

High Adventure

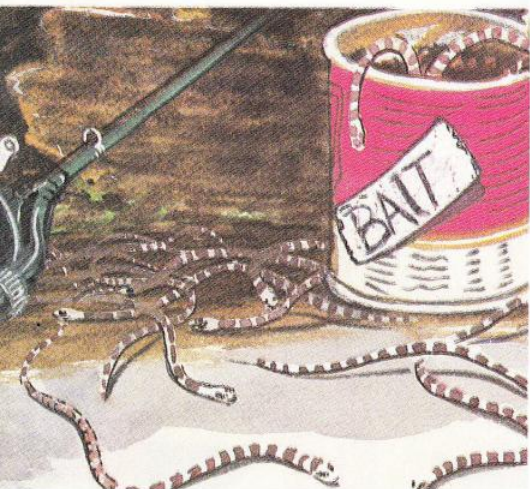
A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS



Spring 1988 LEADERS EDITION

High Adventure

SPRING 1988



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Cover Art by Larry Bangle

HIGH ADVENTURE

DANGER

...at Gull Point

by Dona Schenker

Jamie McPherson was big for his fourteen years, and he had spent the year 1890 being glad of it. It made the extra responsibilities he had easier.

"There's no end to the work on this lighthouse," Jamie's mother said as she helped him polish the glass lantern atop the tall, white tower.

Jamie glanced at his mother as she stood back and admired the gleaming glass. He wasn't worried about her. She was full of energy, and she loved the solitary life and order at the Gull Point light station.

"I'm worried about Dad," Jamie blurted out.

"His legs are useless since the accident, Jamie. That takes some getting used to. It would be hard for anyone, but he's a lighthouse keeper. He's led a very active life." Mother picked up the glycerin soaked rags and stuffed them into a pail.

For a moment Jamie remembered that awful night over a year ago. There was a snowstorm, and ice and snow piled up on the lighthouse lantern obscuring the bright light. It was unthinkable to Dad that a ship might be lost in the storm and not see the light clearly. He and Jamie had been scraping ice from the panes of the lantern when Dad slipped from his perch at the top and fell to the gallery floor, where Jamie and his mother were standing now. Nothing had been the same since.

Jamie was jerked back to the present by a seagull that rose screaming from the sea far below and wheeled around the tower.

"I don't ever want to live anyplace else." Jamie looked out at the sail-studded waters, stretching blue and shimmering to the horizon. "If Dad doesn't get his confidence

back, he won't be able to convince the Lighthouse Board that we can still do the job here."

"One of us couldn't do it, but together the three of us can. Maybe you can prove that to your father," Mother said.

"The examiner comes next week," Jamie countered.

"Your father may surprise us yet," Mother said as she smiled. "Get your books now and hurry to school."

Jamie tolerated his time spent in the little, one-room schoolhouse, but he was preoccupied with his mother's words. How could he show his father that nothing had to change at the lighthouse? He counted the hours until he ran back down the long straight arm of beach that stretched out from the coast of Maine. It was only when he scrambled along the boulders at the end of the breakwater, and gazed up at the white tower looming above him, that he felt he really belonged.

Dad was sitting in his wooden wheelchair watching Mother pull fat radishes from the kitchen garden.

"Hey, Dad, I'll push you to the beach. It's low tide now," Jamie said.

"That's fine, son," Mr. McPherson answered quietly.

Jamie gathered periwinkles in a tide pool and set his lobster traps. The periwinkles would be good for dinner and if they were lucky, there would be lobster for lunch tomorrow.

Dad sat as alert as a fish-hawk, his eyes fixed on a point in the distance. "As far back as I can remember this old devil sea has been growling at my doorstep, always ready to lash out."

Jamie searched the horizon, but all he could see was sunshine and gulls that lazily bobbed on the gentle swells of the sea.

(Continued on page 4)



Danger . . .

(Continued from page 3)

"There's nothing out there that I can see." Jamie took a deep breath of the clean salt air.

Dad had a troubled look on his face. "You mark my words, son; there's weather brewing."

"We can handle the weather. We always have," Jamie said as he pushed his father back to the lighthouse. Jamie pushed his father up a special ramp built for his wheelchair to the watchroom of the lighthouse. This room was underneath the lantern, and from here they could observe the sea from a window or use the door to the gallery outside.

At sunset Jamie filled the lighthouse lantern with kerosene and lit the wicks. Suddenly the lantern threw out light in horizontal beams that swung through the darkening sky, and bathed the sea in soft, reflected light.

Jamie walked out to the gallery two hundred feet above the sea. He was not surprised to see a heavy curtain of clouds hanging from horizon to horizon. His father had always been able to predict storms. A few drops of rain as large as cherries plopped on his arm. These were soon followed by a downpour.

Within a few minutes the rain squalls kicked the sea into a smother of white foam. The force of the rising wind caused the sea to charge the rock with a fury.

With the first flash of lightning Jamie saw a fishing boat floundering in the ocean. His father jerked the gallery door open and wheeled himself out.

"That's Captain Jester's boat. He must not have made it to the dock before the storm broke. He's trying to get here," Mr. McPherson said.

"He'll never make it. His mast has snapped in the middle. We'll have to help him," Jamie said.

"I can't be of any use to that poor man and you're too young to go alone." There was a helpless tone in Dad's voice.

"Before the accident you rescued hundreds of people, Dad, and you never needed your legs to do it. You used your arms to row the station skiff. I can pull him into the boat," Jamie said.

"You're right, son. I'm game if

you are," Mr. McPherson said, his eyes shining.

Jamie pushed his father down the ramp. They stopped at the living quarters and struggled into warm sweaters and oilskin jackets.

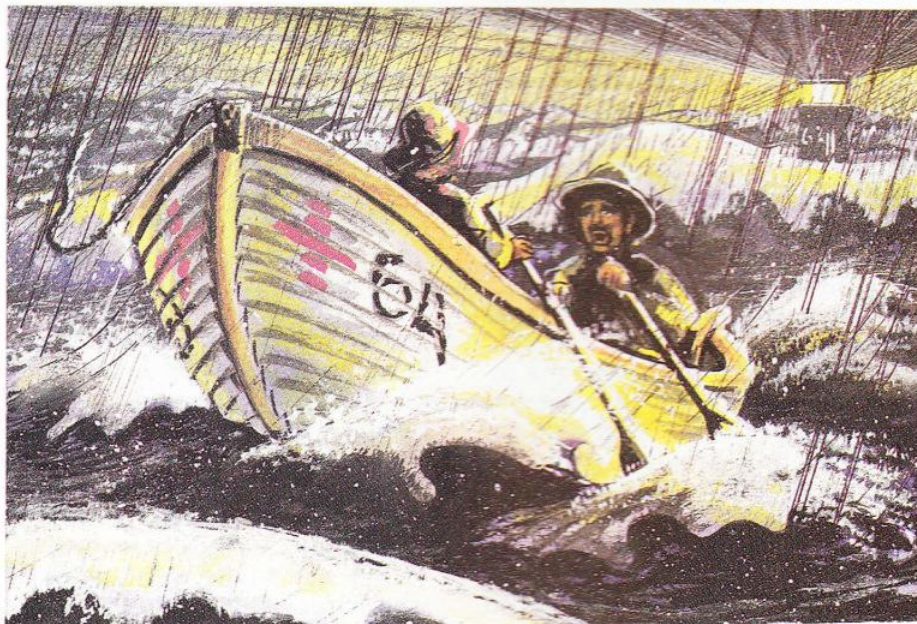
Mother helped Jamie pull the skiff over the boulders and onto the sand. They lifted Dad into the boat, and Mother pushed it off the beach into the water. Jamie took the oars in the back of the boat. His father grabbed the oars in front, and together they carefully dodged the crests of the waves.

The beam from the lighthouse lantern stabbed deep into the water, and Jamie saw Captain Jester's boat floundering up ahead. Dad kept the head of the skiff into the wind. Ja-

"I'll throw you a rope. Tie it around your waist and we'll pull you in, Jester," Dad yelled. He heaved a heavy line in Jester's direction, but the rope fell far off the mark. Jamie tensed as he pulled it in and threw again. This time Captain Jester grabbed it and tied it around his waist. Jamie pulled hard and within minutes he was pulling the old gentleman into the boat.

"Thought I was a goner that time," Captain Jester said weakly, as he lay in the bottom of the boat.

The trip back to the lighthouse was fast, as they were going with the wind. Jamie could see his mother on the gallery in black silhouette against the brilliant light. He knew that she couldn't hear him



mie was relieved that his father hadn't lost any of his skill with the oars.

In the troughs between swells they were flung into valleys of dark green water only to rise again into a world of dazzling light cast by the lighthouse. Jamie rowed hard against the wind. The crest of a wave caught them by surprise and half filled the boat with water.

"Bail her out, Jamie. We're almost in shouting distance of Jester's boat." The old command was back in Dad's voice, and Jamie smiled as he filled bucket after bucket with sea water and threw it over the side.

The bow of Captain Jester's boat was sunk and he was clinging to a section of the stern that was still afloat.

in the storm but he hailed the light anyway.

"We're back. We made it." Jamie's voice was whipped away like dandelion fluff in the wind. She must have seen them for she left the gallery and soon was running down the beach. When the boat came within forty feet, she threw a heaving line and pulled them in.

"If I can still navigate in a storm like that, I can do almost anything," Dad said as Mother and Jamie helped him out of the boat.

"Is that what you're going to tell the examiner?" Jamie asked.

"I'll also tell him that I couldn't do it without my two able assistants," he added.

Jamie smiled at Mom and they all headed inside for warm blankets and hot tea.





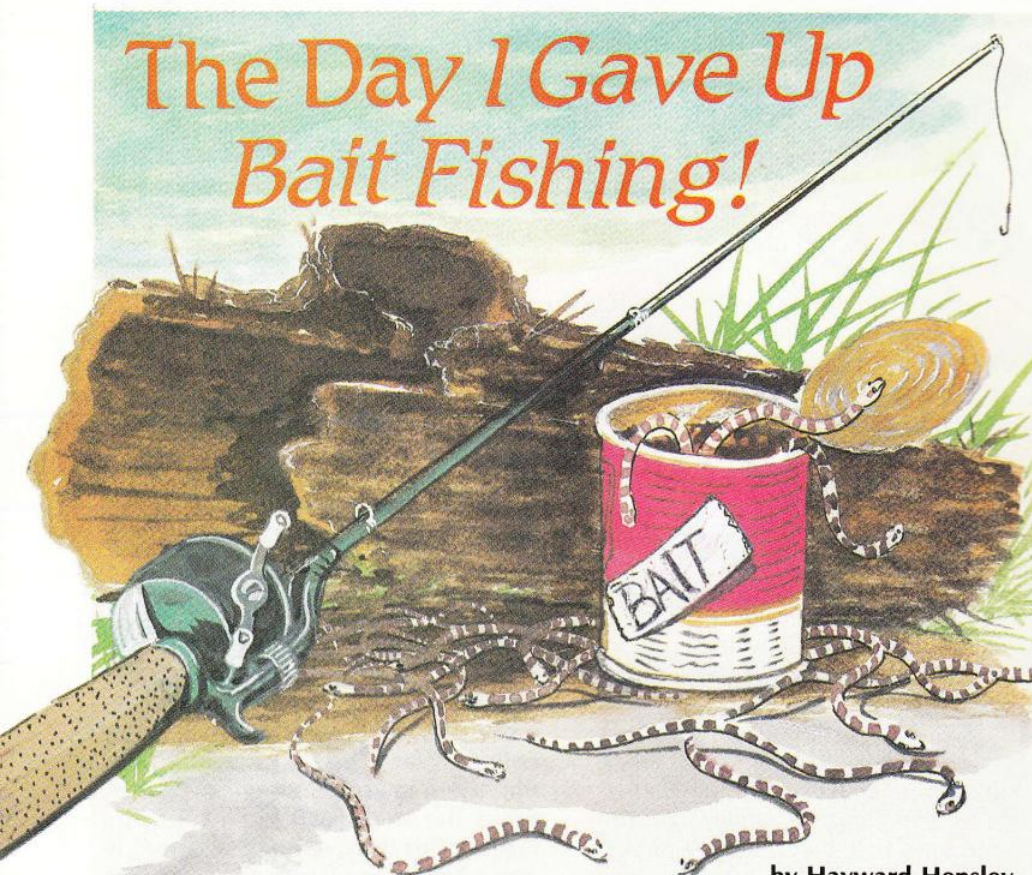
Without Spending Money

If your family receives a lot of mail at home or at work, you might want to collect postage stamps. Since there are so many different kinds of stamps, it's fun to compare them to each other even if they have cancellation marks on them from the post office. You could also collect the postage marks. Look at the

Anyone who lives on a farm or camps frequently may want to collect rocks. All you need to know

No matter what you decide to collect, you'll have fun watching the collection grow!

The Day I Gave Up Bait Fishing!



by Hayward Hensley

The raucous crowing of Gallo, my pet bantam rooster, jarred my brother Murray and me out of a sound sleep. We were glad the feisty fowl had turned up the volume enough to awaken us extra early. This was the day Uncle Luke had promised to take us fishing in his new 1913 Ford touring car!

I was 6 years old; Murray was 5, and if there was anything we liked more than fishing for sun perch, it was riding in Uncle Luke's Model T with the top down. We quickly dressed, got an empty tin can from our mother, and went out by the barn lot to look for fishing worms.

We wanted to be ready when Uncle Luke came. We considered ourselves quite lucky not to have to take the time to dig for our bait. We found a can full of worms under a rotted log in back of the barn.

By this time the tantalizing aroma of smoked ham and pancakes drifting from Mom's kitchen was overpowering. We dashed in, washed our hands, and had to be scolded twice for eating too fast. Even so, we had barely finished breakfast when Uncle Luke drove up and honked his horn, "ah-ooo-ha!"

After we loaded our lunch and fishing gear, Uncle Luke drove three

miles to our favorite fishing hole on the river just below Dr. Milton's horse ranch.

Uncle Luke liked to fish for big channel cat, and he used liver for bait. We preferred fishing for the sun perch that went wild over angle worms; they were easier to catch.

Uncle Luke baited his hook first, then cast out to midstream. He was intent on watching his line as it drifted downstream when he heard me exclaim, "Wow, it bit!" and Murray answered, "Yi-i, mine too!"

Without looking up, Uncle Luke asked, "Do you boys mean the perch are biting already?"

"No," we replied in unison, "but the worms are biting us!"

Uncle Luke then took a quick look at our bait, piled us into his car, and rushed us to Dr. Milton's country lab about two miles away.

The worms were a dozen tiny copperhead snakes about 3 inches long. Their venom glands hadn't yet developed, but their fangs were like tiny needles. They only bit when they were being stuck with a hook.

Our injuries were minor. Dr. Milton treated our bites and we suffered no ill effects. However, we did acquire new nicknames—"Fish-bait Billy" and "The Copperhead Kid."

Day 1--Monday. Dear Diary: I have just moved to Texas. It is sure lonesome here, but it's hot. What a relief after all that snow back home. It was nice of my Grandma to give me this diary. Until I make some friends here, I'll have lots of time to write in it.

Day 2--Tuesday. Dear Diary: Mom said if I'm lonesome why don't I write the kids back home, but so far nothing has happened to write about. Oh well, Texas is a "land of tall tales," so I guess I'll just tell enough of them to make my letters interesting.

