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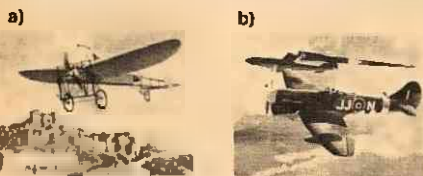
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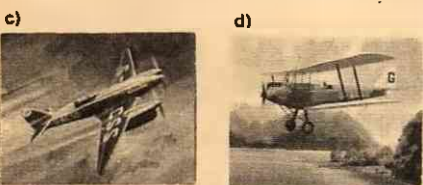
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SENIOR EDITION



COVER: As Nat Clark says, in *Race to Learn*, starting on page 7, the ski slopes are no place for the weak-hearted. And a camp where you learn to ski by racing on skis is no place for anybody who can't take a bit of constructive criticism or a batch of daily bumps and bruises. Whatever else it may be, it is certainly one place where you learn by doing!

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover, Murray Mosher. Page 7, Clarke Wallace.

NEXT ISSUE: In the March-April 1970 editions of CB you'll be reading about the Expos, Canada's only major league baseball team. And there'll be a report on Camp Anderson's sports program, and something on go-karts and mini-bikes. And more!

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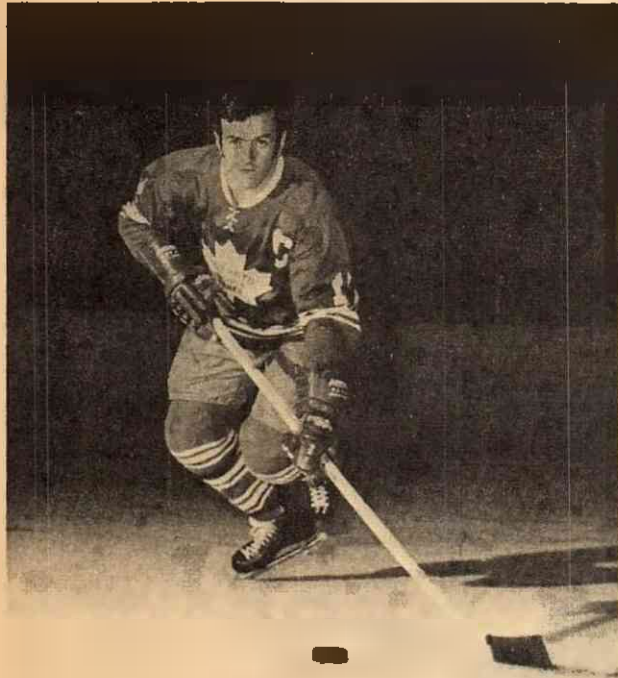
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RACE to LEARN

Is learning to ski while racing more dangerous? No, say experts, who are proving it with kids.

by Nat Clark

THEY STOOD STRUNG OUT along the hilltop clenching their teeth against the wind. These young racers shivered, more from anticipation of what lay ahead rather than from the cold. Moments before they had seen what was in store for them as the chairlift carried them up through the pines and high over the fluttering flags which marked out the course for the race.

From where they swung gently toward the summit they could look back and see how the course pitched its way down the steep slope at the start to continue tumbling down further over ridges and bumps, to swing around sharp bends as it wiggled down between the flag markers. Then came that last mad dash for the finish line.

Of course ski races are held across Canada all winter long, but this race was different. It came as a time trial on the last day of a ski racing camp held specifically to teach skiing *through racing*, rather than conventional methods.

Such courses are held all across Canada now, usually during the Christmas holidays. This particular one was held at Hidden Valley, a ski resort in Ontario's Muskoka Lakes district. It is a good example of what young skiers can get out of racing their way to becoming better all-round skiers.

Guy Trebbne of Huntsville, Ontario, was one of the 36 who took the course. And at the final day he was as anxiously nervous as the others. He was number eleven and he watched as number one settled his skis between the starting gates

of the giant slalom course. Guy heard the official with the walkie-talkie yell: "Get ready. . . five, four, three, two, one. . . go!" and the first racer was off. He checked his harness and boots and waited.

And it wasn't long before he was at the starting gate. He tightened his grip on his poles, bent over a little more and felt his muscles tighten all along the length of his legs.

Then it came. . . five, four. . . would he make it to the bottom without a fall?

Falling and getting up again are all part of skiing and you have to take the good with the bad. But is learning to ski through racing even more dangerous? Not really. It has the thrills, though, and is becoming a new trend in teaching skiing, particularly

continued next page

to young skiers. Rather than take them up through the initial snowplow to the stem christie and christie to the more advanced parallel method, ski racing cuts corners and fires the racer right into its three divisions: downhill, slalom and giant slalom. And at not turtle speed either.

However, it is not the sort of course one would take with no knowledge of skiing beforehand. It *is* essential to have some feeling for the skis and be able to handle the elementary snowplow. But from then on life becomes one big battle to reach the bottom first, fast—and still on your own pins.

The idea behind this sort of training is not to promote "hill-bashers" who streak down slopes at breakneck speed with no control—and sweep anything in their paths along with them, but rather to train skiers to ski fast and under control with style.

At least this is what I had been told about ski racing camps and I decided to take a look at the Hidden Valley session myself.

The five-day school is run by Carl Whittier, a muscular, iron-legged skier who is a certified Alpine coach and senior instructor with the Canadian Ski Instructors' Alliance. He started his skiing at age five and three years later was competing against those 'three or four times his age. "I never came anything but last that year," he told me with a grin, "but it was sure good experience." He went on to become Canadian Junior Ski champ of '61.

Much of this energy he has shown in the past has been turned into helping younger skiers—and he began his racing camp three years ago. I asked him what benefits there were to learn skiing through racing rather than the general instruction method.

"For one thing," he said, "racing builds up the confidence faster and gives kids a goal to shoot for. Many of this gang will go into local competitions when they get home, while others will merely ski for enjoyment, but ski better and faster than before. But don't get me wrong, ordinary classes are good, but here they really learn control. They have to," he smiled, "or they end up in the bush. Really, my main purpose here is to get the basic knowledge into them and show them how to cope with speed. And it works. You should see them."

I took him up on it and we skied over to one of the classes which was practising on the "Face", a steep pitch riddled with

moguls (bumps), or what you might call "totally uneven ground" with a whopping drop-off to boot.

On the way over he told me that the ages of the student racers were anywhere from eight to 18. Some had been to the camp before. Others had done a lot of racing and were using the course as a refresher session. Most, however, were here for the first time. . . . and learning racing for the first time.

Bob Pridday, a veteran instructor who skis as though he were born on them, was taking one of the less experienced classes. He was teaching how to run a giant slalom course.

For non-skiers this means zipping down a slope dotted with sets of poles (or gates) and going between them in the right order. It is not uncommon to find the "path" straying over bumps and gouges and heaven only knows what else: other than skiers, of course. This is one Alpine event. The other two, which the classes also learned during the week, were the slalom and the downhill. The slalom is a shorter course with many more poles to negotiate through and the downhill is a straight run along a course which is full of moguls and curves and ridges and so on.

Anyway, there was Bob Pridday standing on his skis part way down the hill, yelling out instructions and picking out mistakes as the racers zig-zagged by. Between runs he told me, "So much of skiing is sheer confidence." He watched one small racer nip by, then continued, "Just like that, for an example."

When they had all made their run he caught up to them at the bottom of the slope and they talked out their troubles. Then they headed for the chairlift.

"Funny," he said to me on the way over, "but three days ago not one of these would have come down the hill at all, let alone slowly. Well, they might have snowplowed all the way. But look at them now. They just push off the ridge there and really come down. Sure they might fall, but that doesn't stop them. And that's what I call learning."

I also learned it was no place for the weak-hearted. I mean for those who can't take a bit of criticism. Head coach Whittier bawls, yells, screams, beams (when they do it right), shouts and cajoles his racers until they do what he wants. Mind you, he could be fighting a strong wind at the time too, but it comes out a bellow. Like, "Get those hands down close," or "let those skis *ride* on the snow.

Come on now, Judy, control it, control it."

Judy? Don't tell me there are girls in the racing camp?

Carl grinned. "Why not? They have two legs like the boys, so why shouldn't they learn to race? And besides they race against the boys, with no special privileges either. They get exactly the same treatment too."

(Actually Carl Whittier's gruffness on the hill is only ski deep. As one student put it, "He's just so enthusiastic for us that he tries to get the best out of us. And we all know it.")

One third of the racing camp was made up of girls and according to the coach it's all because of Nancy Greene, Canada's Olympic star, who has been the Pied Piper as far as leading the way for girl skiers.

The girls all agreed they liked the chance to ski against the boys. "It makes it a lot more fun," said one of them, "and one of these days we're going to beat them. After all Nancy Greene could beat a whole herd of men skiers, you know."

But skiing is no breeze. It takes practice, patience and muscles. This racing camp was not taken lightly. Staying in surrounding accommodation the racers were up every morning by seven and had their breakfasts finished not long after eight. At nine they were working away on the slopes. After an hour off for lunch 'round noon, they were hard at it again until four. At this time, those with any stamina left would make a few runs before dinner.

But their day wasn't finished yet. In the evenings they would have lectures which covered such things as proper filing of ski edges, care of equipment, buying equipment, going over the FIS (Federation International du Ski) about racing and learn the theory behind the techniques of skiing. And if that wasn't enough for them, they would watch films about skiing. Lights were out at 10.

The last day was put aside for time trials and real competitive racing. The giant slalom course had been set down under one of the chairlifts then it cut sharply down a gully and swung out on the other side of the hill. Guy Trebbne had followed it with his eyes as he rode up the chairlift, for he wanted to memorize it. There would be no "trial" run, and only two timed runs at that. Guy looked back to see the course drop out of sight, then looked down at his number, Number eleven.

Would it bring him luck? Seven come



eleven. It wasn't likely that he would beat Rip Pridday or Riley Kirkby, but he would give it his best.

He swung off the chairlift, scooted down the ramp and by the time the ski pole straps were in place, he had reached the line for the starting gate. He fell in behind number 10 and waited. His stomach turned a couple of times and before he knew it he was the next one to make the run.

Now *you* are number eleven. You check the bindings once more, crouch, tense. You can barely hear the official until he hits "three". . . then he sounds as though he is using a megaphone right up to your ear: "Three, two, one. . . go!"

Your skis shoot forward. Your body swings forward to catch up with them. You have dropped off the ledge right at the start and by the time you swing between the first gate you are flying. "Keep your arms in," you hear yourself saying over and over, "keep your arms in." All the instructions the instructors have been throwing at you for the past five days jumble up your mind.

Things look good. You are by about the first of 30 gates and here is an easy spot. Skis flat now, crouch low, full speed ahead. The seconds aren't going to stop clicking off, even for you. Okay now, keep a clean traverse here. Good edging. Body ahead and down.

Zip, zip go the gates. . . now a sudden drop. . . cut to the left for the next gate. . . a little more or you might miss it. There, man that was cutting it almost too close by that flag. Hold on here because it's going to be a bumpy journey.

Another drop, steeper than the first. Your body is left suspended in air. Will they ever come down, those skis?

You hit the moguls, slap and tear at the skis, trying to tear them away on a new angle, but you hold on. Automatically your body sends extra muscle power to skirmish with the bumps and gouges as you skip over them. More gates blur by and there, the last two. Down you come on them. They look so peaceful, standing there in the snow with their blue flags and red ones. Now you will have to swing through the first and cut sharply to the left to spin through the last. You made it. Now ahead the finish. Body hugs down, down, as close to the skis as possible. Ski poles are tucked under arms, horizontal to skis. You bounce a little trying to eke out a little more speed.

You suddenly blur by the timers' spot and the finish and you slam to a stop with that hockey stop with skis slipped around to jar you abruptly, up against a ridge of snow. Snow flies, then settles. You feel good. The run wasn't all that good and you know it would be off that set by Pridday and Kirkby. Well, there's always the second run of the day, and just maybe. . .

The following is a list of Canadian Amateur Ski Association divisions right across Canada which would provide information about ski racing camps in their area.

The West: Western Division, (CASA), c/o Yorkshire Trust, 590 West Pender Street, Vancouver, B.C.; Alberta Division (CASA), Box 1196, Calgary 2, Alberta;

Manitoba Division (CASA), P.O. Box 1361, Winnipeg 1, Manitoba; Saskatchewan Division (CASA), Junior Chairman—Mr. E. Birkham, 35-12th Street West, Prince Albert, Sask.

Ontario: Lake Superior Division (CASA), Mr. Gavin H. Young, President, 244 Cameron Street, Port Arthur, Ontario; Southern Ontario Ski Zone, P.O. Box 124, Station 'K', Toronto 315, Ontario; Gatineau Ski Zone, 53 Queen Street, Ottawa 4, Ontario; Northern Ontario Ski Zone (CASA), Dr. H.O. Kreiner, 300 Toke Street, Timmins, Ontario.

Quebec: Eastern Township Ski Zone, (CASA), Mr. J. Westover, C.P. 387, Sutton, Quebec; St. Lawrence Valley Ski Zone (CASA), C.P. 753, Haute-Ville, Quebec, Quebec; Laurentian Ski Zone (CASA), 300 Place d'Youville, Montreal 125, Quebec; St. Maurice Valley Ski Zone, (CASA), Guy Dufresne, 1160-16 E Avenue, Shawinigan, S., Quebec; Saguenay-Lac St. Jean Ski Zone (CASA), M. Gilles Potvin, 335 rue du Cran, Chicoutini, Quebec; Gaspesienne Ski Zone (CASA), Miss Denise Tremblay, 168 rue Etienne Gagnon, Matane, Quebec.

