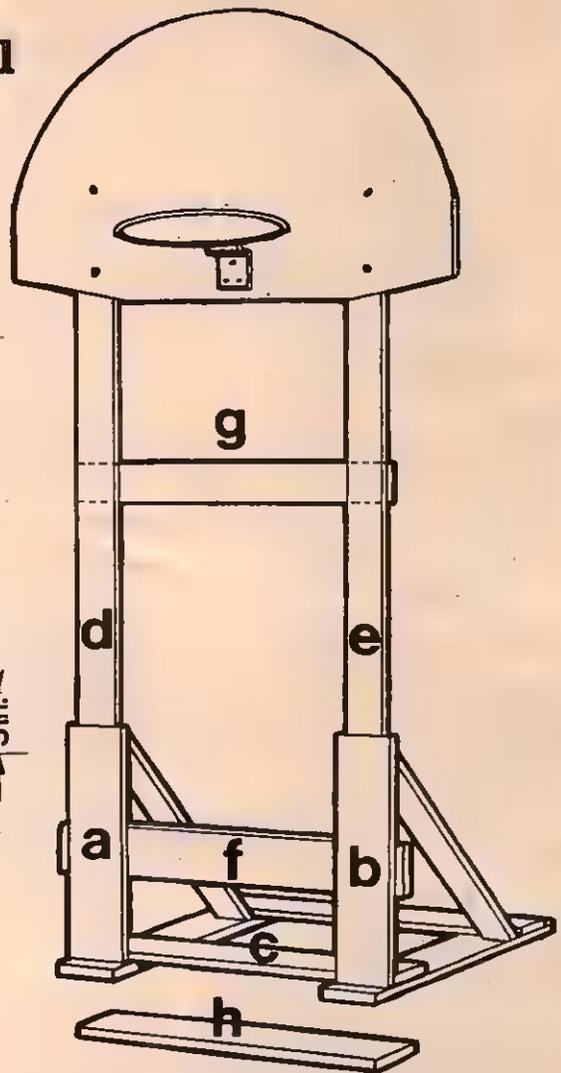
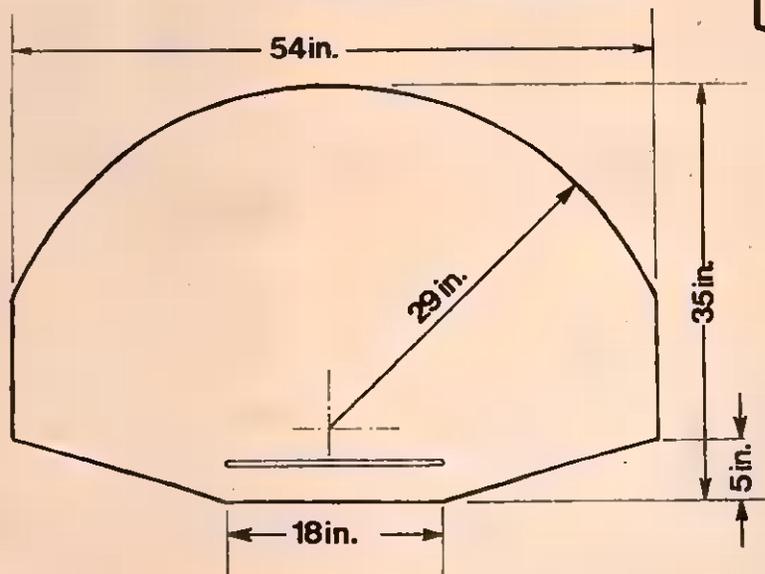
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If you're one of those people who just can't wait for the basketball season to start, do something about it now!



by David Corcoran

Build this mobile backstop now and spend the rest of the summer improving your shots. You can practise outdoors, enjoy the good weather, and be ready for the big season opener when team basketball gets going.

First step in this project is to build a base for your backstop. You'll need four boards, each measuring 3'3" x 2" x 7½". Just nail them together, to form a square.

Next, the two boards A and B, each 3" x 2" x 7½", are nailed at right angles against board C. Then D and E are added. These are each 10'9" x 2" x 4". They are nailed to the top of C, braced with F and bolted to A and B.

Now you can nail the diagonal braces to D and E and to the base.

Add the spacer G and you are ready to go ahead with the backboard.

Start with a sheet of ¾" plywood

54" x 35". Measure half way along the 54-inch side, and measure six inches on the 35-inch side. At the intersection of these two measurements you have the centre of a curve you will draw next.

Using a radius of 29 inches from this point of intersection, draw a curved outline across the top of the board. You can do this easily by driving a small nail into the point of intersection, tying a length of string to the nail, and attaching a pencil to



MAKE YOUR OWN BASKETBALL BACKSTOP

the other end of the string so that the pencil point is 29 inches from the nail. This makeshift compass should produce the curve you want at the top of the board.

To cut the lower corners, first measure off the middle 18 inches along the bottom. Measure upwards five inches on each end and draw lines joining these points to the ends of your middle 18-inch line.

Now cut the backboard to shape, then bolt it to D and E. The rim of

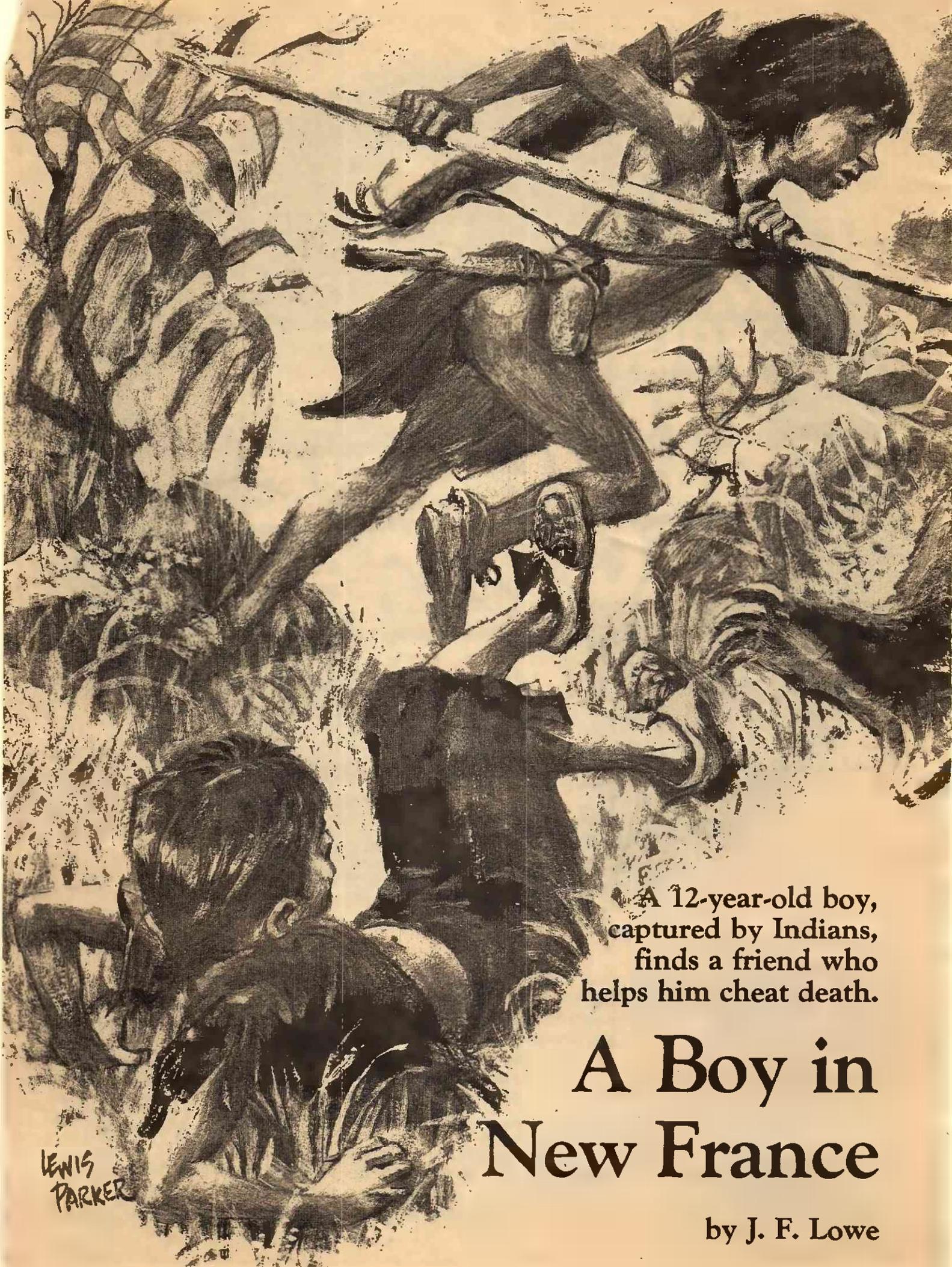
your basket should be 10 feet from the ground, so you can adjust the height of your backboard to make this work out right.

If the whole assembly seems to tip forward, place a board H under the front of the base. You might even find that weighting down the base will hold it more firmly.

A basketball hoop and net will range in price from \$2 to \$5, depending on the quality. A good basketball will cost you about \$6.

LIST OF MATERIALS

- 33 feet of 2" x 4" (for uprights, top brace and diagonal braces)
- 26 feet of 2" x 7½" (for the base)
- 1 sheet ¾" plywood 54" x 35"
- 2 — 7" carriage bolts with nuts
- 2 — 5" carriage bolts with nuts
- 4 — 4" carriage bolts with nuts
- supply of 4" nails
- 4 small bolts to mount hoop on backboard
- paint — any color you like.



A 12-year-old boy,
captured by Indians,
finds a friend who
helps him cheat death.

A Boy in New France

by J. F. Lowe

LEWIS
PARKER



I WAS TEN YEARS OLD when my father taught me to fire his musket. He called it Bessie. I could hardly lift Bessie and I am sure it was six feet long. Father said I must learn to fire it. In New France a young boy was taught how to hunt, fish and work the land.

