

HIGH ADVENTURE

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

FALL 1983

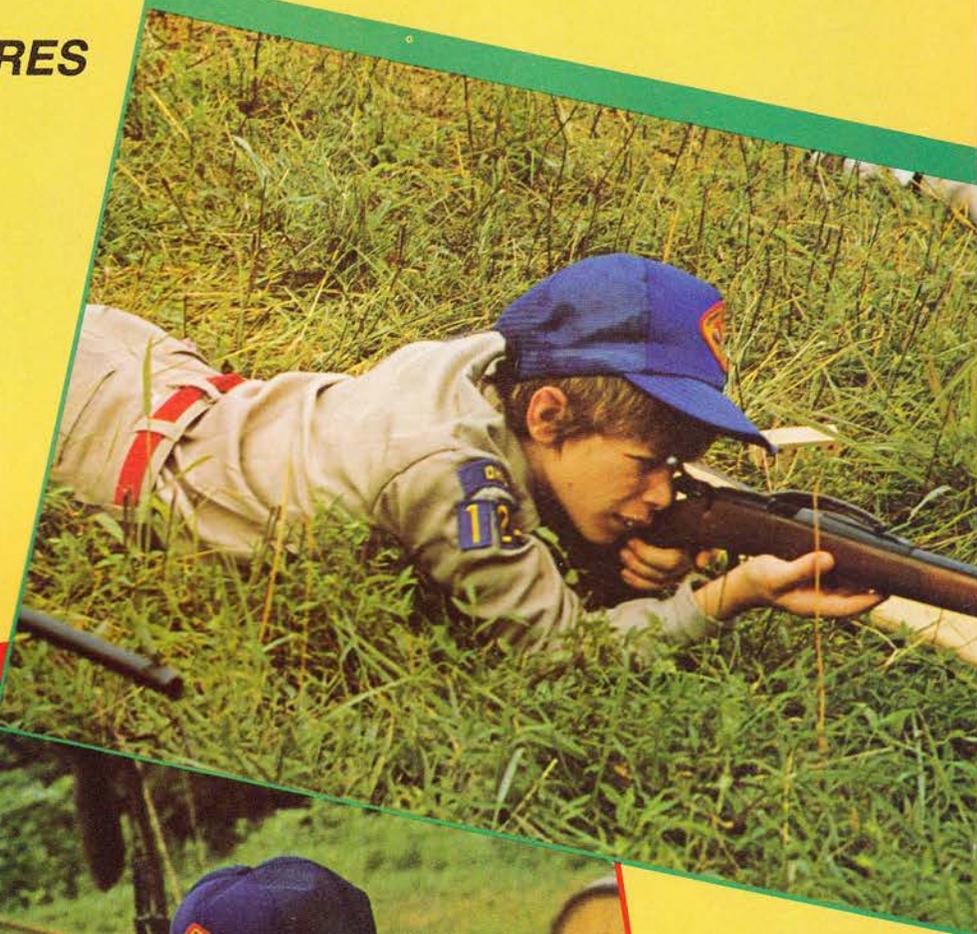
**RICH REWARDS IN
COLLECTING TREASURES**

**A LESSON FROM
THE COACH**

**MAKING FRUIT
LEATHERS**

**BIG FOOT/
LITTLE FOOT**

**WITH DUE THANKS
TO SQUANTO**



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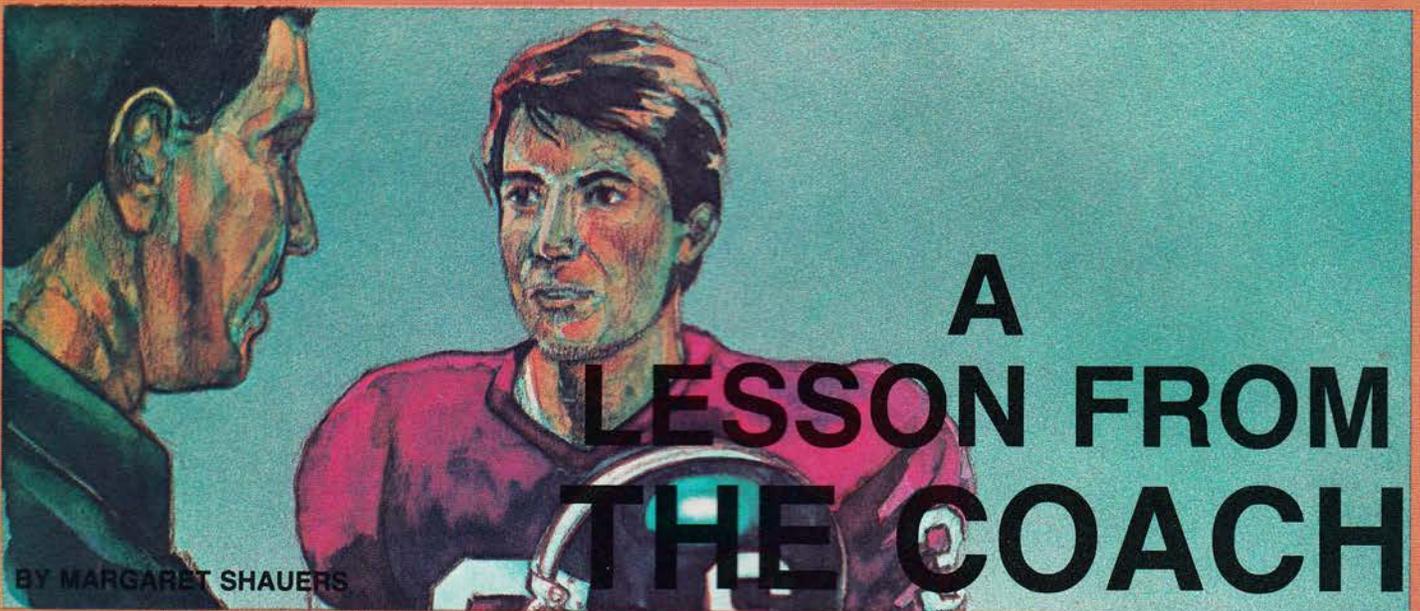
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BY MARGARET SHAUERS

A LESSON FROM THE COACH

He benched Ruggles! Yeah... that new coach... no joke! For two weeks! And we play Rathburn on Friday."