X/O/X
X/O/O
O/X/O

Dear Greg:

This is a great place! Our lot is so big my dad has promised to put a white fence around it and buy me a horse of my very own. Isn't that neat!

Your friend,
Patrick

Day 3--Wednesday. Dear Diary: Still haven't made any friends. I'll be glad when school starts next week. (Imagine me saying that! Oh well, no one reads my private diary.)

Day 4--Thursday. Dear Diary: Greg got my letter about the horse and was so excited his mom let him call me on the phone. Mom was in the kitchen, and when I hung up she kept asking, "Pat, why did you keep saying over and over, 'Any day now, Greg. Any day. Sure, my dad's great. Uh huh, any day, Greg. Yeah, real soon.'"

Day 5--Friday. Dear Diary: Raining again. Guess I might as well write to Greg.



Dear Greg:

I love it here. The sun shines almost every day. Guess what? My dad says he's going to have a swimming pool built in our very own yard--a great big one! In the ground, with a big patio area. Isn't that neat, Greg!

Your friend,
Patrick

Day 6--Saturday. Dear Diary: I thought about riding my bike today; then I decided I'm get-

TALL TALES *by B. E. Horvics*

ting so good at this letter writing that I would write another letter to Greg before school starts and I get too busy.

Dear Greg:

You should see the rodeos they have here in this part of the country. Mom and Dad took me today, and we took the whole van full of neighborhood kids. Talk about fun! All my friends ride, so naturally they are always going to rodeos. Texas is sure a great state. Gotta go now--my friends are calling. Write sometime.



Your friend,
Patrick

Day 7--Sunday. Dear Diary: It is evening now. Mom and Dad and I went to church today. We're studying the Old Testament in Sunday school and our memory verse was: "A faithful witness will not lie: but a false witness will utter lies" (Proverbs 14:5). I always tell the truth where it counts. Surely, it can't hurt to tell a little old fib or two in a letter. Or can it?

Day 8--Monday. Dear Diary: School started and it's not bad. I met three boys who live near us. Two were in Sunday school yesterday. These are the very first boys who've even talked to me since I moved here. Guess I won't write to Greg so often. I'm going to play tennis with my new friends tomorrow.

Day 9--Tuesday. Dear Diary: What do I do now? Mom had a letter from Greg's mom and dad. When they have their very first 3-day holiday they are driving down to see all the wonderful things I've been telling them about in Texas. (Mom can't understand why I'm not all excited.)



Day 10--Wednesday. Dear Diary: I have a sore throat and a fever, so Mom kept me home from school today. Greg's mom called my mom. Sounds like Greg's been

telling his mom the tall tales I told him. So far, Mom hasn't mentioned it. If she does, could I say I don't feel like talking with this sore throat! Or could I??

Day 11--Thursday. Dear Diary: The art teacher called from my new school to ask if I could letter a big poster while I'm home sick. She thought I could do it in bed even, and I could get class credit.

Day 12--Friday. Dear Diary: The school posters are supposed to carry well-known mottoes. Guess what my poster is supposed to say!

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY" (First, Sunday school, and now, school.) That wasn't half bad until Mom brought me the ice cream a minute ago and sat on the bed. I was pretty proud of my poster until she looked me in the eye and said, "Son, there's a lot of truth in that motto. That's something your dad and I have always tried to teach you, you know. You have done a real fine poster too!"

Day 13--Saturday. Dear Diary: I might just as well get it over with.

Dear Greg:

You know the big yard with the white fence and my very own horse; and you know the swimming pool in the ground in my very own back yard; and all the kids who went to the rodeo with me in our van the first week we got here?

Well, Greg, my mom says I'm really creative and inventive and all that. What she means is that I have learned to exaggerate real well. I just thought those things would make my letters more interesting. Then last Sunday in Sunday school our lesson was on telling the truth. And when I was out of school with a sore throat, the art teacher had me make this poster on "HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."

I've been thinking, Greg. My letters weren't truthful or honest, and when Mom and Dad

trust me so much I don't feel right when I don't tell the truth. The plain truth is I'm not getting a horse; and the only pool we have is down the street; and I didn't even meet any kids that first week we moved here.

I miss you, Greg, and the fun we had before I moved. Please come down. I guess I've told some big stories, but the problem is that none of them were true. Write anyhow, if we're still friends.



Your friend,
Patrick

Day 14--Sunday. Dear Diary: Sunday again. I felt better in Sunday school today--now that I've told Greg the truth. I think Mom knows, 'cause she had a smile on her face when she mailed the letter for me. Mom said she knew I had done some serious thinking when I was home sick. She said sometimes a little illness is a good thing when it gives us time to think about really important things and get our lives in proper balance.

Day 17--Wednesday. Dear Diary: What a relief! There was a letter from Greg today when I got home from school. He and his family are planning to come for a visit real soon. Says he doesn't care what I have or don't have. And he enjoyed my tall tales. Said it didn't take him long to figure out it was just my wild imagination, and that's one of the things he always did like best about me.

Diary, I'm only going to make entries once a week now. I'm so busy with school and Sunday school and my new friends, I think that's often enough. I've decided to give up tall tales. My old buddy Greg is coming soon!

While I still have the poster material, I think I'll make a motto sign for my room with last Sunday's memory verse on it:

"Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith" (Proverbs 15:16).

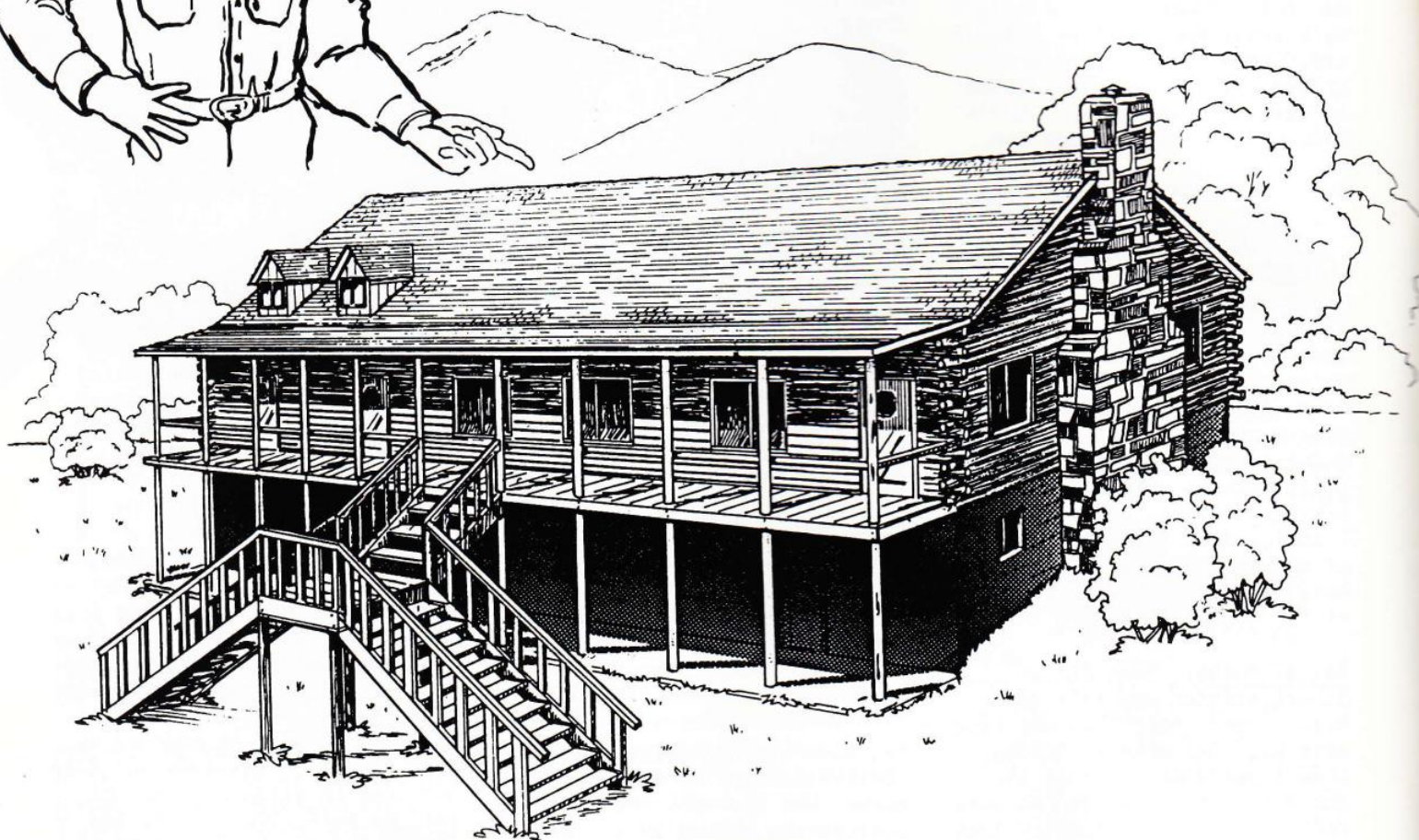


BE A MEMBER OF THE COMMANDER'S CLUB!

Join boys around the country and be a partner with Johnnie Barnes, helping him pay for our National Royal Rangers Training Center.

Royal Rangers Commanders by the hundreds have responded to help Johnnie build the Commander Johnnie Barnes Lodge and pay for land and other improvements.

Now, YOU, and all the boys of Royal Rangers can get involved in the excitement and be a part of the ministry by helping to complete the National Royal Rangers Training Center.



THIS IS THE NATIONAL ROYAL RANGERS TRAINING CENTER

at Eagle Rock, Missouri.

It really is a gift from God. It's a place where Royal Rangers can hike free along mountain ridges and camp in green valleys; where they can soak up the wonder of God's awesome creation in the careful watch of Christian leaders.

Eagle Rock is also a place where your commander can come to receive the finest training and inspiration to be a better leader.

It's a place where thousands of boys can gather for a National Camporama, where scores of tepees dot the Buckskin Glade for the Fron-

tiersman Camping Fraternity Rendezvous. There is something for all Royal Rangers at the National Royal Rangers Training Center.

Because it is such a special place, we are all working hard to see it completed and ready to use to its full potential.

BECOME A MEMBER OF THE COMMANDER'S CLUB CAMPAIGN!

Here is all you have to do to become a member:

- Cut out and put together the Commander Johnnie Barnes Lodge Bank included in your *High Adventure*.

- Fill it with donations from your

family and friends, or put in some yourself.

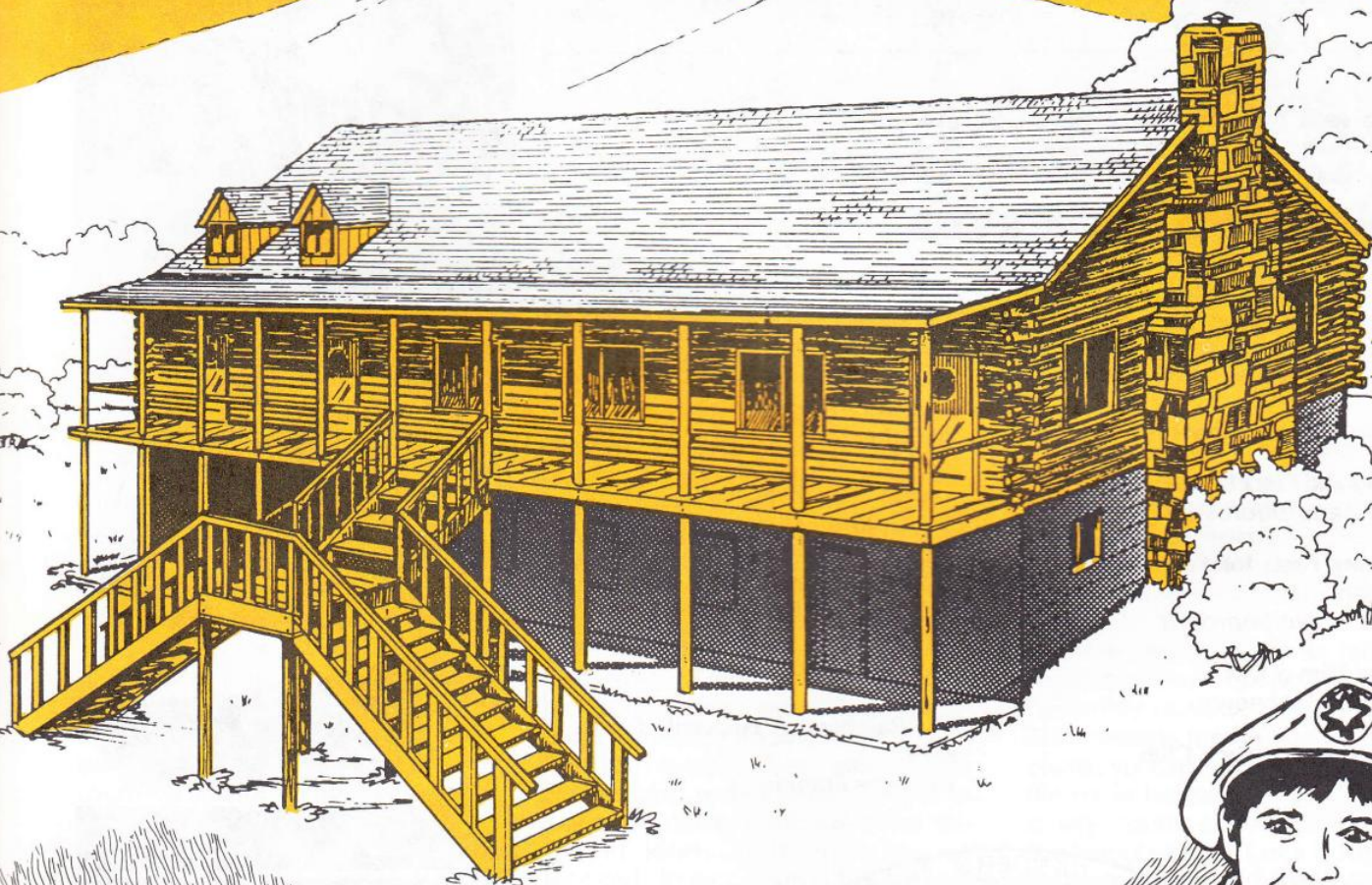
- Fill out the enclosed report form and turn it in to your commander along with the donations you have raised before June 15, 1988, to receive credit.

Besides helping Royal Rangers pay for our National Training Center, you also earn some very special awards. The only way you can earn these awards is by joining the Commander's Club Campaign.

