

A Royal Rangers Magazine for Boys

SUMMER 1983

HIGH ADVENTURE

**RAIDER FROM
THE WOLVERINE
HILLS—FOLLOWING
THE TRAIL OF
A MIGHTY
GRIZZLY
-page 3**



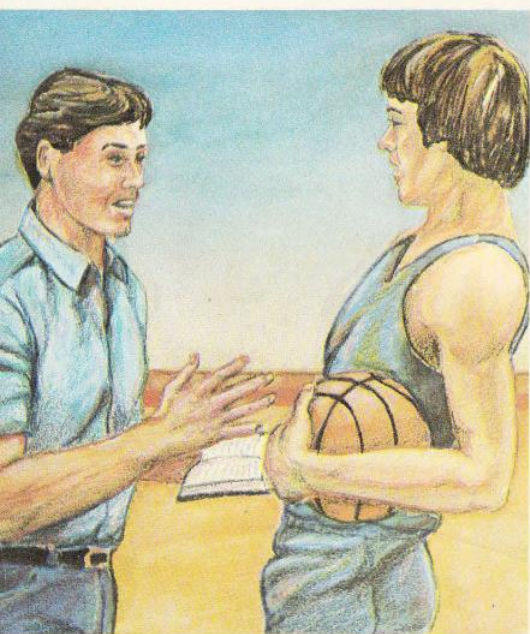
**A BOY NAMED MIKE LEARNS
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RAIDER FROM THE WOLVERINE HILLS

"First time it hit his ranch it drifted in as soft as the whisper of a Chinook wind, and knocked off a steer."



By Virgil Drake

The Kay Bar Seven ranch stands on a flat of land right where the Carcajou River comes romping down out of the Wolverine Hills.

Old Riley Britten, the owner, was engaged in a feud with a grizzly bear—and the bear was winning! It seemed to Riley that this bear must have a grudge against him, personally, else why didn't it pass up his little spread and raid the bigger ranches farther down the valley where the 'picken' was better?

First time it hit his ranch it drifted in as soft as the whisper of a Chinook wind and knocked off a steer only a few rods from the ranch buildings. Nobody heard a thing, least of all, the sleep punchers in the bunkhouse.

The old maverick was ornery mean, too!—and smart. It could—and did, pick out the prime four-year-old steers in the herd as accurately as any dude cattle buyer that had ever come down the trail.

That first morning they found the carcass intact excepting where several pounds of prime steak had been torn from the loins. The thick neck was twisted around and over at an impossible angle, bearing mute testimony to the fury of the terrible stroke that had dislocated a vertebra.

Old Riley acted as if he had just dined on loco weed. He flung his slouch hat on the ground and danced on it until he kicked his bunion on a rock which cooled him down some. He nursed the injured member while the riders grinned covertly, not daring to show a twinkle.

Riley Britten had grown up the hard way as a flunkie around cattle camps. He was alone; a crusty, old man. His cattle were his first love and he vowed that the bear had not been invented that could come right into his backyard to butcher one of his steers and get away free. He'd nail his hide to the barn door, pronto! He saddled the meanest buckskin bronc and took out for the settlement at Running Wild to buy poison.

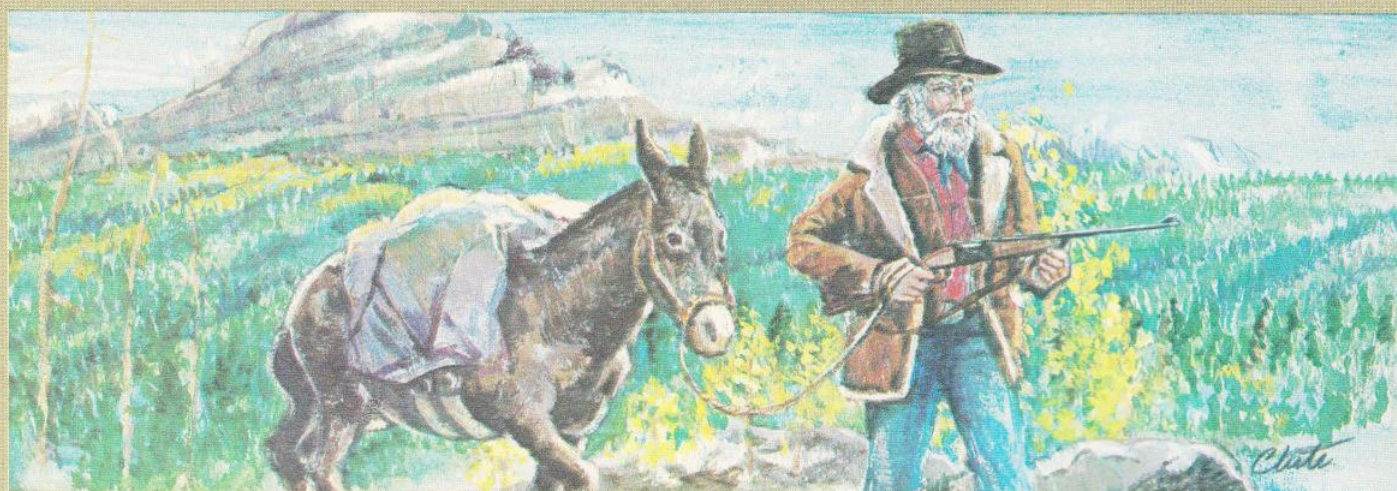
He sprinkled the carcass with enough strychnine to kill four elephants; set a ring of traps all around. Didn't figure to catch the pesky thing in a trap; thought it might pick a road through and eat a slug of beef just to show it could be done.

It didn't work though. In the morning Riley found four dead coyotes in four traps. Bear knew more about poison than did Riley. Just dragged the coyotes into a pile, and never touched a morsel of bait. Ambled over the hill and dined on fresh steak from Riley's high cost, blooded herd sire that he'd just imported.

Riley went to sit on a nail keg in the tack room and think things over. He figured he was smarter than a bear but that didn't spell anything unless he could prove it.

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"Riley redoubled his efforts, using every artifice of the hunter, every trick of the woods lore."



He set the boys to digging a deep hole over by the wind break. Hitched the flunkie mule to the carcass of the bull and snaked it over by the pit. Strung it to a stout limb right over the hole. Covered the excavation with leaves and brush all natural like. Rigged it so the bear must pass between two trees to get at the beef. That would trip a trigger and drop both the beef and the bear into the plenty deep hole. He put out more traps and set two men, armed with Henry rifles to night guard the herd.

The bear won that round too. In the morning they found the flunkie mule with a bare foot in one trap and a second clamped to the roots of his tail where he'd reared back and set on the second one when the first one struck. Had to shoot the poor beast because the bone was broken square off.

They salted the mule with more poison and rearranged the set. That night the pesky critter piled the traps in one heap. Riley swore that the thing must have used a long pole to trip the trigger of the deadfall because the pit was full of well-hung beef and not one hair of the bear!

Evidently it wasn't fond of mule meat either. Just mauled the carcass around a little for practice and padded off behind the corral to the pig sty and toted away a half-grown shoat.

That was when Riley went to look for his old .303 Savage rifle and some camping gear. He went to the settlement and hired Bunk McKittrick with his four trail dogs. Decided he'd go right up into the hill country where the bear had it's stamping grounds, and vowed he'd not come back until he got a look at the bear through the sights of the Savage.

Bunk and Riley, still snorting anathemas, followed the course of the Carajou River and camped in the hills right on the edge of the high country. They would move camp each day, hunting as they went and allowing the dogs to run free. They knew the hounds were no match for the bear but thought they might

be able to rile it up and pester it until help arrived.

As usual that plan didn't work well either. On the morning of the second day the hounds bayed off into the woods on a hot trail. The men saw them running along the base of a sandstone cliff a half mile away. By the time they reached the spot, the dogs were gone from sight and sound. The two men searched all day but could not find them. It may be the bear had better luck in the search because the men never saw the dogs again.

Days passed. Each time the men grew discouraged. It seemed as if the bear knew and laid down a new set of tracks where they were plain to see. Bunk McKittrick got to brooding about his lost dogs, and thinking about the size of those tracks. One evening he told Riley that he must be going home to care for his family.

Riley too, knew that he was needed at the ranch but he wasn't giving up. He figured he had the outlaw's home ground all mapped out, right at the top of a high ridge where there was a jumble of rocks, woods and hills all tipped and slid together. He sent his saddle horse back to the ranch with Bunk, keeping only the pack mule and what supplies that were still left.

He moved his camp right up to the edge of the wild section where there was water and plenty of grass for the mule.

Now fall had come to the high country. The leaves on the soft aspens were bright with color and there was a white frost mornings. Bears would be getting ready to hibernate. They should be ranging through the wild berry patches.

