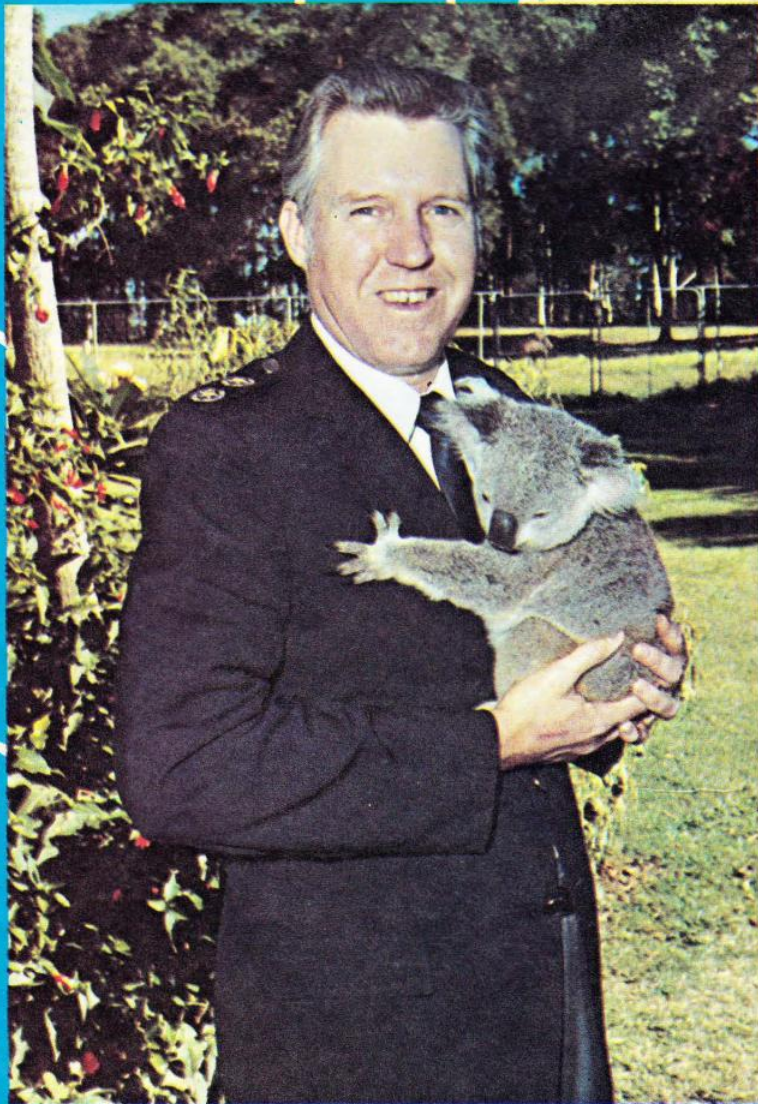


Vic. Ostrom

High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

SPRING 1972



Australian Adventure

see page four

In This Issue

Australian Adventure 4

An exciting adventure of the National Commander in Australia, the country "down under."

Rangers in Action 6

An exciting account of courage in action during a boating accident.

Tarps and Tents 7

Valuable tips on making inexpensive camping equipment.

One Dark and Stormy Night 8

A hilarious short story of what sometimes happens when a leader tries to tell a scary story.

Danger on Wilson Creek 10

A frightening, true story of two careless boys who almost lost their lives.

The Exciting World of Nature 13

An interesting look at the nature community of plains and prairies.

Comedy Corner 15

The Deadly Whirlpool 16

High Adventure

EDITOR:

Johnnie Barnes

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:

Don Franklin

John Eller

Elton Bell

LAYOUT EDITOR:

David Barnes

ART:

Dale Pearsall

NATIONAL COMMITTEE:

Glen Bonds

National Secretary

Johnnie Barnes

National Commander

Don Franklin

National Training

Coordinator

HIGH ADVENTURE Volume 1 Number 4—published quarterly by the Royal Rangers Division, 1445 Boonville Avenue, Springfield, MO 65802. Subscription rates: single subscription \$1.50 a year; bundle (minimum of five subscriptions, all mailed to one address) \$1.30 a year.

Copyright 1971 by General Council of the Assemblies of God. Printed in U.S.A.

Printed in U.S.A.

Second-class postage paid at Springfield, MO.

PURPOSE

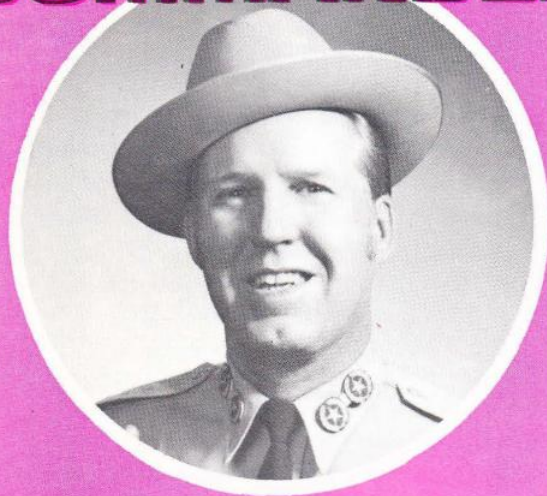
This quarterly magazine is designed:

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:

June 14-15 will be a milestone in Royal Rangers history. On these dates, Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity members from across the nation will convene here in Springfield for their first National Rendezvous.

With their authentic outfits, coonskin caps and colorful identification staffs, they are sure to provide one of the most interesting conventions we have ever had here in Springfield. Because of the uniqueness of this meeting, we expect a great deal of coverage from TV and other news media.

This brotherhood of "top-notch" men and boys is now six years old. It has grown from a handful of members in 1966 to an impressive organization composed of thousands of Royal Rangers and leaders.

