

# High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS



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# EXPLORADO DEL REY on the RIO PIRAY



by Phil Wayman

LEADER READY FOR TRAINING

The jungle night along the Piray River in Bolivia has a strange mixture of sounds. There is the loud wail of a night bird and the low cadence of insects mingled with the croaking of frogs. At first they disturb your sleep, then finally they provide the lullaby that lets sleep come on a hot steamy night. We were fortunate to have brought along a mountain tent that sleeps two comfortably. We zipped up the mosquito netting and laid down for well-earned rest.

Outside the creepy-crawly things of the tropics were making their foray for food and water. The wind picked up and the tent flaps slapped in the breeze; it felt good to feel the wind dispel the oppressive heat of the jungle.

This was the setting where three of us from the Northwest District experienced one of the most exciting adventures of our lives.

Norman Winchar, Tom Pendleton, and I had come to the Bolivian summertime from our cool winter in Washington state. Our objective was to train national leaders in the EXPLORADO DEL REY (Spanish equivalent of ROYAL RANGERS) program.

Veteran Bolivian missionary, Everett Hale, had been appointed as national commander and he was pleading for help.

A site was found four miles off the road on the bank of the Rio Piray. The sandy soil on the shore provided relief from mud should torrential rains come.

It was hard work for the nationals to clear back the thick jungle growth to provide enough room for a campsite.

We became acquainted with curious companions of the jungle. Tarantulas crossed the clearing in leisurely fashion to investigate, poisonous snakes came seeking vengeance for disrupting their forest, lizards raced across the open space on the way to water. An alligator lurked in the muddy water nearby. Worst of all, clouds of tiny gnats swarmed about our heads all day. They swooped down on the food while we were eating. I think we ate more gnats than any other meat.

For three days, with the aid of an interpreter, we led the men through the full training program. In spite of the sweat, dirt, gnats, and inconveniences, the Master Ranger, Jesus, walked with us and made it all worthwhile.

The Council Fire was an absolute dream. The moon shone brightly on the Rio Piray. On the shore we gathered with the national leaders. As the flames leaped upward, each man threw his fagot on the fire. The Holy Ghost came upon us in dynamic force. Most men fell to their knees in adoration and dedication to God. Many pledged to win the boys of Bolivia to Jesus. The only unsaved man in the camp cried out to God that night and was saved.

The next three days the boys came into the camp for a POW WOW type experience. Three of the promising nationals were selected as commander, senior guide, and supply officer to run the boys camp. The other trained men served as instructors in various teaching events. With National Training Camp fresh in their minds, these nationals did a fabulous job with the boys. We observed that our objectives were accomplished in





ROPECRAFT CLASS

spite of variance of culture and language. The missionaries, Everett Hale, Howard Nutt, and Virgil Pitman, did a fabulous job in coordinating the camp.

One of the Guantani villagers nearest the camp walked out to a days session to ask about salvation for his soul. The Guantani now have a new village open to evangelize as a result.

We preached on Sundays in many villages, each of us going in a different direction. We found the population of whole villages saved and who were now evangelizing neighboring villages. Tom Pendleton preached in one humble church where no white man had ever ministered before.

How can I explain the exhilaration and excitement I feel as I consider this "piece of the action" the Lord allowed me to participate in. I'm convinced that we left in Bolivia a lasting work in the hearts of our national brethren that will result in a great harvest of boys for that nation.★



MORNING ASSEMBLY

# high adven- -ture staff

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# beached and blistered



by Robert G. Bearce

"Just great! We couldn't ask for a better day for sailing!" Resting one hand on *Sea Duck's* tiller, Steve pointed to the sand dunes on the opposite side of Beacon Bay. "I can see the old lighthouse from here."

"We're less than a mile from shore," Phil Patton added, shading his eyes from the sun. "I'm starved! Let's eat some of our lunch at the lighthouse. Then we'll dig for buried treasure!"

"That's OK with me. I'm hungry, too, but I'm even more ready to search for Spanish gold doubloons."

They leaned back in the sailboat as *Sea Duck* continued its passage across Beacon Bay. Squealing overhead, three sea gulls escorted them toward the abandoned lighthouse on the far shore.

"Just smell that hearty sea air!" exclaimed Steve. "This will be a terrific afternoon."

"Yeah, and I feel lucky, Steve. If there really is buried treasure near the lighthouse, we'll find it."

With a calm sea and a gentle wind, the day was perfect for *Sea Duck's* voyage. Wearing only their swimtrunks, they relaxed and soaked up the sun.

Phil propped a bare foot against the mast. "What's for chow, skipper?"

"Enough food for two gold-digging sailors! Mom packed two tunafish sandwiches, two apples, and four oranges."

"I guess that'll be enough for both of us." Phil closed his eyes, dreaming about lunch. He then patted his stomach and the lunch basket.

"That's not all," added Steve. "Two ham sandwiches plus a large bag of potato chips. And a dozen fresh doughnuts."

"Phil's eyelids popped open. 'Doughnuts! Man, I love doughnuts!'"

"I'll eat my share too," laughed Steve. "We'll still be extra hungry today after all the shoveling for hidden treasure."

Steve held *Sea Duck* to a northeasterly course while a bank of clouds moved across the horizon. A moist coolness descended upon Beacon Bay.

"I've read that pirates used to visit Beacon Bay back during the eighteenth century," observed Phil. "Maybe we will find old pistols and cutlasses besides the gold."

During the next hour, the wind stiffened, causing whitecaps to form across the bay. *Sea Duck*, however, was only a short distance from the inviting, sandy beach.

"We'll land in fifteen minutes," Steve said, peering over the bow at the choppy sea.

"I hope so." Phil poked his nose into the food basket. "Twelve doughnuts! Hmmmm!" Smacking his lips, he balanced the basket between his knees and the boat's side. "I'd rather eat doughnuts than—"

He swallowed his words as *Sea Duck* lurched violently to one side.

"We've struck a sandbar!" Steve yelled. "Lower the sail or we'll turn over!"

Phil sprang to his feet, forgetting about the basket. His arms reached desperately for the mast.

"Careful!" warned Steve, trying to grab the tottering food basket.

The sailboat jolted again against the sunken sandbar. With a yell, Phil fell backwards, his hands struggling for both the mast and the food. "Ay-y-y-y!"

After a gurgle and a gulp, the lunch basket disappeared under the sea.

"Our lunch has sunk!" moaned Phil. "A whole dozen doughnuts!"

"Forget about the food! Lower the sail before we capsize!"

Finally grasping the mast halyard, Phil released the mainsail. Without the force of the wind against the sail, *Sea Duck* regained an even keel and floated safely off the sandbar.

Phil shook his head and looked glumly over the side of the sailboat. "I hope the fish enjoy our doughnuts!"

"Stop groaning about the doughnuts, Phil." Steve motioned towards the dark clouds rolling across the sky. "Beacon Bay is in for a rough blow. Raise the sail to half mast."

Wiping perspiration from his forehead, Phil tugged at the halyard.

"It won't budge, Steve. Somehow the line has jammed in the pulley."

*Sea Duck* began to buck and dive in the heavy sea. The bay was whipped by sudden, violent winds. Squealing overhead, the escort of seagulls flew off toward the shore.



"Squall!" Steve yelled, gripping the tiller. "These storms hit like lightning!"

The helpless sailboat drifted rapidly away from the shore while Phil pulled unsuccessfully on the halyard. No sail... no power. Waves rose to four feet, making *Sea Duck* twist and lurch in the turbulent sea.

With each rise and fall of her bow, the sailboat was threatened by water flowing into the bottomboards.

"We're going to sink!" shouted Steve, frantically bailing water with his cupped hands.

"No we won't... not if—" Phil's words were lost as a great mass of water engulfed his body.

Twenty minutes later the storm had passed over the bay. *Sea Duck* was still afloat... just barely as the boys continued to scoop water out of the sailboat.

"Well, *Sea Duck*, has proven seaworthy," said Steve, "but no sail means rowing for us. We'll prove how hearty we are as seamen!"

"Oh boy," mumbled Phil.

As the squall passed further inland, a warm, sunny sky brightened the bay. The hot sun made rowing harder.

"I'm hungry," said Phil.

An hour dragged slowly by as they took turns bending over the oars.

"We're still drifting away from the shore faster than we can row in the choppy sea." Steve leaned heavily upon the oars. "I'm beat to the core of my bones."

"Me too. We're drifting to the mud flats at the far end of the bay."

"I smell it!" grimaced Steve.

