

High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

SPRING 1973



ENCOUNTER WITH AN OUTLAW
ADVENTURE ON THE CREST TRAIL
JOURNEY TO JENOLAN

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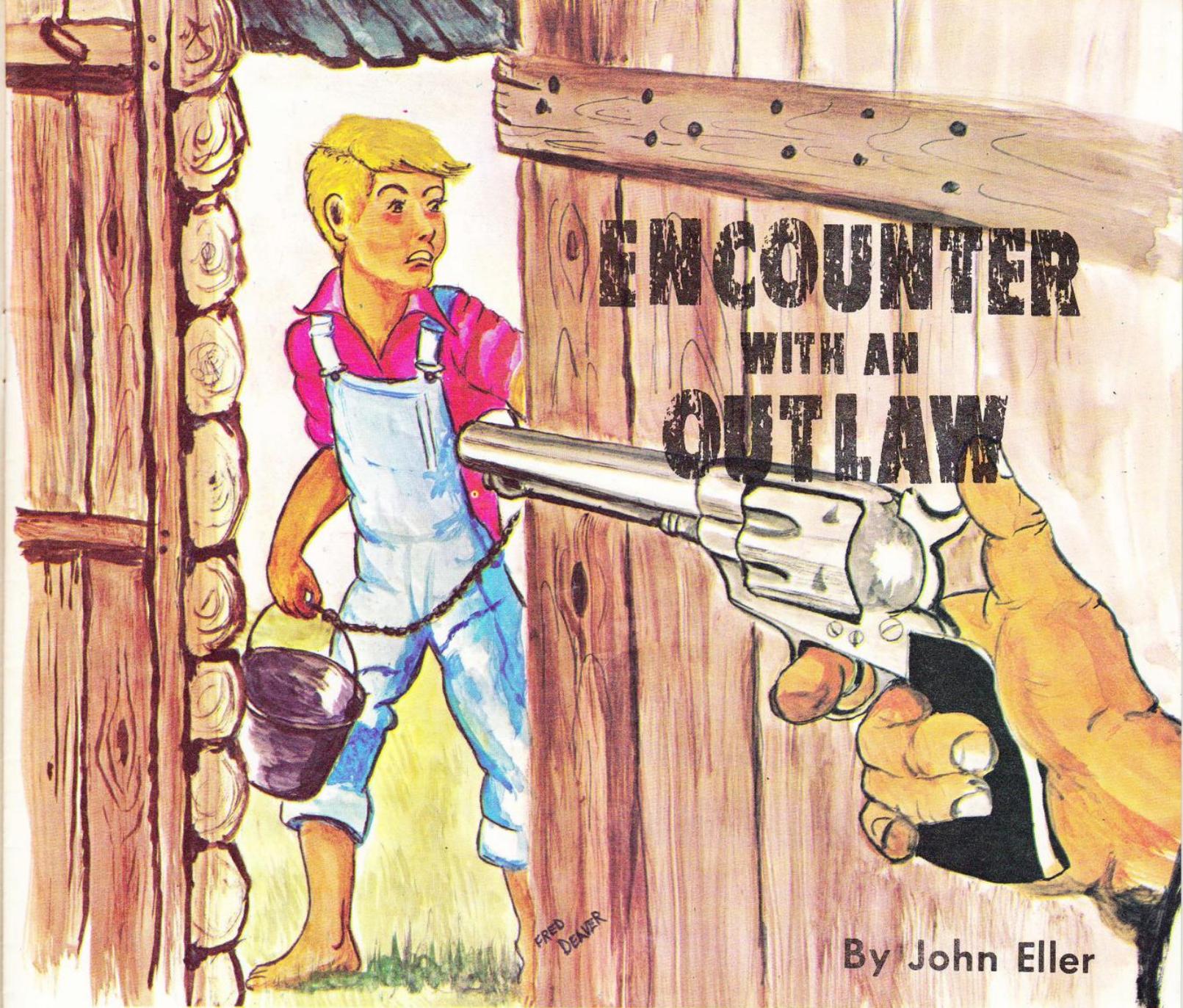
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PURPOSE

This quarterly magazine is de-
signed:
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.



By John Eller

A loud whistle rang down the hillside. It was my dad standing on the back porch of our cottage home giving the familiar family summons of two shorts and two longs. Climbing down from a wild plum tree I raced up the slope to see what he wanted.

"Would you like to go fishing?" Dad asked just as I ran under the Chinaberry tree at the corner of the back yard.

"Would I!" came my excited response. "I can almost see my cork bobbing now!"

Cane poles and other necessary gear were gathered quickly, and we started for the Pump House creek at the bottom of the hill.

"We'll first get some roller worms," Dad said, "then swing by the cowpens for some red worms and Georgia wigglers."

The roller worms, sometimes called *Sweetbait*, were easily obtained from the little feeder stream, as we found this larva of the crane fly abounding

underneath the rocks and leaf debris. After digging a bucket of worms at the cattle stalls, we hiked across the ridge through the little settlement of Rabbit Town toward our favorite fishing spot.

Summer was in full strength that year of 1945 with the sun busily scorching the hill country of upper South Carolina. It was a hot, clear day, but a light breeze made the heat bearable. Most of the men in our sparsely populated rural community were still overseas, so we would have the lake mostly to ourselves.

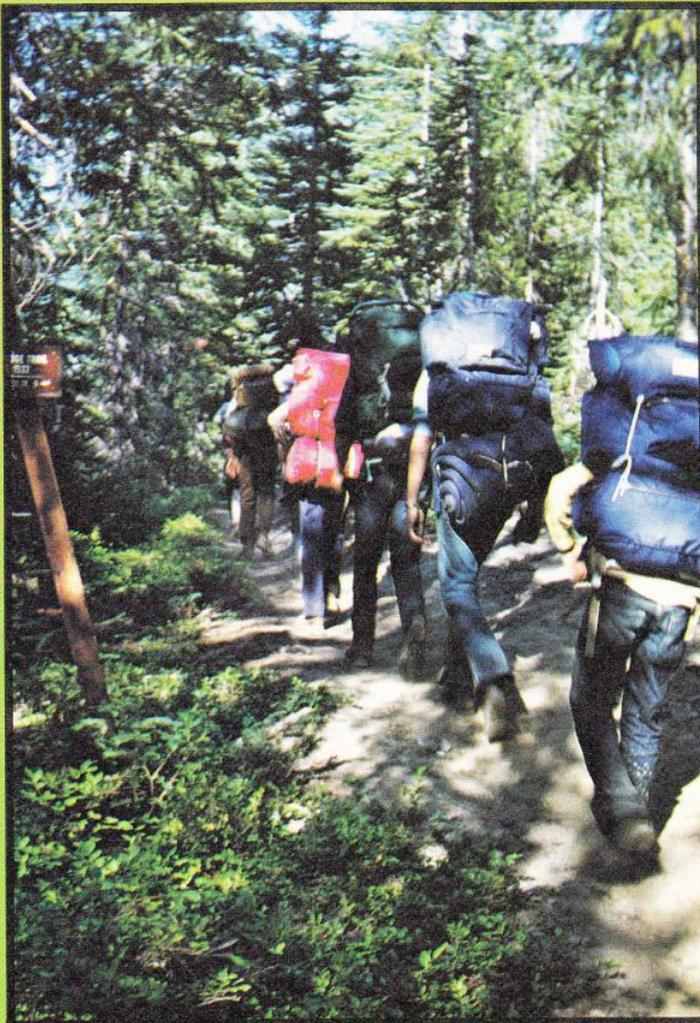
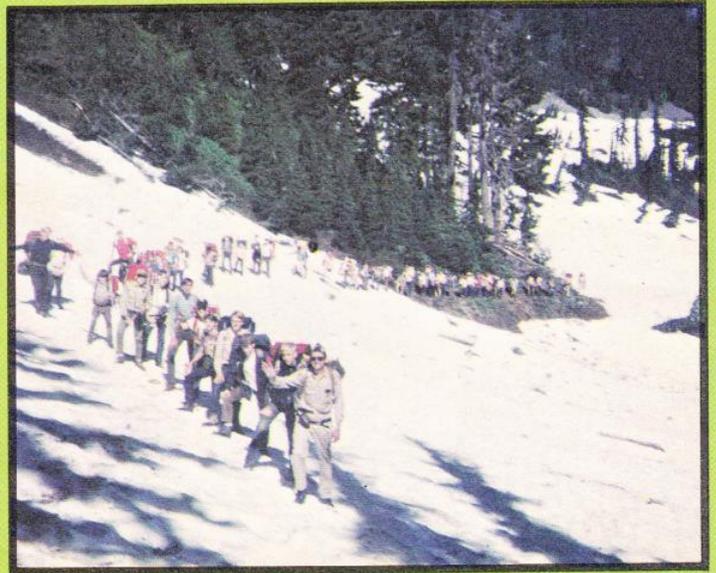
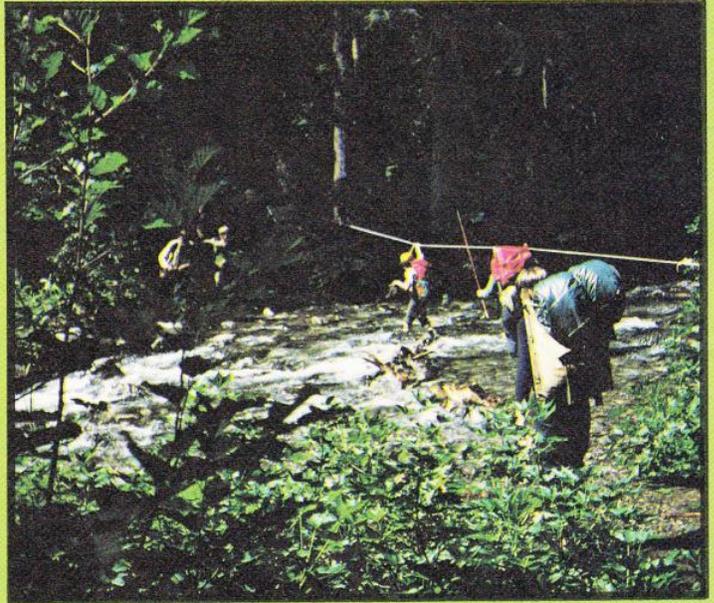
We made our way to the west arm of Apalache mill pond, one of the larger man-made reservoirs of the Piedmont, which was built to power a textile plant. The fish were biting, so Dad and I spent most of the afternoon catching crappie and bluegill. We hooked an occasional sun perch, but they were usually too small for keepers.

