

High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

SPRING 1978



KANAK'S MIDNIGHT RESCUE
QUARTERBACK FOR CHRIST
THERE HAD TO BE A REASON
YOUR BROTHER'S A WHAT?
JAY HO

FRED DEAVEN
1977

High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS



**SPRING
1978**

HIGH ADVENTURE—Volume 7, Number 4 #881180) published quarterly by Royal Rangers, 1445 Boonville Avenue, Springfield, MO 65802. Subscription rates: single subscription \$1.50 a year; bundle (minimum of five subscriptions, all mailed to one address) \$1.30 a year. Copyright 1976 General Council of the Assemblies of God. Printed in USA. Second-class postage paid at Springfield, Mo., and at additional offices.



IN THIS ISSUE

LOUISIANA TRAINING ACADEMY
KANAK'S MIDNIGHT RESCUE
QUARTERBACK FOR CHRIST
THERE HAD TO BE A REASON
YOUR BROTHER'S A WHAT?
JAH HO

ABOUT THE COVER

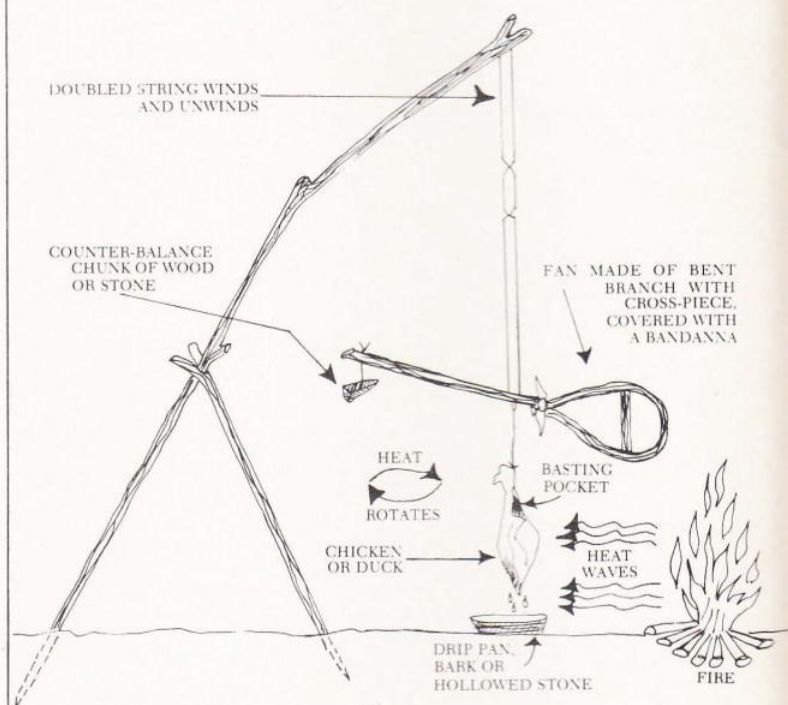
This month's cover entitled, "The Commander," was painted by our own National FCF President Fred Deaver. Limited copies of this painting are available in 16- x 20-inch prints. They are ready for framing, and would be great for decorating an outpost meeting room or a Commander's office.



WILDERNESS SURVIVAL TECHNIQUES

by Warren Bebout

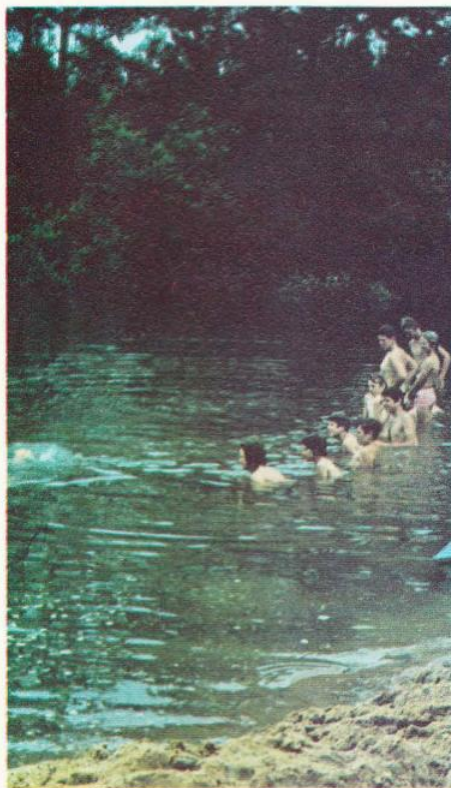
COOKING WITHOUT UTENSILS



To make this dingle-fan roaster, first you stuff the bird with a well-seasoned bread dressing. Then sew up the belly. The basting pocket is the slit left where the crop is taken out. Juice oozing out of this pocket during cooking keeps your chicken moist and tender. Pour drippings back into this pocket. The fan moves away from the heat and winds up the string. Then the string unwinds. So your chicken gets browned all around. Use a medium size fire. It should be steady and hot and about a foot from the bird. Wait an hour for the chicken to cook.

Southern Fried Training Academy

Five days of adventure, swimming, life saving, first aid skills, backpacking, survival training, marksmanship Louisiana style!



So what's a training academy? Why, it's about the most exciting thing that ever happened to Louisiana Royal Rangers. It's five exciting days of fun, learning and adventure. Each day is jam-packed with events that really turn boys on. Activities include; swimming, lifesaving, first aid, canoeing, campcraft, compass and map, Bible study, backpacking, survival training, archery, and rifle range marksmanship.

Each boy is given the opportunity of qualifying for advanced awards on some of these subjects or applying the knowledge toward qualifying for the awards.

The academy is highlighted by gorgeous council fires, inspiring evangelistic services, flag assemblies, and award presentations.

LEFT—Ready for swimming instructions

BELOW—Morning assembly

BOTTOM LEFT—Recreation time

BOTTOM RIGHT—Canoe class



For boys 14 years or older, there is the opportunity to attend Junior Leadership Training Camp, which is held concurrently with the academy. Here boys receive training in both leadership and outdoor skills.

An elite corps of boys who have attended JLTC is utilized for special duty during the academy. These young men known as the Special Forces, are not only honored with a special beret, but are a valuable assistance to the leaders of the academy. Duties include being honor guards and serving as a ceremonial drill team.

Every year large numbers of boys are saved and filled with the Spirit at the academy, plus they take home many advanced awards.

The Jim Bowie chapter of the FCF (Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity), add to the excitement with their colorful callouts and initiations of its new members.

The facilities and setting are ideal for this outstanding event. Comfortable accommodations and delicious food also add much to the success of the academy.

The vision for this academy was born in the heart of District Commander D. Stroud. In 1973, he felt the need of giving boys more opportunity for training, plus the opportunity to pass needed requirements for the advanced awards.

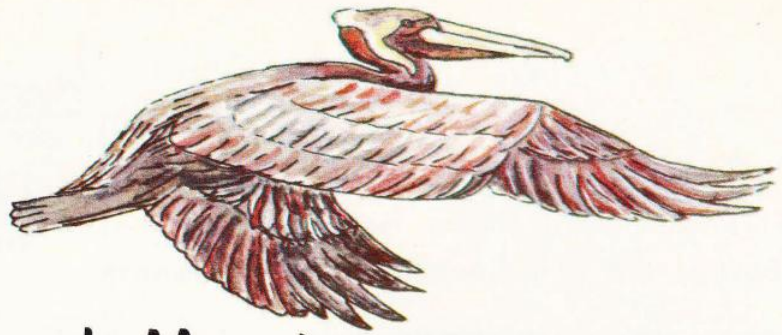
From a beginning of 56 boys in 1973, the academy has grown to 235 in 1977. Assisted by individuals such as David Craun (District Training Coordinator), and J. B. Marze (District FCF President), Commander Stroud has developed the academy into one of the most successful Royal Rangers training events in America.