My father, Ian MacIntosh, was a big gruff, hard-working Scotsman. He received his land in New France from Seigneur Talon. He cleared the land and built our big stone house on the shore of the St. Lawrence River. I have often thought of that big kitchen in our house and the fireplace that was almost one complete wall of the room. The fireplace could burn four-foot logs which kept our kitchen warm on winter nights. Mother cooked her wonderful meals on it too.

Our farm ran about one and a half miles back from the river. Father and I cleared about two hundred yards of bush from it every autumn. My two sisters worked on the land too. Their job, besides helping mother, was to tend to our two cows and sheep. They were supposed to help me sow the harvest corn, but girls don't know how to work on the farm. They are always afraid of something.

Mother said I was too young to hunt and fish. She said I should be at the parish church more often, learning to read and write from Father Bérubé. Mother said she wanted her only son to be educated. She taught me to speak her native tongue, which was French. She could talk very little English. My father taught me English.

Mother said a man who could speak two languages in the French colony would be an educated and important man.

In the winter of 1727 three fur traders from the village of Three Rivers came to see father. The day they arrived it was dark when I returned from my lessons with Father Bérubé. I walked into the house and father called me.

"This is John, my only son," he said as he introduced me to the visitors.

One of the visitors held me by the shoulders and asked me how old I was.

"Twelve, sir," I replied.

"A man-sized boy. There are two
continued on page 14

EASY AS ONE, TWO, THREE
DROWNPROOFING

by Rae Parker



VERY INTERESTING.
THE FLAMINGOS ARE
BACK



Drowning is an art not easily achieved.

Few people are gifted with a natural talent for drowning. Most have to work hard to master the art.

If you don't believe me, you can go jump in the lake.

Now, having jumped in the lake, or river or swimming pool or bathtub or whatever, you may have noticed that you haven't drowned. That's natural. The odds are quite high against it.

In fact, I'm told that if you toss a newborn baby into deep water he'll float around, blissfully unaware that everybody else is in a panic because they think he'll drown.

Anyway, the whole secret of drowning is in the ability to panic.

If you're one of those cool people who never get ruffled no matter what happens, then you might just as well forget about learning how to drown, unless you are willing to change your ways and learn how to panic. If you can't panic, you'll never make it.

Of course, there is always the chance you might cheat, like by having yourself dropped into the ocean a hundred miles or so from shore. But that's not fair. It's not playing the game according to the rules.

And you would be surprised at the number of people around who would stoop to any form of cheating, just to prove a point.

Luckily, there are also people around who are aware of these cheaters, and who spare no effort to devise a way of combatting them. And there are other people, such as the editor of CB, who come to the aid of those of us who have spent many years developing the art of drowning, by spreading the word far and wide, so that more and more people can — if not recognize the cheaters — at least do something about them.

The process that's been developed is called "drownproofing."

Drownproofing is a special kind of water training which practically guarantees that, barring serious injury or a really exceptional situation, you will survive any water accident regardless of your age or condition.

With the editor of CB and photographer Andy Andrews, I went out to Camp Opemikon where we met Scout Leaders Jim Dale and Doug

Chadsey, who were to demonstrate drownproofing.

We had to wait until the Cubs' swimming period was over. At the moment they were undergoing a swimming test to earn, if successful, a pink neckband. This would give them permission to go beyond the shallow-water log boom into the deeper area, and use the diving rope, which looks like great fun. The test was for a Cub and his buddy (they are permitted to swim only under the buddy system) to swim the 50-yard distance from dock to raft, and back again, accompanied by two lifeguards in a boat, then tread water for one minute.

I watched with an air of superiority, confident that I would have been able to drown before I got 10 feet from the dock, in spite of the lifeguards. I also felt a little sorry for them. If there were any natural drowners in the group, their talents were being thoroughly undermined by the lifeguards who, lacking any drowning talent of their own, were insanely jealous of any such talent in others.

When the Cubs were finished, we rowed out to the raft in a rickety boat. I used a fair amount of my panic talent to cling to the sides of the boat, and almost succeeded in tipping the thing over, but careful counter-balancing by the others foiled my efforts.

Once we were on the raft, Doug explained the steps of drownproofing.

There are five steps, as follows:

Step One. Resting. Keep your body upright, with your face down, arms and legs hanging loose. Let yourself float to the top. Don't push yourself to the surface with muscle action unless you have to, for it will tire you out before long.

Step Two. Getting Ready. After you have floated to the surface so that the top of your head is out of water, casually raise your arms to the surface and stretch your legs out for a scissors kick.

Step Three. Exhale and Inhale. Don't try to hold your breath underwater for too long. Never wait till it's needed. Drop your arms to your sides and bring your legs together. As you do this, the exhale starts through the nose and finishes as the nose emerges. Take in a normal breath of air.

Step Four. The Stay on Top. For good floaters in swimming pools, this step might seem unnecessary. But in rough water with clothes on, it becomes a lifesaver. As soon as you have inhaled as in Step Three, you will usually start sinking. If you sink too deep you will have to use muscle action to return to the surface, which will eventually cause fatigue. So while the head is dropping underwater, it should be turned face down and a downward stroke made immediately with arms, legs or both. When properly done, the back of the neck may get as deep as a foot or so for an instant, but it should be awash or on the surface for most of the following rest interval.

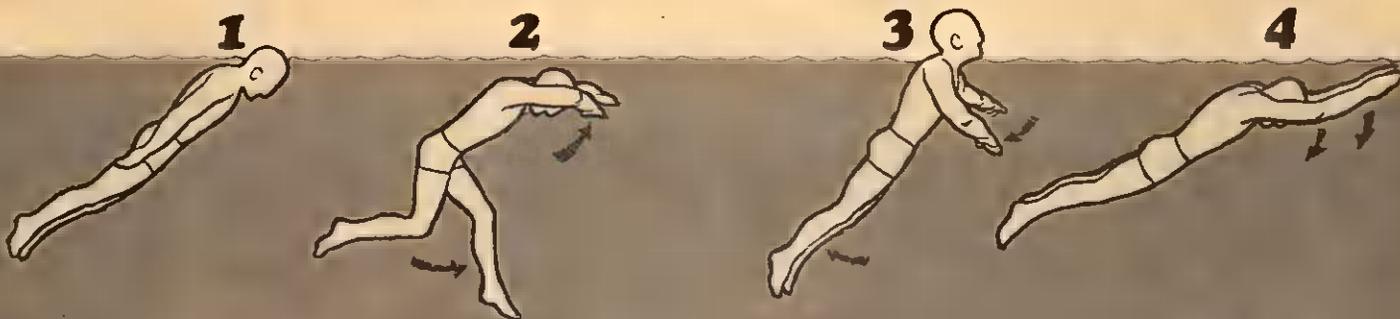
Step Five. Resting Again. Repeat as in Step One. During the rest period remember that a tight feeling in the chest is the result of either resting too long or not exhaling enough air. Different people have different air requirements. Experiment with the three variables — resting for a longer or shorter period, exhaling more or less air, and inhaling more or less air.

Doug jumped in, and demonstrated Step One, the rest, a sort of modified dead-man's float, with his arms outstretched. Then he did a short scissors kick with his legs and brought his arms down to his sides as he lifted his head out of the water. The kick and arm movement was to raise his body a bit, enabling him to take a breath. Then he sank back down, relaxed, and floated back up to the surface into the original dead-man's position, arms to the sides, and did it all over again. He did this for about 10 minutes for us. Breathing, sinking below the surface, floating up, scissors kick and inhaling. All very relaxed and easy. They say a person can go on forever like this.

In an experiment, some students went for eight hours, in a pool, and came out no more tired than when they went in.

Doug also demonstrated that this technique can be used to travel effectively in whichever direction you want to go. Instead of letting your arms float up to the sides, you let them float up a bit to the front, in a V-shape from your body, so that when you do the scissors kick and bring your arms down to the sides,

continued on next page



continued from page 11

the action pushes you forward in the direction you want to go.

Doug climbed onto the raft, and the editor told me it was my turn. I decided I didn't really need to do it in order to write about it, and said so. But he insisted. This left me with no choice but to panic, which I did with one of my best examples of the art, falling into the water in the process.

Thus did I get my chance to demonstrate my own talents. In order to drown spectacularly, there are three necessary steps which must be followed closely. First, upon falling into the water, inhale deeply while still under the surface. Second, panic. Third, resist all efforts of lifeguards and other jealous individuals to save your life.

I admit I did foul it up a bit. I made the mistake of panicking before I hit the water, and almost for-

got to inhale while I was still under. I managed to breathe in only a few drops through my nose, just enough to make me cough and splutter a bit. Also, I didn't count on having to overcome two lifeguards. It's difficult enough when one comes to your rescue, without the complications of trying to take two people to the bottom with you.

They held my head out of the water until my cough-splutter fit was over. I realized I had no choice but to go through with it.

I did the dead-man's float, though not nearly as convincingly as a real dead man might. Then I gave a scissors kick, brought my arms down and took a deep breath of air, then sank below the surface. And sank. And sank. I had forgotten Step Four.

By the time I started to float up again I knew I'd never reach the surface alive. At last! My opportunity to show them real skill! Seemingly by

instinct, though actually it was thorough training of mind over matter, I panicked.

Now I was doing things in the proper order! I went into the second step. I inhaled deeply of lake water. Things were going well, up to that point. But a lesson not learned is no lesson at all. I know now that I need more work on the third step.

I wasn't able to overcome the efforts of Doug and Jim to rescue me. Somehow they were able to get me onto the raft and refill the lake with the water my lungs had temporarily gained.

But they, too, knew when they were beaten. It was a stalemate. We were evenly matched. I was forced to agree that I could never drown in their presence. And they had to agree that I just wouldn't be drown-proofed.

I went away both humbled and proud.

