

High Adventure

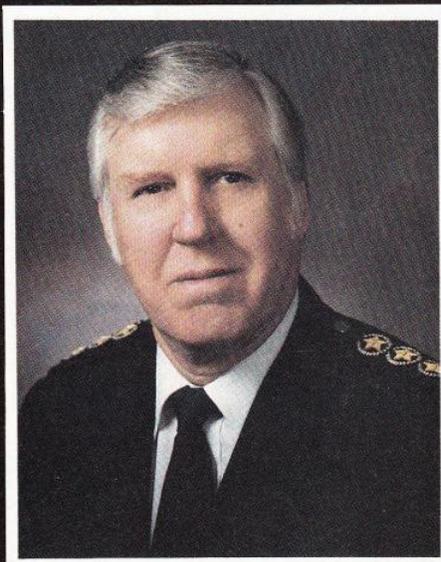
A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

LEADERS EDITION

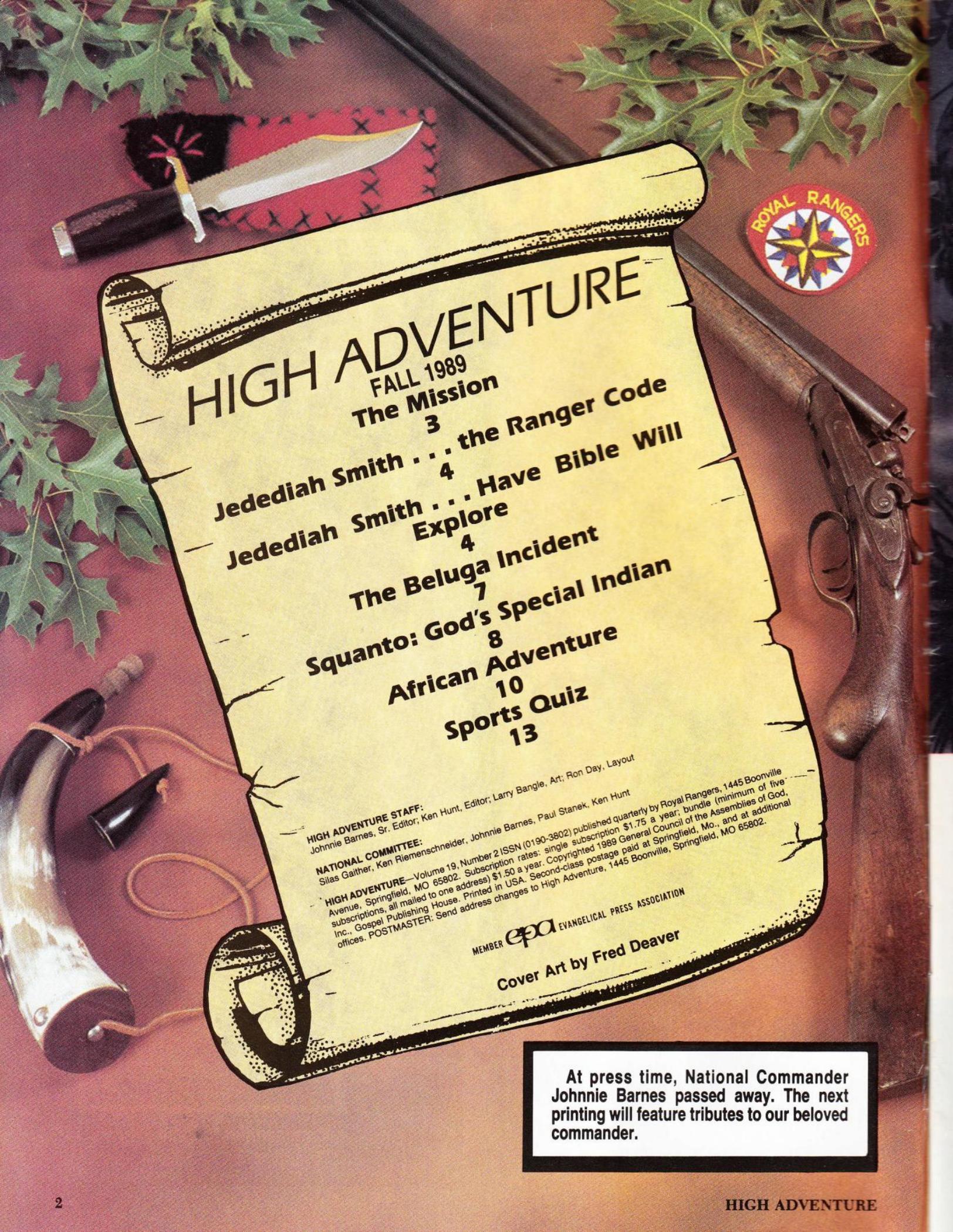
FALL 1989



With Christ



Commander Johnnie Barnes
August 16, 1927—June 15, 1989



HIGH ADVENTURE

FALL 1989

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Cover Art by Fred Deaver

At press time, National Commander Johnnie Barnes passed away. The next printing will feature tributes to our beloved commander.



by Grover Brinkman

THE MISSION

The swamp was a steamy jungle of moss-draped trees. Some writer had called it "the land of the trembling earth," and in Matt's estimation it pinpointed the turpentine flats and the bayous of dead water quite well. It was raining now and the fog was coming in as well.

A persistent voice of caution urged him to turn back. But something even greater urged him on. Somewhere ahead was a very good friend, not a human, but his dog, Rock.

I've got to find him! It could be I'll find his body.

You don't find dogs as loyal as Rock very often. One

night, when a fire at the mill threatened Matt's room, Rock had tugged at his covers until he was awake.

Rock had wandered off into the swamp, something unusual. When he didn't come home last night, Matt spent a sleepless vigil. The morning came, and still no Rock. So he asked Abe Ryan, the owner of the mill who employed him, for a day off to search for his pet.

"You're liable to discover him dead, Matt."

"I'm afraid of that."

"Nathan Prell isn't too good to poach, even kill a good dog—"

"No! His son Johnny doesn't like me for some reason, but neither he nor his dad would kill Rock!"

"I hope you're right, Matt!"

Now Matt cupped his hands to his mouth, shouting as long and loud as he could. No answer, no familiar yelp. An owl's mournful cry sobered his face even more.

Frequently he ran the pirogue onto a mud bank to check for tracks—raccoon, fox, even those of one of the black bears that inhabited the swamp—but no dog tracks.

The light was failing. Wisps of fog laced the bayous. Matt decided he had an hour, possibly. Then he would be compelled to turn back.

Attending Sunday school was a weekly ritual with

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... the Ranger Code

by Bob Fox

In the early 1800s, the western mountains of the United States were inhabited mostly by Indian tribes. These included the mighty Sioux and Cheyenne, the skillful horsemen of the Crow nation, the peaceful Shoshone and noble Nez Percé, and the most feared enemy of white and red man alike, the "ornery" Blackfeet.

But braving passage through this dangerous territory was a group of courageous, sometimes cantankerous, beaver and fur trappers. Respecting, but fearing neither grizzly nor "Bug's Boys" (as they called the Blackfeet), the mountain men freely trespassed into this last American wilderness. The legendary Jim Bridger, courageous John Colter, lighthearted Joe Meek, and tough-old Hugh Glass were some of the best known of these men.

Perhaps one of the least well-known, but most impressive of the lot, was a "straight-shootin', Bible-totin'," lanky youngster named Jedediah Strong Smith. Among his eventual accomplishments was the discovery of South Pass. This was the gateway through the Colorado Rocky Mountains that would be used by settlers traveling the Oregon and California trails, beginning in 1840.

Smith was born in 1798, just a year after George Washington's second term as president had ended. Jedediah (Diah) Smith was one among many young adventurers who had come west to seek his fortune. With the others, he read this enticing advertisement in the February 13, 1822, edition of the *St. Louis Gazette*:

TO ENTERPRISING YOUNG MEN

The subscriber wishes to engage 100 men, to ascend the river Missouri to its source, there to be employed for 1, 2 or 3 years. —For particulars enquire of Major Andrew Henry, near the Lead Mines, in the County of Washington, (who will ascend with and command the party) or to the subscriber at St. Louis.

—Wm. H. Ashley

And so at 23, Jedediah Smith, an "apple-cheeked, beardless boy . . . lank as a bear in spring," was hired on as a "green hand" by Major Henry. So began an action-packed adventure for young Jed Smith that ended all too soon just 9 years later. (He had an unfortunate meeting with some very unfriendly Comanches in New Mexico.)

Part of his life story might best be told to Royal Rangers by its comparison with the Ranger Code. So let's commence with the tale!

Jedediah Smith was *ALERT*. A man needed three pair of eyes to survive in this dangerous territory in the 1820s. One pair must be on the lookout for hostile Indians who were always ready and obliging to "lift a scalp." Another pair must constantly study for other fierce critters such as the then-abundant, unpredictable grizzly bear. The last pair of eyes must be "trained to the weather." All of these were potential killers. Diah was not only physically and mentally alert, but spiritually alert as well, as we shall see later.

Jedediah Smith was a *CLEAN*-living man. His was a rough-and-tumble age when some men said that

... Have Bible Will Explore

by K.E. Matchette

Young Jedediah Smith studied the newspaper ad in front of him carefully. "The subscriber wishes to engage 100 men to ascend the river Missouri to its source, there to be employed for 1, 2, or 3 years." He read it out loud.

"Sounds like the perfect chance, Pa," he said. "With a job like that I could send all the boys to school." (Jedediah Smith was one of 12 children including 5 younger brothers.)

"I suppose, Diah," his father agreed reluctantly. "But it's a rough life—heathen country out there."

Diah laughed. "Listen to you, Pa. You sound like someone drew a line along the Mississippi and told God He couldn't cross."

"I suppose you're right, Son. Do what you think is right."

Diah made a pack for his clothes, wrapped his Bible and a few other books in a small "plunder bag," cleaned his rifle, and set out from his home in Ohio for St. Louis, Missouri.

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JEDEDIAH Smith...

In St. Louis, Diah made his way to the home of General William Ashley of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. "I'd like to sign up for your trapping party," he said.

Ashley studied his visitor. He saw a brown-haired young man about 6 feet tall. "You sound like an educated man, not a trapper," Ashley said. "Why do you want to go?"

"I have five little brothers, Sir. What I earn will pay for their schooling. . . . And I welcome the chance to explore."

"What can you do?"

"I'm a crack shot, sir. And I've lived on the frontier all my life."

General Ashley smiled. "You're hired."

On May 8, 1822, the trapping party led by General Ashley's partner, General William Henry, left Missouri. A 100-foot keelboat, the *Enterprise*, carried their supplies.

While the other men rowed and poled their way up the Missouri, Diah hunted the woods along the river. Each evening, when they camped, he brought meat to the cooks.

The first night out, Diah took his Bible and began to read. "What's he doing?" a trapper asked. "I came out here to get away from religion."

"Let him be!" another man said quickly. "Who cares so long as he shoots our supper?"

About 300 miles up the Missouri, a current caught the *Enterprise* and turned her on her side. Diah and the other men could only save a small part of their supplies.

"Diah!" someone called. "There goes your plunder bag!"

Quickly, Diah jumped into the water. Once he caught his foot on a root and nearly went under. But at last he grabbed the bag, and his friends pulled him out. His precious Bible was safe.

The following year when some of the trappers were in what is now South Dakota, they tried to buy horses from the Arikara (Ree) Indians. But the Indians tricked them and attacked the men and horses.

Diah and his rifle led the fight. Before they escaped, the Indians had killed 13 men. One of them was Diah's friend, John Gardner.

"You know *God*," Gardner told Diah as he lay dying. "Please pray for me."

Diah did. His friends never forgot

that prayer. Today a mural at the South Dakota Capitol shows Jedediah Smith making the first public prayer ever prayed in the state.

One day as Diah led the group through the brush, a grizzly bear leaped for his head. Before anyone could stop the bear, it squeezed Diah tightly, then tore half of his scalp away. He fell to the ground. The other men shot the bear, then looked helplessly at their leader. Was he dead?

Diah opened his eyes. "Bring me some water. You, Jim! Get your needle and sew me up!"

When Jim finished, the men helped Diah onto a horse, and they rode back to their camp. Ten days later he was ready to continue westward.

They spent that winter camped at the eastern foot of the "Rockies." American trappers had never crossed the "Rockies," but Diah wanted to see what was on the other side.

Crow Indians told him of a pass. Following their directions, Diah led the men across what is now called the South Pass—the route covered wagons later took on the Oregon Trail.

Carefully, Diah drew a map of their route in his diary. "Someday settlers will come this way," he said.

That spring (1824) the men trapped in rich territory west of the "Rockies." In summer Diah pushed farther west until he met trappers for the Hudson's Bay Company which had a base in Oregon. He traveled with the Hudson's Bay men into Flathead country (near Kalispell, Montana).

One night, when the trappers had camped with the Indians, Diah noticed that they bowed their heads before they ate. "What are you doing?" he asked.

"We are praying," they said.

"Do you know about God?"

"We know only a little. But we know there is one God, and He sent His Son to die for us."

Diah smiled. "I know Him, too." He pulled his Bible from the plunder bag. "This is His Book. Would you like to hear God's words to you?"

"Oh, yes!"

When he left the Flatheads, it was time to return east of the "Rockies" to meet with other trapping parties

at the yearly rendezvous.

The following year, Diah took a small party and crossed the Mojave Desert in California. They were the first white men to cross.

In those days, California was part of Mexico. The Spanish there ordered him to leave. But Diah left most of his men camped in the mountains when he returned to that year's rendezvous.

That summer he returned and took his party north, trapping as he went. By the next spring (1828), the men had reached Oregon country. Once again they were the first white men to take that route.

As they traveled north, Diah noticed that they frightened the Indians and made them angry. At the Umpqua River, he took two men and an Indian guide and went upstream to find a way through the mountains. "Don't let any Indians into the camp," he warned the other men. When the explorers returned, they found the men dead. Indians had attacked them.

Fort Vancouver, the Hudson's Bay fort, was 150 miles away. Now the three men had to reach it or die.

For a month they scrambled over mountains and plodded north along ocean beaches. At what is now Tillamook, friendly Indians guided them through the mountains to the fort.

In March 1829, Diah and Arthur Black, one of his men, left Fort Vancouver and canoed east up the Columbia. Five months later they met with the other traders in Wyoming.

The following year Diah returned to St. Louis.

But after 8 years of wandering, he found it hard to stay in one place. In 1831 he and two of his brothers joined a trading party to Santa Fe. On the way, unfriendly Comanches shot him while he looked for water.

Today, the places Diah explored are important parts of the United States. And Americans have never forgotten Jedediah Smith and his Bible.

A marker at the site of the Umpqua massacre sums up his life as Diah would want it remembered: "Jedediah Smith had three ambitions: to serve his God, to provide for his family, and to become a great American explorer. In all three things he succeeded." ■

... the Ranger Code

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"God took care to stay on his own side of the Mississippi River." The annual summer rendezvous was the best of times and the worst of times for these men. There they sold the packs of beaver they worked so hard for throughout the year. And it was there that many of them drank or gambled away their profits. It was not uncommon to see men playing cards on the back of an unfortunate comrade who had died in one of the frequent drunken brawls at rendezvous. Yet, while necessity had made him a companion of such men, Jedediah Smith was known for his avoidance of alcohol, tobacco, and profanity.

