

High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

SUMMER 1978



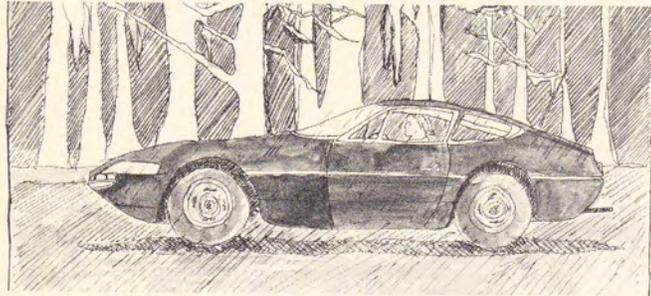
IVAN'S VINEYARD

BIG BAYOU BLOW

BRONCHO CHRISTIAN

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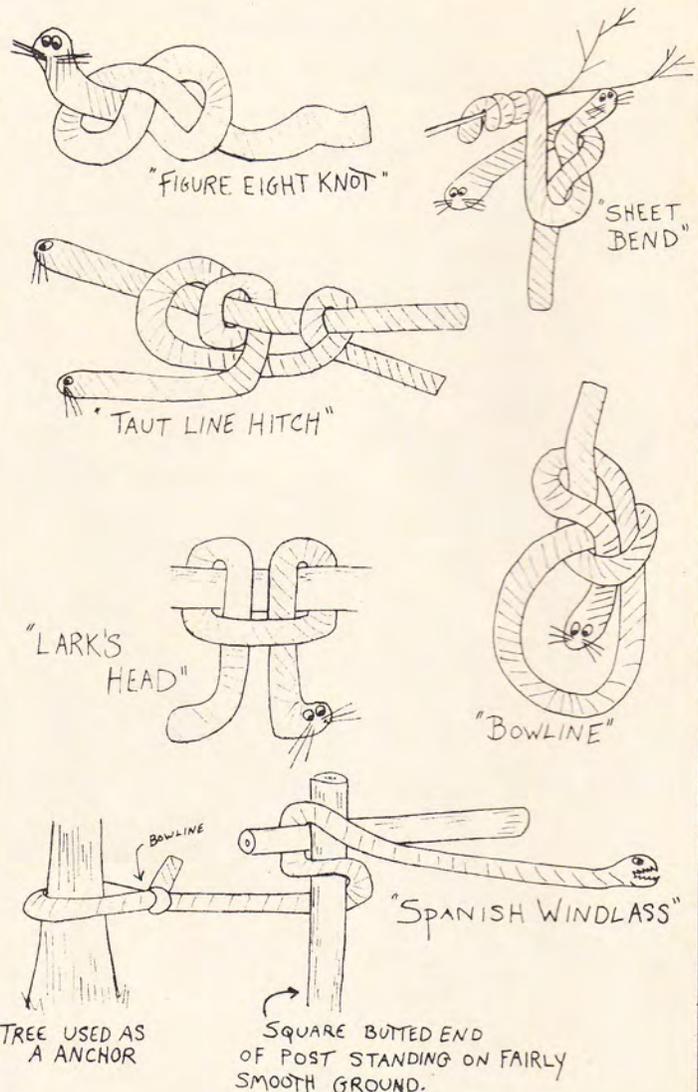
ABOUT THE COVER

The cover entitled, "Smoke Talk," was painted by National FCF President Fred Deaver. We don't know for sure what the smoke is saying, but we hope it's saying "Spread the word, Royal Rangers from all over—coming to Farragut for 1978 National Camporama—great theme—heap fun—don't miss it!"



Know Your Knots

Let Knotty Help



HIGH ADVENTURE STAFF: Editor: Johnnie Barnes
Layout Editor: Dave Barnes Assoc. Editor: John Eller

Ivan Shapazian shielded his eyes against the glaring sun by using both hands as visors. It was the hottest August sun San Joaquin Valley had ever had. It was the sun that had robbed Ivan of his dream. His dream to own a vineyard of his own.

Ivan was thinking now how his father Papa Shapazian had said to him, "Now you are 16. It is time for you like all American boys, to own a vineyard of your own. When the grape harvest is done, we buy a small vineyard for you, my son."

And there was no harvest. There had been an unexpected and unusually hot spell. It became so hot, so suddenly hot, that the grapes had all dried on the vines before the growers could pick them.

"Ruined!" Ivan muttered. He reached over and plucked some of the dried grapes viciously, as if he could punish them for their failures. Then, curious to see how dried grapes tasted, Ivan put several in his mouth.

"Um," He smacked his lips. "Good."

"Yes," he heard his father's voice close by and turned to look at the man whom he resembled so much. Papa Shapazian was of dark complexion, with straight black hair, a rather large nose, and a wide forehead.

"Yes, dried grapes are good, but the Americans know nothing about them," Papa Shapazian shook his head.

"I wish they did!" Ivan said. "Then they would buy these and I could buy my own vineyard."

"No use," Papa Shapazian shook his head. "My friend Azhderian dried some grapes once. He took them to San Francisco to sell. He told the grocer this was one of man's oldest foods. That the Persians and Egyptians dried grapes 2,000 years before Christ was born, and that the American-Armenians like us were carrying on the grape-growing industry that our forefathers developed centuries ago. But it was no use. Poor Azhderian was laughed out of San Francisco."

"I don't care," Ivan cried, hearing the heartbreak in his own voice. "I'm 16. I should have some land of my own. All these dried grapes should bring some price for something."

Papa Shapazian continued to shake his head sadly.

"I know!" cried Ivan as a sudden idea brightened his thoughts. "Maybe they could be used for animal food! There is a market for everything in San Francisco where Azhderian went. Maybe he didn't think about the feed dealers. Papa, will you help pick the grapes? Will you give me your permission to take the team and wagon?"

Papa Shapazian looked deep into Ivan's eyes. "It will be all for nothing."

"Please, Papa!" Ivan pleaded. But already Ivan's heart took on a happy beat for he knew his father could deny him nothing.

Once upon a time people didn't know a raisin from a dried grape. Ivan Shapazian was California's first raisin raiser. His only problem was he didn't know it yet!

Ivan's Vineyard

by E. Witter

ILLUSTRATED BY RANDY CLUTE



And so through the next week the Shapazians picked their ruined crop while neighbors came to look and stare and shake their heads and pity them.

It was Monday morning when Ivan, neatly dressed and thoroughly scrubbed, took his place on the seat and waved good-bye. He headed west to San Francisco where surely he would find a feed dealer who could use the ruined grapes as feed for animals. Perhaps he would not get enough money to buy much land, he reasoned, but it would be a start. And

owning even a small vineyard meant that he would no longer be thought of as a mere child. He would be a man.

At the outskirts of the city, Ivan patted his breeches pockets to make sure he had the money Papa had given him and also the directions where to go from good neighbor Azhdrian. He headed the team in the direction of the street where there were many feed dealers.

con't. next page

The city was a busy place. The streets were full of carriages and horses and push carts and teams and wagons. Ivan noticed that food of every kind was being hauled. Secretly he was glad that the boxes of ruined grapes were nailed shut so that people could not see what he had on his wagon. He was ashamed. Perhaps he should turn back. Papa was right. Who would want ruined grapes? But he had come this far. He must ask.

He reined his horses to a stop in front of the store with straw and hay piled outside. "Anderson Feeds," the sign on the sloping roof read.

"Something for you?" the red-haired man inside the store asked, "Oats for your fine team out there?"