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ADVENTURE ON THE

CREST TRAIL

By PHIL WAYMAN



One of the most primitive wilderness areas of the United States is located in the North Cascade Mountains in the state of Washington. This area was recently set aside by Congress as a National Wilderness area to be preserved for future generations.

Older Royal Rangers from outposts throughout the Northwest District have ventured each year into some part of the Cascade Crest Trail for a four-day, backpacking trip to enjoy the magnificent scenery there. The fifth such trip for the North Cascades took them into the primitive areas by Glacier Peak.

Sixty-nine boys and commanders gathered at Lake Creek Camp the evening of August 8, 1972. The long daylight hours of the north country enabled us to divide the food and make other preparations before darkness fell. The group was divided into eight-man patrols, composed of seven boys and one adult. The patrol assignment sheets were distributed with the understanding that the men and boys were considered equal in all matters of cooking, firebuilding, wood gathering and patrol leadership. These tasks were changed every day so that each hiker became involved in each duty. Because of prior training in rugged hiking and camping before beginning the trip, the boys were treated the same as men. After patrol assignments and a food and gear check, the group bedded down for the night.

Darkness comes late, and morning comes early in the north country. The sun found only a few stragglers still in bed. Most of the groups were up and cooking breakfast long before dawn. This was an exciting day and the challenge of the high country was filling the minds of the men and boys. After breakfast, we boarded trucks to take us to the trail juncture at a place called Little Wenatchee Ford. Here the Wenatchee River is a torrent of sparkling, tumbling, mountain water freshly melted from the snowfields and glaciers which never disappear in the North Cascade heights. Here the Rangers divided into groups of "eager beavers" and "leisurely hikers." Richard Helke from Olympia led twelve of the excited boys on a trip up Trail No. 1525 on an extended hike of over 35 miles. This hike was strictly backpacking and scenery viewing. The leisurely hike was 22 miles, and followed the Crest Trail on the Cady Pass route. The remainder of the group accompanied me on this hike.

The trees were so large and thick at the beginning that the sun barely filtered through. When my group came to the Cady River crossing at noon, the water was plunging so violently down the creek that a council was called. After some deliberation, one of the older boys volunteered to cross the river with a rope tied around his waist. After crossing the treacherous water, he tied the rope to a large tree while we secured the rope to our side of the river. We then were able to cross the stream holding onto the rope without losing our footing. We spared our-

selves of wet packs and clothes except for the lower parts of our trousers. The creek was a raging torrent surrounded by banks of snow. Even though they had climbed many thousand feet and walked many miles, these rugged Rangers still had plenty of energy to play in the snow before suppertime. Imagine snowplay in the month of August! The warm sun overhead created an atmosphere of shirt-sleeve weather.

Snow is dangerous to work on. One of the boys carrying his hand ax searching for some dry wood for the fire, slipped on the snow and cut an ugly gash in his hand. David Barnhart, the Sectional Commander from Spokane, quickly applied direct pressure and stopped the bleeding. We gathered around the boy to decide what to do. We had three days yet to go. It was a day's journey out and an auto trip of several miles to get medical help. We had special prayer for the boy. The wound was then drawn together and properly bandaged. The boy made the rest of the trip without trouble. A doctor's survey at the end of the trip showed that the wound was healing wonderfully. It's amazing how God takes care of us when we trust Him.

At the end of the first day, I began to feel pain in my knee caused by a knee problem. I'd had this develop two years before on a return trip from the Crest Trail. After a night's rest, I discovered it was still there in the morning. We had a two-mile climb up Saddle Gap ahead of us and a lot of snowfields to hike through. As we gathered for morning devotions, we prayed for each other that God would heal any physical problems and help us through this dangerous area. As the party stretched out on the switchback up Saddle Gap, God healed the knee and I made the rest of the trip without difficulty. The amazing thing was that the last day was eleven miles downhill and no problem. The fast hiking group taking a longer way around caught up with us on the third day. Richard Helke told us that they crossed severe areas of snow where there was no trail to follow. At one place he fell and dislocated his shoulder. The Lord healed the injured shoulder and he made the entire long trip without further trouble.

At the end of the second day we arrived at Pear Lake. This lake was formed by an earthquake splitting the mountain and sending great boulders plunging down into the valley. These boulders formed a dam turning trapped water into a scenic lake.

Those who wanted to fish now found a fisherman's paradise. The smell of fish at suppertime aroused many appetites. Food always presents a problem to backpackers. We not only had to fill extremely empty stomachs, but we had to make allowance for some boys trying to grow an inch at the same time. This makes mealtime an important part of happy hiking. Those mountain trout were

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TO KENNEDY JOURNALS

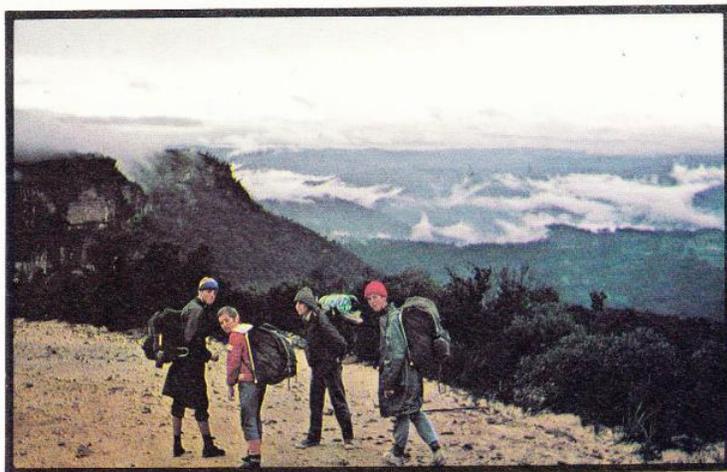
by JOHN COOPER

The crossing of the Blue Mountains of New South Wales by Australia's early explorers was only successfully completed less than 160 years ago. The maze of mountains, rivers and cliff walls was previously an unsolved riddle to many exploration groups. It was the central portion of the mountainous area that a group of Royal Rangers recently chose to traverse in a difficult, but rewarding bush-walking expedition.