How do the boys like the training academy? Just ask any boy who has attended. He'll tell you, it's G-R-E-A-T!●



NATURE STUDY SECTION

Of all the many kinds of animals in the world, birds are usually the first we notice. We see them everywhere. But the most amazing about birds is that they can fly!



Fluff, Feathers and Mystery

by Grover Brinkman

Pay homage a moment to those illustrious men who, through the pages of history, discovered a new bird in our midst. From these nature lovers, Columbus to Audubon, we have inherited a great storehouse of knowledge covering our feathered friends. It is doubtful that a single bird has been missed in cataloging.

There are no more stateside discoveries to be made, of course, unless climates change and new birds invade our shores from other latitudes. But we still have the joy of identification and appreciation. Today, we know them all, the tern, and the bird that Shakespeare loved, the starling.



James Audubon

Birds are an American's heritage. Who of us can say it isn't priceless? Who of us can dispute that the song of the mockingbird is now awe-inspiring? Who of us can even explain a bird, the instinctive migration flight that protects their lives?

The more one loves birds, the more mysterious they become. For a bird is unlike no other creature. Its voice is more complex than the larynx of a human. The pitch of its song at times is beyond the range of the human ear. The flight of a hummingbird is swifter than the human eye can follow, and more accurate than any man-made flight yet devised. Insects have perfected flight, but the prettiest butterfly, moth or beetle cannot compete with the migration flight of a bird.

Even the robin that graces our backyard each spring is a mystery. It seems to know, almost to a day, when the snow will be gone.

Even the feather of a bird is a mysterious creation. Did you ever study these feathers minutely? Here the color is gorgeous, here it is drab. Each feather is a marvel of symmetry, each one a tiny parasol, shedding water. Feathers clothe the bird, help give it protective coloration, protecting it from enemies.



The song of a bird, too, is a mystery. Does it sing for joy, or is its song a ritual in its daily life? And think of the volume of sound that issues from that tiny throat, so great in comparison to man's own voice that our shouts turn to whispers in comparison. A wren, for instance, is minute. But what a voice!

Man has attained wings. But he cannot duplicate the graceful flight of a soaring hawk, or a gull drifting motionless above a sparkling sea. The accuracy of a bird's flight, too, is uncanny. Take the bank swallow, for instance. A colony might have as many as a thousand holes punctuating a cliff face, each an individual nest. Yet the bank swallow dives toward his particular hole in the wall at a tremendous speed—and never misses. Scientists have stood for hours, marveling at this feat, and come away just as puzzled as before.

Flight, song, plumage—these are the bird, yet there is something else, something undefinable. Let's call it our desire, year after year, to wait and watch for that first robin!

Why do we love birds? One reason, perhaps, is the fact that they are creatures of creation. The dove heralded the subsistence of the flood to Noah; the robin is a sign of spring; the nest of a cardinal is an omen of good will.

Who hasn't been cheered by the song of a bird? Thoreau, related how the sparrow had alighted on his shoulder while he was working in his garden, something that made him feel distinguished and proud. Surely there is a reason that the birds enjoy a particular protectorate.●





QUIZ

The National Zoo in Washington, D.C., has a new system of helping visitors find their way. The zoo uses symbols to stand for the animals. These symbols are called pictographs. Pictographs are a way of finding without using words. Try and discover what animals the pictographs on the right stand for.



For Answer See Page 15

Be a Zoo Detective. What Animals Do These Symbols Stand For?

So, what's a National Camporama? Why, it's just the biggest event in Royal Rangers history. It's a place to meet Rangers from all across the nation. It's a place to participate in handicrafts, obstacle course, archery, swimming, and canoeing. It's inspirational evening programs with celebrities you won't want to miss. It's black powder demonstrations, a frontier village, tomahawk throwing. It's a place to test your physical fitness and knowledge of Ranger camping skills. It's like nothing you've ever experienced!

farragut, idaho
july 25-29

SPRING 1978

5



Old Kanak, the great elephant, stood quietly in the dim shadows of the bamboo forest, his small eyes squinting at the log enclosure which loomed before him in the circular clearing. He waved his huge trunk nervously, sniffing the damp jungle air. His keen sense of smell told him that Loona, his mate, was inside the log walls, imprisoned there against her will.

Kanak was waiting to rescue her. He had an impulse to storm the stockade, but he knew it was best to wait, even impatiently. The elephant hunters had guns—that-seldom-stopped. Kanak had seen such guns used to bring down a charging herd king, his own sire, who was trying to escape the ivory hunters who infested the great mammals' land. It was the first tragic event of his life.

Kanak was just a young calf then, one of a great herd which roamed the jungle. But he still remembered, and he still hated man who had robbed him of the companionship of a parent.

After that, though against the nature of his kind, Kanak often ranged alone, a hermit of the wilds. Elephants in herds were too easy a target for the natives' sharp spears, or the hunters' deadly guns. Just a few weeks ago at fifteen years, and long full grown, he had met Loona and she had accepted him as a mate. Together they wandered away from familiar haunts to the deep jungle where they ranged alone, seldom seeing any of their kind.

Now man had interfered with Kanak's world. He had come in numbers and captured Loona, twice in Kanak's life bringing sorrow.

Kanak wanted to charge the camp and destroy it, but with effort he checked the urge. He didn't want the deadly gun turned on him, and especially not on Loona.

Later, as all men did, these would put out their lights and go to sleep. Then Kanak would move. His rescue must be a silent one to be successful. Failure might

bring death to both Loona and him.

Beyond the spiked log walls, Kanak studied the white man's camp, now growing dim in the twilight. He saw the tame elephant which had lured Loona into the pen. A man came out of the trailer, drove the tame elephant from its grazing, and tied the rope on its leg to a stake near the stockade wall.

Kanak would use the tame elephant to help set Loona free.

He was not thirsty, but Kanak turned and walked quietly through the thick jungle to a small lake where he and Loona often drank. He filled his trunk with cool water and sprayed his broad back. Then he lay down to rest until the hour of rescue.

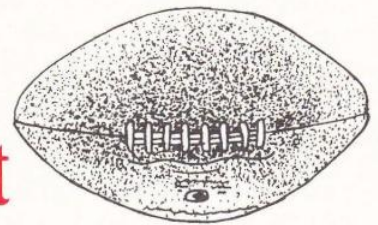
Maybe he dozed, maybe he didn't. Too soon, it seemed, to Kanak the moon was down and the jungle draped with blackness. He got up, shook himself, flopped

Cont. on page 10



Quarterback for Christ

By Betty Chase



From a no-name high school quarterback to honorable mention All-American in college is some doing, but Denny Duron did it.

Then after two years of pro football, Denny took another step and became, at age 25, probably the youngest college head football coach in the country. But none of these things is number one for Denny. He'll tell you what is.

"God is the whole ball game," Denny Duron says.

Denny grew up in church. His father is pastor of the First Assembly of God, Shreveport, LA. Denny gave his heart to the Lord in children's church. He says, "Jesus just became the best friend I had." The same night Denny also received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit.

When he was 16, he was called to the ministry. He also wanted to play football. He did both.

