

High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS



WINTER 1976-77

in this issue

VILLAGE HERO

By O. J. Robertson

The dramatic story of an Eskimo boy's effort to prove his bravery.

THE PERFECT POINSETTA

By Evelyn Witter

A touching story that proves there is more to Christmas than receiving gifts.

THE LAST SHAWL

By E. B. Witter

A boy from Nazareth makes a decision that produces unexpected results.

CAN YOU RECEIVE A GIFT

By R. G. Champion

A thought provoking devotion on receiving.

**HIGH ADVENTURE—Volume 6
Number 3—published quarterly by
Royal Rangers, 1445 Boonville
Avenue, Springfield, MO. 65802.
Subscription rates: single sub-
scription \$1.50 a year; bundle (min-
imum of five subscriptions, all
mailed to one address) \$1.30 a
year.**

**Copyright 1976 General Council
of the Assemblies of God. Printed
in U.S.A.**

**Second-class postage paid at
Springfield, Mo. and at addi-
tional offices.**

A CHAT WITH THE NATIONAL COMMANDER



HI FELLOWS:

The Bicentennial Year was a great one for the Royal Rangers program, with many men and boys participating in parades, rallies, and other type celebrations.

The big event for Royal Rangers was the second National F.C.F. Rendezvous at Blue Eye, Missouri. This was no doubt, the most colorful and interesting event in our Royal Rangers history.

Big events are not limited to the U.S.A. In January of 1977, we will be traveling to Australia to speak at their first National Camporama. I am looking forward to this opportunity with great anticipation.

We are also looking forward to our second National Camporama here in the U.S.A., in July of 1978 at Faragut, Idaho. We'll be giving you more on this at a later date.

Nineteen seventy-six also marked the launching of a new program for 5- and 6-year-old boys entitled, "Straight Arrows."

The spiritual achievements have also been great with over 18,000 boys accepting Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour.

Our program is now in 38 countries of the World with a worldwide membership of about 200,000. The circulation of "High Adventure" is now around 36,000.

May God bless you with a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Jammie Barnes

NATIONAL F.C.F. RENDEZVOUS 1976



From out of the past came—
Fred Deaver and John Eller.

The flintlock—
one of the symbols of the Rendezvous.





A look into the past.

Members of the Royal Rangers Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity converged on Dogwood Valley near Blue Eye, Missouri, July 27-31 for their second National Rendezvous. From all across the nation they came to celebrate our nation's bicentennial, and to enjoy the excitement of the rendezvous. They camped along Indian Creek in a beautiful Ozark setting.

Throughout the day they participated in activities patterned after the activities of our frontier forefathers during their annual rendezvous. Activities included, black powder rifle shooting, tomahawk throwing, flint and steel skills, and best costume contests.

Each evening God blessed in a special way at an old-fashioned brush arbor meeting. Following one brush arbor service was a very colorful council fire service.

The group also enjoyed colorful pageants, stunts, and presentations.

Another pastime was "swapping." Many FCF members went home feeling they had made some of the best "trades" in their life.

Judge "Hawk Eye" Deaver also conducted frontier court (as

the need arose), and meted out swift justice to the guilty parties.

And, there was a special unplanned feature—locally heavy rain caused a sudden flash flood early one morning making it necessary to evacuate the camping area. The group is to be commended for the way they worked together during this temporary crisis. The water soon abated, the sun came out and the rendezvous was soon back on schedule. The participants proved that Royal Rangers are "READY."

A donation of \$400.00 was raised by the frontiersmen for a special Latin American missionary project.

Biennial elections were conducted. Fred Deaver was re-elected as president, Danny Bixler was elected as the new national scribe, and Dave Osborn was elected as the new assistant national scout.

The retiring national scout was Dean Garrison, and the retiring assistant national scout was Dade Massey.

The winner of the "Mr. Frontiersman" contest was Jerry Haines, in the old-timer category, and the winner in the young bucks category was Bill Hopper.



"Spirit of 76" Bicentennial ceremonies.



The excitement of a frontier pageant.



Frontier justice was swift and sure.



"Chewing the rag" with old friends.



Brush arbor revival.



Black powder shoot.



Pulling together during the flash flood.

Winter Camping

By: Elton Bell

Campers must learn to do things differently in winter. You can get by with improper gear and inexperience when the mercury is above 40 degrees, but it can be pretty miserable when it's below freezing.

Personal comfort is the key to enjoyment for all types of camping. In the winter, this means just one thing—keeping warm day and night. Dry air is the greatest insulator that maintains body warmth in both clothing and bedding. Layers of material are warmer than just one thickness. That way you can take off or put on according to your activity.

Proper care of your feet is essential to winter camp comfort and well-being. Dampness and tightness are enemies of warm feet. Winter boots need to be at least a size larger than normal to allow for the extra lining required. Be sure to dry your boots, socks, and liners every night. Keeping warm is no problem in this day of thermal underwear and insulated footgear; down sleeping bags; nylon tents and water-repellent, windproof outer clothing.

Set up camp long before dark. It takes longer to

make a comfortable camp in winter. Also, darkness comes at a much earlier hour in winter. Before setting up your tent, pack the snow by tramping it down. In the snow camp, place "deadmen" instead of tent stakes. If there is no snow and ground is frozen, use large spikes for tent pegs. Tents for snow country should have steep, sloping roofs to shed snow. Bank snow against the bottom of your tent, it will cut drafts.