CLOTHING

Swimming with clothes on can be dangerous for people who can do only flutter kicks and overhand strokes. The weight of the clothes reduces your buoyancy, and the drag caused by loose fabric can quickly exhaust you. But the effort of removing your clothes while in the water can also exhaust you. It would be better to learn how to manage in the water, fully clothed, in a practice session by using drownproofing methods. The most important thing to remember is not to make any fast movements. You will want to conserve as much energy as possible. Despite the disadvantages of finding yourself dumped in the lake with your clothes on, there are also advantages. First, clothing will reduce the rate of heat loss in your body. Water trapped next to the skin gets warmed by the body, and should remain warmer than the surrounding water. Second, any pockets of air that get trapped in your clothing will add to your buoyancy. The best time to get

rid of heavy clothing such as boots, shoes, or overcoat is during Step One (resting) in the drownproofing technique (see page 11). But don't try to rush it. During one rest period, undo the laces of one shoe. In the next or a later rest period, remove the shoe. Later, tackle the other shoe. But don't attempt to remove all heavy clothing in successive rest periods. Take your time. In an emergency situation, if you try to do everything at the same time, it will have taken you a lifetime.

FLOTATION

Anything that can be made to hold air can save your life in the water. In a practice session, try turning your trousers into a life preserver. Lie on your back in the water, unzip your pants, then kick gently until they come off. Tie a knot in the leg ends, as close to the ends as possible, and zip up the fly. You now have a cloth bag capable of holding a couple of gallons of air. Next the pants must be inflated. You can do this by filling your lungs with

air, then dropping beneath the surface about two feet, holding the open end of the pants against your forehead, and exhaling into the pants. Kick hard and use your free arm to return to the surface and repeat, making sure you hold the open end down all the time. After two or three blows, you'll find it's no longer necessary to swim to the surface. Just pull the pants under you and you'll pop to the surface. To wear this improvised life jacket, put your head between the legs, with the knot at the back of your neck. Hold the open end of the pants down against the front of your body, with the fly against you. If there is a belt on your pants, you can use it to convert them into an effective Mae West. Remove the belt, then rethread it through the loops that are not against your body. Now with the belt pull the opening closed against yourself and do up the belt around your waist. This frees your arms, makes you more comfortable, and would allow you to doze in an emergency.

SCOUTING IN CANADA



QUEBEC



Montreal was the birthplace of Scouting in Quebec, in 1908. And the movement spread rapidly from there throughout many parts of the province.

There are 41 councils in Quebec now, serving a large number of boys and leaders. The largest council is Seneca and the smallest is Gaspé.

Quebec's Scouting population breaks down this way: 14,409 Cubs, 7,933 Scouts, 687 Venturers, 382 Rovers, and 382 Sea Scouts. They are organized under a total of 2,458 uniformed leaders, backed up by 1,951 non-uniformed adults.

Scout camps in Quebec include Camp Jackson Dodds, for Cubs; Camp Tamaracouta, for Scouts, Venturers and Rovers; Camp Anderson, for Scouts, Venturers and Rovers, and the Sea Scout Base, Venture.

A Quebec provincial jamboree was held at Drummondville in 1965, attended by 15,000 Scouts, Venturers and Rovers. It ran for one week under the leadership of Abe Zemel.

Quebec Scouting offers a number of specialties. For instance, maple syrup is sold every year by Camp Tamaracouta. Quebec Scouting has its own television show out of Montreal. The Scout

calendar was started in Quebec. And there is the annual Scout Service Corps and the Scout Pavilion at Man and His World, a carry-over from Expo 67.

Leaders in Quebec believe Scouting must fill a larger role in family life, by rendering service to parents and helping fathers become more involved in the training of their youngsters. Scouting should begin to affect boys at a younger age.



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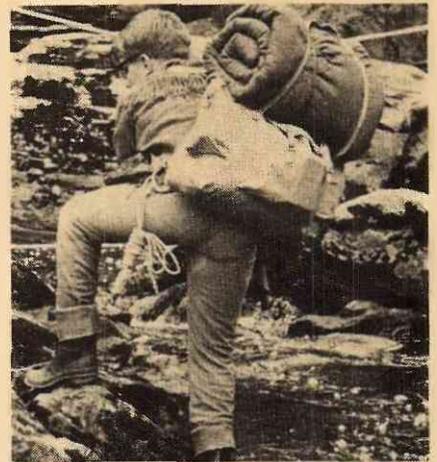


The beginnings of Scouting in Ontario are lost in history. But it is believed the movement started spontaneously and was actually in existence before its founder became aware of the fact.

There are many claims of "firsts" in Ontario Scouting. Since the earliest contacts were made by correspondence with Lord Baden-Powell in England, there are no records here to substantiate any of the claims.

By 1910 it was estimated that there were about 2,000 Scouts in the province. The following year, Ontario sent its first contingent overseas for the coronation of George V.

Wolf Cubs were officially started in Canada in 1916, but they had



been operating unofficially in some areas for as long as two years.

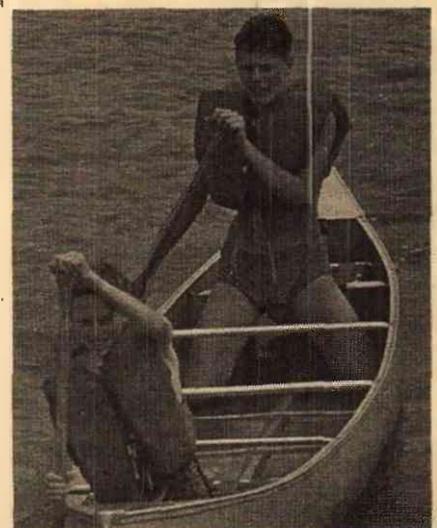
Today, Ontario has 95 district councils. The largest of all the councils is the Greater Toronto Region, with a Scouting population of about 35,000.

A recent breakdown of Scouting figures in the province indicated there were 75,530 Cubs, 36,960 Scouts, 3,324 Venturers, 2,581 Rovers, 1,301 Sea Scouts, and 44 Lone Scouts. They serve under 13,887 uniformed leaders, supported by nearly 12,000 non-uniformed adults.

A detailed list of Ontario camps and other Scouting properties would be difficult to produce, because there are so many of them.

Ontario held its highly publicized provincial jamboree in August 1968.

Ontario members are working to increase their membership and to extend their work with Indian boys, ethnic groups, and handicapped boys.



A BOY IN NEW FRANCE

continued from page 9

Scotsmen for the voyage," replied the visitor.

"John is not going on any wild fur-trading voyage," said mother, as she looked sharply at my father.

Father called for my sister, Marie, to pour some wine. Then he told me that our visitors wanted him to travel with Sieur de La Vérendrye on a great western voyage.

After supper, father sent the family to the bedrooms. We could hear talk about the voyage. About five weeks of travel by river and lake to reach a mighty lake named Superior, a lake so big it took the best canoemen six to seven days to go from one end to the other. A canoe brigade of ten canoes would be leaving Three Rivers at spring break-up, with Sieur de La Vérendrye in charge of the brigade. Trade would be with the Indians at several forts, but the best trading would be at Lake Nipigon. This lake was a few miles north of Lake Superior where La Vérendrye had established a fur trading post.

It was early in February, when the three fur traders visited our house. The rest of that winter was a long one for me. Father or mother never mentioned the voyage to me. Only my sisters did. At every chance they told me I was too young to go on such a voyage. Many times I wished I had two brothers instead of two silly sisters.

I watched the ice in the St. Lawrence River break up that spring with a break in my heart. Father would be leaving soon.

One evening after I was in bed mother came to me.

"Son," she said, "I hate to see you grow up so soon, but two MacIntoshes on the voyage will be better than one. Go with your father. He has promised to bring you back safely before freeze-up."

On the 24th day of April, 1727, father and I arrived in Three Rivers. Father had arranged with our good neighbors, the Héberts, to look after mother and my sisters.

I saw little of Three Rivers, as we were busy getting supplies, and the next day started our voyage westward.

Ten canoes formed the brigade. I separated from father, and was put in

a canoe with one of our visitors, M. Bouchard, and six Algonquin Indian canoemen. I had been anxious to see Sieur de La Vérendrye, but the sight of six Indian braves made me forget everything. I thought all Indians were savages, but I soon learned that if it was not for the skill, knowledge and bravery of our Indian paddlers, our voyage would many times have ended in disaster.

After a day's travel up the St. Lawrence, we stopped at Mount Royal to pick up more supplies. We stayed there all the next day. M. Bouchard said La Vérendrye was negotiating with the merchants for supplies and the sale of furs we would bring back.

That evening, La Vérendrye himself came to our camp to announce that we would leave at sunup next morning. This was the first time I had seen such a famous man. He was as big as my father. His bushy beard was bigger than father's, though. I admired his buckskin coat and leggings. They were a deep brown in color, not the color of natural buckskin.

He stood on the bank of the river with his thumbs jammed in his belt.

"Have your men get a good night's rest, Monsieur Bouchard," were his parting words, as he left to inspect another canoe in the brigade.

M. Bouchard told me that Sieur de La Vérendrye was born in Three Rivers. When he was twenty years of age, he joined the French army and fought in France. He was wounded in battle and left for dead. M. Bouchard said if it wasn't for the rugged outdoor life La Vérendrye had in New France, he would never have survived that battle.

He came back to New France and started in the fur trade with his father. He built a fur trading post on the St. Maurice River not far from his home. Now he was commandant of the trading post on Lake Nipigon, which was the destination of our voyage.

At dawn we left Mount Royal and before nightfall headed west on a great river called the Ottawa. We travelled it for many days. There were several sets of rapids and we had to make many portages to reach a lake called Nipissing. From that lake we travelled south down a fast river and then entered a huge lake.

I remember shouting, "Lake Superior!"

M. Bouchard said, "No son, this is just one of the big lakes. It is named Huron after the Indians of that name. Superior is several days' paddle from here."

After four days of hard work on Lake Huron, we reached the biggest lake of all. Superior! It was so big, I was told by M. Bouchard, that Jean Nicolet, one of the first fur traders, thought it was the western sea.

