

High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS

SPRING 1989



LEADERS EDITION



SPRING 1989

HIGH ADVENTURE

Columbus The Faithful
3

New World Explorers
4

Eagle Rock Adventure
10

Scannon Mascot Explorer
11

International Camporama
13

HIGH ADVENTURE STAFF:
Johnnie Barnes, Editor; Larry Bangle, Art; Ron Day, Layout

NATIONAL COMMITTEE:
Silas Galtner, Ken Riemenschneider, Johnnie Barnes, Paul Stanek

HIGH ADVENTURE—Volume 18, Number 4 ISSN (0190-3802) published quarterly by Royal Rangers, 1445 Boonville Avenue, Springfield, MO 65802. Subscription rates: single subscription \$1.75 a year; bundle (minimum of five subscriptions, all mailed to one address) \$1.50 a year. Copyrighted 1989 General Council of the Assemblies of God, Inc., Gospel Publishing House. Printed in USA. Second-class postage paid at Springfield, Mo., and at additional offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to High Adventure, 1445 Boonville, Springfield, MO 65802.

MEMBER **epa** EVANGELICAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

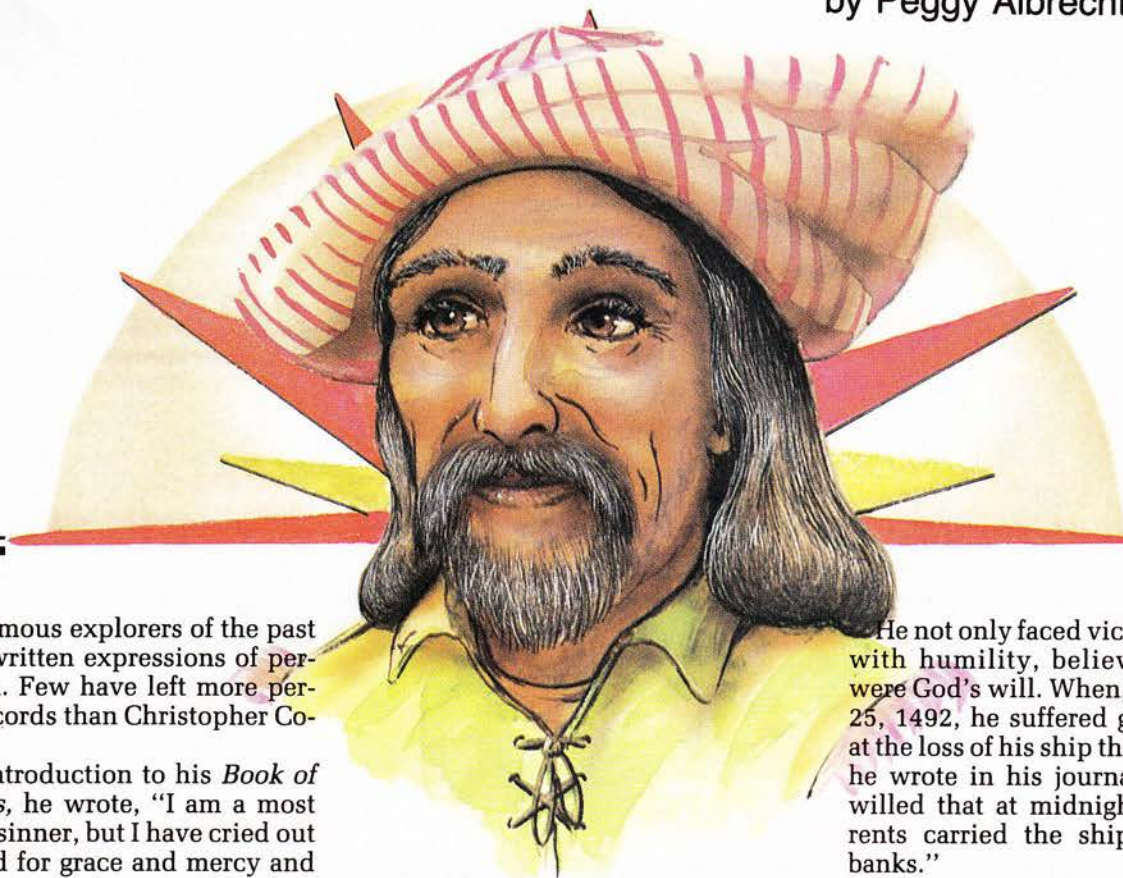
SEA RANGERS

SEAMASTER RATING



HIGH ADVENTURE

by Peggy Albrecht



Many famous explorers of the past have left written expressions of personal faith. Few have left more persuasive records than Christopher Columbus.

In the introduction to his *Book of Prophecies*, he wrote, "I am a most unworthy sinner, but I have cried out to the Lord for grace and mercy and these have covered me completely."

Though Columbus has been called a bold adventurer, greedy for honor and gold, his written words reveal a humble man who felt called to spread the gospel to distant lands. Portions of his letters, his journal, and his *Book of Prophecies*, show he considered himself a chosen servant of God.

He believed even his name, Christopher—meaning Christ-bearer, was a sign he was divinely selected for the mission.

During times of discouragement and hardship, he was consoled by the assurance that God had called him. He wrote saying he was "... comforted with rays of marvelous illumination from the Holy Scriptures, ... encouraging me continually to press forward."

Odd as it may seem, his dream of reaching the Indies by sea was inspired in part by Isaiah 11:10-12. Believing God was directing him, he expected success. This faith enabled him to conquer the resistance of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. The same faith enabled him to overcome the resistance of near-mutinous crewmen during the first treacherous voyage through uncharted seas.

Some have credited his success in urging crew members to sail through the weedy Sargasso Sea to luck. But only a man certain of divine guidance could have courage to do what other navigators failed to do. He inspired his men to continue on. The myths and legends about monsters beneath the ugly mass of seaweed floating on the surface of the sea could not terrify him. He pressed on believing he was led by the One to whom all things are possible.

When, on October 12, 1492, his historical trip was crowned with victory, he knelt and thanked God. In a letter concerning the success of the venture he wrote to Ferdinand and Isabella, "Neither reason nor mathematics, nor maps were of any use to me; fully accomplished were the words of Isaiah."

Columbus frequently expressed assurance that God gives victory according to His will. In his journal he often wrote concerning "Our Lord, in whose hands are all victories."

While anchored off the Canary Islands he wrote, "... the eternal God, our Lord, gives to all who walk in His way triumph over things which appear to be impossible."

He not only faced victorious events with humility, believing they too were God's will. When, on December 25, 1492, he suffered grief and pain at the loss of his ship the Santa Maria, he wrote in his journal, "Our Lord willed that at midnight ... the currents carried the ship upon those banks."

When ridiculed by those who considered him an unlearned sailor, he was comforted by the words of Matthew 11:25, "... Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." But in spite of Columbus' sincere desire for guidance from Scripture, this self-taught layman frequently used unorthodox means of winning friends and converts.

Christopher Columbus, who has been called one of the greatest sailors and explorers of all time, bowed humbly before the One whose sovereignty he could not deny.

He died May 20, 1506. His bones now rest in Columbus Memorial Lighthouse on Ozama River in the Dominican Republic, but his expressions of personal faith live on. They continue to point to the Almighty God to whom he gave credit for the discovery of America. ■

Books and articles consulted: *The Journal of Columbus* translated by Cecil Jane, *Christopher Columbus* by Piero Ventura, *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, "Columbus-Lay Christ-Bearer to Uncharted Isles" by August J. Kling.

NEW WORDS EXPLORERS

Who Really discovered America? Was it the Chinese Monk, the Irish priest or the Viking settler?

By Cosmos Bolger

Who *REALLY* discovered America? Believe it or not, there is a great deal of mystery surrounding this question. Most people answer, Christopher Columbus. But was it really?

Some say it was discovered by a Chinese Buddhist monk named Huishen. Others give credit to an Irish Catholic monk named Brendan. Many school textbooks mention a Norwegian named Leif (the lucky) Ericsson. And then there is a story about a mysterious buried stone covered with viking rune writing that may have been carved by Norse explorers one hundred years before "Columbus sailed the Ocean Blue."

Although Columbus never actually saw the shores of North America. He is honored today by many American place names such as Columbus, Ohio; Columbia, South Carolina; and the District of Columbia. Every year on October 12, the day of his landing on the island of San Salvador in 1492, we celebrate Columbus Day. Columbus will always be an important symbol of the courageous and daring explorers who opened up North and South America to the tide of European settlers.



THE CHINESE CONNECTION A.D. 458

One story about exploring America popular in the People's Republic of China today, concerns the Monk Huishen. Huishen set sail in the year 458. He was gone for forty-one years. When he returned he told how he traveled across the sea for thousands of miles and reached an unknown land.

Although, some Chinese scholars believe that Huishen arrived at Japan, others are convinced that the Asian explorer actually landed on the coast of Mexico. One piece of evidence is Huishen's description of the "Fusang tree." His account accurately describes the century plant which grows in Mexico and not in

China. There is no reason why Chinese ships could not have crossed the Pacific Ocean in A.D. 400, and many Chinese believe this.

We will probably never know for sure if Huishen actually landed on North American shores, but large stone anchors similar to those used by Chinese sailors have been found off the coast of California.



THE IRISH ROVERS A.D. 484

One of the most intriguing legends of American explorations is the story of St. Brendan, an Irish monk. Our source for this story comes from ancient Irish folklore. St. Brendan the Navigator was born in the year 484. While the leader of a monastery in Ireland, Brendan became fascinated by sailors stories of a marvelous island to the west. This island was said to be a wonderful promised land. It was always shrouded in a gentle-fog, that the days never ended, and there was no night. Flowers were everywhere and there was fruit on every tree.

The more he thought about the island, the more determined Brendan became to seek it out. Brendan persuaded seventeen of his fellow monks to join him on his expedition.

The first chore the intrepid monks had to accomplish was to build a boat sturdy enough for a long sea voyage. In those days boats were made of wooden frameworks covered with ox skins. Seventy-year-old Brendan and his friends built such a boat with one mast and a large sail. It was large enough to hold eighteen monks and food and water for about forty days.

The monks sailed for the Promised Land of the Saints about the year 555. They headed west, and soon ran into heavy rain and gale force winds. The monks had to grab bowls and bail out the water to keep the boat from sinking. As they worked, the men prayed to God to save them from the angry sea. After two sleepless and scary



Brendan may have sailed to the New World in a craft made of ox skins and wooden lattice.

nights, they were sure God had heard their prayers, for the storm went away and the waters were quiet and calm. St. Brendan led them all in a prayer to thank God for His help.

There was one major problem. They could not build a fire to cook food, because fire would burn a hole in the skins covering the boat. One day, according to the legend, they sighted a small black and smooth island. Since it had no plants or trees, they believed it to be a huge rock. They landed on it and began to cook their food.

Almost as soon as the cooking fire was lit the "island" sank and the explorers found themselves swimming in the sea. The "island" turned out to be the black body of a huge whale.





Legend says Brendan and his friends had lunch on a whale's back!

It is certainly doubtful if such a fantastic adventure ever occurred, but it is a good example of the kind of tales that were told by and about early explorers.

Whether or not St. Brendan and his monks reached the Promised Land of the Saints remains a mystery. There is an island on the northeast coast of Newfoundland where some people think he and his friends may have docked.



ICELANDIC IMMIGRANTS A.D. 1000

About the year 986, Eric "the Red" Thoudaldson and his family and friends sailed west from Iceland and found a big island where they established a small colony. Eric named the island "Greenland" because he thought that name would persuade other farmers from Iceland to come to Greenland and settle.

Eric the Red had a son named Leif Ericsson. Most historians agree that Leif "the lucky" Ericsson left Greenland and sailed to some place in North America. But where did he land?

One story called *The Saga of King Olaf*, written in 1218, says that Leif sailed from Greenland to Norway, where King Olaf converted Leif to Christianity. In the year 1000 the king asked Leif to return to Greenland and share the gospel of Christ with his family and friends.

The story says that heavy storms blew Leif's ship off its course. After several days Leif and crew were surprised to see a new land.

Because the land was so fertile and because there were so many grapevines, the story says Leif called the land "Vinland" or "Vineland." Vineland may have been part of what we now call Nova Scotia or it may have been the large island called Newfoundland. Near a small village in Newfoundland scientists called archaeologists have dug up ruins of eight houses like those built in Greenland by its Icelandic founders.

Leif and his friends, like most explorers, would tell stories of their adventures to their families and friends. This kind of storytelling was common among those who lived in Iceland and Greenland. Sooner or later someone would write the stories down. Sometimes, their writer might make up things that never really happened. Legends last hundreds of years although parts of them may not be true. For example, the story about St. Brendan and the whale.

It is from such legends that modern writers have obtained information about Leif Ericsson and other explorers. Though legends are often based on fact it can be difficult to tell where the facts end and the storytelling begins.

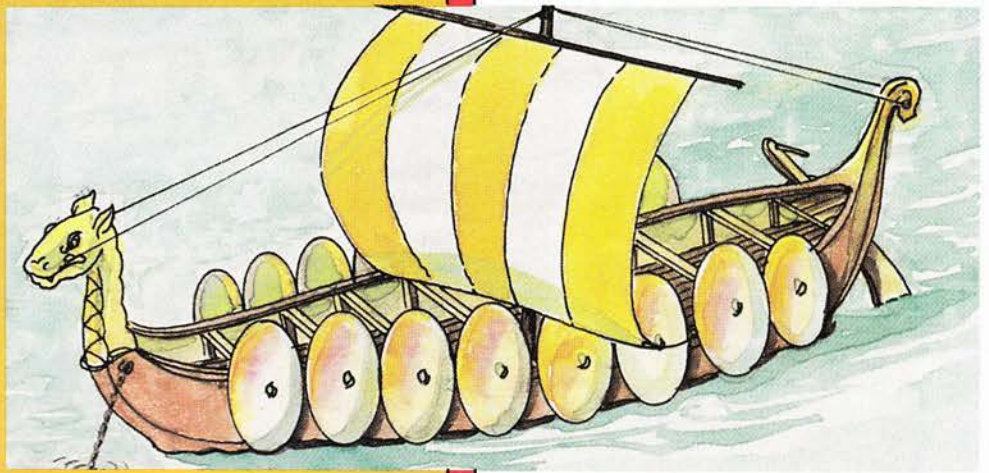




VIKING VOYAGEURS

We know that the Norsemen were explorers and adventurers. Some historians believe that many years after Leif Ericsson landed in North America, other Norsemen came to the New World and explored even the interior of North America. The Norsemen may have traveled as far west as the state of Minnesota.

