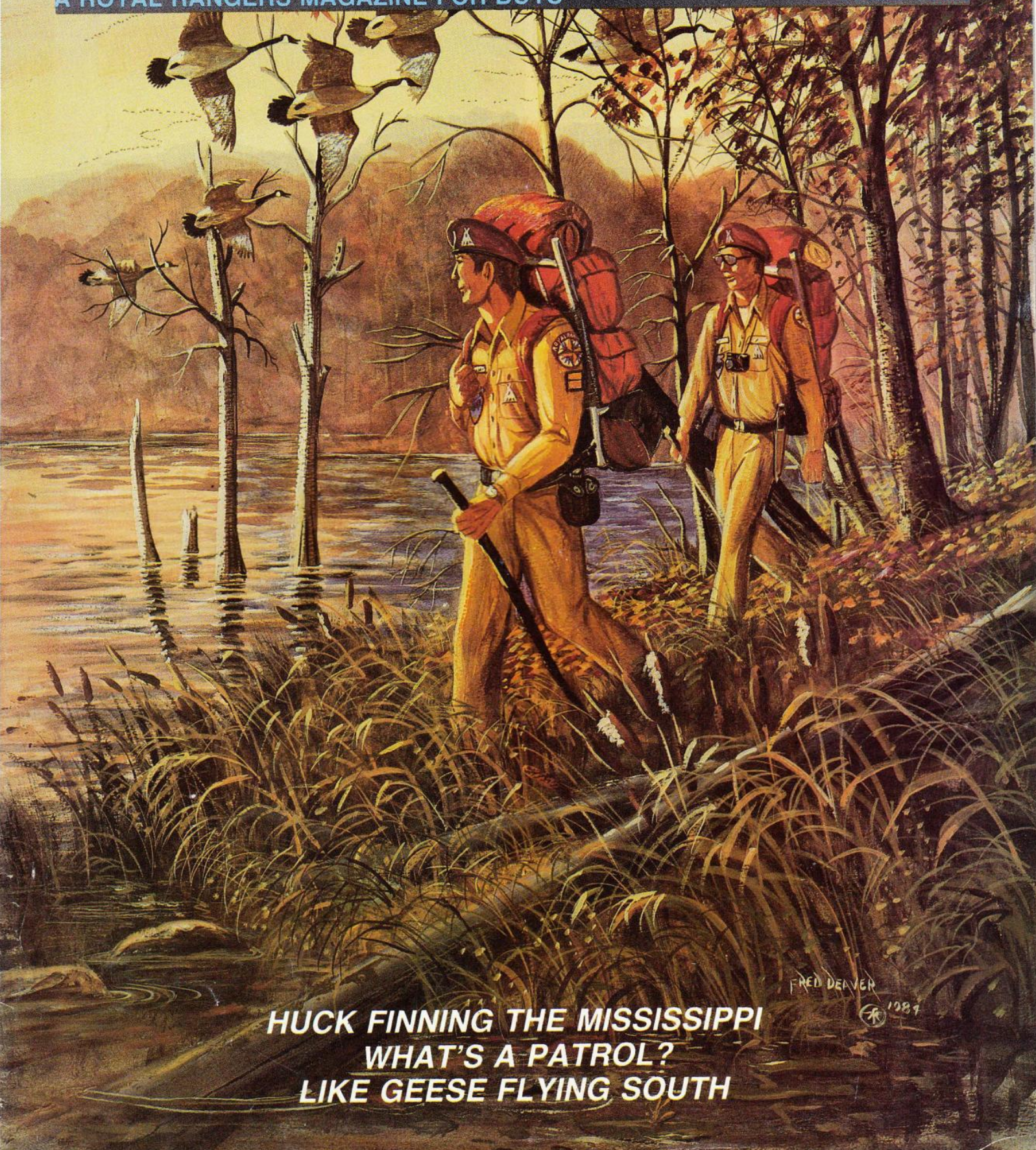


HIGH ADVENTURE

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

FALL 1984



**HUCK FINNING THE MISSISSIPPI
WHAT'S A PATROL?
LIKE GEESE FLYING SOUTH**

HIGH ADVENTURE



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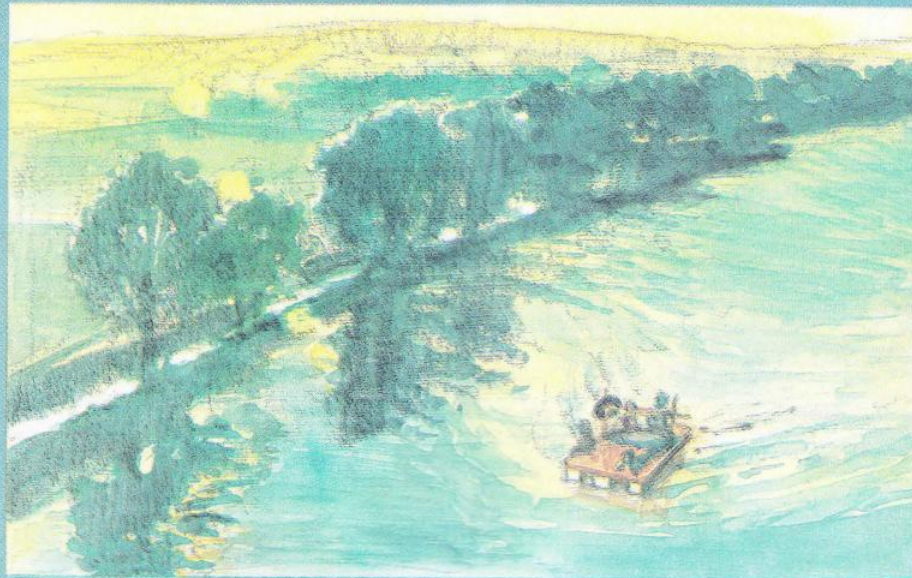
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Share along with these two boys, their father, and
their friend, the incredible MODERN-DAY
reliving of the classic tale,
**THE ADVENTURES
OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN!**



HUCK FINNING

THE MISSISSIPPI

BY CHARLES W. SASSER

A tug pushing a series of domino-like barges upriver bucked and yawed in the stronger current where the mighty Mississippi narrowed to let itself be spanned by the bridge connecting Port Pleasant, Arkansas, and Greenville, Mississippi. If this river could do that to a tug, I reflected, what might it do to the postage-sized raft of styrofoam and plyboard we had just launched?

