


# High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

A color photograph of a man in a dark military uniform with a beret, holding a young boy in a scout uniform. They are standing next to a large Christmas tree decorated with red and white ornaments. Another boy in a scout uniform is visible in the foreground, looking at the tree. The background shows a wooden building and trees.

WINTER 1977-78  
ASTRONAUT ON WOODEN WINGS  
THE BLIZZARD  
JESUS PEOPLE  
THE LEGEND OF THE SHAMAN  
OPERATION DEEP FREEZE



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*The High Adventure  
staff warmly greets you  
this holiday season, may  
the Lord's blessings bring  
true joy to your heart—  
may it last all year.*

**MERRY  
CHRISTMAS**

# high adven- -ture staff

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Paul Stanek

John Eller

## LAYOUT & ART:

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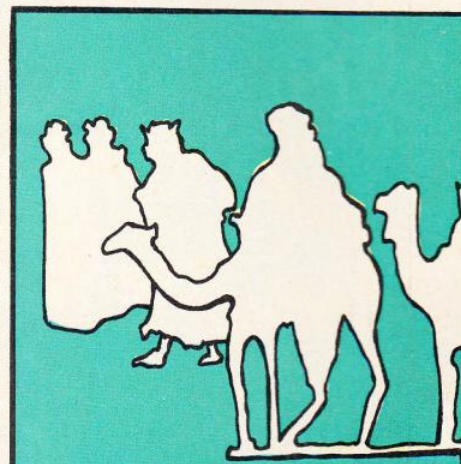
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*"For God so loved the  
World he gave his only  
son."*



*His father was called "flying Paul" and the pressure was on. Could he keep the family tradition?*

## Astronaut on Wooden Wings



By FRED W. STEINER

Paul sat up so quickly his bed bounced. He peered through the frosty window and his stomach had those strange feelings again, those giant flip-flops.

"This is National Day," he thought. "But can I jump before a crowd?"

Paul Zeeholm had been ski jumping for four years, since he was ten in his mountain village of Kronheim in central Norway. "A long time," he admitted, "but spectators still scare me."

He moved his long, slim body uneasily. "Today, at the meet, I'll be jumping before four thousand people. Yipes!"

He knew that staying in bed wasn't going to help him so he jumped out on the blue rug with the crossed jumping skis his mother had woven.

"Dad . . . Mother," he called. "It's National Day!"

He dashed cold water on his ruddy face and ran a brush through his blond hair. Then he pulled on his dark blue ski pants, white sweater, and sturdy walking boots.

"I'm dressed," he thought. "But am I really ready to jump?"

His dad, noticing the worried look on Paul's face, said, "You'll be great, Paul, just great." His dad continued, "As soon as we eat breakfast, we'll be on our way to the jump. Remember Paul, today's the day to keep your cool."

Paul smiled for his dad always gave him confidence. He bolted his oatmeal, despite his mother's entreaties to, "take your time, son."

"I'm trying," said Paul, his blue eyes on fire.

Paul reached for a thick slice of toast. He was thinking about the competition. He knew it would be tough because he would be up against the best ski jumpers from junior and senior high schools all over Norway.

His dad was talking again and Paul stopped munching on his toast. "When you jump today, Paul—try to feel that flying sensation I've told you about so often. That's the way to get distance. You must fly . . . well, something like an astronaut."

"Yes," said Paul. He was thinking,

"Mom's toast is great, I'm sure, but it doesn't taste right today. I feel terrible."

Paul Zeeholm was more than ever confused when his dad talked about flying like an astronaut. Paul had tried to understand for he respected his dad. Not only because he was his dad but because his dad had once been high school jump champion of all Norway. He had won right here in Kronheim and ever since he'd been called "Flying Paul." Although Paul had the same first name as his dad, he was never called "Junior." He liked that.

Breakfast over, Paul and his parents strapped on their snowshoes. Paul shouldered his eight-foot-long hickory skis, the same wooden jumping skis his dad had used years before, and they were on their way.

The day was full of sunshine, but cold and crisp as winter days so often are in central Norway.

"The air's so pure," said Paul, "I can almost eat it."

As the family single-filed over the deep snow, his mother said, "You know, Paul, Pastor Francois will join us today. We'll all be at the end of the landing area pulling for you."

"Right," said Paul.

Pastor Francois was a close friend. The kindly pastor had taken many cross-country ski jaunts with the Zeeholms, cooking and camping out on the trail.

Pastor Francois came to see the Zeeholms often. Paul smiled now as he thought of the pastor's visit only last evening. It was just after he and his dad had finished polishing the bottoms of Paul's skis.

"Hello, my children," the pastor had said. "How are you?"

He was huffing and puffing, as usual, from his snowshoe climb up the mountainside to their cabin. The heavy-set man had shaken hands all around in his usual enthusiastic manner.

Pastor Francois had brought a present and they all clustered around to see it. On a piece of white oak the pastor had carved a crucifix. Paul had always admired the pastor's carvings, especially an earlier one of "The Last Supper" that now hung in the church.

"Your carvings," he had told him,

"look so alive. They're so realistic."

The pastor smiled and then had asked, "How goes the jumping, Paul Zeeholm?"

Paul had explained, "We've done a lot of talking how I might get the feeling of flying like an astronaut."

"Sounds interesting," said the pastor and he pursued the idea for some time with Paul and his dad. Then Paul mentioned the flip-flop feeling in his stomach when jumping before a crowd.

A few moments later as Pastor Francois was strapping on his snowshoes to leave he said, looking deep into Paul's eyes, "You'll do all right. Good luck, my lad. You know I'll be there with your folks. Remember to think of your skis as wings. Flying wings."

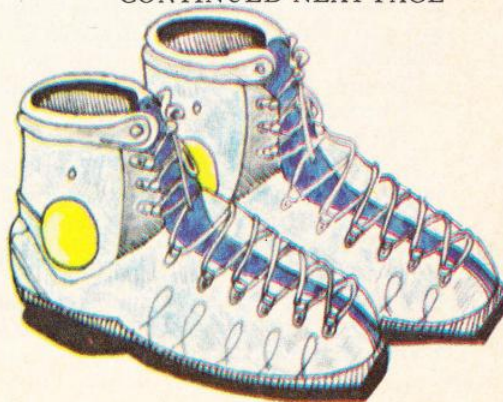
Paul and his folks were nearing the slide now. Its top, higher than the surrounding pine trees, seem to touch the clouds in the blue sky.

"I can hear the band," said Paul. "And look! The flags are flying straight out. That's a great wind and it's coming into the tower. A good lifting wind, not too much to hold us back. Everyone looks ready to go." And to himself, as he felt his stomach, "Everyone's ready but me."

His uneasiness increased as they reached the ski hill. When his folks started to leave to take their places around the landing area they wished him good luck and as they moved off his mother called, "I know you'll do your best, Paul!"

Paul Zeeholm's eyes were a bit misty but he managed to see the announcer lift his bull horn. "First jumper, first try," he called.

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE





**"WINGS!" he cried**  
**"Wings. Real wings**  
**of gold!" "I'll fly,"**  
**I'll fly.**

With a last name like Zeeholm, Paul figured he'd be near the end. "I'll just have to wait it out," he decided. Despite the temperature of five below zero, beads of perspiration were forming on his forehead. "It must be ski fever," he decided.

The jumpers were ready to start. First off was a jumper from Kronheim. Paul couldn't see him but he heard the landing with that "plomp, plomp" sound as first one ski then the other landed. Paul knew that was probably an uneven landing and perhaps included a nasty spill. Although the lad had managed to stand all the way down the landing, it was a short jump.

On Paul's first try, he took the jump well. His leap was over 190 feet, but his second try a while later was only 180. Another contestant had already done 199 feet. That put Paul in second place with this third try and final leap coming up. Paul was the only contestant left with a chance to win first place for Kronheim.

"I can't settle for second best," Paul thought.

The round of third and final jumps was starting. Between leaps the announcer filled the frosty air with facts about the great jumpers of yesteryear. When he announced, "Flying Paul Zeeholm was our last school champion from this village," the crowd roared. Paul thought, "That's sweet music for dad's ears."

He looked over the crowd but couldn't see his folks nor the pastor.

Paul was still searching the crowd when he spotted his good friend, Pastor Francois, approaching. Huffing and puffing as usual, the pastor called to Paul, "Looks like you've got second place. Not bad, Paul." Then he added, "How do you feel? Inside?"

"Fair," said Paul, "just fair. But I'm after first place."

The pastor looked at Paul's face, then at Paul's skis and said, "Here, young man, let me watch your skis. You go walk around a bit. Loosen up. It'll get your mind off things and maybe settle that stomach."

"Sounds like a good idea," said Paul. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

"No hurry," said the pastor.

