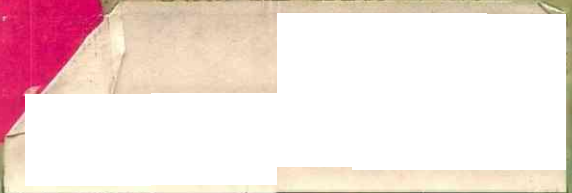




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JUL/AUG 70 CANADIAN BOY 25



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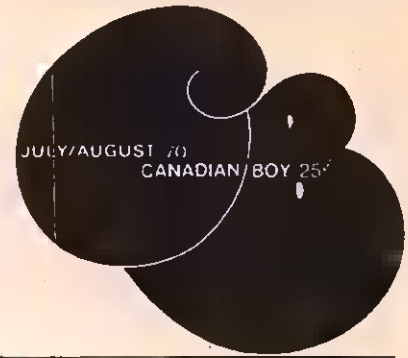
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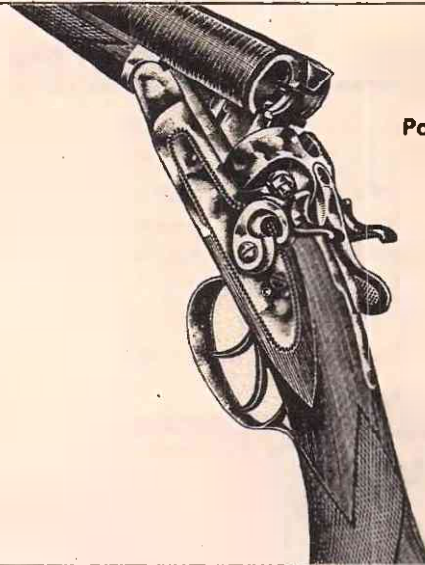
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COVER: Don MacMillan. A groovy glance at the outdoors, but not a new participation sport. If it was, we'd have included buggy-dragging in our May/June article on bikes 'n' buggies.

PHOTO CREDITS: p. 16 Len Hogan. p. 31 Joan Pierson. p. 32 Proulx Brothers, Ottawa.  
 NEXT ISSUE: A bunch of surprises. One thing we can tell you, though: if you like field sports, the Sept/Oct issue of CB will be to your liking. Keep an eye out for it!

# SCALEXTRIC

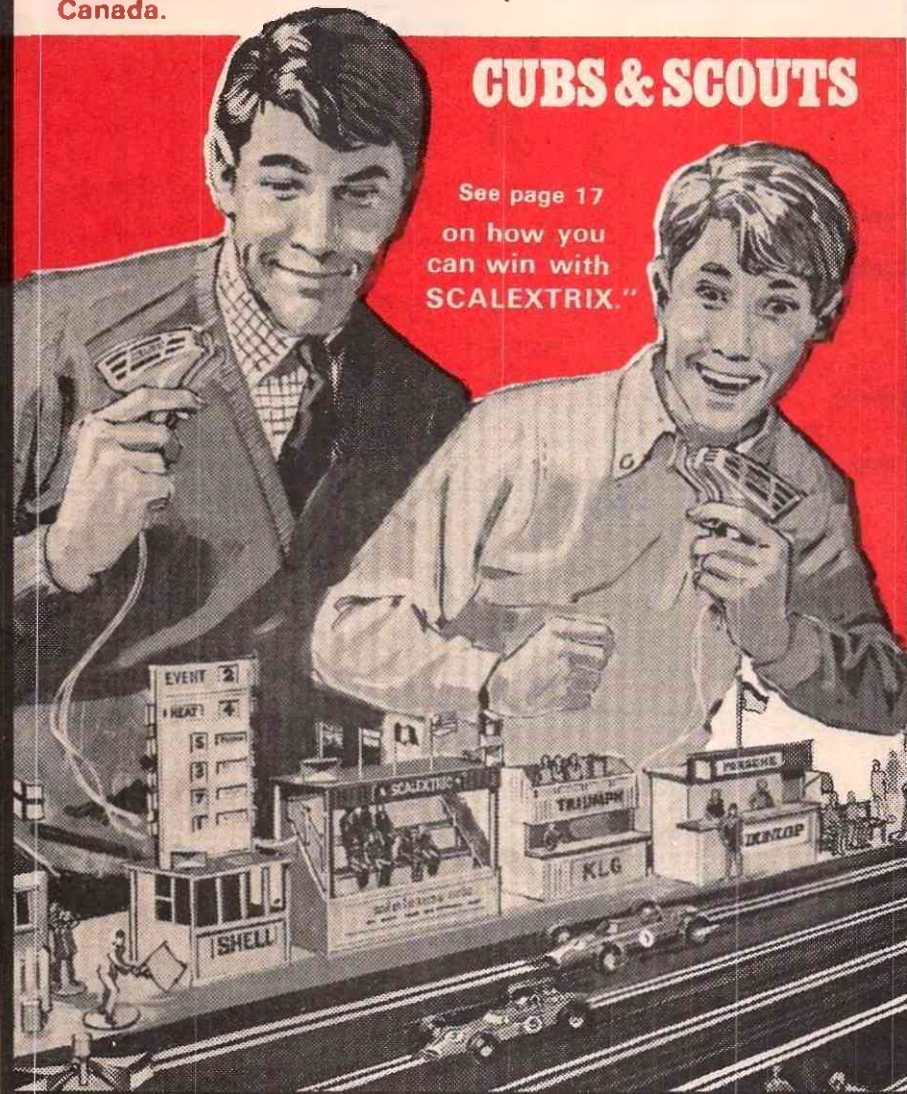
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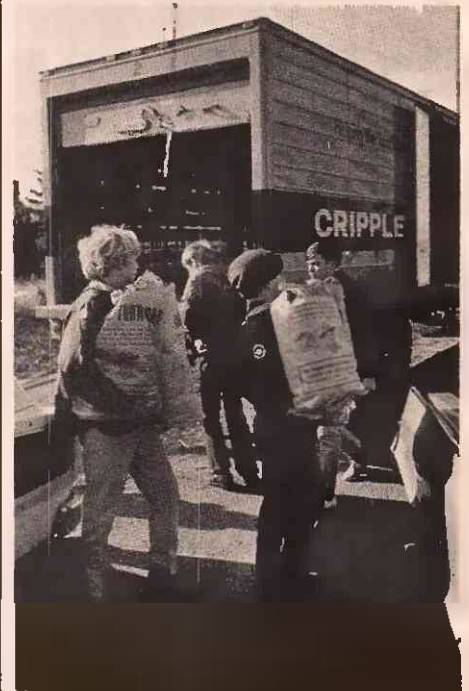
All correspondence intended for the LETTERS columns should be addressed to the Editors.

CANADIAN BOY Magazine,  
Box 5112 Station F,  
Ottawa 5, Ontario.

### LIKES SCOUTING IN CANADA

This is just a note to say how good some of your articles are. The best one CB has ever had was the one titled *Scouting in Canada*. That was very good, but I wished you had made it a page for each province. Why don't you do articles on the boys of Canada who are in Scouts? Or do articles on the camps for boys, which are set up by Boy Scouts of Canada? For example, you could do one on Camp Gilwell in Manitoba. That is a great camp, and many a boy has been there from Manitoba. Another article you could do is the history of the men who made Canadian Scouting what it is today. I really mean field executives, like W.P.H. McMullen and P.S. McCarthy.

David Gluns, Trenton, Ont.



Scouts of the Scarborough (Ontario) district unload car trunks full of bags containing used clothing, and transfer them to a waiting truck. The boys collected the clothing for the Crippled Civilians. A week before the Scout collection, Cubs had delivered the empty bags to homes in the district.

## FROM A TAWNY OWL

My brother receives CB and I always try to read it when he's not busy with it. I must say that it is a most enjoyable magazine. I am Tawny Owl for the 123 Montreal Brownie pack. I am quite curious to know if there is a possibility that such a magazine could be published for Guides and Brownies. I know that in the States there was—and probably is still—such a magazine. But we're just as good as the Americans, if not even better. So let's show them and others what Guiding in Canada is all about!

*Rosalee Simon, Montreal, Que.*

**ALIVE!** is the magazine for Canada's Girl Guides, and Brownies, too. It's published 10 times a year from 50 Merton street, Toronto 7, Ont., by The Girl Guides of Canada. The editor is Shirley Morris. But, then, you know that.

## FUNNY, YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A VENTURER!

I am writing concerning the Venturer Conference Resolutions as reported in the Jan/Feb 70 issue of CB. Of particular interest are the requested changes in the Venturer shirt. (Para E-16 Sections d, e, and f.) It is my opinion that the pleated pockets and the pocket flaps are traditional to Scouting and these two small additions make the shirt look more like a uniform shirt. These small extras should make a lad proud to be a Venturer and a member of one of the biggest organizations in the world. With the tie as part of the uniform, button down collars would be an asset and would help keep the tie neat and the collars tidy. I think that the Venturer shirt should not look like just any shirt, but should be a sharp-looking shirt that will make a boy stand out as a Venturer. I would appreciate receiving other opinions on the Venturer resolutions.

*John G. Cobo,  
7th Preston (Ont.) Venturers*

Anybody with any opinions to offer can write to CB, or to John, at 1098 Rose Street, Preston, Ont.

## FROM A GUIDE WHO WANTED TO BE A CUB BUT COULDN'T

My name is Shaun Matheson. My brother is a Cub. He receives CB and I always read it. I hope you will print this because when I was reading the Jan/Feb 70 issue, I read about Beverley Smith. Even though I am a girl, as soon as my brother started in Cubs, and I heard of everything they did, I always wanted to be a Cub. I am 11 and I'm now in Guides, but I really like your magazine. My address is: Miss Shaun Matheson, Box 588, Stonewall, Man. I live in a neighborhood of boys, so I could do a lot of things boys do. I like science and geography. I love animals, and winter sports.

*Shaun Matheson, Stonewall, Man.*

Shaun is looking for a penpal, too, in Quebec, and Manitoba, or any province. Either boy or girl, aged 10-12. She speaks a bit of French.

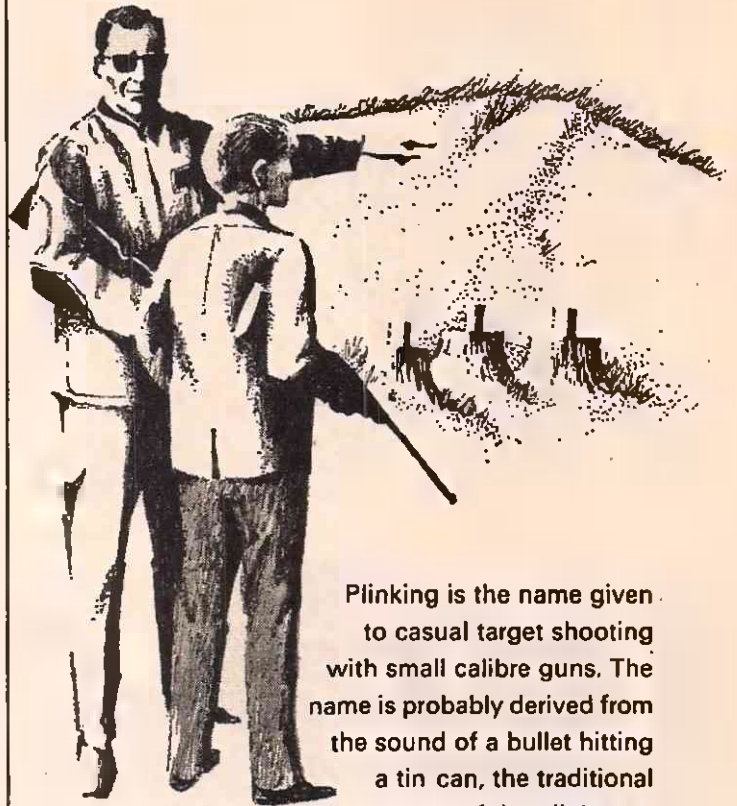
## MORE ON MAGIC

I think that CB is a great magazine. I really enjoyed the magic articles. Could you please put in more articles on magic? What ever happened to *Stamp Corner* and *Otto Matic*? Please bring them back. I also think you could improve your magazine by having more contests. Keep up the good work!

*Bruce Ward, Islington, Ont.*

*Continued on page 14*

# Plinking for pleasure.



Plinking is the name given to casual target shooting with small calibre guns. The name is probably derived from the sound of a bullet hitting a tin can, the traditional target of the plinker.

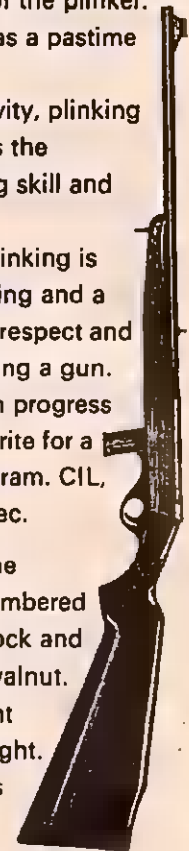
Plinking offers many pleasures as a pastime for the individual or group.

Besides being a year round activity, plinking is inexpensive, relaxing, and offers the personal satisfaction of developing skill and accuracy with a gun.

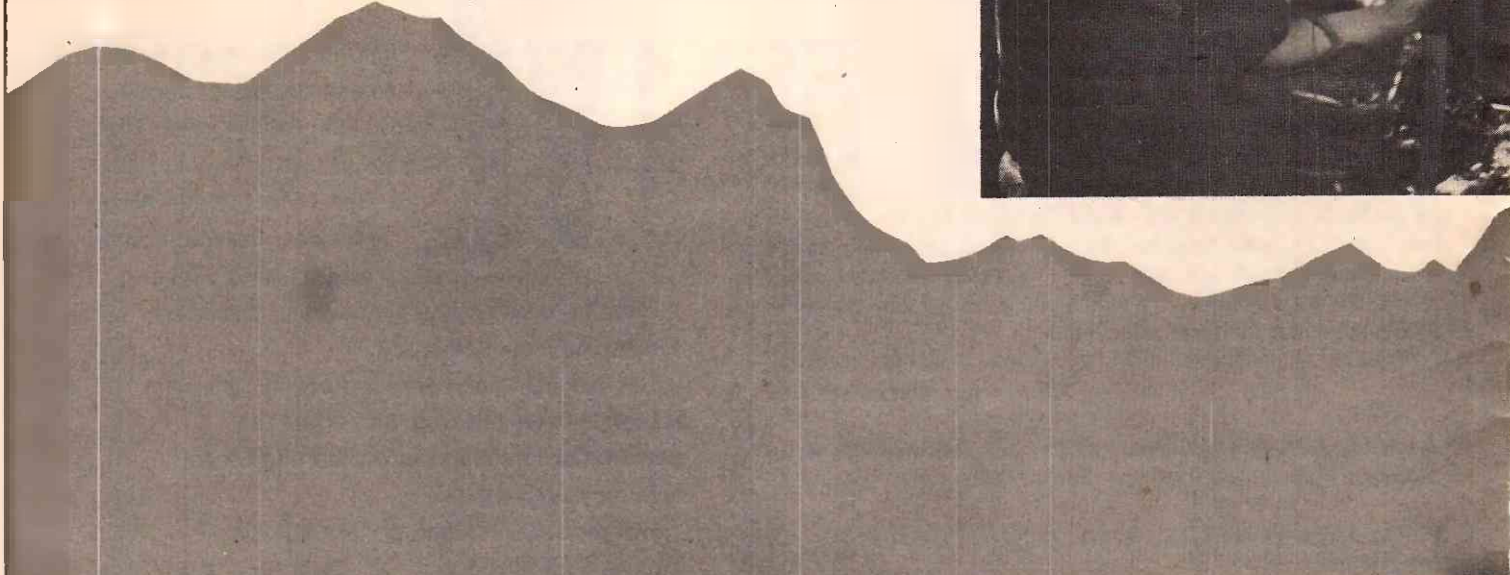
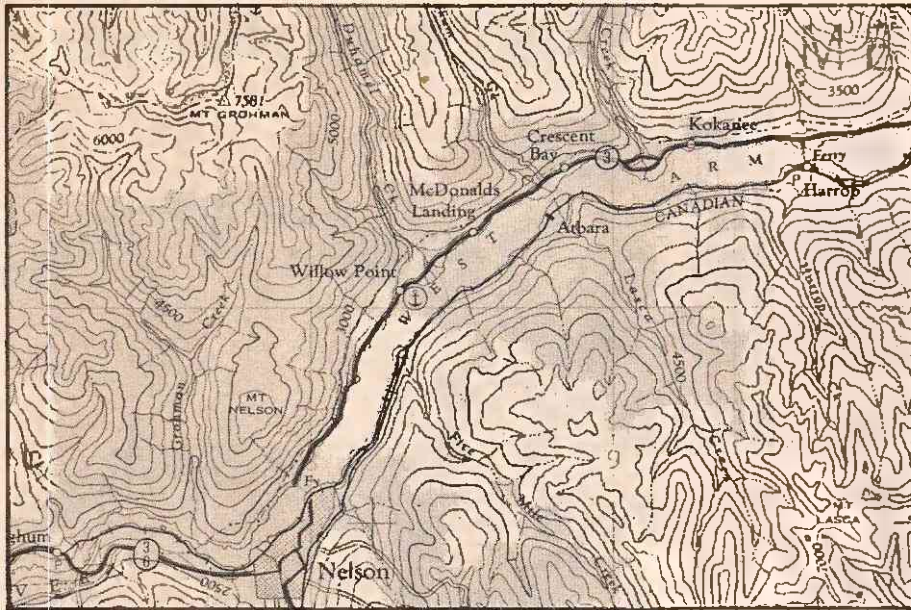
But probably more important, plinking is an excellent introduction to shooting and a way of teaching new shooters the respect and responsibility needed when handling a gun.