The raft bobbed high in the water, like a fishing cork, even though 200 pounds of food and camping gear had already been snugged under canvas and lashed to the deck to prevent loss in the event we capsized. Two pontoons on a frame furnished a cabin of sorts to protect us against the spring rains and the June sun on our scheduled 400-mile run to New Orleans.

The unlikely crew consisted of *three young boys and myself*. My two sons, David, 11, and Michael, 9, has already read **The Adventures Of Huck Finn** the previous winter and began conspiring with their best friend, David McCracken, 10, to persuade me to take them raft floating down the Mississippi River, as Huck Finn and Jim had done.

I suggested that we stock a couple of canoes.

They protested, "It's not the same thing. We want **adventure**."

I couldn't argue with the logic, since *I'd always preached that adventure is as necessary to a healthy boy as rain is to plants*. Besides, I have to confess that at near 40-years-old I was still a boy at heart when it came to being lured by running water and the prospect of adventure.

One look down a stream to where it twists out of sight around the nearest bend always makes me long to know what is beyond.

I, too, had dreamed of casting all my cares to the wind and surrendering myself to the rhythm and pace of Mark Twain's river.

Something about self-propelled water travel is soothing and gentle to the soul. A man riding a raft had no choice but to become entirely carefree, to leave everything to the water while he lies back in the sun and adjusts his life's cadences to that of nature's flow. A raft represents ultimate freedom.

It was easy for the boys to persuade me to begin building a raft; when I was

half-persuaded to begin with. I assembled it carefully and reinforced all possible weak points. It had an 8x10-foot plyboard deck mounted on three 10-foot styrofoam pontoons sandwiched with long bolts to the deck between sturdy one-by-sixes. A long oar in a bracket at the stern served as a rudder to help direct the raft into the current. The oar was my only compromise with harnessing freedom.

Spring found us hauling our newly-constructed vessel from Oklahoma to the nearest point on the Mississippi. Now, in spite of my last-minute misgivings, I knew the craft riding eagerly on the brown water should be able to withstand anything the Mississippi hurled at us.

"Let's go to New Orleans," I said to the boys.

They greeted the announcement with a chorus of cheers as they slipped into their PFDs and clambered aboard the odd-looking craft. After casting off, I grasped the long oar rudder and fish-tailed us into the swift current. The river caught us instantly and sent us hurtling breathlessly toward the bridge.

continued on next page ►

The boys dubbed the raft *Huck Finn*, what else? The *Huck Finn* hit a giant whirlpool, spun twice, then shot beneath the bridge and rode high on the river to where the stream widened again. The wide Father of Waters moved us along with its now deceptively gentle current. We were on our way—a piece of driftwood bobbing toward the distant sea.

So much water rushing from the continent exerts a unique and mysterious power. It is not something to be trifled with, not taken lightly. Huck and

was rafting at its best. The *Huck Finn* demanded little attention. We had time to bask in the sun, swim tied to the stern, daydream as the flat green countryside passed slowly by, and chat with the occasional fisherman in a skiff. We logged up to 30 miles a day on such waters.

The handicap came when we hit the curves where the shorelines were pocked with coves and inlets. Thirty miles a day dropped to five. The river changed into a live and obstinate foe which we battled hour after hour to pre-

worthy. It took the swiftest current with barely a shudder. It slid gracefully free of dead man snags and underwater rocks. The raft weathered well the giant wakes left by tugs chugging upriver bearing colorful names like Kate-D, Emily Gladders, and Liz Brent. I soon became convinced that such a raft with additional underpinnings and size, could be converted into a *KonTiki* and safely sail the oceans.

The real test of the craft's sturdiness came unexpectedly when the raft got caught up in the feeder water for one of the man-made rock jetties extending into the river. The water furled wildly against the jetty and swept over in frothy cataracts. Helpless in the channeled water, we frantically checked our PFDs and went through a hast "abandon ship" drill, fully expecting the adventure to end with our raft smashed against the rocks.

"Hold on, here we go," son David shouted. He was at the bow attempting to fend off submerged rocks. I manned the rudder. The two younger boys crouched in the center of the raft and held on.

At the last minute I spotted a wide break in the jetty over which the water pured. It seemed our best bet. I fish-tailed the raft toward it. A whirlpool snatched at the tiny vessel, spun it in a dizzy circle, then spat it at the break in the jetty. For a precarious moment we teetered on the lip of the waterfall, then dropped five feet to the maelstrom below, right side up, all our gear miraculously intact, and floating free. Everyone looked at everyone else and burst out laughing.

"Now, that" Michael declared, undaunted, "is what I call adventure."

Rafting was everything the boys had expected. I saw it in their faces when we stopped early in the afternoon to explore deserted river islands, fish for cat, and prepare a fire for the evening meal. The picture of a *Huck Finn* life was complete when, one afternoon from the point of an island, we watched a stern wheeler churn downriver past us right out of the pages of Twain.

By nightfall, my three young explorers usually were tired and ready for bed. The four of us slept side by side on a seven-foot-square foam pad spread on the raft's deck and covered with sheets and blankets. During the day we rolled up the bedding and protected it with a third waterproof poncho. The boys always fell asleep immediately, rocked as they were by the gentle breathing of the river. I often remained awake a bit longer, sipping

HIGH ADVENTURE



"Thirty river miles a day dropped to five. The river changed into a live and obstinate foe which we battled hour after hour to prevent being beached. We used the rudder to fend off rocks and mud banks."

Jim made navigating seem so easy when, in fact, it can be at once perverse and unpredictable, a harsh and uncompromising teacher. Whereas, a canoeist or other boater can be satisfied with knowing the general flow of a stream, the rafter must know a lot more. He would be more than a drifting log waiting for a pileup. He must understand the nature of the stream, and travel within its currents and flows.

In the beginning, we found ourselves almost totally at the mercy of the muddy waters. Being a novice was no handicap on the long straight-of-ways across the flatlands where the strong current flows center-river. That

vent being beached. We used the rudder to fend off rocks and mud banks. Callouses and blisters appeared on our hands.

