

High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS / SPRING 1981



The Bookworm
Cooking on Twigs
New York State's Nessie
How to Make a Bully Run

SPRING HAS SPRUNG!

High Adventure

SPRING 1981

CONTENTS

PAGE

THE BOOK WORM	Frances Matranga	3
—a mysterious illness plagues this family. Their “bookworm” son discovers its cause		
COOKING ON TWIGS	John Eller	6
—an alternative method of outdoor cooking		
HOW TO DRIVE A STRAW THROUGH A PLANK	Francis Sculley	7
—an explanation of the devastating force of a tornado		
NEW YORK STATE'S NESSIE	Francis Sculley	8
—a water monster rises to the surface to make news headlines everywhere		
LOST SHEEP CROSSWORD PUZZLE		11
—read Matthew 18:11-14 to get the answers		
COMFORT CAN BE MEASURED IN TWO FEET	Stephenie Slahor	12
—a guide to foot care		
HOW TO MAKE A BULLY RUN	Roger Culbertson	16
—a secret every boy should know		

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BY FRANCES CARFI MATRANGA

The Bookworm

The Dundee family was feeling bad, real bad. Mom, Dad, Karen, and Judy were all experiencing the same symptoms . . . tired, listless, and stomachache. What was wrong and why wasn't the boy, Joel, sick too? Discover with Joel the reason for his family's illness.

Joel glanced up from the borrowed encyclopedia as the springs on the other end of the sofa protested his father's 180 pound assault.

"Am I beat!" Mr. Dundee announced as he settled back with a gusty sigh. "Construction work is no cinch but never have I felt so pooped as this. Had to finish up a rush job today. Sure glad I don't have to work every weekend."

"I think you've got a touch of flu like the rest of us," said Mrs. Dundee from the rocker where she sat mending a pair of jeans. "All but Joel." She smiled wanly at her lanky spectacled son. "Hope it doesn't hit you too, Joel. I had to drag myself through the housework today. My, what a long Saturday this has been. I wonder . . . maybe we should drink more orange juice to help us over these dragged-out feelings. I wish you liked juice, Joel; the real thing is better for you than those Vitamin C tablets you take." She sighed. "I don't even feel like

sewing, and that's something I usually enjoy doing."

A frown of concern creased Joel's forehead. Illness in this household was a rarity, especially in his father, a shaggy bear of a man. Both his parents looked limp and weary, he noted. And Karen—his gaze swung to the 11-year-old lying on the rug watching television—usually a good eater, his sister had been leaving her meals unfinished lately and complained of mild stomach discomfort. As for little Judy—she, too picked at her food and whined about stomachaches. Tonight she had asked to be put to bed early, an unusual request for her. None seemed sick enough to require a doctor, just enough to make them listless. It seemed odd to Joel that the flu should sweep over four out of five family members at the same time. Didn't one member usually get better before another came down with it?

Catching his eye, his father chided, "My son the bookworm. Bet you've been reading half the day. Always that nose buried in a book or magazine. You'll be needing thicker lenses if you keep it up."

"Aw, Dad, I enjoy reading. Just because you don't—"

"The *encyclopedia* you enjoy?" His father stared at him as though he were an oddball.

Joel stirred uncomfortably and ran nervous fingers through his straight dark-brown hair. "Why not? You'd be surprised how interesting. . . . Listen, you know what it says here? There's a claw hidden in the tuft of a lion's tail. I never knew that. Did you?"

"Well, well, so there's a claw on a lion's tail. Great thing to know, isn't it." The sarcasm in his father's voice brought

CONTINUED ON
NEXT PAGE ►



“All the family looked pale and showed less and less inclination to eat. All but Joel. He found himself pondering this and offered his mother a suggestion. ‘Can it be your ruining your appetites by filling up on juice before meals?’ ”

a flush to Joel’s thin cheeks. “So what you going to do with that stupendous bit of information, eh? All these odd facts you’re cramming into that noodle of yours—they gonna make you healthy or rich? Listen, boy, after spending all week in school you oughta be out in the fresh air building up that skinny frame of yours. What’s wrong with sports like swimming and fishing? Boating? You a Floridian or aren’t you? Look at you! That’s a Florida tan?”

“Aw, Dad!” Joel could feel his temper rising. “We can’t all be sportsmen like you. Fishing doesn’t send me. Swimming—well, I go once in a while, don’t I? Boats make me seasick—you know that.”

“So there’s other sports. How about bowling? You want to go bowling with me some night? No, I see that doesn’t ring a bell with you. I swear if I didn’t know better, I’d think you were somebody else’s kid!”

“Stop bugging me, will you. So you like sports and I can take them or leave them. I suppose that makes me a sissy or something? Listen, Dad, you’re *you* and I’m *me*.”

Sparks were beginning to ignite between them. Joel seethed with indignation; he hated being put on the defensive like this time and time again. His father simply refused to understand and seemed to want to make him feel guilty that he wasn’t a chip off the old block. Could he help it he wasn’t an avid sportsman like his old man? Why did his father have to take it as a personal affront

that they had little in common? Joel couldn’t remember when last his dad had praised him for anything.

Joel slammed shut the borrowed encyclopedia, jerked himself to his feet and stalked out of the room. What was the use. They’d been over this before. He was a disappointment to his father and always would be.

Can I help it I’m not an extrovert like him? he mused dejectedly as he headed for his room. Can I help it I don’t look like him or think like him? Why couldn’t his father take pride in him the way he was, instead of expecting him to be a carbon copy of himself. Something to do with his ego, no doubt, and that was his problem. Still, it sure would be nice to hear a word of approval now and then.

Hearing sounds of distress from Judy’s room, he looked in on the five-year-old. “Mom!” he yelled. “Judy’s vomiting in her sleep!”

The child’s face was almost as white as her sheet. After cleaning her up, Mrs. Dundee phoned their doctor. He advised bringing Judy to the hospital emergency room to be checked. Joel accompanied them, while his weary father remained home with Karen.