As Paul took off to walk around the jump tower, he could see the pastor put the skis down flat on the snow. Then the pastor knelt beside them, carefully examining their tips.

"Probably found a splinter in the wood some place," thought Paul, "and he's smoothing it out."

In about five minutes Paul was back, feeling warmer, and Pastor Francois asked, "Feel better?"

Paul nodded. "A little. But I still know my stomach is there."

"About ready to head for the jump?" asked the pastor.

Paul shouldered his heavy skis and headed for the open stairway of the jump tower. The steps zig-zagged back and forth and there were a lot of them. As he climbed he felt the wind freshen.

"It seems," thought Paul, "the wind wants to blow the skis off my shoulders." He struggled to keep his balance.

He reached the top and was standing on the open, railed-in wooden platform. The howling wind had sharp flecks of snow in it and his already-ruddy cheeks were getting redder by the second.

"Wind is very rough," he said to himself, "but it's got that lifting power. It should help me fly."

He looked down the two icy ski tracks of the runway. But it was the crowd that still bothered him. "I'll try not to think about them." His old fear of jumping, despite his resolve, was worse than ever.

His last jump was coming up.

The words, "Paul Zeeholm of Kronheim," came roaring up the tower. "Last jump. Last contestant," cried the announcer. "He must beat 199 feet to win first."

It was a determined Paul who moved now to the edge of the platform. He slid his skis back and forth to give them that final polish. The wind savagely swirled

up the runway in a blinding burst to throw its full force at him.

Paul glanced down at his skis. "The bindings are okay," he decided. Automatically, he thought, "My skis are parallel with each other. As they should be."

There was some snow stuck to the tips of his skis and he reached down to whisk it off. And that's when it happened!

A massive tingling sensation surged through his body.

"What? What's that? At the end of my ski?"

He looked again. "Yes," he cried. "Wings. Real wings of gold!"

The announcer's voice interrupted. "Ready," came his cry.

Paul tilted his skis into the icy grooves. "Wings!" he cried.

And he was off like an avalanche, spewing swirling snow in his blinding wake.

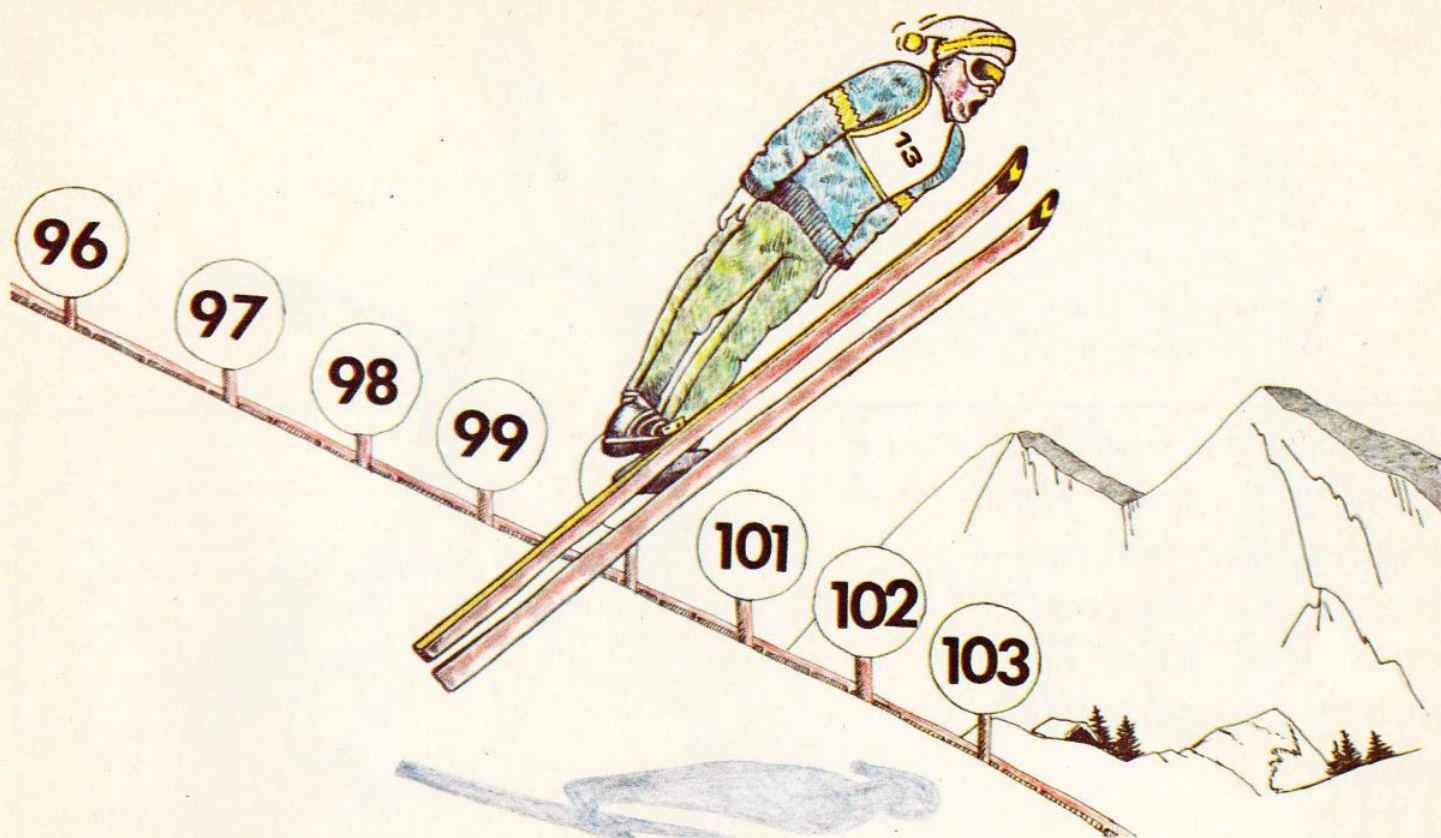
Bright wings of gold "I'll fly," he cried. He was gaining speed. And his balance was steady as a rock.

"That wind!" he yelled, and he crouched lower to cut his resistance. He was almost halfway down. In a split second he knew he would feel the flatness near the end of the runway. Where the slide bottomed out. Just before empty space was his.

Through his veins there coursed a stronger power than he had ever experienced in all his skiing days. Those golden wings! They were his to ride.







He had seen the wings. Now he felt their incredible power deep within. He was near the end of the runway. And just a thousandth of a second before him, the wild blue sky.

The spectators beneath him were a blur of red, blue and black, spread out around the horseshoe-shaped landing area. He could hear their muffled roar despite the sharp rumble of the wind about him.

But the crowd wasn't bothering him! He could feel the wind's icy clutch. And that savage wind wasn't bothering him, either.

Those wonderful wings!

The icy wind . . . people staring up at him. Everything was working for him. When he screamed into the wind, "Distance! Distance!" his words fairly tore the air apart.

He was at the end of the runway. With a flex of his knees, he leaped into space. Leaning forward, his body bent almost parallel with his hickory skis, their tips pointing up slightly.

As he soared, he moved out, out. He could feel the lift of the wind. He sensed the distance. No stomach flip-flops now. Would there be a sudden drop as on a shorter flight? No, he hadn't felt it.

He moved his arms suddenly to counteract a gust of wind, then back tight along his sides. He kept moving. Still he didn't drop, just kept moving out. He was getting distance, glorious distance.

His blood raced wildly, his breath quickened. The air was keeping him aloft as never before. He was airborne like an astronaut! He felt the exciting lift in every part of his body, and this steeled him for the coming effort, the landing.

Paul's face was set for a landing point far ahead, close up to the waiting crowd.

Exultantly sure of himself, within there burned a new, tremendous force. A belief in himself! It had riotously, deliciously pervaded his being. Everything was working right. And he knew that next time he would fly with or without those wings.

This time he was an astronaut. And the next time and the times after that, an astronaut with flying wings of wood.

But as he neared the landing he saw the crowd had pressed too close. Far into the landing area. They were in the danger zone.

"I'll hit them!" he screamed.

"Back! Back!" bellowed the judges.

"Track! Track!" screamed the announcer.

"The horror of hitting them," thought Paul. He knew what lashing skis could do to people in a crowd.

The crowd heeded the announcer. They leaped out of the way, some diving head-first into the snow banks. They left a small clearing.

And Paul landed in that tiny spot as accurately as an astronaut, fiercely stopping up short, plowing ice snow before him in a savage arc.

He bent over to loosen his bindings. "Sure enough," he cried, "They are wings. Carved on the upward slop of the ski tips!"