In the late 1800s a Swedish farmer claims to have found a two hundred and two pound stone covered with strange markings. It was said to be similar to the stones which Vikings used as ballast on their ships.



READ THESE RUNES!

Be an amateur cryptologist. Decode these mysterious runes. Use the code breaker to help translate the inscription into English.



RUNESTONE RIDDLE

The rock was covered with runes. Runes are characters from the runic alphabet which was written script of the Norsemen. The word "rune" means "mysterious" and was applied to the Norse alphabet in the Middle Ages because no one knew how to read the strange inscriptions. Scholars who examined the Minnesota rune stone were able to translate its message as follows:

Eight Goths (Swedes) and 22 Norwegians on an exploring journey from Vinland very far west. We had a camp by two large rocks one day's journey from this stone. We were out fishing one day, when we returned home we found ten men dead and bloody. God have mercy on us. Save us from evil. We have ten men by the sea to look after our vessel. Year 1362.

Some people insist that the rune stone is a fake, made during the nineteenth century. Others point out that if it is a fake, it must have been made by someone who knew how to write and read runic characters. It remains one of the greatest mysteries of the history of exploration.

Ʀ	Β	Ƨ	✱	Μ	Ƒ	Χ	Ν	Ι	✱	Λ	Ƨ
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L
Ɔ	Υ	Ɔ	Ɔ	✱	Ƒ	Υ	↑	Ƨ	✱	Ɔ	Υ
M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X
Υ	Ζ										
Y	Z										

↑NM ƑƧƧƑBMƧ ƑƑ ƑƑƑM
 T H E | A L P H A B E T | O F | R U N E

↑NM MƑƑƧN ΙΥ ↑NM ƑƑƑƑΥ ƑƑƑ
 ↑NM ƑƧƑMΥΥ ↑NMƑƑƑ • ↑NM
 ƑƑƑƑƑ ƑƑƑ ↑NMΥ ↑NMƑ ✱ƑMƑ
 ↑NMƑMΙΥ • ƑƑƑ NM NMƑN
 ƑƑƑƑ✱M✱ Ι↑ ƑƑƑ ↑NM
 ƑMƑΥ ƑƑƑ MΥ↑ƑƑMƑNM✱
 Ι↑ ƑƑƑ ↑NM ƑƑƑƑ✱
 ƑƑƑƑ✱Υ Ζ4

(ANSWER TO RUNESTONE RIDDLE)

"THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S AND THE FULLNESS THEREOF • THE WORLD AND HATH FOUNDED IT UPON THE SEAS AND ESTABLISHED IT UPON THE FLOODS." PSALM 24:1,2

Now write your own messages.

CELESTIAL NAVIGATION: EYES ON THE SKIES

When early explorers were out of sight of land, they needed to work out their position at sea. The compass, which had been used at sea since about 1250, told them in which direction they were going, since the needle always pointed north. It was much more difficult to work out how far they had traveled in any direction.

Latitude (movement north or south) could be measured by finding the angle of the sun above the horizon at

noon. To do this instruments such as the astrolabe or cross staff were used. With the help of tables, which gave the position of the sun at different latitudes for each day of the year, a sea captain could work out how far north or south of the equator he was. Accurate tables were needed for this. These were provided by Prince Henry "the Navigator" of Portugal (1394-1460), whose astronomers and mathematicians worked out the necessary information for Portuguese seamen.

There was no accurate way of deciding longitude (movement east or west) until the marine chronometer was invented in 1762. In spite of this, knowledge of latitude enabled seamen to travel long distances across the open sea and steer a ship to a particular place.

The Royal Rangers emblem is like the face of a compass. The points of the Royal Rangers emblem can guide us on the voyage of life in much the same way as the points of the compass guided the great sea explorers. We are fortunate because on the voyage of life our navigator is not Prince Henry, but the Prince of Peace.

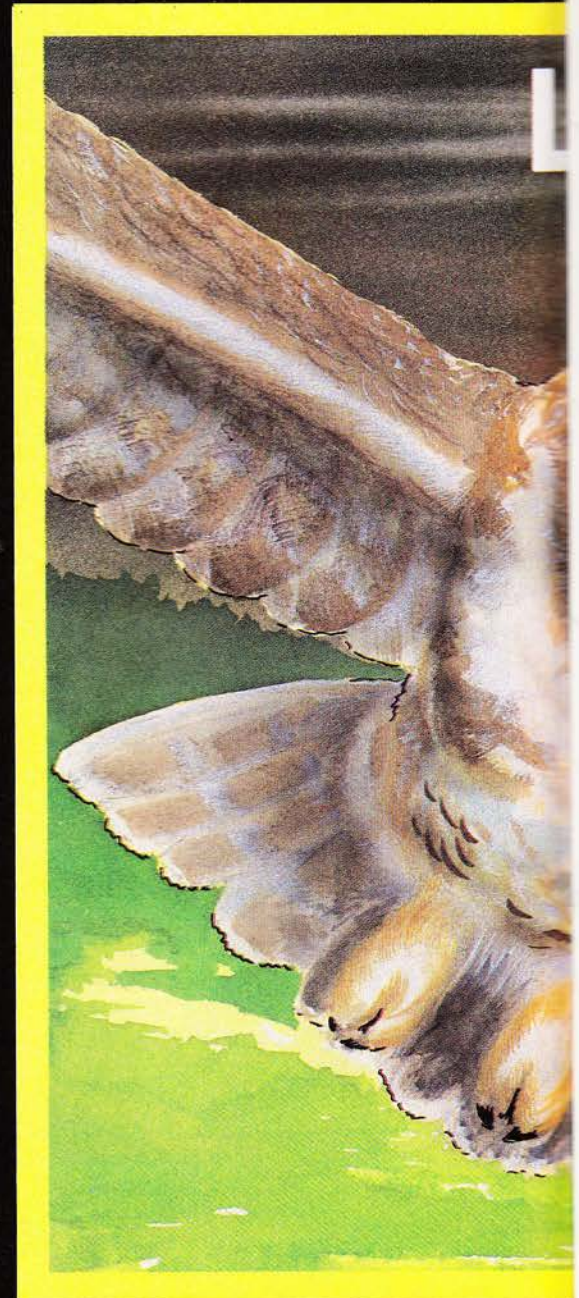
The astrolabe pictured was like the one given by the English writer Geoffrey Chaucer to his son Lewis while he was a student at Oxford.



Assemblies of God Audiovisual Photos



**This astrolabe is like the one
Chaucer gave his son.**



HARDWARE

L • E • A • D • E • R

Spring 1989

WHY TRAINING WORKS FOR YOU/2

THE BEST/3 DIGGING YOUR WAY TO
ADVENTURE/5 TIPS TO IMPROVE YOUR
LEARNING/8 ANGEL OF DISCOVERY/10

HOW TO BE OBSERVANT/12

MARTIN THE COBBLER/14

WHY TRAINING WORKS FOR YOU

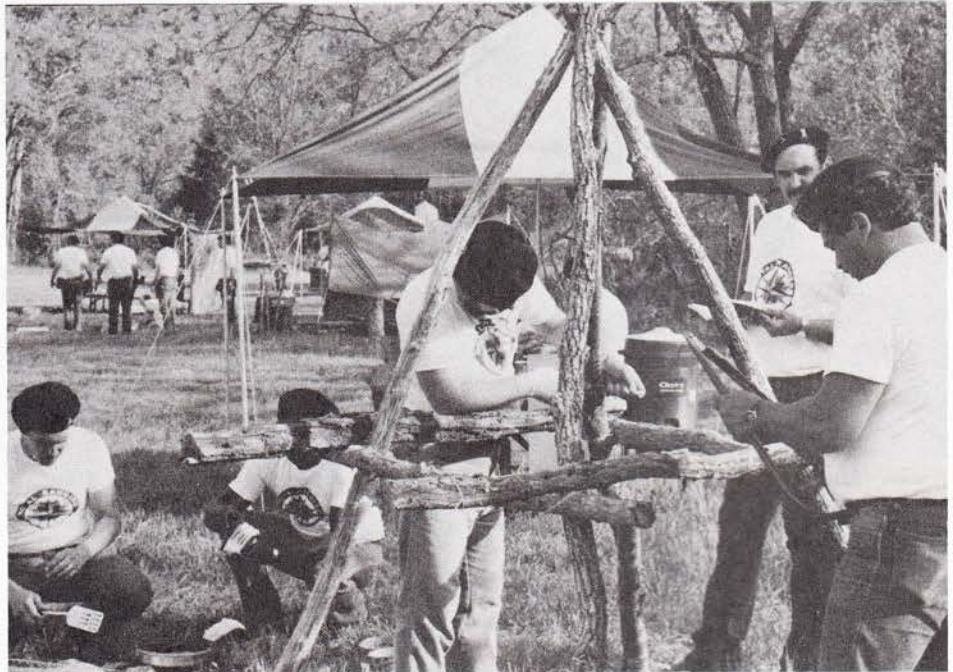
By JOHN ELLER

Training has been one of the secrets of success in the Royal Rangers ministry. If you are someone considering this avenue of service to men and boys, please observe the following.

Training will give you *confidence*. You will have a satisfying answer for your own questions, as well as questions other men and boys may ask you.

Training will *keep you on track*. It is easy to become side-tracked and discouraged when things don't go as you had planned. Training will get you pointed in the right direction and keep you going that way.

Training will help you be a *problem-solver*. All leaders face problems on a weekly, if not daily basis. Training forseees the problem areas and helps you know how to handle difficult situations.



Training will help *keep you encouraged*. If you feel you are part of a team, you will discover there are others who have similar experiences either positive or negative. As you discuss your plans and watch them unfold, you benefit from the observations of your peers, and find you have much in common.

Training will be a *continuing learning experience*. The factual information you receive in Royal Rangers Leadership Training at any level will be handy tools for the future. Training is more than doing, speaking, questioning, or even laughing.

Training can make the *difference between success and failure*. There is too much to know, too many unwitting

blunders which can be made, and too many misunderstandings about working with men and boys of which the untrained must be aware. Nothing is as easy as it looks.

By utilizing the information presented in Royal Rangers Leadership Training, you are availing yourself of time-tested methods which have been used by many before you.

Most important in training is to seek the guidance and anointing of the Holy Spirit. With God's help, you have a great future in the Royal Rangers ministry.





A tall, buckskin clad youth stepped silently from the dark forest into the ragged field where youngsters were shucking corn. Blazing bonfires silhouetted his outline against the overcast November sky. He watched as children dressed in linsey-woolsey laughed and threw husks high into the air.

Spotting one boy waving a red ear, he said, "That be a right lucky find," shifting his long rifle to the crook of his arm.

The child asked, "Where'd you come from, sneakin' around like a Shawnee."

Tossing the ear down, he rose to greet the stranger.

"Didn't mean to startle you folks," the stranger replied. "Doubt if a war band be spotted at these doin's." He grinned down at the towheaded youth.

"Not tonight. Got the best scout on the frontier visitin', the young boy bragged.

"Who might that be?" the stranger asked.

"Mr. Christopher Gist," the boy declared.

Unimpressed the visitor asked, "You reckon I kin get some vittles? It's been a long trail."

Leading the frontiersman to a rough hewed log cabin, the boy said, "My name's Giger. I'm the best turtle hunter on the creek."

"Bet you are," he said, ruffling Giger's straw hair.

"Maw, Paw, we got another trail-blazer," Giger shouted to his mother who was standing at the cabin entrance to inspect the visitor. Her son ran along-side like a hound on the scent.

"Expectin' you be hungry," she said flatly.

"Been on the trail since afore sunup. I'd 'preciate what you kin share," he replied. He smiled as he smelled fresh blood pudding, sausage, salt pork, chitterlings, corn dodgers and gravy, and steaming pies.

"Your timin' be right fortunate," she said. "Get what you want from that table over yonder." She smiled at the sparkle in the hungry boys eyes.

A burly, bearded man cracked, "What. Another woodsman?" as he stepped out of the dim cabin light. "Boy, what you doin' hoffin' this time of night?" quizzed Christopher Gist.

"Just tryin' to get myself and my pelts back home," the boy explained. The youth met Christopher Gist's eyes straight on.

Turning to men laughing at each other's tall tales as they were told around a barrel, the famous scout said, "We got us a visitor. Let's welcome him with lightin' juice."

"Chris, don't he seem a might green," someone joked.

"Ready for a man's drink, boy?" Gist stuck his thumbs in his trousers, cheeks already aflame.

"Sorry, I'm newly here from Pennsylvania. I don't hold to drinkin' liquor," he answered firmly.

"We don't feel proper lessin' a stranger tips a cup afore he enjoys our hospitality. Ain't that right boys?" Gist said, mischievously.

THE BEST

By B.C. BOND

LEADING BY EXAMPLE FEATURE

“Boy, that’s the fanciest shootin’ I’ve seen . . . the best”

The visitor turned away from the table of food and said, “Wouldn’t impose on fine charity if’n that’s the case.”

Shouldering his long rifle and pelts, he headed toward the cabin door.

“Wait boy. Tad jumpy, ain’t ya?” Gist said, measuring the youth. “Right unkind, turnin’ down our hospitality. If’n you won’t drink, maybe there be another way of gettin’ acquainted.” Gist winked to the crowd.

“What would that be?”

“Line shootin’,” Gist answered as cheers swept the crowd.

“You been drinkin’” the visitor said as a smile traced his lips.

“Boy, it’ll take more than drink to shake my aim,” he laughed. “Let’s make it interestin’. If I take the mark you be obligated to toast my honor with rye,” Gist grinned.

