



High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

- FOUR PLAYS THAT
MAKE A WINNER
- SUCKERS DON'T COUNT

AUTUMN 1973

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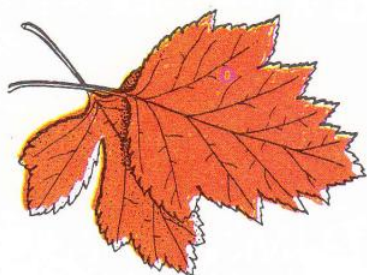
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PURPOSE

This quarterly magazine is de-
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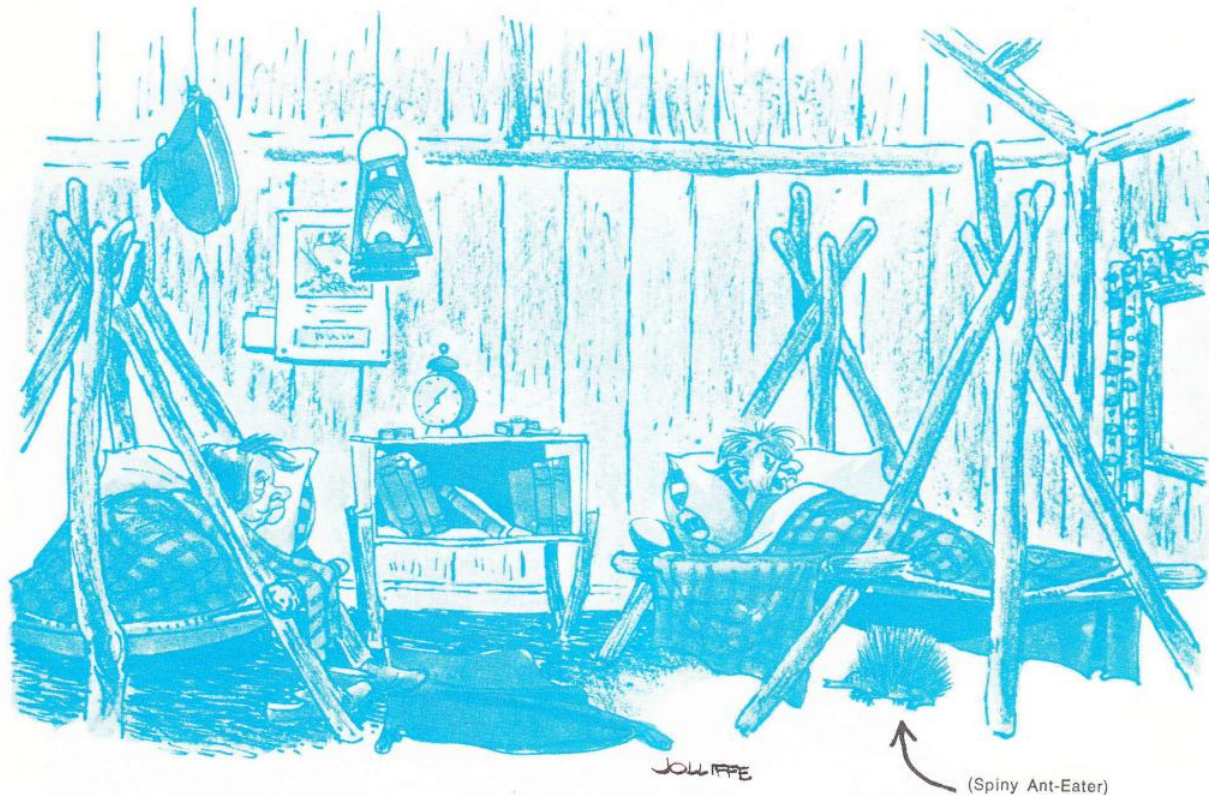
To provide boys with worthwhile,
enjoyable leisurely reading.

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.

THE BUSH CAMP BED

by Keith Speechly



(Spiny Ant-Eater)

"I don't care what you stuffed this mattress with — it's prickly!!"

My introduction to the Bush Camp Bed occurred at the age of 14 when our farmhouse was burnt down. Our grandfather Boss, took some bags from the feed barn and set up the beds in an old army tent which we were using as temporary living quarters until the farmhouse was rebuilt.

He explained that in his younger days, some of the old-timers in his area used these beds exclusively in their homes.

By way of background, in the early period of Australian history, the forced immigrants, who had served their compulsory service to the King, took up land in the nearby regions of their release. They built their first homes out of bark, wattle tree branches and mud, or split slabs. These homes were called Humpies, and were not much larger than one room. They had a dirt floor and in some instances bags or bark were used as floor covering.

The Sydney "Sun" cartoon artist Eric Jolliffe in his series "Out of the Past," depicts some of these early homes and the furniture used by those pioneering settlers.

The Bush Camp Bed is comfortable and is easily assembled.

Materials required—2 forked poles about 4 to 5

feet in length to act as main stays; 4 poles about the same length to act as resting stays; 2 poles about one to feet longer than the bed to be built; and two burlap bags (the wider the bags, the wider the bed). **NOTE:** Poles used should be strong enough to support the weight of the sleeper.

1. Drive the forked poles firmly into the ground far enough apart to enable the would-be sleeper to stretch comfortably (fig. 1). The forks should be so placed to allow the resting stays to slope outward.
2. Next, lay the resting stays in the fork cradling, angling the stays outward (fig. 2).

3. Slide the bags over the bearer poles (fig. 3) and rest the stretcher on the resting stays (fig. 4).

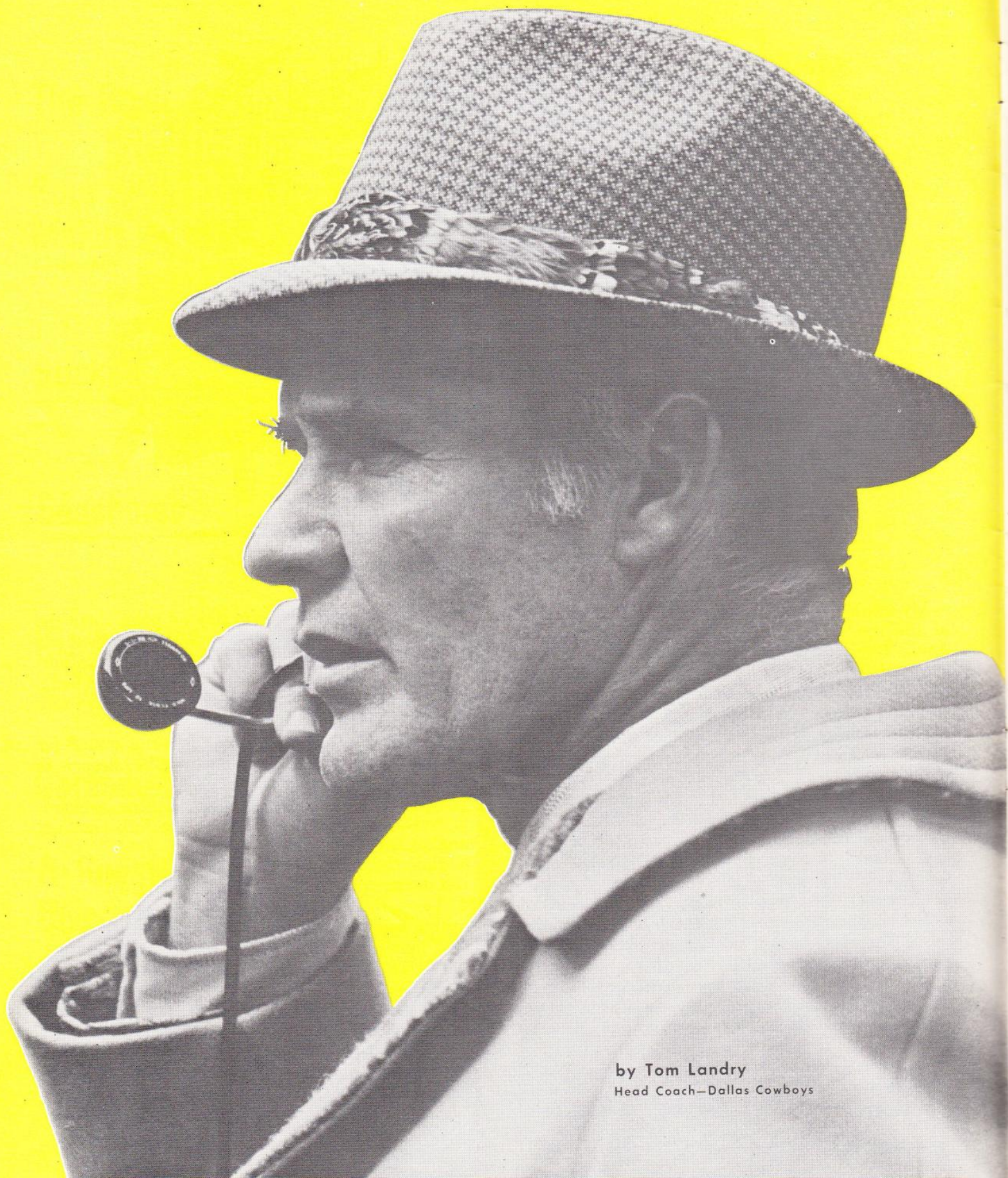
4. Level the bed by adjusting the angles of the resting stays and tap them into the ground to prevent movement when weight is placed on the bed.

