

High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS
SUMMER 1976



A dark spell had been cast over the land. The air hung heavy with dust and gray-black smoke. Hovering somewhere in that thick smoke a bleak orange sun was fading from sight. The ear-splintering rattle of gunfire and the dull *thu-umm* of cannons filled my world. The acrid smell of black gunpowder and suffocating dust burned my lungs and stung my eyes. Choking, I turned away. My heart was dragging along on the ground somewhere behind me.

It was June 17, 1775. I would never forget that day as long as I lived. For with the sounds of battle and the sight of gun smoke, bitter memories rushed upon me. I felt engulfed by my failure, my absolute nothingness. Hitching up my oversized trousers, I dared to take another glance toward Bunker Hill.

My father was up there—somewhere. So was Colonel William Prescott, a man I'd admired for a long time. A man I wished I could be like someday but knew in my heart I never could be. Colonel Prescott would never fold up under the strain of battle. And he sure wasn't going to faint and fall on the ground in front of everybody!

Yes sir, I sure enough knew what it was like up there in that battle. It was fire and thunder and sweat. It was blood and tears and smoke. I oughtta know. I had seen a battle once. Just once. But I would never forget.

My mother and I—we'd been able to pretty much go close to where my father was fighting, on account of my mom being a schoolmarm. There was always a demand for teachers and she took the place of a schoolmaster who wanted get into the revolution.

Yep. I'd been in a battle once. I sat down on the grass and tried to shut out the sounds on the hill—and I started to remember.

The kids at school didn't talk about anything except the possible war between the colonies and the British. The main topic of conversation after supper every night was the high taxes Great Britain was charging the colonies for food and other goods sent over on the ships. Like the huge quantities of tea sent to the colonies.

I'll always remember the looks on the faces of the men when they talk about what they call "the Boston tea party." Some men smiled about the happening. Others openly laughed. But mostly they were grim and had serious lines about their mouths.

"I wonder what those Britishers thought when those forty Indians jumped about the ship at Boston and dumped that tea into the ocean." My father had said those words so many times, but I never knew for sure whether there was a trace of amusement in his voice or not.

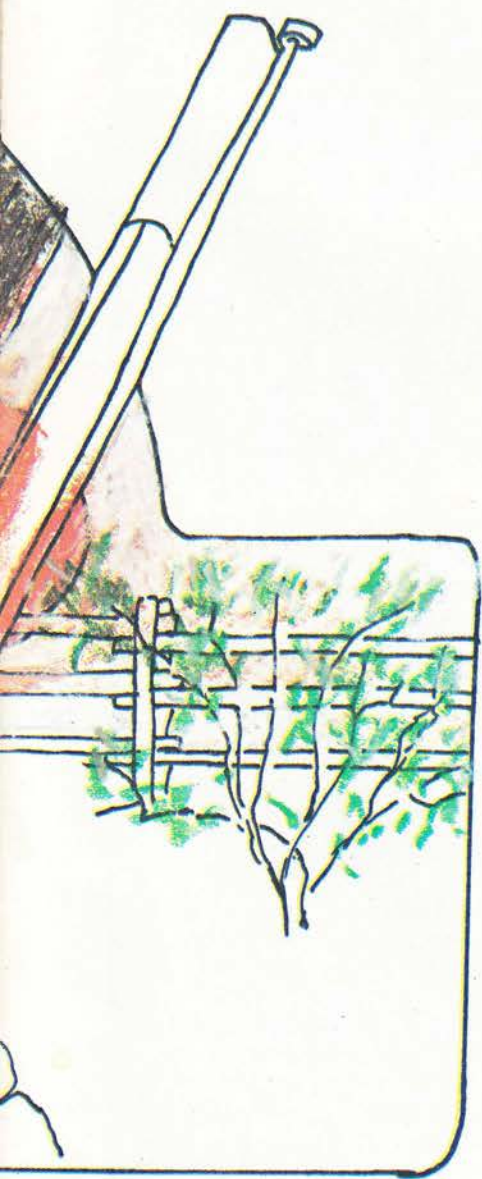
"Those white men must have really made themselves up just right to fool the British soldiers."

THE RELUCTANT HERO

BY
BETTY
SWINFORD



NT



"We won't pay those high taxes!"

It was a common cry. "We won't pay. We want our freedom. We want to make our own laws and have our own government. We want to build our own country. We're thirteen colonies strong and we want our independence!"

The kids at school took up the cry. Sometimes right in class a whisper would start. "We want our independence!" Almost immediately we'd all take it up, until it was like a chant. "We want our in-de-pen-dence!"

Mother would fuss around and try to bring order, but after a while she'd sit back real quietlike and not say anything. She wanted freedom, too, as much as the rest of our small world. But she worried about my father getting killed or wounded. We wanted freedom and we wanted peace.

Oh, not everybody felt that way! But mostly men were willing to fight to gain our freedom. Farmers would take up arms; the women took up the work. A lot of kids left school to help at home. That's when things began to gang up on me. That's when my whole world began to crumble and I really saw myself for what I was—a skinny, freckle-faced sissy! Others had ribbed me to the hurting point, and John Wells had gone so far as to call me a girl. That had made me bristle on the inside real bad, but instead of fighting John over it I'd slunk away like a whipped mongrel. Probably that's all I'd ever be—a whipped mongrel.

I didn't like fighting. I got sick at the sight of blood and words could wound me like poisoned arrows. I tried to be different but inside of me everything crashed when danger or violence was involved. I guess I hated myself for something I couldn't help.

J. D. was my best friend at school. He tried to protect me from the scorn of the other fellows and more than once he tried to talk me out of my weaknesses.

"Hey, Daniel!" J. D. was rushing toward me through an area that was thick with elm and hickory. "I got to talk to you."

I waited for him to catch up, wondering what besides the revolution could be so important.

"Have you heard?" J. D. leaned against the trunk of a birch tree to catch his breath, said, "Ouch!" when he backed into some wild blackberry bushes, then began to talk eagerly.

I shifted my slate, scribbled over with arithmetic problems, to my other arm. At first none of what J. D. was saying made sense to me.

"Daniel, there's been a battle at Lexington. And it sure looks like the British won the battle."

"Yeh, I know, J. D. The British are heading toward Concord probably right now."

J. D. slid down the tree to sit in the sun on a patch of bare earth. He seemed to be waiting.

"Look, J. D., my mom's waiting for me to hoe the garden. There's nothing to do but act normal till the soldiers get here. That is," I added, "if it's true they're really comin'."

J. D. put out a quick hand. "Wait, Daniel. The others are comin' now." He put his ear to the ground Indian style and listened.

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MIRACLE ON THE SUSQUEHANNA

An inspiring story of God's protection to a colonial preacher.

HIGH ADVENTURE—Volume 6

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"What're you hearin'?" I asked, almost fearfully.

"The fellows from school. We've talked it 'mongst ourselves about forty-five minutes ago. If we're goin' to help in this revolution, it's got to be now. Because, Daniel," he said, "they're comin', all right."

