

A composite image featuring a Native American man in traditional regalia, including a feathered headdress and a fringed yellow shirt, holding a bow and arrow. The background is dark with some foliage. A white diagonal banner with black text is overlaid on the image.



High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS / \$3.99

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS / SUMMER 1982

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JOHNNIE BARNES



FRED DEEVER
1982 (S)

High Adventure

SUMMER 1982

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A SPECIAL FRIEND

BY JOHN OSBORNE

Hi, my name is Bill Jackson. I never thought I would talk to anybody about this, but I guess I'd better.

You see, this thing that happened, well, it changed my life and kinda my outlook on the other people and stuff.

This kid, Todd Randall, well, he always followed me around. I was his hero, I guess.

The other kids called him names like dummy and retard, and made him feel bad. He was in Special Ed. and not too smart on school stuff, but he sure could fix things real good, like bikes and stuff like that.

"Bill," he told me one day, "I sure am glad you're my friend."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, you never call me names or push me around and you let me hang around with you. I feel good knowing I have somebody who treats me good."

Well, that sorta took me by surprise, 'cause I felt sorry for the little guy. Shucks, I was thirteen and Todd was only eleven at the time. He was ready to help me with my chores and always there to watch me when I played football and basketball. Todd wasn't on the school team or anything, but he sure loved to

watch me and cheer when I did something good.

The other guys would ask me, "Why do you let that kid hang around with you? He is just a retard and a dumb nerd."

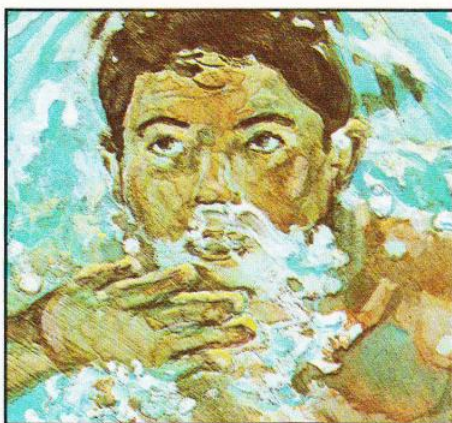
I mostly told them, "I kinda like Todd and he does some neat things. Why don't you give the kid a chance?"

Then at other times I would feel mad at Todd and I would try to stay away from him. But in a little while he was following me around again.

Things went on that way until just before school let out. It was last year in May, a really warm day here in Nebraska.

**A BOY CRIES FOR HELP.
IT TAKES A "SPECIAL FRIEND" TO SAVE HIM.**





The guys wanted to go swimming at the river. When they asked me to go along, I said "great."

Todd kept bugging me about going along too, so I let him come with me. I told him to stay out of everybody's way, as I didn't want him to get himself into any trouble.

The water felt so good. We splashed around and played water ball. Then we all sat around the edge of the river and talked.

I thought I would take one more swim before we left, so I told Todd to get my clothes together for when I came out of the water. I jumped in and started swimming, the water felt so cool and nice. Suddenly I got a really bad pain in my stomach. The next thing I knew I was in trouble and going under. I started yelling like crazy, "Help! Help!" The water was choking me, I couldn't breathe.

"God help me!" I screamed, as I tried to swim, and then I went under again. A roaring filled my ears and I started to feel strange. *God*, I am going to drown was my last thought. Then I blacked out.

The next thing I knew was when I opened my eyes in the hospital.

"He's coming around," I heard someone say. Then I saw the doctor and my mom and dad. My folks had been crying.

I could tell, as their eyes were all red.

"Thank God for your friend," they told me. "He jumped in and saved your life."

"Who?" I whispered.

"Todd Randall," Dad replied. "That kid sure is some swimmer. The other kids just got panicky and ran around yelling. Finally one of them ran for the nearest phone. Todd was the only one who had the sense to go in. He came to your rescue. Son, Todd saved your life."

Then I saw Todd. He was there, too. I reached out and grabbed his hand. I told him, "Thanks pal, you're the greatest!"

Well, that's about all. I am going to help him all I can. The other kids are trying to be nicer to him now.

I realize now that *all* people are important and even if a kid is in a special class, he's still a kid like me. But those kids just need more help and understanding from the rest of us.

I know one thing for sure, Todd *is* special. He is my *special* friend. ★

Bird Puzzle

By Evelyn Mitsch



Printed in the squares of the puzzle are the letters for the names of seventeen birds. In the four squares at the top left corner are the letters for the word "CROW." Use that as an example and find the letters for the other birds listed below. You may move to the left, to the right, and up and down but not corner to corner. The same letter may be used for more than one word.

With a pencil, make an X in the squares as you find the letters. When you have found all of the bird names, every square will have an X in it if you have used the right letter.

Can you find the hidden bird names?

CROW
ORIOLE
ROBIN
WREN
WOOD DUCK
KINGLET
CHICKADEE
LARK
GRACKLE
BOBOLINK
THRUSH
EAGLE
COWBIRD
MAGPIE
OWL
TERN
MALLARD

Just in time for your next campout

Make Your Own Fire Starting Sticks

By Raymond Meloy



Those fire starting sticks used by campers and people with fireplaces and woodburners can easily be made at home for a fraction of the cost of the store bought kind. These fire starting sticks as they are called are convenient materials used for starting fires that can be purchased usually in two pound boxes that contain two or three dozen sticks for a price of a couple of dollars.

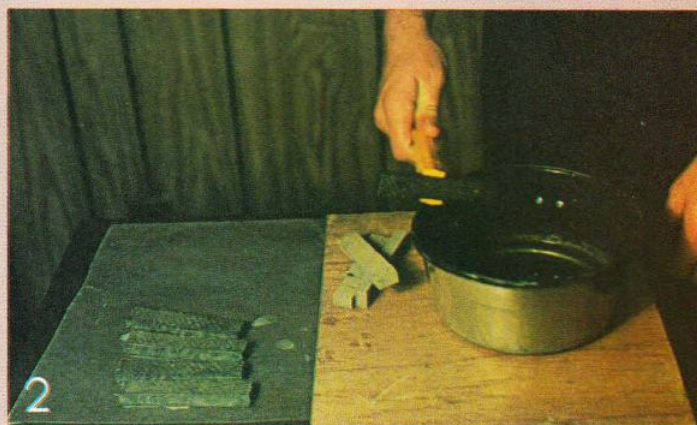
Making your own fire sticks takes little if any money and less than an hour. The fire starting sticks for sale in the stores are in reality only cut up pieces of insulation board (celotex) that are dipped in wax. Insulation board commonly known as celotex, pressboard, fiberboard, or wallboard is made out of press wood fibers usually $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thick with 4- x 8-foot dimensions. Don't confuse this insula-

tion board with plasterboard, particleboard, or styrofoam insulation bats.

