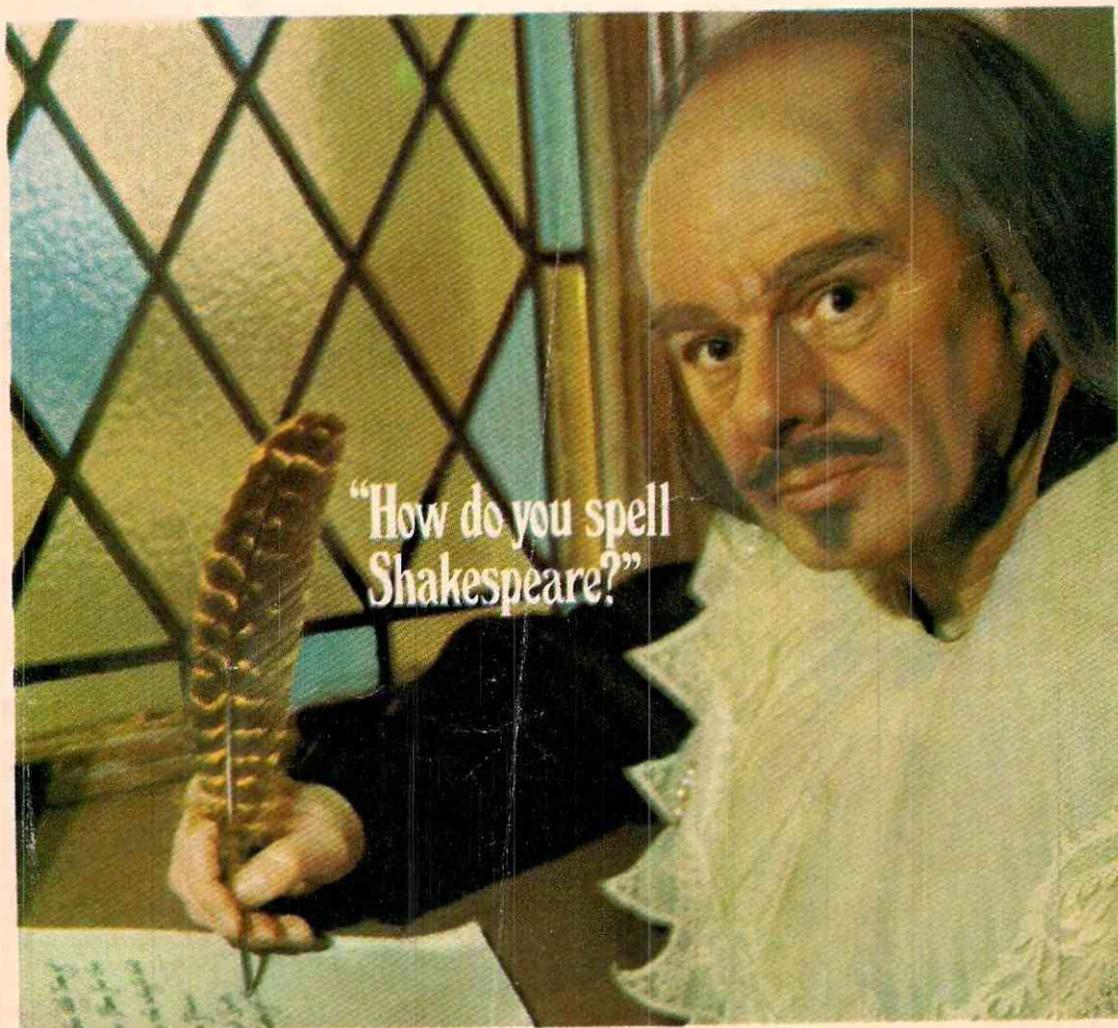


Canadian Boy

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**CB WRITERS' CONTEST
WINNERS PAGE 10.**



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Canadian Boy

JUNIOR EDITION



CB WRITERS' CONTEST WINNERS PAGE 10

COVER: That letter the Bard of Avon is writing reads like this: "I submit to you a storye, the title Son of Hamlet, by whych I enter here for the writers conteste, hopinge the whyle that it be goode enough to win a prize. Your obedient Srvt. Wm. Shakespeare." All we can say is, "Sorry, Will, but you're too late!" Contest results start on page 10.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover, Rod MacIvor of Andrews-Hunt. Page 25, Kirk Brown.

NEXT ISSUE: A new look for CB from cover to cover! Skiing, Scouts on tv, program pages — starting in your Jan/Feb '70 issue.

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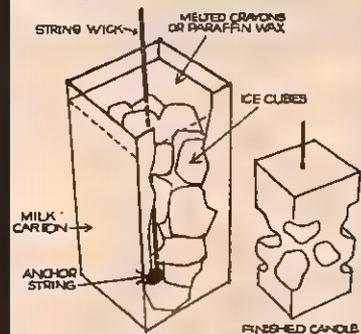
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THINGS TO DO

Christmas Candles from Milk Cartons

Christmas by candlelight? Sure it's old fashioned but so is Christmas. And you can make your own candles out of milk cartons, old crayons or paraffin wax, some heavy string and a few ice cubes. It's easy and it's fun . . . So, sit back and read these instructions with some Wrigley's spearmint gum.



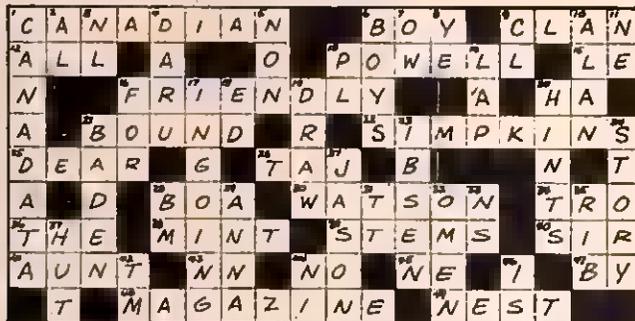
1. Make sure you rinse out the milk carton with cold water. Then take the heavy string (that's your wick) and anchor it to the bottom of the carton with some plasticene.
2. Holding the wick upright, fill the carton with ice cubes. Don't use crushed ice . . . it won't work.
3. Melt crayons or paraffin wax in a DOUBLE BOILER. For this, you can use an old coffee can placed inside a saucepan containing water. Put the wax in the coffee can and boil water in saucepan (get your Mom to help with this part of the project if you're in doubt).
4. When wax has melted, CAREFULLY pour it into the milk carton full of ice cubes.
5. Let the whole mess cool and set. When it's absolutely cold, tear the milk carton away in strips. Do this over the kitchen sink. The water from the melted ice cubes will run off and what's left is your big crazy Christmas candle. How crazy? It depends on what colours your crayons were to begin with.

And speaking of Christmas . . . be sure to include plenty of Wrigley's spearmint gum in your holiday plans. The delicious, long-tasting flavour will make whatever you're doing a little more enjoyable.



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

CB CROSSWORD PUZZLE WINNERS



The first correct solution to CB's 1969 Crossword Puzzle Contest came from *Philip A. DeGagne* of Kenora, Ont. He wins the top prize: a cheque for ten dollars. Second correct draw was lucky for *Robert A. Hobbs* of Corner Brook, Nfld., and his correct puzzle diagram means he has five dollars he didn't have before. Third prize of two dollars goes to *Richard Janda* of Toronto, Ont.

One thing: When you are specifically asked in puzzle rules or any contest regulations, to give your name, age, and address, you risk losing out by forgetting to state something like your age, or the name of the city you live in.

It happens, believe it or not! Not a few entries in this contest failed to mention age. Give all the information requested of you — every time.

Congrats to the winners, and — hey, you! — you with the hangdog look and your thumb in your ear — try us again? Another puzzle contest is coming up soon!

HOW TO MAKE A CANADIAN BOY BETTER

We usually close off the final issue of CB for any year with our best wishes for a Merry Christmas to all our readers, and promises about bigger and better things to come in the New Year. This year we're doing it again.

In 1970, your magazine will be bigger and better than ever. In six big fat issues, instead of eight or nine skinny ones, you'll really be getting more than your money's worth!

If you like, you could think of it as going from eight or nine thinner issues a year to twelve thin ones, *then doubling them up and giving you two at a time*. You get your magazine six times a year, but with more pages, more features for fun, reading, things to do, and more ideas to pick up and take off with.

You still pay only 50 cents for a year's CB. No matter how much your local registration fee may be, according to where you live and participate in some section of Canadian Scouting, only 50 cents of that money comes to CANADIAN BOY. The rest is used by your own council for a dozen different purposes, to make Scouting better for you.

To the 50 cents turned over to CB, we can add about 34 cents that will come to us from advertising and other sources. That means we can spend something like *84 cents per reader per year*, without going in the hole.

One single issue of the magazine costs around five cents a copy, just to print. Printing is only a part of the total production cost, so you can see how far your 84 cents is going!

And you know about the postal rates going up. If you haven't heard about that by now, you must be sending and receiving mail by dog sled or *coureur de bois*! We'll tell you this much: Postage has been our biggest increase in overall costs. New postal rates, started in 1969, jumped 500 percent for us. Some magazines have been forced out of business since the new rates came in.

CB will be emphasizing quality in 1970. Better ways of presenting the kind of magazine you've been asking for. Better ways of printing it. Better stories and articles. More exciting art. Top quality photos. More challenging contests. Extra-special features like you never dreamed of. And — first-class coverage of national and international stories involving Canadian Cubs, Scouts, Venturers, and Rovers.

We also hope for more participation from you.

So, with that little bombshell in your lap, have a Merry Christmas, thanks for your support in 1969 — when we really needed it — and let's all look forward to a bigger, better, brighter 1970.

The Editors

SPECIAL OFFER TO READERS OF CANADIAN BOY

One of the greatest hockey stories ever told

THE AMAZING STORY OF THE TORONTO MAPLE LEAF HOCKEY CLUB

In the history of team sports in Canada, the Toronto Maple Leaf Hockey Club has always meant colour, spirit, fight, dash — and excellence. And this book, in words and pictures, in nineteen chapters, in statistics and anecdotes, in the retelling of the team's drive to a grand total of eleven Stanley Cup championships, is the story of the Maple Leafs' excellence.

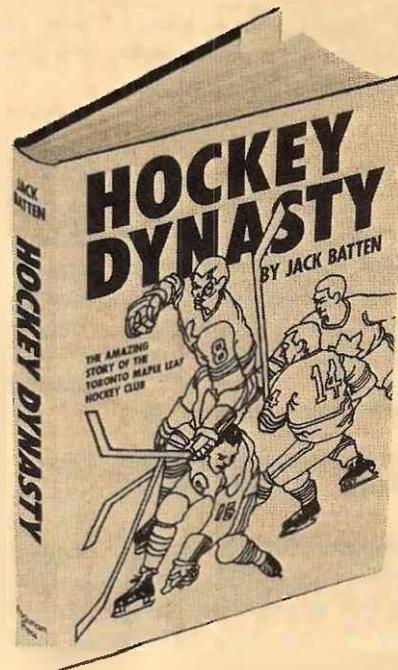
It begins with the rise of that remarkable Canadian, Conn Smythe, the man who launched the Maple Leafs in 1927, who built Maple Leaf Gardens in 1931, who led the way to the first Stanley Cup in 1932 and who sparked, cajoled and fought for the Leafs for thirty-five years before he passed on this leadership to his son Stafford in 1962.

Smythe's early teams were rowdy and rambunctious, enlivened by such headlong characters as King Clancy, Charlie Conacher and Hap Day; and the opening chapters of the book reveal their adventures off and on the ice. They also tell of the Leafs' fiery rivalry with the Boston Bruins that almost led to tragedy in the notorious Ace Bailey-Eddie Shore incident.

The book traces the Toronto team through the glorious comeback victory in the 1942 Stanley Cup finals and their win again in 1945, when the war-time Leafs, a club of cast-offs and juniors, of the very old and the very young, held together in a miracle of team play. It recalls in biographical sketches the great players of the late '40's and early '50's, Syl Apps and Ted Kennedy and Turk Broda and all the other stars who helped to make the 1948 team perhaps the most powerful of all.