Playing at Louisiana Tech, in two years he quarterbacked the Bulldogs to a record of 24 wins and one loss, two national championships (NCAA Division II), and one bowl game. During his first year Denny saw 12 of his teammates kneel and accept Christ as their personal Savior. By the close of his senior year 45 of his football friends had made commitments to God. The spiritual awakening at Louisiana Tech spread across campus through the witness of athletes and other students. During the summers Denny traveled with his own music group, "The Vessels," spreading the gospel through song.

time in evangelistic ministry. A year ago, he was invited to speak for Spiritual Emphasis Week at Evangel College, Springfield, Missouri. None of the students who crowded the chapel dreamed that Evangel would start football as a varsity sport a few weeks later. And guess who was named head football coach? That's right, Denny Duron.

If Denny was new as a coach, his Evangel football players were just as new. Most of the Evangel Crusaders who took the field this fall were freshmen. Wide receiver Jon Ferguson had never played football before, even in high school. He ended the season in the number two spot nationally (NAIA Division II). Quarterback Ben Kaufman had played basketball at Evangel two years but hadn't played football since high school. He ended with a national ranking also. The Crusaders played nine games and won three for their first year, including a stunning upset of powerhouse Langston University. For a first-year team and coach, this was great.

Denny's job as head coach allows him to continue to minister in evangelistic rallies during the off season.

Denny says, "I believe being a Christian helps a young man no matter what he is involved in, and football is one of those things. I believe a relationship with Jesus Christ helps you to realize your potential in every area. If a young man is right spiritually and at peace with himself, he is naturally going to give a better performance whatever he is doing." ●



After college, Denny was the second draft choice of the Birmingham Americans of the World Football League. The World Football League only had two more years to go, but Denny made the most of the time. With him as quarterback and later wide receiver, the Birmingham team won the league championship and went to the World Bowl.

Denny organized chapel services for the Christians he found on the Birmingham team, and they started praying for their teammates. God answered prayer. One of the players who gave his heart to the Lord was Paul Costa, who had been All-Pro with the Buffalo Bills. Another was Rick Berlin, who is now children's director at the largest Assemblies of God church in Birmingham.

When the World Football League folded, Denny went on the field full-

Editor's note: Denny Duron will be the main speaker at our National Camporama in Farragut, Idaho, July 25-29, 1978. I am sure that his athletic background and spiritually anointed ministry will make a great impact at our National Camporama.



Eric Van Doren was president of his class at school. Despite this high title, he fed the dog and cat every morning before leaving for school.

On this particular morning, he stood at the kitchen sink preparing their food. His mother hummed as she cleared the breakfast table.

"Mom, could we have dinner early tonight? The youth group is in charge of a program at the rest home next Sunday and we want to work on it before choir practice."

His mother said she would be glad to have dinner early.

"Eric—telephone!" his father called.

Soon Eric was back in the kitchen with notebook and sweater. "That was Dave. He's leaving right away so he can study for a test before first period. Will you please feed Duke and Ginger, Mom?"

His mother agreed that she would.

As Eric went out the kitchen door, Ginger came in, mewing loudly. Mrs. Van Doran poured the food into the cat's bowl on the floor. She petted Ginger and said, "How is my kitty-cat?"

"I'm very well, thank you," came the reply.

"George!" Mrs. Van Doran shrieked.

Her husband raced into the kitchen. "Frances, what is it?"

"George, the cat spoke to me!"

"You mean Ginger? Come sit down and I'll pour you another cup of coffee," he comforted.

"George, I don't want to sit down and I don't need another cup of coffee. I heard Ginger talk!"

Mr. Van Doran put his arm about his wife. "Frances, you're a healthy, intelligent, well-adjusted person. Do you actually believe that Ginger—our Ginger—suddenly has learned to talk?"

"It does seem ridiculous," Mrs. Van Doran agreed. "It must have been a joke." She frowned. "But there's no one else here. Eric left early. Perhaps I will have that second cup of coffee. You go on to work, George, or you'll be late. Oh, please take Duke his breakfast on the way out."

Mr. Van Doran picked up the dog food and stepped onto the back porch. "Here, boy!" he called. Duke came bounding out of the garage as Mr. Van Doran poured the food into Duke's bowl.

"Thanks, George—I'm starved!"

Duke ate greedily. A stunned George walked back into the kitchen. His wife was smiling. "Want to sit down and have another cup of coffee?"

"Frances, that mutt called me George!"

"Yes, I heard, dear." Then Mrs. Van Doran started laughing.

"Please, honey, this is no time to get hysterical," her husband began.

"Oh George, you know I'm not the hysterical type," Mrs. Van Doran assured him, still laughing. "But this

whole thing is so ridiculous, it's funny. As you said before, we're both healthy, intelligent, well-adjusted people. You know and I know that Ginger and Duke wouldn't suddenly start talking, and certainly not on the same day."

"It is unbelievable," her husband admitted. "Sure sounded convincing, though. There has to be an explanation, but I can't figure it out now. I'll be late to the office."

Mrs. Van Doran took a quick look in the closet on the back porch. It was empty. "Before you go, let's try them again," she said. "But if that cat calls me 'Frances,' I'll clobber her!"

"If she could really call you Frances, she'd be worth millions," George remarked.

Ginger was daintily washing a paw. Mrs. Van Doran stooped down and stroked her. "How is my kitty?"

The cat mewed.

"Aw, come on, you can do better than that. I'll even let you call me Frances!"

Ginger gave a disinterested mew and walked out the door.

"Shall we try Duke?" George asked.

"Might as well," Mrs. Van Doran replied. "I just hope the neighbors aren't hearing all this."

"Here, boy!"

Duke came running and barking, same as always.

"How about the Gettysburg Address?" Frances requested.

Duke yawned and wagged his tail.

"It's me," Mr. Van Doran said. "Remember George?"

A loud bark was the only response.

"I have to go," George decided. "I'll call you at noon. Maybe we shouldn't mention this to anybody until we figure it out."

"I was thinking the same thing," Frances agreed.

Meanwhile, across the street, Dave Bennett unlocked his car, slid in under the steering wheel and buckled his seat belt. "Well, Betsy, another day," he said affectionately to the old heap.

"Yes, another day, and please don't drive me so fast, Dave. I'm not as new as I used to be," came the reply.

For a moment Dave didn't move, then he slowly inserted the key in the ignition, but did not turn it on. Instead he looked in the rear view mirror and combed his hair, straightened his collar, and practiced a few smiles.

"Hey, come on!" Eric called from the driveway.

Dave motioned for Eric to join him in the garage.

"What's going on?" Eric wanted to know. "I thought you wanted to get to school early."

"Shhh," whispered Dave. "Don't look now, but we're on 'Candid Camera'! I'm waiting for someone to say 'Smile'."

"Yeah, sure," Eric said. He finally



There Had To Be A Reason

BY MYRTLE HARRISON



convinced Dave to back out of the garage. "If we are on 'Candid Camera' we'll be stopped."

The trip to school was uneventful, except for Dave mumbling to himself, and Betsy had nothing more to say. "You've been watching too much television," Eric told him as they reached the library.

Dave went inside, but Eric walked to an outside drinking fountain.

At that moment Cheryl Mason stopped on the steps of the library to admire a bird perched on the shrubbery. "You're beautiful!" she said.

"You're pretty cute yourself, Chickadee," was the reply before the bird flew off.

Eric suddenly appeared on the steps. "Good morning, Cheryl."

"Eric, that bird talked to me!" Cheryl shrieked, pointing.

"What's so unusual about that? Lots of birds can talk. Maybe it was a pet."

