

High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS



WINTER 1972-73

SEASON'S GREETINGS FROM THE NATIONAL OFFICE TO ALL OUR HIGH ADVENTURE READERS. HERE'S WISHING YOU THE VERY MERRIEST OF CHRISTMASES AND THE VERY BEST OF EVERYTHING FOR THE YEAR 1973.

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High Adventure

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By: Betty Swinford

Daryl pulled the fleece-lined hood of his lightweight snowsuit snugly around his head and tied a wool scarf lightly about his nose and mouth. The weather high on Grand Mesa, Colorado was sub-zero and a brisk wind was blowing over the deep blanket of snow that covered the gently rolling hills.

His heart was beating fast, both from the thrill of his first ride on a snow-mobile and from his cousin's look of concern. For Daryl knew why Bob was concerned!

Bob's dad and mom had brought them to the mesa, pulling a long flat trailer behind the pickup truck loaded with four red and yellow snow-mobiles. It was to be a day of fun and excitement and Daryl could hardly wait until his uncle had the little vehicles unloaded and the engines running.

The sandy-haired youth glanced back over his shoulder at the large camper on the pickup. "Bob? why can't we camp up here overnight? The camper sleeps four and you said it even has a furnace in it. Wow! It would be so cool to stay over another—" He caught the curious look in Bob's dark eyes and left the sentence unfinished.

Bob was grinning but his eyes were still serious. He cinched his belt a notch tighter and stood up to help his father. "I guess you really know the answer already, don't you?"

Daryl's lips sagged. "You mean because we have to go to church in the morning?"

Bob flexed his fingers hidden inside the big buckskin mittens. His voice was soft. "We don't *have* to, Daryl, you know that. We want to." His cousin would have turned away, but Bob's words stopped him. "When you visited us before, Daryl, you wanted to, too. What happened? Daryl, why have you changed?"

Feelings of anger flashed into the youth's heart and Daryl turned sharply away. "C'mon, Bob! Let's at least have *one* fun day." And he turned his thoughts from his cousin's words. "Which snow-mobile do I take?"

"This one." Bob pointed to a bright yellow snow-mobile that looked like a big yellow bird poised for flight. "Let me show you how to handle it, Daryl."

Daryl straddled the leather seat and got a firm grip on the handlebars. "I know how to handle it, Bob!" he shouted above the roar of the engine. And to try and prove his point he revved the engine by gently twisting the rubber grip on the right handlebar.

"But this one is tricky, Daryl," Bob persisted, trying to reason with his cousin. "Besides, you've never driven a snow—"

"Knock it off, Bob, I can do it!"

Bob pressed his face close to Daryl's ear. "I didn't mean to make you angry, Daryl, but—you have to know that Jesus still loves you anyway." Bob's face was a mirror of concern. "I didn't mean to sound like I was preaching." (Continued on next page)

Daryl threw back his head and laughed. "Well, you've been doing a great job for the last ten minutes!" And, pulling his gray-tinted goggles over his eyes, he pulled in both legs, gave the little vehicle on skis plenty of gas and sped away through the maze of tall, crisp pines and snow-clad hills whose surface was as yet unmarked.

"What happened? Daryl, why have you changed?"

The words came echoing back through the boy's mind and he ground his teeth together as he tried to fight them off. Giving the snow-mobile even more gas, he nearly flew over the hard crust of snow at a speed of forty-five miles an hour. Only dimly was he aware of Bob speeding along behind him, yelling words that were quickly snatched away by the sound of wind and roaring engines.

The ride was thrilling, cold and breathtaking, and finally the cold was gone and there was only the warmth of excitement. Daryl soared as on the wings of the wind, up the long curve of a hill and dashing down the other side—gliding, flying diving. Every other adventure seemed as nothing when compared to this day and this moment.

"Jesus still loves you anyway."

Daryl wiped the fresh falling snow from his goggles angrily. "Shut up, Bob, *shut up!* I don't want to remember anything you said!"

He gave a swift backwards look and saw Bob flying along smoothly. His left arm was waving frantically and he was standing expertly in the snow-mobile. "What a show-off," Daryl thought to himself. "Well, I'll show him!" He rounded the curve of the hill and glided down the other side, hardly touching the ground. He had no idea then that Bob had already stopped his own red snow-mobile and was trekking through the tracks left by Daryl.

Little by little Daryl's anger had melted away. Yet he had not fully pushed Bob's words from his mind. The thoughts nagged at him, haunted him.

Daryl had given his heart to Christ when he had visited Bob the last time and for a while his life had been changed and he had been thrilled just to know Jesus. But then the memory of his salvation had dulled. He had stopped going to church and before long he was back with his old friends and doing things with them that he knew in his heart Christ would not have approved. Now . . . it was but a dream somewhere behind him. Or it *had* been until Bob had spoken to him today.

New resentment stirred his heart. *"Jesus still loves you anyway."*

He leaned forward and poured on the gas, his chin jutted out sharply beneath the wool scarf. Over the crest of a hill—into space! He yelled wildly and twisted the steering—too late. He saw the ground coming up at him rapidly, and a moment later the

snow swallowed him up and he disappeared from sight. A large air pocket just beneath the crust of snow had imprisoned him and he found himself stunned and terrified. His voice rose sharply in one wild scream after another, but it was muffled and strange.

The engine of the snow-mobile was silent but the skis had trapped Daryl's legs weirdly. He clawed at the snow, trying to make an opening. There flashed through his mind the picture of his cousin waving his arm as though—*warning him!* But realizing that now did not help.