For information on how you can progress from plinking to target shooting, write for a copy of CIL Shooting Sports Program. CIL, P.O. Box 10, Montreal 101, Quebec.

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## Sporting Arms & Ammunition.



# *Fun in the Kootenays*

by Rod Maennling

The country around Nelson, British Columbia, is ideal for a wide range of activities. What with lakes and rivers to explore, mountains to climb, and many old abandoned mines and caves to visit, organizing special events is easy.

Scouts, Venturers and leaders who decide to try it can really make a go of it. They've already had a Scout show using Expo multi-media techniques with slides, movies and sound. There have been parades, May Day fun, adventure trips into several big caves, and a happening called the Kookanee Kamporee.

This thing was as good as the B.C. Jamboree. About 500 attended the Kamporee, mostly Scouts and Venturers

from the Interior and the Kootenay district of B.C., and some came from Spokane, Washington. There were several from Vancouver Island who camped in self-contained groups and patrols, providing their own shelter and cooking.

The site couldn't have been better. Located near Nelson on about 100 acres of high treed land, the site was once a large estate owned by the Hamilton family, complete with huge country mansion and an enormous swimming pool.

Every part of the site was used. The mansion became a combined headquarters that housed a museum of local Scouting history, a communications

centre with ham and citizens band radio, closed circuit television, and an active laser beam.

A rifle range in nearby bushland kept hundreds of people busy, and the old swimming pool was lined with thick plastic, filled with water and used for log burling and general horsing around.

A huge arena was set up in a natural amphitheatre that featured live rock and folk music, assemblies, and a live bear.

The tagging of a live bear was a special event. Ted Rutherglen, a local fish and game official, has studied the living habits of travel patterns of bears. He has developed a system for drugging a bear briefly, for tagging.



Our bear was brought to the site in a big mobile cage. Mr Rutherglen used a long hypodermic needle to give the bear a shot through the cage door. Under sedation, the animal was dragged out and a plastic flower-shaped tag was fastened to the ear lobe. This bear weighed about 250 pounds and he didn't give in too easily. He tried taking a nip at people near him, and those big teeth glinted in the sunlight.

Scouts manned the tv camera and recorded most of the weekend's happenings, including the feeding of some motherless beaver kittens. The young beaver had been found by a local conservation officer, and the kits did well

on the bottle. Several Scouts learned that even at two months a beaver can lay a good wallop with that four-inch tail, but still cannot find food for itself.

Everybody at the Kamporee spent as much time in camp as he did in activities. The Scouts were encouraged to run their own affairs in camp, and they used cooking stoves, barbecues, propane stoves, and lightweight foods.

They also got a crack at compass work, pioneering, first aid demonstrations, and basic Scouting that could be handled as patrol or troop displays.

In the camp store, the QM went through 400 badges and crests in the first couple of hours. We suspect these were

traded and re-traded with the 60 American Scouts who were at the Kamporee.

The whole thing was organized by local Scouters from the district. The District Commissioner, Lloyd Galbraith, spearheaded the operation by gathering ideas for the Kamporee and delegating various tasks.

Even the biffies reflected topnotch interest and workmanship, built from dove-tailed sheet plywood, complete with roof in every case.

The Nelson Kamporee proved one thing, if nothing else: Given a real challenge, nothing is too difficult in Scouting. ★



# *How to teach your father the art of fishing.*

by Jim Peat

Plenty has been written on the subject of fishing. A fair share of this has helped fathers teaching their sons how to fish. I have found nothing on the subject of a son teaching his father to fish.

A lot of fathers grew up in cities where there was no chance to fish. But a lot of sons have spent their summers at camp,

where fishing is a favorite activity. If this sounds like your family, here's a guide for you, in seven easy lessons.

Please exercise caution!

LESSON 1. How to tie a hook on the line.

This is not as easy as it sounds if you're trying to teach an



improved clinch knot to someone who thinks a knot is a hole in a piece of wood. After you have shown him several times how it's done, it is reasonably safe to let father try it himself. Just have a handkerchief ready to mop up the blood when he gets the hook imbedded in his finger.

#### LESSON 2. How to remove a hook from a finger.

This can be a lesson for both of you. For dad it is the lesson how to get the snazzifrazzus hook out of his throbbing finger. For you, it is a lesson in diplomacy. There are two ways of getting a hook out. One is to force the point and barb up through the skin again, cut the barb off with a pair of pliers or wire cutters, and back the hook out. I don't like this method because it means tearing another hole in the finger, and he's probably in enough pain already. The method I prefer is to take a piece of cord, or a shoelace, and loop it around the bend of the hook. Then push down on the shank of the hook and, at the same time, pull the hook firmly and steadily.

Now for your lesson in diplomacy. Don't ask stupid or obvious questions. While he is jumping up and down holding one hand with the other and yelling, don't say: "Does it hurt much, Dad?" This could cost you your allowance. Instead, say something like, "Gee, I'm glad it didn't happen to me. I'd probably pass out with the pain!" Now you have dad thinking he's another Sampson or Hercules, and you are ready for the next lesson.

#### LESSON 3. How to bait the hook.

To teach father how to bait a hook, you'd best start with something easy. A nice juicy dew worm, for instance. After you have demonstrated the technique of hooking it through the collar and tail, let dad try it. (For how to remove a hook from a finger, review the previous lesson.) Once father has the technique, you can do one of two things.

You can take the worm off and show him how to put a minnow on, or you can leave the worm on and continue fishing. However if your dad lost much blood putting the worm on the hook, I would suggest you do some fishing, because he wouldn't want to have lost all that blood for nothing.

#### LESSON 4. How to cast.

For this lesson, I would use a spin casting outfit. If your father is like most, the push button on the reel suits his habit of pushing buttons when he wants something done for him. If your dad is one of those brainy types, when you tell him it's a push button reel, he'll grab it, muttering something that sounds like, "What'll they think of next?" Then he'll likely mumble something about having to use barrel staves for skis when he was a kid.

He will proceed to aim the rod like a gun, push the button on the reel and expect the line to shoot out and land the hook and bait miraculously on the spot where he was aiming.

When this fails, he will hurl the whole thing into the drink, thinking it is broken, and will offer you money to buy a new one.

Up to this point it's been a strain for you to keep a straight face. It is now appropriate for you to break down and cry. If you are lucky enough to recover your favorite outfit after you've dried your eyes, continue the lesson.

If you decide not to go on with it, ask for more money, go into town and buy yourself an even better rod and reel. Then come back and show dad the right way. Maybe even let him practise a bit.

To be sure, once he has the rod and reel in his hands, head for a hill about a mile away or you might end up hooked

through your collar and tail.

But once your father is able to cast fairly well, the next thing to do is wait for a fish to bite. Assuming this does happen, you are ready for the next lesson.

#### LESSON 5. How to play the fish.

Once the fish bites, tell your father to set the hook. He responds to this by giving you the dumbest facial expression you've seen since he got the hook out of his finger. Something has gone wrong, here, and you realize at once what it is. You forgot to translate, or at least explain what setting the hook means. Dad finally gets it, and jerks the rod up. By this time the fish probably felt the steel part of the hook and has made off with your worm for parts unknown.

The jerk on the rod, without a fish on the end of the line, has sent hook, line, and sinker sailing into the nearest tree. There, of course, father catches a bird.

After recovering the line, he gently releases the bird, rebaits the hook, and casts again.

If another bite occurs, your father now knows how to set the hook. Should a fish actually become hooked, take the rod from your father and show him how to tire the fish by pumping the rod. Then give the rod back to dad and let him try it.

He'll then put so much pressure on the rod that it snaps like a match stick, or he'll start using the reel like a winch, reeling the line in as fast as he can, and reducing the gears to iron filings.

Should you manage to get a fish close enough to land, you are ready for the next lesson.

#### LESSON 6. How to land the fish.

Explain to your father that you forgot to bring the landing net. Assure him it is still possible to land the fish without any net. Tell him that you can land a bass by grabbing its lower lip and lifting it out of the water. And that you can land a pike or any other fish with big teeth by sticking your thumb and forefinger in its eye sockets, stunning it.

Wrap your father's hand in bandages, because you forgot to tell him the difference between a bass and a pike. Don't ask him how he ever managed to land a fish on the end of his finger.

Now for the final lesson.

#### LESSON 7. How to clean a fish.

For this lesson you really have to use your head. The easiest, but riskiest, way is to tell your dad to buy your mother a new knife or a new frying pan. When she wishes she had something to try them out on, hand her a fish.

However this little tactic might backfire and you could find yourself standing there with fish on your mouth, or in your mouth.

You could try an old-fashioned way, like cutting the head off the fish, then scaling it, gutting it, washing it, and all that traditional jazz.

Or you might try teaching your dad the fine art of filleting a fish.

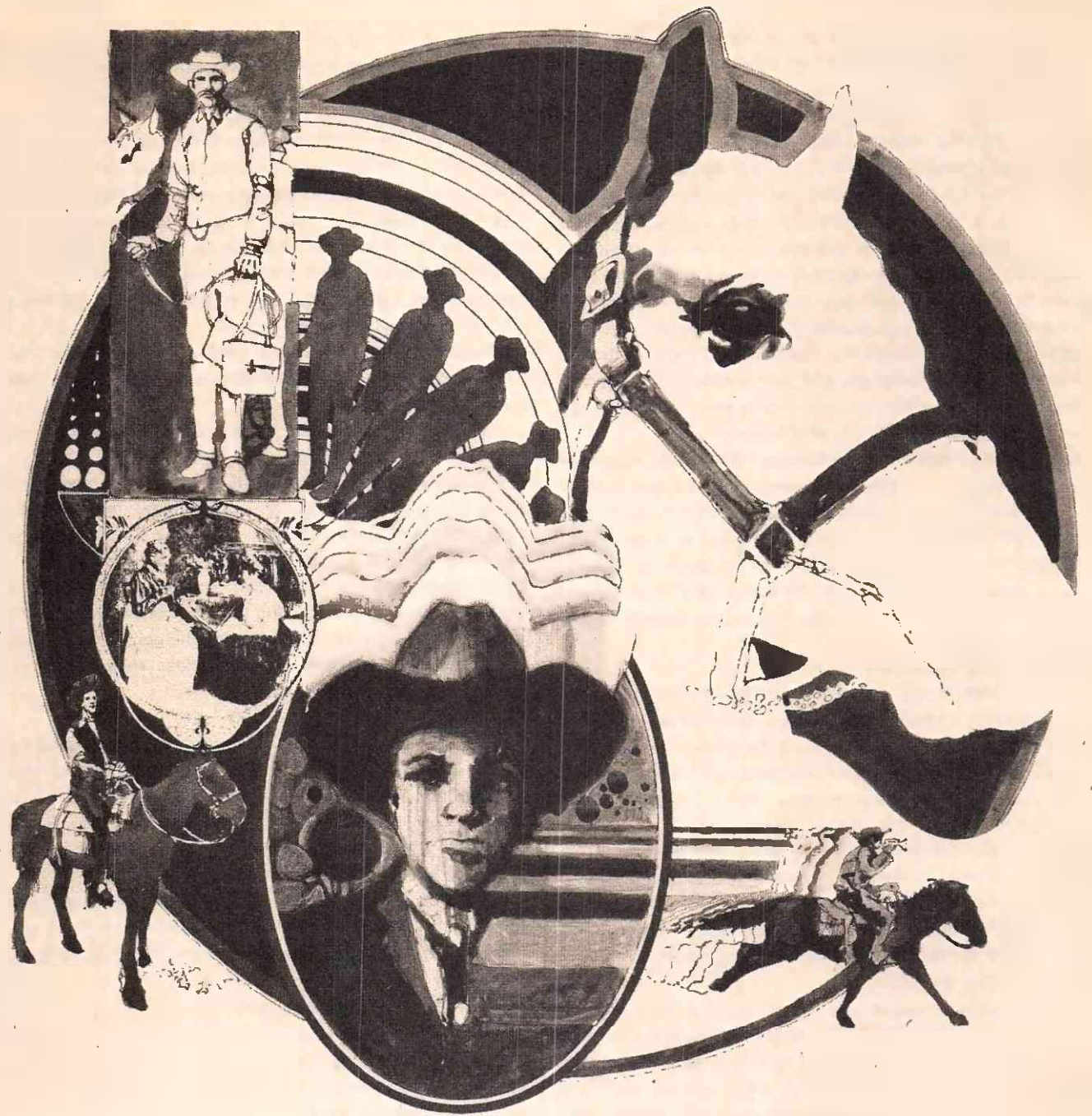
Don't ever try this, though, unless you're an expert at it yourself—for real.

If you don't know what you're doing, even the biggest fish you ever caught won't have enough meat on it to feed a picnic ant by the time you're through trying to fillet it.

I leave the method to your own discretion.

Cooking is another matter and, again, I leave this to your own good taste.

Someday, though, you might try teaching your mother to fish. ●



## *Pony Express Boy* by C.E. Gesner

Early in April, in the year 1849, two boys ambling along a muddy road in the heart of the Annapolis Valley paused as they neared the fork where the schoolhouse road met the main. It was late afternoon, and, although it was spring by the calendar, the wind had a wintry bite to it.

Hunching himself farther down into his last-winter's jacket, Benjy Hill squinted an appraising eye at the gray storm clouds bumping shoulders in the

sky. He was a slim youngster with a bright, alert face.