Routine blood-and-urine examinations revealed Judy was anemic, with a blood count low enough to indicate severe malnutrition. This embarrassed and puzzled her mother, especially when a blood transfusion was recommended, for she always served nutritious, well-balanced meals, including plenty of milk and fresh Florida orange juice. How

could Judy be suffering from malnutrition?

The transfusion worked wonders, and they took her home that same night. The little girl’s appetite picked up the very next day, and she bounced quickly back to rosy-cheeked good health.

But in little more than a week, Judy’s desire for food began waning again and the roses faded from her cheeks. All the family looked pale and showed less and less inclination to eat. All but Joel.

He found himself pondering this and offered his mother a suggestion. “Can it be you’re ruining your appetites by filling up on juice before meals? I’m the only one who doesn’t drink orange juice and my appetite is good—right?”

She had to agree with his logic. “We’ll cut down,” she decided, and limited everyone to half a glass before meals.

But still they continued to drag themselves around listlessly. Now it was Karen who seemed most irritable and tired. Again Mrs. Dundee phoned the doctor. He ordered samples taken at a laboratory of Karen’s blood.

Next day the lab reported that the blood chemistries showed serious anemia. The technologist then took blood from Mrs. Dundee to compare with her daughter’s. The report was that both were very anemic and had large amounts of lead in their bodies.

Lead poisoning! It came as a shock. Where was it coming from?

Mr. Dundee checked the plumbing in their home to make sure there were no lead pipes. He had the water in their well



“ ‘NO!’ he cried, his hand shooting out to send the glass crashing to the floor. Orange juice splattered across the dining room rug. His family gaped at him as though he’d lost his mind. “Don’t any of you drink that juice.’ ”

tested. No problem there. Meanwhile, further blood analysis established beyond doubt that the ill health of all four Dundees was due to lead poisoning.

Why am I the only one not sick? Joel was mulling over it at the breakfast table the morning after the report came in, while watching his mother pour orange juice from the brown earthenware pitcher a friend had brought them from Mexico recently. He found himself staring at the pitcher—a graceful ceramic container, the kind that sold well in Mexico, especially to American tourists. Something he once read was stirring in the back of his mind. Wasn’t there a connection between ceramics and lead?

The information stored in his subconscious zoomed to the surface as Karen tilted her glass to her pale lips.

“No!” he cried, his hand shooting out to send the glass crashing to the floor. Orange juice splattered across the dining room rug. His family gaped at him as though he’d lost his mind. “Don’t any of you drink that juice!” he warned, grabbing the pitcher and Judy’s glass and emptying them into the sink.

“Listen. I just remembered something I read a long time ago. An odd fact,” he added with a glance at his father. “Lead is an important ingredient in some pottery glazes.”

“You mean . . . the pitcher itself contains lead?” his mother gasped.

“I think so. This one. But most glazes are harmless,” Joel went on quickly. “If I remember correctly, it’s when pottery isn’t fired enough, at high enough tem-

peratures, that it fails to seal completely. And . . . let’s see . . .” He wrinkled his forehead, trying to remember. “Yes, also if the glaze isn’t compounded properly. When an acid like orange juice is kept in a poorly glazed container, the lead leaches into the juice.”

Joel sank into his chair as the full import of his own words struck him. “Wow!” he half-whispered. “That Mexican pitcher . . . it’s been killing you a little at a time!”

They stared at one another, wide-eyed.

Biting his lip, Joel added pensively, “The poor of Mexico use a lot of pottery. And with the symptoms of lead poisoning resembling malnutrition . . . they can’t afford to call a doctor until seriously ill. Who knows, maybe some of the deaths being blamed on malnutrition actually have been caused by lead poisoning. It’s the kind of thing that can go undetected until it’s too late. We should warn people.”

Mr. Dundee rose heavily to his feet. “I’m taking that pitcher to the local health department right now so they can analyze it. Let’s see what they have to say about it.”

The next day, the district health officer presented Mr. Dundee with a small plastic bag full of a white powder. It was pure lead chromate that had come out of the juice pitcher in just one washing with acid.

“Saved by our smart son!” was the way Mrs. Dundee put it, with a significant glance at her husband as she hugged

Joel. “I’m so proud of you, darling.”

Mr. Dundee said nothing.

Karen and Judy had to go to the hospital for a series of treatments to remove the stored lead from their bodies. Their parents, less affected because of their size and the smaller amounts of juice they had drunk, recovered at home. Less than two weeks after Joel indicted the pottery pitcher, his family had regained appetite and good health.

Meanwhile, as a warning to others, the health department had sent a notice of the Dundee case to the county newspapers. Karen and Judy were thrilled when their local paper sent a photographer to the house to take pictures of the family. The write-up appeared under the heading: “Teenager Solves Life and Death Mystery” and the phone kept ringing for several days after with calls of congratulations, even from strangers.

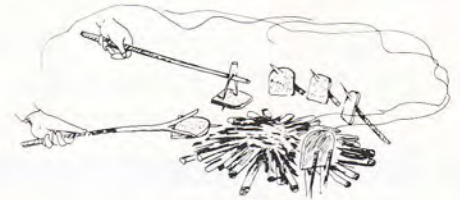
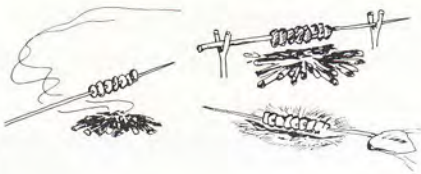
But the word of praise that would have meant more to Joel than any other was not forthcoming. His eyes stung when he realized two weeks had gone by since he’d solved the mystery, and still no compliment from his dad.

What do I have to do! I’m me, Dad, I’m ME—can’t you understand that?

Removing his glasses, he brushed a hand across his eyes fiercely. He was determined not to cry over it!

But the very next day after school Joel broke down and bawled like a baby . . . for there in his room he found a new 30-volume Encyclopedia Britannica with a card that read, “For MY SON THE BOOKWORM.” ★

Cooking on Twigs Makes Outdoor Cooking Fun and Easy.