They rowed... and rowed... and rowed...

*Sea Duck* drifted... and drifted...

"This rowing is tough," groaned Phil. "My back is breaking."

"Mine is already broken." Steve stared dejectedly at his hands. Puffy, red and raw. "What a day. All our food is lost. No treasure—"

"But plenty blisters," said Phil.

A half hour later, *Sea Duck* scrunched to a tragic stop.

"We're fifty yards from shore." Steve wrinkled his blistered nose. "These shallow mud flats smell worse than month-old garbage."

"The water is only a few inches deep here." Phil held up a handful of the black ooze. "Yuck!"

Dropping the oars, Steve got out of the boat and shook his head. "We'll wade ashore and pull the *Sea Duck* behind us."

Squoosh... squoosh... squoosh... The mud sucked at their feet.

"Ay-y-y-y!" Phil stumbled forward. Regaining his balance, he stepped forward more like a ballet dancer. "Hidden rocks! And they're too sharp for bare feet."

Finally ashore, the fellows sat glumly on *Sea Duck's* side. Muddy water and a dead fish slopped dully against the boat.

"This is the worst," said Steve with a shrug. "The upper bay is great. Sandy beaches. Salty air. But this lower bay is rotten."

"Hey, look!" Phil pointed to a car moving down the shore road.

The weary sailors waited. They were

exhausted and dispirited. The car stopped, and a man stepped out.

Waving, he walked quickly over to the *Sea Duck*. Two cameras with telescopic lenses hung from his neck. His right hand grasped a little one. "You fellows look in worse shape than two shipwrecked seamen."

"We're beached all right," muttered Phil. "Blistered too!"

"I'm Ben Edwards, a photographer working for *Sailing Action* magazine." He tapped the telescopic cameras, adding: "I've taken some great photos of your afternoon voyage. Permission from you to print them will be worth checks for \$20."

Silence. Disbelief.

"Honest, guys, I will pay you each \$20."

"Wow!" exclaimed Steve. "Yes Sir! You have my permission!"

Phil gulped in agreement and nodded energetically.

"Fine, let's talk business. The Fisherman's Cove Cafe is nearby, and I'll buy both of you a shrimp dinner."

"I can't believe it," Phil mumbled, glancing back at the bay.

"What can't you believe?" Steve asked. "A free lunch or \$20?"

"Twenty dollars and a free lunch are believable." Phil frowned at the muddy water. "I just can't believe we lost all those doughnuts. A whole dozen fresh doughnuts!"

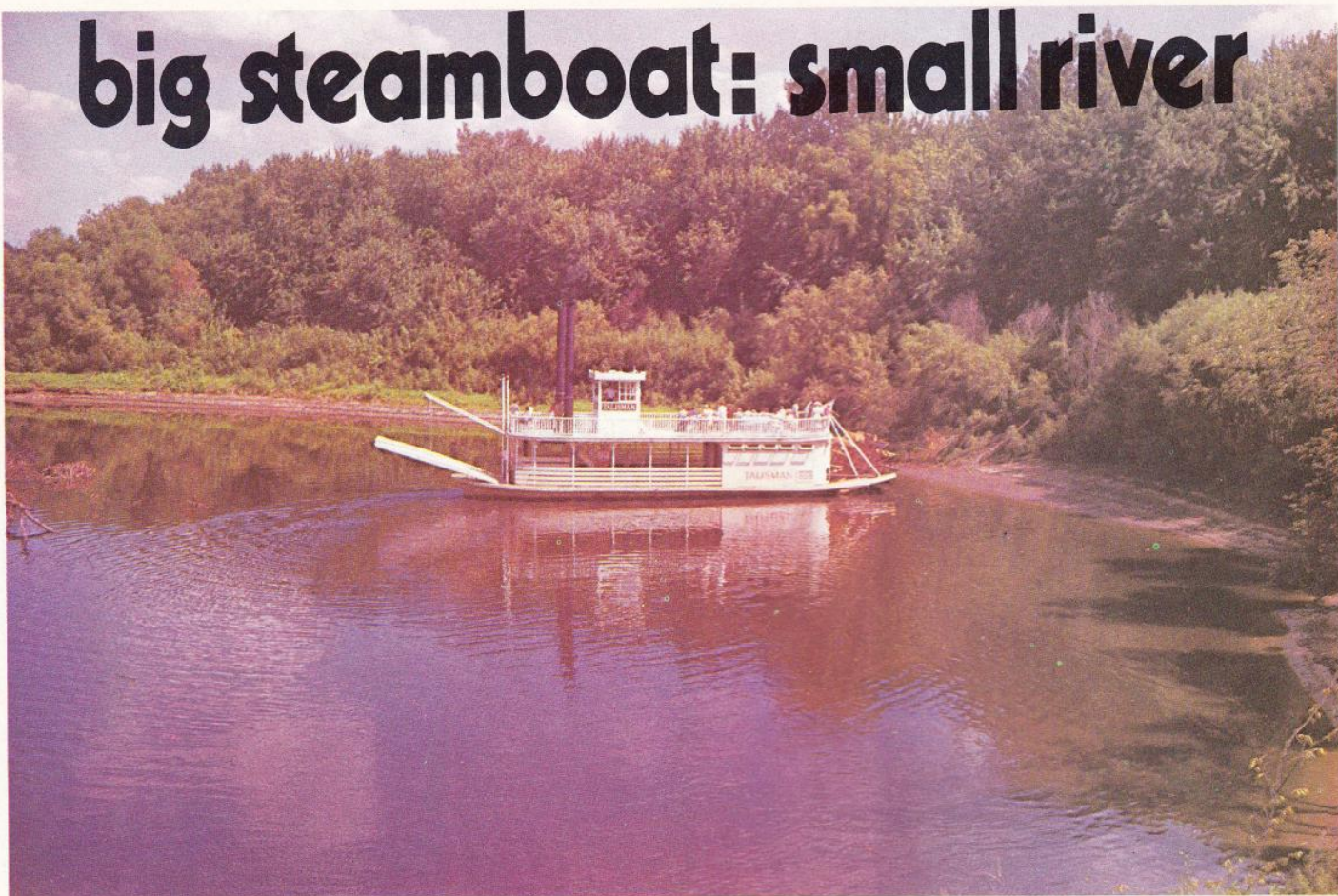
"Lost in one fatal gulp!" laughed Steve. "But worth \$20!"

Phil grinned. "Sure! And I can smell those shrimp frying right now!"★





# big steamboat: small river



by Grover Brinkman

Abe Lincoln's adventures in piloting a flatboat down the treacherous Sangamon River in Central Illinois are quite well-known. But a hectic three weeks spent in trying to rescue a steamboat on the same river is a historic fact that has, for some reason, seen far less publicity.

Today, on the Sangamon near Illinois' New Salem State Park, a steamboat is tied up on the river that is an exact replica of the boat Lincoln helped pilot in 1832. Even the name is the same: *Talisman*.

In the first place, the Sangamon is a small, crooked, erratic river, decidedly not a stream large enough for even a small steamboat.

Yet in the early Spring of 1832, the original *Talisman* entered the Sangamon at its junction with the Illinois near Beardstown, possibly fifty miles to the northwest, hoping to reach Springfield. It had come up from Cincinnati, Ohio, at the insistence of Springfield businessmen, who hoped other boats would follow, to establish a river trade for the city that was destined to be the capital of Illinois.

The Sangamon was then, as now, considered extremely hazardous. Small flatboats and rafts used the stream occasionally to get produce to the lower Mississippi regions, but nothing so large as the 95-foot-long *Talisman* had ever maneuvered the river's narrow channel, its sandbars and driftwood snagpiles.

When the boat reached Beardstown and entered the smaller Sangamon from the navigable Illinois, a crew of woodsmen preceded it, cutting out menacing drifts and felling tree limbs that overhung the stream. As the steamer progressed, crowds of people lined the banks, or followed its slow progress on horseback. Many of them had never before seen a steamboat. It was an imposing sight, a 95-foot-long boat billowing clouds of dense smoke from its twin stacks, on a very small river.

Luckily, when the *Talisman* reached a mill dam near New Salem, the river was at flood stage, and the boat had enough water under its hull to slide safely over the dam. Days later it docked at Portland Landing, the closest river approach to Springfield. The city turned out en masse to celebrate.

Later, when the captain was leisurely unloading cargo and taking on new, he received some very distressing news: the river was falling quite rapidly. A second calamity was the sudden desertion of the boat's pilot.