The words struck like a slap across my face. *They* had talked about it among themselves. I hadn't been included. Why not? The question hammered away at my brain.

The fellows came running in little groups of two and three. They weren't bantering. Their faces were serious.

"Rider just came through Concord!" Jed cried breathlessly. "Said the British are coming!"

"Seven or eight of our men killed and others wounded. The British want the ammunition and guns here in Concord." John paused to wipe the sweat from his

forehead and heave in a deep breath. "I know a place where there are some guns and a keg of black powder too. But we'll have to hurry!"

I listened transfixed. What was going on? What were the fellows going to do? My heart hammered like the thunder of Indian drums.

"Wouldja just tell me what's goin' on?" I exploded at last.

Wes jabbed John Wells in the ribs. "I don't think we want no girl goin' along."

J. D. hardened his jaw. "We don't have time to fight among ourselves, we ought to all know that! Daniel, we're goin' to fight if we have to. Some of us have hunted game and we can shoot in a war too. At least we can get some powder and some guns over the river before the British get here. Then the soldiers will have them if they need them." He firmed up his belt. "But we're goin' to fight if we have to. You can go or stay."

His words dropped against my brain like balls from the muzzle loaders that would soon be firing. I wanted to run, to go home and grab the hoe and—but the garden might be blown to pieces by nightfall.

"We're goin' to do our part!" Jed's words were like thumbs stuck under his armpits. "Come on, we can't waste a minute!"

I was struck dumb. A hundred thoughts were chasing up and down the alley of my mind. They were really serious! That was the greatest shock. Next was a creeping paralysis. I couldn't go with them. I couldn't. *But I had to!* The very thought was an earthquake inside of me.

"I'm not a girl!" I yelled the words angrily and began running after them. "*I'm not a girl!*" I'd show them. Once and for all, I'd show them!

We ran out of the woods and into a



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- *Black Powder Shootin'
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- *Frontier Regalia
- *Mountain Music
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clearing. About two hundred yards farther, sitting against a rim of trees, was a small stone building. Wes and John scrambled inside, appearing seconds later with more than a dozen rifles. Then they brought forth a keg of black powder.

No one was surprised except me. That could only mean that the other boys had had this store of guns and ammunition for some days, hiding it for just such a time.

I shivered and dug my sweaty hands into my pockets. Then a rifle was pushed at me and I grabbed it awkwardly.

Slipping from tree to tree and bush to bush, we made for the river. The whole world seemed to be holding its breath. Already there was a lot of activity as the minutemen made ready for the British.

The colonial soldiers were very different from what I had heard about the striking British soldiers in their flashing red coats. The men who made up the colonial army—at least a lot of them—just wore what they'd always worn. Men had been getting ready to fight a long time before they fought the British at Lexington. Lots of them were farmers, schoolteachers and boys who'd left off learning to be ready to fight. They all seemed to be movin' around right now, and nobody was stopping to ask anybody else questions.

We started across the bridge on the Concord River, when Wes suggested we hide under the bridge. So we scrambled under the wooden timbers to rest awhile. I was scared!

Sometimes I thought I could hear the sound of marching men, but I figured I must be wrong. It seemed, too, that I fancied minutemen crouching along the other side of the river. It was all fearful and confusing.

J. D. had taken the rifle from me and given it to someone less frightened than I was. I was told to keep the black powder.

"J. D.?" I hissed. "Where are all the soldiers."

I thought J. D. looked kind of worried when I asked. Then he shrugged and whispered back. "Hiding like we are. Quiet!"

There was a sound coming from above us. A scraping sound, sort of—like boots maybe! Must be the colonial soldiers march—

"The redcoats are on the bridge above us!" J. D.'s face went white. He started to say something else when all of a sudden we heard the British officer order some of his men to remain and secure the bridge.

We were trapped! For a long time we lay scarcely breathing. Suddenly we heard shouting and tramping on the bridge. Then we realized the British were trying to tear up the planks in the bridge.

Then a volley of shots were fired. The earth rocked and split, and there we were—caught right in the middle. We couldn't get out from under the bridge with the British above us.

On the other side of the Concord River



About two hundred yards further, setting against a rim of trees, was a small stone building. Wes and John scrambled inside, appearing seconds later with more than a dozen rifles.

minutemen seemed to be everywhere. Some were boys not more than a year older than I.

It was terrifying. We could be shot any second. J. D. tried to get out by crawling through the grass, but I lay there too afraid to move.

Rifle muzzles spouted fire twelve inches long. The sounds were continuous, nervegrinding.

I had to get away. I'd be killed if I stayed where I was. J. D. looked back and gave me the signal to follow. I remember half standing in all the smoke and smell of battle.

Someone was trying to shout orders over the sound of battle. Then a man fell off the bridge at my feet, his shirt soaked with blood.

I heard myself scream. I staggered, losing my directions. I stuffed my fingers in my ears to try and shut out the sound, but I could still hear.

I stood dumbly and stared. I couldn't help it.

"Daniel! Come on, Daniel!"

I stared toward J. D. but all I could see were the horrors of war. Then everything turned gray, like a misty dream. I felt so strange. A voice was yelling something awful. The ground looked so close to my face.

When I came to I was under a bush near the river. The scene of battle was some distance away.

Then came the quiet knowledge that I had fainted under stress and fear. *Fainted.* That knowledge swept through and through me in shuddering waves of shame. I had failed. Failed bitterly. Before them all. J. D. and Wes had somehow managed to drag me here and leave me.

I sat up and put my face between my knees. I'd failed my land and my people. My mother and father. What would my dad think of me, himself being a minuteman? I went to the edge of a stream and dunked my face in to wash away the tears of shame and frustration. I knew that I could never face the other boys again.

I didn't have to. Mostly I hid out until my father went to Cambridge to serve under Colonel William Prescott. Mother and I went too. She could relieve a schoolmaster for fighting and I could come out of hiding. As for my dad, he was mighty pleased to serve under William Prescott.

Secretly, I wanted to see this brave colonel for myself. I'd heard about his victories and how he'd helped organize the minutemen. Now my father was going to be at Bunker Hill with him, maybe—just maybe—I'd see Colonel Prescott one day for myself.

CONT. PAGE SIX

The other battle with its bitter failure was behind me now and I lay in the long grass straining to study the cloud patterns through the thick swell of gray smoke.

Colonel Prescott had set up defenses at Bunker Hill. The British forces had attacked, and there were a lot more British soldiers than there were colonial soldiers.

I sat up, raked at my dusty hair. The men needed the precious flint and black powder so desperately. Some boys were lugging it up the hill. A few carried water.

With a sob of fear in my throat, I filled a wooden bucket with water at the edge of the hill and started walking woodenly. Maybe I'd die. Probably I would. But it would be a lot better to die than to live and never be known as anything but a sissy. I prayed a prayer without words.

My legs were jelly and my blood too thick to be pumped through my body. My heart could be heard beating all over my being and I was sweating an icy cold sweat. Fear was a living thing that ate away my stomach and threatened to buckle me. "Oh God!" I cried silently. "Oh God, I'm so scared!"

