

HIGH ADVENTURE

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

SPRING 1984



**BE A PART OF THE ACTION
AT THE F. C. F. RENDEZVOUS**

West Glacier, Montana July 24-28, 1984

FRED DEVER
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HIGH ADVENTURE

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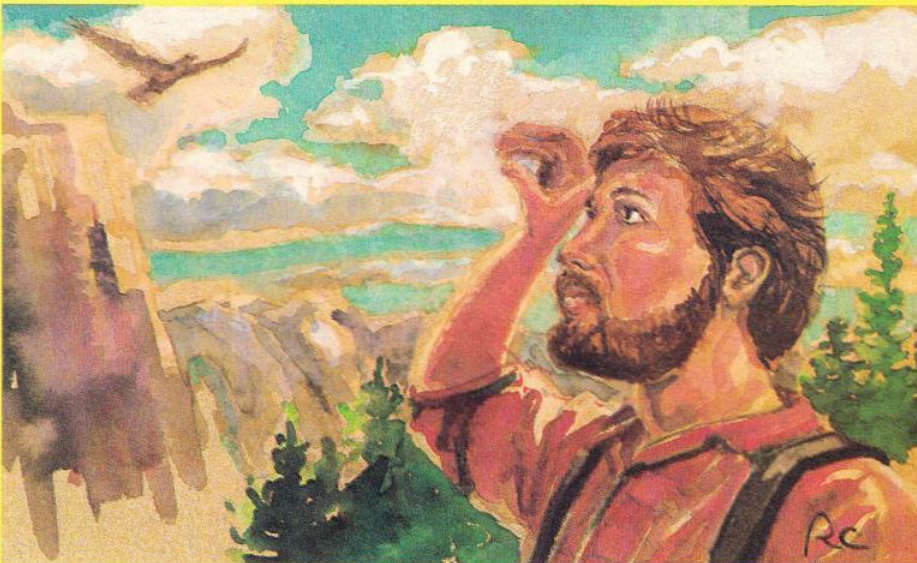
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"I HAD BEEN A
PARAPLEGIC EVERY DAY
OF MY 28 YEARS."

*Would you dare trek through
the mountains on crutches?
It's not impossible, read on . . .*

WITH WINGS AS EAGLES



*The limit of Pat's endurance had nearly
been reached. He needed God's help.*

Six Miles?" I exclaimed. Our map showed the Grouse Creek Trail as being four maybe five miles long. But the sign at the head of the trail clearly said, "Grouse Creek Trail No. 14—West Boulder Station 6 miles."

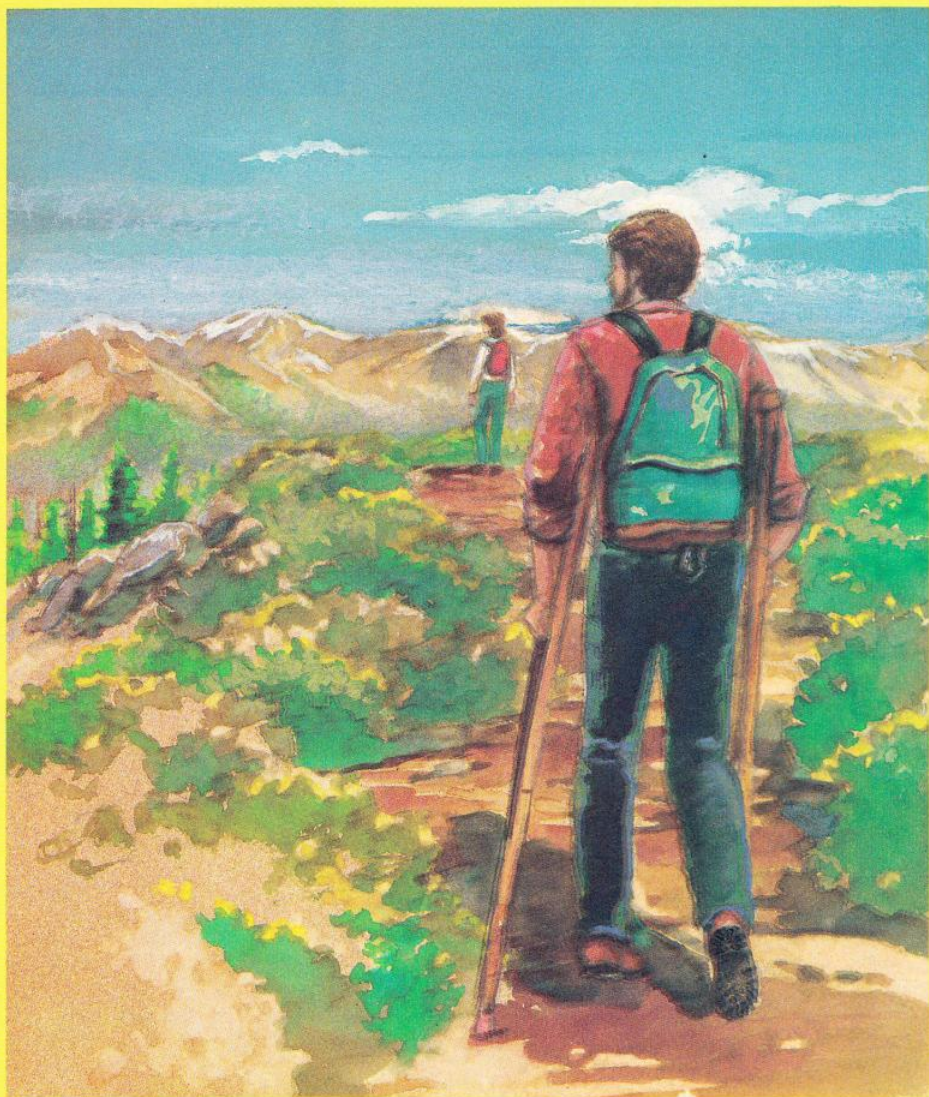
"Then we can't waste any time," replied Kathy Estes, my hiking companion. So we set out on our hike that was to become an ordeal.

It wasn't long before the deceptively steep trail made me realize I had less endurance than I thought. I delayed stopping for the first rest break as long as I could, but eventually succumbed to being out of breath. From there the trail seemed to get ever steeper and the rest periods more frequent as my arms in particular felt the strain of the climb. I tried to stretch a few extra moments from each break, but Kathy would persistently urge, "Come on, let's go for it and get up the trail!" I soon became very tired of the word "up."

Finally Kathy suggested she run on ahead to see if what appeared to be the ridge top really was the end of the upward climb. As she bounded off effortlessly, shortcutting between switchbacks in the trail, I reflected to the improbability of our endeavor. Kathy had been a national class distance runner and now spent every available minute in the mountains. By contrast

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE ►

by Pat Hansen
with Terry and Linda Ryan



Kathy insisted on maintaining a relentless pace despite Pat's physical misery. There was no other option.

I had been a paraplegic every day of my 28 years and could walk only with crutches; certainly I was an unlikely appearing candidate for a multi-mile trek on foot through the mountains of southern Montana. Granted, five years before I had discovered the truth of the apostle Paul's statement to the Philippian Christians, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," by completing a nine-mile round trip alone to an isolated lake high in the notoriously rugged Crazy Mountains in one day. Unquestionably, the strength which enabled me to accomplish that feat was not my own. But in the last five years I had done no significant mountain hiking. Did I still have the same faith?

Soon Kathy returned and reported that what we saw might not be the top of the ridge, but the trail did become more level and the end of the ascent must be soon. She suggested we stop for lunch. I was not particularly hungry, but the prospect of a longer rest period was very appealing. We

chose a shady spot along the trail and enjoyed a leisurely lunch.

