



High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

SUMMER 1974

DAYS OF THE GOLDEN BOOMERANG
THE HAWK OF KITTY HAWK
FROM OUT OF HELL'S MOUTH

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High Adventure

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Days of the **GOLDEN BOOMERANG**

by Dennis Smith

Down the dirt track to Lake Leschenaultia, a convoy of cars and buses roared through the bush. Each vehicle was laden with an assortment of sleeping bags, packs, cooking gear, and Royal Rangers. Each camper was eagerly looking forward to the fun and excitement of the Western Australian Pow-Wow.

Arriving at the campsite, each participant plunged into a variety of activities such as building fireplaces, clearing campsites, gathering firewood, and making camp furniture.

At evening time, the smell of woodsmoke and cooking food filled the air. I was honored by an invitation to be guest of one of the patrols. But after seeing the cooks accidentally drop hamburger and peas into the fire, I began to feel not so honored. However, I realized that boys learn through experience, so I enjoyed as best I could my unforgettable meal.

As darkness descended, we approached the council fire area. After each patrol was granted permission to enter the council fire ring, torches were touched to the wood and crimson flames leaped upward. The crackling wood, the flickering firelight seemed to intensify the excitement.

The spirited singing, the unrestrained yells, the hilarious stunts and inspiring devotion made our council fire a tremendous experience.

Taps sounded at 10:30. There is something memorable about the sound of a bugle echoing through the night, just before you fall asleep. However, when the sound died away, we could still hear sounds of midnight snacks being consumed, and boys still talking. It is always hard to go to sleep on the first night.



At 7 a.m. flags were raised in the crisp morning air, followed by breakfast.

The morning was spent in adventures in camping training sessions. These sessions seemed to improve the cooking at lunch, which made me very happy.

An afternoon adventure hike was postponed due to a sudden rain shower. However, Royal Rangers are very adaptable, and they learned a valuable lesson on the importance of keeping dry tinder for their fires.

After devouring a stupendous Royal Rangers stew for dinner, we made preparations for the council fire, which featured the ceremony of the blue candles. During the council, one of the speakers spoke about the Coolgardie Gold Rush of Western Australia. At the conclusion of his message, a spear appeared out of the darkness. A murmur of excitement spread around the council circle. Attached to the spear was the name of nine people. They were candidates for the Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity. This group was brought forward for proper instructions and recognition. This elite group was then led out into the darkness to endure a night of initiation.

An inspirational message by the final speaker resulted in 15 Rangers stepping forward to accept Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour. What a fitting climax to a great service.

Next day was visitor's day and over fifty parents were in attendance. Even the parents commented on the excellent luncheon meal.

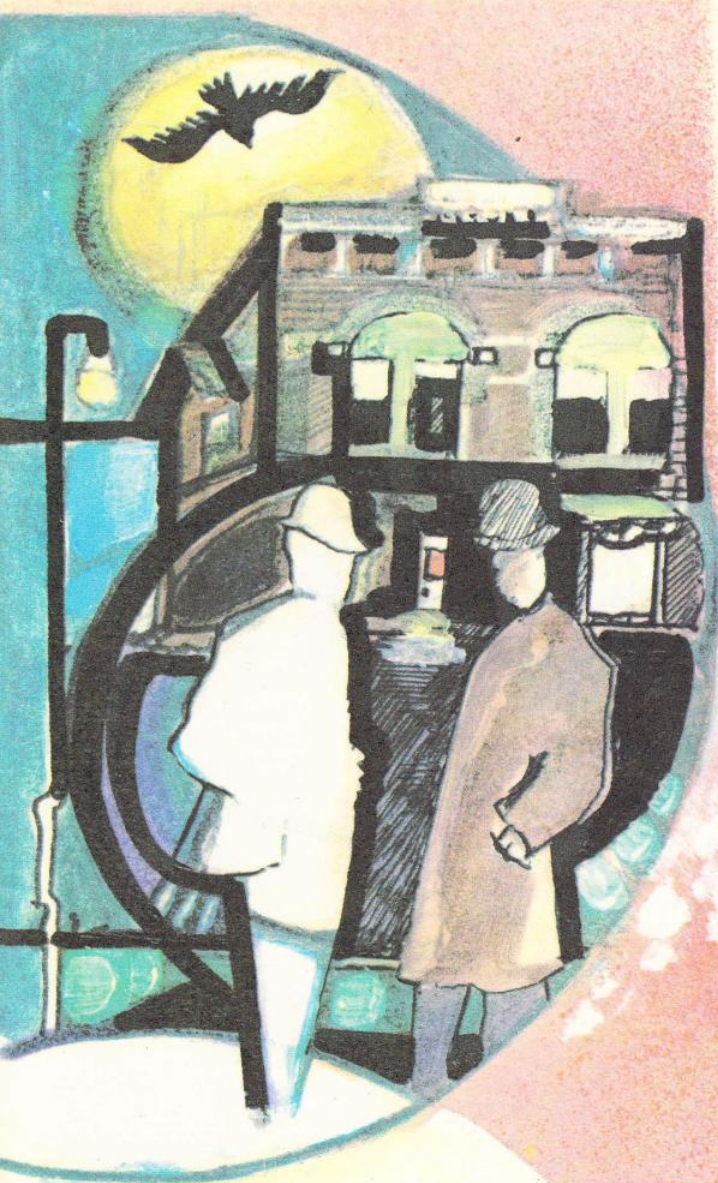
EDITOR'S NOTE:

In Australia both boys and girls are involved in the Royal Ranger program. This is the reason girls are present in the photos.



That afternoon the FCF candidates were given their final test. They were required to crawl into a pup tent, pin their FCF membership pin on their uniform, and emerge within one minute. Believe it or not, they all made it and were congratulated with a spontaneous applause.

Then came the great moment when each camper was given the Pow-Wow patch designed with a large Golden Boomerang. Each time they look at the patch, I'm sure they will remember the exciting days of the Golden Boomerang, better known as the Western Australian Pow-Wow. ●



THE HAWK OF

By Warren and Betty McPherson

Henry Hawk rested on a high limb of the old dead tree. His long, sharp talons sank into the weather-worn bark to fasten his feet firmly. It was quite a view the proud bird's eyes could see.

To the east he could see and hear the restless waves of the Atlantic Ocean. To the west a short distance were the calm waters of Albermarle Sound and Roanoke Sound. Stretching endlessly to the north and south were the sand dunes and beaches of the Kill Devil Hills and the small town of Kitty Hawk, North Carolina.

