

High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS



*The Snow Storm Bandits
The Shiny Red Wagon
Ski Patrol*

WINTER 1971-72

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High Adventure

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NATIONAL COMMITTEE:
Glen Bonds, National Secretary
Johnnie Barnes, National Commander
Don Franklin, National Training Coordinator

A CHAT WITH THE NATIONAL COMMANDER

Hi Fellows:

This is the time of the year when we usually look back at the events and the achievements of the past year and at the same time look forward to greater things in the coming year.

God has certainly blessed the Royal Rangers program this past year. Annual reports indicate that over 16,000 boys were won for Christ. Also our ranks are still growing with over 100,000 boys now participating in the program.

One of the most important new projects was the launching of *High Adventure* magazine. We hope you have been enjoying this publication and that you are urging others to subscribe as well.

There are great days ahead for the Royal Rangers program. The extent of our achievement depends on fellows like you. Therefore, may I encourage you to join me in pledging to do more for Christ and Royal Rangers in the future.

May I also take this occasion to wish you a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. This is an age old cliché, but it comes from my heart!

Johnnie Barnes



HIGH ADVENTURE



The over-zealous skier came plunging down the slope at an accelerated speed. He banked for a turn but lost control, came tumbling down an incline, and fell in a crumpled heap of twisted legs and skis at the bottom of a snow gully. He tried to move his legs, but the pain told him that one of his legs was broken. A moan escaped his lips. The prospect of coping with a bad injury in freezing temperatures miles from the ski lodge was not a pleasant one. A sense of helplessness crept over him.

Suddenly, two men in bright ski jackets skied to a stop beside him. On each of their jackets was a patch that read, "National Ski Patrol." A cheerful voice chirped, "Take it easy now, we'll have you fixed up in no time at all."

Skilled, experienced hands untangled his skis and began splinting his leg. In a matter of minutes he was lifted onto a special Ski Patrol sled, and he was soon on his way back to the ski lodge, towed by the Ski Patrol. Thus, another injured skier was added to the hundreds of injured skiers rescued each year by the elite National Ski Patrol.

One member of the rescue team was Floyd Larson, who also serves as Royal Ranger Regional Aide-de-Camp for the Northeast Region.

Meanwhile, some distance away, Floyd's son, Don Larson, who is also a member of the Patrol, is giving first aid to a young skier with a badly sprained ankle. Don is also involved in the Royal Rangers



Don Larson and team partner giving first aid to an injured skier.



program, and he serves as a Lt. Commander in his local church.

The National Ski Patrol is composed of some of the most capable skiers in America. Their exploits in rescuing injured skiers have made them a legend in the world of skiing. To achieve what they do, they have to be the best!

To begin with, they must be a top-notch skier. The required test before they are considered sounds like the "warm up" of an olympic ski team. For this reason, only the best of skiers fill their ranks. When you see these men swing into action you then realize why it is necessary for the requirements to be so rigid.

Second, they must be proficient in first aid. Ski Patrol members are required to administer first aid for almost all types of injuries. The lives of many injured skiers depend on their skill. That's why nothing is left to chance. These men are trained to know what they are doing.

Third, they must be in top physical condition. The grueling grind of constant patrolling the many miles of our popular ski areas makes great demands of the members of the Patrol. A strong physical body becomes a matter of survival to them.



Steve Larson in action.



Floyd Larson and his son Don posing just before a day of ski patrolling

The result of these rigid requirements has produced one of the most rugged, efficient and respected organizations on skis. Their constant vigil and alertness has saved many lives, not to mention the skiers who have been spared from hours of suffering and exposure.

Floyd Larson's interest in skiing began as a boy. He grew up in Stowe, Vermont, which is now known as the ski capital of the east. During high school Floyd was a member of his high school ski team. A few years later Floyd received one of the highest honors for a skier when he was accepted as a member of the National Ski Patrol. As a member of the Patrol he has skied and patrolled in many of the major ski areas of America.

Skiing is a family affair with the Larsons. Floyd's wife, Eunice, and all four children love skiing. With the falling of the first good snow, they head for the mountains of Vermont. Another of Floyd's sons, Steve Larson, has also become a member of the National Ski Patrol recently.

When the Royal Rangers program was introduced, Floyd was one of the first leaders in his area to become involved. He believes that the Rangers program is the answer to the needs of boys. He has served in almost all levels of the program and has done a capable job in each area. He presently serves as vice-president of the Royal Rangers National Aides-de-Camp Council.

Some time ago Floyd traveled at his own expense to Central and South America with the National Commander to assist in the promotion of the Royal Rangers program in these areas.

He has shared much of his professional training by teaching first aid and other subjects in many of our Royal Rangers National Training Camps.

So if you are skiing anytime in the future and you have an accident, who knows, if you're lucky you may be rescued by a Royal Rangers leader dressed in Ski Patrol clothing. •

Floyd Larson reminiscing after a day on patrol ➡



Shouts of glee filled the air as Keith and Stanley reached the summit of Mammoth Hill. Layers of ice and snow beneath them were cold and solid, while lowering clouds threatened more snowy weather. A stiff blustery wind swept up from the valley, caught the outpost flag and flung it against the sky as the boys planted it on the crest of the hill.

Soon sleds were racing toward the valley. Royal Ranger sweat shirts dotted the slope as the boys labored upward with their sleds. The annual Christmas outing was in full swing.

Presently, Mr. Shipley arrived in his red pickup. For several hours thereafter, the kind-hearted Outpost Councilman shuttled the boys to the top of the hill by way of a back road.

"Isn't this beautiful weather for a Christmas outing?" asked Commander Martin. "We normally don't have ice and snow for so long a time."

"You're right!" replied Lt. Quigley as he threw another log on the fire. "Perhaps this cold weather will slow down the outlaws. Oh say—have they found any new clues?"

"Not that I know of," said Commander Martin, "but I hear that Cranes' Appliances lost several more TV's this week."