Gradually, we learned the secrets of the river and its mischievous currents. With this knowledge came greater control. Anticipating a bend in the distance, we learned to rudder near the lee shore and ride the current around the bend rather than let it beach us. We learned the hard way to avoid the mouths of coves and tributary inlets and to travel as near the center current as possible. The days became pleasant again.

The Huck Finn proved to be sea-



hot cocoa and listening to the night sounds and to the occasional tug hooting mournfully upriver.

The days passed. On the west bank, without our knowledge or concern, Arkansas became Louisiana. The cadence of our lives had slowed to match the deep, strong heartbeat of the Mississippi. It was almost like time and distance had no meaning. It was a Huck Finn way of life. It was freedom. My sons and their young friend were receiving a lesson in life and nature on a grand scale.

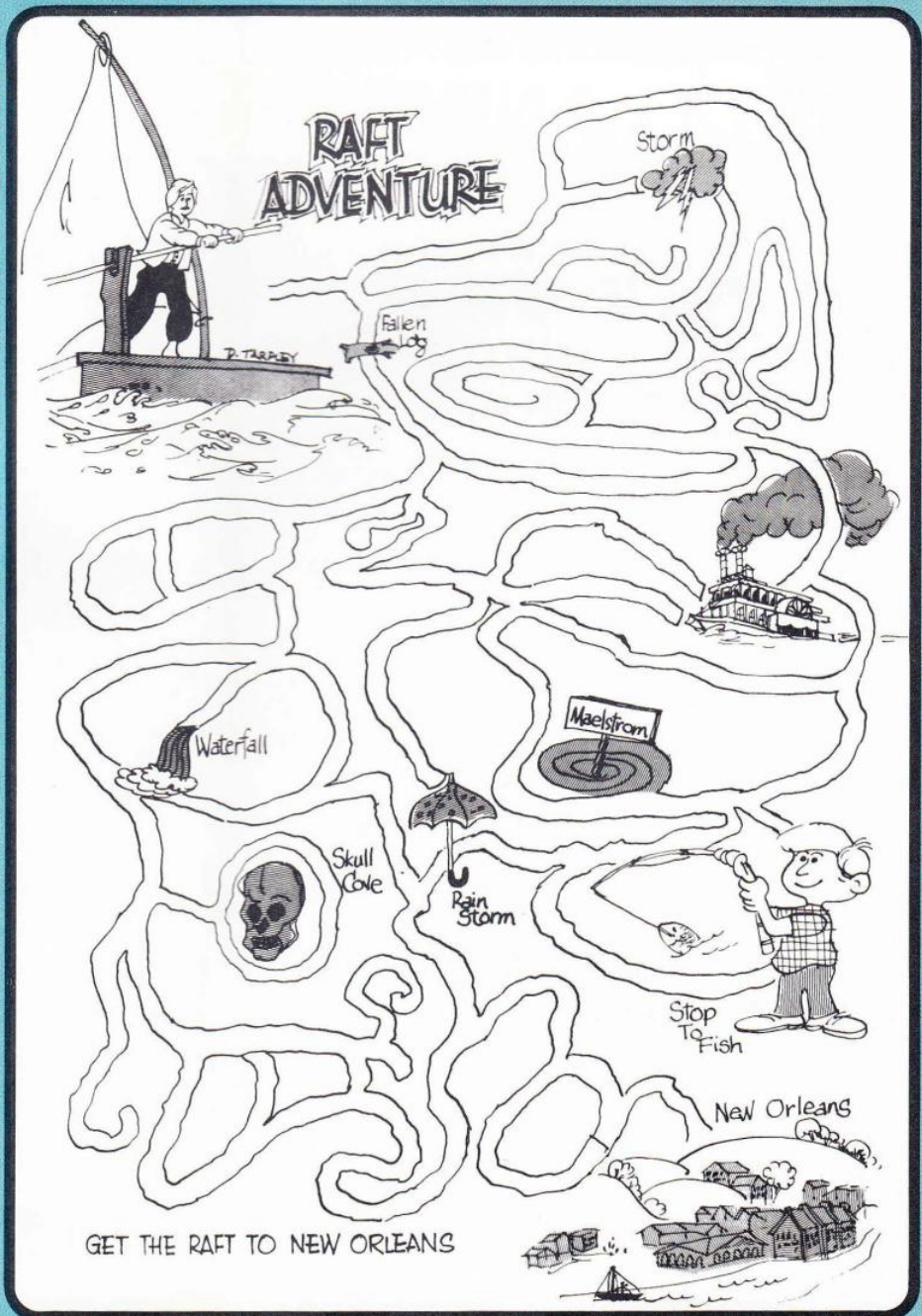
While Huck and Jim might float for an eternity through the imaginations of the generations, in real life the journey must always come to an end. Before leaving home, Michael had been exposed to measles. When he came down with a slight fever, I knew it was time to leave the river, even though we were considerably short of our destination.

After jogging an estimated 150 river miles in one week, we slipped past a head in the stream bank, shot by an island, and hove into view of historic Vicksburg perched atop its high cliffs. Paddling furiously to break free of the current, we beached the Huck Finn on a final time on a stretch of white sand on the Louisiana shore. The adventure was over. Life's pace immediately picked up.

"You know," young David McCracken decided, "I got where I really like that old raft."

I knew what he meant. For that true feeling of freedom, for the sheer joy of living next to nature and casting one's destiny to a different pace, there can be no experience even remotely comparable to building a raft and setting yourself adrift to whatever adventure may lurk around the next bend. *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* had leaped from pages of narrative to become reality for three small boys—and for a man who, I suppose, will always be a Huck Finn at heart. ★

"Helpless in the channeled water, we frantically checked out PFDs and went through a hasty 'abandon ship' drill, fully expecting the adventure to end with our raft smashed against the rocks"





DO ANIMALS LIKE MUSIC?

**HAVE YOU EVER HEARD THE SAYING,
"MUSIC HATH CHARMS TO SOOTHE THE
SAVAGE BEAST"?**

by Alan A. Cliburn

There is plenty of evidence that William Congreve was on the right track back in 1697 when he wrote that "Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast." He was supported a few years later (1718) by Matthew Prior who claimed that "Music's force can tame the furious beast." We don't know whether either gentlemen ever went on an expedition to check the power ascribed to music, but if he did he would have met with some success.