In desperation, the captain cast about for local men who intimately knew the river, hoping to get the big boat downstream before being stranded. He finally wound up with two men, Rowen Herndon, who had had some experience in piloting a ferryboat—and young Abe Lincoln, who was quite familiar with the

erratic Sangamon through his flatboat trips on the stream.

Herndon steered the boat and Lincoln stood by, pointing out the channel as they inched along. By the time they got to the Salem mill, the river was so low that the mill dam had to be ruptured so the boat could squeeze through.

Followed days and nights of toil as they fought the river, scraping sandbars, avoiding patches of driftwood.

Three weeks later the *Talisman*, its hull showing the brunt of its voyage, made the deeper channel of the Illinois river. Lincoln and Herndon were paid off. Each got forty dollars for their work.

But despite the valiant efforts of Lincoln and Herndon, luck apparently had run out for the *Talisman*.

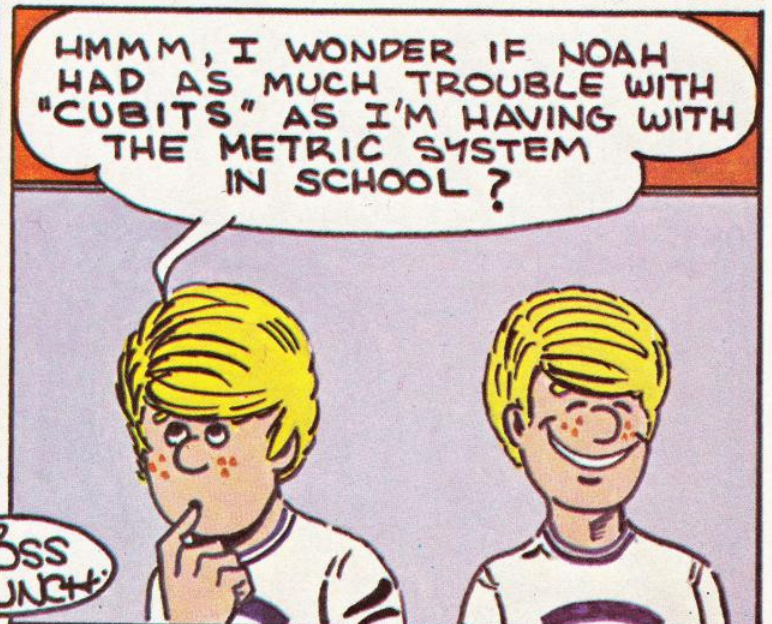
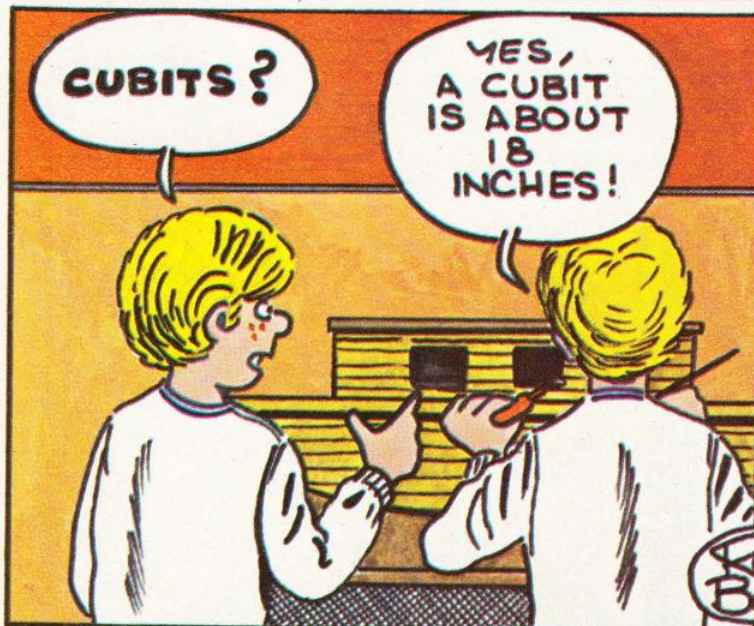
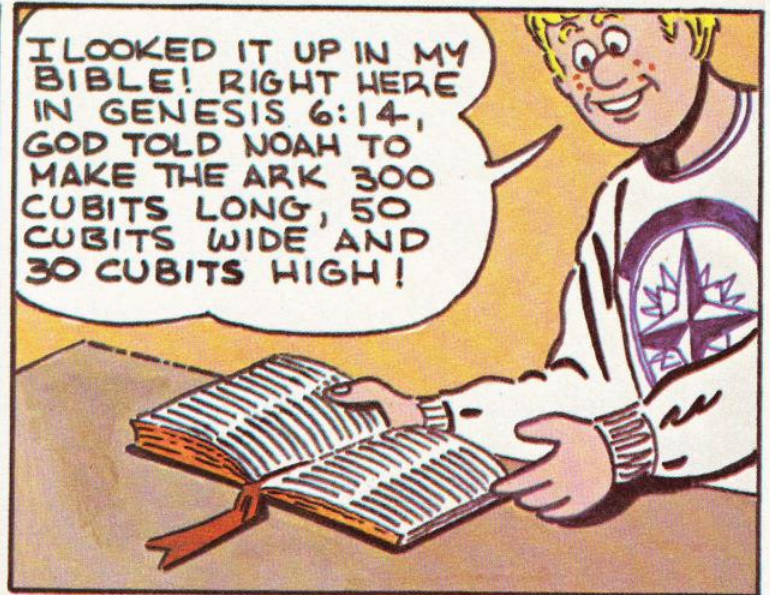
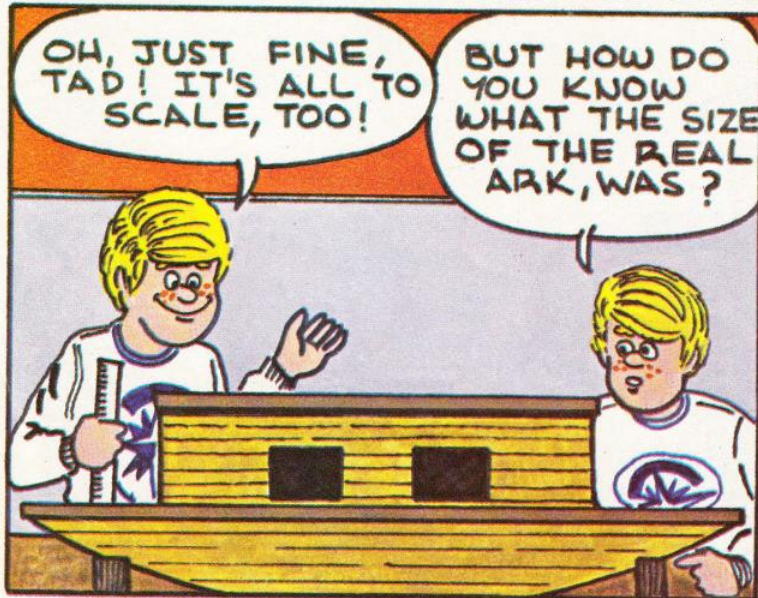
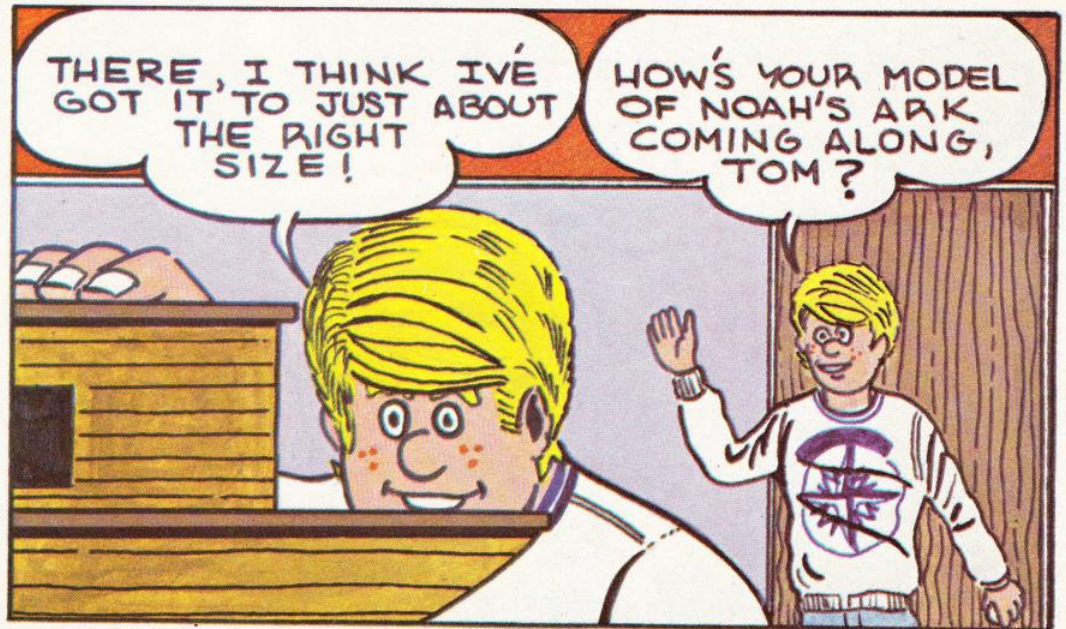
Several weeks later, while tied up at a dock on the Mississippi at Alton, Illinois, a mysterious fire destroyed the boat, down to the water's edge.

