

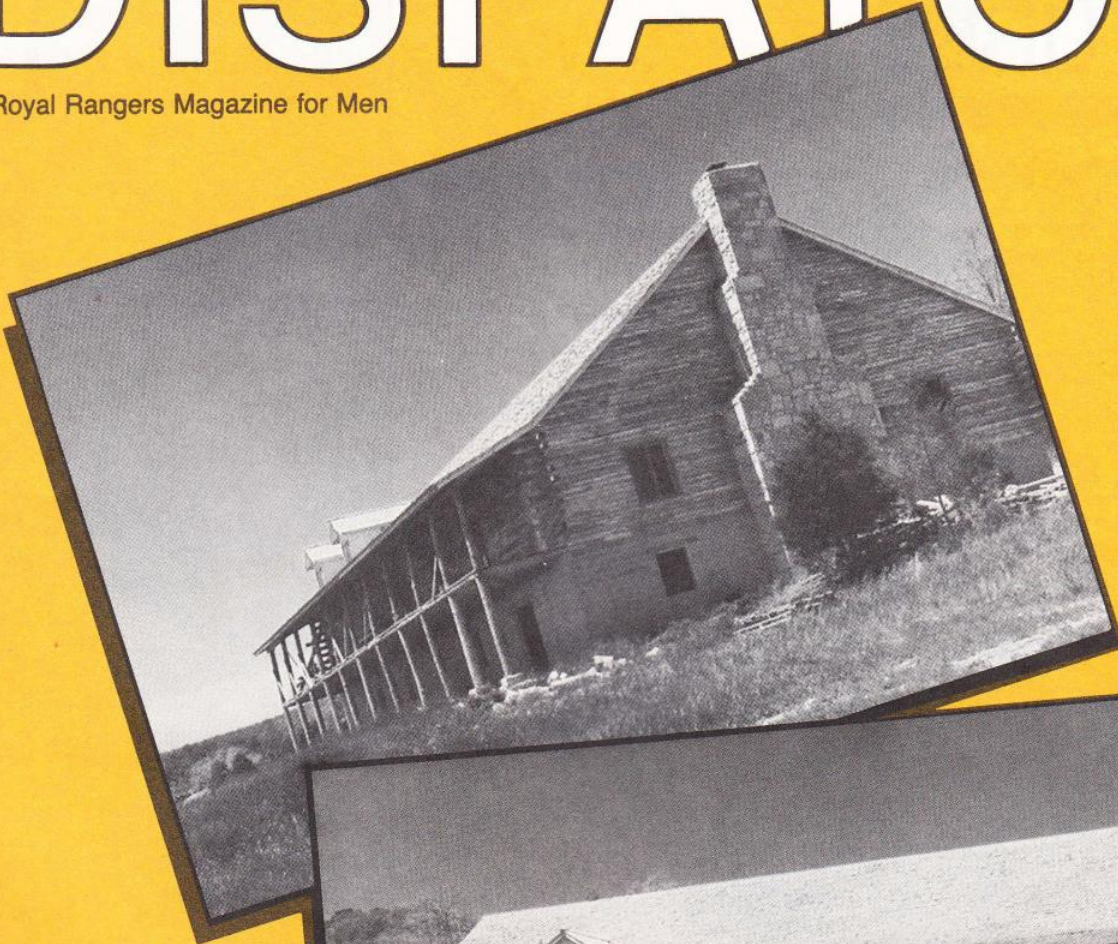
**AVOIDING HEAT EXHAUSTION •  
SPIRITUAL VALUES IN CAMPING**

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# DISPATCH

A Royal Rangers Magazine for Men

Summer 1986



**The  
Camping  
Experience  
Offers a  
Laboratory in Christian Living**

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# DISPATCH

Summer 1986

Vol. 22, No. 4

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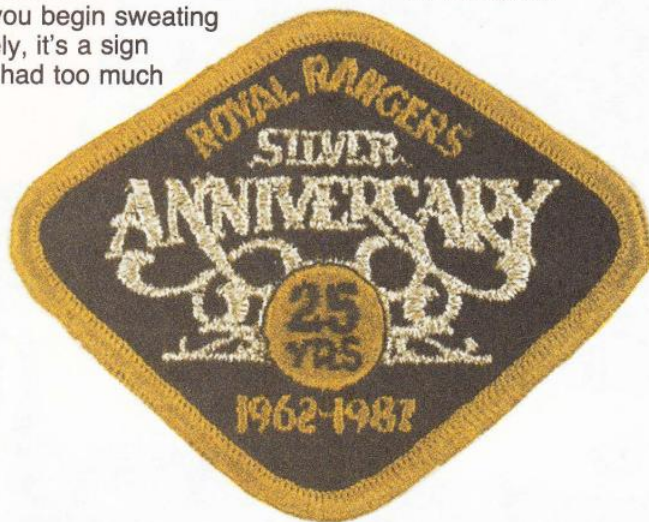
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# D A D S

TRY TO PLACE A  
VALUE ON THEM

... IMPOSSIBLE!



BY GAIL DENHAM

Wherefore art thou, Dad, when we need you?

Cartoons depict the family finding him sleeping in front of the TV set, sacked out in the back bedroom, or holed up in the den with a magazine.

It's not like he's hiding from the clamor of four kids, and company, two dogs, and a wife with chores in her eyes, it's just that he's tired out from a hectic day at the salt mines.

Life is hard on fathers. To begin with, they must choose a career, try hard to succeed, and look forward to working the majority of their adult lives.

Then in addition to bringing home the groceries, many evenings they are met at the door by family members with encouraging statements like: "The washer's broke again," "Guess who needs glasses now?" or "Dad, I had a little accident."

Between paying the bills, helping a son fix his car, keeping the family car, washing machine, furnace, lamps, fireplace, dryer, dogs, mower, and sidewalk—running, cleaning, warming, shining, heating, fluffing, out of neighbors' yards and wormed, cutting, and swept (hopefully in that order), their lives can get very complicated.