"Corey's late with his run this week. If he didn't go through while we were in school he's goin' to run into dirty weather."

"Weather never holds him up, does it?" Will Pineo jumped for a few dead leaves still clinging to an upper branch of a young tree at the side of the road and came down with thud, scattering mud splashes over both of them.

"Hey, look out! I'll catch it if I get all muddy like I did yesterday! No," reverting to Will's question, "he says Pony Express Riders have to go in all kinds of weather, night or day. I'm gonna be a Rider someday. C'mon, race you to the fork!"

And he was away, followed by Will, jumping over puddles and scattering mud in all directions.

As they reached the fork and looked down the main road they could see a

horse cropping quietly at the side of the road a short distance ahead of them. His rider lay nearby, very still, under a tree.

"Hey, that's Corey's horse!" Benjy exclaimed, racing forward. "Corey must be hurt!"

When they reached him the boys saw that the man lay face down, one leg bent crookedly under him. They dropped to their knees beside him and carefully turned him on his back. Benjy wiped away a few twigs and a dead leaf which clung to the still face.

He couldn't believe this quiet form was Corey. . . Corey was always so brisk and vital. Benjy remembered the first time he'd ever seen him.

It was about two months before when Benjy was sitting in the Hill kitchen after supper droning the eight-times-table. The hum of Ellen's wheel as his sister spun yarn for next winter's socks, blending with the soft to and fro swish of his mother's rocker almost shut out the howl of the wind outside. His father drowsed in his big chair by the fireplace, keeping one ear partially alerted to his son's audible struggle with the multiplication table.

Four pairs of startled eyes lifted as the back door burst open and a man stumbled in, accompanied by a swirl of snow. The stranger slammed the door against the storm outside, then turned to face the family.

"Name's Corey Williams," he said, busily brushing snow from his broad shoulders. "New Express rider. Can you give me a bed for the night and someplace for my horse? Planned to make bridgetown before dark but that squall blew up faster'n I expected."

"Sure thing," Benjy's father said. "Bring your horse in to the barn. By the time he's fixed up mother'll have something hot for you here."

He shrugged himself into his greatcoat and prepared to lead the way.

Benjy jerked his thoughts back to the present—this wasn't the time to reminisce, not when Corey lay injured needing his attention.

Corey groaned, then opened his eyes as Benjy bent over him anxiously. "Corey, what happened?"

"Oooh!" Corey attempted to sit up, groaned, and fell back again. "Oooh! my leg! Benjy! Where'd you come from? How long've I been here?"

"I don't know. We just came up the road and found you."

"Did you see anyone else on the road. . . a man on horseback?"

"No, why? Do ya' think maybe Smeed's ahead of you?" Benjy asked, thinking of the rider for the rival company which had recently sprung up.

"He wasn't when I started the run, but he might be now. If I only knew what happened and how long I've been here!"

Will had turned to the horse, still quietly grazing by the side.

"Hey, Benjy, look! The stirrup's broke, looks like it's been cut part way through."

"That's Smeed's doin'! He must've paid someone to cut that stirrup hopin' the horse'd throw me," Corey ground out. "The miserable. Here, help me get up, perhaps I can still ride. . ."

Benjy slipped an arm under Corey's shoulders, "Never mind the stirrup, Will. Give me a hand here."

Together the boys managed to get the Pony Express rider sitting with his back to the tree, but his leg was still bent in that peculiar fashion.

"It's no use," he groaned. "I can't even get up, let alone ride. Feels as if this leg is broke."

"I wish I knew where Smeed is. . . if he passed while I was on the ground it's hopeless, but if he's still behind we might have a chance to get the mail to the Beach. . . if there was anyone. . ." He broke off, and his eyes travelled from Benjy to the horse, then back.

"How about it, Benjy? Can you ride Red as far as Chute's with only one stirrup? It's only about a mile. . . you pick Belle up there. Give her her head and she'll get you to the Beach."

"Me?" Benjy's voice squeaked. "Gosh, Corey. . . I. . ." Then in a rush. . . "I think I'd better go get some help for you."

"Never mind me. Will can get help for me. You're good with horses and you want to be an Express Rider, don't you?"

"Ye-es, but. . ."

It was one thing to want to be a Pony Express Rider. . . it was another to ride the big horses all the way to the Beach.

"There's no one else, Benjy. . ." Benjy hesitated a second longer, his throat very dry, then he swallowed,

and, "All right."

"Good!" Corey removed the horn hung over his shoulder and handed it to Benjy.

"Sound your horn as you near Chute's, just this side of Granville Ferry, and he'll have Belle waitin' for you. Then blow it good and hard as you go through the Ferry, so's they can hear it at the Fort and fire the cannon. The sound carries all the way to Digby Gut, and the boat'll know you're comin' and have steam up by the time you get to the Beach."

Benjy rose from beside Corey and approached the big horse, Red's ears twitched nervously and he moved skittishly to one side, but he allowed Benjy to mount. Once up, Benjy eased him forward. Red took a tentative step down the road, then another.

"Go on, boy!" encouraged Corey; and, quickening his pace, the horse broke into a run.

Benjy settled himself in the saddle and gave Red his head. Obviously he knew where he was going, and needed no guidance.

Benjy's thoughts went back to that night in February. . . Corey, warmed and fed, was answering questions as he stood with his back to the fire, legs spread.

"Man likes to stretch his legs after bein' in the saddle five hours," he'd explained when offered a chair.

"Express rider. . . what do we want with an Express rider?" Benjy's father asked. "Coach brings our mail."

"This is special mail. . . news dispatches from overseas. They throw it off the steamer in sealed cans at the mouth of Halifax Harbor. Gets picked up right away and rushed by horseback clear across the province to Victoria Beach."

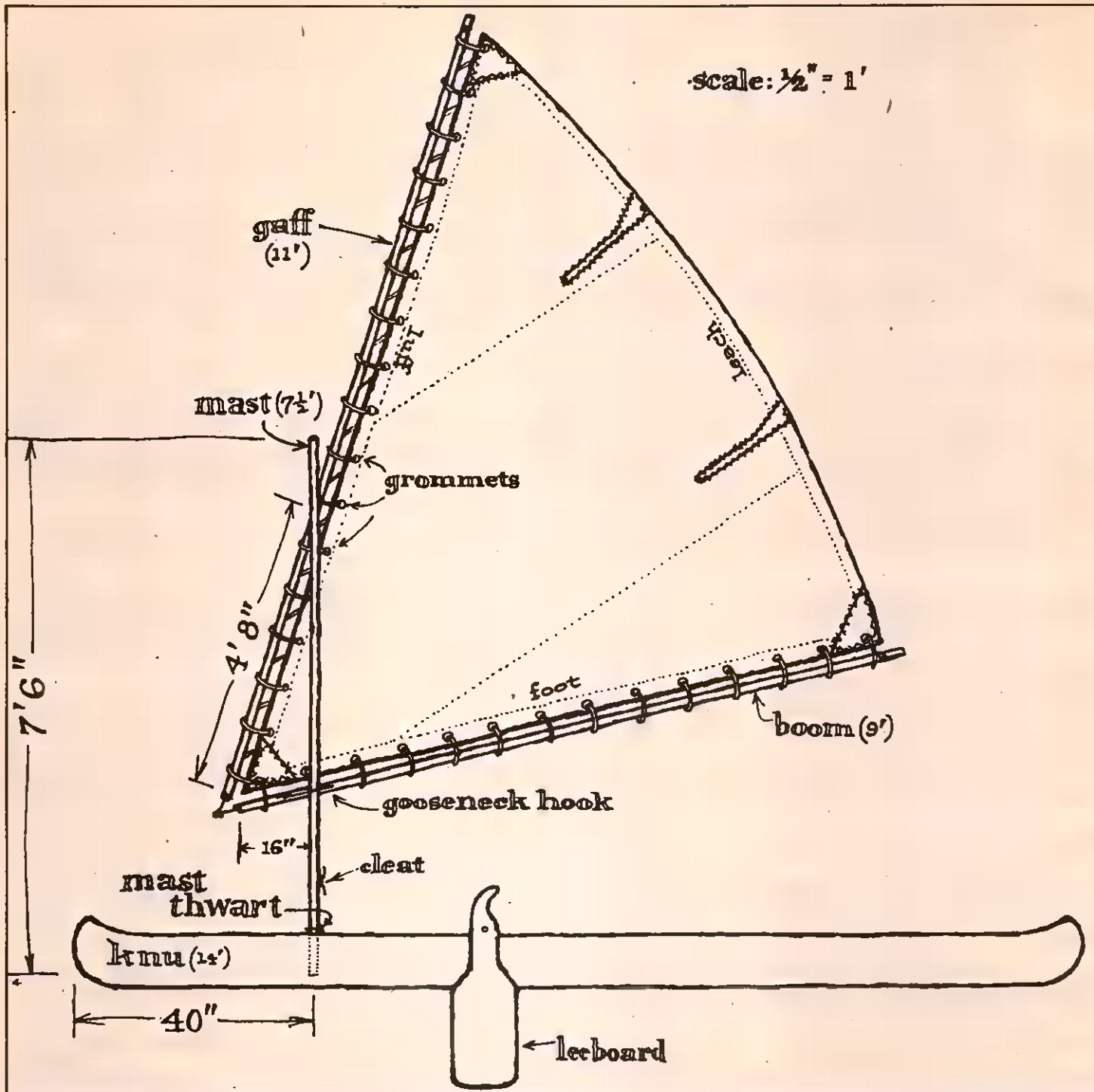
"Then what happens to it?" Mrs. Hill enquired.

"Steamer grabs it there and hustles it across Fundy Bay to Saint John, and they send it the rest of the way by that new-fangled telegraph wire. Gets all the way to New York in minutes, I hear."

"Gets there in minutes, does it?" marvelled Mr. Hill. "Things do move fast these days! 'Spose they'll be gettin' that new telegraph in Nova Scotia next!"

"Well, they say in Halifax we should

*Continued on page 18*



# *sail your own KNU*

by J.W. Kennedy

Let's add a sailing rig to your canoe. This will make it two boats in one and double the fun.

Basic parts required are a sail, some means of supporting that sail, and a device to prevent sideways motion of the canoe.

Among the many types of sailing rigs, we chose the lateen, which is one of the simplest

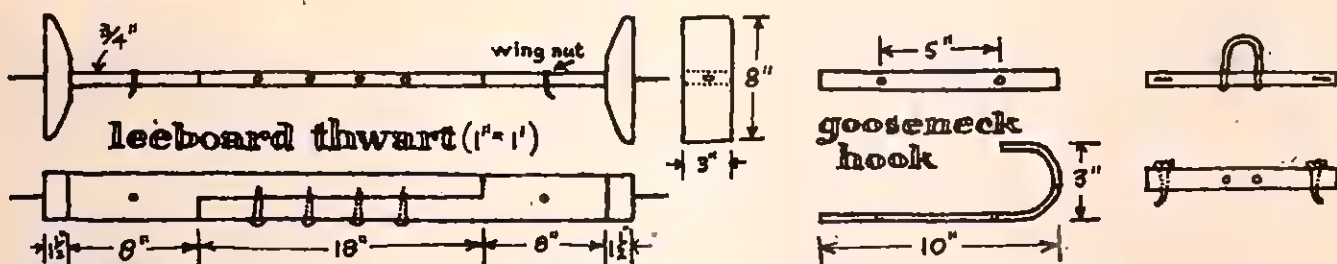
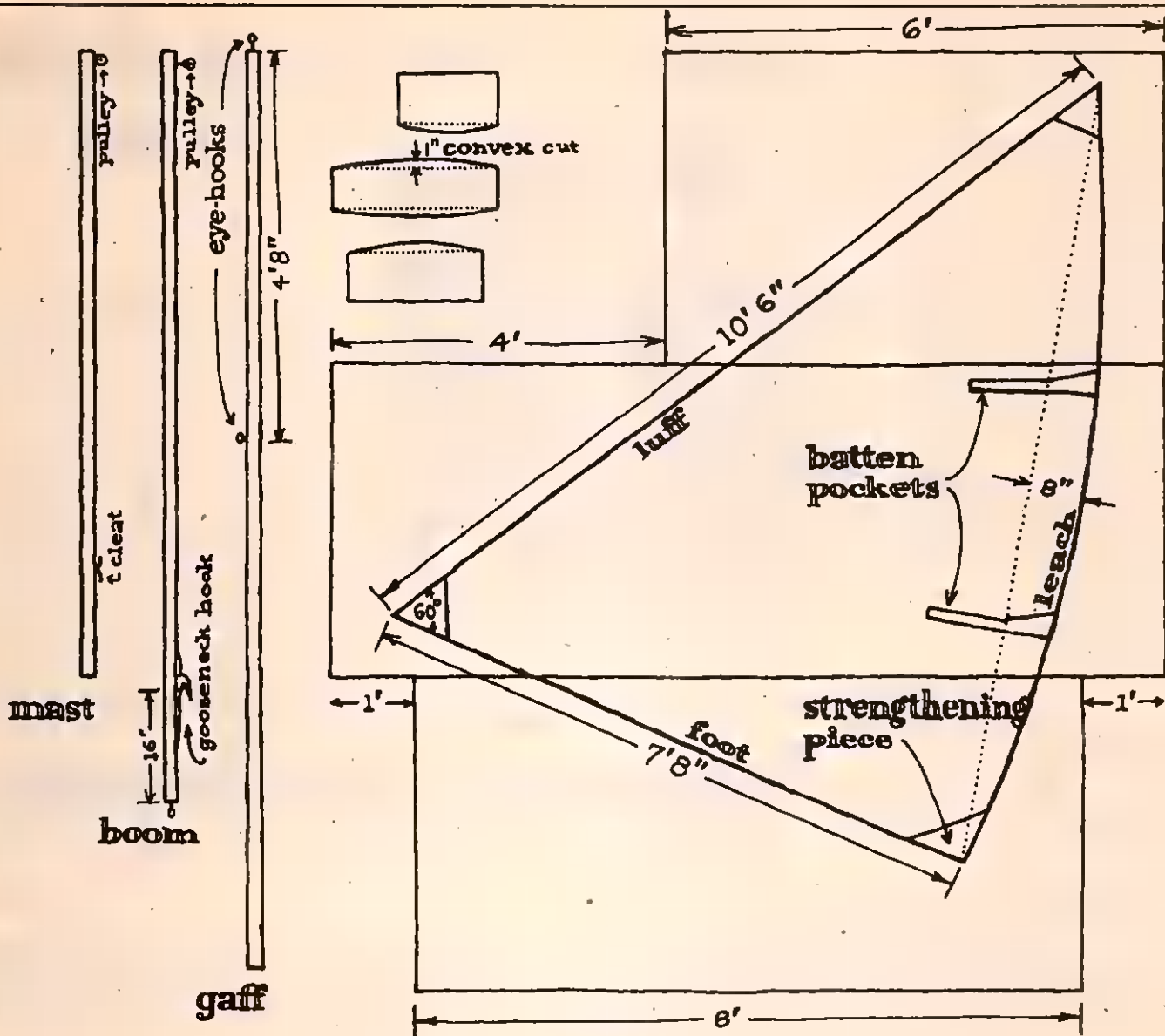
and most popular canoe rigs. It's just a triangular sail attached to two spars called the gaff and the boom. The gaff is the one above, and lower one is the boom.

The sail material you use will depend on your finances. Dacron has many advantages. But good quality cotton sheeting is not

expensive and it will serve you well if you dry it after each use.

Spars are generally made of aluminum or wood. Spruce is the preferred wood. One-inch wooden dowling, or one-and-one-quarter-inch aluminum tubing will do for gaff and boom.

