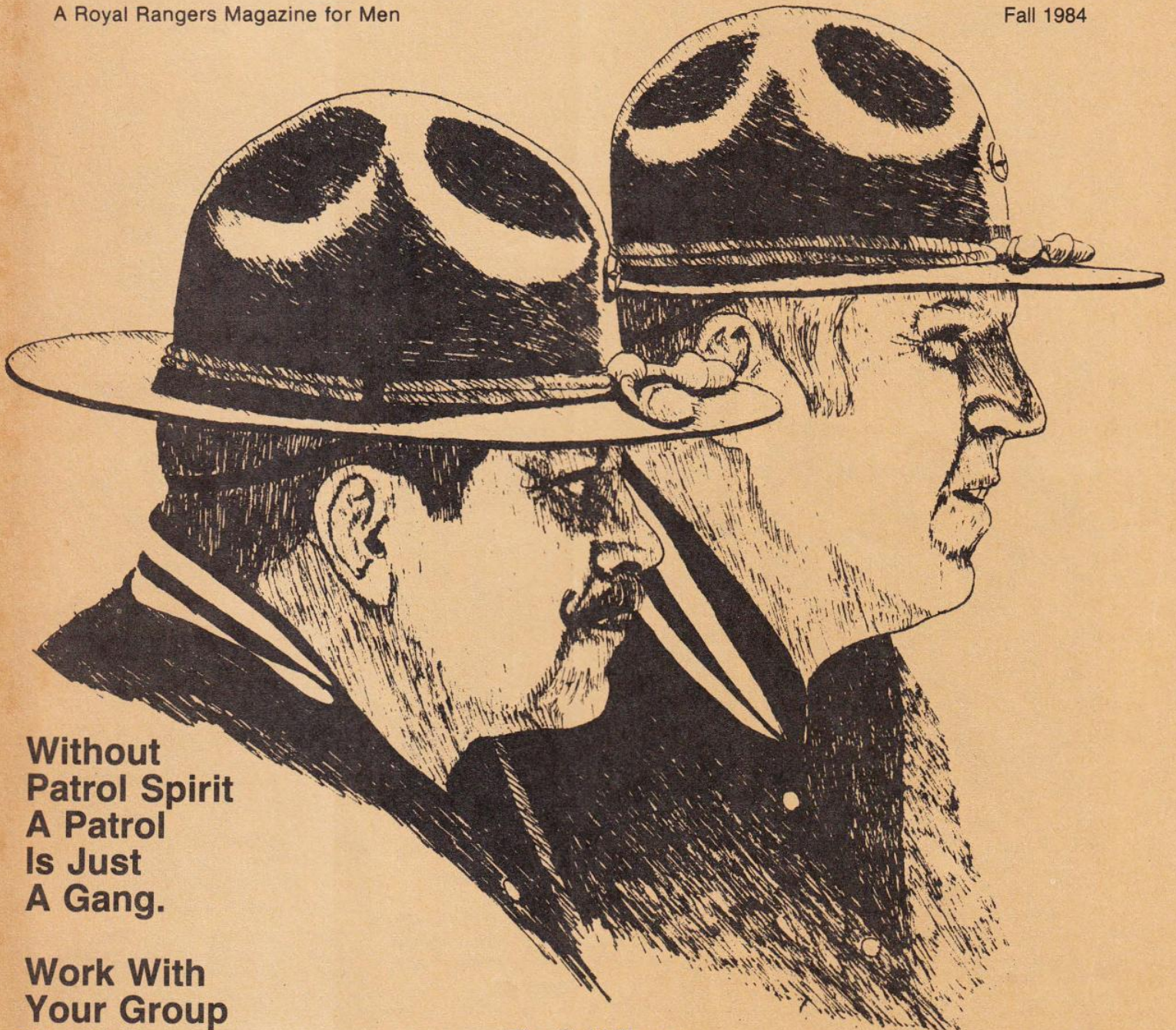


God Cares • Patrol Spirit • Camp Hoppes •
The Importance of the Uniform • NTC •

DISPATCH

A Royal Rangers Magazine for Men

Fall 1984



Without
Patrol Spirit
A Patrol
Is Just
A Gang.

Work With
Your Group
To Help
Make Them
Energetic, Committed And Ready!

The Gold Teepee

FRED
DEAVER
1985

DISPATCH

WHAT'S
NEW
NATIONALLY
?

FALL 1984

Vol. 21, No. 1

FEATURES

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by Bob Fox

God reminds us to keep our eyes on the message and not on the messenger. The message is 'I care'.

4 Patrol Spirit

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Turn your patrol into a REAL patrol by working together.



5 I Think I'll Get Out of the Program

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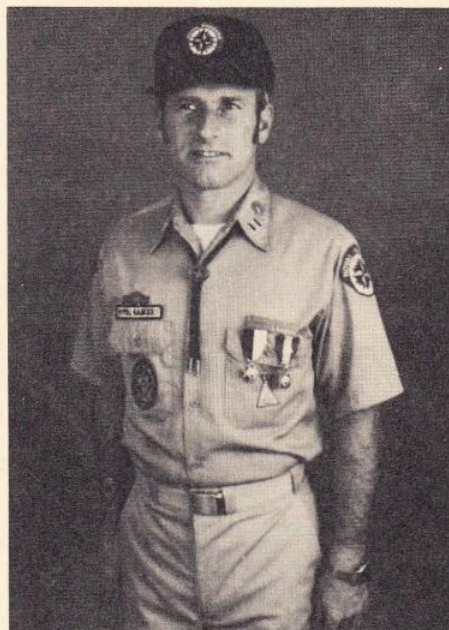
by Leon Wills

The Oklahoma District wishes to thank a very special couple.

9 The Importance of the Uniform

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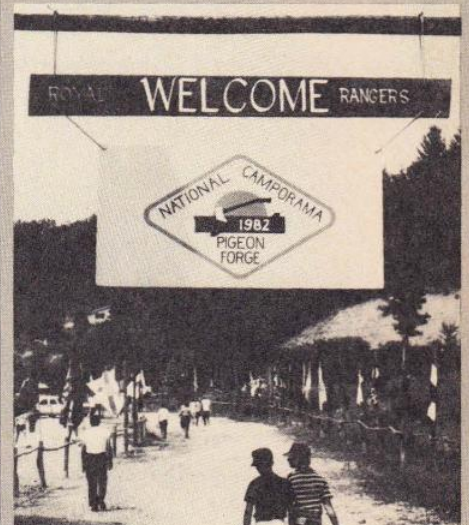
There is an inherent urge in mankind to belong to something.



12 I Was Rejuvenated by the Power of the Holy Ghost

by Ted Barnes

It was an NTC that no one will forget. Six men received the baptism in the Holy Spirit one night and many were healed.



CUT & CHOP CARD

A Cut & Chop Card/(Toolcraft) is now available from the Gospel Publishing House. The order number is 07-5260. A Royal Ranger should meet the requirements for a Cut & Chop Card before carrying or using an axe or knife.

STRAIGHT ARROW CLOTHING

The Straight Arrow vest is now available from the Gospel Publishing House. The sizes and order numbers are: small 08-0434, medium 08-0435, large 08-0436. The color is red and the Straight Arrow strip and Royal Rangers emblem are already sewn to the vest.

