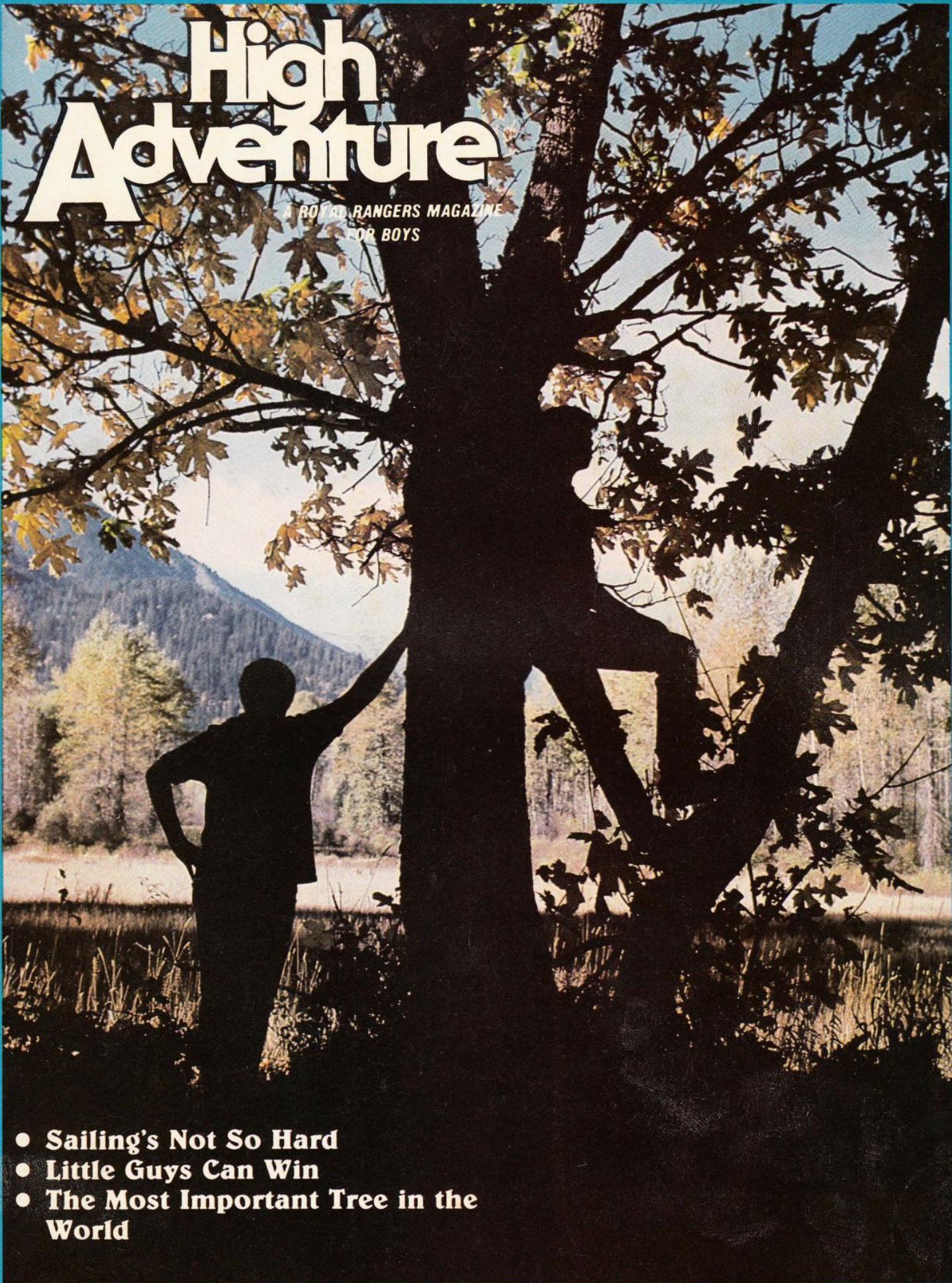


SPRING 1990

High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS

- 
- A black and white photograph showing the silhouette of a young boy standing next to a large, leafy tree. The boy is looking out over a body of water, likely a lake, with mountains in the background. The scene is captured in a way that emphasizes the shapes of the boy and the tree against the lighter background of the water and sky.
- **Sailing's Not So Hard**
 - **Little Guys Can Win**
 - **The Most Important Tree in the World**

LEADERS EDITION

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Cover Photo by Donna Meier

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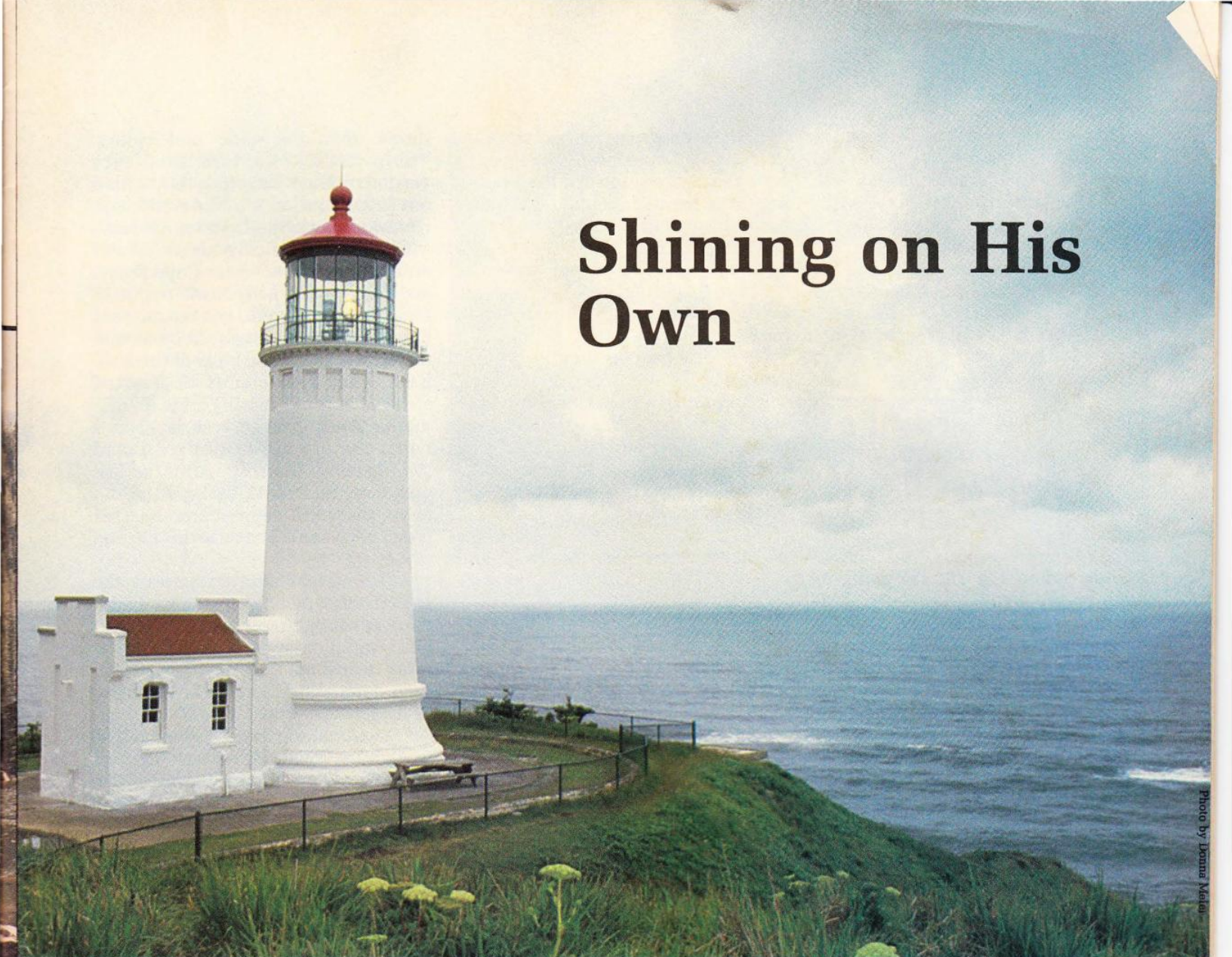
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MEMBER **epa** EVANGELICAL PRESS ASSOCIATION



Ken Hunt has been named national commander for Royal Rangers. He was appointed to succeed the late Johnnie Barnes. Brother Hunt served as editor/promotions coordinator for the national Royal Rangers ministry since November 1988.



Shining on His Own

by D.L. Garland

Peter Larson stood on the porch of his home and gazed upward at Cape Beale's gleaming white tower. It perched precariously above Vancouver Island's rock-strewn surf. He had known his father's emphysema would eventually force him to seek medical help on the mainland. Peter just hadn't expected it to be this soon. Now he'd be alone next week on his birthday—his 18th—and he'd be responsible for the station's lightkeeping chores until a replacement could be found.

"The supply boat is here!" shouted his mother. "Peter, could you please help me with these suitcases?"

Peter had known his father was ill, but he hadn't expected it to be this serious. He picked up the suitcases and strode onto the pier as the *Renegade's* crew tied her to the cleats.

Then he returned to the house for his father. Peter and a deckhand lifted

his father gently and carried him down to the rocking boat.

"Sure seems like winter has arrived," Mr. Larson whistled softly.

"It sure does," Peter replied, feeling the cold bite of wind on his face.

"Take care of yourself, Peter," his father advised breathlessly as they lifted him over the gunwales. "I know you'll handle things fine."

"Thanks, Dad." Peter smiled and drew his arms tightly around his father's drooping shoulders.

"My replacement should be here in about a month," Dad went on regretfully, making himself comfortable for the rough ride to Bamfield.

Peter leaned across the vessel's railing. "Dad, I know they usually hire keepers with families, but don't you think they just might hire me to take your place? After all, I've lived here all my life."

Mr. Larson's eyes brightened for the first time in weeks. "I didn't know you wanted to stay on the lights, Pe-

ter," he said, his eyebrows arched in surprise.

After what seemed an eternity of coughing, his father continued, "I guess your mother and I thought you would go fishing like your older brother."

"Not me." Peter's blue eyes sparkled. "I love it here! In fact, would you mind mailing this letter to the superintendent of lights when you and Mom get to Victoria?"

"Of course not!" His father's smile grew wider.

The warmth of that smile glowed in Peter's mind long after he had waved good-bye.

"Come on, Sheela!" Peter called to the aging malamute. "Let's get some lunch."

As he opened the kitchen door, Peter felt the first stinging darts of loneliness. Hot tears melted into Sheeka's coarse fur as he threw his arms about the loyal dog's neck.

please turn to page 4

This was the first time Peter could ever remember being alone. It was one thing to live in a remote place. It was another to live in such a place without family or friends.

How ironic, he thought, that the assistant keeper, Mike Kelly, and his family had left on a month's vacation to England a few days before.

Then Peter remembered what his brother Joe had said. *All I ever do are chores and work jigsaws until I can't*

Peter ran as fast as his numb legs and pounding heart would allow . . .

bear to fit another piece. Ham radio is okay, but I never "see" those friends. When I'm 18, I'm going to jump on the first fishboat I can. Riding the Pacific swells has got to be more exciting than eroding here on this chunk of rock!" And that is precisely what Joe had done 2 years ago.

"I'll manage," Peter said bitterly to Sheeka. "I guess I'm feeling overwhelmed and a bit sorry for myself.

"Besides," Peter consoled himself, "I wouldn't want to be a cork for days at a time, and fleets of boats out there depend on this lighthouse."

The following day, November 12, was Peter's birthday. He awoke to 80-knot winds battering the tower. Each wall of cascading water drenched the beacon with salt and slammed into the rocks with a thunderous roar. Even the windows surrounding the beacon bowed inward while Peter spent the early-morning hours polishing the Fresnel lens, topping up the diesel for the generators, and lubricating the rotating mechanism of the lantern.

When he had finished, Peter sat squinting at the horizon with a telescope and tea in hand. As dawn broke, his practiced eye picked out a ship offshore. It was the youth-training bark *Ladyhawk*. As it drifted into focus, Peter could see its decks awash, its masts and rigging dangling over the side. A group of fellows were clinging to a stump of mizzenmast on the aft deck. Their lifeboats were nowhere in sight.

His pulse quickened. What could he do? The Morse hand-key lay useless because the shrieking winds had already toppled trees and snapped the only power line to Bamfield.

Suddenly, Peter remembered that

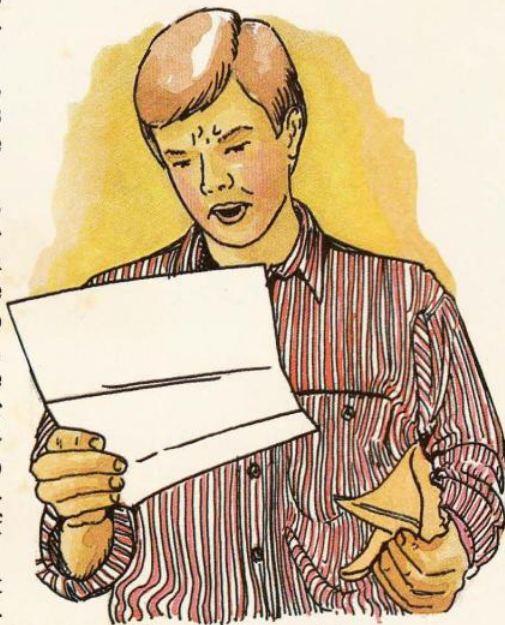
the *Alyson* rode at anchor off Bamfield Creek 6 miles away. In seconds he was sprinting toward the lifesaving path he had helped his father build through the jungled rain forest. However, to reach the mainland, Peter must ford the swirling waters of the waist-deep tide covering the sandy isthmus joining the station to the beach.

No time to take the dory, he thought as the frigid waters tore at his clothes.

Rain and hail pummeled his back mercilessly the entire 50 yards to the evergreen oasis beyond.

His breath began to burn as he wound his way along the trail through thick shrubbery. Peter's feet sank often in the muddy quagmire along the salt marshes near Mud Bay, and

"How can they do this to me?"



roots grabbed at his ankles, causing him to stumble. At last Peter emerged onto Long Beach.

"Will I make it in time, Lord?" he cried out to the angry looking clouds above.

Peter ran as fast as his numb legs and pounding heart would allow along the final stretch of torturous trail. He clawed his way over and under fallen trees, dripping with stringy moss and zigzagged 2 more painful miles up Bamfield Creek to old Keeper McCleary's house.

After 2 miserable hours, Peter finally stumbled up the stone steps,

threw open the door, and yelled, "Shipwreck!" Captain McCleary wasted no time. Together they bailed out a skiff, pulled it to the water, and rowed towards the tugboat *Alyson*.

Clambering quickly aboard, Peter and the captain sped for Cape Beale, arriving as the *Ladyhawk* began to break up. They could see the cracked bow, the ragged seams split open, and the bulwarks yanked clear of the hull. Each wave sent clouds of freezing spray over the shivering crew. In moments Peter heaved a line aboard while the captain skillfully piloted the tug about the ship. After the last crewman had disembarked, the net of splintered timbers uttered its final groan and sank beneath the hissing waves.

A few days later, Peter and the shaken crewmen were warm again, their spirits giving thanks to a merciful God. For some, strength and vitality returned quickly; for others, their health would never be the same again.

"Supply ship's here!" Peter called to the survivors. The few days of comradeship had cheered him greatly. It was a miracle that no hands had been lost.

Suddenly, it occurred to him that, had there been even one casualty, he would certainly not be assigned as lightkeeper. The dark thought clouded his soul for an instant. Of course, now that he had performed a rescue, surely there would be no question of his appointment.

As the boys and men boarded the *Renegade*, a band of reporters from the *Vancouver Sun* and *Seattle Times* newspapers interviewed and snapped photographs of Peter and the crew. Just before casting off the lines, the skipper handed Peter an official-looking envelope. His heart beat faster.

Waving a hasty farewell, Peter bounded up the walkway with Sheeka at his heels. Once inside the house, he excitedly tore open the letter and began to read: "We regret to inform you . . ."

"How can they do this to me?" he shouted.

It seemed that anyone who had performed such a successful life-saving mission would be treated to some kind of reward, especially after rescuing 25 people almost singlehandedly. Sometimes he just didn't understand how God worked.

In the next 2 weeks, Peter's rage subsided to an emotionless routine of lighthouse maintenance. With effort Peter painfully gathered together his belongings of 18 years. Beach treasures of glass Japanese fishing floats, basket stars, and sand dollars laced his crates with memories. He wondered if Myra, the daughter of the Scarlet Point lightkeeper, would be forced to leave soon too.

"What is this, Sheeka?" Peter asked. "There are so many people . . ."

