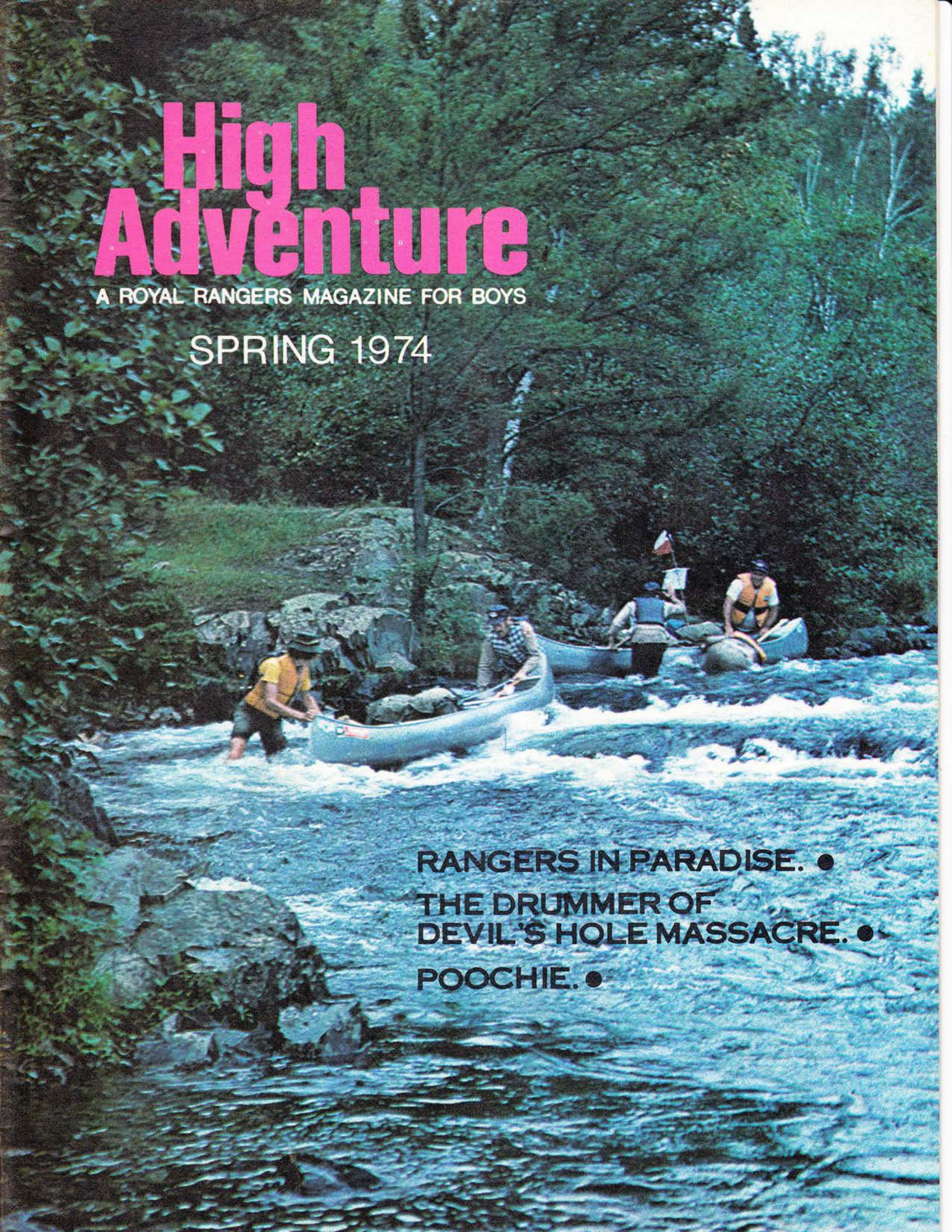


# High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

SPRING 1974



RANGERS IN PARADISE. ●  
THE DRUMMER OF  
DEVIL'S HOLE MASSACRE. ●  
POOCHIE. ●



## IN THIS ISSUE

### THE DRUMMER OF DEVIL'S HOLE MASSACRE

By John Eller

The true story of a young boy's involvement in one of the most incredible feats in American history.

### RANGERS IN PARADISE

By Phil Wayman

An exciting report of one phase of the Royal Rangers program in the South Pacific.

### POOCHIE

By Phil Wayman

The heartwarming story of the adventures of a mongrel dog and how he endeared himself to a ranch family.

### NOT READY TO DIE

By Tom Sanders

An inspiring thought-provoking devotion.

### COMEDY CORNER

The latest rib-tickling jokes.

## High Adventure

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## RANGERS

BY PHIL WAYMAN







## IN PARADISE

What excitement I've been through! Sometimes I pinch myself to see if it was actually me who did it.

Did you ever get scared over the prospect of doing something that was exciting and have the adrenalin begin to flow like it does in a hound dog on the trail of a coon? I remember hearing about the young fellow who wanted to be a "returned missionary" when he grew up. Well, this literally happened to me. I spent three weeks and then returned from one of the most exciting missionary ventures a Ranger could experience. I was one of three men who went to the South Pacific to introduce the Royal Rangers program to the paradise islands of the Polynesian people.

Me? I'm Phil Wayman, Northwest District Royal Rangers Commander. Nothing like this ever happens to an ordinary guy like me. I've worked with the Royal Rangers because I think boys are the greatest things God ever made. I don't think they are

the prettiest or the nicest things that God made, those we call "girls." Anyway, as I was fortunate enough to be born a boy, I have been prejudiced to boys ever since.

I love to take boys out on the mountain trails and enjoy their companionship because boys are interesting people. I never dreamed when I began working with the boys program that I would get to go out as a missionary to carry the Royal Rangers to far away places. But wait a minute! I'm getting ahead of my thoughts and forgetting that you don't know what I'm talking about. Let me start someplace where it will make sense to you.

It was the early part of November 1972, when I traveled across the Northwest District with one of the giants among our missionaries. He is both big in frame and in spiritual stature having pioneered and opened the Micronesian chain to Christ. His name is Sam Sasser, and if you've ever met the guy you can't help but like him. He comes up with some of the most far-out ideas and revels in doing things that he doesn't know "can't be done." He's the kind of fellow that thinks up things to do that seem like leaping into the face of a grizzly bear and expecting God to shut his mouth before you get there. When you ride in a car with Sam Sasser, you aren't just reading road signs; you are involved in the Word of God or talking about the South Pacific.

One day Sam said to me, "We need to get Royal Rangers started among the islands of the Pacific." I agreed it would be great and said, "Why don't you get some trained men from the states to come out and introduce the program?"

