

High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS / WINTER 1980-81



*The Salt Trail
Rendezvous Restrospective
Ribbon for Best in Show
Legend of the Christmas Guest*

High Adventure

WINTER 1980-81

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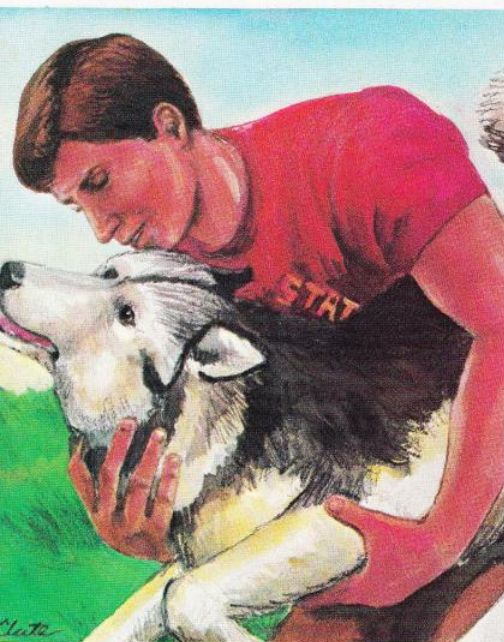
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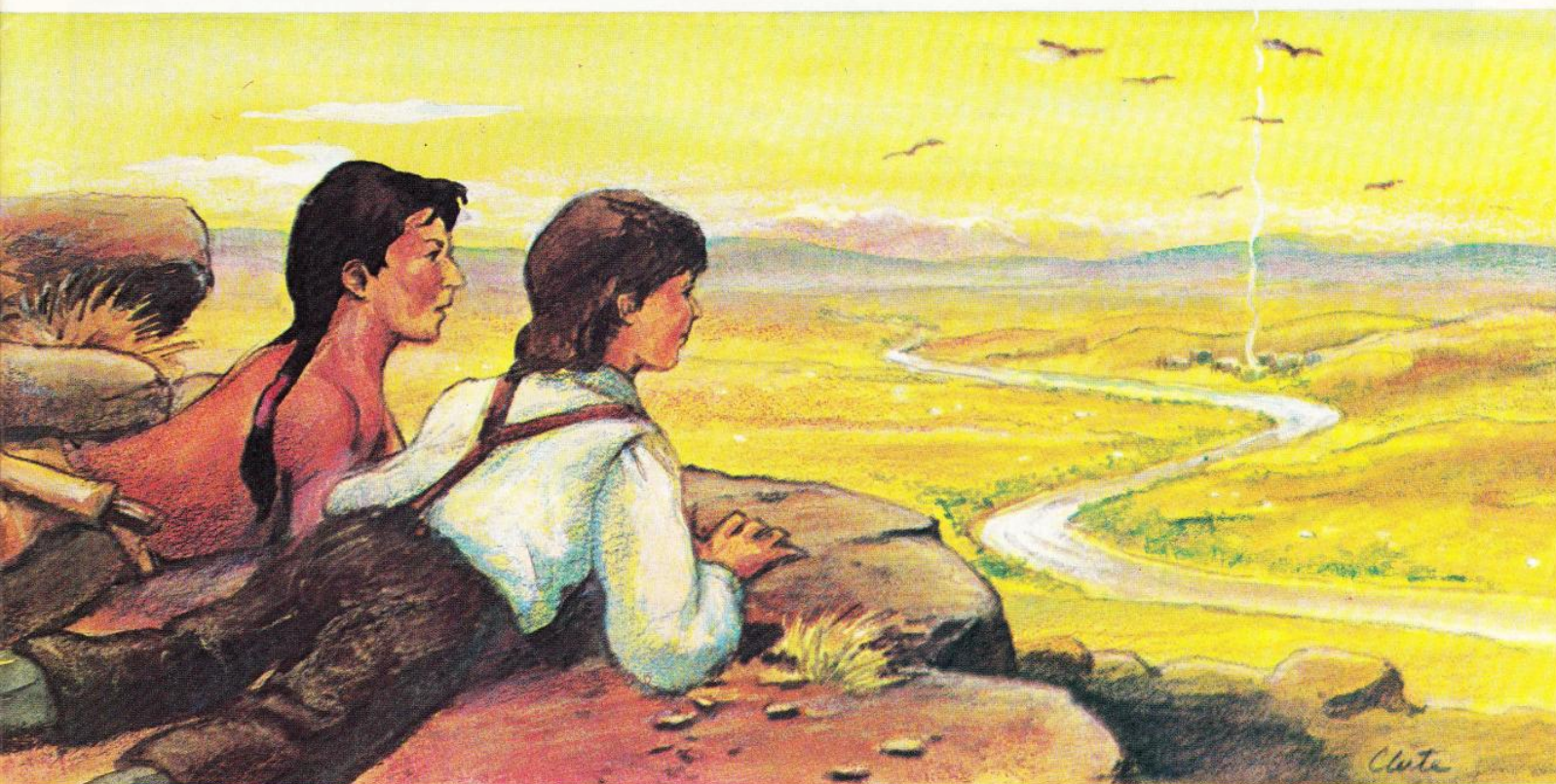
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BY GROVER BRINKMAN

The Salt Trail

The Mitchagemia Indian tribe was dependent on bison for food. But the white hunters were slaughtering the herd, not for the food but for the wealth the bison hides would bring. Discover how the young Indian boy Pilee, and his companion Matt, devise a plan to rid the great Salt trail of the merciless hunters.

Young Pilee slipped through the forest, his slender body more like a shadow than an actual moving form as he detoured brushy thickets and windfalls.

Matt Yarrow prided himself upon the fact that he knew the river country quite well. At least six of his fifteen years he had spent with his circuit-riding father, spreading the gospel to the frontier settlements and Indian villages in the basin of the river.

But his companion Pilee, the Mitchagemia boy, easily outperformed him. Pilee had the ability to move through the forest without so much as disturbing a stick in the path. He left no trail for an enemy to follow.

But at the moment, Matt realized that Pilee was troubled. He saw the tension building up in his wind-burned face as they lay side by side on the rim of an outcropping that commanded a good view of the valley below.

A flock of vultures circled high in the sky above, intent upon some prey far below. Pilee watched the birds for a moment, then his eyes swung to the valley floor. Momentarily he pointed a slim brown finger at the ribbon of the river, shimmering in the sun.

"There!" Pilee said, his voice stern. "Look sharp, Matt! Then you will see what I am concerned about."

