

A detailed illustration of a man on a horse crossing a river with a pack animal in a forest. The man is wearing a brown jacket and a hat, and is holding a rifle. The horse is brown and has a white blaze on its face. The pack animal is dark brown and is carrying a large pack. The river is shallow and rocky, and the forest is dense with evergreen trees. In the background, there are mountains with snow. The overall scene is one of a rugged, outdoor adventure.

High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS/FALL 1979

An Algonquin Adventure

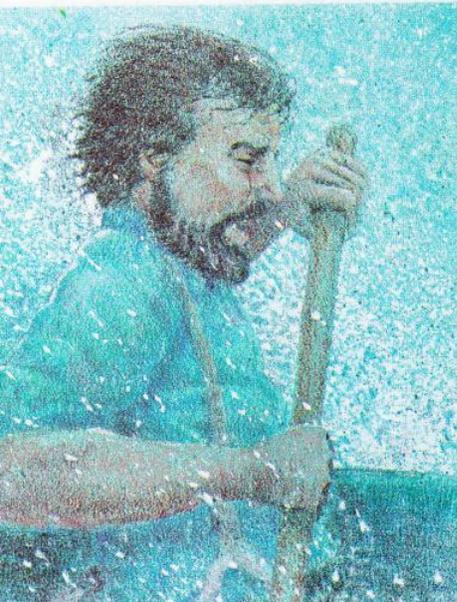
FLINT AND STEEL FIREMAKING

March to a Lively Tune

ROCKY RAIN ON THE MIDWEST

High Adventure

FALL 1979



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RANGERS "ROUGHING IT"

An Algonquin Adventure

This past summer, 6 boys and 3 leaders from Outpost 35, First Assembly of God, embarked on an exciting wilderness experience in Algonquin Provincial Park located in Ontario, Canada. Algonquin Park is approximately 100 miles north of Toronto, and is a wilderness area devoted entirely to canoe tripping. Our trip lasted 6 days and covered 53 miles through a loop of connecting lakes and portages (trails that connect one lake to another).

During this trip we learned a number

**TEXT AND PHOTOS
BY ROBERT DICKERSON**

**Royal Rangers canoed
6 days and 53
miles through one of
Ontario, Canada's vast
Wilderness Areas.**

of things, one of which was to rely on your map and compass in order to find your way. Of our 53 total miles, 5 were spent temporarily misplaced. Another lesson that was quickly learned was what is necessary equipment and what is excess baggage. Since everything that was brought with you had to be carried (including the canoes) across the numerous portages we encountered, unnecessary equipment seemed to get heavier with every step.

A third lesson learned was the impor- ►

At the end of the trip they were exhausted but fulfilled!

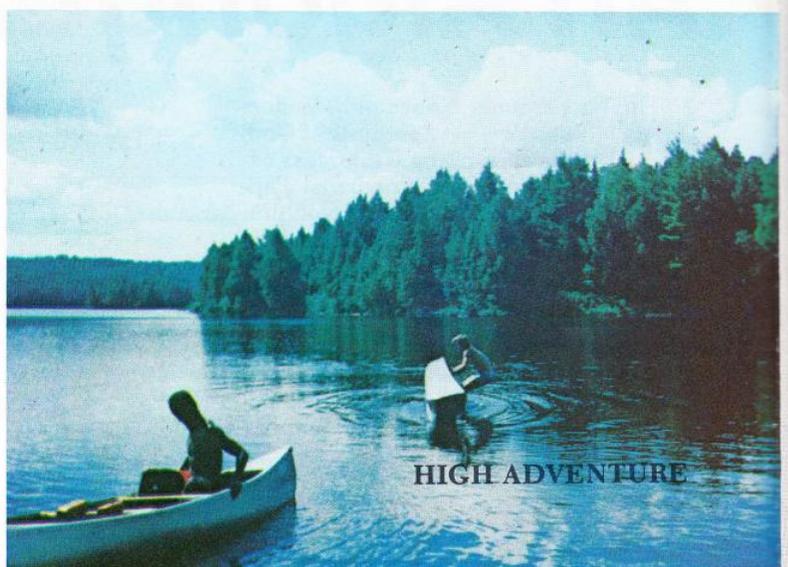
importance of being physically fit. After an especially long portage, everyone of us wished we were in better shape and promised to ourselves that *next year*, we would be in better condition. At the end of each day's travels, dinner was prepared and food never tasted so good as after a long day of paddling and portaging. Evenings were spent fellowshiping around the campfire and generally just enjoying the beauty of God's creation. Retiring for the night came early as we were all anxious to begin the next day.

One rest day was spent on a beautiful island in Big Trout Lake. We spent the day fishing, relaxing and gathering blueberries, blackberries and even mollusks (fresh water clams). After collecting as many as you could possibly want, they were steamed and floated in melted butter. (It still makes me hungry to think about them.) Also time was devoted to fulfilling a number of the requirements for the Camping, Cooking, Nature Study and Canoeing Advanced Awards.

Finally as we awoke the last day to a beautiful sunrise, we paddled the last section of our trip back to our starting point, tired but having enjoyed every moment of our adventure. *



“A third lesson learned was the importance of being physically fit.”





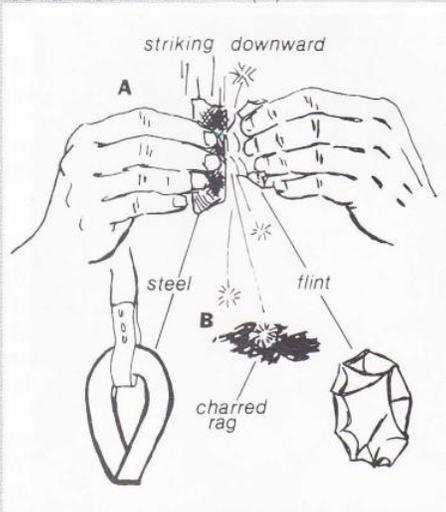
RANGERCRAFT

FLINT AND STEEL FIRE MAKING

BY JOHN ELLER

Flint and steel firemaking was known to the Eskimos and Indians long before the white man came to America. Although they did not have steel, they used iron pyrites or meteor iron instead.

Steel or iron when struck against glassy stones like quartz, agate, jasper or flint will cause sparks. These sparks are actually tiny bits of metal broken off and heated to a burning point by the blow. As seen in the illustration (A), when one of these sparks falls upon a charred rag or dry tinder, it will smoulder and can then be fanned into flame (B).



Charred cloth can be prepared by cutting cotton cloth discs the size of an old shoe polish tin. Place 10 or 12 discs in a coffee can on a hot plate. Char cloth until it is black. (Char 'um outdoors as there will be heap smoke.) Store charred cloth in polish tin.

Start a fire by striking your steel against the flint and allowing the sparks to fall on a disc of charred cloth or tinder. When a spark catches, place in tinder



and blow into flame. Sit close to your kindling.

High-carbon steels can be purchased commercially, or, you may use a piece of broken file or a pocket knife. Add fun and adventure to your next campfire by starting it with flint and steel.

MAKE YOUR OWN COOK KIT

by John Eller

A personal cooking kit is important to every serious camper. It should contain a kettle, pan, frying pan, cup, knife, fork, and spoon, all fitting into a canvas cover.

