

# High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS / SUMMER 1981

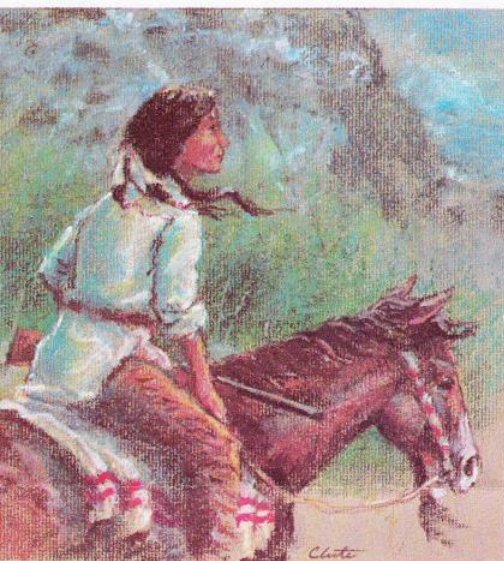


TAKE A SUMMER HIKE!



# High Adventure

SUMMER 1981



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## A MOUNTAIN-TOP CRISIS

# Big Medicine

BY ROBERT B. WARD

Little Eagle was an orphan in his grandmother's lodge the summer the bearded man came. Chief Red Cliff said that the man was a messenger from the Great Spirit. The messenger told about a Heavenly Father and Little Eagle rejoiced. He could call the older men, "Uncle," but he had no one to call, "Father." When the man left Little Eagle went with him. He planned to spend one winter at a mission school. He stayed two winters instead. When he returned to his tribe, Little Eagle was no longer a

" 'Go to the mountains,' he said. 'Slay in the forest with your God-in-the-Book and return unharmed.

Then we will listen to you.' "

boy. He was a man, a man who had learned that Jesus had courage with manhood desires. Little Eagle claimed Christ as his Lord, and he gave his heart, body, and mind to the service of his new Chief.

Now it was late summer. The young man rode through the forest below Sharp Rock Peak. Tall pine trees towered above him. Their straight, almost limbless trunks oozed sticky resin which accented the smell of the forest. Little Eagle rode alone. He had asked for no



companions and likely none would have accompanied him, for fear had crept into his friends' bellies.

Thunderheads puffed white billows over the mountain. The young man knew that Star Light had her eyes glued on the mountain; he loved her and she returned that love. The others would be watching, too. As Sharp Rock Peak caught the clouds, the tribesmen would be reminding one another that evil spirits on the mountain collected storms for entertainment. They agreed that the young man with his religion about the Jesus-God would be destroyed by the bad medicine—evil spirits—which haunted the Dark Mountains.

Even his friends thought that Little Eagle was trying to do the impossible. Perhaps the sun had inflamed his thoughts—he wanted to have his people become followers of this God-man, Jesus! The tribesmen wanted no part in the matter.

"Your God Son might be all right for the prairies," the old men had said, "but only a God of anger can tame the mountains!"

"That's why the lightning first flashes in the ridges."

"That's why the snow stays year round, even on the open places which catch the full sunshine."

"And each night the mountain shadows darken our land. It is the sign of their control over us. We must not listen to your word, for the Wild Spirit must not be angered."

Little Eagle insisted that the stories about spirits haunting the Dark Mountains were tales for frightening children. "Besides," he said, "God has more power than a whole tribe of wild spirits."

Lame Wolf smiled. Little Eagle remembered how Lame Wolf was known for his cunning. "Go to the mountains," he said, "go to Sharp Rock Peak like our grandfathers did before the Wild Ones moved in. Stay in the forest with your God-in-the-Book and return unharmed. Then we will listen to you."

"I will go," Little Eagle had replied. That was two days ago. Now he was on the mountain. He was riding alone and he was remembering.

Star Light's brother had shaken his head. "Chief Red Cliff told us that ghosts were only shadows, but he went to the mountain and never returned."

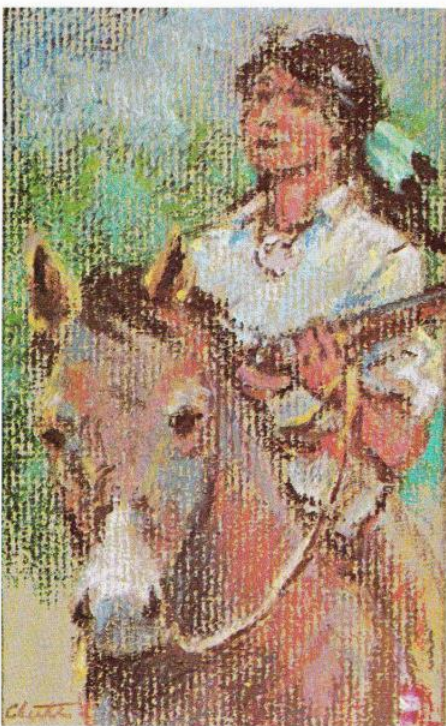
Star Light had whispered, her eyes dark and brooding, "His horse was clawed to death by the spirit of the crazy woman in the body of a panther. Lame Wolf and Broken Finger found the horse. But no one found the remains of Chief Red Cliff."

"And," the brother added, thinking of the good luck charms the chief had carried, "Red Cliff had big medicine."

"I have God," replied Little Eagle. "He is all that I need."

The other Indians had studied the ground. They were too polite to laugh at

"Suddenly there was a piercing scream. The sharp cry knifed through the air and echoed back from the granite cliffs."



the young man although they heard that white people ridiculed those with strange ideas.

"Then I hope God is Big Medicine," Crippled Boy said.

As he rode through the forest Little Eagle relied on the power of God. He was armed with a rifle—an old one bartered from the fur trader. A bone handled knife was stuck under the rawhide strap that served for his belt. But the young man's best armament was faith.

"I shall not fear," the Book said. One of the ministers told his pupil that even in the old time men felt fear, but they had faith in God. This gave them courage to learn for themselves that God delivers from all evils. Little Eagle knew he must show his people that God was more powerful than any ghosts or mountain gods or evil spirits.

The game trail the young man followed was steep. He rested his horse in a small meadow. At the edge of the clearing he saw two deer. "This is the sign the Great One gives me," he thought. "It is not an angry one who rules the mountain for the meek are here, inheriting the earth."