Want a delicious lunch? All you need is a twig and a jackknife! A stick which can be used to hold meat over a fire is called a *spit*. Peel off the bark so it will not flavor the meat. *Taste the bark*—if it's bitter, throw that stick away and look for another.

KABOBS

This is probably the best way to cook meat on a stick. Most campers prefer kabobs over any other method.

Let us hope your steak is a thick one, and should be cut into cubes about one inch thick. Cut a green stick about the size of your little finger, peel off the bark and point the end. (Remember the taste-test for the bark!)

Run the stick through the cubes of meat. If you like rare steak, place the cubes close together. If you like it well-done, leave some space between. Roll in flour if possible, and you are ready to cook.

Some campers like to alternate slices of onion or other vegetables such as green peppers or carrots. Kabobs are even better if cooked with bacon. Just weave a strip back and forth over the cubes of meat as shown in the illustration.

You should observe the following rules whenever meat is broiled, whether kabob-style or otherwise:

- (1) Hold the meat over the fire for just a moment to sear it, then throw out all burning wood and cook over the coals.



- (2) You should trim away the fat. It will probably catch fire and spoil flavor.
- (3) Salt the meat *after* it has been cooked. If you salt it beforehand, it will cause the juices to drip out.

If you are cooking a whole steak, find a forked stick, sharpen both ends and push both of them through the meat. Experience has taught, however, that most av-

erage steaks are better kabob-style.

HAMBURGER ON A STICK

Using a half pound of hamburger, adding salt, pepper and onion juice or flakes. (If you use whole onions, be sure to chop them very fine.) Mix in one-half cup of corn flakes (or other non-sweetened cereal) finely crunched. Roll the meat around the end of a small stick, pressing firmly. Make it long and thin, squeezing out all air. Cook over coals and serve in a hot dog bun.

ANGELS ON HORSEBACK

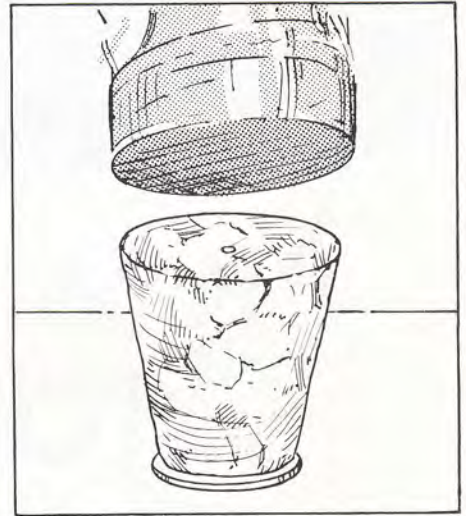
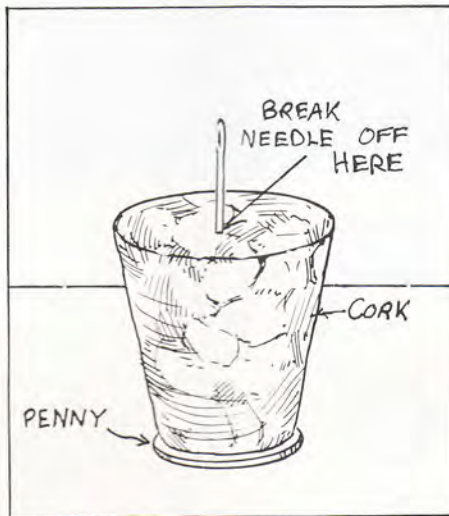
Cut American cheese into one-inch cubes. Cut one slice of bacon in half and wrap the two parts around a cube in both directions so the cheese is completely covered. (You will need one slice per cube.) Make twig toothpicks to hold them together, then spear them all on a pointed stick. Toast quickly over hot coals and eat while cheese is soft, by putting it in a hamburger bun.

When choosing twigs for cooking, you might remember that nut-bearing trees, including oaks, have bitter bark. Beech is an exception. By all means avoid *poison ivy*, *poison oak*, *poison sumac*, and *rhododendron*. Excellent for twig cooking are such common varieties as *maple*, *elm*, *ash*, *sassafras*, *basswood*, *apple*, and *ironwood*.

Have fun cooking with twigs!

BY
JOHN
ELLER

How to Drive A Straw Through A Plank



If you've been tied in knots now and then, trying to explain to the kids how a tornado is able to drive a straw through a plank—or a plank through a concrete bridge—your troubles are at an end.

Here is the system.

Take a cork of an inch or so in length and push a needle from top to bottom, until the point barely protrudes. Then break off the head flush with the top of the cork. Set the stopper on a penny; place the penny on a plank—or anything but the wife's dining room table. Give it a sharp rap with a hammer, and the needle will easily penetrate the copper coin without breaking.

Now, to explain how you did it and the principle behind it.

Everything has its limits of endurance; and we may define this in terms of the amount of pressure per square inch that will overcome it. Take a ten-pound weight, and place it on two square inches; the pressure will then be five pounds to the square inch. Taking away one of the square inches, we then have ten

pounds to the square inch—and so on. Thus, when the space is reduced to a needle point, a five-pound blow is applied to the head, the pressure is tremendous. The result is the needle can be forced through anything, if the shaft can be kept from breaking. For this reason, the cork is applied, which keeps the needle in a straight position.

Thus, when a plank sails across the field at a speed of two hundred miles an hour, with a force of several thousand tons behind it, it easily penetrates a concrete wall. In the case of any pointed object which enlarges from the end or point, the advantage of the inclined plane is used in continuing the motion. It takes far less force to roll a barrel up a plank, than to lift it from the floor.

In 1919, when a vicious tornado hit Bradford, Pennsylvania, a plant was driven completely through a home on High Street, leaving a mark that appeared to have been sawed and planed. In Bolivar, New York, there is a portion of an old stump on exhibit. A small limb was driv-

en into the tree so securely that after almost a century a two-hundred-pound man cannot budge it. In Shonogo, New York, 1884, straws were driven into tombstones, and a wagon tongue pierced a silo.

