

Canadian Boy

JUNE 1969, VOL. 6, NO. 4

JUNIOR EDITION

Contents

Wild Hawk to the Sky by <i>Mary Aksim</i>	8
Summer Soldier, and six other summer jobs by <i>Clarke Wallace</i>	10
Sports by <i>Paul Dulmage</i>	15
Off the Record by <i>Mike Gormley</i>	15
10 Things to do this Summer	16
Scouting in Canada: P.E.I. and N.B.	18
Otto Matic by <i>Vic Atkinson</i>	19
Science by <i>D. A. Coburn</i>	21
Pets by <i>Dr. A. L. Kassirer</i>	21
Penpals	22
Canadata by <i>Vernon Miller</i>	23
Stamp Corner by <i>H. L. Woodman</i>	25
Award for Valour	25
Rib Ticklers	26
Letters	5
Editorial: Don't Just Sit There — Do Something!	4

Cover photo by Bert Hoferichter.

Photos pages 10, 12, 13 by Bert Hoferichter.

Photos pages 11, 12, 13 by Clarke Wallace.

NEXT ISSUE, Rae Parker tells you about his wild experiences with drownproofing. And there'll be a project on—of all things—basketball! Some good fiction reading, some of your favorite features, a new puzzle contest, and a couple of surprises round out the July/August issue of CB. Watch for it!



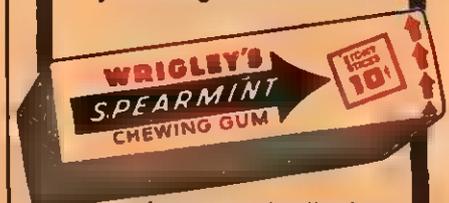
Time out for fishing

You'll find a lot of information in this issue about summer jobs and careers. But, somehow summer still means relaxation and fun. And one of the best ways we know to relax is fishing. So, let's grab a couple of packs of Wrigley's Spearmint Gum and do a little relaxing.

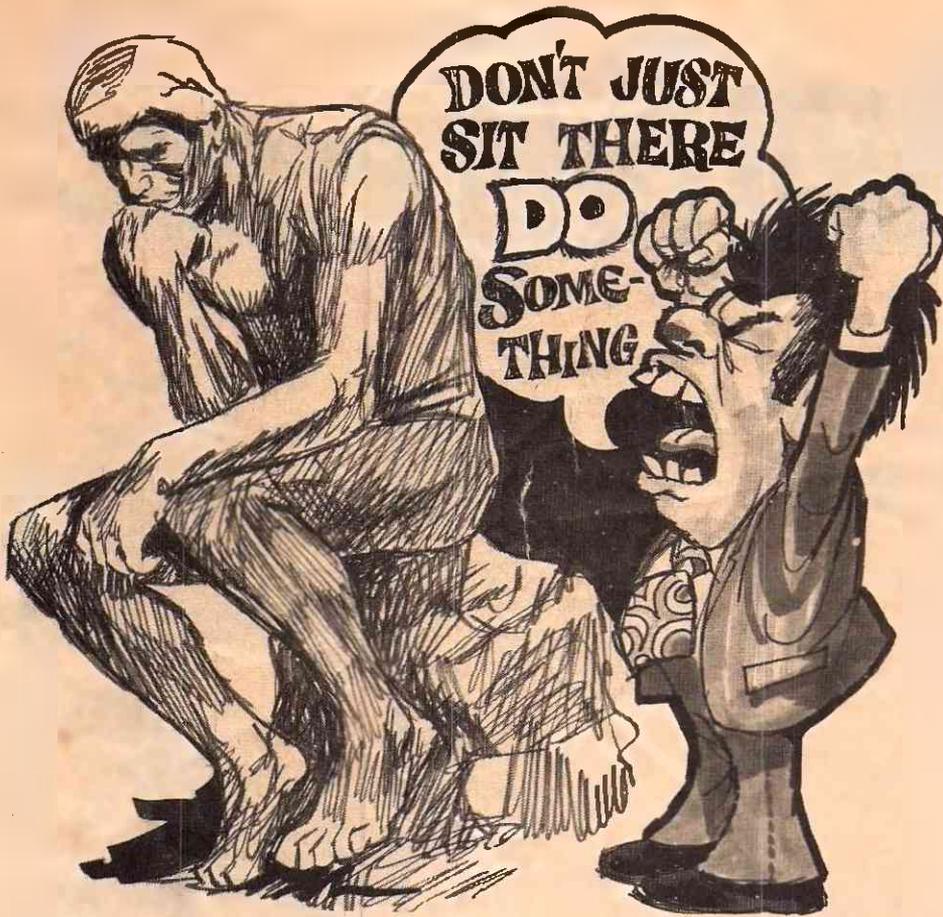


Fishing from a dock or bridge needs no fancy equipment. With a simple rod and line, and a baited hook, you can come up with a worthwhile catch. Here are a few tips that will help you catch more fish:

1. Always fish up-current or up-wind to keep your line from drifting to shore. (Keep the wind at your back or the current running away from you.)
2. Change the depth of your bait every 15 or 20 minutes until you start getting nibbles.
3. When using a 'bobber' float on your line for fishing in a current, make sure you use a small lead weight just above your hook to hold the bait down.
4. If you use live bait like minnows or frogs, use a float large enough to keep the bait from pulling it under the water.
5. If you use non-swimming bait like worms, use a small 'bobber' that just barely floats, to give you instant response when your fish bites.
6. While you're waiting for that fish to bite, open up a pack of Wrigley's Spearmint Gum. The long-lasting lively flavour will help you to relax and enjoy your fishing even more.



You'll enjoy the lively long lasting flavour—get some soon



It's going to be a tough summer to find jobs like those in the series of articles starting on page 10. There aren't many jobs around this year, and the university and senior high school students are getting first crack at them.

Where does this leave you? Probably sitting around, wondering what to do with yourself.

But you still have a chance for at least a part-time summer job. Remember that there are a lot of lawns to be mowed and odd jobs to be done in your neighborhood. This particularly applies to work which can be done for older people or for those going away on holidays, but who still want their property kept up. Perhaps your own father would like to take it easy for a change, and would hire you.

Or maybe a friend has a paper route or other regular job, but wants to get away himself for a week or two. You could be his stand-in.

And if there's no job at all, don't despair. Go to work for yourself. Set yourself a goal or goals for the summer. Maybe this is the year you're going to learn lifesaving. Or take up golf. Or read those books you wanted to start, but didn't get a chance at. Or explore your community and find out all about it. Or even get a start on next year at school, through reading.

It doesn't really matter what goals you decide on. The important thing is to find something you really want to do and do it. That's a real holiday.

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Letters

I am the PL of the Roadrunner Patrol, 68th Ottawa Troop, and I am writing to see about arranging an exchange visit with a patrol in the region of southern Ontario from Kingston to Niagara Falls. Each member of each patrol would be the guest of a member of the other patrol for a few nights. In this way everyone would see the sights of both areas and pass requirements 6(c) of the Citizen badge, silver and gold stages. If we have already received a suitable letter before we get yours, I will try to refer you an American patrol, or Canadian, whichever you prefer, in an area specified by you in your letter.

Bill Cameron, 35 Crownhill Street, Ottawa 9, Ont.

We think your magazine is great! We are writing to ask if there are any other clubs interested in the bush and nature. If so, we would very much like to get in contact with them. Please write to:

*The Dryden District Junior Rangers,
182 Wilson Street, Dryden, Ont.*

I think you have a great mag; keep up the good work. But just as a matter of curiosity, what was that space for on page 13 of the March-April issue?

Rich Urquhart, Pointe Claire, Que.

Fun. Or notes. Or your laundry list. Or phone numbers. Or Gordie Howe's autograph, if you see him sometime.

I like your magazine very much. I think having contests is a great idea. I think you should have more comic strips like *Otto Matic*. And a puzzle page with crosswords on it. Finally, I think you should stop *Penpals*.

Neil Dicken, Calgary, Alta.

Could you please start a column for *Tapepals*? This is where Scouts communicate by tape. They would tell the same things as in *Penpals* except it would be under *Tapepals*.

Kenny Komarnisky, Drumheller, Alta.

In the past year, we have had only five such requests, including Kenny's. That's hardly enough interest to warrant space for a new service. But we can put you tape people in *Penpals*, note that you want to correspond by tape, and you take it from there when you get a letter from someone else who's ready to roll tape.

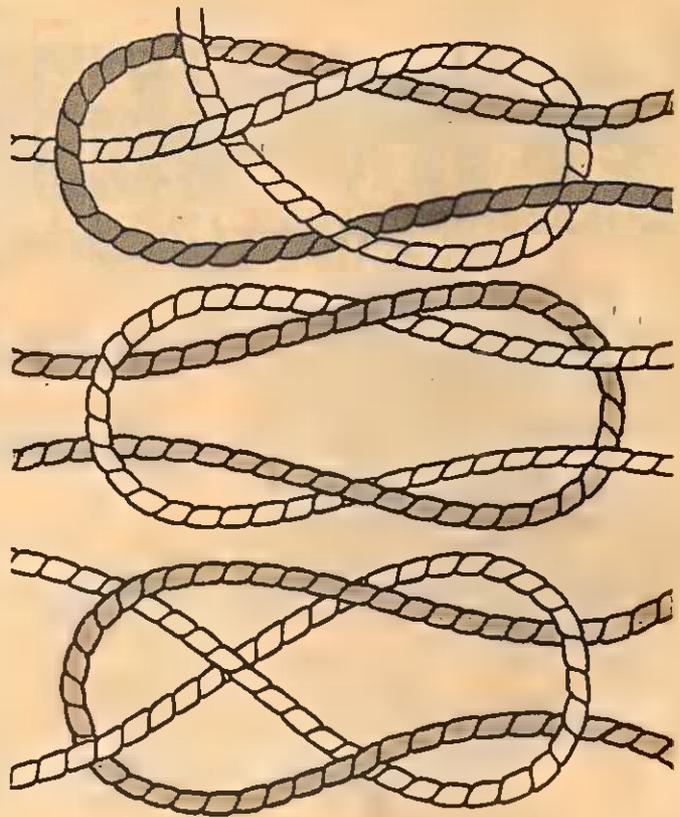
As a Scout I believe I am able to expect a magazine that is full of stories on camping and Scouting in general. This does not mean that I am against *Rib Ticklers* and fiction stories. However, lately I have been disappointed in CB. I feel that there is too much room taken up with advertising. Do not get the impression that I feel advertising is not needed. All I say is that I feel you could cut down on the advertising and put in some more really good fiction stories and some extra information for Scouts.