It was about the most peaceful day Henry had ever seen. Almost before he had learned to screech, and much before he could peer over the edge of the nest that had protected him earlier that spring, he had heard strange sounds. Later he learned they were from the people who came and went at the ocean's beaches.

Henry faced into the strong, steady wind that always seemed to blow at Kitty Hawk. It was so peaceful. He had overheard some of the people talking about summer being almost over and school starting again. He didn't know what all that meant, but if it took everyone away from his territory, he liked it.

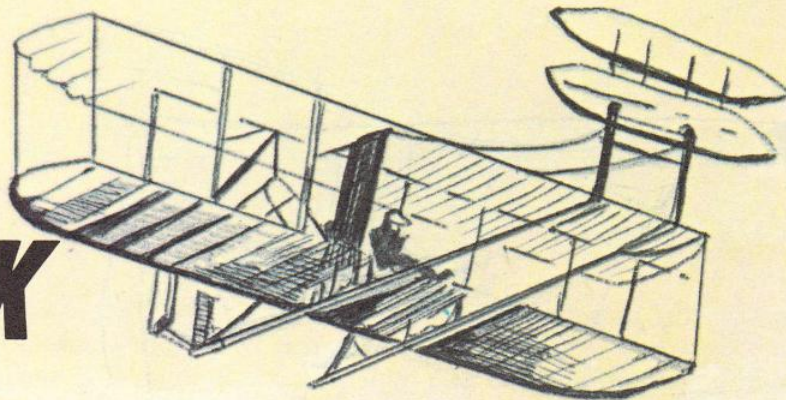
Near Henry's favorite tree was a weather-beaten old shed. He had found it within a few days after he first fell out of his nest last spring. Of course, Henry would never admit he fell. He was just tired of waiting to learn to fly. He got off to a wobbly start, but he learned fast.

Nobody seemed to notice the old shed, but Henry found out that mice, small birds, a great variety of insects, and other creatures used it. They were just the dishes he liked best. He had almost come to consider it his private grocery store.

Henry was so busy enjoying the warm quietness of the day that he didn't see the two men coming along the beach. It especially ruffled his feathers when they stopped their wagon in front of his shed. He listened as carefully as he could.



KITTY HAWK



One man called the other one Wilbur, and he, in turn, called the first one Orville. As they talked, Henry could barely believe his ears. In fact, he almost fell right off his limb when he heard them saying they were sure they could learn to fly.

Henry had seen some strange things that people had done around his dunes and beaches, but he was sure there was a limit for all things. While it was true he had taught himself to fly, he was positive man just could not do it. Why man didn't even have feathers on his skinny wings.

By then he had heard enough. Silently he slipped from his branch and soared away. He decided by the time he found a good meal for himself, it would be dark. A good night's sleep would be good for him, and maybe tomorrow Orville and Wilbur would go away.

The September days came and went. Henry watched the two men working in his shed. He soon learned they were the Wright Brothers. They lived in Dayton, Ohio, where they owned a bicycle shop. He couldn't figure out what there was about bicycles that made these two think they could learn to fly, but that is what had happened. After all, Henry knew, and felt that they should realize it—flying is strictly for the birds.

Then one day Henry really got a shock. Right before his own hawk eyes, the Wright Brothers opened up what looked like one whole side of the work shed and propped it up with poles. Then, from the inside of the building, they pulled the biggest and strangest looking bird he had ever seen.

The Wright Brothers called it a glider. Call it what they would, it was an unbelievable bird. There were four wings, one pair on top of the other, and not a feather on any of them. It had hardly any tail at all. Henry decided that this just might well be the funniest thing he had ever seen since he had fallen out of his nest.

The days that followed were very interesting. Henry watched Wilbur and Orville play with their

strange bird that they kept calling a glider. In fact, he was enjoying himself so much that when one of the brothers would look his way, he would swoop high into the blue and make a number of lazy circles in the sky just to show them how a glider really worked.

One day Henry was resting on a low branch of a bush, down behind a sand dune. He was feeling especially pleased with himself. All of a sudden a huge shadow silently passed over him. Terror gripped him, and he looked up just in time to see the Wright Brothers' glider float over and settle behind a dune.

In the days that followed, Henry got used to seeing that glider soar into the sky. After a while, the Wright Brothers got so confident about it that they took turns stretching out on the lower wings and riding on them.

Henry could not quite admit to himself that it would be possible for man to learn the secrets of flying. He worried about that as the days passed. He thought about it so much that he had not even noticed the leaves of trees and bushes were turning bright colors and the steady breezes had an increasing chill.

Then one day Wilbur and Orville walked out of the door, closed all openings of the shed very carefully, said something about getting back to Dayton, and walked up the beach.

Henry watched them go. A chilly breeze ruffled his back, and he suddenly became aware of an inner restlessness. The Wright Brothers had come suddenly and left the same way. He wondered why! He also wondered why something inside almost forced him to stretch his stately wings and sail into the breeze.

On and on he flew, farther and farther south. He couldn't figure out why, but somehow he knew that was what he was supposed to do. Somehow, he also had a feeling that when the familiar ocean breezes once again lost their chill, he would return to his Kitty Hawk.

The winter months passed. The days got longer and the breezes warmer. Henry began to get restless. He would find himself perched on a high branch of a tree looking into the open skies above him. Then he became aware that each day more and more birds were in the sky. They all seemed to be drifting northward.

Henry could stand it no longer. He leaped into the sky and with graceful, sweeping strokes of his strong wings mounted higher and higher. He felt light as a feather because he knew he was headed home.

All the leaves were not quite out when Henry glided in over his familiar Kill Devil Hills. The uncertain gales of winter along the Atlantic had made some changes, but they didn't matter to Henry. His favorite old tree was still there and his shed was too. For the first time it really dawned on him that maybe that shed was not his after all.

Henry passed the days watching people come and go along the beaches. All the while, the old wooden shed remained deserted except for the mice, small birds, and insects on which he fed. He also noticed that the Wright Brother's strange glider was still in the shed. Could that mean that Wilbur and Orville would be back? Henry wondered!

The summer passed, school started again, and few people came to the beaches. In fact, days went by and no one came. Henry began to doubt that Wilbur and Orville would return. Then on September 17, 1903, he was flying over the dunes when he spotted them. Somehow he was very glad.

The Wright Brothers talked excitedly as they unpacked the huge load of things they had brought with them. They were later in getting to Kitty Hawk this year, but they were confident success would be theirs. Henry wondered what they meant by that.

