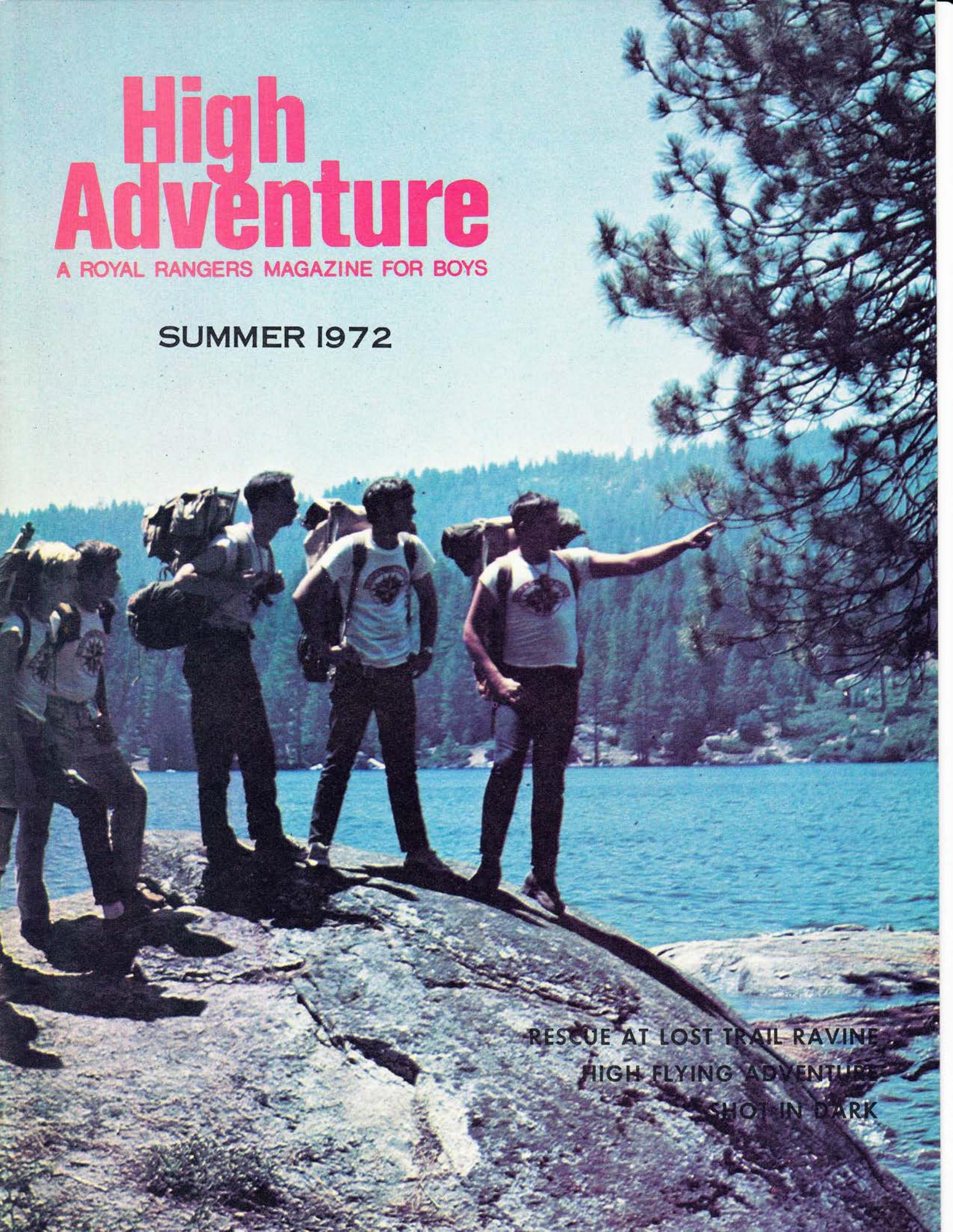


# High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

SUMMER 1972



RESCUE AT LOST TRAIL RAVINE  
HIGH FLYING ADVENTURE  
SHOT IN DARK

# High Adventure



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# RESCUE AT LOST TRAIL RAVINE

BY JOHN ELLER



"Two nights in the wild!" exulted Rodney as he knotted his sleeping bag securely to his backpack. "Let's see . . . lightweight tent, metal match, flashlight, canteen and food. Yup! Got everything!"

With his pack in place, he gave a wave of the hand and walked briskly toward the church parking lot. Several Trail Rangers had already arrived, swapping information on the contents of their packs and comparing weight. Unnecessary items could only add extra pounds to their loads.

"All aboard!" called Commander Sullivan. Senior Guide, Kelly Johnston led the way. Eyes alive with anticipation, eight boys followed with their gear.

Pastor Lewis closed the door and the bus lumbered away toward the Lost Trail.

For weeks the boys had been carefully planning this two-day hike. The pastor would drop them off at the beginning of Lost Trail and pick them up Saturday afternoon on the other side of the mountain.

"I've got the bacon to wrap those great big trout in!" boasted Rodney.

"Oh, yeah?" came a friendly jeer from Mike. "And what if the fish aren't biting?"

"Well," drawled Rodney, "A Royal Ranger is always 'Ready,' so I have some powdered eggs just in case!"

"Um yum," murmured pudgy Butch, "I've got the makin's of hot chocolate and biscuits in my pack! What a breakfast! I can almost taste it!"

Everyone grinned. Butch's appreciation for good food had made him the official outpost chef.

"If we can just be lucky and find a big patch of wild greens," said bespectacled Allen.

By midafternoon the bus slowed to a stop and unloaded its excited passengers. Pastor Lewis waved 'good-bye' and suddenly, the Trail Rangers were on their own.

"Come along boys!" cried Senior Guide Johnston as he adjusted his shoulder straps and fell into step behind Commander Sullivan.

The group reached their first stopping point about 4:30 p.m. as planned. They were as busy as beavers while tents rose miraculously and a crackling fire warmed the cool evening.

"Aren't we lucky they had a teacher's meeting?" asked Butch as he finished lashing a tripod.

"You bet!" answered Mike.

Soon the patrol was eating heartily and exchanging predictions on what the rest of the trail would be like.

Next morning found a busy crew at the campsite. Rodney and Mike had caught a nice string of fish, and the aroma of bacon-wrapped trout was still in the air as the patrol broke camp and prepared to hit the trail.

The sun climbed rapidly, warming the crisp April morning. Chipmunks scampered across the path ahead. Songbirds filled the forest with their various calls. An occasional crow or blue jay announced their coming.

Quite frequently, notebooks were pulled out to record observations of small game, while plant specimens were collected at different points.

The trail wound upward past a deserted log cabin of a bygone era and to a small historic church house. The boys spent a few minutes wandering through the adjoining churchyard cemetery, reading the headstones of yesteryear and looking inside the abandoned house of worship.

Just beyond the church the trail led through a tiny meadow. Commander Sullivan called a halt and directed the boys' attention to different greens that could be eaten. With ten pair of hands picking sour dock, lamb's-quarter, black mustard and pokeweed, a good "mess" of wild greens was soon gathered.