Smith was always *HONEST*. His word was good in a time when a man's word meant everything. He was a man of principle. The British trappers of the Hudson's Bay Company "saved his bacon" in 1828, after a disastrous loss of men, traps, furs, and horses to the Umpqua Indians of Oregon's coast. Later, when Smith's partners in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company wanted to expand their business into the British possession north and west of the Columbia River, Jedediah objected. "Except for them, I might have gone under," he explained. And his partners listened, limiting their trapping to the American holdings east and south of the river.

Jedediah Smith was *COURAGEOUS*.

On his first trip up the Missouri, Ashley's brigade was ambushed by the Arikara (Ree) Indians near the present-day Standing Rock Indian Reservation in southern North Dakota. It was a terrible fight! The mountain men were outnumbered nearly ten-to-one! One-sixth of the trapping party were killed, and many more were wounded. The Indians were so well fortified that their losses were minimal. It was the worst disaster in the history of the western fur trade.

Help lay several hundred miles upriver at a brigade encampment on the Yellowstone. Ashley called for volunteers to go for assistance. Not one of the veteran mountain men who survived the fight would volunteer for the dangerous mission. That meant going upriver past the

Ree village! With perhaps but a moment's hesitation, young Jedediah Smith volunteered for the job. With one companion, he made the 800-mile trip upriver through hostile territory. They got through, bringing back help just in time to save the party from further trouble.

As a reward for his courage, Jedediah was made a brigade captain. At age 24, he was the youngest mountain man to receive such an honor.

On another occasion, while leading a party of trappers through the Black Hills of South Dakota, he was suddenly attacked by a huge, enraged grizzly which charged out of the brush and grabbed him by the head. Like a dog shaking an old rag, the grizzly tossed Jedediah around for several seconds before the rest of the party arrived and drove "Ol' Ephraim" away. The wounds looked fatal. His scalp was totally removed from half of his skull. One ear hung limply, connected only by a shred of skin.

"What shall we do, Cap'n?" the men asked their bleeding, but still alert leader. Jedediah told his men to get busy sewing him up!

"What shall we do with this ear?" one asked.

"Sew it up the best you can," replied Smith, who sat quietly while the repair was made without benefit of anesthesia.

Wounds healed quickly in the cool mountain air, and in 10 days the small party with its brave leader was on its way again to beaver country.

A *LOYAL* man, Jedediah never forgot his responsibilities to God, to his family, or to his partners in the fur trade. Out in the wilderness, he wrote these words to family back home: "... God only knows, I feel the need of the watch and care of a Christian church... I hope you remember me before a Throne of Grace." His substantial earnings during this "golden age" of beaver trapping went primarily to care for, and particularly to educate, his younger brothers back home "in the States." It appears that his father had died, leaving Jedediah to care for the family's needs. He cared not only for his own needs and for those of his family, but his loyalty to his companions was unquestioned. And he never once let them down!

Diah Smith was a *COURTEOUS* man as well as a *LOYAL* friend. He treated women with respect and men with dignity—Indians as well as whites.

His kindness was appreciated by his two companions who, while traveling through a waterless stretch for several days, were finally overcome by dehydration. They couldn't continue, so Smith buried both men up to their necks in sand to conserve what body fluids they had left. He then continued on searching for water. It was the dark of night when he finally found water, and though he was "plumb tuckered out," Jedediah immediately headed back to rescue his companions. He was overjoyed to find them still alive. Undoubtedly the men were even more pleased to see Jedediah, with water!

Jedediah Smith was *OBEDIENT*—first to the Laws of God, then to his superiors in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. His faithfulness to carry out orders, even at great personal risk, made him a favorite of his employer, General Ashley. This man, who lived "under authority," was soon given a command of his own. Men followed him without question because they had observed his own respect for authority. They also listened to him because he became the "boosh-way," or boss, in 1826. Jedediah and two friends bought the company!

Finally, Jedediah was a genuinely *SPIRITUAL* man. It has been written of him that "the pocket of his hunting coat bulged with his Bible, and that his buckskin breeches were bagged and frayed about the knees from prayer." To his brother he wrote, "... are we ungrateful to that God in whom 'we live, and move, and have our being'? How often ought we on our bended knees to offer up our grateful acknowledgments for the gift of His dear Son."

It has been said of Jedediah that "he made the lone wilderness his place of meditation, the mountain-top his altar," and that he made "religion an active, practical principle, from the duties of which nothing could seduce him."

Jedediah Smith serves as a good "mark" for all Royal Rangers to "stretch up to." *So listen up all you greenhorns! And you old hands best pay heed as well!* ■

THE BELUGA

INCIDENT

by Tom Haesche, Sr.

A warm, summer breeze ruffled the waters of Long Island Sound while the early-morning sun brushed against the hazy city skyline. Many miles from shore a small white whale basked in the warm rays of the sun. She had been swimming for hours and now stopped to rest. The young mammal was in strange waters, having ventured far from the open sea. But she already had made her first contact with people, and had established a pleasing relationship. Now, after feeding during the night hours, she was swimming back to the west shore.

In the shallow water of a small, sandy cove the previous day, she had discovered a group of children enjoying a swim. At first they had been fearful of her. But soon, aware of her gentle disposition, they had come closer and playfully rubbed her back. She even allowed them to feed her small fish. And she had enjoyed swimming in the shallow water while the kids laughed and played with her. But when the sun went down she again found herself alone.

Hungry, she had swum to deeper water and chanced upon a school of herring which satisfied her appetite. Occasionally, she came close to fishing boats and rubbed herself against the side while gentle hands stroked her and fed her fish. Her warm acceptance by people was in direct contrast to the savage attacks by other sea dwellers, namely, the ever-hungry sharks with their insatiable appetites.

Rested now, the small whale dived deep and, guided by her sonar-like instincts, swam swiftly in the direction of the sandy cove. She hoped that the children would again be there. She had forgotten about her own kind, at least temporarily, for she had grown so fond of humans. But she didn't know that some humans had killing instincts as primitive as

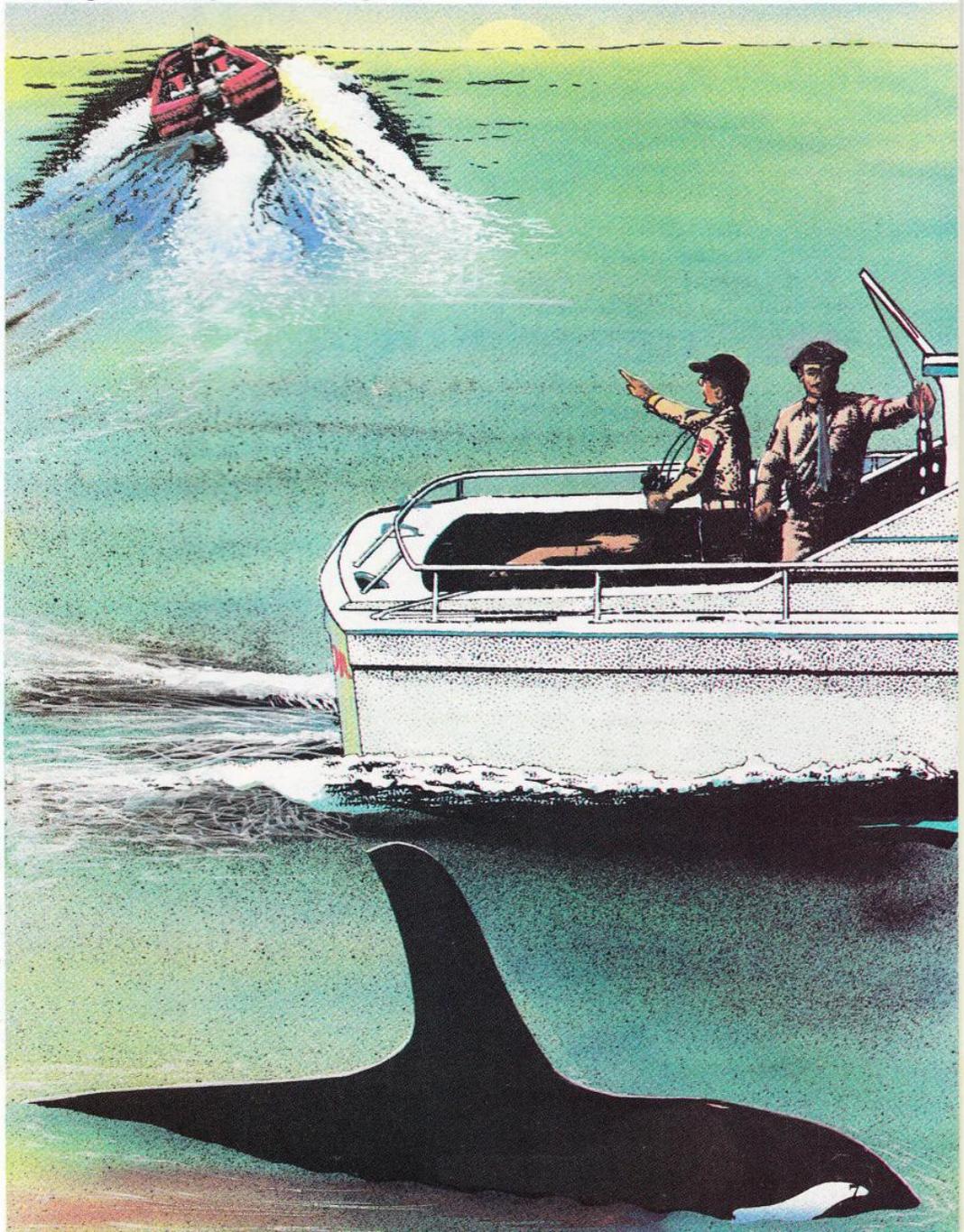
the shark's; and one of these was now following her in a fast, open boat. This human was intent on destroying her when she surfaced to breathe.

Some would say that perhaps he thought the 10-foot whale was a shark, a possible threat to swimmers. But in reality he was one of those rare humans who killed for the sake of killing. The beluga was a strange en-

tity to him, a challenge to be dealt with by the only means he knew. He carried a rifle aboard his craft, which he used, usually, to kill sharks. And now he intended to kill the gentle mammal who unwittingly had lost her bearings.

So the small, gentle whale swam

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SQUANTO:

by Ralph F. Wilson

Sailors poured onto the rocky beach as their small craft landed. Nearby cliffs echoed with a shout: "Grab that short one before he gets away!" The Indian boy felt a sailor's calloused hands grasp his shoulders. Though he thrashed and jerked, Squanto couldn't break free. As fibers from a coarse rope cut into his wrists, he finally decided that struggle was useless. He was dragged into a longboat, then carried aboard a three-masted English ship anchored offshore.

Squanto had been fishing along the rugged coast when his friend had looked up and pointed, "Great boats with white wings." They had scrambled over the boulders to meet the strange white-faced intruders. Now Squanto was their captive.

Weeks later, a pale Squanto wobbled down the gangplank from that lurching deck onto firm land. He and other Indians were taken to the elaborate mansion of Sir Ferdinando Gorges who had financed many expeditions to the New World. For the next 3 years, the Indian youths were taught English. At first Squanto found

the new tongue awkward, but eventually he surprised himself: "My name is Squanto. I have come from America."

His English host was eager for the Indians to master the language. One day Gorges called them to his quarters. "Young braves, you have studied hard. Now you will be sent as guides on new explorations of America. I will miss you."

Another ship? How can I stand that constantly rolling deck? Squanto thought. But in time he gained his sea legs. His knowledge of the rivers and natural harbors, of the tribes and chieftains of his homeland proved very helpful to the English explorers.

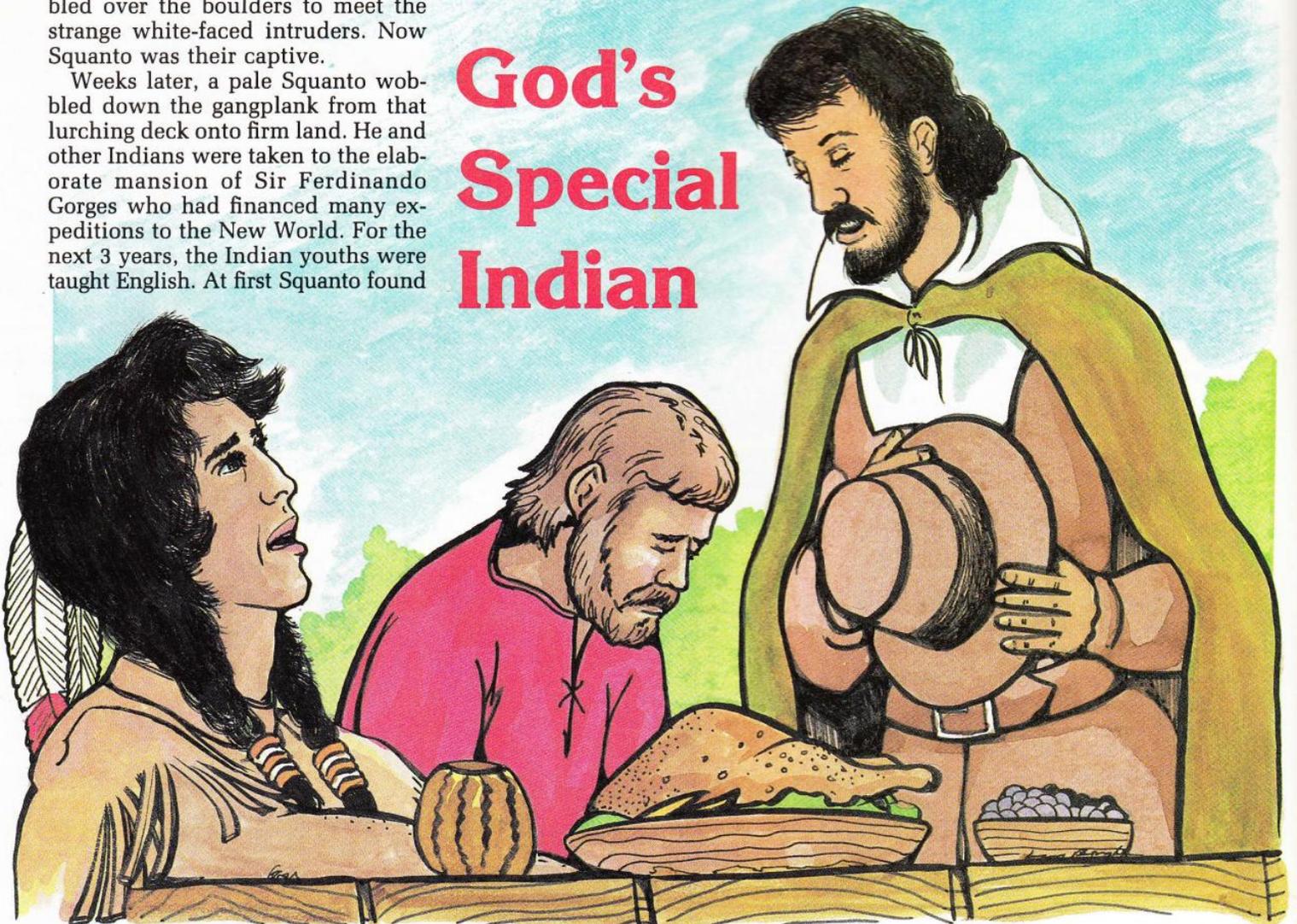
For years he had longed to see his beloved bay and village again. One day, as his ship sailed along the New England coast, he spotted it. Squanto ran to the captain. "May I go ashore, sir? That's my village. That's my home!"

"Yes, young man. You have served us well. Now you can return to your people."

As soon as he heard the pebbles crunch under the longboat's hull, Squanto jumped out and ran to embrace his parents. He was home!