Investigators have discovered some interesting facts about the effects of music on animals. They have learned, for example, that wild elephants can be tamed with a flute (they do in Ceylon), that iguanas, lizards and seals can be captured while under the influence of music, that jaguars are quieted by soft music, that coyotes like the violin, that with the right sound vibrations snakes can be "charmed."

SEE WHAT YOUR PET LIKES!

*"Investigators have discovered
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can be captured
while under the influence
of music, and with the
right sound vibrations
snakes can be "charmed."*

Domestic animals can be impacted, too. Researchers have discovered that cattle, pigs, deer and antelopes listen to music attentively; that rats are capable of responding to pure tone; that goldfish, frogs and even gnats respond to musical stimuli; and that many dogs and cats have a "distinct liking" for music.

This association of animals with music is not new. In ancient times, animals were represented as having a love for music. Orpheus, a poet and musician of ancient Greece, is said to have charmed animals with the music of his lyre. On one of the earliest Greek reproductions of animals a young woman is seen trying, with the help of a cithara, to train a cat to jump at birds.

The animals trainers of ancient Rome used various musical instruments to influence the animals they were training. Today's professional animal trainers say that lions and tigers, when tamed, will not do their stunts without musical accompaniment.

The consensus of students of animal behavior today is that dogs respond favorably to music. One investigator suggests that howling is the dog's way of playful imitating the music rather than showing distaste for it. The dog who accompanies music with mournful wails, he argues, is not compelled to listen to music, but comes into the room voluntarily.

In a recent random survey, 58 young boys and girls all under 16 were asked about the musical likes and dislikes of their animal friends. The study reported that 11 cats and 13 dogs liked music, while 8 dogs and 1 cat did not

care for it. Also reported to like music were a cow, a flying squirrel, a penguin, birds, snakes, a monkey, a mule and mice. Youngsters told of usual everyday incidents which illustrated animals' attention and response to music.

For a long time there have been claims about the milk-producing qualities of music in its effect on cows. One woman who played and sang to her cows said she got one-third more milk. Another farmer said he got more milk from his cows after he installed a radio in his cowshed.

The idea of keeping cattle calm with music isn't new. Farmers have been singing to their animals as long as anyone can remember.

Some of the world's greatest music contains passages in which various animals and birds are represented, and many musical compositions were suggested by their sounds and songs. The theme for the first movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony is said to have been suggested by the song of the yellow hammer, a common European finch. The bird's song is three short notes and one long note. In his **Pastoral Symphony** Beethoven imitates the songs of the nightingale, the cuckoo and the quail. Mendelssohn imitates the braying hee-haw of the donkey in his overture to **A Midsummer Night's Dream**. In the **Carnival of the Animals**, there is included music about lions, elephants, kangaroos, mules, fish and birds.

Animals have certainly not been ignored by music or musicians. Animals have charmed musicians and are being charmed by music. Congreve, if he were here, might say, "I told you so." ★

DOES YOUR DOG SING ALONG WITH YOU?

SCORE MORE

BY LINDA HANNAH-KENDALL

CAN YOU MATCH
THE SPORT WITH
THE WORD THAT
GOES WITH THAT
SPORT?

1. shortstop
2. butterfly
3. goalie
4. quarterback
5. double-toe loop
6. hole-in-one
7. free throw
8. cue ball
9. spare
10. slalom

- a. SOCCER
- b. SKATING
- c. BASKETBALL
- d. SKIING
- e. BASEBALL
- f. BOWLING
- g. FOOTBALL
- h. BILLIARD
- i. GOLF
- j. SWIMMING

Answers:

1.e 2.j 3.a 4.g 5.b 6.i 7.c 8.h 9.f 10.d



WHAT'S A PATROL?



by Larry Bohall

Welcome to the Patrol Corner! In this column we hope to answer questions that you may have regarding your patrol and its place in the outpost. We thought that we would start off by answering the most basic and important question: What, exactly, is a patrol?

Your handbook says that the patrol is "a special gang of fellows that do things together within the Royal Rangers program." That is an excellent definition, but let's see if we can expand on it a little.

The basic and most important part of any outpost is the patrol. Made up of five to ten guys, the patrol functions like a miniature version of the outpost. Each patrol has an elected Patrol Guide and one or more assistants to lead it. The Rangers in the patrol work together on projects and advancements, and camp and hike together. Most importantly, though, the patrol has *fun*. Basically, the patrol is a group of friends—your friends—who enjoy being together.

Your outpost is made up of two or more patrols, and time is set aside in every outpost meeting for your patrol to get together. In these "mini"-meetings, the patrol works on advancements, projects such as making a patrol flag or standard, or planning for upcoming outpost events. In many outposts, the patrols not only meet during outpost meetings, they also get together at other times during the week. In these patrol meetings they have the opportunity to do many more things.

In your outpost meeting room, your patrol may have a special corner that you can decorate with your patrol's

name, emblem and any awards that your guys have won. If your gang meets separately, you probably have a corner of a basement or a garage for a permanent patrol corner.

When the outpost camps out, the guys in your patrol will all camp together, eat together and work together. When the outpost has a contest or game, your guys will compete together against the other patrols in your outpost. Hopefully your patrol will win, but whatever the outcome, you will all have fun.

In many outposts, the patrols may not only camp with the outpost, they also go on hikes and campouts alone. These are special times that they will remember for years.

That is what the patrol is all about: you and your friends camping, hiking, learning and growing together—and, most of all, having fun together. A strong patrol will do all of these things, and more.

How does your patrol measure up? Do you have a patrol name? How about a flag or standard? Do you meet together in outpost meetings? Do you meet at other times? Does your patrol camp together? Do you go on hikes together? Do you have fun together? If you do, great! And keep it up!

If you don't, you can change that. It is never too late to begin building a strong patrol; but it is going to take everybody's help. You and the other guys in your patrol will all have to work together.

