

The Barn



"Many young boys [of our people] are given a small wooden lacrosse stick while they are still in the cradle."

Cayuga Faithkeeper Dao Jao Dre
in *Lacrosse: The Ancient Game* by Jim Calder

Robbie drifted into sleep that night knowing that Red Hawk would be visiting him—for now the eleventh straight full moon—and was ready with an entirely new set of questions to ask and places he might want to see based on his meeting with the Turnbulls. More importantly, his second meeting with the hawk had convinced him that the first one was not just a chance one-time event but rather a much deeper connection with Nature and gave him yet another new perspective on his relationship with Red Hawk, Captain Lewis, and the stick.

"Hi, Robbie," Red Hawk began.

"Hi!" Robbie gushed. "I met Major and Mrs. Turnbull this afternoon!"

Red Hawk nodded, as he already knew.

"So you have known them all these years," Robbie offered more as a statement than a question.

"I have never been able to communicate with them directly, you know, but I certainly know who they are and their role in the story of our stick. They have done a great job in preserving Jack and Doug's part of the story."

Robbie's heart jumped a little when Red Hawk said 'our' stick. Despite the fact that Robbie had grown quite

accustomed to—and comfortable with—Red Hawk, he still none-the-less marveled at his ability to communicate with a boy his age who had live some two-hundred and fifty years earlier!

"I can't believe how much I have learned from you and everyone else already, Red Hawk," Robbie began. "And now knowing that the Turnbulls are going to be able to help me...it's pretty amazing!"

"Well, Robbie, remember that all of this is designed to pass along the spirit and goodness that has been a part of stick over the centuries. So just keep learning as much as you can and do your best. Remember that the only requirement of being the steward of the stick is to 'Respect the Game' and pass the stick along when you so choose. I am sure that all of the previous stewards—and others like the Turnbulls—will do their very best to help you."

"I know—but it is pretty overwhelming. I don't really even know which way to go right now. Do you have any ideas?"

"I don't have any specific ideas right now, Robbie. It really is a matter of what you want. I'll let you decide," Red Hawk responded, true to form.

"Well, with the Turnbulls now as part of this—do you think you could help me learn more about Doug and Jack?" Robbie asked.

"I'll be glad to try. Where would you like to start?"

"See, that's where I don't even know. Jack and Doug were both pretty amazing players and people, right? Maybe just some more about them that we haven't visited yet?"

"O.K., well, how 'bout we go back to Baltimore in February, 1914? Do you remember what we saw when that package arrived at the Turnbull home?"

"I do. The part where General Chamberlain had sent the stick to Doug? I remember all of it!"

"That's it. But let's watch a little more this time."

"Great! Let's go!"

Red Hawk began the scene where they had left off a few months earlier. Doug had just received a letter written by the daughter of the famous Civil War General Joshua Chamberlain who had died just days before. Included with the letter was the stick, a leather bag to hold the stick, an ancient rawhide lacrosse ball, and a copy of the book Uncle Tom's Cabin which was signed by the author, Harriett Beecher Stowe, to Chamberlain. The excitement—and more than a little surprise—in the Turnbull home was palpable.

After quickly reading the enclosed letter and inscription in the book, Doug began to inspect his gifts. He could tell immediately that there was something special about the stick—it had a magical feel to it. He took the old ball, placed it in the stick, and began to cradle.

"As a precocious four-year-old it didn't take Jack long to want to try the stick himself," Red Hawk said with a smile. As Jack reached for the stick, his older brother handed it to him. Jack became startled by how the stick felt—as if he had been shocked. He was confused by its feeling—which was certainly something he would never have experienced or understood. He immediately stared at the stick. Then he stared inquisitively at Doug. His brother was unable to explain the warm and soft electric sensation the stick created when the boys touched it since he had just experienced for the first time himself and was equally perplexed.

After a few minutes, Doug asked for the stick back and Jack followed him to the barn behind their house. Doug began throwing the new ball with his new stick. He instantly felt the power and precision of the stick as he threw.

After a few minutes of using his new stick, Doug handed it back to Jack. The youngster eagerly took the stick and began throwing at the barn. Jack had spent quite a few hours on the barn with Doug, but he felt completely different with the new stick. Though much smaller than his older

brother, Jack was able to sling the ball with complete ease with the special stick compared to the much more labored effort required with his regular stick. Jack knew it was special. He continued to look at Doug with confusion and amazement, which quickly started to turn into sheer joy.