The shocked exclamations echoed through the halls around Tom Ruggles, as white faced and still-stunned, he made his way from class to class on Tuesday morning. He only half heard the comments—or the speculations about whether he'd been caught doping, boozing or out at an all-night party. He only half-heard what was going on in his classrooms either. And that, as Coach Blake had forcefully pointed out to him the night before after pulling him off

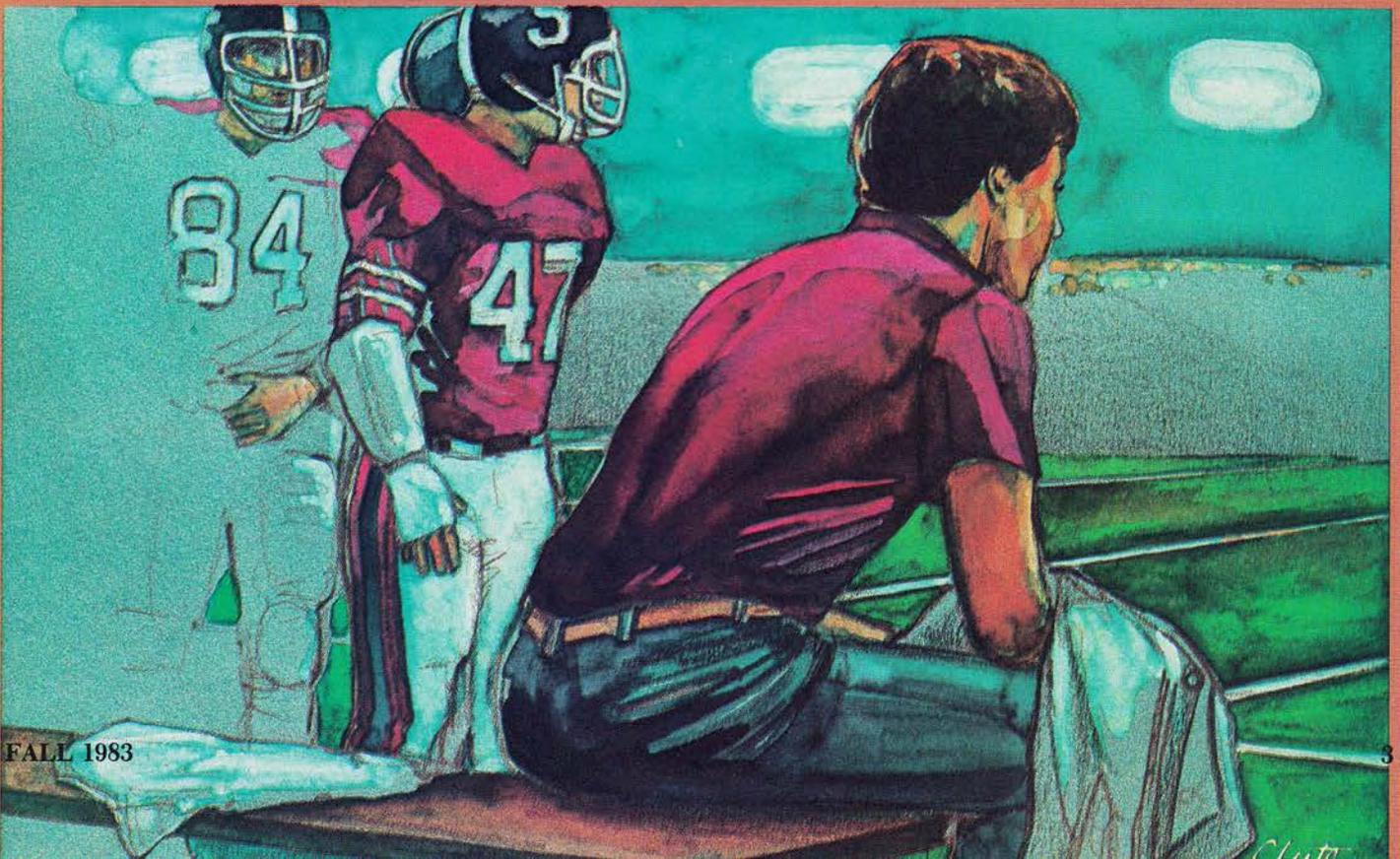
the field for a long lecture, wouldn't help his career as captain of the football team or as the best fullback Stanton High had had in a decade. "But a 'D,' coach," Tom had protested. "I can make it up. And... well, my English teacher is your wife. Surely if I promise to study harder, she'll let me make it up."

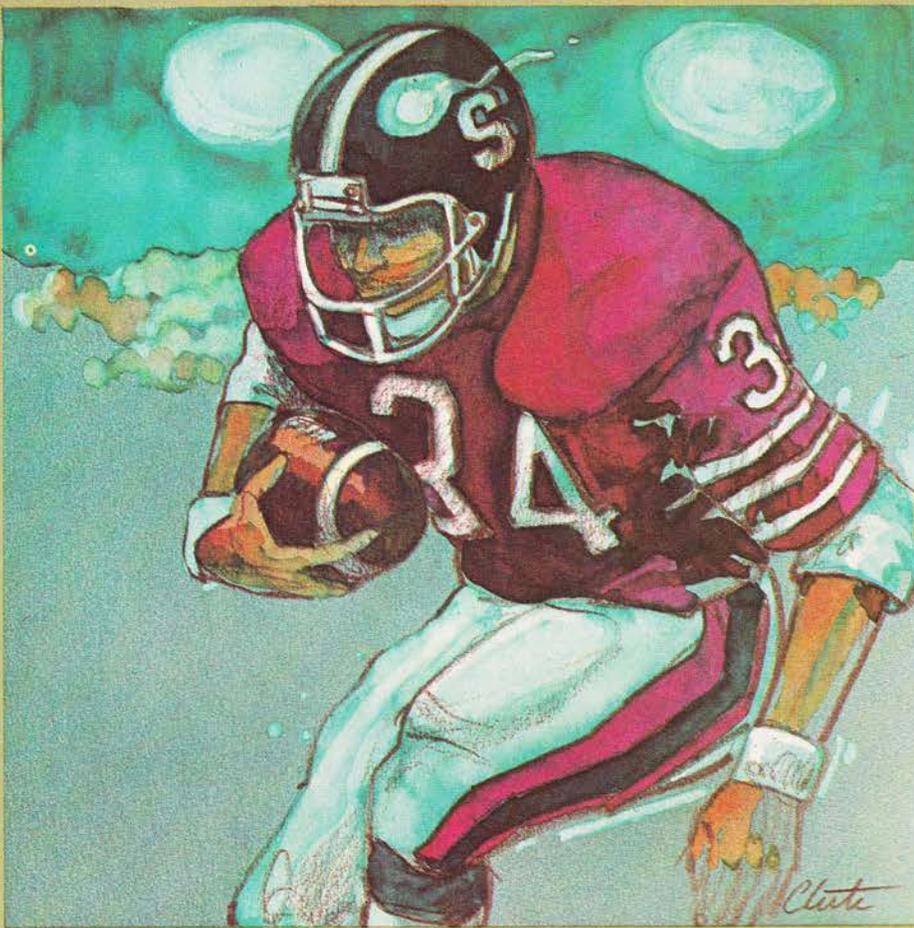
"Up the grade to a 'C,'" was what he'd started to say. It wasn't quite fair to the other students, maybe, but a lot of teachers helped out team members now and then. The gleam of the coach's eyes, though, warned Tom that neither he nor his wife, agreed.

But surely, a football coach would put the team first! Tom had shaken his head in bewilderment and Coach Blake sighed.

"Tom, you know I think football is important. Competitive team sports help young people grow, both mentally and physically. Through sports, they learn to work with others. They also gain self-discipline. That's where you fall down, son. Oh, you go through the tough workouts; you get up and play when you're muddy and sore and bruised from a hard tackle. I'm not saying that's easy. We both know it isn't. But it takes self-discipline to keep grades high, too. You knew that any grade below a 'C'

HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STAR, TOM RUGGLES, IS BENCHED. WILL HE MAKE THE GRADE?





“When he played again, it would be because he’d earned the grades and the right to be on the field.”

meant suspension from active play. And, Tom, my wife insists that you could get ‘B’s’ in English. So I’ll review your grades in two weeks. Until then, show up for practice, but you can’t play.”

