

High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS



FIRST ISSUE

Barrell

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High Adventure

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PURPOSE

This quarterly magazine is designed:

To provide boys with worthwhile, enjoyable leisurely reading

To challenge them in narrative form to higher ideals and greater spiritual dedication.

To perpetuate the spirit of the Royal Rangers program through stories, ideas, and illustrations.

A CHAT WITH THE NATIONAL COMMANDER



Hi Fellows:

We are very pleased to present the first exciting issue of HIGH ADVENTURE, our new magazine for boys.

Thousands of boys will be joining in enjoying each fast moving adventure story, each true camping venture, each professional tip and demonstration, each special feature, each challenging devotion, and every joke and cartoon.

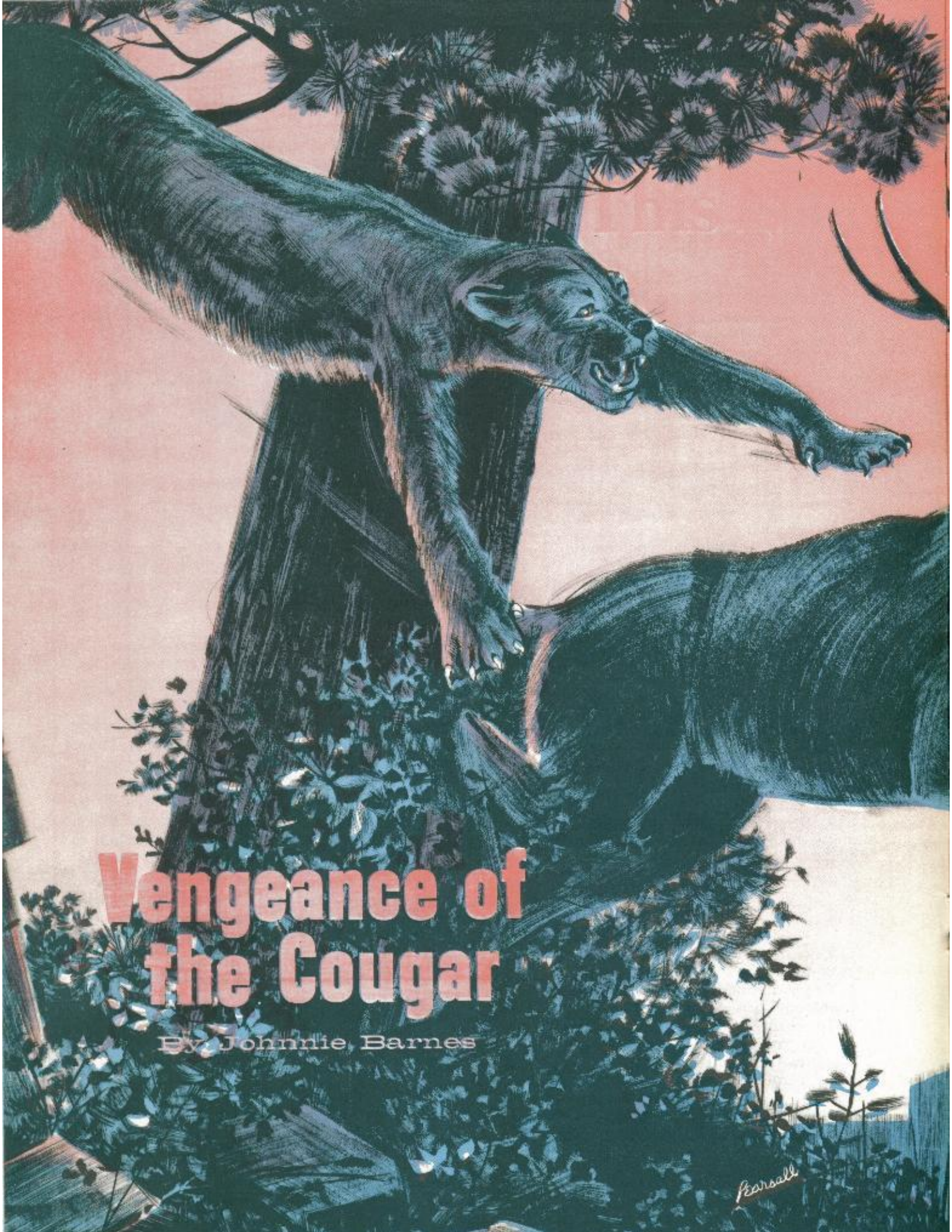
We want our magazine to be the very best. For this reason, we would be happy to receive any suggestions you might have on how to make this a more profitable and enjoyable magazine.

We will need jokes and cartoons for our "Comedy Corner" section. One dollar each will be paid for usable jokes. In case of duplicate jokes, the first to reach our office will be considered. These jokes should not be copied out of other magazines. Three dollars each will be paid for usable cartoons. If you are a budding cartoonist, here is a place for you to use your talent. Your cartoon must also be original.

The magazine will also need capable writers to submit feature stories and articles. These articles must be well-written and should require little editing. The fees will run about \$10 per page (actual magazine page, not type written page). If an article involves sketches, a rough layout should be sent in from the author.

Here's wishing you the very best in topnotch reading as a member of the HIGH ADVENTURE gang.

Johnnie Barnes



Vengeance of the Cougar

By Johnnie Barnes

Pearsall



The cougar lay crouched on a tree limb; his sleek body tense and ready. Through the concealment of the foliage, his eyes watched his victim. The small deer cautiously stepped into the clearing beneath the tree. Suddenly the cougar gave a high-pitched scream and sprang through the air. The deer was instantly struck to the ground. In a few moments of violence it was over, with the cougar giving a victorious cry over his gory kill.

Our story is about a man whose actions while in quest for vengeance were so much like a marauding animal that the Indians fearfully called him "The Cougar."

In 1870, Samuel Huff built his cabin on Bier Creek in the Cross Timbers section of North Texas, about ten miles north of the frontier settlement of Decatur. A few weeks later he brought his wife and three children by wagon to the new homestead. It was wild, unsettled country and the Indians were nearby; but the rich soil and an abundance of grass made it an ideal site for a small ranch.

In the spring of 1871, the Huff family was in the cornfield hoeing corn. The baby was lying on a blanket on the front porch of the cabin.