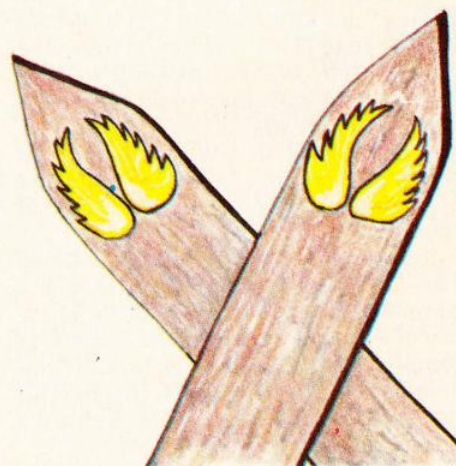
The golden glow of the hickory was bright. The wings stood out realistically from the dark varnish of the rest of the skis.

The spectators were silent as the announcer lifted his megaphone. "Paul Zeesholm," he cried, "distance 250 feet! Longest jump of the meet!" The announcer was beaming as he thundered, "I give you the winner—Paul Zeesholm of Kronheim!"

Someone in the crowd roared, "Flying Paul the Second," and the crowd took up the chant as they rushed pell-mell toward the school champ of all Norway.

Paul looked down at the realistic wings carved on his ski tips. They were beautiful.

Flying Paul the Second was happier than he had ever been. For he knew that in a moment, surging out of that crowd, would be his proud parents. And a friendly pastor who could really carve wonders! "I should have known," thought a happy Paul, "there were no splinters."●







*It was hard for Miss Wesley to trust flying feather—but failing to do so could cost her and her young friend's life!*

## THE BLIZZARD

By KIT LAMBETH

As soon as Jonathan stepped into the little sod schoolhouse, Miss Wesley ordered him to take his seat.

It wasn't like her to be cross like this. And it wasn't normal for his classmates to be so quiet. Something was wrong.

Miss Wesley walked over to the window and peered out as if expecting someone or something. "Jonathan Johnson, finish your sums," she snapped, without looking back.

"Flying Feather was here," Billy whispered. "Miss Wesley is all upset."

"She shouldn't be afraid of Flying Feather," said Jonathan. "He's our friend."

"Miss Wesley is just like Ma," he added. "Flying Feather visited us last night and Ma didn't say a word to him. Finally, she told Pa they had to get up early to go to Hastings today, and Flying Feather left. We're supposed to love everybody. I wish they could be friends with Flying Feather."

"I don't think Miss Wesley was afraid of him," Billy whispered. "She's worried over the news he gave her; he said a bad storm was headed this way."

Jonathan found this hard to believe. The sun was shining and it was such a warm February morning. But he knew that if Flying Feather said a storm was coming, that's exactly what would happen. He was close to nature. He knew all its tricks. And here on the Nebraska prairie that was important.

Finally, Miss Wesley sat down at her desk and everyone relaxed. The first and second grades recited their sums and returned to their rough oak benches. Then the third grade began their spelling lesson. All at once, a low moaning sound crept through the cracks in the sod walls. Soon, it grew steadily louder and stronger, so strong that it began to shake the building.

Everyone crowded to the window to see what was happening. There, hanging low over the prairie, was a fierce black cloud. It moved quickly and covered the sun, turning the schoolroom dark.

Outside there was the clatter of wagon wheels. Parents had come to take their children home ahead of the storm. Billy's parents came last and that left only Jonathan and Miss Wesley.

"Jonathan, aren't your parents coming for you," she asked.

"No, ma'am. Ma and Pa went to Hastings today to get supplies," answered Jonathan.

"But you can't stay here. Your parents would worry."

"I'll ride my pony, Gypsy," said Jonathan. "How will you get home, Miss Wesley? You board with the Miller family. That's a mile from school."

"Oh, I have a warm coat, and I wore my hood this morning," replied Miss Wesley.

Jonathan realized how little his teacher knew about prairie blizzards,

being from the south as she was. "Ma'am, you can't walk home. You'd get lost two feet away from the door in a blizzard. Flying Feather told me of the time he got lost in one. It was terrible."

Miss Wesley paced the floor from door to window, rubbing her hands together. "Then I shall stay here," she announced. "I brought some extra food today."

"No! You must come home with me," Jonathan said sternly. "There's not enough coal to last through the storm. You can ride behind me on Gypsy. Flying Feather taught her to travel through storms."

Miss Wesley considered Jonathan's invitation at length before she accepted. Then she prepared for the trip.

When the two of them finally left the schoolhouse, the snow came swirling down around them in fierce circles. The wind was sharp as a sword.

Jonathan took a length of rope from his saddle pouch and tied it to his waist. He instructed Miss Wesley to hold on to the other end to prevent her from falling off in case she became dizzy. It wasn't easy to give orders to his teacher, especially when he had to shout above the roar of the wind.

By the time they had traveled half the way home, the snow came down with such force that Jonathan could scarcely breathe. Sky and earth blended into one enormous white sea.

CONTINUED PAGE 11



## By RICHARD PARKER

Charles Lester flopped down on a wooden bench beneath a leafless tree. Hundreds of people scurried about, hurrying from store to store. Charles ripped open the top of a sack. Then popped a peanut cluster into his mouth.

He noticed a man on a ladder down the street. The man was hanging a large silver bell on a lamp post while someone else held the ladder steady.

Charles suddenly became aware that someone was watching him. A small boy stood in front of him. A big smile was on the youngster's face.

"Hi!" the boy said cheerfully.

Charles looked about but he couldn't see any adults near the bench. "Hello," Charles replied.

"My mommy is lost," the boy announced. "Will you help me find her?"

Charles surveyed the large shopping center. "She could be anywhere," he thought. "What store did your mommy get lost in?" Charles asked.

"I don't remember," the boy answered.

"How do you expect me to find her if you can't remember which store you were in?" Charles wanted to know.

The boy's lower lip quivered as tears overflowed his blue eyes and ran down his rosy cheeks. Charles nervously glanced around to see if anyone was watching. "Why did he have to pick on me?" Charles whispered to himself. "I'll help you," Charles quickly said. "But don't cry. Here have a piece of candy."

The boy stopped crying. He stuffed a peanut cluster into his mouth. "I don't like peanut candy," he mumbled. "I like lick . . . lick . . ."

"Licorice!" Charles said.

The boy grinned. "Yeah, the black kind."

Charles took hold of the boy's hand. They walked across the square and entered a department store. "We'll look here first," Charles said.

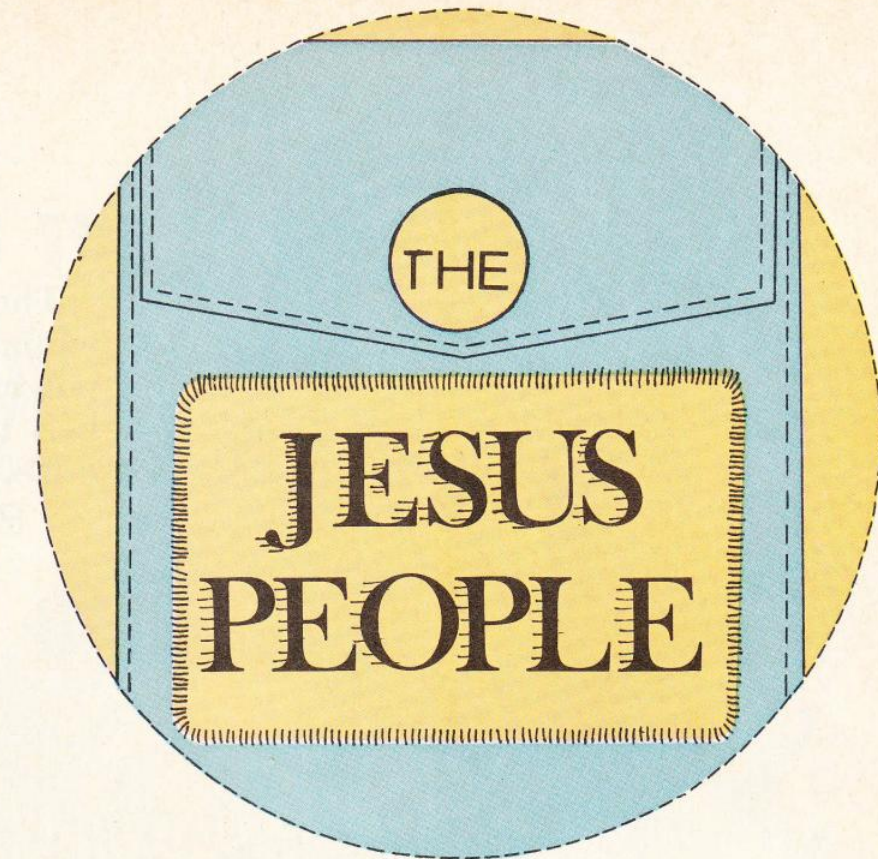
They moved through the crowd until they had reached the toy department. "There's Santa!" the boy cried out. "I want to see Santa!"