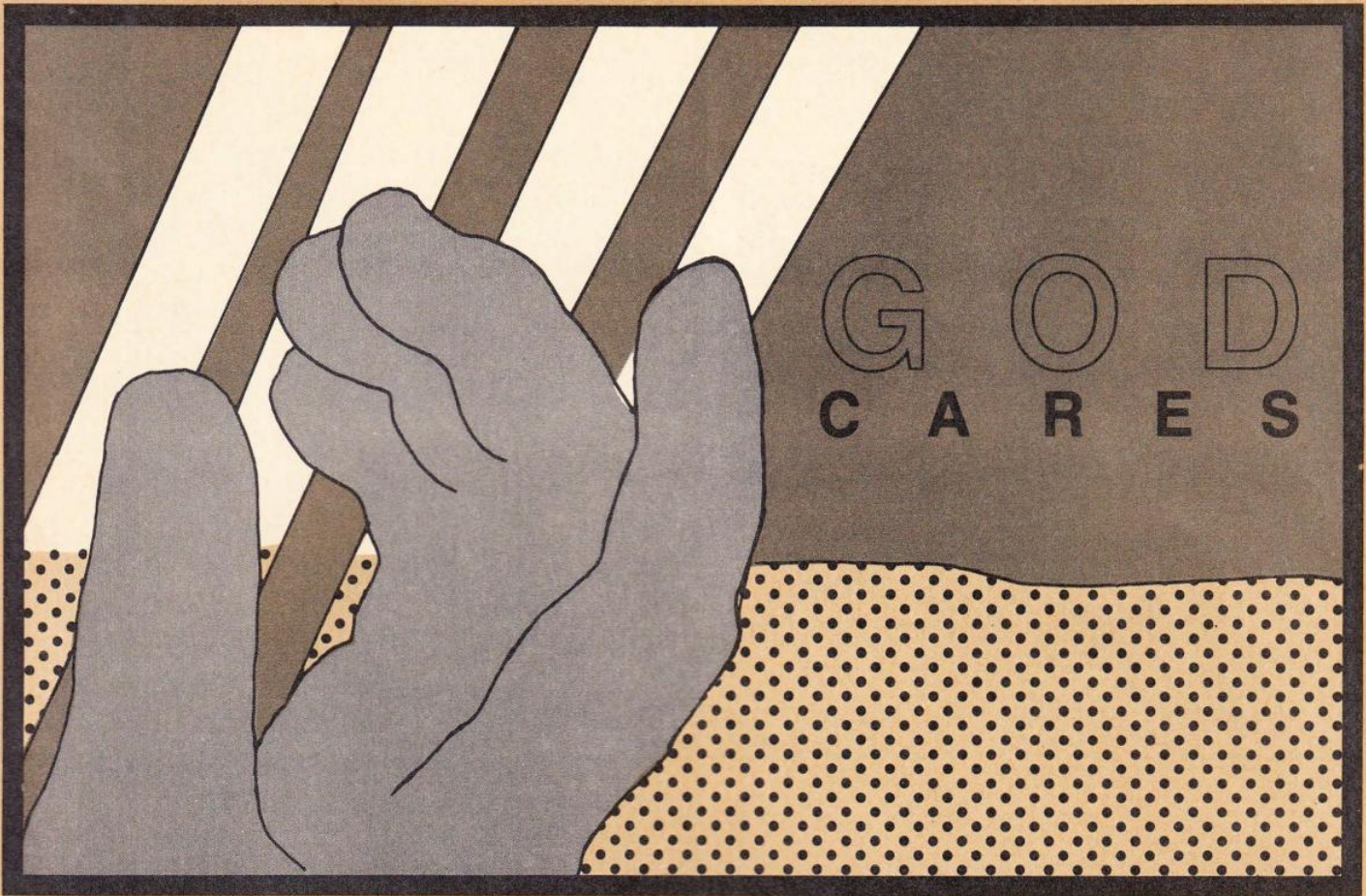
NATIONAL CAMPORAMA

The Third National Camporama will be held on July 22-26, 1986. The site will be Lakeview, Missouri, which is approximately 40 miles south of Springfield, Missouri.

STAFF Editor: DAVID BARNES, Assoc. Editor: JOHN ELLER, Art: V. I. PRODUCTIONS, National Committee: SILAS GAITHER, DWAIN JONES, JOHNNIE BARNES, PAUL STANEK.

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BY BOB FOX

"God's provision in meeting the outpost needs, and the overwhelming presence of God, are things I cannot put out of my mind."

"God is on the move in Royal Rangers. He wants us to keep our eyes on the message however, and not on the messenger. The message is 'I care.'"

A feeling of awe surrounds me when I think of God's goodness in providing for us, and at times through the most unlikely vessels. A few months ago, a boyhood friend came to visit our home. James had left our country town 30 years ago to find work in the city. He had been raised in a home that had a very meager income. His mother served God, and my wife and I provided transportation to church for her, several years preceding her death. James' conversion as a young boy did not survive a summer. He turned to drink, and was in and out of jail. James said, "Bob I want to give \$10,000 to your church, in memory of my mother, and in appreciation for what you are doing with boys in Royal Rangers."

James had married, settled down, got an education in years of night school and was a prosperous man, not a Christian, not yet . . . but I was aware as he tearfully spoke

of the strong inner compulsion to give the gift, that it would not be long before he accepted Christ.

God's provision in meeting the outpost needs, and the overwhelming presence of God, are things I cannot put out of my mind. We have a commander who has for years committed \$100.00 anytime and as often as we need it for Royal Rangers. God's way of providing is beautiful and simple. An individual can give an offering, volunteer to provide groceries for Powwow-Camp trips, purchase uniforms, and/or sponsor a boy to a Royal Rangers event. A lady recently told me, "Bob, my husband and I have been talking and we are going to start giving to Royal Rangers on a regular basis."

A commander in Fisk, Missouri told of going to the local post office one morning and the postmaster saying, "Say, I hear you are trying to buy tents for that boys' group you started, and I would like to buy a tent for those boys," and handed the commander \$90.00.

A commander in Cape Girardeau, Missouri, anxious about the growing financial needs of their expanding outpost, was overjoyed to hear, "The men's department has voted to finance Royal Rangers."