The smell of rotting wood drifted through the forest. Little Eagle was still thinking about his people's fears. "They have a wild superstition," he told himself. But his words were blotted out by the forest. Only the shuffle of his horse's hooves broke the silence.

The deer meadow was left behind. He

rode through a valley—a deep, narrow, and dark gap between two mountains. Water seeped on the valley floor. Moss carpeted the ground. The brown mustang walked noiselessly. Little Eagle felt surrounded by silence. There was not even the sound of a bird—only the whisper from a trickle of water. The evergreen trees hung motionless—silent against the sky.

Suddenly there was a piercing scream. The horse lurched in fright. The sharp cry knifed through the air and echoed back from the granite cliffs. The rider's arms tensed. His chest and lungs felt petrified with overfilled air. Slowly and unevenly he forced the breath from his body. "Yea, though I walk through the valley," the words whispered from his mouth.

Once more silence crept over the mountains and Little Eagle heard only the thump of his heart. Then the cry came again. It was as Star Light said, the sound of a crazy one—an agonizing, heart-rending scream.

Sweat trickled down the brave's cheeks. He wanted to turn and flee. Then he measured his faith against his fear, and anger burned within him—the anger that men feel when they are ashamed. "The wicked flee when none pursue." That was what the Book said. Little Eagle had failed to be strong. "God forgive that I have shown more fear than faith."

Fifteen minutes later Little Eagle reached the top of a narrow ridge. He peered toward the rolling foothills in the distance. Six hours away, Porcupine Butte squatted like a black buffalo asleep on the prairie. There was grass and sunshine there. Star Light and her people were there. They were good people, but they were a superstitious lot, who carried charms to keep misfortune away. This they said was their "medicine." The young man wished that they knew the Big Medicine of God.

Little Eagle reached a clearing in the forest. He dismounted and allowed his horse to graze on the lush pasture while he ate a supper of dried venison. Later the young man tied the brown stallion to a small tree, unrolled his blanket on a soft mattress of grass and lay down to sleep.

The sound of the nearby stream seemed like many voices at a tribal pow-wow. The thump, thump of the horse's trampling was a squaw hewing a pole for a teepee. The night sounds were peaceful—all except one. The young man heard this as the stifled sounds of a woman wailing. In his dreams he saw the Indian girl, Star Light, weeping because a toothless hag had Little Beaver bound with ropes and was crackling at him, "No Medicine shall help you now."

Rain and thunder came at the same time. Lightning illuminated the granite faced mountains. Soft hail splattered against the ground. The camper dove for shelter under a thick limbed spruce. He



could hear his mustang neighing and stomping the soft earth. Then thunder and rain drove away all other sounds.

Little Eagle huddled under his one blanket. His body shook as chills ran over him. The Dark Mountains had caught him, but they had not destroyed him. The storm was abating. As suddenly as it had begun, the downpour ceased. All that remained of the storm were the echoes of thunder and the rumble of the nearby stream groaning under its flood. Little Eagle drifted off into a fitful sleep.

Three hours later the young man looked up. Stars from a cloudless sky blazed through the canopy of the thick branched tree. White jeweled glaciers glowed in the craigs above timberline. The stream gurgled; its flood was gone. All was peaceful. Even the thump of the horse's feet was not heard.

No sound of trampling hooves? The realization of this caused the young man to leap from his bed and rush across the meadow. The horse was gone!

The sun had climbed the width of a man's hand above the top of the mountains when Little Eagle left his camp. His blanket was in a roll over his shoulder. He carried the old rifle that he had received from the white trapper. The trail he followed snaked its way across the mountain and on into the wildest part of the forest. At other times the young man would have chosen another route, but this time he had no choice. The tracks of his horse were plainly imbedded in the soft earth, and Little Eagle expected to soon find a grassy meadow and his horse grazing in it.

A meadow came, but there was no horse. Fresh imprints showed that a deer had used the trail. Then Little Eagle was startled by another sign. The dim outline of a padded foot showed in the path. It was the track of a puma (mountain lion).

The traveler squeezed his rifle tighter. He noticed that his fingers were white from their grip. There was a large lion in the forest. Little Eagle smiled at his tenseness. He had told his friends about the shepherd boy in the Book. This shepherd had killed a lion and a bear with a rock from a sling. Little Eagle was far better armed. He began to hum a tune which he had learned at the mission school. But when a bush trembled in the distance, the young man forgot his song. He stood motionless except to loosen one hand from the rifle and run his fingers over the knife tucked under his belt. He thought of David, the shepherd boy, and he walked stealthily ahead. The movement in the low lying branches came again. Little Eagle saw it plainly as a magpie lifted from behind a fallen tree. He watched the scavenger of the dead disappear into the forest.

All was quiet. He could see nothing unusual, yet the brave could feel eyes watching his steady progress. The drop of sweat which trickled down his forehead was false to his feelings. Little

"Little Eagle  
wasn't alone.  
The dark head  
of a huge lion  
faced him  
out of the shadows."



Eagle felt cold! Questions brought fear to his dark eyes. Was something wrong? Was there an evil spirit haunting the mountain like the Indian said? Would he ever see his people again? Did an uncontrollable ghost woman inhabit the body of a panther?

Little Eagle stepped over a large spruce log and stopped. There before him, splattered with blood, lay the body of the brown horse. Flies crawled over the dead animal. Matted blood showed ugly smears on the beast's shoulder. Fear reached an icy arm toward the lone man. Cold fingers gripped his heart. Slowly Little Eagle forced his lead-filled legs past the carcass and on down the trail. Once he thought he heard a faint soblike cry. He paused to listen, but heard nothing more.

A rocky ridge knifed through the forest. It was like a ten foot high wall of granite. Little Eagle balanced his rifle over both arms as he dug his fingers and toes into the granite slab. Soon he sat on the top of the wall of rock. He caught his breath then slid down the other side. Further along, the trail seemed to disappear. The mountain was cut in half by a gorge thirty feet wide and sixty feet deep. What trail there was wound among the broken cliffs to the bottom of the chasm. It then twisted up the other side where a black rock blended into the shadows at the top of the cliff.

A fallen tree lay across the ravine. It was old and gnarled and had lain there for several years. A traveler who had dared the mountains, perhaps Chief Red Cliff himself, had hacked the limbs off the tree and used it as a footbridge. The young man tested its strength. The log held. He balanced himself on it and edged his way toward the black shadows on the far side of the gorge. He was nearly across when he felt the log tremble. He hesitated as the rotted tree shook under his weight. If he moved easily, perhaps the log would not break. He shuffled forward and the corner of his vision caught a movement in the thick shade ahead of him.