Down below, the river wound like a silver serpent through a treeless plain of sedge grass, some of it shoulder high. To the east the prairie narrowed to a steep ravine. Here, as Matt knew, were the salt springs. Not only did humans come here for salt, but animals as well. Deer stole in at night to lick at the salt-encrusted earth; the bison came in herds.

"There are men camped down there," Matt said at last.

"They come to slaughter the bison," Pilee said bitterly. "Already they have

killed a great many."

"The Mitchagemias kill the bison also, Pilee."

"Yes. For food only. But they never slaughter for the hide alone."

Matt realized he was telling the truth.

"See those blotches of white, Matt?" Pilee continued. "Know what they are?"

"I'm not certain—"

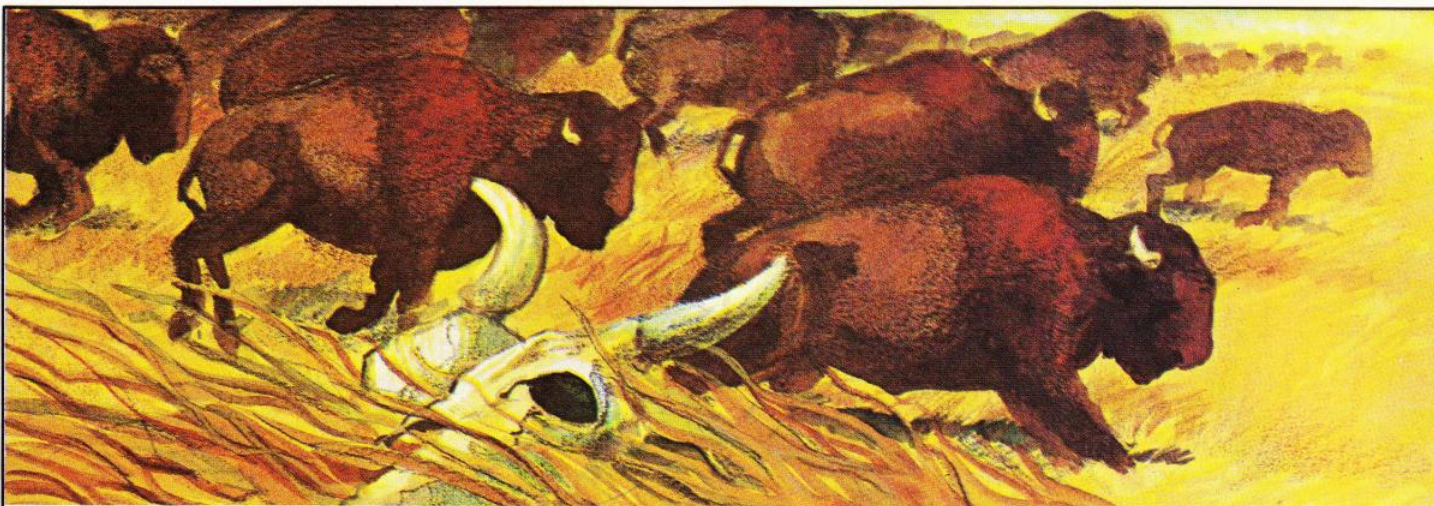
"Skeletons of dead bison, picked clean by the vultures."

Matt felt anger flush his face. "Pilee, there are many, many white spots. You mean these hunters have killed that many bison?"

"As many as the stars in the sky."

It seemed incredible that men should kill a huge bison, whose body provided so much food, and use only the hide, leaving the carcass to the vultures. But such seemed the case.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



"It seemed incredible that men should kill a huge bison, whose body provided so much food, and use only the hide, leaving the carcass to the vultures. But such seemed the case."

Pilee suddenly was on his feet. "Come!" he shouted over his shoulder, and again they slipped through the thick forest that stretched ahead.

Then for the second time Pilee jerked up and they edged their way to the rimrock. They were closer now to the scene below.

Even as he let his body slump on the rimrock, Matt heard dull, exploding sounds drifting up from the valley floor. Suddenly he witnessed a sight that angered and appalled him.

At least twenty hunters were down in the valley. There were bison there as well. Mounted horsemen drove them forward, while other hunters, stationed along the stampede route, shot them down. The report of heavy guns came to them dully. Matt counted eight, then nine, finally ten animals as they staggered to their death.

Pilee faced him, his young face brittle, his eyes bright with anger. "Winter is coming," he said, "and the Mitchagemias will starve. . . ."

Pilee was right. If the hunters kept killing off the bison in this wanton manner as the beasts headed for the salt springs, soon the herd would be depleted. The prairie tribes, depending on the bison for meat, would suffer immeasurably. All because a group of ruthless men were capitalizing on a law of nature: the need for salt by all living things.

"Surely there is some way this killing can be stopped!" Matt said with concern. "Perhaps Yellow Horse, your chief. . . ."

"There are many hunters, all with powerful guns," Pilee said. "How would we stop them? We are not a warring people."

That was so right, Matt realized. The

Mitchagemias were the first tribe in the valley to accept teaching of his father. They had been ready scholars. Pilee's English was as good as his own.

But now a real menace threatened Yellow Horse's people. If the bison herd met extermination at the hand of these hunters, more than one prairie tribe would feel the force of the coming winter, through starvation, sickness, and even death.

"You have seen nothing!" Pilee warned, his eyes sick with dread. "My father is one of the hunters who rode north to the big plain where the herds rest. He returned only this morning with news that thousands of bison are headed for the salt springs. When they cross the river, they will be killed by the hundreds. . . ."

"This must not happen!" Matt said, his anger mounting. "In some way we must stop the slaughter, Pilee!"

"Could you stop the wind or the storm?" Pilee asked.

That night, Matt talked long with his father at Stony Point, the new settlement on the river.

"My son," John Yarrow said sadly, "the hand of greed always is much the same. It operates openly where there is no law to stop it. The bison's hide, in Europe, commands a top price. So these itinerant hunters gather about the salt springs, where the bison congregate, and kill them off in large numbers."

"But father, it is so wrong!"

"Of course it is wrong. It will mean the extermination of the bison in time, if it keeps up."

"And Pilee's people will go hungry this winter!" Matt's eyes revealed the misery in his heart. "Father, surely there is some way we can stop these men. . . ."

John Yarrow made no answer. Matt knew he had none.

Matt lay unsleeping, staring at the flames in the cabin fireplace. He was young in years. So was Pilee. But in some way they must save this giant herd of bison coming down the river—to certain death. But how?