At length, I glanced at my watch and was horrified to learn that we had been hiking over four hours. What was worse, we could still see the area from which we began our journey. For a moment the thought occurred to me that we should turn back, because of a shortage both of daylight and of my own energy. I felt aware of intensifying exhaustion throughout my body. But just then I looked up and noticed a golden eagle soaring above the cliffs of nearby Baker Mountain and recalled the words of the prophet, Isaiah:

Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength.

Even the youths shall faint and be

weary, and the young men shall utterly fall:

But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.

With that in mind, I determined I could go on.

Just as Kathy had said, before long we came to a stretch of trail that was fairly level. It also was shaded by thick trees and was wide enough that I did not have to walk sideways. Wherever the trail was narrow I had to trudge along sideways which, on crutches, is particularly exhausting, especially when the trail was uphill and covered with loose rocks. But the respite was brief; soon the trail resumed its upward course. At least there was still the merciful shade.

Three o'clock in the afternoon approached when our pathway meandered out of the trees onto a sagebrush-covered ridge. Could this finally be the end of our climbing? "I'll go see what the sign up ahead says," Kathy suggested. "This *must* be the top."

She was back in less than two minutes. "I have some good news and some bad news. The good news is that we are at the top. No more climbing!"

"No more 'up'? Hallelujah!" I shouted with more enthusiasm than I thought I had left.

"The bad news is the sign says it's two miles back to where we started and it's five miles to the West Boulder Station."

"That's *seven* miles altogether," I groaned. "How long will the next sign say the trail is?"

Due to my mounting fatigue, I had begun to complain incessantly about not resting often enough. But we only took time to gaze at the breathtaking scenery visible from the seven thousand foot ridge briefly and to take a few photographs. We could clearly see mountains eighty miles away under Montana's legendary big sky.

Kathy's insistence on maintaining a relentless pace could easily have seemed unreasonable considering my obvious physical misery, but I knew there was no option. Darkness would arrive all too soon. So we kept walking.

As we traveled downhill from the top of the ridge, I found it to be only slightly easier and faster than the initial climb was. We also kept a wary eye on the periodic thunderstorms that moved in from the west. But none of them was violent and they provided refreshing relief from the blistering sun. Little did we know later we would pay a price for those showers. But for the moment any physical comfort was received gratefully.

Several tedious hours of hiking passed. Over two-thirds of the daylight hours were spent. Around five in the afternoon we reached the first of the Nurses Lakes, a series of potholes nestled among the trees along a relatively level segment of the trail. The map indicated four or five such lakes along our way. Accordingly, after we passed the fourth lake Kathy and I studied our map

and estimated no more than two miles separated us from our destination. But soon another lake appeared in front of us, then another, and another. We were more, not less, than two miles from our goal. And we were keenly aware that the sun was setting ominously low on the western horizon.

It was sundown as we reached the edge of the final descent to the West Boulder Ranger Station where we had left my car that morning before driving to the start of the Grouse Creek Trail. How long ago that seemed! The evening's final light was fast fading when we finally spotted the car in the West Boulder Canyon far below. The sight was enough to instill renewed vigor in my aching bones and I responded more readily to Kathy's exhortations to press on.

We soon discovered, however, that the final leg of the expedition was not the easiest. The narrowness of the trail again forced me to proceed in a sideways manner and it was no easier to walk sideways downhill than it had been uphill. The pathway was quite steep and the afternoon thunder-showers had made the dirt trail treacherously slippery. As twilight faded into dusk and ultimately into pitch darkness, I found myself staggering and stumbling every step of the way. Only my fatigue-induced numbness made the agony bearable. Rest stops became increasingly frequent and long.

After an hour of picking our way down the winding trail in the dark at a snail's pace, it was plain the limit of my endurance had nearly been reached. Kathy, who was ahead of me on the trail, stopped and announced, "We need to pray."

"Jesus, I ask You to give Pat the strength to make it the rest of the way. We aren't sure how far it is, but we know we need You right now." Her prayer was direct and to the point and immediately I knew how St. Paul felt when the Lord assured him, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness." Then, less than five seconds after Kathy had concluded praying, we saw the beam of a car's headlights flash across the trail fifty yards ahead!

A final barrier stood between us and our goal. As we were virtually within touching distance of my car, a barbed wire fence materialized out of the gloom in front of us. I didn't remember that from the morning. *There has to be a way through this fence*, I thought.

The "way through" we found was a cattle guard. Ordinarily a cattle guard with its wide gaps between narrow bars perched over a deep pit poses a formidable obstacle to a person on crutches. But being staggeringly exhausted I took no chances and literally crawled across the cattle guard on my hands and knees.

Completing the final forty feet to my car, I felt an indescribable sense of accomplishment and, for the first time in over thirteen hours—since the outset of the hike—a tremendous sense of relaxation. I knew that truly, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

What is the largest animal? What is the animal with the largest ears? What is the only animal that is more intelligent than apes and monkeys?

UNUSUAL ANIMAL FACTS

BY HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

READ ON FOR THE ANSWERS TO THESE QUESTIONS. IT'S A TRULY AMAZING ANIMAL WORLD THAT GOD HAS CREATED!



There are almost one million kinds of animals in the world. They include horses, elephants, dogs, goldfish, butterflies, worms, eagles, oysters, lobsters, seals, and thousands of others. The 800,000 kinds of insects are the largest group. There are over 30,000 kinds of fish, 9,000 kinds of birds, and 15,000 kinds of mammals with self-regulating body temperature and hair.

Many animals are so small they can be seen only with a microscope. The largest animal is the blue whale which is about as long as two railroad cars. It is bigger than the elephant or the giraffe.

The animal with the largest ears is the African elephant whose ears are as large as four feet across. The horse has the largest eyes of any land animal.

A giant tortoise may live over 100 years

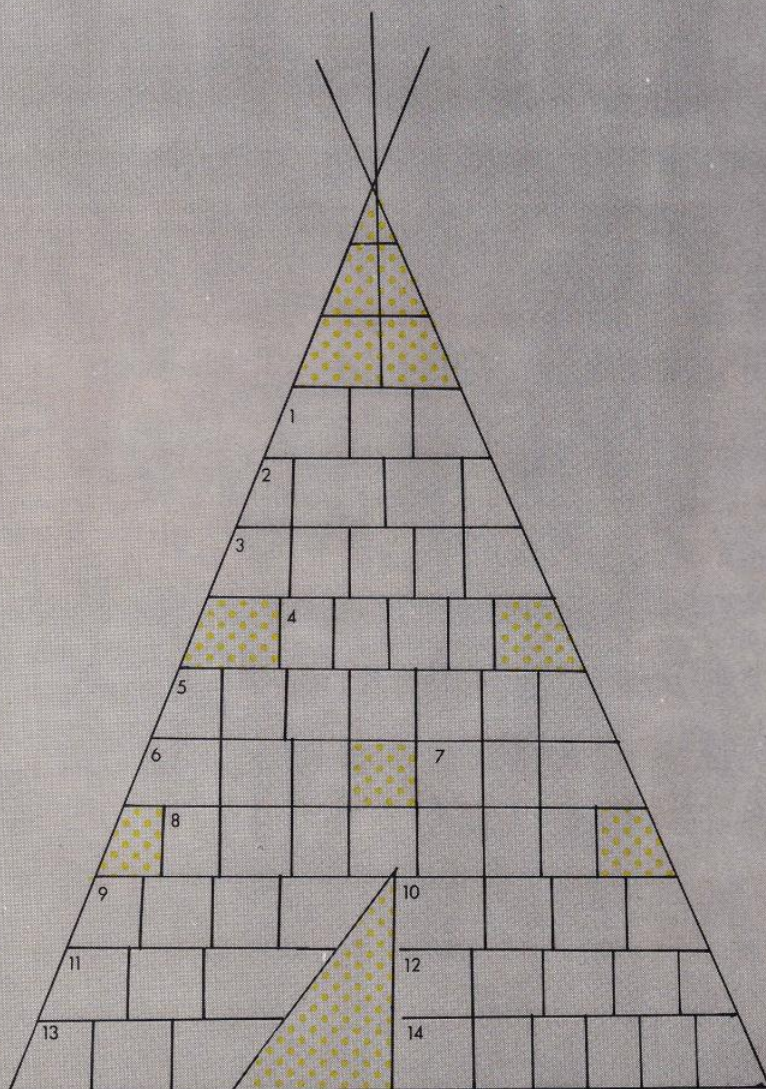
but a May fly lives only a few hours or days. A tree-climbing crab can climb a palm tree and get coconuts for food. It cracks the coconuts with strong claws.

