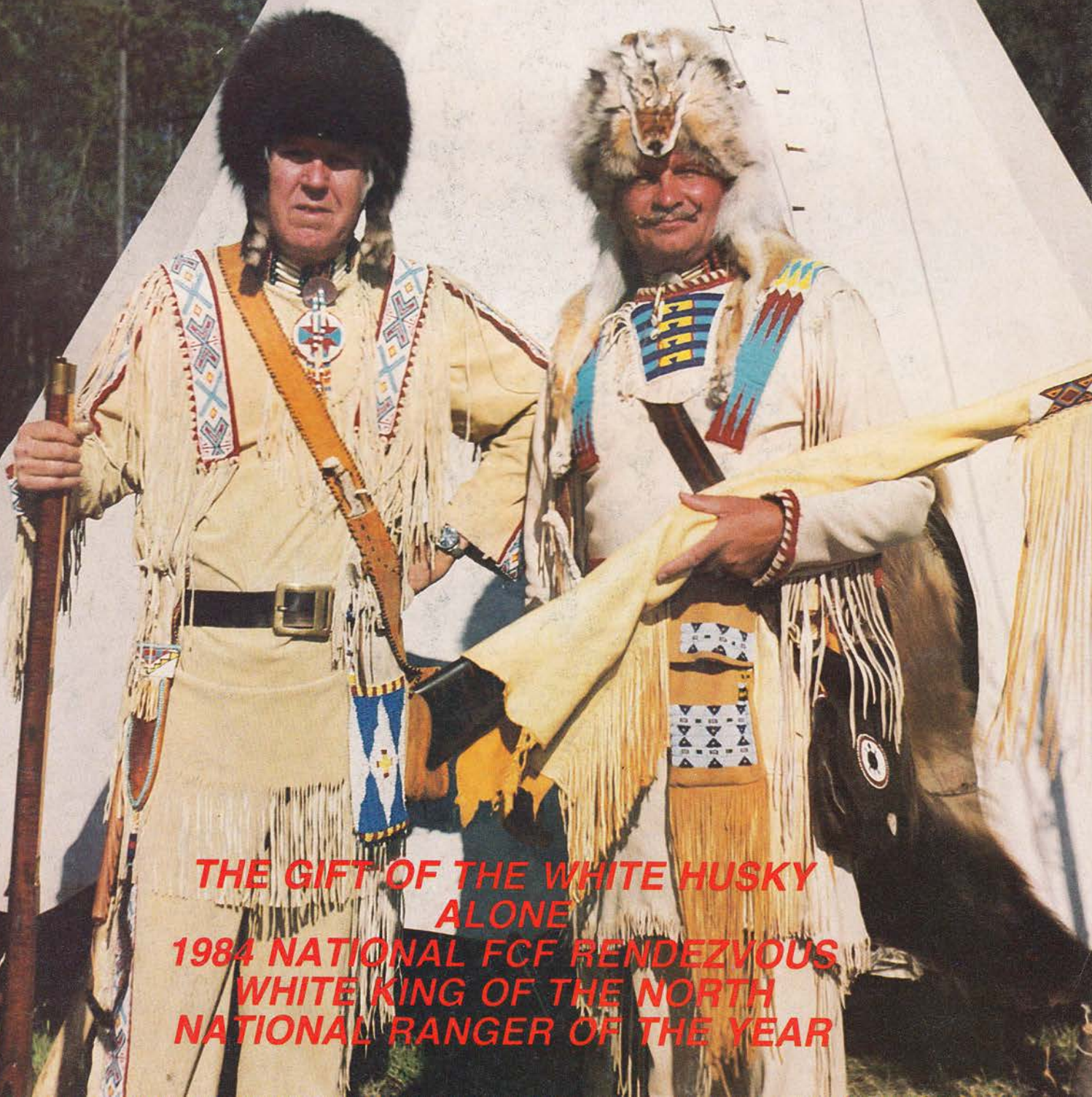


High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS / WINTER 1984-85



**THE GIFT OF THE WHITE HUSKY
ALONE
1984 NATIONAL FCF RENDEZVOUS
WHITE KING OF THE NORTH
NATIONAL RANGER OF THE YEAR**

High Adventure

WINTER



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HIGH ADVENTURE—Volume 14, Number 2 ISSN (0190-3802) published quarterly by Royal Rangers, 1445 Boonville Avenue, Springfield, MO 65802. Subscription rates: single subscription \$1.75 a year; bundle (minimum of five subscriptions, all mailed to one address) \$1.50 a year. Copyrighted 1984 General Council of the Assemblies of God, Inc., Gospel Publishing House. Printed in USA. Second-class postage paid at Springfield, Mo., and at additional offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to High Adventure, 1445 Boonville, Springfield, MO 65802.

JIM TOLD TOGO, "TONIGHT WE ARE TAKING THE COLDEST, ROUGHEST TRIP WE WILL EVER TAKE."



THE GIFT OF THE WHITE HUSKY

BY ART FEE

It was the night before Christmas in the little settlement of Canyon City, on the banks of the White River in the Yukon Territory of Canada, near the Alaskan border. The mercury was so far down in the glass that the spruce trees were splitting open like the sharp crack of a high powered rifle. The ice on Ptarmigan Lake heaved, sounding like the boom of heavy artillery. The phantom fingers of the aurora borealis shook their colorful curtains across the black sky. The wind moaned like the howl of a

hungry wolf, as it sifted powdery snow around the little cluster of log buildings. The government radio had forecast that a blizzard of vicious proportions was sweeping down from the Arctic.

Jim Hill eased himself out of the rocker onto the big bearskin rug. In his moccasins he stood an even six feet; his heavy Cowichan sweater made him look heavier than his 160 pounds. He threw another stick of wood into the huge barrel stove. The red glow of the stove pipes and the frost on the

log chinks told him it was terribly cold. But Jim was certain there was nothing as cold as his lonely heart. He had spent three years at this distant outpost as a missionary to the Indians. During that time he had mushed hundreds of snow covered miles with his dogs and navigated leagues in his canoe. He was discouraged, and had resigned. He believed that he had seen too little accomplished.