Brian Burton, Islington, Ont.

I would like to know if there have been any plans made for the Scouting movement at Expo 70 similar to those at Expo 67. I would like to go there next summer, but the prices are very expensive. If there is anything planned for Cubs, Scouts, Ventures and Rovers, I would like to hear about it.

Andris E. Sillis, Oakville, Ont.

Continued on next page



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

WINNERS!

In the CB Photo Gagline Contest



1 "Charge! I'll be with you in a minute."
David Snider, 12, of Montreal, Que.

2 "Don't take too long, I only rented the duck for half an hour!"
Gordon Rose, 14, White Rock, B.C.

3 "Cool it, Leroy, the only reason he spit in your face was because your moustache was on fire."
Greg Luton, 13, Brantford, Ont.

The judges waded through more than 1,000 gaglines to come up with the winning three. These three showed a spark of originality that was unfortunately lacking in the great bulk of the entries. Easily half of them were mother-in-law jokes in one form or another. Many were obviously influenced by television and by commercial catch-phrases. But a few went off on witty tangents of their own, and that's the stuff that makes winners. David Snider has won himself ten dollars. Gordon Rose takes the five-dollar prize, and Greg Luton wins two dollars. Congratulations!

LETTERS

Continued from page 5

I enjoy your magazine very much. Keep *Science, Stamp Corner* and *Hobbies* in. Keep up the good work.

Michael Bells, Richmond Hill, Ont.

CAR BUG

In the July/August issue in 1966 you had an article on go-karts. Ever since then you haven't had much on cars. I would like a whole issue for either old-fashioned cars or dragsters. This issue should have lots of pictures.

Paul Goodram, Burlington, Ont.

GOOD ADVICE

I'm on the CB advisory council and I'd like to do some advising. How about a crossword puzzle? You could vary the subject on which it is based from month to month.

Vince Mikuska, Winnipeg, Man.

With our space limited these days, it is more and more difficult to get some things into the magazine. But we'll keep trying to bring you what you want. patience, please?

I really think your mag is terrific. I enjoy it very much but I think the mag should be bigger, with more on hunting and fishing, with pictures. The stories in CB should be more exciting. I also think you should make more room for *Letters*. So let's see what you can do about it, okay?

David Wilson, Cowansville, Que.

It was very interesting to read your story about Slippery, the Storybook Gardens sea lion, but I am sorry to tell you that Slippery is now dead. I assisted in unveiling a statue of Slippery beside his well-known pool. There are four other sea lions now in the pool to entertain the thousands of annual visitors to this marvellous children's park.

Howard Knight, London, Ont.

LOST PENPAL

Some months ago I sent a letter to *CANADIAN BOY* asking Canadian Scouts to swap badges with me. I was very pleased with the response I got. But I received one letter from a boy who gave no surname or address. He is called Gerry and comes from Cornwall, Nova Scotia, I think. If you could publish this letter in *CANADIAN BOY*, maybe this boy

will see it, and send me his name and address, so I can reply to his letter.

John Catley, Blenheim, New Zealand.

I like CB very much. I like *The Great Gordie* best so far. Please keep up the good work.

David Jones, Montreal, Que.

NOT FOR LEADERS

Please cancel my subscription to *CANADIAN BOY*. It is a good magazine, but not for leaders. I have always liked it, but though I am letting it go, rest assured that this does not take away my confidence in its value for other boys.

Glenn P. Tunnock, Waterloo, Ont.

IT'S HIS BAG

I think Scouting is good, because it helps you to learn how to be an outdoorsman, and you get to go on hikes, camping trips, and canoe rides. I like getting *CANADIAN BOY* best of all. The two best things in CB are *Rib Ticklers* and your contests. *Allan Bristol, Belleville, Ont.*

BADGES WANTED

Our packs have just started on a new project. We are going to collect district and provincial badges from packs all across Canada, and the U.S., if possible. We plan to have a large map in the hall, and place the badges on the proper province. We felt this would give the boys a feeling of belonging to a group that is all across Canada. If any groups would be interested in this project, we would gladly send them our district or provincial badge in exchange. Any group interested should send their badges and return address to me.

*Mrs. G. McLeod, Badge Secretary,
326 Trumond Avenue, Richmond, B.C.*

OLD FAVORITES

I think you should put in the *Movies* column again, which you quit some time ago. I think you should publish CB more often.

Richard A. Veruisis, Toronto, Ont.

How about reviving *The Coin Collector* column? After the last one in Nov. '67 came out, I thought it would come back again, but it hasn't. The last six or seven columns by R. C. Willey were terrific. How about a continuation?

Sylvain Lapalme, Montreal, Que.

We agree with both of you. More of your old favorites will come back when CB can be enlarged again.

MOOT'70

BIRDS HILL PROVINCIAL PARK, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

6th

CANADIAN * NATIONAL ROVER MOOT

AUG. 19-26, 1970

TENTATIVE PROGRAM:

August 19
registration day at Birds Hill Park, Winnipeg.

August 20-21
official opening and discussions at Centennial Centre, Winnipeg.

August 22, 23 and 24
optional outdoor activities at either White Shell or Lake Winnipeg Provincial Parks

August 24
official closing at Centennial Centre, Winnipeg.

MOOT'70, 148 COLONY STREET, WINNIPEG 1, MANITOBA



wild hawk to the sky

by MARY AKSIM

If you had finally caught the kind of bird you'd been dreaming about for months, what would you end up doing with it?



"Up you go, boy, up you go!"

John Hunter clenched his teeth and stretched cautiously up for the branch above him. He didn't dare look down, only up, up, up the last ten feet to the goshawk's bulky nest, forty, forty-five feet above the ground in a giant oak.

He could hear the young hawks cheeping above him. They're hungry, he thought. I sure hope their mother keeps them waiting a while! He eased the nylon bag he had brought with him out of his jacket front and hung it from his wrist by the drawstring. Then he inched up again to catch the branch above his head. It sagged dangerously under his hold and he had to slide his hand right back to the knob it made with the trunk before it firmed.

At last he could draw himself up to see into the swaying hawk's nest. Five feet across, at least. Built of long sticks, then lined with bark overlaid with fresh sprigs of cedar. In the nest were three blinking, almost naked, half-grown young hawks. It was easy to slip the net bag over the nearest one and draw the string tight.

"I've got it! I've got it!" John told himself over and over as he started to feel his way back down the trunk. He had been dreaming about getting a young hawk to train for falconry for months.

The oak tree and the goshawk's nest were at least three hours' hike from the nearest travelled road in the Gatineau Hills. John had spent most of his summer scouting lonely wooded areas for a hawk's nest.

He'd leave his home in Ottawa with a pup tent and a knapsack of provisions and not start back until his food gave out.

The young hawk dangling in the bag from his wrist was heavy enough to upset his balance. He had just laid the bird carefully on his chest and pulled his jacket zipper up to his chin when something hit his head with such force that he almost lost his hold on the tree. He put his free arm up over his head to protect it and hung on to the trunk with his body and his other arm, but another heavy blow caught him between the shoulder blades. He felt the tough nylon of his jacket slit to shreds as the mother goshawk's razor talons seized it. Hard wings tore his cheeks, his head, while incredibly swift and powerful blows beat him into the rough trunk.

Continued on page 14



DURING THE HOT summer days, 17-year-old David Way pulls on his woolly blue tunic with the scarlet cuffs, clips on the white crossbands, slips into the heavy black boots — and goes outside to prepare for the War of 1812.

Maybe he is a little out of date, like 150 years late, but this non-commissioned officer with the Queen's Rangers wouldn't part with his summer job, as he and 32 other summer soldiers defend Toronto's old Fort York against all invaders.

Actually, the battles are over for old Fort York. Built in 1793 by Lieutenant Colonel John Graves Simcoe, Upper Canada's first lieutenant governor, it was used to defend Toronto (re-named "York" by Simcoe) against Indian uprisings and bands of wild Americans.

The only invaders these summer soldiers of the Queen's Rangers will encounter are droves of tourists — mainly friendly — who come to Toronto to see what attractions it can offer. One of these attractions is Fort York where life carries on as it did 150 years ago.

But probably the most fun for David Way occurs on weekends when he changes from the scarlet tunic of the infantry to the blue tunic of the artillery. That's the one with the scarlet cuffs and white crossbands. With a crew of six, he fires the old 24-pounder barbette cannon which defends the south bastion of Fort York. If loaded with shot (which it is not) as well as gunpowder, the cannon could well disrupt traffic on the modern, high-level Gardiner Expressway nearby, for the highway is right in the path of the cannon's muzzle.

Out comes the artillery, to the flat, ricocheting beats of the drum, to take up positions around the enormous 24-pounder. The curious "invaders" come from all parts of the fort where they have been carrying on quiet investigations of their own, to see what is going to happen. The artillery goes through the drill of loading and aiming. Then David Way, the "primer", lights the fuse. The belligerent roar from the cannon's mouth sends many an unsuspecting tourist scuttling

for cover. But if it was noisy from where he was, he should have been standing on the wooden structure of the cannon where Corporal Way held himself motionless.

"You get used to the roar," he said, between firings. "It bothered me at first. You can even feel a bit of a shock wave. But this is the best part of the day for me. I really enjoy firing it."

It goes without saying that the soldiers put up a better defence during the War of 1812. On April 27, 1813, an American force landed on Canadian soil not far from the fort with the plan of capturing the whole province. The actual fighting lasted about eight hours. The Americans won out and sacked York, burned it almost to the ground. During the second attack the Canadians found their defensive line was a little weak, but the third time the Americans were driven back by, as the Fort York pamphlet proudly states, "accurate Canadian gunfire."

And so there is David Way, preparing for a battle that took place more than 150 years ago. But then that's his summer trade — and, besides, the friendly invading tourists just eat it up.

MIKE LINDSAY IS A DARK-HAIRED, rangy Albertan who, at 17, spends his summers slugging it out on his father's ranch. The Circle L is nestled deep in the foothill country of the Rocky Mountains not far from the cow town of Claresholm and some 80 miles south of Calgary.

A rider almost from birth, Mike Lindsay sticks to a horse as though he has been using a liberal dose of Bondfast glue on the saddle. Second only to his love of horses is his love for lots of breathing space. And there is plenty of it here, for the Circle L (owned and managed by his father, Bob Lindsay, who was once a high school teacher, but gave it up because he, too, liked space to breathe) spreads out across the flat valley, then up over the vast expanse of rolling hills to contain more than six and a half sections. That's ranch parlance for about 4,000 to 5,000 acres.

