

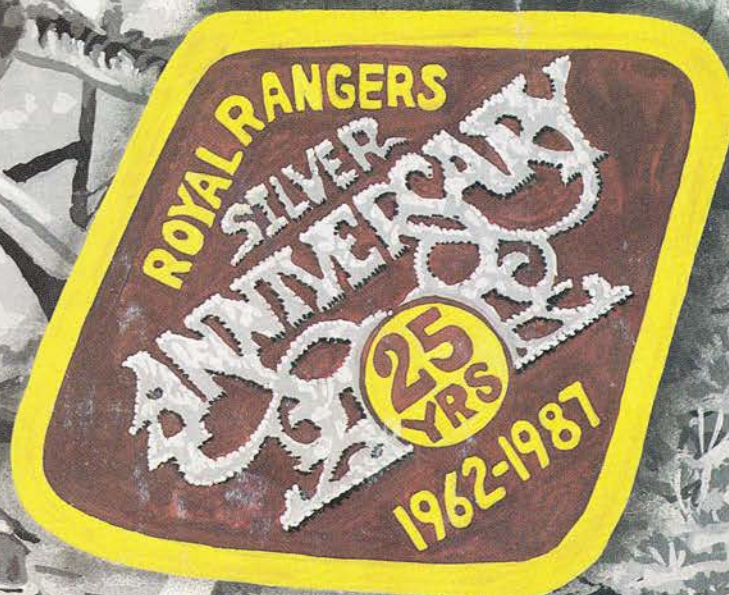
HIGH

A D V E N T U R E

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS/SPRING 1987



LEADERS EDITION



HIGH ADVENTURE SPRING

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ABOUT OUR FOUNDER

by David Barnes



Johnnie, 1962



Johnnie, 1987

This is the 25th anniversary of the Royal Rangers. Over these years certain questions have been asked about the National Commander Johnnie Barnes. This seems like a good time for me to tell you some things I know about him that you may not.

Johnnie Barnes was born on August 16, 1927, in an isolated ranch house near Pettus, Texas. He was the sixth of seven children.

Some people say that the rough give-and-take of country living builds character. Those who knew him then say the lessons Johnnie learned on the ranch made him as strong and open as the land itself. The great unending horizon of the north Texas sky sings possibilities and some people accused

Johnnie of being a dreamer. Sometimes his love of books and vivid imagination got him in trouble. He made ridiculous statements like "Someday, when I grow up, I'm gonna' get on an airplane and fly around the world, or ride a dogsled in the Arctic, or paddle a canoe down the Amazon, or chase a kangaroo in Australia, or hike the Alps in Switzerland, or climb a castle turret in England."

One day when he was 8, a neighbor told his father, "Mr. Barnes, if you don't get those fool notions out of that boy's head, he'll never amount to anything." Another neighbor countered, "What are you talking about? That boy is going to make something out of his life." Then, turning to Johnnie he said, "Don't

let anybody get you down because you're a dreamer." Then he added, "But don't forget, it takes a lot of honest effort along with the dreaming to make them come true." That word of encouragement meant a lot to Johnnie in the years to come.

During his high school years, long, lanky Johnnie was an athlete. His fancy footwork on the football field earned him a college scholarship. He was constantly active, involved in many extra-curricular activities. He served as a junior assistant Scoutmaster in the local troop and achieved the status of life Scout. He loved camping and the outdoors.

continued



After college he wanted to become a park ranger. However, his senior year in high school changed all his plans and ambitions. He became a Christian, and "received a call" to become a minister. At that time Johnnie was a member of the Methodist church, so he enrolled in a Methodist college—T.W.C.—in Fort Worth, Texas. A fellow student remembered him as a young man with a burning desire to change the world.



Top Photo—Johnnie age 9, 2nd from right with his father left, Brother J.B. 2nd from left and Brother Billy—right.

Photo Above—Johnnie the preacher, age 20, 1947.

Photo Right—Johnnie with two of his many Royal Rangers friends.

Yet he wasn't always serious. Those were the days when upper classmen still harassed the freshmen during the first few weeks of school. One upper classman had ordered Johnnie to take his dirty socks and underwear to the laundry room and wash them. Now Johnnie didn't mind washing his own clothes, but he didn't like the idea of washing this upper classman's underwear. He observed on a shelf in the room a bottle of red liquid shoe polish, probably left by another poor freshman after polishing an upper classman's shoes. Johnnie's sense of injustice became so strong that he ignored the dire consequences and poured the shoe polish into the washing tub. The upper classman's underwear turned a beautiful shade of pinkish red.

Angered, the upper classman and his buddies planned revenge. But word spreads fast in a college dorm. When the upper classmen came to deal out punishment, all the freshmen rushed in, surrounding Johnnie, and dared the upper classmen to touch him. He was the hero of the hour.

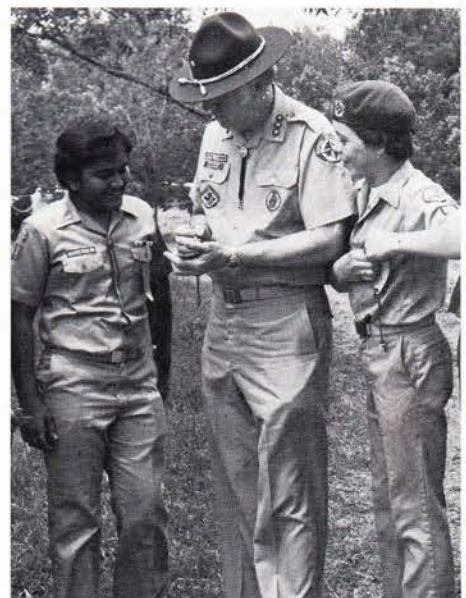
During his last 2 years he served as a circuit preacher to two small country churches. He had a good sense of the dramatic. Once while Johnnie was preaching in his church, one of the local hound dogs decided to visit. He

came up the steps and partway into the church. He looked around with his nose in the air as though looking for a seat.

One of the men on the back row observed all this and realized what a distraction the dog could become. He reached for a large broom behind his seat with the intention of nudging the dog out the door. In the process, the man knocked the broom down and it fell out into the aisle with a resounding crash! The frightened hound let out an ear-splitting howl that lasted all the way across the church yard. Somewhere in between the crashing broom and the squalling hound, a frightened woman screamed. Johnnie stated later, "That was one of the most exciting conclusions I ever had to a sermon." He never saw the dog again.

About this time Johnnie fell in love with a lovely Christian girl named Juanita. Johnnie was a Methodist, Juanita was Church of Christ, yet each was searching for a deeper experience with God. They became attracted to the Assemblies of God because of the moving of the Holy Spirit. About 6 months after they met, Juanita was filled with the Holy Spirit. Johnnie, who was now pastoring in Lubbock, Texas, was baptized in the Holy Spirit 2 weeks later.

Soon afterwards, he and his young wife Juanita became Assemblies of God evangelists. There are many people who still remember Johnnie's fiery, dramatic preaching and his successful revivals. God blessed their ministry, many people were filled with the Holy Spirit, and often meetings were highlighted by wonderful healings. In 1956 he became pastor of the Assembly of God church in Electra, Texas.





As a pastor he felt an enormous burden for the young people of his church. He encouraged and participated in such groups as the Civil Air Patrol, YMCA, Boys' Club, and the Boy Scouts. While still North Texas Youth Department president, he dreamed of developing a program to meet the needs of Christian boys. In 1961, the executives of the Assemblies of God made the decision to start a unique boys' ministry. They invited Johnnie Barnes to move to Springfield, Missouri, and guide its development. At first Johnnie was reluctant. He was enjoying a successful youth ministry in Texas and gaining a reputation as a creative, dynamic leader. He did, however, agree to come to Springfield for an interview. After a day of discussion, while he was alone in his hotel room, God spoke to his heart. Johnnie felt assurance that this was God's plan for his life. He had the conviction that a ministry was about to begin that would be far reaching in its impact.