ADVANTAGES OF A BUSH CAMP BED FOR CAMPING.

- a) It is dry, no ground sheet required.
- b) No rocks or sticks to stick in your back when you lie down.
- c) It is always level, irrespective of the slope of the ground on which the tent is pitched.

(Continued on page 14)

FOUR PLAYS THAT MAKE A WINNER



by Tom Landry
Head Coach—Dallas Cowboys

Success in sports is not accidental. It's the same in the Christian life. God has set down specific guidelines for achieving goals. We neglect them at our peril.

What makes a champion? The Dallas Cowboys haven't always been world champions. We've had some lean years. But we appreciate our enthusiastic following. A Sunday school teacher told me she asked her class of nine-year-old boys who the Philistines were. One little guy popped up and said, "If they don't play the Cowboys, I don't know who they are!"

The principles used to achieve success in sports can also be applied to the Christian life. That's what the apostle Paul taught. He constantly compared his life with athletics. Since we have a huge crowd of people watching us from the grandstands, he said, let us strip off anything that slows us down and holds us back—especially those sins that wrap themselves tightly around our ankles and trip us up. Let us run with patience the particular race that God has set before us.

I'd like to list four things that I think it takes to be a champion in the field of sports as well as for God in the Christian life.

FAITH

The first is faith. The Bible talks about faith which it defines as a confident assurance that something you want to happen will happen. And that certainty which you hope for will be waiting for you even though you can't see it.

In athletics, faith is a state of mind. It's believing that you can win, it's believing that you can do something, it's believing in your coaches, in your athletes in your team, that you can be successful.

When we went to New Orleans there was one distinct difference: our team and our players believed in themselves so much they were so sure that they were going to be successful, that it amazed the sports writers. When it happened in the game at New Orleans we proved it because we had faith. We believed in ourselves.

I think you have to have faith to be a champion for God also, but the object of your faith is different. The Bible is full of men of faith. Take Noah and the Ark. Imagine Noah building that Ark when it wasn't even raining! Can you imagine what his neighbors were saying when they watched him build it? But he believed. He believed God and he was safe. He had faith.

How about Moses? He was a man of faith. How many of us would have led those Jews out of Egypt heading right for that Red Sea with the Egyptians right on their heels. God said he was going to part that sea. Would you have believed it? Moses did. And the Jews went right through. That's faith, as I see it.

Paul wrote one of my favorite passages, Romans

5:1-5. It's pretty much the story of an athlete or Christian when you come right down to it. Let me refresh you. He says we have been made right in God's sight by faith in his promises. We can have real peace with Him because our faith has brought us into this place of highest privilege where we now stand. We confidently and joyfully look forward to becoming all that God has in mind for us to be.

You've heard the cliché in coaching and athletics—you're building character when you lose. You're building character in the Christian life when you have trials. So Paul is saying that adversity brings on endurance and endurance brings on character and character produces hope—a hope that won't fail you.

This is the Christian life, as I see it. God has a plan for each of us. But man has a problem and that's sin. But isn't it wonderful that God didn't leave us there? That he sent Jesus down to die on the cross that we might have eternal life?

To me, faith is the first step toward happiness. I believe to have happiness you've got to have three things: something to hope for, something to do, and someone to love. If you've got those three things then you've got a chance at happiness. So in order to be a champion for God or a champion in the world of sports, you've got to have faith.

TRAINING

Second, I think you must have training if you're to be successful and to be a champion. Believing you can is not enough alone. You've got to train yourself for the job ahead of you.

Vince Lombardi was a dear friend of mine. He and I coached together for many years. When Lombardi was on top everybody said, "Man, anybody can win with that material." It's amazing how people rationalize success. The thing I've discovered is that the harder you work the luckier you get.

There's a lot of truth in this. We found it in the Cowboys. We started a program two years ago—a tremendously tough weight program. It began on April 1—we're already in it for this year. We work four times a week. We lift millions of tons of iron between April and July to prepare ourselves for the season. We run many miles to do it. One of our men was asked after the Super Bowl this year, "Are the Cowboys going to be back?" His quick reply was, "You check those weight sheets down in the training room during the months of April, May, and June. If they're filled up we'll be back."

That's what training is all about. I think a great example of training is Walt Davis. You probably haven't heard of Walt Davis. He was a great track man a few years ago from Texas A & M. A great high jumper—6'9" in those days, which was pretty high. Everybody said, "That should be very easy because he's so tall." But the thing they didn't know about Walt Davis was that when he was a boy he

(Continued on next page)

had polio and couldn't move a muscle in his whole body. He started training those muscles to move and he finally got to where he could walk and where he could run and finally where he could jump—all through guts of training. That's what it's all about to be a champion in any field that you'd want to be in because champions train themselves.

The same thing is true to be a champion for God—you must prepare yourself for the opportunity God gives you. Remember what Paul said? "Like an athlete I've punished my body, treating it roughly, training it to do what it should, not what it wants to. Otherwise I fear after enlisting others for the race I myself might be declared unfit in order to stand aside."

Those men in Christian life whom God uses are those men who are willing to train and study and let the Holy Spirit of God put everything together for them. So not only to be a champion do you need faith but you've got to be well trained.

A GOAL

I think the third thing you've got to have is a goal. It's pretty easy in sports to set a goal. We know what our goal is in July. We're going to the Super Bowl. That's what this is all about. But you say, "That's easy. Why doesn't everybody go in the Super Bowl if they set a goal?" The reason is that they don't set specific goals that builds them to the type of team

that eventually becomes the world's champions.

You remember two years ago when we played the St. Louis Cardinals in Dallas. Five games left, and they beat us 38-0 that night. Everybody thought the Cowboys were through. We were two games behind with five games to go. How did we achieve the Super Bowl that year? Because we wouldn't be denied on Sunday. We won five games and then we won seven and were in the Super Bowl against Baltimore. To me this is what it's all about when you set a goal.

One of the great stories in track took place with a guy who goes a long way back. Charlie Paddock. Charlie was a young guy. He wanted to be an Olympic champ. He went to his coach, "I want to be an Olympic champ but I don't think I can." The coach gave him the speech: "Charlie you can do it. You work hard and if you train hard and if you believe you can do it, you can do it." Charlie did that. He worked hard, he trained, he set his goals to be an Olympic champ.