"Go back, lad!" he shouted to me. "Go back! You're in danger!"

Water slopped out of the bucket and musket balls ripped open the ground around me. Fire streaked out of the muskets and everyone was shouting at once, it seemed. Yet I saw a man. A man in dirty white trousers, close-fitting boots and a torn blue coat. Colonel Prescott.

"Go back, lad!" he shouted to me. "Go back! You're in danger!"

Terror seized hold of me. I was lost in the battle. I didn't know which way to go to get out of it. I was going to faint again, I knew it! The smell of smoke and sweat and blood was overcom—

"Son—Son!"

The voice rose up at me from the ground and I spun around, shaking and confused. There were so many men lying on the ground.

"Help me, boy," the voice pled. "A drink. P-please, a drink of wat-er. . . ."

I forgot myself long enough to kneel and pour a few drops of the precious water into the man's crusted mouth. I heard moans all around me, saw musket balls skim across the ground like pebbles skimming the surface of a pond.

I would have run but I didn't know which way to go. The plea for help and for water came from everywhere, it seemed. I scooted along the ground, dragging the nearly empty bucket. My muscles were knotted up and sore from fear, and my stomach was a tight sick ball inside of me.

"Lad," a voice whispered hoarsely. "Please—would you please straighten out my leg."

I went to the wounded soldier, quaking so hard I could hardly reach out to touch the blood-spattered uniform. Somehow I straightened his leg to relieve the strain.

I'd never seen such pain, so much suffering. Some soldiers were dragging their bodies from Bunker Hill, some were being helped by others; but many were waiting for stretchers. Others could not be helped now.

I saw it all. I saw officers from Britain flashing through the smoke and dust like red and white sentinels. They were going to take Bunker Hill. I watched the way they came and the way the wounded men were being taken down the hill and I had my directions once more. I could get out now. There was no reason for me to stay. Exceptin' that—something was swelling inside of me, something that was bigger than my fear.

"A drink of water, son," a gray form on the ground near me pled. "Just a drop, lad."

I stared. That voice was familiar to me! I crawled along the ground, barely being missed by a fiery musket ball just beside me. Lying down on the torn earth beside him, I poured a little water into the man's mouth. The man's eyes, glazed with pain, suddenly sharpened.

"Daniel! Son, my son Daniel!"

"Father!" I wrapped my arms around the wounded man and started to cry. But suddenly a voice crashed in upon our joy.

"Boy! The British are coming! Come on, let's get out of here!"

Daniel crept to Colonel Prescott's feet. "Sir, you can't leave my father here to die. I won't leave him, Sir."

Colonel Prescott stared in unbelief. "I looked at that man while ago and took him for dead. Duck low and stay with him." The Colonel cupped his hands about his mouth and yelled, "Corporal Davis, get that stretcher over here!"

I sat and rubbed my father's hand. "I'm scared, Dad."

Pride shone from the man's eyes. "So am I, Son."

I stared. "Y'are?"

"There wasn't a man up here today who wasn't scared, Daniel. That's part of being a soldier . . . Bein' scared but keepin' your wits about you . . ."

"There wasn't a man up here today who wasn't scared, Daniel. That's part of being a soldier."

"Bein' scared?" I shivered, knowing that the British were getting closer.

"Bein' scared but keepin' your wits about you and bein' a soldier anyway."

I watched wonderingly as men in uniform hurried my father off the hill on a stretcher. Red and white uniforms were advancing steadily.

The fear I had thought was gone gripped me afresh. Was I all alone on Bunker Hill? Alone with the thickness and darkness of smoke engulfing me?

My legs were suddenly made out of wood that were planted in the ground. Until a hard, steady hand grabbed me by the arm and led me away.

"Come on, lad, there's no time to be lost. The British are taking the hill!"

I looked up into the eyes of my hero, Colonel William Prescott. "You're a brave man," the colonel told me, and he wasn't smiling.

The old shame was gone now. I felt good inside. But I thought for certain I was going to cry.

I looked up into the eyes of my hero, Colonel William Prescott. "You're a brave man," the colonel told me. . . .

The colonel did smile then, just a small curve of his lips. "Heros don't cry, lad. They walk tall and straight."

"H-hero?" I sputtered, gazing proudly at the man by my side.

"You were most certainly a hero. I don't know another boy your age who would have done what you did today." He looked down at me. "Above the call of duty."

A—hero? Me?

The colonel and I had retreated off the hill just in time to escape the British. But his words made me feel very humble and very grateful. I lifted my grimy head, and walked beside him as tall as I could. I was very sober over the things I had experienced today, yet I was full of strange joy too. And there was no more fear.



Contest

Bell Award

To encourage Royal Rangers to express themselves in writing, High Adventure announces the "Bell Award" for journalistic excellence. The three top articles selected will be published in High Adventure, plus each will receive the book of the year.* The first place winner will receive the "Bell Award" trophy and special recognition in High Adventure magazine.

To qualify you must be a registered Royal Ranger under the age of eighteen. The article must be your own composition; however, you may receive editorial and typing assistance. The composition must be between 3,000 and 5,000 words, typewritten and double spaced. The article may be nonfiction or fiction. Be sure to include your name, address, and out-post. Deadline for entries in each year's contest will be December 31st of the current year.

The winners will be contacted personally prior to announcement in High Adventure.

This award, given in honor of the late Elton Bell, who served the Royal Rangers program in many capacities, including that of contributing editor for High Adventure, will become an annual presentation.

**Each year an outstanding book of interest to Royal Rangers will be selected as a prize.*

Contest

... contest ...

There are many common notions about the unusual habits and characteristics of animal life. Some are fact; many are purely hearsay or imaginary. Can you separate fact from fiction? Test your knowledge of nature with this selected collection of statements. (Circle "T" for True and "F" for false. Answers are on page 15.)

