

High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

AUTUMN 1971



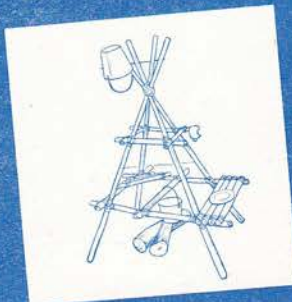
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PURPOSE

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:

One man has said, "A picture is worth a thousand words." It is true there is great value in a good photo. There is no better publicity for the Royal Rangers program than good photos depicting Rangers in action. We would therefore like to encourage boys and leaders to send us sharp photos for possible use in *High Adventure* and other publications.

We cannot pay for photos; however, if the photo is used we will give credit for the source. In addition, we are planning an annual contest entitled "Best Photo of the Year." A first, second and third prize will be given. National recognition will be given the winner in *High Adventure* magazine, and an appropriate recognition award will be given in addition to the prizes. (We are planning a similar contest for the best joke and cartoon of the year.)

Photos may be black and white or color slides. Black and white photos should be 5 X 7 or 8 X 10. Each photo should tell a story, and individuals in the photo should be wearing something that identifies them as Royal Rangers. We are looking forward to receiving photos from you. Here's hoping that you will be a winner!

By the way, if you like HIGH ADVENTURE how about getting a friend to also subscribe. We would like very much to increase our subscriptions.

Johnnie Barnes



AFTER THE STORMS

"I caught one! Look, Billy! Look at him hang on to that bacon!"

The excited 10-year-old dangled his wriggling crayfish only inches from his older brother's face.

"I told you bacon would do it, Johnnie," said the larger boy. "Now go shake him off your string and put him in the bucket. Let's see how many 'crawdads' we can pull outa that pond."

Both boys were soon catching the small, lobster-like creatures as fast as they could tie fresh chunks of bacon to the strings which served as fishing line.

Some kinds of crayfish are served as a tasty delicacy, however nobody ate the "crawdads" found in the marshy areas of northern Texas where Johnnie and Billy lived. But catching them was great fun on this hot, humid July day!

Time raced by for the boys. Their bucket now stood half filled with the mean-looking tiny monsters, each trying to crawl over his fellow creatures and up the slippery sides of the bucket.

Suddenly a clap of thunder rumbled across the

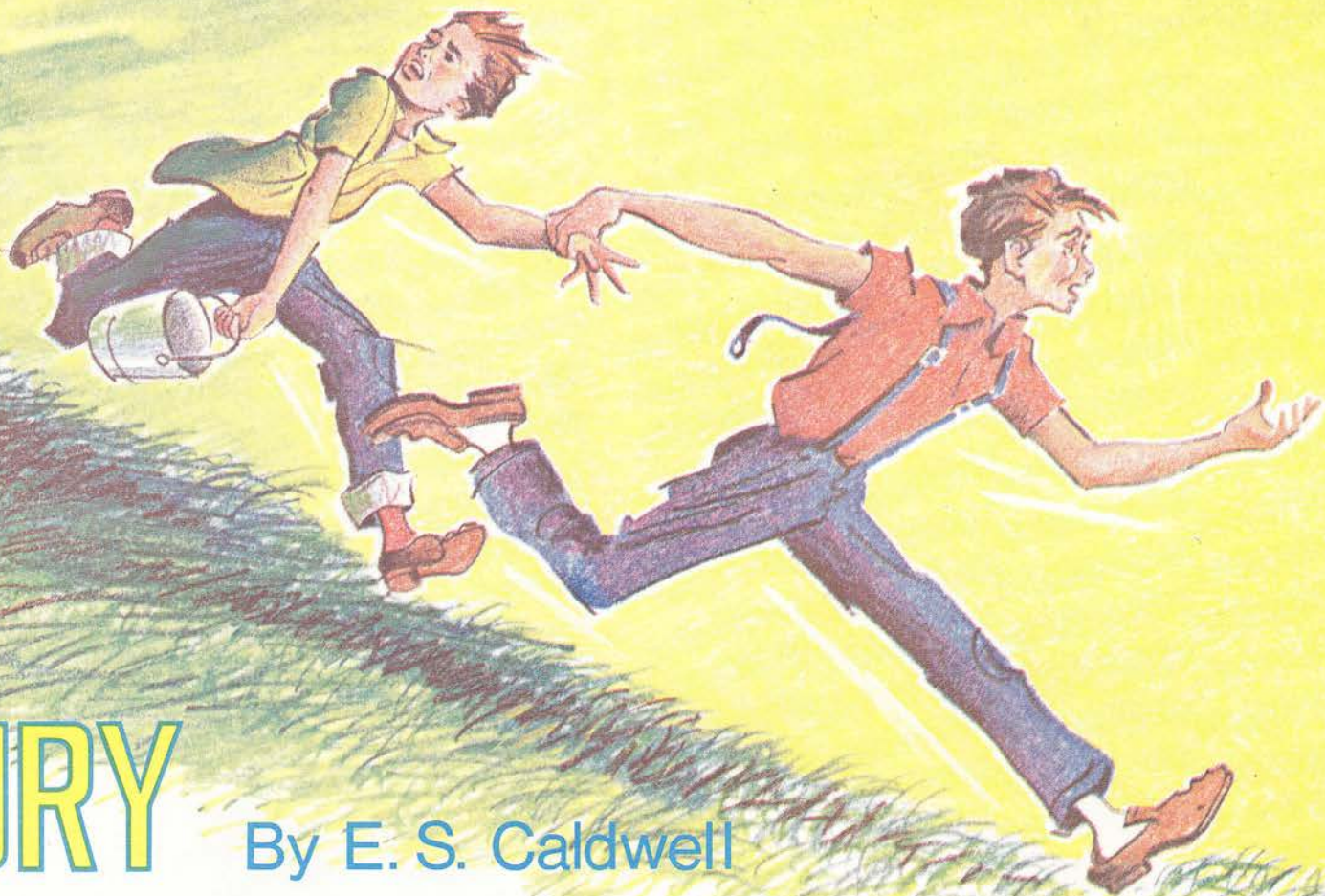
hills like the report of a huge cannon. Billy immediately turned away from the muddy pond and stared in disbelief at the western sky. It was inky black—blackier than he'd ever seen it before, and green tinted clouds seemed to be rising out of the blackness and rolling toward the marsh where they stood.