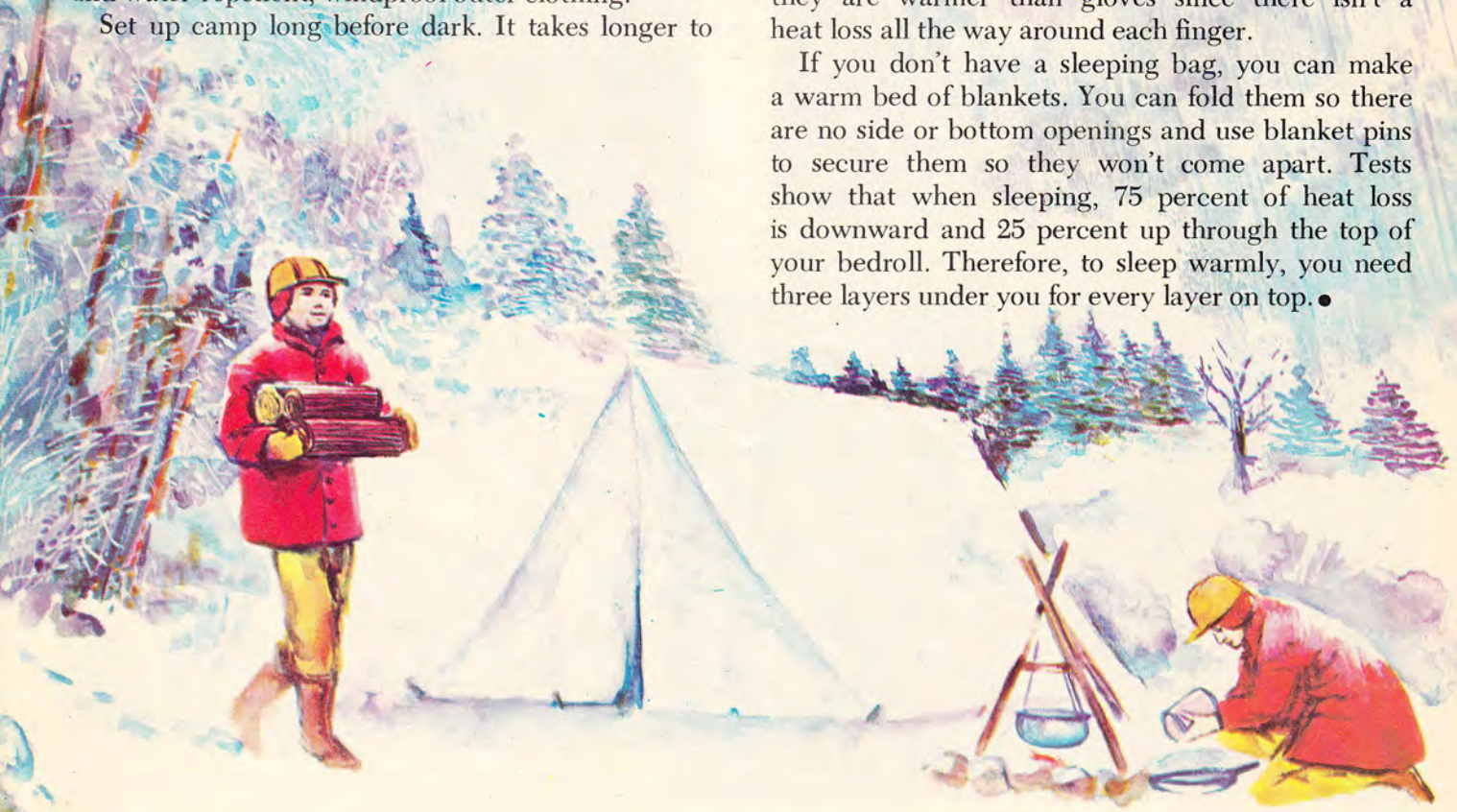
If snow is not too deep, scrape it away down to bare ground where you plan to build your fire. Place stones or large logs on the ground as a fire base on which to build your fire. Heat from the fire will thaw the ground under the base and will make it muddy unless you have a properly built fire base.

In a snow camp you have a ready source of water. But remember snow in a kettle over a fire will actually scorch and burn unless it is stirred while melting. Also, don't forget to purify it by boiling. Protect your water canteen from freezing by carrying it next to your body on the trail, hanging it near the fire in camp, and keeping it in your bedroll at night.

Plan menus to avoid foods that can be damaged by freezing. Make up some kabobs, stew, hamburgers with onions, potatoes, and vegetables at home. Wrap each meal in foil and freeze. You'll save a lot of time in camp because all you have to do is thaw out a package and cook it.

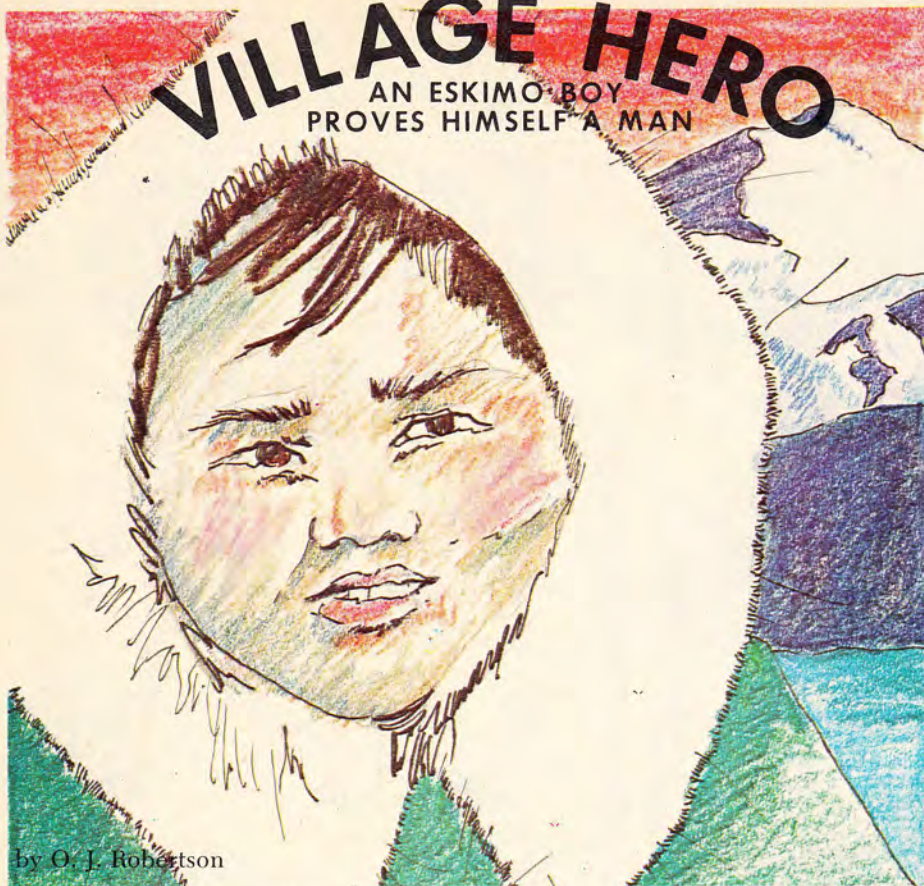
While working around camp, use mittens because they are warmer than gloves since there isn't a heat loss all the way around each finger.

If you don't have a sleeping bag, you can make a warm bed of blankets. You can fold them so there are no side or bottom openings and use blanket pins to secure them so they won't come apart. Tests show that when sleeping, 75 percent of heat loss is downward and 25 percent up through the top of your bedroll. Therefore, to sleep warmly, you need three layers under you for every layer on top. ●



VILLAGE HERO

AN ESKIMO BOY
PROVES HIMSELF A MAN



by O. J. Robertson

"Why did I come looking for a seal today?" Kinska moaned as whirls of snow poured from the low Alaskan sky and eddied around him. He could hardly see. The wind, fierce and biting cold, almost blew him down. He pulled his parka low and swung his arms to keep warm.

The great ice pan under him quivered. If it should break loose from the shore ice—and it would soon—Kinska would be in danger.

It would be safer in the village, he thought, but I can't bear the sneers of the boys any longer.

Back in the village, Kinska was called a coward. A month ago he and his father had gone caribou hunting with the other men and boys. Somehow, Kinska had become lost from the party. After wandering around and not being able to find the other hunters, he had returned to the village.

"Coward! Coward!" the boys laughed. "Kinska will never be a hunter. He is afraid of the cold and snow."

He had tried to explain. The boys just walked away when he said he became lost. They did not come to his igloo anymore. Even Kinska's father only half believed his story. That was the reason Kinska had decided to go hunting alone. He would prove he was not a coward!