Sam shaded his eyes with his hand and studied the sun; then, turning to his nine-year-old son he instructed, "Lum, you better go down to the creek bottom and get the milk cows, it's getting late." Lum Huff quickly dropped his hoe, glad to cease the drudgery of hoeing, to bring home the two family cows. He soon disappeared into the tree-covered valley.

A few minutes later a band of renegade Comanche Indians came riding out of a grove of Post Oaks toward the cornfield.

When Sam Huff saw the painted Indians riding down upon him, he raced to the end of the cornfield for his rifle. His wife and teen-age daughter ran for the cabin where the baby was lying on the front porch.

Huff reached his rifle and threw it to his shoulder. He was able to fire only one shot. The slug glazed the head of the leading Indian, tearing off part of his ear. Moments later war lances pinned Huff to the ground. The wounded Indian leaped from his horse and ripped off Sam Huff's scalp.

The woman and girl had almost reached the cabin when they were cut down with tomahawks. The baby began to cry and it too was silenced. After ramsacking the cabin, the Indians' rode off to the north.

When Lum Huff heard the war cry and the screams, he came racing back toward the cabin.



When he saw what was happening, he fell behind a clump of grass to conceal himself. He lay in a state of shock. His heart pounding like a giant drum, sobs of horror and grief rose in his throat, but no sound came out.

He lay frozen to the spot until twilight fell, then he leaped to his feet and began to run away from the scene of death and horror—toward the nearest neighbor. For hours he ran, guided by instinct and driven by desperation until he stumbled, exhausted, upon the front porch of Josh Bell's cabin. It was several minutes later before he could sob out his story of unbelievable horror.

The alarm was given and a group of settlers rode to the Huff homestead. Even the hardest among them were shocked and moved by what they saw. The bodies of the slain family were wrapped in blankets and placed in a wagon bed. Boards were then nailed across the top to form a crude coffin; thus, they were buried together in one large grave.

During the brief funeral service, Lum began to gesture wildly and scream out his vow to avenge his family against the Comanche Indians. Most of those present thought it was only the anguished cry of a grief-stricken boy. Little did they realize the extent his vengeance would some day drive him to. The minister conducting the service placed his arm around Lum and prayed, "God bless this boy and give him comfort and peace." It would be many years before his prayer would be answered.

Lum went to live with Josh Bell and his family. There were two boys in the Bell family—John was about the same age as Lum and Jim was a year younger. Mother Bell tried to give him the same love as her own boys, and she did everything possible to help him forget. However, one night, a few weeks later, the family was awakened by the anguished cry of Lum. In a nightmare, he was experiencing again the massacre of his family. He was depressed for many days, and his desolate eyes reflected an inner distress. Through the weeks that followed, this nightmare was repeated many times.

One day another event happened that further increased Lum's hatred for the Indians.

Lum and the Bell boys had gone to a thicket near the homestead to pick wild plums. While they were engrossed in picking plums, a group of Comanches stealthily crept up behind them and clamped their hands over the boys' mouths before they could cry out. The boys suddenly found themselves the victims of an Indian-style kidnapping. Lum fought desperately, but the Indians soon had him gagged and tied with leather thongs.

That night they untied the boys. The two fright-

ened Bell boys meekly did as they were told; but when Lum was untied, he turned in fury on his nearest captor and began to hit, kick, and bite. The amused Indians jokingly called him "the little cougar." At the time, none of them realized how appropriate this name would become.

When they arrived at the Indian village several days later, Lum saw an Indian warrior with an ear missing. He felt sure this was the man who had killed his father. After showing his hostilities for many days to the amusement of his captors, Lum realized if he was to make his escape, he would have to cooperate with the Indians.

The tribe adopted the boys and began giving them training in Indian lore along with the other young Indian boys. Their training included stalking, hunting, the use of a bow and arrows and other skills to make them good warriors. Life with the Indians would have been less unpleasant if it had not been for Lum's hatred. Everything he did, he did with a brooding calculation.

One day on a hunting trip, Lum made his escape. He used all the skills he had learned to elude his pursuers.

A week later, half starved and very weary, Lum arrived back home.

With Lum's knowledge of the location of the Indian village, and with the assistance of the Indian agency in Lawton, Oklahoma, the Bell family were soon reunited with their sons, John and Jim. The boys were ransomed for the price of 15 horses each. After almost two years with the Indians, the family was finally back together.

Lum became quite a hero, and for a number of years he lived a normal life, except for the frequent nightmares that reminded him of his hatred for the Indians.

At the age of sixteen, Lum had grown to his full height and had the body of a man. He also had the qualities of a frontiersman; having an outstanding ability with a rifle and pistol which was well known throughout the area. However, his frequent periods of depression gave him a sullen and withdrawn personality. That year another massacre triggered Lum's smoldering desire for revenge.

The Comanches struck the little community of Elm Creek, killing 17 people. One of the survivors who escaped by hiding in a brush pile, vividly described to Lum and several others the murder and scalping of a beautiful blonde-headed girl. Lum remembered his sandy-headed sister.

That night Lum had a dream so vivid that he could hear the groans of his father and the screams of his mother and sister. He could see the screaming savages gleefully waving the bloody scalps of his family.

The next morning, before daylight, Lum slipped out to the corral, carrying a rifle, two pistols, and a

large hunting knife. He saddled a horse and rode north toward Comanche country.

At twilight a few days later, Lum lay crouched behind a log observing three Comanche warriors preparing to make camp. Suddenly Lum uttered a piercing scream and leaped over the log and began firing directly at the Indians until all three lay dead. A few moments later he whipped out his hunting knife and took their scalps. Clutching the scalps in his hand, he ran to his tethered horse. Then, leaping into the saddle, he rode recklessly away into the night. Some time later, Lum became ashen and sick. In disgust, he threw the scalps away. Clutching his stomach, he slid from the saddle and vomited violently. Thus, Lum began his reign of terror and revenge against the Comanches.

Lum the avenger became a marauding savage without principles or rules. His one major desire was to kill. He would ambush small groups of individuals, striking quickly then fleeing, always scalping his victims. His uncanny cunning and viciousness made him a legend among the Indians—like a menacing shadow he stalked them. His actions were like a phantom animal. They began to call him "The Cougar." This name was spoken with dread around many Comanche council fires. From the Trinity River to the Red River he terrorized them. Villages began to move until very few Comanches were left in the Cross Timber area. The greatest achievement of any Comanche warrior would be to kill their arch-enemy, "The Cougar."

