

High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

SUMMER 1979



**HOW TO BEAT THE HEAT
THIS SUMMER**

**IDEAS FOR FIXING UP
YOUR CAMP KITCHEN**

PUZZLES WITH A PUNCH

**VISIT A MISSISSIPPI
RIVERBOAT TOWN**

**BLAZE—THE STORY OF A
FREE-SPIRITED HORSE**

LIVING WITH MOSQUITOES

Randy Clute

High Adventure

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HIGH ADVENTURE STAFF:
Editor: Johnnie Barnes, Layout Editor: Dave Barnes,
Assoc. Editor: John Eller

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In desperate need for water, the women courageously saved their fort from . . .

THE THIRSTY SIEGE

BY O. J. ROBERTSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RANDY CLUTE

The women inside the fort at Bryan's Station, near present-day Lexington, Kentucky, had never been so excited and busy.

It was August 1782. The settlement of Bryan's Station was in grave danger. Outside, in the thick forests, a large force of Indians waited to attack the walled stockade.

Everyone had to do his or her part to save the little settlement. The sixty-one men of the fort were reinforcing the log walls and gates with heavy poles. Some were guarding the port holes.

The women were busy loading rifles. With sure hands they measured precious powder, placed patching and bullet in position, and rammed the gun stick down the long barrels. They talked in low voices as they worked.

"How can so few of us hold out against three or four hundred cunning warriors?" a young woman asked nervously.

"I don't know, but we must!" came a quick reply.

"Haven't you heard?" an older woman spoke up calmly. "Our leaders have decided to send to other forts for help. At the right moment, two messengers will slip away from the fort and go to the nearby settlements."

"May they be successful!" many voices spoke in unison.

Luckily, the two brave messengers slipped safely out of the fort and into the cover of the forest. The worried settlers breathed a thankful sigh and hoped the Indians would delay their assault until help was on the way.

Most of the Indians were hidden in ambush near a large spring which supplied drinking water for the people of Bryan's Station. A few planned to attack the opposite side of the fort. This



scheme, if it worked, would draw the settlers outside the stockade and leave it defenseless against the main foe near the spring.

But the men and women of Bryan's Station suspected such a trick. They manned both sides of the fort, placing the strongest defense on the side which the Indians thought unguarded.

Then a serious problem arose inside the fort. The supply of drinking water grew very low. The people needed water to drink. Water would be needed to put out fires if the Indians shot burning arrows onto the cabin roofs.

"We *must* get water some way!" the leader of the fort said. "Some of the younger children are already crying for a drink. Without water there is little hope for us."

The men pondered this alarming situation. "If we go to the spring, the Indians will know we've discovered their plot," one man said. "They know we never carry water on the frontier."

Immediately a young woman stepped forth. "Let some of the women and girls go to the spring," she suggested bravely.

"Yes, we always carry the water," a second woman stated. "If we go calmly, the Indians will suspect nothing."

There was a long argument. "When we came over the mountains to live, we knew we must face many dangers!" one woman said, quickly and earnestly. "We have always proved our courage. We will *not* fail now! Open the gates and we will go to the spring."

Finally the men agreed to the daring plan.

The women and older girls hurriedly gathered up buckets, pots, and gourds. Slowly they walked out the open gate and down the path to the spring. Their



hearts beat excitedly with each step, but they chatted and laughed, pretending to be unaware of any danger. The Indians, hiding near the spring, were fooled by the women's behavior.

The women took their time as they dipped water from the spring. They took time to drink from their gourds. Some of the young girls skipped around and gathered bouquets of wild flowers.

As they walked back to the fort, the women wanted to run. But if they ran, their bravery would be in vain. The Indians would see and know that their presence was known by the men inside the fort.

So the women walked slowly. Some sat down their pails, pretending to rest. When they entered the fort, and the gates closed, many of the women wept with thankfulness as they emptied their precious water into big barrels. Now the fort was ready for siege.

A few minutes later a woman who was on watch at a porthole cried out: "Open the gates! Our two messengers are returning. And with them are many armed men from other settlements."

The hidden Indians looked on in surprise as the messengers and men rushed into the fort and the gates closed. They knew now that their presence was known.

The Indians camped in the woods all night, making lots of noise, but they did not attack. Before day they slipped away. Behind them their camp fires burned low and unattended.

Bryan's Station was safe! The men and the brave women who had carried water from the spring had outwitted a crafty foe.

There was promise of better days to come. ★

When heat waves strike, that's the time for your preparations to meet and beat them. Take a tip from the animals and people who live in the desert regions of America and slow down during hot weather especially at the warmest part of the day.

Fluid intake is important. Drink more water. You are probably using it up much faster than you think you are. Don't forget to increase your intake of salt unless you are on a salt-restricted diet. In that case, see your physician for any special hot weather recommendations.

Wear light-colored clothing. It tends to reflect rather than absorb the sun's heating rays. Always wear some kind of head protection—a visor is not enough. Wear a broad-brimmed hat to give extra protection of your face and neck. The hat should be of a light color.

Unless your health dictates otherwise, try to eat foods that don't require a lot of cooking time and that are easily digested. That really helps you to stay cool.

If you want to "get some sun," go easy for the first few days of sunbathing. A few minutes a day over a period of time helps you to tan instead of sunburn.

Now let's see what kinds of hazards are posed by heat waves and what you can do to cope with them.

SUNBURN. Use a commercial preparation that helps to screen out the harmful rays. Don't forget to apply it to the

nose, backs of the hands, tops of the feet, back of the neck, ears, and other spots likely to be overlooked when applying the preparation. If a burn occurs, use a commercial sunburn ointment. If the case is serious (discomfort or many blisters), get medical attention.

HEAT ASTHENIA. Asthenia means weakness. The victim of heat asthenia feels tired and even has trouble performing such simple tasks as eating, sleeping, or breathing. There is usually much perspiration and a fast pulse. Get the victim to shade and coolness. Let him drink water and rest and don't forget to let him have something salty, too.

HEAT CRAMPS. These tend to hit the stomach, arms, legs, or fingers. The skin is cold and clammy and there is much perspiration. Water and salt can be given. To relieve the cramps, apply (with some pressure) warm, wet towels to the affected muscles.

HEAT EXHAUSTION. This tends to hit the victim that has been out working or otherwise active during a heat wave. There is much perspiration, weakness, and heat cramps. The skin feels cool and clammy and may look pale. Pulse and blood pressure are weak. In more advanced cases, the body temperature may be below normal, and there may be vomiting. Again, get the victim to shade and coolness, let him drink water and have salt and let him rest. A physician's care



Whew! It's A Scorcher!

