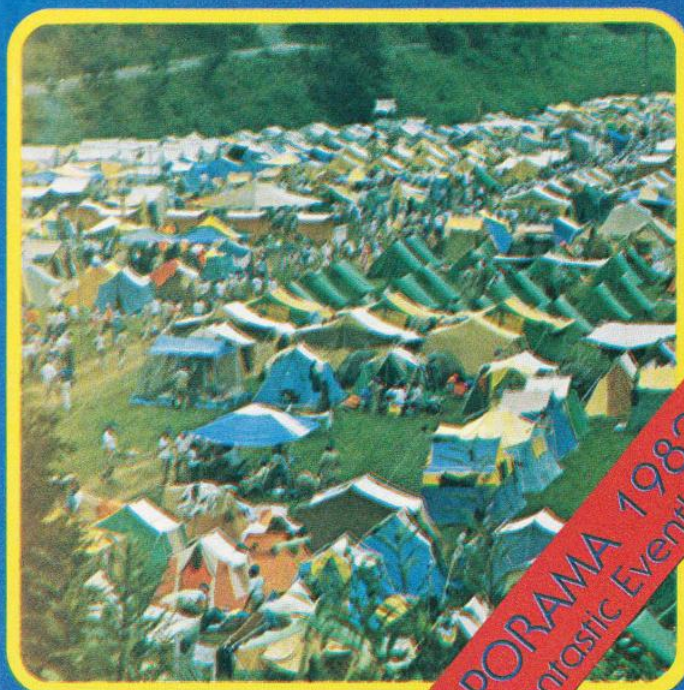
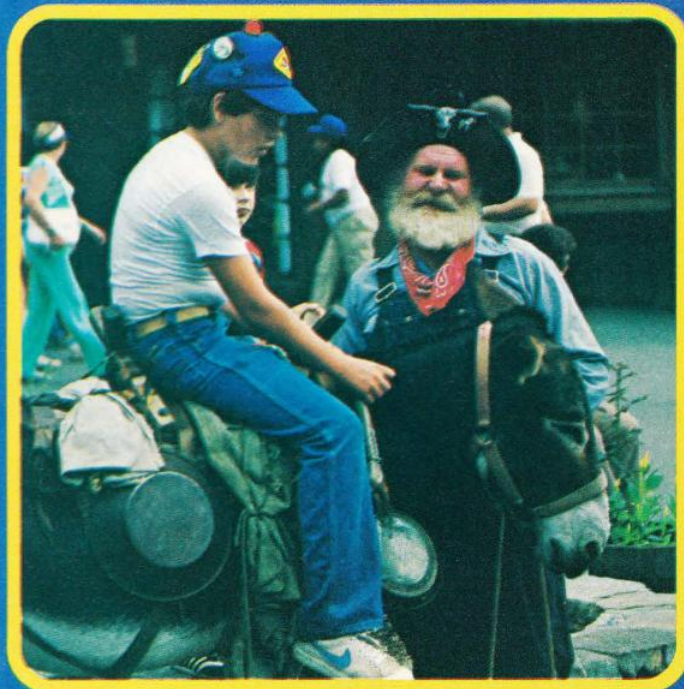


# High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS / WINTER 1982



CAMPORAMA 1982  
A Fantastic Event!



# High Adventure

WINTER 1982

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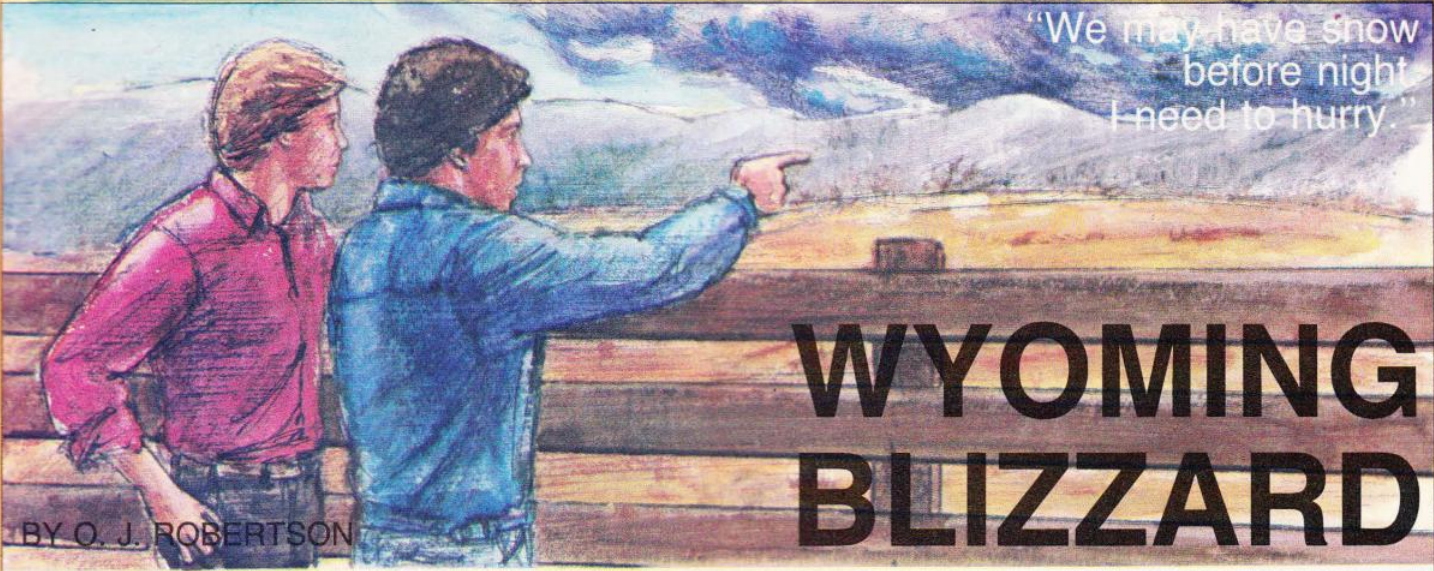
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An illustration at the top of the page shows two young men standing on a wooden fence, looking out over a vast, hazy landscape under a cloudy sky. One boy, wearing a blue jacket, points towards the distance. The other boy, in a red shirt, stands with his hands on his hips. The style is painterly and somewhat somber.

"We may have snow  
before night.  
I need to hurry."

# WYOMING BLIZZARD

BY O. J. ROBERTSON

As the station wagon rolled toward Waycrest, Don Willis watched the mountains beyond the sheep ranch grow dim in the distance. Fading like my plans to go to Grandview, he thought gloomily. First I cancel camp reservations. Now my stuck-up cousin Timmy Vales is coming while Dad is in Cheyenne. Some vacation!

Mr. Willis sensed Don's disappointment.

"This special meeting of Associated Wool Growers took me by surprise," he said. "With the newly organized cooperative competing against us, we must plan to meet their challenge."

Don knew a steady market for wool would mean extra money to buy new equipment for the ranch. Still, the lump which came to his throat when Dad announced he'd have to go to Cheyenne the week of spring school vacation kept rising to choke him.

"Maybe you can spend two weeks at camp this summer," Mr. Willis said.

A month wouldn't make up for the week Don would miss. He had worked hard on the ranch, after school and on Saturdays. When Dad suggested a vacation during the week school would be closed, Grandview was the place Don chose. The best winter camp in Wyoming, it offered skiing, skating, and tobogganing. Besides,

Don's friends were going . . . but not Don, since Dad had to hurry to the capital. The ranch needed someone besides Old Carlos and Juan to keep things running smoothly.

"You'll have company while I'm away," Mr. Willis tried to sound cheerful. "Didn't Timmy's telegram say he'd arrive at eleven today?"

"Yes," Don answered, remembering how boring and obstinate his city cousin had been two years ago. "I couldn't walk out on Timmy, even if you weren't leaving."

"Maybe Timmy can help a bit while I'm away," Mr. Willis remarked casually.

Don grunted. "Might help Juan with the dishes. He plays classical piano and talks about poetry and art."

"Be nice to him," Dad said. "Kindness pays."

They were approaching Waycrest. Mr. Willis drove carefully through traffic to the railway station.

"Keep watch on the ewes in the mountain pasture," he said, parking the station wagon. "Ewes with lambs need extra rations." He looked up at the sky and the gray clouds gathering. "Hope it doesn't snow while I'm away. Snow would be hard on the sheep."

"Don't worry," Don said. "I've looked after things before."

**THE SHEEP NEEDED HAY.  
TOMORROW, SNOW MIGHT BLOCK THE ROAD.**







The train pulled in. Passengers aboard hurried off. Those waiting hurried on. "Tell Timmy I'm sorry I had to leave," Mr. Willis said, going up the platform steps. "Hope I'll be home before the week's over."

Don watched the train wind out of sight among darkening hills. The next train, bringing Timmy Vales, wasn't due for half an hour. Don had time to buy nails for repairing the sheep sheds and groceries Juan wanted for the kitchen.

Timmy's train arrived on time. Don spotted his cousin as he stepped off. He had grown taller, almost as tall as Don. He had on blue flares and a striped sports jacket. He frowned, looking around the station.

"Hello," Don called.

"Hi," said Timmy. They shook hands and Timmy half apologized for his sudden visit. "Father was going to St. Louis on business and Mother decided to go too. I wanted to go, but they said I needed fresh air. Hope I'm not interfering with anything."