Your mast should be at least an inch-and-a-



half in diameter.

The leeboards, which prevent sideways motion of the boat, are made of three-quarter-inch wood, with the edges bevelled to cut down on resistance in the water.

Here are some detailed instructions to help you with the sail, spars, mast, leeboards and thwarts, and a couple of tips on sailing.

**SAIL.** A 36-square-foot sail suitable for a 14-to-16-foot canoe can be made from 24 lineal feet of 45" material. Cut this into three pieces, 6', 8', and 10'. The joins must be cut with a one-inch convex curve and sewn together with a one-inch overlap using two rows of zigzag stitching. The sail is then cut straight along the foot and luff but with an 8" convex curve along the leach. Be sure to cut

the leach one inch oversize to allow for the hem. Separate strips two inches wide are cut and double-stitched over the foot and luff, one inch on each side. This is to give strength to insert the grommets which are placed at 8" intervals. Make sure the stitching will allow space between the rows for the grommets. The one-inch leach hem can now be stitched with a single zigzag. Two one-inch by 18-inch batten pockets are sewn 40" from each end. The battens, which help to keep the sail full, can be made out of any light flexible wood strips, but they must be well sanded, with the corners rounded, to prevent damage to the sail. Cut six eight-inch strengthening triangles for each corner and zigzag stitch these, one on each side at each corner. To add some color you

might want to dye each piece in contrasting shades.

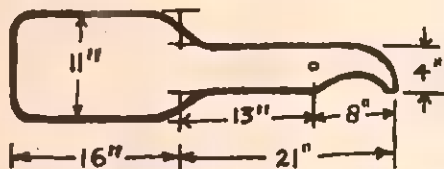
**SPARS.** The gaff should be 11 feet long with an eye-hook at one end (to attach to the eye-hook on the boom) and another eye-hook four feet eight inches from the end, to attach the halyard for hoisting the gaff. The boom is nine feet long with the gooseneck hook affixed 16 inches from the end where the eye-hook is attached for connection with the gaff eye-hook. If your boom and gaff are made of wood, the eye-hook and gooseneck attachment points should be seized to prevent splitting. The gaff and the boom are attached together and the sail laced to each with

*continued next page*

Continued from page 13

1/4th-inch nylon line.

**MAST AND LEEBOARD THWARTS.** If your canoe is not equipped with a mast thwart or step, these can be made easily enough from lumber scraps and a muffler clamp. The mast thwart should be cut to size and drilled to take the clamp bolts and the J-hooks for attachment to the canoe gunwale. The step consists of any small piece of lumber drilled to the diameter of the mast and securely glued to the canoe keelson (floor). The leeboard thwart should be made adjustable. The sketch shows a design suitable for canoes with 32 to 36 inch beams. The pins for mounting the leeboards are 1/2" carriage bolts. At least two stove bolts are used to hold the separate pieces together. Again, J-bolts are used to attach the thwart to the gunwales. The mounting block need not be shaped as shown but it should be attached at a slight angle. This is done to assist in holding the leeboard in the down position. Make sure this block is securely screwed and glued into position, because it must withstand a great deal of pressure.



leeboards (2 needed)

**LEEBOARDS.** Only one, the leeside (opposite to the wind direction) is in the down position while sailing. They are generally made of oak, mahogany or ash. Good marine grade 1/2-inch plywood is less expensive and, if it's properly sealed and painted, it's quite suitable. Metal washers should be used between the block and the leeboard as well as between it and the fastening wing nut. The hole in the top of the leeboard is to affix a line if you wish to control them in this manner or sail your canoe singly. All you need now is a couple of small sheaves (pulleys), one for the top of the mast to enable you to hoist the gaff, and one mounted so that it can swivel near the end of the boom to control the sail. Quarter-inch nylon or propylene line can be used for the gaff halyard and the main sheet. If you have trouble setting or making J-bolts, try your local garage or welding shop. Quarter-inch brass welding rod is excellent and you can bend it to suit your canoe. And you can thread it to take the wing nuts. Don't forget to use washers under all wing nuts.

**SAILING.** If you have not had any sailing experience, you should study a book or two on sailing before you attempt to take off in a sailing canoe! There are plenty of inexpensive instructional booklets available. Two good ones are published by Boy Scouts of America in their Merit Badge Library called "Small Boat Sailing" and "Canoeing". You should also test your sailing canoe for the first time in light winds and, if possible, in shallow water so that you can adjust your leeboard thwart properly. Have fun! Never forget safety! Wear a lifejacket and carry a spare paddle!



Nine-year-old Paul Stinson of 1st Omemece (Ont.) pack is the winner of a 19-inch color television set in the special contest announced earlier this year by the Junior Sales Club of Canada.

## THE WINNER

Paul had to correctly answer a question testing his knowledge in the law of the Wolf Cub pack, before the prize was rightfully his. He did this without any trouble.

The contest was open to all boys and girls who are active members of the Junior Sales Club of Canada. There were about 13,000 names entered in this draw.

The winning entry was drawn by Norman G.S. Brown, publisher of CANADIAN BOY Magazine and general manager of Canyouth Publications Ltd.

Congratulations to Paul Stinson, and we hope his prize gives him and his family thousands of hours of entertainment and enjoyment.\*\*\*

## LETTERS

Continued from page 4

### WANTS MORE SCOUTING NEWS

I've been receiving CB since way back in January 1964, when your first issue came out, and I'm pleased to say that when following through my six-year collection of CB I've found your staff has been excellent in following the fads and trends of Scouting in Canada, up 'til now. I hope you can keep it up by having write-ups, editorials, and that kind of thing, about Venturers, or anything new in Scouting.

What I'm surprised about is that you have not been putting anything in the magazine about some of the happenings in Canadian Scouting, such as the Moose Factory jamboree, which took place last September, and which I attended.

More such happenings are the annual

rendezvous: Scout-Guide, and Venturer-Ranger jamborees, or the Milton jamboree which was held in southern Ontario. Kindly do your best to keep us informed about these Canadian Scouting happenings.

Greg Saville, Sudbury, Ont.

We are doing what we can. But if anyone has information such as you have, he should send it to the editors of CB at Box 5112 Station F, Ottawa 5, Ontario, immediately. We are looking for Scouting and Venturing news all the time—but we're not mindreaders. You've got to tell us about it. Or have your section leader send us a report.

### MAGAZINE FOR THE GIRLS

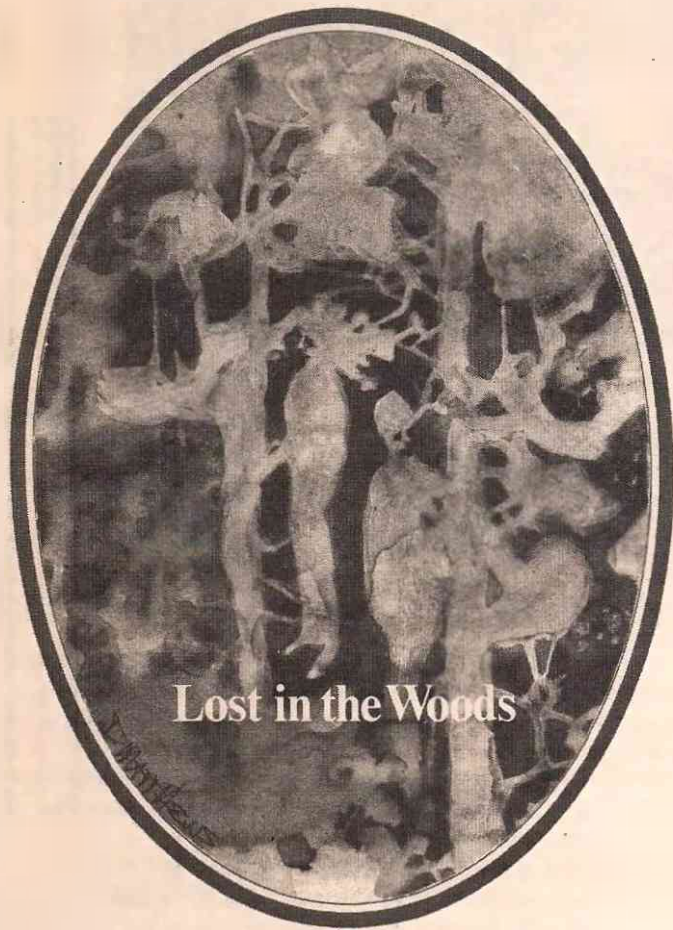
To the girls who are asking about a Canadian Girl magazine: There is a monthly mag out, entitled *Alive!* It used to be called *The Canadian Guide* but the name was changed to go along with the times. It is put out by the Girl Guides of Canada, and may be just the thing for CB's girl readers are looking for.

Gwen McArel, Glace Bay, N.S.



"Let's take it again, from the top. You're still a little week on the skull!"

Continued on page 28



## Lost in the Woods

by Ian S. Anderson

When you go for a hike in the woods, tell somebody where you're going. If you get lost, stay put. Somebody will come looking for you. Just don't panic, or wander around off the beaten paths, or try to move at night.

You've heard that, lots of times. But how often have you heard of a real case, where this kind of advice was put to good use?

One late summer evening Patrol Leader Tony O'Donnell of Doaktown, N.B., and his friend, Colin Carroll, started on what was to be a short evening stroll.

Colin was visiting in Doaktown. His hometown was Dartmouth, N.S. The city life, near Halifax, had allowed Colin few chances for seeing any animals. He asked Tony to show him some.

Besides being a patrol leader, well versed in Scouting lore, Tony was the son of Forest Ranger O'Donnell of the Doaktown Forest District in New Brunswick. Tony had gone often with his father on forest patrols. He knew the local area well. So he agreed to show Colin some animals.

They set out at 7 p.m. on an August evening, with an hour of sunlight left. Tony told his father where they were going and that they expected to be back by dark.

The boys crossed the highway, hiked north through a field for a quarter of a mile and reached a large expanse of woods. A forestry road ran eastwards through the woods, and Tony said that was as far as they should go in the time they had left.

They could follow another forestry road running south, reach the highway again, and be home by dark.

They didn't see any animals. Well, they saw one chipmunk. It

was getting dark before they realized they had missed the other road. They had been too intent in their search for animals.

Were they lost? They wondered, and stopped to listen. They thought they could still hear traffic on that main highway, so they pushed on through the woods until they came to another forestry road, which Tony believed would lead them to the highway. After a hundred yards or so, the road came to a dead end.

Tony still didn't think they were lost. They could still hear the sounds of highway traffic, so they back-tracked a short distance to a partially-concealed trail. It seemed to lead in the general direction of the highway noises.

By now, darkness had fallen and they walked in almost total blackness. The sounds of traffic grew louder, but they seemed to come from several different directions. They discovered the source of the sounds had nothing to do with traffic at all. It was a swollen brook.

A surge of panic gripped the two boys. Colin really was scared. His life in a city area had never prepared him for anything like this. But Tony was able to fight down his own rising panic. After all, he told himself, he was a patrol leader, and he knew that if he could stay calm, they'd both be all right.

He figured they'd better bed down on some spruce boughs for the night and go on in the morning. He guessed that the noisy brook babbled all the way down to the Miramichi River, about a mile from his home.

At first light, they'd follow that brook. By that time, Tony's father and a search party would probably be out looking for them.

Back in Doaktown, Forest Ranger O'Donnell did become concerned about the boys not showing up after dark. He checked around with his neighbors. Nothing. He called Constable Tessier of the local RCMP detachment, and together they organized a search party.

The ranger and three men drove into the woods in a four-wheel-drive truck. Other men with flashlights moved in on foot.

It had rained earlier in the day. The ground was muddy. Ranger O'Donnell's idea was to get in as far as possible before the searchers had obliterated any footprints the boys might have left.

Blown-down trees blocked the forestry roads. The men in the truck continued on foot. Occasionally they found tracks left by the boys.

Ranger O'Donnell was confident Tony and Colin would stay on the roads. The men pressed on through the darkness.

They reached the dead-end road where the boys had back-tracked earlier. The ranger shouted. He blew his whistle. No response.

He marked the spot for further examination at first light and left two of his party to stand watch. He returned to town to help organize search parties.

It was almost light on Sunday morning when Ranger O'Donnell returned to the dead-end to resume his search.

Fifteen minutes later, Colin Carroll's father heard an answering shout from the boys as he back-tracked down the road from the dead-end. The boys were just starting out to follow the brook downstream.

Tony and Colin had not panicked or wandered blindly. And, because they had told somebody where they were going, they were found, hungry but jubilant, and wiser. ■



## A WORLD OF BIRDS

Calling somebody a birdbrain isn't an insult. At least not to Alfred E. Bourguignon of Ottawa. In fact, he's inclined to consider it a compliment! Mr. Bourguignon, who'd rather you called him Fred, has been studying birds for 60 years and acquired a lot of respect for their intelligence. "Actually, the brain of a bird is very large and heavy in proportion to the weight of its body."

He thinks the herring gull is working on more than instinct when it bombs a parking lot with clams to break them open, and he enjoys telling about a particularly crafty American egret that hung around watching people throw bread to some ducks. The egret decided to do likewise. It walked around picking up bread dropped on the shore and flew out and put it in the water. It then waited and watched intently until the fish nibbled at the bread, and then pow!—the egret speared the fish!

Another sharp operator is Bonaparte's gull. It perches on the head of a pelican that has just made a catch. As the pelican opens its bill to shift the fish into position for swallowing, the gull snatches the food!

Fred's interest in birds goes back to summers at the family cottage, beginning when he was twelve. "My father was keenly interested in birds and I guess it just rubbed off on me."

For anyone who thinks an interest in birds is for people with tired blood, it's a good point to note that at 23 Fred was the Central Canada weightlifting and wrestling champion in the 175-pound class.

Over the years Fred has amassed in the basement of his Ottawa home what W. Earl Godfrey, Curator of Birds at the National Museum, calls one of the finest private collections of mounted birds in Canada. In this brightly lit basement, in cases running from floor to ceiling and covering every wall, 640 specimens are displayed from insect-sized hummingbirds to towering eagles. In a place of honor is a red-breasted merganser duck mounted in 1912, which was part of his father's collection.

Fred enjoys sharing his collection with young people, and Saturday afternoon is always "open house" to visiting Cubs and Scouts, and groups of junior field naturalists who come to see the collection as part of their wildlife studies. Even if you don't know a scarlet backed flowerpecker from a three-toed woodpecker, it is a worthwhile visit!

Boys naturally gravitate to those cases containing the hawks, falcons, and eagles, which even in their mounted state still look fierce. Fred will tell you that of all the hunting birds the peregrine falcon is best known. For many years in Europe only kings and noblemen were permitted to hunt with hawks, and when the laws became less restrictive, falcons were still reserved for earls, and the larger grey Gyr Falcon for royalty. The peregrine falcon, sometimes called the duck hawk, though only eighteen inches long has been

known to attack a golden eagle at 120 mph! The Gyr Falcon, the largest and strongest of hawks, is hard to tame and train but, once tamed it becomes deeply attached to its owner.

The peregrine is easier to tame and is very fast. It hunts at hundreds of feet and when its quarry is sighted it dives at speeds up to 170 mph. One peregrine pressed by an aircraft went into a dive at 180 mph.

The falcon strikes once as it passes, breaking the victim's back and it falls to the ground. The peregrine zooms up, circles and comes hurtling down on its kill.

Falcons are trained to attack herons, gulls, ducks, crows, partridge, and rabbits. In India the falcon also hunts cranes and geese, but only the female is strong enough to kill birds this size.

Because their eyes are important to their survival, large hawks have eyes as big as we have!