Without thinking, Daryl cried the words, "God! Help me, God—please help me!"

His searching hands drove through the snow and he forced enough away from his face to breathe. He grew more calm, though his heart was beating savagely.

"Daryl!"

"Bob!" A sob filled his voice. "I'm over here! I'm . . . over the hill. . . ." He could say no more. But silently he said, "Thank You, Jesus. I don't know how You could still love me, but I'm sure glad You do."

A frightened Bob darted over the hill, carefully skirting the area where Daryl lay a prisoner. "I tried to tell you this area was dangerous, but you couldn't hear me. Hang on and I'll have you out of there in no time."

Daryl relaxed now, warm in the insulated snow-suit. When he could trust his voice, he spoke. "Bob? I was awfully mad at you for talking to me about Christ. But it was only because I knew you were right. And I—I couldn't get away from wondering what really had happened to change me back into the old Daryl."

Bob's hood fell back and a mass of black curly hair tumbled out. "What did happen, Daryl?"

Daryl looked out across the snow. "It started when I stopped going to church, Bob. Because—that's when I quit praying and reading the Bible too. And Jesus just wasn't so real to me then." He hesitated. "I can come close to Him again, can't I, Bob?"

Bob grinned his old friendly grin. "Isn't that what this whole day has been about?"



STAR GAZING WITH BINOCULARS

By John Hudson-Tiner

Do you have a pair of binoculars? If so, you've used them to look at birds and houses on a hill far away. But binoculars are good for star gazing, too!

Some celestial objects are best seen with binoculars. Many star clusters, double stars, and other displays are too large for telescopes, but too dim for the unaided eyes.

In fact, a good pair of binoculars are more powerful than Galileo's first telescope, and think of all the things Galileo discovered: the four brighter moons of Jupiter, mountains and craters of the moon, the phase nature of Venus, and thousands of new stars along the Milky Way.

Why don't you use your binoculars tonight to discover these wonderful sights? (*Cont. on next page*)

You'll want to look at the moon first. What a view! Mountains reflect light like crinkled tinfoil. Dark seas (called maria) look like pools of chocolate.

Mare Crisium (Sea of Crisis) has no water. Instead, it is a circular sea of cooled lava. The circle makes one eye of the man in the moon. Look at the moon with your binoculars. Mare Crisium is on the right. Tiny craters are barely visible inside Mare Crisium.

Craters are best seen at half moon near the terminator. The terminator is the line between light and dark. Craters are sprinkled everywhere. They crowd each other, spill across—even fall inside one another!

When the moon is full, three craters are easy to find. Tycho near the lower edge has long streamers. These are called rays, and are chalk colored. They go out in all directions, and spread half way around the moon. Near the center of the moon is Copernicus. It shows as a blaze of white. Compare it with the inky black of the third famous crater, Plato, which is at the top of the moon.

Although the moon is only one fourth the size of earth, its mountains are as tall as the mountains on earth. A high mountain may catch sunlight while still in darkness. See if you can spot the speckle of a peak poking out of darkness into light.

Earthshine lights the dark part of the moon. Sunlight reflects from earth to the dark area, and creates a dim ghostly glow.

Long ago, scientists thought the moon a round ball without mountains or valleys. Your binoculars prove how wrong those scientists were.

Now turn to the planets. Their positions are given each month in SKY and TELESCOPE and SCIENCE NEWS. Each planet is easy to remember once you see it.



Jupiter is brighter than any star. The color is white with a twinge of yellow. Jupiter has four bright moons, one of which is easy to see with binoculars. Look for a tiny pinpoint of light beside Jupiter. This moon circles the planet once each month.

Venus is fun, too. As Venus circles the sun, the planet changes phases like our moon. Venus is the brightest planet. You can see Venus during the day with binoculars if you know where to look.

Uranus can't be seen without binoculars. Plot its position on a star chart. When you think you've found Uranus, watch from night to night. Uranus, like all other planets, moves among the stars.

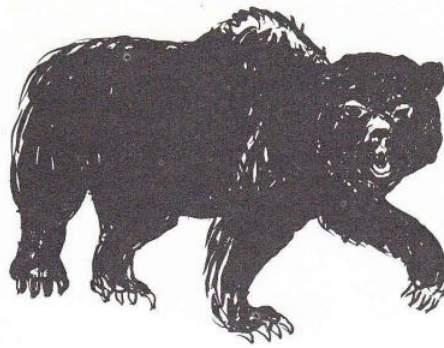
After you've examined the planets, there's more. Turn to the stars. Your binoculars reveal objects that cannot be seen otherwise. Binoculars gather more light than your eyes. Dim stars become bright. If a star you are trying to find is dim, then spy it out on a night without a moon, find a place away from city lights, and search only after your eyes have become adjusted to the dark.

Sweep along the Milky Way. Streams of stars fill the view. One cluster is the Coat Hanger. You can find this large group of stars midway between Vega, the brightest star in the constellation of Lyra, and Altair, the brightest star in Aquila. A dozen stars form a figure like a coat hanger. Star charts don't show the Coat Hanger. Here's something you'll know about that few other people have seen.

Along the Milky Way you may spot dark blots that look like holes in space. One of these, called Coal Sack, is in Cygnus, the Swan. Cygnus is a constellation some people call the Northern Cross. A cloud of gas and dust far out in space blocks light from stars. Can you find other "coal sacks" in the Milky Way?