The day of Peter's departure arrived. As fierce squalls scooped ominous clouds across the steely gray sky, Peter made one last round to be sure everything was spotless and in working order.

As he turned to descend the 167-foot tower, Peter's sharp eyes caught sight of the *Renegade* rounding the rocky point. With a heavy heart he slowly threaded his way down the narrow ribbon of stairs.

With Sheeka at his side, Peter ambled down to the old supply dock. When the boat was within earshot of the wharf, its passengers began to wave and shout.

"What is this, Sheeka?" Peter asked. "There are so many people . . ."

Suddenly Sheeka began to howl and tried to dive into the water to get to the boat, but Peter grabbed her collar. Then Peter also saw the familiar faces. Aboard were his family, the Kellys, Myra, and several other lightkeepers. Even before the vessel berthed, the rescued crew of the *Ladyhawk* swarmed onto the float. High upon their shoulders rode the superintendent of lights.

Just then, the superintendent marched out of the crowd toward him.

"We would like to award you a Medal of Honor for saving the lives of *Ladyhawk's* crew. And . . ." The superintendent paused, allowing the crowd to quiet down. "I'd like to personally deliver this official letter, appointing you as assistant lightkeeper of Cape Beale!"

INTERNATIONAL CAMPORAMA JUNE 26-30, 1990 EAGLE ROCK, MISSOURI, U.S.A.

Who am I?

by Richard Parker

1. I'm one of the strangest creatures to be found anywhere. I'm something called the "stick that walks." Who am I?

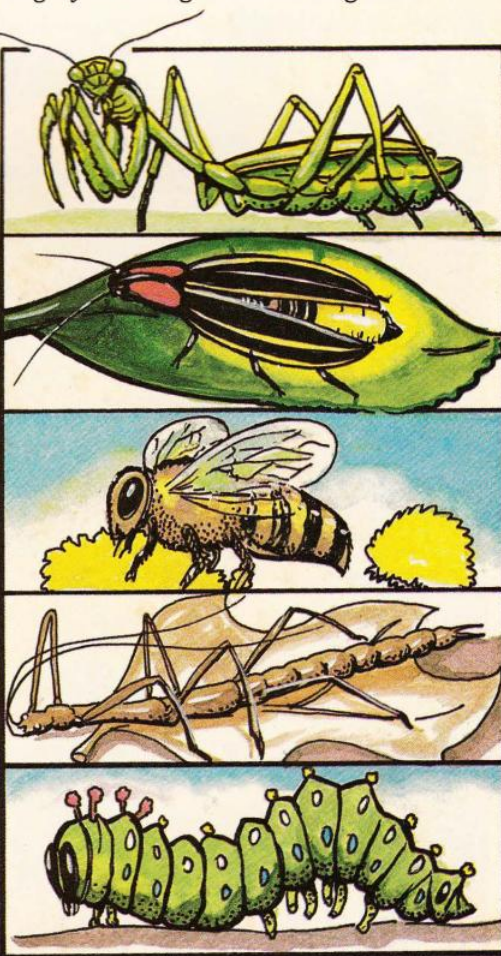
2. I'm an unusual beetle. I'm an insect that carries my own light wherever I go. Who am I?

3. I'm a creature that can spin a home of silk. I'm able to change from one form to another inside my home. Who am I?

4. I'm a creature that seems to be praying. I'm not a gentle insect, and all other insects are afraid of me. Who am I?

5. I'm the only insect that man has domesticated. I'm a great pollinator of plants. Who am I?

Below left are five sayings about five different insects. On the right are five photos. Write the name of each insect on the blanks provided. Then match the photos to the correct saying by drawing a connecting line.



ANSWERS: 1. Walkingstick 2. Firefly (lightning bug) 3. Caterpillar 4. Praying Mantis 5. Honey Bee

The brightly colored sails of the *Sunfish* danced on the small whitecaps of the bay. As a wind puff struck the boat, Mike and his father leaned their bodies out to prevent the boat from capsizing. The effort was rewarded by the boat accelerating as Mike pulled the sail in tighter. The boat leaped forward and planed on top of the water.

Mike was glad his dad held the tiller. Even though Mike was 16, he had sailed for only 2 weeks, and he felt inadequate. He loved sailing, but he felt nervous because his responses were slow.

"Boy, this is great," exclaimed Mike.

"Take it back to the dock, Mike," said his dad. "Time for your solo."

Mike felt his cheeks burning. After almost causing a capsize earlier, he did not feel capable of going out alone with such strong winds. The gusty puffs and shifts in direction made the sailing challenging and scary. He switched positions and took over the steering in addition to the sail con-

trol. As the dock approached he worked out in his mind just what to do to minimize his chances for making mistakes.

Suddenly, they were there. At the correct split instant Mike turned the boat sharply into the wind to come alongside the end of the dock. The wind cancelled their forward motion exactly at the right place, leaving the boat centered on the dock and the sail fluttering.

"Neatly done, Mike," praised his dad. "I'll go up to the cottage for the motorboat gas, so I can admire your sailing. I'll be only a couple of minutes."

With the bow tied to a ring, Mike held the boat off the dock with his feet. As the red, white, and blue sail whipped in the breeze, he looked at the long rows of white clouds splashed against the blue sky like the froth of the surf. In contrast, the dark patches on the water showed where the puffs danced and ruffled the surface. The thought of sailing alone in such tricky conditions tied his stom-

ach into knots. It was not only the possibility of getting dunked in the cold water, but the fear of showing his inadequacy that gnawed on him.

"We could have picked a better day to solo," Mike muttered as an excuse to himself.

In this weekend in mid-September, the family had returned to pack up and close the house. It was Mike's last chance to sail alone.

"Hey, sailor. Come on out."

Mike looked up to see a red-headed girl in another *Sunfish*. Running before the wind, the boat was planing at high speed. As he watched, she neatly pulled in the sail and let it snap out to the other side in a well-controlled "jibe." This was followed quickly with the sail pulled in tightly and a course change pointing more toward the wind.

As she came near, Mike shouted, "I can't go out right now."

The girl gave a quick wave of her hand, let the sail out a bit, and went zipping down the bay with spray flying in all directions.

Mike hung his head and looked down at his boat. Her high degree of skill made him even more uncertain of his abilities to sail.

After a few minutes, he noticed a rowboat about halfway down the small bay, heading toward shore into the teeth of the wind. Every time it seemed to be making progress, a gust would force it back. Suddenly, the rower's head disappeared as the oars flipped out of the oarlocks and into the air. Soon a small body came back into sight and the rowing resumed. The lapse had caused the boat to lose almost a hundred yards to the relentless push of the wind.

"I guess I'm not the only one who can't handle a boat," Mike said to himself, slightly amused.

It dawned on him that the person in the rowboat must be feeling frightened and desperate. The bay was now deserted. Mike could see the steady rearward progress of the rowboat toward the inlet to the bay. If given a chance, the swift current of the tide running out through the narrow channel would sweep the small boat into the tumbling surf of the open sea. Abandoning his boat, Mike bolted up the rocky path leading to the house.

"Dad, Dad," he panted. As he burst into the small cottage, he saw it was empty and the car gone.



Sailing's Not So Hard

by David Crawford

Dad must have gone for gas, Mike thought to himself.

Making a quick decision, Mike ran back to the dock, untied the boat, jumped aboard, and pushed the bow out.

The wind caught the sail and threatened to capsize him. As the boat picked up speed, Mike found he was planing even without the help of a puff. He watched ahead for the dark-looking patches caused by the puffs so they would not catch him by surprise. His stomach was still doing flip-flops, and his heart was pounding. His fear of being inadequate was now submerged to the greater fear of the consequences if he could not reach the rowboat in time.

Mike looked around and found he had overshot his target's path. Even worse, the rowboat was now nearer the inlet than he expected.

stopped. His arms ached as he pulled harder. Then, ever so slowly, the boat righted itself. After the mast tip came out of the water, the boat rolled rapidly, and Mike saw a big blob of seaweed on top of the mast. Even as he watched, the seaweed broke loose and tumbled down onto his head.

"Please help me," came the cry from the boy.

"Keep rowing; I'm coming," shouted Mike. He cleared his head of most of the seaweed, climbed on board, and sailed to a position alongside the rowboat.

"Hop in. We'll get your boat later," Mike commanded. A glance at the shoreline showed their position was worsening. Even though his feeling of doom had increased, he tried to appear confident to bolster the boy's spirits. Reluctantly, the boy climbed into the sailboat. Mike got the boat

more confidence than he felt. Mike's hands were raw from tugging on the line, his muscles ached, and his wet clothing chilled him to the bone.

"How are you making out?" shouted Mike's dad. He had another man with him.

"We're okay," replied Mike. "Will you try to save the rowboat?"

"Sure," his dad said, and the motorboat buzzed away.

Mike became aware that he was no longer thinking about every move in detail. His automatic reflexes were beginning to take over. His thoughts were interrupted by an excited shout into his ear by his passenger.

"Look, Mike; there's my sister on the dock," exclaimed Bobby. "You sail better than she does. Is sailing tough? Do you think I could learn how?"

As Mike glanced at the smiling girl with the red hair, he replied, "Sailing's not so hard. You could learn."

"Hey, Neptune," said the girl. "Did you have to fish him from the bottom?"

Mike laughed as he realized he still had seaweed in his hair. His stomach felt fine. ■

"Please help me," came the cry from the boy.

He let out the sail and changed course to run before the wind. A further correction was soon needed, and he turned the boat more.

Wham! The boom slammed over, narrowly missing Mike's head. The bow turned sharply, and the boat rolled upside down, pitching Mike backwards into the water where his lifejacket supported him. The hull, with the daggerboard sticking up in the middle like a fin, made him think of a great white shark. Mike remembered he had been so intent on steering toward the rowboat, his turn had caused the wind to sneak in front of the sail.

How many times do you have to mess up, Mike? he thought to himself.

As the cold water bit into his exposed wrists and ankles, he glanced over at the rowboat. Mike's spirit chilled as he saw a boy of about 10 with a frightened-looking face and sitting there motionless. The swift tide was carrying both boats towards the sound of the pounding surf.

Mike shouted, "Row hard until I get there!"

After three tries, Mike succeeded in grabbing the daggerboard. He pulled hard, straining his tall, wiry body. The boat came up part way and

under way promptly.

"My name's Mike. What's yours?"

"Bobby."

"Okay, Bobby," said Mike, "when I say 'Hike out,' lean out far, but hang on so you don't fall out. If you dump, don't worry. Your jacket will keep you afloat, and I'll come around and pick you up. Okay?"

"Sure, Mike."

With that, Mike concentrated on beating toward the wind with the sail pulled in tightly. Even though the boat was moving well through the water, a glance at the shore showed the tide was still winning.

Smarten up, Mike, he thought to himself as he remembered that the current would be weaker near the shoreline. He aimed for the rocky shore and turned at the last minute for a course toward the wind.

Progress was painfully slow, but eventually they rounded the land near the inlet. Mike was then able to change direction, permitting the sail to be let out somewhat. Immediately, the boat picked up speed and was soon planing.

"Hey, Bobby, this is more like it," said Mike.

"I guess so," the boy replied weakly.

For Bobby's benefit, Mike showed

A Nature Puzzle

by Richard Parker

Jim went on a school nature trip. The following day in class the teacher asked the pupils to write a report on what they had seen. Jim had a difficult time remembering the correct names of the animals and plants he had seen. Help Jim by drawing a line from the left list to the correct name on the right. See the example. Be careful! This is a tricky puzzle.

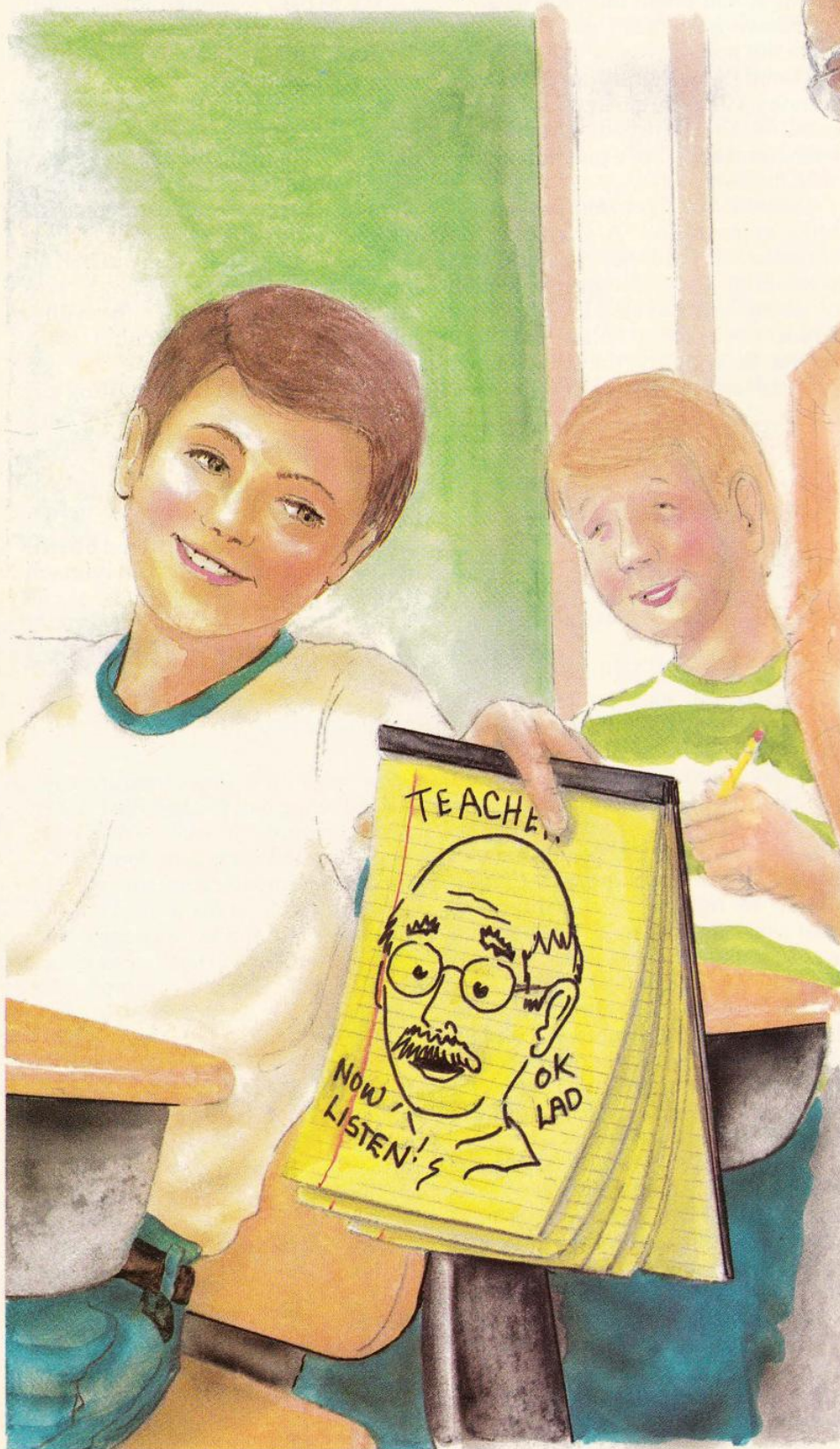
- | | |
|------------|--------|
| 1. Damsel | bird |
| 2. Katy | bee |
| 3. Black | flower |
| 4. Jack | berry |
| 5. Bumble | fly |
| 6. Sun | wing |
| 7. Wood | did |
| 8. Rattle | fly |
| 9. Straw | snake |
| 10. Lace | chuck |
| 11. Dragon | rabbit |

ANSWER:

10. Lacewing
9. Strawberry
8. Rattlesnake
7. Woodchuck
6. Sunflower

5. Bumblebee
4. Jackrabbit
3. Blackbird
2. Katydid
1. Damsel

The Discovery of Jim Riley



by Thomas B. Welch, Jr.

The new teacher had his hands full because he had a group of “bad boys” in his school class. One in particular was Jim Riley.

On one occasion, the teacher walked into the class unnoticed and silently walked to Jim’s desk. The man saw Jim drawing a cartoon of the teacher. The drawing was ugly with all the appropriate graffiti—more than enough to have Jim’s cronies roaring with laughter. Without a word the teacher picked up the drawing and told Jim to remain after school.

The boys had little doubt as to what would happen to Jim. In that day a teacher had pretty much a free hand in punishment. Alone with the young culprit after school, the session went something like this:

“Jim Riley,” said the teacher, “this drawing shows real talent. Its humor is of a pretty low standard, but you have real ability with pictures and words. You can do great good with this talent.” Then handing him a book to cultivate his efforts, Jim was dismissed. That was all—no whipping, nothing.