The boys traded turns using the special stick while their parents sat nearby absorbing the scene and wondering how Chamberlain had come to send the stick to Doug, junior.

Red Hawk continued his narration, "So, you see, Robbie, even though the stick was originally intended for Doug, junior—General Chamberlain had not met Jack—Doug was extremely generous in allowing Jack to enjoy it as well. I am not sure all brothers would have been so generous and gracious."

The boys played for a few hours that afternoon, creating their own games and competitions with each other.

"Those brothers spent countless hours on that barn—sometimes together like we just saw and sometimes individually. They would alternate between the new stick and their regular ones. Sometimes their sisters joined them. I am sure that the power and magic of the stick helped inspire them to keep working their skills on their 'wall'—their barn," Red Hawk suggested.

Red Hawk continued, "I was able to visit Doug that night—I thought Jack was far too young—at least at that point. I think I took Doug to the scene you and I saw with Chamberlain and Casey at Little Round Top. But there were probably about five hundred more! I spent a lot of time with Doug. You might remember that Doug had the stick for about forty-five years!

"I was able to visit with Jack, as well. I probably started with him when he was about thirteen or fourteen. They were both great men but very different in many ways. Doug was rather gregarious while Jack was usually quite a bit more reserved. They were great brothers to each other and to their

three sisters. I think the age difference, which was about six years, probably helped. Jack worshipped Doug.

"Even though Doug was the first—and then only—four-time First-Team All-American for about fifty years, he was always eager to tell people that Jack was a much better lacrosse player than he was. Jack was a three-time First-Team All-American and almost certainly would have been again but he graduated in three years and chose not to return to Hopkins for a fourth season."

As he frequently had in the previous year, Robbie's eyes asked Red Hawk a question concerning Jack's graduating in three years.

Red Hawk expected the silent question. "I think we'll have time to get to that part of the story later on, Robbie. I just thought you might enjoy seeing how the brothers came to share the stick. I'll see you soon!"

"Maybe in a month or so," Robbie joked.

The Best Way to Put Out a Fire



"Intellectuals solve problems. Geniuses prevent them."

Albert Einstein

Dear Robbie,

Greetings from South Carolina! Jerri and I are back home now and thoroughly enjoyed meeting with you, your parents, your sister, and Jim. It is a great honor to make your acquaintance. Jerri and I are very excited to share in your experience with Red Hawk and your stick.

As I mentioned, I think that I would like to share some things about Jack and my father—especially some of their extensive writings—with you with the hope that you'll get to know them a little better and to see the type of people they were. My father was a prolific reader, writer, and correspondent—he wrote tons and tons of letters. His brother, sisters, nieces, nephews, friends, children, and grandchildren were frequently the recipient of personal notes, letters, photographs, and newspaper clippings annotated as to their particular relevance to them (a dying art, I suspect).

I should make a brief note to emphasize what I consider to be the true significance of these writings. Please remember that before the age of instant worldwide communication capabilities that we enjoy today, most people relied entirely on letters, which

frequently took many (often agonizing) days or weeks to exchange. Phone calls were largely unavailable or prohibitively expensive. Also—remember that the World Wide Web, e-mail, You Tube, text messaging, Facebook, Twitter, Facetime, Instagram, and all of the other modern 'social networking' mechanisms are remarkably new in the history of human communication. So, in the days of my father and Uncle Jack (and, obviously before), letters, diaries, scrapbooks, and newspaper articles were, and are now, invaluable historical personal and family documents. Many of us old-timers still yearn for the days of the personal hand-written letter.

So here is one of many letters from my father that I hope to share with you in the coming months and years. I hope you enjoy it as much as I did back in 1946!

My very, very best to you and your family.

"Respect the Game!"

Bruce

Robbie began reading the enclosed letter.

August 30, 1946

Dear Bruce,

My father used to say to us children, "The best way to put out a fire...is to have it not start." Hmm...seems pretty simple, doesn't it?

Well, as you prepare to enter your freshman year at the Gilman School, let me offer you some thoughts on how you might best maximize your experience there.

Above all things, I beseech you to retain your honor and our family's good name at all costs. Nothing else is even in second place in this regard. Conduct yourself as a gentleman at all times. Stay ahead of—not just 'up with'—your work in all areas. You have shown great promise to date—of which your mother and I are very proud. However, understand that past performance is no guarantee of future success. Therefore, you must be attentive to all of your endeavors with renewed commitment every single day. Nothing less will do in your schooling, professional career, or family responsibilities—nor will it be acceptable.