"Johnnie, we'd better head for home fast!" The 15-year-old spoke urgently. He knew they had to cover the three-quarter mile return trip quickly. It was tornado season.

They stood almost riveted to the ground as a huge bolt of lightning ripped through the black wall of clouds. Then Billy sprang into action. He grabbed the bucket, and dumped the crayfish back into their muddy pond, then seized his younger brother's hand.

"Follow me! Run as fast as you can! We'll take a shortcut!" Billy commanded.

Johnnie raced after the bigger boy as fast as his legs could carry him. For a while he kept up. Then his breath almost ran out.



FURY

By E. S. Caldwell

"I can't keep up!" Johnnie gasped out. Slowing his pace, Billy turned toward a rickety barn used for storing bailed hay. After a few steps he stopped. Puffing so hard he couldn't speak, Johnnie ran to his brother's side.

Billy shouted above the crashing thunder: "I thought we might duck into this barn, but now I don't think it's a very good idea." He pointed back to the onrushing clouds.

The younger boy, his auburn hair now blowing in the first powerful gusts of the storm, knew the danger. No barn would be as safe as the storm cellar behind their ranch house. But could they make it in time?

The ground seemed to quake beneath as the thunder rolled across the hills. No time for delay. Johnnie again followed his brother's running steps.

A barbed-wire fence cut across the shortcut. No matter, just lift the wire and go through. But this time—zap! Somehow the storm had charged the wire with static electricity. Reacting to the unexpected

shock, the boys dropped to the ground and slithered under the bottom wire.

Looking to the east, the boys saw the worried cattle and heard the bawling cows calling their calves. And as they watched in horror, a blinding flash of lightning struck in the pasture, hurling one of the cows to the ground.

Like frightened rabbits, Johnnie and Billy scampered homeward. Just as they ran onto the main road, the wind struck with such violence that Johnnie felt he would be swept from his feet.

"Billy!" Johnnie cried out in panic. And the taller boy swiftly grasped the lad's outstretched hand, pulling him into a shallow ditch beside the road.

Dust and dirt swirled over the flattened boys, choking their labored breathing. The gritty taste of dirt filled their mouths. The howling wind filled their ears. And sheer terror filled their minds.

For an endless minute the two boys hugged the bottom of the ditch. Then the wind lessened.

(Continued on page 11)

As the first rays of the morning sun stretched across the Texas sky, the Rangers of Outpost No. 77 began loading the canoes and camping gear.

Our destination was a river of adventure named the Brazos. We would be building our campfire at night where Comanche Indians once canoed. We would pass places where notable men of the Old West such as Jim Bowie, Sam Houston, and Davey Crockett rode their horses across the river. We expected a lot of excitement and adventure. . . .

A short time later we launched our canoes under the brilliant morning sun and began our trip down river. Gigantic pecan trees lined the river bank, casting their reflection in the water. We kept alert for signs of wildlife, and we felt the excitement of wondering what was around the next bend.

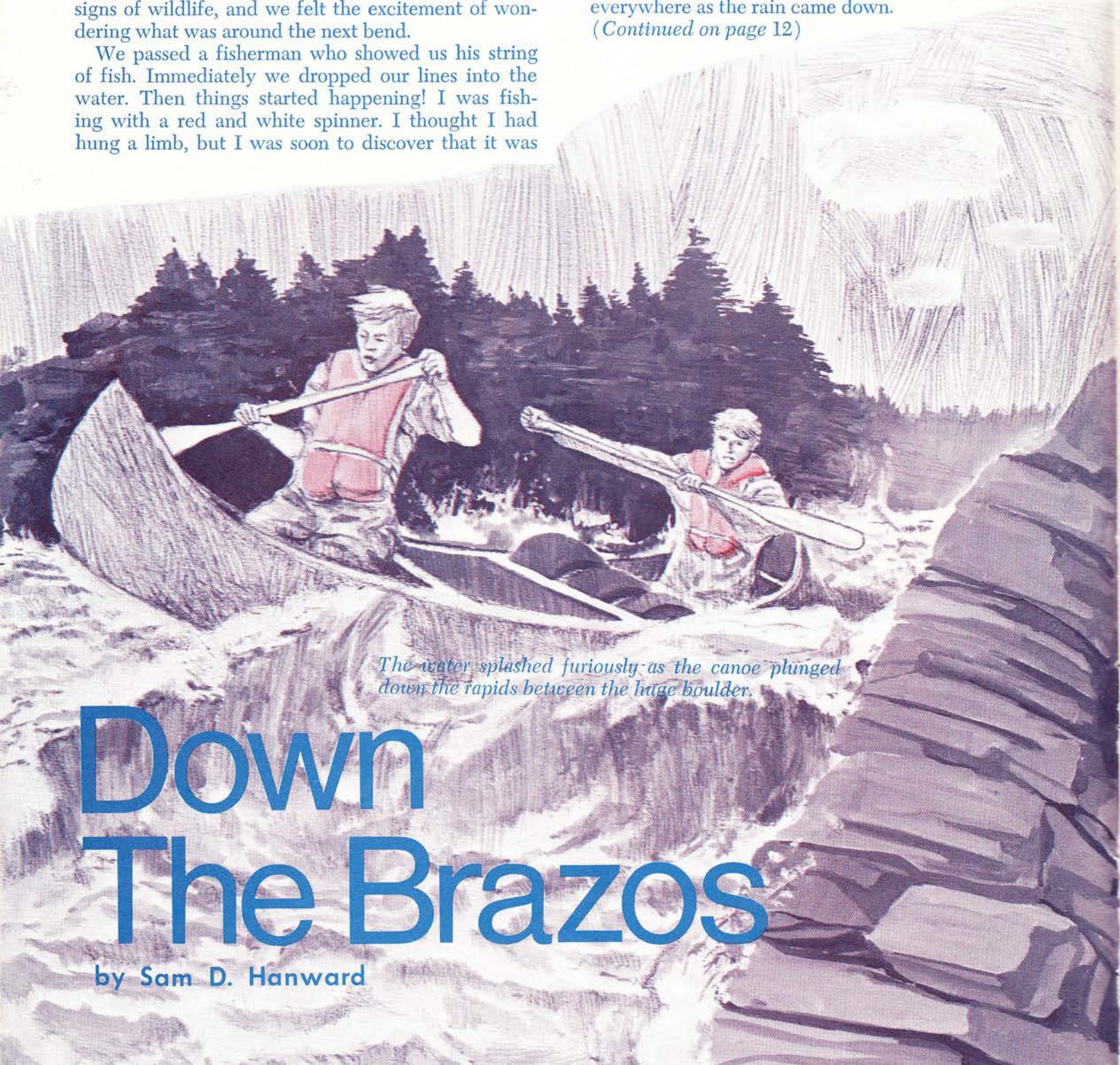
We passed a fisherman who showed us his string of fish. Immediately we dropped our lines into the water. Then things started happening! I was fishing with a red and white spinner. I thought I had hung a limb, but I was soon to discover that it was