We had paddled for three days on Lake Superior, when a big storm struck. Our canoe brigade, fortunately, was close to land at all times. This day the wind blew up so quickly, it was a miracle all ten canoes reached the shore safely. I'm sure the waves were twenty feet high.

The storm spelled an ill day for me. It was about mid-day before all the canoes were safe on shore. When we had eaten, I offered to hunt for some food. Father and M. Bouchard gave me permission, but warned me to keep close to the shore of the lake.

I moved back from the rocky shore and walked on a lateral course with the lake. I was soon surprised by three deer. Before I could fire my musket, they darted into the bush. I rushed in after them, and followed their tracks for about a mile and then sat down hoping they would circle back towards me. I knew I could follow my own tracks back to the lake, but I never got the chance.

Suddenly, from behind, I was hit like a bale of hay falling on me! My musket was knocked from my hands, and before I could struggle, two Indians were on me. One held me, the other pointed my musket to my head! They were as excited as I was scared. They jabbered at me, shook their tomahawks, and pushed me through the bush ahead of them.

It was nearly nightfall before we came to an Indian camp. I was thankful for this, because I had hoped the canoe brigade would be gone before morning and thus escape capture.

The camp consisted of about fifteen huts. The Indians gathered around me, all talking in an excited manner, and looking at my musket. I was tied to a stake, and their dogs began barking at me and nipping at my legs.

I was left at the stake all night. The braves gathered in groups around their

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Science

The annoying buzzing sound filled the air of the small room. The whining noise increased as the mosquito, with its wings furiously beating the air, approached the large yawning mouth of the odd-looking building.

A young scientist watched with detached interest as the mosquito passed through the entrance. Suddenly there was an audible "zaap" followed by a puff of bluish-grey smoke. The man's eyes followed the crumpled body of the insect as it fell to the floor. The day had hardly begun at this pest control station and already several million of these yellow fever mosquitoes have been trapped and destroyed.

Why should this horde of insects allow themselves to be trapped in this strange manner?

The answer is in their sense of smell! Scientists have recently discovered that mosquitoes are attracted to certain odors. A mosquito can find you by the way you smell. To a mosquito, a human being really stinks!

Unfortunately, man doesn't give off just one odor but three distinct ones which are highly attractive to the mosquito. One of the odors is from a substance in sweat. This substance is called lactic acid. And if you happen to be breathing, which you are most of the time, the carbon dioxide given off through breathing makes this substance more attractive to the mosquito. All of us have bacteria present, to some degree, on the surface of our skin. In a certain state these bacteria also give off an odor which is attractive to the mosquito's sense of smell.

Recent studies being carried out on this insect's sense of smell could lead to extremely effective mosquito control by artificially reproducing these odors in a laboratory. A small building could then be erected where the odors could be released to lure the mosquitoes to high concentrations of insecticides.

If a mosquito control program of this kind worked well, it would be far safer for mankind than the present control methods of insecticide fogging and spraying. It has been proven in recent years that bug sprays do not control mosquitoes to any great extent. The mosquito can breed too fast, in too many places, for anyone to suggest that we should increase bug spraying. This would be foolish and a possible disaster to man

because of the effect it would have, killing birds and valuable insects, as well as the harm to man himself.

Other odors, too, are being investigated in sites where insects normally come to lay their eggs. It has been found that odors produced by bacteria in hay are highly attractive to mosquitoes. Perhaps concentrations of these odors could be used to lure mosquitoes away from their normal egg-laying sites and cause them to lay their eggs in unsuitable places where the eggs would die.

By D. A. Coburn

Pets

No matter how minor the condition of your pet bird, the veterinarian wants to see him as soon as is reasonably possible. Because a bird doesn't cough and keep you awake at night, or because the bird with diarrhoea produces no mess or odor, you may not realize how sick he really is.

When there are obvious signs that the bird is ill, such as staying down at the bottom of the cage all the time, or sleeping all the time, or actually lying on his side with his eyes closed, it's usually too late to medicate.

When you wish to bring your sick bird to an animal hospital, here are some suggestions to follow:

Bring the bird in his own cage, leaving the cage just as it is. This is to enable the veterinarian to examine the droppings from the last few days. The water dish should be emptied and replaced. This prevents water spilling over the paper and gravel. Naturally, when you get home, you can refill the water dish.

The cage should be covered. In the colder periods of the year have the car warm. If necessary a hot water bottle can be placed on top of the cage. If you have been treating the bird with medicines it's a good idea to bring them along too. Do not bring the bird in some small box or heavy paper bag; this makes it more difficult for the doctor to help your pet.

Some of you boys may be living in districts where there isn't a veterinarian available. I have included some general first aid hints to help you fellows. Although treating birds by the do-it-yourself method is better than no treatment, remember it doesn't take the place of treatment by a veterinarian who specializes in bird practice.

A bird that looks like he is cold, with his feathers all puffed up, needs warmth.

Heat can be supplied by sunshine, or a hot water bottle, a radiator, or a light bulb. Birds need to be kept at a constant temperature, around 75 degrees. Covering the cage with a blanket helps.

If the bird has been finger trained and doesn't resent handling, liquid medicines can be given by mouth. For example, a drop of solution made up of a 5-grain aspirin in eight ounces of water, given by mouth every four hours helps. A bird that is doing considerable vomiting can be helped by using a drop or more of mineral oil or pepto-bismol to reduce the irritation that may be present in the crop. Kaopectate is excellent for diarrhoea.

If you are far away and wish to phone or write to a distant doctor for advice, he will want to know the answers to questions he would ask you if you had brought your pet in to be treated. Such questions might be: Is there any change in food or water consumption? Or any change in the character of the droppings? What change is there in the pet's attitude or appearance? Is the pet breathing heavily? Having available the answers to such questions makes the job for the practitioner much easier. Normal droppings resemble a small bullseye with the white dot representing the material excreted from the urinary system and the black round ring the feces.

To keep the beak in shape, give the bird some wood or cuttle bone to work at. This will also help to keep his beak from getting too long.

Foods some birds should learn to enjoy are: greens such as lettuce, dandelion, sprouted seeds (oats, wheat, and grass); ripe fruit such as apples and oranges; or vegetables such as carrots or celery. It has been suggested that starting the bird soon after weaning on a variety of food will get him used to a broader diet and could help the bird to live longer. Giving your pet one new thing at a time in small quantities in order to simulate items he would pick up in his own natural environment is what we should be trying to achieve. Thus proteins such as hard boiled egg or meat should be included in the list too.

Five years ago there was hardly a veterinarian who would care to examine or treat birds. Much information about birds has crept into veterinary journals, and a new textbook on avian medicine should be available to the practitioner soon.

Today, birds are beginning to be cared for in the same manner as other pets in the areas of medicine, radiology, laboratory and, to some extent, in surgery.

By Dr. A. L. Kassirer



travel on an air cushion

BY W.H. OWENS

Few inventions have ever offered such exciting possibilities for fast travel over land or water as the hovercraft — the revolutionary amphibious vehicle that rides on a cushion of air.

In ten years from now, high-speed hoverships may be replacing today's transatlantic liners. Hovertrains, or tracked hovercraft, will be operating 300 miles-an-hour passenger services on many of the world's railway systems.

Skimming over any surface on its captive air cushion, a hovercraft can go where ordinary means of transport are barred. It will safely negotiate broken pack-ice, river rapids, bogs and swamps, sandbanks and quicksands.

Hovercraft have triumphed through trials in Africa's deserts and across snow and ice in the Arctic. Even the muskeg of Canada's Far North can't deter them.

A 70-passenger hovercraft from Britain created a sensation here in 1963 during a demonstration run over the St. Lawrence River. It "shot" the famous Lachine Rapids at a speed of over 40 knots — an impossible feat for any large waterborne vessel.

More hovering of these rapids thrilled visitors to Expo 67, when a pair of 36-seaters operated a passenger ferry service between Montreal and the World Exhibition islands.

Never was any inventor's brainchild developed more rapidly than the hovercraft. For it was only in 1958 that the British inventor, Dr. Christopher Cockerell, gave a public demonstration of his air-cushion model, and the building of the first full-scale hovercraft began.

Just one year later, that experimental single-seater crossed the 21 miles of sea between England and France without mishap. Skeptics who had prophesied disaster for the odd-looking craft — neither ship nor plane — were confounded. The hovercraft had established itself as a new means of transport.

Since then the story has been one of continuous

research and progress. Larger and ever more versatile craft have been produced.

Quite recently the world's largest hovercraft — the 165-ton "Mountbatten" (SR.N4) — began ferrying passengers and their cars across the English Channel from Dover to Boulogne. This giant can carry 250 passengers and 30 cars each trip, or more than 500 passengers without cars. It makes the sea crossing in less than half the time of ordinary car ferry ships.

With the success of the "Mountbatten", designers are already looking years ahead to the 4,000-ton ocean hovership which may cross the Atlantic in hours instead of days and compete with the airline jets.

A life-long interest in boats and the sea led Dr. Cockerell to his air-cushion discovery. At his little boatyard on the Norfolk Broads in eastern England, he spent years studying the effects of wave resistance and friction on boats in motion.

Eventually he found the secret which had eluded other marine inventors. This was how a craft could be borne along at speed, clearing the water and therefore free of wave resistance and friction, on a pressurized air cushion confined between its base and the water surface.

But the trickiest problem of all was how to keep the air under the craft all the time it was moving. It took Cockerell three years of patient experiment with models to find the answer.

By the middle 1950s this key problem had been finally solved, and the hovercraft principle established.

Briefly, the pressurized air cushion is kept in its place by a curtain of higher pressure air acting inwards and downwards all round the edge of the craft. Against this force there is the constant upward thrust of the air cushion.

It is this which, together with the mechanical propulsion, enables the hovercraft to move forward at high speed on its straight, horizontal course.

The space occupied by the air cushion is enclosed by a flexible "skirt" of rubber-like material which projects well below the base. Development of the long, flexible skirts transformed the hovercraft into a practical transport vehicle.