'The best way to put out a fire is to have it not start,' then, can mean many things. In the literal sense, try to imagine an actual fire sweeping through any structure—such as a house. Picture how difficult it is to contain the fire at any given point—obviously the longer it burns, the more difficult it becomes to extinguish. And also consider the damage inflicted—and the cost to repair that damage (if it is even possible)—that accompanies such destruction.

Now imagine that the fire had not even started and what a tremendous difference you would see. So remember that 'preventing fires' is critical to any home or business.

Now consider a metaphorical application. Think of a problem that you may encounter—say a strain in a friendship, a lapse in judgment of personal behavior, a dishonorable act, etc. Think now of how some of those situations may have been avoided or prevented.

Imagine being on the wrong side of one of

these situations and the work and cost that would go into rebuilding the damage you may have caused (and as with a real fire, you may not be able to repair it fully or at all).

Professional firefighters (and people of common sense, it would seem) will tell you that 'fire prevention' is a full-time endeavor. It means to do your very best to establish conditions that do not lend themselves to igniting a fire. Storage of flammable materials far removed from heat sources seems like an obvious good practice.

So seek to cultivate the purest of motives and habits in all regards. Strengthen your mind, body, and spirit so that they will not be susceptible to injury or damage. Identify and hold fast to strong principles—it is these good habits that will protect you, your reputation, your career, and your family in particularly trying times.

To the very best of your ability, you should diligently practice 'fire prevention' in all areas of your life. Prepare in your academic work so as to not have a 'fire' (a poor or failing grade) on your hands. Cultivate your personal and family relationships with the understanding that you cannot go through this life alone—nor would you want to. You will need help at many turns. People will need help from you. These relationships define who we are and what we are all about.

Develop your athletic skills so that you can react instantly and properly in the heat of a game to help your team succeed.

Stay on top of your financial concerns. You certainly do not want a fire in this area. You will

have much to learn about this subject—but like most things, the fundamentals are simple. Be frugal in your spending and save all you can. You will likely be in a constant battle for your entire life to make the best use of your finances. It is never too early to begin to plan properly and exercise good habits.

There is absolutely no substitute for hard work, conscientiousness, and personal responsibility in all areas of your life. Simple. Work at it.

Prevent problems and do not be content to simply fix them. Think and plan ahead. You'll be glad you did.

Your mother and I look forward to your high school years with great eagerness and excitement. Continue to make our family proud.

The best way to put out a fire is to have it not start.

With Love, Pride, and Excitement,

Dad

Poly



"What is a teacher? I'll tell you: it isn't someone who teaches something, but someone who inspires the student to give of her best in order to discover what she already knows."

Paulo Coelho
The Witch of Portobello

Red Hawk visited Robbie on the next full moon, as usual.

"Hi, Robbie," Red Hawk began.

"Hi!" Robbie gushed with his usual excitement.

"Do you have any thoughts on what you might want to see or learn tonight, Robbie?"

"Do you think we can keep learning more about Jack and Doug?" "I think we can probably do that," Red Hawk responded with a grin. The boys moved through time to 1927.

"Robbie, this is Jack Turnbull's high school, Baltimore Polytechnic Institute—most people just call it 'Poly.' It is April of 1927. There is Jack," Red Hawk gestured. "This is his junior year. He is the captain of the Poly team and they are playing the Naval Academy's 'plebe'—or freshman—team this afternoon.

"His brother Doug is over there in the stands," Red Hawk indicated with his eyes. Robbie looked over with excitement to see Doug. "Jack's coach is giving him some

instructions that he hopes Jack will share with the team before they head out to play."

The time travelers listened in on the conversation.

Jack's coach, D. A. Melosh, asked Jack, "So, Jack, how are the guys feeling right now?"

Jack replied with the expected answer, "Great, coach!"

"You sure?"

"What do you mean, coach? The guys are ready to go," Jack insisted.

"O.K., but they just seem a little tense right now—like they don't think they can win. Do you feel that from them?"

"Not really, coach...well, maybe we are a little nervous."

"O.K. Jack, let's make sure that everyone is ready to go. This has always been a big game for us—these midshipmen are very good. I know that we've only beaten them one time in the last fifteen or so years but we have the talent and teamwork to do it again right now."

"Yes, sir."

"We can't play timid out there. We have to be strong everywhere on the field. If we show any sign of weakness or hesitation, they will take advantage of it."

