

# High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS/WINTER 1979-80



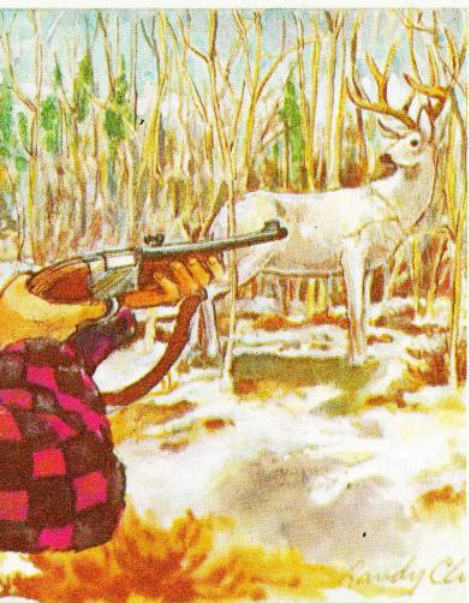
THE FENCE THAT WALKED  
SAVE OUR WINTER FRIENDS  
JUST LIKE BENNY  
RANGERS IN AFRICA

MERRY CHRISTMAS



# High Adventure

WINTER 1980



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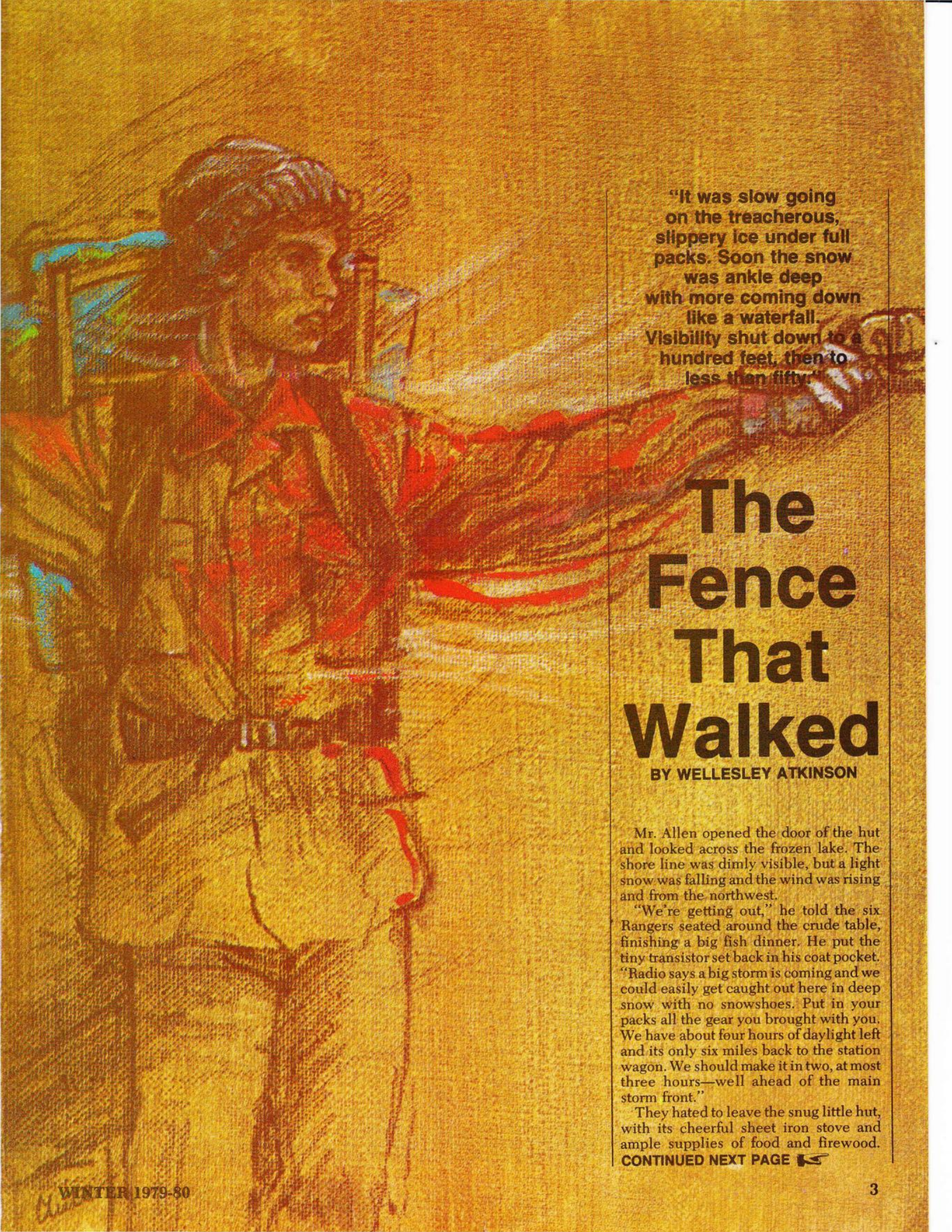


### HIGH ADVENTURE STAFF:

Editor: Johnnie Barnes, Layout Editor: Dave Barnes, Assoc. Editor: John Eller.

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"It was slow going on the treacherous, slippery ice under full packs. Soon the snow was ankle deep with more coming down like a waterfall. Visibility shut down to a hundred feet, then to less than fifty."

# The Fence That Walked

BY WELLESLEY ATKINSON

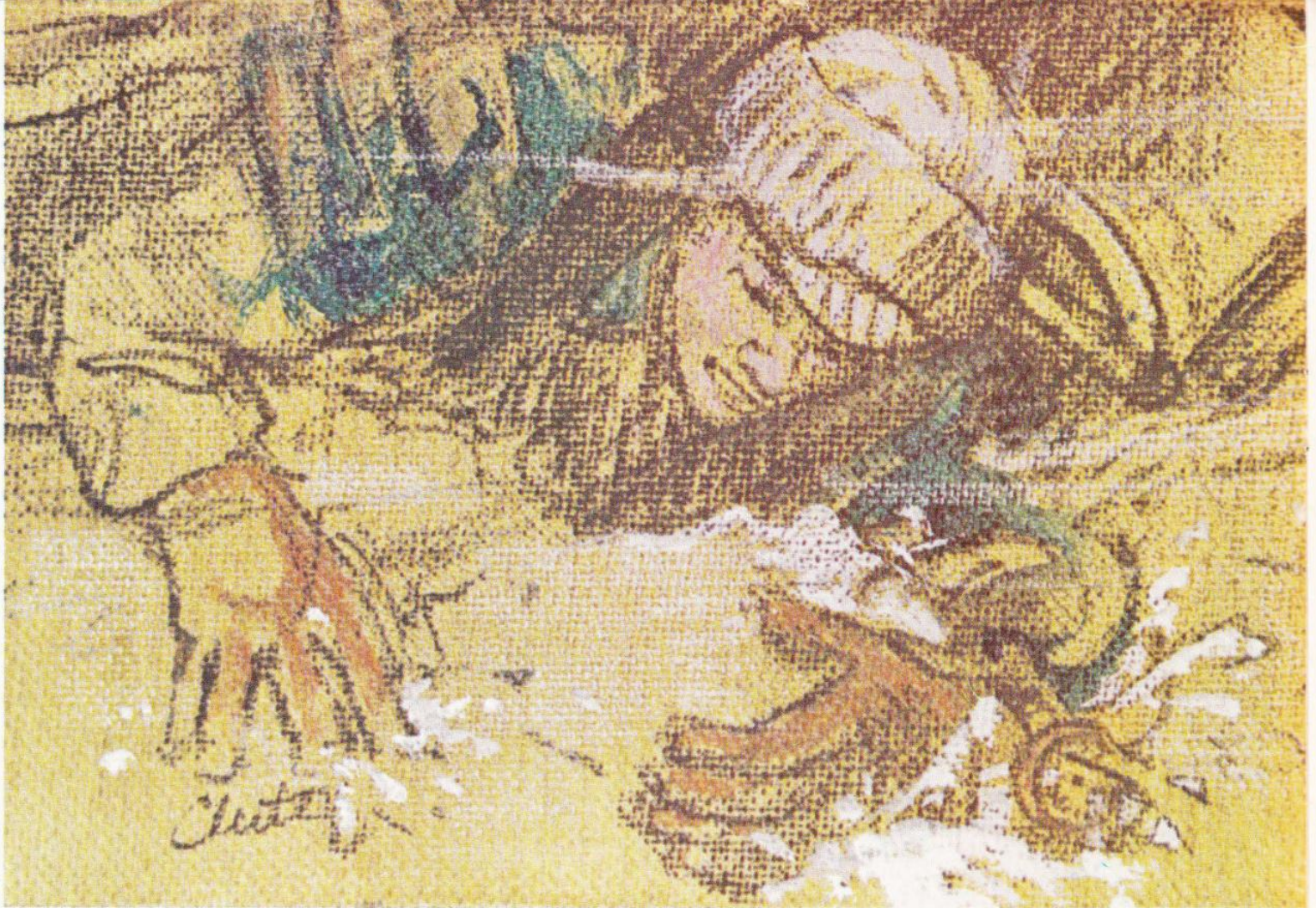
Mr. Allen opened the door of the hut and looked across the frozen lake. The shore line was dimly visible, but a light snow was falling and the wind was rising and from the northwest.