There were never any other attempts at steamboat traffic on the Sangamon until, more than a century later, the new *Talisman*, built at Dubuque, Iowa, 530 miles distant, started its long voyage to "Lincoln Country."

The trip was scheduled by way of the Mississippi river to the Illinois, and finally the Sangamon. It took sixteen days to get the boat up the river, still just as hazardous today as it was in Lincoln's time.★



# THE TURNER TWINS





# his eye is on the sparrow



by Stan Arnold

He was big. He was hungry. He was furious—challenging everything in sight including our resident flock of purple martins. Whether the martins were just curious or merely reverting to their perverse nature I do not know, but one of them had skimmed the water near Mr. Big's log. A tail feather floating nearby was mute evidence that our fish meant business.

We have two martin houses located on the shore of the bayou on which we live. In one of the houses eight pair of birds reside. The other has seven families registered this season. Needless to say, thirty angry martins make quite a chatter—especially after having come to a flock decision to mass harass the large mouth bass which they consider a threat to their families to be.

It was the time of the year when each nest contained eggs. Purple martin's nerves are a bit on the edgy side anyway, and when hatching week arrives all other wild life in the area manages to live wild somewhere else. For days you never see a squirrel, at least not one with any sense. Even our full-grown Doberman changes his guard path perimeter to avoid making sounds which normally put him directly under their houses.

Not often do you see a large mouth bass strike at a diving bird. Oh... bass are fast enough alright, and I've seen it twice, but that's over a span of twenty years fishing these waters. It only happens when you have a combination of big, mad, and hungry, plus time and place. This doesn't occur every time one goes fishing.

Bass mostly stay tensed up, you know. Occasionally they relax a little and act just plain, sportin' frisky, but not often. Perhaps our big one was fanning eggs or maybe feeling extra good, I don't know. Whichever, he had convinced one purple martin, you can be sure of that.

It all happened about a hundred yards up and across from our house. We live just off the river on an open-end, bayon-type lake. My fishing partner was Dr. Burl Pedsren. We were in a lightweight, twelve foot, fiberglass V bottom, pushing it with a small five and one-half outboard; for fly fishing using a silent electric.

The sunrise had turned out to be unusually chilly for this time of the year. The air was still nippy as we were returning for breakfast. Doc had tried to keep warm with hot coffee but half of my thermos of steaming hot cream of tomato soup had convinced him. My wife melts in a little cheese knowing this will bring me home in a more receptive mood to mow the lawn.

The soup put me one up on the Doc; it isn't often one gets to prescribe to his own physician. Doc is a good friend, a

fine doctor, an excellent fly rod man, and fun to fish with because he knows the Lord. Me... I'm a retired, bass catchin' school man, myself.

Setting out at daylight almost guarantees a fair catch in these waters. We had been using popping bugs, had fished the shorelines of two open-end lakes, and part of the river itself. Doc had taken a dozen. I had three or four. We were not keeping anything under two pounds and Doc had boated one four pounder.

We also *boated* a game warden. He came charging up to us in a boat powered with a hundred horse motor and gruffly asked to see our fish and our licenses. We checked out OK but imagine his surprise when I asked him if he was a Christian and Doc took him through the plan of salvation and gave him a pocket-size New Testament. That's real fishin'!

All in all it had been a pleasant three hours and we were almost back to the boathouse. The sun was beginning to warm us up a bit. We were looking forward to breakfast. That was when we saw and heard Mr. Big.

There is this slip-like indentation in the shoreline, fifty feet wide, maybe thirty feet from front to back. Across the opening are two old logs, both lying just under the surface at this stage of the tide. In the back is one of those ancient cypress stumps with its roots half exposed. The lake was formerly a saw mill site and, while most of the bottom is mud and sawdust, this spot is sandy. The water depth is about two feet where it spills





around the logs and out into the lake.

Now quite often this is an excellent setting for bass, but always a tough one to fish. One has to slip in close, with no cover. Mr. Big would have to be wrestled over the log barrier into deep water. A sudden cessation of purple martin activity was inevitable and this would alert a fish of his experience.

Doc laid aside his fly rod and selected a five inch, silver flecked cobra minnow . . . one with a plastic lip since the water was too shallow for anything but a top lure, I agreed; the lip cuts down on casting distance but gets the lure a bit under the surface on short retrieves.

Both of us had brought along spin gear with six pound test mono line in order to get more distance. We were going to need the distance now, alright, and I had a hunch the six pound line was about half strong enough. There was only one or two inches of water running over the logs as compared to some fifteen inches below. You know which Mr. Big would select, given a choice. In all probability the choice would easily belong to him and not to us.

Angry, nervous bass are spooky, sometimes sulky, always explosive if they strike at all . . . we knew one cast was all we could expect.

I cut the outboard motor and waited out the wake before going to the electric. Biggy was still messing around in his private little domain, still eying the martins. So were we. They had to continue pestering him and keep his attention if we were to get close.

We came in slowly, against the tide, even though we were losing 'over the log' depth with every passing minute. Here, ten miles from the open Gulf, the water level will rise and fall three or four inches in the time it takes to retrieve a cast during tide change. However, according to our moon and tide chart, we had another hour before this occurred.

About one hundred feet from the logs the martins began to take good notice of us and I nodded to Doc to be ready. We sat motionless, the little electric inching us along silently. If we could get twenty feet closer we had a chance. Eighty outside the logs plus twenty or thirty inside adds up to a pretty good one and a quarter once balso minnow cast.

We made it to fifty feet out . . . when . . . sudden silence . . . no martins. Doc was ready. His timing was perfect. The minnow was in the air . . . the martin feather Doc had impaled on the dorsal hook was fluttering in the wind . . . and *too far . . . too high* . . . going into the marsh grass behind Mr. Big's playground. We had blown it!

Blown it, that is, until what my non-Christian fishing friends call 'a fluke of nature' stepped in. A little swirl of breeze from out of nowhere halted Doc's minnow in midflight, almost directly over Mr. Big's hole. It seemed to hang there a second—perhaps backed up an inch or so—then began its tantalizing ten foot drop into the water.

Our Mr. Big was watching it too. Purple martin trouble for the past thirty minutes and now this glistening something,

trailing what appeared to be a black feather, was coming in slow and wounded. It was more than he could stand. He didn't wait for it to hit the surface, and it didn't.

Both of us agree that his tail cleared the water he was so furious. Coming our way . . . like a shot . . . hooked in the side of the mouth . . . and before he was back into the water good Doc had all eight or nine pounds of him over the logs and into deep water. How about that?

It was one of those beautiful, almost perfect, and seemingly slow motion instants of coordinated cast and return—all the result of one little puff of wind—and a pretty good fishing partner. We now call him Boom-er-rang-rang Puff-caster Doctor Burl.

I wish I could tell you a *catching* ending, but I can't. It's a *good* ending, though. We really didn't deserve this one and he shook free of the lure eight or ten minutes later. Doc had played him down and I was ready to net when, eight feet out, being led in deadweight, he made that one dangerous final twitch and swam away, tired but free. All Doc said was "Good boy, g-o-o-d, g-o-o-d boy," and I felt the same way.

He, who has HIS eye on the sparrow, who numbers the hairs of our heads, who furnished the purple martins for our pleasure—and little puffs of wind—and final twitches for the big ones . . . He compensates us losers too, for we get to tell you the story-story . . . boom-er-rang-rang and all—all!★



# THE CAPTAIN AND THE CAT

by Bert Smith

It seemed impossible. I was barely twenty years old, with a brand-new second mate's license, and I had landed a job! This was a time when jobs were extremely difficult to find so I felt both fortunate and excited. But when I arrived on the quay and saw the ship I was not so sure. The *Durwan* was small, dirty and old, with patches of rust flaking her battered sides. The rake of her superstructure and the lines of her hull showed that she had probably started out as a fine ship, but now neglect was her most obvious feature.