Mutilating a coin is against the law, but in the interest of science, you'll be forgiven.

The above experiment accounts for the many serious injuries suffered by unfortunate people who are struck with flying debris while remaining above the ground when a tornado is in the area. Recall that in Worcester, Massachusetts, there is a very positive record of a woman who had a board driven through her thigh and felt very little sensation of pain.

The tornado season is upon us—and they have occurred in this area (a few with devastating effects). To know their potential is to remain alive!

BY
FRANCIS X.
SCULLEY

"The object, whatever it was, began to move toward the boat as the oarsman reached out to push it away."



New York State's Nessie

BY FRANCIS X. SCULLEY

Those who claim to have seen the legendary Loch Ness monster of Scotland, describe the underwater serpent-fish as being as large as a pocket battleship. Affectionately named "Nessie" the century-old "whatever-it-is" has rarely been far from the headlines since first it was seen. Pushed into the background by World War I and II, and upon occasion forced to share the lead with the Abominable Snowman, Bigfoot, the UFO and Watergate, Scotland's fabled monster always regains the front. It has been said that feature stories have been written on Nessie, in every language known on this planet, with over 4,000 magazine articles in this century. This does not take into consideration the vast number of accounts that frequently appear in newspapers.

"Nessie" has had a tremendous impact upon the history of the world and may have been the inspiration for one of New York state's most amusing incidents.

A stage four miles long, with the spotlight provided by the almost phosphorescent rays of a monstrous full moon, bathed the hill-girt lake in warm light. Embarking upon the lake—intent on making a little history—was a little rowboat manned by five men. Supposedly they were bent on enjoying a wonderful night of fishing on New York's jewellike Silver Lake. The shrill reedlike pipings of the hyla peepers provided a perfect accompaniment for the deep bass profundo of the bull frogs. With hefty bass

"In utter disbelief,
the people of the area
listened to
the five men."

jumping all over the lake on that quiet evening of June 13, 1855, the quintet mused that it was wonderful to be alive—particularly if one lived in western New York.

As the oarsman plied the craft in the direction of the depths which were fringed with reeds and lily pads, he noted evidence of turbulence beneath the waters. He could almost swear that he had seen the shadow of a monstrous creature as it passed beneath the boat. It was probably caused by the moon hiding behind a cloud, he told himself. So he made no mention of the incident to the rest of the party.

As the boat pulled into the little cove, one of the anglers called the attention of the group to the huge log which appeared to bob up and down near the edge of the weeds. The object—whatever it was—began to move toward the boat, as the oarsman reached out to push it away. As the men froze in horror, a monstrous reptile reared out of the water and spouted a column of water high into the air. As the creature thrashed back and forth it suddenly revealed two pumpkin-sized red eyes that seemed to glow like coals. Then with a thrash of its mighty tail which extended almost to the shoreline, the serpent slid beneath the water.

The men beat all known speed records to the southern beach. All five were paddling furiously when the owner of the Walker Hotel peered from his upstairs room.



In a state that bordered on hysteria, the five scrambled up the beach. Shouting incoherently they burst into the lobby of the famed resort like a tornado into Kansas. In utter disbelief, the people of the area listened to the five men. All were reputable citizens and noted for their veracity. Yet the entire lot were babbling about a monster so large that its thrashing was comparable to the bubbling and boiling turmoil beneath Genesee Falls. Its eyes were as large as dinner plates, and as red as fire. It was an awesome sight which they had beheld, the vision of which would remain with them forever.

The very next night a party of moonlight bathers saw the identical thing, the telling and retelling of which built the "Monster of Silver Lake" into a ferocious

antediluvian serpent which nightly prowled the rim of the lake in search of human flesh.

A week or so later a steer disappeared into the reeds, never to be seen again. It could have been stolen, or it could have blundered into quicksand—known to exist—but few would have it that way. Perry, New York, citizens were not interested in such a theory. It was obvious that the helpless bovine had been gulped down in one awful bite by the serpent that dwelled in the subterranean caves beneath the lake. Even the bell of the hapless animal had disappeared.

In the meantime, Perry, New York, had achieved national publicity—such as it was in 1855. But even then, news traveled fast and before the summer had passed, every boarding house and hotel was jammed with sightseers. Foremost in the exploitation of the creature of the depths was the Walker House, which actually had a waiting list from all over the east. The hotel also seemed to be the headquarters for those who had seen the serpent, the tales of which increased in scope and horror with each passing day.

A citizen's vigilante committee was formed to deal with the "man-eater" and an expert whaleman—replete with harpoon—was hired by Perry businessmen, to capture the creature reportedly as large as a sea-going vessel. Monstrous hooks were forged by Perry blacksmiths and then baited with live

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE ►



"The "Monster of Silver Lake" was favored as an ancient serpent which nightly prowled the rim of the lake in search of human flesh.



A. B. Walker created the serpent as a means of gaining national attention and perhaps stimulating a little business along the way. The canvas monster had been water and air tight, and it was inflated by a foot-bellows.



chickens, ducks and geese in a futile effort to catch the monster. All efforts were in vain. Some snidely suggested that nothing less than a cow or horse would serve as bait.

And so the summer passed into history, and the monster disappeared from Silver Lake. So also did the bathers and fishermen. With the passing of several years in which there was no sighted report of the great reptile, Perry returned to the former sleepy village that it was. The nation's family quarrel in 1861 completely erased the serpent from the minds of all.

A number of years later, the stately Walker House was swept by fire. Volunteers trying to save the property of guests, forced their way into the attic. They came upon a huge strip of canvas, made into the form of a monstrous reptile. It was painted green, with bright yellow dots, and had two massive red eyes, and a large mouth of the same hue. Carried down the ladder and then stretched out on the lawn, the "canvas

horror" measured over 80 feet in length.

Be certain one's sins will find them out.

A. B. Walker had been greatly distressed by the lack of business during the summer of 1854, despite the fact that Silver Lake had some of the finest fishing in the area. So he created the serpent as a means of gaining national attention and perhaps stimulating a little business along the way. He confessed to the questioning group that the canvas monster had been water and air tight, and was inflated by a foot-bellows operated from a shed near the Walker House. The skeletal section of the serpent was made of wire, with the canvas stretched over it. The entire scheme had evolved in a tannery and over a dozen were involved in the hoax.

