

High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS/SPRING 1980

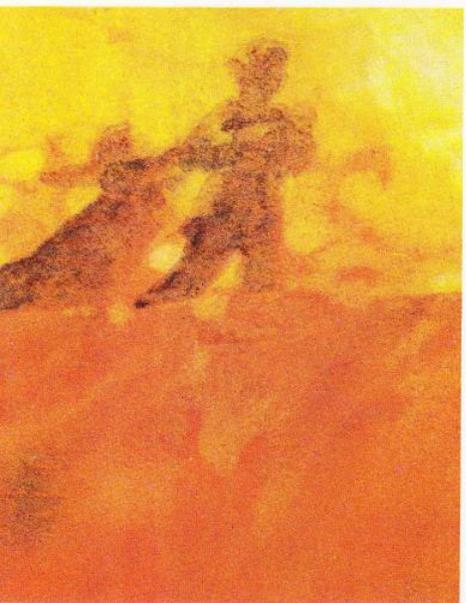
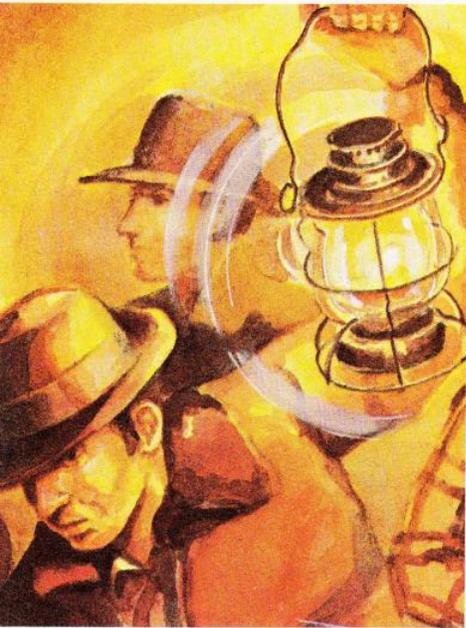


**THE ENEMY
YEAR OF THE GLAWACKUS
KNEE BREECHES
THE LONG WALK**

STANDARD
INDUSTRIAL

High Adventure

SPRING 1980



CONTENTS

PAGE

THE ENEMY	Michael L. Starr	3
—An Indian village's desperate struggle		
YEAR OF THE GLAWACKUS	Charles Booth	5
—A tale of a strange beast who lurked in the night		
BIBLE CROSSWORD PUZZLE		6
—Grab your Bible and test your Bible knowledge		
ME AND MY KNEE BREECHES	John McLeaish	7
—a city boy and his knickers win at a Texas rodeo		
PLANT NICKNAMES	O. J. Robertson	8
—Match the plants with their corresponding states		
RANGERCRAFT	John Eller	9
—Learn to make hobo stoves and hobo chow		
INDIAN SIGNS	H. Barnett	10
—Once you learn what to look for, you can spot Indian signs in your own neighborhood		
THE LONG WALK	John Winston	11
—A boy's long walk for help ends in safety		



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

HIGH ADVENTURE—Volume 9, Number 4 ISSN (0190-3802) published quarterly by Royal Rangers, 1445 Boonville Avenue, Springfield, MO 65802. Subscription rates: single subscription \$1.50 a year; bundle (minimum of five subscriptions, all mailed to one address) \$1.30 a year. Copyright 1979 General Council of the Assemblies of God. Printed in USA. Second-class postage paid at Springfield, Mo., and at additional offices.



"The attack was on and the village exploded into shouts, screams, wailing and confusion.

Children ran whimpering to their mothers. Women struggled desperately to reach their lodges."

The Enemy

BY MICHAEL L. STARR

The enemy came on a summer's day near the banks of the Canadian River in what would one day be Oklahoma. The Kiowas, Osages, and Southern Cheyennes had gathered to attend the Medicine Lodge ceremonies and prepare for raids against the Pawnees.

Little-Old-Man could not help worrying. He searched about until he found White-Face-Bull, a Council Chief with a face as worn as an old parfleche.

"I see no scouts. Will no one be out on watch?" White-Face-Bull slowly turned to face the young man.

"This is not our camp, Little-Old-Man. This is Kiowa land. We and the Osages are here as friends. It is for Big-Tree to decide if young men are needed to watch the land and the sky."

"Then should not someone say something to Big-Tree?"

"Not a young man such as yourself. Maybe later, after a good meal when all are happy and sleepy, I will speak of this."

"But—" He got no farther. The old man raised his hand.

"It is only right that you worry. You are a warrior. It is your place to die for the

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE 



"If I could see this thing, if I knew where it came from, I would go there and fight it."

people. But it is my place to talk to the other old men and to persuade. I am too old to fight. But you are too young to talk."

White-Face-Bull walked away. Little-Old-Man worried. And no one saw the enemy approach. The Medicine Lodge ceremonies went on for two days before White-Face-Bull mentioned the idea of scouts to Big-Tree. The Kiowa Chief remarked that it seemed a good idea. But no one saw dust on the horizon, or hawks circling angrily about. And no one noticed any wisps of smoke stretching up to meet the sun.

The sun dawned bright and hot on the final day. Toward noon, criers paraded through the camps announcing that the final Sun Dance would soon take place. The drum beats had sounded only a little while and the eagle bone whistles even less time when a scream ripped through the camp. Everyone froze when a Kiowa dancer grabbed his belly and collapsed on the floor of the Sun Dance Lodge. Another scream and an Osage man went down. The attack was on and the village exploded into shouts, screams, wailing, and confusion. Children ran whimpering to their mothers. Women struggled desperately to reach their lodges.

"Break camp!" shouted White-Face-Bull. "Break camp and flee to the north!"

"Why can we not fight?" screamed Little-Old-Man. White-Face-Bull did not hear him. Tepees were crashing down. Horses were stampeding and

more and more people screamed and died.

They fled north that afternoon and all night long, collapsing exhausted the next morning at the Cimarron River. White-Face-Bull decided they should remain there a full day before continuing north again.

"Why do we stop if not to fight?" asked Little-Old-Man angrily. "Why do we flee like children before a storm?"

"Because we *are* like children and this enemy *is* like the storm," answered White-Face-Bull. "Do you not see that he is everywhere; that he comes without warning; and kills in ways we have no power to fight. You saw him kill the Osages and the Kiowas. I have seen him kill the Mandans, the Chippewas, and the Crees. Wherever we are, he comes. And when he comes, he kills. There is nothing we can do but flee to where he has not yet come."

"No!" shouted Little-Old-Man. "We are warriors. Today is a good day to die."

"Fool!" the old man thundered. "How will you fight? Do you think he fights our way? Do you think he will charge by and be content with touching you with his coup stick. This enemy has no coup stick. All he knows is to kill. Warriors and women, chiefs and children, he kills all."

The two men glared at each other until the old man's eyes lost their fire. He dropped his head, turned, and walked away. Little-Old-Man glanced around to

where his own wife was setting up their lodge. She was almost finished.

But it was then the enemy struck the Cheyennes again. White-Face-Bull screamed and fell face down motionless in the dust. Seconds later his scream echoed and re-echoed throughout the camp. Again panic struck. Again the camp exploded into a maelstrom of horses, children, women, and dogs. Little-Old-Man watched for only a heart beat and then raced to his own lodge.

Before his wife could knock the tip down and prepare again to flee, he was inside changing. He donned his scalping fringed war shirt and red-striped leggings. He slapped red warpaint on his face and put on his crow feather warbonnet. He took his lance and shield from the wooden tripod outside his door, and mounted his war horse.

