

# OUTDOOR SURVIVAL.

FOR AMAZING  
VIETNAM VET  
SURVIVOR  
STORY!  
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MRE (Meal Ready to Eat) Review



4 things you need to Survive in the forest page 8



# HOW TO MAKE A TRAIL MIX

Trail mix's are very helpful in survival. They give you energy and strength. There are many different versions of trail mix's. But this one is on the top to give you strength and energy.



Here is a step by step process on how to make it.

For the trail mix you will first need fruit, but fruit is heavy so you will need to dehydrate it. Cut about 5-10 bananas into quarter inch pieces and put them on a food dehydrator. Let them sit for about 5-6 hours then peel them off while hot. Don't let them dehydrate for too long. I did and I had some burnt bananas.

Next, you need some meat. Also it needs to be dehydrated. Get some beef or chicken jerky. It's great at keeping you going. I use Chef's Cut Handcrafted beef/chicken jerky. It tastes amazing and fills you with energy.

You need to stay healthy and fit if you are to survive. What you need is protein and sugar for energy and to keep a clear consciousness. I suggest peanut mnm's they have the protein and the sugar all in one.

Enjoy your amazing mix by going on a hike. When you are done wash it down with a bottle of water. There is nothing more nutritious, healthy, and full of energy, but this trail mix.

# The Best Camping

When people think of a camping trip they sometimes think of sunny skies, a warm and clear blue lake, great fishing water, and all the supplies they will ever need. Well I'm sorry to disappoint you but... no, that is not what camping is all about. It is about endurance and the ability to stay out of your car when it pours rain. I had the best camping trip ever at Olallie lake...

It started out as a birthday present. My dad and I were going to drive to Olallie lake and go camping for 2-3 days and fish. The lake had recently been stocked. We arrived at the camp site at 10:30 p.m. We set up camp in 40 degree Fahrenheit weather and then went to get our sleeping bags. I thought of joking with my dad and I pretended to look for my sleeping bag, "It's not here daddy!" My dad gave me the "look," and said, "What!?" Seeing how perplexed he was I quickly revoked my statement, "hehehe...just kidding." Well, it turns out I was being absentminded at the time when we were packing our sleeping bags for the trip. I really didn't pack my sleeping bag. This I realized after we had completely unpacked the car. My dad was not amused. "You really forgot the sleeping bag!!!!?" I answered timidly, "Ummm, yes?" My dad did the "look" at me in frustration.

My dad offered that I could sleep in the sleeping bag and he would just heap on his clothes. I couldn't go to sleep. My dad was chattering like my three year old brother was banging those plastic clapping hands together in the most soothing way.

Then the idea grabbed me...literally. I turned and yelled out loud. The sleeping bag zipper had caught in my hair and I was trying frantically to get it out. My dad quickly zipped down the zipper, I obtained a large bald spot. Then I looked at the sleeping bag and thought, how could I get this to cover both of us? Then I saw that the unzipped sleeping bag was big enough to cover both of us. I mentioned this to my chattering father and he agreed very heartily.

It was 5 a.m. when I woke up. It was 30 degrees Fahrenheit. My dad was gone. I wondered where he went so I got dressed and headed out, (after an hour of getting my shoes on with fingers that felt as big as water melons.) I had always heard that if you run then you will get warmer. So I started up a jog around our campsite. Then I thought, hey, I should make some use of my time and find out where my dad went to...I started to run down the road and kept running for about a mile until I eventually found him collecting wet wood for a fire. I helped him bring it to camp and helped him fail miserably at lighting a fire. It was probably because we had no paper...or because the wood was soaked to the core.

We ended our wonderful trip losing two giant trophy fish and bringing home eight minnows for lunch. Later we killed our rooster for the entree. We had a great time freezing ourselves...actually myself. It was probably because I forgot my heavy coat... my socks...and my sweaters... or maybe because I forgot my sleeping bag.