"No," gulped Ivan. "No oats. I came from San Joaquin Valley with a wagon load of grapes . . . dried grapes. Could you buy them to sell for animal feed . . . maybe?"

The red-haired man looked at Ivan as if he had not quite heard what he said, though Ivan knew he heard every word.

Finally the man said, "That's what you Armenians are trying to do with your crop failure, huh? Well, I can't say I blame you. But we couldn't get rid of them. We never handle nothing like that."

"Thank you anyway," Ivan said as he returned to the wagon.

Across the street was another store, even larger than the one he had chosen first.

"Hello," Ivan said to the man who was busy weighing some shelled corn. "I have a wagon full of feed I want to sell."

"Ya?" the big man raised his bushy eyebrows. "What kind of feed? Could use some barley."

"Dried grapes."

"Dried what?"

"Grapes."

"Get out of here!" the man boomed. "What kind of a fool do you take me for?"

Ivan got out. Not so much because he was afraid as because he didn't want the man to see him cry. He was 16. At 16 you were not supposed to cry. But the tears flooded down Ivan's lean, brown face just the same.

"I won't give up yet," he told the team as he wiped his eyes and blew his nose in a red bandana. "The dried grapes are good."

There was another sign reading "Seeds and Feeds," down the street. Ivan trudged in that direction. At the door of the store he hesitated, squared his shoulders, and holding his head proudly, entered the store.

"I came all the way from San Joaquin Valley with a wagon full of dried grapes, clean an and boxed," he told the fat man who was leaning heavily on the counter.

"Ya did, huh?" asked the man again. Then he started a silly giggle. The giggle grew into a laugh. The laugh grew into a shout. The fat man's body shook and jig-



gled every time he let out a big "haw-haw."

Ivan looked at him in wonder. Then the wonder turned to disgust. He pivoted on his heels and left the store with the fat man's roar still in his ears. The man did not make him want to cry; this man made him want to fight.

Feeling the flush of anger still burning in his cheeks, Ivan looked up and down the street for another sign. But there was so much rushing in the street that it attracted him more than the signs on the buildings. It seemed that everything—horses, drays, carriages, people on foot—were heading in one direction. The movements were swift and there was a this-is-a-big-moment excitement in the air.

"Where's everyone going?" Ivan grabbed the sleeve of a boy who was rushing past.

"To the dock . . . to the dock!" the boy yelled in a high-pitched voice. "That big, new ship from Peru is docking. The ship that's been written up in the papers."

"Oh," said Ivan. "I might as well go see it, too. I will have something interesting to tell them when I return home."

So it was that Ivan left the street where there were so many feed stores and guided his team and wagon along the streets of San Francisco.

When he got as far as the street where the traffic was turning toward the wharf he was so hemmed in that his team could not move. The horses were becoming frightened.

"We will go no farther," he said soothingly to the horses. "Here is a hitching post. We will stop."

Ivan saw that he had stopped before a gray stone building. It was much fancier than the feed stores. The glass windows were shining clean and there was a lion's head brass plate sign in scrolled letters reading: "Flander's—Fine Foods from All Over the World."

"Fine foods?" Ivan asked himself. "What fine foods? Grapes, perhaps?" Well, he could ask. The man could do no more than say "NO," or "Get out!" or laugh. And he had endured all three already.

An immaculately dressed man with a trimmed and waxed mustache approached Ivan when he walked into the store.

"Good day to you," the man said.

"Good day to you, too sir," Ivan replied. Then, wetting his lips before saying the words he had come to say, Ivan stammered, "I am Ivan Shapazian from San Joaquin Valley, I have come with a wagon load of dried grapes which the hot sun dried up on the vine. They taste very good. I want to sell them."

"You do?" the grocer asked in evident surprise. "Who would eat them?"

"People. In the year 1,000 B.C., dried grapes were sold by the Israelites to pay taxes to King David. People must have eaten a lot of them. They taste very good."

"I know," the grocer nodded, and Ivan's heart hiccuped with joy. "But dried grapes are not known in America. To the best of my knowledge, they have never been sold here."

con't. page eight

Big Bayou Blow

BY KEVIN NORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY WHITNEY STEVENS

Gene DuBois gripped the wheel of the compact car so hard his knuckles ached. His eyes probed the stormy night. Momentarily the bayou road would be flooded, his mission would fail!

Lightning whipsawed through the night and he saw the wind-driven water spilling onto the flat countryside.

Odd that at this moment he should think about Bill, his elder brother, employed by an oil exploration crew, somewhere deeper in the Okachalala. Perhaps he, too, was fighting the storm.

The rain sluiced down. Instinctively Gene's right hand strayed to the small package on the seat beside him. Evidently the serum inside the tiny box was very important, for it had been rushed in by special plane.

The deluge of rain all but obscured the narrow strip of shell road. He shoved the car into second gear for safety, his mind still on that package.

"The barometer—she go 'way down!" Andy Chavel had remarked earlier in the day, as they ate lunch on the lugger.

He should have listened to Andy! But at the moment he had glanced at the cobalt blue of the sky and laughed at his predictions.

Only when he started for the village had Gene noticed the empty streets. Then he remembered: today was circus day at LeCroix, up the Gulf. Everyone would attend, like true Acadians.

He was lugging his outboard motor to the bayou when he saw the small plane, flying low, circling, evidently in trouble. He could hear the motor, cutting in and out. There were pontoons on the plane, but evidently the pilot hesitated to set it down on the bayou, with the shrimp luggers anchored so close.

He circled again, then the motor conked out entirely. Gene watched the plane with tensed face. The pilot was barely skimming the trees now. He slid over the top of a cypress, then pancaked to the narrow bayou, careened madly down the waterway, and smacked up in a mud bank, not a dozen feet from the luggers.

Gene raced forward. The pilot climbed out, wading through the mud and hyacinth beds, a tall, bronzed young man whose face was ashen.

"Close!" he said. "Whew, that cypress took the paint off!"

"Sounded like engine trouble," Gene ventured.

"Gasline, probably. Where are we? How far from Grand City?"

"Twenty miles up the bayou road."

The pilot frowned. "I've got to get there as soon as possible to deliver some serum at the hospital. An accident in the swamp. They had me fly this stuff in from Houma."

As they set to work on the plane's engine, Gene noticed that low-hanging clouds were mushrooming up from the west. Then suddenly the radio in the cockpit sputtered out the storm warning: a big blow in the Caribbean, heading in from the Gulf, a warning to all residents to head further inland.

"That's a nice kettle of fish!" the pilot said.

Time passed, and still the balky motor refused to start.

"I can race the storm to Grand City, using my uncle's car," Gene offered.

Now, after dark, Gene realized that he had a big, knotty problem on his hands. The storm had cracked down with a fury known only in this coastal lowland. He was little more than half way to Grand City when the first bursts struck him. Then, to worsen matters, a tire blew out. Night fell quickly as he changed the tire.

He knew this bayou road well, yet he felt lost. The rain came in wind-driven sheets, fanned by gusts that threatened to overturn the compact.

Each time lightning stabbed through the inky curtain, he saw the angry water. Breakers roaring in from the Gulf sent tons of salt water into the marshes. Here was the real danger. If the gale continued, the bayou country would flood, turn into an inland sea.

Already the car was running in foam-flecked water that sluiced over the road. Suddenly Gene cut the speed to avoid driftwood careening over the narrow traffic path.

He'd never make it!