Maritimes: Prince Edward Island Ski Zone, (CASA), Kenneth R. Judson, 153 Arcona Street, Summerside, P.E.I. Nova Scotia Ski Zone (CASA), LCDR W. Welbourn, 15 Burns Drive, Armdale, Nova Scotia; Nfld/Labrador Ski Zone, K.A. Fosnaes, c/o CN Telecommunications, Corner Brook, Newfoundland; New Brunswick Division (CASA), Lt. J.A. Boudrault, H.Q. Officers Mess, C.F.B. Gagetown, Oromocto, N.B. Atlantic Division (CASA), 33 Walton Drive, Halifax, N.S. ❁

B L O N D E



He said: "I thought I'd never see you again." He looked at her hair. "I like blondes." She said: "It's mostly from a bottle." He didn't care.

BY CLARKE WALLACE

Nothing quite quenches the thirst like a blonde. A blue-eyed blonde.

I'm not sure how long I've been hung up on blue-eyed blondes, but it has been a couple of years at least. In my search for one, something else has always managed to distract me, like last summer's redhead with the hazel eyes or this winter's brunette with the saucer brown ones. Both were wrong for me—and both too tall.

I knew exactly what my blonde would be like. Her hair would reach down past her shoulders and would be a natural golden color. Her eyes would be like indelible ink, and she would be five-foot-one-inch.

Shortness seems to run in our family. I am five-foot-seven and at 17 I'm not likely to grow much more than that, because Dad's only a hair's breadth taller. That's not right—he is practically bald.

No, I have never been able to find her, until tonight. Yes, I saw her, was close to her, and lost her, all within an hour. And I was so stupid I didn't even get her name, let alone her address or phone number. And finding her again in this town would be like looking for prizes at a Scottish picnic.

My trouble is I'm a little vague. Or, as Dad says, scatterbrained. He called me that two weeks ago when I took the *redhead*—no, the brunette with the brown eyes—to a movie. Like tonight, it was snowing and I couldn't get the car into a parking lot, so I left it on the street, and somebody pranged a fender. Dad took a dim view of this and, in his legalistic way (he's a lawyer), gave the car a suspended sentence.

Yes, the car was given a suspended

sentence, which meant it was suspended from me driving it. I have never seen anyone like Dad. He eats, sleeps, and thinks nothing but law.

He treats Mother and me as if we were clients—or the accused. In the case of the scraped fender he asked me how I would plead. I said: "Not guilty."

Then I had to present evidence in my own defense. He is always both crown attorney and magistrate. He summed it up by saying that I should have put his car in a parking lot no matter what. So I changed my plea to "guilty" and he reduced the sentence by suspending the car for two weeks instead of three.

Well, tonight he came in after work and told me abruptly that he was suspending the suspension (which had only one day to go) for fifteen minutes—exactly fifteen—while I drove to his office on Mackenzie and *picked up a speech* he had left on his desk. That would give him time to change for the Lions' Club meeting he was addressing.

It was precisely 5:46 p.m. I would have to hurry back.

Outside, I could hardly find the car for snow. This was one of the snowiest Februaries ever, and I could scarcely see as far as the street. It had been coming down for three days steadily and even the main city streets were reduced to one lane only. Our city's crack snow removal brigade just couldn't keep up with it.

Coming back from the office I was nearly whacked by a funny little sports car that shot out of a sidestreet in front of me. I used the brakes just in time. At Fourth and Mackenzie the little car stopped for the red traffic light. When the green light came the sports car didn't move. Cars

behind started honking. Businessmen, I thought, wanting to hurry home. Finally, even I tooted the horn, but it did little good. So I got out of the Chrysler and waded up through the snow.

The little car looked more like a portable snowdrift. It was covered from one end to the other and even the windows were frosted over. The windshield wipers were doing no good against the heavy flakes.

After getting no response from a knock or two on the plastic side windows, I yanked the door open and bent 'way down. I was about to yell something impolite when my mouth just hung there, ajar. It was her. Under a red kerchief I saw whisks of blonde hair, and her eyes sparkled.

"Hello," she said, and right then I could feel myself melting into my boots along with the snow.

"How . . . t-tall are you?" I asked. Now that was a stupid thing to say, but the words were out.

I watched her lips say, "Five feet, one inch, nearly." She said it so matter-of-factly that I might have been asking for the time of day.

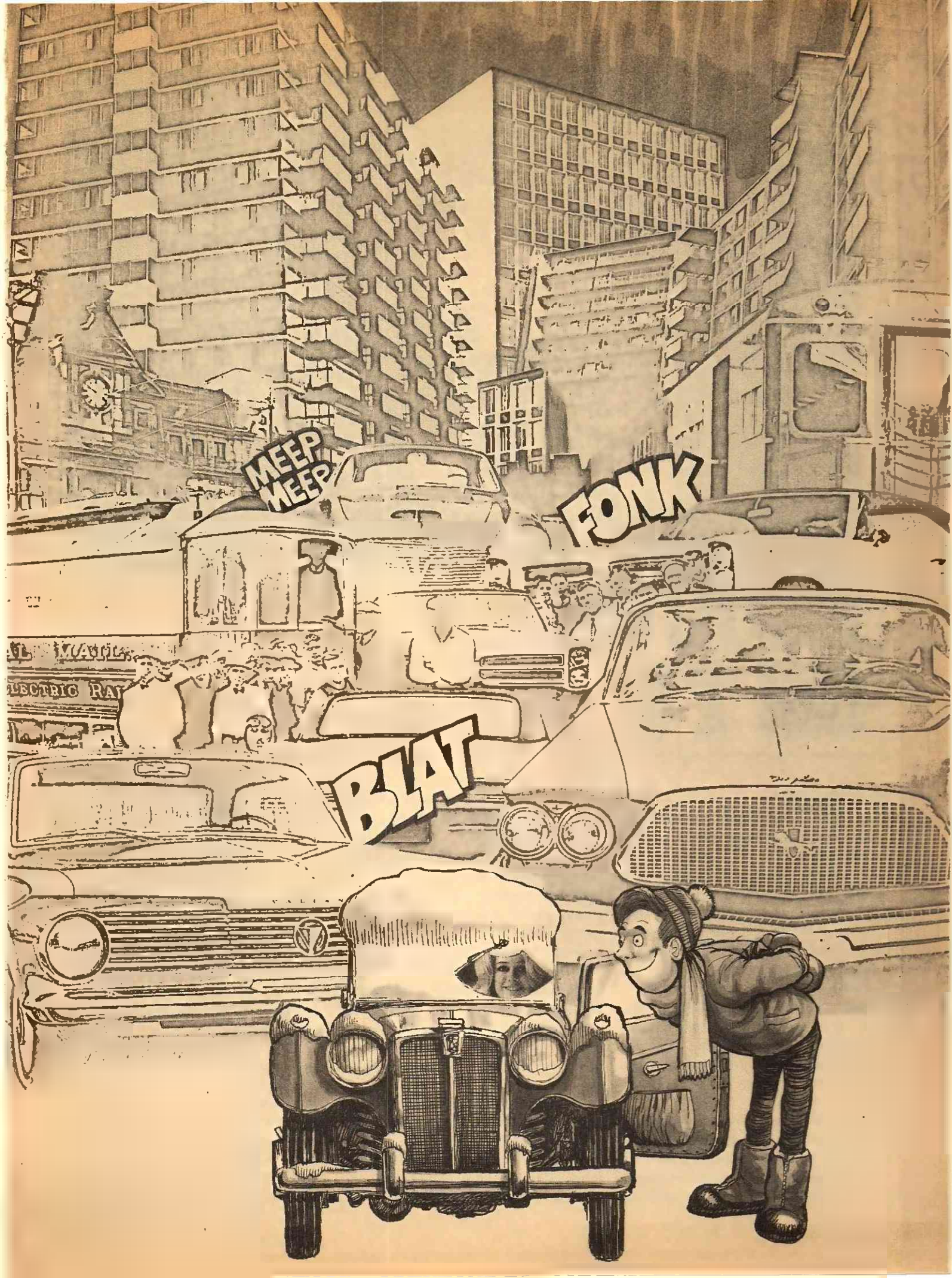
Then, in almost the same breath, she said: "Now you just get in here and see why this silly little car of Ned's won't work." With that came a flurry of activity. I saw: A pair of legs. A short plaid skirt. A bouncing kerchief.

When the commotion settled down she was perched in the passenger seat.

Protesting was useless. I told her I didn't know a sports car from an anthill, but she insisted I get in.

Her perfume drew me in and I flopped

Continued on page 26





SCOUTS ON TV

by George Bourne

Scouting has moved into the electronic age; closing the communications gap still more.

This doesn't mean you can stop raising smoke signals or flapping flags or blinking lights. Scouts will go on using telegraphy and they'll continue nattering on short-wave radio. But tv reaches more people in one shot than all of these methods put together.

With impact and imagination, know-how and technical assistance from professionals working in the television industry, Scouting in the Montreal region is producing a series called *Scouting Today*.

The show is swinging into its second season. Last season Scouts and Venturers produced a similar series under the direction of Scout executive Pirie Mitchell. Pirie's working in the heart of Winnipeg

now, but he didn't move on until he had carried the series into the planning stages for its second season.

The 7-Up people in Montreal provide the not-inexpensive sponsorship, an important aspect in mass media today, no matter what kind of message you want to spread.

Mitchell had proved it could be done. Now John Paquet, a Scout executive from the Greater Toronto region, has inherited the Scouting series. He's proving that Scouting has a broad appeal for boys, and girls, too, beyond the original conceptions of 60 years ago— or even of ten years ago.

A panel of five Scouts and Venturers must decide on each show's content. They hassle with ideas and film, discuss problems with professional people, and try to reach agreement on what will go into the show and what will be chucked out.

Mr. Paquet and the pros from inside the industry go along with the boys' decisions, for the most part. But they have to make sure the ideas are feasible technically, and that the end result will be a series of shows that will make good televiewing for you at home.

Videotaping sessions follow periodic production conferences in the Ogilvie Avenue studios of CFCF-tv Montreal. During each taping session three shows are produced with a teenage host keeping things rolling.

Each show involves color film, narration, and background music, followed by an interview with somebody who has been directly involved with the subject of the film. Two such film segments, each running about five minutes on the average and sometimes as long as eight minutes, plus the two interviews, and some hints on what's to come up next time, pack the



half-hour show with interest, information, and entertainment.

First teen host on the series this year was Richard Baldwin, a Montreal Venturer who worked out of uniform. Lately we've been seeing Peter Moffatt, another Montreal area Venturer, who works in full uniform, carrying the load of hosting the show. Other hosts will be seen as the series progresses.

The range of subject matter seems to be unlimited. So far the shows have had something to say about jamborees, camporees, flying light aircraft, driving snowmobiles, water skiing, scuba diving, the Camp Anderson sports program, Montreal's *Venture* sailing base, Canada's northlands, police working with police dogs, the Beaconsfield hockey school, the drug scene, an autumn canoe trip, and recent developments in the operations of CANADIAN BOY magazine.

The series is seen in color throughout the Montreal viewing area. Its audience is greatly expanded through the use of cable services, which bring it into the Ottawa-Hull region as well.

The whole thing has a fairly easy-going look about it, which belies the amount of labor being whacked into the shows from behind the scenes. Long taping sessions and late hours, sandwiches grabbed on the run or during additional production talks in the station's cafeteria, and a lot of unfamiliar discipline, are what the tv Scouts have been coping with. And they enjoy it, from what we've seen.

The music is up-to-date and is kept unobtrusive, as background music should be. The show's theme music has a space-age flavor that gets you into the show and out of it with just the right mood.

David Featherstonehaugh, who writes

the show and prepares cuecards, avoids crowding the production with wordage that could detract from the overall visual effects. He lets the pictures speak for themselves as much as possible.

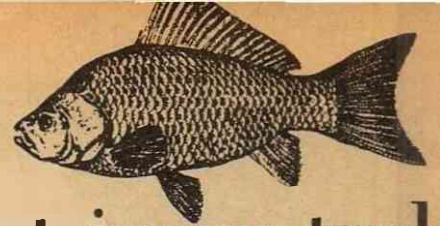
Jean DeVilliers, the professional producer-director for the series, works closely with series director Paquet, to bring the viewers the kind of show they expect to see on television.

And CFCF's entire station facilities back up the production to the hilt. Staging and lighting, operations and production crews—the real pros of tv today—are there every time, to help make *Scouting Today* a success.

It's a beautiful example of the amateurs and the professionals mixing it up and delivering something that meets with the ambitions of the one group and the split-second technicalities that must be enforced by the other. ✪

Narwhal: neither fish

one and waves an eight-foot ivory tusk among whales, but who's going



by William MacMillan

If you happen to encounter a narwhal, which is extremely unlikely, give him a wide berth because that eight-foot-long tapered tusk sticking out of his round nose is really an overgrown tooth. If he is having a little dental trouble he could be hard to get along with.

The narwhal is, by long odds, the strangest of the far-flung whale and dolphin family to which he belongs. And while he presents a nightmarish picture to inland people, almost like a visitor from another world, the Eskimos of Greenland and the Canadian Arctic have hunted him for centuries. They carve or sell the ivory tooth, feed his flesh to the dogs, and boil his skin into a tasty jelly that Greenlanders call "mattak".