"We're getting out," he told the six Rangers seated around the crude table, finishing a big fish dinner. He put the tiny transistor set back in his coat pocket. "Radio says a big storm is coming and we could easily get caught out here in deep snow with no snowshoes. Put in your packs all the gear you brought with you. We have about four hours of daylight left and it's only six miles back to the station wagon. We should make it in two, at most three hours—we'll be ahead of the main storm front."

They hated to leave the snug little hut, with its cheerful sheet iron stove and ample supplies of food and firewood.

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE 





They had hauled the building across the ice in sections and set it up over one of the best winter fishing holes on the big lake.

By the time they were ready to move out the wind had risen sharply and the snow was coming down more heavily. The distant shoreline was blotted out. "The storm is moving in faster than I figured," Mr. Allen said. "But it can't stop us. We'll rope ourselves together like mountain climbers and I have a direct compass bearing on the point of land where we left the wagon."

On his right wrist he strapped the compass he had salvaged from a Navy aviator's survival kit, and took his position at the head of the column.

It was slow going on the treacherous, slippery ice under full packs. Soon the snow was ankle deep with more coming down like a waterfall. Visibility shut down to a hundred feet, then to less than fifty. Roped together, at ten foot intervals for freedom of movement, the marchers bent their heads against the rising wind and pushed on.

"I feel like a bed bug crawling inside a feather pillow," said Pete Ivey, the comedian, and everybody laughed.

"Thank God for the compass," Mr. Allen thought. "Without it, we—"

He tripped suddenly over an object hidden in the snow—a drifting log caught in the first freezeup—and fell

headlong in the snow. Instinctively, he held out both arms to break his fall. He got up slowly, helped by the Ranger roped behind him.

Methodically, he checked for damages. His legs were okay, his right wrist was numb and beginning to swell. The compass was shattered.

"Form a football huddle around me," he shouted above the howling of the wind. Quickly, they made a circle around him, breaking the wind. "We're in big trouble, fellows. The compass is broken." He looked at the watch on his left wrist. "We've been on the move forty-five minutes—at less than two miles an hour—which would place us about one mile from the hut and five miles from shore."

"You." He pointed to Jim Anderson, the biggest and oldest of the Rangers, "Untie yourself from the line and check our back trail. Could we follow it? And don't stray too far—we don't want to lose you."

Anderson was back in less than five minutes. "Our tracks are filling fast, Mr. Allen. In my opinion, we could not back-track to the hut without a compass bearing. In this stuff we could pass within twenty feet of it and never see it."

"Right," Mr. Allen said. "And if we gambled and missed it, we would be heading straight out into the lake—

straight for death. Our light sleeping bags were not designed for sleeping on ice in subzero cold during a blizzard. On the other hand, if we continue toward shore, keeping the wind on our left cheeks, we'll no doubt miss the end of the road and the wagon, but we're bound to hit land somewhere and we can follow a fence line or road leading sooner or later to a farmhouse. Does anyone have a better idea?

For a long moment no one said anything. Then the smallest and youngest of the group—PeeWee Simmons, also known as the bookworm, cleared his throat twice and spoke up.

"With all due respect, Mr. Allen, I think a blind march toward shore would be very dangerous. We have only the wind to give us a bearing, and if the wind should shift we might veer off at an angle, and travel not five but maybe seven or eight miles to shore or we might even get completely lost and walk in circles and never get off the lake. If we did make it to shore, and found a fence line, or whatever, to follow, in this sparsely settled country, with night coming on and only our flashlights to guide us, we might face long miles of battling even deeper snow and increasing cold. I'm saying all this only because I think I have a better plan."

Mr. Allen groaned, struggling to keep his composure. "All right Simmons, let's



have it. But it had better be good. We have to get moving."

"Yes, sir. I read in a book once about a big battle back in the days of the Roman Empire."

The huddled, shivering Rangers exploded with laughter. "There was a snowstorm in our history book, PeeWee?"

"Hold it down," Mr. Allen grunted. "You may continue, Simmons."

"Thank you. There was this infantry engagement—you know—long lines of foot soldiers in armor facing long lines—and then one general had this weird idea. He chained his men to a long iron chain and the whole line advanced against the enemy, dragging dead men and live men along with them."

"So?"

"So this: we all have our fishing poles with us, with each reel holding 100 to 150 pound monofilament line. If we strung out this line like a fence, with each man acting as a fence post, we would have a line at least 600 yards long—that's a third of a mile, and the hut is only a mile from here. If we advanced like a walking fence—how could we miss it?"

There was complete silence in the huddle. Then Mr. Allen gasped as though he had been hit in the stomach by a football. "It should work! I'll be the center post—three men on either side of me. We'll rig the fence carefully, keep all the lines taut and shoulder high, and walk toward the hut slowly, keeping the wind on our right cheeks. One tug on the line means everything is okay. Two tugs means stop. And don't pull too hard on those lines—a broken line might get somebody lost. As soon as anyone feels the line tighten when it hits the hut, sing out as loud as you can, and pass the word along the line."

Two hours later they were back in the hut and thawing out around the stove. "People know we're here," Mr. Allen said. When this storm lets up they'll come out and get us."

The comedian slapped PeeWee on the back. "I got one question, bookworm. Did the side that dreamed up that chain trick win the battle?"

PeeWee sighed and shook his head. "They lost. It was just a last desperate strategy by a beaten, outnumbered army. But some historian made a note of it."

Mr. Allen, who was also their history teacher, wrapped the final strip of tape around his injured wrist. "Aha! A historian made a note of it. And two thousand years later, on a frozen lake in the middle of a continent which that historian had never even heard of, that little notation may well have saved the lives of seven people. Gentlemen—never underestimate the power of the written word."

"How about that?" the comedian muttered. "And I always thought history was a dead subject." ★

# SAVE OUR WINTER FRIENDS

BY O. J. ROBERTSON



Did you enjoy the birds that sang from the fields and hedges during the summer days? Do you remember the antics of the squirrels as they frisked up and down among the trees? Many people find feathered friends and small animals delightful warm-weather companions.

What will happen to the birds, the squirrels, and the chipmunks when winter blows icy winds and drifts the falling snow? Many will perish unless nature lovers and conservationists help out.

Autumn is the time to make plans to help wild creatures survive in winter. This is the time when acorns and ripe nuts are falling. Nuts are a favorite food of many animals and birds. Squirrels find hickory nuts and walnuts a tasty, nourishing meal. Chipmunks enjoy acorns from the oak tree. So do many birds.