Three ropes were attached to the submerged monster from points on shore, so that it could be manipulated. The air was piped into the sunken serpent through a pipe attached to the bellows. Then it surfaced like an inflated balloon. Anyone

who has released the pressure on the neck of a balloon allowing the air to escape, knows the gyrations that can take place. Imagine an inflated sack of 81 feet in length with air escaping from a dozen jets, and readers have an idea of what the five fishermen saw on June 13, 1855.

Walker thought of everything. Weights on different parts of the bag, permitted it to sink to the bottom, when all the air had escaped.

The innkeeper was astute enough to allow only the most reliable to see the monster, and then infrequently. He was also smart enough not to overplay his hand. That he was successful is a historical fact. For an entire summer the "Monster of Silver Lake" provided front page news throughout America.

Other than the Cardiff Giant—also in New York—few hoaxes can rival the story of Silver Lake. It still brings a chuckle to the people of the attractive community of Perry.

Tourists still ask about the monster to this day. ★

PARABLE OF THE LOST SHEEP

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

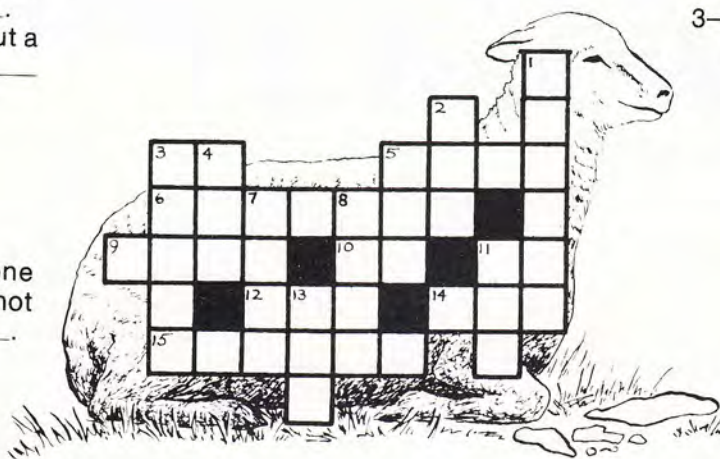
Read Matthew 18:11-14

ACROSS:

- 3—Thus.
- 5—Jesus came to save those who were _____.
- 6—He told a parable about a man who had a _____ sheep.
- 9—Nothing else than.
- 10—By.
- 11—Him.
- 12—Mountain peak.
- 14—Knight.
- 15—Like the man with one lost sheep, God does not want one soul to _____.

Down:

- 1—God is our _____.
- 2—The father of Jesus.
- 3—The man in the parable left the ninety and nine _____ to go after the lost one.
- 4—Belonging to us.
- 5—Allow.
- 7—Close to.
- 8—Strikes.
- 11—Swat.
- 13—Top.



ANSWERS ON PAGE 15.



"BRING MY VIBRA-CHAIR BACK IN THIS HOUSE!!"

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PREVENTING PROBLEM FEET

COMFORT CAN BE MEASURED IN TWO FEET

BY STEPHENIE SLAHOR, Ph.D.

A great outing can be spoiled by a simple thing as feet that hurt. So many problems involved with this, though, can be avoided with just a little foresight and planning from you. Let's see how.

Your first aid kit should contain such goodies as adhesive bandages in a variety of sizes and shapes to cope with minor medical emergencies, moleskin (available at most drug and variety stores where cushion insoles, foot powder, etc., are sold), and a few other items to suit your personal preference and foot comfort.

A look through a good first aid text will give you many tips about how to cope with the problem of blisters and how to apply moleskin correctly to ease the pain.

But prevention is the key to foot problems. Rather than trying to cope with the painful problem of blisters, plan out

ways to avoid them in the first place.

Be sure to break in your boots or hiking shoes before you take your trip. When they are brand-new, they're stiff. That stiffness causing chafing and blistering that can ruin an otherwise perfect trip. So wear those boots/shoes a few minutes each day before a trip gradually increasing the time you are in them. Eventually, you'll be able to take short treks around the neighborhood or through some nearby forest, vacant lots, etc. This pre-trip hiking gets that shoe leather broken in so that it conforms to your foot and becomes more supple. Saddle soap and neatsfoot oil will also help make the leather more supple, and will add some protection to the quality leather from which the shoes/boots are made.

Some folks like to buy their boots a half-size or so larger to accommodate an extra pair of socks. If that's the case, be



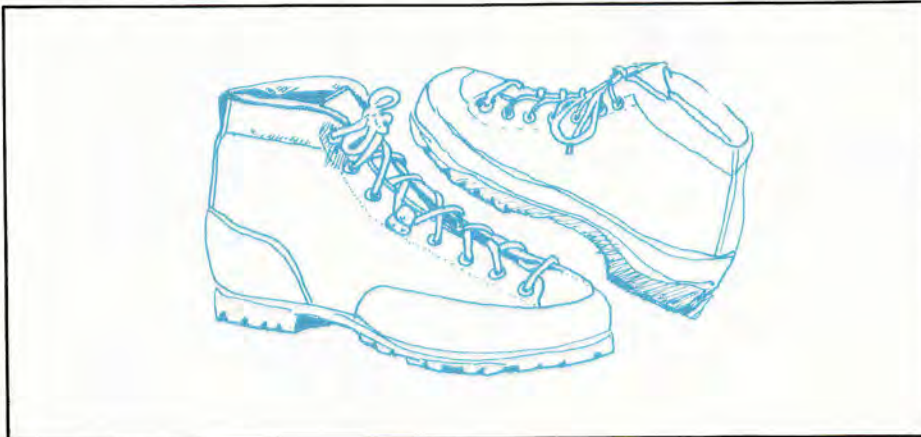
sure that you take an adequate supply of socks so that you aren't wearing just one pair rubbing and chafing your feet inside boots too large. Take a couple pairs of the type of socks you wear on an outing to the store where you'll be buying the boots, and try them on with those socks to be sure that they aren't too large or "clumsy."