"Mr. Arden said at least a dozen transistor radios are missing from his stock room," Lt. Quigley com-

mented.

Just then the roar of the pickup was heard. Boys and sleds scrambled over the sides for a final half-mile thrill ride before the campfire activities. The truck then descended amid the crunch of chains against the ice.

Soon the hill was bustling again as wieners sizzled over the coals. Buns and mustard were passed around while Lt. Quigley served hot chocolate topped with marshmallows.

Dusk was settling in as Commander Martin told the Christmas story and dismissed the boys with prayer.

"How about one more ride down the hill before I take you home?" asked Mr. Shipley.

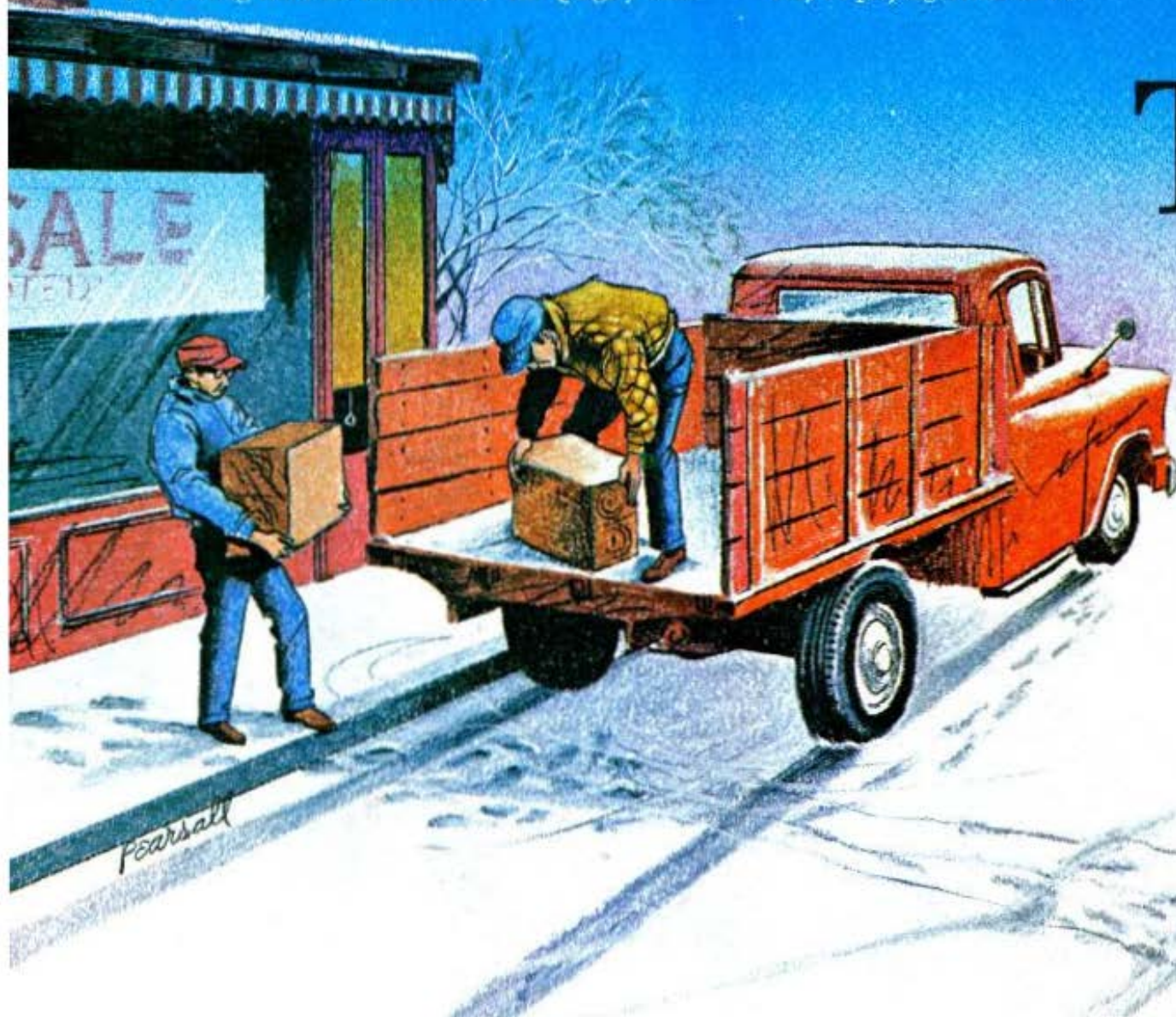
A loud cheer of approval echoed across the valley as boys ran for their sleds. Keith and Stanley delayed their trip a few minutes to help the commander clear the campsite.

Snow was falling in earnest as the two boys whizzed down the slope to join the others. Christmas decorations lighted cottages dotting the hillside.

"Where is everybody?" inquired Stanley as they climbed wearily into the red truck.

"They'll be along soon," returned Keith, "they may be playing a trick on us."

The



Just then the boys saw figures emerging through the falling snow.

"Here they come now," whispered Stanley, "let's pretend we don't see them!"

Both doors slammed and the truck roared down the road. The boys exchanged startled expressions as Stanley raised on an elbow to look inside the cab.

"That's not Mr. Shipley!" he exclaimed, "and neither is this his truck! I've never seen those men before!"

Keith held a finger to his lips as he scooted toward the window to see for himself.

"Hey, look!" said Keith in a loud whisper, "they're stopping at Arden's Radio and TV Shop!"

"Good," replied Stanley, "we'll make a run for it when they get out."

The boys huddled breathlessly as crunching footsteps went toward the door. They waited a few seconds after hearing the click of the lock and peered cautiously over the truck bed. Sure enough! No one in sight! Stealthily removing their sleds, the boys crept down the sidewalk for running room and a quick look inside the building.

"Spud," a low voice said, "I see someone."

"It's only a couple of boys with their sleds. Are you getting jumpy, Mont? Get a move on! There's

work to be done!"

The boys exchanged a frightened glance and hurried their footsteps.