The old shed came alive with sounds and motions. Sometimes Henry was so curious he could hardly keep from flying inside for a look. He could see Wilbur and Orville as they kept unpacking things and putting them together. Then one day they opened the shed and out came a brand new glider. At least that's what Henry thought it was. It was much bigger than the other one, and it had some strange new additions on it.

Henry soon found out what the new things were. They were propellers. There was one behind each set of wings. They were fastened with strange cables to an engine that was right in the middle

of the machine. All of a sudden the brothers did something, but Henry did not see what. The engine made a terrible noise, and the propellers went around and around so fast that they became just a blur.

By the time Henry got over the shock of the noisy engine, he was just a little angry at the Wright Brothers. He felt they had no right to disturb his peaceful hills. He had said it a year ago, and he still believed that flying was strictly for the birds.

The flying machine shook and trembled. Then, the engine sputtered, dark smoke fogged from it, and it died. Henry was glad, but he could tell from the way Wilbur and Orville acted that something was wrong.

In the days that followed there was more trouble with the strange birdlike machine. Something broke and Orville had to make a special trip all the way to Dayton, which caused a delay of many days.

Each day the brothers were delayed made Henry a little more confident their featherless bird would never fly. He was rather pleased with his opinion; yet the suspense about the possibility that it might fly was enough to keep him close to the old shed. He was so interested in what was going on that he refused to pay attention to the inner urge to begin his flight south.

Excitement rose to a new height one day when he heard one of the brothers say that everything was ready. There was a new surge of action around the old shed. In fact, Wilbur and Orville were so busy they had not seen the heavy cloud moving in from the ocean.

Suddenly a cold, windy gale blew past them. "Quick," called one of the brothers, "get things into the shed." The storm broke upon them before they were ready for it. Fortunately, they got everything inside, and except for being rain soaked, nothing was harmed.

Henry had watched with great interest. Now he plunged his sharp talons deeply into the bark of the most sheltered place he could find. There he settled himself to weather out the storm.

The storm lasted for days. Even after it finally blew itself out, fog settled over the entire area. Weather like that was not fit for birds or ducks, let alone the Wright Brothers and their strange flying machine.

November passed and December came. At long last the weather cleared, and the steady breezes of Kitty Hawk returned.

Henry watched with renewed interest as Wilbur and Orville opened the shed and brought their odd glider out into the crisp air. It was December 15, and everything was ready. He watched the brothers face each other, and one of them said, "Heads." He saw something flip into the air and glisten in the sun. There was a brief silence, and Orville spoke. "You win, Wilbur. You get to take it up."

While Wilbur stretched himself on the lower wing of the machine, Henry flew to a nearby tree snag where he could get a better view. He watched as the engine started. By then the noise no longer frightened Henry. The propellers turned, the machine trembled, moved forward, and rose slightly above the sand. Then, just as suddenly as it had started, the craft settled back to the ground and stopped.

Two days passed, and Henry watched the brothers go over every inch of their strange bird. Thursday, December 17, 1903, arrived. Henry heard Wilbur say, "This time nothing can stop us. It's your turn Orville."

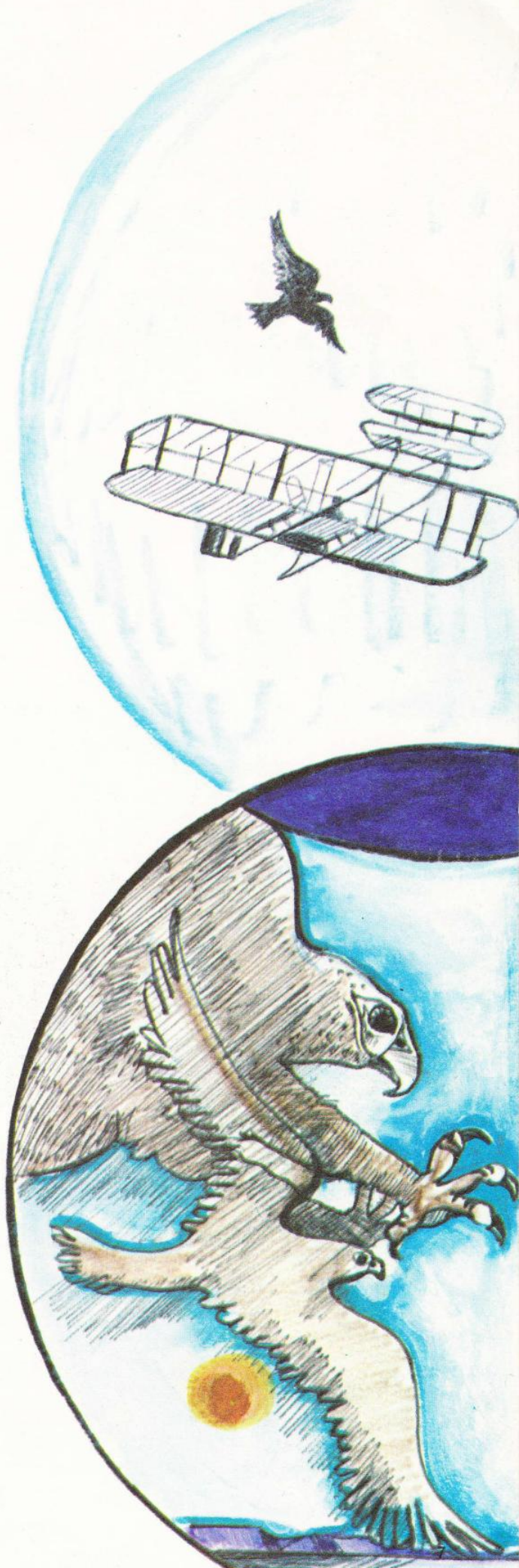
As Orville climbed onto the wing, Henry became aware that several other people had arrived to watch. Even he flew to a higher limb so he could see better.