If you or anyone you know has recently done some construction work around the house, you should be able to pick up a few pieces of scrap insulation board.

Take a razor knife and cut your insulation board into sticks 4 inches by $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch wide. A metal ruler or a square

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE ►



helps to make all of the sticks a uniform size. When using a razor knife always have a sheet of scrap wood under your cutting material to protect the table or workbench you're cutting on.

In a double boiler melt a quantity of paraffin wax. I recommend that you use an old pot to melt your wax in because paraffin wax is notorious for its inability to be cleaned completely out of a melting pot. When your wax is in a liquid state immerse a few of your insulation board sticks in the pot. You will notice that a quantity of minute bubbles will appear around the edges of your sticks. This is air that's being replaced by wax. When the air bubbles have stopped appearing

take your sticks out of your pot with some tongs or a pair of pliers. Let your wax-covered sticks cool on some wax paper.

To use your fire sticks light one with a match and place it under your kindling wood. It will quickly ignite the kindling easily starting your fire.

Because of the lightness and small size of these fire sticks, they are ideal fire starters to take along on your camping trips. They really come in handy when your fire starting tinder is either wet or under a few inches of snow. An added advantage of taking these fire starting sticks along on your backpacking or camping trips is that because they are coated with wax they are waterproof.

At times fire starting can be very frustrating, but with these fire starting sticks anyone can quickly and easily start a fire giving them more time to enjoy it.

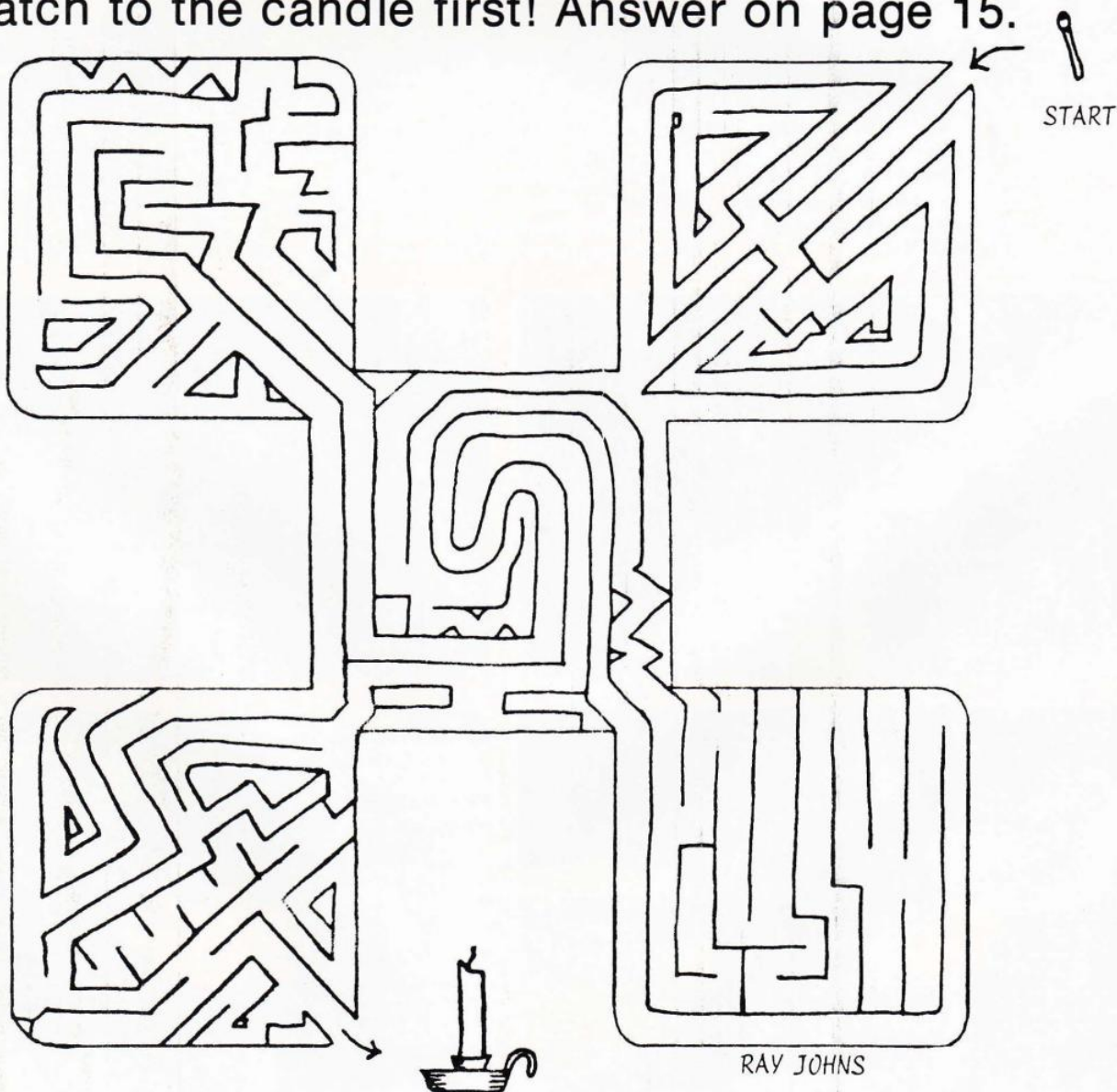
Caption Sheet

1. Cut your insulation board into sticks $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch wide by 4 inches long.
2. Soak your insulation board sticks in melted paraffin wax.
3. The finished product after the wax has cooled and hardened.
4. All it takes is a match to light your fire starting sticks.
5. Place your burning fire starting stick under a pile of wooden sticks and you will soon have a blazing fire.

HAPPY FIREMAKING!

Light-the-Candle Maze

Challenge your friends. See who can get the match to the candle first! Answer on page 15.



Poets write about buttercups, daisies, and even the prolific dandelion, but seldom of cattails. Yet head out on any U.S. highway and if you observe the roadside botany, soon you'll see a cluster of cattails. A gift of nature, the cattail is both beautiful and useful.

Even so, it has gotten a bad press, not from botanists or nutritionists but the various media. It's a downright shame! It should be exalted and glamorized as a source of food and potential for oil.

Its brown flowers in cylindrical terminal spikes are unique. Study one of these spikes carefully and you'll see a marvel in design. Its roots served as potatoes for the red man, and our great-grandfathers used it as a torch to light his way. Bibles were read by pioneer parents, using cattail torches as they headed west in a Conestoga wagon train.