Add to these services, the responsibility

**CONTINUED ON PAGE 15** ▶

DISPATCH

HOW EASY IT WAS TO FIGHT  
MEDIEVAL BATTLES, EXPLORE  
NEW WORLDS, AND SLAY  
DRAGONS AMONG THE  
OAKS AND PINES OF  
A GREEN FOREST GLEN



# THE WONDER OF BEING Y O U N G

... WHEN ANYTHING WAS POSSIBLE

BY TOM R. KOVACH

**“JUST BRINGING HOME  
THE MILK COWS IN THE  
EVENING WAS AN  
EXPERIENCE. SOMETIMES  
I’D CONQUER A DOZEN  
ALIEN PLANETS EVEN  
BEFORE I FOUND THEM.”**

One of the greatest sadnesses of growing up to adulthood, is losing the wonder of youth. And growing up on a small farm in northern Minnesota had plenty of wonder to offer. Boy, did we have wonder!

We were never rich by any stretch of the imagination when it came to material things, but we sure did live good. Our vegetable garden was the pride of the neighborhood, and every fall my mother would can tons of wild blueberries and strawberries. And of course we had our cows, chickens, geese, sheep, pigs, and an abundance of wild game. What a variety! It was enough to stagger the imagination of any worldly gourmet.

Oh, there was plenty of hard work, but that went with the territory. But how can one forget the magic excitement of a thun-

derstorm brewing on a sweltering, summer afternoon? You could actually smell it on the air. If there was hay to put up, we’d all pitch in, racing frantically to beat the storm. And it seems that Dad’s timing was pretty good, ‘cause usually we won out.

And after chores, with the storm still raging, we’d go up to the house and Mom would cook supper. By now the electricity was out due to the storm, so we’d light the candles and kerosene lamps. Soon Mom would be frying fish on the huge, wood stove. For some reason I always associate thunderstorms with fried fish. I guess storms must have reminded Mom of fried fish too, because it seems that the minute it started thundering and lightning, there would be fresh fish around the house and Mom would be frying it. It was good and tasty panfish

**CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE ►**

**“SOMETIMES WHEN I HEAR  
THE ROAR AND THUNDER  
OF A GOOD, OLD-  
FASHIONED  
THUNDERSTORM IN THE  
MAKING, I CAN CLOSE MY  
EYES AND REMEMBER THE  
WONDER.”**

too. Bluegills and sunnies. The fish would be accompanied by loaves of fresh bread, new potatoes fried, and some raw, sliced, sweet onions on the side.

In the fall of the year we had to go out to the fields and shock corn and oats the old-fashioned way, bundle by bundle. It was hard work all right. But it was a time to be alone with nature and to daydream, to think about all the things you were going to be when you grew up. Then in the early twilight, the huge, harvest moon would hauntingly break the horizon. What beauty! What wonder! The Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley was certainly right on target when he said that “no artist could ever really capture the beauty of autumn.”

Walking home from the fields in that wonderful glow of a full moon, I was always transported to different parts of the world . . . from the deserts of Arabia to the South Seas, from the jungles to the mountains and even beyond the stars. It was so easy to believe in anything.

I'm sure that most of us can recall some fond memories of childhood days when life was simple and the whole world lay ahead of us for exploration and wonderful dreams. But since I'm more than a little partial to the country, I really think that the wondrous rural atmosphere had a special ability to lend itself to dreaming.

How easy it was to fight medieval battles, explore new worlds, and slay dragons among the oaks and pines of a green forest glen, or fishing by a cool brook or crystal clear lake, or trying to cross the pond behind the barn in a leaky tub. Just bringing home the milk cows in the evening was an experience. Sometimes I'd conquer a dozen alien planets even before I found them. And on these woodland journeys I'd usually be followed by an assortment of pets, which at one time consisted of two dogs, two cats, a gray rooster, and a pig. I imagine the pig, who by falling in with such household creatures as dogs and cats, undoubtedly figured he was buying himself time from a trip to the butcher shop.

Yes, always there was the wonder. The magic of springtime with the sweet smell of fresh-cut clover and wild flowers, and falling into a deep slumber to the chorus

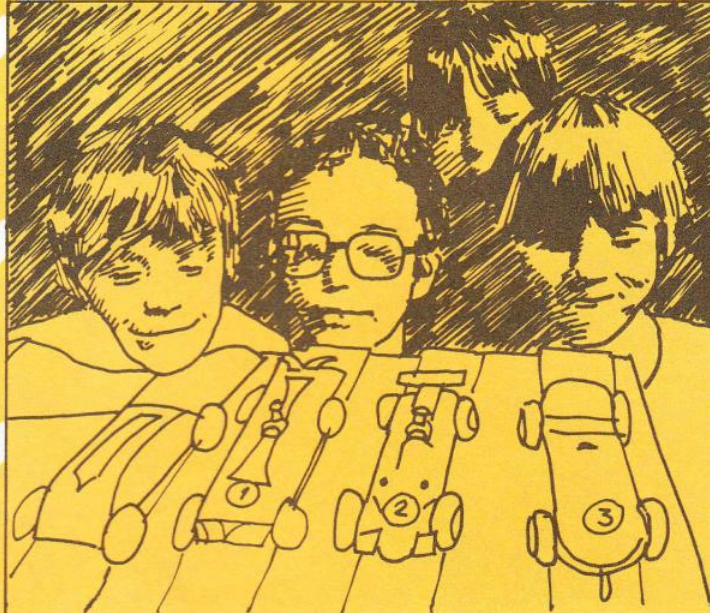
of a million frogs who were anxious to tell the world just how happy they were that winter was finally over.

All the seasons brought their special wonder. Summer, with the excitement of fireworks, watermelons, swims, thunderstorms, bees, and flowers. And autumn, which brought full bins, ripe vegetables, Halloween, and a sadness that made you feel good. And winter, with beautiful soft snowfalls, skating, sliding, and sitting by a warm fire sipping hot chocolate while a blizzard raged outside, or when it was so cold that you could hear the trees cracking under an ice-silver moon that made the fields shimmer in brightness.