Although very fast in the dive, the hawk is a slowpoke compared to the swifts of Saudi Arabia that have been clocked at 200 mph.

From the fierce to the frolicsome, Fred's collection even includes the familiar budgie birds, or budgerigars. We're used to seeing them in cages, but in their Australian homeland they are found in large flocks, feeding on grain and grass seed and nesting in eucalyptus trees. Their name comes from the Australian aborigine "bethcereegah", their word for "good bird", meaning that it's good to eat!

Because they became popular as pets great numbers were trapped and shipped to Europe and North America. This was later stopped and now all pet birds are hatched in captivity.

Many countries have birds as their national symbol. The first one that comes to mind is the eagle of the United States. But not many know that the quetzal they see in Fred's collection, a striking bird of red and green with a very long tail, is the national bird of Guatemala. It is very beautiful, Fred comments, but a poor flyer.

Another national bird, the kiwi of New Zealand, has a fondness for a phosphorescent worm, 12 to 20 inches long. After a good meal of these its whole beak glows in the dark like a light bulb!

Why do we call the bald eagle bald when it has lots of hair on its head? Fred explains that because the white hair of the head contrasts so sharply with the rest of the body, from a distance the eagle appears to be bald. "The eagle never builds a new nest, but keeps adding to the old one and, after a few years, the nest may weigh as much as 2,000 pounds!"

An afternoon in Fred Bourguignon's world of birds goes quickly and afterwards you come away kind of amazed that so much goes on in the realm of feathers. But more important, you come away with a great deal of respect for a fine gentleman, who seems to want no more for himself than to be kind of a link between boys and birds.

By Len Carter and Ed Hogan



Cubs and Scouts can earn badges for hobby work. If you already know that, you may say, "So what? We know that!" But maybe you didn't know that a plastic model aircraft model or a model car or a model boat could win you a badge.

A Cub who builds up a plastic model kit has a chance of using his finished model to win the Toymaker's badge. That same model, along with a couple more, could help him earn his Collector's badge.

A Scout can win his Modeller's badge much the same way, and the same kind of models can get him his Collector's badge.

More than plastic model planes, cars and ships or boats are involved here. Meccano models can be used to earn the Toymaker's and Collector's badges.

The Tawny Star Award in Cubbing can be earned by a group of Cubs, like a six or a combination of sixes, if the boys do something together in hobbies. They could build or set a model railroading layout, or a model car racing course with slot cars.

In Scouting, the troop specialty could be centred on a more sophisticated model railroading layout, with scenery and equipment, landscaping and miniature engineering projects. Or slot racing could be the main interest, and a really great racing course with pitstops and scenery and equipment could help the Scouts win their troop specialty badge and enjoy a worthwhile hobby-sport at the same time.

Special interests can grow out of these group efforts. Model railroading can be narrowed to a selection of fast express trains, or steam and historical equipment, or a wide variety of freight trains.

Slot racing, of course, breaks down naturally into Indy racing, stock car and sportsman classes, or factory experimentals and weirdos or "funny cars".

With a little imagination, you can work up something interesting in your pack or troop, six or patrol, and win yourself some badges while you have fun.

★ ★ ★

Venturers in the Drayton, Ont., area have found an unusual way of raising money. They catch pigeons for farmers who want the birds removed from their barns. All the birds are caught by hand instead of being shot at by firearms which damage the barns. So far the scheme has provided the Venturers with the money to build a clubhouse.

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have it now. Be quite a while before it comes, though. Till then we'll run the Pony Express."

Right then Benjy knew what he was going to be when he grew up. . . a Pony Express Rider!

Benjy suddenly realized they were almost to Chute's, and swinging the horn free, he gave a couple of clear blasts. Red quickened his stride and in a few minutes they turned into the farmyard at Chute's and Benjy was sliding from the saddle.

"You'll have to put a fresh saddle on Belle," he told Chute, unfastening the leather mail pouch from Red's saddle, "that one's got a broken stirrup."

"Where's Williams?" Chute demanded.

"He's hurt, up the road away. Will Pineo's goin' for help and Corey said I was to ride Belle to the Beach," Benjy explained, eyeing the big black a little apprehensively.

"You're pretty young," Mr. Chute



said over his shoulder as placed a fresh saddle on Belle's broad back, . . . "but I haven't anyone else to send, so I guess you'll have to do."

"Hurry, can't you?" demanded Benjy impatiently, standing first on one foot, then the other.

"I am hurryin'. There," Chute fastened the last buckle. "Wish you were a mite older," he went on worriedly, giving Benjy a leg up, "but . . . well, good luck! And be careful," he added as Belle started, "there's a storm brewin'."



"I will, Mr. Chute. Thanks. 'Bye!"

It was going to rain. . . Benjy could smell it, and knew Belle could, too. This, along with the strange rider, might make her nervous. He hoped it would hold off long enough for them to make the run.

Belle was fresh and it seemed to Benjy no time at all before they were racing through the town of Granville Ferry. Again he lifted the horn to his lips and blew a long sustained blast, then another and another.

As the echo of the last one died away the boom of the cannon sounded from the Fort across the river. That would warn the steamer in the Gut to be ready to leave as soon as he appeared.



The matter of Smeed continued to trouble Benjy. If Smeed were behind, Benjy was all right, but if he should be ahead, then Benjy had to find some way to eliminate the distance between them.

There was a way, but Benjy was not sure of the wisdom of trying it. Just below the Ferry lay Uncle John's farm, and in back of it, Benjy knew, was a seldom used cross country road. He had discovered it last summer when he stayed a month at Uncle John's.

The main road followed the winding course of the river, but this one started at the school house and cut in a straight line through the woods, coming out lower down at Greenwood's farm, where it joined the main road again.



Benjy had spent hours wandering along it and exploring a dry stream bed crossed by a dilapidated little bridge. If he took this back road he could cut off several miles.

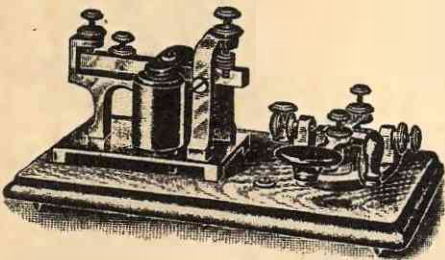
Benjy hesitated. The road would be much poorer than the main road, and there would still be snow in the woods. This would tend to slow Belle up. Also, if anything happened to them on that back road it would probably be days before they were found.

They drew abreast of the school-house. Benjy had to make up his mind. Would the shorter distance outweigh the slower speed? He decided it would and accordingly turned Belle's head toward the backroad. But this was not the way to the Beach as Belle knew it!

For a moment Benjy thought she'd refuse; then, she yielded to the continued pressure on the bit, and he sighed with relief.

"It's all right, girl," he soothed. "we'll be careful but we'll still make time."

Behind the schoolhouse the road entered the woods. As they rode in under the trees, Benjy felt the first few drops of cold rain on his face. In places the road narrowed until it was little more than a footpath, and where the snow lay deep under the trees Belle had to pick her steps carefully; but here and there, where the trees were sparse,



they made good time. Benjy decided he had been wise to choose that way.

The rain became steady. . . it seeped through the evergreens and ran down Benjy's neck, soaking his shoulders through the well-worn jacket.

After a while, above the sigh of the wind and the trickle of the rain, Benjy became aware of a new sound. . . a steady roar of water. Rounding a bend in the road he came full upon a rushing torrent. The road ended at its bank.

This was last summer's creek bed. The stream, dried up in the heat of mid summer, was now, fed by the melting snows and spring rains, roaring like a fury. Even as Benjy realized that the little bridge had been swept away he felt Belle gather herself under him.



She lifted and next instant she was over, front legs on firm ground, back hoofs clawing frantically for a foothold. A second or two and she had found firm footing and they were pounding along on the opposite side. Benjy leaned forward patted her neck.

"Oh, you beauty," he breathed.

By now Benjy was cold and wet, his numbed fingers hardly able to hold the reins. Daylight was almost gone, and the trees seemed to close in, reaching grasping fingers toward him. He remembered stories of unwary travelers on little used roads who had disappeared and were never heard of again.

His heart shot into his throat as something clutched at his leg, then dropped back into its proper place in



his chest as there sounded a sharp crack, followed by a quick release, and he realized a dead branch from one of the overhanging trees had caught in his trousers.

He thought longingly of the kitchen at home; of the fire burning cheerfully in front of the big backlog.

Why had he ever wanted to be a Pony Express Rider?

But the woods were thinning and Benjy could see cleared farmland through the gaps in the trees.

They came out of the woods onto

the main road to the full fury of the rainstorm, sheeting in gusts across the fields. In a few minutes Benjy was soaked.

The rain beat against his eyes, pushing them shut. He forced them open, slitted, but could see nothing ahead of him. Leaning forward, almost on Belle's neck, he patted her with his open hand.

"You'll have to do it, girl. It's up to you."

Belle was on familiar ground again and settled into a steady mile-eating pace. Time passed as they pounded on. . . minutes, hours. . . Benjy couldn't even guess.



Once he heard hoofs approaching and wondered if Smeed had caught up with him after all, but it turned out to be only a cloaked figure, head pulled down into its shoulders, going in the opposite direction.

His arms ached, he was wet to the skin, and cold to the very marrow of his bones. . . but if he could stay up on the big black long enough, Belle would get him to their journey's end. Desperately, he hung on.

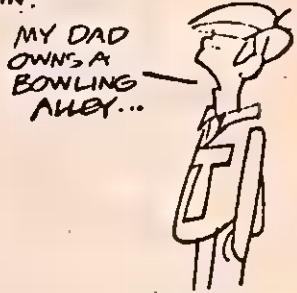
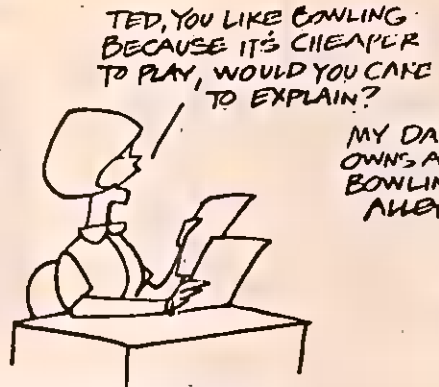
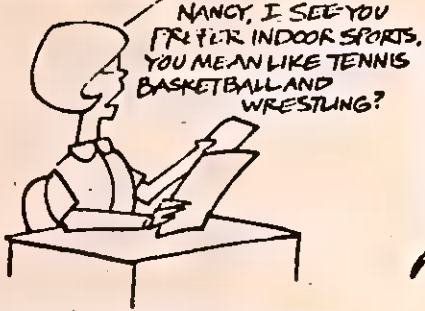
Just when he knew it was no use, and he must drop off, the dim outlines of a few buildings swam toward him out of the rain. Belle slowed, and as hands reached upward to help him out of the saddle Benjy knew he had held on long enough.

Later he learned that Smeed was an hour behind and missed the steamer; that Will had found help for Corey; and that Corey, ensconced in the spare bed at the Hill's farmhouse, was being blissfully nursed by Ellen.

Just now, as strong arms supported him and held a cup of something hot against his chattering teeth, it was enough to know that he'd ridden Pony Express and that he'd done it successfully.

# THE SPORTS...

CLASS, I'VE READ YOUR THEMES ON SPORTS AND I'D LIKE TO ASK SOME QUESTIONS...

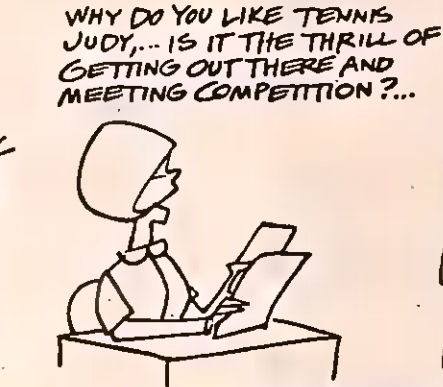


WHAT DO YOU LIKE MOST ABOUT SWIMMING, HOLLY?



NO, JUST BLACK 'N BLUE SHINS...

AND YOU LIKE TO GO TO THE BASEBALL PARK, ... WHY, TOM?



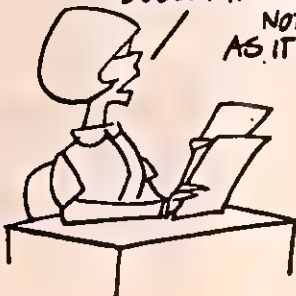
NO, THE THRILL OF GETTING OUT THERE AND MEETING THE BOYS...

... SO YOU LIKE TO HUNT FRED, ... IT SAYS HERE YOU GOT A DEER, DID YOU TAKE IT HOME?



... NOT IF DAD BUYS IT...

... DIANE, YOU LIKE LEARNING TO DRIVE IN YOUR FATHERS NEW SPORTS CAR, ... DOESN'T THAT MAKE YOU NERVOUS?



... I LIKE THE SMELL OF HOT DOGS AND THE CRISP POTATO CHIPS...

W. S. King

# CANADATA..

THE WORLD'S RECORD LAKE TROUT WAS CAUGHT OFF THE BRIDGE AT CARCROSS, IN THE YUKON, CANADA.

IT WEIGHED 87 POUNDS, WAS 5 FEET, TWO INCHES LONG AND WAS CAUGHT IN 1906.

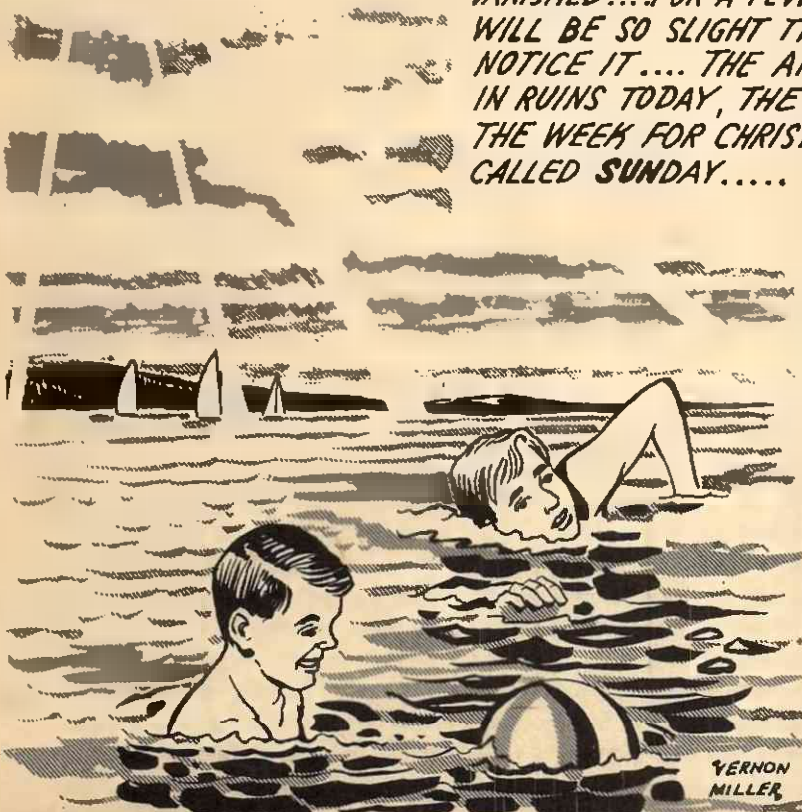


## The SUN

IS EARTH'S VAST POWER PLANT.... IT IS RESPONSIBLE FOR OUR WEATHER AND SEASONS... THE POWER FOR INDUSTRIAL USES...THE ENERGY FOR PLANT AND ANIMAL GROWTH...THE WIND THAT TURNS WINDMILLS AND FILLS A BOATS' SAILS... RAIN THAT SUPPLIES THE WATER TO GENERATE ELECTRICITY...THESE OWE THEIR EXISTENCE TO SOLAR RADIATION... MARINE PLANT LIFE IS ALSO AFFECTED BY THE LIGHT AND HEAT OF THE SUN..THE PLANTS IN TURN AERATE THE WATER WITH OXYGEN...