SUMMER SOLDIER

Here are seven summer jobs that boys are doing and getting a charge out of. See if they grab you as a way of spending your summer for fun and profit.

by Clarke Wallace



"It's almost big enough for me," Mike told me, with that shy grin of his. His slow manner is deceptive. A grin takes a long time to work its way across his tanned face, but you should see him move during the June branding on the Circle L. I interviewed him during the branding, that is, when he wasn't wrestling down a calf, just before it was branded.

"First," he said, "we bring the cows and their calves into the corrals, then separate them. We use two ropers on horseback to select the calves, rope them by the hind legs and drag them down to the other end of the corral. Here's where the pair of wrestlers take over. They have to wrestle the calves down. And it is no easy job, I'll tell you."

The calves weigh from 200 to 250 pounds and are averse to being thrown down on their sides. They object by kicking anything that comes into range.

Branding is only a small part of Mike Lindsay's summer. Some of the work will involve riding horses, like checking the miles and miles of fencing, shifting cattle from winter to summer range and back, and searching out strays. Most of it won't. One of the "horses" in his string is the ranch tractor, a formidable beast that means hot days ahead.

"During the haying season, in the early part of the summer, I spend most of the day on the tractor, cutting the hay or dragging the baler. You can just imagine how hot it gets out there, day after day."

Part of his summer will be spent driving the ranch truck, a job he has had — at least around the property — since he was nine. At 14 he had his own. That first truck could take only a few years of Mike's driving before it was ready for retirement. But Mike puts it a different way. "It was pretty well shagged anyway, so Dad bought me another small pickup. It wasn't new, but it was all mine. I had to work to pay it off."

As for the future? "There's little question about that," he said with a grin. "Ranching is in my blood. Dad says the choice of a career is up to me. I love horses and cattle, and the open spaces. I've just finished Grade 11, then I'll go to university and take up range management."

Then he took off to join his wrestling partner in tackling another hefty calf. Two hours later, with the job done, he took off for the house to grab a shower before the other visiting cowhands beat him to it. Shortly he emerged and made tracks to the barn. He

groomed his favorite horse, Farid, then mounted up for a ride into the foothills.

He rode, of course, into the sunset, as every good cowboy seems to do. In books, at any rate. He's too hungry to ride too far into the sunset, you can bet. After all, it was a busy day.

WHAT BETTER WAY IS THERE to spend a summer than doing what you like best — and getting paid for it? Such is the case of Brian Gullede, who teaches guests of Bigwin Island Hotel, in Ontario's Lake of Bays district, how to water-ski.

"I'm luckier than most summer employees, as you can see," he said one sunny morning as he prepared to start teaching. "Water skiing is my favorite sport. I'd sooner ski than eat. Well, almost. Anyway, here I am doing what I like, with pay besides."

Brian began water skiing about five years ago, when he was 12, and soon showed a natural ability. "We have a cottage about 30 miles from here and it so happened there was a lot of water skiing going on down there. Sort of a club. So I had every opportunity to learn."

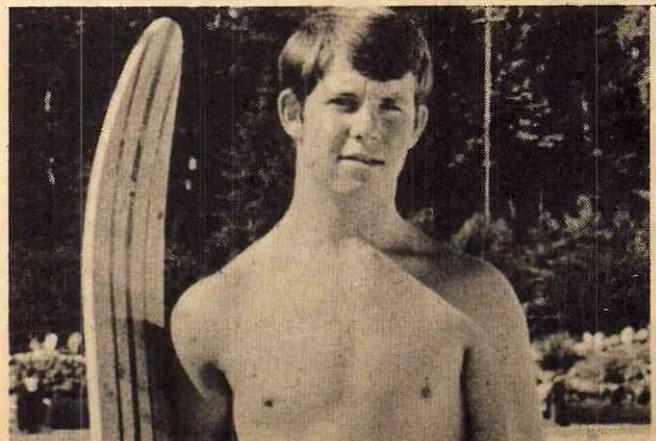
A second "plus" in his favor is the boss of the Bigwin ski school, Andy Murdison, a Canadian water ski champ and record holder — at 22. This means Brian has a built-in teacher to help him too.

Of course, there is also the equipment at his disposal: a great assortment of skis, short and long, and a boat with a massive outboard engine.

Whether pursuing the sport on skis or on feet, jobs as water ski instructor are not all that plentiful. However, over the past 10 years many hotels across the country have provided water skiing facilities, and they need competent instructors to run the operations.

I wondered aloud about the best method of getting a beginner up onto his skis and onto the water.

Brian gave me a rundown. "We go right alongside the beginner. On another set of skis and with another rope, of course. You see, first we give them a dry run on what to expect when that rope snaps tight and you are away. Then we take the pupil into the water and stay right along beside him. When the boat takes off I will use my free hand to help give the pupil balance. Once he is up and seems to be doing well, I'll cut away from him."



ROBERT ALAN MacCONNELL BUTTONED up his bright orange overalls and glanced over at the large clock on the wall. It was almost 10 a.m. At 10 sharp he picked up his "shopping list". Without him, and others like him, people travelling on trains would have nothing to drink — or eat — for he is one of the employees in the supply department of Canadian National Railways.

Last year he was loading freight cars. "This job is even better," he said. "You have what might be called a shopping list. The train is made up, say, for Montreal. Then we are told what has to be in the restaurant and bar cars, soft drinks, beer, chips, food and ice."

It's all in a day's work — from 10 a.m. until 7 p.m., five days a week. "Once you get the hang of it, it's fun."

Thursdays and Fridays are his days off each week. Working the weekends doesn't bother him, too much. "After all, I am making about \$104 a week, and that makes up for it." What does he do with it? "I pay a little room and board, to my parents, but it really is a very little. Some I put in the bank. It'll help with my education. I buy clothes with some of it too. And that just about does it."

The benefits of working for the summer go beyond "just the pay", as the 18-year-old student says. Bob enjoys working and getting to know other people with their own points of view.

"I don't mean to be disrespectful, but working like that at jobs which are the same every day sure shows you that an education is important. Now I don't mind doing it for a summer, but I really couldn't see myself doing it for a living. When school browns me off a little, I know I won't even consider quitting, because I'd be picking up right where I leave off here and that would be my career."

"What annoys me is that few seem to employ students during the summer," he said. "Students are sitting around with nothing to do and would like to work. What companies don't seem to realize is that by employing summer help, they might get these younger people to come back to them when they graduate. I wouldn't mind coming back to the CN — that is," he grinned, "as a graduate and in another department."



FRED WOODS IS A BAKER'S assistant who spends most of his day being yelled at, coaxed by, pleaded with, and smiled at by 18 pretty waitresses of a summer hotel.

Now what could be better than spending the summer basking in that light? Fred Woods looked at me through his horn-rimmed glasses and a smile broke out across his face. "I can't think of a better way," he admitted. "Just look for yourself!"

I did — and they were pretty. They were even pretty when they were in a rush. As one said to Fred, "Please, Fred, just one more dessert. I know the guests were late and the food has run out, but couldn't you scrape up just one more?"

Then he turned to me. "See what I have to put up with? Eighteen of them. And often I get all of them at once. Sometimes the coffee runs out, or the whipped cream, or the buns."

Fred's jobs come thick and fast, too. He must also keep the large walk-in refrigerator clean, and make sure the sides of beef are hung properly. Then there are the coffee urns to maintain, the desserts to dish out, the buns and bread dough to be kneaded and rolled.

As a baker's assistant, Fred Woods makes about \$240 a month. From this, room and board is deducted. He puts in about 11 or 12 hours a day, with an hour off in the morning and a couple in the afternoon, depending on how busy things are. He sends every cheque he receives home to be deposited in his own account. It will be used to keep him in books and clothes during the school year, though it doesn't last right through until the end of the term in late spring. He saves about \$500.

What does he do for spending money during the summer?

He grinned at this question. "I baby-sit. For guests at this hotel or the one farther down. It keeps me in pocket money, at least. I get a dollar an hour, or just about."

Fred is all for students working for the summer. And to work hard. "It is good discipline for the future. Here I work with professional staff in the kitchen and they expect you to pull your load. They depend on it. One can only feel a responsibility toward them. I think it is great."

And of course, Fred, there are other compensations for working at a summer hotel. Like 18 pretty waitresses pestering you all day. Just look at poor Mike Bates, who is coming up next!

WHILE ASSISTANT BAKER Fred Woods is smothering himself in dough and feminine pulchritude, Michael Bates, a rugged, dark-haired, sweat-soaked 17-year-old, hasn't seen a "bird" all summer. The two-legged variety without feathers, that is.

He has seen lots of the feathery ones, because he is spending two months deep in the forest primeval as a junior forest ranger with the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests.

"Girls?" he asked. "What are they?" He dreams of them, thinks of them — then goes and cools himself off in the closest lake.

His home base this summer is a lonely spot called North Lake where he and 24 other junior rangers are spending two months building docks, highway, beaches — and muscles.

"Boy, is it hard work!" said the lad from Windsor, Ontario. He had been trimming branches off a large tree with his axe and he put it down long enough to wipe off a large accumulation of sweat from his face and forehead and to push back his dirt-streaked yellow hard-hat. Wearing these on the job is mandatory, government regulations, no matter what the temperature.

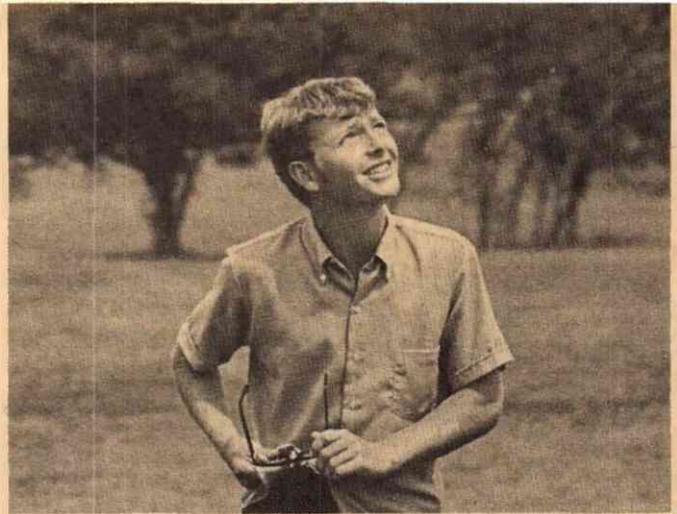
However he seemed to be enjoying himself. "I like the job. I have never really thought of making a career in forestry but, you know, it might be good at that. At least this gives me an opportunity to see what it's like. I was lucky to get the chance, too."