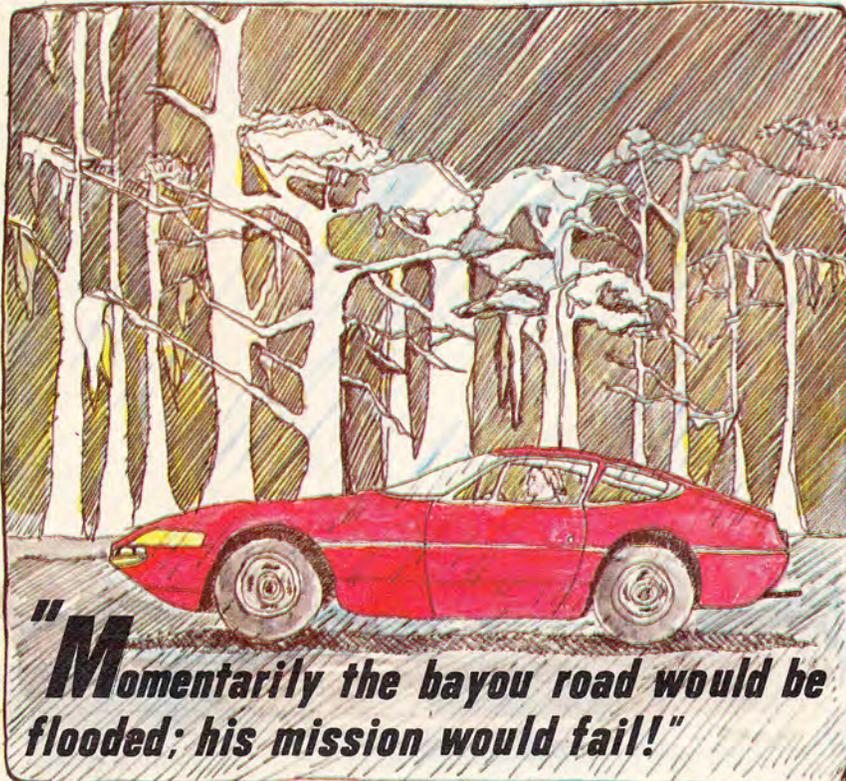
Nothing humanly possible could push the small car through this flooded area. Instinctively, one hand fell to the package. He was going to fail, and someone would die for need of the serum!

Momentarily he saw the stalled car, half across the road. He cut the wheel sharply to pass. Lightning flashed again, and he glimpsed a squatter's cabin, off to the right, in a grove of towering oaks.

Lastly, he saw the man at the side of the car, gesticulating wildly. Here was more trouble. But he couldn't stop tonight. The serum in the seat at his side was reason enough to keep going, under any circumstances.

He kept the car in second gear, noticing the pale face of the man as he passed, his waving arms. Any other time he would have stopped. The stranded man was close to a cabin; he could seek help there.

But was that possible? Had there been a light in the cabin? Gene wasn't certain. Possibly the trapper who lived there had already fled inland.



"Momentarily the bayou road would be flooded; his mission would fail!"

Who was the man at the car? Gene didn't recognize the face. Evidently he was a stranger, and he might attempt something foolish.

These somber thoughts flashed through his mind as he coaxed the car ahead. He kept assuring himself that he had made the right decision. He had to get that serum to the hospital as soon as possible!

Lightning spearheaded through the blackness again. In the beating rain, he kept seeing this stranded man, his imploring gestures.

Up ahead was an open stretch, where the road ran parallel to the Gulf—miles of salt marsh highway where the whipping gale had full sweep. He decided he would abandon the car, try it on foot.

But could he keep to his feet in this driving gale?

And with the thought came another: possibly this stranger would try the very same thing. Unfamiliar with the terrain, the storm would soon claim him.

"Please God, help me!" Gene implored.

He sat there, trying to find an answer in the storm.

Go back! It was the only thing he could do to have peace of mind.

He zig-zagged the car back and forth until he got turned around. Moments later he pulled up at the stranded car, stepped out into the storm. A flashlight stabbed through the darkness, then a frantic figure clutched him.

"Did you see a plane?" the man was shouting. "You've come in from the south. They were to send a plane, with the snake venom. We were to meet it at Grand City, but the storm caught us—"

"I've got the serum," Gene said excitedly.

The man stared at him, as if he disbelieved.

"A miracle!" he said presently. "I'm John Bordeaux, oil company physician. This man ran into a nest of vipers, and if he doesn't get the serum soon, he'll never make it!"

The doctor pointed to the cabin. "A trapper named LaFitche lives there. When my car stalled, he helped me get the patient inside."

Inside the one-room shack, Gene made out the figure of a man on a bunk against the far wall. LaFitche, a tall, emaciated-looking man, turned up the wick on a kerosene lamp, but it was still murky inside the room.

"The water, she come high, very high, tonight—but the cabin stay!" the trapper said. "I build her myself for these kind of blow. Sure, do not be afraid! The foundation, she is wide and deep, and the timbers, M'sieu, are cypress. The water come high—but she stay like rock!"

Gene smiled at this calm-faced trapper, but it was an effort. He kept thinking of the big breakers driving in from the Gulf. If the gale continued, they would

all drown.

"It is good thing you stop here!" LaFitche was saying. "On the salt marshes, nothing live tonight. Your cars? Psst! They blow away, just like that!"

Gene crouched near the fireplace, watching the doctor with his patient. Several times he imagined he felt the cabin tremble. Finally the doctor seemed to relax, pocketed his stethoscope. He pulled up the blankets, faced them.

"He'll make it now," he said. "For a moment I thought we were too late."

Followed a long, silent vigil waiting for the serum to act. Hours crept by on leaden fingers. The water rose until it trickled through the door-jam in tiny rivulets.

LaFitche's eyes grew troubled. He kept watching the door-jam. He seemed to be listening for some alien sound in the wind.

Once the sick man moaned. Gene, dozing, jerked up as if he had heard a familiar voice.

Streaks of gray crept into the East. LaFitche opened the door, gazed out. He stood very still, as if his ears were attuned to the wind.

"The storm—she is blowing herself to death," he said at last. "And look—no more water on the floor, M'sieu!"

Hours later, in the gray of a foggy dawn, Dr. Bordeaux turned away from his patient, and faced them.

"Bill DuBois is a mighty lucky man," he said, "thanks to you two."

Gene jerked wide awake, a strange look building on his face.

He rushed across the room, peered down into the face dimly outlined in the shadows. Only then did he realize it was his brother, Bill!

He slipped out to the stoop momentarily, unmindful that he was fast getting wet, all over again. There was a mistiness welling up in his eyes that he didn't want them to see.

He shuddered as he thought of the narrow escape they all had had.

"Thank you, God!" he said with reverence. ♦



SOUTH SEA ADVENTURE

by Chuck Louton



A jet flight to Honolulu on a 747, a tour of Hawaii, a trip on a Navy ship, and V.I.P. treatment—all compliments of the U.S. Navy. Hard to believe? Well, that's exactly what happened to five fortunate Royal Rangers of outpost 78, Richmond, CA.

It all started when I wrote the Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Fleet explaining that I had 5 outstanding young men I would like to see exposed to Navy life shipboard and requested a tour to Hawaii. The request was approved and all arrangements for the tour was handled by the Navy.



The Rangers were met at the Oakland Airport by Chaplain Bouk, where they boarded a 747, destination Honolulu, Hawaii. Upon arrival in Honolulu, they were met by Lt. Holden who provided transportation to Hickam Air Force Base for berthing accommodations. Their activities in Honolulu included swimming at Waikiki Beach, attending a full fledged "Luau," visiting Fort DeRussi, and the Arizona monument, and a sight-seeing tour.