“Gamblin’s again my beliefs too, but if’n you win, I knock that barrel a rye on the head, pourin’ it on the ground,” he challenged. The young frontiersman leaned on his rifle confidently.

Surprised, Gist accepted the challenge saying, “You be a sturdy-lookin’ boy. Here’s my hand on it. If’n you win I’ll smash it.”

Gist grabbed the long rifle as the group moved outside. A target shingle was hung on a gnarled sycamore tree bracketed with torches.

“Shootin’ off hand or restin’?” Gist asked.

“Up to you,” the youth said.

“How about drawin’ the line at 85 yards?” Gist suggested.

“How about a hundred?”

Everyone gasped. Very few men could shoot marks off-hand at more than 85 yards.

“You be a gamer,” Gist said. “Agreed.”

The shingle had a one inch square of paper nailed to it with a triangle center cut. Each man got three shots. Shots were measured from the center of the triangle. The separate lengths were added together as one line with the shorter line winning the match.

The youth motioned for the scout to go first.

“Mighty crafty of you, boy. You’re watchin’ my style to get pointers afore you shoot,” Gist mocked.

Gist shot the first rifle ball just at the top of the triangle cut. He fired two more shots in rapid succession. He grunted unhappily at the second shot, but seemed pleased with the third.

“Bring it in,” Gist shouted. “Set one up for the stranger.”

Glancing at the shingle Giger grasped, “why, the third shot hit dead on. And, the second is only a scratch off the paper.”

Everyone smiled, knowing the odds against beating such score.

Steady on the line, the youth sighted the new target. “Been squirrelin’ for bounty in Pennsylvania afore movin’ down here,” he said. After his first shot smoke enveloped him. He reloaded.

He continued, “I couldn’t see sense a blastin’ big holes in the tiny squirrels.” The second shot cracked off.

“Figured it best to blow a shot by their ear, and knock ’em right out of a tree without a scratch. Got myself a meal, a pelt, plus a fine bounty.” He made the last shot.

Giger rushed the shingle back to the judge, breathless.

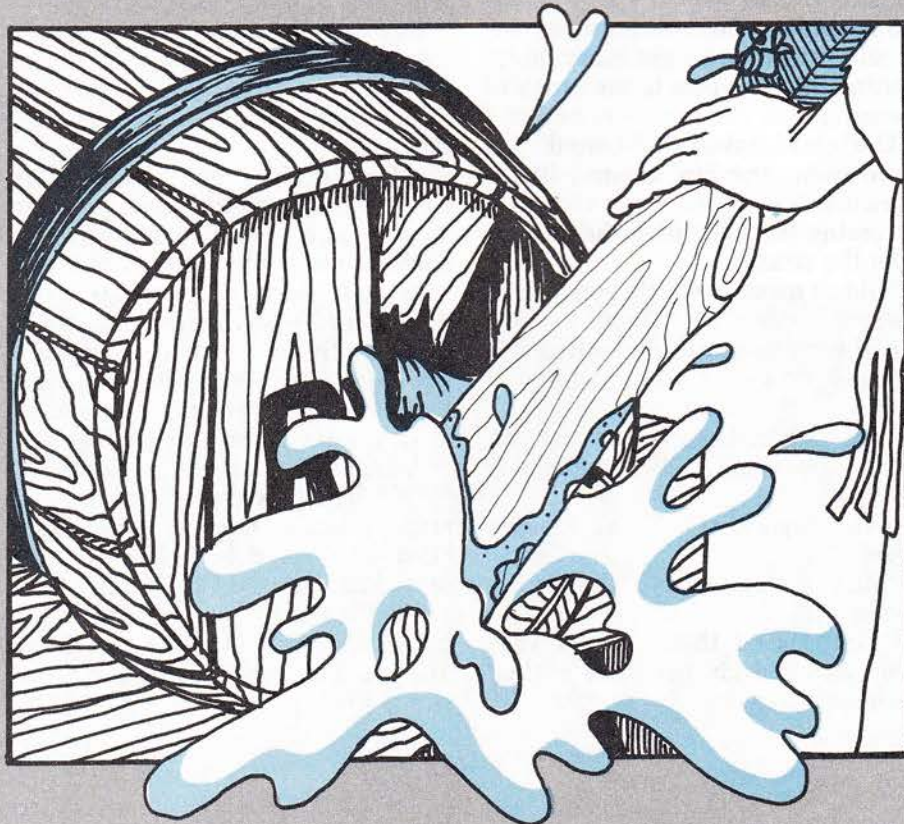
“Only two hit the target,” said the judge.

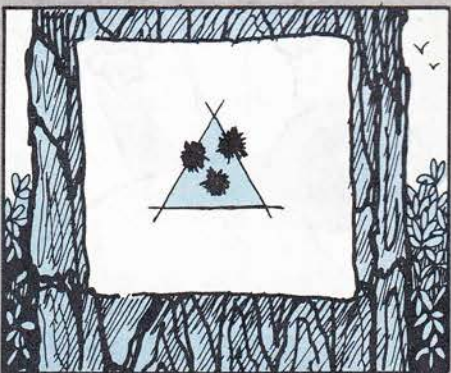
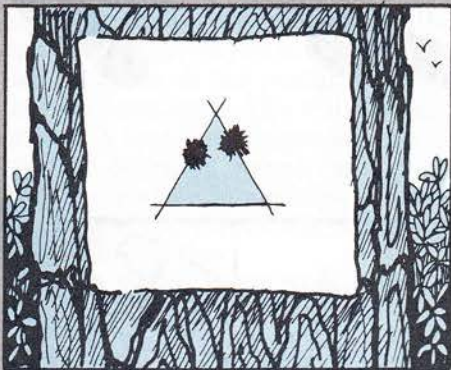
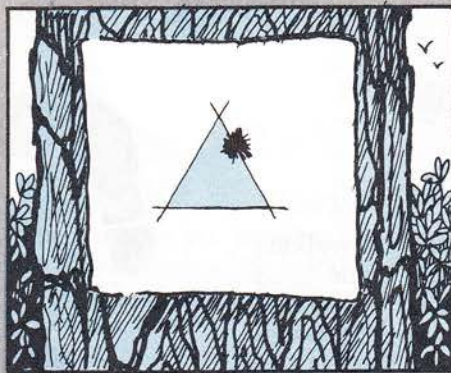
“Sorry boy, looks like you be tryin’ rye,” Gist said as he slapped the youth’s back.

“Wait a might,” the youth said. He walked to the sycamore. He drew a hunting knife from a deerskin sheath and started digging. Gist’s three shots were removed first.

As the youth whittled, he popped a third shot from the dead center hole, holding it up for all to see.

“Either this tree is growin’ lead, or I landed one shot on top of the other.” He bounced the spent balls in his





hand for all to see as he marched towards the rye barrel.

Stunned, the crowd watched him smash the barrel top with his rifle butt. Roaring with laughter, Gist helped the youth kick the barrel over.

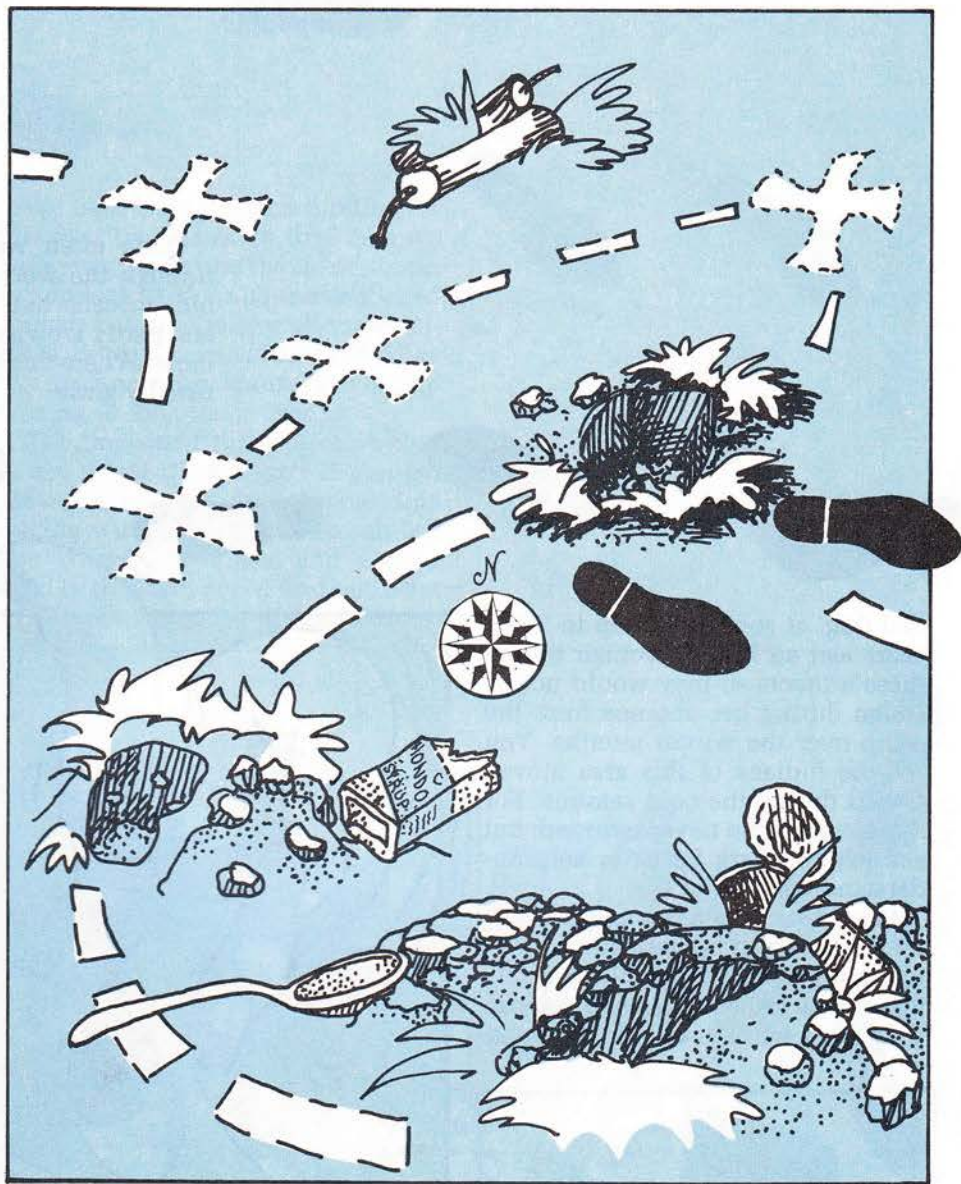
"Boy, that's the fanciest shootin' I've ever seen," Gist said as he pounded the youth's shoulders.

"The best," exclaimed Giger.

Glancing at Giger the stranger said, "There's only one kind of spirit, Giger. It doesn't come from a barrel. It comes from the Good Book. If'n you have it you can't miss."

"Listen to him, Giger. Bein' older don't necessarily make a person smart." Turning to the stranger Gist said, "I'll stop callin' you boy. I'd be happy to call you *friend*. I can promise you I'll be takin' another look at the Good Book. What are you called?" Gist asked.

"Me? Boone, Daniel Boone," he replied. Daniel winked at Giger.



DIGGING YOUR WAY TO ADVENTURE

by Dennis Morrison

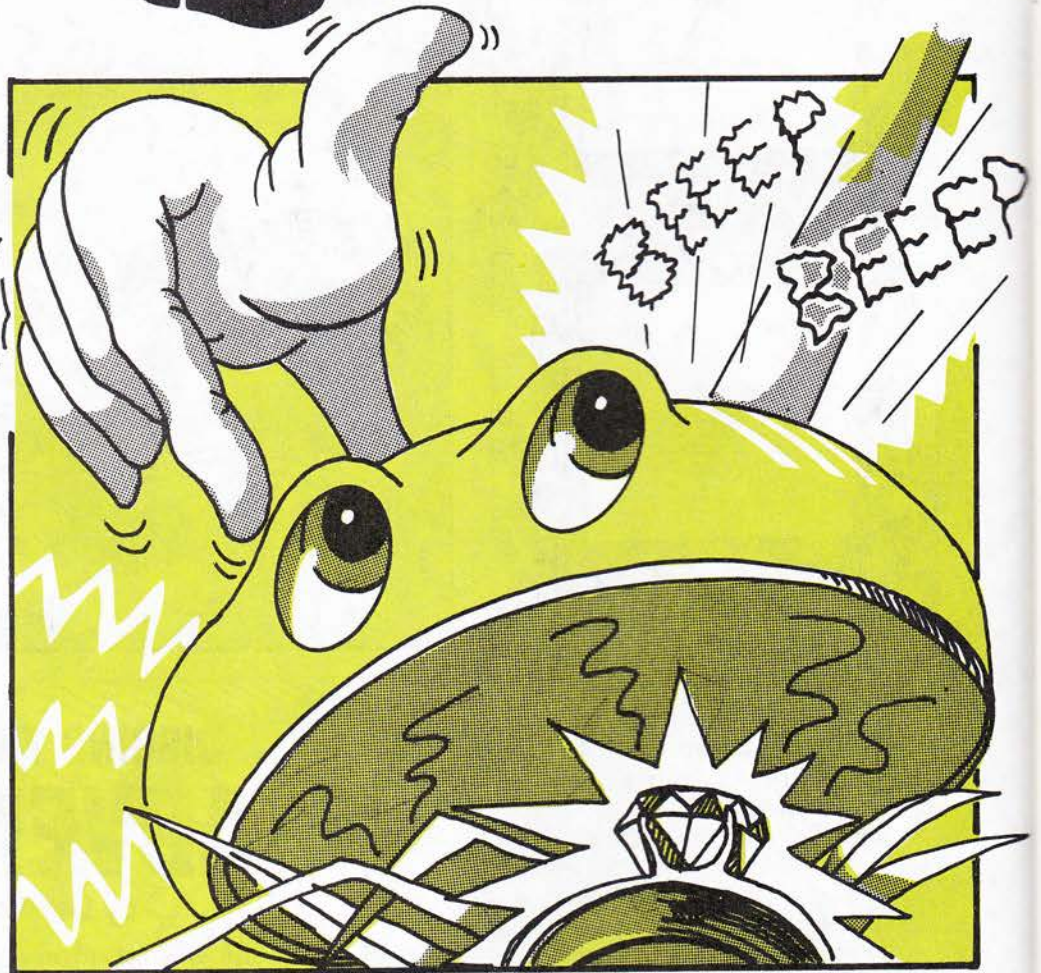
By all means the greatest adventure we can have in life is our daily walk with Jesus Christ. If we let him, he will lead us to many fascinating places for visits with many wonderful people. Along the way I have found what you might call a sideline adventure. This adventure, actually digging into the past helps me to understand the ways of people who lived before me. This hobby is treasure hunting, and everytime you place a shovel in the ground you mark on a new adventure as you never know what will be found.