In the early days, hovercraft were able to operate only in calm waters, and clearance of waves or land obstacles was measured in inches. But with the fitting of longer skirts, a craft could ride fast and smoothly over the open sea.

The "Mountbatten", for example, operates safely and gives passengers a smooth, comfortable ride in seas up to twelve feet high. Obstacle impact is cushioned by the bending of the flexible skirt.

So far the hovercraft has proved its worth commercially as a passenger ferry, operating on rivers or over short sea distances.

Canada's first licensed service operates between Vancouver and Victoria and Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island. Two British-built hovercraft are used, one on each route, and each vehicle carries 36 passengers, has a

speed of 60 m.p.h. and a range of 150 miles.

The one-way trip between Vancouver and Victoria takes 121 minutes by hovercraft — compared with 123 minutes by air and 195 minutes by ferry boat. Six return trips are made daily.

Because of its extreme versatility, the air-cushion vehicle has tremendous potential for survey and exploration work in remote and inaccessible re-



gions of the world. As a military amphibian, its value has been proved in Vietnam and elsewhere in the Far East.

As landing craft and assault ships, hovercraft have the advantage of being able to leave the sea with their loads and travel on land. Naval hoverships of up to 1,000 tons displacement may be in service by the late 1970s.

Even in the industrial field, the air-cushion idea is being applied to machines and vehicles. There's the hover-pallet, for instance, that can lift loads of one to five tons — a most useful tool in factories, cargo ships and at docksides.

Another development is the over-land transporter with an air cushion system between the front and rear wheels to assist heavy loads over soft, boggy ground or weak bridges. Drivers of vehicles so equipped need never fear getting stuck in the mud. They'll simply bring the air cushion into operation and hover over it.

All this may be just the beginning of the Air Cushion Age of travel and transport in the remaining decades of this century. 

Books

If you're looking for good, light, summer reading, try some of these books.

John Glenn, First American in Orbit by David S. Akens (Strode, \$2.95) is available after August 1 as the first in a new series on heroes of space. It is to be followed later this year by biographies of other space leaders, including Dr. Werner von Braun, and astronaut Frank Borman. This first one is packed with interesting reading, and the book is loaded with photographs. Should be a good series.

Last Voyage of the Unicorn by Delbert A. Young (Clarke, Irwin, \$5.50) tells the incredible story of a 17th century search for the Northwest Passage. Aboard the *Unicorn* is a young boy studying to be a pilot. Of the 60 men who sailed into Hudson Bay, young Niels Olsen, his captain and one seaman are the only survivors of the harrowing experience. The book is illustrated with maps and drawings and includes a glossary of nautical terms.

Better Fishing for Boys by James P. Kenealy (Dodd, Mead, \$3.95) gives you all the basic facts about fishing in fresh and salt water, including equipment,

casting, trolling, and still fishing. This excellent manual is illustrated with more than 80 how-do-it photographs and diagrams. If you're already a fisherman, the book will tell you how to take care of your equipment and get the most out of it.

Hand Shadows to be Thrown upon the Wall by Henry Bursill (General, \$1.15) is a little package of fun, and more. It is really a republication of the Griffith and Farran edition which originally came out in 1859. It's kind of campy, and a nice sort of thing to have if you like books, or making shadows.

Male Manners: The Young Man's Guide by K. Corinth and M. Sargent (Musson, \$8.50) contains thousands of tips for getting along in every situation. It spells out your success, with girls, with friends, at school, on the job, writing letters, travelling — you name it. The answers are all there.

From Fins to Hands by Anthony Ravielli (Macmillan, \$3.75) follows the story of the development of the human hand. Its structure is traced back to the origin of limbs, 300 million years ago. Illustrations by the author.

Travel Tips for Teen-Agers by Sheila John Daly (Dodd, Mead, \$4.50) offers helpful hints on deciding where and how

to go, how to get ready for a trip, what and how to pack, advice on sightseeing, and ways of saving money. Everything the teen traveller needs to know is in this book, and it sparkles with humor, too!

How to Fix up Old Cars by LeRoi "Tex" Smith (Dodd, Mead, \$5.50) is a worthwhile reference book for the auto enthusiast. It tells you how to plan the job in advance, how to figure costs, and how to get the most for your money. Language is clear and a section of good photographs is included. Whether you're a dedicated hot-rodder or just fixing up your first car, this book is a great guide for you.

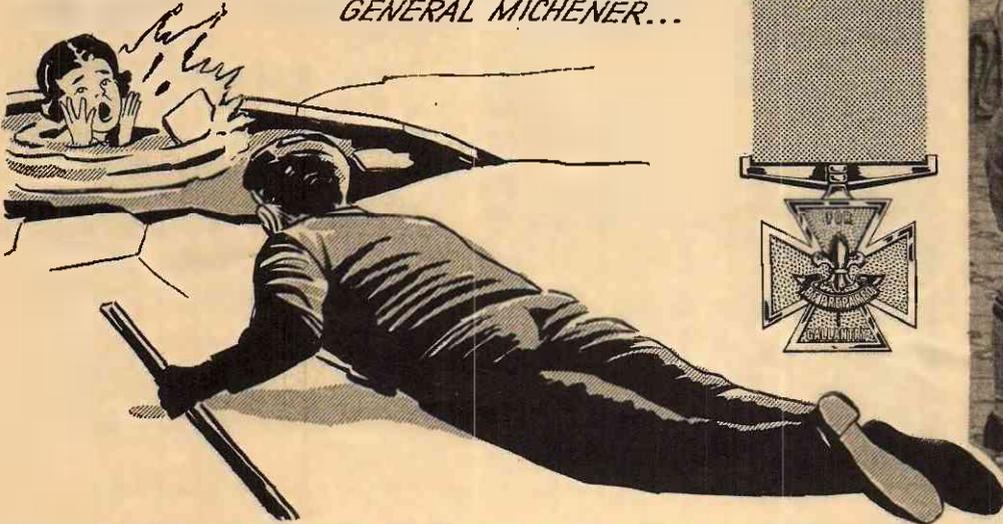
The Smoke Horse by Cliff Faulkner (McClelland, Stewart, \$3.95) is a gripping tale of adventure, packed with incident and excitement. This book will give you a vivid glimpse of our country's history in the early 1850s.

The Unexpected Hanging by Martin Gardner (Musson, \$7.25) is for you who like to sharpen your wits and really use your powers of logic. This is a collection of mathematical puzzles, problems, paradoxes, bafflements, and brain-teasers. The author has written and edited 17 other books, most of which deal with science and maths.

By Morocco Bound

AWARD FOR VALOUR.....

WHILE MARK PARROTT, 10, AND HIS SIX-YEAR-OLD SISTER, TRACY, WERE VISITING THEIR GRANDPARENTS JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS 1967, THEY WENT OUTSIDE TO PLAY.... THE LITTLE GIRL WANDERED ONTO THE THIN ICE ON COOPER'S CREEK, ONT., WHICH PROMPTLY GAVE WAY BENEATH HER.... MARK HEARD HIS SISTER SHOUT... HE IMMEDIATELY FLATTENED HIMSELF ON THE ICE, MANAGED TO GRAB TRACY, AND DREW HER TO SAFETY. FOR HIS GALLANT ACT, WOLF CUB MARK PARROTT OF THE 2nd HUNTSVILLE, ONTARIO, PACK WAS AWARDED THE SILVER CROSS BY GOVERNOR GENERAL MICHENER...



Penpals

Ian Shaw, 445 Rue des Cedres, Thetford Mines, Que., is 9 and wants a p.p. from anywhere in Canada. He's interested in mystery books, model building and hockey, and likes animals, especially dogs.

Eric Morris, 9 Amarynth Crescent, Winnipeg 22, Man., is 11 and would like a penpal his age from the Maritimes. He likes reading, football, soccer, camping, and drag races.

Raymond Niaura, 5736-12th Avenue, Montreal 405, Que., is 10 and would like a penpal his age living in B.C. He likes to play the guitar and he likes pretty girls. His hobbies are stamp collecting, collecting badges and reading good books.

Mark Reynolds, 79 Grenadier Drive, Hamilton, Ont., wants a penpal who likes collecting stamps, and likes hockey, baseball, soccer, and football. Anybody, anywhere in Canada.

Geoff Higginson, 2719 Crescent Drive, White Rock, B.C., wants a p.p. from Nova Scotia or Newfoundland. He likes swimming, pingpong, tennis, soccer, astronomy, and chemistry.

John Tupling, 48 Dalton Street, Barrie, Ont., would like a p.p. from anyplace, of any age, who would sell or trade district or regional badges with him.

Ronald Ayers, Southport CFB, Portage La Prairie, Man., is 10 and wants penpals from anywhere. He likes reading science fiction stories. His hobbies are collecting stamps and rocks and he likes drag racing, swimming, tennis, and camping.

Scott Johnstone, Bridge Street, Hastings, Ont., is 10 and wants a p.p. from anywhere in Canada. His hobbies are model cars and go-karts and his sports include football, soccer, pool, and stock car racing.

Robin Comely, Box 161, Portage La Prairie, Man., would like a p.p. from anywhere east of Manitoba. He's 11 and is interested in hunting, camping, and coin collecting, along with sports.

Keith Milner, 13904-119th Avenue, Edmonton, Alta., is 11, likes drag racers, girls, pop music, science, swimming and The Beatles, and he wants a penpal anyplace.

Chris Vojeckis, 18 Rowatson Road, Scarborough, Ont., would like to correspond with anybody in Canada. His interests are reading, drawing, science, mystery and horror movies, soccer, and pop music.

Andrew Miller, Westward Ho, Alta., is 13 and would like a penpal anywhere in Canada. He trades stamps, plays hockey, basketball, baseball, football, and likes swimming. He'd like to hear from someone his own age.