Cooking kits can be purchased, or, you may make your own. Either should have a pair of heavy canvas gloves for handling when hot.

You can make your own kit from tin cans. It is important that you know the numbers of the various sizes:

- No. 1 Large evaporated-milk cans
- No. 2 Most canned vegetables
- No. 2½ Canned tomatoes
- No. 5 Twice the size of a tomato can (juice can)
- No. 10 Restaurant size

Kettles—Use No. 10 cans, adding a wire handle (Figure E). If you use cans of different sizes the kettles will nest (Figure G).

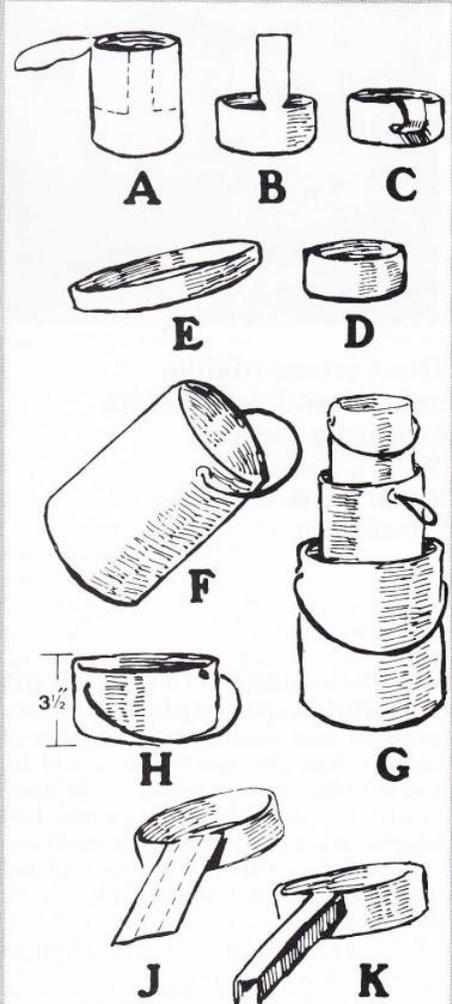
Stew Pans—Shallow kettles made from No. 10 cans (Figure H).

Frying Pan—From a No. 10 can (Figures J & K).

Cups—From No. 2 or No. 2½ cans (Figures A, B & C).

Cereal Bowls—From No. 2½ or No. 5 cans (Figure D).

Plates—From No. 10 cans (Figure E).



March to a Lively Tune

Fighting the Redcoats

BY ROBERT BEARCE



The Yankee militia, scared and exhausted, cowardly battling within, marched toward the British infantry.

WE STAGGERED TO THE TOP OF Dobb Hill. Captain Wilman's militia company had eighty men and boys, ranging from one fourteen-year-old to Josiah Fiske, age sixty-three. Gasping for air, I collapsed to the ground beside the fourteen-year-old, my brother.

I was three years older than Nathan, but I didn't feel it. I felt like a whipped seven-year-old.

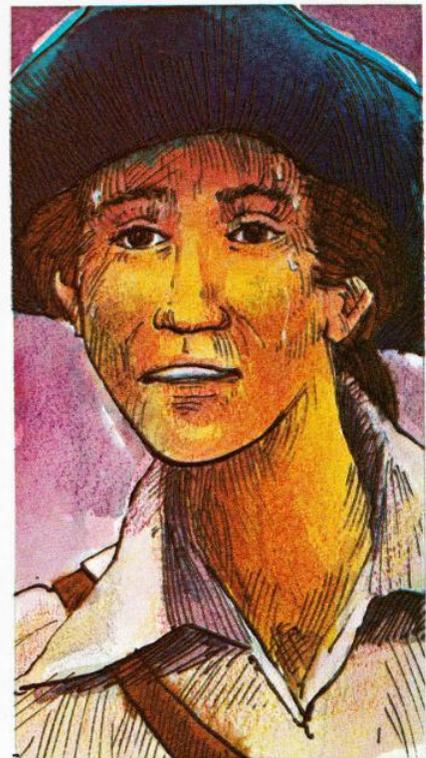
We were scared... scared that a

troop of British dragoons would come galloping up Dobb Hill after us. Captain Wilman's company was exhausted and scared all right. Every last one of us. We had been retreating from the Redcoats for the last two miles. Stumbling up Dobb Hill had sapped our last bit of strength.

Two miles away at the old forge, we had made our stand. We had fired one volley at the advancing Redcoats. We fired. Then we ran. I doubt that the British pursued us more than a quarter mile, but we kept running.

Now, as we lay breathless alongside Dobb Road, Captain Wilman leaned against the adjacent three-foot stone wall.

"Rest and reload your muskets," he said, wiping sweat from his face. He gazed back down Dobb Hill toward the distant creek and bridge we had crossed.



"How's the battle goin'?" wheezed Private Fiske.

Shaking his head, Wilman examined his pistol. "I can't tell. I suspect our Continental Line troops are holding their own. The British, though, seem to be outflanking us."

As my heartbeat and breathing eased up, I could hear the rumble of canon and musketry. The battle was raging to the northwest. I speculated briefly on how many other militia companies had fled, leaving only our regular Continental soldiers to face the Redcoats.

Nathan rolled over on his side and looked at me through sweat-filled eyes. "Aren't we going to fight 'em, John?"

"I guess not, Nathan. Not today." I was proud of my brother, the youngest in our company and our drummer boy. Some of the other militiamen had discarded their muskets as we retreated. Nathan, though, had slung his drum over his back and carried it all the way to Dobb Hill.

"I guess you're mighty tired," I mumbled, gesturing toward the drum beside him.

"We... we should have stood and fought 'em!" The sleeve of his sweaty shirt didn't do much to wipe the moisture from his face. "If I could carry a musket instead of drumming, I'd—"

His vow was cut short by an eruption of intense cannonading over to the west.

Amos Booth, our fife player, crawled over to the stone hedge near Captain Wilman. Staring over the wall, Booth watched the advance of scarlet-clad British grenadiers across a far-off meadow. "We aren't going to stay here, are we, sir?"

"Save your breath, Private," said Wilman. "I'll give my orders soon enough."

Wilman was still holding some of his authority, but I knew what his final decision would be.

Retreat!

Further thought on our shameful conduct was suddenly interrupted by the pounding of horses' hoofs. The thunder of cannons had temporarily muffled the approach of the rider. Now, he broke into view from the trees on the other side of Dobb Road.

His abrupt appearance almost panicked several of our men. Captain Wilman spun around as the horseman galloped up.

He was an American officer, wearing a cocked hat and blue coat. Like our own homespun clothing, his uniform was streaked with dust and sweat.

"Who's in command here?" he shouted, reining in his mount.

"I am, sir." Stepping forward, Wilman saluted. "Captain James Wilman 5th Company of militia from—"

Wilman's words faded when the officer pointed defiantly down the hill.

"Your place, Captain, is yonder! Fighting the Redcoats! Who gave you orders to defend this hilltop?"