In late 1961 Johnnie and his family moved to Springfield. With hope and resolution he dedicated himself to an overwhelming task. His background in youth ministry, Scouting, and his love of drawing and art made him unusually qualified to create an organization like Royal Rangers. Even so, there were days of frustration and discouragement. He recently described some of his feelings. "Sometimes the job before me was so enormous I was frightened—the organizational structure, the books, the terminology, the advancement requirements, the design of the awards, the system, the plans, the goals. Because this ministry could affect the lives of thousands of boys, I felt that everything had to be right. Too much was at stake to make a mistake.

I took it a page at a time, a project at a time, a day at a time. I researched, I prayed; I sought counsel, I prayed; I wrote, I prayed; I sensed God's leadership in each step, each project, each book. I remember struggling with the emblem. I wanted something beautiful that had meaning and purpose. One night I awoke about 2 a.m. with an inspiration. I went to my dining room table, sat down, and in a few minutes I drew the emblem, complete with the color for each point and the meaning of each point. That wasn't Johnnie—that was God."

Johnnie designed the uniforms, wrote the handbooks, and organized the Royal Rangers program in 9 months. His wife Juanita explained, "He never left his work at the office. He would work at home, sometimes late into the night. He seemed driven by an obsession."

When Royal Rangers was officially launched in October 1962, the response was outstanding. This was something boys had been waiting for. Even today, 25 years later, it is still the fastest growing ministry in our church.

Over the past 25 years, Johnnie has seen a dream become a reality. He has seen thousands of boys benefit from the excitement, action, fun, and advancement in this outdoor ministry. He has seen thousands of boys accept Christ. He has seen former Royal Rangers become pastors, missionaries, and lay leaders. He has seen the program grow, expand, and branch out until it now reaches boys from age 5 to 17. With the formation of Royal Rangers in 42 countries, he has seen his dream of a worldwide ministry become a reality.

He has been honored by church officials, other organizations, and government officials at home and abroad. A few years ago I stood with him in Ronald Reagan's office and heard Governor Reagan tell him, "America needs more men like you." Recently, President Reagan wrote him a letter congratulating him on his success with Royal Rangers.

Many boys see Johnnie as a hero. Sometimes they stand in line for an autograph or a photo. He always seems ready to give a warm handshake and a friendly word. When someone recently asked him about his admiration from boys, he replied, "It sure gives a person a lot to live up to. God help me never to fail these boys." Then he added, "Some day these boys may have a better national commander than me, but they will never have one that loves them more than I do."

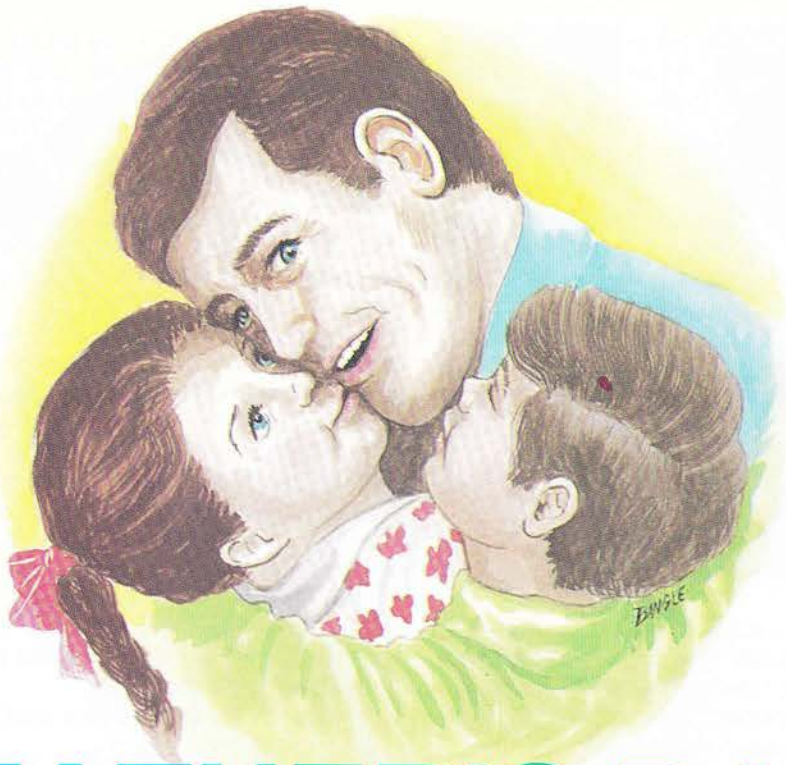
Johnnie claims he has "the best job in the world."

The national commander is really a warm, sensitive, big-hearted boy. He can be demanding, but his demands are reasonable and come from a desire for excellence. For all of his travels there is nothing he would really rather do than sit by an open camp fire or fireplace and read a book or dream.

You may ask, "You sure seem to know a lot about him?" Well, you see, he is also my Dad, and I think he's the greatest!"



Photo Above: Left to right—David Barnes, Johnnie, Ronald Reagan, and Herb Ellingwood.



FATHER'S DAY

by O. J. Robertson

ONE SUNDAY in 1909, Mrs. John Bryce Dodd sat in her home in Spokane, Washington, thinking about her widowed father, Mr. William Smart. Mothers were honored on Mother's Day. Why weren't fathers honored too?

A Civil War veteran, her father had

raised six children alone after their mother had died. He had done a good job, too! He had taught them to honor God. And they were all good citizens.

Dad's birthday is near, Mrs. Dodd thought. Wouldn't it be grand to set aside a special day to honor him and other fathers like him?

She spoke to her pastor about her idea. He contacted the Spokane Minister's Alliance. The Alliance was interested. And so was the YMCA (Young Men's Christian Association). They presented the idea to the city council and won its approval.

The next year—1910—a day was set aside in Spokane to honor fathers and call attention to the importance of happy family life. Mrs. Dodd chose the rose as the official flower of the day.

The idea caught on across the United States when William Jennings Bryan, secretary, approved it. In 1916, President Woodrow Wilson had a Father's Day button made. In 1924, President Calvin Coolidge suggested nationwide observance of Father's Day.

In 1935 a national Father's Day Committee was formed. But not until 1972 did Congress set aside the third Sunday in June for a yearly celebration of Father's Day.

Have you planned to honor your father today? If you wish to give him a gift, remember that something you make would probably please him most—even a nice card. Or you could help him with chores and give him some extra rest. And today in church, sit with your father during the service.

You may think of still other ways you can show your father that you love and respect him. The Bible says: "Honor your father and your mother, as the Lord your God has commanded you, so that you may live long and that it may go well with you" (Deut. 5:16, NIV).

NATIONAL TRAINING COORDINATORS



Upper Left, Bob Reid
Upper Right, Paul Feller
Lower Left, Don Franklin
Lower Right, Paul Stanek
All these individuals have made outstanding contributions to the development of the Royal Rangers ministry.





THE SILVER ANNIVERSARY STORY

by John Eller

Have you ever wondered how a big, fantastic, far-reaching ministry like Royal Rangers had its beginning?

First of all, a lot of people realized the need for a Christian outreach for boys like Rangers. Boys like you wanted action and adventure—plus a sense of excitement. Everybody wanted it.

For that reason, in 1961, the leaders of the Assemblies of God decided to get things underway. Everybody was sure glad they did!

There was a great man at headquarters named Howard S. Bush, who was to be in charge of getting somebody to start this ministry. He contacted Johnnie Barnes, an energetic youth leader from the State of Texas, to start the ball rolling. People everywhere started getting really excited! At last, it was about to happen!