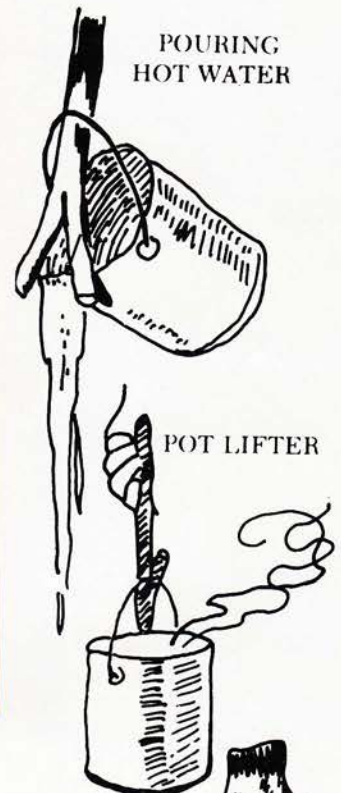
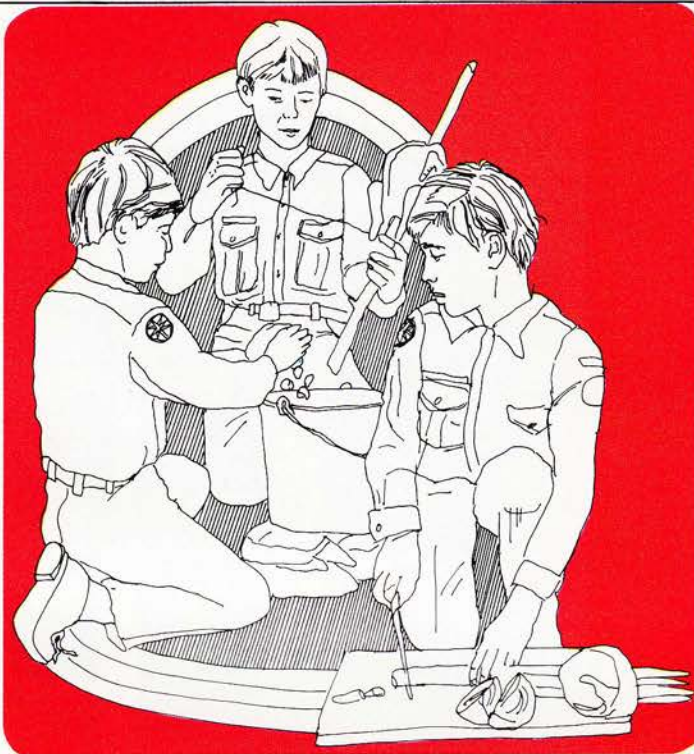
BY STEPHENIE SLAHOR

should be sought.

HEAT STROKE. This is also known as sun stroke. The victim complains of weakness, cramps, and headache, but this time there is little or no perspiration. The body temperature and blood pressure are dangerously high. There may be delirium in the victim. Immediate medical attention is needed and, in the meantime, the victim should be sponged with cool water to try to reduce the body temperature. Water and salt can be given if the victim is conscious.

Take it easy in the heat. Rest more often and try to plan your activities so that you are in the shade or cool during the hottest parts of the day. Indulge your thirst and your salt cravings. They are your signals that your body air conditioners need attention.

Mealtime Ideas For Your Summer RANGERCRAFT



On your next camp-out be ready to face those kitchen duties head-on! Here are a few ideas to get you out of the kitchen fast and blazing the trail.

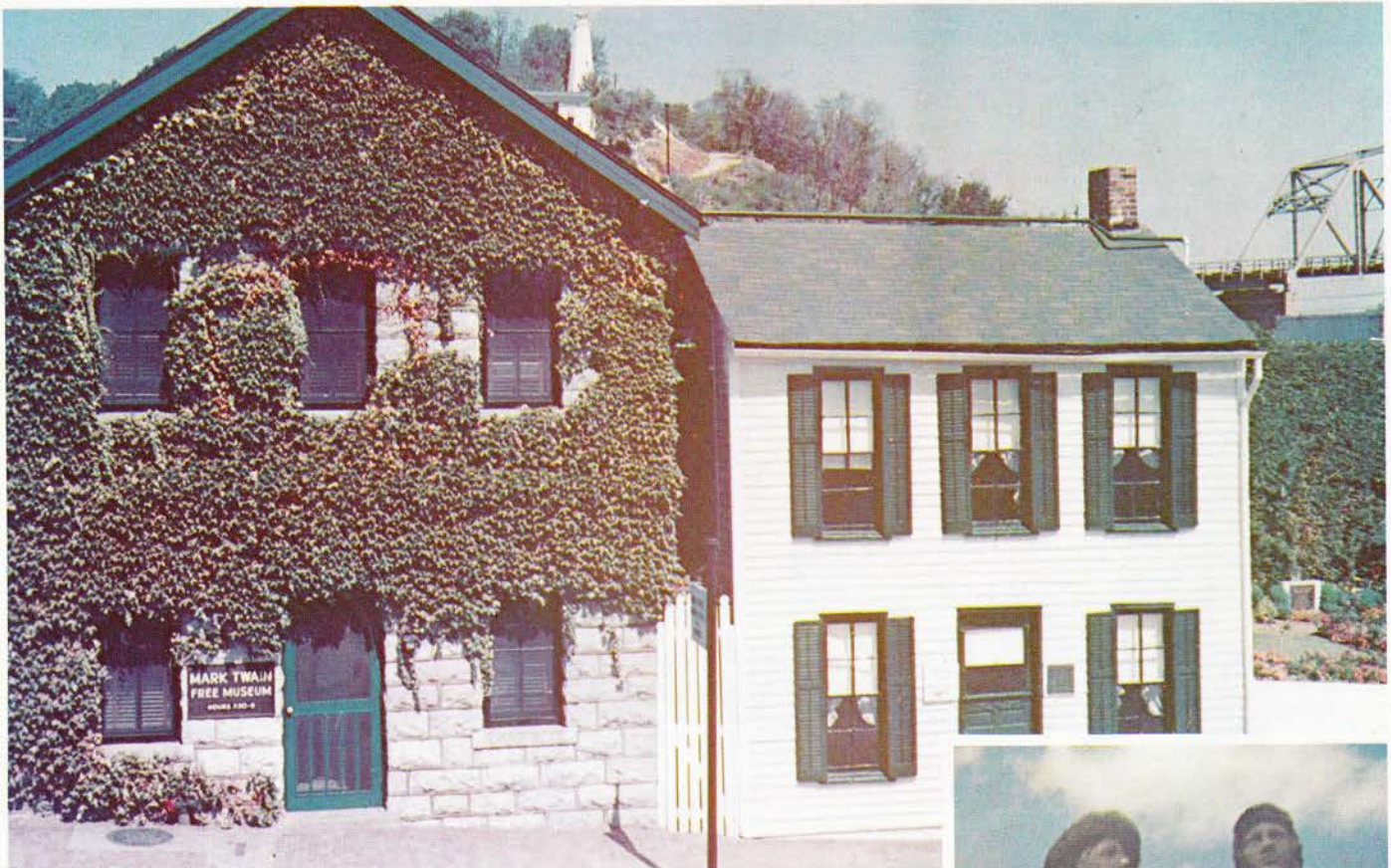
BY JOHN ELLER

Adventure in Sawyer Town

Relive the past

BY JOHN ELLER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FREDERICK DETERS



The Mississippi River town led these Royal Rangers on a voyage full of fun and excitement they won't ever forget.