After a day and a half jammed full of activities, they were treated to a delicious brunch at the Sub Base in Pearl

Harbor and then proceeded to the piers to go aboard the USS San Jose (AFS-7) for the voyage home.

The San Jose is one of the newest and most versatile ships in the U.S. Navy. She is the seventh and final Combat Stores Ship of its type to be built, with a crew of 45 officers and 429 men.

The Rangers were filmed by T.V. video tape as they boarded which was shown throughout the ship on closed circuit T.V. at a later time. Each Ranger was assigned a sponsor aboard ship, and during the 6-day voyage home participated in the following activities: met the Captain, received Magnificent 7 Ship's I.D. cards, sea detail for getting the ship underway, Christmas service and sing-a-long, skeet shoot on the Helicopter Flight deck, barbecue picnic on the Flight deck, karate classes, worked out with the Seal Team, knot tying classes, talent contest, tours of the ship, stood a watch at the helm of the ship, observed General Quarters with a 3"/50 Gun Shoot, and much more.

Free popcorn, candy, and soda was provided every evening on the mess decks.



The Rangers acquired their sea legs very quickly because of very high seas for 3 days due to a storm.

The courtesy shown the Rangers by the Officers and Crew of the USS San Jose during our voyage home was outstanding. The activities planned were the "greatest." Thanks U.S. Navy and thanks USS San Jose for an experience 5 Royal Rangers will never forget.

"How many more boxes of Peruvian delicacies can you get me?... A whole valley full!... He handed Ivan more money than he had ever seen."

con't. from page four

Ivan was about to ask the grocer if maybe he could sell them anyway when a youth in tight breeches came bursting through the door. "Mr. Flanders! Mr. Flanders!" he called wildly. "I wasn't able to purchase a single item from the cargo ship from Peru. Our competitors have outdone us, sir! They met the ship before she docked sir!"

"Idiot!" the grocer scolded. "I've promised all my special customers that I would have some rare delicacies for them when the ship came in." Mr. Flanders paced back and forth, back and forth, running his hands through his hair in movements of anguish.

Then he stopped his pacing and came to a stand right in front of Ivan. "Bring me a box of your dried grapes!" he commanded.

Ivan ran to the wagon and returned with a box of the grapes.

Mr. Flanders loosened the lid and without saying a word to either Ivan or the youth (who stood as if a movement would break his back), began mulling over the dried grapes with the expert motions of a person who was accustomed to handling and appraising foods. He tossed several grapes into his mouth. He munched, smacked, test-tasted. Then he began to smile.

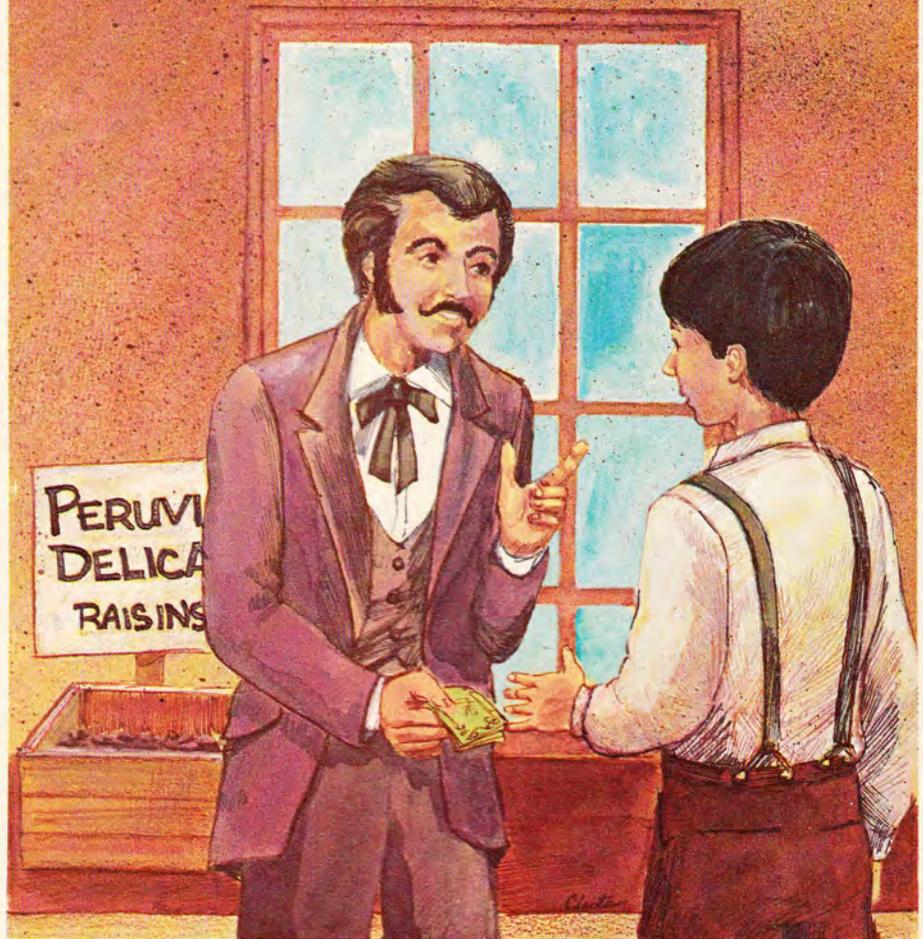
Ivan waited for his words. It seemed like Mr. Flanders would never speak.

Finally, he said, "Ivan Shapazian, unload your wagon of dried grapes at the storeroom in the back. Come back in three or four days. If I have sold your grapes I will pay you well. If I have not sold them, you will have to take them back. Is that all right with you?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" exclaimed Ivan.

After unloading the wagon, Ivan went to the boarding house that good neighbor Azhderian had told him about and waited for three long days. On the afternoon of the third day he knew he could wait no longer. Too many times he had asked himself the question, "Had Mr. Flanders sold the ruined grapes, or had Mr. Flanders not sold the grapes?"

Ivan made straightway for the street where the grocery store was. At the door he stopped, drew a deep breath, and then walked in. He wondered how he would be greeted. Would he have to return to the boarding house barn for the team and wagon in order to haul the ruined grapes away, or would there be money for him? Money for a beautiful vineyard of his own.



He scarcely had time to conclude these thoughts when Mr. Flanders approached him, hand extended and a smile on his face.

"Good day, Ivan," he said most cordially. "How many more boxes of Peruvian delicacies can you get me from San Joaquin Valley?"

"How many what?" Ivan asked, trying to comprehend what Mr. Flanders was saying. Why was he talking about Peruvian things instead of the all important grapes?

The grocer chuckled amicably. "This is what I am talking about," he said, pointing to a counter display. Ivan looked. His eyes widened. He looked again. There on the counter was a box of his dried grapes, and beside the box was a neatly-lettered sign. "Peruvian Delicacies."

"I don't understand..." Ivan fumbled for words.

"Well," Mr. Flanders explained, "my customers want unusual foods. They come to my store to buy foods they cannot buy anywhere else. I told many of them that I would have a rare and delicious food for them when the ship from

Peru docked. My competitors beat me to it. I was desperate. I did not want to lose my good customers. I gave your dried grapes a fancy Peruvian name—I called them 'raisins.' The customers tried them. Everyone said they were very delicious, especially when cooked or baked with other foods. The ladies have been asking for more. This is the last box. Now, to go back to my original question, how many more boxes of Peruvian delicacies can you get me from your valley?"