But his homecoming didn't last long. Within weeks Squanto spotted new sails on the horizon. No longer afraid of English ships, he proudly

God's Special Indian



HARVEST

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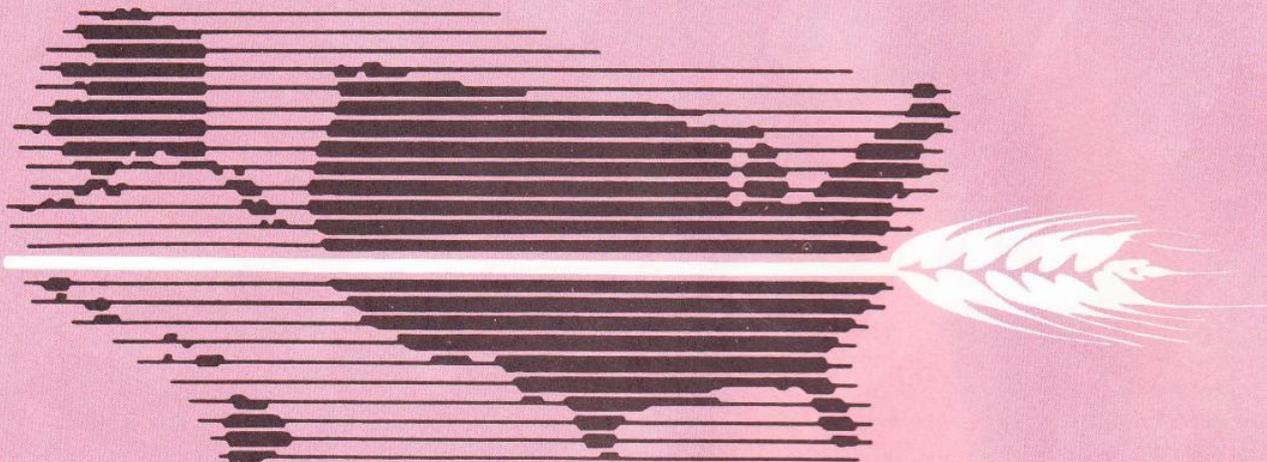
FALL 1989

DECADE OF HARVEST/2 WARNING SIGNS/3

THE GREAT TURKEY HUNT/4-5 FRONTIER
RANGERS/6..... SOUND THE TRUMPET/7 THE
EAGLE AND THE DOVE/8-9 ALL TOGETHER
NOW!/10 A QUICK AND EASY ENERGY SNACK/10

HOMES FOR WILDLIFE /11 BUILDING
MEMORIES/12-13 LAUGHS FOR LEADERS/15

REACHING THE UNREACHABLE/16



DECADE OF HARVEST

...*TO 2000*

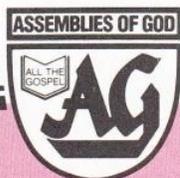
Join the harvesting!

This year's General Council in Indianapolis will be the kickoff of an intensive push unequalled in the history of the Assemblies of God. Our Royal Rangers goals:

- A 50 percent growth in membership
- To win 200,000 boys to the Lord
- Enroll an additional 20,000 leaders
- A 25 percent increase in Assemblies of God churches with Royal Rangers outposts
- A 100 percent increase in training camps for leaders
- Develop training programs for our older boys
- Conduct an International Camporama, two National Camporamas, and two National FCF Rendezvous
- Conduct summer camps for Royal Rangers boys at the National Training Center
- Emphasize evangelism in the *High Adventure* and *High Adventure Leader*
- Encourage districts to set district goals for Royal Rangers

All of us must be on the cutting edge. If we can assist you, please write:

Royal Rangers
1445 Boonville Avenue, Springfield, MO 65802





they hear a local justice of the peace intoning, "That will be \$25."

Warning signs are there for a reason. One day a driver was tearing down the highway at, or a little above, the speed limit. Suddenly he saw a *sharp-curve sign*, with a 25-mile-per-hour speed limit.

Oh, they can't be serious! he thought. So he slowed to about 40—and barely made the curve on two wheels.

Yes, he should have obeyed that speed-limit sign. It's wrong to break

First Peter 5:8 warns us to proceed with care: "Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."

"Sin not," is a stop sign contained in Ephesians 4:26.

The highway department posts its signs to protect people. We should be very grateful that they place those signs for our benefit. I think most of us would be afraid to venture out in a car if there weren't some rules for drivers.

So God posts His warning signs and other instructions for us in His Word because He loves us and wants what is best for us. He doesn't want us to suffer from the results of sin. He doesn't want us to go through life with a steering wheel (or something worse) wrapped around our necks!

When I say that, I think of all the poor unfortunates I know who are slaves to some harmful habit they began when just in their teens. I think of the physical and moral wrecks some people have become because they didn't heed *God's warning signs*.

Every human has a built-in warning system from God; it's called a "conscience." Some people ignore it so often they cease to hear it. That's a big mistake. It's there to help protect us from ourselves and from the lies of the devil.

Besides a conscience, we who are Christians also have the Holy Spirit dwelling within us. He warns us when we're about to do something wrong. If we quench His voice, it's as if we're driving blindfolded on the freeway.

The Bible says, "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip" (Hebrews 2:1).

God's warning signs have been posted for our eternal benefit. To ignore them is sheer foolishness. ■

Pay Attention To Those

WARNING SIGNS!

by Muriel Larson

When you drive, you see many varieties of road signs—stop signs, yield signs, slow signs, and sharp-curve signs. What would happen if you didn't stop at a stop sign, and a motorist with the right-of-way hit the intersection at 50 miles per hour? You might end up with a steering wheel wrapped around your neck!

Drivers often regard *stop signs* rather casually. They cruise up to the crossroad, slow a little, glance left and right, and keep moving. Some find themselves looking into the grim face of a patrolman.

Then there are those *speed-limit signs*. "It won't hurt to go a little over the limit," say some drivers. Soon

the law. And it can be downright dangerous.

The same thing goes for ignoring *God's warning system*. He has posted the Christian's way with a number of warning signs. Many of these are found in His Word. But you don't see a warning sign unless you look, do you? That's why it's important for us to read His Word. "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee," said the psalmist (Psalm 119:11).

God's Word is full of warning signs. First Thessalonians 5:22 waves a caution flag: "Abstain from all appearance of evil." The first step in the direction of sin is the most dangerous.

The GREAT TURKEY HUNT

by M.J. Titus

The year 1933 will be remembered by most people as the year of the Great Depression, but to me and my brother, it will always be the year of the *great turkey hunt*.

My brother and I were always called the Herron Twins which wasn't true at all since John was 11 months older than I. John was the quiet, studious type; and I usually got into trouble, or I should say, got us into trouble.

I don't really think I should have to take all the blame for the turkey hunt. A lot of the blame goes to our teacher, Miss Alexander; and a little of the blame goes to Pokey Morn, our pony.

We named him that because he had to be prodded every step of the way going to school each morning; but he set records getting us home every

afternoon. Since I was the youngest, I rode in the saddle with John sitting behind. In the afternoons, when Pokey needed a firm hand we exchanged positions, and I hung on for "dear life." During the school day, Pokey would graze in the fenced school pasture with several other horses.

We attended Willard School. I think it was called Willard School because Mrs. Willard died and left the school board enough money for a new coat of paint and a new out-house. Anyway, it was a fairly modern school with two rooms: one room for first, second, and third graders; and another room for fourth, fifth, and sixth graders. John and I were both in Miss Alexander's room. I sat in the fifth-grade row and John in the sixth.

It all started Thursday morning, a

week before Thanksgiving. As usual, John and I were riding the 4 miles from our farm home to school. On this particular morning, we arrived early for school. John dismounted, taking his metal lunch pail, while I showed Pokey to all my friends. Jackie Isler said he didn't think I could do a back flip off Pokey's back, so I showed him. The only problem was, as I hit the ground Pokey started home at a fast trot with my lunch pail still attached to the saddle string, banging him in the side. It wasn't the first time John and I had to walk home from school, but it was the first time I lost my lunch pail. Just then Miss Alexander rang the bell for us to line up.

When lunchtime came, John reluctantly shared his cold potato sandwich and his jelly sandwich with me but wouldn't give me any of his sugar cookies.

About the middle of the afternoon, Miss Alexander assigned us an essay on "What Thanksgiving Means to You." I was so hungry all I could think about was food, so my essay was all about the wonderful Thanksgiving dinner that we would be having. There would be turkey with dressing, mashed potatoes, lima beans, apple salad, cranberry sauce, and fresh-baked pumpkin pie. I really outdid myself with descriptions. I even described Mom's best tablecloth and dishes that we would be using. The essay had to be 300 words!

The entire walk home, I kept talking about food. John didn't say a word. I don't know if he was mad at me for letting Pokey get away or if he was just weak from not having a full lunch.

That night at the supper table I asked dad when we were going to get our turkey for Thanksgiving. I couldn't believe my ears when he said he was trading our neighbor, Mr. Martin, some of our canned pork for a couple of biddy hens. It seems that with the depression we couldn't afford a turkey this year. I was really disappointed since I had my mouth all primed for turkey a whole week ahead of time.

As it turned out, that wasn't the worst of it. The next day at school, Miss Alexander announced to the class that she had accepted an invitation to eat Thanksgiving dinner with the Herrons since it would be too far to go to her parents' home dur-





ing such a short vacation. Having read my essay, she told the entire class how lucky she was to get such an invitation, and that she would be in for a gastronomical treat. I wanted to slide through the knothole in the floor under my desk.

While going home, I tried to think of a way to save face when Miss Alexander would arrive next Thursday and be served two tough, old hens instead of the huge roasted turkey I had promised.

That evening, as John and I walked out into the pasture to get the family milk cow, John quietly mentioned that he had seen some wild turkeys. They had been drinking water from the nearly dry creek which runs across the far corner of our pasture. That was all I needed to hear to get my mind whirling with excitement. While John went after the milk, I went after the turkey.

Little Sugar Creek had run across the pasture for so many years it had cut a 12-foot deep gorge. I followed the creek until I found turkey tracks around a little water pool. My heart pounded. My reputation could be saved if only I could find a way to capture a big wild gobbler.

After the milking was finished, John joined me at the spot to make plans. We had the weekend and 3

days of the next week to produce a presentable Thanksgiving dinner.

We climbed the high bank, above the spot where the turkeys had obviously stopped to drink from the cool creek before going into the neighbor's woods to roost for the night. We lay on our stomachs in the tall grass peeking over the side, hardly breathing, waiting for the turkeys to appear. Just as the sun was setting, we saw a huge-black granddaddy gobbler strutting down the creek bed. He was followed by 2 hens and about 35 youngsters. They didn't even look around but marched to the drinking pool, bobbed their heads up and down in the water, and paraded single file into the woods.

I didn't sleep a wink that Friday night. I had to create a plan to get that gobbler. I was quite good with a rope. Perhaps I could lasso him. Maybe I could borrow a rabbit trap and catch him. If only I had a rifle. Surely I could lie on the bank and shoot him when he came for his evening drink. Yet, that wouldn't do. Our mother wouldn't allow any of us to handle a gun ever since she had heard about some boy that had shot off his big toe while rabbit hunting last winter.

While I was losing sleep dreaming up wild ideas, John had already made

his plans. Right after breakfast, he announced that we had to start training that big gobbler.

We each got a pocketful of shelled corn that had fallen from between the slats in the corncrib and walked down to the creek. We sprinkled the corn along the sandy edge of the water hole. At evening after hurriedly finishing our chores, we lay on the cliff and watched the turkeys. They enjoyed pecking the corn and did not hurry off as quickly as they had on Friday night.

Then Sunday morning, we dug a small cave in the side of the cliff nearby the water hole and sprinkled corn about. In the afternoon, we brought dad's corn knife and a ball of binder twine. We gathered branches and formed a leafy, grid-like gate using the twine to hold it in place.

Sunday night, we again watched the big gobbler rush ahead of the hens to get the larger share of the corn. He was getting closer and closer to our cave, but our time was running short.

As soon as we got home from school Monday afternoon, we hurried to make the cave larger and to see if the gate was large enough. Again we spread corn, only this time we put

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FRONTIER RANGERS

by Stan Sinclair

When the French Explorers, or *voyageurs*, first entered the present-day states of Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, they used rivers as their highways. The American-colonial frontiersmen also used the rivers, but an overland route was needed from south-central Indiana to the outpost on the Wabash at Vincennes.

This route was created by vast herds of buffalo in their annual migration from the prairies of Illinois to the lush bluegrass and cane lands of Kentucky and Tennessee. The frontiersmen, as had the Indians before them, used the Buffalo Trace as a major east-west highway across the new lands.

The most widely traveled portion of the Buffalo Trace began at the great falls of the Ohio River between Louisville, Kentucky, and Clarksville, Indiana. It continued through Jeffersonville; New Albany; French Lick; to the ford in Vincennes, Indiana; the site of Fort Sackville; and the present-day George Rogers Clark Memorial. The trace was packed hard by buffalo hoofs and passed near salt licks, fresh-water streams, and through otherwise impassible cane fields and forestlands. The trail was said to be "the width of two wagons or more."

Many famous people traveled the Buffalo Trace. Included were Daniel Boone, General William Henry Harrison, General John Tipton, Colonel Aaron Burr, Colonel Francis Vigo,

Captain Toussaint Dubois, Editor Elihu Stout, and Abraham Lincoln.

At various times, the Buffalo Trace was called the Vincennes Trace, the Clarksville Trace, the Old Indian Trail, the Trail to the Falls, the Governors Trace, and the Buffalo Trail. Today, Highway No. 150 follows portions of the Buffalo Trace, and the George Rogers Clark Memorial Bridge marks the Wabash River ford.

At Vincennes, was an important French fort from 1731-36, when it was surrendered along with the Old Northwest to the British. In February 1779, George Rogers Clark took Fort Sackville, the territory, and the Buffalo Trace from the British. In 1787, the Northwest Territory was established by the new United States Government. Indian terrorism increased until General William Henry Harrison fought the Battle of Fallen Timbers, and the Greenville Treaty established an uneasy truce. In 1802, Governor Harrison negotiated for a series of inns to be built about every 25 to 30 miles along the trace. He also negotiated a series of treaties with the Indians for the land around the trace. However, the Indians again ambushed, robbed, and terrorized—leading to the War of 1812.

In 1812, Governor Harrison appointed a force of Frontier Rangers to protect travelers on the Buffalo Trace. These men were chosen for their abil-

ity as woodsmen and served as early highway patrols long before the invention of the automobile. They established ranger camps along the trace as bases for their patrols. The locations of the Ranger camps are shown on historical maps.

Governor Harrison established three ranger commands along the trace: Vincennes to French Lick, Indiana; French Lick to the falls; and from the falls to Lawrenceburg, Kentucky. There were 150 rangers in the Indiana commands.