"Follow me, fellows," the commander instructed. "This wooded area to the right should be a good place for wild onions."

"Should I scout the trail ahead, Commander, Sir?" inquired the Senior Guide.

"Good idea!" responded Commander Sullivan. "It's been months since this trail has been used."

For the next half hour, the Rangers collected wild onions under the careful eye of their commander. The growth was abundant and made their efforts worthwhile.

"Commander Sullivan!" rang out a call from up the trail. "Spring flooding has washed out the trail ahead!" It was the Senior Guide running down the trail.

"Is there a place to camp?" asked Commander Sullivan.

"No there isn't, sir!" replied Johnston.

"Then we'll have to make camp here in this little meadow," decided the commander, "and discuss our change in plans later."

Each member of the patrol was soon involved with preassigned duties. Some took fire detail, others were in charge of wood and water, with pudgy Butch preparing the greens for cooking. Everyone would have a good appetite since lunch had consisted of snack food eaten on the trail.

After supper, the commander assembled the boys for a star gaze. Very apt in astronomy, he made the session quite interesting. He pointed to the evening stars, Venus and Jupiter, and directed their attention to the major Spring constellations. He demonstrated how the North Star and other heavenly bodies can be aids in navigation.

"You've gotta get up this morning!" Commander Sullivan sang out lustily. There was movement inside the tents as boys crawled from their bedrolls rubbing sleep from their eyes.

Following a breakfast of nourishing trail foods, the commander called for a discussion on how they would proceed up Lost Trail. Various suggestions were offered on how to avoid the washout, but it was mutually agreed that none of these routes would be acceptable.

"I have an idea," said Rodney. "Let's go as a group and inspect the washout. Perhaps an alternative passageway would be possible."

Everyone agreed that this would be best and soon the Trail Rangers were making their way along the trail.

"Hold it!" cried the Senior Guide when they were a hundred yards from the washout. "I think I hear something."

Everyone froze in their tracks.

"Help!" came a feeble cry

Advancing carefully, the patrol watched and listened for any unusual movement. The cries grew louder as they approached the washout.

"There's a boy down there and he's hurt!" yelled Mike.

"Hold everything, fellows!" said the commander quickly. "We don't want to start another avalanche; and besides, that rock ledge he's on is at least twenty feet down!"

Taking a rope from his pack the commander proceeded to tie a double bowline knot and lower it toward the injured young man.

"Slip this over your body," instructed the commander. "The rope is strong and the knot is sure."

Tension was in the air as all eyes were glued to the rock ledge. After a heroic struggle to use the rope, the boy fell back exhausted.

"I just can't do it," he gasped, "my leg . . ."

"What are we going to do?" asked Butch.

"There's only one thing we *can* do," replied the commander. "One of us will have to descend to the ledge and bring him up."

"I'll go, sir!" volunteered the Senior Guide.

"Have you ever done this before?" asked the commander.

"Yes, sir!" responded Kelly. "I did some mountain climbing last summer with my Dad."

Tying a double bowline around his own body, Kelly gave the other end to several members of the patrol who promptly secured it around a large tree.

"Okay," called Kelly, "let me down easy."

Kelly was soon standing on the rock ledge, forty feet above the ravine floor. After careful examination, it was apparent the boy was suffering from a fractured leg and exposure. Taking off his jacket, Kelly wrapped it around the victim's chest.

"His leg is broken!" called Kelly to those waiting above.

"Is it simple or compound?" asked Commander Sullivan.

"Simple," replied Kelly, "and the boy is in pain."

"His leg should have a splint before he is moved," said the commander. "Run back to the church, Allen, and get a board about three feet long from the small lumber pile out back."

Meanwhile, the commander asked the boys to remove extra articles of clothing from their packs. These would be used for padding. The splint would be fastened by a roll of adhesive tape the commander brought along.

Allen soon returned with a suitable splint, wide enough so the bandages would not pinch the injured point and long enough to reach the joints above and below the fracture. This, along with the other materials, was lowered to Kelly on the ledge.

"I'll need some help," said Kelly, remembering that a fractured leg is best set by two people. "Someone will have to give me a hand."

"Rodney has experience in advanced first aid," replied the commander. "We'll send him down."

With Rodney on the ledge beside him, Kelly felt a renewed confidence. "I didn't know Royal Rangers training was so important," he said, as the two boys carefully set about their task.

"What's your name?" asked Rodney, addressing the injured boy.

"Leroy Dunkar," came his reply, "we just moved here recently."

"Oh yeah," said Kelly, "You're the new student in my physics class!"

"How did you fall?" Rodney inquired.

"I was hiking alone about dusk last evening and came to the place where the trail was washed out," Leroy said. "My foot slipped on some loose rock."

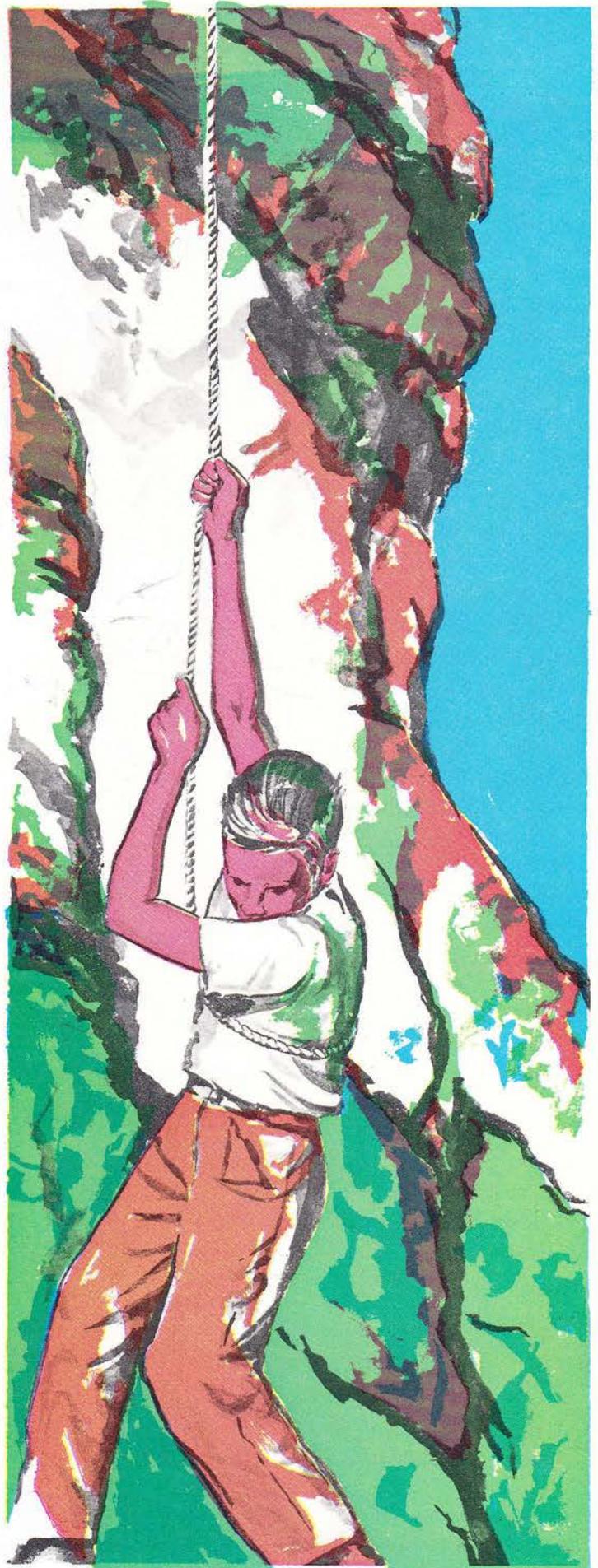
"Lucky you hit this ledge," said Kelly. "It may have saved your life!"