The unmistakable drone of an airplane rocked him out of his gloom. He grabbed



“EVERYTHING DEPENDED ON THAT WHITE DOG. NO OTHER ANIMAL COULD KEEP THE TRAIL.”

his mitts and parka, and stepped outside. His sharp eyes spotted the red and green running lights. The throb of the motor told him it was Ben Pearson's old Norseman.

“What on earth has brought that man out on a night like this? It's down right suicide to be flying in this kind of weather. Something must be radically wrong for Ben to be risking his neck in a storm like this,” he said, thinking out loud.

With several other men, he headed for the river and started throwing gasoline on brush piles and lighting them, to mark the runway. Once, twice, three times Ben was blown off course and kept from landing by the strong, contrary wind. No one figured he could make it, but as a last resort, he came in low over the spruce trees and made a sideslip down into the deep snow. Jim saw what he was doing, and with two other men raced out and grabbed the tail of the plane to keep it from nosing over. Ben taxied up to the big log structure that served as terminal and trading post.

A cheer went up from the crowd when Ben opened the cabin. They knew no other pilot would dare take off on a night like this. Jim still wondered why Ben braved the storm. Were the supplies that low? Was it because no mail had come in for two weeks? Did he carry a special message to the Mounties? Or, was it just because tomorrow would be Christmas day?

There was mail for everyone and a special delivery letter for missionary Jim Hill. It was from his superior officer, offering him a position in central California. He wanted his reply by return mail.

Jim was busy writing his acceptance when a loud knock sounded on his door. “Come in!” he yelled.

The door screeched open and in strode Corporal Cameron of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. He removed his fur cap and loosened the top button on his buffalo

coat. Jim knew there was something seriously wrong.

“Well, missionary, if you have been listening to your radio, you know why Ben risked his life coming in on a night like this.”

“No, I was out when the news came on,” Jim replied.

“Well, an epidemic of diphtheria has struck the Indians of the Horsefield district. You know what diphtheria can do to a native, and if we don't get the anti-toxin there by morning it will be too late.”

“Why didn't Ben take it in?” Jim asked.

“He tried, but the blizzard is so bad he couldn't see the village, let alone the landing strip. He flew around hoping the wind would die down enough to let him in, but no chance. When he was about out of gas he risked cracking his plane to come in here, hoping that someone would take the serum over. It's only 25 miles to Horsefield. You know the trail, and you have the only dog in Yukon that can lead a team over that stretch of tundra on a night like this.”

Jim worried aloud about his dogs. “It will be an awful night out there. Togo is just getting over pneumonia. A trip like that might be too much for him.”

“Listen, both the U.S. and the Canadian governments have worked together on this, and three crack pilots have already given their best to get the serum this far. But if you choose not to go out in the storm, we'll understand.”

Jim bowed his head. His mind went back to another dark night when he sat by the bed of Chief Yellow Quill. The old Indian leader was in great pain and close to death. That evening Jim told him the Christmas story, and as he did, he could see a look of peace come to the wrinkled face. He felt a fevered hand reach out from the rabbit robe and grasp his, and in a trembling voice he heard him whisper, “Thank you. Tell it to my people. Tonight the Great White Spirit

is calling me. I go, but I leave you my lead dog, Togo. He lead you safe over any trail. He help you help my people. He no get lost in any storm.” Jim felt his old hand quiver and go still.

Jim looked up at the mountie with misty eyes. “Okay, Cameron,” he whispered, “we'll do it or die on the trail.”

Cameron grabbed Jim's hand in both of his in silent, heartfelt thanks. “I knew you would,” he said.

Jim harnessed his dogs, and as he put the collar on the big white Siberian Husky, he talked to him like a partner, and they had been partners on many a long trail. “Togo, you and I have made some long, rough trips, but tonight we are taking the coldest, roughest trip we will ever take. Over the hill in Horsefield, diphtheria has broken out, and unless we get medicine there, a lot of people will die.” Togo seemed to sense from the tone of Jim's voice this was something big he had to do.

It was an anxious, solemn crowd that stood in the drifting snow in front of the trading post and watched Jim make the final check on each of his seven dogs, while the Mounties loaded the serum in bags and tied it on his sled. Before Jim shook the runners loose and pulled the drawstring on his parka, Ben Pearson stepped forward and grabbed his mittened hand, “Missionary, you're going to make it. There is Someone up there who will see ya through.”

With shouts of good luck ringing in his ears, Jim headed his team into the angry Arctic night. The stars were blotted out. Every landmark was gone now. White frozen dust was pouring from the black sky. The wind, like a giant, white hand, was pushing them back. Mile after mile through the mountain blizzard, Togo unerringly kept the trail.

When they hit the open tundra, Jim knew the mercury must be hovering close to sixty

below. There was no slip to the snow. The sleigh runners dragged like they were in loose sand. He kept the team moving slowly so as not to frost their lungs. The wind was increasing in velocity and driving snow and ice particles like stinging bird shot. Mile after mile Jim pushed on the gee poles and prayed Togo's strength would not give out.

Then the first sign of trouble—the team was moving too slowly. Something was wrong. Jim moved up the line of dogs to his lead husky. Fear gripped him. Togo was bleeding from the mouth and his breath was coming in short, quick gasps. His weakened lungs had been frosted by his heavy breathing. Sympathy for the stricken dog softened the panic. To save the dog's life he would have to put him on the sleigh. This would be suicide tonight. Everything depended on that white dog. No other animal could keep the trail. There was only one thing to do and that was to take off his harness and leave him in the lead. Fluff was next to him, she would follow.

Travel was dangerously slow now. Togo

would go as far as he could then lie down to rest. Time seemed eternity as the miles dragged by. Jim wondered if they would make it. Togo's stops were getting longer and the distance he traveled between them, shorter. The missionary was flailing his arms and stomping his feet to fight off the killing cold that was seeping through his heavy fur parka and bringing on sleepiness, the dreaded killer of the arctic trail.

He was traveling in a drowsy stupor, holding the gee poles. He couldn't let them go. He had to get through. Lives depended on him. He jerked himself awake and stumbled on.

Was it a dream? A mirage? Jim heard that men see strange things when they are freezing to death. But, no, someone was holding each of his arms. There were men running by his dogs. Men were pushing his sled. There were buildings and lights. It was Horsefield.