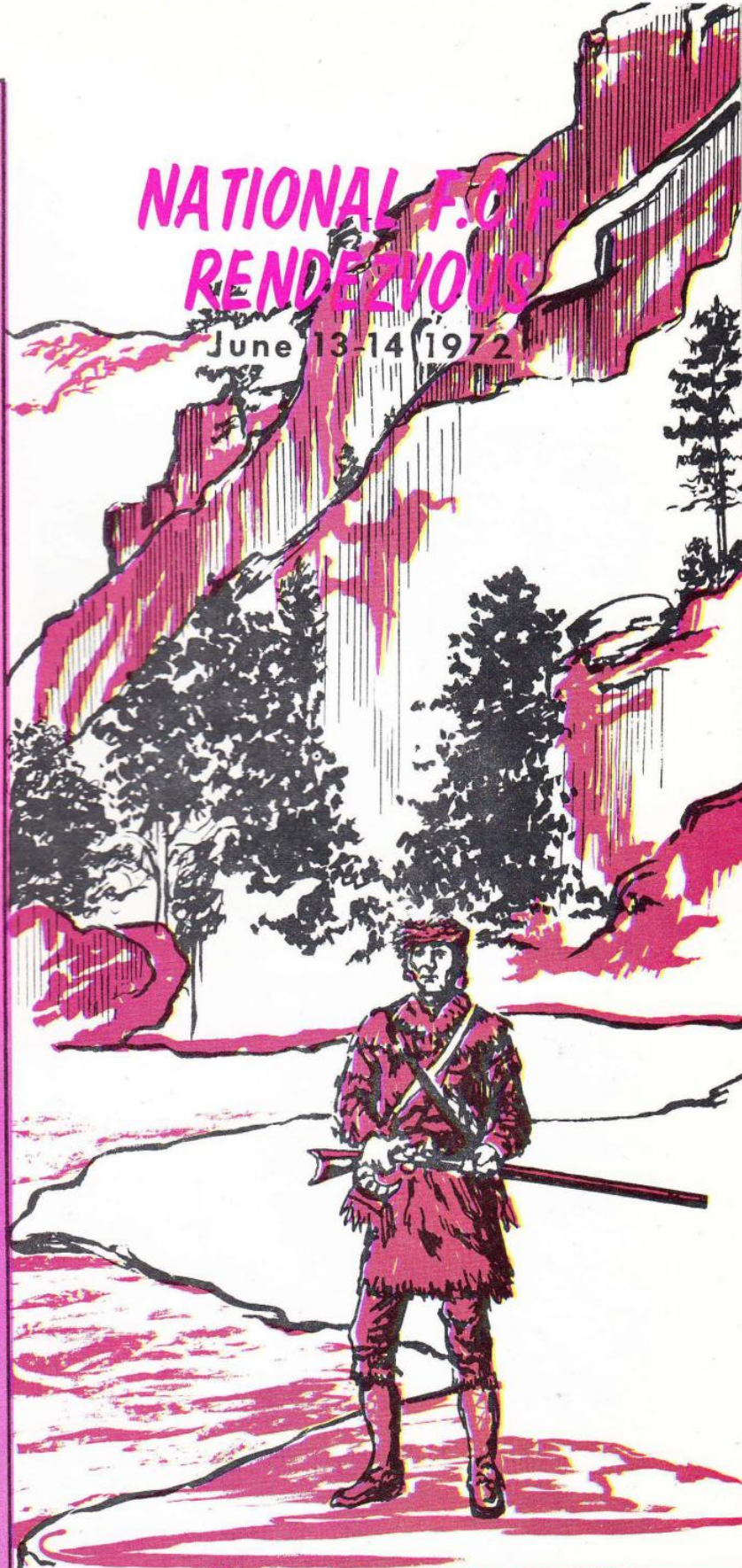
We would like to pay special tribute to this honor society that is making such an impact on older boys and men in our Royal Rangers program. We tip our coonskin cap to this elite corp of Royal Rangers!

This is also the first time we have conducted a national Royal Rangers convention for both men and boys. We hope this will pave the way for other such conventions. Who knows, perhaps sometime in the future we may be able to conduct a gigantic, national Royal Rangers Pow Wow.

Jahmie Barnes

NATIONAL F.C.F. RENDEZVOUS

June 13-14 1972



THE FIRST NATIONAL FRONTIERSMEN CAMPING FRATERNITY RENDEZVOUS WILL BE HELD JUNE 14-15, 1972, IN SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI!

WRITE THE NATIONAL OFFICE FOR INFORMATION ON WHERE TO STAY, WHAT TO BRING, COST, PRE-REGISTRATION FORMS, ETC.

DON'T MISS THIS EXCITING EVENT!

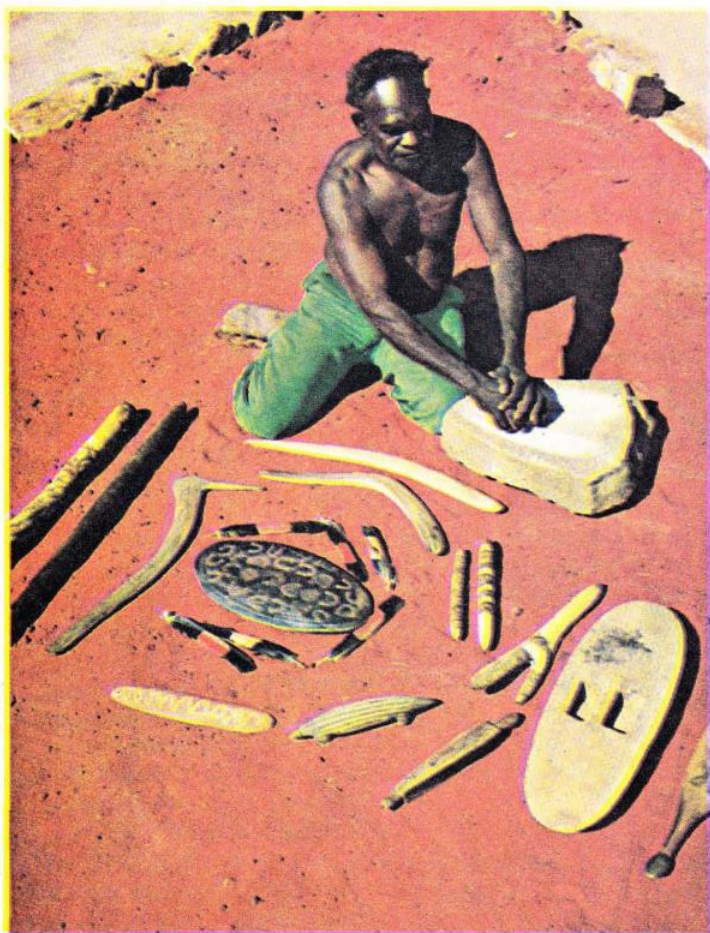
Australian Adventure

by **JOHNNIE BARNES**



The kangaroo is Australia's most familiar animal

An aborigines man displaying a number of weapons and tools



A weird, shrill, unearthly sound caused me to sit upright in my sleeping bag. I heard a chuckle nearby and a voice with a distinct Australian accent chirped, "What's the matter mate, did a kookaburra bird wake you?" I turned my head and grinned at Will Thorne, National Commander of the Australian Royal Rangers, and sheepishly replied, "Yeah, Will, for a minute I forgot where I was." "I can sure understand now why they named that bird after a donkey," I chuckled.

For several minutes I sat looking out the tent door at a grove of gum trees silhouetted against a rosy dawn. Suddenly my thoughts began racing back over the past two weeks we had spent in Australia. It all began when Ralph Palmerton and I landed in Brisbane, Queensland. There we were met by our congenial host, Will Thorne. Immediately we plunged into a whirlpool of activities involving many Royal Rangers and their leaders.

... I remembered a trip to Lone Pine Wildlife Sanctuary where we observed many unique Australian animals in their natural habitat. I even held a Koala bear in my arms (see cover). These cuddly little animals live only on the leaves of eucalyptus trees. This is their complete diet, including water. This is only one species of the fascinating wildlife of Australia. Kangaroos, wallabies, emus, dingoes, and the elusive platypus are among the many unusual animals we observed.