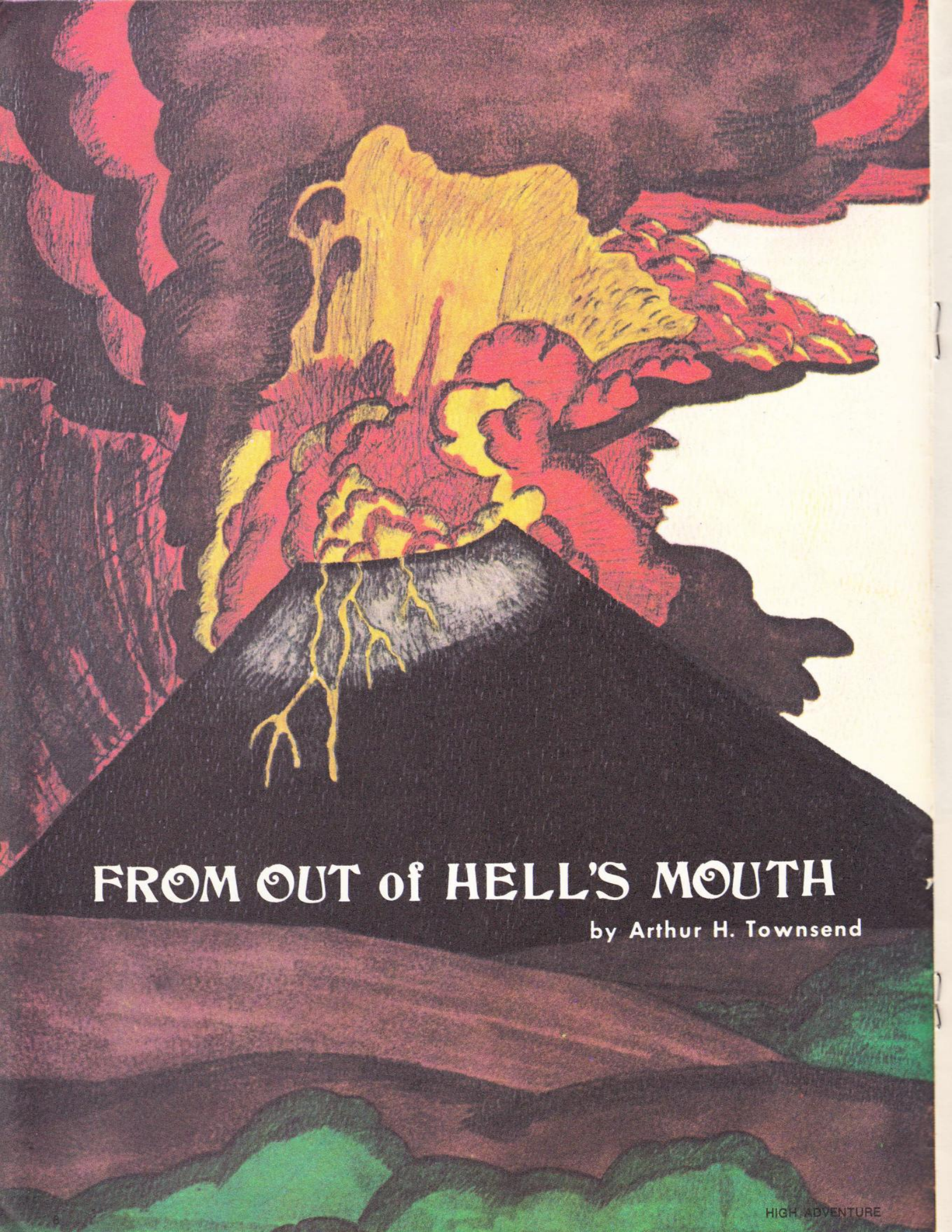
Just as it had done two days before, the engine burst into action. The propellers turned faster and faster. The craft trembled, hesitated, and began moving. It rose higher and higher. It went farther and farther. Twelve seconds later it settled carefully back to earth. It had traveled 120 feet under its own power.

Wilbur, Orville, and the onlookers yelled, laughed, and almost danced around the aircraft. Henry sat amazed. Did he dare believe what he had seen? He watched the men in their happiness. The Wright Brothers had proved after all that man could learn to fly.

Henry had seen enough. He had a feeling that he had witnessed something very unusual. He wondered if maybe he had seen history in the making.

The engine of the Wright Brothers flying machine broke the stillness again. Henry knew that once you learned to fly one flight was just about like any other one. Besides, he noticed that the leaves all around him were gone, and he was long overdue to wing his way south. Silently and unnoticed by the busy Wright Brothers and their watchers, Henry launched himself into the clear sky and sailed away toward the horizon of the warm southland.





FROM OUT of HELL'S MOUTH

by Arthur H. Townsend

Nineteen-year-old Auguste Ciparis, a black, had killed a man with a machete, or so they said. No one really knew for sure since St. Pierre on the Island of Martinique at the turn of the century was full of rumors and injustices. Nevertheless, he was scheduled to be hanged.

The military prison where Ciparis was taken to await death was run by the prisoners themselves. The mulattos, men of black and white parentage, were usually given position as trusties. They bitterly hated the Blacks who made up the majority of the prisoners in the compound.

On the first night in the prison, a group of trusties entered Ciparis' cell and beat him with wooden staves. But that was only the beginning. He received many beatings before he was liberated by a chain of events that can only be described as an act of God.

He was the only person out of a population of 30,000 people in St. Pierre to escape an inferno of death and destruction. But for Auguste Ciparis that awesome event became a final reprieve that was never questioned.

Preparation was underway for his execution. As the prisoners walked away from the gallows they had just completed, an earthquake caused by the underground activity of Mt. Pelée reduced the gallows to shambles. It was an answer to prayer. The execution had to be postponed. But Ciparis well knew the gallows would be rebuilt.

Then, for the first time in the history of the cruel prison system on Martinique, a riot broke out. Mt. Pelée had rumbled, flamed, and belched forth smoke, showering the city of St. Pierre with volcanic ash. The prisoners feared the active volcano would erupt and they would be trapped with no way of escape. But the riot was soon quelled.

As punishment, the ringleaders were stripped naked and stretched out on a six-by-one-foot plank. They were then tied and fastened with iron clamps to the plank. A muscle-bound trusty emerged wielding the bastinado and proceeded to administer the lashes.

After each prisoner had been beaten until the flesh on his back was ripped and bleeding, he was carried away to solitary confinement. Two died and were dragged off to the deathhouse.

Auguste Ciparis had stood on tiptoe in his cell, reaching up to watch the beatings going on in the prison yard. He knew that on Thursday morning at dawn his own body would be cut down from the gallows, placed in a wood coffin, and buried under six feet of quicklime.

The earthquake which wrecked the gallows, the volcanic activity of Mt. Pelée that caused unrest and misgivings to grip the people of the city, and most of all the forth-coming election, had bearing on the governor's final decision concerning the

prisoner: "Auguste Ciparis would not die, but he was to remain in his solitary confinement cell until after the election." That was to spell the difference between life and death for Ciparis.

On May 8, 1902, he lay asleep on the floor of his cell. He awoke in the early morning and peered into the darkness. A pall of gritty smoke hung over the prison compound with the density of fog. How thankful he was to be alive. But this was the day he was to die.