Riley redoubled his efforts, using every artifice of the hunter, every trick of the woods lore that he knew and tried to think of something extra. All without results. He began to wonder if the grizzly might have left the area. Then one day he found the rubbing tree; a tall ash at the edge of a pine forest.

He knew most grizzlies have a special tree where they come each day to rub away wood-ticks. The bark was worn smooth. The bear had made a 'bite mark' high up on the bole; a sign to all the denizens of the forest that this territory belonged to a King Grizzly. Riley stretched up and tried to touch the bite marks; too high!

Someplace a branch snapped. The man whirled, searching the shadows. The sound was repeated; a bluejay launched out from a dead branch and flashed away over the pines. Riley's stomach muscles tightened. He snuggled the Savage tight under his arm and felt better.

For the first time the man noticed that night shadows were falling and he was caught off base a long way from camp in a rough country; he'd just have to find a safe niche and spend the night in the woods. A rifle shot above the rubbing tree, he found it. On the top of a little hill, in an opening in the forest, stood a chimney rock. He climbed a few feet to the top and found it shaped like a rimmed saucer, filled with soft, white sand. He removed a snack of food and a canteen of water from his blanket, shoulder pack. A little later he hollowed out a depression for his hips and rolled up in his blanket with the rifle across his chest. A stiff breeze blew the mosquitoes away. The sand was soft and warm and sleeping out under the stars was 'old hat' to Riley. He heaved a sigh of contentment and dropped asleep.

Early in the morning he returned to camp and found the pack mule with a broken neck! He was a little sick when he saw where the eight-hundred-pound mule had been dragged half way across the meadow. His sack of flour looked like a blanket of snow where it was scattered over the grass. The slab of bacon was missing and a gallon jug of honey had been demolished; not much left—only the bedroll and a little canned goods.

Riley lost no time in useless grieving. Supplies were short but he'd been hungry be-

"The grizzly bawled a warning snarl and went up on its hind feet."

fore. This was one more score that he must settle. He was not about to give up now!

He made the remaining supplies into a shoulder pack, picked up the Savage and went back into the woods. Towards evening he came again to chimney rock. He went far out and came in from down wind, walking slow and easy in the white sand. There was no sound.

He leaned his rifle against the chimney rock, shrugged off the shoulder pack and stretched his arm and shoulder muscles, being careful not to make a sound. He went over by a corner and looked down at the rubbing tree in the shadow of the pines. His knowledge of woodlore assured him that sooner or later the bear would be coming again to the rubbing tree, perhaps even tonight or early tomorrow morning. He measured the distance from the top of the flat chimney to the tree. The grizzly wouldn't have a chance!

Suddenly, the man noticed a great stillness. The bird songs had ceased and there was a strange, brooding silence over the whole area. Riley didn't see a thing amiss but felt a strange warning of danger. Like a good woodsman he turned slowly, searching everywhere with his eyes.

A few paces away was standing the biggest silvertip that he had ever met! The grizzly,

squat and square on its short bowed legs, swung its head from side to side, trying to see the man in the bright sunlight with its near-sighted eyes. The rifle stood only a yard from the beast.

The man took one step towards the rifle. The grizzly bawled a warning snarl and went up on its hind feet. The great beast towered above the man high and unbelievable, grotesque and impossible like something from a bad dream.

Riley Britten was something of a fatalist; a bolt of lightening either strikes or it doesn't; there isn't a thing one can do to change it. After the first shock he was calm. The bear, he thought, was going to win this one last round too! He stood with his hand on the hilt of his hunting knife with watchful eyes on the bear. Not that anyone wins an argument over a grizzly with a knife, but he knew he would resist to the last with every fiber of his being.

How long the tableau lasted, later on, Riley Britten could not have told. Finally the bear spread its jaws wide and a soft, little cry welled up from the deep throat. A shaggy shoulder rolled easily against the surface of the white cliff throwing the animal into an abrupt about face. It padded away around the corner of the parapet with its awkward, shuffling walk.

In a flash Riley had the gun and was at the

corner where the grizzly had disappeared. A few rods away it was just edging into the forest. Being upwind the bear could get no scent, yet some sixth sense of wild creatures caused it to turn towards the danger. It stood against the wall of pines outlined in perfect detail. The man rested the gun over a ready projection of rock and lined the sight on a little tuft of white fur at the base of the great throat.

Probably Riley Britten would never understand the thing which followed. Certainly there was no chemistry between the man and the beast which allowed for an exchange of thought. Most surely there was no element of mercy either. Perhaps, it may have been because the man too, only seconds past, had teetered on the brink of eternity. He lowered the rifle slowly, clicked the safety catch and snuggled it into its familiar place in the crook of his right arm and watched while the grizzly shuffled into the somber aisles of light and shadow beneath the pines.

The bear failed to show again down in the lowlands. The story grew among the cattlemen that Riley had met the bear up among the Wolverine Hills and either killed it or chased it clear off the range.

Perhaps Riley Britten was afraid of being thought of as softhearted. At any rate he wasn't talking. He was as silent as the bear.

THE BIG ADVENTURE

A RUGGED BACKPACKING EXPEDITION

For Older Royal Rangers

JULY 11-16, 1983

On July 11-16, 1983, older Royal Rangers from across the nation will participate in an outstanding backpacking expedition. This event is called, "The Big Adventure."

The rendezvous point will be Rapid River Ranch, near Riggins, Idaho, a guest ranch nestled in the foothills of the rugged Idaho Wilderness Area.

The first night will be spent at the ranch (July 11). This will give each participant a chance to climatize to the altitude before hitting the trail. There will also be an opportunity for horseback riding, trout fishing, and other activities. Dinner and breakfast will be served in the lodge.

Then Tuesday, July 12 the group will "pack up" for five glorious days in some of the most beautiful country in America. The route will pass high mountain lakes, through



part of the Seven Devils Wilderness Area, then along Rapid River, one of the most beautiful streams in Idaho. Boys should bring their fishing gear because fishing is excellent. Alpine meadows, high mountain peaks, rushing streams, and various wildlife will be part of the daily routine.

The last night will be spent back at the guest lodge at Rapid River Ranch.

This event is open to all Royal Rangers age 14 and older who have earned the Advanced Camping Award.

Application forms are available from the National Royal Rangers Office, 1445 Boonville Avenue, Springfield, MO 65802. Pre-registration is required. Deadline is June 15. Each individual must bring their own personal gear. However, cooking gear and food will be provided. Cost—\$85.00.



BACK-PACK LETTER-IN

A group of Royal Rangers are getting ready for a camp-out. Some of the equipment that they will need can be spelled out in these three BACK-PACK diagrams. ONE set of letters in the NUMBER column can be correctly used in identifying a word in the LETTER row. FILL-IN THE MISSING LETTERS without changing the order of the letters. Two EXAMPLE words have been spelled out for you. FELLAS, MAY THE RANGER WITH THE BEST "OUTDOORS-SENSE" WIN! SO, TAKE STOCK OF YOUR EQUIPMENT AND HIT-THE-TRAIL! (HINT—you can find a list of camp-out items on pages 74 & 75 of *ADVENTURES IN CAMPING*.)

BY JUDITH A DORSETT

ANSWERS ON PAGE 15.