The speed with which the animals can move varies greatly and many figures are estimates. Birds are the fastest with flying speeds as high as 175 miles an hour. The great African elephants can go twenty-five miles an hour; the turtle only one-tenth of a mile. Other estimates of miles per hour are golden eagle, 120; robin, thirty; canvasback duck, seventy; housefly, five; jack-rabbit, forty-five; house cat, thirty; ostrich, fifty; trout, five; goldfish, four; gray fox, forty; hummingbird, sixty; cheetah, sixty-five; bluejay twenty-; dolphin twenty-five; and whale, twenty.

Only man is more intelligent than apes and monkeys. ★

Let's Go Camping PUZZLE

By Bonnie Eller



1. a cutting tool
2. nourishment
3. H₂O
4. to burn
5. to strike
6. to fry fish in
7. to sleep on
8. to sleep in
9. opposite of pepper
10. to lift food with
11. ____ berg
12. to hold food on
13. to drink out of
14. to put on to keep warm

ANSWERS UPSIDE DOWN:

1. axe 2. food 3. water
4. fuel 5. matches 6. pan
7. cot 8. bedroll 9. salt
10. fork 11. ice 12. plate
13. cup 14. jacket

RANGER CRAFT

Make Your Own BULLET KITE

By Margaret Greger

The Bullet kite, patented by designer Ed Grauel*, is a kite which *flies well in both light and heavy winds*. Kites which consist of a sail or canopy with vertical spars and a bridle to shape the kite to the wind are called sled kites. This is a sled kite with cells. Because it is made of *two sheets of plastic, attractive color combinations are possible. A sky full of multi-colored Bullet kites is a fine sight.*

Finding bright colored plastic, 1 to 1½ mils in weight, may be the difficult part of making this kite. Brand-name trash bags are mostly mud-colored, but bags sold in bulk at discount stores are sometimes more colorful. White trash bags are always good and can be decorated with permanent markers.

A good way to construct this kite is to first draw the pattern on paper with heavy black marker. Tape the pattern to the table and the plastic to the pattern. Apply the tape and the dowels to the plastic on the pattern lines. When you cut out the kite your pattern is ready for future kite building. If you are working with a class, make a pattern for each person.

*A patented kite may be made for yourself or for a gift, but not to sell.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR BULLET KITE

Materials:

sheet plastic, 1-1½ mil,
for panels 33½" x24" and 19
½" x26"
three 3/16" dowels, 24" long
cellophane tape, 3/4" wide
doublestick tape
strapping tape
8 feet of 30# test line for
bridle

Tools: scissors, punch

1. Make pattern. Tape pattern to working surface. Tape plastic over pattern. (Dia. #1)
2. Run cello tape along short edges (top and bottom) of sleeve. Cut out sleeve. (Dia. #1)
3. Lay spars in place on body of kite. Cover with tape. Outline kite with tape, using short segments on curved edges. Cut out kite. (Dia. #2)

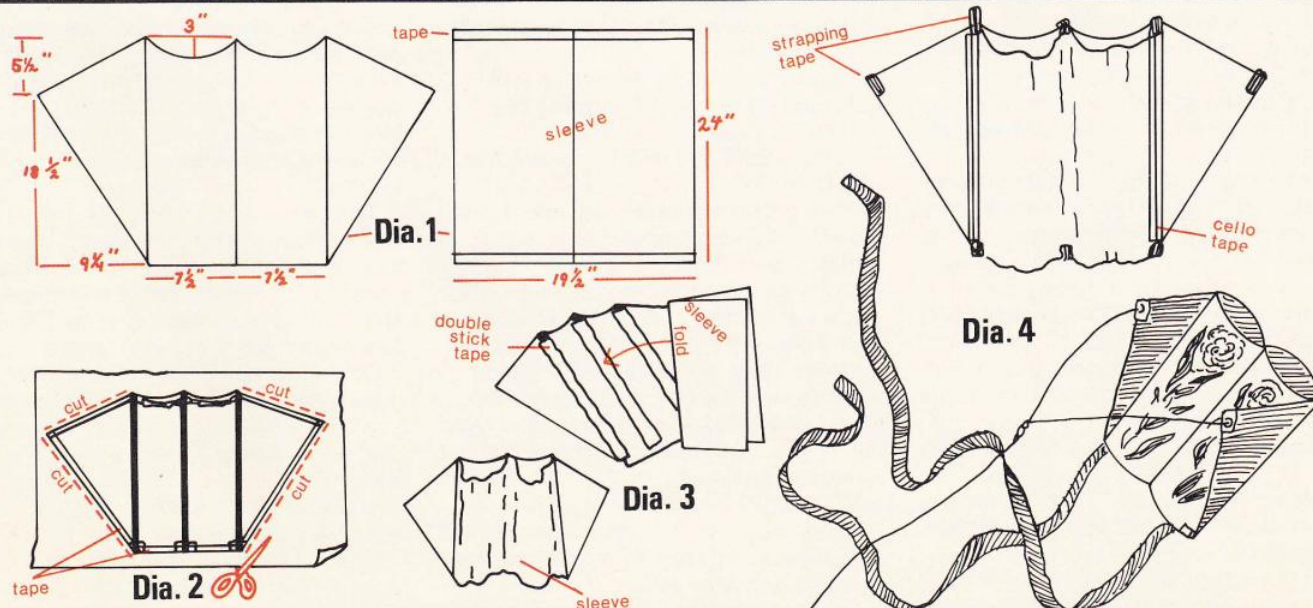
To cut plastic easily, barely open the scissor blades, begin a cut and then push against the plastic, which is held taut by tape

or by hand. The blades will slice through the plastic. The result is better than cutting.

4. Lay doublestick tape on center spar. Fold sleeve on center line, center on tape. Open and press along spar to seal. Join outer edges of the sleeve to the kite with cello tape—one-half on sleeve, one half on body of kite. (Dias. #3 & 4)
5. Reinforce tips of spars with 2" long strips of strapping tape over the tips at the top and the base of the kite. Do the same with the outside corners. (Dia. #4)
6. Punch holes, tie on bridle. Tie loop in middle of bridle. The flying line ties through the loop. (Dia. #4)

Add tail streamers for heavier winds.

Fly your kite on 30# test line.