TO GIVE US OUR DAILY QUOTA OF SUNLIGHT OUR SUN LOSES 4,200,000 TONS OF ITS MASS EVERY SECOND...THE SUN WILL GROW HOTTER AS TIME GOES ON....AFTER ABOUT 10 BILLION YEARS THE AVERAGE TEMPERATURE OF THE EARTH WILL BE NEARLY 700 DEGREES, HOT ENOUGH TO MELT MANY METALS AND ALL LIFE WILL HAVE VANISHED....FOR A FEW BILLION YEARS, HOWEVER, THE CHANGE WILL BE SO SLIGHT THAT THOSE WHO LIVE HERE WILL NOT NOTICE IT.... THE ANCIENT TEMPLES OF THE SUN GOD LIE IN RUINS TODAY, THE PAGAN RITES FORGOTTEN...THE DAY OF THE WEEK FOR CHRISTIAN WORSHIP, IS HOWEVER, STILL CALLED **SUNDAY**.....



VERNON MILLER

THIS IS OTTER FALLS, OFF THE ALASKA HIGHWAY AT MILE 995...CHECK THIS YUKON SCENE WITH THE ONE ON THE BACK OF OUR CANADIAN FIVE DOLLAR BILL ....



# The Telephone and The White Lie



The telephone is probably the most useful instrument we have in the home. This method of instant communication with our friends and our families, with just a dial of several numbers, enters the homes and offices of others in a matter of seconds.

The intention most people have in getting a phone installed at home is convenience. No one can deny the tremendous effect this method of instant communication has had on man. But along with the convenience we have also bought a measure of inconvenience, because this little transmitter-receiver is the biggest source of invasion of privacy that man has ever had to face.

We have become conditioned and programmed by its ring.

The telephone can butt in anywhere. It cuts off conversations and half-told stories, gets people out of bed, disrupts television viewing, interrupts meals, and reaches into the most private corners of our lives. We have become slaves to the telephone!

When it rings we have to pick it up. If we let it ring more than twice we tend to get panicky. If the phone is on its fourth or fifth ring we may even climb out of the bathtub to reach it, or holler to others in the house to "get that phone!"

Secretaries snap up the phone immediately even though the boss is in mid-sentence, because two rings is all we can allow ourselves.

People leap out of meetings to answer the phone. Housewives dash up or down stairs to catch it on the second or third ring. A housewife who misses a phone call may worry all day, wondering who it was on the other end.

The telephone has created some interesting attitudes. If you don't answer the phone right away, your caller may ask: "Did I get you out of bed?" Or they may remark, "I hope I'm not taking you away from your supper."

How many of us can ignore a phone that's ringing, no matter what we're doing? Probably nothing else in the home commands so much attention—immediate attention.

The telephone has also taught us to tell little white lies.

The difference between a lie and a white lie is this: the white lie is one we tell ourselves is justified under the circumstances, where we rationalize that it's really not lying because other people don't know our situation, and because we have to protect ourselves. It's what adults call the double standard. A lie is a lie only when we say it is.

It's simple. We don't want to be disturbed so, even though we are sitting next to the phone when it rings, we issue an order to the rest of the family: "If that's for me, tell them I'm not here."

This can take other forms of deception along the same line, but you get the idea.

Let's take a hypothetical case. Hypothetical is a word adults use to suggest the story never happened to us.

Consider the high school student who is held up at school on a class project and phones her dad to say she will be late. The phone rings in the office but the father doesn't answer it because he is busy. A girl answers the phone and tells the daughter, "Sorry, but Mister Smith isn't in the office and he isn't expected in until tomorrow."

Dad leaves the office at his regular time and arrives at the after-school pickup spot, where he always picks up his daughter to drive her home. After half an hour he starts to stew. He phones home. She isn't home. He drives all the way to the school. It appears locked and there are no students around. Dad gets mad and drives around to a couple of places where his daughter might be with friends. Then he drives home, late and fuming.

Half-way through supper, the daughter walks in. Explanations by this time are not

acceptable and the charge is that the daughter is lying about phoning because, as the father says, "I was at the office all afternoon and you didn't phone!"

One cause of the problem is the white lie. But it's probably forgotten because it was used as a matter of form, and dismissed as something permissible by the father. The daughter's explanation is treated as a lie because the father was at work—and he should know—and he didn't get any call from her. Anyway he is mad at himself for being mad and, after all, he was the one who had all the inconvenience.

Now, while it may be reaching a bit, much of the problem can be traced back to the attitude that has developed about the invasion of privacy by the telephone. The convenience of reaching Mister Smith directly by telephone is available to anybody. This vulnerability caused Mister Smith to use the white lie as a form of protection. This in turn caused Mister Smith personal inconvenience and eventual turmoil at home.

People have been known to sprain an ankle, bash a knee or break a leg rushing to answer a phone. The extension of the white lie, because of the phone, is probably the only protection we have against those who use the telephone to reach us in our private lives.

Telephones are used by people for canvassing, selling products and ideas and magazines, and by some who get their kicks out of using obscene language to an unsuspecting housewife.

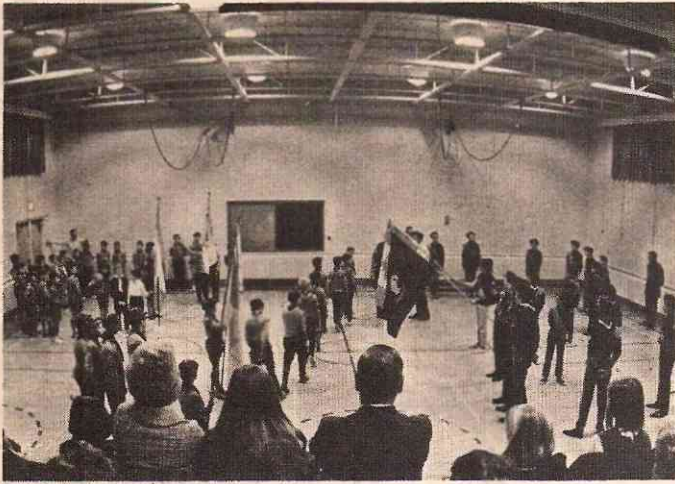
You may not open your door just because the doorbell rings, but you can't resist answering your phone when it rings.

That instrument has changed our whole way of life. And what is going to happen when a visual telephone or videophone comes into our homes?

We can imagine it now: An instant phone makeup kit for women caught with their hair up in curlers. Complete with phone-wig, which the lady can plop on her head before she picks up the receiver.

If the picture is in color, telling a white lie is going to be far more difficult. A face-to-face white lie can be given away by facial expression and blushing. If we play roles now, by voice only, just think what can happen with videophone. In time we could become a nation of the finest actors, actresses, and white lie tellers in the world.

By Dennis W. Lewis



When 20 Cubs went up to the troop in the 3rd Scarborough East group, it meant the start of a second troop. This group has 200 registered members, in four Cub packs and two Scout troops. The ceremony was unusual in terms of the number of Cubs who moved up together.

Photo by Arthur James, M.P.A.

## KUB KONTEST WINNERS

The **Cub Book** has been chosen as the name for the new, revised version of **The Way to the Stars**.

It was chosen because it is a simple title. It is easy to remember, and it seems to describe best who the book is for. It also suggests what the book is about.

The winning Cub is **Donald Lacasse** of the First St. John's Duvernay Apache Pack in Laval, Que.

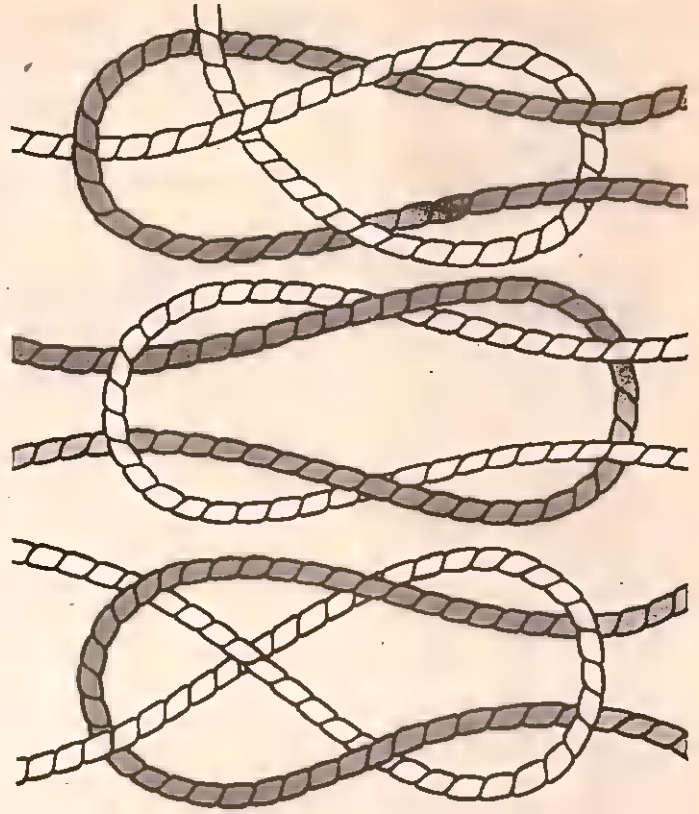
The runner-up is **Scott O'Beay** of the Agincourt B Pack in Agincourt, Ont.

Two hundred Cubs took part in the Kub Kontest. Thank you all for entering and giving your Cub Committee ideas for book titles. Your suggestions were weird, wonderful, and delightful. Here are a few that didn't win, but they give you a good idea of the thinking that went into some of the entries:

- Canadian Cub Capers
- Clubbing for Cubbing
- The Cool Way to the Stars Book
- The Way to a Good Cubbing Career
- Never a Dull Moment
- The Happy Way for Cubs
- Canadian United Boys (C.U.B.)
- Cubbing is OUR Thing

Sorry you couldn't all win something. Thanks for coming in on this contest, and be sure to watch for **The Cub Book** sometime in the fall of this year.

Not only will the new book include ideas on stars and badges, but it will also be a treasure chest of fun for you, in games, singing, acting, puzzles, tricks, cooking, crafts, science projects, and family stunts and activities.



## It takes all kinds

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

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

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



**Bank of Montreal**

The First Canadian Bank

# cut me out and paste me in

The St. John Ambulance Association has recently made several changes in their training program material and are phasing out certificates for Preliminary First Aid and Fundamentals of First Aid. These changes will affect the Boy Scout multiple stage badges; please make these changes known to your boys.  
The following can be cut out and pasted over the existing requirements on pages 430 and 431 in the CANADIAN SCOUT HANDBOOK.

## FIRST AID BADGE

### Bronze Stage

The bronze stage of the First Aid Badge is based on the Emergency First Aid Course offered by the St. John Ambulance Association.  
The emphasis on first aid training is on total management of an emergency - principles, rules and effective treatment.  
Reference manuals include: "Fundamentals of First Aid" or "First Aid for Young Canadians."

### Requirements

1. Explain
  - a) The scope of first aid and the management of a case.
  - b) In general terms, the structure and functions of the body.
  - c) Types of wounds and danger of infection, and
  - d) General rules for the treatment of
    - i) wounds accompanied by bleeding,
    - ii) fractures,
    - iii) poisons.
2. Demonstrate the following:
  - a) Mouth-to-mouth artificial respiration, and
  - b) Control of bleeding by direct pressure.
3. Demonstrate three of the following:
  - a) Four uses of the triangular bandage.
  - b) Two hand seats.
  - c) Improvise and use splints for the treatment of a fracture.
  - d) Improvise and use a stretcher, and
  - e) Treatment for a 'cut' arm and a burn or scald.

### Silver Stage

The silver stage of the First Aid badge is based on the St. John Ambulance Emergency First Aid Course.  
If a St. John Ambulance "Emergency First Aid Certificate" is expected the examination results must be submitted on a St. John Ambulance Examiner's Report form A.F.3.  
Boys may earn and wear the silver stage First Aid badge on completion of an examination by SCOUT examiners. In this case, they are not eligible for the St. John Ambulance "Emergency First Aid Certificate"

### Requirements

- Note: Whether the examination is conducted by St. John Ambulance Association or Scout personnel, the following form the basis of examination:
1. A minimum of six tests is required. Five must be practical. The sixth one oral (which may be written at the discretion of the examiner).

2. Practical tests in artificial respiration and control of hemorrhage are obligatory, and a candidate who does not obtain at least 50% in each of these subjects should be failed, even though he obtains the pass mark on the total examination.

3. The examiner is at liberty to set more than the recommended six tests, and may wish to formulate his own questions. They should cover the broad aspects of the syllabus, e.g. artificial respiration, control of hemorrhage, fractures, burns and miscellaneous items.

### Gold Stage

The gold stage of the First Aid badge is based on the St. John Ambulance manual "First Aid", Second Canadian Edition. This is the first level categorized by St. John as "senior."  
If a St. John Ambulance "Standard First Aid Certificate" is expected the examination results must be submitted on a St. John Ambulance Examiner's Report form A.F.4.

Boys may earn, and wear, the gold stage First Aid badge on completion of an examination by SCOUT examiners. In this case, they are not eligible for the St. John Ambulance "Standard First Aid Certificate."

### Requirements

Note: Whether the examination is conducted by St. John Ambulance Association or Scout personnel, the following form the basis of examination:

1. A minimum of five tests is required. Four must be practical. The fifth one oral (which may be written at the discretion of the examiner).
2. Practical tests in artificial respiration and control of hemorrhage are obligatory, and a candidate who does not obtain at least 70% in each of these subjects shall be failed, even though he obtains the pass mark on the total examination.
3. The examiner is at liberty to set more than the recommended five tests, and may wish to formulate his own questions. They should cover the broad aspects of the syllabus - e.g. artificial respiration, control of hemorrhage, fractures, burns and miscellaneous items.  
Note: Boys who have earned, or earn, the St. John Ambulance Association's certificates are eligible to wear the appropriate stage Scout badge.  
St. John Ambulance certificates and examiner's report forms are available in both French and English.



# "CHIPPY"

by Jim Janeway



Everyone loves a chipmunk. Although they are classed as rodents, their dashing and frisking about seems to charm us humans even while they rob us blind. We have trained three to feed from our hands at our country home, but one in particular has become very much a pet and a part of our lives. We call him "Chippy".

It all started early this summer when we noticed that the sunflower seeds in our green bird feeder seemed to be disappearing as fast as we could replace them. Strangely enough, we seldom saw birds in that particular tree. The mystery called for action. Constant observation disclosed the little striped rascal busily scampering up and down the tree with great bulging cheeks; each time disappearing into a tiny hole burrowed in our lawn right under our very noses.

I used sunflower seeds to tame him, throwing them close to him so he could smell them, pick them up, and crack and eat the kernels. Each time I threw the seed closer and closer to myself to coax him within arms length. After a few days he did not bother to dine on the spot but became clever and began stuffing his cheek pouches to their limit, then made off to his burrow.

I found it wise to always remember when taming any wild animal, never to make any sudden movements. Always be patient, and don't continually stare at him. Following these rules will make him less suspicious and speed his domestication.

