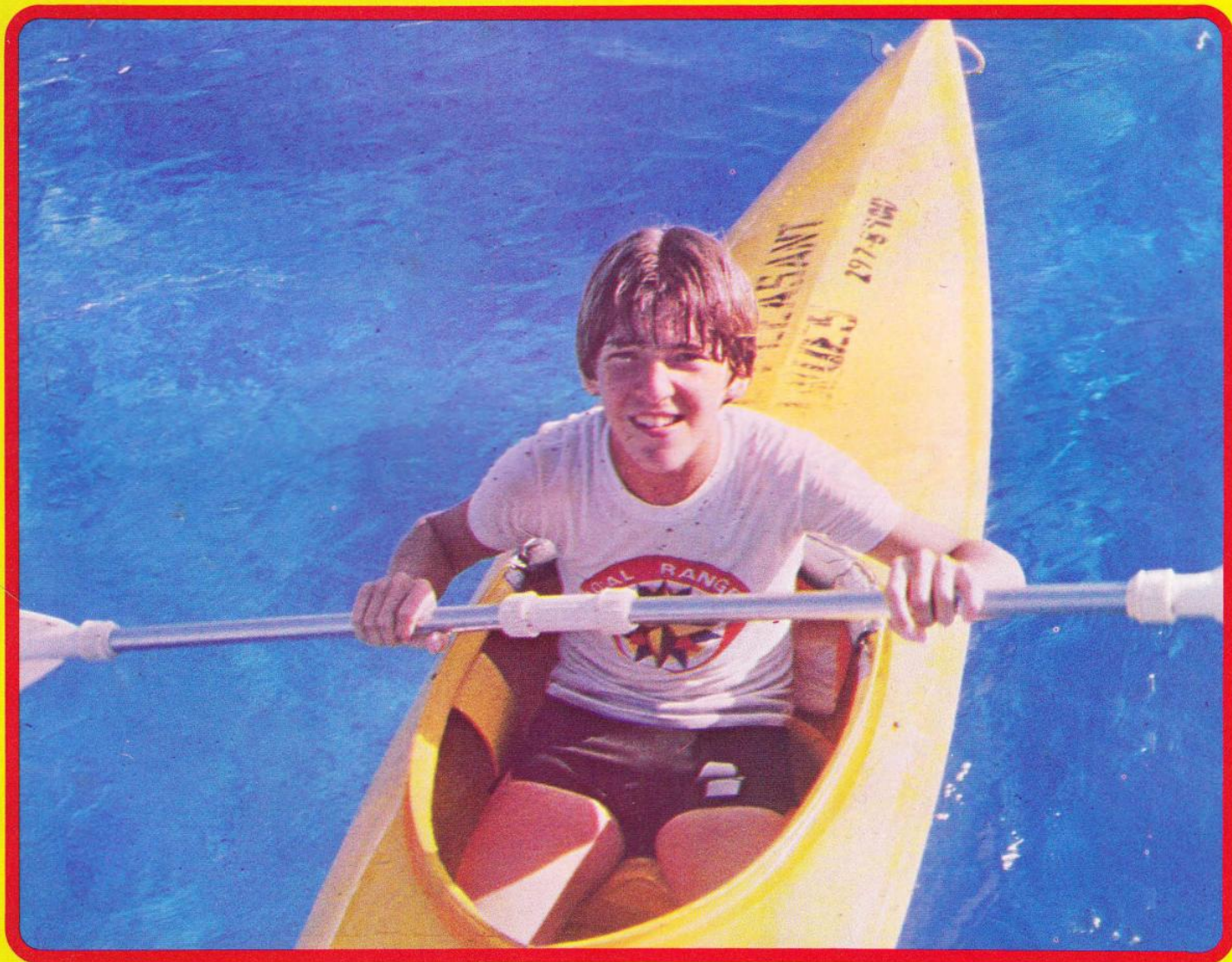


High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS / SPRING 1982

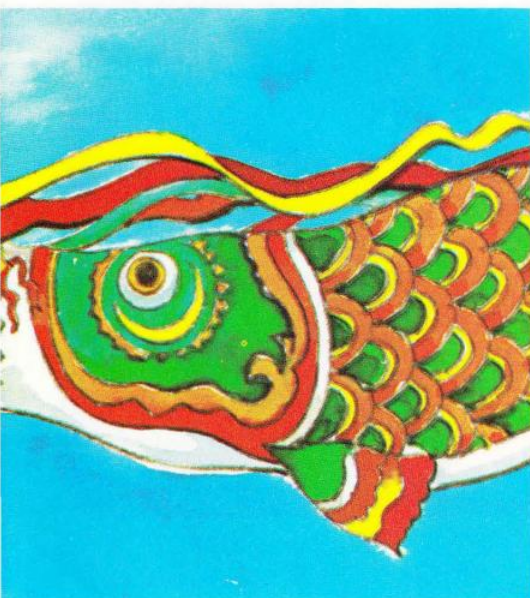


KITE FLYING TIME AGAIN
QUETICO WILDERNESS EXPERIENCE
NATIONAL CAMPORAMA
MARBLES-STILL GOING STRONG

EXCITING READING AHEAD ▶

High Adventure

SPRING 1982



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LOOK UP
IN THE AIR.
IT'S A BIRD,
IT'S A PLANE . . .

IT'S KITE FLYING TIME AGAIN

BY DAVID GUNSTON

"They come any way you like them: square, rectangular, hexagonal, diamond-shaped; in the guise of fish, birds, snakes, mermaids, dragons, aeroplanes, butterflies, Chinese mandarins; in paper, cotton, silk, fibreglass, plastic, bamboo, or balsa wood. Use them as you will: to entertain your pals on a windy day, to fish or sail, to experiment in the atmosphere—even to promote or protest against something, since you can buy messages on them as well."

So declares Ben Kocivar, an expert on them, and he is talking about kites.

If ever an ancient pastime was literally soaring to new heights, it is flying a kite. The aerial sport they offer has never lost its popularity in all the 2,500 years of recorded kite history, but it is now becoming enormously popular in almost every country in the world, to all sorts of people.

Kites are nowadays absorbing the energies and interests of enthusiasts from all walks of life who seek an outdoor pastime that is uniquely different: businessmen seeking relaxation, students seeking a new gimmicky activity; retired folks seeking fresh air and exercise on

hilltop or seashore; scientists with a mission or research to follow; whole families relaxing together; children always and everywhere.