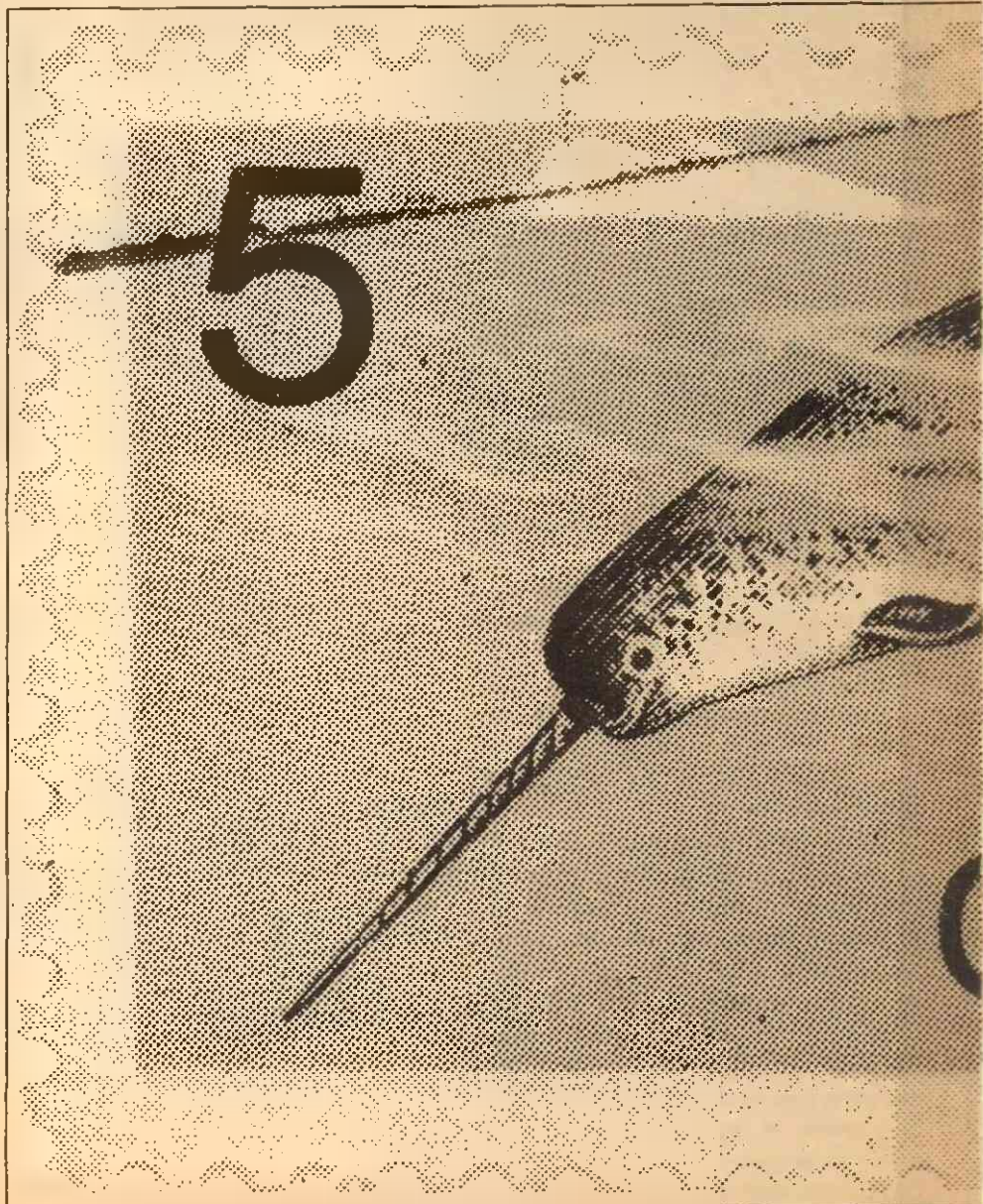
A narwhal can't be considered big compared to some of the outsized members of his family. He comes about the length of a canoe, and is round like a porpoise. There is no denying that the tusk gives him a certain air of distinction.

This long ivory tusk of his has puzzled explorers and scientists for so long it is possible that a man will be exploring the moon before we succeed in fathoming its real purpose.

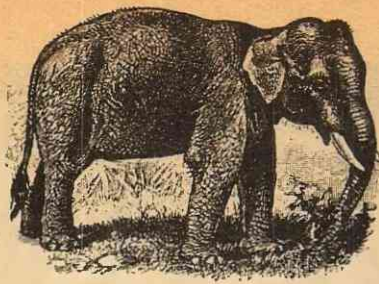
Since only the males have this monster tooth, some biologists are of the opinion that it is merely the stamp of masculinity like, say, the mane of a lion.

The narwhal himself isn't volunteering any information on this controversial point. On the contrary, he is so well satisfied with things as they are he frequently makes little gurgling noises that some day will be recorded like dolphin talk. Later it might be "translated" into understandable language.

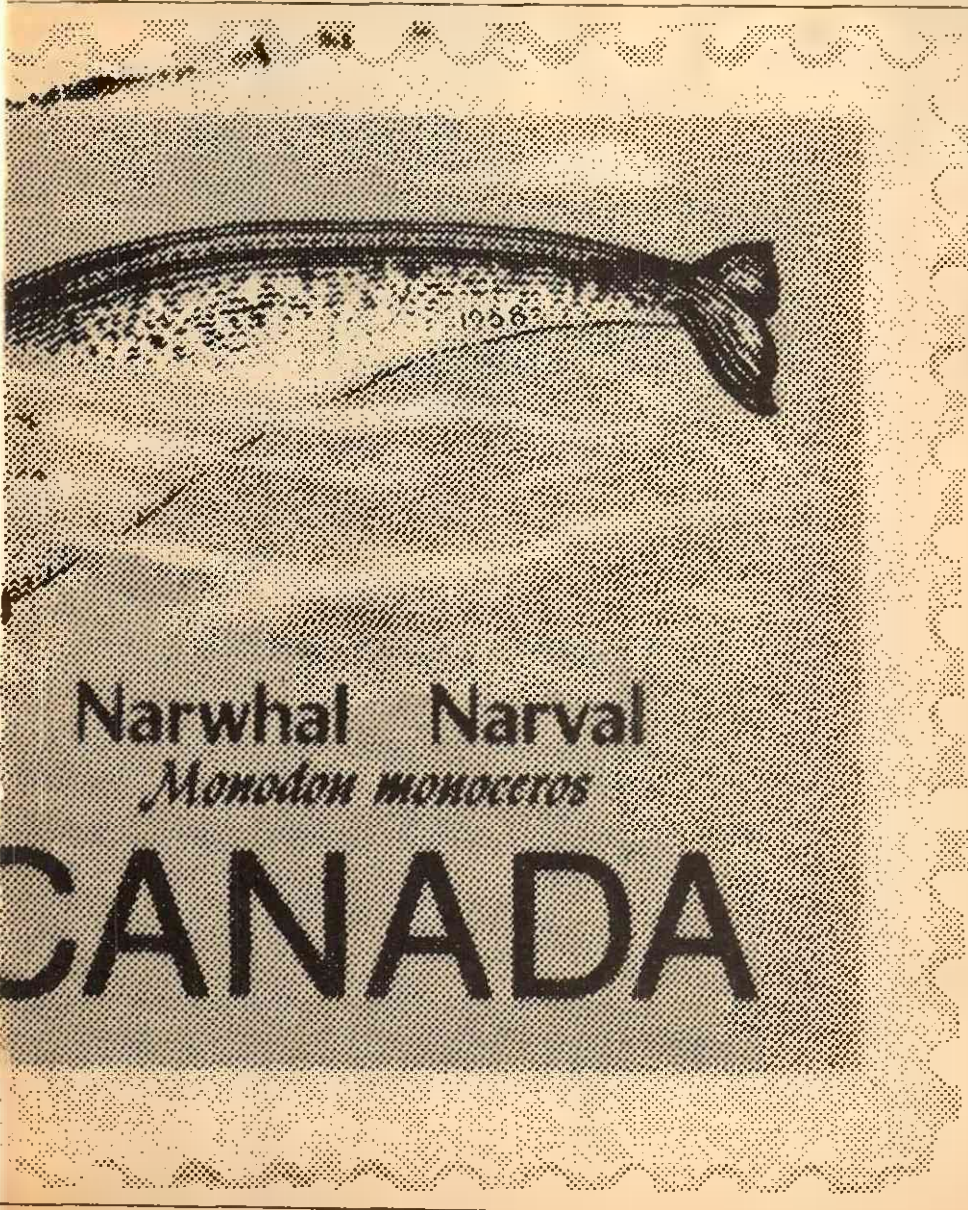
While this tusk, nearly always the left tooth, as it happens, sets narwhals apart from the other strange creatures making their home in the sea, some *Monodon monoceros*, which is the textbook name for him, just don't bother growing one and appear to be perfectly happy without it. Others, just to be different, perhaps, go to the other extreme and grow a



nor elephant,
like the other.
to tangle with him?



he swims like
He's a runt



couple of them - both, incidentally, with the same righthand spiral.

These overgrown teeth apparently found a ready market in China and Russia, and were sometimes imagined to be from the fabled unicorns. They were highly prized and were put to all kinds of uses. Ornate bedsteads, candlesticks, and even thrones, were made from them.

They are brittle but quite heavy. And the writer remembers the day when Bernier, the famous Arctic explorer, piled six narwhal tusks in his arms. They were just too heavy for a 12-year-old, and he went down.

Since narwhals are warm-blooded creatures like the rest of the whale family, they produce their young alive. And they make devoted parents.

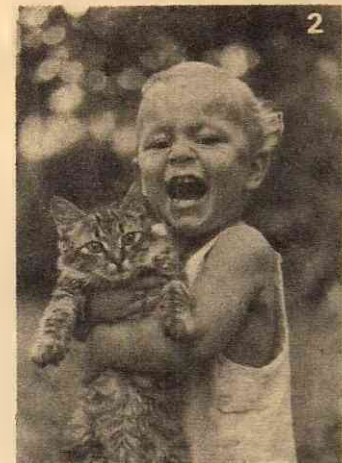
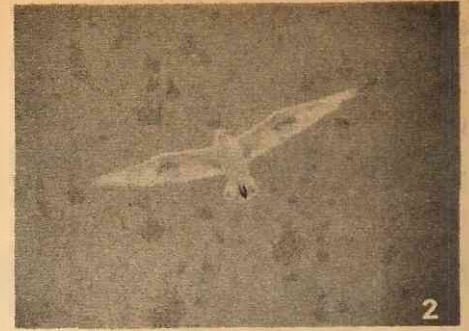
Most adults are moulted on a grey-white base, but some, just to be different, perhaps, are pure white. They are powerful swimmers. They surface every twenty minutes or so to replenish the air in their lungs.

They do some migrating that has yet to be accurately traced, and they travel in packs. They feed on fish, cuttle-fish and crustaceans. Narwhals are the owners of a built-in sonar system that has puzzled scientists and accentuates their mysterious take-us-to-your-leader appearance.

There aren't too many of these fabulous beasts around, unfortunately. Since they prefer the frigid waters north of the 70th parallel, the man in the street isn't likely to meet up with them, in a lifetime.

Nature is full of surprises, however, and it is wise to keep your eye peeled. Someday, when you happen to be skin-diving, or just loafing on the beach, you might see a ruffle on the water and catch a glimpse of this fantastic creature with the overgrown tooth.

For those who are interested in such things, the postage stamp from which we got the illustration for this article was issued by Ottawa on April 10, 1968, as a commemorative (short run) printing.



In this Sixth Annual Photo Contest, the judges weren't flooded with snapshots and grabshots and potluck efforts, and they were happy about that. It appeared that while the overall quantity of entries was down, the photographic quality had zoomed up.

Generally, there appeared to have been far more planning put into the contest photography. Some advanced techniques had been applied in some cases.

Never since the first CB photo competition, back in 1964, has color work so far outnumbered the black-and-white entries. The judges were delighted to see that. But it makes us sad. We cannot reproduce the color work in full glory. With the quality of paper used in this magazine, any attempt at color reproduction would not do justice to the winning color entries. So, settle for a look at composition and lighting, contrast and

subject matter, when you are making your own assessment of the color class winners.

Just so's you'll know who to blame if you didn't win anything this time, the judges were Andy Andrews and Rod MacIvor, both of them professional photographers, and Don MacMillan, art director for CB and himself no mean hand with a camera.

Now—the news. First prize and the best-in-show (open for either black-and-white or color work) was won by 17-year-old James I. Steeves of Halifax, N.S. His high-contrast print of two bicycle racers was shot during the Canada Games in Halifax. He used what publishers call a "posterization" technique, which makes a photograph look like a poster. It calls for a bit of darkroom trickery and a knowledge of film limitations. To this talented amateur goes a cheque for \$50.

Second place in the black-and-white class went to 15-year-old Henry Huczek of Toronto, Ont. This photo is loaded with human interest, has no busy background to distract from the subject, and is not stiffly posed. Henry wins a cheque for \$25, presented to him on *Scouting Today*—the television show produced out of Montreal and seen on cable service in eastern Canadian cities.

Second place in color work was taken by 11-year-old Douglas Munro of Grande Prairie, Alta. With plenty of patience and maybe a touch of good luck, Douglas caught a gull in full flight, high in the sky where the solid pale blue lent a perfect background for the white bird. That shot earned a cheque for \$25.