The cattail has many folklore names: marsh beetles, tule, rush, marsh pestles, bull's-eggs, candlewick, and great seed mace. The roots are edible. In England, boiled cattail roots are a gourmet dish in Spring, high in vitamins, often called Cassock asparagus, delicious when salted and served with butter.

I distinctly remember my grandmother having a very pleasing mantel decoration in the "sitting room" of the log house that was her rural home. It was an ancient two-gallon "corn likker" jug of Appalachian origin. Into its mouth she pushed as many slender cattails as the jug would permit. It was a conversation piece that invariably evoked pleasant comment from visitors.

Recently I walked into rather a spacious farm home, distinctly far removed from the dog-trot log cabin of grandma's day, and there as part of the fireplace decor was a piece of crockery with the same type of cattail decoration.

"Cut the cattails in late July or August before the spikes start shedding, and they will last forever," the housewife reminded.

Then she amazed me further by walking into another room and there, used as a doorstep was a second jug with its cattail plumes. But this jug was different. She had coated the exterior with soft putty, into which she had pressed dozens

of tiny gizmos, pennies, old costume jewelry, bird-point arrowheads, odd buttons and myriad gimmicks. When the putty dried, the objects were secure, and gave the jug an unusual appearance to say the least.

"We call it a crazy jug," she explained. "I'm certain the idea came from the Appalachians long years ago."

This farm wife had two conversation pieces in her home, thanks to the cattail. Which is a reminder: it should have a far better press.

Incidentally, the cattail is at its peak in mid-July, a reminder that the summer is on the wane, and Autumn is just around the proverbial corner.

Although this botanic marvel down through the centuries has never been associated with allergies or skin poisoning when handled, it still suffers from an indifferent public, perhaps through ignorance of its possibilities. This journalist is making rather a humble, belated effort to correct this fact. The buttercups, the daisies, the asters, even wild mustard and dog fennel in bloom, dotting the roadside in profusion, all get their raves. But rarely is the ancient cattail placed into the same category of natural beauty.

It seems unfair to say the least. The cattail has a long history of usefulness that out-focuses many of its publicized contemporaries. Even in prehistoric days, the cattail served as a model for archaic drawings on cliffsides. Many of the tribes, especially the plains and eastern Indians, used the cattail for food, the roots especially; they made a starchy dish that resembled our own mashed potatoes. Yellowed journals inform us that the early settlers, coming in from the eastern coast, made a succulent soup by boiling the young blossoms, possibly higher in vitamins than many of our present-day soups and salads. The plant also was used medicinally, and a poultice made if its juice was used on external sores and burns.

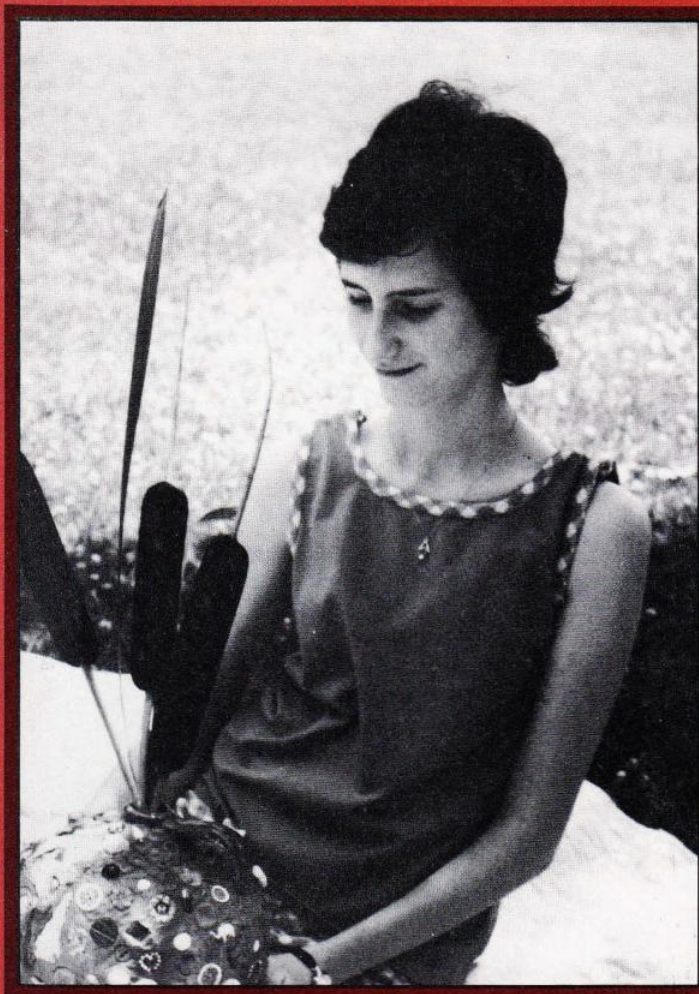
Pioneer families used the long stems as candle molds, and Indian squaws, just as solicitous for their infants as young mothers today, plucked the soft down when it shredded in Autumn to line their

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The Overlooked Cattail

By Grover Brinkman



Lisa Martens exhibits a "crazy jug," which was made by an aged woman. Notice the cattails!



Usually cattails stand in swampy places or alongside lakes and streams like inverted exclamation points!

papoose boards for baby's comfort and worth.

It is estimated that cattails cover 140,000 square miles in the nation. Does the plant have any commercial value? Possibly, yet the field has hardly been scratched. A recent estimate is to the effect that the cattail, over the U.S. could provide 35 million gallons of oil, leaving 165 million pounds of pulp that would be good cattle or chicken feed. Experimentally, it has even been used in producing penicillin.

If you're a senior citizen and remember some of the torchlight parades that usually heralded some presidential candidate, you might remember also that cattails were dipped in kerosene (called coal oil at that time) to light up the parade route.

Botanically, the cattail is an unusual

plant to say the least. It is literally a child of the wind and thus propagates itself. One cattail head produces as many as 175 million pollen grains which are carried on the breeze, often for great distances.

Usually cattails stand in swampy places or alongside lakes and streams like inverted exclamation points. As summer's end approaches, the chocolate-brown cylindrical heads, often ten inches in length and resembling a huge frankfurter, turn deeper-hued. This is the time to cut the slender stalks, before the head starts a slow disintegration by wind-shredding. Use a sharp knife, for the stalks are tough and cannot be snapped off.

