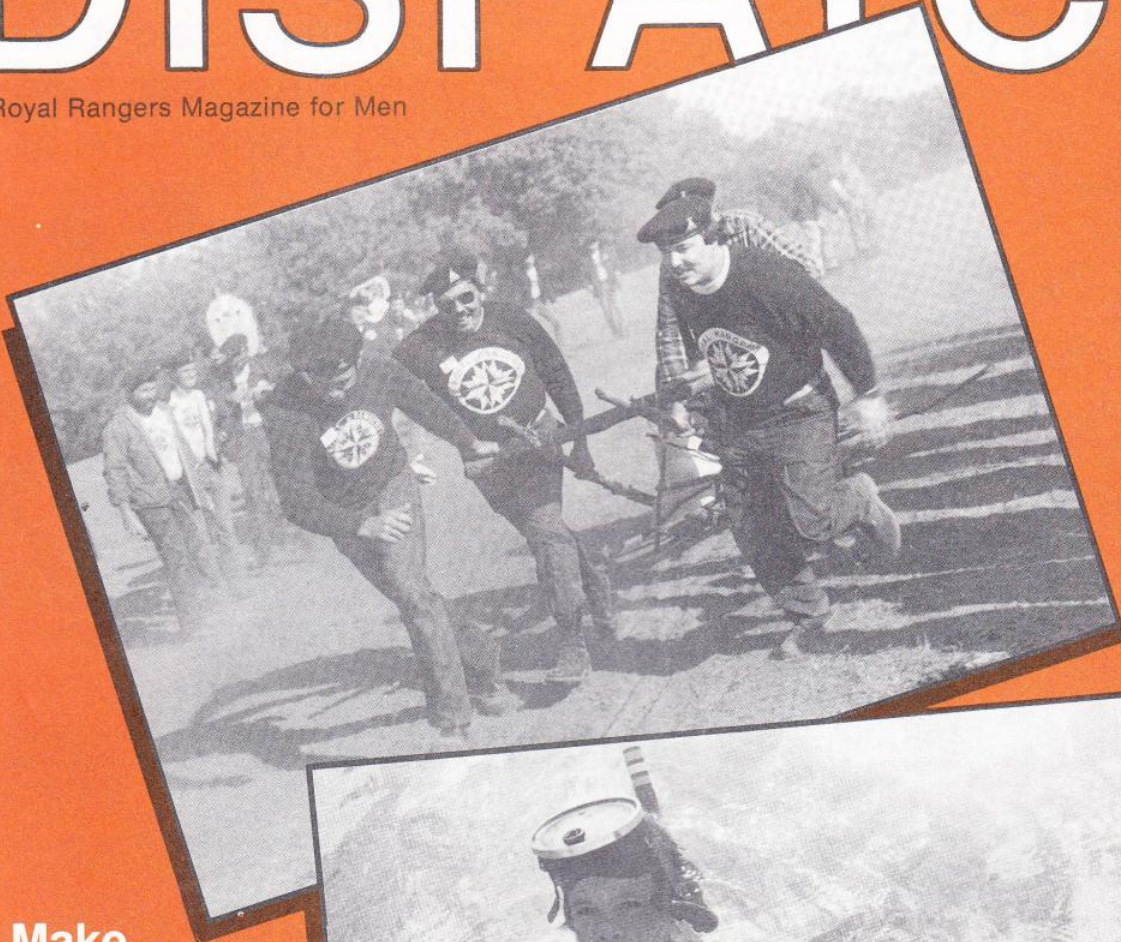


The First National Training Camp Remembered •
Living With Chiggers • Don't Kill Enthusiasm

DISPATCH

A Royal Rangers Magazine for Men

Summer 1984



**Make
Sure
You Are
Operating
Your
Outpost
Program To
Its Maximum
Potential.
Don't Let
Your Outpost Down.**

FEATURES

3 My Best Memory

by John Eller

The story behind the
1st National Training Camp

6 Three Cheers For Chiggers

by John E. Wylie

They don't suck your blood, but they
do eat your skin



8 Your Outpost Planning Guide

This is the time of the year to get your
boys outside in the field



10 Killing Enthusiasm in Royal Rangers

by Warren Bebout

Make sure you are operating your out-
post program to its fullest potential

11 Lost Opportunity

by Art Fee

Worthy Taylor wished to protect his
daughter's future. He could not permit
her to marry a poor farmhand.

12 A True Friend

by Cindy Deaton

Two people don't have to be just alike
to be friends, but they do need to be
honest



New Straight Arrow Advancement Requirements & Awards



STRAIGHT ARROW BRAVE

- *1. Attend the weekly Straight Arrow meet-
ing regularly for at least 2 months and
complete the weekly craft projects.
2. Memorize the Straight Arrow Pledge.
3. Select an Indian name and explain why
this name was selected.

STRAIGHT ARROW TRIBESMAN

- *1. Attend the weekly Straight Arrow meet-
ing regularly for 3 additional months
and complete the weekly craft projects.
2. Memorize the Golden Rule
3. Make an Indian-type necklace and wear
it to all Straight Arrow meetings.

STRAIGHT ARROW WARRIOR

- *1. Attend the weekly Straight Arrow meet-
ing regularly for at least 6 additional
months and complete the weekly craft
projects.
2. Memorize John 3:16.
3. Explain what it means to be a Chris-
tian. (This is an excellent time for the
leader to encourage a boy to accept
Christ if he has not already done so.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 15 ►

STAFF Editor: DAVID BARNES, Assoc. Editor: JOHN ELLER, Art: V. I. PRODUCTIONS, National Committee: SILAS GAITHER, DWAIN JONES, JOHNNIE BARNES, PAUL STANEK. **DISPATCH** (ISSN 0190-4264) published quarterly by Royal Rangers, 1445 Boonville Avenue, Springfield, Mo. 65802. Second-class postage paid at Springfield, Missouri. Copyright 1984 General Council of the Assemblies of God, Inc., Gospel Publishing House. Printed in the U.S.A.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Dispatch, 1445 Boonville Avenue, Springfield, Mo. 65802.

THE YEAR WAS 1968.
IT WAS THE OCCASION
OF THE 1ST NATIONAL
TRAINING CAMP.
JOHNNIE BARNES WAS
CAMP COMMANDER.
ELTON BELL WAS SENIOR GUIDE.
AS FOR THE AUTHOR, WELL,
HE WAS A TRAINEE!

MY BEST MEMORY IN ROYAL RANGERS

By JOHN ELLER



Someone asked me not long ago about my best memory in Royal Rangers. Because my personal involvement in this ministry began in December, 1962, they probably thought I would need time to think about it.

"That's easy," I said, "my best memory is NTC!"

You see, I was privileged to attend the *first* one, back in 1968. It was held at Camp Arrowhead near Marshfield, Missouri. Johnnie Barnes was Camp Commander and Elton Bell was Senior Guide. I was a trainee. So was Fred Deaver and Virg Palmer, and a host of others.

I almost didn't go. Pastoral duties always seem to increase when school starts, and I wasn't really sure if I could keep up with the pace. But with three of my own men taking time off work to go, I had no choice.

We arrived just before noon on Thursday, and stopped to take snapshots at the entrance. That was the last relaxing thing we did. Once in line for registration, I bumped into Senior Guide Bell, and my life would never be the same.

A schedule like I couldn't believe was thrust into our hands, then off like a whistle to pick up our tents and other gear. The tents were not the light weight nylon like we use today, but the old canvas wall tents.