LAST OCTOBER, TWO ROYAL Ranger outposts from the St. Louis section made their pilgrimage 100 miles north to Hannibal, Missouri, world-renowned boyhood home of Mark Twain. This double-barrel excursion included an overnight camp-out and sight-seeing adventure under the direction of Carl Crackel, sectional commander. The group consisted of leaders and boys from Outpost 53 (Trinity Tabernacle) and Outpost 118 (Friendship Assembly). Hosting the tour was Hannibal's Outpost 17 (First Assembly). Camp was set up on the Mississippi

adjacent to the Mark Twain Cave. Samuel Langhorne Clemens, who took the pen name of Mark Twain, roamed and explored this area as a boy. The cave is now designated as a United States natural landmark.

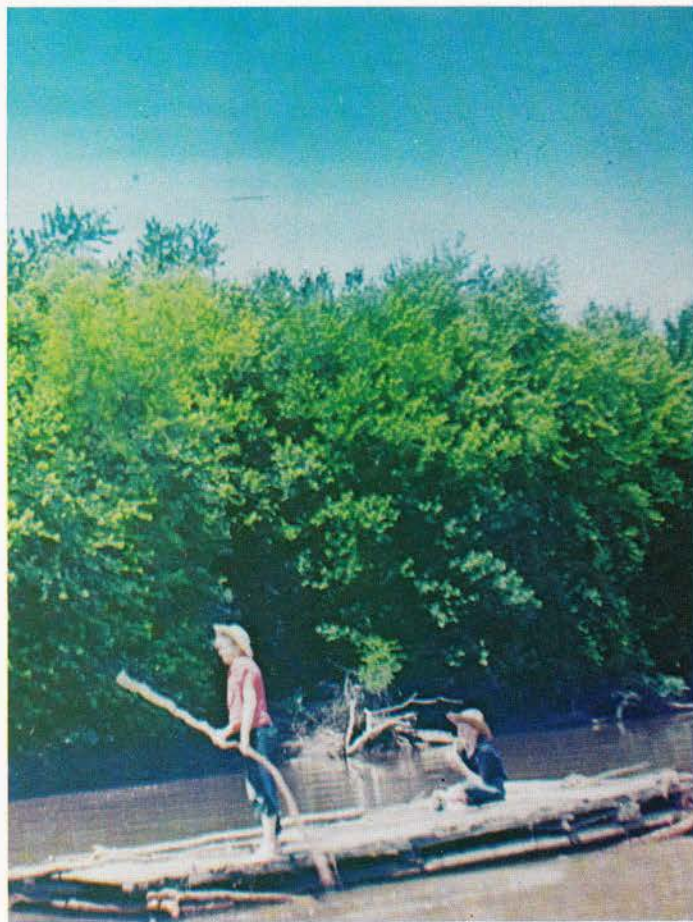
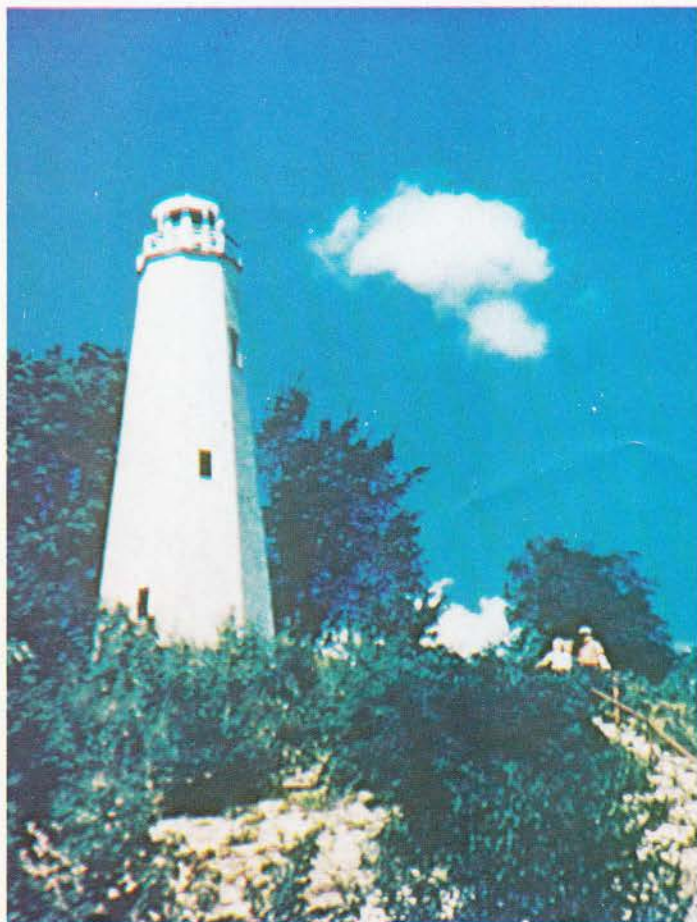
Saturday began with an ear-piercing, spine-tingling *Reveille*, indicative of the excitement in store. A robust breakfast was followed by a nature hike around the area. Leaves were beginning to turn their autumn colors, making the forest splendor to resemble one of Aunt Polly's quilt patterns so familiar to Mark Twain's time.

First stop on the tour was Riverview Park, a large tract of 250 acres atop the river bluffs. The statue of Mark Twain is located here, and stands 300 feet above the river. The park overlooks Hannibal from the north, and offers a breath-taking view of activity on the Mississippi River and the Illinois farmland. The group was fortunate to have a barge working its way



CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

Adventure into the past with Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn.



downstream at the time of their visit. The opening of the railroad swing bridge amid blasts from the tugboat's horn helped greatly in the return to yesterday.

The tour through Riverview also allowed time for the Rangers to check a few items from "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" and hear more astonishing tales about the famous "Injun Joe."

Born in the Oklahoma territory in 1833, Injun Joe was an Osage whose family and people were killed and scalped by the Pawnees. Cowboys on a drive from Texas to Missouri found Joe, who had been left for dead. They took care of him, and when he was about 15 years old, he drifted into Hannibal, taking the name of Joe Douglas, and wearing a wig to cover the scalped part of his head.

Injun Joe made his living carrying baggage and grips from the riverboats to the Planters House. He lodged in the hollow of a big tree in Riverview which, according to legend, was large enough for a straw bed. There was a fire outside for cooking and warmth.

Injun Joe died in 1920 and is buried in an unmarked grave in Mt. Olivet Cemetery in Hannibal.