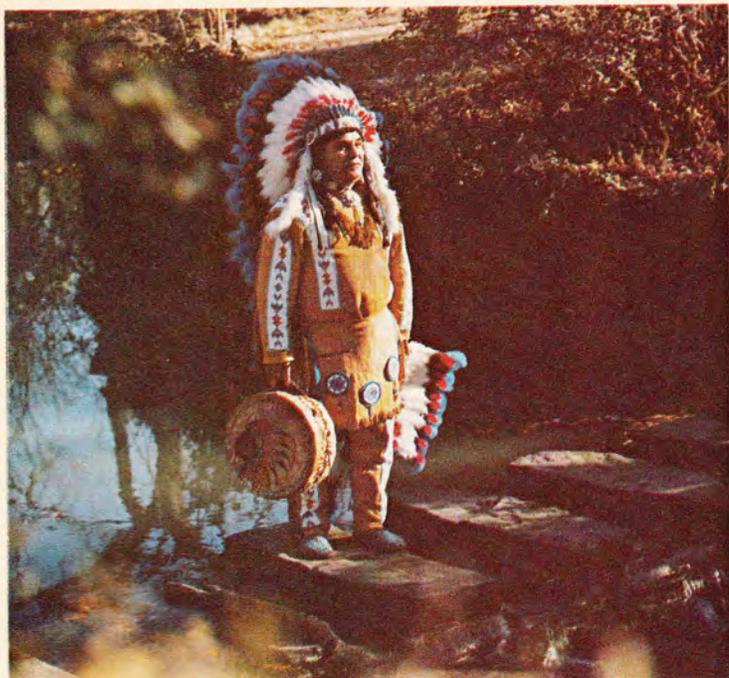
"A whole valley full!" Ivan exclaimed. "All of San Joaquin Valley has vineyards and the valley is fifty miles wide and 240 miles long!"

"I'll take all the valley has produced!" cried Mr. Flanders. "And here's what I owe you." He handed Ivan more money than he had ever seen all at one time.

It was a happy trip home. Ivan's news caused great celebration. Most of all, Ivan Shapazian was happy because everyone said he was now a man. Not only had he saved the valley from a near-to-poverty year, but he had made enough money to buy the vineyard that lay right between the vineyards of good neighbor Azhderian and Papa Shapazian. 

Christian Portrait:

John McPherson Cherokee Evangelist



John McPherson, a Cherokee Indian of the western band, is one of the most colorful minister's in America. Often referred to as "Yunsane," which means in his native tongue "Young Buffalo," he has been active for many years in youth and camp ministry.

He has made many television appearances and has lectured in many schools, colleges, and military institutions.

He has traveled throughout the United States ministering in many of our largest churches, his ministerial travels have taken him to Europe, the Middle East, Canada, and the Pacific Islands.

Rev. McPherson utilizes his Indian background and many colorful beaded costumes in his unique and exciting ministry. His sparkling humor and outgoing personality warms up an audience immediately. Youth listen spellbound as he weaves Indian lore and legends into his presentation.

There is never a dull moment as he and his two wooden-headed pals go into action.

A unique blend of wit, mirth, action and gospel truth make his services an unforgettable experience.

At one time the Cherokee was classified as the greatest Indian nation in North America. They were so advanced that they had their own schools, courts, churches, a constitution, a newspaper, and a printing press. However, in 1838 a governmental decree (that became one of the blackest marks in our government's dealing with the Indians), forced the Cherokee to leave their home and walk to what is now Oklahoma. They were compelled to walk a thousand miles in the dead of winter to settle in a new territory. This became known to the world as "The Trail of Tears." Of the 20,000 who made the trip, over 4,000 never survived. Among those who did



survive the trip was a young girl who became John McPherson's grandmother.

His parents who followed their Indian religion, were wonderfully saved at a street meeting in an Oklahoma oil boom town.

Years later while serving in the Air Force, John too, was saved in a street meeting in San Bernardino, California. Later he received a call to the ministry. After pastoring briefly, and completing schooling at Bethany Bible College, he became an evangelist. For many years he has traveled the gospel trail ministering at church revivals, kid's camps, and serving as an appointed missionary to the American Indians.

He has spoken to many Royal Ranger Pow-Wow's, and will be one of the speaker's at our 1978 National Camporama.

The theme of the Camporama will be "Our American Indian Heritage." I'm sure John McPherson in his own unique way, will help remind us how much appreciation we owe the American Indians.

BRONCHO CHRISTIAN

BY ROBERT B. WARD

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED DEEVER

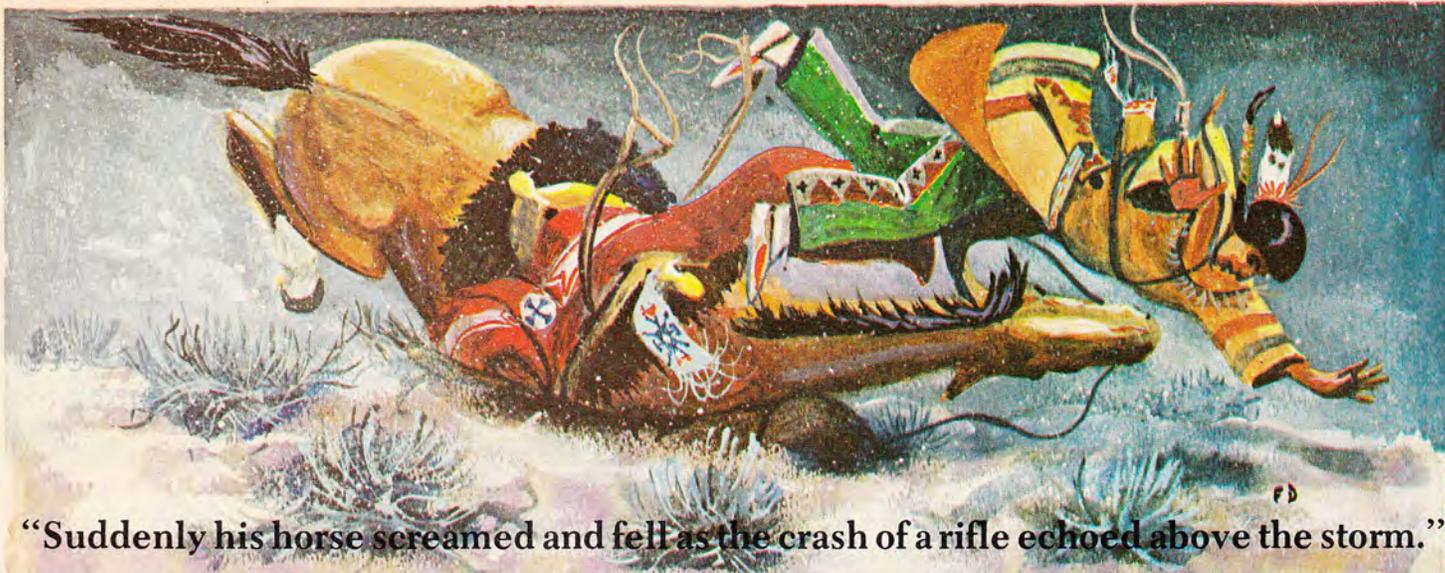
Little Eagle rode toward the Pend d' Oreille winter lodge on Big Elk Creek. A single black braid flopped against his back. He seemed a part of his lithe buckskin pony. Little Eagle was eighteen years old. He was an Indian. He was a Christian. For two years he had followed the teachings of the missionaries. For the past six months he had stayed at their mission post at Fort Peck. Now he was a three-hour journey from home. Soon he would be with Brown Moose and the families who were in Montana Territory on a two-year buffalo hunt. When darkness gathered, Little Eagle would point to the star glowing in the East over the Musselshell River. He would tell his tribesmen that this was Colon Suten's (God's) star—the light sent to announce the Christ Child's birth.