After practice, the other team members had gathered in the locker room and began throwing out suggestions ranging from a team boycott of the important Rathburn game to organizing a student demonstration at the Friday afternoon sports rally. His best friend, Jack Sanders, simply thought he should get his parents to protest to the school board.

“You know how wild the school board is for a state winning team,” he’d reasoned. “Everyone says the last coach’s contract wasn’t renewed because he couldn’t get us past the play-offs. Tom! Your dad’s a lawyer. He argues cases in court. It will be easy for him to talk the board members into putting pressure on Coach Blake.”

The school was still buzzing with talk about him when Tom met Jack again in the lunch room.

“Well?” his friend demanded. “Your dad raise a stink about the coach?”

Tom groaned as he picked up his tray—loaded with food that, for once, he didn’t feel like eating.

“My dad,” he said in a low growl when they reached the table where the team always sat, “said that I got exactly what I deserved. He and my mom have been yammering at me for ages to study harder. I should have known they’d agree with the coach.”

“You’re kidding!” Jack gasped.

“My dad yammers at me because I can’t play as well as you do,” Herbie Smith, one of the tackles, sighed. “So . . . what’s next? We have to do something. Rathburn’s tough, but we *can* beat them with you on the team.”

There was a chorus of agreement from the other players. Then one said, “I still think a student demonstration at the rally is best. Everyone wants to beat Rathburn. And with the whole student body protesting, Coach Blake will have to back down.”

“I don’t know if that many would protest,” Tom said. He hesitated. “I keep thinking about it, but let’s face facts. A lot of kids must resent it when teachers change an athlete’s grade to keep him on a team.”

He sighed, shook his head. “I’d resent it,” he admitted.

“I guess that leaves a team boycott,” said Jack. “If we plan it right, I’m sure the coach will reconsider rather than show

Rathburn an empty field. We’ll meet tonight after practice, work out the details. Right, Tom?”

The idea of an actual refusal to play made Tom’s stomach feel queasy. But he honestly was needed to win that game. There really wasn’t anything else they could do. “Right,” he agreed, then rose from the table. “Time for English—again! On top of everything, Mom’s making me read my assignment out loud so she’ll know I study. That drippy *Julius Caesar*, yet! I can’t even pronounce half the words!”

Still, once in class, Jack found that his mother’s demand that he read to her had helped. For once, he actually had some idea of what Mrs. Blake was talking about. She mentioned a few facts about the Roman military system that were so interesting that he almost forgot how uncomfortable the thought of a boycott made him feel. And, to his surprise, he felt rather pleased when he alone knew the answer to one of her questions.

“I’m delighted to have you taking such an interest in the book, Tom,” Mrs. Blake said, stopping him before he could leave the room after class.

“I have to,” Tom blurted. “My mom’s making me read this stuff aloud!”

Amazingly, she laughed—and looked at least ten years younger and a lot less stern.

“I think you’ll like English once you get into the literature,” she said. Then she hesitated.

“Look, Tom,” she said at last. “I really am sorry you were benched. But you have such potential that I just won’t let you continue wasting it.” She sighed. “I always hate having football players in my classes. It’s hard on my husband when he has to suspend anyone. When it’s a player of your caliber, I know he must be tempted to try and get the grade changed.”

“I . . . don’t think so, ma’am,” Tom said slowly. “Coach Blake is too . . . honest for anything as shady as that.”

As he said the words, he suddenly meant them. The coach was honest, too honest to want a winning team if he had to cheat to get one.

Tom took a deep breath. “I’ll be back on the team in two weeks,” he promised. “And you won’t have to worry about having this football player in class again.”

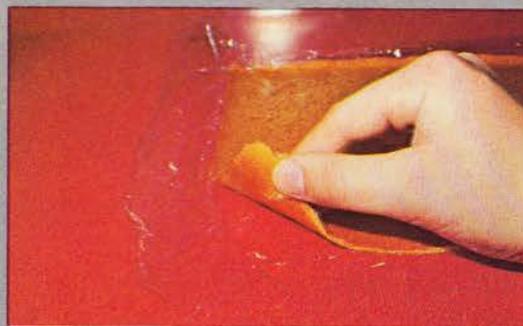
Then resolutely, he headed for his next hour. Most of the football team was in that home room. With the monitor’s permission, he was sure they could leave and hold a meeting in the cafeteria. It seemed urgent now that he stop all boycott plans; that as Captain of the team, he order his fellow members to get in that game against Rathburn and play their hardest to win—without him.

A smile broke on his face as he shouldered his way through the milling students in the hall. When he played again, it would be because he’d earned the grades and the right to be on the field. Like Coach Blake, he really didn’t want to win until he could win honestly.

They're a tasty and nutritious snack.

Making Fruit Leathers

By Ray Meloy



1. Cut your fruit into small chunks, and then put them in a blender or food processor.
2. Leave your fruit in the machine until you get a thick puree.
3. Pour your fruit puree into your plastic wrap or waxed-paper lined cookie sheet.
4. After 4-5 hours at 140° F. your fruit leathers should be done.
5. The fruit leather should peel away from the plastic wrap or waxed paper.
6. Roll your fruit leather up and twist shut the ends for easy handling and storage.

Fruit leathers are a tasty and nutritious snack that can be eaten around the home, on the road, and when on outdoor activities. Fruit leathers are fruit that's dried into sheets that are delicious. Anyone can make fruit leathers at home for a fraction of the cost of the store bought king.

Always select ripe or overripe fruit for your leathers. Remove pits and stones from

your fruit, although small seeds like those found in grapes and berries can be left in. According to your own tastes, you can remove the skins from the fruit. There are a lot of vitamins that can be had from the skins of fruit, and since the fruit is going to be ground up anyway, you might as well leave the skins on. Cut your fruit into small chunks, and put these chunks into a food processor or blender. Leave the fruit in the

machine until you get a thick puree. For some of the sour fruits, you may want to add a few tablespoons of sugar, and then blend it for a minute.

Line the bottom of a cookie sheet with plastic wrap or waxed paper. Pour your pureed fruit onto the cookie sheet making sure that the entire bottom of the sheet is covered with around ¼ of an inch of fruit
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puree.

In days gone by, fruit leathers were made by drying the fruit puree in the sun for a few days, but we'll get the same results using an oven for a few hours. Place the sheets of fruit puree on a rack that's well above the heating element in your oven. Set your oven at 140° F, and leave the oven door open 2-6 inches for proper air circulation. A thermometer placed in the oven will help you maintain that 140° temperature. The fruit puree should be thoroughly dried in 4-5 hours.

Properly dried fruit leathers should be slightly sticky to the touch, and it should easily peel away from the plastic wrap or waxed paper. It should take on the consistency of leather, thus the name, fruit leathers. Fruit leathers that are still a little

moist and sticky should be dried some more.

Fruit leathers can be eaten and stored

"Fruit leathers are an ideal food for backpackers and campers who don't want to carry a lot of weight and bulk around with them."

in many ways. Some prefer to remove the plastic wrap or waxed paper from the leather, and roll the whole sheet into a cylinder shape, and then cut off small rolls, or just eat it like a tootsie roll. Others leave

the leathers on the waxed paper or plastic wrap and just peel off strips and eat them. Any which way you decide to eat your fruit leathers, they should be wrapped in plastic wrap for storage. Fruit leathers will keep for up to 6 months at room temperature, and even longer when placed in a refrigerator or freezer.