Many animals store food for winter. Sometimes they do not put away a sufficient supply. Sometimes their larder is raided by larger animals or ruined by the weather.

When you go on autumn hikes, gather some hickory nuts, walnuts, and acorns to share with the birds and animals when winter comes. The animals may fuss at you for invading their feeding grounds, but you will be doing them a favor if you have some of their natural foods to supplement bird seeds, suet, and other commercial foods you may distribute when winter comes.

Birds like cracked walnuts and hickory nuts. They enjoy pecking out the oily kernels from the cracked shells. Add some cracked nuts and acorns to your bird feed and see the birds' reaction.

A discarded Christmas tree can be-

come a special bird-feeding station. Place the tree firmly in your yard, preferably the back yard, because there is less chance of disturbance there. On the branches hang long strings of popcorn, cranberries, or suet. While the birds feed they will have some protection from the wind.

Food for birds may be placed on or under shrubs which grow around your home. Work out a regular schedule for food distribution. Once you put out food the birds will depend on you. If you forget your schedule, the birds may go hungry. Tell your neighbors what you are doing to aid your wildlife friends. Some of them may want to help, too.

When deep snow covers the ground, squirrels may not be able to find their storehouse of food. Tunnels of chipmunks may be blocked with ice or snow. Scatter nuts, acorns, or grains of corn in the areas where these animals usually range. Once they find food, they will return for more. Observe the animals as they feed and learn more about their behavior. Make a list of all the birds and animals that come to share your generosity. Check encyclopedias and reference books to help you identify any species you may not know.

The care you give wildlife friends may enable them to survive the winter. You will enjoy gathering nuts, storing them, and serving them to animals on winter days. Your family might go on a fall picnic and gather food for wildlife.

Everyone knows the value of wildlife and the need to conserve it. Unless we take time *now* to conserve this valuable resource, we may lose it some day. Such a loss would deprive us of much pleasure and affect the entire nation. ★



# Just Like Benny

*A young boy's struggles  
to be like his older brother*

BY PAT CALVERT



**W**hen Davy woke, the sky was still dark. He lay for a moment in the warm cocoon of his blankets, snug and content, and thought how nice it would be when he was grown up, like his brother Benny. Somehow, it seemed that Benny was on his mind nearly all the time lately.

Suddenly Davy was wide awake: this was it, this was the day! The first day of hunting season! He was horrified to realize that he had almost forgotten. Davy leaped out of bed and grabbed his clothes. "Don't want Dad to have to wake me up—not this morning of all mornings!" he told himself through chattering teeth.

Now that Benny had gone away to work on Mr. Cutshall's farm down the river, it was Davy's turn to go hunting with Dad. Davy smiled happily to himself—when he bagged his first deer today, Dad would look at him out of those blue eyes that seemed almost to

pierce a body's skin, and he'd declare:

"Why, Davy, m'lad—it seems to me that you are going to be just like Benny!" Wonderful, magical, never-said-before sort of words: *just like Benny*. As far back as Davy could remember, he had admired his brother, Benny—and envied him more than a little. Now he found himself praying silently: "Please, Lord, let him say it. Let Dad say: 'Son, you are just like Benny.'"

With trembling fingers, Davy fastened the last button on his shirt. The brisk smell of coffee drifted up the stairway. That would mean Dad was already up. Davy opened the door of his room—the room he had always shared with Benny—and at the bottom of the stairs he could see a sliver of yellow light shining from beneath the kitchen door.

On the first day of hunting season, Dad always made breakfast himself. Mother and the twins, Becky and Susan, didn't

even get up, except to wish them luck as they left the cabin. And somehow, being alone with Dad was the most important part of this special day. Davy crept eagerly down the narrow stairway, his breath coming in short, excited gasps.

He didn't mean to enter the kitchen so abruptly, but he was so tense that he nearly tripped over the threshold and tumbled into the room headfirst! Dad turned from the big, black iron stove with a smile, his dark eyebrows raised in mock alarm.

"Morning, Dad," Davy mumbled, embarrassed. How he wished his nerves weren't so jangly this morning!

"Say!" Dad exclaimed, "I was just beginning to think I'd have to come upstairs and roust you out—now that'd be a purely awful way to start off the first day of hunting season, wouldn't it?" Dad was sort of kidding, of course, but Davy felt a familiar, nagging sensa-



tion descend on him. What if he didn't get a deer today. What if, after all, he could not be just like Benny?

Yet, in spite of how he felt, Davy managed a convincing grin. "Oh, I've been awake for a long time," he assured his father.

"Then I'll bet you're going to have the same kind of luck today that Benny always had—good luck," Dad said, and set a pile of steaming hoecakes on the table.

Davy hunched over his plate and traced its shining rim with a forefinger. He could very clearly see Benny in his mind's eye: tall and dark, Benny was, with the same two piercing blue eyes that Dad had. Davy wondered silently if Dad was thinking of Benny, too.

Dad jostled Davy out of his reverie by plunking a great wedge of ham on each of their two plates, and scooping a golden mound of scrambled eggs beside it. "Now let's eat for the hunger that comes," he announced. They ate silently, then Dad mopped up the last of his maple syrup with a piece of hoecake, and turned to stare thoughtfully out of the narrow kitchen window. Dad seemed a million miles away and Davy lowered his own head to his plate and decided:

"Yep, I just know he's thinking about Benny. Maybe even wishin' he was here." And somehow, as he faced that probability, a dull and persistent ache crept into Davy's very bones, bringing a pain he could not escape.

Later, when Mibs had been hitched to the wagon, Dad began to talk about where they would begin to hunt. "Expect we'll go up that old logging trail to Peterson's Ridge," he said. "There'll likely be a skiff of new snow that close to the timber line, and the deer will be easy to track. I remember, now that I think of it, that Benny got himself a deer up there three, four years ago."

Davy did not reply. Desperation settled in his stomach like a stone sinks to the bottom of a well. But by the time they arrived at Peterson's Ridge an hour later, bright fingers of rosy light were reaching up from behind the low hills. The air was clean and crisp and smelled sweetly of pine, spruce and balsam, and Davy realized that no matter how things turned out, it would be a perfect day for hunting.

"Benny and I didn't usually hunt together," Dad explained as he filled his old muzzle loader with powder. "I mean, he went one way, and I went t'other. Seems like a body spends more time talking than hunting if there's two of you—and we're here to hunt, not to visit! He capped his rifle and leaned it carefully against the side of the wagon. "But this here is your first time out, and mebbe you'd rather come along with me?"

"Oh, no sir," Davy assured his father quickly. "Whichever way you and Benny did it is fine with me. Besides, I know this country pretty well—used to spend a lot of time up here hiking around and stuff like that."

Davy did not explain what "stuff like that" really was: he used to come up here and pretend that he was hunting. Pretend that he was intrepid and successful and grown-up, a man. Oh, he'd only had a stick for a rifle—but at the time it seemed real enough. Now, looking back at the boy he'd been, Davy was embarrassed for himself—acting like a kid!

But Dad, hearing that Davy would hunt like his older brother, nodded approvingly. "Good lad—and just remember everything I have taught you about handling your rifle in a sensible manner. "We'll meet back here at noon for some biscuits and milk—good luck to you."

"Yes, sir! Same to you," Davy replied with a heartiness that he did not feel. He turned to walk hastily up the Ridge, for he was afraid that if he stood there a minute longer, Dad would be sure to see how apprehensive he really was. When he glanced back over his shoulder a few moments later, it was to see that Dad had already disappeared into the thick brush at the opposite end of Peterson's Ridge.

Now Davy relaxed and proceeded slowly. He was alone. Alone. He filled his lungs with the cold autumn air, exhaled a cloud of steam, and mused aloud: "Just like Benny. Just like him." Then he gave himself a vigorous mental shaking.