That day changed the life of Jim Riley. He used his talent and became a writer of poetry. Then he started using his full name. You have probably heard of him; his name was James Whitcomb Riley.

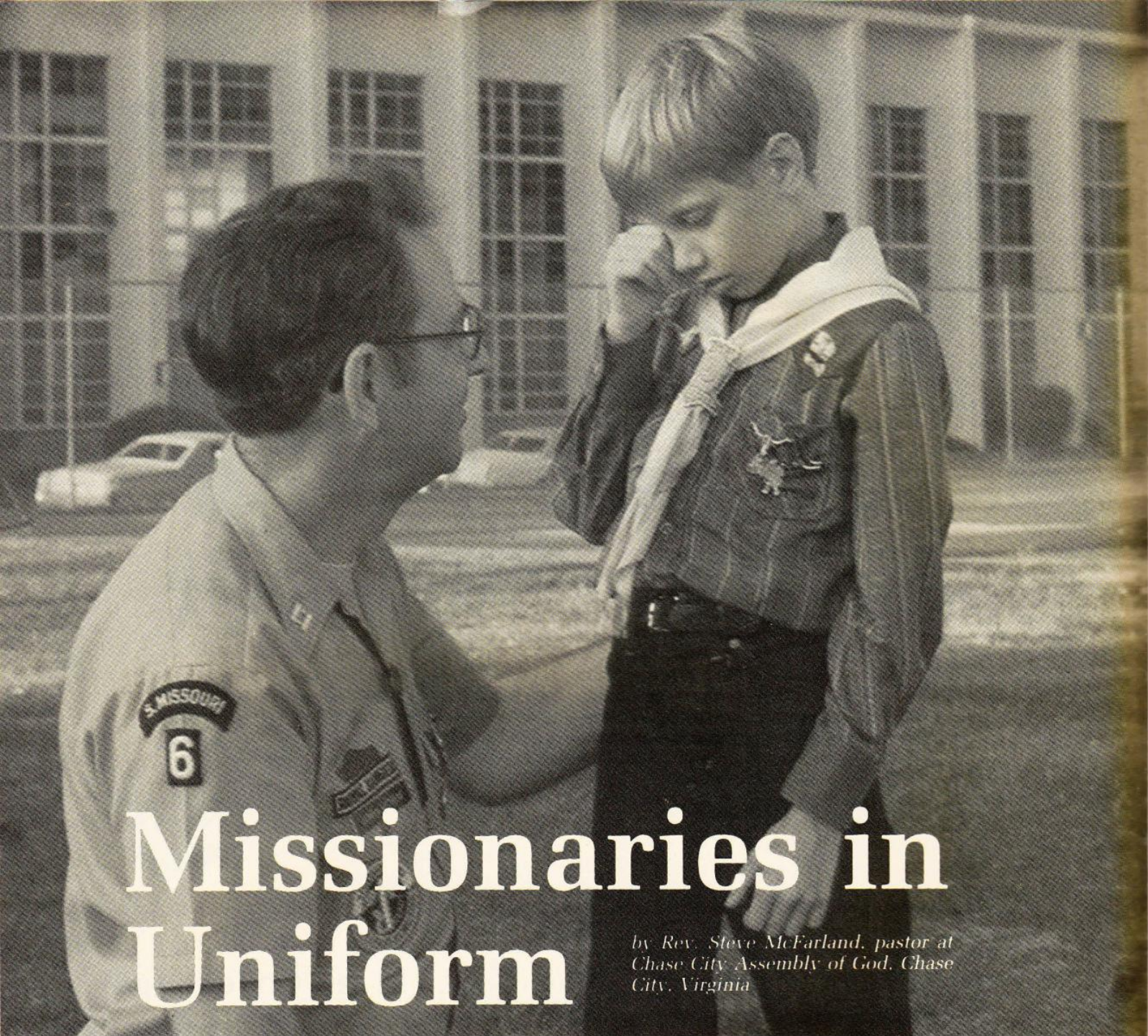
Maybe you know a friend wasting his time or talent. Perhaps you can do for him what this teacher did for Jim Riley—help him use his talent for good. Even better, you can help him discover Jesus Christ, so he can give his all to Him.

HARPER

L • E • A • D • E • R

SPRING 1990

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Missionaries in Uniform

by Rev. Steve McFarland, pastor at
Chase City Assembly of God, Chase
City, Virginia

Until I read the book I had never realized the number of boys touched each time a Royal Rangers leader in uniform stands before them.

While browsing through the vast volumes of books in the library of missionary tales, a title seemed to grab my attention. The title of the book was *Missionaries in Uniform*. Skimming through the pages I soon realized my first assumption was far from correct. Thinking only of law enforcement, military, and correctional chaplains as missionaries in uniform, I was amazed by the testimonies.

One by one men and women told their stories of the calling they received, the choosing God did, and the burden Christ laid upon their lives to reach, teach, and keep boys for His

kingdom. Their commitment to His purpose was also shared. While reading the pages I soon realized just how much a mission field my neighborhood really was.

Until I read the book I had never realized the number of boys touched each time a Royal Rangers leader in uniform stands before them. People of all ages are witnessed to by the excitement of the uniformed boys from various backgrounds.

Boys and men of all ages, creeds, colors, shapes, and descriptions wear the khaki uniform of Royal Rangers, along with its colorful patches and emblems. Each is a witness.

While reading the book's pages, the Royal Rangers message, which must be lived by every commander, became very clear. Boys learn by example, especially the one set for them. The boys learn how to be alert by watching their examples in church, at home, or on the road to and from events. They see cleanliness in body, mind, and speech and in the way the commanders conduct themselves in everyday life.

Royal Rangers learn honesty as they observe the way commanders address problems with straight answers and complete honesty, tempered with heavenly wisdom. Loyalty is gleaned from the faithful attendance record of the commander in Sunday school, church services, and outpost meetings. Courage is seen when adversity comes across the commander's path and he faces it with determination

handiwork of the Creator in every Royal Ranger around the world who has accepted the Lord as Savior.

Tears welled in my eyes as I read the pages and thought of the multiplied thousands of boys in the world without Christ and His companionship. These are boys who will one day be fathers, doctors, lawyers, senators, congressmen, construction workers, electricians, plumbers, pastors, and Sunday school teachers. They are boys who witness abuse and neglect; boys who daily see violence, drugs, alcohol, sex, and perversion; boys who are confused about issues and who have questions . . . but without adults to give them answers or to set the example. These are boys crying out for a stable adult to love them, to teach them, and to correct them; boys who need more "missionaries in uniform" to be a moral

rest of my life would be given to God for His work—with Royal Rangers or whatever else He would ask me to do. I pledged my best efforts to lead and guide boys to the Master Ranger, Jesus Christ. Boys next door and around the globe would receive my prayerful attention, my best efforts, and my support in all areas of their development. I prayed my pledge to God to go without delay and to do my best to fulfill the Great Commission through my service in Royal Rangers.

The next few weeks were filled with Leadership Training courses, a National Training Camp, and times of intense study, prayer, and praise. The Holy Spirit directed my prayers to the boys who needed them most. My offerings were blessed of God to help two boys go to a powwow. One of the boys accepted Christ. Another was filled with the Holy Spirit.

Today I pray each night before going to sleep for the boys to whom God has allowed me to be a witness. Some of the boys are in other areas; some are still nearby but do not attend the meetings. Nevertheless, they are all prayed for.

The rewards of my new missionary venture will stand before God on Judgment Day. As I hear my Lord say: "Well done my good and faithful servant. Welcome home," seconded by a host of boys, that will be my greatest reward.

I am glad I began answering the call to be a "missionary in uniform." ■

Tears welled in my eyes as I read the pages and thought of the multiplied thousands of boys in the world without Christ and His companionship.

and steadfast faith in God to deliver him. Courtesy is easily learned from the commander as he shows a gentleman's demeanor at all times.

Commanders set the tempo of obedience as they obey those in authority over them willingly and without complaint. The boys witness spiritual demeanor in their commander as he obeys the moving of God's Spirit.

The Holy Spirit spoke to me through the ink-stained pages as I read the messages of the various commanders. Names like Johnnie Barnes, Fred Deaver, Paul Stanick, and a host of others filled the pages. However, they were not the message of Royal Rangers and the Frontiersman Camping Fraternity. These noble folk are only the messengers, not the message. The message is not the advancements, competitions, skills, adventures, hikes, camp outings, powwows or any other action-packed Ranger event. The message in all areas of Royal Rangers is Jesus Christ.

The bridge to the boy from Jesus is fortified, strengthened, and extended every time an outpost meets. The message of Jesus is illustrated in the

guide for them.

Romans 10:13-17 resounded through my mind as I tried to justify my lack of action. Often I had opened my wallet or checkbook as missionaries asked for support, but I closed my heart when the pastor or senior commander asked for men to assist them in Royal Rangers.

My mind was closed to the calling of God for me to be a missionary to my community, especially the boys. Yes, I had failed—to go, to send, to proclaim Jesus, to pray, to use my talents to open up the doors of boys' hearts so Christ would have an opportunity to enter.

The Holy Spirit convicted me. Immediately I asked God to forgive me for my disobedience. Then I asked God to help me correct the problem in my life and to use me to win boys for Him.

While I was failing God, He sent this book my way. The future of the church and other areas was in my hands. Would I continue to fail the boys? Would I continue to refuse the call of God upon my life?

The decision changed my life. The

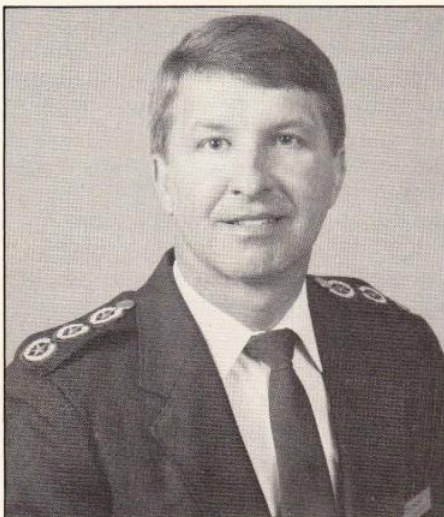
ATTENTION LEADERS!

Your Photographs Are Needed.

High Adventure is continually in need of quality color or black and white photographs relating to Royal Rangers activities. Payment is made for photographs upon acceptance.

Send your photographs to:
Royal Rangers
1445 Boonville Avenue
Springfield, MO 65802

Ken Hunt Instated as Royal Rangers Commander



by John Eller,
national Aide-de-Camp

When Ken Hunt came to work at the national Royal Rangers office in November 1988, we thought it was to

build tenure as editor of our publications. Now we know his coming was in the providence of God to become the new national Royal Rangers commander. Brother Hunt succeeds the late Johnnie Barnes.

Ken assumed this position after several years of leadership in both business and church. As a layman, he has served in many capacities with Assemblies of God churches, such as deacon, Sunday school teacher, men's director, and Royal Rangers outpost commander.

Ken followed the Lord's leading in 1965 by attending Evangel College in Springfield, Missouri. While there he met Sharon Thomas, now his wife for 16 years. They have two children—Ryan, 13, and Heather, 11. His college training was interrupted by 3 years of service in the U.S. Army, a year of which was spent in Vietnam. Ken graduated in 1972 and became a

businessman.

Ken carries himself well as one of God's choice men in the harvest. "Each day, Jesus' message 'the harvest is come' echoes more strongly in my mind," Ken recently stated. "The Word has gone forth; harvesters are hearing the plea. I am privileged to labor alongside these faithful Royal Rangers workers, together planting and reaping for the Lord. Our task is still the same: to serve boys and to build them into Christ-serving men."

Evident is the fact that the Decade of Harvest is close to the heart of our new commander. He has made total commitment to involve leaders and boys in this important task: to "reach, teach, and keep boys for Christ."

Ken brings vision and hope for the future. We stand behind him with our prayers and support.

Welcome aboard, Commander! We bid you Godspeed.

National Office Welcomes New Editor

Marshall Bruner has been named editor/promotions coordinator for the national Royal Rangers ministry. He began his duties in November 1989.

In his new position, Marshall serves as editor for the *High Adventure* and *High Adventure Leader*.

Prior to coming to Royal Rangers, Marshall worked more than 3 1/2 years on the editorial staff of the Division of Foreign Missions. He began at DFM after earning a bachelor's degree in writing from Southwest Missouri State University in Springfield.

Marshall has been an employee of the General Council of the Assemblies of God since 1980. While working in the Production Department, he attended SMSU and worked as editor or writer for various publications in Springfield.

Marshall is a third-generation Assemblies of God adherent and a na-

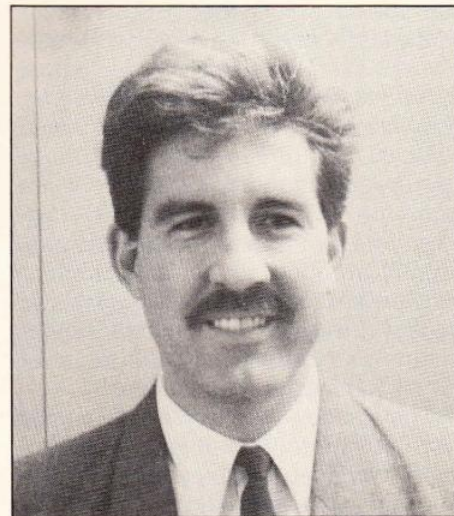
tive of southwest Missouri. He served in the U.S. Army for more than 3 years prior to coming to work at Headquarters.

Marshall met his wife Jan, also employed at Headquarters, while working at the Headquarters' complex. They have been married more than 9 years and have a toddler daughter, Meagan.

"I consider myself fortunate to serve the Royal Rangers of America during this great Decade of Harvest," said Marshall. "I believe God is leading this Fellowship into the greatest days it has ever witnessed, and I am eager to share in this experience and to help our Royal Rangers youths achieve their greatest potential in Jesus Christ. Together we will build God's kingdom."

We who serve in the Royal Rangers national office believe Marshall will

be a great asset to the Rangers ministry. Welcome, Marshall!



The human body can often be crippled to the point where crutches are necessary for locomotion; gnarled hands and stiffened limbs attest to extreme hardship and illness ac-

crued through the years.

But human beings are not alone in facing struggles and hardship. Take a walk in the forest and observe the trees. Here, too, as in the human realm

one senses a grim determination to survive—whatever the odds.

Nature, balanced over the years and seasons, often is a cruel taskmaster. Day after day storms, droughts, diseases, and extreme weather conditions wear on the trees. Some trees cling tenaciously to life despite the fact that their roots are in rocky ledges high on a canyon's rim. One may ask, "Why a tree here?" Nest for an eagle, perhaps? On the rim so high there is little soil, little chance to benefit from rain. The tree fights its daily battle and survives, often twisted and warped, much as a human with advanced arthritis. Yet it stands there seemingly proud, defying the elements.

Trees, like humans, adapt themselves to a pattern of survival. A physician might tell you, "There is no cure for arthritis, so you'll have to live with it!" The same might apply to the tree that is stunted for a great part of its life, but it still survives in picturesque beauty despite its grotesque shape.

The wear and tear of the elements affect the tree much as they do the human body. One views the giants of the redwood forest with awe. Here are trees thousands of years old. In that long span of time, they have faced nature in various forms of unrest, storms, crippling winds, fires, drought, and the hand of man. Yet the great trees tower upward, awe-inspiring.

The rugged coastal cypresses are stalwart examples of nature, resisting daily to all forms of stress, yet still surviving. Even in death some trees are majestic, slowly going back to mother earth branch by branch. At last some severe storm topples the trunk. Finally mother earth claims the rotting wood, ending one cycle of life and starting another.

Soil deficiencies or rocky terrain often twist trees into grotesque shapes, yet they cling to life. Even in the desert trees survive. Who hasn't thrilled to the sight of the picturesque Joshua or, on the other extreme, the bald-knobbed cypresses that grow and thrive in swamps?

Renowned writer Joyce Kilmer said it all in one sentence: "Only God can make a tree."



Beauty and Discord in a Forest

by Grover Brinkman

Photo by Donna Meier

Behold the Wood of the Bible

by Grover Brinkman

Students of botany (the study of plant life) remind us that the ginkgo is the world's oldest tree. Some not-so-scholarly students insist that this tree is mentioned in the Bible. According to Clayton A. Fawkes, president of the International Golden Fossil Tree Society (the parent research organization relative to the ginkgo) the tree is never mentioned in the Bible.

Checking both the Old and New Testament in relation to the ginkgo, Fawkes states: "I've read and checked each verse in the King James Version of the Bible. The Bible mentions many, many trees but not one mention of the ginkgo."