(Continued on page 14)





ANIMAL TRACKS

By John Eller

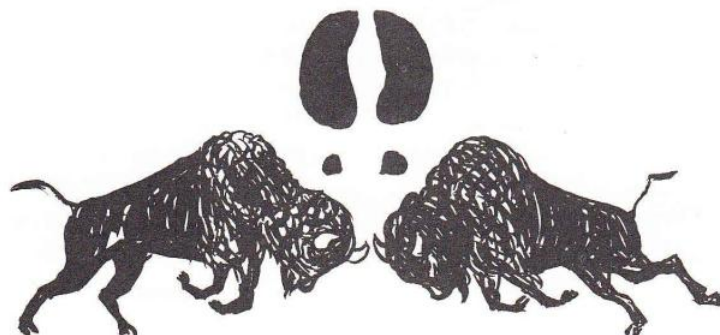
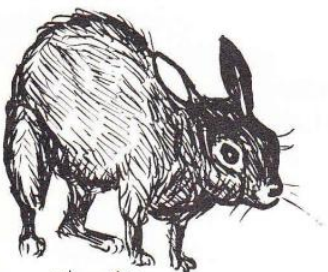
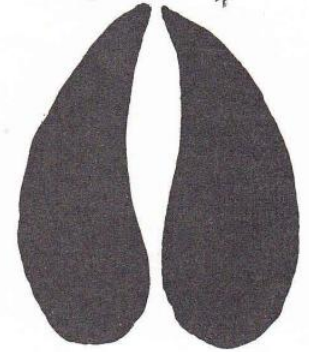
The exciting world of nature can be observed in many ways. An excellent method in gaining perspective of the world about us is through study of *animal tracks*. This is especially true in winter. A blanket of snow, weather's most beautiful phenomenon, simplifies tracking and makes stalking more interesting.

Most nonhibernating creatures of the wild roam for food even in the coldest weather. Some storage-conscious animals such as squirrels may be seen leaving tracks in the snow while seeking to supplement their wilderness larder.

Another factor which aids in stalking is that tracks of almost every kind of animal are distinctive. Identifying characteristics include track patterns, size and shape, number of toes on each foot, and presence or absence of clawmarks or tailprints. Our illustrations will demonstrate these differences.

In addition to tracks in the snow, animals may be followed in mud, dust, or sand. The more experienced stalkers notice other bits of evidence such as feeding signs, making it possible to observe the habits and ecology of elusive, seldom-seen creatures.

Good tracking is the result of learning the animal's habitat. If you lose his trail at any time, say to yourself, "Where would I go from here if I were the animal?" If that doesn't work, mark the last imprint with a stick and "cast" around this marker, walking around it in an ever-widening spiral until you pick up the trail again. (Continued on page 14)





Mystery of Turkey Mountain

BY BOB S

I was just locking up the Ranger clubhouse when two headlights turned into the dirt yard. When the dust settled, I saw it was the star-marked car of Peter Morrison, the county sheriff. He got out of his car and strolled up to the porch of the building.

"Hello, Pete," I greeted him. "What's up?"

"Aw, to tell you the truth, I don't know what's up. I mean I really *don't* know! Something loco has been happening," the sheriff answered hesitantly. He paused for a moment, reaching up to raise the brim of his ten-gallon hat. When the hat was in its right position, he continued with a hollow voice. "The whole thing is kinda weird."

With these words, the four remaining boys of the outpost crowded in closer. "What's happening, Mr. Pete?" they all chimed in together.

"Well, boys," Sheriff Morrison began, "I heard that the group was planning an overnight fishing trip out to Yellow Cat Hole this weekend. So I just came by to talk to your leader, Mr. Sheldon here. Something odd has been happening on Turkey Mountain above the campsite."

Sheriff Morrison turned toward me and continued speaking. He was cautious and calm as he spoke. He never seemed to get excited. "Our office first received a report from a rancher who said he watched a strange, bright object hovering in the night sky. He said it landed on Turkey Mountain. When it landed, the glow of the object went out."

"We didn't put much stock in his story. But then last Friday we received another call. An airplane pilot en route from San Antonio to Del Rio reported



Turkey Mountain

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watching for several minutes an Unidentified Flying Object soaring over the area of Turkey Mountain. What's more, he said he observed that another airplane was forced to veer away from the object. It's just plain spooky! The time of his sighting was recorded at two minutes till *midnight*."

"I sent one of my men out the next day to investigate. He didn't find a thing. It was probably something else like a falling star. Anyway, I want you fellows to be careful this weekend." The sheriff's face had concern written on it. "Just be on the lookout for *anything unusual*. Let me know if you see something, okay?" Sheriff Pete started walking toward his car, shaking his head. He stopped at the door and said, "It's probably nothing though. Probably nothing at all." He got into his car and sped away.

Friday evening the boys of the group were packed tightly into my old station wagon. I slid behind the wheel and started the engine. The car gave a few snorts and groans, and finally lurched and bumped down the rocky, brush-lined road. Soon civilization was far behind us.

I was just regretting how rough the road was when we finally rounded a long bend, and there loomed the lofty face of Turkey Mountain. The peak glowed with the soft red of the sunset. All ten boys in the wagon suddenly grew quiet as they gawked at the big mountain ahead. Even the lurching car seemed to quiet down for a few seconds. There was dead a silence until Rex, our huge shepherd dog, roared out at a roadside jackrabbit. Then our minds swiftly flew back to thoughts of giant yellow cats frying in the campfire skillet. (*Cont. on next page*)

"Yellow cats" are large, scrappy catfish. And these glittering, flopping fish were the only "shining objects" we had ever seen at Turkey Mountain. Yellow Cat Hole itself lies in a small canyon at the northern foot of Turkey Mountain. The large, spring-fed pond is surrounded by a grove of massive oak trees.