1. PO 2. AT 3. PR
~~4. IE~~ 5. LT

a	K	N	I	F	E
b	S		O		N
c		I	G	H	
d	P	L			E
e		A	P	E	

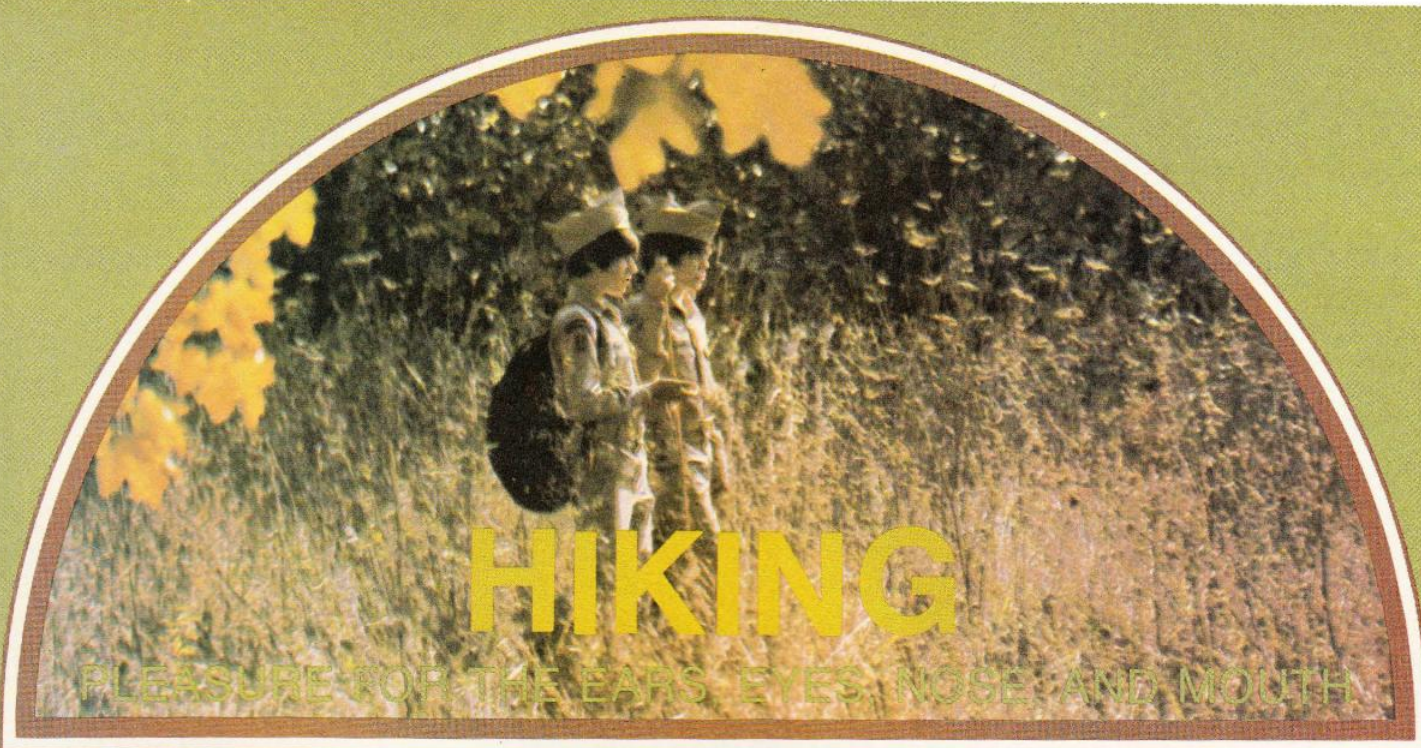
6. PN 7. AE
 8. OR 9. OH
 10. PI 11. AE

f. A L

f	C		N	D	E
g		L		E	R
h					S
i	P		N	C	O
j		E		C	I
k	C		M		R
		P	E	N	E

l	M	A			H		S
m		E	D	R			L
n	C		N	T			N
o		L			H	E	S
p	B		T			R	Y
q		I		S			E
r	G		I		D		E

12. AEE 16. RDL
 13. TSS 17. COT
 14. ATE 18. BOL
 15. TCE



Summer has come. This Saturday dawn is golden; the sky is clear as Scandinavian glass. An early breeze sweeps through the grasses in the meadow before you. Your feet strike out with joy. Now you are in the forest, still dark and mysterious at this early hour; your path is covered with pine needles that muffle your steps. Tree resin and hundreds of ferns give off a delicious scent. Higher up, there are spruces. Now and then a small, fallen branch crunches underfoot. Then silence again, sweet in your ears.

But your eyes get their reward, too. In this early light, the moss seems the greenest you've ever seen. And those wild roses and Indian paintbrushes are a deeper red than you remembered. If you're in the right place at the right time you cross an aspen grove. You are busy with motion, but the aspen trees don't escape your glance: the trunks are like noble white necks; their heads wear gold crowns of leaves this morning.

The trail now moves upward, up a staircase of rocks. Silence, except for your

BY PETER DEWLY

steps—and those of your companions. A chipmunk races across your path, but makes no sound. A sun-drenched ridge. The light wind touches your nostrils, cools your brow, stirs your mind. You're alive. You have space: the mountain weaves upward, blending with the sky. You allow yourself a standing pause, and turn your head. The highway to this hiking paradise is already a silver wire far, far beneath you. Toy cars streak along down there. For an instant you think of the unseen people in the autos—families with children heading for drive-in hamburger places? Too-hard-working salesmen with sample cases? You don't envy them. As a hiker you're now far away from the confining city; you've left behind the neatly parcelled lands of all those crowded centers.

Left foot. Right foot. You feel good. Better than you have felt in a long time. Air makes your lungs work as they should. You drink, and water never tasted so sweet. You hike all

morning. Without fatigue. You seem fresher, stronger, more alive. To your astonishment, your mind becomes a gurgling fountain of ideas. If you have problems, each step upward seems to bring you closer to a solution. Or, if you wish, you can touch a mental button and the problem vanishes. Gratefully, you keep in motion. In the afternoon, a few clouds come out of nowhere. You're warmly dressed and already close to the summit. Soon a little rain runs down your cheeks and you don't mind. Ten minutes later and a few hundred feet higher, your parka hood goes up. Hail is drumming a concerto on the cloth. Then you're on top. Sunshine! And you survey the trek and the morning's work; warm, warm pride in your chest. Later in the afternoon, when it's all over, and you're back in the valley, you once more turn your head. You've been up there! You! That's the best part of it all, this satisfaction. And what you've seen and done lasts for weeks.

Then you must go again. ★



WRONG WAY TO WITNESS

You don't begin 'witnessing' by asking the guy next to you on the basketball court if he's been 'washed in the blood of the lamb.'

By ALAN CLIBURN

Everybody was clapping and cheering and everything else when I walked into the youth group late.

"What's going on?" I whispered as I took a seat in the back row.

"Les Jenkins was just introduced," Bruce Willard replied. "The youth director said he accepted Christ as his Saviour a few days ago."

I frowned. "The youth director accepted Christ—"

Bruce gave me a look. "No, you dope! Les Jenkins!"

I guess it was obvious, but I could hardly believe that Les Jenkins was a Christian. That was him sitting on the first row, though, ears still slightly red from being introduced. "That just shows what witnessing can do!" I hissed to Bruce.

"Will you pipe down?" he requested. "I'm trying to hear the announcements."

I listened to the announcements, too, but my mind was wandering. Les Jenkins! Fantastic! And he didn't seem at all interested in the time I had witnessed to him.

See, there was a class in witnessing every Saturday morning a while back, but I didn't sign up for it. Why spend all that time sitting in a room when you could be out sharing your faith? I had asked myself. So I decided to use that two-hour time period on Saturday mornings for witnessing.

I didn't know where to start, so I stuck the family Bible under my arm and walked over to the high school. There were usually some guys hanging around on weekends, shooting baskets or playing tennis or whatever.

Les Jenkins was tossing a basketball at the hoop. He was all alone, too.

"Not bad," I said when he finally made one.

He spun around. "Oh hi, Mike. Wanna shoot a few with me?"

I wasn't there to play basketball. "No, but I would like to talk to you for a few minutes."

Les and I weren't exactly friends or anything, but we knew each other from school. He shrugged. "Okay. What do you want to talk about?"

I looked him right in the eye. "Les, have you been washed in the blood of the Lamb?"

He frowned. "What?"

"You can be saved, you know," I went on.

"What are you talking about?" he questioned. "Saved from what?"

"Saved from eternal separation from the King of kings," I explained. "Don't you want to cross over the River Jordan some day and live forever in Beulah Land?"

"Man, Mike, talk English!" he exclaimed.

"Jesus saves," I said simply. Surely he could understand that!

"I save stuff, too," he informed me. "You should see this big ball of string I got saved. Bigger than this basketball! My brother saves tin foil."

I shook my head. "Les, I'm talking about atonement for your iniquities."

"My *what*?" he demanded.

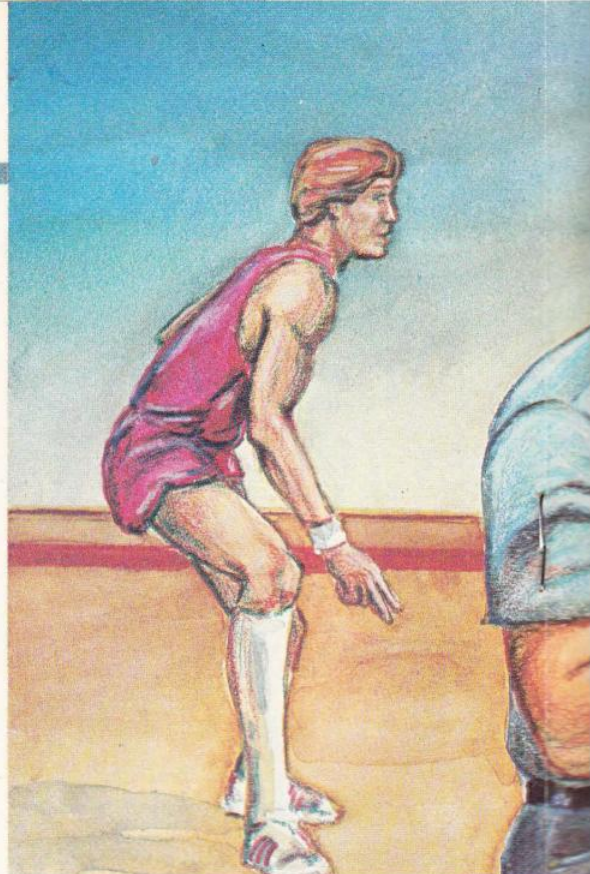
"You can be redeemed and cleansed," I continued. "Your sins can be washed whiter than snow."