"Eric, a pet bird doesn't fly around calling girls 'Chickadee' and telling them they're cute," Cheryl announced.

"Why not?" Eric wanted to know. "That's what I'd tell you if I were a bird."

"Only if you're a bird?" she teased as they went into the library. But she glanced back at the shrubbery and frowned.

A half-hour later Miss Agnes May went to her classroom. She hung up her sweater, put her purse in the bottom drawer, and began arranging her desk for the day's work. A bust of George Washington served as a paper weight.

"Well, General, I see the custodian did a poor job of dusting you last night," she said. She took a tissue and carefully went over the head and face.

"Thank you, Miss May," came the military reply. "You are very kind."

The history teacher stared at the bust, then smiled. "After thirty years they are still playing jokes on me. Oh, I beg your pardon, General, I failed to say 'You're welcome!'"

At dinner that night Eric did most of the talking. His parents seemed absorbed in thought. When dessert was finished, Eric asked to be excused. "That meeting, you know," he said.

"Wait, son," Mr. Van Doran said. "There's something we have to talk to you about."

At that moment Ginger came into the dining room.

"Please put her out, Eric," his mother said. "She's already eaten."

Eric picked up the cat and carried her to the back door. "Aw, I don't want to go out. I want to be with people," a whining, cat-like voice said.

Eric started laughing. "Hey, we have a talking cat!"

"Eric, you're laughing!" his mother exclaimed.

"Will someone please explain what's going on around here?" his father de-

manded.

"Sure, Dad," Eric smiled. "I'm a ventriloquist!"

"A ventriloquist?" Mrs. Van Doran repeated. "Then it was you we heard this morning!"

"Sorry if I startled you, Mom," Eric said. "I put Ginger's bowl near the door. By bending down I was only inches away from her mouth. When you called Dad I went to the garage so I could 'talk' for Duke."

"Well, you certainly fooled us," Mr. Van Doran admitted.

"You should have been with me all day. Poor ol' Dave thought he was on 'Candid Camera'." Then Eric related his other experiences.

"But when did you learn ventriloquism?" his mother wanted to know.

"Just during the past few weeks," Eric replied. "I didn't tell anyone about it."

"Any special reason why you decided to learn it?" Mr. Van Doran asked.

"Yes, Dad, the youth group took a survey and discovered that there are thousands of kids right in this area who never go to church or Sunday school," Eric explained. "We're going to start having casual meetings after school all over the city. We'll start with songs and skits before giving the Bible story. I'll get a puppet or a dummy and work up some sort of funny routine to keep them interested."

"Eric, you mean it's necessary to use gimmicks to teach Christianity today?" his father wanted to know.

"Maybe not in the actual teaching," Eric said, "but we have to get these kids coming before they can accept Jesus Christ as their Savior. I know when I was younger they had a ventriloquist at Bible school one summer. I would have gone just to see him and that dummy."

"I think it's a wonderful idea, Eric!" his mother exclaimed.

"I agree with her, son," Mr. Van Doran added. "Of course ventriloquism can do a lot of harm, too, if used improperly."

"I know that, Dad. But I've dedicated whatever talent I may have to the Lord and will only use it to serve Him," Eric promised. "Today was just a practice session—first and last. I told Miss May that I had been General Washington's voice and it didn't phase her a bit. I'll fill in Dave at the meeting tonight."

"What about Cheryl?" his mother asked.

"I'll tell her on the way to church," Eric said. "Hey, I'm due to pick up that cute little 'chickadee' right now!"

Mr. Van Doran looked at his wife as Eric went out the door. "Well, Frances," he said, "I told you there had to be a reason."

"And what a reason!" Mrs. Van Doran laughed.

"Quiet, please," Ginger requested politely, sticking her head in the door. "I was trying to take a cat nap."

MIDNIGHT RESCUE CONT.

his spreading ears to drive away the droning mosquitoes. Then he headed through the deep grass toward the clearing. The hour to move had come.

At the edge of the bamboo he stopped. The light in the trailer no longer burned. The clearing was still. Kanak shuffled toward the fortress, his big pan-like feet barely touching ground. Near the long wall he could hear the shuffling of elephant feet inside—Loona's! He heard her breathing, long exhaling which told him she was weary with restlessness.

He did not stop to communicate with Loona, but moved carefully around the fort wall toward the tame elephant. How lucky it was outside! Lucky, too, it did not move, or trumpet, when it saw Kanak.

Kanak rubbed against the tame elephant's side, sniffing him with his long worm-like trunk. He pulled a tuft of grass and offered it as a gift. The tame elephant accepted. Then Kanak pulled from the ground the stake which held the elephant captive.

Kanak inched away from the camp into the jungle, and the tame elephant slowly followed. He went a half a mile before he stopped. Then, turning with six tons of weight and muscle, he attacked the unsuspecting elephant, whipping it with his mighty trunk. The tame elephant trumpeted loudly and bellowed with pain.

Kanak attacked again, then turned east, moving in a circular direction, back in the direction of the camp. Soon he heard shouting, then yelling men crashing through the jungle.

Kanak's plan was working perfectly! The men thought the tame elephant had broken loose on his own and were out to bring him back. With the camp unguarded, Kanak would set Loona free.

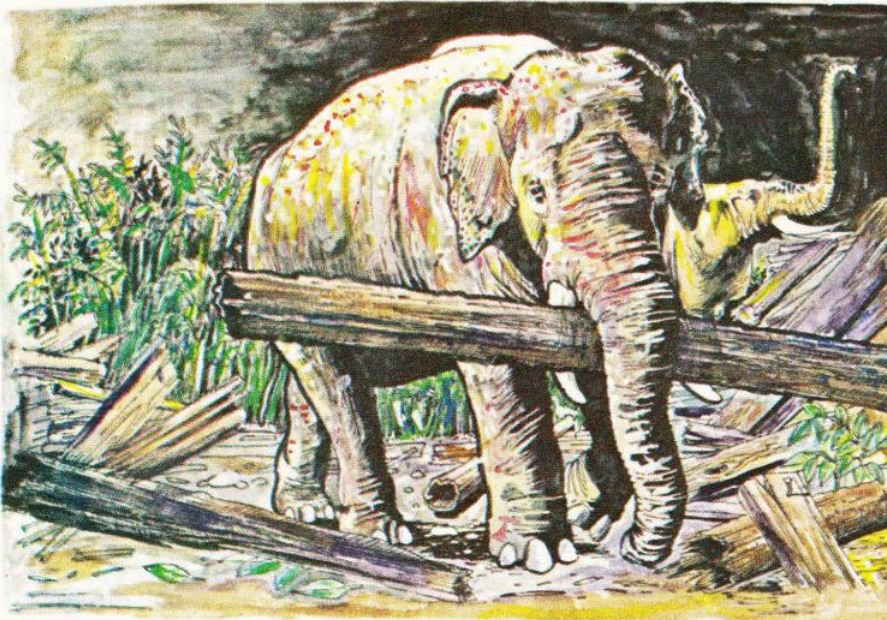
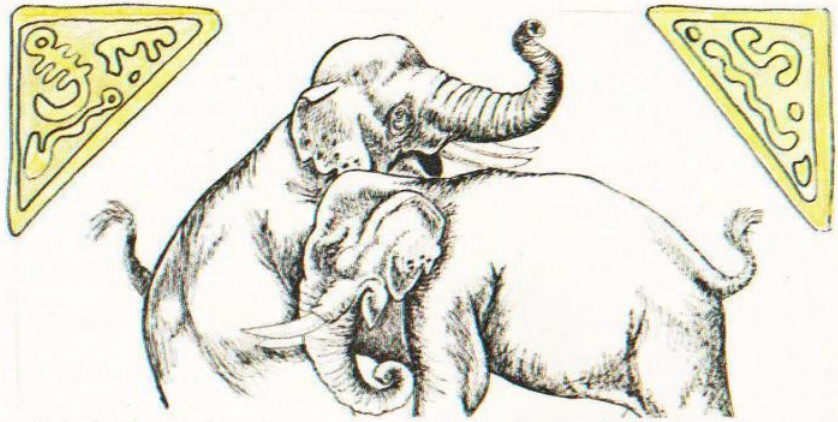
He continued his circular journey, moving as cautiously as his great size would allow. Shortly, he changed course, this time heading straight south to the stockade. When he reached the clearing, the trailer was aglow with light, but there was no sound anywhere—except Loona's nervous movement behind the wall.