As for pay, it isn't much. The junior rangers work from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. and make five dollars a day, which works out to about 60 cents an hour. Room and meals are thrown in. "And how!" one ranger said. "We eat like 24 hungry horses. Man, is it good!"

And here's something else of interest. I asked Mike if he found it difficult to get along in the woods, with axes and so on. No, he said, he was a Scout.

"I learned a great deal about wood chopping and about the outdoors. It gave me a great background for the job."

And again, the only things the rangers missed (and this was unanimous) were girls. Maybe someday someone will come up with female junior rangers. Then watch the male applications flood in!



CHRIS HILL IS A bespectacled blond, with long sideburns and a straightforward manner. His summer job as a groundsman for the Board of Trade Golf and Country Club, in Woodbridge, Ontario, isn't the most thrilling vacation filler. But then he would do anything to be in the great outdoors.

His slightly scorched, sandpapery nose attests to the hours he has been communing with nature. "I couldn't stand a job in the city for the summer," he said. "It would just about kill me. I like it out here with the trees and the grass and the long green fairways."

Then there are the golfers. "You have to keep a wary eye out for them. Those golf balls can shoot down the fairways fast. They don't always land where they are supposed to. So this job calls for being able to shift fairly fast," he said during a hot summer interview on the sixth fairway.

Chris began lining up a job in the fall. He found a man he knew who managed a country club and would need a gardener-handyman. "I kept in touch with him all winter and in the spring went out to see him. He told me all was fine, and to come back as soon as school was over. I did just as I was told — and when I got there I found he had been fired a couple of days before," he said with a shrug. "So you can't always plan things the way you want them." Luckily for him, George Clark, superintendent of the Board of Trade Club, took him on, at \$1.25 an hour.

Watering the fairways keeps him on the move. He will hopscotch the nozzles down a fairway, giving each section about 45 or 50 minutes.

Other jobs keep other students busy on the course. Work begins at 7 a.m. with poling the greens, which drives the dew off the grass and into the ground before the sun can dry it up. It is done with long, tapered bamboo poles. The greens are then trimmed. Then there is extensive grass cutting, machinery repair and bunker maintenance.

"Another job I enjoy is changing the holes on the greens." He smiled when he said this. "No kidding, we change the holes with a small implement which looks like a miniature post-hole digger. It's a cylinder type and removes the turf and dirt very neatly. Then we replace this material in the old hole. That way the green doesn't get badly worn in any one spot."

His love for the outdoors will probably influence what career he will follow later on. He wants to become a geologist, full time.



WILD HAWK

Continued from page 9

"Ca, ca, ca, ca!" the hawk hissed and came in again and again to attack this intruder who had found her nest.

Dizzily, his face and forehead running blood, his hands ripped and flattened, John straddled the trunk and slid down the tree to where the branches grew closer together, where the hawk wouldn't have such a sweep at him. But as he inched downwards, the hawk swooped again and hit him so hard with her wings and body that he lost his hold. Down, down, down he went, crashing from branch to broken branch. The branches broke the swift alarming tempo of his fall, but none of them were stout enough to arrest it. He crashed on, down, down, barely conscious, even when he heard someone shouting. Then the ground rushed up to meet him and he knew *nothing more*.

He lay for a long time, dimly aware that someone bandaged his wounds and checked his pulse from time to time. Then he broke out into consciousness and opened his eyes. Slowly he looked around his strange surroundings. Where was he?

Above him was an arch of glistening rock, dappled with sun spots. The sun was low. It must be still afternoon, John thought. He could get home before his parents started to worry. But what was he doing in a cave?

He looked down at his neatly bandaged hands. They were lying on top of his own bed roll from his pup tent. He studied the floor covered with sand. Then he let his eyes travel along the floor to a neat fireplace of stones. A fire was burning cheerily on it and three plump fish hung above it. Mmmmm! John was hungry, and those fish smelled mighty good. But where was he?

He twisted carefully about because every move was torture and discovered the opening to the cave. A small, black-haired, black-bearded, deep-tanned man was just crawling through it. He carried a load of firewood in his arms, and wore only

short frayed pants soiled and faded to blend with his skin.

"Hi!" said the bearded one. "Feeling better?"

"Hi!" said John. "How did I get here?"

"I carried you on my back," said the man quietly. "After you fell out of the oak tree on your head. That goshawk would have fed you in strips to her family in a few minutes."

John made a face, remembering, and looked down at his hands.

"I don't suppose . . ." he began. "I had one of the young hawks . . ."

The man reached down into a dark corner and held up the blinking young hawk. One of its legs had been reinforced with a splint near the first joint, but it opened its beak greedily.

"Here, try a trout head," said the man. And to John, "Even at five months or so a young hawk can tear up a fish head or rip a squirrel to bits. They need tough food to strengthen their beak and talons."

"But her thigh is broken," John said sadly, thinking of his plans for falconry.

"Oh, at this age it'll be all right in a few weeks. Needs to be watched, though. Actually I don't blame mother goshawk for slicing you up, you know. Miracle you have no broken bones. Just a bump on the head and a few deep scratches. Now, how about some trout?"

He pushed John's knapsack behind him and helped him to sit up against it.

"We'll see how you walk after you've had some food," said John's host, setting a golden brown trout before him on a basswood leaf.

"How long have I been here?" John asked.

"Just overnight. It's afternoon now. What were you going to do with the hawk?"

John told him his plans to train the hawk, but the man frowned.

"A hawk in a city?" he asked shortly. "Needs fresh meat every hour or so for the next six weeks — two months. Can you give it that?"

To change the subject John offered, "My name's John Hunter. I live in Ottawa. What's your name?"

"Oh, I left my name behind when I came up here," said the man. "I wanted to think out the answer to a problem, far from the madding crowd."

"I'll go just as soon as I pack up," said John. His parents would be getting anxious. He'd never stayed away so long before on one of his expeditions. And they'd know his provisions would have given out. "I'll take the bird and go along, sir," he said and rose stiffly. But his legs seemed much too long and nearly all their length had been replaced by rubber.

"Not today," said the hermit. "Perhaps tomorrow. And you'll have to leave the hawk behind until its leg heals. It would never stand the trip. I'll look after it for you."

John started to protest but he couldn't think of any argument that would make the hermit release the hawk.

John was able to walk better the next morning. Every step along the trail eased his stiff joints. The hermit kept him company until it was plain that John didn't need help. Then he melted into the bush without so much as a goodbye wave.

When he caught a bus outside Hull, the passengers stared at John's bandaged forehead and hands, and his mother shrieked when he walked into the kitchen.

"Where have you been?" she shrilled. "Your father and I have been nearly out of our minds with worry! We were going to call the police to help find you! These silly expeditions have to stop." She wiped back tears on her apron and called John's father from the living room.

"What happened, son?" asked John Hunter senior.

"I fell out of a tree, dad," John told him.

"You meet anyone out there?" asked his father later as he helped his son into a clean shirt.

"Where, dad?" John parried vaguely.

"Well, if you didn't," said his father, "you must show me sometime how to bandage a wound in the exact centre of your back. More than I could do, son. And right after a

Continued on page 20

Sports

Anyone watching the Stanley Cup play-offs during April could not help but feel sickened at the brawling which took place between the Toronto Maple Leafs and the Boston Bruins.

Even people who normally see no harm in a few punches being swung now and then were dropping by to say that Forbes Kennedy's performance among others, was too much.

The number of opportunities for giving your fellow man a punch on the nose and getting away with it are extremely limited these days. Try the same thing outside a hockey rink, and it's called assault causing bodily harm. You go to jail, pay a fine, or both. And you have a criminal record.

But hockey allows fighting as a "safety valve". That's what Clarence Campbell, president of the National Hockey League, calls it. Because of the intensely violent nature of hockey, particularly at the professional level, Mr. Campbell feels that if a few punches are thrown, the air will be cleared.

How many young players watched the shocking climax to Kennedy's rampage — a right hand that knocked down George Ashley, the linesman? Does a four-game suspension and a \$1,000 fine undo the damage that an act of disrespect to the game's officials caused across the country?

Forbes Kennedy should have been suspended for a year. So should anyone who so much as swings at an official. You don't see Bobby Hull or Gordie Howe shoving referees and linesmen around. But if they did, a year's suspension would be in order, too.

Larry Regan, the general manager of Los Angeles, got a two-week suspension for hitting a referee, and that wasn't nearly enough. His boss, Jack Kent Cooke, disapproved of Regan's action so much he gave him a two-week scouting vacation in Europe.

Anyone who fights in a hockey game should be thrown out. Hockey doesn't need brawling to sell itself. Professional football is every bit as violent, but throw a punch in football (where your opponent is so heavily protected he can't be hurt), and you are ejected from the game. Heaving some of today's brawlers from the game would have the effect of at least raising the quality of the entertainment.

In a junior B hockey game in Metro



"You always exaggerate the size of things! I'll go and kill it with this spray."

Toronto this year, spectators were shocked as one player beat up another some 25 pounds lighter. Normally, the officials break up fights. This one they didn't. The smaller boy's parents, visiting him for the weekend, watched their son assaulted and badly injured.

The past hockey season has been full of such incidents. High school hockey finals in Ontario also saw brawls of various size and viciousness.

What hockey needs is not a safety valve, but a lot more self-control.

The brawlers need some respect for officials. Watch a game some night where the right winger will go offside six times, miss the net four times, lose the puck five times and pass it to the other team three times. Then, as soon as the referee misses a tripping call, who's the first guy over complaining to the referee?

Officials aren't perfect. But they don't make one-tenth the mistakes athletes do. If they did, there'd be no games at all, because arguments, protests and complaints would take up all the time.

But the brawling may have been a good thing. Protest is growing. Eventually, there'll be enough to put an end to fighting in hockey. It has no place in life.

By Paul Dulmage



"This cave could make a good permanent home!"

Off the Record

By the time this column appears in CANADIAN BOY the subject I'm writing about may well be old hat. So what?

Recently I received a call from Terry Kirkman, a member of The Association. He was travelling with the group — he phoned from Reading, Pa. — and they were very tired. "We've just completed three months of recording and writing and now we are travelling. The whole thing is catching up to us."

All the writing and recording is for a new album, a new single, and a new movie. The Association didn't appear in the film but they wrote the musical score. The movie, *Goodbye Columbus*, promises to be one of the smash films of the year. Certainly one of the funniest.