"We'd better tell the police," whispered Stanley after they had gone several blocks.

"Okay," answered Keith, "Captain Russell lives around the corner."

Leaving their sleds at the gate, the boys made their way through the blinding snow and rang the doorbell. Almost out of breath they told the captain what they had seen.

"Luckily you remembered that license plate number," the captain said, placing his hand on Keith's shoulder, "the Highway Patrol should pick them up in no time."

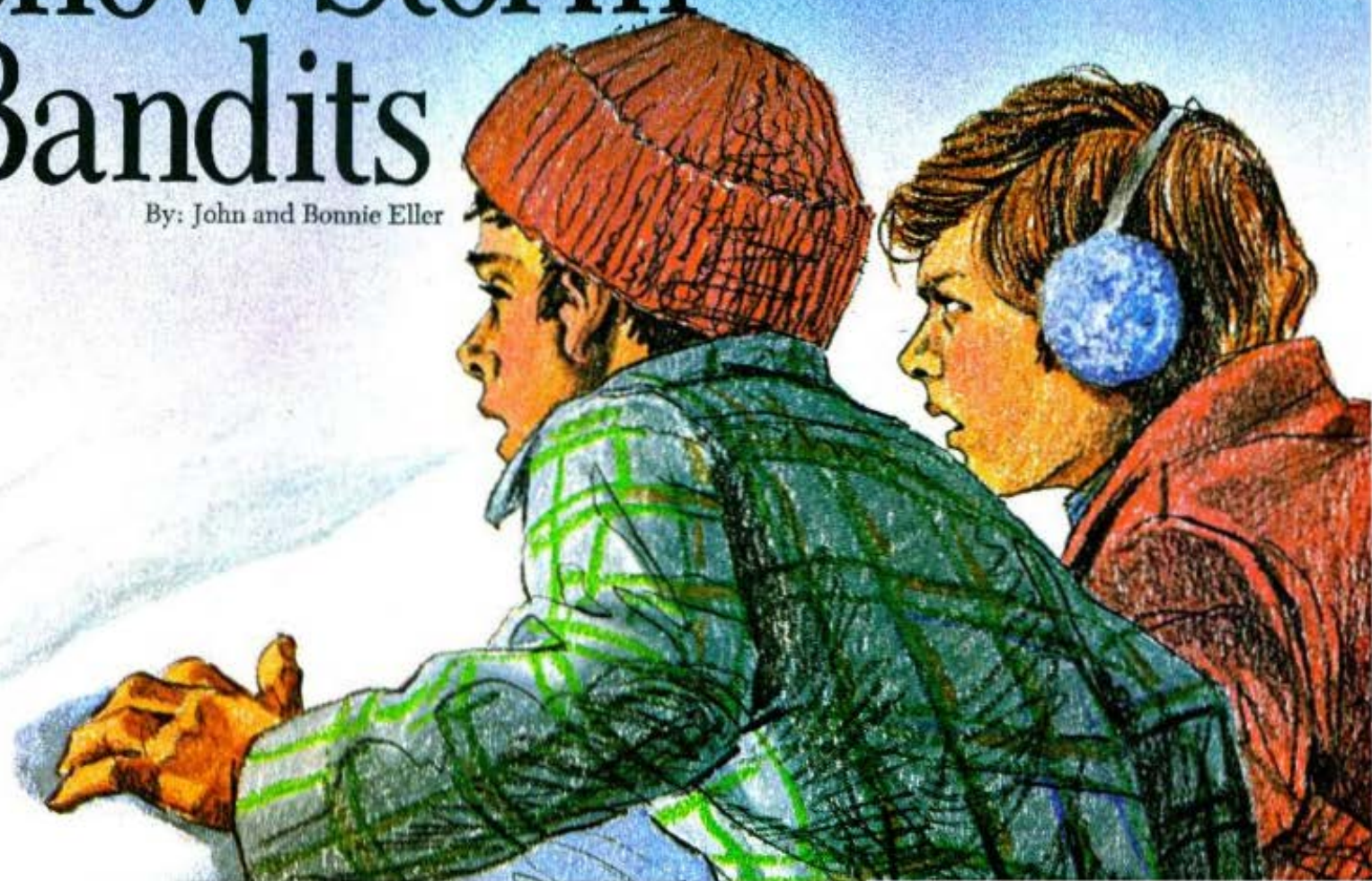
Two weeks later, Keith and Stanley attended the first Outpost meeting of the New Year. They were surprised when Captain Russell walked in. After the opening ceremony, Commander Martin asked the captain to speak.

"It affords me great pleasure to be with you this evening to make a special presentation to a pair of very deserving Rangers," he began. "As you know, outlaws have been operating in this area for several weeks. Because of alert and courageous action on the part of two boys, they have been apprehended."