Little Eagle wasn't alone. The dark head of a huge lion faced him out of the shadows. It was a larger beast, even, than the lion the white man had shown at the fort. It was an animal enraged at having left a feast of horsemeat. The dark muzzle formed furrows and the black lips lifted back from yellowed teeth. Automatically Little Eagle raised his rifle. The shot he fired went wide of its target, but the extra motion was causing the log bridge to crumble and fall.

The young man leaped wildly toward the bank. He grasped a scrubby mountain maple bush and pulled himself onto firm ground. The rifle had fallen from his hands. For a second it slithered against the steep bank, then it crashed into the ravine. Little Eagle did not look back. Five steps in front of him, yellow eyes burned. And the most ferocious of North American lions waved his tail in anger.

The brave forced his hand downward in order to grasp the hunting knife which he carried tucked under his belt. The knife was gone! Little Eagle wanted to shout. His throat was dry. No sound seemed to escape from him. Then a voice broke the silence. "I will fear no evil." Little Eagle was surprised because the voice was his own, and the voice was calm.

The lion hesitated at the sound. He too seemed cornered. He crouched, then roaring in anger he charged. Little Eagle fell on his face. The beast leaped past him and flung himself at the far side of the ravine.

The gorge was too wide; the big cat fell short. His front feet reached an outcropping rock on the far cliff top, and his hind feet tore for a foothold, but only for a second. Then the dark body rolled backwards and fell through space. A wild scream like that of a mad woman, tore the air. The cry ended with a thud.

Soon Little Eagle retrieved his rifle. He walked back down his trail to where he had climbed over the rock wall. He found his knife right where he thought he might. He returned to the ravine and cut a switch from the lion's tail. It wasn't for his medicine bag; it was to help his people. Now his people would listen to him and claim the truly Big Medicine—Jesus Christ—for themselves. ★



# Animal Sounds Quiz

We have our voices and we make sounds.

Animals also make sounds. Some of their sounds are beautiful and charming, others are scary and frightening.

Put a little wonder, surprise, and excitement into your life.

The next time you are at the zoo, or on a farm briefly close your eyes.

Take time to listen to the interesting animal sounds around you.

First see how quickly you can correctly identify the animals with the sounds they make in this quiz.

HAPPY MATCHING!

## Animals

1. Lion
2. Turkey
3. Dog
4. Rooster
5. Pig
6. Cat
7. Elephant
8. Horse
9. Snake
10. Frog



## Sounds

- a. hiss; rattle
- b. grunt
- c. trumpet
- d. purr; meow
- e. croak
- f. bark
- g. whinny; neigh
- h. crow
- i. roar
- j. gobble

Answers: 1-i, 2-j, 3-f, 4-h, 5-b, 6-d, 7-c, 8-g, 9-a, 10-e

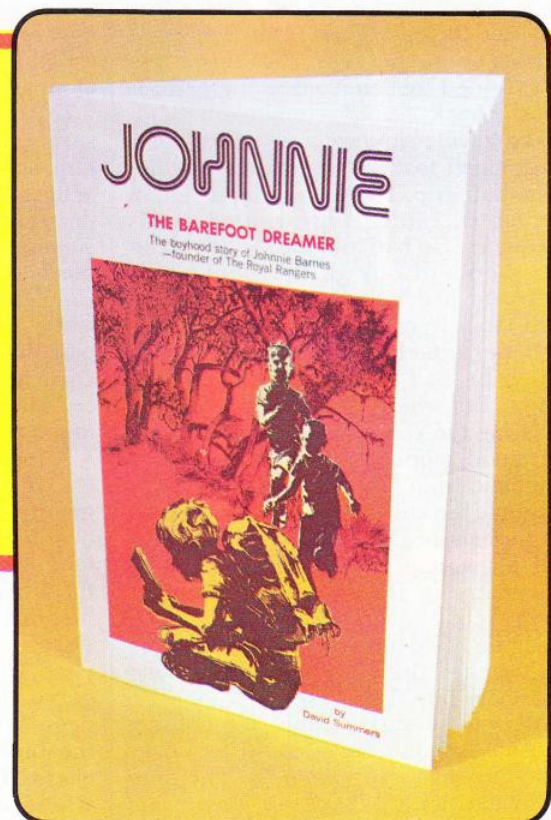
# TRUE ADVENTURE FOR BOYS—

## JOHNNIE: The Barefoot Dreamer

Every boy in Royal Rangers should read this delightful book of the boyhood adventures of Johnnie Barnes, founder of the Royal Rangers program. It's a step back into childhood dreams, into a paradise lost where little boys were heroes. Life was simple, good, sometimes funny, and sometimes sad. Now you can buy twelve copies of this book—the perfect gift or award—for half-price! Create enthusiasm among your Royal Rangers as they identify with Johnnie Barnes by reading the stories of his boyhood. Order one for every boy in Royal Rangers now plus extras for future members.

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# Royal Ranger, Mark Underwood, sets a world record.

On Saturday, November 15, 1980, Christopher Mark Underwood of Bridgeport, Texas, broke the world record in crawling. The previous record was 12.6 miles. Mark crawled 13 miles.

Mark is a Trail Ranger in the Royal Rangers of First Assembly of God, Bridgeport, Texas. He attends Bridgeport High School where he is a junior.

A few weeks before, Mark read in the Guinness Book of World Records that the longest distance crawled was 12.6 miles, established in 1979. He decided to beat the record.

When asked why he wanted to undertake such a long and painful endurance, he said he had two reasons. One was to earn money for the Royal Rangers and the second was to give his school a world record.

Mark didn't tell many people what he was going to attempt to do; just his family, his pastor Rev. M. L. Milton, his church family, and Coach Tommie Paddock from his high school. These friends were all with him in their thoughts and prayers.

Mark said he would never have made it if it hadn't been for the prayers and encouragement of these people. The miles were hard in coming because the



knee pads Mark started with rubbed blisters on his knees in the first three miles. It was easier after Rev. Milton got him some foam rubber for his pads, but damage had already been done. He had towels wrapped around his legs for added protection. He wore padded gloves, and six shirts in addition to his jacket as protection against wind and rain. He took five-minute breaks each hour of the 16½ hour crawl.

