

HIGH ADVENTURE

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS/FALL 1986



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HIGH ADVENTURE

FALL 1986

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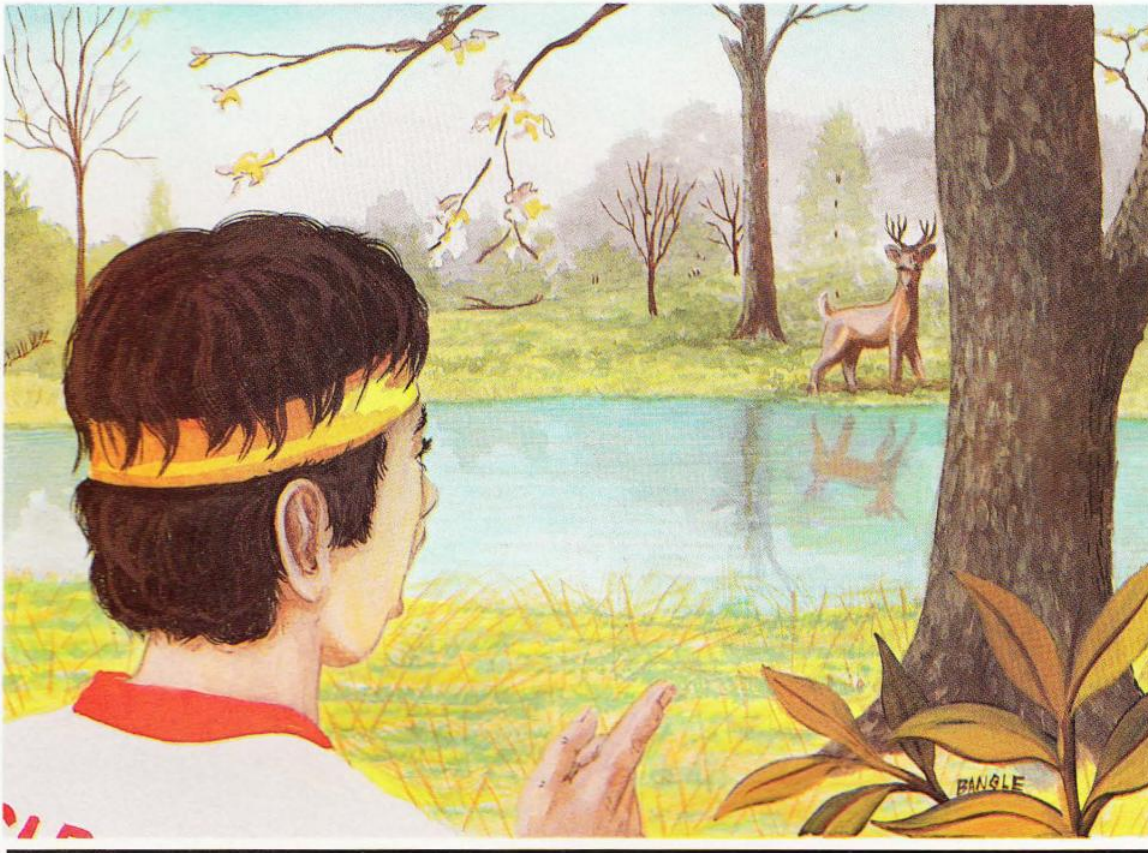
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GERARD DUFFEY WAS A
LITTLE TOO STREETWISE
FOR HIS OWN GOOD
UNTIL HE DISCOVERED . . .



A NEW WORLD

BY RICHARD ENSMAN

Gerard Duffey was, in the words of his classroom teacher, "a little too streetwise for his own good."

He wasn't a bad kid, they said, just *cynical*.

When one student performed an act of kindness for another, Gerard would ask what the first student was getting out of it. When his parents offered to take him bowling on a Saturday afternoon, Gerard would ask why.

Perhaps growing up in the city did that to a guy. Perhaps Gerard had just seen too much anger and fighting—and even violence—on the busy streets near his home and in the dark alleys near his playground.

When his science teacher suggested he join the community youth group's hiking program, Gerard naturally asked why. His parents had told him it would be good for him. His teacher had told him it would be a good learning experience to see the nat-

ural world for the first time. Gerard wasn't so sure. "Tryin' to make a country bumpkin out of me," he would mutter after discussing the subject.

**"IT WAS GERARD'S
FIRST TIME ON
THE TRAIL.
THE DAY WAS MILD
AND THE SUN
WAS SHINING BRIGHTLY."**

In any event, Gerard was signed up for the hiking club. And early one Saturday morning—on a mild April day—Gerard showed up at the neighborhood center for the bus ride to the country.

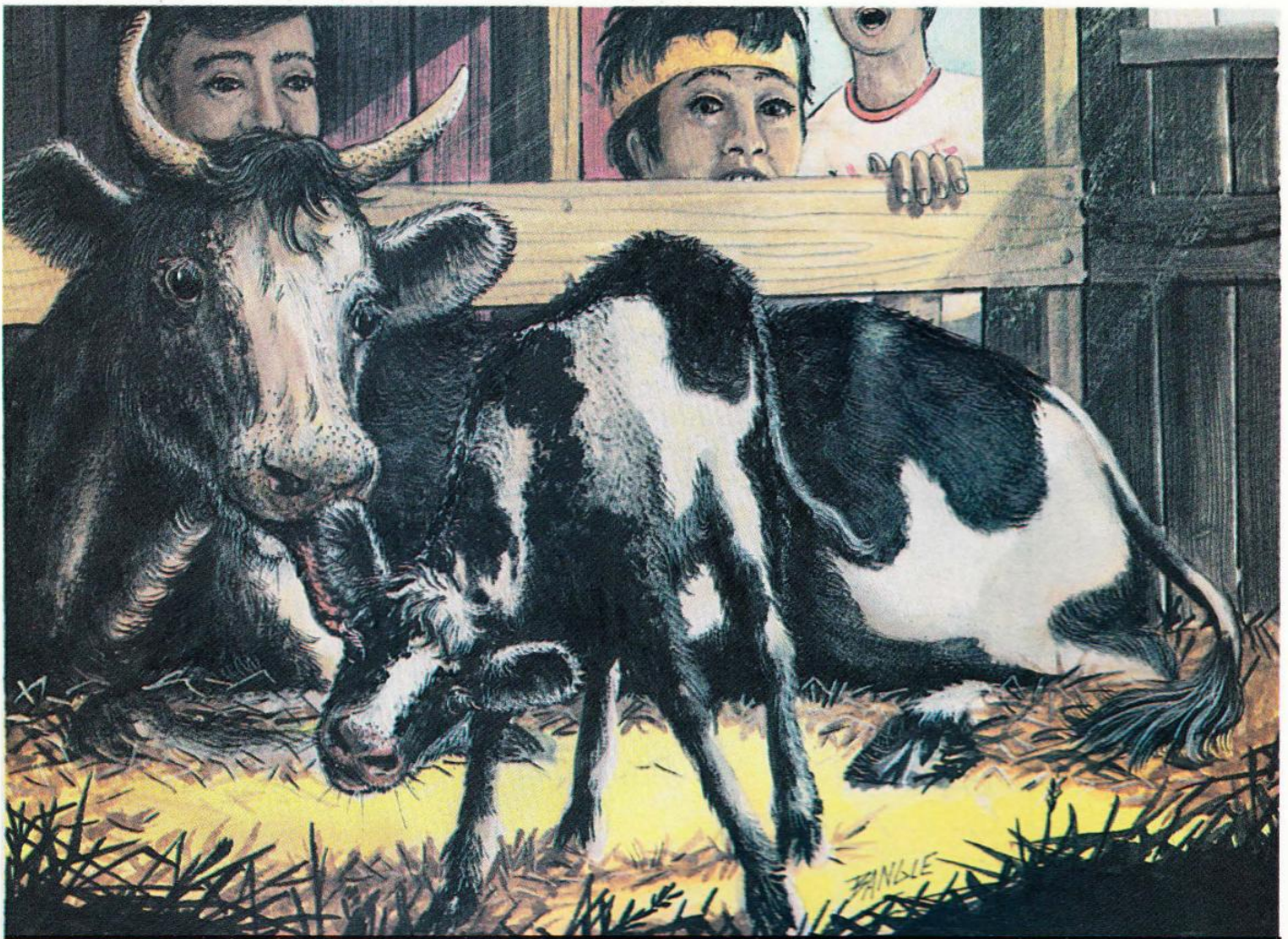
It was Gerard's first time on the trail. The day was mild and the sun was shining brightly. The chill of winter seemed to have evaporated and the air was tangy with the smell of growing things.