Because fruit leathers are light and nutritious, they have found a home with campers and outdoor people. Their small size and lightweight make fruit leathers an ideal food for backpackers and campers who don't want to carry a lot of weight and bulk around with them.

Fruit leathers taste great anywhere, and because they are easy and inexpensive to make, anyone can have them for a year-round snack. ★

WATER EVERYWHERE

WATER

Here's a quiz about water, ordinary H₂O, in many shapes, forms, conditions, and locations. How well can you answer the following questions about the common item?

What is water called when it is:

1. in vapor form t m
2. a watering place in the desert a s
3. between high mountain sides o d
4. in the human system y h
5. within artificial banks c l
6. falling from a tremendous height c t r t
7. on the brain h d r c h l s
8. running over a series of edges c
9. cutting into the land i l t , y , or g l
10. coming from the ground at ground level p n
11. in solid form c
12. erupting from the earth in a column g s

ANSWERS:

1. steam
 2. oasis
 3. ford
 4. lymph
 5. canal
 6. cataract
 7. hydrocephalus
 8. cascade
 9. inlet, bay, or gulf
 10. spring
 11. ice
 12. geyser
- Reference: Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, 2nd Edition.

BY ALAN BROWN

"Randy's feet still hurt as he stood waiting for the school bus, but somehow the ache was less, knowing that he'd never be called 'BIG FOOT/LITTLE FOOT' again."

"What was that in the ditch? It looked like . . . it was, the school bus!"

BIG FOOT LITTLE FOOT

BY HUGH E. HERRINGTON



"Suddenly the front end of the bus rose in the air, the tires losing their hold in the mud, and the current caught the rear of the bus."

His feet hurt! His toes were balled up in the too tight shoes so badly, the toenails were against the inner soles.

That's not what caused the tears to brim in his eyes as he rode to school though, it was what his school mates might have to say. The other kids could be cruel at times, yelling such hurtful things as: "Hey, Little Foot, we haven't seen Big Foot lately, when's he coming back?" referring to the times he got new shoes, usually two sizes too big so he could grow into them.

Randy guided John, his Dad's old gelding mule, around a deadfall and back into the path. That was another thing they kidded him about—"John." He was the only kid who still rode a mule or horse to school. Everybody else rode the bus, or their parents brought them to school in the family car. His family didn't own a car; and they lived on a side road the county didn't keep up, so Mr. McNally, the bus driver, said he couldn't pick him up.

He pulled the piece of canvas, his mother had cut a hole in to make a poncho, over his knees. This was the worst rain he could remember, and it would be blowing when he got in the open on the main road. About that time, John started down the bank at the edge of the road, placing his big hooves carefully to keep from slipping.

Water running off the poncho, and mud splashed up from the deepening rivulets in the road by John's plodding hooves, wet

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"Randy shouted to John, and the big mule straightened his back, threw his massive body forward, and dug his iron shod hooves into the mud. His work hardened muscles strained to hold the bus load of screaming kids."

Randy's shoes, adding that discomfort to pain. John walked onto the wooden bridge over Brier Creek, and Randy watched the water swirling as it hit the support timbers and bounced back. If it continued to rain, the water would be over the bridge shortly.

What was that in the ditch? It looked like . . . it was, the school bus! It had skidded off the slick road into the deep ditch draining to the creek, its rear end hanging over the swollen creek. Randy reined John closer and could see the driver and all the kids crowded into the front of the bus.

Mr. McNally rolled a window down and shouted to him, "Randy! You must get a wrecker here before the water gets much higher. None of us can climb out of the bus, because it would lighten the front end and the current would pull the bus with the rest of the kids into Brier Creek. It must be pulled away from the water."

He urged John into a gallop, fourteen hundred pounds of power when pulling a

plow or wagon, John was awkward when trying to run. His huge body lifted in a lunge at each lope, almost as though he was jumping hurdles, one after the other. His churning hooves no longer threw the red mud from the road just to Randy's feet, by the time they had covered the quarter mile to Rabbit Creek, mud was dripping from the poncho fanning out in the wind behind him.

Rabbit Creek bridge was washed out! There was no way a wrecker could reach the bus, even if he could find a way to ford the creek. He reined John back toward home, his Dad would know how to save the kids, he must!

Randy didn't slow down when he passed the bus, only waving. They would wonder why he was going away from town, but every minute wasted increased the danger of the creek water engulfing them. John was breathing heavily when he reached their farm. Randy didn't dismount, but rode

right into the barn where his father was shelling corn.

Randy's father didn't waste time, while Randy was explaining, he put harness on John, and a matched pair of draft horses he used on the farm. It was only a short time before they were back at Brier Creek. The water was already over the bridge, but the bus was still balanced on the bank. The current was beginning to make it move, though, its front end swinging slightly, they must hurry.

Randy's father waded into the ditch, water coming to his chest, to tie the rope and chain to the front of the bus. He then attached these to the trace chains on John and the horses. With Randy still riding John, and his dad walking beside the horses, they started forward. The horses were the first to pull on the bus, being behind John and having less slack in their tow rope.

Suddenly, the front end of the bus rose in the air, the tires losing their hold in the mud, and the current caught the rear of the bus. The horses were almost dragged to their knees, and the force of the water threatened to drag the bus into the creek. Randy shouted to John and the big mule straightened his back, threw his massive body forward, and dug his iron shod hooves into the mud. His work hardened muscles strained to hold the bus load of screaming kids.

Randy urged the old mule on, trying to will even more strength into the treelike legs. The tow rope vibrated under the strain, but the bus stopped its backward slide. Then the draft horses recovered their balance and added their strength and weight to John's. Slowly the bus started to move again, only this time it moved forward, and minutes later it was sitting on solid ground.

Randy's mother fed the kids hot soup and chocolate, after their parents had been called and they waited for the rain to stop. It was morning before it did, the kids taking advantage of the night out—turning it into a slumber party, with popcorn and still more chocolate. When morning came, they all wanted to ride and pet John.

He was promised enough apples to give him a stomachache.

The parade of cars coming to pick the kids up was preceded by a road-grader from the county. One of the county commissioners arrived with the parents and told Randy's father the county would grade the road into their farm so the school bus could pick Randy up from now on. He also expressed his and the other parents' gratitude for he and Randy saving the lives of their children.

. . . Randy's feet still hurt as he stood waiting for the school bus, but somehow the ache was less, now that all the kids wanted to be friends. The kids cheered when the bus arrived at the farm for the first time yesterday, and they all jumped off the bus to run and pet John, each one with an apple. Randy knew then, he would never again be called "Big Foot/Little Foot." ★



BY NAYDA RONDON

RICH REWARDS IN COLLECTING TREASURE

Starting a collection is easier than you may think.

The expression, "One man's junk is another man's treasure," was never more true than in the area of collecting. You may be fascinated by different types of rocks while your best friend is an avid baseball card collector. That's one of the many fun things about collecting. It reflects your personality and allows you to concentrate on what you're interested in. Your "treasure" may differ from your friend's but you'll both reap the same rewards—hours of enjoyment and satisfaction, pride in your collection and valuable knowledge you can share with others.

Starting a collection is easier than you think. The first step is to decide just what it is you want to collect. When doing so, be sure to ask yourself, "What am I *really* interested in?" Don't collect stamps just because your best friends at school are doing it. If you would rather be collecting eraser tops, do it! Don't worry that others may think it strange or that no one else around you is doing it. Chances are that somebody somewhere shares your interest. You are not alone, but even if you were, it doesn't really matter. After all, you might even start something new and find yourself leading the way as others start collecting eraser tops too! The essential thing is to derive satisfaction and pleasure from your hobby.