"But we're looking for your mommy," Charles reminded the boy.

"I want to see Santa," the boy screamed.

A few shoppers had stopped and were gawking. Charles' face turned a crimson color. He silently wished a hole would open up and swallow him. "Okay, we'll go see Santa."

After standing in line for nearly twenty minutes, it was finally their turn. "Aren't you a little old for this?" Santa asked.



Charles swallowed hard as his face burned a bright red. "It's not me," he cried out. He pulled the boy out from behind him. The boy slyly hid behind Charles. "It's him who wants to see you."

"Don't be bashful," Santa coached. "Come here and sit on old Santa's knee and I will give you a present."

Clutching his present tightly in one hand, the boy was ready to search for his mother. Charles was hoping they could find her quickly.

"I'm thirsty," the boy said. "I want a drink."

Charles rolled his eyes upward. "Why me, God? Why me?"

Finding out from a clerk where the water fountain was, they rode the escalator downstairs. Charles lifted the boy up so he could get a drink. He was about to turn away when he saw his reflection in a mirror above the fountain. He stared momentarily at a patch sewed on his jacket. It had been given to him by his Sunday School teacher. The words, Jesus Loves You, were in bold red letters.

Charles felt somewhat guilty about his attitudes toward the boy. "How many times did Jesus go out of his way to help someone?" Charles thought. "As a Christian, Jesus would want me to help this boy through love and understanding."

"What you say we find your lost mommy?"

The boy flashed a smile and helped himself to another piece of candy. "If we can find that giant Santa, my mommy wouldn't be lost anymore," the boy said.

"What giant Santa?" Charles asked.

"The one she was standing by when she got lost," the boy replied. "It was a

big Santa that almost touched the ceiling.

Dennison's Toy Shop!" Charles exclaimed.

Shoving their way through the busy shoppers, they reached the giant Santa. "I told you it was a giant Santa," the boy said proudly.

"Do you see your mother?"

"Nope!" the boy answered.

"Kenny!" a voice rang out. A short woman carrying several packages rushed up. "Where have you been?" she demanded.

"You were lost, mommy," Kenny said. "We looked all over for you."

"Thank you for taking care of Kenny," the woman said. "I really appreciate what you did."

"I'm glad to have been of help," Charles said. "I've got to get home. Bye, Kenny."

Kenny's face shone brightly. "Bye Jesus people."


Charles was stunned. Kenny's mother was surprised and shocked. "Why did you call him that, Kenny?" she wanted to know.

"He is a Jesus people, Kenny answered. He pointed to the patch on Charles' jacket. "His patch says so. And he did help me didn't he?"

Kenny's mother laughed. "Yes, he truly did," she said.

A warm feeling surged through Charles as he walked home. He was glad that he had taken time to help Kenny find his mother. "And to think he chose me because of this patch," he thought. "If I had turned him away, I might have turned him away from Jesus too. Being a Christian is really a big responsibility. ●





**The tale was told of an old mountain man who had strange power over animals—some say he's the ghost of a trapper who froze.**

**By DARRELL R. JONES**

The tiny log cabin was full of fantasy as the stranger's voice intoned on and on. And the dancing flames in the fireplace added to the enchanted atmosphere of the smokey cabin.

Winter's icy fingers probed through the cracks around the door and windows, only to retreat to the dark corners not protected by the hissing and popping fire.

But the young homesteading family paid no mind. They leaned forward—spellbound—on the edge of their homemade chairs, never missing one of the stranger's words.

It wasn't often they had visitors up in this high country. So this indeed was a very special occasion—and a very special visitor.

He was a mountain man and mountain men were as much renowned for their storytelling as for their skill in trapping, survival, and the ways of nature. So the anticipating family had whisked away the supper dishes as soon as possible, rushed through the evening chores, and had gathered around the fire, eager for the excitement to begin.

The stranger sat directly in front of the fire with his legs propped up on a large chunk of fire wood. The rest of the family completed the semicircle on both sides of the stranger and either stared into the fire or stared at the mysterious mountain man.

He had first appeared on the clearing just before evening and was helping Jesse's father with the chores when the young boy returned from his trap lines.

At 13, Jesse was the oldest of the children, and both in stature and maturity, was well on his way to manhood. Samuel, 10, and Sara, 7, were next. Then there were the little ones, Elizabeth, 4, and Jeb, who had just turned 2.

The children had also helped their pa with chores, but this evening they had mostly followed the stranger around the wide saucer eyes. And those same unrelenting stares were still clamped on the stranger as if he would vanish away like chimney smoke if they glanced away for even a second.



# THE LEGEND OF THE

# SHAMAN

Without a doubt, the stranger was an awing spectacle. And the children were justified in staring. He was a huge man, majestic, and like some prehistoric cave dweller, wore a long robe of snow white furs over his creamy buckskin clothes.

Jesse had tried to count the snow hare, fox, and weasel pelts forming the robe but the number was too great. One pelt was a lot larger than the others and he guessed it must have been an albino wolf.

The stranger's knee-high moccasins, that both Elizabeth and Jeb could have crawled into, completed the stranger's garb. The moccasins were made of waterproof otter and beaver coats.

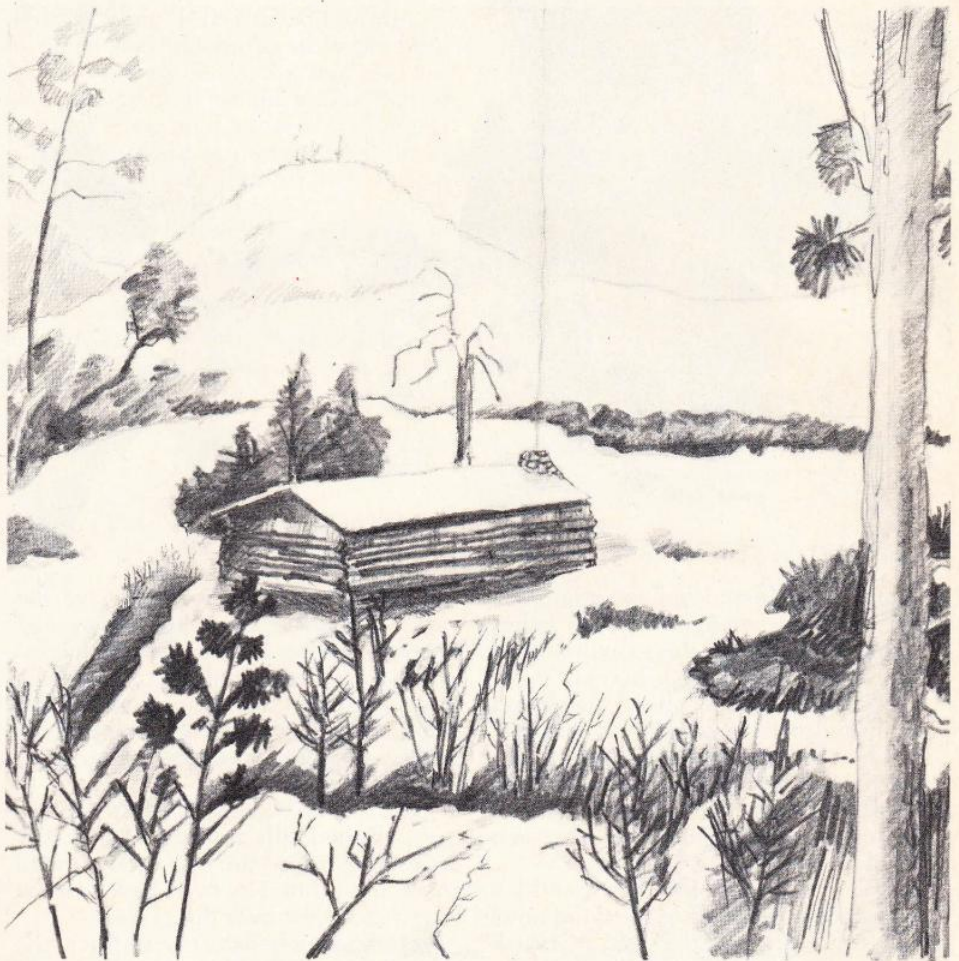
The stranger looked neither young nor old, but the hair cascaded white out from under the coonskin cap. The flowing beard started out gray next to the face but then seemed to blend into snow and ice towards the silver-tipped ends. Startling blue eyes twinkled out from the surrounding white. And to the children he really looked like a gargantuan white mountain come to life.

Spinning his yarns for almost two hours now, the stranger showed no sign of stopping or even slowing down. Naturally by now, the two very littlest one were curled up in their mother's arms asleep. But those who could hear and understand sat spellbound, completely absorbed in the stranger's stories.