The following winter Lum made one trip back home. The reaction of the people in Decatur as Lum rode into town was that of shock. He looked like an unkept savage. His long hair was matted and dirty. His clothing was soiled with blood and grease. From his saddle horn hung his display of scalps. His moral and physical deterioration was unbelievable.

Lum was soon back in the wilderness.

One of "The Cougar's" greatest ambitions was to find the one-eared warrior who had killed his father. After following a trail of blood and vengeance for almost three years, his opportunity came. Lum had ducked into a thicket when he heard a rider approaching. Peering through the foliage, he saw the one-eared Indian riding alone. In his eagerness to shoot, Lum snapped a twig. Instinctively, the alert Indian kicked his horse into a gallop. Lum shot, but missed his victim, hitting the horse instead. The horse fell, pinning the warrior beneath it. Both of the Comanche's legs were broken, one of his legs he would drag with a shuffle the rest of his life. Lum leaped forward with his scalping knife. Before he could reach the fallen Indian, a band of several other Indians rode into the clearing. Lum ran for his life. It took all his cunning to escape his pursuers. After this narrow escape, Lum had a longing to see his foster family and home again. So he turned his horse southward—toward home.

At Big Sandy Creek, a few miles from home, Lum stripped himself and bathed in the clear, warm water. He then washed his clothes, beating them against rocks in Indian fashion. Lying on a rock in the warm sun, he began to cut part of his long hair with his sharp hunting knife. It was late in the afternoon when he arrived at the Bell cabin. The joyful welcome from the family brought tears to Lum's eyes.

A few days later the Bell family had a visitor. He was the minister who had conducted the funeral of Lum's family many years before. Rev. Stone explained that he had returned to the area to hold a brush arbor revival at the Sand Hill Church. Lum liked the pioneer circuit riding preacher and he promised to attend the revival with the Bell family.

A brush arbor revival was an exciting event for a pioneer community. It was one of the main attractions of the year. The men gathered days in advance and built the arbor from poles and the boughs of trees. Crude benches were made from split logs and blocks. However, the real excitement was the singing, testimonies and preaching.

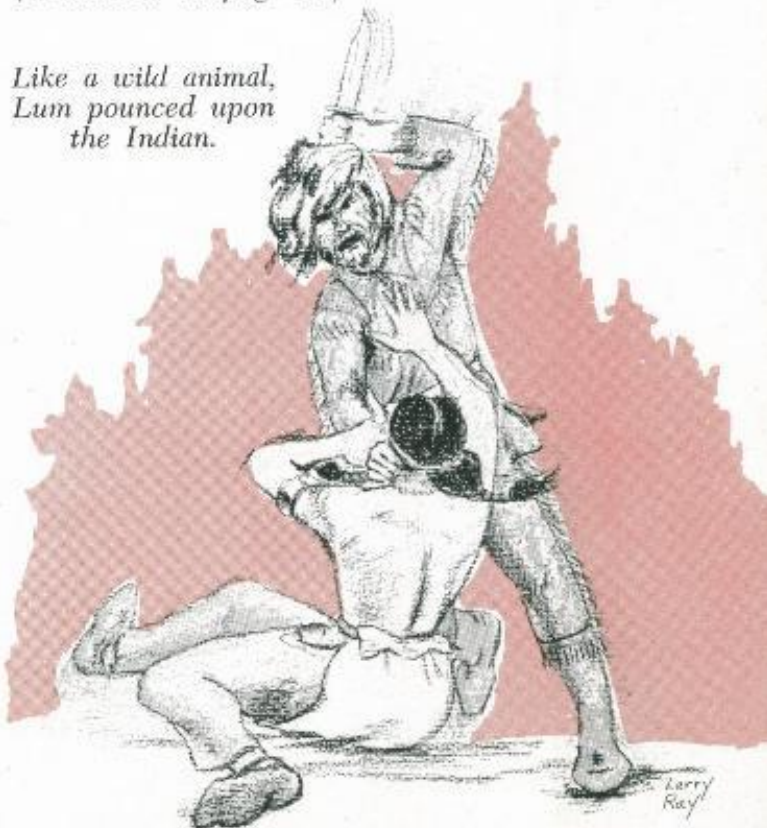
A strange feeling swept over Lum as he listened to the spirited singing and the joyful testimonies. He was deeply moved by the sincerity and joy of these people.

Evangelist Stone was a typical frontier preacher; he preached with fervor, zeal and conviction.