The Leafs won four Stanley Cups in five years, from 1947 to 1951, and then slumped through the mid-1950s until they rose again in a new era, the Punch Imlach reign. The book deals with Imlach's eleven stormy years with the Leafs, years that produced four more Stanley Cups and that gave Toronto such shining heroes as Frank Mahovlich, Johnny Bower, Dave Keon and Norm Ullman.

With the firing of Imlach in the spring of 1969, and then the dramatic ousting of Stafford Smythe and Harold Ballard by the Toronto Maple Leaf Board of Directors, the Leafs today, stand on



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the edge of a brand-new period in hockey history. The team has behind it a heritage of colourful play, fighting victories and, of course, of excellence.

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Letters

APOLOGY ACCEPTED, SIR!

I apologize for my last piece of hate literature, published in the July-August issue. I received my May issue after a while and, compared to the 15-cent comics, it isn't such a bad buy. You let me see the light, after all.

Colin Anstey, Warsaw, Ont.

Now, pass the word about CB costing the insiders only a nickel a copy, willya? Help others to see the light, and send in some more Rib Ticklers soon's you can, Colin.

WE SHOULD SPREAD OUT

I would like to see more of a wide-spread magazine. For example, in your next issue I would appreciate an article on growing plants by fluorescent lights, seeing as how my garden had a late start this year and I would like to try and avoid that next year.

Peter Rioux, Dorval, Que.

We're looking around here for somebody with a green thumb and a pot. Lots of

CB's 6th annual photo contest results will be announced in the January-February 1970 editions. When we announced this big cash prize contest, in our September editions, we didn't tell you when you were going to find out who won what. Pretty sneaky, huh?

pots available, few green thumbs — but we'll try and line something up on this subject. Sounds interesting!

HOBBIES: FOR EXAMPLE . . .

I am 13 and I would like a girl penpal about my age. I am interested in swimming, cars, and especially girls. Please enclose picture.

*Robert Benoit,
132 Junction Avenue,
Azilda, Ont.*

This letter is only one of an increasing number of penpal requests from boys who wish to correspond with girls. See the Penpals column (page 25) for more.

CALLING HONORABLE PENPALS

Dear Canadian Friends: Many Japanese boys and girls wish to have Canadian penpals. If you want to have penpals in Japan, please write to the following address. I will gladly introduce you. Name: Rieko Komatsu. Address: 2-chome Honmachi, Kawasaki, Tagawa-gun, Fukuoka-ken, Japan 827. Thank you very much. Sincerely yours,

(Miss) Rieko Komatsu, Japan.

Okay, you guys, no stampeding! Mind your manners and try to remember that the Japanese people are extremely polite. It might help if you could get the use of a typewriter, since handwriting styles vary widely from one part of the world to another. Just a couple of tips . . .

WHO'S GOING TO EXPO 70?

In the June issue of CB, Andris E. Sillis of Oakville asked if there was any movement on Expo 70, and I too would like to know. And, if any troops are going, I

would like to hear from them. I think your mag is great.

Allen Andrews, Coldwater, Ont.

Write to Allen Andrews, Box 243 Coldwater, Ont., if you know of any plans to go to Japan for Expo 70. And do it soon — time flies!



*By Christopher Vernon, 12,
Victoria, B.C.*

BUG HOUSE BOUND?

The golf bug bit me this year and I've been going crazy waiting on you to print an article on golf. I read your mag every day.

Chris Wilson, Smithers, B.C.

MORE THAN ONE WAY TO WIN

In your October issue, on the puzzle page, you stated that you were able to change the doublet RAIN to SNOW in 12 moves. Also, you asked to be notified if it could be done in less than 12. Well, I'm telling you it can be done in 11! My way: RAIN — RAIL — BAIL — BALL — BALE — BOLE — BOLT — BOOT — SOOT — SHOT — SHOW — SNOW. You lose this time!

Gundar Robez, Hamilton, Ont.



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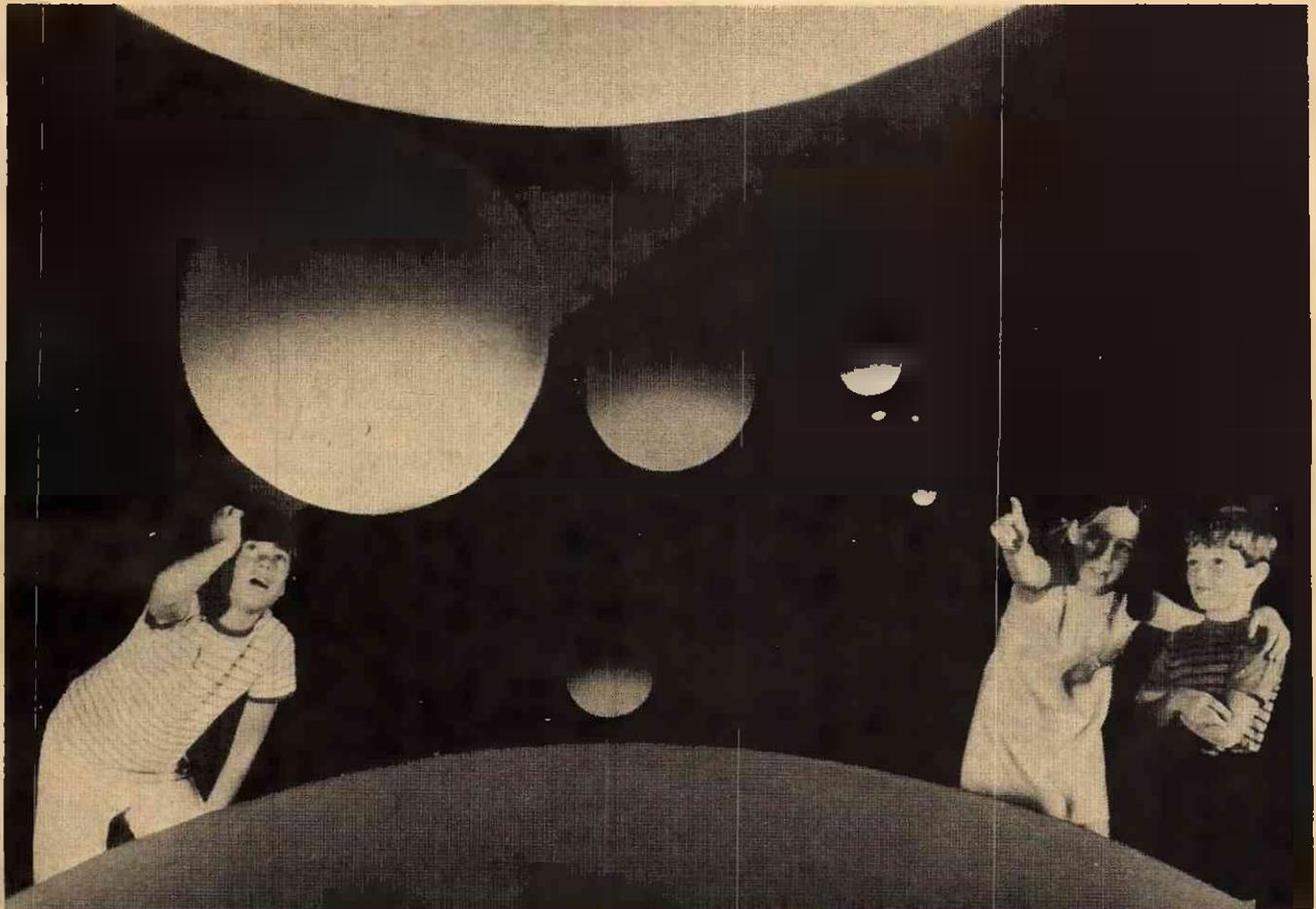
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stand and enjoy. Your imagination soars and explores, stimulated by 22,400 exciting illustrations (13,700 of them in colour). These illustrations, and the 989 maps in THE NEW BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE, are accompanied by fascinating, absorbing stories. The practical assistance a student needs is served up in an intriguing, appetizing form. As a result, a large quantity of material, directly related to your interests, your school subjects and your projects is readily absorbed.

Leads into enjoyable experiences. Rather than drive your young mind to learning, THE NEW BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE helps subjects taught in school to be joyfully absorbed. This superb, twenty volume library has no equal in providing a vital link between home and school. It serves as an inspiration toward superior preparation of project assignments and an aid to general homework.

Just for fun. There are myths, legends and stories of adventure, drama and suspense and, for the younger children, a wealth of fairy tales and fables. There are sports, games, hobbies, wonder questions, experiments, projects, things to make and things to do.

Lights the way to wonder. Young students all across Canada agree, THE NEW BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE helps you to improve reading skills, do better with school projects, special reports and essays. In all subjects. In or out of school. It mirrors a fascin-

ating world through self-teaching content that's as exciting as a mystery, or a television show. THE NEW BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE is one of the greatest gifts you can receive.

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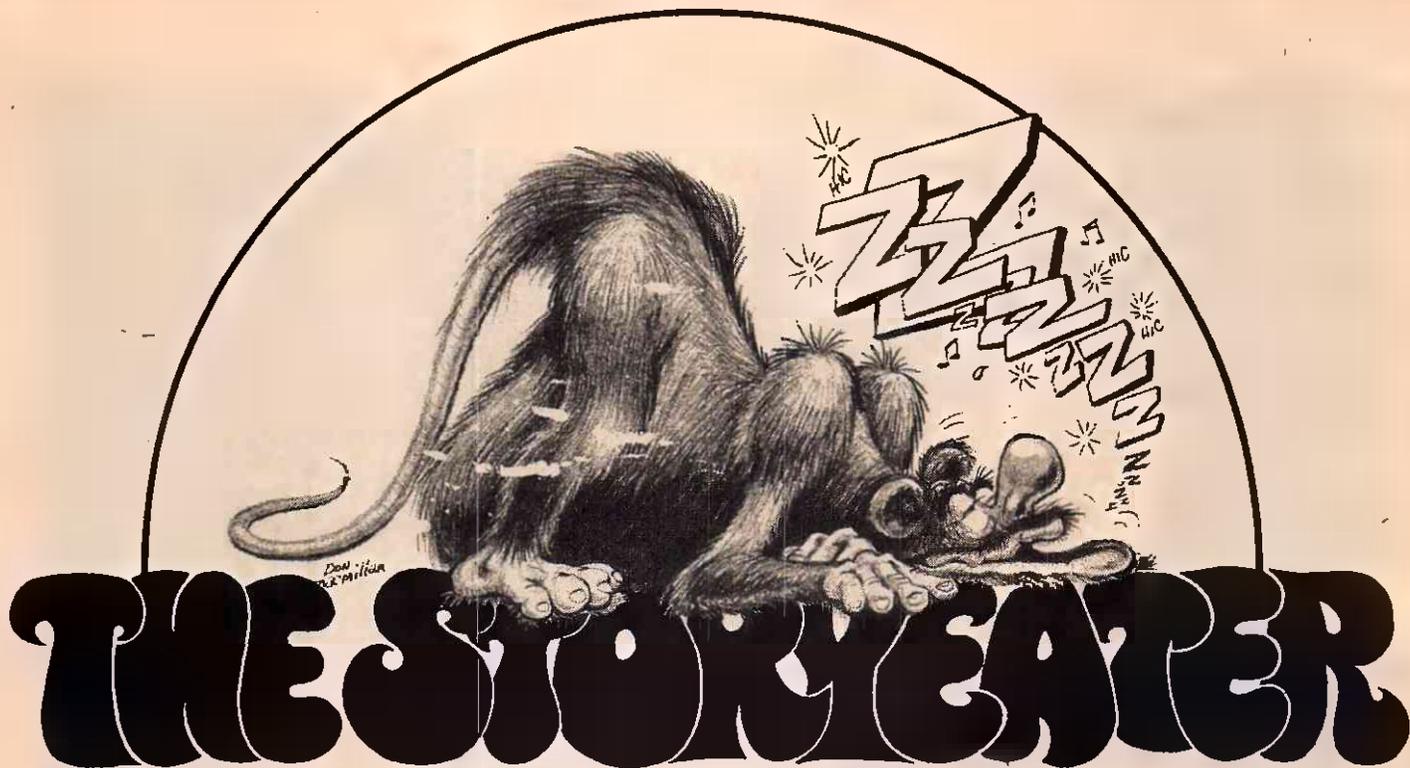
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____

Have your parent initial this coupon here _____

CB 119



THE STORYEATER

What kind of a monster would eat storybooks? A teacher? Nope. A librarian? No, a storyeater, of course! *Fiction by George B. Buckley*

BLACK CLOUDS DRIFTED across the moon, casting shadows on the Storyeater as it stole down the mountain, stealthily moving along the narrow ledge that led from its cave to the valley below. It padded noiselessly down the rocky path until it came to a spot where the ledge widened into a broad, boulder-strewn shelf that over hung the mountain's heavily wooded lower slopes. Picking its way carefully between boulders and stones, the creature slunk to the edge of the shelf and crouched down. Its black skin hung in sagging folds from its bony frame and draped itself on the ground. The creature's sunken, red eyes peered out of its gaunt face, searching the village below.