"Snow? This time of year?" He studied me for a second. "Are you high on something, Mike? I've never heard you talk like this before."

"Yes, I am high," I agreed. "But it's a natural high. Les, you need to be born again and walk in the Light."

"Sometimes I'm not even sure I should have been born the first time," he admitted. "Things haven't been going so great for me lately."

"That's why you need to have a personal experience with the only begotten Son," I explained. "Don't you want to invite Him to



come in and give you the free gift of eternal life?"

"Do what?"

"He's knocking at the door of your heart right now," I said with a smile.

"Who is?"

"The Babe of Bethlehem, the Rose of Sharon, and the Word who was made flesh!" I exclaimed. "We can pray right now, if you want."

But he didn't want to. In fact, he kept looking at me like I was nuts or something. I was thumbing through my Bible when some other guys showed up and wanted to play basketball. For some reason Les seemed really eager to join them.

"Hey, do you want to play?" one of the other guys asked me.

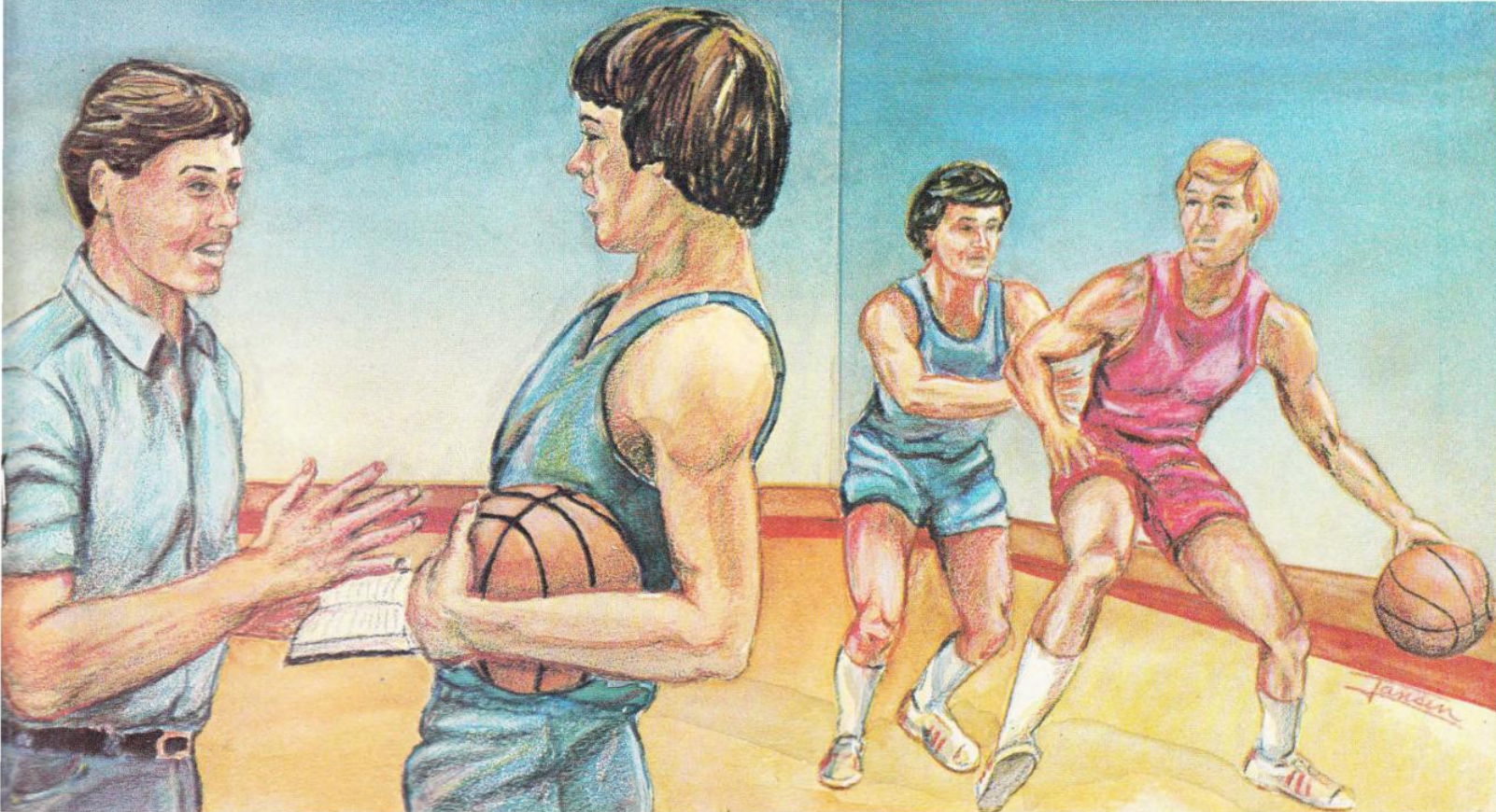
"There are more important things in life than basketball," I replied, glancing at my watch. I had another hour of witnessing.

No one I talked to that Saturday accepted Christ, but I wasn't discouraged. I remembered what the pastor had said once about planting seeds of spiritual truth. I was content to do that.

To be honest, though, I gave up witnessing after about the second Saturday. This big brute of a guy threatened to "punch out my lights" when I merely asked him if he wouldn't like to rest in Abraham's bosom, quoting Luke 16:22. I mean, it's right in the Bible and everything, but he really got mad.

Seeing Les Jenkins up there on the front row during youth group gave me new inspiration. It had been a couple months since I had witnessed to him over at the high school and now he was a believer! Praise the Lord! I exclaimed silently.

"Incidentally, we'll be starting another



Mike couldn't see spending Saturday mornings in a LEARN TO WITNESS class. He had his own way.

witnessing class this coming Saturday," the youth director was saying. "The last one was really effective, with many souls being won to the Lord as a direct result of those in the last class applying the principles they had learned."

Well, that's fine for those who don't know how to witness, I thought, but when someone has been a Christian for as many years as I have and knows exactly what being saved is all about, it just isn't necessary. Les Jenkins was living proof.

"Right after the special music, I'm going to interview Les Jenkins," the youth director went on. "As a brand-new Christian he doesn't have a prepared testimony—or even know what that is!—but I'll just ask him some questions about how he came to Christ. You see, it's a direct result of someone in this group. Now, listen up as the Caldwell sisters sing an oldie but goodie."

I didn't hear one note of the Caldwell sisters' number, thinking about what Les would say during the interview. He'd be sure to mention me, of course, and everybody would turn and look and I'd blush. Why'd I wear this old shirt? I thought. Forgive me, Lord, I prayed quickly. But man does look on the outside.

As promised, the youth director had Les go up front right after Carrie and Elizabeth Caldwell finished singing. Les looked really nervous, and I couldn't blame him. I was, too.

"Les, I'd like you to simply tell the kids

how you came to the Lord," the youth director began. "But first, were you raised in a Christian home? In other words, do you have a church background?"

"My folks don't go to church," Les replied. "My brother and I went a couple times when we were real little, but the neighbor who took us moved away and we just never went again."

"So your knowledge of Jesus and what He can do for a guy was pretty limited," the youth director surmised.

"To me, Jesus was just a word used in swearing," Les admitted. He swallowed. "I know that sounds bad, but it's the truth."

"What does Jesus mean to you now?" the youth director questioned.

"Well, He's God's Son and He died on the cross for my sins," Les said. "And He's alive right now and living in my heart."

"I mentioned earlier that you came to the Lord as the direct result of someone in our group," the youth director went on. "Tell us about that."

"I didn't know he was from your church in the beginning," Les replied.