Third place black-and-white winner was 15-year-old David Carroll of Cooksville, Ont. His close-cropped shot of "Buddy" hit the judges right where they



CB's photo contest winners 1969



In this latest battle of the camera bugs, nine guys won a total of \$160 in cash prizes. High quality work, in fact some of the best ever, showed up this time and made it even tougher to judge.

live— they are all a bunch of sentimentalists when it comes to dogs. But they wiped away the tears, had another look and admitted it was in fact excellent photography. David gets a cheque for \$15.

Third prize in color work was awarded to 13-year-old Bruce Inch of Laval, Que., for his winter scene. The angle here was evidently the best available and Bruce made good use of the natural lighting. The overall effect offsets a noticeable weakness in composition. To him goes a cheque for \$15.

Fourth black-and-white winner was 18-year-old Dennis A. Lang of Ashern, Man., with his well-framed church spire. It's what the judges called a nice scenic calendar shot. Using the branches to close up the top of the picture was a touch of professionalism, and it means a cheque for \$10 goes to Dennis.

Fourth color winner was 12-year-old Michael Petrychko of Winnipeg, Man. He found one of those lonesome trees Tom Thomson was so fond of painting and combined it with a rainbow over Fox Lake, Man., and came up with an unusual effect which has won him a cheque for \$10.

Fifth black-and-white prize went to 16-year-old L. Ciplijauskas (who has the shortest first name we've seen in a while) of Weston, Ont. In Toronto's Riverdale Zoo, L. caught a fluffy pelican against a clean dark background. Here, using the natural lighting and no small amount of patience has paid off to the tune of five dollars.

Fifth prize for color work was snapped up by 18-year-old Peter Burkhardt of Niagara Falls, Ont. His sunset over Wild Goose Lake, near Geraldton, Ont., has captured nature in a way that almost everyone appreciates. He gets a cheque



for five dollars, for being in the right place at the right time and doing the right things.

To the rest of you, thanks for once again helping to make a CB Photo Contest worthwhile. Don't quit if you didn't win anything. Try harder, and keep at it.

Here's what we mean: The first winner ever to take a prize in a CB Photo Contest was Brian Minielly of Kitchener, Ont., back in 1964. He was 18 at that time, and since then he kept working at photography. Today Brian Minielly makes his living from camera work. He's a professional photographer. When last heard from, he was working on an assignment in Newfoundland. He gets around.

Feel better? Besides, there's an old saying that you can't win 'em all. But remember this, too: you don't have to lose 'em all, either.

This is a pageful of stuff,

from the center of the mag and filing it away somewhere,  so that when you looking for it,  and if time still hangs heavy on your hands: tickety-boo too. OR maybe you're the type who gets his kinkles by spending some time thinking about. NOT-DO!

firstly

THING-TO-DO #1:

HOW TO CONSTRUCT A HANDY-DANDY MEASURING DEVICE WHICH CAN BE CAL-

um, ah yes, Materials Needed: one body; con eye; two (2) hands; 1 (one) elbow; two (2) arms; A (1) thumb; two (2) arms; shake vigorously ther this distance is approxamitambalby one (3-2) arm stretchle and AND multitudinous other stuff, ETC.

Instruction number 73: Take 2 arms, shake vigorously ther this distance is approxamitambalby one (3-2) arm stretchle and AND multitudinous other stuff, ETC.

Instruction no. 1630 (b) which reads: MEASURE the distance from one eyeball to the surface of planket SPREAD 1. measure the

Instruction # 3 (from part VIII) which gets into great skippy detail about how to SPREAD 1. measure the

Instruction 27 6877 105(a) and (b): measure elbow to finger: engrave the number into memory-book. I

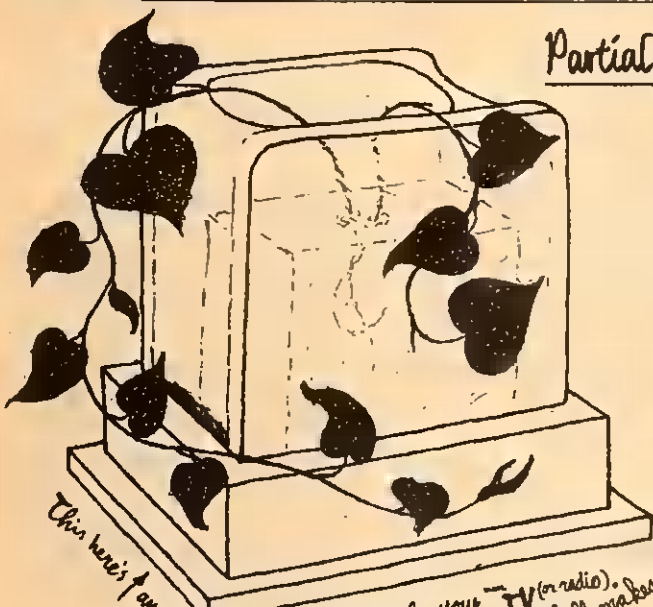
Instruction $7 \times 10^{-137} + 2^2 \div x^2 z$ (over 1) which specifies: measure more or less aqritly to other

with a pair of scissors cut extremely carefully along the dotted line.

secondly

FIFTY-NEAT THING-TO-DO 2:

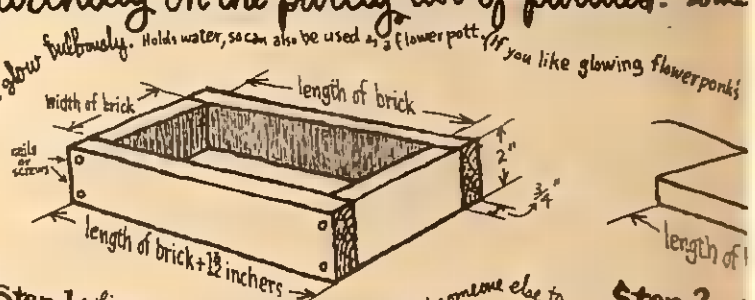
HOW TO CONSTRUCT A WHATCHACALLI



This here's an easy-to-build TV lamp for your TV (or radio). A bulbous X-mas bulb makes the glass brick glow.

Partial LIST of parties-to-be-partial-to DEpartment (tha

- First on the list of partly neededs: OR
- Secondly on the list of parkly needleds: OR
- Thirdly on the lost of partly noodleds: ONE
- Fourthly on the partly list of partlies: some



Step 1: figure out how to do the above, or get someone else to. Step 2: &

mostly about "things-to-do when there's NOTHING-TO-DO". Like frinstance, removing this staple-page

I have **Nothing** to do if you can spend some time bustling about
you can spend some more time **THINGS-TO-DO** — or maybe by just thinking about doing them, which is quite
NG them. IF SO, please continue, if not, carry on as you were by the rite quick marsh

ARRIED AROUND ON YOUR OWN 2nd.

plete, live. (your own) **INDEXING** one head (complete with
one (one) weeliddle babyfinger; other parts as noodled. B1, B2, B3. Before proceeding, sort parts good!

reach as far as is reachstretchable. **TAKE NOTE** of how many Inches.
ngth (2 arms, exactly), **AND** is extremely USEFULL for measuring elephants, arks, places to put

th. JOT DOWN THE N^o OF INCHLIES **USEFUL** FOR figuring out why you bumped your head on something.
hands for measuring cuddy waistlines, you wanna believe it.

mileage between thumbnail & pinkytip. this distance is semiunofficially known as **1 SPAN**.

TRY & TRY AGAIN to find some way to use such a **USEFULLL** piece of info, sometimes.

parts with witch you can "measure things" when things need "measuring" & you don't got a ruler.

glass-brick *What's this gonna be, mister? Hey man I dunno, like I mean, like, uh, you know, it's like a brick of well glass, or some hand*

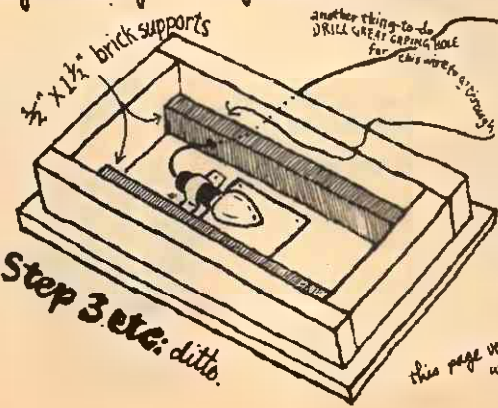
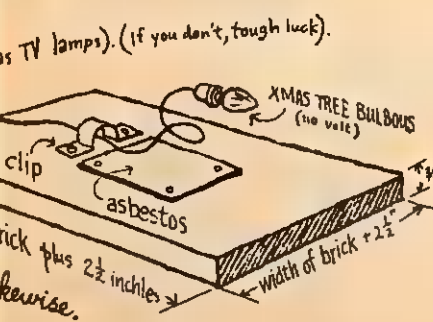
it is to say, in short, NEEDLES NEEDED if YOU FEEL a NEED TO CONSTRUCT a HOOJAMAGIGGLE):

WOOD to be cut up into chunks of **suitably suitable suitables** to wit the drawinks on the other side of the page, approximately.

re glass brick. *you know, a thingy like that, mister? You know, one a them they glass-brick? Hey man like I dunno, like maybe in a glass brick store? or thank, mister. You're welcome, kid. Get any more stuff you want mavered? No, mister. Then get cat, kid. OK, mister. And don't be mavered.*

ONLY bunch of nails & screws & asbestabos & such things. And a Chrispness-tree bulb

body who can be conned into stooshing all this junk together so it'll look like a something-or-other.



How to assemble all the parts:

- 1 Assemble part of it
- 2 Assemble the rest of it.
- 3 Paint it with paint.

this page very messy and carefull
writtled and drawned
by Mac Porter

BOYS

GIRLS

HEAR THIS!

WIN

TERRIFIC PRIZES or CASH



FREE!
MASTER SALESMAN
BALL POINT PEN
WITH EVERY
ORDER

JOIN THE YOUTH SALES CLUB of CANADA

YOUR CASH PROFIT FOR EVERY UNIT SOLD \$8.25

Get **WONDERFUL PRIZES** for selling Greeting Cards. Join the Youth Sales Club of Canada. Membership free. Do not send any money. Fill in the attached coupon and mail it. We send full particulars and **PRIZE CATALOGUE, FREE**. We also send you 15 boxes of Cards **ON CREDIT**. We allow you 30 days to sell the cards and send us the money. If you need *more time* write us. As soon as you send us the full amount of the money you have collected for the 15 boxes we will mail your prize. However, if you wish to keep the cash profit, keep the amount indicated on the coupon and send us the balance. Parents, friends and neighbours will be delighted to buy such beautiful Greeting Cards, and they will also want to help you win prizes. Easy isn't it? Why not act at once. Get your father's or mother's approval and **MAIL THE COUPON TODAY.**



SLEEPING BAG
Sell Only 15 Boxes



TELESCOPE
Sell Only 15 Boxes



HAWKEYE FLASH CAMERA
by KODAK
Sell Only 15 Boxes



**BOYS or GIRLS
TIMEX
WRIST WATCH**
Sell Only 15 Boxes



**POWER PLAY
HOCKEY GAME**
Sell Only 15 Boxes



POOL TABLE
Sell Only 30 Boxes



PUP TENT
Sell Only 15 Boxes



FOOTBALL
Sell Only 15 Boxes



CHEMISTRY SET
Sell Only 15 Boxes



ARCHERY SET
Sell Only 15 Boxes



BASEBALL GLOVE
Sell Only 15 Boxes



**TRANSISTOR
TAPE RECORDER**
Sell Only 30 Boxes



BASKETBALL SET
Sell Only 15 Boxes



**TRANSISTOR
WALKIE TALKIE**
Sell Only 30 Boxes

MAIL TODAY

JOIN Y.S.C. MAIL COUPON TODAY

YOUTH SALES CLUB OF CANADA
16 BLUE RIDGE RD., WILLOWDALE, ONTARIO

I want to join the Y.S.C. and win valuable prizes. Please send at once **FREE MEMBERSHIP CARD, FREE PRIZE CATALOGUE** with full particulars and 15 Boxes **GREETING CARDS** on credit. It is understood I may return any or all boxes of cards, I will send money for all boxes sold. Send 15 Boxes on credit

Name

Street

City Zone Prov.

Parents Signature Dept. CB1

GB LAFF IT UP CONTEST

HAIKY LETTERING



Here's a contest for Cubs only! It has nothing to do with Scouts or Venturers or Rovers. Just Cubs. Especially Cubs who can think funny.

We need a new name for the Rib Ticklers page. You know— every so often people begin saying it's time for a change. Politicians say it all the time. Editors say it once in a while. We're saying it now, and we think you'll agree.

It's time for a change. You can make that change. **And you can win \$25 plus a book of Canadian humor.**

Rib Ticklers. That's out. We've had it around since June 1964. Five-and-a-half years is enough.

Nobody has come up with a better name since that one was suggested in '64 by

Doug Lees of Whitehorse, Yukon. Not one single reader has seriously challenged "Rib Ticklers" in all that time.

Now's your chance to come up with a better name. Think about smiles, chuckles, grins, jokes, wit, riddles, and bellyrockers. Only one name to replace Rib Ticklers will be selected. It could be the one you suggest. And then you'd be twenty-five dollars richer, and you'd get a free book of Canadian humor, too.

Mail your entry form to
LAFF IT UP CONTEST,
CANADIAN BOY, Box 5112 Station F,
Ottawa 5, Ontario. Do it now.

No entries postmarked after April Fool's Day 1970 will be considered. So, start scratching your funny bone, today.