Kite-flying offers wind on the faces and head enough to blow all mental cobwebs away, excitement, suspense, outdoor exercise as much as anyone needs, competition if need be, the zest of a fierce tussle with the elements and a linking with the birds and the clouds. It can be inexpensive, and yet as technical as you wish to make it, as nonchalant or as strenuous as you wish. And strangely enough, it provides a fascination that

GET OUT IN THE OPEN.
GO FLY A KITE.





Kite

never palls.

From Britain to Bermuda, Washington to Waikiki, Munich to Melbourne, flying a kite, usually in company with others, is fast becoming the hobby vogue of today. Towns and villages are organizing kite fairs and contests, kite rallies are growing apace, manufacturers are rushing out mass-produced kites and kite kits for do-it-yourself assembly—bird, bat, box, war, hawk, aero or double—whichever takes your fancy.

And in the Orient they are smiling as inscrutably as ever—and flying kites as they have always done with such ceremonial keenness and flair.

For that is where it all began. In fact, individual kite-flying has always been the national pastime of China, Japan, Korea, Annam, Malaya and other Far Eastern and East Indian lands.

No one knows who invented the kite, or exactly when, but it was developed in China some centuries before the birth of Christ and may either have been an obvious extension of a banner or pennant streaming out in the wind, or else “derived from an ancient Chinese method of shooting off an arrow with a line attached to it, so that both arrow and prey could be recovered by hauling it in” like an aerial harpoon. Most authorities today favor the former explanation, because once an extended banner has been stiffened with light bamboo rod and allowed to stream out from its pole on a cord, it is in fact a kite. For a kite is really a tethered glider, the prototype of the modern aeroplane

wing, and by far the earliest form of aircraft.

Early Chinese kites had messages, faces and other designs painted on them, while many were fitted with whistles or pipes operated by the force of the wind to provide celestial music as they flew. It is fairly certain, too, that even among the early Chinese models some were large enough to carry a man aloft, chiefly for the purposes of military observation.

In modern times the Japanese have taken over kite-flying as their own pursuit, and kite-flying festivals are still held in Japan as they have been for centuries. The Japanese are certainly the most original designers of kites: among their favorites are kites in the form of life-size human figures, cuttlefish, octopuses, storks, tortoises, spiders, monkeys, fans, and umbrellas. All Japanese children like to fly their colorful kites in the traditional New Year's Day kite ceremony, and where possible they equip their kites with “hummers” made of catgut, whalebone, sheet brass, or leather stretched taut enough to make loud “music” as they fly.

It is the Japanese, too, who perfected even larger kites, some of which are almost beyond belief. Largest of all are the “man-wan” kites, and one measured 20 yards across, weighed some 55 cwt., needed a 35-leg bridle, flew a streamer tail 480 ft. long, and took some 150 men to manhandle for launching and flying.

Kites have not always had a purely recreational use, of course. Down the cen-

turies they have been used for spying, fishing, towing, signalling, crossing rivers, fighting (with other kites), raising telephone wires and radio aerials, taking aerial photographs, bearing fireworks in display, fishing and weather forecasting. More recent uses include such varied activities as measuring wind-speeds, investigating high-level air-streams in the atmosphere, securing sample of air for pollution tests, and as an exciting aid to water-skiing.

New types and purposes of kites are constantly being devised, and indeed the range of possible kite shapes is limitless, although the hexagonal box type and the basic bird design still take a lot of beating for high flying.

Of course, it is easy to say that flying a kite is related to the innate human urge to soar, even if vicariously, to even greater heights, as well as being related to man's interests in space and his desire to be free of all earthly limitations; for these things are also satisfied to some extent by ballooning and flying an aeroplane. But there is something in these notions nonetheless.

Perhaps the feeling of the kite-flyer has best been put into words by the Swedish authority, Yvro Hirn:

He walks on the earth, but a part of him seems to struggle with the elements and rise to the clouds. With the little shining sail he moves through space and hurries across the firmament. ★

How long To Sunset?

Here's a quick surefire method to find out just how much time you've got left.

Sunlight is very important to hikers and campers, and knowing when the sun will set is of great value to woodsmen. Not everyone carries an almanac, and delivery of the daily newspaper at your campsite is unlikely. How can you know when the sun will set?

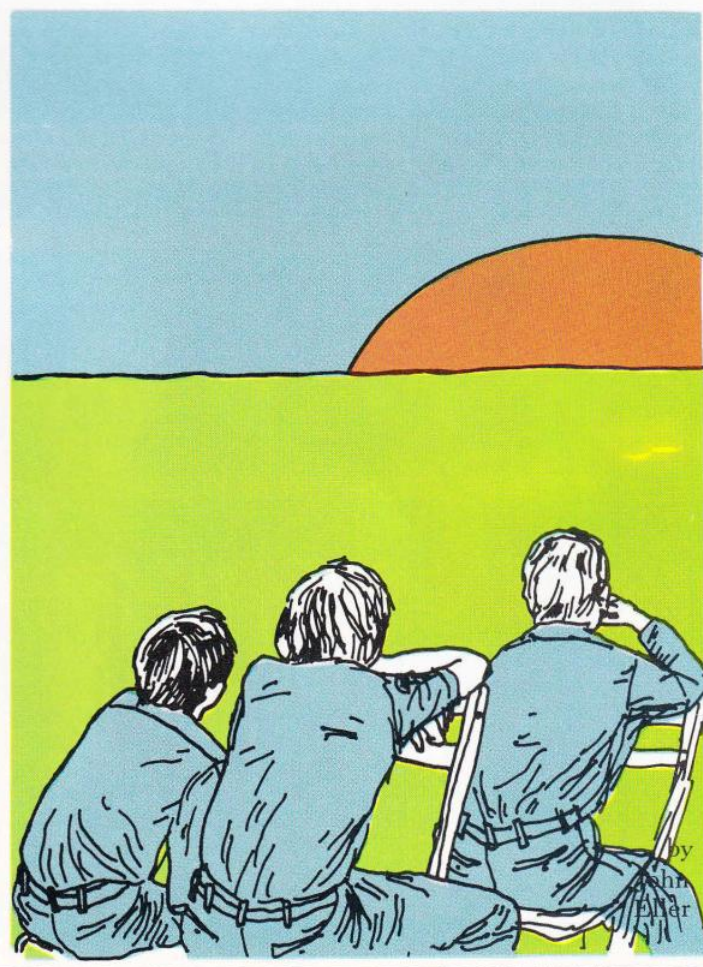
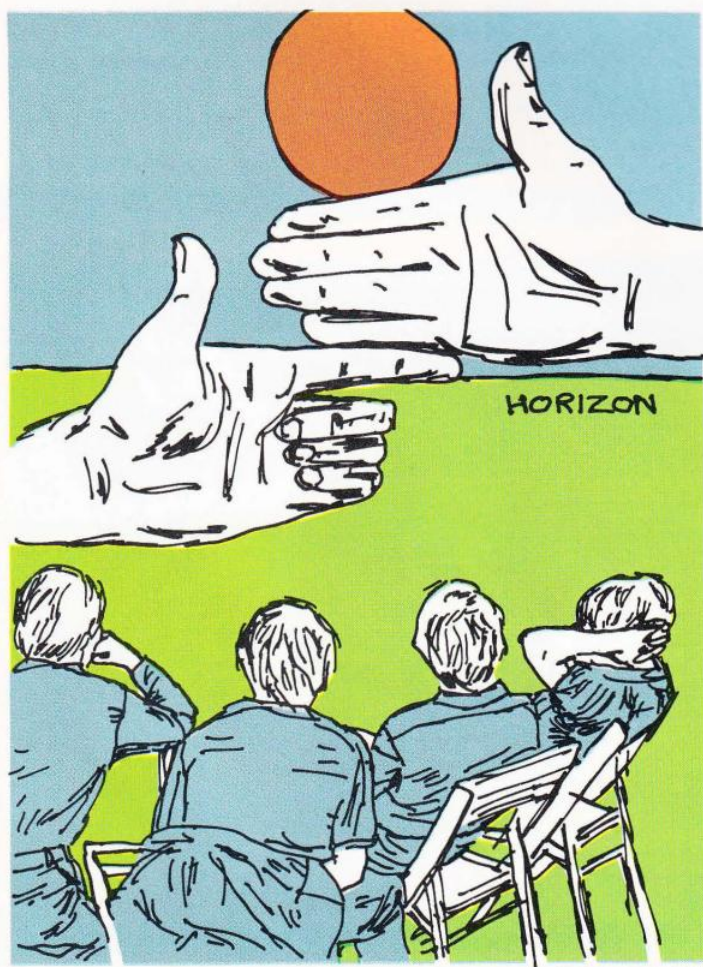
Some outdoorsmen have a built-in "timer" which tells them how much sunlight is left in the day. Others seem to know just by looking at their watch.