Matt fell asleep at last, to dream of hundreds of bison, stampeding into the narrow pass above the salt springs. Some of the bison were down on the ground, others were leaping over their fallen comrades. And he was in the center of the melee, with no chance of escape, as pounding hooves bore down upon him.

He awoke suddenly, sitting up in his bunk, staring into the darkness.

That was the answer to the problem! He had actually dreamed the answer! A stampede.

Stampede the herd before they got into range of the hunters' guns! Stampede them right through the hunters' camp. The hooves of the running animals would destroy anything in their path—supplies, tents, the entire camp. The hunters would have to flee for their very lives, with no time to think of further killing.

But how would they accomplish this feat?

He met Pilee at the escarpment the following morning, his eyes glistening. Breathlessly, he told him about his dream. "Perhaps Yellow Horse will help us stampede the big herd after it crosses the river. If we can do that, the bison will go right through the hunters' camp, destroying it. . . ."

"Yellow Horse and all the braves are already heading south, for a conference with the Miamis," Pilee explained. "They can't help us, even if there is wis-



"Pilee dipped his torch, and the dry grass caught with a roar. Matt ran ahead, igniting another section. Soon the fire was a wall of flame, leaping ahead."

dom in your plan."

Matt's face sobered. "There is wisdom in the plan, Pilee!"

"Of course. But there are two of us."

They lay on the rimrock, staring down into the valley. The vultures were back in the sky. Others were on the ground, at the carcasses of the dead bison. Matt started to count the bone piles, then gave up in disgust.

There seemed to be no answer to the problem. Somehow he felt hopelessly lost, watching the brome sedge as a sudden breeze set it into motion.

Suddenly he was tugging at Pilee's shoulder. The hopelessness wiped out of his face, replaced by a startling thought. "Pilee, the dry grass—"

"I am looking at the grass."

"We'll wait until the bison swim the river, then we'll fire the grass to stampede the herd!"

"What if we get trapped by the fire?"

Matt had no answer to that.

They made camp downriver, opposite the shallows, where the incoming herd would cross. A day passed. Two. On the morning of the third day, Pilee put one ear to the ground, listening. "I hear them," he said. "The rumble of many hooves—"

Momentarily the point of the herd came into view, the bulls spearheading it. The animals approached the ford, not a dozen or so but hundreds. As far as the eye could reach, there was a tightly massed herd of shaggy beasts.

They hid in the willows and watched an amazing sight—hundreds of bison, fording the stream. On the far bank, the dust from their hooves formed an opaque cloud. Now the shaggy animals were in the water, wallowing through the river, to emerge dripping wet, bugling their pleasure.

Suddenly Pilee pointed upstream. Perhaps a half mile away, Matt saw moving forms. The hunters were getting ready for the slaughter.

The light dimmed. Matt, glancing upward, saw a billowing storm cloud coming in from the southwest. They had been so engrossed at watching the herd that neither had paid any attention to the weather.

"Storm's coming!" Matt said fearfully.

"Big wind!" Pilee agreed, watching the oncoming cloud.

Most of the herd were through the ford at last, moving downriver.

"It's time we fire the brome sedge!" Matt said.

Pilee nodded, grabbed up one of the torches they had previously prepared, and ignited it at their cookfire. Matt took the remaining torch. Then they ran for the brome sedge.

A narrow eroded area bisected the land here. They had previously decided that this would be their area of safety. Nothing but scattered grass clumps grew in this barren area. By igniting the tall grass alongside this border, the fire would move down the valley, pushing the herd closer to the river as they ran toward the salt licks.

Pilee dipped his torch, and the dry grass caught with a roar. Matt ran ahead, igniting another section. Soon the fire was a wall of flame, leaping ahead.

Then without warning, the storm broke. The wind whipped into a frenzy, and suddenly Matt realized they would be trapped by the flames. He saw Pilee's startled face, then a blast of hot air fanned his face, and shouting to Pilee he threw himself headlong into the erosion ditch, arms covering his face.

He felt Pilee's form tight against his own. Pilee was furiously kicking, for

some reason. Before Matt could move, he felt a crushing weight on his body. Dust and dirt sifted into his eyes. He was choking. He threw up one arm, trying to dislodge the weight off his face. But somehow Pilee's arm pressed him down.

There was a roaring sound in his ears; he was suffocating. In desperation he pushed up his arms. Then he felt Pilee's hand clutching his own, and he was pulled to a sitting position.

Only then did he realize that Pilee had kicked in the soft earth at the side of the eroded ditch. It had saved them from being burned.

Matt wiped his grimy face, smiled. "You saved my life," he said.

"The storm whipped the fire into our path," Pilee explained. Then he held up one hand. "Listen!" he said.

Matt crawled from the ditch, gazing with fearful eyes at the dust cloud moving ahead, paralleling the river. On one side was a wall of fire, the burning brome sedge, whipped by the wind. And the bison were stampeding before the fire, through the hunters' camp.

It was all over at last and they stood in the rain, speechless at what they saw. Hundreds of charging hooves had torn through the camp. Not a tent was left. A cache of supplies was ground into the earth. Matt picked up a broken gun, a sack that had contained meal. Everything was crushed. There was not a single hunter in sight. They had seen that onrushing herd, and had fled afoot for their lives.

"Now we won't starve this winter," Pilee said.

Matt made no rebuttal. He was still shaking with fear. But joy was building in his heart. As Pilee said, there would be no cry for food in the villages this winter. ★

STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN

Listening to Christmas

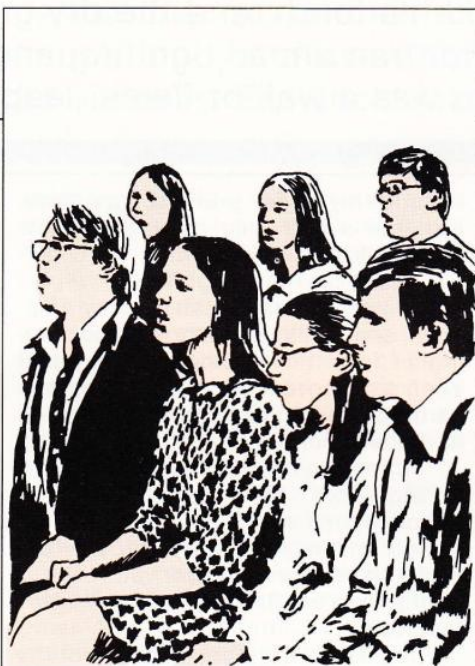
By Lucille J. Goodyear

Carolling's a great alternative to winter's cabin fever!