The historical area was of special attraction to the tour group. A visit was first made to The Stone House, built in 1839



STEAMBOAT AT LEVEE

and used as a munitions storage during the Civil War. Stops were made at the Huck Finn marker and also at the Tom and Huck statue. This is one of five statues in the world honoring fictitious characters, and stands at the foot of Cardiff Hill.

The boyhood home was of special interest to the boys, as it included a tour of the museum, and a reenactment of whitewashing the fence. They also visited the house of Judge Clemens, the

Becky Thatcher home, and the eerie Haunted House on Hill Street.

It was then time to return to the cave as tours were already underway. The group had spent more time than planned at the boyhood home, but the museum contained so many relics of Mark Twain's days as a river pilot and writer that the boys were captivated by the portraits, statues, models of steamboats and manuscripts.

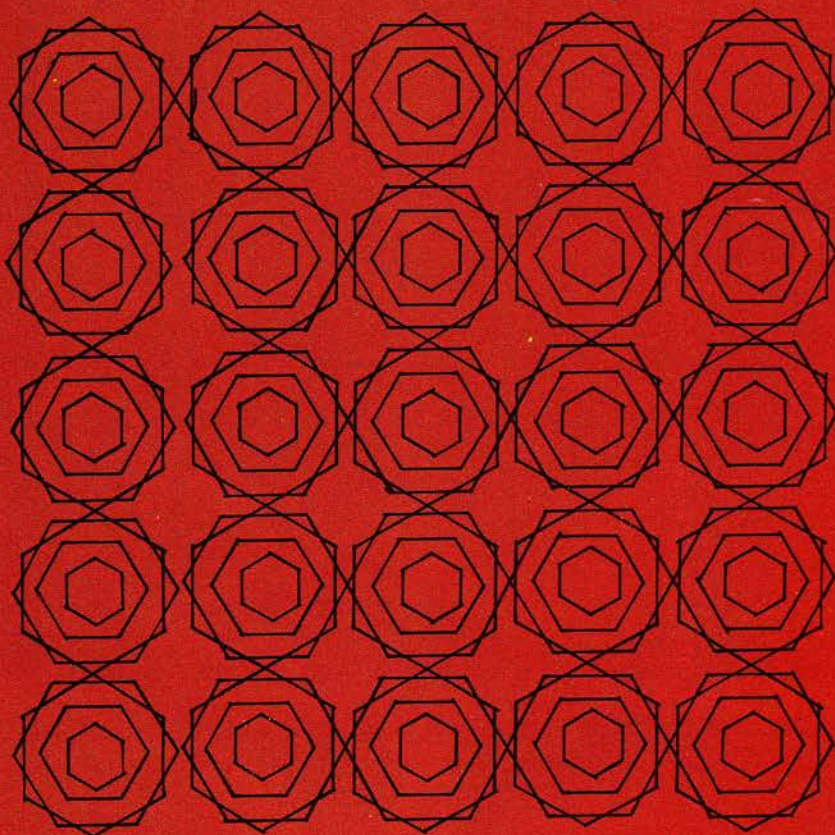
Mark Twain was Tom Sawyer. He did not say so, but admitted doing several things that appear in his books such as giving painkiller to the cat, stealing out by night to go adventuring, and clodding brother Harry for talebearing. He also played hookey from school to explore the great cave, then known as McDougal's Cave, two miles south of town.

Mark Twain described the cave the Royal Rangers were to visit this way: It was "chilly as an icehouse . . . walled by nature with solid limestone . . . dewy with cold sweat. It was romantic and mysterious to stand here in the deep gloom and look out upon the green valley shining in the sun. It was a vast labyrinth of crooked aisles that ran into each other and out again and led nowhere. It was said that one might wander days and nights together through its intricate tangle of rifts and chasms and never find

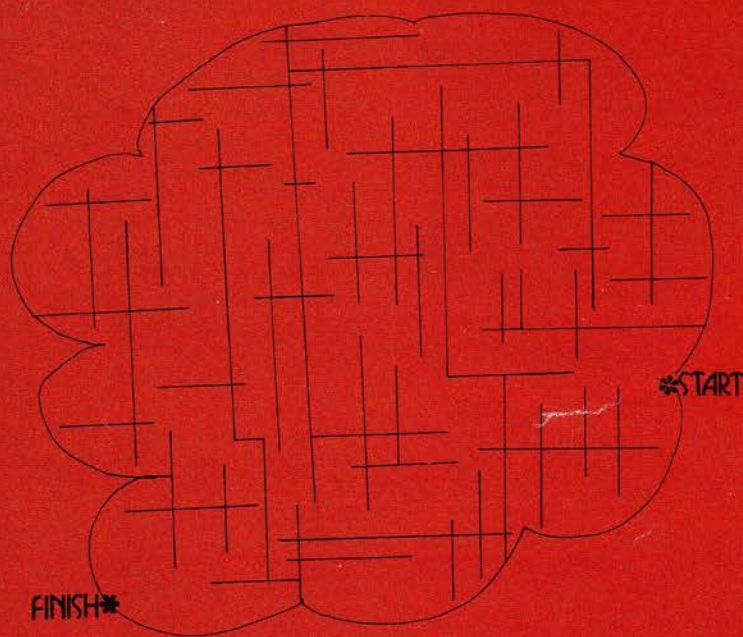
PUZZLE PAGE

BY RICHARD LATTA AND O. J. ROBERTSON

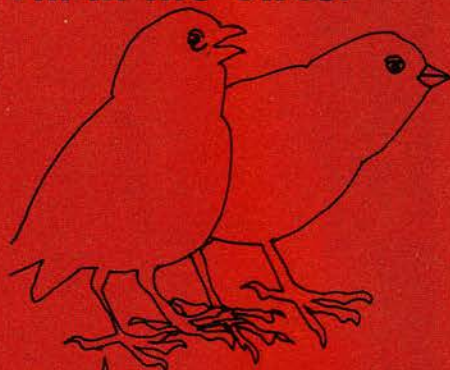
Can you count all the hexagons?



Can you get from start to finish?



Fill in the birds.



1. Song: _____ Bird Hill.

2. Novel: Jonathan Livingston _____

3. Painting: The Song of the _____

4. Song: When the Red, Red _____ Comes A-Bob-Bob-Bobbing Along.

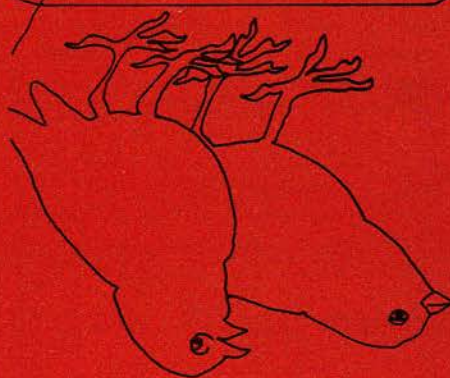
5. Poem by Poe: The _____

6. Fairy Tail: The Ugly _____

7. Marching Song: Under the Double _____

8. Fiddle tune: _____ in the Straw.

Answers: 1. Mockingbird, 2. Seagull, 3. Lark, 4. Robin, 5. Raven, 6. Duckling, 7. Eagle, 8. Turkey.