So no matter what anyone says, there really is wonder in the world, honest to goodness wonder! I know, because I've seen it. It's been awhile now, but I can still remember it. Sometimes when I hear the roar and thunder of a good, old-fashioned thunderstorm in the making, I can close my eyes and remember the wonder. And you know, I can almost smell those fresh pan-fish cooking in their butter batter, over a big, old wood stove. ★

# T H E R A C E

• A P I N E W O O D D E R B Y D E V O T I O N A L •



BY RAYMOND L. HALL

**THE BOY WITH THE SLOWEST CAR CAN GO HOME WITH THE GREATEST PRIZE OF ALL, IF HE SHOULD FIND JESUS AT THE PINEWOOD DERBY RACE.**

**LENGTH - 15 MINUTES  
SCRIPTURE TEXT:  
JOHN 20:1-10 NIV**

**F**inishing in first place is not the purpose of a Pinewood Derby race; neither is being best of show. There is a Higher Purpose.

In our text Peter and John had a footrace with a Higher Purpose. They were trying to find the risen Lord Jesus Christ.

Finding the Lord Jesus is our underlying purpose for being here today. We want individuals to find Jesus and accept Him as their Lord and Saviour.

The race in John's gospel is between Peter and John. John outran Peter and reached the tomb of Jesus first, but he did not go into the open tomb; he hesitated. Peter quickly caught up with John, passed

him, and ran right into the tomb.

Some Pinewood Derby race cars are like that. They leap from the start line and "fly" down the ramp, but then they "die" on the flat and their opponent overtakes them at the finish line.

Peter and John ran a great race. John reached the tomb first but Peter passed him up and "hit the linen tape first," at the finish line. Peter went into the tomb and saw the linen strips and burial cloth that covered Jesus' body lying there—empty.

Peter actually won the race, but unfortunately it ended there. He and John just ran a race and returned to their homes—empty. Little had changed. One was faster in the stretch, and the other had stamina and strength at the finish. They discovered the empty grave clothes, Jesus' body was gone, and that was about it.

But there was another racer, a quiet racer—Mary of Magdala. She had already been to the tomb and ran back to tell Peter and John, so she was tired. But in verse eleven Mary is back at the tomb again. She ran back with Peter and John but couldn't keep up with them. They had looked into the tomb and left by the time she got there.

Peter and John outran Mary, but they went home empty and disappointed. Mary finished the race in last place, but she got the Prize! She got to see Jesus and two angels.

Finishing first isn't everything. Being the

fastest or being the best of show isn't the ultimate prize. But meeting Jesus is!

After all the excitement, all the festivities; after the prizes are handed out and the speeches are all spoken—the winners and the losers can go home empty. In reality, the boy with the slowest car can go home with the greatest Prize of all, if he should find Jesus at the Pinewood Derby race. That boy will not be empty, but will be full and satisfied.

Paul the apostle said in I Corinthians 10:31, "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

This racing event pleases the Lord and gives glory to Him—Jesus smiles when he sees fathers working on projects with their sons and men building cars for boys with no fathers. God sees those boys who struggle, and try their best, to build winning cars with no help at all. And God sees sisters and mothers helping the boys in their homes build Pinewood Derby cars. It pleases Jesus very much when he sees such acts of unselfish love, and especially when those acts help a boy accept Jesus as his personal Saviour.

God is not impressed with speed or looks—but LOVE! Much love is exemplified in a table covered with Pinewood Derby cars. I'm sure God is smiling down upon this race today, and if one should meet Jesus here today all the angels of heaven would rejoice too! ★

# A V O I D I N G H E A T E X H A U S T I O N



BY JIM MEUNINCK

**Prolonged exposure to intense heat may lead to heat exhaustion.**

Performing hard work outdoors in the hot sun, may cause excessive dehydration (fluid loss). As you continue to work in this dehydrated condition other warning signs will manifest themselves: weakness, nausea, anxiety, aggression, copious sweating, and fainting.

Heat exhaustion can be prevented by: (1) limiting your exposure to the sun, and (2) curtailing activity when you begin sweating profusely. In hot weather, drink plenty of liquids. Plain water is excellent, although a few physicians recommend slightly saline water solutions—like dilute fruit juices and/or Gatorade type drinks. Salt tablets with water are okay. But people with high blood pressure or stomach problems should avoid salt. Anyway, the need for salt may be overemphasized—the most important thing to remember is: drink plenty of water to help regulate your body heat.

Let's take a closer look at this hyperthermic condition.

Dehydration, the loss of body moisture

by prolonged sweating, seriously overheats your body. Your sweat glands become exhausted—weakness ensues, followed by collapse. It is necessary to get out of the sun, and begin cooling the body immediately. Place the victim on his back with legs elevated. Cool his body with cold water. Have someone massage the victim's limbs. Then evacuate to a hospital as coolly, quickly, and safely as possible.

If the person is in severe stress, or unconscious, he may be suffering from heatstroke. Heatstroke is life threatening. Immerse him immediately in ice water. Call an emergency rescue team.

Heatstroke is recognized when the victim's skin becomes hot, dry, flushed. Body temperature is high. Pulse is rapid. Other warnings are headache, weakness, and sudden loss of consciousness. This is a serious emergency. If you do not act immediately the heatstroke victim may go into convulsions, followed by death. Immerse the person in the coldest water available. One cooling procedure worth trying, while you are waiting for the emergency medivac team, is to lower a couple of rescuers over the gunwale of a boat. Then, strap a life jacket on the victim and lower him or her to the rescuers. Immerse the conscious person in shallow water (this is more safely accomplished from a beach). It is a good idea to monitor the victim's temperature. This will require a rectal thermometer. Do you have one in your medical kit? They are also useful for measuring hypothermia (cold injury). If the core temperature drops to 101 degrees remove him from the water to prevent hypothermia.



Of course, if the person goes into convulsions, or he is unconscious, lay him in the shade . . . the coolest spot available. Place him on his side, so he will not choke on any vomitus. Wrap him in wet towels, and change the towels or resoak them every 2 or 3 minutes. Administer CPR if breathing has ceased. As someone goes for help, continue to change the towels and fan air over the victim. Treat the injured gently. Administer fluids if conscious.