The ecological value of the cattail is common knowledge, despite an indifferent press. Birds such as the red-winged blackbird, the least bittern and

the marsh hen seek it for food. The plant also provides homes for frogs, minnows and other aquatic life, which in turn attract larger fish.

Recently this journalist picked up a jar of pink jelly in a local supermarket that was manufactured, of all things, from corncobs! But this is nothing stupendous, really, for the Indians made jam out of the cattail root long before the supermarket was born.

So let's repeat: it's been too bad that the cattail has had such an indifferent press down through the years. Momentarily there seems a change in focus: nutrition buffs are fast realizing its food value, and that's a good sign. With the right public relation people and a bit of TV exposure, it might turn into a long overdue botanical wonder in the food garden.

"My first night on the trail
was terrible. I endured an
all-night bush bear
attack."

BUSH BEARS, WILD HORSES, AND LAUGHING BIRDS

BY WARREN SMITH

Hiking is not something I choose to do as much as it is something I have to do. Blank spots on the map are personal challenges; unexplored areas are gold mines of adventure. That's why the Appalachian Trail has held my attention for so long. Because if an unexplored area is a gold mine, then the Appalachian Trail is 2,000 miles of ore track, with each footprint a claim. And I wanted my stake.

But as a senior in high school it didn't look like I would be striking out anytime soon. College was ahead and my life looked pretty well mapped out. There came a time, though, and I don't know exactly when, that it occurred to me that if I didn't do it now, I might just never do it. And never doing it simply wasn't an option.

So after a lot of talking with my parents I made plans to push school aside for one quarter and spend six weeks alone on the Appalachian Trail.

It's been said that there are two ways to prepare for a long hike. One either tells the whole world and is then too embarrassed to back out, or one tells no one and quits whenever he feels like it. Not being a person who is particularly renowned for holding his tongue, I told everybody who would listen. To further insure that I wouldn't chicken out, I bought all my food in advance and repackaged the six weeks of freeze-dried and other lightweight meals into three boxes that my parents would mail to towns along my route.

The basement of our house was a disaster area as I packed and repacked, checked and rechecked. But finally, a lot of talk and all the preliminaries were behind me and it was time. The only



thing ahead of me was seven hundred miles of the Appalachian Trail.

So on a crisp, clear April morning I drank the last Coke I would have in a while and walked away from a deserted north Georgia road, alone, with nothing I couldn't carry on my back. I reheard in my mind all those people who told me I was a fool, or at least crazy, and worse . . . I was believing them. But I kept walking, and by the end of the first day I had almost forgotten their disheartening words. Almost.

That's when I met the bears. Actually, they are a special breed of bears that only haunt novice outdoorsmen. These bears are called bush bears. Bush bears are small, about the size of a bush. They also have an unusual shape that is, again, rather like a bush. And when they move

they sound for all the world like the wind passing through a bush. The cleverest thing about a bush bear is that if you look directly at it, it turns into wood and grows roots.

My first night on the trail was terrible. I endured an all-night bush bear attack. When dawn arrived, little bush bear corpses were everywhere. The most frightening sight of all was a giant one. I've learned that they are called pine trees.

Even with bush bears, the first few days of any long distance hike are days of adjustment. They usually mean sore hips and shoulders, tired legs, and a slight amount of general discomfort. This time is also a period of mental adjustment. It is a time of becoming good friends with a warm sleeping bag and a beat up Kelty pack; a time of telling them how tired I am and wondering aloud to them how far 700 miles really is.

At the Georgia-North Carolina border I entered the Nantahala National Forest and made good time towards Wesser, North Carolina. At Wesser, I met Ed Garvey, whose book, *Appalachian Hiker*, is one of the best-selling books written on the Appalachian Trail. Besides Mr. Garvey, I also saw some of the fanciest kayak handling I've ever laid eyes on. Some of the finest paddlers in the country practice on the Nantahala River at Wesser polishing techniques and shaving times. Drawing business from the river and the trail, there is a restaurant and an outdoor equipment shop here too. I shoveled pounds of fresh food into my stomach: I knew it would be a while before I ran into this

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"This shelter, in the Nantahala National Forest of North Carolina, is similar to many other shelters that dot the entire length of the Appalachian Trail."

kind of fare again.

A few days after leaving Wesser I entered the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. The Smokies are beautiful anytime, but in early spring, before the crowds arrive, they are especially pleasant. The wind sang just for me and the sun shone for my benefit solely. Finally, after two weeks on the hoof, I had shaken city ways. My body was in shape; my mind accepted all it saw as natural and not an intrusion into my world. In fact, I recognized that I was the intruder or, at least, a visitor, and I was thoroughly enjoying the visit.

Just out of the north end of the Smokies lies the little town of Hot Springs, North Carolina. Hot Springs drew its name and for many years its very existence from the warm mineral waters that bubble on the outskirts of town. Even before several small industries came into the town, these springs made it a bustling little resort community.

In Hot Springs is one of the several hostels that dot the length of the Appalachian Trail. They are run by various groups: church, hiking—or just service-minded individuals. They offer a real bed and a hot shower for no fee or a very small one. They also provide congregation points for long-distance hikers to meet and swap information, food, and tall tales.

All that high, high living made leaving Hot Springs tough, but the weather was pleasant and the trail was beginning to come into its spring bloom. In a few days I reached Roan Mountain, a 6300-foot giant (by eastern standards) in northern Tennessee. In a few weeks the Roan

Mountain Rhododendron Festival would have this hill crawling with people, but now it was deserted. The weather started doing strange things, as it often does in the mountains. Wind, lightning, and thunder—with surprisingly little rain—brought the air alive. I watched the sky spark and flame for several hours from a wooden shelter built for hikers by the forest service. Not only did the lightning provide the shelter with light, but the wind and thunder echoed through it in a symphony that I thought would bring the whole thing crumbling down on my head. I managed to get to sleep, though, after the storm slacked up a bit and I awoke the next morning to a gray, burned-out sky.