Gerard was fascinated by the sounds and sights and smells of this wild trail, miles and miles from his home.

He heard the vibrant sounds of spring peepers, mistaking them for sleigh bells in the distance. Spring peepers. Emerging from the muck of swampland and fields to begin the early spring mating call. He had never heard spring peepers before.

And when he and the group came to the large pond in the middle of the trail, he actually saw tiny pollywogs swimming in the clear, blue water. They were, his group leader explained, the offspring of the frogs chirping in the reeds. In another week or two, the pond would be black with polly-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE ►



**"FILING INTO THE BARN, FRESH WITH THE
SMELL OF HAY, THEY SAW A TINY CALF
BEING BORN."**

wogs. In a month, the area would be teeming with tiny frogs the size of thumbnails.

Gerard traveled on.

The sun grew warmer. Tiny shoots were visible throughout the landscape. Fields that were predominantly brown contained a thick undergrowth of green. Green, Gerard was told, that would overtake the brown in a matter of weeks and turn the entire scene into a panorama of growing things. Green that symbolized new life all around him.

And the trail continued.

It was about two hours out on the trail that the deer bounded past. Out of the shrubbery on one side of the trail, several large deer and several fawns leaped across the wide trail, into the forest beyond. White-tailed deer. A far cry from the small animal that Gerard had seen in the zoo at home. *Nothing, nothing could possibly match the majesty of those beautiful brown animals with white tails*, he thought. No other living thing seemed to have the grace and the beauty of the deer leaping through the tall grass and green foliage.

Eventually the group came to a farm, evidently a stopping point during the hike.

The group leader motioned for the hikers to follow him as they neared the farm's entrance. They walked through the front yard of the farmhouse and then slowly over to the barn.

"In here," said an excited voice to the hikers.

Filing into the barn, fresh with the smell of hay, they all saw what the group leader already knew was there: a tiny calf being born. Gently, two men—one Gerard presumed to be a veterinarian and one to be the farmer—were bent over the mother and the tiny baby calf, talking gently to the animals as they lay there.

Gerard was dumbstruck. Of course he had heard of the beauty of animals, of new life, of the awesome wonder of birth. He had read about it in textbooks and his teacher had talked about it in class. But never had he seen it for himself.

"Behold I make all things new." The words echoed through Gerard's mind. Over

and over again. "Behold I make all things new."

The beauty of day's sunshine, the freshness of its air, the bountiful life spread before him helped the boy to concentrate on the miracle of new life.

It was not long before the hikers had to leave, to begin their trek homeward, back to the bus, back to the city. The sun was much higher in the sky and the day was warm.

As Gerard rode home on the bus thinking about the day's experience, he realized that he didn't really learn anything he didn't know before. Yet, he realized that somehow he felt different. The day's sights and sounds had changed him. Somehow he felt a new presence in the growing things around him.

Life would continue as before, but he would be changed inside. And, as he neared the familiar neighborhood and looked out the bus window and saw boys kicking over trash cans on a street corner, he couldn't wait for the next hike. ★

J A C K W H O ?



BY ARLEEN WIXTROM

The words below all have the word "jack" in them. How many do you know?

1. Toy that jumps jack- - -
2. Sharp pocket tool jack- - -
3. Handyman..... jack- - -
4. Woods flower jack- - -
5. A coat..... jack- - -
6. Candy-coated popcorn -jacks
7. Large Hare jack- - -
8. Game..... jack- - -
9. Woodsman..... -jack
10. Wild dog of Asia jack- - -

A T R I B U T E

Beginning with the next issue of *High Adventure*, there will be a change in the editorial staff. As of that date all editorial responsibilities will be assumed by the Men's Department. All free lance editorial assignments will be terminated. For this reason I would like to pay tribute to some very important people.

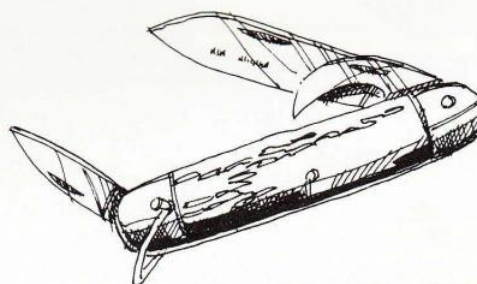
David Barnes has served as free-lance art and layout editor for many years. He and his wife *Robin*, have done a tremendous job of creating a top-notch, colorful, professional magazine. While working with *High Adventure*, David received an award of excellence for best magazine art from the Evangelical Press Association. E. P. A. represents the top Christian magazines in the nation. David and Robin have made an outstanding contribution to the quality of *High Adventure*. Hats off to David and Robin for a job well done! We're very grateful.

Doug Tarpley has served as free-lance managing editor for *High Adventure*. During his time with us he has contributed a professional quality to the magazine's content that has been outstanding.

Doug is head of the Communications Department at Evangel College. We have been very fortunate to have a man of his caliber assisting us with *High Adventure*. Thanks Doug for a great job!

We owe a real debt of appreciation to David, Robin, and Doug for their dedicated service to *High Adventure*.

The national office is awarding each of these individuals the Royal Rangers Outstanding Service Award! ★
Johnnie Barnes, editor



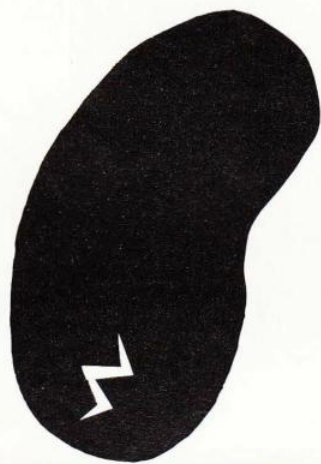
ANSWERS:

Look up "jack" in the dictionary. You'll be surprised how many words there are with jack in them.