As he turned away, there came a searing, blinding blast of heat and light. Recovering from unconsciousness, Ciparis attempted to free himself from the fallen masonry. His solitary prison cell was partly gone. When he looked out on the scene before him, he saw dead bodies everywhere; all around him were feeble cries of people in pain. His own body was burned as though he had been barbecued on a red-hot grill. He discovered that the awful smell was his own burnt flesh.

"Soon," he explained, "I heard nothing except my own unanswered cries for help." He waited three days for rescue to come.

What Ciparis did not immediately know was, Mt. Pelée had erupted. A column of fire thirteen hundred feet high struck the city. This giant fireball—like an atomic blast—completely enveloped St. Pierre while observers a distance away watched in helpless horror. Rescuers later reported charred, dead bodies everywhere—some with their eyes seared from their sockets, others with their intestines spilled out on the ground.

When help finally came Auguste Ciparis was more dead than alive. He was gradually nursed back to health and strength, and began earning a living as an exhibit in the Barnum and Bailey Circus. He was billed as "the one man out of 30,000 inhabitants of St. Pierre who escaped death when Mt. Pelée erupted, because he was in a solitary-confinement cell with a small, bared opening facing the sea."

But the question still remains today: "Why was a condemned man three times reprieved—once by an earthquake, then by the governor, and finally by a blast out of the very mouth of hell.

Why was he the only survivor out of a population of 30,000 people, and on the very day he had been scheduled to die?

The editor of *Les Colonies* had contended Ciparis was guilty. But the newspaper editor was known to cover up the truth to suit himself and his friends.


Was Ciparis innocent? Had he been falsely accused? Auguste Ciparis must have believed that God had vindicated him, setting him free.

Who can tell? The world will never know. One thing we do know, God alone will be the final Judge. ●

THE EXCITING WORLD OF NATURE

SEA ISLANDS

by John Eller



The exciting world of nature takes us now to far away lands of enchantment as we study *Sea Islands* and the animal communities and plant life found on them. No habitat is more unusual and unique than those small pieces of land completely surrounded by sea water.

No two islands are exactly the same. An island may be high or low, large or small, wet or dry, cold or warm. It may lie close to the mainland or thousands of miles from shore.

Some islands are young, while others are very old. Even when two islands belong to the same chain or *archipelago* (group of islands), the differences between them may be considerable. And tropical islands, of course, are strikingly different from islands lying near the poles.

Islands cut off from continents are known as *continental islands*. Others, called *oceanic islands*, rise directly from the ocean floor without ever having been attached to other land. While continental islands are launched, so to speak, with an assortment of plant and animal life already on board, the life of an oceanic island must reach it by sea or by air.

CONTINENTAL ISLANDS

Islands are being formed along almost any coastline. Where a river enters the sea by several mouths, islands are gradually isolated from the mainland by the force of water rushing down the river's channels. Even more dramatic is the process by which islands form along rocky cliffs, pounding them into sand and leaving islets of harder rock here and there.

Some continental islets are so small and unstable that they are now in the process of final destruction by the elements. Little vegetation can survive on many of these except grasses, small shrubs, and small flowering plants. Animal life is usually limited to birds and insects that visit the islets, together with an assortment of worms, grubs, and spiders living in the soil and on the vegetation.

Somewhat larger but otherwise similar islands may have space enough to support trees and very small mammals such as shrews, and field mice, feeding on grubs and grains among the grassy roots. Larger creatures such as foxes are unlikely to survive, or even to have stayed behind when the island was forming. Limited areas and greater exposure to the elements make living conditions on these islands harsher than on the mainland.

OCEANIC ISLANDS

By contrast, oceanic islands are likely to be far out at sea. Most of them are small, and none has any life of its own to start with. Usually these islands are submarine volcanic mountains that have risen from the floor of the deep ocean and protrude above the surface.

Originally, the entire world was covered by water and surrounded in darkness. It was not until the third day of Creation that dry land appeared. Since oceanic islands emerge from below the surface, they offer miniature demonstrations of how the continents came to be.

Thousands of such islands dot the enormous expanse of the tropical Pacific Ocean. In shallow seas, the ocean floor may rise without volcanic activity, as was the case with the Bahama Islands and the Florida Keys.

Oceanic islands in warmer seas may enjoy a prolonged existence by the growth of offshore *coral reefs*. These reefs are formed by millions of individual coral animals, or *polyps*, which band themselves together in colonies. These minute creatures thrive in shallow seawater upon a shelf of sand, rocks, or other debris which forms the tropical island's shores. A ring of coral, called an *atoll*, may sometimes remain even when the original island has become completely eroded.

The red mangrove, a unique tropical tree, has been called the "maker of islands." Unlike most plants, mangroves produce fruits that germinate while still attached to the parent tree. Neither winds nor birds can carry the seeds, as they become seedlings before dropping off. Some of these will take root within a few feet of the parent, while others may even cross an entire ocean to find a home. Settling in shallow water, the seedling becomes a tree within a few years. As sand, mud, and debris are lodged in the maze of prop roots, the shallows eventually become dry land and an islet is formed.

Islands may become inhabited or at least visited by a variety of amphibious creatures such as turtles, crabs and lizards, and also become resting and feeding grounds for wading birds and gliders. The warm sands provide hatching areas for such animals as green turtles, while interior lakes are breeding and feeding areas for flamingos.

A most interesting creature found on low islands throughout the southwestern Pacific Ocean is the coconut crab. They are *scavengers* by nature, feeding on any edible refuse they can find, whether plant or animal. Their preferred diet, however, is coconut meat. When it finds a coconut, the crab begins by gouging a hole through the nut's fibrous husk, expertly pries the shell apart, and leaves nothing behind but the empty shell.

TROPICAL ISLANDS


Our 50th state is composed of a chain of islands, with the island of Hawaii rising 13,500 feet above the sea. If its base stood on dry land, this volcanic mountain would rise 2,000 feet above Mount Everest, the highest peak in the world.

The most intriguing islands are those found forming the Galápagos archipelago, a group of fifteen large islands and countless islets lying more or less on the equator, about six hundred miles west of Ecuador. These have been built by volcanoes rising from a large platform that stands one to two thousand feet below the surface of the ocean.

The ocean currents have been a major factor in colonization of the Galápagos. Many forms of life undoubtedly drifted to the islands from South America on the cool, northward-flowing Humboldt Current. Others were probably swept down from Central America on the warm Equatorial Counter-current.