The oaks along the banks were swaying in the gentle evening breeze when we pulled up. The shadows beneath their huge boughs were already darkening. Thoughts of U.F.O.'s were far from our minds as we set up camp in the glimmering shades of evening. It was a perfect Friday evening, I thought to myself. The moon had already come up—and good moons make good fishing at Yellow Cat Hole.

The cedar and oak campfire was crackling and glowing red hot. A thousand chirping crickets had struck up a whole symphony of music. Several whip-poorwills were singing along. And somewhere upon Turkey Mountain a lone coyote let go with a long, sad howl. We planned to check the catfish lines about midnight. Excitement was high in the camp. When we turned in for the night, no one could go to sleep.

Finally, when I gave the word at 11:30 p.m. to crawl out and check the lines, everybody was up in a flash. Johnny tugged at his boots, lagging just behind the group. Down the bank to the water's edge we went. The rays of the flashlights danced upon the black surface of the pond.

There it was! A tugging, jerking line! A thrilling sight to behold—for every catfisher knows that the magic, bobbing line leads to a hooked catfish.

Rodney, the patrol leader of Tiger Patrol, was suddenly shouting orders for his men. On down the pond the Fox Patrol raced toward their lines. We were just unhooking a big six-pounder when Bill first shouted, "Look! Look!"

Not everyone heard him at first because of the excited talking. Then everyone seemed to see it at the same time. A bright reflection cast upon the pond!

Glancing suddenly upward, we saw it! High above us—a glowing, mysterious object was descending slowly upon the mountain peak! The stillness, the utter silence, was terribly frightening! Even the crickets and frogs had ceased their noises. We were left alone in the terrible silence. Just that weird, mysterious moving light and us.

A breeze suddenly flushed through the brush and swayed the branches of the oaks above. Between the waving branches we could see that eerie, descending light. Somewhere upon the peak a scared coyote howled out at the object. The wind answered his howl with a soft moan. The U.F.O. landed silently upon the upper part of the mountain. Then its lights went out.

We had not noticed at first, but we remembered seeing an airplane veer away from the area. We could see its lights trailing toward the south—perhaps toward Mexico, eighty miles away.

After a couple minutes of silence, the noises of the night creatures returned. Tom Daniels, Fox Patrol Guide, cleared his throat and spoke with a quaver, "Anybody wanta go up and check on that thing?" We could tell he didn't really want to go. Nobody else wanted to either. "We'll wait till the morning," I answered for the boys.

Leaving the fish on a stringer we hustled back to the camp. The campfire was dying down. Rodger wanted to build up a big fire to blot out the eerie darkness.

"No!" I answered with a quick decision. "Put out the fire!" The camp must be completely dark." I explained to the boys that if some alien space ship had landed near us, we would be safer if we weren't even detected. They agreed.

The fire was immediately doused. No flashlights were allowed either. There was total darkness in the camp. In the black of the night we worked to secure the camp's perimeter. We rigged a wire line through the brush and tied tin cans to it. This would warn us of any invaders.

I took the tent which was farthest out—near the brush. The boys moved closer to the car. Rex settled down in front of my tent.

No one stirred as total silence fell upon the camp. I lay awake in the dark trying to figure out what had really happened. There just was no reasonable explanation. A U.F.O. *had* landed upon the mountain! The very thought made me nudge my hand over for my hand-axe.

Meanwhile, the blackness had closed in on us and seemed to smother out the night sounds. I must have lain awake for quite some time, listening intently for sounds of any approach. The remaining glow of the moon soon faded away completely.

Several hours passed. I was finally about to doze off when suddenly something jingled the cans. Immediately I gripped my axe. Something was moving slowly through the brush. Rex was growling softly. I quickly gave a sharp command. "Get 'em Rex!"

Rex was up and off in a flash and a roar. All the eyes of the troop were upon him as he shot into the brush toward the moving form. I gripped my hand-axe tightly.

Suddenly a fawn and its mother sprang out of the brush right through our camp. Rex was hot at their heels in a half-hearted effort to catch them. Rex just didn't care for chasing deer. He stopped to look at me as if waiting for another command. "That's alright, boy. Come back here. That's alright," I said, to settle him down.

Everyone gave a sigh of relief as the deer ran off into the woods. "Just some deer, boys!" I reassured everybody.

Dawn seems to come slowly to those who wait for it. But finally the blue-gray sky began turning to a pink haze. Rodger and I got up and built a fire. The rest of the boys crawled out.

"Boy, I didn't sleep a wink last night," Gary Smith confessed. We all knew that Gary must have been plenty shaken up last night. He was the youngest of the group.

"You guys were very brave last night," I spoke commendingly. "I just want to say I'm proud of you—very proud of you!"

"After we get some breakfast, let's hike up and look around on the peak." With those words every boy seemed eager to go up the mountain.

The trail up Turkey Mountain is a narrow, winding sheep and deer path. From the heights of the trail one can see miles and miles of wild, ranching country. A dirt road dead-ending at its north base and one dead-ending at its south base are the only human signs visible.

We combed the top of the mountain with a fine tooth comb. The rocky surface revealed nothing in the way of tracks. The scant vegetation did not even display any broken twigs.

We were just turning back down the mountain when Gary hollered that he saw something caught in a cedar shrub. He retrieved the object and came running straight for me.