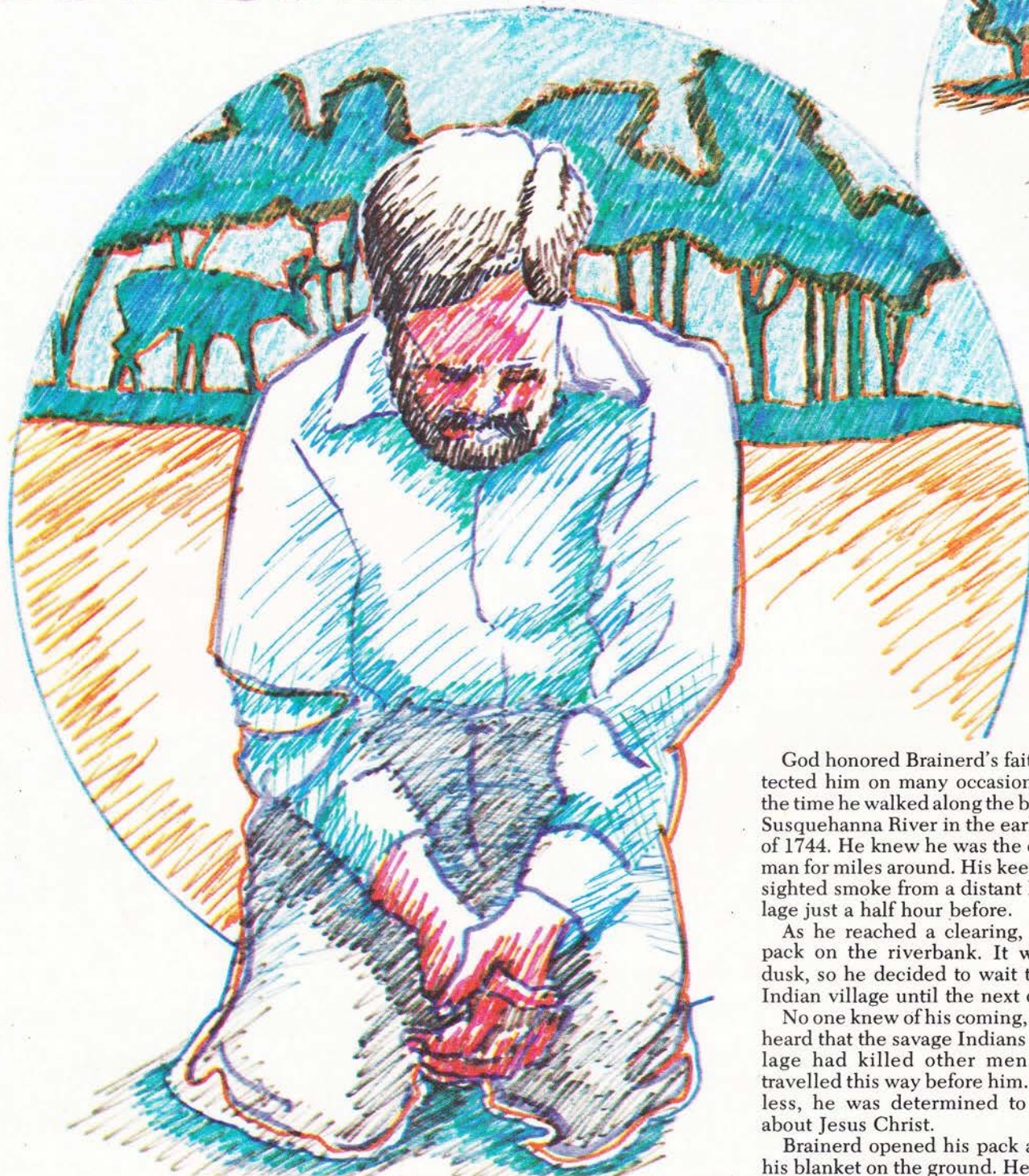
- T F 1. The bite of a tarantula is fatal.
- T F 2. When an opossum is disturbed it feigns death.
- T F 3. Animals' eyes glow in the dark.
- T F 4. Milk snakes are fond of milk.
- T F 5. Parrots are fond of crackers.
- T F 6. Music soothes the savage beast.
- T F 7. A dog turns around several times before lying down in order to find a comfortable spot.
- T F 8. Hippopotamuses sweat blood.
- T F 9. Horned toads squirt blood through their eyes.
- T F 10. The spider is an insect.
- T F 11. Reindeer are native to Alaska.
- T F 12. A chameleon always changes its color to blend with its background.
- T F 13. The raccoon systematically washes its food before eating.
- T F 14. Monkeys like to pick fleas from each other.
- T F 15. Squirrels never forget where they hide their nuts.

NATURE

FACT OR FANCY

By Alan A. Brown

MIRACLE ON THE SUSQUEHANNA



The pilgrims came to America to find religious freedom. Since that time there have been men in this country who spent their lifetime taking the gospel to others. One such person was David Brainerd, a Presbyterian minister who lived before the Revolutionary War. He is probably the best-known Indian missionary in American history.

God honored Brainerd's faith and protected him on many occasions, such as the time he walked along the banks of the Susquehanna River in the early summer of 1744. He knew he was the only white man for miles around. His keen eyes had sighted smoke from a distant Indian village just a half hour before.

As he reached a clearing, he set his pack on the riverbank. It was almost dusk, so he decided to wait to visit the Indian village until the next day.

No one knew of his coming, but he had heard that the savage Indians in that village had killed other men who had travelled this way before him. Nevertheless, he was determined to tell them about Jesus Christ.

Brainerd opened his pack and spread his blanket on the ground. He sat watching as the western skies turned crimson and the fiery sun sank out of sight.

At the sudden sound of crackling, dry twigs, Brainerd sprang up, startled. A deep hush settled over everything. Then a deer broke into the clearing and approached a water hole at the river's edge. Realizing there was no danger, Brainerd started to prepare his evening meal.



He knelt to offer thanks for his food with folded hands and bowed head. Noises of the wild stirred all around him. Insects buzzed, beavers splashed in the water, wild animals sounded their battle cries in the distance as they stalked their prey, and crickets chirp-chirped their evening songs.

As he prayed, Brainerd again heard the snapping of twigs, but this time he did not jump to his feet. He did not open his eyes or stop praying. He had perfect trust in his Heavenly Father's loving care.

After he had eaten his meal, he lay gazing at the dark, star-filled sky until his eyes closed in sleep.

It was early, just after sunrise, when he entered the red men's camp the next day. His heart beat fast. Nervous perspiration dotted his face. How would the Indians react toward him?

The squaws cast glances at him and went on working. The children looked at him curiously and went on with their play. The men made no move toward him. They watched him calmly, their faces showing no expression or emotion. This was not what Brainerd had expected at all!

"Am I dreaming?" he asked himself. Everything seemed unreal as he walked toward the chief's wigwam. Maybe this was the moment they were waiting for. Perhaps they all planned to rush him at once.

Hiding his fear, Brainerd approached the chief's wigwam and made a gesture of good will. Then he placed a knife with a bright, shiny blade on the ground before the chief for him to take. That moment seemed like hours. Would the chief summon his braves? Would they rush at him to bind him and perhaps kill him?

The chief's face did not betray what he was thinking. After a moment, he raised his head and lifted his hands in a gesture of good will and friendliness. Brainerd was relieved. He breathed a prayer of thanks to God as he turned and looked about at the big Indian village that was to be his home for three years.

David Brainerd's first job was to win the love and confidence of the Indians. He worked with them and taught them from the Bible. Many of them accepted Jesus Christ as their own Saviour.

One question always puzzled Brainerd. "Why did they accept me so easily?" he would ask himself. "They killed many white men before me. Why did they let me live?" It was a riddle his mind could not solve.

As he hunted with a young Indian one day, he thought to himself, "Now I have won the confidence of the whole tribe. Surely this Indian brother will tell me what I want to know." Calling forth his courage, he said, "I want to ask you something."

The young brave nodded and waited. "Why didn't you treat me as an enemy when I first came to your village he asked.