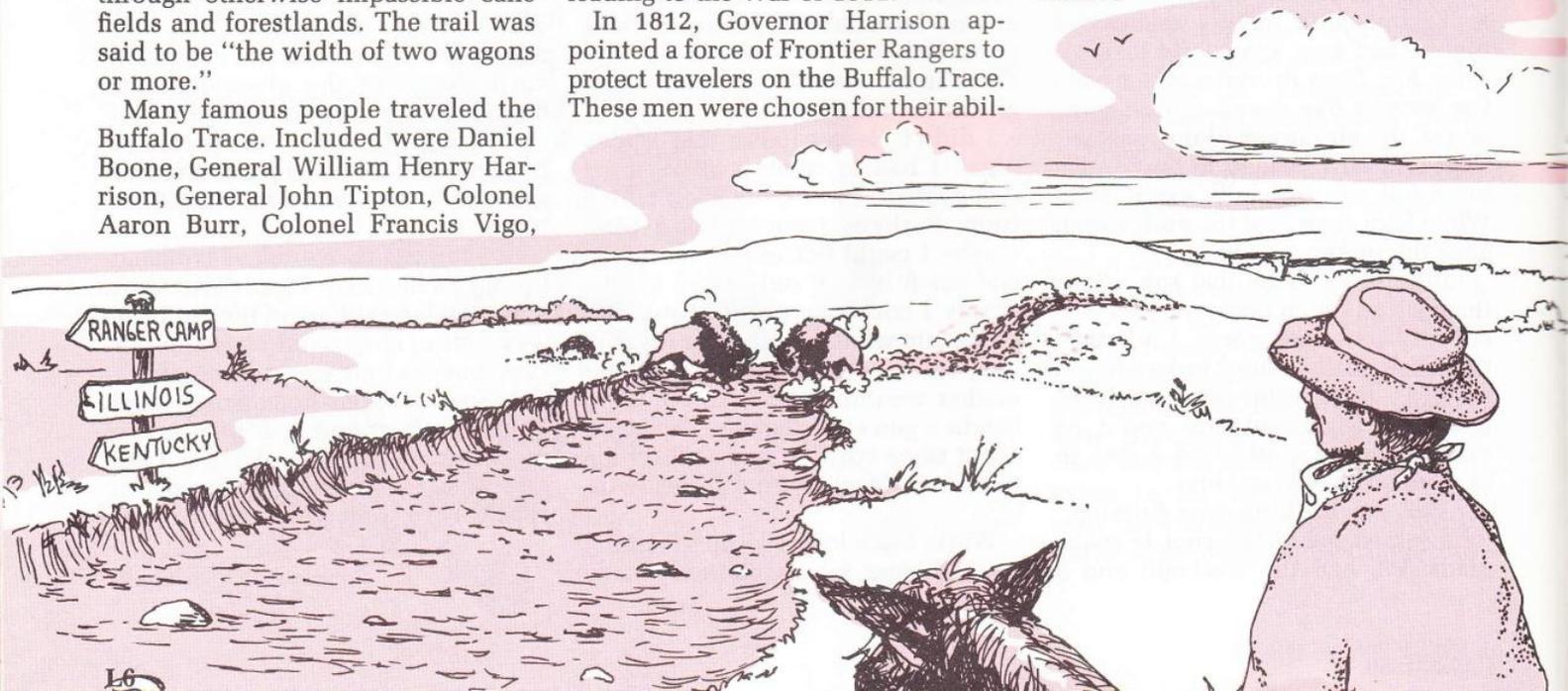
Certain groups within the Royal Rangers ministry have names similar to the patrols of the Buffalo Trace.

Trail Rangers are young men 15 to 17 years old. Many Trail Rangers also serve as junior commanders. They are not involved with patrolling the highways, but they do serve others in many ways, including trail improvements and other special projects.

The Frontiersman Camping Fraternity is an honor society of both men and older boys who have distinguished themselves in advancement, training, and camping. Frontiersmen practice the early frontier skills, assemble frontier uniforms, and work together learning valuable crafts to promote the Royal Rangers ministry.

Today there are many Royal Rangers outposts in Indiana, the home of the Indian and the Buffalo Trace. There are many Royal Rangers attending outposts in the Old Northwest Territory, plus numbers of other young Rangers across the United States and around the world.

As they follow in the trails of those early rangers, they too, grow and serve God, their church, and their fellowman. ■





A Miracle Is Performed

by Gene Crawford

It was Wednesday night, January 11, 1989, and the Royal Rangers gathered as they had for the past 9 years at First Assembly, West Helena, Arkansas. Yet, this was to be no ordinary Royal Rangers meeting. The Lord was to perform this night the miracle of salvation for some Royal Rangers.

The weather was bad, and I was expecting low attendance. Yet the neighborhood boys and our church boys soon began filtering into the room. At starting time, we had about 10 boys in the Pioneers.

Our session began as always with the normal greetings and opening exercises.

As our meeting progressed, I could sense that the Lord was dealing with at least one of the boys. I went around the table where the boys were seated and assigned work necessary for their advancements.

As I worked with Brad, explaining to him the baptism in the Holy Spirit, other boys working their assignments zeroed in on our conversation. Next I worked with Jason. I was teaching him how to lead a person to Christ by using the "Roman Road" method. Meanwhile, the Holy Spirit was preparing us for the miracle of salvation.

A young neighborhood boy, Kenneth, who has been coming to Royal Rangers for the past 6 months, looked at me as I was explaining the plan of salvation and said, "I want to be saved in the big church."

I said, "Kenneth, you can be saved right here in class!" Kenneth agreed. I gathered all the boys around him, and we prayed. He received Christ into his life.

Kenneth's brother, Robert, said that he wanted to receive Christ, also. Another Royal Ranger, Chip, said he had never experienced salvation and wanted to be saved. Again the Pioneers prayed, laying their hands on these two boys. Both were converted.

Overjoyed, I left to ask our new pastor, Donnie Sherrell, who was praying at the time, to come and talk with the boys. He shared with them his happiness and their need to follow Christ's example in water baptism.

I have been teaching Royal Rangers for 7 years and have taught the "Roman Road" to almost 100 boys; yet nothing like this had ever happened. Seven years of prayer for Royal Rangers boys and teaching the plan of salvation, culminated in God's greatest gift—the miracle of salvation.

God works when He is ready, not when we want. Thank You, Lord, for these miracles of salvation in West Helena.

* * *

January 29, 1989, Kenneth and Robert Garrison, were baptized at First Assembly, West Helena, Arkansas.

Gene Crawford is the Sectional Commander for Section 8 in Arkansas.

The Plan of Salvation

Paul H. Shene, Jr.

Our Senior Commander Dale Brown, has long advocated LTC, and the Greater Portland Assembly of God

(John Hawthorne, Jr., pastor) has had many commanders complete the training.

My wife, son, and I have diligently tried to assimilate all the information that Paul Ahrens, Dwight McArthur, Bob Killin, Tom King, and Harold Harms have dished out, and that's considerable!

In mid-November, Harold Harms gave each LTC candidate a Royal Rangers New Testament and had us mark the plan-of-salvation Scripture passages. We were then encouraged to practice on each other. I became excited about this exercise because I really didn't have a Scripture plan to lead someone to Christ.

The following Sunday, as a substitute teacher, I taught the wild-and-woolly Junior Class. For 2 weeks I taught "The Plan of Salvation." The Holy Spirit prompted 34 boys to accept Jesus and many of these either were baptized, joined Royal Rangers, or both.

Rocky Ray Robison was one of those saved. His testimony created a domino effect in his family. Rocky's family, seeing the change Christ made in his life, were stunned when Rocky, a fourth grader, received his first A in school. His normal grades were Cs and Ds.

Late one Saturday night, my wife received a phone call from Rocky's mother who asked if he could be baptized. Not only that, but then she asked if the entire family could be baptized. At this point, I went to the phone with my Royal Rangers New Testament in hand. Paula went to the bedroom to pray.

Due to the bad weather, I couldn't go to their home; yet I feared that a golden opportunity for Christ's work would slip through my fingers. After I explained the plan of salvation to

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The Eagle and the Dove

by Herman R. Dean

My real search for God began in 1974. I had been a Catholic for 52 years. One evening our priest came by for us to sign a tithe pledge. Since he was available, I asked him if I could partake of communion without going to confession. He said, "No!"

I told him that I would not be going to his church any longer, that I didn't believe in asking a mortal to forgive my sins; and furthermore, that I wouldn't be signing his pledge.

After leaving the church, I knew

The only problem was that I sought to converse with the departed spirits of great Indian chiefs and continued the practice of witchcraft. I was looking for answers I could not find and was burdened with social problems with no solutions.

I wanted to know why minorities as well as the Indians were persecuted so unfairly and unjustly. I could not understand why modern civilized man was destroying the earth.

For 4 years I talked with Wakan Tanka, the Great Spirit. I communi-

Then God spoke to me the words of my testimony and gave me the vision to portray my experience.

that I still needed to find God, so I set out to find Him on my own. I did not understand the plan of salvation. I knew only what I had learned through confirmation rituals, and what little I could find reading the mass book on Sundays.

I am about ¾ Comanche from the Quahadi-Comanche Tribe. (Quannah Parker was their last war chief.) I had spent most of 17 years studying the old Indian ways—the ways before the white man came. I knew the crafts, the rituals and ceremonies, old-way-survival skills, animal hunting, and hide tanning. In reality, I was looking for the Great Spirit and needed a place where I could go to meet Him.

I prayed to the Great Spirit, "Give me a place on a high plateau with a private entrance, a running creek and 70-foot trees all around. I will pitch my tepee, fast and pray, and give offering to you." I wanted to know who I was, why I was on the earth, and what my life's mission was.

Well the Great Spirit answered my prayer and gave me the exact place I asked for.

cated with him using my sacred drum, my eagle-wing fan, my eagle claws, my medicine pipe, my traditional chants, and my fire-smoke dances.

My methods of communicating with the Great Spirit were taught to me by an Indian princess from Nevada who I shall call Bird Woman.

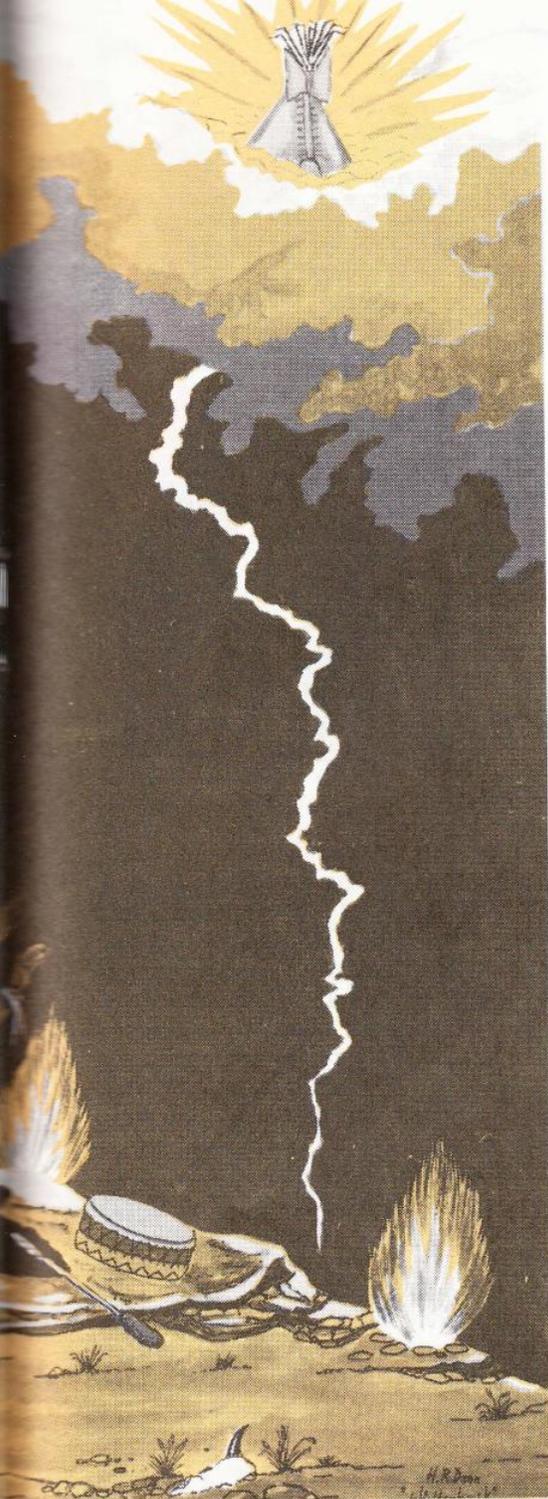
Bird Woman said that she was sent by *spirit* all the way from Nevada just to meet me. I was to become an important part of her organization—an international American-Indian development organization. I swallowed this hook, line, and sinker. The truth was, she did come as a *spirit*, but this spirit was the "angel of darkness"—the enemy, Satan. I accepted this because I was deep into "witchcraft, ghost hunting, out-of-body experiences," and "magic." I had already allowed 33 of Satan's angels to control my life, all the time thinking that they were truly God's angels. They had done so many good things for me.

I was soon given the title "vice president of American Indian Activ-



ities" in Bird Woman's organization, working with 12 major tribes in the United States. I was responsible for the design, development, and operation of five native Indian centers to be built in five states. They were to accommodate internationals who wanted to live as Indians for 3 weeks, or in other words, *Fantasy Island, Indian style*.

I was so busy I could hardly keep up with the pace. Satan will expedite the activities he's concerned with. But where was God all this time? He was



Art by Herman R. Dean

my son's pastor. I asked him if I were communicating with God. After searching the Bible together, I was convinced that I was not talking to God. Then who was I talking to? The pastor showed me that if I wasn't talking to God, then I must be talking to Satan and his angels. I felt like a fool that I had been deceived. Those 33 angels were really demons of Satan.

A few days later I went to an Assemblies of God church with my children and accepted the Lord as my personal Savior. At that very instant, I saw myself move from a stooped position—with the whole world weighting me down, to an upright-standing position—with all the load gone.

I was free from the worries of the past. I had thought that I could find a way to solve the hurts of the past and change the world for good. But I was only striving after the wind.

Then God spoke to me the words of my testimony and gave me the vision (as painted) to portray my experience.

It was extremely difficult leaving all the mystical knowledge and traditions behind that I had learned over the past years. After I had given it all to God, I said, "Well, Lord, what shall I do now?"

At present, I am a senior commander in the Royal Rangers ministry. I enjoy the Rangers outdoors theme and FCF which emphasizes the frontiersman spirit, wilderness survival, and even Indian lore. So you see, God pruned off the bad things but kept the good, and He is using me in a mighty way through the talents and gifts He gave me. Now I use my abilities to reach, to teach, and to keep boys (and men) for Christ.

When I think of who I was and where the Lord has brought me today, I can only give thanks to God for His mercy, His grace, and His loving-kindness that He has shown me.

Once, I boasted about being a Comanche Indian and an offspring from Quannah Parker's tribe. Now I can surely boast that I am a born-again Christian—an offspring of Israel—grafted in by the blood of Jesus. Jesus is my war chief who now fights all my battles and hands me the victory. And yes, He has taken away the eagle and in its place given me the dove—His Holy Spirit.

Tepee in the Sky

*Not many moons ago as I prayed to
the Great Spirit in the sky,
I sought council with spirit chiefs
to answer my heart's cry.
With the owl on my shoulder and a
vision of a buffalo skull,
My mind wandered to enchanted
places, my senses grew dull.
I would dream of a golden tepee in
the happy hunting grounds,
Singing chants with my sacred
drum in old traditional sounds.*

*The Deer Woman, there with a
subtle smile on her face,
Enticed me off my path to a dark
and evil place;
And there I dwelt; I heard a voice—
four winters past.
"Stop!" Christ thundered, "you're
sinking fast!"
"Hold on to me, don't you hear?
I'll set your feet on solid ground;
I'll lift you clear."*

*I knew then my past was all in
vain. None of it made sense, just
confusion and sin.
So I answered that voice
thundering from above,
And He took away the eagle, and
gave me the dove.
I then realized who this had to be,
You see, He was there all the time,
His voice calling me.*

*He's made me a promise, I know
will soon come true,
And He told me, "Go tell all the
world, and especially you,
That He's gone to prepare that
golden tepee of dreams gone by,
Just for you and me in His kingdom
in the sky."*

—"WINTERHAWK"

right there, but I couldn't see Him. I didn't want to; things were going good.