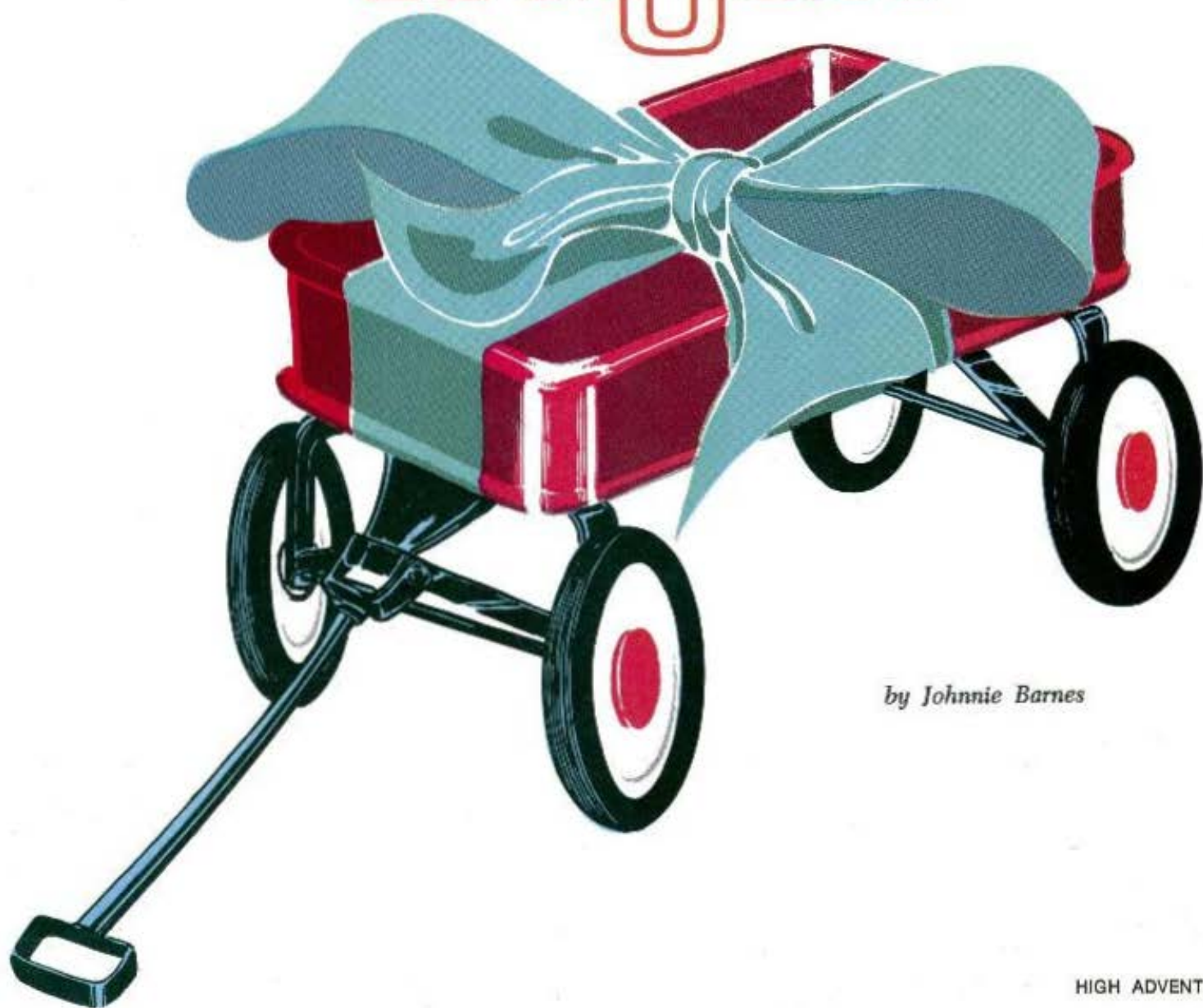
(Continued on page 14)

Snow Storm Bandits

By: John and Bonnie Eller



the Shiny Red Wagon



by Johnnie Barnes

The other day a friend remarked despairingly, "For some reason I haven't gotten the Christmas spirit yet."

This prompted me to ask myself, "What is the Christmas spirit? What is this mysterious, elusive something that gives people a good, warm feeling inside?" As I pondered, I remembered a Christmas many years ago when I really "got the Christmas spirit."

I was nine years old and living on a small ranch in North Texas during the latter part of the Depression. One of the highlights of the week for my brothers and me was the Saturday trip to the small town of Alvord with my father. I was walking down the sidewalk with my older brother Billy who was 15 and my younger brother J.B. who had just turned five.

Suddenly we became aware that J.B. was missing. Looking back down the street we saw him standing in front of a store window, his nose pressed against the glass, enraptured by a gleaming red wagon. Looking up at us with a dreamy, wistful expression, J.B. exclaimed, "That's what I want for Christmas."

During the Depression there was only just enough money for the necessities of life. So we told our little brother jokingly, "You might as well ask for the moon."

But sometimes dreams are not so easily shattered. For days afterward J.B. insisted he was going to get a big red wagon for Christmas.

Finally a fantastic plan began to form in my mind. I shared it with my older brother. "Let's get J.B. that red wagon for Christmas." The average wage for a day's work for a boy (if he could find it) was about 50c. This made our task almost impossible, but my brother and I became obsessed by a joyful madness. We were going to do it.

After school and on Saturdays we worked at anything we could find to do to make extra money. The sore backs and blistered hands were forgotten. "This was for the red wagon cause." Never in my life had I worked so willingly and so eagerly. Any discouragement was quickly erased by simply looking into my little brother's face as he talked about his "red wagon."

Christmas was fast approaching, and we still didn't have quite enough money to buy the wagon. On the day before Christmas Eve my father asked how we were doing. We told him we still needed 50c. I remember him reaching into his pocket and removing a battered coin purse. Fumbling around in

an almost empty interior, he handed us an assortment of coins that met our goal. As I looked into my father's face, I saw an ache in his eyes which I didn't understand at the time; and as he turned away, his eyes were misty.

On Christmas Eve we triumphantly marched into the store, piled an assortment of coins on the counter, and informed the proprietor that we had come to buy the red wagon. We took our prize home and carefully hid it until our little brother fell asleep that night. Then we placed it in under our Christmas tree beside the old stone fireplace. The shiny wagon stood out in conspicuous contrast against the simple cedar tree with its popcorn streamers, paper chains, and other homemade decorations.

Our excitement was so intense we could hardly sleep that night. We arose early the next morning to open our presents before our little brother had awakened. My main gift was a dime store toy plus some homemade items from my brother and sisters. But I wouldn't have cared if I hadn't received anything at all. I was waiting for something else.

Then the big moment came! J.B. came out of the bedroom rubbing his sleepy eyes. We were all waiting. Suddenly he saw it! His eyes widened, and from his face exploded expressions and sounds of restrained joy. "I got it! I got it! I told you I'd get it!" he shouted.