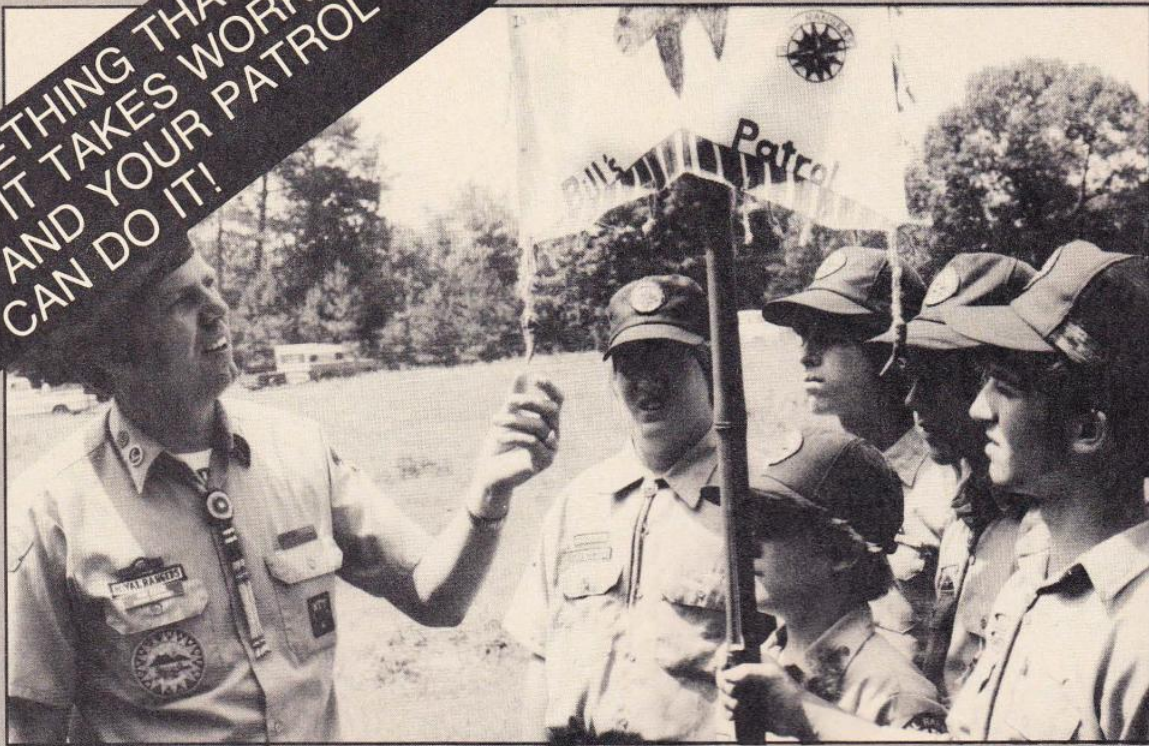
Commander Harry Imhoff, of Chaffee,

Missouri, recently saved from sin and drink, prayed for tents to outfit his thriving group of 30 to 40 Royal Rangers, then went to a civic club, told of his new work with boys, relating their needs for tents. "How much do you need," they asked. The result was a check for \$900.00 to purchase tents. Harry and his staff know God's provision. They have won several families to Jesus through regular visits to the homes of Royal Rangers boys. *GOD IS ON THE MOVE IN ROYAL RANGERS*. He wants us to keep our eyes on the message however, and not on the messenger. The message is "I CARE."

Sometime ago, in conducting a pinewood derby in a neighboring town on the church ground, a couple drove up, watched the proceedings for a while, and drove away. They returned later to pick up their son who was in Royal Rangers. The couple handed the pastor a letter which read, "We wish to thank you, the leaders and the church for sponsoring Royal Rangers. We know how much it meant to Kenny and other boys in the area. We could see the enthusiasm when we visited the race activity. We wish to contribute to your parsonage building fund in appreciation for what you have done for Royal Rangers." A check for \$100.00 was enclosed.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 15 ►

IT IS SOMETHING THAT GROWS. IT TAKES WORK, BUT YOU AND YOUR PATROL CAN DO IT!



PART II

P A T R O L S P I R I T

BY LARRY D. BOHALL

Let's imagine that your outpost commander divided your outpost into patrols. What would he do? He would take five to eight guys, some of them real good friends, some just acquaintances, and group them into a patrol. These five guys would then elect a patrol guide and start doing all of the things that we talked about in the last column. They would now be a patrol.

Sort of.

You see, just putting five guys into a group and calling them a patrol does not make them a patrol. A real patrol has an undefinable something—an essence that sets it apart from all the other gangs. It's something that makes them turn out rain or shine for all outpost events; something that causes everyone in the patrol to put 100 percent into every service project; something that binds the members to each other and to their outpost.

That something is patrol spirit. A real patrol has it. Without it, your patrol is really just five or six guys who got lumped together.

Fortunately, patrol spirit *is something that grows. It takes work, but you and your patrol can do it.* It can start with one member of

the patrol—someone like you, who wants to see his patrol be the best in his outpost—and will soon spread to every Ranger in the bunch. Patrol spirit is catching!

But how is it caught? Well, you begin by developing a patrol personality; by becoming unique. Pick a good name, to start with, one that you can all take pride in. Don't just settle for a plain, common name like Bobcats or Cobras. Make it special. Be the Howling Bobcats, or the Striking Cobras. Or, better yet, wait for a real special name to grow out of your patrol's adventures. Perhaps your patrol captures all of the swimming events at the outpost's swim day this summer. Then name yourselves the Swimming Seals or the Fighting Sharks. The more distinct the name, the more distinct your patrol will be.

Then, acquire some patrol things. Make the best patrol standard or flag in your district. Make it special too—carve your members' names on the staff, or attach them with ribbons and feathers. Take your flag with you everywhere your outpost goes: to each patrol meeting, outpost meeting and activity. Along with the flag, dream up a patrol emblem and emblazon it on your patrol camping gear. If your outpost has perma-

nent patrol corners, get your emblem on yours!

Next, start doing things that patrols do. Have some patrol meetings; plan some patrol events; go on some patrol hikes or campouts. And be sure and have 100 percent attendance at all outpost meetings and outings. A patrol with patrol spirit always turns out for outpost functions, rain or shine. Don't let anything stop you or your patrol.

Finally, start looking like a patrol. Get all of your guys into uniform—every one of them. And make sure that they wear them correctly. Have some inspections. If you need to raise money to outfit your patrol, then do it (with your commander's approval, of course.) Wash some cars, mow a few lawns, or collect some bottles. Working together on a common goal will help your patrol grow together, and will also help develop what we are looking for—patrol spirit.


New patrol or established patrol, it is all the same. Without patrol spirit, your gang is just that—a gang. With it, you are a real patrol. It takes work, but you and your guys can do it. All you gotta do is try!★

Coming soon: Patrol leadership.

I THINK I'LL GET OUT OF THE PROGRAM

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

BY JOHN ELLER



"Gee, you won't
BELIEVE
the problems
I've got!!"

"You can't imagine the frustrations; boys dropping out for apparently no reason, leaders quitting or just not showing up, the outpost council not lifting a finger from the day they were appointed and I can't get any help with the camping gear we need!"

I just may as well admit it! I'm disappointed in Royal Rangers leadership! And, judging from the reports I hear at councils and Powwows, I'm not the only one. Why, the average untrained leader spends only 1 year in the program and 3 years after being trained.

You can't imagine the frustrations; boys dropping out for apparently no reason, leaders quitting or just not showing up, the Outpost Council not lifting a finger from the day they were appointed, and I can't get any help with the camping gear we need!

With these thoughts whirling through my head, and fearing I would 'lose my head,' I began seeking help with my decision. I decided to contact some fellows I knew about who had dropped out of leadership over the years. Perhaps their experience would serve as a guide.

The first leader on my list had an outpost in the rural section of the country. He wasn't located near a town of any size. Attendance at his meetings depended mostly on people passing through. He finally 'lost his head' and is no longer in leadership.

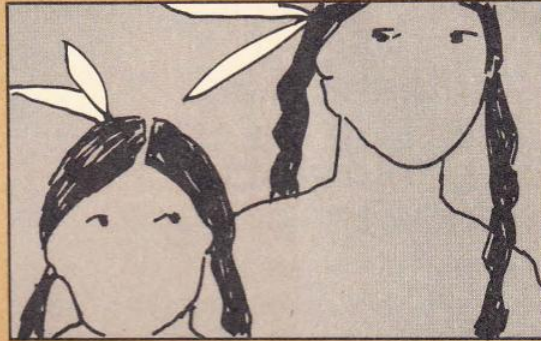
The next fellow, although not a personal acquaintance of mine, did, from what I hear, face a lot of dilemmas while a leader. One incident that stands out in mind is his experience during a boating incident which threatened the outpost's lives. Because they wouldn't listen to their commander he also 'lost his head' and left his position of leadership.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 15 ►

RED EAGLE'S
LOVE



A YOUNG INDIAN BOY SELFLESSLY GIVES TO HIS BROTHER, AS JESUS HAS GIVEN TO US!



BY JAMES A. EMERSON

In a small Indian village in Arkansas, there lived two brothers, Red Eagle and Running Bear. Both boys loved the outdoors and were very good hunters.

One day while Red Eagle was out hunting, Running Bear was at the Indian village cleaning some rabbits that he had killed. Suddenly he let his hunting knife slip and cut a real deep gash on his arm. His mother couldn't stop the bleeding so she called for the chief. The chief couldn't stop the bleeding so he told her of a doctor in a small white man's village close by. She took Running Bear to the doctor and he finally stopped the bleeding, but told Running Bear's mother that unless he was to get some more blood he would die. After checking the mother, and the other Indians that were there, he realized that none of them had the same type of blood as Running Bear. Then they remembered that Red Eagle had the same type, so they sent someone to get him.