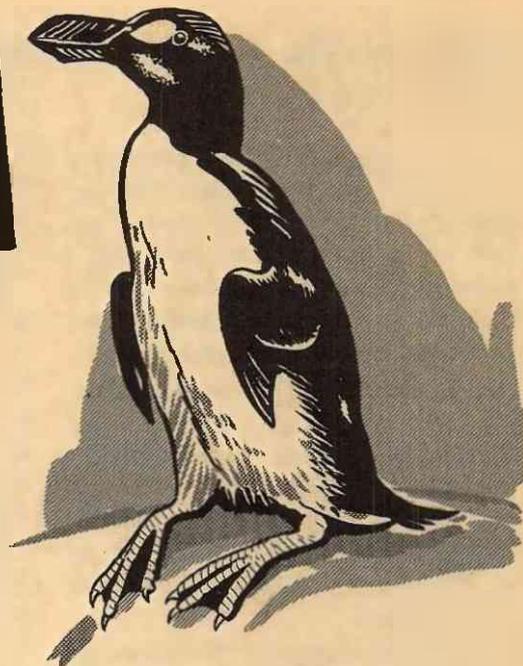
Michael Piccoli, 65 Sandwell Drive, Weston, Ont., is 9 and likes camping and hiking. He would prefer to have a penpal near his home, which is in the Toronto area.

Jim Ramsay, 1597 High Road, Kelowna, B.C., would like a p.p. from anywhere outside the Okanagan Valley. His interests are football, and collecting Cub, Scout, and Rover badges.

CANADATA..

The GREAT AUK

WAS THE ANCESTOR OF OUR PENGUIN ... THIS GOOSE-SIZED BIRD OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC WAS THE FIRST BIRD RECORDED EXTINCT IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE THE GREAT AUK COULD HAVE SURVIVED INDEFINITELY HAD IT NOT BEEN RUTHLESSLY HUNTED... THE LAST KNOWN PAIR WERE KILLED IN ICELAND IN 1844

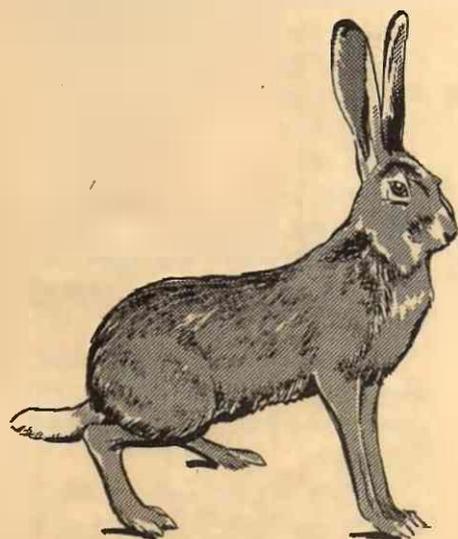


The LABRADOR DUCK

DWINDLED AND VANISHED BETWEEN 1850 AND 1870 WHETHER SHOOTING, DISEASE, OR THE LOSS OF VITAL FOOD CAUSED ITS EXTINCTION HAS NEVER BEEN DETERMINED, AND PROBABLY NEVER WILL BE

The AURORA BOREALIS

APPEARS ABOUT 25 TIMES A YEAR IN CANADA ELECTRICAL PARTICLES, SPEEDING AT ONE THOUSAND MILES PER SECOND FROM SUN-SPOTS, DISTORT THE EARTH'S MAGNETIC FIELD AND CAUSE HIGH LEVELS OF THE ATMOSPHERE TO GLOW... THIS DISPLAY IS ALSO KNOWN AS OUR 'NORTHERN LIGHTS'



OUR WHITE-TAILED JACK RABBIT HAS BEEN KNOWN TO LEAP FROM 12 TO 20 FEET ... THEIR SPEED IS SO GREAT THAT ONLY A GREYHOUND CAN OVERTAKE THEM....

A BOY IN NEW FRANCE

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fires, talking excitedly, and pointing at me. It was not long before they lay down before their fires to sleep. I was too scared to think of sleep. All I could think about was mother and father, my sisters, and our home. I was sure I would never see them again.

Stories of Indian torture were common to me. I'd heard my father tell of the terrible torture experienced by men who were captured from our village in the early days. I remember hoping that my captors would kill me in the morning. I was so afraid of being tortured.

I'll always remember the sunrise the next morning. It was the first time I had never slept all night. At first a pink haze showed up in the east. The haze became brighter, coloring the early morning clouds pink. It seemed like hours before the sun rose over the horizon. When it did, the Indian camp came alive with activity.

Two Indian women came to untie me and led me inside one of the huts. I was tied to a pole far from the entrance, so escape was impossible.

Every day the braves and their women came in to see me, or mostly to poke at me. The braves poked their tomahawks on my chest or stomach, or pushed arrows hard on my skin.

From the first day, a young brave, about my own age, came and stared at me for several minutes. I was determined to stare back at him. He was about my height but much leaner. He looked as wiry and agile as a deer in the forest. I was afraid of him. I thought in some way he planned to harm me.

On the fourth day, when the young brave came into the hut, he stared at me in his usual way. He then raised his tomahawk and crashed it down on the pole, cutting my bonds. So many questions came to my mind. Was I to be tortured now? Was I to be at the mercy of this young Indian?

He held on to me and took me into another hut. He kept staring at me, and then pointed at himself and said, "Nabigon."

He pointed at me. I said my name. Then he embraced me, and suddenly I realized I was to be his friend, and

that the Indians intended to keep me as a prisoner.

To my amazement Nabigon could speak many French words. The Indians had traded furs with a fur trader about a year previously, and Nabigon learned some French words from him.

The summer in many ways was a pleasant one. Nabigon and I spent all our days hunting and fishing. He taught me to use the bow and arrow, the spear and to snare small animals. It would take me years to become a hunter like him, but I did get enough food for myself and some to be cured.

I learned to speak some words in Nabigon's language, which was Ojibway. I taught Nabigon to speak more French and some English words.

But each day I made plans to escape. My plan was to find Lake Nipigon and the trading post where the canoe brigade would be. I was sure it was in a westerly direction, but was it a small or big lake? Would I get lost trying to find it? Once I left the Indian camp, I was sure I could not return without facing torture or death, and I did not suppose I could survive a winter in the bush alone.

One day, I asked Nabigon, "How far is Lake Nipigon? Do you know about La Vérendrye and his trading post?"

"Lake Nipigon, many days from here, big lake. Nabigon not been to lake," he replied.

He had a puzzled look on his face as he tried to say La Vérendrye.

It would have been too good to be true if Nabigon knew where La Vérendrye's trading post was on Lake Nipigon.

Nabigon and I became good friends, but could I trust him to help me escape? Would he turn me over to the chief if he knew I was making escape plans? I soon received my answer.

Part of my escape plan was to take a small portion of cured meat and hide it in a birch bark bag. As I was doing this one day, Nabigon appeared and startled me.

"Nabigon, John, go to Lake Nipigon," he said.

He knew I planned to escape! How relieved I was to know he would help me.

"Your people may kill or torture us if we are caught," I said.

"John, my brother," he replied, "me

go with you. We find canoes."

We left camp before dawn with our hunting gear and four days' supply of food, and struck out in a westerly direction.

I never saw such rugged country. The hills were more like mountains. We moved as fast as we could, following the big ravines as much as possible, Nabigon led the way. I had to half walk and half run to keep up with him. Some of the time, he was almost out of my sight.

Looking ahead to keep sight of him, I skirted around a large pile of rock and almost tripped over a brown bear with two cubs. The cubs ran off into the bush.

The bear snarled and came rushing at me! I barely had time to take aim at it with my spear, but my throw was accurate. The spear hit the bear squarely in the head. It dropped instantly.

I then foolishly ran up to the bear, which was lying on its back. As I came up to the bear, it thrashed its legs, and struck me on my leg. I heard my leg crack. I screamed with pain for Nabigon.

He rushed back to me, and finished killing the bear.

What a mess we were in. My leg felt like it was broken, but I still wanted to go on to Lake Nipigon.

"We go back to camp, women fix leg," ordered Nabigon. "We hide food. Come back soon."

"Your chief will know about our plans, and we won't get a chance to get away again," I protested.

"Nabigon and John take bear skin back to chief. We tell him we on hunting trip. We come back," he replied.

"Nabigon removed the hide from the bear. He carried me and the bear skin back to camp, where we arrived just before dark. The Indians crowded around us, and I watched their faces anxiously as Nabigon told them about our hunting trip and my mishap. They seemed to believe our story, at least the chief smiled when he received the bear skin.

But they must have been suspicious about us. Nabigon was ordered to move into a hut by himself, and I was left alone.

My leg was not broken, but it was bruised and badly swollen. I could not stand on it. The Indian women plas-



tered my leg with wet bark, and the swelling started to go down.

Two days after our return, on a moonlight night, Nabigon came into my hut.

"John," he whispered, "we try for lake."

"Does your chief know about our plans?" I asked.

"No. He know about canoes at Lake Nipigon. He tell me to stay in camp," he replied.

"Nabigon, I can't walk to Lake Nipigon, what are we going to do?" I asked.

"We go to hill on big lake," he whispered as he left my hut.

My hopes were low that night. Our best chance was to get to Lake Nipigon. Nabigon knew he couldn't carry me that far, and I knew it too. I wondered about what he had said. I thought he must mean a hill on the shore of Lake Superior.

For the next week I hobbled about. The braves seemed to be watching me closely, and I didn't see Nabigon. I was worried. Maybe he would not help me to escape again.

The leaves were just about off the trees now. I supposed it must be about mid-September. Soon La Vérendrye's canoes would leave for home. Time was running out on me.

One dark night I was startled by Nabigon coming into my hut.

"John, no moon, now we go. Keep still," he ordered.

We crept out of my hut with just our hunting gear. I found it difficult to walk, and stumbled about in the darkness.

"No noise," whispered Nabigon.

At that moment I tripped over a fallen tree and made a terrible noise as I got caught up in the tree branches.

My clumsiness alerted the dogs in camp. They started barking fiercely.

"Lie flat, keep still," Nabigon ordered. After a few moments he said, "Crawl back to hut."

"No, no," I protested, "the barking will stop."