The Storyeater ran its black tongue along its smirking lips. It had been three months or more since, with a bulging belly and a satiated appetite, the creature had waddled into its cave to sleep heavily until the sharp pangs of an empty stomach prodded it awake. And now it was staring down on the village, laying plans on how to fill this empty, hairy sack it had become and return again to its lair for another long peri-

od of deep, continuous sleep. "On to the village," grinned the Storyeater. "And eats!" And it silently resumed its journey down the mountain.

Once off the mountain it moved at a skin-flapping jaunt, slinking from tree to tree and lingering in the gloomy cover each afforded. The Storyeater slowly approached the nearest house. It tried the door latch — locked! Carefully tip-toeing around the corner, it approached an open window and slowly pushed it open far enough to slip inside. The deep breathing of the sleeping people in the house sounded like soft music to its attentively cocked ears. Glancing quickly around, it located a low bookcase filled with storybooks. It opened its jaws eagerly and gulped down every one of them.

From house to house the Storyeater went, slipping in windows and doors the unsuspecting villagers had left unlocked for the night. In each house it gulped down all the stories it found: hearty, robust adventure yarns; delightfully sweet little nursery tales; fluffy, tender love stories; light-as-air ghost stories, and salty yarns about the sea. All served to fill the creature's stom-

ach, swelling it to such a size that the skin no longer flapped but stretched tight.

Finally, only one house had not contributed to the glutton's feast. The bulging hulk approached one of the windows of the house and tried it. It slid silently open. Inside the house, Tom snuggled his pug-nosed, round face deeper into his blankets as the cold night air blew in through his just-opened window.

But the Storyeater never did enter Tom's room. After shoving its head and front legs through, it stuck. Try as it might it couldn't get its bloated belly through the window opening. It grumbled annoyedly to itself, and then it noticed the bookshelf below the window. "What luck," it chuckled. The Storyeater reached down, swooping all the books into its huge mouth. Lowering itself to the ground outside the window, the creature was satisfied. It had all the stories in the whole village nicely tucked away inside. "You plump rascal," it said to itself in a pleased manner, "let's be off!" And off it went through the woods, heading directly for the mountain, savoring the delightful flavors in its mouth left there by the

stories it had just eaten, and anticipating the long hibernation for which it was due.

Suddenly, it made a wry face. "Ptooeey! Yughh! Gaaah!" A horrible flavor permeated its mouth and it knew just what was the cause: "Maps, pah!" it spat. The creature hated the flavor of maps. In that last shelf of books it gulped so gluttonously, there must have been an atlas chuck full of them. The stuffed creature waddled more slowly through the woods and hiccupped. A map of Ireland drifted out of its wry puckered mouth and floated past its hurt-filled eyes. "Woe is me!" It hiccupped, and another map soared from its mouth to sail tauntingly before its eyes. Several more hiccups occurred and several more maps from the indigestible atlas made their appearance.

"Ooooooh!" moaned the miserable creature. Hiccup! A large map of Africa fluttered out. Hiccup, Hiccup! And Antarctica and India wafted off into the chill night air. Hiccup, hiccup, hiccup! Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg. Hic, hic, hic, hic, hic! And all the small islands of the South Pacific joined the procession that was fluttering behind the Storyeater as it made its way up the wooded slopes to the sheer face of the mountain. Hic! China. Hic! Turkey. Hic! Norway. HICCUP!! The entire continent of North America appeared, circled its head dizzily and faded into the darkness.

The creature began to hiccup everytime it took a step. Hic! Step. Hic! Step. Hic! Step. It tried to stop this by walking faster — hic, step, hic, step, hic, step hic, step — but it was no use, the faster it walked, the faster the maps spewed forth.

By the time the Storyeater reached its cave up in the mountains, however, all the maps had made their hiccupping departure, and it was feeling much better.

"Maps, phooey!" the creature muttered. "Although I'd as soon have maps as music! Maps taste bad for an hour or two; but music, that goes on for days." It leaned back against the wall of its cave and shrugged a few times to settle its bulk more comfortably.

Sleep came, the deep heavy sleep of hibernation; and dreams too: dreams of stories eaten long ago and of stories still to be devoured. One thing that the creature never did dream, though, was that one of the stories it had gulped down while in the village had contained a page devoted to melodious, little nursery songs, and the tiny black notes were now gently tinkling out of its gaping mouth, the only sounds audible except for the whispering inhale and exhale of its slow deep breathing.

Down in the village the next morning, Tom awoke. Bright sunlight flooded the room, touching the bed, the chair with Tom's clothes folded on it, the rug — and the empty bookcase.

"The books!" shouted Tom. He rubbed his eyes in disbelief, and looked again. "The books! Where are the books?"

Throughout the village that morning, the loss of the books was discovered in each household. Neighbor spoke to neighbor about it, and the enormity of the crime was revealed: all the books in the entire village were gone.

After breakfast, houses were searched and researched as the villagers looked for the lost stories. In the afternoon, the search was carried out-of-doors. Garages, sheds, wells, gardens, and everything in and immediately around the cluster of buildings was investigated; but still no books.

Suppertime came and the search was called off. It was beginning to get dark. Tomorrow, said the people to one another, tomorrow we will look some more. We're sure to find them then, and they prepared to go to bed early so as to be fully rested for the morrow's hunt.

There was one villager, however, who didn't want to postpone the search until tomorrow; and that was Tom. So, that night as everyone settled down for the night, Tom slipped out through his open window and made straight for the woods between his house and the mountain. All the houses and adjacent grounds had been searched thoroughly that morning and afternoon. The woods were the next likely place to search.

At the edge of the woods, Tom stopped. The trees looked black and menacing as they swayed threateningly towards him and the night wind hissed harshly through their leaves. Tom swallowed, braced his shoulders and entered the gloom beneath the trees. After a few strides he stepped on a twig. Snap! He gave a start. His heart thudded against his chest. "Maybe I should go back," he thought, "and wait 'til tomorrow when it's lighter out." But then he thought of the stories and walked carefully forward, deeper into the woods.

The deeper into the woods he went, the gloomier and harder to see it got. He peered into the darkness, searching left and right when suddenly something riveted his attention. Off to his right a vague white shape floated towards him, slowly coming closer and closer, not making a sound.

"Wh-wh-who's there?" he squeaked in a barely audible voice. No answer. In fact, no sound at all came from the slowly bobbing white shape as it drifted closer yet. "What do you w-want?" he stammered, staring at the silent whiteness coming nearer and nearer. "W-what-do-you-waaaAAAAAH!" The white shape had suddenly floated onto his face; he tore at it and hurled it to the ground, shuddering. He stamped it with his feet until he was gasping for breath; then, looking down, exhausted, he saw what this white menace actually was — a map. Upon closer inspection, he discovered it to be a page out of his father's atlas, which had been on the bookshelf beneath the window in his bedroom. At last, a clue! He walked farther on and soon found another map, and then another. He kept on following the trail of maps, picking them up one by one.

The scattered maps formed a trail which led him to a narrow ledge that jutted out from the mountain's face. Far up the ledge, barely visible in the dim light of the bone-white moon, was another map. Quickly, he ran up the ledge and picked it up.

Whoever had taken the story-books had undoubtedly come this

Continued on page 14

CB
WRITERS'
CONTEST

WINNERS

Would-be Hemingways, budding Shakespeares, and hundreds of other young Canadian writers, to the delight of the editors, shoved entries into this CB contest, in hopes of getting their work published — and being paid for it at commercial rates.

Here, then, are the winners, this time. If you are not among them, remember: If you didn't win, don't lose your desire, your drive, to go on writing. Writing is a learned skill, not a God-given talent. It takes practice, unending, intensive, mind-blowing, exhaustive practice! Try us again, all of you. And thanks for coming in this time. Congrats to the winners.

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Perhaps Tomorrow

by Dave Rooney, 16

of Cali, Colombia, South America

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FIRST PRIZE NON-FICTION

15 and older

Jack the Milkman

by Jim Gray, 16

of Vancouver, B.C.

\$30.00

FIRST PRIZE POETRY 15 and older

Canada Coast: Vancouver

by Murray Adams, 15

of West Vancouver, B.C.

\$20.00

FIRST PRIZE FICTION 12 to 14

Pain in the Neck

by David Folkes, 14

of Agincourt, Ont.

\$50.00

FIRST PRIZE NON-FICTION

12 to 14

The Halifax Explosion

by Bill Towill, 12

of Fort William, Ont.

\$50.00

FIRST PRIZE POETRY 12 to 14

Be That Your Dream

by Peter Taccogna, 14

of Toronto, Ont.

\$20.00

FIRST PRIZE FICTION 8 to 11

Hairy Harry and the Fire-Breathing Dragonfly

by Geoffrey Sherrott, 11

of Coquitlam, B.C.

\$30.00

FIRST PRIZE NON-FICTION

8 to 11

24 Hours on Bread and Water

by Robert Wolf, 9½

of Chomedey, Que.

\$40.00

FIRST PRIZE POETRY 8 to 11

The City

by Robert Rohn, 11

of Toronto, Ont.

\$20.00

HONORABLE MENTIONS:

In fiction, there were none named by the judges.

In non-fiction: Richard Green, 13, of Rothesay, Kings County, N.B., for *Are Sportsmen Becoming Extinct?* and Simon MacDowall, 12, of Waterdown, Ont., for *The Runt of Shack 20*; David Atkins, 10, of CFB North Bay, Ont., for *The Adventures of a Boy Pedestrian*; Gordon Chitty, 9, of North Vancouver, B.C., for *Meet Mr. Bear*.

In poetry: Thomas Lawrence Hagell, 10, of 4 Wing RCAF, CFPO 5056, for *Spring is Like*.

Amounts of payment vary because we paid them, as we pay all writers, according to wordage or length of the work, and "body". A piece of writing with "body" says something without frills, padding, or puffing up a "nothing" subject. Poems are not paid for strictly on a word rate, but at the editor's discretion. The Editor's decisions on payment are final in all cases.

In all, there were something like 500 entries, in nine categories: fiction from writers 15 and older; fiction, 12 to 14 years; fiction, 8 to 11 years. Non-fiction, 15 and older; non-fiction, 12 to 14; non-fiction 8 to 11; poetry, 15 and older; poetry, 12 to 14, and poetry, 8 to 11. The judges teach English and journalism. Their comments on the quality of the work might be of interest to you: "I en-

joyed working on the material, and I hope the competition will continue," said one. Another remarked: "It rather disturbed me that several of the entries were terribly worked up about the world we live in and perhaps I am kidding myself by choosing one that at least seemed to have some pleasure out of life even though it's somewhat morbid pleasure." Still another comment: "I thought the

quality (of the non-fiction) deteriorated as the age went up. The older writers seemed much too stultified, and I was reluctant to give a prize for the older group." And: "Note that many of the entries, many of the better ones, too, dealt with the contemporary world, both the poems and the stories, sometimes realistically as in *Perhaps Tomorrow* and sometimes fantastically as in *Pain in the Neck*."

15 YEARS AND OLDER

PERHAPS TOMORROW

by Dave Rooney

He had been refused all morning, and now that it was noon his shrunken stomach ached with hunger. He couldn't go to the ugly, mud-floored hovel which was his home, because there was no food there either. His six brothers and sisters were roaming the streets, as he was, looking for handouts, money, and pockets to be picked. His mother was hunting for wood in the empty lots of the city, and his father (he didn't know who he was; even his mother wasn't sure) had left before he had been born. It was a sad, miserable life, but it was the only existence he had known. He looked at the empty saltines can that he dragged around, empty. From his seat on the sidewalk of the wide, tree-lined *calle* he watched the rich, usually indifferent, people drive by in their fine American cars. Behind him humanity hustled by. Peddlers, shoppers, businessmen, ticket sellers, and poor; all in streaming, oblivious crowds heading for home to rest during the *siesta* time.