CUT THIS OUT WITH YOUR FINGER NAILS IF YOU'VE GOT 'EM

RIB TICKLERS is a corny name. I think this is better:

My name

Address

My age

My pack

THE COIN COLLECTOR

In early French colonial times the Canadian people had to make do with whatever coins were brought over by settlers and officials from France. There was never enough money in New France and what little there was quickly returned to France in payment of taxes and for imported goods.

In Québec, Montréal, and Trois Rivières, the merchants issued promissory notes in various amounts and put these into circulation, promising to redeem them in coin whenever there was enough coin available.

In the rural districts, the people bartered for their daily needs. In the payment of colonial taxes, wheat was acceptable barter.

By 1670, after the management of the colony of New France was taken over by the French Crown, the need for coins was greater than ever. The French West India Company, a large trading operation with

monopolies in all the French colonies in the New World, was authorized to supply the colonies with silver and copper coins.

In 1670 an issue of silver pieces of five sols and 15 sols was released. These are the first Canadian coins.

Although they were used in New France, it was also intended that they be used in Acadia, the French colonies in Newfoundland, and all the French islands in the West Indies. A copper coin with a value of two deniers was ordered at the same time.

The mint in Paris issued a total of 40,000 silver pieces of 15 sols and 200,000 silver pieces of five sols. As originally ordered, the silver coins were circulated in New France, Acadia, the French holdings in Newfoundland, and in the French West Indies. But no copper coins were issued.

Perhaps prices were already high enough in New France that a copper two deniers coin would be next to useless in ordinary business transactions. Only one genuine specimen exists today, and it is kept in the museum of the Paris mint.

These coins of New France did not remain long in circulation. Trade balances

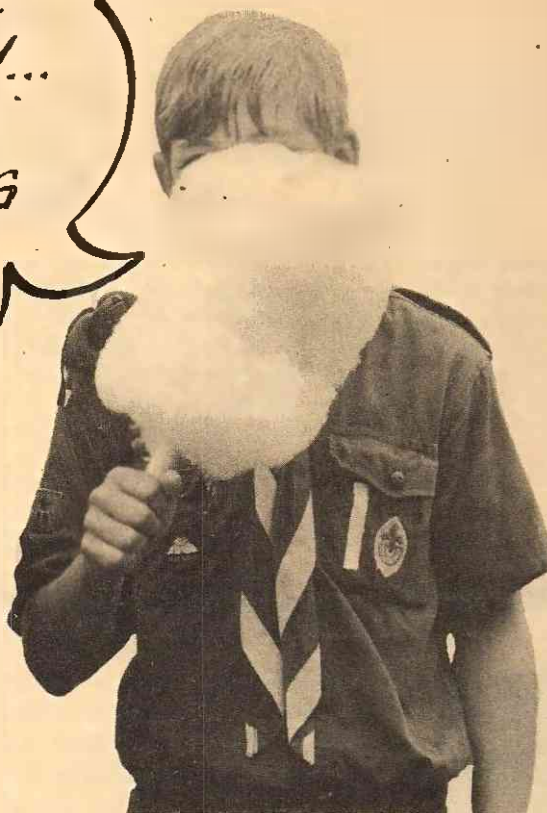
were always unfavorable, and the coins soon returned to France in payment of goods. In 1672, in an effort to keep the coins in New France, the government raised their value by one-third. But it didn't work. By 1680 no more of these coins were to be found in circulation. The five-sol piece is rare today. The 15-sol coin is almost non-existent.

Denominations for these coins are in the old French monetary system, which worked something like England's pounds, shillings, and pence. At one time nearly all of Europe used currency based on this system.

Twelve deniers equalled one sol, or sou. Twenty sols equalled a livre. The denier began as a silver coin, but over the centuries the shrinkage of the value of money reduced it to a small copper coin. The sol itself, in time, became a copper coin.

During the reign of Louis XIV the denier was no longer coined, and the sol was a copper coin the size of an English half-penny. The livre, originally a pound of silver, was by 1670 a silver coin the size of an English shilling, or about as big as a Canadian quarter. **By R.C. Willey**

MEANWHILE,
BACK AT THE
RACETRACK!!...
HEY! THERE'S
FOAM COMING
OUT OF THIS
MICROPHONE!



Time was when "Scouting" meant hiking and camping and lighting fires and tying knots, bends, and hitches, and—that's it! That's what boys thought of when they heard the word "Scouting" mentioned anywhere.

Today much of Scouting still revolves around these outdoor activities. Not everybody likes hiking, or camping. Some guys can't be bothered learning to tie knots, either.

But there's more to Scouting than that. For instance, consider the patrol who never went on a hike or pitched a tent. They just happened to have a leader who could give them golf lessons.

They didn't mind walking the 18-hole golf course. And that's a pretty fair hike!

Point is: A little imagination can go a long way toward achieving the same general results, with something of interest to do along the way, something to learn, and new skills to pick up.

The new Scouting program is trying to point out this sort of thing. It's also an attempt at giving the members of the troop more freedom, greater flexibility, a chance to do their own thing.

Adventure is a big word. Almost everybody translates it to mean something he likes to do, and that can mean a lot of different opinions, likes and dislikes. To one Scout it can mean building a radio station so he can get on the air and talk with other people in faraway places. To another, adventure can mean shooting through whitewater rock-dotted rapids in a canoe. To still another boy, it might mean just getting away from the noises and pressures of city life to a quiet green spot near cool water, where there'll be no telephones, no radio, no television, no people.

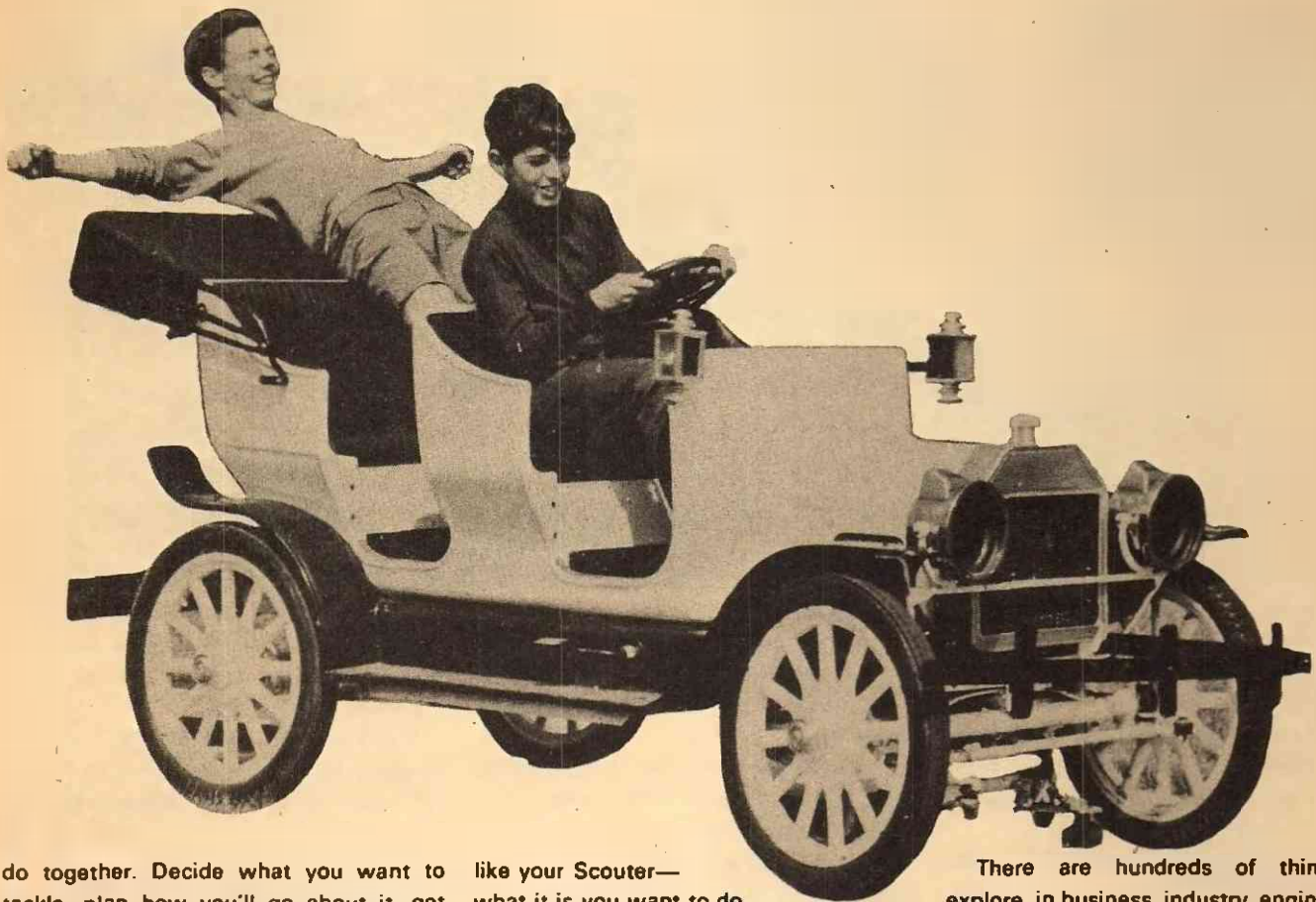
All these things are a part of Scouting. And, when you're up to your elbows in grease and grit as you work on a car

engine, or if you're using tweezers to gingerly pick up a postage stamp you're trading with another philatelist, or while you're having a good time at a science fair with a bunch of your friends, don't let anyone kid you that you're not Scouting. You are—first class!

Just like anybody else, Scouts are involved in a whole range of things. It's really just a case of getting somebody to help you do what you want to do. That's why Scouting is called a boy-centred program. It's for you, and what you get out of it depends on how much you put into it, and build on it.

Have you ever had the urge but never the opportunity to tune a car engine, or sail a boat? See how an elevator works? Or develop your own film? Keep bees? Build a mini-bike? Ski? Or play a guitar?

Scouting can help you do it. First of all, get your friends in the troop or the guys in your patrol to agree on something you can



do together. Decide what you want to tackle, plan how you'll go about it, get advice if you need it, then go ahead and do it!

Stick with it. If things seem to turn sour, get your Scouter's advice. But do the thing you want to do, and do it yourselves.

Your Scouter is one who can help. Your dad, your older brother, your uncle, your chums, or the man next door, even. These people have hobbies or interests and knowledge, experience, tricks of the trade, and sometimes connections, that can help you.

There are dozens of people within easy reach who have interesting hobbies. Some of them have special skills, and often they're pleased to share their knowledge and help others get started in an interesting pastime. Look around.

Scouting can be anything you want it to be. But you've got to tell somebody—

like your Scouter—
what it is you want to do.

No sense feeling you're stuck with being told what to do all the time. You may feel trapped in some kind of system.

No need to feel that at all! The new program is yours. It needs you and your ideas. It's not supposed to be a lot of hand-me-downs from grownups or grownup notions of what boys should like or should do. Be your own man and speak up about what you think is a good thing to do. And that means the patrol thing as well as the troop project or specialty.

Keep in mind, too, that the whole community is there, to be explored. Factories and farms, offices and all outdoors. Gadgets gather dust on shelves someplace; maybe you can use them. Books stand forgotten, doing no more than holding each other up; maybe you can learn from them and make use of the ideas in them.

There are hundreds of things to explore, in business, industry, engineering, science, and nature.

Whatever you decide to do, whether it's archery or automotives, Indian lore or radio-television experimenting, that's Scouting for you because it's what you want to do.

Rudyard Kipling, who created all those jungle characters you used to hear about in Cubbing, once said: "I must do my own work and live my own way because I am responsible for both." Today, we say: "I do my own thing." It's just a shorter way of saying it.

Scouting is whatever your own thing is, on your own or in the group, whether that group is two of you or the patrol or the troop or a meeting of troops. And remember, Kipling also said: "I've taken my fun where I've found it."

By Dennis Lewis



Last summer a young Scout leader by the name of Mike Maunder decided to see how many Scouts would be interested in canoeing.

He planned six training trips to give the boys experience in shooting rapids, battling strong winds on Lake Superior, portaging, and overnight canoeing.

In August the Scouts paddled 230 miles from Fort William to Atikokan and struggled through the rapids of the Pigeon River, the Grand Portage and other smaller portages, and a number of storms.

Most of these Scouts were between 12 and 14 years of age. They carried all their gear, including two 21-foot canoes.

This was part of the Scout Challenge Program, which came out of the realization that Scouting in the Lakehead (Fort William and Port Arthur in Ontario) could be more interesting. Main drive behind the scheme came from a Scouter named Mike Maunder.

The canoe trip had been a summer success. That fall the boys went further. On Thanksgiving weekend they found a lakeshore site they liked, and began construction of a log cabin. They used swede saws and axes to cut 50 logs. Each log was six to eight inches thick and 21 feet in length.

The boys trimmed them, skinned them, and hauled them to the cabin site. This project extended to ten weekends in the bush, for 20 boys. Two Venturers worked with them.

In December they called it quits. Heavy snow had halted work until spring.

They switched to snowshoeing to take advantage of the heavy snow that had stopped their cabin building.

After two months of training, Maunder had four teams of boys who raced 27 miles. They completed the course in eight hours, at an average speed of three-and-a-half miles an hour. One winter weekend four Scouts and Venturers raced 30 miles at an average of five miles an hour.

In May, the log cabin boys went to work again and, in six weekends, completed the job, with a roof-raising ceremony. About 150 parents and boys turned up for this. The cabin is to be the headquarters of the Scout Challenge Program in the Lakehead.