a twelve-inch Black Bass. He fought and jumped, but I finally reeled him into the boat. This was just the first of our fishing adventures.

The river was full of fish. We could see them swimming below us in the clear waters. We could see them jumping out of the water. It was fun to watch a fish chase our lure and feel the tug as he caught it. And then we knew we had him.

As we drifted and fished, we saw a thunderstorm approaching. Suddenly, it was upon us. We rowed for the bank and beached our canoes in the driving rain. We covered our camping gear and ran for the shelter of a large tree. There, huddled under our panchos, we watched fish in the river jumping up everywhere as the rain came down.

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The water splashed furiously as the canoe plunged down the rapids between the huge boulder.

Down The Brazos

by Sam D. Hanward

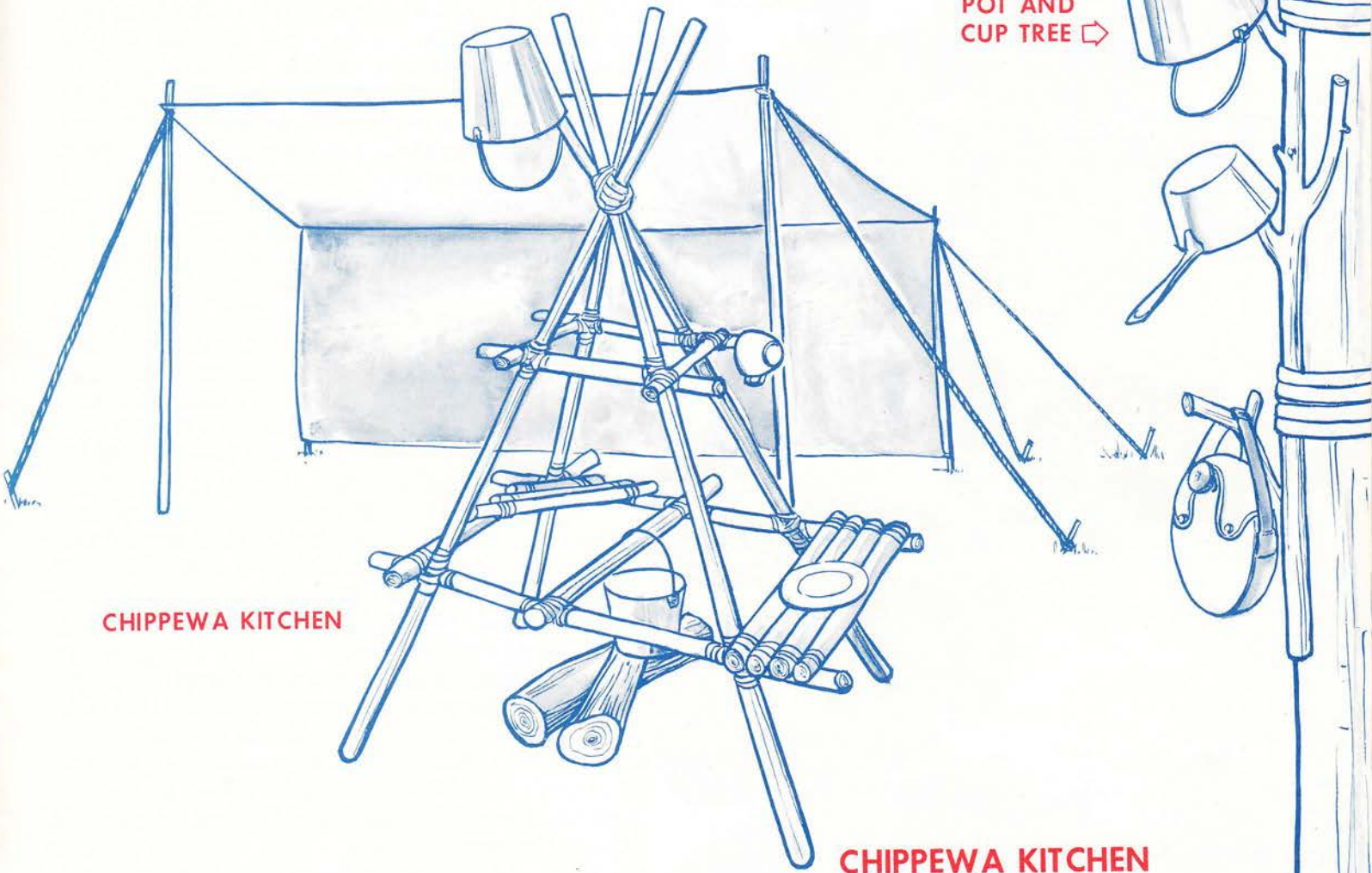
Useful Camp Ideas

by Elton Bell

Campcraft Section

Camping is the ability to make oneself as comfortable as possible while living in the outdoors. A good camper, therefore, should develop the ability to construct useful camp furniture and gadgets using lashing or the dovetail notch.

Unless you are in an area where selective cutting of saplings is permitted—use only deadwood.