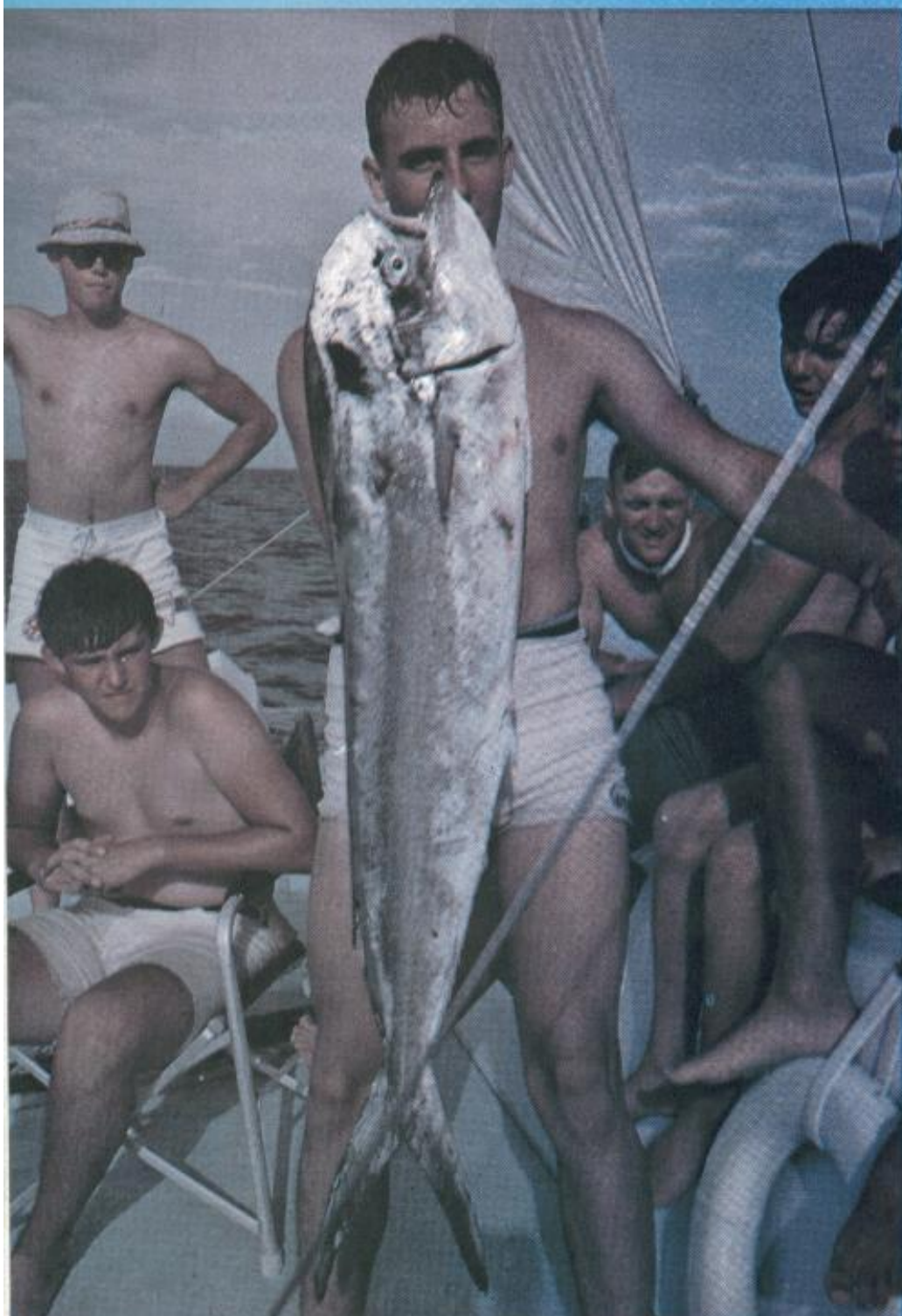
In vivid language and in a voice filled with emotion, Rev. Stone spoke of the evil of sin, the perils of the sinner, of judgment and hell. Then in a broken voice he told of the love of God, the forgiveness of sin and the peace and joy of salvation. Lum was visually shaken. He felt his body trembling. He felt

(Continued on page 12)

*Like a wild animal,
Lum pounced upon
the Indian.*



UNDER **IN THE** SAIL



On June 16, 1969, a group of hearty Rangers from the Peninsular Florida District "launch out" on an adventure of a lifetime: to sail in a 42-foot tri-hull sailboat from Lauderdale, Florida, to the Bahama Islands.

One of the main purposes besides the adventure was to assist a missionary in the new Assembly of God church in Nassau, Abaco.

The group, who are also all members of the church, was under the leadership of Ralph Palmer. He was ably assisted by Paul Stanek, Ed Donwood.

At noon, the sailboat "Maranatha" headed out into the blue waters of the Caribbean.

What a thrill! Billowing white sails, fresh sea breezes, rolling blue seas—this was just what gladden the heart of any seaman. However, during the first eight hours, 10 of these hearty Rangers spent much of their time leaning over the side of the boat—you know it—seasickness. After a few hours, however, the fellows adjusted and began to enjoy themselves.

As evening approached, menacing clouds began to appear. A short time later, the boat began to toss about on the choppy water. Suddenly the cry was heard, "The rudder is gone!" Eyes began to scan the rolling water for the missing rudder. Then the cry, "There it is." Immediately a Ranger tied around a life preserver and he plunged into the water in an effort to retrieve the missing rudder. The effort was all in vain!

For four hours in the descending darkness the boat bobbed about without control, while the crew worked to get the rudder prepared and installed. The boat was eventually brought to safety. The men who went into the water to install the temporary rudder were heroes.

The Captain then headed the boat to the safety of the Harbour on the western point of the Bahama Island.

Because of the darkness, all hands were required to watch for the Harbour lights. Suddenly...

← One of the Rangers proudly displays an outstanding catch.

"Chow time" on the Bahamian beach after a hard day of activities was a popular time for the fellows.



Royal Rangers prepared to time. The plan boat from Ft. islands and re-

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Rangers began shouting, "We hear the breakers." A flash of lightning revealed a coral reef about 25 yards ahead. For some reason the Harbour lights were out, and the boat was about to run aground on the dangerous reef.

The prompt and skillful action of the skipper turned the boat just in time. The Captain then testified, "God helped turn the boat." Normally, such a turn could not have been made in time.

After an exhausting day, the crew dropped anchor at 2:30 a.m.

The second day was ideal. Sailing was excellent. The group now had their "sea legs," and really began to enjoy skimming over the deep blue waters. Much time was spent in swimming, fishing and sun bathing on deck. By the end of the day, most of the "green around the gills" appearance had turned to tan or sunburned color. The fellows began to feel a kinship with the sailing men of the past.

At 6 p.m. on the third day, the group reached their final destination—Marsh Harbour, Abaco. The first order of business after setting their feet on solid ground was to head for the local market for Coke and ice cream.

On the fourth day the group set up camp on the beach and prepared for a six-day stay. They had shipped most of their food supplies to Marsh Harbour in advance; however, upon arrival they discovered that their food had not arrived. Consequently, these sturdy Rangers had to turn to the sea for

(Continued on page 14)

Rangers in Action

In August, 1970, members of the Alabama Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity enjoyed their first F.C.F. outing since its inception in 1969. This event took place in the vicinity of Lake Chinnabee and Cheaha Mountain which are located in the Talledaga National Forest in northeast Alabama.

This outing gave members a memorable experience and strengthened the bond of Christian fellowship between senior and junior members of the fraternity. Sounds great fellows! ⇨



Outpost #6, Eagle Lake, FL, and a float they made for the Orange Festival Parade in Winter Haven, FL. ⇨

Thirty-two boys in complete uniform rode on the float. It received a lot of publicity for the Ranger programs in the area.

Many inquiries were made about the program, and several new recruits have enrolled in the Royal Rangers as a result of this effort. Congratulations, Outpost #6!

