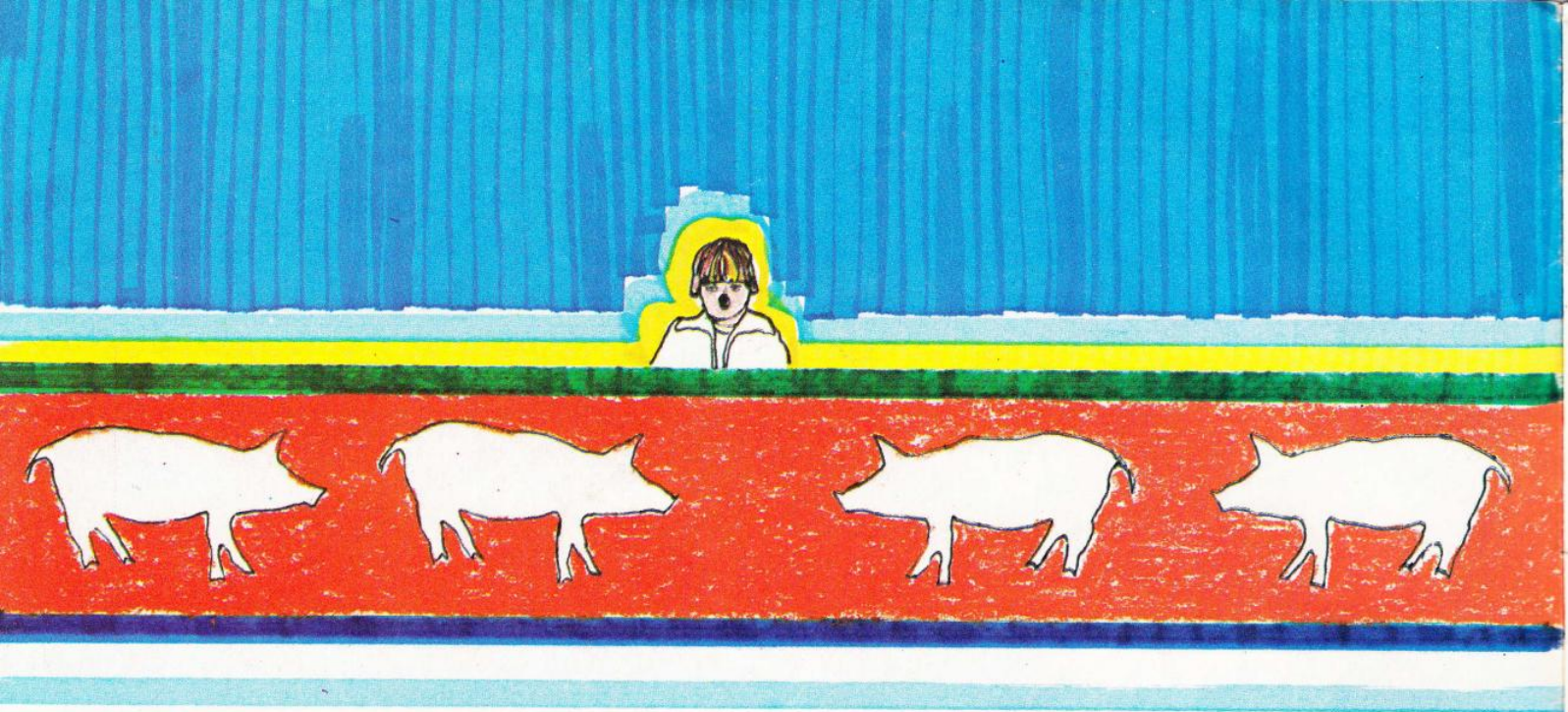


High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS



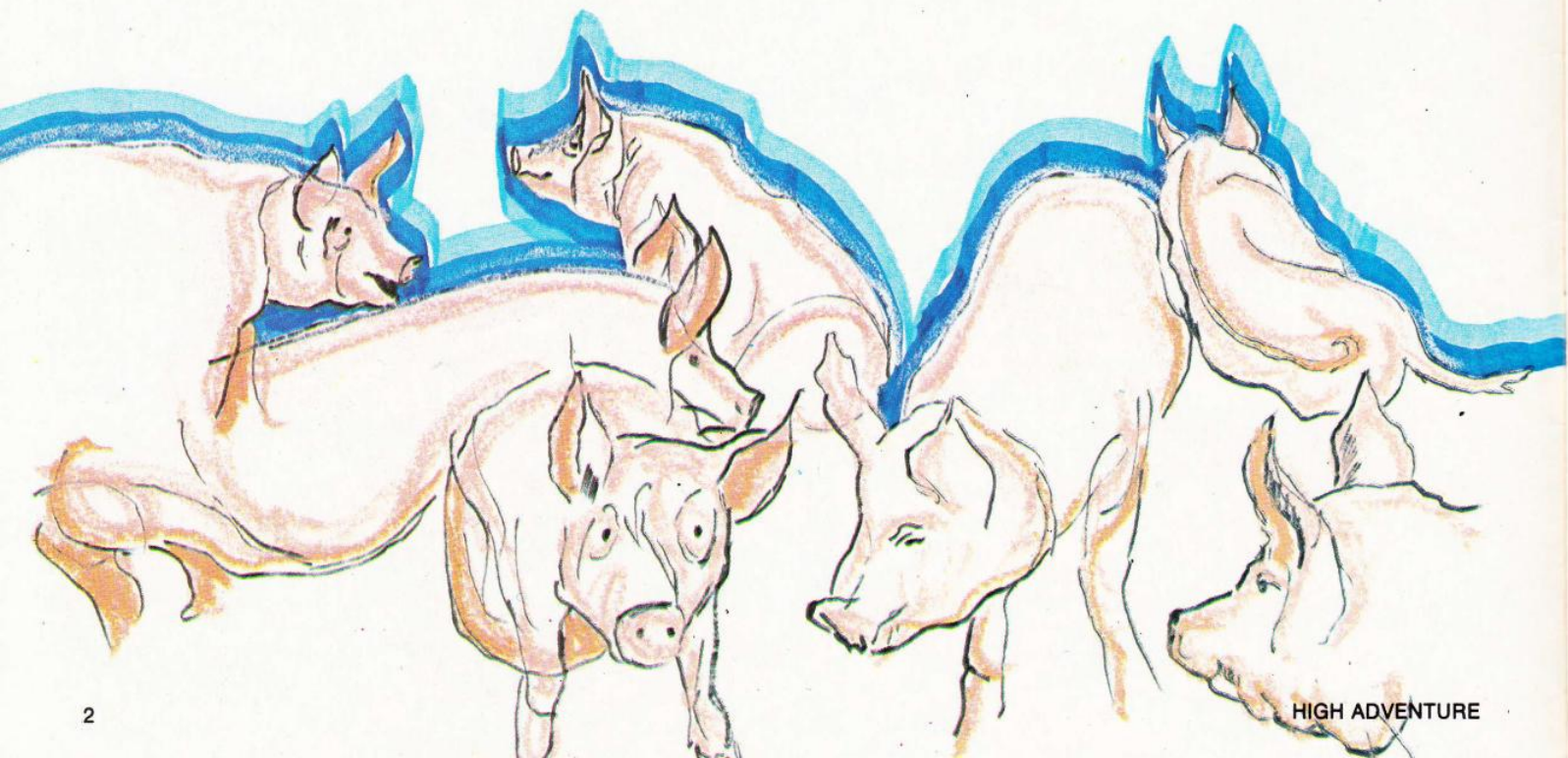
FALL 1976



CALLING



GERONIMO!
by E. B. Witter



"WHOEY—Y—Y! Geronimo! Jim Robertson called against the wind. He cupped his hands around his mouth for the next call and squinted his eyes toward the alfalfa field. There wasn't much time if they were going to get to the county fair on time.

Jim's dad came hurrying around the corner of the barn, the wire clippers still in his hand. "Don't tell me that hog of yours has broken fence again, and just after we got him bathed and curried!" "He must have gone down to the alfalfa field with the other hogs. He gets lonesome," Jim apologized. He focused his eyes carefully on the field below for a sight of the hog that was so red in color that Jim had named him after the famous Redskin that he enjoyed reading about in history, Geronimo.

"I got a bale of straw spread in the truck and the loading chute ready. I'll need help getting the stock rack on though. There isn't much time before the entry deadline," Mr. Robertson reminded Jim.

"Dad," Jim turned toward his dad and asked anxiously, "If Geronimo wins today, I can take him to the state fair, can't I?"

"We talked about that before."

"I know, Dad, but I want to make sure again. It's so important."

"It's like I said before, Jim—like I've been saying since you picked him out of that litter of seven." Mr. Robertson smiled understandingly. "This is your hog. All the way. You raised him."

Jim squared his shoulders. "I'm proud that I earned his keep working in the fields this summer and saved the entry money from my egg route pay. Now if he wins at the fair today, it will pay his way to the state fair."