Loading had apparently just been completed. The holds were full and now awaited the hatch covers, but there was no one in sight. I walked up the gangway wondering if I was doing the right thing. The first open door proved to be the galley, and sticking my head inside I asked the cook where I might find Captain Johannsen.

The cook was a fat little man dressed in a sweatshirt, baggy pants and carpet slippers. He paused and mopped his brow with a none too clean dishrag. "Down the companionway and turn right," he replied. "Are you the new second mate?" I nodded and he turned away with a fat chuckle.

The companionway took me down to an alley running along the center of the ship. Opening off each side were cabins comprising the officers quarters, mess-room, and pantry. To the right was a single door and as it appeared to be approximately under the bridge I figured it was probably the captain's cabin. I knocked and waited. Nothing happened, so I tried again and still got no reply. Trying the door I found it unlocked, so I peered inside. The small cabin was incredibly cluttered and at a table in the middle of it all sat an old man, gray and balding, with heavy bushy eyebrows. He was wearing crumpled pajamas of an uncertain color and had bare feet. He looked up from his writing as I opened the door.

"What do you want?" he growled.

"I am the new second mate," I replied. "Where will I find the captain?"

"Who?" his roar startled me. "Speak up!"

I repeated my piece in a loud voice. "Who do you think I am?" he demanded. "Don't just stand there. Come in." His accent sounded distinctively Scandinavian.

Adjusting his glasses, he peered at my papers. "Mr. Smith, eh? I hope you are better than the last man. He only lasted three weeks. Were you ever in sail?"

The question startled me. "No sir. I am barely old enough for that."

"H'm. Well you ought to be. That's all. Go see the mate."

I left the cabin feeling a little dazed. This was an unusual ship and apparently she had a captain to match. It would be interesting to see what the first mate was like. Mr. Myers turned out to be a stocky, somber type who also might have known better days. After we got to know each other a little, I worked up the nerve to ask him what was wrong with the captain.

"Nothing much." He almost managed a smile. "Except that he is old—in his late seventies—and is half blind and deaf. He doesn't know what is going on most of the time, which is probably just as well. We are usually on very short voyages, so we can never settle down to a decent routine. The only crew members we can get don't know the meaning of a day's work, and at least one quits or goes sick at nearly every port, so we are often short-handed. None of them stay very long, and neither would I if I could find anything better."

"But how does the captain keep his job?" I persisted.

"Only because he is part owner of the ship. Otherwise he would have been beached long ago. It is sad though, the way he had deteriorated. He used to command some of the biggest and most famous square-riggers and he could never accept the fact that the days of sail are over for good. I believe he sometimes thinks he still is under sail. You will notice that whenever he goes up on the bridge he always looks up aloft as though

to see if the topsails were drawing. Even if we had any he wouldn't be able to see them."

I wandered around the ship and met some of the other members of the crew. They did indeed seem to be a motley bunch. There were only four seamen, and as I rounded them up to batten down the hatches I found it difficult to even decide what nationality each might be.

As the last cover dropped into place I noticed a rat scurry across the top of the cargo. Even a ship like this did not have to carry rats, and I decided something would have to be done about it. We sailed an hour later, and it was the following day before I had an opportunity to bring the subject up with the mate. When he relieved me at noon I mentioned that I had seen the rat and asked if we had a cat on board. He shook his head. "The 'Old Man' won't have any pets on board. We have some traps somewhere. I'll try to locate them sometime."

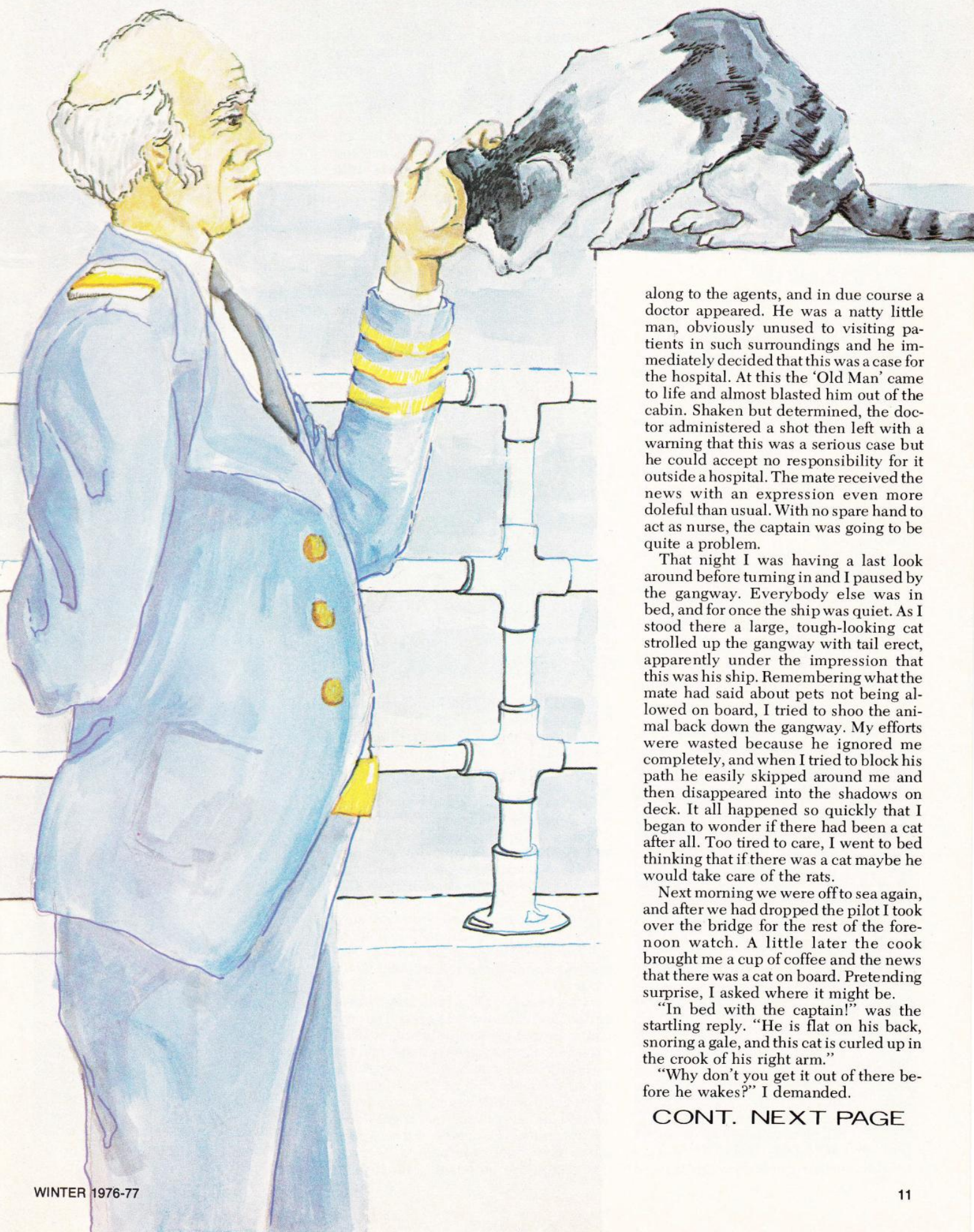
The ship tramped from port to port, picking up cargoes whenever possible, and sometimes running empty to some other place where the company agents had managed to locate some freight. The runs were usually for one or two days and we were forever opening and closing the hatches as we called at an amazing variety of ports. On such occasions the captain was on the bridge, getting in everybody's way, but at other times he was rarely seen.

One day the cook reported that the captain was sick, so the mate went down to investigate. He returned very quickly and I asked him how sick the skipper might be.

"I think he has a touch of the flu, but he is acting as though it is a bad case of malaria or something. He has everything out of the medicine chest and it looks as though he is trying every kind of pill there is. If he is still the same when we dock tomorrow I will ask the agents to send a doctor along to see him."