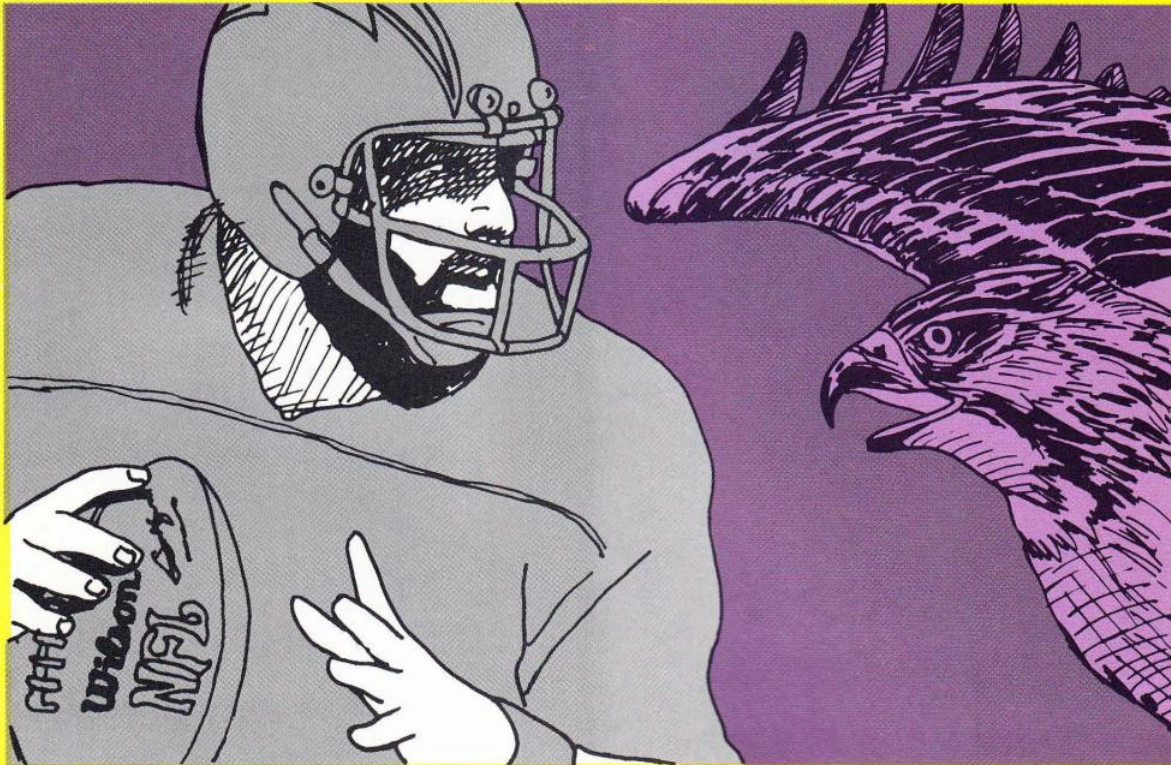
But then, that's what the patrol is all about, right? ★

Coming soon: Patrol Spirit.

FOOTBALL/ANIMAL MATCH

CAN YOU MATCH THESE FOOTBALL CITIES
WITH THEIR ANIMAL MASCOTS?

BY LINDA HANNAH-KENDALL



1. Indianapolis
2. Detroit
3. Miami
4. Philadelphia
5. Los Angeles
6. Cincinnati
7. Denver
8. St. Louis
9. Atlanta
10. Chicago

- a. Dolphins
- b. Broncos
- c. Cardinals
- d. Bears
- e. Colts
- f. Falcons
- g. Bengals
- h. Rams
- i. Eagles
- j. Lions

Answers: 1.e 2.j 3.a 4.i 5.h 6.g 7.b 8.c 9.i 10.d



LIKE GEESE FLYING SOUTH

BY ALAN CLIBURN

WHILE FLYING IN A "V" FORMATION, THERE IS ROOM FOR ONLY ONE BIRD IN THE LEAD POSITION. PRETTY SOON IT DROPS BACK AND ANOTHER BIRD TAKES THE POSITION AS LEADER.

Gramps was raking leaves when Eric turned the corner and hurried up Chestnut Lane. Just seeing his grandfather made Eric feel a little better and he quickened his pace slightly.

"Hi, Gramps," he said a moment later, entering the yard.

"Well, this is a pleasant surprise," his grandfather exclaimed. "Thought you and the other boys were playing football."

Eric swallowed. "Can I help you rake?"

"I need the exercise," his grandfather answered. "Think I've corralled enough leaves for today, though. Maybe I can get your grandmother to make us some hot chocolate if I ask her real nice."

"Sounds good," Eric replied.

"I'm glad to see you, Eric," his grandfather went on, leading the way to an old fashioned porch swing.

At least somebody wants me around, Eric thought, bitterly recalling what had happened at the park less than

15 minutes earlier. But he forced a smile. "Thanks, Gramps."

"Your grandmother just doesn't appreciate the finer things of life," the old man continued.