1. Jack-in-the-box
2. Jack-knife
3. Jack-of-all-trades
4. Jack-in-the-pulpit
5. Jacket
6. Crackerjacks
7. Jack-rabbit
8. Jacks
9. Lumber-jack
10. Jackal

THE MEXICAN

JUMPER



What makes a

BY LUCILLE J. GOODYEAR

Street vendors and curio shops in Mexican border towns or in the country's interior have been known to spin quite a fanciful tale about just what it is that puts the "jump" into these fascinating beans they call *brincadores*. For the most part the stories are untrue as they are told primarily to make a sale.

In reality, the bean is a seed with a living creature, a grub-like larva within its shell. The erratic movements of the bean are caused by the activity of this larva of a moth having a tongue-twisting name of—*Lepidoptera Carposcapes Saltilania*.

The true story of the jumping bean begins in June when the "Tree of the Arrow" (species of *Sebastiana*) blooms. The moth lays its eggs in the flowers and each egg develops into a voraciously hungry larva that happily eats its way into the seed pods of the flower. The pod is divided into three cells, each containing a seed or bean. The seeds in the first two cells are eaten, and the third cell becomes a home for the larva.

Anchoring itself to one end of the seed,

"Mexican jumping

the larva begins to perform its maturing processes. As it approaches the pupa stage, it eats out the filling of the seed it now calls "home" to make a thin wall at one end. It also carefully spins a silken net about itself as a protection or shock absorber against the time when the pod will pop or fall off the tree along about July.

During this time of waiting, the larva is quite content to just lie quietly in its home, feeding on the inside of the bean. But once in a while it likes to enjoy a few stretching exercises. In its cramped quarters it coils up its body as far as possible, attaches itself with its hind feet, detaches its other feet and stretches or jerks quickly, striking its head against the wall. This action causes the bean to tumble. This movement continues until the larva grows weary and rests.

This jumping action "dies" or loses its bounce when the larva enters the final period of its pupa stage, after which time a small mottled gray moth emerges through a circular hole previously eaten through by the larva.

However, when the beans or *brincadores* are harvested before the emergence of the moth, the maturing process is interrupted and the larva continues to live in an active state for about one year.

In Alamos, Mexico and the surrounding area from which most of the jumping beans are shipped—the harvest season is launched in July. For about 20 days or so,

before the rains begin; the area bustles with great activity. The beans are picked, cleaned, sorted, counted and packed for shipment.

However, not all the beans are qualified for shipment, as not every bean contains a live larva. And to be of any use as a "jumper," the larva must be alive and active.

In order to separate the "jumpers" from the non-active beans, the harvested seeds are spread on the surface of large, slightly tilted tables. In the course of a 12-hour period, the live beans will have busily jumped or tumbled their way down to the bottom of the table into a catch-trough. Those not containing a live larva remain at the top and are discarded.

The accepted jumping beans are packed into large, ventilated metal containers for shipment. Imagine, if possible, the noisy activity that takes place in one of those containers with about 30,000 busy beans hitting against each other as they jump around, causing a constant clicking sound. The slightest noise or movement of the container quiets the activity. However, if left alone—the beans continue to move about.

The beans are shipped out of Alamos to all parts of Mexico, especially to tourist-frequented border towns. Great quantities are also shipped to the United States, Canada, England and various parts of Europe, where they are sold in toyland, variety, curio, and souvenir shops, as well as at fairs, amusement parks, and carnivals. They are also used in various board games.

As a jumper, the bean has a life expectancy of about a year from the time of harvest. It is believed that the larva either starves or wears itself out. And, as mentioned, if left in its natural surroundings and allowed to continue through to metamorphosis, the larva will gradually change and emerge as a white or gray moth. But—who can find as much amusement in a moth as he can find in a jumping bean? *

Thanksgiving Day is truly an American holiday, and a happy one for all the family. How much do you know about its background? We looked into the history of Thanksgiving Day and came up with the following 10 questions. How many can you answer correctly?

1. The Plymouth Pilgrims celebrated the first Thanksgiving festival in America in:

- a) 1610 b) 1621 c) 1631

2. The Governor of Plymouth colony at that time was:

- a) Bradford b) Winslow c) Winthrop

3. The custom of serving turkey at the Thanksgiving festival originated with the Pilgrims. It happened because:

- a) turkeys were scarce, and finding them became symbolic of the Pilgrims' struggle.
b) turkeys simply were abundant in the woodlands.
c) turkeys were considered a delicacy.

4. Heading the Indian delegation at the festival was:

- a) Chief Powhatan b) White Cloud c) Massasoit

5. The first President of the U.S. to issue a Thanksgiving proclamation was:

- a) Washington b) Adams c) Jefferson

6. The President who first proclaimed that Thanksgiving Day should be celebrated on the last Thursday in November was:

- a) Buchanan b) Lincoln c) Johnson

7. The first nationwide celebration of Thanksgiving was a triumph for a woman who campaigned for more than 20 years to achieve that goal. She was:

- a) Sarah Hale b) Clara Barton c) Louisa Alcott

8. The first international celebration of Thanksgiving was called Pan-American Feast Day and was held in:

- a) 1903 b) 1909 c) 1915

9. The President who departed from precedent by proclaiming the third instead of the last Thursday in November as Thanksgiving Day was:

- a) Franklin Roosevelt b) Herbert Hoover c) Harry Tru-

man

10. In 1941, Congress enacted a resolution declaring that Thanksgiving Day is "a legal holiday to all intents and purposes" and shall be observed annually on the:

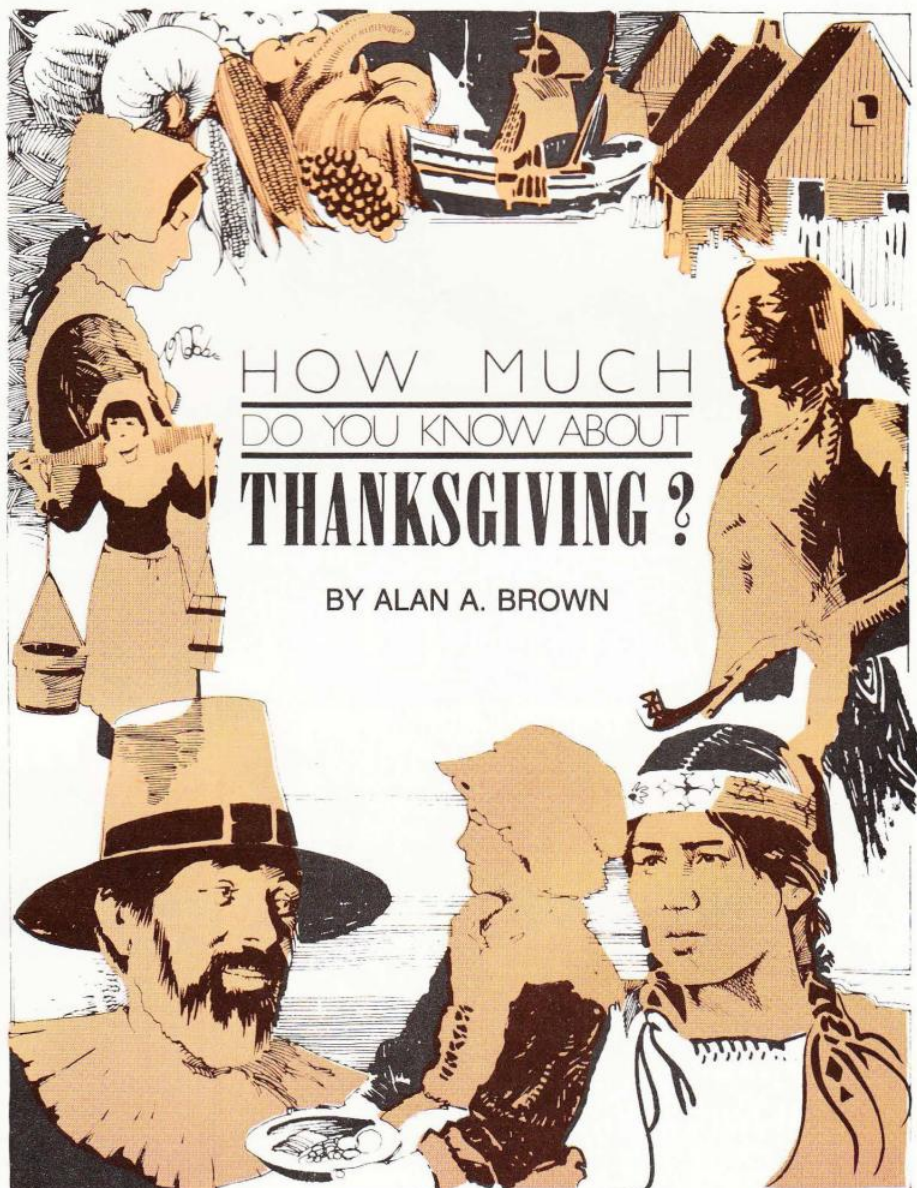
- a) day chosen by the Governor of each state
b) last Thursday in November
c) fourth Thursday in November

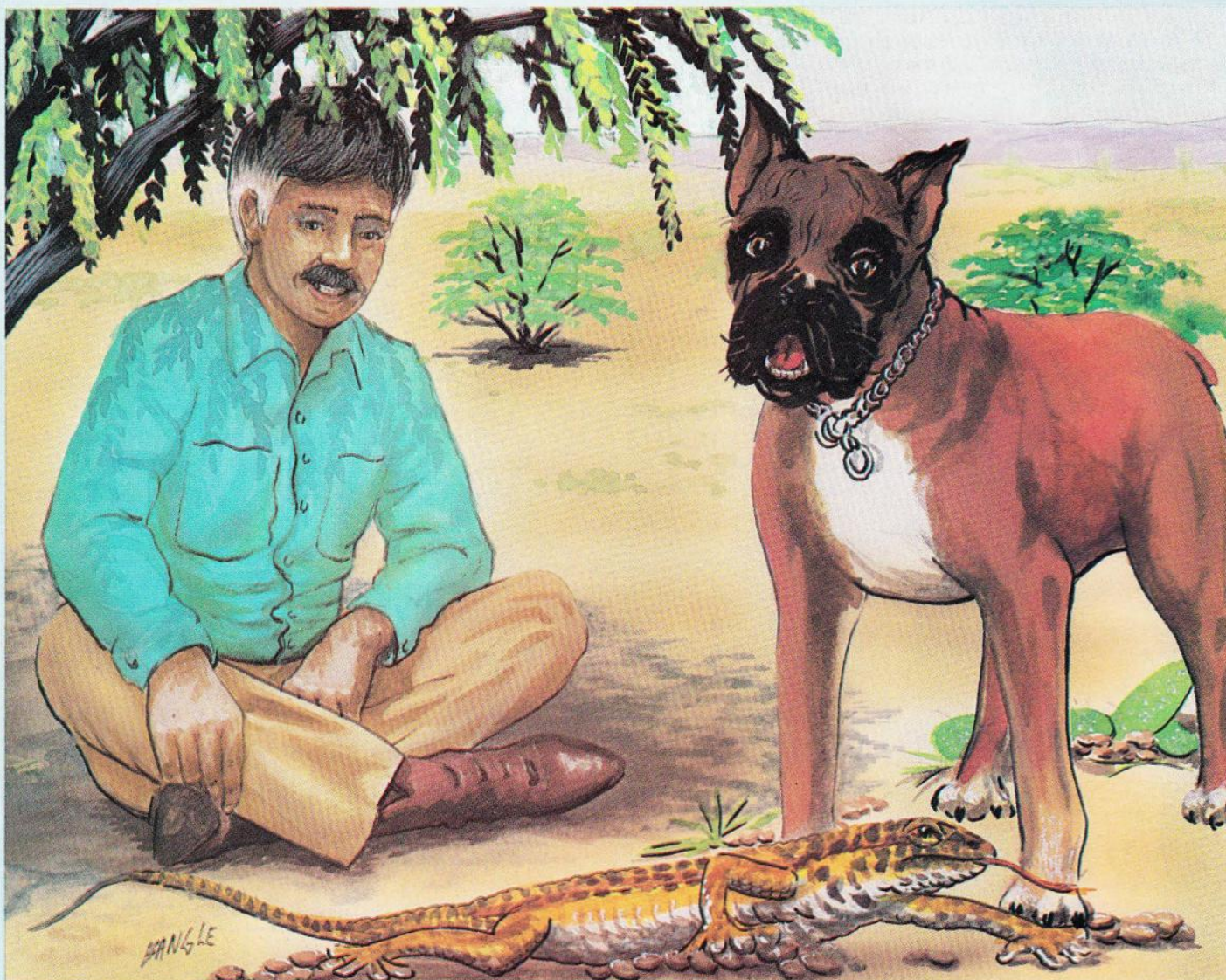
ANSWERS

1. (b) 1621
2. (a) Governor William Bradford
3. (b) Turkeys were abundant in the Massachusetts woodlands

4. (c) Chief Massasoit
5. (a) Washington, 1789
6. (b) Lincoln, 1863
7. (a) Sarah Hale
8. (b) 1909, during Taft's administration
9. (a) Franklin Roosevelt
10. (c) fourth Thursday in November

References: "History of Thanksgiving and Proclamations," Sickel, 1941
"Halloween and Thanksgiving," Lamkin, 1935 World Almanac
"The Book of Festivals," Spicer, 1937





M O R N I N G E N C O U N T E R

BY R. SWISHER

Sometimes, during our walks through the west Texas desert lands surrounding El Paso, a segment of history is discovered—an arrowhead, a small bit of pottery, or a faint wagon rut. Those fragments of history, however, since they don't creep, crawl, run, fly or smell particularly good, fail to interest my female companion boxer, Babe. Possibly because of our close association, my preference, too, pretty well coincides with hers. Therefore, we both pay attention to the many interesting things which currently live in or grow on those semi-arid lands. And, during one of our walks through a stretch of their vastness, it was she who brought me to the Buteo.