WHY THE STAR IN THE APPLE?

BY GROVER BRINKMAN

Do certain numbers hold some special significance in the plan of creativity? It would seem so. But there seems no explanation.

Our own personal life is part of the five-pattern. We have five fingers, five toes, five senses. The five-pointed star is old as life itself. Many leaves, such as the sweet gum, are five-pointed. So it would seem that the number five is both magical and mystical.

We find the five-pattern in a crinoid segment that lived millions of years ago. An even older blastoid fossil called *Penetremites* has a star-shaped top. Cut into an oak twig, especially on the bias, and one finds a five-pointed star.

Once one starts looking for this magic number of five, it is found again and again. It is in the starfish, the star-anise seed, in thousands upon thousands of flowers with five sections and five-chambered pods. It is found in the earth-star mushroom, and even in the apple you've just enjoyed eating.

To find this hidden five-pointed star in the apple, cut it crosswise, midway between stem and blossom end. Lay open the two halves and you'll find the star

outlined in perfect symmetry by the five seed chambers and the seeds themselves. In all apples, regardless of the species, these chambers (or carpels) form a perfect five-pointed star.

Call this "star of nature" symbolic if you choose, but once you start searching, it crops up in the most unexpected places.

From the first written word, the first recorded history, this five-plan of the star has been discussed by ancient philosophers and students. Scientists even today have no answer as to why this particular figure was used, over and over, with such emphasis.

It is difficult to find some particular flower in which the five-plan has no part in the plant structure. It is not only hidden in the apple, but lies in the form of its blossoms as well. All flowers of the rose family are associated with the magic five. The large disc of a mature sunflower may hold a whole galaxy of tiny stars, all five-pointed. The more one studies nature, the more one sees this special five-pattern. One ponders over just why it is so.

Sometimes nature cunningly produces

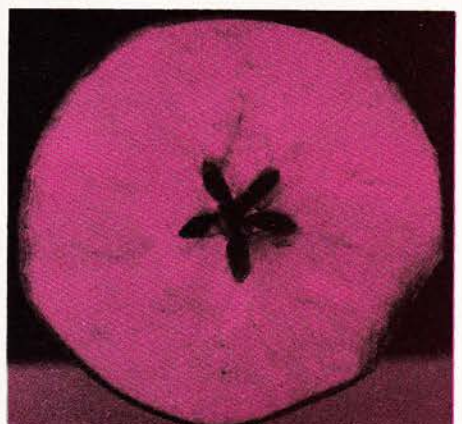
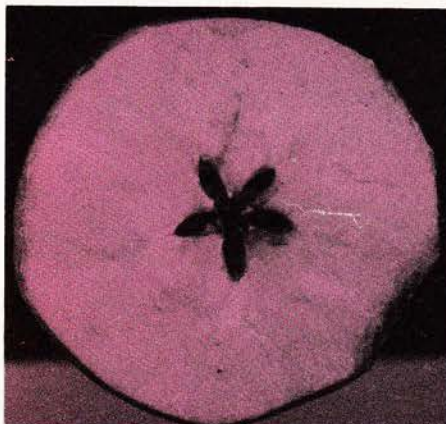
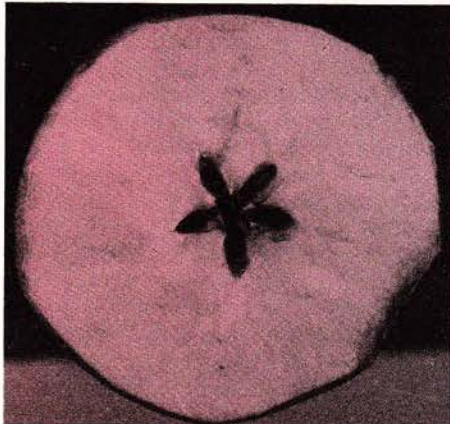
variations in this star pattern. For instance the mint and figwort families formed a tube but kept five divisions of the trumpet's opening.

Five seems to be part of an inescapable symbol of mysteries which man even today has never fully solved. Possibly our ever-expanding space exploration will shed new light on this magic number of five. From kindergarten to our currency, from our Christmas cards to our religious symbols, we use the five-pointed star.

Why?

Is this an especially pleasing pattern in the world of mathematics? The symbol is there for all of us to see and marvel over, each time we take that quiet walk in the woods, or linger on a garden path. Perhaps primitive man noticed this five-plan but had no way to pass on to us the fact he had so noticed. Evidently it was a part of creation, to amaze man's puny mind as to its true meaning and purpose.

Go out into the yard and pick a leaf from the sweet gum. Slice that apple in halves. You'll see the five-star plan. What is the symbolism behind it?



CAMP IS FOR SHARING

BY EDNA M. HEITKAMP



Mark and Tim had practiced hard on their tricks for camp entertainment; tricks they had thought were sure to work. But, they hadn't counted on Bill Harris.

At Camp Crestview the logs of the evening fire had burned to glowing embers but every now and then puffs of smoke made holes in the darkness. From the make-do stage, Mark Karby who was next on the program looked across at one side of the circle. The boys were sitting on benches talking and laughing, warm on one side and cold on the other, waiting for the last half of the show to begin.

Mark noted with a groan that the tall, lanky new boy, Bill Harris, was still there. He was the one who was always finding something wrong with everything. His voice made holes in the darkness too. Mark's knees started shaking like salt and pepper shakers. He drew a deep breath and braced them hopefully.

Tim Blair, Mark's helper whispered, "Go ahead. Don't pay any attention to him. He's a basket case, anyway."

Mark and Tim had practiced hard on their tricks for camp entertainment; acrobatic feats, sleight of hand, vanishing balls, silhouettes of talking animals, and ghostly tappings inside a locked box—tricks they had thought were sure to work. But they hadn't counted on Bill Harris.

He'd better not say anything this time, Mark thought doggedly or else . . . or else what? What do you do about a-know-it-all-camper who not only tells everyone how you do your tricks but what you didn't do, too.

Mark locked his hands together hooking his two little fingers and index fingers together with palms facing out front and back with two middle fingers and thumb dangling out. Then he began to make silhouettes on the blanket-screen already set up. A rabbit hopped along the screen moving his ears and nibbling on a

make-believe carrot. After that, a waddling duck followed with Tim making the sound effects, and later a stubborn donkey balked in the center and brayed. Tim was very good at animal imitations. The campers clapped and whistled and waved their arms.

Encouraged by the applause Mark sent the signal for the rubber ball trick. He had four balls going in the air and was about to make one disappear when Bill shouted, "What a fake. . . . That ball didn't disappear. I saw him put it in his jean-pocket."