In 1920 he won the gold medal at the Olympics. But the story doesn't end here. He came back and was talking to a group of high school youngsters, telling them the story. He said, "Maybe one of you would like to be an Olympic champ." After it was over a little black boy came up and tapped him on the arm. "Mr. Paddock, I'd like to be an Olympic champion." Charlie came back and gave the same pitch that his coach had given him. He told him, if you'll work hard and if you'll set your goals, you can do it. That little black guy in 1936 won four gold medals in the Olympics. His name was Jesse Owens.

It seemed the story ought to end there, but it doesn't. Jesse went back home. He's riding down the street in Cleveland in a parade. His car stops and a little skinny black guy runs up to the car. He was so skinny they call him "Bones." He was nine years old. He tapped Mr. Owens on the arm and said, "Mr. Owens, I'd like to be an Olympic champion like you." Jesse didn't forget what Charlie told him. He related the same thing. That little nine-year-old was so happy he ran all the way home and went right through the screen door and grabbed his grandma around the neck and said, "Grandma, you know what? I'm going to be an Olympic champion."

He started training and in 1948 when they shot the gun for the 100-yard dash six of them came down the runway and the guy out in front was a little skinny. His name was Harrison (Bones) Dillard. He won the 1952 Olympic championship.

I think the same thing is true in the Christian life. What did Paul say about a goal? In Philippians 3: 13 and 14 and he said this: "No, dear brother, I'm still not all I should be but I'm bringing all my energy to bear on this one thing, forgetting what is past and looking forward to what lies ahead. I strain to reach the end of the race and receive the prize for which God is calling us up to heaven because of



what Christ Jesus did for us.”

The Christian life is eternal life. That's our goal. We expect to receive the prize for which God is calling us, because of what Jesus did. If you want to reach this goal you've got to keep this in mind every day. It's got to be your goal and you have to keep it in mind if you're going to achieve it. To be a champion, as a Christian or as an athlete, you must have a goal.

A WILL

Of course, the last requirement is a will. You've got to have a will. You've got to possess the will to reach the goal that God has set for us. It's probably the most important thing of all.

I think a great example in track competition is this young track boy who is a high jumper. He was so small they didn't know how he could jump so high. He couldn't see why that was any problem. They asked him one day, "How do you jump so high?" He said, "All I do is throw my heart over the bar." That's what it means to be a competitor.

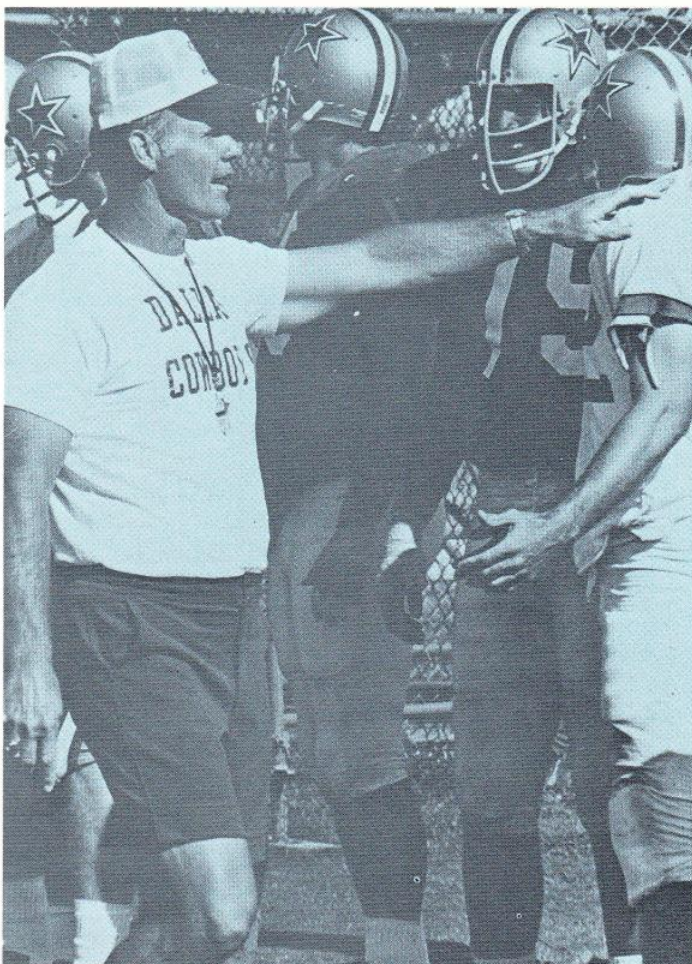
Ben Hogan—who can forget Ben Hogan? He went around that car, remember, back in the 1950's—going from one golf tournament to another at night. It was foggy in El Paso and he ran head-on into a Greyhound bus. They said he would never swing a golf club again. A couple of years later (I can still see him walking down the 18th fairway) he won the National Open. That's what I'm talking about. That's what it's all about.

To me, this is what it's all about—commitment. In the Christian life you have to have a will if you're going to be successful. People determined to do something for God have been people who have *wanted* to do something for God. They had the will to do it.

There's a great story on Nehemiah in the Old Testament. A guy had the political job of cupbearer for the king. He was a prisoner. God needed His wall built in Jerusalem and Nehemiah came to his king and said, "Let me build it." He was far away from it. The king said, "Okay." I'm sure he thought he was crazy. But Nehemiah picked up a sword in one hand and a trowel in the other and built the wall in Jerusalem. How did he do it? Why? Because he had a will to do something for God.

The Christian has the perfect advantage in this area of will. We can submit our own wills to the will of God and that combination is tough to beat! Let the Holy Spirit work through you. You'll have a hard time beating that. The apostle Paul was a great example. Here's a guy with a thorn in his side. They beat him; they did everything they could to him but they couldn't discourage him. He was a great competitor.

I think between January of 1971 and January of 1972, we Cowboys had the great example of these four basics: faith, training, goals, and will. I think that in 1971 we'd been denied the championship



many times. I'll never forget when Baltimore kicked the field goal to beat us in the last minute, when we saw that helmet going the length of the Orange Bowl which was lineman Bob Lilly's helmet. That was the frustration of the Cowboys through many years. But we didn't lose faith in ourselves. We still believed we could do it. We went right back to that same training program that we are on right now the next year and worked even harder. We set the goal to become the world's champions and we had the will to do it. This is an example of what it takes to be a champion in the world of sports.

The same thing is true with God. To be a champion of God we must first have faith in Jesus Christ. We must accept Him through faith. Of course, we must train ourselves to be a member of His forever family. That's the only way you can know the Bible and through the study of the Bible what it really means to be a member of His family. Our goal is set in heaven. We've committed our life to Christ but we've got to have a goal to do something for God here on earth.