No need telling about the planned week at Grandview. Dad's trip to Cheyenne had cancelled that.

"I'll be home all week," Don said.

"Dad knew our school vacations were simultaneous," Timmy remarked. "Said a week here would be good for me. But from the snowy weather reports I heard on the train, I doubt his argument. Goodness, I'm hungry. I refused breakfast to spite Mom and the food in the dining car was terrible."

"Suppose we head for the ranch," Don said. "Juan's a good cook. I'm driving our station wagon. Dad just left for Cheyenne and I waited to pick you up."

Back at the ranch, Juan had lunch ready. "Wash up while I unload the supplies," Don said to Timmy. "Juan will show you the bedroom."

Don was soon through. He was hungry and hurried into the kitchen. Timmy wasn't there.

"Where is he?" Don asked.

Juan looked up from the oven. "Young señor in living room. Hear him playing piano?"

"Guess I was too eager for food," Don sighed. How had Timmy found the piano under its collection of books and papers? No one had played it since Don's mother died three years ago.

Later, as they ate Don asked Timmy if he'd like to see the ranch.

Timmy shrugged. "Sure, I'll fill up on fresh air and please Dad."

They went to the corral to see the horses. Locoweed, the fastest horse on the ranch, was Timmy's favorite.

"I'll ride him," Timmy stated.

"Locoweed's a spirited animal," Don said, discouragingly.

"Then give me a broken-down nag," Timmy pouted.

"We have 500 sheep three miles up the mountains," Don said. "I need to see how they're doing. The road winds to the high pasture." He glanced at the sky. "See those clouds banking in the west? We may have snow before night. I need to hurry."

"If you don't want me tagging along, I'll get Juan to teach me Spanish," Timmy said with annoyance.

Don was sorry Timmy felt offended. He knew he shouldn't ride up the mountains. If the weather changed suddenly, they'd have to ride home in a hurry. An inexperienced rider might have trouble.

Don put on a heavy mackinaw and a cap with warm muffs. He saddled Nugget, a quiet horse. As Nugget climbed the trail, Don fixed his eyes on the clouds, still gathering in the west. The wind velocity increased. If a blizzard blew in, the sheep in the highlands would get hungry, the lambs have a hard time surviving.

Don found the sheep grazing restlessly in Long Canyon. The grass was short and scanty. The sheep needed hay to supplement the stubby April forage. A quick check of the haystacks showed them practically empty.

Snowflakes fell as Don looked over the flock. The clouds were darker, the wind stronger. Don decided to drive the sheep down the canyon to the bluffs.

The bluffs was a huge rock roof, jutting over Long Canyon for 400 feet, making a partial cover for part of the valley. It was a good shelter during a snowstorm. It blocked the wind and little snow blew under the overhanging ledge. There was ample room for the animals to walk and exercise. Close by was a stream where water was plentiful.

When the sheep were safe under the bluffs, they stopped. The ewes stood breathing hard, their breath white puffs in the cold air. Tired lambs lay down to rest.

Descending the mountain wasn't easy. Nugget was eager to get home, evidently displeased with the snow whirling around him. Don tightened the reigns to slow the old horse. Both were covered with white when they finally reached the ranch.

Juan met Don at the kitchen door.

"Big blizzard, sí," Juan remarked.

"Where's Carlos?" Don asked. "I need him to help load hay for the sheep in the mountains."

"Carlos driving low-pasture sheep into sheds," Juan said.

Don remembered his cousin. "What's Timmy doing?"

Juan looked frightened. "Señor Vales insist I saddle Locoweed. He go for ride. Not long after you start up mountain."

Don glanced at his watch. Nearly 4. He left for the high pasture at 2. Timmy had been gone almost two hours! In a snowstorm even a skilled rider would have trouble managing Locoweed.

"Which way did he go?" Don asked. He was tired and cold. The sheep under the bluffs needed hay. Tomorrow the road might be blocked with snow. But Don couldn't think of the sheep now. He must go find Timmy.

"Ride toward Dry Gulch," Juan chattered. "Told him dangerous trail. Just laugh and hightail off. You bring him back?"

"Yes," Don said, hurrying toward the barn.

Don resaddled Nugget. "You deserve a rest," he said. "But we must find a lost boy."

Thick sheets of snow swirled as Don rode toward Dry Gulch. The scrubby pines bent in the wind. Nugget wanted to turn and go back, but Don urged the horse on.

"Timmy! Can you hear me?"



A sound came, not far ahead. Don stopped to get the exact direction. It came again to his right. Suddenly out of the evergreens a dark form loomed. Locoweed! His reigns, trailing the ground, were caught under the curved root of an oak.

Don grabbed the reins and jerked them free. Forcing the shivering Locoweed to follow Nugget, Don rode further into the gulch. Again he called: "Timmy! Answer me!"

"Don! Down here!"

The voice below sounded faint. Don dismounted when a steep cliff appeared. Had Timmy fallen over? Tying the horses so they couldn't pull loose, Don cautiously approached the cliff edge and peered into the whiteness.

"Timmy!"

"Here I am! I fell off the horse and rolled down here!"

Don spotted Timmy hanging precariously on the ledge, arms clasped around a jutting rock, legs dangling below.

"Keep hugging that rock!" Don ordered. He raced to the horses, untying the rope he kept on Nugget's saddle. At the cliff's rim, he spotted a stout spruce and tied the rope around its base.

"Grab the rope with one hand and then inch up!" Don called. "I'll pull and help you. But take it easy. Don't get too anxious."

"The rope's too short!" Timmy cried.

"I'll come and meet you!" Don called. Grasping the rope, he started down. At the end he clung with one hand and reached his other to his cousin. Timmy grabbed the welcome hand, holding tight while Don pulled him up to where he too could grasp the rope.

"You go first," Don instructed.

Scaling the slippery incline was difficult and slow. Shivering, Timmy reached the summit.

"Are you coming, Don?"

"Sure!" But as soon as he spoke, he started slipping down the bluff. The rope, wet with snow, was too slick to hold. Don threw his body sideways, digging his feet into the rocky hillside. He hit a boulder, bounced forward a short distance, then turned completely over. His right arm pounded rock. Instantly, pain shot from his wrist, but he stopped sliding and was thankful.

"Aren't you coming?" Timmy shouted.

"I slipped down the rope!" Don winced. "But I'll be up." He gripped tightly, then started up the rope again. With each move his arm ached.

With Timmy assisting, Don edged over the rim to safe ground.

"You're hurt!" Timmy exclaimed. "And it's my fault." He put his arms around Don to steady him. "I'm sorry . . . honest! I felt so mistreated when Dad wouldn't let me go to St. Louis. I was hurt when I didn't get my way. I rode Locoweed just to spite my parents, but you're the one who suffers."

All at once Don felt closer to his cousin, but he didn't voice his feelings. He stumbled to Locoweed's side. "Here, give me a boost. You ride Nugget this time."

At the ranch house Carlos was out at the corral, swinging a lantern as a beacon. He helped the boys dismount and led the horses to the shed.

Juan opened the kitchen door. "Glad you back. This no April snowstorm. December blizzard."

Don's wrist was red and swollen.

"Does he need a doctor?" Timmy asked anxiously.

"I do what doctor do," Juan replied. He poured cold water into a pan and Don put his wrist into the water. "Cold bath help. Later we wrap."

Timmy brought more water when Juan needed it. Don's pain eased, but he knew the wrist would be sore for days. Discouraged he thought: Dad away, five hundred sheep under the bluffs depending on me for food, and neither Carlos nor Juan can drive a tractor.

Morning came with a foot of snow whitening the land. The weather report was depressing: continued cold, possibly more snow. Ranchers were advised to watch their stock.

At breakfast, Don said: "I must get hay up the mountain. Juan,

forget pots and pans. You'll go to the pasture with me."

"Help gladly," Juan agreed.

Timmy looked restless. "I'll help," he volunteered.

Don didn't think Timmy could handle the heavy bales of hay.

"Suppose you stay inside and keep the fires going," he suggested.

When Don tried to lift hay over the trailer racks, he couldn't do it. The effort brought quick pain to his wrist. Carlos and Juan had to do the loading.

"Think you can drive up the hill?" Carlos asked.

"I promised Dad I'd look after the sheep." He climbed into the seat. When he shifted gears his wrist throbbed again.

Timmy, in coat, gloves, and cap, ran out the kitchen door.

"I drove our car back home," he said. "Let me in the seat, Don, and we'll be off."

Don knew if he tried to drive, he might have an accident. One needed two hands to keep a tractor on a snowy mountain road. Reluctantly he dismounted and Timmy took charge.

Don and Juan sat on the hay as the big wheels broke through the snow. Don called directions about dips in the road and rocky places to avoid. Happily, he admitted Timmy was handling the tractor like an expert.

Soon they were halfway up the mountain. Fifteen minutes later they reached the pasture. Wind blowing from Long Canyon brought the sound of bleating sheep.

"We have your breakfast," Juan laughed. "Don't cry."

"Juan, look!" Don gasped, pointing. The canyon mouth was deep with drifts. "We'll never get through!"

When the snow was too deep for the tractor to move, Timmy called: "Throw down a rope and a bale of hay. Juan and I will break a way."