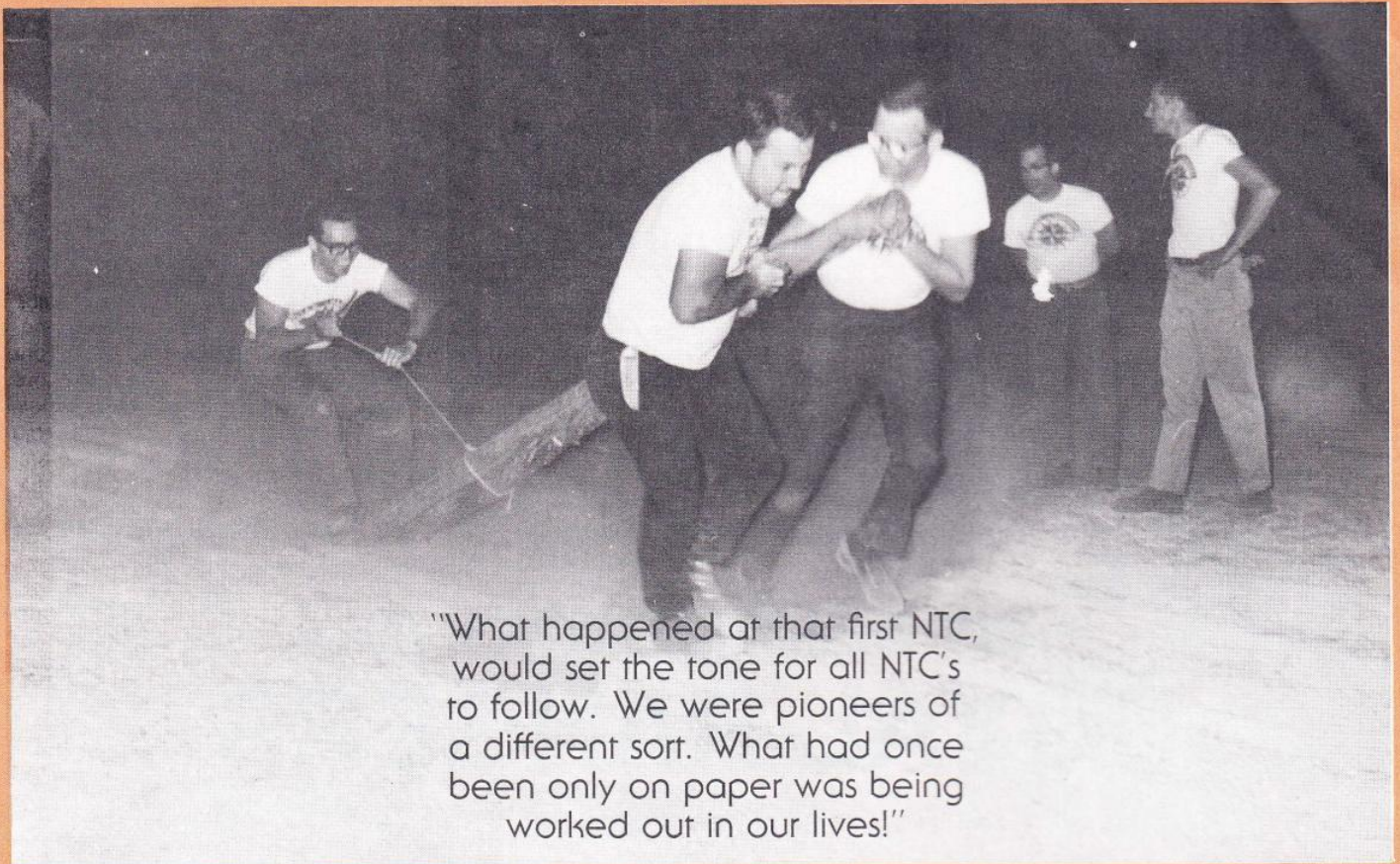
We arrived at the campsite to find that the campers before us had not done a very good job of clean-up. In addition, no one in our patrol—the famous Red Fox, if you please—had ever pitched a wall tent . . . except me. And I just happened to be Patrol Guide.

The rocky Ozark terrain was hard, resisting the stakes at each stroke of the

hammer. It had not rained for weeks, and the hillside was as dry as powder. I have done my share of labor—from picking cotton by hand to digging ditches with a shovel—but I have never spent more energy than I did the day we pitched four wall tents and a dining fly at NTC.

Word was already getting around to 'watch out for Bell,' but I passed it off as some kind of idle talk. But not for long. Through the woods came this big bear of a man with a sharp look out of his eye, and of all things, wearing a beret! Hooray, I thought, this guy is

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE ►



"What happened at that first NTC, would set the tone for all NTC's to follow. We were pioneers of a different sort. What had once been only on paper was being worked out in our lives!"

one of us after all! Was I in for a surprise.

He called us to attention, chewed us out for leaving an axe on the ground, and barked off something about us getting supper on the double and quitting this messing around.

Messing around? I had blistered both hands, skinned both knees, scraped an elbow, and pitched one of those tents three different times. A little word of praise wouldn't be half bad, you know. But he says we've been messing around!

The first night session did little to lift my spirits. This Senior Guide fellow looked at us with apparent disgust. I kept wondering who had made him mad.

Johnnie was saying something about attending all sessions, making notes, and completing all spare-time projects. He had hardly finished when Senior Guide Bell was on his feet, yelling for us to stand up and give three "How's." At first, I thought he said "howl," and I went through half the camp before Ollie Henley told me better.

The last speaker was just finishing, and I was thinking about how good the bed would feel tonight when Johnnie announced a "break." A break? It's time to go to sleep! And to top it all, we've got a campfire service yet tonight!

Past midnight, with the help of Bob King and Bob Roskowske, I crawled into my sleeping bag. It was a hot night. The moon was bright. Guys in the other tents were talking. It must have been two or after before I finally drifted off to sleep.

"Get up, you guys, get up, I say!" shouts

rang out in the stillness of the night. I looked at my watch. It was 3:35 a.m. I rolled over to go back to sleep when I heard the voice again. It sounded serious.

Bone weary, we rolled out to face a grim-looking Senior Guide Bell. He had found a live coal in our cooking fire. A morsel of food had been dropped at the edge of our campsite. Senior Guide was disturbed.

Bell declared a state of emergency. He ordered us to grab our flashlights and scout the area thoroughly for additional food samples. A quarter hour later, we had found none. At that point, we got a lecture of how exposed food and wastes draw in animals during the night, and how live coals start forest fires.

We wandered back to bed, wondering why our lives had taken such an abrupt change. Sleep came easy as a cool breeze began blowing through the tent and the sound of distant thunder promised showers.

I was awakened by flashes of lightning and claps of thunder. It was pouring down—raining cats and dogs—as we sometimes say. Everything was drenched, even the uniform I had planned to wear that day.

Breakfast did not come easy. Keeping an eye on the time, we hurried through our duties and headed out for morning assembly. The mud was all over my shoes. A rain suit I picked up on the way down was a size too small, so I lined up with the rest of the drowned chickens.

By now, another trainee had joined our patrol. It was "Sarge" Whitmire from St. Louis. Both clever and confident, he added

finesse to the Red Fox by calling cadence Marine-style.

"Omph! OOTH! HEE! Foe!" I thought such polish would make our patrol shine better, but it didn't. We still got wet.

Someone asked me, "What do you think they will do today, John?"

"Aw, I know Johnnie. He's a compassionate man. He'll call off the schedule and send us back to camp until the rain quits." I was confident.

Suddenly, Johnnie appeared with his Senior Guide. I could hardly make them out for the torrents of rain.

I was flabbergasted when Johnnie began to speak.

"Gentlemen, the schedule will go on as usual! This is National Training Camp, not a Sunday school picnic!"

I couldn't believe my ears.

"TEN-SHUN!" It was Bell again. Patrols were asked to report. Our patrol advisor, Mansel Ellis, looked at us like a possum eating green persimmons. I began to feel like we didn't have a friend on the whole staff!

Flags were inspected and critiqued. Johnnie's opinion of our artistic abilities was rather low. Individual inspection was slow and deliberate. With the rain coming down in sheets, we stood there 45 long minutes while Bell used his now famous ruler to make sure our patches were in proper order.



By now we had the message. It was the best lesson I ever learned in Royal Rangers. NOTHING CAN STOP A ROYAL RANGERS CAMPOUT!

It rained the solid day, but we didn't miss a minute on the schedule. We were making history. What we did here at this first NTC would set the tone for all NTC's to follow. We were pioneers of a different sort. What had once been only on paper was being worked out in our lives!