Raising the lance above his head, the warrior screamed and kicked his horse into a gallop around the inner circle of the lodges. The panic stricken and the fearful looked to him as he reigned his horse up in the center of the dying village and drove his lance into the ground.

"If I could see this thing, if I knew where it came from, I would go there and fight it," he shouted. But even as he said this, his stomach exploded in pain as if put to the torch. He dropped his shield, fell from his horse and, moments later, died in his wife's arms.

It was 1850, the year that cholera wiped out half of the Cheyenne Nation.*

Year of the Glawackus

"He was a huge animal with feet as large as dinner plates and a body as large as that of a small elephant."

BY CHARLES E. BOOTH



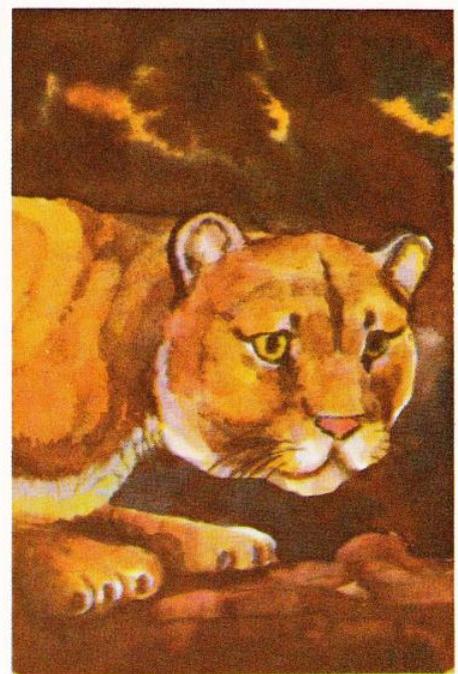
The entire countryside was alerted to the potential danger from the unknown varmint that struck by night.

PEOPLE IN GLASTONBURY, BUCKINGHAM, and Manchester, Connecticut, are still talking about the great cougar scare of 1939—a story that spread across the nation.

Dubbed the Glastonbury "Glawackus," the many reports of this so-called "monster of the brush," had residents of these three communities literally frightened out of their wits for many weeks.

Motorists traveling along the highways and side roads in the remote sections of these towns reported spotting a "huge animal with feet as large as dinner plates and a body as large as that of a small elephant." Residents of the countryside, alarmed at the many descriptions of the beast by those who swore they had seen it, began to board up their chicken coops, fence in their yards, and take turns at guarding their properties.

The famed "glawackus" first made local history on a night in January of 1939, when a farmer reported hearing a weird catlike call at the edge of some woods bordering his property in Glastonbury. Upon investigating with the aid of a flashlight, he insisted that he had caught a glimpse of the largest animal he
CONTINUED NEXT PAGE ▶



had ever seen outside of a circus. It had turned and plunged into the woods as the rays of the flashlight fell upon it.

The farmer immediately notified the game warden who in turn, alerted the town's two policemen and a search began; a search that was to lead to nationwide attention through the power of the press.

Since that night, the Glawackus was reported to have invaded farms and rural property in Buckingham and Manchester as well. Huge footprints were discovered in mud and snow in at least thirty separate yards in these towns. Children were kept inside after dark and house dogs and cats were kept from roaming. The entire countryside was alerted to the potential danger from the unknown varmint that stalked by night.

Every day, people from all parts of these towns reportedly heard the eerie voice of the dreaded "monster" that had upset the peace and quiet of their daily living. Finally, when state game wardens announced their belief that the "Glawackus" was in reality, a cougar, a posse was formed to go into the wooded sections and end, once and for all, this dreaded menace to quiet living.

One night, in the middle of January, a frightened housewife living near the glastonbury reservoir, called authorities to say that she had heard the uncanny call of the Glawackus on the reservoir property. Within a few minutes, a group of game wardens, farmers, and sportsmen arrived on the scene.

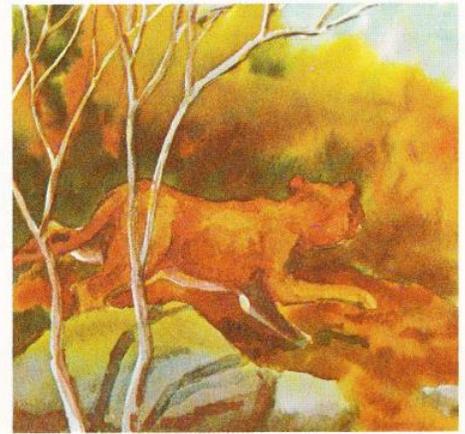
The Glawackus, cougar, or whatever it was, could still be heard as one spine-tingling shriek after another pierced the cold, wintry air. The men of the posse glanced at one another with looks of alarm. Armed with guns, clubs and elec-

tric torches, they separated into two groups, making their way toward the wooded spot from which the uncanny call had come. As usual, nothing was accomplished.

In the bright morning sunlight of the following day, investigation by reservoir authorities uncovered many large footprints which were undoubtedly made by an exceptionally large animal. Alongside these were the prints of the men in the hunting party. The ones made by the animal led into the nearby woods; but those of the brave posse simply formed a large circle at the edge of the woods. The townspeople were disgusted and became more frightened than ever at the prospect that the Glawackus had successfully evaded every effort of the hunters.

A new and novel approach was undertaken in what had now become a small "war" against the four-footed foe. Outdoor fires were started early in the evenings and were kept burning through the night. The use of firecrackers, horns, whistles, and bells were introduced as weapons to frighten the monster away. The entire countryside began to take on the appearance of a Mardi Gras. Stories of the elusive animal began to amplify and spread, and newspapers all over the country carried daily reports on the progress of the search. Meanwhile, the Glawackus continued to howl and to prowl despite the noise and confusion of its human adversaries.

Thronged of curious persons poured into the areas in which the monster was last seen or heard. Advice as to how its demise could best be accomplished was plentiful, but nothing seemed to work. Then one night, the countryside became suddenly quiet—for the first time in



No one knows what it was or where it went.

weeks, there were no reports of having seen or heard the Glawackus. People wouldn't believe it. For a week afterward, the fires were kept burning and the firecrackers, horns, whistles, and bells were kept at arm's reach. But they were never needed.

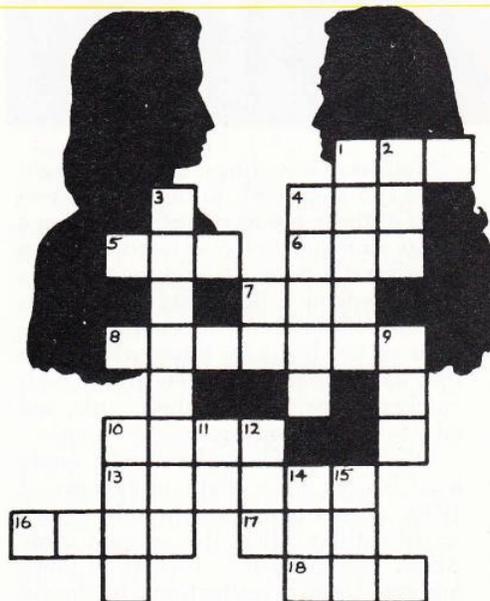
The Glawackus had left as suddenly as it had appeared. A wide search for its body was carried out as it was the belief by authorities that it may have been the victim of a disease or of some means of destruction. But from that day to this, the mystery of the Glawackus remains unsolved. The mystery of just what it really was and why and how it left its chosen territory is a subject that even today is discussed by those who remember the nerve-racking year of the Glawackus.