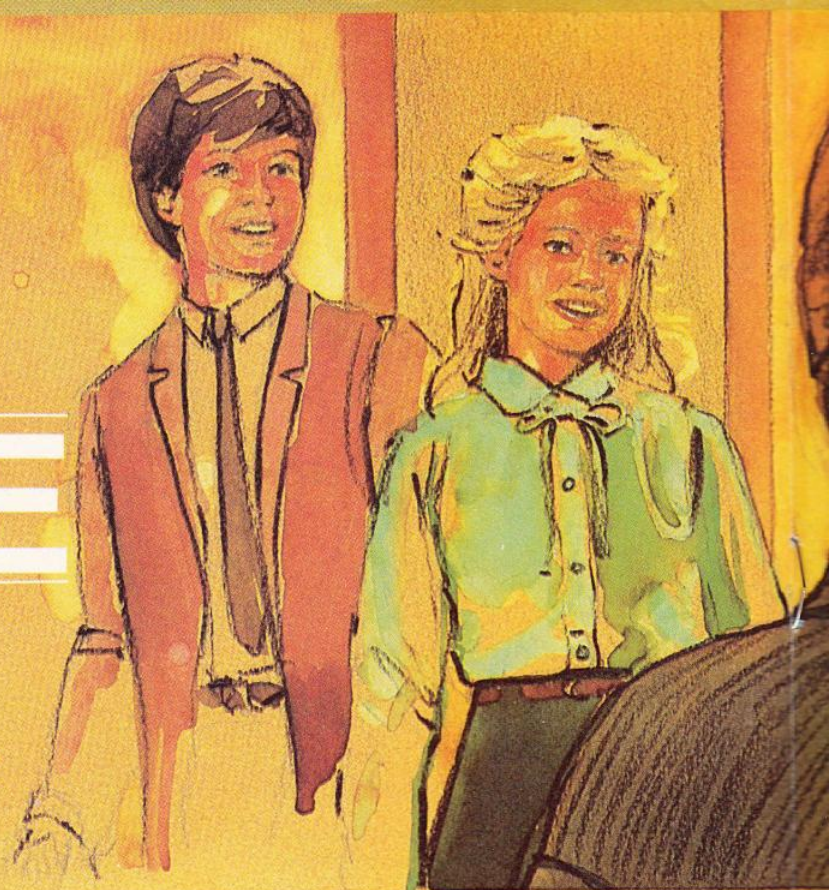


"The preacher looked me right in the eye and said, 'Are you saved, James? Do you know Jesus as your Saviour?' 'Yes, sir,' I told him, lying."

THE LIE

Based on a True Experience

As told to Chris Harrison



I had been so proud of myself, fooling that young evangelist completely, just as I had been fooling everybody else. But as I lay in bed that night, I didn't feel one bit proud.

Then the thunder started and I got scared, same as always. Sixteen years old and I couldn't handle a little thunder and lightning. I swallowed and then pulled the blankets over my head, heart pounding.

"I'm afraid, Jamie!" my kid brother's voice whimpered suddenly. "Can I sleep with you?"

Hollis and I weren't real close or anything, but I pulled back the covers and let him crawl in. He thought I was doing him a favor; I wasn't. I didn't want to be alone in the storm, either.

Of course the storm didn't last forever and Hollis was soon fast asleep. Lucky kid, I thought, listening to his steady breathing. I closed my eyes, but sleep just wouldn't come.

I knew why, too. I couldn't get that evangelist off my mind. Or the lie I had told him.

Going to the service hadn't been my idea, by the way. After a rough day at school, plus my part-time job at Kelsey's Market, the last thing I wanted to do was go to church on a Monday night. My folks didn't see it quite that way, especially Dad. If there was something going on at church, our family would be there.

"I have homework," I had begun at supper.

"We won't be out late," Dad assured me.

That was true. Since it was a school night, the service started early and got out early. Still, I resented going when I didn't want to go. I had gone to church and Sunday school

all my life; there wasn't a story in the Bible I hadn't heard a million times.

The evangelist was pretty good, I had to admit that. Kind of loud though, and he talked a lot about accepting Jesus as Saviour and Lord. I had heard enough about that, so I tried to shut him out.

It wasn't easy. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "Jesus saith unto him, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.'"

On and on he went, reciting one verse after another.

After the service—and lots of people went forward, including my brother Hollis and one of my sisters—the evangelist headed straight for me.

"Glad you could be with us tonight," he said, sticking out his hand. "I'm Don Welles."

"James Talbott," I replied, shaking hands with him.

I thought he'd probably talk about youth group activities or what I was taking in school or something like that. He didn't. He looked me right in the eye and said, "Are you saved, James? Do you know Jesus as your Saviour?"

I knew what would happen if I told him the truth. He'd feel obligated to preach some more. Hollis and Alicia were just coming out of the counseling room then and I wanted to go home.

"Yes, sir," I told him, lying.

"God bless you!" he answered with a grin. He slapped me on the back and went to talk to someone else.

Of course Mom and Dad were all excited

about Hollis and Alicia accepting Christ, so nobody paid much attention to me on the way home. That was fine with me. I was busy patting myself on the back for putting one over on that evangelist.

Nobody had asked me if I was a Christian for a long, long time. I guess everyone just assumed that I was one. My parents were active in the church and everything and I was always there, so I was a believer. Right?

Nope. I wasn't sure why I wasn't, either, but maybe it was one way to be my own person regardless of what my dad wanted. Yeah, he could make me go to church, but he couldn't make me believe if I didn't want to.

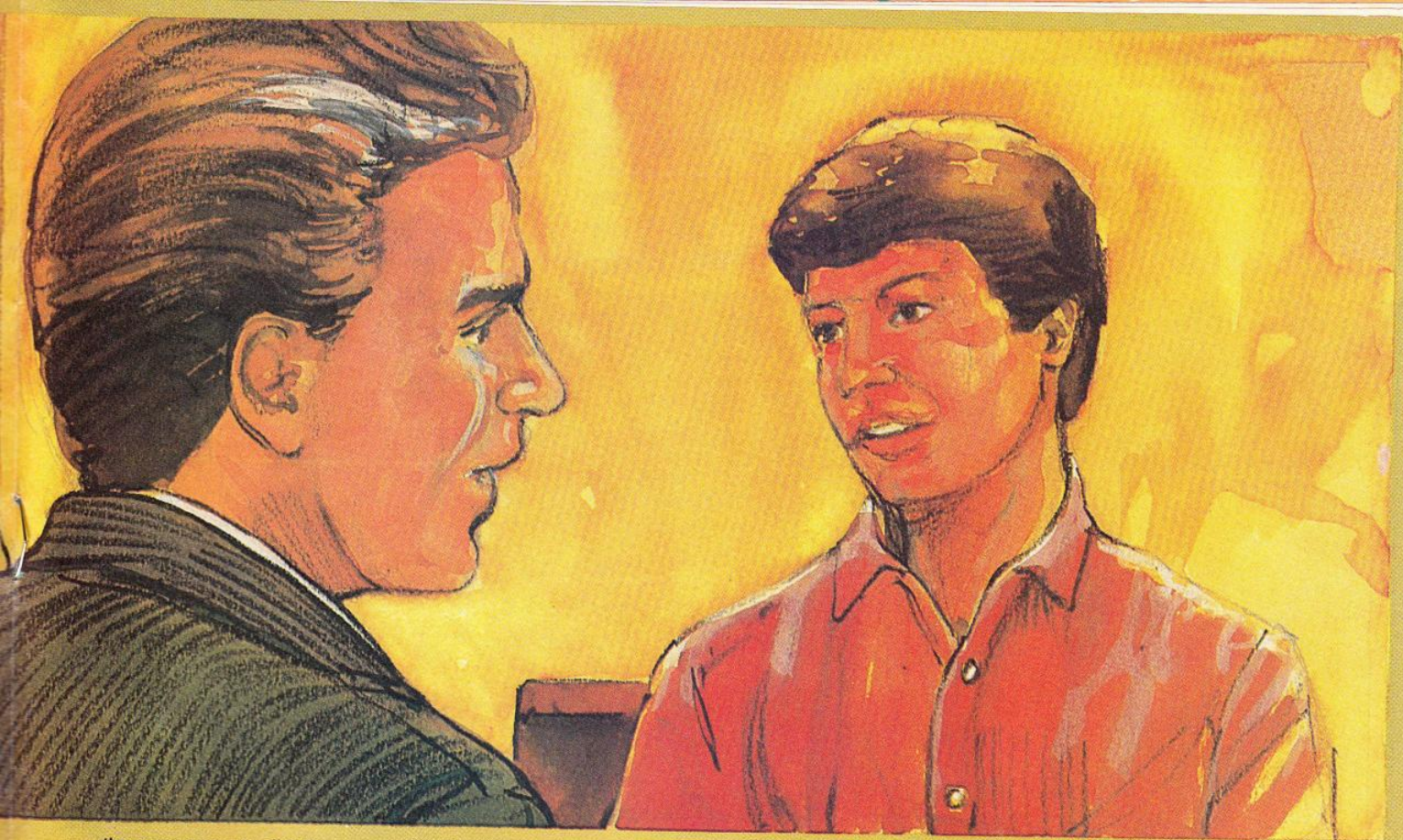
Don't get me wrong. Dad wasn't like an army sergeant or anything. He was pretty strict, though. It was great when there were just the three of us: him, Mom, and me. Man, we had fun in those days! He'd take me fishing and we were always doing stuff together.