John Eller, pictured in his Frontiersman outfit, was recently selected as the new National President of the Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity. This is another milestone in the development of this elite organization for older Royal Rangers and leaders. In the background is the symbolic headquarters for F. C. F. which is one of the oldest log cabins in southwest Missouri. It is located on the Evangel College campus in Springfield, MO. ⇨



Ranger Robert Crouch of Freeville, NY, won first place in a high school contest for his article entitled, "U.S.A.—Love It or Leave It."

He later also won first prize in the national contest. As a result, he was invited to read his essay at the 1970 Veterans' Day celebration in Ithaca, NY.

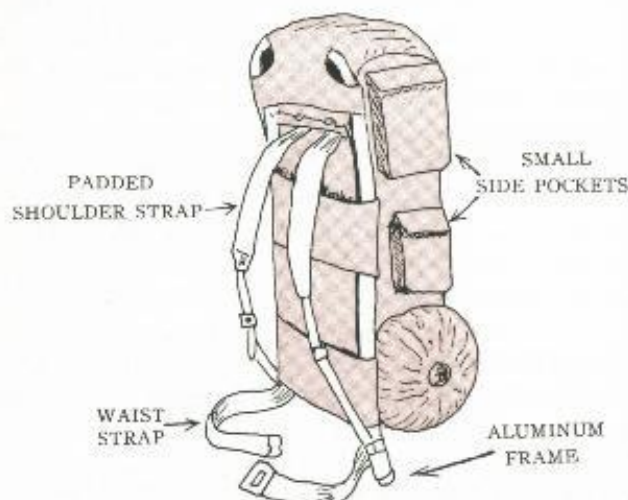


⇨ The Northwest District Royal Rangers participated in the annual Seafair Grande Parade in Seattle, WA. These Royal Rangers made quite an impression on the viewers of the largest parade in the northwest U.S.A. Their entry was composed of a marching band and a colorful float. The theme of the float was "Where a Boy's Dream Comes True." They won second place in the noncommercial division. Hats off to the Northwest District!

BACK PACKING

by Johnnie Barnes

For topnotch outdoor adventure, nothing is greater than packing your gear on your back and heading into the wilderness. However, before you respond to the call of the wilderness, there is certain knowledge you must have and certain preparations you must make. Two important items of preparation are: secure the right kind of pack and learn the correct way to pack it.



FACTS ABOUT PACKS

There are numerous packs, boards, frames, and gadgets designed to carry items on the packer's back. However, the most practical and ideal pack equipment is the basic aluminum frame with a rucksack.

The pack frame is made of light tubular aluminum and is designed to conform to your back and evenly distribute the load.

The rucksack is a pack with one large compartment and several smaller pockets. There are various models, styles, and brands on the market, but the basic design is the same. Pick the pack and frame that suits you best. There are three things we would suggest you consider in selecting your pack and frame.

MATERIAL: Packs are constructed from various fabrics such as canvas duck, nylon, and poplin. The most common of these is canvas and it is usually less expensive. The material should be water repellent to protect your gear from sudden showers along the trail.

PADDED STRAPS: In selecting your pack, pick one with padded shoulder straps. They make your pack much more comfortable and may prevent sore, raw shoulders. If your pack does not have padded straps you can purchase ready-made pads and attach them to the straps or you can make your own with foam rubber.

WAIST STRAP: A recent addition to many pack frames, and in my estimation one of the most valuable, is the waist strap. This strap buckles around the waist like a belt. It is amazing how the strap helps to equalize the load between the shoulder and the lower back.

PACKING YOUR PACK

There are five basic rules to follow in packing your pack.

1. Items needed first should always be at the top of the pack or in an outside pocket where you can easily get to them when needed. Simply anticipate what you will need first, second, third, etc., when you arrive at the campsite, and then pack accordingly. Items that may be needed along the trail, such as poncho, canteen, etc., should be easily accessible.

2. Balance the weight in the pack so it will ride easily.

3. Pack items in separate bags such as extra change of clothing and food for each meal. A good plan is to pack all the food for one meal, such as breakfast, in a separate bag and assign this to one member of the party to carry. Pack the lunch in a separate bag and assign to another hiker, etc. Then when you arrive at the campsite you know that Joe has everything for breakfast on the first day, or that Bill has everything for supper on the second day, and so on. This is much better than arriving at the site and asking, "Who has the soup? Who has the pudding?" etc.

4. Be sure no loose or projecting item is on the outside of the pack to snag or hamper you on a narrow trail.

5. Use a check list to make sure you have included everything you need in the pack.

TYPICAL CHECK LIST

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------|
| a. Sleeping bag or bedroll | l. Toilet kit |
| b. Ground cloth | m. Ditty bag |
| c. Poncho | n. Small first-aid kit |
| d. Pajamas | o. Tent or shelter |
| e. Extra change of clothing | p. Canteen |
| f. Extra underwear | q. Ax |
| g. Extra socks | r. Air mattress |
| h. Jacket or sweater | s. Moccasins |
| i. Cooking gear | t. Survival kit |
| j. Eating utensils | u. Flashlight |
| k. Food | |

That's about it for packing. With a little practice you will find the combination that fits you best.



VENGEANCE OF "THE COUGAR"

(Continued from page 7)

vile and unclean. The full impact of his depraved life struck him inwardly. When the appeal was made for sinners to repent and turn to God, Lum watched a number of people surge forward. In his heart he had a desire to join them, but an evil power seemed to restrain him. He stood to his feet and walked out of the meeting.

That night Lum turned and tossed, unable to sleep. When he fell asleep he had another nightmare. Early the next morning, he went to the corral and began saddling his horse. He suddenly heard the voice of Mother Bell behind him saying, "Lum, where are you going?" Lum turned and in a gruff voice he growled, "Mother Bell, I'm rotten and no good, I can't stay here any longer. I'm going back to the wilderness." She laid her hand on his arm and spoke softly, "Lum, don't go. We love you and we want you to stay." She paused a moment, and with tears in her eyes she continued, "Lum, God can help you if you'll let Him." As Lum looked into the compassionate face of this pioneer woman, his heart was touched. He nodded his head and began to unsaddle his horse.

That night as Rev. Stone preached, a battle began to rage inside of Lum. One voice seemed to cry, "Turn to God. He wants to help you." Another voice seemed to cry, "Remember your vow for revenge, you must keep killing." Lum became so disturbed and shaken that he leaped to his feet and rushed out of the arbor. Jumping on his horse, he rode out into the night. As he raced along the trail, two strong forces were tearing at his heart and soul. Suddenly he abruptly pulled his horse to a stop. Sliding to the ground, he fell on his hands and knees and in great distress began to cry out to God.