Once I wanted to see just how many nuts he would try to stuff into his pouches. I held a handful of one-hundred, letting him take as many as he wished, then counted the remainder. There were fifty-five left. He had managed to pack forty-five into his cheeks! He looked like a bulldog with mumps! As punishment for his gluttony, he was unable to force his way into his burrow opening.

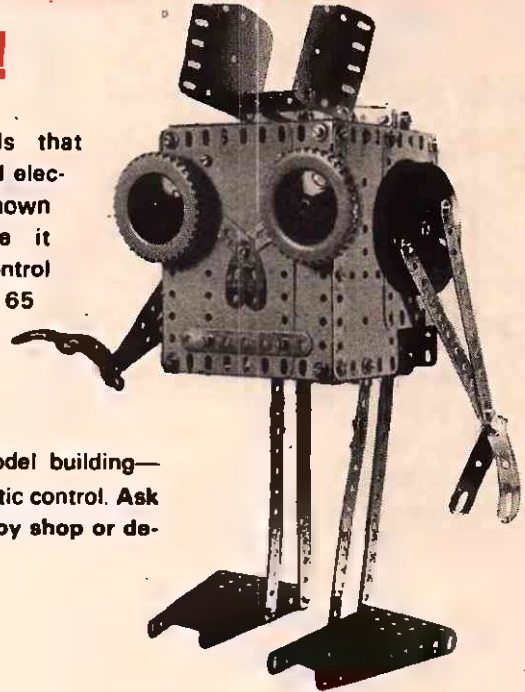
Here is a pet you can find anywhere. One you can even teach to come-a-running just by whistling. Good luck and good taming!

# MECCANO®

## NEW CHALLENGES FOR SCOUTS!

Build space-age models that operate through motorized electronics. Like the Martian shown here. You can operate it through an automatic control battery box. There are 65 other automatic-control models in the instruction book you get with the new Meccano 5ME Set.

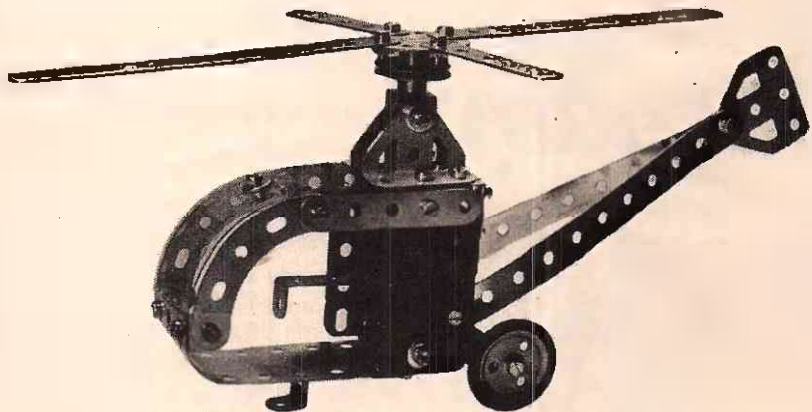
Get in on the fun of model building—motorized power—automatic control. Ask for Meccano at your hobby shop or department store.



## A CHANCE FOR CUBS TO DEVELOP SKILLS!

This two-man helicopter is just one of dozens of models you can build with the Meccano No. 2 Set. All sorts of working models—cranes—scoops—fork lift trucks—drilling machines. You can make 'em as simple or as challenging as you want 'em!

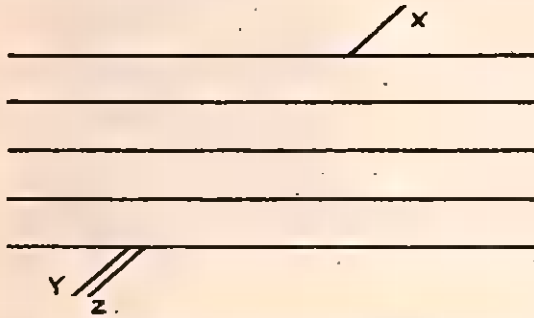
Complete instructions and pages of model diagrams come with every set. Or make up your own models—use your imagination. And remember—you can always add to your Meccano No.2 Set if you want to build even more exciting models!



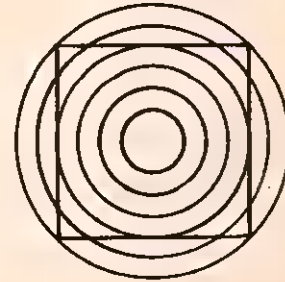
For your nearest supplier of Meccano sets write to:  
**MECCANO Tri-ang P.O. Box 125 Toronto 18**

# Optical Illusions

Sometimes things are not what they appear to be



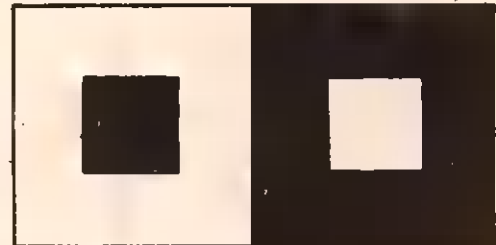
1. Which is the real continuation of the line starting at X? Is it Y, or Z?



3. Is the square inside the circle really a square, or a figure with curved sides? Check it with your ruler to be sure.



2. Which two of all the lines shown above are parallel? There are only two. Check your answer with a ruler.



4. Which square is larger, the black or the white? Even though they don't look it, they are the same size!

## Barnaby



Most boys like to keep a pet. Let me tell you about my pet for he is a most unusual fellow.

His feathers are many shades of soft grey and brown and his big black eyes look directly at me whenever he turns his head from side to side.

My pet has a habit of shifting his weight from one foot to the other foot several times before he is ready to be fed.

I often tempt my pet at meal times with small grey field mice but he is equally fond of chicken heads and giblets. He really has quite an appetite and will eat as many as four chicken heads or six field mice at one meal.

I built a house for my pet at the back of our yard. It is warm and clean and I put straw on the floor. Now that my pet is well trained I am able to let him fly away. Sometimes he does not return for a day or two as he enjoys flying about the countryside on silent wing but he will always come back to me.

Most people say that these fellows cannot be trained but my pet knows me and will fly to me from a very great distance when I whistle to him.

Have you guessed who my pet is?

Yes, that's right. Barnaby is a barn owl!

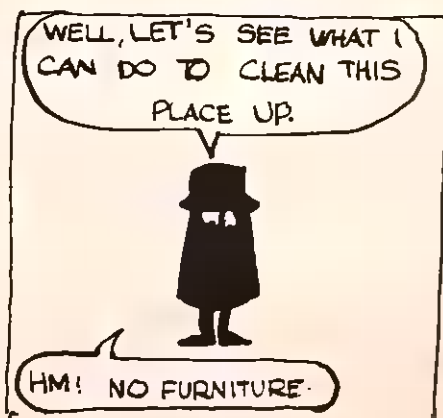
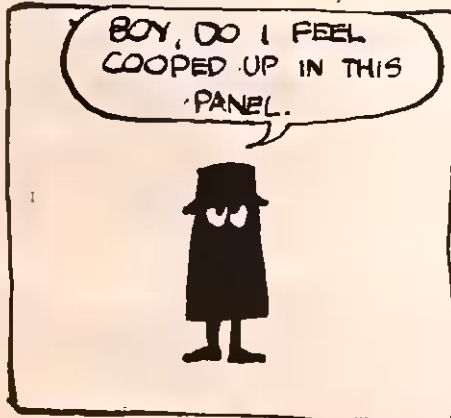
By I. Ingram



"But I don't really want to join the Lions' club!"

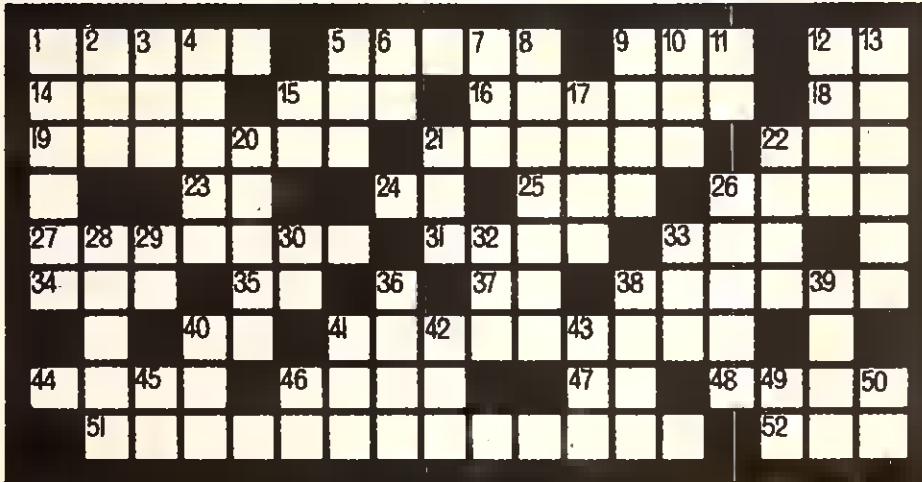
## ONE MAN BAND

by Dave Morris



# a crossword puzzle contest!

Solve this puzzle correctly, send it to CB, and you could win yourself ten dollars. If your puzzle is the first correct one drawn from all entries received by August 15, 1970, and if you correctly answer a skill-testing question, we'll send you ten dollars. There will be only one winner. This contest is open to all registered CB subscribers.



NAME.....

AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

PACK, TROOP, OR COMPANY.....

## ACROSS

1. .... with a stick, oar, shirt, or board, if accident close to shore.
5. .... a ring buoy or rope to victim.
9. .... to victim if far from shore.
12. .... to victim's aid when you have no other choice.
14. Estonian Soviet Socialist Republic (abbr.).
15. Quick, jerky motion in water.
18. Swimming stroke.
18. Look!
19. Steamship.
21. Cure-all.
22. Turf.
23. Warrant Officer (abbr.).
24. Exists.
25. Expose to sun.
26. To weep noisily (colloq.).
27. Make use of.
31. To move through water.
33. Merriment.
34. English Revised Version (abbr.).
35. Symbol for tin.

## DOWN

37. Upon.
38. Small, moth-like fly.
40. Symbol for platinum.
41. Lookout on shore.
44. Two.
46. Celt of Scottish highlands.
47. Symbol for nickel.
48. Young Men's Christian Association (abbr.).
51. Bobbing jellyfish float.
52. .... victim to shore with your shirt.

13. Very many (slang).
15. Symbol for beryllium.
17. Test.
20. Damp.
21. Letter of the alphabet.
22. Silicon dioxide.
26. Swim with a . . . . ., never alone.
28. Move up and down to keep head above water.
29. Four (Rom.).
30. Symbol for zinc.
32. Misery.
33. Not near.
36. Dock.
38. He killed Abel.
39. International Nickel Company (abbr.).
40. Favorable.
41. Complete circuit.
42. Andy Capp's wife.
43. One only (combining form).
45. Symbol for iridium.
46. Grand National (abbr.).
49. Mountain (abbr.).
50. Sound of disgust.

## LETTERS

Continued from page 14

### HE MISSED IT

I enjoy writing stories very, very much and that CB Writers' Contest was a great opportunity for me to enter some of my work and possibly have it printed. I missed the contest, unfortunately, and I hope you will hold another contest exactly the same as the last one. Same age groups, same categories, and all . . . So please set up another contest? I think probably that the same thing has happened to many other boys.

Richard Willis, Dorval, Que.

### SUBSCRIBER REACTION

I have enjoyed CB magazine very much. I am very glad you put in the account of the address (July-August) or I would not be sure what to do.

David Fish, Ont.

For anybody else who's moving, that address again: Subscriptions Department, CANADIAN BOY, Box 5112 Station F, Ottawa 5, Ont. And warn our subscriptions supervisor, Mrs. McWilliams, before you move, as soon as you know your new address. If you enclose the mailing label, clipped from the cover of your magazine, it helps move things along a bit faster for you.

### GONE TO IMPROVE HIS MIND

I am returning to university for post-graduate studies, in Alberta. Consequently I have resigned as a Cub Leader of the 4th Garry Pack in Victoria. I would like to say that your magazine is both informative and interesting. CB has been thoroughly read, each issue, and it has helped greatly in my enjoyed work with a Cub pack.

Dr. J.M. Plecash, Victoria, B.C.

### ANXIOUS OUTDOORSMAN

I would like to see more stories and tips on fishing. Besides this, I think you have a great mag. Keep up the good work.

Randy Robbins, Winnipeg, Man.

# Penpals

**Ronny Gottesman, 12,** of 6717 MacDonald, Montreal 252, Que., is interested in the sciences, especially electricity and chemistry. His hobbies are model building and reading. He'd like a penpal from anywhere west of Quebec.

**Albert Edge, 12,** of 2288 Kugler Avenue, Coquitlam, B.C., would like a penpal from the Northwest Territories or the Yukon, who likes fishing, reading, stamp collecting, chemistry, coin collecting, or model building.

**Alan Drewbrook, 12,** of 123 Belsize Drive, Toronto 295, Ont., likes tennis, hockey, baseball, football, and badminton. He reads a lot. Prefers a penpal from outside southern Ontario.

**Greg Bassett, 12,** of Box 622, Raymond, Alta., would like to correspond with someone living on Baffin Island, or even outside of North America altogether. His hobbies are skating and collecting stamps.

**Douglas Davey Jr., 12,** of Sunset Crescent, Napanee, Ont., is a Scout and the son of a Scouter. He'd like a penpal from anywhere, and digs snowmobiling, skiing, and tobogganing.

**Scott Wilson, 12,** of 35 Harper Road, Brampton, Ont., would like a penpal from anywhere in Canada except Ontario or Quebec. He'd prefer to correspond with a girl but boys will do. He likes bowling, fishing, and running.

**Mark Lewis, 12,** of Box 240 Beausejour, Man., would like a p.p. from anywhere in Canada. His hobbies are reading, sports—particularly football and swimming—plus chemistry and other sciences, and camping.

**Anne Harris, 12,** of 1126 Beabrooke Street, Ottawa 5, Ont., would like to correspond with a boy anywhere in Canada, except Ontario. She enjoys skiing, camping, hockey, and especially likes the *Canadiens*. Anne is a Girl Guide.

**Tim Glass, 12,** of Indian Head, Sask., would like a p.p. from eastern Canada, or from NWT or the Yukon. He likes all sports, plus camping, hunting, and cars.

**Ernie Munroe, 12,** of 21 Belmont Avenue, Stellarton, Nova Scotia, would like a p.p. from anyplace except his home province. He's interested in wrestling, hockey, car racing, and baseball.

**Shaun O'Hara, 12,** of 42 Gordon Street, Ottawa 1, Ont., would like to have some penpals from anyplace, including foreign countries. He's interested in sports, swimming, travel, and fishing.

**Tom Christianson, 12,** of 5123 Carney Road, Calgary 48, Alta., would like a p.p. who's interested in horse racing, electronics, football, or tv. Anyone outside Alberta.

**Jeff Wesley, 12,** of 3 McNaughton Avenue, Wallaceburg, Ont., likes girls, fishing, and animals. Will correspond with anybody. Likes reading the occasional book, and some games, and most sports.

**Len Hudebrecht, 12,** of 51 George Street East, Lindsay, Ont., likes paleontology (the study of fossils), model planes from WW1 and WW2, and drawing pictures. Anybody, anyplace.

**Stephen Ferguson, 12,** of 101 Colborne, Simcoe, Ont., would like a penpal his own age from the Maritimes or B.C. His hobbies include stamps, some sports, pop music, and piano.

**Dale Northey, 11,** of Box 8, Northbrook, Ont., would like a penpal from B.C. He likes science, CB, music, art, tv, writing letters, and girls.