The singing of carols, hymns, and songs at Christmastime is traditional—a tradition that goes back to centuries ago. And a few songs in musical history can boast of being so old and of having kept their popularity. *JOY TO THE WORLD*: A song that celebrates the redemption of the world from sin and sorrow, it was first published in 1719 in England with words by Isaac Watts, who is often called "the father of English hymnody." The music is from a very free adaptation of phrases from Handel's great "Messiah."

O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL: First known as "Adeste Fideles," it is considered to be one of the earliest compositions, and is sung both in the Catholic and Protestant churches. Believed to have evolved from an old Latin hymn, the almost literal translation as known today, first appeared in 1841, and was written by the English Canon, Frederick Oakley.

I HEARD THE BELLS ON CHRISTMAS DAY: From the pen of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who wrote



them just after his young son, a lieutenant in the Army of the Potomac had been seriously injured in battle. First published as a poem in 1863, it was later set to music by J. Baptise Calkin.

SILENT NIGHT: This poem set to music is one of the most widely sung carols. First heard in German as "Stille Nacht" in Oberndorf, an alpine village in Austria... for the occasion of Midnight Mass in the year 1818. The lines were written by Rev. Josef Mohr; and the music by Franz Gruber, the church organist. Said to have been set to music in a matter of two hours,

but Gruber used a guitar rather than the organ, as church mice had chewed up the organ beyond use. Today it is sung in all languages and is, in a real sense, an international song.

O HOLY NIGHT: A universal favorite, the hymn was written by Adolphe Adam, and although the young composer aspired to fame as a writer of grand opera—it is for this lovely song that he is best remembered.

MESSIAH: One of the most widely performed of all Christmas compositions, it was written by George Frederick Handel, who also wrote the music for "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night" and "Joy to the World." Handel began his work on his "Messiah" in August of 1741 and 23 days later it was completed. Although it is his best known and greatest composition, and is performed traditionally at Christmastime—it is not, strictly speaking, Christmas music. Handel did not consider it as such and preferred to present it at the Lenten season. Only one-fifth of it is concerned with the Nativity, the rest deals with the Passion of the Resurrection of Christ and His effect on the life of man. No other piece of music has expressed nearly so well the joy, thanksgiving, and gratitude we all feel at Christmas. And—that is what Christmas is all about!

THE END



YOU'LL NEED LADDERS
AND LONG LEGS

Reaching High For Mistletoe

By Grover Brinkman

You've got to climb high, high, high to get at it!

Kissing under the mistletoe is one of the oldest rituals in the civilized world, going back to pre-Christian days of the Celts and Teutons of northern Europe. Evidently the custom still has its merits.

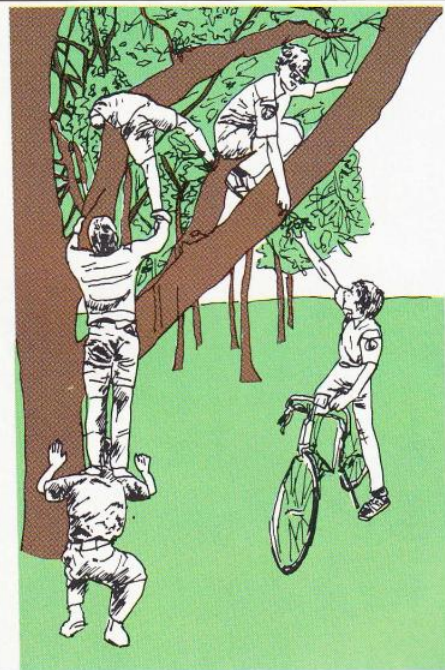
It is found from New Jersey to Mexico, more profusely in certain states than others. In some areas, men and boys earn money by clipping it for the holiday trade.

The mistletoe was a holy plant in Scandinavia centuries ago. The Druids of ancient Britain inveigled its power in many of their rites, even believed its wood formed the cross upon which Christ was crucified.

But now it has lost its superstition, at least in America. But it has far from lost its charm.

You buy it in supermarkets—many times in a very wilted condition. But to get fresh, beautiful mistletoe it must be taken from a growing tree.

That isn't as easy as it sounds, for generally it seeks out the tops of the highest and most inaccessible trees, and one climbs to get it.



The European and American mistletoe are similar but not identical—in fact botanists say there are nearly 1,300 different varieties. But it is one of the few parasite plants that has invaded temperate zones and thrived.

To classify it as an unusual plant is putting it mildly. It belongs to that group of plants known as parasitic because it does not obtain its sap from its own roots but instead attaches itself to the bark of a host tree.

One sees it high in the tops of forest giants, elms, hickories, oaks. The mistletoe looms up as a spot of vivid

green, bedecked with white berries. Strangely, it clings to the tree bark much like a leech upon a fish. Its roots take hold in the bark and soon it is part of the limb, perfectly joined. At the joint, the limb swells, oftentimes as much as three times its usual diameter. It is even hard to pull loose, yet botanists claim it does little or no damage to the parent tree unless the infestation is extremely heavy. Yet it goes by the name of "tree thief."

How the mistletoe became part of our Christmas observance is not clear, although the ancient Druids considered it sacred, used it as a "heal-all," and made highly ritualistic harvest rites on the "sixth day of the year's last moon."

White-robed Druid priests used golden sickles to cut the mistletoe from the parent tree, bits of which were fashioned into rings, amulets and bracelets to ward off evil during the coming year. We don't do this anymore, of course. But the mystery and romance of the mistletoe continues.

Quoting Washington Irving's Sketch-Book: "The mistletoe is still hung up in farm-houses and kitchens at Christmas; and the young men have the privilege kissing the girls under it."

Nice privilege—in a farm kitchen or even a high-rise apartment.

THE END.



They came from every corner Rangers sharing in the excitement National Frontiersmen Camp

On a warm July day (22nd) some 670 members of the Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity converged on beautiful Sequatchie Valley in Tennessee for their 1980 quadrennial rendezvous. From every section of the country they came—dressed in their colorful frontier clothing, soon they pitched their teepees and primitive lean-tos and turned the valley into a scene from out of the past.

They checked their muzzle loader, prepared their fixen and made ready for three days of exciting frontier activities.

The valley located at the headwaters of the Sequatchie River was idealistic for the various events.

The opening ceremony included a devotion by Rev. Silas Gaither and an explanation of the historical significance of the location. Then it was free-for-all time. This included competition in rifle shooting, tomahawk throwing, knife throwing, and fire by flint & steel.