When I arose early on that particular fall

morning, it was chilly; but a cloudless sky promised a warming sun. Consequently, before calling Babe, I packed a gallon thermos of water as well as food into the cab of my pickup.

After 20 minutes on the highway, we eased onto a familiar graveled road. A mile later, we switched to a narrow but passable desert trail. Then a few minutes more of slow driving brought us to the desired destination.

While my companion trimmed herself down a little with a fruitless blacktail jack-rabbit pursuit, I walked alongside the marks two running desert dwellers had recently left behind. It soon became obvious that a coyote was unsuccessful in its quest to catch a quail.

I hoped the coyote had better luck with something else, but was glad it missed the bird. In that particular area, there was only one known covey of scaled quail and my main reason for making the morning's trip was to see how they were doing. In about an hour, with Babe's help, the quail were located and found to be doing well. As Babe and I approached, about thirty whirled into the air, more than twice the number present a few months before.

A couple of small whiptail lizards fled when I sat down in a mesquite cluster's sparse shade to rest my half-century-old legs. Sitting there, I became engrossed in the efforts of an ant that was trying to ascend the cone-shaped sand slopes of an ant lion's lair. I thought to myself, how

beautiful is God's creation in this natural setting. Each part of His creation plays a part in the scheme of things—from a food chain to maintaining environmental balance. Then Babe began to bark, and continued insistently.

She was a quarter-mile away, and although I ran, it took several minutes to reach her. Upon my approach I could see her brown form move warily, circling something at the base of a rabbitbrush surrounded yucca; and a sudden and short dash by a spread-winged feathered fury drive her backwards. A counterattack did not regain the lost ground, for her adversary had assumed an impenetrable defensive position on its back. Fortunately, Babe recognized the potential danger, and stopped considerably short of the sharp talons threatening her.

My arrival stopped the fray; and a few seconds later, Babe's Buteo opponent decided to stand on its feet again. I saw, then, it was a red-tailed hawk (*Buteo jamaicensis*), a species not at all common in that particular locality. I wasn't sure about the bird's sex because male and female color patterns are quite similar. Whatever its gender, the hawk paid little heed to my arrival; and for the most part, alertly continued to glare at Babe.

The bird had demonstrated its wings and legs were sound, and I wondered why it had remained on the ground. When, in the process of keeping his body facing directly at the dog, the hawk exposed its back to

me, I was saddened to discover its injury. The hawk's reddish brown and black-banded tail—besides having a dime-sized hole nature didn't place there—had been streaked by other shotgun pellets. Whoever plucked it from the sky either didn't know or didn't care about the bird's beneficial eating habits. The bird feeds primarily upon insects, snakes, lizards, small rodents and even carrion. Like other Buteos, its flight speed is usually insufficient for it to catch and feed upon birds.

I knew the hawk would have to be caught and examined. I used my long sleeved shirt. The capture was easy, for once the shirt was tossed over it, the hawk didn't struggle or make a sound. After the edges were garnered together, the shirt also made a satisfactory bag.

I walked to the truck with my injured catch and leaned against its bed. Being careful to keep the bird's head covered and avoid two feet's talons, I exposed its tail. Unfortunately, some damage had occurred to muscles which controlled the use of that feathered rudder.

I decided to take the hawk to a veterinarian and was about to secure the bird in the truck, but searching cries began. Overhead, another red-tail was circling, questioning and pleading.

A former shirt-covered head found and popped through the slit behind one of the shirt pockets. No answering calls were necessary for the circling red-tail saw its mate and swooped downwards. Some 70

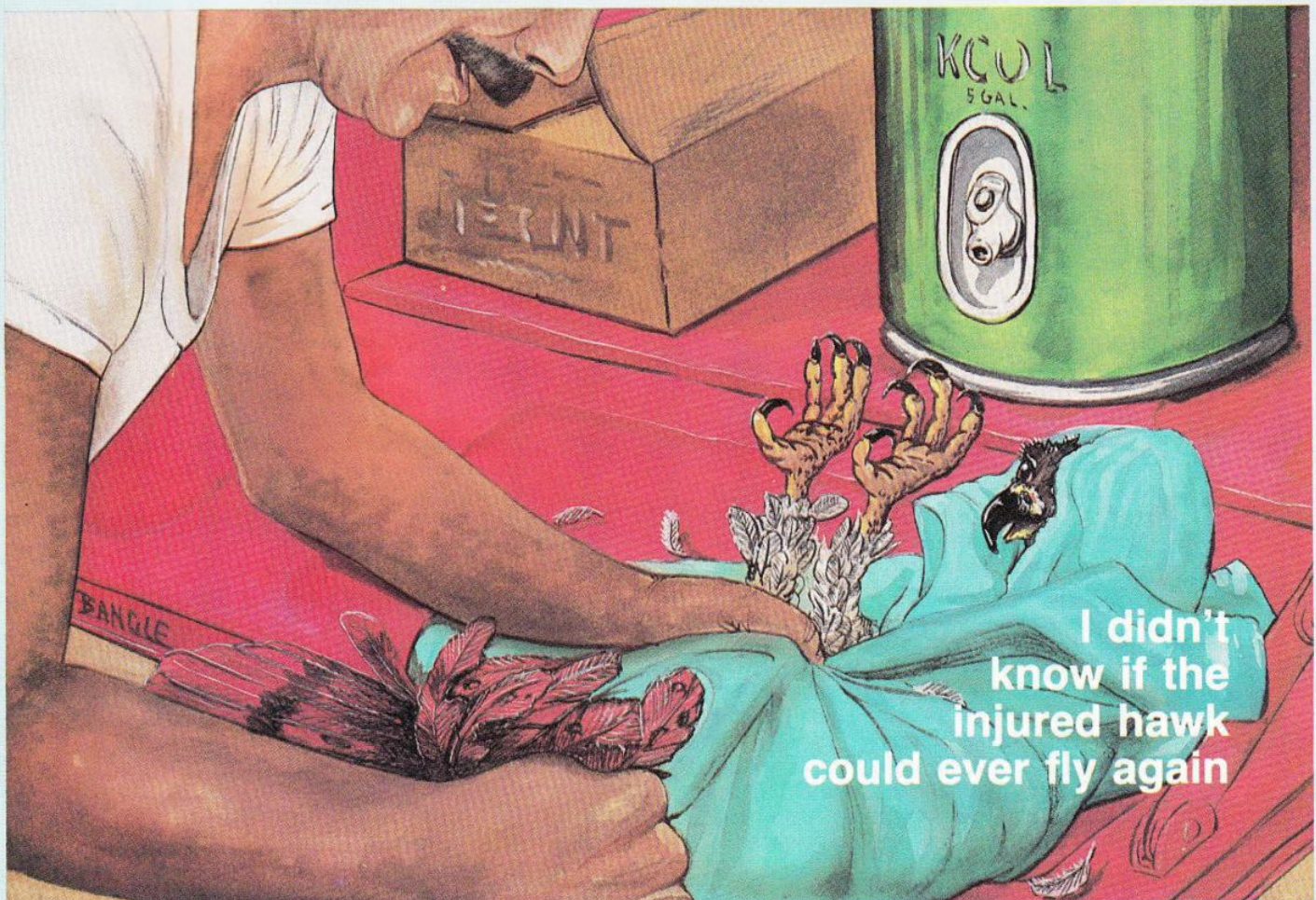
yards distant and with a little difficulty, it landed on a yucca's sturdy but dried and tilted flower shoot. The injured bird's mate called once more and then watched in silence. It was still watching when I finally drove away.