Then when I was about five, our family started growing and there wasn't so much time for Jamie anymore. I always had to do something for the baby, and there was one baby after another. Dad had to work a lot harder, so he wasn't around as much.

Of course we still had devotions every night. I tried to sit next to him, but that place was usually reserved for one of my younger brothers or sisters. I had two of each eventually.

"Make room for the baby, Jamie," he'd say. "Be a big boy now."

I guess I was big, compared to them, but in some ways I was just a little kid myself and I became very resentful. Most of the



time my parents didn't even notice if I was sulking and that was worse than if they had noticed and got on my case about it.

My folks never pressured us kids to make a decision for Christ, but they talked about it and shared some verses.

Corey and Sheryl had accepted Jesus as their Saviour in Sunday school and were later baptized. Now Hollis and Alicia were Christians, too.

Everybody except me, I thought as I lay there in the dark. Sure, I had gone forward one time with a bunch of my friends—that was when I was nine or ten—and I said all the right things and was even baptized, but I knew nothing had happened inside.

Somewhere in the distance I heard thunder again. Hollis shifted his body, sticking an elbow in my ribs.

You lied to that evangelist, I told myself. *He asked you a direct question and you lied to him!*

So what? I answered. *It's none of his business!*

It is too! Making sure people are going to heaven is his main job! And you aren't going! You can't blame it on Dad, either!

The thunder was coming closer. For some reason the storm was coming back. Or maybe it was a new one. I had hated thunder and lightning ever since I could remember, always expecting it to ignite the house and turn it into a blazing inferno.

Of course it never had, and it seemed illogical that it would, especially since the rain which usually accompanied the thunder and lightning could put out the fire as quickly as it had begun. Still, it scared me and I didn't mind having wiggly Hollis in bed with me at all.

He was only eight and he had gone forward to accept Jesus as his Saviour. That meant he would go to heaven if he died. Everybody in my family had that assurance, except me. I had been able to shrug it off before. Why couldn't I now, I wondered.

Finally I drifted off to sleep, but it was a terrible night. Hollis was restless most of the time and when he was quiet the thunder would start up again. I woke up the next morning exhausted.

Exhausted, but still full of guilt and anxiety. I had been going through the motions of being a Christian for a long time, but suddenly something was different. Was it the lie I told that evangelist, or were some of the verses he had quoted starting to sink in? Whatever it was, I knew I had to do something about it.

Dad came home from work later than usual that night. It had been a hard day and he was really tired.

"I think we'll skip the service tonight," he said at the supper table. "Unless somebody especially wants to go."

I glanced at Mom and my younger brothers and sisters, hoping that one of them would want to. "I guess it wouldn't hurt to miss one night," Mom decided. "More potatoes anyone?"

We went on with the meal, but I couldn't stand it after a while. "I want to go," I heard myself say.

Everybody looked at me. Mom had a surprised look on her face. It wasn't like me to go to church if I didn't have to, after all. "Okay, we'll go," Dad agreed smiling.

I almost told him to forget it, that I had changed my mind. Somehow I couldn't.

I didn't hear much of the sermon, busy fighting a battle within. Part of me—most of me, in fact—said it was stupid to go forward. I could accept Jesus in my heart right where I was sitting, and not embarrass myself or my family. The church was jam packed with people, including friends of mine who thought I was already a Christian.

Another part of me disagreed, and when the evangelist talked about making a "public profession," I knew I had to go up there, no matter how hard it was.

And up I went, right on the first verse of the invitation hymn.

"Coming for rededication? James?" the evangelist asked.

"No sir," I told him. "I want to accept Jesus Christ as my Saviour. I lied to you last night."

A few minutes later I prayed and asked Jesus to come into my heart and He did. Dad was so happy I couldn't believe it. There were even tears in his eyes. Everybody else was congratulating me, too.

There was another thunder storm that night, or so I heard the next morning. I slept right through it.

**LEARN FROM JAMES'
MISTAKES. IT DOES
NOT PAY TO LIE,
ESPECIALLY WHERE
JESUS IS CONCERNED.**

STAR MAZE

By BONNIE ELLER

You're somewhere in uncharted space.
You've always been able to depend
on your hand-built rocketship,
but this time a malfunctioning
in the computer's directional
has left you alone, in outerspace,
with a slim chance of reaching
earth again.

WHAT WILL YOU DO?