Captain Wilman cleared his throat and gripped his pistol nervously. Well, sir... we... I mean—

"I am Major Anthony Brentwood, 14th Continental Brigade. My own troops fought bravely all morning. Most were killed or captured. I was fortunate."

Pausing, Major Brentwood glanced out across the countryside. "I escaped. The British are taking so many prisoners today, they can't keep an eye on all of us."

Brentwood drew his saber and leveled it toward the bridge we had scrambled across earlier. "Captain Wilman, I outrank you, and I am now assuming command of your militia company. As you can see, some British light infantry have reached the bridge. We must drive them back to hold the crossing."

Captain Wilman hesitated, his eyes glancing first at Brentwood, then at the bridge, and then at his own men huddled alongside the stone hedge. "With all due respect, sir," he began weakly, "I don't believe—"

His hesitation brought quick support from the militia men.

"We've already done our share of hard fighting," lied Sergeant Dorsett.

"Besides," muttered Private Booth, "We've run out of ammunition."

"There's too many British at the bridge," added Dorsett.

Except for the continuous roar of the battle to the north and west, all was silent atop Dobb Hill. Staring at the ground, Captain Wilman said nothing.

When Major Brentwood finally spoke, he was brief. "You are a disgrace to the cause of freedom! You are cowards. Your fellow soldiers will remember you in shame this day."

With his saber, Major motioned for the men in front of him to move aside. As they did, he spurred his mount forward.

The stone wall was taken in a graceful leap. Several yards beyond the hedge, Brentwood halted. Shoulders, erect, he remained motionless.

I swallowed hard, knowing what I should do. While I hesitated, Nathan stood up and swung his drum into position. Josiah Fiske was the first to crawl over the wall with his musket. I followed.

Then came Nathan... Captain Wilman... Private Booth... Major Brentwood didn't look back. He simply waved his sword at the bridge and said, "Let's march to a lively tune. Courage, men, courage!"

Eighty strong, we headed down Dobb Hill as Nathan and fifer Booth struck up "Yankee Doodle."

We didn't take the bridge alone



Major Brentwood warned the troop of their sure disgrace if they did not join him on assaulting the British.

that afternoon. By the time we made our first assault, the British had received reinforcements. Our militia company advanced though and we didn't waver. We kept the British busy long enough for a regiment of Connecticut Continental Line troops to come up.

Continental and Wilman's militia—we took the bridge and held.

I remember the tears on fifer Booth's cheeks later that day when he mournfully squealed "Old Hundredth" to the dull thump of Nathan's drum. Major Anthony Brentwood was buried near the creek. He had been halfway across the bridge before two Redcoat musket balls toppled him from his horse.

Sergeant Dorsett was a stonemason by trade. With a large rock from Dobb Hill, he fashioned a marker for the grave. The inscription didn't mention Brentwood's name or rank.

As far as we could ever learn, there never was any Major or Anthony Brentwood. Nor was there a 14th Continental Brigade. The man who led us down Dobb Hill wasn't even an officer. From a single letter found inside his shirt pocket, we knew only that his first name was Ebenezer and that he was a private in the Continental Army. The officer's coat he wore was undoubtedly that of a real major who had died earlier in the day.

Sergeant Dorsett's engraving on the gravestone was sober and eloquent.

Ebenezer—An American Patriot ★

A Tent of My Own

“At the next Royal Rangers campout I set my tent up early, as far away from the big tents as necessary, but near enough so no one would miss it.”

BY STEVE LEATHERWOOD

I liked very much to camp out, but when the words, “Hit the Sack” were called out by my commander, I got a feeling of nausea. On every campout I attempted to get in the back of the tent that was so overcrowded it was ripping at the seams, but I always ended up at the tent entrance. Just as everyone had slipped into their sleeping bags and I was dozing off, a fellow would get up for a drink of water, using my stomach as a launching pad, out the door. Then one by one they

followed him, mashing my face with their hands, rolling across my stomach, and mutilating my arms and legs with their knees; returning in the same manner.

After all was quiet and I was licking my wounds, the army would again march across my body to go to the bathroom, then return rendering me senseless with more bruises. By now I was wishing someone would have given me a blanket and allowed me to sleep on the freeway. But after pondering over the problem I figured it could be solved with a tent of my own.

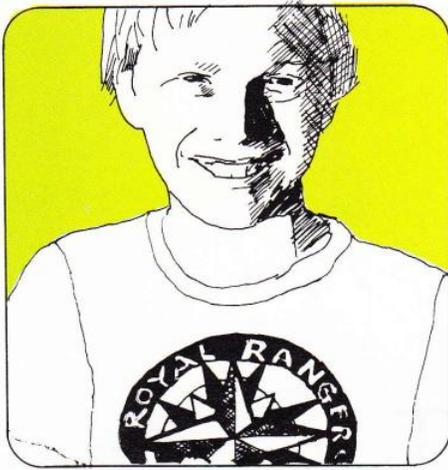
I saved my money and managed to buy a small durable pup tent. I was very proud of it and at the next Royal Rangers campout, I set my tent up early, as far away from the big tents as necessary, but near enough so that no one would miss it.

When bedtime came I happily went to my tent where no elbows waited to “gouge” my ribs or people to use me for a floor mat. I went to sleep, very peacefully

I might add, but was awakened by snarling and scratching on my tent. Then the wolf hit! I dashed from my tent with no thought of dressing; only to outrun the wolf. I crept into one of the large tents gasping softly, rather proud of myself for beating the wolf to a tent. Boys began to snicker and I discovered then one of my commanders had been the wolf that scared me out of my wits. Telling me this didn’t calm me in the least and I slept that night in the tent with a group already piled on top of each other knee deep—at the door of course.

Now here I lie at the entrance of the six man tent again, with eleven guys mashed inside, around me, going to and fro over my pain racked body. But never let it be said that I’m against camping out with the rest of the gang packed like sardines in a tent with guys climbing across you all night. No sir! I believe I will withstand forevermore any type of punishment to my body rather than to be a wolfs’ midnight snack.





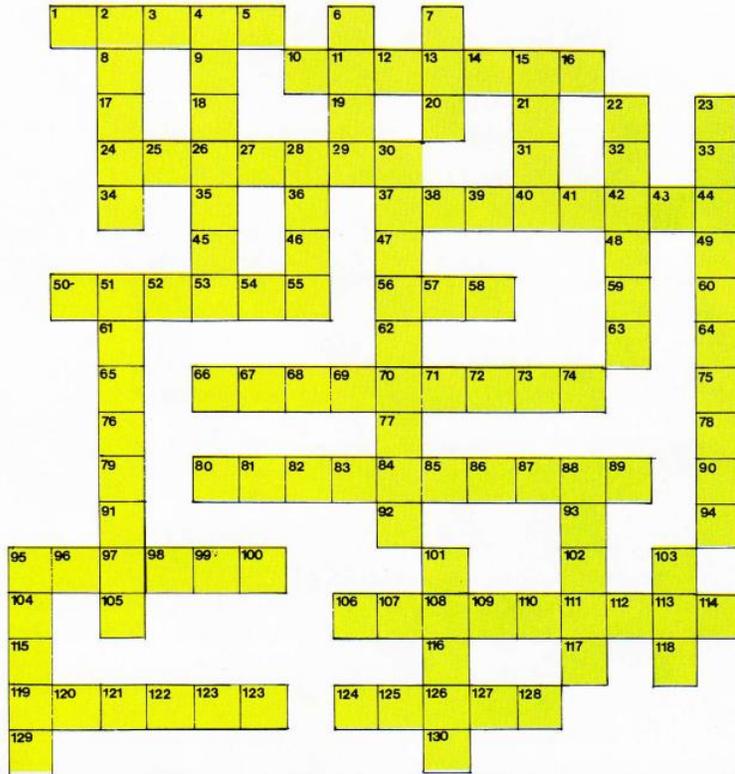
Royal Ranger Crossword Puzzle

BY JIM FOX

Here's a game that's not only fun, but helpful in brushing-up on all those memorized details that go along with being a Royal Ranger.