High Adventure Leader

SPRING 1988

NATIONAL
ROYAL RANGERS
TRAINING CENTER
COMMANDER'S CLUB



JOIN THE
COMMANDER'S
CLUB

(SEE PAGES 8 & 9)



High Adventure Leader

WINTER 1987-88

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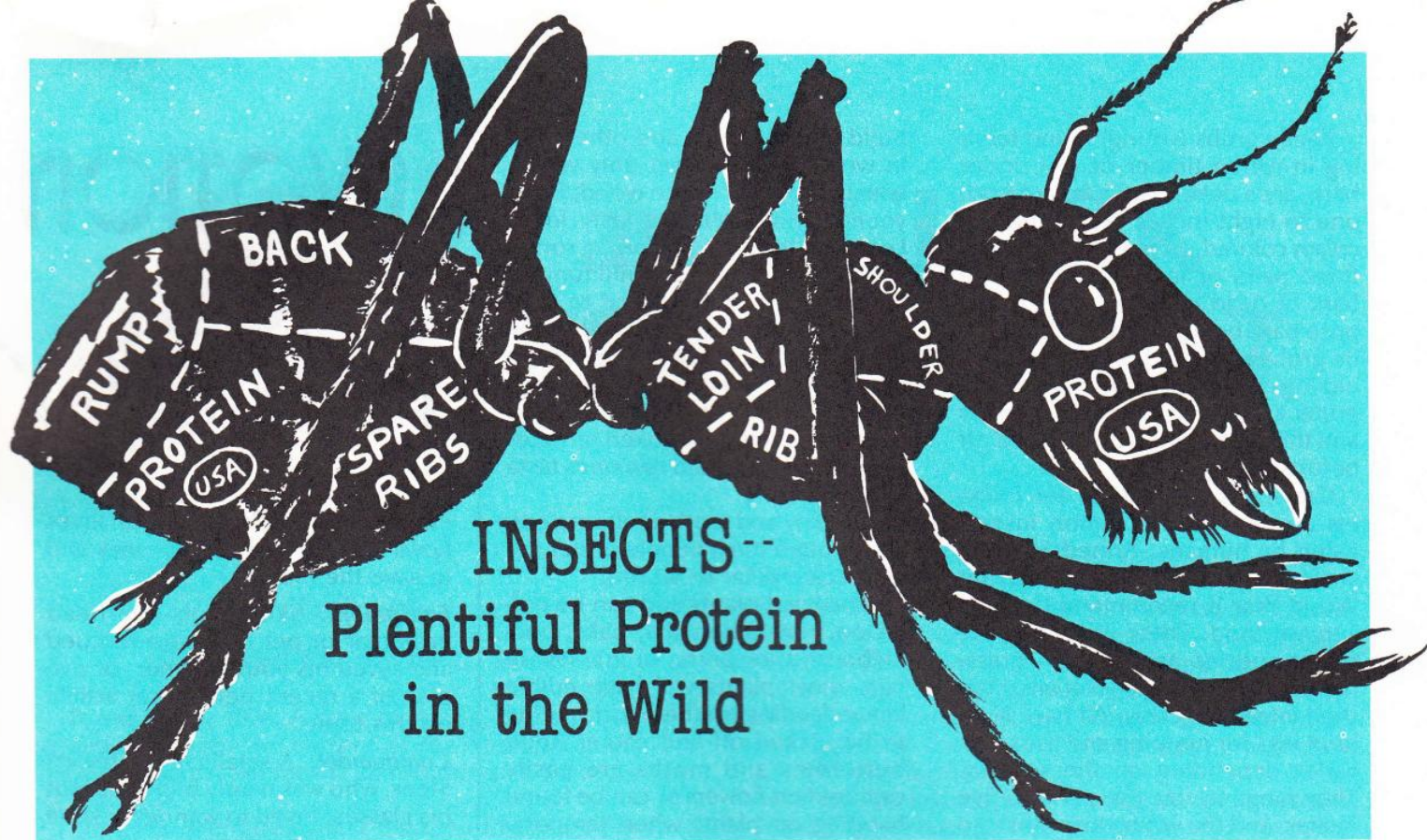
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by Dan Mayer

High in the mountains, Jim Maxie was lost, tired, and hungry—hungry past the point of real hunger, since he hadn't eaten for three days. He collapsed to the ground with his head resting on a rotten log. Jim drifted into a stupor as he listened to bark beetles chewing inside the log, crickets chirping, and bees buzzing overhead. Plentiful protein food was all around him, yet he was slowly starving to death.

Edible insects are readily available, and although small, are often abundant. People, like Jim, have starved to death surrounded by edible insects. Often the thought of eating insects just didn't occur to them, or they didn't know which ones were edible, where to look for them, or how to catch them. Insects are not generally eaten by modern day North Americans, although there is no logical reason for this.

Insects are meat without bones. Many animals have internal bones to provide structure. Insects have a thin, edible exoskeleton made of chitin for structure. Many insects have different forms during their life. The common house fly whose young or larva is a maggot is a good example. All stages of insects are good to eat.

Man has eaten insects for thousands of years. The Jews were permitted to eat some insects and King Solomon kept his wives healthy by feeding them grasshoppers. John the Baptist ate locusts along the Jordan River. The ancient Greeks relished cicadas. Nearly all the western North American Indian tribes consumed large amounts of grasshoppers, lice, cicadas, beetles, butterflies, moths, flies, ants, bees, wasps, and scale insects. People in various cultures continue to eat different kinds of insects, raw or cooked. In fact, insects have about the same protein content as beef.

Dr. Bodenheimer, noted entomologist and authority on insects as human food for humans, states, "A termite is 23 percent protein and 28 percent fat." Trimmed, raw beef is 18 percent protein and 20 percent fat. Protein is important survival food containing essential amino acids not found in most vegetables. Meat provides more food value per weight than vegetables. For wilderness survival, insects can be a key element for nutrition.

Raw insects are delicious and nutritious, but most people prefer them cooked. Roast, bake, fry, or boil captured insects, if fire is available. They can be roasted on rocks heated in the fire or on a small stick.

Many night flying insects are attracted to light and will be attracted to the fire where they can be captured. Eat only insects you've caught while they are still alive. Sick, dying, or dead insects may cause illness if eaten.

Some insects, such as hairy caterpillars, should not be eaten. Their hairs may cause stomach irritation. Also, insects feeding on poisonous plants, such as locoweed, may cause illness in humans if eaten. If there is any doubt, taste a small part of the insect and wait one hour to see if illness develops. Most insects are potential survival food. Ants, beetle grubs, bees, butterflies, moth larvae, grasshoppers, and termites are frequently eaten. They're often abundant, easily obtainable, and potentially the most important survival foods.

Ant colonies abound in the ground. Ant colonies consist of the queen(s), young, workers, and eggs. Workers forage from the nest in search of food, and depending on the species, ants eat just about anything. Worker ants make little trails from the nest in their search for food. Look for workers returning to the nest and follow them back; dig up the nest and eat the white eggs, young ants, and dark workers.

Beetle grubs (young) found feeding in rotten timber or just under bark, are a delicacy. Grubs are from one to eight inches long, white or cream colored, with a dark head and three pairs of legs. Peel back the bark of dead or dying trees to expose bark beetle grubs. Other beetle grubs are found by tearing apart old logs and stumps of trees. These grubs are larger than bark beetles and the head should be pinched off before eating.

Grasshoppers, locusts, and crickets are the most common insects eaten by humans. Armed Services survival manuals issued during World War II recommend them as survival food. There are many different species and names—grasshopper, locust, and cricket are often used interchangeably. All have large hind legs for jumping and the color varies depending on the species. They range in size from one to five inches, and the young (nymphs) are similar to the adults except they lack wings.

Grasshoppers eat plants, usually grasses. Look for them where grass is growing in meadows, glades, or along streams. Catch them by hand or use a bough from a tree to knock them down and stun them. Grasshoppers are not active when temperatures are below 50 degrees F. Many times they can be easily collected at dawn or during the cool morning hours. Break off head, legs, and wings before eating.

Termites, often called white ants, exist throughout North America. Some live in the ground, others

build mud mounds and others live in wood. Termites eat only wood, usually damp or rotten wood. Eggs, young, and adults are tasty food. Look for termites in damp, rotten wood. Some termites build tunnels of sawdust from the wood to their nest in the ground. Follow the tunnel to the nest and dig it up for the tiny morsels of food. Their mud mounds can be broken open to expose the termites. Cooked termites taste like lobster and raw ones taste like pineapple.

Butterfly and moth adults are edible, though most people prefer the larva (caterpillar or worm).

Larvae eat plants and can be collected from pines, firs, oaks, huckleberry, snowberry, or grasses. In fact, most plants will have edible larvae feeding on them just waiting to be picked off and eaten. Adult butterflies and moths are easily captured on flowers or can be found hanging on plants when temperatures are below 50 degrees F.

Honey is a common food in North America, though honey bee larvae are not often eaten. Larvae are highly nutritious and bears seek out honey bee nests for larvae, not honey. The bees will sting, and unless the right equipment is available, it's best to leave them alone. If the opportunity arises to partake of a delicious meal of honey, pollen, and bee larvae with little risk of being stung, don't hesitate.

In conclusion, most insects are delicious, nutritious protein. When survival is at stake, eat what's available. It could save your life.

DEVOTION FOR PIONEERS

Purpose: To teach that Jesus loves Royal Rangers and came to seek and to save the lost.

Equipment: Sketch on overhead projector of pet dog who rescued and saved his young owner, or display of a recent newspaper article on this topic.

Commander: A small child, Stewart Steer, who was nearly blind without his glasses, loved to wander in spite of his parents' efforts to lock gates and keep him safe.

One day Stewart climbed out a window and over the fence. King, his German shepherd dog, saw him go and followed.

As Stewart wandered along busy streets and into traffic, King used his body to keep the half blind boy out of harm's way. King bravely stayed with Stewart, protecting him in the midst of dangerous traffic. After a time of wandering, Stewart became weary. He had no idea where he was. Police found him, protected by King, and took him home.

King cared about Stewart and, by staying with him, probably saved his life.

Sometimes we too can wander from God's family, but Jesus cares for us. He looks for us and brings us back to himself.

Scripture: The lost sheep or the lost coin. (Luke 15:3-10)

Discussion: What are some of the things that could cause us to wander from God? (Telling little lies, making bad friends, petty stealing, playing soccer at Sunday school time.)

Application: Kneel together to thank God for His love, and, if we have 'wandered,' to come back to Him.

(M. Moody, Redcliffe).

**Make Plans Now to Attend
National FCF Rendezvous**

**the National Royal Rangers Training Center
at Eagle Rock, Missouri**

June 28 to July 2, 1988

Theme: "Pointing the Way"

LEWIS and CLARK DISCOVER the WEST

Story and Photos by G. Burk

It was spring 1804. A crew of strong, rugged men in a dugout fought the current of the Missouri River. A new problem arose for the 28 men around every curve of the river.

The men might be caught on a mud bank and have to pole themselves free before the boat tipped over. They were soaked in summer storms, baked in muggy heat, or weakened from sunstroke. On shore they were bitten by snakes, eaten by mosquitoes; their feet were cut and bruised by rocky paths, and they starved when game and food were scarce.

But no one gave up. This was one of the most important expeditions to take place in North America. At the head of the expedition were two Virginians: Meriwether Lewis, who had served as President Jefferson's private secretary, and Captain William Clark, who was experienced in wilderness trekking and dealing with Indians.

President Jefferson had just finished negotiations for the purchase from France of some land beyond the Mississippi River. The President wanted this land, known as the Louisiana Purchase, explored. If possible, he wanted to find a route to the Pacific Ocean, and he chose Meriwether Lewis to organize the expedition.

The Louisiana Purchase included what are known today as Arkansas, Iowa, Missouri, and Nebraska, and portions of Colorado, Kansas, Louisiana, Minnesota, Montana, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Dakota, and Wyoming.

As part of their supplies, the men packed into their riverboat such things as beads, tobacco, ribbon, and fishhooks to use in trading

with the Indians. They also carried flour, salt pork, corn, candles, and of course, gunpowder. They also brought scientific instruments such as a telescope, thermometer, and sextant. They packed medical books and instruments and bandages, and many notebooks which Lewis and Clark could fill with important information about the new territory.

After only a few days of rowing up the Missouri, William Clark wrote in his notebook: "I walked on shore, saw numbers of buffalo and goats. None of those goats has any beard; they are all keenly made and beautiful."

Those "goats" were really antelope. (That evening they had buffalo steak for dinner.) They also saw prairie dogs, coyotes, and the western grey wolf. They found a strange deer with very large ears and called it a "mule" deer. They discovered unusual plants and flowers, and took specimens of them to bring back to President Jefferson. All this information went into Lewis' notebooks.

When they came to the territory of the Teton Sioux Indians, the men grew nervous. These Indians were rumored to be greedy and cruel. The men knew this tribe could either block their passage up the river entirely, or they could demand fees too high for them to afford.

The white men met the Indians on a sandbar, and gave them gifts they had brought with them. The Indians said it was not enough. When one chief insulted Captain Clark, the Captain drew his sword. The Indians in turn, drew their bows and arrows. Every eye squinted in fear.

Then 12 more white men jumped from the boat to shore. The Indians were smart enough to know they were outnumbered. Everyone calmed down, but there was still another tense meeting the next day, when the Indians demanded that the white men turn around and go back where they came



Elk were among the wild animals Lewis and Clark discovered in the lands beyond the Mississippi River. In fact, many times the party was grateful for the elk which provided the only source of meat.

from. In answer, Captain Clark gave the order to prepare to fire the swivel gun attached to the boat. Again the Tetons saw wisdom in backing down, so the expedition continued upriver.

There were two special people in the expedition who helped in dealing with the Indians. One was Captain Clark's black servant, York. The Indians had never seen a black man and certainly not one as big and strong as



Grand Teton National Park in Wyoming provides outdoor recreation for countless visitors.

York. He had a way of making contact with the Indians that helped everyone.

The other person who helped in Indian matters was a young Shoshone Indian girl named Sacagawea. She had been stolen from her tribe and sold. Now she was the wife of Charbonneau, a Frenchman who lived among Indians. She and Charbonneau joined the expedition, and a few months later, the youngest member to join the group was born. This was Sacagawea's baby named Jean Baptiste, but nicknamed "Pomp" by Captain Clark.

The explorers found the mouth of the Yellowstone River, an important junction of western waterways. Sacagawea said they would come to a place where three rivers came together to make the Missouri. Then the Shoshone Indians would be somewhere near as they approached the Rocky Mountains. Lewis and Clark very much needed Indians who knew the country to guide them. They also needed horses, because the Missouri River would soon end, and the expedition must start across the Rocky Mountains if they hoped to reach the Pacific Ocean.

At this point in their journey the men were sick with stomach ailments, their feet were cut and bleeding from the sharp shoreline rocks, one man had a dislocated shoulder, and all their tools and clothing were worn out.

They found the three forks of the Missouri. This marked the end of river travel and the start of a rugged climb into and across the Rockies. They were the first white men to cross what is known as the Continental Divide. The Continental Divide is that place in the Rocky Mountains where streams and rivers are divided between those that flow west toward the Pacific Ocean and those that flow generally east toward the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico.

True to Sacagawea's word, they met Shoshone In-

dians on the other side of the pass. At first warriors and women were frightened, believing these men were enemy Blackfoot Indians. But when Lewis rolled up his sleeve and showed them he was a white man and peaceful, the Indians took the group to their camp. Sacagawea discovered that Indian Chief Cameahwait was her brother.

The white men got horses, but the rugged trip over the mountains, the snow and freezing weather, and lack of food, nearly destroyed both men and horses. Later they found the Nez Perce Indians; and after they ate the salmon and root diet of these Indians, all the men became very ill.

When they reached a small river, the Indians helped them dig out more canoes for paddling upstream. They came at last to the great Columbia River.

Several days later Meriwether Lewis wrote in his journal: "Great joy in camp. We are in view of the Ocean—this great Pacific Ocean which we've been so long anxious to see."