An interesting confrontation occurred Friday afternoon that has been re-told into virtual legend. Perhaps I should set the record straight.

During Nature Study, I became sick to my stomach. (It couldn't have been anything I ate, of course. Lunch was the best bologna money could buy, and everyone knows how bologna and me just don't get along. So much for the baloney.)

Anyway, I complained of my stomach ache to Johnnie, who, in turn, suggested I go to the main cabin and lie down on his bunk. That was fine until Senior Guide Bell came through.

"TRAINE-E-E!" he thundered, "what in creation are you doing in the Commander's bed?"

I stood to my feet and just looked at him, trembling. I was speechless. Would he believe Johnnie sent me here? Would he believe I was sick? I quickly calculated that no excuse would be acceptable, and concluded no excuse was better than a poor one. I braced myself for what was coming.

"Get back to your patrol!"

"Yes, SIR!"

"And stay out of the Commander's bed!" He had scared my upset stomach clean out of me.

By Friday night at the council fire, resentments had begun to fade at the camp. Instead, a sense of accomplishment was beginning to invade the atmosphere. God blessed, and our spirits were warm and alive. Even Senior Guide Bell was starting to look good.

By Saturday morning, muscles that I didn't know I had began to ache. But this was the last full day, and I meant to get the full benefit. I was too far to turn back now.

The overnighter took us over some rocky terrain to a hillside about a mile away from the camp proper. At that first NTC, our advisor gave us "sealed orders," which was actually a map to our camp. Eight patrols camped around the hillsides overlooking a lake.

Supper would be some kind of freeze-dried concoction no longer in production. It was called "Chicken Delight," but it tasted neither chicken or delightful. I longed for home.

Before nightfall, a snake would be killed in every camp. The one killed by the Red Fox Patrol was a copperhead.

All night long, I had dreams and visions. Dreams of snakes crawling in my sleeping bag and visions of them biting me. I would have gladly traded places with Jacob and wrestled the angel.

Before retiring, however, we all gathered for a campfire service down by the lake. The fellows asked me to bring devotions. The presence of the Lord was very real.

Sunday morning found us up in a hurry and back to the main campsite. Morning assembly was unforgettable. The Camp Chaplain was the Rev. Howard S. Bush, assistant general superintendent of the Assemblies of God. He commended the men for helping make history. Before the next NTC, Brother Bush would be with the Lord, and I myself would be chaplain.

Johnnie stepped forward and gave the final message.

As we marched back to our campsite one last time, an indescribable sadness took hold of me. This was the end! The camp was breaking up. We would all go our separate ways—back to the routine of our lives—back to our outpost. Ah—that was the bright spot. Think of all we could do that we never could have done before!

We started for home, tired, but happy, and rightfully proud of our blue berets. Stress training had worked. We had sold out to the Royal Rangers ministry. We knew what we could do, which was a lot more than we thought. Johnnie Barnes was our hero, our fellow trainees were bosom buddies, and Senior Guide Bell was a saint. We ourselves would never be the same. ★

3 CHEERS FOR CHIGGERS

By JOHN E. WYLIE

Contrary to popular opinion, chiggers don't suck blood; they eat skin.

They secrete saliva which breaks down the skin cells which the chiggers then eat.

AND, BOY DO THEY EAT, AND BOY DO WE ITCH!

After 35 years of intensive field research, I have determined that chiggers are neither rare nor endangered in Missouri.

Furthermore, with good management, I think we can open the season on them and still not deplete the resource. They are what we call a renewable resource—boy, are they renewable. I'm going to recommend to the Conservation Commission that the season run from June 15 to September 1. If you catch any before or after those dates, you have to throw them back. I will also suggest a limit of 10 per day and 20 in possession. Actually, the chiggers could stand a higher harvest rate, but I'm not sure that you and I could. There's no sense being hoggish about it.

Chiggers are bodacious little beasts—mites, in fact. Some call them red bugs. They are so tiny that most people can't see them, which is, perhaps, just as well. Keen-sighted folks claim they are red—hence the name red bugs.

Actually, they are not bugs nor even insects in the technical sense, but larval forms of mites. Mites are in a group of critters called arachnids. Ticks are the largest of the mites, and all mites are more nearly related to spiders and scorpions than they are to insects. Mites are technically known as Acari, which is the plural of their genus,

Acarus, and people who study them are called acarologists.

Scientists say that there are at least 2,500 species of chiggers worldwide, plus a whole lot more plain old mites. Some are ex-

"FOR SOME REASON, CHIGGERS AND PICKING BLACKBERRIES SEEM TO GO TOGETHER. I GUESS IT IS ONE OF THOSE RISK-REWARD SITUATIONS.

traordinary specialized. Fortunately, only a few of these get on people, and scientists are not too sure that they really like us. It seems that "our" chigger usually feeds on reptiles or birds and maybe another mammal now and then. However, the chigger that usually infests mammals like rabbits and squirrels doesn't like people. Furthermore, not all chigger bites itch. The tropical chiggers that carry the scrub typhus disease bite you and you never know it until you come down with fever.

Missouri chiggers do itch—how do they itch. My consultant acarologist, Professor Rollo P. Foggybottom says they occur statewide and are probably all over the eastern part of the United States. They like hot weather (over 60° F) and are thus more abundant—or voracious—in the southern parts of the state and the nation. In the adult form, these mites prey on insects and insect eggs.

Rollo explained why chiggers are so mean. Their parents, the adult mites, really don't have a love life. Papa chigger goes staggering around in the grass and leaves, and whenever the mood strikes him he leaves a stalked packet of sperm. Later, Mama chigger comes waltzing by and sort of engulfs the packet. To make matters worse, the adult chigger has a blind gut and is therefore in a constant state of constipation. No wonder they're mean. This orneriness apparently is passed on to their offspring. There they are ready to lurk, just waiting for a tasty morsel to come by.

Chiggers have a pair of piercing jaws called chelicerae. *Contrary to popular opinion, chiggers don't suck blood; they eat skin.* When they find a good tasty spot (often in an embarrassing location), they sink their jaws through the outer layer of our skin and secrete saliva with a potent enzyme that breaks down the skin cells which the chiggers then eat. They keep on spitting and eating until they are full. While they are doing this, our skin reacts defensively to the irritation by building a tubelike formation which Rollo calls a stylostome. The stylostome apparently is a combination of loose skin cells and chigger secretions. If a chigger hangs in there long enough (up to four days), the stylostome may get longer than the chigger itself. It is the stylostome which causes the itch, long after the chigger has left. Our skin continues to react, and we get to enjoy the itch for a week or 10 days until the stylostome is finally ab-

sorbed. This has led many people to think that chiggers burrow under our skin, but they don't. Even if you scratch it off or it leaves on its own, the itch welt stays, and this complicates treatment. This extreme bodily reaction to chigger bites probably indicates that we are a foreign host and not a preferred food. Now that's some consolation.

Some of you are doomed to disappointment as chigger hunter. You will never know the exquisite itch of a chigger bite. You are immune. Rollo says he isn't sure why. Maybe you don't react to the bites or maybe you just taste lousy. If you are one of these unfortunate souls, you won't want to read any further. But Rollo says that sometimes this immunity wanes with age, and you may yet get to join the crowd. Where there are chiggers, there is hope.

Preventing chigger bites is one thing; treating them is another. The professor suggests that you can use anything you want on them, and in 10 days they will heal—sort of like the common cold. People have been looking for cures for years; if you have found one that you have faith in,



stick with it. Faith alone is a powerful healer. Personally, I like fingernail polish or a dab of iodine. They ought to kill the chigger, if he is still there, and they divert my mind from the itch. Some of the commercial preparations and ointments which contain a local anesthetic seem to provide at least temporary relief.

If we are going to have a season on chiggers, you will want to catch your share, and you probably won't be interested in avoiding them. But if you are about to exceed your limit of chiggers, here are some things you can do:

1. Stay in the house all summer. Don't picnic, camp, hunt squirrels, fish, play golf or do any of the things which make summer fun.