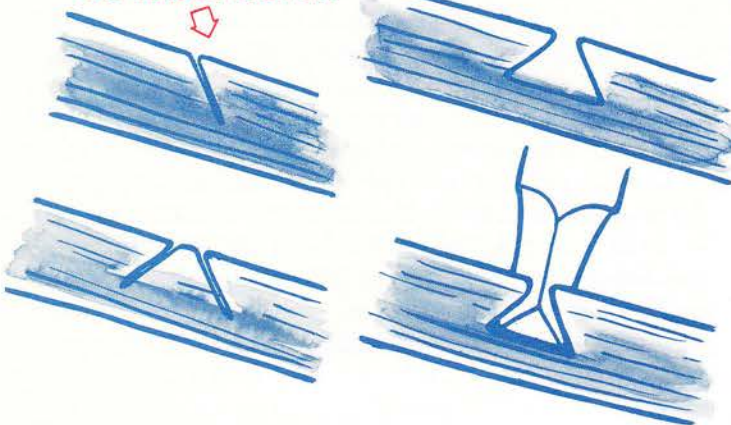


POT AND CUP TREE ⇨

CHIPPEWA KITCHEN

CHIPPEWA KITCHEN

DOVETAIL NOTCH



Here's one of the most practical and convenient camp devices ever contrived. Instead of having cooking utensils scattered, this kitchen will keep them together. Make the tripod with a shear lashing. Then you have the choice of completing the job with the dovetail notch or the proper lashings.

DOVETAIL NOTCH

Make cut slanting right and nearly halfway through pole. At same point make cut to left, then two center cuts as shown. Pry out wood in notch. Shape second piece to fit in notch. The tighter the fit, the more rigid the structure.

THE GREAT DOGS

by Don Franklen

The swirling snow stung my eyes. It was unbearably cold, and the high altitude was taking its toll on me. Every breath rasped painfully in my chest. I was near exhaustion. And then it happened.

I found myself falling through space. Instinctively I clawed for a handhold, but my fingers found nothing but cold, frigid air. In the split second it took to fall through the thin crust of snow down, down into the mysterious darkness, my thoughts raced with lightning-like speed. "Why?" I reasoned. "Why should I die an agonizing death like this, broken to pieces in an icy grave on this mountain, 8,000 miles from home?" Blackness engulfed me as I faded into unconsciousness.

A sudden pain brought me back to reality. I was still alive! I breathed a sigh of relief. The blunt end of the rope hitting my face told me that my old friend, "Doc," had seen me fall and had dropped a rope to rescue me. Gathering my senses I discovered I was unhurt—the soft snow broke my fall. I gripped the rope and signalled that I was alive and able to respond. An answering yank on the rope told me that my faithful buddy was waiting to pull me to safety.

As I attempted to stand, I saw a dark mass protruding from the wall of my icy prison. I lurched toward the mass. It seemed to be covered with a tar-like material. My senses reeled! I was looking at something that shouldn't or couldn't be here—not at 14,000 feet—I knew for certain that the timber line of trees stopped at 9,000 feet! Incredible, and yet. . . .

A shout from above startled me. Doc was still up there, wondering why I didn't climb that rope! "Hey, Doc!" I yelled, trying to keep the excitement out of my voice, "There's a big, dark hunk of wood down here. There's something mighty strange about it. C'mon down—oh yeah, Doc, I'm okay, not hurt a bit—but c'mon down here *fast* and check this thing out!"

Doc shouted back his relief, anchored the rope, and clambered quickly down to my side. "Dick," he said joyfully, pounding me on the back, "You're lucky to be alive! I thought for sure you were a goner! If it weren't for this snowbank, it would have been curtains for you!" "Yeahhh," I replied, shaken, "I thought for sure I'd had it!"

"Okay, Dick, now that you've gotten me down here, what are you so excited about?" I pointed to it. "See? There it is—it's wood alright. But, Doc, there's not a trace of wood of any kind at this altitude—no trees at all. We're 'way above the timberline, y'know—nothin' here but rocks and snow and ice. And speaking of ice, man, am I cold!"

Doc examined the wood in the dim light. He pried loose a big chunk, looked at it intently, and let out a long, low whistle. "Dick," he said, with rising excitement in his voice, "if this is what I think it is, we're on the verge of one of the greatest discoveries in the world!" His face had a keen look of expectancy.

"You mean—this could be—aw, c'mon, Doc, it couldn't be..." A strange exhilaration made my skin crawl, "Could it be Noah's ark?"

We looked at each other for long seconds, wide-eyed, our hearts pounding wildly. "Dick," he said, breathlessly, "this may prove to be the biggest day of our lives! Let's take this specimen back to base camp so I can analyze it in detail."

Doc handed the chunk to me and warned me to guard it with my life! I carefully placed it inside my warm jacket, in the big inside pocket. It felt strangely cold. Anxious to leave now, we climbed the rope in nothing flat! Arriving topside, I surveyed my surroundings. The stark beauty of the landscape was breathtaking. Carefully we made our way through the giant boulders and rivers of rock.