During this time, Red Eagle had been hunting with some of his friends, and one of them had accidentally shot Red Eagle in the side with an arrow. It wasn't a very serious wound, but Red Eagle had lost a lot of blood. They arrived back at the camp, but only to hear the word about Running Bear.

Quickly, Red Eagle left the camp to go to help Running Bear. He made sure he cov-

ered up the wound so that Running Bear and his mother wouldn't know that he had been hurt. When he arrived at the doctor's office, he was told that his brother needed at least 2 pints of blood for him to live. The doctor explained to Red Eagle that giving 2 pints of blood wouldn't hurt him at all, but to lose more than 2 pints could very easily kill him!

Red Eagle realized that he had already lost a lot of blood because of the accident with the arrow. But he didn't mention the accident, and lay down beside his brother to give the blood.

Approximately 30 minutes after the blood was taken from Red Eagle and given to Running Bear, Running Bear woke up. His mother told him how Red Eagle had helped save his life. As he leaned over to see how his brother was doing, he saw the blood stains under part of his clothing. He realized that Red Eagle had been hurt and lost blood, but had gone ahead and given his blood, knowing that he would die and Running Bear would live.

Jesus loved you so much that He was willing to give His blood and die so that you could go to heaven. Red Eagle knew what it would cost him, but felt it was worth it. Jesus knew what it cost Him, but He thought it was worth it, too! ★

CAMP HOPPES

AN ANSWERED PRAYER

BY LEON WILLS

THE OKLAHOMA DISTRICT
ROYAL RANGERS ARE
VERY GRATEFUL TO
MR. & MRS. JUNIOR HOPPES.
THEY'VE DEDICATED THEIR LAND,
THEIR RESOURCES AND THEIR ENERGIES
TO FURTHERING THE OUTREACH
OF THE ROYAL RANGERS
PROGRAM!



In 1977, Dewayne Hoppes was introduced to the Royal Rangers ministry through the Central Assembly of God church in Enid, Oklahoma. Dewayne became very excited about the program, and expressed his excitement to his father and mother, Mr. & Mrs. Junior Hoppes of Stroud, Oklahoma. They also became interested. God began laying a burden on their hearts for the Royal Rangers ministry.

The Hoppes' owned several hundred acres of beautiful wooded land near Stroud, Oklahoma. They had loaned a large portion of this to hold all types of Royal Rangers functions. None of the land however, was developed, so Mr. Hoppes used his dozer to make a nice all-weather road to the camping areas. Electricity was run to the property and a water well was drilled. Restrooms and showers were built. Three tall flag poles were erected and an outside amphitheater was constructed. They built a log cabin for a staff building and a metal building that served as a meeting place for special groups. This land has been christened "Camp Hoppes."

Mr. & Mrs. Hoppes and family not only help with material things, but they give their support in many other ways. They have seen hundreds of boys saved on their property. They feel their investment is producing outstanding results.

The Oklahoma District Royal Rangers are very grateful for their assistance. I'm sure there are many other dedicated people like the Hoppes who would be willing to assist the Royal Rangers ministry. We just need to get them and dedicated Royal Rangers leaders together. ★

THE COMM

W I



She's rarely in the spotlight,
This one of whom I write,
For in the Royal Rangers scene
She's usually out of sight.
But this lady brave deserves to
Awarded trophies of shining
For services rendered faithful
Above and beyond the call
For it's she who supports in e
Her modern day "Daniel Bo
And with him cheers and cries
As he leads his young "plat
Could he succeed in his God-
Of leading boys to Jesus ou
Without a faithful helpmate to
With many an "encouraging
Who gladly gives a listening e
And an understanding touch
When problems and burdens
Who has harbored inside to
Who shares the sorrows, the
For the outpost-leaders and
And who laughs and cheers a
Over all of the outpost's joy
And then when he's gone on
On Powwows, Camporamas
Who thinks of him daily, won
And misses him, oh so muc
And who prays for him every
That God his footsteps wou
And use him ever for His gip
And be always by his side
And who greets him warmly a
From miles of wilderness o
And somehow ignores the "w
In her joy to have him home
These men of ours—they're b
They'd cross over mountair
But could they really accompl
Without their wives standin
So, dear God, please bless the
Who daily express in their l
Unselfish devotion, support, a
These very special commar

BY DRU MISIEWICZ



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 our Lord
 to love and to care
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 and boys;
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 anders' wives! ★



THE IMPORTANCE OF THE UNIFORM

BY RAYMOND DRIGGERS

WHY WEAR A UNIFORM?

There is an inherent urge in mankind to belong to something and to wear a uniform. The wearing of a uniform tells the world that you are part of a special group. The medieval knight rode forth in his armor to make wrongs right. His armor was the uniform of the day. When castle joined castle and countries were formed, the knight traded his armor for a uniform that identified his country and helped him to separate friend from foe in battle. Today, many clubs and groups advertise their organization to the public with the uniforms they wear.

WHY WEAR A UNIFORM?

Wearing a uniform automatically sets you apart from the ordinary and makes you a personal representative of your organization. It places on your shoulders the responsibility of living up to the standards for which your group stands. Your personal benefit is that you now have a sense of belonging. You are no longer an outsider.

WHY WEAR A UNIFORM?

The standards set by the organization give men and boys a goal to work toward. Working to reach goals builds a bond between the leaders and the boys. Together, they are proud to wear the uniform that ties them together. The dedicated leader wears his uniform proudly as he produces footsteps for his boys to follow. The boys wear the uniform with pride to show they are to walk in those footsteps.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN UNIFORMS ARE NOT WORN?