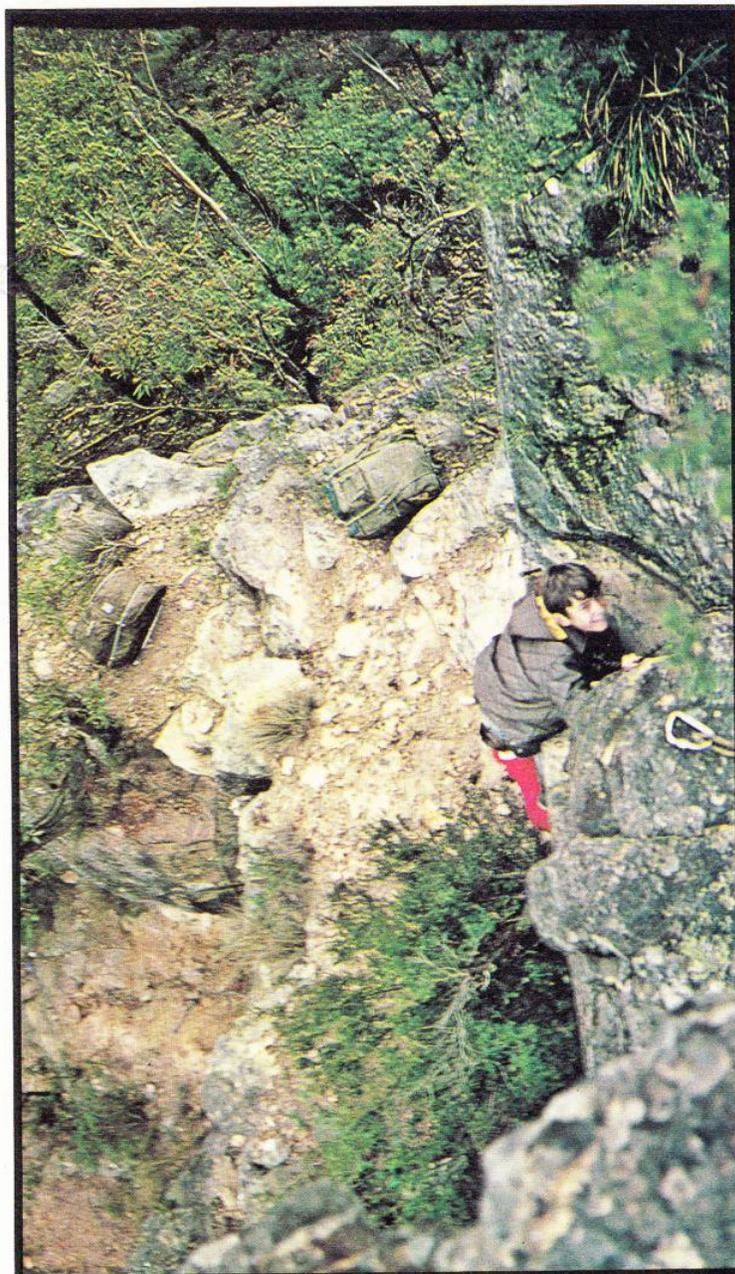
On a Wednesday afternoon in the late Australian autumn, several Royal Rangers from New South Wales, Outpost No. 4 with their Commander, left the east coast city of Newcastle for Katoomba, a well-known mountain resort. All of us had considerable bush-walking experience—a real necessity, as in a small, fast group no slowness could be tolerated in adhering to the strict route plan. This, together with entry permits and all other details, had been worked out many weeks before by the most experienced Trail Ranger in our party, Garry Faull, who had previously earned Royal Ranger Special Recognition for his participation in a walk across the isolated, snow-covered Barrington Tops area of New South Wales. On this present trip he was assisted by Trail Ranger Wendell Hipwell and Trail Blazer's Glenn Currington and Brian Dixon.

After a bleak, drizzling night spent in a shelter on the edge of Katoomba, we set out early in weather that was still wet and dull. Only with skill and perseverance was a fire lit, and then breakfast quickly consumed. Our first seven miles was spent following a fire trail stretching out along the narrow Neck Peninsula: a unique elevated plateau in places only 300 yards wide and bounded by cliffs extending down on both sides about 600 feet. From along here, marvelous views were obtained of the mountainous area, including our intended route. The fire trail was left at Bushwalkers Hill (3,512 feet) from where it was only one mile through the remains of a recent bushfire to the top of the precipitous descent down to river level. Our route was down Carlon Head, but not before we paused to take in the tremendous view. The rock climb descent is not for anyone who dislikes heights, or "airy" cliff faces. We scrambled down to the cliff line, and were soon climbing using one rope length to transfer the packs from ledge to ledge. An hour and one long ridge after, we were avidly devouring a quick lunch on a small water-course known as Carlon Creek. Not much time could be spent as we were keen to reach Coxs River to set up camp there in daylight.

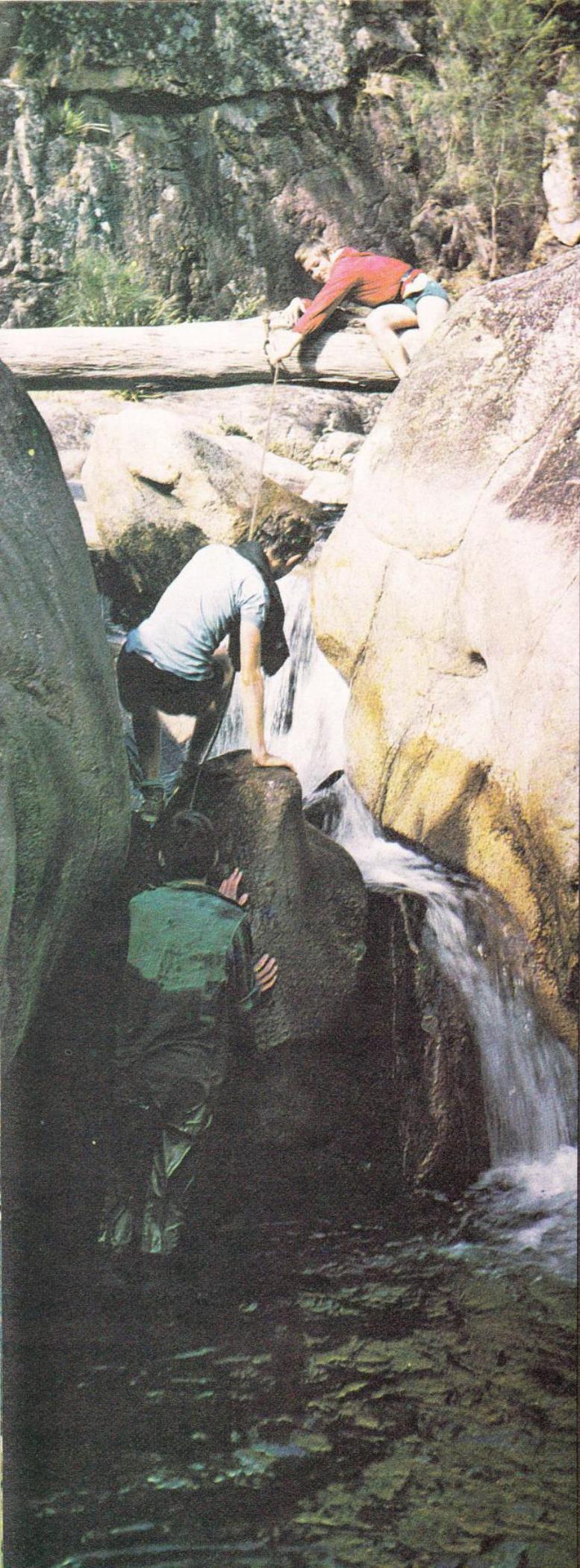
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Two miles down—over thirty to go. Our destination is right on the horizon.



Garry Faull climbing down one stage of the Carlon Head descent.