He would find a seal's breathing hole in the ice. Then when the animal came for air, he would drive his spear into the seal's body. The barbs on the spear would catch and hold tightly. Kinska would pull his catch from the ice and

drag it home.

He spotted a mound of snow. He knew it was one of a seal's many breathing places. Kinska pressed his foot down into the centre of the mound. The icy snow crunched. Below was a round hole in the ice pan.

From his fur shirt, he pulled a seal indicator—a needle-like sliver of ivory with a flat circle of ivory at one end. Carefully, he lowered the indicator and let it rest on the water. When a seal came to breathe, the indicator would move. Then Kinska would jab his long spear and kill the animal.

It might be minutes, or hours, before a seal came. Kinska squatted down, his back to the wind, determined to wait.

He didn't have to wait long. The ivory indicator moved slightly, then bobbed upward. A seal was coming up for air. A dark furry nose appeared and sniffed. Kinska raised his spear. A strong blast of wind whipped by and unbalanced him. He lurched forward. His spear shot into the hole, jarred from his hand, and sank out of sight into the icy waters.

He had missed the seal! And his spear was gone. How the boys would laugh when they heard about this!

Wearily, Kinska rose and headed toward home. The wind was stronger now. The ice pan shook. A grating, crackling sound followed. Fear gripped Kinska's heart. Part of the ice pan was breaking loose!

He ran frantically, trying to reach the land. But he was too late! The ice pan moved away from the shore and drifted

out on the choppy sea. Though Kinska knew that no one could hear him, he still screamed for help.

There was nothing he could do but drift along on the ice.

Later, the snow stopped, but not the wind. The sky cleared, and far off Kinska could see the shore. He could glimpse his village on the horizon, the white igloos barely visible against the gray sky.

Slowly, the ice pan drifted south. One—two—three hours. It must be five or six miles below the village now. Too tired to stand up any longer, Kinska dropped down on the snow. He closed his eyes and dozed.

Then a terrible jolt awakened him. Was the ice pan breaking into smaller pieces? No! It was still whole—and it was not moving. Kinska knew what had happened. The floating ice had jammed into a larger pan, one that still clung to the shore. Kinska was safe now. He began to run toward the shore.

He was almost exhausted when he reached the land. He rested only a few minutes, then he started north. He was a bit ashamed to go home. His mission had failed. He would slip into his igloo; maybe no one would know about the seal he had missed and his lost spear.

Suddenly, dark forms loomed ahead of him. He stopped. Had the villagers learned of his absence and started looking for him? No, it was not people he saw. It was a small herd of caribou!

"How can I be so lucky?" Kinska cried out.

He must not let the caribou pass! He'd drive them north to the village and then all the people could have fresh meat. He flapped his arms. The caribou halted. He yelled at them. The leader of the herd turned and headed northward. The rest followed.

The herd was about a mile from the village when the caribou turned east into a thicket of scrubby trees. As he ran toward the village, Kinska hoped against hope that the herd would stay in the brush until he could spread the good news.

And the caribou did! They were nibbling in the thicket when the men came with their guns. "We will take only a few," said Kinska's father. "It is not wise to be greedy."

That night a pot of caribou meat bubbled in every igloo in the village. The boys gathered at Kinska's igloo. They wanted to hear his story over and over. He told everything that had happened, how he had lost his spear, how afraid he was when the ice pan drifted away, and how he had met the caribou and had driven them ahead of him.

"Maybe you were afraid," someone said, "but you were very brave to go out alone. No other boy in the village has done what you did. We are sorry we laughed at you the day you got lost. We want to be your friends now." ●

The Last Shawl

By Evelyn Witter



Nathan went to the market place with his father. It pleased him to be asked to assist in the day's business, for more than anything else in the world, Nathan wanted to be a successful merchant like his father.

Around the well at the end of the crooked street there was the noise of animals: donkeys brayed, sheep bleated, camels made their queer noises. Intermingled with the animal noises were the voices of the merchants and camel drivers from afar off lands.

His father, though shorter than he was, guided him through the crowds much as he had when he was a little boy, to an advantageous spot in the market place. As they unfolded the shawls which his father hoped to sell this day, he said: "Watch me carefully today, my son. These are important goods and should bring us a good profit. Watch how I bargain and use sound judgment as to the highest price I can obtain from each customer."

"Yes Father," replied Nathan, and sat obediently on the ground next to his father. As he looked around he thought his father's display was the prettiest. Prettier even than the hammered trays of copper, or the baskets of shining silver fish. The shawls were brilliant, like the flowers of the field—reds, and greens, and yellows. They were fine woven too, Nathan thought with pride. They had come from across the sea where shawl making was an art.



shawl very much, and Nathan felt a stimulating sense of conquest. The man offered the perfume. Nathan shook his head and pointed to the spices.

Finally Nathan returned to his father with both the spices and the perfume.

"Very good judgment, son!" his father exclaimed, patting his back in approval.

Nathan was very proud and happy. His heart sang as he assisted his father in spreading shawl after shawl, for buyer after buyer: listening and watching each transaction. His father asked more from foreigners than from his own people. His father was a very wise man.

The day's business was coming to a close. All the shawls were gone, except one. The pale blue one of the coarser weave that Nathan had calculated at the outset would not sell.

"We have had a profitable morning," his father announced. "I shall go to the potter and find the finest water jar in his collection and take it to your mother. Stay here son. Sell the last shawl. If your judgment is good on this sale, which I warrant shall not be easy since the shawl is not on the attractive side, then and only then shall I consider you ready for business."

"Yes, Father," replied Nathan. It was exciting to be selling! It was an intoxication which penetrated deep into a person, and diffused itself to every living tissue. Nathan felt it. Therefore, he felt he could prove to his father that his judgment was sound. The crowd in the marketplace was thinning when Nathan saw a man with tattered sandals stop before him. His eyes sparkled and his lips smiled as he stooped to touch the shawl at Nathan's feet.

His father had made a fine choice of goods. The shawls were sure to catch the eyes of all who loved the feel and look of grandeur. That is, all the shawls but one. The plain shawl, in its soft blue of the sky, looked too mild and modest next to the blazing beauties, Nathan calculated.

Then everywhere he heard people shouting: "A caravan is coming! A caravan is coming!"

It was a large caravan. Nathan saw his

"Nathan looked at the two coins. Hardly enough to cover the cost of the shawl. There was no profit here. What should he do, he wondered? How was he to judge whether or not he should sell the last shawl for so slight a price?"

father rub his plump hands together and wet his lips in anticipation of the business it would bring. Nathan hoped secretly that his father would give him a chance to bargain, to show his good judgement in business, and thereby ask him to be a partner merchant.

Nathan grabbed a red shawl and shouted: "Come buy! Come buy!" One of the drivers called to his camel in a strange language. The camel kneeled down and the man reached for a brown bundle from its back. He opened the bundle and Nathan gave a cry of wonder. Here were spices and perfume! Nathan spread the shawl proudly. The man's admiration told Nathan he wanted the

"What is the price of this shawl?" the man asked. It's price is too much for you, I am afraid," said Nathan honestly. "You are a tradesman here in Nazareth, are you not?"