"We can't be found here, crawl

back," were Nabigon's parting words as he made his way back to his hut.

Bitterly disappointed, I crawled back to my hut. As the dogs continued to bark, I thought I would always hate dogs.

I got to my hut and into my sleeping robe. I heard some braves moving about in the darkness, shouting at the dogs. Nabigon must have reached his hut without arousing suspicion, for the night passed without any further incident.

The next night was just as dark as the previous one, and Nabigon came to my hut again. He tied a splint of small saplings to my injured leg.

"I give the dogs some bones to chew on so there be no sound," he whispered.



In the darkness we found our food cache. I could hobble on my leg where the ground was flat, but we were soon in rock country. All that night Nabigon carried me on his back, taking short rests. On one of them, he pointed south and said, "We go to big hill on lake."

"Your chief may find us there," I replied.

"No, John, big hill, Nabigon's hill," he answered, as he lifted me on his back.

I supposed the hill must have a hiding place of some kind if we could not be found there, but would we be able to see the canoes on the lake from the hill?

We came to the base of a big hill before dawn and slept there for awhile, but without a fire, we nearly froze.

At dawn Nabigon carried me up the hill. There was Lake Superior again! What a view we had. There were three big islands a few miles off shore, and we could see the lake for miles, east and west.

If the canoe brigade had not passed we should be able to see it from this lookout. There was a small hidden cave on the north-east side of the hill. This was Nabigon's secret hiding place.

By day I lay flat on the ground watching the lake for the canoes. Na-



bigon watched for any signs of the Indians from the camp. By night we slept in the cave.

On the fourth day on the big hill, everything was covered in thick fog. We could hardly see each other a few yards apart. What if the canoes passed during the heavy fog? We would never see them, and all would be lost for us. Nabigon wanted to go to the shore of the lake and watch for the canoes. I said no. He could get hurt going down the hill in the fog, and it would still be impossible to see the canoes.

Before dawn next morning I crawled from the cave, in the fog, to our lookout. As the darkness turned into light, the fog still covered the lake like a big cloud.

Suddenly, the wind began to blow and the fog began to clear away. The lake came quickly into view, and as I looked westward, I saw smoke coming from the shoreline — and then I saw people! Was it the canoe brigade? I yelled for Nabigon. He supported me and we hurried down the hill toward the lake.

As we hit the shore line, I knew it was the canoe brigade! I could see the Algonquin canoemen, I could make out M. Bouchard, and then I saw father!

I stumbled ahead, then somehow I ran, shouting, "Father, father!"

I knew we were safe and that I would see mother, my sisters and the big kitchen in our farmhouse.

Epilogue

Eight canoes returned from Lake Nipigon, all loaded with furs. Sieur de La Vérendrye did not return that autumn. He wintered at the trading post on Lake Nipigon.

Nabigon came home with me, and lived with us for over a year. My mother treated him like a son. My sisters taught him to speak French very well.

In the spring of 1729, Nabigon left our home for Three Rivers, then west with La Vérendrye and the fur trade. As for me, I was left behind to continue my lessons from Father Bérubé, dreaming of my days on the lakes and in the forests.

LETTERS

continued from page 5

censed operator may transmit by Morse code and if the operator possesses only his first licence no one may use phone transmissions. If, though, the station has an advanced operator he and his guests may use voice. We members of the ham fraternity are very proud of our licences and try to encourage young people to take an interest in our hobby. Our ham shack doors are always open to visitors. A ham ticket is especially helpful to the young as it opens a window on the world. We are not bothered with boundaries, politics, color or race, and after chatting with many different countries all over the world the radio amateur quickly realizes we are all the same.

C. Turner, VE3EQF, Caledon, Ont.



At the Big Top, recent Scout show in Ottawa, a display of Cub projects attracted interest of hundreds of spectators. Aircraft proved a favorite subject for modelling.

HE HATES US

What's happened? When your magazine first came out it was great. I enjoyed everything in it. But slowly and surely everything's gone from bad to worse. Now you have gone to six issues a year (I think, anyway, because I haven't received one in so long it isn't funny). That takes it. Your Rib Ticklers aren't funny anymore. You put ads in for more jokes. I sent in some a while ago, some that every kid on the block laughed at, and you never even printed them. As far as I am concerned, your magazine isn't worth the two bits we are forced to pay. How come we are forced to get it? I can think of a lot better things to do with the money we are forced to pay for such a lousy magazine.

Colin Anstey, Warsaw, Ont.

Sorry to hear you're disenchanted with CB, Colin, but you're also confused. You

get nine issues a year. You pay only fifty cents for the whole year. People outside Scouting pay 25 cents per copy, but you get yours for about a nickel a copy. Dozens of readers are sending us the same jokes every day of the week. We try to weed out the unusual ones, in hopes that not many of our readers have already heard them. Even then, we have no way of being certain we're hitting everybody's funny bone bang on.

MORE RADIO INFO

Bob Pritchard's letter in the May issue is full of disillusionment. Any person over 15 years old may become a licensed ham operator after taking a government test. He may use phone on all amateur bands above 50 megacycles on receipt of his licence. For details write to your local Department of Transport office. Or write to me, VE2AQQ.

Steve McCulloch,
249 Bolton Avenue,
Beaconsfield, Que.

Please permit me to correct some misconceptions outlined in your May 1969 issue, under *Letters: RADIO REACTIONS*. No person may operate a transmitter in the amateur frequency bands without first obtaining a certificate or licence in Canada. The first licence issued is *amateur grade*. This entitles the holder to operate code in all amateur bands, plus voice on 6 and 2 metres. Minimum age is 15. One year later the ham operator may sit for the *advanced amateur grade certificate*, which gives full code and voice privileges on all amateur bands. Having obtained either of these licences, the ham does not require any other operator to supervise him. An unlicensed person may speak over the air as long as the station is under the control of a licensed operator. He may not, however, use code without first obtaining an *amateur grade certificate*. I trust this will clarify the situation somewhat and prevent any young Canadians from running afoul of the law.

Jim Moore, VE3FHA, Galt, Ont.

We just hope you guys get this all straightened out in time for the next jamboree-ou-the-air!

HE'S SWITCHING

I'm just writing to thank you for choosing my gagline as a runner-up in your Photo Gagline Contest. I had become extremely and thoroughly disgusted with cartoons and their ideas, since I have a couple of rejection slips from various magazines. Your letter and cheque came at just the right moment. You may ex-

pect to see a couple of manuscripts from me in the future in your writers' contest.

Gordon Rose, White Rock, B.C.



Dale Drinkwater, 14, of 1st Bobcaygeon (Ont.) Scout Troop, has been awarded the Jack Cornwall Decoration for courage and endurance. Dale is confined to a wheelchair because of muscular dystrophy. He is seen here receiving his Queen's Scout badge from the Governor General.

NUMBER, PLEASE!

I haven't received the first two issues of this year, although I paid the yearly fee on time. I would appreciate it if you would send me these two issues, for I collect and treasure your excellent magazine.

Monvid Gertners, Scarborough, Ont.

Our Subscriptions Department is looking into this matter for you. When you're writing to us about your subscription, please make sure to give us the group number shown at the lower left corner of your mailing label. That generally speeds things up.



For the older boys at the Big Top show, a sports car racing display featured a racing car wired for sound, blaring forth sounds of the track. Posters show race courses.

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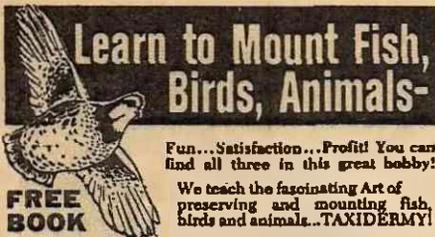
CANADIAN BOY has something of interest for nearly everyone. The junior edition is mainly for Cubs, as far as age interest is concerned. The senior edition is

directed toward the older boys, in Scouts and Venturers and Rovers.

Coming up later this year are stories on skydiving, and football. And the October issue will contain the official Scout catalogue.

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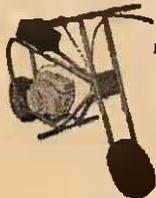
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Off the Record

Paul Simon is half of Grammy winners Simon and Garfunkel. Ed Simon is his brother.

Try to get around that fact in a conversation with Ed and you have given yourself an impossible assignment.

However Ed is trying to get around the Paul Simon image. Ed and his partner Paul Gelber record under the name of Crib and Ben. As Ed puts it, "How far from Simon and Garfunkel can you get?"

Even in appearance the Simon and Garfunkel comparison is made. Ed is just two inches over five feet, close to his brother, and when he is introduced to people they know who he is. They're almost identical twins. Paul Gelber also is not unlike Art Garfunkel.

However there are differences. Crib and Ben are performing names but they seldom perform. Their careers are producing records. They are fairly new in the recording game and have only two groups under contract. One group, The Sundowners, already have a fairly successful album on the market. The other group, McKendree Spring, also have an album out and unlike The Sundowners, they are a Simon and Gelber find.

"We got into production through my brother," Ed told me. "It takes certain connections to become a record producer. My name got me in the door, then Paul and I convinced the company we could do a good job."