ACROSS

1. A Royal Ranger is mentally, physically, and spiritually _____.
 10. One of the four red points _____.
 24. Dear horns _____.
 37. One of the four gold points _____.
 50. Does not lie, cheat or steal _____.
 56. Four _____ points, are the main teachings of the church.
 89. A Royal Ranger is alert, clean, honest.
 66. Polite, kind and thoughtful _____.
 95. One of the four ways a boy grows _____.
 106. One of the four main teachings of the church _____.
 119. Indian tent _____.
 124. Royal Rangers motto _____.
- ## DOWN
2. Faithful to your church, family, outpost and friends _____.
 4. Salvation, Holy Spirit, Healing _____.
 6. Four legged animal with antlers that is hunted _____.
 7. _____ as a fox.
 15. _____ paper boy.
 22. One of the four gold points.
 23. Two words, and one of the four red points _____.
 28. North, south, _____, west.
 30. The last of the eight blue points _____.
 51. Part of the Royal Rangers Code which means to obey _____.
 88. To bring together _____ is Ready.
 95. Our Royal Rangers _____ is Ready.
 101. _____ in body, mind, and speech.
 103. Our Heavenly Father _____.



Thanksgiving Day Scramble

BY Ollie J. Robertson

If you looked at the menu below, you wouldn't know what foods you were to enjoy. The letters are scrambled. Put the letters in correct order and learn what's served on Thanksgiving Day.



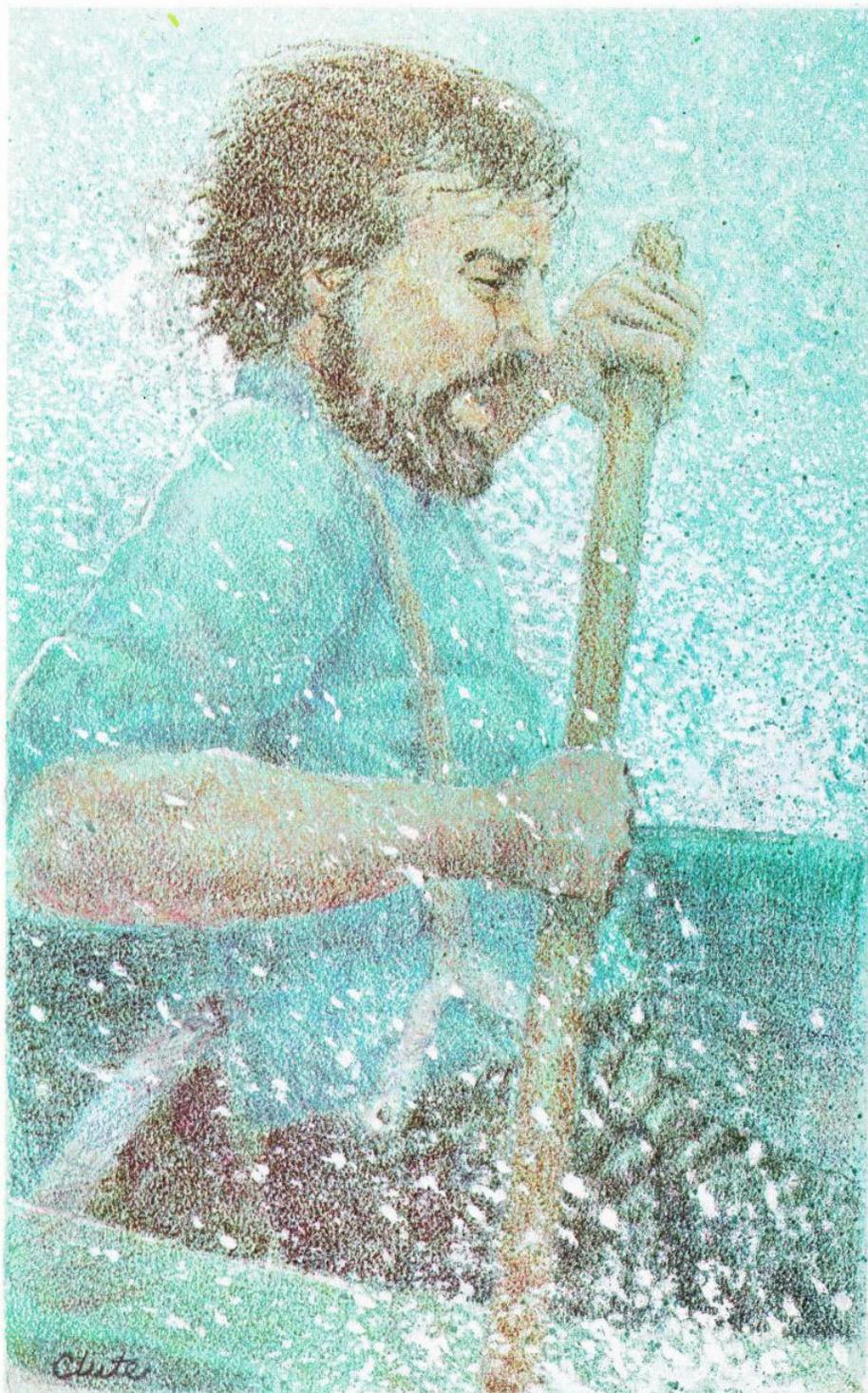
YEKURT
DRAEB
TAPOESTO
UMPKNIP IEP
ANBCRERYR UCESA
ICEMN IPE

LESAPP ECAK
ASHUQS LIMK
SNAEB

ANSWERS: Turkey, Bread, Potatoes, Pumpkin Pie, Cranberry Sauce, Mince Pie, Apples, Squash, Beans, Cake, Milk.

Adventure On The Green River

BY MABEL HARMER



The boats shot down the rapids, "Mounting the high waves," said Powell, "whose foaming crests dash over us, and plunging through the troughs, until we reach the quiet water below.

John Wesley Powell stood on the banks of the Green River on May 24, 1869 and watched as his four boats were launched into the swift current. He and a crew of nine men were about to challenge the unknown waters of the Green and Colorado rivers to bring back detailed information on the geology, geography, natural history and Indians of the area.

Along the river the citizens of Green River, Wyoming, watched the launching and made dire predictions. While none of them had ever gone down the river, they nevertheless told of waterfalls three hundred feet high, whirlpools that would quickly engulf any boat, and canyon walls so deep that there was no possible chance of a landing. Some warnings proved to be true. Furthermore, what was thought to be a journey of several hundred miles turned out to cover 1,037 miles from the Green River to the mouth of the Virgin.