"Yes," replied the man. "I am a carpenter."

"Of course!" exclaimed Nathan. "I know you. You are Joseph."

The eyes of the poor carpenter were still on the shawl, as he said: "I would like the shawl for my wife. We are soon to go on a journey to the city of David where we must register."

"Ah yes," sighed Nathan sympathetically. "Our people are gravely oppressed by the decrees of the Roman Emperor,

Caesar Augustus. The new registration means more taxes."

"Do not speak ill of the Emperor if you would keep your head," said Joseph in a hushed whisper. "But the shawl..." The carpenter extended his hand in which lay two small coins.

Nathan looked at the two coins. Hardly enough to cover the cost of the shawl. There was no profit here. What should he do, he wondered? How was he to judge whether or not he should sell the last shawl for so slight a price? His father always asked less from his own people than he did from foreigners. The carpenter was his neighbor. And just yesterday Rabbi Ezra had read from the scrolls: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This neighbor was a good man,

Continued →

High adven- -ture staff

EDITOR:

Johnnie Barnes

MANAGING EDITOR:

Tom Sanders

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:

Paul Stanek

John Eller

LAYOUT & ART:

David Barnes

NATIONAL COMMITTEE:

Silas Gaither

*National Director Church
Ministries Division*

Paul McGarvey

Men's Dept. Secretary

Johnnie Barnes

National Commander

Paul Stanek

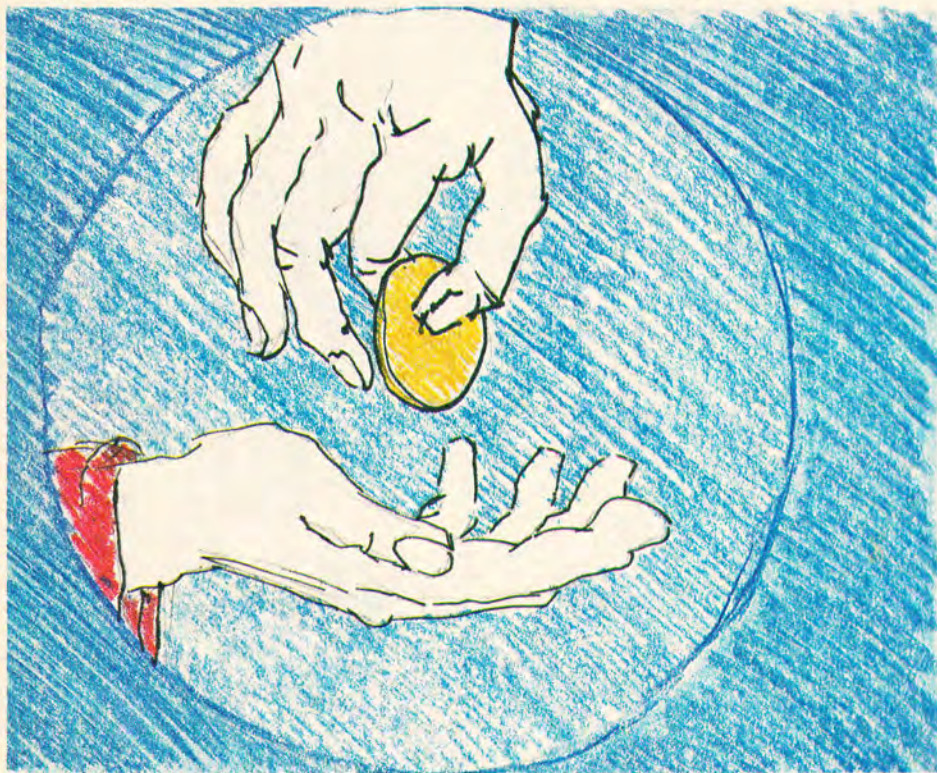
*National Training
Coordinator*

a gentle man, a kind man . . . a man easy to love as thyself. His wife needed the shawl for a tedious journey out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the City of David, which was called Bethlehem.

"You may have the shawl," Nathan told the carpenter.

Joseph extended his arm as Nathan draped the shawl over it. He stroked it carressingly and refolded it carefully over the worn sleeve of his tunic, and quickly hurried away with a happy smile playing about his lips.

Nathan waited nervously for his father to return. Would he be angry about the poor price for the last shawl, or would he understand Nathan's judgment? At long last, when the sun was making the sky red, his father returned.



"Ah Nathan" his father greeted him. "I see the last shawl is gone! And what price did you obtain?"

Nathan said nothing. He held out his hand and opened the palm in which lay the two small coins.

"You sold the shawl for this?" his father shouted and anger rose so vehemently in his breast he could scarcely breathe.

"To Joseph, the carpenter."

"What difference the trade! Be it Mark the Potter or Joel the Farmer . . . we must make a profit on our goods. Go boy. Go to the carpenter shop immediately and redeem the shawl. Tell Joseph your father cannot approve such a bargain, and give him back his coins. A man of my position cannot humble himself in such a manner, but a youth can resort to such a recourse. Go! At once!"

"Yes, father," murmured Nathan. But his heart was sad. His father would not trust him again. He might never be a

merchant. Then indeed would his life be as useless as the clay without the potter. Perhaps though if he would get the shawl back his father would relent and give him another chance.

Nathan sauntered down the crooked street and called back only half-heartedly to the children who looked up from their marble games to hail him.

When he came to the carpenter shop he stopped. What could he say to this kindly man without injuring his feelings?

Then he saw a woman, heavy with child, moving about. As he stood there he heard her singing softly. She drew the blue shawl about her shoulders and head. As it framed her sweet face Nathan thought it became her well.

Then she paused briefly before her husband saying: "Joseph, Joseph, it is a lovely shawl. It will give me ease on our long journey."

Nathan knew then that he could never redeem the shawl. He felt in his heart that it was right that it should belong to this woman. Then he turned and sauntered back up the street.

"Father," he said when he had returned to the marketplace, "I cannot take the shawl back. It is needed by one who is sorely tried in these troubled times."

"Bah!" shouted his father. "You are not a merchant. You are—you are nothing more than a dreamer like the shepherds in the hills. On the morrow I shall take you to a shepherd and beg him to accept you for hire."

"No! No! Please, Father. I do not wish to be a shepherd," Nathan cried. But he knew all was lost. His pleadings would be of no avail.

The next morning his father took him to the black tent of Tobiah the shepherd. "Do you think you can make a shepherd of this boy?" his father asked Tobiah.

"But I thought he was to be a merchant," the shepherd raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"He had no judgment," his father said. Nathan hung his head.

The shepherd put his strong hands on Nathan's shoulder and forced him to look up. "A good shepherd must have sharp eyes and quick hands. He must not let the lambs wander away among the rocks. He must keep the sheep from getting too much water into their wool and drowning in the pools among the rocks. He must watch for wild animals. Do you think you can do all that, Nathan?"