As I watched my little brother dance around the wagon with joy, I couldn't restrain myself any longer. I bolted through the door, out into our front yard. The frost-covered grass sparkled like diamonds. The first rays of sunlight looked like shafts of gold. All nature seemed to shout with joy. I was so full of unexpressed happiness I felt I would burst. So, I did what any red blooded American boy would do. I cried like a baby!

I was caught up in the spirit of unlimited joy because I had unselfishly and willingly given myself—my energy, my means—in behalf of someone else. In this expression of love I believe I found the secret of the Christmas spirit: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." (Acts 20:35)

On the first Christmas, God willingly gave His Son Jesus to the world. Jesus unselfishly gave Himself to mankind that they might have the gift of salvation and access to heaven. The loving, sacrificial giving of God and His Son is what Christmas is all about. If you really want the Christmas spirit this holiday season, do something for someone else. ●

Rangers in ACTION



Eldon Walstad, a Ranger for Pioneer Outpost 89 in Mukilteo, Washington, was seated on a school bus with several other students. The driver had just stepped out of the bus to check a rear tire when suddenly the bus started rolling downhill, heading straight toward a sixty-foot embankment. The panic-stricken children began to rush for the doors. Several of them leaped from the moving vehicle.

Eldon, instead of plunging for the doors, rushed toward the driver's seat. Grabbing the emergency brake with his hands, he pulled back with all his

might. The runaway bus screeched to a stop just a few feet from the embankment.

Eldon's quick thinking and courageous action undoubtedly saved the lives of twenty screaming school children.

Eldon was not only honored with special commendations from the Rosehill Elementary School of Mukilteo, Washington, but also by the National Royal Rangers office. For his prompt and courageous action that saved several lives, Eldon Walstad was awarded the Medal of Valor by the National Royal Rangers Committee. ●

Ever wonder, as you deck the branches of that prize spruce or hemlock, who trimmed the first Christmas tree? Or when folks first "discovered" the existence of Santa Claus? Or who sang the first Christmas carol...hung the first Christmas stocking...chose a strategic spot for the first holiday mistletoe?

Some Christmas customs are surprisingly recent, while others date back to antiquity. Some have remained unchanged since their inception while others—like the stories of Santa and what he carries in his sack—have shown a fascinating evolution.

There is no mystery about the modern Christmas tree topped with its bright star...ablaze with lights...and heaped underneath with colored packages—but in olden times it was shrouded in myth.

For this holiday decoration we are indebted to the old Northern European belief that the trees of the forest were inhabited by god-like spirits. The Germans brought the trees into their homes to appease these "spirits" and show them they were welcome at the Winter Solstice ceremonies. Later, in the eighth century, St. Boniface converted the German pagans and convinced them to stop worshiping Odin's sacred oak and, instead, to adorn fir trees in their homes in tribute to the Christ Child.

There is also no doubt about the meaning of the modern mistletoe, and what will happen to you if you're standing under it. But the custom of kissing under the mistletoe comes down to us from the mystic rites of the primitive British priests. In their faraway age, the mistletoe, which means "all heal," was believed to have magic qualities—the power to

heal disease, neutralize poisons, protect its possessor from witchcraft, and bestow fertility on humans and animals. If a young couple sealed their betrothal with a kiss under the mistletoe, they would receive wonderful blessings and much good luck for the rest of their lives.

And what of that jolly old fellow, Santa Claus? In olden times he was a complex symbol and many things to many people.

Santa descends from the original St. Nicholas, a kindly man who lived in Patara, Turkey, and died a martyr in 342 A.D., becoming the patron saint of children. Before long, the cult of St. Nicholas spread across Europe. He became the patron saint of Greece, Holland and Belgium. Merchant sailors used his three golden purses as a device on their guild flags. The Russians passed the good saint to the Scandinavians, at which time he was still mounted on a white horse according to an old tradition of Turkey. But the Scandinavians knew nothing of horses, so they gave him a reindeer-drawn sleigh. They also grafted to him the legend of the Norse God, Thor, who used to ride through the sky in a chariot, and would appear in a red coat for the pagan feast of Yule.

In the New World, the Dutch called St. Nicholas "Santa Claus" for short. Our modern conception of him comes from the famous poem, "The Night Before Christmas." Dr. Clement C. Moore, a Presbyterian divinity professor in New York State, wrote it to please his children and modeled the hero after a little old wizened Dutch gentleman he bumped into one night in 1822.



CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS THROUGH THE AGES

Winter Camping

By: Elton Bell

Campers must learn to do things differently in winter. You can get by with improper gear and inexperience when the mercury is above 40 degrees, but it can be pretty miserable when it's below freezing.

Personal comfort is the key to enjoyment for all types of camping. In the winter, this means just one thing—keeping warm day and night. Dry air is the greatest insulator that maintains body warmth in both clothing and bedding. Layers of material are warmer than just one thickness. That way you can take off or put on according to your activity.

Proper care of your feet is essential to winter camp comfort and well-being. Dampness and tightness are enemies of warm feet. Winter boots need to be at least a size larger than normal to allow for the extra lining required. Be sure to dry your boots, socks, and liners every night. Keeping warm is no problem in this day of thermal underwear and insulated footwear; down sleeping bags; nylon tents and water-repellent, windproof outer clothing.

Set up camp long before dark. It takes longer to

make a comfortable camp in winter. Also, darkness comes at a much earlier hour in winter. Before setting up your tent, pack the snow by tramping it down. In the snow camp, place "deadmen" instead of tent stakes. If there is no snow and ground is frozen, use large spikes for tent pegs. Tents for snow country should have steep, sloping roofs to shed snow. Bank snow against the bottom of your tent, it will cut drafts.