When I saw what he held, I suddenly became disturbed. It was a piece of newspaper! But no ordinary newspaper—for it contained huge, weird type! It appeared to me that it was a Chinese newspaper.

Red Chinese invaders! thought I to myself. The boys crowded in to stare breath-takingly at the strange find. "Boys, we must get down and report this right away!" I proclaimed. Thirty minutes later we were packed into the car and heading for town.

The town square seemed to come suddenly alive and buzz with the excitement of our story. Our group had become the talk of the town's sidewalk spit-and-whittlers. There was even talk of forming a posse. But no one seemed to know just what it was the posse would catch. Even Sheriff Morrison was worried.

The sheriff took three of his best men back out with him Saturday night. I went along with them. We sat in the patrol car until 12:45 a.m. No U.F.O. appeared. But the sheriff was still concerned. He now had the strange newspaper as evidence.

Monday afternoon I received a long-distance call from San Antonio. Mr. Franklin Millar, reporter for the *San Antonio Express* was coming out to interview the outpost and me. He was bringing along a college professor who could determine the origin of the newspaper.

We met the two men that night at the clubhouse. Sheriff Morrison also came along. Professor Karbach affirmed that the newspaper was a Hong Kong

edition. He could offer no explanation as to how it could turn up in the wilderness of Texas.

Mr. Millar, after writing down our story, asked the boys if they could draw a picture of the U.F.O. Albert, our troop artist, made a simple line drawing of the craft. We all agreed that it closely resembled the U.F.O.

I looked at the drawing closely. Suddenly I thought I recognized the shape. I took the pencil and quickly drew in some lines below the bright object—some lines that would not show up at night! There, I had it! A parachute! A lighted parachute!

Quickly I began to run the facts of intrigue together. "A plane flies over Turkey Mountain at midnight. It comes out of the South!—Mexico!" I exclaimed. "A parachute appears. It somehow lights up at night. And then a Chinese newspaper is found!" The pieces of the puzzle were beginning to fit.

I called Mr. Millar and the sheriff outside and privately told them my theory.

"Man, that is really far fetched," Millar answered. "But I believe you've got something there. I believe you do. That would make a bigger story than any of us imagined."

"Tell ya what let's do," Sheriff Morrison spoke up. "Let's keep this idea of yours under our hats. It just might be true. Millar and I will check with some of the Federal Authorities tomorrow. We just might be able to bust this mystery wide open."

The sheriff called me early the next day. He had related the Turkey Mountain happenings to the U.S. Border Patrol in Laredo. The Border Patrol men expressed deep concern that the theory of mine might well be true. They agreed to come up to Uvalde Friday afternoon. Mr. Millar had also called from San Antonio. He had persuaded Federal Customs Agents from his city to investigate the case. They too would be out Friday.

The sheriff had designated the clubhouse as the meeting place of the group. It was his fear that a large gathering of Federal Agents at the courthouse might "spook the set-up men," if they were in town.

Friday afternoon we met to map out our plans. The Border Patrolmen, the Federal Agents, the sheriff, his deputies, Mr. Millar, the boys of the outpost and I—all twenty-two of us crowded around the outpost planning table.

There was only one way, I explained, that the mystery car could get to Turkey Mountain. Yellow Cat Hole was on the north base road. The car had to travel the south road.

Capt. Zimmerman of the Border Patrol took over from there. He decided that we should hide out until the mystery car—if there was one—made its return trip from Turkey Mountain. Then a trap would be laid. The road would be blocked. He continued with detailed directions to the men of the group.

(Continued on next page)

"Mr. Sheldon," the captain asked, "do any of your boys know how to send code signals?"

"Yes sir," I proudly answered. "They all know signalling."

"Good, we will need to use them. But we must keep them safe and out of the way of danger." Capt. Zimmerman wrapped up the plans. Soon we were on our way out towards Turkey Mountain.

Just as the sun was setting, we pulled up at a heavily wooded spot beside the dirt road. In the distance was the face of Turkey Mountain. Deputy Morton and one of the Border Patrolmen took two Royal Rangers of the outpost on up the road to a place where they could conceal their car. Their group was to hide upon a brushy knoll above the dead end of the road. From there they could send messages back to us without being detected.

We hid our cars in the darkness. A mile up the road Deputy Morton and the signalers also lay concealed in the brush. Then the long minutes began to drag by. We seemed to have waited forever. I was beginning to think my theory was wrong.

Then at eleven twenty-five p.m. we spotted the lights of an approaching car. Its lights came nearer. Then it zoomed past us; a station wagon with two men in it! They were heading for Turkey Mountain.

As soon as the car rounded a bend and was out of sight we went to work. The sheriff backed his car across the narrow road. The roadblock was set! The Federal Agents unlocked their car trunks and pulled out their automatic carbines. Everyone checked his flashlight. Then we settled back behind the rocks and waited.

At 12:01 a.m. a plane came out of the south, over Turkey Mountain. Then it veered quickly back southward. The bright object suddenly appeared and began drifting down toward Turkey Mountain. Then its glow seemed to go out when it settled on the peak.

About thirty minutes later, we began to pick up the faint signal light from the knoll. One of the boys began immediately reading it to Capt. Zimmerman.

"Two men loading objects in car. Car is now heading your way."

"Get set, everybody. They'll be here any time now!" Capt. Zimmerman directed.

Soon we heard the roar of a car engine. Suddenly two headlights rounded the bend in the road! The car was traveling fast. The driver hit his brakes and slid up to the patrol car. Even in the split seconds of moonlit darkness I could see the utter shock on the driver's rough face.