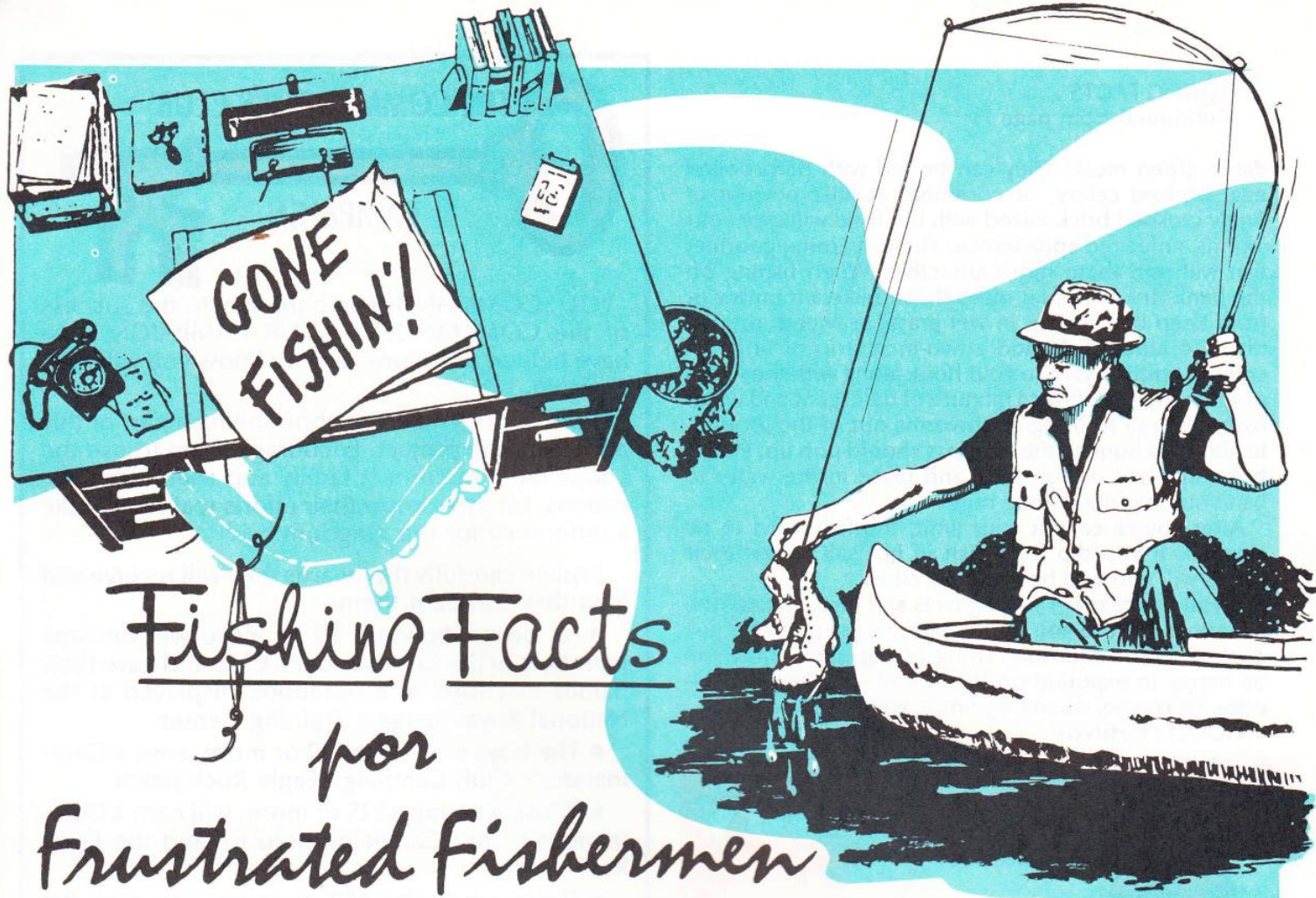
Americans had succeeded in crossing the continent!

Now there was the return journey to face. In September 1806, the battered, worn, bruised men of the Lewis and Clark Expedition returned to St. Louis where they were met by an excited crowd.

President Jefferson sent this message to Congress in December 1806: "The expedition of Lewis and Clark, for exploring the river Missouri and from that to the Pacific Ocean, has had success. They have traced the Missouri to its source, descended the Columbia to the Pacific, ascertained with accuracy the geography of our continent, learned the character of the country, of its commerce and inhabitants. Lewis and Clark, and their brave companions, have by this arduous service deserved well of their country."



In their travels west, Lewis and Clark came upon the beautiful Yellowstone River that flows through Wyoming and Montana. The Yellowstone empties into the Missouri River on the Montana-North Dakota boundary. This is a view of Yellowstone Falls in Yellowstone National Park.



Fishing Facts for Frustrated Fishermen

Haven't had any luck with your fishing lately? Here is just the thing for your empty frying pan blues. The following are fishing facts gleaned from generations of fishermen. Do these bits of fishing lore catch fish? Out there somewhere on a bay, bayou, river, or lake is a fisherman who will tell you, "Sure it worked! I lost one this big!" Gas up the boat and read on.

To begin with, to catch fish you need to think like a fish. Study their habits and haunts. Learn their likes and dislikes.

Fish have a keen sense of sight, smell, and hearing. To avoid being seen by the fish always position yourself so that your shadow doesn't fall on the water. Fish are offended by the smell of oil, gasoline, tobacco, and onion. (So are most humans!) Keep your hands, lures, and bait clean. Be as quiet as possible while fishing. A heated discussion with your fishing partner on the best pitcher in the majors could chase off the fish and any nearby boaters!

When to fish is an important consideration. An old saying goes:

"When the wind is in the north,

by Marilyn Senterfitt

The skillful fisher goes not forth.
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fish's mouth.

When the wind is in the east,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast.

When the wind is in the west,
The fishing's at its very best."

Generally speaking, in the heat of summer the best fishing is done at sunset to one hour after. When the weather cools off, noon to three in the afternoon is a good time to be on the water. The best day, weatherwise, is on a warm, close, cloudy day following a bright moonlit night. You will need a little cooperation from the local weatherman on that one!

Many fishermen depend exclusively on the moon for good fishing results. Some feel the best time is when the moon changes quarters. For others the day before to the day after a full moon are prime for fishing, with the day after being a winner. A long-time Texas fisherman declares that the best time is when the moon is directly overhead, in-

cluding two hours before and two hours after. Perhaps the best advice on moon signs is this:

"To fish by the signs always,
Ya jest can't.

Ya don't catch no fish
Where they ain't."

As you've already seen, weather and the seasons can dictate fishing results. July is thought to be the worst month to fish, and June is the best. After a storm fish will often bite better. Work the shallow water, because smaller fish come in to take food stirred up by the wind. Smaller fish are a tempting lure for big fish! During a warm spring, catfish will swallow almost any bait, live or dead. In the summer black bass move in pairs. If you land one, stay around and try to hook the mate. Another point of information about bass—it's nearly always a waste of time to cast for them on perfectly smooth water.

The bait you use is all important. A good bait in spring is raw hog's liver. A spoonful of salt or a few drops of iodine will revive sluggish minnows. Keep your earthworms in a clay flower pot with peat moss or
(Continued on page 8)

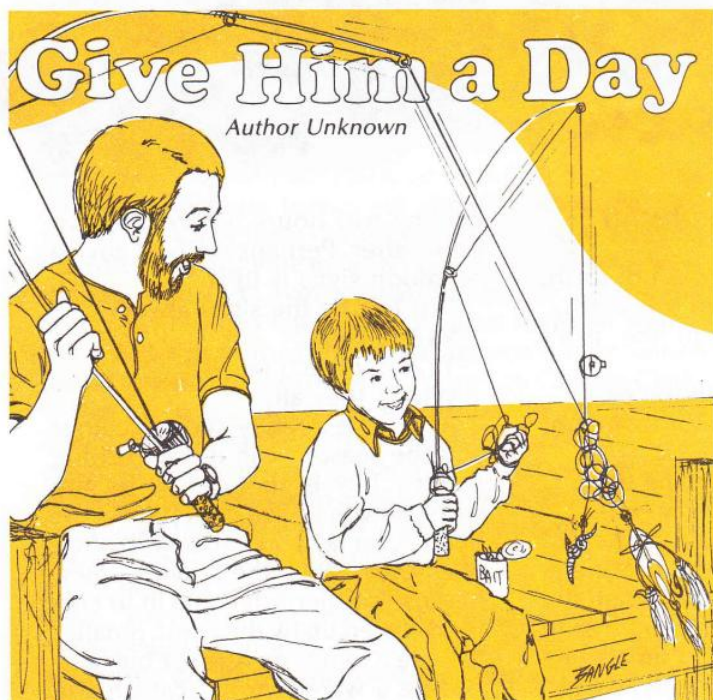
FISHING FACTS . . .
(Continued from page 7)

damp green moss. They can be fed with hard boiled egg, bruised celery, or cornmeal. A little powder of finely crushed brick mixed with the food will give your worms a nice red appearance. The discerning gourmet fish will find them more attractive. When fishing off the bank, try white, fat meat shaped like a minnow or frog. Keep bait shrimp in wet grass, seaweed, or sawdust. To attract fish, add a two-inch strip of brightly-colored knitting yarn to your hook along with the worm or other live bait. Pour a mixture of detergent and water over the area to bring earthworms out of the ground. In about an hour all the wigglers should pop up. Punch holes in a can of dog food and place in the water to bait your favorite fishing hole.

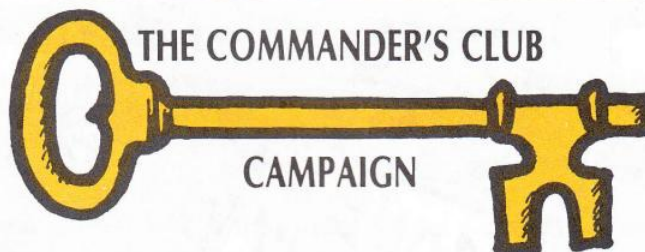
After you've caught your limit, the fish need to be cleaned. If you dip fresh fish in hot salt water, their scales will curl and be easier to clean.

If you desire other fishing facts and lore, just ask the fisherman next to you on the pier, or the guy who just docked with a four-foot string of big ones. They will be happy to expound on their store of fishing knowledge. Of course, when they finish, you can share yours!

GOOD FISHING!



What shall I give to one small boy?
A glamorous game, a tinsel toy,
A barlow knife, a puzzle pack,
A train that runs on curving track?
A picture book, a real live pet . . .
No, there's plenty of time for such things yet.
Give him a day for his very own—
Just one small boy and his dad alone.
A walk in the woods, a romp in the park,
A fishing trip from dawn to dark.
Give the gift that only you can—
The companionship of his Old Man.
Games are outgrown, and toys decay,
But he'll never forget if you "Give him a day."



YOU, COMMANDER, are the key to the success of the COMMANDER'S CLUB CAMPAIGN. You have helped us before, and we know you will help us again.

Get your boys excited about being a part of this national-scale project. Encourage them to use the Lodge Bank to contact family and friends for donations. Let them know their efforts really will make a difference for the Kingdom.

Explain carefully the awards they will receive and how they can earn them:

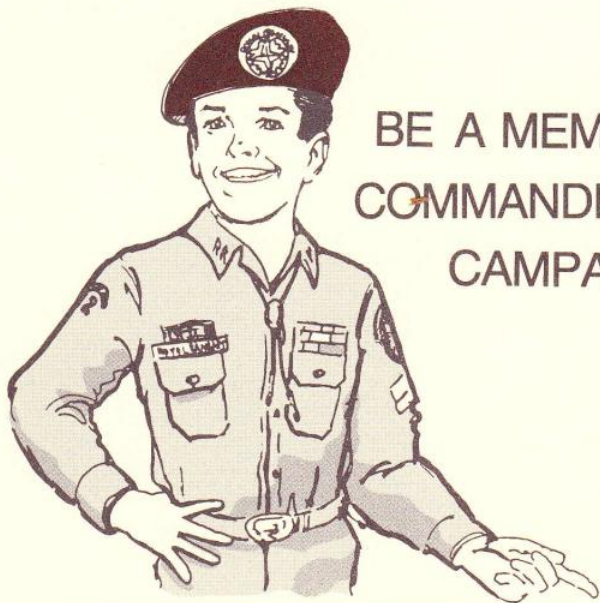
- All boys who raise \$5 or more will become members of the Commander's Club and have their names inscribed in a notebook displayed at the National Royal Rangers Training Center.
- The boys who raise \$10 or more, earn a Commander's Club Campaign Eagle Rock patch.
- Those who raise \$25 or more, will earn a Commander's Club Campaign bolo tie and the Eagle Rock patch.
- Those who raise \$50 or more, will earn the Commander's Club Campaign belt buckle, the bolo tie, and the patch.

For your efforts, the national office has designated the following awards:

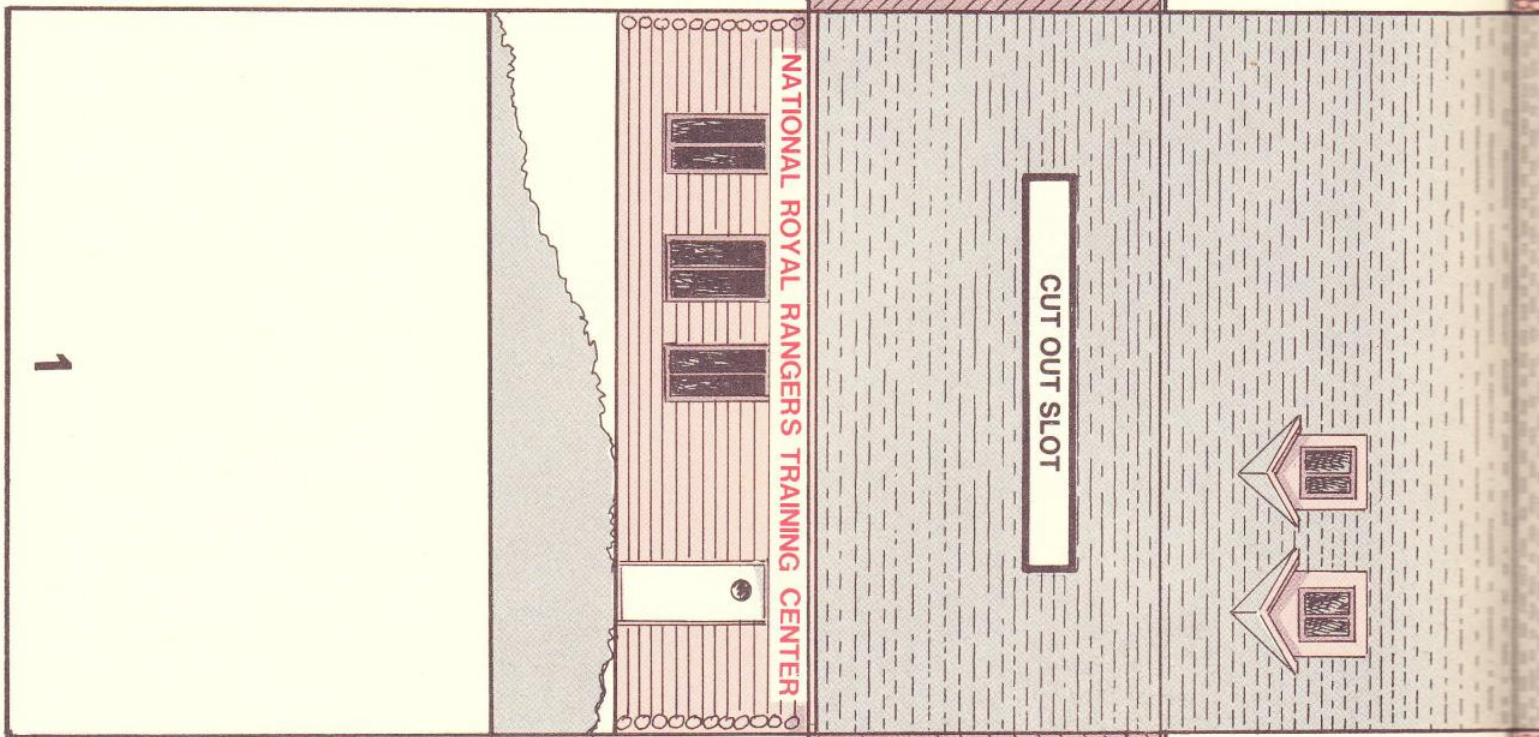
- Each district commander who has at least 60 percent participation will receive the Commander's Club Campaign patch, bolo tie, and belt buckle—plus a special citation.
- The district with the highest dollar contribution and the district with the highest per capita percentage of participation will receive a special award.
- The outpost commander who has at least 50 percent of his boys (minimum of five boys) involved in the project will receive the Commander's Club Campaign patch.
- Each outpost commander who has at least 50 percent of his boys (minimum of five boys) earning the Commander's Club Campaign patch will receive the patch, bolo tie, and belt buckle.