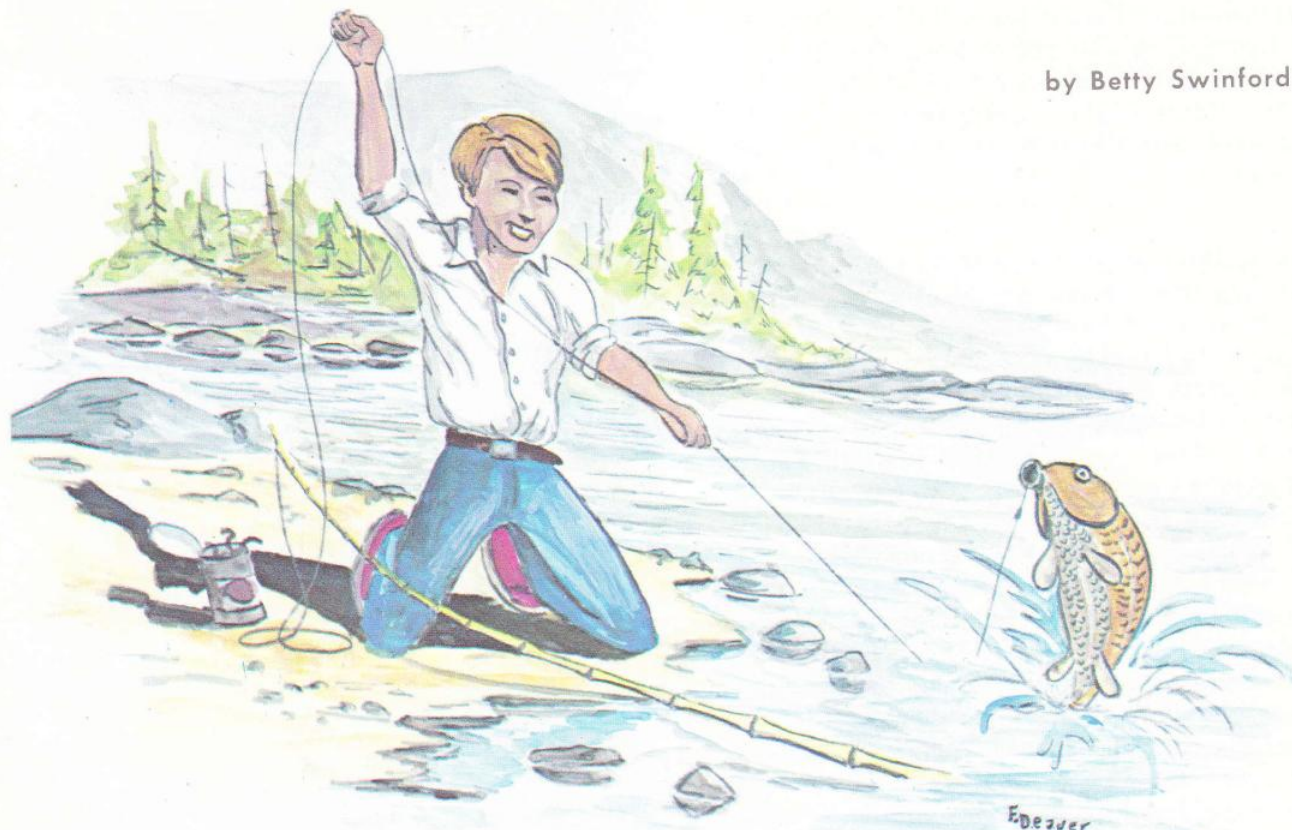
You've got to have a commitment. You've got to have a will and commitment. Without them, you'll never make it. That's what Paul was afraid of when he talked about punishing his body so that they wouldn't set him aside. He was afraid of that.

My final story concerns Bob Richards. You've seen him on Wheaties boxes. Bob Richards was a great

(Continued on page 10)

SUCKERS DON'T COUNT

by Betty Swinford



Terry gave a sullen toss of his curly blond head and cast his line back into the water. Oak Creek was down from its usual flow because of the lack of rain. But there were still trout in there and a lot of them!

"The biggest trout in Oak Creek are down in the rapids, Terry," Jon offered with a friendly smile. "I'll be glad to show you."

"Nothing doing!" was the retort. Terry gave the other youth a smug grin. "I'll just hang around here for a while."

He watched the quick look Jon and Chuck exchanged. Oh sure, they were trying to be friendly enough, but maybe they were putting him on, too. After all, a contest was a contest, and Terry had spotted those huge trout just under that big rock yonder. It could be that the other guys really didn't know they were there. Or it could be that they *did* know the fish were there and they just wanted to lure Terry away. Anyhow, Terry wasn't going to budge from this point.

As Jon and Chuck moved downstream, though, Terry felt a kind of loneliness take hold of him. He really hadn't made it very easy for the other guys to get acquainted with him. He grimaced. But he had to show them that—well, that he was *somebody*! After all, back in Iowa he had had his own horse and motor bike, and he'd been popular with all the kids. Here in Sedona, Arizona, it was different. He didn't have his bike or his horse. He just

had a stupid old fishing pole, and he didn't know one single thing about fish or fishing!

"But they'll never know that," he growled through clenched teeth. "I'll show them that I'm *still* somebody!"

The contest was for the fellows in that area fourteen and under. A lot of guys from the local Sunday school had signed up to take part and, since Jon and Chuck had been after Terry to come to church with them, they had urged him to join the contest.

It took less urging than it took to get him in Sunday School. In fact, Terry still had not gone with the fellows. Of course, he had some really good reasons. Like helping his folks get moved into their new home and all settled down. Or like being sick last Sunday morning...course...not too sick actually. He had been able to get off the couch about ten o'clock and move around the backyard a little. But he would go with the guys sometime.

A sudden tug on his line sent his thoughts scattering. He jerked back on the pole and nearly went flying. The hook pulled through the jaw of the fish and came spinning through the air toward him. Terry leaped aside before the hook caught him. But it did catch the trees overhead and became hopelessly tangled in the branches of a towering cottonwood tree.

Angry and frustrated, he tore the line from the hook and settled down on one knee to replace the

hook. "It was a big one too," he muttered in a rage. "A great big trout! And I'm going to get it too."

He stood far out on the protruding roots of the tree and tossed the line back into the blue-green water. He recalled the choice words he had just used in his moment of anger and wondered what Jon would have said if he had been the one to lose that fish.

Jon was different. So was Chuck. They didn't talk or act like the other kids Terry had known. They seemed to really believe what they learned in church, and they—they really lived it! They left Terry mystified. What was there about this Jesus that changed a boy's life? Certainly Jon and Chuck seemed happy enough. In fact, there were times when they spoke to Terry about Christ that their faces almost seemed to have lights behind them. And—and why did Terry have such a feeling of loss or loneliness after he'd been with them? What was the whole thing about anyway?

He turned his thoughts deliberately. "What's th' matter with those goofy fish? I can see them plain as anything and they just keep moving around that rock." He sighed. "Boy, trout sure move slow enough."

Terry eased the hook up right in the face of a huge fish, waving it slowly back and forth. Crazy fish! Didn't they like worms? Through the looking-glass water Terry watched as the biggest fish he had ever seen in real life open its ugly mouth to swallow the hook. He gave the line a firm but gentle tug, hoping that this time he had done it right. Hey! He had it! He really had it this time, and it wasn't going to get away either!

In his excitement, Terry dropped the pole but held on to the line. He pulled it in hand over hand. He was surprised, though, that the trout didn't put up a better fight. Why, from what he'd seen on television—but no matter. He had landed it safely and it lay on the sand at his feet, flopping around wildly.

Terry took the hook from the large mouth and picked up the fish. "Must weigh at least six pounds!" he whispered to himself, his chest heaving in and out in his excitement. He looked around swiftly. No one in sight. He tore off his shirt and wrapped up the wriggling fish. Then, quickly, with many secretive looks over his shoulder, he took a brushy path and headed for home.

His parents didn't know anymore about fish than he did, and besides they weren't the least bit interested in the contest; so Terry washed off the fish wrapped it in plastic and weighed it. *It tipped the scales at 6 pounds and 4½ ounces!*

"Yeee-hooo!" Terry yelled. "I've won the contest, I know I have!" He went around chuckling to himself as he carefully put the fish into the freezer to keep it until contest time. "And to think that the prize was a new Trail Blazer. Every kid in Sedona

had been down at the sporting goods store admiring it! Wait till everyone saw his fish. The fellows would turn green with envy!

Terry paced from the living room to the back porch, where for the thirteenth time he lifted the freezer lid and gazed down at his monstrous catch. He turned away slowly.

It was strange that he didn't have to have a bike or horse here for Jon and Chuck to be so friendly with him. They just seemed to—to like him just for himself. Terry sat down on the front step, his mind reaching ahead to Saturday morning and the contest. The strange sense of aloneness sat down with him, and he felt suddenly empty and sad even in spite of the trout.

"Jesus," he whispered, "who are You anyhow? And why should I think about You?" He stood and plunged both hands into his pockets. Away through the towering dark cottonwoods he saw Jon and Chuck returning home with their fishing poles dropped lightly across their shoulders. Terry grinned. "Anyway, I have something you guys don't have, and that's a six-pound trout!" And with that Terry's thought turned away from God once more and he was off up the hills on the shining new trail bike.