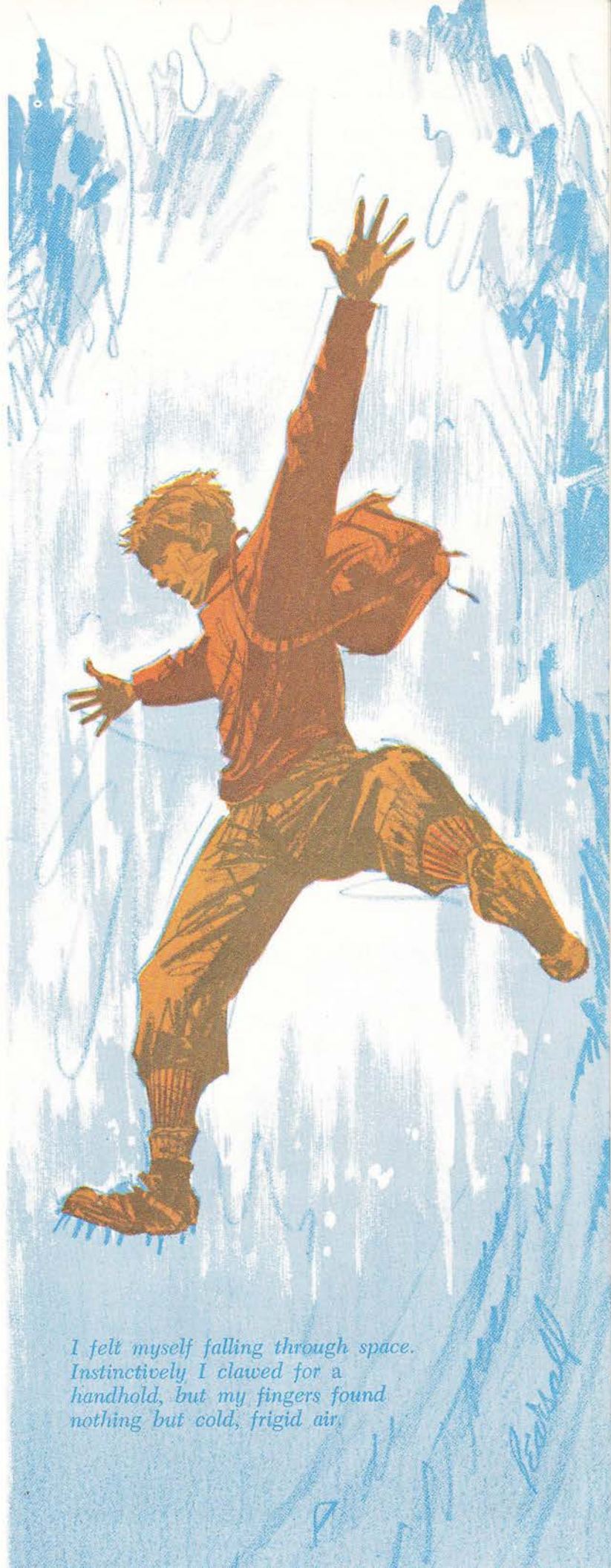
The wind had died down and the utter stillness intensified our feelings of loneliness. Our noisy footsteps disturbed the graveyard-like quietness.

Doc followed me, struggling to breathe in the thin, frigid air. I wanted to stretch out and walk fast in my usual style, but I remembered to slow down for Doc. Funny thing about Doc Atchinson, though small and frail, he was one of the smartest men in the world, an archeologist. "Whew!" I thought to myself, "I can't even spell that word, much less define it." Doc, in his wise, old way, had explained that he was a scientist who studied the life and culture of ancient peoples and cities, sometimes by excavations. He was a genuine Christian and knew the Bible like the back of his hand.

It was kinda far out—a smart man like Doc picking a young kid like me as his guide. I think Doc needed me because I was lean and strong and knew mountains like he knew science. Earlier, Doc had revealed his lifelong dream to me. He told me how he had saved his money for years and years to "prove to all the world" that the Bible was scientifically correct, as he put it. Ol' Doc's eyes had glowed as he talked about his favorite subject—finding Noah's Ark. His voice got a quiver in it as he talked about his big ambition.

The going was a little easier now. We quickened our pace. Looking down, I saw the timberline where we had made our base camp at 9,000 feet. I lifted my gaze to the plains that stretched away for endless miles. The heatwaves shimmered in the hot, desert sun. The horizon danced crazily. It's hot as blazes out there, I thought, but I'm as cool as a cucumber! Russia was out there, only 35 miles away. "Wow!" I thought, "no one in my family back home in the good old U.S.A. has ever seen this view!" I could hardly believe I was this far from home, 300 miles inside of Turkey!

Doc stumbled a few times on the way down, but we finally made it back to camp safe and sound. It was our "home away from home." Boy, did it ever look good to me after that narrow escape up there on that jagged, old glacier! Everything was just as we had left it. As darkness fell, I gathered firewood



I felt myself falling through space. Instinctively I clawed for a handhold, but my fingers found nothing but cold, frigid air.

The Great Discovery Continued

(Continued from page 9)

and prepared a campfire. Boy, was I chilled to the bone! *Nothing* would feel better to me right now than a roaring fire! Ol' Doc was dead tired, but I could see he was still excited. "Dick," he rasped, "hurry up with that fire—let's warm up some grub—we've had a rough day!" I nodded in agreement and went to work. Soon the warmth from the fire put us back in high spirits. Doc was feeling better now. After pouring his third cup of coffee, he looked over at me and said, "You know, we're going to remember this day for the rest of our lives. We've climbed an unbelievably tough mountain and found something that may prove to be as old as the Bible itself!" We leaned back against our packs and lazily watched the changing colors of the cheery fire.

"Say, Doc," I said, staring into the glowing embers, "how come you made a trip halfway around the world and spent all this money just to look for Noah's Ark?" Doc waited a long time before he answered. "As a matter of fact, it all goes back to a story I read, written by a man by the name of Josephus, who was a famous historian—you know—he wrote books on ancient history. Well, 100 years after the birth of Christ he wrote that the people *here* in this very country reported seeing something that looked like the Ark. About 1,200 years later Marco Polo, a famous explorer, said these words: 'It is in this very country of Armenia that the Ark exists—a place where the snow is so constant that no one can ascend where the snow never melts!'"

"Wow! That sure describes this place!" I said.

The fire burned low. We were lost in thought. Doc finally broke the silence by saying, "Dick, did you know that a pilot flew his plane over this spot and saw a large object up there in the ice?"

"No kidding?" I said.

"That's right," he continued, "in World War I a Russian pilot by the name of Roskovitsky accidentally discovered what looked like a large ship up there on the top of the mountain. His interest was aroused so much that he went back, got his captain, and told him about his discovery. Then they both flew back over this place and found it to be true."



"What happened next, Doc?"

The archeologist shrugged, then continued his explanation. "The Russian Czar sent 150 men on an expedition to this mountain. They located the Ark, went into it, and found rooms of all sizes. Even though the Ark had become weather-beaten from thousands of years of wear and tear from the glaciers, it was still recognizable."

"How come the world didn't hear about this?" I asked.

Doc answered quickly. "About the time that the Czar learned about the location of the Ark, his government was overthrown and all the records were destroyed by the revolutionists, the Bolsheviks, who were God-hating people."

"Wow, what a story!" I said.

Doc smiled at my enthusiasm. "Yes, Dick, there are other thrilling stories of men who have come here and found evidences of the Ark. A small village at the foot of this mountain was even named *Nazuana*, which means, in Armenian, 'Here Noah Settled.' There are other documented stories, too, Dick; but it's getting late and we ought to hit the sack. First thing in the morning we're going to examine that specimen and really see what it's made of," Doc concluded. We unrolled our sleeping bags, crawled in, and bedded down for the night. Within seconds we were asleep.