"Whoey—y! Geronimo!" Jim called again to the hog he had raised from a tiny pig. For a year now Jim had fed, watered, curried, and bedded down the handsome boar.

"That hog may be a Duroc-Jersey, but he's got some Hampshire in him somewhere the way he gets out all the time. Never saw a hog could find an opening in a fence the way Geronimo can."

Jim's dad shook his head, looking hopefully toward the hog pasture with his son.

Then Jim said: "I see him, Dad! He always comes when I call him." Jim watched the red boar scampering over the brow of the hill. Three hundred and fifty perfectly placed pounds, Jim thought.

It took another currying, and Jim polished Geronimo's hoofs again before they loaded him into the pick-up and set out for the fair.

When the proper papers were made out and the entry fee paid, Geronimo was assigned to a pen near the rear entrance of the Duroc pavilion. Jim drove him in and got water and feed right away. The

tempo of the fair atmosphere reminded Jim of the drumbeat in a band before a star performer did a trick of daring. It seemed to get more and more exciting.

Mr. Robertson turned toward Jim: "Now son, a word of caution. You and I know Geronimo has a good chance of taking top honors. He's got good cherry-red color."

"Not a black mark anywhere." Jim cut in.

"He had fairly heavy bone of good quality and good length of body."

"And I'm sure he'll score on broad shoulders, deep chest, straight back, straight legs, thick fine coat." Jim went on checking Geronimo's strong points as he watched his favorite boar with a proud light in his eyes.

Jim's dad chuckled at Jim's enthusiasm. "Yes, and he has lively, bright eyes and is quiet and gentle. But remember, Jim, he has a weakness, just like when you recognize a weakness in yourself, you can fight to conquer it. So watch him, Jim."

Jim was so tingly with excitement he hardly heard what his father was saying. The caliope was playing gaily, the crowds were pushing their way through the stock pavilion. He saw children with cotton candy. Red and yellow balloons carnivalized the pavilion. He heard shots from the shooting gallery. The floodlights turned on. The mingled smells of hot dogs and hay, coffee and livestock filled his nostrils. He breathed deeply. It was good, just the way he'd been thinking about it all year. There was nothing in the world as wonderful as the county fair with its own brand of noises and smells, its hopes and fears when contestants brought their best to be judged.

This year he was one of those contestants. Would Geronimo really be a winner? After a whole year of careful care and feeding, would he get his big reward? Would they get to the big fair at the state capital? Jim knew it wouldn't be long now, and he'd have the answer to all his questions. And in his heart he knew by all accepted judging standards, Geronimo was a champion—a state champion!

He climbed over the pen and brushed Geronimo's soft coat again. He wanted him to be perfectly groomed for the judge's critical eyes. Geronimo was in next-to-the-last pen, so he would be judged ninth.

The boar stood docilely quiet while Jim put on the final touches. He even nuzzled against him for a while.

"You're excited, too, aren't you, Geronimo?" Jim whispered into his ear. "Take it easy fellow and stand tall like I showed you, and we'll go to the state together."

Jim heard the loud-speaker static up, and then the voice said, "Judging of the year-old boars is now commencing in the Duroc pavilion at the south end of the grounds."

He saw the judge, cane in hand, enter the first pen. The fellows had told him this judge was fussy, as slow making up his mind as a mud turtle creeping through a puddle on a hot August day but as thorough about checking all the points to be considered as a bee gathering every bit of nectar from a flower.

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"I'll have plenty of time to wash up and change my jeans," Jim told Geronimo. "I don't want you to be ashamed of me." Jim opened the pen gate and sauntered into the locker room.

When he came back, the judge was in Pen 3. Jim ambled toward Pen 9 to wait for the judge. When he got to the pen, nightmarish terror clamped him to the spot. The pen was empty. Geronimo was gone. The pen gate was open, and the door to the back entrance of the pavilion was open, too.

Jim's fist came down on the pen rail in desperation. What was he going to do? Why, oh, why had Geronimo done this terrible thing? He felt as if he had just been plunged into icy water, and the shock had stunned him motionless.

Jim forgot where he was. He forgot everything except that Geronimo was gone, and the judge was getting nearer. He cupped his hands around his mouth and gave a loud, "Whooley-y!"

Just then a tall fellow, one he had seen at one of the 4-H meetings, came up to him. "Hey, Jim Robertson!" he laughed. "If you want to call hogs, come on. The hog calling contest is about to start."

"What?" Jim asked in a daze.

"The hog calling contest. Up on top of Hog Call Hill over there. It's about to start."

Jim's warmth started to come back. As the icy fingers that had seemed to have a tight grip on him loosened their hold, Jim's heart started bumping heavily against his ribs. All sorts of thoughts started to whirl. On that high hill, like the one at home, he could call Geronimo better. His voice would carry. He wouldn't be bothering people in the pavilion. The wind would help carry his voice if Geronimo was far away.

"Sure," he told the fellow. "I'll try in the hog call. Come on. What are we waiting for!"

Jim could hardly wait for his turn to come on Hog Call Hill. The contestants kept kidding each other and talking silly stuff. No one was in a hurry. After all, why should they be? They hadn't lost a hog.

Finally the leader said, "Next!"

Jim took his place. He drew in a deep breath and with all the power within him called as he had never called before. "Whooley-Y-Y!"

From the top of Hog Call Hill Jim scanned the labyrinth of fair buildings and carnival rides and strolling people. Somewhere out there was Geronimo. Had he heard the call? Would he come? Maybe someone had already penned him up.

As the next boy moved up for his turn, Jim stood his ground. He turned to the leader and pleaded, "Just give me one more try, please."

"Once is all you get!" Jim was told.

Jim stood still. His eyes continued to roam the scene below in frantic hope.

Then he saw him. Geronimo was scampering up the hill just like he did at home. But what a sight he was! Mud was dripping in gobs all over him.

"Geronimo!" Jim cried, running halfway down the hill to meet his hog. He tried to swallow his disappointment in choking gulps. "How could you! Now you'll never win!"

He picked up a stick and drove Geronimo back to the Duroc Pavilion. He felt people's eyes following him, and he brushed away the tear he was afraid would roll down, no matter how hard he tried to keep it in.

The judge was finishing his tabulations in Pen 8, Jim noticed. Jim could hardly look at him, he felt so ashamed. He knew this mud-covered hog was not fit to be judged.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw the judge frown and shake his head. "I'm sorry," he told Jim. "I can't judge this animal in his present condition."

"I know," Jim nodded, trying to keep the quivering out of his voice.

As the judge left, Jim sat on the edge of the feed trough looking blankly at Geronimo who blinked back brightly.

"And to think you might have been a state champion!" Jim scolded. Then as he thought more about what had happened he added: "Guess I'm as much to blame as you are. I knew your weakness, like Dad said, and I didn't help you fight to conquer it. I should have checked that gate before I went to the locker."

"Well," Jim took a deep sigh, "We might as well scrub up so's people can see what you look like anyway."

When Jim reached for the brush, the tall fellow who had told him about the hog calling contest came up.

"Congratulations!" he said, extending his hand for a friendly handshake.

"That's not very funny," Jim replied.

"I'm not being funny, you won."

"Won what?"

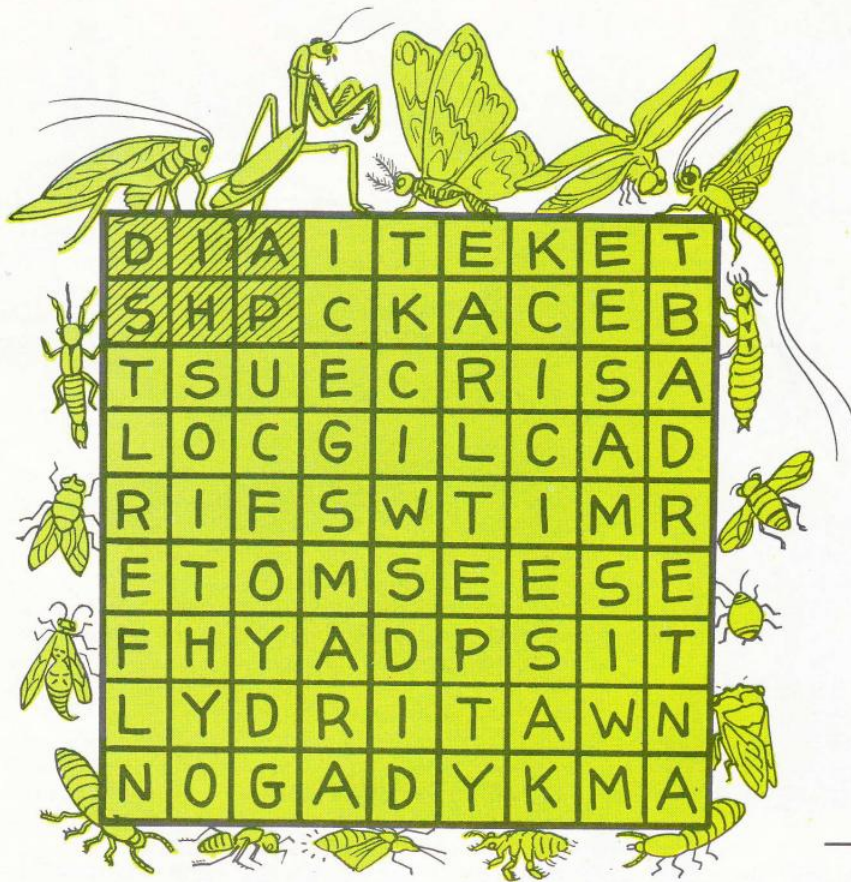
"The hog calling contest, of course."