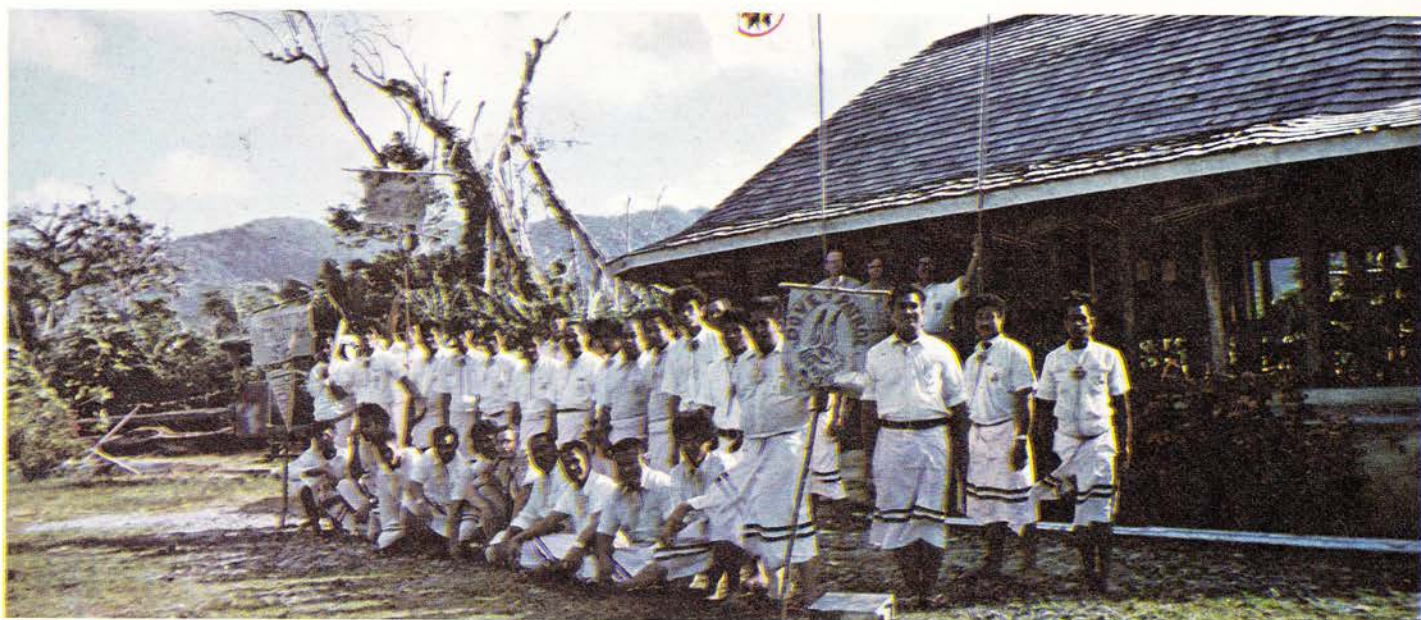
"Great! How about your coming out?" Sam said. Well, I was always one to put my mouth into motion before my brain got in gear so I stuttered, "How, when, who, and where would I start?"

After that encounter I laid awake a few nights staring at the ceiling and wondering if it wasn't foolishness. I began to feel my way along like a boy looking for the way out of a dark cave. I brought the proposal up at the advisory council and asked for two other men who would let God speak to their hearts about accompanying me to the South Pacific to hold a Royal Rangers Training Camp.

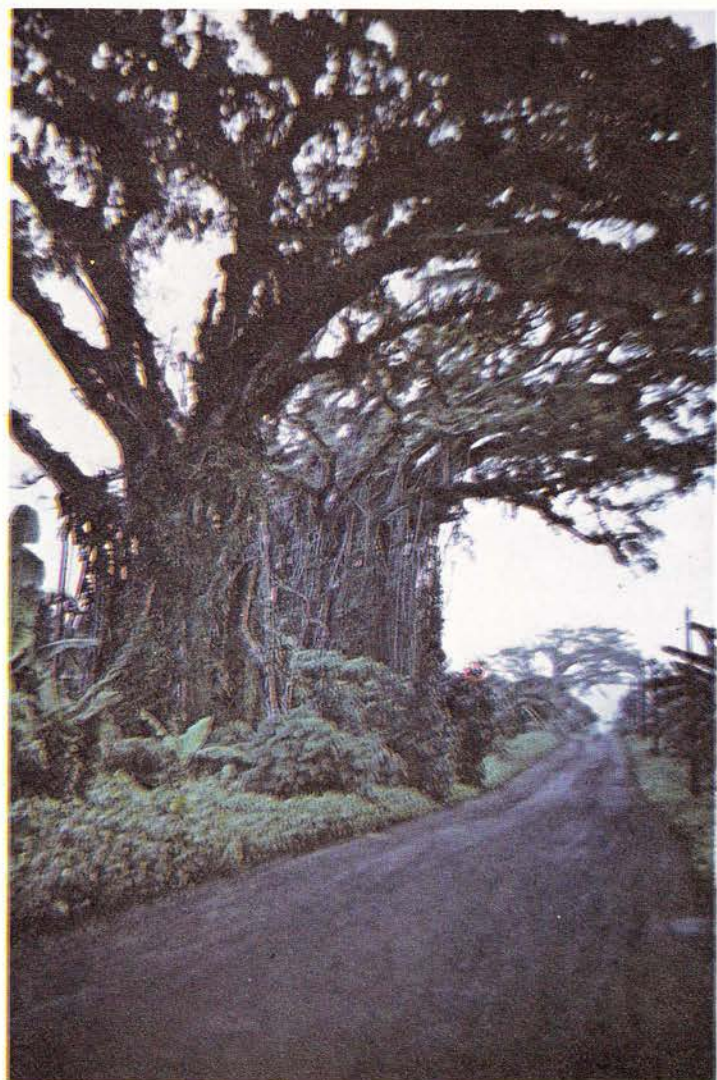
As a result of this meeting, God laid it on the heart of Jim Carson, Spokane Sectional Commander, to set aside time and funds for the trip. Jim is a member of the National Guard medics and would be ideal for teaching first-aid and sanitation courses as well as serving as senior guide.

Our youngest sectional commander from the Grand Coulee Section felt impressed to go also. Ken Nash is one of our boys who grew up through the ranks of Royal Rangers. He was one of the first Gold Medal of Achievement winners among boys and since has become a training chief. With the confirmation of these two other witnesses I felt better.





*NTC Trainee's in front of head-quarters building.*



*Banyan tree at NTC site*

A miraculous event at the Men's Retreat held March 24, 1973, removed the remaining doubts from my mind. As usual we had had several sessions of "heaven on earth," and our men were "high on Jesus." When they heard about the opportunity to introduce Royal Rangers to the South Pacific a fountain opened. In about 15 seconds \$150 cash was raised and \$500 was pledged. This was only one in a series of miraculous works of God to get us out to the South Pacific.

Just before we were to leave, however, Sam Sasser accepted the pastorate of the Honolulu church and left the Samoan Islands. Jim Hance, our resident missionary in Western Samoa, accepted the task of coordinating our efforts.

When we landed at Pago Pago on Tutuila Island in American Samoa, I found out what it is like to emerge into a tropical drizzle and still perspire from the humidity and heat. It was like stepping from a cool room into a hot steam shower as I descended the steps to the ground. I had forgotten how it was 30 years earlier when I came to the South Pacific during World War II.

My missionary friend, Jim Hance, was waiting for me along with the executives of the island work. They greeted me with floral leis and took me to the best restaurant in Pago Pago for a late meal. We then drove through small villages on winding roads along the ocean shore. The profuse growth of jungle trees and grasses hid the countryside, but close to the roadside the open falles (houses) stood with lights burning while families went about their regular life without the benefit of privacy.