"We enjoyed writing for it, but next time we'll have more control. Actually control isn't the word, but we needed to have a better rapport with director and producer."

The part of this column that may be old hat is *Under Branches*, the group's latest single. I write this in March. A few nights ago I heard The Association perform the tune *a capella*. "We haven't had time to learn the instrumental part." They don't need instruments. The song, written by Jules Alexander, is fantastic.

Jules is the new member of The Association. Actually, he was an original member of the group but left them after their first album to solve some personal problems. At his request, Jules became the seventh member of the group.

The appearance of The Association may shock a few people. Remember the comparatively clean-cut group of fellows singing *Cherish* and *Never My Love*? Terry now has hair near shoulder-length and a full beard. The rest are as hairy, although they have clean faces, and wear what may be termed "weird" dress.

Some people may not like the new appearance. I say it is an outward sign of what is going on inside. They are deeper than most people think. Terry is a little bothered by the way the group's music has been accepted. "Through our production techniques, using so many voices and so on, people have missed the lyrics, which are deep in terms of poetic content."

The Association is a professional group. They are among the best.

If the subject I just wrote on is old hat, so what? Talking about the best isn't really stale news. By Mike Gormley

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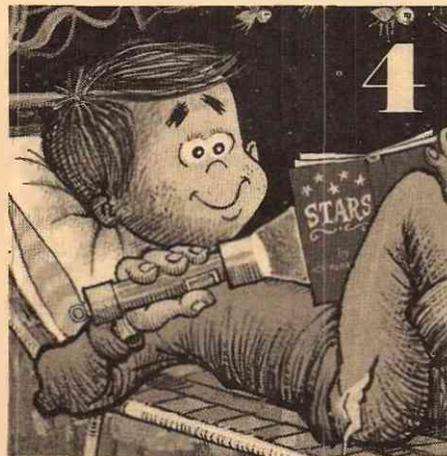
Swimming is definitely summer fun, and a good chance to get some fresh air, sunshine, and exercise. Fooling around in the water is fine, but why not learn how to swim properly this summer if you don't already know how? You can get adult help on this, or ask a senior Scout who is a good swimmer to instruct you. Or join a swimming class at the YMCA, or your local civic program or country club.

2

Take your camera (and film) with you everywhere you go. You never know when a perfect picture may present itself. You can keep a lively record of your summer fun. At summer's end you can make up an album of your best pictures. Keep CB's Photo Contest in mind, too. You might snap a winner. Or try your hand at making your own movie. Check with CB for March-April '69 on this. The Kodak people have published a number of excellent books on how to make better photos and movies. Look for them in your library or camera shop.

3

Another thing you can probably do near home is take a tour through an ice cream plant or a dairy. This should be arranged for you and a group of your friends by an adult. It'll be a chance for you to learn something different, and you can pretty well bet on free samples of the goodies made by the plant you visit. Or, on the more serious side, you could plan to attend a music festival. Or perhaps your YMCA or municipality offers career counselling sessions you'd like to sit in on.



Stargazing, as we told you in CB's January-February issue, is a great evening pastime under summer skies. All you really need is a blanket, a star book and a flashlight. Look up that article on stargazing for further tips. You'll be amazed at how much you can see up there after dark.

10

**things to do
this summer**

**No need to sit around
twiddling your thumbs!
Try any of these ideas.**

A bicycle can make a world of difference in your summer. You can go alone and explore new areas you've never visited before. How about your city hall, or a museum, or the nearby countryside? Or you can organize a bike hike among your chums, go someplace interesting, have lunch, and ride back in one day. Or you could set up bike races, in a safe place, and try out your riding skills.

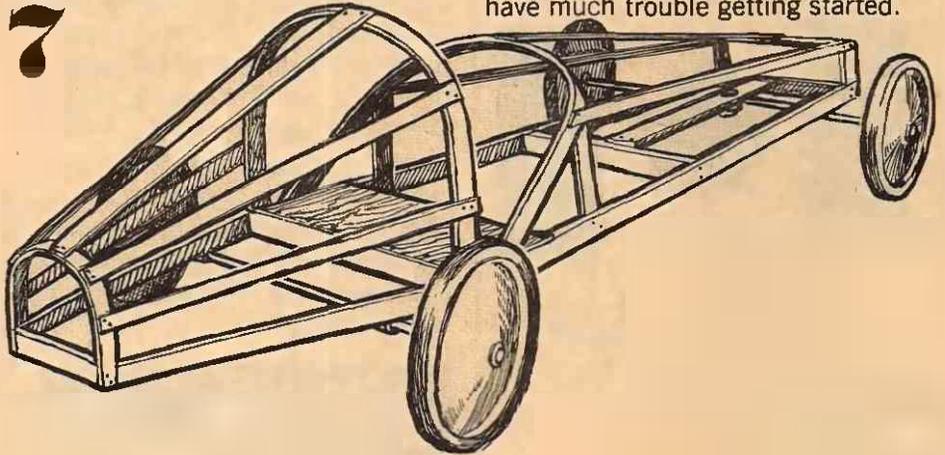
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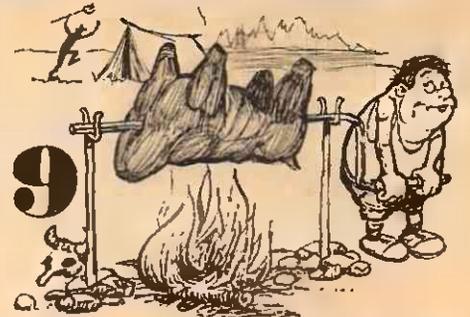
Artificial respiration is something you should know thoroughly if you plan to spend much time in or near the water this summer. You may not need help yourself, but chances are somebody will, and you could save a life. Here's the approved method: 1. Place victim on back and begin rescue breathing. If chest fails to rise, sweep fingers through throat to clear it. 2. Lift neck and tilt head back. Maintain this position. 3. Open mouth, pull chin, pinch nostrils shut. Keep his mouth open. 4. Seal lips around mouth and blow. Watch for chest rise. If jaw locks, hold lips shut and blow in through nose. 5. Remove mouth, relieve nostrils. Watch for chest fall. Snoring sound means obstruction. Press belly if it bulges. 6. If fluid is present drain from victims mouth between breaths. Put shoulder over your knee to raise chest, and press belly.

Plan some projects for yourself this summer, like the basketball backboard coming up in our July-August issue. Or you can build some bird

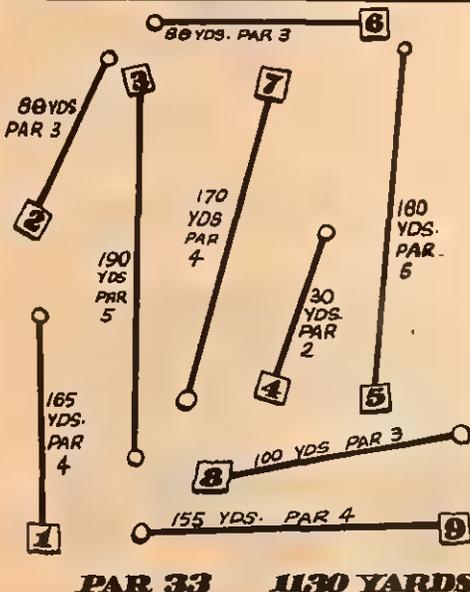
houses, or a dog house. You might even want to try a soap box derby car. Your public library has books on all these subjects, so you shouldn't have much trouble getting started.



Summer is a time for getting outside as much as possible. Set up a camp near your home or cottage, using a small tent. Do your own outdoor cooking, and stay away from the home base as much as you can. Do things on your own. Sleep out at night, and explore around in the daytime.



There are plenty of things you can do fairly close to home. Visit a nearby historic site, or a provincial park. You might even combine the park visit with overnight camping. This is one way of seeing your country first hand and catching a living glimpse of its history, its wildlife, and the fun it can offer you. For further information, write to your provincial department of tourism, or lands and forests.



Archery is fun, and the game of archery golf is easy to play. We suggest an inexpensive 35-pound bow and at least six standard tournament arrows. We recommend a layout of nine holes, designed the same as any regular golf course. In laying out the course, take care that the fairways are well away from each other. As in regular golf, each group of players consists of two, three, or four people. Naturally, because of the nature of the sport, all safety precautions must be taken. One member of each group is safety man

for each match. No arrows are shot until he gives the word. Some hints: 1. Find a good place and get permission to set up your course. 2. Fairways should vary from 20 yards to 200 yards in length. 3. The actual hole should be ten inches in diameter and well marked. 4. Plenty of signs should be made, clearly marking the distance from tee to hole, and areas out of bounds. 5. All holes should be rated by par. A hole 25 yards away is par 2; 80 yards away, par 3; 150 yards, par 4, and over 180 yards, par 5. Take terrain into consideration as well as distance. 6. Keep the rules simple, and use a scorecard.

SCOUTING IN CANADA



PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND



First stirrings of the Scouting movement in Prince Edward Island began at Charlottetown in 1912. Mr. Baker, the YMCA secretary there at the time, is remembered as the man who got things rolling.

Growth of Scouting in P.E.I. continued, and by 1926 it became necessary to employ a part time field secretary for the province. Three years later, three Scouts from the Island participated in the Arrow Park Jamboree.

During the period 1935-38, membership expanded with the help of vigorous councils and enthusiastic leadership. And in 1938 the provincial campsite at Camp Buchan was given to the Boy Scouts by Lieutenant Governor DeBlois.

The first P.E.I. jamboree was held that same year, with 500 boys and leaders participating. It was a real milestone in the story of Scouting in the island province.

In 1946, the Prince Edward Island council was re-organized, and a full time staff was set up. That same year, another ten acres of land was donated to Camp Buchan by A. P. Ceretti.

The second P.E.I. jamboree was staged in 1964, attended by 400 boys.

Today's Scouting population in Prince Edward Island includes

1,129 Cubs, 669 Scouts, 39 Venturers and 243 uniformed leaders. They benefit from the efforts of about 250 non-uniformed adults.

Of the province's five councils, Charlottetown is the largest with 17 groups. The smallest council is North Shore, with three groups.

P.E.I.'s premier was a King's Scout and later served as a Cubmaster and Scoutmaster.

In its unique geographical setting, P.E.I. offers much to boys in Scouting, and the leaders there offer every boy the opportunity of enjoying Scouting.