THE END *

BIBLE CROSSWORD PUZZLE

David & Jonathan

Here's a fun puzzle that will challenge you and your Bible knowledge. All you need is a handy pocket Bible and a good memory. Read 1 Samuel 18:1-5 and fill in the appropriate missing words.



Across:

- 1—Jump on one foot.
4—Jonathan gave David his _____.

- 5—Jonathan was the _____ of Saul.
6—Flee.
7—Owns.
8—David _____ himself wisely.
10—David went wherever _____ sent him.
13—Not sold.
16—The soul of Jonathan was _____ with the soul of David.
17—Saul set David over the men of _____.
18—Color.

Down:

- 1—King Saul did not let David go home to his father's _____.
2—Jonathan loved David as his _____ soul.
3—He and David made a _____.
4—David was _____ enough to fight the Philistine giant, Goliath.
7—Sound of a laugh.

CONTINUATION AND
ANSWERS ON PAGE 15

ME AND MY KNEE BREECHES

BY JOHN H. McLEAISH

Grey knee breeches were what most all the city kids wore to school in Houston in 1933. That same year my Dad's cotton brokerage business failed and we had to move from the city to the country.

For me, Wiemar, Texas, wasn't just a country town. No Sir! Wiemar had workin' cowboys, whose kids didn't wear knee breeches (knickers) to school either! They wore Levi's and rugged cowboy boots.

The teachers, who taught at Hilldale, in Wiemar, were all aglow that first day. Mom and me in my *knickers* had arrived. With obvious disdain, the onlooking students didn't share the teachers delight with the new and "Ah, such a well-groomed lad." The girls giggled at the sight of me. The boys slumped in their desks. They outstretched their levi-clad legs with cowboy boots attached and kind of blocked the isles. The gestures cast clear-cut aspersions on my city attire. The knickers were a huge stigma. I was an intruder.

"You are simply not going to look like

those hicks." Those were my mother's final words. They rang in my ears at any real or imagined attempt to change her mind.

I'd never have Levi's! I'd never have cowboy boots. I was forever doomed.

My father didn't punch cows. All he did was punch holes in business paper; organize and manage a very successful long-range truck line. I just knew he didn't care. He was just a businessman. His words on the matter were, "It's the man in the clothes that make the difference, my boy." "Clothes don't make the man, they merely suit him to the occasion." No help.

Ol' man Brokaw ran the drug store. Mostly he chased us young whippersnappers out of the book section. But, he did pay youngsters a dime to sweep up in front of the store. I got the job. Arrived early on the way to school on weekdays and 7:30 a.m. Saturdays. My scheme was simple. I'd save the money and buy my own levis and boots!

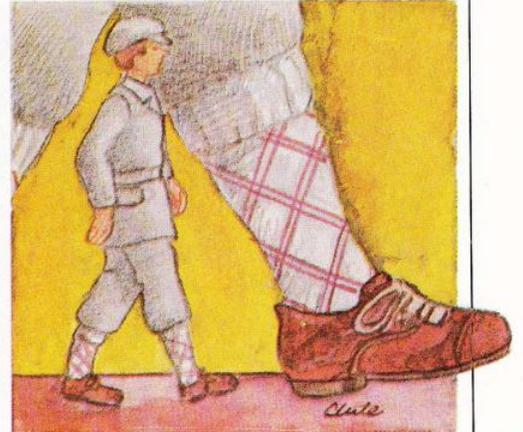
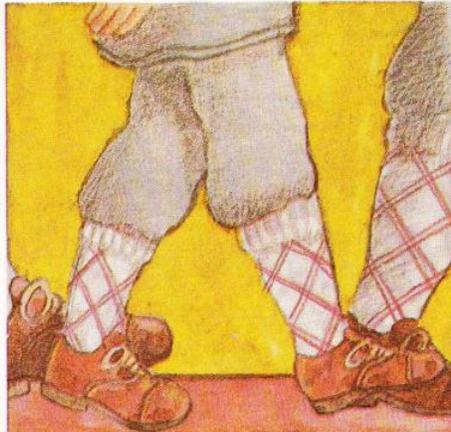
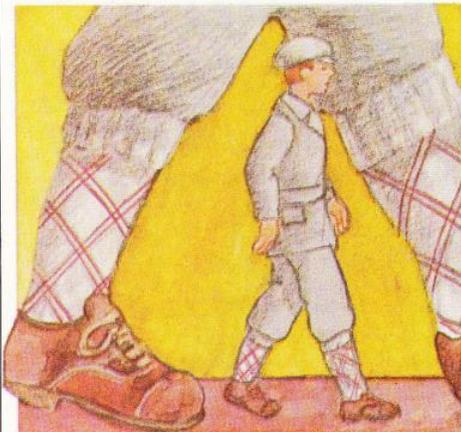
One cold, raw, Texas-northern day in late September, the ol' geezer put up a big poster that put more chills up my

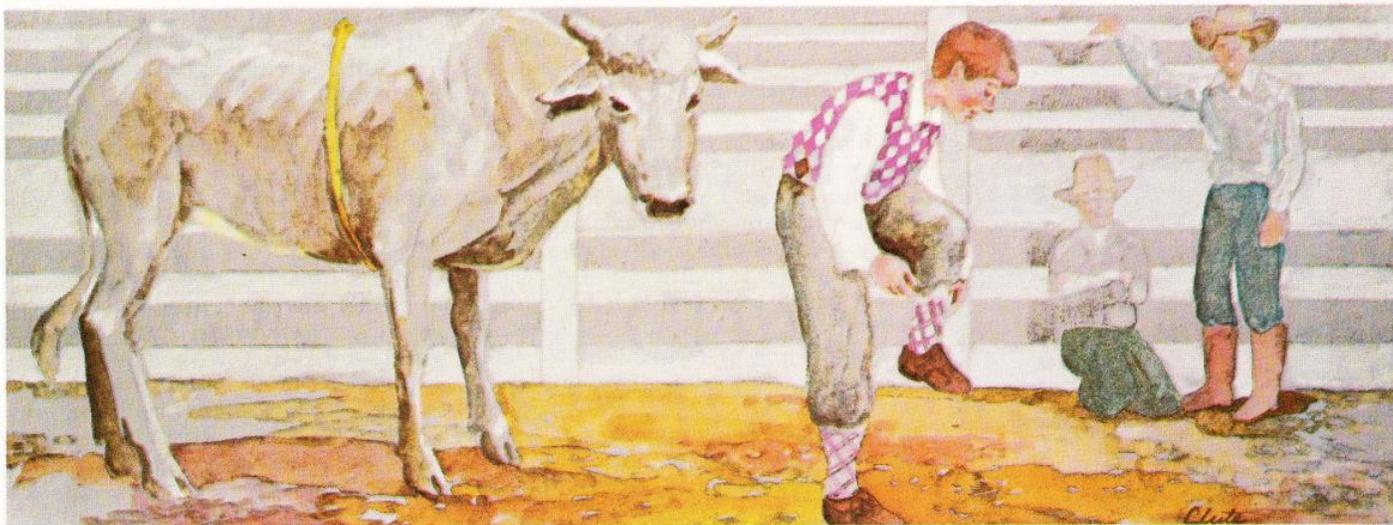
spine than the bitter cold wind:

"Junior 4H Rodeo - Sat. 4 Oct 1935
Boys aged 8-12 - Stay on the
Brahma Calf 30 seconds. Win Jus-
tin boots-\$5.00 cash! (Sponsored
by Business & Cattlemen's Associ-
ation) Register at the Arena -
50¢. . . . Other events. . . ."