This should come as no surprise, for the first Occidental to see and recognize the ginkgo was in Nagasaki somewhere around 1693 to 1695. He was Engelbert Kaempfer, a German physician in the employ of the Dutch East India Company, who marveled at the tree's unusual fan-shaped leaves—unlike any other.

The civilized world first saw the word *ginkgo* in a Latin book entitled *Amoenitatum Exoticarum*, published in 1712. The King James Version of the Bible, published in 1611, predates the ginkgo publicity by 101 years. This, however, might be considered a short time span in the advancement of science. It might give rise to the popular belief that the ginkgo is mentioned in the Bible, but actual research discredits this.

As mentioned earlier, however, various other trees are mentioned throughout the Bible—a wide variety of familiar trees, in fact. Mostly the passages, however, refer to the wood only, not the tree itself.

The most frequently mentioned is the cedar. The Old Testament men-

tions this tree no less than 71 times. In spite of a climate favorable to it, the fig is only half as popular as the cedar, mentioned 36 times in the Old Testament and 9 in the New.

Another tropical tree often mentioned in the Bible is the palm. Starting in Exodus it is named in 32 passages. The olive, too, is often mentioned in biblical text—29 times to be exact.

Next in line is the acacia, the modern name for the shittah trees in the Old Testament, mentioned 28 times. Because of the limited terrain covered by the biblical writers, it would seem that the fir tree would be rare. It is mentioned 20 times in the books of Samuel, 1 Kings, 2 Kings, 2 Chronicles, Psalms, Song of Solomon, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Hosea, Nahum, and Zechariah.

A common tree in mid-America, the oak is seventh most frequently mentioned in the Bible; all 19 references are in the Old Testament. And appearing under various spellings in the Bible, the pomegranate is mentioned eight times.

The myrtle tree appears five times in the Bible, while the vine, pine, and mulberry each appear four. The almond and apple each appear three times. The four trees tied for next

place at two each are the box, camphire, chestnut, juniper, poplar, and spikenard.

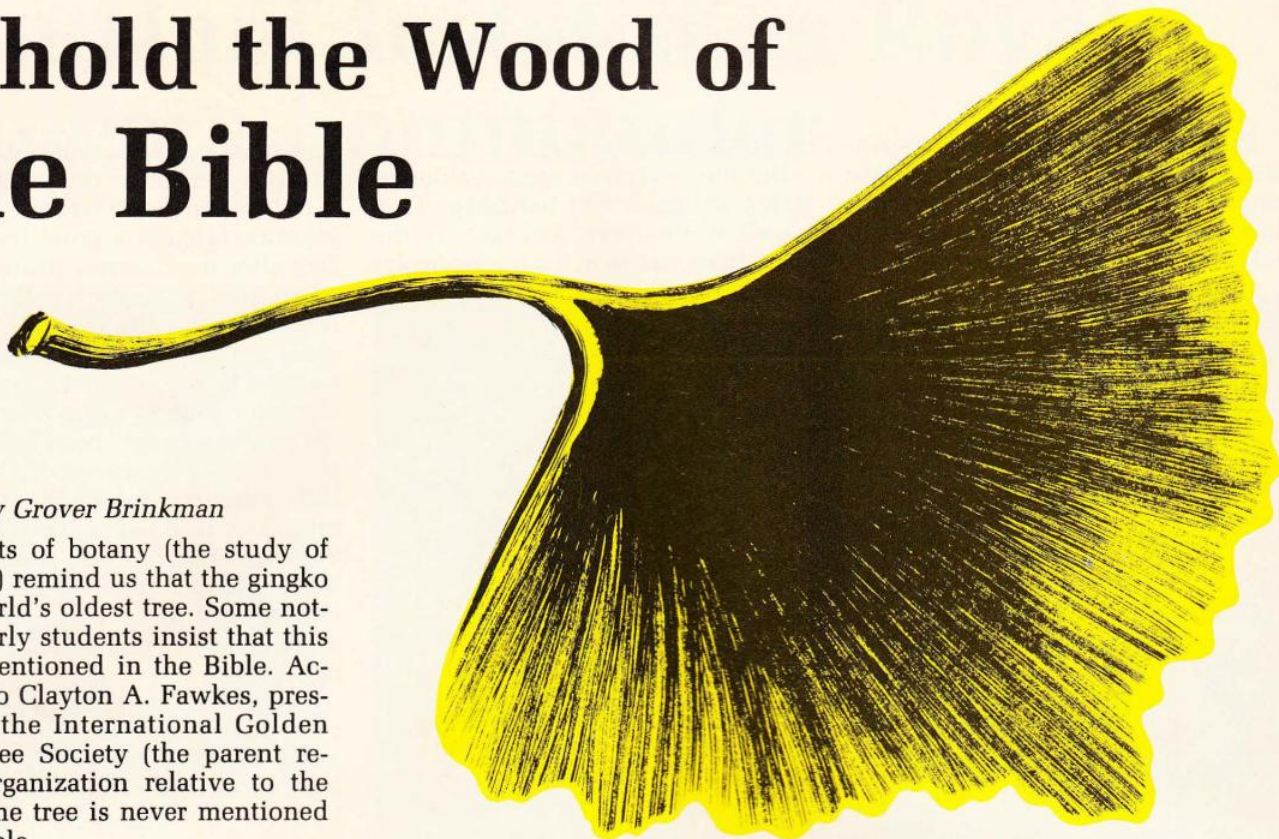
Oddly 11 trees are mentioned only once. They are the lignaloe, camphire, spikenard, elm, hazel, ash, cypress, green bay, oil, hyssop, and teil trees (now known as linden).

Gopher wood is mentioned without alluding to the tree in Genesis 6:14. God directed Noah, "Make . . . an ark of gopher wood." Another tree given brief mention is the almug, assumed to be the sandalwood tree.

In the entire King James Version 33 different kinds of trees are mentioned, if we count gopher wood as a tree. A total of 300 different references to trees are included in this tabulation.

In 13 books of the Bible, no specific tree is mentioned. In James is the passage, "Can a fig tree . . . bear olive berries?" Only 14 verses of the 3,779 in the Gospels mention a tree.

Thus, in condensed form, we behold the wood of the Bible, an ancient botany that is as modern as a walk through the woods today. Reading the entire Bible to study its botany might not turn today's student into a scholar, but it will be an experience of true and lasting value.



Tree Collecting

by Shirley Zebrowski

Collecting tree specimens offers a variety of ways to make interesting collections. You can make an herbarium showing all the parts of each tree, or you can collect tree leaves, twigs, roots, and seeds of different trees.

An herbarium is made from a thin sheet of cardboard on which you mount the parts of the tree. To make an herbarium you will need several thin sheets of cardboard or poster board, about 10 inches wide and 12 inches long. Cut the branches and twigs you choose to use to about 10 inches long, so they will fit well on the cardboard. Try to collect the branches with flowers or fruit on them. For example, gather an apple tree branch with blossoms on it then later one on which apples are beginning to form.

Cut off the extra twigs and leaves on your specimen branch. If you want your branch to show apple blossoms, the extra leaves and twigs aren't necessary.

You will have to dry your specimens first. In order for the leaves to dry flat, you may have to cut off the back part of the branch. This will be the side that is on the cardboard so it will not show. If that doesn't work well enough for the leaves to dry flat, try using newspaper to pad around the branch. Next, place newspaper over the flattened leaves. You can cover this with a heavy book.

To mount your specimens onto the cardboard, you may have to use several methods. For a large heavy branch you may have to tie it to the cardboard. Just punch two small holes about ½ inch apart, then slip a piece of string or fishing line through one hole from the back of the cardboard to the front, over the branch, and through the other hole. Tie the ends

tightly on the back side of the cardboard.

Small flat seeds can be glued onto the cardboard. Larger round seeds can be wrapped in a bit of plastic wrap and either glued to the cardboard or stapled on.

Most fruits will rot and cannot be kept long. A very young apple or pear, however, will keep much longer than a large ripened fruit.

You will want to show what the inside of the tree looks like. To do this, cut a small twig off the tree. Carefully cut the twig end on a slant. Next, mount the twig, keep the slanted cut side facing out. Tie the twig to the cardboard or use tape to tape it on.

Never cut or pull bark off a living tree. Doing so may kill it or leave an open area where a tree disease can

each tree and each part of the tree correctly.

If you prefer you can make collections of just the leaves from different trees or twigs or branches that form the different trees.

When you collect your specimens be sure to cut the branches off carefully and only cut off what you will need. You should be careful not to damage any tree.

Some of the more common seeds you will be able to find in the spring are elm, soft maple, poplar, cottonwood, and willow. These are light seeds, which are blown off the tree easily by the wind.

During the fall, nut seeds ripen. Most common of these are oak acorns, chestnuts, black walnuts, butternuts, hickory nuts, hazelnuts, and lindens. Seeds found in the fleshy fruit of the

Making a herbarium is easy and fun.

begin to grow. If you cannot find a piece of loose bark from a tree, you can make a "bark rubbing." Tape a piece of white writing paper onto the bark. Then rub over the paper with the side of a brown crayon until you have a good image of the bark's details. Another way to make the rubbing is to take a piece of white paper and lay a piece of carbon paper on it, carbon side up. Lay another piece of white paper over the carbon paper. Carefully tape all three sheets to the bark. Rub over the paper with something dull, such as the back of a teaspoon. The image will come out on the underside of the piece of white paper.

Your herbarium has the leaves, flowers or fruits, and twigs showing the inside of the tree and branches that form the tree. Be sure to label

trees are wild cherries, hawthorns, plums, mulberries, dogwoods, and apples, to name just a few.

Other dry seeds that are found in the fall are from ash, birch, hard maple, box elder, and ironwood trees. Also, the dried pinecones on evergreen trees release their seeds in the fall.

Although not worth much money wise, an herbarium is valuable. It can show the plant life of a certain region of state or country. Some herbariums made in Europe 500 years ago are still in good condition.

Making an herbarium is easy and fun. It will not only help your Royal Rangers learn more about trees but can help them appreciate the creative power of our God as well. Enjoy making your herbarium!

The Saga of the Ame

From Aroostook southward to where Oglethorpe named Georgia and westward from Bunker Hill to the land of the lakes, the stately American chestnut flourished prior to the early 1900s. Soaring heavenward, sometimes to a height of 150 feet, but more often 75 to 100 feet, the American chestnut was one of the world's most beautiful and useful trees.

The heart is the eternal symbol of love, and all of New England had a "thing going for the chestnut." The morning following the appearance of Jack Frost, American kids of 60 years ago would move on the great chestnut orchards like a plague of locusts. Carrying old muslin salt bags or diamond sugar sacks, the youngsters scurried among the leaves, gathering the nuts.

During the pre-World War I days, every candy store in New England sold roasted chestnuts for 10 cents a bag and raw chestnuts for 5 cents. Aged vendors made their way up and down the streets of Boston, Hartford, Providence, and Worcester with their tiny hibachi-like grills. Setting up "shop" outside a theater, a music hall, or a stadium, they sold roasted chestnuts by the bushel.

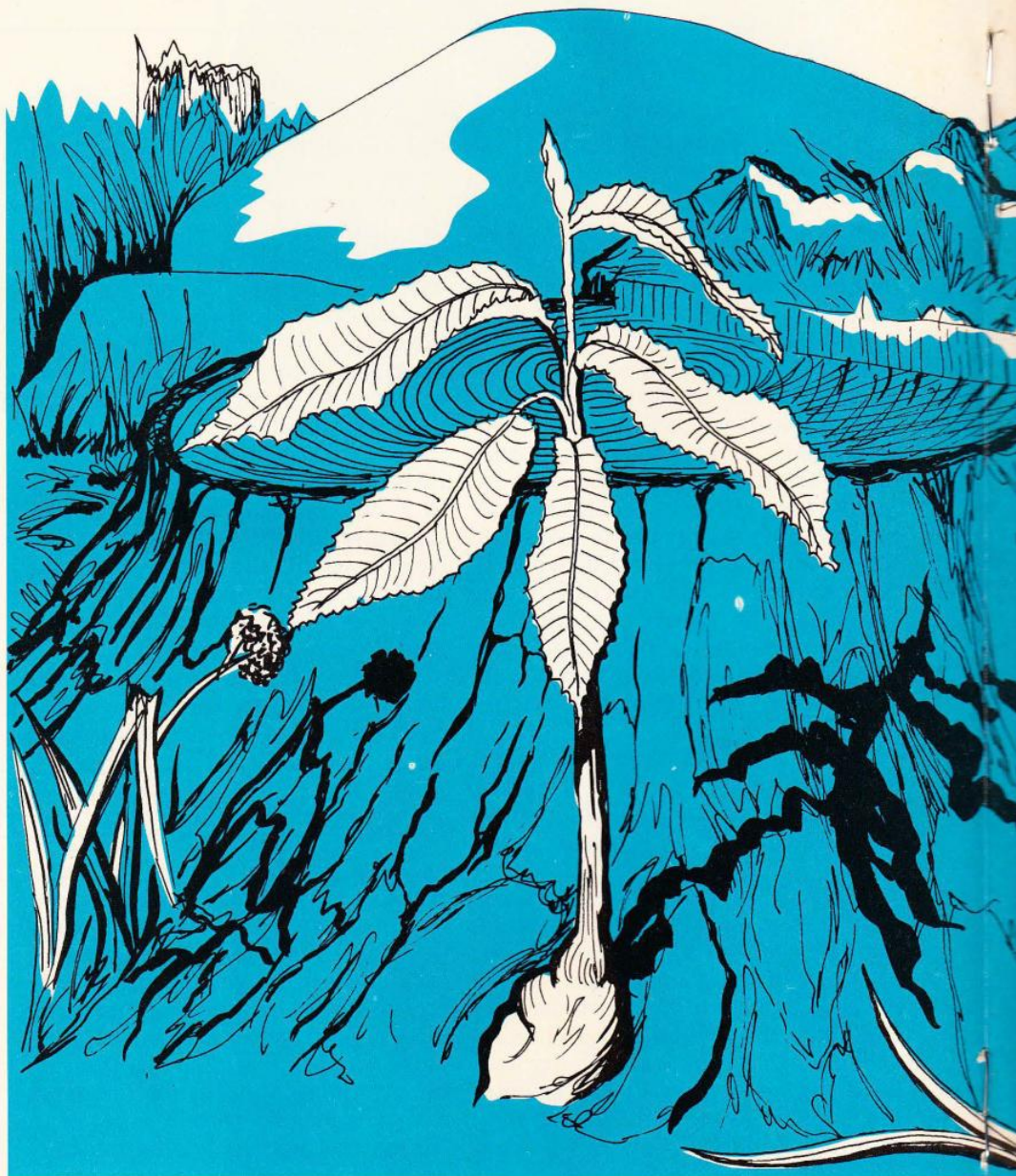
At Thanksgiving it would have been sheer heresy to serve any other stuffing with the traditional turkey than that made with chestnuts. Some restaurants serve chestnut dressing

*Unless some way
was found to check
the spread of en-
dothia parasitica
... every chestnut
tree in America
was doomed.*

to this day, made from the larger and much drier European chestnut. *T'aint the same!*

Thousands of New England homes once had chestnut trees on the front lawn. The great orchards which sometimes covered several miles were in the Berkshires, the Green Mountains, and rural New Hampshire. Maine was loaded with chestnut trees. So plentiful were they that

by Francis X. Sculley



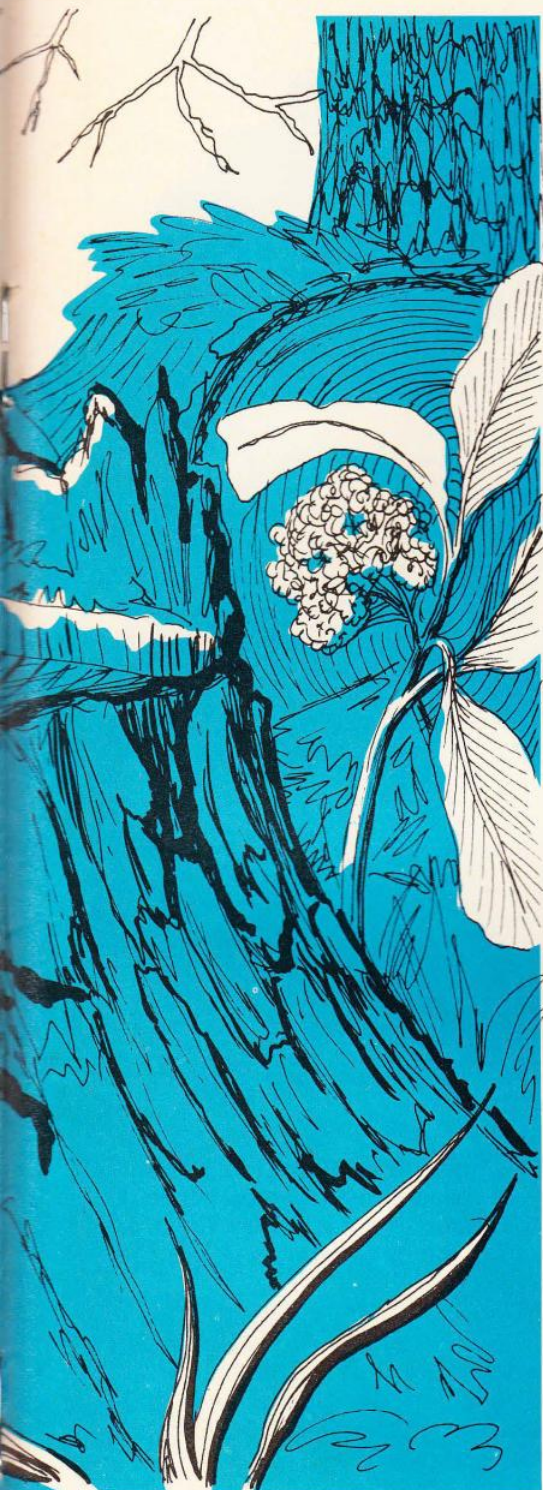
a single picker could gather a bushel of chestnuts in a day, for which he received \$7—a princely wage for a day's work during President William Howard Taft's time.