It was very early morning, but the crisis in the area and the knowledge that someone was trying to get through with the serum

had kept most of the town awake. When Jim and his struggling team were spotted, a dozen men dashed to their side. Men grabbed the dog collars and traces, and pulled. Togo was loaded on the sled. One man got on each side of Jim and ran with him to increase his circulation. At the crowded hospital, eager hands unloaded the precious cargo.

In spite of his condition, Jim's chief concern was for his stricken dog. Blood had stained his white fur red; it was oozing from his mouth in a pink foam as he lay gasping in the snow. Jim knelt down and wrapped his arms around his big dog. He loved Togo as only a man in the lonely arctic can love a dog. Togo turned his big brown eyes toward him and lifted his head to lick Jim's face. Then he quivered and became very still. Strong men turned away and wiped tears from their eyes.

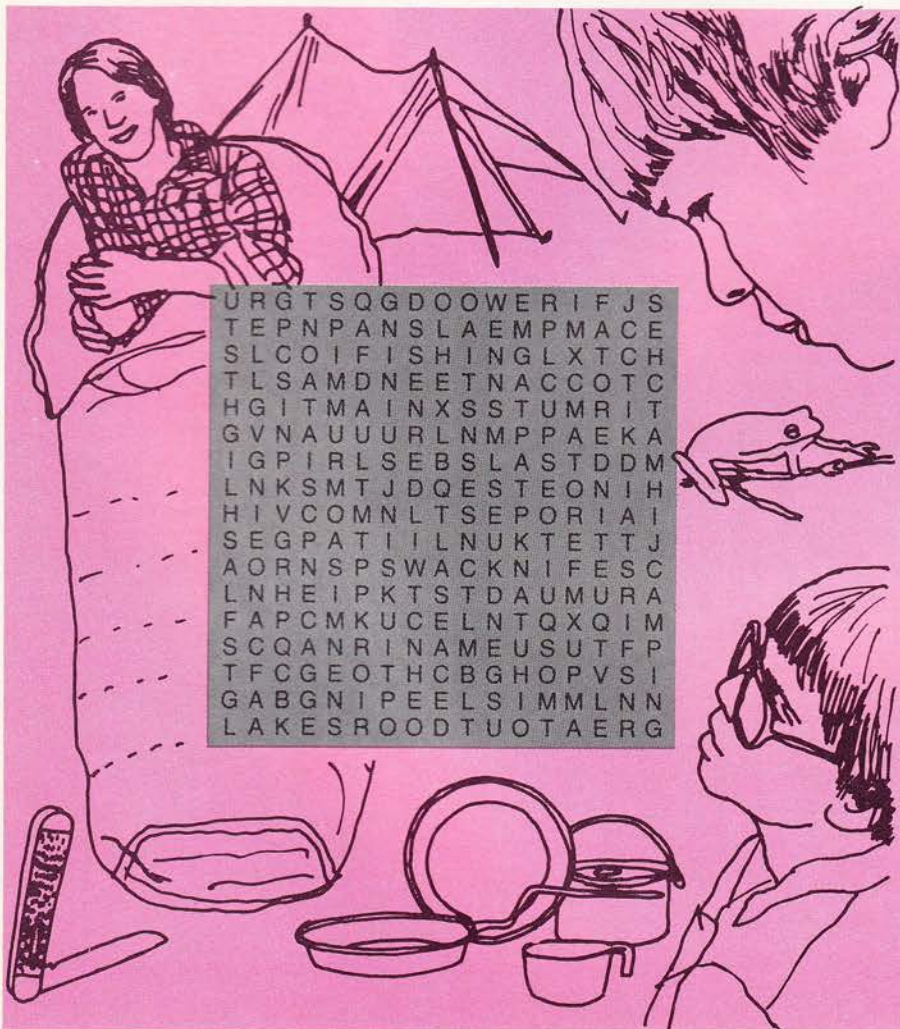
Jim raised his eyes toward the black sky. Men saw him raise a mittened hand and collapse in the snow, but God heard him pray, "Help me to be as faithful to Thee as Togo was to me." ★

Adventure in Nature Puzzle

BY BILL HAAS

THE MISSING WORDS ARE LISTED BELOW. BE THE FIRST ONE TO FIND THEM ALL IN THE PUZZLE.

AX	MAP
BACKPACK	MATCHES
CAMPING	MOSQUITOES
CAMP MEALS	MOUNTAIN TRAILS
CAMPSITE	NATURE
CANOEING	PANS
CANTEEN	PONCHO
COMPASS	POTS
COT	RIDING
FIREWOOD	ROPE
FIRST AID KIT	SLEEPING BAG
FISHING	STREAMS
FLASHLIGHT	SUMAC
GREAT OUTDOORS	SWIMMING
HIKING	TENT
KNIFE	TINDER
LAKES	WILDERNESS



High school pals, Jake and Herman were making an air supply trip for Jake's dad when suddenly the engine sputtered and hissed!



A L O N E

BY PAUL M. CHEVALIER

Jake Aldridge, a newly christened pilot, was flying a supply trip for his dad over the rugged McLaren Glacier country of central Alaska. Herman Betts, a high school pal, was aboard for the ride. They were due home in a few hours when suddenly the engine sputtered and hissed.

"Losing power fast Herm! Got to put her down!" shouted Jake. "Hold on tight!" The plane skimmed over a jagged ridge, plunged and plowed into a snowfield. The tail arced skyward as the craft came to a jolting halt.

The biting tension of safety harness gripped the chests of the teenagers as they struggled to undo their buckles. Supplies and equipment from baggage fell and the nauseous odor of hot engine oil filled the cockpit. "Are you hurt?" asked Jake with quivering lips.

"A bit dazed. Guess I'm in one piece. Head's spinning though." Herman stumbled out the door into the eerie silence of barren wilderness. Jake glanced at the altimeter—the needle was frozen at 3995. The desolate windswept peaks of the Alaskan Ranger loomed above, a haunting valley of snow and brush below. A sinuous river carved an icy path along the valley floor.