He fell on his knees and in great distress began to cry out to God.

Tears of repentance flowed down his cheeks and mingled with the dew on the grass. "Oh, God, please forgive me," he sobbed. Suddenly a great weight seemed to be lifting from him. He began to feel a peace and joy within he had never known. Tears of repentance turned to tears of joy. He lay on his back and raised his hands toward the star-studded sky and began to thank God for the first real happiness he had ever known. Later he fell asleep with a deep sense of peace in his heart.

The next morning he was awakened by the sound of birds singing. Shafts of golden sunlight were filtering through the green foliage of the trees. A deep blue sky smiled down upon him. A sheer joy of living welled up in Lum's heart like a bubbling spring. As he mounted his horse he was singing for the first time in years.

That night at the camp meeting, he gave his testimony. Shouts of "Amen" and "Hallelujah" rang throughout the trees as he told of God's deliverance and forgiveness. He concluded by saying, "There is one more thing I must do before I can really live for God." At the conclusion of the service he hugged Mom Bell's neck and whispered, "I'll be back." He then mounted his horse and rode north toward Comanche country. Strapped to his belt was his scalping knife.

Several days later, Lum lay behind a log studying an Indian village. He observed that all the warriors were gone and only a few women and children were present. However, in front of a teepee on the outskirts of the village he saw a Comanche warrior lying on a litter. As he crawled closer, he saw that the Indian had one ear missing. He also observed that the warrior was an invalid. Creeping close, Lum suddenly stood up in front of the Indian—in his hand he held his scalping knife. The helpless man had no opportunity to reach for a weapon.

After eyeing the Indian a moment, Lum spoke. "I am Lum Huff. Your people call me 'The Cougar.'" The startled Indian braced himself, expecting to feel the biting blade of the knife any moment. But to his surprise, Lum thrust the knife toward him, handle first. With a smile on his face, Lum instructed, "Take the scalping knife of Lum Huff. Take this the fangs of the 'Cougar.' Tell your people they have no more to fear from me. Jesus Christ has come into my heart and I now no longer hate the Comanche, but the Great Spirit has caused me to love them. Tell your people that 'the Cougar' is no more." Pushing the knife into the hand of the bewildered Indian, Lum quickly disappeared into the forest.

Mounting his horse again, Lum eagerly turned southward. As he galloped along, he saw an eagle flying in the sky. Lum's spirit was soaring like the eagle. He threw back his head and laughed for sheer joy. He was free. "The Cougar" was dead. Lum Huff was going home.

THE END

THE EXCITING WORLD of NATURE

By John Eller

Welcome to the exciting world of nature study! In the forthcoming issues of this magazine, we will journey into our vast natural world and study our relationship with insects, birds, animals, fish, reptiles, plants, trees, rocks, the weather and other creations which are a part of the mechanism of nature. We will endeavor to explain how each fits into an overall purpose, like the sections of a jigsaw puzzle.

As a result, we hope to develop in each of you a greater love and respect for the world of nature around you.

In this issue, we are sharing some interesting facts about some familiar creatures in our natural world.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BIRD is the Sudan Ostrich in Africa. It weighs up to 345 pounds, and sometimes reaches a height of nine feet—that's a lotta bird!

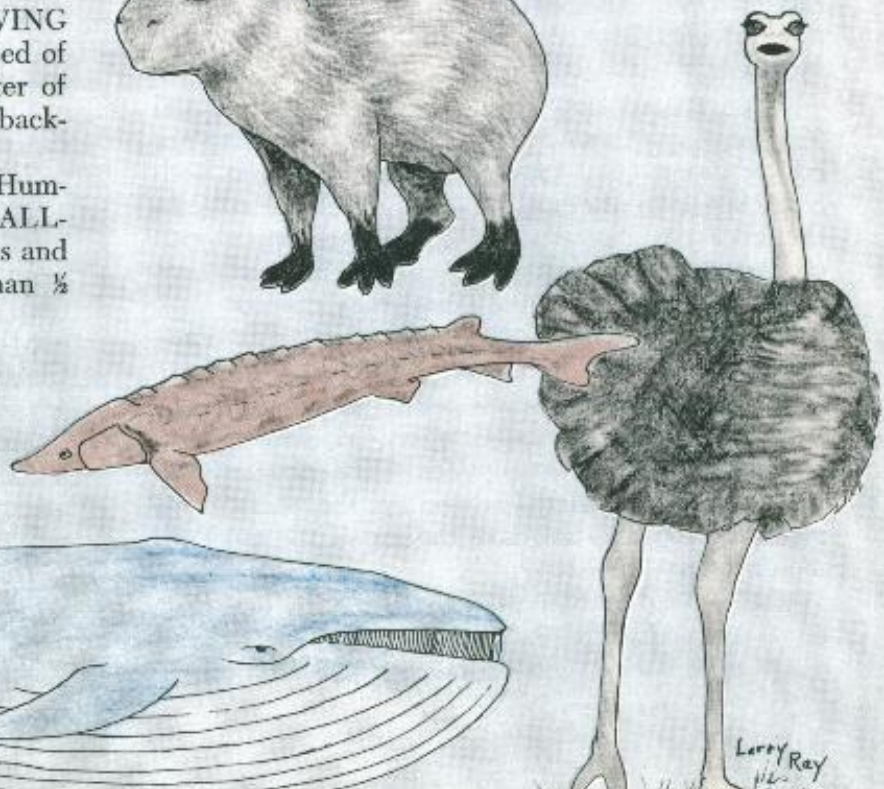
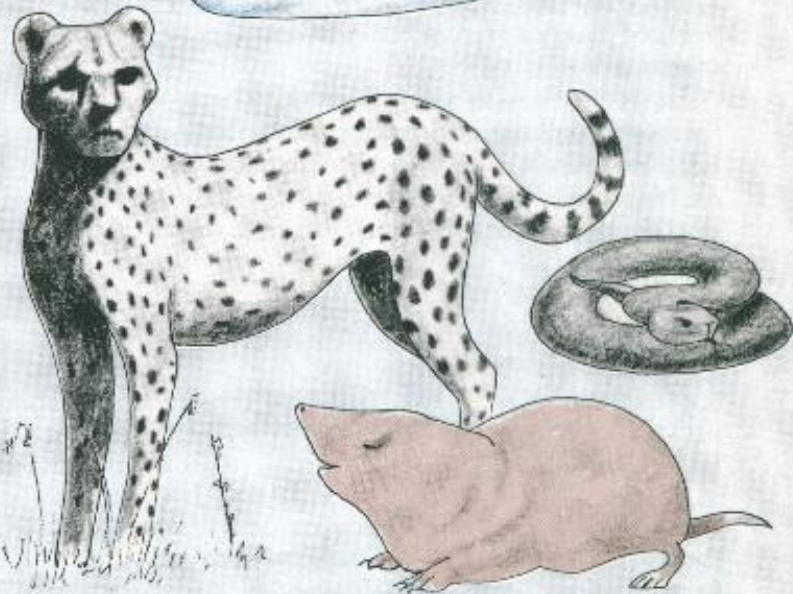
THE WORLD'S FASTEST BIRD is the Spine-tailed Swift. This speedy bird has been clocked to speeds up to 219.5 mph. No wonder they call it a Swift!