A word about those socks. Wool is the only fabric that keeps you warm even when wet. But some people can't stand that "itchy-scratchy" feeling. Wool blends, or thinner nylon or cotton socks beneath the woolen ones may alleviate most of the problem.

Check the socks you're taking from home to be sure that they haven't been darned at the heel or on the sole. Walking all day on that lump of thread is a sure-fire way to get a blister. Select socks with a "smooth" sole only, or else buy some brand-new ones.

You may have a pair of boots which lace up the ankle or higher. If you are like most folks, you like the boot to fit fairly snug over the instep, but not quite so tight around the ankle or calf. In that case, lace up the boot over your instep the way you want it. When you get to the end of the tongue or the point where the laces start moving up your leg, tie a square knot. Then continue lacing the boot up your leg, making it as tight (or loose) as you like. That square knot will hold the tighter lacing at your foot and instep without "strangling" your leg!

Be sure you pull your socks smooth against your feet. Any wrinkles or lumps





are sure ways to cause blisters.

Take an extra pair of laces of the right size in the pocket or pack you'll have with you while afield.

If you tromp around long enough afield, some time you're bound to get your feet wet. Try to avoid it, though. If the wetness is from perspiration, take along a couple spare pairs of socks and change them at the mid-point of your trek. If the wetness is from crossing boggy land or a stream, try putting your foot into a plastic produce or wastebasket-sized bag and secure the top with a rubber band. It's only temporary and may save you wet feet and boots if you have to cross through such wet obstacles. Once across, remove the plastic bags for the next time. Twist the rubber bands around the bags so they won't be misplaced.

If, despite all your efforts, the boots get wet, DON'T dry them by exposing them to a blast of artificial heat, so don't put them next to a radiator, near the campfire, etc. That will shrink, crack and/or dry the leather so much that your boots could be ruined. Instead, you can use boot driers, or lacking such an amenity afield, position your boots so that they are not too near artificial heat sources. In off-season, store your boots properly preferably with boot trees in them to help them retain their shape and quality.

Foot powder or even powdered borax will help to eliminate odors inside the boots.

For ease in lacing up your boots, you might want to rub beeswax along the

lace. It coats the lace quite nicely making it easier to do the actual job of lacing.

After your outing, clean your boots properly with good saddle soap, followed by a good quality oil in a light layer to replace the natural oils in the boot. Your shoe store should have all the necessary soaps, oils, brushes, buffers, etc., that you need to do the right job.

With all these tips, you should be able to enjoy a comfortable outing. Don't skimp on buying good quality shoes and socks for your feet. Wear something sturdy, too, because sneakers, moccasins, or "street" type loafers just aren't going to be able to cope with the rigors that most treks involve. If you're worried about your physical strength in being able to wear "heavy" shoes for long periods, work up to it by wearing them around for a while before your outing (like that break-in period). That helps to build up your foot and leg strength, too.

And if you're worried about the noise you might make while afield in "heavy" shoes, don't forget that you can alleviate the effects of noise by stopping often as you stalk to "sneak" around. Or buy a really large pair of socks and wear them *over* your boots. You'd be surprised at the amount of noise eliminated by that simple, obvious trick.

Take care of your feet and they'll take care of your hiking assignments without "talking back" to you! ★