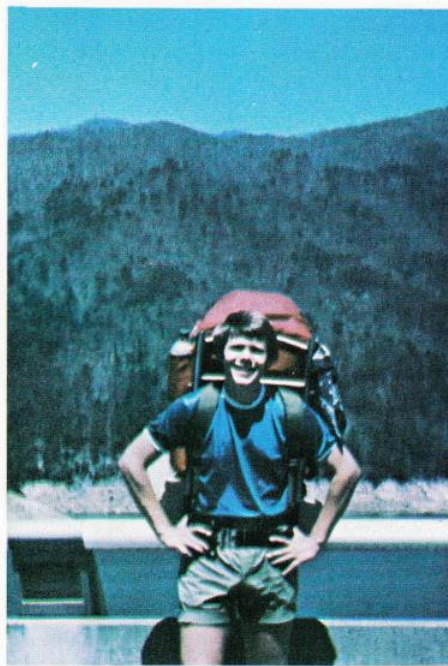
Before too many days the sky was completely blue again. The fair weather and an almost empty pack inspired me to walk 32 miles one day into the town of Damascus, Virginia. Damascus marked a milestone for me. It was my first stop in Virginia and it was also one of the towns that I had a box of food waiting, but more than that it marked the beginning of the period when I was in "rhythm" with the trail. I was not carrying a watch or even a calendar, and finally, I was measuring time and space by the movements of the sun and moon and by my own movements as well: what I had done and seen. By not carrying a watch I don't doubt that I sacrificed a great deal of efficiency. Lunch hours turned into lunch afternoons and who knows if I was getting up early or late every morning? But, finally, in Damascus, I realized that it doesn't matter. I had no where to be, no one to meet, no appointments to keep. The

biological and cosmic functions became my time-pieces, and I don't think I missed a thing.

Damascus has the reputation of being one of the friendliest places on the Appalachian Trail. The people here are great. They acknowledge and appreciate the hiker's problems with loneliness and physical and mental fatigue and really try to make his stay a pleasant one. A church in town even has a house fixed up for the hiker's use.

I left Damascus through its empty, early morning streets two days after arriving. I was well back into the mountains by midmorning when I topped a hill and sat down for a break. As the sounds of my footsteps died, I was startled to hear music. The church bells were chiming, "Tell Me the Old, Old Story" in that beautiful town, not far below. I listened until the wind drowned the music in an old song of its own. Then, I slid into my shoulder straps and once more turned northward.

My camp that night was at the base of Mount Rogers, the highest point in Virginia. I rose the next morning to the sound of what I thought was rain on the roof of my shelter... and found snow everywhere! Being a Georgia boy, I was thoroughly delighted. I jumped out of my



"Here I am on Fontana Dam, at the southern end of the park. I saw a good many wild boar in this area of the Great Smoky Mountain Park."



"Here I take a side trip off the trail to pick up food that was mailed here by my parents."

sleeping bag, threw my gear together and slipped and slid my way to the top of the mountain. On top lived two runaway horses with ice and snow glistening from their manes. They threw their heads and tails around like spirited mounts from the pages of a fairytale book. They would stand off from me a bit, snorting and stomping their hoofs. As I approached, they would let me get almost to them before they bolted into the cloud that shrouded the mountain that morning. This happened time after time until they tired of the game and ran off, forever lost in the mist of the mountain.

The next few days were extremely cold and I went for several days without seeing a soul. The cold snap eventually broke, however, and more people could be found on the trail. The people were still so few, though, that I found myself walking all of the time alone. The miles and days seemed to roll by, one after another, and before long I was in the Roanoke area. One night I spent several hours watching planes land at the Roanoke airport from a vista high atop Tinker Mountain. During the day huge birds flew out of the crags of this mountain with one flap of their wings and soared for hours on wind currents. At night the lights of the planes keep the air alive while the birds sleep, or perhaps watch, too, and laugh at the amount of energy we humans use just to get off the ground.

My thoughts that night brought the solitude of the trail and the congestion of the city face-to-face. I was a pilgrim, so to

speak, wandering on the Appalachian Trail. The trail seemed to be the thin line between the solitude and the congestion that held the two apart. To my right: the city. The lights, the bustle, the planes, the people. To the left: the wild country, with its fairy-tale horses and bush bears and laughing birds. As it got colder I noted the irony of the fact that I would soon retreat for warmth into a sleeping bag that was made in the very middle of a city like the one below. It was as if there was a battle going on, with me as the prize. The country would have me for a while, but then I would retreat to the city, which is, like the sleeping bag, my safe, warm cocoon.

And I guess it was on Tinker Mountain that my trip, my adventure, came to an end. The actual hiking wasn't over; I still had a few more days to go. But the search was over; the unexplored area; the gold mine struck. There are no millions of dollars to stack and, of course, no real gold to weigh. But somehow, on Tinker Mountain, things fell into place or, rather, my place in things fell open. As the city and wild country fought, I saw that I wasn't going to be won by either, but I would instead just slide easily between the two, seeing and appreciating both more fully.



The young backpacker stops to look up at Thunderhead Mountain, highest in the background.

So I hiked on, finishing up a few days later in Waynesboro, Virginia, under a full moon. It was mid-May; the trees were in full leaf and shone blue on the sides of the Shenandoahs. I tossed my battered pack into the luggage compartment of the bus and covered the whole distance I had spent six weeks hiking in a matter of hours. On the bus that night the same moon that turned the Shenandoahs blue was splashing light on mountains and cities all across America.

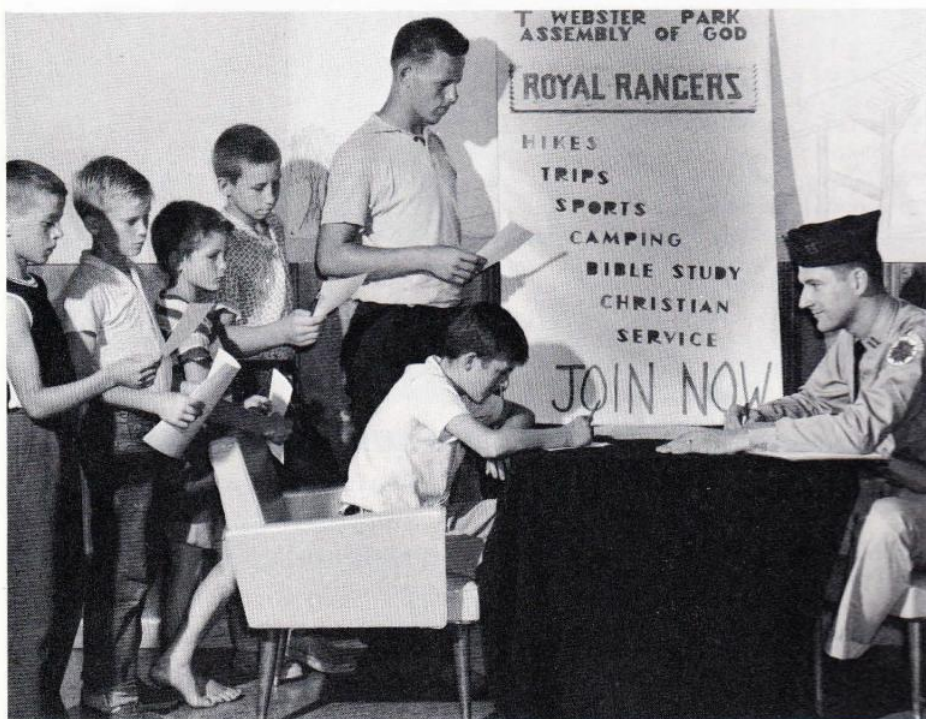
And since that night, at least once every full moon, I think about that evening on Tinker Mountain; I chuckle again at bush bears; I dream once more of wild horses. And I imagine those birds—flying, floating, soaring ever higher—with the city under one wingtip and the country under the other, and I'm glad that in the wild rocky crags overlooking Roanoke I learned to love them both. ★

July 27-31
1982

SEE YOU THERE!