"Yes, sir."

"I can talk to the team all I want, Jack, but it works much better when it comes from leaders like you who will be on the field. So just keep the guys positive no matter what happens out there. There will certainly be a lot of good and bad for us, but we just have to stay focused and play as hard as we can. We've been talking about it all season—haven't we? I know you

guys can do a great job with this game."

"Yes, sir."

Jack gathered his team together just before the opening face-off. "Guys, we can do this! Stick together, play hard, and don't ever give up. Navy is probably gonna be really, really physical. But we can do it. Just be ready for it and if we can take some of the body blows and stick checks, we'll be able to put our skill to use. Let's just keep fighting and play as hard as we can."

The team then raised all of their sticks above the huddle.

"On three—Poly!" commanded Jack. "One—two—THREE!"

"POLY!" the boys chanted.

Robbie marveled at how all of the comments and pregame discussions and cheers looked like the ones before his games. The game began with extremely physical play from the midshipmen. It didn't take long for Robbie to notice that they were able to impose their superior physical presence on the younger, less mature high schoolers.

Robbie also couldn't help but notice the difference in the gear the players were wearing. Their sticks were obviously of the old wooden style. They were much bigger and bulkier than his modern plastic and titanium stick. The gloves were big, bulky, and stiff. The helmets the boys were wearing were made of soft leather, with a leather visor, and no facemask. All of the bulk in the playing gear had its effect on the speed—or lack thereof—of play. But Robbie was enthralled none-the-less. He studied the players, their skills, and tactics.

"Stay ahead of the play, boys," Melosh commanded. "Stay ahead of the play."

Robbie asked Red Hawk what Coach Melosh was saying, "Is he saying, 'Stay ahead of the play?'"

"Yes, he is."

"What do you think that means? I don't think any of my coaches have said that."

"Stay ahead of the play," Robbie, "means to know what is going to happen before it happens. Those midshipmen are being pretty physical and knocking some of the Poly boys down or off the play. I think their coach wants them to be more prepared for the contact. He knows they can play well; they are just not ready for how physical Navy is. If they can get past that part, I think they'll be able to do well."

The boys continued to watch. Robbie thought of the many teams that had been particularly physical against his own teams and how it frequently disrupted his team's play.

"Stay ahead, boys. Stay ahead," Melosh continued to implore his team. "You can do it."

Navy scored three goals—all in remarkably similar fashion. A strong body check on a Poly player cradling the ball, followed by a loose ball which was invariably picked up by Navy, followed by a swift upfield pass, followed by two or three more pinpoint passes to an easy shot for a goal. Robbie continued to marvel at how similar it was to his own games despite the fact that the sticks were so big and bulky.

Melosh called a timeout after Navy's third goal to attempt to settle his team and, hopefully, stop the Midshipmen's momentum.

"O.K., boys. Let's settle down a little here. Come on, we talk about this all the time. Remember—CODE. Confidence. Organization. Determination. Enthusiasm. We

can get those goals back. We just have to be stronger when we handle the ball. I hope you noticed that they are very happy to body check you." The Poly boys all let out a soft chuckle.

"So if we can slip off those body checks, we should be able to get them out of position and get a good scoring chance. Our skill isn't worth anything if we aren't strong enough to handle the ball! Things work a lot better out there when we have it—so don't let those checks dislodge the ball. If you can hold onto it—you'll be amazed at how much better things will get. Just be ready for the physical play now. Deal with it and do what we do best. Stay ahead of things—don't let them surprise you."

Melosh looked to Jack to reinforce his instructions. "Come on, guys. We can do this. One thing at a time. Let's start with doing a better job with the ball and we'll go from there. Poly on three. One—two—THREE!"

"POLY!" the boys yelled with new conviction.

Robbie and Red Hawk continued to watch the game as Poly was, in fact, able to shake off some of Navy's physical play and control the ball with more strength. Though they still had not been able to score with a few minutes left in the first half, Poly had certainly evened the play and created some new chances to score.

With about a minute left in the half and Navy still up 3–0, Jack received a pass behind the goal and immediately dodged to the front of the goal. Jack's initial move to his right allowed him to slip by his defender enough to cause another Navy defender to attempt to stop him. Jack saw the sliding defender, who was quite a bit bigger than he was, coming in a straight line to stop his dodge. Jack quickly pulled his stick from his right side with an exaggerated sweep across his face to his left as though he would continue his dodge to his left. As the

sliding defender was within a step of his intended collision, Jack pulled his stick quickly back to his right and attempted to side-step the body check. The Navy defender swung his stick violently at Jack's but missed it.