On New Year's Day in 1962, this long, tall Texan, with a heart as big as Alaska, sat down at a desk in Springfield, Missouri, to get things going. He had been praying hard for God to help him, because this was about the biggest thing Johnnie had ever tried to do. Even a Texan couldn't do it unless the Lord was with him!

Johnnie had been involved in lots of boys' groups that would give him ideas. He was active in Boy Scouts, Boys' Clubs, the Civil Air Patrol, and many other things like youth camps, children's revivals, YMCA, and all sorts of things to help kids. He also had an imagination as big as all outdoors!



But the best of all Johnnie had a son of his own named David, and you'd better believe ol' Dave wanted Rangers as much or more than his dad!

Johnnie had to dig in and decide the purpose for Royal Rangers, and then think about setting some goals, dream up exciting activities, and get it all organized. His job would get bigger as he went along.

But Johnnie was always smiling in those days, just like he is now. I knew him back then, and he had a faith in God that it was all going to turn out okay. And he was right!

Lots of different names were thrown out and kicked around. Just about everybody you saw had some pet names. Another great preacher at headquarters, with an impressive name

like Charles W. H. Scott, thought up the name "Royal Rangers."

All I can tell you is, the name made a hit! Everybody got all excited and said, "That's it! We will call our boys the *Royal Rangers*!" Everybody that heard it liked it. And they still do.

Well, Johnnie knew from having been a boy himself—we call him "The Barefoot Dreamer" you know—that you just can't mix up boys of all ages and expect to do very much with them. And so, he decided to put the 9- to 11-year-old boys together and call them "Pioneers," and let the 12- to 14-year-olds group off as "Trailblazers." He felt like the 15- to 17-year-olds ought to be separate, too, and he named them either "Air" or "Sea" Rangers.

continued



Johnnie thought about what to call the boys when they met together in their group. About that time, the word "outpost" popped into his head, and all of a sudden, he started calling the outpost leaders commanders and lieutenant commanders. Then he divided the boys in each of the outposts into patrols.

Johnnie then spent a lot of time working out the pledge, the code, the motto, membership cards, uniforms, badges, insignia, and awards. He wanted the advancement trail to be geared for boys, so he worked hard to make it appealing, attractive, and something the boys could be proud of. If he could just grip the heart of a boy with this program, he would be satisfied.

A big problem was designing the Royal Rangers emblem. If you don't think that was work, you just ought to ask Johnnie the next time you see him. But when it happened, it happened all at once.

Johnnie was awakened out of his sleep one night after he had been wrestling all day to get a good idea. He wanted something that would be different and inspiring—something that would express the purpose and meaning of Royal Rangers.

In a flash, he had an inspiration!

Rushing to the kitchen table, he wrote down the points, their meanings, and the colors—all in a short period of time. Looking back, he says, "That wasn't Johnnie speaking then, it was *God*."

He began writing all the handbooks, preparing all kinds of applications and folders and forms, and coming up with the charter for the local outposts. Then he had to design all the membership cards. It was enough to make you tired just thinking about it.

Johnnie wrote six books in a few months. He wrote one for Leaders, Pioneers, Trailblazers, Air and Sea Rangers, plus a book on camping, and an outpost record book. He did it all a page at a time, and had it ready for the printer in record time.

While all this was going on, Johnnie decided to try out some of his ideas on some real live boys to see if all these ideas would really work. You guessed it, partner, right in the middle of Springfield, he got the very first outpost going! It was the only one of its kind, but not for long. The news was getting out everywhere!

Right off, the boys in that first outpost could tell that this was something designed with them in mind. Royal Rangers was a fun thing to do, and it would help you grow up like a boy should.

And wouldn't you know it? Dave Barnes was in that first outpost with the rest of the boys, and he told his dad it was the most fantastic thing that could ever happen to him and the rest of the guys. Johnnie invented a winner!

These boys knew they were a part of history. They were in on action-number-one, and the excitement was unbelievable. Idea after idea stood the test and turned out top-notch, and the

boys felt they had accomplished something that would help other boys like them for a long time to come.

What they did not know, and even the most visionary did not anticipate, was the amazing number of handbooks that would be sold during the next 25 years. Many would sell more than 100,000 copies. The Gospel Publishing House has often had difficulty keeping them in stock, the demand has been so great.

The BIG DAY finally arrived. Everybody was eager and excited. The big moment finally came in October 1962, when it was launched and everyone knew this was what they had been waiting for. The response was so overwhelming even Johnnie was walking around saying, "I don't believe it." But he was really happy that it was true.

Things got to growing so fast that the very next year, 1963, Johnnie started a training course for leaders. So many wanted to take the training that he hired Bob Reid just to take care of all the requests.

After Bob left, Paul Feller came along in 1965, and stayed until Don Franklin arrived in 1971. Paul Stanek took over in 1974 when Don went back to pastoring, and Paul is still at headquarters.

Leadership training has been an important factor in helping boys, and thousands of men have taken it. The boys benefit most from the training because their leaders are better at what they do, and know how to show love and understanding in different situations involving boys. Training also helps

Left:

Rev. Howard Bush, assistant general superintendent and first executive director.

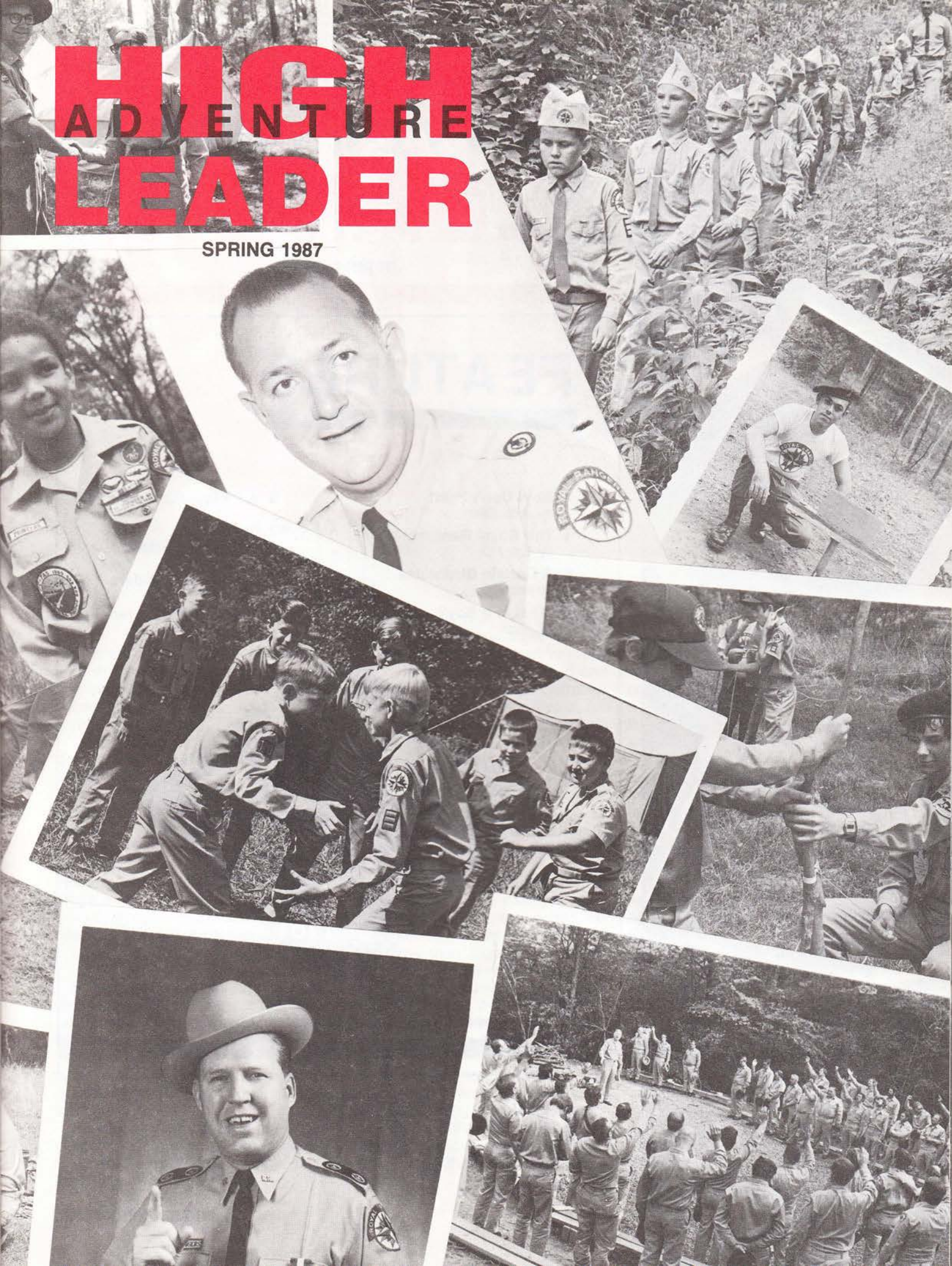
Right:

Part of the first Royal Rangers outpost.



HIGH ADVENTURE LEADER

SPRING 1987





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BOY! DON'T HURT

by John Eller

Boys are sensitive. They can be *hurt*! Their impressionable age and degrees of maturity make them among the most vulnerable in our society. We must be careful!

Jesus said it would be better to have large rocks strung around our necks and be thrown overboard at sea than to hurt a boy! Having been a boy himself, our Lord knew from actual experience.

Many of the deep hurts of boyhood are carried into adult life, distorting attitudes, mental alertness, and behavior. These affect relationships, careers, and even destiny. More is at stake than the passing circumstances of everyday life.

HOW MAY BOYS BE HURT?

Boys may be hurt through lack of discipline. While the home is basically responsible, many homes today have little to offer by way of direction and moral principles. Royal Rangers helps to supplement these needs through the overall regimentation and operation of the local outpost.

Restraints are not given to rob a boy of liberty, but to give him the freedom to do what is right. "No" is sometimes the kindest word we can say.

Boys may be hurt through harshness. Words spoken in anger may linger in a boy's mind and heart for many years to come. Yelling, demanding, and degrading a boy's person or character does not show a boy out of control, but a leader out of control. Our speech must be direct, but always within limits.

Boys sometimes develop a poor self-image when they are constantly put down by unkind words and attitudes. As we may one day face this boy as an adult, we must do our best now to encourage proper respect for himself and others.

Boys may be hurt through bad example. Boys learn by example more than any other way, and a bad example may sometimes be followed more easily than a good one. Inconsistencies, disproportions and general unfairness catch a boy's eye with great precision. Broken promises, preferential treatment of others, and abuse of a boy's trust may have far-reaching effects.

Boys are able to overcome disappointments involving their peers more than those coming from adults. Ideals, which often weather the give-and-take among their fellows, are more fragile when dealing with people who are older than they.

Boys may be hurt through misuse. Joseph's brothers sold him into slavery for a few pieces of silver, then lived with the fear and regret for years to come. While we would not think of such a thing happening today, how many times do we allow opportunities to guide and direct the life of a boy to pass?

Royal Rangers provides the kind of training, associations, and friendships that boys need. The time allotted to boyhood is carefully monitored through the Trails to Adventure achievement programs which call for initiative, industry, and dedication.

Boys may be hurt by neglect. While we are busy here and there, boys disappear into men. The process may seem gradual, especially when an outpost has boys with special problems. But growth is as sure as it is irreversible. Once they are men, they can never be boys again.

The most serious neglect is a boy's salvation. We are startled by statistics which tell us that 80% of all boys who ever get saved do so before the age of 15. And yet, we somehow feel as though the boys under our care are exempt. But if the average boy only has one chance in five of being saved after age 15, we must get him into the safety margin as soon as possible!



WHY WE SHOULD NOT HURT BOYS

We should not hurt boys because they are just boys. We who have withstood some of the storms of life and survived should be considerate of their rapidly changing stages of development. Innocence should be safeguarded. Weakness should be protected.

It is possible to expect too much from a boy. Although we should encourage him to set his goals and aspirations high, we should praise his success more than we magnify his failure. When he measures up, let him hear about it publicly. When he comes up short, admonish him in private.

We should not hurt boys because most of life is yet before them. Beneath the surface, boys are often unconsciously choosing a course. They are easily influenced. The clay of their lives is still soft and pliable. The twig is not yet bent in their character.

Our object must be to contribute to their future happiness, rather than unhappiness. Life can be difficult at best. We, therefore, have the opportunity to help create good memories from the tender years which can be a source of strength and confidence in times to come.

We should not hurt boys because they are among the favorite of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Our Master once said we should allow children (boys included!) to come to Him, for of such is the Kingdom of God.

Jesus sanctified the exact age of every boy by passing through that age himself. As He did, our Lord grew in wisdom and stature, and in favor with both God and man (Luke 2:52).

What are you doing for boys? Let's all make sure that while we help them, we are not hindering them.

May the message always be clear: Don't hurt the boy!

THE ROYAL RANGERS' WAY

by Bob Fox

Men still need to be won to Christ. It always will be the greatest work. Few can be great preachers, few can be gifted Bible teachers, but all can be soul winners.

A Royal Rangers commander whom I know as a great soul winner, recently led his married daughter Brenda to Christ. This is the daughter of a previous marriage ruined by Dad's drinking and sinful living. Brenda had admitted herself to the Franciscan alcohol-chemical dependency program. In visiting Brenda the very first time, Commander Harry witnessed to her of Christ and how He had delivered him from alcohol and sin 5 years previously. Dad related how this Christ had also healed his marriage and put his home back together again.

"Babe," Harry asked, "have you ever accepted Christ as your personal Savior?" Her response was a tearful "no." "Would you like to?" Dad inquired. "Yes, I would," Brenda replied. "Do you want me to pray with you now?" Again a positive "yes." Harry said, "Babe, I

will have to do it *THE ROYAL RANGERS' WAY. THAT IS THE ONLY WAY I KNOW.*" Brenda found Christ kneeling beside her dad that day.

THE ROYAL RANGERS' WAY is to win people to Jesus, and the best way is to lead them to Him one by one. Sermons, general evangelistic appeals, an impressive book, Sunday school influence, may all prepare the way, but the matter is seldom closed without the individual word to the individual. "I don't know how I could help people to Christ without the soul-winning training in the Leadership Training Course. It's the only training I have had. I use it with everybody," Harry said.

THE ROYAL RANGERS' WAY is to have others repeat words of prayer after the soul winner. I personally was hesitant to do this until a friend broke down as we were speaking to the need of his soul. "Bob, I'm 35 years old and I don't know how to pray." I was happy that day to be able to say, "Let me help."



A pastor friend enrolled in the Royal Rangers Leadership Training Course, Section II, told the class his story involving a very skeptical elderly man who lived by his daughter in another city. The pastor made friends with him over a period of time. "Dad, the man next door is in the hospital, he always liked you, why don't you see him before leaving," his daughter urged during one of his visits. The pastor, before leaving the bedside of the patient, asked "Could I pray with you before I go?" The man nodded "yes." As the pastor prayed he understood the elderly man quietly repeating the words of his prayer. The wise pastor gently led the man into the sinner's prayer, and was amazed upon opening his eyes to see a glowing, radiant face exuding joy and happiness, evidencing the presence of the Giver of peace. That pastor was convinced of the value of the *ROYAL RANGERS' WAY* of repeating prayer.