Wholesalers hired scores of pickers on a commission basis, even transporting them to the picking regions. So big a thing was the chestnut early in the century that many of the

railroads ran excursions to the chestnut centers. On a crisp October Sunday morning, hundreds would jam into the coaches for an outing on the slopes to the north.

In the fall of 1904, visitors to Central Park in New York and to Paramus, New Jersey, noted that many of the chestnut trees seemed to be stricken by some strange type of ma-

American Chestnut Tree



lady. Many of the limbs had perished during the year. As more and more trees were affected, they were cut down and burned in an attempt to stem the progress of the disease.

Unless some way was found to check the spread of endothisia parasiticus, the wind-blown fatal bark disease, every chestnut tree in America was doomed. The deadly spore

entered a healthy tree through cracks in its bark.

On silent wings and with the rapidity of a tropical hurricane out of the Caribbean, the dreaded blight moved northward toward the great stands of New England chestnuts. As insidious as the fires of the Labrador peat bogs, the plague would strike in one place then another, often bypassing isolated orchards. As soon as hope was attained, the destroyer would return to complete its grim task. Aware now that the worst plant blight in America's history was bent on a war of extermination, the nation came alive. As millions of board feet of almost virgin chestnut was sentenced to the ax and flame, the nation's scientists girded themselves for the one-sided conflict.

By 1920, more than two-thirds of New England's most magnificent trees were gone. Many others were stunted to more than half their potential height. Within a year or two they, too, were gone. Like the salvaging of the bones of the plains buffalo, so now was dead chestnut claimed to be used in the making of fence posts.

By 1930, New England was marred by miles upon miles of whitened tree skeletons and dead fence posts. The most beloved tree of America was nearing extinction. Occasionally someone would stumble upon a small live tree, an offshoot from an ancient stump. Sometimes it would survive for as long as 5 years, even producing a crop of burrs. Then it, too, would succumb.

Except for a few solitary trees in remote Maine, all New England today has as a reminder that such a species ever existed. Endothisia is still as potent and relentless as when it first came to America.

Within the past two decades many states, notably Pennsylvania, have introduced the Chinese chestnut. Nurseries are selling the Oriental, which seems to be blight resistant. In fact, some theorize that the Chinese chestnut may have introduced the blight in the first place (1855). Attaining a height of 25 feet at the maximum, the eastern tree seems to have adapted to the climate of the northeastern United States, although prone to winter kill in extremely low temperatures. The burrs are identical,

though larger, and contain two, rather than three, heart-shaped nuts. The nuts taste similar to the native variety. So far the Keystone State's deer and grouse have made no complaints as to the difference.

In the interim the search for a blight-immune tree goes on. Two have been found in New Hampshire, which Department of Agriculture authorities believe are immune to the ravages of endothisia. Both apparently having recovered from an early attack. While it is too early to make a conclusive comment, the Jackson and Lee trees are doing well, although only one bears fruit. There are other reports in the Granite State that small trees are being found.

*... the search for
a blight-immuned
tree goes on.*

Elsewhere the University of Connecticut is conducting research on the American chestnut as is the state of Virginia. However, no facts have been made available for publication.

In the meantime, the Department of Agriculture continues the fight to revive the most delightful interlude of early-century life in rural America. Attempts have been made at hybridization, which has achieved some success. A small orchard was found high atop the Smokies at an altitude of 3,000 feet, where the blight is nonexistent. With this knowledge there is a chance that the chestnut might have a rebirth at high altitudes elsewhere.

There is a story circulating out of Virginia that trees have survived to an age of several years after being treated with wood ashes on the trunk and on the ground near the roots. It will be interesting to watch this experiment.

For that reason every American chestnut tree encountered should be marked well and then reported to the local agricultural authorities. There is always the chance that it might be the one that is immune, and from it the long road back can begin.

Perhaps there is a ray of hope among all the dismal statistics.

The Common Touch Jesus and Cliches

*It's no wonder so
many of His
sayings have
become common
place and
understood by all.*

by Betty Francis

Did Jesus use cliches when He spoke—those trite phrases and expressions to illustrate His points? Maybe phrases like “Turn the other cheek,” “Don’t hide your light under a bushel,” and “He is the salt of the earth” weren’t considered cliches when Jesus spoke them. They have since become well known throughout the world, however.

Cliches are everywhere and have long been a part of language. They are understood by just about everyone. While using cliches may be a lazy way to express ourselves, they do hasten our understanding of what someone is trying to express. Know what I mean?

Can’t you just hear the people saying about Jesus, “There’s more to that Man than meets the eye.” Or “When

He speaks it’s with heart and soul.”

After Jesus picked His 12 disciples, people might have said, “From all those to pick and choose, He chose 12 good men and true.” (So it seemed at the time.)

Jesus spoke far and wide, and His reputation grew by leaps and bounds. The long and short of it is that He spoke fair and square, was always cool as a cucumber, and became larger than life.

Jesus is a kindred Spirit who speaks about love, down to the last detail, and makes us aware that He is the staff of life. He welcomes us with open arms to be His servants and to love Him from the bottom of our hearts.

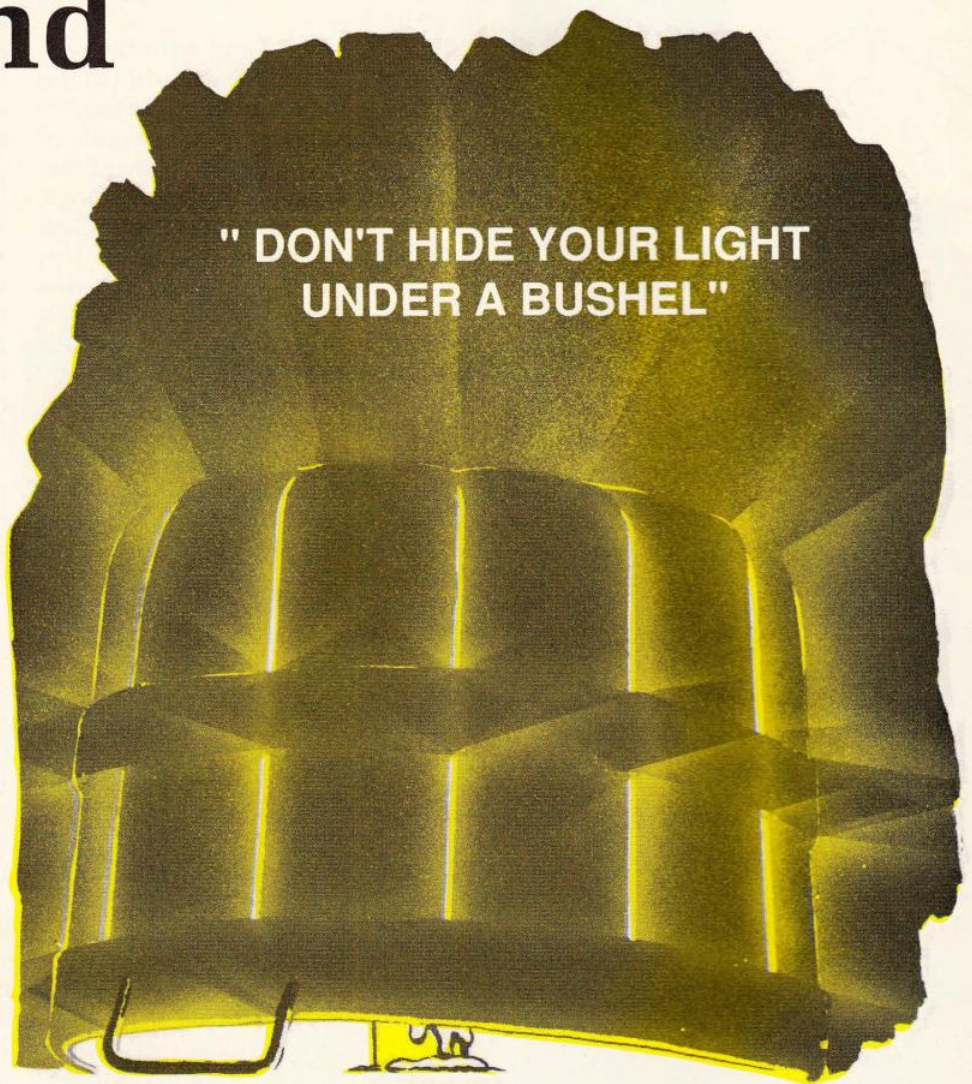
Jesus advises us to nip sin in the bud, to know the why and wherefore of our Christian beliefs, and to know

the simple truth about His love and forgiveness. Jesus lightens our darkness, came to earth as Man on an errand of mercy to save us in our 11th hour.

There are more eloquent ways to write and talk about Jesus and His saving grace. But to someone who’s never heard about Jesus and Christian love, cliches tell His story in a straightforward way.

Jesus used simple language when He spoke in parables and preached the Sermon on the Mount. It’s no wonder so many of His sayings have become common place and understood by all.

Jesus’ message was for one and all and for the love of many because, as God, He was a man and a brother. Enough said!



Forest Fire Putout

by Joe Cabeza de Vaca

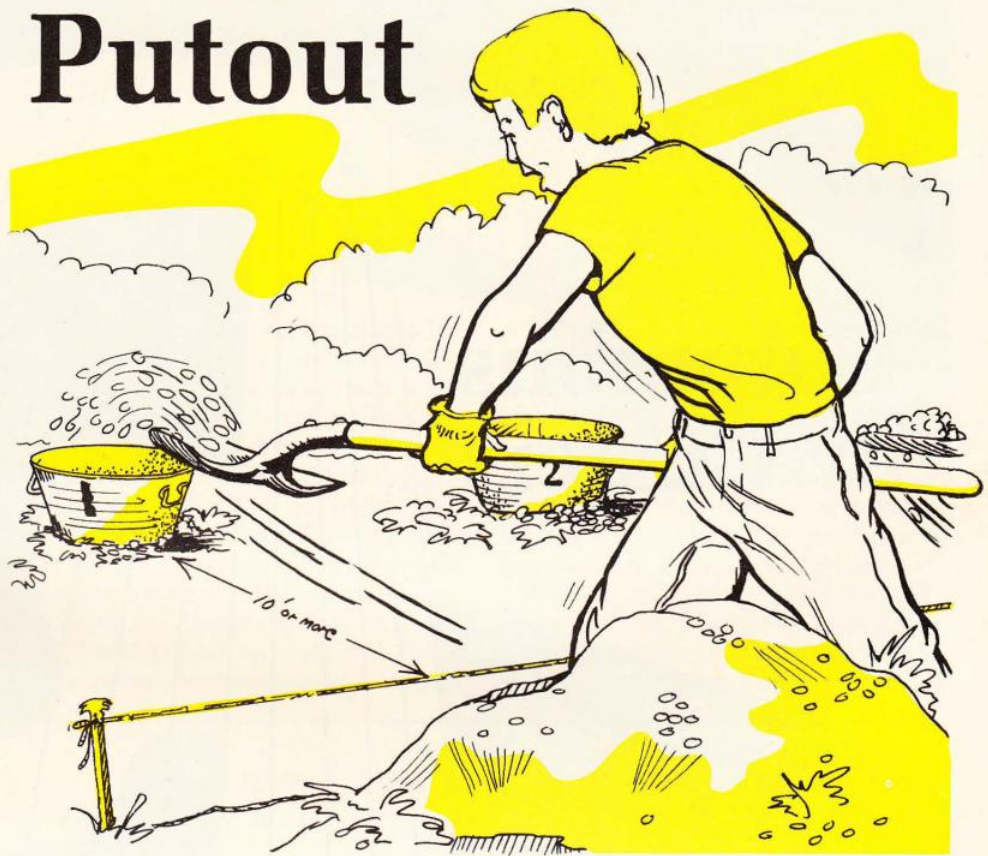
Purpose: To develop skills in teamwork and development of physical abilities.

Items Needed: Bucket or small tub, dirt pile or sand pit, and shovel for each patrol.

Description: Fire fighters in the Forest Service use shovels in their work. Accuracy is a *must*. The fire fighters throw dirt on the line of the fire to keep it from advancing. This contest is based on fire-fighting skills. The object is to have relays between two or more teams or patrols, each trying to fill a bucket or a small tub with dirt.

Each team will stand 10 feet from the container (farther away if their skill levels warrant). Each team member gets three attempts to put shovelfuls of dirt into the container. After his third try, he passes the shovel to his teammate.

If the teams quickly master this



skill, you may wish to go to a higher goal. Place the container at a level higher than the head of the one shov-

eling. The team members with the most dirt in their container at the end of their round wins.

Young Ones

Names of baby animals are listed numerically. Names of adult parents are listed alphabetically. Unite these families.

- | | |
|-------------|-------------|
| 1. Squab | A. Deer |
| 2. Poult | B. Kangaroo |
| 3. Fry | C. Seal |
| 4. Cub | D. Fish |
| 5. Calf | E. Frog |
| 6. Joey | F. Pigeon |
| 7. Kid | G. Goat |
| 8. Fawn | H. Turkey |
| 9. Pup | I. Bear |
| 10. Tadpole | J. Elephant |

Men of War

George Washington was our country's first military hero. Throughout our history other great leaders have gained fame in different wars. Match the man with the war.

Column A

- John Paul Jones
- Andrew Jackson
- Winfield Scott
- U.S. Grant
- Robert E. Lee
- John Pershing
- Douglas MacArthur
- Dwight Eisenhower
- William Westmoreland
- Theodore Roosevelt

Column B

- Civil War (Union)
- Spanish-American War
- W.W. II
- Revolutionary War
- Vietnam War
- War of 1812
- W.W. I
- Mexican War
- Korean War
- Civil War (Confederate)

Answers: 1. F, 2. H, 3. D, 4. I, 5. J, 6. B, 7. G, 8. A, 9. C, 10. E

Answers: 1. D, 2. F, 3. H, 4. A, 5. J, 6. G, 7. C and I, 8. C, 9. E, 10. B

How to Take a Risk:

Columbus or Custer?

by Gary B. Swanson

Centuries ago a 13-year-old Mongol boy named Temujin was captured by Taidjut warriors. They bound him in a heavy wooden yoke, but the boy determined to find a way to escape.

One evening Temujin took a desperate risk. He knocked out his guard

with the end of the yoke, raced to the edge of a river, and hid among the brush. One of the Taidjuts looked directly at him but for some reason did not call the others' attention to him. Instead, when no one seemed to be able to find Temujin, the Taidjuts called off the search and returned to

their camp.

Then Temujin took another fearful chance. He actually returned to the camp of the Taidjuts. Creeping into the tent of the man who had seen him at the river, the boy begged for help. The Taidjut warrior split the yoke and tossed it into the fire. "Return quickly





to your people," the warrior said. "If you are found here, we both will be killed."

The boy who escaped that night later became the great Genghis Khan, who, during the 13th century, fearlessly led the Mongols in a conquest of all Asia. If he had not been willing to take risks—if he had played it safe as a captive—his life could have turned out drastically different.

Actually, learning to take risks—of the right kind—is an important part of growing up. As children we are often trained by our parents to avoid risks: "Don't eat before swimming. Never go outside in a lightning storm. Don't sit too close to the television set. Wear a jacket when it's cold outside." These principles make sense. "Don't take chances with your health." However, multiple thousands of people engage in unhealthy and unsafe acts that can shorten or destroy their lives.