"If that's what you want," he advised himself sternly, "you'd best stop daydreaming about it and start acting like a real hunter—instead of a pretend one!" For in a very real sense, it was important to be like Benny. After all, the venison or deer meat, that he and Dad might get today would last the family nearly all winter long. For a few days they would all feast on fresh venison steaks, then Mom and the twins would make soups and stews from it, and Dad would smoke part of it or salt it down in brine to preserve it until spring. It was much more than a game, this need to be like Benny.

It was late in the morning before Davy came upon the set of deep pointed tracks. "A buck," the boy decided, "And a big one, too, judging from these prints." His heart thumped heavily under his wool jacket—maybe he was going to be lucky, after all.

He followed the tracks on a diagonal course across the Ridge. He walked slowly, eyes glued to the ground, afraid that he might lose the trail in the rapidly melting snow. "But I know I can't be far behind him," Davy muttered under his



**"If I bag this deer,  
it'd be something Benny  
could never top, never in  
his whole life."**

breath. "These tracks can't be more'n an hour old at the most, likely a whole lot less. . . ." So any moment now . . .

Suddenly, Davy glanced up, uneasily aware that he was no longer alone in the forest. There, on a high promontory a few yards away, stood the buck he had been tracking for at least two hours. He was not extraordinarily large, after all—but he was snow white!

Davy stared in disbelief. Oh, he'd heard about such animals before, animals born white instead of their normal color. In fact, Bobby Cutshall, down the river where Benny was working, had an albino collie pup, but Davy had always privately thought Bobby's dog looked peculiar with its sad pink eyes and anemic pink nose.

But not this stag! This animal was like a creature a body might dream about, standing there as though carved from marble, eyes not pink but dark and soft, legs slim as Davy's own wrist, with huge antlers that curved up from his silvery head like a crown. "A king, that's what he is," Davy breathed. "The king of his own country."

Then, as in a nightmare, Davy felt the weight of the old rifle in his hand. Benny's rifle. What would Benny do now? What would Benny be thinking? Davy shifted the gun uneasily; the barrel felt cool and smooth. Finally, he raised it to waist level. The buck did not move, but stood motionless, ears pricked forward attentively.

"If I bag this deer, it'd be something Benny could never top, never in his whole  
CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



life!" Davy realized. Dad might even have the stag's head mounted and hung up over the fireplace. And Mom would write a letter to Benny down there at Mr. Cutshall's place.

Carefully, Davy raised the rifle, cradled it against his shoulder, and peered through the sights. He had dreamed about this moment for months. This was his chance to be like Benny, to be better than Benny. But now all he could see over the sights was the stag's head, mounted on an oval pine frame, its glass eyes dusty and dull. Davy lowered the rifle.

"I can't do it," he realized. "Not even if it means that I won't ever be like Benny."

Then, astonished, Davy watched as the stag moved down the Ridge toward him, raising each narrow black hoof high over the patches of melting snow. When he stopped at last, he was so close that Davy could have reached out to touch the shining white hairs on the buck's shoulder.

Curious and unafraid, the buck poked his dark nose gently against Davy, nuzzled him like a pet dog, sniffed at his coat, his hand, the shining blue-barreled rifle that once belonged to Benny. Davy could hear his own heart thunder

loudly in his ears—surely the stag must hear it too! Then a twig snapped somewhere in the forest. Startled, the white buck leaped sideways, paused, then vanished into the thick brush a few yards away.

Davy lowered himself weakly onto a nearby log. He felt unaccountably weary and his eyes burned. Maybe it was a dream: perhaps none of it had happened at all. But when he glanced down at his coat, it was to see that a single, silvery hair still clung there to the rough red wool.

"I d'clare, ain't that buck just about as pretty as a pig in a petunia patch?" came a familiar voice behind Davy.

Davy jumped up: it was Dad! "You mean . . . you mean you saw him, too?" Davy demanded.

"Yep—and not for the first time, either," replied his father.

Davy frowned. "And you didn't try to . . . shoot him?"

Dad glanced thoughtfully down the Ridge in the direction taken by the silver stag. "No--," he answered at last. "Somehow, it just seemed to me that the old boy looked better up here—and not up over somebody's mantel."

The desperation that Davy had been feeling for weeks began to lighten. Then

he became conscious, once again, of the weight of Benny's old rifle in his hands.

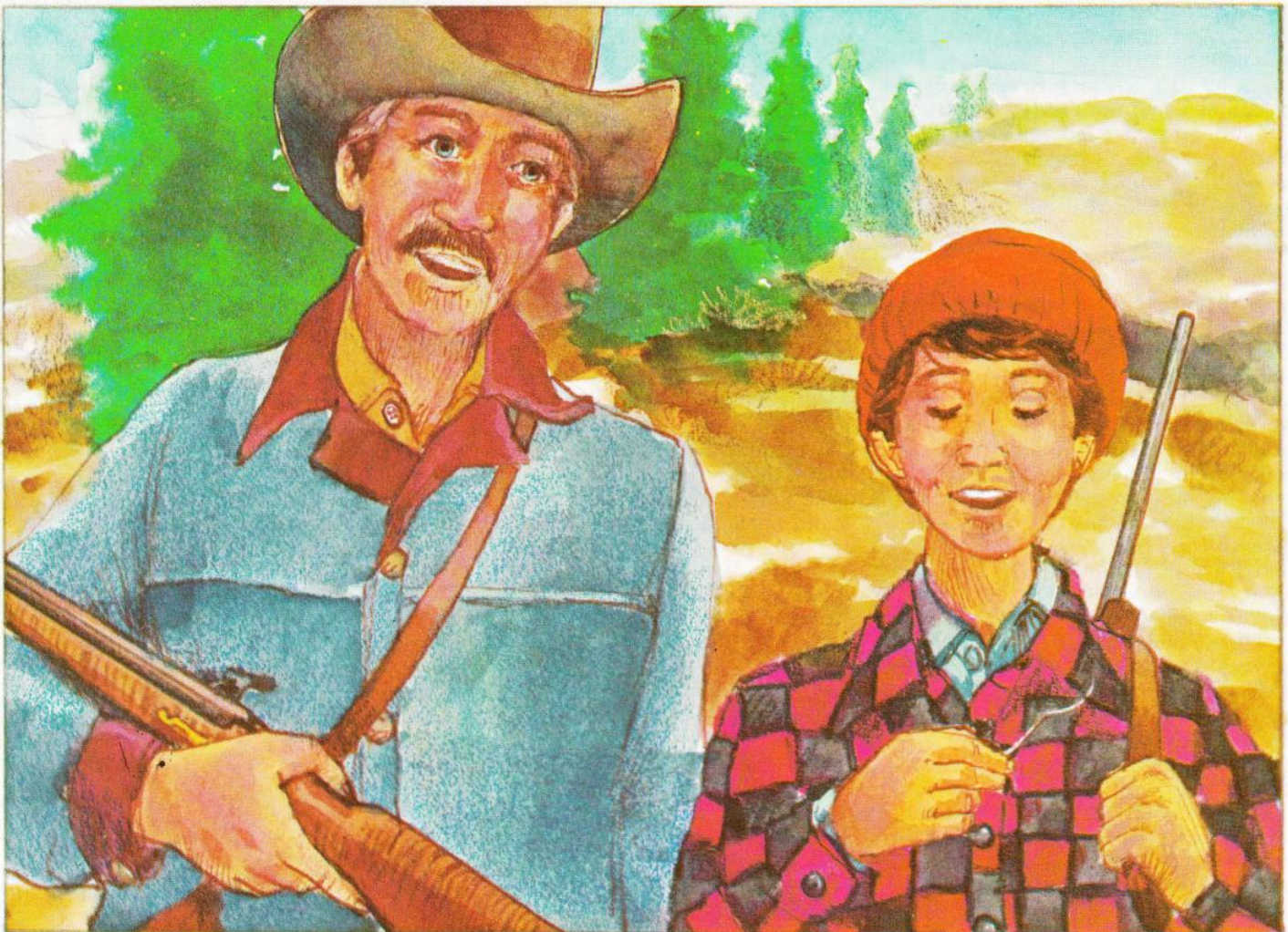
"But I almost shot him, Dad. And it was because I wanted so much to be just like Benny. Maybe even better than Benny."