NEW BRUNSWICK



When Lieutenant General Baden-Powell came to Canada in 1910, three men who heard him speak in Saint John, New Brunswick, were inspired to set up the beginnings of Scouting in their province.

Captain L. P. Cathels and Lieutenants Eldon Merritt and George Morrissey were leaders in the Stone Church branch of the Church Boys' Brigade. They decided to adopt Scouting as a division of the Boys' Brigade training, and their group was registered as the First Saint John Troop of Boy Scouts.

Other troops were soon formed, and numerous basketball games are on early record between the Stone Church group and other troops.

The Wolf Cub Pack of this group was organized in 1922 with H. F. Morrissey as leader. And in 1936 the headquarters of the Saint John District Rover Sea Scouts opened in the same Stone Church.

Leonard L. Johnson is remem-

bered as the first executive secretary in New Brunswick. At the time, he was required to run a group and to take the boys on regular hikes as well as conducting the affairs of the secretarial office.

Scouting grew rapidly in New Brunswick with the appointment of a full-time provincial secretary. Today, the Scouting population there includes 5,520 Cubs, 3,578 Scouts, 157 Venturers, 77 Rovers, 101 Sea Scouts, and four Lone Scouts. Working with the boys are 949 uniformed leaders, actively supported by 850 non-uniformed adults.

The 17 councils in the province range in size from Saint John, with a Scouting population of 2,792 to East Restigouche, where 34 people are involved.

Sackville, Moncton, Bathurst, Victoria, Fredericton, Oromocto, Saint John, Central Kings and Miramichi districts all have their own campsites.

The first New Brunswick jamboree was held in the Woodstock area in 1958. A second jamboree was held at Sussex.

Chief Scout Executive J. Percy Ross was a Boy Scout in New Brunswick, as was former Deputy Chief Scout L. H. Nicholson.

One of Canadian Scouting's best known traditions, Scout Apple Day, originated in Saint John among the Scouts there. It has since spread across the nation and still serves as a means of helping to support Scouting locally.

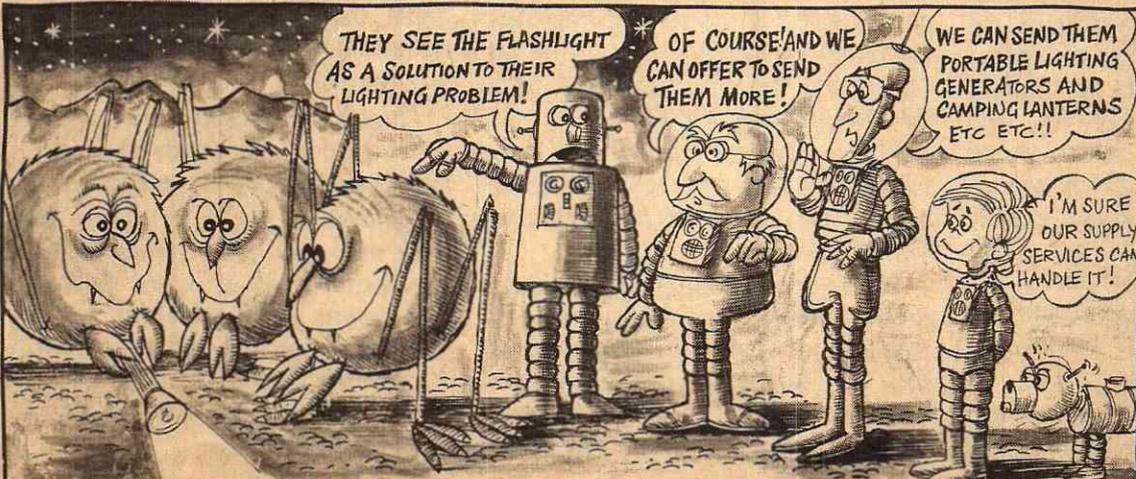
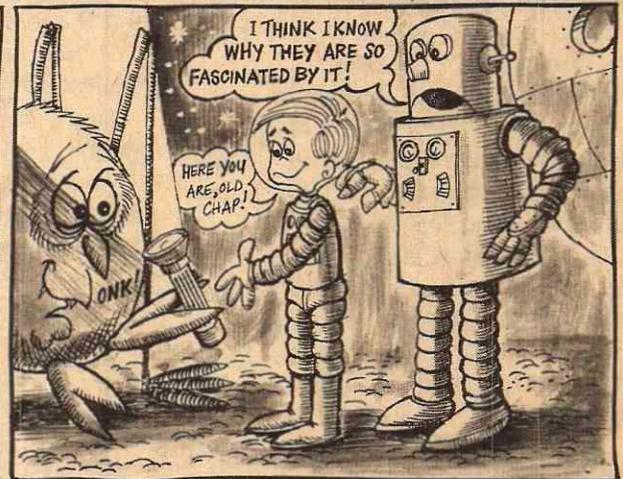
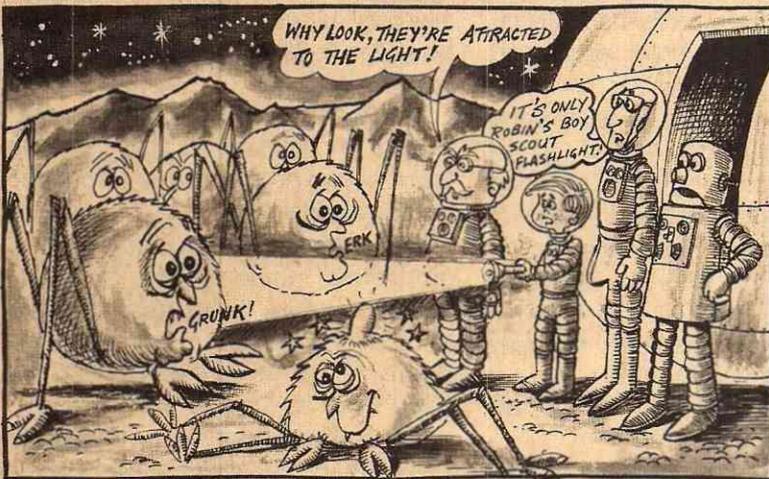
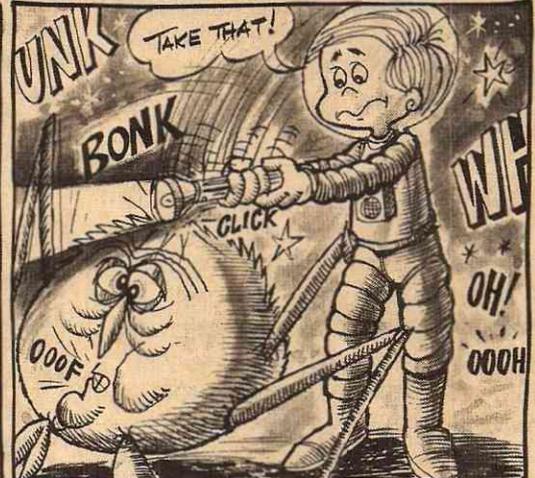
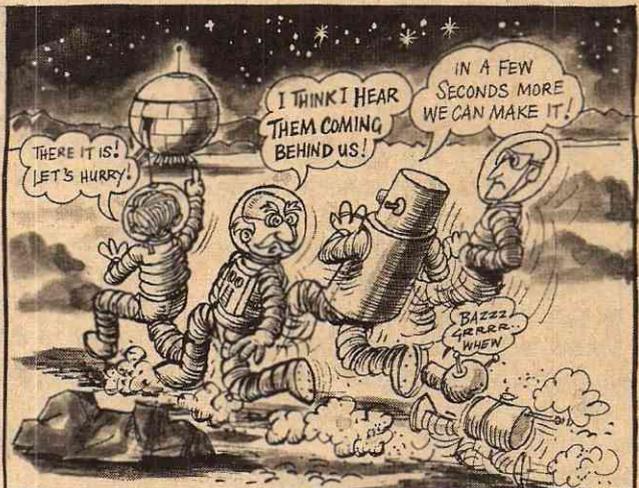
Leaders in New Brunswick would like to extend their Scouting program to twice the number of boys they are now serving. And they are well aware that this is going to mean training more leaders and obtaining more field representatives.



2069 A.D. OTTO Matic

By VIC ATKINSON

BY TRICKING THE GIANT INSECTS, OUR HEROES HAVE MANAGED TO ESCAPE FROM THE JAIL IN THE INSECT CITY ON VENUS. NOW THEY FLEE FOR THEIR SPACESHIP AND THEIR LIVES!



WILD HAWK

Continued from page 14

steak we'd better slip over to Doctor Small and have him check those cuts."

Doctor Small knew right away that John's wounds had not been inflicted by oak branches.

"Looks to me like the claw marks of an animal, or a big bird," the doctor puzzled. "Ever hear about rabies, young fellow?"

So John had to tell them about the goshawk, but he was careful to keep the hermit out of the story. The doctor and his father talked a long time together. Then Doctor Small sat down opposite John and levelled man-to-man.

"We can't reach that hawk to examine her, so we can't take a chance. I'll have to give you a series of serum shots over the next two weeks to combat any infection the hawk may have passed on to you. I might as well be honest about it. These shots will make you feel very ill. But you won't get rabies. Now, how about it?"

John grinned wryly. "Do I have any choice, sir?" he asked.

"Not really," said the doctor.

The next three weeks of John's life were a nightmare. He lay in his room from morning till night, too dull and weak even to read.

His mother scolded and bathed his brow, scolded some more and baked large batches of goodies he couldn't swallow. His friends came to sit on his bed and stare at his bandages.

John didn't tell anyone about the young hawk the hermit was keeping for him, the bird he was going to train for falconry. But, as the effect of the serum wore off, he thought more and more often of her, and tried to hit on a plan which would make his mother accept the hawk as a house guest. He knew exactly where he could keep her. Their house had a roomy attic, across the whole of the upstairs. John felt that the hawk would like its height and gloomy recesses.

It was Thanksgiving weekend and the Gatineau Hills were flaming with

autumn before he persuaded his parents that he could be trusted alone for an afternoon's hike in the hills. He would climb no trees, he promised. His mother brought out a new expensive parka and insisted he wear it.

He reached the hermit's cave and stooped down to enter. The hermit, browner than ever and still clad only in frayed pants, was cooking trout again. The cave was hung with reed baskets of nuts and apples, and all around the walls firewood was neatly stacked.

"Hi!" called the hermit when he saw John. He tossed him a golden fish and laughed as the hot fish made John juggle it wildly from hand to hand.

"Hi!" said John. "You must have been wondering why I didn't come back sooner."