**Dean Babula, 11,** of 239 Munro, Thunder Bay, Ont., wants a p.p. from B.C., N.B., or Nfld. He collects stamps and likes skiing and swimming.

**Todd Kerp, 11,** of 305 Spruce Street, London, Ont., would like a penpal his age, interested in stamps, models and drawing, in Ontario.

**Doug Ferguson, 11,** of 148 Bradbrooke Drive, Yorkton, Sask., wants a penpal. He's interested in hockey, baseball, stamps, and rock groups.

**Michael Ash, 10,** of 20 Radford Avenue, Galt, Ont., wants a p.p. He's interested in hockey, baseball, swimming, gymnastics, and science.

**Jim Doten, 10,** of 11 Kells Avenue, Scarborough, Ont., would like a penpal from western Canada, interested in dogs, comics, wildlife, reading, and camping.

**Brent Lovell, 10,** of 4407 Lakeshore Road, Burlington, Ont., wants a penpal outside Ontario. He's interested in hockey, baseball, mini-bikes, go-karts, archery, guitar, and all kinds of racing.



by Helen Magnusson

One of the most versatile roots and plants found in most marshy places in Canada is the cat-tail. You may know it as bullrushes, or rushes, cossack asparagus, or flags (*Tepha latifolia*). Whatever you call it, parts of it can be eaten at any time of the year.

An excellent source of food energy, these plants can be eaten raw, but they are palatable cooked, like asparagus.

In spring, you can find the young shoots. The lower tender peeled stalks are delicious cooked and served with butter.

The greenish-yellow flower stalks, before the blossoms are out, can be eaten raw, or cooked like asparagus, or you can roast them over an open fire like sweet corn.

The golden pollen from the flower head can be gathered easily in a plastic bag, then used as flour. Or you can add it to the flour you may have with you at camp. Used this way, the pollen makes great golden pancakes.

The inner portion of the young stem, especially the lower 12 to 15 inches of it, can be cooked in water, or roasted. After roasting it, you can grind into a flour or meal, for baking.

During fall and winter the starchy roots can be dug up, washed and peeled while they're still wet, and then ground into a flour or meal. Where pithy little new tid-bits of stems sprout out, these can be removed and cooked like new potatoes.

Root stalks are good all year round. You can enjoy them raw or roasted or ground into meal and flour.

Bullrushes were once a staple food among the Indians of North America. The plants are still a good basic foot for hikers, campers, and on survival-type trips.

The heads, dry and brown, the way many people see them, can be dipped in paraffin wax. They make great torches, if you're going to be out after dark.

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## EXPEDITION

# *Baden-Powell Lake*

by Joan Pierson

Just one year ago, a group of London, Ontario, boys from 76-B Troop camped in Algonquin Park. So what? Anybody could have been there, standing on the shore of a yet un-named lake, looking back on months of planning and work.

Difference here was that on the day those Scouts arrived at their mystery lake, after paddling, portaging, and pathfinding, the nameless body of fresh water got tagged. And they were the taggers.

That bright, sunny new 15th of July, 1969, the lake officially became Baden-Powell Lake. Its geographic location is 45 degrees 39 minutes north, 78 degrees 41 minutes west, in terms of latitude and longitude. It lies in Nipissing District's McLaughlin Township.

Approval for the name Baden-Powell Lake was given by Lands and Forests Minister Rene Brunelle and the Secretary's Office of the Ontario Geographic Names Board. And if that's not official, nothing is.

As the boys of 76-B Troop looked out on their discovery, they recalled their superb teamwork had come out of an idea they got from television. The CBC had telecast a documentary on the mystery surrounding the death of Canadian Artist Tom Thomson. You may recall his work, his connections with Canada's famous Group of Seven, and stories about his life in Algonquin Park, about 50 years ago.

The Scouts decided to travel into Algonquin

Park, find Tom Thomson Lake, which is quite a paddle north of Huntsville, Ontario, and then search the area to see if they could uncover further clues, about Thomson's death.

While they were studying some detailed topographic maps, they discovered an un-named lake, just northwest of Tom Thomson Lake. Excitement, determination, and a chance to do something really different led Falcon Patrol to get in touch with the Ontario Geographic Names Board, and Lands and Forests Minister Brunelle. The boys were given permission to name the mystery lake BADEN-POWELL LAKE, provided they could reach it.

Months of planning followed. The work went well. Their leader, "Uncle Joe" Ecclestone, acted as an advisor—more like a Venturer Advisor than a Scoutmaster.

The four Scouts who decided to go the lakesite calculated the total weight of their equipment and supplies. They knew every ounce counted, because it all had to be toted on their backs!

Clothes and camping gear were kept to a minimum and camping regulations had to be checked out with the authorities in Algonquin Park. Each day's campsite was checked out for the boys by a Park Authority helicopter.

Any Scout patrol or troop planning to portage and paddle through Algonquin Park to find Baden-Powell Lake is invited to write to the London District Council office of Boy Scouts of Canada at 531 Windermere Road,

London 22, Ontario. The council officers will send out a map of the same route taken by 76-B's Falcon Patrol.

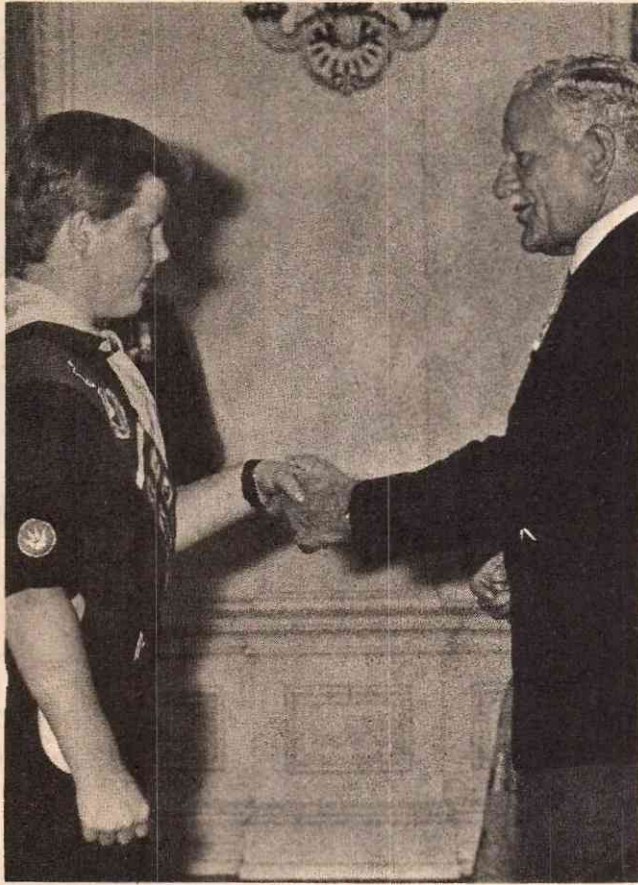
A tree marking the naming site stands out clearly even from a distance. It has been sprayed with a bright red fluorescent paint. The gold Scouting symbol is there, too, at the top of a metal box fastened to this tree by the Scouts. The name BADEN-POWELL LAKE is painted below the Scouting symbol. Visitors are invited to open the box and look at the book inside, which is inscribed:

"This lake was officially dedicated and named BADEN-POWELL LAKE on July 15, 1969, by 76-B Troop, London, Ontario, Canada."

Below this are written the names of the original adventurers. And they have left a request for all visitors to the lakesite to add their signatures to the book. In the years to come, people signing this book will leave visible evidence that they are able wilderness campers, and canoeers, and willing to portage into this special place.

The names of the four Scouts of Falcon Patrol are Don Ecclestone, Jeff Meadows, Alan Pentland, and Brian Yates. Not one of them was over 14 years of age at the time of their venture.

To anybody planning to make the trip, they wish you good weather and good luck. The only trick to it—and it's an old story now—is be prepared.



## Valour Award

While 11-year-old John Hartz was playing in a Saturday afternoon football game with his chums, near his home at East Royalty, Prince Edward Island, one of the boys saw smoke rising from a nearby barn. John's three-year-old sister, Karen, and two other little girls were playing in the barn, which was full of hay and straw. All the boys ran to the barn. John saw the girls run out, but his sister was not with them. Then he heard her cries coming from inside the barn. He rushed in and found Karen with her foot caught between two floor boards. John got her free and out of the barn just as blazing hay fell from above them. The flames were close enough to sear Karen's nylon parka, her hands and her face. For his prompt and gallant action in rescuing his little sister, Scout John David Hartz was awarded the Silver Cross by the Chief Scout, Governor General Michener.

## Hobbies

Removing stamps from envelopes or wrapping paper gives some young collectors a good deal of trouble. But, if you are careful, this preliminary operation can become a fun part of collecting.

First of all, the stamp should be cut from the envelope, leaving a margin of at least a quarter of an inch all the way around the stamp. Be careful not to snip off corners of the stamp, or any of its perforations.

Some airmail envelopes, particularly those from foreign countries, are sometimes lined with a thin tissue paper, dark blue or red in color. Remove this lining, too, or the colors may stain your soaking stamps.

The stamps should be immersed in clean warm water and left to soak until they float freely away from the backing paper. Take each stamp carefully from the water and place it face down on a sheet of newspaper. Make sure the stamps do not overlap or touch each other while they are drying.

The soaking usually requires about five minutes although some stamps, like those of China, sometimes take a lot longer to leave their backing papers. It usually takes about a half-day for stamps to dry so that you can mount them, or stock them.

For the drying process, a sheet of paper may be placed on top of the stamps, making a kind of stamp sandwich. This helps prevent curling. But it is important that none of the stamp's original gum is still on the back of a stamp dried in this way, or you may find yourself re-soaking the batch. No harm done, but it wastes time for you.

Another pitfall the novice collector might encounter is staining from the envelope itself. A common example is the brown manila envelope used by government departments, book publishers, and printing firms. While these organizations usually meter their mail, occasionally postage stamps are used on manila.

The ink from ballpoint pens also tends to spread over the paper and over the stamp, once it is exposed to water.

In these cases, to avoid staining by either manila or ink, no more than a dozen stamps should be soaked at one time.

They can then be processed quickly.

All collectors eventually end up with some duplicate stamps. Some of these "dupes" will be traded off easily enough. But in a lot of cases, your duplicates will have to be stored or stocked in some way.

You can file them in envelopes, or keep them in stocksheets. The stocksheet is the more satisfactory method of the two, because the collector can see at a glance what he has in stock, and there is no danger of a stamp becoming damaged.

There is a tendency among some collectors to cram too many stamps into storage envelopes. Some stamps become badly creased, or torn, or have their perforations bent. They look ratty.

Stock cards, usually eight-and-a-half inches by eleven inches, are punched for a standard three-ring binder. Each stock card has a number of paper or cardboard strips that form pockets. The stamps are placed in these pockets, where they are about half-exposed. This makes them easy to identify and readily removable.

A half-dozen of these sheets, or stock cards, would probably cost you a dollar, and you would have enough to last you quite a while.

By H.L. Woodman



## TROOP SPECIALTY BADGE

We have had a number of requests to change the Troop Specialty badge. These suggestions have ranged from sewing name flashes (anchors) under the badge, specifying the nature of the specialty, to providing the same badge in three different colors to cover at least three specialties per boy.

The anchors, or activity name flashes, are impractical for stock purposes because there are so many different activities.

Probably the easiest and cheapest way is to make the same badge available in three different colors. This would cover at least three different troop specialties during the time a Scout is in the troop.

Many troops have only one specialty. It would be camping, or some winter activity. But others like to change their specialty each year, to offer a different challenge for the same boys still in the troop from year to year.

What do you think of the three different colors for the same badge, for those who have more than one specialty?

Write in and let me know. My name is Dennis W. Lewis, and I'd like to hear from you. My address: Scout Department, National Headquarters, Boy Scouts of Canada, Box 5151, Station F, Ottawa 5, Ontario. Drop me a note or a postcard, today. It'll help.

Dennis W. Lewis

LIBRARY



*W. Lewis*

"...zzzzz..."

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Jim: You can't carry milk in a bag!  
 Dave: Why not? The cow does!  
*David Malone, Cornwall, Ont.*

Q: What is dark underneath, white on top, and very warm in hot weather?  
 A: A wolf in sheep's clothing.  
*John Lent, Winnipeg, Man.*

Teacher: How are you doing on the examination? Are the questions clear?  
 Student: The questions are clear enough—the answers aren't!  
*Eddie Von Euw, Mitchell, Ont.*

Q: What kind of fish is man's best friend?  
 A: Dogfish.  
*Dale Branigan, Fort Smith, NWT*



"Their specialty is seafood."

Jill: What's flat at the bottom, pointed at the top, and has ears?  
 Bill: I give up.  
 Jill: A mountain.  
 Bill: What about the ears?  
 Jill: Haven't you heard of mountaineers?  
*John Ovcjak, Toronto, Ont.*

Q: Qu'est-ce que la grosse cheminée dit à la petite cheminée?  
 R: Tu es trop petite pour fumer!  
*Michel Basque, Bathurst, N.B.*

Q: What is the definition of counterfeit money?  
 A: Homemade bread.  
*Richard Beatty, Ottawa, Ont.*

Q: What is never seen but often changes?  
 A: Your mind.  
*Brent Watson, Rosemere, Que.*

Teacher: Surely you don't believe anyone can tell the future by looking at a card!  
 Willie: My mother can. She can take one look at my report card and tell what's going to happen when my father gets home.  
*Tony Simard, Belleville, Ont.*

Reporter: To what do you attribute your long life, sir?  
 Old timer: Don't rightly know yet. I'm still bargaining with two breakfast food companies.  
*Paul Schmitt, Winnipeg, Man.*

Joe: This summer I'm going to work as a diamond cutter.  
 Jane: Oh, where will you be working?  
 Joe: I'll be cutting grass at the ball park.  
*Kevin Brodie, West Hill, Ont.*

Q: How do sailors get their clothes clean?  
 A: They throw them overboard and they get washed ashore.  
*Michael Kipling, Nipawin, Sask.*

Woman passenger on plane: Those people down there look like ants.  
 Travelling companion: They are ants—the plane hasn't taken off yet!  
*Elmars Lasis, Sarnia, Ont.*

Seems one of the latest games is for two teenagers to sit near a telephone. The first one to make a call is "chicken".  
*Alan Mile, Kennedy, Sask.*

Billy: I can't telephone the zoo!  
 Mother: Why not?  
 Billy: Lion's busy.  
*Larry Kondo, Etobicoke, Ont.*

Q: What has four legs, is kind of square, and has all kinds of colors?  
 A: A color tv.  
*Peter Best, Saint John, N.B.*

## CHOPPER

By Simpkins



"Chopper! Quit drinking that stuff! You'll rot your teeth!"



"Whom shall I say is besieging?"

Q: When are there four feet in a yard?  
 A: When two people are standing in the yard.  
*Michael Mercier, Sudbury, Ont.*

Mother: Willie, why are you jumping up and down?  
 Willie: I took my medicine, but I forgot to shake the bottle!  
*Ralph Smode, Vancouver, B.C.*

Q: What comes twice in a moment, once in a minute, and never in a hundred years?  
 A: The letter m.  
*Larry Beevor, Kleinburg, Ont.*

Jim: Why did the chicken cross the road?  
 Gerard: To get to the other side.  
 Jim: No—to get his old age pension.  
 Gerard: I don't get it!  
 Jim: You will, when you're 65.  
*James Costello, Holyrood, Nfld.*

Overheard: If at first you succeed, hide your astonishment.  
*Charley Williamson, Scarborough, Ont.*

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