"What next?" asked Rodney, having cut the boy's trouser leg.

"We'll have to straighten the limb slightly," replied Kelly.

"This may hurt a little," he said to Leroy. "We'll be as careful as we can."

Leroy uttered a muffled cry of pain as the boys held the broken limb and exerted a strong steady pull to straighten it. Their task completed, they prepared Leroy for the hoist upward.



(Continued on page 14)



On Friday evening, July 9, 1971, Mrs. Maria Gracia had returned to her home in Brooklyn, N.Y., after attending the evening service at an Assembly of God church nearby. A short time later a young lady who had tarried at the church to pray noticed smoke and flames coming from the building where Mrs. Gracia lived. She immediately cried an alarm to the people still at the church.

Several of the men at the church, and two Royal Rangers, rushed to the flaming building and tried to enter Mrs. Gracia's apartment to assist her; but they were unable to do so because of the flames.

Louis Torres, one of the Royal Rangers, ran to an emergency alarm box and sounded the alarm. Not being satisfied, he ran down the street to the fire station to verbally report the fire.

Meanwhile, Isaac Torres, the other Royal Ranger, ran to the fire escape, leaped up and pulled down the ladder, then quickly began to climb the fire

escape. Reaching the top, he broke a window and climbed into the smoke-filled apartment. He immediately grabbed Mrs. Gracia's two-year-old son and began carrying him down the fire escape to safety. He continued up and down the fire escape five more times until he had assisted Mrs. Gracia and all her 5 children to safety. By the time the Fire Department had arrived, the entire smoke-blinded family was safely out of the building.

Mrs. Gracia wrote a letter of gratitude and congratulations to John Vazquez, Spanish Eastern District Commander for the courageous action of these young men. She also commended the Royal Rangers program for the training the boys received.

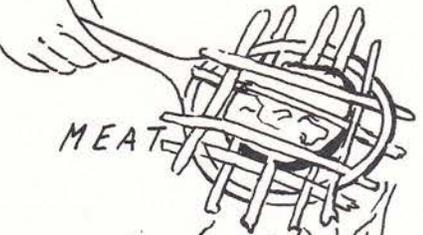
Louis and Isaac, who are brothers, were both honored by the National Royal Rangers Office. Isaac was awarded the Medal of Valor for his courageous action and his brother Louis was awarded a Certificate of Valor by the National Royal Rangers Committee.

# RANGERS *in* ACTION

# CAVE MAN COOKBOOK

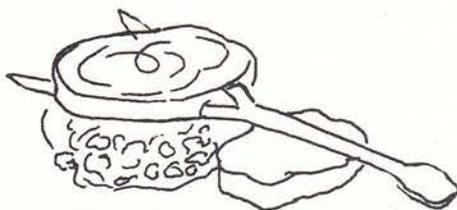
BY ELTON BELL

TENNIS-RACKET BROILER

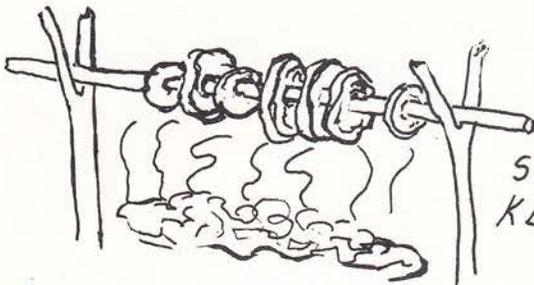


MEAT

BAKE POTATOES  
UNDER  
HOT  
COALS



FORKED STICK WITH  
TWO SHARPENED  
PRONGS FOR BROILING

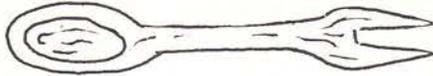


SHISH-  
KEBAB

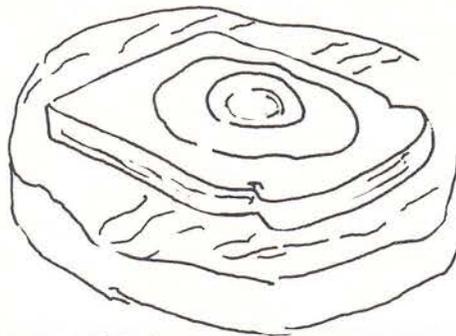
BAKE BALL OF  
DOUGH ON STICK  
OVER FIRE



COMBO FORK AND SPOON



CARVED FROM WOOD



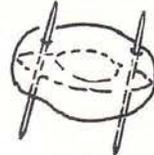
EGG ON BREAD  
HOT ROCK COOKING

ORANGE-SKIN POT

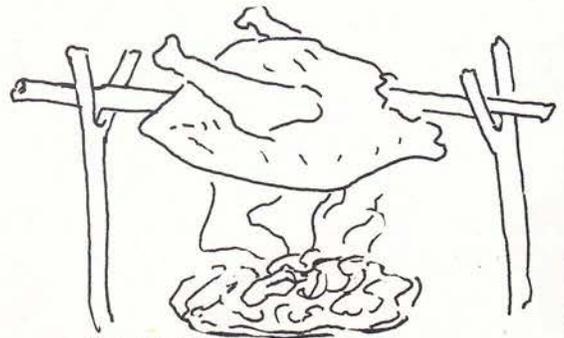


HOLLOW OUT HALF  
AN ORANGE. PUT ON  
HOT COALS

EGGS AND POTATOES

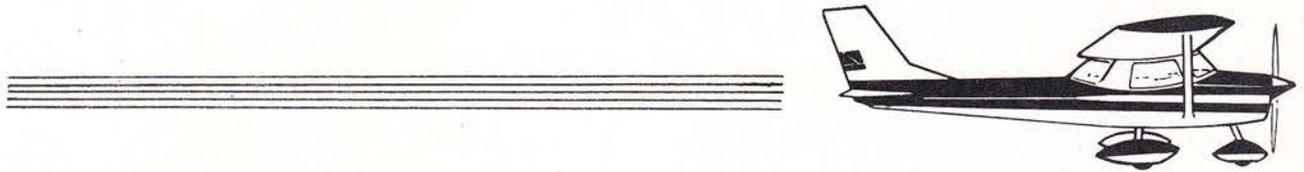


HOLLOW OUT  
FOR AN EGG  
PUT EGG  
INSIDE  
HOLD WITH  
TOOTH PICKS



BARBECUED  
CHICKEN

# HIGH FLYING ADV



The banquet room buzzed with excitement as Air Rangers and their parents gathered at Brad's Restaurant in Kent, Washington, near Seattle. The occasion was the announcement of a complete Flight Training Program for Air Ranger boys. Mr. Jerry Spring and Walt Taylor, both Assembly of God laymen operating a Flight School at Boeing Field in Seattle, were present to challenge our boys with a tremendous proposition. The date was January 16, 1971.