THE WORLD'S HIGHEST FLYING BIRD is the Chough, (a member of the crow family). This bird was observed flying at the elevation of 26,000 feet without an oxygen tank.

The bird with the **WORLD'S FASTEST WING SPEED** is the Hummingbird. It has a wing speed of 80 beats per second. This bird is the helicopter of the bird family. He can fly up, down, forward, backward or remain stationary in one spot.

One species of the Hummingbird, the Bee Hummingbird, in Cuba, is also **THE WORLD'S SMALLEST BIRD**. It has a wing span of only 1½ inches and weighs only .06 of an ounce. That's less than ½ of an ounce!

(Continued on next page)



Larry Ray
1/6

UNDER SAIL IN THE CARIBBEAN (Continued from page 9)

fish and other seafoods for the bulk of their diet. Skin diving now became more than recreation. It became a means of securing food. Their advanced training in Royal Rangers really began to pay off.

However, the fellows took these inconveniences in stride and considered them part of the adventure. After all, how many boys get a chance to camp a week on a sun-bleached beach living off the land and sea?

During the days, the group assisted missionary Earnest Deloch in building a new Assemblies of God church. The fellows worked diligently at such things as painting, plumbing, carpentry and tile laying. They felt a deep sense of satisfaction in having a part in building a "House of God." They also developed a greater appreciation for the role of our missionaries.

However, it was not all work. There was time for beachcombing, swimming, sunbathing and touring the Islands. Many of the Islanders commented on how impressed they were by the Christian conduct and witness of these Royal Rangers. Many warm invitations were given them to return any time.

The days passed all too soon, and the time came to head back home.

At dawn, they set sail with another 30-foot boat called the "Genoa" accompanying them back to Ft. Lauderdale.

Just as they entered Berry Island Harbour to spend the night, the rudder broke again. Because of the very rough water, life jackets were passed out to all hands. After a brief time of anxiety, their companion boat towed them into quieter waters.

Early the next morning repairs were begun on the rudder. Crew members not working on the repairs took advantage of the lull and dove for crawfish for lunch.

When the repairs were completed, they set sail for Gun Cay. About 3:00 in the afternoon they ran into a strong gale. Immediately the crew on both boats began to attempt the lowering of the sails. In the process, the main sail of the "Genoa" was ripped off the mast and some of the equipment was blown overboard. Because of the delay, they did not sight the lighthouse off Gun Cay until 10:00 p.m. They worked until 3:00 a.m. making repairs.

The next morning before getting underway, their troubles were compounded when the skiff towline became snarled in the propeller of the auxiliary motor on the "Maranatha"—bending the shaft. This meant they would not have the use of the auxiliary motor.

With a bad rudder and no motor on one boat and a patched sail on the other, the "Maranatha" and the "Genoa," with their courageous but tired crews,

made the final leg of the journey across the Gulf Stream to Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. The boats docked, and the Royal Rangers set foot on solid ground at 10:30 p.m.

After two weeks of exciting adventure they never would forget, it was great to be home again!



THE EXCITING WORLD OF NATURE

(Continued from page 13)

THE WORLD'S LARGEST LAND ANIMAL is the elephant, with a height of over ten feet, and weight up to 6½ tons.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST MAMMAL is the Sulphur Bottom Whale weighing 195 tons. (Wow!)

THE WORLD'S LARGEST RODENT is the South American Capybara. This animal is a real alley cat's nightmare and weighs around 120 pounds. What a rat!

THE WORLD'S SMALLEST ANIMAL is the Fat-tailed Shrew (also called the White-toothed Shrew) which is found in the Northern Mediterranean area. This animal is only 1½ inches from his nose to the tip of his tail, and weighs only 2½ grams. However, his tail couldn't be too fat at that weight!

THE WORLD'S FASTEST ANIMAL is the African Cheetah, which has been clocked at speeds up to 71 mph. That's what I call a fast cat!

THE WORLD'S LARGEST FISH (a whale is not a fish but a mammal) is the Whale Shark. It has a length up to 60 feet long and weighs as much as 45 tons. However, **THE LARGEST FRESH WATER FISH** is the Spoonbill Sturgeon which is found in China. It is about 20 feet long and weighs around 1,600 pounds. This sounds fishy, but it's true!

THE WORLD'S SMALLEST FISH is the Goby found in the Marshall Islands. It is only .47 of an inch long and weighs only 2 milligrams. It would sure take a lot of these to have a fish fry!

There is some controversy over what is **THE WORLD'S MOST POISONOUS SNAKE**. However, most naturalists agree that it is the Australian Tiger Snake.

THE Comedy Corner



The Lone Ranger came back from town and found Tonto with his ear next to the ground. The Lone Ranger asked him, "Tonto, what are you doing?"

Tonto said, "Ug, buckboard with two horses, one grey and one black, man drive buckboard, woman next to him, two water barrels, one leak, on side of buckboard, suitcases in back of buckboard with 3 kids sitting on top, cow tied behind buckboard, and dog running beside buckboard."

The Lone Ranger said, "Amazing, Tonto, that you hear all that on the road."

Tonto replied, "Hear my foot! They just ran over me."