"I did?" Jim stared at the fellow. He felt a new and wonderful excitement pulsing through him. "Is the purse big enough to enter a hog at the state fair with?"

"Sure," smiled his friend. "And a little more, I think."

"Geronimo!" Jim exclaimed as the next state champion nuzzled close. ☺





I N S E C T P U Z Z L E

Printed in the squares of the puzzle are the letters for the names of eighteen different insects. Starting with the top left corner, there are six shaded squares that spell the word "APHIDS." Use that as an example and find the letters for the other insects listed below.

You may move to the left, to the right and up and down, but not corner to corner. The same letter may be used for more than one word. With a colored pencil, lightly fill in the squares as you find the letters. You will have solved the puzzle when you have found all of the insects and every square is colored.

- | | |
|------------|----------|
| * LOCUSTS | APHIDS |
| * MOTH | WASP |
| DRAGON FLY | * ANT |
| KATYDID | TICK |
| MAY FLY | * BEE |
| EAR WIGS | * FLY |
| FIRE FLY | CICADAS |
| * LICE | CICADAS |
| | CRICKET |
| | TERMITES |
| | MANTISES |

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A CLAW, A TOOTH, A FANG

by Grover Brinkman

A dog is one of our best friends, most folks will agree. Yet by the same token, a dog will bite one person without provocation, be friendly with another. Why?

Scientists insist that some people have an inherent fear of dogs, cats, snakes. In this state of mind, when confronted by a dog, the human body exudes a trace of adrenalin, which the dog detects. You make a pass at the animal and get bitten.

Most of the animal world is not unfriendly to humans, but by the same token all animals are not pets. Wild animals are just what the name implies.

Not only do some people fear animals, large and small, they also fear crawlers, snakes, lizards, insects. Yet snakes fear humans as well. If you trap one, you might get bitten, but only because the snake is acting defensively.

There will never be complete communication between people and animals, for the latter can't talk. Yet this is no reason to substantiate ignorance. Various animals are domesticated, make good pets. But don't widen the category too far. Wild animals are just what the name says; don't make pets of them.

The chipmunk, native of many states, is one of the cutest of small rodents, as travelers will attest. A bag of nuts will often attract a chipmunk in moments. But let the friendship stop there. If you manage to catch one, you'll get clawed. And even a tiny incision of its claws might inject a deadly disease into your bloodstream. Rangers in all of our western parks are united in their advice: feed the chipmunks if you care to, but don't pet them.

The little prairie dog is in the same category, bacteria-wise. Near the Devil's Tower in Wyoming is one of the largest prairie dog towns in the nation, the home of hundreds of these burrowers. They are tame, lovable, live in the ground.

A park ranger stood by, one day, watching a boy chase a young dog into its burrow. The boy stretched out, ran his arm down into the hole, hoping to catch the animal. His mother stood by, watching the fun. But when the ranger informed her that rattlesnakes often live in the same den with prairie dogs, the mother's scream was one of terror. The boy didn't get bitten, but the incident explains the lack of knowledge, human and animal.

Let's say it once more: don't try to domesticate a wild animal! There are many small animals if acquired when

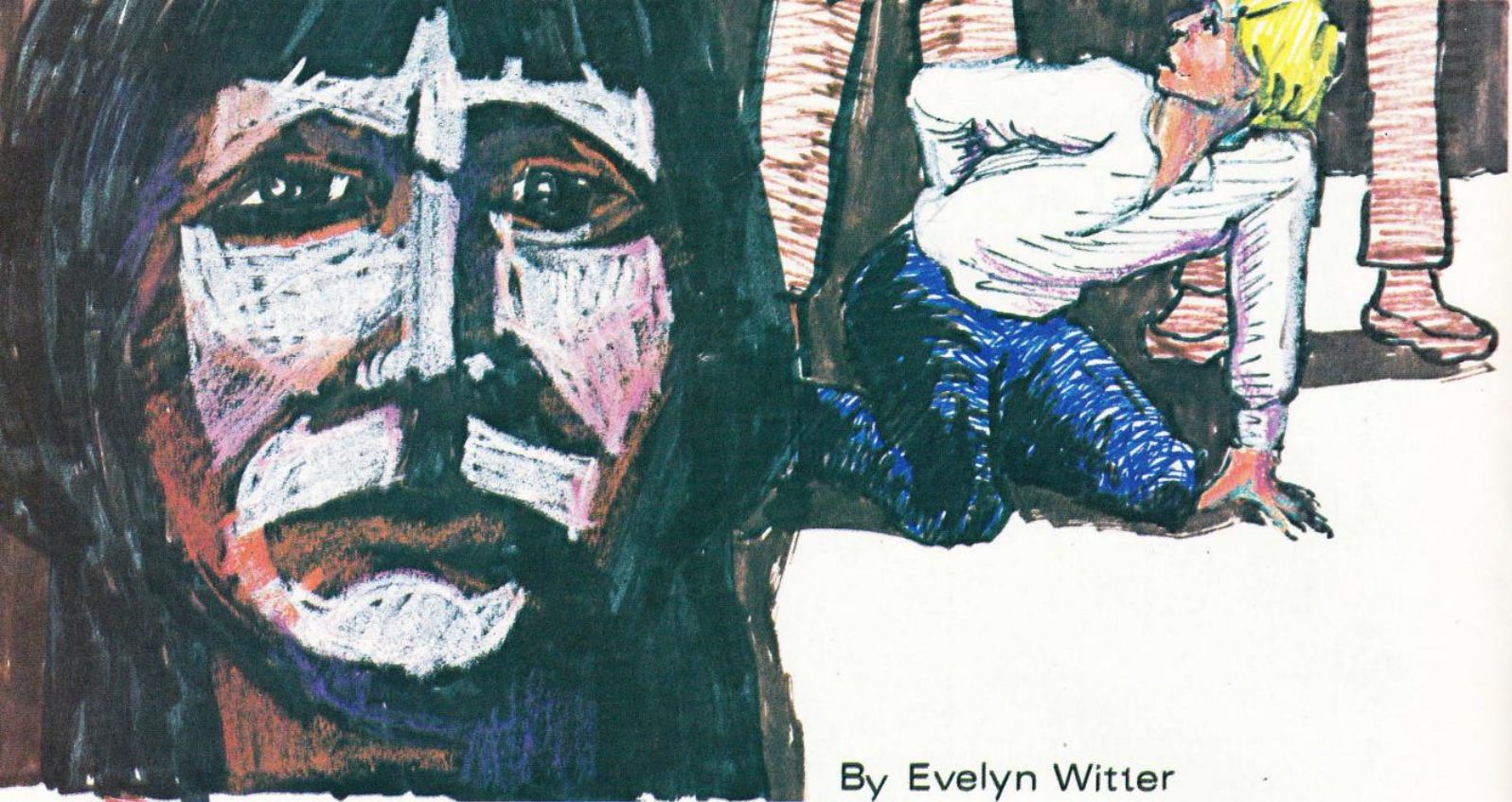
quite young, will grow tame. But their wild nature is never entirely destroyed. Rabbits, marmots, raccoons, opossums, mink, foxes, squirrels, and ground rodents all fall under this category. Enjoy them in their wild state, but don't bring them into your home as a pet. It's against most state laws, and some day you'll regret the action.

Enjoy animals and birds, but don't kill them wantonly. Today, with people more and more concerned by our environmental and pollution controls, we are also equally conscious of our wildlife and its problems. Some of it is disappearing much too rapidly.

We are suddenly remembering the carrier pigeons that once blackened our skies. Now the birds are entirely gone. The prairie chicken is fast on the road to extinction. So are many of our rare birds, including the eagle. Many animals, too, are on the endangered list. It's despicable to think that further annihilation might take place!

For one thing, destroying our natural world would not be fair to all succeeding generations. But it's up to you and me—now!

Be good to your dog, feed the cat and canary, admire the wild life in its natural state—but don't destroy it wantonly! ☺



By Evelyn Witter

RUNAWAY PILGRIM

It was August in 1621 when I decided to take matters into my own hands and run away from Plymouth and all the work there. I did not want to work. Hoeing the new corn pulled at my back and ached my muscles. Hoe, hoe, hoe . . . that's what the Pilgrims were doing from sunup to sundown. I had a strange premonition that this new adventure wasn't going to be as easy as I thought. I was scared though I didn't know why exactly except that I could not help feeling that I was being watched.