Later, at an N.T.C. encampment I became acquainted with another unusual animal, the Australian opossum. This bushy-haired opossum was one of the most clever and bold camp thieves I had ever observed. Even items inside our tent, with us in it, were not safe. He was a master at opening containers and packs.

I was also fascinated by the birds of Australia. At one bird sanctuary, near Australia's famed Gold Coast, we observed thousands of multicolored birds filling the air. The noise was unbelievable. At one site we were taking a photo of some emus (a large ostrich-like bird). One emu kept following me around. I thought it had taken a liking to me until someone told me the emu had just spotted my shiny Royal Rangers tie bar. It seems this bird likes to pick shiny objects off people. Needless to say, I kept a good distance between myself and that emu.

... I remembered an exciting trip into the Queensland bush with Paul Fulloon as our guide. I

enjoyed seeing the type of terrain on which Queensland's Royal Rangers hiked and camped. The trees and plants were quite interesting. The brilliant flowering trees were my favorites. Among the unusual trees we saw was a bottle tree; it looked like a giant bottle with limbs growing out of the top. The inside of the tree contained water.

Even though the wildlife and plant life in Australia are different from the United States, I found we shared one thing in common with the Australian Royal Rangers—that was an appreciation for the out-of-doors and a love of camping. I enjoyed very much listening to leaders and Rangers tell about their many outings, campouts and hiking trips in Australia's great out-of-doors.

... I remembered the great Royal Rangers rallies where as many as 500 boys and girls in smartly dressed uniforms participated. (They have both boys and girls in the Royal Rangers program in Australia.) The musical talent, outstanding demonstrations, and special presentations made these rallies dazzling events. What I enjoyed most was the opportunity of meeting many of these Royal Rangers personally. I had never encountered such bubbling enthusiasm. These Australian youth were really *sold* on Royal Rangers. I actually developed hand cramps from signing autographs. Ah, well, that's the price you pay for popularity!

... I remembered my trip to Melbourne, Victoria, for the Australian General Council where I served as a speaker. I was thrilled by the response of the delegates to our comments on the potential of the program. I would never forget the statement of Rev.



Will Thorne (left), Bill Butterfield (center), and Johnnie Barnes admire a patrol flag

P. B. Duncan, Assistant Commonwealth Superintendent when he stated, "I believe the Royal Rangers program will bring a revival to the youth of Australia."

The highlight to me was the afternoon that the Victorian Royal Rangers, under the leadership of State Commander Ivan Kajewski, gave an impressive demonstration on the parade grounds in front of the convention hall. These fellows were really on the ball.

... I remembered the day we joined several hundred Royal Rangers for a cruise of Sidney Harbor. The boat took us on a tour of one of the world's most beautiful harbors, with a picnic lunch stop on an island in the middle of the bay. During the cruise I met for the first time Bill Butterfield and Ted Lewis who, along with Will Thorne, would become the first three members of the Australian Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity. The great fellowship and superb scenery made it a day I'll never forget!

... I remembered how I had developed a greater appreciation for Australian aborigines lore. Instead of the Indian lore award, the Australian Rangers have an aborigine award. I listened in awe as an aborigine played on a digereedoo—an instrument made from a hollow log. The sounds that came from that log were unbelievable! I sat spellbound as another man demonstrated how to start a fire with an aborigine fire stick. Then I really got excited when we were given personal instruction from an aborigine on how to throw a boomerang and a hunting stick. Learning of my interest in this primitive culture, many individuals and groups presented me with several aborigine artifacts that I will always treasure.

... Then we had come here to Pennant Hill Training Camp for the first Australian N.T.C. I was pleased when leaders from all over Australia had willingly adjusted to the rugged camp routine. I would treasure memories such as ... a blazing council fire with Australian leaders singing their version of "Tie Me Kangaroo Down Sport" ... of tear-stained faces and upraised hands during a moment of inspiration ... the Australian flag along with the Christian and Royal Rangers flags fluttering in the breeze against an azure blue sky ... moonlight through eucalyptus trees, enhanced by the night sounds of the Australian bush.

The sound of a digereedoo announcing *Reveille* brought me back to the present. Turning to my tent companions I announced in my best, newly acquired Australian accent, "Okay, you blokes (guys), come alive! Just as soon as I put on me boots, I'll heat up the Billy Boil (teapot)." Stepping outside my tent I put on my official Australian slouch hat and surveyed the surroundings. An opossum was scurrying away with a piece of candy from someone's pack. In a nearby gum tree a Kookaburra was laughing at me. I smiled good naturedly because this was just part of the Australian Royal Rangers scene.

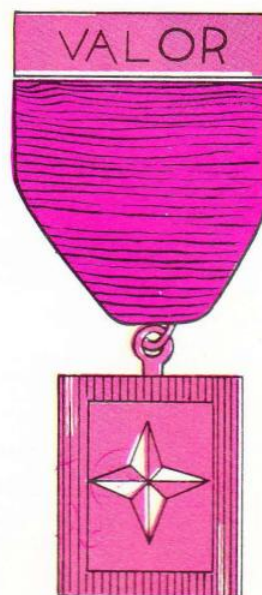
Rangers in Action

On May 2, 1970, Area Commander Hank Cole, Lt. Commander Frank Green and Frank's 14 year old son, Ranger Allen Green were fishing on Lake Henshaw in California. They had crossed to the opposite end of the lake, hoping for some good bass fishing. The wind which up to this time had been only a slight breeze suddenly began to grow stronger. The party realized they must get back across the lake before the water became any rougher. They had gone only a short distance when water began lapping over the bow. Moments later water was also running over the stern and the boat began to sink.



Seven months prior to this Commander Cole underwent surgery for the removal of a disk in his spine. Because of this, he was required to wear a back brace weighing about twelve pounds. When he hit the water the brace so immobilized him that he was unable to swim.

Realizing his plight, Frank and Allen swam through the churning water to his rescue. Meanwhile, the capsized boat had returned to the surface, bottom side up. With great effort the two pulled the endangered Commander to the capsized boat. (Hank Cole weighed 255 pounds, plus the brace.) Desperately the three clung by their fingers to the bobbing boat.



Twice the four foot rolling waves washed Hank back into the water. Each time Frank and Allen dived into the treacherous lake and pulled him back to the boat. For almost an hour they struggled in the swirling water before another boat came to their rescue. This boat was also almost swamped before it reached shore.