"After years of prayer and anticipation,
the decision was reached to institute
a ministry for boys in
the Assemblies of God."



Commander Bob Reid enlisting boys in first Royal Rangers group

Twenty Years and Still Growing

BY JOHN ELLER

Has it really been 20 years since Royal Rangers began? My, how time flies when you are having fun!

It was at a meeting called the General Council, held in Portland, Oregon, in August, 1961. After years of prayer and anticipation, the decision was reached to institute a ministry for boys in the Assemblies of God.

The search began immediately for the right man to head the new enterprise. After intense prayer and consideration, the call went out to the Rev. Johnnie Barnes, D-CAP of North Texas.

For many years, Johnnie had the idea that someone should inaugurate a boys' ministry in our fellowship, but when the call came, he wanted to feel sure he was the man.

One night while praying, Johnnie felt God saying to him, "I am giving you an opportunity to do something few people ever get to do. You have the chance to guide a ministry from its beginning."

At that point, Johnnie said, "Lord, I'm available if this is what you want me to do, I will do it!"

Once he made the commitment, peace came to his heart. Prior involvements in other youth programs began to make sense. The challenge of the future became bigger than anything he had known in the past.

It was January 1, 1962, when Johnnie Barnes sat down at his desk in the newly opened headquarters building at 1445 Boonville Avenue, in Springfield, Missouri. He began the long and sometimes

"Johnnie was consumed with his work. He would labor all day, and most of the evenings, late into the night."



Johnnie in 1962

tedious process of tooling out the basic programs—a page at a time, a day at a time—until the program was officially launched in October, 1962.

Looking back, it is difficult to believe one man could accomplish so much in such a short length of time. It is because the work was of the Lord. Johnnie did in nine months what should have taken several years.

During those formative months, Johnnie was consumed with his work. He would labor all day, and most of the evenings late into the night. He made a total commitment to bring forth this new ministry which would bless untold thousands.

Meanwhile, at Webster Park Assembly near Springfield, a home missions work conducted by students from Central Bible College, a pilot program was instituted in the spring of 1962, under the watchful eye of the new National Commander. This "trial and error" project was headed by the Rev. Bob Reid, who later became the first National Training Coordinator.

Johnnie recalls wrestling with the emblem for Royal Rangers. He wanted something of beauty, with meaning and purpose. Many designs were considered. One night about one o'clock, he had already retired when a sudden inspiration hit him. He rushed to his home work area, and in a few minutes, sketched the complete emblem with its many points, colors, meaning and all. Al-

though a few minor adjustments were made later, the emblem and its meaning has, along with the worldwide ministry it symbolizes, endured the test of time.

Twenty years have passed. During this time, our annual reports reveal at least 155,400 boys have been saved, and some 51,600 filled with the Holy Spirit. A total of 360,000 boys and 80,000 men have been involved in the Royal Rangers ministry. This is fantastic!

District Pow Wows, and national events such as National Camporama and FCF Rendezvous have also reflected the successes.

Add to these figures some 23,600 men who have enrolled in the Leadership Training Course, with 1,200 attending National Training Camp (NTC) each year, and you have a better picture of the scope of our ministry.

High Adventure, our quarterly magazine for boys, has reached 57,000 with the current issue.

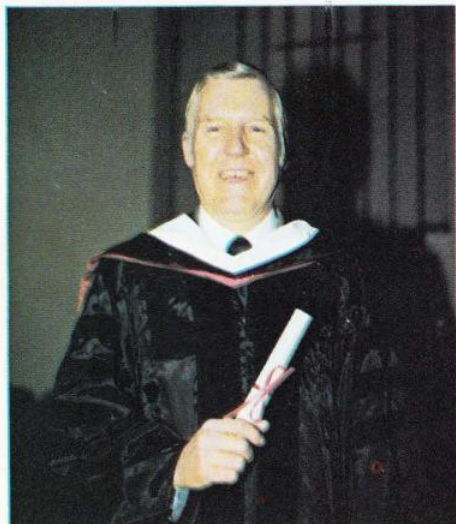
Dispatch, our quarterly magazine for men, has a circulation of 17,000.

The Royal Rangers ministry is now being utilized in 41 countries of the world.

In recognition of the outstanding achievements of our National Commander in the field of writing and journalism, Alabama Bible College honored John Henry Barnes with a Doctor of Literature degree in 1980.

At the General Council in St. Louis in 1981, General Superintendent Thomas F. Zimmerman paid the highest compliments to Johnnie and presented him with a special plaque of recognition. The plaque read: "THE GENERAL COUNCIL OF THE ASSEMBLIES OF GOD CONVEYS THE APPRECIATION OF ITS GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT AND EXECUTIVE PRESBYTERY TO REV. JOHNNIE BARNES ON THE OCCASION OF THE 20TH ANNIVERSARY OF ROYAL RANGERS WITH COMMENDATION FOR HIS DISTINGUISHED LEADERSHIP IN ESTABLISHING AND DEVELOPING THIS WORLDWIDE MINISTRY TO BOYS INVOLVING ASSEMBLIES OF GOD MEN." The council gave him a standing ovation.

Twenty years and still growing, that's the enduring story of Royal Rangers. We salute the outstanding success of the Royal Rangers ministry, and pay tribute to our Founder and National Commander, Dr. Johnnie Barnes.



*Johnnie holding doctoral degree
SUMMER 1982*

"A total of 360,000 boys and 80,000 men have been involved in the Royal Rangers ministry. This is fantastic."