As I started rubbing flint to start my fire, I knew that what I had been thinking was really so. Indians began dropping out of the pine trees around me. It seemed like hundreds of them as I stood there, stuck to the spot with fright. Later I realized it was only six of the Narraganset scouts.

Automatically I reached for my musket, but the biggest scout was too fast for me. He swooped it up so fast that I barely had the chance to touch it before it was gone.

The huge Indian was the leader of the band and seemed to be the only one who could speak English. I calculated that he must have learned the language from some English fisherman who I'd heard had been here years before.

"Me Peckatua," he said. His hair was long around his shoulders and had been cut in front so as not to fall into his eyes. He had a fox's tail tied around his head. He was oiled from head to foot.

Peckatua started ripping off my clothing. The others watched. They looked fearsome for their faces were painted from the forehead to the chin. Some black, some red, some yellow. Peckatua's face was painted white.

I was powerless and afraid, though I tried to appear manly, I remembered what the good men of Plymouth had said. They told us boys many times that the Indians despised a show of fear. I quivered so hard inside that my insides seemed to jump around, but I kept my face quiet. The night breeze was cool against my naked body. I wanted to call out for help. I wanted to plead with my captors for mercy. My voice choked before I made a sound for the six pairs of black eyes shone cruel and bright in the flickering fire light. No Pilgrim boy could find mercy there I knew.

Peckatua pushed me forward and I walked. The branches of the wild raspberries and grapes tore at my flesh. I faltered. Peckatua pushed again with rough, strong hands. I stumbled on. Finally I saw a clearing ahead. When I saw the lodges built of saplings, I knew we were at the Narraganset village.

The villagers looked up as if they had been expecting me. I had been watched and followed ever since I left Plymouth! I was sorry now that I had left the colony. At the time it seemed to be the only thing to do. Work, work, work, that is all there

was at Plymouth. I was not like the Bradford boys who got pleasure from clearing the land and working from sunup to sundown in the corn fields. The red cedars, the sassafras, the holly and the wild apple trees across Town Brook seemed more interesting and much more mysterious.

Peckatua made a throaty sound and the other scouts left us. He pointed to a lodge. I went in. It smelled. He handed me knee moccasins and hung beads around my neck. I wanted to protest that this was not fitting attire for a Pilgrim boy of fourteen summers but his look was sterner than Governor Bradford's and called for strict obedience.

I laid down on the mat he pointed to. He laid down next to me. I could hear Peckatua's deep breathing and I knew he was sleeping. I could not sleep. My mind was full of unanswerable questions. Why had the Narraganset's taken such trouble to capture me? What were they going to do with me? I rolled and tossed feverishly all night trying to figure out what my poor fate was to be. I slept a little and then dreamed that six painted Indians were bending over me. Then I woke again. Peckatua slept on.

I was glad when he wakened me at dawn. "Come," he said. "Chief see white boy." In a few minutes I would have the answers to the questions that had troubled me through the sleepless night.

Once more I followed Peckatua through the village. Without much ceremony we entered the Chief's lodge. His name was Canonicus. The Chief was a big man. He was seated cross-legged on the ground. His lodge had a filthy stench too. A tremble went through me as I stood before Canonicus. He was a fierce looking chief with his face painted all red with three black strips painted across his nose. He garbled something to me.

Peckatua said, "Chief say you hostage." Still I got the idea that I was being held for some coming vengeance.

When we left the Chief, Peckatua said, "Chief say you must work for keep. He say he get beads for you from King Massasoit, the Chief of Wampanoag tribe. Pay much beads for white boy."

Now I knew my very life was in danger. If King Massasoit would not pay beads for my return the Narragansets might turn me out to starve in the forest when winter came, or they might dispose of me in some quicker way.

What could I do? Escape was impossible. These thoughts must have made me look forlorn as I followed the huge Peckatua to where the women and boys were sitting, weaving rush mats.

But when I saw them, working with such industry, I knew what I must do. One thing I could do to save my life was to work. To work hard. It seemed strange to me that the very reason I left Plymouth was what would save my life now. Still, if I became a useful member of the tribe by doing more than my share, of the work, would it not follow that I would be too valuable to dispose of?

So I went to work with zeal that would have been highly respected in Plymouth. Peckatua was a patient teacher. He taught me how to work. As the weeks went on I became very expert in weaving the rush mats that the Narragansets used for lining their sapling-built lodges.

"Now you clean fish," Peckatua told me one day. He laid one fish after another on a rock and showed me how to

scrape them with a knife. He showed me over and over again with patience that was Pilgrim patience, almost.

"I know how now, Peckatua," I told him finally.

"See."

I showed my teacher that I had grasped his skill, and a new joy took hold of me. This was fun once you knew how. I tossed fish handily and Peckatua gave me a long look. It was a look of respect that men give to other men who proved they can carry more than their share of the work.

My duties did not stop at mat weaving and fish cleaning. I carried water and cut wood until my bones ached and my muscles became knotty. I slept so hard at night that I did not even notice the smell in Peckatua's lodge.

The Narragansets began to treat me kindly. Peckatua gave me three of his best feathers which I wore in my hair with pride. But I knew my danger was not over. I did not forget that I was a hostage.

Then one day there was great excitement in the village. It was a surprise attack by the Wampanoags! Women screamed and children ran to the lodges. Narragansets warriors gathered about the Chief's lodge. I could see it all from behind Peckatua's lodge.

Before Chief Canonicus could gather his forces, King Massasoit, wearing a bright red horseman's coat trimmed with lace and wearing a copper chain which the Pilgrims had pleased him by giving him, entered the village with almost a hundred warriors behind him. Their arrows were in their bow strings. From their necks hung sheathed knives.

Chief Canonicus called for surrender. At that instant Peckatua dragged me out from my hiding place behind our lodge. I struggled fiercely. By this time I was not only as brown as an Indian, but I was as strong as one.

"Peckatua I do not want to go to King Massasoit!" I yelled. Peckatua tried to

hold me fast. I kicked. I strained. I tore loose and ran. Peckatua was after me. He dived for my legs. I fell flat on my face. I did not have my breath back before I felt myself hoisted on the shoulders of the huge Indian.

He carried me across his shoulders as I had seen him carry deer after a hunt. He stood with me before King Massasoit, who was friendly toward the settlers having given them seed for the corn and having instructed them in the art of fertilizing the ground by dropping fish in each corn hill. I knew the feeling he had for the men who had come from Plymouth was a feeling of deep friendship and understanding.

With scarcely a glance in my direction, King Massasoit pointed to the Cape.

Peckatua carried me in that direction. "Please, Peckatua!" I pleaded, "Put me down. I do not want to leave you."

"I come to Plymouth one day to see my white brother," Peckatua said, and kept walking in the direction of the shore. He did not lighten his hold on me until we were in sight of the shallop. When I got closer I could see ten Pilgrims. I could make out the figure of my father.

"Captain!" Peckatua shouted.

Captain Standish came forward. It was then that I was set on my feet. Captain Standish laid his hand on my shoulder and smiled at me kindly. "By God's grace you have been spared, John Billington," he said. "For that we are all truly grateful."

I ran to my father then who embraced me, and I embraced him. It was over three months since I had seen him. I was glad for the sight of him that I would have cried if I had not been ashamed.

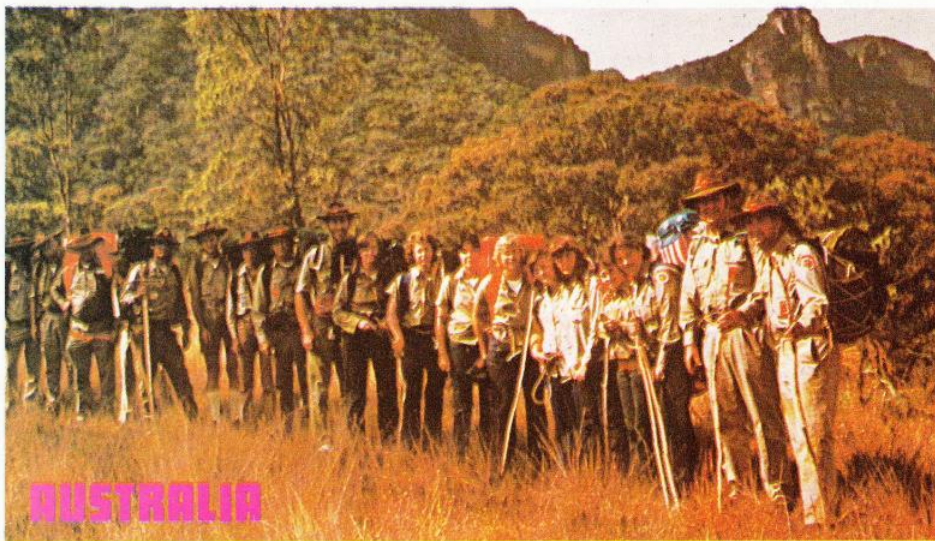
With father's arm around my shoulders we turned and listened to what Captain Standish was saying to Peckatua who seemed reluctant to leave.