AND THERE WAS BUILT A CERTAIN BIRDHOUSE

By Bob Fox

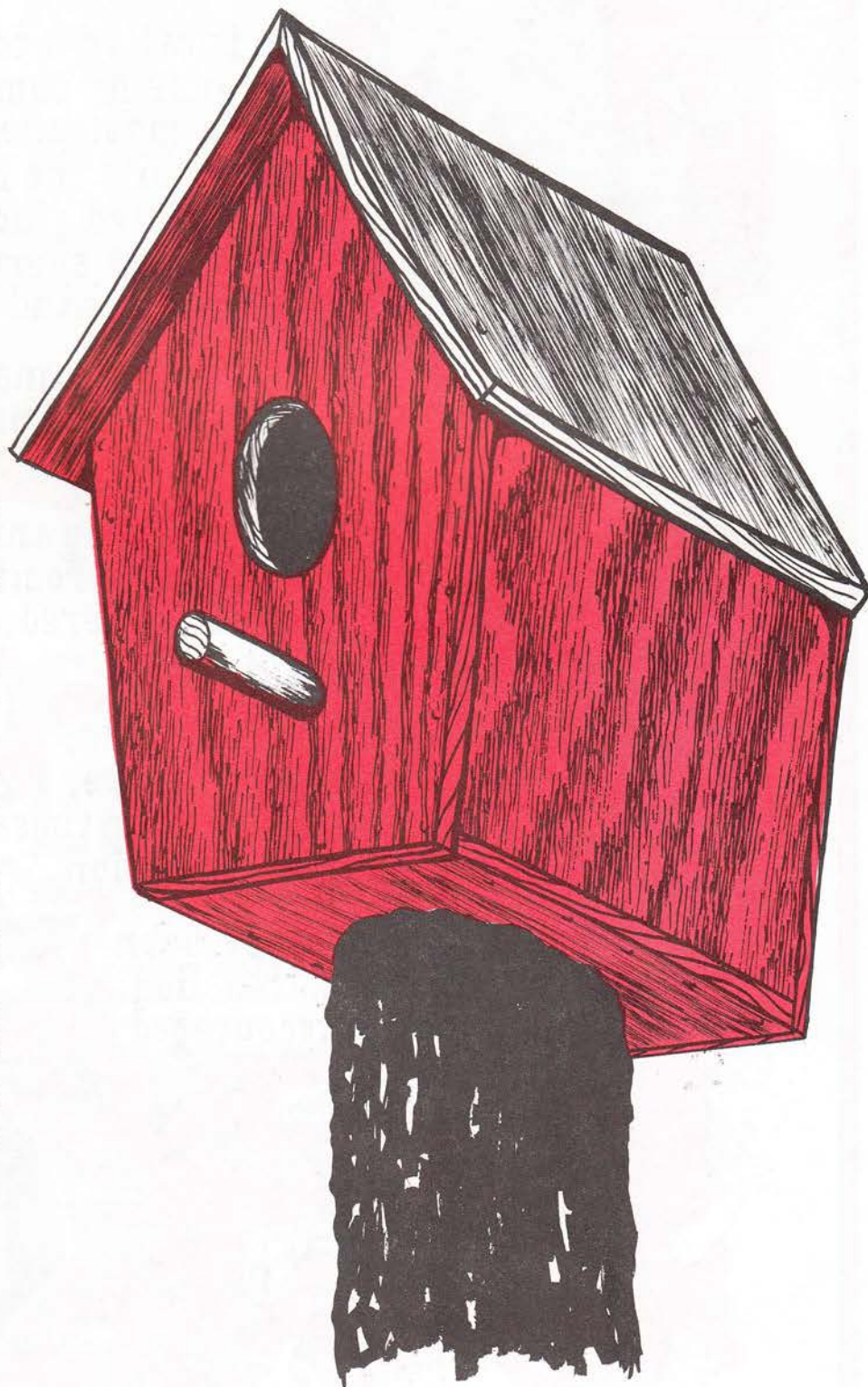
"Commander Street, I don't know what you are doing in Royal Rangers, but you're doing something right, my boy is a changed boy." A modest commander replied apologetically, "Sometimes I feel like I am not doing anything with the boys, but thanks for the compliment."

"You know," the proud father continued, "when Commander Gadd moved away, Robert lost all interest in Royal Rangers. He did not want to go to the meetings. For several months I encouraged him and insisted he go. Then he got into Pioneers and one week you built BIRDHOUSES, and that BIRDHOUSE set him on fire . . . he has been different ever since."

The men were standing on a river bank as they talked. The boy, now 11 years of age and having earned the Pioneer Master Rating, had just followed Christ in water baptism. Robert had accepted Christ in Royal Rangers, which he never misses.

His commander in relating the story to me, confessed that he always had doubts about the worth of craft projects as well as play, stunts, collections, etc. He wondered if they would not come under the category of "Wood, Hay, and Stubble." Instruction in Christian living and indoctrination were the really pure things. . . .

But it was the BIRDHOUSE that sparked and brought Robert back to Royal Rangers and in a way to CHRIST and WATER BAPTISM, drawing an unsaved dad and mom to church. And who knows where the story of a boy and a BIRDHOUSE will finally end?



WHAT IS A BOY?

A boy is a piece of skin stretched over an appetite—a noise covered with smudges.

He is called a tornado, because he comes at the most unexpected time, hits the most unexpected places, and leaves everything a wreck behind him.

He is part human, part angel and part barbarian.

He is a growing animal of superlative promise, to be fed, watered, and kept warm.

He is a joy forever, a periodic nuisance, the problem of our times, the hope of the nation.

Every new boy born is evidence that God is not yet discouraged with man.

—Anon



Lester Hughes went home to be with the Lord on Christmas Day at the Hennepin County Medical Center in Minneapolis at the age of 65. Les retired in 1980 as an employee of the Honeywell Company. He became a member of the district staff as full-time Camp Administrator and Business Manager of the District Office.

He served as the District Royal Rangers Commander for 20 years. Under his leadership there were 117 groups chartered in Minnesota with a membership of 1,300, including adult leaders.

He was one of the original members of the National Aides-de-Camp Council. Shortly thereafter, he was appointed to the position of Regional Coordinator of the North Central Region and a member of the National Executive Committee of the Royal Rangers. Les served on the staff of the Second-ever NTC held in 1968. He was one of the original 12 men to receive Wilderness status in the FCF.

He was the coordinator for the first National Canoe Expedition held in the Boundary Waters Canoe Area.

He earned the District Silver Eagle Award more times than any other District Commander (20 years). He was also a member of the Board of Directors for the NRRTC. He was an untiring worker—always pulling his load—whether in a National Committee Meeting, or on the staff at a National Camporama.

Along with the responsibilities of Royal Rangers, Les served the district as Director of Men's Ministries. Because of his able leadership the "Men's Advances" held at Lake Geneva Camp have grown from about 30 to over 1,000 men attending.

Les was a graduate of North Central Bible College in Minneapolis and an Army veteran of World War II.

A memorial service for Les was held in Minneapolis, Minnesota, December 29, at Christ's Church where he was a member.

One sage wrote, "The deeds of a good man are like pebbles dropped into pools of water; the ripple spreads on and on." Such was the life of Les Hughes. Like sentinel fires of 100 hills, his impact on the lives of men and boys will shine on and on as a testimony to his life and dedication. Around many council fires and Royal Rangers events in the years to come, they will laud his memory.