Remember, it takes a minimum of 5 days to acclimate to high temperature environments. If you have been in an air-conditioned room all week—then go boating or hiking in the sun on a weekend—limit your exposure to heat. Drink plenty of water. Protect your head with a white or highly reflective hat. Wear lightweight, natural fiber clothing like cotton or silk. Loose fitting clothes are preferred—this broad cut of cloth works like a bellows as you move about, pumping air over your body, keeping you cool. Given this protection, and you still overheat, then soak your clothes in water—the evaporation of water from your clothes will dramatically decrease your skin temperature, preventing dehydration and heat exhaustion. ★

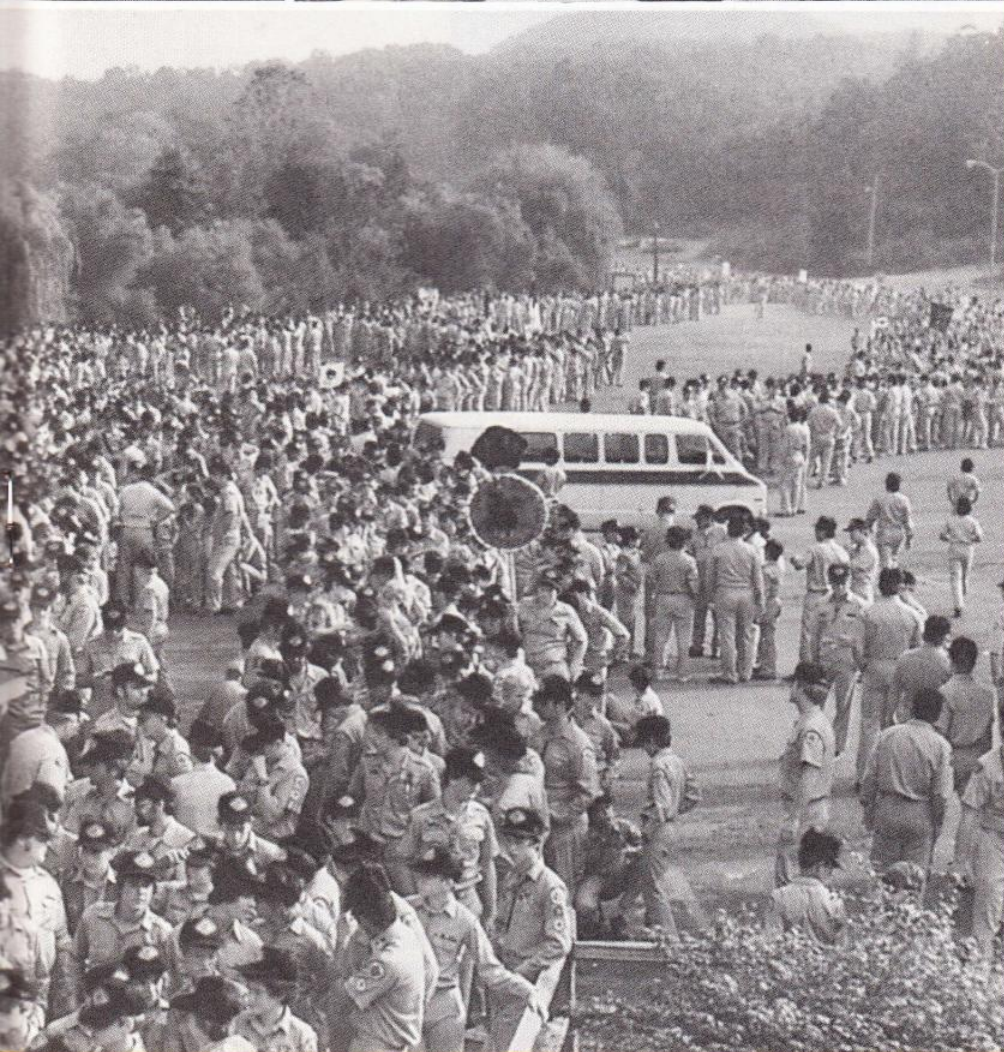
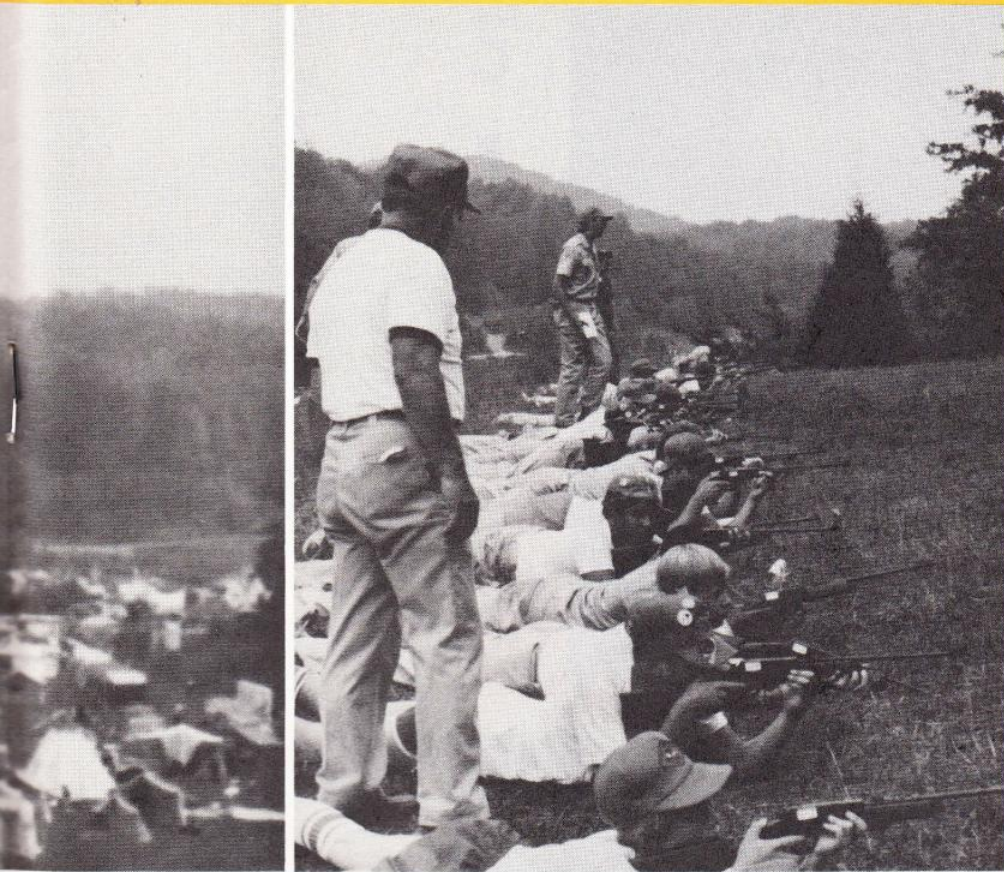
**LIMIT YOUR EXPOSURE TO THE SUN AND CURTAIL ACTIVITY WHEN YOU BEGIN SWEATING PROFUSELY**

# CAMPORAMA '86

KICKING OFF THE SILVER JUBILEE.