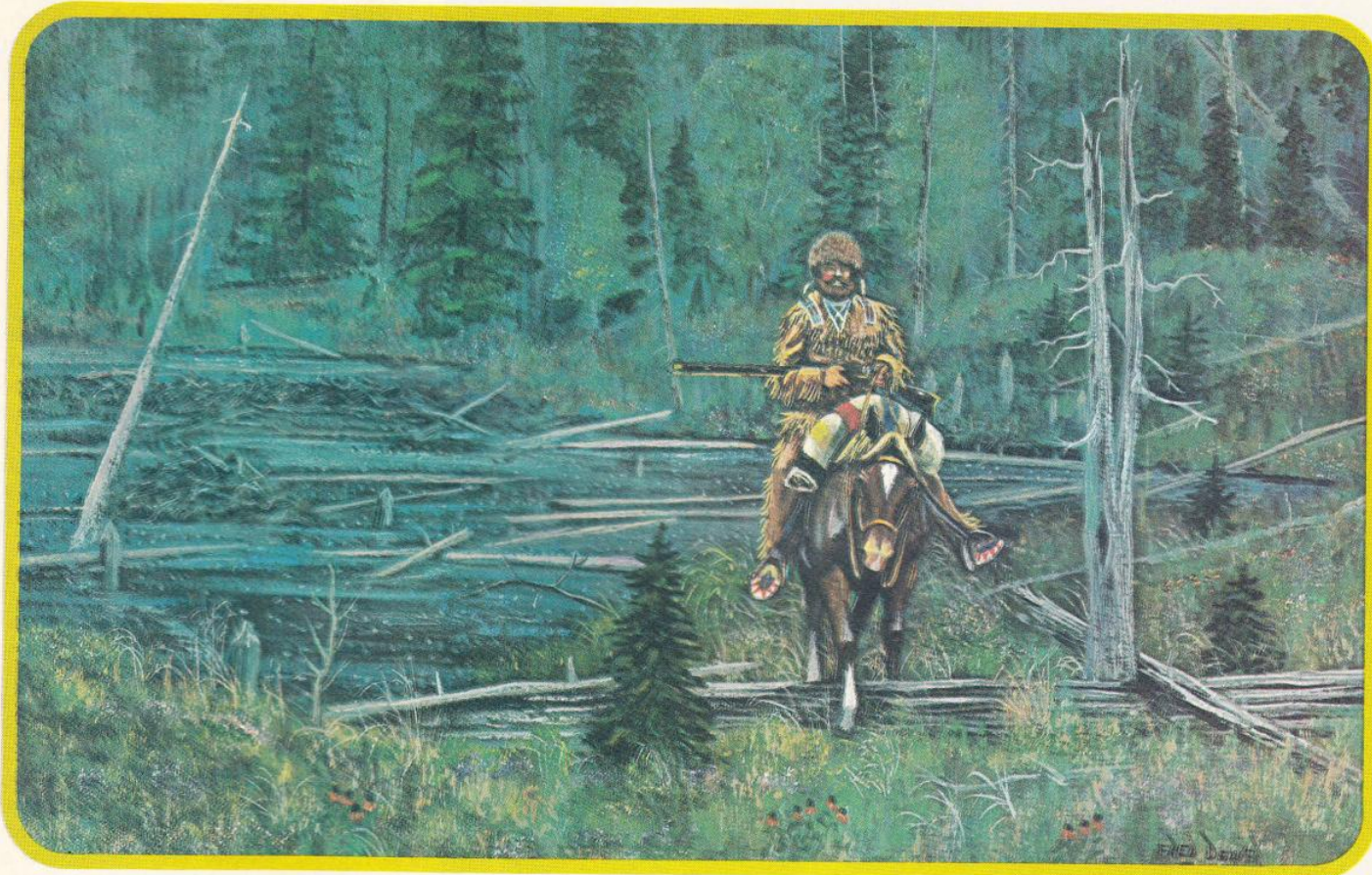
ANSWER ON PAGE 15 ➡



Be A Part of The Action at . . . **THE NATIONAL F.C.F. RENDEZVOUS**

July 24-28, 1984

West Glacier, Montana

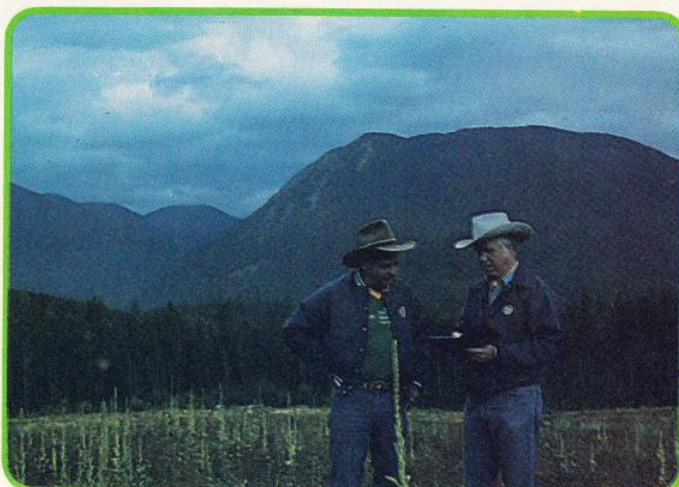


YOU CAN EXPECT . . .

- EXCITING ACTIVITIES
- INSPIRING SERVICES
- CRAFTS—SKILLS—TRADING
- GREAT SCENERY
- FIVE MILES FROM GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

**CONTACT YOUR DISTRICT
FCF PRESIDENT FOR
AN APPLICATION AND
ADDITIONAL INFORMATION**

*Fred Deaver and Johnnie Barnes
checking out the Rendezvous site*



Danger at Point Reyes

Diedre Elliott Duncan



A huge crest of water crashed over the bow of the small fishing boat and tore the front hatch into shreds. Timber ripped through the pilot house window and struck Michael's father. He fell back into the cabin clutching his head.

"Dad! Dad! Are you OK?" Michael shouted.

His father looked up at him, blood streaming from the gash on his head. One arm hung limp at his side.

"Michael, it's up to you now, son. This storm turned out to be a bad one. Take us into port . . ." That was all he managed to say before he passed out.

Michael grabbed the first aid kit and wound a strip of cloth around his father's head. Gently he laid his father down on the floor of the cabin and covered him with his jacket. He folded the twisted arm over his father's chest.

Suddenly the boat pitched sideways and Michael ran to grab the wheel. Wind and salt water tore at his eyelids through the gaping window. His father's words, "It's up to you now, son" echoed in his ears. But how? How could he pilot the boat to shore? Even though he'd spent most summers out here learning about the boat, how to read the waves, and singing sea shanties with the old sailors, he had never been caught in a storm as bad as this one. He couldn't see a bit of land. He had no reference point.

Dad had checked the forecast before they set out two days ago. The Coast Guard had not predicted this storm. The Coast Guard! That was it! He'd call them and they would get a fix on him by radar. They would help. They could come with medical supplies for his dad and help with the boat too. Keeping one hand on the wheel, Michael reached for the microphone on the two-way radio and switched on the transmitter's power.

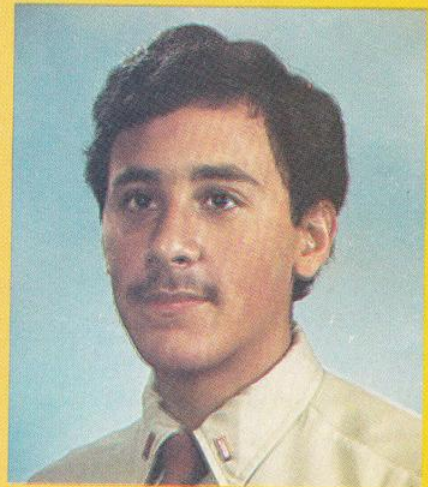
"Mayday! Mayday! This is the Blue Marlin. Come in. Calling the Coast Guard. Mayday!"

"Blatat-aat! Blatat-aat!" There was only static on the radio.

Michael tried again. "Mayday! Come in Coast Guard. This is the Blue Marlin. Re-2445-7 out of San Lucas. Come in anybody. This is an emergency. Over!"

He listened for a response but all he heard was static. He left the receiver on

RANGER OF THE YEAR



Jonathan Castillo of Bridgeport, Connecticut was selected as the 1983 National Ranger of the Year. The selection was made by the Royal Rangers National Review Board during its annual meeting in Springfield, Missouri. Jonathan was selected from 8 finalists from the 8 regions.

Castillo is a recent graduate of Bridgeport Central High School, Bridgeport, Connecticut has been very active in Royal Rangers, his church, and his community.

In March, 1983, Jonathan earned the Gold Medal of Achievement (top award in Royal Rangers) plus the Gold and Silver Buffalo Award.

Jonathan is a member of the National Honor Society of Secondary Schools, and has received a citation from The Society of Women Engineers, and has served as Vice President of Finance for Junior Achievement.

Jonathan is a member of outpost 43 Spanish Eastern District and attends Good Shepherd Christian Church, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

The 8 regional finalists were:
William Vanderbilt (Great Lakes)
Olmsted Falls, Ohio
Timothy Brecheen (Gulf)
Baton Rouge, Louisiana
Paul Morrison (North Central)
Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin
Jonathan Castillo (Northeast)
Bridgeport, Connecticut
David Pauli (Northwest)
Portland, Oregon
Tim Lister (South Central)
Topeka, Kansas
Robert Gittens (Southeast)
Stanley, North Carolina
Mark J. Primrose (Southwest)
Yucaipa, California

in case there was an answer and began searching the horizon for a landmark. While he was helping his father, he'd lost track of how much the boat tossed around on the waves. For all he knew they might be heading back out to sea right now. He wished for their home port of San Lucas, a safe one with a wide entry and two sea walls of smooth concrete rimming the bay. Michael peered out through what was left of the windshield, hoping to see one of the familiar red and green beacons of San Lucas.

"Blatat-aat! Blat. Blattat." The radio crackled on his left.

"Marlin. This is Point Reyes. Do you read . . . Blue Marlin. This is Point . . ."

Michael grabbed the microphone and shouted into it, "I read you, Point Reyes. I read you. Over."

"Blue Marlin, I have you on radar. Can you see my signal?"

Michael scanned the horizon. Yes, there it was. A piercing white light. White! Oh, no! Michael's stomach tightened. White meant danger. It wasn't the safe harbor of San Lucas after all. They were a long way off course. He remembered what the old fishermen say about Point Reyes. They call it Boat Eater, one of the most difficult passes of all.

"Blue Marlin!" The voice on the radio brought Michael out of the daze. "What happened out there?"

"Can you send a boat here to pick my father and me up?" Michael asked.