As an example, on Thanksgiving Day in 1986 my wife Kathy and I were walking along a dirt trail in a place where we often times hunt for Indian artifacts. A peculiar stone caught my eye. It was half sticking out of the path. Kathy handed me the shovel and what we uncovered was indeed treasure! The stone that had caught my eye was a mortar for grinding and mashing nuts and seeds. But under that we found beautifully worked stone choppers, spear points, pottery and an array of other tools from prehistoric man. At that spot where we

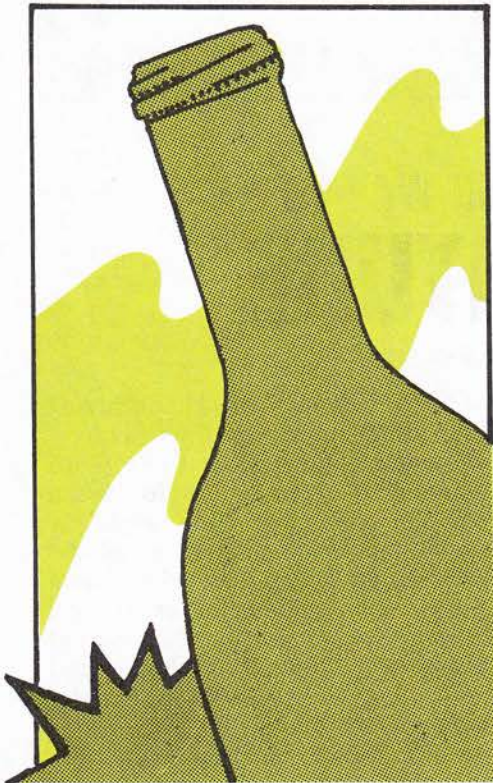
Quite often we will be walking through the woods and come upon old tin cans half buried in the dirt and partly grown over with grass and moss. Where there is tin, there is also usually glass.

had dug, at some point up to 2,000 years ago an Indian woman buried these artifacts so they would not be stolen during her absence from the camp over the winter months. You see the Indians of this area moved inland during the cold seasons. For some reason she never returned, but she left her mark for us to help understand her way of life.

Many times we use a metal detector to locate old homesteads or even old dumpsites. Being as these detectors can be rather expensive you can get started without one.



“You just never know what treasure will pop up. Always be prepared.”



Digging where we have found tin cans, we have put together a collection of hundreds of beautiful antique bottles. This type of digging can also produce a wide variety of treasures. We also have a nice collection of old China dolls found at these old sites. My wife usually fixes up the old dolls and they are displayed in a small replica of a turn of the century village that we have built. The village consists of a large house, general store, church, boarding house, and grist mill. Many of the furniture pieces and items used in the village were actually dug up also.

Again, if you don't have a metal detector, another good place to look for buried treasure is around old wire fencing that has been abandoned in the woods or old fields. Before you go digging any place though you must always remember to find out who owns the land and ask permission to dig. You should always leave your dig site (excavation) looking just as good as it did when you began.

You just never know what treasure will pop up. Always be prepared. I take the metal detector with me whenever I go for a walk. Once a few years ago while just walking, we uncovered a small dumping area that dated back to the 1850's. Here we found a small toy gun of cast iron, ink wells, a china doll, and a variety of very collectible antique bottles.

With everything that we do Jesus must be included. Last summer my wife and I, and two nephews Ray and Pat Duve, hiked six miles back into the turn of the century. We set up tents and stayed for several days. We would always conclude our day with Bible reading around the campfire.

We have been treasure hunting for just over two years. In that time we have found over one thousand items. In our back yard we have established a small museum where all these relics of yesterday are left out on display for anyone who wants can enjoy coming to look them over.

The important thing to remember is not to get discouraged if you get off to a slow start. Spend more time talking with older folk who can tell you where old homes and dumps used to be. Soon you'll find out what a great adventure hunting can be.

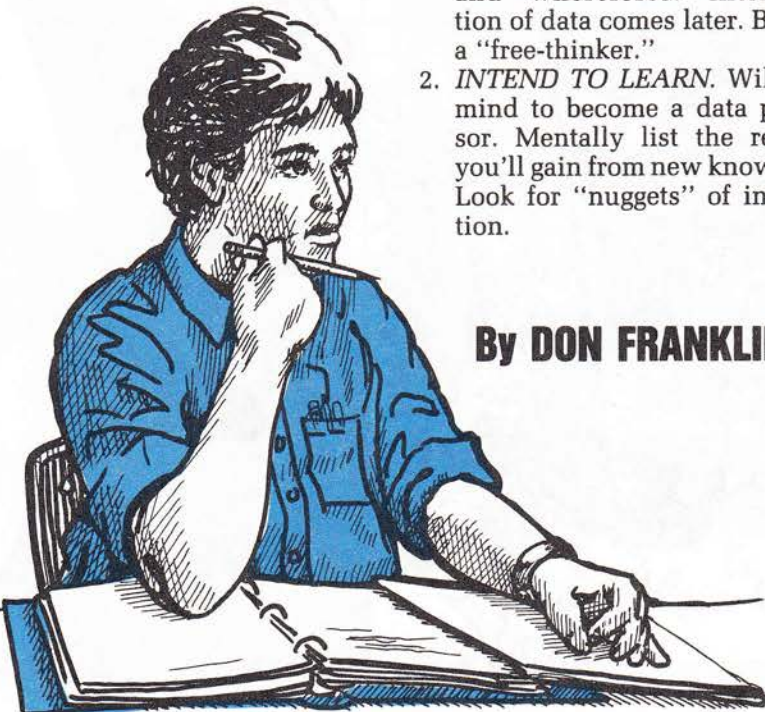


TIPS TO IMPROVE LEARNING

All areas of human endeavor continue to change drastically and will continue to change. Ours is an age which demands knowledge and people who are willing to continue to learn.

In order to succeed and advance, it is necessary to keep up with new techniques, ideas, and discoveries, not only in our own field but in the related world. To master the vast accumulation of knowledge efficiently, we must *learn to learn!* The following rules can make efficient learning easier.

1. **BE OPEN MINDED.** Be flexible in your thinking. Absorb facts like a sponge absorbs water. Concentrate on the reception of information rather than the "why" and "wherefores." Interpretation of data comes later. Become a "free-thinker."
2. **INTEND TO LEARN.** Will your mind to become a data processor. Mentally list the rewards you'll gain from new knowledge. Look for "nuggets" of information.



By **DON FRANKLIN**

3. **ANTICIPATE INSTRUCTOR'S PURPOSES.** Regardless of your personal opinion, respect what your instructor stands for. Look beyond the personality. Determine overall aim of the class and its reason for existence. Anticipate instructor's questions. Strive to be neat in each writing assignment. Write legibly. Make the instructor's job easier.
4. **SEEK TO UNDERSTAND.** Never be satisfied with only a hazy idea of what you are reading, or hearing, or just to memorize information. It is not learned until it is *understood*.
5. **LOOK FOR PRINCIPLES.** Mastering *general* principles places less of a burden on your memory than do all the *specific* facts that comprise it. It also helps to organize facts and ideas for the future. Analyze, analyze, analyze! Seek facts.
6. **CONCENTRATE ON ACCURACY.** Forget about speed. Study only when you can be attentive and alert. Take frequent breaks. Give the material an opportunity to "sink in."
7. **GIVE YOUR BODY A CHANCE.** Attempts to learn are greatly hindered by fatigue, drowsiness, warm rooms, big meals.
8. **AVOID SOUND DISTRACTIONS.** Your mind "listens" to every sound. So minimize unnecessary sound distractions. Isolate your place of study, away from disturbing noises. Find and use a comfortable "quiet place."
9. **BUILD ON WHAT YOU ALREADY KNOW.** When you want to absorb new facts or ideas, make a conscious effort to relate them to information with which you are already familiar. Learn to associate. Use the "hooks" already in your mind to "hang" new information. Learn to use deductive reasoning, to synthesize information.
10. **OVERLEARN.** Repetition works wonders! Any information you can recall without effort has been "overlearned" through frequent use. It has become indelibly engraved upon your mind. So capitalize on this unique ability you already possess. Exploit it.

“Never be satisfied with only a hazy idea of what you are reading or hearing”

11. *BE ORGANIZED.* Disorganization is the thief of time! Program your week in advance, on paper. Divide each day into time units. *Example:* Work, 8 hours; sleep, 8 hours; transportation, 1 hour; recreation, 1 hour; eating, 2.5 hours, etc. Establish *priorities* and *deadlines*. List urgencies in order of importance. Plan your work, and work your plan. *Make yourself* complete assignments ahead of schedule. Establish schedules. Practice punctuality. Conserve your time as well as others. Do a critique on your own time usage habits. Develop a logical solution.
12. *USE YOUR SPEECH POWERS.* Try listening to yourself on a cassette recorder. You are judged for *what* you say and *how* you say it. Read subjects *aloud* in front of a mirror. Practice articulating difficult words *aloud*. Results? Deeper mental impressions are made. Learning is intensified. And your communicative skills will set you apart as an accomplished, understandable speaker.
13. *DEVELOP THE HABIT OF NOTE-TAKING.* Never be without a pen or pencil. Record important data *now* on paper. This imprints facts on your memory bank. Later, notes are visible reminders which become triggering mechanisms of data already learned. Note-taking heightens your perceptive powers.
14. *DEVELOP THE HABIT OF LISTENING.* Instructors often give verbal information not found in textbooks. Test questions are sometimes based on lecture content. Personal anecdotes, inuendoes, in-depth interviews, and differing viewpoints enhance the learning process. The lecture/teaching method produces great dividends.
15. *DEVELOP THE HABIT OF "SCANNING."* Buy and use a good speed-reading book. Learn how to differentiate important facts from unimportant facts. Learn how to discover important paragraphs and how to disregard unimportant trivia. Sometimes the "gist" or principle points to ponder are buried in one paragraph or hidden at the end. Train your eyes to "see" selectively.
16. *ESTABLISH GOALS.* Always program your goals. On paper, write down what you plan to accomplish this day, this week, this month, this time next year, etc. Set time limits to your goals. Build your self-respect by continually exercising the rich promise found in Philippians 4:13. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."
17. *ATTITUDE.* Smile often. Try to smile as you talk, or answer the telephone. Be congenial. Remember common courtesies. Never make anyone feel inferior. Always project "PMA"—Positive Mental Attitude. Radiate success. Be poised. Be even tempered. Be forgiving of human error around you. Think big. Think victory. Think success.
18. *KEEP ON IMPROVING.* Remember: When you're through improving, you're through!

“Learning is hindered by fatigue, drowsiness, warm rooms, big meals . . .”

ANGEL of discovery

The prospector flung the chamois pouch onto the Panama table. Out rolled more gold nuggets than Jimmie Angel had ever seen in his career as an aerial soldier of fortune and a bush pilot. "How much are they worth?"

"About 4,000 in these parts. They're from a real El Dorado back in the Venezuelan jungles. Lots more to be had."

"Make them my fee and I'll fly you in."

In the late 1920's, they took off from Ciudad Bolivar, Venezuela. The prospector directed him to head for tableland between Mt. Duida and Mt. Roraimo. His "stream of gold," he said, was on the Grand Savannah. With a compass but no map, he studied landmarks and pointed his thumb for flight changes.

Jimmie flew back and forth across the tabletop of Auyantepui (Devil Mountain).

The prospector banged Angel's shoulder and shouted above the plane's roar, "Land there!"

The clearing was no larger than a baseball diamond. The old man set off alone. Soon he was back with 20 pounds of gold, later assayed at \$27,000.

The prospector died before he could make a return trip, but he made Jimmie the sole inheritor of his secret. "Don't draw any maps," he warned. "They'll steal it from you. Think you can find it again from the air?" Jimmie nodded.

For the next five years the mother lode became an obsession. "It grew on Jimmie till it possessed him," his wife Marie said. "He could never leave it alone."

Backed up by a United States engineer, he set up a base camp near Devil Mountain in 1934, stored fuel and supplies, and cleared a rough airstrip. Several exploratory flights failed to locate the gold source, but on one the next year he saw a waterfall seemingly dropping from the clouds over the mountain's northern cliff.

By John A. Johnston

The river over the mountain and along the valley floor where the falls plunge into the Rio Churan's headwaters, he calculated from his altimeter a drop of more than a mile. He was wrong; however, he didn't realize the importance of the sight. Gold was his god.

Now broke, he resumed his former life as a soldier of fortune and bush pilot in Mexico and Central America. But El Dorado haunted him. His wife joined him from the states.

Back in Ciudad Bolivar in 1937, the Angels established a new camp and an advance base at the foot of Devil Mountain in Camarata Valley. Later, Gustavo Henry, a sportsman-explorer; Capt. Felix Cardona, also an explorer; and Miguel Angel Delgado, Henry's servant and guide, joined them.

The plan was for Jimmie and Marie to fly onto the mountain, with Cardona and Henry going on foot from the south side. The two men climbed for two weeks and found a narrow opening leading to the plateau. Provisions exhausted, they returned to camp. Two more climb attempts were also unsuccessful.