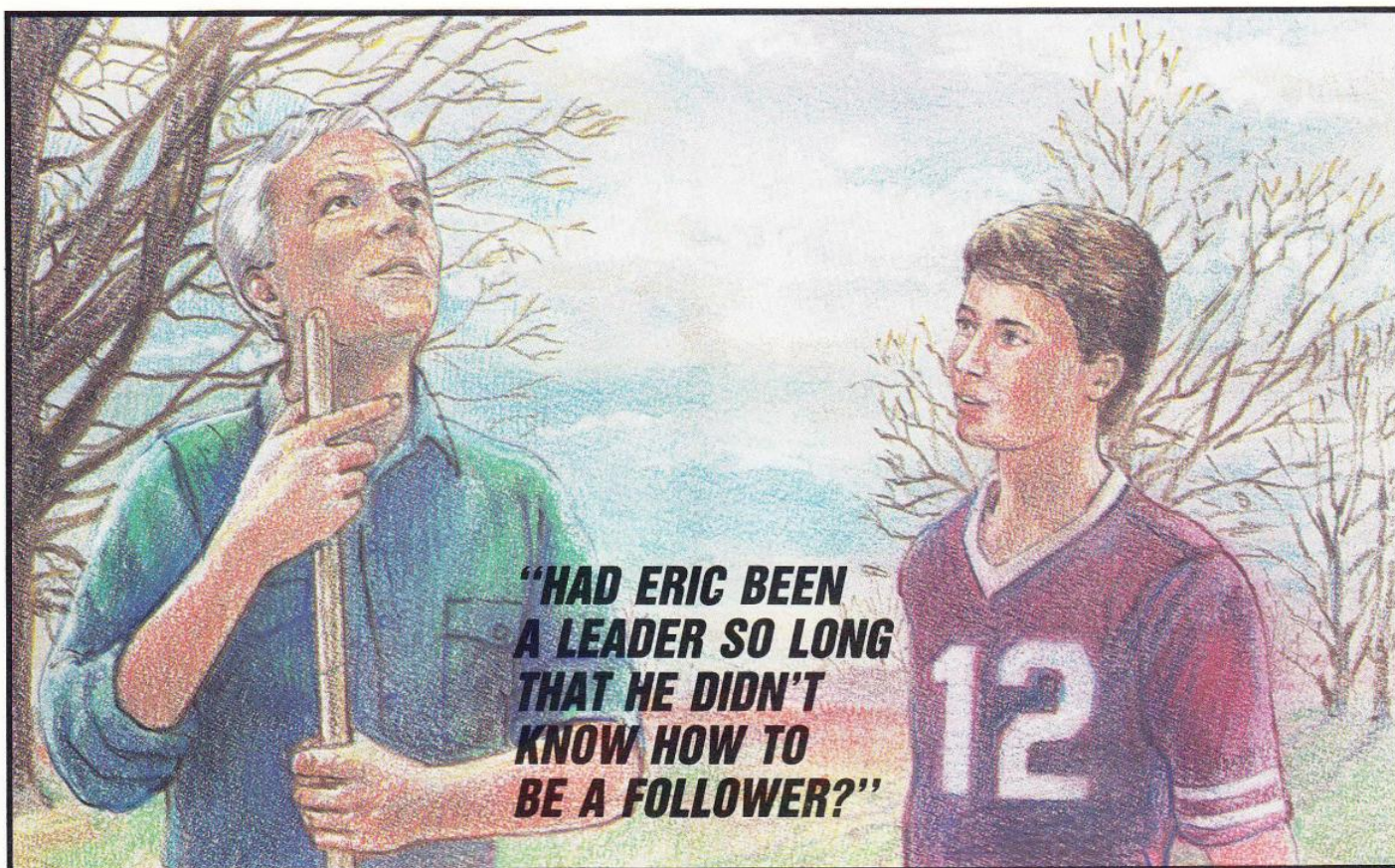
Eric frowned. "The finer things?"

"Like watching geese fly south for the winter," his grandfather explained, pointing. *Eric looked up to see a giant "V" passing overhead, made up entirely of birds.* "Would you believe she'd rather stay inside working on a quilt rather than come outside to watch the geese?"

"That's hard to believe, all right," Eric agreed, grinning. *He observed the birds as they continued their flight, maintaining their perfect formation, one of them the undisputed leader.* His grin faded as quickly as it had come; Eric knew the feeling. Or had he known it?

"Just a minute and I'll get our hot chocolate," Gramps said.

continued on next page ►



**"HAD ERIC BEEN
A LEADER SO LONG
THAT HE DIDN'T
KNOW HOW TO
BE A FOLLOWER?"**

"Okay," Eric replied, eyes still focused on the sky, but not really seeing the birds at that point.

He had always been a leader. Even when his family moved and Eric was new in the neighborhood, he soon had the other boys playing the games he wanted to play and asking his help to build things. He just always knew how to take charge.

It was the same at school. If there was a class election, Eric would be automatically nominated for president. Even substitute teachers picked him as line leader or team captain in elementary school. It had been happening so long that Eric expected it.

"Runs in the family," his father had told him when Eric ran for student council in the 7th grade and won by a landslide. "Some people just naturally have more leadership ability than others."

"That's me, all right," Eric agreed, still excited about his latest triumph.

"But it's a God-given gift," his father added. "As a Christian it's important that you use it to glorify Christ instead of yourself."

"I know," Eric replied. And he meant it, too. He wasn't ashamed of his faith in Jesus and had invited lots of kids to church and Sunday school over the years.

His leadership ability extended into other areas, though. Due to a recent budget cut, after school sports had been eliminated at the junior high Eric attended. "Well, goodbye to football," one of the guys muttered when the coach announced the cutback.

"Yeah," somebody else agreed.

"Wait a minute, you guys," Eric began when the coach finished. "If you want to play football after school, we don't have to do it here. Let's meet at the park at 3:30 I'll bring the football."

"All right!" came the enthusiastic response.

Enough guys for two teams showed up for practice at 3:30 that first day of after school practice, so they spent the rest of the afternoon running plays and having a great time. Eric had grinned to himself. And I set this up, he thought, satisfied.

Everything was going okay until he showed up, Eric thought grimly, remembering the afternoon a tall boy with dark hair and long arms had suddenly appeared. For a few minutes he just stood on the sidelines watching.

"Hey, can I play?" he asked finally.

The other boys looked at Eric, as usual. "Sure," Eric decided. "Go out for a pass."

He threw the ball hard and as far as he could, but somehow the new guy was there in time to catch it. Then he sent it back, the ball spiraling beautifully as it went straight to Eric.

"Wow, what a pass," one of the guys standing near Eric exclaimed.

The others agreed.

"Not bad," Eric admitted.

But it soon became evident that this new boy, whose name was Gene Rydell, was much better than "not bad." He was better at football than any of the other guys. Almost as good as me, Eric thought.

At first Eric was glad to have someone like Gene on the team, but that feeling was quickly replaced by one of apprehension and uncertainty when the other boys started looking to Gene for advice on plays and basic technique. He was more than willing to give it, too. Some of the plays he suggested were pretty good, Eric admitted.

"My dad's the new football coach at State University." Gene explained when someone asked how come he knew so much about the game. "I've been playing all my life. No kidding, I think I had a plastic football in my crib instead of a rattle!"

Everybody laughed, even Eric. But it had been a forced laugh for him. The guys were getting better, there was no doubt about that, but he always hoped and prayed that Gene wouldn't show up for practice.

"Gene is really something," said Eric's friend Tony as they walked home together one evening.

"He's okay," Eric answered half heartedly.

"Okay? Man I think he's great! And he's a Christian, too."

Eric frowned. "How do you know that?"

"Oh yeah, I guess you were getting a drink. Well, anyway, one of the guys missed a really easy catch and said a few things," Tony explained. "You should've heard Gene. He came right out and told him that he doesn't go for that kind of language because he's a Christian. *Isn't that something—a great football player and a Christian, too!*"

Usually good news like that would've made Eric feel better, but for some reason it hadn't. Oh, he was still the leader—until Gene arrived each afternoon. Gene even brought extra footballs for the guys to practice with when they weren't running plays.