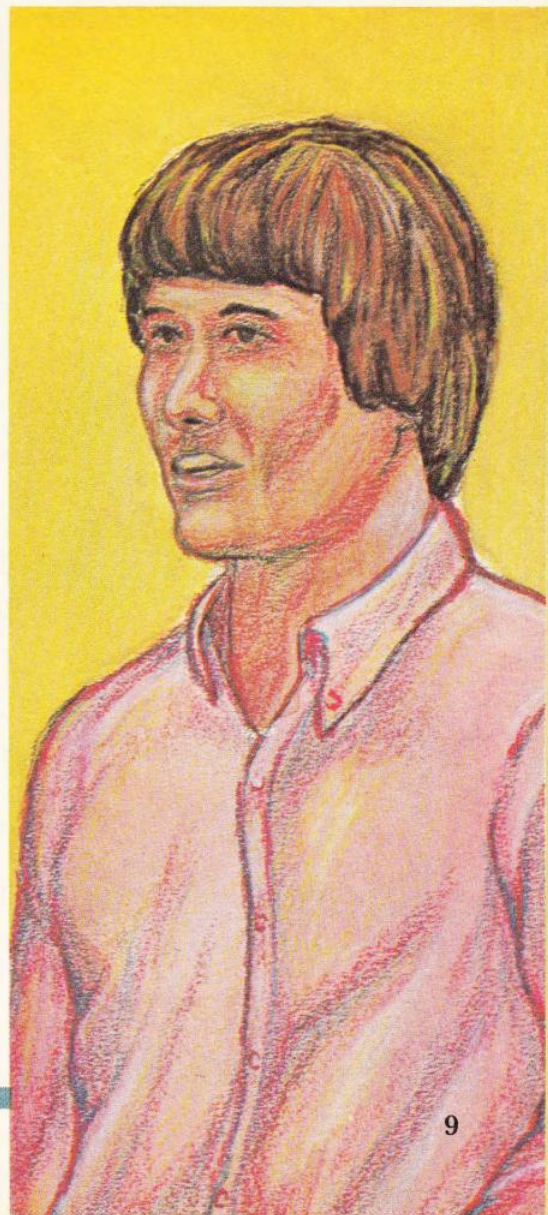
I nodded. That was true. I hadn't even mentioned the church.

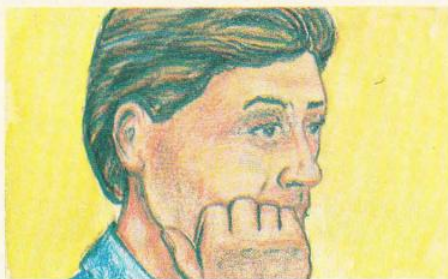
"I guess it really started on the basketball court at school," Les replied.

I smiled. He was telling it exactly right!

"We started playing basketball together and then we'd go get something to drink—a soft drink, that is!—and eventually we be-

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"How could he forget that I had been the first one who witnessed to him?"

came pretty good friends," Les continued.

"He was really a good listener and I needed a good listener about then. But He didn't just listen. He began telling me about Jesus and how Jesus could help me with my problems if I would accept Him as my Saviour through faith. He made it really easy to understand, even though there are still

some things I don't fully understand—"

"Welcome to the club," the youth director inserted with a grin.

"I do know I'm going to Heaven when I die," Les said, "and that I have power within me which wasn't there before. I've been talking to my little brother and I think he's almost ready to accept Christ."

There was some clapping, but I just sat there. What was Les talking about? We had never played basketball together or become good friends!

"Who is this friend who led you to the Lord?" the youth director asked.

"He's sitting right there," Les answered, pointing. "Joe Henson."

There was spontaneous applause. Joe Henson? I thought, frowning. Shy, almost backward Joe Henson? I couldn't believe it!

"Joe was in our last witnessing class," the youth director explained. "He had never witnessed before, but now he's doing it all the time, using the simple one-to-one method we teach on Saturday mornings.

Now I'd like to introduce our guest speaker. I know you'll give him your undivided attention."

I heard only snatches of what the guest speaker was saying. Mostly I was thinking about Les and what he had said. He hadn't even mentioned me! How could he forget that I had been the first one who witnessed to him!

After youth group I went up to find out. "Remember the time I witnessed to you on the basketball court at school?" I asked.

"Yeah, I sort of remember," he admitted. Then he frowned. "Is *that* what you were doing? Man, Mike, I didn't know what you were talking about! You were using words I'd never heard of before!"

Other kids were crowding around Les to congratulate him on his decision, so I moved away, still in shock. He didn't know what I was talking about?

"Let's go to church," Bruce said.

"In a minute," I replied. "First I have to sign up for that witnessing class." ★

THE ANCIENT MOONDIAL

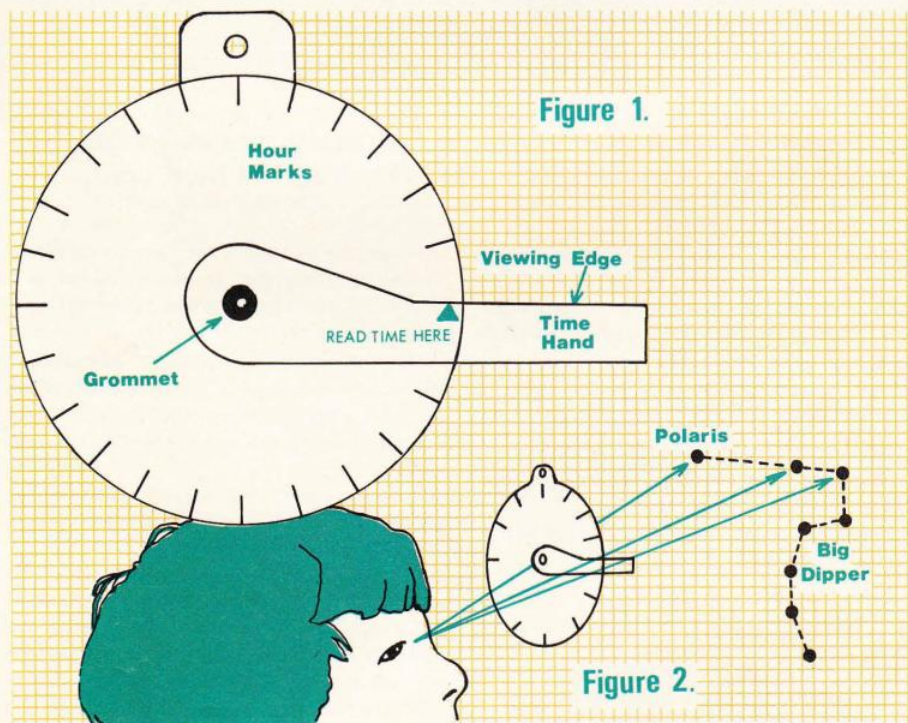


BY S. LEE ROURKE

This unique instrument was invented in the 16th century for telling time at night. It really doesn't use the moon as a reference point, but rather the North Star and the two pointer stars of the Big Dipper.

To build the moondial, follow the general construction pattern in figure A. Actual size is not important. The only critical design details are: the correct placement of hour markings, and the viewing edge of the *Time Hand* must be aligned with the center of the grommet. Composition board is a good construction material. Grommets can be purchased in almost any hardware store.

Calibrate your moondial on the hour, as shown in figure B. View the North Star through the grommet and line-up the viewing edge of the rotating *Time Hand* with the



two pointer stars of the Big Dipper. Draw an hour mark line and indicate the time.

Sun time is measured in GMT or Greenwich Mean Time. Use the conversion table and convert your local time to GMT. For example, if you live in the Central Time Zone and the time is 9:00, add six hours . . . GMT time will be 15. Equally divide the scale into 24 units (a GM clock has 24 hours). The numbers will increase in a counterclockwise direction.

Now the moondial is ready to use. Always hold the instrument in the same position as you did during calibration. Repeat the same procedure as you did to calibrate, reading

the time at viewing edge of the *Time Hand*.

Note: Because the Big Dipper changes position in the skies, the viewing edge of the rotating hand will not always be facing upward.

TIME CONVERSION TABLE

Standard to GMT

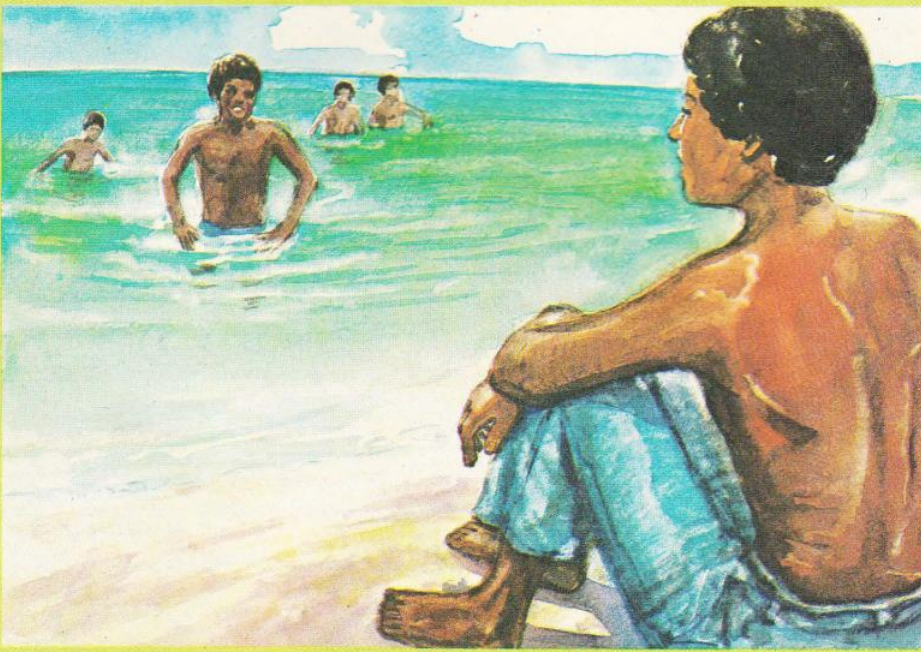
Eastern Time Zone	Add 5 hours-GMT
Central Time Zone	Add 6 hours-GMT
Mountain Time Zone	Add 7 hours-GMT
Pacific Time Zone	Add 8 hours-GMT

Add one less hour for daylight savings time. Example: if you are in the Central Time Zone and daylight savings time is being observed, add only 5 hours. ★

HIS NIGHTMARE HAD
BECOME REALITY

A young boy overcomes his fear of 'the deep'

THE DARE



"Know what I think?" he said loud enough for the others to hear. "I think you're scared of the water."