The roads wound through small villages where children played everywhere. The need for a boys program was very evident. The children are rigidly disciplined, but there is a need to teach them a way



of life so they can cope with bulging population and evil influences. They are so eager to learn and have high esteem for white people. They call us "pelangies" which means "men from heaven." Too bad that not all "pelangies" come with heaven on their minds. In fact, most are there for other reasons.

Jim took me to the missionary home at Tafuna where I was to stay. There were no lights, and as I opened the door and walked in by flickering candlelight there was the scurrying of many feet as huge cockroaches fled in every direction. With the windows open and the wind blowing through, there was no reason for cover except to keep off mosquitoes or cockroaches. I had no sooner laid down when the whine of a mosquito swooping down for the kill aroused me. I tried to strike back but failed miserably in the dark. Finally in exhaustion I laid back saying, "O.K. eat me up, but just let me sleep."

On Sunday we each visited different churches and then prepared for the trainees who were coming on Wednesday. Arrangements were made to furnish each trainee with a lavalava which is a wraparound skirt typical of island dress. The lavalavas were khaki color and were worn with a white shirt which each man brought. We had established a uniform for the Samoan Royal Ranger.

After two days of feverish preparation, we set up the large fale for the meeting and started registration. Thirty-nine men of all ages came. Some were pastors, some village chiefs, and some were young men from the Bible School.

What a lesson in outdoor living we received. Some folks brought island food, and together with what we provided it produced an adequate diet. It would never have passed the approval of dieticians at home nor regulations of a Royal Rangers campout at home. A typical meal consisted of boiled rice, boiled bananas, crackers, canned spaghetti, and mackerel for meat. Coconuts, taro, etc., were thrown in as needed with native bread and canned peaches to help us "pelangies" like it better. Plates were made from woven coconut leaves with a banana leaf inside to hold the food. Cups were a cut section of bamboo stalk, and the "silver" was cut from bamboo stalks.

The Polynesians love to sing accompanied with drums made from tin cans or bamboo stalks. Each one had a good voice and used it vigorously. They added verses to their songs and did everything with zest. Their flags were the most colorful I've ever seen, and they made bolos so beautiful they could have been sold.

Jim Hance, as the chaplain, brought tremendous messages. The last night of camp at the outpost meeting three men who had just dropped in responded to the message and were saved. A soul-winning class was held with a 13-year-old boy as the "model." He was so deeply moved when I showed the men how to win a boy to Christ that he opened his heart and was saved. Later this young

(Continued on page 10)



*Primitive fire building class*





The Drummer of  
**DEVIL'S HOLE MASSACRE**

By JOHN ELLER



The days which followed the conclusion of the French and Indian War were filled with many true tales of high adventure. The war, fought to resolve rival North American claims of the English and the French, lasted from 1754 to 1763, and ended with the French compelled to cede Canada to Great Britain, and relinquish all claims to the lands lying east of the Mississippi River.

The victorious English began immediately to take possession of French outposts from Fort Ticonderoga and west. The Indians, allies of the defeated French, were encouraged by French agents toward continued harassment of the British. United behind the charismatic Pontiac, war chief of the Ottawa, a concerted drive was launched to drive the English forever from the Northwest.

It was during this time a most remarkable incident occurred. The drama began with a routine operation along the Niagara portage road, the passageway connecting Fort Schollosser, upper landing of Niagara Falls, with Fort Little Niagara, the lower landing.

The morning of September 14, 1763, Sergeant William Stedman was leading a detachment of soldiers escorting some thirty wagoneers back to the tower landing. The night before loaded wagons destined for Fort Detroit had been left at Fort Schollosser to await arrival of the schooner *Huron*.

The party was strung out in a formless group, paying no attention whatever to the cadence being tapped on a drum by the thirteen-year-old drummer boy, Peter Matthews. Even the roaring rumble of Niagara Falls, those fearsome cataracts carrying the overflow of the Great Lakes, had diminished far enough behind that the tinny rattle of Peter's drum was clearly audible.

Sergeant Stedman was always impressed by the river below the falls. Hardly an arm's length off the portage road, the earth fell away in sheer rocky cliffs peppered with scattered stunted trees miraculously rooted between the crevices.

The most awesome spectacle of all was the whirlpool, a great dark abyss of swirling waters around a sharp bend in the gorge. This hypnotic attraction, called *Devil's Hole*, was more than a hundred feet below the portage road. The rugged shoreline was cluttered with immense jagged boulders reaching into the deep green waters.

Suddenly and without warning, shots rang out from nearby woods as a horde of savages sprang from ambush. The barrage of gunfire was followed by hundreds of screaming Indians wielding tomahawks and war clubs. Scores of men fell victims of the scalping knives, while others leaped off the cliff in terror.

When it was over, only three survivors remained of this attack by the Senecas, Ottawas, and Chippewas. One was Sergeant Stedman, escaping on horseback with a half dozen bullet holes in his uniform.

Another was one of the wagoneers who somehow managed to crawl, after being wounded, and hide in a large hollow log. The third was the drummer boy, Peter Matthews.

The drummer, like others not instantly killed in the initial volley, had instinctively recoiled, and in doing so, had toppled over the edge of the cliff. He screamed as he fell, feeling the rush of the wind and seeing the shoreline leaping toward him.

Miraculously, his fall was checked. The projecting limb of a cliffside tree snagged in his drum belt, bouncing him violently. After a brief moment, both limb and belt snapped simultaneously, allowing him to fall free again, but it had been enough.

The bouncing had catapulted him outward somewhat from the cliff face, projecting a fall barely missing the rocks, to plunge into the green waters which hissed past. He surfaced a dozen or more feet downstream sputtering, coughing, and flailing his arms wildly as he came fearfully close to the suction of the foam-flecked whirlpool.

The river current mercifully swept Peter to the rocks. He slammed against them, caught one, lost hold, and slammed against another which he managed to grip. Using all of his strength, he slowly pulled himself out of the water and into a crevice. He lay there gasping but unhurt, and not really believing he was still alive.

The battle above continued, punctuated by the harsh rattle of gunfire. Echoing and reechoing from the gorge walls, it was heard a mile and a half below at the lower landing. Two companies of soldiers from the 80th Regiment responded and ran toward the scene.