After you have made up your mind as to what you'd like to collect, start gathering information about it. Where can I find it? What materials if any, will I need to set up my collection? How much space will I need to display it? How much will it cost? Can I afford it? If you cannot answer questions

like these to your satisfaction, you may want to reevaluate your choice and pick something else. For example, if you have limited space to work with, collecting large or bulky items may not be the best idea; if money is a consideration, collecting costly antiques would be out of the question.

"Collecting opens up a whole new world. You can make the past come alive—for yourself and your friends."

As a beginner collector it is best to start off with something that you can obtain free or at relatively low prices. This will not lessen the value of your collection's personal value because of the effort and ingenuity you may have to put into finding pieces for it. Just think of the satisfaction you'll feel when, after searching the woods all day, you find a prize specimen of the leaf you needed for your collection, or maybe you came up with a novel way of displaying your hat collection. Small triumphs like these will make your personal treasure trove rich in proud memories and self-satisfaction. Soon your collection will seem priceless to you, and you won't want to part with it for anything.

Acquire pieces for your collection with care. Avoid falling into the trap of quantity instead of quality. It is better to have two or three perfect pieces or specimens than 50 inferior or damaged ones. Every time

you acquire a new "treasure" try to gather background information on it such as history, origin, uses, etc. This detective work can prove to be just as much fun as collecting itself.

Share what you've learned with friends. Chances are they'll be more than interested to know that what they thought was just an old tarnished button you found in a junk shop was actually once a part of a British soldier's uniform during the Revolutionary War. Your friends will not only be impressed by your skill and determination in piecing together facts as to how it could have found its way there, but by your knowledge of battles fought in your area, also unearthed during your search.

Collecting opens up a whole new world. You can make the past come alive—for yourself and your friends—and add new zest and drama to stale history lessons. Science and biology can take on an added interest if you like collecting minerals and insects. Anything and everything can take on a fun, lively aspect when seen from a collector's point of view.

The more you know, the more interesting and exciting it will be to continue your collection. That's why it's a good idea to learn as much as you can—not only about the specific objects in your collection but about the general field as well. Being knowledgeable about your collection pieces also makes it easier to make good deals when you are swapping or selling them.

There are several ways to gain information on your particular field. Visit local

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It's all up to you.
You can make your
collection anything
you want it to be.

museums, hobby shops, the collections of more experienced collectors. Familiarize yourself with the best by examining and studying perfect or near-perfect pieces or specimens. This is the only way you can truly form the good taste and judgment needed to build your own first rate collection.

No matter what you collect, there is almost sure to be some source in your area that can help you. It can be a fellow collector or a museum with exhibits pertinent to your field. If there isn't, you can write away to museums or collectors' associations and ask for any booklets, pamphlets, or other information sources they may have dealing with your subject.

Books are another good source of information. Go to your library or book store and see what they have available. Collectors' clubs are another option. If there aren't any in your area, start one yourself. A notice on the library school bulletin board or a small ad in the local paper can be your starting point. A club is not only a great way to learn and swap, but also a good opportunity to make new friends who share your interest.

Whether doing it on your own or with friends, you should develop a system for keeping records of what you learn and their sources. Collect notes, sketches, and photos by making special friends, you should develop a system for keeping records of what you learn and their sources. Collect notes, sketches, and photos by making special notebooks with dividers in which you can paste clippings, postcards,

your observations and whatever else you'd like to add to your information notebook.

Catalogue your collection. Use card indexes or a loose-leaf notebook. Type or print clearly the following information: (1) number of piece; (2) description and distinguishing marks; (3) place and date when acquired; (4) price paid or swap made, if any; (5) value (write this in pencil as it may change with time); (6) history (this can include where it was used, by whom, its purpose, environment, etc.); (7) personal remarks.

After you've built up a good collection and catalogued it, you'll want to display it for everyone to admire. Before doing so take a look around and see how other people have displayed their collections. Note how pieces were arranged; where they were displayed; how important pieces were highlighted; how they were labeled, etc. Be guided by what you see but don't be afraid to try new ideas. Remember, this is your collection. Let it reflect your personality.

It's all up to you. You can make your collection anything you want it to be. With interest, enthusiasm, and some hard work, you can turn a pleasant pastime into a challenging and rewarding source of bounty.

Happy hunting! ★

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE IF YOU REACHED YOUR GOAL?

In a little country community a farmer had a dog who spent part of his time sitting by the side of a main-traveled highway waiting for big trucks. When the dog saw a large truck come around the corner, he would get ready and as it passed him he would take out after it down the road, bark-

BY Herbert Prochnow

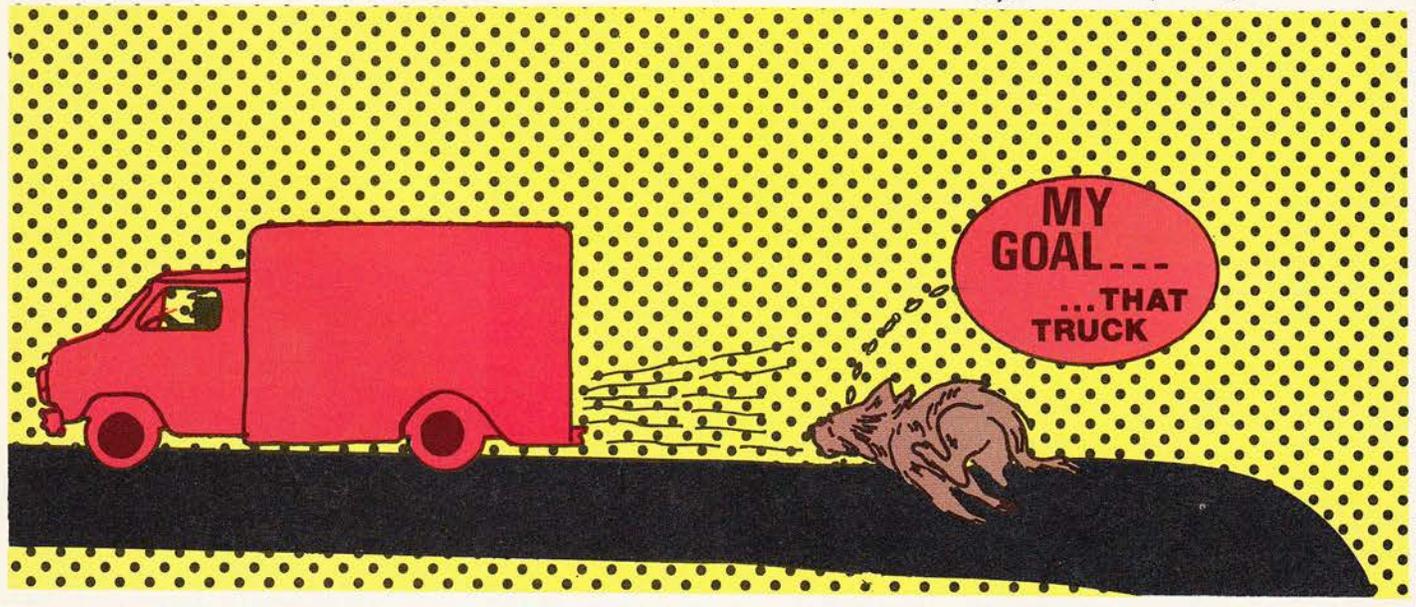
ing and doing his best to overtake it.