Jacques sat on the sugar-white sand hugging his jean-clad legs as he watched his companions romp in Gonave Bay. It was a stifling day, unusually so, with hardly a sea breeze. He would give anything, he thought wistfully, to be able to enjoy a swim as much as the others. The dozen or so boys—black and skinny because they were often hungry—were like darting eels in the sparkling, emerald waters that surrounded the island of La Gonav (the whale) off the coast of Haiti.

Jacques was sweltering, but he would not join them. Not with Claude in their midst. Last time Claude had forced his head underwater, and held it there for what seemed an eternity. It was the one thing that could throw him into a panic. And he had thought Claude was his friend!

"Hey, Jacques!" Claude was beckoning to him from the water. He swam in closer to shore with long even strokes. At 17, he was the oldest of the group and the most daring. Having killed a shark with a hunting knife, he wore the scars from that encounter as a badge of courage. Brave he was, of that there was no doubt. Admired by his friends, he was more or less their leader.

"C'mon in and cool off," he called.

Jacques shook his head, ignoring the sweat that dribbled out of his hair and down the

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE ►

Story is written by Francis Carfi
Matranga.



"An evil wind—waterspout, I think!" Claude shouted.
"Hang on to something."

sides of his face.

"I bet you're sweating like a *canaille*." The Creole patois—a mixture of French, English, Spanish, and African-rolled off Claude's tongue in musical syllables, as smooth as warm butter. He stood up, waist deep in the water, put both hands on his hips, and grinned knowingly. "Know what I think?" he said loud enough for the others to hear. "I think you're scared of the water."

The boys all stopped their splashing. A silence fell over them as they pricked up their ears. Jacques stiffened, feeling hot blood surge to his face. So it was out at last! Made public. His one private fear, the thing that frightened him more than anything else. More than hunger, which was not unknown to any of them. More than the evil eye. More even than a disease sent by an unfriendly bocor, witch doctor. But he could not bear to lose face like this of his peers.

"Sez whol!" he yelled, springing to his feet, hands balled at his sides.

"Sez me." Claude's retort was loud and clear. The others converged on him, anticipating a challenge. All faced the lone figure on the beach.

"You don't fool me, Jacques Bisson," Claude jeered, wagging his forefinger. "You're a scarey cat. Your hair almost turned white that time I ducked you." And he threw back his head and laughed uproariously at his own joke.

Some of the boys snickered.

Jacques quivered inside with repressed fury. He wanted to smash his fist into that shiny black face, bloody the mouth that was causing him to squirm with humiliation. But the words were out, beyond recall.

Still, he had known it would happen, had lived in dread of it. Of all the boys in the area, he alone never joined the others in surf over their heads, he alone, though a good swimmer, shied away from the water except to bathe and cool off. It was inevitable the day would come when someone would challenge him.

"If you're not afraid, prove it." Claude pointed to where a row of handmade boats and sailboats lay anchored a short distance away. "We'll go for a sail, you and me, in my father's fishing boat. Out deep. Then the choice is up to you—stay in the boat or dive

off and swim."

Or sink, thought Jacques, his pulse stammering. "Oh, Lord," he whispered, "help me!"

The missionary from the mainland had taught him that when you put your trust in God, you could make your needs known and rest confident that the Lord would supply. Jacques wanted to be strong in faith, and had a list of questions ready for the missionary when he returned. Meanwhile, he prayed every day. Right now it was: "Help me save face, Lord."

"Why don't you leave him alone, Claude," he heard one of the boys speak up in his defense. "If you'd got your foot caught in the rocks and almost drowned, you'd be scared of the water, too. We got him loose barely in time."

"That was long ago. Long enough to get over it." Claude was plainly unsympathetic.

Jacques glowered at Claude. *Raisab*—hateful! Did Claude think he hadn't tried to put that horrible experience behind him? Many were the times he had come down here alone to force himself into deep waters—only to relive the awful panic, the rushing sensation in his ears, the light-headedness that had preceded his blackout that time. Yes, he had tried to drown his fear in deep water, only to find that it would not die.

It persisted, this consuming fear of his, haunting his dreams, turning them into nightmares in which the sea sought him out, demanding the life that had been snatched at the last minute from its deadly embrace. In his dreams the ocean was a living thing, a stormy liquid monster determined to swallow him. How many times had he awakened to find his heart racing like a frightened animal and his body suffused in a cold sweat?

He looked over the distant waters, and an old Haitian proverb came to mind: *Pwaso geye kofias na-blo, e-se dlo ki kwit li*—the fish trusts the water, and it's the water that cooks it. Irony.

Today it was calm, unruffled. What had happened to the Trade Winds? And the sun? Jacques stared upward at the sky. The sun looked blurry. There was an unusual stillness in the air, and the heat was so oppressive it was almost tangible, like a blanket thrown

over him. He could sense something—was it an atmosphere of waiting? Was even nature waiting for his decision?

"Well," urged Claude.

The others remained silent. Watching. Watching.

Jacques' Adam's apple convulsed. What would happen once he was on the boat—he must go, of course—and it came time for the dive? Would he follow through on the challenge? Or would he turn into a cringing jellyfish. Not that, *Bo Dye*—please, good Lord. To be proved a coward—no, that he could not endure!

Uncertain as to what his moment of truth would reveal, he nodded his assent and began walking toward the boat beach. A cheer went up among his friend.

"Show him, *gasol*!"

"You can do it, Jacques!"

"He's no jellyfish, not him."

Their vote of confidence lifted his spirit, and he threw a faint smile at them from over his shoulder. They streaked through the water toward the boats and awaited him there as he rolled up his blue jeans and waded out to the small sturdy craft made of planks and bamboo that belonged to Claude's father. He pulled himself aboard and sat on the deck. It was little more than a large rowboat with a sail, but it was carefully constructed by its owner and was his most prized possession.

Claude ran up the patched sail. With it barely flappy in a ghost of a breeze, the craft crept away from the island.

"Hey, Jacques, remember the legend about *La Gonave*?" said Claude. "That it was formerly a whale that lingered too long in Haitian waters and turned into an island? It is shaped like a whale. Think it's true?"

Jacques shrugged. He didn't feel like talking, not to this Judas. He mopped at his sweaty face with the end of his shirt made from a feed bag. At once more droplets oozed out of his pores. He stood up and stripped to his shorts. He was so thin he could have crawled through a bamboo pole. He sat down again, bony knees drawn up, arms looped around them.

For a while there was no sound other than the feeble flapping of the sail and the murmur of the water against the boat. Looking back toward shore, Jacques could see the



"He choked beneath tons of foam; his arms felt as though they were being ripped out of their sockets as the raging sea slammed against him."

other boys sitting on the beach watching their slow progress.

Looking ahead, he became aware that the sea and clouds were turning darkly ominous in appearance. Claude noticed it, too. Alarm creased his homely face.

Suddenly his roving glance fastened onto something in the distance. Jacques followed his gaze. A strange funnel-shaped shadow was approaching them, though not head-on, growing in size as it came. It was accompanied by a thin whistling sound that grew steadily louder. Jacques scrambled to his feet.

"An evil wind—waterspout, I think!" Claude shouted. Hang on to something!"

Jacques ran to the tiller to give assistance as the whistling became a shriek that filled him with terror. Peripheral winds, accompanied by rain, ballooned the sail and burst through it, leaving it in tatters. The boat heeled over. Water deluged it.

Jacques wrapped his arms about the tiller as great churning masses of water pounded across the boat, tilting it horizontal with the sea. He choked beneath tons of foam; his arms felt as though they were being ripped out of their sockets as the raging sea slammed against him, trying to take him by force off the tiller.

His nightmare had become reality.

Slowly the boat began straightening up, fighting to reach an even keel. He clung for his life to the tiller, struggling to breathe through the pressure of the wind; fighting, too, against the panic that threatened to weaken him into an easy prey for his old enemy, the sea.

The rain beat down with a vengeance. The ocean had become a boiling fury, a murderous fiend determined to swallow the helpless craft with its two occupants. With horror he hung on as a wave swept Claude off the tiller, his arms waving frantically. A silent scream went off in Jacques' head. He squeezed his eyes shut in despair.