Floundering in waist-deep snow, the boys managed to set up a tent on a rocky ledge nearby. Trudging along they hauled sleeping bags and survival gear to the shelter.

"Jake, I don't like it." Herman pawed his hair repeatedly with open hand. "Can't get the ELT to transmit; must be broken. Hey man, without the locator beacon working, we'll never be found. Better try walking out.

"Jake, I don't like it. Hey man, without the locator beam working, we'll never be found."

It's our only chance. Wolverine lodge is about forty miles east of here.

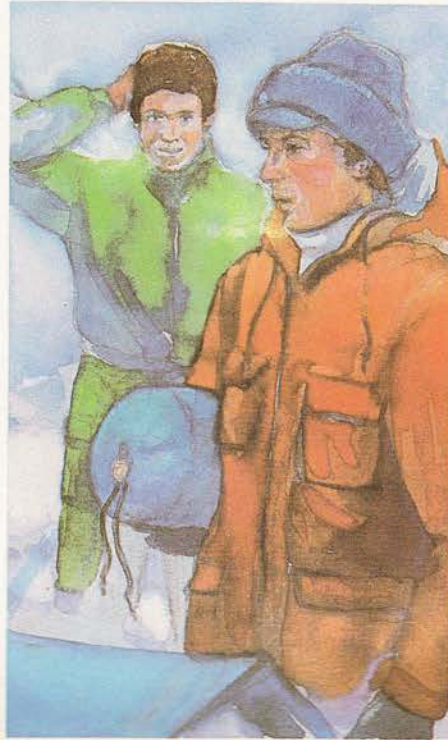
"No way, friend. Better stay put. Much better odds of being found near a downed aircraft. Besides, that deep snow would take up quick. Look, Dad knows the route I flew. He'll have a search party out in no time." Jake stared at his anxious partner and laid a comforting hand on his shoulder.

Darkness set in and the wind began to sing a solemn tune of impending storm. Soon the boys were huddled in their sleeping bags, alert to the buffeting sounds of pelting sleet and snow against the canvas enclosure. Within the hour, the howling fury quelled all conversation. Deep slumber was impossible.

Tossing and turning, Jake awakened suddenly and noticed that his partner's bag was empty. "Herman!" Scrambling through the entrance Jake screamed frantically. "Herman! Over here! Herman!" Overwhelmed by the roaring north wind, his cries were futile and he was forced to retreat to cover.

Slumping to the floor, Jake pounded the ground with clenched fists. "No! He couldn't have tried that. I warned him not to. Had more sense than that!" He sighed deeply. "Maybe he did. What now?" With head in his cupped hands, Jake prayed silently. Later as the cold numbed his head he drifted into a restless sleep.

By morning the storm subsided but a low cloud cover shrouded the valley. Once again there was a haunting silence, broken only by an occasional chirp from a fluttering snowbird. Jake realized his stark predicament.



ment.

After a hasty breakfast, he began to descend the mountain in search of his friend, plodding through the crusty snowdrift. His leg muscles ached and his mind raced as he imagined a friend in trouble. Feeling more alone with each footstep, panic began to seize him. *Can't let fear triumph or I'm done for*, he thought. *Stay in control. That's what Dad taught me.*

"Herman! Herman! Where are you?" Jake's voice echoed through the crisp mountain air. A horrible stillness followed. Teetering on a rocky ledge, he turned and gazed back to the tiny figure of his blue airplane—the tail upright.

"Can't do it! I can't go on! We'll both be lost. Got to stay with the airplane, our only chance. You're foolish, Herman Betts. God help you." Staggering and crawling up the slope, gasping for breath, he returned to the crash site chilled and exhausted. Collapsing in his tent, he rested his head and closed his eyes.

Then a loud metallic thud echoed from the vicinity of the airplane, followed by a familiar voice ringing out, "Time for breakfast! Hey Jake, gonna sleep all day?" Yawning, Herman continued, "Sacking out in the plane sure beat that noisy tent." Stretching, he scanned the slopes with squinted eyes.

Jake peered out of the tent flap in disbelief, speechless and cringing with anger and indignation. "Herm, when I get ahold of you I'll . . ." Before he could finish his sentence, the boys heard the muffled sound of an airplane engine and saw a red object in the distant sky.