"Quiet!" yelled an older camper from the fire circle. "You're not supposed to tell how a magician does his tricks."

The next morning Mark and Tim went to see the assistant director of the camp, Roger Gibson. "We can't put on a good stunt show if Bill is going to give away all our secrets. He makes me look ridiculous," Mark said.

"He makes me mad," put in Tim. "Can't you make him stay away during our act?"

Roger walked up and down the porch of his cabin.

"Yes," he said, "I could. That might be the answer for you. But it wouldn't help Bill. He really has a problem. I have a hunch he's acting this way because he's new here. He feels left out of things and not a little strange. Nobody has given him a chance to display his talents."

"Oh yeah," the boys snorted.

"Have you tried to be friends with him?" Roger asked.

Mark and Tim were silenced by this question because they had not.

"Another obvious fact," Roger added, "is that he's as skinny as a beanpole and aware of it. He puts on a brave front to

hide his real feelings."

"Uh-huh, maybe," Mark exclaimed. "But do you really think he'd like to be in the show himself to make up for being tall and thin?"

Roger put his hand on Tim's shoulder. "Maybe you've got something there, Tim. Why don't you boys try it?" He grinned and walked away before Mark and Tim could protest, which they wanted to do with all their might. This meant they would have to work out their own solution. No help from Roger.

As the boys walked off the porch, Tim said, "Did he mean we should ask Bill to be in our act?"

"Oh, I don't know," Tim grumbled. "It's a weird idea anyway. Let's worry about something else. About the acrobatic stunt—the double take handspring and cartwheels that I do with you. It makes me dizzy. Maybe—"

Tim got Mark's message and they found out where Bill was staying. But there was no answer at cabin No. 8, so they went around to the back.

"Over there," Mark pointed to the woods behind the cabin. "What's he up to now?"

The boys went closer. Bill had his back to them. Over his head tin camper plates whistled and gleamed in the air. Mark noticed that his timing was perfect as he juggled the spinning plates.

Tim whistled. "Will you look at that!"

"That takes concentration," Mark said.

Startled by the voice in the background, Bill turned and let the plates whirl to the ground. "Don't stand there staring at me," he stormed. "Scram."

As he bent over to pick up the plates, Mark saw that his face was flushed and damp-looking. Mark began to feel selfish

and self-centered. Bill didn't look like a troublemaker now. He hesitated. Should he walk away without saying anything—when Bill's juggling was that good. Suppose Roger was right, after all?

Finally, he said, "Bill, ummm, I was wondering, that is, ah-h-h, we could use a good juggler on the show. How's you like to help me and Tim tonight?"

Bill stared unbelievably. He sucked in his breath and in a voice so low that Mark could hardly hear him, "I'm not all that good, but if you want me to, I'll try."

"Good enough," Mark commented.

The stunt show that evening went off smoothly. Mark and Tim didn't make one fumble and there was no loud voice saying, "Fake, fake, fake!" The owner of that voice was busy juggling plates faster than the eye could follow, and brought a burst of applause. Bill, also, managed the acrobatic feat so cleverly that when Mark added his crazy clown routine, the audience was wide-eyed with amazement.

"You boys put on a good act," Roger said to Mark and Tim after the show. Bill had already left with his campmate, Mike . . . happy as he could be over his surprise success at the show for campers.

"Thanks, Roger. But give Bill some credit, too. He's turning out to be okay. He even gained a little weight with the audience," Mark admitted.

Roger smiled knowingly. "Well, I knew you two could help Bill if you really wanted to."

Surprised about it all, Tim quibbled. "You mean sometimes our snap judgments snap back?"

Roger laughed at Tim's answer but Mark added thoughtfully. "You have to look before and after the scenes to find out that camp is for sharing with friends."★

"With his boundless energy and untamed manners, Blaze caused some serious problems for the rest of the livestock."

THEY CALL HIM BLAZE

BY PHIL WAYMAN
ILLUSTRATED BY RANDY CLUTE



Everyone on the ranch was delighted to see the colt that our saddle mare, Cricket had foaled. He was bay in color with a white strip down his forehead and face. It seemed natural to call the little colt, Blaze.

Right from birth, Blaze could run on his ungainly long legs, unsteadily carrying his too small body, keeping step with his highly spirited mother. It was comical to watch the newborn try to hide behind his mother as she shied away to protect her awkward offspring from possible danger.

As Blaze grew, he became a beautiful animal with his body filling out in graceful proportions. Passersby stopped to watch as the colt cavorted across the prairies. His mane waving in the wind, his tail and head held high, as he raced his imaginary races.

"Isn't that a beautiful colt?" people

would remark. Strangely enough, even though he was beautiful, no one ever offered to buy him. Is it possible that beauty needs other qualities to make anything valuable?

With his boundless energy and untamed manners, Blaze caused some serious problems for the rest of the livestock on the ranch. He chased the cattle unmercifully. He kicked out at them without reason, injuring some of them.

Blaze ruled the pastureland with his superior speed and quick wit. No other creature had the will or energy to compete with him. His colt sense brain thought himself superior and free! He was indeed free and independent. There were no attachments, no ropes, nor harness, nor saddle, no bridle, or corral.

For several years he ruled as "Prince of the Prairie." He was beautiful and free, but also *useless*.

One day I rode Cricket out into the pasture and rounded up Blaze. I drove him into the high railed corral with confining quarters. Blaze tried to escape and squealed in disappointment at this change of environment.

The next day I returned to the corral with rope in hand. Blaze was suspicious and tried to avoid the throw, but the noose settled over his neck and I quickly snubbed him to an iron post in the center of the corral. Blaze kicked, squealed, and bucked in protest, but the more he resisted the tighter the rope drew about his neck. The sun was hot and sweat poured off him in little rivulets as he was drawn closer and closer to the iron post. Blaze would rather die than submit.

By the time Blaze was snubbed close to the post, he was too tired to protest the halter placed on his head. Now the rope was loosed and he could breathe easier



again. There was more bucking and kicking that day before Blaze learned to stand quiet like his mother did a new yards away. I could see hatred in Blaze's eyes and I watched him carefully.

Day by day more restraints were placed upon the young animal. He finally discovered that it was lots easier and healthier to follow the tug of the halter than to resist. He discovered at the end of each new lesson that a delicacy of ground oats awaited any show of obedience. He loved the taste of oats. He had to concede that the food in this place was better than scrounging on the prairie.

Blaze resisted the first bit in his mouth like poison. He found to his dismay that to resist the bridle caused pain to the tender edges of his mouth. It angered him to discover that disobedience to the bridle brought retribution in exact proportion. He finally conceded to tolerate the bridle since the pain was lessened thereby.