Noisy, chirping birds awakened me. I sat half-way up, blinking. The world was bathed in beautiful light. A soft wind was gently stirring in the trees. Our campfire was now only ashes. Sleepily I looked toward Doc's bedroll. To my surprise it was empty! Finally I spotted him, completely absorbed in his experiments and tests on his precious specimen.

"Hey, Doc!" I shouted. He jerked with surprise. "What did you find out?" Doc got up and walked slowly over to me, then quietly said, "Dick, I've examined this piece of wood carefully. I've checked and rechecked. I've run every test that can be run to see what its age could be..." His voice began to get that quiver in it, "and I've determined that the age of this wood is over 4,300 years old!"

I stared at him in disbelief. He sensed my doubts. Instead of saying more, he reached over and picked up his Bible. He thumbed through a number of pages to the eighth chapter of Genesis, and read these words: "And the Ark rested in the seventh month, and the seventeenth day of the month upon the mountains of Ararat."

He gently laid the Bible down and looked at me for long seconds. "Dick, the words you have just heard from the Bible are true. The specimen of wood we have discovered *is* part of Noah's Ark—there's no doubt about it! And the Bible *is* a book of miracles. You see, miracles are things that happen supernaturally—things that happen without visible evidence. It takes a lot of faith to believe in the Bible and all those miracles.

When I first became acquainted with God, the author of the Holy Bible, I too learned that faith was the answer to everything described in the Bible."

He looked at me intently as he spoke. "Little by little I began to understand that my God was able to do great and wonderful things. He created the world and everything that is in it. He even created that great flood. He gave wisdom to Noah to build the Ark. And, Dick, right here before our eyes, we have the evidence of God's great power and faithfulness. At last I have discovered the proof I have wanted—something that will show the whole world that Noah's Ark really did exist, after all."

I realized that Doc was telling the truth. Something in the tone of his voice convinced me of it. Secretly I wished I could know God like Doc knew Him. Doc must have read my mind when he said, "Dick, within a few weeks all the world will learn of our great discovery—of how we stumbled on to the ancient remains of Noah's Ark. We may even become famous! But, Dick, I'd like to help you *really* make the greatest discovery of your life, right here and now."

"What do you mean, Doc?" I said, puzzled.

"Dick, the most important discovery anyone can make is to discover Jesus Christ as his own personal Saviour. The Bible tells us that all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. This means that all of us are sinful by nature. The Bible also says that the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

I wanted what Doc was talking about. "How can I get this gift, Doc?"

"Dick," he replied, with a smile, "it cannot be bought or earned. Jesus Christ paid for this gift by giving His life on Calvary. He took your sins and mine on Himself, suffering an agonizing death on the cross—all of this to make it possible for you and me to make the **GREATEST DISCOVERY OF ALL**—Jesus Christ! Dick, right here, right now you can give Him the greatest discovery of all!"

Doc put his hand on my shoulder as we knelt side by side in the snow.

After the Storms Fury

(Continued from page 5)

Billy urged his brother up. And down the road they ran with all their strength and determination.

Boards, tree limbs, and other debris flew overhead, or skidded across the fields as though pushed by huge, invisible hands. Once again the fury of the wind's blast was so intense that Billy and Johnnie took refuge in the ditch.

Then up and running—then in the ditch—then running again.

At last they caught sight of their father. They stopped for a moment. Dad was urgently waving to them as he stood by the storm cellar door. His voice was lost in the wind.



Dad was urgently waving as he stood by the cellar door.

A final dash, and the boys were being helped down the sandstone steps. One final look back, and Johnnie watched a huge tree limb slam to the ground where only seconds before he was standing.

The cellar door clattered shut. And almost as if on signal, hail began pelting down.

Hearing the pounding of the hail, the boys' sister cried out, "Daddy, is the storm going to destroy our house?"

"Let's not worry about that now," the father replied. "The important thing is that we are all together and safe here in the storm cellar."

Johnnie leaned back against the stout log wall of the underground room. He looked around in the lamplight at the shelves filled with jars of fruits and vegetables. Somehow the storm didn't seem to matter so much now that its sounds were muffled by the strong walls. And so in his exhaustion Johnnie dropped asleep.

He was awakened by the creaking of the hinges as his father swung open the heavy door. He rubbed his eyes as bright sunshine poured into the cellar. Faintly he could discern the sound of distant, departing thunder.

The family stood in the ranch yard and surveyed the storm's handiwork. Tree limbs, broken lumber, and other unrecognizable debris littered the ground. Sunlight reflected from the still-standing house. The roof was damaged, but that was all the harm that could be seen just then.

Later Billy and Johnnie would see the smashed barn, and realize how close they came to being smashed with it.

That after-storm scene will never be forgotten, because stretched across the blackness of the departing storm stood a breathtakingly beautiful rainbow. Everyone saw it at almost the same moment. "God put a rainbow in the cloud," said the father.

In a nearby tree a bird began to sing.

Note: The 10-year-old boy in this true-life story is Johnnie Barnes, National Commander of Royal Rangers.