2. If you should venture out in chigger country—your yard, city parks or the National Forest—take a hot shower with lots of soap when you get home. Be sure to wash your clothes in hot water, too; chiggers can lurk there for up to a week. I have never been able to figure out what to do with my boots, and I'm sure they provide a constant source of chiggers all summer.

3. Dusting your pants, socks and boots with flowers of sulphur seems to help. My

wife, who spent her girlhood summers in the woods along the Meramec River, swears by it. Early in our marriage, she got me to try it in my boots. Now old leather, sweat and sulphur combine into a powerful odor. It not only repelled chiggers but also repelled us, and in the interest of marital harmony, I quit using it. But if you are willing to sleep in the garage, you can try it.

4. Use any of several commercial repellents. They are not foolproof, but they seem to help with ticks and mosquitoes, too. Spray around your ankles, in your boots and around your waist. Some people also tuck their pants into their boots or tape the pants legs tightly.

5. You can spray your yard with diazinon or Kelthane if it is infested with chiggers. Follow label directions carefully and, for safety's sake, keep the kids and pets away until the spray dies.

My years of research has revealed several interesting facts. One is that chiggers seem to occur in coveys, schools, herds, or whatever you call a bunch of chiggers. They are not just everywhere. They inhabit islands of sorts. If you stumble onto a good spot, don't tarry too long or you'll go over your limit. Keep moving. Standing or sitting in one place gives them time to latch on. *For some reason, chiggers and picking blackberries seem to go together. I guess it is one of those risk-reward situations. Wild blackberry cobbler is hard to beat and worth a few chiggers.* Picnicking on the grass, still-hunting for squirrels and fishing in a farm pond are other favorite methods of getting a limit of chiggers.

It would be valuable to have a bird dog that points coveys of chiggers. Bill Graham, my neighbor, has a young setter which we are training as a chigger dog. He shows lots of promise and is already collecting ticks.

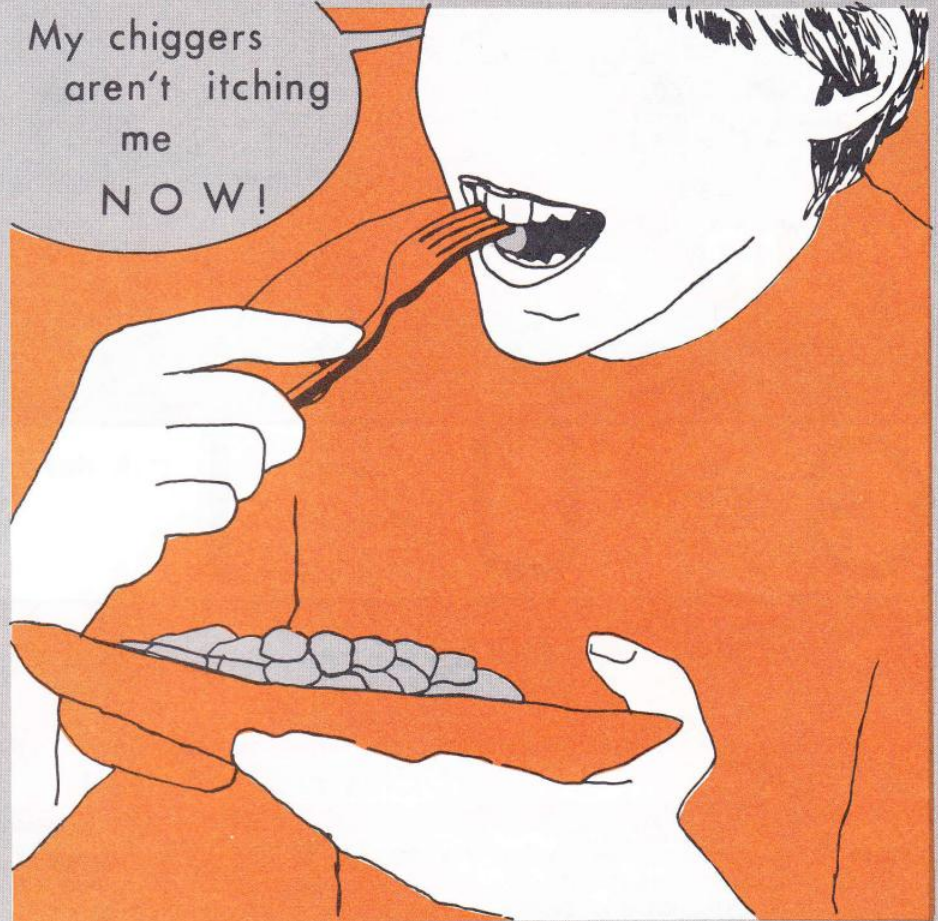
Another little-known fact about chiggers is that relative to their size, they are the fastest species in existence—with the pos-

Chiggers seem to zoom along until they run into an obstacle—like a fold of skin or tight-fitting clothes—before they bite. This leads me to one final method of avoiding chigger bites. I am somewhat reluctant to mention it, and I do so only in the interest of science. The solution is simple, really: Just take off all your clothes when you are running around in chigger country.

Actually, this idea was first brought to my attention many years ago by my boyhood

“My not-too-scientific studies show that a chigger can go from my ankle to my belt line in one hour. They seem to zoom along until they run into an obstacle, like a fold of skin or tight-fitting clothes before they bite.”

My chiggers
aren't itching
me
NOW!



“Wild Blackberry Cobbler is Hard To Beat And Worth A Few Chiggers!”

sible exception of a peregrine falcon in a dive. The much touted cheetahs and racehorses are slow by comparison. *My not-too-scientific studies show that a chigger can go from my ankle to my belt line in one hour.* In distance, that is equivalent to approximately 114,300 chigger body lengths. If you applied this ratio to a horse—which is, say, eight feet long—it could cover the distance between Springfield and Kansas City in one hour, galloping along at 173 mph. Not even Man of War could do that. Somebody needs to study chigger locomotion. We could probably put a man into orbit around Saturn if we could duplicate it.

buddy, Sockfoot Parsons. Sockfoot and I were sitting on Harper's Hill solving the problems of our young world. We had been swimming down at Parson's Ford on the Blackwater River. Today, they call the kind of swimming we did skinny-dipping, but in those days we thought it was the only way to swim. I doubt if we knew what a swimming suit was. Anyway, Sockfoot sat there scratching and sagaciously noted that we never got chiggers when we were swimming, only when we were dressed and walking home. Ergo, the way to avoid chiggers was to go naked. At the time, I thought maybe the mud and water might have had as much to do with this phenomenon as the bare skin, but being young and foolish, I was willing to try.

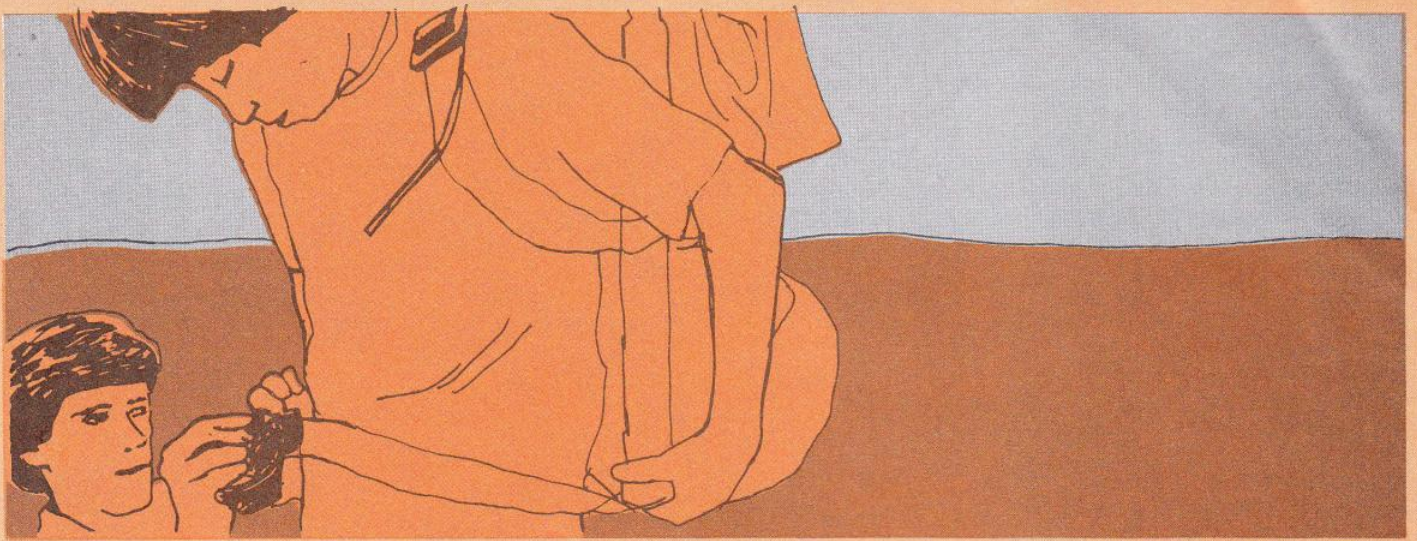
Actually, it worked pretty well, with two exceptions. Mothers frowned on it. And I really can't recommend birthday suits as suitable attire for picking blackberries. When we bent down to pick the berries, we had several painful experiences.