On a solo flight Jimmie said he found the lost stream. Delgado and Henry joined Jimmie and Marie in

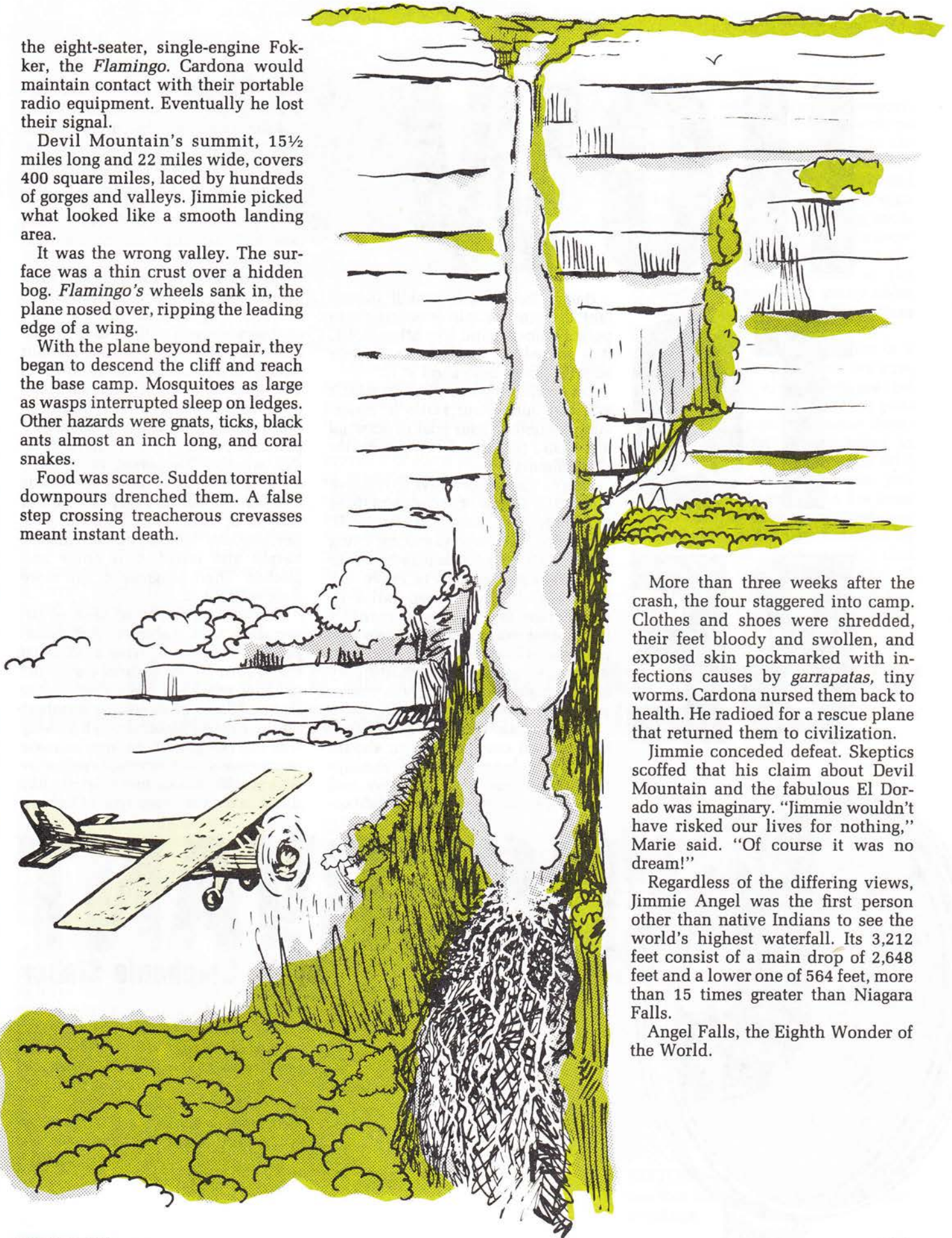
the eight-seater, single-engine Fokker, the *Flamingo*. Cardona would maintain contact with their portable radio equipment. Eventually he lost their signal.

Devil Mountain's summit, 15½ miles long and 22 miles wide, covers 400 square miles, laced by hundreds of gorges and valleys. Jimmie picked what looked like a smooth landing area.

It was the wrong valley. The surface was a thin crust over a hidden bog. *Flamingo's* wheels sank in, the plane nosed over, ripping the leading edge of a wing.

With the plane beyond repair, they began to descend the cliff and reach the base camp. Mosquitoes as large as wasps interrupted sleep on ledges. Other hazards were gnats, ticks, black ants almost an inch long, and coral snakes.

Food was scarce. Sudden torrential downpours drenched them. A false step crossing treacherous crevasses meant instant death.



More than three weeks after the crash, the four staggered into camp. Clothes and shoes were shredded, their feet bloody and swollen, and exposed skin pockmarked with infections caused by *garrapatas*, tiny worms. Cardona nursed them back to health. He radioed for a rescue plane that returned them to civilization.

Jimmie conceded defeat. Skeptics scoffed that his claim about Devil Mountain and the fabulous El Dorado was imaginary. "Jimmie wouldn't have risked our lives for nothing," Marie said. "Of course it was no dream!"

Regardless of the differing views, Jimmie Angel was the first person other than native Indians to see the world's highest waterfall. Its 3,212 feet consist of a main drop of 2,648 feet and a lower one of 564 feet, more than 15 times greater than Niagara Falls.

Angel Falls, the Eighth Wonder of the World.

HOW

TO

BE

Being observant is a skill important to many people from artists to police officers! And like other skills, it is one which you have to practice in order to become good at it.

Let's explore some ways in which you can build your skills in observation whether your goal is drawing a realistic picture of being a junior crime-fighter!

One of the easiest ways to observe and notice things is to compare them to things you already know well. When you see someone and are trying to guess his height, compare him with the height of your Dad or uncle or a neighbor. Is the person taller or shorter than the "known" person? Or for another example, is that new dog in the neighborhood bigger than your dog, darker, lighter, or shorter? By comparing to something you know, you make observing more easy to do.

After you develop your skills at observing and comparing, you should try direct observation and description. Look out your window and watch the people in your neighbor-

hood. Choose one and start classifying the person: man/woman/boy/girl, tall/short/medium, fat/thin/medium, hair color, type and color of clothes, and so on. If you can see the person closely, what color are his/her eyes, does he/she wear glasses, and what is the person carrying? If it's a man, does he have long sideburns, a mustache or a beard?

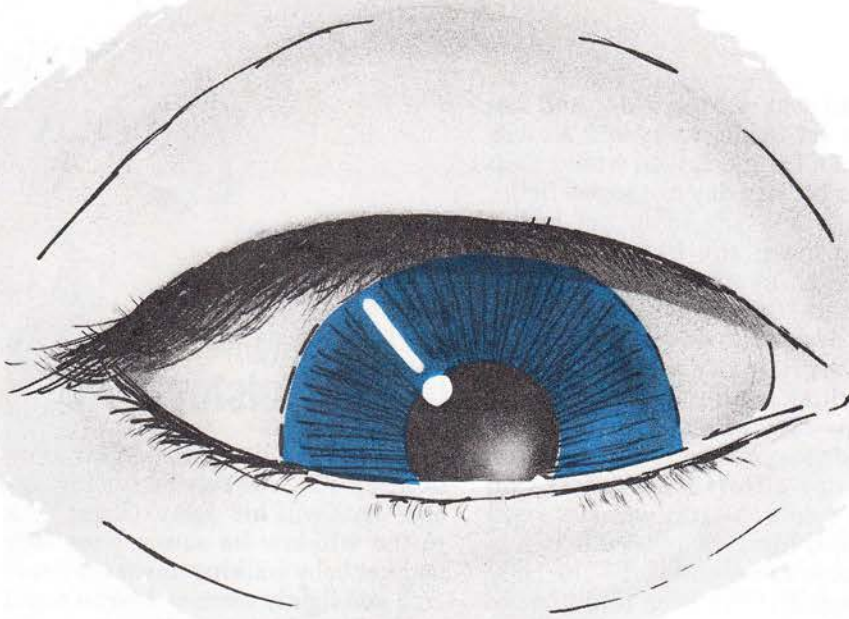
As you look at the person, think about how you would describe him or her. Pretty soon, as you get better at observing, you will "take in" these kinds of features of a person without having to put much thought to it. As time goes on and you practice being observant, you will start noticing other identifying features such as a person's jewelry, facial characteristics, whether the person has a mole or tattoo, and so on about the details of a person. But don't try to do all of that all at once! Start your observation practice with the easier things—height and build, hair color and clothes. Then progress to the more detailed things.

You can do the same kind of observation with vehicles. For example, is it a car/truck, what kind, what color, how many people are in the vehicle, what are the colors of the license plate, what are the numbers on the license plate, and which way was the car going? As you increase your powers of observation, your eyes will quickly notice more details like dents in the car or the type of hubcap

HOBSERVANT

by Dr. Stephanie Slahor





it has. And you'll notice the signs, window decals and other decorations on the vehicle.

Places are also things that can be on your list for practice. For example, notice buildings. Are they tall—how tall? What kind of building material is used in the building—bricks, blocks, wood, steel and glass, stucco? If it is a house, what kind of roof does it have and what color is the roof and the house? How many windows does it have? What kind of door does it have? How is it landscaped, or what is in the garden?

For example, practice guessing the exact height, weight, and age of people. You might also like to try guessing their nationality and occupation.

Or try this one. Watch a video of a movie or tv show and spend a couple of minutes observing the people, clothes, cars, scenery or other things you choose to notice. Then turn off the video and write down what you observed. Next, back up the tape and play that part again to check your description.

Another way to practice observation is by guessing the distance of one object or building from another object or building. This helps you learn inches, feet and yards, and blocks and miles. For things quite far from each other that you may be observing while you are in a car, your driver can show you where the odometer is on the dashboard. You can look at the odometer to check how many miles or tenths of a mile the object was from you.

Another fun skill to practice in a car is to notice how fast you are traveling, then compare the cars around you to guess their speed as they pass your car or as your car passes them.

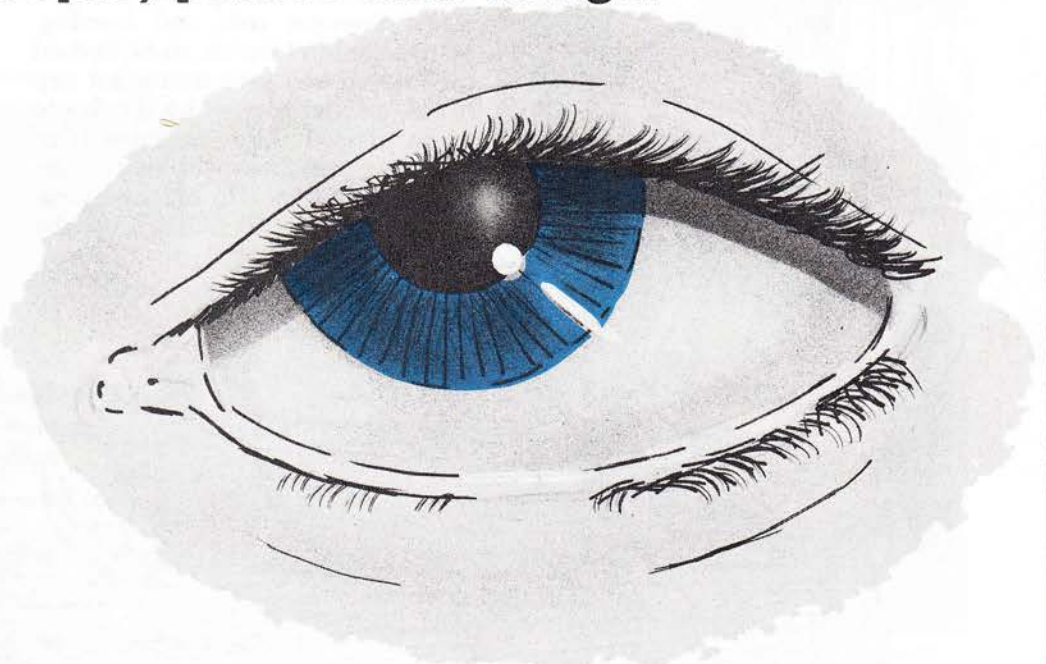
Being observant is important to your safety. If you practice the skill of noticing things and people, you will know where exits and fire exits are in case of emergency, and you will be able to describe someone or a car if you ever have to provide that information. And best of all, you'll be noticing all the wonders of our world in all its people, places and things that give variety to us!

“Best of all, you’ll be noticing all the wonders of our world in all its people, places and things.”

Suppose you are at a new place such as a restaurant or theatre or museum. You can practice your observation there, too, by noticing things like where are the fire exits, stairways and elevators? What color is the floor/carpet? What kind of pattern is in the floor or carpet? What kind of lights does the place have?

Part of your practice at observation should include noticing the names and directions of streets as you walk or drive through a neighborhood. You can also notice things like the number of traffic lights, style of street lights, whether there are parking meters, where there are bridges or tunnels, and so on.

When you become more of an expert at these kinds of observation, you can move on to things a little more difficult.



EDITOR'S NOTE: You may wish to use this idea for one of your outpost meetings.

MARTIN THE COBBLER

Our story begins in a village in the north. In this village lived a cobbler named Martin. Years before he had lost his wife and child to sickness. Well, to keep from dying of loneliness, Martin worked very hard and was known as the best cobbler in the village.

Martin was getting older and becoming set in his ways and so was his friend, Latimere, who would drop in on him every day just to say hello. Martin would say hello but didn't wish to make any lasting relationships with anyone for fear he might lose them too. Every day Martin would see the townspeople preparing for the Holy Day celebrations, and would think to himself, *What a waste of time—they all could be working and doing something constructive.*

One day a Holy Man knocked on Martin's door. Martin was surprised and asked him, "Why would a Holy Man come to my cottage?" The Holy Man replied, "I've been told that behind this door is an excellent cobbler."

Martin answered, "What can I do for you?"

The Holy Man said, "This Bible needs repair on its cover, can you help?"

Martin said, "I would be honored."

Well Martin worked late into the night on the cover and while he worked the book opened to a place, and Martin started to read, then fell asleep. While Martin slept he dreamt that Jesus told him that the next day He would come to visit him at his shop.