The brave dropped his game in the grass beside the trail. He looked at Brainerd long and thoughtfully, then he answered softly.

"We come upon you that day when you were on your knees by river. We come to capture and kill. We hide, ready to spring on you.

"But first we watch what you do. You pray to Great Spirit. You close eyes. Your lips make words. You not see or hear big rattlesnake coil ready to strike you. We watch. Snake uncoil, turn head, and glide away. You keep praying. This is when we know you are friend. For we know the Great Spirit is with you."

So that was it! Brainerd was so surprised he could not speak for a moment. Amazed, he thought of that night beside the Susquehanna when the miracle began to unfold. Yes, God had been there watching over him, protecting him from the rattlesnake and guiding him to make the right move.

Joy flooded his soul. He smiled into the friendly face of the young brave beside him. "Ah, yes!" he said reverently. "How thankful I am that the Great Spirit is always with me!"

(Adapted from an article appearing in the Pentecostal Crusaders "Chivalry.")

Every boy desires something different, something exciting, something challenging, they want high adventure. Outpost 72 of East Northport, New York, planned such an adventure.

They would climb Mount Washington, the highest mountain in the northeast United States. This peak is located in northern New Hampshire in the White Mountain National Forest, and presents the most severe combination of wind, cold, icing, and storminess outside the polar regions.

Early Tuesday morning, August 19, we drove to Pinkham Notch, and four commanders, five Trailblazers, and seven Trail Rangers began the ascent to the summit.

The first few hours, we climbed along the Tuckerman Ravine Trail with sheer drops in some places of over 1,000 feet.

Our first overnight stop was the "Lake of the Clouds" hut. The hut located 5,000 feet above sea level is operated by the Appalachian Mountain Club. There are nine A.M.C. huts located a day's hike apart. These shelters are manned by high school and college students who pack in supplies on their backs to the huts, cook meals, and do general caretaking. Though very weary, we reached the hut in the late afternoon.

After a good meal we hit the sack early.

At 7 a.m. the next morning we were eating breakfast in the clouds.

We waited until 10 a.m. for the sun to break through the clouds so we could begin our ascent to the summit of Mount Washington.

On the summit, the wind was blowing 71 mph. The temperature was 30 degrees, with the wind chill factor at +3. Quite a contrast to the 70 degree weather at the base of the mountain. The weather was cold but very clear, so we thoroughly enjoyed the view from this marvelous creation of God.

This summit region lies in the path of the principle storm tracks and air mass routes of eastern North America, and it is biologically and ecologically similar to the subarctic zone. Mount Washington's weather is frequently described as the worst in the world. The highest wind world record of 231 mph was recorded here; the lowest recorded temperature on this spot was -47F; and the highest temperature +71F; the average annual temperature is 27.1F; and the average wind velocity is 35.3 mph. The wind exceeds hurricane force (75 mph) on 104 days of each year. The summit is in the clouds about 60 percent of the time.

Nearly 100 people have died on these slopes.

We leader's were glad we had attended a National Training Trail to prepare us to safely conduct such a trip.

After two exciting days, we descended to the base station by route of the Ammonoosuc Ravine Trail. All the boys enthusiastically declared this was the best trip they had ever taken.

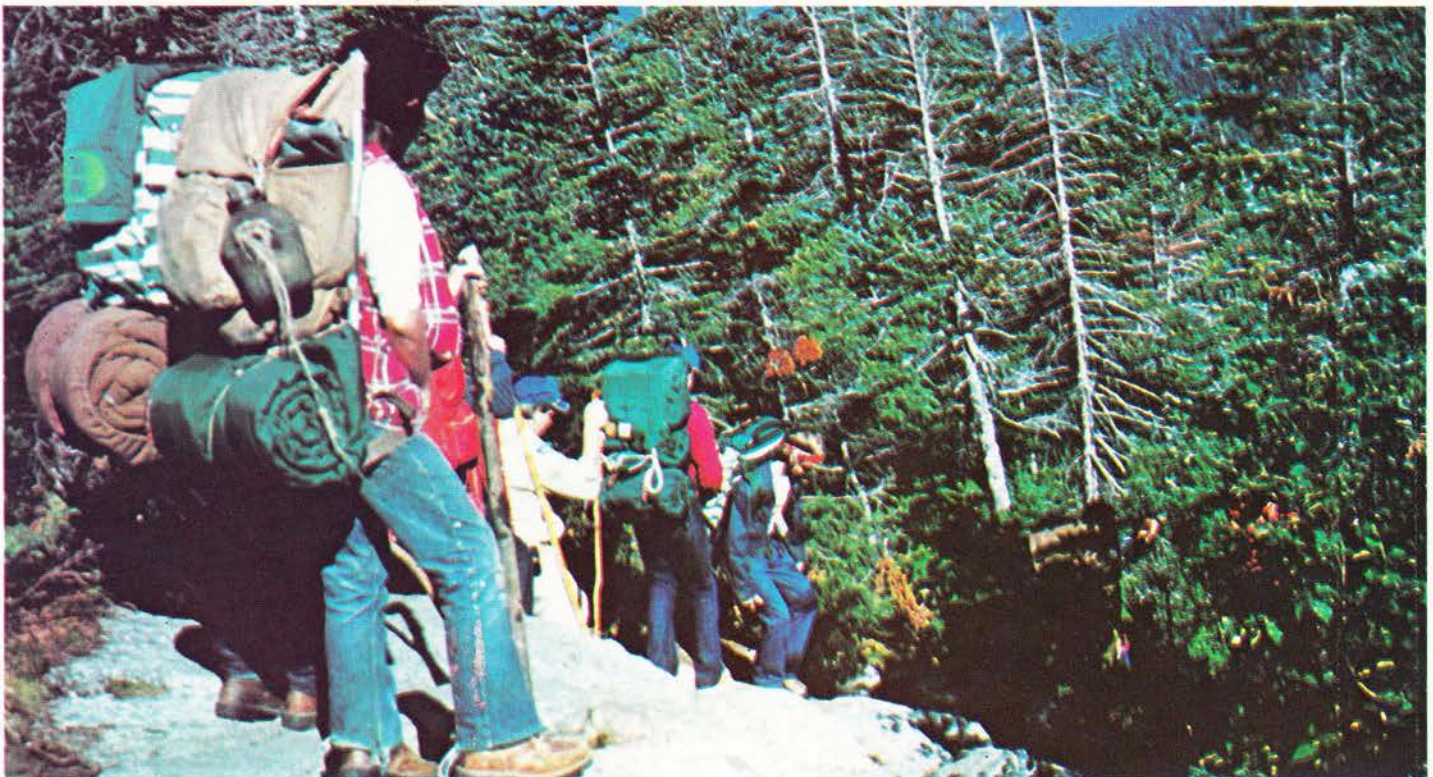
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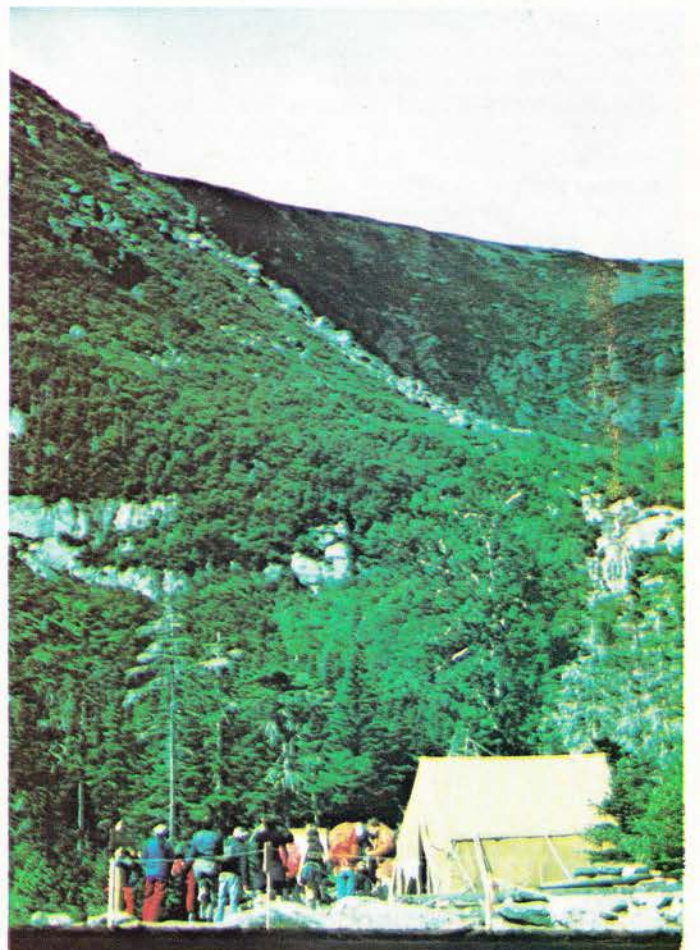
The author is the Royal Rangers District Aide-de-Camp for the state of New York.