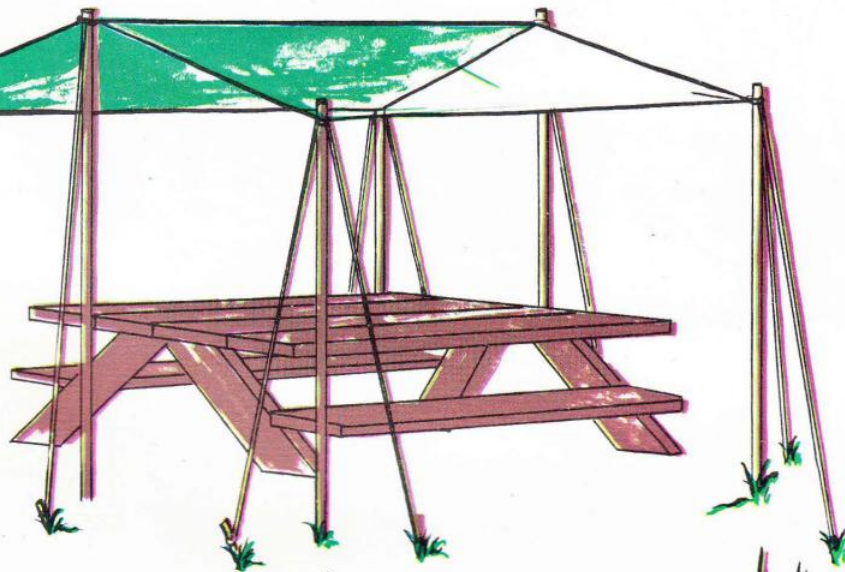
Commander Cole later stated, "If it had not been for the courage and determination of this man and boy, my family would not have a father or husband today. I owe my life to them."

Frank and Allen Green were recognized by the National Office for this act of heroism. Both were awarded the Royal Rangers Medal of Valor by the National Royal Rangers Committee.

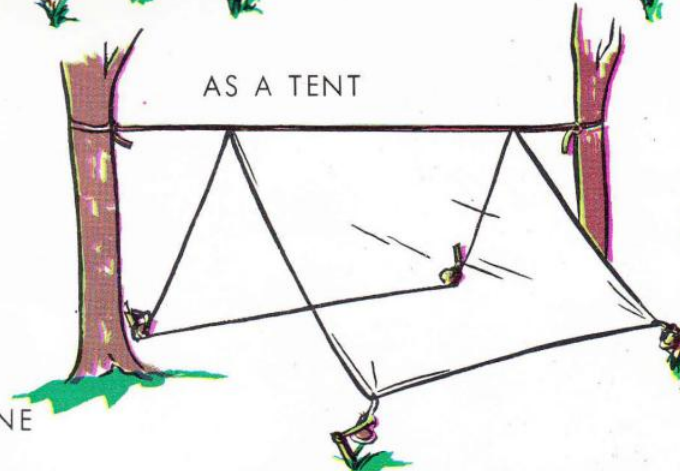


TARPS TENTS AND SHELTERS

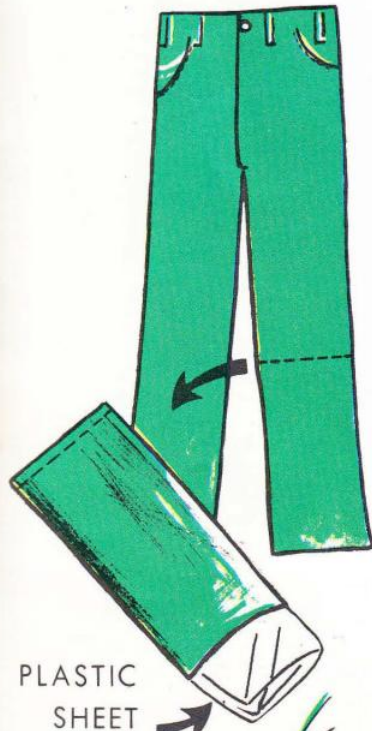
by ELTON BELL



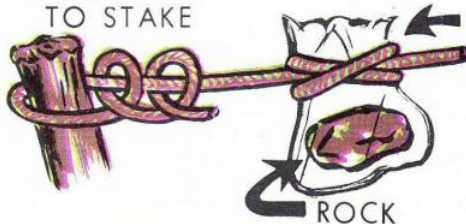
AS A TENT



OLD TROUSERS



TIE
TAUT LINE
HITCH
TO STAKE



TO SECURE ROPE
TO PLASTIC SHEETING
TIE ROCK INSIDE
PLASTIC WITH
CLOVE HITCH

No outpost need hamper their camping program because of lack of funds to buy tents. You can make an excellent 7- x 12-foot shelter from No. 4 polyethylene sheeting. Make a bag to hold it by cutting the leg from an old pair of trousers. See illustration.

The same size sheeting will make a satisfactory dining fly. See illustration.

(Because of the short life of the plastic sheeting, it should be used only as a temporary shelter for camping until you are able to secure regular tents.)

ONE DARK AND

by JIM MOISE

THE THING!!!

THE GHOST!!!

"Tell us a scary story, Mr. Wattersly!"

"Oh, you've heard all my stories, boys."

"No, we haven't! Anyway, make up a

"Make up? What do you mean, make up? My stories are true experiences—the giant of Bongoland . . . the monster beetle of aroon . . . the polka dot light from glaz Q."

"Yeah, yeah, you always say that."

"Well, if you think I'm just making you don't believe me—"

"We believe you, we believe you! Tell us a scary story, Mr. Wattersly!"

"Well, there's the 'Walking Ghost River'—"

"Tell it, tell that one!"

"Then there's the 'Thing in the Woods'—course that's pretty ghastly—"

"Be ghastly, Mr. Wattersly! Tell about the Thing in the Woods!"

"No, no, the Walking Ghost of Woods!"

"The Thing!"

"The Ghost!"

"The Thing!"

"The Ghost!"

"Or, there's the tyrannosaurus of Terror!"

"Aw, you told us that last time, don't you remember? About a big overgrown lizard that was high and ate everybody he could catch—"

"—which was everybody—nobody else but him—"

"—except that big ape that was 97 feet high and clobbered the lizard and threw him into the river!"



STORMY NIGHT

"I told you *that* one?"
 "Yea, so tell us about the Walking Ghost."
 "No, the Thing in the Woods!"
 "The Ghost!"
 "The Thing!"
 "All right, boys, we'll vote. How many want the Ghost of Wamba River? . . . Nine. All right, how many for the Thing in the Woods? . . . Seven. Well, how about you boys who didn't vote. What do you want?"
 "We wanta go to bed!"
 "Well, if my true experiences bore you—"
 "They ain't bored, Mr. Wattersly, they're chicken!"
 "We ain't either chicken. We'll stay!"
 "All right. Now before I begin, let one thing be understood. If I hear any wisecracks or interruptions of any kind, I'll simply stop the story and we'll all go to bed. Is that clear? . . . Good. Well, it all began one dark and stormy night some years ago. I was working late in my laboratory, when suddenly the telephone rang. When I answered there was no response at first—just silence, and I was beginning to think the storm had broken the wires, when suddenly I heard something—a voice—a voice that said something I shall never forget as long as I live—"
 "What channel are you watching, madam?"
 "All right . . . you may stop laughing boys. I warned you I'd stop if there were any interrupt—" **"OUCH!"**
 "He won't interrupt anymore, Mr. Wattersly, go on!"

"I simply will not abide these childish interruptions . . . Er, that was you, Watson, wasn't it? I thought so. You've broken the spell, Watson. You've ruined the story for everyone."

"No, he hasn't, Mr. Wattersly, go on!"