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RANGERS ON THE

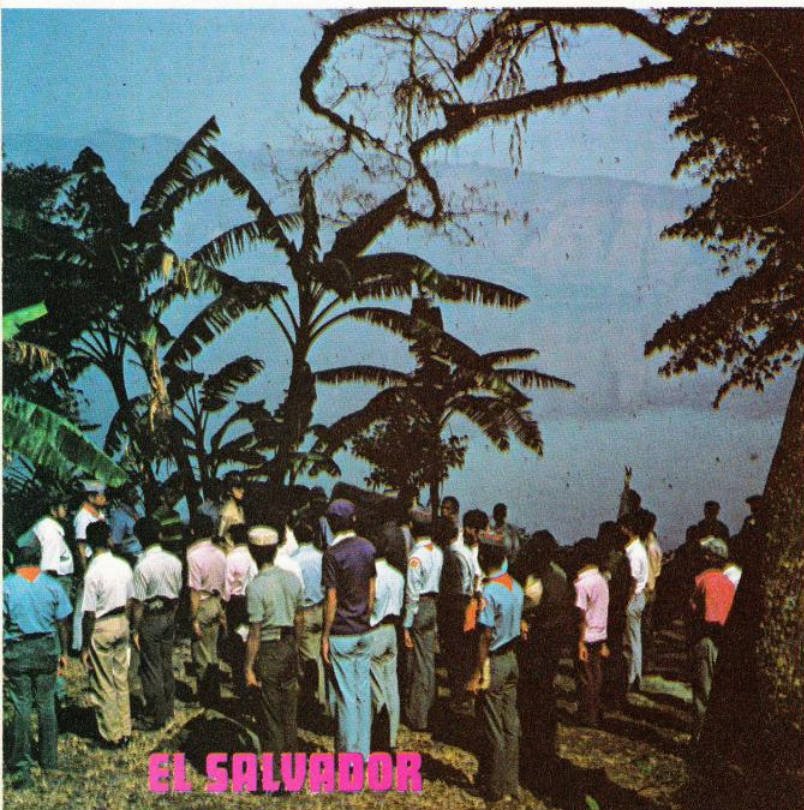
A LOOK AT ROYAL RANGER'S AROUND THE

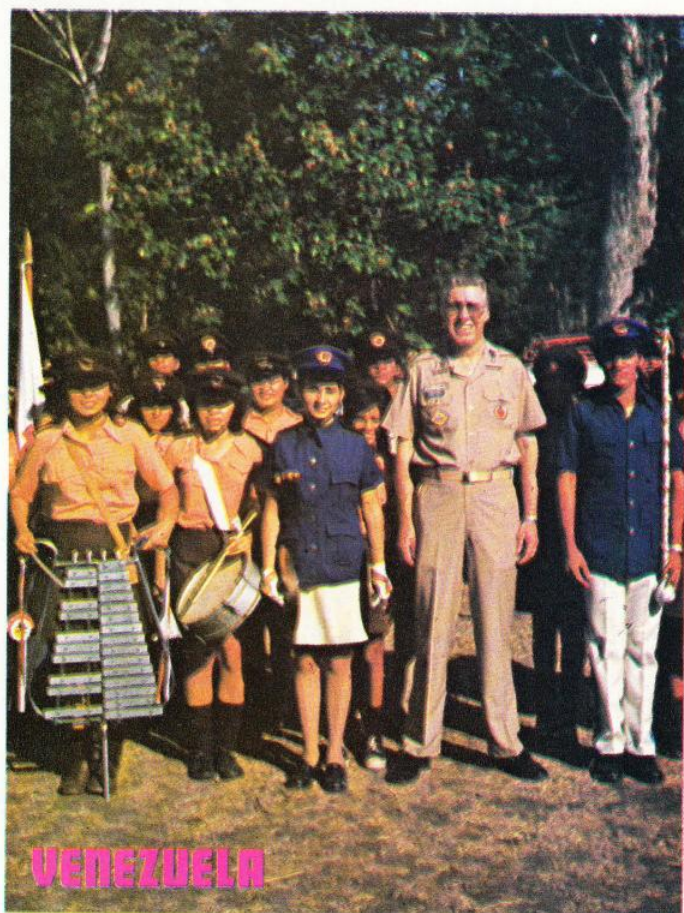
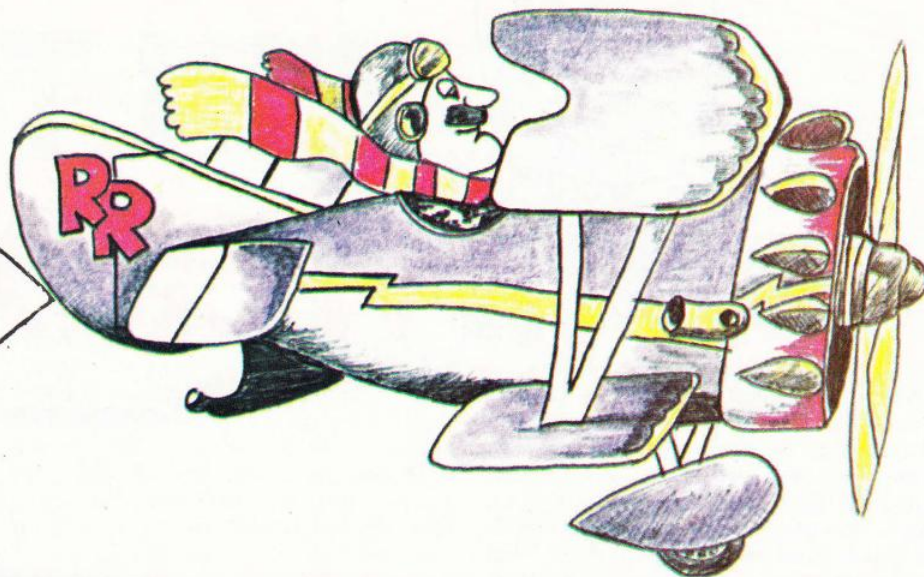
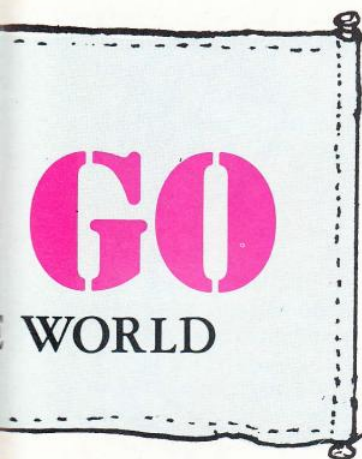


SINCE THAT DAY IN 1962 WHEN I CAME TO SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI, TO BEGIN THE ROYAL RANGERS PROGRAM, I HAVE HAD A DREAM, A DREAM OF AN ARMY OF ROYAL RANGERS AROUND THE WORLD LIFTING HIGH A BANNER OF JESUS CHRIST, AND MAKING AN IMPACT ON THEIR GENERATION FOR GOD. THANK GOD, THAT DREAM IS BECOMING A REALITY.

AT THE PRESENT TIME WE HAVE ACTIVE ROYAL RANGERS GROUPS IN 38 COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD. THE FOLLOWING IS A PHOTO FEATURE OF THE ROYAL RANGERS IN SOME OF THESE COUNTRIES.

Johnnie Barnes





WIN THE GAME WENDY

By
O.J. Robertson

Wendy Wallace, Glendale's blond, six-foot center, glanced at the packed bleachers as he ran onto the hardwood floor. The applause greeting him was music to his ears. He took a pass from Jerry Marcus, a Glendale forward, and looped it through from thirty feet. The crowd roared.

At the opposite goal, the Knights from Central were taking shots. They were fast and full of action, but Wendy knew they wouldn't be much trouble. If the other four fed him the ball, he should get thirty, maybe thirty-five points.

With such a star performance, Wendy figured the quintet from Claywood, Friday night's opponent, would be scared even if they were ranked highest in the region.

At midcourt, Glendale's cheering section was doing yells. It was only noise until Wendy heard: "Wallace, Wallace, he's our man!" He had steamrolled the team over St. Agnes and swamped the boys from Clayton. Now Central was about to feel his power.

It was game time. The referees were waiting. The Knights went into a huddle. Coach O'Brian called the Glendale boys around him.

"We're playing different tonight," the coach said. "Got to prepare for Claywood. Every man on the team must..." Wendy stopped listening. The cheerleaders were giving him a rousing yell. He wanted to hear it.

The buzzer sounded. The teams jumped into position. The ball went up between Wendy and Steve Winner, the opposing center.

Wendy tipped to Jerry Marcus. Wheeling away from Winner, he darted downcourt to take a pass from Jerry, just as he'd done in previous games. Jerry, however, dribbled around his guard and passed to Tommy Eddy, his companion forward. Tommy shot and ripped the net.