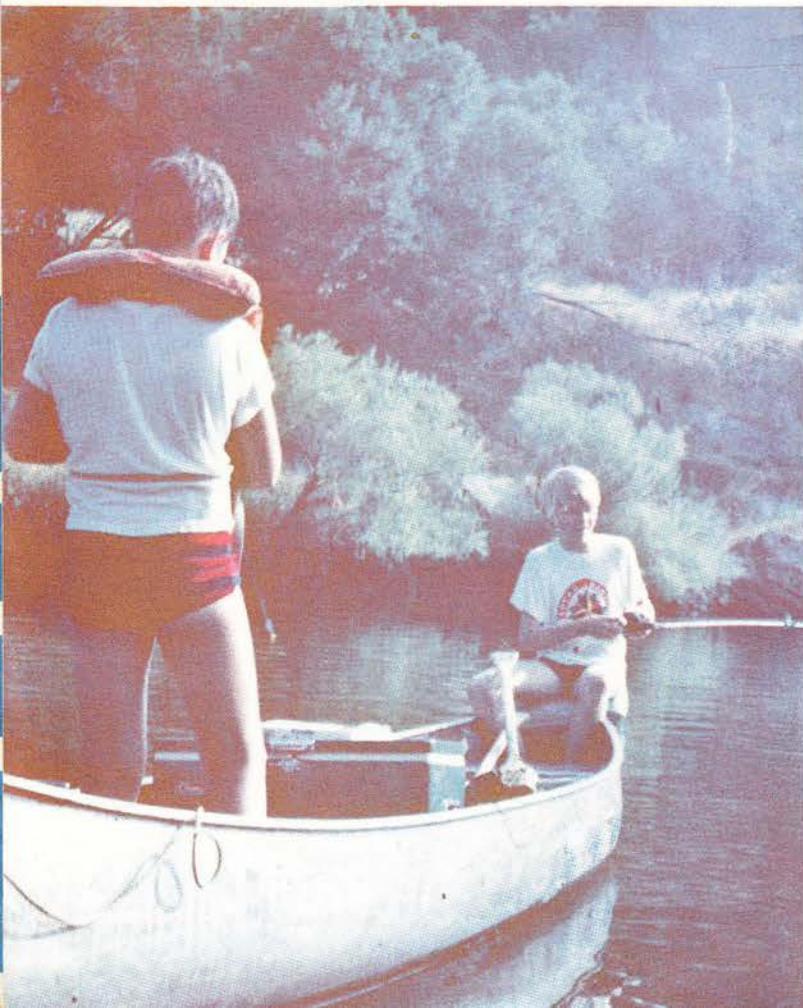


Running the rapids was the most exciting adventure of the trip.

Down The Brazos

(Continued from page 6)

It was fun to watch a fish chase our lure and then feel the tug as he caught it.



We camped for the night a short time later. After the cold rain, the cozy campfire felt good.

The following day, after an early start, we approached a clear stretch of the river that was about three or four feet deep and very wide. Here the boys enjoyed an extended swim.

After lunch we continued on down stream, exploring various areas of interest along the river.

But the most exciting event of all was yet to come—the rapids. We had gone through some little rapids, but they were not very swift. Now we faced the worst of all, the “S” shaped rapids. The water splashed furiously as it dashed against the huge boulders.

I ran my boat through first, without mishap. The second boat made it OK, but the third boat was not so fortunate. The rapids were too much for them. The canoe began running sideways. Suddenly, they hit a submerged boulder, and their canoe turned around backwards. Then they smashed into a log and the canoe turned over, spilling the fellas and their gear into the river.

Some of the fellas plunged into the swirling waters to stop the canoe. Others were swimming down the river to gather the supplies that were floating away. I followed along in my canoe to help regain the lost equipment.

The last boats were now coming over the rapids. They too were having troubles, but we had no time to look after them. We were too busy, but luckily they made the rapids OK.

A short distance away was our rendezvous point. We headed our canoes for the shore. Our journey was over. The rapids had been a fitting climax to our exciting adventure.

We turned our truckload of weary travelers homeward as darkness settled over the beautiful Texas countryside.

Come along now as Nature Study takes us to the exciting world of animal communities! Some may think our animal friends live scattered at random in the forests and swamps. This is not true. Nature has designed specific areas of the wild as homes for certain creatures. These communities or habitats have their own social order, code of conduct, and recognizable boundaries. This makes the term "dumb animals" quite untrue!

Nature has ordered a regular cycle for its habitats, with each animal and plant making its own particular contribution. From the microscopic insects in the forest floor, to the mighty eagle soaring above, nature sustains a rhythmic cycle and recycle of life. This produces a constant state of change that is virtually endless, in which everything is responsive and relative.

Well-defined areas such as forests, fields and prairies, streams and lakes, swamps and marshes, mountaintops, seashores and deserts have their own particular kind of plants and animals. These all live in mysterious balance and harmony, each depending on the other.

Animal and plant life varies from community to community. Some prefer hot and arid climates, while others thrive in the boggy soil of marshes. But in each community, animal life depends on plant life, either directly or indirectly. The two go together. Even flesh eaters depend on smaller plant eaters. Plants also provide cover, shelter and protection for the young.

Any forest is an interesting habitat, whether in the eastern woodlands or the evergreen forests along the Canadian border. While the former abounds with banditlike raccoon, longtail weasel, box turtle, ringneck snake and white-tailed deer, the latter boasts of the prickly porcupine, black bear, red squirrel, and elk. In the east, fowl will consist of woodthrush, ruffed grouse and blue jay. In the north, our feathered friends are the great horned owl, Steller's jay, wild turkey and the western tanager.

A few miles from most towns, fields and farms begin. These communities of nature contain assort-

ments of meadow mouse, the black racer snake, woodchucks, chipmunks, and cottontails. Hedge-rows between fields may shelter sparrows, towhees, quail or even pheasant. Soaring above will be buzzards and chicken hawks.

Prairies are usually covered with grasses of one kind or another, with different animals found in the high grass and low shrubbery. Red foxes lurk in the bushes, coyotes tune up for an evening concert, while ground squirrels, prairie dogs and pronghorn antelopes dart about their usual haunts.

Streams and lakes are interesting habitats for plant and wildlife. Rivers have occasional beaver colonies, with muskrat and mink their neighbors. The reeds and cattails along the river banks are usually alive with birds feeding on insects. Lakes have an assortment of fish; sunfish and perch, catfish and crappie. Swift streams are favorites for trout, while bass and pike are found in clear water lakes.

Swamps and marshes are also popular dwelling places. Marshes are wet lowlands overgrown with numerous grasses, while swamps are wetlands dominated by shrubs and trees. Both are in-between stages of nature's ceaseless change. In the north and west, you're likely to hear ducks honking—mallards, pintails, black duck and teal. Many marshes hear the song of the swallow, red-winged blackbird, warbler, black-crowned night heron or marsh hawks. Around the edges, you may see water snakes, spotted turtles and American toads.

The seashore is teeming with evidence of plant and animal life! Tracks of fiddler crabs are there, shells of all kinds where sea animals once lived, starfish, clam and oyster shells. Sea moss and rockweed are washed ashore, while sandpipers and heron gull sweep down in search of food.

Few areas are as fascinating as mountaintop communities. Fewer plants and animals can survive in the colder temperatures of high elevation, but among the hardy ones at higher altitudes are mountain goats, bobcats, and cougars, sometimes called mountain lions.