AN ADVENTURE ON THE WORLD'S WORST MOUNTAIN

BY JAMES STEFFENS





THE NAME IS PRONOUNCED KRAY-NICK

BY HAROLD GLUCK

It took a variety of men to help build the West—from the explorer to the miner; from the cowboy to the track layers; from the farmers to the buffalo hunters. And, of course, the lawmen.

One of the most remarkable men ever to wear a marshal's badge was Albert J. Krainak. Physically, he was a very powerful man. He could outdraw any desperado in a showdown fight. And he had brains.

His grandfather discovered the famous LaBurine Mine in California. And thus Marshal Krainak was a lawman because he liked the work, not that he needed the money. But he did have one big problem he was never able to solve satisfactorily. People mispronounced his name.

Take the day he arrived in Spring Valley in the Old Southwest. He hitched his horse outside of Sheriff John Landon's office and walked inside.

"Glad you came here, Marshal Krinak," greeted the Sheriff. "I'm certain you can settle things for us."

"The name is pronounced *KRAY-nick*," corrected the lawman. "And I figure first you fill me in on anything I may have missed. Then I see Jim Dohey of the Bar-H Ranch."

"Jim wants to buy the Indian land and that's all there is to it," said the sheriff. "Offering them a good price. The land is useless as far as I can see. The Indians have a tough time even hunting on that land. Otherwise, not much more I can tell you. Come stay with me and the missus. You can ride out with me tomorrow morning to the ranch and talk it over with Jim."

The next morning the two lawmen went to the ranch. Jim Dohey greeted them. "Welcome, Marshal Kahnock. Glad that Washington sent you here. Know you will handle things quickly."

"The name is pronounced *KRAY-nick*," corrected the lawman. "Just tell me your proposition."

"Five thousand dollars for the land. That's a good offer. I will thus round out all my holdings."

"According to the treaty that ended the War with Mexico," explained Marshal Krainak, "the United States agrees to recognize all deeds in existence at the time of the signing. General Moreno's mother was a member of this tribe. So he



saw to it that the Mexican government gave the Indians title to their land—which means they can't be forced off it and sent to a reservation."

"I am well aware of it," smiled the rancher. "Just go and see Chief Romos and tell him of my offer. I know you will see he accepts it."

The next day, accompanied by a pack mule with presents and provisions, the two lawmen visited the Indians. The Chief took one look at his honored visitor.

"Welcome, Chief *Krownock*. A pleasure to see you. You have a message for us. But first we make a big feast for you and the sheriff."

The marshal realized it would be futile to correct the way his name has been pronounced. So he began to distribute the food and presents. Then the Indians prepared a real feast. But the marshal was very much interested in the way the Indians boiled water in a big copper kettle.

"We use magic stones. They burn and are very good. We do not need to find wood for our fires," smiled Chief Romos.

The marshal, after the feast was finished, had a private talk with the Indian chief. When he left, the two men were in complete agreement on a course of action.

The next day the marshal and the sheriff went back to see the rancher.

"From the way you look," said Jim Dohey, "I figure you have all things wrapped up."

"Perhaps yes and perhaps no," replied the marshal. "The chief has made a counter offer. He will buy your ranch and your lands. He figures once they start mining coal his people will be very rich. And no doubt the railroad will extend a spur to the mine. I'm sure you checked into that before you made the offer."

"So you found out," sighed the rancher. "Maybe I'm not too sorry. First shady deal I ever tried and it failed."

"Suppose you go back to your friends who want to invest their money and put it on the line. A square deal for the Indians. Also royalty for every ton of coal mined."

Jim Dohey took Marshal Krainak's advice. And as far as I know, the Magic Stones Coal Mine is still in operation.

But the sheriff remained puzzled about only one thing. "Why don't you change your name if everyone mispronounces *Krainak*?" he asked.

"You should have seen it before my grandfather shortened it. He was called Mr. Krainaksopofolouskarsky," smiled the marshal.



THE LIBERTY TREE



AN APPEAL TO HEAVEN

By Beverly Swerdlow Brown

The first flag of the revolutionary forces had on it an emblem of a white pine tree and the words: *An Appeal to Heaven*. This emblem had special meaning for the colonists.

During the Revolutionary War no other tree was as important to the colonists as the white pine. Its wood was very valuable to both the British and the colonists.

It all started in the 18th century when King William and Queen Mary of England wanted the best trees to build ships for the Royal Navy. Since there was a timber shortage in England, the royalty was angry when the pioneers in America chopped or burned down the finest trees to clear the land for farming. The pioneers felt that the land was theirs for the taking and went ahead cutting down the large pines for their own use.

Laws were passed to stop the colonists from using these trees, but the New Englanders did as they pleased. Finally, John Wentworth, who was made Surveyor General of His Majesty's Woods in America, had every pine tree marked

with a broadhead arrow showing that these trees belonged to Britain.

The King's broad arrow markings angered the pioneers because they had fought their way into the wilderness to make a home only to discover the trees had a royal symbol on them. The woodsmen ignored the symbol. They cut the trees into logs and floated them along the Connecticut River to where the lumber was sold.