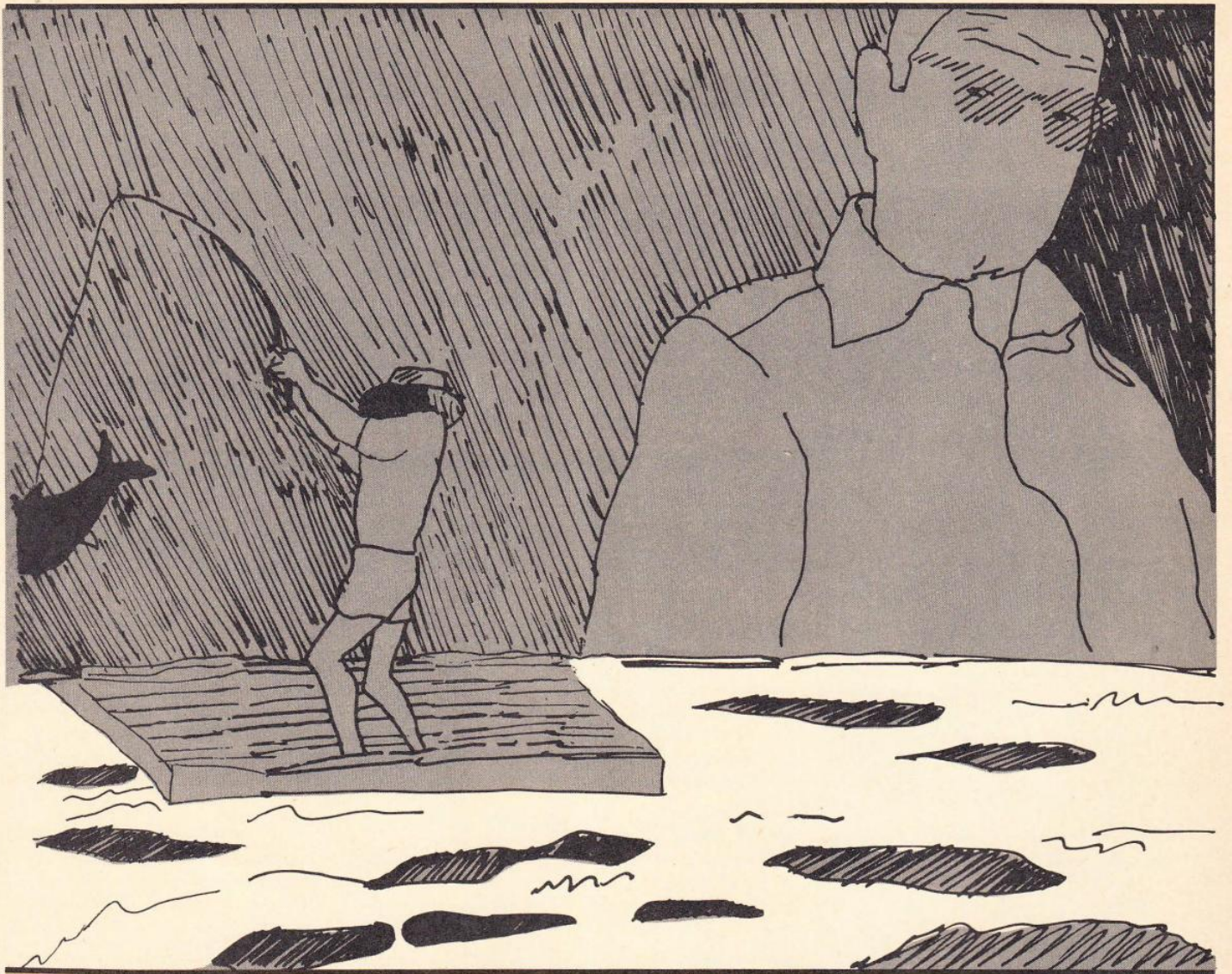
This is best illustrated by the account of a leader of a top-notch group of boys. It all began when he came home late from work one day and decided to go to the meeting in his work clothes. The first time he did this, it seemed to have no ill effects on the boys. However, it became easier in the weeks ahead to find excuses to show up in casual clothing. He soon noticed that several of his boys began attending the meetings in jeans. Then soon became unruly. In a few months this sharp-looking group of boys, who usually came in first in anything they attempted, became a rag tag bunch of ruffians. First the leader's personal looks and habits suffered, then his enthusiasm declined, finally he lost control of the boys.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE UNIFORM IS WORN?

When men and boys wear their uniforms consistently, an esprit de corps is built and continues to grow. New boys look forward to becoming a part of a group that really stands for something. The older boys stand and walk taller and work harder as they help the new boys understand what they stand for. The new boys want others to be a part of what they are enjoying. With the work and pride of both the older and younger boys, the group will grow and become outstanding in all that they do.

On a visit to a neighboring church, I saw a Pioneer leave the Senior Commander's office. He had just been fitted with his first Royal Rangers uniform. He strutted down the corridor with his shoulders back and his head held high. He looked like he was 10 feet tall. His face radiated the pride he felt in being able, at last, to wear a Ranger uniform. That little Ranger felt what all people who wear a uniform know, people who wear a uniform are a special people who belong to a special group.

This is one more step in reaching, teaching and keeping boys for Jesus Christ. ★



SAM THE BOATMAN

BY FRED DOUGHERTY

His hand trembled slightly as he baited the hook for the boy. The boy said, "Thanks Sam," and wandered off down the shore to his favorite fishing spot which was right next to the pier where all the boats were tied. The boy had once caught a 2 lb. bass there, and ever since had staked it out as his favorite spot.

Sam smiled to himself as the 7-year-old made a pretty good cast next to the pilings on the pier. Sam remembered when he had first taught the boy how to cast. The boy couldn't have been much over 4 years old then. "Yes," Sam thought, as he counted the many boys and girls he had helped to learn the art of fishing in the past 40 years. "There have been hundreds, maybe over a thousand." It was always, "Go ask Sam," or, "Sam has extra books," or, "Sam will let you have the boat for the day but you have to pay him back tomorrow."

Sam was now 72 years of age but he was strong as an ox from years of hauling the

boats to dry dock, and he had a strength that was far superior to others his age.

Sam had worked at the boathouse on the lake for as long as anyone could remember and the townspeople came to love him. The kids of the town loved Old Sam because of his kindness to them and the way he always took the time to listen to their problems. And Sam was always holding one of his fishing clinics for anyone who wanted to learn how to fish. He had even been written up in the local newspaper for his kindness and help to the town.

The fact that Sam was blind never bothered the kids. They would walk up to Sam, start a friendly conversation or ask him for his help. Even though he didn't need the help, they'd take Sam's hand and guide him along the lake. Sam liked that. He was truly loved by the children of the town and he loved them in return.

So when the news flashed on the radio and television that the Woodland Chamber

of Commerce was going to sponsor a father son fishing tournament at the lake and that Sam Johnson had been appointed the Honorary Tournament Director, well, you can imagine how proud Sam felt! He looked forward to Saturday with great anticipation.

All these thoughts ran through his mind as he pulled the last boat up on dry land. It was getting late in the evening and time to close up the boathouse.

Just then Sam heard a splash and a child's screams. He knew instantly what had happened. The boy he had helped earlier must have gone out to the deep end of the pier and somehow fallen into the water.

Sam ran towards the pier, as fast as his legs would take him. He didn't need to see the way. He knew every rock and ditch by the touch. "I'm coming!" As he neared the lake he could hear the boy splashing and calling for help. It was just as Sam had thought. The boy was at the far end of the pier. Without hesitation, Old Sam launched

"I'm old and blind, and ready to go."

himself, clothes and all, into the water. It was extremely cold and his boots and clothes were heavy but he showed great strength as he swam unerringly to the sounds of the boy.

The boy was all played out and sank below the surface of the water just as Sam reached the spot. With a sensitivity that only sightless people have, Sam felt the vibrations below him and immediately dove under the water. Pushing around frantically with his arms, he suddenly felt the boy's hair. He grabbed and pulled with all his strength. The boy popped up and out of the water like a cork. Sam held him up as he swam to shore with his free arm.

He sensed the boy's unconscious state as he laid him on shore. He felt cold and Sam could hear no breathing. Sam began to tremble as he prayed, "Please Lord, I don't know CPR stuff, I just know how to push on his stomach and make the water come out." He leaned heavily on the boy, who was lying face down. Again he pressed on the boy's lower back. There was no response. Tears now came to Sam's sightless eyes and he began to yell at God in frustration. "Why this little boy, Lord? Take me. I'm old and blind and ready to go. Take me Lord. I've never asked for anything in the past but now I am. Take me and let this little boy live."

He was alone with the boy on the shore. There were no other sounds. Again, Sam,

breathing heavily and feeling a little faint, leaned on the boy. He heard one cough and then another. He pressed again and this time the boy began to cry. Sam laughed and cried as he pulled the boy to him and hugged him tight. "I fell in, Sam. I couldn't swim!" the boy said. "I know," said Sam reassuringly, "I know." "Let's call your parents and get you home." He carried the little boy toward the boathouse, wrapped him in the emergency wool blanket, and laid the boy down on the cot. Then he called the boy's parents.

Sam had just finished making the boy more comfortable when he felt the pressure in his own chest. Then the dizziness hit him. He sat down on the cot next to the boy and leaned back against the wall. OK, Lord, he thought, a deal is a deal, and then all went dark around him. But a strange thing happened. Suddenly Sam could see the lake as pretty as he had always imagined it, a dark blue, with the yellow pier out from the shore and the boats with bright red sides bobbing up and down next to it. He could see the red sky from the evening sunset. "How beautiful," thought Sam, as the clouds became white puffs against the red sky. All the colors of the rainbow seemed to be about him. He smiled in his sleep.