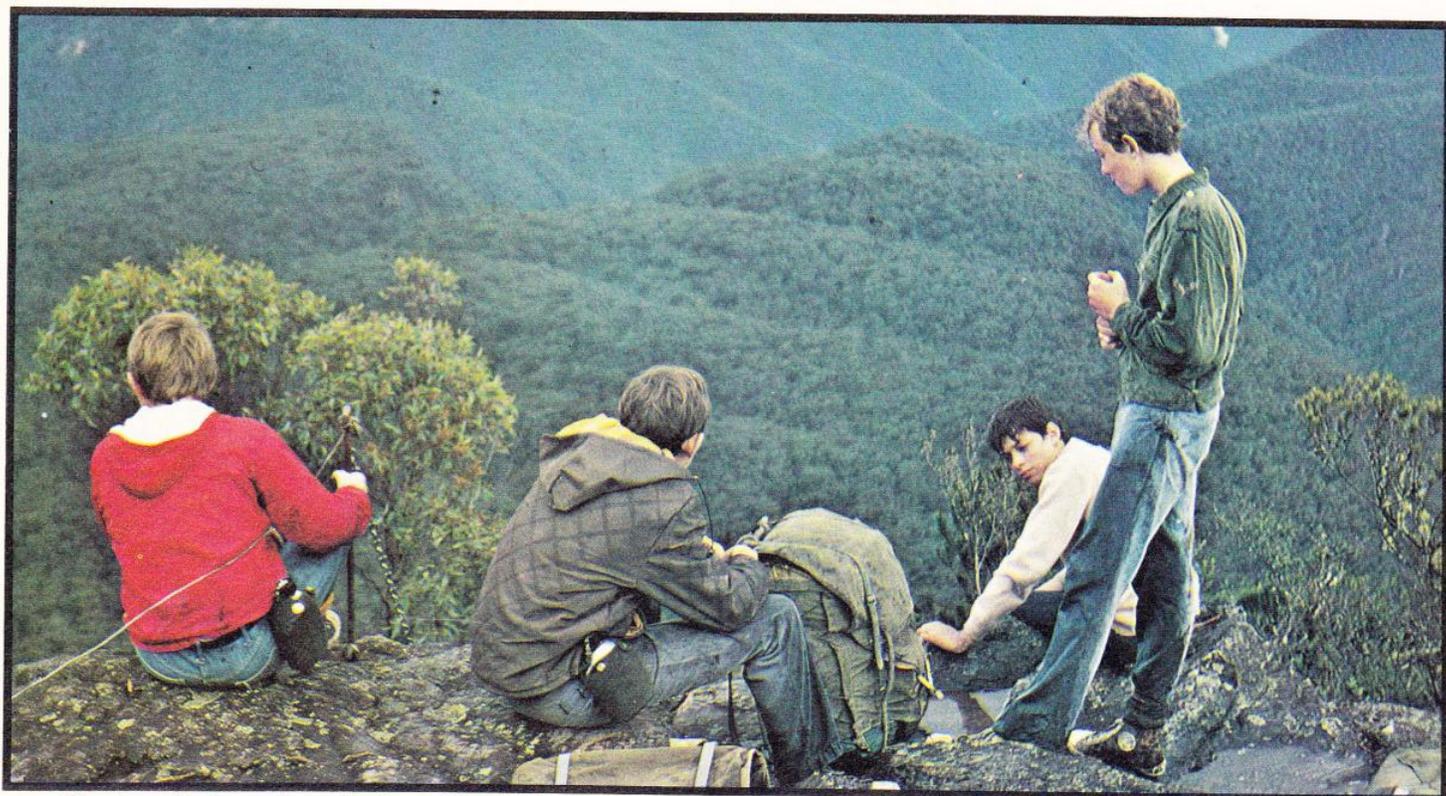
Friday dawned cloudy, but bright. We were away at 09.00, crossed the Coxs River without any trouble and headed upstream for a mile of pleasant river walking. It was 09.30 when we reached and crossed the Jenolan River; a river we were to get to know well during the remainder of our walk. We swung westward up this river, and soon entered the Lower Jenolan Canyon—a mile of river running through a deep gorge. Massive gray rocky cliffs rise straight out of the water for several hundred feet, and appear to overhang the canyon in a most impressive manner. The cold water made us take considerable caution in placing our feet, as an unexpected plunge was not wanted. We passed right through the canyon without having to wade through more than about three feet of water.

It was only another five miles of pleasant river walking to our campsite that night. We lingered for lunch in a sunny clearing on Mumbedah Creek junction, before completing our walk past Brumby Glen, Bees Nest Creek and Sassafras Creek to Diablo Creek, at the commencement of the difficult Hellgate Canyon. No effort was made to proceed further that night, as our maps indicated that in the gorge-like canyon it would not be easy to find a comfortable camping flat. After a hearty meal and a quick dip in the river, we were soon abed, in preparation for the next day's efforts.

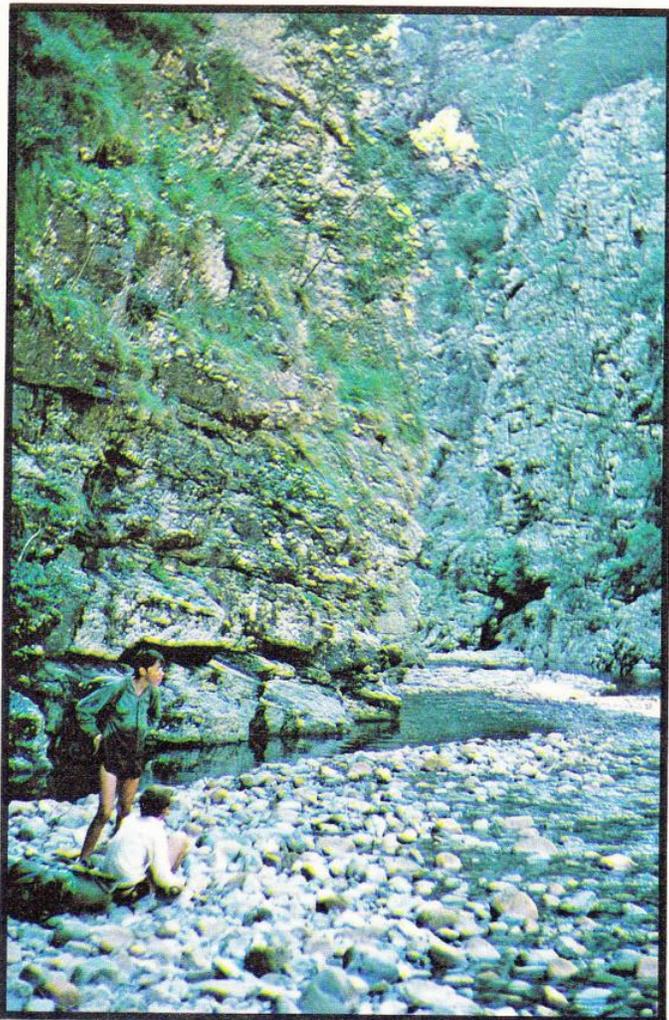
We were off to an early start on our final day, and quickly entered the steep-sided Hellgate Canyon. Unlike the previous canyon, the riverbed in this one was not flat but a series of waterfalls which it was necessary to climb. The most difficult of these is known as The Hellgates.

The lack of sunshine in the depths of the canyon did not improve on the effects of the chilling water. In several places it was necessary to wade through up to one's waist, but fortunately all of the packs were kept relatively dry. While swinging the packs up on rope around one of the more difficult waterfalls, one of our keener members suffered a submersion—by accident, of course. By midday, everyone was wet and cold. Most of our remaining food was eaten in a quick lunch near Slithery Bull Creek, before we set off on our final leg. The question in everyone's mind was, "Can we reach our destination before darkness?" The destination, Jenolan Caves, was still some miles away over as yet unknown territory.