The last two miles were the hardest due to skinless knees and fear of not being able to finish. The temperature was in the 30's by then with a strong wind blowing.

To keep himself going, he thought about Jesus when He had suffered so much for us and how little hurting he was feeling in comparison. He said he felt very close to God.

Many people were at the finish line waiting for him. Several walked with him throughout the day while he crawled. Others kept lap time records.

His crawl started in the dark at 5:45 a.m. and ended at 10:08 p.m. Mark reached out his hand for a line drawn in the dirt, and crawled over the line for a world record. Many tears of joy were shed and there were lots of hugs from everyone there.

CONGRATULATIONS, MARK.





# When Night Falls When Night Falls When Night Falls

Night-time camping requires a good knowledge of our skills. Be ready on your next campout!

BY STEPHENIE SLAHOR, PH.D.



**P**art of the fun of an outing comes when dusk and dark offer that solitude and feeling of peace. But just as in daytime, your camping skills need to be used during the time when night falls on your camping area.

Be sure to camp before dark. Even if you're lost and working your way back to civilization, select a good campsite and prepare to spend the night before it gets dark.

If it's close to dark before you get everything organized, concentrate on making a "one pot" meal—meat, vegetables, and gravy all in one to make a hearty stew or soup with a minimum of preparation and clean-up time.

If you're camping with a vehicle, be sure that it is parked on a level area to

avoid having to sleep on an incline all night.

Being able to see in the dark is a convenience. Be sure you're in an area that allows campfires, or else you'll have to depend on camp lanterns or flashlights to do the job.

If you can build a campfire, select the right type of site, dig down to bare earth (not that combustible humus/compost layer) and build your fire. Outdoor books will give you many tips on styles of building, stoking, and maintaining a fire.

If you are lost, you might want to consider building three fires as a signal of distress. These can be spaced along a line or a rough triangle to provide a means of signalling to your rescuers.

If it's cold and snowy, build your fire in such a site so as to avoid having a lump of

melting snow drop off an overhanging branch into your fire.

Softwoods are good fire starters, but for a longer burning one, you will need hardwood.

If you're depending on light you've brought with you, check all your equipment before your outing to be sure that everything is in working order. Bring along such extras as spare batteries and flashlight bulbs, extra mantles, extra fuel/cannisters, etc., even if your equipment is in good shape.

To avoid pulling down a tent at night, or to avoid injuries, be sure to hang reflective tape or strips of light colored rags on *everything* that could possibly be in the way of your feet, head, or neck if you amble about at night. Tent lines, clothes lines, hanging buckets, or whatever else







might be around should be easy to spot in the dark.

You may even find it helpful to tie such rags or tape around trees or picnic tables, or any other large items lurking around at night waiting for someone's shins, head, or arms!

If your cooking or sanitary area is quite a distance from the sleeping area, and you'll be frequenting such places at night, you may want to tie strips of cloth around trees along the route, or drive stakes into the ground with cloth attached to help show the way at night. It's a simple thing to do, but it can be a really effective method especially for youngsters or anyone else not accustomed to finding his/her way around in the dark.

Be sure that your sleeping area is away from the food area to avoid contact with

bugs and small or large animals seeking a midnight raid on the larder. For the same reason, never "eat in bed" at your bedroll or sleeping bag or even nearby.

Some folks have a terrible time trying to see in the dark. It may be due to visual weakness such as night blindness, or just being unaccustomed to the "dark" dark often found during a camping trip away from city lights. These folks might find it easier to see during the night if they wear sunglasses during the day. The eyes have a substance called rhodopsin which bleaches out during the day if the eyes are subjected to bright light. If too much is bleached out, it's harder to see at night. (The rhodopsin renews itself during the night during sleep and rest.) Also, everyone usually can see better at night if they avoid the practice of staring into

the campfire. Looking into the campfire, and then trying to stare out into the surrounding darkness is too disconcerting for the eyes. If you want to be able to see around you, don't look into lights like campfires at night.

Pie pans positioned as reflectors around camp lanterns can really help shine the light where you want it.

If you're going to maintain the fire all night, or let it smolder down by itself, you might find it nice to replace one of the rocks around the fire ring with a bucket or metal container of water (preferably with a good lid). In the morning, the water should be fairly warm—and that's a welcome amenity on some of those cold mornings!

Practice good sense and safety when night falls. You'll enjoy your outing even more. ★





# Camp Kitchen Fixings

## Mealtime Ideas For Your Summer **RANGERCRAFT**

BY JOHN ELLER

It is exciting to prepare a meal without the use of pots and pans. The frontiersmen were expert in this craft, and some of their techniques have survived to our time.

Most hikers and campers like to make lunch snappy, and prepare their big meal toward dusk. Cooking without utensils can save time at noonday meals, as there is no time wasted washing the mess kit and other vessels in the middle of the day.

Kabobs are cooked on green sticks with alternating chunks of meat, tomato, onion, green pepper, etc. Steak can be cooked on a stick, and even hamburger if you use a forked stick with smaller sticks run over and under the prongs.

Here are some tasty desserts you can fix without utensils, yet they will provide quick energy for the rest of the day.

*Lotsmores.* Needed: Marshmallows, flat Hershey chocolate bar. Directions: cut a slim stick and trim to a point on one end. Cut a slit partially through the middle. Insert a small chocolate, as marked for you on the candy bar. Put marshmallow on the pointed stick and toast slowly over the coals. (Remember: fire is for warmth, coals are for cooking!) When the marshmallow is completely toasted, the