On a corner beneath a traffic sign that doubled as a Coca-Cola ad, three green-uniformed, generally inefficient policemen laughed at a dirty joke. Suddenly, roaring down the *calle* came a red, racing-striped, 1966 model Mustang, without a muffler. The cops looked up, amused, and continued with their conversation.

The boy on the sidewalk watched the car whiz by with large, watery, brown eyes. He pushed his long, dirty-blond hair from out of his eyes and wiped his nose across a ragged mud-stained sleeve.

He smiled with unrestrained pleasure as he imagined himself behind the wheel of a car such as that. How surprised his mother and family would be! And how frightened Pedro, the neighborhood bully and junior extortionist, would be when he saw him, Pablo, driving a sports car! But, when he opened his eyes and saw his dirty feet, thin legs, and scabbed knees, he saddened a bit as he realized it could never be.

From behind his back he heard a strange, deep, foreign voice. "*Hey, nino! Por favor, stand up, yo quiero tomar una fotografia!*" Turning around, he saw a tall, pale, pot-bellied, silver-haired man, dressed in sandals, shorts, and a plaid sports shirt. The obviously friendly man grinned and said, "*Yo quiero tomar una fotografia.*" He held an expensive, complicated-looking camera in one hand which he tapped with his other, as if to emphasize his point. Beside him stood an elderly lady in a blue dress, straw sun hat, and glasses. Behind her Pablo noticed another man with a red face and blond hair. "*Gringos!*" he thought. As Pablo stood up he heard the woman say, "Oh, the poor thing! Look at him. He's so thin and hungry!" He didn't understand the words, but he understood the tone; she felt sorry for him. Pablo put on his saddest, most down-trodden expression; the sadder the better to get more *plata*. The man snapped his picture and the *gringa* dug deep down into the cavernous mouth of her purse, retrieving an odd red fruit and a sandwich with a mixed look of triumph and pity. These she presented to the small boy and then, as an afterthought, she added a 20-*peso* bill. With that the foreign trio left Pablo in wonder.

Later, as he walked home through the ugly, garbage-littered streets, past the squat, filthy, tumbled-down houses of his neighborhood, he saw Pedro! Pedro, the gang leader, extortionist, bully and thief, coming towards him with a nasty demand in his eye. With out-stretched hand he demanded his "protection" money, "*Dame su plata!*" But Pablo wasn't about to lose his money and turned to flee.

Suddenly Pedro whistled, a shrill, piercing whistle. Five other boys, all of them larger than Pablo, appeared as if from nowhere. They grabbed him and threw him on the ground with ease. As one man, they demanded his money. "*Maricas!*" he yelled shrilly. At that they pounced on him, cursing him and beating him up.

When they were through they arrogantly demanded the money, threatening him with what they would do if he didn't hand it over. Then, Pedro, who had been watching the whole scene with sadistic satisfaction, stepped through the ring of boys. "*Dame mi plata.*" hissed the "protector." Bruised, battered, sobbing Pablo sadly surrendered the now-dusty bill. With a sneering, "*Gracias, pendejo!*" Pedro pocketed the fantastic sum. Then, surrounded by his cronies, he skipped down an alley towards the local *tienda* to buy *cigarillos*.

Then, as if a merciless god felt like tormenting Pablo, it began to rain. The storm swept down from the high *cordilleras* to engulf the sun and sky in a flood of stygian blackness. Lightning stabbed the ground as a curtain of rain smothered the earth. As the thunder rumbled angrily in the hills, Pablo scrambled to his feet. Soaked to the skin, he ran down the street. Through ankle-deep mud, and water, he slipped and fell, until as quickly as it began, the storm ended. The sea of clouds rolled down the valley and the sun showed its face as Pablo reached the miserable hut.

Inside the one-room hut Pablo heard his mother change to go out and make the rounds of the red-light district; the crying of his baby brother, and the snores of the older children. His mother told him that there was no supper, as usual, and then ignored him. Just as the sun went down behind the mountains he looked at the small pile of straw and the filthy rag that made up his bed, and yawned. A few moments later he was nestled, damp and shivering, in the straw, listening to the squeaks and rustlings of the rats in the roof. Perhaps tomorrow he would have more luck.

low myself to sigh with relief. But even when I am doing this, I make sure that I always turn my body *with* my head. lest, by accident I should happen to turn my neck.

I suppose it would seem even more conspicuous never turning my neck, but still, after you hear my strange story you will understand why I never dare, on the chance that someone observant is watch-

Continued next page

12 to 14 YEARS OLD

PAIN IN THE NECK

by David Folkes

Whenever in public, I am always very careful of my actions, never walking too fast, never walking too slow, always remaining completely inconspicuous. When I am alone, I still remain constantly alert, checking behind doors and furniture, under the bed and in the closet before I al-

from previous page

ing me. It's not that I'm posture conscious, nothing like that. Have you ever seen a 15-year-old who was? You see, I am not sure whether any of THEM are left and, if there are, they are sure to be watching me. However, if you are truly to understand I suppose I shall have to start at the beginning.

I was 12 at the time they came off the assembly line of Uncle Andy's corporation, Rashwell Appliances—they were the Pseudomen, or robots, if you prefer . . .

Although I am rich, you probably won't recognize me, but you are sure to know my uncle, Anthony Rashwell, after whom I was named. What you do not know is that each and every one of the Pseudomen has, although I hope it's "had" by now, small malfunctions, and that it was because of me that these malfunctions occurred, and why I have this continual pain in my neck from holding it still.

It happened the day Uncle Andy let me visit his factory on sort of a self-guided tour because he was too busy to take me himself, and that was his second mistake.

His first was in letting me in. Period. Everyone knows a 12-year-old boy cannot resist touching things, but Uncle Andy thought the workmen would keep me away from the Pseudomen — which, to my distress, they did. They did not, however, keep me away from the automated section, which I presumed constructed the robot parts. The subconscious devious part of my brain figured that hanging around the assembly line would harm only one or two robots at the most, and why settle for that when I could throw out an entire series by simply tampering with the machinery that constructed the parts? The sweet angelic

conscious part of my brain could not think of an answer, so away I went, and switched some terminals on some microscopic part of a huge electrical unit. So, naturally, they never found out where the trouble was, and I was too chicken to tell them. So everyone just kept quiet, because it was such a minor thing, at least the first malfunction was.

Before I go on, I suppose I should explain what this first malfunction was. Not very many people noticed it. It was just that whenever a Pseudoman turns his neck, he does it sort of funny. You can tell a Pseudoman from a real human in this way, if you are observant.

It was on a Saturday about a year ago that the turning-point arrived. And I had noticed that there were an awful lot of Pseudomen. It started like any other day, and I was watching some phony western on the Tri-D, when I decided there must be *something* better than this. I determined to call up Sam Carter on the visiphone. I punched up his code and waited until his head swam into my viewer. There he was, good old Sam, with his funny looking hair that stood on end, and an awfully round head, but still my good friend.

So you can imagine my horror, when he turned his head, and it turned sort of funny!

Slamming down the switch, I just sat for a few minutes, my hands shaking, and a bucketful of icy sweat rolling down my back. I worked up enough courage to call a few more friends. Same result, each and every time! Now I was really scared. I mean, if everybody you knew personally suddenly turned into robots, I'll lay you ten to one you'd panic.

Naturally, I made up my mind to see Uncle Andy. For one thing, he controlled all the results that his factory was

responsible for, by a special unit. But the more I thought about it, the less sure I was about it, especially since that might have been the unit I had tampered with. But then, Uncle Andy would not hurt me, even if he was a robot. But the closer I got, the less certain I was about *that*, too.

Panicking, and fully aware that I was doing just that, I got in touch with the police. Amazingly enough, they let me see the chief. When I got to his office he was half-under his desk. That made me feel a little better, knowing that someone else was having mechanical difficulties.

When he noticed me, the chief got up and looked at me inquiringly. And when he did, his neck turned sort of — you know.

I concluded then and there that I did not really want to see him at all. I backed slowly out of the room, one hand behind so that I could feel for the door when it came near. I gulped a couple of times as it reached me, and then I *calmly bolted* as though the devil himself had taken off after me.

It is not pleasant to have to think, and know, that everybody from Sam and the chief of police on down is a robot, and that you have not really seen another human all day!

The first thing I did was to get down to Uncle Andy's factory, and switch those terminals back. I hoped that would put the jinx on those Pseudomen, and get the real people back.

The only thing is I don't know whether I switched the right terminals, or if I even got the right part on the right unit.

Two years is a long time. That is why I always remain completely inconspicuous and never, *never* turn my neck, lest it should turn the right way, and THEY should decide to replace me, too.

"I enjoyed working on the material, and I hope the competition will continue," *said one judge.*

8^{to} 11 YEARS OLD

HAIRY HARRY AND THE FIRE-BREATHING DRAGONFLY

by Geoffrey Sherrott

Drowsing peacefully in his gooey, cac-

tus-lined, junk-yard, refugee bathtub rapidly losing rotten green and purple hair lay the story's hero — Hairy Harry. This hair-covered Old Folks Home escapee from the mud pits of Central Siberia was covered from lower eyebrows to ankles by HAIR! His expression was that of an African bookworm and he was 3 feet 6 and $\frac{7}{8}$ inches tall. Suddenly, Harry woke up and muttered, "There be a very dishonorable sound in this room!" He carefully scrutinized his room looking from his piranhas peacefully attacking a grizzly bear's corpse to his spiders and scorpions feasting on a pack rat. He then glanced at his cobras and rattlesnakes, squeezing the life out of each other. "Has one of you most honorable its got ze hiccups?" he questioned. No one answered so Harry climbed out of the tub and got

dried. Still wondering whom or what made the noise, Harry waddled off to bed.

Later that night Harry's snakes started hissing wildly and his piranhas jumped out of their blood bath and landed on the floor. Harry climbed discontentedly out of bed and stumbled over to where the racket was coming from. When he reached the main room his eyes bulged and almost popped out of his head. They didn't stay that way for long however, because flying at him was a pink and black, green-polka-dotted purple-winged dragonfly. Coal black fire emitted from his mini-nostrils as he flew at Harry straight as an arrow. Running with the desperation of an elephant being chased by a herd of mice and at the staggering speed of a turtle Harry leaped toward his

bathtub. Just as he dived for the tub the dragonfly scorched his rear. Unfortunately for Harry the water had seeped out of the tub and instead of soothing his burning rear end and hair he added a headache to his list of wounds. The dragonfly meanwhile had eluded the piran-

has' snapping jaws, (they had been shoved back into their tub by the cob-ras) and the spider webs and was coming at Harry at the amazing speed of 1½ inches per minute. Harry leaped from his bathtub seized a nearby bazooka and BAM!

After the sanitation department had cleaned up the rubble that once was Harry's home it was turned into a world-famous mosquito swamp where these insects were sold at a dime-a-dozen. This is a typical happy ending, as always, to a fairy tale.

non-fiction

15 YEARS AND OLDER

JACK THE MILKMAN

by Jim Gray

Everyone must go through a stage when adventurous fantasy dominates one's mind above all else. The need for this romantic excitement is the excuse for many silly, dubious, and often ridiculous adventures into the world of wanton wishfulness. I can remember back to my fifth or sixth summer. The days were long and warm, and my friend and I would while away our time together playing with toys or riding tricycles recklessly down the sidewalk. Often we would see Jack. He was not old, but was certainly in his lethargic years, and known as Jack for some obscure reason.

He would deliver milk on our street about eleven o'clock each morning. If we happened to see Jack, we would stop our playing, which suddenly became slightly monotonous, and run to his little truck whose age caused it to emit many ominous rattles, thumps, and jerks, as it rolled down the block.

Jack would carry the bottles in a wire basket to the houses while we ran to rest in the shade of his truck. Sometimes, with awakened courage, we would venture a step through the open door of the truck and peer into the dark cavern at the rear of the vehicle. Sparse beams of sunlight glinted on the rows of bottles filling the space. Some bottles were fresh and full of the cool white milk, while others were piled in empty rows, looking almost relaxed.