LES HUGHES



GIANT AMONG LEADERS

by Johnnie Barnes

I associated with Les in so many activities I could not begin to list them—everything from canoeing in the boundary waters to rugged camping in the outback of Australia. This association has convinced me that Les Hughes was one of the finest Christian gentlemen on the top side of God's green earth. I loved him, and I will miss him. But he will not be forgotten. Every time those of us who knew him hear the cry of a loon on a still lake at twilight, see an eagle soaring in a blue sky, smell the aroma of wood smoke, and feel the warmth of a crackling campfire, we will remember Les Hughes.

A PICTORIAL JOURNEY
ROYAL RANGERS THROUGH THE YEARS



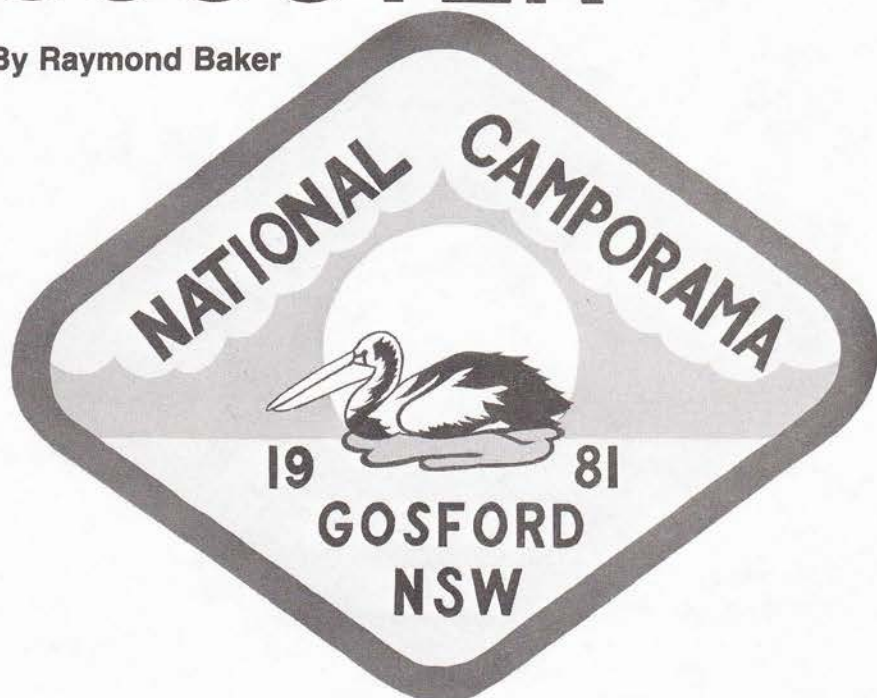






SCOUTER

By Raymond Baker



The Northwest District covers the entire state of Washington and the northern part of Idaho that is called the "panhandle." It is at the Northwest District Pow Wow that a familiar figure is found. "Scouter" is best known for being a "trader" of almost anything. Few of the almost 1,000 men and boys who attend the pow wows know him by anything but his FCF name, yet most have met him.

If asked, however, the first things he would try to trade are Royal Rangers patches. He has been collecting patches a bit over 5 years now, but it has been only recently that his collection has been shown at various events. It is mounted on pieces of paneling so that it can be moved easily. When assembled, it has an area 5 feet high and 36 feet long covered with over 1,360 different patches. These patches are from almost every district in the United States and seven foreign countries. The display is very impressive and attracts a great deal of attention from people of all ages.

Scouter spends a lot of time when trading patches with boys to help them understand how to trade. He was seen at the National Camporama, trading patches out of a red plaid suitcase containing over 1,200 extras, but most of his patch trading is done by mail. Scouter writes to people all over the world to trade.

How could you start collecting

patches? Many of your events usually offer patches. You normally get one for just attending. Also, it is fairly common that there are extras available for sale. You don't need to get many at once—a few are all that are necessary to start. Then find someone else who trades patches, and that usually isn't very hard.

There are no rules in patch trading. Whatever the two traders agree upon is considered fair. There are some guidelines, however. Most patch traders agree that certain patches are more important than others. This is usually due to such factors as how many of the patches were made and how popular the event is. The following is generally accepted as being of relative importance:

- National FCF Rendezvous
- National Camporama
- Territorial FCF Rendezvous
- FCF Chapter Event
- District Pow Wow
- Sectional Event
- Outpost Event

Even the youngest Rangers can get into patch trading. The biggest problem that they have, though, is going up to another trader and saying something like "What will you give me for this?" The usual response will likely be "What do you want?" When you want to trade with someone, look over what they have, decide on what you want, and then ask "Would you trade me this for that?"

Remember the order of importance of patches—if you ask to trade a sectional patch for a national patch, it is not likely that the offer would be accepted. BUT IT DOESN'T HURT TO ASK. The worst that can happen is that the other person would say that they couldn't trade that way. They might make a different offer since they now have a better idea of what you want.

Most trades are made of "like kind." That means a pow wow for a pow wow, for example, and the patches usually are of similar age, or at least close. If you offer that way, the trade is more likely to be accepted. You need to be able to remember what patches you already have so you will know what you need. If you can't remember all your patches, you can make a list of them. Scouter carries a large notebook that he refers to while trading. That book not only tells what is already in the collection and the suitcase, but lists every patch Scouter knows to exist.

The pages in Scouter's notebook are produced by a computer which is able to sort all the various patches into order. Most of the history of Rangers can now be told from the records and collection, but Scouter is still trying to verify the older records as well as keep up on the new issues. It is his goal to eventually have the book become a complete record of every patch produced by Royal Rangers. In order to keep up the records, he is constantly looking for new people to trade with. It is his hope to get at least one person in every district who will help him keep up on the patches of that district.

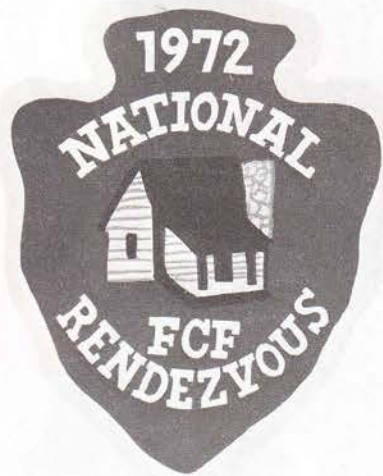
Do you want to trade by mail? Your biggest expense will be stamps, but you can send about 4 patches in an envelope and not go over the minimum of 22 cents. Who can you trade with? It is sometimes hard to find someone outside of your area. If you don't want to spend a lot of postage writing to people who won't write back—and there are, sadly, quite a few of those—then you can write to Scouter. He'll answer you promptly. Address your letter to:

Ray Baker

2930 Langridge Loop NW

Olympia, WA 98502-4431

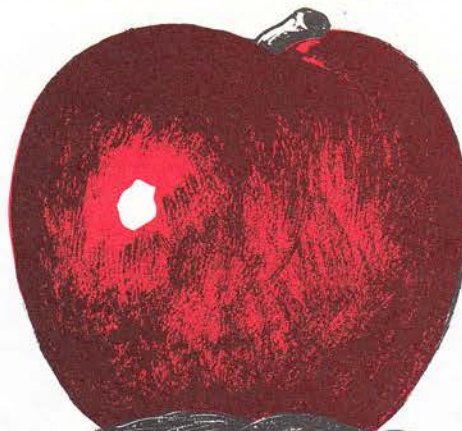
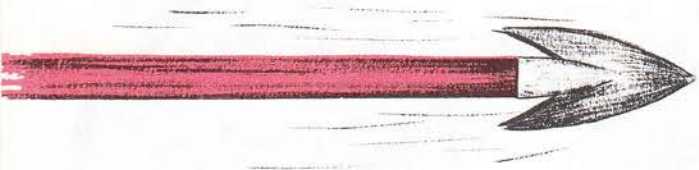
and offer a trade, check if his records for your district are accurate, ask questions, say "hello," or all of these. Happy trading! —



Art on pages 12 and 13 by Elizabeth Uglum

SPRING 1987

L13



THE STRAIGHT ARROW

by Stan Sinclair

William Tell was a Swiss patriot and woodsman/ranger who lived in the 1300's. At that time Switzerland was divided into several states and was ruled by Austria. William Tell began uniting various factions and requesting independence for Switzerland.