Here was the chance! Otherwise I'd have to work for ol' man Brokaw for a hundred years. Excitement welled up in me. I stared holes in that poster. I transformed it into a mental motion picture screen. Each time I gazed at it I was on that Brahma and then on the winners platform. The crowd of real cowboys cheering as I accepted the perfect hand-made boots! Then the picture would give way to Mr. Brokaw's "ha-rumph." "Boy, you gonna wear out my broom in fronta that poster." "Ugh?, Yes sir, sure is cold." I swept faster and dreamed all the more of that Rodeo.

Saturday the fourth of October finally came. I was petrified at the registration booth. "50¢ Son." "Yes Sir, I've got it here somewhere (hole in my knicker
CONTINUED NEXT PAGE 





"I stopped in front of that bull and pulled up one sock that had slipped from beneath a broken knicker buckle."

pocket)." Reaching down my leg past the pocket end, I found the two quarters. I was red faced. The *real* cowboy registered me. He nodded me on and made some sort of reference to my "balloon" pants.

There he was, the biggest Brahma calf in Texas! From my perch on the corral fence I'm certain that Brahma focused his whole attention on me. The one in the knickers! Man, he's more than big, he's terrible mean. I didn't notice anything else going on around me. Nothin'. Maybe 500 pounds. Maybe more. His grey hump and cold-steel eyes scared the life out of me. Cold sweat glued the wool knickers to my legs.

They called my number twice. Then, with all the calm of a professional rodeo rider, I sauntered slowly, deliberately, to

the chute. A rawboned, thin faced cowboy cinched my bare left hand under the braided hemp that girded the 500 pounds of thunder. The old cowboy told me to open my mouth. I did. Surprise! A sack full of Bull Durham tobacco. "Keep biting and keep those knees above his shoulders. You gunna do OK." The young bull wrenched against the gate. Then boom! Dust! Grunts! A whole world of people and corral and cold blue Texas sky went whirling round. Round and around. A century past. Then another forever. The snorting Brahma stopped!

Defiant, I unwrapped the braided hemp strap that had welded my hand to the young bull's back. Slid off in a daze, but once off I stopped in front of that bull and pulled up one sock that had slipped

from beneath a broken knicker buckle.

The crowd of townspeople were in an uproar. I didn't hear them. Somehow my feet took me to the winners platform. Dad was there. Dad? Sure, why not? The poster had said sponsored by the *Businessmen* and *Cattlemen's Association*. My Dad was a businessman—the boots were my size! How'd he know? He only wore a business suit. A straw katie hat. How'd he know? He congratulated me, and then said "I think you may get to wear the boots and Levi's on occasion, but your Mother will never tolerate the Bull Durham tobacco sack dangling from your mouth!"

I wore my *knickers* to school that next year. The girls didn't giggle. The boys just called me "champ."

THE END.



A once in a lifetime event in the heart of the Cumberland Mountains, four days of action packed adventure and fun.

National F.C.F. Rendezvous

July 23-26, 1980
Cumberland Mountains
Crossville, Tennessee

Kitchen Fixings

Mealtime Ideas For Your Spring RANGERCRAFT

BY JOHN ELLER

HOBO STOVES

The hobo has taught the camper a trick or two by making his stove from an old tin can. There's nothing like the "sizzler."

Sizzlers become hot in no time at all, and with a surprisingly small amount of wood. Lunch can be ready in five minutes, with no more than a handful of twigs the size of an ordinary pencil. The hobo stove saves cutting and dishwashing, and is a stove and frying pan all in one!

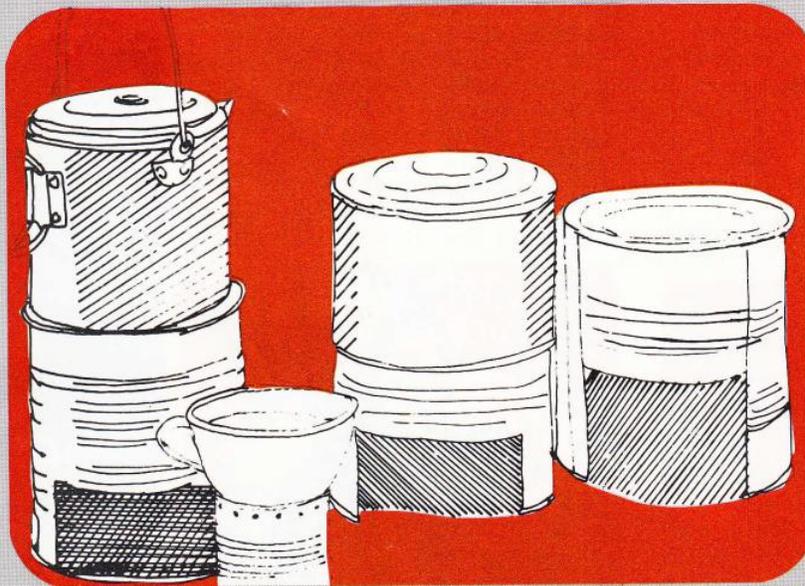
You need a No. 10 can (restaurant size). Cut a three-inch doorway in the open end. This becomes the front. Cut another little hole for the chimney on the backside at the opposite end. Your stove is now ready!

Start your fire with tinder. Add a handful of dry twigs. Your stove is hot in less than one minute. With a piece of paper or some dry leaves, wipe off the top to remove anything peeling off.

Try the hobo favorite—bacon and eggs. Lay four strips on top. When almost done, arrange them around the edge. Drop eggs in the middle. *Be sure stove is level, or eggs may run away!*

Egg sandwiches are good. Remove bacon when cooked and lay on a piece of bread with the center gone. Drop an egg in the hole. When done pick up the bread and lay bacon on top.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE 



HOBO CHOW

No camper wants to mess with half a dozen pots and pans over a campfire. You must chop wood for the big fire, do all the cooking and then clean up. The hobo way is to get it all in one pot. This is easy cooking—good eating—and less fuss afterwards. A kett'e and skillet is all you need for a meal fit for a king. The skillet is for frying the onions and browning the meat before putting

them in the pot. With that in mind here are some time tested hobo recipes that are delicious! Each one makes enough for four.

Ring Tum Tiddy

- ½ lb. bacon
- 2 cans tomatoes
- 3 cans corn
- 3 medium onions
- ½ lb. American cheese
- salt and pepper

Dice bacon and fry with onions until onions are soft. Put in pot. Add tomatoes, corn, salt, and pepper. Slow boil about 5 minutes, then chop up cheese and add, stirring constantly until cheese is soft. Serve immediately.

Slumgullion

- 1 lb. hamburger
- ¼ lb. bacon
- 1 large onion

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE 



RANGERCRAFT CONTINUED HOBO STOVES



Pancakes are great on a hobo stove! So are hamburgers. You can even bake biscuits by covering them with the bottom section of another can as illustrated.

An old metal washtub will make a big hobo stove, but they work best with a tin can chimney.

Go to it, hobo!

HOBO CHOW



2 cans tomatoes
¼ lb. American cheese
Salt and pepper

Dice bacon, fry crisp, and put in pot. Chop onions and fry in bacon grease until golden brown, then add to pot. Brown hamburger in skillet. Add when done. Put in tomatoes and cook about 15 minutes. Cube cheese and stir in until cheese is soft. Serve immediately.

Northland Burgoo

1 lb. wieners
¼ lb. bacon
2 onions
1 can kidney beans
1 can corn
salt and pepper

Dice bacon, chop onion, fry both until onions are brown. Put in pot and add beans, corn and seasoning. Cut up wieners in inch-long sections and throw in. Boil 15 minutes.