Well, events did turn for the worse. Earl Old Person, who was the traditional chief of the Blackfoot Nation, became ill. Dallas Chief Eagle, the traditional chief of the Teton Sioux, and my close friend, died. I also began to lose confidence in the methods we used to communicate with the Great Spirit.

Praying for me were my Christian son and daughter. I finally met with



ALL TOGETHER NOW!

by Muriel Larson

Did you ever hear of a kitten and a rat living in the same cage, together? Well, scientists will try many things in order to learn more about human behavior. A Chinese biologist placed a 3-week-old kitten in the same compartment with a young white rat to find out whether these animals could learn to cooperate.

After the kitten and rat became accustomed to living and eating together, a screen was placed between them and their food. The only way they could obtain their food was if they both pressed levers at the same time.

The cat started playing with the rat's tail, and in the scamper, both levers were accidentally tripped. The screen slid up, and there was their dinner. But the next time the cat got hungry, he discovered that playing with the rat's tail didn't work. Before long, however, whenever the rat saw the cat's paw on his lever, he ran to the other lever and pressed it. Thus, they learned to cooperate in order to get their food.

Cooperation between birds and animals of the same species has long been observed by naturalists and others. Parent birds work together to feed

and to protect their fledglings. Monkeys at the zoo can often be seen grooming one another, removing the small lice that cause so much discomfort. Army ants roll themselves into a ball in order to float across a river. Bees work together for the benefit of their colony, each bee having its particular job.

The same is true in the world of men. Whenever communities and civilizations have developed in various parts of the world, they have done so because people cooperated together. Some people grew food; some cared for the children; some hunted and fished for meat; and some manufactured the clothing, pottery, and other items that were needed in daily living. The people that learned best to cooperate together were the

ones who advanced the most.

So it is in the family. It is said, "The family that prays together, stays together." But also, the family that works together harmoniously is much happier, as well as much more pleasing to God, than a family that doesn't cooperate. Family members who appreciate what each other contributes to the good of the family will respond by wanting to do their share.

The Bible says, "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another" (Romans 12:10). If we seek God's help in developing this attitude toward the other members in our families, then our lives will enrich theirs and will radiate Christ's love and humility. ■

A QUICK and EASY ENERGY SNACK

by Francis X. Sculley

It took a super amount of man power to defeat the combined military colossus during World War II. Even with 14 million men under arms, it was necessary to find something that would arouse them to a fighting pitch each and every day. This was accomplished in the form of the powdered egg—that sulphur-

colored substance that could be converted into any one of a dozen different *delicious* dishes (said the TM's) with the mere addition of water and a touch of GI ingenuity. The medicinal odor mingled with grayish-green pallor of a mess kit, filled with this version of barnyard fruit, would convert any "4-F" outfit into a bunch of commandos.

If this failed, there was always that quick-energy snack known as the *Articles of War*, the reading of which would cause the complexion to lighten by several shades. The firing squad, Leavenworth, the enemy, or powdered eggs, the GI had but two chances: slim and none.

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HOMES FOR WILDLIFE

by Tom and Joanne O'Toole

When housing isn't available in one place, people have to look elsewhere to live. It's the same with small animals. If they can't find shelter for themselves and their families, they move away.

However, with a little imagination and some effort, wildlife can be attracted to housing you create for them. And they will probably take up residence.

As the woodlands are destroyed and reduced, and the land is cleared for developments, housing, and farming, the wildlife population is being deprived of its natural shelters. The loss of the natural habitat goes hand in hand with the loss of wildlife.

There are some people who live on multi-acre tracts of land with running streams, with stands of trees, and possibly with more small animals than they ever wanted. Others aren't

as fortunate, and in these cases, artificial shelters can keep wildlife in the area; and the animals can be enticed to set up housekeeping.

Burrows

For ground dwellers, you can easily make an artificial home. Just remember, skunks are ground dwellers, too, so there is no assurance you will always have those cute, little bunnies for residents.

To build your burrow, find a nice sheltered area. Select a spot at the edge of the woods, along the fence, or somewhere else that the wildlife won't feel threatened. Then dig a hole about 18 inches square, and 12 inches deep. Use hardwood for the four sidewalls but leave the floor natural. The removable roof (top) should fit snugly into place at ground level. The top can be covered with twigs and brush to give a natural appearance.

The entranceways for the animals

should be clay tiles angled from opposite bottoms of the burrow to the surface. For a snug fit, semicircles should be cut at the bottom of the box where the tiles will enter. It's best to have at least two entranceways.

Make sure you place these artificial burrows in a well-drained area, and near good cover.

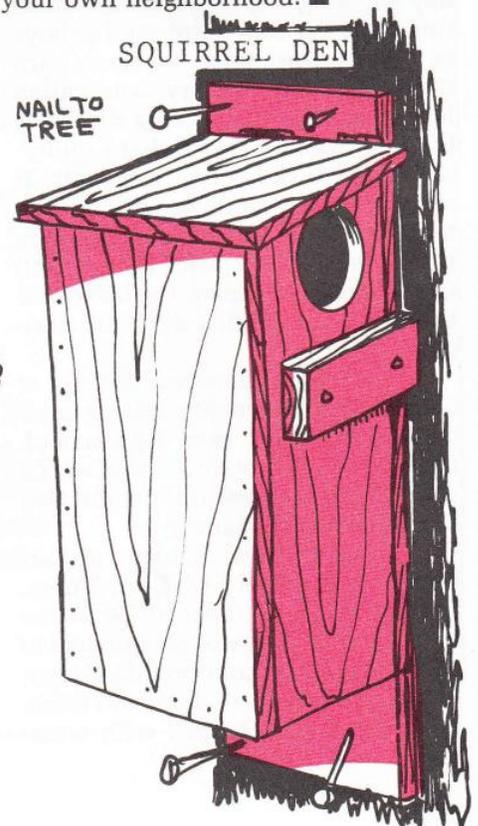
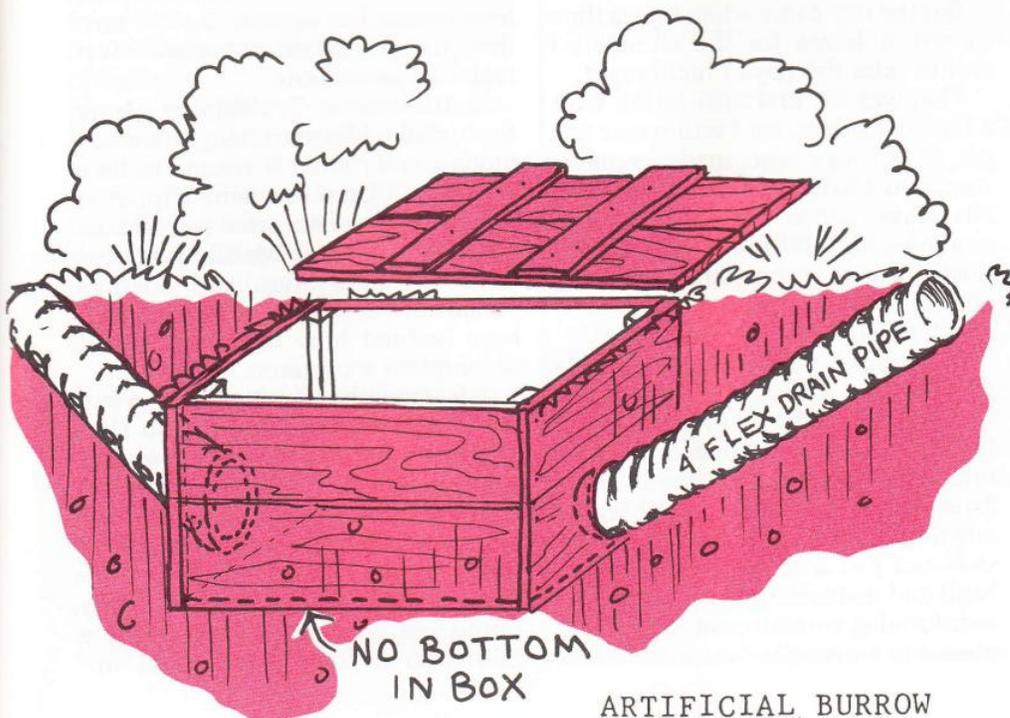
It is important you do *not* apply paint, a protective coating, creosote, or other substance to the wood. Leave it natural, and the drabber, the better. The whole purpose is for it to blend into the surroundings.

Nests and Dens

Squirrels enjoy living in artificial dens.

Your dens can take endless shapes and sizes, and be built out of hollow logs, nail kegs, and old tires. Perhaps the easiest, is to build your own rectangular box, about 8 inches square, and 16 inches high. The top should be slanted so that rainwater will run off, and it should be hinged for annual cleaning. A 3- to 4-inch-diameter entrance should be at the top of the box (near the tree trunk), and an extra piece of wood just below the opening, will act as a step or ledge.

Presto! An instant home for the squirrels, and no mortgage. Once you've got the concept, you'll probably build two or three just to create your own neighborhood. ■





BUILDING MEMORIES

by David B. North

It has been 10 years since that Sunday morning when the pastor made this plea: "A new ministry for boys is beginning and workers are needed." The ministry was called Royal Rangers—something similar to the Boy Scouts—from what I understood. From those first moments, it struck me as something with the potential of being very special. Looking back, I recall the clarity with which God spoke to my heart. I *enlisted* and became a part of this dynamic ministry.

At 17, I was a first-year student at Oral Roberts University, having graduated a year early from high school. I had big plans, not the least of which was to become a medical doctor. God had even bigger plans!

We started Royal Rangers at Carbondale Assembly of God, Tulsa, Oklahoma, in October 1979. I was quite "green," but was encouraged to work where I felt comfortable. At first I taught a Bible study here and there, a few devotions, helped with recre-

ation, or any number of other things. I felt better prepared as a leader after completing the *Leadership Training Course*.

But the day came when it was time to return home for the summer. I would miss the boys I had taught.

That was my first association with a Rangers group; yet I will never forget those boys who made commitments to Christ and began to learn His ways. Since that time, I have worked with three other Rangers outposts. Those experiences, having changed my life, cannot be expressed in a few pages.

I remember a boy from the streets of Columbus, Ohio, who came to our outpost. Although still in trouble with the law, he seemed enthusiastic about his new Royal Rangers friends. One Tuesday night in the Trailblazers meeting, Bruce gave his life to Jesus—not just a quick raising of the hand and insincere prayer—but a life-transforming commitment. Bruce was placed in a juvenile detention center

that same week. I was never allowed to visit him but was able to have the *Royal Rangers Bible Study* courses delivered to him. I returned to college before his release, but I know that his conversion experience was real and permanent.

Matthew, a Trailblazer from Springfield, Missouri, taught me volumes about "what it means to be a Christian." On a canoeing trip, after a flash flood had occurred just 3 hours upstream from us, Matthew helped build the motivation and positive outlook of the other boys. Those seven boys learned how teamwork could accomplish a common goal.

A few months later, that same group went on a backpacking trip to Hercules Glades Wilderness area, located in southern Missouri. The entire campout was geared toward building unity within the group (body ministry). In a mock-disaster situation, the boys came through! They found me lying at the bottom of a cliff, from the top of which I had sup-

posedly fallen, and was now unconscious and bleeding. Immediately they prayed and asked for God to help them save my life. Had I really been hurt, my life would have been saved by five boys who had learned the meaning of teamwork.

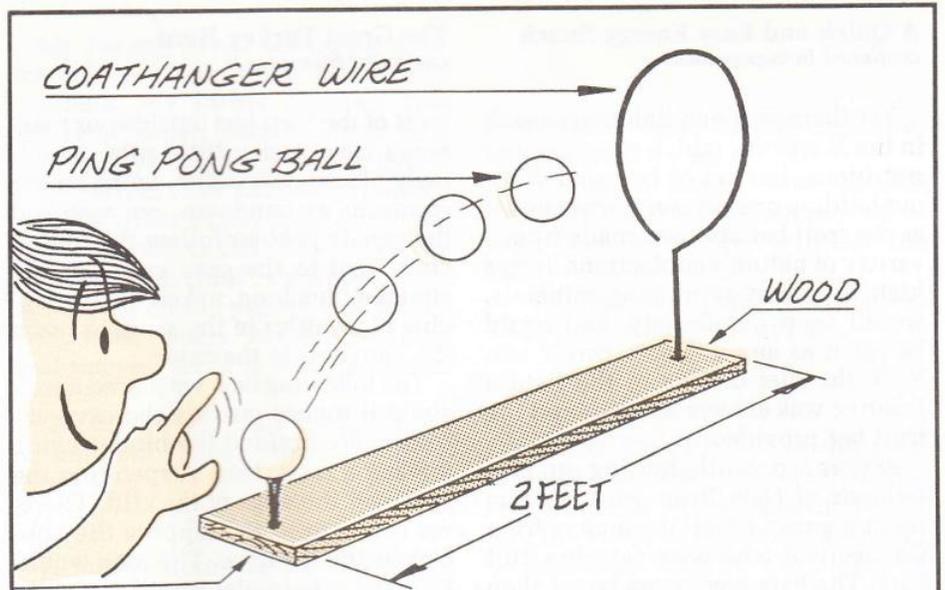
As we were hiking out of the Glades, one of the boys decided he just couldn't carry his pack any longer. I carried it for about 20 minutes when Matthew said, "Here, let me carry that!" Then, before long, another boy relieved Matthew. That night we had a communion service around the campfire. As we served each other, the presence of God became so real. These memories will never be forgotten.

In 1984, I accompanied eight of my FCF Rangers to the National Rendezvous in Hungry Horse, Montana. The boys in our van began to sing: "Listen to the Lord as He speaks softly. Listen to the words of a perfect man. Listen to the miracle God incarnate. Listen even when you don't understand." What incredible sensitivity and understanding from the hearts of boys who had learned the importance of unity in very practical ways through their many experiences in Royal Rangers.

It seems I have spent much time talking about the importance of unity. Come to think of it, that's really the essence of what I have to say.

Memories your boys will treasure most from Royal Rangers, will not be the things they *did*, as much as the friendships they *made*. Those will be the times their commander stopped long enough to listen or to pray with them. Those will be the experiences of feeling God's presence with others having common interests and concerns. Activities are wonderful opportunities for building relationships. The activities, in and of themselves, however, are only things that we *do*. Friendships involve who we *are*. And that, in the context of Christianity, is an eternal proposition.

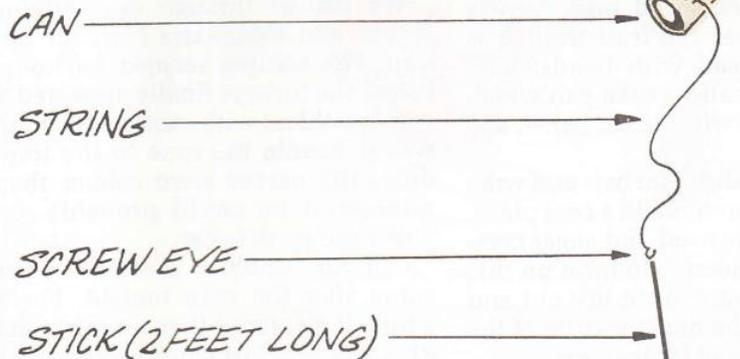
Royal Rangers provides unique opportunities for the building of lasting friendships—everlasting for that matter—with others of like faith and with almighty God. When we view this as the most important thing we're doing, then we truly enter into the realm of ministry through *building memories that last—for eternity!*



PLAY FINGER FLIP GOLF

TEE UP THE BALL AND FLIP THE FINGER SO THE BALL IS SHOT FORWARD TOWARDS THE HOOP. THE PLAYER WHO SCORES THE HIGHEST NUMBER OF 'THROUGH THE HOOP' SHOTS AFTER FINGER FLIPPING THE BALL 20 TIMES WINS THE GAME. REPLAY ALL TIES.