There was traders row where swapping and trading was a popular pastime. A series of frontier skills were demonstrated daily on subjects such as rifle making, leather work, bead work, knife making, scrimshaw, hide tanning, frontier foods, etc.

The evening service took on the form of a brush arbor revival with Johnnie Barnes as speaker. These services became a time of spiritual refreshing and spiritual dedication. From the response of the men, the "Ol time religion" is still alive today.

Picking and grinning time followed the brush arbor services. This event directed by Mark Gentry featured many musical instruments such as guitar, harmonica, banjo, fiddle, bass tub fiddle, dulcimer, Jew's harp, etc. Old time pioneer and frontier songs and music echoed across the moonlit valley. Morning inspirational devotions were conducted by Paul McGarvey.

One special feature was a production by the Alabama (Confederate) chapter. They presented an amusing satire of an



er of the Nation— tament of the third ping Fraternity Rendezvous.



early frontier camp. This group also won the most authentic frontier camp award.

There was a special Seneca Trace with a young buck (boy) and old timer (man) from each territory competing. Timed skill included, rifle shooting, tomahawk and knife throwing, flint & steel fire starting, trap setting, etc.

From time to time frontier court was held with Judge Hawkeye Deaver presiding. Justice was swift and sure. All fines went to a special Home Missions project.

National elections were also held. Fred Deaver was unanimously elected for another four year term as National President.

Sonny Green was elected as National Vice President. Rick Wescott of Pennsylvania was elected as National Scout and Dale Long of California was elected as Assistant National Scout. Rick Wescott succeeded Steve Benesh as National Scout and Dale Long succeeded Dale Stout as Assistant National Scout.

There were winners in many different categories, the person with the highest overall points was declared "Mr. Frontiersman." There were two age divisions—young bucks (boys) and old timers (men). Winners were Ray Lambert and Carl Crackel who tied for old timers and Ron Hornback, Jr. young bucks. (Duplicate awards were given to the old timer winners.)

Traveling the furthest distance was Karen Phillips from Adelaide, Australia. She was the official representative for the Australian FCF. She was very popular among the young men and most agree she made some of the best patch trades at the Rendezvous. She inspired many to try to attend the Australian Camporama in January 14-19, 1981.

Special commendation goes to Chris Hinkle, Dave Wharton, and the men of the Tennessee (Volunteer) Chapter as host district. They came through with flying colors. Their efficient and dedicated service was a major element in the success of the rendezvous. High praise ►

for their advance preparation was given by many people. National Commander Johnnie Barnes states: "I have never worked with a group more hard working and dedicated. The entire rendezvous owes them out heartfelt thanks."

The rendezvous was an outstanding success. Fred Deaver, national presi-

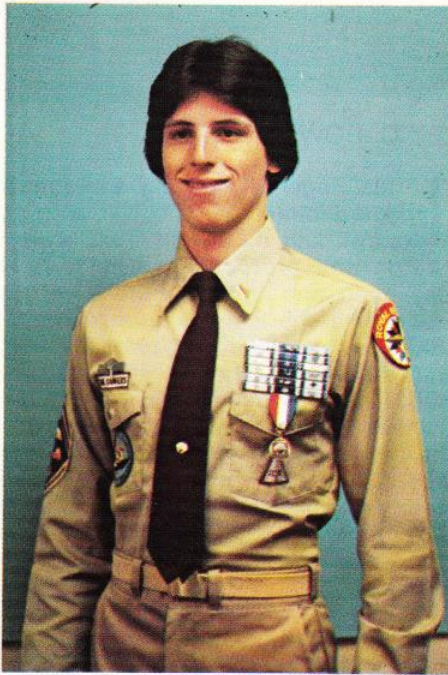
dent and director of the rendezvous states: "Without a doubt, this is the greatest and most successful event we have had in FCF."

As groups left this beautiful valley in the Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee, they were already talking about the next rendezvous in 1984.

SPECIAL NOTICE

Our national rendezvous mugs did not arrive in time for the rendezvous. These beautiful mugs with a rendezvous patch illustrated on the side are now available at \$5.00 each. There are only 200 available and they will be sold on a first come basis. Contact the National Office.





**National Ranger
of the Year**

SPRINGFIELD, Mo.—Chuck Sandstrom of Salem, Oreg., has been selected Ranger of the Year from among seven regional winners who met the national Ranger of the Year review board here recently.

Chuck, 15 years of age, is the son of Bob and Jean Sandstrom. He attends The Peoples Church in Salem where Dennis A. Davis is pastor.

Chuck is involved in field and track activities at his high school, and has maintained a 3.7 grade average.

As a Royal Ranger, Chuck earned the Gold Medal of Achievement, the Bible award, and the Gold Buffalo award. He attended Junior Leadership Training Camp in 1979-80 and is a member of the Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity. He is a member of the planning committee of the church's youth group and an altar worker.

Candidates for the national Ranger of the Year award qualify through a rigid selection process. Testing includes Biblical knowledge and church doctrine as well as knowledge of all phases of the Royal Rangers program, academic achievement, and extracurricular activities in school and community projects.

Factors in the final selection are the

young man's attitude, spirituality, appearance, personality, and ability to express himself.

Serving on the review board were: Silas Gaither, national director of the Division of Church Ministries; Paul McGarvey, national secretary of Men's Ministries; Fred Deaver, national president of Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity; John Eller, national Aide-de-Camp; Mark Gentry, national Field Adviser, and Thomas Loven, Education Department secretary.