"All right, where was I? Oh, yes. The giant lizard and the monstrous ape faced each other across the throat of the seething volcano. Suddenly the mighty reptile—"

"Wait a minute, Mr. Wattersly, you told us that one. You were in the laboratory, remember, and the phone rang and a voice said something to you."

"Oh, yes. Well, a deep, slow voice said, 'Beware of the Thing in the Woods.' And before I could ask what it was all about there was a flash of lightning and a roll of thunder and the phone went dead."

"Didn't pay his phone bill!"

"Who said that? . . . Come, on, speak up, Watson?"

"No, sir—not me this time."

"Pangborn? Jones? Mario?"

"No, sir."

"Well, whoever it was should be pretty proud of himself, because he's broken the spell and ruined the story for everyone. Good-night, boys."

"No, come back, Mr. Wattersly!"

"Yea, Mr. Wattersly, it won't happen again."

"Well—all right, but this is your last chance. One more interruption and that's it. Now then, this wild Zulu comes running into the compound just as they were beginning the Dance of Death around the stake to which I was bound, and he shouted 'Flee, flee, the elephants are stampeding!' And just then—"

"Wait a minute, Mr. Wattersly, that's the wrong story. The phone went dead, remember?"

"Oh yes, of course. Well, the phone went dead, and—"

"Wait a minute, Mr. Wattersly, that was pretty cool what you said about the Dance of Death and the elephants coming; how about going on with *that*!?"

"No, no, let him tell about the Thing in the Woods!"

"I'd rather hear the Walking Ghost of Wamba River!"

"The Dance of Death!"

"The Thing!"

"The Ghost!"

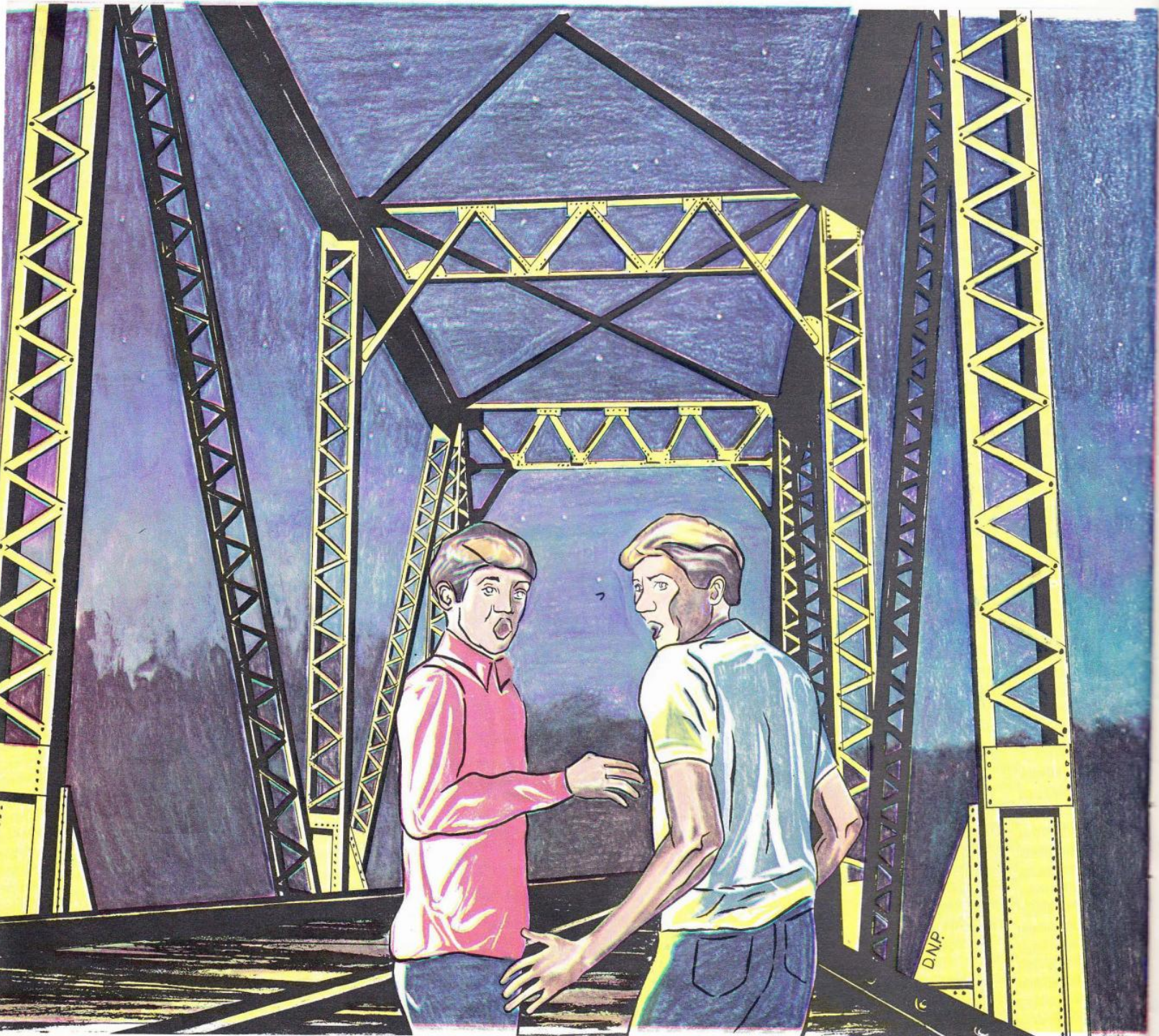
"The Dance!"

"Hey, wait a second, where'd he go?"

"Mr. Wattersly? . . . Oh, Mr. Wattersly! . . . Where are you? . . ."



DANGER ON WILSON



Jim screamed through the darkness, "Ron here it comes! It didn't stop!"

CREEK BRIDGE

By WAYNE WARNER

"Hey, it sure is getting dark, isn't it, Ron?" The two boys walking along the railroad tracks had traveled for several minutes without talking until Jim broke the silence with his comment. Ron didn't answer. He was mad at himself. They had hoped to catch a ride with Ron's dad at the sawmill, but they were too late. The night watchman told them that Ron's dad had left 30 minutes before they arrived. The only thing they could do was to hike the three miles to their homes. The shortest route was up the railroad tracks.

Ron finally answered his friend, "Yea, it's getting read dark and we have to cross that bridge without a flashlight." Jim shuddered as Ron continued, "One wrong step and we could fall into the creek."

There was no answer from Jim. He was thinking about icy Wilson Creek some 30 feet below the bridge. He had crossed the bridge before, but never on a dark night. The sudden gust of wind made him shiver. He pulled his coat around his narrow shoulders and hunched over in an effort to see the wooden railroad ties. Several times he stumbled but caught himself just in time. Why didn't they think to bring a flashlight, he wondered.

Soon they could make out the faint silhouette of the bridge girders rising above the tracks. Below them they could hear noisy Wilson Creek cascading down through the canyon.

"We've really got to be careful or we're goners," Ron cautioned his friend again as they made their way toward the bridge. "Stay right behind me, and don't get near the edge."