But you may find yourself without a watch and you want to make camp or row across the lake before the sun is down. Or perhaps you carry a watch but don't know what time the sun will set. And you want to know how much time you have before sundown.

Here is a simple way to get a quick approximation. Face the setting sun. Extend your arms at full length toward the sun, your wrists bent toward you, and

your fingers just below the sun. Forget about your thumbs. Then, count how many finger widths separate the sun from the horizon. Count fifteen minutes per finger. If four fingers fill the space between the horizon and the sun with your arms fully extended, it is one hour before sunset. Six fingers would mean an hour and a half.

Try it on your next hike or camp-out! It really works!



Quetico Wilderness Experience

by Edmund Willis and Tom Niemeyer

These Royal Rangers took an exciting hundred mile canoe trip through a land of lakes, rivers, rocky islands, and towering granite cliffs. Relive this rugged journey with them!

Between Lake Superior and the prairie's edge lies a region known as "Quetico." This is a landscape of tangled lakes and rivers, of rocky islands and towering granite cliffs, of misty mornings and splendid sunsets, of beaver, moose, and loon.

When the first explorers arrived in the area west of Thunder Bay, Ontario, called the Quetico, it was the late 17th century. They adopted the Indian ways as did the French fur traders who soon followed, using canoes in summer and snow shoes in winter. Between 1731 and 1775 the explorer La Verendrye established trading posts in this area. Later explorers Simon Fraser and Alexander MacKenzie used these voyager trails in exploring the Northwest Territories.

On June 19, 1981, eight boys and four

men from Outpost 53 in St. Louis, Missouri, made the thousand-mile trip to the Quetico Park, Ontario, Canada. We were completely outfitted by Canoe Outfitters in Atikokan, Ontario, owned by Bud Dickinson and Jim Clark. All we had to take were clothes, fishing gear, and a lot of energy.

We paddled about 30 miles with 11 portages just to get into and back out of the lake we picked for base camp. The Quetico is about 75 miles by 50 miles; and on a map, it looks like half land and half water.

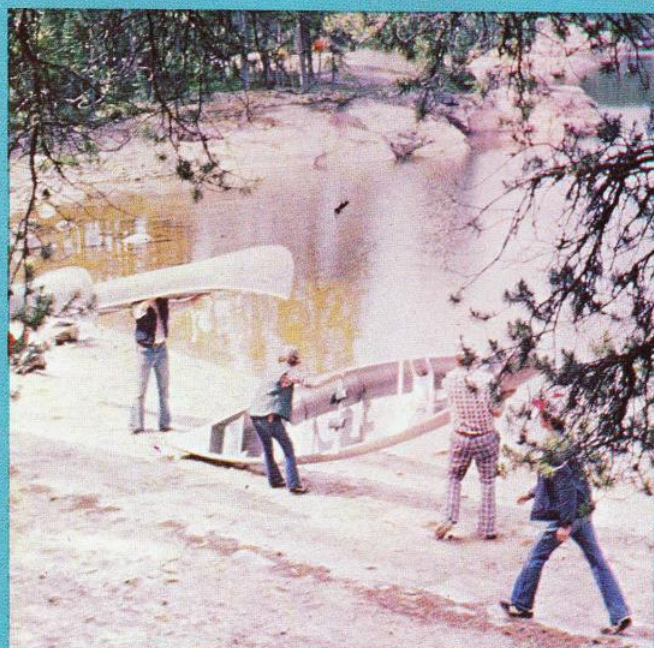
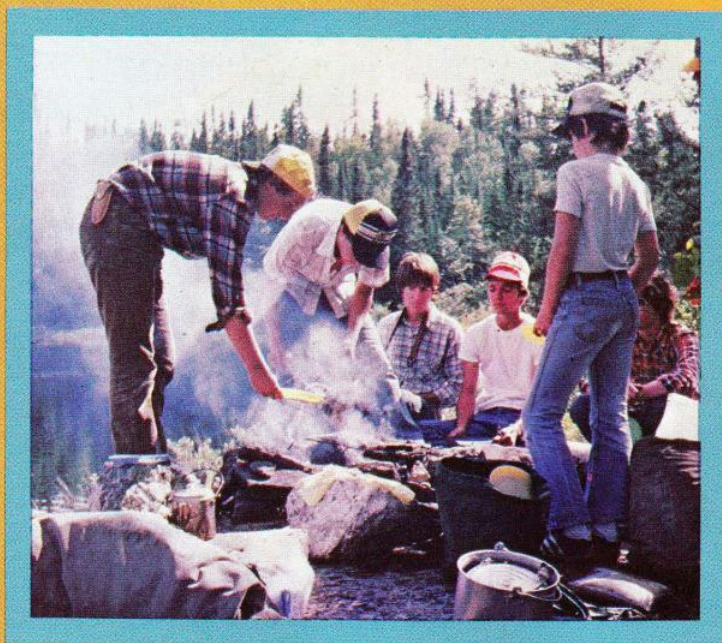
We caught Walleye, Small Mouth Bass, and Northern Pike. The Lake Trout were too deep already. One day six of us caught over two stringers full of Bass and Walleye in about an hour and a half beside a waterfall; and that evening, we