Actually risk taking can and should be a positive force in our lives. "Avoiding danger is no safer in the long run than outright exposure," Helen Keller said. "Life is either a daring adventure or nothing." What she meant was, "No pain, no gain!"

Most of man's progress has resulted from someone taking a risk: the Puritans seeking religious freedom on a strange continent; the Wright brothers building a flying machine; Jonas Salk inoculating his own family with the first polio vaccine. But how do you know what kind of risks to take? What can you do to be a Columbus instead of a Custer?

These five guidelines should be helpful:

First, set objectives for your life. Decide what you want to accomplish with your life. Where and what do you want to be 5, 10, or 15 years from now. With a clearly stated answer to these questions, you can always ask yourself, *Will this help me to fulfill my lifelong goals?*

Any objective in a Christian's life must be measured, of course, against the long-range objective of service to God. A skinny ninth-grade boy could fulfill his objective of making the high school football team by taking steroids. His objective to serve God, however, should take precedence in his life-style. A boy who wants to become a doctor could improve the score on his chemistry test by cheating, but this does not help him fulfill his commitment to do God's will.

Third, know exactly what the risk is. Deciding what is at stake can often help. In his book *Chancing It*, Ralph Keyes stated that many teenagers worry more about loss of face than about loss of life. This is one reason saying "No" to drugs is so difficult for teenagers; they fear peer disapproval more than physical harm.

Fourth, take your own risks. We learn early in life not to take dares. Yet peer pressure is little more than an unspoken dare. To do something

Most of man's progress has resulted from someone taking a risk. . . .

The Christian is called, however, to take certain risks. The entire 11th chapter of Hebrews talks about taking risks. Noah risked public disapproval by building an ark. Abraham followed God's leading "even though he did not know where he was going" (verse 8, NIV). Moses gave up a sure thing in Egypt, choosing, instead, "to be mistreated along with the people of God" (verse 25, NIV).

Second, reduce the element of risk to as little chance as possible. When thousands of onlookers watched Philippe Petit cross a tightrope seven times back and forth between the tops of the World Trade Towers in New York City, they must have thought he was crazy. "Risk implies chance," Petit said later. "I never take chances. Everything is rehearsed, all possibilities considered. I can never fall."

Any risk taken without as much preparation as possible is presumption. So is putting yourself directly in the way of danger! Samson continually put himself in danger. Even though his parents warned him, he wanted to associate with the wrong crowd. By doing so, he was taking needless risks with a life that God had given him for a special reason.

on a dare—because of peer pressure—shows that you value someone's opinion of you too much.

In the Garden of Eden Eve took a risk almost on a dare: "'You will not surely die,' the serpent said" (Genesis 3:4, NIV). In effect he was saying, "I dare you to find out!"

Fifth, respect yourself. You are a child of God, made in His likeness. You are valuable to Him, so valuable that He gave His Son to die for you (see John 3:16).

"Your unconscious mind greatly influences all conscious decisions," said psychologist Raymond Barker. "Before you can make any proper decisions, you must decide what you are and what you want to be."

David Viscott, author of *Risking: How to Take Chances and Win*, stated that risks taken depend on how a person sees himself. "Somewhere behind every risk," Viscott said, "should be a life worth risking for."

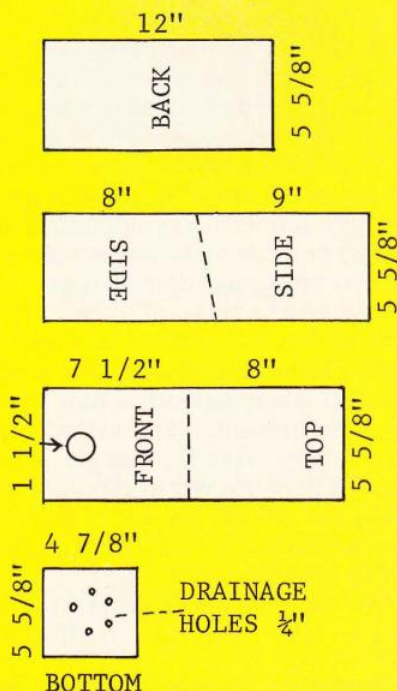
God has already shown us that our lives are valuable. He risked His only Son to save us.

How do you know what kind of risks to take? Ask God. He'll show you!

Let's Build a Birdhouse!

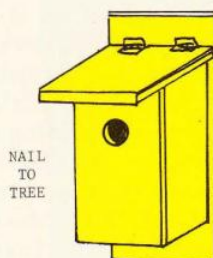
LUMBER NEEDED:

Use $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch-thick plywood



Other materials needed:

Box of 4-Penny Nails
2 small hinges with screws
Hand drill
Screwdriver
Hammer
Saw



DIRECTIONS

Prepare Lumber:

1. Cut plywood according to measurements. (Hint: Label boards "Front," "Back," etc., as you go along for easier assembly.) When possible, put rough side of wood facing inside (bird can grip the wood better).

Entrance Hole:

2. Using board marked "Front" (7 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 5 $\frac{5}{8}$ inches) from one end, measure 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Drill a hole that is 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. Don't make the hole any larger—if too big, other animals, such as squirrels and cats, may get in.

Drainage Hole:

3. Using board marked "Bottom" (4 $\frac{7}{8}$ by 5 $\frac{5}{8}$ inches), drill four or five small holes about 1 inch apart and about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide. These holes are for drainage in case of rain.

Assembly:

4. Nail "Side" boards to "Bottom" board (shown). Make sure shorter edge of "Side" boards are across from each other.

5. Now, nail "Front" board (with entrance hole at top) to 8 inches of "Side" boards (shown). Make sure edges at bottom are even. There will be about a $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch difference at top when "Front" board is nailed on. This will give your birdhouse better ventilation, allowing fresh air to enter.

6. Next, nail 9-inch edges of "Side" boards to "Back" board (shown). Allow about 2 inches at top and 1 inch at bottom, so you will be able to nail birdhouse to tree trunk when you are finished building.

7. Using "Top" board (8 by 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches), measure from side about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches and screw one edge of both hinges about 1 inch apart (shown).

8. Set "Top" board on birdhouse and secure other ends of hinges to "Back" board. Allow "Top" board to slope down slightly and hang over "Front." This will provide runoff for rain. It will also allow for easy entry to clean out your birdhouse before and after nesting time.

9. Nail "Back" board to trunk of sturdy tree, about 6-7 feet above ground.

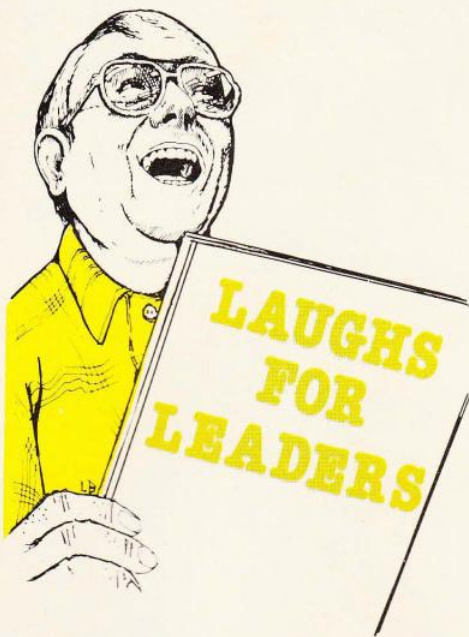
Helpful hints for birdhouse builders:

1. Never use metal to build birdhouses. On a warm day, metal can act like an oven. The heat inside the birdhouse may kill the bird.

2. There is no need to paint your birdhouse. Weathering can cause paint to peel. Birds may eat the paint chips, causing them to die.

3. There is no need for a perch on the outside of your birdhouse. A bird resting on a perch can be easy prey for predators.

By making a few adjustments, you can make a variety of birdhouses for different birds. Location for your birdhouses is also important. For example, a good place for a wood duck's house would be on a tree, 10 to 20 feet above ground, near the edge of a pond or lake.



"He always wears two pairs of socks when he goes golfing," said the golfer's wife.

"Why?" asked her friend.

"In case he gets a hole in one."

Marie Christopher
Brady, Texas

I live in a very polite city. All the stop signs say, "Stop, please."

Michael T. Shoemaker
Alexandria, Virginia

What goes up and down but stays in one place?
A road.

What has four legs and one foot?
A bed.

What stays in one corner but can go all around the world?
A postage stamp.

Why did Hector swallow two dimes?

His father said he wanted to see some change in him.

M. M. Savoie
Brady, Texas

Q: Who is safe when a man-eating tiger is on the loose?

A: Women and children.

Don Miller
Kensington, Maryland

An Indian sending smoke signals suddenly threw aside his regular blanket and began using a baby blanket.

"Why did you do that?" asked a friend.

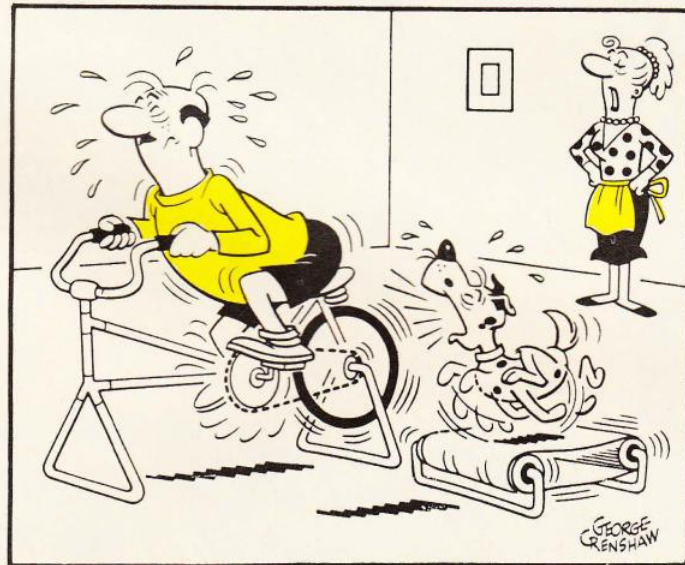
"I'm making small talk," replied the Indian.

* * *

"This machine will do half the work for you," said the sales clerk.

"Sounds wonderful," replied the customer. "I'll take two."

* * *

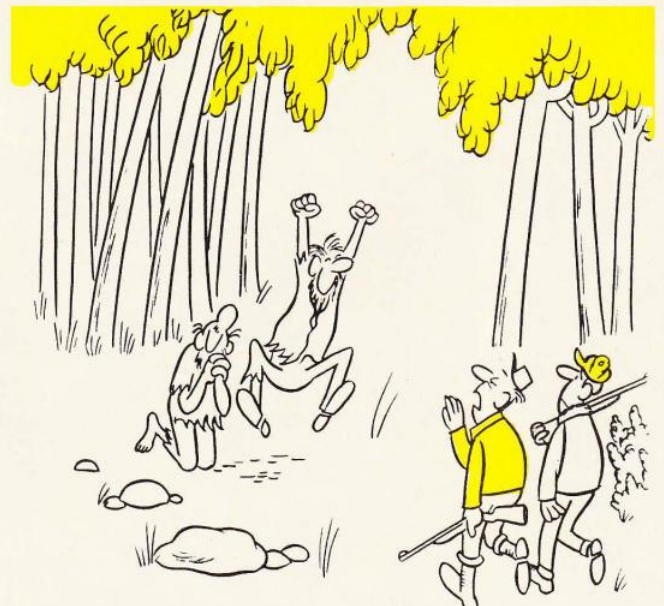


"NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING."



"YOU REALLY CANT BLAME THE RANGER, STEVE... YOU'VE GOTTEN LOST THREE TIMES THIS YEAR"

CARTOONS BY
JOHN



"DON'T GET EXCITED - WE'RE LOST, TOO!"



Trees

*I think that I shall never see
a poem lovely as a tree.*

*A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
against the earth's sweet flowing breast;*

*A tree that looks at God all day,
and lifts her leafy arms to pray;*

*A tree that may in summer wear
a nest of robins in her hair;*

*Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
who intimately lives with rain.*

*Poems are made by fools like me,
but only God can make a tree.*

Little Guys Can Win

*A True Story by Tim Helton,
as told to Muriel Larson*

The last 6 seconds of our junior varsity championship basketball game with Wade Hampton High School were electric with excitement. Not only is Wade Hampton a rival of Parker High, my school in Greenville, South Carolina, but the score stood at 40-39, their favor!

Wade Hampton had just scored the two points necessary to put them ahead by one point. Our fans urged us on, hoping for a last-second miracle. We took the ball out of bounds with 6 seconds to play.

My best friend, Daryl Wilder, is the 6-foot, 3-inch forward I work with on the team. Coach told me, "Try to get the ball to Daryl—but if he's covered, Tim, you're going to have to make the shot." I'm the runt of the team at 5 feet, 8 inches and a guard—the least likely to accomplish the almost impossible. The ball was passed in to me. I dribbled up the court and glanced toward Daryl. He was covered. Our time was nearly up, and I was still 16 feet from the basket. *I've got to try it*, I thought. I threw the long shot through the air, and it plunged right through the basket! The whistle blew, and the game was over!

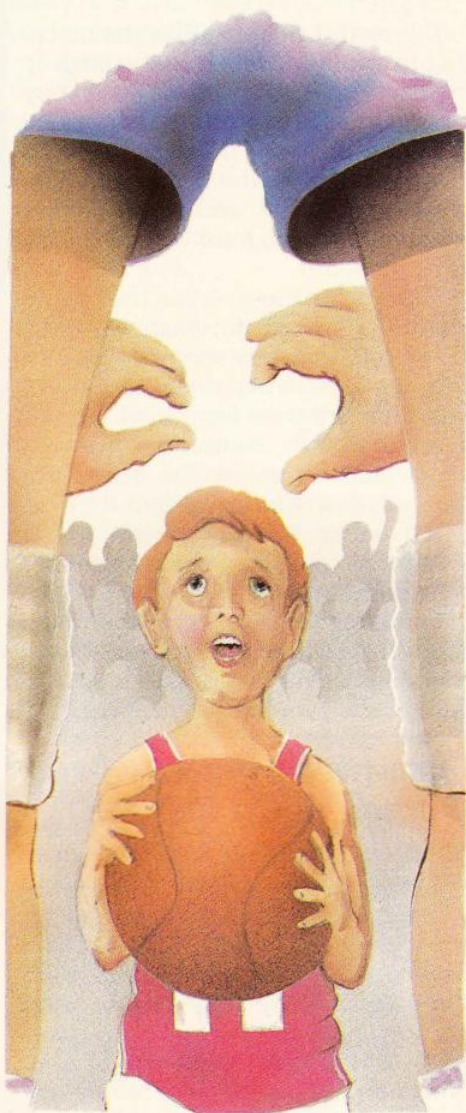
Later in the county tournament, we had to play Greenville High. If we won this game, it would give us the Greenville County junior varsity championship. So the fellows were really nervous before the game.

"Say, fellows, why don't we have a word of prayer?" I suggested.

Several of the guys looked at me as though I was something that had popped out of the woodwork. But one boy asked, "Who's going to pray?"

"I will," I said. Then I prayed: "Lord, help us to be calm and to play our very best. Please protect us from being hurt. May each of us look to You and trust You more. In Jesus' name. Amen." Then we prayed the Lord's Prayer together.

The fellows didn't seem quite as tense after we prayed, and several actually seemed affected by the prayer.



We went out and won the game—and the championship too!

I've been praying before every game since I started playing football in the eighth grade. I think it's made a better player out of me because I go into the game more confident. Since I've always been the smallest one on my basketball and football teams, I've felt a special need for the Lord's protection. And He has.

I try to remember to thank the Lord for bringing me safely through each game. I'm sure glad to have Him with me.

I had joined the Lord's team when I was 12. An evangelist came to my church and preached about hell and eternal separation from God. I was sorry for my sins and walked forward

to accept Christ as my Savior.

After I did that, I noticed a change in my life. For one thing, at age 12, I already smoked. I lost all desire for it after receiving the Lord. My whole way of thinking changed, and I started treating my parents with more respect.

There's a lot of talk about the generation gap, but I haven't experienced one. I think the gap usually exists when kids rebel against their parents and the moral standards they've been taught. Many kids play follow-the-leader. But if a fellow is trying to follow the Lord, he'll want to do what's right, no matter what the crowd does.

By playing basketball and football with Daryl, we became friends. When I learned that he didn't know Christ, I was burdened about his salvation. I tried to witness to him whenever the opportunity presented itself.

"How about coming to church with me on Sunday?" I asked him one day. Though he did attend another church, he agreed.