The Galápagos island of Santa Cruz clearly displays the effects on plant life of differing temperatures and rainfall at several altitudes. The arid *costal zone* is dominated by cactuses. In the *transition zone*, the cactuses are mixed with open forest. Higher up, where the air is cooler and moister, is the *scalesia* or *tree-sunflower* zone. In the cool, damp *brown zone* are forests of guara trees draped with brown liverworts. The *miconia zone* is covered with dense growth of shrubby miconias and ferns. The only plants able to survive in the cool *upland zone*, however, are mosses and low-growing herbs and ferns.

Some plants and animals traverse from one island to another by island hopping. While not all living things are capable of this, those which succeed are usually governed by the law known as *survival of the fittest*.

Pirates once wandered the seas in search of forbidding islands to hide their stolen treasures. Exciting stories of shipwreck and survival have come to us in such stories as *Treasure Island*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and *The Swiss Family Robinson*. But only after plants and animals have established a balanced community of nature can man adapt his existence for long periods of time on sea islands. 



ROYAL RANGERS — EXCITEMENT AND ADVENTURE



NATIONAL CAMPORAMA USAF ACADEMY, CO.

August 20-24, 1974



Rangers in Action

After church one evening, Dale Womack and Donnie Cobb were searching for tadpoles in a pond located in front of the First Assembly of God in Kingsville, Texas. Because they needed more light to find the tadpoles, Donnie decided to turn one of the floodlights on the church lawn toward the pond. He ran across the wet lawn, which was being soaked by the sprinkler, to the floodlight. Unknown to Donnie, a frayed wire had turned the floodlight into a live circuit. When he grabbed the light, the combination of the live circuit and the wet lawn created such a strong voltage that he was frozen to the floodlight. The high volts of electricity passing through his body was rapidly electrocuting him.

Dale Womack, ignoring the danger to himself, rushed to the aid of his friend.

Clutching the clothing of the larger boy, he tried to pull him loose. Twice he tried to free him without success. In the process he was mildly shocked himself. Even though realizing that he could be frozen to the other boy's body, Dale still tried a third time. This time he finally broke Donnie free from the hot floodlight.

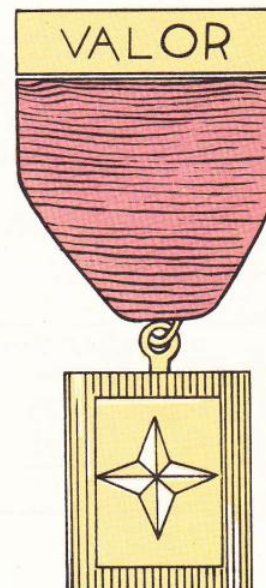
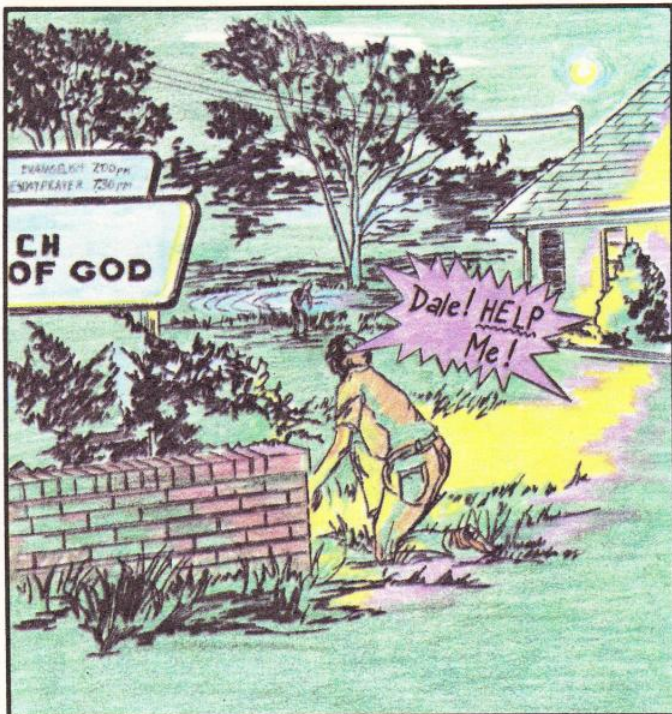


Dale then ran into the nearby church for help. Due to his quick action, Donnie suffered only minor injury.

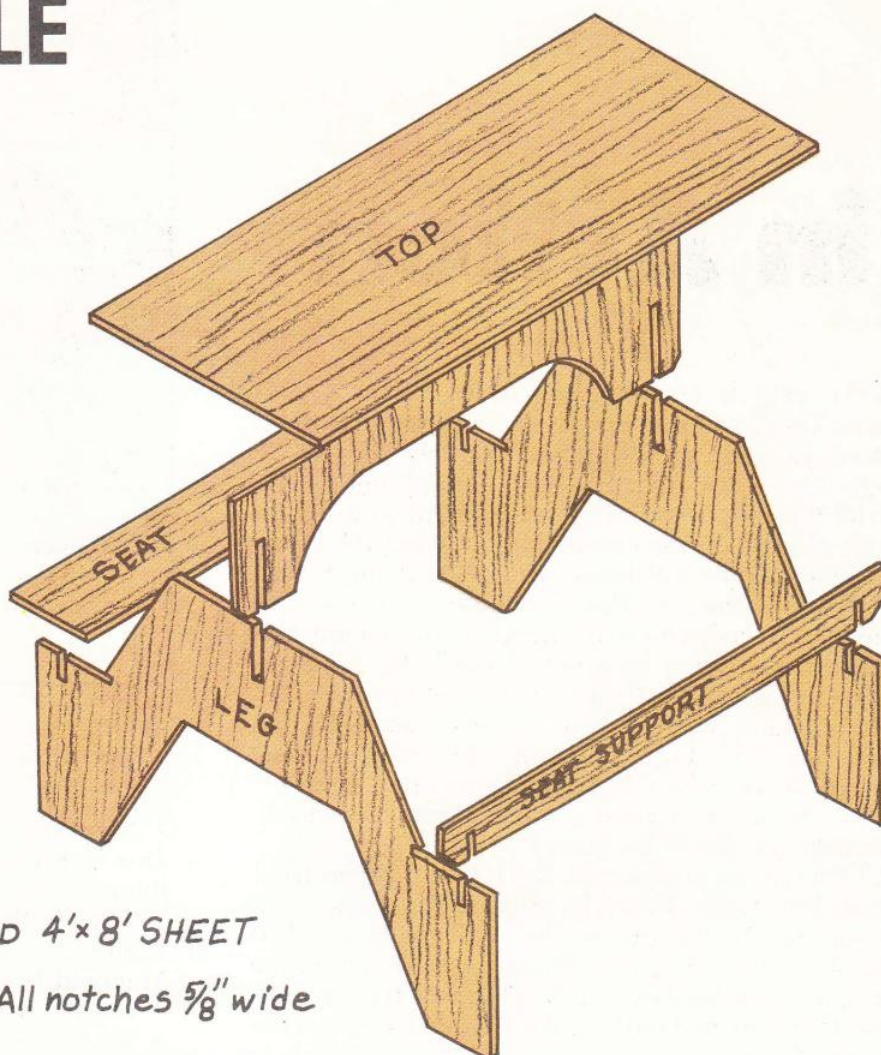
This is the second time Dale has saved a life. Earlier he had saved a small girl named Lanetta Mayfield from drowning in a lake.