For the next two days Terry stayed close to home. He even clipped conversations with Jon short when he called. The fact that Chuck had caught a five-pound trout didn't bother Terry in the least. He'd won the contest and he knew it!

Saturday morning was bright and cool. Terry was up at dawn, pacing up and down the long sloping path in front of their home. At nine-fifteen, in a frenzy of excitement, he dragged the fish from the freezer and started for the sporting goods store. By a quarter to ten every young person was present who had registered for the contest. The men who owned the store carefully weighed each fish, hanging it from a large scale, tail down, so every person could see.

With hammering heart Terry got in back of the line, holding the plastic-sealed fish. What a shock he would give the people! He waited restlessly, while every fish was weighed. So far Chuck's trout was the winner.

(Continued on page 10)



pole vaulter, an Olympic champion. He told a story of sacrifice one day in Canada to some high school boys. When it was over everybody stood up and applauded. At the end he was talking to people up on stage and he felt something on his arm. He looked around and saw a little high school boy looking up at him. The lad said, "Mr. Richards, I know what you mean when you talk about sacrifice." And he walked away.

Bob nodded and turned back, but something made him turn and look again at that boy, as he walked away. Bob noticed he had only one arm in his leather jacket. The other sleeve was turned up underneath. He couldn't take his eyes off this youngster. A sports writer saw it and said, "Mr. Richards, do you know who that boy is?"

"No, I don't know," Richards admitted.

"Let me tell you a story about that youngster. Two years ago he lost his arm in an accident. Earlier this week he finished second in a ten-mile swim for the whole Dominion of Canada."

That's what it's all about. He knew what it meant to sacrifice.

I believe if you're going to be a champion for God or in the world of sports, you've got to have faith. You've got to train. You've got to have a goal. And you've got to have a will to make it happen. ✻



SUCKERS DON'T COUNT—Continued

Now! He was next in line. A hundred people were milling about the store. A hush swept the crowd as Terry uncovered the fish and presented it to the store owner. But a second later a chuckle, then a spasm of laughter hit the people. "You gotta be kidding!" someone yelled. Someone else gave a cat-call. Another voice shouted, "Hey, what're you tryin' to pull? That's nothin' but a mud sucker!"

The owner was unsmiling. "Son. . . Son, I'm sure sorry, but suckers don't count here."

Terry's face fell. "S-sucker? You—you mean it's not a—*a trout*?"

"Hardly. Your fish is disqualified, Terry. It looks like Chuck Williams is the winner here today!"

Amid the laughter and scorn, Terry turned and fled into the brush that lined Oak Creek and hid himself down by the water. He'd never go back and face those people! He felt awful. *Awful!* He would never forget the sound of that laughter or the look of scoffing on the faces of the people as long as he lived.

"Terry?" Jon sat down on a rock beside the cringing Terry. "I know your pride's been smashed, but don't take it too hard. You're not the first guy to mistake a sucker for a trout."

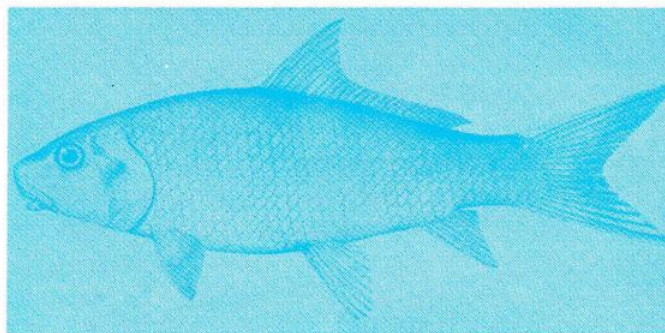
Terry twisted away from the other boy. "Sucker! I'm the biggest sucker in Sedona!"

Jon took off his tennis shoe and trailed one foot in the water. "Now maybe you'll believe that Chuck and I want to be your friends." He grinned. "And we'll still teach you how to fish!"

Being with Jon brought back the strange loneliness. "There's something I need to learn from you and Chuck more than fishing. I've been a real rebel, Jon, but I think—I know I need to know your Jesus."

Jon smiled, "That's easy, Terry. And, believe me, knowing Him is a lot better than winning a trout contest!"

Terry gazed at him slowly. Ever so slowly he returned the smile. "Maybe that's just the reason I didn't win. ✻



SEASHORE

by John Eller

The Seashore

The roar of the ocean, the dash of the waves, and the aroma of salt water lures us now to the exciting world of nature found in the seashore community. If you live near the ocean or gulf, there is plenty to see whether along the "rockbound coast" of Maine or California, along the sand beaches of the east coast, or the flats of the Gulf.

The seashore actually consists of many worlds—marsh mud, sand dunes, or rocky cliffs—all changing from age to age as well as from hour to hour. The plant life is therefore determined by the soil—or the lack of it—and by temperature, tide, wind, and salty spray.

Along a rocky coast, you may find groves of storm-gnarled pines, while sandy shores may have dunes held in place by beach grass, thickets or beachplum or bayberries. It's all exciting, whether in the hot desert sand of traveling dunes (known to travel up to 60 feet per year), the rich, highly populated world of a salt marsh and tidal flat, the shoreline environment of the miniature world of a *tidal pool* (with its extreme conditions of saltiness and heat), or the microscopic world of animals that live actively between the grains of sand.

The slippery green matter attached to rocks on the coast is called *algae*. These are actually small plants which are the main food for small water creatures and tiny fish eaten by larger fish, which are in turn eaten by still larger ones. *Seaweed* is a graduated form of algae and is attached by a stem called *holdfast*. Seaweed provides shelter for many small animals of the shoreline.

The plants and animals in each portion of the habitat occupy certain zones. Recognition of the *zonation* of life becomes as interesting as the far away mountaintops with their distinct zones or biomes. While zonation at the seashore is sometimes unseen, it is nevertheless distinct.

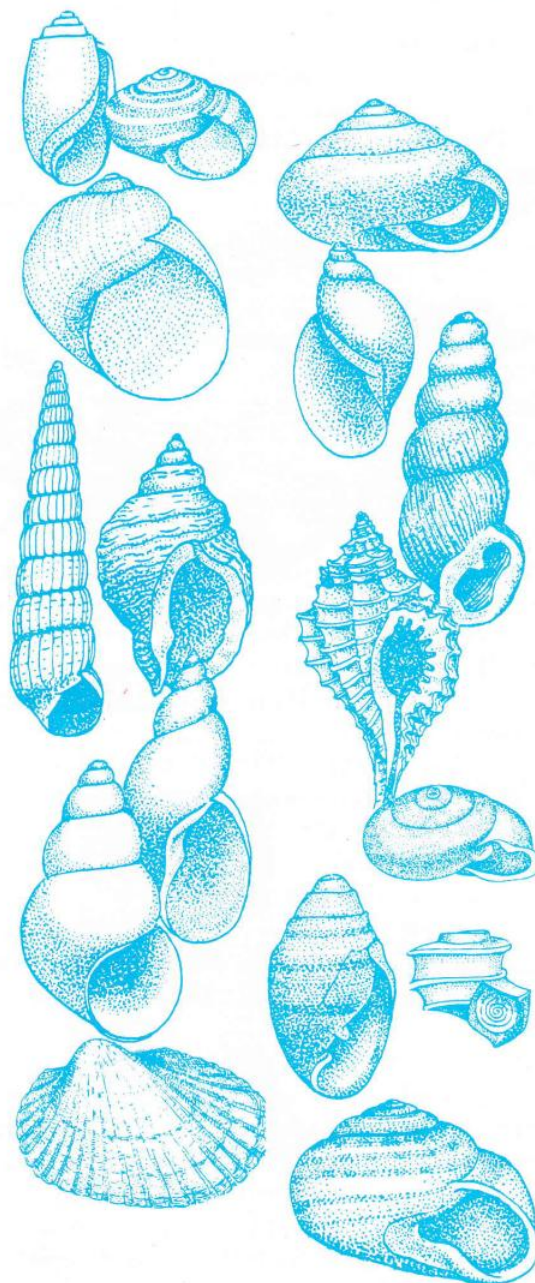
The location of land plants is obvious, but most animals spend much of their time beneath the sand. Sea gulls, sandpipers, tiger beetles, digger wasps, velvet ants and maritime locusts are examples of beach animals that may be active at noontime. Pine lizards, cottontail rabbits, and voles are active at dawn and dusk. Toads, hognose snakes, wolf spiders, ghost crabs, and beach hoppers are active through the night.