Wendy was surprised. He always started the scoring for Glendale. He felt annoyed at Jerry as they raced upcourt into defensive position.

The Knights moved cautiously. Steve Winner passed to Carl Straight, fastest man on the Central squad. It was perfect—almost. Suddenly, Jerry Marcus intercepted and bounced to guard Ronny Daw. Ronny was downcourt in a flash with Wendy at his side.

"Give me the ball!" Wendy whistled. "I can make it!"

Ronny faked the Knight guard out of position. Instead of tossing to Wendy, he shot twenty feet away and slightly off balance. But he made it. Glendale had a 4-0 lead. Wendy frowned. The cheering, he knew was for Ronny Daw.

Speedily the Knights took the ball upcourt. Winner connected with a one-hand push shot, giving his team two points. Fouled while shooting, he added one from the free-throw line. It was a 4-3 ball game with the quarter half gone.

Wendy got the toss-up to Glendale. Downcourt the players raced. Wendy was close and couldn't have missed, but Tommy Eddy who had the ball took a chance. His chance paid off. It was now 6-3.

The remainder of the quarter was hard fought. Both teams scored. When the whistle blew, Wendy had only four

points. Jerry Marcus had eight, Tommy Eddy five.

"The boys aren't passing the ball!" Wendy complained to Coach O'Brian.

"We're playing this one different, as I said," Coach O'Brian stated. "If we're to beat Claywood Friday, we've got to have five stars. Not just one."

Five stars? What was Coach talking about? Wendy didn't have time to figure it out. The second quarter was beginning.

Glendale started slow, losing the ball twice. Each time Central scored. The game was tied at 17 all.

Finally Wendy got his hands on the ball. Now he'd add stars to his crown. He was ready to shoot when Steve Winner's arms stretched before him. Nothing to do but pass to Jerry, who turned and scored.

During the rest of the half, both teams played excellent ball. Wendy hit the bas-



ket twice, but he was behind both Jerry Marcus who had fourteen points, and Tommy Eddy with ten. Glendale had a three-point lead.

In the dressing room Coach O'Brian said to Wendy: "Rest next quarter. The subs need experience. Besides, a victory tonight wouldn't be as sweet as a win over Claywood on Friday."

Sitting on the bench was a nightmare to Wendy. The subs played well, but lost the lead. Glendale was behind 51-57 when the quarter ended.

"Get back in and help us win this one," Coach O'Brian said to Wendy. "I've wanted to see you play in a tight spot like this."

Glendale fought hard to catch up. Central fought equally hard to keep the lead. Wendy found the ball coming his way more. He scored, then stole the ball from

Steve Winner for another goal. Central's lead was down to two.

The last three minutes of the game were a tussle. Central scored twice, but Jerry Marcus caught fire and made six points in succession. The score was tied, 61-61!

And there was just one minute to go. It was time for Wendy to win this thriller. He got the ball, dribbled slowly, taking up time. He was set to shoot when Steve Winner's arms were like signposts again. Wendy knew he couldn't make it. Ten seconds remained on the clock!

Wendy spied Ronny Daw in good position and shot him the ball. Ronny's arms rose. The ball arched high and came down on the rim. It hung there a moment, spun around, then toppled through as the horn began to blow. Glendale had won again!

Wendy felt happy inside. Now he understood what Coach O'Brian meant when he said the team needed five stars. Glendale couldn't go on winning just on Wendy's high scores. He needed help from the other four.

Coach O'Brian was jubilant. "We won't worry much about Claywood. Tonight's scoring proves it. We're a five-man team. Five players in double figures. And the subs fought like Trojans."

"Coach, I was upset for a while," Wendy confessed. "Guess I've been wanting to be a star instead of a team man. It felt good, making twenty-five points a game, but some team would have stopped me before long. It's good Glendale is now a five-star team. We'll be ready for Claywood. You can count on that!"



BY MARY REDDY

Halloween—fun and mischief time!

And it has been so in the United States since the latter part of the 19th century, at which time Irish and English immigrants brought with them many of their homeland customs pertaining to this observance.

In Ireland there were many legends and superstitions written and told about Halloween, most originating in the country's pagan days. In some sections it is known as *The Vigil of Saman*, the night when Saman, the Lord of Death, was supposed to call together all the evil souls, who had been sentenced to inhabit the bodies of animals as punishment. It was a night to be wary!

The wearing of costumes and the symbolic use of the "black witch" stems from another old legend in which thirteen witches annually gathered on All Hallows Eve (the origin of the word *Halloween*). Wearing mystical robes of black to hide their true identity the old crones chanted and stirred up ominous brews, casting their evil spells on their enemies.

According to the legend, any skeletons seen lurking about on this night were said to be the remains of the witches' tyranny, and doomed to walk the earth as warnings to mortals. Black cats were believed to be witches in disguise, and sometimes the demons even took the form of goblins to further mystify and intimidate the people.

That smiling jack-o'-lantern that we see everywhere and has become a favored symbol of our Halloween also comes from an old Irish folk tale about a jolly Irishman named Jack, who led such a wicked life on earth that he was refused entrance into heaven. Satan cast him out of hell because of the pranks he played. Thus unwanted, he was doomed to walk the earth at night bearing a lighted lantern to warn the people of his coming. To scare him away and ward off his evil spirits, a large turnip, squash or pumpkin was hollowed out, a scary face cut into one side, lighted with a candle and placed in the window.

Today's Halloween party would not be complete without cider and doughnuts, and of course, bobbing for apples. Bobbing for apples, the eating of apples and even apple cider are said to have come from the Roman custom of honoring Pomona, the goddess of the harvest.

Doughnuts became associated with this observance via another old world legend. An elderly woman passed out cakes to all who came begging on this night of Witches and Goblins, but she felt that cakes were being accepted and eaten without any bothering to give proper thanks. She devised the circle-shaped cakes because the circle was the symbol of eternal life, and hoped that the hole in the center would remind all the beggars to say a prayer of thanks for being alive,

HALLOWEEN SHENANIGANS

In some parts of England, All Hallows Eve was celebrated as *Nut Crack Eve*. Friends gathered together in homes for exchange of humorous tales, fortune-telling, songs and game. Apples and nuts were passed around as symbols of fellowship and hospitality. Another custom consisted of boys and girls dressing in costumes, donning masks and going about begging for treats.

Trick or Treat partially owes its origin to Ireland, where groups of people used to wander from door to door begging for food for their All Hallows Eve festivities. Those who responded to their begging willingly and cheerfully were promised good health and prosperity, those who refused or were contrary were threatened with certain types of "shenanigans."

The *trick* part of this custom was introduced in the United States long before *treat* was known. Halloween in rural America in the late 19th century, and 20th century—was a time when farmers were kept on the alert for "evil spirits" who appeared in the form of very mischievous boys.

In those days it was not unusual to spend the day after Halloween in the retrieving of hay wagons and "convenience houses" from such unlikely "parking places" as a barn or church rooftop. While the menfolk were so engaged, the women were busy scraping and cleaning heavy coatings of wax or soap from the house windows.

After all was brought to a state of near order and tempers had been given a chance to cool down, there was a general sigh of relief. All was well and the shenanigans were over—until the next Halloween rolled around!

Cont. from Page 7

"For your kindness to John we wish to present you with this knife, Peckatua," the Captain was saying.

As the shallop pulled away from shore I looked back at Peckatua. He stood there, legs apart, arms folded over his chest, watching us. We looked at each other until the shallop was out of sight.

Back in Plymouth I worked as hard and as well as the Bradford boys. I liked to work for I knew how to do tasks well. In fact I had to show others many things they did not know yet about the work in this new land. Because I told them often that this was the way Peckatua worked they teased me from time to time by calling me Peckatua. Though they did not know it, I liked my Indian name very much, and waited happily until the day the real Peckatua would come to Plymouth to see me.☺

NATURE'S BEAUTY SPOTS by Alan A. Brown



This country of ours is dotted with great scenic wonders, with the Grand Canyon of the Colorado heading the list. How familiar are you with these examples of nature's unique craftsmanship? Here's a list of 20 of America's own natural wonders; in which State is each located?