Then the lights of the officers swiftly flooded the entire area with light.

"Get out of the car! With your hands high—You're surrounded by officers!" barked Capt. Zimmerman.

As officers closed in from all directions the men eased out of the car with their hands up.

Instantly one of them bolted down into the brush. An officer lurched after him. But then we heard a loud, thudding crash and the breaking of twigs. A light was shown on a moaning, cursing figure sprawled on the ground.

"Someone strung wire in the brush," he kept muttering to himself. The boys of the outpost were having a good quiet laugh. Seems that the man had fallen onto one of their booby traps.

Capt. Zimmerman had already made an important discovery in the station wagon. Inside was a parachute painted with luminous paint. There were also several packages. They were tightly wrapped in that Chinese newspaper. The captain began ripping them open.

"Yep, just as you suspected," he exclaimed to me as I looked inside. "Narcotics, thousands of dollars of that illegal junk. This is probably the biggest cache of the stuff in several years."

The two men were handcuffed and placed under arrest. Captain Zimmerman radioed to his headquarters. They alerted the Mexican authorities to be on the watch for the airplane.

When we all regrouped, I explained to the boys what had been happening. Illegal drugs and narcotics had been shipped into Mexico from Hong Kong. A ring of crooks had been flying it across the border. And Turkey Mountain provided the most prominent, yet most isolated point of delivery. The drugs were parachuted down onto the mountain. The parachute was painted with luminous paint so that the pick-up men could follow it with their lights. They didn't want to risk losing it in the night. The parachute was the U.F.O. that we had seen. The crooks had been getting away with it until we went to Yellow Cat Hole.

Back in town the news was soon out. Our gang had helped in the solving of one of the biggest narcotics cases in history. A whole ring of underworld characters had been arrested before the case was closed.

Every so often people will still drive past our clubhouse and stop and stare. Every now and then we hear what they say.

We all got a big laugh the other day when a big car pulled up in front. The baldheaded driver poked his finger at the clubhouse and told his friends.

"That's those guys who helped catch them dope smugglers. Imagine that! Them crooks went all the way to Hong Kong to get that stuff and came all the way back through several countries! And then they get caught by a bunch of boys."

"Imagine that!" he added as he drove off.

"Yeah, imagine that." The boys all answered together. Then we all leaned way back and had a good laugh.