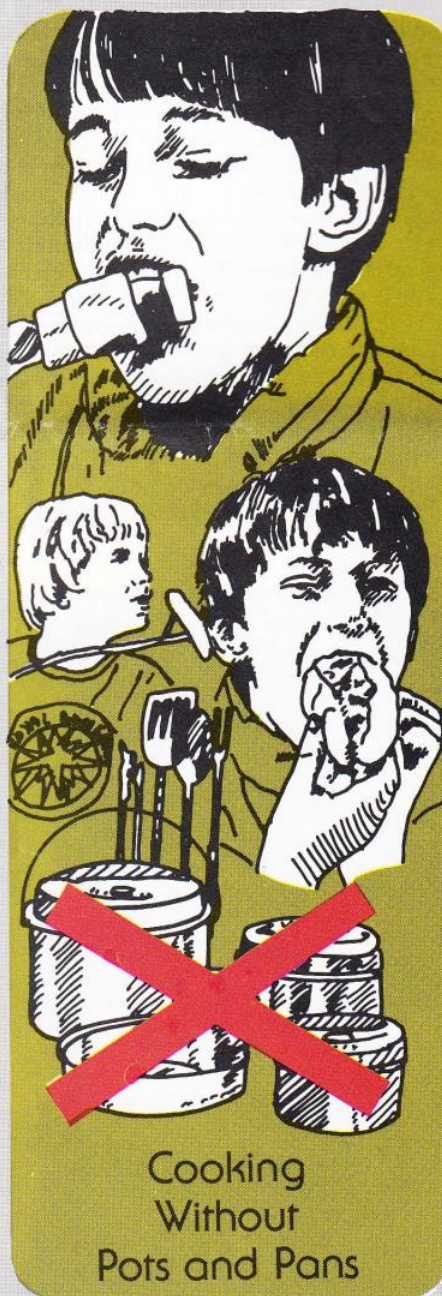
chocolate should be melted.

*Some-Mores.* Needed: Marshmallows, graham crackers, flat Hershey chocolate bar. Directions: make a sandwich of two graham crackers with a piece of chocolate between. Toast a marshmallow slowly over coals. Add toasted marshmallow to the sandwich on top of chocolate and press together. You may want to use chocolate-covered grahams when available to eliminate need for the candy bar.

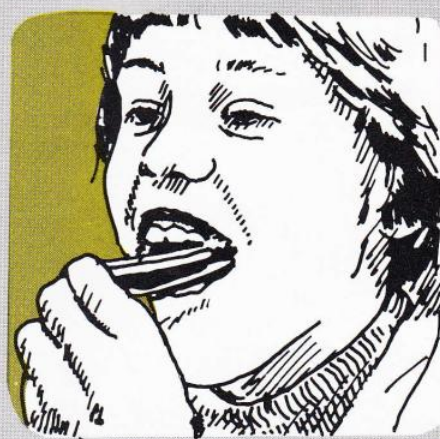
*Mock Angel Food.* Needed: loaf of sliced bread, can of sweetened condensed milk, shredded coconut. Directions: trim crust off bread, retaining only the center. Cut this up into cubes about 1½ inches square. Dip each cube quickly into the condensed milk and cover with coconut, put on a pointed stick and toast over coals.

*Baked Bananas.* Throw ripe bananas right on the hot coals. Turn now and then until the skins are all black. This will require about ten (10) minutes. Remove the skins from one side only, add melted butter, and sprinkle with sugar. Eat immediately, before bananas get soggy. (The only thing worse than a cold baked banana is a cold potato.)

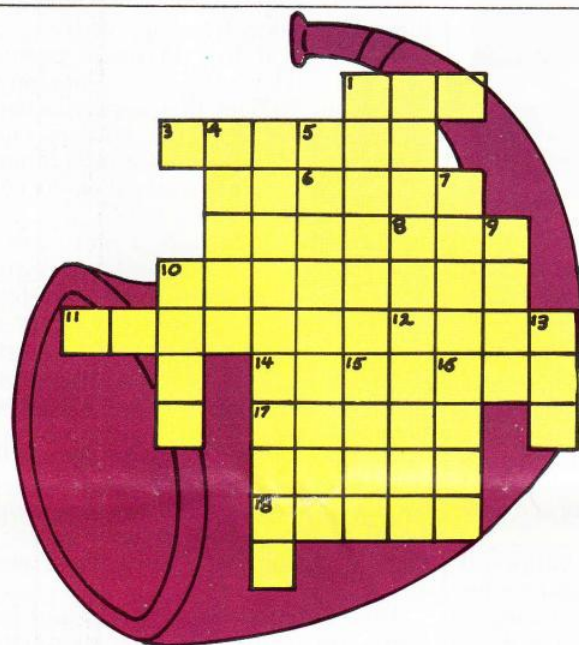
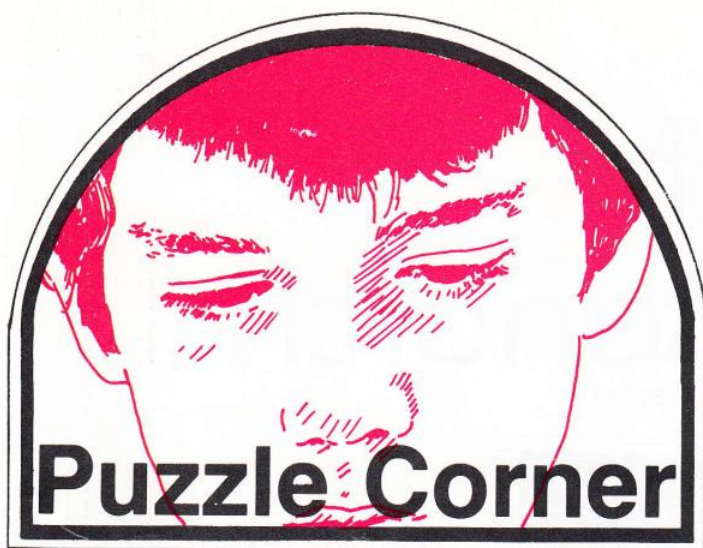
Save time on your next hike or camp-out. Cook without pots and pans!



Cooking  
Without  
Pots and Pans







## Victory for Gideon!

Read Judges 7:15-23

### Across

- 1—Keep secret watch.
- 3—God sent Gideon to save the people of \_\_\_\_\_.
- 6—Cut grain.
- 8—Make the same score.
- 10—Gideon had the 300 men blow \_\_\_\_\_.
- 11—The host of Midianites \_\_\_\_\_.
- 12—Look at closely.
- 16—Color.
- 17—Gideon divided the 300 men into \_\_\_\_\_ companies.
- 18—They put \_\_\_\_\_ inside the pitchers.

### Down

- 1—find out.
- 2—Thin sheets of metal.
- 4—The Israelites cried, "The \_\_\_\_\_ of the Lord, and of Gideon."
- 5—Spicy odor.
- 7—The Israelites broke the \_\_\_\_\_.
- 9—Isaac's older son.
- 10—Canvas shelter.
- 13—Fisherman's aid.
- 14—Horse's place in a stable.
- 15—Musical Instrument.