One day the farmer's neighbor said, "Sam, do you think that hound of yours is ever going to catch a truck?"

"Well, Bill," Sam replied, "That isn't what

worries me. What worries me is what he would do if he caught one!"

Many of us in life are like that hound. We give our lives pursuing goals that have little value even if we reach them. Sometimes it pays to stop and ask whether we have objectives worth pursuing. ★



With Due Thanks to Squanto

By Lucille Goodyear

And in the autumn an abundant harvest was reaped, and our 51 survivors in EXCELLENT HEALTH a celebration was held. . . .

As our history books tell us, in 1621, after a most bountiful harvest, Governor William Bradford, leader of the Pilgrim settlers; proclaimed that the colony set aside its labors and give thanks.

There was much to celebrate, but the road leading up to this great "first thanksgiving" had not been an easy one. After their arrival in Plymouth during that cold December of 1620, the lack of provisions, the cold and disease had taken their toll—with half of the 101 Pilgrims dead. The future looked bleak for the surviving 51 and they probably would have also perished, had it not been for their fortunate encounter with the Wampanoag Indians.

Following their meeting with the Indians, the Pilgrims were assured that they could settle in the area, free from harm. A pact was signed with the chief, Massasoit—marking the beginning of friendly relations between the settlers and the Indians, one that was to last for years to come.

True to Massasoit's promise, the Indians were peaceful, friendly, and most helpful. One Pilgrim recorded the following: *There is now great peace among the Indians themselves, and we, for our part, walk as peaceably in the woods as in the highways of England. We entertain them in our homes, and they, as friendly, bestow their venison on us.*



The Indians in colonial America were peaceful, friendly, and helpful.

And, there was one Indian, in particular, who was to be most instrumental in changing the future of the Pilgrims. Tisquantim, whom the settlers came to call *Squanto*—because he was their guide, teacher, interpreter, as well as dear friend.

When still a young brave Squanto had been captured by an English exploring party and taken to England as a "curiosity." There is little information concerning the nine years he spent in this manner but it is known that he was returned to his native shores in 1614 with Captain John Smith. His freedom was short-lived, for he was again captured, to be sold as a slave in Spain. Luckily for him, he was bought by a kindly group of friars who treated him kindly and con-

verted him to Christianity. He was finally able to escape and made his way back to England, where he was sent back to America with Captain Thomas Derner. He landed at Plymouth about six months before the Pilgrims came to those shores.

In his time away from his homeland he had been able to learn English, and it was this ability that made him particularly helpful to the Pilgrims as it enabled him to better explain the means of survival in the rugged terrain they had chosen for their settlement. Knowing the Indian customs as he did, he was also able to give the settlers a better understanding of their new friends and thus avoid harmful mistakes. Realizing that the settlers would need provisions against the next winter, he showed them how and where to plant their crops, of which corn was to become the most important.

Contrary to many reports, the Indians were not merely nomadic tribes. They were, in truth, excellent farmers. Faithfully tilling the soil, they obtained a great amount of life-giving food from it. Their farming methods and implements were very primitive, but they farmed and they farmed well.

Recorded accounts of the Indian method of planting corn seed gave the following suggestions: *Plant five kernels in one place, then heap up a quantity of earth with shells or fish—then three feet distant, plant as much more in succession. With this corn, plant three or four bean seeds. When the beans grow up, they interlace with the*

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Under Squanto's guidance, the Pilgrims were transformed from a desperate struggling band of people to a thriving and happy community.

corn—and they keep the ground free of weeds.

Corn was an important crop to all the Indian tribes of North, Central, and South America. The Indians were able to grow just about every type of corn known at that time, including popcorn. Not only did they know how to grow it, but they also knew various ways of utilizing it in their cookery—hominy, succotash, mush, cornbread, corncakes, tortillas, etc. This know-how they passed on to the settlers.

The Pilgrims could not have found better teachers when it came to the growing of corn, as well as other crops that were strange and unknown to them—such as squash, wild cucumber, and pompion (later to be called pumpkin). They also learned how to manufacture and use sugar and syrup from the sap of maple trees; where good wild berries and fruits could be found and how they could be used; herbs of the forest and meadow were pointed out by the Indians, and these were used in medicinal potions, as well as for flavoring. The women learned to cook many new food combinations, including baked beans, planked shad, roasted clams and pemican, to name a few.

Squanto was also instrumental in introducing the settlers to other Indian settlements along the rugged coastline and how to develop trade with them. During these scouting trips along the coast, the settlers

were also shown the best clam beds, and where and when the best fishing was to be had. They were taught how to fish and how to trap wild game, as well as how to preserve and cook their finds.

That spring and summer under Squanto's tutelage was one of great exploration and discovery for the Pilgrims. From a desperate struggling band of people, they were transformed into a thriving and happy community. Despair of the future was changed into a confident hope for what was to come. Squanto had shown them many valuable things that would ensure their well-being during the next winter and for years to come.

Governor Bradford recorded the following information: *Indian summer came in a blaze of glory, and it was time to bring in the crops. Our 20 acres of corn, thanks to Squanto, have done well. For fish and fowl, we have great abundance. Fresh cod in the summer. Our bay is full of lobsters and affordeth variety of other fish. . . . All the springtime the earth sendeth forth very good sallet herbs, strawberries, gooseberries, plums of three sorts.*

With their life taking such a drastic change for the better, it was no wonder that the hearts and souls of the Pilgrims were filled with thanks as they looked upon the bounty of their first successful harvest. God had, indeed, cast His blessings upon them.

But, being stern, harshly disciplined peo-

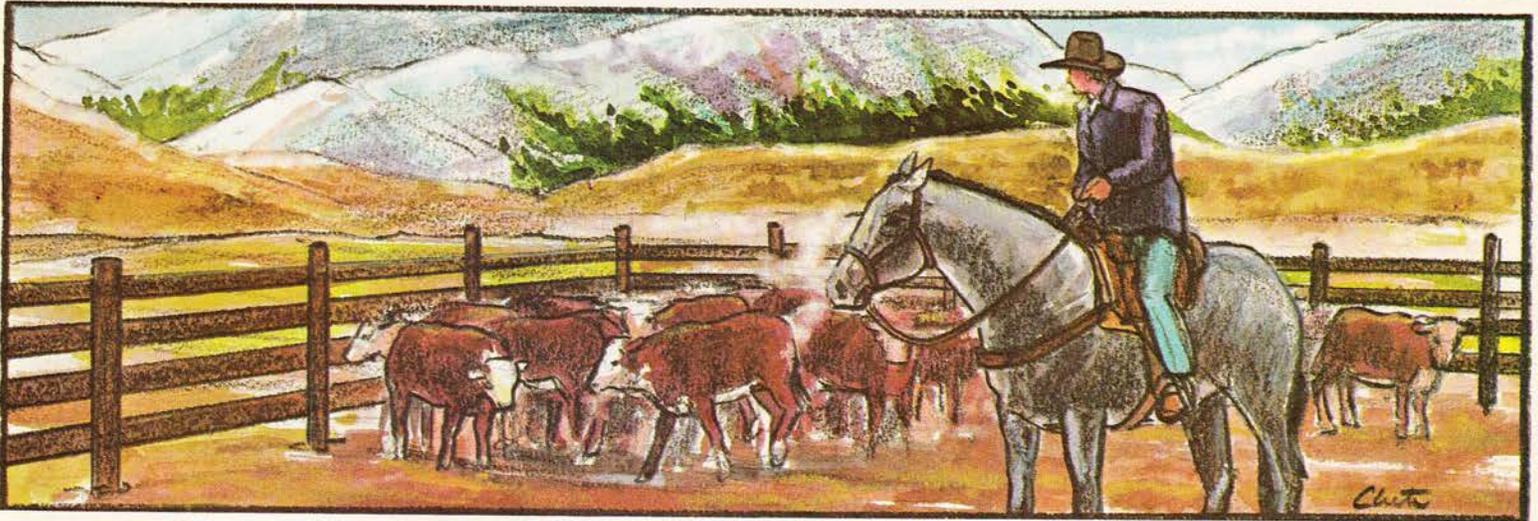
ple, they had frowned on all gay holiday observances (particularly Christmas) as merely nothing more than pagan corruptions of Christianity. Therefore, as grateful as they were, and as happy as they were—they still wondered if this was a time to be celebrated in gaiety.