Kanak lumbered across the clearing and struck the wall with all the power he could muster. There was a splintering crash as logs and plank thudded to the ground. Then he was inside and angrily jerking at the stake which held Loona to one narrow spot. He nosed the ropes around her leg. They loosened, and she stepped out, a free elephant again.

Loona knew what to do. She headed for the break in the wall, crossed the clearing and vanished into the safety of the jungle. Not far away, Kanak heard the men returning. They shouted angrily at the tame elephant as they herded it through the brush.

Kanak lifted his trunk, trumpeted victoriously, then shuffled quickly through the broken wall and into the jungle. He moved swiftly now, but he did not catch up with Loona for an hour. Then they moved on together, through the jungle night, careful to keep in shadows, eager to put distance between them and the elephant hunters.

When dawn came they were still moving on. ●



Joe Peterson and the other guys looked at the new boy and frowned. "Your brother's a *what*?" Joe demanded.

"I said my brother is an elephant," Scott Streeter replied proudly. "Do you want to come over and see him?"

"We're kind of busy right now," Joe said. "Maybe later. Okay?"

"Sure, anytime at all," Scott agreed. "You believe me, don't you?"

Joe glanced at his friends. "Oh sure, sure, anything you say."

"Does your brother have big floppy ears like an elephant?" Pete asked before Joe could stop him.

"Yep," Scott answered with a nod. "Big floppy ears."

"How about a trunk?" Jerry wanted to know.

"A very long trunk," Scott promised. "Can you come this afternoon at 3:30?"

The other boys looked interested, but Joe just shrugged. "Maybe. See you later, Scott."

They were silent as the new boy left them and hurried down the sidewalk.

"What did you mean, 'Maybe'?" Pete demanded when Scott was out of earshot. "I want to see that guy's brother!"

"Me too," Jerry added.

Joe shook his head. "Don't tell me you really believe him! His brother's an elephant? Come on!"

"Well, it does sound sort of weird," Pete admitted. "But why would he say something like that if it wasn't true?"

"And then invite us to come over and see for ourselves?" Jerry added.

"I don't know," Joe told them. "But he has to be up to something. We don't know him very well, after all."

"I still say we should go over there," Pete argued.

"That would be the same as admitting we believe his brother really is an elephant," Joe explained.

"I guess we *would* look pretty silly," Jerry decided.

"I don't care about that," Pete said.

"I'm going over there and see for myself."

Pete took off down the sidewalk, followed a few seconds later by Jerry, and finally Joe. They reached Scott's house around 3:30.

Scott answered the door dressed in fancy clothes and a top hat. "Hi! You guys are right on time. Just go around to the back yard."

Joe and the others looked at each other and shrugged, then hurried around the side of the house. When they reached the back yard, they saw some other kids, mostly younger than themselves, sitting on the lawn.

"What's going on?" Joe asked one of them.

"We're here to see the elephant boy!" came the reply.

"At least we aren't the only ones suck-



your brother's a what?

by alan cliburn

ered in on this," Joe hissed as he sat down next to Pete and Jerry.

"It must be true," Pete answered.

"Yeah," Jerry agreed.

"I'll have to see it to believe it," Joe told his friends.

Suddenly music blared from the kitchen window. The back door opened and Scott marched out, still wearing his top hat.

"Ladeees and gentlemennnn!" Scott yelled when the music stopped. "I now present my brother, the elephant!"

For a moment there wasn't a sound, then suddenly everybody started laughing as a boy wearing an elephant costume raced out of the house and pranced around on his hind legs.

"I knew it was a trick!" Joe said disgustedly. "Let's get out of here!"

"Wait a minute," Pete told him. "Let's see what he does."

As they watched, Scott put his brother through a series of tricks, everything from walking a tightrope—which was really just a hose lying across the grass—to jumping through a hoop. The audience laughed and clapped approval, even Pete and Jerry. Joe just sat there.

"That is the end of the circus," Scott said finally. "I thank you on behalf of myself and my brother the elephant!"

More cheers as Scott and his "elephant" brother went back inside the house and the music blared forth once again. The younger children headed for the gate, followed by Joe, Pete, and Jerry.

"How'd you like it?" Scott asked suddenly, sticking his head out the back door.

"It was good," Pete replied. "Funny, too."

"Yeah, I liked it," Jerry agreed.

"Why didn't you tell us your brother was going to be wearing an elephant costume?" Joe wanted to know.

"Would you have come?" Scott asked.

The three boys looked at each other. "I guess not," Joe admitted.

"That's why," Scott said. "When you're new in a place you need a special way to get acquainted. This is ours. Sorry you're disappointed, Joe."

Joe thought about it for a second. "That's okay. Pretty smart, really. See you at school tomorrow."

"Right," Scott answered with a smile. "Thanks a lot for coming. Excuse me, I have to give my brother some peanuts!"

Joe and the other guys laughed as they walked home. Scott was all right, there was no doubt about that. And his brother was an elephant!

JAY-HO! by john eller

"Jay-Ho!" yelled the gravel voice of a Georgia lumberjack.

Two highly-trained work horses turned suddenly to either side as another line of saw logs thundered down the mountainside. Strong and confident, this team of professional-like equines ascended the summit with effortless grace.

A broad grin broke over Bill Hunicutt's face as Prince and Dan, 3200 pounds of choice horse flesh, made a short circle and stood ready for the next load. Bill had paid \$1000 each for these work animals, a big price in 1935.

Walking to the brow of a ridge, Bill looked down at the valley below. The swift Chattooga cascaded around the base of Black Rock Mountain, plunging southeastward to form the Georgia-South Carolina boundry. White water, caused by numerous rapids and sudden descent of the river bed marked the stream as far as the eye could see.

A half mile downstream was the saw mill. The *General Strike* was on that year, and Bill was engaged in the only honest work the red hills of north Georgia could offer. In the distance he could see smoke curling from Uncle Nat's still, and breathed a prayer of thanks to God that his own moonshining days were behind him.

Before ending his short break, Bill fixed his gaze down the valley once more. Beyond the mill, an unpainted weatherboard house clung to the side of a hill, a few hundred yards from the Tallulah Falls and Franklin Railroad. The weekly washing had just been hung out to dry, as a gentle breeze unfurled the garments in occasional glimpses of sunshine.

Just then, voices were heard coming up the western slope behind him. It was Bill's wife, Bonnie, with lunch and hot coffee. She came up each day about this time driving the buckboard.

"Hi-ya!" Bill called, waving a tough, calloused hand.

Bonnie alighted with her welcomed cargo while Billy Joe, their 10-year-old son, stayed with the rig.