The brave smiled as he passed the familiar rimrock bluffs that led to the valley. He glanced at the snow-covered mountains and the stream that wound out from them. The waving sagebrush and the round top hills spoke to him. His eyes gathered all he saw and pushed it into his heart. He understood why the Good Book said, "And God saw everything that He had made, and, behold it was very good."

Then the rider saw the gray fog. Surely if the gray fog had been good, it had escaped and grown wild. Now it crept around the edge of the Snowy Mountains twenty miles away and sifted across the open prairie. It carried the killing cold. Little Eagle clinched his long legs against his pony's ribs and urged him into a faster gait.

The brave's thoughts ran ahead of his horse. Already they were in his father's lodge. They were watching the crippled one's eyes shine at the gift Little Eagle brought. The west wind was leaving a vacuum for the north wind to fill, but the slim man's thoughts were laughing around the fire. It was as he had hoped. The days had flown, and now he was coming back as the messenger of Colon Suten and His Son, Jesus.





“Suddenly his horse screamed and fell as the crash of a rifle echoed above the storm.”

Before he stayed at the mission, Little Eagle had known few white men. Now he knew many. Some he liked, others he accepted. And there were some—well, it was good that a cross was more powerful than a tomahawk and that Little Eagle followed the rules of his New Chief!

A cloud hovered on the northern skyline. Gray fog seeped from it, stalking the solitary traveler. Ice demons cloaked in gray rode the advancing wind. Rivers hid under icy blankets to escape their frigid grasp. Little Eagle saw distant specks of antelope running for shelter. Near-at-hand the fog boiled along the ground, and the wind lifted a tumbleweed from its bed and moaned after it.

The gray fog is like hatred, thought Little Eagle. It takes the warmth from your heart and threatens you with death in your spirit. The gray fog was what he had felt when the forked-tongued trapper claimed Little Eagle's horse and the white soldiers at the fort allowed the trapper to keep him.

The young convert still remembered the day he had winced under Trapper John's taunts. “No Red Skin keeps a horse I want,” the bearded man snarled. “Not even if he's a broncho Christian.”

Little Eagle had felt the surge of anger. The cold fog of hatred battled the warmth of his heart. The Indian brooded for a week. The retort of the trapper haunted him, “Broncho Christian. Broncho Christian.” He fought the temptation to leave the mission and the ways of the white man. But Little Eagle stayed. He was not a broncho—half tamed—half converted Christian. He was at the mission to become full of the message of God and carry that message back to his people.

Then a miracle happened, and a white man took part in the happening. Eight days after Trapper John had claimed Little Eagle's horse, another trapper drifted in from the Gallatin Valley and set the record straight. Little Eagle was given back his pony. The man with a tongue like a crooked stick left the fort vowing vengeance.

Little Eagle had an enemy. But the valleys were many, and the land of Colon Suten stretched endlessly. Enemies need not meet. The lone rider felt secure as he rode to his lodge.

Then he looked to the clouds and lost some of his security. Rolling clouds, with thirty-below-zero temperatures, dwarfed the man. His hands trembled as he urged his horse forward. Icy blasts tore at his thin clothing, and the snow blotted out the patches of bare ground, except where the wind swept the snow away.

It was then that Little Eagle noticed that he was not the only traveler caught by the storm. White powdery scars showed on the rocks and frozen ground. They had been made by a sharpshod horse—a horse shod by a white man.

The Indian lay his face close to his mount's neck to gain some protection from the wind. The storm threw ice and sand into the horse's eyes and blinded him to the sagebrush. It drove him into prairie dog towns that pockmarked the frozen ground. The ice demons screamed in disappointment as the pony refused to stumble. The lone man soon found shelter in the spruce trees that stood on the valley floor.

Little Eagle's lodge was only an hour's ride away. But the frost clawed his hands and feet. He stopped under the waving trees, dismounted and walked back and forth to get some warmth into his body. He stomped the ground until pain burned through his feet. He beat his arms against his sides until his numb fingers began to ache. Then he remounted his horse and rode along the river. A hundred yards upstream trampled ground showed that another rider had stopped for a warm-up. Little Eagle hesitated for a moment. His instinct warned him to turn back, but the protection of the trees called him on. The spruce trees won. He followed them on his way.

Again the storm threatened him. Evergreen trees swayed violently in the wind. Skirting a fallen tree, Little Eagle's horse jerked to a stop. The

naked, skinless body of a beaver waved in the wind. It swung pendulum like, suspended from the limb of a cottonwood tree. Little Eagle knew that the swinging carcass was bait for a coyote or wolf—that a steel trap waited underneath it.

The young man urged his mount across the stream. Suddenly the horse paused, his ears flicked forward. Before the rider could stop him, the pony neighed. From a thicket, two hundred yards across the meadow, came the answering call! Another horse was there, and the rider of that horse knew he was not alone.

Little Eagle hesitated. Should he turn back. The icy fingers of fear clutched him. His legs were wooden as he urged his pony forward. The blizzard threw barbs in his face as he crossed the meadow. Little Eagle sensed other barbs—in the eyes staring at him from the dark shadows of the trees that lined the river. He kicked his pony into a gallop toward a thicket where a bluff broke down into the stream. Suddenly his horse screamed and fell as the crash of a rifle echoed above the storm.

The Indian hit the ground rolling. He bounced to his feet and zigzagged through the long grass. Another shot slammed into the ground beside him.

The brave lay on the ground among the cattail rushes. Frosty fingers crawled along his spine. His left arm was numb. He opened and clenched his fist to keep circulation in his hand. He mumbled to himself to pass the time and he waited and waited until he was certain that his assailant had ridden on. Then Little Eagle raised to his feet. Nothing happened. He moved cautiously. His lodge was half an hour away—half an hour across the river bottoms and frozen beaver dams—half an hour across the gray fog.

Little Eagle followed the river upstream walking on the ice. Tall trees sheltered him. Their silhouettes sucked the daylight from the sky. Suddenly the river ice gave way under his feet. Water



“The gray fog was disappearing and the Great Spirit’s light was glowing.”

clutched at his waist, and icy water poured into his leggings and onto his feet. The brave struggled out of the rotten ice. Five minutes later he left the river and walked across the frozen ponds where the ice was a foot thick. “Soon,” he told himself, “I’ll see my people’s faces. Soon we will look to the star that will tell us once again that God’s Son is born.”

It was then that he saw the man. The man was a black form lying on the ice—black and struggling—rising but falling again. The Indian ran, half stumbling his way forward. He knelt beside the fallen one. The man groaned, his hands groped toward his leg, then he slumped to the ice.

Little Eagle grasped the man’s shoulders. He read the signs—the skid marks on the ice where an iron-shod horse had fallen on his rider. He laid his hand on the man’s leg, felt a sharp bend and knew the leg was broken by the fall. He turned the bulky face upward and gazed into the face of Trapper John.

The trapper’s eyes opened. Little Eagle watched the blankness leave the trapper’s face. Trapper John looked like a cornered wolf—expecting no

mercy—wanting to spring. His body was stiffly alert, his face red with emotion. Then the breath rattled out of his throat and he sagged to the ice.