A face dodge, Robbie thought as he watched.

Jack was hoping that his nifty move would cause the defender to miss his body check as well as his stick check, but he was only partially correct. The defender did not knock him down as he had planned, but he did get a good piece of Jack's chest and left shoulder—almost enough to stop Jack in his tracks. Almost.

Though nearly stopped as his body shuddered, Jack was able to take another step to his right—a hop step actually, while the left side of his body swung around and dragged behind. He quickly regained his balance and realized he had done exactly what his coach had admonished them to do—play with strength through the physical contact. Before his defender could react to Jack's second step, the young Poly attacker drew his stick tight to the right side of his head and rifled a shot past the Navy goalie who never moved. Jack allowed himself a small jump of excitement and tapped the sticks of all of his teammates with his near the goal.

It was the first play all game where a Poly player showed such strength and skill at all—not to mention that close to the goal. All of the Navy defenders near the play stopped and looked at each other in confusion. They had never seen a player do that before—no less a high school player.

Robbie continued to stare on in amazement.

The score remained 3–1 as half-time arrived.

Coach Melosh knew how special Jack's play had been in the context of the game and what it meant to the team, so he

allowed Jack to finish the half-time review for the team.

"Guys, come on! We can do this." Jack began. "See how much better we did when we stopped dropping the ball? Just keep fighting."

As play began in the third quarter, Poly continued to hold their own physically. Jack attempted the same move that he had scored on earlier, but this time the sliding Navy defended got more of Jack's body and knocked him to the ground, causing him to drop the ball, which Navy picked up immediately and took to the other end of the field. Jack grinned to himself a little as he got back on his feet, knowing he would have to be a little quicker and stronger on his next dodge.

As time was closing down in the third quarter, Jack made another strong move to the goal, this time eluding his defender so quickly that there was no time for the Navy defense to rotate to help. Jack did a crisp low fake with his stick to draw the goalie down and out of position and firmly placed the ball high into a virtually open net, closing the score to 3-2.

Both teams battled hard through the end of the third and most of the fourth quarters with neither team demonstrating a clear advantage. With about three minutes left in the game, a Navy player attempted a shot that ricocheted off the goal's crossbar all the way to the midfield line. Jack caught his defender napping for just an instant and outraced him to the loose ball. He neatly picked it up on the run and wheeled immediately to attack Navy's goal, leaving his defender about three steps behind. Jack ran directly at a Navy defender stationed about fifteen yards in front of his goal and playing Jack's fellow attackman. With no choice but to prevent Jack from continuing straight to the goal, the defender moved to slow Jack, who deftly threaded the ball to his line mate for an easy shot on goal and a score to tie the game at three each.

Navy called a timeout, which was perfectly fine for Coach Melosh and the Poly team.

"Great job, boys," Melosh began quickly. "Great job! O.K. so now let's just keep doing what we have been doing. Remember CODE! Handle the ball with strength and fight hard on grounders and defense.

"When we get the ball again, they'll probably cheat a little on Jack, so make sure you are all ready to handle the ball.

"Jack, know that they will be coming hard to you and remember that once you have drawn an extra defender or two, there will be people open."

"Yes, sir," Jack nodded.

Jack implored his teammates, "Let's go, guys, keep fighting. Poly on three. One—two—THREE!"

"POLY!"

Navy won the ensuing faceoff and had the ball on offense as time dipped below one minute.

Robbie was trying desperately to see and hear everything that was going on. He could feel the excitement of the crowd, absorbing it all.

Coach Melosh continued his pleas as he paced the sideline. "Keep fighting, boys. Keep fighting! Stay ahead! Stay ahead!"

Jack kept active on the attack end of the field expecting that a ball would come over as it had on Poly's last goal.

Poly's defense was able to frustrate Navy into a disrupted shot that the Poly goalie was able to steer wide of the goal—but which stayed inbounds. Players on both teams fiercely

contested the loose ball. A Poly defenseman was the first to get his stick on the ball, but he was immediately driven to the ground by his Navy opponent before he could exercise full control of the ball. He was able, though, to roll the ball up the field toward the midfield line where one of his teammates brilliantly picked it up and began racing toward Navy's end of the field. The crowd all stood and cheered the highschoolers. Robbie's heart raced with excitement as the play unfolded. He knew time was running out.