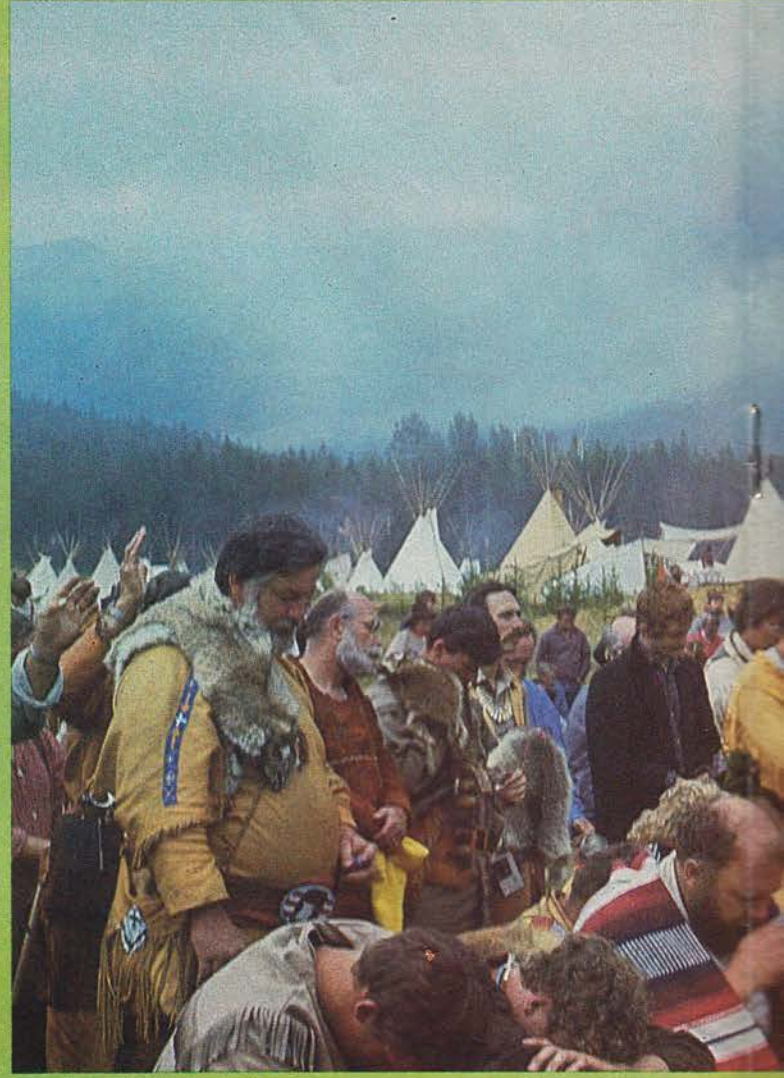
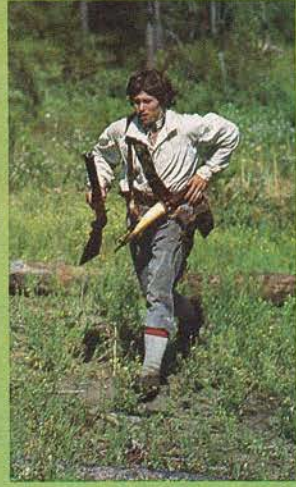
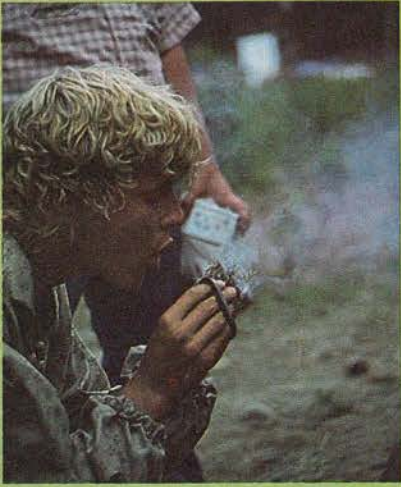
The boys rushed to embrace one another in wild exultation, their faces beaming with joy and relief. A bright ray of light broke through the clouds as the rescue craft circled above.

Jake's heart was full of gratitude. Tears welled up in his eyes as he wondered aloud, "I was never alone after all. Never alone after all." ★



"Herman, Herman! Where are you?" Jake's voice echoed through the crisp mountain air.



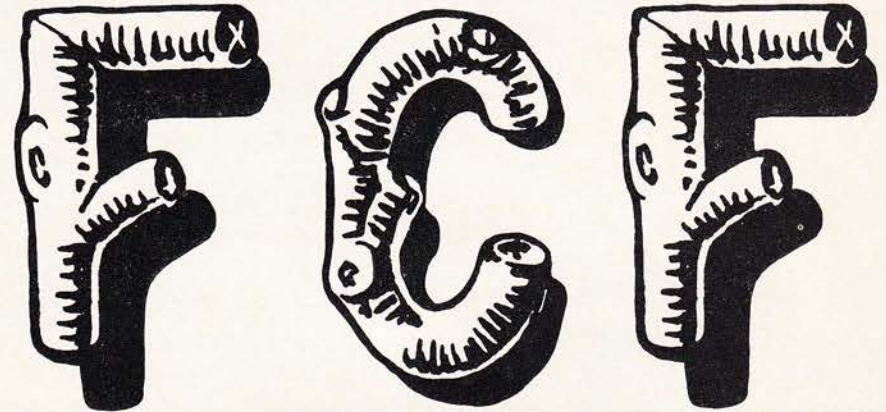


HIGH ADVENTURE



1984

NATIONAL



RENDEZVOUS



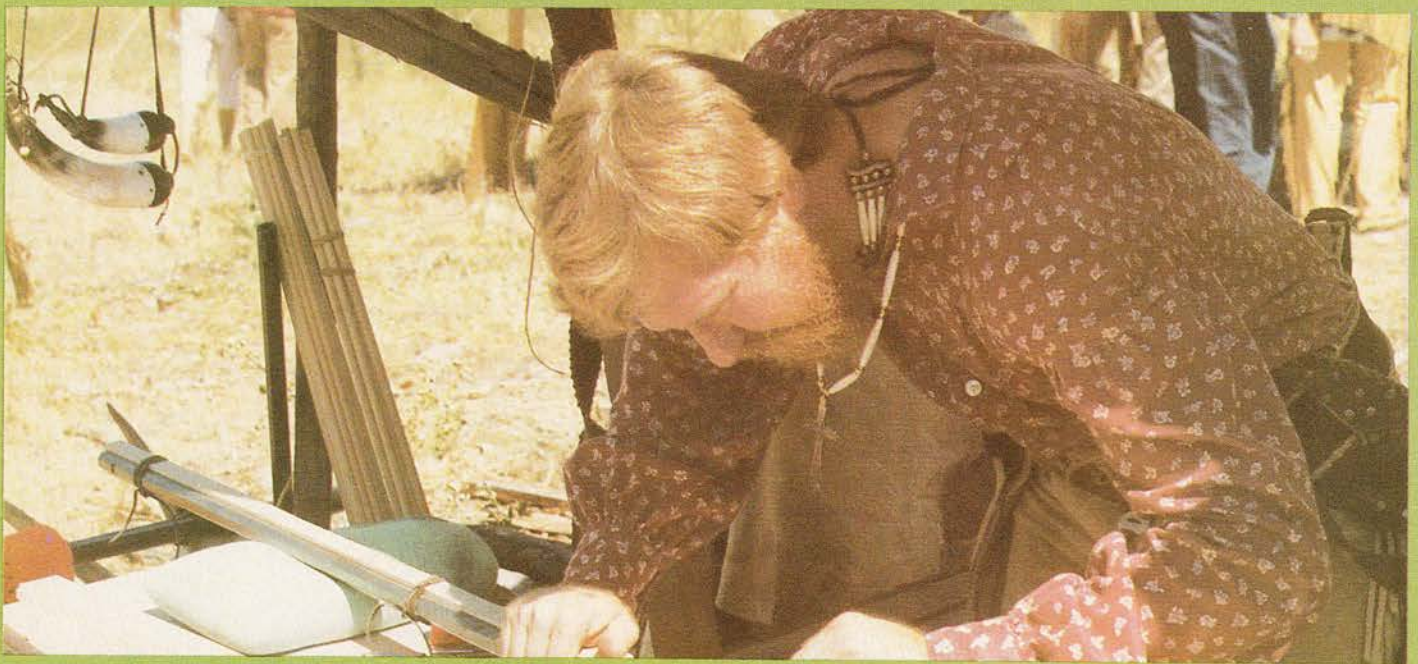
The high mountain valley lay quiet and peaceful. A thin mist hugged the tall evergreens. In the distance the sun set the snowcapped peaks of Glacier Park afire with morning light. Deer grazing in a meadow of alpine flowers lifted their heads as a ground squirrel scurried to its den. The songs of birds added to the serenity.