MATERIALS NEEDED

1 PIECE $\frac{1}{4}$ " PLYWOOD
(30" BY 5 FEET)

1 LENGTH OF MANILA
ROPE LONG ENOUGH
TO GO AROUND THE
ENTIRE BORDER.

ENOUGH ROPE TO
TIE ALL THE R.R.
KNOTS GIVEN HERE →

2 PIECES OF 1"X3"
X 29" FOR BACK
REINFORCEMENTS.

1 PIECE OF 1"X3"
X 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ " FOR STAND
BRACE.

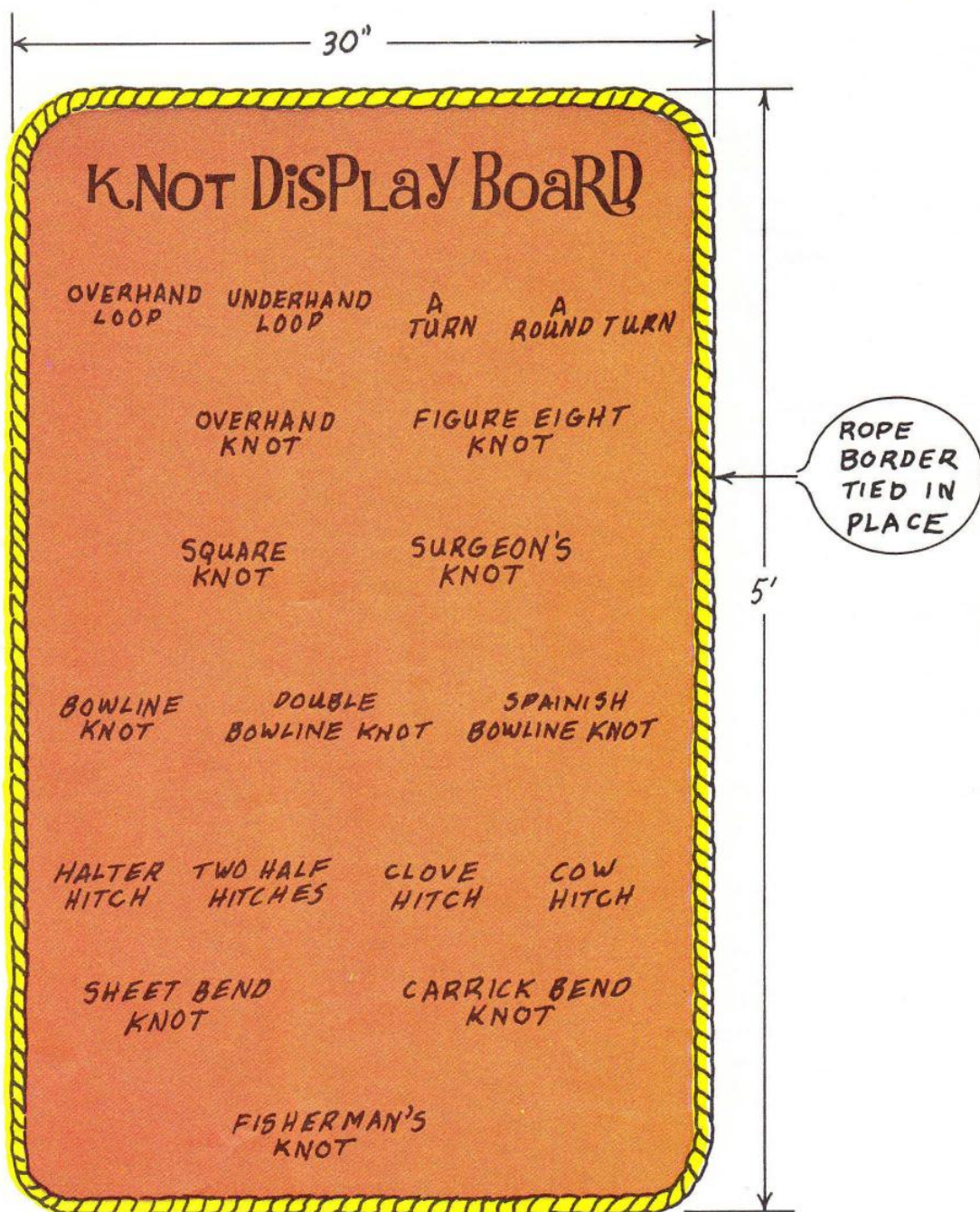
1 SMALL HINGE

1 SMALL LATCH (TO
FASTEN DOWN THE
BRACE WHEN NOT
IN USE).

ENOUGH NYLON TIE
TO TIE ALL THE
KNOTS & ROPE TO
DISPLAY BOARD.

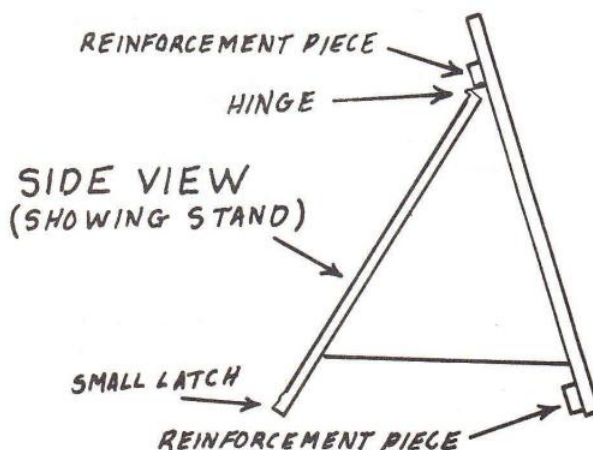
SMALL NAILS.

CLEAR VARNISH.
BLACK ENAMEL ~
(FOR LETTERING)



NOTE: ~ THE TOP REINFORCEMENT PIECE IS LOCATED 3" DOWN FROM THE TOP OF DISPLAY BOARD

AFTER COMPLETING
DISPLAY BOARD TIE
ALL THE KNOTS AS
LABELED AND
SECURE TO THE
BOARD



(Continued from page 6)

A coal sack in reverse is in Orion, the Hunter. The belt and sword of Orion form an arrowhead. The middle star of the sword is misty. Look with binoculars. The misty star becomes a glowing cloud of gas—like a gigantic neon light!

The Great Galaxy of Andromedia is a misty spot, also. But this is no cloud. Millions of stars far away bunch together as in our Milky Way galaxy. Andromedia Galaxy can be seen with the unaided eye. Look north of Beta, a bright star in Andromedia. M 31 (that's the name astronomers give it) is shaped like a Fourth of July pinwheel. The glow fills the field of view of binoculars. But even a telescope cannot show all of the galaxy at one time.

There is much more to see: red stars like Antares, white stars like Vega, double stars such as the Double in Lyra, comets, variable stars that wink on and off, and shooting stars.

Share your discoveries with another individual. That's a good way to make friends! Invite someone to look with you. It's more fun that way. Together you'll find new surprises.

Happy hunting!

* * * * *

(Continued from page 7)

The tracks of several common animals accompany this article. The larger tracks show details of the imprint made by the right front foot (left print) and the right hind foot (right print) of each. The smaller prints indicate the typical pattern of tracks left by the animal when walking or hopping at slow speed.

Some tracks of certain earth dwellers have been preserved by nature in the fossil pages of rock strata. After the creature made the track, silt or dust covered them over, and with each successive layer buried them deeper, until the pressure and weight of the numerous layers gradually transferred the imprint into stone.

We can take a hint from nature in reproducing tracks. Our illustration shows how to make casts. If the snow is not too powdery, spray the track with a fine mist of water from an atomizer or spray gun. Do this carefully so as not to melt the snow. Ice will form after several sprays. Add snow to the plaster mixture to reduce the temperature. Place a cardboard wall around the track and pour the plaster inside. Allow it to harden before washing.

Casts may also be made in mud, using bacon grease instead of water spray and clay slip for the mold. Liquid latex or candle wax may be substituted in situations calling for plaster. When making casts in dust, remember to sprinkle the track with *table salt*. This will hasten the hardening of plaster (vinegar will delay it).

The cast you obtain from a track is a "negative." To produce a "positive," simply circle the hardened cast with cardboard, and repeat the original procedure with the plaster of paris. The second cast will be an actual print of the track as you first observed it.

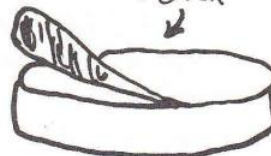
Many Rangers live in regions where snow will fall. Each should be "ready" with warm wraps to hike out in search of animal and even bird tracks in nature's exciting world of winter.