(Continued on page 14)



by
John
Eller

The Exciting World of Nature

Rangers in Action

Mike Brewer of Newark, California, was on his way to the grocery store with a friend when he noticed smoke billowing from a nearby home.

Seventeen-year-old Mike immediately sprang into action. Sending his friend to turn in a fire alarm, he began to pound on the door to awaken the residents. Hearing a muffled sound inside, Mike forced open the door. Battling through the thick smoke, he found the father of the family almost overcome by the smoke. Mike quickly led the smoke-blinded man outside to safety.



Mike then heard the screams of the children. He plunged back into the flaming, smoke-filled house. Groping about in the smoke, he found three panic-stricken children and led them to safety.

Outside, one of the children cried, "Momma is still inside the house."



Back into the house Mike raced a third time to drag the mother to safety.



After the fire department arrived, Mike quietly left without even leaving his name. This modest Royal Ranger hero remained anonymous until someone turned his name into the local newspaper.

When the newspaper contacted Mike's father, who was also his Outpost Commander, for comment he proudly stated, "This is the kind of thing that really makes a dad proud. You spend your life trying to teach your children the right way—to care about other people—and you wonder if you ever make it. Then something like this happens, and you know. It's a great feeling!"

Mike was not only honored by his hometown newspaper and church, but also by the National Royal Rangers office.

For his prompt and courageous action that saved several lives, Mike Brewer was awarded the Medal of Valor by the National Royal Rangers Committee.

The Exciting World of Nature

(Continued from page 13)

Perhaps the most amazing habitat of all is the desert! Plant life consists of several kinds of cacti, Yucca, staghorn cholla, and the century plant. Animals include the badger, horned lizard, kit fox, black-tail rabbit, sidewinder, western diamond rattler, spotted skunk, kangaroo and pack rats, and the yuma antelope squirrel. Birds living there are the roadrunner (he's for real!), gila woodpecker, cactus wren, and elf owl. Most birds may be seen during the day, although most animals feed at night and take shelter by day from the heat. Somehow they all survive—another of nature's wonderful secrets!

There is probably a community of nature near you! Visit it—*explore it!* You'll find the world of nature is filled with *high adventure!*

THE Comedy Corner

COMMANDER: Does your uniform fit you, son?

NEW RECRUIT: Yes, sir, except my pants are a little loose around my armpits.

Did you hear about the cannibal that got bounced out of school?

He was caught buttering up the teacher.

Did you hear about the Dumb Dumb who made 8 pit stops during the Indianapolis 500 race?

He made 3 for fuel and 5 for directions.

—Warren Bebout
San Luis Obispo, CA

WAITER: Sir, shall I cut your pizza into six or twelve pieces?

DUMB DUMB: Six please, I could never eat twelve pieces.

ANNE: Mom, Joe didn't let me use his sled.

MOM: Joe, I thought you agreed to let Anne have it half the time.

JOE: I did. I had it going down the hill and she had it coming up.

DOCTOR: You'll have to stop worrying and thinking about yourself so much. Throw yourself into your work.

PATIENT: But Doc, I'm a cement mixer.

THIS REALLY HAPPENED:

One of our Commanders asked the group of Royal Rangers, "What is a church ordinance?"

One of the younger boys answered, "It looks like a piano, except it has more keys."

—Neil Agnes

GUEST: Why is your dog watching me so intently while I eat?

HOST: Maybe it's because you're eating out of his plate.

LONNIE: What coat do you put on only when it's wet?

JOE: I don't know.

LONNIE: A coat of paint.

—Elton Grisson
Lake Alfred, FL

TEACHER: Tommy come up here and give me what's in your mouth.

TOMMY: I wish I could. It's a toothache.

—Ray Glunt
McKeesport, PA

LETTER FROM CAMP:

Dear Mom and Pop:

We got to shoot rifles here this week. But our counselor don't let us use real bullets anymore, cawse one of the guys got hit. Don't worry, I'm learning to write and eat with my other hand.

Love,
Joey

FREDDIE FRONTIERSMAN



THE SNAKE

by Johnnie Barnes



The shadows of twilight were deepening as Gerald Harris approached the barn lot to perform the routine chore of milking the cows. He automatically scanned the ground before him because rattlesnakes were frequently seen in the vicinity of the barn. Then he saw a menacing coil that he immediately recognized as a reptile. Suddenly, the snake began to thrash its tail. Then Gerald heard one of the most fearful sounds in snake country—the buzz of the rattlesnake rattles. It caused goose pimples to run up his arms, and he felt a slight shiver escape his body.

Quickly, the boy grabbed a garden hoe leaning against the lot fence. With a few well-aimed blows with the hoe, the snake was immobilized. After killing the snake, Gerald began searching the grass nearby because he knew that snakes often crawled about in pairs. When he felt sure the snake was alone, he returned to his chores.

Later, after returning to his house, he began to describe the snake to his parents, particularly the number of rattles on the snake. In the middle of the conversation he exclaimed, "Hey, it would be real cool to show those rattles to the fellows. I think I'll go get them."

A few minutes later he returned to the barn lot. In the bright moonlight he easily found the snake. For several moments he hesitated—pondering on how to remove the rattles with the least amount of contact. He had never handled a snake before, and he felt squeamish about the prospect.

He removed his jackknife from his pocket and quickly opened the blade. In a sudden abrupt movement, he placed one foot on the snake's head, grabbed the snake's tail with his left hand; he jerked upward, then with one stroke of the knife he severed the rattles from the tail. Thrusting the snake aside he hurried away. Gripping the rattles in his hand he chuckled to himself and thought, "It's funny how your imagination plays tricks. I would have sworn that snake moved while I was removing its rattles."

Early the next morning Gerald returned to the barn to milk the cows. As he passed the dead snake he suddenly froze in his tracks. Cold shivers ran up his back, goose pimples climbed up his arms and perspiration broke out on his forehead. As he stared at the dead rattler, he realized with shock that *its rattles were still on its tail!* The snake he had cut the rattles from the night before had been a live one!

* * *

Only heaven knows how many times we as Christians have been protected from danger and peril of which we were unaware. That's why it is so very important that we commit our lives to Jesus Christ everyday.