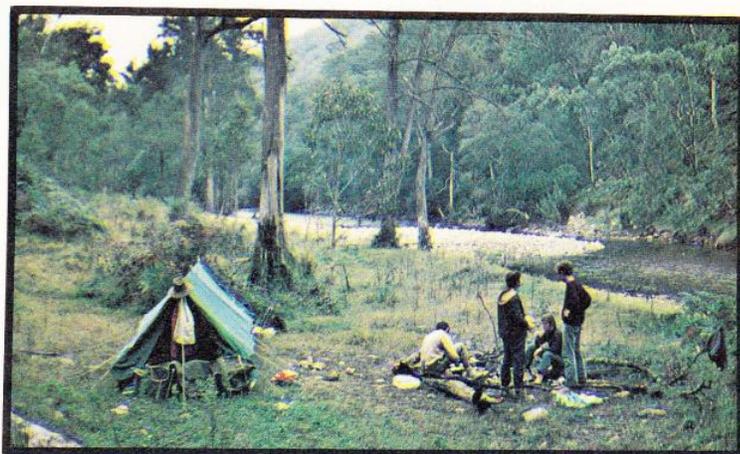
Fortunately, crossing the terrain was not time consuming. Everyone dried off fairly well in the afternoon sunshine, and a good pace was maintained. By late afternoon we reached Bull Creek, where another obstacle was encountered—stinging nettles. These were growing in profusion along the banks of the now small river (we had followed it more than three fourths of the way to its course). We all suffered considerably from the effects of these, being clad only in shirt and shorts because of the river work.



Contemplating the Carlon Head descent. We camped this night on Coxs River, just under the cloud cover in the top right-hand corner of the picture.



A pause in the Lower Jenolan Canyon.



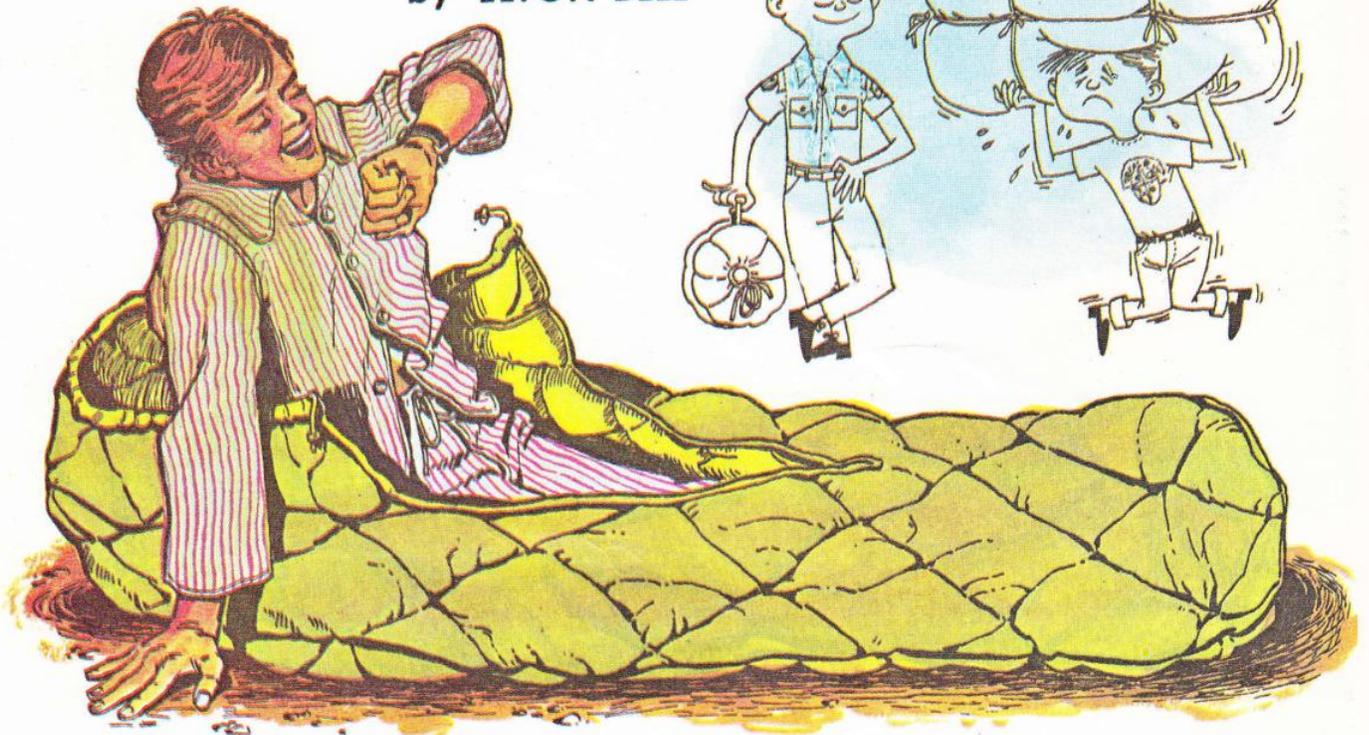
The camp on the Coxs.

As the sun set, our pace quickened somewhat until in the dim dusk light of the river valley we glimpsed our first sight of civilization since leaving Katomba—the ruin of a deserted farmhouse. From here it was a quick mile to Jenolan Caves, and our transport rendezvous.

The joys of bushwalking are said to be threefold—anticipation, fulfillment, and reflection. The first two joys had passed and could not be recalled, but brimming indeed was our measure of the third joy as we lay in our sleeping bags in quiet reflection, broken only now and then by a word or two, such as, “We were lucky to reach Jenolan Caves before dark,” or “Let’s do something harder next year.” But let us cease here, for Royal Rangers will know what we mean. 🍃

Your Sleeping Gear

by ELTON BELL



One of the most important pieces of equipment you possess is your sleeping bag. A good, warm, comfortable bedroll is essential to good sleep, and adequate sleep is a must for an enjoyable trip. Therefore, you should give careful thought and attention in selecting your sleeping gear.

The warmth of your bag depends upon the type of insulation and how many pounds of insulation are in the bag. Among the types of insulation found in bags are: down, dacron, wool, kapok, polyester, and acrylic. The best by far is down insulation. It is lightweight and very warm. Unfortunately it is also the most expensive. Next to down, dacron is best. It makes a fairly lightweight and warm bag, and is much less expensive than down. A good four-pound-filled dacron bag will keep you warm in most camping situations. It will keep you warm in temperatures which are near freezing. Other insulations such as kapok and polyester are rated much lower than dacron. They are not as warm and are heavier in weight.

Whatever kind of bag you have, remember that you can always add a blanket or other extra lining when you expect nights to be cooler than usual. A washable inner lining of sheeting or flannel is a must to keep your sleeping bag clean. Be sure it

is long enough to extend the entire length of the bag, including the head area, to prevent soiling. It can be used along with the bag open on warm nights.

Regardless of the type bedding you use, remember the camper's code: "What you have under you is more important to warmth than what you have over you." Always—even in hot, dry weather include a plastic ground cloth in your equipment list. If added comfort is desired, you should bring an air mattress that will give you support from your hips to your head and shoulders. If you do use an air mattress, use it properly. Be sure to protect it by using a ground cloth. Inflate it, crawl into your bag, lie on your side, then let out air until your hipbone just about touches the ground. You'll be more comfortable this way, and you won't roll off the mattress in the middle of the night. I use a piece of two-inch foam pad. It folds up quite small and is light to carry.

Editor's note: A good place to purchase sleeping bags and other camping gear by mail order is "Ranger Joe's." A catalog will be sent to leaders on request. The company is owned and managed by one of our Royal Ranger leaders. Write Ranger Joe's, 1006 Broadway, Columbus, GA 31901. 🌿

A summons loud and clear beckons us now to the animal community of streams and lakes. It's a habitat in the exciting world of nature whose basic substance is forever in motion, either flowing swiftly downstream, or moving, seeping and evaporating quietly in constant change.

The drama of fresh waterways is tempered to the fast pace of water rushing toward sea level. It is sometimes temporarily delayed by lakes, dams, and reservoirs, but its ultimate goal is inevitable. Withstanding the current in remarkable contrast are certain of its creatures who are mild mannered or even docile.

Running water! It's always exciting, whether feeder streams or rivers. As you hike through the cool, dim forest, you can hear the sound of water on the move even before you see the stream. With a sound like rustling leaves, the foaming white cascade plunges across a rocky ledge, then loses itself in the rippled surface of a deep, dark pool. It bubbles between moss-covered rocks, swirling into placid backwaters, or gliding velvet-smooth across more level stretches, the stream rushes down its channel and disappears from sight around the bend.

Actually, fast-flowing streams and even torrents usually provide habitats for even more plants and animals than do quiet pools, although life in the rapids is more difficult to observe. But even a rock from the shoals contains the basic life of a stream. The slimy surfaces that make the stream bed so treacherous for walking consist of a film of microscopic plants and animals that feed on them. *Algae*, the simplest of all plant forms, and other green plants use the energy in sunlight to manufacture the food that makes life possible for all animals in the stream.