They tied the rope around the hay and pulled it behind them, leaving a narrow path. A dozen times they went back and forth. Each time the path widened.

"We can drive through now," Timmy said. Slowly he moved the tractor under the bluffs. There was little snow beneath the overhanging roof. Don cut the twine on bales of hay and Juan pushed it over the side of the trailer. The ewes came up and began to eat.

More hay was unloaded, at twenty foot intervals, until the trailer was empty. The ewes wouldn't leave the bluffs now. They would eat, lie down and chew their cuds, then eat again. Tomorrow more hay would be delivered.

Going down the trail was easy. Timmy followed the tracks they made going up. When they reached the ranch house, the front door swung open. A friendly voice called: "Hi, Don! Hello, Timmy!"

"Dad! When did you get back?"

"Flew in to Waycrest," Mr. Willis explained. "Got a taxi to the ranch. This blizzard forced us to postpone the meeting. Carlos tells me everything's going fine."

"We took hay up to the sheep," Don said. "They're under the bluffs. Timmy sure can handle a tractor!"

"But not horses," Timmy grinned. "Especially Locoweed. And I'm good at making trouble."

Don lifted his bandaged wrist. "It feels much better today."

They went inside, sat around the kitchen table, and drank hot tea. Timmy told how he foolishly rode Locoweed into the storm, how Don rescued him from the cliff. "I'm still sorry," he admitted. "I've got to fight this problem of wanting my way all the time . . . then acting reckless if my parents veto my wishes."

"You started changing this morning," Mr. Willis said. "In time, you could become a pretty good ranch hand. Wonder how Don would get along in the city?"

"I've been thinking the same," Don admitted.

"Why don't you come when school's out?" Timmy extended his hand. "I'm inviting you now!"

"I'd like to if Dad can get along," Don said.

"You're due a vacation, remember," Mr. Willis remarked.

With his left hand Don took Timmy's right one and they shook somewhat awkwardly, but sincerely.

THE END. ★



# Why a Dog Wags His Tail, and Other Curious Behaviors.

By Stephenie Slahor



If you are among those lucky humans whose privilege is to own a dog, you know of the love and loyalty that can only exist between dog and master or mistress. But have you ever wondered about your dog's behavior—why he reacts as he does? So have lots of other people, including some researchers and scientists who have looked into the mysteries of dog behavior. Here are some of their ideas.

A dog is a carnivorous (meat-eater) animal, and a hunter by nature. His eyes are placed to the front of his head, not at the sides like a fish or bird or other nonhunter. Man's eyes are like this, too, so the dog and man already share a common bond of being hunters.

Thousands of years ago, dogs hunted and roamed in packs (like wolves) through their various territories. If a stray from one pack happened to wander into the territory of another pack, that stray was routed out. To send off the alarm to the others of the pack that an intruder had invaded, a dog in the pack would bark.

Now, since the dog has become domesticated, he still sounds the alarm when his or your territory has been invaded. The invasion might be the bell of the front door or phone, a knock at the door or window, a sudden slamming of a car door, or whatever, but your dog barks to protect the territory you and he share. He's sending up the alarm to other dogs and to you to assist him, even if he really doesn't belong to a pack. His instincts tell him to do this to summon aid and keep the intruder at bay.

Well, that's an alarm, but what about pleasure? You know your dog expresses joy by wagging his tail, sometimes lightly or low, sometimes high and lively, and sometimes so vigorously that his hips are set into motion, too! Researchers seem to think that

tailwagging probably also started when dogs used to hunt and travel in packs. A dog would scent something interesting along his trail or path, but he couldn't bark to the others since that might have alerted enemies. He couldn't lift his head off the scent to make eye contact with other dogs either since he could accidentally lose the scent. So he used his tail like a flag—waving it to command attention and alert his friends that here was something nifty, interesting, or exciting.

It was just a natural step for the domesticated dog to keep this instinct and use his tail for expressing happiness and excitement, too.

Tucking the tail down would show the opposite—something wrong or unpleasant. This probably came from the fact that if a dog in the wilds was being chased by an enemy, the first available part of the dog's body would be the tail. To protect that part from snapping jaws or reaching claws, the dog would tuck his tail down and under. That instinct still is found in the domesticated dog whenever he's upset, scared, sick, or faced with something unpleasant.

Perhaps dogs don't share our language, but they do have a language of their own and they can communicate with us. You probably already know the ways your dog asks you to feed him, let him out, or the ways he tells you he's sad or happy. Maybe you've even noticed that he has different types of barks, yips, or whines which mean different things. Dogs are really the only animals which have forsaken their earliest pack instincts and have chosen to live with people. And we're very glad they did! Having a dog can be one of the best experiences of life.

**BE KIND TO YOUR CANINE FRIEND!**



# Balto, Heroic Sled Dog, Comes To the Rescue.



The fame of Huskies and Malamutes as sled dogs has spread worldwide. These strong dogs can cope with snow, wind, and freezing cold to help people pull loads across the Arctic North. These teams could travel at about 11 miles per hour average.

One of the most famous of Huskies was Balto, born in Alaska, and who, even as a puppy, was strong and reliable. It wasn't long before his owner, Gunnar Kasson, could see that Balto was a good lead dog who could be relied on to serve as a leader of the teams of Huskies pulling sleds. Balto proved to be worthy of his master's trust in the following way.

In 1925, an epidemic of diphtheria broke out in Nome, Alaska. Even though the town had some antitoxin, it was soon used up because of the large numbers of people who caught the disease. Because of temperatures far below zero and a raging blizzard, no relief planes could fly in more supplies of the antitoxin.

Gunnar Kasson heard the plea for sled dogs to carry the antitoxin and volunteered Balto to serve as the lead dog with 12 other dogs. The serum, carefully packed and cushioned, was loaded onto a sled at Nenana, 600 miles away from Nome, and the trip began. The dogs were mushed on through deep snow, over ice, and through

the cold, bitter wind and snow. It became so cold that part of Gunnar's face froze. He was so exhausted from the journey and the wind and storm blew so fiercely that the trail could not be found. Gunnar spoke to Balto, telling his dog to find the trail and mush on. Balto carried on for three days until they reached the Bonanza River. This was familiar territory to Balto, and now Nome was only 20 miles away. But it was so cold and stormy that two of the dogs nearly froze and had to be put onto the sled. Balto and the other dogs carried on and made it to Nome with the cargo of antitoxin.

The 600-mile trip had been made in only 5½ days. In good weather, the trip took at least 9 days. Balto, Gunnar, and the other dogs were heroes!

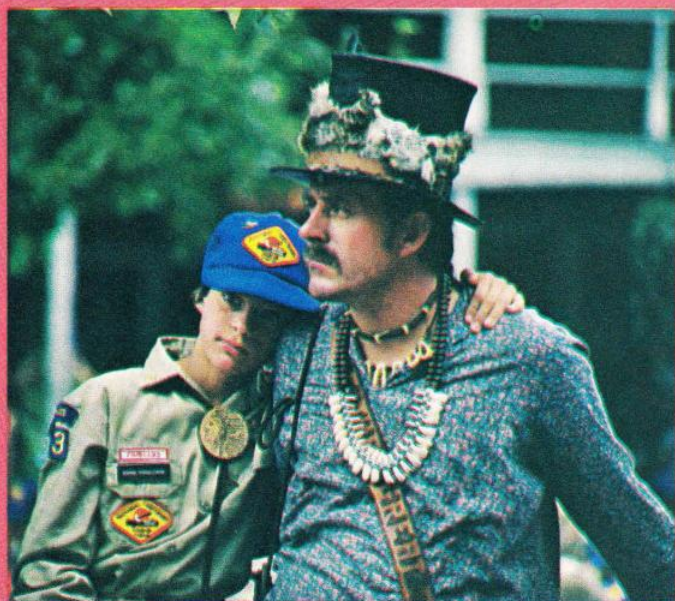
In December of 1925, a statue of a sled dog standing on a rock was placed in New York's Central Park. Balto's name was placed on it, along with a picture of Gunnar Kasson and the dog team. The following was inscribed on it: "Dedicated to the indomitable spirit of the sled dogs that relayed antitoxin 600 miles over rough ice, across treacherous water, through Arctic blizzards from Nenana to the relief of stricken Nome in the winter of 1925."

Balto—truly one of the world's heroic dogs! ★



## Were you there? Read on for a Trip of a Lifetime

*"Experiences from the National Royal Rangers Camporama at Pigeon Forge will cross the friendship and council fires for many moons."* by JOHN ELLER



Hiking, swimming, buddy-making, patch swapping, trading, and just camping out topped the list of things to do.

**T**here will never be another trip quite like it! The Royal Rangers National Camporama, Silver Dollar City at Pigeon Forge, and the World's Fair at Knoxville was all in one package!

Boys came from across America in chartered buses, airlines, vans and automobiles to be part of the greatest event in Royal Rangers history. Many had looked forward to this occasion since their days as Strait Arrows and Buckaroos. This was it! The trip of a lifetime!

Danny Deaver, a Trailblazer from Galena, Kansas, and son of our National FCF President, said it was the "best fun trip of all."

Dade Massey, former FCF Scout now in the U.S. Navy, felt that the Camporama was "one thing I couldn't miss."

Andy Wharton of Tennessee thought the Camporama was the "most fun thing I ever did."