When we picked up the pilot for the next port the captain did not appear, and the cook reported that he was lying in his bunk without interest or appetite. After the ship was secured the mate went





along to the agents, and in due course a doctor appeared. He was a natty little man, obviously unused to visiting patients in such surroundings and he immediately decided that this was a case for the hospital. At this the 'Old Man' came to life and almost blasted him out of the cabin. Shaken but determined, the doctor administered a shot then left with a warning that this was a serious case but he could accept no responsibility for it outside a hospital. The mate received the news with an expression even more doleful than usual. With no spare hand to act as nurse, the captain was going to be quite a problem.

That night I was having a last look around before turning in and I paused by the gangway. Everybody else was in bed, and for once the ship was quiet. As I stood there a large, tough-looking cat strolled up the gangway with tail erect, apparently under the impression that this was his ship. Remembering what the mate had said about pets not being allowed on board, I tried to shoo the animal back down the gangway. My efforts were wasted because he ignored me completely, and when I tried to block his path he easily skipped around me and then disappeared into the shadows on deck. It all happened so quickly that I began to wonder if there had been a cat after all. Too tired to care, I went to bed thinking that if there was a cat maybe he would take care of the rats.

Next morning we were off to sea again, and after we had dropped the pilot I took over the bridge for the rest of the forenoon watch. A little later the cook brought me a cup of coffee and the news that there was a cat on board. Pretending surprise, I asked where it might be.

"In bed with the captain!" was the startling reply. "He is flat on his back, snoring a gale, and this cat is curled up in the crook of his right arm."

"Why don't you get it out of there before he wakes?" I demanded.

CONT. NEXT PAGE



"I tried, but it snarled at me. Sounded just like the 'Old Man', it did! It's not my job to handle wild cats. I can hardly wait for him to wake up and find it there. When you hear a racket down there you'll know what is happening."

"How did it manage to get in there in the first place?" I asked.

"The port overlooking the well-deck was open. It was so hot last night. I guess the cat climbed in that way."

For the rest of that day and the next, things went on much as usual, although I saw neither the captain nor the cat. Finally my curiosity got the better of me and I asked the cook how the captain was progressing.

"Well, he is out of bed and getting around, but he is not himself by any means."

"How do you mean?"

"This morning he started to clean out his cabin. You know the state it was in. I started to do it several times but he always told me to leave things alone and get out."

"What about the cat?"

"That is the oddest part. It is still in there. Sitting quietly most of the time. Sometimes I think I hear the skipper talking to it; then I remember he often talks to himself, so I am not sure. I am keeping out of there as much as possible."

That evening the mate and I were on the bridge, about to change over to the second dog-watch when we heard a purposeful tread coming up the steps. We guessed that it might be the captain coming to pay us a long overdue visit, and we were right, but it was not at all the man we were expecting.

Clean shaven, and positively sparkling in his best uniform, Captain Johannsen stepped briskly on to the bridge. Cradled in the crook of his left arm was the cat I had tried to get rid of a day or two earlier.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he observed affably.

The mate and I stared, too surprised to answer. Peering closely at the helmsman, he said: "Ah, it's you Bauler. How are you today?"

"Er—" the hardbitten seaman was at a loss. On the rare occasions in the past when the captain had spoken to him it had invariably taken the form of a barked order to get back on course.

"What do you think of my cat?" went on the skipper. "I named him Attila because he was such a tough fighter. We were together for years until I lost the Sea Eagle. He was washed overboard with seven of my crew and I thought that was the end of them. Now he is back, so maybe the others survived too."

The captain rambled on, apparently without expecting a reply, which was just as well because Bauler was staring at him with mouth agape. The mate and I were equally fascinated as we listened to him and watched the cat. Powerfully built and battle scarred, with a large head and usually broad face, Attila faced

the world with a frosty glare. And yet he was lying there purring like a kitten as his master stroked him. It was an incongruous sight.

Then the captain gave the mate and I another shock. "All right you fellers. You can both have a break. I'll take the rest of the watch."

After giving him the course and speed, we lost no time in leaving the bridge in case he changed his mind. Never before, even in the mate's experience, had the skipper offered to make things a little easier for his officers.

"Incredible," mused my companion as we settled in the messroom. "He is a different man. Did you notice that he did not even look aloft to check the topsails? I don't know where the cat came from,



but obviously the 'Old Man' really believes it is the same one he had over twenty years ago on his last sailing ship. Incidentally, he never told me that he had lost her and part of the crew, as well as the cat."

The mate's words set me wondering. Where *had* the cat come from? Why had it selected this ship from half a dozen tied up alongside the quay? Why had it been so determined to get on board, and how had it found the captain's cabin so easily? Other portholes had been open nearby. The captain had been very seriously ill and yet he had made a remarkable recovery after the cat arrived. The timing seemed to be remarkable, to say the least.

From then on, the whole atmosphere on the Durwan slowly changed. The captain appeared on the bridge each afternoon and was pleasant to everybody. He took over both dog-watches, which allowed the mate and me to get together and plan the work which was so badly needed and also to see that it got done.

The agreeable manner of the captain must have been contagious because everybody else on board gradually be-

came more affable, with the result that there were practically no arguments and more work was done. It was also done better, and soon the ship began to look cleaner and smarter than she had in years. Crew members forgot to report sick, and they also stayed with the ship so we were spared the frustration of trying to find new hands at short notice in practically every port. The appearance of the skipper also had an effect. The sight of him in his immaculate uniform every day made the rest of us sharpen up. Even the cook shed his carpet slippers and sweat shirt. I hardly recognized the neat little man in the white jacket.

The cat spent his days with the captain, but at night he would roam the decks or sit as far forward as possible,

motionless as a small figurehead. But if visibility was poor and we had to position a look-out man on the foc's'le head, the cat would leave immediately. Apparently he wanted no company other than that of his master. However, the nocturnal wanderings apparently were not aimless because we saw no more rats. From time to time one of us would try to stroke the cat, but without success. Always he kept just out of reach so that it was like trying to stroke a shadow.

Not long afterwards we made a rare visit to the ship's home port. When all lines had been secured the mate and I were leaning over the rail amidships watching the stevedores start unloading. The Chief Stevedore paused on the quay below and looked the ship over carefully. "She looks good. Where did you drydock?"

"We didn't," replied the mate. "No such luck."

The stevedore ran his eye along the gleaming hull again. "Well, I never saw her looking so good. What happened?"

The mate chuckled. "We took on an extra hand!"★



Commander Raymond Dicks was lying in bed, recuperating from the removal of a cancerous spleen. He heard a cry of help in an adjacent apartment and was informed that a young boy had fallen into the adult swimming pool.

Commander Dicks leaped out of bed and ran as fast as he could, the 200 yards to the swimming pool.

After rescuing the drowning boy from the pool, he applied proper first aid and the boy recovered.

Commander Dicks ruptured himself during the rescue, which required another operation. He later stated: "I was warned that any strain would rupture me, but I would have done even more if necessary to save a boy's life."

For his unselfish and courageous action, he was awarded the Medal of Valor by the National Royal Rangers Office.

Raymond Dicks is Senior Commander of Outpost 136, Faith Temple, Jacksonville, Florida.

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Tomas Guerrero, Jr., a fourteen year-old Ranger was walking along the Conception River in San Antonio, Texas. Hearing cries of help, he saw his sister and two cousins struggling in the deep part of the river.

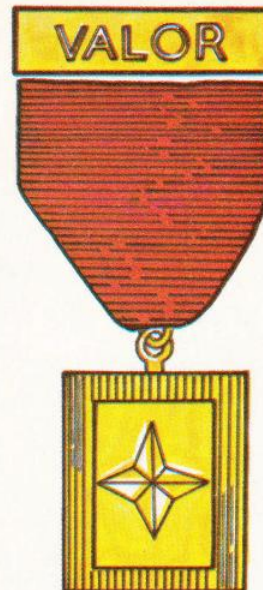
Tomas quickly grabbed a tire tube and threw it to the frightened girls. He then jumped into the strong current and pulled the girls to safety.

For his courageous action, Tomas was awarded the Medal of Valor by the National Royal Rangers Office.

Tomas is a member of Outpost 2, El Templo Christiano, San Antonio, Texas.

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# Rangers in Action



Paul Price watched his brother Ed, drive away for a spin on his motorcycle.

A few minutes later he heard concerned exclamation from his mother and dad and he knew something serious had happened. Rushing outside he discovered his brother had been involved in an accident. Ed's face was covered with blood. Paul called to a fellow Royal Ranger, Lenard Cessna, to help him. Together they cleaned Ed's face so they could observe the extent of the injuries.