BY DOUG TARPLEY

**R**oyal Rangers Camporamas, held every fourth year, are always very special experiences for boys and their leaders across the nation. This year's event, scheduled for July 22 through 26, will be even more significant than usual.

The 1986 Camporama will kick off a "Year of Jubilee," the 25th anniversary of the national Royal Rangers ministry. Regional, district, and local events with the theme "Our Pioneer American Heritage" will continue the celebration through August 1987.

This Camporama will be special in a number of other ways. Its site will be the new National Royal Rangers Training Center at Eagle Rock, Missouri. The main structures at the center, the headquarters lodge and a camp coordinator's cabin, are already built. Construction is underway on a heritage trail, including authentic replicas of a log cabin and church, a parade ground, an amphitheater, and campsites with shower and sanitary facilities that will accommodate the more than 5,000 boys expected to attend.

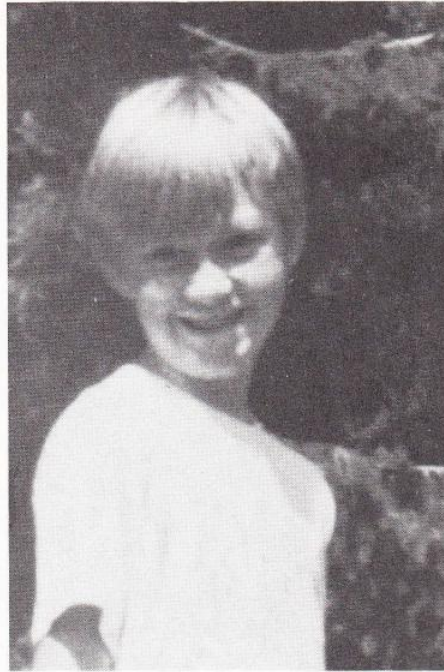
A unique silver anniversary patch will be available to everyone who participates in the Camporama. Another special patch will be awarded to boys who complete a hike along the Heritage Trail and demonstrate pioneer skills.

Activities and events scheduled for this Camporama include a Pioneer Heritage Fun-a-rama; hot-air balloon rides; demonstrations and displays; rifle, archery, and BB rifle ranges; a rope obstacle course; frontier encampment; boat rides; contests; a treasure hunt; trading post; evening rallies and council fire ceremonies.

Over the past 25 years more than one million boys have been involved in Royal Rangers. As of November 1985 there were 5,822 Royal Rangers outposts in churches across the nation. Although most of these churches are Assemblies of God, charters are also issued to Congregational Holiness, Pentecostal Holiness, and several independent local churches.

The Royal Rangers ministry is now active in at least 42 other countries with an estimated 200,000 worldwide membership.

The 12- through 17-year-old-boys in your congregation can have a part in this once-in-a-lifetime event if you act *now!* The Camporama registration deadline is May 1, 1986. Full information on chartering and registering your outpost is available from your district Royal Rangers commander.



## THE LEGEND OF TRACY LEE RICE

BY PHIL WAYMAN  
(as told by Walter Fick)

... READ ON AND YOU, TOO,  
WILL FEEL THE MEMORY OF  
TRACY LEE IN YOUR HEARTS!

Call this true story a LEGEND because it seemed too unreal and hard to accept as fact. Ten years have now gone by since Tracy Lee Rice, age 11, of Castle Rock, Washington, met death in the treacherous waters of the Cowlitz River that runs near his home.

Tracy was a special MODEL ROYAL RANGER BOY. He left an imprint on my life such as no other lad has ever done. He had such a deep love for his Lord. He confided in me as a commander so many things that boys usually shy away from.

When we camped out he would come into my tent and share his heartfelt things with me. His freckled face would light up with any words of encouragement that I would give him. We were like pals—this old commander and this Young Commander.

Tracy was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rice of Castle Rock, Washington. Tracy attended the Full Gospel Church there.

I remember especially the district powwow at LITTLE NORTH RIVER up by Montesano in the year 1975. Tracy was there. He had just been filled with the Holy Spirit and was on cloud nine. He was full

of the Spirit of the Lord and radiated the presence of Jesus as he talked of his wonderful experience. That night he told me "I know for sure that I'm going to be a missionary." Little did I know then how this was going to be fulfilled.

The last night of the powwow as the camp fire was fading into glowing coals under the starlit sky, some of us stayed and prayed while others returned to their tents. Tracy and I were praying for another Ranger named Mark to receive the Holy Spirit. Tracy explained the Baptism to Mark and patiently persisted in prayer. "The things you say may seem dumb or funny to you and those who hear you, but speak out the words God gives and it will break the barriers of fear and unbelief that must be broken" he explained. I took hold of Mark and Tracy in each arm and together we lifted our hearts in praise to God. In a few minutes Mark spoke out in an unknown tongue. We shared the ecstasy of the late hours with Mark. Tracy was overjoyed that he had helped another receive God's Power.

The next day we left for our homes. Tracy told me good-bye with a huge smile on his face. In two weeks Tracy was dead.

Arden Unger, the sectional commander called me with the startling news. "Tracy Rice drowned in the Cowlitz." I was so overcome, I cried out to God, "Why? Why? Didn't you call him to be a missionary?"