Bean Mulligan

¼ lb. bacon
2 large onions
4 medium potatoes
2 cans tomatoes
2 No. 2 cans baked beans
Salt and pepper

Cut potatoes into cubes and boil in four cups water. While that's cooking, dice bacon and fry until crisp. Remove bacon, chop and fry onions in bacon grease until yellow. When potatoes are almost done, add them to bacon, onions, tomatoes, beans, salt and pepper. Simmer for a few minutes for taste.

Come Again

2 lbs. hamburger
¼ lb. bacon
3 cans spaghetti in tomato sauce
2 onions
Salt and pepper

Fry bacon until crisp, put in pot. Fry onions in bacon grease until golden brown and add to pot. Brown hamburger and add to pot along with spaghetti, salt and pepper. Simmer for 15 minutes. If too thick, add ½ cup water.

Now, tie your fixin's to the end of a pole and "hobo" your next campout!

Camp Mulligan

¼ lb. bacon
2 lbs. hamburger



2 onions
1 No. 2½ can kidney beans
salt and pepper

Dice bacon, fry until crisp, put in pot. Chop & fry onions in bacon grease until soft and add to pot. Fry hamburger until well-done and add. Put in beans, salt and pepper. Add two cups water and boil 15 minutes.

Wasaka Gullion

¼ lb. bacon
2 lbs. hamburger
2 cans condensed vegetable soup
1 large onion
salt and pepper

Dice bacon, fry until crisp, and put in pot. Chop and fry onions in bacon grease until golden brown, add. Fry hamburger until brown and add also. Put in vegetable soup, salt and pepper. Simmer for 15 MINUTES ☆

INDIAN SIGNS

BY HAYWARD BARNETT

If you are ever hiking in the woods, and happen onto a large tree that seems a little odd because it has a limb sticking out from the trunk, and bent like your elbow, it is very possible that you have come upon an Indian sign.

It was quite common for the Indian to use signs to point the way to springs, caves, burial sites, or other special places. These signs took on added importance when the white man began to encroach upon the Indian's territory. By using these signs, the Indians could communicate among themselves, and keep the white man from knowing the location of these places, or being able to follow a trail.

A tree growing in the manner shown below was deliberately bent into this shape when the tree was young. As it grew, this shape became a permanent part of the tree.

An Indian seeing a tree bent in this way would recognize it as a sign that said, "stop, look around for another sign, because there is something important nearby."

The white man seeing the tree, if he did not know Indian lore, would probably think it was just a funny looking tree, and go on his way. This is exactly what the Indian wanted him to do.

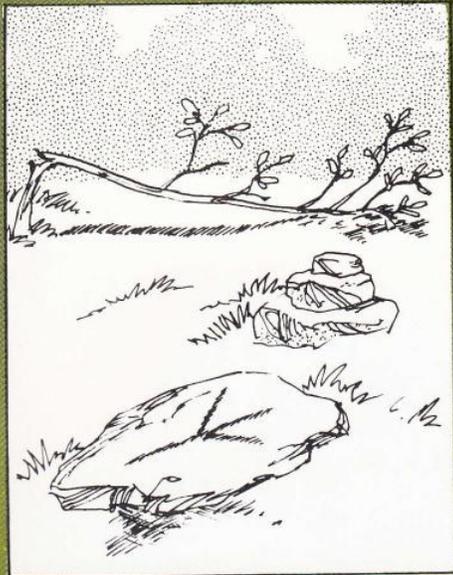
Another form of stop sign was three rocks piled pyramid fashion one upon the other.

Suppose we are driving down the highway, and it is getting late in the evening. We begin to look for signs, billboard signs, that advertize motels. The Indians in their travels would be looking for caves as temporary camp sites. Two rocks placed upon the other would be the sign for an open cave nearby.

Occasionally there were caves that had been filled in, and the openings covered with dirt. It was in these caves that the Indians buried their treasure. The sign for a closed cave is a long flat rock leaning against another one, as if the rock on top had fallen down.

A burial ground would be indicated by several rocks arranged in a circle.

There were a number of different kinds of signs for pointing directions, or marking a trail. Rocks placed in a triangular pattern were used, as well as two



When you become acquainted with Indian signs, Rangers, set up an Indian trail of your own on your next outing.

rocks forming a V.

Sometimes marks were scratched on a flat rock to show the direction to follow. These are called turkey track signs because they resemble the print made by the foot of a turkey. The clue as to which of the lines to follow would be the unnatural one.

To mark the trail, three different-sized rocks placed end to end was one of the signs used.

The three rocks placed in this position meant that the trail went both ways.

Two large rocks, one upon the other with a smaller rock to either side would indicate a turn along the trail.

right turn
left turn

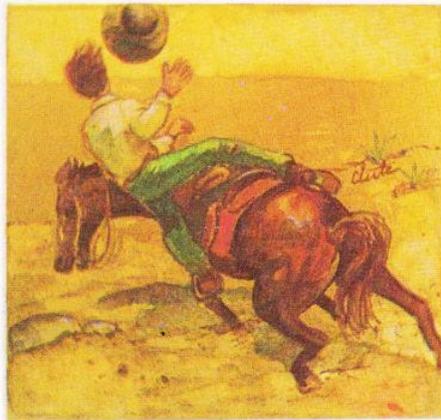
Being able to find water was as essential for the Indian then as it is for us today. A bent tree, or a tree with the top cut out indicated that a spring was close. These were usually placed on the highest point where they could be seen from a great distance. An arrow alongside the tree would show the direction of the spring, or the direction in which the top was bent would also be an indicator.

These are just a few of the signs used by the Indians to provide information to one another. Now that you are acquainted with some of these signs, perhaps your Royal Rangers group would like to set up an Indian trail on your next outing using these signs. You might like to take a young tree and bend it into the Indian sign for stop. *

THE LONG WALK

BY JOHN WINSTON

Five miles east of the border station fourteen-year-old Michael Clanton while riding his horse, unknowingly, crossed the border into Mexico. He lived with his family in a rambling house a few miles north of the border. The horse had been a gift from his father who worked for the U.S. Emigration Service at the nearby border station. Michael thought how fortunate he was to have a beautiful horse and to roam the desert wilderness. He had lived in the city when he was younger and had often thought of living where there was space to ride a horse. He sometimes pretended that he was a cowboy of the old west. He was absorbed in such thoughts when his horse stumbled in an unseen hole and threw him. He last



remembered the scream of his horse and then everything was black as his head struck the rock.

The sun was high overhead and burned the desert relentlessly. Carlos was tired and thirsty. He sat down behind a large rock and tilted his Sombrero to shield the sun. He drank some water from the canteen and replaced the top carefully. He had walked a long way, this day, from his home in the south. He was also hungry, but this was nothing new. There was never enough food for his family. The harsh land yielded a poor crop. It was never enough for his five brothers and sisters. Carlos had heard stories from men in the village about the abundance of food and the better life in

the country to the north. Today, on his thirteenth birthday, he was determined to walk to the border so he could see this land for himself. He turned and looked at the sun. It was time to go and he was anxious to see the new land. Perhaps, he could even get something to eat.