The parents of the boy found Sam and their son in the boathouse. Both were rushed off to the hospital by ambulance. When Sam regained consciousness in the hospital, he

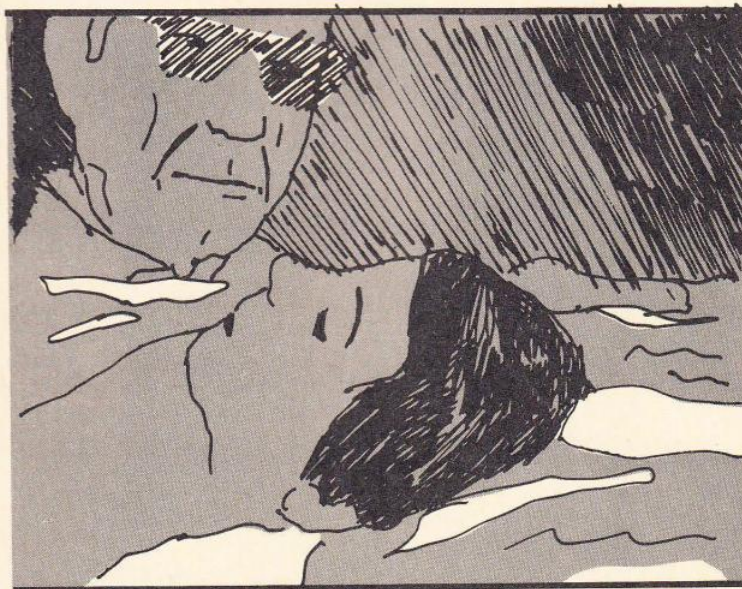
smiled as he heard his brother Frank's voice. "Sam, are you awake? You're OK, Sam and the boy is fine too! You're in all the newspapers and on TV. You're a real hero. There are reporters out in the hall. What are you smiling about, Sam? Are you OK?" Sam finally spoke. "You know, John," he said, "we really have a beautiful lake. It's so blue. And the boats are a much prettier red than I imagined. The park is so green and beautiful and the sky, Frank . . ."

Frank looked down at his brother with a puzzled look on his face. "Sam, how come you . . .?" He let it drop. It . . . It was a miracle his brother was even alive. No need to interfere with his ramblings. He turned and walked out to the reporters in the hall.

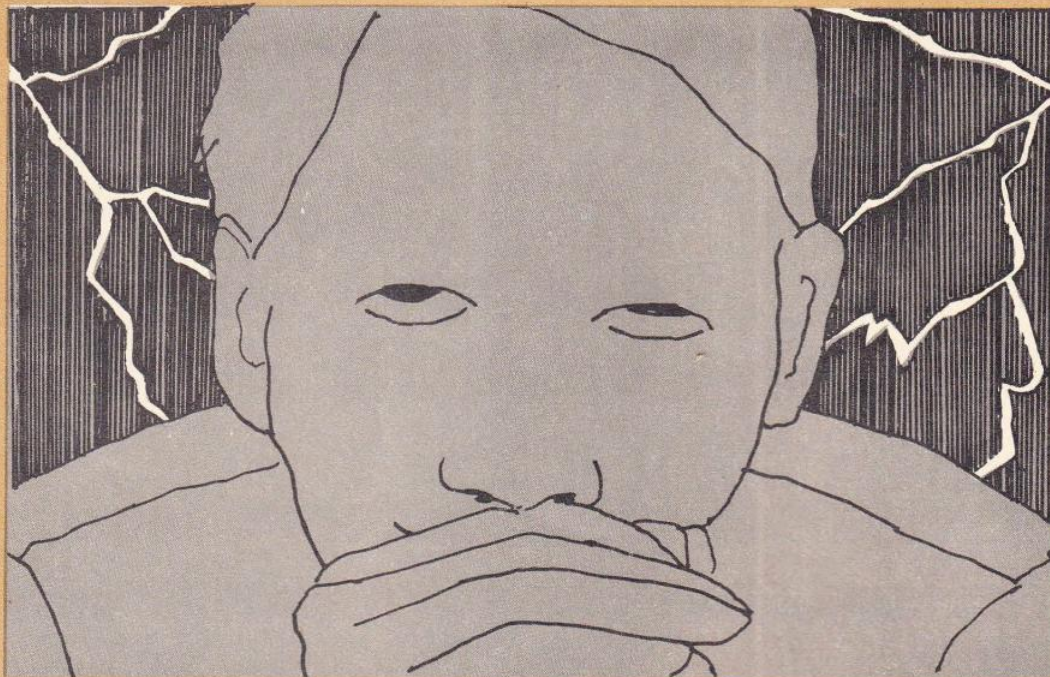
Sam continued talking. "And the clouds, Frank . . ." He stopped, sensing his brother had left the room. Then out loud Sam said, "Thanks, Lord, for letting me see my beautiful lake. I will always remember it. And one more thing, Lord, can you fix it so I can get out of here by Saturday? You see, I'm going to be the Honorary Director of the fishing tournament and . . ."

Yes, our Lord had touched this old boatman in his own special way, because Old Sam had touched so many others with his kindness and goodness in his daily life.

The fishing tournament was a huge success as Old Sam the Boatman could plainly see. And all that he saw was beautiful! ★



It was an NTC no one will ever forget! Six men received the baptism in the Holy Ghost one night. Many were healed. All were refreshed in God, not a one went away the same as he had come!



I W A S R E J U V E N A T E D
B Y T H E P O W E R
O F T H E H O L Y G H O S T

BY TED BARNES

It was late February and it rained every other day, as it often does here in Louisiana. For weeks, all my spare time and money was spent on camping gear, clothes, gas and preparation for NTC. Each day I scraped the bottom of Elijah's barrel. Tension built as I tried to get gear packed. What have I left out? What did I need to buy? Did I have enough money? Rush to work, rush home, rush here, rush there. Then . . . it was as if I were floating in a daze. My wife and daughter were kissing me, crying, hugging me and telling me that they loved me while holding on. And then I was gone.

I was traveling with three men along a narrow road through large gates with guards posted who were giving directions. Onward and upward we went, through two large doors that slammed shut behind us with all the eeriness of eternity. I found myself in line, being shuffled along like parts on an assembly line. Sign here, take this, do this, don't do that, go there, come here, move it, move it, move it!

At last we were allowed to lie down, but

only to be awakened moments later to another day of: go there, come here; with each stop gaining another "spare time project" to accomplish without a moment to spare. At last, after what seemed to be forever, another chance came to lie down, but only to be awakened a moment later to the sounds of yelling voices, banging, slamming, another day! HURRY, HURRY, HURRY, but today was different. The pace was beginning to slow, the day was less demanding, tension was slowly being replaced by a secure feeling that something was about to happen. As darkness enfolded us, we took on a new, slower, more relaxed attitude. Then the highlight of the whole experience came. We were laughing, singing, playing jokes and telling stories when suddenly, a holy hush fell upon the entire group. God was in our midst! He spoke reassuringly that He was in control, telling us to return home with power and love. Sixty-two men were being resurrected by the power of the HOLY GHOST.