A stream is a dynamic, shifting habitat, subject to far greater seasonal changes than are larger bodies of water such as lakes. Heavy rains or melting snow, for example, can abruptly change a shallow tributary into a silt-laden torrent. In the face of these unstable living conditions, the plants and animals that inhabit streams have evolved a multitude of adaptations that allow them to survive chaotic upheavals in their environment.

There are thousands of streams in America, and no two are exactly alike. Yet, there is an overall similarity among them with the same general types of plants and animals. The general pattern is consistent in New England, Virginia, Colorado, or California.

No portion of the stream is without life, even the waterfall has its characteristic inhabitants. Net-winged midge larvae, for example, cling to water-swept stones, while larvae of the caddisfly stretch silken nets across the current to snare bits of food.

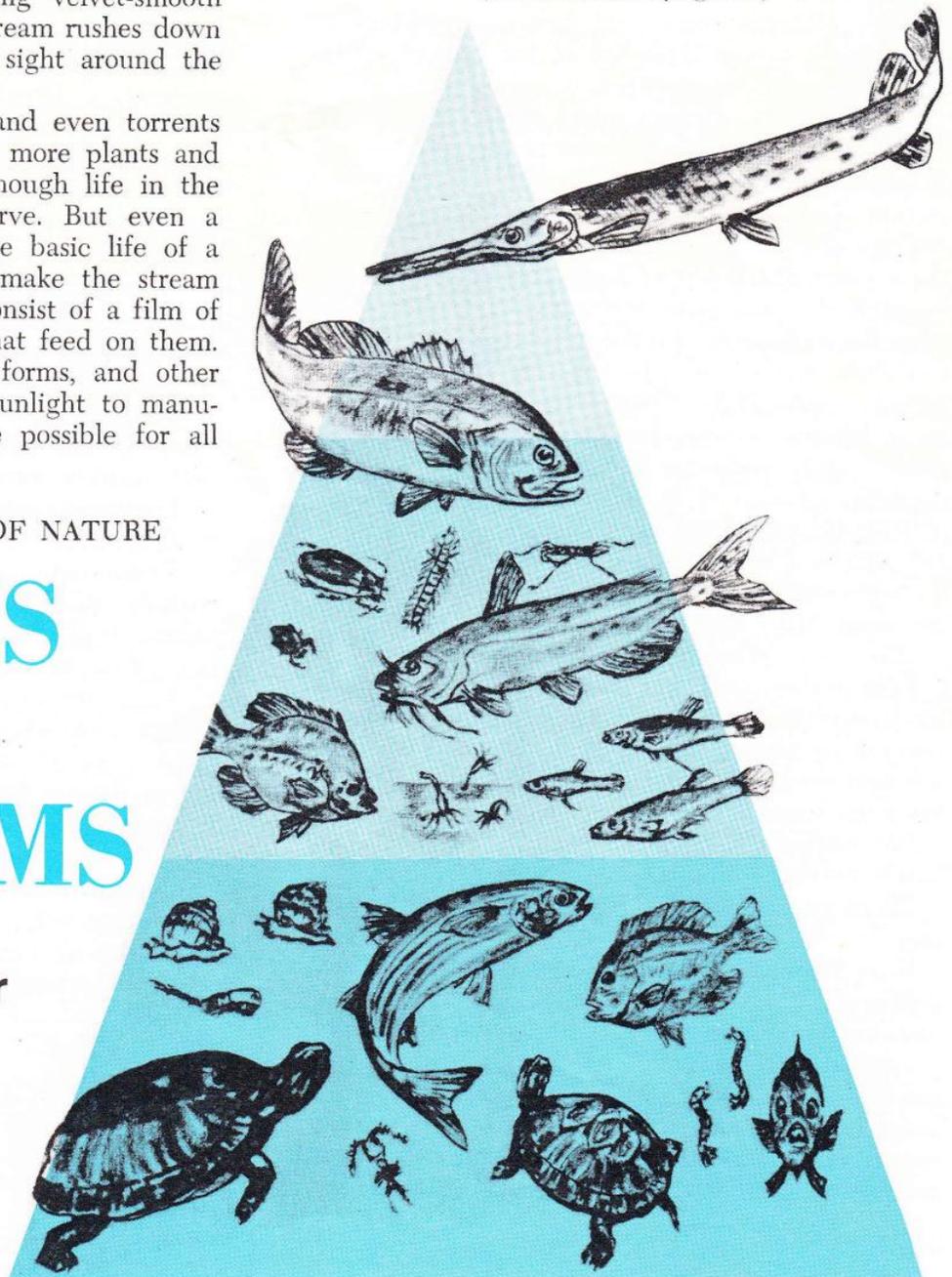
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THE EXCITING WORLD OF NATURE

LAKES and STREAMS

By John Eller

MARCH, APRIL, MAY, 1973



'ENCOUNTER' WITH AN OUTLAW

(Continued from page 3)

Around four, the fish stopped biting and I suddenly realized I was quite thirsty. Although the lake was spring-fed, its partially stagnant condition made the waters impure for drinking.

"Think I'll walk over the hill to that little abandoned line shack and pump off a cold drink," I said to Dad.

He mumbled something about watching out for snakes as he checked his hook for bait.

"Okie-dokie, but watch my pole," I returned as I started up the bank through a ravine known as Dead Man's Canyon and then over the ridge. Turkey buzzards circled in the distance. I grinned to myself when I remembered Dad called these *country airplanes*.

The sun blinded me as I searched for the faint little trail which descended the hill at a slight angle before turning south. The weeds and shrubs were just above my head as the path wound its way through a dense thicket of briars, brambles and blackberries to the little hut at the bottom of the draw. Beyond, the growth was almost jungle-like.

The trail soon emerged into a small clearing with the line shack directly in front of me. It had been abandoned for many years, so I hardly gave it a second glance.

The old rusty hand pump stood to my left with the ancient gourd dipper hung on the side. A small metal flask filled with water rested underneath a large flat rock nearby for the purpose of priming. The container, dating back to the late nineteenth century, was said to have been originally hidden there by a famous outlaw. No one really believed the story, but it made an interesting legend with the mysterious initials of "B. K."

With the old pump in open view, I broke into a full run as I raced toward the rock. I was within a couple strides when a voice rang out which made me freeze in my tracks.

"Hey, boy! What do you think you're doin'?"

Fear rushed over me like a cold shower as all kinds of crazy apprehensions flooded my mind. A real queasy feeling developed in the pit of my stomach and my knees seemed to be drained of strength. My heart seemed to stop.

"W-w-what d-d-do y-you m-mean?" I stammered, hardly moving a muscle.

"Turn around, boy," the voice replied, "slow and easy!"

How I became mobile I'll never know. But with deliberation which may have added to either his impatience or satisfaction, I turned to fix my gaze toward the front of the windowless cabin hardly ten feet away. There was a slight crack of the door with the black muzzle of a pistol pointed directly toward me. The hand which held it was exposed and trembled a little as the thumb cocked the hammer.

A loud click resounded in my ear as the cylinder turned.

A chill of horror went through me as the voice spoke again.

"Okay, boy, walk this way, slow and easy-like!"

As I mounted the two stone steps and stood on the porch, I noticed a fresh cut between the logs for a possible look-out. Then, just as my glance darted back to the doorway, a large hand reached out, grabbed my arm, and pulled me inside.

The shack was dimly lighted by an old kerosene lantern which sat on a small table at the far side. The smell of coal oil filled the room. Over in another corner, a large oaken bucket sat on a nail keg with a small supply of rations nearby. Fine dust was everywhere as I crossed the dirt floor toward the light.

The man pushed me ahead of him until we reached the table. A single cane bottom chair stood at one side whose rounds had been mostly broken off. Giving my left shoulder a shove, the man looked at me squarely for the first time.

He was an older man than I expected. I judged him to be in his 60's. The pistol which he held was evidently a .45 caliber and very similar to those pictured in a book Dad owned illustrating guns of the old west. But the stunning reality of a loaded weapon pointed at me made me unaware at the moment of any historic value the gun might possess.

"Who sent you here?" he demanded.

I was scared spittleless. A disabling shiver went through my insides as I tried to respond.