had a fish fry with all you could eat. Two things we found out. You don't forget rain gear and insect repellent.

Some of the wildlife that can be seen in this area are moose, deer, black bear, (the one we saw was sleeping on the side of the road after being hit by a truck) timber wolves, otters, bald eagle, loons, and other waterfowl. There are several Indian pictographs in this area also.

There are no roads in the Quetico Wilderness; so the only way in is portage and paddle (motors are restricted). The cost of this wilderness experience isn't too prohibitive if you have a car wash or other fund raisers and group rates from the outfitter.

Next summer, why not try the Quetico experience. All it takes is some planning.



Bible Crossword Puzzle

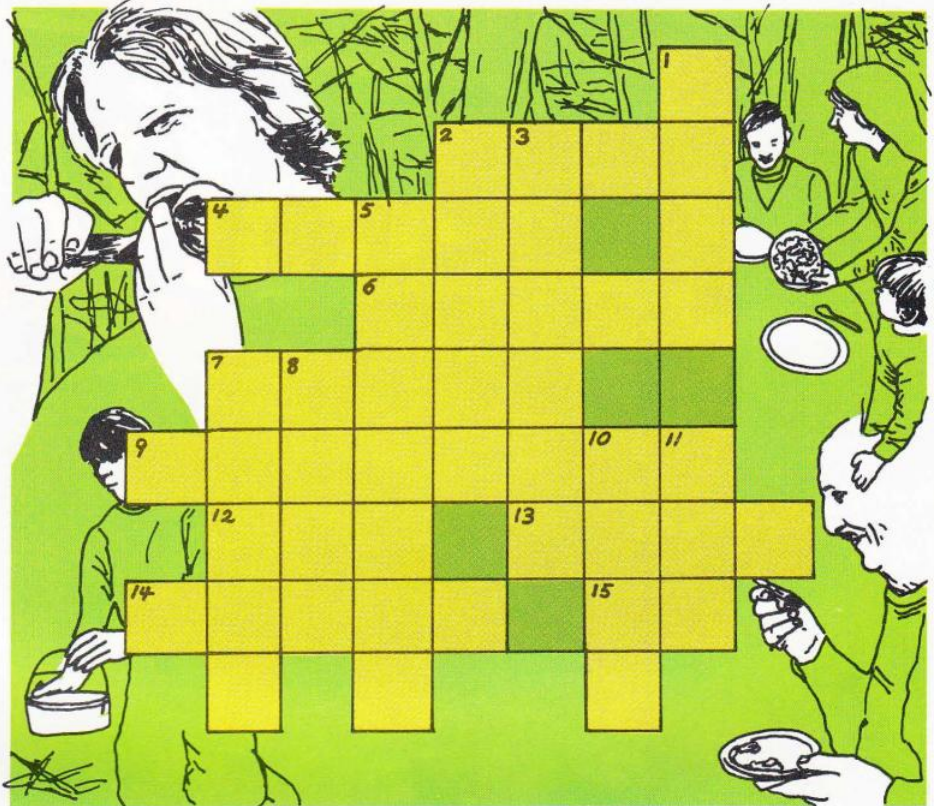
Manna in the Wilderness Read Exodus 16 for answers

Across

- 2—The Israelites did not _____ being hungry.
- 4—One of their leaders.
- 6—Their other leader.
- 7—Hooded snake.
- 9—Not being able to feel.
- 12—Green vegetable.
- 13—Cut of meat.
- 14—Moses escaped being killed at _____, and grew up in Egypt.
- 15—Animal.

Down

- 1—Beheld.
- 2—God wanted the Israelites to _____ to keep his laws.
- 3—The children of _____ were being led out of Egypt.
- 5—God wanted them to rest on the _____ day.
- 7—Valentine archer.
- 8—The people were to gather one _____ of manna for each person daily.
- 10—Before long.
- 11—Moses told the people to gather manna on _____ days only.



How To Begin a Lifetime Bird List



Quickly now, what's that bird with the brick-red breast, gray back and yellow bill? Of course—a robin. And no doubt you know a bluejay, chickadee, or goldfinch when you see one, too. But besides these, it's been estimated that there are over 8,000 birds of different varieties in the world today. Certainly it would be a unique experience to see each of them at least once.

Many bird lovers keep a lifetime check list of all the different birds they see, and so far the worldwide record for the most

birds seen is about 700. Often, one of these bird-watchers will express the wish that he'd begun his list sooner. Now, isn't that an idea for you? No matter what your age, why not begin putting together your own lifetime bird list today?

First, you'll need a bird field guide. There are several inexpensive paperbacks on the market, or you can buy the well-known *Peterson's Field Guide to the Birds* or one of the *Audubon Field Guides*. Your local library is also a source

for these guides.

Next, make it a habit to keep your eyes and ears open wherever you are and at whatever season of the year. Look and listen, whether in the city, country, park, woods, or at the lake or seashore. Remember: Birds are everywhere. What other equipment do you need? A bit of yourself, if you will, because as that great observer, Henry David Thoreau, said: "Nature must be viewed humanly," or "What is nature unless there is an event—

CAMPORAMA



SECOND NATIONAL CAMPORAMA

CAMPORAMA—
Colorado.
was located on
the Academy at
Pike's Peak in

include:
opening cere-
the Air Force
played "Stars and
ch from the superin-
Academy and from the
of Colorado.
g in 25 skillarama
oying 10 Here's How
ons and viewing 10 in-
ons and eye-catching displays.
the FCF encampment,
er a plains Indian village.
re of activity at the swap
ere many Rangers started
leus of some outstanding
ollections.

to spectacular Castle Rock
our of the Air Force Academy.
a part of the action at the rifle
e—hosted by the FCF and the
Academy Rifle Team.

electrifying moment at the first
evening service—after seeing a
ovie of the Apollo 13 mission. Col-
nel James Irwin was introduced as
one of the astronauts who walked on
the moon. Other evening speakers
included Rev. C. M. Ward and Rev.
Thomas Zimmerman.
Many outstanding singing groups
also spotlighted the evening ses-
sions.