Lieutenant commanders, outpost councilmen, or others interested in participating are welcome to help on the same basis as the boys. A place for reporting their donations is provided on the Commander's Club Campaign Church Report Form.

THANKS FOR YOUR HELP!



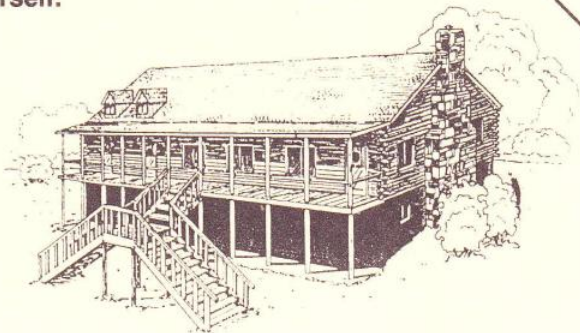
BE A MEMBER OF THE COMMANDER'S CLUB CAMPAIGN!



Here is all you have to do to become a member:

- Cut out and put together the Commander Johnnie Barnes Lodge Bank.

- Fill it with donations from your family and friends, or put in some yourself.



9

X

Besides helping Royal Rangers pay for our National Training Center, you also earn some very special awards. The only way you can earn these awards is by joining the Commander's Club Campaign.

2

- A. Fold all box creases.
- B. Fold side tab 1 in place then end tab 2, then end tab 3, then end tab 4.
- C. Double back tabs marked X on end of tab 5 and push into slot at corner of box.
- D. Tab X will spring open locking tab 5 in place.

2

• Fill out the enclosed report form and turn it in to your commander along with the donations you have raised before June 15, 1988, to receive credit.

SEE PAGES 8 & 9

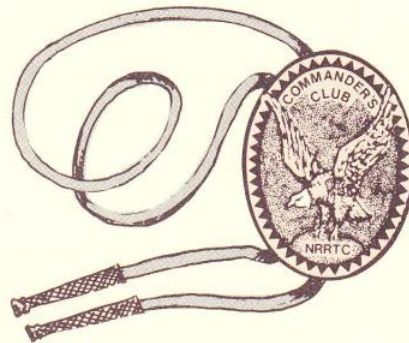
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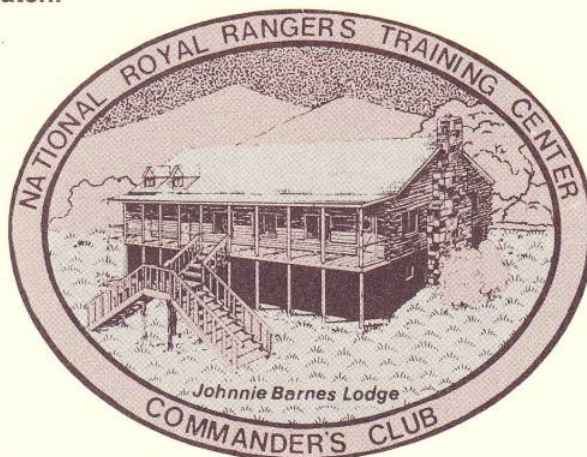
• Every one of you who raises \$5 or more will become a member of the Commander's Club and have his name inscribed in a notebook displayed at the Training Center.



• If you raise \$10 or more, you earn a Commander's Club Campaign Eagle Rock patch.



• If you raise \$25 or more, you earn a Commander's Club Campaign bolo tie and the Eagle Rock patch.



• If you work really hard, and raise \$50 or more, you earn the fabulous Commander's Club Campaign belt buckle, the bolo tie, and the patch.

Your hard work can also earn awards for your commander and your district. Your church receives World Ministries giving credit for your contribution.

COMMANDER'S CLUB CAMPAIGN

CHURCH REPORT FORM

Church Acct. Number _____

District _____ Outpost # _____

Senior Commander _____

Church _____

Address _____

STRAIGHT ARROWS

Commander's Name _____

Number earning:

CCC Patch _____

CCC Bolo Tie _____

CCC Belt Buckle _____

Total number of boys in outpost _____

PIONEERS

Commander's Name _____

Number earning:

CCC Patch _____

CCC Bolo Tie _____

CCC Belt Buckle _____

Total number of boys in outpost _____

AIR, SEA, TRAIL RANGERS

Commander's Name _____

Number earning:

CCC Patch _____

CCC Bolo Tie _____

CCC Belt Buckle _____

Total number of boys in outpost _____

Amount enclosed \$ _____

Total number of:

CCC Patches (729035 CE) _____

CCC Bolo Ties (729036 CE) _____

CCC Belt Buckles (729037 CE)

NOTE: Keep a copy of this report for your records.

Total Quantity of Order			CHECK	
S.S.	Vis.	Mdse.	M. ORDER	
Del. Code	Store Code	Cash or Charge	CURRENCY	
P. O. No.			COIN	
Conti. Code	Phone	Clerk	TOTAL	
↑ DO NOT USE THIS SPACE ↑				

BUCKAROOS

Commander's Name _____

Number earning:

CCC Patch _____

CCC Bolo Tie _____

CCC Belt Buckle _____

Total number of boys in outpost _____

TRAILBLAZERS

Commander's Name _____

Number earning:

CCC Patch _____

CCC Bolo Tie _____

CCC Belt Buckle _____

Total number of boys in outpost _____

LEADERS AND OTHERS

Number earning:

CCC Patch _____

CCC Bolo Tie _____

CCC Belt Buckle _____

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS

Please send in this report only *once* (one per church) to insure proper credit, and include only *one* church check or money order for your church to receive World Ministries giving credit.

Please type or print legibly the names of all persons raising \$5 or more on a separate sheet to be included on the campaign roster at the Training Center.

Commander's Signature _____

A CAMP BARBECUE

Looking for a 'hot' idea for next campout? Try a camp barbecue!

Barbecue is the same idea as the kabob. But instead of each camper cooking his own, you just roast enough for everybody on a bit spit.

There are many ways to barbecue. You can use a spit, or even hang the meat on a string. However you do it, you will have a feast to be long remembered.

ON A SPIT

Most any kind of meat can be bar-

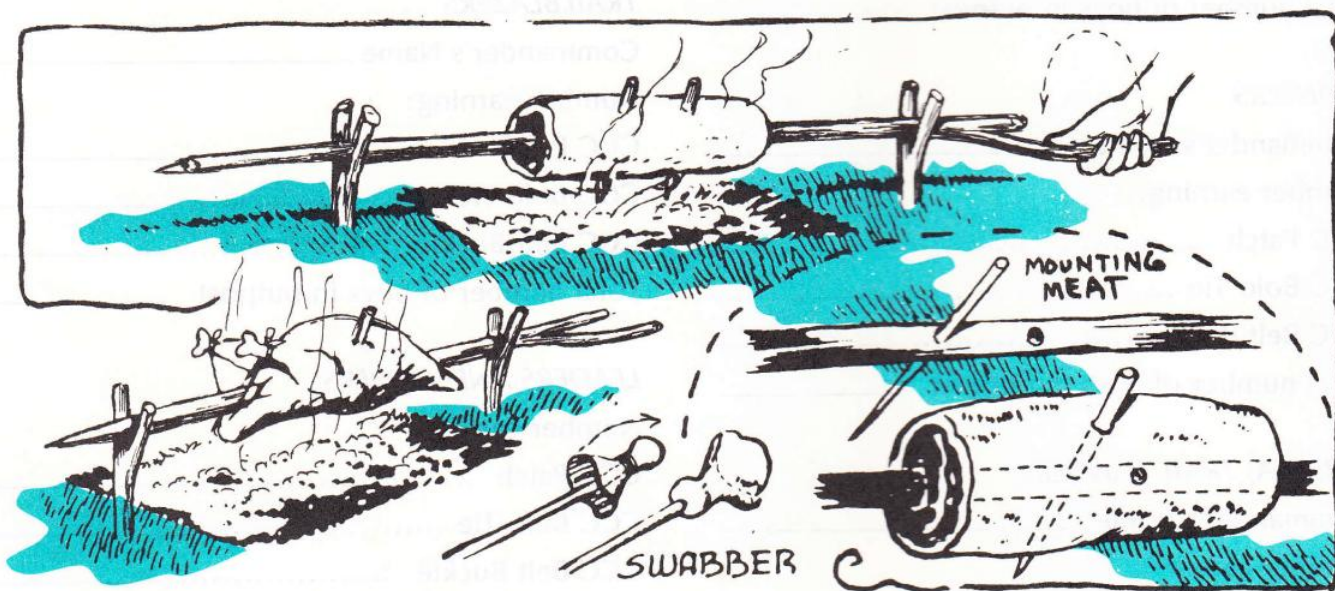
by John Eller

As the wood is burning down, get a green pole about 1½ inches thick for the spit. Remove the bark, point one end, and bore a couple of holes through the middle big enough for the skewers. Run the spit through the roast long ways; then push the skewers into the meat and through the holes of the spit. This will keep your roast from slipping when the spit is turned.

quality of meat, and whether your gang likes it well-done or medium-rare. Generally, it takes about 20 minutes per pound. Make it less for medium or rare.

We suggest a second fire off to the side to keep a supply of fresh coals for the pit.

Your roast will turn black and look burned. Don't worry. That black layer is the most delicious part.



becued. Suppose you use beef. When you can afford it, top round or a rib roast works best. The meat market can roll it up for you. Ask for a layer of fat on the outside—that's important. You will also need a half dozen long skewers (sharp wooden pegs to push through the meat).

Dig a trench 3 feet long, and 2 feet wide, and about 8 inches deep. Build a crisscross fire, using any good hardwood available (hickory, sugar maple, oak, ash, etc.). You need a lot of coals to fill the pit, and only hardwood will do it for you. Heap the wood high. (Only city-slickers use ready-made charcoal!)

Hold the roast in the flame just long enough to sear it all over. This will prevent the tasty juices from escaping later. After the fire is reduced to coals, put the spit on two forked sticks as in the illustration so the roast is about a foot above the coals.

Now remember to turn it and baste it. Everyone should take a turn at the spit, moving it slowly. The meat should be swabbed about every 5 minutes. You can make a swabber, with a cloth on a stick as shown.

Cooking time may vary with the

BBQ SAUCE

Every cook has his own favorite sauce. Try this one. (Make it before the barbecue starts!)

Needed: ½ cup bacon fat, 1 cup flour, 3 cups vinegar, 3 cups water, 1 can tomato soup, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 4 large onions, and 4 large peppers.

Melt fat in skillet and brown flour in it. Heat vinegar and pour in, at same time add 3 cups boiling water. Pour into kettle or pot, then add soup, seasoning, onions and pep-

pers chopped fine. Stir continuously. Cook until peppers and onions are soft. Remove from fire and add sugar.

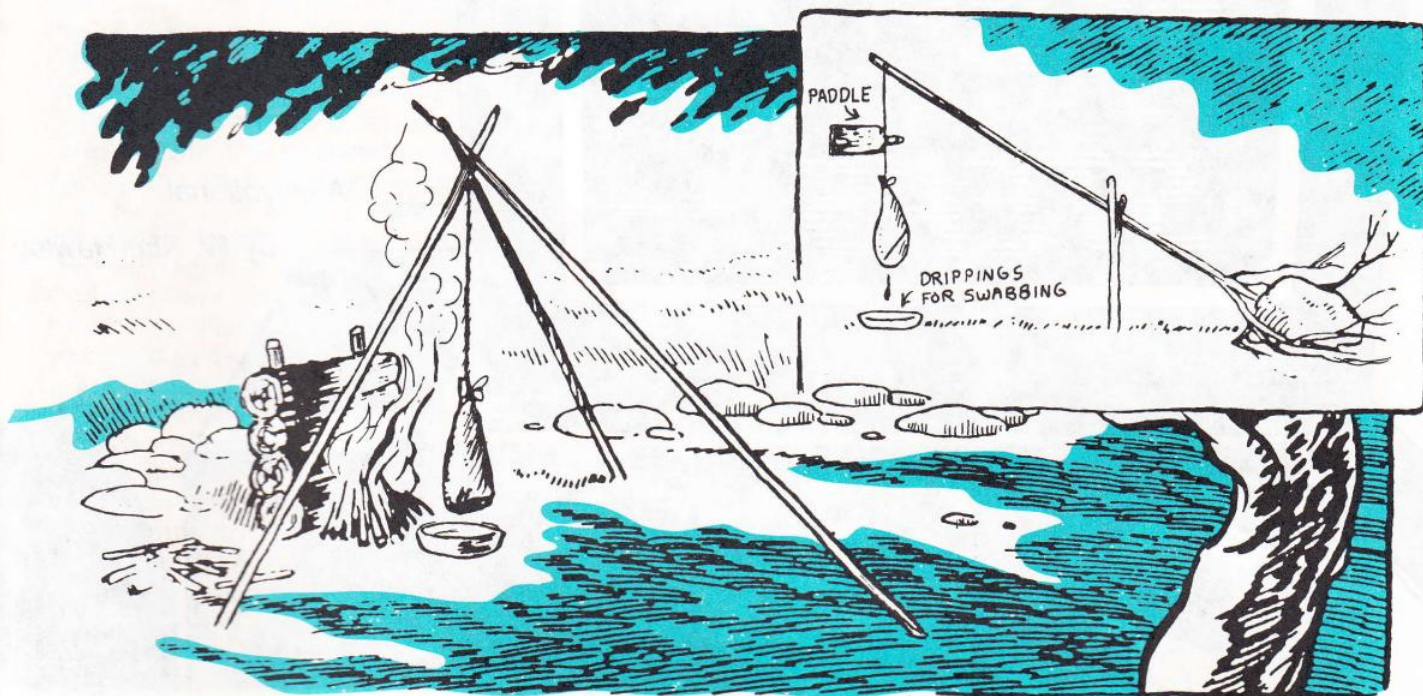
If this procedure is a bit complicated for your particular camp, try this one. Two parts Heinz 57 Steak Sauce mixed with one part strained

You can put a paddle on the string if the wind is blowing and make an automatic winder.

Put a pan under the meat to catch drippings which can be used for swabbing. You will need a blazing fire for this method—not coals. It also requires less wood.

will work best for fish 2 lbs. and under.