So, what's a National Camporama? Why, it's just the biggest event in Royal Rangers history. It's a place to meet Rangers from all over the nation. It's a place to participate in sports, crafts, camping, games. There's a frontier village with black powder demonstrations and tomahawk throwing. It's like nothing you've ever experienced. Plan to attend! Contact your District Commander for more information on attending the . . .

## National Camporama

July 27-31, 1982

Fort Heritage  
Charlotte, North Carolina



# Flight Of The Monarch

By Sharon St. Germain

Like birds, many insects travel or migrate during certain seasons of the year. One familiar migrating insect is the monarch, or milkweed butterfly. Found throughout North America, they winter as far south as Mexico. In the spring they begin the return journey north.

The monarch flies south in large flocks. Thousands, even millions of these insects travel together. Along their routes people enjoy watching them soar overhead. The bright orange and black of their wings flashing in the sun makes a beautiful sight.

Flying by day, the monarchs roost at night in trees. Among their favorites are pine and eucalyptus, where their narrow feet can cling to needles or leaf notches. Each year new groups fly south, settling in the same trees as those chosen by their ancestors. No monarch lives long enough to make the trip twice.

When spring comes, the butterflies leave their winter homes and migrate slowly north. This trip is usually made in small groups. Along the way they mate and lay eggs. By this time their wing scales are faded and worn. Soon they will die; but their young continue the journey. Eventually, some reach parts of Canada or even Alaska.

With its 4-inch wingspread, the monarch is one of the largest of our North American butterflies. A bold insect, it soars about meadows and fields where few other butterflies would dare to venture. It has few enemies. Most insect-eating birds and other predators find them distasteful and usually leave them alone.

On each hind wing of the male monarch is a dark patch of scent scales. During courtship, the male attracts a female by perfuming the air near her. Soon after they fly off to mate.

The female lays hundreds of eggs on milkweed plants as she journeys north each spring. At first the eggs look like green drops of dew, but they quickly dry and stick to the leaves. The tiny caterpillars that hatch feed on the tender milkweed leaves. No other kind will do.

The newly hatched larvae grow



rapidly. When snug, they shed or molt their marbled skins for larger ones. While eating, their scissor-sharp jaws work constantly, snipping off bites of food in small circles on the leaves. If disturbed, their black whiplike horns thrash out in warning.

In about two weeks the fully grown caterpillar—banded in black, white, and yellow stripes—is 2 inches long and now ready to pupate.

Creeping slowly from its milkweed plant, the restless caterpillar searches for a quiet spot on the underside of a log or sheltered leaf, where it will not be bothered. There it begins its final molt.

After spinning a small silken pad, the caterpillar attaches its rear end and hangs in the shape of a "j". Early the next morning its skin splits and is slowly removed. Now it is a pupa or chrysalis.

Slowly, the thin wall of the chrysalis splits open. One by one, four slender legs poke through, and out climbs the monarch. For a while, it clings to the empty shell, pumping liquid into its crumpled wings until they expand and harden. Then it flies away in search of nectar.

The butterflies that hatch in early summer usually live only a short time—just long enough to mate and lay their eggs. Each succeeding generation pushes further and further north. The last summer brood, sensing the coming of winter, become the migrants. They may survive 8 or 9 months.

Of butterfly species that migrate, the monarch is the only one known to journey seasonally as birds do. Their migration begins when the crisp days of autumn nip the air. Peaking in September, the long trip is over by late October.

Monarchs cannot survive when temperatures drop below freezing.

Gathering at first in small groups, others join along the way. Sometimes swarms are so thick they appear as dark clouds floating across the horizon. One year a flock crossing the Cascade Mountains of Washington covered an area 10 miles long and 3 miles wide!

Monarchs from eastern and central North America make their way south along the Gulf states to Mexico. Western monarchs winter along the coast of California. Although native to North America, because of their wandering habits they also populate many other parts of the world.

The small town of Pacific Grove, 60 miles south of San Francisco, is famous for its annual invasion of monarchs. Local residents have proudly adopted their nickname of "Butterfly Town, U.S.A."

Among other things, a special park has been set aside for the wintering monarchs. Here on warm days they soar leisurely in the sunshine, feeding on the nectar of whatever flowers may be in bloom. When cool, they cluster by the thousands in "butterfly" trees. On the last Saturday of October, costumed school children welcome their winged guests with a big parade along main street. Anyone caught disturbing the butterflies in any way is subject to a stiff fine.

What guides monarchs on the trip south is still a mystery. Perhaps, like birds, some inner compass or time mechanism helps adjust their course in relation to the sun, as Dr. Urquhart believes. Obviously, the monarchs that fly south in autumn do not travel by familiar landmarks, for they aren't the same butterflies that flew north in the spring. That flight was made by their grandparents or great-grandparents.

One thing is certain. New generations will continue to migrate, just as others of their kind have done year after year in the past. And, in doing so, this fascinating insect will manage to survive and flourish. ★



# When A Flag Flies

By Evelyn Mitsch

LOOK FOR THEM:  
HALF-MAST  
UPSIDE DOWN, ETC.

What is a flag? What does the word mean? What does it stand for? Because we have always had flags, we seldom think to ask how flags came about.

The word "flag" was taken from the Saxon or German word *fflaken* or *ffeogan*. It means "to fly or float in the wind." It came into being more than four hundred years ago.

The study of the history of flags is called vexillology. This word was invented by Doctor Whitney Smith from the words *vexillum* and *vexilla*. A vexillum is a square, fringed piece of cloth hanging from the crossbar on a pole. A vexilla is the emblem or sign of a Roman king which he used on his flags.

The real origin of flags is still unknown. We do know that flags, in some form have been around since the days of cavemen. These early flags were not as we know them today. They were poles topped with figures of birds, animals, or objects such as stars, crescents and arrows. They were made of feathers, bones, animal skins, carved rocks, and metal pieces.

There is proof that the ancient people of Egypt, Babylon, and China used these early flags. A few years ago in India, diggers found a seal, used to sign papers, believed to date back to 3500 B.C. It showed a parade of men with square standards held high on poles like modern flags. They were not made of cloth but were stiff like boards and only seemed to be flying.

One of the first cloth flags was used in China in 1122 B.C. Emperor Chou, founder of the Chou dynasty in China, had a white banner carried before him as he rode through the streets.