For his prompt and courageous action that saved a life at the risk of his own, Dale Womack, age 12, was awarded the Medal of Valor by the National Royal Rangers Committee.

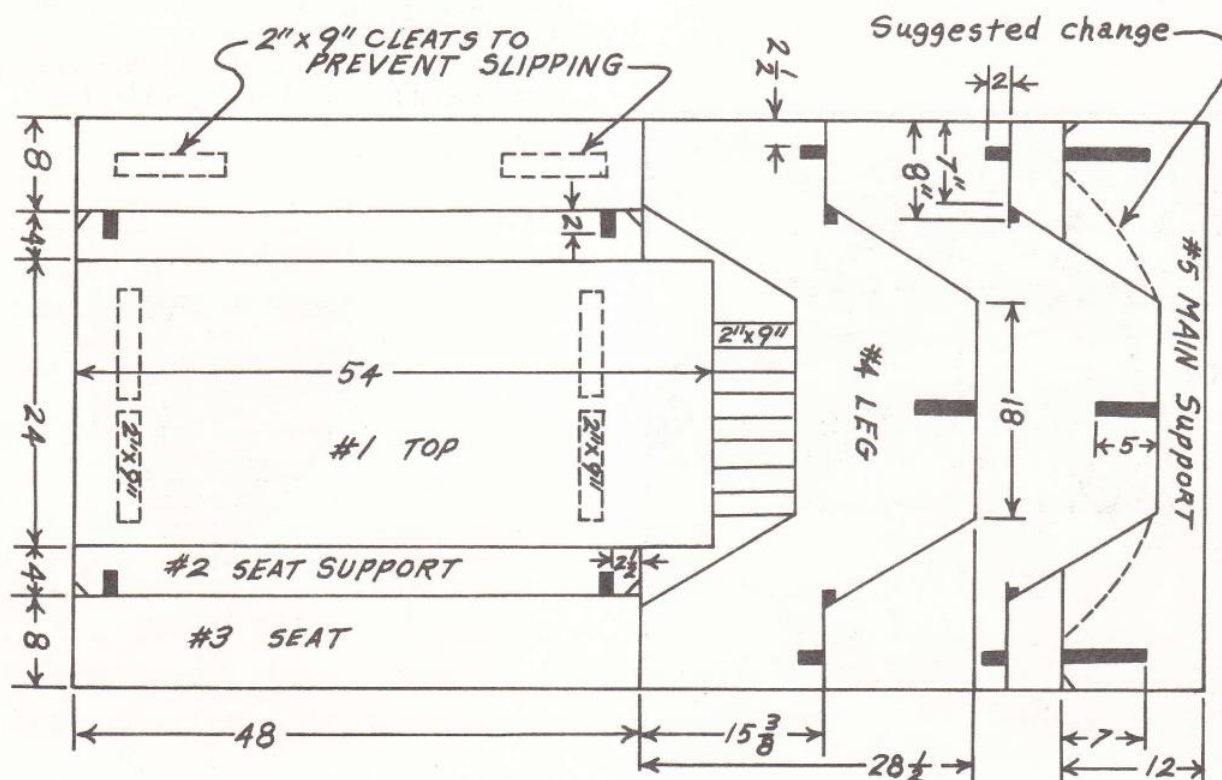
He is a member of the Trailblazer outpost at First Assembly of God in Kingsville, Texas.




Here's a great idea for a portable camp table. Just follow instructions.



Note: All notches $\frac{5}{8}$ " wide





the Comedy Corner

Mother: "When that mean little boy threw stones at you, why didn't you come and tell me instead of throwing stones back at him?"

Son: "What good would that do? You'd missed him, too."

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

A father was telling his six-year-old son about the golden rule. "Always remember," he said, "that we are here to help others." The youngster mulled this over for a minute and then asked: "Well, what are the others here for?"

Ray Lambert
Middleburg Heights, OH

Two motorists met on a bridge too narrow for their cars to pass. "I never back up for an idiot," said one driver angrily. "I always do," said the other shifting into reverse.

Craig Minor
Longview, WA

A bowlegged cowboy had just finished his Army physical exam. He asked the doctor, "Well, doc, how do I stand?" The doctor replied, "That's what I'd like to know!"

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

Betty: "When I'm down in the dumps I buy a new hat."

Bill: "I wondered where you get them."

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

Doctor: I don't like the looks of your husband.

Wife: I don't either, but he's nice to the children.

Craig Minor
Longview, WA

Bill: Do you have any trouble making decisions?

Denny: Well, yes and no.

Bradley Monn
Mont Alto, PA

Dad: What's this zero on your paper, John?

John: That's no zero, Pop. The teacher ran out of stars, so she gave me a moon.

Ray Lambert
Middleburg Heights, OH

Ben: Have you ever had a hair-raising experience?

Ken: Well, once I ran a rabbit farm.

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

A man bought a parrot at an auction after some spirited bidding.

"I suppose the bird talks," he said to the auctioneer.

"Talk?" replied the auctioneer. "He's been bidding against you for an hour!"

Craig Minor
Longview, WA

Barber: "You're next."

Long-haired teenager: "I'm not waiting for a haircut."

Barber: "What are you waiting for?"

Teenager: "Nothing. My father's looking for me and this is the last place in the world he would look."

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

Small boy: "Mommy, what becomes of automobiles when they get too old to run?"

Mother: "Somebody sells them to your father."

Ray Lambert
Middleburg Heights, OH

Wife: "I'm glad to see that the neighbors gave you back our lawn mower before they moved."

Husband: "Is that ours?" I just bought it at the garage sale they're having."