—Warren Bebout
San Luis Obispo, CA

Tom had trouble pronouncing his r's so his teacher asked him to memorize this sentence—"Robert gave Richard a rap in the ribs for roasting the rabbit too rare." A few days later she told him to repeat the sentence and Tom said, "Bob gave Dick a poke in the side for not cooking the bunny enough."

—Royal Rangers Outpost No. 1
Bowling Green, KY

A truck loaded with organic fertilizer had a blowout across the road from a mental institution. While the driver was changing the wheel, a fella yelled out of one of the windows at him asking, "Hey, what are you doing?"

The driver replied, "Just changing one of the wheels."

The patient called back asking, "What are you hauling?"

The driver yelled back, "A load of fertilizer."

The fella yelled back to the driver asking him, "What are you going to do with it?"

The driver answered, "I'm going to put it on my strawberries."

"Hah! The patient replied, "They think *we're* nuts, and we put whipped cream on our strawberries!"

—Warren Bebout
San Luis Obispo, CA

It was 20 degrees below zero in North Dakota, and a man working on the platform near the top of an oil derrick began to ride down on a crane, against the wishes of his foreman who stood shouting at him to "stay up there."

When the man reached the ground, the foreman asked, "What did you come down for?"

"Ah'm gonna get my jacket," the man drawled. "Well, where did you leave it?" asked the foreman.

"In Florida," was the nonchalant answer.

—Tom Shepherd
Valley Park, MO

Bill: "How did you enjoy your vacation?"

Phil: "It was awful; it rained all the time."

Bill: "Then how did you get that sunburn?"

Phil: "That's not sunburn; that's rust."

—Ray Glunt
McKeesport, PA

Do you know what makes a cook so mean?

He beats up eggs, he whips cream, he gouges the eyes out of potatoes, and pulls the ears off of corn.

—Warren Bebout
San Luis Obispo, CA

Ray: "Did you hear about the dog who had 7 puppies one day and 5 puppies the next?"

Chris: "No, really?"

Ray: "Yeah, 2 died."

—Elton Grissom
Lake Alfred, FL

A provoked girl kicked the shins of her younger brother and pulled his hair. Mother came to the rescue; and then scolded the girl and said, "Did Satan tell you to do that?"

"Well," said the repentant sister, after meditating a little, "maybe Satan told me to pull his hair, but kicking his shins was my own idea."

—Tom Shepherd
Valley, Park, MO

A man visited the city zoo one day and was greatly mystified by a baby fawn (deer).

"What kind of an animal is that there?" he asked the attendant.

"You mean you don't know?" the keeper replied. "Look man, I'll give you a hint. What does your wife call you every morning?"

"Well, whadda ya know," the man exclaimed. "So that's a skunk!"

—Warren Bebout
San Luis Obispo, CA

Commander to a group of Pioneers: "Did any of you guys do any good deeds today?"

A group of voices answered:

"Five of us carried an old lady across the street."

Commander: "Why five?"

Boys: "She didn't want to go."

—Dan Pfeil
Lake City, PA

Ecc. 3:4 "... and a time to laugh ..."

One of our friends told us recently that he had built and tested an electric car capable of driving coast to coast, nonstop—and it had all cost him the amazingly small sum of \$2,085.

"That is fantastic," we agreed.

"Yes," he said. "Eighty-five dollars for the body and engine, and two thousand dollars for the extension cord."

—Tom Shepherd
Valley Park, MO

Dumb Dumb: "They had to shoot poor Fido today."

Numbskull: "Was he mad?"

Dumb Dumb: "He wasn't too pleased."

—Warren Bebout
San Luis Obispo, CA

Dick: "Where are we eating?"

Nick: "Let's eat up the street."

Dick: "Let's not, I hate concrete."

—Ray Glunt
McKeesport, PA

Did you hear about the baby goat that fell into the cement mixer?

He's a mixed up kid.

—Warren Bebout
San Luis Obispo, CA

NO MAN'S LAND

by Don Franklin



As the first rays of sunlight brightened the eastern skies, I stepped onto the deck of the invasion craft just in time to see a Japanese airplane drop its bomb directly at my ship. After seconds passed and nothing had happened, I noted with relief that the bomb had narrowly missed its target. This was my introduction to the first enemy action coming from the island we were ordered to invade.

It was World War II and I was a soldier. Our job was to invade, destroy the enemy positions, and mop up. And I was scared.

In spite of the aerial battles raging overhead, we jumped into the surf and fought our way foot by foot up the beach. The knee mortars of the enemy were tearing us apart. But we slowly gained the upper hand. We were ordered to proceed to a strategic waterhole. Nearing the area we noted with shock the many bodies that littered the ground. The air was foul with death. With our hearts in our throats we arrived at the scene.

To my utter dismay, I felt my leg brush up against a taut wire that had been strung between two trees. I recoiled in terror, knowing that I had activated a "jumping jack" . . . an explosive rigged to go off by slight pressure on the wire. But to my amazement the explosive failed to detonate! God had given me another opportunity to live. Instantly reviewing the situation, I realized that we had accidentally stumbled onto NO MAN'S LAND . . . in between the enemy lines and our own lines. We were defenseless, moving targets for anyone's bullets.

As I quickly sized up the situation I decided to take advantage of the gathering darkness and move toward the safety of our own lines. Slowly I inched my way back to our stronghold. Suddenly I was staring down the muzzles of scores of guns, each one trained on me! I noted with horror that each man was ready to shoot to kill if I had made one false move. Shaken with fright, I discovered that I had miraculously survived a trip through the forbidden zone known as NO MAN'S LAND.

There are boys today who are wandering into forbidden zones, areas where they ought not to be. They sometimes take tremendous risks by experimenting with sinful habits or engaging in sinful practices which places them in NO MAN'S LAND. Our God, in His great mercy and loving kindness watches over us and protects us from unseen dangers. And yet . . . if we allow ourselves to leave the safety of our "own lines" and step into the dangerous areas of the "enemy's lines," we are literally taking our lives into our own hands.

The Bible says in James 4:17, "Therefore to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is SIN." The Bible also says to "touch not the unclean thing. . . ." God would instruct us not to tamper with *anything* that is sinful.

Ranger . . . where are your feet taking you? With whom do you associate? Are you traveling in "No Man's Land?"

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