"Have ah tol' ya yet 'bout the legend of the Shaman?" The family answered with a chorus of eager "no's." The stranger leaned back in the pine chair, savoring the moment. A dozen eyes stared.

"The Shaman," he finally began after a short eternity, "is what the Injuns calls 'im and it's sorta caught on. He's an ol' feller that's 'sposed t' live up in these 'ere parts. Name means sumpin' like he which looks out for things. Some says he's a spirit, ghost of a trapper which froze t' death one winter. Some says he's got powers o'er animals an' sech. Injuns, they revere him—"

"You mean he really lives around here?!" Young Samuel could barely contain himself and the fire glowed in his wide eyes.



The stranger eyed the small interrupter and chuckled from somewhere underneath the fur robe.

"Wal young feller, 'spose it's possible, ain't it? Ah be hankerin' t' believe't me sef. Me Pa always said the good Lord protects kids, an' fools, an' sech. An somebody's got t' look after the Lord's business. Y'see that's what the Shaman do. He protects those't havin' a hard time protectin' themselves."

The stranger paused to catch his breath before beginning a new round,

but Jesse's mother, remembering her motherly duties, stirred from her chair on the right side of the stranger. "Well you kids, it's way past your bedtime!" She knew if this kept up, she would never get them calmed down enough for sleep.

"Aw Ma," Samuel and Sara whined in unison. Both Jesse's father and the stranger laughed.

"No arguing now. Off to bed!" Jesse's mother led the way into the other room carrying her snoring bundles. "You too, Jesse."





Reluctantly Jesse stood up, stretched, then bade the stranger and his father goodnight. As he left the room he heard the stranger comment to his pa, "Fine boy y'got thar." Jesse longed to stay and join the talk of manly things but he knew that once his mother had spoken, it was law. Slowly he crawled between his bearskin blankets. He fell asleep and the lowered voices in the other room became part of his dreams.

Jesse woke just before dawn and lay for a moment listening to the wind howl around the corner of the cabin. Grayish light was beginning to fill the room. Then he remembered the visitor and hurried into his clothes.

But the stranger was gone. The rest of the family was still wrapped in their warm cocoons as Jesse struggled into his warm fur coat and gloves and strapped on his snowshoes. He loaded his rifle before he left the house. Like every morning and evening, he had to check his traps.

He pushed hard against the door to get it open. The wind had piled snow up against it. It was still snowing and the wind drove the icy crystals into his face like cold needles.

As he entered the woods above the cabin's clearing he heard crows and bluejays making a commotion in the distance. They were probably tormenting some marooned owl, Jesse thought, that hadn't found a good enough hiding place before daylight weakened its night-seeing eyes.

Jesse's cabin was nestled between two gently sloped hills and he made his way up to the ridge the two hills formed above the cabin. His traps began in the large valley just over the ridge.

As he approached the first trap over the ridge, he quickened his pace. The snow around the trap was bloody. Something had been snared in the trap but all that remained were a few scraps of fur. The jaws of the steel trap still clenched part of the hind paw of a snow hare. Then Jesse saw the tracks. Wolves! A chill not caused by the cold shot up his spine.

Jesse reset the trap a few hundred yards away then hurried on to the next trap. It was undisturbed and so were the next two.

The fifth trap was set in a small stream that ran off the mountains at the far end of the valley. The shallow stream flowed along the valley floor and beavers had

dammed it at one point, making a small frozen pond. Jesse's trap was just on the other side of the beaver dam where the stream regained some of its gurgling pace.

Jesse removed his snowshoes and waded into the icy water. The trap looked all right as he bent over.

Suddenly he sensed he wasn't alone. He straightened up to gaze right into the snarling faces of several lean timber wolves!

Jesse's stomach fell. For an instant he froze, his blood running as cold as the water around his ankles. Then in a flash he sprang out of the stream running for his life, his abandoned snowshoes forgotten on the bank.

Like furred lightening, the wolves were after him. Jesse knew he didn't have a prayer. The hard winter made the wolves bolder than normal. He struggled in the deep snow and the wolves gained on him.

The sight of the young boy floundering in the snow excited the wolves and deepened their hunger pangs. They closed rapidly.

Jesse was running uphill now. His heart raced out of control. He glanced



back and a helpless scream of terror escaped his lips. They almost had him.

He dashed into the v-shaped cleft of a towering boulder jutting from the hillside and whirled to face his attackers, his back plastered against the rock.

He shot the first charging wolf with his flint lock rifle then whipped his long hunting knife from its sheath. The fallen wolf jerked still at his feet. He faced at least seven more.

The wolves darted in and out, looking for an opening, leaping just beyond the reach of Jesse's flashing blade. But with so many it would only be a matter of minutes before they would be on him. Jesse fought desperately.

Suddenly the wind died and an eerie stillness blanketed everything. The wolves fled.

Large fluffy snowflakes floated down gently. All was complete silence. Jesse was alone, his pulse still pounding in his ears.

He couldn't believe it! Quickly he reloaded his rifle then peered around the corners of the boulder. But the wolves were gone. He paused, looked up and whispered a prayer of thanks to God.

Rifle ready, he cautiously sneaked back down the hill to retrieve his snowshoes. A movement behind him caught his eye and he whirled, rifle already to his shoulder.

Through the sights Jesse saw the huge figure standing high atop the giant boulder where he had just fought for his life. It was a man. An eagle was perched on the man's shoulder and a large puma sat on its haunches by his side. The man wore a long robe of white furs.

Mouth agape, Jesse dropped his rifle, but the trio had vanished.

As Jesse hurried home a band of crows flew over. Their haunting caws echoed throughout the valley and back off the snow-capped peaks of the distant mountains.

Then Jesse remembered the stranger's words and he wondered. ●

## the Blizzard cont.

"Which way are we going, Jonathan—backward or forward?" asked Miss Wesley.

Jonathan didn't take time to answer. Instead, he shouted for her to hold tight to the rope. "You'll get lost if you get dizzy and fall off!" he exclaimed.

How thankful Jonathan was to have a horse like Gypsy. The snow didn't bother her. She could be trusted to get them home safely.

They had traveled only a few feet farther when Gypsy jolted and became helplessly lodged in a snowdrift.

Jonathan looked around for a shrub or something to rake back the snow. He saw nothing; in fact, what he thought was the right way home looked strangely unfamiliar. "Maybe it's just the snow," he thought.

He and his teacher tried to pull Gypsy out of the snowbank, but that didn't work.

"We'll have to scoop snow with our hands, Miss Wesley shouted.

Shivering in the icy wind, Jonathan began to scoop snow away from Gypsy's legs. His homemade mittens offered little protection for they were wet and beginning to freeze.

Just as he freed one leg, Gypsy shifted her weight and brought down new snow around her. "It's useless to try anymore," he said gloomily.

"Whatever shall we do? We can't stay here," said Miss Wesley. Her voice choked with fear and cold.

"I wish Flying Feather was here. He'd know what to do," said Jonathan.

"I wish I'd listened to him and dismissed school earlier," Miss Wesley muttered. "We should learn to respect and act on other people's wisdom, Jonathan." She pulled her hood and coat around her and stood beside Gypsy for warmth.

Since they left the schoolhouse, Jonathan had felt responsible for Miss Wesley's safety. Now that feeling was much stronger. It would be his fault if anything happened to her.

But how could he protect her from all this snow? It came from all directions at once. They couldn't stay here; and they certainly couldn't walk home. On top of everything else, Jonathan feared that they were lost.

Jonathan proceeded to do the only thing he knew to do—scoop more snow. It startled him when a heavy hand touched his shoulder. It was Flying Feather!

"We are so glad to see you, Flying Feather," said Miss Wesley. "Frankly, I was about to give up."

Flying Feather simply nodded to Miss Wesley and freed Gypsy from the snowbank as quickly as he could. "We have long way home," he said somberly. "Gypsy didn't go to your home; she go to her old home."

"Do you mean she was carrying us back to your camp?" Jonathan gasped.

"Inside, Gypsy didn't like new storm, new people. It hard for Gypsy to trust

new things," Flying Feather explained.

"I can understand that," said Miss Wesley. "Gypsy and I must have felt the same way."

Jonathan's parents were waiting for him at home. They were happy to see Miss Wesley. Everyone warmed near a roaring fire in the fireplace.

"We were so worried that Gypsy couldn't get you through the blizzard," said Mrs. Johnson. "We almost didn't make it ourselves."

Jonathan had expert help," Mr. Johnson added, and offered his hand in gratitude to Flying Feather.

To Jonathan's happy surprise, Miss Wesley and his mother did the same.

"Stay with us tonight, Flying Feather," Mrs. Johnson urged. "We owe you so much."