**Tired of having to set up tents? Buy the pop up tent! Get a luxurious tent in 3 seconds!**



# SURVIVING THE VIETNAM WAR

by Kaleb Meiers

It was July second, when Steve Stanley, (who is my grandpa) Bob S., and five other men were called to find a way down a mountain. Bob was the squad leader of the other six men and was an excellent map reader. Steve, being the radio man of the group, went with him. They walked a long time. The five other men stopped where they were and grudgingly declared they would not go further. Bob, being the squad leader, could have court martialed them for being "Insubordinate," but he didn't. So Steve and Bob had to go on alone.

It was March 27th of 1968 when Steve was drafted into the army. He had come to boot camp weighing 155 pounds. When he arrived, some of the hardships he had to face were having to run 5 miles to the rifle range every day with a pack on his back. There was only one serving per meal a day. There was not enough to satisfy Steve's hunger, so he ate sugar, butter, and bread, which were unlimited. Steve ate so much bread, butter, and sugar, that when he graduated boot camp as a private E2, he weighed 172 pounds. At the end of Boot Camp training he was required to do a 12 mile run which he did.



When Steve traveled to Vietnam, they were glad to have air conditioning in the plane. Upon arrival the door was opened to the outside and he was hit by a wave of very humid air. He walked out and saw a large building that had rows of seats and one aisle in the middle. Many men came who were going home and were sitting in one column of seats and Steve and the other men who were about to go out to battle sat down on the other side. Then the men who were going home stood up and saluted the men who were going into war out of respect. They knew that half of them weren't going to make it back.

In the first month of being in the army, Steve got lucky and was allowed to be a cook. Because he didn't get much exercise during that time he got really out of shape. After that he was put into a recon platoon and was stationed in Ashua Valley which is in the north part of South Vietnam.

One day Steve's platoon had been ordered to hump (fast walk) about 5 miles to a place where 12 men had been ambushed, shot, and killed. So Steve and his platoon were ordered to retrieve all the dead and wounded. As they were

humping to the ambush they saw a place where the trees were down. This was caused by a fleshette, which is a type of bomb that when 5-6 feet from the ground, it explodes and sends thousands of razors in each direction. This particular one was located by a bunch of trees and all of them were cut down by the explosion.

Another time Steve had the opportunity to sleep in a more private tent that normally the soldiers didn't get to sleep in. While he was sleeping, the rest of the platoon threw in a smoke grenade as a joke and Steve was very freaked out. Every night Steve and his platoon would set up a night defensive position which formed a circle. Steve's job was the assistant machine gunner and he had to be wherever the machine gun was every night. The machine gun was always pointed down the main trail. Also, they would set up the Claymore Mine every night. The Claymore mine is in a

crescent shaped mine which, when fired would spray bb's at certain angles in a direction. No one was ever supposed to

trigger the Claymore mine or shoot the machine gun until they saw the enemy. Well, one night the machine gunner thought he heard a sound. He instantly activated the Claymore mine and began to rapidly shoot his machine gun. When the platoon leader called for cease fire, he looked at the

machine gunner and yelled, "Why did you start shooting? You gave away our position!" The only thing he said was, "I... thought... I heard something."

Another time Steve was on watch with the machine gun when he heard loud rustling noises in the trees. He was fearful and was constantly like that the whole night. In the morning Steve found out they were just monkeys swinging around in the trees. One morning, Steve's platoon was humping, and they got a call from command. Command said they would send choppers to pick them up and drop them off at an LZ (Landing Zone). When the choppers arrived they could not land because several trees had been blown down. They had to jump 15 feet out of a chopper onto giant logs. Nobody got hurt. The platoon climbed up a hill and when they arrived at the top Steve was eye level with a lieutenant who was talking on his radio and saying, "Yeah, we're in a pretty bad situation here." He had been shot through the head and had his left eyeball hanging out of his skull.

One of Steve's gruesome experiences happened when Steve humped along with his platoon, they saw a dead body on the side of the path. The dead man was a Chinese soldier killed by a platoon. After a couple days of humping by the body while on patrol, they noticed that the gases were beginning to build up inside his body. On the third day the body had burst, revealing all the rotting guts.