In response, England ruled that in all future land grants the pine trees would be used for masts in the Royal Navy. No trees could be cut without permission—or there would be fines.

The people again ignored British demands. Disguised as Indians, they cut down trees during the night hours. So another law was passed warning that anyone caught cutting trees wearing a disguise would be punished.

This law was useless because the New Englanders would not arrest other New Englanders for disobeying British rules. The pioneers knew that their white pine trees could return to their shores as the masts of armed enemy ships.

In 1774 Congress stopped exporting everything to Britain and the last shipment of white pine reached England just after the Battle of Bunker Hill. From then on the British used Riga fir trees for their masts.

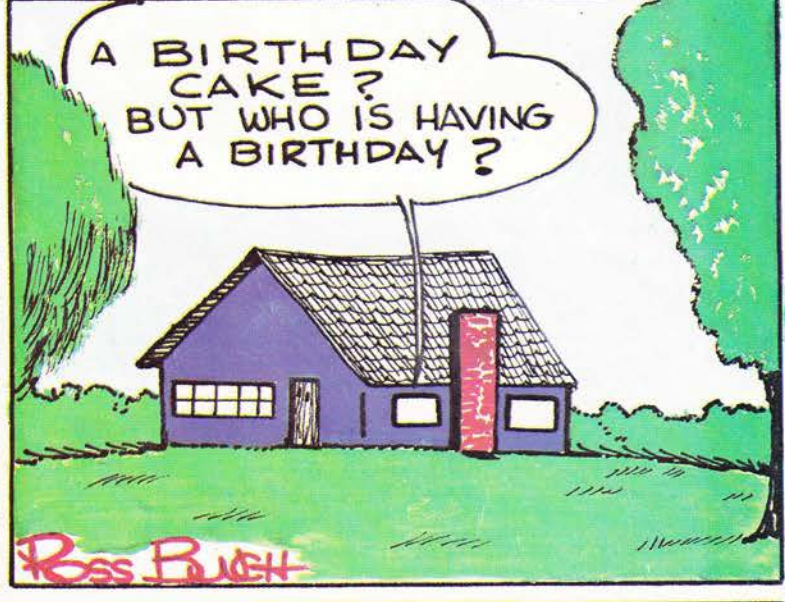
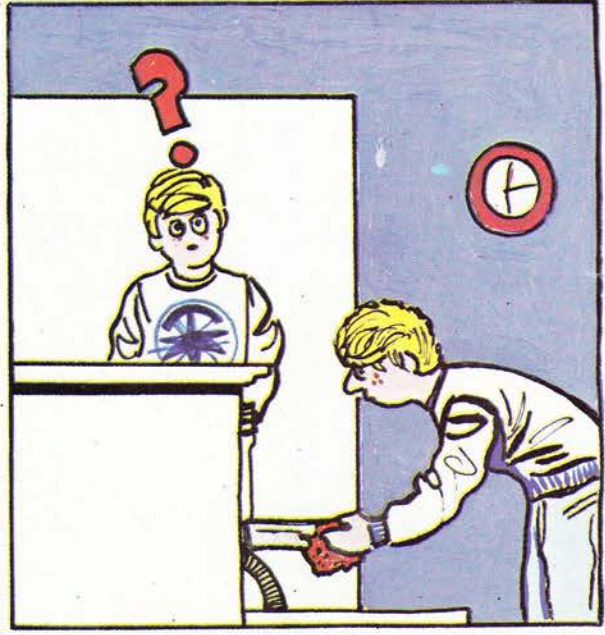
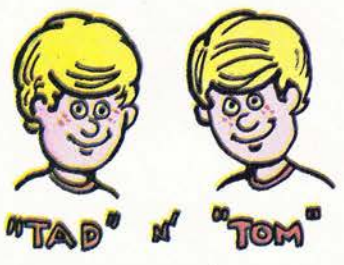
Captain John Paul Jones sailed to British shores on a ship that carried three of the tallest white pine masts that ever went to sea. From the main mast waved the Stars and Stripes flag.

When the war ended, the Americans began to develop the white pine forests into the richest of natural resources. More than any other tree in the country, the white pine built this nation.

These great trees are still seen throughout many of the northeastern states and stand as a living reminder of their importance during the American Revolution.



THE TURNER TWINS



1776
1976

IT'S OUR COUNTRY'S BIRTHDAY, TOM.. OUR BICENTENNIAL!



QUESTION: What kind of pet can you walk or stand on?

ANSWER: A carpet.

Gilbert Herrera
La Puente, CA

"My, the flies in this restaurant are terrible," complained the diner. "Don't you ever shoo them?"

"Nope," replied the waiter. "We just let 'em go around barefoot."

Kevin Kupke
Mount Isa, Australia

RIDDLE: What did the limestone say to the geologist?

ANSWER: Don't take me for granite.

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

A Sunday school teacher told the story of Ananias and Sapphira, and then asked, "Why didn't God strike everybody dead who told a lie?"

SAID ONE BOY: "Because, sir, there wouldn't be anybody left."

Charles Vincent Mathis
Wildwood-by-the-Sea, NJ

ANSWERS TO NATURE QUIZ

1. False. It seldom bites and is only mildly poisonous.
2. True. It becomes limp and allows itself to be handled in any way.
3. False. Animals' eyes cannot glow in the complete absence of light.
4. False. Even thirsty milk snakes don't care for milk.
5. False. There are many foods they prefer to a cracker.
6. False. With rare exceptions, wild animals are indifferent to music.
7. False. The dog wants to see which way the wind is blowing so it can face it to scent danger.
8. False. They exude a red oil that "water-proofs" them.
9. True. It is intended to terrify enemies.
10. False. True insects have 6 legs; the spider has 8.
11. False. They were imported from Siberia.
12. False. Health, temperature, and other factors are responsible for color changes, but not the surroundings.
13. True. Even captive raccoons will give their perfectly clean food a thorough washing before they eat it.
14. False. They are looking for flakes of dry skin, which they like because of their saltiness.
15. False. Frequently they can't find their hoards.

PROFESSOR: I say, you in the automobile, your tubular air conditioner has lost its roundity.

MOTORIST: What?

PROFESSOR: The cylindrical apparatus which supports your vehicle is no longer symmetrical.

MOTORIST: Who?

PROFESSOR: The elastic fabric surrounding the circular frame whose revolutions bear you onward in space has not retained its pristine roundity.

MOTORIST: Which?

PASSING BOY: Hey, mister, you've got a flat tire.

Kevin Kupke
Mount Isa, Australia

Once, while Bishop Talbot, the giant, "cowboy bishop" was attending a meeting of church dignitaries in St. Paul, a tramp accosted a group of churchmen in the hotel porch and asked for aid.

"NO," one of them told him, "I'm afraid we can't help you. But you see that big man over there?" pointing to Bishop Talbot. "Well, he's the youngest bishop of us all, and he's a very generous man. You might try him."