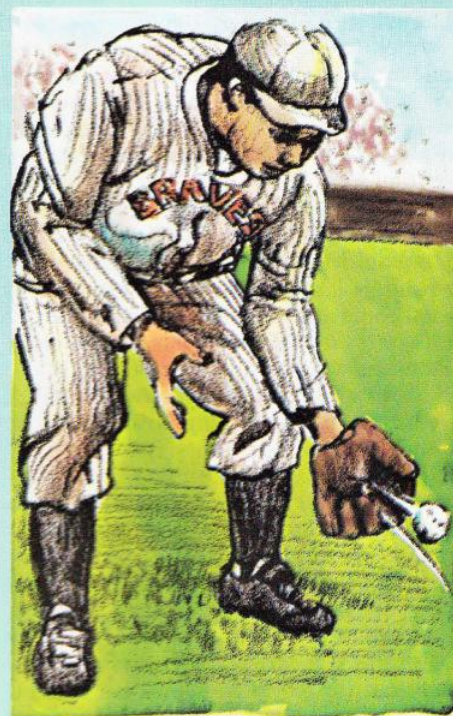
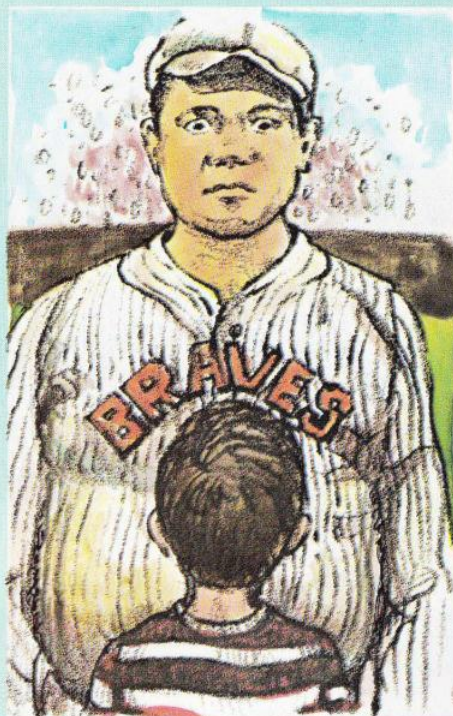


*Thomas Zimmerman presenting
plaque to Johnnie*

The Power To Change

continued from pack page. by Paul McGarvey

continued from back page, by Paul McGarvey



love. So people (Royal Rangers) can have a friend who will forgive all the nasty, dirty things they may have said or done.

Jesus loved people so much that He died for them. And by dying for them on an old cross allowed men and boys to have healing (by His stripes we are healed); allowed boys and men to have freedom of guilt when they made mistakes or went astray. That's the kind of love Jesus gives to all of us.

One of the great national heroes of America is the professional baseball homerun slugger Babe Ruth. What a man he was, a big fellow, but extremely graceful, even and very rhythmic in his every motion. To be a super athlete a person has to have rhythm. And when the Babe batted it was almost like a symphony of beauty—the crack of the bat on the ball, the run, the tag on the base; it was all perfectly timed. Babe Ruth hit 714 home runs and multitudes loved him as they cheered him. He was never a recipient of anything but cheers and great honor.

Then like all men and women the Babe

became older. Baseball players in their 40's are old. Sometimes they have the tag of being "over the hill." Babe Ruth was traded by the New York Yankees to the Boston Braves. It was a very sorry transaction after all the thousands and thousands of people the great Babe had packed into Yankee stadium. In fact, Yankee stadium was called "The House That Ruth Built."

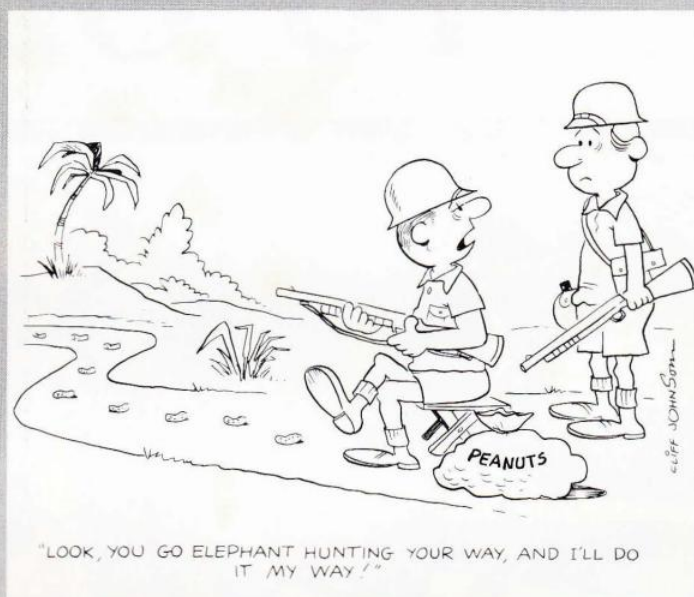
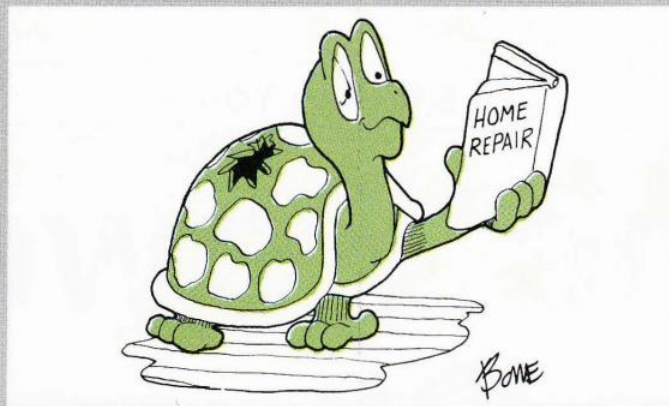
Now we're near the end of the baseball career of the mighty Ruth. It's one of his last games. The Braves are playing the Reds in Cincinnati. There is a big crowd there to watch the great Ruth who though now declining and getting old is still the great Babe.

But this day the Babe isn't doing very well. That wonderful rhythm just isn't there. He fumbled the ball twice, he made a couple of bad throws, and he let in five runs for the Cincinnati Reds. As the game ends, the old slugger, with head down, walks toward the dugout. The fans who once cheered him are now on their feet booing and jeering him. That's a noise that the great Babe had never

heard before in all of his life. But amidst all those boos a boy jumps over the railing and onto the field with tears streaming down his face. The young lad throws his arms around the knees of his great hero. Babe Ruth picks the lad up, gives him a hug, and then sets him down. Hand in hand the two start walking off the field toward the dugout. The jeering and the booing cease and there is a deep silence that falls over the stadium in Cincinnati. The fans are witnessing the love of a great man, the great Babe, for a little boy, and a boy's love for a great man. All the cruel thoughtlessness and actions of thousands of people in that stadium fade away.