Completion of the cabin also marked the first successful year of the program.

This summer the boys plan two more canoe trips, one to Atikokan again. The other will be the long run from Fort William to Winnipeg.

LUCKY FOR US,
THE TRUCK EX-
PLODED NEAR
THE LAKE.

On this second trip they'll be travelling the scenic Lake of the Woods route and down the Winnipeg River to Lake Winnipeg and the city.

For the fall of '70 they plan a survival program which will train them to live for 48 hours in the bush without food or shelter, fending for themselves in the wilderness.

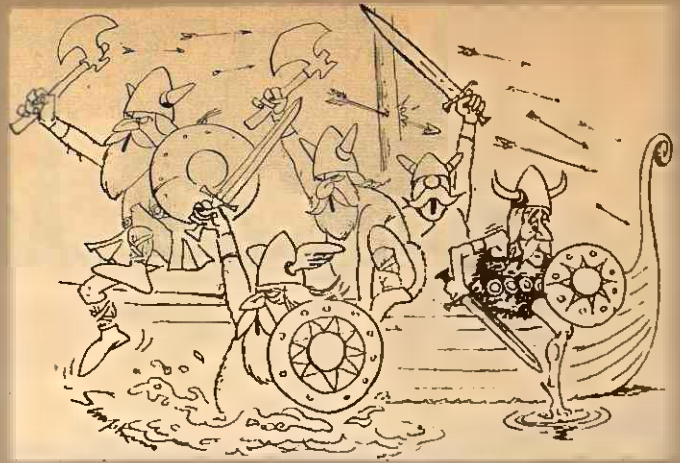
I started in Cubbing when I was seven years old. Since then I've been involved in different aspects of Scouting and now I'm a Venturer. I believe the Challenge Program here in the Lakehead enables a boy to develop physically and mentally and gives him interesting challenges at the same time. Most of these boys are between the ages of 11 and 16, and they are learning while doing things.

I think a program like this would be a good one to start in any metropolitan area, because it helps boys to get involved with other boys and with activities that are a greater challenge than camping usually turns out to be on an organized basis.

I think if you started a Challenge Program in your area, a lot of boys would want to participate.

By Venturer Don Tribe

LAFF THIS OFF



Miss Reed: Andy, is it true that lightning never strikes the same place twice?
Andy: Yes, when lightning strikes once, the place isn't there anymore!

Tim Conell, Fort St. John, B.C.

Q: What can you put in a cup, but never take out?

A: A crack.

Phillip Bluck, Pierrefonds, Que.

Q: What did the hen say when she saw the plateful of scrambled eggs?

A: What a bunch of mixed-up kids!

Craig Morrison, Burlington, Ont.

1st Cowboy: Why do you wear just one spur?

2nd Cowboy: Well, I figure when one side of the horse starts running, the other side will too!

Lawrence Mitchell, Ottawa, Ont.

Mary: Daddy, I don't think Mother knows much about raising children.

Daddy: Why, Mary? What makes you say that?

Mary: Well, she makes me go to sleep when I'm wide awake, and she makes me get up when I'm sleepy!

Steven Gillis, Oromocto, N.B.

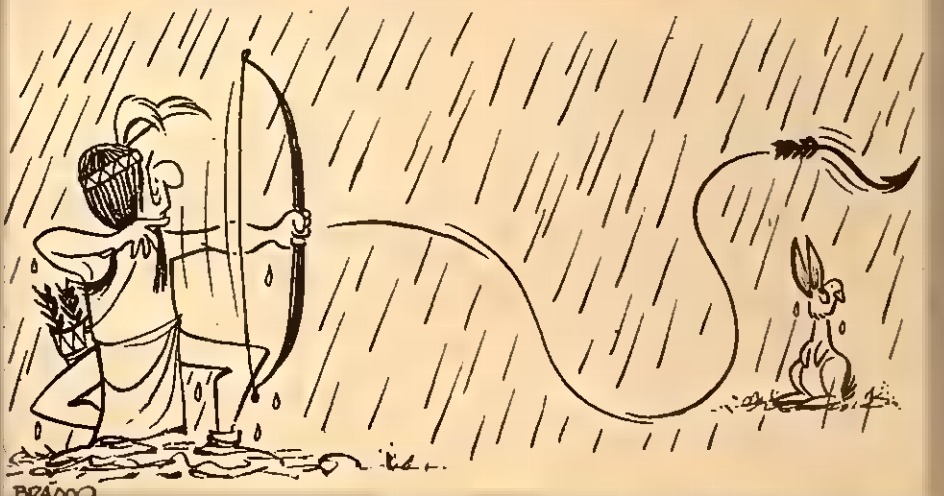


"See? Didn't I tell you he had a hole in his head?"

Q: What is there about the house that seldom falls, and never hurts the tenant when it does?

A: The rent.

*Billy Kazmerchuk,
Greenfield Park, Que.*



BLONDE

down behind the wheel in a heap. My overcoat piled up around my chest. My knees bumped on things and against each other. Cars were blaring their annoyance behind us. But I didn't care, even when a whole tribe of businessmen deserted their autos to come and jump up and down all around our little car. We were blocking the only lane, and they were furious.

And I was confused. I couldn't find the key. She pointed it out and I twisted it savagely—and the car somehow started up. "See?" I said. "It was nothing. Now if you will just slip back over here I'll—"

Her face clouded. "You don't understand. I could do that. But it won't move. Go ahead. Try it!"

I shrugged and searched for the pedals. They were so jammed in there that one of my feet covered both clutch and brake. She slipped the transmission into first and I gave it the gas. The car shuddered, leaped forward about a foot, jerked, seemed to sigh, then died.

Her face brightened. "See what I mean?" Her large eyes settled on me and suddenly I didn't want to go anywhere.

A knock came at the little plastic window on my side and the door opened. A head poked in. Now there wasn't room in that little matchbox of a car for a third head, but I wasn't going to argue. It was wearing a policeman's cap and a badge. Number 481, I recall.

"What's the trouble?" he asked me.

"I don't know, officer. It'll start, but it won't budge."

He thought for a moment. "Start it up." I did. I was just working the gearshift into first when the policeman reached across me, down beside the console. "Try taking the emergency brake off," he said. While his hand was there anyway, he released it.

I know I turned red. I could feel my ears burning. "I didn't know there was room for such a thing in this tiny car," I told him, lamely. When he had closed the door I looked back at my blonde. "You were a great help!"

Her eyes went big and I felt nine feet tall. I just couldn't look away from her. Three years. . . and I had finally found

her. Instinctively I released the clutch and stomped on the gas pedal, and we shot ahead. Businessmen in their stylish hats were leaping out of our way, right, left, and centre, and we shot right through the red light.

After what seemed hours I stood in a snowbank outside my home, watching the little foreign car disappear into a cyclone of swirling snow. I wasn't really part of this planet. I was several light-years distant from my plain old world, moving in slow motion. I could still feel her face so close to mine, as I reached for the handle on my front door.

If the snowstorm seemed to be rampaging outside, it was nothing compared to the storm raging inside the house. Dad was the centre of it. He lunged into the hall like a tiger. "Wherethehellisit?" His eyes flashed at me. "Where's my Chrysler? Up some defenseless lamp post? And my speech—where's the speech?"

The world snapped back into place. "Car?" I groped for a word or two that might make sense, to a lawyer, to anybody, even to me. Mental pictures of a Chrysler up a lamp post intertwined with visions of my blonde's face. I clicked. "Why, it's at the corner of Mackenzie and Fourth."

Dad grunted. His lips tightened, and whitened. Slowly, he said: "What is it doing there? Holding up traffic all by itself? You scatterbrain! It's in some snowdrift, I suspect. Well, get it! And have it back here before I get back. Later, you'd better have a good explanation, some strong evidence in your favor!"

With that he stormed past me, yanked open the door and slammed it. As he went out a sample of the snowstorm came in, and I caught a glimpse of a waiting taxi.

When my father was out of the house I found my mother by the picture window in our livingroom. She turned and smiled as I strolled in. "I just did a stupid thing, Mom. And I do think I'm beginning to believe I am a scatterbrain, like Dad says. Would you believe. . . ?"

The phone rang. Mom walked across

the room to answer it. As she did, she said: "That car looked familiar. Whose was it?"

I shrugged. "I don't know—I don't even know her name."

When Mom finished on the phone she put down the receiver and said to me, "That was the police."

I froze.

Then one of her subtle little smiles stole across her face and I knew everything was okay. "They were reporting that they had found your father's car at the corner of Mackenzie and Fourth. . . with the door open and the engine still running. They thought someone had tried to steal it and had panicked. We can pick the car up at the Twelfth Street police station."

"Oh?" I smiled, too. Mom was what that way. She seemed to understand, without saying anything else. And she wouldn't ask me any more questions.

"You must be starved," she said, after a pause, and she turned toward the dining room. Then she stopped. Looking at me, she said, "I told them you would be down to pick it up. They said it would be useless trying to follow it up—I mean the theft. Unless something was missing. Okay?"

"Thanks," I said, as my throat went a little dry. "You are a pal."

She looked at me. "That means the case is closed." Then she giggled. "You know, I'm beginning to sound more like your father every day!" And she disappeared into the kitchen.

It was almost 9:30 when I got back. All the way to the station and back I couldn't get that girl's face out of my mind. It was burned into the backs of my eyeballs. It was driving me crazy.

I bulldozed the Chrysler off the street and just into the driveway. Just. The snow was coming down so thickly I couldn't get it in any farther, so I left it and came into the house through the kitchen. I was on the verge of raiding the fridge when my mother called to me from the livingroom. "Chuck! Come on in here. I want you to meet Sally."

Oh, no, I thought. Not another girl! She wants me to meet who? "Sally who?" I shouted from the fridge, my breath making steam in there.

"Sally Denton, one of my students at the art college," I heard her say. "I've wanted you to meet her for a long time."

Story of my life! Here goes nothing, again.

In the livingroom, Mom smiles across from her favorite chair by the big windows. As I enter I can see legs and

hands, somebody sitting in the wingback chair. Another step and I'll meet another of my mother's young students. Just another would-be artist with—my mouth drops open. I can feel it going down, down, down. I'm beginning to melt all over. It's her.

My blonde. No kerchief. Her hair hardly reaches her shoulders, but she's my blonde!

Somewhere, I hear my mother saying, "Sally, this is my son, Chuck Lindsay. Chuck, this is my best art student, Sally Denton."

I can't speak. I just stare. I'm three, four miles up. But the slam of a car door propels us both toward the kitchen. "Beat it, you two. Shake hands outside and say hello. And, Chuck, don't come home for an hour or two. I'll get a drink into your father and he'll feel better."

Suddenly we are on the porch all by ourselves. The snow is just past my knees and it's still coming down, in chunks. Everything is so still. "Hi," I say. "I'm Chuck Lindsay. Pleased to meet you." I hold my hand out to shake hers and I can't let go. We stand there so close. "I don't understand. I . . . I thought I'd never see you again." I look at her hair. "I like blondes."

"It's mostly from a bottle—"

"I don't care." I look into her eyes as the snow falls on her face, and a few flakes get hung up on her lashes. "Hey! You've got green eyes—"

"Yes."

"I like green eyes."

"Good."

"Sally?"

"Yes?"

"Would you mind explaining about this afternoon? With Ned's car?"

I pull her in closer, out of the snow. She starts to tell me about it, but I'm on cloud nine and I find it hard to concentrate. The sound of her voice is music. But I catch a few words.

"I . . . staged that scene, at Mackenzie and Fourth. You see. . . well, I was bringing in an art project to your mother. It was due in last week—anyway. . . when I arrived, I saw you pull out of the driveway. I followed. Your mother has often said to me that she'd like us to get together. . . uh—anyway, I was curious about you. So. . . when you came out of that office building, I skipped in front of you in the traffic and deliberately stalled the car at the lights."

"But why?"

"Because I didn't want you to feel that

your mother was forcing us together when we would finally meet. And. . . anyway. . . I—uh—wanted to see how you, um, acted under stress."

"How did I do?" I look down at her and see the snow landing all around us. She looks up, funny.

"Not bad. Maybe a little scatterbrained. After all, leaving your car in the middle of the street. . . blocking traffic—"

"Well, you didn't remind me!"

I can feel a hug.

"I . . . forgot, too," she says.

"And I guess I should tell you something. I won't have the car, not after this fracas."

"Doesn't matter. We can use Ned's."


"Hey—wait a min-nit! Ned'll want his own car to drive—whoever Ned is—"

She smiles. Warm, man, it was warm.

"No he won't. Ned broke both his legs skiing at Banff couple of weeks ago."

"Yeah, but he isn't going to buy the idea of me hustling his girl around in his sports job while he heals in some hospital."

"Would you feel better if I told you Ned's my brother?"

Then she laughs. It's a full, rolling, warm laughter. I don't really care if he is or not. 

National Subcommittee Reports Buck On Venturer Conference Resolutions

If you have been following these pages with any regularity, you will know what was said in CB's September and October editions about the First National Venturer Delegates Conference and the resolutions arising out of it.

So, here is your first progress report.

Sixty-two resolutions were passed by the delegates at the Ottawa conference.

Of the 62 resolutions, 14 were confirmatory in that they underlined and supported the principles of the Venturer program. Examples: (A2) "Constitutions are necessary, but should be left up to the company." (B1) "The Venturer program (should) be left open for each company to develop." (D2) "Venturers should have a big say in the choice of their advisor."