Later, after nursing the bird back to health, I returned to the place I had discovered the injured bird. I didn't know if the injured hawk could ever fly again. It had a good chance and I prayed it would. Upon the same ground it defended near a yucca's base, the bird was released.

Although the arrival of its mate probably motivated the bird to fly, it was a deep gaze into the unwavering eyes of the formerly injured hawk that caused me to know it would fly again. Maybe it was my imagination, but those eyes seemed to convey a willingness to pay any price for the freedom God had designed this beautiful part of his creation to experience. I was inspired to see the graceful bird soar into the heavens and disappear over the horizon some minutes later.

Babe and I returned a week later and searched carefully. We found no trace of a hawk or any hawk's feathers on the ground.

As we prepared to depart, two circling Buteos appeared in the distance. I hoped that one was a recently recovered red-tail who had again soared upwards to rejoin its mate. There's no way to know if that hope was right, but if a wish came true, it was. ★





WIND CHILL

a f f e c t s

E V E R Y O N E

BY TOM O'TOOLE

Some outdoors people think the cold weather is invigorating, while others think it's down right insufferable. Perhaps the wind chill factor has something to do with attitudes. What's that? The wind chill what?

Most winter weather originates way up there in Alaska, the Klondike, the Yukon, the snow-covered, wind-swept regions of the North Pole.

The next time you want to know how cold it is outside, go ahead and check the thermometer, BUT, be mindful there are other things to determine how "chilly" you are going to feel out there.

There are a number of definitions for the wind chill factor, but what it means is that the temperature you are exposed to outside is considerably colder than the thermometer reading. That's wind chill.

A solution to defining "cold" weather was first suggested by Dr. Paul Siple in 1939. He came up with the term "wind chill" to describe the discomfort resulting from the combination of blowing wind and temperature.

On a calm day (no wind) with a temperature of 20 degrees F., the temperature as it relates to the body is that same 20 degrees. But when the wind starts blowing, the temperature affecting exposed skin drops dramatically. If the wind is a relatively slow 10 m.p.h., the wind chill factor is already down to 4 degrees F. If it's blowing at 15 m.p.h., the wind chill plunges to

5 degrees BELOW zero.

The stronger the wind during a given temperature reading, the lower the wind chill factor. A further concern is for outdoor enthusiasts who create their own wind or increase the existing wind—skiing, snowmobiling, and running, for example. Their movement magnifies what already exists, so they should be especially aware of wind chill.

Air movement evaporates moisture from the exposed skin, decreasing the temperature. In the summer this feels great (a reason fans are so popular) because it has a cooling effect on an over-heated person. Heat is lost in the evaporation process. However, this same experience can have serious consequences during cold weather when hunters, fishermen, backpackers, and other outdoors people want to retain as much heat as possible.

Heat loss is increased by activity, and other means as well.

Through physical exertion the body heat

**Remember,
a thermometer
won't tell you how
"chilly" it actually
is out there!**

production rises, perspiration begins, and heat is removed from the body by vaporization. Any part of the body touching a cold surface also takes away body heat. Breathing cold air results in the loss of heat from the lungs. So, the wind chill chart isn't strictly accurate because it doesn't take into account all the possibilities of heat loss, or the preventive measures against it.

Thus, the temperature of the air is rarely a reliable indicator of how cold a person will feel outdoors. Other elements of the weather such as wind speed, relative humidity, and sunshine (solar radiation) also exert an influence. The state of health and metabolism of a person, along with the type of clothing worn will also affect how cold one feels.

Two serious wintertime afflictions of wind chill are frostbite and hypothermia. Both are serious to those who do not know how to handle them, or become unable to cope with their effects. While frostbite is seldom fatal, hypothermia can be life-threatening.

The early stages of frostbite are a burning or stinging sensation in the affected parts. The skin will be bright pink at first as ice crystals begin to form under the skin.

Numbness sets in as the skin turns to pale white, with a hint of gray or yellow spotting.

When actual frostbite occurs, parts of the body begin to freeze. It usually starts with the small extremities—nose, ears, fingers, and toes—spreading to the cheeks of the face, and as the severity develops, the hands and feet.

Medical attention is essential for frostbite. Until it arrives, or the victim can be taken to the nearest facilities, give the affected parts as much warmth as possible. Fingers are usually frostbitten first and they can be slipped under the arm pits, inside the upper thighs, or in the mouth for warmth. You can also make the temperature rise by flexing the fingers and toes. Without medical attention—and sometimes even with it—the consequences may be gangrene, severe infection or even amputation.

Another result of wind chill is hypothermia, the cooling of the inner core to below

its normal temperature of 98.6 degrees F. Some of the symptoms are violent shivering, slurred speech, exhaustion, drowsiness, and disorientation.

Outdoor companions who notice the symptoms of frostbite and/or hypothermia in their partners should seek immediate help, and give whatever assistance they can until it arrives.

Hypothermia is sneaky, gradually overcoming a person who has been chilled by wet clothing, low temperatures, or brisk winds. The important thing to remember is, temperatures do not have to drop below freezing for this condition to set in.

With winter always offering the possibilities of extremely low temperatures, outdoor activists have a responsibility to be aware of the wind chill factor, and what it can mean.

Wind chill charts for regular reference are available at most outdoor equipment locations. To give you a better regard for just how cold cold can be, look at the figures in the chart below.

Now when ole Jack Frost comes a-nip-pin' at your ears and nose, you'll want to bundle up a little tighter. ★



WIND CHILL FACTOR CHART (In F.)

ACTUAL	wind m.p.h.								
TEMP	CALM	5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40
50	50	48	40	36	32	30	28	27	26
40	40	37	28	22	18	16	13	11	10
30	30	27	16	9	4	0	-2	-4	-6
20	20	16	4	-5	-10	-15	-18	-20	-21
10	10	6	-9	-18	-25	-29	-33	-35	-37
0	0	-5	-21	-36	-39	-44	-48	-49	-53
-10	-10	-15	-33	-45	-53	-59	-63	-67	-69
-20	-20	-26	-46	-58	-67	-74	-79	-82	-85
-30	-30	-36	-58	-72	-82	-87	-94	-98	-102



THE

F I S H I N G



TRIP

BY ALAN CLIBURN

It had been a tradition with Grandpa, Dad, and me for as long as I could remember. On the first day of the fishing season each year, we'd head for Collier Lake and rent a boat. Then we'd fish for hours and hours, nibbling on the generous lunches Mom and Grandma had packed.