Nathan tried to keep the tears from spilling down his cheeks. He did not want to be a guardian of sheep! It was a sad day indeed. But he took his crook, his sheep's skins of sour milk and flat bread and joined the other boys who were herding the sheep up into the hills. Without a backward glance at his father, he left.

The days went by. Nathan did his job as he was told, but he did not like his tasks. He dreamed of the sounds, the smells, the excitement, the strange caravans from far away places, and his heart was mightily disturbed. He hungered too for a sight of his father. Forlorn as he was, he never once was sorry about the last shawl.

One evening, as the sun was sinking quickly and the flock was being driven home, Nathan sensed an air of excitement as he drew close to the black tent of Tobiah.

First of all he recognized the full form of his father. "Father! Father!" he cried, running down the rocky path to the outstretched arms waiting for him.

"My son! Oh, my dear son!" his father grasped him, and held him close. "How I have wronged you!"

"The last shawl . . . my judgment was all right then, Father?"

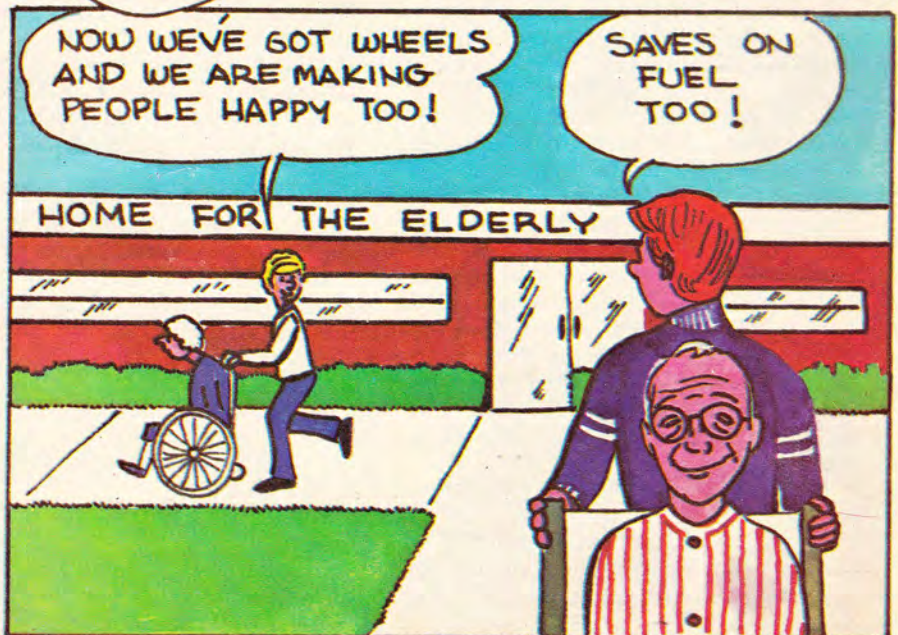
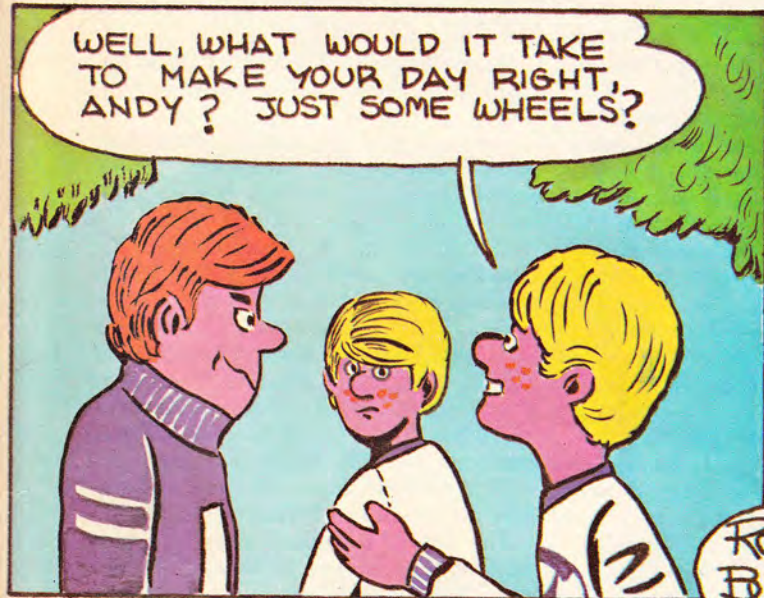
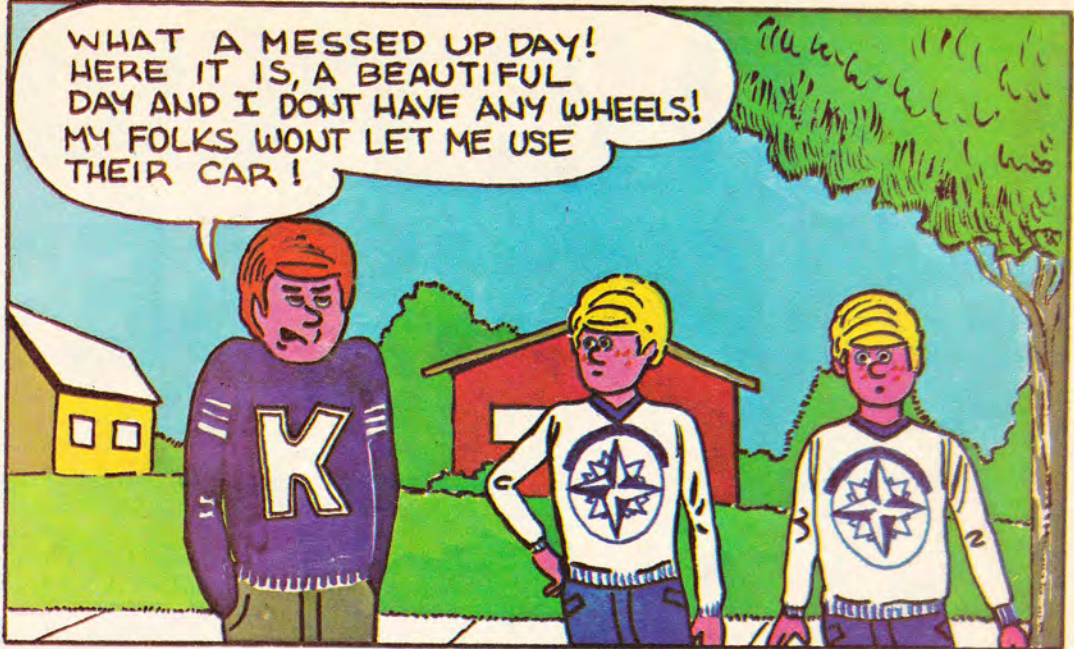
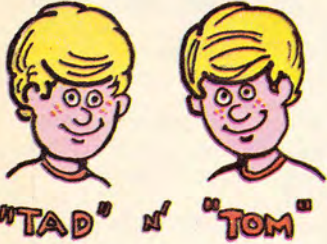
"Your judgment was truly inspired!" replied his father sincerely.