Similar patterns of day-night activity are not so apparent beneath the water—habits and migrations of marine beach animals are governed largely by tides and wave action. Clams left behind by an ebbing tide simply cease their feeding activity, but crabs and fish follow the waterline to remain active twenty-four hours a day.

Another phenomenon of the shore, and one which occurs in all other natural environments, is *succession*. This is the process in which certain plants and animals first colonize a territory, and then are followed by different species until finally a stable, so-called climax community becomes established.

There are at least twelve major groups of seashore animals. The first are *protozoa*, minute single-cell animals which exist by the millions in sea water, and yet, each cell is able to carry on all the complex functions of life!

(Continued)



The next group are *porifera*, or sponges, and are the simplest of the many-cell animals. Perforated by thousands of pores, canals and inner chambers, they are little more than sieves. Unable to move from place to place, sponges extract food from streams of water pumped through their bodies.

The third group are *coelenterata*, such as hydroids, jellyfish, sea anemones, and corals. These are basically hollow sacs closed at one end and surrounded at the other by a ring of tentacles. They also possess a stinging cell for defense and paralyzing prey.

The next group are *ctenophora*, or comb jellies. These transparent animals are sometimes known as sea walnuts. Their digestive cavities are far more complex than the *coelenterata*, or "hollow gut."

The fifth group are *plathelminthes*, or flatworms. These are parasitic flukes and tapeworms, although many free-living species occur in the sea. The mouth of these creatures is centrally located on the underside of their flattened, leaflike body.

The next group are *nemertea*, or ribbon worms. These vary from only an inch or two up to ninety feet! They burrow in the mud or curl up beneath stones along the ocean shore.

The seventh group of seashore creatures are segmented worms called *annelida*. This group, characterized by division of the body into distinct ringlike segments, includes sandworms, parchment worms, and earth worms. Many species are often very colorful and attractive.

The next group are *mollusca*, which includes chitons, clams, snails, and squid. Molluscs typically have a large muscular foot and a soft unsegmented body covered by a shell.

The ninth group are *arthropoda*, or joint-footed animals. This largest of all animal groups includes such various forms as insects, crustaceans, spiders, centipedes, and horseshoe crabs. Arthropods differ from all other animals in the possession of hard protective body coverings and paired-jointed legs. The vast majority of marine arthropods are crustaceans—crabs, lobsters, shrimps, and a host of smaller, less familiar forms such as copepods, amphipods, isopods, and barnacles. The smaller ones are the principle sources of food for larger marine animals. Several of the larger forms are prized human food.

The next group are *bryozoa*, or moss animals. Embedded in jelly, encased in horny or limy compartments, bryozoa live in colonies. The mouth of each individual is surrounded by a horseshoe-like ridge bearing a row of tentacles.

The eleventh group are *echinodermata*, the spiny-skinned animals. They come in several seemingly diverse forms—sea stars, sea urchins and sand dollars, brittle stars, sea cucumbers, and sea lilies—yet are linked by distinctive characteristics. Their bodies are radially symmetrical (wheel-like), with the parts usually occurring in fives. They possess

water-vascular systems, hydraulic tube feet, and skins stiffened by limy plates and occasionally spines. All live in the sea.

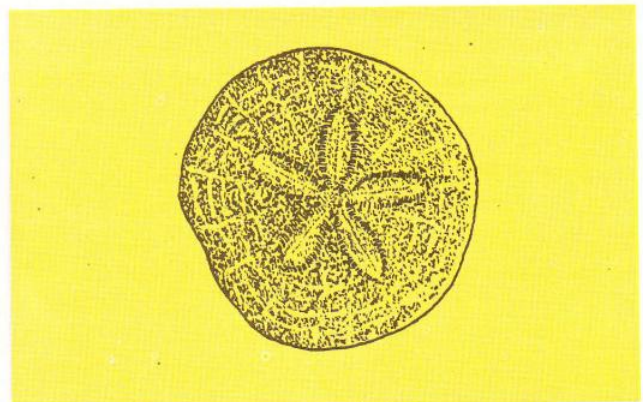
The final group are *chordata*, or animals with notochords. All in this group at some stage in their life history possess a stiffened rod (notochord) along the back surface. The group includes all the vertebrates (fish, amphibians, reptiles, birds, and mammals), as well as several less-obviously related forms. Most familiar of the primitive chordates are tunicates or sea squirts. Although tunicates possess the notochord during their tadpolelike larval stage, adults generally resemble plump leathery bags topped by a pair of sprouts. They filter food from currents of water pumped through their complex bodies.

Some common coastal fish include the Spiny dogfish, Common anchovy, Common Killifish, Common skate, Atlantic needlefish, Bluefish, Northern pipefish, Northern barracuda, Striped bass, Atlantic croaker, Cowfish, Pacific sheepshead, Four-eyed butterfly fish, Spiny boxfish, Northern sea robin, Cabezon, Striped blenny, Barred sea perch, (like all surf perches, it bears its young alive), and Kelp greenling.

Many Rangers live near the coast (one of four people in America do), and still others visit the seashore on family vacations or other times. When you go, be sure to have a look at the tidal pools along rocky coasts. Seawater is trapped there when the tide goes out and many interesting living things remain behind.

On the beach, there may be tracks and holes of fiddler and ghost crabs, the shells of dozens of different kinds of mussels, chitons and whelks. Somewhere, you may see the quaking masses of stranded jellyfish and where the water is warm, the bloated balloons of Portuguese man-of-war. Sandpipers sweep down in search of food. Terns skim over the water on long, pointed wings, while gulls settle down on the waves for a few minutes of rest.

Watch closely, and you will see all this and more. It's another chapter in the great unfolding drama in the exciting world of nature. 🌿



WORK TABLE and STORAGE AREA

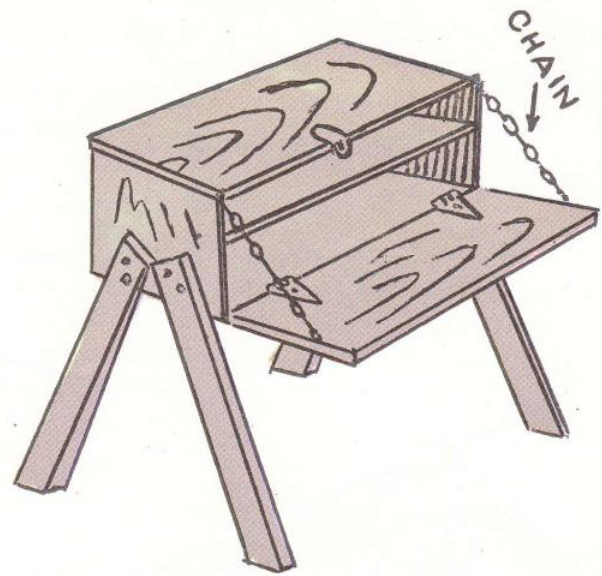
by Elton Bell

I always get a terrific thrill out of seeing a well-uniformed patrol hike onto a campsite and finish setting up it's camp within an hour of arrival. That kind of efficiency comes only when you have two things in perfect order: complete equipment for patrol camping and an effective organization for making camp, with a Tenting Crew responsible for the housing and a Cooking Crew in charge of feeding the gang.