PLAY HOOK the CAN



SWING THE CAN UPWARD AND TRY TO GET IT TO LAND ON THE STICK. THE PLAYER WITH THE MOST CAN HOOKS AFTER 20 SWINGS WINS THE GAME.

A Quick and Easy Energy Snack

continued from page 10

Yet there was one delicious snack in the K rations, which not only was nutritious, but could be eaten without holding one's nose. It was known as the fruit bar and was made from a variety of nature's confections. It was high in energy-producing minerals, would keep indefinitely, and could be eaten as any ordinary candy bar. With the diet of GI's in the field a laxative was always needed, and the fruit bar provided it.

A year ago, while touring the hinterlands of New Brunswick, I came upon a group of fellow anglers from Connecticut who were carrying fruit bars. The bars were even better than the GI brand—no line was necessary to get it—and they were homemade. I was told that they were often carried in the creel or pack, and a few of them would keep one alive for days while the entire county was searching for him.

Here is the recipe:

- 1 box of seeded raisins
- 1 box of pitted prunes
- 1 package of figs
- 1 cup of dried apricots
- ½ cup of chopped lemon peel
- 1 cup or more of sweet cider

The raisins, prunes, and figs should be ground coarsely. Add them to a large bowl, and then add coarsely chopped apricots and peel. Slowly pour cider over the fruit until it is workable. Knead with hands; then press into a shallow cake pan which has been lined with waxed paper, and refrigerate.

When firm, slice into bars and wrap in waxed paper. Store in a cool place.

Dates may be used, but sugar crystals have a tendency to form on this fruit which causes it to dry out and be tasteless. The moist texture of the fruit bar is one of its features.

When you take to the woods at the opening of deer season or embark on a hike, several of these can be carried in a coat pocket with ease. Even if frozen solidly, they are still palatable, providing you haven't forgotten your dentures.

If you're an ex-dogface, as soon as you eat one of these, you'll want to reach for those OD's again. They're delicious!

The Great Turkey Hunt

continued from page 5

most of the corn just outside our man-made cave and a little pile, temptingly placed, just inside. Lying on our stomachs at sundown, we watched the greedy gobbler follow the trail of corn right to the cave entrance. He stretched his long, naked neck, dragging his wattles in the sand, to reach the corn inside the cave.

The following day, we placed a rock about 6 inches outside the cave entrance. We braided the binder twine making a rope, thus suspending the gate over the edge of the cliff. There, we could drop it, trapping the gobbler inside the cave. The rock would keep the gate in place until we could get down the cliff. Again we salted corn at the entrance and deep inside the cave trusting the gobbler would not notice our preparations.

Tomorrow would be the day. We would have only once chance to catch him. If we missed, we could never fool him again. Either we would have turkey or humiliation for Thanksgiving dinner.

I couldn't sleep Thursday night, and the next day at school was terrible. Miss Alexander caught me daydreaming, so I had to stay after school and clean erasers. I couldn't believe my bad luck and neither could John. He just glared at me while Pokey pranced and I cleaned the erasers the fastest, ever.

We rushed through our milking chores and took extra corn for our trap. The waiting seemed for hours before the turkeys finally appeared. I was breathless with excitement. John would handle the rope to the trapdoor. His nerves were calmer than mine, and he could probably get down the bank faster.

Old Mr. Gobbler seemed slower going after the corn tonight. For a while, it appeared that we might get a hen instead. Just when I was getting used to the idea that a hen turkey would be better than no turkey, the old gobbler pushed past the hen and went for the food, way in the back of the cave.

Wham! Down went the trapdoor. I threw myself down the bank, falling and rolling to the creek bed. Turkeys were flying everywhere. I forced all my weight against our makeshift gate as the big gobbler slammed against the other side. The air was so full of

sandy dust from the beating of wings, I could hardly see.

Soon John was at my side. We were excited with our prize catch but still afraid that he would escape. The turkey was putting up a strong-heroic fight. We had him, but he had us. We couldn't move for fear he would force the gate open.

It was a good thing John had planned ahead. I hadn't given any thought as to how we would get the turkey home, once captured. But John had a braided binder-twine noose tied around his wrist which he eventually got around one of the turkey's scaled legs. It wasn't easy since the big bird was sporting 2-inch spurs and was using them with all his might. We eventually got both legs tied together and stuck a carrying stick between them.

It should have been a simple matter, to march proudly home with our Thanksgiving prize suspended upside down between us. Such was not the case. We were both flogged, pecked, and scratched.

John and I were the two proudest kids imaginable when we served Miss Alexander the toughest Thanksgiving dinner any of us had ever eaten. I am sure she has never forgotten it, nor will we ever forget the great turkey hunt of 1933. ■

Sound the Trumpet

continued from page 7

Tama and her husband, Mike, both were saved.

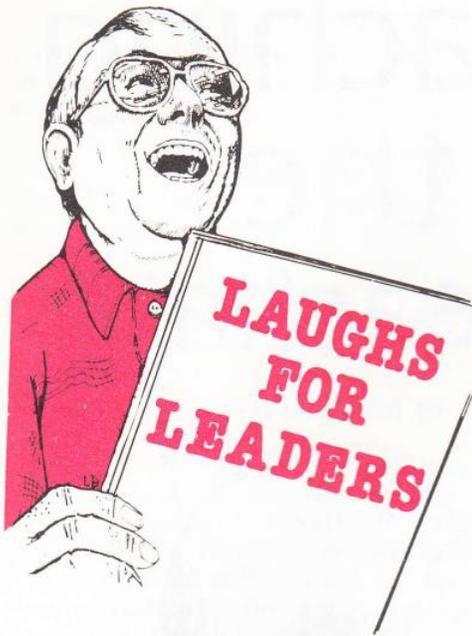
On November 20, 1988, Rocky, his parents, his grandmother, and two of his uncles, having accepted Christ, were baptized. Virginia Pulos, Rocky's grandmother, having come to the service in a wheelchair, ascended the stairs to the baptistery with the use of her cane and the help of her son.

Following the praise service, Mrs. Pulos asked if the elders of the church would pray for her, anointing her with oil.

She walked from the sanctuary to her car unaided by any means. Mrs. Pulos asked only if it would last.

I can witness that thus far, it has.

Paul H. Shene, Jr. is a commander at Greater Portland Assembly of God, Outpost 21, Portland, Oregon.



Designer labels have gone crazy. I went into a pet shop a few days ago, and saw two dog sweaters with labels on them reading, Pierre Cardog, and Goochie Poochie.

* * *

My parents loved scrapping. During one of their more memorable combats, my father grabbed two sheets of paper, handed Mom one, and said, "Let's write down everything we don't like about each other."

Mom wrote busily while Dad sat and glowered at her. Whenever she would stop to think, he would write something on his paper. At last they exchanged papers. My mother grew beet-red and said, "I want my paper back!"

On his sheet, Dad had written nothing but "I love you, I love you, I love you."

* * *

A tourist from Florida was shopping in a California grocery store. Loving to tease, he picked up a honeydew melon and asked the clerk, "Is this the largest watermelon you can grow in California?"

Without batting an eyelash, the clerk replied, "If you don't mind, we'd rather you didn't handle the grapes."

Martha J. Beckman
Granada Hills, CA

A middle-aged couple were sunning themselves on the beach.

"You know Harry," said the wife dreamily, "this is the first time we've ever been anywhere without the kids."

"Yes, Mary, but I kind of miss them. Throw some sand in my face."

* * *

A father took his young son on a camping weekend just to show him how to rough it. Cupping his hands into the water in a mountain stream, he explained what he was doing.

"You're not going to drink that, are you?" said the wide-eyed boy.

"Of course," said the father, emptying his cupped hands into his mouth.

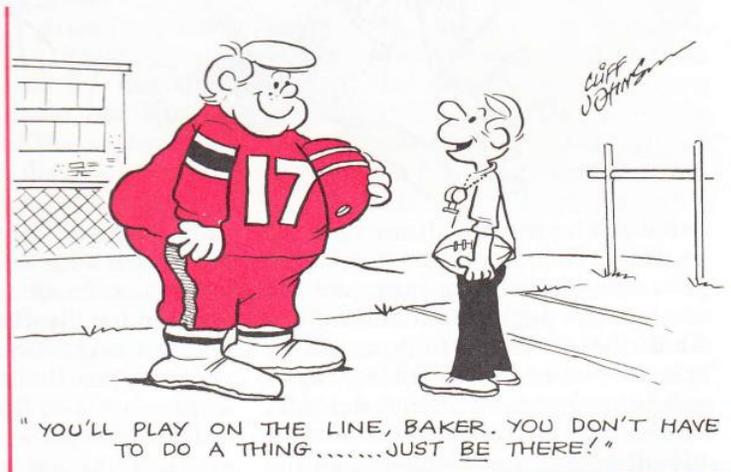
"Wow, Dad," said the boy. "I didn't mean the water; I meant the tadpole."

Thomas LaMance
Prewitt, NM



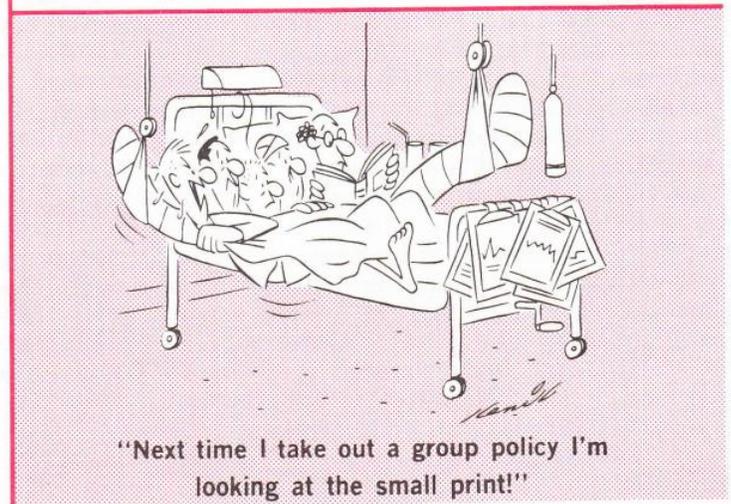
cartoons by
JOHN

"BUT I AM TREATING THIS PLACE THE WAY I WOULD IF IT WERE MY OWN HOME"



CLIFF
JOHNSON

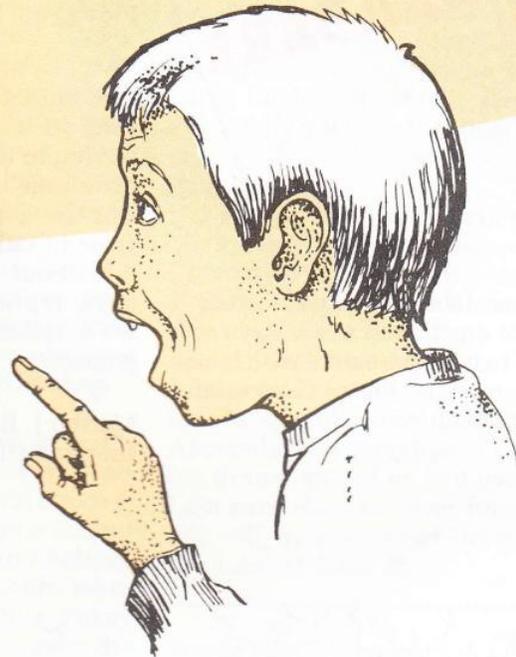
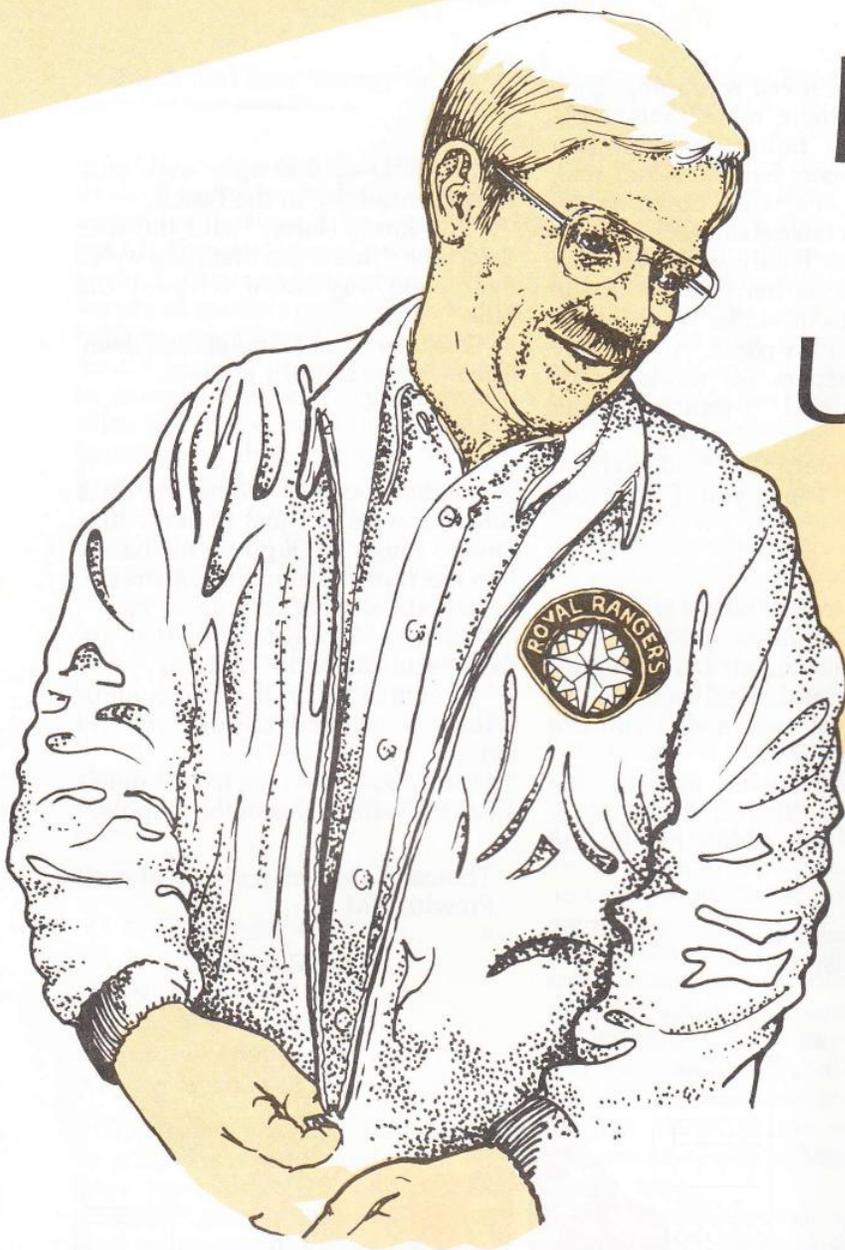
"YOU'LL PLAY ON THE LINE, BAKER. YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO A THING.....JUST BE THERE!"



"Next time I take out a group policy I'm looking at the small print!"

Reaching the Unreachable

by John Eller



It was a morning with emergencies as usual. The alarm was 30 minutes late, my electric razor quit, and the phone was ringing "off the hook." Then the principal from a nearby school district called asking that I substitute for a teacher who was sick.