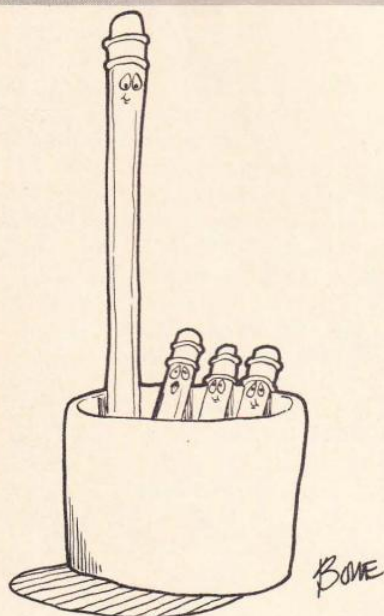
Almost instantly I found myself running

down the aisle of our home church to where my wife was seated. I grabbed her, cried, hugged and kissed her like I never did before, thanking JESUS for his grace and mercy. Then, on to my daughter's Sunday school room where more crying, praying, hugging and kissing took place, as our little family was reunited! "Hey, Brother Ted," someone said, "Let me see your beret. WOW!! MAN!! How did you like NTC?"

Fellas, IT WAS SUPER-FANTASTIC!! We had six men receive the baptism in the Holy Ghost last night. Many were healed. All were refreshed in God, not a one went away the same as he had come! It's an experience everybody ought to experience! I am a totally different man inside! God took 62 men, melted their hearts along with a double portion of the Holy Ghost, a river of Valor and a free flowing fountain of compassion, and poured us back into our bodies and sent us home in one mind and one accord to do God's will as GALLANT SOLDIERS of the CROSS. To love and lead, to REACH, TEACH, and especially KEEP BOYS for CHRIST. AMEN AND AMEN!!



"JIMMY PRAYED DURING THE TEST - IS THAT FAIR?!"



"YOU'RE NEW AROUND HERE AREN'T YOU?"

YOUR OUTPOST PLANNING GUIDE

BUCKAROOS/PIONEERS

3rd Week: Drill practice . . . Proper salutes to American and Christian flags. Proper formation position, right face, left face, about face, hand salute signal, etc. Practice receiving awards for Council of Achievement, handshakes, salutes, etc. Pop corn and soda for tired boys . . . refreshments.

4th Week: Make a greenhouse (Terrarium). Plan and gather materials needed for project. 1 gallon clean jar for each boy, sand or bird gravel, charcoal, rich dirt, wood to build some type of base for jar, nails, hammer, saw, paint, etc. Put ½-inch layer of sand in jar (turned on side), then add layer of crushed charcoal topped by approx. 2 cups of dirt, (sloped deeper on back side to lower on front or viewing side).

SEPTEMBER

1st Week: (Order "Energy Activities with Energy Ant" booklet for each boy for November meetings. Order FREE from, Federal Energy Administration, Office of Communications and Public Affairs, Washington, DC 20461. Plan a hike in a forest. Gather various kinds of nuts and acorns for display and eating. Prepare display boards, etc.

2nd Week: Label or display items collected on hike. Prepare some nuts and acorns for eating samples, invite councilmen to share. To prepare acorns, shell and boil, changing water each time it turns yellow and boil until water remains clear. Dry acorns and roast or grind up. You may scorch ground acorns and make the councilmen a cup of instant hot acorn drink. (Coffee substitute)

OCTOBER

1st Week: Plan outing to gather wild plant and ferns for terrarium. Set plants at least one inch deep in soil, spray with water and seal jar with lid. If garden appears wet, take off lid for a few days. Garden will grow for 2 or 3 months without having to open lid.

2nd Week: Organize a STAMP collecting club. Your local post office can arrange for a repre-

sentative of the department to give you a prepared presentation on stamp collecting and a free subscription to "Stamp Fun" materials which you receive each month. Boys can save used stamps at home, purchase an inexpensive stamp book, trade and save stamps.

3rd Week: Learn basic compass directions, by taking boys on an imaginary walk on squared paper following the compass directions given below. Your starting point should be marked X on the center and right edge of paper and the 8 compass points marked on edge of paper for boys to see. When walking cardinal directions, N,E,S,W, you will walk on printed lines. When walking NE, SE, SW, NW, you will walk diagonally across squares. Directions: 1-W, 1-NW, 1-E, 1-S, 1-W, 4-S, 2-SW, 1-S, 1-SW, 2-S,

2-W, 1-NE, 4-N, 1-SW, 4-W, 1-NW, 1-SW, 1-S, 1-SW, 2-S, 2-W, 1-NE, 4-N, 5-NW, 2-N, 1-E, 2-NE, 1-E, 2-N, 4-SE, 8-E, 2-SE. (Make up more picture directions for other exercises.) Makes a picture of a pig.

4th Week: Have a Halloween party.

NOVEMBER

1st Week: Gather materials for squirrel and bird feeders. Place ears of corn on coat hangers and stock up on nuts for squirrels. Make bird feeders. Inquire at meat counters for suet, which you can simply wrap in woven wire and hang up for excellent feeders.

2nd Week: Begin work in "Energy Activities with Energy Ant" booklets you ordered September 1. Provide colors, scissors, etc., as book requires. Be prepared to share the many Bible truths about God and His provision for

man you can interject in the course of "Energy Ant" activities.

3rd Week: "Energy Activities with Energy Ant."

4th Week: Complete work with "Energy Ant." Recognize boys completing book. Make electricity by rubbing a sheet of typing paper on wall, it should then stick to wall. Run a comb through hair briskly and watch ends of hair stand up to comb or bits of paper stick to comb.

5th Week: Restock bird and squirrel feeders. Make rain gauge (for each boy). Materials needed: test tube or toothbrush tube, 8-inches long block of wood, 6-inch ruler, bands of metal or wire, and wax. Nail ruler to block of wood. Attach test tube to ruler with wire, fill test tube rounded bottom with wax to point where ruler begins. Fasten gauge to post, etc., in an open area.

TRAILBLAZERS/AIR/SEA/TRAILRANGERS

SEPTEMBER

1st Week: Wilderness Survival Award. Make plans in this meeting for a survival camp-out. Review all requirements and complete in class sessions the work you can *before* camp-out.

2nd Week: Bring and assemble equipment needed for survival camp-out this weekend. Review map of area, act out role of requirements #9 (lost situations) and #10 (distress signals). Gather bolo slide materials on camp-out.

3rd Week: Make bolo slides from material obtained on hike. Plan and practice stunts, puppet stories (write your own) to be used in entertainment portion of Sports-O-Rama next week . . . for Pioneers, Buckaroos and Straight Arrows.

4th Week: Conduct Sports-O-Rama for smaller boys. Give each boy a score card, for the following contest: Push-ups, sit-ups, dart throwing, archery, (bow with rubber suction cup arrows.) Pistol shoot (rubber tip darts), bean bag throw, horseshoes (toy), ring toss, Frisbee throw, (targets of suspended hoops), Ping Pong ball blow, tennis ball bounce, etc. . . . save time for stunts.

OCTOBER

1st Week: Hunter education course. Contact certified instructor if possible, conservation agent, Royal Rangers leader, etc. so boys will receive official recognition for completing course. If no instructor can be found, obtain student manuals of "Hunter Safety and Conservation Program," from the National Rifle Association, 1600 Rhode Island Ave., N.W., Washington, DC 20036 . . . and teach course yourself.

2nd Week: Begin Rifle Marksmanship Award course. A certified NRA Instructor must teach course. For nearest instructor contact the NRA. Two or three outposts could get together for this course.

3rd Week: Awards Vest craft project. Obtain vest patterns from leather craft or fabric shop. Use suedecloth or similar material and lacing from leather craft store.

4th Week: Have local conservation agent show outdoors type film and make talk to boys on conservation, game management, etc. If awards vest project is not completed, do so at this meeting if time permits. A Halloween party could be held this week.

NOVEMBER

1st Week: Review family "Be Ready" plan in Leader's Manual, also "A Home Fire Plan." Get safety check list literature from local fire department. Have boys conduct a fire hazards check at home. Conduct quiz on fire safety.