One day while traveling through the forest with his young son, William Tell was captured by the Austrian Bailiff, Gessler, and his soldiers. Gessler taunted Tell over his drive for Swiss independence and his mistakes as a woodsman in getting captured. William Tell had a well-known reputation as a woodsman and for his skill with the crossbow.

Suddenly, Gessler had William Tell's son led to a tree. He placed an apple on the son's head. Gessler told him that the dispute would end that day. If William Tell could shoot the apple from his son's head, Gessler would grant Switzerland independence. If he refused or failed, his son would die.

It is said that Tell chose two bolts (or arrows). He placed one in his belt and the straightest arrow of all in the crossbow. His son stood courageously and confidently still. The arrow was aimed, released, and it cleanly split the apple into equal halves.

Gessler was dumbfounded for he did not believe that Tell had the skill or the courage to perform such a feat. He said he would carry out his promise. But

wait, what was the second arrow for?

William Tell stood straight and tall. He told Gessler: "If I failed, the second arrow was for you."

Switzerland gained its independence. Since that time the Swiss have been able to maintain that independence through local and worldwide wars. Since that time the story is still being told of William Tell and the Straight Arrow.

When William Tell chose an arrow he would not have considered a scuffed or crooked one. He examined the stabilizing fletches and he checked the head for sharpness and balance. He would not have chosen an arrow that had flown erratically in practice. He would choose where to shoot the arrow—the arrow could not decide on its own where to fly. He chose a straight arrow for an important job.

The term "straight arrow" also stands for someone who always tells the truth and follows the rules. A straight arrow is honest. He does not lie, cheat, or steal. He can be depended on in trouble or to do a seemingly impossible job. A straight arrow is obedient. He obeys his parents, leaders, and those in authority. He can be trusted to finish a job without constant supervision. He does not fly off to some target of his own choosing.

When a leader or a boss chooses a man for an important job, he examines

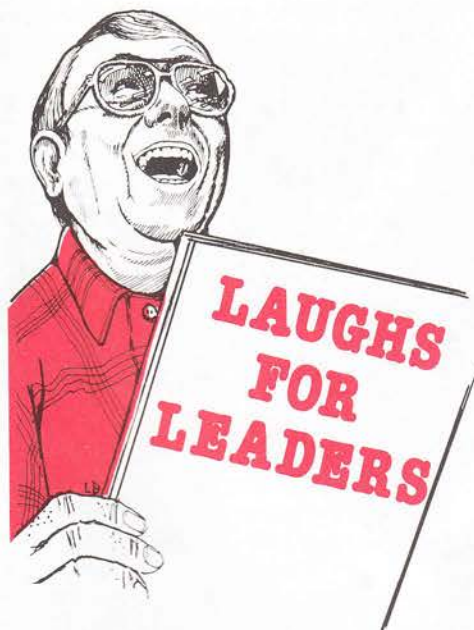
his men carefully and chooses a straight arrow. Others are depending on him. He might soon fire a crooked arrow, a liar, a shirker, or a thief.

An arrow maker chooses good materials. But sometimes, through use or exposure to the sun or water, an arrow warps and will not fly straight. A group of arrows may tend to warp together. The edge may dull or chip. Yet, the master arrow smith may rework the arrow. He may steam and straighten it under pressure. He may shave away the rough spots. He may replace the stabilizing fletches (feathers). He may grind down and sharpen the head.

Rangers and other Christians sometimes get rough edges or get out of line. Others get away from the Master and need a complete rebuild. Jesus is a Master Arrow Smith and He will rebuild and straighten out lives. If just asked, He will make straight arrows out of rejected failures.

You see, Straight Arrows are not just 5- and 6-year-old Royal Rangers. They are Christians of all ages who live a straight life.

When Jesus, like William Tell, must choose the right arrow for an important job, He should find a quiver full of straight arrows prepared for the mission—each straight arrow alert and ready for anything. Be that straight arrow and you, too, can change your country's future.



"YOU'RE PROBABLY WONDERING WHY I ASKED YOU HERE TODAY...."



"HELLO, ACE ASPIRIN COMPANY? ABOUT YOUR NEW SAFETY CAP..."

The doctor laid down his stethoscope and spoke to the patient:

"You are very run down. I suggest you stop golf for a while and spend a few days at the office."

Joseph Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA

Two boys were playing cowboys. They brought their imaginary steeds to a halt before the packing box serving as the Last Chance Saloon. The older lad swaggered up, pounded on the bar and growled, "Gimme a rye."

The younger boy imitated his friend's swagger, then piped up from under his large hat, "And make mine whole wheat."

M. J. Beckman
Granada Hills, CA

Classified ad in a local newspaper under Lost and Found. "Lost: small brown dog, some fur missing due to mange, blind in one eye, lame due to recent accident. Goes by the name of Lucky."

M. J. Beckman
Granada Hills, CA

"Isn't it darling?" burbled the young matron, showing her husband a new lampshade.

"Darling or not," said the husband, "Wear it to church and you go alone."

Thomas LaMance
Prewitt, NM



leaders to be aware of the needs of boys and guide them in making the right choices in life.

Johnnie also started *Dispatch*, a magazine to help leaders work with boys, in 1963. Johnnie served as editor until 1974, when John Eller took it for a while. The format was enlarged in 1977 and the following year Dave Barnes became editor. Dave served until the magazine was taken over by a *Leader's Edition of High Adventure* in 1986.

About 1964, something new got started. Five districts began a big campout called a "Pow Wow." Talk about excitement, you don't know the half of it! The boys really got involved with the adventure, fun, and contact with other boys their age.

Every district now has at least one Pow Wow every year, and some have as many as 2,000 attend! Thousands have been saved and filled with the Holy Spirit.

All kinds of awards have been designed for leaders too. They like them almost as much as boys do.

Around 1966, Johnnie got the okay for Royal Rangers materials to be translated into Spanish. French and German would soon follow. Now, a whole lot of people who speak different languages use the program. In 42 countries of the world, Royal Rangers is being used by boys to win their friends, or by missionaries to reach families through boys.

Australia was the first country outside the U.S. to start Royal Rangers. Will Thorne, commonwealth commander, says they've got about everything "down under" that we've got in Royal Rangers here in the United States, with kangaroos and koala bears to boot!



And would you believe, other church organizations have asked to use the Royal Rangers ministry, and they are really going to town with it! It just makes a Royal Ranger like you feel real good to know that pocket card you carry around is honored and recognized across this nation and around the world!

It all reminds a fellow of what Johnnie said one time, and I hope I'm quoting him right. I remember him saying, "I have a dream of an army of youth around the world . . . lifting high the banner of Jesus Christ . . . making an impact on their generation for God. Thank God! That dream is becoming a reality!"



Bottom Photo: First Royal Rangers outpost in Australia. Commonwealth Commander Will Thorne, fourth from the right, back row.



Well, that's what our good ol' founder said, and you know what? Johnnie has kept on developing Royal Rangers. You see, people got to asking for younger boys to be in the program. So, in 1966, he announced "Buckaroos" for the 7- and 8-year-olds.

But before you could turn around, in 1968, he added "Trail Rangers" for the oldest boys; and in 1977, "Straight Arrows" came along for the little guys 5 and 6.