Eric hadn't like it, but he had been willing to live with it—until this afternoon.

The boys were getting ready to run a few plays when the park director arrived on the scene with a clipboard in his hands.

"Listen, I've been watching you guys lately and I think you're ready for a little competition," he said.

Spontaneously, and in agreement, the boys cheered in reply.

"The director of Northside Park thinks he has a pretty rough team, but I told him I had a team over here that's twice as tough."

"'Gene is really something,' said Eric's friend Tony as they walked home together one evening. He's a great football player and a Christian, too!'"

More cheering.

"How about this Saturday afternoon at two? Right here."

"That would be fine," Eric replied quickly. "Okay with you guys?"

They all nodded agreement.

"We'll have to put together some sort of roster," the park director went on. "Who's the captain of this team, by the way?"

"We've never picked one," Eric had answered.

"Maybe we'd better do that right now then," the park director decided.

"I nominate Gene," a voice said.

"I second it," another added.

The voting had been almost unanimous, Eric thought, looking up as more geese flew over. Only a few of his really loyal friends had voted for him. Angry and hurt, he had slipped away when no one was looking, with no plans to return.

"Here's the hot chocolate," his grandfather said suddenly, handing a cup of the steaming brown liquid to Eric.

Eric took a sip. "Tastes good."

"Nothing like hot chocolate on a brisk fall day," Gramps agreed, glancing at the sky. "My, those geese have been

flying south all day. Remember when you were first learning your letters and used to cry out 'V!' when you saw the geese?"

"No, not really," Eric said. "How do they know to fly in that 'V' formation, Gramps?"

I used to think it was just instinct," his grandfather replied, "and of course it is that. But it's also aeronautically sound. By flying in a 'V' formation they somehow encounter less friction and make the trip much faster. Of course teamwork has a lot to do with it, too. If each bird

"'Leadership is a God-given gift,' his father added.. 'As a Christian it's important that you use it to glorify Christ instead of yourself.'"



set out by itself, a lot of them wouldn't make it. God knew what He was doing, same as always."

Eric didn't answer. At that moment he didn't appreciate hearing about teamwork.

"And see that bird at the very front?" Gramps asked.

"Sure," Eric answered. "The leader."

"One of the leaders," his grandfather corrected.

Eric frowned. "One of the leaders?" Gramps, *there's only room for one bird in the lead position. See?"*

"One at a time," his grandfather said. "But when you've watched geese fly south for as many years as I have, you'll discover that pretty soon the lead bird drops back and another one takes its place."

Eric looked up again just as the lead bird in the formation passing overhead did indeed drop back.

"One bird could never stand the strain of leading the formation all the way south," Gramps continued. "There's a time to lead and a time to rest. Every leader must be a follower sooner or later."

Eric glanced at his grandfather quickly. *Did he know what had happened at the park.* But the old man was gazing into the sky, obviously enjoying the migration of the geese.

Is that it? Eric wondered. *Had he been a leader so long he didn't know how to be a follower?* He wouldn't even admit to himself that Gene was a better football player. Or at least he hadn't admitted it before.

"I'd better get back to the park," Gramps, he said suddenly, standing up.

"We have a football game Saturday at two o'clock. Want to come?"

"Wouldn't miss it for anything," his grandfather replied, smiling. "See you then."

Geese flying south during the fall season to avoid the winter, Eric thought as he hurried back to the park. Man, God could use anything to teach a guy a lesson! ★



"I'LL BET DANIEL BOONE NEVER CHEATED AND USED MATCHES!"



"I SUPPOSE YOU REALIZE, IN BIRD IDENTIFICATION, YOU'RE WASHED UP!"



Boile

NICE CATCH!

TAKE C AND BE

continued from page 16.



"Without vitamin C, we become physically ill. Without Jesus, we are spiritually ill. To stay healthy we need ample doses of both."

stop its loss to approximately 1.3 percent.

Fortunately, the book gave a partial list of foods that contain a lot of vitamin C, including oranges, grapefruits, lemons (my friend was right), tomatoes, strawberries, lettuce, turnips and ordinary lawn grass. That's right. . . cows and horses probably get all the vitamin C they can handle. Grass contains 350 milligrams of vitamin C per pound; that's more than orange juice!

Scholars and doctors don't agree about proper functioning of the human body. Some authorities say one milligram per pound of body weight is best, some say more or less. Whatever dosage is best, it is necessary. Without it the entire body structure breaks down, for vitamin C is the substance that produces and maintains intercellular material which binds tissues and organ and allows them to function as a whole.

I guess that's similar to what Jesus does; He binds our lives together. He takes all we are and want to be and harmonizes it with His will for our good.

Without vitamin C, we become physically ill. Without Jesus, we are spiritually ill. To stay healthy we need ample doses of both.

Well, sniffles or not, the lawn needs to be mowed and I wonder what I should do. Should I cut it, or just go along and munch it? Yuk!! Maybe I'll settle back, eat an orange (or lemon) and study my daily devotions. What do you think? ★

THIS ISSUE'S
FUNNIEST JOKES

Teacher: "Can you tell me anything about the great chemists of the 17th century?"

Harry: "They're all dead."

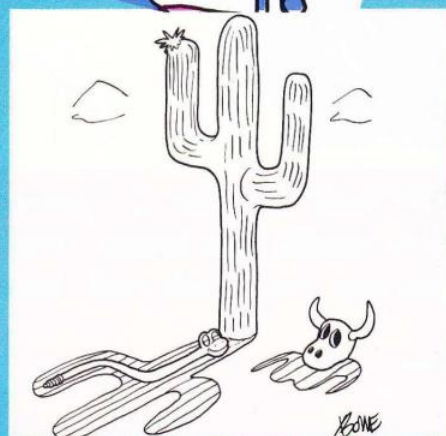
Henry Leabo Tehachapi, CA

Q. What did the elephant do when he broke his toe?

A. He called a tow truck.

Warren Bebout
Los Osos, CA

COMEDY
CORNER



Jim: "I heard that you ride a bike like lightning."

Tim: "You did?"

Jim: "Yeah, you're always striking trees."

Warren Bebout
Los Osos, CA

What files and goes snap, crackle, pop?

A firefly with a short circuit.

Warren Bebout
Los Osos, CA

Customer: "Please give me some prepared monaceticacidester of salicylic acid."