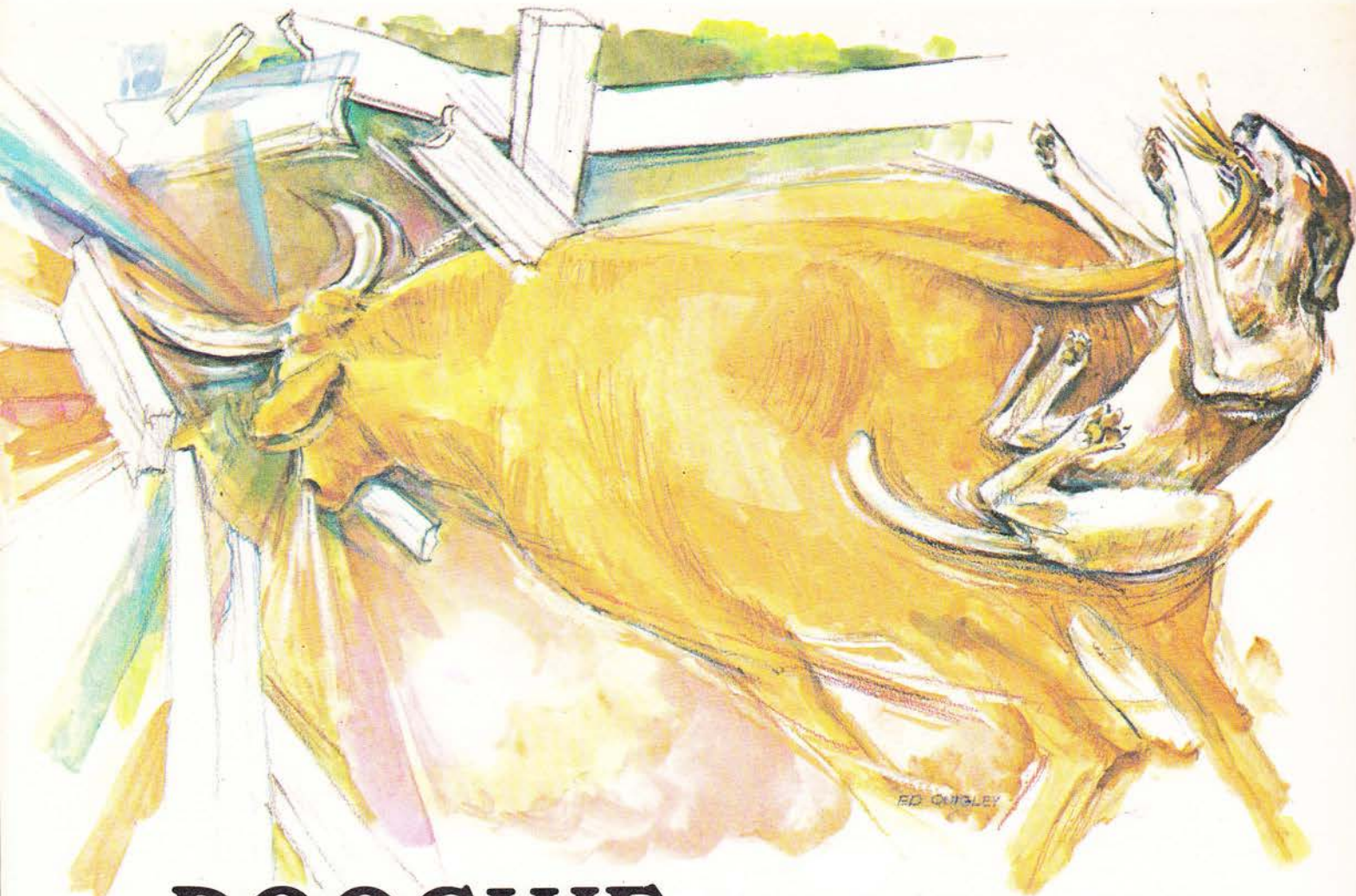
The Indians had scouted the encampment earlier and anticipated their arrival. Having scalped all victims on the road, they melted again into the woods lining the road and crept stealthily toward the advancing soldiers.

The detachment had hoped to catch the savages by surprise, but instead, plunged headlong into a second withering ambush, far worse than the first. Most of the men were slain in the dreadful fusillade of shots, followed by hand-to-hand combat. A few wounded men managed to escape death and bear the grim tidings to Fort Niagara on Lake Ontario, several miles below.

The sun was beginning to nestle in the uppermost branches of the western timber when Major John Wilkins arrived from Fort Niagara, accompanied by the remaining strength of his garrison. No Indian was in sight, and as far as could be determined, no Indian life had been lost.

A fearful yet careful inspection down the cliff revealed more bodies on the rocks below, but not enough to account for thirty-five still missing. It was presumed the remainder had been swept downstream into the suction of the whirlpool and forever lost in its dark eye. (Continued on page 10)





# POOCHIE

By PHIL WAYMAN

My oldest brother, Bill, had the homeliest dog I've ever seen. He looked like the leftovers at a dog factory. He was a genuine mongrel, a mixture of many bloodlines and possessor of the worst of each. The genes that came together to conceive that dog must have been on a picnic with no supervisor to keep order.

One evening my brother Bill's son, Jimmy, came home with this little shivering, hungry, abandoned bundle of life that he had found under the bridge near their farmhouse. Bill threw up his hands in exasperation vowing that they couldn't keep another stray just because it was abandoned. Jimmy looked up at his dad with tear-filled eyes and asked in a pleading voice, "Can't I just feed it?" The mutt was so ugly and his stay so uncertain that no one took the time for normal christening. He became just "Poochie."

What Poochie lacked in looks, he made up for in fun. He played relentlessly. He took all three of brother Bill's children on at once, or one at a time, or one after the other as the case may be. He wore out all three of them and still had energy to tug at Bill's pant legs as he went about the chores on the

ranch. Poochie's yen for attention oftentimes caused bad falls when someone came out the door loaded with garbage or laundry. Poochie was always under foot. After spilling the day's egg harvest, and tripping Bill as he came with two pails of milk, the threats on Poochie's life were more pronounced. His needle-like teeth chewed a hole in Bill's heavy leather boots; he hauled off wool socks and buried them; he swung on the sheets flapping on the clothesline. He tore the children's clothes when he played with them until their mother joined in the threat to expel the pup from the premises.

The only positive virtue Poochie had in his favor was the fact that Jimmy loved him dearly. The threats on Poochie's longevity was thwarted by the tender conscience of Bill's son who protected the queer looking creature from extinction.

When the children were not available for companionship, Poochie loved to torment the livestock. He delighted in bringing in the cows. He guarded the place zealously; no one dared approach without first making friends with Poochie.

Though Bill was not too fond of Poochie, this loyal little dog worshiped the ground his master



walked on. When the children were in school the dog wanted to go with Bill everywhere he went. On a large ranch there were many things to do and Bill would help us on the homeplace constantly. Bill didn't want Poochie to ride with him in the pickup truck when he went to town or to the homeplace because he didn't want to be bothered with the pesky pup all day long. Poochie took to chasing the pickup and learned that when brother turned a certain direction on the main road he was going to the homeplace. Poochie soon found that by cutting across the fields and pasture, he could save considerable distance and thus be on hand to greet Bill when his pickup drove into the homeplace.

"Exasperating Dog!" Bill scolded. Poochie's little tail would droop slightly and stand still for a few moments, a hurt expression would come into his eyes and his ears would sag slightly. Poochie would slouch over on the shady side of the pickup for a few moments of grief, but he was soon in the thick of what was going on, trying to be helpful or at least enjoying a good bark and romp around the activity.

One day brother Bill came to the homeplace to help us cut the winter wood supply. A large circle saw, powered by the tractor was placed near the woodpile. We boys began to carry the long logs to the apron of the saw where Dad and Bill cut them into stove length. The whine of the big saw as it cut through a piece of wood and the shrill zing of the blade as it speeded up between each cut, caused Poochie's nerves to get tighter than a fiddle string. He tried to help, only to be kicked out of the way by the boys carrying the logs.