"Any friend of mine," said the hermit, "can come and go as he pleases. No questions. No answers."

"What happened to my hawk?" John asked as he sucked the last delicious morsel from the backbone.

His friend beckoned him outside and up a long hill. There he showed John the leafy pen he had constructed of split cedar painstakingly laced together with tough vines.

"Don't like to keep a wild thing caged," scolded the hermit as he showed John the way he'd attached the roof slats to the sides. "But of course she needed protection up till now. Her mother wouldn't have taken her back, even if I'd climbed away up there to the nest. And any weasel or fox could have made a meal of her if I'd let her go too young."

But John wasn't listening. He had caught sight of his hawk completely feathered and easily four times as big as the bird he had taken from the nest in the top of the oak.

"She's ready to fly off and hunt for herself any day now," said the hermit. He looked at John, a question in his eyes.

John kept looking at the hawk and didn't speak. He could see what a fine specimen she had turned out to be. Her feathers were tawny and white now, but she would be slate grey as an adult bird. Her bright

eye, under the light stripe above it, watched John and the hermit and everything else within its range.

She'd be wonderful in the field, John thought. Even at this distance he could tell how intelligent she was. He took the thick leather work glove he had brought along to protect his arm from her talons from his pocket and put it on. The hermit watched him, silent. Then John took the fresh steak he intended to use to catch her from another pocket and unwrapped it. Still the hermit said nothing, and the hawk watched without moving so much as a feather. John began to unwrap the vines from a few slats slowly.

When he had an opening free that he could just cover with his body, he threw the beefsteak just inside it and crouched in the opening. The hawk flicked her eye towards the meat, but made no move to get it.

And suddenly, crouching there in the opening, John began to think what it would be like for this magnificent bird in his attic. He looked at the leafy cage the hermit had built and thought how many hours and days of work the hermit must have devoted to making the hawk's pen as green and airy as her mother's nest in the oak.

Without a word John stood up, unwound a few more slats, swung them back and stood away from the opening, waiting.

For a long time the hawk stayed motionless in the shrub. Then cautiously she flew to the ground in the middle of the pen. But John knew that she had seen the opening and knew what lay beyond it.

Then slowly at first, with four or five flaps of her great wings, then a glide, flapping again, gliding, ever rising, John's hawk flew off into the autumn sky.

"She even passed up your steak for freedom," laughed the hermit, and chucked John's shoulder.

John stood silent for a long time after the hawk had disappeared, and the hermit stood with him. Still without a word, John peeled off his new winter-warm parka and piled it swiftly into the hermit's arms. Then he walked quickly down the bush trail towards home.

Science

As it slithered along in the jet black night, the rattlesnake could neither hear nor see its prey and yet it knew exactly where the cringing, terror-stricken mouse stood trembling on a narrow rocky ledge.

In complete blackness, the rattler raised its head and coiled its body in expectation of its next meal. Having approached to within six inches, it stopped and made its death lunge—just another meal in the life of the rattler.

The rattler, as a night hunter unable to see in the dark, had used an infrared detector between its eye and nostril to find the warm-blooded mouse!

Infrared, a form of heat, is as old as the sun and as new as tomorrow. Many rays, besides light, fall on Earth from the sun. One of these is called infrared. It is invisible to our eyes but it contains most of the high heat energy we receive from the sun.

In 1800 an English astronomer, Sir William Herschel, accidentally discovered infrared rays. He believed that each color into which a prism separated the sun's light rays had different physical properties. To check this theory he tested each band of color for heat.

First, he placed a prism where the sun's rays could strike it. The prism separated the white rays into red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet bands. Next he held a thermometer in each of the colors. As he moved the thermometer from band to band, Herschel noticed a steadily increasing heat toward the red end. Finally, he edged the thermometer just outside the red band, where there was no light at all. The temperature was higher than ever!

Herschel had discovered an invisible radiation that could produce great heat — infrared.

Most sources of light are sources of infrared rays. Because infrared rays obey the same physical laws as light, we can compare them to light in an examination of their physical properties. Like light, infrared rays travel in a straight line at a speed of 186,000 miles a second. The rays can be directed and concentrated by reflectors.

You recall that Sir William Herschel used a thermometer to detect infrared rays. A sensitive thermometer called a bolometer registers extremely weak infrared rays. It can detect an infrared ray when warmed only one-millionth of a degree. Attached to an electronic device and a camera, it can use heat rays from

a man's body 500 yards away to take a picture. Imagine the possibilities of this!

Many scientists, including those prominent in atomic energy research, feel that controlling the sun's infrared rays may well be man's biggest achievement. Every hour, the sun shines on Earth with heat energy equal to that of 21 billion tons of coal.

For centuries men have tried to make use of the sun's free heat. In the latter part of our century it is possible that homes will be heated and lighted by the sun's infrared heat.

By D. A. Coburn

Pets

In recent years parrakeets (budgerigars) have become increasingly popular. Part of this popularity comes from their ability to learn to talk and mimic the human voice.

These birds readily fit into the modern apartment. However it must be kept in mind that they are totally dependent on their keepers for their care.

Birds should be purchased when they are very young. At this age they soon forget the chatter they heard in the aviary and they learn to imitate the human voice in the new environment. Both males and females can learn to talk, and become tame. It is easy to tell males from females, by observing the growth surrounding the nostril above the beak, called the "cere". In the adult male the cere is a dark blue while in the mating female the color is tan or brown. An immature bird of either sex usually has a striped forehead.

If you are unable to buy your bird from a reliable store catering to bird-lovers, here are some criteria to use in selecting a healthy parrakeet: the area on either side of the breast bone should be meaty; the area around the vent (anal pore) should be dry — if it is wet, the bird may have diarrhea; the nostrils should be dry; there should be no crust around the beak; the bird should be well feathered over the whole body, and when the bird is on a perch it should stand high and alert, with clear eyes.

The cage in which the budgie lives is important. This should be large enough for the bird to stretch its wings, climb

about, and enjoy life. Some birds will spend most of their time in the cage. Don't succumb to the temptation to put too many toys into the cage leaving little room for the bird to move freely.

The door of the cage should be large enough for you to get your hand in and out while holding the bird. Ideally a cage should have at least four cups (most have only two), one for the seed, one for water, another for gravel (not on the floor where it gets dirty), and one for extras like greens or treats. The cage should have two perches of different sizes. The circumference of one perch should enable the bird's toes to encircle three-quarters of the hard wood; the other larger, so the change will rest the bird's feet.

The question arises as to the best place for the cage. Location is important because it is linked to the temperature of the room, which should be as constant as possible throughout the year, from 70 to 78 degrees. Low temperatures can be tolerated by birds if the change in temperature is a gradual one. Drafts and rapid variation in temperature are bad for birds and cause them to become sick easily.

Nor should a bird be placed over a heating duct or radiator where the heat blows directly on it. And the kitchen has its limitations by being too hot after cooking.

A cool window breeze on a summer day seems fine to us, but this draft can be upsetting to a bird. As we said, a well ventilated room with no drafts is a must.

Covering the cage at night does help keep the bird warm, especially during the cold months. Covering the cage early in the evening also helps shorten the day if the bird is too active or restless.

All birds are wild, but they can be tamed with time and patience. The young bird should be kept in its cage until it becomes accustomed to you and to your voice. Do not make any quick movements with your body or hands. Always speak softly and gently.

When you feel he has got to know you then try to get him to perch on your finger. This can be done by slowly putting your hand into the cage, moving your finger parallel with the perch. When your finger touches the bird he will step on it and then quickly off again. But soon he will remain on your finger for longer periods.

After a few days of this you can try to withdraw your hand from the cage — slowly — with the bird still on your finger. Now he is ready to be trained to talk, whistle, or do tricks.

By Dr. A. L. Kassirer

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TOWN PROV.

Penpals

Mason Blackley, Box 363, Strathmore, Alta., is 14 and wants a p.p. from P.E.I., N.S., or the Northwest Territories. Interested in track and field, cars, and girls.

Ted Thaler, 203 Yahar Place, Ancaster, Ont., is 11 and wants a p.p. from anyplace but Ontario. He likes making models, loves animals, owns an Irish setter called Pretzel.

Doug Gowen, 17 Patika Avenue, Weston, Ont., wants a penpal who likes fish, butterflies, and reading, in the 9-to-11 age group.

Jeff Lowe, 13 Glanworth Avenue, St. Thomas, Ont., is interested in submarines, the Apollo program, microscopy, and Jules Verne's books. He's 12 and would like a penpal from anywhere.

Paul Bedford, 342 Old Stone Road, Waterloo, Ont., is interested in stamp collecting, rock collecting, archery, bowling, camping, building, badge collecting and fishing. He plays the guitar and is looking for a penpal about 12.

Richard Browne, General Delivery, Collingwood, Ont., likes collecting stamps, playing hockey, baseball and soccer. He'll write to anybody in Canada or the U.S. He's 9.

Steve Clothier, 3 St. Crispins Drive, Agincourt, Ont., would like a p.p. around the age of 12 or 13 from the Northwest Territories, who likes fishing and hunting. He likes all sports and books about the North.



"Alright Buster, stick 'em up!"

Tommy Mantil, 246 Albert Street, Arnprior, Ont., wants a penpal from outside his home province. He likes softball, water skiing and books.

Gerald Black, 646 - 69th Avenue, Laval, Que., is 12 and likes hockey, baseball, football, stamp collecting, model building and nature. He'd like a p.p. from Saskatchewan, Alberta, or British Columbia.

Joey Dydzak, RR 1 Waterdown, Ont., likes stamps, chess, chemistry and piano. He is 10 and would like a penpal to trade stamps with, from anyplace.

Michael Monture, 173 Bruce Street, London, Ont., wants a penpal. He's interested in hockey, baseball and basketball, cars, model building and stamp collecting.

Ken Allen, 128 Duke Street West, North Bay, Ont., would like to correspond with someone who trades coins and stamps and likes car models.

Frank Shearer, 577 Sinclair Street, Cobourg, Ont., wants a p.p. from outside Ontario. He's 13 and interested in cars, basketball, books and models.

Ricky Gowland, 66 Overture Road, West Hill, Ont., wants penpals from all parts of Canada. He's interested in models, soccer, football, hiking and CB magazines.

Mark Geary, 5 City Line, Saint John, N.B., is 11 and wants a p.p. from western Canada. His hobbies are hockey, baseball, reading, and bowling.