"Sure, I'll be over shortly," I heard myself saying, and wondered all the way to school why I should take on another emergency.

When I arrived, I was shown to a small room at the end of a hallway marked, "Special Education." I knew at a glance it would be a day of working with children who had learning disabilities.

The principal tried to brief me on what to expect and ended the 2-minute crash course by saying, "Watch out for Calvin. He's a little guy with some big problems that even have the experts baffled right now."

The bell rang shortly, and the little

room began to fill with faces of different ages which bore the sad, sometimes heartbreaking, countenance of the emotionally disturbed. Under my breath I asked God to grant me acceptance just this 1 day among lives so precious and fragile.

The day went well, except for Calvin. Like the rest of the class of two girls and seven boys, he was exceptionally bright, intellectually. Everyone tried to reach him, but he was so withdrawn from his environment that by the time the day was ending, I was glad it was about over for both of us.

The other children had already gone to their lockers when I reached for my jacket. As I pulled the zipper, Calvin spoke for the first time. He was all excited and was pointing at my chest. The noise attracted his classmates from the hallway who stood by in amazement as Calvin jumped and laughed.

"You're a Royal Ranger; you're a Royal Ranger!" Calvin was saying.

"Why, yes, I am," I replied, flabbergasted.

"I'm a Royal Ranger, too," he announced proudly. "I joined last week!"

With that, the little 7-year-old darted down the hallway and out the door to tell his mom about a new friend at school. At last, he had found identity in a most unexpected way.

I haven't taught Calvin's class since then. I understand that he still has problems, but whenever the regular teacher wants to motivate Calvin, he promises him a visit from that "Royal Ranger friend." And sure enough, I drop by every Friday afternoon just to make that promise good.

I always wear my leader's jacket even though the days are getting warm now. And I smile every time I remember how the emblem we leaders wear so proudly, unlocked a little boy's world. ■

led a band of young braves to greet the sailors. Armed seamen seized Squanto and 19 other Pawtuxet (paw-TUX-et) Indians.

Once again he was imprisoned aboard a British merchant ship. Rats scampered across the damp hold where the Indians were chained. Scarce provisions, a stormy trip, and continual seasickness took their toll. Several Indians were buried at sea. By the time they reached the Spanish slave-port of Málaga, Squanto was very weak.

One by one the surviving braves were pushed up onto the auction block to be sold. Finally it was Squanto's turn. He could barely stand. "Señores, what will you bid for this strong Indian?" the slave trader rasped. A brown-robed monk nodded and the auctioneer grinned. "Sold to the brothers of the monastery."

A heavy pouch of coins exchanged hands and the monk led Squanto home. At last his wrists were untied. A friar brought fresh water and plenty of food, though Squanto could only eat a little.

"*'Estas libre!'* You are free." Squanto looked into the clear eyes of this man of God. Though he knew no Spanish, he understood. Over the next few weeks he pieced it together. Their love for Jesus had prompted these Christian brothers to buy Indian slaves and teach them the Christian faith. As the monks nursed him back to health, Squanto began to love this Jesus, too.

Yet he longed for home. The Indian used his command of English to find a fishing boat headed for London, where he rejoined his explorer friends. Again, Squanto became a guide for explorations of the New World. Years passed. The day finally came when he saw the familiar coastlands of home. Once more he was granted permission to go ashore.

No one greeted Squanto at the beach. He ran to his village. The bark-covered roundhouses were empty. Not even a dog barked. Graves outside the village told the story. Samoset, his friend from a neighboring tribe, could bring little comfort. "A white man's sickness struck your people. One week, all dead. Many villages lie silent like Pawtuxet."

Squanto's emptiness overwhelmed him. Parents, brothers, sisters, forever gone. He wandered the

forests for weeks in his grief. Finally he went to live with his friend, Samoset.

One cold December morning, 6 months after he returned, Squanto watched the white sails of a ship grow on the stormy horizon. This time he hid as the men came ashore. Their clothes looked different from those worn by sailors and the fancy English officers he had seen on other ships. Broad hats and great black capes shielded them from the biting wind. He could glimpse white caps and long dresses of women aboard the ship anchored in the bay. Often he saw children playing on the deck. As green leaves came to clothe barren trees, the settlers began to build houses on the very place where his village had stood. Day after day Squanto watched intently, but he kept himself hidden.

Samoset urged him to meet these settlers. A cry went up as the Indians strode into the settlement. Men grabbed for their muskets.

The Indians lifted their hands in greeting. "My name is Squanto. This is Samoset. We come in peace." The settlers were astounded. An Indian who spoke clear English? The Pilgrims lowered their muskets and invited the Indians to share their meager food.

The sun had set by the time Samoset got up to leave, but Squanto hesitated. Many of the settlers had already died from disease and winter's bitter cold. There was little food. Yet they weren't giving up. He thought of his old village's battle with death. "You go," Squanto told his friend in their Indian tongue, "I'm staying. This is my home, my village. These will be my new people."

Squanto turned to the leaders. "May I stay with you? I can help you. I know where you can find foods in the forest."

The white men studied the Indian carefully. Could he be trusted? Still, the struggling colony was in no position to refuse help. "Yes, please stay!"

That spring and summer Squanto proved his worth many times over. He led them to brooks alive with herping beginning their spring migration upstream. He showed the settlers how to fish with traps. He taught them where to stalk game in the forest. The children learned what berries they could pick for their families. Twenty

acres of corn grew tall after Squanto showed the Pilgrims how to plant fish with the native corn seeds from a local tribe.

Once a hostile tribe captured Squanto. "If he is killed," shouted their chief, "the English have lost their tongue." A small Pilgrim force arrived just in time, firing their muskets in the air. The terrified chief released his captive and fled. Squanto repaid the Pilgrims' favor. His bargaining skills kept neighboring tribes from attacking the small Plymouth Colony.

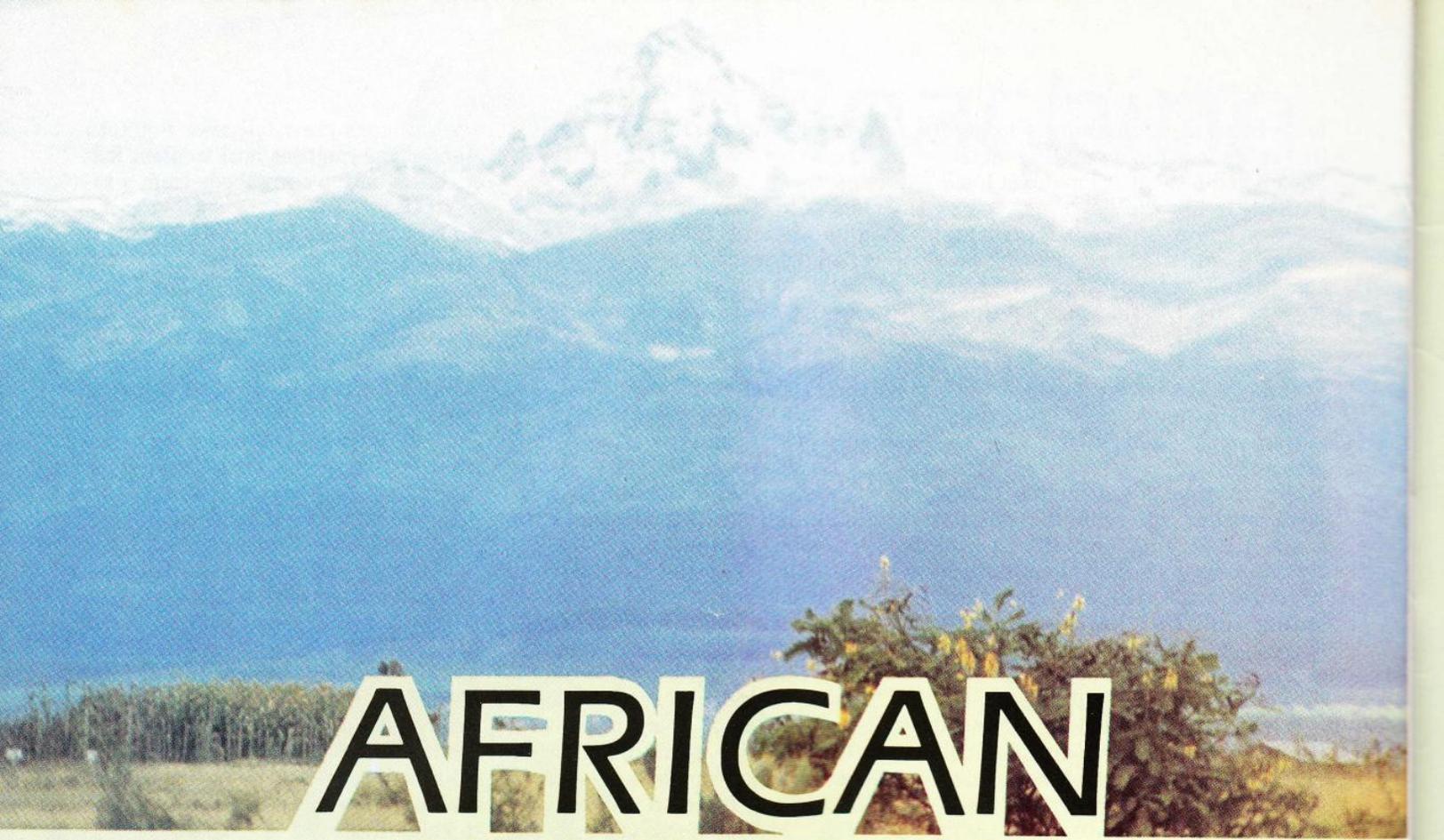
In the fall the Pilgrims planned a feast to celebrate God's merciful help. Squanto was sent to invite friendly Chief Massasoit and his braves.

They gathered around tables spread with venison, roasted duck and goose, turkey, shellfish, bread, and vegetables, with woodland fruits and berries for dessert. Before they ate, the Pilgrim men removed their wide-brimmed hats and the Indians stood reverently as the governor led them in solemn prayer.

"Thank You, great God, for the bounty You have supplied to us. Thank You for protecting us in hardship and meeting all our needs. . . ." Toward the end of the long prayer, Squanto was startled to hear his own name. "And thank You for bringing to us the Indian, Squanto, Your own special instrument to save us from hunger and help us to establish our colony in this new land." Squanto stood proudly. It was a day to remember.

Two years passed. Squanto lay mortally ill, struck by a raging fever while scouting west of Plymouth. He turned over in his mind the events of his strange life. It almost seemed that a plan had led him. The first time he was captured he learned English. The second time, he was freed by gentle Christians who taught him to trust in Jesus. And though his own people had died of sickness, God had sent him to a new people who built their colony where his old village once stood.

Pilgrim leader William Bradford knelt at Squanto's bedside. "Pray for me, Governor," the Indian whispered, "that I might go to the Englishmen's God in heaven." Squanto breathed his last in November 1622—gone from the New World, but entering a heavenly one.



AFRICAN ADVENTURE

by Brian Brolin

Climbing a volcano, hiking through a desert, camping on a mountain—these are things that any Royal Ranger would dream of doing sometime in his life. My dreams became reality, as these are only some of the things I did during the last 2 years while serving as a United States Peace Corps volunteer in Kenya, East Africa.

This year marks my 20th year as a Royal Ranger. I earned all the advancement ratings from Pioneers to Trail Rangers, including the Gold Medal of Achievement, the Gold Buffalo, and the Silver Buffalo. When I left for Kenya in 1986, I didn't take these awards with me, but I did take the learning they represent. Many times my Royal Rangers training helped me meet the challenges that I faced in the African bush. The Ranger motto, "Ready," became my daily motto.

Ready To Work

I was posted at a small secondary school in the middle of a semiarid plain. I had no electricity or running water.

After one especially heavy rain, we found that the school's pit latrines had collapsed and had to be replaced soon; or the school would have to close. I took charge of the project. Using available materials, we were able to build new latrines designed to keep the rain from washing them away again. It was work I had never done before, but Rangers had taught me to solve problems using available means.

Because of my ingenuity, I was later asked to go with a group of people from the Kikuyu Tribe to help build a church for the Masai Tribe. Not long ago, Ki-

kuyu and Masai warriors might have met on this same ground to fight, but now they were working together gathering stones to build a church. It was exciting to be there helping, also.

Before we left, I traded my camping knife for a Masai warrior's spear. I was glad I had been ready to work.

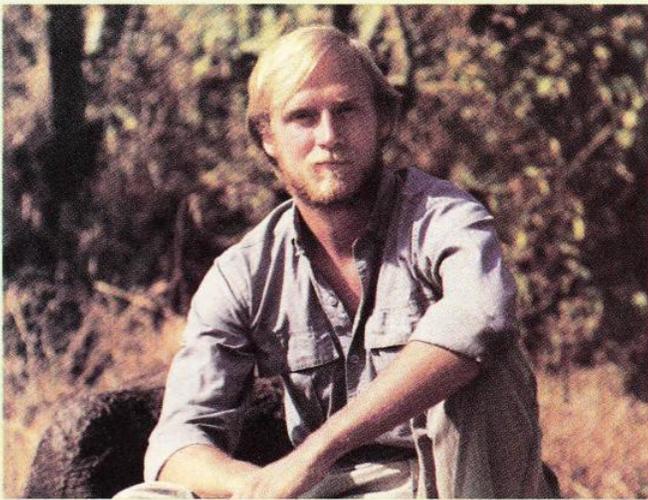
Ready To Play

Free time in the bush was usually spent preparing for the next day's work, but occasionally there was some time for fun. I enjoyed showing my students interesting things to do. One particularly boring Sunday afternoon, I took some bamboo sticks, string, and a little wrapping paper, and taught the boys how to make a kite. Many had never seen a kite before, but it didn't take long for them to become experts in kite flying.

School breaks were a chance for me to meet with other peace corps volunteers for a little recreation. During one break, my friend Rex and I climbed into a dormant volcano. Inside we found a large, flat space, dense with trees and plants. We climbed down the treacherous walls to the crater bottom and camped overnight. We didn't have a tent, so we built a shelter from branches and grass, in case it rained. There are baboons that live inside the crater, so we had to keep a fire burning all night to keep them away. I had a great time because I have the campcraft skills that made me ready to play.

Ready To Serve

Helping others is an important part of being a peace corps volunteer and a Royal Ranger. Teaching and



Royal Ranger Brian Brolin.

building were things I did, but first aid was one of the most important services I gave. Treating cuts, scrapes, and sprains was a weekly chore for me. The lack of proper medicines and bandages was a problem, but I continually stressed the importance of cleanliness. During my 2 years there, I saw no serious infections.

One weekend I went camping with some friends, Scott and K.B. We backpacked about 10 miles in the scorching heat to a beautiful gorge in a game park. At nightfall we set up camp and began to prepare supper. Suddenly K.B. squealed out in pain: He had cut his hand. It was a deep cut, but I was soon able to stop the bleeding. Then K.B. began to show signs of shock. My first aid training had taught me the symptoms and proper treatment. It was a dangerous situation; yet we were too far away for other medical help. I silently prayed, and settled K.B. down by the fire, with some reassurance and a cup of hot tea. K.B. recovered because I was ready to serve.

Ready To Obey

Doing what you're told isn't always easy. I obeyed my directors and supervisors because they were in charge. But once I had to accept somebody else's advice, and it wasn't so easy.

My friend Rex and I set off one morning to trek about 25 miles up Mount Rutungu on the northwest side of Mount Kenya. It took 3 days to climb to the peak, and we really enjoyed the hike.