New Headgear! For Your Royal Rangers



ROYAL RANGERS

BERET. Designed as part of the dress uniform for Trail Blazers and Air-Sea-Trail Rangers, this attractive beret is made of 85% wool and 15% nylon. Decorated with the colorful Royal Rangers emblem the royal blue beret will be proudly worn by your youngsters. **\$5.95 each**

Small08 MR 0271

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ROYAL RANGERS

BASEBALL CAP. Promote your Royal Rangers program with this attractive fun-to-wear baseball style cap. The cap is navy blue with a polyester front and nylon mesh back and carries the Royal Rangers emblem. Adjustable, one size fits all. **08 MR 0254 \$4.95**

**Place Your
Order today!**



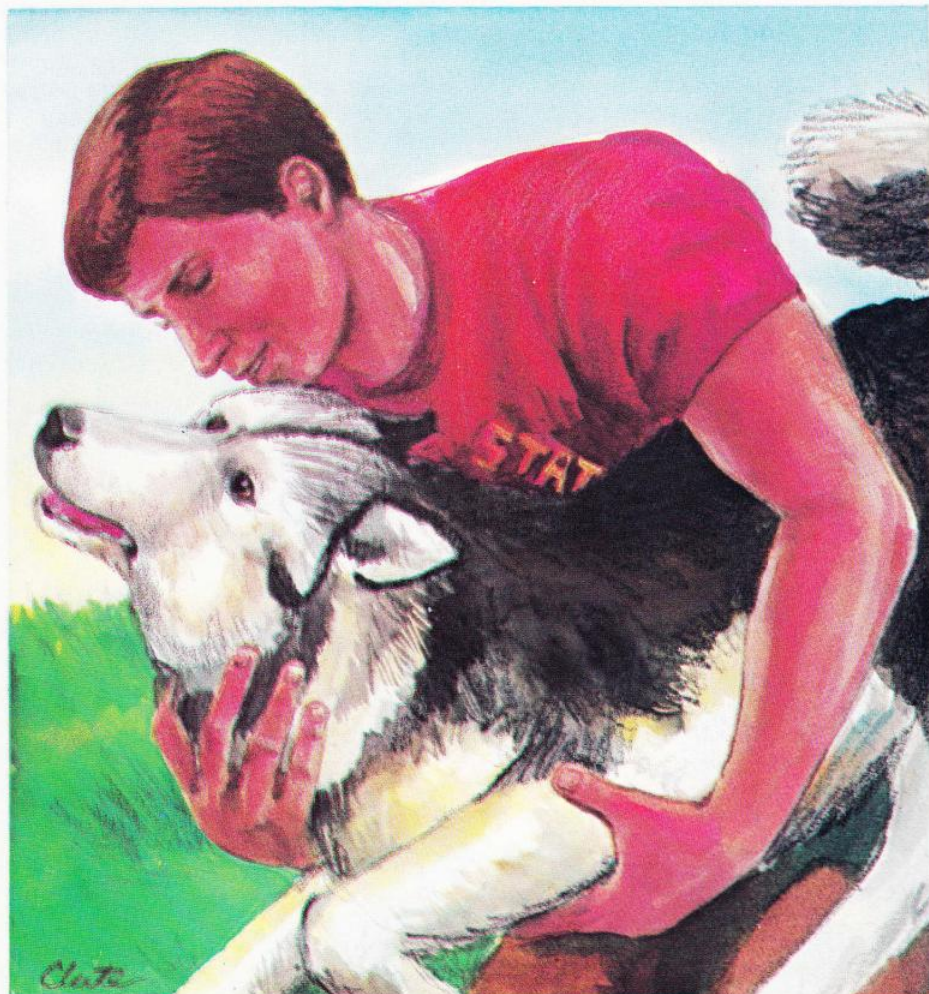
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"Then, Roger came home.
He wore strange clothes and they smelled
of a large man-pack called Marines.
His arms were very strong when
we rolled on the grass."



Ribbon For Best In Show

BY C. BOWDEN

Little Roger is sleeping and I must guard him. Soon he will start to crawl, and then walk. I will always watch and protect him. Sister rubs my head and tells me these things each time she leaves him in my care. She knows I do not need to be told this, but that is a mother's way. I wag my tail to indicate I understand. Little Roger is the namesake of my first master. I lie full length by the crib and remember. My ears and nose are always alert for any signs of danger but my thoughts are of the past and the first Roger and the good days before the three messengers.

Now I am Arctic Knight, Champion Alaskan Malamute, sired by champions whose ancestors trailed the caribou over frozen snow under the northern lights.

Long ago when all was darkness I tumbled among my brothers and sisters to find my mother's warmth and to feed. This security was shattered by "Good-looking litter." "Nice markings on that one."

These strange sounds and the sensation of being lifted above my cozy world made up my first contact with the man-pack. I was very frightened and expected to be eaten.

Again at my mother's side, she licked us clean, and told of the strange creatures. Each of us, one by one, would be taken by them. We would be servants or maybe just another possession. If we were lucky we would find kindness and love. I did not want to leave my mother's side and hoped no more of the man-pack would come.

I was lifted so gently I did not awaken until I heard, "You are a beauty!" In this voice was kindness, and I was not afraid.

"Leave him now, Roger," another voice stated, "you can come back later."

I was lifted and examined many times, but I did not smell or hear the one who promised to come for me. My brothers and sisters were taken until only two of us remained. Our legs grew strong and we no longer fed from our mother but ran behind her to eat from

"Much time passed.
Sister and I trained
and I kept the cats
from the top
of the fence."

the dish.

I was running in play and before I could stop I bumped the legs of the one who kneeled to caress me. With arm around my neck, Roger told me, "We are going home."

Home was where Roger and Sister and Mother and Father, sometimes called Dad, lived in the house. Outside was the yard where I could run and play, but never in the flowers. A fence I must not dig under nor jump over as I grew larger. My house was next to the garage, my dish contained food and my bowl fresh water each day.

Roger and I played in the yard with a ball and wrestled on the grass. Sometimes we trained; this was for show. I learned to stand proper and to obey the leash. At night Roger would open the back door and we would sneak into his room to sleep on the bed. He would read to me about my ancestors. The sled dogs on the Dawson Trail would eat frozen fish in their harness. The forty-below weather was too cold for the driver to stop and prepare a fire. After reading, we ate strange food called bologna sandwich and fig newtons. Always we were happy.

My first show was called a puppy match. I wanted to run and play with my own kind but Roger held me as in training. I did not like strangers feeling me and looking at my teeth and ears, but I remembered the training. For this I was given a trophy. Roger was happy and he praised me. Then we had other strange food called hot dogs and ice cream.

At the beginning of the sad time, Roger stopped reading to me and he talked much with Father. One night we lay on the grass and looked at the stars. He rubbed my head and told me that he must go away for a while. I did not understand about school or draft and Vietnam. Roger said he would meet his obligations and not have college interrupted later.

I was very lonely.

Then Roger came home. He wore strange clothes and they smelled of a large man-pack called Marines. His

arms were very strong when we rolled on the grass. He told me to obey Sister and have much training. Then when he returned, we would get the best in show.

Much time passed. Sister and I trained and I kept the cats from the top of the fence. I would watch for the mailman who brought messages from Roger. Sister would tell me of the messages and always Roger would say, "Tell Knight to be ready and we will take best in show when I come home." This would make me happy and I would think of it as I dozed.