Another time, in Steve's squad there were seven men. These men were called to find a way down a mountain because the captain of C company couldn't find his way out. Bob, who was the squad leader, was an excellent map reader, so Steve's squad was sent out to find the trail to get them all down to the valley. After they had been going on for some time five of the men said, "We aren't going any farther!" Bob, being the squad leader, could have court martialled for being "insubordinate," but he didn't. So Bob and Steve continued going for another mile or so. At that point, out where they were, Bob found the landmark that they needed to find. They now had a way out! They were so exhausted that they plopped themselves down on the trail and lost control over their bodily functions. Both men started crying, it was a real bonding moment for them. It was then that they called the Captain on the radio, and told him they had found the landmark. When the company arrived, Steve and Bob's squad, with C company, got up and completed their mission. A month or so later Bob became the First Sergeant and as a form of recognition for what they had been through, He gave Steve a week's leave. No one else in the entire recon platoon ever got a leave, but Steve did. With that time he took a leave to Sydney, Australia.



Some of the realities Steve lived through in Vietnam were facing the fears of a real enemy. The sadness of watching people die, the respect of the ones saluting those who are about to die, and in Steve's case, the joy of leaving the war alive. Survival in war takes lots of physical strength like, carrying a 90 pound pack on a back for hours, sleeping on the ground, and not

getting a change of clothes for weeks. The emotional strength is also necessary for survival because without it men would break under fear, make rash decisions, and would more than likely not survive the war. In my opinion, the most valued skill needed to survive is to be strong emotionally and physically. It was also necessary to persevere even when others wouldn't.



**Steve in front of vehicle**

# MRE Review

This MRE, "meal ready to eat" used during many wars, will explode your taste buds both negatively and positively. Such as the spicy cheese spread, the nut raisin mix, and the oxygen consumer that looks like salt.

The nut raisin packet was not salty at all and the raisins in there tasted like someone had drenched them in lemon juice. Although it was a lip puckering experience the raisins when eaten with the the nuts, balanced out some of the bitterness. There is a lot of protein in this mix. They should call this packet, Nutritious and Bland.

The main part of the meal, the Sloppy Joes, are fun to make. The process is astounding! You put water into the heater packet and it reacts, steam bursting out of it like a jacuzzi in -10 degree weather! I then put the Sloppy Joes hamburger mix( that was in a sealed bag) in the heater packet and waited for 15 minutes. While I was waiting I decided to make grape juice it was a blue powder and smelled like those fetid grape Jolly Ranchers. I doesn't taste like grape at all but is very sour. The only person that loved it was my sister, Essie. When I took the Sloppy Joes mix out it was steaming. I put the Joes on the very dilapidated bread that the cat (who was by me) loved. It got cold very fast but the Sloppy Joes tasted decent.

The Spicy Cheese Spread with jalapenos was a fiery ball of flame that came from a volcano. It is strongly advised to



**Does the cat showing interest in the MRE tell you something?**

consume this fiery flame in a temperature zone of 10 degree fahrenheit weather.

The Fudge Brownie did not look like I had expected. It was a rectangular loaf of brownie and had a fine sparkly thing that was very festive. I am very sure that the soldiers who had this were as happy as a mosquito at the beach on a sunny day, with thousands of people sunbathing in the sun, too lazy to swat a mosquito. They should have called the Fudge Brownie, Festive Banquet.

The manufacturers should have clarified, "Do not use all the heating packets this needs to be used two times for things like the coffee." Lukewarm coffee is not the dream of every person, especially me. And I especially do not like clumped creamer coffee.

I found many things that I could have definitely used earlier like: salt, tabasco sauce, matches, a moist towelette, napkins, and two pieces of gum. I put the salt into the nut raisin mix and shook it. It was delicious! I also found an oxygen consumer in the nut raisin mix. What if someone mistook that for salt! That would be disastrous. This meal is called MRE which stands for "Meal Ready to Eat." I think that it should stand for "Major Risk in Eating." The only amazing piece of food there was to me, was the minty pieces of gum.

There are many things that can go wrong with a survival meal packet, but it is nutritious and healthy. This is a meal fit for the army.