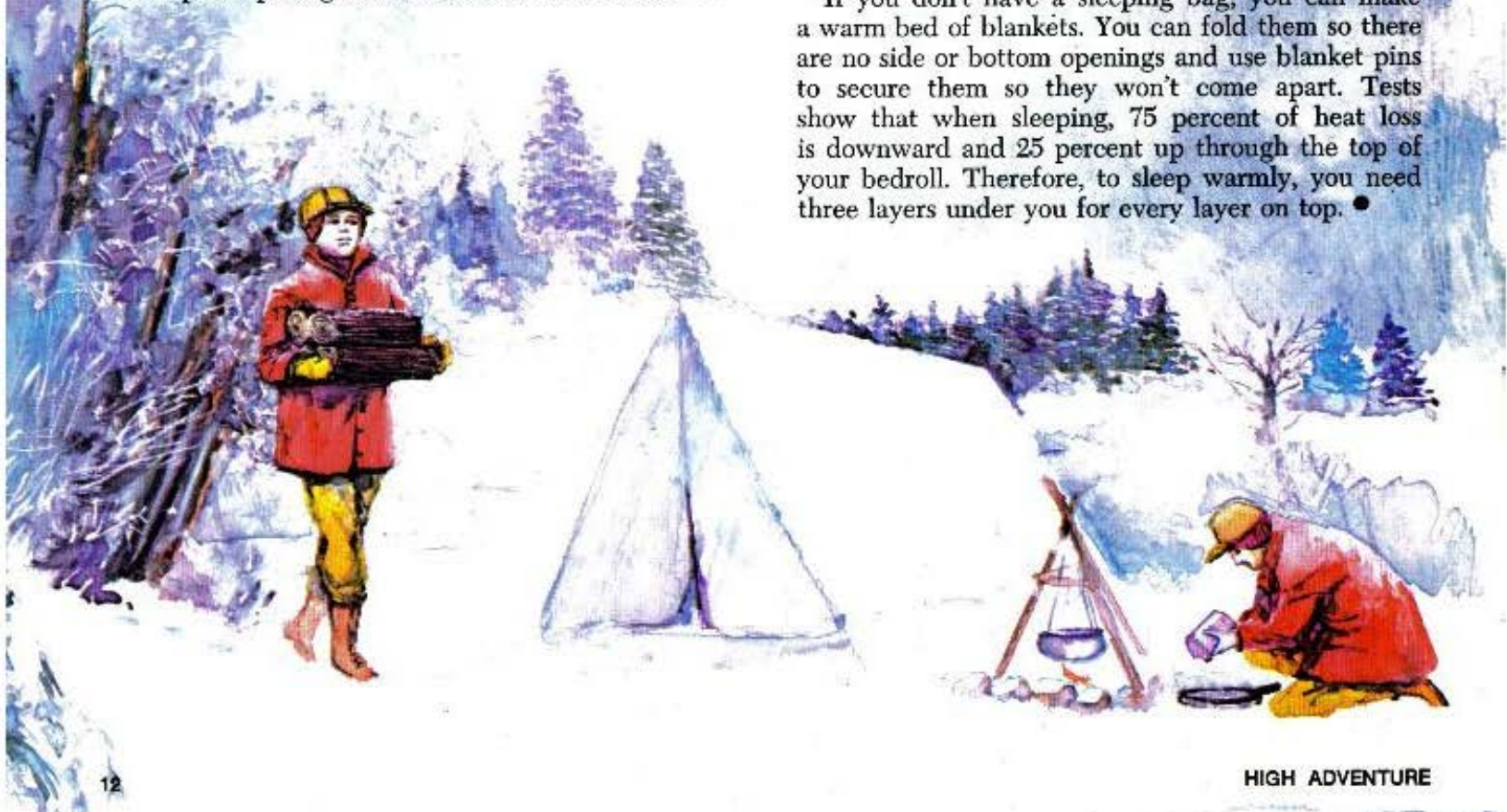
If snow is not too deep, scrape it away down to bare ground where you plan to build your fire. Place stones or large logs on the ground as a fire base on which to build your fire. Heat from the fire will thaw the ground under the base and will make it muddy unless you have a properly built fire base.

In a snow camp you have a ready source of water. But remember snow in a kettle over a fire will actually scorch and burn unless it is stirred while melting. Also, don't forget to purify it by boiling. Protect your water canteen from freezing by carrying it next to your body on the trail, hanging it near the fire in camp, and keeping it in your bedroll at night.

Plan menus to avoid foods that can be damaged by freezing. Make up some kabobs, stew, hamburgers with onions, potatoes and vegetables at home. Wrap each meal in foil and freeze. You'll save a lot of time in camp because all you have to do is thaw out a package and cook it.

While working around camp, use mittens because they are warmer than gloves since there isn't a heat loss all the way around each finger.

If you don't have a sleeping bag, you can make a warm bed of blankets. You can fold them so there are no side or bottom openings and use blanket pins to secure them so they won't come apart. Tests show that when sleeping, 75 percent of heat loss is downward and 25 percent up through the top of your bedroll. Therefore, to sleep warmly, you need three layers under you for every layer on top. •



Communities of nature are filled with endless surprises! Go with us now as we "take to the woods" to study the wonderful world of forest communities! The fascination here has a magnetic attraction to Royal Rangers because of their great appreciation for the outdoors! Whether it's spring, summer, autumn or winter, the forest communities experience a most interesting cycle of animal and plant life.

The forest may be the Eastern woodlands, the Western forests, or the Evergreen regions of the north. But whether in the Rocky Mountains, the Great Smoky Mountains, the subtropical Everglades, the Sierra Nevadas or the proud Redwoods, the cycle of life is much the same. Even the Boreal forests of Canada are adjusted to the familiar yet amazing routine of plant and animal life!

The first element necessary for a forest community is, of course, trees. These are divided into two categories: *deciduous* and *coniferous*. Deciduous trees are sometimes called *broadleaf* or *hardwood*, and are so named because they shed their leaves in autumn. Coniferous trees are also known as *evergreen* or *softwood*, since they are needleleaf and green the year round, shedding their leaves more slowly.

A typical mature forest usually has several layers of vegetation, with the deciduous forests having a greater variety. Each of these layers support different kinds of animals, some of which move around a great deal between layers. These layers are divided into the *canopy*, the *understory*, the *shrub layer*, the *herb layer*, and the *forest floor*.