It was years later when I got to calculating chigger velocities that I finally figured out why Sockfoot's nude theory works. I now believe that those little red bugs build up a terrific head of steam, and when they don't encounter any obstacles, they just keep zooming up until there is no more flesh and then they fly off into space.

About the only problem I have in recommending a chigger season concerns law enforcement. I'm sure that senior citizens and youngsters under 15 won't have to have a license, and anybody else who has a bona fide hunting or fishing license, driver's license or maybe even a marriage license can hunt chiggers legally. The real problem is finding a publicly acceptable way for conservation agents to check bag limits.

We may have to hold public hearings on this. In the meantime, happy hunting.

Reprinted with permission from the *Misouri Conservationist*, copyright 1983. ★



YOUR OUTPOST P L A N N I N G G U I D E

JUNE Theme: *FIELD TRIPS*

FEATURE:	DEMONSTRATION	RESOURCE
Week 1. 1. Need for clean water 2. Conservation efforts 3. Pollution and side-effects 4. Water Treatments	Week 1. 1. Trip to local water plant 2. Field trip to nearest spring or creek 3. Boiling water to purify	Week 1. 1. Local water supply 2. Contact area conservation agent or hydrologist 3. Adventures in Camping
Week 2. 1. Fire safety 2. Importance of fire department 3. Basic duties of firemen (save lives, preserve property, put out fires)	Week 2. 1. Trip to local fire station 2. trip to local training area 3. Invite fire truck to outpost meeting	Week 2. 1. Local fire chief 2. Firemen in church 3. Local library for books on fire safety 4. Firecraft: Adventures in Camping
Week 3. 1. Importance of law enforcement 2. Obey the law 3. Consequences for disobedience 4. Benefits of abiding within law	Week 3. 1. Invite local police chief or attorney to speak 2. Field trip to prison farm or jail 3. Invite policeman with K-9 (dog)	Week 3. 1. Nearest police station 2. County sheriff 3. Local police bring car to meeting 4. Visit police shooting range or training area
Week 4. 1. Discovery of electricity 2. Many uses 3. Industry and electricity 4. Appliances and business	Week 4. 1. Visit generator plant 2. Build model generator 3. Demonstrate how power generated for auto 4. Show how batteries work 5. Have an electrician speak to outpost.	Week 4. 1. Local power & light co. 2. Library under "electricity" 3. Encyclopedias 4. Electronic or TV repairman 5. Invite a lineman to your meeting 6. Telephone company

JULY Theme: *FIELD DAYS*

FEATURE:	DEMONSTRATION	RESOURCE
Week 1. 1. Need for recreation 2. Physical development 3. Exercise & muscle building 4. Understanding how our bodies work 5. Health & hygiene 6. Nourishment	Week 1. 1. Outpost jogging day 2. Cross-country marathon 3. Races: 100-yard dash, mile run, etc. 4. Local P.E. instructor or football coach to speak	Week 1. 1. Sports magazines 2. Local library 3. Articles on physical fitness 4. Books on proper diet 5. Invite local medical doctor to speak
Week 2. 1. History of the Olympics 2. Involvement of youth 3. Competition as an incentive 4. Training for the Olympics 5. Giving life your best effort	Week 2. 1. Local track meet 2. Demonstrate: a. javelin b. discus c. broad jump d. pole vault e. hurdles f. relay races	Week 2. 1. High school or college P.E. department 2. Local coaches 3. Athletic associations 4. Local track stars 5. Sport biographies
Week 3. 1. Purpose of sports 2. How to be a good sport 3. Getting along 4. Working as a team 5. Social adjustment 6. Fulfillment	Week 3. 1. Set up your own obstacle course 2. Plan a sack race 3. Football: kick pass 4. Baseball: hit, throw 5. Basketball: baskets, dribbling passing	Week 3. 1. High Adventure 2. Dispatch 3. Leader's Manual 4. Adventures in Camping 5. Check library for references for different sporting activities
Week 4. 1. Relationships with others 2. The give-and-take of life 3. Making the best of what you have 4. Helping others 5. Winning friends & influencing people	Week 4. 1. Outdoor games: a. tag b. steal the bacon c. tug of war 2. Outdoor activities: a. hike b. backpack c. campout	Week 4. 1. Bookstore for game books 2. Ask boys to suggest games 3. Assign each commander to come up with new game 4. Game section of Dispatch

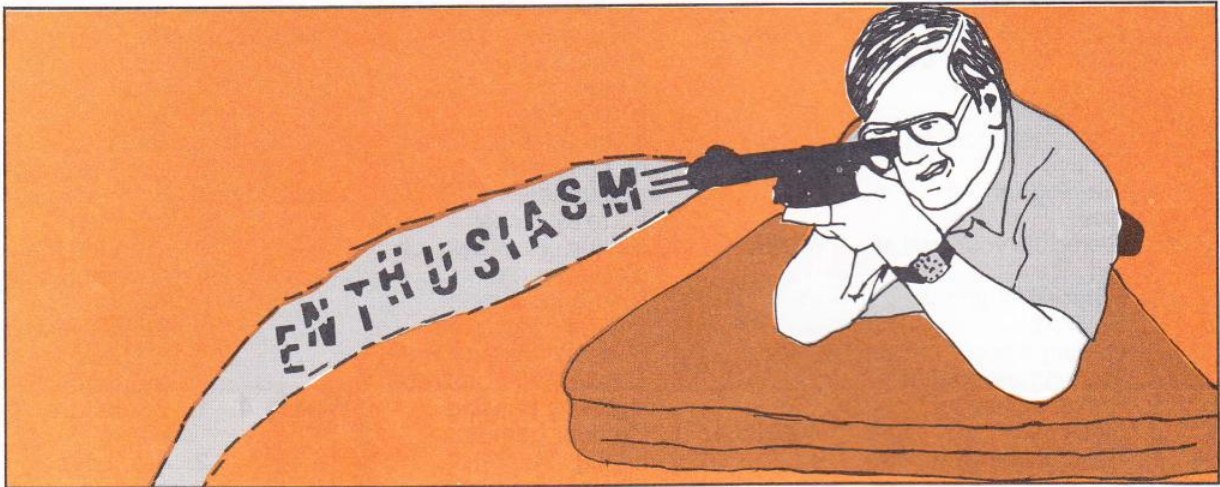
AUGUST Theme: *FIELD & STREAM*

FEATURE:	DEMONSTRATION:	RESOURCE
Week 1. 1. Fishing for sport 2. Fishing for food 3. Fresh & salt water fishing 4. Commercial fishing 5. Fishing for men	Week 1. 1. Outpost fish-out 2. Fish fry 3. Contest for largest fish 4. Involve fathers 5. Demonstration casting, trolling, etc.	Week 1. 1. Magazine racks 2. Fishermen in church 3. Books on fishing 4. Chart showing kinds of fish 5. Local office of conservation
Week 2. 1. Outdoor lifestyle 2. Camping for fun 3. Camp procedure: a. shelter b. fire c. wood 4. Camp duty roster 5. Camp activities	Week 2. 1. Toolcraft 2. Firecraft 3. Ropecraft 4. Backpacking 5. Lashing 6. First Aid 7. Water safety 8. Tent pitching	Week 2. 1. Adventures in Camping 2. Leader's Manual 3. Camp section of your local library 4. NTC graduates 5. Army-Navy surplus 6. Hardware store 7. Camp supply store
Week 3. 1. God created the great out-of-doors 2. We should enjoy the outdoors 3. We should preserve and conserve resources	Week 3. 1. Plan exploration: a. wooded area b. animal habitat c. creek or river d. cave or cavern e. lake f. nature trail	Week 3. 1. State Historical Society 2. U.S. Dept. of Interior 3. Automobile Club

CONTINUED ON PAGE 15 ►

KILLING ENTHUSIASM IN ROYAL RANGERS

ARE YOU GUILTY?