Well, Martin awoke early and cleaned his shop, and put on some food and hot tea to serve Jesus when He came to visit. Wondering when his guest would come, Martin went to the window looking out he saw the Street Sweeper cold and freezing. Martin couldn't watch, so he invited the man in and gave him a hot cup of tea, and let him sit by the fire to warm himself. After warming himself, the Street Sweeper blessed Martin and went back to his sweeping. The snow was still falling from the night before.

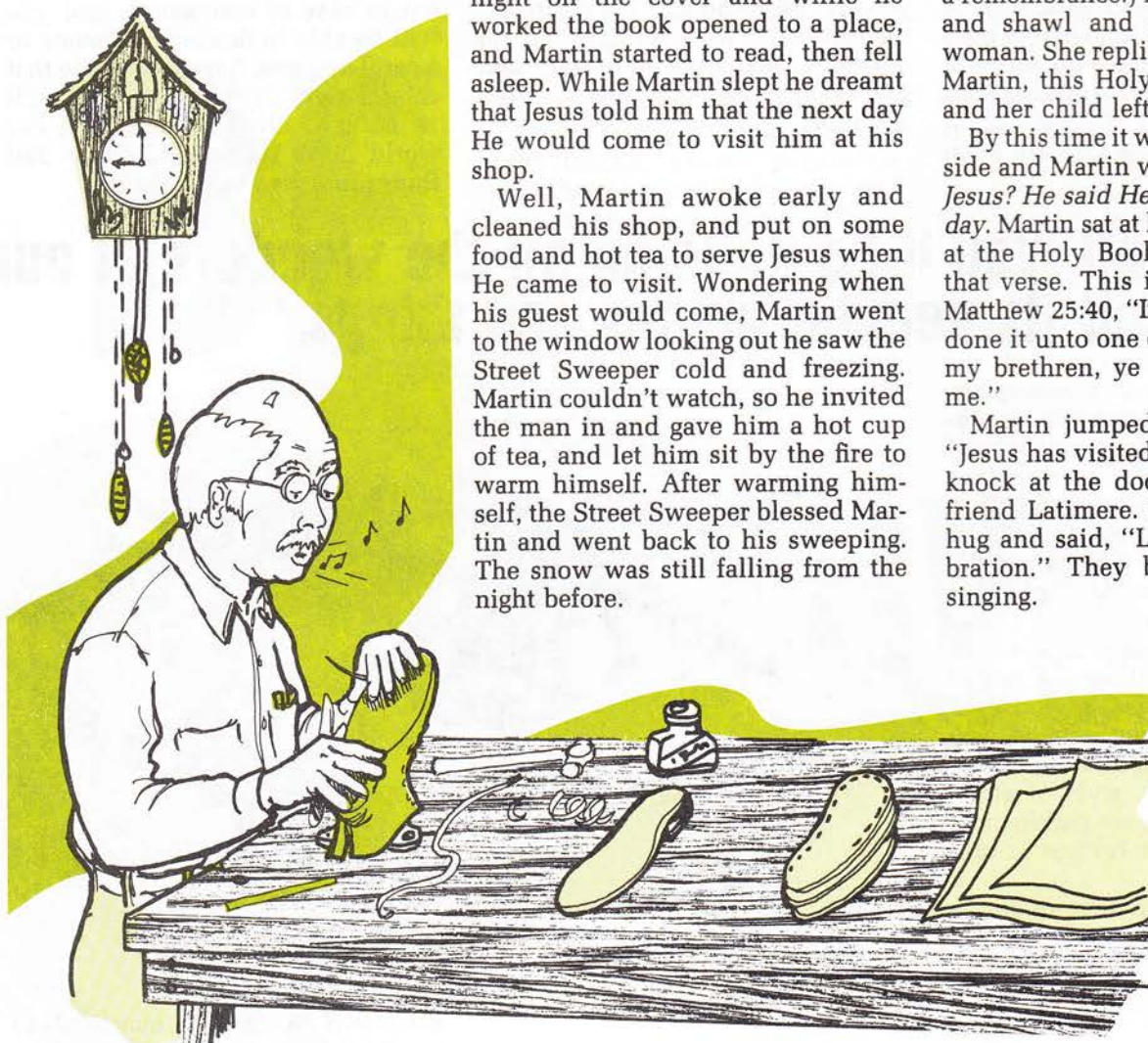
by Leo Tolstoy

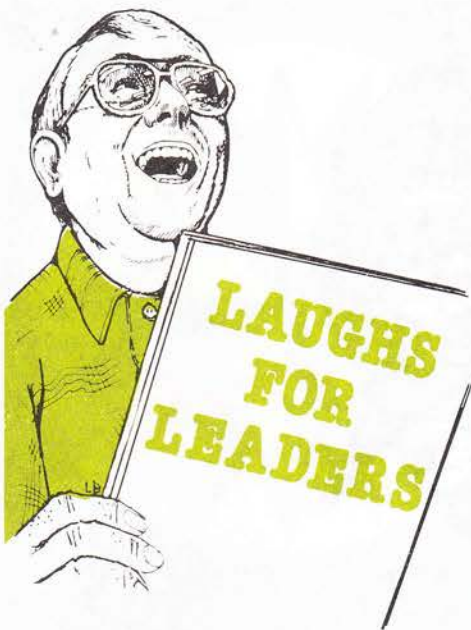
Around midday, Martin was wondering where his special visitor was and what was his delay. Going back to the window he saw a poor lady and her baby walking down the street cold and lightly dressed. Martin could not believe his eyes. He ran to the door and invited the woman and child into his cottage. He fed the woman and heated some milk for the baby.

While he played with the baby, he noticed the shawl and blanket that belong to his wife and child hanging on the wall. (He kept them there as a remembrance.) He took the blanket and shawl and gave them to the woman. She replied, "God bless you, Martin, this Holy Season," and she and her child left.

By this time it was getting dark outside and Martin wondered, *Where is Jesus? He said He would visit me today.* Martin sat at his table and looked at the Holy Book and remembered that verse. This is the one he read. Matthew 25:40, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Martin jumped up and shouted, "Jesus has visited me." Then came a knock at the door. It was Martin's friend Latimere. Martin gave him a hug and said, "Let's go to the celebration." They both left the shop singing.





Mountaineer's wife to druggist:
 "Now, be sure an' write plain on them
 bottles which is fer the horse an'
 which is fer my husband. I don't want
 nothing to happen to that horse be-
 fore spring plowing."

Thomas LaMance
 Prewitt, NM

A haughty dowager in a pet show
 said, "I want a dog of which I can be
 proud. Does that one have a good
 pedigree?"

"Lady," declared the pet shop
 owner. "If that dog could talk, he
 wouldn't speak to either of us."

M. J. Beckman
 Granada Hills, CA

An old miner, driving an efficiency
 expert to his home, solicitously put
 a buffalo robe over the man's knees.
 Said the efficiency expert, "You
 should turn the hair inside. It's
 warmer with the fur next to the body."
 The miner did so, while trying to hide
 a chuckle. "What are you laughing
 at?" asked the passenger. "I was just
 thinking what a fool that buffalo was
 all his life, not to know a simple thing
 like that."

M. J. Beckman
 Granada Hills, CA

One mother of a boy in college ad-
 vised another, "The surest way to get
 your son to write home is to send him
 a letter saying, "Here's \$50. Spend it
 any way you like."

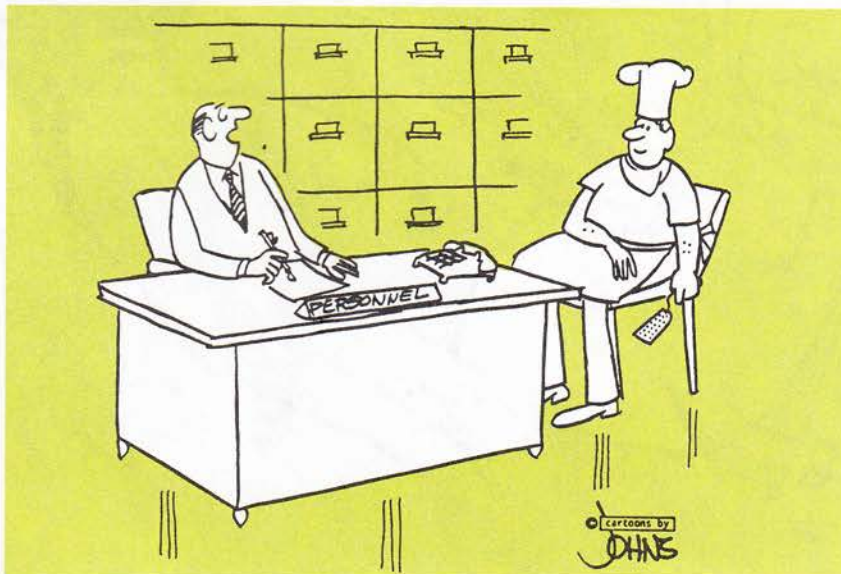
"And that will make my son write
 home?" the other mother asked.

"Yes, indeed," came the reply.
 "Just forget to enclose the money."

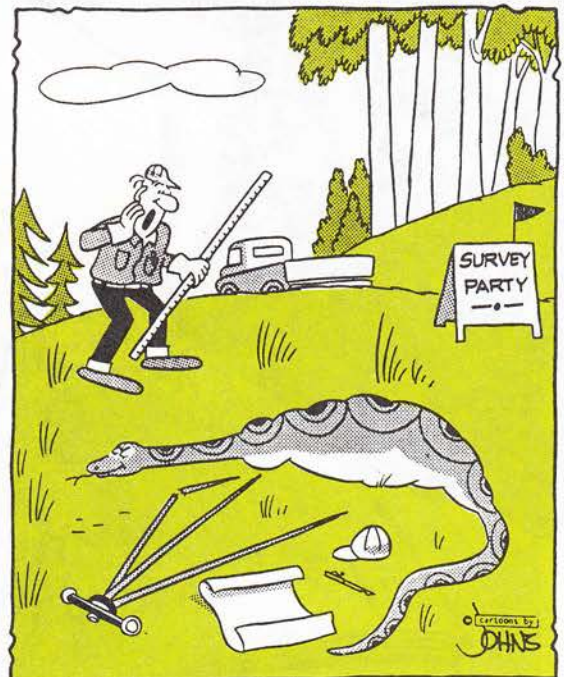
Leon Wills
 Oklahoma



"IT SERVES YOU RIGHT FOR SHOOTING AT EVERYTHING THAT MOVES."

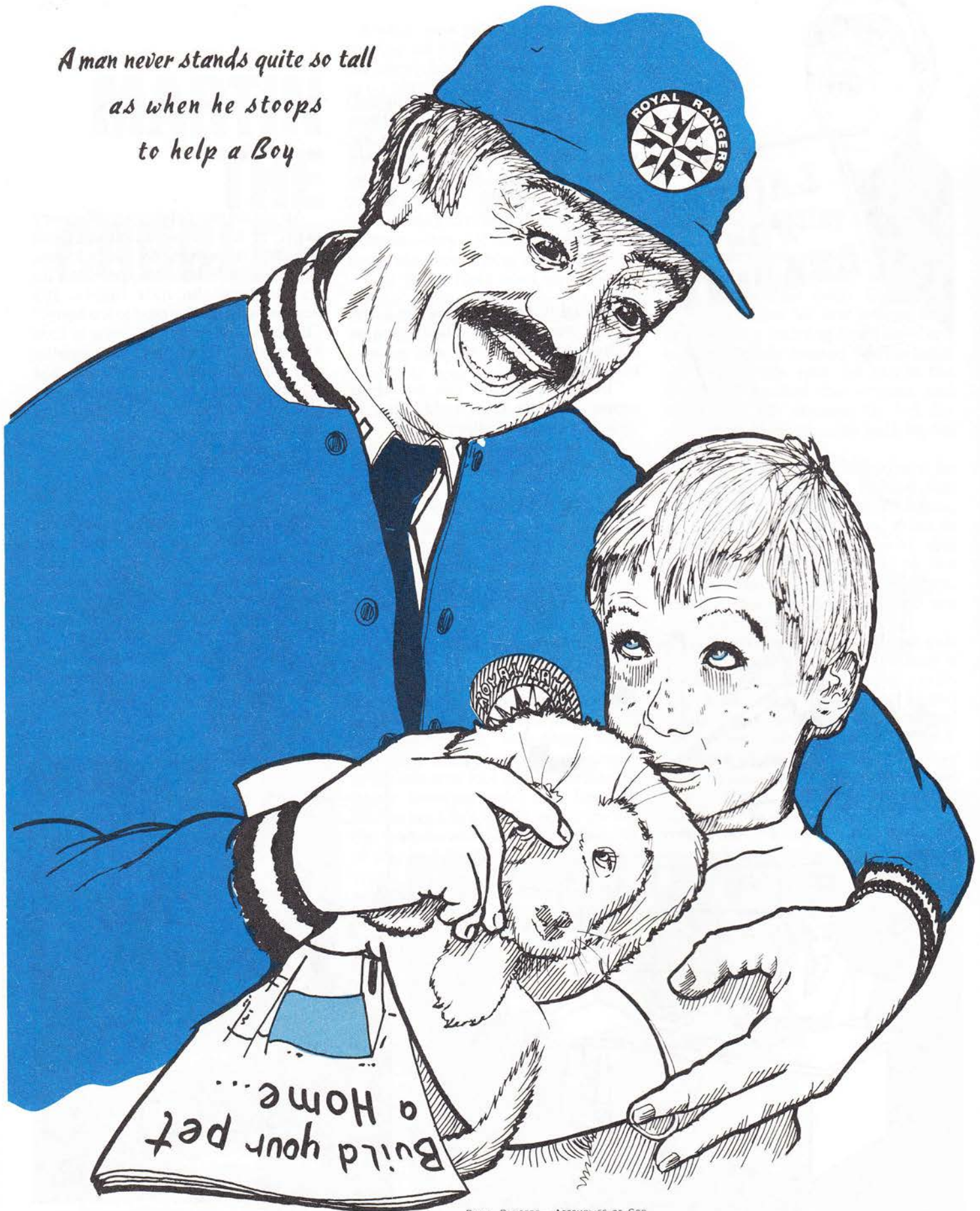


"HOW SOON COULD YOU GO TO WORK?"