They discovered two deep wounds to the bone on his face and another serious wound on his head, plus several minor lacerations. They applied direct pressure to the bleeding, and rushed Ed to the hospital. The doctor who treated Ed was very complimentary to both Paul and Lenard for their conduct and the application of proper first aid.

For the performance par excellence, Paul and Lenard were both awarded the Certificate of Valor by the National Royal Rangers Office. They are members of Outpost 109, First Assembly of God, Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania.

Trail Ranger Charles Fulton was awakened one morning by the crackling sound of fire. The room was filled with smoke and the wall of the room was on fire. His first thought was the safety of his elderly landlady. He remembered she always took sleeping pills each night before retiring. He rushed to her door and began pounding. Receiving no response, he pushed open the door, and rushed into the smoke filled room. He immediately shook the lady awake and assisted her out of the house.

Just as they cleared the house, gasoline exploded in the garage, demolishing the house. A few moments longer and they both would have no doubt been killed.

For his quick and heroic action, he was awarded the Medal of Valor by the National Royal Rangers Office.

Charles is a member of Outpost 220, First Assembly of God, Gardena, California.



DANNY BIXLER—NATIONAL SCOUT

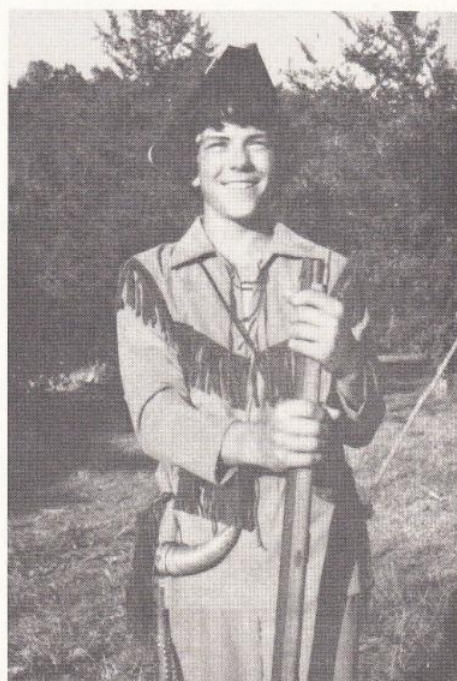
## NEW NATIONAL FCF SCOUTS

During the election at the 1976 National FCF Rendezvous, Danny Bixler was elected as the new National Scout for the Royal Rangers program. Danny is from Kansas City, Missouri, and holder of the Gold Medal of Achievement.

Also elected as the new Assistant National Scout was Dave Osborn. Dave is from Salem, Ohio.

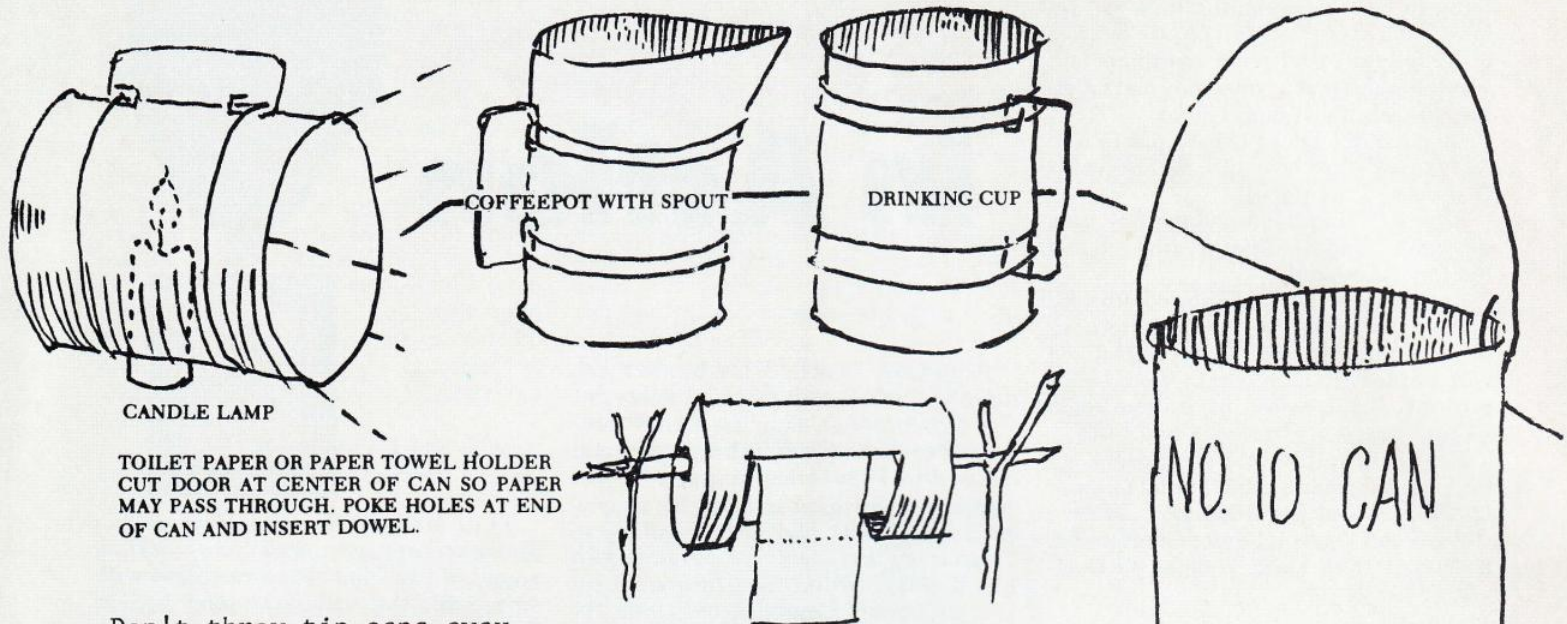
Both of these young men are very active in Royal Rangers, and are certainly qualified to fill these two very important positions in the Royal Rangers program.

Congratulations Danny and Dave!



DAVID OSBORN—ASST. NAT. SCOUT



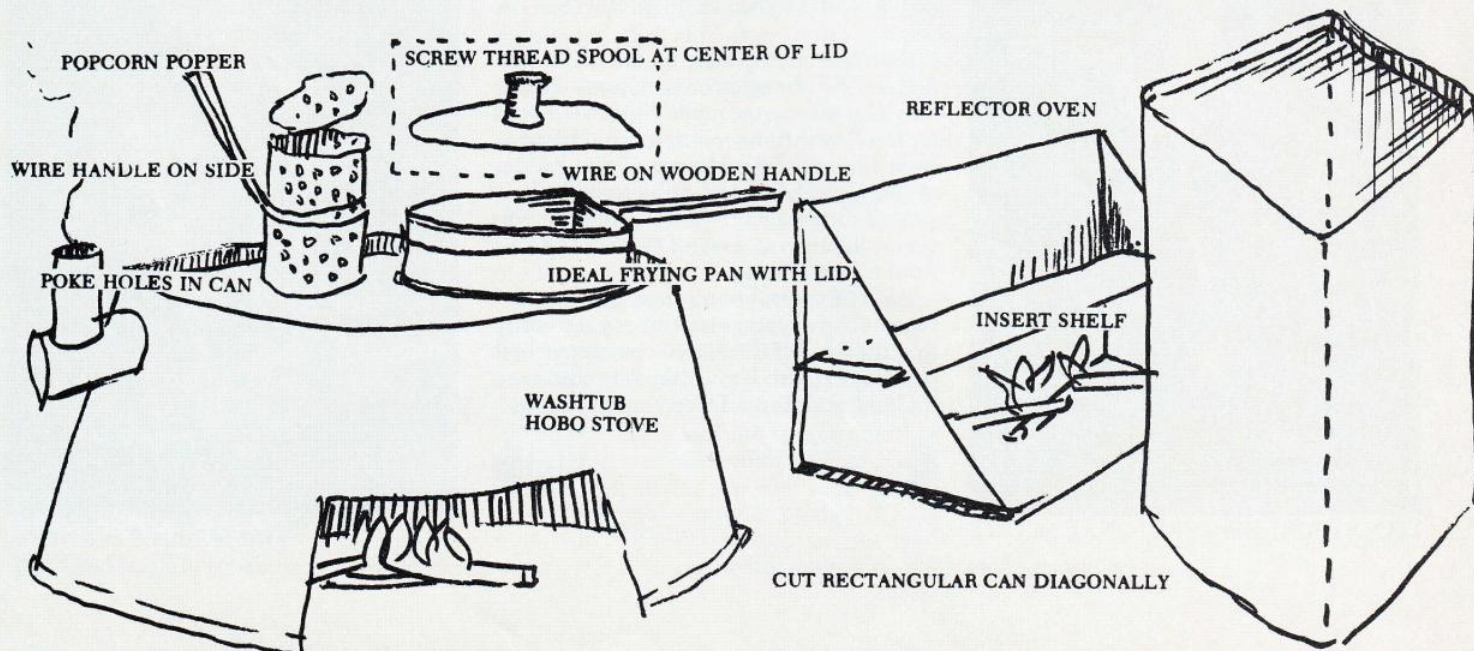
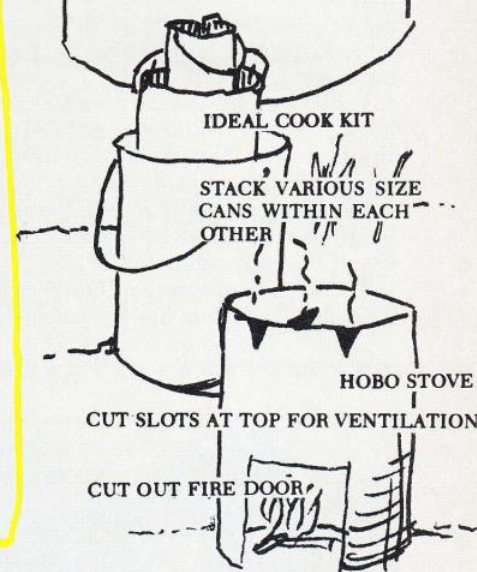