Druggist: "Of course you mean aspirin, don't you?"

Customer: "Yes, but I can never think of that name."

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA



Larry: "I hear you got a new dictionary for a birthday present. How did you like it?"

Terry: "It's interesting, but I wish it wouldn't change the subject quite so often."

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Father: "How do you get Mike up so early?"

Mother: "I just open the door and throw the cat on the bed."

Father: "How does that waken him?"

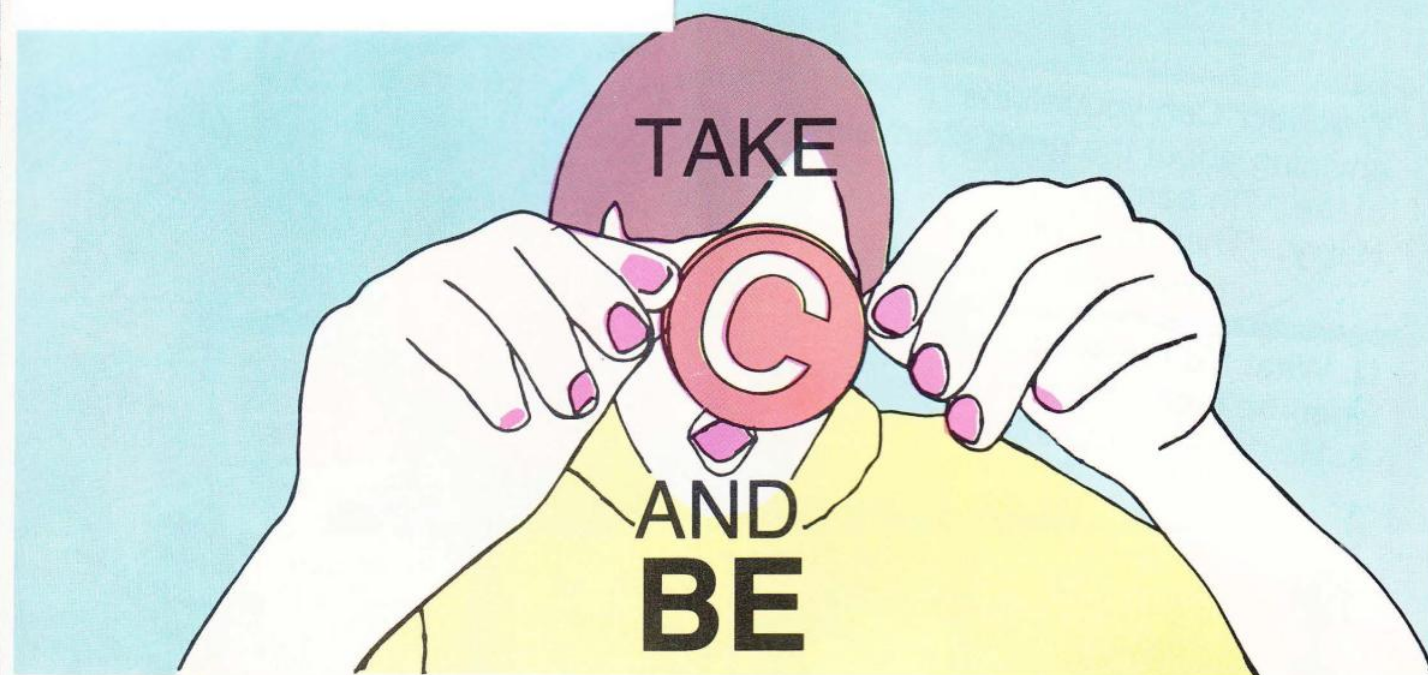
Mother: "He sleeps with the dog."

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

First cannibal: "Am I late for chow?"

Second cannibal: "Yes, everyone's eaten."

Warren Bebout
Los Osos, CA



“Without vitamin C, Scurvy will develop in four to six months. Dark circles will form under the eyes; joints and limbs will swell and ache; gums will become spongy and teeth will loosen; bones will become brittle and fracture easily; and eventually, death!”

BY B. L. MELL

There I was, suffering with a summer cold, and a friend tells me to go suck a lemon! How would you feel? Did you ever drink plain lemon juice? It's enough to sour anyone's disposition. All I wanted was a little sympathy. I took my sniffles home and sat with a box of tissue, sulking. Then I browsed through Mom's books and found one on vitamins. I found a section about vitamin C.

I discovered that *without it, scurvy will develop in four to six months. Dark circles will form under the eyes; joints and limbs will swell and ache; gums will become spongy and teeth will loosen; bones will become brittle and fracture easily; and eventually death!*

Foods that contain a lot of vitamin C are: oranges, grapefruits, lemons, tomatoes, strawberries, lettuce and turnips.

I had dark circles all right. My body ached and one tooth kind of wiggled, I thought. So far I had no broken bones and though I felt a little close to death's doorstep, I wasn't yet! I decided to read more.

I found out that the “ghost ships” found adrift on the high seas centuries ago—with everyone aboard dead—were most likely the result of no one sucking lemons. Even Vasco de Gama lost 100 of his crew of 160 while rounding

the Cape of Good Hope in 1498. I wondered why they didn't just take more oranges along, but then I learned that they didn't know what caused scurvy. They thought it was caused by frogs, damp soil, and sea mists! A real clever Dutch physician named Forestus thought the seamen struck with the first signs of scurvy should take a vacation inland where they could get away from the harmful sea. The inland seamen got cured, but the sea-fearing ones were still struck with scurvy. The physicians scratched their heads and experimented, not realizing that the seamen's recovery was because of the fresh fruits and vegetables they were eating and not because of the relocation.

Finally, James Lind wrote a **Treatise of the Scurvy** in 1753 and the British Lords of the Admiralty sat up and took notice. They ruled that all seafaring ships had to be supplied with fresh lemons and vegetables. By 1806, there was only one case of scurvy in the naval hospital at Haslar.

Vitamin C is found in most foods, but it is really unstable and is easily destroyed by heat, light and exposure to air. It cannot be stored long in the body and conditions of cold, heat, fatigue and stress, drain vitamin C from our systems rapidly.

Cooking foods destroys vitamin C content and ordinary glass bottles allow sunlight to rob it from milk, while stiff wax paper, plastic-laminated cartons, and brown glass will

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