Twenty-one resolutions required no action at all. Put to a vote, each of them was rejected by a majority of the

delegates. Some of these: (C3) "That Venturer awards be in the form of a pin or a tie clip." (E5) "That uniforms be changed according to the desires of the company." (J2) "That the words 'Service to God' be phased out of the Venturer promise."

Fifteen resolutions were of an advisory nature for inclusion in a revised handbook at the earliest opportunity. Some of these were: (H1) "That Venturers be looked upon as a service group." (F2) "Companies should receive some support from their group or section committees." (B2) "That information on programming and constitutions be printed in the handbook."

So far, we've accounted for 50 of the conference resolutions. Two more constituted advice to the subcommittee, such as: (J3) "That at future conferences more time be allowed for discussion groups."

(G8) "That Venturers should have a more adult image than that of the Boy Scout."

The ten resolutions we are left with are significant. Probably they are the ones of greatest interest to Venturers across Canada. In the order in which they were voted on, this is how they stand:

(A4) "That a directory be made up of Venturers attending the conference, and (that this directory) be sent to all delegates." *This was done within a week of the conference closing.*

(C4) "That Venturer awards be available only through authorized district, regional, or provincial outlets." *This is now assured.*

(D5) "That Venturers become active and responsible members of the National Venturer Subcommittee." *Two young men appointed at the conference, Gilles Nadeau of Ottawa and Sandy MacIver of Montreal, are now full members of the subcommittee and they have attended meetings held in September, October, and December of 1969.*

(E13) "That Venturer slacks be other than corduroy." *The Supply Services*

Continued on page 34



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Letters

AN UNBREAKABLE HABIT?

I am not a member of the Boy Scout movement. Therefore I cannot tell you my troop and so on. I buy your magazine because I enjoy it. I would also at this time like to renew my subscription to Canadian Boy (senior edition) for two years. Enclosed is \$3.50. Thank you.

*Gregory Christenson,
Rocky Mountain House, Alta.*

The editors hope all CB readers will go on wanting to receive the magazine after they "graduate" from Scouting, and that more readers from outside the Scout movement will be interested enough to become subscribers. We try to make your magazine more than a Scouting magazine.

SENIOR EDITION NEWS TO HIM?

I'd like to know what this senior edition is all about. By the way, how about getting some stories about mini-bikes and repairing or overhauling small gasoline engines? *Don Garrett, Aldergrove, B.C.*

Can't give space to that, again. Please see CB May '68, page 4. That's when it all started. Also CB September '68, page 6. Basically, the senior edition goes to all subscribers except Cubs. They get the junior edition.

ROVER RECOMMENDATIONS

The National Rover Subcommittee is concerned about the present position of Rover Scouting across Canada. It is essential that the present Rover membership embark upon an action-oriented

program at the community level. We recommend the following three-point program of action to you for the coming year: (1) Recruit at the Crew level to bring your particular Crew up to maximum strength. Charge your members with the personal task of bringing in one member each. Register every member of your Crew on time. (2) Meet the other Crews in your district and divide up the number of Venturer Companies to be visited. Please note: When visiting a Company with a presentation, don't knock Venturers. Tell WHY Rover Scouting is a great organization and offer your help when they are ready to form a new Crew. Don't walk in unannounced. Ask for a specific night and plan the presentation. (3) In 1970 try to form a new Crew in your district, either in a new area or with an existing Scout group where you can provide service, guidance, and Rover sponsors. Make 1970 an ACTION year for Rovering. Get involved.

*National Rover Subcommittee,
Ottawa*

PENPALS WANTED

I was wondering if you could print my name and a small bit of information about me. Could you put my name in, even if I am a girl? I think you are producing a good book and I hope you keep up the good work. I really enjoy reading Canadian Boy. My address is 129 Edinburgh Drive in Port Moody, B.C. I like horses, fishing, camping, and boys. I'm 15 and I'd like to correspond with boys or girls 15 to 17 years old.

Beverley Smith, Port Moody, B.C.

We're happy to see girls join us as readers of CB, and we are delighted to

Continued on page 30

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BOOKS

Alert to Danger by David Harwood (Clarke, Irwin, \$3.70) is a dramatic, authentic reconstruction of nine incidents in which people defied danger to save others, or simply fought for survival. In the foreword to this factual collection of high adventure stories, Lord Mountbatten says: "These true stories of courage and endeavor are an example to us all. They also show how wise it is to be prepared."

The Man in the Hot Seat by Doddy Hay (Collins, \$7.50) is about inventor James Martin, a pioneer in aircraft design, and Doddy Hay, professional skydiver and test parachutist. The book tells how Martin perfected the pilot ejection seat and how Hay acted as the human projectile to test each stage of its development. This exciting account includes a gallery of photos.

What Does a Test Pilot do? by Robert Wells (Dodd, Mead, \$3.95) is liberally laced with photographs to help tell the story of test pilots who check out civilian and military aircraft, new VTOL planes, and space vehicles. The author has produced three previous titles in this series, on jet pilots, astronauts, and civil engineers.

An Illustrated History of Transport by Anthony Ridley (Heinemann, \$6.75) carries you through history from the days when prehistoric men paddled crude craft made from fallen logs, on to the space ships of today and tomorrow. The author also deals with vehicles drawn by animals, and railways and motor cars. This is an example of how a great deal of information can be packed into a small space, and still make lively reading. Photos, sketches, and engravings round out the work.

Zoo Man by Herb Clement (Collier-Macmillan, \$7.25) is a first book. Mr. Clement was formerly a keeper at the Franklin Park Children's Zoo in Boston, and is now working at the Staten Island Zoo, New York. This is a fascinating behind-the-scenes view of zoo life by a man who has spent years feeding, caring for, and talking to the animals.

The Dangerous Sky by Tom Coughlin (Ryerson, \$6.95) tells about Canadian airmen in World War Two, and how they become ace flyers. The book contains many previously unpublished photographs and a great deal of information about Allied aircraft.

I Live with Birds by Roy Ivor (Ryerson, \$6.95) records the author's lifetime involvement with birds. The book is profusely illustrated with photographs which will delight anybody who has even the slightest interest in wild Canadian birds.

Three Boys and H₂O by Nan Hayden Agle and Ellen Wilson (Saunders, \$2.97) is for the younger reader. This adventure story manages to bring out facts about the uses of water and the animals, plants, and fish that make their homes in it. This is a funny, lively little book.

The Game of Table Tennis by Dick Miles (McClelland, Stewart, \$7.25) takes the game apart, stroke by stroke, and analyzes the form and techniques of championship play. This book can give you a new understanding of what you should be doing to improve your game.

Island of Forgotten Men by Arthur Catherall (Dent, \$4.00) is the eleventh novel in a fine series of books for boys. This one is a sea story that provides plenty of action, color, and adventure.

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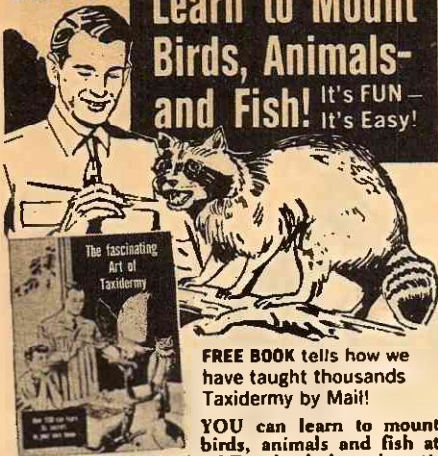
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LETTERS

Continued from page 28

hear from girls who want boys as penpals. Bev's list of interests shows that girls are keen on some things that boys like, too. We know of some boys who like to cook.

ANOTHER FEMALE FAN

Two of my brothers are in Scouting. One of them is a Venturer. So I have ample opportunity for reading your great magazine. Keep up the good work—I think you're doing just fabulous!

Elaine Manuel, Woodstock, Ont.

Thanks for the bouquet, and for the jokes you enclosed with your letter.

QUEASY RIDER?

The September issue of CB was okay but why spoil it all by putting a dude on the front cover? That kid has got to be the sickest rider I've ever seen. I don't have anything against the rider, but I don't think a full-size color picture on the cover of his kicking, poor reining and leaning deserves to be published. Your magazine is quite enjoyable except for this disaster.

Gerald Reid, Cremona, Alta.

Whoa, there! Our cover rider was bringing his horse up the side of a mountain when the picture was taken. So he loses points for horsemanship—he didn't lose the horse.

LOYAL BEYOND THE END

It appears that our Venturer Company has folded up. Therefore, please find enclosed a cheque for \$3.50 for a two-year subscription to Canadian Boy. Thank you very much.

Gordon Rose, White Rock, B.C.

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4 TRIANGLES PLUS 75 STAMPS—10c to Approval Applicants! MERRILL, Box 1502, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15230.

25 HUNGARY 35c, 100 World 35c, 100 British Empire 55c, 50 Israel 80c. MITCHELL, 2-9 Byng, Kapuskasing, Ontario.

MOORE'S Stamps on Approval. Fine Selection of Worldwide Stamps. Mint and Used. Box 204, Toronto 14, Ontario.

99 DIFFERENT Stamps and Stock Card with Valuable Set 25c. Approvals: PETERSON, 360 Robert St., Room 405, St. Paul, Minn. 55101.

RUSSIAN Space Set 9 Values 10c when you request My World Wide Approvals. THEODORE POLZE, 816 W. Greenfield Ave., Apt. B, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 53204, U.S.A.

SPACE STAMPS — 25 different .50c; 50 different .95c; 75 different \$1.65; 100 different \$2.45; 200 different \$5.25. Free price lists. No approvals. REGNAR STAMPS, Box 7323, Station O, Vancouver 15, Canada.

COMPLETE SETS, Worldwide Approvals, Free Gift, ROYAL CITY STAMPS, P.O. Box 68, New Westminster, B.C.

WORLDWIDE 1c and 2c Approvals. SOMERVILLE, 2369A Orchard, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

FREE, beautiful Scout stamp set and new topical price list. Paintings, space, animals, Kennedy's, birds, fish, flowers at fair prices. Send now. No approvals. LAWRENCE SPRAGUE, 1502c West Hood Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60626.

GIANT STAMP Collection, including astronauts, satellites, moonrockets, Boy Scout issue, complete U.N. set. Many Olympic and sport issues, etc., plus big stamp dictionary and approvals. Everything, 10c! STAMPEX, Box 47-RCB, White Plains, N.Y.

STAMPS AT FACE VALUE, Addresses of the philatelic Agencies of the 202 countries actually selling to collectors at face value, \$1.00 cash, send to STAMP CENTRE, 3 Chestnut Place, Cobourg, Ont.

Ten Giant Paintings: 20c. Approvals. STAMP FARM, FC8, Oxford, Wis. 53952.

HORSES on nine beautifully coloured Hungarian stamps. A new complete set you can own with pride. A regular retail value of eighty cents, yours for a quarter with your request for our world wide approvals. Write now to THE STAMP NOOK, Box 85, Lachine, Quebec.

**READ THIS CAREFULLY
BEFORE PLACING ORDERS**

APPROVALS—Most of the stamp advertising in Canadian Boy make offers to "Approval Applicants" or words similar. This means: in addition to the special offer, you will receive stamps on approval which are yours only if you pay additional for them. You may select the stamps you wish, and return the balance along with payment for the ones not returned. Some stamp companies may continue to send approvals to you unless you write and tell them not to do so.

CANADATA

PINGOES

ARE FOUND IN THE MACKENZIE DELTA..... THESE ARE HUGE BUBBLE-LIKE DOMES,

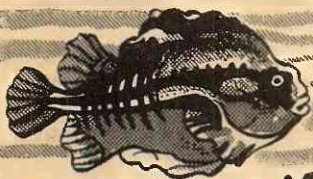
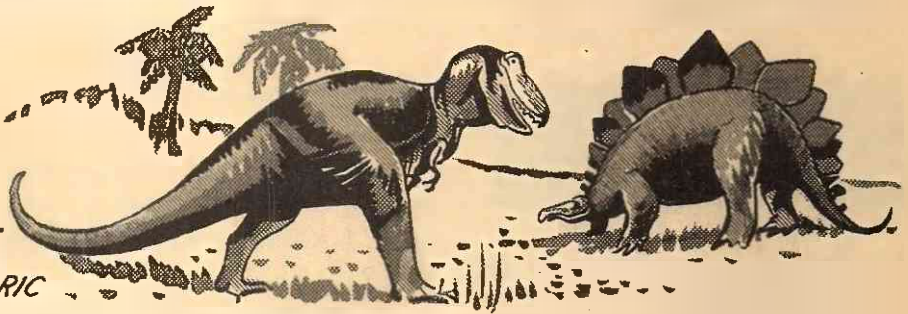
SOMETIMES AS MUCH AS 300 FEET HIGH..... THE LOWER DELTA IS COVERED WITH THEM.... UNDER THE MUD & MOSS COVERING THEY ARE SOLID ICE, PURE & CRYSTAL CLEAR... THEY SEEM TO HAVE SPROUTED FROM OLD LAKE BOTTOMS, LIKE MILK SQUEEZING FROM A FROZEN BOTTLE.....

THE ARCTIC

THERE IS PLENTY OF EVIDENCE TO SHOW THAT AT ONE TIME THE FAR NORTH WAS TROPICAL...

COAL IS FORMED FROM THE THICK VEGETATION OF PREHISTORIC SWAMPS, AND THERE ARE COAL DEPOSITS ON THE ARCTIC COAST....