Nothing much ever happened, and sometimes we hardly caught any fish at all. But it was a day I looked forward to each year. I don't know what made floating around a small, man-made lake in a leaky old boat so special to me, but it really was.

This year was different. My grandfather had died less than a week before fishing season opened. It was a heart attack and we had no warning that he was going to leave us so suddenly. All of us took it hard, even though we knew Grandpa was a Christian and had simply "gone home," as the pastor said at his funeral.

That was reassuring, but didn't keep us from missing him here and now.

I didn't even think about our annual fishing trip, not until Dad came into my room and asked if I had my gear ready.

I frowned. "Yes, it's ready, but—"

"We haven't missed an opening day since you were five, Scott," he interrupted. "Better get to bed early."

I almost said, "Just the two of us?" But I didn't. If Dad wanted to go fishing, we'd go. Wouldn't seem quite right without Grandpa along, though, I thought.

It had been Grandpa who taught me how to bait my hook years earlier. I had learned so many things from that man, things I would never forget.

Dad got me up while it was still dark, same as always. I dressed quickly and ate the breakfast he had prepared. For a few moments it was just like it had been in the past and I half expected Grandpa to appear at the back door, fishing pole in hand and a smile on his face. But he wouldn't, of course. He never would again.

"Ready to go, Son?" Dad asked.

I nodded, grabbing my jacket and fishing pole with one hand and my tackle box with the other.

The drive to Collier Lake was uneventful. Dad had the car radio blaring and I pretended to sleep. What are we doing? I asked myself. How can we go fishing 2 days after Grandpa's funeral?

The whole thing seemed meaningless. Dad and I got along okay most of the time, sure, but what do you say to a man whose father has just died? We'd be on that lake together for a long time, after all. Besides, it was Grandpa who always kept the conversation going. He had one funny fish story after another to tell me, and the fact that I had heard most of them before made no difference.

Traffic started getting heavy as we neared the lake. "Good thing we didn't leave any later," Dad said.

"Yeah," I agreed.

The man at the boat rental place recognized Dad and me and gave us the same boat we'd had so many times before. "Say, where's Gramps?" he asked before we shoved off.

It was a perfectly normal question. "Uh, he's not with us this year," I answered quickly, hoping Dad hadn't heard the question.

"My father passed away," Dad replied.

"Oh, I'm sorry," the man began, obviously embarrassed.

"That's all right," Dad assured him. "You couldn't have known."

"I think he was coming up here before I took over," the man continued. "Let's see, that was back in—"

"We'd better get going," I interrupted. "Thanks."

For the next several minutes we were involved in rowing the boat out to the middle of the lake—Grandpa's favorite spot—so conversation wasn't necessary. Then we baited our hooks and put our lines in the water.

There had never been an awkward silence on any of our other fishing trips over the years. I had never thought about it before or tried to think of something to say. It just hadn't been necessary, thanks to Grandpa.

But that was then. I hoped Dad would just suddenly start talking—about any-

thing—but he didn't. The expression on his face told me that he felt just as uncomfortable as I did.

I almost said, "Look, Dad, why don't we go home?" Somehow I couldn't. I didn't know why he wanted to go fishing so soon after Grandpa's death—maybe he didn't know himself—but I had an idea that he was doing it for me.

Suddenly I got a bite! "Easy does it Son!" Dad exclaimed softly, reaching for the net. "Reel 'im in and I'll—"

"Dad, your pole!" I shouted.

He grabbed his pole just before it was pulled out of the boat and into the water. Five minutes later we had both reeled in our first catch of the day—beautiful rainbow trout, about 4 pounds each!

"Nearly snapped my line," I said as I rebaited my hook and cast it into the lake.

"You handled it just right," Dad said. "Sorry I couldn't help you, but I was kind of busy myself! That's really something—having two bites at almost the same second!"

"The last time that happened, Grandpa and I had hooked our lines under the boat and almost pulled each other overboard before we discovered what had happened," I replied, laughing.

"Yeah, I remember," Dad told me, grinning.

"I guess it never came up before," Dad replied. "Of course it happened nearly thirty years ago—while we were on a fishing trip, in fact!"

"On this lake?" I wanted to know.

"No, back in the midwest. We moved out here a couple of years later. Hey, you have another bite!"

The day was like that. We'd talk for a while, then stop if one of us caught a fish. I learned things about my dad that I hadn't known before, not only about his younger days, but how his business was doing and a lot of other stuff. Somehow we never got around to discussing them at home, not with us going in opposite directions half the time.

I told him a lot of things about myself that I hadn't planned to tell him—ever. Really personal things. It was almost like he wasn't my father right then; more like an older friend or relative who was ready to listen.

I even told him about Mary Lou Wilson, a girl in my biology class that I wanted to date but couldn't talk to without getting a queasy feeling in my stomach. Nobody knew I liked her, not even my good buddies, and I was suddenly telling my father!

"Yeah, the same thing happened to me," he said when I had finished.

I stared at him. My dad was one of those super confident guys who always seemed

"If Dad wanted to go fishing we'd go, but it wouldn't seem quite right without Grandpa along, I thought."

But I stopped laughing as suddenly as I had begun, embarrassed.

Dad frowned. "What's wrong, Scott?"

"I don't know," I told him. "It's just—well, it doesn't seem right to laugh about Grandpa now."

"I kind of think that's exactly what he would want us to do," Dad corrected. "Laughter was an important part of his life, after all. If we want to remember him as he really was, that has to include all the funny things that happened as well as the more serious ones."

I swallowed. "Well, sure, later on. But so soon?"

Dad smiled. "I think so. It's one way of keeping him alive, you know. And of course in one way he really is still alive."

I nodded. "You mean because he's a Christian and his soul is in heaven right now?"

"Yes, but not only that," Dad explained. "Your grandfather witnessed to a lot of people during his lifetime, and a lot of those people accepted Christ because of his testimony—including me. So if it weren't for him, I wouldn't have been born the first time, or born again."

"I didn't know it was Grandpa who led you to the Lord," I said.

in control of the situation. "You, Dad?"

"Sure. I doubt if there's any feeling or emotion that you have or will experience that I haven't experienced. We men are all made pretty much the same way, after all."

"So what'd you do?" I asked. "About the girl, I mean."

He grinned. "I married her!"

"You mean Mom? But you don't have any trouble talking to her!"

"Not now," he agreed. "But 20 years ago it was a different story."

"But if you couldn't even talk to her," I began.

"I couldn't talk to her in person or I'd get tongue-tied," he explained. "But on the phone—where I couldn't see that pretty face—it was another matter altogether."

"The telephone!" I exclaimed. "I didn't even think of calling Mary Lou!"

"Try it," he advised. "It worked for me."

I really missed Grandpa as we were sitting out there in the middle of Collier Lake, and I know Dad missed him, too, but at the same time I kind of liked talking to my dad on a one-to-one basis, with no strain or interruptions. I'm not sure it would've been possible any other place.

"Why'd you bring me up here today?" I

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE ►

asked as we were rowing back toward the dock later in the afternoon. "I know it's a tradition, but I would've understood if you hadn't wanted to come this year."