For a long moment Dad did not reply, and when Davy glanced up, it was to find his father's eyes fastened on him, more blue and penetrating than ever.

"I think I understand what you mean, Son. But I think the Lord must've figured it was a mighty fine thing for you to be just like—Davy. After all, He already had a Benny—and I reckon you wouldn't be here a-tall if He hadn't wanted a Davy, too!"

Then the older man threw the boy a warm grin and a half-embarrassed punch on the arm. Davy felt a welcome glow streak through his cold limbs. "C'mon, kid," Dad mumbled gruffly, almost shyly, as though he'd said too much, "let's you and me go have some biscuits and buttermilk!"

Together, Davy and his father matched strides down the slope toward the wagon. As they walked, Davy plucked the lone silver hair from his jacket and let the wind take it. Being just like Benny would never again be quite as important as it had been. ♦







# ROYAL RANGERS IN AFRICA

The Royal Rangers program works in West Africa, too, as we have helped start it in the country of Ghana. Many boys are happy to be Royal Rangers and belong to several outposts that have been started in different churches.

Our own son, Jeffrey, wanted to be a Royal Ranger, though he was a missionary kid in Africa. So we organized a Royal Rangers outpost in the town of Walewale, where we lived in northern Ghana. Several other groups have also gotten started in different parts of the country.

Every Saturday afternoon boys came to the meetings from the whole area. Some have walked or ridden bicycles

**TEXT AND PHOTOS  
BY ARTHUR  
AND DORIS HOKETT**

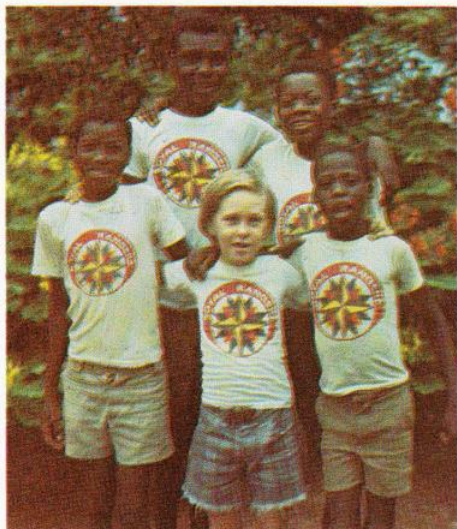
**Did you ever wonder what it would be like to be a Royal Ranger in a foreign land? Follow these photos for a guided tour of a Royal Ranger outpost in deepest Africa!**

several miles to attend. Many have come from pagan and also Moslem homes, where their families have never been Christians. It has been a real joy to see these boys open their hearts to Jesus, as the plan of salvation has been carefully taught in the meetings. Bible lessons are always a part of each Saturday afternoon's plans, for some of the boys had never attended church services before that time. Picture papers, lesson books, visual aids, and handwork packets sent from the Boys and Girls Missionary Crusade in the U.S. have been used in many Royal Rangers meetings. The boys have been thrilled to try such American

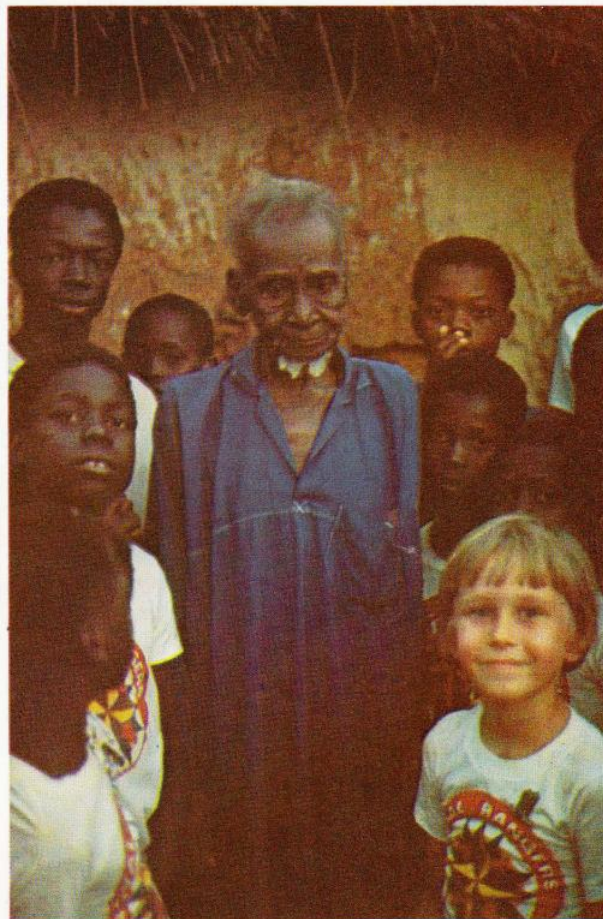
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***"It's a real joy to see these boys open their hearts to Jesus."***



Rangers in this African outpost proudly wear their T-shirts.



treats as Kool-Aid and popcorn from time to time.

The local Assemblies of God church has been excited to see many new boys attending Sunday school and church services. Rev. Akurugu Alo has been happy to have the Royal Rangers put on a special Christmas program in the church one year. Also, he has welcomed other Royal Rangers activities in his church, such as a gift of a pretty white cloth with a Royal Rangers emblem to place over the pulpit.

African Royal Rangers all know how to play soccer, for this is their main sport. They taught Jeffrey how to play soccer, and he taught them how to play baseball. The boys have enjoyed many games,

hikes, cookouts, nature studies, and even a big fishing trip. Every boy made his own fishing pole, found his own bait, and tried to catch fish at the river, 31 miles away from home. For some boys it was their very first time to go fishing and to be so far from home. Cooking rice and fish gravy over the campfires was a wonderful way to end a perfect trip.

Several times the boys visited Brother Ba Mahama, an elderly Assemblies of God minister who was the first Christian in the whole area. This outstanding man of God walked or rode a bicycle many hundreds of miles throughout this section of the country, preaching the gospel

everywhere and starting new churches. He taught many people how to read the Scriptures that missionaries had translated into their language. The Royal Rangers visited him several times and often took small gifts, before he passed away at the age of at least 100 years or more.

Thirty-two boys have been Royal Rangers in this African outpost, proudly wearing their T-shirts. Singing and marching down the street with their big flag, they had let people in their town know that they are Christian boys, happy to live for Jesus—proud to be Royal Rangers!★





# RANGERCRAFT

## MAKE YOUR OWN GAITERS

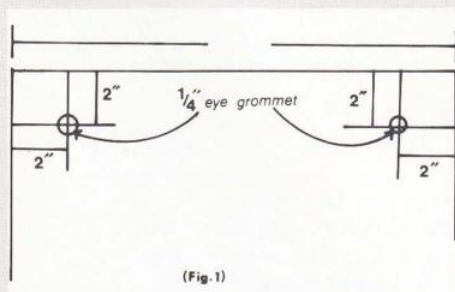
BY CARL CRACKEL, JR.