Little Eagle thought the white man had fainted. The Indian’s bare hand was reaching for the man’s shoulders when Trapper John lurched and Little Eagle found himself staring into the end of a Colt revolver.

The brave moved like a coiled snake. The revolver roared and careened across the ice. Then Little Eagle turned and stomped toward the lodge.

The wind tore at his body. What might it do with one stranded on the ice—the one who named others “Broncho Christians?”

It was cold. The gray fog was always cold. The gray fog was like hatred. Its icy fingers were instruments of destruction. People were destroyed by their angers, by their gray fogs of hatreds. The man who threatened death to others would die in retribution for his actions.

Night was brooding over the valley. The sky was dark and starless. Even in the East the stars were driven away by the ice demons that rode the blizzard. How could Little Eagle point to the light

God sent to announce the Christ’s birth? That light was blotted out by the gray fog. The fog like hatred. The fog that devoured the life from crippled men left on the ice.

Little Eagle heard the half-wild dogs. Alarmed by the blast of the revolver, they ran barking out of the Indian camp. The dogs plunged across the snow-covered field that led to the beaver ponds. They yelped at Little Eagle as he staggered through the snow. He spoke to them in the language they understood. They stopped—all except one, who lunged at the struggling figure. The young man turned to kick at the half-wolf. From the turned position he noticed that the fog was lifting. In the East starlight showed through the rising mist.

That was good. There would be a star to show the crippled boy and the other people. The gray fog was disappearing and the Great Spirit’s light was glowing.

Little Eagle stumbled toward the lodge. He moved slowly, awkwardly, partly because his feet were frozen, and partly because the moaning form of Trapper John was draped over his shoulder. ♦

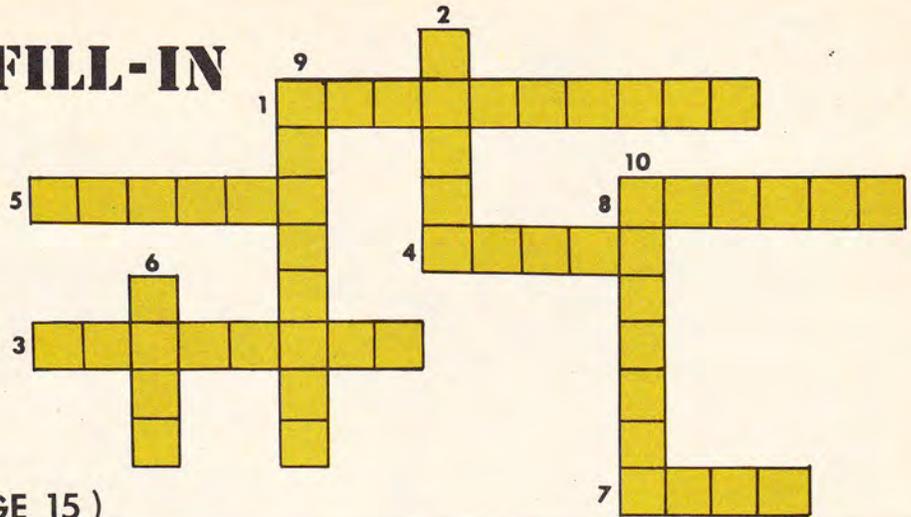
SCRAMBLE FILL-IN

BY LINDA HANNAH-KENDALL

Listed below are ten sports. The letters are scrambled. Unscramble the words and fill in the puzzle.

1. llabktesab
2. ekets
3. blalooff
4. crakt
5. sennit
6. loop
7. flog
8. coserc
9. seabllab
10. skitnag

(ANSWERS ON PAGE 15)



LITTER... AN UGLY WORLD

LITTER LITTER LITTER

BY GROVER BRINKMAN

Litter is a much-used, despised word for the average American, young or old. If an American Indian of seventeenth-century heritage could today walk the streams and roam the hills of a once-clean nation, he would be ashamed of what we've done to the land.

Despite the many crusades to stop turning a beautiful America into an ugly one, the beer and pop cans, the picnic lunch boxes, are thrown from speeding cars; trash is dropped into streams, polluting them; candy wrappers and assorted drivel strew the sidewalks and streets.

Shame on all of us!

Most of us are litterbugs, some in a minor degree, some major; some deliberately litter, others do it without thought.

We seldom think of the consequences. Someone must pick up the thing we drop, or a dream of a beautiful America is gone.

Once in a while someone brings the litter menace to our attention quite forcibly.

At Hardenville, Missouri, a small community in the Ozarks, the Lilly Ridge 4-H Club got tired of seeing their roads strewn with trash and cans. The highway

men were too busy to make the cleanup, or so they maintained. So the 4-H club young people, under the direction of Ida Mae Hughes and Jimmy Strong, secured a farm truck, and decided they would have their own beautification program. Before traveling a mile down the highway leading from their community, the truck was piled high with discarded cans and trash.

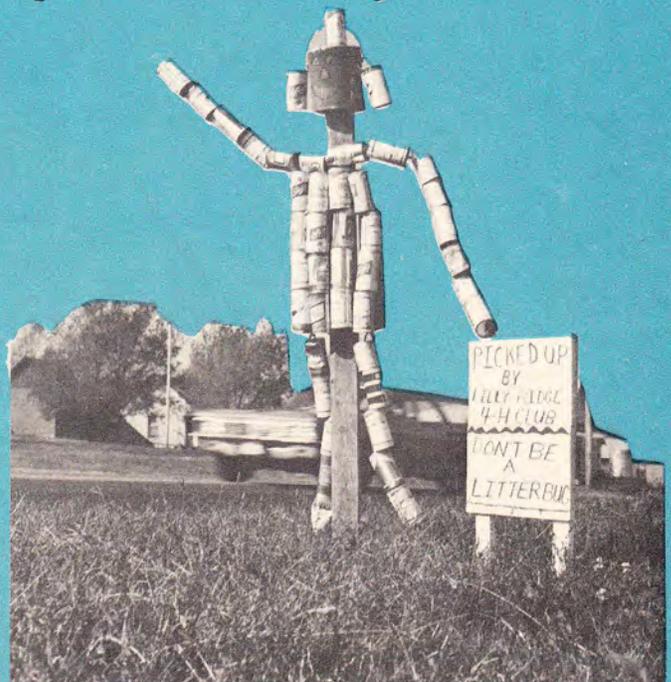
Not content with the cleanup, the young people devised two caricatures, made of cans strung together, and placed one on each edge of town, as shown here. The caricatures, properly labeled, got

more than their share of attention from passing motorists, vacation-bound.

These dedicated young people, and other groups scattered throughout the land, are setting a good example of efforts being made to stop the littering menace in America. As one highway statistician said recently: "At today's labor prices, it costs the taxpayers about 20 cents for each can picked up alongside the highway."

An ugly America can also be a costly America.

Think it over before you toss the can or the trash bag. ♦





Poison Ivy:

A Plant to Beware

BY RICHARD PARKER

With the coming of spring, thoughts turn to hikes and campouts. However, a budding springtime also brings forth a plant that all hikers and campers should be aware of. It's not too noticeable among other plants and it has no pretty blossoms to catch one's attention. This plant is abundant wherever trails, campgrounds, rivers, streams, lakes, and woods are found.