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

Ralph was going into the third grade, having successfully passed examinations, and his parting with his beloved teacher was tearful. "Oh, Miss Ruby!" he wailed, "I wish you knew enough to teach the third grade, so you could come along an' teach me next year."

Ray Lambert
Middleburg Heights, OH

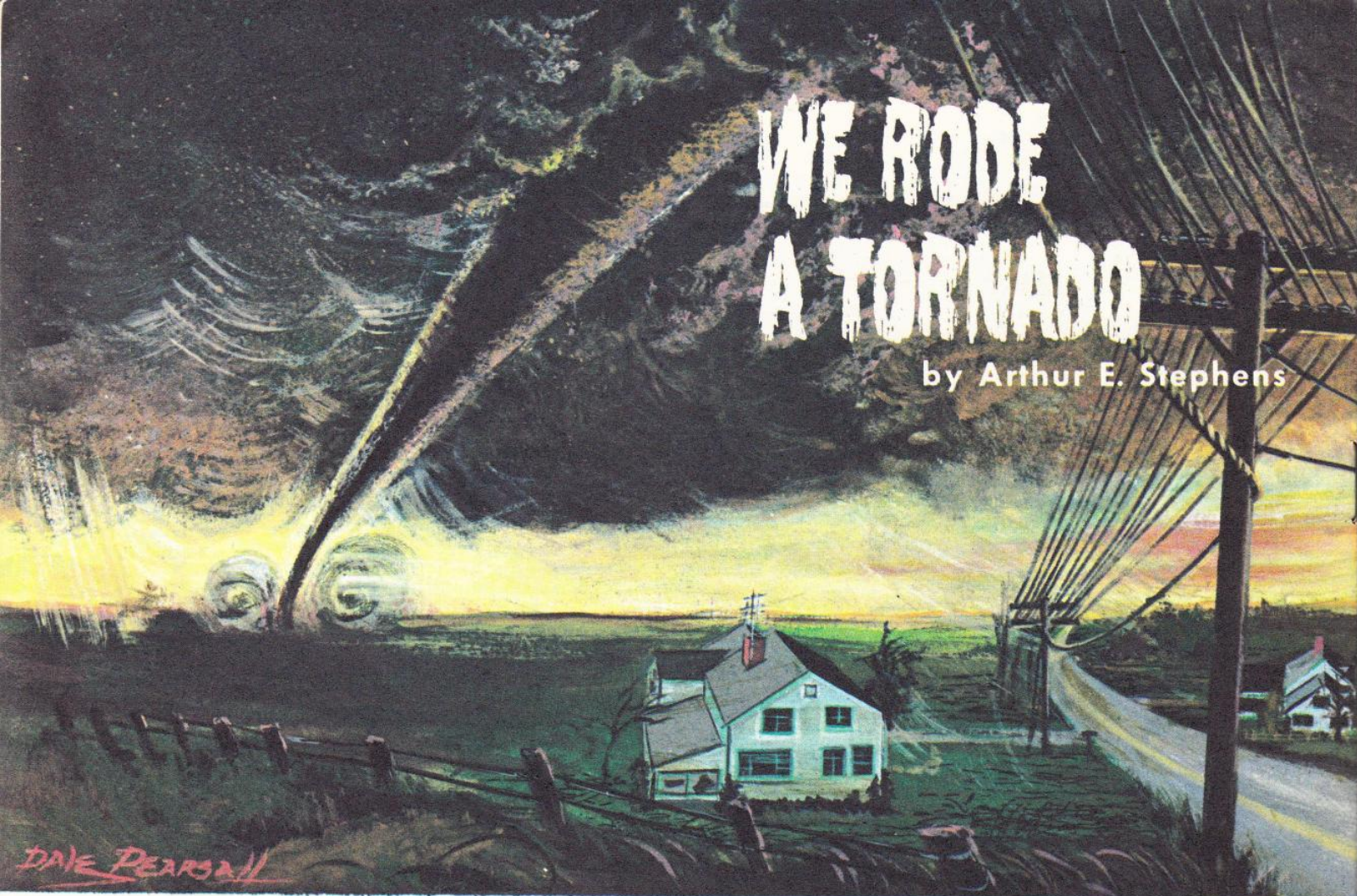
Grandpa: Son, you shouldn't say "I ain't goin'." You must learn to say, "I am not going," "You are not going," "He is not going," "They are not going."

Johnny: Ain't nobody goin'?

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

WE RODE A TORNADO

by Arthur E. Stephens



A clap of thunder awoke me. I reached across in the darkness and shook my wife. I called her name. A roar like the sound of a hundred freight trains drowned out my voice. The house shuddered for a moment. Suddenly I felt our bed being carried through the air.

The date was March 26, 1949. That afternoon I had scanned the sky. It was dotted with thunderheads. The warm humid air made the sweat beneath our clothing feel sticky. It was ideal storm weather and we were located in ideal storm country, just outside of Fort Worth, Texas.

It was almost dark when we noticed a long dark cloud hanging low on the horizon. Occasionally, jagged forks of lightning joined the cloud with the ground. The atmosphere felt tense—the twilight seemed weird.

That evening, before retiring, we knelt to pray. Though we were unusually weary, we felt the need to tarry longer than usual. "God, please protect us all tonight," we prayed.

The night was too still. Even the crickets were silent. We could feel the quietness which gave us an eerie feeling. But our bodies were too tired to worry, so we soon fell asleep.

The tornado struck at 1:30 a.m. The house suddenly flew apart around us. There was no time to think—not even time to pray. Like a magic carpet,

we were carried through the air. There was a deafening roar—a weightless feeling, no sense of time or distance. The wind lowered us to the ground 75 yards from the house. We were still lying on our mattress.

Our daughters, ages 8 and 14, had been sleeping in another room. I grabbed my wife's hand and ran back through the rain and mud to what had been our parsonage and church. There was nothing left. Our hearts sank. No words could pass through our lips. For what seemed to be an eternity we stood with the rain beating down upon us.

Then we heard a faint cry coming from a pile of rubble 50 yards away. Like madmen we began to tear the timber away. Underneath was a mattress and box springs. Sandwiched between them were the girls, unharmed and unscratched. We placed an arm around each girl and hugged them against us. Looking up with both tears and rain pouring down our cheeks, we cried a prayer of thanksgiving.

The next day we surveyed the ruins. We stood aghast at the scene of destruction. It didn't seem possible that any one could survive such a storm. We realized our escape had been a miracle.

Our family has faced many trials since that day, but our faith is always renewed when we think of God's protection. The day we rode a tornado. ●