Poochie ran around the house, but no children were present. He ran around the barn but the cattle were out to the safety of the pasture. He headed for the pigpen where my purebred Poland China hogs were being fattened out for the livestock show. Poochie could only rouse a grunt out of the fat pigs, so he grabbed hold of one porker's tail with his teeth and yanked so vigorously that the tail came off at the second joint. Poochie came proudly out of the pen with the prize pig's tail in his mouth. Needless to say, the sawing process stopped abruptly while brother Bill gave Poochie more attention than he wanted. Poochie yelped like he was being killed and went scurrying across the hill for home and didn't show up the rest of the day. The pruning of the pigs tail didn't seem to hinder the pig; he later became grand champion at the stock show with a bob tail.

The experience of biting the tail off the pig led Poochie to larger game. He discovered when fetching the cows that if they did not respond to his barking and heel biting, he could send a cow wild by grabbing the tail and swinging along behind. One old cow with a particularly long bush of a tail was Poochie's delight. One day the entire bush came off in Poochie's mouth as he clamped down a little harder than usual to provoke more speed. Poochie

became a professional tail swinger.

Besides raising purebred Poland China hogs we boys delighted in a herd of registered Hereford cattle. We showed our best animals at the fairs and did fairly well I might say. One day a neighbor's Jersey bull broke out of his pen three-fourths of a mile away and came into our farmyard with amorous intentions toward our prize Hereford cows. Now a Jersey is a dairy breed and they are all right in their place, but a Jersey is a horrible sire for future hereford calves.

My other two brothers were with my dad on the far end of the ranch and I was the only boy at home that day. The fickle Hereford cows didn't seem to mind the bull's presence at all. I realized the gravity of the situation and immediately commenced activities aimed at deterring the bull from breaking into the corral. A Jersey bull is very unkindly disposed toward interfering humans. The bull lowered his head and with a bellow sent me scurrying to the comparative safety of the other side of the fence. Sticks and stones and threats only added fuel to his fury. I was almost in tears, even though I was 16 years old and didn't cry much anymore, when into our farmyard came my brother Bill in his pickup. I turned and looked across the field and sure enough there was Poochie, having second-guessed his master's destination.

I was never so glad to see that dog. From the safety of the top of the rail fence, I pointed to that huge yellow bull and gave the command that Poochie loved to hear. "SIC EM POOCHIE!" Now when you told Poochie to "Sic em" you knew that whatever you "Sicced" him on, would be "Sicced" like he never had been "Sicced" before. Poochie never understood words like "Stop," "Enough," or "Quit," but he fully understood "Sic em."

That courageous little black, yellow, brown, and white mongrel charged at that bull like David attacking Goliath. The bull lowered his head and with fire flashing from his eyes and a fearful bellow from his throat, he charged at Poochie intending to end this interference with one swipe of his horns. By the time the bull arrived at the place where Poochie had been, that wiry little dog had already taken a considerable bite with his razor sharp teeth into the soft place at the bull's heels. The bull bellowed in rage, and Poochie yelped with delight.

Around and around they went with the bull intent on murder and Poochie deftly avoiding the horns of the monster. By the time the cumbersome bull had turned the right direction, Poochie was already on the opposite end taking a fresh nip at the bull's posterior. The dust flew, the bull bellowed, the dog barked, and it all mingled with my shouts of encouragement to the underdog from the safety of the rail fence. The lady folks at our house came out in the fenced yard to observe the show. My brother watched from inside the pickup. Poochie's life was a horn's swipe from being snuffed out, but he was our hope to prevent half Jersey calves. (*Cont. on p. 10*)



## POOCHIE

(Continued from page 9)

When the gallant dog began to wear under the strain, he did what he had done often before in desperate moments; he caught hold of the swinging tail as the bull turned violently again to attack and clamped down with all his strength. Poochie went sailing through the air like a man on a flying trapeze. Poochie had done his homework well; he hung on for dear life. The bull was stunned. He couldn't see his opponent, but he could feel the sharp teeth clamped like a vise on his tail and the claws digging at this blind end. With a wild, scared bellow the bull took out for home with me and Bill in pursuit.

The bull plunged wildly up the hill and down the valley in the straightest course for home. When he came to the fence separating our ranch from the neighbor's farm, the bull didn't stop to look for the gate. He plunged wildly into the barbed wire fence dragging posts and wire several hundred yards into the neighbor's field. That bull didn't stop until he came to his own pen and disappeared into the shadows of his barn. At that point, Poochie considered his job finished. He released his hold and came trotting back to where Bill and I stood overlooking the damaged fence above the neighbor's farm. My brother was speechless; I was elated. I'd never seen a greater show on earth.

As Poochie came to where we stood with that "see what I did" look on his face, my brother reached out his hand in unabashed pride and patted the ugly mongrel on the head. Even though we had to fix two hundred yards of fence that day, it was like Bill said, "I never fixed fence with so much satisfaction in my life." The bull never showed up at our house again, but ever after that Poochie rode along with my brother in the pickup. 🐾

## THE DRUMMER

(Continued from page 7)

The search party suddenly recognized a water-soaked creature striving to climb back to the road. A loop was made in a rope, thrown down to him, and he was carefully drawn up to safety.

It was the drummer boy, Peter Matthews. He confirmed their worst fears in that one hundred and twenty-seven men had been massacred. For the English, it was a greater single loss of life than had occurred during any engagement of the war with the French, and raised many apprehensions among the soldiers.

As for Peter Matthews, he disappeared from history the same day in which he emerged. We can only speculate what became of him. Chances are he was around for the Revolutionary War which began in 1776. We suspect by then he had exchanged his drum for a rifle. 🇺🇸

## RANGERS IN PARADISE (Cont. from page 5)

man was seen with hands raised dedicating himself to help with the Royal Rangers program. The council fire was a new experience for many of these people and a great move of the Holy Spirit brought consecrations that we will never forget.

The time always comes to leave. I felt all mixed up inside like a boy having to choose between playing ball with the fellows and going on a fishing trip with his dad. In the beautiful idyllic setting of the South Pacific—the land of eternal summer—where people are so friendly, you can't help but fall in love with them. In two weeks the people of the islands tied a love string around our hearts that was hard to shake. I must be truthful, however, and say that I was glad to head back to a land of definite seasons. As I left Jim Hance, I said, "I'm glad to be going home." I felt a great admiration for that dear brother as he said, "I'm glad I'm staying on."

As we boarded the plane to the good-byes of tremendous people and lifted off to fly away back to other duties and labors, I realized that a piece of me was planted permanently on this island in the vast Pacific. 🦋

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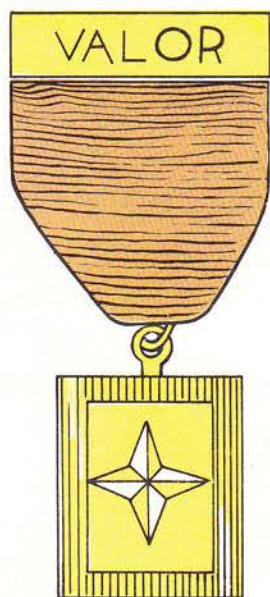
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# Rangers in Action



On August 8, 1973, Ricky Mills was swimming in the ocean at Cedar Point, North Carolina. Swimming in the same area was another young boy. The unobserving boy began drifting past a number of safety markers into a danger zone. Suddenly an undertow began to drag the boy under the churning waves.