By WARREN BEBOUT

"MAKE SURE YOU ARE OPERATING YOUR OUTPOST PROGRAM TO ITS MAXIMUM POTENTIAL. DON'T LET YOUR OUTPOST DOWN BY RESTRICTING ITS ENTHUSIASM."

"How many of these areas could you improve on? Use this list as a check list for your outpost program and refer to it often."

Throughout the years, I have witnessed Royal Rangers leaders conducting their outpost meetings and managing their outpost programs. What I did not see I learned from asking boys about their outpost programs. Their answers told me whether their Royal Rangers leaders were conducting their outpost programs properly.

During my years in different leadership positions in various outposts, I have repeatedly learned how easy it is to kill enthusiasm in a Royal Rangers program. This is a fact that really disturbs me.

To illustrate what I am talking about, I've listed here the "sure-fire" ways to kill enthusiasm in an outpost meeting.

1. Do not use the 9-point meeting plan for your outpost meetings.
2. Do not plan your Royal Rangers meetings in advance—just ad lib.

3. Do nothing during the outpost meetings except play ball.
4. Do not use the patrol method in your outpost program.
5. Do not teach camping skills to the Pioneer age group.
6. Do not possess or wear a Royal Rang-



ers uniform, or stress, push, or encourage the use of uniforms. Khaki shirts are O.K., but khaki trousers are not necessary.

7. Close down the outpost program during the summer months, give yourself a vacation!

8. Hold your outpost meetings every other week. Weekly is too often.
9. Leaders need not enroll in leadership training if they are not interested.
10. Do not participate in any sectional, district, or national Royal Rangers activities. It's too much work.
11. Boys don't need all of their Royal Rangers handbooks or uniform items.
12. Do not charter your outpost—it's not necessary.
13. Don't accept advice or suggestions from sectional Royal Rangers officers.
14. Run your Royal Rangers outpost the way you want to. You don't have to follow the Royal Rangers Leader's Manual.
15. Royal Rangers leaders habits and ideals don't have to be above reproach.
16. Don't push advancement. It's too much work—coast along.
17. Don't plan any advancement award ceremonies—they're too much work!
18. Don't plan any Royal Rangers activities in advance—just do it on "the spur of the moment," impromptu-like. Surprise everyone!

19. A Royal Rangers leader shouldn't have to do more than he has to!
20. A Royal Rangers leader doesn't have to show any enthusiasm in his outpost meetings.
21. Don't recognize visitors in your meetings. They won't return anyway.
22. Don't congratulate your boys on a "job well done."
23. Royal Rangers leaders don't need to know what is in the boys handbooks.
24. You don't have to start your meetings on time. You can be late, as some boys are.
25. Don't put out an outpost newsletter.

- Besides, it's too much work!
26. You don't have to use advancement poster charts in your outpost meetings—they don't work anyway.
 27. Don't conduct any "open house" activities where you would have to invite the boys parents. It's just too much work.
 28. Don't hold any M/M father and son banquets. Again, too much work.

There are probably other items that could be added to list. My question to you as a Royal Rangers commander is, How many of these things are you guilty of as a Royal Rangers leader? How many of these areas could you improve on? Use this list as a

check list for your outpost program and refer to it often. *Make sure you are operating your outpost program to its maximum potential. Don't let your outpost down by restricting its enthusiasm.* Keep the enthusiasm high in your outpost program by correcting some of these things listed here.

When you do, you'll notice the enthusiasm rise in your boys and in your outpost program as a whole. Your outpost program will become more successful than it ever was. Try it and see!

Above all, ask the LORD to help you in every task you undertake in your Royal Rangers ministry. ★

LOST OPPORTUNITY

By Art Fee

A poor, honest, young man who is refused permission to marry the woman he loves, doesn't let his sorrow stop him from making something of himself



The teenage boy had walked long and far, carrying his few clothes in a bundle on his back. He was searching for summer work. Near the close of day a large farmhouse came into view. Near it was a huge barn and a number of sheds. Several cows grazed in the pasture. To Jim it looked like a good place to find work. The dogs started barking as he drew near. He knocked on the front door. A beautiful young woman about his own age answered. "Is your father in?" Jim asked.

"I will call him," she smiled. Her father, Worthy Taylor, was a big man, well off and a leader in the community.

"I'm looking for work," Jim stated.

"Can you milk cows?"

"Yes, I can milk cows, clip sheep, drive horses, cut wood, and do anything on a farm."

"I think I can use you," Taylor replied. What's your first name?"

"Jim," the lad answered.

Taylor took Jim down to the barn. Above the cows in the haymow was a small space by the hay, room for his bunk and a few nails to hang his clothes. There is where Jim slept that summer. He didn't eat with the family. He was the hired man and he ate alone in the kitchen.

That summer Jim milked cows, clipped sheep, cultivated corn, cut wood and made himself generally useful. But Worthy's daughter who met Jim at the door watched him very closely. She soon saw something wonderful in him. They got to know

each other and alone under the stars, they unburdened their hearts to each other and revealed hidden secrets; their dreams, longings and aspirations.

Before the summer was over they were both desperately in love with each other. Jim did the big thing and went to Worthy Taylor and told him he was in love with his daughter and asked permission to marry her sometime in the future.

Taylor never stopped to ask Jim about his family, finances, or his plans. Instead he flew into a rage and in a tirade of vicious words he told Jim he would never marry his daughter under any circumstances. He had no money, no name, no family, no connections and in general he was a poor prospect, and he would never allow the likes of him to marry his daughter.

Jim was bowled over by the wicked barrage of negative, defaming words that were hurled at him with cannon force and machine gun rapidity by the girl's enraged father. Jim felt he was cut to pieces and bleeding inside. He had worked hard all summer to prove himself worthy. Now all his plans, dreams and aspirations had withered away under this verbal blast. He went back to the haymow in a daze, packed his few belongings and headed down the road away from the Taylor farm and the girl he had hoped to marry.