Powell was a man of great strength. Not so much physical—as he had lost an arm in the Civil War—but strength of courage, will power and purpose. However, much of his success lay in his careful preparation. Before tackling the present trip, he had traveled the full length of the Mississippi, Ohio and Illinois rivers, as well as many lesser streams. And Powell had spent the winter months of 1868-69 at a camp on the White River, exploring the country surrounding the Uinta Mountains and the rivers of eastern Utah and western Colorado.

For the great adventure of 1869 Powell had ordered the boats built in Chicago and transported on the newly completed transcontinental railroad to Green River.

They were not the buoyant rubber crafts of present-day river-running. Three were built of oak, "staunch and

firm," as Powell wrote, "double ribbed with double stem and stern posts and further strengthened by bulkheads, dividing into three compartments. Two of these the fore and aft, are decked forming water tight cabins. It is expected these will buoy the boats should the waves roll over them in rough water."

The fourth boat, built of pine, was very light and built for fast rowing. The oaken boats were 21 feet long and could be carried when the cargo was taken out. None of the crew could have dreamed how often this portage task would be necessary.

The men took rations for ten months. Expecting that the river would be frozen during the winter and that they would have to lay over, they also carried warm clothing, traps to eke out the food supply, and a variety of tools to repair the boats and to build cabins.

The crew divided all supplies into three parts to be stored in the oak boats. In case one of the boats was lost, the expedition would not be left entirely without some important item. Of prime importance to the expedition's success were the instruments for scientific work. For Powell's chief goal looked beyond adventure to the establishment of a great scientific and technical bureau with emphasis on research in all its functions.

On the third day out the boats pulled to shore just above the junction of Henry's Fork where, several months earlier, a cache of instruments and rations had been left in a cave. Powell feared that the cache might have been discovered by Indians, the food eaten, and the instruments taken for ornaments; but all was found to be safe.

When they rode into the canyon of the Flaming Gorge on May 30, the explorers felt considerable anxiety. Old Time mountaineers had warned them that the

river couldn't be run. The Indians had said, "water heap catch 'em." The run through the gorge was swift, and a half a mile below the river entered another canyon with cliffs on either side that rose from 500 to 1500 feet. The first of many battles against the rapids began. Powell stood up in his boat to try to figure out a passage between the wave-beaten rocks. There was little choice. The boats shot down the rapids, "Mounting the high waves," said Powell, "whose foaming crests dash over us, and plunging through the troughs, until we reach the quiet water below."

On June 1 the men broke camp where they had slept on a pine-covered slope at the base of red sandstone cliffs. Their next run downriver swept them along at the speed of a railroad train. Coming to a stretch of calm water, they rested on their oars; but they could hear a roar that foretold trouble. They tied up the boats and Powell went ahead to reconnoiter.

The roar came from falls so high that the boats had to be unloaded and everything taken around by portage. Then the boats were let down by ropes.

Whenever they approached a fall or rapid, Powell would stand up in the lead boat, the *Emma Dean* to study the prospect. If he could see a clear channel they would go through. If not, they would make another portage, carrying supplies—and even the boats, at times—around the danger spots.

Powell was always careful to survey the river ahead because there might be a calm place and then, just over the brink, dangerous rapids. On one such occasion he flagged the first boat to a safe landing only to see the next one, the *No-Name*, go over a 12-foot fall into a channel filled with huge rocks that broke the waves into whirlpools and beat them into foam.

Powell ran along the riverbank and

passed around a crag just in time to see the boat strike a rock and fill with water. Two of the men lost their oars, while the boat was turned broadside and broken into two against another rock. The men were thrown into the water. One of them clung to a rock in the middle of a whirlpool until another was able to reach him with a pole and pull him to safety. The third crew member was washed downstream but managed to get ashore. When they were all safely together in camp that evening, they shook hands as if they had just been reunited after a trip around the world.

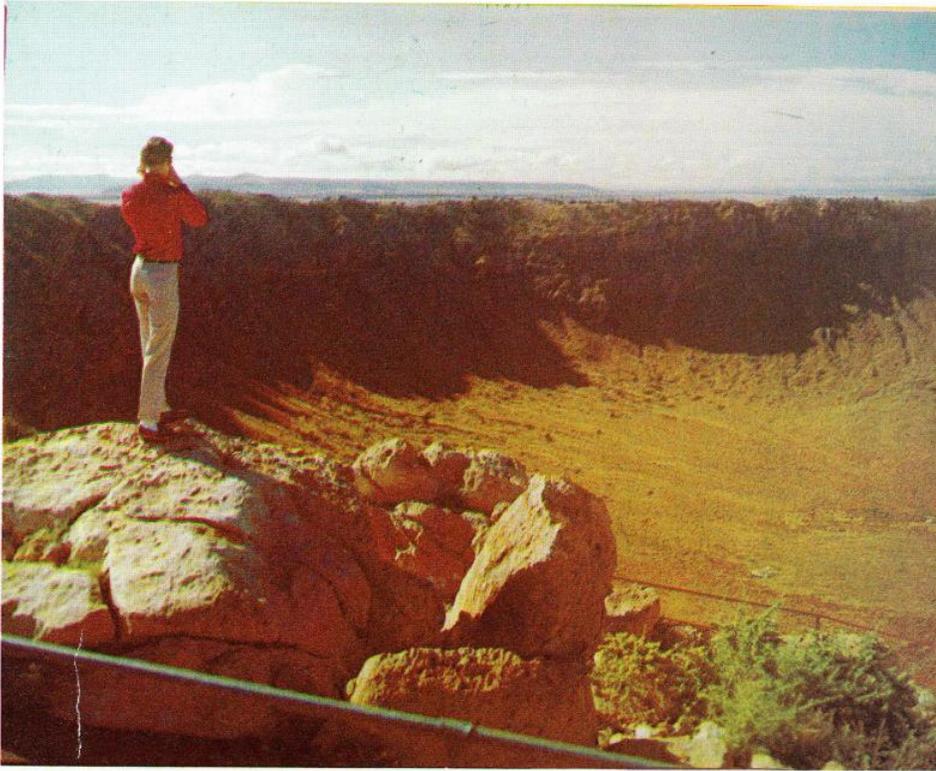
Everything in the *No-Name* was lost—clothing, rations, and instruments. Because of Powell's foresight most supplies could be replaced from those in the other boats—all except barometers. These were in the wrecked boat and Powell was determined to get them. Without barometers it would be impossible to chart the fall of the rivers, the height of the canyon walls or the altitude of the country Powell wanted to explore. Two men rowed over the wrecked boat and were overjoyed to find the precious instruments.

On July 1st they landed where the Uinta river enters the Green and had the pleasure of seeing a house again and some signs of civilization. It was the Indian agency where Powell visited with Chief Tsau-wil-at and his Ute wife, an influential and revered old woman who was called "The Bishop." The explorers rested for a few days among the Indians examining their farms, studying their language and collecting their craft items.