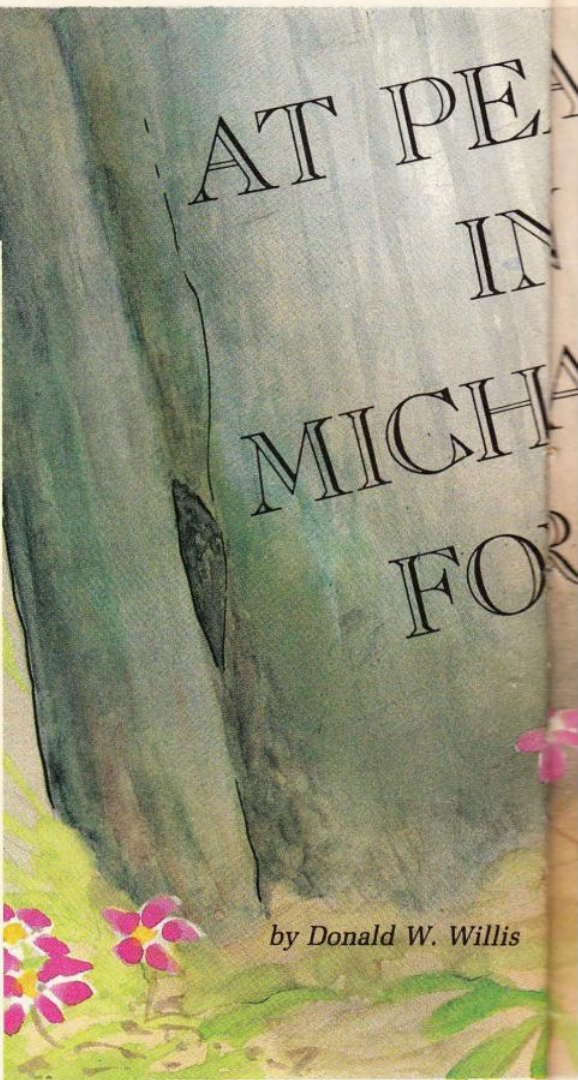
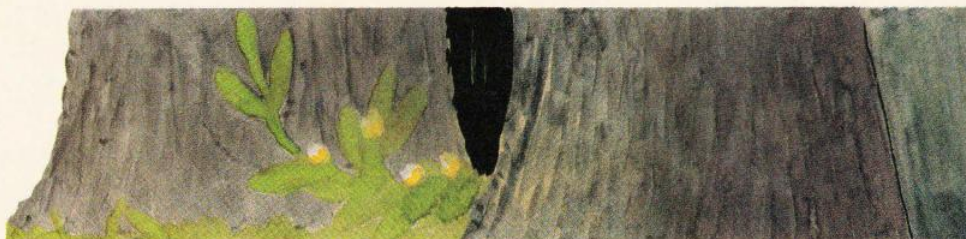
When the invitation was given to accept Christ, Daryl raised his hand. After that I saw a real difference in Daryl.

My younger brother is another one I was concerned about. He's a tremendous basketball and football player. My mother and I were disturbed by the fact that he wasn't living for the Lord. But the Lord heard our prayers, and David has rededicated his life to Christ.

I'd like to be a minister or even a coach someday. I think the greatest thing a person can do with his life is to work for the Lord.

But even while you're a teenager, there are ways to serve the Lord. You can witness and live for Christ.

I love sports, but as far as I'm concerned the Lord comes first. I'm not a "holier than thou"—I know I have a long way to go. And I know that I want to go the whole way with Christ!



Michael Vance had lived all his life in the forest on the side of the mountain. His grandfather had bought the 500 acres years and years ago. When his grandfather died, the forest had passed on to Michael's father, and when he died it became Michael's.

Michael had been born slightly re-tarded. He was teased and made fun of by the children in town whenever they saw him, but he never became angry about it. Michael was a kind and gentle person by nature. His father would often tell him that he should stand up for himself. At those times Michael would just smile and tell his father they didn't mean any harm, and he ignored them.

Michael never went to school because his father said he wouldn't be any good at book learning. But one thing Michael knew well was the forest.

Michael's grandfather and father were woodsmen. All their needs were met by the forest. All their food came from the forest. They ate deer and bear, squirrels and rabbits. They had fish from the stream and fruit from the trees. Their house was made from the rocks and trees of the forest. They even made clothes from the hides of the animals they hunted. The sun told them the time of day and woke them in the morning. Michael's father taught him all this. He also told Michael there were two very important things that he must never forget: "First, never abuse the forest. Take only what you need, and never waste what you take. Try to replace and protect the forest in any way you could. And, second, always help your neighbors if they need it." He told Michael that God wanted everyone to love Him, each other, and the world we live in. Michael learned these lessons well.

It was said that Michael became the best woodsman there ever was. He didn't know much about school and books, but he knew everything there was to know about the forest.

Michael grew up and became a man. When his father died Michael stayed alone on his own land that fed, clothed, and housed him. At night the song of the crickets sent him

off to restful sleep, and in the morning he would awaken to the singing of the birds. Michael was a happy man. Once in a while he would go down to the town in the valley. The people all liked him because he was a pleasant fellow and could always be counted on to lend a hand if anyone needed it.

Then came the year that the people would talk about for years to come: a summer that was very hot. No rain fell, and everything dried up. Leaves fell from the trees from the heat and lack of water. Animals died, and crops failed. A terrible fire started and burned down half the buildings in town before it was brought under control. Under the blazing summer sun nothing moved. People just sat waiting for the heat to break. As the wells began to dry up, fear slowly settled over the town. The mayor finally called for a town meeting.

A terrible fire started and burned down half the buildings in town

Everyone in the town showed up for the meeting except Michael. There were many tales of woe told and many complaints heard. The debates went on for hours until finally an agreement was reached. They would go to Michael and ask if they could get water from the stream that ran through the forest.

The following day the mayor and a few other men from town went to the forest to see Michael. Michael was surprised when he saw his visitors. The townspeople never came to see him.

The mayor explained very slowly and carefully to Michael that the drought had caused severe hardship in the town. He spoke of people dying, of crops failing, and of wells drying up. He explained that they needed water from the stream desperately. He proposed building a small dam to redirect the stream's flow so the water could be sent to the town.

Michael didn't understand everything the mayor said, but he did understand that the forest would change

and be damaged by changing the flow of the stream. He tried to explain that the forest was a fragile thing and that everything in it was dependent on something else. His father's first rule was to leave the forest as it was. The mayor said he understood, but Michael must understand that people's lives were at stake now. For the first time in his life, Michael found a problem with the two rules his father had taught him, "Never abuse the forest, and always help your neighbors."

This time, in order to help his neighbors, he would have to abuse the forest. Michael thought about it and finally decided that the people could not be allowed to die. So, with great hesitancy, he told them what his father had told him. "Take only what you need, and waste none of what you take."

The next day some men from town came to the forest. They began building the dam that would bring water to the town. The work took 2 weeks, then the town had water at last. The first thing they did was to fill the town's swimming pool.

ACE MICHAEL'S REST



many dead fish because of the stream being rerouted. Now they wanted to cut down part of the forest. But, on the other hand, the people had to have homes, and what was a shopkeeper without a store? After much consideration Michael told them they could cut trees, on the condition they take only what they needed and not waste what they took.

For the next 4 weeks the forest echoed with the sounds of falling trees and chainsaws snarling out their defiance of the forest. The noise continued from sunup to sundown. At last the men left to rebuild the town. When they were through they restocked their lumberyard to capacity.

When the men had gone and the forest was quiet once more, Michael went to see the section they had cut down. Almost a hundred acres had been cleared. Michael looked across the devastated landscape. The tops of the trees had been left where they had fallen. Stumps were sticking up all over. Empty cans and sandwich wrappers littered the terrain. With tears in his eyes Michael slowly began to pick up the garbage.

He tried to explain that the forest was a fragile thing and that everything in it was dependent on something else.

For the next few weeks Michael was once again left alone. The close of the awful summer came almost overnight. The long, hot summer changed to a brutally cold and snowy winter with no trace of fall in between. The forest and the town below were both snowed in. Each week more snow would fall. No supplies could get through the roads. In town the food and fuel slowly ran out, and once again fear settled over the town. Again the decision was made to go to Michael for help.

Michael was not surprised to see the men coming to the forest this time. He knew what their problems were. The men told Michael the town had terrible problems. Once more they told him they would die without his

help. This time they wanted to hunt in the forest and to take wood for heating their homes and for cooking.

Michael made the men sit down and listen to him. He explained how delicate the forest was. He told them that everything was there for a reason and to take too much of anything could damage the forest beyond repair. When he finished he told them they could hunt and take wood, but they must take only what they needed and waste none of what they took.

The next day the men from town came to the forest. They hunted all day, killing many deer, rabbits, and birds. The forest came alive with the sounds of guns and falling trees. The men did not even take the tops of the trees they had cut before, but cut new trees instead. Through the rest of the snow-laden winter this continued.

Finally spring came, and Michael went to see what they had done. All but 50 acres of forest had been cut down. Many animals were walking around seemingly lost. The great forest was no more. A barren mountainside stood in its place. When the spring thaw came and the snow melted, the water rushed down the mountainside into the town. There were no trees to halt it or even slow it down. The water rushing downhill caused mudslides and erosion that seemed to have no end.

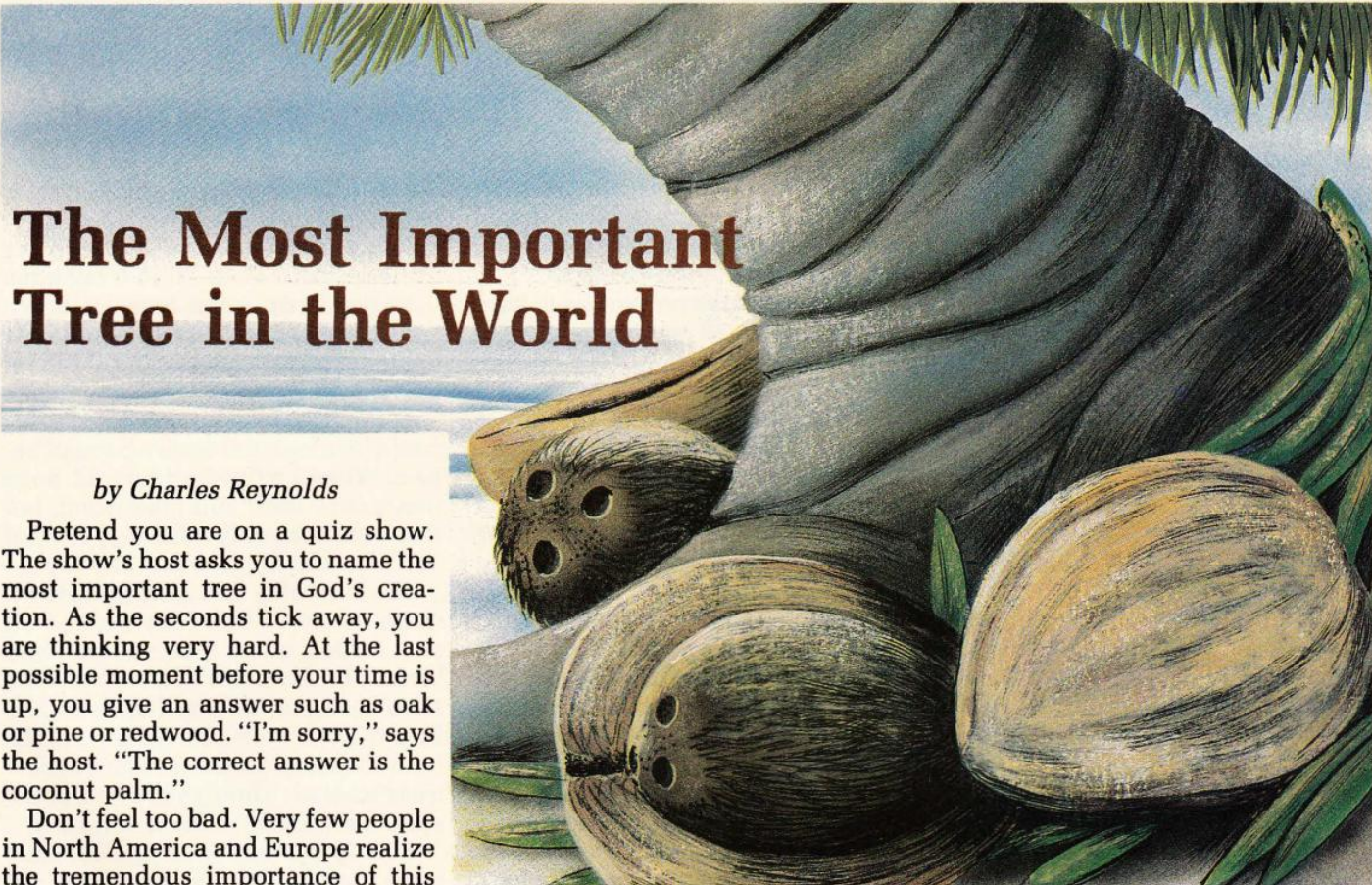
The townspeople were forced to evacuate. The mayor came to Michael to see if there was anything that could be done. Michael told him that nothing could stop the power of mother nature once she was angered. He told the mayor that this was his fault for having abused the forest by stripping it bare. Michael said they should run for their lives because the forest they had slain was finally fighting back.

The townspeople fled, and over the course of years the town was completely buried by mudslides. Michael spent the rest of his life in peace on the mountain. Today there are 50 acres of forest on the side of an otherwise bare mountain. If you go up there, it is said that you will find a tombstone that reads simply, "Here Lies Michael, At Peace In Michael's Forest."

By the end of the week the people were feeling better and turned to other problems. Due to the crop failures and the fire, nobody had money to buy the lumber needed to rebuild the burned buildings. There was a lot of discussion about what should be done about this. One day someone suggested they go see Michael. After all, he was a good fellow, and he had a whole forest.

When Michael saw the men coming, he thought they had come to thank him for the water. His father had told him to always say thank you for that which was done for you. But this was not what the men wanted. They explained to Michael that there were people in town who did not have homes and merchants who did not have stores because of the fire. They asked Michael if they could cut trees in the forest so they could rebuild.

Once again Michael was torn by indecision. This was a lot of trees they would cut. The forest would not replace this loss very quickly. Many animals would have to find new homes. Already Michael had found



The Most Important Tree in the World

by Charles Reynolds

Pretend you are on a quiz show. The show's host asks you to name the most important tree in God's creation. As the seconds tick away, you are thinking very hard. At the last possible moment before your time is up, you give an answer such as oak or pine or redwood. "I'm sorry," says the host. "The correct answer is the coconut palm."

Don't feel too bad. Very few people in North America and Europe realize the tremendous importance of this beautiful tree. As you read on, you will learn why this remarkable plant is one of God's most generous gifts to mankind.

As you've probably noticed on television, this palm usually grows right on the beach at the water's edge. The coconuts, which are the tree's fruit and contain the seed, will often roll into the ocean. They can float in the sea for many days and travel hundreds of miles. If they wash up

The harvesting and processing of coconuts provide jobs for thousands of people. Even though coconut trees can reach 100 feet in height, men climb them using only their hands and feet. When these men reach the top of the swaying tree, they use a machete to chop off the coconuts.

Some trees can produce 300 to 400 coconuts each year. The coconuts are gathered and moved to a central lo-

hands, brush your teeth, or shampoo your hair. The margarine you spread on your morning toast and the candy bars some people snack on may both contain palm oil.

As a matter of fact, it is difficult to spend a day without using coconut oil. When somebody puts on makeup, waxes a floor, polishes a car, or lights a candle, he or she is probably using palm oil without realizing it. Palm oil is even used in manufacturing plastic PVC pipes.

While oil is the most valuable product of this palm tree, no part of the coconut is wasted. After the oil is removed, what remains of the copra is an important source of food for farm animals. It is also widely used as a fertilizer for food crops. The shell's outer layer of fibers, called the husk, is processed into furniture stuffing. Every year India alone produces thousands of tons of palm-fiber stuffing.

As you have seen, the coconut palm has truly earned the title "The World's Most Important Tree." Remarkably, scientists keep discovering more ways to use this amazing gift from God. Because of this, the coconut palm will hold its place of honor for many years to come.

... it is difficult to spend a day without using coconut oil.

on a beach somewhere, a new island may be colonized by the coconut palm.

Mankind has also helped spread this tree throughout the tropics. Brave islanders, setting out to search for new lands, would take along a supply of coconuts. Any not eaten on the voyage would be planted when the explorers found a new home.