One night I was awakened, yet I slept. Roger was with me but it was the Roger and I of many before. The timber wolves surrounded us, the other dogs were down. Each time the rifle cracked in the brittle air, a wolf fell to be devoured by the starving pack. When one charged, my fangs ripped his throat and flung him back to the others. He opened his hand to show me the last two shells, one for each of us. We looked each other eye to eye and our love bound us to die as we had lived. As the last two shots fired, he hugged me and rubbed my head. Then back to back, he with an ice ax and I with bared fangs, awaited the final assault.

"Hush out there, boy," Father's voice from the doorway commanded. "Be quiet! What is the matter with you?"

Sister came out and caressed me but I broke away. In my house I cried until dawn.

When the third messenger arrived, I liked him at once. He was different from Roger, but I sensed the same kindness. He wore a big hat. He favored one leg as does the lead dog with an ice sliver. When he saw me he scratched my ears and said I looked just as Roger had described me. Sister told me his name was Ed and he had known Roger in the Marine Pack.

Later, Father and Ed came in the yard and I lay between them. Father said, "I want to know—tell me how it happened!"

"We were in a hot zone," Ed explained. "We got hit and suffered three casualties of which I was one. Roger

volunteered to guard the wounded and wave in the helicopter. By the time the chopper landed we were taking sniper fire from the jungle. Roger and the chief loaded two wounded. Then the crew chief and I three-legged it aboard. The pilot yelled for Roger to hurry, as the shots were getting closer. I could see Roger coming . . . well . . . during this time the enemy had positioned a mortar. They wanted the helicopter, but their aim was short and . . . well . . . just before it hit I saw Roger close and he was carrying a wounded enemy soldier. That's the kind of man your son was, sir!" I did not understand it all, but now I knew about the ribbon.

Ed lived on a place called a ranch and wanted to take me with him. I could run and chase rabbits, but he wouldn't have time to train for show. I wanted to go but could not because I must get a ribbon for best in show. Sister helped by saying that I should go with Ed, then both of us could come back when she finished school.

I liked the ranch and was very busy investigating new smells, chasing rabbits and ground squirrels. Sister sent many messages and one day asked us to come for graduation. This time Ed called Sister on the telephone, then told me I couldn't go with him, but he would have a surprise when he returned. I took charge of things while he was gone and when he returned, Sister was with him. They had been some place called Honeymoon and Sister would stay with me.

I was bathed, groomed, and Sister and I trained. Soon I became champion and had two best in breed and one best in group wins. Ed and Sister said that someday we will get best in show. We missed some shows when Sister went to a place called a hospital and brought home little Roger.

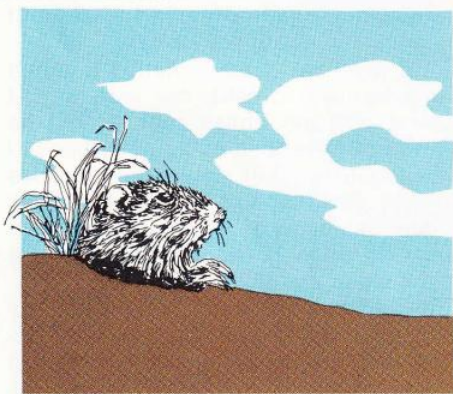
Now I lie here and think of my first master, Roger. I do not understand why the man-pack must fight each other. There is plenty of food and much love in the houses of both my masters. I do know this, Roger did what he believed to be right, and he was best in show because I saw the ribbon. ★



"I do know this,
Roger did what he
believed to be right,
and he was best
in show because
I saw the ribbon."



On February 2, Keep your eyes on the groundhog hole.



WILL SPRING SOON BE ON ITS way? Or will we have to snuggle deeper into our "woollies" for a few more cold months of winter?

According to an old American Indian legend—the groundhog tells it "like it is"—on the second day of February.

As the legend goes—if the sun was shining and the groundhog saw his shadow, there was only one thing to do, return to his hole for an additional six or eight weeks of snoozing. To observers this was a certain sign that winter had not given up its hold.

However, if the day was overcast and no shadow was cast—the groundhog did not return to his hole, but scampered off in search of food in anticipation of the early arrival of spring.

Scientists may scoff, but this is the manner in which the Indians along the Atlantic coastline decided whether to start their spring plantings or keep their winter fire blazing for a while longer.

The belief was exclusively the Indians'; until 1790, when a fur trapper happened to learn of it and spread the word to the trading posts. It made a good story but no one put much store



in its accuracy until the trapper, himself took a group along for a February 2 "groundhog hole watch" the following year.

The animal did make its appearance as was expected, and since the day was overcast—the group returned to the post predicting an early spring. Much to the chagrin of the disbelievers, the temperature began to rise in the next few weeks.

By the next year more converts to the legend were on hand to watch as the groundhog emerged from his winter hibernation foretold an extended winter. True to the prediction, winter did not relinquish its hold for seven more weeks—further establishing the belief. Word spread and a new tradition was born, eventually the day found its way to being designated on the calendar as "Groundhog Day."

And, what of this animal with the so-called ability to forecast weather? The early settlers named him the groundhog but later took to referring to him as a woodchuck. He's quite a calm animal, definitely not aggressive, and rarely fights unless attacked or cornered. A homebody by nature, he never strays far from his burrow—unless he's been attracted to a succulent garden patch.



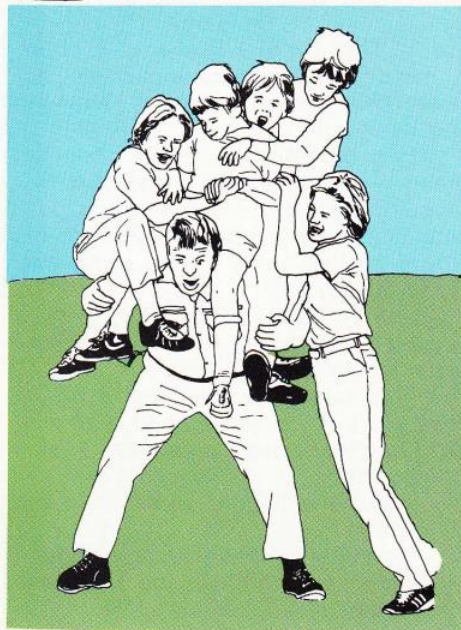
Late in fall he gets fat and lazy and grows increasingly sleepy and sluggish. Before extreme cold weather begins, he takes to his burrow and falls into a deep sleep. His breathing process has been found to slow down to a mere trickling of air coming in and out of his lungs—at the rate of about one breath a minute. As his body literally lives on the fat that he's accumulated during the summer months' eating, he stays in this state of hibernation until early spring.