That night the Flight School instructors unfolded a plan that made available actual ground school training and up to 6 hours of flying instruction, bringing the fellows up to the point of a solo flight.

And the plan would cost only \$25 per boy! The school would be organized into a squadron of 18 boys. The boys were excited, and so were the dads. Many of the dads wanted to take advantage of this proposition, but the age limit of 15-17 left them out. Twelve of these beginning boys graduated in January of 1972. Another squadron has been started already, with boys coming from many miles once a month to the training class at Boeing Field.

Typical of the results of this venture is the story of Terry Wicklander who graduated in the first training class. Terry is a member of outpost No. 91, Colonia Bible Church between Seattle and Tacoma. Dick Cornish, the Senior Commander, had witnessed

*Jerry Spring assists an Air Ranger during map class*

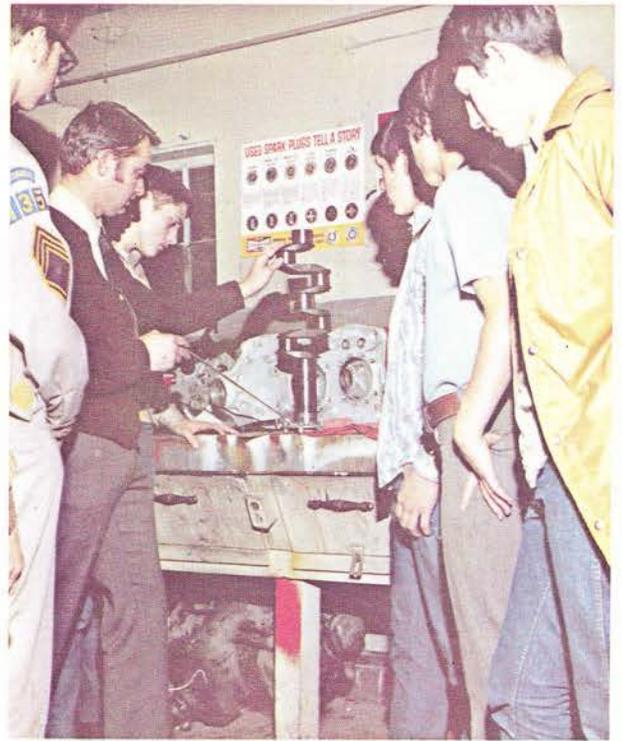


*Trainers and trainees pose in front of one of the planes used in training*



# VENTURE

≡≡≡ BY PHIL WAYMAN

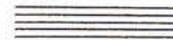


*Air Rangers examine an airplane engine*

several times to Terry's parents and tried to interest them in the Lord, but with little results. One day Dick mentioned the news of the new Air Ranger flight program to Terry Wicklander. Terry responded eagerly and came to the very first meeting.

Through this involvement in Royal Rangers, Terry began attending church and Sunday school. Terry soon became a Christian. His parents, seeing the change in Terry, are now also Christians.

September 27, 1971 was a red-letter day for Terry Wicklander, for on that day he took the controls of the trainer plane and flew his first cross-country flight. You talk about high adventure—that's pretty high for a 16-year-old boy! ●



*Don Nyhus conducting devotions*

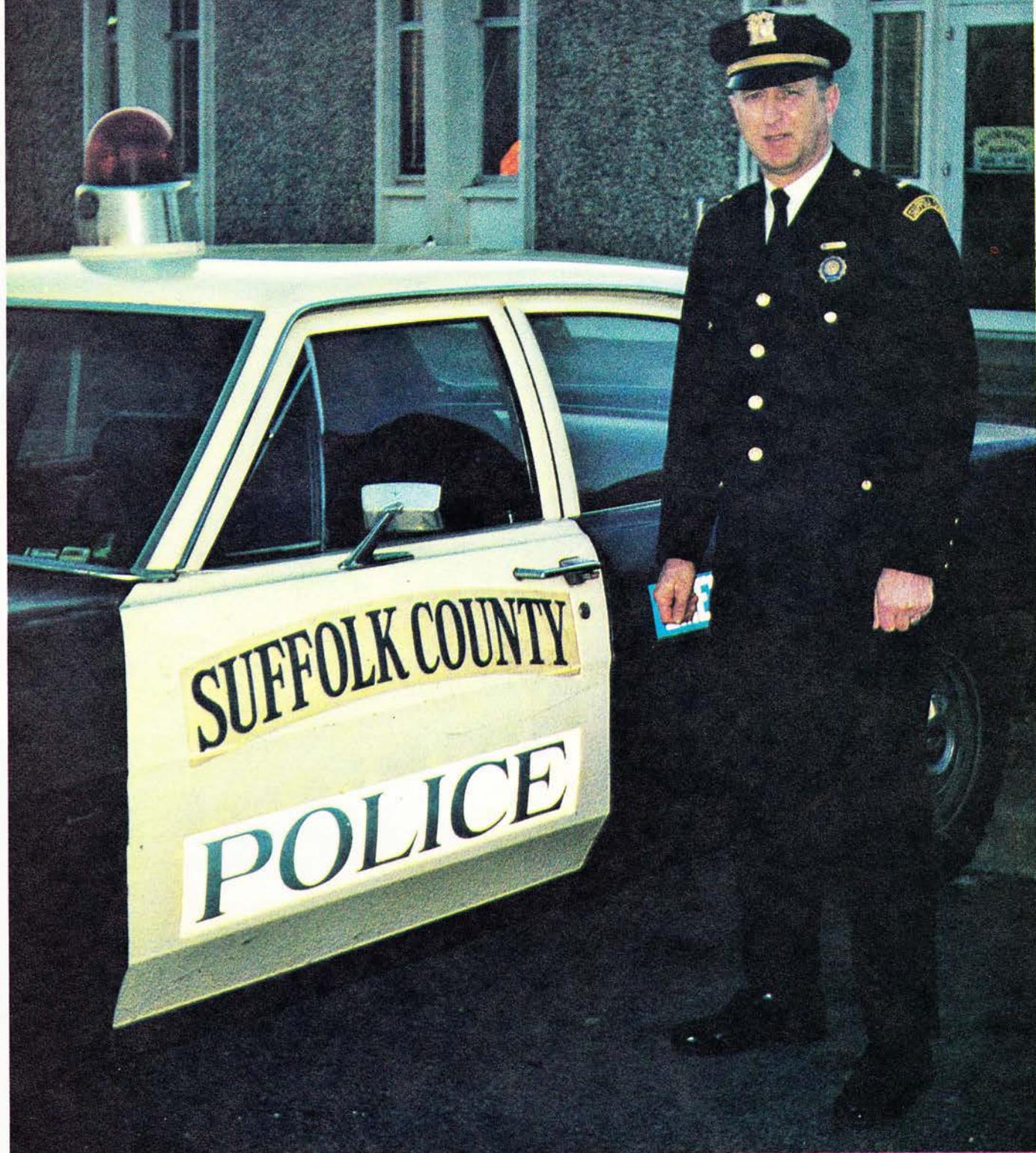


*Staff and students of the Air Ranger Flight School*



# SHOT IN THE DARK

BY KENNETH BOUTON



The time was just a little after 11 p.m. I knew there was no one in the bedroom, so I turned on a light near the safe. Stepping quickly and quietly to the safe, I reached out and began turning the dial. After a moment there was a click and the safe opened. I opened the door wide and peered inside. I saw what I wanted. I reached in and drew out a snub-nosed 38 caliber revolver.