Nothing moved in the midday heat. Carlos looked at the ground as he walked along. He was careful. Some time ago, he nearly stepped on a rattlesnake. He had learned to watch where he put his feet down. He might not have looked up had it not been for the sounds they made as they flew in circles off to his right. He had seen them before. His father had told him they were the birds of death. He altered his course and walked toward them. He was not prepared for the scene that confronted him. First he saw the horse, lying down. The bone in its right foreleg was protruding. The desert sand was stained with blood. He knew the horse was dead. He approached cautiously and looked at the saddle. He had never seen one so beautiful as this one. He was about to touch it when he heard a sound to his left and quickly turned. He saw the boy lying on the ground, his head against a rock. As he came nearer he saw the blood on the boy's head. Carlos opened his canteen and pressed it to the boy's lips. They did not move. The eyes were closed. He looked at the head. It was a very bad cut. He used a little of the precious water to wipe away some of the blood. He spoke to the boy. The boy did not answer. He was not even sure the boy had made the sound he had heard. He placed his hand on the boy's chest. He could feel some movement. The boy was alive.

Carlos looked around him. There was nothing in sight. Where could he get help? It would take too long to reach his village. The boy would die unless he did something. He looked again at the boy's face. Yes, he was a gringo. He would take him to the land of the gringos. But how? He could not carry him across the hot sand. He must think. Once, when his younger brother had fallen and broken

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE ►



"The desert was dancing. He knew he could not go on much longer."

his leg when they had been far from home, he had made a travois from dead cactus and sagebrush and pulled his brother to their village. He began to search the desert.

The sun was already leaning toward the west as he picked up the end of the travois. He had tied the boy to it with the saddle straps and bridle. He had placed his sombrero over the boy's face to shield him from the burning sun. He knew he must hurry. He only stopped once, to wet the lips of the boy and to have a little water himself. The canteen was nearly empty.

His arms and shoulders ached from pulling the heavy load. He hoped that he would come to some village soon. The desert was dancing in front of his eyes. He knew he could not go on much longer.

The two men in the border patrol vehicle threaded their way around the cactus and rocks of the rugged landscape. The one using the binoculars spoke. "Hold it, Jim. There's something over there." He pointed to his right and the driver fol-

lowed his directions. They came upon Carlos, head bent downward, pulling the travois. Carlos' throat was dry like the burning desert and he could barely speak. They rushed to his side. The one who had seen him pressed a canteen to Carlos' parched lips, told him to drink slowly and afterward trickled some water on his forehead.

The driver examined the injured boy in the travois and exclaimed, "That's George Clanton's boy! I know him." He radioed for help.

While they were waiting for help to arrive, Carlos, somewhat recovered, told them where he had found the boy and about the dead horse. They could see that Carlos was hungry and gave him food from the emergency rations they carried. It was strange food and Carlos had never tasted any like it before. Slowly the pain in his stomach went away. Shielded from the sun, lying in the back seat of the vehicle, he heard the loud sound like beating wings and looked up at the strange machine hanging in the air. He had never seen any-

thing like it before. The helicopter landed, the travois was placed aboard and he was assisted by the men into the machine that could stop in the air.

Carlos had never received so much attention before. At the hospital, the young nurse who spoke his language watched him as he ate. Carlos had not seen so much food at one meal. The nurse told him that he had done a heroic deed. The boy he had found in the desert would recover. She told him he had saved the boy's life. Carlos smiled.

An hour later, George Clanton arrived at the hospital from his border station and was able to speak to his son. Afterwards, he visited Carlos in the crowded room where photographers were taking pictures. Carlos wondered what his parents would think. George Clanton began to think. He would do something for the boy who had saved his son's life.

Later they measured the distance from Carlos' village to where they had found him. It was 13 miles.

THE END.

I Pledge Allegiance

BY WILLIAM W. WITTER



Although the original "Pledge of Allegiance" was written in 1892, it was not until 1945 that Congress gave official sanction to the pledge.

The pledge was originally written by Francis Bellamy, a clergyman and editor.

As a pastor, Bellamy became increasingly liberal. In those days his views were too far out for the rigid Baptist theology of his time, and the people of his congregation shaking their heads and clucking their tongues over his interests in using the church as a place to advance social and educational changes, discouraged him with the ministry.

One day, at the time when he definitely made up his mind to leave Bethany Baptist Church in Boston, Massachusetts, one of his parishioners, Daniel S. Ford, came up to him.

"Francis," he said, "have you ever considered the publishing business?"

"No, not really," replied Bellamy.

"Well," continued Ford, "as owner and editor of 'The Youth's Companion,' I'm always on the lookout for bright, progressive writers. You'd be an excellent addition to our staff."

"I'm flattered," smiled Reverend Bellamy. "It does strike me that writing would be an effective way to bring attention to needed changes in our society."

"Think it over," said Ford.

Francis Bellamy did think it over and joined the staff of "The Youth's Companion" in 1891. He was a writer and editor of that magazine until 1903.

Shortly after Bellamy joined the staff of "The Youth's Companion," the magazine launched a national celebra-

tion of Columbus Day . . . 1892 was the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America. As chairman of the executive committee for the National Schools Celebration, Bellamy was asked to assist James B. Upham, then head of the premium department, in planning a program for this special event.

"Every school in the land will have a flag raising!" declared Upham when talking about the national celebration of Columbus Day.

On Upham's suggestion "The Youth's Companion" assembled a committee and began to enlist the support of state superintendents of education, governors, congressmen and even the President. The result was a universal holiday declared by President Benjamin Harrison. ▶

"Francis," said Mr. Upham, glowing with the success of the campaign, "I feel that the special day should mark a new consecration of patriotism. There should be some sort of an official program for universal use in all the schools."

Bellamy nodded. "The highlight of the program will be the raising of the flag. There should be a salute recited by the pupils in unison."

"What salute would you suggest?" asked Upham.

Francis Bellamy paced around his desk. "The 'Balch' salute which runs 'I give my heart and my hand to my country—one country, one language, one flag' seems juvenile and lacking in dignity."

"Let's try a revision of that salute," suggested Upham.

The men closeted themselves in their offices and each spent many hours in considering a revision of the trite salute.

When they met again Bellamy said, "It is my thinking that a vow of loyalty or allegiance to the flag should be the dominant idea."

"Allegiance . . . allegiance," repeated Upham. "That's the key word. Try writing the salute around that word, allegiance."

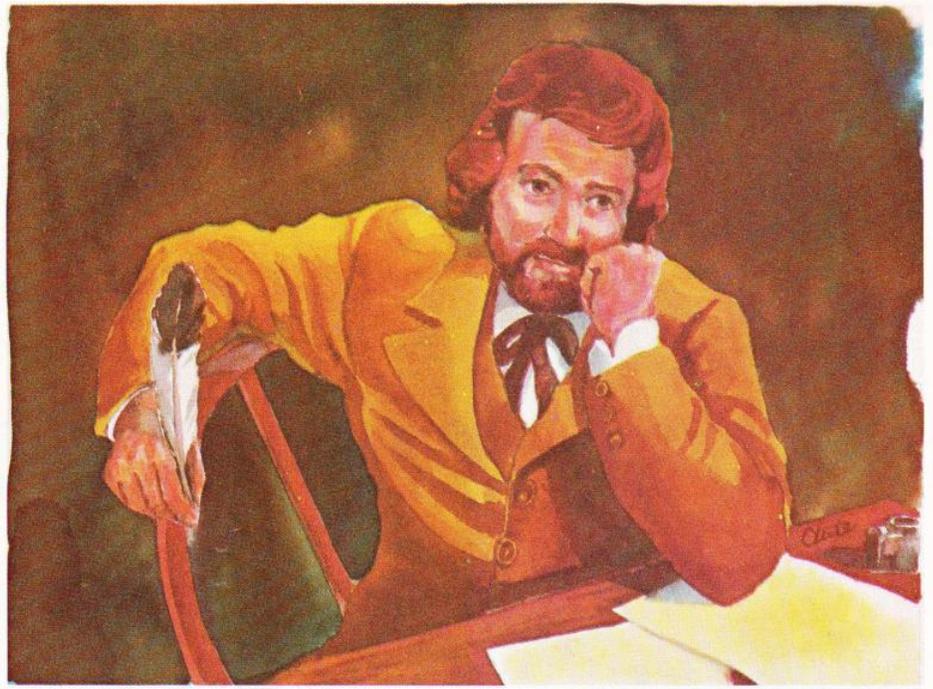
Later, when asked how he composed "The Pledge of Allegiance" Bellamy wrote:

"It was a warm evening in August, 1892, in my office in Boston, that I shut myself in my room alone to formulate the actual pledge. Beginning with the new word "allegiance," I first decided that "pledge" was a better school word than "vow" or "swear", and that the first person singular should be used, and that "my" flag was preferable to "the." When those first words, "I pledge allegiance to my flag" looked up at me from the scratch paper, the start appeared promising. Then: should it be "country," "nation," or "Republic"? Republic won because it distinguished the form of government chosen by the fathers and established by the Revolution. The true reason for allegiance to the flag is the "Republic for which it stands."