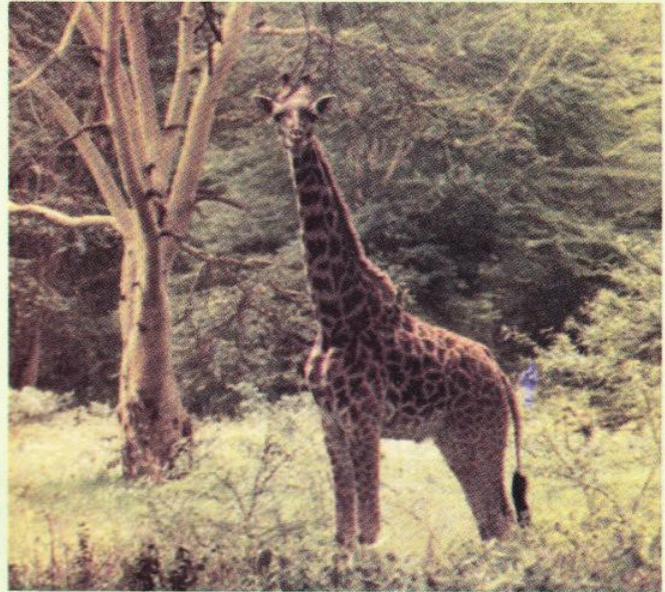
The morning of the third day, we left our gear at our base camp so we could explore the steep peak more easily. On the side of the peak, opposite the base camp, we saw a small lake and climbed down a sheer cliff to reach it. We needed to refill our canteens for the 25-mile return trip down the mountain. When we reached the lake, we discovered the water to be stagnant and undrinkable. We started down a game trail, thinking it would surely lead us to water. Darkness was approaching fast, and Rex suggested we head back to camp. At my insistence, we continued down the trail even though a still, small voice inside me said, *Listen to Rex*. Another mile—we still had not found water.

Finally I decided to follow Rex's advice. As we headed back to camp, Rex said, "I think we need to

run, else we lose the daylight and possibly miss the path to the camp." I really didn't see the need, but I obeyed Rex. Five miles later—just as it got too dark to see—we arrived at our camp. Thirsty and very tired, we bedded down; but by finally being ready to obey, we were safe.

Ready To Worship

Every morning I would awaken to see the sun rise over Mount Kenya and every evening see it set behind the Aberdare Range. I wasn't able to attend an English-speaking church, often, but was always ready to worship God at these special times of day.



One of the many giraffes in Naivasha, Kenya.

Music is an important part of worship to the Africans. I helped start a club called Christian Union at my school. We would meet weekly and have a time of devotion, singing, and prayer. The students wanted a drum for the meetings, so I told them how the Royal Rangers raise money for needed things. It wasn't long before they had enough money to buy a nice goatskin drum.

The drum got more students interested in the club, and soon local churches were inviting the Christian Union to take part in their worship services. With the use of the drum, we were always willing and ready to worship.

Ready To Live, Etc.

I learned many lessons throughout my years as a Royal Ranger and as a peace corps volunteer in Kenya. But above all, I learned: to live a really good life, you have to get ready to live it. But it takes a little more than just getting ready.

My favorite saying in the Kenyan Swahili language is "Kaa Chonjo." It means, "Stay Ready." To be good Rangers, volunteers, and Christians, we must "get ready" and "stay ready." Living by the Ranger Code, we truly become "Ready for anything," whether it's living an African adventure, or living in your hometown.

"Kaa Chonjo!" ■

him. Did one pray for a dog as he did for human loved ones?

At last he found a clue, dog tracks in the mud, following the bayou. In the pirogue he dipped the muck pole, watching the tracks on the bank. Ahead a moccasin slid off a pile of debris and disappeared in the brackish water.

He cupped his hands and shouted again. No answer. He liked to assure himself that he knew the swamp like the back of his hand. Yet, he was never bitter toward it. He remembered his mother's words: "Don't hate anything the Lord has created, Son. There is a purpose behind it."

Soon afterward, his mother succumbed to surgery in a nearby hospital. Yet, he still remembered her counsel.

Again Matt checked for Rock's tracks, no longer in the mud. But he saw something else—large animal tracks that were mysterious. *There aren't any big animals in the swamp except the black bear. And these aren't a bear's tracks.*

His muck pole sent the pirogue around a bend, and he jerked up, surprised. A pirogue, much like his own, was drawn up on the mud of a turpentine flat.

Johnny Prell's boat!

Matt dug with the muck pole, moving ahead, his brow furrowed. *Why would Johnny be in the swamp at this time? Good question, but none of his business, really! He dug with the muck pole once more to quicken his speed. Then he held it in midair, thinking. Is it right to pass up Johnny's boat? He is here somewhere, possibly on the turpentine flat. Could he be injured, or ill? He could have blundered on a moccasin. Friend or not, was it imperative that he check? Some tiny voice of conscience said, Yes, it is necessary.*

He turned the pirogue and headed back. He beached the craft alongside the other boat and stepped into the muck. *Was Johnny trailing his dog? Why? Surely not to kill him!*

Now, his pirogue beached on the mud flat, Matt saw footprints leading off to higher ground. Johnny Prell's, of course! But still there was no answer to the riddle.

Then an animal's snarl drew him up short. There it was, in the low branches of a dead fir, a huge cat.

It looks like a leopard! But there are no leopards in the swamp!

There it was, above the path, ready to spring!

Fear traumatized him. Momentarily his sanity returned. He was at the cat's mercy. If it leaped upon him, he could not possibly survive. *Dear God, help me!*

If only Rock were here! But he didn't have his dog, and besides, no firearm.

Time passed—seconds or hours?

Then a voice, coming from the murk—Johnny Prell's voice.

"Don't move a muscle, Matt!"

The cat flexed its muscles for the leap downward. Then came the staccato crack of a rifle. The cat's body seemed to halt in midair. The rifle cracked again and the animal fell to the ground, almost at his feet.

"Over here, Matt!"

Trembling, Matt wormed through the palmetto. There was Johnny Prell, his back against a turpentine pine, the rifle across his knees.

"My teeth are still chattering. You saved my life!"

"Maybe you're saving mine," added Prell. "I took a fall and my ankle hurts too bad to step on it."

"Let's take a look," Matt said, hunkering down. With Johnny's boot off, he saw the swelled ankle.

"Boy, did you show up at the right time!" remarked Johnny.

"But the leopard still doesn't make sense to me. There are no big cats in the swamp."

"Circus train had a wreck. Several big animals escaped but were later captured. This leopard, considered dangerous, got away in the swamp. They asked me to go in and track it down."

"Got a bad sprain, Johnny, but no break. I'll make a bandage out of an old tarp in the boat."

"I was tracking the cat," Johnny continued, "ready to turn back, for the fog was coming in. Then I spotted your dog."

"Old Rock?"

"He had trailed the cat, then tangled with it."

"So Rock's dead!"

"No, he's cut up some, but not dead."

Matt, making Johnny comfortable under a big pine, suddenly held out his hand.

"We've never been buddies, Johnny, but we can change that."

"You don't owe me!"

"Yes, I do! But that's just one reason. We like the same things. . . ."

Johnny held out his hand. "Let's shake on it, Matt. Now's the time to make a new start."

There was still something unsaid in Matt's eyes and sober face. "I've got a confession to make, Johnny. When I saw your boat, I didn't stop. I knew it was yours. But I didn't ask myself if you might be hurt—tangled with a moccasin, needing help."

"You're taking words out of my mouth. We've got a conscience, both of us. I saw Rock fighting the cat, and just watched. He was getting mauled, but still wouldn't back off. Then I realized I had to help. So I fired a shot over the head of the cat, and it took off."

"You knew Rock was mine?"

"That's right. I was backing off, trying to get a second shot at the cat when I tripped. Went down hard."

Matt smiled. "These two confessions clear the slate."

From the palmettos came a whine, a low bark, and Rock limped into view. Matt saw his torn hide, a gash in his hip. But Rock's head was high and his tail wagged furiously.

Did one pray for a dog? He had, and his prayer had been answered in a very unusual way.

"Fog's too thick to make it back tonight," he said to Johnny. "I'll go down to the boat and get the survival food. Then we'll make a shelter under this pine."

"We'll have plenty to talk about," Johnny said. "And it'll be a good talk!"

There was no need to answer that, just a pat on the shoulder.

Matt was wondering if Johnny knew about prayer. This might be a good time to find out.

The Beluga Incident

continued from page 7

on, unaware that a different kind of shark was thirsting for her blood. Now and then, she'd swim to the surface to oxygenate herself, then submerge and swim ahead, joyfully anticipating a day of fun with the children. She did not see nor hear the bullets slicing the water around her.

Commander Jack Penny, and Lieutenant Kurt Waller, both belonging to the local Sea Rangers outpost, happened to be cruising back to port in their launch, the *Sea Dragon*. They were excellent scuba divers and had been out since dawn spearing fish. Four large blackfish and three sea bass

were mute testimony to their keen marksmanship. Both were avid fishermen and equally dedicated to fair play and using their expertise to preserve the environment.

Jack was at the helm, while Kurt sat beside him, idly scanning the seascape with his binoculars. Kurt suddenly tensed and swung the glasses back to observe a speeding boat in which stood a lone figure. The man had a rifle and was firing at something.

"Jack, what do you make of this?" Kurt said, passing the glasses to his partner. "It looks like someone thinks they're in a shooting gallery."

Peering through the glasses, Jack quickly swung the *Sea Dragon* around

to follow in the other craft's wake. "It looks like he's firing at a shark, Kurt. Say—wait a minute!" He slid off his seat. "Take the wheel, Buddy," he said, again peering through the binoculars. "That isn't a shark, Kurt. I think it's that beluga whale everyone is talking about. And that fool is trying to kill it." Jack ducked below and returned with a bullhorn.

"Why would anybody want to harm that friendly creature?" Kurt said, pulling back the throttle. "He must be some kind of a nut."

"Worse than that, Kurt." Jack raised the megaphone to his lips and called out, "Hey, man! That's a small whale, not a shark. Stop firing at it!"

Startled, the man looked over his shoulder at the pursuing craft, then laid his gun aside. He veered in a different direction, fearful of the Rangers catching him. But they were more concerned about the beluga whale; it hadn't surfaced in quite a while. Then their worst fear became reality: The whale had been wounded and was leaving a trail of blood in its wake.

"There it is, Kurt." Jack pointed to a sandy inlet where the whale lay, almost beached.

"It doesn't seem to be moving," Kurt said, suddenly feeling great sorrow. "I'll cruise in slowly so as not to frighten it." He throttled the motor down, and soon they felt the hull scraping the sandy bottom.

Jack immediately jumped over the side into waist-deep water. He waded quietly over to the still form and examined her. Blood was seeping from a bullet hole near her spine.

Suddenly her flippers moved, and she rolled her large eyes and looked at Jack. His heart went out to her. "I think it's just a flesh wound, Kurt. Luckily the bullet missed her spine. Toss me that first aid kit and I'll try to stop the bleeding. I think you'd better try to get a veterinarian out here, just in case."

An hour later a vet was at Jack's side, praising him for stopping the bleeding. After treating the friendly beluga, he had her airlifted by helicopter to the famous Mystic Aquarium for further treatment. In a few days, she was released into a huge tank with glass walls so that she could be observed.

Thanks to the Sea Rangers, one of the ocean's most lovable creatures, had been saved. ■

SPORTS QUIZ

by R.L. Peeden

Sports add glorious excitement and enjoyment to our lives. Whether we are watching or participating in a sport, it enhances our lives. Even while experiencing the pain of losing or the joy of winning, hope always remains alive. Sports teach us the meaning of loyalty, endurance, and the fun of trying.

The shared companionship of fathers and sons participating or watching sports together, brings harmony and mutual understanding. Communicating all aspects of the sport is part of the fun of the day.

The sports are in the first column. See how quickly you can match the correct sport term with the sport.

SPORTS

1. Baseball ()
2. Tennis ()
3. Hockey ()
4. Badminton ()
5. Football ()
6. Bowling ()
7. Golf ()
8. Croquet ()
9. Basketball ()
10. Swimming ()

TERMS

- a. quarter
- b. par
- c. dribble
- d. mallet
- e. love
- f. puck
- g. backstroke
- h. frame
- i. safe
- j. shuttlecock

Reference: Webster's New World Dictionary
Answers to "Sports Quiz" on page 15.

WORLD'S FIRST

国際キャンプ
プログラム

INTERNATIONALES
ZELTLAGER

國際童子軍營

CAMPAMENTO INTERNACIONAL

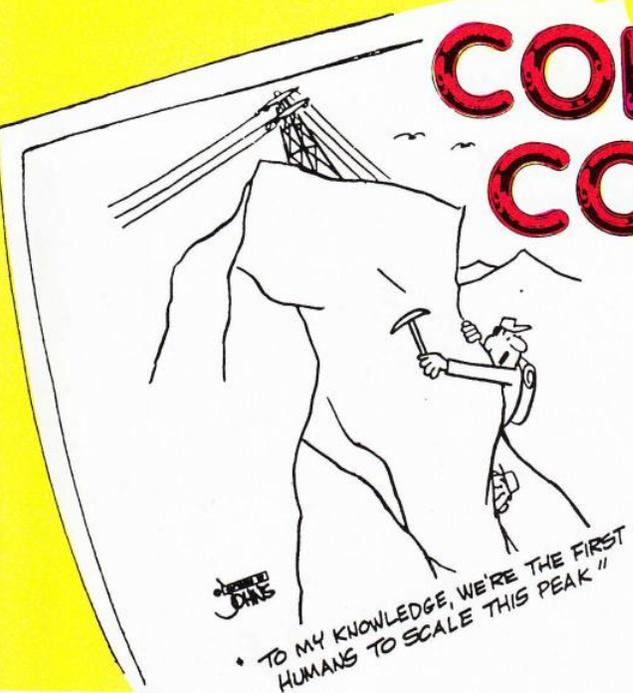
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COMEDY CORNER



"Why can't you come to my church?" the boy asked his friend.
 "Because," said the friend, "I belong to another abomination."

* * *

After struggling through deep and drifted snow, a rescue party eventually came upon a small log cabin tucked away on a mountainside. They cleared a path to the door and knocked. A wizened hermit an-

swered and was told by one of the rescuers that they were from the Red Cross. "I'm sorry," said the old fellow, "but I don't see how I could give a donation this year. It's been a rather hard winter."

* * *

The customer was a would-be comic. "How much are your \$40 shoes?" he demanded of the salesman.

Undaunted the salesman quickly replied, "Twenty dollars a foot."

* * *

A man was grooming his horse one Sunday morning as the pastor walked by on his way to church. "You know, Parson," he remarked, "they say that cleanliness is next to godliness."

"Yes," the pastor replied thoughtfully, "maybe the horse will make it."

Thomas LaMance
 Prewitt, NM

Q. What is the largest jewel in the world?

A. A baseball diamond.

M.M. Savoie
 Brady, TX

Commander: "I don't know if I should try to go on the next camp-out. The last time I went my doctor made me take tranquilizers."

Ranger: "Why did he do that?"

Commander: "It was because of my dreams. One night, I dreamed I was a wigwam and the next night, I dreamed I was a tepee."

Ranger: "What did the doctor say was wrong?"

Commander: "He said I was two tents!"

Ron Day
 Springfield, MO



"I WISH THEY WOULDN'T PUT IT LIKE THAT"

A N S W E R S TO S P O R T S Q U I Z	1. i;	2. e;
	3. f;	4. j;
	5. a;	6. h;
	7. b;	8. d;
	9. c;	10. g.