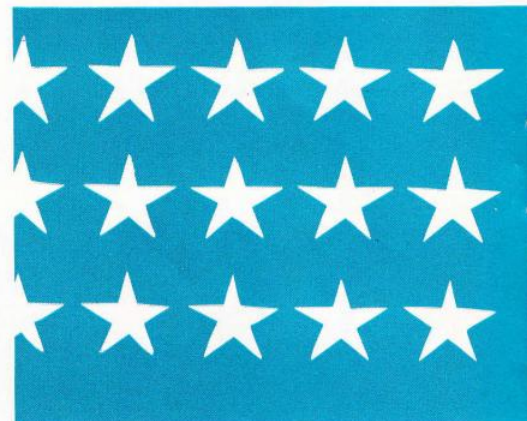
1. The Painted Desert
2. Death Valley
3. Craters of the Moon
4. Glacier Park
5. Carlsbad Caverns
6. Ausable Chasm
7. Great Smoky Mountains
8. Rainbow Arch
9. Zion Canyon
10. Ice Mountain
11. Everglades
12. Crater Lake
13. Yellowstone National Park
14. Black Hills
15. Natural Bridge
16. Ancient Buried City
17. Sugar Loaf Mountain
18. The Valley of the Sun
19. Superstition Mountain
20. Devil's Sinkhole

ANSWERS on Page 15



The year 1892 marked the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America, and to give emphasis to the occasion, President Benjamin Harrison suggested that all schools present special patriotic programs on Columbus Day, October 12.

Schools everywhere complied with the President's suggestion—with patriotic themes, parades, costumes, songs and recitations. And, due to a short recitation published in a children's magazine at that time—the Pledge of Allegiance to our flag was recited for the first time.



OUR PLEDGE OF

The Pledge had appeared in the "Youth's Companion," published without a by-line, as was the general practice of the particular magazine. No special note was given to the words, as they had been intended for use for that year's Columbus Day school programs. However, the words and their meaning caught the public's attention, and the Pledge was being recited at civic and social club meetings, as well as being included in various special observances. Then, the question arose—who was the author of these meaningful words? With this question a controversy that was to bounce back and forth for years was started.

Certain members of the "Youth's Companion's" staff claimed in 1917 that the original draft had been written by James B. Upham, an executive of the publication, and that he had handed the rough draft to his editorial staff for "publishing and condensing"—with most of the work having been done by Francis Bellamy, a member of the staff.

Countering the magazine's statement, Bellamy publicly claimed sole authorship of the Pledge, and the issue became more clouded.

Upham died in 1921, and the argument on his part was continued by relatives and interested parties. In some publications, Upham was named the author, while in others Bellamy was given the credit. No one could be certain as to just who did write the Pledge of Allegiance.

high adven- -ture staff

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Men's Dept. Secretary

Johnnie Barnes

National Commander

Paul Stanek

National Training
Coordinator

CARDS OF THANKS

Finally, a special committee was named to study the controversy and research the background of the Pledge. In 1939 the committee advised the U.S. Flag Association that according to their findings, Francis Bellamy was, indeed, the author. However, Bellamy did not live to appreciate the announcement, having passed away in 1931.

The original Pledge as written by Bellamy read: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands: one Nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

by Lucille Goodyear

F ALLEGIANCE

The Pledge received official recognition by Congress in an Act approved on June 22, 1942. At this time the wording was changed to read "flag of the United States of America" instead of "my flag."

On Flag Day, June 14, 1954 President Eisenhower signed a bill making another change in the wording official—between the words "Nation" and "indivisible," the phrase "under God" was inserted. In explanation of the change, the President said the following: "In this way we are reaffirming the transcendence of religious faith in America's heritage and future; in this way we shall constantly strengthen those spiritual weapons which forever will be our country's most powerful resource in peace and war."

After the President had affixed his signature, the Pledge was recited for the first time in its new form by a group on the steps of the Capitol Building.

This occasion again directed attention to the history of the original Pledge, and in 1957, the Library of Congress issued a report that attributed the authorship to Francis Bellamy, thus settling the controversy for all time.

"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

These words, pledging loyalty and interest in our country and its people—say it all, for each and every one of us. ☺

by Evelyn Witter



In 1621, after the first harvest, the Pilgrims set apart a day for giving thanks, instituting a custom which is one of the richest and one of the most significant of all American holidays.

The custom of Thanksgiving spread through the colonies. Later the custom was continued in the states. It was officially acknowledged in 1864 by President Lincoln who chose the fourth Thursday of November as "Thanksgiving Day."

Since that time the day has been set apart both by Presidential proclamation and by proclamation of the governors of the various states.

Cards of greeting for Thanksgiving have been published since about 1909, but they were not used to any real extent until just after the close of World War I. These were a bit crude, being mostly of the postcard type.

One of the earlier designs was printed in block on bright yellow Italian handmade paper with hand-colored poppies to harmonize. The verse was printed beneath the flowers. It read:

ON THANKSGIVING DAY

Some golden poppies I'm sending
They're on golden paper, too
The envelope ev'n is golden,
And so are my thoughts of you!

By 1919 Thanksgiving cards, speaking out for the spirit of Thankfulness everywhere at the close of the war, became more popular. They have slowly but steadily increased in popularity ever since.

The coloring and design of Thanksgiving cards has become almost as traditional as the day itself. They have been printed in fall colorings. More recently there has been a trend toward yellow and brown—colors which blend with the fall foliage. Turkeys, fruit, vegetables, harvest scenes and scenes with golden foliaged trees, old-fashioned country churches, and Pilgrims of the 1620 style have been the favorite designs.

The expression of gratitude for material plenty and the voicing of a desire to express this gratitude are still the main requisites of the Thanksgiving card. Just as an early card said:

Hope you have a lot of cause,

Thanks to be a-giving

I'm as thankful as can be

Just that you are living.

One of the prettiest cards published in 1926 was a colorful scene of stacks of grain and golden yellow pumpkins, with a wide border of fruit and vegetables in their full autumn colors. This wish filled the center of the card:

A CHEERY THANKSGIVING

A smile or two, a thought sincere,

Sent out in friendly rhyme,

To wish you every kind of cheer

At this Thanksgiving Time.

Children have not been forgotten in the Thanksgiving card-sending custom. Designs for juveniles were more plentiful in the twenties than they are today, but there is still a wide variety for children to choose from. Today, sentiment as well as design is carefully slanted for the young! For example:

HAPPY THANKSGIVING!

May the day be yummy

Right from the start

Delight your tummy

And warm your heart!

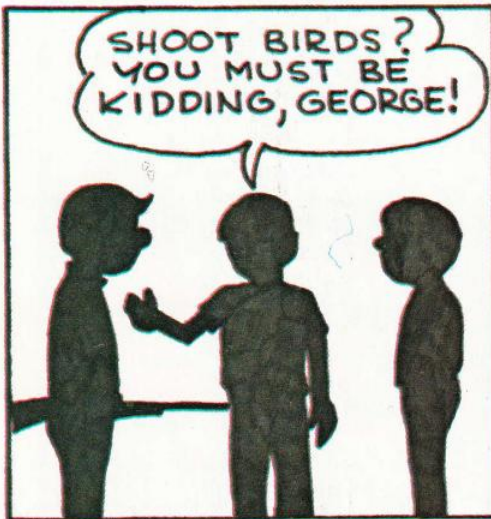
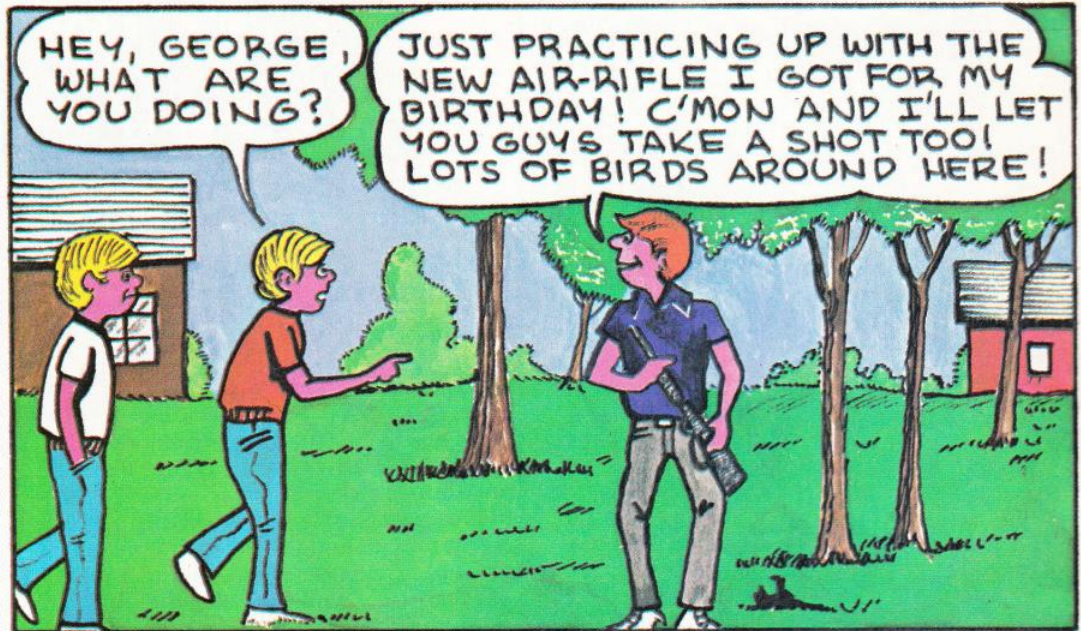
Since 1923 special greetings for members of the family have been published. In the past decade they have been getting more attention, an indication of the growing popularity of the day as a Greeting Card holiday. There are, specifically, Thanksgiving cards for . . . "To the One I Love," "For Father," "For Mother," "Across the Miles," "Special Friend," "Thanksgiving Brithday," and many others.