According to scientists, the groundhog—as a weather prophet—is all wet!

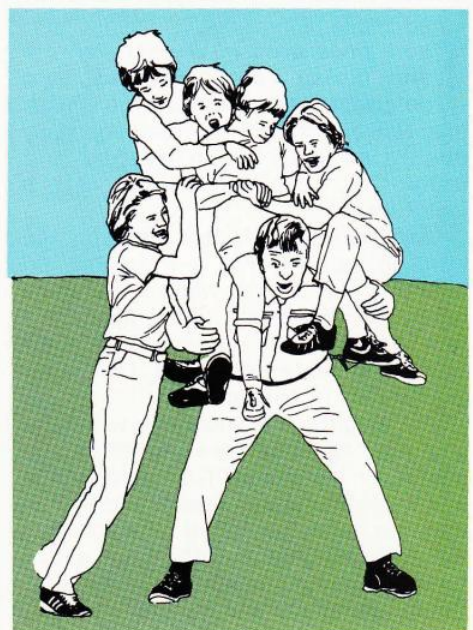
They believe that a groundhog neither knows or cares about making a special appearance on the second day of February. According to them, when a groundhog is seen emerging from hibernation on this particular day—it's just a matter of sheer coincidence.

Whatever the scientists claim is of little consequence to those who still make their annual February 2 trek to a groundhog hole.

BY
EVELYN
GOODYEAR



COMEDY CORNER FENDY CEWOY COMEDY CORNER



"Wal, guess I'll be moseyin' along."

Royal Ranger standing outside door. Father, who has answered the door says to his wife in other room: "It's that Royal Ranger who helped you across the street yesterday. He wants to know if you're going out today."

A man was more than a little upset when a neighbor telephoned him at 3 a.m. and complained, "Your dog is barking so loud that I can't sleep."

The next morning about the same time the man called his neighbor back and announced, "I don't have a dog."

Two boys in a museum looking at an Egyptian mummy that had a placard under it which said, "2533 BC." "What does the sign mean?" one youth asked. "That's probably the license plate number of the car that hit him," the other one explained.

Mother: "Let's buy junior a bicycle."

Father: "Do you think that will improve his behavior?"

Mother: "No, but it will spread his meanness over a wider area."

Boy: "I want a dollar's worth of potatoes with eyes."

Clerk: Why with eyes?

Boy: "Mother says they'll have to see us through the rest of the week."

A fifth grade teacher found this notation at the end of a test paper: "The views expressed here are not necessarily those of the textbook."

Junior: "Dad, did you go to Sunday school when you were a little boy?"

Father: (smugly) "I sure did. Never missed a Sunday."

Junior: "See, Mom? I'll bet it won't do me any good either."

Cowboy: "Aren't you putting your saddle on backwards?"

Dude: "How do you know? I haven't even told you which way I'm going."

Two sour-puss farmers liked to grumble to each other.

"Never did see hay grow so short as mine this summer," sighed one.

"You think yours is short," complained the other, "I had to lather mine to mow it."

I bought a wooden whistle, but it wooden whistle. Then I bought a steel whistle, but it steel wooden whistle. So I bought a tin whistle, and now I tin whistle.

JOKES SUBMITTED BY
HELEN LOZANOFF,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

There once lived in Germany an old shoemaker named Conrad. Two neighbors called on him one Christmas Day and found his little shop gaily decorated with green boughs and holly. Conrad greeted them with a joyful smile.

"My friends, early this morning the Lord appeared to me in a dream," he confided. "He said He was coming to be my guest. That is why I have decorated the shop and shined the kettle and spread the table for a feast. I am waiting for Him to appear."

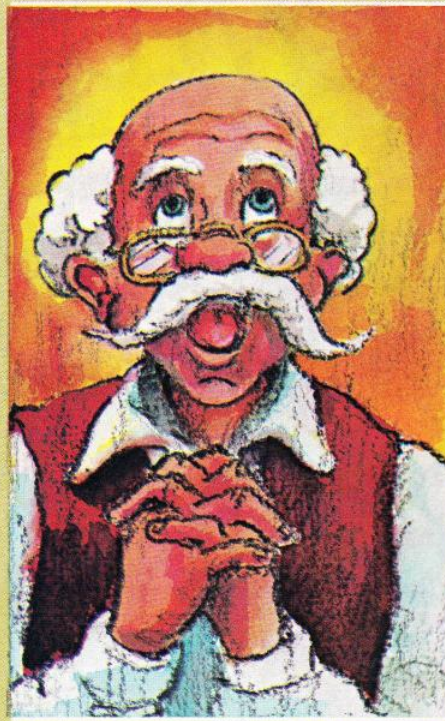
The neighbors respectfully withdrew and left the shoemaker to await the arrival of his guest. Conrad's family had long since passed away, and Christmas was usually a lonely time for him. But he knew that with the Lord as his guest, this would be the most wonderful Christmas of all, and he kept running to look out the window whenever he heard footsteps outside.

The first time he glanced out, he saw a shabby beggar whose shoes were broken and worn. Conrad's heart was touched and he quickly opened the door.

"Come in, come in and get warm," he invited. "Your feet must be frozen. I have some shoes you might like to have, and an extra coat."

The beggar accepted the shoes and coat gratefully. When he had gone, Conrad noticed the time and wondered when his guest would appear. Had the Lord forgotten him?

Before long there came a knock, and he sprang up eagerly to open the door.



A bent old woman dressed in black stood before him. She was cold and tired and hungry, and asked if she might come in and rest a while. Again Conrad felt compassion. He gave her food and drink from the table he had prepared for his special guest, and then the old woman rested.

Soon after she had left his warm shelter, he heard someone crying outside. Again he opened his friendly

door. This time it was a lost child. Conrad drew her inside, wiped away her tears and quieted her fears. Then he led her home.

When he returned to his shop his heart was heavy with sorrow and disappointment, for he felt sure the Lord was not coming today. He went to his room at the back of the shop and knelt to pray.

"Dear Lord," he began, "I have waited all day. Why didn't you come? I wanted so much to see you."

In the silence there came a gentle voice: "Lift up your head, Conrad, for I kept my word. Three times I came to your door. . . .

I was the beggar with the frozen feet;

I was the woman you gave to eat;

I was the child on the homeless street." *

Legend of the Christmas Guest

By Frances Carfi Matranga