On July 6 the men embarked again on their perilous exploration. They had conquered the river on the first run of the journey. With that success they had the courage to go on to meet the challenge of the mighty Colorado. ♦

Rocky Rain On The Midwest

BY GROVER BRINKMAN



Barringer Meteor Crater in Arizona

The recent prolonged meteor shower, witnessed by many readers, both urban and rural, brings into sharp focus one statistical fact: meteors do shower down on planet earth continually; they are a potential danger, any day of the year. But has any reader of this magazine been popped on the head by a fragment of this "rocky rain"?

Most meteorites disintegrate into dust before they strike the earth, so the potential physical danger is almost nil. Yet blockbusters have fallen. Strangely, farmers find more meteorites than any other single group of people. They plummet into fields, perhaps lay there for many years before they are finally recognized.

This heavy rain has been going on since creation, meteorologists insist. Now that we are space conscious, more interest is shown, more recoveries made.

It is estimated that 6,000,000,000,000 tons of meteorites have fallen to earth, and that the weight of our globe is increased about 100,000 tons each year as

the result of meteoric material, chiefly dust, that falls from the sky.

At a small farm community about 75 miles southeast of St. Louis, back in the depression days of the 1930's, someone heard an odd noise above the hamlet, saw a puff of smoke, and suddenly a solid object thudded into a field. Two other falling objects descended nearby, one in an alfalfa field, the other in a clay bank. When retrieved, townspeople had three meteorites, one of 9 pounds, one of 41, and the largest tipping the scale at 100 pounds. The latter stone buried itself 4 feet deep but was easily recoverable. Today the three stones are in Midwest museums.

In 1938 an odd landing of a meteorite was recorded in Illinois, near the Macoupin county town of Benld. The fall took place at about 9 a.m., September 29. This time there was at least physical damage. The meteorite crashed through the gable of a garage, slammed through the metal roof of a car and buried itself in

Meteors do shower down on planet earth continually; they are a potential danger any day of the year.

the car's upholstery. It weighed 4 pounds.

It is interesting to note that these meteorites were cold. The Benld meteorite did not ignite the car seat upholstery. This dissolves the old adage that all meteorites are hot. Heat created by friction as they fall through the atmosphere is only surface deep. It quickly dissipates. One meteorite, found soon after impact was warm but not hot. Another was coated with frost.

Scientists believe that all meteorites come from within our own solar system. Some of them, of course, collide with the earth. Unless these fragments fall within sight of someone, they are not immediately found.

Talking to a farmer who remembers a meteor fall on his farm, he said there was a brilliant display of light prior to an explosion. A smoke cloud followed.

At Sandoval, Illinois, the late Dr. Uriah Hurd had a huge stone placed on his grave, presumably a meteorite that had been dug up from his farm. The legend has since been disqualified by NASA after samples of the stone were sent to this laboratory for analysis. But the curious still seek out the grave.

People in southern Indiana, and across the river in southern Illinois still remember the legend of Zadoc Mitchell, an old settler who died in an isolated river cabin on Nov. 13, 1833. No one knew that on the night of his death literally hundreds of "falling stars" (meteors) would appear. The settlers at that time understood little of the principles involved, but evidently it was an awe-inspiring sight, instantly linked to the death of Zadoc. Neighbors, walking to pay their respects or to "sit up with the corpse," a custom in those days, were terrified when they saw the falling stars. For many years after Zadoc's death, mention of his name would bring an instant response. "He lay a corpse the night the stars fell."

Each year, scientists say, thousands of meteorites plummet to earth. The American Meteorite Laboratory at Denver insists that any strange rock found on a farm or elsewhere should be analyzed.

Once in a century or so, strange things seem to happen, relative to meteorites.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

HIGH ADVENTURE

JOEY

BY MARY T. BANNAN

Joey Whitcomb never even slowed down as he entered the town, if three shacks could be called a town. He just galloped furiously along its muddy, deserted street and reined in at the first building. Tearing inside he made for a group of men standing around a makeshift bar.

"Please," he cried, "help me!"

"Where's your manners, boy? I'm talking!" bellowed Gar Watkins angrily.

"Please. Where's the doctor? My pa..."

"Whoa!" roared the big rancher. "Simmer down now. Your pa's sick?"

Joey shook his head. "He's hurt. But we're wasting time. Please. Where's the doctor?"

"No doctor in this town," replied Watkins. He looked closely at the mud-caked youngster. "You live around here?"

"No sir. But we're going to homestead..."

"Homestead!" The word exploded from his mouth. He turned incredulously to his companions. "You hear that? This tadpole and his pa... they're squatters!" He spat out the hateful word. "Should I show him the only help we give his kind?"

The men hooted encouragement and Gar spun around to the frightened teenager. Grabbing the back of his collar and the seat of his pants he pushed the boy to the door and booted him roughly outside.

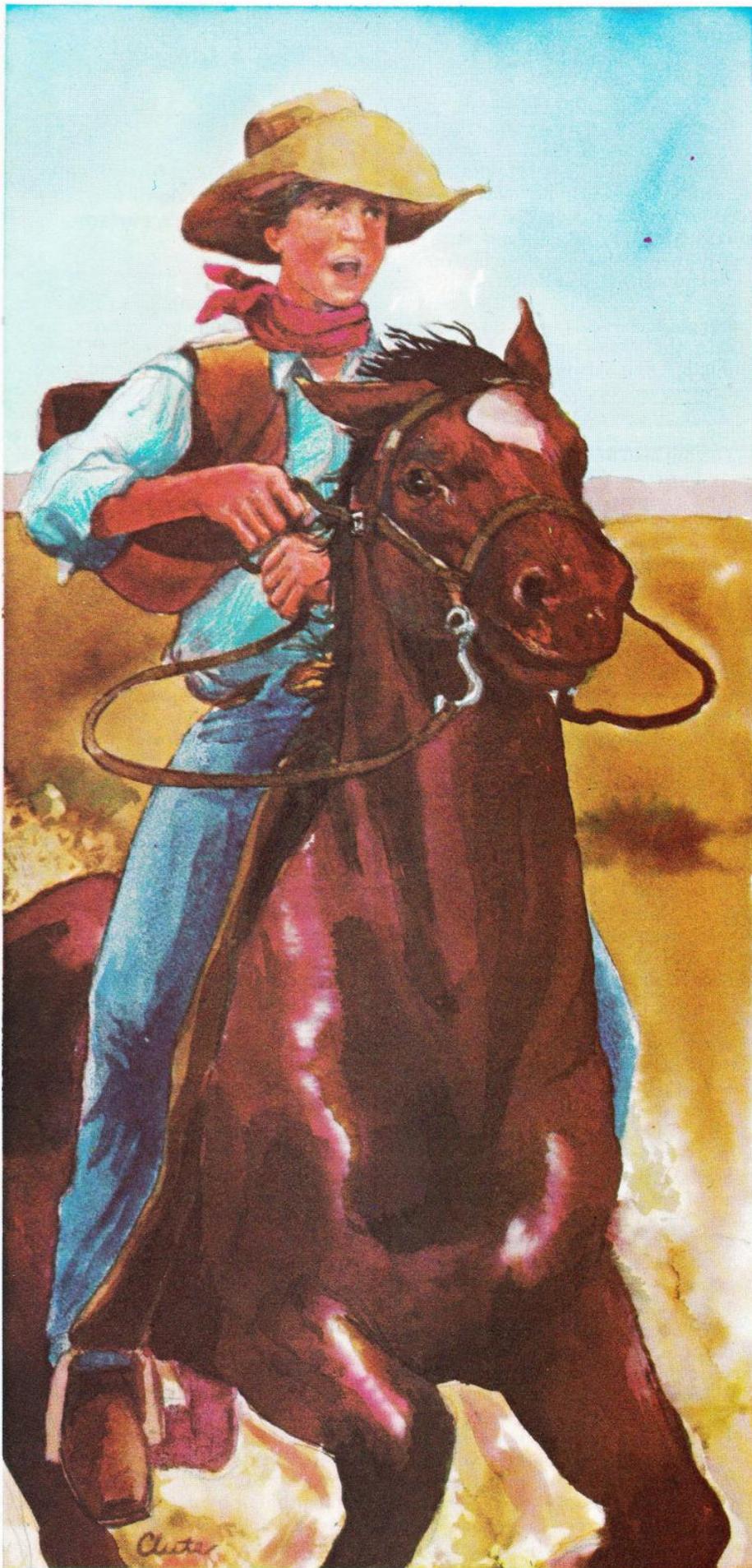
"Stay out of here squatter! And stay out of this town!"