Just as I closed the safe, with the gun in my hand, the bedroom door suddenly swung open. There, to my surprise stood my wife. "Hi honey," she greeted me, "almost ready for work?"

"Yes," I replied, "I'm just about dressed. I thought you were asleep in front of the TV?"

"I was, 'till a few minutes ago. Is there anything you need?"

"No, I have everything," I replied. I put my gun in its holster on my left hip and stepped up to the mirror to check myself. My uniform was in order. The lieutenant bars on my shoulder still looked good to me even though it had been two years since I was promoted to lieutenant in the Suffolk County Police Department.

I put on my rain gear, for it was raining very hard, kissed my wife good-bye, and left for the 3rd Precinct to start the midnight to eight tour.

Upon entering the Precinct, I was greeted with "Morning Lou," Lou, being short for lieutenant. I checked to see if any of the men called in sick, and to make sure all of the sector cars were manned. Then my sergeant and I went downstairs to the lunchroom and had a short informal meeting over coffee. Some reports had to go back to the patrolmen for minor corrections.

Shortly thereafter I was back upstairs at my desk. The patrol sergeants were out on the road assisting the patrolmen in their sectors, and all 24 police cars were in operation.

It was still raining hard.

While in the midst of my paper work, the Desk Sergeant interrupted me with, "Lou, Patrolman Sauer would like to see you about having a day off."

"Sure Sarge, send him in." Patrolman Sauer came in, saluted smartly and made his request. After checking the schedule I turned to Patrolman Sauer and said, "I'm sorry but on the date you want off we are already shorthanded."

"That's O.K. Lou. I'll save money by not going out." Patrolman Sauer returned to his unit 308 and went back to his sector. Neither one of us were aware of the near tragic incident that would involve us both later that night.

All my work was finished and it was still early—not even 3 a.m. I decided that in order to make the time go by faster, I would take a ride and check the

The Lieutenant's unit, number 330, was parked out front. The rain had almost stopped. I started my tour of the precinct sectors.

I had gone about five miles when it started raining again. I pulled alongside the Brentwood unit with two partolmen in it. "Hi, Lieutenant, what are you doing out here in all this rain?"

"Just checking to make sure you don't get wet. Have you had any calls?"

"Only one—a family fight, that's all."

"O.K. Keep dry, and I'll see you later."

I kept heading east, away from the precinct. The rain kept coming down. I was out by MacArthur Airport in Bohemia, parked alongside unit 318. We talked for a moment or two. By now it was raining very hard. "Teddy, I'm going to head back to the precinct. It's getting too wet out here."

"O.K. Lou, see you tomorrow."

On the way back to the precinct I decided to stop at the Sayville Diner. A good hot breakfast would hit the spot.

Meanwhile Patrolman Sauer in 308 had been patrolling his sector. He stopped his unit at the Point (a landmark where Sunrise Highway and Nontauk Highway join one another for about one-fourth mile and then separate). With his motor idling, he sat watching traffic. The rain had let up, almost stopped. He turned off his windshield wipers. Most of the cars moved at a moderate rate of speed. The traffic light kept working whether or not there were any cars at the intersection. For the last few minutes there hadn't been any cars. Suddenly, off in the distance he saw a set of headlights coming in his direction. They seemed to be approaching at a high rate of speed. The traffic light changed to red against the oncoming car. It didn't even slow down. It flew right past the red light. Patrolman Sauer slapped the gear lever into drive, spun the steering wheel around and gunned the motor. The Police car slid around, the wheels spun on the wet ground, then when it hit the pavement the car leaped forward after the speeding vehicle. He flipped on his red dome light and wound up his siren. He listened to it scream out after the fleeing car. Sauer looked down at his speedometer—70, 80, 90, 95 miles an hour. The car was keeping ahead of him. He reached for his radio mike to broadcast an alarm.

At this time I was thinking of bacon and eggs, when the radio dispatcher interrupted my thoughts with, "Attention all 3rd Precinct east end units. Be advised unit 308 is in pursuit of a vehicle eastbound on Sunrise Highway. They have just passed the Point."

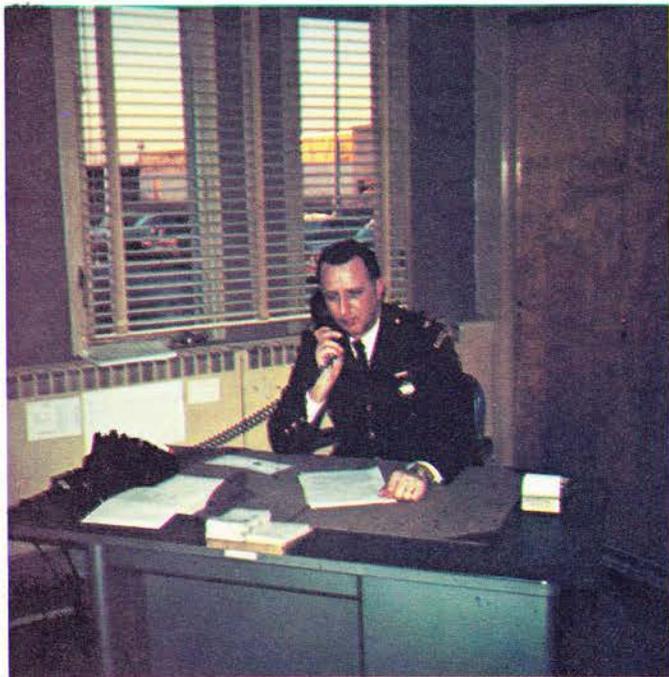
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I was just two blocks above the Sunrise and heading toward it. I stomped on the gas pedal and quickly reached the highway. I turned west and started in their direction. I hoped to be able to see the flashing red light of 308 in time to cut across the grass divider and intercept the vehicle. I had gone a short distance when the radio dispatcher came on again. "East end 3rd Precinct units, be advised 308 is approaching Smithtown Avenue on Sunrise Highway." That was less than a mile away, and no intersecting streets. They had to come my way.