Flying Feather looked out at the storm and Jonathan knew he wanted to be with his people. Then he touched his cheek. He would stay.

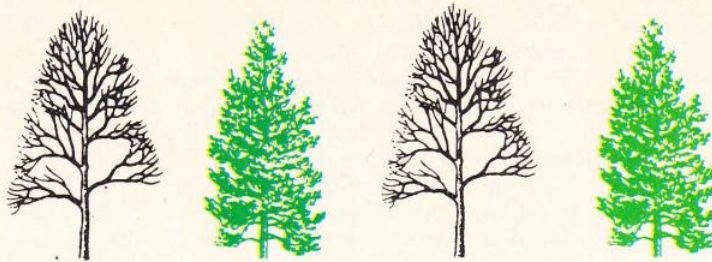
"Now Miss Wesley can hear some of those good stories Flying Feather tells," said Jonathan. "You know, here on the prairie it's nice to have new and old friends with you." ●







## NATURE STUDY SECTION



# OPERATION DEEPFREEZE

By GROVER BRINKMAN

When winter cracks down, and the wind has the wail of a banshee, have you ever wondered how the creatures of the wild manage to survive? Humans stay indoors, or have protective clothing. But the wild creatures, the birds, animals, insects and reptiles do not have these facilities.

So how do they exist?

Simply by preparing for the day ahead. They follow their natural instincts.

Which brings to mind the oft-told tale of the American boy visiting an Oriental friend when a sudden rain squall lashed in from the sea, too much for his leaking roof. "Why don't you fix it?" the American boy challenged. "In this rain?" the Oriental questioned. "Okay, then as soon as the rain stops." "But then the roof won't be leaking," he was assured.

That bit of whimsy is typical of human behavior—putting things off.

So literally, the wild things never neglect the roof over their heads. Instinct warns them of changing seasons, the coming of winter, the advent of spring. So they prepare for the cold, the rain. If they do not heed what is ahead, they perish. So birds migrate to warmer climates. Those remaining through cold winters have mastered the art of survival. So have the animals.

If only humans would follow these strict life-styles, how much happier and safer we would be!

Once winter cracks down, one must look long at the frozen surface of a lake or pond to find the home of a muskrat. But it's there. Under a conical dome of sticks, grass and mud, muskrats huddle together during the freezing cold, using their own bodies to provide warmth for survival. They do not hibernate but "doze" through the winter days, emerging from their dens only when hunger drives them out. Then they gorge on cattail roots, clams, other small crustaceans and promptly go back to sleep.

In the summer months, muskrats are not too friendly one to another. But in winter they change their life-style to survive. If one prys open a muskrat den, it is not uncommon to find three or four cuddled together in their dream world.

To make this winter home, muskrats often use tons of material, mud cattail, stalks, leaves, grass, twigs, all plastered together in late summer, to be ready for the first hard freeze. This conical den is built so ice will not crush it; the animals inside can breathe, and emerge for food as needed.

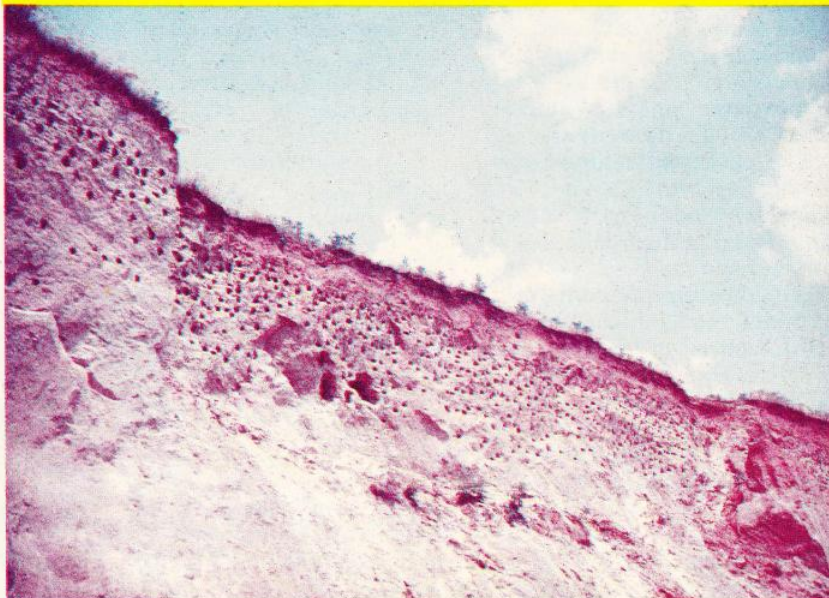
Instinct is high in the natural world—and if nothing else it is a crutch to survival. Time and time again, cats and dogs have been abandoned long distances from home. Somehow they manage to

return. A pioneer physician told of being lost in a snowstorm, after visiting a patient deep in the hills. He was lost, but he solved his problem by loosening the reins and the horse brought him safely home.

The Purple Martin migrates to distant South America for the winter. But come spring the birds fly back to the same houses they occupied the preceding season. This has been proven, time and time again, by banding birds and checking on them after migration.

Often muskrats will come back to their same huts, year after year. But they never occupy the same den until a thorough check has been made, and new material added to make it weatherproof. The muskrat is a very cautious fellow.

*This bank swallow "apartment" suddenly becomes activated when the birds return from migration. A certain sign that spring has arrived. Hundreds of birds live in this clay bank in southern Illinois, and strange as it may seem, there is no dispute about ownership of one of the "dugouts."*





The tiny deer mouse, a fragile little fellow, often winters in an abandoned bird's nest, which it roofs over with milkweed fluff, or some other water repellent material to provide a good shield against the weather.

The many species of woodpeckers don't "hole up" for the winter, but this busy bird has many natural homes inside tree trunks, previously made when it hunted for grubs and insects. So it has a choice of shelters when a blizzard whines through the forest.

Even wiser than the woodpecker is the starling, the hardiest of all of our birds. The starling never prepares for a winter shelter, but its uncanny instinct takes care of its physical wants even in the coldest days. It is not uncommon to see a flock of starlings close to a herd of cattle, or even inside a barn loft. They often bury deep in haystacks to keep warm.

All through the natural world, there is a strict pattern of survival that is little

short of amazing. The cocoons, the chrysalids, the hollow-tree residents, the cave dwellers, all find some kind of shelter when winter cracks down, the result of their uncanny instinct.

The squirrel usually uses a nest of entwined sticks and leaves high in some treetop for its winter home. Or perhaps its nest will be inside the rotten trunk of a tree, where it knows it will be safe from winter storms.

"Observe nature and you see God at work," an aged minister once said on a field trip. That aroused the curiosity of many of the boys. But there was truth in what this sage observer said. Humans are endowed with intelligence, our natural birthright. We have many ways to face danger, crisis, the elements. So we build houses, wear warm clothing, use the energy from coal and gas to provide warmth; snuggle under covers at night.

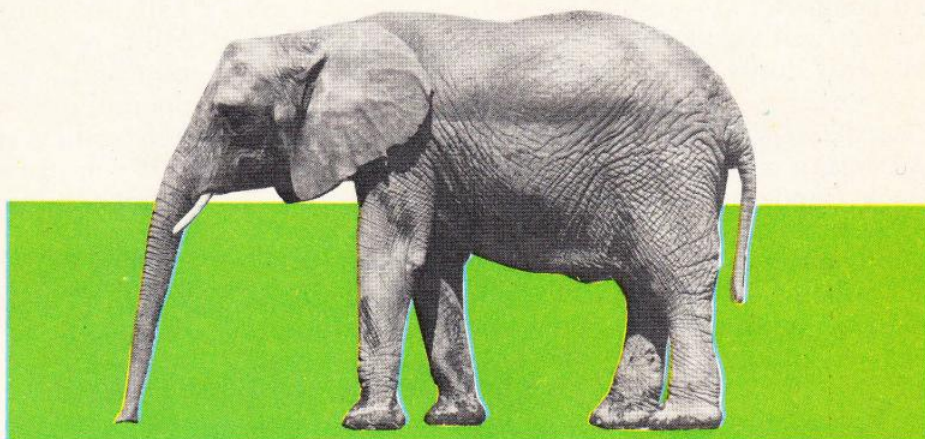
But the creatures of our natural world can't avail themselves of these factors. So

they rely solely on instinct. They sense a change in the wind, the coming of a storm, the stealthy, approach of winter, and prepare for a new life-style. Sometimes, like humans, they make mistakes—and die. But not often.