We're going to drown . . . Oh, God please!

When he dared to open his eyes there was Claude, on his knees, hugging the base of the mast.

The boat rose and fell, shivered and lurched and plunged in the mountainous

waves that foamed over it. The tiller burned Jacques' hands cruelly, but he dared not loosen his grasp. Terror rattled in his throat. His head was beginning to feel as light as a balloon. He mustn't black out. Oh, no! He had to hang on. If the boat survived, he would survive, but only if he could control his fear before it overwhelmed him into unconsciousness.

In that moment the truth about himself seared across his brain like a flame: Fear was his enemy!

Gathering all his inner resources, he resisted the cloud of darkness that was closing in upon him. Shoved it aside. Kicked it. Willed it away. And behold—it retreated! His head cleared and he heard himself laugh, a strangled sound that was snatched away on the wings of the wind almost before it passed his lips.

He glanced at Claude. Their eyes met. We're still here, still alive, he thought with a sense of wonder. Hope stirred strongly and gave his heart a lift.

The little boat continued to fight its own battle valiantly. Then came a terrible moment when it struck rocks; it had been blown back to the island among reefs protruding out of deep waters. It stopped with a tremendous shudder and heeled far over. The top of the mast snapped off and hurtled down on Claude; and without a sound he slipped away into the churning waves.

Jacques froze for only an instant, then he plunged in after the unconscious form. Somehow—he never quite knew how—he managed to get them both up on a rock ledge, and then to a higher one, before they were battered to death. He lay there face down, panting, one arm thrown protectively across Claude's inert body. The full force of the wind and surf did not reach them there.

Claude stirred. Moaned. Opened his eyes. He winced, and a hand went out to his head where already a knob was pushing out a claim.

"W-What happened?"

"We hit rocks. The mast broke off, knocked you in the ocean," Jacques' lips tightened. "Would have served you right if you drowned," he said coldly.

They sat up, groaning from numerous bruises, and glanced at the angry waves

pounding the rocks, marveling that they had escaped serious injury. Claude turned to face the smaller boy.

"You went after me into that?" There was awe in his voice. His eyes became glowing lamps of admiration. "Wow!" How can I thank you? As for the *siklon*, I'm sorry. I didn't know there'd be a storm. I knew only that I had to get you out in deep water, otherwise you'd be licked for the rest of your life."

Jacques gave a start. His eyes widened.

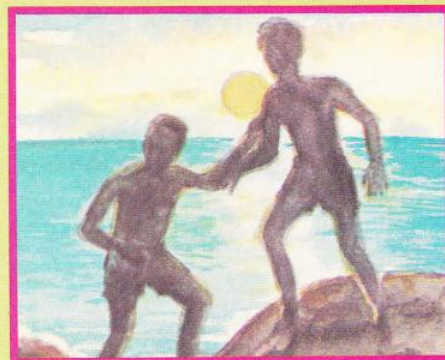
Claude nodded. "I've watched you," he went on solemnly. "Yes, I admit it, I hid and watched you a time or two as you tried to make it out there. And I knew you had to be taken far out, way out where there could be no turning back to shore. Sorry I was so rough on you in front of our friends, Jacques, but I figured shaming you would get results."

Jacques was speechless. Claude had been trying to help him!

The wind was dissipating now. Together the boys turned to look at the boat. Battered but not beaten, it had become wedged between two reefs that protected it from the surf's power. Jacques regarded the weathered little craft with affection, feeling a kinship with it. They both had put up a good fight and they had conquered.

His eyes turned again to the sea. A faint smile curved his lips. Somehow he knew it was no longer his enemy, would no more haunt his dreams.

Supporting each other, the youths clambered down off the rocks. Never had it felt so good to be alive. Even the aches and pains felt good. *Bo Dye bo.* ★





THE TWELVE TOED WIZARD

A TRUE STORY OF GENIUS, RETOLD BY FRANCIS S. SCULLEY

It was the summer of 1809. Cabot, Vermont's John Colburn mused that his family was indeed an unusual one. He and two of his sons were born with twelve toes, an unusual anatomical oddity in any era. Beaming with pride at the sight of little Zerah playing on the floor of the barn, Colburn returned to his labors of shoeing the family horse.

Suddenly little Zerah piped, "Six times eight are forty-eight; seven times nine are sixty-three; twelve times ten are one hundred and twenty."

With a smile on his face, the father gazed fondly at his little son. Obviously, Zerah had overheard the older children of the family reciting their multiplication tables. Well, it was proof that the other children really prepared for their daily classes at Cabot's tiny school. Zerah was but a toddler, yet he showed a remarkable capacity for learning and remembering what he had heard, thought the proud father. He would go a long way. Suddenly it dawned upon the father with almost sledgehammer force that all but one of the brothers and sisters were beyond the multiplication tables in school. They had finished that phase months prior. Dropping the horse's hoof and tossing his file into a box, he slowly approached the little boy.

"Son," he almost whispered, "how much are thirteen times ninety-seven?"

"One thousand, two hundred and sixty-one, daddy," answered the child, without looking up from his play.

Staring at his little son in utter disbelief, Colburn continued to ply the child with mathematical questions that were within his own attainment. Zerah answered all, with methodical precision never faltering. For almost an hour, the father continued the testing of the boy, and each time Zerah answered without faltering. Quaking like an aspen, Colburn reached down and picked up his little tow-head. Holding him aloft, as if in supplication, the farmer enquired aloud if

Zerah had been touched by the Hand of the Almighty.

Within a matter of a few weeks, the fame of the five-year-old had extended beyond Cabot; it had reached the length and breadth of Vermont. People came afar to the village just to hear the amazing boy run through the tables like a rabbit through clover. All seemed near speechless when Zerah supplied the products of any number without faltering.

When Zerah was six he was taken to Boston, where he supplied his embarrassed interrogators with the products of two- and three-place figures, square roots, cube roots of large numbers, and even the factors for which expert mathematicians agree there was no known formula. Zerah's mathematical brilliance was beyond their wildest comprehension. A paradox, when it was learned that the boy had never learned to read nor write, could not trace a figure, nor tell how he had arrived at his computations. Shortly thereafter, in a visit to the King of Belgium, Princess Charlotte asked the little boy to give the square of 4,001.

He replied instantly, "Sixteen million, eight thousand and one."

Appearing in London that same summer, the Duke of Cumberland prepared a sleeper for the young Vermonter.

"How many seconds have elapsed since the beginning of the Christian era began?" shrewdly queried His Highness.

Without once resorting to his twelve toes, Zerah answered, "One thousand eight hundred and thirteen years, seven months, twenty-two days or fifty-seven trillion, two hundred and thirty-four billion, three hundred and eighty-four thousand seconds, Sir."

Historians claim the Englishman nobleman had to be led from the room in a state of near shock, almost as if he had seen the apparition of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown on the blackboard wall.

Zerah was just warming up to his task, and raised 8 to the 16th power without the slightest hesitation. His answer was two hundred eighty-one quadrillion, four hundred and seventy-four trillion, nine hundred and seventy-six billion, seven hundred and ten million, six hundred and fifty-six thousand. Another English Earl asked the factors that produced two hundred and forty-seven thousand, four hundred and eighty-three.

"Nine hundred forty-one and 263," yawned Zerah, obviously up past his bedtime. Colburn apologized and asked that the questioning continue another day.

England's best had had enough. Not since Bunker Hill had they been so thoroughly embarrassed by a Yankee.

And so Zerah went to France.

While in the court of Napoleon, the child's father was told by Leonard Euler, Europe's premier mathematician, that 4,294,967,297 was a prime number after using up an entire blackboard to prove that 6,700,417 multiplied by 641 would give that result. Zerah entered the room, after a hearty breakfast, and was immediately asked the same question. He supplied the factors in less than five seconds. M. Euler bowed in admiration.

Alas, Zerah had no interest in figures and unless his mind was directed in that channel, he would wander to other things. His indifference to his mathematical talents was an enigma to the great educators of the day, both at home and abroad. Washington Irving, then visiting in France, appealed to the French government to place the child genius in one of its schools. Napoleon, more interested in acquiring real estate than geniuses, nevertheless did intercede for the child and he was accepted at Lycee Napoleon on May 30, 1815. He was but eleven. His benefactor had but a few short weeks remaining as the scourge of all Europe.

As Napoleon faltered at Waterloo, so also did Zerah falter at Lycee. His amazing talents began to fail him, and he entered the Westminster School in England at the age of 12. Tired of being exhibited almost like a circus freak, Zerah threw in the sponge and returned to America.

He opened a school of his own when but 16. When he was 25 his father passed away and the young man returned to Cabot. For a time he was connected with Norwich University, but the spark of genius seemed to have deserted him—at least in the mathematical field. He did show some adeptness at learning various languages, but obviously Zerah's sun had set.