Jack would return to his truck and we would scurry back to the safety of the boulevard, not wishing to test his friendly smile by invading his domain.

However, the biggest excitement of Jack's arrival was not the old truck or the bottles of milk, but the ice. Jack had a big cooler filled with ice, and it was to our immense joy that he, on particularly

hot days, would give us great chunks of the deliciously wet and cold crystals.

We would hold the rare jewels in our hands until they melted, or made wonderful crunches with it between our teeth. But the real adventure of having ice was to place pieces of it across the road in a neat row. The purpose of this exercise may seem ridiculous now, but in our young minds everything was simple and obvious.

Cars would drive along the road and come to the patch of ice.

There was no way that a car could drive around the dangerous obstacle and, to continue its journey, it would have to travel over the perilous ice. In essence, the auto would go out of control and crash, causing a gruesome and messy accident.

Then our greatest pleasure would be to see the tow-truck come and soberly remove the debris from our quiet street. We would have an excellent view of the complete operation: blinking lights, police cars, sirens, ambulances and, best of all, the rumbling tow-trucks.

However, for some reason, the icy chunks always melted . . . and the tow-trucks never came.

12 to 14 YEARS OLD

THE HALIFAX EXPLOSION

by Bill Towill

During the 1914-1918 hostilities all French merchant ships above a certain tonnage of a sizeable capacity came under the control of the French Admiralty. This was achieved by a government order mobilizing all merchant marine ships

and officers into the merchant marine naval reserve.

The *Mont Blanc* was built by the Dixon Company in the Middlesborough shipyard and she had been launched in 1899. She had a three-cylinder, triple expansion steam engine which powered her single steel screw propeller at a top speed of ten knots. Her captain, Le Medec, was 38 years old when he assumed command and he had more than 22 years at sea behind him. He had a serious and modest character and some remarkable qualities, such as activeness and conscientiousness.

For many months following the United States' declaration of war on Germany on the 6th of April, she sailed back and forth on the Atlantic uneventfully, carrying general cargo, and then returning to France with raw materials.

On November 25, 1917, she was given a cargo that could have been a great help

to the Allied war effort, but would later destroy many human lives. She was to journey to Gravesend Bay in the state of New York to pick up her cargo.

The first clue that Captain Le Medec had of his new cargo was when a gang of shipwrights came to construct special wooden linings that were tacked with spikes of hard copper. When the shipwrights had finished, there were no steel or iron plating and bars in sight. Copper is used to eliminate the possibility of sparks in the event of a sudden shock or blow. Into the four holds went barrels and kegs of wet and dry picric acid, TNT, and barrels of guncotton. Onto the heavy decks went heavy metal barrels filled with benzol, a new super-gasoline. The ship was now ready to sail for her destination: Bordeaux.

Le Medec was told a small convoy

Continued on page 16

THE STORYEATER

Continued from page 9

way; so, up the sloping ledge he climbed, higher and higher, until he came to a broad rocky shelf overhanging the valley. Here he paused and, looking down, made out the houses in the village where he lived, even his own. Thoughts of his warm bed came to him, and the wind gusting across the shelf seemed colder because of them. Pulling the collar of his jacket up to his ears to ward off the chill, he resumed his climb, following the ledge upwards towards the summit of the mountain.

No more maps appeared and Tom began to worry that he had missed the story-stealer's trail. He listened to the wind shuuing around him; and, as he listened, a faint tinkling sound reached his ears. It sounded like a tiny harpsichord playing a nursery song, and it seemed to come from slightly above him. Listening carefully and moving slowly, he traced the sound to a clump of brush that grew out of the stone at about the height of his head. Pushing the brush to either side to make room for his head, he peeked in and discovered the black entrance of a cave. The tinkling was clearer now. Giving a jump he hiked himself through the brush and into the cave.

Darkness greeted his eyes as he entered the cave, but his eyes became used to it and he slowly began to make out some faint outlines. He scuffed slowly across the stone floor peering hard all about him. The tinkling noise seemed to come from his left. He stared in that direction and noticed a black hulk leaning against the far stone wall. As he approached this large dark shape he could hear the sound of rhythmic, heavy breathing mixed with the nursery song music. Closer and closer he went. He reached out and touched it gently — hair! Whatever it was was huge and hairy and fast asleep, snoring in that tinkly, merry manner.

Suddenly the huge shape jerked. *Hiccup!* And out of its mouth floated a white shape similar to the ones that had scared him so much in the woods earlier in the evening. It was a page out of a storybook, a page

that had a little nursery song on it with half of the notes missing.

Could this be? Could this huge, hairy creature in front of him, snoring without a trace of tinkling sound now that the offending sheet of music was eliminated, be a living, hairy sack, full of the missing storybooks? Well, there was one way to find out. Tom looked down into its gaping mouth to see — stories. Reaching far down into the creature's mouth, he carefully grasped a story and lifted it out. One by one, Tom began to pile the stories on the cave floor. After he had a little pile, Tom carried them to the shelf overlooking the village; then back to the cave for some more.

The Storyeater was having nightmares. It dreamed it was hungry and getting hungrier all the time. Also, it had an occasional feeling of gagging, as if something were being shoved deep down its throat. It awoke abruptly. It was hungry and its throat felt raw and sore like something had been pulled through it the wrong way. It wrinkled its forehead thoughtfully and patted its almost empty belly. Something was wrong, but it couldn't figure out what. One thing was sure though: it was hungry, so down the ledge it went, slowly and stealthily making its way along towards the rocky shelf.

There Tom knelt beside the growing mound of storybooks he had accumulated. A few more trips and his task would be finished. He started to get to his feet to begin another hike up the ledge to the cave when a growling cry of "What?" fell on his stunned ears. Looking up he saw, crouched on the ledge, a fierce creature, red eyes glazed with anger.

Tom looked around. Behind him was the edge of the shelf and, far below, the trees that formed the woods near his house. Off to his left, the shelf, on which he was cornered by the Storyeater, narrowed to form the ledge that led higher up the mountain to the creature's lair. To his right, the shelf narrowed to form the ledge that, after turning out of sight behind a bulge in the mountain's stony face, led down to the village and safety.

But between Tom and the bulge was the creature that was now stalking threateningly closer. "If I could get to that bulge, I'd be on my way home for sure," thought Tom. "Once I got that far, I could easily outrun this hairy sack!"

Tom darted away. He sprinted around a great boulder and almost ran into the snarling creature which had moved quickly around the other side of the boulder to block his path.

"Got you!" growled the creature, lunging at Tom. But Tom leaped nimbly backward and ran around to the other side of the boulder. As he came around that side of the boulder, he could see the bulge and the ledge leading around it — and the creature, which had dashed over to block him again!

The great rough-surfaced boulder that separated Tom from the creature served as the center pivot of a constantly reversing merry-go-round. Even though Tom could run faster, the creature's side of the boulder was closer to the bulge Tom was trying to reach, so the creature could shift from left to right or from right to left, and always frustrate Tom's attempts to reach the ledge that led down to the village.

Suddenly Tom got an idea. Clinging to the cracks and fissures in the boulder's weathered surface, he climbed to the top.

"This should fool it," thought Tom, standing on top of the boulder. "I'll wait 'til it goes to the side of the boulder where I was, the side farthest from the bulge, then I'll jump down and get away." Tom knelt down and leaned over the edge of the boulder and looked at the place where he had last seen the creature. "It's not there," thought Tom. "Now's my chance!"

Tom leaped from the top of the boulder and sprinted toward the ledge just where it turned around the bulge to disappear from sight. Halfway across the space between the boulder and his goal, he glanced over his shoulder. No creature could be seen. It must be on the far side of the boulder, Tom thought, and, as he neared the bulge he shouted jubilantly, "Ha! Ha!"

"Ha! Ha!", came the chuckling answer of the Storyeater as it appeared directly in front of Tom, its monstrous mouth open wide.

While Tom had been tricking it by climbing to the top of the boulder, it had tricked Tom by scurrying to the ledge and hiding on it directly behind the bulge of the mountain. It knew full well that the boy's only escape route lay that way.

"Yum," it said as it scooped up Tom in its gruesome mouth and swallowed the boy whole.

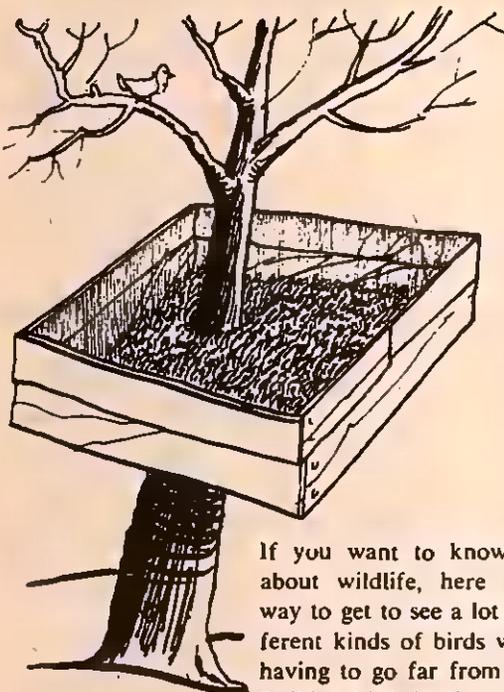
Tom thrashed around inside the Storyeater's huge belly, tumbling stories to one side and the other.

Suddenly an idea came to him and in desperation he grabbed the end of the Storyeater's tail from the inside and pulled. The creature groaned. Pulling on the inside of the tail all the while, he struggled across the Storyeater's stomach. Up the Storyeater's throat, he went and out of the creature's gaping mouth. Once out of the mouth, he gave a mighty jerk to the end of the tail that he still held in his hand, and turned the horrid creature completely inside-out. Just as when you pull your sock off your foot, or pull a mitten off your hand, it turns inside-out, so Tom pulling the Storyeater's tail

out through its mouth, turned it inside-out, spilling stories all around. Tom, totally exhausted, collapsed and was found the next day by some of the men of the village who had been looking for him.

The men marvelled at the huge, inside-out creature and the pile of lost storybooks, but they marvelled even more at the tale the exhausted boy related to them upon his awakening. Some of the men carried the Storyeater's body back to the rejoicing village, and some carried the recovered stories. But the luckiest men of all carried Tom, the boy who slew the Storyeater.

Bird FEEDERS



If you want to know more about wildlife, here is one way to get to see a lot of different kinds of birds without having to go far from home. Build a bird feeding station.

There are many kinds of feeding stations, and most of them are easy to make. Sometimes you can construct them from odds and ends lying around the basement or garage.

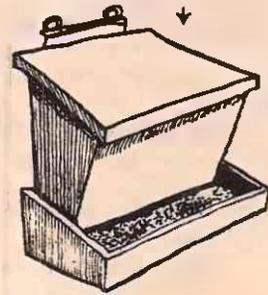
One of the first things to plan when building a bird feeder is where to locate it when it is made. You can put it along fence-rows, or in the corner of the yard. Or if you have open country nearby, put it in trees, on fenceposts, or along the underbrush that grows up by fences.

You won't need plans or specifications to build any of the pictured shelters and feeders. So choose the feeder or shelter you want to use. Build it—it won't take much time—and you can watch dozens of different kinds of birds in your own backyard.

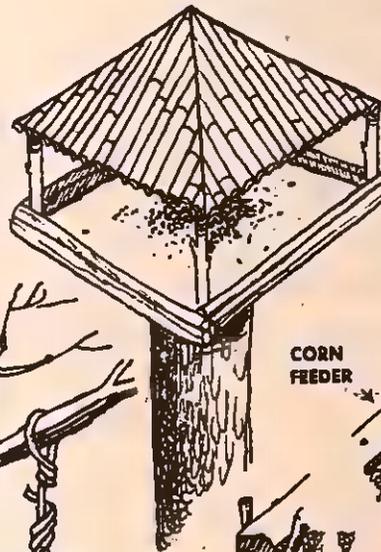


← PINE CONE AND LOG STUFFED WITH SUET →

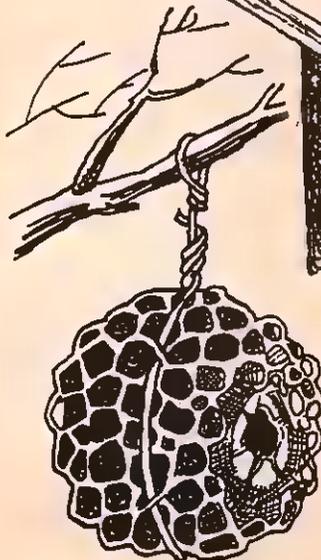
AUTOMATIC FEEDER



OPEN-AIR → FEEDER



CORN FEEDER



← COCONUT-SHELL FEEDER



CORN-SHOCK SHELTER & FEEDER



from page 13

would not accept him, and his orders were to proceed to Halifax and await a convoy there.