The thought of falling caused both boys to stop abruptly when they came to the edge of the bridge. Jim's heart had picked up its pace. He was breathing hard. They stood peering into the darkness, trying to make out the wooden ties that they would have to walk on to get across the long bridge. As they waited, Jim's thoughts flashed back to the Royal Rangers meeting of the previous week. The Bible lesson was about Nicodemus and his meeting with Jesus. Commander Rogers talked to the boys about being ready to meet the Lord if He should return or if the boys should die in an accident or something. Jim thought about the several boys who lifted their hands for prayer at the close of the lesson.

At the meeting Jim told himself that he would have plenty of time to think about repenting of his sins and asking Jesus Christ to save him. Someday he would be saved, he kept telling himself ever since Mr. Rogers explained what it meant to accept Jesus as one's personal Saviour. Now as they stood by the darkened bridge, he shuddered as the noisy creek gurgled and dashed against the big rocks.

"Well, we won't get across the bridge just standing here thinking about it," Ron blurted out. He took the first step. Jim hesitated and then started to follow his friend, but then stopped.

"Hey, isn't that a train whistle?" He cocked his head and held his breath. Ron stopped. Was it a train whistle or just the wind? It was a train whistle! They could make out the faint sound behind them. It sounded like it was at Johnson's crossing, the boys agreed. That was about a mile away.

"They'll stop at the mill," Ron shouted. He turned and started to walk. "They have to hook on to some box cars at the mill. We've got plenty of time to get across."

Jim's voice quivered, "Are—are you sure? We could be—we could be killed out on this bridge if they don't stop at the mill. We'd better wait."

"Sure, they'll stop at the mill. I've seen 'em stop there a hundred times. Why shouldn't they stop tonight?" He took another step and then yelled back at Jim, "Come on, you sissy. Let's get home before your Mom sends out a searching party."

A sissy was the last thing Jim wanted anyone to call him, but then he didn't like the idea of getting on the dangerous bridge with the train speeding down the tracks. They would be sitting ducks—he shuddered at the thought. Ron yelled at him again to hurry up. Now he could hear the sound of the locomotive. He listened for a moment and then started to follow Ron. He cautiously stepped from one wooden tie to the next, making sure he stayed in the center of the bridge behind Ron. The thought of slipping and plunging into the icy creek below wouldn't leave him. Maybe Ron wouldn't look back, but Jim promised himself that he would keep an eye to the rear just in case his friend had guessed wrong.

(Continued on next page)

Jim inched forward a few more steps, stopped and looked again toward the mill behind them. He froze. His scream cut through the darkness. "Ron! Here it comes! It didn't stop!"

Ron jerked around. They could see the big headlight of the train as it pointed toward them like the beam from a lighthouse shining across the waves. What could they do? They took a look at the other end of the bridge and then back to the rapidly approaching train. They were only about halfway across. Could they make it if they ran? They didn't know, and what if they got caught between the ties? There was only one thing to do. They had to get off on the side and find a place of safety. Frantically they looked toward the side of the bridge. The big beam from the train's headlight illuminated the bridge girders and made them look like parts of a giant erector set reaching toward the sky.

"Over there," Ron yelled and pointed toward the nearest girder. They moved as fast as they dared, all of the time aware that the train was getting closer and closer. Ron moved to one side of the girder and motioned for Jim to take the other side. They could feel the cold steel as they wrapped their arms around the girder.

Jim had prayed in trouble before, but never on a railroad bridge in the pitch darkness and with a train charging toward him. He knew the crew in the engine would never see them; and at the speed they were going, they couldn't stop the train before it got to the bridge.

"O, God, please save us. Don't let us fall," he prayed. Ron couldn't hear him for the noise of the

approaching train, but Jim didn't care whether he did or not. They needed God's help and he wasn't going to be afraid to ask for it. Besides, he thought, Ron was probably praying too.

Just then the thundering train hit the far end of the bridge, rattling it like a cupboard of dishes in an earthquake. The noise of the engine and the shaking increased with every turn of the wheels as the train lumbered closer to their perch.

"Hang on tight!" Ron yelled as loud as he could so Jim could hear him over the hissing, clanging engine as it rumbled closer and finally right beside them. He could have saved his breath as far as Jim was concerned. He was already pressed tightly against the dancing girder. His fingers were almost numb from their tight hold. His feet were bouncing with the pulsating bridge. Would the nightmare ever end? Would they live to tell about it? Jim had his doubts, but then breathed another prayer.

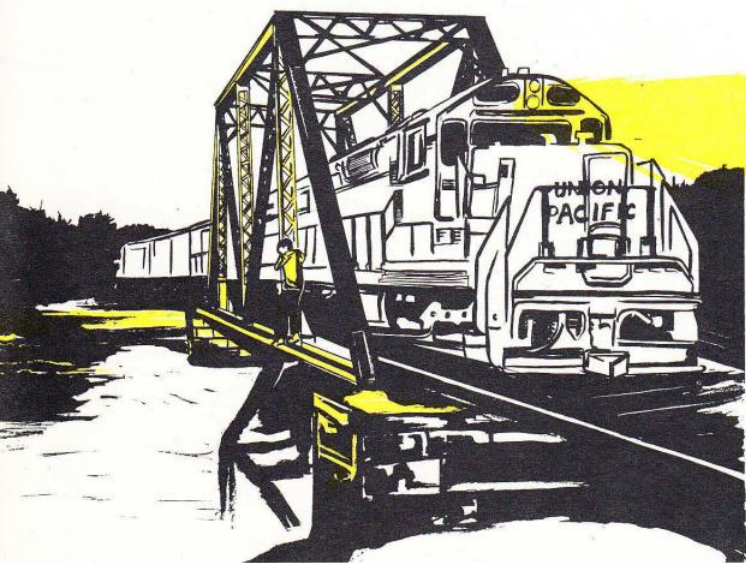
An endless string of boxcars, flatcars, and oil tankers rumbled by before Jim spotted the twinkling red lights of the caboose. It too went by with its noisy clickity-clack. Inside the caboose Jim could make out the forms of the crew members as they sat around the pot-bellied stove.

The clatter of the train was fading into the distance before Jim and Ron dared move from their place of safety. Ron was the first to speak. "Wow, was that ever a close call! That was just too close for comfort. I thought sure they'd stop at the mill."

"Yeah, it sure was close," Jim answered, "we'll take . . . we'll take the long way around next time."

They got back on the ties and slowly made their way to the end of the bridge. On safe footing again, they stopped and looked back at the bridge. Jim let out a sigh of relief as he thought about their narrow escape. Ron only gave a low whistle and squinted in the darkness to take a look at his friend. In the distance they could see the buncing red lights of the caboose as it swayed from side to side. They could hear the long whistle blast again as it warned motorists at the Baldwin crossing, a mile from the bridge.