"Sorry, Blue Marlin. All the available craft are down at a big wreck near the cape. You'll have to bring her in alone . . . It's up to you. All I can do is keep you on radar and describe the reefs and rock ledges to you as you pass by them."

"But my dad's hurt and I don't know if I can . . ." Michael pleaded.

"I'll help you all I can," the steady voice from the lighthouse reassured Michael. "You're about to the breakwater now. Keep due left and be ready to turn sharply right as soon as you pass by the rocks. Look out the window and when you see those rocks . . . turn!"

Michael peered out. The rocks loomed ahead. He jammed the great wheel right. The old boat creaked in response.

"Good work!" the lighthouse called back. "Now keep straight on course.

There are some smaller rocks through this part of the channel, but with all this water, you should pass right over them. In a few minutes, you'll be at the reef. That's the worst part. Look for the tongue of water there. It will try to sweep you over a razor rock and will cut the boat in two if you go that way. The other channel around it ends up in a chute of water that slams into a sheer bank of cliffs. The only safe way will be to go to the . . ."

Static filled the radio. Furiously Michael turned the dial.

"Blatat-aat!" He couldn't get a fix on the lighthouse. And there was the reef up ahead.

"Which way do I go?" Michael said. "Is the safe passage to the right of the tongue or to the left? Which way?"

Michael clung to the wheel. The reef grew darker as the boat pitched closer to its jagged edges. He had to make a decision. Michael glanced down at his father. A picture of other days on the sea flooded his mind. Dad was singing that song about this place, Point Reyes, the Boat Eater.

"Three kings there are way down at Point Reyes,

One with a razor to cut you, and
One with a wall to stop you, and
One with a handshake to welcome you."

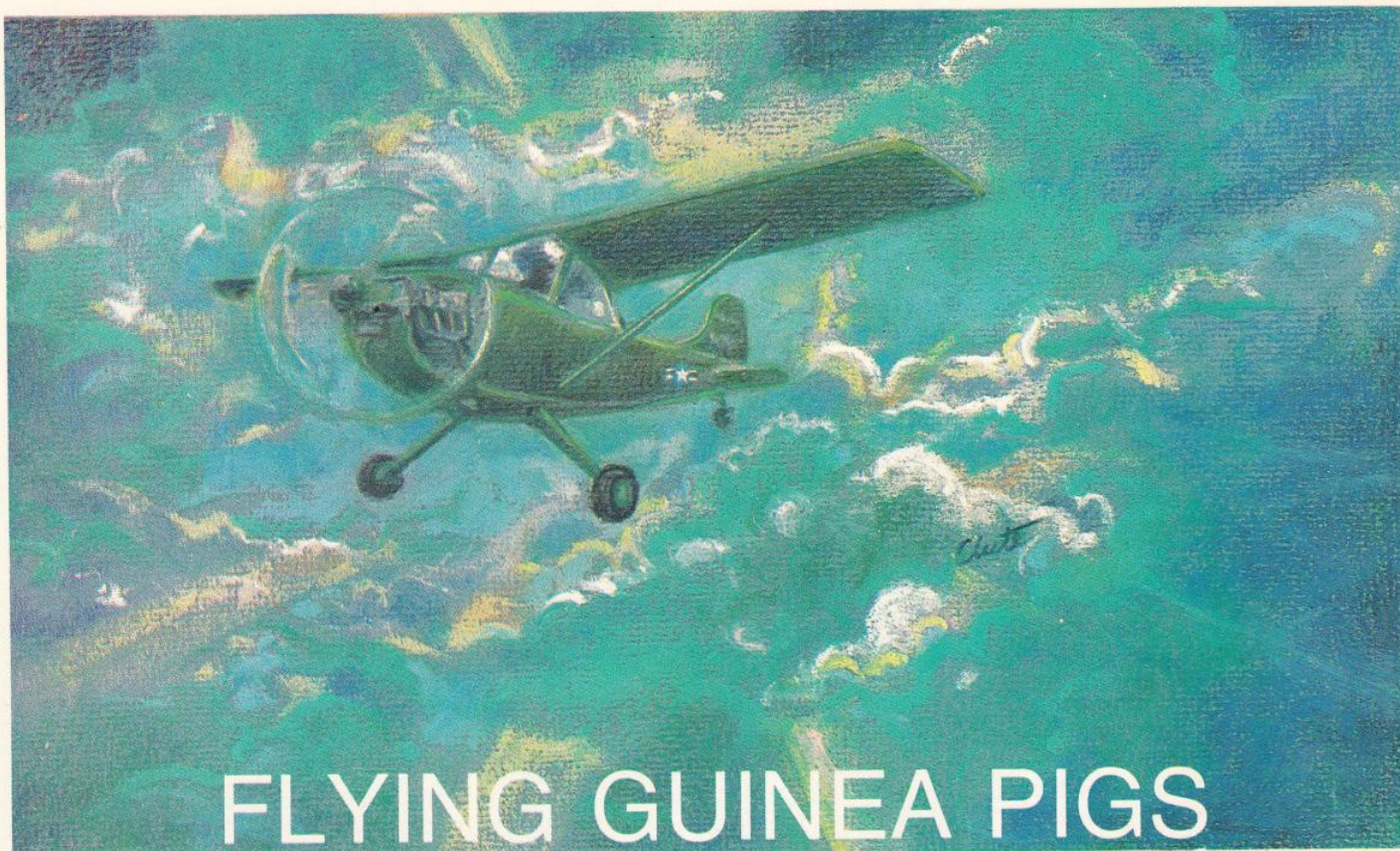
That was it! The right channel! Right, like a handshake. A safe passage if only you could find it.

Michael threw all his weight on the wood of the wheel and began to turn the boat around the reef. "Right! Come on, old girl," he coaxed the Blue Marlin. "You can do it."

The boat raced around the far edge of the tongue of water. In the corner of his eye, Michael saw the razor rock zip by and the cliff wall, too. He'd miss them all right. Ahead was the strip of beach below the lighthouse point. He'd chosen the right passage! A rescue squad would meet them on the beach and take care of his father.

Michael eased up on the wheel a bit. His arms ached and for the first time he felt the chill of the the wind and then a strange rush of satisfaction.

"I've done it," he said. "I've brought the boat safely into port and through Point Reyes, too. I've done it!" ★



FLYING GUINEA PIGS

By JOHN A. JOHNSTON

Maybe they were only a tiny pin in the biggest war machine ever assembled. Nevertheless, many brash, young World War II pilots are alive today because of a handful of air scientists. Also, the whole air striking force that swarmed above the Normandy beachhead on D-Day in June 1944 and across France and Germany in the months that followed owed much to the unsung heroism of these men.

They were the weather reconnaissance outfits. Their mission was to fly where no other planes could be risked, to look for safety lanes around every kind of storm for the combat convoys that followed. The reconnaissance bombers were virtually meteorologist stations. Every crew member was both a veteran airman and weather expert.

Every day, month after month, they faced death over the North Atlantic so the flow of men and materials could go on uninterrupted from the United States to Great Britain.

Invariably they played down the importance of their work, compared with the combat crews engaged in the European invasion. "It's the boys in the bombers and fighters over on the other side who are doing the tough job," one said. "We just give them a shoeshine."

Despite such a typical evaluation, in one year 42 men from reconnaissance crews were awarded medals for gallantry beyond the call of duty.

Their function was twofold. Like their Royal Air Force counterparts in the British

Isles, the American planes made daily flights 750 miles out over the Atlantic and back. Their radios whistled continually so the land stations could keep a finger on the pulse of the second front lifeline.

These were the synoptic flights. Whatever weather prevailed—rain, sleet, snow, fog—the planes took off right to the minute. There was no waiting for fair skies.

Secondly, when convoys of bombers and fighters were scheduled to fly to Great Britain, the weathermen preceded them, always keeping one jump ahead. By the time the movements of tactical ships were ready to leave the United States, the guinea pig planes had landed, perhaps in Greenland.