The age-old purpose of a flag was to identify a tribe, a clan, or a group of people and their leader. It was used to identify an idea or belief with a symbol used by no other.

Over the years, flags have taken many shapes and designs. There are triangles, rectangles, semi-circles, swallow-tails, and long pointed pennants. They have borders, fringe, tassels, and cords. Some are embroidered in many colors, and



some are sewn with precious stones. Colored badges may mark the identity of the person or group they stand for.

These marks were sometimes the insignias of kings. The marks were used on shields and helmets in "knightly games" of sport. When helmets with visors covered the men's faces, a mark was needed to know which king they represented.

Flags were needed on the battlefields when men clashed in close combat. During heavy fighting they would "rally around the flag." If the flag bearer was felled, another quickly raised the flag or the fighting ended.

Flags are known by many names. They are called pennants, ensigns, banners, jacks, colors, or standards. Names like "guidons" or "gonfanons" are seldom used today. A standard originally was a flag that "stood by itself." It was not carried by a bearer. It was attached to the top of a tall pole or flown from the mast of a ship, or mounted on a cart or car of some kind. Standards are smaller than those referred to as colors. They have no cords or tassels. Standards are more often called pennants today.

Have you wondered who may have a flag made? Any group of people can design and adopt one. Besides the national flags of countries, there are others known around the world. The North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO), the United Nations (UN), the Red Cross and the Peace Corps are some well-known groups which have a flag. Within each country, there are flags for states, provinces, and cities. Many religious, political, regional, and local clubs have flags. We have all seen the flags of the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, and 4H Clubs. And of course, there is the Royal Rangers flag.

The way a flag is flown can tell us something, too. At half-mast, it is a sign of mourning. Flown upside down on a ship's mast, it signals distress at sea.

Flags fly when held in the hand as well as when attached to a pole. Special flags, that represent letters or numbers in code, are called Hand Signal Flags. The "Wigwag Flag," used by the Boy Scouts, can spell out words in the dots and dashes of the Morse Code.

Other flags that talk as they fly are the "Semaphore Flags." Sailors use two of these in port or at sea to send messages from one ship to another. They spell out letters and numbers by holding the flags in certain positions.

The International Flag Code is known to all countries. It needs 36 flags to send messages or answers. Sailors fly sets of one to five of the flags that have a coded meaning or spell out words.

Our national flag flies on equal staffs with those of other nations. At all other times it flies above, in front of, centered, or to the right of other flags, as in a color guard. It usually flies from sunrise to sunset. It flies over public buildings and schools, on all legal holidays, and special days chosen by the President.

When a flag flies, we as citizens honor it for the nation or person it represents. We respect the right to the belief for which it stands. We abide by its messages on land and at sea.

The flag flying over the United States Capitol is known throughout the world as a symbol of freedom. Today many families proudly fly the United States flag at home.

In 1930 a Congressman asked to keep the flag which had flown over the capitol building in Washington, D.C. He was given that flag, and a tradition was begun. Now many clubs and schools request a flag that has flown over the capitol, even if it flew there for only a part of a day. As many as 35,000 different flags in one year have been raised and lowered over our capitol to meet this demand.

May flags "fly and float in the wind" forever. ★





Imagine yourself rafting down the rugged and winding Sandy River. The high rolling cliffs and the huge Douglas Firs reach majestically toward heaven, and look much the same as when Lewis and Clark traveled down the waterway searching for a passage to the mighty Pacific Ocean. Though the Sandy River is much tamer now, we still experienced some of the excitement and thrill they must have shared.

This spring Royal Rangers from all

over the Greater Portland Section of the Oregon District set out to float this magnificent stretch of river which extends some 6.5 miles. We began at what is called Oxbow Park and ended at the Lewis and Clark landing near Troutdale.

We spent about five months planning and praying for this trip. Our planning included water and raft safety, necessary equipment, chapel preparation, and a study of the river itself.

Finally, after months of preparation, it was time. The date was May 30, 1980, and we were off. We reached Oxbow at about 7 that evening; camps went up and dinner was prepared. After dinner, we played everything from softball to frisbee. It was some night and we ended the day with chapel, where the message of salvation was given. We took two chaplains; one was responsible for the giving of the Word, while the other was to be sensitive to the needs of the boys and leading of the Holy Spirit. This was found to be a real blessing!

Reveille was held the next day at 6 a.m. and camp began to roll. Again fires were built and soon the smell of hot-cakes, eggs, bacon, and that good old coffee and hot chocolate filled the air. The boys were jumping with anticipation as the time drew near for us to depart down the river.

We began several short classes and assigned rafts to each outpost and church. We filled 21 six-man rafts with approximately 103 Royal Rangers, and com-

manders. The ages of the boys taking part in the run began at five and were unlimited.

One of the fun times was when we held class on the river, informing the boys on how to flip and reflip a raft if need be. In the morning the sectional staff demonstrated, and much to their dismay the water was ice cold. Brrrrrr was the only way to describe it. We had about five boys brave the water and later that day almost all of the Royal Rangers were doing it.

Finally we were off on our first set of rapids. One raft sprung a leak and was rammed a few times while others attempted to control their rafts, and as the crew found out, head for shore fast! The boys managed to repair their raft and continue on their way.

At the end of the raft run, we returned to camp to clean rafts and prepare for the presentation of awards that night. But hold on! If any of you know Oregon, then you know the night was far from over as we experienced a night of pouring rain. One thing can be said though, the camping skills were put to the test and all passed with flying colors.

This is just some of the excitement we experienced and thought we would share with you. We are now planning an even bigger and better trip for next year and hope we can again relate some thrills and spills of the Oregon District.

# The Sandy River Experience

BY LARRY REECE





# COMEDY CORNER COMEDY



"THE TWIGS AND LIMBS ARE JUST FOR LOOKS — ITS MAIN STRENGTH IS THE BEER CANS, POP BOTTLES AND OLD TIRE!"

The clergyman was anxious to give his after-dinner talk and start home from an out-of-town engagement. However, the meal dragged on, and the conversation, laughter, and table visiting that followed made the hour late before the chairman stood up.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I am delighted that the evening has been such a happy one," he said. "In fact, I have been undecided whether to let you continue enjoying yourselves or introduce our guest speaker."