Now how should the vista be widened so as to teach the national fundamentals? I laid down my pencil and tried to pass our history in review. It took in the sayings of Washington, the arguments of Hamilton, the Webster-Hayne debate, the speeches of Seward and Lincoln, the Civil War. After many attempts all that pictured struggle reduced itself to three words, "One nation, indivisible."

To reach that compact brevity, conveying the facts of a single nationality and of an indivisibility both of states and of common interests, was as I recall, the most arduous phase of the task, and the discarded experiments of phrasing overflowed the scrap basket.

But what of the present and future of this indivisible nation here presented for allegiance? What were the old and



"Allegiance . . . Allegiance," repeated Upham. "That's the key word."

fought-out issues which always will be issues to be fought for? Especially, what were the basic national doctrines bearing upon the acute questions already agitating the public mind? Here was a temptation to repeat the historic slogan of the French Revolution, imported by Jefferson, "liberty, equality, fraternity." But that was rather quickly rejected as fraternity was too remote of realization, and equality was a dubious word. What doctrines, then, would everybody agree upon as the basis of Americanism? "Liberty and Justice" were surely basic, were undebatable, and were all that any one nation could handle. If these were exercised "for all" they involved the spirit and equality and fraternity. So that final line came with a cheering rush. As a clincher, it seemed to assemble the past and to promise the future.

"I pledge allegiance to my flag and (to) the Republic for which it stands—one Nation, indivisible—with liberty and justice for all.

Francis Bellamy-1892'

That, I remember, is how the sequence of the ideas grew and how the words were found. I called for Mr. Upham and repeated it to him with full emphasis.

He liked it. His colleagues on "The Youth's Companion," also approved of it and it was printed in the official program.

Over the years the text of the Pledge of Allegiance underwent minor revision. The words "my flag" were changed to "the flag of the United States" in 1923 at the first National Flag Conference held in Washington, D.C., and in 1925 the words "of America" were added to that phrase. In 1942 legislation was adopted by the U. S. Congress to codify and emphasize existing customs pertaining to the

display and use of the U.S. flag. The text of the pledge as written by Bellamy and modified by the National Flag Conference was inserted in this legislation, although the pledge itself was not designated as official.

In 1954, after the "Pledge of Allegiance" was made official by Congress, President Dwight Eisenhower signed into law the bill inserting "under God." His signature was written on this bill on a most appropriate day. It was Flag Day.

Meanwhile, a controversy had developed over who had written the pledge. In 1923 "The Youth's Companion" organization denied Bellamy's authorship, saying it was a point of policy never to give credit for work done by editorial staff members.

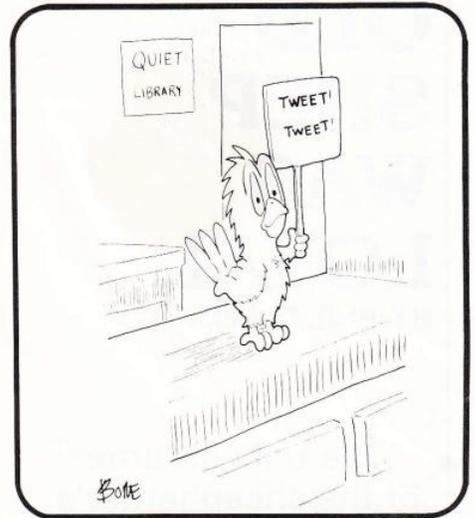
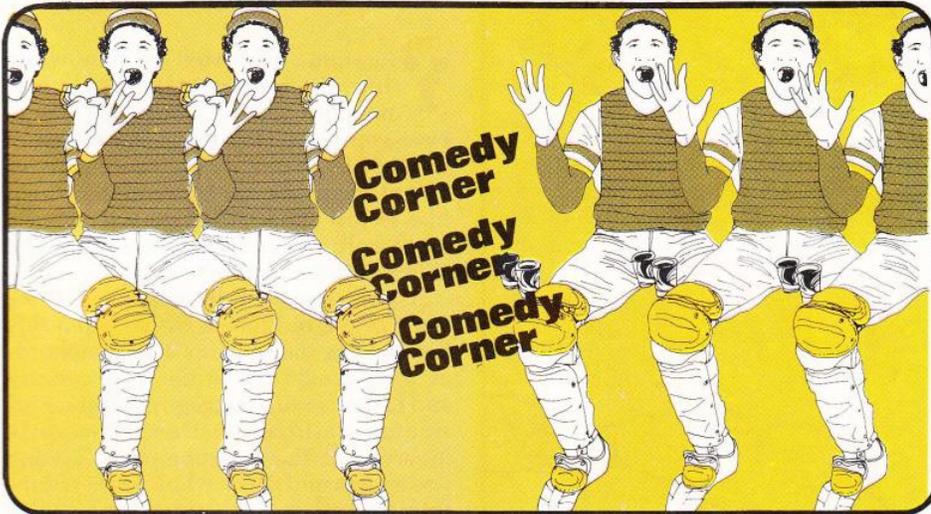
Following Bellamy's death the family of the late James B. Upham made a claim in Upham's name to the authorship of the pledge, a claim which Upham, himself, had not made. The matter was submitted in 1939 to a committee of three eminent historians named by the United States Flag Association.

After reviewing evidence presented by the families of both men, the committee decided that Bellamy was incontrovertibly the author, and in 1945 his authorship was recognized by the Congressional Record.

His own account (as given in this article), written in 1923, of how and why he chose the words used in the pledge, was later published in the winter 1953, edition of the University of Rochester Library Bulletin.

BIBLIOGRAPHY: "The National Cyclopaedia of American Biography" pages 52-53, "Who Was Who in America," "Illinois Education" October 1967

THE END ♦



The local miser stomped into the doctor's office, pounded the floor with his cane and wheezed: "You're an old fraud! I came to you in 1960 for a cold and you charged me \$5.00."

"I cured you, didn't I?" asked the doctor.

"Cured me!" stormed the former patient. "Look at me. I'm sneezing again."

Helen Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA

"Can anyone tell me what a fish net is made of?" the teacher asked.

"Yes ma'am," he volunteered, "It's made of a lot of little holes tied together with a string."

Helen Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA

A life long resident of a certain town was very active in all the local clubs and organizations. The other day he heard his son boasting to a playmate that his dad was an elk, a lion, and a moose. And the other kid wanted to know how much it would cost to take a look at him.

Helen Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA

A bright young boy was taking a test but seemed to be stumped on the second question, which read: "Give the number of tons of steel shipped out of the United States in any given year."