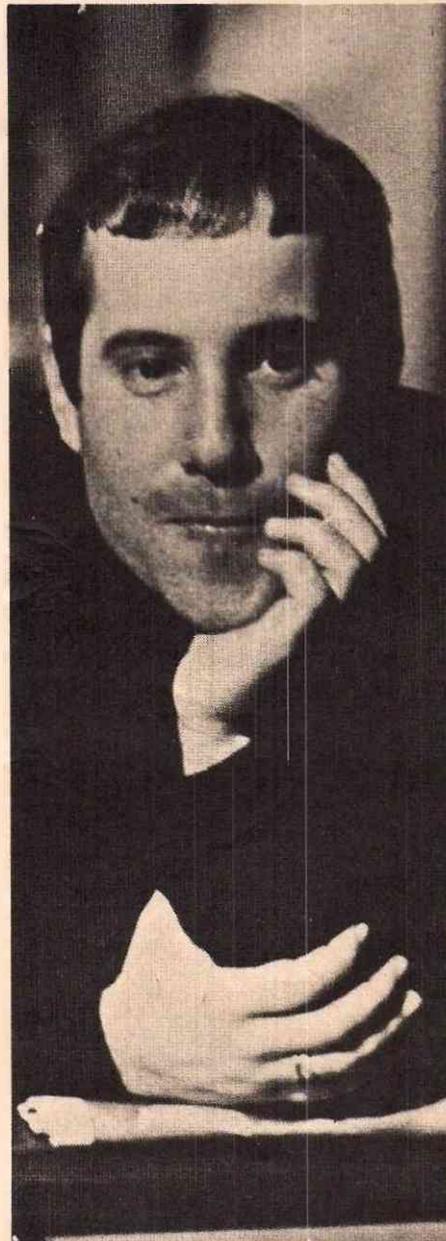
Ed is obviously from a musical environment. His father is involved in music, as well as his brother, and he was a music major in college. Some of his best training came from recording sessions with Art Garfunkel and his brother.

Music was always part of Paul Gelber's life, too. In college he was writing material for revues and performing with his own groups on and off campus. He has also absorbed some of the Simon and Garfunkel skills through their recording sessions.

During our meeting Paul hardly spoke. With a nod of his head he agreed with Ed's comments. He acknowledged that he and Ed got together to produce records, not to perform. He also agreed when Ed said, "We don't perform on stage at all. It would be useless to go through the club scene. If we make it as performers then we'll do concerts. We don't need the money, so why go through the hassle?"

Crib and Ben have one record out called "Emily". But, in keeping with

their idea of not necessarily being performers, they said, "We recorded 'Emily' just so we could have a record we had worked on from the beginning. We did the writing, arranging, and producing. It's nice to have a hand in the entire procedure."



Paul Simon

So Ed Simon is Paul Simon's brother, and Paul Gelber doesn't have any brothers. And they'll go on producing because Decca says they are the centre of the label's newly formed contemporary A&R department.

It will be interesting to see if Crib and Ben change their name to Simon and Gelber and make it, like Tom and Jerry changed to Simon and Garfunkel. Or will Simon and Garfunkel perform and Simon and Gelber produce? Whatever, things could get confusing.

By Mike Gormley

Any Questions?

Could you please tell me how many Sea Scout troops there are in Canada? Also how many of these troops wear the red and green neckerchief? Are the red and green neckerchiefs a tradition for Sea Scouts? Do other packs or land troops share this color combination?

Wayne Murphy,
CFB Petawawa, Ont.

There are a total of 1,883 Sea Scouts in Canada. Most Sea Scout troops wear the same colors in their neckerchief as the land troop and pack in their own local Scout group. The red and green combination is not a tradition with Sea Scouts specifically.

I have just read the article in May '69 CB on SCOPE and wondered whether there is a possibility for other Canadian Scouts outside of Ontario to participate in such a movement.

John Sheehan, Regina, Sask.

Yes. Your group should apply through your local council for an American contact.

I was browsing through some old copies of CB when I came across an article (Nov. '68) called *Only Scout in Town*. In it you mentioned that Jimmy Cook could send for the Lone Scout courses from Prince George, B.C. Our troop has started to diminish and I would like to know if we could have more info on this Lone Scout program.

Doug Sawka, Thorhild, Alta.

Write to your provincial office at 10215-97th Avenue, Edmonton 10, Alta., for information. They will advise you.

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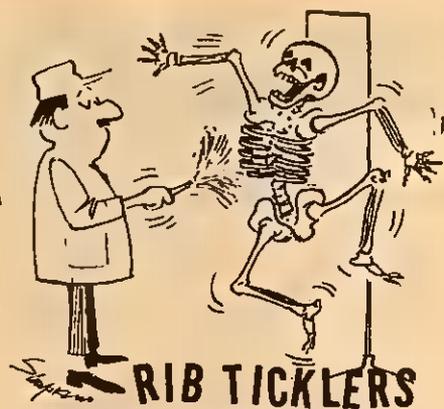
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Dopey took a friend driving in the mountains.

After a while, his friend said: "Every time you race around one of those sharp curves, I get scared!"

And Dopey replied: "Then why don't you do what I do? Close your eyes!"

Danny Thibault, High Level, Alta.

Teacher: Class, we will only have a half day of school this morning.

Johnny: Yeah! Hooray!

Teacher: Quiet, please! We will have the other half day this afternoon!

Terry St. Jacques, Sudbury, Ont.

Diner: Do you have any lump sugar?

Waiter: No, we don't have any lump sugar — only granulated sugar. If you don't like it, you can lump it.

Ian MacCuish, Spryfield, N.S.

Larry: Back from your vacation, eh? Feel any change?

Douglas: Not a penny!

Larry Simpson Jr., Bourlamaque, Que.

Mother: Don't tell Daddy about the watch we bought him for Father's Day.

Four-year-old Son: No, Mom. I promise. Just let me whisper in Daddy's ear. (Later) Pssst, Daddy, I won't tell you what we bought, but your time has come!

Gerald Chester, New Liskeard, Ont.

Judge: How do you know you were going only 15 miles an hour?

Accused: I was going to the dentist!

Wayne Green, Richmond, B.C.

Four-year-old: I can touch the bottom of the deep end of the pool.

Swimming Instructor: Really?

Four-year-old: Yep, but not with the water in it!

Bruce Hall, Dorval, Que.

Q: A man went to town on Tuesday, stayed overnight, and went home on Tuesday. How come?

A: Tuesday was the name of his horse.

David Schlinker, Calgary, Alta.

Father: Goodnight, and sleep tight.

Son: I'll have to sleep tight — my pyjamas are too small!

Bill Melbourne, Burgeo, Nfld.

Tom: I wish I were as smart as you are, Bill.

Bill: Oh, I'm smart because I take smartness pills. Here, have one.

Tom: Gee, I don't feel any smarter. Give me some more.

Bill: Okay, here.

Tom (after 10 pills): I don't feel smarter at all! And these pills look to me like dead flies!

Bill: See? You're smarter already!

Ronnie Coleman, Carleton Place, Ont.

Father: The only way to learn something is to start at the bottom.

Son: But, Dad! I want to learn how to swim!

Brett Tinkler, Brandon, Man.

Mrs. Brown: Will you join me in a cup of tea?

Mrs. Jones: You get in first, and I'll see if there's any room left for me.

Stephen Meechan, Riverview, N.B.

Q: What do you make, but never see it after you make it?

A: A noise.

Douglas Checknita, Calgary, Alta.

Q: Why is it so hard to hold a conversation with a goat around?

A: Because a goat is always butting in!

Ricky Cleveland, Willowdale, Ont.

Mary: My father is in the hospital.

Paul: Oh, I'm sorry. What's wrong?

Mary: Nothing! He's a doctor!

Billy Mortimer, Winnipeg, Man.

Butcher: I just saw a sausage 50 feet long!

Baker: Sounds like a lot of baloney to me!

Gary Hoadley, Grimsby, Ont.

Q: Why is the letter O like a pain?

A: Because it makes a man moan.

Lester Wayne Gray, Agassiz, B.C.

Q: Why can't a bike stand up by itself?

A: Because it's two-tired.

Dennis Kinko, Chomedey, Que.

A woman walked into a psychiatrist's office. "I'd like to tell you about my son," she began. "He likes to eat grapes. All day long he eats grapes!" The doctor said, "Well, there's nothing wrong with that, is there?" And the woman exploded: "But, doctor — off the wallpaper?"

Ricky Perdue, Coquitlam, B.C.

Q: Why did the little red house call for a doctor?

A: Because it had a window pane!

Gary Philpott, Windsor, Nfld.

Doctor: Willie, you're still in the same weak condition! What happened to the vitamins I gave you to build up your strength?

Willie: I couldn't unscrew the cap off the bottle!

Jeffrey Lipsitz, Montreal, Que.

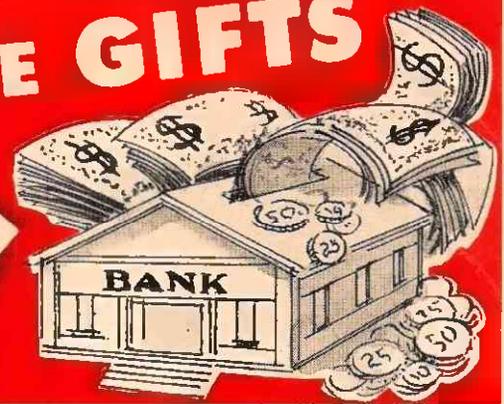
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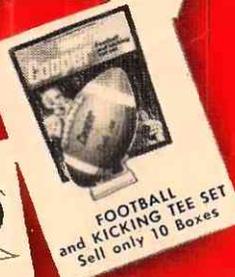


"Aw, gee, I've got to have some fun!"

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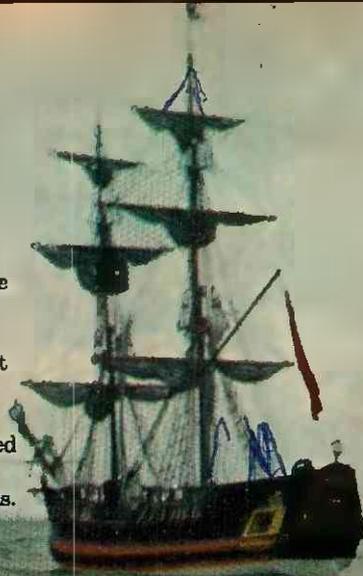
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We can't say for sure that a daily ration of Coca-Cola would have prevented the mutiny on the Bounty. But knowing, as we do, how the unique, refreshing taste of Coke lifts the spirits, we feel that an ice-cold bottle or two would certainly have put the men in a better frame of mind. What we don't understand, is why Captain Bligh's immortal parting words, reproduced below in their entirety, were for some obscure reason, left out of the history books.



“Things would have gone better with Coke.”

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