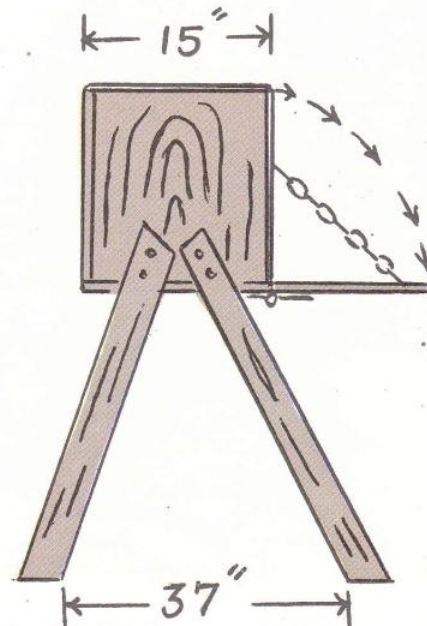
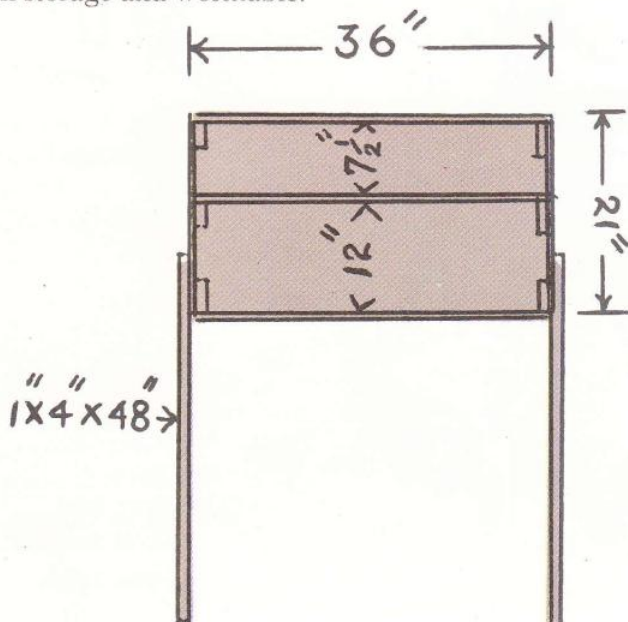
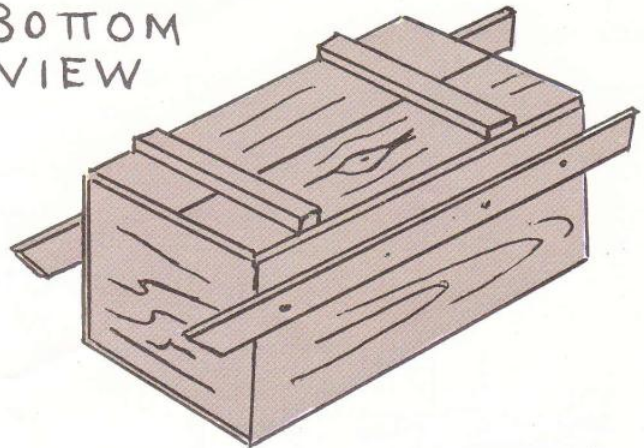
Every up-and-at-'em patrol in every live wire outpost dreams of having a complete camping outfit and doing lots of camping with it. First you'll have to decide what you'll need; how to go about earning necessary money; what things to get first; which items can be made by an individual Ranger, which by a whole patrol, which must be provided by the outpost.

By working together, all patrols pitching in, you'll speed along until you reach the outpost goal of having every patrol fully equipped for all kinds of Ranger camping.

Here is a piece of equipment which will add to the efficiency of setting up your campsite, serving as both storage and worktable.



BOTTOM
VIEW



Instruction for Bushcamp Bed



FIG. 1 DRIVE POLES INTO GROUND

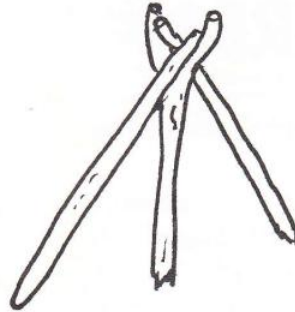


FIG. 2

PLACE RESTING STAYS INTO POSITION

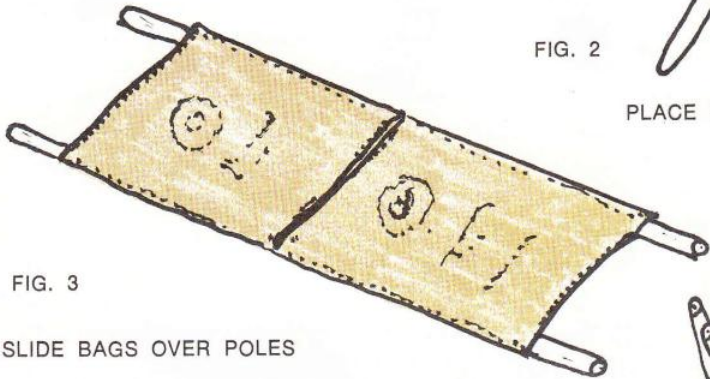
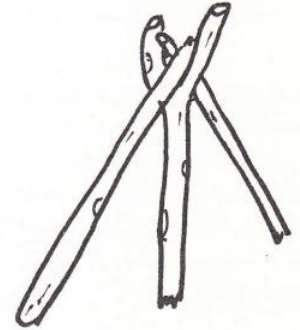
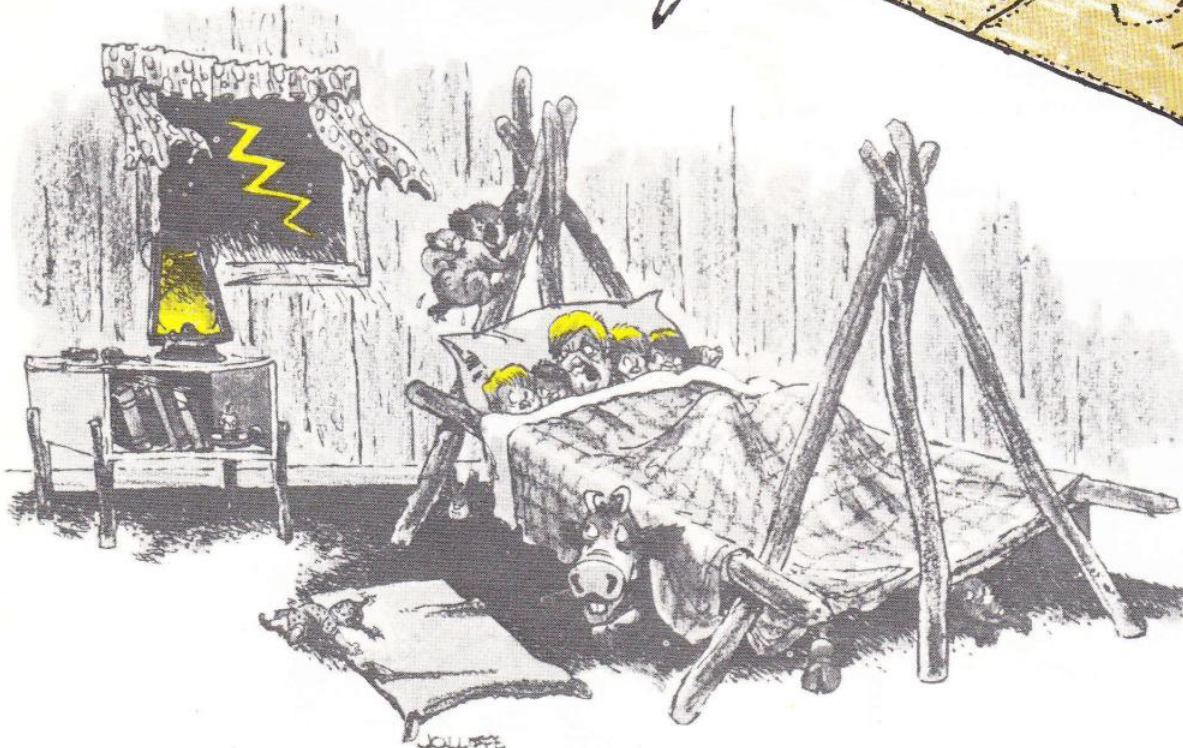
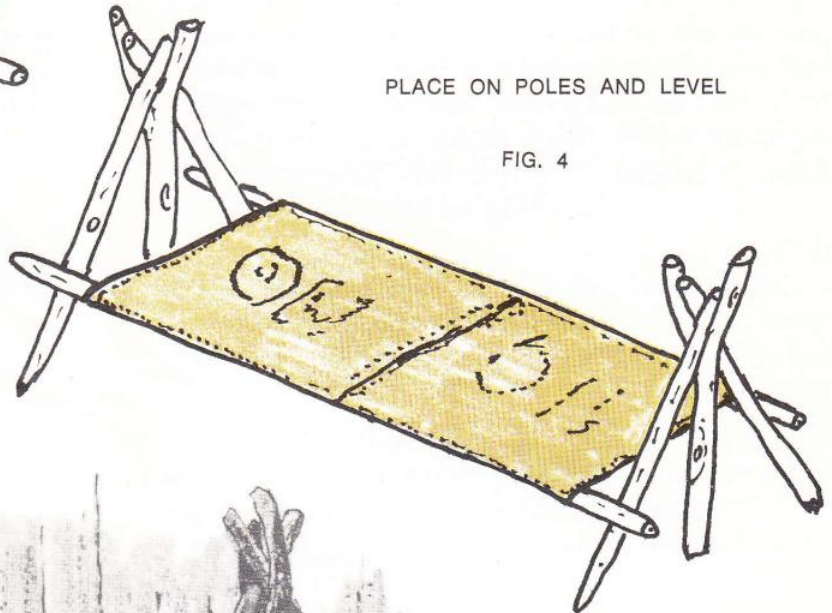