After a few minutes of thought the boy wrote: "32 A.D.—none."

Helen Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA

"Why, even the wee little chickens go to bed at sundown," said the mother, trying to induce her little boy to go to bed.

"Yes," replied the son, "but the her goes with them."

Helen Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA



"THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING I COULDN'T IDENTIFY IN THE NATURE TEST— POISON IVY."



"DID YOU EVER HAVE THE FEELING YOU FORGOT SOMETHING?"

Johnny told his mother that the teacher had asked the members of the class where they were born.

"Surely you could answer that," she said. "It was at Woman's Hospital." "Yeah, I know," replied Johnny, "but I didn't want to sound like a sissy, so I said Yankee Stadium."

Helen Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA

After his first Sunday school lesson, Johnny came home and looked in the mirror for a long time. "Grandpa," he asked, crawling up in his lap, "is it true that God made me?"

"Yes, Johnny, He did," his grandfather assured him.

"And did he make you also?"

"Certainly. He made all of us, but why do you ask?"

"Well," he said slowly, "don't you think He's doing a better job these days?"

Thomas LaMance
Modesto, CA

Student: What's the first lesson in Chemistry?

Professor: Don't lick the spoon.

Alan Gell
Garland, TX

BIBLE CROSSWORD CONTINUED

- 9—Tail-wagging animal.
- 10—Matching clothes.
- 11—He and I.
- 12—Opposite of high.
- 14—Boy.
- 15—Without rain.

David and Jonathan

Across: 1—Hop. 4—Bow. 5—Son. 6—Run. 7—Has. 8—Behaved. 10—Saul. 13—Unsold. 16—Knit. 17—War. 18—Dye. **Down:** 1—House. 2—Own. 3—Covenant. 4—Brave. 7—Ha. 9—Dog. 10—Suit. 11—Us. 12—Low. 14—Lad. 15—Dry.

Little Jimmy was assigned a composition about his origin. He questioned his mother: "Mom, where did Grandma come from?"

"The stork brought her."

"Well, where did you come from?"

"The stork brought me."

"Where did I come from?"

"The stork brought you too, dear."

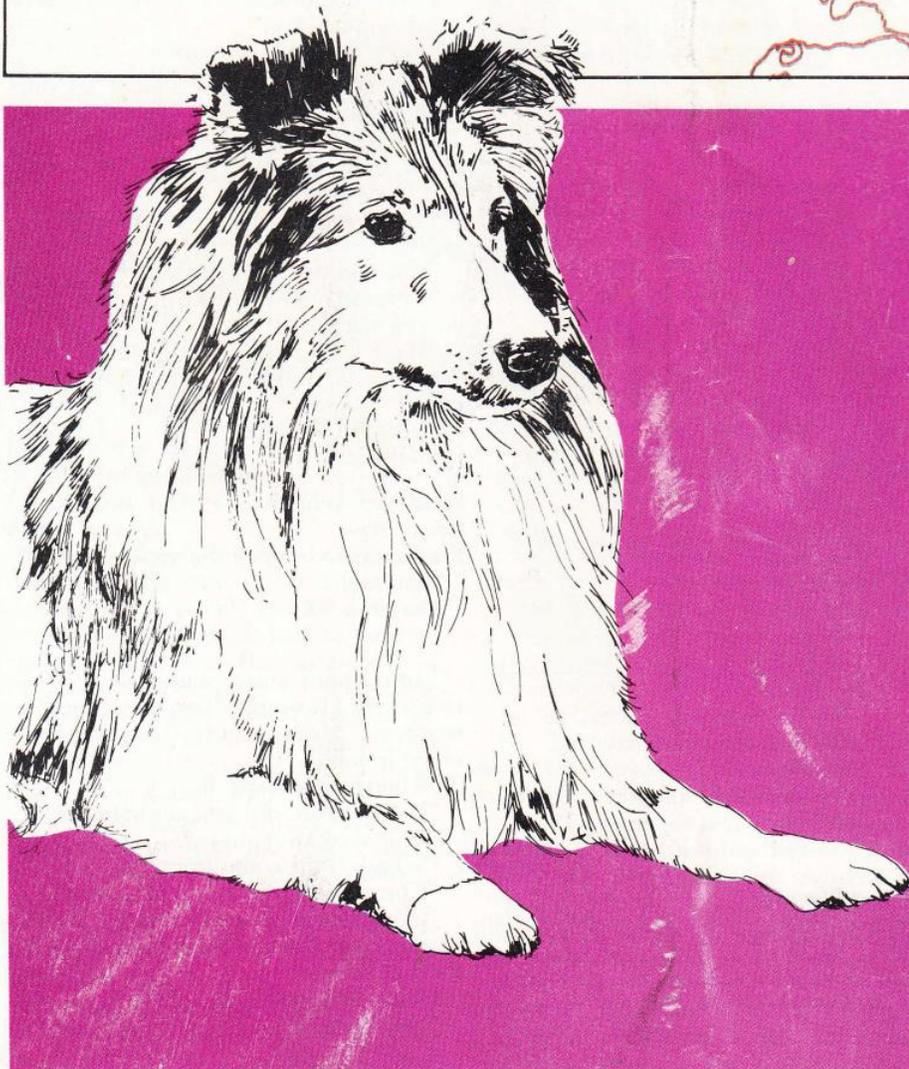
Jimmy began his composition. "There have been no natural births in our family for 3 generations."

Helen Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA

OLD SHEP WAS LOYAL

BY PHIL WAYMAN

“The only mourner of the shepherd’s passing was a mournful collie who followed dutifully the casket all the way to the baggage car.”



You young’uns listen up now while this old ranger tells you a tremendous story. I know that whenever you tell a dog story, there flashes through everyone’s mind a similar incident from his background that he’d like to tell about. This story is about a loyal collie dog and comes from the sheep country of Montana.

It was way back in August of 1936, some of the old timers think, when this box bearing the remains of a shepherd was brought out of the back country and loaded onto a baggage car at the Fort Benton railroad station. The only mourner of the shepherd’s passing was a mournful collie who followed dutifully the casket all the way to the baggage car.

The railroad men shut the gate against the collie and left him stand on the platform while the train disappeared to the east. The collie dog took up his vigil at the station expecting to have his master return at any time. The station master took pity on him and allowed him a place to sleep and fed him a few scraps.

Day and night the collie listened for every train whistle and was on hand to nose through every alighting passenger expecting one to be his master. The news of the loyalty of the dog, as month stretched on month through fall, winter, spring, and summer, again was spread abroad among railroad people. The dog became known as Shep since no one had another idea what his name was.

Old Sheps vigil kept up year after year for nearly 5½ years. One January morning in 1942, Shep planted himself between the tracks waiting for an oncoming train. His dulling senses and arthritis pain in his joints caused his responses to be too slow. The train ran over him and Shep was dead.

You young’uns remember that our Royal Rangers Code says, “A Royal Ranger is loyal.” God has often used animal characteristics to illustrate traits good for man to imitate. Jesus said to His followers in Acts 1:8, “Ye shall be witnesses unto me.” Then He was taken up into heaven. His disciples watched hoping to see Him return. An angel said, “This same Jesus shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven.” Acts 1:11.

Years have gone by and pilgrims of all ages have anticipated that today a trumpet would sound announcing His return. Though it has not occurred, its for sure, we are nearer to it than any generation.

Poor Shep had a dead master but we have a resurrected one. What rejoicing there will be when Jesus returns and runs His fingers through our hair and says: “Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of the Lord.” Matthew 25:21.