Some historians are inclined to believe that they were able to overcome their reserve in this matter through a bit of encouragement from Squanto. The Wampanoag tribe, like many other Indian tribes, had traditionally celebrated the harvest with a long feasting period. Thus, it may have been Squanto's suggestion that the settlers celebrate—in the spirit of thankfulness. One and all, they realized that had it not been for his knowledge and help, there would not have been the successful crops, and without the needed crops, there would have been nothing to be thankful for.

However, it was brought about, Governor Bradford decreed that the colony would lay aside its work and give thanks in a festive manner. The women who prepared and served the initial "thanksgiving" feast were only five in number, all that remained of the 18 adult women who had arrived at Plymouth the previous year. With the help of about a dozen young girls who had also survived, the stouthearted women managed to serve what turned out to be history's most famous banquet. With thanks to God, and due thanks to Squanto! ★

The Wild Calf

By Robert Ward



The West is cattle country. In the blizzard belt cattle cannot survive without special care. This means doctoring in the summer and feeding hay in the winter. Most hay is piled in huge stacks in the hay fields. In the high mountains snow kept us out of the fields. We stored hay in a shed in the barnyard.

Since I could remember, I wanted to have a cow herd of my own. I wanted good stock—Herefords with rich red coats and clean white faces. These were builders of the beef industry in the western range lands—big, gentle cattle able to stand the rigors of long winters—with a little help, of course.

When the opportunity came I bought two registered brood cows. We brought them home and put them in a small pasture. The next morning I went out to look at my purchases. One cow ambled over to where I was. She gave me a friendly greeting by swabbing my sleeve with her long raspy tongue. The other cow ran to the far corner of the pasture. When I walked in her direction she crashed through the fence and stampeded across the sagebrush hill. Instead of being gentle, the potential mother of my herd was as wild as a Texas Longhorn in open range days. The only way she could be handled was from horse-

back, and even then she tip-toed around like she was walking on eggs.

My plans for being in the cattle business had dreams of me standing at the edge of a meadow filled with contented cows. Instead I was only catching glimpses of half my cow herd as she ran through the tall timber—as hard to handle as a bar of soft soap in the shower stall. And to complicate life the wild cow gave birth to a beautiful female calf—great foundation stock except she was as wild as her mother. But, come to think of it, I was a little wild myself—especially when it came to relating to God. I liked the wide open spaces and didn't want to be owned by anyone.

In late fall, we worked the skiddish cattle in with the civilized ones and managed to get them into the corral. It was weaning time. The five-hundred pound calves would be separated from their mothers. They were big enough to be on their own, and their mother's next calf would not have an older brother or sister sharing their necessary supply of mother's milk.

Snow had covered the summer range. Even the spring, where the cattle watered in summer, was buried under six-foot snow drifts. The water trickled out in a small stream fifty yards away.

For a week the calves were kept penned.

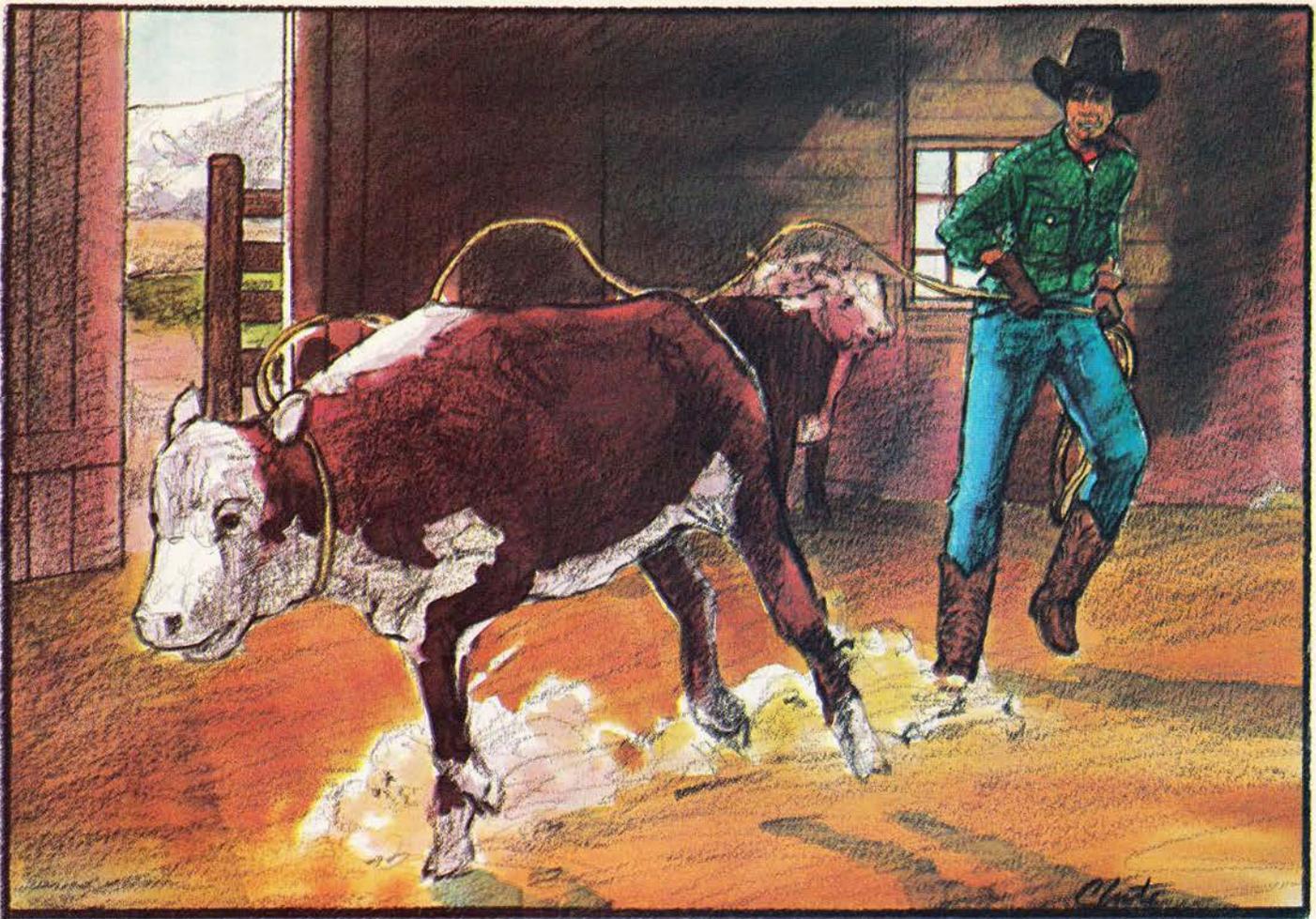
All, except one, eagerly waited for the hay I brought each day. That one, carrying my brand, kept on the far side of the pole corral, not looking for anything except a way to escape. The day the pen was opened the wild calf ran to the far side of the field. She walked the fence wanting to get back to the summer range. In a way I didn't blame her. I had spent four winters forty miles away in town. I had to board there—that's where the high school was. I knew what it was to want to get back to the summer range. I knew what it was to run free—be my own boss—do my own thing—or at least I thought I knew.