Suddenly the tranquility was broken by the arrival of the vanguard of FCF members who had selected this valley for the site of the National Rendezvous. In the days to come this valley would become a beehive of activity as around 700 frontiersmen settled in for the four day rendezvous.

The first official function was a chuck wagon dinner on Tuesday evening. This was provided by High Adventure Guest Ranch, who was the host for this event. Four days prior to this, the Montana District frontiersmen and national staff members spent several grueling hours making preparations for this event. Such things as rest-rooms, showers, trading post building, rifle and hawk ranges, and a brush arbor took shape under their skillful hands.

By the time the first dinner was served, the valley was full of teepees and primitive shelters. The authenticity of both shelters and clothing took us back over 100 years

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE ►



“It became a living scene out of a mountain man’s journal.”



into our history. It became a living scene out of a mountain man’s journal. There was even a medical team composed of two doctors and a med student, manning a medical tent—just in case.

After a good meal the musicians tuned up and the valley was soon filled with the strains of old-time music. There’s nothing like good toe-tapping music to set the tone for an exciting rendezvous. After appropriate remarks, National President Fred Deaver encouraged the participants to relax and enjoy themselves. Spirits were high with expectancy.

The National Ranger of the Year Review Board used this setting and occasion to announce the 1984 National Ranger of the Year. Board Chairman Silas Gaither explained that the board and eight national finalists had been at the ranch several days making their selection. Among the activities for the finalists was a horseback pack trip that became a more rugged adventure than expected. Tim Brecheen was introduced as the winner and 1984 National

Ranger of the Year. The runner-up was William Vanderbilt.

Music and fellowship lasted late into the evening.

On a gloriously beautiful Wednesday morning, the activities for the first official day began. During morning devotions the theme for the rendezvous was explained. In the old days the mountainmen came down out of the mountains for a rendezvous with fellow mountainmen. With them they brought their cache of furs. From the east came the traders with their trade goods and supplies. The mountainmen traded their furs for tools, traps, lead, and gun powder and other supplies they needed to survive another year in the mountains. They made a new start for another year. After business the frontiersmen had a rip-roaring time of celebration that made the rendezvous famous. The 1984 theme for FCF was “A New Beginning.” This was given a spiritual emphasis.

After morning assembly a hodgepodge of activities began. For those interested in

demonstrating their “frontier” skills there was—black powder shooting, tomahawk throwing, knife throwing, flint and steel, and skin (costume) judging.

A very popular activity was swapping and trading. There were about a dozen small trading posts in the area called “Traders Row.” Just about everything a frontiersman would need was on display. In addition there was a lot of individual trading taking place in tepees and other locations. It was quite gratifying to see the expressions on some faces (particularly the young ones) after a special “trade.” One adult trader set the standard for many traders when he stated, “If after trading with a boy, you don’t feel ‘skinned,’ it ain’t a good trade.” There were craftsmen on hand with such skills as blacksmithing, gun making, scrimshawing, and knife making, etc. They gave demonstrations each day. There were others who were just content to “lean back,” relax, absorb and enjoy the atmosphere. It was a “heyday” for camera fans.

Around dinnertime, the smoke of the



“There was a mystique about it all that made it difficult to believe we were still in the year 1984.”

campfires mingled with the aroma of a variety of frontier foods. These aromas did wonders for the appetite.

In the early evening the group gathered on the hillside for an old-time medicine show. Jim Barger and Robb Hawks were at their best. The show was hilarious and exciting. We're still baffled over some of the magic tricks they performed.

As shadows began to fall and a gorgeous sunset framed the mountain, old-time gospel music began to float across the valley. It was the beginning of each evening old-fashioned brush arbor service. The setting was idealistic. In any direction you looked you could see the majestic mountains. The speaker was National Commander Johnnie Barnes. “Parson Barnes,” dressed in the garb of an old-time circuit riding preacher, challenged the group with old-time preaching. The altar service was like an old-time campmeeting. Men and boys were filled with the Spirit, healed and blessed in many other ways. Prayer and tarrying lasted into the night.

Later in the evening a group of musicians led by Mark Gentry, treated the group to a “pickin’ & grinnin’” time.

Looking across the valley at night was pure inspiration. The fires and lanterns inside the tepees gave the appearance of hundreds of cone shaped jack-o-lanterns spread across the landscape. There was a mystique about it all that made it difficult to think we were still in the year 1984. The cool night air, looking at stars through the smoke hole of your tepee, the night accented by the call of coyotes, plus the possibility of a bear coming into camp, made even sleeping an adventure.

Each day's activities were about the same except for special events such as the national election. Fred Deaver was reelected as national president by a 100 percent vote. Sonny Green was reelected as national vice president. David Kovalcik was elected as National Scout, and Kelly Ward was elected as Assistant National Scout. During the session Jeff Woodard, retiring National Scout presented the silver gorget (badge

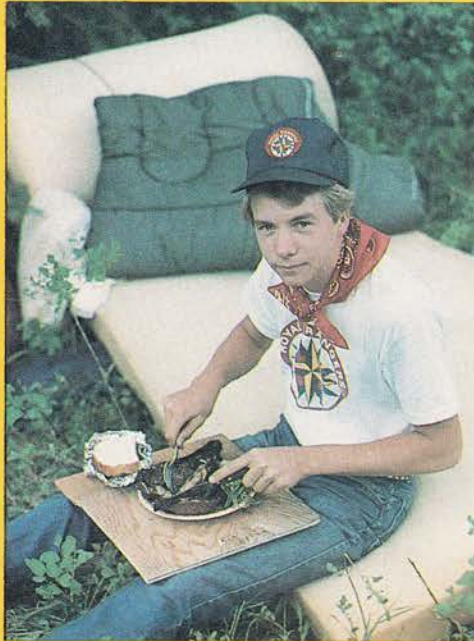
of office for National Scout) to the new National Scout.