CASTING ANIMAL TRACKS

CARDBOARD WALL
PUSHED DOWN INTO
EARTH AROUND TRACK



PASTE FELT
ON BACK



Jack: Did I ever tell you about the time I came face to face with a lion?

Jim: No, what happened?

Jack: There I stood, without a gun. The lion growled and crept closer . . . and closer . . . and closer . . .

Jim: Then what happened?

Jack: I moved on to the next cage!

—Warren BeBout

San Luis Obispo, CA

Fred had a habit of lifting his milk-mug with his left hand. This usually resulted in his winning the “spilling bee.” His mother threatened punishment, but the next time he spilled his milk, he quickly remarked, “Mom, that reminds me of a verse I learned in the Bible, ‘My cup runneth over’.”

—Charles Mathis

Wildwood-by-the-Sea, NJ



Ron: I hear that the moon is going broke.

Don: Where did you hear that?

Ron: Well, it said in the paper that the moon was down to its last quarter.

—Craig Minor

Longview, WA

A Royal Ranger Leader asked: “And what did the Israelites do after they had crossed the Red Sea?”

A small boy answered: “I don’t know, sir, I guess they dried themselves.”

—Charles Vincent Mathis

Wildwood-by-the-Sea, NJ

Old Lady: A ticket to Toledo, please.

Ticket Agent: Do you want to go by Buffalo?

Old Lady: No, better make it by train.

—Warren BeBout

San Luis Obispo, CA

Why did Santa Claus use only seven reindeer this year?

He left Comet home to clean the sink.

—Warren BeBout

San Luis Obispo, CA

Commander: What does it mean when the barometer starts falling?

Small Ranger: I guess it means that whoever nailed it up didn’t do a good job.

A farmer on his first visit to the city was fascinated by the asphalt streets. Scraping his feet on the hard surface, he remarked “Can’t blame ’em for buildin’ a town here. The grounds too hard to plow anyhow.”

—Craig Minor

Longview, WA

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

Boy: Hold his nose.

—Warren BeBout

San Luis Obispo, CA

A mother asked her seven year old son what you had to do before you are baptized? The son answered, “You have to hold your nose.”

—Paul Valenzuela

Phoenix, AZ

Commander: What is a volcano?

Boy: A mountain with hiccups.

—Warren BeBout

San Luis Obispo, CA

Minnesota Royal Ranger: It gets so cold here in the winter that we have to put heaters under the cows to milk them.

Texas Royal Ranger: That’s nothing. It gets so hot back home that we have to feed the hens ice water so they won’t lay hard-boiled eggs.

Customer: When I bought this cat, you told me he was good for mice. He doesn’t go near them.

Pet Shop Clerk: Well, isn’t that good for mice?

—Warren BeBout

San Luis Obispo, CA

A tourist spotted an Indian sending up smoke signals in the desert with a fire extinguisher strapped to his side.

“What’s the idea of the fire extinguisher?” asked the tourist.

The rugged redskin replied, “If me misspellum word, me erasum.”

—Warren BeBout

San Luis Obispo, CA

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337 CRUSADER
DALLAS TX 75217



NO BIKE FOR CHRISTMAS

By John Eller

"Beautiful!" Chet Thompson muttered under his breath as he admired the fancy new racing bike in the show window. He had been saving for this since late summer! His dad promised to match half the cost for Christmas and his savings had reached that point today!

Casting a satisfied glance over his shoulder, Chet started toward home. Just then, that emptiness which had bothered him for several days began gnawing again. Oh well, he'd get the Christmas spirit once that new bike was his.

At home, he entered the back way and stopped once inside as he overheard voices in serious discussion. It was his parents. He decided to listen a moment and share his news later.

"I don't know what we're going to do," his dad was saying. "The Trail Blazers have been asked to march in the annual Christmas parade and the Jefferson twins have no uniforms."

"I know," Mrs. Thompson replied, "that burn-out hit them pretty hard, and the insurance hasn't come through yet!"

"The only money I have available right now is what I've set aside for Chet's bike," his dad continued, "and I just can't afford to disappoint my son."

Chet waited until their conversation ended. He then made some noise in the kitchen, said "hi" to his parents and then off to his room. He was glad his parents would not let him down, but that parade was important to everybody in Outpost 135! And the whole town was depending on them to lead out

with the colors! He was glad he had kept still about reaching his goal today.

Suddenly he felt a strange feeling deep inside. Jumping to his feet, he ran downstairs. He wanted that bike, but he also felt an overwhelming urge to help the twins. After all, his dad was the commander of the outpost. He had to do something!

Commander Thompson listened very attentively to his proposal. When he had finished, he shook his head. Chet thought he saw a tear in the corner of his eye.

"That's great, Chet!" he said. "I'm proud of you." He reached out and placed an arm around his son's shoulder and hugged him.

A week later, the yuletide festivities filled the Main Street of Tarlton. The bands were playing, drums were rolling, and the many floats were delighting the townspeople.

Up front were the Royal Rangers of Outpost 135, looking sharp in their khaki uniforms. Chet was calling cadence as Senior Guide. At his side were the twins, proudly carrying the American and Christian flags. Chet felt all warm inside as he remembered the boys still did not know who their benefactor was.

No more searching for the Christmas spirit now! Chet had found it in helping those who could not help themselves. The bike would wait. And the smile from the twins made it worth the sacrifice.

Chet Thompson had learned the lesson we all should remember, "It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts 20:35).