An important part of the National Camporama was the selection of the National Ranger of the Year. National finalists were: Deron Brock, Williamsburg, Ohio, Great Lakes Region; Brad Ballard, Sikeston, Missouri, Gulf Region; Paul Morrison, Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin, North Central Region; Stephen Vantassel, Springfield, Massachusetts, Northeast Region; Ron Hornback, Jr., Sequim, Washington, Northwest Region; Salvador Dorado, Jr., El Paso, Texas, South Central Region; Nick Henry, Orlando, Florida, Southeast Region; Bruce Houlihan, Turlock, California, Southwest Region.

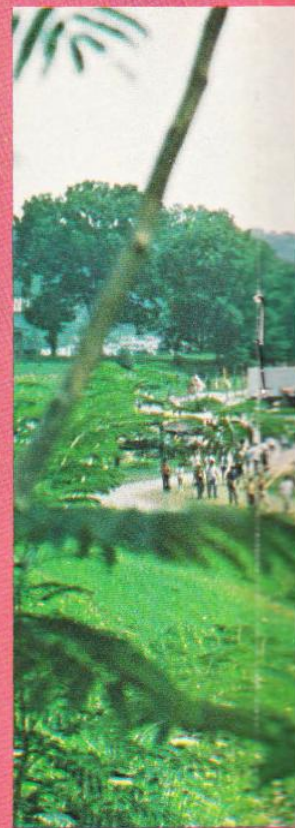
Selected as National Ranger of the Year for 1982 was Deron Brock of the Great Lakes Region.

A special presentation was made from Silver Dollar City to Dale Long, National Ranger of the Year for 1981. Bill "Whiskers" Kerns, the gunsmith, presented Dale with a special blowing horn scrimshawed with the Royal Rangers emblem. Whiskers was deeply touched by the Camporama.

Special recognition was made to Rick Wescott and Dale Long, the retiring National FCF Scout and Assistant National FCF Scout respectfully. These are top-notch young men in Royal Rangers.

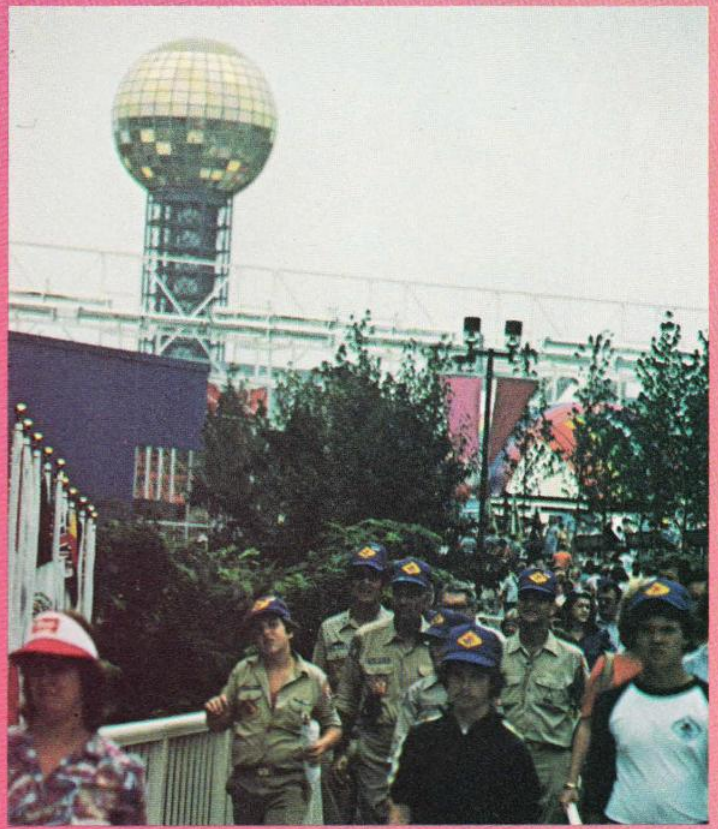
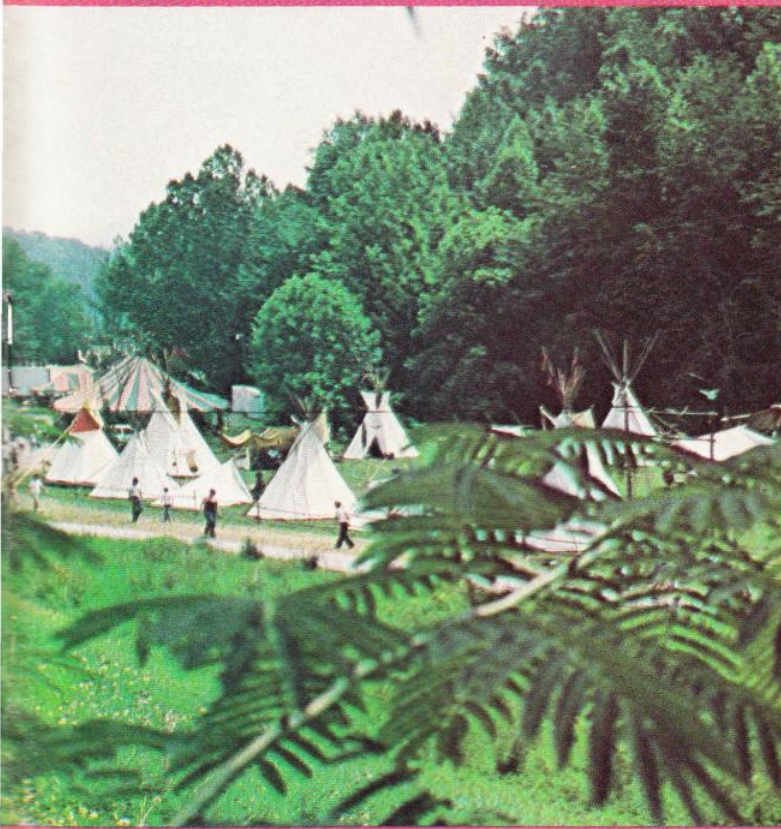
There was an election held at the FCF Village, presided over by Fred "Hawkeye" Deaver. Jeff Woodard is our new National Scout, and Roger Moore new Assistant National FCF Scout. Congratulations on two more top-notch young men in Royal Rangers!

All the fellows cheered wildly when Bill Kerns presented a muzzle-loader to our National Commander. It was just like Silver Dollar City left no stone unturned to make us welcome.



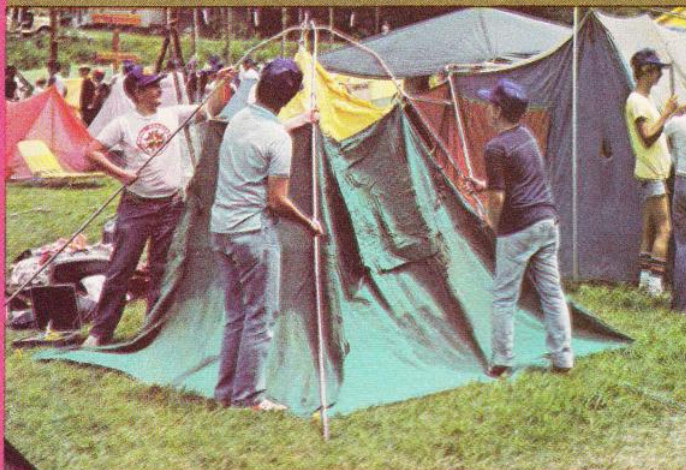


# SILVER DOLLAR CITY / WORLD'S FAIR FUN

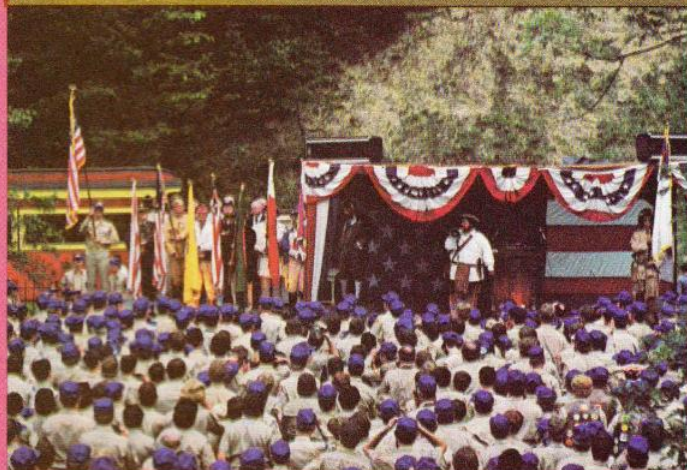




These Royal Rangers were anxious to set up camp!



Silver Dollar City was packed out for each evening's program.



The Camporama was camplife on a large scale. The boys camped and marched by district. Archways were articles of creativity and craftsmanship.

We even had rain, without which no camp-out would be complete. But this was no picnic—it was the National Camporama! Royal Rangers are "READY!" The program went right on!