Mark Laskey, 1140 Kaladar Drive, London, Ont., is 11 and would like a p.p. from anywhere but Ontario. His hobbies are drag racing, racing, camping, and girls.

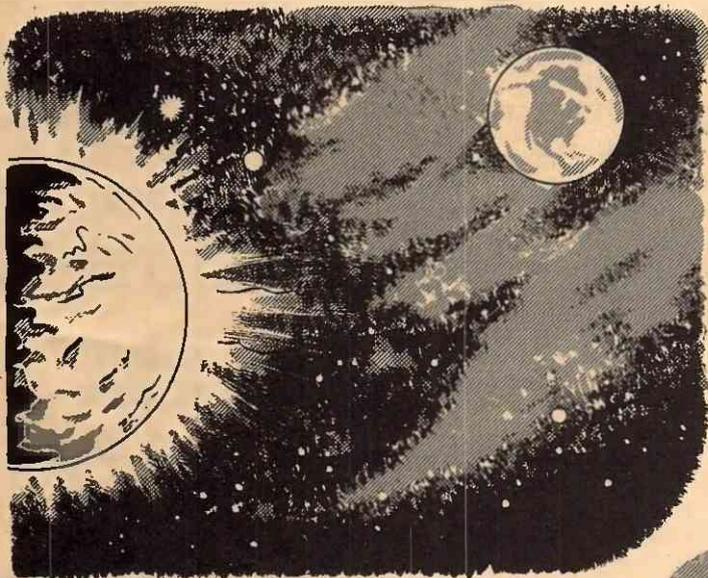
Patrick Hayes, 2632 Alta Vista Drive, Ottawa, Ont., is 10 and is interested in stamps, hockey and good books. He'd like a penpal soon, from anywhere.

Rob Hill, 2262 Horton Street, Ottawa 8, Ont., has left Scouts but still subscribes to CB. He wants a p.p. from anywhere in Canada except Ottawa. He likes sports and pets. Rob is 14.

Pierre Gancz, 596-68th Avenue, Laval, Que., is 11 and is interested in medicine, chemistry, stamps, and nature. He'd like a penpal from anywhere in the world.

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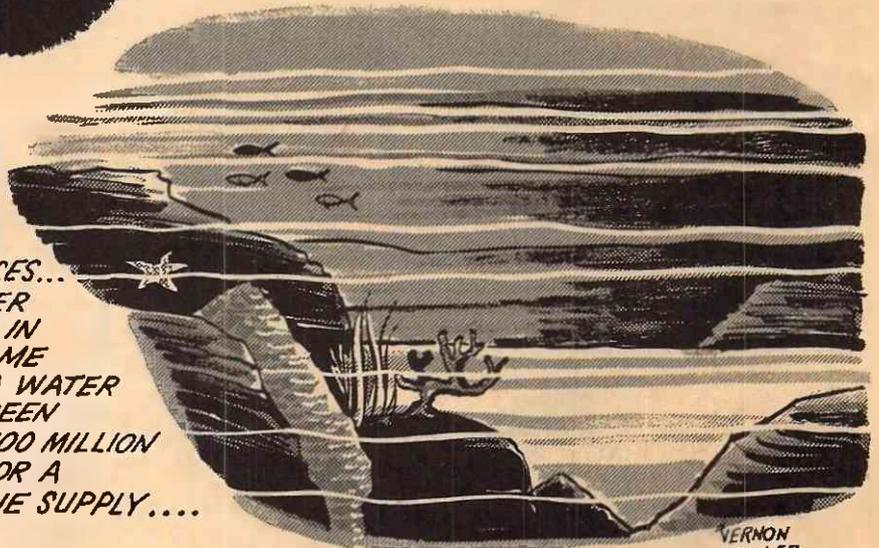


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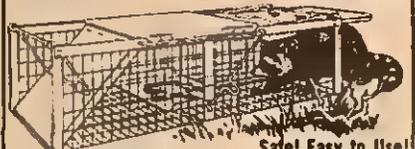
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Stamp Corner

Last spring Malta issued a single stamp in the 1/6 value to mark the centenary of the birth of Mohandas Karamchand.

The greatest of all Indian statesmen, much better known as Mahatma Gandhi, was born on October 2, 1869, and died January 30, 1948. He was a lawyer, educated in England and in India. He was called to the English Bar in 1889.

In time he built up a successful law practice in Bombay. This he abandoned and went to South Africa to live for 21 years on one pound sterling per week while opposing discriminatory legislation against Indian settlers.

In 1914, at the beginning of World War One, Gandhi returned to India. He supported the British during that war but he also started to make his presence felt in the cause for home rule (in India, called Swaraj) and not long after that he became leader of the Congress organization.

History shows the years following to have been spent "in ceaseless agitation

and civil disobedience" and Gandhi spent a good deal of time in detention until, in 1937, he aided in the constitutional compromise under which Congress members accepted office in the new provincial law-making assemblies.

During World War Two, Gandhi tried to get complete independence for India in exchange for support of Britain's war effort and, once again, he was arrested for agreeing to civil disobedience to obstruct the war effort.

But his persistence paid off in the end and, in 1947, Britain granted full independence to India, causing Gandhi to remark: "This is the noblest act of the British nation." Communal strife between Hindus and Moslems darkened his last days, and his life, ended in the same manner as that of many another great civil rights leader. He was assassinated in Delhi by a fanatic.

His chosen name, Mahatma, means "great soul" and the record shows this dedicated man to have been just that. His goal was to free India from caste as well as from materialism. His message for peace was not confined to India alone. It spread out over most of the Asian continent and the world. In his own lifetime Gandhi was venerated as a

moral teacher and reformer.

Other stamps featuring Gandhi include a set issued by India 20 years ago.

Great Britain has made a preliminary announcement of part of its 1970 stamp program. For the collector of Scout-Guide thematics, there is good news. Postmaster General Stonehouse says that among new issues will be a commemorative to mark the Diamond Jubilee of the Girl Guide movement.

By H. L. Woodman



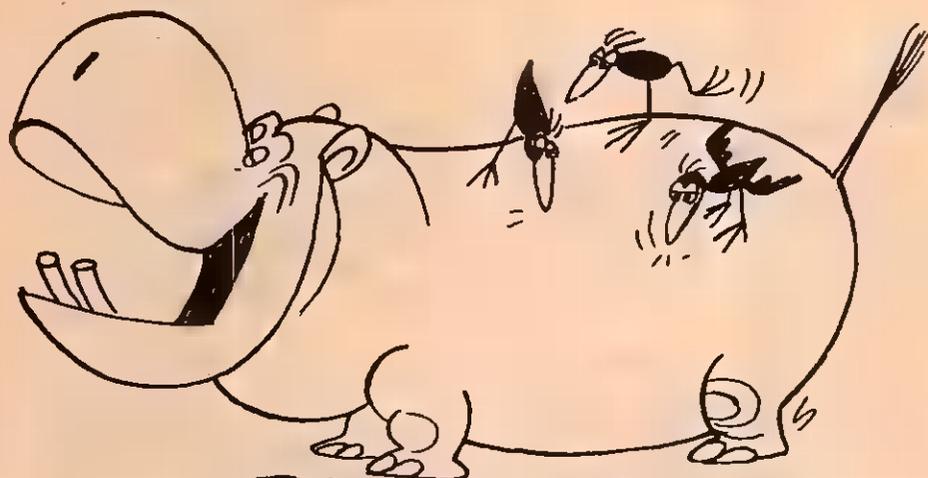
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RIB TICKLERS

Betty was not sitting properly at her school desk. She was slouched over and her feet were out in the aisle. Besides that, she was noisily chewing gum. Then the teacher said: "Betty! You take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in!"

Michael Byrne, Stephenville, Nfld.

Ugly girl: If you can guess how many pieces of paper I have in my hand, you can take me out tonight.

Smart boy: Sixty million.

Ugly girl: That's close enough!

Terry O'Keefe, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Q: What does a basketball do on a table?

A: It looks round.

Brian Fraser, Winnipeg, Man.

Mr. Smith: Hey, Joe! If I go to the dance tonight, can I wear a bow-tie with a hen-way?

Joe: What's a hen-way?

Mr. Smith: Oh, about three or four pounds!

Brian A. Holgate, Ottawa, Ont.

Hunter: I just spotted a leopard!

Wife: Don't be silly, dear. They grow that way.

Harold Sommerfeld, Montreal, Que.

Q: What is the difference between a 1910 dime and a 1969 penny?

A: Nine cents.

Mike Kermane, Don Mills, Ont.

Jack and Joe each owned a horse, but they couldn't decide how to tell them apart. They cut the mane off one horse, but it soon grew back. In desperation, they measured the two horses and found that the black one was four inches taller than the white one.

Andre Gravel, Greenwood, N.S.

Bob: If 36 monkeys ate 36 bananas each day for 36 months, what would it add up to?

Joe: I dunno.

Bob: Thirty-six fat monkeys and a big pile of banana peels!

Alan Selk, Calgary, Alta.

Rick: What lies at the bottom of the ocean and twitches?

Dick: I don't know —

Rick: A nervous wreck!

Aidan Sheridan, Long Creek, P.E.I.

The minister was confused at the wedding because of the groom's long hair. So he just smiled at both of them and said, "Will one of you please kiss the bride?"

Ken Cathrea, Meadow Lake, Sask.

Girl: You know why the big black bug doesn't move? Because she's the queen bug! She sits there while the other bugs do all the work.

Boy: That's not a bug — that's a jelly bean!

Girl: By golly, you're right! I wonder how a jelly bean ever got to be a queen?

Greg Klyne, North Vancouver, B.C.

Q: What is the beginning of eternity, the end of time and space, the beginning of every end, and end of every place?

A: The letter e.

Greg Phillips, Grimsby, Ont.

Q: Why do they have mirrors on candy vending machines?

A: So you can see how you look when the candy doesn't come out.

Lonnie Thompson, St. Eleanor's, P.E.I.

Teacher: I'm very happy to give you 90 percent in history.

Pupil: Why don't you make it 100 percent and really enjoy yourself?

Steve Banks, Timmins, Ont.

Brother: I thought I asked you not to tell Mother what time I got back last night.

Sister: I didn't! I just said I was too busy making breakfast to take a look at the clock.

Trevor Gent, Edmonton, Alta.

A farmer was walking down Main Street when he saw a sign over a plumbing supply store. It said *Cast Iron Sinks*.

"Well, by jiminy!" the farmer said, "anybody knows that!"

Ken Macintosh, Halifax, N.S.

CHOPPER

by Simpkins



"Quit playing with your food!"