"N-no one, s-sir!" I stumbled.

"Come on, boy, speak up," he retorted impatiently, the gun barrel almost touching my head. "Why are you here?"

"I just w-wanted a d-drink of w-water," I managed, almost in a state of panic.

"Come now," the old man said reproachfully, with irritation in his voice, "you don't expect me to believe that, do you? You've gotta be a decoy trying to flush me out!"

"No-no sir," I gulped, electrified by a new streak of fear, "I-I didn't even k-know anyone was h-here!"

The man studied me for a long moment, then acting as though he suddenly remembered something important, crept sideways toward his porthole for a quick look outside. All the time, he watched me out of the corner of his eye and kept the pistol pointed my way.

"Sit down!" he commanded, convinced that no one was approaching the cabin at the moment.

I dropped into the chair as though I had been shot. A streak of light caught the silver belt buckle the man wore and made the initials "B. K." to stand out like neon. I fought an urge to call for help. The gun, with which he continued to cover me, was

(Continued on next page)

clearly loaded, but no longer cocked. I would have obeyed his commands anyway.

For the next quarter hour, I remained under the watchful eye of my captor. He would occasionally mumble something to himself about the heat as he divided his time between me and the look-out. For an instant, I entertained thoughts of trying to escape, but I forgot it the moment I remembered the cabin had no back door. The only other exit was through the attic and that was too risky. I dared not tell him my Dad was waiting for me.

Finally, after what seemed like hours, he spoke again.

"Okay, boy, maybe you're telling me the truth, I don't know. But I've had enough trouble in my day without adding you to the list. Now, git yourself a drink and git out of here *fast!* And forgit you ever found this place! *You hear me?*" His beady little eyes glared red.

I was shook. Never had I been so scared and frightened as he waved me on with his gun. Somehow, I just wasn't thirsty anymore. But my subconscious told me to at least pretend to get a drink so the man would have no further reason to question my presence.

Pumping off some water as fast as I could, I filled the gourd while watching the man out of the corner of my eye. I swallowed a mouthful, almost strangled, and refilled the flask. I replaced it under the stone with the initials face down.

Over my shoulder, I kept an eye on the man who now stood in the doorway. The gun was still in his hand but some of the fierceness was gone from his expression. He had dropped the weapon to his side as he watched me leave. The sight of him now made me sad, almost to the point of pity. Nevertheless, I quickened my pace to retrace my steps back to the pond. Once, a cottontail scampered off in front of me, but I managed not to yell out when startled.

My heart was still pounding wildly like a massive drum in my chest as I rejoined Dad. I was so out of breath that he spoke before I had a chance.

"What took you so long, son? I was about to get worried about you!"

"There was this man at the shack," I began with the words pouring out, "he didn't believe me when I said I came for a drink of water, and he pulled a gun on me and held me as a hostage until finally—"

"Hold it! Hold it!" Dad broke in. "Take it easy. Your daydreams are getting the best of you again!"

"No sir," I replied respectfully, "it really happened! There is a man using the old shack as a *hideout!*"

Just then I caught sight of my bamboo pole, the end of which I had forced into the bank upon leaving. The tip was splashing in the water and the cork was long since submerged.

I ran to the pole and began to pull backwards.

The mill wheel had drained the lake almost two feet from the high-water mark and losing my balance, I began slipping on the red mud into the water.

"Help, Dad!" I yelled.

He was there to my rescue and within five minutes, had landed a seven pound channel catfish. The largest catch so far had been a three-quarter pound bluegill, so I was quite elated.

Dusk was beginning to settle in, so we quickly reassembled our gear and with a fine string of fish, started toward home on the Old road. I had all but forgotten the incident at the line shack in the excitement of my big catch. It was just as well. Dad didn't seem too interested anyway.

It was late August and the smell of honeysuckle permeated the air. We could hear the night sounds of crickets, toads and jar flies as we emerged from the woods to reenter the little rural settlement. Glowworms, which we sometimes called "Lightning bugs" were everywhere as if to help us on our way.

Neighbors were sitting on porches in swings and rockers enjoying the balmy twilight. Occasionally, one would hail us to ask my Dad, whom they called *Blackberry*, what kind of bait he had used for such a fine catch.

"John caught this big cat," he would say, and I'd feel like a man.

At home, we went out back and cleaned the fish. Dad was well experienced in this art and allowed me to help with the clean-up. He smiled and winked as we completed the job. We both knew what would be for supper.

Late that evening just before bedtime, we sat around the old open fireplace while Dad played tunes on his harmonica. He had once been a professional entertainer, and still had a special technique on the old French harp. By the time he played the mournful tune *Lost John*, a song he wrote especially for his son, I had fallen asleep.

The last days of summer passed all too quickly and the fall school term began. One morning in early September, Dad was having his morning coffee and reading the newspaper which had come in the mail the afternoon before. I was on my way out the door when he called to me.

"Hey, John!"

"Yes sir?" I replied over my shoulder with a question in my voice.

"Come back here a minute!" There was discovery in his tone.

There, spread out on the table, was the front page of the newspaper, which Dad always read last, with a complete headline report on the capture of Sam Blackwell, better known as *Blacky the Kid*. The photo of the outlaw had been taken several years before, but I recognized the resemblance right away.

(Continued on next page)

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It was the same man I had encountered at the old line shack!

"Someone in a grocery store about three miles from here identified him from a wanted poster in the rural postal station," Dad related. "The sheriff tracked him with bloodhounds to the old cabin where he was apprehended."

"Whew!" I sighed, weak in the knees again.

"Blacky terrorized portions of the southeastern United States beginning with the 1890's," Dad continued. "He let up in recent years, but was still a wanted man. Sorry I passed your story off lightly, Son, but thank God, He kept you safe!"

Dad rolled up the newspaper and tapped me lightly on the forehead. "Now, off to school before you're late!"

That's all I needed to get moving again. In a flash I was on my bicycle and pedaling downhill to the country schoolhouse a half mile away. Everyone had been telling about their summer adventures all week. I couldn't wait to tell mine! ❁



LAKES AND STREAMS

(Continued from page 11)

Survival in swift water is a challenge, presenting a unique set of hazards to its creatures. In the face of never-ending downstream tug of currents, the simple matter of staying in one place can be a very formidable problem. All the essential processes of life—seeking food, avoiding enemies, finding a mate, or bringing forth offspring—would seem difficult if not impossible.

Yet, living organisms are supremely adaptable, even to the point of taking advantage of the benefits in swift water. Some flourish so well that they quickly perish when transplanted to quieter portions of the stream.

The sculpin resists the current with its oversized fins, the crayfish or crawdad hides underneath rocks, certain larvae have suction disks on their underside, while a trout is so superbly streamlined that its body offers little resistance to flowing water. Like its relative the salmon, the trout migrates upstream to spawn, often struggling through cascading rapids to reach its breeding area.

The worth of a stream can be measured by its productivity. Howard T. Odum, an ecologist at the University of North Carolina, has calculated a stream's primary productivity on green plants. The study was conducted at Silver Springs in north central Florida, and concentrated on the rich deposits of algae. These observations yielded dramatic evidence of the rapid decline in weight of

organisms per unit area at each successive level on a food pyramid. It was found the enormous base of plant producers was necessary to support a large community of living things.

Our rivers and streams, then, are the veins and arteries that carry life-giving water throughout our land. Wherever water flows, plant and wildlife abound. Any river may house a colony of beavers or a family of muskrat or mink. Along the bank, reeds, sedges and cattails form a wet jungle that's alive with birds. When the river opens up into a lake, there may be a variety of diving ducks.

A lake may seem peaceful and quiet—but it is also in full swing surging with life. Various water insects flutter and skim and there's the flash of fish below the surface. Other creatures such as lizards, frogs, water snakes, turtles, and eels make their home in the lake.

But whether your favorite spot is an ox-bow carved by a wild river, a whirlpool dancing in the shadow of a great rock, a deep blue lake hidden in the wilderness, or a cold spring boiling from the sand, we all must recognize our responsibility to the environment. Pollution and wastes that disturb and spoil the delicate ecological balance must be reduced, for man depends upon the streams and lakes for drinking, food supply, and recreation. ❁



CREST TRAIL

(Continued from page 5)

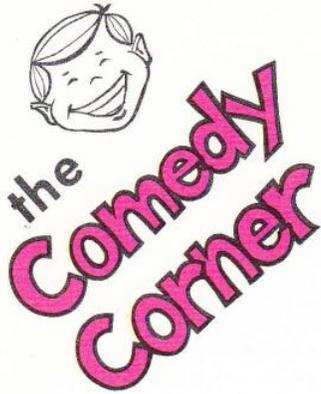
terrific, although we didn't make allowance for it in the diet.