Today's Thanksgiving card publishers have taken the best of the past and the best of the present, blending tradition with modernity and answering the demands of an American public which has grown increasingly card-conscious.

In fact, at the mere mention of a holiday, Americans hurry to send greetings to each other; making themselves the greeting-est people in the world. The multimillion dollar greeting card business proves it. We are the greeting-est people in the world.

HAPPY THANKSGIVING!

THE TURNER TWINS



INSECTS

Cont. from Page 5

The insects marked with a star are mentioned in the Bible. To learn more about them, look up their names in the index or the concordance. The book of the Bible, the chapter and the number of the passage is given and you will be able to find it easily. Some of the passages for these insects are listed below.

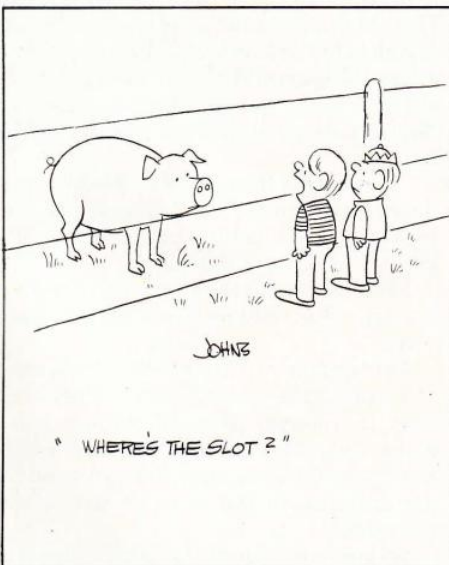
- * ANT Prov. 6:6, 30:24, 25
- * BEE Deut. 1:44
 - Jud. 14:8
 - Ps. 118:12
 - Isa. 7:18
- * FLY Ex. 8:21, 31
 - Ps. 78:45
 - Ecc. 10:1
- * LICE Ex. 8:16, 17, 18
 - Ps. 105:31
- * MOTH Job 4:19, 27:18, 13:28
 - Ps. 39:11
 - Isa. 50:9
 - Hosea 5:12
 - Matt. 6:19, 20
 - James 5:2
- * LOCUST Ex. 10:4, 12, 13, 19
 - Deut. 28:38, 42
 - Lev. 11:22
 - I Kings 8:37
 - Isa. 33:4
 - Joel 1:4
 - Nahum 3:15
 - Matt. 3:4
 - Mark 1:16
 - Rev. 9:3, 7
 - Prov. 30:27

He who believes that where there's smoke there's fire hasn't tried cooking on a camping trip.

JIM: "Don't be so impolite." You've yawned five times while I talked."

BOB: "I wasn't yawning—I was trying to say something."

Kevin Kupke
Mount Isa, Australia



The doctor went up to visit the sick woman but came down in a few minutes to ask her husband for a screw driver.

A few minutes later he was down again and asked for a can opener.

Still later, he was back for a chisel and a hammer.

The worried husband couldn't stand it any longer.

"Please tell me what's wrong with my wife, Doc," he cried.

"Don't know yet," replied the doctor. "I can't get the lock on my bag open."

"It says here in the newspaper," said the old gentleman, "that a man is run over in New York every half hour."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the old lady. "The poor fellow."

FATHER: Do you mean to tell me that this is all you did in art class today? It's nothing but a black sheet of paper.

SON: Oh, that's a picture of a black cat eating licorice in a coal bin at midnight.

SAID THE WIFE: "It says here the Spaniards went 300 miles on a galeon."

REPLIED THE HUSBAND: "Aw, you can't believe all you hear about these foreign cars."

MUSIC TEACHER: "Madam, your son's playing has certainly improved."

MOTHER: "That's wonderful. We thought we were just getting used to it."

Alaskan (to newcomer): We have very short summers here. Last year it was on a Tuesday.

Kevin Kupke
Mount Isa, Australia

During the Second World War some Australian soldiers were wearily slogging their way through the New Guinea jungle. Suddenly a most exotic bird flew into a tree just ahead of them.

"What is it?" asked one.

"A bird of paradise," was the reply.

With a weary sigh a third remarked, "Poor thing, it's a long way from home!"

Kevin Kupke
Mount Isa, Australia



BILLY: Did your father promise you anything if you raked up the leaves?

JACK: No, but he promised me something if I didn't.

Overheard in front of a restaurant:
"If they weren't so crowded here all the time, this place would do a lot more business."

Kevin Kupke
Mount Isa, Australia

FIRST MAGICIAN: What happened to that saw-a-lady-in-half trick you used to do?

SECOND MAGICIAN: My assistant walked out on me. She moved to Philadelphia and Seattle.

Aubrey Harness
Downey, CA

ANSWERS TO "NATURE'S BEAUTY SPOTS"

1. Arizona
 2. California
 3. Idaho
 4. Montana
 5. New Mexico
 6. New York
 7. North Carolina and Tennessee
 8. Utah
 9. Utah
 10. West Virginia
 11. Florida
 12. Oregon
 13. Wyoming
 14. South Dakota
 15. Virginia
 16. Kentucky
 17. Arkansas
 18. Arizona
 19. Arizona
 20. Texas
- END

THE PUZZLED COMPUTER

by Grover Brinkman

A lost day in the centuries of time was recently found by space scientists in a laboratory in Greenbelt, Maryland, which is connected with the Goddard Flight Center of NASA.

They were checking the position of the sun, moon, and planets out in space . . . where they would be a century or ten from now. This fact must be pinpointed to the second so we don't send up a satellite then later have it ram into some other piece of scientific hardware also orbiting the earth. We must lay out the orbits in terms of the life of the satellite, and where the planets will be in each succeeding year and century.

It seems that the scientists ran the computer measurements back and forth over the centuries, for a positive reading. As they did so, the computer stopped and flashed a warning signal which indicated that something was wrong, either with the information fed into it, or with the results as compared to known standards.

The service department was called in to check the machines. They insisted there was nothing wrong with them. When the chief of staff asked for a report on the trouble, he was told that the computer showed a day missing in the elapsed time of space.

"If the equipment was working properly and had been programmed correctly," this man challenged, "what then could be the answer?"

No one seemed to know.

At this moment, one man on the team made rather an unusual admission: "I remember one Sunday when I was a

teen, my Sunday school teacher talked about the sun standing still—."

Eyebrows raised. There was some sly, enigmatical smiles.

But the young man in question, once he raised the doubt, decided it would be best to follow through. So he hunted up a Bible in the library and started searching.

In the Book of Joshua, he found what seemed quite a ridiculous statement for anyone with a scientific mind, tuned to the twentieth century. For here the Lord said to Joshua, "Fear them not; for I have delivered them into thine hands; there shall not be a man of them stand before thee."

Joshua was concerned because he was surrounded by the enemy and knew that once darkness fell, they would move in and overpower him.

So Joshua, desperate for his life, asked the Lord to make the sun stand still!

And God complied, for we read: "The sun stood still and the moon stayed—and hasted not to go down about a whole day." (Joshua 10:8, 12, 13.)

"You mean that accounts for the missing day?" the space men challenged.

The young researcher shrugged.

So the computers were checked again, going back into the time the statement was written, and found it was close—but not close enough!

The elapsed time that was missing back in Joshua's day was twenty-three hours and twenty minutes. Not a whole day, but almost. They re-read the passage and there it was: "about (approximately) a whole day."

Even though they had found "about a day," in the computation of time, they

were still in trouble. If they couldn't account for 40 minutes of time there would still be problems a thousand years hence. They had to find the 40 minutes because this would be multiplied many, many times in the future orbits of the satellite.

Then at long last the same young researcher who had gotten the Bible, remembered something else even more amazing, an incident in the Holy Book when the sun went *backwards*!

Several of the men on the computer staff frankly told the young man he was slightly out of his mind in words quite a bit more pointed than those written here. But he kept searching through the Bible and finally he found what he was looking for, an incident recorded in II Kings.

Hezekiah, on his deathbed, was visited by the prophet Isaiah, who related to him that he was not going to die. Hezekiah asked for a sign as proof, and Isaiah said the Lord would give him such a sign. He asked if Hezekiah wanted the shadow of the sun dial to go forward ten degrees or go backward the same distance.

"It is a light thing for the shadow to go down ten degrees," said Hezekiah, "nay, let the shadow return backward ten degrees." (2 Kings 20:9-11.)

Isaiah spoke to the Lord, and the Lord brought the shadow ten degrees backward!

Ten degrees is exactly 40 minutes!

Twenty-three hours and twenty minutes in Joshua, plus 40 minutes in 2 Kings make the missing 24 hours which the space age computer showed to be the day missing in the time pattern of the universe!

So you who doubt the Bible, stop and ponder. ☺