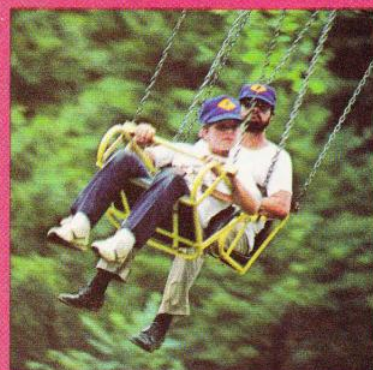
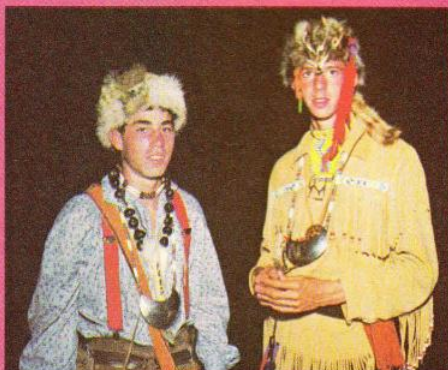
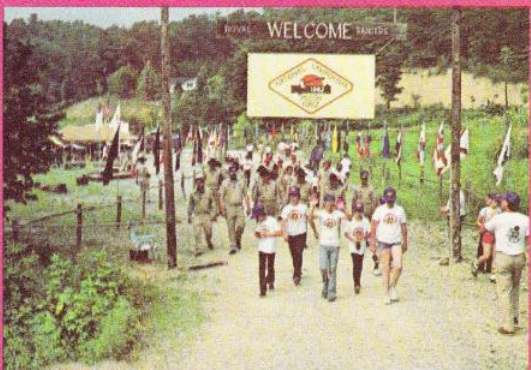
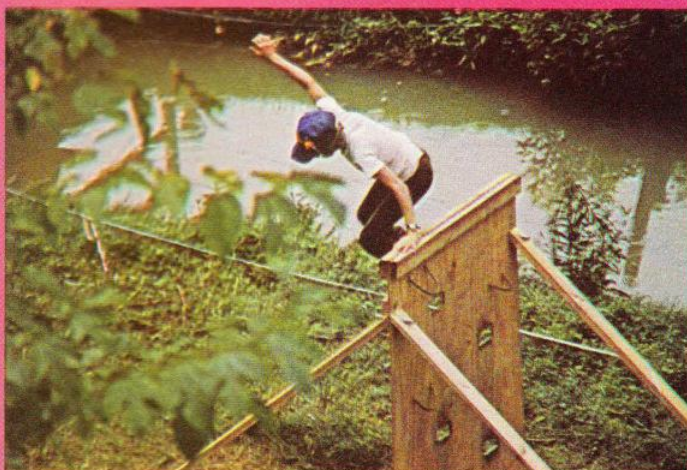
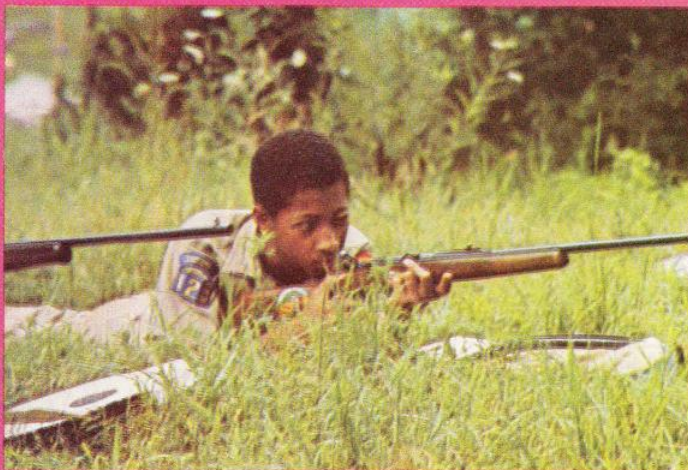
As the lonesome train whistle died into the background, the boys were on their way to a day at the World's Fair in Knoxville. There would be exhibits from Japan, China, Egypt, and a dozen other places. There would be thrill rides and funny clowns doing magic tricks for small audiences.

The Rangers toured the House of the Future, featuring solar energy throughout.

They saw how homes would be heated, cooled and operated just a few years from now.

The fair had a number of individuals dressed in raccoon costumes. The whirr and click of cameras could be heard along the streets as the boys prepared to take home memories in pictures.

High above the street level is the Sun-



"Many boys had looked forward to this occasion since their days as Straight Arrows and Buckaroos! This was it! The trip of a lifetime!"



Some Royal Rangers came all the way from Switzerland, Germany, Great Britain, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, Saudi Arabia, and Jamaica!



The Great Smoky Mountains provided a majestic back-drop for our very impressive array of tents!



sphere, symbol of the fair. Inside, a television studio has been set up where Johnnie Barnes, national commander, and John Eller, national aide-de-camp were interviewed by Jim Hess. Jim concluded the seven-minute segment by saying, "This is TODAY, at the World's Fair."

But it was only natural that the three major TV stations in Knoxville be drawn to the fair

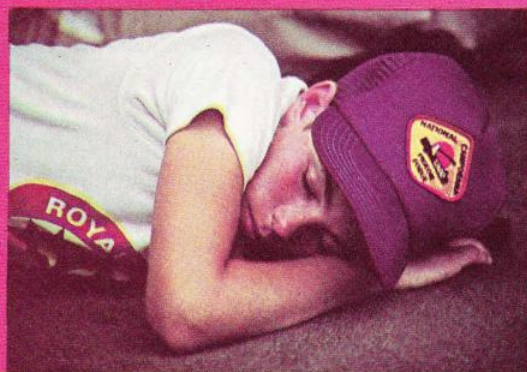
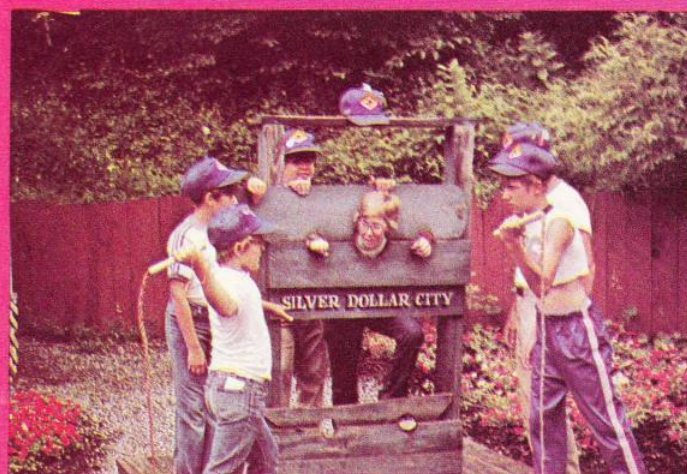
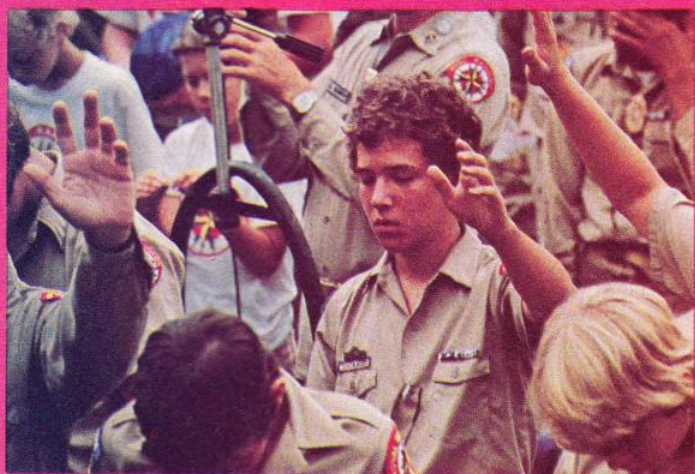
that day. The Royal Rangers were, according to the World's Fair front office, the largest single group to attend! Add that to your memories!

It is doubtful that many of the Royal Rangers attending could have gone to the World's Fair had it not been for the location of the Camporama. But the main event was still the National Camporama with the kick-

ing, swimming, buddy-making, patch swapping, trading, and just camping out.

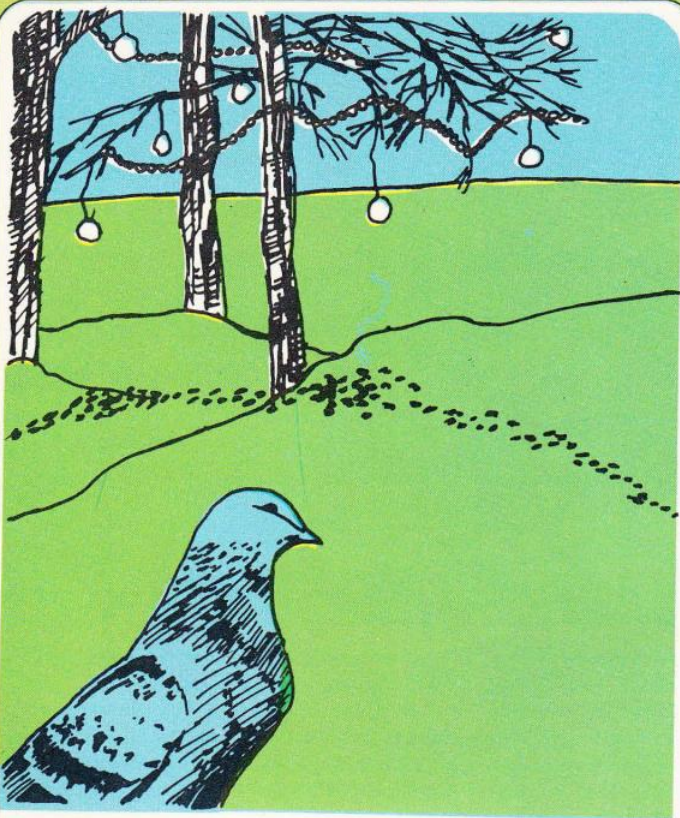
The thousands who attended have something to talk about for years to come. Experiences from the National Royal Rangers Camporama at Pigeon Forge will cross the friendship and council fires for many moons.