2nd Week: Citizenship Award. Gather material needed for research. Contact a local government official, judge, sheriff, tax collector, etc., and make arrangements to visit that office. Also if possible, have the official to be at this meeting to explain or make talk to boys.

3rd Week: Gather corn stalks, pumpkins, etc., for decorating the church for the Thanksgiving weekend. Talk with pastor for ideas and arrangements, etc.

4th Week: Citizenship Award. Continue progress on completing the award.

5th Week: Citizenship Award. Complete award. Have some type of refreshment break . . . a celebration of sorts, for completing award.

G O D C A R E S

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.

Pastor Marshall's spiritual discernment led him to realize there was more than money in the envelope that day.

THESE MESSAGES ARE VITAL AND REAL. I know they come from God's heart and are continually robbing hell of its future inhabitants. "I CARE," are the words He speaks. God wants us to be interested in the things He is interested in, and that is people. He has impressed on my heart this paraphrase . . . "For God so loved boys, He gave to the Assemblies of God, Royal Rangers ministries, that whatsoever church would participate, need not have their boys lost, but saved to years of useful service to the church, and to God eternally."

God's address on earth is where people are and where they are hurting, . . . for the true commander that address is to the boys. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." (Matthew 25:40)

When we care for boys, we are bringing the heart of God to them in their time of need. When we are giving love and concern to boys, God is writing in the archives of heaven those acts, and God has His own way of saying, "THANK YOU." ★

I THINK I'LL GET OUT OF THE PROGRAM

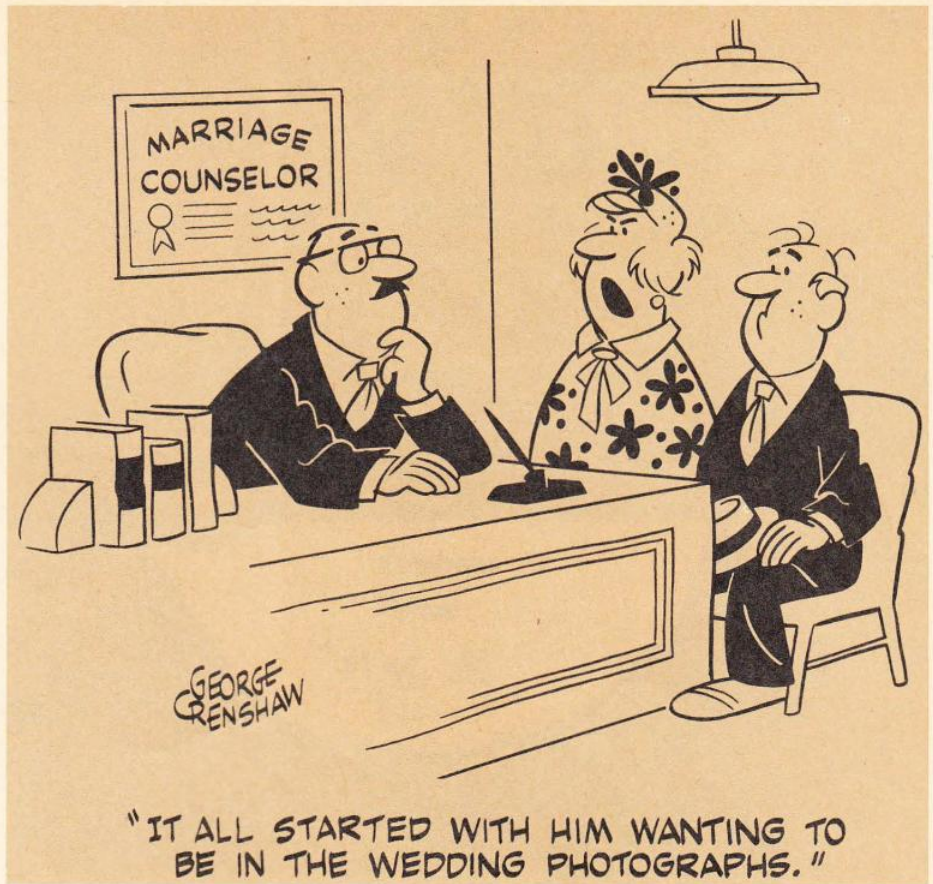
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.

The last man on my list was one of the most compassionate and diplomatic leaders you would ever want to meet. When his outpost became divided over which direction they should proceed to effect the greatest growth potential, his efforts brought those at odds to one mind. But he, like the other two, apparently 'lost his head' and is no longer a leader.

The irony is that because of these fellows' reasons for leaving leadership, I've made the decision that nothing can take me out of the program so long as I have anything to say about it.

Here are the reasons the three fellows I mentioned left: John the Baptist was beheaded while in prison for preaching the gospel; Paul was shipwrecked and later beheaded at Rome; James, the Lord's brother, was beheaded at Jerusalem.

God being my helper, I'm going to stay in Royal Rangers till I'm dead, too! ★



THE GREATEST EVENT IN ROYAL RANGERS

COULD IT BE THE CAMPORAMA?
HOW ABOUT THE FCF RENDEZVOUS?
AND WHAT ABOUT THE NATIONAL ROYAL RANGERS
COUNCIL? THE POWWOW?
THE COUNCIL OF ACHIEVEMENT?



*Think about it leaders.
There's one answer that's far
greater than the others,
and this is what our ministry
is all about!*

By John Eller

What is the greatest event in Royal Rangers? It must be the Camporama! Thousands of men and boys gather every 4 years at such interesting and exciting places as the United States Air Force Academy; Farragut, Idaho; or Pigeon Forge, Tennessee. There's the Skillarama, Sportsarama, FCF Village, and adventure out of this world!

But could the greatest event be the FCF Rendezvous? Members of the Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity from across America and foreign lands rendezvous at places like Fantastic Caverns; Blue Eye, Missouri; or Crossville, Tennessee, for black powder shooting, knife & tomahawk throwing, jawin' 'n' tradin'.

Could the greatest event be the National Royal Rangers Council? National, Regional and District personnel meet in session annually to review our progress and map our future. It is a most exciting and stimulating

experience, often augmented by Instructor Training, NTC Staff School, and Regional Breakaways.

Perhaps the greatest event is National Training Camp. This dynamic, life-changing experience has given direction and inspiration to hundreds of leaders who now shape and direct the destiny of thousands of boys. This program of stress training has produced rich dividends.

Maybe the greatest event in Royal Rangers is the Powwow. What could be more exciting than hundreds of men and boys camping, hiking, exploring, cooking out, swimming, canoeing, backpacking, competing, and getting initiated into FCF? Local outposts build archways, lash campercraft projects, and practice the highest levels of woodsmanship. At times, their expertise can "blow your hat in the creek!"

But you can't forge the Council of Achievement. There is no thrill quite like

presenting a Straight Arrow with his Tribesman; a Buckaroo with his Top Hand; a Pioneer with his Master rating; a Trailblazer with his God and Country; a Trail Ranger with the Gold Medal of Achievement.

But what about the outpost meeting? Conducted by the book, nothing we do is any more fulfilling. Items like, (1) While the boys arrive, (2) Opening, (3) Business, (4) Bible Study, (5) Meeting feature, (6) Recreation, (7) Devotion with the commander, (8) Closing, and (9) After the meeting are ingredients that make outpost meetings the highlight of the week.

These things, and more, help make Royal Rangers the great ministry it is. But you know something? The greatest event in Royal Rangers is none of the above. That's right! The greatest event is when a boy accepts Jesus Christ as Saviour.

THAT IS WHAT OUR MINISTRY IS ALL ABOUT!