Millions of families in the tropics still live in homes with palm-thatched roofs. The beams and posts of these homes are often built with sturdy palm trunks. Furniture, toys, and musical instruments are also made of palm products.

cation where other men do the very difficult job of splitting open the tough shells. Lining the shell of the coconut is a thick layer of "meat." This is what we eat in cakes and candy bars. But most of the coconuts harvested are split and dried in the sun. The dried meat is called *copra*. It is shipped to another area where simple machinery is used to squeeze out the oil.

It is this oil that makes the coconut palm so valuable to mankind. Palm oil is a common ingredient in thousands of products in everyday use. The chances are good that you're using palm oil when you wash your

COMEDY CORNER



"I'VE COME TO WITHDRAW THE INTEREST ON THAT \$4.20 I DEPOSITED AN HOUR AGO!"

CLIFF JOHN S.

While driving in the country recently, I saw a giant net that covered an entire field. I stopped and asked the farmer what the net was for, and he told me it was to prevent the loss of his crop. He said he grows jumping beans!

Bill: Boy, my dad's mad. He stepped on my skateboard, went down the steps, out the front door, and across the street.

Will: Wow! Is he hurt?

Bill: No, he's fine.

Will: Then why's he mad?

Bill: Because he had just stepped out of the shower.

John: I've got a slow dog.

Steve: How can you tell?

John: This morning he brought me yesterday's paper.

A Pioneer wore one shoe as he walked along a sidewalk.

"Young man, did you lose a shoe?" a passerby asked.

"Nope," replied the Pioneer, "I found one."

Teacher: One more try, Bob. This time use the word *climate* in a sentence.

Bob: Yes, ma'am. "There's a great big magnolia tree in my backyard, but I'm not allowed to climate."

A Buckaroo went into a bank and asked the guard, "Who arranges for loans here?"

"I'm sorry, son," the guard answered, "but the loan arranger is at lunch."

"Uh, in that case," the Buckaroo replied, "I'll speak with Tonto."

Teacher: What's the chemical formula for water?

Pee Wee: H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O.

Teacher: What, may I ask, is that?

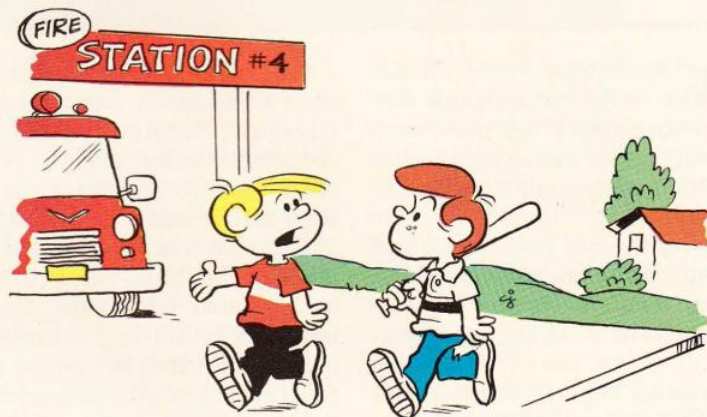
Pee Wee: Sir, that is what you said last week. "Water is H to O."

After ordering a milk shake, a boy had to leave his restaurant seat to make a telephone call. Since he didn't want his drink to disappear, the boy put a paper napkin under the glass and wrote on it, "World's Strongest Man." Then he went to make his call.

When the boy returned, his glass was empty. Under it was a new napkin with new writing. "Thanks for the treat," it read. Signed, "World's Fastest Runner."

Boss: Didn't you get the letter I sent you, stating you were fired?

Ex-employee: Yes, sir. But on the envelope it read, "Return After 5 Days." So here I am!



"I GUESS I WON'T BECOME A FIREMAN AFTER ALL..... I'D HAVE TO TAKE A BATH AFTER EVERY FIRE!"

JOHN MUIR: THE MAN WHO

by B.H. Taylor

Ten-year-old John Muir and his younger brother David walked down the road beside Grandfather Bilrye. "Let's walk through the meadow, Grandfather," suggested John. "Then we can follow the stream to the woods."

"Maybe we'll see some nests with baby birds in them," David said.

"No, David," Grandfather answered. "It's too early in the year for baby birds."

"Remember last spring when you chased off those bad boys who were throwing rocks at little birds in the nest?" asked David.

Grandfather nodded.

"I don't see how anyone can hurt a bird, or any animal," John said.

"All boys are not as kind as you are, John." Grandfather patted the boy's shoulder. "I wish everyone loved God's creatures as you do."

John loved the flowers and the trees too. He loved all of nature.

When the old man and his grandsons came to a fallen log, they sat down to rest. It was a long while before anyone spoke. Then John, squeezing the old man's hand, said, "I'm going to miss you, Grandfather, when we go away to America."

Grandfather Gilrye sighed. "And I'll miss you, boys. America is such a long way off."

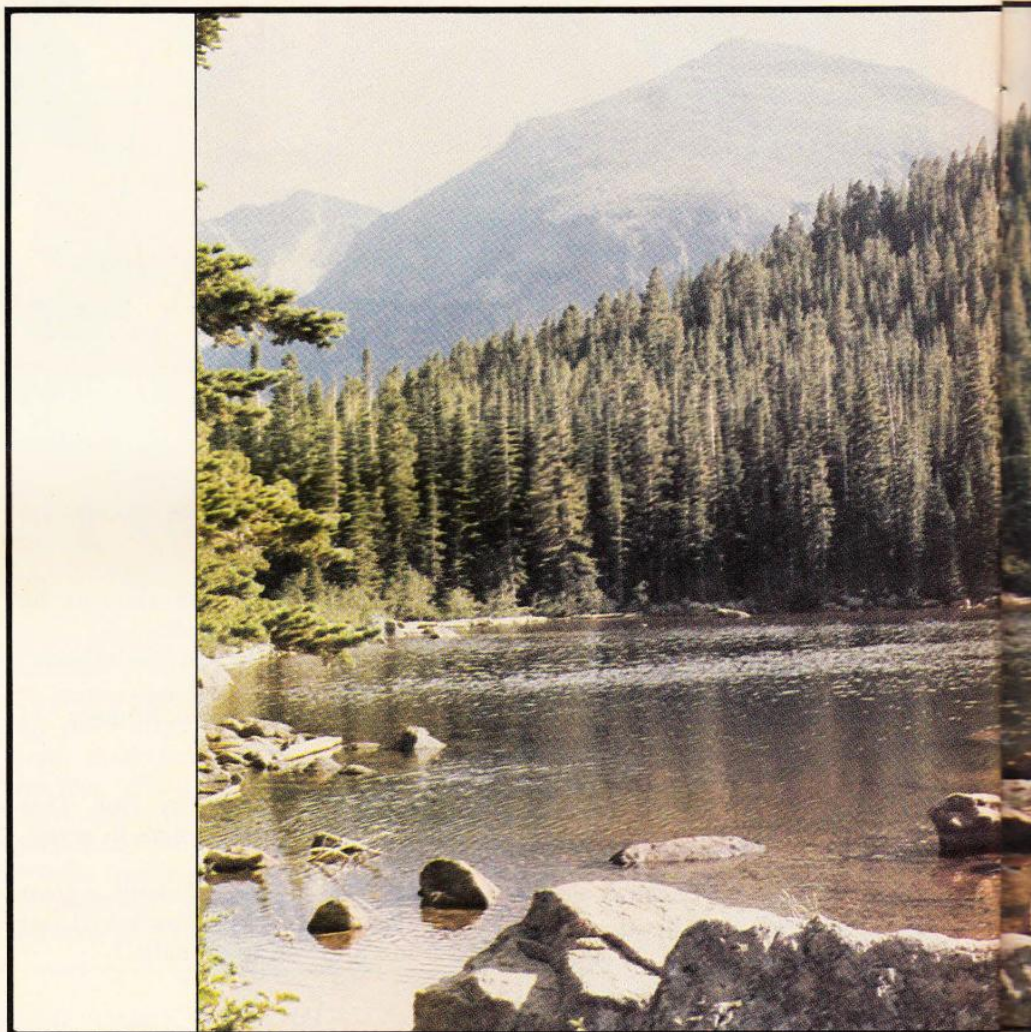
"But I'll come back to Scotland

some day," said John. "And I'll tell you all about America, about the birds, and about the kinds of flowers and trees that grow there. My teacher says the trees are so tall they nearly reach the sky."

Very sadly the old man stood and said, "Come, boys, we must get home so you can rest up for the big day tomorrow. It will be a long, hard journey."

David ran all the way home ahead of his brother and grandfather, shouting, "We're going on a ship! We're going on a ship to America!"

John was as excited as his brother, but he was a little sad, too, about leaving Scotland and Grandfather Gilrye.

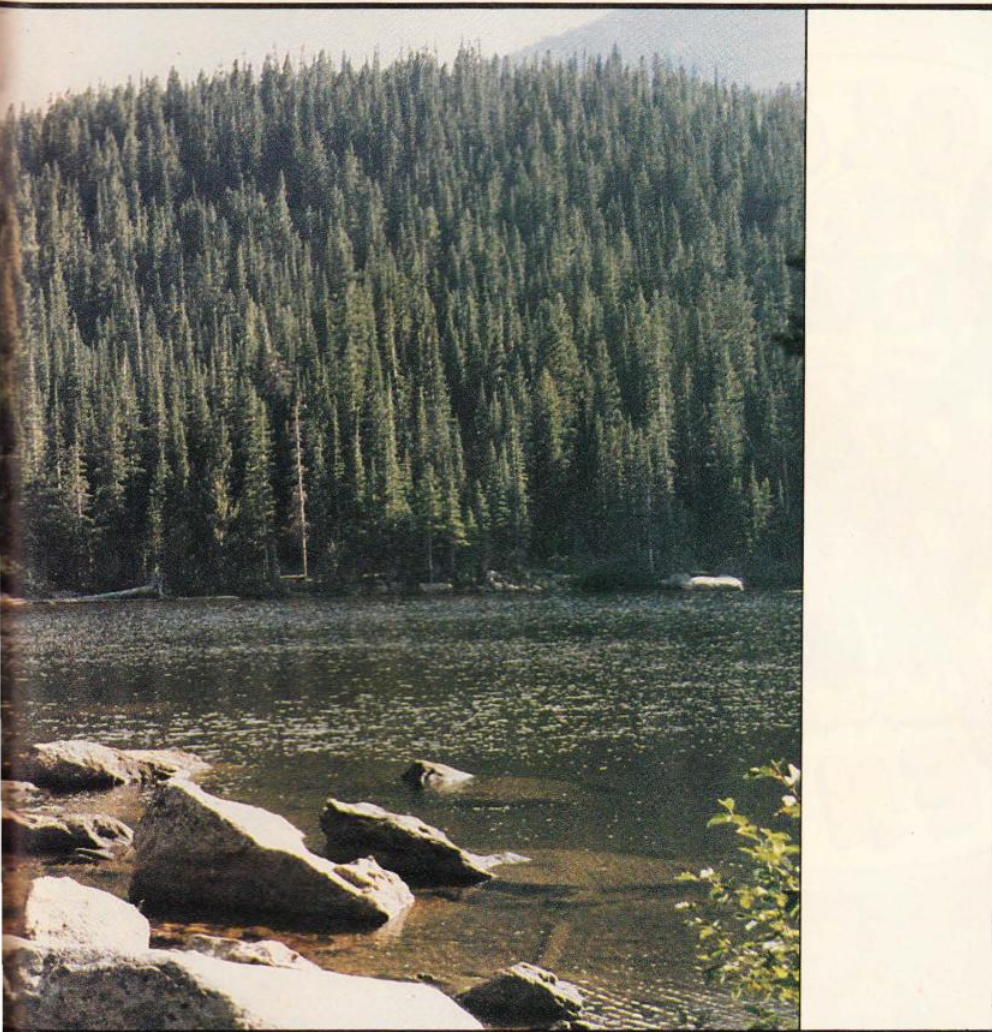


On February 19, 1849, John, David, their sister Sarah, and their father left Glasgow, Scotland, and sailed to America. Mother and the other children were to join them as soon as their father had a house built.

America was all John had dreamed it would be, but he had to work hard for the next few years, clearing the land his father had bought in Wisconsin, building the house and barn, digging the well, and plowing the fields.

Though John had never really liked school, he found he was missing it. Several times he asked his father if he might start school, but Mr. Muir said there was too much work to do. Whenever John was able to earn a

LOVED THE FORESTS



little money, he spent it on books.

"Books are foolish," his father said. "They keep you from your work."

Besides nature John was interested in machinery. When he was a young man, he invented several things. These included a clock that told the day of the week and the day of the month as well as the time of day, a gadget for lighting lamps and fires, and a small sawmill. A neighbor who was fascinated by John's inventions talked him into entering them in the state fair in Madison. He did, and he won \$15 in prize money.

This was the most money John had ever had, and all he could think about was using it to enter the university.

Passing the school one day he

stopped to talk to a student who spoke to him. John revealed his dream of an education. "It doesn't cost as much as you might think," the young man said. Then laughing, he went on, "Of course, I practically lived on a diet of bread and milk."

"It would be worth it to have an education," John replied.

He made up his mind right then to try to get into the university. When he told the dean that he had only had a few years of schooling back in Scotland, he was given a test, which he passed with no problem.

John's dream had come true. He was going to school, and he loved it—especially botany and geology! John was very interested in the study of

glaciers.

Professor Carr had said, "A glacier, which is a river that has become solid ice, moved across this land many years ago. Glaciers cut out deep valleys in the earth."

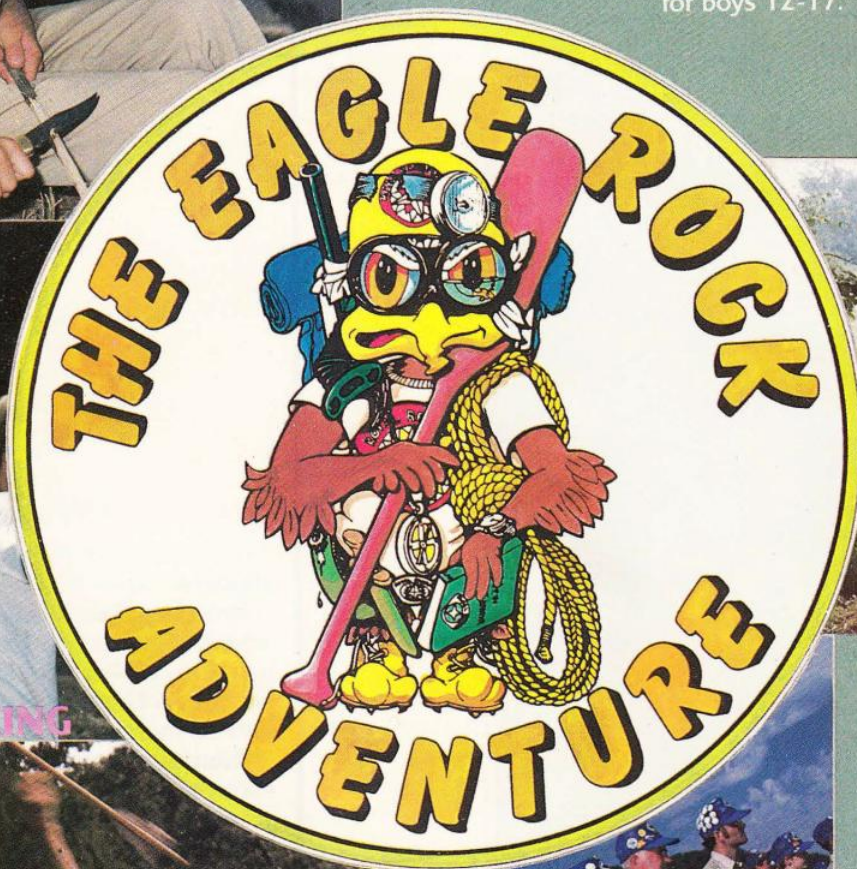
John was determined to learn more about glaciers. After he finished his schooling John spent years of his life traveling alone through valleys and mountains, studying nature. When at last he came to the Yosemite Valley, he thought it was the most beautiful sight he had ever seen.

When he saw trees being cut down in the beautiful forests that he loved so much, it made John sad. Over the years he made speeches and wrote articles about the trees and the mountains he thought should be protected. John tried to explain to people how important it was to set aside some of our forests and to make them national parks. When President Theodore Roosevelt heard of this, he agreed with John.

Because of John Muir, there are many beautiful forests today where the trees and animals are protected. Until he died in 1914 at the age of 75, John Muir fought to save the forests he loved so much. He once wrote in an article, "Everyone needs beauty as well as bread."

Looking for your own ADVENTURE?

A summer camp with a wilderness emphasis
for boys 12-17.



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August 12-18, 1990
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Name: _____

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Address it to: EAGLE ROCK ADVENTURE
Royal Rangers
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