"Hope you're hungry," Bonnie began, "these pintoes are fresh out of the pot!"

"Hungry as a bear!" Bill exclaimed, glancing over his shoulder at the boy. "And so are the rest of the crew."

"Billy Joe wanted to see Dan," Bonnie pleaded. "I know he should have stayed with Mammaw . . ."

"You know how I feel about him making a pet out of a work horse," Bill chided. "Why, he'll get ole Dan to where he won't work at all!"

"You're right, Bill," Bonnie agreed, "But he hasn't seen Dan for more than two weeks. It won't hurt anything and he'll just take a minute."

Bill was already walking toward the wagon before she finished. They both felt strongly about Billy Joe, their only child, who had been blind since birth.

Bill led his son over to Dan, where the boy promptly gave the horse some apple halves and loving pats on the nose. Bill's heart ached as the youngster tenderly touched the outline of Dan's face, smiling boyish approval for what his hands "saw."

For a moment, the high price paid for the horse seemed unimportant. Although trained to be a work animal from a colt, the big brown equine dropped his head lower for the affection of the lad.

A lump came in Bill's throat as he watched his little family ride away in the wagon. If only Billy Joe could love another horse! If only he could love a dog or a cat! If only he could see! That was the truly hard part. The doctors could not find anything organically wrong with Billy Joe's eyes, so it was anybody's guess if he ever would be sighted.

Somehow, Bill wasn't hungry anymore. Lodging the dinner pail in the fork of a tree, he set about driving staples in the log ends, preparing for another load while the other men ate. Seeing their foreman back at work, the crew hurriedly finished their meal and joined him.

Picking up a broad axe, Bill began notching trees for cutting later in the day, while others finished turning the logs with can-hooks. The trench was lined, the logs chained together, and the horses hitched.

"Get up there!" Bill urged. The great snatch team, measuring four feet apiece

on the backside, lunged forward. The horses used traces and single trees, but no clutch lines. The voice of Bill Hunicutt was all they needed in their extremely difficult and dangerous mission.

"Jay-Ho!" Bill yelled, as the team leaped aside, the momentum of the logs disconnecting the latch and sparing them once more from almost certain death.

"Dan!" Bill demanded as they circled back, "you were a little slow on the jump that time!"

The remainder of that Friday afternoon was filled with sawing, chopping, and dragging. The men used cross-cut saws to fell the trees, with three men assigned to each saw. This way, they could take turns resting from such demanding manual labor.

Calls of "Tim-ber-r-r" pierced the air at uneven intervals, followed by the crash of limbs to the ground. The crew worked steadily through stands of oak, poplar, and pine. Prospects of renewed interest in house construction at Clayton had prompted efforts to float as many logs to the mill as possible before wet weather set in.

Their work week ended just as the rains began. A tired crew gathered up their tools of trade and started home for a well earned weekend of rest. The horses were stalled in their usual place at the base of the mountain, where an extra helping of Sweet Feed would be added to their daily ration.

Bill would always scoop a handful of the molasses and cracked corn to munch on the way home. Billy Joe had become accustomed to this, and Bill would share with him as the boy met him at the door. Only this time, Billy Joe was already in bed.

Early the next morning, Bill was awakened by the shrill hum of the saw mill. Sheltered from the weather, the milling crew was hard at work turning timber into lumber. Occasionally, saw teeth would fly off and ricochet on the shed above like bullets.





A loud rap was heard at the door. Jumping into his overalls, Bill hurried to answer, hooking his galluses as he went.

"Bill!" the excited workman was saying, "one of the work horses is out! We think someone was riding him bareback down along the river bank!"

At that moment, Bill heard screams from within the house.

"Oh, Bill!" distress was in Bonnie's voice, "Billy Joe is gone and I can't find him!"

Grabbing his hat and boots in one motion, Bill hopped and ran from the house in the direction the horse had gone. Wild images of terror and anxiety raced through his mind as he pressed on, his lungs gulping in the early morning air, eyes blurred with rain.

High on the tressel ahead of him, Bill spotted something which made his heart pound with fresh fear. Moving closer, he recognized it was Dan. The horse had made it almost half-way across, but his hoofs had slipped through the cross-ties, where his legs were now held fast.

Scrambling up the embankment toward the tracks, the lonesome bellows of his prized work horse were suddenly superseded by the mournful blast of a locomotive. A train was coming!

Bill clawed his way through briars and slick underbrush to stand on the tracks, bruised, scratched, and spotted with smudges of oil, coal, and creosote.

Down the tressel he ran, praying all the while that the train wouldn't be a southbound freight. He knew the schedules like the back of his hand, but at that moment, he was blank. The northbound had to make a steep grade before the tressel, and it would be easier to stop. But that southbound was a "Casey Jones Special," with no stopping before Tallulah Falls, Georgia.

Bill had not yet reached his struggling horse when the sight of a limp figure just beyond caused him to panic.

"Snatching the boy in his arms, Bill ran on, stumbled, fell on his knees and elbows, wobbled and finally reached the end of the tressel . . ."

"Billy Joel!" he yelled hoarsely. But the boy didn't move.

Snatching the boy in his arms, Bill ran on, stumbled, fell on his knees and elbows, wobbled, and finally reached the end of the tressel just as the northbound passenger came into view.

Bill laid his son in the grass, felt an overwhelming gush of emotion when he saw him still breathing, and began waving his arms and yelling at the engineer. Bill then sank to the ground beside his boy amid tears and the grinding halt of the steam engine.

It was several minutes before Billy Joe came to, with the help of the fireman's canteen. Surprised and somewhat baffled by his surroundings, it took a while to get his bearings.

At last, Billy Joe sat up straight, squinted, rubbed the knot on his forehead and exclaimed, "Dad, I can *see*! I really can see!" He looked at his hands, the grass, and then threw his arms around Bill's neck.

In the excitement, they had forgotten about Dan, who still lay trapped in the tressel, unaware of the blessing he had been accidentally. Some forty feet below were the rushing waters of the Chattooga, more visible and real in the light of day.

There was nothing for the train to do but back up to their last whistle stop some eight miles away, and wire the yard in Franklin, North Carolina, for help. Within a few hours, a crew of disaster specialists were on the scene.

It was nothing new for animals to block passage of a train, since Georgia had open range laws in those days. Cow-catchers were mounted on most engines to remove cattle, but a horse like Dan was another matter!

Most dreaded by the railroad people, however, were sheep. Wool was known to be capable of derailment when caught between the wheels and track. For this reason, the TF & F discouraged sheep-farming along its right-of-way.

Work continued in an effort to free the gallant horse from its frightening predicament throughout the afternoon. Plan after ingenious plan failed as the distressed animal, now weary and bleeding, resisted all efforts in his behalf.

Near sundown, workmen climbed through the trusses, nailed thick boards underneath the cross-ties, and raised the animal by his hooves. Board walks were laid between the rails and ole Dan walked to safety.