One day while Blaze was snubbed close to the big iron post, I brought out the saddle. I stroked the colt's face and neck and said a few kind words to relax him. I threw the saddle on his back but he sent the saddle flying in a second. Each time he bucked it off, the bit tore deeper into his jaw. I finally cinched the saddle and let Blaze walk on a long tether. There was the usual bucking and squealing but to no avail. The saddle could not be dislodged so he accepted it

as part of the program. The oats were especially good that night.

Several days later I cinched the saddle down as before and holding the reins firmly in my hand, I slid into the saddle from the top of the rail fence. You talk about fury. All the pent up rage of the fiery animal was exerted in a mad attempt at dislodging me from his back. I felt like stubble in a threshing machine as he whirled and tossed and bucked in his ugly mood. The bit tore severely at his mouth at every turn. For a while it looked like Blaze would be the master and I trampled as sod beneath his feet. What seemed like an eternity later the colt stood suddenly still. His spirit was broken and he was MINE!

The next day after a brief reminder of who was boss, the gate to the pasture was opened. I climbed in the saddle and Blaze headed for the open prairie. He picked up speed and raced like the wind across his familiar domain. The old exhilaration of the race returned and with me in partnership we crossed the prairie again. His free spirit was gone but my free spirit was now his. Now Blaze was free with a new freedom. We traveled places he could not go before. He was able to learn and be a part of the activity of the ranch. He was fulfilled in his talents as his energy was directed instead of wild. He fed on the fattest of the stable. He came when I whistled. He no longer harms the stock but helps in caring for

them. We shared a partnership that few other diverse creatures share.

People still stop and watch Blaze as he races across the prairie. He is still beautiful, but more than that he evokes a question they never asked before, "How much will you sell him for?" I would once have sold the useless animal cheap, but he is no longer a cheap animal. He is part of me and I'm part of him. He is not for sale. A part of my life is bound up in the disciplined creature.

The Psalmist must have had similar thoughts in mind as he wrote in Psalms 51:12, "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation and uphold me with THY FREE SPIRIT." (God's free Spirit will hold me up, my free spirit will let me down.) Before I can participate in His free Spirit, I must come to a broken and contrite spirit as David did in Psalms 51:17, "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

Only in submission to Christ am I more than something to look at. In submission I am USEFUL to my master. Together we shall run across the prairie, we will accomplish His will, we will enjoy fellowship, I will eat His delicacies. Like Blaze, I will belong to Him who is able to tame my wild nature and make it useful in the kingdom.

You young'uns hear it and pay attention now to what this old Royal Ranger is telling you.★

A LIZARD CALLED TOAD

BY BONNIE TAYLOR

The horned toad, or horny toad as it is sometimes called, is actually a true lizard of the genus *Phrynosoma*. These gentle little reptiles range from two to six inches long and there are seventeen species of them. They can be found on plains and deserts from Canada to Mexico. While they usually prefer sandy, flat country some have been observed in the Southwestern mountains at elevations of over 9,000 feet.

The most common is the *Phrynosoma cornutum*. They are about six inches long and nearly three inches wide. They are quite numerous in the hot, dry areas of the western part of the United States.

Like a duck takes to water, the horned toad takes to heat and sand. Temperatures of over one hundred do not bother them at all. As a matter of fact, when temperatures fall below seventy degrees they become almost inactive.

They are as much at home in the sand as on it. When frightened, a horned toad will wiggle his body deep into the sand. He simply blinks to keep his eyes moist and clean and his tiny nostrils closed tightly to keep out the sand. When he retires for the night, the warm sand becomes his blanket, covering him up to the top of his head. And when summer heat is over for the year, he burrows underground to hibernate until the following spring.

These grotesque-looking creatures resemble miniature prehistoric monsters. Their toad-shaped, flat bodies and short tails are covered with rough scales and spines. They are usually dusty gray with blotches of deeper tones. Like the chameleon, some species change to the

shade or color of their surroundings.

They live chiefly on ants. With a rapid motion of its thick, sticky tongue, the lizard can capture any insect, including grasshoppers, beetles and crickets, before it has a chance to escape. Because of the abundant juices in most insects, the horned toad requires very little water.

Soon after they emerge from hibernation in April or May they mate. A few species are live-bearers, but most lay eggs. The eggs of some species develop inside the female and hatch within a few hours after being laid.

Most species lay eggs that hatch in about six weeks. There may be from twenty to thirty tough-skinned eggs in a clutch. Like many members of the reptile family, the mother buries the eggs in loose soil or sand. The heat from the sun keeps them at the right temperature for incubation.

Because of their thorn-covered, tough hides, the horned toad doesn't interest too many meat-eating animals. Occasionally a snake will devour one and often the meal will be the snake's last. There are stories of dead snakes being found with the spikes of a horned toad sticking through their skin.

The small reptile becomes very excited when tormented. He will puff up his body and hiss with his mouth open as if to attack. He has no teeth so he cannot bite. His best method of defense is one of confusing his tormentor. From the corner of his eye he is able to shoot a small stream of blood a distance of several feet. While his enemy is wondering what happened the clever lizard burrows into the sand out of sight.

The life span of the horned toad is about eight years. If he were a more appetizing tidbit, it would probably be much shorter.

The Hopi Indians of Arizona have always held the little animal in high esteem, believing it to have great powers of healing.

Though the horned toad is easy to catch and makes a good pet, it is better to leave it where nature intended for it to live. ♦

ADVENTURE IN SAWYER TOWN CONTINUED



the end of the cave. No one knew the cave. That was impossible. But Tom Sawyer knew the cave as much as anyone."

The tour, lighted and professionally guided, took more than an hour through a steady 52°. They viewed *Aladdin's Palace*, *Grand Avenue*, the *Parlor*, and the *Spring* where Tom and Becky got lost and waited for Injun Joe to come find them.

Back in the sunlight again, it was time to catch the early afternoon river excursion of the paddlewheeler, *Mark Twain*. This trip pointed out other points of interest such as: *Jackson Island*, where Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, and Joe Harper played pirates. Tom was "the Black Avenger of the Spanish Main." The boys hid here before starting their romantic journey down the Mississippi on a raft.