The French ship cleared Gravesend Bay at 11 p.m. on December first and, from there on, Le Medec was fearfully conscious of the possible presence of a stray U-boat. From Newport to Bar Harbor he sailed close to the shore but, later, he had to leave these safe waters to head his vessel out to sea for a landfall at Yarmouth.

The 100-mile crossing of the Bay of Fundy was tense, and he continued around Pennant Point and Cape Sambro and, from there, Le Medec would make for the checkpoint between Lighthouse Bank and MacNab's Island. Once in the checkpoint, with formalities concluded, he would bring a pilot aboard to take him through the Narrows.

Their pilot, Francis Mackey, had 24 years' experience taking ships in and out of Halifax, and he hadn't had a single accident yet. Le Medec and Mackey dined together on the ship that night and, at 4:36 p.m. the next day, the examining officer checked in and told them they could proceed up the Narrows, on a signal from his ship at around 0715 hours (7:15 a.m.).

Le Medec was then given a number he was to hoist in signal flags before he entered the Narrows.

In the morning, a few minutes before 7:30, a signal lamp began to flash from the examining officers' vessel, reading in Morse: "Mont Blanc, hoist identification. Proceed to Bedford Basin."

Meanwhile, aboard another ship, *Imo* by name, Pilot William Hayes began to take *Imo* out at 8:10 a.m. — without permission.

The *Imo* was a Belgian relief ship carrying badly needed supplies to Belgium. After zig-zagging other craft in the harbor, Hayes put the ship at full speed. As a result, *Imo* was making seven knots when she entered the mile-long, 500-yard-wide Narrows!

It was here that Hayes first saw an American steamer going in beside him. The speed limit set for all ships was five knots in harbor.

Mackey was well aware that Article 25 of *Preventing Collisions at Sea* read as following: "In narrow channels every steam vessel shall when it is safe and practicable keep to that side of the course or mid-channel which lies on the starboard side of a vessel."

Therefore, he took *Mont Blanc* in toward the Dartmouth shore, his starboard side.

A minute or so later Mackey sighted *Imo* for the first time as she took the bend where the Narrows turned. She was three-quarters of a mile away but steaming at full speed and heading southeast a

quarter south, on a course that would enter *Mont Blanc's* waters, and intercept her. *Mont Blanc* altered course to starboard, but this was mainly to establish her waters. Mackey was sure *Imo* would swing over to mid-channel and was surprised when *Imo* signalled she was altering course to port. This would put *Imo* into *Mont Blanc's* waters, and across her bow!

Sluggishly the French freighter turned from the sore and, for a moment, the two ships were brought onto an opposite course.

Then *Imo* put her engines into reverse. Her bow swung over into the path of *Mont Blanc*. Seconds later, *Imo's* bow struck *Mont Blanc* and ripped into her No. 1 hold with a shower of sparks . . .

By the time *Imo* had pulled away, *Mont Blanc* was a searing furnace . . .

Then, at 9:06 a.m., time had run out for Halifax, *Mont Blanc* blew up!

In one-fiftieth of a second, the French ship vanished in a searing ball of fire . . .

An estimated 3,500 people died in the Halifax explosion, but experts today claim that nearly 4,500, perhaps 5,000, people died because of neglect and exposure.

(The aftermath was a tremendous example of brotherly assistance and financial aid poured in from outside the disaster area.)

8^{to}11 YEARS OLD

24 HOURS ON BREAD AND WATER

by Robert Wolf

It was a fairly warm day, about 70 or 75 degrees. I came into the house around six o'clock and there was my father coming through the front door. My younger brother, Peter, ran up to him, jumped him, and "kapow," there went milk and a loaf of bread, right onto the carpet. Peter let go and said, "eee," with a most disgusting voice. With this my parents and I started to laugh, picked everything up, and went to the kitchen, which was down the hall.

My brother and I sat down in our chairs (now it just so happened that my brother and I have been giving trouble to

my mother lately about the food she has been serving us). The next thing I realized was that we were having some strong sausages and potatoes for supper. I was willing to eat all those potatoes, but only 32 percent of the sausages.

Each of us was served three potatoes, and a whole sausage.

We were eating for 15 minutes, and my mother was getting a little annoyed. When we eat hot dogs and French fries it takes us two minutes to finish it.

I had finished most of my potatoes, but hardly touched the sausage. Finally, I had had enough, and asked if I could leave the rest. She got up from the table and started to yell. I yawned and said to myself, "Boy, are we in for a heck of a night!"

After about thirty seconds, Peter and I walked into our room and shut the door.

Within a minute my mother came in lecturing, and lecturing, but the part that really caught my attention was when she said, "I am going to teach you a lesson. For the next 24 hours, you will eat nothing but bread and water!" We thought about it for a minute and realized that tomorrow morning we would get the same old breakfast. All of a sudden, I started to laugh, and within a minute, Peter joined me. My mother tried to hold back a grin, and there came a funny expression on her face. All of a sudden she got mad and said with a

triumphing voice, "You will!" and left the room.

The next morning was sunny and looked warm. I got up and started to dress. After I walked past the kitchen I noticed that breakfast wasn't made yet. Then I remembered about her threat.

I washed up, and I started to make breakfast, my mother came into the kitchen and said, "What are you doing, may I ask? I thought I said you were having bread and water. Didn't I?"

I replied, "Well, yeah, I guess so, but Peter and I thought you were joking."

"Nope," she said, "not this time, so hop to it! All you need are two glasses and two plates."

After she left the room, I was astonished, for never in my life has she carried out a threat that she has made.

Well, my brother finally finished washing, so we started our er . . . delicious breakfast.

It was the same story at lunchtime.

While in class I started to feel the pains in my stomach.

I was riding home. I could hardly pedal.

When I finally got in the house I started to beg and finally she agreed to give us supper.

Well, there were two things I learned:

1. Don't fiddle around with your mom.
2. Eat the food you get. (Well, try anyway.)

POETRY

15 YEARS AND OLDER

CANADA COAST: Vancouver

*Sky-washed streets, shadowed and empty
Darkness is sliding on North Shore mountains
Wind games beginning in rain beaten branches
And night reaches my sleeping city*

*But the sleep is a short one some never see
Vancouver has eyes that never fall still
Stabbing lights and talking people move with the night
In their cars and the clubs and in crowded shows*

*The dark hides a dark that is not to be seen
Colorful noises muffle the hate
Slum blocks and street fights are never our glory
So this bad side is hidden and the tourists feel safe*

*In shrunken forests the city moves on
With dreams of a world and the future ahead
Though the people who live here will never know
What you can learn in a concrete block
With windows on more of the same*

*Grey clouds and rain falling
Darkness is frowning on a people and the city
New hopes and lost ones awaiting a dawn
Which always comes
And never dies.*

by Murray Adams

12^{to}14 YEARS OLD

BE THAT YOUR DREAM

*Here am I, say you. Like an empty cardboard
barrel leaning quietly against another.
Like a bleached electric pole cutting across
the blank face of a deserted sky.*

*Beside you sit two sidetracked boxcars, while overhead,
a catwalk hangs as a portrait in profile or outline
against the morning sky.*

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1969

*Your void and shadowy life is as a deserted factory, earlier
humming with enchanted ideas . . . But all is quiet, movement
and sound have fled. So enters your existence in adulthood.
All your childhood dreams left behind, to rot, as does a
human corpse. Loose . . . loose as a tomcat let your mind and
heart prey on for the lost ideas you had once, as a young man.*

*Be not one of the midnight dim summer stars:
but that most to shine with a succession of brilliant gleams
and flashes, north star in all the heavens.*

*Not those two sidetracked boxcars:
but a passionately mad locomotive, on course to the stars.*

*Certainly not that bleached electric pole:
but cutting across the silken face of a starlit midsummer
evening, be Thor the god of lightning.*

I . . . must have my vision come true, or fall trying.

by Peter Taccogna

8^{to}11 YEARS OLD

THE CITY

*Expanding like a Puff Fish,
Swallowing village and town,
Steel girders rising from nowhere,
As stream and wood all drown.*

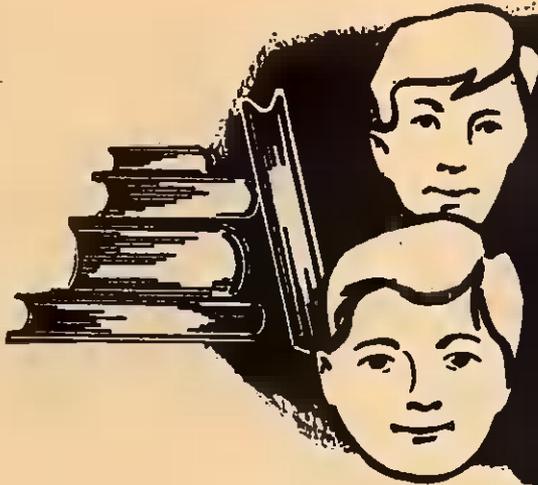
*Monstrous chimneys,
Bellowing out the smog that covers the sky.
Poverty stricken people,
Who are too tough to cry.*

*Children playing in parks,
Covering themselves with grime,
Climbing carelessly over statues,
Not knowing of the time.*

*The shores bathed with carcasses,
The seas bathed with oil.
Before nothing was thought of it,
But now it's known as the great spoil.*

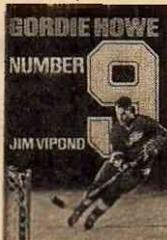
*The tourists come and see it,
But never seem to know
That is the heart of the city,
The horror is beginning to grow.*

by Robert Rohn



Books make terrific gifts!

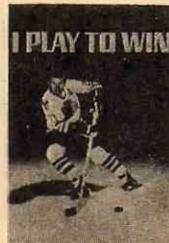
CHECK YOUR FAVOURITE TITLES AND SHOW THEM TO YOUR MOM AND DAD



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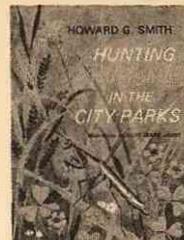
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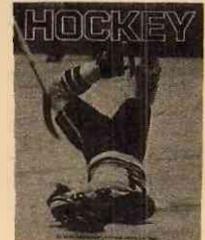
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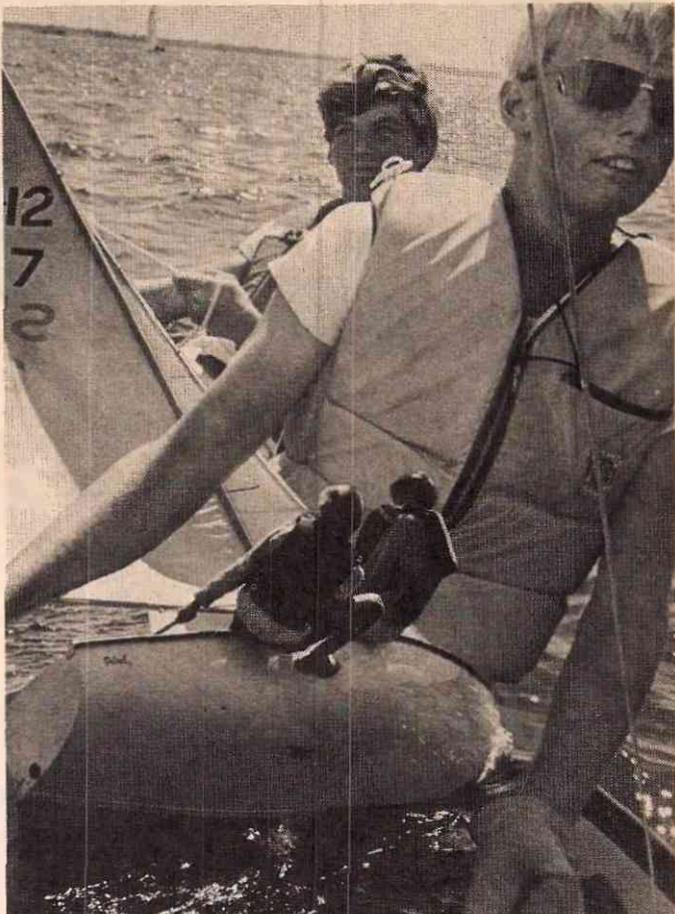
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These fine books are available at leading book stores coast-to-coast.

sportsmanship
is the name
of the game

Scout Sailing Regatta

story by DOUG LONG
photos by KIRK BROWN



Brisk 10-to-15-knot winds filled sails, heeled boats sharply, and made rolling swells and troughs on Valois Bay during the Ninth National Boy Scout Sailing Regatta.