### Materials

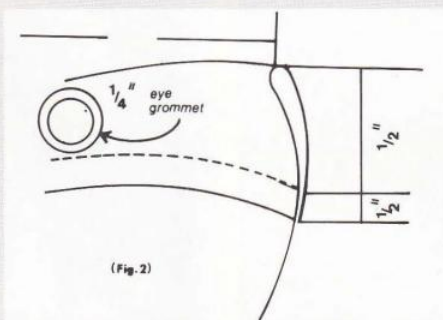
Two pieces—21" x 22"—quilted or single layer nylon.  
 Four pieces—6" x 18"—quilted or single layer nylon.  
 Two pieces—lacing cord—6 feet each.  
 Two pieces—lacing cord—2 feet each.  
 Two pieces— $\frac{1}{2}$ " x  $15\frac{1}{2}$ "—elastic bands.  
 Two pieces— $\frac{1}{2}$ " x  $7\frac{1}{2}$ "—elastic bands.  
 Twenty-four— $\frac{1}{4}$ " eye grommets.  
 4 sets—Large size coat hooks & eyes.

### Directions

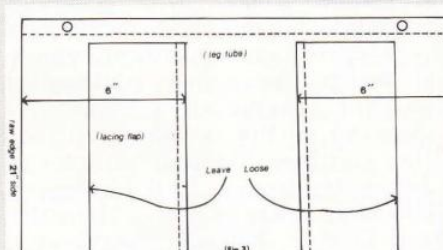
1. Cut two pieces—21" x 22" (Leg tubes).
2. Cut four pieces—6" x 18" (Lacing flaps).
3. Install two  $\frac{1}{4}$ " eye grommets on one 22" side of each leg tube—2" from each side—2" down from top (Figure 1).



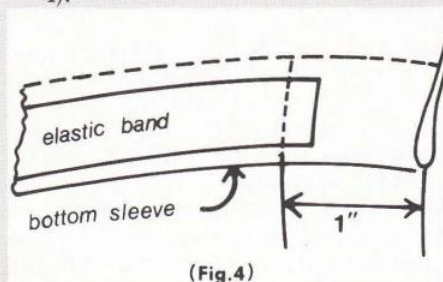
4. Sew a  $\frac{1}{2}$ " sleeve in both top and bottom of leg tubes using  $\frac{1}{4}$ " hem—22" sides (Figure 2).



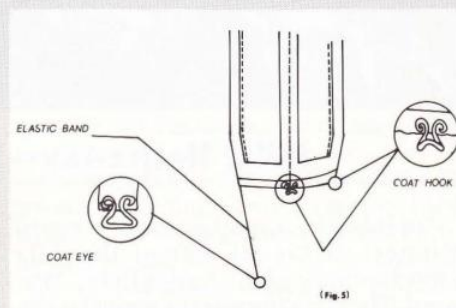
5. Sew  $\frac{1}{4}$ " hem around border of lacing flaps.
6. Fold lacing flaps in half and stitch together.
7. Now attach lacing flaps to leg tubes by stitching down one long side  $\frac{1}{4}$ " from edge (Figure 3). (Preferably folded side.)



8. Attach  $\frac{1}{2}$ " x  $15\frac{1}{2}$ " elastic band inside of bottom sleeve of each leg tube—sew 1" from each raw side (Figure 4).



9. Turn leg tubes inside out—fold in half—hem raw edges together—turn leg tubes right side out.
10. Attach  $\frac{1}{2}$ " x  $7\frac{1}{2}$ " elastic band (boot strap) one side of leg tube—attach hook to opposite side of leg tube—both are on bottom sleeve (Figure 5).
11. Attach eye to loose end of boot strap (Figure 5).
12. Attach boot lacing hook to front—bottom sleeve of leg tube (Figure 5).

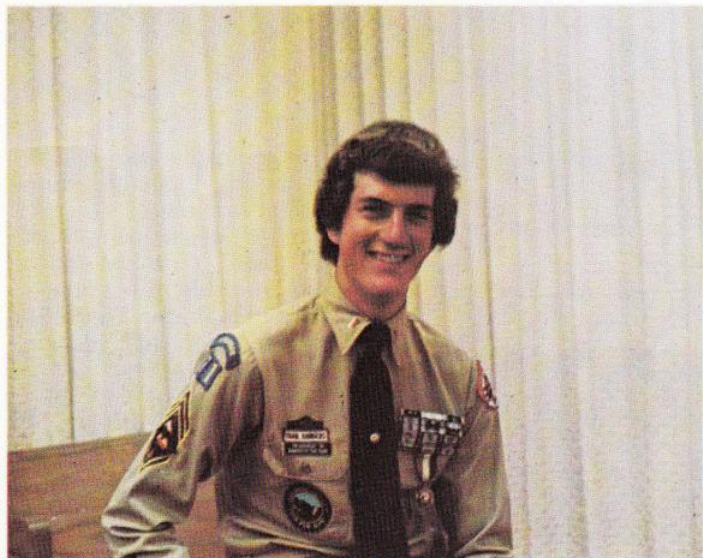


13. Punch holes and install five eye grommets in each lacing flap.
14. Insert 2' cord in top sleeve of each leg tube.
15. Lace up 6' cord in lacing flaps of each gaiter.

**All materials needed to make these gaiters can be purchased at any local fabric and sewing shop. The approximate total cost—\$6.00. I have found these to work well at keeping snow out of boots and pant legs. If water repellent nylon is used, they will also keep dampness out. Wearing gaiters in winter will keep your feet warm too.**



# National Ranger of the Year



**Mike Hathaway – National Ranger/Regional Rangers of the year.**

On July 31–August 1, seven regional winners of the Ranger of the year award convened in Springfield, Missouri. The occasion was the annual meeting of the National Ranger of the Year Review Board. At this annual meeting the board selects the National Ranger of the Year.

The Royal Ranger of the Year program begins on a local level. One boy is selected as the Outpost Ranger of the Year. These winners participate in the Sectional Ranger of the Year competition. The sectional winners compete in a rigid selection process for District Ranger of the Year. Testing includes not only knowledge of all phases of the overall Ranger program, but also includes testing on Biblical knowledge and church doctrine. They are also judged on Christian service involvement, and extra curricular involvement such as school and community projects, plus academic achievement.

The District Ranger of the Year then becomes eligible to participate in the Regional Ranger of the Year competition. Finally, the Regional Ranger of the Year winners meet with the National Review Board for this level. We are as-

sured of a top-notch boy with not only outstanding Royal Ranger knowledge and achievement, but also one with outstanding knowledge of his church and the Bible, and who has also distinguished himself with academic recognition. For this reason the National Board judges them primarily on attitude, spirituality, appearance, personality, and ability to express themselves.

Serving on the review board was Silas Gaither, national director of Church Ministries, Paul McGarvey, national secretary of Men's Ministries, Fred Deaver, national president of Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity, Galena, Kansas, and Ellis Stutzman, vice-president of the National Royal Rangers Council, Denver, Colorado.

Candidates included: Freddie Bailey, Glad Tidings Assembly of God, Houston, Texas; Cameron Harms, Abundant Life Christian Center, Arvada, Colorado; Mike Hathaway, First Assembly of God, Conway, Arkansas; Scott Howard, Parkcrest Assembly of God, Springfield, Missouri; Greg McKinney, First Assembly of God, Americus, Georgia; Wayne Shepherd, Abundant Life Christian Center, Arvada, Colorado, and Brian Summers,

Faith Tabernacle, Channelview, Texas.

The Review Board stated that they were very impressed with the outstanding abilities of these young men, and that it was very difficult to pick a winner.

Mike Hathaway of Conway, Arkansas, was selected as National Ranger of the Year. Mike is 16 and has received the Royal Rangers Gold Medal of Achievement.

Besides his achievements in Royal Rangers, Mike is a honor student in school. He is a junior this year with a 3.7 grade point out of a possible 4.0. He is president of his school's Beta Club, on the school paper staff and basketball team. Because of his leadership abilities and scholastic accomplishments, he has recently been selected to attend Arkansas Boys State.