John A. Johnston  
Manchester, CT

Smalltown newspaper item:

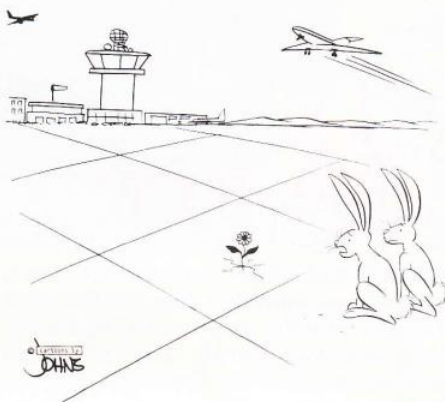
Miss Hanna Smith, a Batesville belle of 30, is visiting her twin brother, age 42, in Jonesville this week.

Helen Lozanoff  
Johnstown, PA

Critic: "The picture of the horse is very good, but where is the wagon?"

Young artist: "The horse will draw that."

Henry Leabo  
Jamestown, CA



"GOSH, HOW CAN YA EAT A GUTSY LITTLE GUY LIKE THAT?!"

"Pilot to control tower! Pilot to control tower. I'm coming in. Please give me landing instructions."

"Control tower to pilot. Control tower to pilot. Why are you yelling so loud?" "Pilot to control tower! I don't have a radio."

Helen Lozanoff  
Johnstown, PA

"I beg your pardon, sir, but what is your name?" the teller politely asked.

"Don't you see my signature on the check?"

"I do," answered the teller. "That's what aroused my curiosity."

John A. Johnston  
Manchester, CT

"Why do you obey your doctor's orders?" "Because he has inside information."

Helen Lozanoff  
Johnstown, PA

Ned: "Our dog is like one of the family."

Fred: "Oh! which one?"

Peter Oastler  
Australia



"JOHN, WAKE UP! SOMEBODY STOLE THE TENT!"

A father took his small son to Washington. The little boy watched with great interest from the gallery when the house of representatives came to order.

"Why did the minister pray for all those men, Dad?" he asked.

"He didn't. He looked them over and then prayed for the country."

Lucille J. Goodyear  
Guatemala, Central America

Bill: "I didn't come here to be insulted."

Phil: "Well where do you usually go to get insulted?"

Peter Oastler  
Australia

"Tommy," said the farmer, "can you tell me one of the uses of cowhide?" "Yes, sir. It holds the cow together."

Robert H. Redding  
Sequim, WA

She: "You deceived me before our marriage. You told me you were well-off."

He: "I was. More than I realized."

Lucille J. Goodyear  
Guatemala, Central America



OUCH!  
IT BURNS  
WHERE IT  
HURTS!



BY PHIL WAYMAN

## FIRE IN A BOY'S POCKET

You young'uns listen up now, to what this old Ranger is trying to tell ya. There is a part of the Rangers code that says, "A Ranger is honest, he does not lie, cheat, or steal."

Now National Commander Johnnie Barnes, put stealing under the same class as lying and cheating, which I suppose is true. But since I am only a country boy, I don't haggle with such matters. I just accept that smart gentleman's assessment of honesty.

Anyway, what I wanted to tell you about was this small coal of fire you put in your pocket when you steal or do something you shouldn't.

A preacher once told me a story about when his father caught him smoking a cigar. When he saw his father approaching, he quickly stuffed the still burning cigar into his back pocket. Well, his father just pretended he never saw the cigar and just stood talking with his son while it burned clear through his pants. I'll tell you, he remembered that mistake every time he sat down.

Dishonest grown-ups learn lessons the hard way too.

I read a news account of a lady whose family cat was run over by a car, and was killed. She didn't rightly know what to do with her dead cat, so she put it in a shopping bag, intending to have it taken to the garbage dump.

As she drove by the store, she remembered that she needed a few grocery items, so she left her car window open, and the shopping bag sitting on the front seat.

A well-dressed woman, in a long black car pulled into the next parking stall. The

fine lady had a little problem. She was a professional shoplifter. She saw the open window, and the unattended bag on the front seat, and quickly reached in and grabbed the bag. She threw the bag into her car without examining the contents and drove speedily away. The thief sighed with relief. She had her stolen goods, and no one was following her. As she drove up the busy highway, the desire to see what was in the bag overcame her. She took a peek into the bag while driving at 50 miles per hour. The glassy eyes of the dead cat stared back at her. She screamed in fright, lost control of her car, which ran a ditch, and hit a telephone pole. The unconscious lady was carried by ambulance to the nearest hospital.

An hour later, she opened her eyes to find an anxious husband, and several doctors and nurses hovering around her. A doctor said, "You'll be alright now ma'am. You just got a little banged up, but everything looks okay. And by the way, the ambulance drivers brought this bag in, that was in the wrecked car." The lady fainted again.

How do you young'uns suppose she explained to her husband and the hospital staff about the dead cat in the shopping bag? That fire was burning long after she thought it had gone out.

Well sir, once upon a time, yours truly was caught with a fire in his pocket.

When I was a young'un like most of you, I was a 4-H Club boy. I won a trip from the farm, to the American Royal Livestock Show in Kansas City. Four of us boys were together in one hotel room. When we learned of the enormous price

the hotel was charging for the room, which was \$3.00 apiece per night, we decided to offset their great gains by each hocking a towel.

When I arrived home to the ranch, and my old-fashioned ma opened my suitcase to wash my usually dirty clothes, she found this towel with the hotel name clearly printed across it.

For some reason, my explanation seemed to burn like fire as Mom insisted, "It's stealing!" Now, I never wanted to be a thief, and it hindered my usually pleasant personality considerably to be labeled such a thing.

Mom had this notion that what was someone else's shouldn't be taken, no matter if it was just a small thing. Besides, if they cheated me at the hotel, I couldn't make the situation better by cheating back again. Ouch! My face burned, and I wished mom would just use the towel, and give me a lickin' and forget it.

I didn't see the towel again for a year, but the next year I got a trip to the same place again, and the delegation was housed in the same hotel. When I opened my suitcase, which mom packed for me, there on top was the towel, laundered and ready to return to the hotel.

Now, do you young'uns think I ever stole someone's stuff again? No sir. I found that it burns where it hurts, and even though I was not a Royal Ranger at that time, I became a believer in the fact that a fella should be honest, and should not lie, cheat, or steal!

Thanks, Johnnie, for making honesty a part of the Code! ★