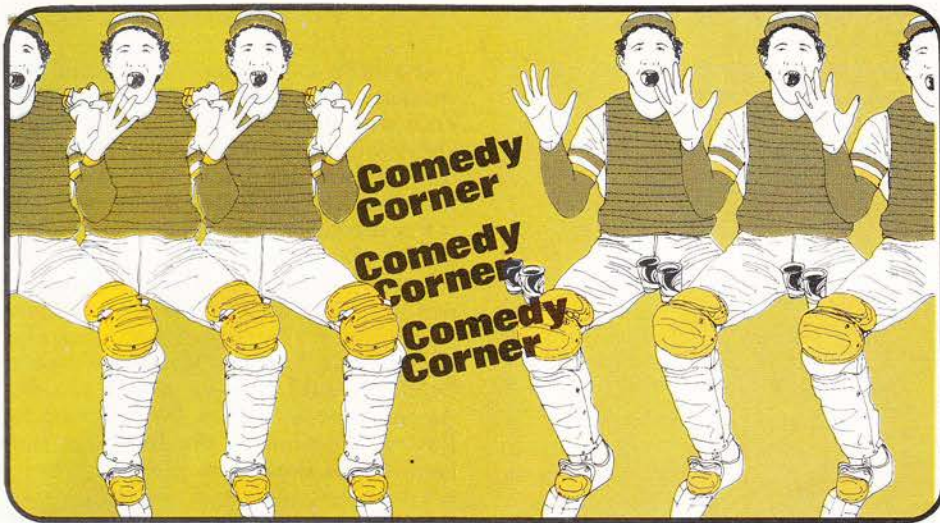
The boys got a good look at *Lover's Leap*, 300 feet above the water, and listened amused at the thread-bare story of the Indian brave who met the Chief's daughter here and plunged to their deaths. The boys noted that river water does not come near the spot except at floodstage.

The final stop on the tour was at the old South River Fort, built in 1860-61 at the start of the Civil War. Its function was to protect the Hannibal—St. Joseph Railroad (now the Burlington-Northern RR). On this site also stands Barkley Station, which now contains old saddles, Indian relics, Mexican and Indian bridles, old Army cavalry equipment, keys, and knives. It also houses the largest collection of old spurs in the United States.

And so, the whirlwind tour of "Sight-seeing in Sawyer Town" came to a weary but happy ending. The pen name, "Mark Twain," was used by the steamboats on the Mississippi and meant two fathoms deep, the minimum depth for safe navigation. Only now, the mention of Mark Twain would mean a weekend of lifelong memories for the group of Royal Rangers who "did the town."

The Rangers learned that Hannibal has changed since Mark Twain's time, but that the essentials are still there: the dark tan water, the powerful current, the forested banks. The river is still a magnet to the soft iron of a boy's nature. To parents, the river may be just muddy and dangerous, but to a boy, it is still the romantic highway to adventure. ★





"IT'S NOT A GHOST, DEAR. THE TENT COLLAPSED ON YOUR FATHER."

First ghost: Last night I got locked in a house that I was haunting.

Second ghost: How did you get out?

First ghost: I used my skeleton key.

Helen Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA

"Just the same," snapped Noah's wife as she boarded the ark, "I'd feel much safer if those termites were locked up in a tin box."

Henry E. Leabo
Jamestown, CA

Teacher: I asked you to draw a horse and cart, and you've only drawn a horse.

Johnny: Sure, I figured the horse would draw the cart.

Helen Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA

One auto mechanic to another: So far this week I've worked on a Colt, Bobcat, a Mustang, and a Pinto. I feel like a veterinarian.

Brad Monn
Mont Alto, PA

Randy: "What's the difference between a yam and a television announcer?"

Sandy: "One is a sweet potato, and the other is a common 'tater!"

Henry Leabo
Jamestown, CA

The teacher was testing her student's knowledge of proverbs.

"Cleanliness is next to what?"

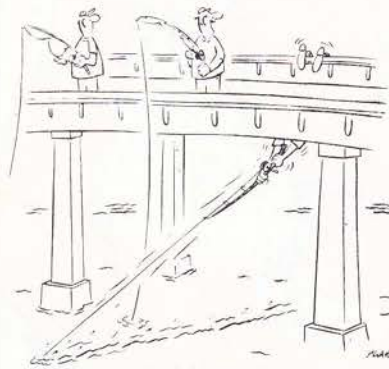
A small boy replied with feeling: "Impossible."

Helen Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA

Mike: If I smashed a clock would I be guilty of killing time?

Spike: Not if the clock struck first.

Helen Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA



"Somebody's got one!"

Dick: What did one tailpipe say to the other tailpipe?

Don: I don't know, what?

Dick: Boy, am I exhausted.

Helen Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA

Daffynishion: Unaware—the last thing you take off at night.

Helen Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA

Then there was the fellow who was such a bad driver the police issued him a season ticket.

Warren Bebout
Moro Bay, CA



"I FEEL LUCKY TODAY."

Mama Gnu told Papa Gnu that their Baby Gnu was very bad and needed a good paddling.

Papa Gnu said, "I won't do it. You'll have to paddle your own Gnu."

Henry E. Leabo
Jamestown, CA

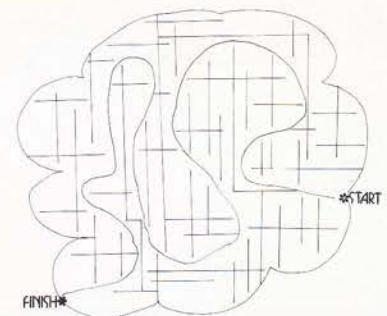
Ed: Why does it take longer to run from second base to third base than from first base to second?

Ned: I don't know.

Ed: There's a shortstop in between.

Helen Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA

ANSWER TO HEXAGONS: 100
ANSWER TO THIS:



WHY?

BY MURIEL LARSON

What on earth are mosquitoes good for? Why did God make such pesky little critters anyway?



If you've ever come home from the seashore with your arms and legs covered with itchy red welts, you've probably wondered what on earth mosquitoes are good for! Why did God make such pesky little critters anyway?

For centuries man has probably wondered about that. Now a Utah scientist has come up with a good explanation. "If it weren't for the mosquito," Dr. Lewis Nielsen of the University of Utah says, "some of the nation's most beautiful wild flowers would vanish. As the mosquito flies from flower to flower, it pollinates the blossoms and enables the flowers to produce. There are several species of wild flower—tiny flowers like forget-me-nots—that may depend exclusively on the mosquito for pollination.

Dr. Nielsen also says the mosquito occupies a very important place in the natural food chain. "Birds, bats, dragonflies, spiders, and fish depend on the mosquito as a food source," he declares.

There are many things we may not understand as we go through life. For we do not see the whole pattern as God sees it. We do not know His purposes nor His plan.

We may not know the "why" of many things that happen here on earth, just as people have probably often wondered why God made mosquitoes. But Christians have something wonderful to sustain them whenever they can't understand something. "For we walk by faith," wrote the apostle Paul, "not by sight" (2 Cor. 5:7).

Even those men who had been with Jesus for more than three years failed to have faith for a short while. So sometimes in our lack of understanding we may fail to have faith, too.

Jesus appeared to His disciples and rebuked them for their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they hadn't believed those who had seen Him after He had risen from the grave (Mark 16:14). Even so, the Spirit of our Lord strives with us through one means or another, to stir us up into trusting Him more even when we don't understand the "whys" and "wherefores."

In many cases, like the disciples and that scientist from Utah, we do eventually come to understand the reason for some particular occurrence. These experiences then strengthen our faith and make us more dynamic servants of God, even as the disciples became after Christ's resurrection.

It is as Peter wrote, "That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ" (1 Peter 1:7).