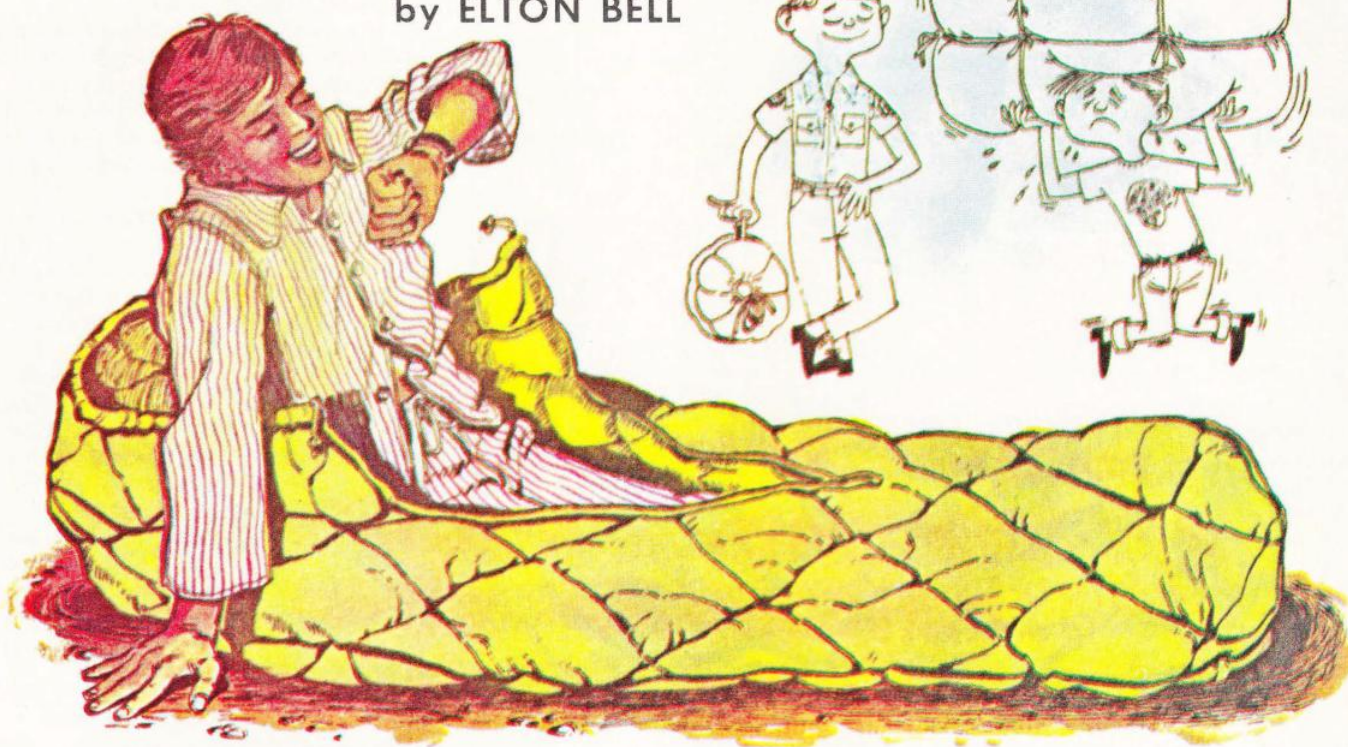
The gallant horse survived many years, and died only after Billy Joe had left for college. A grateful family and a

once-blinded son would make certain he was not forgotten.

Somewhere in Rabun County, Georgia, near the headwaters of the Chattooga River, ole Dan rests in peace. His grave, visited each year by a maturing teacher of children, is marked by a concrete slab inscribed with the word he knew best, "Jay-Ho!" ●

Your Sleeping Gear

by ELTON BELL



One of the most important pieces of equipment you possess is your sleeping bag. A good, warm, comfortable bedroll is essential to good sleep, and adequate sleep is a must for an enjoyable trip. Therefore, you should give careful thought and attention in selecting your sleeping gear.

The warmth of your bag depends upon the type of insulation and how many pounds of insulation are in the bag. Among the types of insulation found in bags are: down, dacron, wool, kapok, polyester, and acrylic. The best by far is down insulation. It is lightweight and very warm. Unfortunately it is also the most expensive. Next to down, dacron is best. It makes a fairly lightweight and warm bag, and is much less expensive than down. A good four-pound-filled dacron bag will keep you warm in most camping situations. It will keep you warm in temperatures which are near freezing. Other insulations such as kapok and polyester are rated much lower than dacron. They are not as warm and are heavier in weight.

Whatever kind of bag you have, remember that you can always add a blanket or other extra lining

when you expect nights to be cooler than usual. A washable inner lining of sheeting or flannel is a must to keep your sleeping bag clean. Be sure it is long enough to extend the entire length of the bag, including the head area, to prevent soiling. It can be used along with the bag open on warm nights.

Regardless of the type bedding you use, remember the camper's code: "What you have under you is more important to warmth than what you have over you." Always—even in hot, dry weather include a plastic ground cloth in your equipment list. If added comfort is desired, you should bring an air mattress that will give you support from your hips to your head and shoulders. If you do use an air mattress, use it properly. Be sure to protect it by using a ground cloth. Inflate it, crawl into your bag, lie on your side, then let out air until your hipbone just about touches the ground. You'll be more comfortable this way, and you won't roll off the mattress in the middle of the night. I use a piece of two-inch foam pad. It folds up quite small and is light to carry.●



"I CAN'T FIND MY BACKPACK"

"We've developed a coin machine guaranteed to give the customer satisfaction," the salesman told the storekeeper.

"You mean it's built so the customer can't lose his coin?"

"No," replied the salesman. "But when he kicks it, it groans."

Henry E. Leabo
Jamestown, CA

CITY GIRL: "Look at that bunch of cows."

COWBOY: "No, herd."

CITY GIRL: "Heard of what?"

COWBOY: "Herd of cows."

CITY GIRL: "Sure, I've herd of cows."

COWBOY: "No, a cow herd."

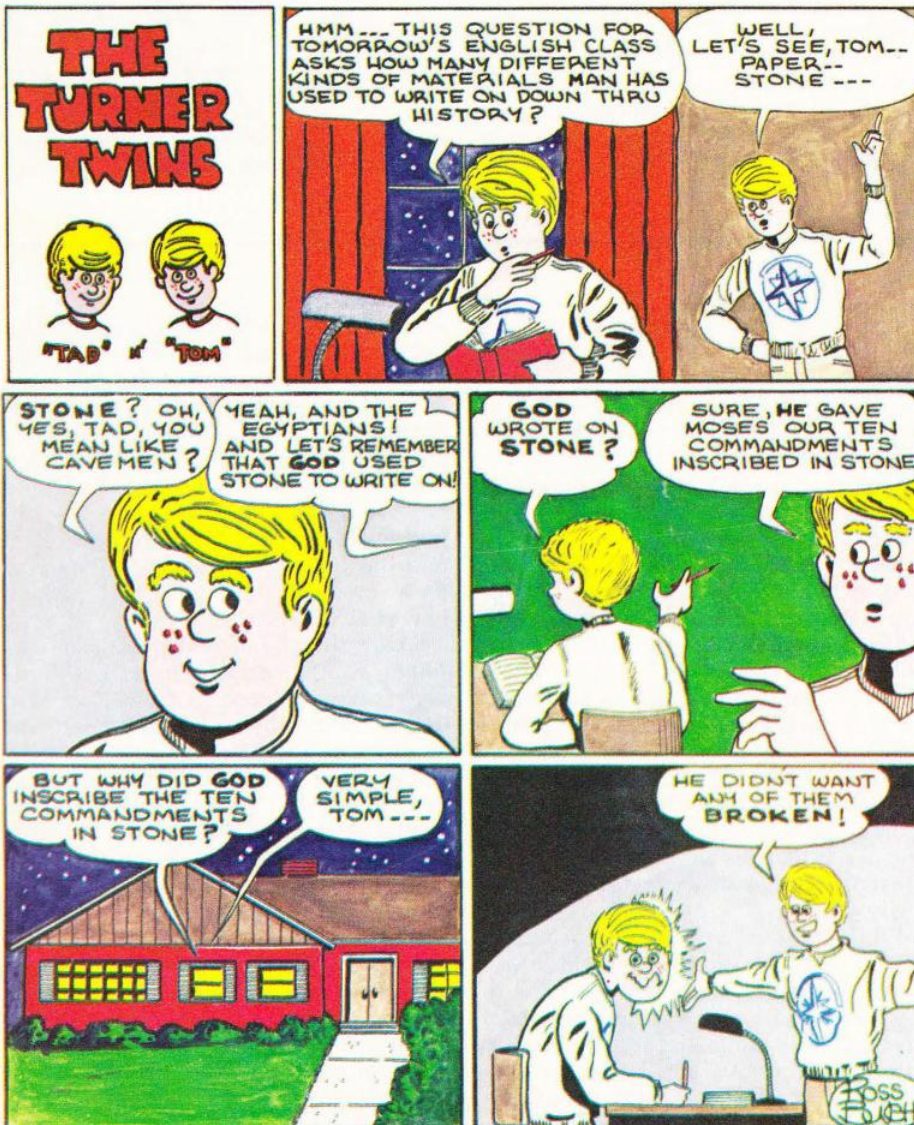
CITY GIRL: "What do I care what a cow heard? I've got no secrets from a cow."