Zerah Colburn died at the age of 34 of tuberculosis. By that age he had less knowledge of mathematics than those attending him, but he had developed an ability at translation.

Thus ended the meteoric career of one of America's most astounding mathematicians and memory experts. Others were to follow, none of whom could remotely compare with the child born in the little village of Cabot, where the cheese comes from. Zerah Colburn is one of Vermont's least remembered personalities. ★

THIS ISSUE'S FUNNIEST JOKES

Q. What's the difference between a teacher and a train?

A. A teacher says, "Spit out your gum," and a train says, "CHOO, CHOO!"

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

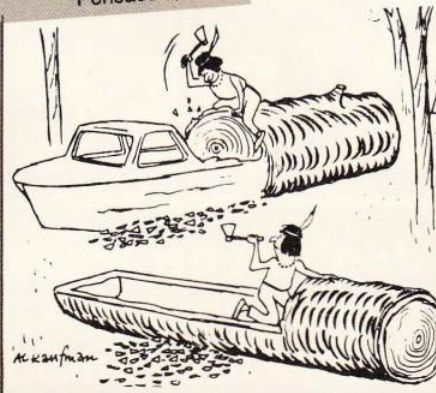
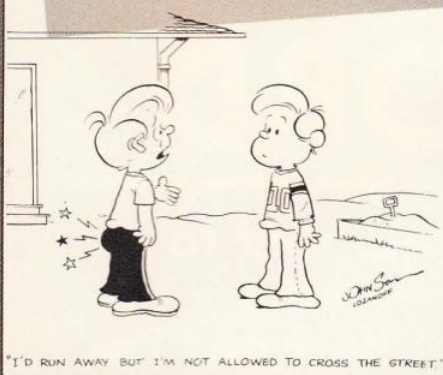
Little Boy: "Daddy, are bugs good to eat?"

Father: "Don't talk about it at the table, son."

Father (later): "Now, what were you asking, son?"

Little Boy: "There was a bug in your soup but it's gone now."

Mary Harrington
Pensacola, FL



Young man (holding out hand): "Will you please tell me how to pronounce the name of the stone in this ring? Is it turquoise or turk-woise?"

Jeweler (after inspecting it): "The correct pronunciation is 'glass.'"

Joseph Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA

A young man asked the road construction boss for a job.

"Can you operate a steam shovel?"

"Quit kidding—nobody can shovel steam."

Joseph Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA

Mother: "Roger, did you take a bath today?"

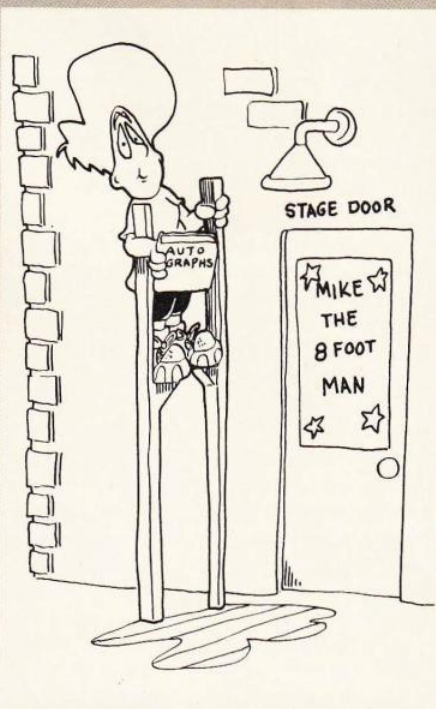
Roger: "No Mother. Is there one missing?"

Henry E. Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

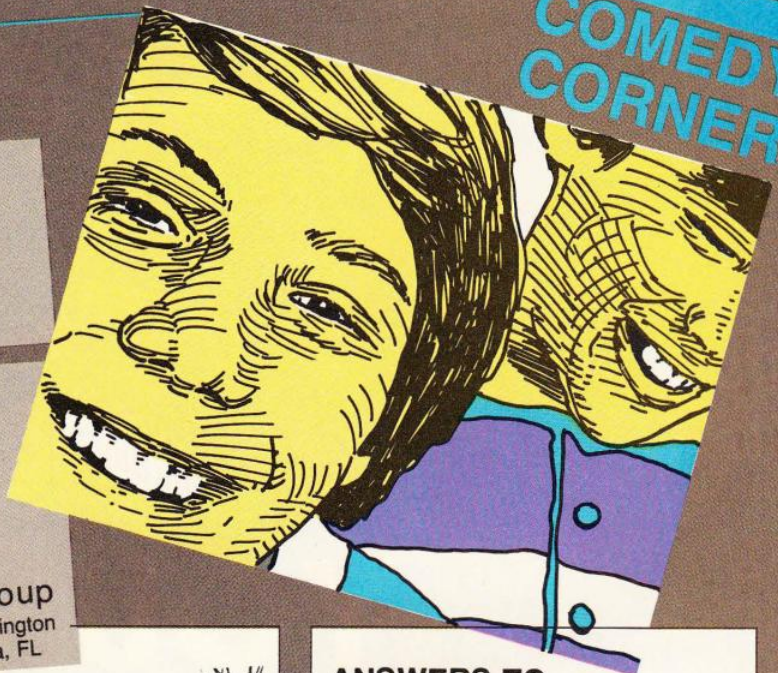
Patty: "Did you know it takes three sheep to make one sweater?"

Matty: "No, I didn't even know they could knit."

Henry E. Leabo
Tehachapi, CA



COMEDY CORNER



ANSWERS TO BACK-PACK LETTER-IN ON PAGE 6.

- | | |
|-----------|------------|
| a. KNIFE | j. CAMERA |
| b. SPOON | k. OPENER |
| c. LIGHT | l. MATCHES |
| d. PLATE | m. BEDROLL |
| e. PAPER | n. CANTEN |
| f. CANDLE | o. CLOTHES |
| g. PLIERS | p. BATTERY |
| h. PONCHO | q. TISSUES |
| i. PENCIL | r. GRIDDLE |

Host: "If you stay here tonight you will have to make your own bed."

Guest: "That's all right."

Host: "Fine. Here's a hammer, saw, and nails."

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Rob: "Did you change the water in the goldfish bowl?"

Bob: "They didn't drink it all yet."

Henry E. Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Harry: "My father works in a clock factory."

Larry: "What does he do?"

Harry: "He makes faces."

Henry E. Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

"Did little brother come from heaven?" the boy asked his mother about the baby crying long and loud in his crib.

"Yes, dear."

"No wonder they put him out."

John A. Johnston
Manchester, CT



YOU AND YOUR RECORD

Rangers, you don't need a pen or paper to write this story of your life. Everything is already on file in the 'Books of Heaven.'

BY MURIEL LARSON

Handsome, reckless, and unstable, Lord Byron gloried in freedom during the Age of Romanticism.

But he also revealed an inner integrity in a handwritten letter found in the front of a rare old book. The letter demanded retraction of published misinformation. A magazine had stated that Byron had authored a book entitled, "The Vampire."

Byron let the editor of the magazine know that this was untrue. "If the book is clever," he wrote, "it would be base to deprive the real writer—whoever he may be—of his honor, and if stupid—I desire the responsibility of nobody's dullness but my own."

In human affairs it's often that people get the credit or discredit that belongs to someone else. If we do something wrong, someone else might get the blame. If we do something nice, someone else may get the credit. Humans being what they are, mistakes like that will always be made.

But there's one place where the records are absolutely accurate. Everything we do, think, or say is written there . . . in the books

of Heaven. That's right. Perhaps you've never thought of it, but you are building a record written in permanent form.

What kind of record do you have so far? Is it one of which you'll be ashamed when you face the Lord at the Judgment Seat of Christ? Or will you be able to rush forward eagerly to grasp His outstretched hands unafraid of the record He has for you?

No one is perfect. God knows that. He created us after all. And that's why He sent His Son to die on the cross for our sins. If we have received Jesus Christ as our personal Saviour, then our sins are covered by His blood. If we haven't, then the Great White Throne Judgment awaits with the eternal penalty of death and Hell. The Bible says, "and they were judged every man according to their works" (Revelation 20:13). No matter how good a person may be in this life, if he has never repented of his sins and accepted Christ, the Bible says he is condemned (John 3:18). And that is a record of another kind.

For the Christian, 2 Corinthians 5:10 says, "For we must all appear before the judgment

seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body . . . whether it be good or bad." How will that be determined? Check out 1 Corinthians 3:11-15. "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now if any man build upon his foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work abide which he had built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire."

How will your record "stack up?" Will it be hay, wood, stubble going up in the smoke of God's holy fire? Or will it be gold, silver and precious stones? Will everything you have done on earth be of no importance? Or will your record in Heaven yield an eternal reward?

You're writing your spiritual autobiography right now. What will your record say about you. ★