Thirty Scouts from England, Trinidad, and eight of the Canadian provinces got together August 24 at Pointe Claire near Montreal, for the week-long sailing competition.

The weatherman was most co-operative and clear, sunny skies and steady winds produced perfect sailing conditions. A matched set of 15 Petrel Class dinghies competed in this regatta. The Petrel is a 12-foot lightweight, fast and stable sailboat. Whether it's beating hard to windward with spray breaking over the bow, or running downwind with sails flying, the all-aluminum Petrel proved to be an exciting and seaworthy craft.

The Scouts, ranging in age from 12 to 17, were the first in Canada to sail a fleet of Petrels in competition. Each two-man team was chosen from the province or country the boys represented, following regional sailoffs earlier this summer. This year's competition was sponsored by the Quebec Provincial Council of the Boy Scouts of Canada, located near Montreal and serving the entire province.

The Scout sailing base *Venture* on Valois Bay, in Lake St. Louis, was used as racing headquarters. Here the competitors rested, ate, and swam between races.

Regatta chairman Ken Walter stressed that "the spirit of sportsmanship, challenge, and good competition" and the opportunity of making new friends were more important than the mere winning of races.

Matthew Cutts, 15, of Pointe Claire, who sailed happily to a second-place finish after six wild races, described the event as "fantastic, a lot of fun, and a chance to meet a lot of new people."

Norman Ward, 16, crew member on the Pointe Claire team, said he had been "hoping for a first, but you can't have everything."

He added: "All the guys were friendly. Nobody was out to win at the expense of having a good time."

Karl Benn, 17, and Richard Boodram, 16, both of St. Fernando, Trinidad, had never before sailed in competition. But they entered every race, did their best, and gained considerable sailing experience.

"It's been a lot of fun," said Benn. "We've met a lot of the other Scouts and we have enjoyed being in Canada. In a way, I guess, we're more ambassadors for Trinidad than champion sailors."

The first-place Nova Scotian team of Bob Mason, 14, and his crewman, Chris Evans, also 14, enjoyed competing as much as winning. "We really had to try hard to win," said Mason. "The competition was pretty tough." In a meet like this, he went on, "you have to learn a lot of new things quickly to stay ahead."

Evans, who has been sailing for about five years, said: "The regatta was well organized, lots of fun, and everybody was really nice."

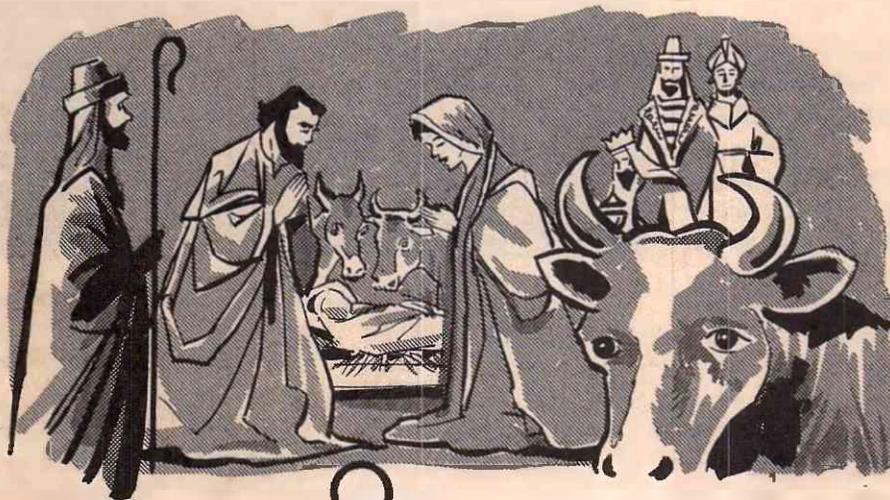
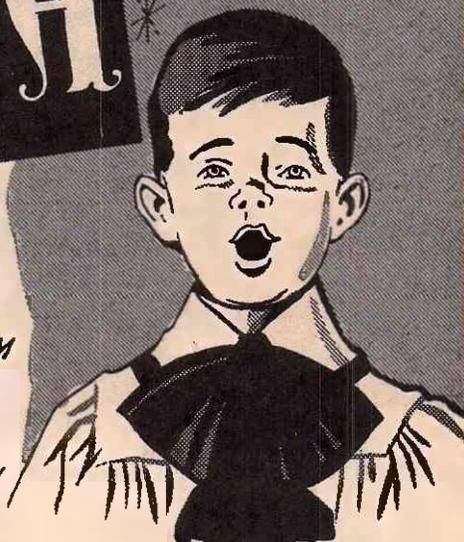
Mason and Evans were presented with the R. C. Stevenson trophy during an awards dinner following the last of the races.

Mr. Stevenson, who is the honorary president of Boy Scouts of Canada, said the Scouts sailed "one of the best series of races" he had ever seen.

Near the end of the big week, the sailors toured part of the St. Lawrence Seaway. Another day they took to land for a visit to downtown Montreal, and *Man and His World*, before they returned to their homes with memories of "good sailing, good sportsmanship, and a whole lot of fun."

CANADATA

ON CHRISTMAS EVE 1865, DR. PHILLIPS BROOKS, RECTOR OF HOLY TRINITY CHURCH IN PHILADELPHIA, WAS VISITING THE HOLY LAND... HE SAW THE LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM LYING FAR BELOW HIM IN THE STARLIGHT, WITH SHEPHERDS IN THE SURROUNDING FIELDS... THE SCENE INSPIRED HIM TO WRITE THE CAROL "O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM"... ON CHRISTMAS 1868 THE CAROL WAS FIRST SUNG BY THE CHILDREN IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.... WE IN CANADA INVARIABLY SING THIS CAROL AT CHRISTMAS....



ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY WAS THE FIRST TO RESTAGE THE STORY OF THE FIRST CHRISTMAS IN THE NAVE OF THE CHURCH.. LIVE CATTLE AND DONKEYS ADDED A TOUCH OF REALISM... IT WAS SOON DISCOVERED THAT REAL ANIMALS WERE COMPLICATED THINGS, AND FIGURINES WERE SUBSTITUTED... THE CHRISTIAN WORLD BORROWED HIS IDEA AND SET UP LIFESIZE SCENES OF THE NATIVITY....



VERNON MILLER

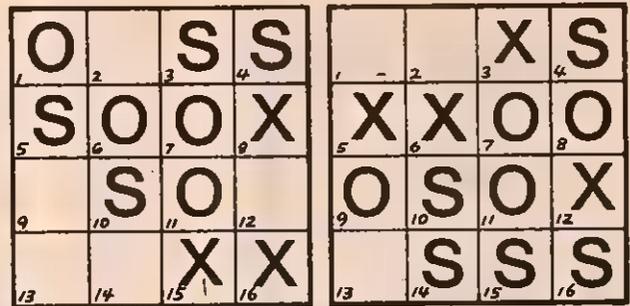


CANADIANS CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS ON DECEMBER 25.....

IN THE COUNTRY OF ETHIOPIA THEY HAVE THIRTEEN CHRISTMASSES EVERY YEAR. ONE EACH MONTH AND TWO IN APRIL....

SOX

TIC-TAC-TOE FOR THREE



A NEW GAME by Rae Parker

The easiest way to play this new game is to take a piece of wood, cardboard, or paper, about six inches square, and draw lines with pencil or ink at the 1½" and the 3" and the 4½" marks along each side, to make up 16 squares.

For markers you should use red, white, and blue poker chips (6 of the red ones, 5 each of the white and blue chips).

Draw an S on both sides of each red chip. Draw an O on each white chip, both sides, and mark the blue ones with an X in the same way.

The player who starts the game uses the red S's. The second player, clockwise, uses the white O's and third player is stuck with the X's. (For the next game, the player who started with white would now have red chips, and so on, in fair rotation.)

In the imaginary game we're showing you here, in the diagrams, S starts by putting his letter chip in square 4. O puts his letter in square 6, and X plays sq. 15. S then fills sq. 10. O decides to make sure S doesn't get a "three-in-a-row" by filling sq. 7.

This forces X to fill either sq. 5 or sq. 8. Sq. 8. would be better, otherwise S would fill it for a good start on his own three-in-a-row.

S fills sq. 5, to prevent an immediate three-in-a-row for O. This leaves sq. 11 as an excellent place for O to fill. X then has to decide whether to use sq. 1 or sq. 3 or sq. 16. He'll likely choose sq. 16. Then, no matter whether S fills sq. 3 or sq. 1, O can fill the remaining square of these two choices, for a three-in-a-row, to win the game, and end it.

It would make the game even more interesting if you were to use a scoring system, and keep playing until all the squares are filled. The scoring could go like this:

5 points for the first three-in-a-row.

3 points for each three-in-a-row, after the first.

4 points for a four-in-a-row.

1 point for completing the word SOX, no matter how it reads, whether from left to right, or right to left, up, down, or on a diagonal from any corner to the far corner opposite.

In a second game, as suggested in our second diagram, S starts by filling sq. 4. Then O fills sq. 11. X fills sq. 5. S fills sq. 10, and O fills sq. 7, stopping S in his tracks.

Then X fills sq. 3, stopping O on one side. S fills sq. 15, blocking O. So O fills sq. 8.

Now X can fill sq. 12 to complete the word SOX and sqs. 4, 8, and 12, and on sqs. 10, 11, and 12, for two points. But if he does that, then O would be able to get a three-in-a-row for five points. So, instead of this, X fills sq. 6, and S can fill sq. 14 to stop O.

O would now have to fill sq. 9. Then X sees that S can't be prevented from getting a three-in-a-row across the bottom squares, so he makes the best of it, salvaging what points he can, by filling sq. 12 for his two points.

S now gets his three-in-a-row by using sq. 16 and grabbing off five points, plus another point for making SOX on sqs. 16, 11, and 6. (Or, he could've chosen sq. 13 for a SOX on 13 and 9 and 5.)

The remainder of the game would be devoted to O and X making sure S doesn't score any more points. Sometimes it can happen that several threes-in-a-row are scored, plus several SOX's.

But, in this illustrated sample game, the final score is 6 points for S, no points for O, and 2 points for X. If you wish to play a series of games, 50 points would make a good target.

By the way, it would not be considered good sportsmanship for one player to warn another of any particular move or strategy, either directly or by implication. Not cricket, old chap. May the best man win one out of three!

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS?

Q: What happens when you drive without a windshield?

A: You get all bug-eyed.

Dean Snow, Sarnia, Ont.

Man: I'd like a roundtrip ticket to the moon.

Clerk: Sorry, sir, the moon's full right now.

Billy Schell, Winnipeg, Man.

Q: In what month do girls talk the least?

A: February — it is the shortest month!

Kirby Allen, Rexdale, Ont.

Q: What did the beaver say to the tree?

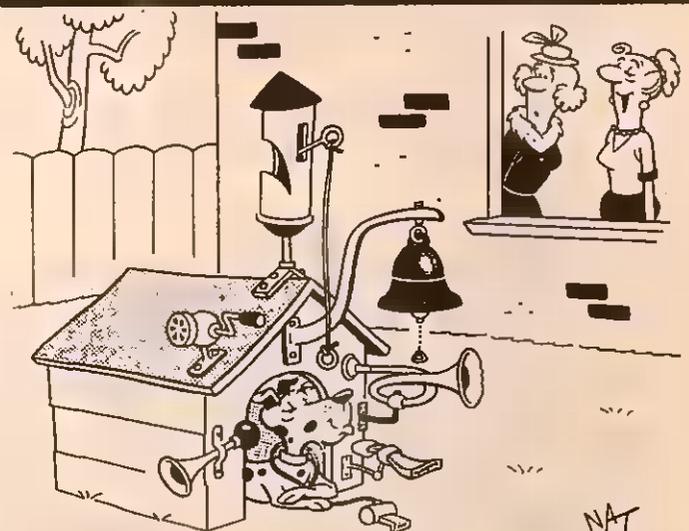
A: It was nice gnawing you!