Stunned, the lad slowly dragged himself to his feet. As he started to step onto the boardwalk a handful of young toughs who had been in the saloon swept down on him. Joey wriggled away from them and bolted into his saddle. He tore out of town amidst flying mud clods and screaming threats of what would happen if he ever returned.

The scared youngster never stopped until he reached the safety of a thicket near the river. What was he going to do? It looked like he wasn't going to get help in that town. And how far was the next one? Suppose those people hated homesteaders too? The boy could still see his father's pain-wracked face as he lay beside the wreckage of their wagon. Somehow he had to get someone in that town to help him.

Joey stayed at the river a while gathering his courage and then cautiously made his second entrance into town. The

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street was deserted but he kept alert for any signs of movement. He avoided the saloon and reined up in front of the second building. Before he could dismount the screaming horde of teenagers burst out of hiding and with them a pack of snarling dogs. Whipping his horse around, Joey thundered back toward the river with the rowdies and yapping mongrels in hot pursuit. Fortunately they soon gave up the chase and he could hear them laughing as they called back their dogs.

The boy was filled with anguish. He couldn't just give up. His pa was counting on him. But what could he do?

Late that afternoon he tried circling the town and approaching from the far end, but his tormentors were waiting for him and he fled once more to the safety of the thicket. Overcome with exhaustion and worry, he flung himself down and wept bitterly. He had failed. His pa would die. Then as he always did when he was alone and frightened, he began to pray.

It was a short while later when the sound of hoof beats reached his ears. He peered from his hiding place and was terrified to see Gar Watkins approaching in a buckboard. Joey slipped farther back into the bushes. As the wagon came closer he was surprised to see a young girl about his own age sitting beside the rancher and chatting merrily.

"Please stop a minute, Papa," begged the girl as they were abreast of the concealed Joey. "I want to pick some of those flowers that grow near the river."

"Now, Sara, I'm in a hurry. We can stop some other time."

"Please, Papa? They're so pretty."

The big man smiled. "You win baby. You always do. I can never refuse you anything."

Reining in the horses, he stepped from the buckboard and lifted his daughter to the ground. Then he handed her a pair of crutches.

"Wait here, Papa. I can get the flowers myself."

Watkins hesitated. "You sure you'll be alright?"

The girl nodded happily.

"Don't get too close to the river bank. It can be mighty slippery."

"Oh, Papa, you worry too much," smiled Sara as she hobbled off.

Joey drew in his breath as he saw the pieces of iron strapped to the girl's legs. Despite his own problems he couldn't help but feel sorry for the pretty young thing. He watched her clumsily gathering wildflowers and then to his horror, she lost her footing and plunged into the swirling river. A scream tore from her throat and she thrashed savagely. The weight of her braces was sucking her

down into the watery blackness.

By the time Watkins reached the bank, Joey was already in the river. Again and again he dove down into its murky depths until at last he had her. The rancher watched numbly as the boy fought his way toward land with the half-drowned Sara. Gar stretched out his powerful arms and pulled them both to safety.

Coughing and gasping the youngsters lay in the grass getting back their strength. Then Sara held out her arms to her father and began to whimper.

"Papa. I was so scared," she sobbed softly.

The big man held her close and kissed away her tears. "Hush, baby. It's okay. You're safe now." He looked over at the sopping Joey. "Say, ain't you that nester kid?"

Young Whitcomb began to tremble.

"You are him!" boomed Watkins.

"Please, mister. Just let me catch my breath. I'll leave. Honest."

"Leave? What are you talking about? You just saved my little girl's life. I owe you." He paused a moment. "I guess you didn't know she was my daughter when you leaped into that water."

"I knew."

Watkins looked puzzled. "And you still risked your life? Why? You sure didn't owe me nothing but hate."

"I couldn't let her drown, no matter who she was."

"Why not? If it had been you in the water I think I'd have just figured it would mean one less squatter to deal with. You should have jumped at the chance to get even with me."

"No, sir. My pa taught me revenge is wrong. Besides the Bible says to do good to those who hurt us." Joey walked toward his horse.

Nonplussed, Gar called out, "Hold on there. You can't really believe that."

"Papa, he just proved he does," offered Sara gently.

Shaking his head, Watkins stood silently for a moment. "Well," he said at last, "I don't understand this 'doing good' business, but I do understand that I owe you. And I always pay my debts. You still looking for help for your pa?"

Joey nodded slowly.

"You can stop looking. After what you did you've got all the help you'll ever need right here," declared the rancher. "And you can forget the squatter business. You and your pa are welcome here and I'll make sure everybody else feels that way too. Now, where's your pa?"

As Gar helped Sara into the buckboard, a big grin broke over Joey's face. He whispered a prayer of thanks and swung into his saddle. Everything was going to be okay after all. ♦

Rocky Rain On The Midwest continued:

Meteorites have buried themselves thousands of feet below the earth's surface.

There were no reporters, no TV cameras to record a phenomenon in Arizona some 12,000 years ago. This "UFO" was a wandering asteroid or the head of a disintegrated comet, and it struck the desert near Winslow with the force of a multimegaton bomb. The impact splashed nearly half a billion tons of rock from the crater, probably destroyed all plant, human, and animal life within a hundred miles.

Today, Meteor Crater, the world's first proven meteorite well, is 4,150 feet from rim to rim, 3 miles in circumference, 570 feet deep. Such man-made wonders as the Washington Monument and the massive Great Pyramids of Cheops in Egypt are dwarfed by its giant dimensions.

If primitive man lived in northern Arizona at that time, without doubt he watched in fear and awe the blinding flash and earth-shaking explosion of the meteorite's impact on the desert floor.