**MRE kit**

# The Desert Kidnapping

By Kaleb Meiers

I opened my mouth to protest. Immediately an oily rag was stuffed into my mouth. "Shut the door!" a man yelled to another man with a ski mask on. The man heaved the truck door shut. I fell back onto the truck door into a faint.

I laughed as I spilled some coke on a \$1,250 outfit. "It's ok there's plenty more where that came from!" My friend who was sitting next to me said, "Of course there is. Being the 5 richest man in the world there is no doubt that there would be more!" I vainly laughed. "Life could never get better than this!" I reclined on the couch in a relaxed position.

I eased back in my Audi lined with golden rims and having luxury seats inside. I sighed, content with the content of the night. The moon was shining on the bright desert night. I could see my mansion on top of the plateau and my armed guards coming to meet me. I smiled, they were always over cautious. I had barely been able to keep them from coming with me. Behind me I heard the low drone of a truck engine. I looked back. BANG! BANG! My two back tires had gone out! Suddenly, my door opened and a man with an AK-47 motioned for me to get out. He had no hair and had snakes tattooed all over his scalp. When I just sat there he yanked me out and started running with me under his armpit like I was a football. We reached the truck and he threw me in. I opened my mouth to protest. Immediately an oily rag was stuffed into my mouth. "Shut zee door!" the man with the AK-47 said to another man with a ski mask on. The man heaved the truck door shut. I fell back onto the truck door into a faint.

I sat up and opened my eyes, and then quickly shut them again. There were blaring lights shining straight at me. Then I heard a voice with a strange accent. "Hello my dear captive it's good to see zat you're awake!" I

slowly opened my eyes and let them adjust to the light. "Let us get down to the terms. You will wright a ransom note of \$2,000,000,000 to anyone who has the possession of your money and we will release you." I snorted a retort, "They will find me and take you all captive!" The man with the accent guffawed in return. "ZEY?! FIND YOU HERE!? Zat is preposterous! Since when has anyone been found in a desert! All they will do is a quick overscan of the area and leave!" The hard reality that I would never get out, dawned on me as they dragged me to a cell.

I gazed at the guard next to me as I sat in the chair. I thought through the process of escaping. What did I have to lose? Well, one, maybe my life...but no, they would never kill me. I was too valuable. I grinned at the guard and he scowled at me and turned away to get a drink of water. They should have tied me up, I mused. I kicked the back of the man. He fell face first into the well



IT  
CAN CUT  
THROUGH  
ANYTHING...  
even rock!  
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Knife!

My brown hair flapped in my face, making my face itch as the helicopter descended. Sand got into my hair and mouth. I squeezed my eyes shut. "Get him!" I heard when the helicopter landed. I was shoved roughly to my feet. I opened my eyes. There was the man who had the bald, tattooed scalp! I jerked away from him and started running as fast as the wind. I screamed in pain when I felt searing pain travel up my leg. "Come on." The man growled. He threw me over his shoulder and started jogging back towards the helicopter. I covered my ears as an ear-bursting sound permeated the air. "DROP YOUR GUNS AND PUT THAT MAN DOWN!" The sound echoed throughout the valley. The man who was carrying me started to jog faster. "PUT HIM DOWN!" Suddenly, a shot echoed and the man groaned and dropped to the ground. A man in a military uniform stepped out from behind a rock. "We've been looking for you for a while. We traced down the underground cave, but you had gone. So we sent a search party after you." A dozen more men stepped out of the rocks. Their guns alert for any more signs of the enemy. "I regret to inform you that most your money is gone due to the bank card that was in your pocket. We retrieved \$20,000,000 of it though. So you should be able to do fine." I was standing there dazed not paying attention to anything he was saying. Then I collapsed on the ground. I awoke to the sound of beeping machines and sounds of a TV in the next room. A nurse came into the room. "What happened???" I asked my head felt like I had just blown up 100 balloons. "You were severely dehydrated, and that one man cut your leg off. I pulled off the white sheet that was over me and looked down at my metal leg. I awoke to the sound of beeping machines

and sounds of a TV in the next room. A nurse came into the room. "What happened???" I asked my head felt like I had just blown up 100 balloons. "You were severely dehydrated, and that one man cut your leg off. I pulled off the white sheet that was over me and looked down at my metal leg.