Tobiah spoke up, saying: "A most wondrous thing has happened, Nathan. Your father brings word that the Prince of Peace was born in Bethlehem. Shepherds have seen him held in the arms of his Mother, Mary, who cradled him against her blue shawl."

"I feel very humble when I think of the spiritual judgment you showed, Nathan, selling the last shawl to Joseph the carpenter," his father said in a quiet voice.

"Do not feel humble toward me, Father," replied Nathan looking up toward the heavens. "But rather rejoice that the last shawl is giving some small measure of comfort to the One who will bring great comfort to the whole world!"

THE TURNER TWINS



THE PERFECT POINSETTIA

by Evelyn Witter

Sometimes there is more to the Christmas Spirit than boxes with bows and Christmas bargains.

Kirk Cotter waited while his dad re-read the permit to work the three days before Christmas.

"Why do you want this job so much, Kirk?"

Kirk pushed his hands into his jeans pockets and half turned away from his father's penetrating gaze. He didn't want to come right out and tell Dad that for once he wanted to get Mom a gift on his own. She'd rather have a handkerchief he'd earned, he felt, than a good piece of jewelry Dad had paid for.

He'd made up his mind. And he had everything set. Mr. and Mrs. Bloom, who owned the Bloom Nook, needed help on holiday deliveries. At \$1.60 an hour he'd have \$12.50—enough to buy Mom the perfect poinsettia with the three blossoms and rich green leaves in the window of the Bloom Nook. It really cost more, but the Blooms had promised him a discount.

Suddenly he was aware that his father was still waiting for an answer.

"I . . . I." Kirk fumbled for words.

"You want to earn some money for Christmas shopping, is that it?" his father said.

"Yep. Blooms will pay me \$1.60 an hour for helping Mr. Bloom make deliveries."

"I'll sign," Dad said, "but I think 14 is pretty young, and your school work might suffer." His bright blue eyes looked as if Kirk had given him a jolt.

"I'll get my homework done," Kirk promised. Dad handed him the work permit, his face caricaturing pushed-beyond-the-line-of-duty.

The first afternoon, after running up hundreds of stairs in hospitals, apartment buildings and homes, Kirk felt as tired as if he'd scrimmaged on the football field a whole day. But when Mr. Bloom gave him \$4.80 the tiredness left him. He had a third of Mom's poinsettial

During last period the next afternoon, Kirk watched the clock anxiously. Why did Miss Dalton have to keep them to the last second?

She was saying, "Our Christmas basket is all ready for the needy family, except for meat. We are desperately short of money to buy that. If any of you could make a cash donation . . ."

Kirk fingered the money in his pocket. "I can't give," he thought.

Then he pictured the family gathering around a meatless Christmas table. There was a feeling inside him as if someone had reached in a hand and pinched the vessels leading to his heart.

He said aloud, "I'll contribute, Miss Dalton."

"I'll make the money some way," he thought, plunging against the stiff, icy wind on the way to the Bloom Nook.

It wasn't until he reached the door of the shop that he realized he had been followed. Glancing around he saw a black Scotty shaking with cold.

As he stood looking down at the shivering puppy, Mrs. Bloom opened the door. "Why, the poor little fellow, Kirk, she cried. "Let me carry him in. We'll warm him and feed him."

"Wonder who he belongs to?" Kirk mused.

"No collar or tag," noted Mrs. Bloom. "But he's somebody's pet. You can see he's been well cared for."

"It would be a sad Christmas for someone if they couldn't find him, wouldn't it?" Kirk said, half to himself, half to Mrs. Bloom.

He had that same strange feeling in his chest. Stepping to the phone, he called the newspaper. "I'd like to place an ad in the Lost and Found column," he told the voice that answered.

Mr. Bloom was all loaded, ready to go. They had to hurry: deliveries were very heavy.

Just as he was opening the truck door, Mrs. Bloom rushed out to say, "Some people came for the dog today. They were mighty glad to get him back."

"That's good!" Kirk called over his shoulder. The smile on his face felt as if it was spreading all through him.

Toward the end of their run, as he left a house, he heard unmistakable sounds of a fight rising from the vacant lot next door. Six boys were ringed around two in the snow. The boy on the bottom was much smaller than the one on the top.

Kirk stepped forward. "Say, fellow, why don't you stop? That's sissy stuff!"

The boy on top, hand suspended for another blow, looked up at him. "What's sissy about it?"

"Hitting someone littler than you is sissy!"

"Yeah, sissy!" the boys in the spectator circle mumbled to each other.

The boy on top got off the other boy, looked furiously at Kirk, then glanced as if for approval at the other boys. They avoided his eyes.

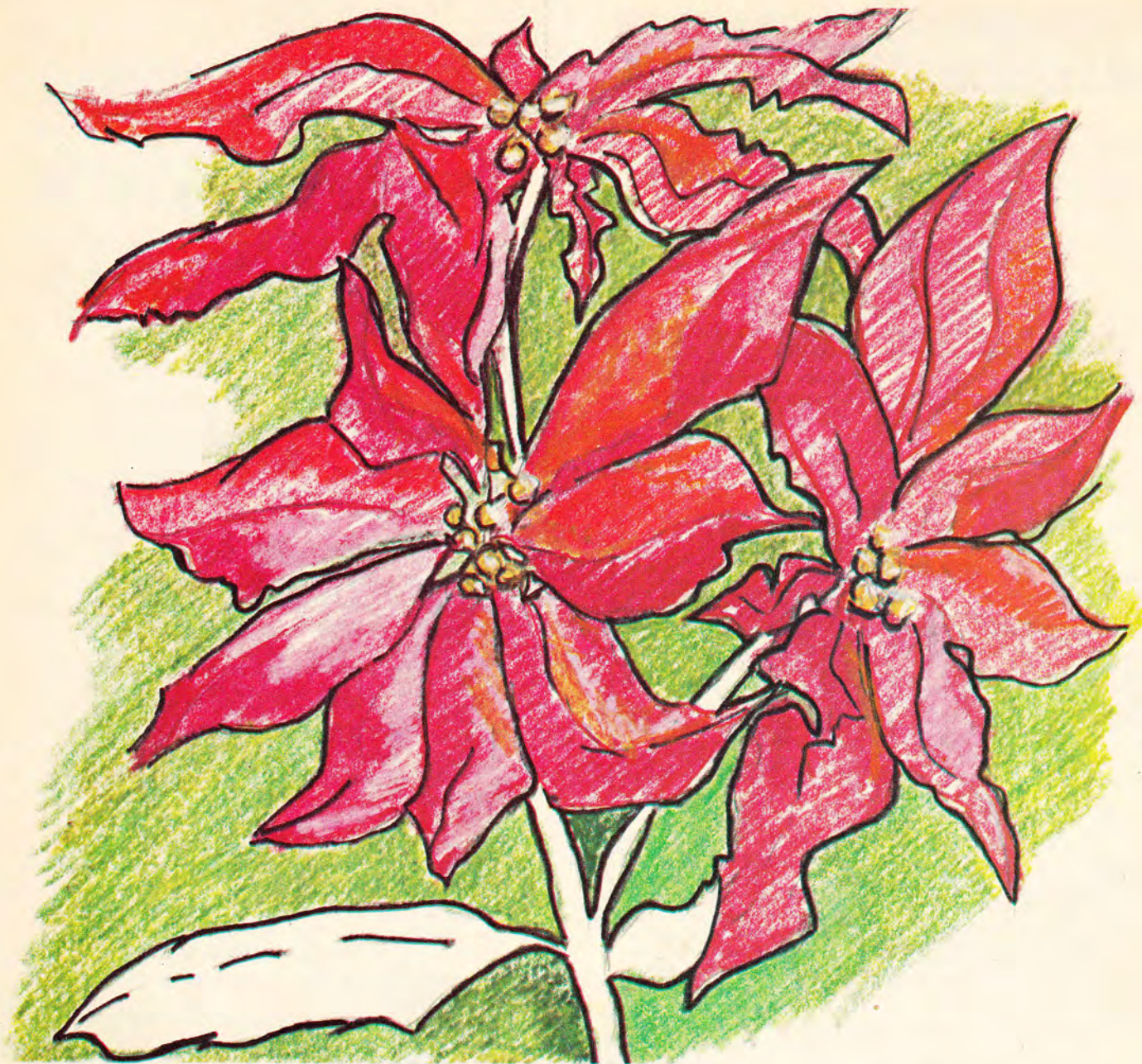
Kirk walked up to him, looked him in the face and waited.