The days that followed helped me to understand a little of the impact of the boy's life that is ongoing today. The funeral parlor overflowed with Royal Rangers, commanders and friends clear out into the street. Linda Henson sang "Sheltered in the Arms of Jesus" while tears flowed freely from young and old over their loss of this outstanding Royal Ranger boy who had touched their lives so profoundly in a short time.

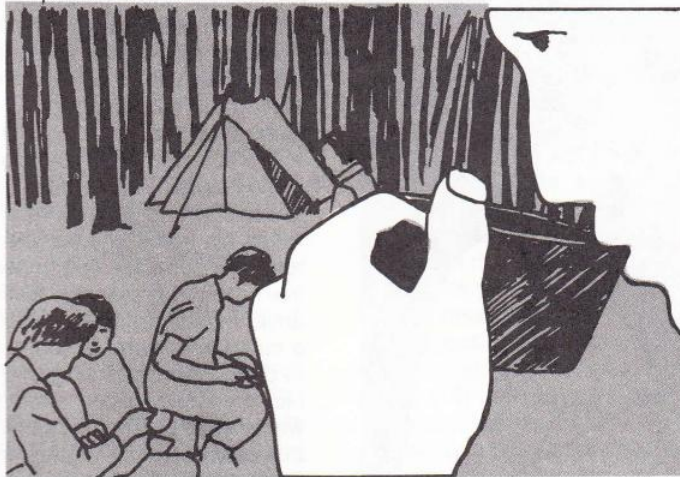
Even as I tell this, I am reminded of the brevity of life. It shows that to REACH, TEACH AND KEEP boys for Christ must be done quickly.

We learned that we have to be READY to give an answer for our hope because we never know when a person has had a last opportunity.

As you can see my "little missionary" did far more for me and others than we did for him. ★

# S P I R I T U A L V A L U E S I N C A M P I N G

*ANSWERS TO THE  
WHATS, WHYS  
AND HOWS OF  
COMMUNING  
WITH NATURE*



BY J. "GRIZZ" SMITH

In this article I would like to consider the simplest outline imaginable to one who has a love for God's creation and a desire to be near it through a camping experience.

**What** are the spiritual values one may gain through the camping experience?

**Why** are these values necessary for personal, social, and spiritual well-being?

**How** may the camping experience assist in the discovery of these values?

Let me start by saying that I am in complete agreement with Richard Love in his article, "**Christian Camps: Unique Opportunity**" when he states "that the basic and unchanging purpose of Christian camps is to lead campers into a personal relationship with Jesus Christ and help them grow in it." With this prerequisite, let us now address the question of the **What** of spiritual values.

In the camping experience as in no other place, except for the family circle, may certain spiritual values be recognized. In this cooperative fellowship, close to nature, and under capable leadership, are found the best conditions for discerning the attributes from which sound Christian character is developed.

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Camp, when spiritually guided, presents an environment to the perceptive mind of a growing boy with experiences of "wonder" and "awe" which are the first steps in man's approach to the real world as God intended it to be. The feeling of still water and yet ever changing; the sight of a dew-tipped spider web in early morning and the fragrance of my fellow creatures do indeed give meaning to God's very words, "Since earliest times men have seen the earth and sky and all God made, and have known of his existence and great eternal power. So they will have no excuse when they stand before God at Judgment Day." (Romans 1:20 TLB) The inconceivable magnitude of the universe, the increatable complexity of nature, and its absolute orderliness is clearly recognized as something more than mere "chance." If ever the words of the Shepherd's Psalm have been heard they will be remembered: "O Lord, our Lord, how majestic is thy name in all the earth." (Psalm 8:1, RSV)

The camping experience, offers a laboratory in Christian living. In the naturalness of a camp setting a person has the opportunity to exercise and develop those Christian values which are taught within his home church. Camp, while being a controlled environment, permits a young person the chance to be alone, apart from routine pressures. Self-expression, adaptability, self-reliance and independence of thought and action are all a part of a camp adventure. To deny a young person this experience is to deny them spiritual growth itself. It has been said that "you can accomplish more with a kid in one week of camp than in a whole year of Sunday school." I believe this statement to be true only if spiritual leadership is inherent in this campers outing. Campers may easily miss the tender touch of the Holy Spirit if there is no leader to guide them in this sensitive area of new life.

#### **THE WHY OF SPIRITUAL VALUES**

Why is it so necessary that the importance of spiritual values be emphasized in camping?

Experience has taught me that our society, schools, families, and even churches have learned to accept complacency as a way of life. Our inflated minds, comfort living, and selfish motives have dwindled down to our children. We are on the verge of passing through an age of audible communication into an area of audio communications. The greater the industrialization, the more automation, the more boys will need the experience of camping.

## THE CAMPING EXPERIENCE OFFERS A LABORATORY IN CHRISTIAN LIVING

Looking up, one sees 6,000 stars visible to the eye, but is that all? Or does he also see the hand of creation?

Is the ground beneath the foot merely dirt? Or is one able to see in it the amazing truth of divine order? When rain falls, is it just another day of "planned" indoor recreation? Or does it remind one of God's replenishment of the earth's needs?

In childhood and youth, when the grass roots of character are formed, it is imperative that the voices which are man-made, the voices of fear and confusion, selfishness and self-centeredness, of greed and disrespect, are outbalanced by the voices of purity, trust, cooperation, reverence, and faith.

Our man-made insensitive culture leads to disillusionment and decay. Those of us who are aware and concerned, and who feel a responsibility for a growing life must find ways to counter the deadly attraction of the humanistic man who holds so much of life today in his iron grasp.

I submit that the Christian camping experience introduces and reinforces those God-centered values which our children, as well as ourselves, so desperately need stamped upon our spirits.

### THE HOW OF SPIRITUAL VALUES

How is it that spiritual values are gleaned from daily experience?

How do ideas become actions, creeds become deeds, values become character?

It is not known how spiritual values are perceived, or how they become alive in a person's spirit. However, we can observe the process by which this is done, and through observation I am convinced that certain conditions must be met and satisfied before Christian, and consequently, spiritual growth occurs.