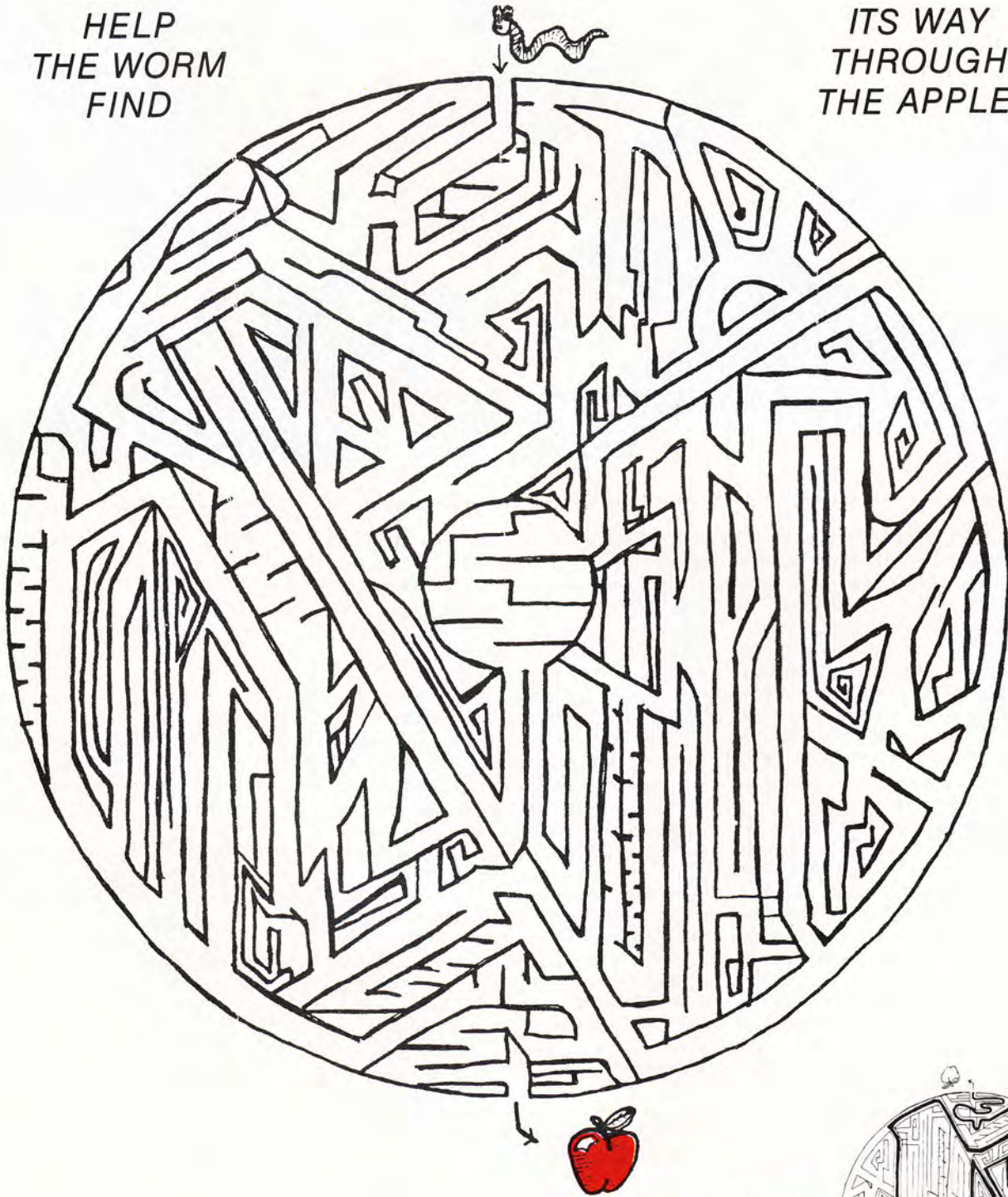


APPLE MAZE

BY RAY JONES

HELP
THE WORM
FIND

ITS WAY
THROUGH
THE APPLE.

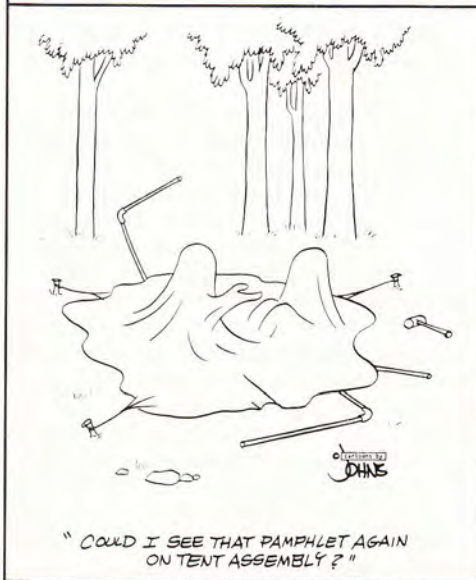


ANSWER





COMEDY CORNER BY FRED WOOD COMEDY CORNER



Talking with a young lady admirer Mark Twain had occasion to use the word "drydock."
 "What is a drydock, Mr. Clemens?"
 "A thirsty physician," replied the humorist.
 W. M. Harvey
 Canada

Mother: "James, you've been fighting again. You've lost two of your front teeth."
 James: "Oh no I haven't Mother. I have them in my pocket."
 Henry Leabo
 Lancaster, CA

Masked Man: "Here's \$1,000."
 Peasant: "What's this for?"
 Masked Man: "I steal from the rich and give the money to the poor."
 Peasant: "Ooh, thanks. Wow! I'm rich! I'm rich!"
 Masked Man: "OK, stick 'em up!"
 Frances C. Matranga
 Port Charlotte, FL

Parent: "We're worried about our son. He can't spell, has terrible penmanship, and can't even speak grammatically."
 Teacher: "Oh, that don't matter none."
 Frances C. Matranga
 Port Charlotte, FL

First Friend: "You mean the choir director said your singing was 'heavenly'?"
 Second Friend: "Well, practically that. He said it was unearthly."
 Frances C. Matranga
 Port Charlotte, FL

A young minister in a small North Carolina town was asked to perform a wedding ceremony for a mountain couple. When the ceremony was over the groom called him aside. "Parson," he said, "I feel bad 'cause I ain't got no money to give you, so I tell you what I aim to do. I got an ole hound dawg that I was fixin' to sell for ten dollars, but I'll let you have him for five."
 Thomas LaMance
 Modesto, CA

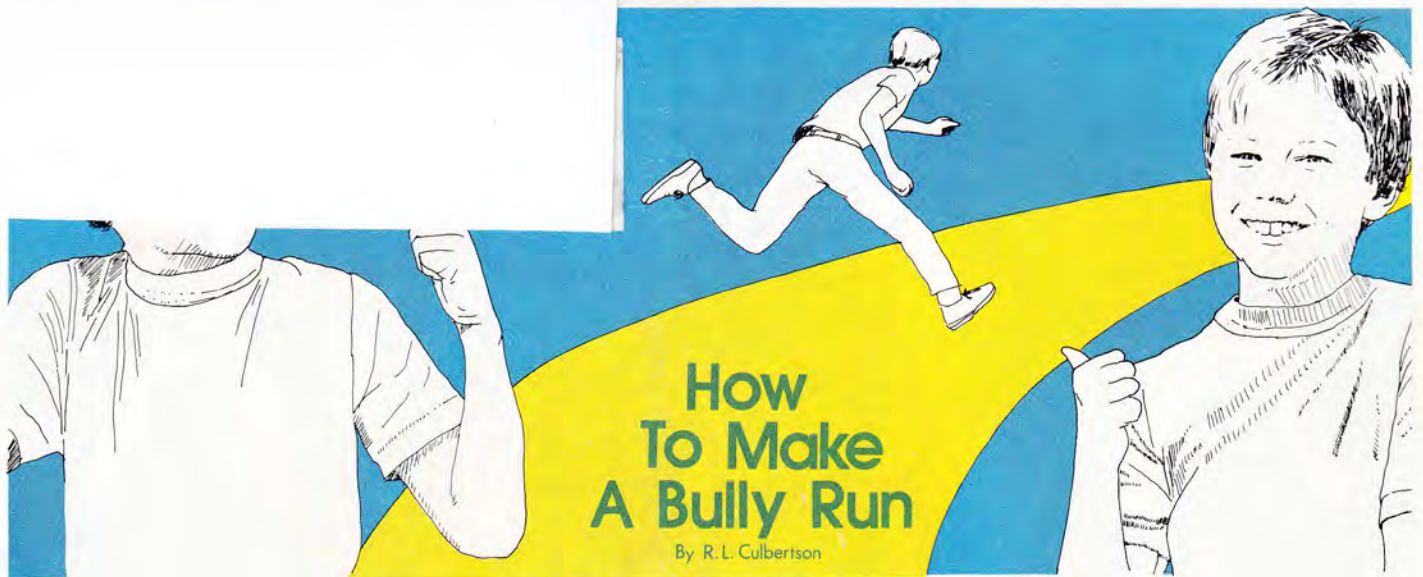
What did Snow White say when her pictures didn't come back from the photo service?
 Some day my prints will come.
 Mike Harrington
 Pensacola, FL