As National Ranger of the Year, Mike will receive a limited college scholarship. He will sit as a boy member on the next National Royal Rangers Council. He will be spotlighted at other Royal Rangers events such as the 1980 National FCF Rendezvous. Mike is a credit to Royal Rangers and we congratulate him on being the National Ranger of the Year. ★



# SEQUOYAH

## The Great Cherokee

BY LUCILLE J. GOODYEAR

Some of history's greatest moments of achievement have come about through man's ability to overcome personal and physical obstacles. Such was the case of Sequoyah, the Cherokee Indian—who, without a formal education, without the ability to read or write in any language, developed a language system that gave his people a great boost to literacy and advancement.

Born in Taskigi, Tennessee in 1770, Sequoyah was not a full-blooded Indian, as his father was a white trader named Nathaniel Guess (or Gist) and his mother was a daughter of a Cherokee chief. Raised in the Cherokee village, it was from his grandfather that Sequoyah learned the Indian skills of hunting, woodcarving, carpentry without nails, and the making of jewelry. He also learned to work with silver to a great proficiency. And, it was this latter talent that came to his aid when he was seriously crippled in a hunting accident, as it was through his silver work that he was later able to support his wife and family.

It was at this time that the world of the Indian was changing to a great extent. Settlers were spreading out through the

land, and into the very areas of the Indian settlements. Towns were being built, and missions and schools were being established. The missionaries were trying to teach the Indians how to read and write. However, it took an Indian at least three years to learn English, and then even more time to learn how to read and write the language. For most Indians it was far too difficult and time consuming.

Even Sequoyah tried to learn English and found it a great challenge. However, it was while he was pondering the words in English that he got his idea of developing a system of writing in Cherokee. The more he realized how much a system would benefit his people, the more obsessed he became with the idea of setting up the system.

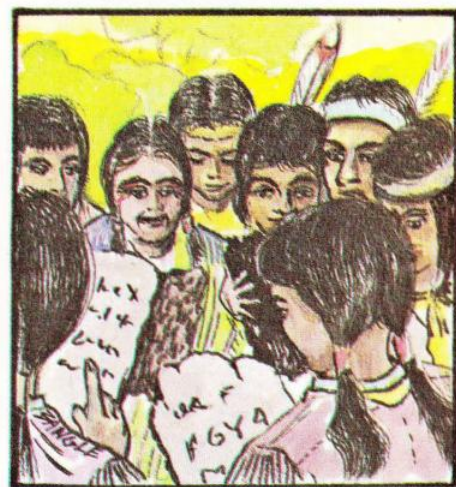
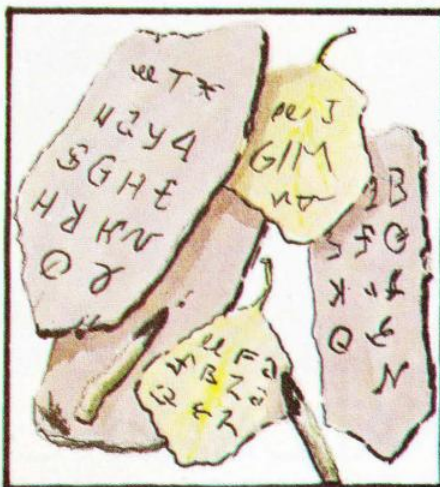
How and where to begin? He listened to the sounds his people made while talking with particular alertness, picking up each sound and studying it. Then, he tried to think of a picture or symbol that would depict these sounds in writing. He still had to provide for his family, but every moment he could spare from his silver work was spent in trying to form a Cherokee alphabet. He had no paper, no

pen or pencils, but he found a way of marking leaves or thorns, or he used charred sticks to draw his symbols on birch bark. As he experimented, he filled hundreds of pieces of bark and used all the large leaves he could gather in the forest.

All the while Sequoyah worked on his symbols, his tribesmen looked upon the strange work as a form of witchcraft. And, as far as his wife was concerned, it was not only witchcraft, but a waste of time. During Sequoyah's absence from the cabin one day, the tribesmen, aided by his wife; set fire to the working materials he had so far accumulated.

Consequently, everything went up in smoke, including several years of hard work. The loss so disheartened Sequoyah that he left his wife and the village, taking with him his beloved daughter Ah-Yoka. They traveled until they found an abandoned cabin and there made a new home together.

From a traveling missionary he was able to obtain an English spelling book and a primer, and again—he set out to develop his dream, a Cherokee alphabet. The English books became the basis of





# SEQUOYAH CONTINUED

his study and experiments. He had Ah-Yoka pronounce the Cherokee words until he had the sounds well established in his mind. Then, he began to make signs that represented these sounds, and due to his use of the English language books, many of his symbols began to look like English although the letters were more often upside down, turned sideways, or set at an angle.

After repeated trials, he finally had a list of 86 symbols. However, these were not letters in the true sense of the word for each one stood for an entire syllable, therefore, his list of symbols should really be considered a *syllabary*, rather than an alphabet. Faithful to his original idea and with only the help and encouragement of his daughter, he had labored twelve years to produce his set of symbols. It was the first Indian writing system north of Mexico and it was destined to revolutionize Cherokee education.

It was now time to introduce the symbols to the Cherokees, so Sequoyah and his daughter moved on to Arkansas, where many of the Cherokees had emigrated. Once settled in the village, Sequoyah asked the tribal chief to call a council. Then, while Sequoyah waited outside the assembly, the chief spoke to Ah-Yoka, who wrote them down on birch bark, using her father's syllabary. Her father then entered the room and read the message aloud to the puzzled assembly. The accurate and immediate transla-

tion excited the chiefs and their acceptance was shown by a rousing round of cheering.

With the help of Sequoyah and Ah-Yoka, the council members set to learning the syllabary, studying and memorizing until they could readily read and write messages in their own language. Having accomplished this, they, in turn, taught their families, relatives, and neighbors.

Satisfied with his achievement, Sequoyah returned to his home village, carrying a written greeting from the Cherokees in the West. This time he was not looked upon as a craftsman of evil doings and there was no doubt about his accomplishment. Excited about the syllabary, his own tribesmen made the effort to learn the system.

From village to village, the news and use of the syllabary spread. Within a year, thousands of Cherokees of all ages had learned to read and write their own language. Parts of the Bible were translated and this feat was followed by the translations of other religious books, hymnals, as well as school books. A school system was inaugurated and missionaries adopted the syllabary for their work with the Cherokees. In 1828, having acquired a press of their own, the Cherokees began the publication of a weekly newspaper—both in their native tongue and in English, which was called the "Cherokee Phoenix and Indian Ad-

vocate."

For his work in bringing about the syllabary and its use, Sequoyah was honored by the Cherokee Legislature with a silver medal and a lifetime pension—the first ever given by an Indian tribe.

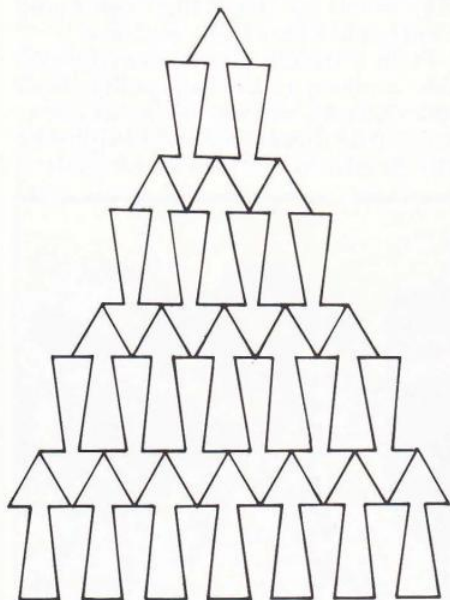
He continued to live among the Arkansas Cherokees as a revered leader and teacher until 1842, when his thirst for knowledge led him on another search. This time he hoped to find a "lost" band of Cherokees who were supposed to have crossed the Mississippi many years before. He also wanted to research similarities of speech and grammar among the various Indian tribes. It was while on this mission that the "great teacher" of the Cherokees disappeared and was not heard from again.