From there a full briefing of weather conditions and danger areas was flashed back, and the go-ahead signal given. The procedure was repeated from Greenland to Iceland and from Iceland to the British Isles. Thus the young and less experienced combat crews knew exactly the areas of bad weather, and each long hop was accomplished with a minimum of risk and fatigue.

Flying in the worst of weather conditions, the reconnaissance crews were bound to be involved in accidents and near misses. In spite of such hazards, they lost only one plane and not a single man in their year of pioneering work.

One crew was forced to fly blind from Maine to Greenland. For eight hours they were in the air, radioing back data constantly from far above the Greenland ice cap. During the entire period they could see nothing below. Then their fuel began

to run low. Simultaneously, they learned that every Greenland airfield was closed in.

By dead reckoning the pilot headed for a base at the end of a long, narrow fjord. It was flanked by mountain peaks rising as high as 5,000 feet. Suddenly a solid mountain wall loomed up straight ahead. It was the wrong fjord!

The pilot made the only maneuver possible, a desperate turn with only feet to spare. Hundreds more miles of flying followed. With his tank almost empty, the pilot found his field. He dropped his plane down through the murky overcast and prepared for a crash landing. Only 100 feet from the ground, he got below the ceiling. A perfect touchdown ended the crew's wanderings over the icy northern wastes.

Another time a lieutenant started out to search for a Liberator reported to have fallen into the sea. Far out in the Atlantic, through a break in the cloud bank, he saw what he thought was a dinghy filled with men. But it wasn't; it was a German U-boat.

The submarine promptly opened fire. The lieutenant had no weapons to return the fire because every weather reconnaissance plane flew unarmed. He turned his shell-splintered plane toward his home base, flashing back the story by radio as he went. The Liberator was never located, but the British navy sank the U-boat.

These were the sort of experiences that made up the daily lives of the *shepherds of the sea*. Flying guinea pigs. It was a fine, proud name for a *courageous group of men*.

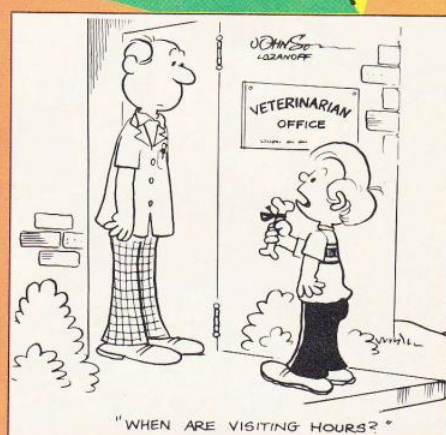
HIGH ADVENTURE ★

THIS ISSUE'S FUNNIEST JOKES

Dad: There is something wrong with my shaving brush.
Dan: That's funny. It was all right yesterday when I painted my bike.

Joe: You're wearing one red sock and one blue sock.
Jim: I know. I have another pair just like them at home.

COMEDY CORNER



ALL JOKES SUBMITTED BY HENRY E. LEABO TEHACHAPI, CA

"Why are you sawing off the legs of the stove?"

"Because the recipe says to have a low flame."

"My uncle stands in front of the mirror with his eyes closed."

"How come?"

"He wants to see how he looks when he's asleep."

Grandmother: "I got a ticket for speeding yesterday, and I was only going five miles an hour."

Grandson: "Oh, really, Where were you driving?"

Grandmother: "On the sidewalk."

"A train just passed."

"How can you tell?"

"I can see the tracks."

Sam: "Do you have a good memory?"

Tom: "Yes."

Sam: "What color is your bike?"

Tom: "Blue."

Sam: "What color is your house?"

Tom: "White."

Sam: "What was the first question I asked you?"

Tom: "You asked me what color my bike was."

Sam: "Oh, no, I didn't. I asked you if you had a good memory."

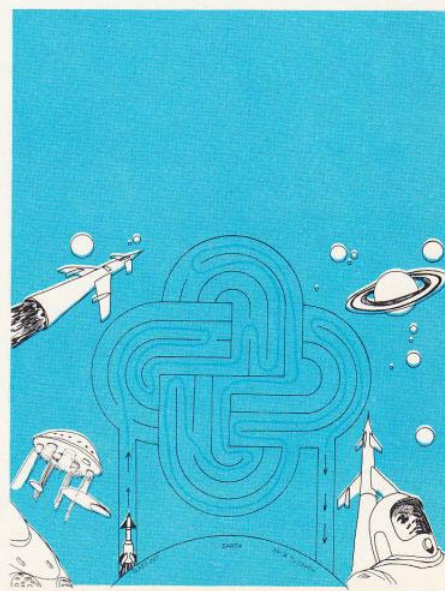
Policeman: "You're under arrest for speeding."

Motorist: "I wasn't speeding, officer. But I passed a couple of fellows who were."

Harry: "Do you think you're a good comedian?"

Larry: "Yes, I threw all my jokes into the fire, and it just roared."

ANSWER TO STAR MAZE FROM PAGE 10



He's a mammal,
about 24 inches long,
who lives in an
upside down world, who slowly creeps
along at the rate
of 1/10 of a mile
per hour,
hence the associated
definition of
laziness.

THE SLOTH

By ROBERTA L. BONNICI

WHY WOULD GOD
CREATE AN ANIMAL
LIKE THE SLOTH
UNLESS HE REALLY
HAD A POINT TO MAKE!

Funny that God should create an animal like the three-toed sloth.

The sloth, hometown boy from the tropical forests of Central and South America, has one thing going for him: he knows how to "hang in there." In fact, *he spends most of his life just "hanging around."*

The sloth, a mammal about 24 inches long, lives in an upside down world. With his claws clamped around a branch like grappling hooks, *he creeps along suspended by all fours.* Imagine working in THAT position!

The sloth isn't going to capture any awards for speed nor achievement. Unless you call eating enough Cecropia leaves to stay alive "achievement"! The sloth isn't even in any hurry to do this. *He "zooms" to his next eating spot at the rate of one-tenth of a mile per hour! At this speed, he can cover four miles in 48 nights.* (He doesn't move during the day unless disturbed.)

Ecologically, the sloth is well balanced. During the rainy season, he actually turns green—but not with envy. The new hue is the result of tiny plants growing in his coarse, shaggy fur. The tiny plants, in turn, provide food for the moths that also live there.

If the sloth attempts to travel on ground,



he is at a disadvantage. His legs just can't support his body so he drags along at his characteristically slow speed. Should he be attacked, his extra ribs (23 pairs, compared to man's 12) provide some protection. Also, his tough hide and shaggy coat discourage would-be devourers.

The sloth has no visible tail, and his head appears to grow directly out from his shoulders. From a distance, he could be a clump of leaves, a termite's nest—or a dead sloth! It's hard to tell.

When a sloth dies, he doesn't bother to fall off his branch. He just keeps hanging there.

Somehow, the word "sloth" has become linked with laziness. While this doesn't do much for the sloth's image, it does give us a better understanding of what Solomon is talking about in the Book of Proverbs when he mentions the slothful.

"Work hard and be a leader; be lazy and never succeed" (Proverbs 12:24).

"A lazy man won't even dress the game he gets while hunting" (Proverbs 12:27).

"A lazy fellow has trouble all though life" (Proverbs 15:19).

"A lazy man sleeps soundly and goes hungry" (Proverbs 19:24).

"A lazy man is full of excuses. 'I can't go to work!' he says. If I go outside I might meet a lion in the street and be killed!" (Proverbs 22:13).

"He sticks to his bed like a door to its hinges! He is too tired even to lift his food from his dish to his mouth!" (Proverbs 26:13-15) (*from the Living Bible*)

In the light of these verses, it seems strange that God would create an animal like the sloth—unless He really wanted to emphasize a point.

Lord, are you trying to tell me something? ★