The tramp approached Bishop Talbot confidently. The others watched with interest. They saw a look of surprise come over the tramp's face. The bishop was talking eagerly. The tramp looked troubled. And then, finally, they saw something pass from one hand to the other. The tramp tried to slink past the group without speaking, but one of them called to him.

"Well, did you get something from our young brother?"

"No," he admitted, "I gave him a dollar for his new cathedral at Laramie!"

The tramp grinned sheepishly.

Thomas LaMance
Modesto, CA

QUESTION: What runs all day and let's its tongue hang out all night?

ANSWER: A pair of shoes.

Sharon Washam
Springfield, MO



The minister advertised for a manservant and next morning a nicely dressed young man rang the bell.

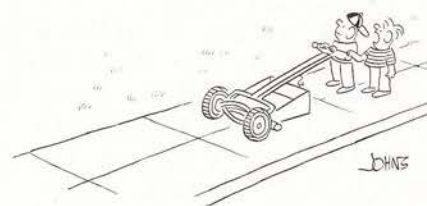
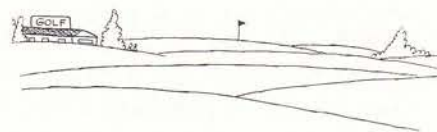
"Can you start the fire and get breakfast by seven o'clock?" asked the minister.

"I guess so," answered the young man.

"Well, can you polish all the silver, wash the dishes, and keep the house neat and tidy?"

"Say, parson," said the young man, "I came here to see about getting married . . . but if it's going to be as much work as all that you can count me out right now."

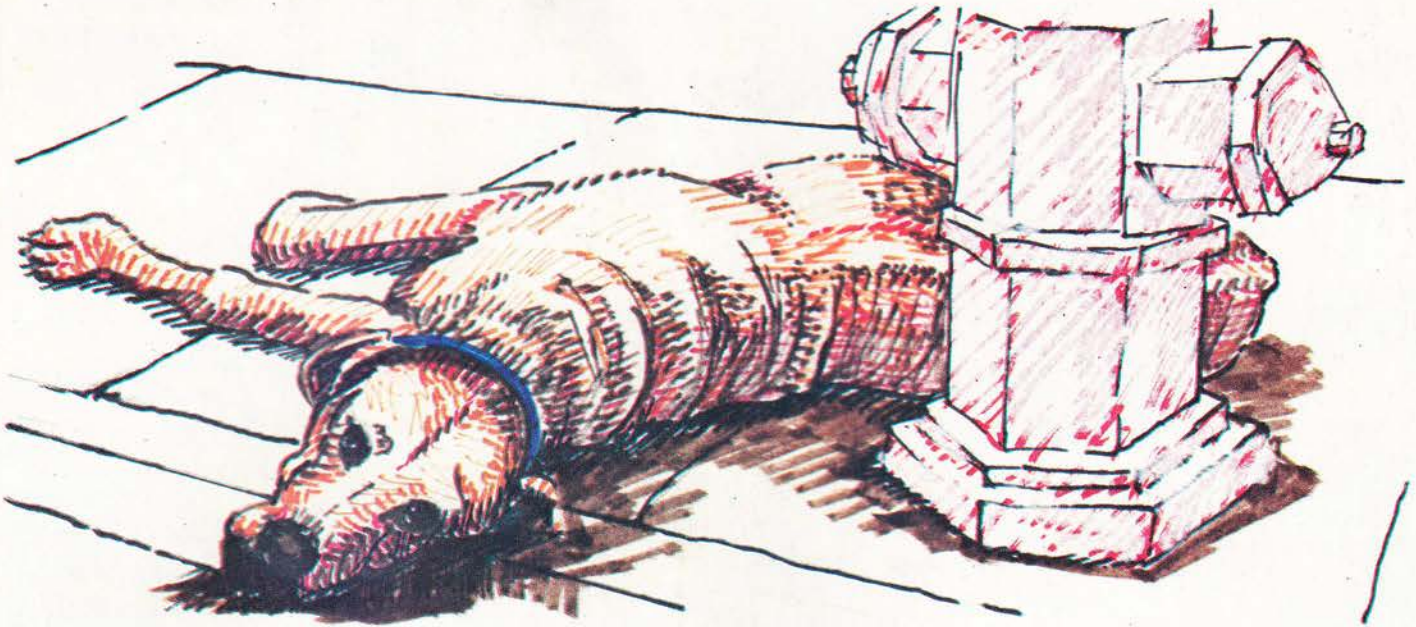
Thomas LaMance
Modesto, CA



"WELL...IT WOULDN'T HURT TO ASK"

CATTLE DOG

By Kevin Kupke



Last time I was in Brisbane, Australia, I thought “boy what a madhouse of a place to live in, I’m pleased that I don’t live here or I’d go off my rocker.”

Then I seen an old blue cattle dog sittin on the corner watchin. (Don’t know where he came from, but he was there.) I just stood a few yards back watchin him and knowin how he felt.

He must have longed for the sound of cows and calves singin out. He probably dreamed of the days when he was a little pup (wanted by everyone), enjoyed life, had plenty of kids to play with and miles of fun.

He’d probably been abandoned by his owners because he was a full-grown dog now and not a playful puppy anymore. He peered right and left and didn’t seem to recognize anyone he saw.

A few kicked at him or told him to move away. I watched him, feelin part of the loneliness that was his. He turned and looked at me and I reckon there was a tear in his eye. (Like the mobs of people that pass you by, no hope, not knowin where they’re goin and not knowin how they’re goin to get there.)

But just you try tellin a lot of em about Jesus and they reckon you’re mad as a snake.

They grasp at life like a drownin man but turn aside from *the Giver of life*.

The old dog looked at my laughin sides (elastic sided ridin boots), and my old battered hat and stood up straight and looked me in the eye and wagged one-half inch of his tail. I whistled him over and patted him a bit and got a few stares

from a few old “dears” that had to walk round me. One old “dear” especially gave me a ferocious look. I said to her, “Your dog lady?” She let out a snort like a scrub bull and wished “Spot” and me anything but the best and took off.

I went and bought two pies. The old dog was waitin outside and fairly waterin at the mouth. Pullin out a pie to display to him I said, “Here old son, sink your fangs into these.”

His belly growled as I tossed him the pie which he just about inhaled. Then he licked up all the crumbs off the footpath, not aware anymore of all the passersby.

We walked a few streets together and shared the sights. The old dog crossin over ahead of me a lookin back as if to say, “Come on old feller you’re slowin up.” He had got a new lease on life, was interested in someone apart from himself and was enjoyin things.

I had to leave the old dog and got into a taxi to leave. He had misty eyes and so did I. I wished I could help him but was unable to do so. He seemed to age suddenly and all his loneliness caught up with him again.

I thought to myself, a person tryin to go through life without *Christ* in control is like an old dog in a strange town, a few small pleasures along the way, but no *lastin* happiness or real satisfaction. Memories of a better time, or a better place, but no laughter in the heart. Only Jesus has the well of livin water. Jesus is the best friend a boy has in the world. He wants to be your friend, if you will let Him. 