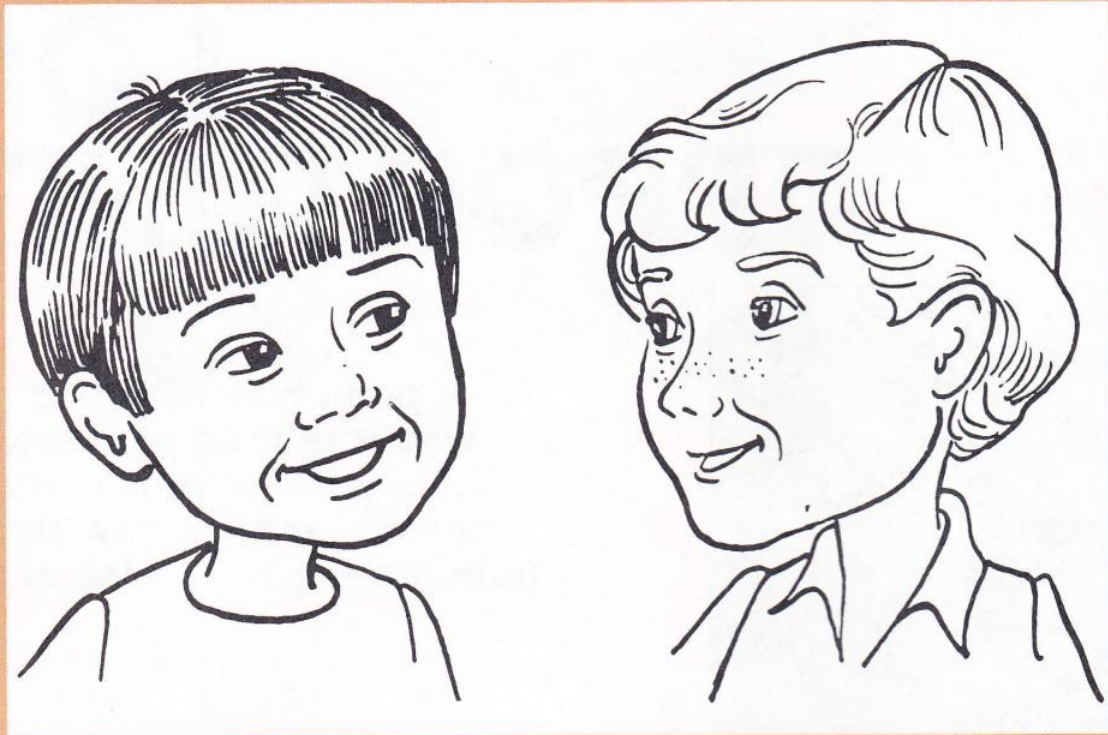
It was twenty-five years later. Worthy Taylor decided to build a bigger barn. In the process of pulling down the old barn, up in the haymow where Jim had slept, on one of the rafters near

CONTINUED ON PAGE 15 ►

ENLARGE THESE ILLUSTRATIONS AND USE THEM ALONGSIDE YOUR DRAMATIC READING OF THIS TALE OF TRUE FRIENDSHIP. DON'T PASS UP THIS OPPORTUNITY TO REACH, TEACH, AND KEEP BOYS FOR CHRIST.

A TRUE FRIEND

By CINDY DEATON



Wednesdays were always test days in Mrs. Lang's 5th grade class. The classroom was quiet as the students busily worked to finish their tests before the bell rang to dismiss them for the day. The only sound that could be heard was the occasional buzzing of a fly.

Dan Moore, one of the brightest boys in the class, stared in concentration at his test paper. The unexpected noise of a pencil dropping on the floor distracted him for an instant. He looked up and saw his best friend, Jay Tood, getting out of his seat to retrieve the pencil rolling down the aisle.

As Jay bent over to pick up the pencil, he kicked it under one of the chairs. Dan watched Jay use this opportunity to scan test papers for answers before returning to his desk. Mrs. Lang was so busy writing their reading assignments on the chalk board that she didn't notice Jay being out of his seat.

Five minutes before the bell, Mrs. Lang collected the test papers and instructed them to put their homework assignments on her desk before leaving. Jay whispered

"Dan exclaimed, 'I like you just as you are, Jay. You don't have to try to become like me in order to keep my friendship. Two people don't have to be just alike to be friends. They only have to be honest with each other.'"

to Dan, "I had trouble with one of the problems. Let me see your paper for a minute."

"Do your own homework!" Dan snapped angrily, still shocked that *his* best friend had cheated on the test. He dropped his paper on the teacher's desk and hurried out the door without waiting for Jay as he usually did. It seemed strange not walking home with his friend, but Dan was so upset that he didn't even want to see Jay, much

less talk to him!

Dan didn't feel like eating or going to Rangers that night. He pretended that nothing was wrong so that his mother wouldn't ask him a lot of questions. Getting dressed was such an effort, but he put on his uniform anyway and rode with his family in the car to church.

Jay was already there when Dan entered the room where the Pioneers met. Ordinarily they saved each other a seat. Even if Jay had saved a place for him, Dan would still have chosen a seat as far away as possible.

The meeting was lively and interesting with a puppet show for the highlight. Dan forgot about his problems for a short while as he watched the puppets portraying the parable Jesus told in Luke 18:10-14. The Pharisee puppet was very impressed with himself, bragging about his goodness as he prayed, while the sinner cried loudly in the background, beating his chest and begging for mercy.

The meeting was dismissed with prayer. The boys filed out hurriedly to locate their

families. Dan had been sitting near the door so he was one of the first to leave. He glanced over his shoulder trying to find Jay. Jay avoided Dan's gaze when their eyes met. Both boys went home without speaking.

Dan was silent most of the way home. *Why should he be mad at me? I'm not the one who cheated,* he thought. That night he prayed, "Lord, I know I need to forgive Jay. How can I let him know when he won't even talk to me? Please help me tomorrow."

Dan drifted off to sleep not having the slightest idea of how their friendship might be restored. That night he dreamed that Jesus came to his room. Jesus reminded him of how his best friend, Peter, had betrayed him, yet he forgave him. Dan felt all the hurt and hard feelings toward Jay disappear as he embraced his Lord.

The dream seemed so real! Dan was sorry to see it end. It was time to get ready for school by then. He was ready to head out the door when he realized he didn't have his homework. His mother helped him look and at last they found it. He barely made it to school before the tardy bell. *Now I'll have to wait till recess,* he thought, disappointed that he wasn't able to talk to Jay before the day started.

Mrs. Lang passed out their test papers from yesterday. Dan's had a perfect score marked in red at the top. Jay's also had a high mark. She announced that she suspected that some cheating had taken place and went on to outline what punishment could be expected if it continued.

"You who are guilty will get by this time because I didn't catch you," Mrs. Lang warned, "but next time you'll get a zero and three days of detention. Those who co-

operate, even if they aren't cheating themselves will also be subject to punishment." Dan and Jay looked at each other fearfully.

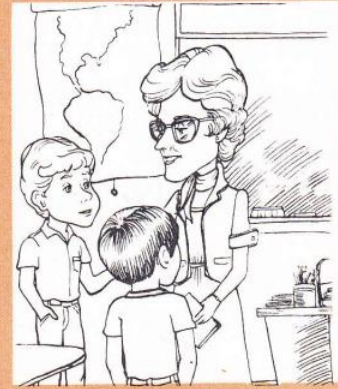
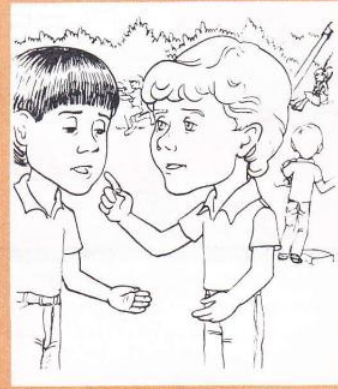
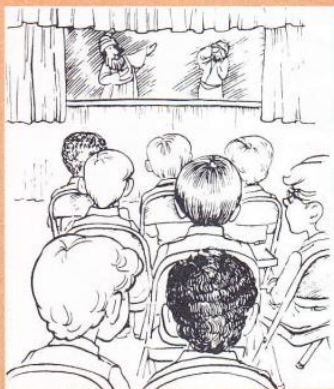
The recess bell cut her lecture short, to the relief of Dan and Jay. Jay hung his head in embarrassment as Dan approached. At first they just stared at each other, then apologies followed the awkward silence between the boys.

"You're my friend," Dan pleaded, "but if I keep quiet about seeing you cheat, we'll both be doing wrong! I want you to come with me to the teacher and tell her the truth."

"I don't want three days detention," Jay protested.

"Neither do I," Dan explained, "but we've disobeyed and we deserve whatever punishment she gives us. Let's get it over with and start being honest again—with everyone! Remember how they told us in Rangers last night that Jesus will never turn us

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14 ►





10



11

away when we really ask forgiveness, no matter how bad we've been?"

Jay nodded, "You're right," he admitted, "let's go talk to her before the bell rings and the other kids get there."