This event met all expectations and
laid the foundations for future
camporamas.

—1978—Farragut State Park, Idaho.
Farragut was an idealistic setting for
the second Camporama. Blue moun-
tains, scenic lakes, and tall trees as a
backdrop. Overnight a city of multi-
colored tent and archways filled the
landscape. New activities and more
events such as a rifle and archery range
were added, plus swimming and canoe-
ing in an icy mountain lake. The skill-
arama area was enlarged and a new
sportsarama area was added—plus a
Bible quiz that tested the boys on their
knowledge of the Bible.

The FCF Village was bigger and
better—featuring many skills of our
forefathers.

One special feature was an aerial dog-
fight by World War I planes and a chance
for some of the Rangers to take a flight in
one of these planes.

The amphitheater stage was built to
resemble a fort and was christened "Fort
Royal." Each evening a special pageant
was presented. The first night was an
Indian theme, the second night was a west-
ern theme and the third night was a pa-
triotic theme—an Indian raid on Fort
Royal—the nation's fastest gun—and a
giant flag rally were among the high-
lights.

The music features were mostly our
own Rangers and leaders and there was
none better. Who can forget the out-
standing 12-year-old fiddler—David
Short.

The opening ceremonies featured a
Supreme Court Justice, and Indian
evangelist John McPherson spoke at the
morning rallies. Football coach Denny
Duron inspired hundreds of boys each
evening to deeper spiritual dedication.
Most agreed there couldn't be a better
Camporama.

But wait until the—

THIRD NATIONAL CAMPORAMA—

1982—Pigeon Forge, Tennessee
Elaborate plans are under way! The
site is par-excellent, beautiful setting—
in view of the Smoky Mountains. (The
Great Smoky Mountains National Park
is only a few miles away.) Facilities to
meet all our needs, plus the meals
will be catered. (You should see the
menu—it would make your mouth wa-
ter.)

The site is adjacent to Silver Dollar
City, a nationally known crafts and
amusement park with a hillbilly theme.

The camporama fee will include free
admission to Silver Dollar City for
three days. Also, *hang on to your hat!*
The World's Fair will be in Knoxville.
The World's Fair, 30 miles away—the campo-
rama package includes *a day at the*
World's Fair! How about that for a trip
of a lifetime.

Many other first-time events will
be added. All standard events will be
upgraded.

The FCF village will be bigger and
more authentic. It will be similar to
an old-time rendezvous.

For the opening ceremonies we have
invited some outstanding officials. The
evening services will be conducted in
a large outdoor arena.

We predict, this National Camporama
"will blow your hat in the creek" which
means it's going to be spectacular!

We hope you plan to meet us there.
For more information and an applica-
tion, contact your District Commander.

"The game has been played
since prehistoric times.
The rules and expressions
have come down
through the ages."



Marbles— Still Going Strong

BY M. B. LAY

When the playground or backyard explodes with such strange commands as "No nibs" Knuckle down!" Don't fudge!" the game is marbles and the colorful expressions are a part of it.

The game has been played since prehistoric times. The rules and expressions have come down through the ages.

Originally marbles was a popular pastime with men as well as children. In rural America as late as 1900 men carried marbles to Sunday afternoon and holiday gatherings. They used baked clay marbles ranging in size from a quarter to a half-dollar in diameter. Each player had a special shooter, called a "taw," prized above all other marbles in his possession.

It is said that bowling, golf, chinese checkers, checkers, billiards, and pinball all came from the game of marbles.

In England the game is called "taw." The game is known as "jorrah" in Africa. Mexican children play "bolitos" (little balls) and in Italy is called "Patlina di vetro."

Marbles has been played with knucklebones from sheep, polished nuts, baked clay, steel bearings, and rocks. The most famous rocks used were diamonds the native African children found in the clay river banks. Mining engineers saw that the rocks were diamonds. The children lost their marbles and the great diamond mines of Rhodesia came into being.

There are many different games played with marbles. For many, the fun is in playing a game organized and played by rules determined by themselves. Some children prefer collecting marbles to playing the game.

Circle, Chase, and Hole are the three main categories of marble games. Ringer, potsies and lag are versions of circle games.

To play, a circle is drawn in the dirt or

"Players stand
at the ring and
toss or shoot
a marble
toward
the straight line"

other play area. The size of the circle depends on the play area as well as the whim of the players. Usually the circle is drawn to be from 2 to 5 feet in diameter. Some rules call for a 10-foot circle. A straight line is drawn some distance from the ring. "This is the 'taw line' or fair shoot line.

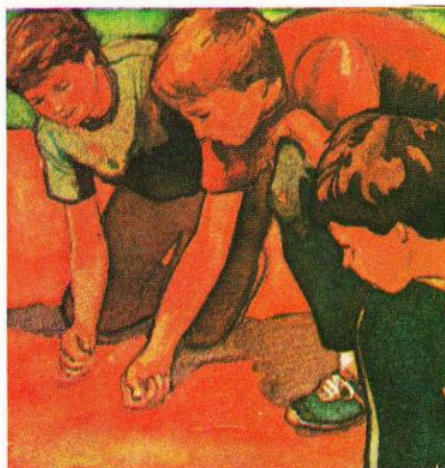
Players put their marbles in the center of the ring. Sometimes clustered, or in a triangle or cross formation. Players stand at the ring and toss or shoot a marble toward the straight line. The one whose marble lands closest to the line shoots first. Other turns are determined in the same manner.

The player tries to shoot the marbles out of the ring while keeping his shooter inside. The next player gets his turn when the first player fails to shoot a marble out, or when his shooter goes out of the ring.

Chase is believed to be the oldest of all marbles games. The first player tosses a marble out. The next player tries to hit it with a marble. If he does not hit it, or come within a "hand spread," (close enough to span the distance between the two marbles from the tip of thumb to tip of little finger) then the first player chases him. This game is also known as bossout. A variation of chase called "bomber" allows the player to drop the marble straight down from chin level onto the players marble. The rule usually is if the distance between the marbles is more than a span but less than a step the player may elect to bomb.