There are at least five basic conditions in the learning process which may be applied to attaining spiritual values. Boiled down, these conditions are:

- Exposure**
- Repetition**
- Understanding**
- Conviction**
- Application**

The first step is Exposure: Confronting a person with the circumstances from which the spiritual value may be derived. There are countless conditions in a camping experience which expose campers to these circumstances: intimate contact with nature, the serenity of oneness while among others, and a wise leader

who cares about your spiritual relationships and who symbolizes them in his own daily life.

A fine example of Exposure is found in Archibald Rutledge's book, *Peace in the Heart*. Rutledge was grouse hunting in the mountainous country of southern Pennsylvania. He climbed a high ledge in order to get his bearings, and upon reaching the summit, was surprised to find that he was not alone. There on a boulder sat a grizzly looking mountaineer gazing out over the skies. They conversed a few minutes, and when Rutledge was about to leave the old mountaineer said, "I reckon you wonder why I came here, and I think you'll understand. I like this place 'cause it was here I came to God."

In repeated contact with nature, the qualities the Creator breathed into His creation—beauty, purity, order, and oneness—become a man's sure possession. The first exposure may be quite meaningful, but repeated exposures are absolutely necessary if such an experience is to be retained.

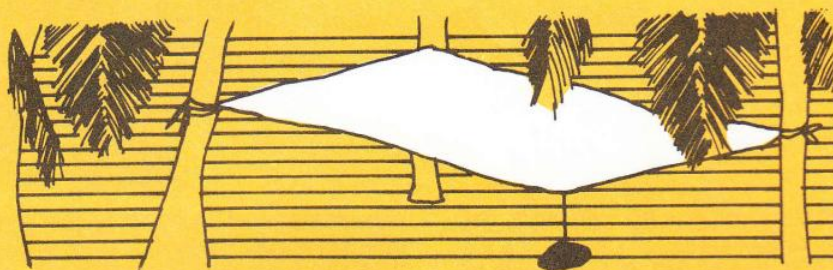
Here again the leader's part is indispensable. He must be guided by the Spirit as to when he should not intrude, when to encourage, when to talk, and when to be silent. Helping one get the most out of the second step in the spiritual growth process demands great wisdom.

The third condition is Understanding. Even when the full spiritual process has taken place the transformation process has just begun. In formal education, too often the process of learning ends with understanding, yet understanding alone does not meet the expectations of God's will for your fruitful life. Solomon asked for wisdom and understanding, and no doubt got what he asked for. But His leadership was brought to nothing because he did not proceed beyond understanding to a point of lifelong conviction—the fourth consideration.

The word "conviction" comes from two Latin words meaning "chained to." The person of convictions voluntarily commits himself to the truth he understands and nothing can sever him from it. It was because our forefathers had convictions about liberty that our nation was founded. It was because the early Christians had convictions about their faith that Christianity has endured. Our early brothers and sisters in Christ submitted to persecution rather than renouncing their faith. A Christian brother once said, "Nothing can shake us from our faith, neither angels or men, nor fire, nor sword, nor all bitter stripes." ★

# SUN SHELTER

## IN WINDY AREAS



BY HUGH M. JOHNSON

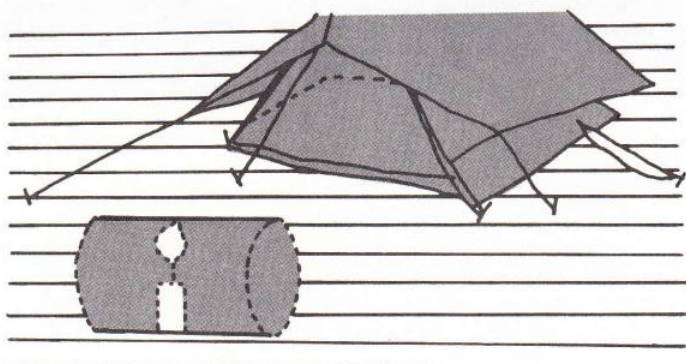
**O**n desert afternoons, or hot sunny days at the beach, a strong wind often flows for hour after hour. When it does, the continuous flapping of the poncho makes a hideous din, always threatening to tear loose, and sometimes does.

One way to reduce both noise and strain is to secure only three corners of the shelter (poncho, blanket, etc.) to fixed points and tie a large rock on the downwind corner with a cord of such length that the rock will just barely touch the ground under normal conditions but will lift, and by doing so ease the strain, when the cover billows under a strong gust. ★

## RADIANT TENT

### HEAT STOVE

BY HUGH M. JOHNSON



**T**his little radiant heat stove will keep your tent warm, or your duck blind from turning into an icebox.

You need a #10 can with both ends cut out and a thick candle about 3" long. Tear all the paper from the can, flatten one side so it won't roll around. Let a few drops of wax melt from the candle onto the inside of the can at the center to form a puddle to set the candle in. The wax will cool and hold the candle firmly.

Place the can on a clear place on the tent's floor, or put it on a pan of dirt, to prevent the possibility of fire.

A small circle of red will appear on the outside of the can directly over the candle and spread until the complete can is red hot.

This little stove-heater will warm a good size tent or the inside of a duck blind, cave, or lean-to. ★

# D A D S

CONTINUED FROM PG. 2

of settling disputes between sons and mother, wife and friends, dogs and neighbors, or bill collectors and checkbook, and you can see that being a full-time dad and homekeeper is a tough job!

On top of all this, a father and husband is expected to shoulder his share of civic

**MANY EVENINGS  
THEY COME HOME  
AND ARE GREETED  
WITH STATEMENTS  
LIKE:  
"THE WASHER'S  
BROKE AGAIN!"**

and church responsibilities, fulfill duties to two sets of parents, keep tabs on the kids' grades, and finally help get the gang through college and/or married.