Clean fish as usual but leave the head intact. The stick goes through the mouth and into the flesh along the backbone. Prop fish a few inches above coals. Turn every few minutes. Cooking time is about the



honey (comb removed). It's lip-smacking good!

ON A STRING

Notice the illustration. The meat is tied to a strong string and held just above ground level. This is a good method because once you wind it up, the string will unwind and wind again, turning the meat several minutes without help. The longer your string, the longer it will turn.

Leg of lamb is quite a delicacy barbecued this way. Skin before cooking. A 6-pound leg takes about 2½ hours of cooking time.

QUICK FISH BARBECUE

One of the best and easiest ways to cook fish is to spear it on a pointed stick (see illustration). This

same as frying, with no pans to wash.

CHICKEN BARBECUE

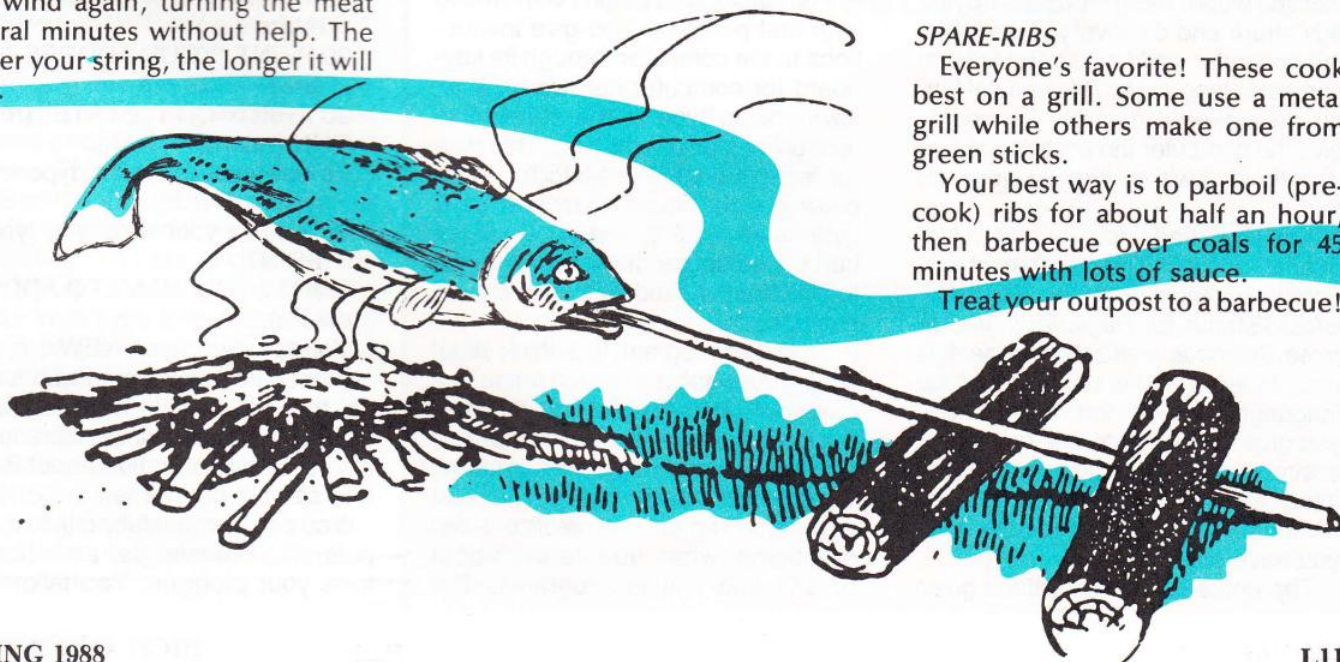
Chicken is twice as good barbecued, and even better if you boil it (45 minutes for 2½ lbs.) before barbecuing. It then requires less time on the spit or string.

SPARE-RIBS

Everyone's favorite! These cook best on a grill. Some use a metal grill while others make one from green sticks.

Your best way is to parboil (pre-cook) ribs for about half an hour, then barbecue over coals for 45 minutes with lots of sauce.

Treat your outpost to a barbecue!





== A Devotional

by W. Kim Hawley

*Byte,
Input, output,
Computer program.
Basic words and symbols
At your command.*

Learning to use a personal computer is your first step into a new, exciting world. Each step can provide adventure and discovery. To explore this computer world, you need to learn computer language. This special language makes it possible for you to give the computer the commands and directions. It will do exactly what it is told.

Are you ready for your first language lesson? The most common computer language is "BASIC." BASIC stands for *Beginner's All-Purpose Symbolic Instruction Code*. It is easy to learn and is usually the best language to learn first. With BASIC you give the computer instructions in a simple code. The computer then interprets and understands your directions. Finally, it does exactly what you have commanded.

The entire list of instructions given

to the computer is called a "program." Some programs are already written and prepackaged on tapes, disks, or cartridges. These programs are called software. By learning BASIC, you can write programs and make your own software.

Your adventure begins with writing your first program. You give instructions to the computer through its keyboard (or computer hardware). It allows you to type in the statements (instructions or commands). This data (or instructions) is fed into the computer (input). Remember, you must type carefully. A typing error will not hurt the computer. It will simply reject the information, and your program will not work.

To write a program, first, think about what you want the computer to do. Ask yourself, *What BASIC words or symbols are needed? What input do I need?* Programming will take time, careful planning, and typing. The most important thing to do is practice. Keep practicing what you learn about BASIC and writing programs. The

output (the computer's answer or action) will be worth it! You will see and hear the results of your very own programming.

Programs can be short and simple, or they can be long and very difficult. A beginning BASIC program might look like this:

10 PRINT "YOUR NAME" (press return key)

20 PRINT "YOUR ADDRESS" (return)

30 PRINT "CITY, STATE" (return)

RUN (return)

To see your program, type LOAD (return)

To add to your program, type 40 PRINT

"WHAT YOU WANT TO ADD" (return)

To start over, type NEW

Most computers come with a manual that will explain more about the language it understands. Libraries will also supply information about BASIC and sample programs.

You can successfully talk to a computer, it understands, and then follows your program. You talked with

a computer by learning BASIC language. Taking these steps into a new world is exciting. They mean discovery and adventure! Taking new steps can also mean to try something in a new way.

Prayer can also be a personal adventure! It can provide exciting discoveries for you. It is something that you can try in a new way. Just like you have learned how to use BASIC with a personal computer, you can be learning new ideas about how to pray.

Since there is no software available for prayer, first, you need to think about your personal prayer program. It is quite simple to do. All of your input goes directly to heaven. Remember, prayer is simply talking to God as you would talk to your best friend. He is interested in all the data you can provide.

You don't need a keyboard or a computer language with new words or symbols. Begin by using your own words. Then follow the Bible's instructions about prayer.

For example, in Luke 11:9-13, Jesus compares prayer to the conversation between a father and son. Prayer is talking with someone you know very well. You can be relaxed and confident when you talk to God. You can pray to Him about anything. Talk to God about what is happening at home, in school, with friends, or at church. God's output is His desire to give you His very best gifts.

Think about what you'd like to say to God. What is the input of your prayer? Be sure the data includes your own expressions of worship, praise, and giving thanks. These Bible verses provide helpful guidelines: Matthew 6:9-13; Psalms 95:6; 100:4; 150:6.

Stepping into the world of the personal computer is truly exciting. What you and a computer can do is almost limitless. There are many new things to discover. Learning to take new steps in your personal prayer can also be exciting. You are talking with the Creator. He is waiting and listening to you. Won't you take a step toward Him in prayer now? What you and God can do together is truly limitless.

PRAYER,

your words—

asking, seeking, knocking,

HIS answer—

giving, finding, opening to you.

God wants to give good gifts to His children.

With a Compass in Hand,



You Can Head in Any Direction

It wasn't clean-out-the-attic time. But when we opened the box in the corner, the cardboard top was so dried out it almost cracked. Among the "treasures" of an earlier era were two compasses. One, dating back to boyhood camping, was octagonal with a thick plastic protective lens and a screw down stem to hold the direction indicator in place. The other was dull silver with a push button stem that pops the lid and frees the indicator (similar to an old railroad watch). It had "U. S. Army" stamped on the cover.

by Tom and Joanne O'Toole
Outdoor Journalists

Ah, the memories flooded back just holding those compasses. Remembrances of childhood and adolescent youth.

There was a time when we truly hoped to get lost, making it necessary to use a compass to find our way home again. It never happened, but it was always fun pretending.

For some reason we felt compelled
(Continued on page 14)

... ANY DIRECTION

(Continued from page 13)

to clean the compasses, making sure the dust was out of every little nook and cranny. It must have taken an hour, and you'd have thought they were museum pieces that had to be preserved for posterity.

If the truth were known, we were more interested in reminiscing than we were in cleaning.

Having fun with a compass can be just that—"fun." You can pick a direction, travel at your own pace, enjoy the scenery and wildlife, have lunch sitting on a fallen tree, and experience the satisfaction of finding a particular landmark or arriving at a specific location.

Back in the days of frontiersmen and Indians, they relied on their instincts, the sun, stars, streams, and the lay of the land to find their way in strange and wild country. Common sense guided them to observe and interpret surrounding signs. Some old-timers still read wind direction by the way the top branches of evergreen trees lean or the side of the trees where woodpeckers drill their nests. They look for certain plants (called "compass plants") and even the drift of underwater vegetation.

Oh, it's entirely possible the Indians and those hearty white trappers who forged across the country had a natural sense of direction and an uncanny ability to find their way unerringly no matter the conditions. Maybe they were born with it, or it became second nature because of necessity.

Today the problem of direction is growing with more people enjoying the woods. Even seasoned outdoorsmen have become hopelessly turned around in unfamiliar territory, not knowing where they were or where they belonged. A few simple rules and tools can cure the confusion.

There are many instructional pamphlets on compass and map reading, and volumes on ground navigation. While knowing what you're doing is important, you don't have to take an in-depth course in finding your way just to enjoy hiking in strange surroundings.

Fortunately, the sun never fails to come up in the east and set in the west. During daylight hours it should be fairly easy to at least be aware of general location—if the sky isn't overcast.

Some modern ground navigators have made a study of the constellations and the stars, but years ago an earlier era of outdoorsmen merely looked up, spotted the North Star, and found their way.

North will always be north, and with the help of the sun there are practical ways to at least get your bearings.

Shove a straight stick (the longer the better) in the ground, and put a marker (a rock will do) at the tip of the shadow thrown by the stick. Wait 15 minutes and mark the new end of the shadow. Do this two or three times, then draw a line through the markers. It will run east/west, with west at the end where you placed the first marker. A perpendicular line will point to the north. To speed up the process, the longer the stick, the faster the shadow will move.

Few people head off for an outdoor adventure with sextant, radar, and navigational radios. While a compass and map can be basic help for finding your way, they can be improved upon with a protractor, straightedge, navigational log, and a thorough understanding of declination shift (the angular difference between the map's true north and the compass' magnetic north, or just called magnetic variation). Some compasses are adjustable in line with local declination, but the compass must be reset for each new map you use.

For serious treks into the wilderness, a U.S. Geological Survey topographic map of the area is essential, as it shows the terrain and directional information you'll need. You can order them from the government, but they are usually available locally and almost always at major trailheads.

With a watch it is easy to find direction. Merely point the hour hand directly at the sun. Halfway between it and 12 o'clock will be due south. However, if your watch is set on daylight saving time, take the reading between the hour hand and one o'clock. If it's a digital watch—too bad.

Circling is a problem for many hikers and outdoor enthusiasts, but there are some things you can do to help you in a relatively straight line. Perhaps the easiest is to visually line up trees or landmarks for as far as the eye can see, then plod forward. Also look back and see where you've just come from; it might help when re-turning.

There will always be features to

mark the path—fence lines, a stream, a well-worn trail, railroad tracks, or fallen tree trunks across a creek.

However, you can't concentrate solely on getting in and out of a territory. It will divert attention from what brought you outside in the first place. If all you're worried about is finding your way, then how can you enjoy animal life, appreciate wild flowers, or bird watch.

On the other hand, there is a new sport of finding your way by means of map reading and compass use, and that ability has become competitive on an international level. It is called "orienteering." The proficiency of this skill develops a challenge of the unknown, adventure for the individual, and an intimate relationship with the surroundings.

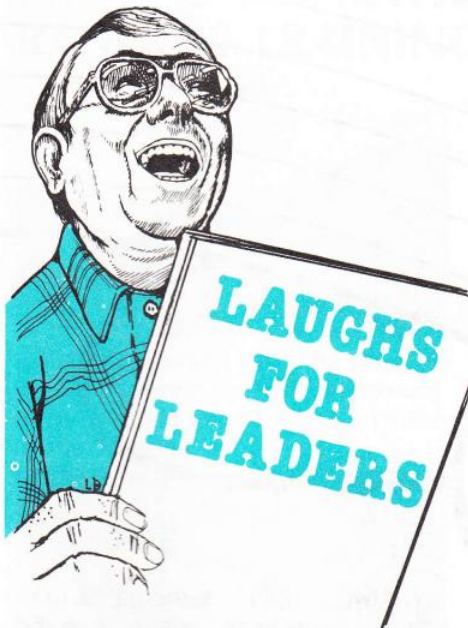
With orienteering you must know where you are in order to get where you want to go. So it becomes a sport in respect to the individual starting out with a specific reference point. However, when using a basic compass, you are merely determining your direction.

An orienteering compass is designed so it can be aimed at a target point, and bearing in that direction can be taken with great precision. A standard compass has a magnetic needle that aligns itself with the magnetic field of the earth, and always points to magnetic north. The development of this new compass has so streamlined and simplified the technicalities of direction finding, it is possible to identify exactly any location for future reference.

Wilderness orienteering has been called "cunning running," a brains and brawn activity, with an emphasis on brains. It is being able to get from one place to another with maximum efficiency, and in some circumstances, can mean the difference between life and death.

For the casual hiker the worst things about getting lost are being frightened, confused, and feeling utterly alone. The great satisfaction later is recalling how you stayed calm, used your wits, and found a way back. The second part is always the basis for campfire stories.

It looks like we're not going to have to worry about getting lost for a long, long time. We now have two slightly worn, very well used, and extremely clean compasses. We're ready to head in any direction.



A newcomer in a small town checked into a hotel and asked the clerk if there was a criminal lawyer in town.

The desk clerk replied, "Well, Sir, we think we've got one, but nobody's been able to prove it yet."

By Martha J. Beckman

Two Buckaroos were fighting over a toy bow and arrow. Finally the commander came along and settled the problem. He told them that they would have to compromise. Then he gave the bow to one and the arrow to the other.

By Michael T. Shoemaker

A car dealer recently forced all of his employees to stop jogging to work. He thinks it sets a bad example.

By Michael T. Shoemaker

I know a man who learned that bamboo is a type of grass, so he planted some in his yard. Now he mows his lawn with an ax.

By Michael T. Shoemaker

People who take up gardening, but fail to grow many vegetables, should not be discouraged. They may have a chance of winning an Audubon Society award for feeding the birds.

By Michael T. Shoemaker

A couple of hunters in the Canadian wilderness had bagged two moose. When the pilot they had arranged to pick them up arrived, he said, "I told you I couldn't take two moose. The load will be too heavy for the plane. You'll have to leave one behind."

One hunter demurred, "We had two moose last year, and a plane exactly like this one. You can carry it."