Quickly I swung across the highway. I was now headed in the same direction that they were. I was moving slowly with my eyes on the rear view mirror. I remember thinking that they should be coming over the top of the hill any second now. I reached Lakeland Avenue and stopped. I didn't want to get too far ahead. Suddenly a set of lights came over the hill quickly followed by another with flashing red light. I flipped on my own red light and began to move out. I started to pick up speed.

Suddenly the pursued car turned into Lakeland Avenue, spun around and stopped. Unit 308 slid to a stop in front of it. I hit the brakes, jammed the car into reverse and backed into the intersection, blocking it. Then I stayed behind the wheel, watching.

The pursued car began to move. They were coming toward the front of my unit. As they drew abreast of me, the window in my right front door exploded. Something slammed into my chest. "I've been shot," I said to myself. But then I said, "NO! NO! You don't want to be shot. Perhaps their tire kicked up a stone and it hit the windshield." I carefully looked at the windshield. There wasn't a mark on it.



*Lt. Ken Bouton in his office at the Suffolk County Police Station*

Reluctantly, I opened my raincoat and blouse. I looked at my clean white shirt. It was red with blood. "Oh, dear God!" I cried. I was afraid. Afraid because if I passed out, I didn't know where I would wake up—here or in eternity. Heaven or hell. I didn't know where I would spend eternity. I was a professing Christian, but I had become neglectful about my relationship and responsibilities to the Lord Jesus Christ. "God, please forgive me for my indifference," I prayed.

Was a main artery or vein cut? I didn't know. If it was, I knew I didn't have much time left to live. There wasn't any real pain. But then there wouldn't be if a vein or artery were cut.

I picked up the mike to my radio. "Unit three three zero to Headquarters."

"Go ahead 330."

"Headquarters, I've just been shot."

Stunned silence, then, "What's your location 330?"

"Lakeland and Sunrise."

"Headquarters to all 3rd Precinct units. Unit 330 reports he has just been shot. Any unit near Lakeland and Sunrise, assist."

He hardly got finished speaking when my door was yanked open. "Where'd they get ya, Lou?" It was Barney. He broke me in as a patrolman. I showed him where I was hit. "Slide over," he said. I moved. He got behind the wheel, turned the car around and headed toward Southside Hospital in Bay Shore, 12 miles away.

Barney turned to me and said, "Put your fist over that hole in your chest." I did as I was told. He wound up the siren, put his foot to the gas pedal and pushed it to the floor. We really moved!

Minutes later we braked to a stop by the emergency door of the hospital. I was quickly brought into the emergency room. The wound was examined. It was determined the bullet had not come out. It had entered my chest on the left side and slid just under the skin to my left arm pit. Nothing serious. I told the doctor there was something in my left eye. He checked; it was glass. The doctor removed it, but said, "Another half millimeter deeper and you would have been blind in that eye." God was good to me. He still cared about me. Even though I had grown careless about Him, He still loved me. I'll not let that happen again!

Later I learned what had happened. When Patrolman Sauer got out of his unit to approach the other car, they tried to run him down. He jumped out of the way, drew his gun and fired at them. One of his bullets ricocheted off their car and into me. There were four servicemen in that car. They were all AWOL and had stolen the car in New York City to go for a joyride. The joyride ended with all four of them in jail. ●

—Police Lt. Kenneth Bouton is now a Royal Rangers leader in Outpost No. 2, Bay Shore, Long Island, New York.

# *The Exciting* **By John Eller** *World of Nature*

Our nature study now turns to a most amazing habitat called the *desert*. Although animal communities of every sort are interesting, the arid regions of the world hold a special attraction.

Most deserts are located along the Tropic of Cancer to the north of the equator, or the Tropic of Capricorn to the south. Certain areas such as the Arctic tundra are exceptions, but we will consider these later with other mountaintop habitats.

The North American Desert is located in the southwestern United States and stretches from Oregon to Old Mexico and from Texas to Baja, California.

Our desert divides into six major areas, of which the *Great Basin* is largest, covering most of Nevada and Utah, while supporting shadscale and sagebrush, kangaroo rats and rabbits.

The *Mohave Desert* joins to the south and adds the creosote bush, yucca, and ladder-backed woodpeckers. The famous *Death Valley* lies within its boundaries.

The *Painted Desert* is to the east of the Mohave and supports additional plant life of pinon and juniper. Sand colors here are varied and fascinating.

Still farther south is the *Colorado Desert* (so named for the *river* instead of the state) which is a saltbush community containing ironwood, ocotillo and elephant trees.

The *Arizona-Sonoran Desert* is the home of world-famous organ-pipe cactus. Gila woodpeckers live there, as do plant life known as paloverde and mesquite.

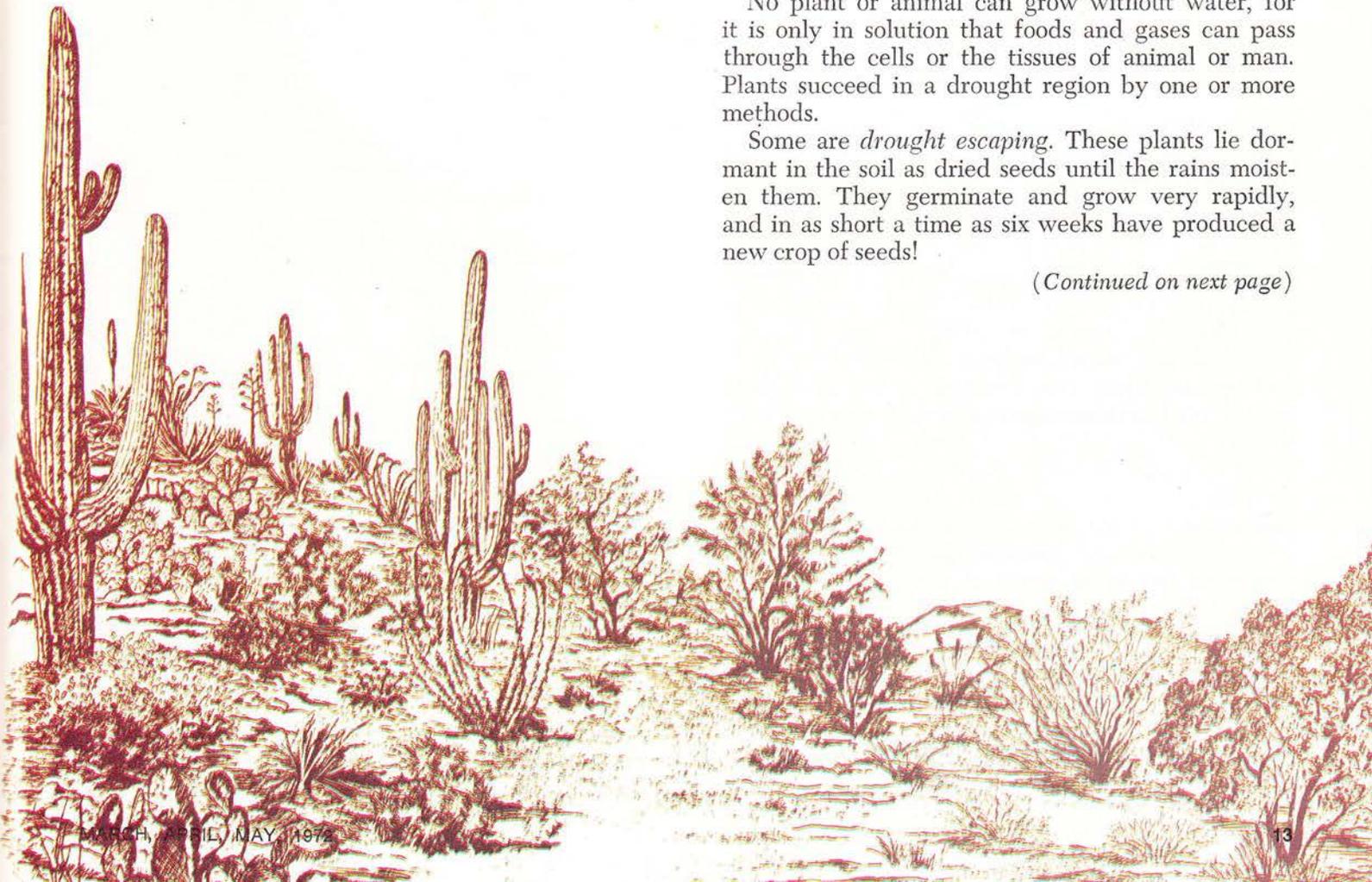
The final section is called the *Chihuahuan Desert*, most of which is in old Mexico. The northernmost portions of this region reach into southwest Texas and parts of New Mexico. This is a succulent desert community whose animals include the desert cottontails.