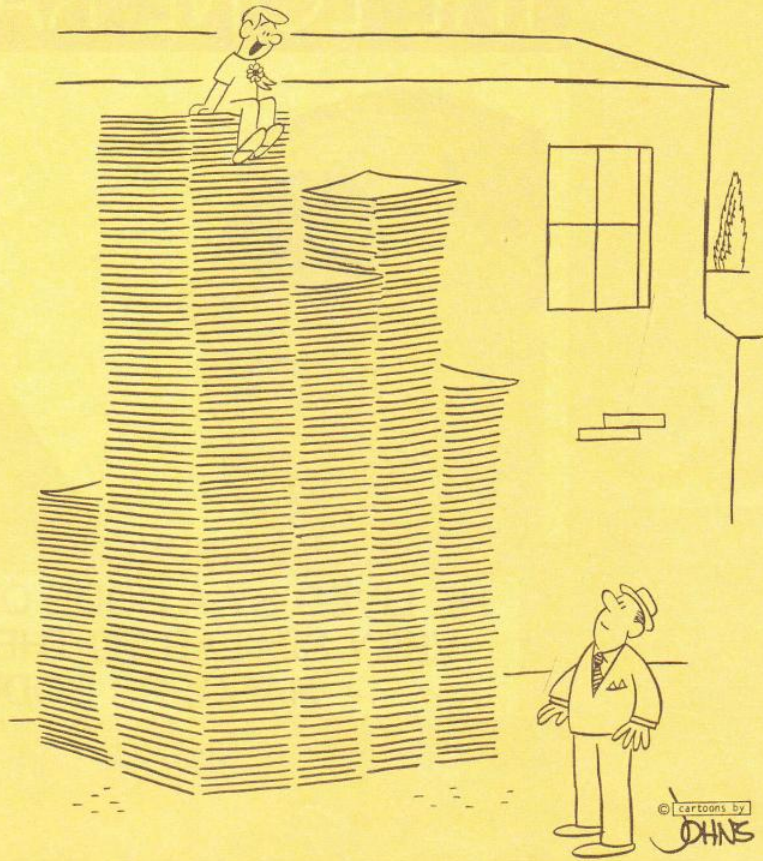
Fathers are in great demand for sports programs and father/daughter-son functions. The lack of a father around at these times can be difficult. Recently for a father/daughter banquet, my husband (father of four sons) was called on to be a "substitute" father for a little girlfriend. Our youngest took the message and penciled on the counter, "Mrs. S. called. Something about Dad being an artificial father."

Notwithstanding all these obligations, the husband and father is expected to keep the romance going in his marriage with thoughtful little remembrances and evenings out, while striving to show love and affection to his offspring (being mindful they need to develop healthy attitudes for life), and provide spiritual leadership in the home.

Fathers—their value shall be above gold bullions, oil wells, and unlimited charge accounts. ★



"I'M AFRAID YOUR PROBLEM NEEDS HELP FROM A HIGHER AUTHORITY. I'LL CALL IN THE CHURCH SECRETARY."



"GUESS WHO WON THE PAPER DRIVE, REVEREND THOMPSON?"



"I DROVE A SCHOOL BUS FOR A WHILE, BUT I HAD TO GIVE IT UP BECAUSE OF MY NERVES."

# THE LONE RANGER



HE LIVED BY A CODE OF ETHICS  
VERY SIMILAR TO THE ROYAL  
RANGERS CODE

BY STAN SINCLAIR

**R**eturn with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear. A time of western adventure and heroic men. A time for big men to bring order to a lawless land. One such hero was the Lone Ranger, another was his loyal friend Tonto.

The true story of the Lone Ranger began on a long range patrol by six Texas Rangers. John Reid was on his first Ranger patrol with his older brother. They were pursuing the most feared gang in Texas. They were lured into a canyon ambush and were cut down by gunfire. A passing Indian, Tonto, found only John to be still alive. Along with the five graves that he dug, Tonto helped to bury the identity of the remaining surviving Ranger.

... like the Lone Ranger, Royal Rangers must often meet adversity alone, supported only by the presence of the Master Ranger

Tonto nursed the Lone Ranger back to health. As he regained his strength, he practiced his Ranger skills to approach razor sharpness. He practiced with his six-shooters until he could not only hit a target but he could draw and shoot a pistol from another man's moving hand. He exercised to gain strength and the ability to outrun,

outrun, and outpace any other man. He acquired a magnificent white horse that he named Silver. He molded his bullets from silver taken from a hidden mine. He wore a mask to hide his identity from the gang of criminals who believed him dead.

The Lone Ranger vowed not to revenge but to bring the outlaw gang to justice. One by one, the Lone Ranger and Tonto tracked down each gang member and brought them before a court of law. As the last of the bandit gang was captured, the Lone Ranger could see that he was still needed to bring law and order to the western lands.

The Lone Ranger often stood alone against forces of greed and terror. He chose to meet them with courage and honesty. He needed his skills as a woodsman and as a detective to be successful in a hard land. Using his intelligence, training, and disguises he captured the worst of outlaws. Yet, he continued to live by a code that could be admired and trusted.

The exploits of the Lone Ranger have been chronicled in books, on radio, on television, in movies, and in a long-running newspaper series. The Lone Ranger stories were created by George W. Trendle and written by Fran Striker at a time when cowboy stories were very popular. The Lone Ranger was a different kind of character. In his long-running exploits he never killed a man. He did not lie, steal, smoke, or drink. He lived to serve his fellowman. He lived by a code of ethics very much like the Royal Ranger Code. He was alert, clean, honest, courageous, obedient, and spiritual.

Wherever the Lone Ranger traveled, he carried a message of honesty and service. He did not just talk about justice, he worked for it. He demonstrated his concern for others whether settler, traveler, or Indian through action.

Today Royal Rangers continue the

Whether they are in a group or acting as a Lone Ranger, Royal Rangers are ready for anything.

Ranger Heritage. They are training to live safely and fully in the campsite, their homes, and their neighborhoods. They are serving God, their churches, and their fellowman. Royal Rangers meet in outpost and patrol meetings and activities, but like the Lone Ranger they must often meet adversity alone, supported only by the presence of the Master Ranger.

Usually they are out of sight and hearing of their fellow Rangers as they face and reject temptation. Alone, they make the decision to live for Jesus. Alone they decide to use their training and show and tell how to be a Christian. Yes, whether they are in a group or acting as a Lone Ranger, they are ready for anything . . . ready to work, play, serve, obey, worship, live, etc. ★