One of the advantages of experience is developing practical and inexpensive equipment. For example, we used the large gallon-size cans with a wire bale for cooking.

Each night as darkness fell, the group gathered for a council fire. Here the fun of being together on the trail was emphasized. The great lights of heaven seemed to blink a cheery welcome to our group of happy people enjoying to the fullest what God has made but so few see. A gospel message was presented as the embers died low, and several youth stepped forward to find Christ in their lives.

It was with mixed emotions that we returned to our rendezvous site, and prepared to leave for home.

After seeing every boy safely in a vehicle for the return trip, I glanced longingly back to the high country and a feeling of nostalgia swept over me. I wanted to go back just to laze around and fish in those mountains. However, other duties in my normal world were pressing me! So I turned the car back up over Stevens Pass and down into sea-level country where my Royal Ranger widow (wife) patiently awaited my return. ❁



the
Comedy
Corner

Mary: Jean has a terrible memory.
Carrie: Doesn't she remember anything?
Mary: Worse! She remembers everything!

—Daniel Tinker
Pinehurst, ID

Tax Collector: Why don't you cheer up and pay your taxes with a smile?
Taxpayer: I'd love to but you insist on money.

—Ray Lambert
Middlesburg, OH

Teacher: Norman, what is a cannibal?
Norman: I don't know, teacher.
Teacher: Well, then, what would you be if you ate your Mother and Father?
Norman: An orphan.

—Warren Bebout
San Luis Obispo, CA

Tommy was finishing his prayers. "God bless my mother, and my father, and make Montreal the capital of Canada."

"Why, Tommy!" exclaimed his mother, "Why did you say that?"
"Because," explained Tommy, "I wrote that on my exam."

—Chris Lemond
Phoenix, AZ

When the new term began, the absent-minded professor looked sharply at one of his students. "Don't you have a brother who took this course last year?" he asked. "No, sir," the student answered, "I'm just taking it again." The professor shook his head. "Amazing resemblance, though," he said.

—Chris Lemond
Phoenix, AZ

Toughy: Here I was riding this horse when suddenly I noticed a tiger beside me and two elephants behind me.
Sissy: What happened?

Toughy: The merry-go-round stopped.
—Roger Higgins
Girard, PA

Johnny: My brother fell out of a seven-foot tree.

Jamie: Did he get hurt?

Johnny: No, he'd only climbed up one foot.

—Ray Lambert
Middlesburg, OH

Traveler: Can you give me a room and bath?

Clerk: I can give you a room, but you'll have to take the bath yourself.

—Roger Higgins
Girard, PA

Poem

Mary had a little lamb,

Freddie had a pup.

Ronnie had a crocodile

And it ate the others up.

—Ray Lambert
Middlesburg, OH

Librarian: Please be quiet. The people next to you can't read.

Little boy: What a shame! I've been reading since I was six.

—Danny Tinker
Pinehurst, ID

One day a blacksmith took a scalding horseshoe he'd just formed off the fire and dropped it into the sand. A fellow walked into his shop and casually picked up the hot horseshoe to examine it. He soon realized he'd made a mistake and dropped it in the sand. Jokingly the blacksmith asked, "that was a little uncomfortable wasn't it, son?"

"No sir, the boy replied, it just doesn't take me long to look at horseshoes."

—Steve Leatherwood
Angleton, TX

Did you hear about the guy who mows the grass in the ballpark, that goes around telling people he's a diamond cutter?

—Warren Bebout
San Luis Obispo, CA

Tommy: We sang a new song in church today, about a cross-eyed bear.

Mother: A cross-eyed bear? Are you sure?

Tommy: Yes, Mam. It was about "Gladly the Cross I'd Bear."

—Steve Leatherwood
Angleton, TX

Overheard at a Ranger Camp-out:

"Well, we're going home tomorrow. I, guess I'd better rumple up my pajamas and squeeze out half my toothpaste."

—Ray Lambert
Middlesburg, OH

"Those new people down the road seem very devoted," said Mrs. Jones to her husband behind a newspaper.

"Everytime he goes out, he kisses her and goes on throwing kisses all the way down the road. Edward, why don't you do that?"

"Me?" snorted the man behind the news. I don't even know the woman!"

—Warren Bebout
San Luis Obispo, CA

Bill: Would you like to buy Manhattan for ten cents?

Joe: Ten cents? How can you sell it so cheap?

Bill: I don't own it.

—Alan Halstengaard
Whittier, CA

Riddle: What did the sock say to the foot?

Answer: You're putting me on.

—Warren BeBout
San Luis Obispo, CA

Lisa: Did anybody laugh when you fell on the ice?

Larry: No, but the ice made some cracks.

—Lane Williams
Caruthersville, MO

Two old-timers from the backwoods were discussing their first football game.

Jed: How did you like the game?

Ted: Wal, it wuz pretty good but it seemed like an awful lot of trouble over 25 cents.

Jed: What do you mean?

Ted: All through the game everybody kept yelling, "get the quarterback."

—Ray Lambert
Middlesburg, OH



BE STRONG AND FEARLESS

By J. K. Gressett

It was a *very dry summer* in central Texas, and Father was forced to go a hundred miles to find work in the fall.

We traveled in a covered wagon with him. We boys, aged nine, seven, and five, rode in the rear of that wagon three or four days with nothing to do but watch Bulger, our pet bulldog, trot along the dusty road behind the wagon.

We begged Father to let him ride, but to no avail. He was too hot and dirty to be in the wagon with the children.

About the third day out, old Bulger's feet were so sore and he was so tired he would stop awhile and lie under a tree by the road, until he was far behind the wagon. He became a constant worry to three idle boys.

Upon entering a village that warm afternoon we saw several teen-age girls playing with a well-built, well-kept dog, much larger than our Bulger. One of the girls decided to let him go get our dog.

They released that big fresh monster. He looked so mean and vicious as he bounded out on top of our tired pet. It seemed that all justice, fair play, and decency had fled from the earth!

The girls were laughing; we boys were crying;

the dogs were gnawing, snarling, and rolling in the dust until it was impossible to tell how the battle was going.

About the time we boys were sure our worn-out pet was being eaten up, the dust began to settle. And behold, our little dog had the girls' big dog by the throat and had him nailed to the ground. That fat rascal's feet were in the air and beginning to tremble.

It is a test of anyone's heart to go from such utter defeat to such triumphant victory so fast. In all my life I have never been so overwhelmed by such hilarious pride of accomplishment in so short a time!

The girls were crying now, begging Father to do something. Father said, "Let's be sure he's had enough!" Then he touched our well-trained dog and he let go. That oversized brute went home so fast that when he hit the porch he skidded into the wall with a crash. He had had enough!

Father saw his opportunity to make a point.

"The thing you boys worried about is the very thing that prepared your dog to win this battle," he said. "You worried about his getting too tired. You wanted to let him ride. But the exercise groomed him for the fight.

"Bulger's tough; he isn't afraid. So don't worry about him. He would tackle a lion if it came out after him. And if he didn't whip it, he would die before he would run.

"You are traveling through life like he is. When mean things come out of the brush and attack you, you will need some of his training and courage to win. Keep yourselves tough; don't be afraid. Fear and weakness will defeat you all your life."

I never forgot that object lesson. You can't fight unless you're trained; you can't win if you're afraid.

In Psalm 18:39 David said, "Thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle." This verse tells us three things: (1) There is an enemy, (2) there will be a battle, and (3) the Lord will give us strength to win.

In our day it will require a fight to survive. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil" (Ephesians 6:12, 13). Paul counseled Timothy: "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." Soldiers are not called to go on lemonade picnics; they are called to fight!

The word fight appears 60 times in the Bible. And battle appears over 80 times. The expressions *fear not* and *be not afraid* appear 365 times in the Word of God—once for every day of the year.

Father's message by the wagon was: "Be strong and fearless; be ready." That's still good advice.