THERE ARE PETRIFIED TREE STUMPS ON BAFFIN ISLAND'S SOUTH SHORE, AND FOSSILIZED SHELLS OF SEA CREATURES ARE FOUND IN THE CLAY AND GRAVEL OF THE ISLAND'S INTERIOR PLAINS....



THE LUMPSUCKER

IS FOUND FROM THE ARCTIC OCEAN TO GREENLAND & ICELAND... LUMPSUCKER EGGS ARE SOMETIMES LAID IN SHALLOW WATER, EXPOSING THEM AT LOW TIDE...

THE MALE GUARDS THE EGGS EVEN THOUGH HE RUNS THE RISK OF BEING TORN TO PIECES BY CROWS AND GULLS.....

THE Lesser Sea Catfish



VERNON MILLER

IN SPITE OF ITS NAME THIS IS THE LARGEST SEA CATFISH IN THE WORLD... IT IS FOUND PRINCIPALLY IN THE ATLANTIC PART OF OUR ARCTIC OCEAN.....

AWARD FOR VALOUR



While 12-year-old Rod Grigor hiked along Sixteen Mile Creek, sometimes on land and occasionally through the water, he was enjoying the company of a party of girls and boys from the Oakville, Ontario, area where he lives. Suddenly Rod's chum, 12-year-old Wayne Baker, disappeared into the water. Wayne had stepped into a hole 12 feet deep. Rod jumped into the water where his friend had disappeared, pulled Wayne to the surface and supported him until the others brought adult help. A second boy, Steven McDermott fell into the water and drowned. Wayne's life was saved, however, and for his gallant action and quick thinking Scout Roderick Steel Grigor of the 2nd Oakville Troop was awarded the Silver Cross by Governor General Michener.

Penpals

Paul Clark, 214 Roxboro Road, Calgary, Alta., is 11 and wants a penpal in or near Toronto. He's interested in all sports, but especially hockey and football.

Neil Radke, 11836-56 Street, Edmonton, Alta., would like a penpal from anywhere. He's 12 and his hobbies are stamps, match folders, and trading crests.

Danny Geddes, Box 855, Kindersley, Sask., is 12 and likes models and drawing

He wants a penpal from Quebec or British Columbia.

Steven Douglas, 12 Rockford Road, Willowdale, Ont., would like a penpal. He's 11 and likes kooky games and reading.

TAPEPALS

Michael Provenzano, 14, has been wanting to trade tapes for a long time. He'd like a tapepal from Europe or Down Under, and he enjoys model airplane flying, water skiing, slot racing, electronics, and swimming. Send tapes to 412-14th Avenue South, Cranbrook, B.C.

Don Hamata, 14, lives at 83 Bonnymuir Drive, West Vancouver, B.C., and would like to exchange taped messages. His hobbies are reading, tennis, and boating. Special interests include falconry and hawking.

Donald Tolson, 13, of 4290 blenheim Street, Vancouver, B.C., would like a tapepal. He's interested in stamps. He uses 150-foot tape reels which are three inches in diameter. His tape speed is three and three-quarter inches per second.

Paul Mizzi, 14, lives at 347 East Side

Crescent, Burlington, Ont., and is interested in exchanging tapes. He also collects stamps and keeps birds and fish.

Kenny Komarnisky, Box 1480, Drumheller, Alta., is keen about the idea of tapepals. He didn't give any details about himself, except that he is anxious to communicate by tape.

W.R. Gold, a longtime Montreal Scouter, is now the 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 6161, Station F, Ottawa.

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New proven plans with complete parts list show how to use inexpensive materials to build professional Kart or Mini Cycle at home! Easy to build! Step by step procedures! Plans \$1 Both \$2. **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!** Send check, cash or money order to:

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915 NORTH HOLLYWOOD WAY
BURBANK, CALIFORNIA 91505

KART MINI BOTH \$

PLANS \$1 ONLY

Print Name _____
Street _____
City _____ Prov. _____

LETTERS

Continued from page 30

RETURN FIRE

I would like to say a few words about the letter in your October issue from Laurie Austin and Marc Laurendeau. If they think the funnies on page 26 are sick, why don't they try and help by sending in some of their own hardware, or are they too busy thinking up new complaints about the mag? I've had it with these complainers, right up to my ears! I've received your magazine ever since the first issue (Jan.-Feb. '64) and I still enjoy it very much. When you get right down to solid fact, these guys can either *like it or lump it*. Please print this letter, because I know this is how a lot of my fellow Venturers feel, even though they have not written in.

Chris Besse, Windsor, Ont.

Yea, Venturers! Chew 'em out, chew 'em out! Rah! Rah! Rah! United we stand, and all that jazz, and darn the torpedoes.

WANTS MORE RIB TICKLERS

I am a Boy Scout and enjoy your magazine for what it is. I think it is definitely worth the money put forth and is quite useful and enjoyable. The stories are okay but the *Cars* column is amateurish. I don't think he knows very much about vehicles at all. The *Rib Ticklers* are the best part of the magazine, and would be enjoyed more if expanded to two pages. Keep up the good magazine.

Harvey F. Churchill, Nanaimo B.C.



Remembrance Day, Ottawa, 1969

WOT, NO ADVERTISING?

I think that CB is a fab magazine. You ought to cut down on all that advertising and put in something that's interesting to read. To me, Laurie Austin and Marc Laurendeau are crazy when they said all that untrue garbage about the mag. What happened to all those *Rib Ticklers* that

used to be in the back of the book? Please tell me why there were only three cartoons in the October issue?

Dean Barts, Pembroke, Ont.

First off, no magazine can survive without advertising. If you want an explanation, write to the publisher and you will be enlightened on the business of running a commercial magazine. Besides, if you would read some of the ads, you might begin to discover things you've been missing. Now, on the *Rib Tickler* situation: It seems you are a "senior" and you have been receiving the senior edition of each issue of CB. The joke pages have been carried only in the junior edition, which is for Cubs. The senior edition goes out to Scouts, Venturers, and Rovers, plus a number of other subscribers.

DIAGNOSIS: TORONTO-MANIA

First of all, I think you've got a great magazine with interesting features and corny but bearable (?) jokes. I especially enjoyed your article in the October CB on *The Payoff Men*. but, alas, I guess your splendid magazine has caught the plague called Toronto-mania. You hear it on every game or tv or radio that the Argos play in. Dear sirs, since when is Bobby Taylor a better pass receiver than Whit Tucker, Ken Neilsen, or Terry Evanshen? Your pass receiving chart seems to show the Torontonian Wildcat as practically perfect in everything. And Tommy-Joe Coffey you give a 6 in speed and moves, too. Did you see by any chance the Sask-Ham game when Coffey took the ball for 70 yards? Ottawa has taken the Yorkville Chipmunks twice so far, and will smear them next time. I sure hope you can lick the plague and regain your senses.

Keith Tuomi, Ottawa, Ont.

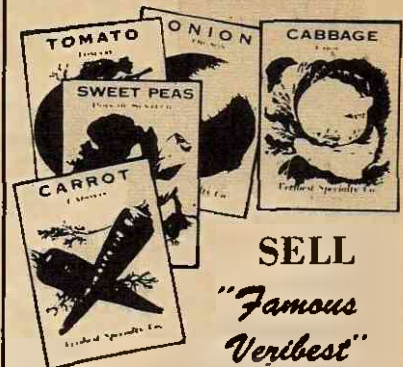
Okay, Rough Rider fan! Take it easy, before you blow a gasket. Your team loyalty is overwhelming. But keep cheering. And let Frank Clair worry about the ulcers. He's had 'em before and knows how to handle 'em.

WATCH THAT HOT WAX!

In your article on making candles (CB Oct.) you show a tin can of wax on a burner. Every carton of wax states: Do not melt wax over direct heat. You should use a double boiler. I thought everyone knew this!

Mrs. D.D. Livingstone,
Sarnia, Ont.

WIN PRIZES MAKE MONEY



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"Famous
Veribest"

GARDEN SEEDS

AT ONLY 20c. A PKG.

Yes, you can win Wonderful Prizes such as Wrist Watches, Camera Kits, Fishing Sets, Sleeping Bags, Air Rifles, Transistors, Footballs, etc. so easily by supplying your Friends and Neighbours, with "Famous Veribest" GARDEN SEEDS at only 20c. a pkg. Or, if you wish, you can make good Cash Profits by keeping Commission instead of a Prize.

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FREE!

With Your Order

Here's something 'Special' to welcome you to Veribest Agent's Club. It's a dandy chrome finish RING with a colorful simulated stone — adjustable to fit any finger. They're Solid, Bold and Smart — something you will be proud to wear! We want you to join with the thousands of Veribest Agents across Canada — just fill in the Coupon and mail it TO-DAY. Your "Special Gift" will be included FREE with your order. (If you wish a Girl's Ring instead, just ask for our lovely "TWIN-PEARL" Ring.)

SEND NO MONEY

WE TRUST YOU!

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I want to join the Veribest Agent's Club. Please RUSH me FREE Prize Catalogue with full particulars, my "Special" FREE Ring and 100 Pkgs. of "Famous Veribest" Garden Seeds (ass't) on credit.

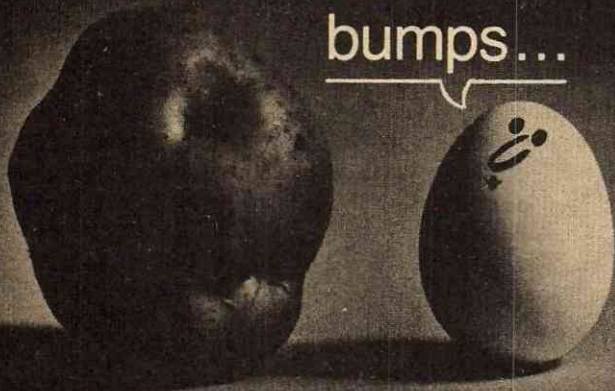
NAME

ADDRESS

TOWN

PROV.

"You're
all
bumps..."



why don't you get some pHisoHex?"

To tell the truth, pHisoHex wouldn't do much for a rough potato... but it sure does a lot for teenage skin.

pHisoHex *really* helps teenage skin. This special liquid skin cleanser thoroughly removes all dirt, grease and grime. It contains an effective anti-bacterial, and after each washing an invisible germ-fighting film *remains* on the skin to protect you for hours.

If you have pimples or blackheads (a few or a million), wash with pHisoHex 3 or 4 times every day to help clear up your skin—then continue to use it to keep your skin clear. Use pHisoAc Cream, too, to mask and heal pimples and help loosen blackheads.

Promise yourself you'll start using pHisoHex today—and keep on using it *indefinitely*—anyway until you're out of your teens.



pHisoHex

keeps on working even
after you wash it off!

"Available at
pharmacies only"

Winthrop
LABORATORIES
AURORA, ONTARIO



VENTURER RESOLUTIONS

Continued from page 27

people in Ottawa have agreed that corduroy is not suitable for Venturer slacks and that a more appropriate fabric will be introduced following completion of a current study.

(E15) "That uniform sales outlets be increased." According to Supply Services, a constant review is made of sales outlets. They say this will continue, and new outlets will be introduced when the demand calls for them. Up to now, the demand has not warranted new outlets.

(E16) "The main uniform item change requested was in the shirt, i.e., that the Venturer shirt (a) have long sleeves, (b) have tails, (c) have epaulets, (d) have pocket flaps, (e) have pleated pockets, (f) have buttoned collars, (g) be of a perma-press type material, and (h) be tapered." We are advised by Supply Services spokesmen that (a), (b), and (c) will be incorporated into the next shipment of Venturer shirts. Items (d), (e), and (f), according to people in the shirt industry, are not currently popular with the Venturer age group (that is, all teens between 14 and 18), and will not be considered at this time.

Perma-press types of material have been found less durable. A more substantial material will continue to be used.

The final item, (h), creates a problem. The taper is fine for slim people but it is not satisfactory for the larger-waisted individuals. It is not practical for Venturer shirts. For one thing, Supply Services would have to carry a large stock of such shirts for what is still (believe it or not) a relatively small membership.

Now, let's look at resolution F3: "That companies should have freedom in raising and using funds with no control from the group committee." To date, experience indicates that this kind of situation can be resolved between the company and group committee. Boy Scouts of Canada policy requires that group committees must be aware of, and have the right to approve or disapprove of, all fund-raising schemes in all of their sections (Cubs, Scouts, Venturers, and Rovers, and Scouts includes Sea Scouts.), and this is a policy your national subcommittee supports.

On the subject of coeducational activities, two resolutions were passed: (I1) "That companies can consist of both male and female members at the option of the company" and (I5) "That guidelines for co-ed companies be drawn up by the Venturer subcommittee." In the first instance, a submission is being prepared right now by the Venturer Subcommittee to the effect that Venturers wish to have the option of extending membership to females of their age group. This submission will be placed before the National Program Committee early in 1970.

If the submission receives approval, it will be passed on to the National Council, for their consideration. And, if the National Council approves the submission, guidelines for the operation of co-ed companies will be available to all companies shortly thereafter.

The final resolution requiring action, (J1), indicated a desire "that a national Venturer conference be held every two years, with the location moved around Canada." This has been recognized by the subcommittee as an indication that Venturers found value in the first conference, and that they would attend future conferences. Your subcommittee will keep you advised of plans for the next conference.

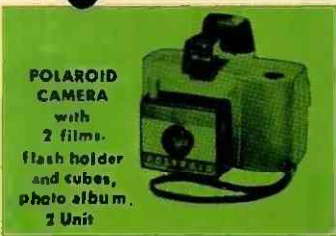
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