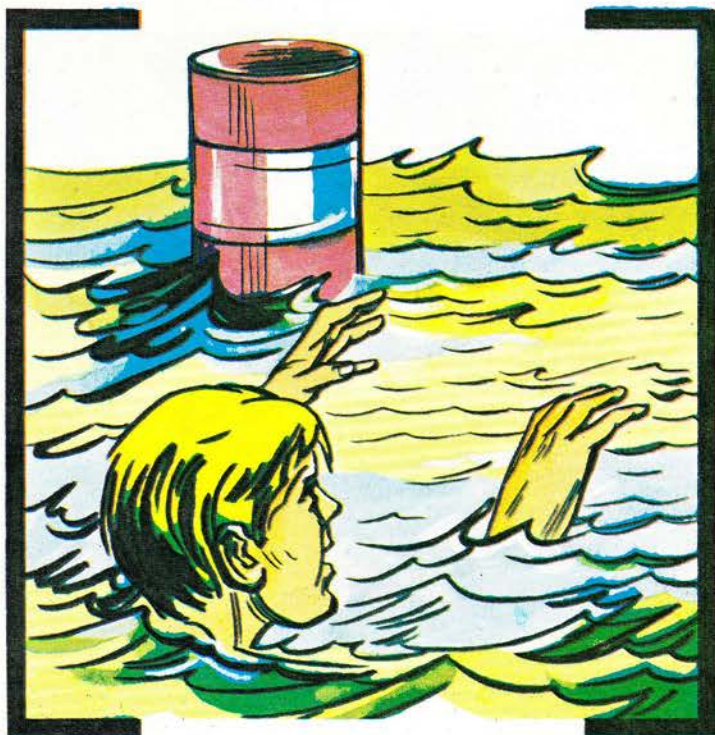
The boy's parents, who were on the beach, saw their son's plight and began to scream for help.

The lifeguard rushed to his boat, but for some reason the motor wouldn't start.

Meanwhile, hearing the cry of the frantic boy, Ricky began swimming past the safety markers toward the distressed boy.

Fighting the dangerous undertow, he reached the now exhausted boy. Instructing the struggling boy to be calm, Ricky began dragging him out of the danger zone back to the safety of the shore.

For his quick and courageous action, Ricky Mills was awarded the Medal of Valor by the National Royal Rangers Committee. Ricky, age 16, is a member of outpost 19 in Jacksonville, North Carolina.





# THE OCEANS

JOHN ELLER

Hoist the sails, man the oars, anchors aweigh! It's time we put out to sea and discover the exciting world of nature found in *oceans*! This vast and varied habitat, by far our largest, is both forbidding and inviting, frustrating and fascinating.

In the ancient world of our European forefathers, "going to sea" was the young man's dream. The challenge and adventure lured many to follow the "Old Salts" of yesteryear to brave dangers known and unknown to prove themselves masters of the sea.

The briny deep, composed of 3.5% salt, is no less intriguing in this twentieth century. The same oceans man once struggled to conquer via brave maritime exploits, the same waters on which world empires have arisen and fallen, the very seas where navies, pirates, and air forces have won and lost, are throbbing with a new breed of eager explorers searching for *cause* rather than *effect* in ocean waters.

The sea is forever in motion; it is never quiet. The moon's gravity controls the tide at all shores, so that high tide on an ocean's eastern shore usually means low tide on the western. While the seashore is a community of its own, it is indeed but a fragment of oceanic wonder.

Across most of the great world ocean (Atlantic, Pacific, Antarctic, and Indian), the wind blows, sometimes fitfully and sometimes steadily. Only rarely, except near the equator, does the wind cease long enough to leave the sea a glassy calm. Successful navigation was made possible in ancient times because of certain winds associated with the oceans. Understanding of the winds and the sea, therefore, became synonymous.

Ocean currents flow through the sea like great rivers, molded by the winds and rotation of the earth, and affected by tides, heat absorption and radiation, land barriers, bottom contours, rainfall, and evaporation. The trade winds blow diagonally toward the equator in both hemispheres, driving the water steadily from east to west, in the great globe-encircling system of Equatorial Currents.

When these currents encounter land, they deflect north or south, or both. The earth's rotation, called *Coriolis force*, then causes northbound currents to veer to the right and southbound currents to veer to the left. The result is clockwise currents in the Northern Hemisphere and counterclockwise currents in the Southern Hemisphere.





It was Benjamin Franklin who studied the character and movement of the Gulf Stream. The chart he made of its course, temperature, speed, and depth have saved westbound mariners about two weeks in sailing time.

Below the surface, the greenish ocean water is teeming with uncountable numbers of microscopic plants and assorted animal life. Around the world, the uppermost layer is part of one continuous community of light and life.

Every creature of the ocean is a member of a *food chain*, in which each "link" feeds upon the one below it and is fed upon by the one above it. In a simple four-link chain, for example, *diatoms* (ocean "grass") are consumed by the small *Calanus crustaceans*, which are preyed upon by herring, which in turn are preyed upon by tuna. But it does not end here. Man himself feeds upon tuna.

Sea creatures range from flying fish just above the surface, to ocean sunfish, dolphin, tuna, sea bass, flounder, sturgeon, blue shark, sardines, and blue chromis to the 600 feet level. At this point begin whale, squid, butterfly blenny, lamprotodus, black swallower, and hatchet fish down to the 4,200 feet level. From there to the 6,000 feet level, viper fish, bathysphaera, lantern fish, eel, constellation fish, and scarlet shrimp take over.

Among the migratory creatures of the ocean, the California gray whale is most spectacular. From mid-December to mid-February, thousands make their way to the sheltered inlets and lagoons of Baja, California. During March and April, this protected species again sets forth on the 6,000 mile journey to their summer feeding grounds in the Bering Sea.

The bottom of the world ocean is divided into three distinct areas: the *continental shelf*, the *continental slope*, and the *floor of the ocean*. The continental shelf is a gradual sloping from the continents, relatively shallow, where most of our present oceanic knowledge has been obtained. Both vegetation and soil are similar to the nearby dry land.

The continental slope drops off abruptly from the shelf, and has little light and no plant life. The pressure, cold, and silence increase, with a scenery of mud, rocks, and clay. It is inhabited by large and small carnivorous (flesh-eating) animals, such as those encountered only in nightmares. The slopes have dozens of canyons or gorges which dwarf the Grand Canyon.

The floor of the ocean lies at the foot of the continental slope and is the true bottom of the ocean. This area, often called the *abyss*, holds in darkness the mysteries of a strange, unknown world. Locating the true bottom, whose average depth is between  $2\frac{1}{4}$  and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles, is sometimes hampered by a *false bottom*. Echo equipment encounters a sound-reflecting layer sometimes a mile or more above the dark ocean floor.

The floor itself is covered with what oceanographers call *sediment* or *ooze*. A composition of silt and mud from every river on earth is added to desert dust, stones, and even meteoric debris. The bulk, however, is made up of billions upon billions of tiny shells and skeletons which have eventually drifted to the very bottom of the sea.