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## 4 Things You Need to Survive in the Forest

Survival is crucial in the wilderness so there are some things you should know and bring along.

**First**, you should always bring some sort of device to start a fire with.

Whether it is matches or flint and steel doesn't really matter.

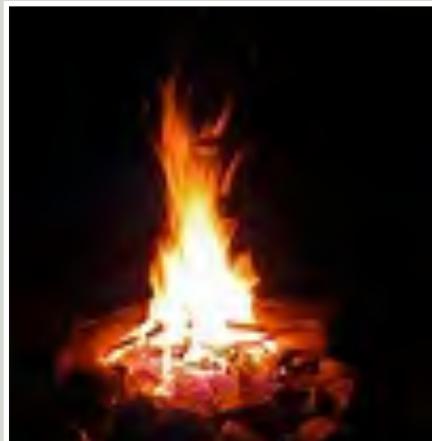
**Second**, you should always bring something warm. You could bring a light coat or a lightweight sleeping bag like a mummy bag. **Third**, when stranded, try to stay near a water source. All

animals need to drink eventually so they will come to the water.

**Fourth**, you need shelter.

If you find a fallen tree with the roots in the air, it will protect you from wind and rain. But, if you make a fire, make sure that none of the roots catch fire. Another shelter you can make is by trying to find two trees with low limbs side by side. Try to find a strait branch and wedge it into the two trees. After that, lean up branches against the beam/branch then spread pine branches across those sticks. It will prove to be a sufficient shelter. If you want to survive in

the wilderness make sure to know all these things.



## How to Get to Boot Camp: A Fiction Survival Story

The airplane that I rented was a heap of junk. It crashed after a mile of flying! At least the ejection seat worked! To think that I paid \$1,000 to rent that! I found an ATV rental area and rented one for \$200.

I was not prepared to go into a rainy climate with a t-shirt. It kinda stunk that all my clothes were gone in the plane...I turned up the trail with the ATV when I saw the giant stone carved as a skull. As I got higher it started to snow and my ATV got stuck. I wish I had gotten a coat at the ATV rental area. I started a jog to keep myself warm while rubbing myself. I was turning into a human popsicle. It didn't help that I was wearing flip flops. I started down the peak towards hopeful warmer weather. I reached the rain again. I then saw a sign that said, "Beware, bad weather." I looked to my right and saw another sign that said, "Beware, nothing ahead." I closed my eyes in exhaustion and kept walking. Suddenly I dropped and kept falling and falling until I finally

landed in water. I felt my legs tingling as I was swept down rapids, being sucked up and down by the current. I looked down and there were sharp rocks. I floated on my back until I saw a giant rock and turned to get on it. I could touch the ground! I looked around and walked to the rivers edge. Just then the sun peered out of the clouds and shone its warmth on me. I saw a sign at the edge of the river that said "boot camp 1/2 mile -->"

I started walking on the trail when I heard a series of growls behind me. There, behind me, were two bobcats that were crouching. I started to run but was stopped immediately when two 150 lb bobcats went crashing into my back. I screamed like an opera singer that found her dress had rip while she was doing a show. Suddenly, Bang! A man peered out of the trees with a shotgun. "Whatcha doing here?"

"I'm looking for Boot Camp? you know where it is?"

"Yea, It shut down near a ye: ago."

I had a sudden urge to destroy this article that I had in my pocket of directions on how to get to boot camp.



## *Peace*

Lighting candles,  
Sitting back with a sigh, close  
eyes,  
Plentiful quietness.



## **Panic**

The power shuts off,  
Whispers grow in volume,  
No one knows where to go.



## **Survival**

Tough and hard,  
It can leave you scarred,  
Survival,  
The reason many lives are lost,  
at a terrible cost,  
Survival,  
Many skills are needed,  
To be the one who leaded,  
Survival,  
Rain, snow, fire, and ice,  
The means of survival come at a  
price.