Billy Schell, Winnipeg, Man.

Q: Why would a guy say his girlfriend's figure is like a Paris peace talk?

A: All the parts are there, but they won't go together.

Stephen Jackson, Newmarket, Ont.

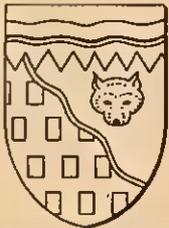


"WE ALWAYS KNOW WHEN HE WANTS SOMETHING."

SCOUTING IN CANADA



NORTHWEST TERRITORIES



Missionaries in Canada's North organized various Scouting groups, starting about 30 years ago, but whose group was the first is not known today.

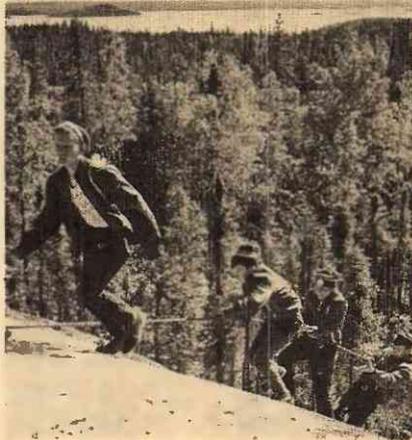
Scattered troops operated in the Arctic without assistance until about a decade ago, when a government grant was established to promote Scouting. Committees were soon formed, in Alberta for the Mackenzie, in Quebec for the Eastern Arctic and, more recently, in Manitoba for the Keewatin District.

The original grant of \$1,000 per annum was increased to \$2,500 and, in 1967, increased again to \$5,000 annually. A national committee to promote and supervise Scouting in the North-



west Territories, the Yukon, and Labrador, was set up in May 1963. Air Vice-Marshal James Harvey was the chairman. Heading this committee today is Major-General William K. Carr.

The Yukon has been under the supervision of the Provincial Council of British Columbia, Northern Region, until recently. A new Yukon Scout Council was formed this year to bring recruitment and training to every Yukon community.

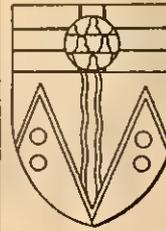


Scouting population figures for the North include the Northwest Territories, the Yukon, Labrador, northern Ontario, northern Quebec, and northern Alberta. They look like this: 1,338 Cubs, 757 Scouts, 19 Venturers (and growing), no Rovers, Sea Scouts or Lone Scouts, 201 uniformed leaders, and an undeclared number of non-uniformed adults who directly support Scouting in the North.

The First Arctic and Northern Jamboree was held at Yellowknife in 1968, and the 2nd Arctic and Northern Jamboree will be staged at Camp Nanuck, Churchill, Man., in July 1970.



YUKON



It is recorded that the first Scout group in the Yukon was formed in 1939 at Dawson City, when that community was the administrative capital. World War Two brought an influx of army families, and the Scouting population expanded considerably. At one time, there were 11 groups registered in Whitehorse alone. With the move of the capital to Whitehorse, the postwar closure of military bases, and the shut-down of a number of mines, there have been major shifts and fluctuations in the territorial population. Scouting has had its ups and downs, too, as a result of these changes.

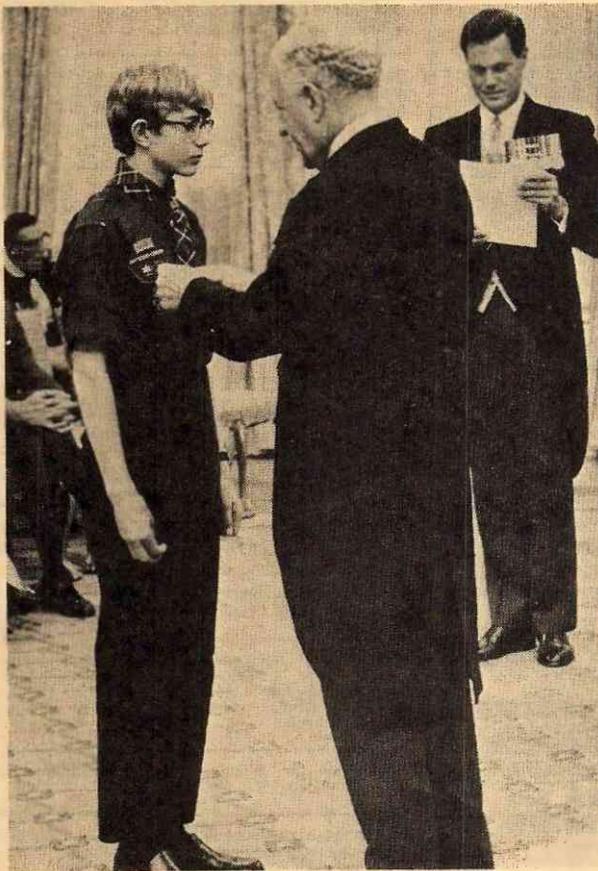
There are now 11 groups in the Yukon.

A recent survey showed that Scouting attracted ten percent of the eligible boys living in the communities of Whitehorse, Dawson City, Haines Junction, Watson Lake, Clinton Creek, Old Crow, and Tungsten. (Tungsten is located in N.W.T., but its only road access is from the Yukon, so it tends to identify more with the Yukon.)

Contrary to popular thinking in southern Canada, there are no Eskimos living in the Yukon. However about half the registered members of Scouting in this territory are Indians.

Yukon Scouts have what is probably the world's biggest camping ground right at their back door. Hundreds of thousands of square miles of virgin country stretch away from the timber line through the muskeg and tundra to the Arctic seacoast. And the boys can enjoy exciting wildlife peculiar to the North, roaming free.





AWARD FOR VALOUR

When 14-year-old Thomas Lethbridge broke through thin ice while skating on Long Pond, near St. John's, Nfld., he was noticed by 13-year-old Roger Hodder, who was skating nearby. Skating to the nearest shore, Roger found a suitable stick of wood, returned to where Thomas was submerged up to his armpits in icy water, and pulled the older boy to safety. For his quick thinking and gallant effort in making this rescue single-handedly, Scout Roger Arthur Hodder of 1st St. David's Troop, St. John's, Nfld., was awarded the Gilt Cross by Governor General Michener.

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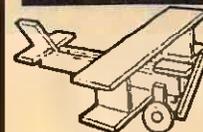
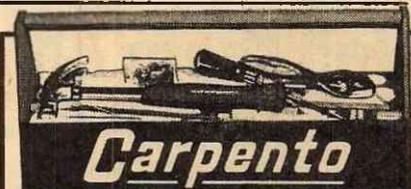
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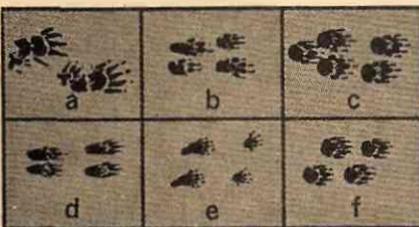
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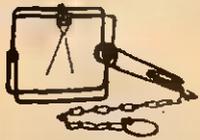
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Penpals

Ian Faulkner, 13, of Box 2, Bishop's Falls, Nfld., wants a penpal anywhere in Canada except his home province. He's interested in girls, hockey and other sports, and likes car racing, and builds model cars.

Roy Dillman, 12, of 13 Harvey Street, Dartmouth, N.S., would like a penpal from anywhere in Canada. He likes paddling and most major sports. He also collects pictures of his favorite hockey players.

John McLaughlin, 9, of 570 Stout Court, Bathurst, N.B., wants a p.p. from anyplace. His hobbies include stamps, reading books, sports, and piano playing.

Darren Kierstead, 9, of Box 116, Havelock, Kings County, N.B., wants a penpal. He collects stamps, reads a lot, and likes The Monkees.

Bruce Hynes, 14, of 12299 Salk Avenue, Montreal 39, Que., wants to hear from a bunch of guys all over. His main interests are stamps, coins, match covers, plants, and music.

Eli Blevis, 10, of 174 Fenn Avenue, Willowdale, Ont., wants a p.p. from anywhere, and likes models, hockey, other major sports, art, and reading.

Randy Tugwell, 14 Kilmer, Winnipeg 22, Man., is interested in swimming, camping, fishing, and boating. He'd like a penpal from anyplace at all.

Lorrie Reid, 14, of R.R. 1, Lucky Lake, Sask., would like to correspond with a Sea Scout. He's interested in collecting matchbooks, and would like to trade district badges.

Kurt Ellison, 1243 — 6th Avenue South, Lethbridge, Alta., wants to start a penpal club. He'd also like to hear more about go-karting.

Guy Krockner, 11, of General Delivery, Whitehorse, Yukon, likes sports, models, and history, and wants a penpal, from anywhere.

Bradley Turner, 8, would like a p.p. in his age group. He lives at 47 Glenmore Drive, West Vancouver, B.C., and he likes swimming, fishing, reading, and stuff like that.

W. R. Gold, a longtime Montreal Scouter, is the new National Penpal Secretary. Mr. Gold works out of National Headquarters and would be happy to have the names of Canadian Scouts who wish to correspond with Scouts in other countries. If you want a foreign Scout penpal (or Cub or Venturer) send your name and address, troop or pack number, school grade, Scout grade, hobbies, languages spoken, and religious affiliation, together with the name of the country with which you would like to correspond. Mr. Gold's address is: Mr. W. R. Gold, National Penpal Secretary, Boy Scouts of Canada, Box 5151, Station F, Ottawa.

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An elderly lady turned up at a theatre, in a state of great confusion. "What's the play on here?" she asked. "You Never Can Tell," the Commissionaire told her. "Oh," the lady wailed, "don't you know either?"

Bernd Cube, Moffat, Ont.

Violets are blue,
You'd be too —
The test was over
Before I was through.

Douglas Urch, Drumheller, Alta.

Q: Why does electricity shock people?

A: It doesn't know how to conduct itself.

Randy Garry Sangster, Dartmouth, N.S.

Sue: Is your steak tough?

Lou: I don't know. I haven't cut through the gravy yet.

Jim Leitch, Weston, Ont.

Two friends met on the street. "I'm so unhappy I could cry," said the first. "Why?" asked the second. "Well, two weeks ago my uncle died and left me \$100,000." The second said: "That's no reason to cry. You should be happy with that!" And the first replied, "That's true, but last week another uncle died and left me \$200,000."

"Then why are you so unhappy?"

"I only had two uncles!"

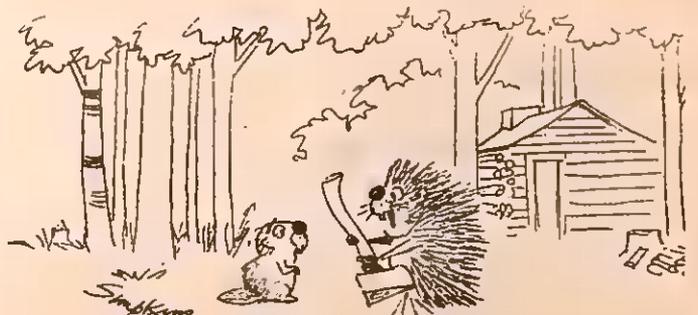
Mike Moreau, Scarborough, Ont.

A man passing by noticed another man pushing and shoving at a piano to move it through a doorway. The passerby asked if he could help and, after they'd worked at it together for half an hour, the piano owner said: "Whew! It's going to take hours to get this out of here!" The other man screamed, "Out!?! Why didn't you say so? I've been trying to push it in!"

Ken Shoblom, Fruitvale, B.C.

CHOPPER

by Simpkins



"You can't eat the head, but the handles are delicious!"

Why not give him a nice suit of long underwear this Christmas?



Let's face it — no boy wants long underwear unless he's freezing. But watch him turn on to the great gifts available in the Boy Scout Supply Services catalogue. The one you received in the October issue of *Canadian Boy*.

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