Some think of the desert as uninhabitable—where plants and animals cannot survive. This is to ignore the desert's greatest secrets. The forms of life there have simply adjusted to their environment.

No plant or animal can grow without water, for it is only in solution that foods and gases can pass through the cells or the tissues of animal or man. Plants succeed in a drought region by one or more methods.

Some are *drought escaping*. These plants lie dormant in the soil as dried seeds until the rains moisten them. They germinate and grow very rapidly, and in as short a time as six weeks have produced a new crop of seeds!

(Continued on next page)



Others are *drought avoiding*. These are plants that conserve the available water. They achieve this by growing during the most favorable season of the year. These remain small in size with wide spacing while much of the plant may grow underground for protection from dry and hot winds.

Still others are *drought enduring*. These are usually drought escaping plants, but since they are perennials (living over from season to season), they drop their leaves, stop growing, and remain dormant until water is once again available.

Animals of the desert survive in much the same categories. Some are active in either summer or winter annuals and are therefore drought escaping.

Drought avoiding animals remain in burrows or in the shade by day, and roam for food by night. While the desert cools rapidly after sunset, the conditions are not quite so extreme.

The drought enduring animals actually hibernate during the unfavorable seasons of the year, remaining relatively inactive in burrows or buried in the soil.

Animals that are drought resisting obtain water from the food they eat. Many extract moisture from the juices of plants, insects, or other animal food.

But the desert is more than cactus or yucca blooms—it offers a continual struggle for sheer existence. Among both plants and animals, the survival of the fittest is a law selecting the most hardy of the species to face life in the desert. ●

\* \* \*

#### RESCUE AT LOST TRAIL RAVINE (continued)

Once Leroy was safely off the ledge, everyone heaved a sigh of relief.

“How will we get him back to town?” Mike wanted to know.

“It would probably be best to have Rodney ascend to the far end of the wash out, cross the mountain and inform Pastor Lewis to meet us at the starting point,” the commander said. “Can you climb up to the trail on the far end?” he called.

“I think so,” replied Rodney. “It’s only about eight feet up and Leroy says the trail is okay from here on in. With a boost from Kelly it should be no trouble at all.”

With Rodney on his way, and Kelly safely with the patrol again, the boys took turns carrying a litter made from two strong poles and a blanket.

After a long and cautious descent, they arrived at the starting point where the pastor and Rodney awaited.

\* \* \*

It was meeting night two weeks later. The outpost had just been called to order for the opening ceremony, when in came Leroy on a pair of crutches. A cheer went up from the Rangers as Leroy announced his desire to join the outpost. ●

#### THE DAY THE WORLD CHANGED (continued)

of trees, beside a small stream. Finally I knelt beside a log and tried to pray. Under deep conviction, I realized that I was a sinner—doomed and damned without hope, without God. The full impact of my lost condition weighed on my soul like a ton of misery.

Looking up through leafy boughs to the sky above I stammered, “O God, forgive me.” Then burying my face in my hands I sobbed in a choking voice, “O God, please forgive me of all my sins; please come into my heart and change me. If you’ll forgive me and come into my heart, I’ll live for you, I’ll serve you, I’ll do my best to be what you want me to be. My life will be yours.”

I heard no audible voice, but something inside me seemed to say, “You are forgiven. I am now in your heart.” And I believed it! From my heart there began to rise an inexpressible ecstasy that spread throughout my entire being. Tears of repentance turned to tears of joy, and from my lips there broke forth expressions of love and thanksgiving to Jesus that I did not know were possible. I was aglow with peace and happiness.

Presently I looked around me. The trees looked greener, the sky looked bluer; the rippling stream, the wind in the trees, and the singing birds sounded like music. The world had changed!

Then I realized that the world hadn’t really changed at all. *I* had changed! Old things had passed away—all things had become new, just as the Scripture verse said. I was born again! The old life I had lived was forgiven; I was beginning again. That was the beginning of a new life for me—a new life of peace and happiness. ●





the  
**Comedy  
Corner**

A small-built man was sitting at the counter in a restaurant along with a medium-built man. A big man walked in and went over to the little man and hit him with the edge of his hand. The little man got up and asked, "What was that?"

"That was a Karate chop from China," replied the large man.

The next day the little man was sitting in the same restaurant and in walked the same big man. The big man walked over to where the little man was seated. The little man stood up and the big man flipped him head over heels.

The little man sat up and asked, "What was that?"

The big man said, "That was a Judo flip from Japan."

The next day the little man came into that same restaurant where the same large man was seated alongside the medium-built man. He walked up to the big man and hit him over the head.

The little man told the other man seated there, "When he wakes up and asks what that was, tell him that was a crowbar from Sears & Roebuck."

*First man:* Two guys jumped me and broke my arm and took all my money and left me lying in the gutter.

*Second man:* Why didn't you fight back?

*First man:* I didn't want to get involved.

—Larry Herrick  
Sugar Creek, MO

*Buckaroo:* My dog sleeps in bed with me every night.

*Pioneer:* Doesn't it bother you when he scratches for fleas?

*Buckaroo:* No, it feels real good.

—Steve Nollkamper  
Old Ocean, TX

*Question:* What is the best way to keep a skunk from smelling?

*Answer:* Hold his nose.

*Bob:* This match you gave me won't light.

*Dave:* That's funny. It lit an hour ago.

*Tom:* What did Ben Franklin say when he flew his kite?

*Jack:* I don't know. What?

*Tom:* How shocking!

*Wife:* Oh, no! The dog just ate all the cookies I baked for you.