The boy clenched his fist, shook it threateningly in Kirk's face, then turned on his heels and strode away.

The little boy was on his feet now, his face tearstained. Suddenly Kirk felt that grasping at his heart again.

He reached into his pocket. "Here, why don't you take this 50 cents and get yourself something warm to eat at that little cafe around the corner? You can wash up there, too."

The little boy looked up at him with a light in his eyes brighter than any on a Christmas tree.



"Thanks," was all he said.

"Sure," Kirk smiled down at him, and turning, returned to the truck and the waiting Mr. Bloom.

All the way back to the Bloom Nook he kept wondering what to get Mom. He wouldn't have enough money now.

"I'll pay you at the shop tonight," Mr. Bloom interrupted his thought. "Gave out all my small bills and change on the route."

"Okay," Kirk said listlessly.

They stopped in front of the shop. The perfect poinsettia was gone from the window! The one on display had a top-heavy bloom and a gangly-looking stem. Kirk sadly realized that it made no difference now, anyway.

Inside, Mrs. Bloom served hot chocolate and Christmas cookies. Kirk didn't enjoy the treat as he should have.

"You'll want to be getting home," Mr. Bloom boomed out jovially. "Christmas Eve with your family!"

"Got to do some shopping yet," Kirk said looking around the shop for some substitute for the perfect poinsettia. Everything looked bedraggled and picked-over.

"Maybe this?" Mrs. Bloom brought something beautifully wrapped and tied from the counter.

"What—what's this?" Kirk asked in surprise.

"That poinsettia that was in the window," the kind woman replied. "You've been admiring it ever since you first came."

"But . . . I can't . . . I don't have enough money," Kirk protested.

"Oh, I meant to tell you—the people who came for the dog left this for you!" She held out a ten-dollar bill.

"Oh! Thanks! Thanks so much!" Kirk blurted and reached for the plant. "Please excuse me," he called back over his shoulder.

"I've got the most important delivery of the year to make!"

"Well, Santa Claus," Mom greeted him a short time later. "Miss Dalton called to say that with your contribution they got a chicken for the Christmas basket. And Mrs. Bloom thought we ought to know about the little lost Scotty." Dad peeked around the Christmas tree to add: "A customer of mine told me about your rescuing his boy from a big bully on the street." They both looked proudly at him. Kirk blushed, shifted the plant to his other arm, gave Mom one of his rare pecks on the cheek and said, "Merry Christmas!"

When Mom undid the wrappings, her face glowed with happiness, and for a magic moment the three of them shared the shining message of Christmas. ●

FIRST AID FOR EYE EMERGENCIES

DR. JOHN W. FERREE, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR,
NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF BLINDNESS, INC.

Are you prepared in case of an eye emergency? Despite the best in eye protective programs, an eye accident may strike—either at home, at play or even on the job. It is estimated that each year there are more than 422,000 eye accidents in industry, in schools, at home and at play. With such overwhelming numbers, you never know when you will be called upon to aid someone injured. Knowledge of first aid for eyes may some day mean the difference between sight and blindness for you, a family member or a fellow worker. These special emergency tips are divided into four major categories for easy reference.



BLOWS

For a blow to the eye or a "black eye," apply cold compresses immediately for about 15 minutes per hour. A black eye could mean serious internal damage to the eyeball and should be seen by a doctor.



SPECKS

Do not rub any speck or foreign body that gets into the eye. Lift the upper lid over the lower lid and let tears wash out the particle. If the speck doesn't wash out, keep the eye closed with a light dressing and seek medical attention.



CUTS

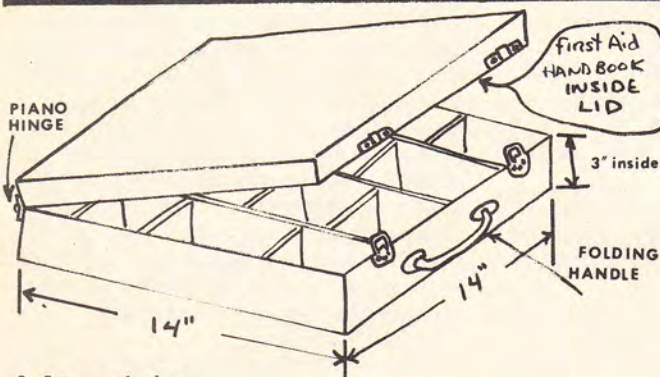
Bandage a cut eye lightly with a sterile gauze patch and call a doctor immediately. An eye with a cut, puncture, abrasion, etc., should not be washed with water. Do not try to remove an object stuck in the eye.



BURNS

Whether caused by flame or chemicals, a burn in the eye should be flooded with water immediately for approximately 15 minutes. Hold the head under a faucet or pour cool water into the eye from a glass, pot, kettle, etc. Do not use an open eye cup. Burns, especially those from chemicals, should be examined by a doctor as soon as possible.

OUTPOST FIRST AID KIT



Materials

- 1 PIANO HINGE (BRASS), FULL LENGTH
- 1 FOLDING HANDLE
- 2 LATCHES, 4 SMALL STOVE BOLTS
- 3/8" THICK PLYWOOD FOR FRONT AND BACK
- 1/4" THICK PLYWOOD (FOR SIDES, TIP, BOTTOM, ALL PARTITIONS)
- 1 METAL BRACKET (FOR HOLDING FIRST AID HANDBOOK IN LID)

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

by ALAN A. BROWN

Here we are in our bicentennial year—a good time to check out our knowledge of the circumstances surrounding the Declaration of Independence. Here are 15 questions relating to this historic event.