J. K. Pringle
Grand Junction, MI



An elevator operator grew tired of people asking him for the time, so he hung a clock in the elevator. Now, all day long, people ask him, "Is that clock right?"

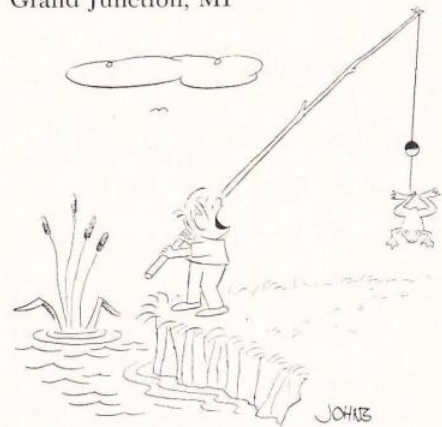
Henry E. Leabo
Jamestown, CA



COWBOY: "What kind of saddle do you want? One with a horn, or without?"

DUDE: "Without, I guess, will be all right. There doesn't seem to be much traffic out here on the prairie."

J. K. Pringle
Grand Junction, MI



"IF YOU'RE SOME KIND OF A PRINCE, I'D ADVISE YOU TO SPEAK UP NOW"

Answer to Puzzle Last Issue:
76 Circles

Answers to Nature Quiz

1. Bear, 2. Buffalo, 3. Cheetah, 4. Crane,
5. Crocodile, 6. Crowned Crane, 7. Deer,
8. Duck, 9. Giraffe, 10. Goose, 11. Gorilla,
12. Hawk, 13. Hippopotamus, 14. Jaguar,
15. Otter, 16. Zebra, 17. Lion, 18. Monkey,
19. Panda, 20. Parrot, 21. Polar Bear,
22. Rhino, 23. Seal, 24. Snake

A Rose for Father's Day

BY EVELYN WITTER

A red rose in a man's lapel on Father's Day means a child has paid him tribute. This is perhaps the most recognizable tribute you can pay your father this Father's Day.

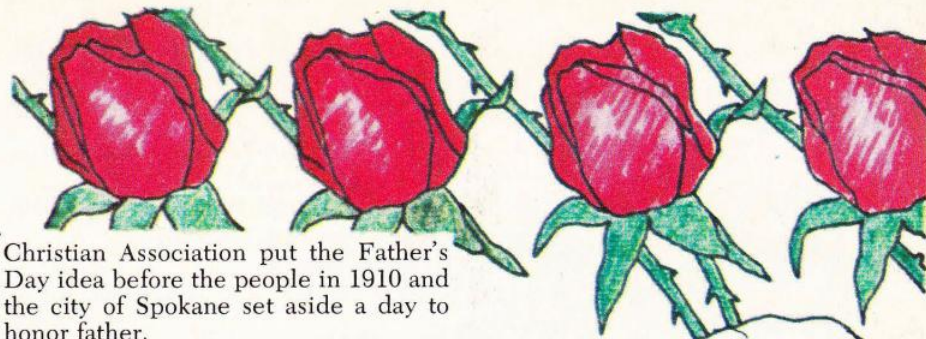
The idea of Father's Day came about one June morning in 1909 when Mrs. John Bruce Dodd of Spokane, Washington, thought about her father William Smart, a Civil War Veteran who raised his six motherless children on a Washington farm. It was nearing his birthday.

Slowly an idea developed. Why not have a certain Sunday set aside to honor all fathers? This day would call attention to the important place of the father in the home.

Mrs. Dodd went first to her own minister with the idea. He suggested that they talk to the Spokane Ministerial Association.

Mrs. Dodd also wrote to the Spokane Ministers Alliance. They favored the idea of honoring fathers.

When the Spokane Young Men's



Christian Association put the Father's Day idea before the people in 1910 and the city of Spokane set aside a day to honor father.

William Jennings Bryan, Secretary of State, was one of the first officials to give public approval to Mrs. Dodd's idea when he said: "Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon the relation between parent and child."

The importance of Father's Day grew when President Wilson had a Father's Day button pressed in the White House in 1916.

It was President Calvin Coolidge who recommended a national observance of Father's Day in 1924.

Mrs. Dodd selected the rose as the official Father's Day flower.

Since 1910 Father's Day has been celebrated all through America on the third Sunday in June.

According to the National Father's Day Committee it is suggested that you wear a white rose for remembrance on Father's Day or give a red rose to your Father for a living tribute.



BY J.K. GRESSETT



I shall never forget a story told by Samuel S. Scull, the Pentecostal pioneer of Arizona who is now with the Lord.

Samuel Scull's doctor had sent him to Arizona in 1903 with very little hope that he would live more than a few months. Lead dust from Eastern mines had brought on tuberculosis.

He and his wife and small children settled on the Arizona desert with a garden, a cow, and some chickens, intending to make the best of the situation.

One night a fierce desert storm struck with rain, hail, and very high wind. At daybreak, feeling sick and fearful of what he might find, he went out to survey their loss.

The hail had beaten the garden into the ground, the house was partially unroofed, the hen house had blown away, and dead chickens were scattered about. Destruction and devastation were everywhere.

While standing in somewhat of a daze, evaluating the mess and wondering about the future, he heard a stirring in the lumber pile that was the remains of the hen house. A rooster was climbing up through the debris and he didn't stop climbing until he had mounted the high-

est board in the pile. That old rooster was dripping wet, and most of his feathers were blown away—but as the sun came into view over the eastern horizon, he flapped his bony wings and proudly crowed.

Brother Scull said that when he saw that performance he just stood in the midst of the calamity and laughed, and told the rooster, "Old man, if you feel that way about it, we will both make a new start today."

Later this dear man went to Los Angeles and heard the Pentecostal message at Azusa Street. As far as is known, he was the first man to preach Pentecost in Arizona. The Lord healed his body, and he lived over 60 years after that. God gave him a full life and ministry. We conducted his funeral in 1964 after his passing at the age of 101.

So many times when we are in the slough of despond and feel the lowest, the Lord is doing the most for us.

According to the Scriptures, most all great men have had periods of discouragement, yet seldom has discouragement been fatal to them.

Discouragement is an ounce or a ton, depending on how we take it. It is only fatal as you or I allow it to be.