Poison ivy can be a small, low growing plant, a shrub up to four feet in height, or a vine climbing the side of a tree. The leaf is divided into three leaflets, each appearing to be a separate leaf. They may be shiny or dull in appearance. The veiny texture of the leaflets varies from stiff and leathery to thin and papery. The margins can be smooth, wavy or have a few coarse teeth. These leaflets vary in color, size, and shape depending upon the amount of sunlight received.

The tiny yellowish-green flowers are seldom seen but the clusters of waxy, ball-shaped, white berries first appear in late summer. They often hang throughout the winter months providing food for birds.

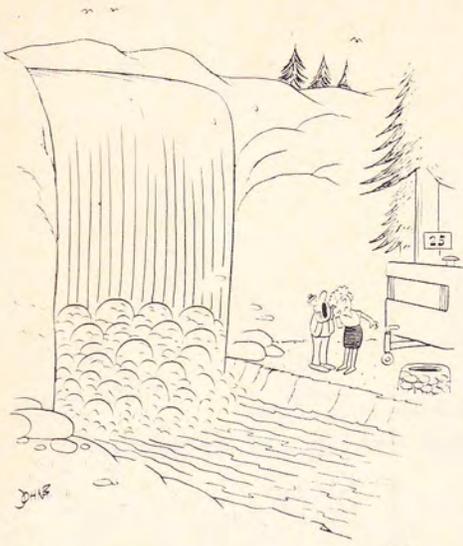
This plant may appear harmless but poison ivy causes misery to thousands of people every year. It's best to avoid any kind of contact with this plant. Every

portion contains a heavy, oily substance that can irritate the skin. The most common way of becoming infected is for the skin to come into direct contact with the plant. Petting a dog or cat that has walked through poison ivy could infect a person.

The first signs of having poison ivy is itching followed by a rash. In severe cases, blisters and swelling may occur. The best thing to do when you come into contact with poison ivy is to use a thick lather of soap and wash the exposed body parts as quickly as possible. If this doesn't work and irritation begins, Cala-

mine lotion or some other medicated lotion should be applied to relieve the tormenting itching. This is important to remember. Don't scratch the infected areas for you might spread the poison to other portions of the body. See a doctor promptly if blisters and swelling occur.

Many people are never affected by this plant. But if you have never been around poison-ivy, then don't play with it. The misery of being infected with an itch or possibly blisters isn't worth it. Nor a trip to the doctor.



"I SAID I KNOW NOW WHY THIS SITE HADNT BEEN TAKEN!"

One Sunday after church, a young child asked his mother, "Did you know that there were newspapermen in the Bible?"

"How's that?" inquired his mother. "Our Sunday school teacher said, Zachaeus couldn't see Jesus because of the press."

Daniel L. Pfeil
Lake City, PA

A little four-year-old suddenly lost interest in Sunday school. He had enjoyed so much learning about Moses that his mother could not understand the change of attitude.

"Why don't you want to go, son?" she asked.

"Oh," was the astonishing reply, "I don't like to go to Sunday school since Moses died."

Thomas LaMance
Modesto, CA



How long did Cain hate his brother?
As long as he was Abel.

Butch Keifer
Port Vue, PA

During the questioning of prospective jurors, one citizen exclaimed, "I'm sorry, Judge! I feel I can't serve on this jury. One look at that man and I'm convinced he's guilty!"

"You are looking," answered the Judge, "at the district attorney."

D. L. Getchell
Old Lyme, CT



"I SELL EDUCATIONAL BOOKS FOR THE EXCEPTIONALLY BRIGHT CHILD... DO YOU HAVE ANY?"

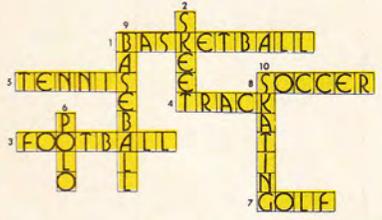
Two successful businessmen were having lunch together. Said one: "I thought your son was going to be an ear specialist. Now I understand you've talked him into becoming a dentist." Not really," came the reply. "I just pointed out that people have thirty-two teeth and only two ears. . . ."

D. L. Getchell
Old Lyme, CT

SCRAMBLE ANSWERS

— from page 13

- 1. basketball
- 2. skeet
- 3. football
- 4. track
- 5. tennis
- 6. polo
- 7. golf
- 8. soccer
- 9. baseball
- 10. skating



"AND STOP USING THE TERM 'SCAVENGER'! WE'RE ANTI-POLLUTANT ENVIRONMENTAL CONTROLLERS!"

RANGER: Why can't I buy a ticket to the moon?

AGENT: Because the moon is full right now.

Lennie A. New
Norwalk, CA

ASTRONAUT: Do you wanna fly?

JUNIOR ASTRONAUT: Sure

ASTRONAUT: Wait I'll catch one for you.

Lennie A. New
Norwalk, CA



"I FOUND THE ENTRANCE AND EXIT."

Wayside Pulpits

BY GROVER BRINKMAN

Recently in the suburban community in which I live, two teenagers were sent out on a hike over a marked trail. The path led through an open meadow, then followed the shore of a lake. The last segment was a slow climb through a wooded area. They were to complete the circuit in two hours. Each was to report some of the interesting things he had seen.

The one boy walked faster than the other, made the circuit in one hour, forty-five minutes.

"What did you see that should evoke comment?" the counselor asked.

The boy thought for a moment, finally shrugged his shoulders. An indifferent smile built on his lips. "Nothing much," he admitted, "just the lake, the meadow, the trees."

The second boy was still on the trail. When he returned, fifteen minutes later, he was asked the same question.

His face beamed. "Wonderful hike!" he said. "The clouds looked like huge balls of popcorn."

Then he reported further, his enthusiasm still high, how he had watched a meadow lark feed her young.

In one arm of the lake, dotted with cattails on the bank, he had spotted what he termed a monster bullfrog. There had also been a school of tiny catfish, an animation of black in the water. The breeze in the pines had sounded like a symphony of many violins—

The first hiker had been so immersed in himself that he had missed all of the natural beauty that had beckoned from the trail.

The second boy had had his eyes and ears attuned to the natural world. He saw the beauty of God's creation. The scenes around him became wayside pulpits. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and this boy was quick to associate the wonder of it all with his Maker.

Which leads to a question: What do you see when you walk some obscure path, or tread lightly in some forest glen? Do you take the trees, the rocks, the sky for granted, or do you thrill to their creation through humble, appreciative eyes?

All of nature is part of God's hand-

Wonderful hike!" he said. "The clouds looked like huge balls of popcorn."



work. From these same wayside pulpits God talks to us if only we will listen. When we do pause and reflect we are suddenly richer. If we grow too preoccupied with our own importance to pass up the beauty of the natural world, our loss will be equally great.

Jesus taught and worshiped faithfully in the temple. But He also sought the quietness of the forests to feel the nearness of the Heavenly Father. He saw many sermons in the fields, along the roads, in the hills.

"Consider the lilies of the field," He instructed His followers. "How they grow; they toil not neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Jesus used the lilies in this instance to

stress complacency about the things of life. Moses found his wayside pulpit in a burning bush. When he halted to witness the phenomenon, God spoke to him.

A young executive of my acquaintance recently confided to me: "God is nearer to me when I'm alone, walking some woods trail, than any place I know."

He was utterly sincere. Perhaps it is partly explained in the fact that God created the trees, all the things of nature found in the forest itself. Here in the quietness of virgin growth it is easy to talk to our Maker.

Each of us has a wayside pulpit if only we look for it. Perhaps it is buried deep in some large city, or nestled in some hidden glen of the hills. The pulpits are there, and we'll live happier and fuller if we find them.