Three-quarters of our planet's surface is covered with ocean. In the beginning, it covered the earth completely according to Genesis 1:2 and 1:9. And yet, less than five percent of that ocean has been explored! We know more about the face of the moon, a quarter of a million miles away, than we do about the sea floor that lies, at most, only seven miles below our feet. But our knowledge of the underwater world is expanding rapidly, and the conquest of the sea promises to be as exciting and as fruitful as the conquest of space. *Aquanauts* may yet equal *astronauts* in heroics and discovery.

Exploration of the lush sea pastures of the Atlantic, sunken treasure ships in the Caribbean, and the imposing seascape of the Pacific are signals to modern high adventure. The advent of the minisub (two-man submarine) has increased man's ability to explore the wealth, both natural and man-made, beneath the surface. The science of decompression, vital to man's existence in ocean waters, is being improved through study and experimentation.

Desalting of sea water for irrigation of desert lands, while still expensive, has increased in recent years. The oceans contain enough salt to cover all continents with a layer 500 feet thick! The staggering wealth of other minerals such as magnesium, gold, platinum, copper, and a host of other elements await the development of proper equipment to extract them.

Sealab experiments are increasing man's ability to live in the oceans. Mining operations are seeking ways to solve the world energy crisis as we rapidly deplete our reserves of dry-land mineral fuels such as coal, petroleum, and gas. The ocean offers rich resources for replenishment.

Oceanic exploration is important to mankind's future. President John F. Kennedy once stated to the U. S. Congress, "Knowledge of the ocean is more than a matter of curiosity. Our very survival may hinge on it."

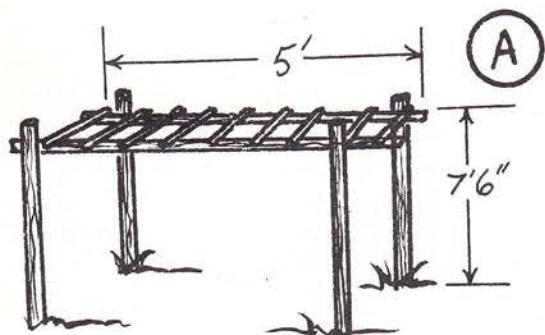
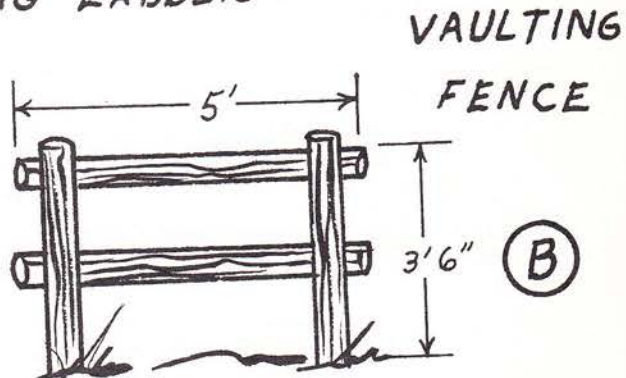
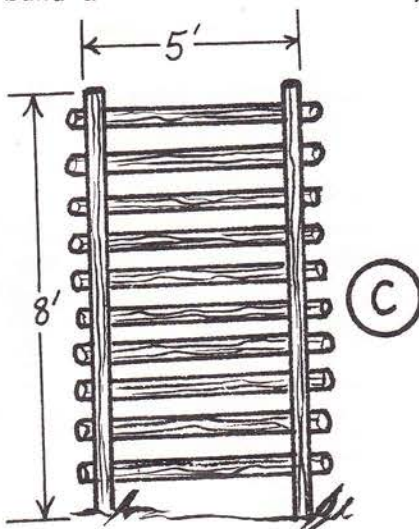
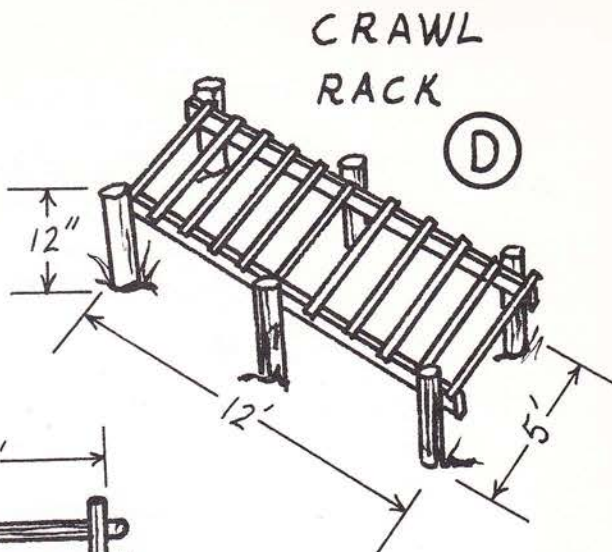
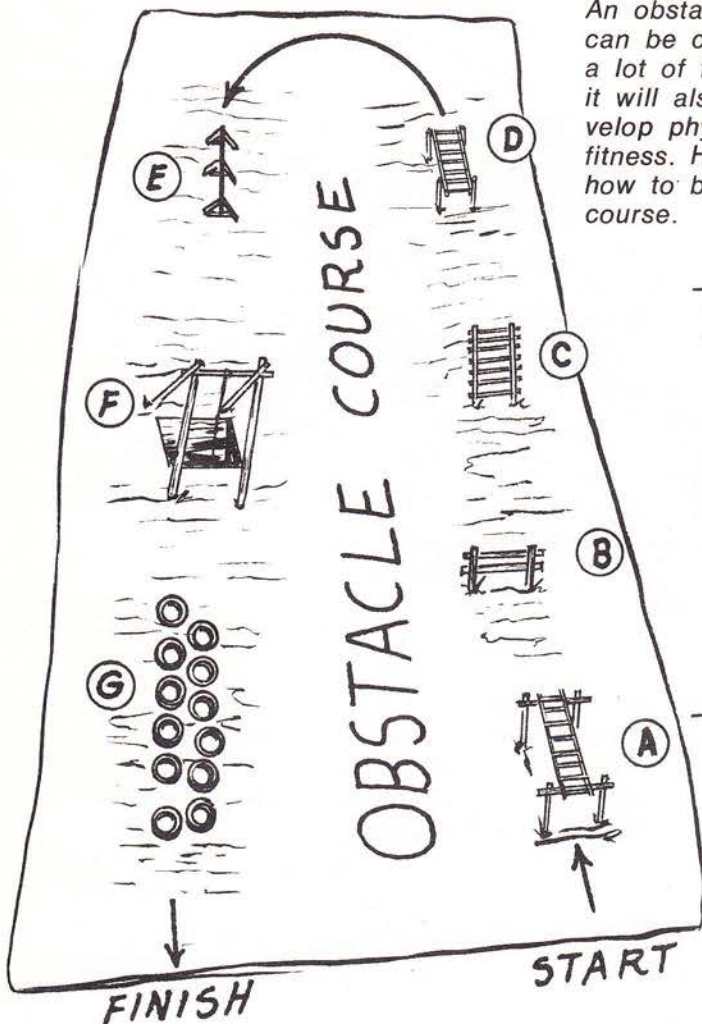