Leafy crowns of the tallest trees form the canopy, which may be closed or open, depending on the spacing between trees. Most of the forest food is made here since light is more intense and the process known as *photosynthesis* (composition of carbohydrates in chlorophyll) is most vigorous. Food accumulates from the trunk and branches down to the roots. The upper side of the canopy is not a good animal habitat because of the intensity of sunlight, wind and rain.

(Continued on next page)

The Exciting World of Nature

By: John Eller

FOREST FLOOR

UNDERSTORY

SHRUB LAYER

HERB LAYER

NATURE STUDY (continued)

Just below the top surface, however, animal life abounds as food is plentiful. There are varieties of beetles, bugs and caterpillars, all of which are leaf-eaters. These become food for many birds, spiders, and predatory insects. Seed-eaters and nut-eaters such as birds and squirrels are also adapted to the canopy.

Smaller trees make up the understory. These may be young trees of the same variety or a different species that is gradually replacing the predominant trees. Some trees cannot reproduce well in the understory.

Many birds and animals spend most of their lives in the understory. Flying squirrels and songbirds find good nesting and protection from predatory fowls, weather and earthbound hunters.

The shrub layer contains woody plants with several stems. Dense fir woods will have almost no undergrowth at all, while young broad-leaf forests are almost like jungles with their tangled shrubs and vines!

Small animals such as shrews, deer mice and chipmunks find shelter and food in the shrub layer, while many fowl build their nests in the thickets. Berries and seeds of shrubs are good sources of food, while many kinds of insects feed at the shrub level.

The herb layer is a term referring to any green plants that have soft rather than woody stems. Among these are mushrooms, ferns and a variety of moss and wild flowers, all of which grow near the ground.

Animals in the herb layer include mice, insects, snakes, wood turtles, toads, and a few birds such as veeries and hermit thrushes.

Does hide their newborn fawns among the ferns, bobcats and foxes crouch behind rocks and logs to ambush their prey, while every square inch of the herb layer has some fascinating inhabitant!

The forest floor is beneath all this and is the "wastebasket" for all the layers above. Autumn is the time of greatest accumulation, although a steady rain of petals, fruits, seeds, bud scales, twigs, limbs, tree trunks, feathers, fur, and animal carcasses continues year round.

More than a ton of debris may rain down each year upon an acre of forest floor! This is ground up, chewed, dissolved and eaten by millions of tiny animals and plants called *decomposers*. These are "forest janitors," some of which are microscopic, which begin with shallow-boring grubs, deep borers, sawyer beetle larvae and then termites. Then comes the wireworms and fungus beetles, followed by the millipedes, earthworms, and pill bugs which move in to complete the clean-up job. The basic substances are thus returned as humus and mixed with the ground for green plants and food-making.

The cycle continues year after year as both animal and plant life reproduces itself, is sustained by forest foods, and then makes its contribution to the future needs of the forest community.

Since ours is a land of many forests, there is probably a forest community within hiking or driving distance of where you live! If so, it is full of animal and plant life enjoying their home and making their contribution to the overall cycle of the habitat! Pay them a visit! Each plant and animal will seem to greet you in its own special way. ●

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS (continued)

The origin of Christmas carols goes back to the times of St. Nicholas too. But, although these religious songs were sung in the first few centuries A.D., they didn't begin as a continuing tradition until the 14th century—as songs sung between the acts of nativity plays. More and more tunes were added, in various languages, and finally people began singing them other than in church. Actually, we owe the original Christmas carol to St. Francis and his order. He believed in moderate Christmas gaiety.

Where did we get the custom of hanging Christmas stockings? According to the researchers at Shulton (who make those traditional stocking-stuffers, "Old Spice" toiletries for men)—the first Christmas stocking was really hung by the chimney *to dry!* And St. Nick, making his round of chimneys on Christmas Eve, dropped a bag of gold into the stocking by accident!

In the old days, Dutch children were more than glad to accept this concept. They used to place their wooden shoes by the chimney for Santa's offerings—but delightfully discovered that long winter stockings could hold far more of the yuletide goodies.

As we observe the traditions of Christmas we must never forget what Christmas is really all about. Christmas is a celebration of the birth of Jesus Christ—the son of God. Everything we do at Christmas should express our thanks to God for the gift of His Son to the world. ●

THE SNOW STORM BANDITS (continued)

Keith and Stanley looked at one another as the boys cheered.

"On behalf of Arden's and Cranes' who were hit the hardest," Captain Russell continued, "I wish to present Keith Sanders and Stanley Adams with a gift of appreciation. Will you two Rangers please come forward."

Big smiles broke over the boys' faces as the captain presented each with complete backpacking equipment.

"Come see me in a few years," said Captain Russell, "anyone who can catch the Snow Storm Bandits should make good policemen someday!" ●

A science teacher was giving a demonstration to his science class. He dropped a worm into a glass of water. The worm wiggled and wiggled and squirmed around in the water. Then he took the worm out and dropped it into a glass of alcohol. The worm wiggled and squirmed and wiggled around in the alcohol and then curled up and died. Then the teacher asked, "Now, class, what does this demonstration show you?"

One boy in the back of the room stood up and said, "If you drink alcohol you won't have worms."

An aged gentleman, crossing the street, was knocked over by a racing St. Bernard dog. Seconds later a tiny compact car skidded into him, inflicting other damage. Helped to his feet by a passer-by he was asked if he was hurt. The old man replied, "Well the dog didn't hurt me very much, but that tin can tied to his tail nearly killed me!"

First Royal Ranger: Know how to start a fire with 2 sticks?

Second Royal Ranger: No, how?

First Royal Ranger: Make sure one is a match.

Question: What do you call a monkey who sells potato chips?

Answer: A chip munk.

—Warren Bebout
San Luis Obispo, CA

A pastor noticed every Sunday as he began preaching, one of the members of his congregation, an elderly man, would fall right to sleep in the front pew. This disturbed the pastor so much that he began to think of some way to break this habit.