Patient: "I've got a pain in my left foot."
 Doctor: "It's just old age."
 Patient: "Why doesn't my right foot hurt too? I've had it just as long."
 Sandy Burns
 O'Fallon, MO

"Have you heard about the wooden wedding?"
 "I'll bite."
 "Two Poles got married."
 W. M. Harvey
 Canada

**LOST SHEEP CROSSWORD
 PUZZLE ANSWERS:**

Across: 3—So. 5—Lost. 6—Hundred. 9—Mere. 10—At. 11—He. 12—Alp. 14—Sir. 15—Perish.
 Down: 1—Father. 2—God. 3—Sheep. 4—Our. 5—Let. 7—Near. 8—Raps. 11—Hit. 13—Lid.



When I was about six years old, my parents moved into a new neighborhood. For the rest of the family this was a happy time, but for me it was a time of mixed emotions. I met new friends and explored new territory. That part I enjoyed. The trouble came from a bully who lived just around the corner. He was older than I, and almost twice my size. A real nasty character who enjoyed scaring all the little kids in the neighborhood.

One day while walking home from school, he suddenly jumped out in front of me. He nearly scared the daylight out of me! After planting both feet on the sidewalk he went through an elaborate ceremony of clenching and unclenching his fists. Then he said, "Get out of my way ya sissy, or I'll punch your lights out!" Needless to say, I ran across the street as fast as I could, and kept running until I got home.

For the next several weeks, I kept a lookout for the bully and always got out of his way before he had a chance to catch me. Then one day I was with a friend named Dick. I forgot about the bully until he suddenly jumped both of us. After going through his fist clenching ceremony, he snarled, "You kids get out of my way or I'll punch your lights out!"

Before I had a chance to say or do anything, Dick snarled right back at the bully. "Oh yeah? You lay one finger on me, and I'll tell my big brother and he'll beat you within an inch of your life!" This caught the bully by surprise. He unclenched his fist and didn't know what to say. Meanwhile Dick didn't wait for an answer. He simply started walking away, and I went with him.

From then on I never walked home by myself if I could help it. Sometimes I'd see the bully stalking us, but I knew he wouldn't bother with Dick around. How I envied Dick. Why, I wondered, was he so lucky to have two big brothers, while all I had was two older sisters. The bully called me a sissy, but I knew they were

even more afraid of him than I was.

Then one day it happened! Dick hadn't gone to school, and I was walking home all alone. The bully again jumped out from behind a tree and planted himself squarely across the sidewalk. "Okay ya sissy," he bellowed, "you've run away from me for the last time! This time I ain't warning ya, this time I'm punching your lights out for good!" Too frightened to run, I stood there frozen in my tracks watching the bully's knuckles turn from red to white.

Without thinking I blurted out, "You lay one finger on me and I'll tell my big brother and he'll beat you within one inch of your life!" Once again the bully hesitated, but only for a split second. Then he turned on me with an evil sneer, and scared me more than I'd ever been scared in my short life! You ain't got no big brother, ya sissy! All you got is two sisters and they're scared of me too!"

Undoubtedly the next few seconds were some of the most important in my life! As I stood there too scared to move, I suddenly remembered something my Sunday school teacher had told me. "Jesus is just like your friend or brother," she said, "He's always with you and wants to help you when you need Him. The Bible calls Him: 'A friend that sticketh closer than a brother' (Proverbs 18:24).

As I stood there looking at the bully, the knot in my stomach disappeared and my fear vanished. "A lot you know about it," I said, looking him straight in the eye. "I've got a brother bigger than Dick's and he's a lot stronger too!" Even as I spoke my feet started moving, propelling me toward the bully. He clenched his fist and acted like he wanted to punch me, but he stepped back out of my way!

As I said, those few seconds were very important to me. With each step I took, I gained more confidence. Then it dawned upon me, I really did have a big brother. Jesus didn't beat up the bully for me, but he gave me the courage to face

the bully myself. Suddenly I whirled around and blocked the sidewalk myself. "Don't you ever bother me again," I commanded him, "or I'll beat you up myself!"

I know some of you will think I accidentally stumbled into the right method of handling bullies. Like their namesakes, the bulldog, their bark is usually worse than their bite. Yet, for me, it was more than the courage to face the bully myself. From that day on, I never again felt lonely or envied the guys who had big brothers. Little by little I began to realize Jesus really was my friend. A friend that—sticks closer than a brother.

Then one Sunday my pastor took 1 Peter 5:8 for his sermon text. "Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." As he preached that day, my pastor taught me an even more important lesson.

As I recall, much of what he said went over my head, but I did understand one part. "Most of you have never faced a lion," he said, "but you do know what a bully is like. Well, Satan is just like a big bully! He goes about scaring people half to death. Then he pushes them around and forces them to do things they don't want to do."

After he told us Satan acted like a big bully, I thought to myself, so that's what the devil is like. Now I don't have to be afraid of him anymore either. Just then the pastor said, "And there's no reason for us to be afraid of Satan. God will help us to defeat him, and Jesus will always stay right beside us. That's what the Bible means when it says, 'Greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world' (John 4:4).

As my pastor continued his sermon, I began to feel real happy inside. My mind flashed back to the day when I faced the bully all alone. Yes, I thought, I really do have a big brother! His name is Jesus, and He's stronger than any bully. He's even stronger than the devil!