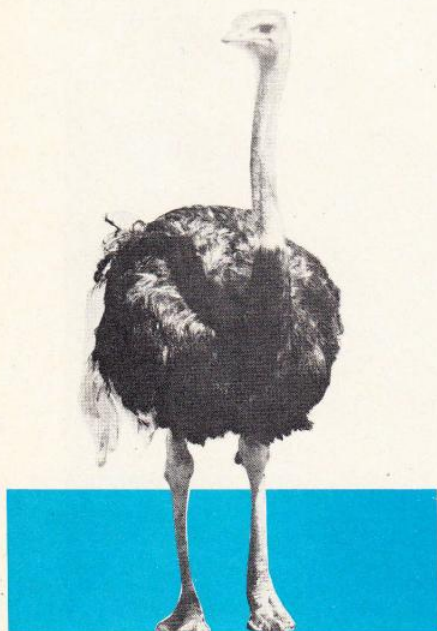
Watching the life of our natural world, one learns vital lessons in human behavior as well. In their lone, secluded domicile under the ice, the muskrats doze through the winter because an uncanny inherited instinct showed them a way of survival, the only way of survival in fact. And observing all of the wonders of this natural world about us, surely one can also sense the gentle hand of the Creator, even to the welfare of the tiniest creature.

There should be a moral here somewhere. Perhaps it is the simple truth that we must observe and not wait until the morrow to do the things needed to be done today. ●

By RICHARD PARKER



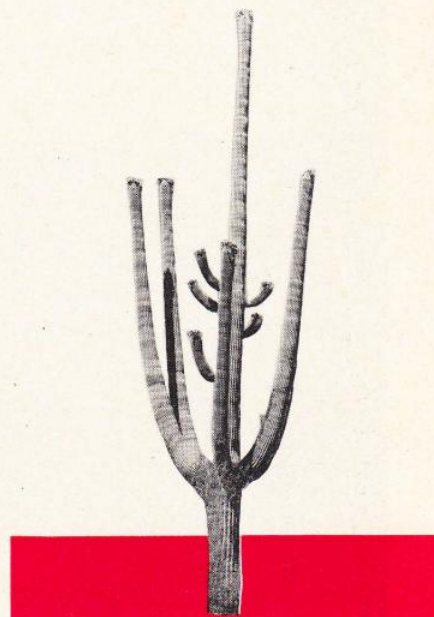
I'm the world's largest animal.  
I am an ....., and live in  
.....



I'm the world's largest bird. I am an  
....., and I live in



I'm the world's tallest animal. I am  
a ..... and I live in



I'm the world's tallest cactus. I am  
a ....., and I live in



**Come to Farragut Idaho  
and enjoy all the scenery,  
fun, and excitement!**

**WE'RE EXCITED!**

We're excited about the upcoming National Camporama at Farragut State Park, Idaho. We're going all out to make this the most colorful, the most exciting, and the most beneficial event in Royal Rangers history.

For five exciting jam-packed days we'll enjoy fun, adventure, and inspiration with Royal Rangers from all over the U.S.A., and several other countries. They will be arriving in autos, buses, vans, trains, and planes.

They will set-up a tent city using a colorful variety of shelters, in a gorgeous setting. Each district will erect a unique archway, and fly special banners.

They will come full of energy and ideas for skits and stunts. They will be bubbling with excitement.

Activities will include: swimming in a beautiful swimming area surrounded by a white sand beach. Canoeing on one of America's most beautiful lakes, hiking amidst some of the west's most beautiful scenery. An archery and a rifle range will be available. Trading and swapping with patches and other unique items will be a popular pastime.

# THE 1978 NATIONAL CAMPORAMA

There will be a super skillarama area with over 30 skills for the Rangers to complete.

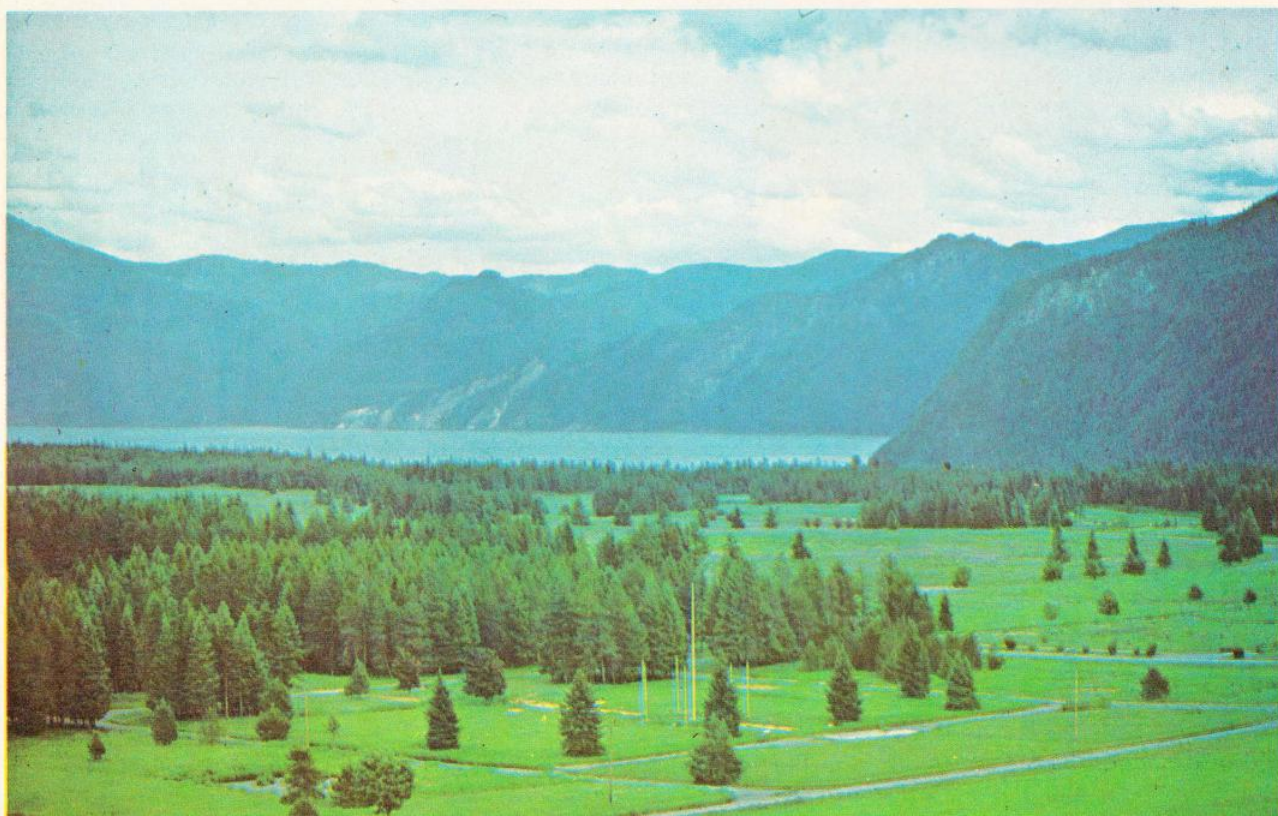
Arrangements are being made for an air show including a dogfight between World War I planes.

The F.C.F. group will have an authentic frontier village that will boggle your mind.

Demonstrations of F.C.F. and camping skills will be conducted daily, and an abundance of camp related displays. A well-stocked trading post and a tempting refreshment center will be opened each day. Add to that super rallies with outstanding speakers, plus many other features.

If you can visualize all of this, you will begin to get an idea just what a National Camporama is like.

**DON'T MISS THIS ONE!** It will be an event you'll remember with fondness the rest of your life.







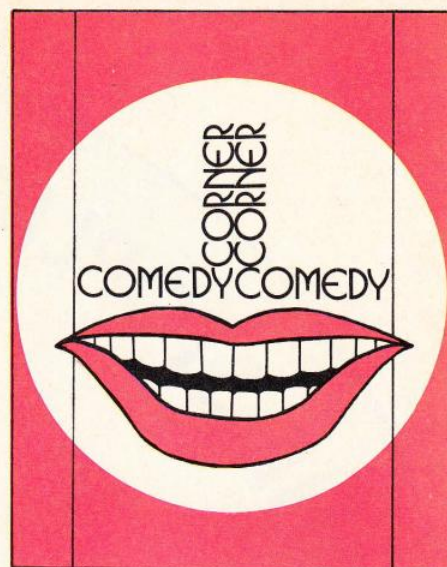
A Kentucky homespun preacher made an earnest effort to convert a particularly vicious old mountaineer named Jim, who was locally notorious for his godlessness. But the old man was hard-headed and stubborn, firmly rooted in his evil courses, so that he resisted the pious efforts in his behalf.

"Jim," the preacher questioned sadly at last, "ain't you touched by the story of Jesus what died to save your soul?"

"Humph!" Jim retorted contemptuously. "Air you aimin' to tell me the Lord died to save me, when He ain't never seed me, ner knowed me?"