The following Sunday as the pastor was about to preach, he noticed the elderly man fall asleep again. The pastor, taking advantage of the opportunity, whispered in a low voice to the congregation, "Everyone that wants to go to heaven, stand up." The entire congregation stood—that is, everyone except the little old man sleeping on the front pew.

The pastor then told the congregation to be seated. Then in a very loud voice he shouted, "Everyone that wants to go to hell, stand up." This so startled the old man in the front pew that he jumped up, looked around, and exclaimed, "I don't know what we're voting on Pastor, but it looks like you and I are the only ones for it!"

—Neil Agnes

Joe: Why is the baseball stadium so cold?

Johnny: Because there is a fan in every seat.

Question: Why did the Royal Ranger take an umbrella to church?

Answer: He knew the preacher was going to preach up a storm.



the Comedy Corner

Jack: Speaking of baseball, I've got a baseball dog.

Billy: Why do you call him a baseball dog?

Jack: Because he wears a muzzle, catches flies, chases fowls, and beats it for home when he sees the catcher coming.

Employee: "Boss, do you think you could raise my salary?"

Boss: "Stop worrying and go back to work. I've already been able to raise it every payday so far."

—Tom Shepherd
Valley Park, MO

Young bride: I'm going to iron and cook your food.

New husband: Just cook it, please!

—Elton Grissom
Lake Alfred, FL

A gorilla walked into a restaurant, ordered a 50-cent hamburger, and put down a 5-dollar bill.

The waiter thought, "Gorillas don't know much about money," so he handed the animal a one-dollar bill in change.

The waiter's curiosity then got the better of him and he said, "We don't get many gorillas in this restaurant."

The gorilla replied, "No wonder, charging four dollars for a hamburger."

THIS REALLY HAPPENED

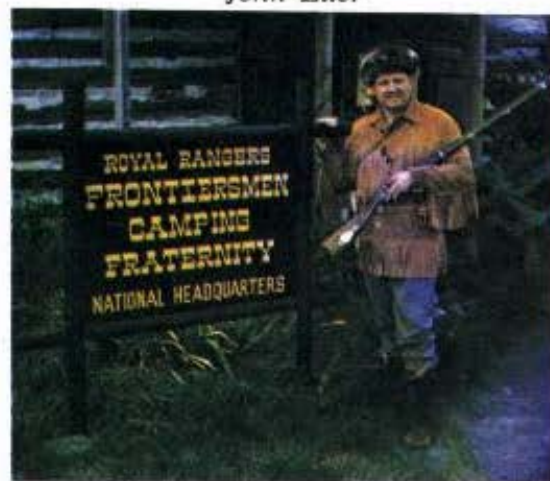
For some, the highlight of a successful Sunday school Christmas program is the unscheduled things children do. Nearly every Sunday school program has a feature where little tots hold letters to spell words. In one church youngsters were to spell "NOEL" but it came out "LEON." In another program the letters were to spell "CHRISTMAS STAR" but the youngsters got the star in reverse order. It came out "RATS" The classic is the program where "HELLO" was to be spelled out. Unfortunately, the "O" got on the wrong end.

BIG DOIN'S in THE OZARKS

John Eller



How would you like a steak from this critter?



Fantastic Caverns



Members of the Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity, a unique organization for older Royal Rangers and leaders, are in for a real treat by participating in the coming National F.C.F. Rendezvous! This will be the first national meeting of the organization which now has chapters across the nation.

The meeting will be conducted in the Queen City of the Ozarks, Springfield, Missouri, June 14-15, 1972, and is open to all F.C.F. members.

There will be two jam-packed days of unforgettable experiences! Men and boys from all over the United States will be present for the greatest national event in the history of the Royal Rangers program!

The first day, a tour will be conducted of the national symbolic headquarters of F.C.F. This is an old log cabin located on the campus of Evangel College, the Assemblies of God college of arts and sciences. The cabin is the oldest structure in southwest Missouri, originally constructed in 1848 by Thomas Simpkins and donated to Evangel by A.V. Sinnet. It was moved to the campus by the History Club.

This rustic and picturesque structure contains authentic artifacts and relics of pioneer days as donated by various F.C.F. chapters in the U.S.A.

The first day will also include a complete tour of the International Headquarters of the Assemblies of God and the Gospel Publishing House. This will be a rare opportunity to see the inside operation of the National Royal Rangers Office.

There will be a great banquet in the evening served in the Headquarters Cafeteria which will feature outstanding talent and top-notch speakers.

The second day will feature activities at Fantastic Caverns, one of the largest and most beauti-

ful underground spectaculars in the nation. These caverns are located in the Ozark Hills near Springfield, and include such attractions as a pool of blind fish, an underground river, and bat caves.

Special events will be conducted at Fantastic Caverns to include: contests in tomahawk and knife throwing, logging, Indian wrestling, squaw calling, horn blowing, bow and arrow, lashing, muzzle-loader shooting and whittling. Awards will be made in the Jim Bridger contest for the tallest tale and the best frontier joke. Other awards will include the best F.C.F. outfit, most unusual identification staff, and best design in stalking sticks.

There will be a special hike to an ancient campground called Indian Springs, where tribal chiefs once held council.

An elk and buffalo barbeque is planned, with a night rally in an auditorium deep in the caverns. This subterranean assembly will include a time of frontier pagentry to delight the heart of every frontiersman.

During the rendezvous, there will be a trading post and swapping tent in operation. So, bring any items such as patches, bolos, knives, or other accessories for trading. Localized trading items such as buckeyes from Ohio, horned toads from Texas, or cactus from Arizona would be interesting.

We are looking for a splendid turnout for our first National F.C.F. Rendezvous, since the meeting is "sandwiched between" the District Commanders Conference and the Aides-de-Camp Council. This will be an excellent opportunity to become personally acquainted with the National Officers of the organization as well as F.C.F. members from across the nation.

Come join us for "Big doings in the Ozarks!"