Mrs. Lang listened to their story. "Because you were honest," she responded, "I'll only give you one day of detention and Jay won't lose credit for the test. I have a few jobs for you two, so meet me after class today."

The boys were so relieved. They felt so light and clean inside, the detention didn't even matter. The rest of the day passed quickly. Dan and Jay remained in their seats while the other boys and girls rushed out the door to leave for home. Mrs. Lang gave them the tasks of erasing the boards and dusting the erasers.

"I'm sorry to have gotten you in trouble for something I did," Jay confided as they walked outside to dust the erasers.

"Don't worry about it," Dan assured him. "I should have offered to help you with your homework, but I was too angry. I'd still never let you copy mine, but I'll be glad to help you figure it out yourself."

"I had no right to ask," Jay confessed. "It's just that sometimes I feel so dumb next to you. I'm afraid you won't like me because my grades aren't as good. The only reason I cheated was because I wanted a perfect score so I could impress you."

"How silly!" Dan exclaimed. "I like you just as you are. You don't have to try to become like me in order to keep my friendship. Two people don't have to be just alike to be friends. They only have to be honest with each other."

The chalk dust had settled on their hair and faces by the time they finished. "You two *ghosts* may leave now," Mrs. Lang said with a chuckle as they returned the erasers.

"I'll never do anything so foolish again," Jay promised as they were walking home. "I don't have to pretend to be someone I'm not with a true friend." ★



"I TOLD YOU WE WERE TOO CLOSE TO THE BASKETBALL COURT!"



"A CHILD PRODIGY, SON, IS A BOY ABOUT YOUR AGE, WHO DOESN'T NEED TO ASK QUESTIONS!"

WHAT'S NEW

NATIONALLY
CONTINUED FROM P. 2

STRAIGHT ARROW HUNTER

- *1. Attend the weekly Straight Arrow meeting regularly for 6 additional months and complete the weekly craft projects.
2. Memorize The Lord's Prayer.
3. Name two famous hunters in the Bible.
4. Bring a friend to the Straight Arrow meeting.

STRAIGHT ARROW SCOUT

- *1. Attend the weekly Straight Arrow meeting regularly for 6 additional months and complete the weekly craft projects.
2. Memorize the Twenty-third Psalm.
3. Give the Straight Arrow Motto and explain its meaning.

*PLEASE NOTE

Boys who have a legitimate reason for missing a meeting may be allowed to "make up" the meeting by attending an additional meeting/meetings for this requirement. ★

LOST OPPORTUNITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

his bed was a man's name in bold handwriting. When Worthy Taylor saw it he turned deathly pale. A picture of a familiar face appeared on the front page of the paper and it stated that that man had been inaugurated as the 20th President of the United States. Worthy read the name again, James Abram Garfield and whispered, "Now he's the President of the United States."

Twenty-five years before James Abram Garfield had asked for the hand of his daughter. He didn't see anything in the boy—or hadn't he looked? His daughter saw something. She saw he worked long and hard and did more than he was asked. In him she saw a real gentleman in the way he treated her mother and the other members of the family. She knew he was kind by the way he treated animals. Yes, she knew he belonged to a good family and was the youngest of five children. She knew he was working his way through Williams College, majoring in German and education. She knew he had dreams of entering politics and someday becoming President of the United States and she dreamed of someday being the First Lady. She watched him walk down that lonely road and out of her life. She knew he was the best and biggest man she would ever meet.

How different things would have been for the Taylor family if Worthy had sat down with Jim and his teenage daughter and had a quiet talk.

Beware of "judging" too quickly. Let's pray that God will give us wisdom as we evaluate young people. Sometimes only He knows the great potential they represent. ★

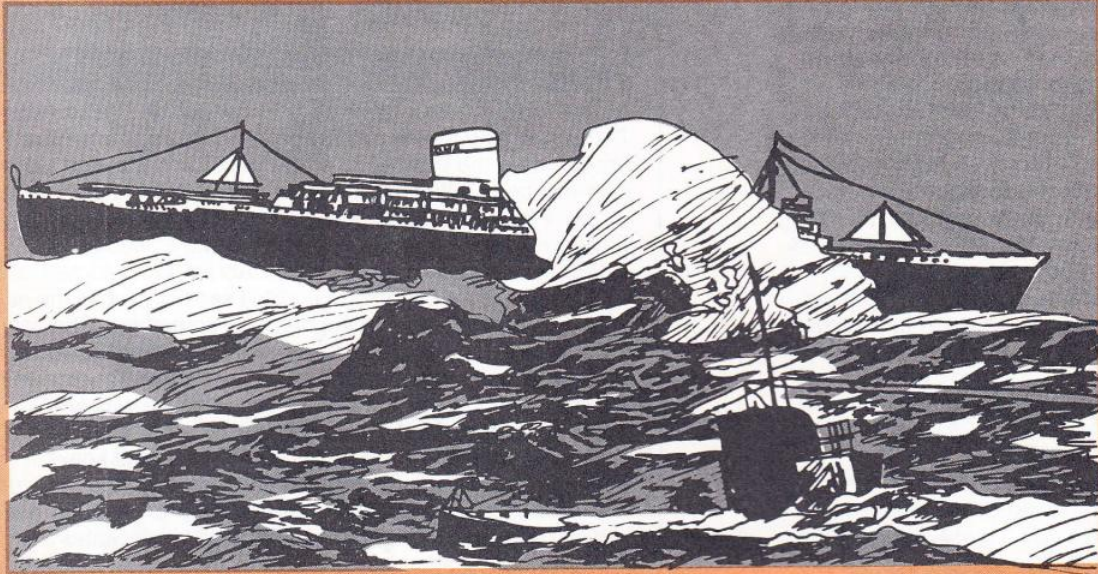
YOUR OUTPOST PLANNING GUIDE

continued from page 9.

AUGUST

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <p>Week 4.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Boating safety 2. Rules of waterways 3. Explain how a boat or canoe is built 4. Historical importance of navigation <p>Week 5.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Animals in their environment 2. Observing animals 3. Bird watching 4. Animal signs 5. Learning their habits 6. Tracking | <p>Week 4.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Plan a canoe trip or boat expedition 2. Demonstrate water skiing 3. Plan a swimming meet 4. Demonstrate scuba diving <p>Week 5.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Set up track molds 2. Field trip to look for animal tracks 3. Assign boys to do a page of animal tracks found in your area | <p>Week 4.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. County farm agent 2. Local parks and recreational personnel 3. Speleological Society 4. State Conservation Assoc. 5. Outdoor magazines. 6. Boat and canoe sales offices 7. People in church owning boats or canoes 8. Local library 9. Leader's Manual: water safety 10. Adventures in Camping <p>Week 5.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. High Adventure 2. Adventures in Camping 3. Outdoor publications 4. Animal section in any public library 5. Paw-prints of pets 6. Bird tracks 7. Stalking game |
|---|--|---|

GOD IS LIKE AN UNSEEN
WARSHIP.
HE IS AT ALL TIMES
STANDING BY,
THOUGH NOT SEEN.



I'M STANDING BY

By CHRIS LOW

It happened during World War II, when an ocean liner, leaving a British port, prepared to return to the U.S.A. Enemy submarines and warships were scattered all about, putting the liner in peril as it precariously crossed the Atlantic. The captain of the liner was, however, given secret directions charting the route. A special instruction was noted: "Keep straight on course. Turn aside for nothing. If you need help, send a wireless message in code."

A few days later, the liner was again trailed by an enemy submarine. The captain immediately sent a coded message: "Enemy sighted, what to do?" The reply came from an unseen ship: "Keep straight on, I am standing by!"

Even though the captain could not see the friendly vessel, it managed to reach port safely. Within a short while the friendly warship also slipped into port.

Though, continually out of sight, it had protected the liner.

Do you know that God is like this unseen warship. He is at all times standing by, though not seen. The wireless message code is just like praying, which only God can interpret. Fear may sweep in, we may even cry out, but He has sent His assuring words: Read Joshua 1:5 "I will not fail thee nor forsake thee."

So take courage, knowing that God is with you wherever you go. ★