"DON'T PANIC, BURT — I'LL BE RIGHT BACK
 WITH THE SNAKEBITE KIT!"

*A man never stands quite so tall
as when he stoops
to help a Boy*



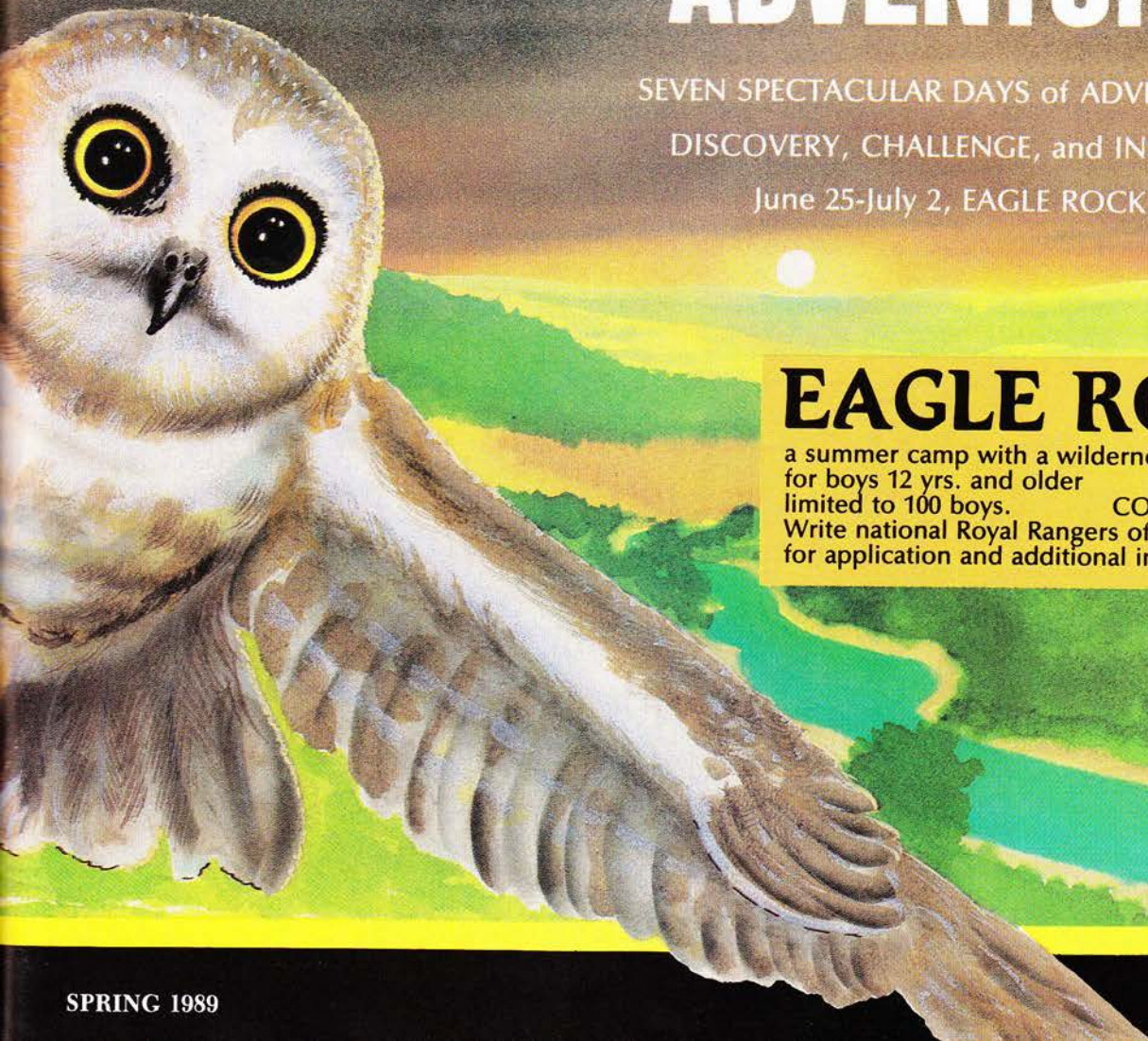
ROYAL RANGERS — ASSEMBLIES OF GOD



The Royal Ranger emblem is like a compass. It can guide us on the voyage of life. Our navigator is not Prince Henry but the Prince of Peace.

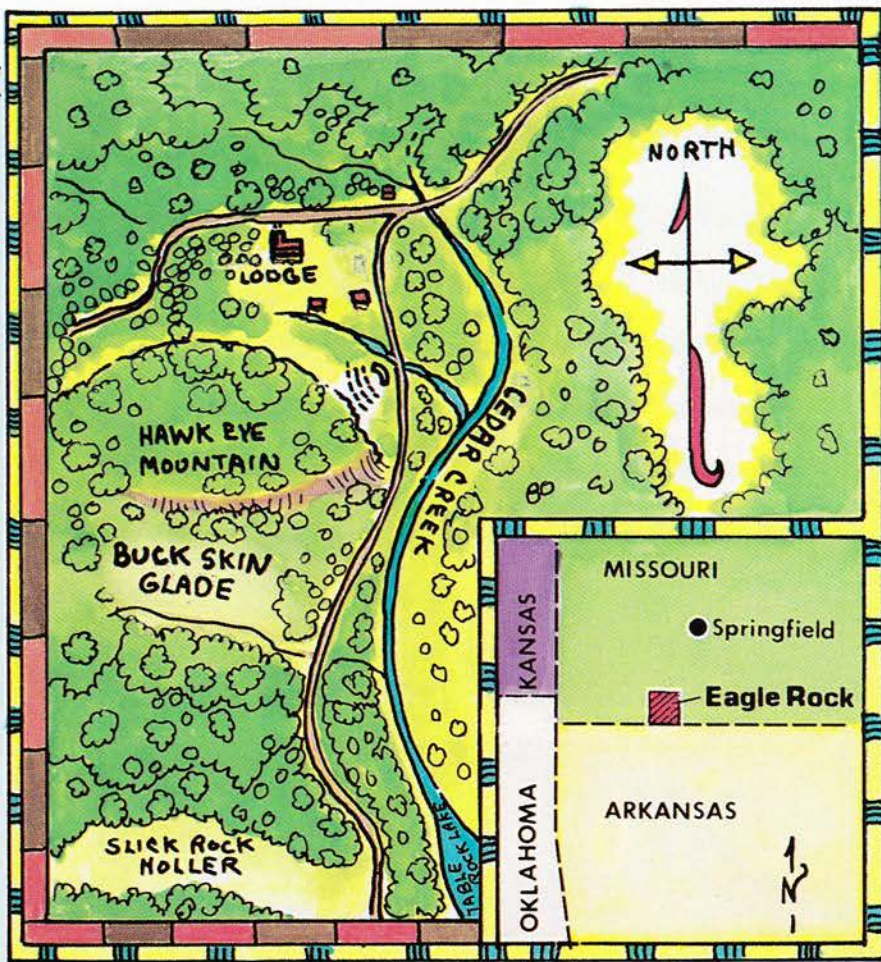
Looking for your own ADVENTURE?

SEVEN SPECTACULAR DAYS of ADVENTURE, FUN,
DISCOVERY, CHALLENGE, and INSPIRATION
June 25-July 2, EAGLE ROCK, MO.



EAGLE ROCK

a summer camp with a wilderness emphasis
for boys 12 yrs. and older
limited to 100 boys. COST: \$150.00
Write national Royal Rangers office
for application and additional information.



On June 11, 1989, one hundred "lucky boys" will gather at Eagle Rock, Missouri, for 7 days of outstanding adventure. If you are interested in fun, intrigue, excitement, and rugged adventure, then the Eagle Rock Adventure is for you.

The scene for this fantastic, week long, action packed adventure will be the Royal Rangers National Training Center. With its 1,525 acres, nestled in the rolling hills of the Ozarks, interlaced with streams and mead-

ows, the National Training Center is "tailor made" for excitement and adventure; a dream come true!

Your week will be filled with action packed activities such as rappelling; cave exploration; hiking; and cool, refreshing water activities. There will be other activities too: such as pioneering, mountain craft skills, a night owl expedition, and more. The fun will be complemented by inspirational devotions, and grand pageantry.

EAGLE ROCK ADVENTURE



At camp you will experience every exciting activity that we offer. You don't have to miss a thing! In addition to planned activities, you will have free time to go to the archery or rifle ranges to test your skills, or learn some new ones. Game time will give you an opportunity to make new friends, and have even more fun.

Each day of your adventure will conclude with an exciting evening program of singing, fun, and inspiration around a glowing campfire.

This will also be a special time for you to grow closer to God, and for Him to do a work in your heart.

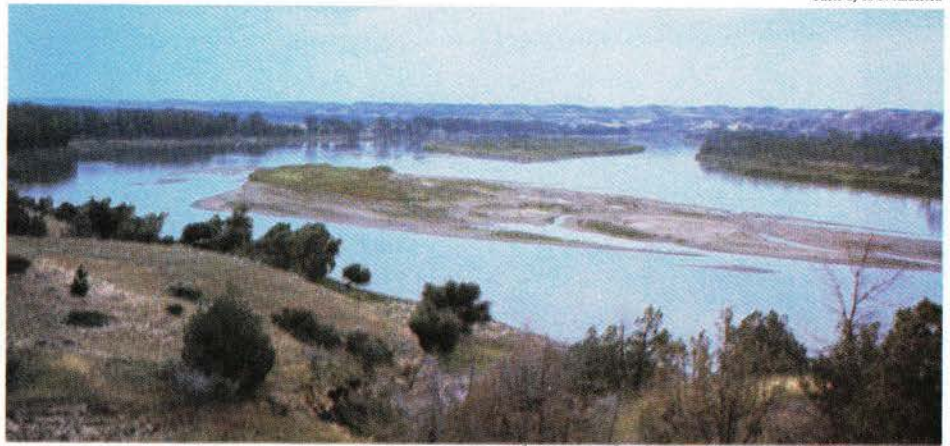
Sleep will come easily after a full day at camp. As you slip off into a restful sleep, no doubt, you will dream of the days of excitement yet to come. Each new day will produce a new scope of adventure at Eagle Rock, another unique experience never to be forgotten.

Work crews are already working to develop the many areas to make this event the most intriguing adventure of the year.

The Eagle Rock Adventure will be limited to one hundred boys, and registration will be on a first come, first served basis. To secure a place for you at this "first of its kind" event be sure to register early. A registration form has been attached for your convenience. As soon as you return this application to us, we will rush you a registration packet listing arrival and departure times and what you will need to bring to camp with you.

Fun, excitement, intrigue, and adventure—it all awaits you at the very first Eagle Rock Adventure. Make plans to join us; be one of the first, one of the best, one who finds his true potential; and soar as high as you can—at Eagle Rock!





SCANNON

by M.W. Anderson

In May 1805 Scannon sniffed the willow brush along the banks of the Missouri River. The chief hunter of the Lewis and Clark Expedition lifted his rifle, aimed and shot a beaver. When the wild animal fell, the hunter shouted, "Scannon, fetch." The Newfoundland dog jumped into the river, paddled to the wounded animal and seized the beaver's paw. At the same time, the beaver sunk his sharp teeth into the dog's hind leg. Scannon yelped. He jerked. He shook the beaver. The two animals struggled. Water splashed. The fight intensified.

The excited explorers yelled, "Newf, kill! Scannon, kill!" He would kill or die.

Finally, the wild animal released his hold. Weary Scannon crawled up the bank with blood spurting down his leg, and the beaver dangling from his mouth. His master, Captain Meriwether Lewis, quickly sutured the artery. Lewis cradled the whining, shivering dog in his arms and carried Scannon to a boat. Although Lewis thought the dog would die, he recovered within a week.

Lewis, while private secretary to President Thomas Jefferson, helped plan the expedition. The President wanted the Virginians, 30-year-old Lewis and 34-year-old Captain William Clark, to explore the unknown Northwest. The President convinced Congress to appropriate \$2,500 for the expedition. The United States owned the land from the Mississippi to the Rockies because Jefferson promoted the Louisiana Purchase in 1803. Hoping the trailblazers would find a water route to India, Jefferson ordered them to reach the Pacific Coast, and on the way, make friends with the Indians and keep journals.

The year before Scannon fought the beaver, Lewis and Clark, coleaders of the "Corps of Discovery," left St. Louis with soldiers, frontiersmen, and rivermen. Going upstream, the group battled the currents of the Missouri River while the mascot, Scannon, stood in the prow of the keelboat or rode in one of the two pirogues. With the Corps, the special guard dog rode in a boat, walked, and swam over 4,000 miles.

The first winter the Corps lived at Fort Mandan, which today is near Bismarck, North Dakota. In the spring, eight men in the keelboat took nine boxes of reports and specimens to President Jefferson. The remaining 33 men, with Toussaint Charbonneau, a French-Canadian, and his wife Sacagawea, a Shoshone Indian, and their baby, boarded the two pirogues and six canoes to continue their journey.

On the journey, Lewis and Scannon trekked along the Missouri River, while the others stayed on the boat. Lewis, a restless, moody, bright man, preferred to be with Scannon from the day he purchased the black mascot for \$20. The powerful dog trapped geese, antelope, and deer in the river and then brought them ashore. He also sighted birds and sniffed in the buffalo grass to locate snakes and small animals. When he discovered living creatures, he barked to alert Lewis of their presence. Lewis examined them and logged descriptions of magpies, rattlers, white-tailed jackrabbits, and prairie dogs.

The mascot protected Lewis and the other explorers from grizzly bears and buffaloes.