(Continued on page 14)



The Exciting World of Nature

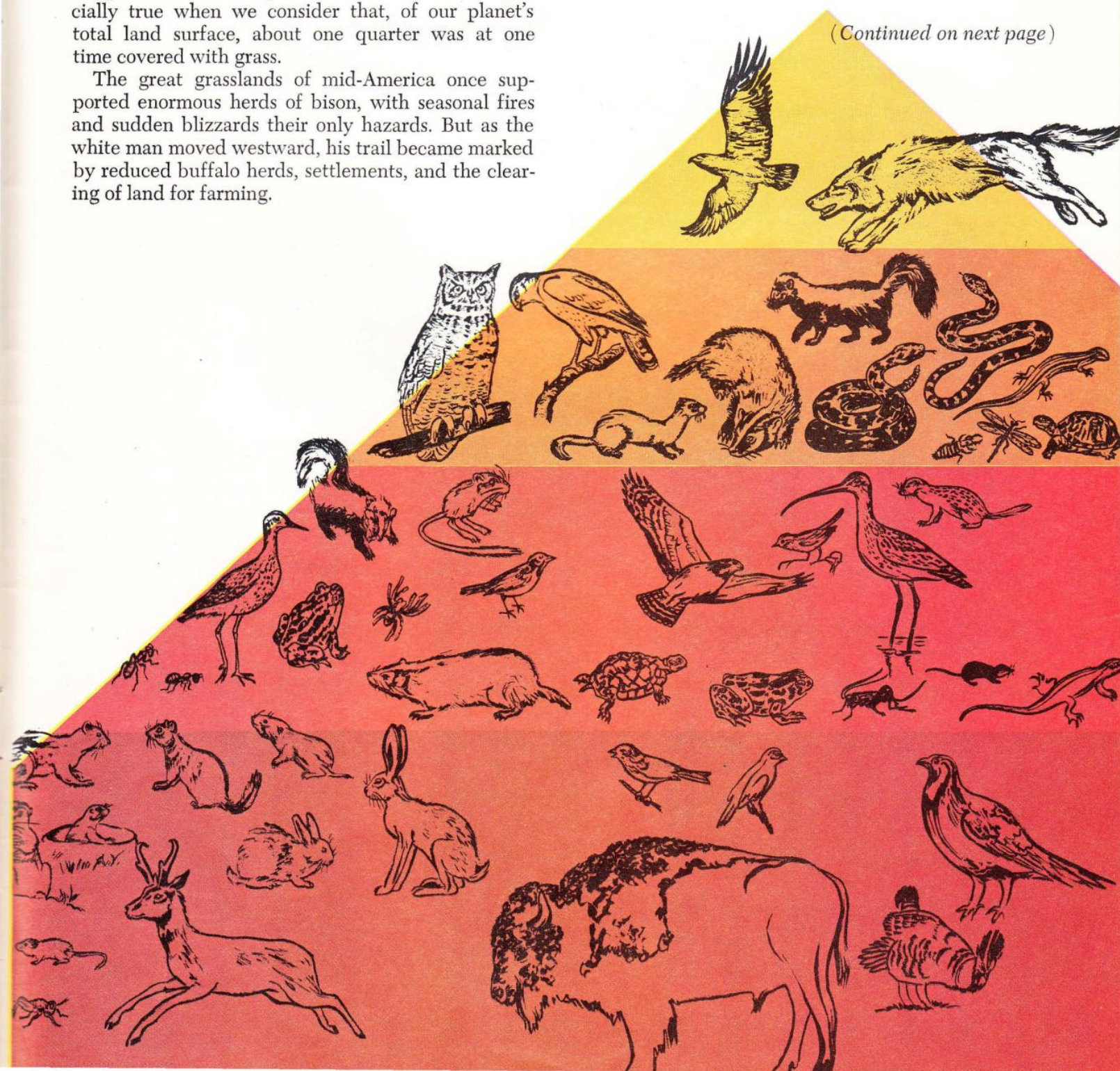
By John Eller

The exciting world of nature takes us now to the fascinating community found on plains and prairies. The grasslands, farms, and fields in a wide expanse of territory offer unlimited opportunities for unique and interesting nature studies. This is especially true when we consider that, of our planet's total land surface, about one quarter was at one time covered with grass.

The great grasslands of mid-America once supported enormous herds of bison, with seasonal fires and sudden blizzards their only hazards. But as the white man moved westward, his trail became marked by reduced buffalo herds, settlements, and the clearing of land for farming.

There were many assorted grasses on the plains and prairies of the frontier. The tallgrasses flourished on the eastern prairies from eastern Oklahoma north into Canada where the rainfall was heavy.

(Continued on next page)



WONDERFUL WORLD OF NATURE (*continued*)

Tall bluestem sometimes grew eight-feet tall with roots six feet into the soil. Switch grass was about a foot shorter in height and required less moisture. Indian grass was similar to bluestem in height and rainfall requirements and was often found mixed with bluestem.

The midgrasses required less rainfall and were in the prairie uplands from Texas to the Dakotas. Little bluestem, Western wheatgrass, and June grass were found mixed on the higher elevations.

The short grasses survived in the semiarid regions of the high plains and in the driest areas of the prairies. Most common of these were buffalo grass and blue gama. These grew no more than sixteen inches above the ground with the two grasses usually found mixed.

Most of the great grasses are gone; however, what remains of our plains and prairies is perhaps more interesting than before. There is reason to believe that future civilization depends on mankind's understanding of this important habitat of nature.

The grasslands of today are still open stretches, free from large trees or shrubbery, openly exposed to the wind, rain, and sun. And yet, these regions are covered by mats of plant life that hug the ground closely, taking a firm rooting from the relatively hard ground beneath.

In the community of plains and prairies, we find deep-rooted flowering herbs, those broad-leaved nongrassy species called *forbs* by range men, and just "weeds" by gardeners. These colorful herbs spangle the grasslands from early spring until the October frosts with every hue of yellow, purple, blue, pink, brown, and white.

We find blazing star, coneflower, prairie clover, wallflower, wild indigo, bergomot, red mallow, vervain, leadplant, brown-eyed Susan, fleabane, bonaset, ironweed, milkweed, chicory, and a dazzling array of sunflowers, asters, and goldenrod.

Creatures of the grass include the vanishing buffalo, elk, pronghorn antelope, and mule deer. There are also ground squirrels, gophers, prairie dogs, and burrowing owls. Deer, Harvest and Tiger mice are in the prairies, as well as the Kangaroo rat.

Fowl consists of hawks, eagles and a variety of smaller birds including cowbirds, song sparrows, Goldfinch, Bob-Whites, and Meadowlarks.

There are occasional snakes, including rattlesnakes, Garter, Milk and Red-bellied snakes. Fowler's toad is there feeding on an assortment of insects.

Grasslands are bordered by areas of taller plants which offer ideal conditions for many kinds of wildlife. Even shrubbery fence rows between farms shelter everything from cottontails to nesting areas for bumblebees.

When exploring open fields, it is advisable to take along a good set of field glasses to catch the action. If these are not available, an ordinary spyglass will do.

The grasslands are a lively habitat among the animal communities. A hike into these regions is both interesting and informative.