Another special event was the “Seneca Run.” A team composed of an old-timer (man) and a young buck (boy) for each region was selected. Each team member was required to: set a steel trap, run to shooting range, load, fire, and hit a target with a muzzleloading rifle, hit a target with a knife and a tomahawk, race to another location and start a fire with flint and steel. Finally they tripped the traps they had set. The team with the best time and score won. It was an adrenaline producing event.

Just before the final evening service, awards were presented to the winners of the various competitive events.

Early Saturday morning, the valley soon became empty of tepees, a few brave deer began to peep out from the cover of the forest. The valley would soon be back to normal. However, those leaving would carry with them memories they would never forget. As we drove away the shining mountains seemed to say, “Come back soon.”★

NATIONAL RANGER OF THE YEAR



Here he is! Meet Tim Brecheen of Baton Rouge, Louisiana.



Other national finalists included Rick Beebe, Steve Jacobson, John Hamilton, Drew Popovics, Kelly Ward, and Kevin de Weber. Bill Vanderbilt was runner-up.

The National Ranger of the Year Review Board developed a new approach in their 1984 meeting. They invited the eight national finalists to a guest ranch in Montana for their testing and interviews. This was the same ranch selected as the site of the National FCF Rendezvous. Following the review board activities they would join the other frontiersmen at the rendezvous.

The activities began with a ranch style barbecue composed of a thick juicy steak and all the trimmings. The group was housed at the High Adventure Ranch Guest Lodge. After a battery of tests and personal interviews the boys and review board were treated to a horseback pack trip into the mountains.

The group experienced horseback riding in the rugged conditions of wilderness mountain travel. They stayed overnight in a beautiful mountain valley called Emerald Basin. Would you believe they had steak for dinner that night.

The second day they planned to ride over the mountain down to the Flathead River for a float trip back to the ranch. However, a series of events happened that resulted in a total change of plans. This second day proved a far more rugged experience than anyone dreamed of. However, these events did prove just how rugged and resourceful

**"THEY ALL
STAND TALL
IN THE SADDLE."**

the review board and boys really were. The boys took their float trip later in the week!

On the first night of the rendezvous, National Board Chairman Silas Gaither, announced the winners. Tim Brecheen of Baton Rouge, Louisiana was selected as National Ranger of the Year. Runner-up was Bill Vanderbilt of Olmsted Falls, Ohio. Tim will receive a \$1,000 scholarship to the

college of his choice, and will sit as a member of the 1985 National Royal Rangers Council.

Other national finalists were Rick Beebe of St. Charles, Missouri, Steve Jacobson of Bellingham, Washington, John Hamilton of Asheboro, North Carolina, Drew Popovics of Liverpool, New York, Kelly Ward of Lufkin, Texas and Kevin deWeber of Salt Lake City, Utah.

The national office believes all these young men are winners. These are par excellent young men; not only in our organization but in our society as well. We're proud of them all! If I can risk a cliché, "They all stand tall in the saddle."

I also believe Tim Brecheen will do a terrific job representing all the Rangers as our top winner.

The National Review Board was composed of Silas Gaither, Paul Stanek, Tom Loven, Jim Kennedy, and Keith Elder. Nick Andriacchi served as Health & Safety officer during the horseback trip. ★



WHITE KING OF THE NORTH

BY MURIEL LARSON

The king of the north is the white polar bear. The Eskimos call him "Nanook." Throughout most of the year he travels across the arctic, going wherever seals are plentiful, but staying close to sea ice.

Following the light, Nanook moves south in the fall and heads north in the spring. He can swim hundreds of miles if necessary. Although he may weigh more than a thousand pounds, he's agile and fast.

He's also clever and very patient. When stalking a dozing seal, he eases his huge body over the ice in the seal's direction. Sometimes he covers his black nose with his paw. Then, if the seal glances in his direction, it sees nothing but white and senses no danger. When the seal is within reach, Nanook closes in quickly on his prey.

There's a lot Christians can learn from Nanook.

First, he never goes far from the sea. This is the best place for him because it is the source of his food. If he strayed far from sea ice, he'd find it hard to live.

It's the same for Christians. God has pro-

vided a local gathering called Sunday school and church where we can hear God's Word and learn how to live for Christ. There our spirits find food on which to grow. If the Christian strays from that place God has provided for growth, he usually gets into all kinds of trouble! It's the first step on the road to spiritual salvation.

Then, too, this great white king of the arctic follows the light. Nanook knows that where there is the most light is the best feeding.

Sound familiar? Jesus said to His disciples, "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life" (John 8:12). How does a person follow this Light? By obeying the teachings of God's Word. He seeks God's guidance for all decisions. He follows Christ's loving, holy example and lets *His* light shine through him, drawing others to the Bread of Life.

Nanook is also agile and fast when the need arises. He shows great cunning and is quick-witted.

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“This great white king of the arctic follows the light.”

The Christian must be that way, too, when it comes to obeying the Lord and doing His work. Peter wrote, “Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you . . .” (1 Peter 3:15). Christians must be quick to take advantage of opportunities that arise to witness. But he must also be clever about it. Jesus warned, “Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves” (Matthew 10:16).

In this world where Satan rules as prince (John 14:30), Christians are greatly outnumbered by his followers. So a wise Christian uses his common sense and is always on guard. “See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil” says (Ephesians 5:15,16. Good advice. When we don’t obey the Lord, we let the devil control our lives.

Finally, this giant bear is patient. He doesn’t rush at a seal from a distance and give him time to get away. No. He creeps up slowly so he doesn’t scare it away.

Even so, a Christian who cares for the souls of others looks to the Lord for His leading and timing in witnessing and doesn’t scare others off. He patiently lives Christ before them and waits for the right time.