# OBSTACLE COURSE

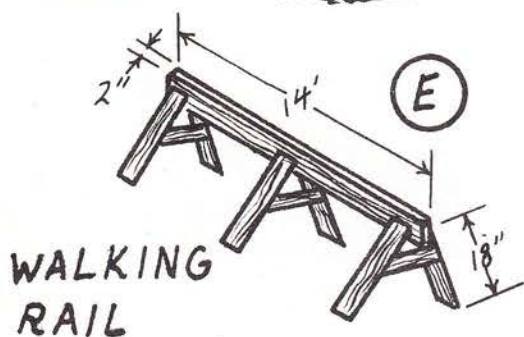
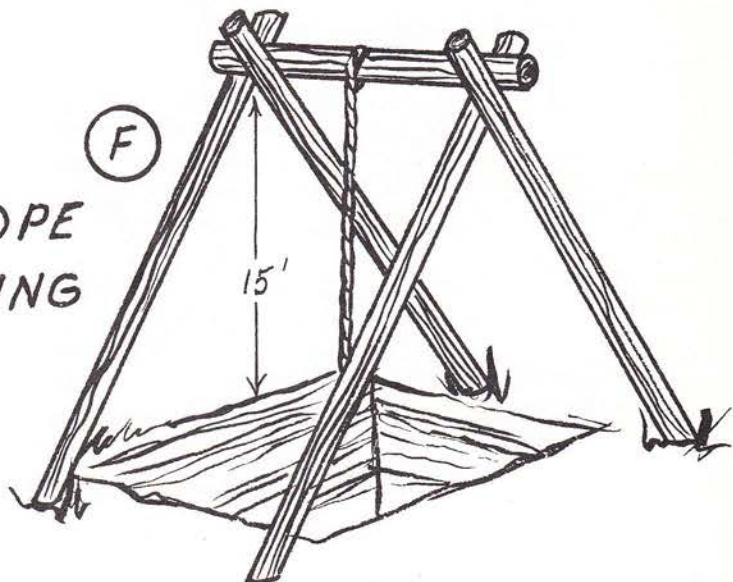
by ELTON BELL

**OBSTACLE COURSE**  
An obstacle course can be challenging, a lot of fun; and it will also develop physical fitness. Here's how to build a course.



**OVERHEAD LADDER**

**ROPE SWING**







# the Comedy Corner

Two Rangers, whose younger brother had fallen into the lake, rushed home to mother with tears in their eyes. "We're trying to give him artificial respiration," one of them sobbed, "but he keeps getting up and walking away!"

Ray Lambert  
Middleburg Heights, OH

NEWCOMER: Have you lived here all your life?

OLD-TIMER: Not yet.

Jeffrey Kline  
Waynesboro, PA

The patter of tiny feet was heard from the head of the stairs. The proud mother raised her hand, warning her visitors to be silent. "Hush, she said softly, "the children are going to deliver their good-night message. It always gives me a feeling of reverence to hear them. Listen."  
"Mamma," came the message in a shrill whisper, "Willie found a bed-bug."

Ray Lambert  
Middleburg Heights, OH

Two little boys were arguing about whose dad was the stronger. Said the first one:

"You know the Atlantic Ocean?"  
"Well, my dad was the one who dug the hole for it."

Not to be outdone, the second little fellow bragged:

"That's nothing. You know the Dead Sea? My dad's the guy who killed it."

Ray Lambert  
Middleburg Heights, OH

DENNY: I would like a quarter's worth of birdseed, please.

SALESLADY: How many birds do you have, dear?

DENNY: None, but I want to grow some.

Bradley Monn  
Mont Alto, PA

LADY: "Do you have any wallpaper with flowers on it?"

CLERK: "Why certainly, lots of it."

LADY: "Can I put it on myself?"

CLERK: "Of course you can, but it looks better on the wall."

Craig Minor  
Longview, WA

FIRST BUCKAROO: "Do you think anyone can predict the future with cards?"

SECOND BUCKAROO: "My mother can. She can look at my report card and tell me what will happen when my father gets home."

Ray Lambert  
Middleburg Heights, OH

TED: "Did you know there was a kidnapping down the street?"

JERRY: "No, what happened?"

TED: "His mother woke him up."

Warren Bebout  
Morrow Bay, CA

JEFF: What did the Indian say when his dog jumped over the cliff?

DAVE: I don't know.

JEFF: Dog gone.  
Bradley Monn  
Mont Alto, PA

QUESTION: What swimmer could jump into the water and not get his hair wet?

ANSWER: A bald-headed man.

Warren Bebout  
Morro Bay, CA

SUPPLY OFFICER: "Does the uniform fit you?"

NEW RECRUIT: "The jacket isn't bad, sir, but the trousers are a little loose around the armpits."

Craig Minor  
Longview, WA

PUPIL: "Do you think it's right to punish people for things they haven't done?"

TEACHER: "Why, of course not!"

PUPIL: "Well, I haven't done my homework."

Warren Bebout  
Morrow Bay, CA

A famous public speaker gave the secret of his success as follows: "First, you think up a good beginning. Then you think of a good ending and then you keep them as close together as possible."





# NOT READY TO DIE

By TOM SANDERS

It was wintertime, 1956. We were steaming along at about 18 knots half way across the Pacific Ocean, headed for Yokohama, Japan with 2,500 troops aboard. This was my tenth trip to the orient—and the roughest yet. Giant waves of twenty to twenty-five feet were tossing our Military Sea Transport ship around like an empty worm can in the wake of a speedboat.

The bulkheads (walls) of the payroll office where I was typing reports kept swirling around me, or so it seemed. I was seasick. Then, without warning, the ship's horn began sounding short blasts. From the bridge came the dreaded words, "Man overboard! Man overboard! General quarters! Go to your stations!"

We had trained often for this emergency; now it was for real. Automatically, I ran from the cubical, down the long passageway, up the ladder taking two steps at a time, and out onto the main deck. Already the captain had brought the ship about, circling back to the spot where the yellow dye marker and life ring had been thrown.

By the time I got to my station, they were lowering the rescue boat into the water. But where do six men in a sixteen foot boat begin looking for a man lost in an ocean, especially if he wants to die? The boat bobbed around near the dye marker, now and then disappearing from sight behind a wave. But no sign of the man.

A second boat was lowered to aid in the search. Frankly, I thought it was useless. Twelve lives were

being risked for a man who may already be dead. Everyone watched as the two boats wandered aimlessly about not knowing where to look next.

Forty-five minutes passed. As the boats converged on one another to decide whether to continue the search or give up, one of the crew shouted, "There he is, over there!" He spotted an arm and head directly between the two boats.

They eased along side and wrestled a very frightened and exhausted soldier aboard. Fifteen minutes later he was safe on board ship under a doctor's care. I had witnessed a miraculous rescue at sea.

Word spread that the soldier had become despondent. So he climbed over the guard rail and leaped into the churning water below to end it all.

But the sudden shock of hitting the water, eyes smarting from salt water, lungs burning like fire, lonely fear crowding in changed his mind. He wasn't ready to die!

It's one thing to be courageously ready to die; it's quite another to attempt suicide. You may never jump overboard from a ship, but you can commit spiritual suicide by running with the wrong crowd, going to the wrong places, and doing the wrong things.

Life is precious. That's why Jesus Christ died on the cross—to rescue you from sin and give you eternal life. The most important thing you can ever do is accept Him as your Saviour and be ready for eternity.