"Two days before he died, your grandfather called and told me he had made the reservations, same as always," Dad said. "I couldn't make myself cancel them after he passed away. I guess I thought it would

help keep his memory alive for you."

"It has," I answered.

"But I also wanted you to realize that life has to continue, regardless of death," Dad went on. "Your grandfather would've wanted it that way. I expect to go fishing with you—and with your sons—for many years to come, Scott."

I gulped. "My sons? Dad—"

He laughed. "There's no rush, Son. I don't mind if it's just the two of us for a while yet. That is, if you don't mind."

"I don't mind a bit," I told him.

And I meant it too. I know it sounds strange, but somehow the death of my grandfather helped me to appreciate my father.

And that's no fish story. ★

RIGHT ON TARGET

**IT'S AN AMAZING MISSILE,
WEIGHING ONLY A FEW POUNDS,
AND SELF - PROPELLED,**



BY MURIEL LARSON

There is an amazing missile that can travel unerringly for thousands of miles and come down on its precise target. This missile I'm talking about weighs only a few pounds, and sometimes only a few ounces, and is self-propelled. Nobody shoots it in the air. No human invented it. And after a certain period of time, it makes a return trip to the exact place from which it came.

What's it called? A bird. Who made it? God. Yes, of course this amazing creation had to have a Creator! It couldn't have come into being by itself.

The tiny German warbler leaves its native land in the fall and flies alone over the southern part of Europe. It continues south until it reaches its goal in southern Africa. In the spring it returns northward to Germany again. Scientific studies have revealed that these birds get their navigation from the stars.

More than one hundred species of American birds commute to Central and South America for the winter, then return to the exact areas in the United States and Canada in which they were born. Wildlife authorities have attached numbered aluminum bands on the legs of birds. This banding has proven that tree sparrows, as

**Who gave these small
creatures the instincts to
travel such vast distances?**

well as many other birds, tend to return to the same wintering territory year after year.

The long distance migration record on a year-to-year basis goes hands down to the Arctic tern. This airborne creature summers in the Arctic and winters in the Antarctic. His round trip runs around 22,000

miles! The golden plover, who scores as runner-up, commutes between Alaska and Hawaii.

Who gave these small creatures such unerring instincts that carry them over such vast distances to their particular places? Well, just as the rockets to the moon had to have a creator, so did these marvelous creatures.

In the Bible, God asked Job, "Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts? . . . Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom, and stretch her wings toward the south. Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high?" (Job 38:26, 27).

According to the Bible, God created the birds ready to fly, completely equipped for their particular life-style. (Genesis 1:20). He also created them with their own particular type of flesh (I Corinthians 15:38, 39).

The theories of man seem but foolishness in the face of the overwhelming evidence of the truth of God's Word concerning creation! ★

THIS ISSUE'S FUNNIEST JOKE

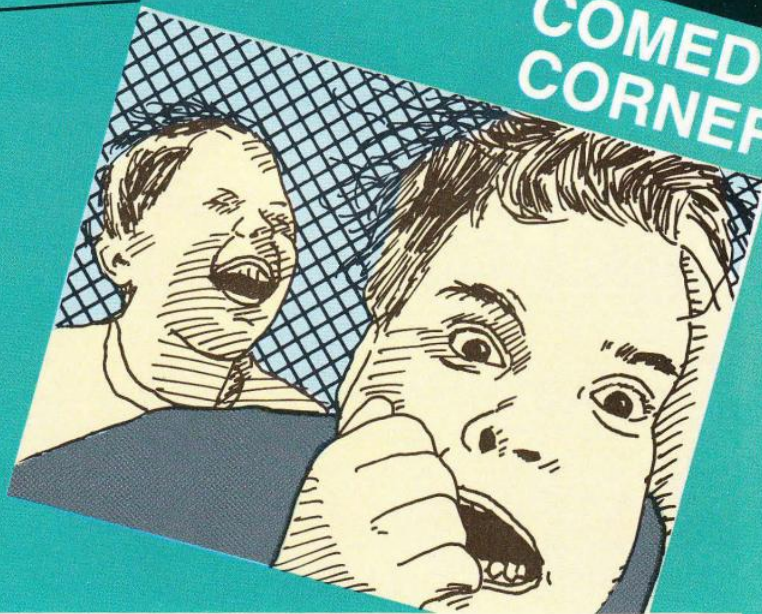
Ike: "Where does a sick boat go?"

Mike: "I don't know, where?"

Ike: "Straight to the dock."

Henry Leabo
Lancaster, CA

COMEDY CORNER



Matt: How do you make a bandstand?

Ben: I don't know. How?

Matt: Play the national anthem.

Henry Leabo
Lancaster, CA

Tommy: "I wouldn't want you to say anything to my folks about it, but I don't think they know very much about bringing up children."

Babysitter: "Where'd you get that idea?"

Tommy: "Well, they make me go to bed when I'm wide awake, and they make me get up when I'm awfully sleepy."

Joseph Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA

The doctor was very pleased with his patient's progress. "You're coughing more easily this morning."

Impatient patient: "Well, I ought to be. I've been practicing all night."

Joseph Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA

"It says here in the newspaper," said the old gentleman, "that a man is run over in New York every half hour."

"Dear me," said the old lady. "The poor fellow."

Joseph Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA



"SHE USUALLY DOESN'T TAKE TO STRANGERS SO READILY."





Training GROUND

BY MURIEL LARSON

Mock fighting one another, two bear cubs were having a boisterous time. In the valley below their den a hunter cautiously made his way through the woods, looking this way and that, often stopping to listen. What he was hunting was not apparent—but he had a gun. To the mother bear he was man: enemy!

She lumbered over to her noisy cubs and cuffed them both soundly. They slunk away to the cave. When mother did that they knew she meant business. As time went by they would learn to play and fight quietly. Their lives depended on it.

God built into mother bears the instinct to train their cubs for survival. Mother bears watch over their babies and protect them. They teach them how to get food. And when the cubs make noise, whether a hunter is in sight or not, the mothers either growl at their cubs or cuff them. After a while the cubs get the message.

The Lord gave human beings a much

higher intelligence than He gave animals. So they train their children not only by instinct, but also by common sense gained through past experience. In addition, man is a *moral* being, and most parents train their children according to certain moral standards.

Most human fathers and mothers love their sons and daughters very much and desire life's very best for them. They would rather be hurt themselves than to have their children hurt. They may sometimes spank or growl at their offspring, but usually it is because they are trying to train those precious children in the proper way to live. *Parents don't want their children to be hurt; they want them to be happy.*

So God's Word says to Christians, "My son, do not regard lightly the discipline of the Lord, nor faint when you are reproved

by Him; for those whom the Lord loves He disciplines" (Hebrews 12:5,6, NASB).

God also uses the reactions of respectful children and young people to their parents' discipline as an example for how Christians should regard His training. "Moreover, we had all had human fathers who disciplined us, and we respected them for it," Hebrews 12:9 says. "How much more should we submit to the Father of our spirits and live!" (NIV).

If we have the right attitudes and a feeling of loving helpfulness and obedience toward our parents, we will feel happy and live safe but exciting lives. ★