* * *

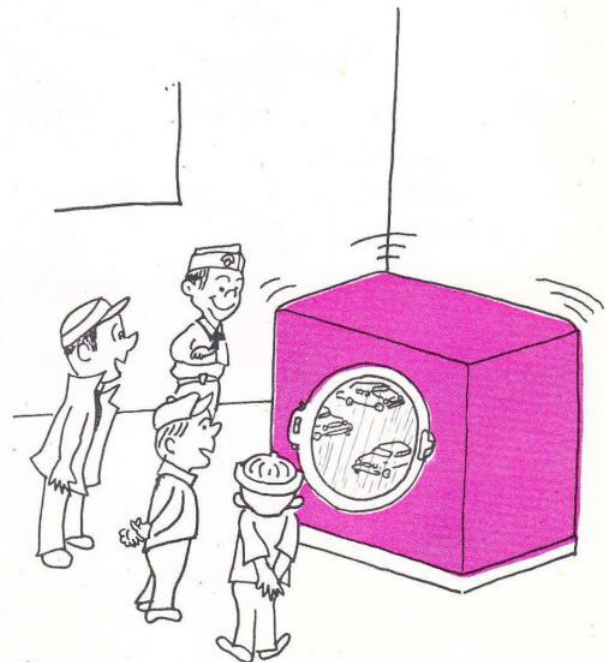
DANGER ON WILSON CREEK BRIDGE (*continued*)

Inside, Jim was quietly thanking God for keeping them from injury or even death. He had to say something to Ron about God and His love for them. He just had to, but how could he say it? Finally he started.

"You know, Ron, I've been thinking about what Mr. Rogers was talking about last week. If I'd have been killed back there tonight, I don't think I'd have been ready to meet the Lord. What about you?"

"Yea," Ron answered, "I know what you mean. It gave me something to think about too. He dropped his head, scraped his shoe in the gravel and cleared his throat, "I think we should have a little talk with Mr. Rogers tonight."

"That's a good idea, Ron. Come on, let's get going." Jim slapped Ron on the back as they started walking once again. In the distance they heard the faint mournful blast of the whistle as the train rumbled through the dark countryside.



"You Ought To Make A Fortune
With This Car Wash Business!"



the Comedy Corner

A big-game hunter was faced with an enormous tiger, 20 feet away. As the tiger was about to spring, the hunter fired his last cartridge and missed; but the tiger sprang too far and landed far beyond the hunter, who ran safely to camp.

The next day the hunter went behind the camp to practice a little shooting at close range. He heard a strange noise in the brush and went to investigate. It was the tiger—practicing short leaps!

Question: What did the ocean say to the beach?

Answer: Nothing, it just waved.

Waiter: And how did you find your steak, Sir?

Diner: Why, I just moved this little piece of fried potato, and there it was!

Two women were gossiping by the back fence one day. One said, "I almost didn't get my son off to school in time this morning."

The other said, "Mine's no problem to get up. All I have to do is put the cat in his bed."

"How does that help?" asked one.

"He sleeps with a dog," said the other.

THIS REALLY HAPPENED

Listed under "cause of death" on a death certificate filed in the Bureau of Vital Statistics in Tallahassee, Florida—"Don't know. Died without the aid of a physician."

Teacher: Johnny, can you tell me what a hypocrite is?

Johnny: Yes, ma'am. It's a boy who comes to school with a smile on his face.

Essie: Did you hear about the man who put a rabbit in his tank instead of a tiger?

Phillip: Why did he do that?

Essie: He used the car for short hops.

Question: What did one eye say to the other eye?

Answer: There's something between us that smells.

The normally grouchy boss smiled genially at all the salesmen he had called together for a meeting.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "I've called you all together to announce a really big sales contest."

An excited murmur arose from the group and an anxious voice blurted out, "What does the winner get, Mr. Jones?"

"He gets to keep his job," came the reply.

The Sunday school teacher was reviewing a lesson. "Who led the children of Israel out of Egypt?" No answer. So she pointed to a small lad at the back of the room. "Wasn't me ma'am," he answered. "We just moved here from Tulsa."

Question: Why are cowardly soldiers like candles?

Answer: Because when exposed to fire they run.

Question: What is that which has a mouth but never speaks, and a bed but never sleeps in it?

Answer: A river.

Riding in a propellor airplane, the passengers saw first one and finally three of the four engines conk out. The cabin door opened and the pilot appeared with a parachute on his back. "Keep calm folks and don't panic—I'm going for help!"

Ted: My father whistles a lot while he works.

Joe: He must be awfully happy!

Ted: Not really, He's a traffic cop.

FREDDIE FRONTIERSMAN AND HIS DOG POWDER HORN



THE DEADLY WHIRLPOOL

by DON FRANKLIN



Breathlessly, I inched my way over huge boulders that blocked my view. As I drew closer to the rocky precipice, my ears were soon filled with a thunderous roar.

Shivering with excitement, I discovered a wild, untamed river, tumbling down between steep, granite cliffs. Cascading water flung cold spray into my face. As if attracted by some magnetic force, my eyes were drawn downstream. What I saw made my skin crawl!

There, circling endlessly, was one of nature's cruelest pranks, a monster *whirlpool*.

It was *big!* Bigger and more threatening than anything I had ever seen. The sight that greeted my eyes, as a ten-year-old boy, was one I will never forget. My heart pounded madly as I crawled closer for a better look.

I watched in fascination as objects moved toward the whirlpool; an endless pattern seemed to take place—the vice-like grip of the invisible current would pull the object into itself, then with monotonous regularity, a wild, accelerating ride would follow; and finally, the object would be sucked helplessly into the ugly throat of the giant whirlpool. Within seconds it would be routinely smashed to bits under multiplied tons of angry water. With a strange sensation of having discovered something both terrible and forbidden, I finally left.

In the days that followed, I couldn't get that monster whirlpool out of my mind. I was haunted by the story of a boy who had ignored countless

warnings of the danger lurking there, a boy who had yielded to the temptation to "see how close he could get without getting caught."

I shuddered as I recalled the gruesome details. He had jumped into the river, cocky and sure of himself. Soon he drifted dangerously close to the mankilling whirlpool. Laughingly he ignored the people who begged him to turn back to safety.

But suddenly his expression changed. His laughing stopped. He was in trouble! The dreaded whirlpool had him in its grip. He was powerless. But it was too late!

Frantically he shouted, "Help me, quick! I'm going down." Screaming desperately, he plunged down into the furious center of that man-eating whirlpool!

Within seconds he was crushed to death. One more careless victim had paid a terrible price for experimentation!

I tried to dismiss the unpleasant picture from my thoughts. But in spite of my efforts, I kept recalling other memories—memories of Sunday school teachers who had warned me many times of sin's deadly temptations, temptations that resulted in death and destruction.

I began to see an amazing similarity between that *whirlpool* and *sin*! Just as the tentacles of that whirlpool had reached out for that reckless swimmer, so the temptations of sin also reach out to trap unsuspecting boys. I promised God that from that moment on I would always listen to the warnings of my pastor and my spiritual leaders.