What a power love is. It is powerful enough to change people around you. To have a great life one needs to simply start loving. Love God, love Jesus, love other boys, and love yourself.

By one act of love, Jesus' death has changed thousands and thousands of boys, make them into boys who feel good and have power enough to change other people. ★



Traveler: "Is this hotel free of all vermin?"

Hotel clerk: "Well, the clock has ticks."

Helen Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA

Pete: "Come in. Come in."

Pat: "I am afraid to—your dog is barking at me."

Pete: "Nonsense! He's wagging his tail."

Pat: "Well, I don't know which end to believe."

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Patient: "Every time I drink a cup of tea, I get a sharp pain in my eye. What should I do?"

Doctor: "Just take the spoon out of your cup."

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Teacher: "What is a comet?"

Larry: "A star with a tail."

Teacher: "Name one."

Larry: "Lassie!"

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Father: "That was some thunderstorm we had last night, wasn't it, Freddie?"

Freddie: "It sure was."

Mother: "Oh dear, why didn't you wake me! You know I can't sleep during a thunderstorm."

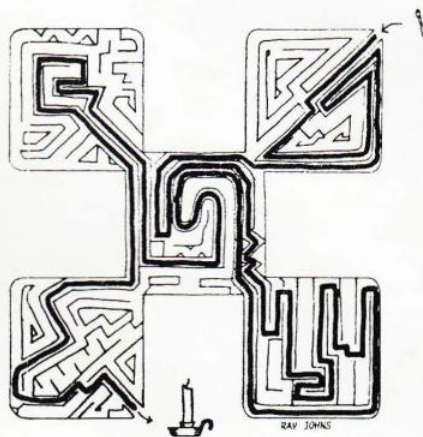
Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

"Daddy, do you think Mother knows much about raising children?"

"Why do ask that, Son?"

"Well, she makes me go to bed when I'm wide awake and makes me get up when I'm awfully sleepy."

ANSWER TO LIGHT-THE-CANDLE MAZE FROM PAGE 6:



A small boy asked his brother, "What does mixed emotions mean?"

The brother thought for a while and answered, "It's like watching the school burn down and knowing that your new catcher's mitt is in your school locker."

Henry Leabo
Jamestown, CA

"What animal has the smallest appetite?"

"A moth. It just eats holes."

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Teacher: "What happened in 1809?"

John: "Lincoln was born."

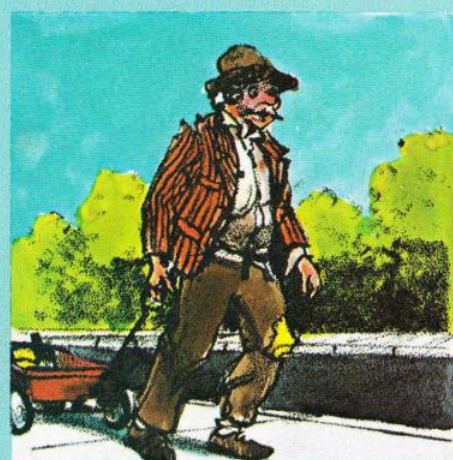
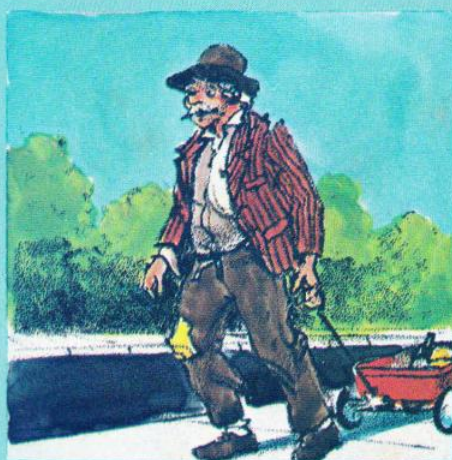
Teacher: "Now, what happened in 1812?"

John: "He had his third birthday!"

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

The Power To Change

By Paul McGarvey



Did you ever wonder how you could be important enough to cause other boys and, perhaps men to change their lives? When I was a boy we used to have two men walk up and down our streets a couple of times a week picking up old junk. Often, they appeared to be drinking. They were known as Salt and Pepper.

Recently, a man from Indiana told the story of how there was a man that came through his neighborhood, just like old Salt and Pepper. He learned a great lesson from this old gentleman because he found out that it didn't matter what a person looked like or what his age was, but all that really matters is what is inside a person's heart.

There was a short old stocky man that used to pass through that neighborhood everyday. He pulled a little old red wagon that he had picked up along his daily route. He was grotesquely ugly and his clothes were very ragged and unkempt. His grooming was not what the boys looked up to be as right. The old gentleman had a very difficult time in speaking. The words were always coming out in a mumbled fashion. But each

day when the old man passed by, Robert and the other neighborhood kids would cruelly taunt him. They would call all kinds of words and names at the old fellow. But he didn't seem to pay any attention.

One day when the boys were teasing him, Robert's little pet terrier tried to get into the act. The little dog made a dash toward the man and the wagon without looking where he was going. An oncoming car tried to dodge the dog but was unable to and killed the little terrier instantly.

Gentle as a mother holding her little baby, the little old man stooped over, picked up the dog and carried it to Robert, and laid it right at Robert's feet.

The next day Robert and the gang of boys were waiting for the old gentleman and his wagon to come by. Robert blamed the old man for his little pet terrier's death and somehow he wanted to get even. So he talked to his friends and decided to have them hide in the bushes nearby. He would pretend to be the only boy approaching the old man as he passed by. Then all the boys could

rush out and beat up the old gentleman for allowing that car to hit that terrier. Sure enough, the old man and his little red wagon were coming down the road. When he got up near Robert, before Robert had a chance to say or do anything, the old man stopped the little wagon, reached back, lifted out a gunny sack and handed the sack to Robert. Robert quickly opened it and staring up at Robert was the cutest little puppy he had ever seen. Robert pulled the little puppy out of the sack and the little fellow licked his face. When Robert turned, before he could say a word, the ugly little old man was on his way down the highway pulling his little red wagon. The old "junk man" had changed Robert by a simple act of love.

Jesus may not have been the most handsome boy or handsome man living, for in Isaiah 53:2, 3 it says that in the eyes of men Jesus had no attractiveness at all, people despised and rejected him—a man of sorrows, He was and acquainted with grief.

Isaiah 53:2 also says, but in God's eyes he was like a tender green shoot, sprouting from a root, being and doing acts of
CONTINUED ON PAGE 14 ►