Nanook, white king of the north, a good teacher. ★

MY SPECIAL CHRISTMAS

CONTINUED FROM PG. 16



“Short-Boy,” Dad was saying, “no more hunting this season, pal. I sold the shotgun to buy Christmas.”

won’t shoot my eye out! I promise, I promise!

I was jumping around the room, laughing and crying at the same time. And sure enough it was the “real McCoy,” as Dad would say, complete with wooden stock, two extra boxes of BB’s, and a secret message from my hero, Red Ryder.

Later that day, the sun came out and we were allowed outside to play. With nose as red as Rudolph’s, I was Red Ryder himself riding his famous horse.

“Roll, Thunder, Roll!” I yelled.

“You betchum, Red Ryder!” responded Dave, pretending to be Little Beaver.

We played until almost supertime, when Dave went inside to get warm. I was glad later that he did.

Sneaking through the woods back of our house, I circled to the north side, hid, and waited. Who would my imagination see this time? Minx Martin on a snipe hunt? Kid Pepper on the run? Or would it be a coyote?

It was Dad! Bigger than life, and stronger than any boy’s dad in the neighborhood, so I thought.

He squatted down talking to his hunting dog. Our beagle and basset mix loved to hunt the cottontail as much as Dad, and could cover the ground surprisingly well, unafraid of briars and brambles. With my

new gun, I could now go with them!

“Short-Boy,” Dad was saying, “no more hunting this season, pal. I sold the shotgun to buy Christmas.”

The dog looked real sad. He knew something was wrong. But with a pat on the head for his faithful friend, Dad started for the house, the ice-covered snow crunching underneath his hobnail shoes, and unaware I had been listening.

I stood there trembling. Big boys don’t cry, but I couldn’t help it. Dad loved his Stevens double-barrel hammerless as much as hunting itself! It was his pride and joy! Now he couldn’t hunt! Oh no, Dad, you didn’t!

Tears began falling down on the barrel of my new air rifle. But somehow, I didn’t care. Confusing and conflicting feelings rushed over me. I loved my gun and hated it all at the same time.

Just then, something came to my mind that Mother said the summer before when I accepted the Lord during family altar. Her words were, “Jesus held back nothing that He might give us everything.” I now knew what she meant, because Dad had demonstrated it.

That Christmas I received a *special* gift. I look back to that Christmas now as the best I ever had. ★

THIS ISSUE'S
FUNNIEST JOKES

A family of bears, roaming through a tourist area of Yellowstone National Park, watched as a car crammed with eight travelers pulled up at the side of the road. "It's cruel," commented Papa Bear to his brood, "to keep them caged up like that."

Henry E. Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

COMEDY
CORNER



Teacher: "You know that heat causes an object to expand and cold causes it to contract. Now can you give me a good example?"

Pupil: "Well, in the summer the days are long and in the winter they're short."
Henry E. Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

A boy from New York was being led through the swamps of Georgia.
"Is it true," he asked, "that an alligator won't attack you if you carry a flashlight?"

"That depends," replied his guide, "on how fast you carry the flashlight."
Henry E. Leabo
Tehachapi, CA



Teacher: "When water becomes ice, what is the greatest change that takes place?"

Student: "The price."
Henry E. Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Cowhand: "Aren't you putting your saddle on backward, sir?"

Dude: "That's all you know about it, smarty. You don't even know which way I'm going."
Henry E. Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Ranger Commander: "Now, if you stood with your back to the north and your face to the south, what would be on your left hand?"

Ranger: "Fingers."
Henry E. Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

"I wanted something for Christmas that year and it wasn't my two front teeth! My only wish was to receive a Daisy Red Ryder 200-shot Peacemaker BB gun with lever action."

MY SPECIAL CHRISTMAS

BY JOHN ELLER

"WHEN DAD HANDED MY PACKAGE TO ME, MY HEART SANK."

The holidays of 1948 stand out in my memory. I wanted something for Christmas that year and it wasn't my two front teeth! My only wish was to receive a Daisy Red Ryder 200-shot Peacemaker BB gun with lever action.

What a prize if I could only get it! I would do anything, say anything, or be anything I should. It was a status symbol. Only big boys could have one. It was the first thing I thought about in the morning, and the last thing at night. It just must happen! It would be even better than an electric train!

Ring in my ears, though, was the objection raised in our household each time it was mentioned.

"You'll shoot your eye out!" I was admonished. And then I would wonder how a BB traveling in the opposite direction would possibly hit me in the eye.

There were other problems, too. The textile plant where Dad worked had been "curtailing," which meant that it was only running part time. There was less than the usual weekly family income of twenty-five dollars.

But we still made plans for Christmas just the same. Our miniature nativity set was arranged on the fireboard, and real mistletoe was hung over the doorways.

Live holly with red berries decorated the windows, and a single candle brightened



the kitchen table.

Christmas Eve was very special. It snowed heavily. Dad had cut the big pine tree in front of our house, and we had a bonfire at the stump. When the embers died down, Dad played carols on his old Marine Band harmonica.

Christmas Day found our little rural village covered with a blanket of fresh snow. Running from rooftops, melted snow dripped into the chilly winds and froze into icicles of assorted sizes, creating a dreamy

winter wonderland.

Presents! Brother Dave and I were out of bed in a flash and into the front room of our little clapboard house. It was Christmas!

Dave got his present first, since he was younger. His eyes lit up like a Christmas tree when he saw his genuine J. C. Higgins tricycle with silver hubcaps and handle bar streamers from Sears and Roebuck! Just what he wanted!

When Dad handed my package to me, my heart sank. It was not even half big enough to be a BB gun. I opened it, fighting back the tears. It was a Little Ben pocket watch with a plaited leather fob. Okay, but not what I really wanted and hoped to receive.

"What time is it, Son?" Dad asked.

"It's ten minutes past six, sir," I replied, looking at the watch face through blurred eyes.

"Well, that means it's time for you to open your other present!" Dad exclaimed, pulling a decorated package from underneath the mohair couch.

Could it be the one and only?

"It's my Daisy Red Ryder! It's my Daisy Red Ryder!" I won't shoot my eye out! I

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