Holiakes is an English game. A hole is dug in the ground. Players try to toss or roll their marbles into the hole. The first player to get three marbles into the hole wins all the marbles that have missed. American children call the game "holey." As in all the games there are variations of holey.

Years ago marbles knew no season. Only recently has it become a Spring



game. Community recreation centers and many school health education programs encourage youngsters to participate in marbles. Some schools sponsor an "Under 15" marble championship tournament. Winners take part in a national tournament.

On some playgrounds, walking around with a pocketful of marbles is a status symbol. Good players always seem to be looking for games with less experienced or younger players. Playing "keeps" is frowned upon—strictly forbidden in some schools—yet the expressions "playing for all your marbles," or "lost all his marbles" is heard as often today as it may have been centuries ago!

Marbles are about the least expensive playthings one can buy. An average bag of glassies (glass) range from 25¢ to 79¢. Aggies (agate), favored as shooters, can cost \$1 or more. Steelies (ball bearings), also desired shooters, range from 50¢ to \$1. All marbles are subject to trade or exchange, but it is always heartbreaking to lose a treasured shooter.

Steelies can be bought at junkyards or from ball bearing companies. The high-quality agates come from Germany. Most glass marbles sold in the U.S. are man-

ufactured in West Virginia.

Marble King, of Paden City, WV, makes about 300 million marbles a year at the rate of 220 a minute! Reclaimed glass is used by Marble King to make the marbles. The glass is crushed and then heated to 2,400 degrees until it melts. Colors are added to the melted glass. The liquid flows into orifice rings. Small amounts are dropped out and turned to form marbles. Marble King makes "rainbows" and other "fancies."

Some tips to help other players have been passed on by good shooters.

* Hold the marble between the first finger and thumb, palms facing up. At least one knuckle should be on the ground when shooting. The best position for the marble to rest is between the tip of the finger and the first joint. The thumb nail and the tip of the finger help hold it in place. Thump the marble out with the thumb.

* Slant the hand forward, bear down hard on the first knuckle when shooting. This helps the marble stay in the target area of the ring after it has hit a marble, giving the player a good position for another shot.

* When bending over to shoot, rest weight on the body not on the shooting arm. This helps keep the shooting arm steady.

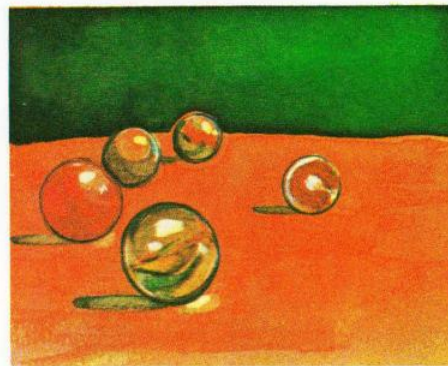
* Shooting with the thumb under the marble creates backspin. It can also make the marble go off at an angle. This is used to "bust up the middle," or break up the clustered marbles, scattering them or forcing some out of the ring.

* Practice, experiment, and observe other players.

Buy a bag of glassies today. Lessons gained from playing are of greater value than German agates. Hand and eye coordination, patience, sportsmanship and good fun are a few of the benefits derived from marbles, one of the oldest of man-made games.



"On some playgrounds
walking around
with a pocketful
of marbles
is a status symbol."



Reduced To Grape Leaves

BY HOMER W. VAN SCOY



A boy's wild dream about reaching the Belgian Congo, the home of Tarzan, comes true, but only after a lifetime of self-discovering and humbling experiences.

In my teens in Pike County, Ohio, I read Tarzan books with great excitement. Tarzan was popular then and nearly everyone wanted to go to Africa and swing through the trees. Well, what better way to reach the Belgian Congo than through a church mission board? Of course, this was a wild, romantic notion. Nevertheless, after high school I rode a bus to Nashville and entered a well-known school of divinity. I became a gardener, furnace cleaner, and all around handyman. I even packed notes from one lovelorn student to another. For my work I was to receive 15 cents an hour, an acceptable wage for the depression years. The money went on tuition for the fall and spring term.

I loved Nashville and the school and I made a lot of friends in the summer student body and in the various churches. However, my one suit was too worn and tattered to make me presentable and my shoes were wired together with bailing wire from a nearby hayfield. Therefore, when I went on preaching appointments, which all students had to do, I was forced to borrow someone else's clothing. I was ill-prepared for the classroom and the coming winter. Still I kept believing my needs would be met before the September term began.

But the president of the school had other ideas. He called me to his office for

a discussion. Then he asked me to leave the school. He even suggested I try another profession.

Next morning, after breakfast in the college dining hall, I went to the financial aid office to settle up. Since I wasn't going to attend school, I expected to receive my summer wages. I had a rude awakening. They positively refused to give me even a quarter. The \$80 was held should I ever return in better financial condition.

Thus around 8 a.m. I began my 450-mile journey north with a heavy suitcase and no money. The sun was so hot sweat coursed down my face and Highway 31E stretched on and on into the blue distance. By five o'clock I was in Lawrenceburg, Kentucky. I was ravenously hungry. I walked past stores and restaurants with all their mouth-watering goodness but with no money I couldn't buy anything.

Late in the evening I caught a ride to Winchester, Kentucky. I could hear revival services over a loud speaker. They were shouting in great joy. Hoping for a meal and shelter for the night, I searched a wide area but I couldn't find the shouters.

Somewhat like Jacob in the Old Testament, I felt alone and forsaken. The face of God was hidden and I was a 19-year-old penniless hobo with nothing to

eat and no shelter. Finally from my suitcase I pulled the one lone blanket I possessed and wrapped it around me. Heedless of snakes and wild animals, I lay down in the roadside ditch and in exhaustion and despair fell asleep.

Sometime during the night I had a strange dream. A supernatural being, dressed in radiant white clothing, stood just above my feet and spoke to me. I could see his lips moving and tender compassion on his face. There was no audible voice, yet I understood his words.

"God hasn't cast you aside," said my visitor. "The degree you sought at Nashville will someday come to you. Right now you must learn that there are many ways to serve God." Then the visitor left. Had I seen Christ or an angel? This I can't decide but whoever it was had a message for me.

When I woke at daylight, somehow I was different. No longer fretting at the injustice I had suffered, doubt and fear vanished and I took stock of myself. My personal appearance would shock any motorist. My suit was wrinkled, my face dirty from the dust of travel and I was staggering from starvation. It seemed I had reached the bottom of the barrel. But my heart burned with fierce determination to survive my present ordeal.