"Well, okay, if you did it last year, I suppose we can do it this year." So they loaded the two moose aboard and took off.

The plane could hardly get airborne, and soon was unable to clear an obstructing hill. After the crash, the two men got out and surveyed the damage. One said, "Where are we, anyway?"

The other scratched his head, "I don't know, but I think we got about a half a mile farther than last year."

By Martha J. Beckman

A pastor living in San Francisco also enjoys working as a chef for a local restaurant. He proudly displays the following sign above his work station: "Just like Father used to make."

By Eloise K. Shick



"OH, HI, FRED! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU TO PAY YOU FOR THAT LAST WIRING JOB YOU DID FOR ME"



"TELL ME, DR. NARDONE, DO YOU USE GAS OR NOVOCAINE?"

The Rainbow:

a Heavenly Covenant

Outpost Commander: Duplicate and have your Rangers color the rainbow.

life. Whenever the rainbow appears in the clouds, I will see it and remember the everlasting covenant between God and all living creatures of every kind on the earth' " (NIV).

The rainbow to Christians represents a holy covenant; but just what is a rainbow—that magnificent, dream-like arc that spans the heavens?

From a scientific viewpoint, a rainbow forms when the sun's rays are bent and reflected by myriads of water droplets, creating a natural spectrum of color.

Seven colors appear in a rainbow—violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red. Usually most people can count only five colors due to the blending effect. Many times the rainbow will have two arcs: a radiant primary bow with red on the outside and violet on the inside, and a muted but larger secondary bow with violet on the outside and red on the inside. On rare occasions moonlight will produce a faint arc.

The size of the rainbow's arc is determined by the sun's height. If the sun is more than 42 degrees above the horizon, no rainbow can be seen. Below the altitude of 42 degrees, the lower the sun, the larger the rainbow.

No two people see the same rainbow because each person sees the rainbow from a different angle, and therefore, observes slightly different rays of light.

Popular belief has it that the rainbow has an end, leading to the myth that a pot of gold is buried there. But a complete rainbow is a circle, with the bottom half lying below the horizon, hidden from view.

One definition of a rainbow found in Webster's dictionary reads: "An illusory goal or hope. Like pie in the sky or the magical kingdom of Oz found somewhere over the rainbow."

Norsemen believed their gods used it as a bridge between earth and their divine home in the heavens.

Medieval Christians painted it as the throne of Christ and likened its hues to the Holy Spirit's many gifts.

North Africans call it "the bride of the rain," and in some European countries, it's described as "the girdle of God." In Southeast Asia it's known as "the little window in the sky."

It's easy to see why so many expressions and myths have grown from this majestic display in the sky. But we who read the Bible are always reminded of God's promise when we see the celestial covenant arcing all its glory across the heavens—a promise as good today as it was in Noah's time.

So the next time you see a rainbow, remember it's much, much more than a spectrum of color. It's God remembering the everlasting covenant between himself and all living creatures of every kind on the earth. Never again will the waters become a flood to destroy life.

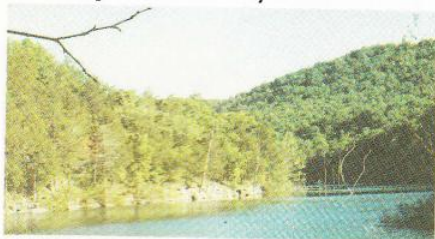
by Betty Francis

We're all familiar with the story of Noah and the ark; how it rained for 40 days and 40 nights. Then, after the flood had receded and Noah found dry land, God made a covenant with Noah for all generations to come.

In Genesis 9:12-16, "God said, 'This is the sign of the covenant I am making between me and you and every living creature with you, a covenant for all generations to come: I have set my rainbow in the clouds, and it will be the sign of the covenant between me and the earth. Whenever I bring clouds over the earth and the rainbow appears in the clouds, I will remember my covenant between me and you and all living creatures of every kind. Never again will the waters become a flood to destroy all

WHAT IS THE NATIONAL ROYAL RANGERS TRAINING CENTER?

Let's put it this way . . .



Picture yourself camping deep in the Ozark forest, far from any sound of civilization: The stars are brighter in the wilderness.



Picture yourself canoeing along on a quiet lake, the morning mist rising gently as you paddle silently around a bend to surprise a drinking fawn.



Or picture yourself sitting tall in the saddle, following a swarthy guide along the twisting pack trail, leather squeaking rhythmically to the clip-clop of horses' hooves.



Then picture yourself sitting with buddies around a crackling council fire as a salty frontiersman shares the Word of God, and you feel the warming presence of the Holy Spirit.

What a place! What adventures!

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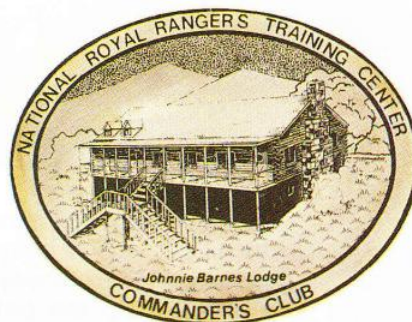
- If you raise \$10 or more, you earn a Commander's Club Campaign Eagle Rock patch.

For raising \$25.00 or more



- If you raise \$25 or more, you earn a Commander's Club Campaign bolo tie and the Eagle Rock patch.

For \$50.00 or more



- If you work really hard, and raise \$50 or more, you earn the fabulous Commander's Club Campaign belt buckle, the bolo tie, and the patch. Your hard work can also earn awards for your commander and your district. Your church receives World Ministries giving credit for your contribution.

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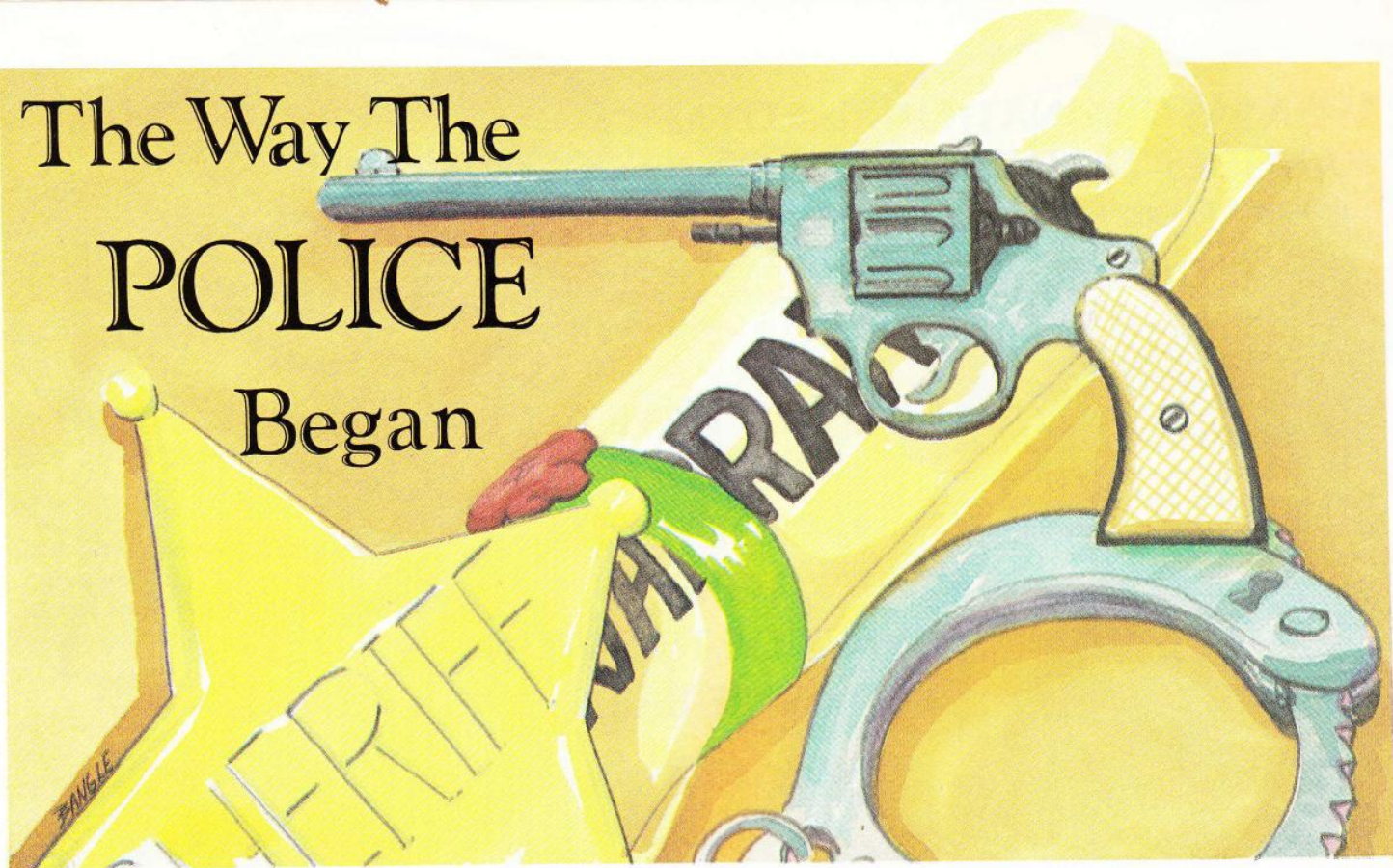
AGE _____

AMOUNT \$ _____

Thank you for your help and your prayers to make this dream come true.

ALL AWARDS WILL BE MAILED AFTER CAMPAIGN

The Way The POLICE Began



by Dr. Stephenie Slahor

Our police officers work hard to protect people from criminals and to help people in times of emergency. Modern equipment, computers, and special planning help the police carry out their work. We might take our police for granted now, knowing that they are always there, ready to protect and to serve us, but it took many years to create what we now know as our police departments.

The historical roots of our police departments go back to the ways people maintained law and order in Europe and particularly, in Great Britain. About 1,200 years ago, most people lived in small villages or on farms. As people realized the importance of keeping law and order, they knew that if someone broke the law, that person was not only affecting the victim of the crime, but the whole group of citizens. Because the peace of the community was broken by someone's wrong act, the people knew they must "keep the peace" by catching and trying the criminal. This is where we get the term "peace officer" as one of the names of a policeman.

In those early days there weren't yet what we would call police departments or police officers. Instead, everyone helped to police their own town or village. In some areas, when someone saw a crime being committed, he or she would raise what was known as a "hue and cry." That meant a "hue" or "honk" from a hunting horn was sounded, and a "cry" or many shouts were hollered out to gather people to chase the criminal. People were expected to drop whatever they were doing and join in the chase.

In other areas, there were groups of families, with each group called a "tything." A "tythingman" was like the head of the group. He was responsible for organizing the group so it could chase, with a hue and cry,

any of its members who might have committed a crime, or any other criminal. To make sure everyone did their job, if the criminal was not caught and brought to court, the tything members had to pay a fine.

In those days, the court was made up of a jury of people chosen from each tything and judges who were usually the older men of the village.

If the criminal had committed a particularly serious crime, he might be sent to the "hundred court" which was also known as the "reeve," or he might be sent to the "shire court." The shire court was run by a person called the "shire reeve." As time went on, the name was shortened to "sheriff."

About 800 years ago, authority shifted from the sheriff to the "lord of the manor" and his "manor court." Every year, the manor court would select people whose job it was to do things like make sure the baker's bread weighed what he said it weighed, and so on. The chief officer of the manor court was known as the "constable." This is a name still used to describe a police officer in Great Britain and in other parts of the world. The word, from the Latin language, meant "officer of the stable." The constable was required to preserve the peace of the community, but he had to earn his living at a different job, because constables were not usually paid for their work. The constable had to report bad behavior, arrest criminals, and see that they were taken to court either by him, his helpers, or the people when they raised a "hue and cry" in chase of a criminal.

In the year 1285, King Edward I of England made a law called the Statute of Winchester. One of its rules said that the town had to have citizens who would be "watchmen." Remember that in those days most towns had high walls around them. People knew just about everybody else in the town, so they knew when

strangers might be about. Under the law, the watchmen had to "watch the town continually all night, from the sun-setting to the sun-rising." At night the gates of the town would be shut. Strangers were arrested until the morning when the constable and court decided what to do with them.

In 1361, another law was passed during the reign of King Edward III. It required that each county in England have "justices of the peace" to arrest criminals. These justices had the power to issue warrants which were orders that anyone suspected of committing a crime should be arrested. The constable carried out the arrest and brought the offender to court.


Even though these laws provided for people to work for law and order, neither the justices nor the constables were necessarily paid for doing their work.

Constables then didn't wear any sort of special uniform, but they usually carried a long staff of office like a pole or stick to show their authority.

As time went on and towns grew from villages to cities, the work of the constables became more demanding. Sometimes the constables did not have time to spend on the jobs where they earned their living. Constables could, of course, call on others in the town to help them, but very often when the constable caught a criminal, he had to keep him at his own house until the criminal was brought to trial.

People soon realized the constables were doing so much work for the community that they deserved to be paid for what they did.

In 1663, the City of London started a police force to guard the streets at night. They were watchmen known as "Charlies" because it was during the reign of King Charles II. They carried a bell, a lantern, a rattle to use as a noisemaker, and a staff. Eventually, the beginning of a police force as we know it came about with the addition of more officers and the start of organized efforts at keeping law and order.

But modern law enforcement owes its beginnings to the early people who helped society become civilized and orderly. People could be safe and protected through the help of their law officers. 

COLORIFIC...

Hidden somewhere within the words of each sentence below is a color. For example, in the sentence, "The cast will be wearing old-fashioned clothing," the color GOLD is hidden in "wearing old-fashioned. . . ."

1. The train will make a stop in Kansas City.
2. The fisherman was proud of the stingray he caught.
3. Mark cared for the little lost terrier.
4. Jason will visit his aunt and uncle in Wyoming.
5. They must agree not to spoil the surprise.
6. Either Beth or Angela can baby-sit on Saturday.
7. Rob lacks some of the materials for his class project.
8. Lila came over to study with me.
9. The top news story was about a quake in Mexico.
10. The lamb Eric raised won a prize at the fair.

Answers are on page 13.

by M. Kyle

National FCF Rendezvous
June 28-July 2, 1988
Eagle Rock, MO



by Kevin Koller

I wish you wouldn't run around with Martin, son," my mother exclaimed one day.

"Why not, Mom?" I licked some cake crumbs off my thumb. "What's wrong with Martin?"

"For one thing, he's not a Christian," Mom answered. "And I think your best friends ought to be Christians. Friends are a big influence in a young person's life."

"Aw, Mom, there you go sounding like Pastor Beckley again!" I protested. "How do you know Mar-

tin isn't a Christian? He goes to his church most of the time."

"I can tell by the way he talks and acts," Mom answered. "Sometimes it sounds as if he's making fun of the Christian faith with some of his comments. And you'll have to agree that he does things that are what a Christian shouldn't do."

"By whose standards?" I shot back at her. "By the standards of our little particular church? He goes to a different type of church entirely, where they don't frown on those

things. Sometimes I think it would do me good to get a little broader viewpoint than the one on which I've been raised. Maybe that's why I find Martin so interesting. He's got a keen brain, you know."

Mom sighed as she put the chocolate cake away. "Oh, son, if only you could realize that the wisdom of this world is directly opposed to the truth of God! Please listen to me before it's too late!"