Coach Melosh patiently allowed his boys to continue the play rather than call for a timeout.

Poly's midfielder raced toward the goal inches in front of a Navy midfielder closing on him. He drew a Navy defenseman to him and spun the ball quickly to Jack who realized that the next defenseman in the rotation was bearing down on him with his usual intention—to break up the play by knocking him down and dislodging the ball. At the instant, while being drilled to the turf, Jack released the ball to his nearside low attackman. As Jack's teammate caught the pass, he encountered another Navy defenseman bearing down on him with the same intention and released the ball across the cage to their third linemate, who caught the ball left handed and "quicksticked" the ball into the goal as he, too, was drilled to the turf by Navy's midfielder who fought gallantly all the way back to his own goal to prevent the shot—but just a fraction of a second late. The only way the now-prone attackers knew that the ball had gone in was by the jump of joy from their teammate who had started the play at midfield. All three attackmen jumped up and met in front of the Navy goal to congratulate each other and then the rest of their teammates as they swarmed in. Time expired anticlimactically a few seconds after the ensuing faceoff.

Robbie was completely overcome with excitement and awe. He turned to Red Hawk, "What a great game. I can't believe how much that looked like one of ours."

"The essence of the game hasn't changed much in many centuries, Robbie." Red Hawk observed.

Each team gathered for a brief team huddle to cheer their opponents. The players lined up and shook hands. When the Navy coach arrived upon Jack, he paused for an extended handshake, "You are quite a young warrior, Jack. Keep working on your game. There is no telling how far you will get."

Though exhausted by his efforts in the game, Jack beamed in pride that an opposing coach had noticed his play and thought well enough of him to tell him—especially a coach from Navy calling him a "warrior."

At the end of each line, the coaches met and agreed that they had never seen a play like Poly's last goal where the players on each side played the situation nearly perfectly. The Poly boys just an inch ahead of the defense when anything less would not have earned them a shot. And the Navy defensemen reacted equally well, tactically, technically, mentally, and physically. To see three attackmen all touch the ball in the span of about two seconds while being knocked down and to maintain their composure to make a such a play was spectacular.

After the brief chat with the Navy coaches, Coach Melosh gathered his Poly players in the corner of the field, as always.

"Boys, that was about as great a game as I have been a part of in twenty years. You played great. You responded to a

challenge, met it, and prevailed under difficult circumstances. That's what all of this is all about.

"And as great as it was to win—and it's always great to win—you may want to take a lesson away from this about how incredibly slim margins of victory and defeat are in games like this."

Melosh held up his left hand and pinched his index finger and thumb a fraction of an inch apart. "This much, boys. This much is often the difference between winning and losing, between success and failure. Enjoy the heck out of a great win. But remember that five or six things went our way right at the end there. You certainly made them go your way. But that pipe shot they had could just about as easily gone in. And if any one of those links in that last play are a little off—they might win, just the same. So let's get back to work tomorrow to continue to work on things that give us a chance to continue to make great plays like those."

After Melosh concluded his remarks, the boys all squeezed together for their team cheer led by Jack. "Great job, guys! Let's get back to work tomorrow. Poly on three. One—Two—THREE!"

"POLY!"

Red Hawk moved the scene to the next morning inside the school building at Poly. Red Hawk began, "Robbie, Coach Melosh was also Jack's trigonometry teacher. So they developed a very strong bond."

The boys watched as Melosh returned test papers from the day before to each of the students. He was meticulous in returning tests—too meticulous for Jack at times. Jack got back an 84. Another "B"—not what he was hoping for. Melosh

watched in pain as Jack stuffed the paper in the back of his notebook before any of his classmates might see it. Jack's brother and sisters had always gotten A's and B's—mostly A's. But Mr. Melosh always rewarded effort—so, despite constant frustration, Jack came for help nearly every day. The grades on Jack's report card always seemed to be a little better than he had calculated. Melosh had a way of making sure his students knew that he was on their side. So Jack and a few others were frequent visitors to Melosh's extra help sessions right after school.

Mr. Melosh walked out of class with a somewhat-dejected Jack, "Jack, I can tell that you are trying hard. I have to tell you that when I was your age, I struggled just about the same amount as you have been. It didn't keep me from becoming an army officer or from this great job." Melosh offered with a smile.

"You are doing a good job. Just keep working."

"Yes, sir. Thanks."

Robbie thanked Red Hawk for taking him on this trip.