It's a date we had with history that will live on.



It was a variety of times, from good ol' jesting to good old-fashioned spiritual revival, from fun in the sun to a television interview at the World's Fair Sunsphere, and finally a time to sit back and ponder a time well spent!





## Christmas Tree For the Birds

By Ollie J. Robertson

Trimming a Christmas tree for the birds is an enjoyable experience and one of the most rewarding holiday activities. All members of the family can take part and learn a good lesson in wildlife conservation.

If you have shrubbery around your home, fix one tree or bush for the birds that spend the winter in your area. A backyard tree is best; there will be less disturbance there for the birds as they eat.

If you have no evergreens, cut a small tree for the birds when you go searching for your living room Christmas tree. The tree may be set up in your back yard, back porch, or patio. Make it sturdy to prevent toppling or blowing.

Food can be attached to limbs or spread underneath a bird's Christmas tree. Strings of white popcorn quickly catch a bird's hungry eye. Balls of suet are a favorite of wrens, chickadees, cardinals, and other birds. Raisins are a good winter food for birds and suffer little damage from rain or snow. Crumbs are always welcome. And don't forget bird seeds. They can be served in regular bird feeders or on homemade trays.

Watch the birds and learn to identify them by color and song. Birds are of great economic value to farmers and gardeners. They need and deserve special protection.

Why not keep trimming the birds' Christmas tree, even after the holidays are over? They will need food until spring. During periods of extreme cold and snow, the food you put out for the birds may help them to survive. Tell your friends about the birds' needs. Encourage them to trim trees.

The birds you feed through winter days may prefer to remain in your neighborhood for spring and summer nesting. You will then enjoy their songs and colors. What's more, they will catch many insects which damage flowers, gardens, trees, and orchards. You never lose when you befriend a bird.

## Off We Go!

Yesterday—I rode with Robin Hood and his merry men through the dark, green forests and feasted with joyous abandon after a successful raid against the robber Barons in medieval England.

Tonight—I stood on the warm sands of a tropical island, a velvet breeze softly rustling the palms, while a silvery moon turned the crests of a thousand rippling waves to burnished gold, and watched fierce pirates burying chests of treasure.

Tommorow—I plan to dig for rubies and emeralds in the high rocky mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee.

I didn't have to ride a train, drive a car or catch a plane. All I did was open a book and snuggle deep in my armchair, for books have been my 'open sesame' to these fabulous journeys.

I have traveled the wide prairie lands, where hordes of buffalo once roamed—where Indians in feathered headdress chanted and leaped around open fires.

I have been snowbound in Alaska, the icy wind tearing at the cabin walls like a demon, while snug before a roaring fire, bundled in furs, trappers exchanged tales of walrus and seal hunts.

I have stood on the deck of a clipper ship, her sails billowing against a cloudless sky, my face to the wind, with a feeling of joy and exhilaration.

I got into all kinds of mischief with the Bobbsey Twins, visited Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, and wandered happily through the fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen.

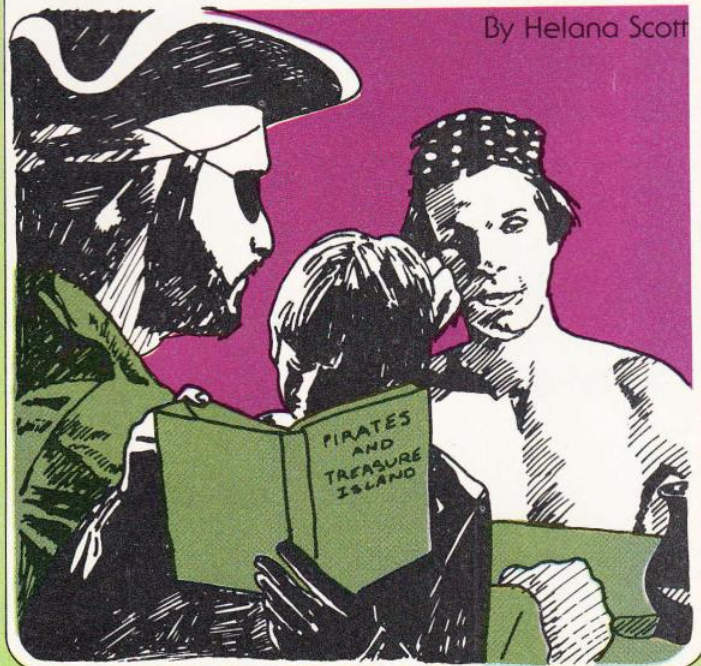
I was right there when Ali Baba opened the secret caves of the Forty Thieves and was dazzled by their fabulous treasures. I went sailing down the Mississippi River with Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer. I climbed the ladder to the tree house with the Swiss Family Robinson.

I was lucky. My parents gave me one of the greatest gifts in life by introducing me to a love of reading. Chores seemed to go faster because I knew there was a favorite author waiting to whisk me away from the tedium of life for a few, brief hours. I was never lonely or bored for I had a host of friends.

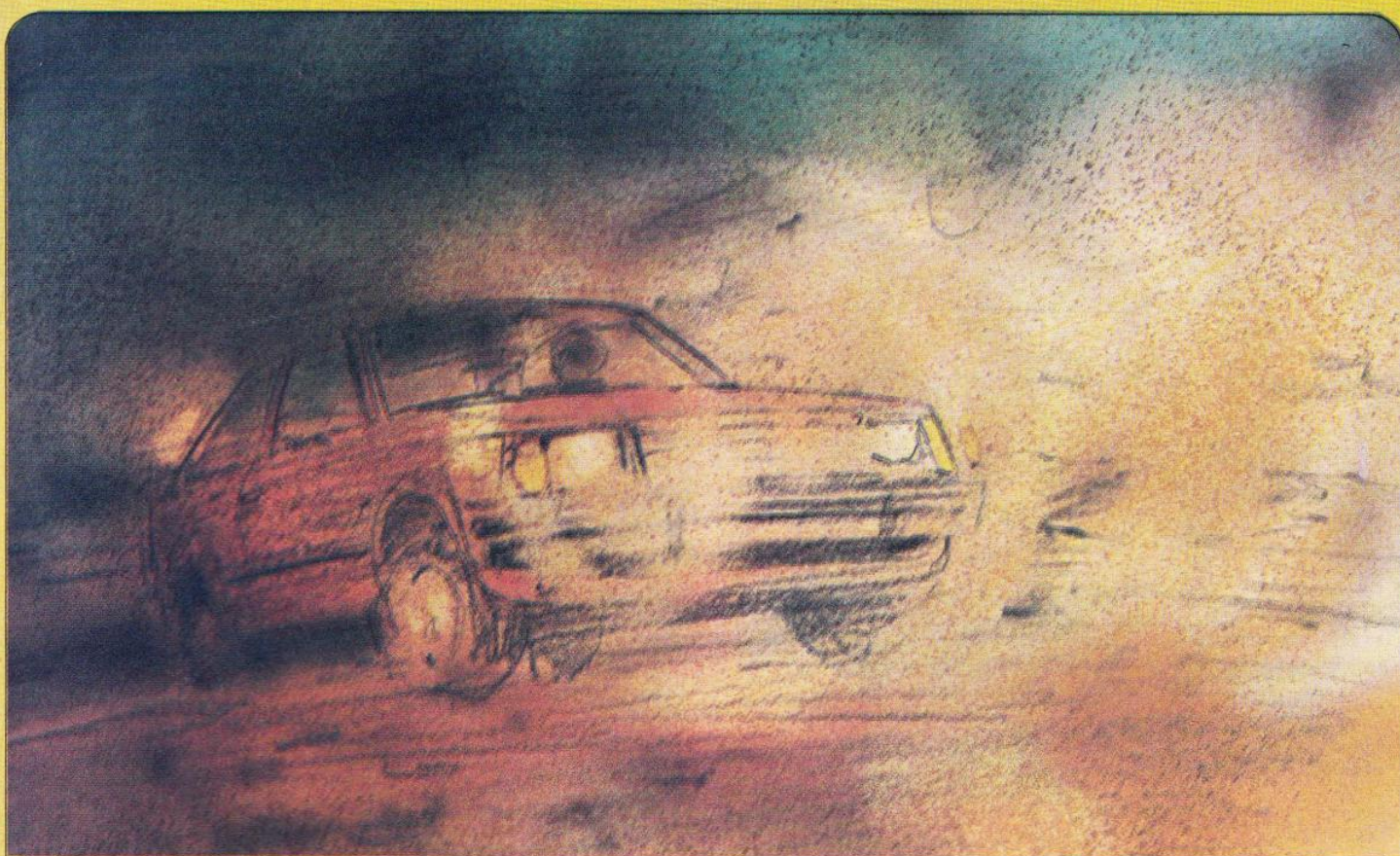
Since the days of the wandering minstrel, carrying news by verse and song, to the days of the printed page, the knowledge and entertainment to be found in books has become a source of one of man's greatest pleasures.