I looked at my mother indulgently. "Don't worry, Mom. I can

take care of myself." As I went to my room to study, I muttered to myself, "Poor Mom, she's so tied up in the old ways, she couldn't change if she wanted to. But that doesn't mean that I have to be tied down to eighteenth-century ideas!"

The next day Martin and I got into another one of our interesting discussions.

"As I've been trying to tell you," Martin said, throwing himself down on his family-room couch, "you've been wrapped up in your own little narrow world all your life. What you have to do is cut out of your cocoon and learn how to live a little, kid."

"Well, I haven't particularly missed some of the things you do, Martin. We've always had a pretty full and interesting life centered around our church activities."

"Now that's what I mean," argued Martin. "How do you expect to understand the world and what life is all about if all you know and believe comes from that little church of yours? Look at me, for instance. I know all about various philosophies and theories that are foreign to you."

"And I know quite a bit about the Bible and the Lord," I countered. "And I know what I've learned in school."

"There you go again!" exclaimed Martin, exasperated. "It's always the Bible this and the Bible that. How do you know it's inspired? Just because it says it is? How can you swallow all those fairy tales like Adam and Eve, and Jonah and the whale?"

"Doesn't your church believe Adam and Eve were real people, and that they sinned like the Bible says they did?"

"Good night, no!" laughed Martin. "Our minister says they were just symbolic."

"Well, if they were just symbolic, man never fell at all; and Jesus didn't need to die for our sins," I pointed out.

"Now you're catching the idea," grinned Martin. "Of course I believe Jesus was a great humanitarian and teacher, but so were Buddha and Confucius."

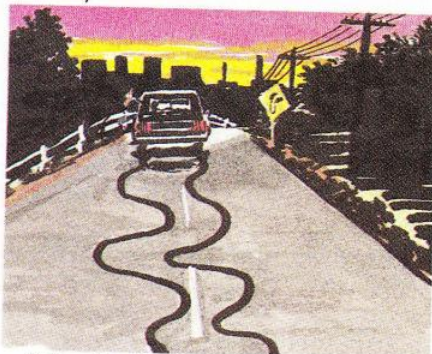
I shook my head in confusion. "Sometimes when you talk I get all mixed up," I said. "You seem to know so much about other teachings."

"That's what I've been trying to tell you. Break out of your shell and learn!"

Saturday was a beautiful day, and I phoned my girl, Mary Lou, to pack a picnic lunch. "We'll drive up to Eagle Point for the day," I suggested. "And bring one of your friends for Martin."

On the way to Eagle Point we all laughed and joked a lot. Martin was driving his car, and he seemed to like Mary Lou's friend pretty well. I was relieved that he didn't bring up any of his controversial ideas.

We had a wonderful day strolling and climbing, sitting on the grass, talking, and eating. The blue sky and fleecy white clouds painted pictures, and the sun shone down warmly.



"Too bad we don't do this more often," I remarked drowsily.

It wasn't until the sun went down and we were getting into the car that trouble reared its ugly head. Martin brought out a bottle of liquor and took a long swig. "Here," he said, holding it out to me, "have some. Let's loosen up a little."

"No thanks," I replied stiffly, shaking my head. "You know I don't drink."

"And you know what I said about breaking out of your shell," exclaimed Martin, taking another deep draught. "When are you going to do it? Are you going to be Mommy's baby all your life? Come on, Cindy and Mary Lou, have a drink!"

The girls looked doubtfully from me to Martin and shook their heads. Mary Lou gave me a long questioning look. I couldn't meet her eyes.

As we drove home, every once in a while Martin took another drink. Before long he seemed to be driving erratically, and his talk became quite coarse.

"Come on, Martin," I said, "you've had enough of that stuff. Let me drive."

"Lemme alone," Martin snarled, swerving the car. "You Sunday school boys think you know all the answers!"

As we came to the edge of town, Cindy said, "I'd like to get out here, please."

"So would I," said Mary Lou quietly. She looked at me with faint disapproval.

"Why are you looking at me that way?" I demanded. "I didn't do anything!"

"Fine friends you pick!" she exclaimed under her breath. "Why, he's nothing but a drunken bum! How could you invite us to go out with a character like this? Make him let us out!"

I tapped Martin on the shoulder. "We'd like to get off here."

"Well, if you're going to be antisocial," Martin blurted angrily, "you can *all* get out!" He slammed on the brakes sharply and the car lurched to a halt.

After I saw the decidedly cool girls home, I walked home through the warm, fragrant evening alone.

Yep, I guess this is where I get out, Martin, I thought. For a while I sure did admire you. But, you, poor soul, are nothing but an empty shell. You're the one who doesn't know what it's all about!

I turned the corner to my street whistling and thinking: "To God be the glory, great things He hath done; So loved He the world that He gave us His Son. . . ."



Answers to "Colorific" quiz on page 11.

1. stop in Kansas; 2. stingray; 3. cared; 4. aunt and;
5. agree not; 6. or Angela; 7. Rob lacks; 8. Lila came;
9. a quake; 10. lamb Eric.



One Of My Flock



by Robert B. Ward

Bethlehem was quiet the night the lion raided Jesse's sheep. The moon was climbing out of the Jordan Valley, while flocks of sheep slept behind stone walls beside the villagers' houses. Jesse and his family were asleep when the lion struck.

For an instant there was the sound of soft bodies bumping into others. Then came the bleat of a goat and the barking of Jesse's dogs. Jesse and his sons stumbled from their beds. The sheep huddled against the house. A handful of goats stood in a circle in the middle of the yard, horns outward, daring a marauder to come their way.

The oldest sons joined their father on the steps. The smaller brother rushed into the yard. He shouted from the shadows. "He's gone! Black Face is gone!"

Dry limbs crackled in the olive grove outside the rock wall. "Something is out there," the boy said, as he hurried toward the gate.

"Stop, David," the father ordered.

The oldest brother spoke. "It was foolish enough to rush out into the yard."

"Not when your sheep are being attacked," David answered.

The next morning sixty-five villagers assembled at Jesse's yard to study the footprints. "It is a male lion," a hunter said. "See the width of the paws? It is a large, old lion."

Someone shouted from the olive grove, that he had discovered the remains of Black Face. When the men left to hunt the lion, David remained behind. "Someone needs to keep our flocks," his father said.

The village sheep grazed in the valley south of town. David and his neighbor's two sons kept their flocks together. In the distance they could see other sheep under the care of boys too young to go into the wilderness on a lion hunt.

"They will slay the lion today," Samuel said. He was the larger of the neighbor's sons. "My father is the best hunter in Judea."

"We hope so," David replied. "If not, we shall lose more sheep and goats."

Steep hills bordered the ravines that led them into the wilderness. The afternoon sun was hot as the boys shared their flask of water. A mother sheep eyed them as they drank.

"See, she is thirsty," David said. "Perhaps water still flows in the deep ravine; the grass there is green."

"And there are round rocks—good ones for a sling," Samuel added.

The boys urged their sheep toward the wilderness. Flowers bloomed at their feet. "See," David said. "Surely there is water in the wadi."

In the distance two flocks could be seen moving back toward the village. "We won't have to worry about getting to the well for water," the smallest boy said as the lead sheep caught the scent of a stream and led the others into the narrow canyon.

The mountain overshadowed the flock. "This looks dangerous," Samuel said.

"Yes," David answered. "I will walk ahead of the sheep." He hurried into the shadows where high cliffs had cut off the sun. The sheep trampled across the muddy valley floor as they moved toward the water in the canyon. It was the mud that gave the first hint of danger. There, missed by trampling feet, was a fresh lion track. "Stop!" David shouted. "A lion has been here."

The boys tried to turn the flock, but the sheep had sighted the water and would not turn back.

"Let them drink," the smallest boy said. "Then they will move back onto the plain."

"All except the old ewe. She will not stay with the others. See, she goes farther up the stream."

"The dog will bring her back," Samuel said.

When the mother sheep disappeared into the winding crevice, the dog went after her. He barked as he circled the sheep. At the sound of running feet, the boys turned expecting to see the ewe. Instead they saw the dog; he was running to save his life!

"He has seen the lion!" Samuel shouted, as he began to drive the sheep from the canyon.

"One sheep is still there." David pointed to the shadows.

"Let her stay," Samuel replied.

"It is one of my flock," David said, "and the Lord would want me to protect my flock." He stepped into the darkness, sling in hand.

Fifty yards up the narrow gorge David found the sheep. David followed her gaze as she stared across the tiny stream. A large lion crouched in the reeds; saliva dripped from its jaws. The lion watched. If the boy ran, the lion would attack him. David did not run. He fitted a rock into his sling. "You shall not hurt my sheep," David said as he whirled the sling around his head.

Samuel and his companion stopped in the valley and looked back toward the gorge. The smaller boy trembled as he spoke.

"Do you think that the lion was there?"

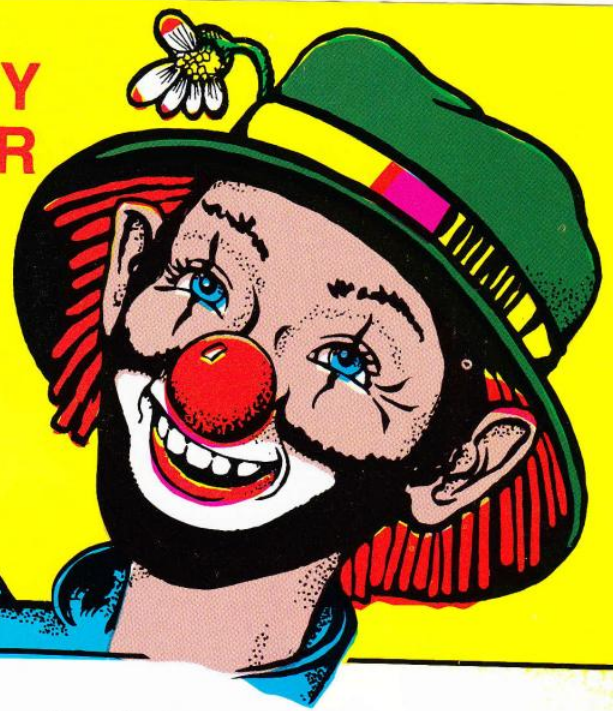
"Of course," Samuel nodded.

"Then would he . . ." the boy's question went unasked, for Jesse's son, David, came out of the narrow canyon; his sheep walked before him. The lion was dead.

Years later Samuel would grow into manhood. He would follow David into dangerous places, and would gain a portion of David's courage. David not only had courage to protect his flock, he also had bravery that came from knowing one belonged to another flock—the flock of God. Samuel discovered that in the shadow of death, the Lord would take care of his flock.



COMEDY CORNER



RIDDLES

By M.M. Savoie

What gets wetter and wetter the more it dries?
A towel.

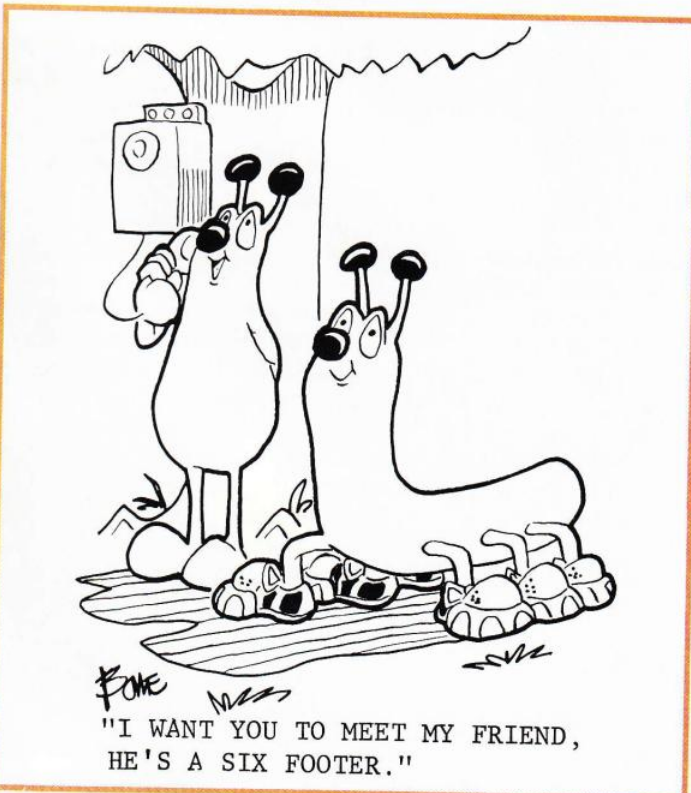
What stays hot even in the refrigerator?
Hot peppers.

What is it that you cannot hold for ten minutes even though it is as light as a feather?
Your breath.

What is the difference between a jeweler and a jailer?
One sells watches and the other watches cells.

What always walks with its head down?
A nail in a shoe.

What runs downhill but can't run up?
A river.



What goes through a pane of glass without breaking it?
Light.

What has teeth but can't eat?
A comb.

What is the difference between an old dime and a new penny?
Nine cents.

THE ST★R PRINCIPLE

It was the day of the big game, but Jack wasn't going. He had to work. He was the star quarterback at Aston High, and this was the week they played their chief rival Trenton. He wished more than anything that he didn't have to work, but he valued his job as a cashier in a big sporting goods store. So when Mr. Christianson asked him to help him out on Saturday, he reluctantly said yes. When Jack graduated from high school he planned to study business in college, and this was a good start.

"Why did Mr. Christianson have to ask me to work *this* Saturday?" Jack asked, as he hopped in the car with his father for the drive to town this morning. "Any other Saturday I would have been glad to help out. I'd even stay over on Wednesday or Thursday night to help him. I could have said no, you know. I'm not required to work Saturdays." He looked downcast.

"You wouldn't have said no, Jack," said his father. "You're the kind of guy who uses the star principle."

"The *what*?" Jack asked, looking over at his father.

"The star principle." Jack looked bewildered. His father saw the look on his face and chuckled. "Well, you

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know those billions of stars scattered in the universe are there in the daytime as well as in the evening," his father said, "but we can't see them. Only when it's dark do they illuminate the sky for us. Some people go by that same principle. When things get dark and tough they really shine. They make the best of a bad situation and come out on top, shining like stars for the rest of the world to see. You've always been like that. Like the time you had strep throat for so long and missed so much school. Anyone else would have been lucky just to pass that year. But you studied hard when you felt well enough to do it, and you made the honor roll in spite of the handicap. That's what I mean."

Jack perked up at the thought. It was true. Sometimes circumstances didn't go very well, but you could always try to make the best of it. What else *could* be done?

When his father dropped him off at the store, he was in a better mood than he had been.

"Hi, Jack," Mr. Christianson said, when he saw Jack come in. "I can't tell you how pleased I am that you agreed to come in today. We're really shorthanded."

Jack remembered what his father had said. "I'm glad I could help," he said with a smile.

That day he helped more customers and sold more items than he could remember selling in all the days and nights he had worked there. He even left his own cash register to help a trainee who had made a mistake when he rang up a customer.

Jack was tired when his father picked him up that night, but he was happy.

"Not such a bad day after all, huh?" his father asked, as Jack got into the car, smiling.

"No, it wasn't; I got a raise—a *big* one! Mr. Christianson said if I keep up the good work he'll make me an assistant manager this summer."

"Well, good for you; that'll be a big help to you," his father said. "Congratulations!"

"Thanks," said Jack. "I guess that star principle works after all." He thought about the big game. "I wonder how the team did today?" he asked.

"They won—38 to 35," his father said.

Jack sat back and smiled. "I guess we all won today," he said, as they drove home.