*Husband:* Don't cry, honey! We will get another dog.

—Steve Nollkamper  
Old Ocean, TX

A woman went to the bank and asked for a new check book. "I'm afraid I've lost the one you gave me yesterday," she said. "But it doesn't matter. I took the precaution of signing all the checks first, so they won't be any good to anyone else."

—Tom Shepherd  
Valley Park, MO

*Pat:* "Do you know how to keep water out of your house?"

*Mike:* "Just don't pay your water bill."

A very small boy was downtown for the first time. He and his father entered an elevator in a tall building. They shot upward 30 stories at breath-taking speed. Holding tight to his father's hand, the boy asked, "Daddy, does God know we're coming?"

—Phil Turner  
Mobile, AL

Two boys were discussing the accomplishments of their fathers. "You know the Atlantic Ocean?" said one. "Well, my dad's a construction worker and he dug a hole for it."

"Huh," replied the other. "Have you ever heard of the Dead Sea? My dad's an exterminator. He killed it!"

—Warren Bebout  
San Luis Obispo, CA

Two boys were on their way home from Sunday school. One asked, "Do you believe that story about Lot's wife looking back and turning into a pillar of salt?"

"Why not!" said the other. "Yesterday my mother looked back and turned into a telephone pole."

*Question:* Why can't a man living in Boston, MA be buried west of the Mississippi?

*Answer:* He isn't dead yet.

*Bill:* You wanna fight?

*Tom:* Yeah, I'll fight ya!

*Bill:* You gonna run?

*Tom:* No.

*Bill:* Then how ya gonna catch me?

—Phil Turner  
Mobile, AL

The customer was buying a fountain pen for his son's graduation present.

"It's to be a surprise, I suppose," observed the clerk.

"I'll say it is," the father replied, "He's expecting a convertible."

*Son:* Dad, I've got great news for you!

*Dad:* What is it?

*Son:* Remember the \$10 you promised me if I passed in school?

*Dad:* Yes?

*Son:* Well, you get to keep it!

—Billy Behr  
Richmond Hill, NY

*Joe:* First I got tonsillitis, followed by appendicitis and pneumonia. After that I got erysipelas with hemochromatosis. Following that I got poliomyelitis and finally ended up with neuritis. Then they gave me hypodermics and inoculations.

*Bill:* Boy, you had a time!

*Joe:* I'll say! I thought I'd never pull through that spelling test.

*Riddle:* What did the tablecloth say to the table?

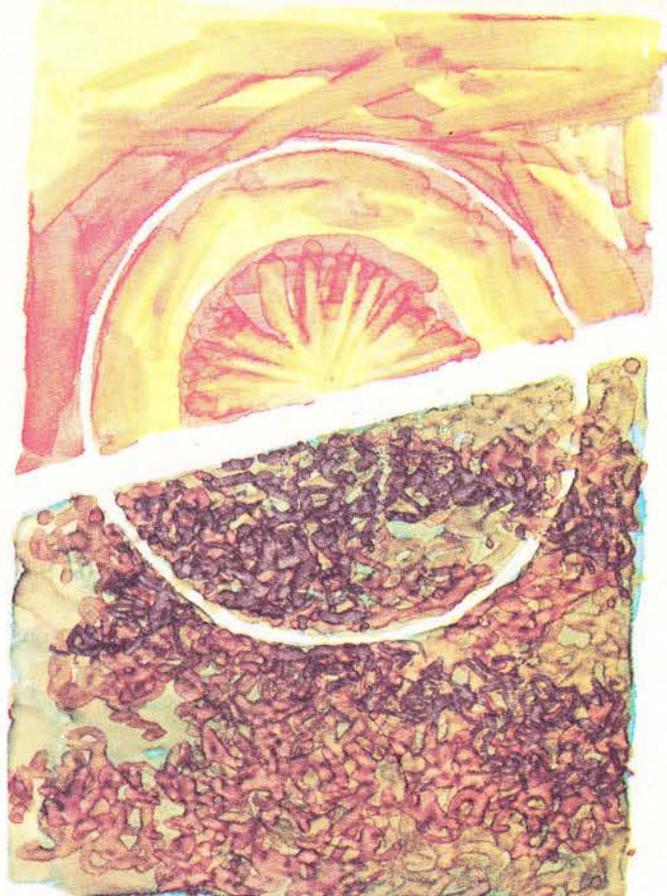
*Answer:* Hold it—I've got you covered!

—Warren Bebout  
San Luis Obispo, CA

Do you know how to tell the sign of old age? When you start feeling your corns instead of your oats!

# THE DAY THE WORLD CHANGED

BY JOHNNIE BARNES



A gloom hung over me, my heart ached; despair, despondency, and frustration clouded my mind. Tears scalded my cheeks and a choking cry arose from my lips, "O God, help me!"

It had all begun over two years before in California. One night at the height of a gala occasion I suddenly became indescribably lonely. Looking around the smoke-filled room, impregnated by the smell of alcohol, I thought, "There's got to be more to life than this." A silent prayer rose from my lips, "O God, show me the way." I rose to my feet, walked out of the room and began a search—a search for a mystic something called peace and happiness.

A few days later I was on my way back home to Texas. I had made a resolution to live a different kind of life. While on the bus I removed a pack of cigarettes from my pocket and threw them away. I never smoked again. Hearing a man swearing across the aisle, I vowed never to curse again. At one of the rest stops a fellow passenger offered me a drink of whiskey. I said, "No," and I never drank again.

When I arrived home I was a reformed boy. I looked at my parents in a new light. I plunged into my school work with a new fervor. I became actively involved in civic organizations such as the Boy Scouts, and I began to attend church. I soon gained the respect of my community, but I was still searching. Something was still missing in my life; I still had not found real peace and happiness. There were a few times when I thought I had found it, but like a will-o'-the-wisp it would fritter out of reach before I could grasp it.

My search had reached a climax a few hours before. I was sitting in a small church, listening to a minister speak with deep conviction. He explained that we are all sinners; and because we are sinners, we were doomed to suffer the consequences of sin—which are hell and separation from God. However, he went on to stress that God loves us so much that He was willing to send His Son, Jesus, to take our place—to suffer and die for our sins. Therefore, he pleaded, if we would only be sorry for our sins, ask Christ to forgive us and receive Him into our hearts, we would be saved from the penalty of sin. Furthermore, he emphasized, when we received Him into our heart, we would be saved from the penalty of sin. Furthermore, he emphasized, when we received Jesus into our heart, He would change us completely on the inside; He would make us "a new creature (creation)" in Christ (2 Cor. 5:17) and give us a peace that "passeth all understanding" and "joy unspeakable." This inward change, he stated, was referred to in the Bible as being born again.

I became completely absorbed in what the minister was saying. I kept thinking, "I have been in and out of churches for many years. Why hasn't someone explained these facts to me before?" The sincerity and love radiating from this man of God stirred me deeply. I said to myself, "This is what I've been searching for."

I left the church and went home, deeply disturbed. I tossed and turned most of the night. The next day I wandered aimlessly down to a grove

*(Continued on page 14)*