1. Where is the original signed copy of the Declaration of Independence permanently displayed?

2. Can you name at least 10 of the original 13 colonies which adopted the Declaration?

3. Where did the representatives meet on July 4, 1776, to adopt this charter of freedom?

4. Did George Washington sign the Declaration?

5. Can you give, within 5, the number of names signed to the document?

6. What name on the Declaration has become a symbol of all signatures?

7. Who introduced the resolution in Congress that led to the appointment of a committee of five to draw up the Declaration; the resolution stated, "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states . . .?"

8. By whom was the original draft of the Declaration written?

9. As he signed the document John Hancock remarked: "We must all hang together." What did Benjamin Franklin reply?

10. What is the opening phrase of the Declaration?

11. With what stirring words does the document close?

12. According to the Declaration, with what unalienable rights are all men endowed by their Creator?

13. The famous Liberty Bell, which rang out with the news that the Declaration had been adopted, bears what inscription, from what source?

14. The "Declaration of Independence" is not the original title of the document. What was it?

15. Is it true or false that Independence Day is celebrated as a holiday in all the states and territories of the U.S.?



The Commander called on Mrs. MacShoddie.

"By the way," he remarked after a while, "I was sorry to see your son leave the meeting last Wednesday right in the middle of my devotion. I trust nothing was seriously the matter with him?"

"Oh, no, sir," replied Mrs. MacShoddie. "It was nothing very serious; but, you see, the poor boy does have a terrible habit of walkin' in his sleep."

Thomas LaMance
Modesto, California

answers to

DECLARATION of INDEPENDANCE

1. In the Library of Congress in Washington.
2. Connecticut, Delaware, Georgia, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New Hampshire, New York, North Carolina, South Carolina, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Virginia.
3. At the State House in Philadelphia, now known as Independence Hall.
4. No. He had been appointed Commander in Chief of the Continental Army more than a year before and was at the time with the army in New York City.
5. There are 56 names.
6. John Hancock. He signed first in his capacity as president of the second Continental Congress.
7. Richard Henry Lee of Virginia.
8. Thomas Jefferson, who headed the committee of five.
9. He said: "Yes, we must all hang together, or assuredly, we shall all hang separately."
10. "When in the course of human events..."
11. "... We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our honor."
12. "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."
13. "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." It is from Leviticus 25:10.
14. "The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen United States of America."
15. True.

References:

World Almanac, "Story of the Constitution," Blom, 1937, "Lincoln Library of Essential Information," Frontier Press Information Please Almanac.

The woman lion tamer had the big cats under such control that they even took a lump of sugar from her lips on command. When a skeptic kept yelling "Anyone can do that!" the ringmaster came over and asked him, "Would you like to try it?" "Certainly," said the man. "But first get those crazy lions out of there."

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, California

The class was studying the return of the prodigal son story and the jealousy of his brother.

"Now let's see how well you have paid attention," said the teacher. "At the feast that was given to celebrate the return of the prodigal, there was one to whom the party brought no joy, only resentment, bitterness and disappointment. "Who was it?"

A small boy raised his hand and answered, "The fatted calf."

Bradley Monn
Mont Alto, Pennsylvania

TUBBY: I'd like a triple chocolate sundae with lots of nuts and whipped cream.

SODA JERK: And a cherry on top?

TUBBY: Oh, no! I'm on a diet!

Kevin Kupke
Mount Isa, Australia

HISTORY TEACHER: "Johnny, name the address we best remember Washington and Lincoln by."

JOHNNY: "Mount Vernon and Springfield."

Ray Lambert
Middleburg Heights, OH

NED: What did one mountain say to the other after an earthquake?

TED: "It's not my fault!"

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

"My, what a strange looking cow," said the city dweller to the farmer. "How come it doesn't have those big horns?"

"There are many reasons," replied the farmer quietly. "Some cows don't have them until later in life. Others have them removed, and some breeds do not have horns at all. That particular cow doesn't have horns because it's a horse."

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, California

"How long have you been driving without a tail light, buddy?" demanded the policeman. The driver ran to the end of his car and started to moan. His distress was so great that the officer was moved to ease up on him a bit. "Aw, come on," he said, "Don't take it so hard. It isn't that serious." "It isn't?" cried the motorist. "Where are my boat and trailer?"

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, California

QUESTION: What kind of pet can you walk or stand on?

ANSWER: A carpet.

Gilbert Herrera
La Puente, CA

RIDDLE: What did the limestone say to the geologist?

ANSWER: Don't take me for granite.

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA





by R. G. Champion

Perhaps you sent a Christmas card to a casual acquaintance because you wanted to share the joy of Christmas. It wouldn't bother you at all if they didn't send a card in return.

It wouldn't bother you—because *you* are giving—and it *is* more blessed to give than to receive.

But there are times when you need to receive. Christmas is one of those times.

But there's an even more important one. The Bible says, "But as many as *received* him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name" (John 1:12).

When it comes to eternal salvation, God offers it to you as a free gift. You cannot buy it or earn it or deserve it. You must simply accept it—*receive* it.

When you recognize that you are a sinner and cannot save yourself, in that moment you see that God is offering you something you cannot possibly get in any other way. You are aware of your own inadequacy—and His supremacy. You may have to swallow your pride. You may even be embarrassed to admit you are a sinner and need His salvation.

But the Heavenly Father stands reaching toward you with His gift: "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Romans 6:23).

When you admit your need and reach out to receive His gift, His peace calms the struggle in your soul and you have peace—the peace that Christmas is all about.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16).

You can have the joy of sins forgiven, the joy of a brand-new start, the joy of fellowship with your Creator. You can have the joy of receiving a gift beyond price when you take Jesus as your Saviour and Lord.

What can you give in return? Any gift you give could never match His gift. But you can give Him yourself—and that's what He has always wanted. ●

The doorbell rings. You peek through the window—and there stands a neighbor holding a colorfully wrapped Christmas gift.

Nothing wrong with that—except you haven't bought a gift for them!

You try to think of something in those few seconds it takes to get the door opened. But all you can think of is, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

And you're receiving.

It's easy to be gracious when you're giving. It presents an opportunity to show your bigheartedness, your concern, your love. People get caught up in the spirit of the season and enjoy giving. It makes them feel so good to know they have done something nice for someone else.

But receiving—that means taking a secondary position. It means you recognize the giver in at least a slightly superior role. It tends to make you feel obligated. You may feel at a disadvantage and have to swallow your pride. Even adults sometimes look at receiving the way a child looks on hand-me-downs.

Can you accept a Christmas gift graciously if you have none to give in return? Or do you lamely suggest, "I'm sorry, but we haven't gotten something for you yet"—as you try to get out of the role of receiving.

Perhaps you face the same embarrassment when you receive a Christmas card from someone you didn't send one to this year. You scurry to see if you have any leftover cards—because you don't want those friends or acquaintances to be offended.

Of course, you wouldn't feel that way if you were the one who was giving. You wouldn't think anything about it if you took a gift to your neighbors and they were unable to do something in return.