A short distance down the road I came to a creek. I washed my face and combed

my hair. Then I saw wild grapes growing in a tree. They were still green. I tasted one of the leaves. Then I stood there and ate grape leaves, folding them into sandwiches or just simply devouring them as fast as I could strip them from their vines. The more I ate the better I felt.

I went back to the highway and soon caught a ride all the way to Portsmouth, Ohio. The next ride took me into Pike County. Around 2:30 p.m. on August 20, 1936, 34 hours out of Nashville, I sat down at my sister's table. She had prepared a meal of red beans, cornbread, and chicken. I ate till I nearly fell out of my chair.

That was 44 years ago. I'm president emeritus now of the construction company I founded. My son is the president. The wall here in my little office is lined with some pretty important documents from a mid-western university and my discharge from the Navy after World War II. The letters are from friends in Africa where I went on a grand missionary tour, and from students whom I helped put through schools of theology.

Just above them in a neat little frame is a single sentence. My granddaughter, a bank clerk in our largest bank, put that little sentence up there for me. I had to be reduced to grape leaves before I understood those words. They read: "God needs carpenters, too!"

Words

DO THEY MEAN
WHAT THEY
USED TO MEAN?

BY ALAN BROWN



Many of the words we use today bear only a slight resemblance to their origins. For example:

Bonfire stems from "a fire of bones." In the Middle Ages it was a practice to burn victims of war or pestilence in a "bonefire." This same name was later applied to pyres of victims burned at the stake for various offences. Its present spelling obscures its gruesome history.

Spud originated in Ireland long ago when the potato was a favorite dish of the Irish. A group of well-meaning citizens who feared the Irish were endangering their health by eating too many potatoes formed the Society for Prevention of Unhealthy Diet. The first letters of the title spell spud.

Curfew. To eliminate the dangers from fire, a bell was rung in the evening throughout Europe in the Middle Ages as the signal to "cover the fire" (couvre-feu). The word passed through the spellings curfu and curfew to its present form.

Kangaroo. The sailors who were with Captain Cook when he discovered Australia found in the new land a strange animal. When they asked the natives its name, the response was "kangaroo." Many years passed before they learned that when the natives answered "kan-

garoo" they meant, "What did you say?"

Assassin. In the 11th century in Persia there was a secret order of terrorists whose members commonly ate the drug hashish. Under its influence they terrorized and murdered for nearly two centuries. In their Arabic language they were called hashshashin, for which we get assassin.

Book. The word comes from the Anglo-Saxon word for "beech," on the bark of which the ancient Saxons and Germans used to scratch their writings.

Silhouette. Etienne de Silhouette was French finance minister in 1759. He levied such burdensome taxes on the aristocrats, they accused him of leaving them but a shadow of their wealth. For revenge, they gave his name to the black profile portraits then in vogue.

Candidate. In Roman times, a man campaigning for office wore a white toga, so was called candidatus, from the word candidus meaning "glittering," "white." Today, office seekers are still candidates, but the dress is optional.

Salary. In the early days of the Roman Empire salt was regarded as being almost as valuable as gold. Roman soldiers received all or part of their pay in salt. This stipend was called salarium, whence comes "salary," denoting pay for services rendered.

Lifetime Bird List continued.



ful human life passing within her?"

The term "bird-watcher," usually makes you think of a person bundled up against the chill of dawn, with field guide, binoculars and notebook in hand, moving silently along in a large group in search of a hermit thrush or a ruby-crowned kinglet. And probably he or she finds great excitement and satisfaction in such a serious approach. But birdwatching doesn't have to be this way. Simple, but careful observations any time outdoors in good weather, and from a kitchen window during the winter months, will serve the purpose just as nicely—and is much more fun.

Now, when you see a bird for the first time, note its color, size and markings, or listen for its song, then look the bird up in the guide. It might be one like, as *Peter-son's* book describes it, "a sparrow dipped in raspberry juice," in which case it's a male purple finch. Perhaps it will be all red, with a black face and a crest on its head—definitely a male cardinal; or maybe a shiny blue and white flash—a tree swallow.

When you're certain that you've identified the bird correctly, write its name down in a notebook. Next to this, write the date when you saw it (the day, month and year), and the exact location. Add any other comments that you feel are important.

It's safe to guess that within a short time, you'll have a list of a dozen or more birds—no matter where you live. From then on, each time you see a new bird for the first time, simply add it to the list. As the years go by, the list will grow longer and longer. And who knows? Perhaps some day, you'll be the one to top the current record figure of 700 birds seen.

Remember: The birds are out there right now—waiting to be identified and counted.





"Now, friend, you hear your watch ticking inside the handkerchief," the magician said. "Are you satisfied?"

"More than satisfied," the man from the audience said. "It hasn't run for months."

John A. Johnston
Manchester, CT

The little girl's aunt was visiting and began talking about birthdays. "What are you giving your brother?"

"I don't know," the girl said.

"What did you give him last year?"

"Whooping cough."

John A. Johnston
Manchester, CT

In the Bible class for young children, the pastor asked, "What do we mean by sins of omission?"

Quick as a wink little Jimmy shot up his hand and answered, "Those are sins we should have committed but didn't."

John A. Johnston
Manchester, CT

"How much are your chickens?" she asked the poultry dealer.

"Fifty cents a pound."

"Did you raise them yourself?"

"Yes, they were 45 cents yesterday."

John A. Johnston
Manchester, CT

Woman: "Can you honestly say you didn't take that apple from your little sister?"

Boy: "That's right."

Woman: "But I saw you do it."

Boy: "Maybe. But she isn't my sister."

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Teacher: "Do you get fur from a skunk?"

Pupil: "Yes, as fur as possible."

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Teacher, in health class: "If there were seven flies on your desk and you hit one and killed it, how many would be left?"

Pupil: "One—the dead one."

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Pat: "Have you heard the story about the dirty window?"

Nat: "No."

Pat: "Oh well, you couldn't see through it anyway."

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Jim: "See if the cook has pig's feet today."

Joe: "How can I tell? He has shoes on."

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Jones: "That music my boy is playing is very difficult."

Smith: "I wish it were impossible."

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Pat: "Why is a lollipop like a horse?"

Mike: "Because the faster you lick it, the faster it goes."

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

"I tell you it was this long," the fisherman said, stretching his arms as far as he could. "I never saw such a fish."

"I believe you," his friend said.

John A. Johnston
Manchester, CT

Professor: "Why don't you answer me?"

Student: "I did. I shook my head."