Three years later, a Cherokee tribe member was sent to locate the missing Sequoyah. His searchings led him to Mexico, and it was from Mexico City that he finally sent word saying that their honored leader was believed to have died there in August of 1843.

His achievement has been immortalized in various ways. His statue stands in our nation's Capitol Building, a mountain in his beloved birthplace, the Great Smokies, bears his name, and there is a national park named in his honor. But perhaps his best memorial is the giant tree to which his name was given—the giant Sequoias of California.

THE END.

## COUNT THE ARROWS



ANSWER: 28

## DON'T MISS THIS ONE!



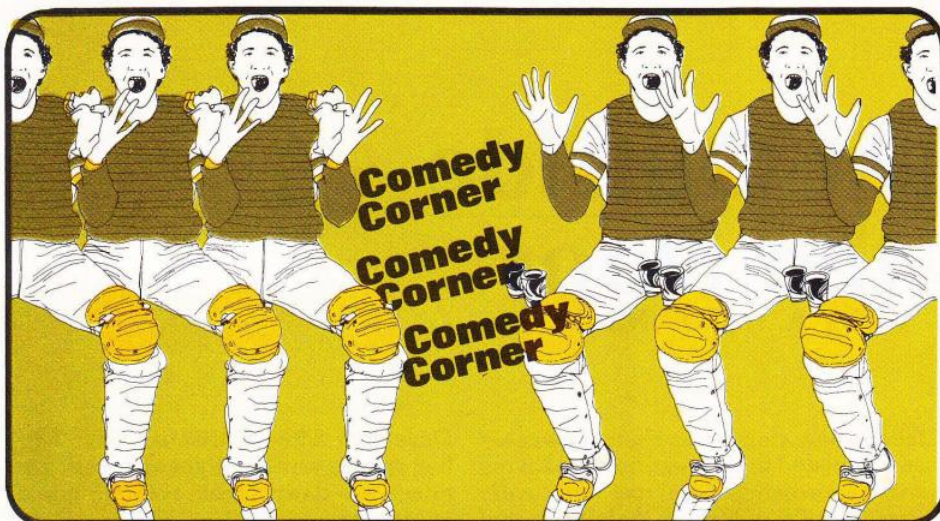
A once in a lifetime event in the heart of the Cumberland Mountains, four days of action packed adventure and fun.

## NATIONAL F.C.F. RENDEZVOUS

July 23-26, 1980, Cumberland Mountains, Crossville, Tennessee

HIGH ADVENTURE





**Mother:** Jim, are you sure you washed the lettuce carefully? This salad tastes awful.

**Jim:** Yes mother, I even used soap.  
Helen Lozanoff  
Johnstown, PA

**Bob:** What did the adding machine say to the clerk?

**Bill:** I don't know, what?

**Bob:** You can count on me.  
Helen Lozanoff  
Johnstown, PA

**Jerry:** Television will never take the place of the newspaper.

**Terry:** Why not?

**Jerry:** Have you ever tried to swat a fly with a T.V. set?  
Helen Lozanoff  
Johnstown, PA

**Joe:** Which burns longer, a wax candle or a tallow candle?

**Tom:** I don't know.

**Joe:** Neither. Both burn shorter.  
Helen Lozanoff  
Johnstown, PA

**Teacher:** "Now, Edgar, which month has twenty-eight days?"

**Edgar:** "They all have."  
Henry Leabo  
Jamestown, CA

**Phil:** "Does this bus stop at Pine Street?"

**Bill:** "Yes, watch me and get off one block before I do."

**Phil:** "Thanks."  
Henry Leabo  
Jamestown, CA

**Camp Cook:** I do all the cooking for the entire camp, and what do I get—nothing.

**Camper:** You're lucky. We get indigestion.

Helen Lozanoff  
Johnstown, PA

**Teacher:** "Johnny, can you tell me what a hypocrite is?"

**Johnny:** "Yes, ma'am, it's a boy who comes to school with a smile on his face."  
Helen Lozanoff  
Johnstown, PA

**Billy:** Did you hear about the delicatessen owner that keeps band-aids in the refrigerator?

**Willy:** No. What for?

**Billy:** For cold cuts.  
Helen Lozanoff  
Johnstown, PA



The science class was having its final examination, and one of the questions read: Which are the last teeth to appear in the human mouth? One youngster answered it quite simply with one word, False.

Helen Lozanoff  
Johnstown, PA

Mom and Pop Owl fell into a conversation. "I tell you. I'm worried about Junior," Mom Owl declared.

"Why? What's the matter?" asked Pop.

"Well," said Mom, "he doesn't seem to give a hoot about anything."

Helen Lozanoff  
Johnstown, PA



"HERE...NOW TAKE IT EASY! THESE THINGS GROW ON TREES, YA KNOW!'"

The pastor was chatting with the young couple just before baptizing their baby.

"Just think of the bright future that lies before this child," he said. "He may become a clergyman like myself, or perhaps a gallant airman, or sea captain, he may even become the President of these United States. Think of the joys that will be yours guiding him and following his career. Now, what did you say his name was?"

There was a long pause, then the lady said, timidly, "Mary Jane."

Thomas LaMance  
Modesto, CA



"OKAY, NOW SHOVE HIM OUT THERE AND SLAM THE DOOR!'"



S

# Just Outside the Door

BY A. H. TOWNSEND

When the snow lies deep in the North, when the cold of forty and fifty below strikes through to the bone, a roaring fire is most comfortable and welcome. Yet there are always men who are duty-bound to venture forth on the coldest days and nights, fulfilling their tasks as only the men of the northland can; and Victor Clarke, president of the Clarke Advertising Service of Victoria, British Columbia, was one who was in this position while serving as factor of the Hudson Bay Company post at Fort Babine.

Christmas season was drawing near and Mr. Clarke, with a young Indian companion, left the comforts of Fort Babine and journeyed to Hazelton for supplies. All went well on the journey. They reached Hazelton safely. Mr. Clarke obtained his supplies, exchanged greetings of the season, and began the homeward trek across snow-covered wastes of the North.

The day before Christmas, while they were "mushing" along the homeward trail, snow began to fall, then increased in volume. A stinging wind cut the faces of the two men on the trail. The newly

fallen snow slogged on their snowshoes and impeded their progress; the driving wind, increasing in volume with every passing mile, whipped their faces and chilled them to the bone. Louder and louder blew the winter gale; yet Mr. Clarke and his Indian companion were determined to reach the comforts of Fort Babine before the night engulfed them. But the darkness descended upon them, and they could keep to the trail only with difficulty. They began to feel faint and stumbled in the heavy snow of the trail. Then the white man turned to his Indian companion and asked: "How much further is it to Fort Babine?" The Indian, after pausing for a moment, said: "Ten miles."

Reluctantly, Mr. Clarke decided to camp beneath a clump of trees. There they passed Christmas Eve and a terrible night. They huddled near their camp fire, hungry and cold, while the wind whistled through the trees and about their faces, chilling them to the bone; and the snow fell deeper with the passing hour. Then the grey dawn began to appear, ushering in another day—

December 25th—Christmas Day! They had spent a terrible night and were glad to see the dawn break over the winter wilderness.

"Look!" Mr. Clarke pointed his finger. They stood amazed! What do you think had taken place? They had camped, hungry and cold, during the hours of darkness, within a few hundred yards of the comforts of Fort Babine. They had camped just outside the door! And they did not know it.

My reader, are you camping just outside the door of hope, peace, and rest that is found in Jesus Christ? Perhaps you do not realize that you are camping just outside the door of salvation. Jesus said, "I am the Door" (John 10:9).

Why not accept the Christ of Calvary's Cross? Camp no longer in sin's dark night, with the cold atmosphere of the world chilling you to the bone, just outside the door of salvation. The Christ of God desires to give you rest. Although there was no room for Him in the inn, He desires to give you a place of shelter in His great heart of love and understanding. Jesus is calling you. ★