Don't throw tin cans away. Tin cans are the most versatile items around. You can wash it with soap and water and you have a cup. You can cut it and you have a cook kit. You can poke holes in it and you have a popcorn popper. You can beat and hammer it and you have a cookie sheet. With an imagination, you can make decorations and useful objects out of discarded tin cans.

With a pair of tin snippers, wire, hammer, nails, hacksaw and gloves, thousands of tin cans await the artistic imagination of the tin can generation. Why not have a tin can campout!

# DON'T CAN IT! USE IT!

## TIN CAN CRAFT





*Mrs. Butler:* "Did you meet your son at the station?"

*Mrs. Wilkins:* "Oh goodness no! I've known him for years."

Warren Bebout  
Morro Bay, CA

*Visitor:* I suppose this is one of those hideous caricatures you call modern art?

*Museum Guide:* No madam, this is what we call a mirror."

Warren Bebout  
Morro Bay, CA

Observing one of his carpenters hammering busily away, the foreman finally said to him, "Man, you hammer like lightning!"

"You mean I'm fast?" beamed the carpenter.

"No," said the foreman, "I mean you seldom strike twice in the same place."

Warren Bebout  
Morro Bay, CA

*Question:* What happens when you cross a carrier pigeon with a woodpecker?

*Answer:* "The bird not only delivers the message, it knocks on your door!"

Warren Bebout  
Morro Bay, CA

*Charlie:* "Your sister is spoiled, isn't she?"

*Eddie:* "No, that's just the perfume she's wearing."

Warren Bebout  
Morro Bay, CA

*Nervous passenger:* "Do ships like this sink often?"

*Captain:* "No sir, only once."

Warren Bebout  
Morro Bay, CA

*Question:* Mr. Green is a butcher. He is six feet tall and wears a size ten shoe. What does he weigh?

*Answer:* "He weighs meat!"

Warren Bebout  
Morro Bay, CA

An American tourist in a Madrid restaurant wanted to order steak and mushrooms. He spoke no Spanish; the waiter knew no English. So the American drew a picture of a mushroom and a cow. Ten minutes later a smiling waiter brought him an umbrella and a ticket to the bullfights.

Warren Bebout  
Morro Bay, CA

*Policeman:* "When I saw you driving down that road, I said to myself, 'Fifty-five, at least.'"

*Woman:* "Well that's not right. It's just the hat that makes me look older."

Warren Bebout  
Morrow Bay, CA

*Question:* What do you call it when a hummingbird hits a doorbell?

*Answer:* A hum-dinger?

Warren Bebout  
Morro Bay, CA

*Dentist:* "Stop making faces; I haven't even started drilling yet."

*Patient:* "I know, but you're stepping on my foot."

Warren Bebout  
Morro Bay, CA

*Question:* How does a witch tell time?

*Answer:* With her witch watch?

Warren Bebout  
Morro Bay, CA



*Pat:* Fifteen cents sat atop the Empire State Building and the nickel jumped off. Why didn't the dime?

*Mike:* "Because the dime had more cents, of course!"

Warren Bebout  
Morro Bay, CA

*Question:* What did the shovel say to the dirt?

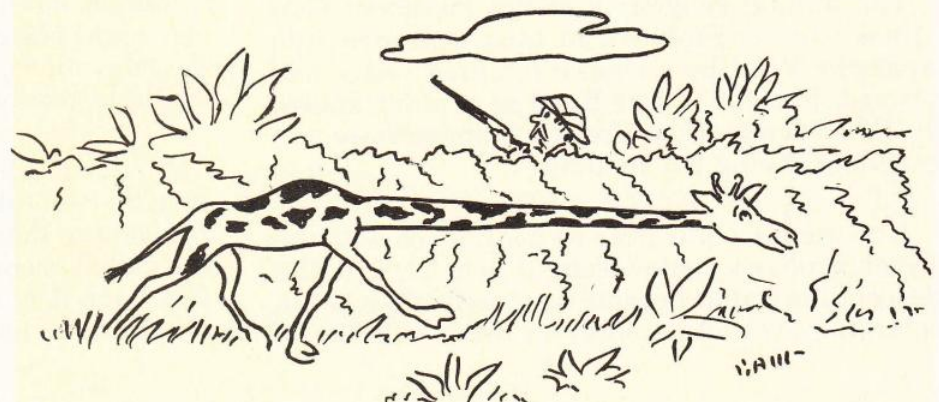
*Answer:* "I dig you!"

Warren Bebout  
Morro Bay, CA

*Question:* What did the bald-headed man say when he received a comb for Christmas?

*Answer:* "I'll never part with it!"

Warren Bebout  
Morro Bay, CA







# T S STEPPING STONES

by John Eller

Back when I was a boy, growing up in the South Carolina hills during the 1940's, my dad and I used to take long walks in the woods on Sunday afternoons. We did this to "jar our dinner down." Dad was part Cherokee, and his love for the out-of-doors was inherent. Those strolls through the trees and over trails taught me much about nature and the God who created it.

The rural village where I spent my boyhood was nestled in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and bore the name of Apalache, from an ancient chief who once ruled there. The rolling countryside wore indelible marks, both in name and artifact, of the Indians from long ago.

Our favorite spot was of Frohawk Creek, located on the southside of the far meadow. It ran merrily along Robinson's Farm, past the Clay Banks, and toward the cottonmill. Situated anywhere else in the world, this stream might have been a river, but the Indians called it a "creek," and so did we.

The unique geography of the Piedmont Carolinas caused Frohawk to miss entrance into Apalache Pond by a couple hundred yards, and instead, join the Tyger River at a point known as "The Mouth of the Creek." Fishing there was excellent during the summer.

A quarter of a mile from its confluence with the Tyger, Frohawk made a sharp turn to the left. The descending waters became very swift at this point, splashing over and around an unusual group of

large stones known as "Butte Rock." Believed by some to have been placed there by thoughtful Indians, these almost immovable boulders formed an uneven line of stepping stones, leading to a massive growth of sassafras. We crossed here often to dig roots for tea.

Since becoming a man, I have often thought of Butte Rock and those stepping stones. One was sharp and jagged, rising above the water at a 45-degree angle, a good one to cut bare feet on. Another was dome-like and moss covered, for a slippery touch-and-go. But there was a big flat one right in the middle of Frohawk where you could stop and rest awhile before crossing this creek too wide to jump and too deep to wade.

Life is like those stones in the creek bed. Some things which happen to us are keen and cutting, and at times, we almost lose our footing and fall. But the Lord is ever mindful to reserve for us that "time of refreshing" where we can regain our balance, then go on to the challenge ahead. It may be a Sunday morning service. It could be a Wednesday night prayer meeting. Perhaps it will be Outpost devotions, a camp-out, a Pow Wow, or personal Bible reading and prayer as a Royal Ranger.

No day is a bad one for the true Christian. The apostle Paul tells us that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose" (Romans 8: 28). Each day, then, is just a link in the chain as we continue to serve the Lord.