Winter came. Snow kept the livestock near the barnyard. We added a grain supplement to the ration of hay. The wild one would quit the bunch until I left. She didn't know that she needed to belong to a herd and that she needed the care of the owner. Rebels and loners in our mountain wilderness could not survive the winter.

Where we lived, even the deer moved to the lower valleys. But this unmanageable calf wanted to escape to the higher mountains!

The question came, how could I tame a wild calf? The answer was obvious. I had to change fear into trust and hatred into

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"I lassoed the wild calf. The rope tightened around her neck as she flung herself to the floor. For an instant I thought of my own freedom and how I'd not wanted to be tied by God or man."

affection. But in order to do this I had to rope the wild calf.

A blizzard struck. The coming yearlings were huddled together. I left the barndoor open and they went inside for shelter. It was then that I lassoed the wild calf. She pitched and fought when the rope tightened around her neck. She stood on her hind legs and flung herself to the floor. For an instant I thought of my own freedom and how I'd not wanted to be tied by God or man. I could have let her go, but she would have been wilder than ever. I put a halter on her head and tied the lead rope. She stood trembling with fright. When I touched her she bawled with freedom. But a wild calf isn't helped with freedom, and maybe I was the same way.

The next three days I spent my spare time with the heifer. I talked to her gently. "I know what it is to be frightened," I said. "That's why most things are wild, they just don't understand." I massaged the tense muscles on her shoulders until mine ached. "You've got to belong." I could have been speaking to myself. "You've got someone you can trust."

I carried water to her in a bucket. The first day she would not touch it until I moved away. I offered her ground grain but she would have nothing to do with it until I forced a handful into her mouth. She had to taste it as she attempted to spit it out. By the second day she timidly ate choice morsels out of my hand and drank water while I stood beside her.

The third morning I took the halter off her white face and allowed her to go free. She ran into the meadow. She did not stop with the other coming yearlings, but disappeared into the trees behind the hayshed.

At five o'clock the calves had gathered for their evening meal, but the timid one was still missing. I walked through the snowy woods. Perhaps she had walked across the pasture fence where the snow had drifted it under.

Tracks led toward the watering place near the buried spring. Footprints showed on the hard snowdrift that covered the spring itself. That was where I found the heifer. The warmth of the spring had melted the snow from the underside leaving only a shallow canopy over the ice cave below.

The calf had broken through the crust and was buried in the cavern by the spring.

I hurried to the barn for a shovel and a halter. Then I started operation rescue. "Don't be a dumb-bell," I said as I carved steps to the bottom of the pit. "You don't have to run away any more."

She trembled from the cold and made an unsuccessful attempt to climb out of the cave. Had I not found her, by morning she might have frozen to death. "See what happens to wild calves," I said. And I knew it happened to people too. "Come on, try again."

She tested the snow with one foot and then another. As I tugged on the rope she climbed to the top of the snow. I led her to the shed and removed the halter.

After I filled the mangers with hay I climbed out of the hayshed. The calves jostled one another for the choicest bits of hay. All were crowded up to the manger—except one. Her white face brushed against my arm and her long, rough tongue reached out to caress me. And I understood, for I was once a wild calf. ★

THIS ISSUE'S
FUNNIEST JOKES

Jim: "Did you hear about the boy with the gleam in his eye?"

Bob: "No."

Jim: "His toothbrush slipped."

Mary Harrington
Pensacola, FL

Robber: "Here take this money."

Poor Man: "Why?"

Robber: "Because I steal from the rich and give to the poor."

Poor Man: "Yippee! I'm rich!"

Robber: "OK. Stick'em up."

Mary Harrington
Pensacola, FL



COMEDY
CORNER



Farmer: "If you can guess how many chickens I have, I'll give you both of them."
Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Sam: "What did the space scientist find in his frying pan?"
Dan: "I don't know. What?"
Sam: "Unidentified frying objects."
Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Plumber: "I'm sorry I'm late, but just couldn't get here sooner."
Householder: "Well, time hasn't been wasted. While we were waiting for you, I taught my wife how to swim."
Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Question: Why is it risky to buy a cactus?
Answer: You could get stuck with it.
M. M. Savoie
Houston, TX



What is the kindest animal in the forest?
The skunk. It'll give it's last scent to it's worst enemy.
M. M. Savoie
Houston, TX

Question: "What is pigskin used for most?"
Answer: "To hold pigs together."
Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

There was a robbery in my back yard.
What happened?
Two clothespins held up a pair of pants.
Mary Harrington
Pensacola, FL

Rob: "My brother made a 92-yard run in the football game against the Cougars."
Bob: "He must be a really good player, huh?"
Rob: "Well, not really, He didn't catch the guy he was chasing."
Warren Bebout
Atascadero, CA

THE PRAYING HANDS

BY FRANCES MATRANGA

Almost everyone has seen a reproduction of the famous "Praying Hands." But do you know the story of love and sacrificial friendship behind this masterpiece of art?

Around 1490, two young friends, Albrecht Durer and Franz Knigstein, were struggling artists in Germany. They were poor and had to work to support themselves while they studied art. Earning a living, however, took so much time that creative advancement was slow.

The two young men discussed the matter and came to a decision. They would draw lots and one of them would work to support them both while the other studied art.

Albrecht won. He devoted all his time to his studies, while Franz worked at hard labor to earn a living for the two of them. They agreed that when Albrecht became successful he would support Franz who would then have his chance to study art. Albrecht went off to the cities of Europe to study and, sure enough, his talent was such that it brought him success. He then

rejoined Franz to keep his end of the bargain.

Alas! his friend had paid a high price to help him achieve his dream. Franz had supported him by working at hard manual labor and it had ruined his hands. His sensitive fingers had become stiff and coarse and could no longer execute delicate brush strokes. Never would he become the artist he had dreamed of being. Yet he was not embittered, but rather rejoiced in his friend's accomplishments.

One day Albrecht came upon Franz unexpectedly; he was kneeling in prayer with his hands folded. Quickly, Albrecht sketched the prayer hands of his faithful friend and later completed the great masterpiece known as "The Praying Hands."

Today, many art galleries feature the works of Albrecht Durer, the great German Renaissance artist. His masterpieces include religious paintings, engravings, and woodcut designs—but of them all, his "Praying Hands" is the most famous. It touches the heart and reminds us to whom we must look for comfort, courage, and guidance. ★

You've seen the painting.
Here's the story behind it!