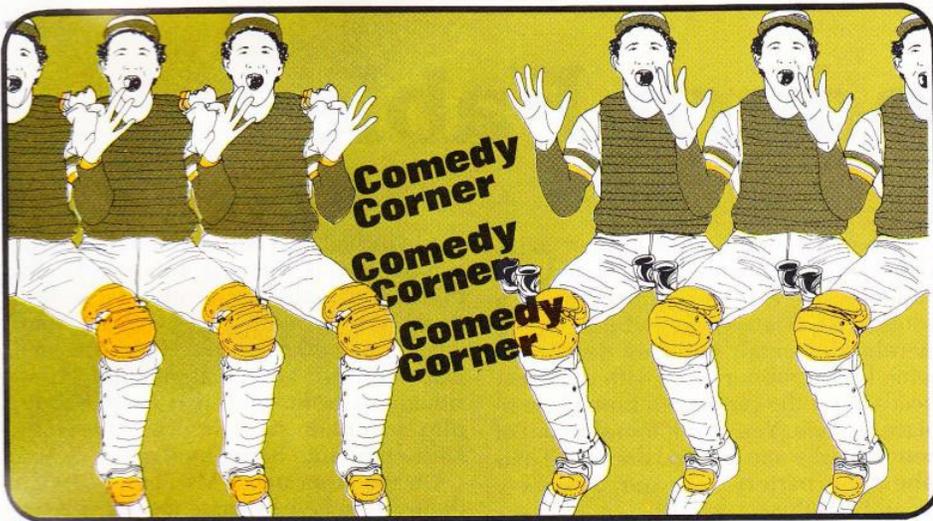
The meteorite (or meteorites) which formed this huge crater are buried thousands of feet below the rocky desert topsoil. They will never be recovered in this generation.

It did happen!

It could happen again, today or tomorrow.

How can one tell whether an odd stone picked up on a farm field or elsewhere is a meteorite or not? It isn't easy. Meteorites can be found in almost any shape except round. They are heavy, for one thing, usually very hard and metallic, for they contain iron and nickel. After a few years in a field, a meteorite usually takes on the patina of the soil itself. But if one edge of the stone is held against an emery wheel or other grinding surface, the bright, silvery metal is soon revealed under the outer crust. Here is another way to compare: if you believe you have a meteorite, find some other field stone of about the same size. The meteorite will be the heavier.

Meteorites are natural space probes. They hold the secrets of our solar systems, the similarities of our planet to those that accompany us around the sun, perhaps the manner in which life itself began. Meteorites also show us what happens to minerals long subjected to bombardment by cosmic radiation. Scientists even theorize that they may hold secrets that will someday cure cancer and other malignant diseases. ★



Hotel Clerk to Boy: "Please wipe the mud off your shoes when you come into the lobby."

Boy: "What shoes?"
Warren Bebout
Los Osos, CA

Commander: "Suppose you took 75 cents out of one pocket of your trousers and then 75 cents out of the other trouser pocket; what would you have?"
Alfie: "Someone else's pants."

Warren Bebout
Los Osos, CA

Barber To A Long-Haired Teenager: You're next.

Teenager: I'm not waiting for a haircut.
Barber: What are you waiting for?
Teenager: Nothing. My father's looking for me and this is the last place in the world he would look.

Warren Bebout
Los Osos, CA

Commander: Donny, I'd like to go through one whole meeting without having to scold you.

Donny: You have my permission.
Warren Bebout
Los Osos, CA

Commander: Fellows, a job well done need not be done again.
Tired Voice from Back of Room: What about mowing the lawn?

Warren Bebout
Los Osos, CA

If you saw a Sting Ray, a Barracuda, a Roadrunner, a Mustang, a Beetle, and a Cougar all in the same place, where would you be?

Answer: In a parking lot.
Warren Bebout
Los Osos, CA

Father: Well, son, how are your grades?

Son: They are underwater.

Father: What do you mean by underwater?

Son: Below C level.
Warren Bebout
Los Osos, CA

A Trailblazer from New York was visiting a cousin on a Texas ranch and decided to try his hand at riding one of the horses. He had only been on a few seconds when he found himself on the ground. "Man," he panted, "these Texas horses sure can buck." "He didn't buck" said the Texas cousin, "He was just hiccuping."

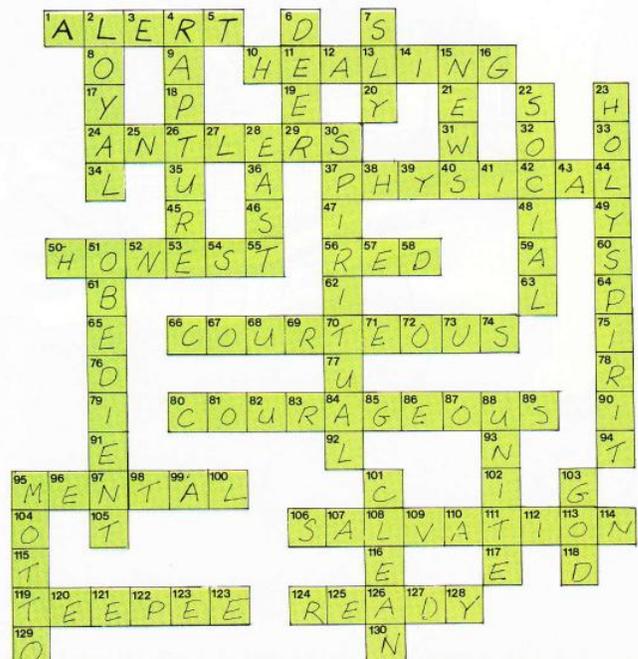
Doug Hanna
Shreveport, LA

Question: What can you give a bald man that he will never part with?

Answer: A comb.
Warren Bebout
Los Osos, CA



"US FIRST GRADERS SPENT MOST OF THE DAY GETTING ACQUAINTED"



A Modern Fable

BY MURIEL LARSON

Once upon a time there was a beautiful car—a sports model. Now there is a very curious story about how this car came into being. It seems that long ago there was this little piece of metal in the dust. One day this metal got tired of being by itself all day. It edged over to some other pieces of metal, and, before you know it, it had become a battery!

Now it was a living thing with plenty of spark. But a battery by itself is no good. So the battery thought and thought and started evolving a body to contain itself. (It was supposed to have this.) Then a motor, radiator, and other parts were added. After a while the body developed fenders.

Under the body were formed axles and, lo, before many years passed, the end of each axle was graced with a wheel! At first, these wheels were merely elemental; but they developed some lovely rubber tires (with excellent tread). Now the car moved from place to place in style. You see, it found a pool of petrol nearby one day and drank it. Then when the battery sent out a spark—vroom! Off the car went!

There were still other things that were added to the car over the years—seats (with seat belts), lights (white and red), and a horn that went ta-ta ta-ta! At last it could really sound off. And you should have heard the way it noised at the other

cars that had also come into existence!

Now this is the way this sports car thinks it actually came into being. But there is someone by the name of Man who has another story. He claims he made the car, and he thinks the car is ridiculous to imagine that such a complex invention as it is could possibly have come into being by itself.

On the other hand, Man has a similar theory as to how *he* came into existence. He actually thinks that he evolved out of a little piece of matter. But there is Someone called God, who says He made man.

Seems to me that anyone with real sense could figure out what the truth is in these two cases; don't you think so? ♣

