



*Surveying America's frontier was difficult and often dangerous.*

By the time he was sixteen, George had become a surveyor.

He traveled deep into the wilderness, sleeping beneath blankets of stars. He crossed rushing rivers and climbed mountains that had never been named.

The frontier was beautiful, but it was also dangerous. One wrong step could send a man tumbling into a ravine or he could become lost among the endless trees.

Out there, among towering oaks and whispering pines, George learned the first rule of leadership: Before you can lead others, you must learn to lead yourself.

One evening deep in the Blue Ridge Mountains, a powerful storm rolled across the wilderness.

Wind howled through the trees. Rain turned the narrow trails into slippery rivers of mud.

George's team was tired, hungry and cold.

Then the thoughts came racing: "The woods are too big and dangerous. You should go home."

George closed his hand around the brass compass. The metal felt cold against his palm.