FIG. 3

SLIDE BAGS OVER POLES

PLACE ON POLES AND LEVEL

FIG. 4



Cartoon from
"Out of the Past"
By Eric Jolliffe



the Comedy Corner

One day a Ranger was walking down the street and saw a man jumping on a manhole cover shouting, "37, 37, 37..."

He asked the man, "Sir, why are you jumping on this manhole cover yelling 37?"

The man replied, "Well, if you are so interested, climb in and see."

So the Ranger climbed in. The man replaced the cover and continued jumping, but this time he was yelling, "38, 38, 38..."

Ranger: Well, I went to the football tryouts today.

Commander: Did you make the team?

Ranger: I think so. The coach took one look at me and said, "This is the end!"

Ray Lambert
Middlesburg, OH

Secretary to boss: One more criticism of my spelling and I'm going to resign. Do you hear. Resign! R-E-Z-Y-N!

Mat: Did you know that it takes three sheep to make a sweater?

Pat: No, I didn't even know that they could knit.

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

Did you hear about the surgeon who should've been a comedian? He always leaves his patients in stitches!

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

Mother: Tommy, why did I catch you with your hand in the cookie jar?

Johnny: I guess it's because I didn't hear you coming.

Mother: Why did you spank Junior?

Father: He gets his report card tomorrow and I'll be out of town.

Craig Minor
Longview, WA

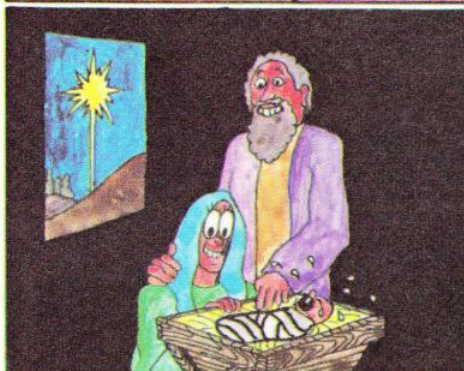
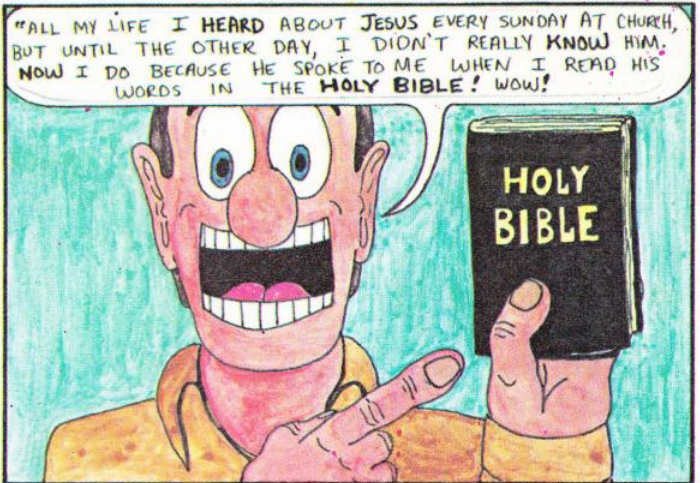
Passenger: Pardon me young man, does this bus stop at Main Street?

Ranger: Yes, M'am. Just keep your eyes on me and get off one stop before I do.

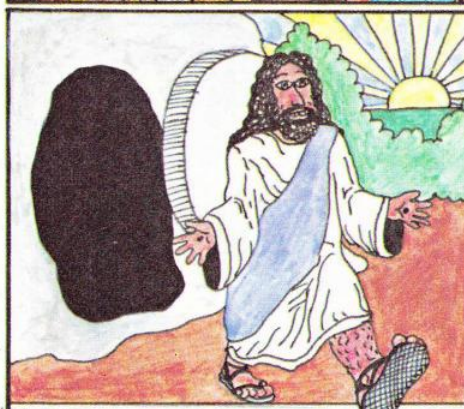
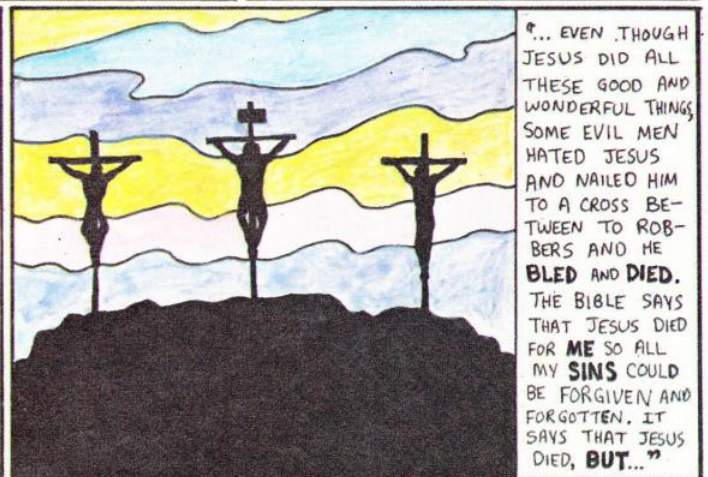
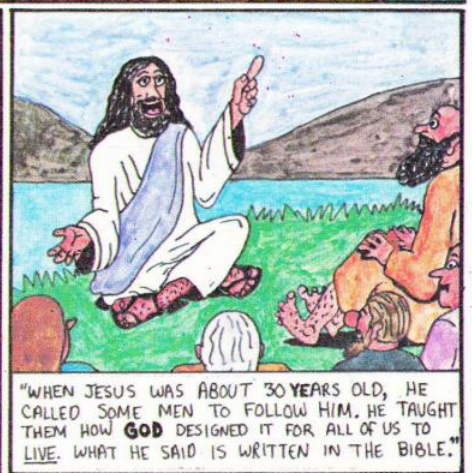
Craig Minor
Longview, WA



A ROYAL RANGER DISCOVERS: JESUS THROUGH THE BIBLE!



"I FOUND OUT IN THE BIBLE THAT **CHRISTMAS** IS CELEBRATED BECAUSE JESUS WAS BORN. AS JESUS GREW UP..."



"... HE CAME **BACK TO LIFE** AND CAME OUT OF A TOMB WHERE SOME MEN BURIED HIM. AFTER A WHILE HE WENT TO HEAVEN BUT..."