When a grizzly came near the camp, his barking kept the animal at bay. One May evening while sharing a buffalo-skin tepee, Lewis and Scannon heard a buffalo shuffle. The dog ran around alerting the sleeping men

SCANNON, Mascot of the Lewis and Clark Expedition

Newfoundland Dog Courtesy J. Jensen Photo by Mary W. Anderson © Copyright Edward Romer 1987



by barking loudly. By the time the men awakened, the buffalo had reached camp. The frantic dog yapped. He showed his teeth and growled. He crouched in an attack position. Finally, the startled buffalo turned and headed toward the river.

Scannon helped Lewis and Clark entertain the Indians. The dog performed tricks. He fetched a stick that was thrown. He found his master's knife hidden in the brush. Once after a performance, a Shawnee Indian offered Lewis three beaver skins for Scannon. Lewis said no.

Lewis and the rest of the party endured snow, sleet, dangerous trails, and hunger on the overland trail through the Rockies in September. Sometimes they ate dog or horse meat. No one, however, considered killing their valued mascot. When their diet consisted of tallow candles, the dog ate little and lost many of his 130 pounds. With little energy, Scannon

padded through brush and climbed rocky and steep slopes. Two horses fell into the canyons and did not survive, but with his worn webbed feet, Scannon continued to climb and slide on the treacherous trails.

The group spent the winter at Fort Clatsop, which today is in the northwest corner of Oregon. With his thick coat, Scannon did not mind the rain and fog. The party left the Fort in the spring of 1806 to return to St. Louis.

About three weeks later, Scannon failed to return to camp. The dog faintly heard his master call: "S-C-A-N-N-O-N, N-E-W-F, S-C-A-N-N-O-N," Scannon did not return.

The men searched and talked among themselves: What happened to Scannon? Did a deadly rattler poison his body? Did the Indians take Scannon? Lewis ordered a party to scout.

Lewis did not know that two warriors had captured Scannon. Scan-

non did not smell the scent of the Indians because the warriors stayed upwind. Using a willow ring tied to a leather thong like a lariat, they threw the ring around Scannon's neck and pulled. He stiffened his four legs and growled. He pulled, he choked, he tried to bark. He braced his paws and jerked. He could not break the leather thong.

The Indians pulled a whining Scannon through the grass. Fortunately the frontiersmen could follow the fresh tracks. Eventually, the white men saw the Indians. Before the pursuers caught up with the warriors, they turned the dog loose. With his pink tongue out and his tail wagging, a tired Scannon returned to camp and snuggled beside Lewis who rubbed the dog's shaggy head. He rested at his master's feet with his front legs crossed.

Although bonded to Lewis, Scannon obeyed Clark. He rode on a boat with Clark, when the two leaders separated to explore more country. Clark, a friendly red-haired man, enjoyed having the bearlike companion ride with him.

On the journey, Clark and the rest of the Corps endured the gnats and mosquitoes. Scannon turned his nose toward the sky and howled.

In September 1806 the explorers and the dog completed the expedition. The bold journey lasted two years, four months, and nine days. Scannon was the first dog to accompany white men over the Continental Divide and to cross the Northwest.

In his fashion, Scannon, the mascot of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, helped push the boundaries of the United States from the Mississippi to the Pacific and for this he was later honored. Scannon's name appears on a bronze plaque at Fort Clatsop, near the mouth of the Columbia River. ■

June 26-30, 1990, will be a significant, historical event for Royal Rangers! It will be the occasion for the world's first International Camporama for Royal Rangers.

This outstanding event will convene at Eagle Rock, Missouri, on the 1,500-acre site of the National Royal Rangers Training Center. This site nestled in the scenic Ozark Mountains of southwest Missouri is undergoing a number of developments to accommodate the estimated 5,000 Rangers from around the world.

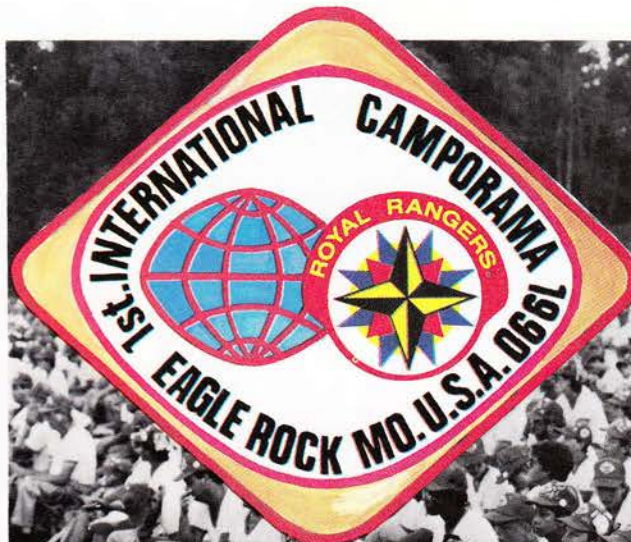
This Camporama will be truly international in flavor. Many countries including the United States have conducted periodically Camporamas in their countries. Many of these events have hosted visitors from other countries. However, this is the first time that national delegations from around the world will join together for an official International Camporama.

The colorful banners, the various styles of uniforms, the different languages, and the unique country flags will make this happening an unforgettable experience. In those countries where there are girls in Royal Rangers, the delegation may include lady leaders and girls.

Each country will be assigned their own campsite. They will erect their own archway and they will make their campsite as unique to their country as possible. Each national commander will be responsible for the camp set-up, arrangement of personnel, supervision, and decorum of his delegation. To further capitalize on this colorful international flavor, we are planning many intercultural events.

To emphasize international friendship and cultural awareness, individuals are encouraged to complete the *International Friendship Trail*. At the various stations on the trail skilled persons will demonstrate the type of skills, crafts, etc., unique to their country or culture. Participants will be given an opportunity to try their ability at mastering the skills. All individuals who visit all the stations, and have their cards checked, will be eligible to purchase a beautiful International Friendship Patch at the Trading Post.

Exciting and fascinating games



played by Rangers from around the world will be featured at each station of the *International Fun-a-rama*. Individuals will be given the opportunity to participate in these games. Super enjoyment is in store for those Rangers who participate in these events.

A number of demonstrations and displays of outstanding interest to Royal Rangers will be presented each day.

To encourage Rangers to visit the other district/country campsites, each district/country will give these visitors an inexpensive item to commemorate their visit.

Areas in which boys and leaders may swap items of interest with each other will be available. These will be some of the most popular spots during the Camporama. Each participant is encouraged to bring trade items such as patches, novelty items, craft items, state or country souvenirs.

There will be a number of field events such as special hikes, swimming, archery range, BB rifle range, a rope course, canoeing, and more.

The Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity (U.S.) will be on hand with a special delegation and their own frontiersmen village. Flintlock rifle shooting, knife and tomahawk throwing, and other FCF skills will be demonstrated each day. It will be

patterned after an old-time frontiersmen rendezvous. Other countries who have FCF groups will also have encampments. Their encampments should be very interesting and educational.

One outstanding feature will be the *Passing in Review Parade* on the first morning (Wednesday). Countries and districts in uniform, with flags, will pass in review in front of the headquarters lodge. With bands playing and banners waving, this will be a breathtaking and inspiring experience.

Without doubt, the most outstanding event of all will be the evening rallies.

Each rally will feature special presentations from various countries, music and singing, a mind-boggling pageant and an outstanding speaker. The pageant alone will be the most elaborate and spectacular ever presented at a Camporama.

Start planning now to attend this colossal event. Be among those privileged individuals who will be part of one of the greatest historical and fantastic events in Royal Rangers history.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Contact your district commander for applications and other information about the International Camporama.

INTERNATIONAL CAMPORAMA 1990

**WORLDS FIRST
SPECTACULAR**

INTERNATIONAL CAMPORAMA

**ROYAL RANGERS
AROUND THE WORLD**

**EAGLE ROCK
MISSOURI USA**

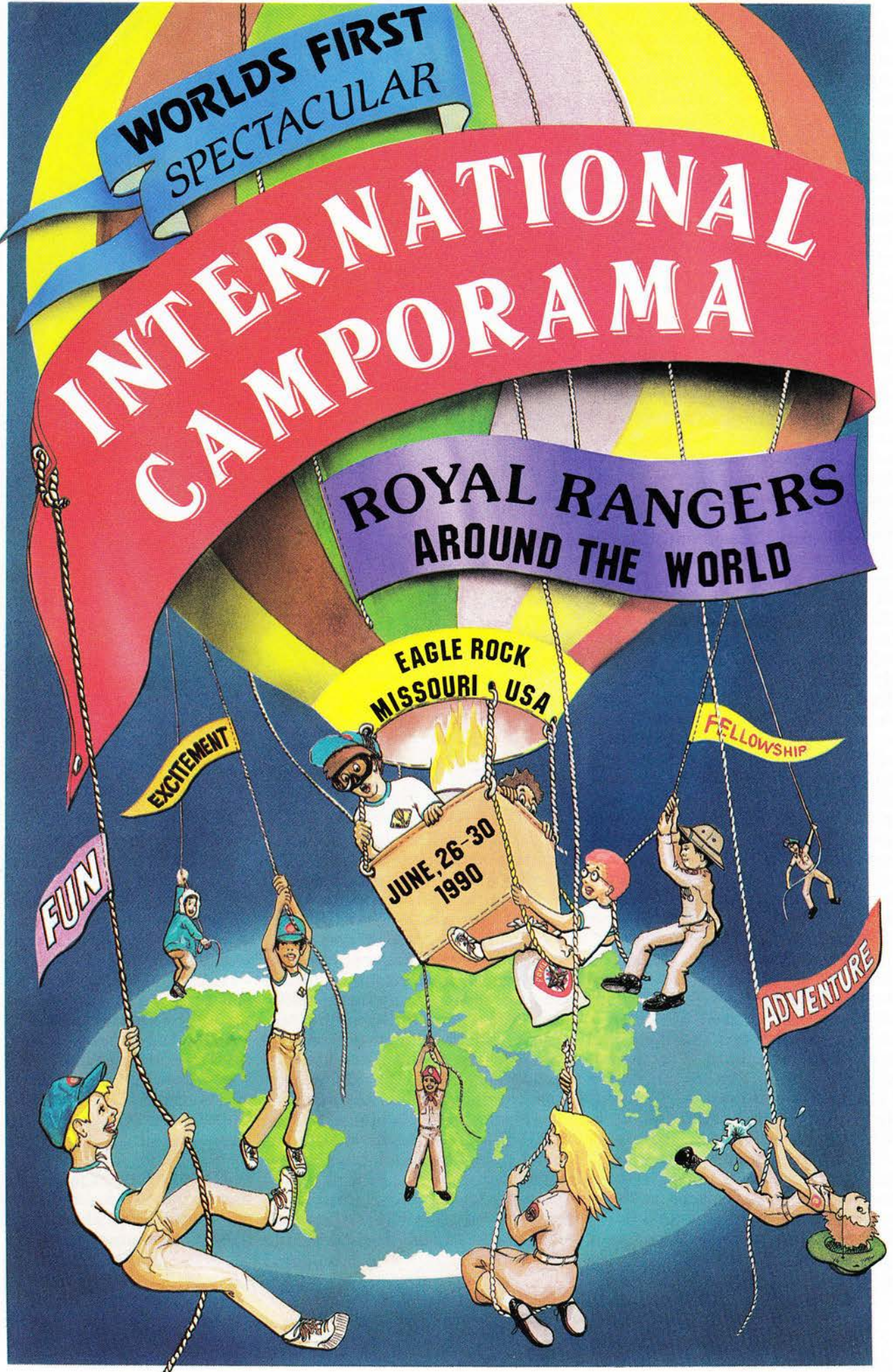
**JUNE 26-30
1990**

EXCITEMENT

FELLOWSHIP

FUN

ADVENTURE



COMEDY CORNER



A little boy who went to the ballet for the first time with his father was amazed watching all the girls dancing on their toes. He turned to his father and asked, "Why don't they just get taller girls, Dad?"

Thomas LaMance
Prewitt, NM

The cowboy had a new horse which was very stubborn and kicked so violently that one day one of its hooves got caught in the stirrup. The man said angrily to the horse, "There's no room on the saddle for both of us. If you're going to get on, I'm going to get off."

Thomas LaMance
Prewitt, NM

My husband Dave and I were at a restaurant entertaining his boss. David was telling a joke that I was sure

he had told many times before, so I tried to kick him under the table. He continued to tell the story, so I kicked him again. Shortly after that, he said gaily, "But I'll bet I've told this story before, haven't I?" We all chuckled, and he changed the subject. A little while later, in private, I asked him how come it took so long to get my message.

Surprised he answered, "But I did stop as soon as you kicked me." Much chagrined, we realized I must have been kicking the boss.

As we went back to the table, the boss was grinning, knowing what we had been talking about. "Not to worry," he said, "After the second one, I figured it wasn't for me, so I passed it on."

M. J. Beckman
Granada Hills, CA

Mom and Pop, owners of a small farm, went to town for a Saturday night outing and a bite to eat. They stopped at a deluxe hamburger place and looked at the menu. Mom panicked and told Pop they had to get home fast.

"What's the trouble?" asked Pop.

"Did you see the price of a hamburger? \$2.25. That means we have a \$10,000 cow standing in the back pasture and no one to guard her."

Leon Wills
Oklahoma

The doctor smiled as he entered the room. "You look much better today."

"Yes, I followed the directions on your medicine bottle."

"What were they?"

"Keep the bottle tightly closed."

Leon Wills
Oklahoma

A visitor in a zoo saw one of the keepers sitting on a concrete wall crying. When he asked another keeper what was the matter, he was told that the elephant had died. "He cared a lot about the elephant?" the man asked.

"No, he's the one who has to dig the grave."

Leon Wills
Oklahoma

What a strange language we have. A fat chance and a slim chance are the same things.

M. J. Beckman
Granada Hills, CA



"OH, GOOD GRIEF. I SHOULD NEVER HAVE EVEN MENTIONED IT'S A DOGWOOD TREE."

"DURING TIMES OF DISCOURAGEMENT AND
HARDSHIP, I WAS COMFORTED WITH RAYS OF
MARVELOUS ILLUMINATION FROM THE HOLY
SCRIPTURES, ENCOURAGING ME CONTINUALLY TO
PRESS FORWARD."

(CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS)