"Jim," the preacher explained with fervor, "it was a lot easier for the Lord to die for you without ever seeing you than if He knew you as well as we do!"

Thomas LaMance  
Modesto, CA



*Shakespeare:* I've written a good play, but I think the title is too long.

*Friend:* What is the title?

*Shakespeare:* I call it "Julius, grab the girl quickly before she gets away."

*Friend:* Why not just call it "Julius Caesar?"

Brian Phillips  
Wichita, KS

*Diner:* Waiter you've got your thumb on my steak.

*Waiter:* That's right sir, I don't want it to fall on the floor again.

Arthur Jones, Jr.  
Portsmouth, NH

After an active morning of play a little boy came in and asked his mother, "Who am I?"

"Tarzan?" she guessed.

"Wow," marveled the boy, "that lady down the street was right—she said I was so dirty my own mother wouldn't know me."

Warren Bebout  
Morro Bay, CA

*First boy:* I have my father's eyes and my mother's nose.

*Second boy:* I have my grandfather's forehead and my uncle's ears.

*Third boy:* I have my sister's socks and my brother's pants!

Warren Bebout  
Morro Bay, CA

A shoplifter caught stealing a ring in a jewelry store pleaded, "Please don't call the police. I'll be glad to pay for it."

When the cashier presented him with the bill, he said, "That's a little more than I'd planned to spend. Could you show me something less expensive?"

Bradley Monn  
Mont Alto, PA

*Sergeant:* Hey! What's that?

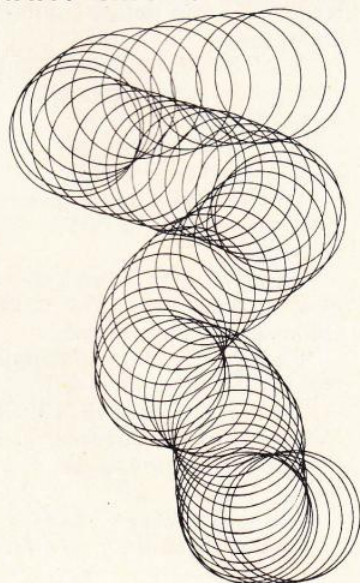
*Soldier:* It's my pet skunk.

*Sergeant:* What about the smell in the barracks?

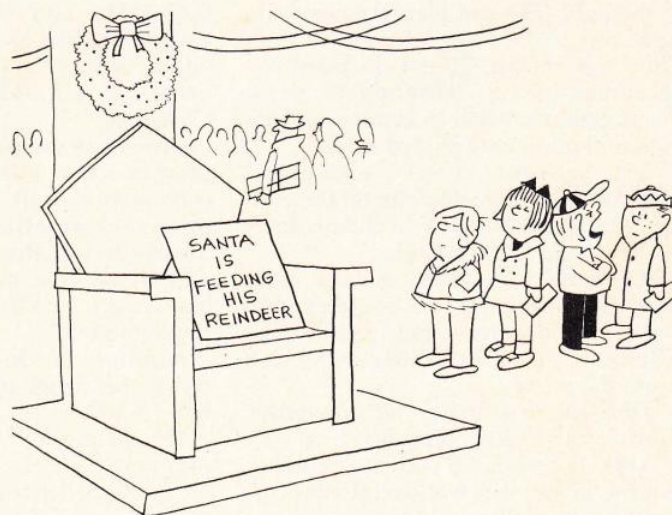
*Soldier:* Don't worry, he'll get used to it like I did.

Warren Bebout  
Morro Bay, CA

## HOW MANY CIRCLES CAN YOU COUNT?



Answer next issue.



"HE KEEPS THEM IN THE MEN'S ROOM"



# THE STOPLIGHT'S FIRST CHRISTMAS

By EVELYN WITTER

The new signal lights on the corner of Main and Third streets stood blinking against the snow. It was STOP and GO'S first day on the job.

STOP switched on him: "What's all the traffic about? This wasn't supposed to be an especially busy corner according to what the workmen said when they set us up."

GO, switched on and said, "I don't know for sure what this rush is all about, but it has something to do with what's going to happen next week. They're calling it Christmas."

"What is Christmas?" STOP glared.

"Somebody's birthday," GO thumped out.

"If it's so important, I think we should know all about it," STOP flipped his switch crossly.

It was getting dark. Other lights began to come on all up and down Main and Third streets. There were lights in the stores, and Christmas trees glistened in the window.

A pretty little girl and a lady stopped for the light. The girl leaned against the signal post.

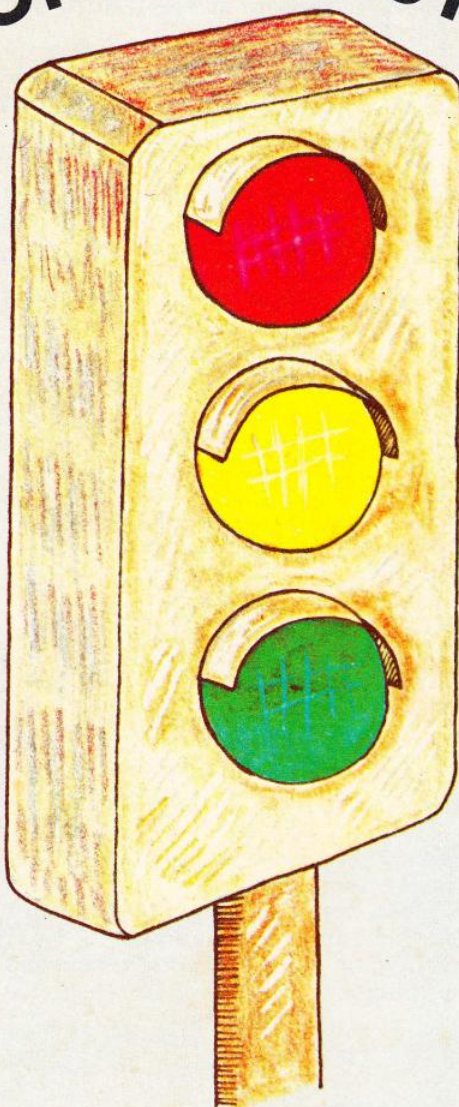
She was saying, "But I do know my Christmas piece," Mommy. It goes, "Jesus came to earth to bring peace on earth and good will toward men."

"That's right, dear!" exclaimed Mommy. "And then don't forget the ending, 'Christmas is Jesus' birthday: that's why it is such a joyous time.'"

GO would have liked to hear more about Christmas, but he couldn't hold back the current any longer so he just had to blink on. The girl and Mommy hurried across the street.

"Did you hear that?" he rat-a-tated. "Christmas is Jesus' birthday!"

"Yep! I heard," STOP brightened. "And I heard the wonderful message about peace He brought the earth!"



Snowflakes came faster until the sidewalks and streets were white. People hurried to get out the cold and wind. Most of the people had armfuls of bundles. All of them talked about Christmas.

Christmas seemed to be a time when people gave gifts and baked fancy cookies and fruit cakes—a time when they sent greeting cards to all their friends and relatives.

"Sounds like everyone everywhere has a part in Christmas, doesn't it?" blinked STOP.

A group of children were moving down the street singing "Silent Night, Holy Night."

"Pretty music," GO glowed. "Christmas music."

"I've heard it said this kind of music is called 'carols.' STOP sparkled brightly.

And then he suddenly got to feeling pretty sad way down to his transmitter, and his bulbs went out.

"Whoops! Hold on there!" GO banged on. "I know how you feel. You feel sad because you don't think you have the slightest chance of ever being part of Christmas, but you can't act this way! Where's your spirit, fellow, your Christmas spirit? People are depending on you to tell them when to stop, you know! Come on now. I can't stay on forever! Come on, boy, do your part!"

STOP began to click: "I wish . . . I . . . wish . . . that we, you and I, could be a part of Christmas!"

GO settled in his socket with relief. He was glad STOP was working again. Then more lights went on—lights that had been strung up high over Main and Third streets for decorations.

He watched them and then, as a thought struck him, he almost jumped out of his socket and through the glass shield in front of him. "Look at those lights! Look at those lights!" He clattered. "Do you notice anything special about them?"

"Yes," STOP twinkled. "They are the same colors as the lights in the stores and on the Christmas trees."

"And what colors are those?" GO clickity-clacked excitedly.

"Why—why—they're green and red. Like you and me." STOP went from dim to bright.

"Exactly!" GO'S light seemed more glowing than ever. The CHRISTMAS colors are green and red."

"Sure! STOP snapped happily. We are part of Christmas after all!"

"And not just for now." GO popped on. "We are part of Christmas every day of the year. Like people say they want to be!"

"Lucky, lucky me!" flashed STOP.

"Lucky, lucky me!" flashed GO.