Life can never be dull for the riches of the universe are waiting on library shelves. Whatever my mood—whatever my choice, I found books have become truly old and valued friends that are ready and waiting. And so will you!

By Helana Scott







# DESERT STORM

"Halfway, and the storm was worsening. He wouldn't make it! The insistent doubt returned. He would fail, and a small child would die! 'I've got to make it!'"

BY CHRIS TAYLOR-WILDER

All day long the desert sky had been blue, and he could see the details on every rock for miles around.

But now the storm whipped across the narrow trail with a fury known only on the high country desert. Jimmy Cree, suddenly fearful, wiped a hand across his face and squinted into the inky night. A gust of wind caught the light car and sent it lurching crazily. He fought the wheel, then said a thankful prayer when he felt the wheels gain traction in the sand.

Instinctively one hand swooped downward until it touched the plastic box on the seat at his side. Good. It was safe. The only reason he was fighting this desert storm was so he could deliver this box.

He'd never make it, some tiny voice kept whispering in his ears. He'd land wheels-up in some wash the next time the gale struck.

And if that happened, a small child in a Navajo hogan would die. God must help him to be stronger than the storm, outsmart the wind.

The call had come into Salt Springs just before dark. While at play, a five-year-old Navajo girl had been the victim of a scorpion. It had stung her several times. "She's such a frail little thing," Landon, the Indian agent, said over the phone. "We'll need antivenin if we are to save her, possibly even a blood transfusion."

"I can get there as fast as anyone!" Jimmy spoke up.

He noticed as he got into the car that a huge cloud bank was boiling up from the western horizon. Storm! "Help me get the serum to the village, storm or no storm!" Jimmy prayed.

He was scarcely six miles out when the first wave of the storm struck. Dusk suddenly turned into inky blackness. Dust, thick,

swirling, choking, turned the desert into a menace of flying particles of sand.

He knew the way to the high mesa village by heart. But now he became confused. He was choking for air; his eyes started to burn and his tongue felt swollen and gitty.

Halfway, and the storm was worsening. He wouldn't make it! That insistent doubt returned. He would fail, and a small child would die! "I've got to make it!"

He pulled up from a steep wash, straining to follow the rutted trail. But tonight he was thankful for those ruts. Without them, he would be completely lost.

Suddenly he noticed an overturned car off the trail.

His first impulse was to stop and check it out. But there was no time to lose. Moments lost might result in tragedy. Possibly the car was simply an old junker that someone had rolled into the wash.

Lightning sunfished through the night and he saw the trail stretching ahead. A man would not last very long out there if he was caught without protection of some kind.

"There might have been someone in that overturned car," a little voice kept insisting. Impossible!

He stepped harder on the accelerator, watching the ruts, trying to keep his mind on the little Navajo girl waiting for him. But instead he found himself thinking of the overturned car. What if there was someone trapped inside? Was that what God was telling him?

"I'm going back!" he said, and swung the car around. Moments



later the wreck loomed up in the dust swirl. He left the motor running, and slid off the seat.

"Hello!" he shouted in the wind. "Anyone there?"

Only the noise of the storm replied. He went back to the car, got a flashlight, and shone it in the car. His face blanched. Someone was inside the car slumped against the wheel.

Somehow Jimmy got the door open, and pulled out the limp figure. Only then did he realize that he was carrying a young woman. Somehow, he got the girl into the seat of his car, and slammed the door. He propped her up in the corner of the seat and got the car in motion.

Fear still rode with him, but somehow there was less turmoil inside his chest. What if he had not stopped?

"Where are we?" a weak voice asked a few minutes later.

"We're heading for the village on the high mesa," he said, smiling. "That is, if this storm let's us."

"That's where I was going," the girl said, hesitantly. "There was a terrible gust of wind and the car went over."

"You were inside," he said. "Knocked out. I passed by, then turned around, came back and found you."

He was fighting the wheel again, as they climbed higher and higher. Just a few more miles. And then, without warning, it happened. The wind transformed into a tornado suddenly, and he felt the car lifted, careening off the road. He put out his left hand to clutch the girl, hanging onto the wheel with the other. Then the world turned upside down.

He awoke to someone's shaking his shoulders. "You've got—to—wake up!" a terrified voice shouted at him. "There are lights ahead—the village!"

After several attempts he finally got to his feet.

"This way!" the girl prompted, grasping one of his arms.

"The box," he said. "I've got to find the box first!"

Hours later, fortified with sandwiches and coffee, they sat together in the tiny clinic that was part of the Indian Agent's office at High Mesa.

Don Landon, the agent, came into the room, his face in a grim smile.

Jimmy raised his swollen eyes. "How's the girl?"

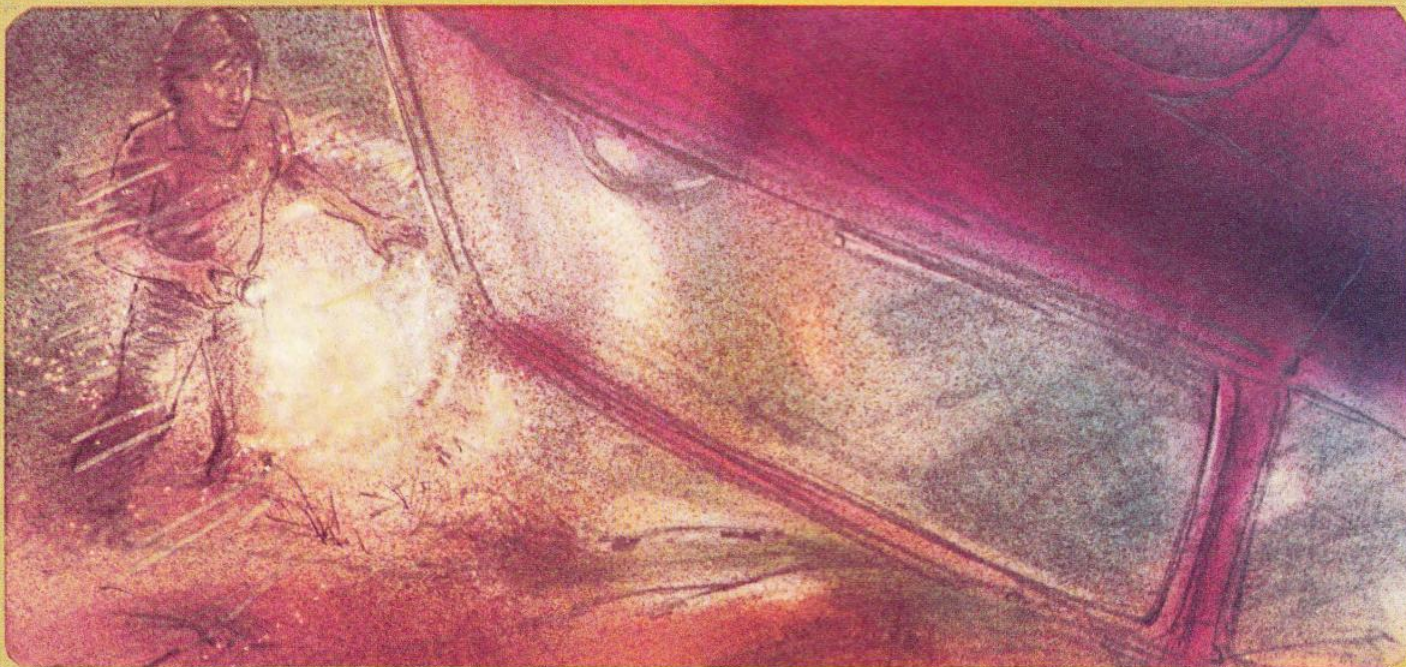
"Thanks to both of you," Landon said, "she is recovering. The antivenin stopped the poison, but she was so weak and ill. . . ." His eyes swung to the girl. "I'm afraid she would never have made it without that blood transfusion."

A great light was breaking in Jimmy's mind. He knew now why God had led him back to the overturned car. He turned to the girl. "You mean. . . ?"

Landon interrupted. "Kathy here has a rare RH-blood type. We called her at the hospital when we found out that the little girl had the same blood type. If Kathy hadn't made it through the storm and gotten here, there's a good chance the serum would have been useless. It was a situation where we both were needed to save a life."

If Kathy hadn't gotten there!

Jimmy said a silent prayer. He felt privileged to be used by God, to be guided by his Saviour. Even a high-country desert storm dwindled in significance when balanced against a child's life—a life truly saved by God's direction of a seventeen-year-old Indian boy and a courageous young woman! ★



## GROUNDHOG DAY: *How it began. And where.*



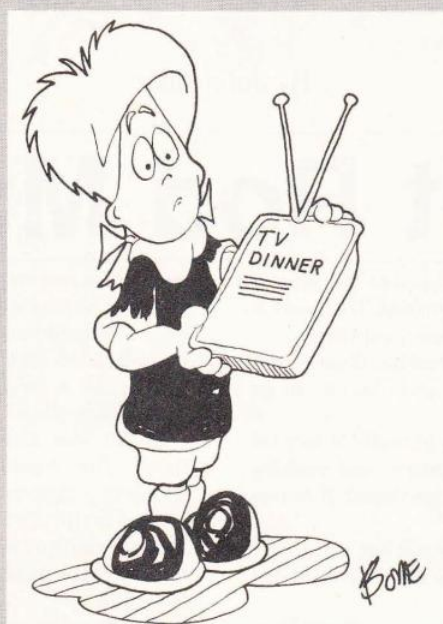
It began—the legend of Groundhog Day—many years ago among the German settlers of colonial Pennsylvania.