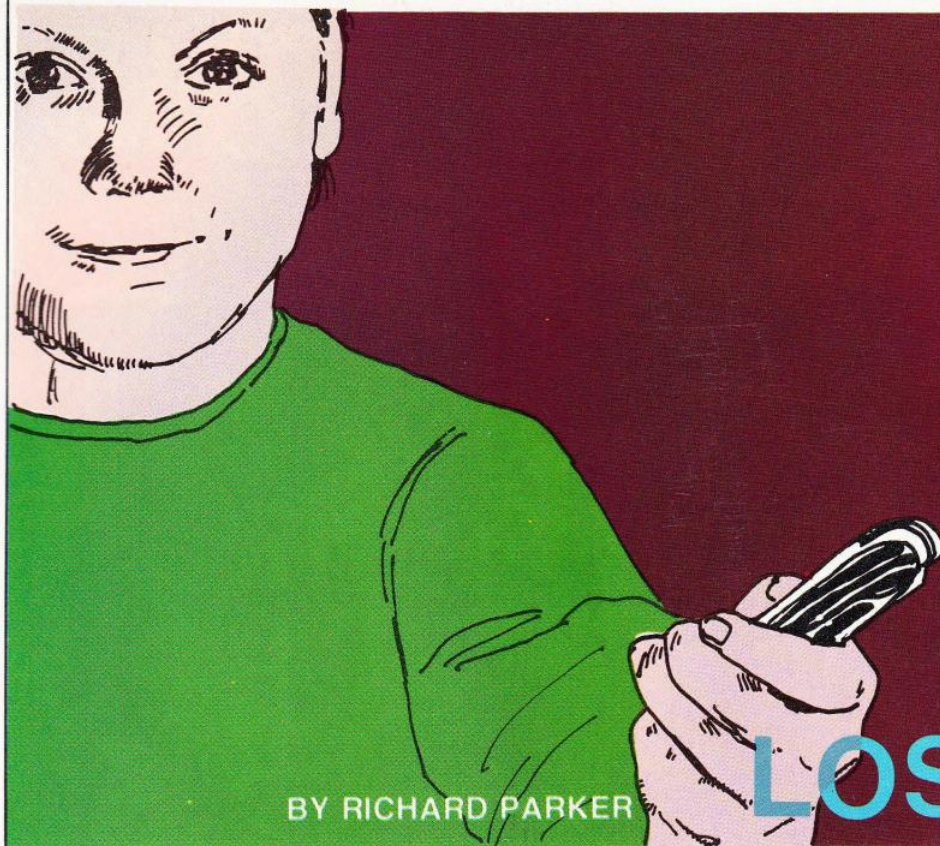
Professor: "You didn't expect me to hear it rattle clear up here, did you?"

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Al: "I don't think you should order those seeds. It says here they won't flower until the second summer."

Sal: "That's all right. This is last year's catalog."

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA



BY RICHARD PARKER

FINDERS
KEEPERS,
LOSERS
WEEPERS?

RETURN OF A LOST KNIFE

Drew and Jeff were racing one another to the big oak tree on the far side of the lake. Drew suddenly halted and picked up an object off the ground.

"What you find?" Jeff asked.

"A bone-handled jackknife" Drew answered, holding the knife up. "It's a real beauty."

Jeff gazed at the knife thoughtfully. He had seen it somewhere before. But where? Aw yes, he remembered now.

"I believe it belongs to Jerry Turner," Jeff said. "He had one just like it when we were up here last Saturday for the Sunday school picnic. He was cutting hot dog sticks."

Drew shoved the knife into his pocket. "It's mine now."

Jeff frowned. "That's not right. You should return it to Jerry. It belongs to him."

"Finders keepers, losers weepers. If Jerry is dumb enough to lose it, then he doesn't deserve to get it back."

"It's the same as stealing," Jeff argued.

"Oh no it isn't," Drew said defensively. "He lost it and I found it. It's his tough luck."

"But . . ." Jeff started to protest.

"Look! Did we come up here to climb trees or argue about this stupid knife?"

Drew marched angrily to the oak tree and began climbing. Jeff slowly shook his head and followed his friend. During the next hour, the two boys climbed to the top, played tag, and hanged upside down by their legs.

"We better be going," Jeff said. "I

have to be home by three."

"Okay," Drew said, dropping to the ground.

Jeff swung down and when he did, he noticed a billfold laying in the grass. He recognized it as belonging to Drew. He scooped it up and was about to give it back when an idea flashed through his mind. He quickly stuffed the billfold into his jeans.

"I still think you should give the knife back to Jerry," Jeff remarked as they walked around the lake.

"I don't care what you think. The knife is mine and that's final."

"Okay, you don't have to get up tight about it," Jeff said.

"Then stop bugging me," Drew said bitterly.

"Not another word about it," Jeff promised. "What you say we run over to the ice cream shop?"

Drew grinned widely. "That's a great idea."

As they neared the ice cream shop, Jeff said, "I have enough money for one dip. Can you loan me enough for a second dip? I'll pay you back when we get to my house."

"Sure, I have enough," Drew answered, reaching for his hip pocket. Suddenly, his face paled.

"What's wrong," Jeff wanted to know.

"I've . . . I've lost my billfold," Drew stammered. "I must have done it while climbing in the tree. We'll have to go back and look for it."

"Is it a brown billfold with a horse's head on it?"

"You know it is," Drew said. Jeff pulled the billfold from his pocket. "Hey, that's it. Boy, I'm glad you found it."

Drew reached for it but Jeff pulled it away from Drew's fingers. "Sorry! But it doesn't belong to you."

Drew's mouth gaped open in surprise. "What do you mean it doesn't belong to me. You know it does."

Jeff shook his head. "Finders keepers, losers weepers." He stuffed it back into his pocket. "You were the one who said anyone dumb enough to lose something didn't deserve to get it back. Remember? Well, you convinced me."

"But . . . but . . ." Drew stammered as his face flushed red. "We're friends."

"What difference does that make?" Jeff asked. "You kept Jerry's knife when you knew it belonged to him."

"But that's different."

"I don't think it is."

The two boys stared at each other for long moments. Finally, Jeff broke the silence. "I don't believe a person has the right to keep any lost article when he knows who the owner is. It's the same as stealing." Jeff fished the billfold free and held it out to his friend. "I don't want the Lord to think I'm a thief."

Drew accepted his billfold as he shamefully hung his head. "I guess you're right, Jeff. I didn't think of it that way before. In the eyes of God, I would be a thief." Drew spun about. "Let's go!"

"Where?" Jeff asked, already knowing what the answer would be.

"To Jerry's house." *