On February 2, the groundhog, a hibernating mammal, wakes from its winter sleep. In need of exercise and fresh air, the groundhog crawls to the door of his den and looks out. If the sun is shining, the groundhog will see his shadow and being frightened by it, darts back into his hole for another long nap. Winter has six more weeks to go.

If the sky overhead is gray with clouds, there is no shadow to startle the cautious groundhog. He may venture out of his lair to nibble twigs or feed on any greening grass he finds. Winter has come to an end—so says this popular legend, now a permanent part of American folklore.



COMEDY CORNER COMEDY CORNER COMEDY CORNER COMEDY CORNER



**Hired man:** "I've been with you 25 years, and I've never asked you for a raise before."

**Farmer:** "That's why you've been here 25 years."

Helen Lozanoff  
Johnstown, PA

**What would we have if all the cars in the country were pink?**  
**Answer:** A pink carnation.

Sandy Burns  
O'Fallon, MO

**"Daddy, Daddy,"** cried the little boy when his father arrived home from work, "Mommie ran over my bicycle when she was backing the car out of the garage."

**"How many times have I told you not to leave your bike on the porch?"**

Helen Lozanoff  
Johnstown, PA

**Teacher:** "Do you get fur from a skunk?"

**Pupil:** "Yes, as fur as possible."

Henry Leabo  
Lancaster, CA

**Jack:** "What did one strawberry say to the other?"

**Mac:** "If you weren't so fresh we wouldn't be in this jam."

Henry Leabo  
Lancaster, CA

Two young volunteers who were being interviewed for the Navy were asked: "Do you know how to swim?" They both looked puzzled, and one replied: "What's the matter? Aren't there enough ships?"

Helen Lozanoff  
Johnstown, PA

School-age boy playing with a yo-yo on the street said to an elderly gentleman neighbor: "I'm playing hookey."

Gentleman: "Won't you get into trouble?"

Boy: "Nope, the last time I did it, Mom got a thank you note from the teacher."

Helen Lozanoff  
Johnstown, PA

**Hopeful:** "I see in the newspaper that a guy ate six dozen pancakes."

**Hopeless:** "How waffle!"

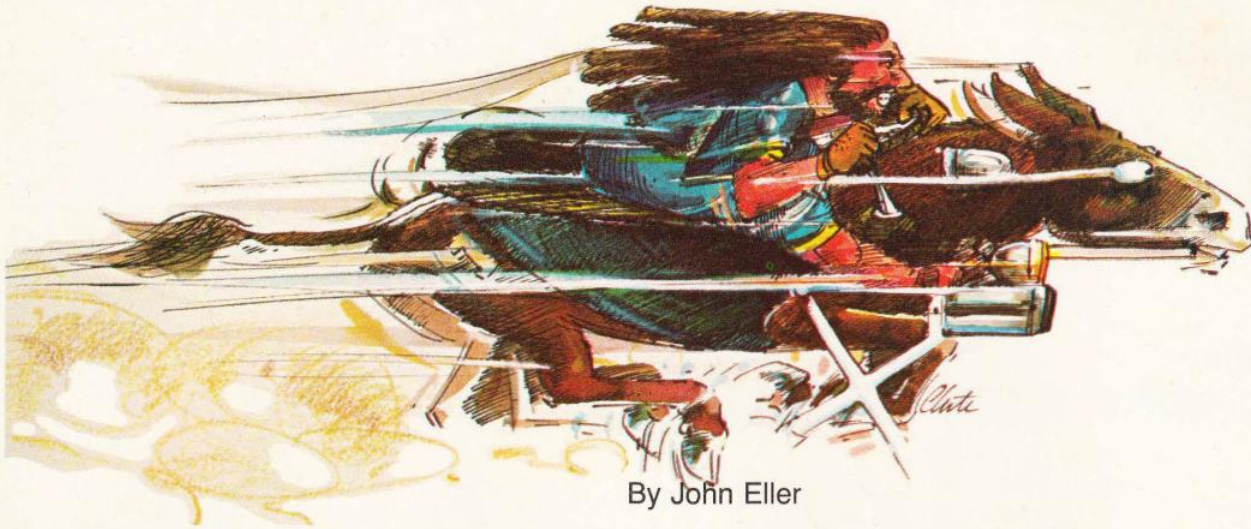
Henry Leabo  
Jamestown, CA

A middle-aged woman went to a gypsy to have her fortune told. "Terrible, terrible," said the fortune-teller. "Your husband is going to die."

"Yes, yes," said the woman. "But will I be acquitted?"

Helen Lozanoff  
Johnstown, PA





By John Eller

## Hot Rod Mule

The mule is an interesting creature. He possesses the size of mother horse, but the temperament of father donkey. The mule is hybrid, strong, celibate, stubborn, and sometimes rebellious.

Most everybody liked horses in the days of Absalom, favorite son of David. Absalom had fifty men with horses and chariots to go before him and announce his arrival.

But Absalom had to be different. He rode an old mule! While his colleagues, no doubt, were riding their fox trotters and walking horses, Ole Ab rode a mule. Apparently, no assortment of horse-flesh could make him change his mind.

The horse is a virile, spirited animal, but a mule has no "soul." He is sterile and pathetic, solitary but without pride, self-sufficient but without vanity, a mere beast of burden.

A mule back rides like a rail fence. His speed, chosen at random, is the velocity at which you will travel, for experts say there is no such thing as a gaited mule.

Imagine Ab's mule now with chromeplated hooves, four in the floor, and a rally stripe down the middle of his back! Add a tape deck, remote control mirrors, convertible top, and bumper-mounted fog lights, and you've got a souped-up, hot rod mule!

His friends would probably mount their steeds and gallop quietly into the sunset. But not Ole Ab! He would gun that mule—his ears would shoot up and his eyes bug out—as he scratched gravel and squealed hooves. With a cloud of dust and a hearty, "Hi-yo Reb, and away-y-y-y!" it was the best show since Balaam's talking donkey.

Poor mule, his drives probably wore out a set of mag hooves every 5,000 miles. All his friends got good mileage with their stallions and quarter horses, but Ole Ab did good to get 5 miles to the bale with his champion hay burner.

Ab was always showing off. He thought he was real cute. He was so proud of himself that he weighed the locks of his head each year at cutting time. His friends couldn't tell him. His mom and dad couldn't tell him. Ole Ab was just bent on rebellion.

You see, Ab freaked out at a rock festival where he promised to overthrow the establishment and sit on the very throne of his father, David. Ab decided he would drive the king out of Jerusalem, shut down the place if necessary, and ride that mule to fame and fortune.

When things didn't work out like Ab planned, all his trumped-up bravery left him and he ran away! On the way out, his head got caught in the limbs of an oak tree, which was used in the judgments of God. His Hot Rod Mule ran on, and Absalom was dangled between heaven and earth!

Absalom had a bad attitude. He thought he was just what his

generation was waiting for, and he didn't care who he stepped on to get what he wanted. Ole Ab proved you can be educated and come from a refined family, and still be a worthless bum! Ole Ab was so mule-headed that he had no horse sense!

Was Ab a swinger? I reckon he was. He swung right over destruction itself!

Mules like Absalom's are around today and people still ride them. The rebellion of Absalom is only repeated in our time. Pending judgment is everywhere because of disobedience.

Ab was still alive when Joab, Captain of David's army, found him. The old salt was not known for his mercy, so he threw three darts through Absalom. Those were the results of the mule ride of rebellion.

The first dart was *lust*. This is desire for something that is wrong. All sin begins on the inside, as the heart wants, then decides to partake. The act follows.

The second dart is *sin*. It is produced by lust, or evil desire. Sin is breaking of God's commandments. All sin is first against God, second against others, and third against oneself.

The third dart is *death*. This is the result of sin. The only way to avoid dying in sin is to quit living in sin. Only Jesus can save.

Absalom must have panicked when he saw Joab! There he was, hung up on LSD (lust, sin and death), and he couldn't get down! Joab is like the devil whose fiery darts zero in against those unprotected by the whole armour of God.

Absalom is gone. He rides no more. But if he could speak today, he would surely beg others not to follow his example. That mule of rebellion seemed like worlds of fun, but he rode it straight to destruction!

Absalom was a king's son. He could have been outstanding, even great in Bible history. He was handsome, outgoing, and possessed a winning personality. But the mule of rebellion robbed him of everything. All that is left to remember Ole Ab with is a pile of rocks on Mount Ephraim and a monument he dedicated to himself in the king's dale.

But there was another king's son. He was obedient. He was humble. He was submissive to the will and direction of His Father. His name was Jesus. He rode on a lowly colt, the foal of a donkey. He has nail scars in His hands. His body is marked with the symbols of His awful suffering and death on our behalf.

The cross on which He died is now the symbol of our faith. What was once the mark of curse and death has emerged as the emblem of redemption and eternal life.

Who are you like, Absalom or Jesus? You must make the choice. Eternity depends on it. ★