Royal Rangers who had gone to college wanted to organize so in 1972, Johnnie opened up "Chi Omega Rho." That's a Greek name something like the rest of the college fraternities use. It makes more sense after you go to college.

Oh yes, I can't forget the Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity. Johnnie came out with this in 1966. He did the first "call-out" in California. He's kind of proud of the old rabbit fur cap with the coon tail he wore that night. You ought to see it. All I can say is we've sure come a long way since then. But don't tell Johnnie I told you. He's rather sensitive about the whole thing.

FCF is really a special recognition club in Royal Rangers, with a chapter now in every district and over 8,000 members nationwide. FCF encourages you to advance, find more ways to serve the Lord and others, and develop all kinds of skills our American forefathers knew about. FCF members put on colorful ceremonies and pageants, and dress out in historical clothing.

Johnnie went ahead and put out an FCF handbook that tells all about it. But who would have ever thought at that first call-out that FCF would come to mean so much to so many!

The first National FCF President was a heavyset sort of fellow who likes to write stories named John Eller. He was preaching around here and there when he got to be "Prez" in 1970. But after 4 years, he said he had enjoyed about all of that he could stand, so he turned it over to a good friend of his, a rough and ready fellow named Fred Deaver. And you know, Fred is still going strong as "Prez" to this day! But on top of that, he is probably the best western and wildlife artist since Frederic Remington.



We've had National FCF Scouts, too, lots of them. Most of them were boys like you. The first one was—guess who?—David Barnes! Yea! He is now a big professor at Evangel College in Springfield. Went to college himself on the Johnnie Barnes Scholarship Fund, mind you!

Then, we had Dave Franklin next, who is now the District Commander in Kansas. Oh yes, his dad is the same Don Franklin I told you about who is now District Commander of Southern Missouri! Maybe they can get together for a Father-Son Campout!

The National FCF Scouts kept on coming, but they were just regular guys like you will find in most any outpost, except they tried harder. A very special group, those scouts. Who knows? Per-

haps *you* could be the National FCF Scout someday. It just about takes a special one-of-a-kind fellow to do it!

In 1972, Johnnie started having what he called the National FCF Rendezvous. Something over 200 FCF members showed up at Fantastic Caverns near Springfield for the affair. They smoked fish, barbecued "Kansas antelope," and tried out for "horn blowing." It was a madhouse with people rolling logs, exploring caves, and climbing trees.

The next Rendezvous was in 1976, at Dogwood Valley, Missouri. All the old-timers remember that one at Blue Eye because we got washed away by a flash flood. Johnnie called it "unplanned adventure," but Fred doesn't like to talk about it much. The Rendezvous (it's held every 4 years, you see) was in the Cumberland Mountains at Crossville, Tennessee, at a location the Indians called "Sequatchie." The guys from Alabama will be forever famous for bringing a live porker to the Rendezvous. They butchered and barbecued that joker right on the spot! Frontiersmen in every one of those 84 tepees smelled what was going on and came running. All 600 present wanted some of those fixings!

Bad trouble came along, though, when the Alabama boys were hauled



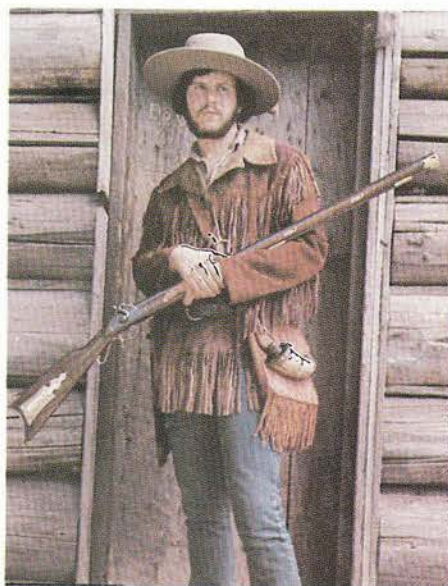
into Judge "Hawkeye" Deaver's Frontier Court on a charge of "hogacide." But they weasled out of the \$5 fine by inviting the judge and all his cohorts to the feast.

Those mischievous chaps from Pen. Florida broke out with a couple of unregistered guests named Flapjack and Ginger. You should have tried to sleep nights with those dumb donkeys braying their brains out all over the place! The Florida boys were told the next time they did that, they would have to ride them all the way back home. They haven't tried that trick anymore.

Well, in 1984 Johnnie and Fred decided to take us all to a mountain valley near Glacier National Park, Montana, for the Rendezvous. The mountain-style get-together at Hungry Horse drew over 800!

Ever since 1966, Royal Rangers have been observing a special emphasis for boys the first week in October called *National Royal Rangers Week*. Outposts do different things like conduct a church service, have a Council of Achievement, go on a big hike or campout, build a council fire, or have a "Family Night" and invite moms and dads, and all sorts of other great ideas too numerous to mention.

Everything has just kept on growing in Royal Rangers. There are now all



kinds of National Training Camps and Trails and Expeditions for leaders to go to. It just makes them able to better understand and work with boys. We even have a Staff School leaders can attend if they want to.

Junior Leaders Camps have been going on since 1972. Lots of boys your age have attended. Probably you ought to ask your Commander about the next one in your area. They have training camps and trails, and even winter camping events for boys. I'd say you

could go to one if you want to bad enough.

High Adventure, the boys magazine given out at your local outpost meetings, was started in 1971. Johnnie was editor, while Elton Bell and John Eller assisted him. Elton has since gone to be with the Lord. We still miss him.

But let me tell you, *High Adventure* has grown by leaps and bounds, because it is designed to meet the needs of boys. It will challenge you to higher goals in life, and provide you with some exciting, yet worthwhile, reading material. They now mail out over 85,000 copies of each quarterly issue, and it still hasn't got around to everybody yet!

You've probably heard about the Gold Medal of Achievement. It's the top award in Royal Rangers. Over 1,300 boys have earned it. This is a goal every Royal Ranger should try to reach. Even President Ronald Reagan has recognized that the Gold Medal is on par with the Eagle Scout Award.

Every year, each outpost is asked to select a candidate for "Ranger of the Year." Competition sets in and goes right up to the National Finals. The finalists get their pictures published in *High Adventure*, and the National Ranger of the Year wins a scholarship to college! It is worth working for. We



Top Photo—David Barnes, first FCF national scout.

Above Photo—John Eller, first FCF president.

Right Photo—Dale Larson, first Gold Medal of Achievement.



"Any boy would be proud . . ."



are looking for boys like you that really want to achieve.

Occasionally, we have a boy in Royal Rangers that saves someone's life at the risk of his own. When this comes to the attention of the National Commander, that boy is awarded the "Medal of Valor." Right now, 161 of these medals have been presented. You can recognize it in a minute with the all-red ribbon.

Lots more books have been written for Royal Rangers by Johnnie. John Eller added a few. All in all, we have about 15 different handbooks, and they are even published in Braille for the blind Royal Rangers and leaders. While you are reading this, the Gospel Publishing House has well over 250 Royal Rangers items available, and they are selling like hotcakes.

Wish you could have been there for the first National Camporama held in 1974 at the United States Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs, Colorado. This is an event where boys from all over the U.S. come together for a big campout. Around 1,500 came to see some 4 different events and meet Jim Irwin, one of the astronauts who walked on the moon.



The second Camporama was in 1978 at Farragut State Park, Idaho, where about 2,000 came. Some said it was about the most beautiful campout they ever saw.

The next Camporama was at Pigeon Forge, Tennessee, in 1982. We counted 3,400 at this event. One of the big things was attending the World's Fair at Knoxville. They said Royal Rangers was the largest group to attend the fair. Johnnie and his aide, John Eller, were invited up to the big Sun-sphere to a TV studio and interviewed for NBC's "Today."

Then, in 1986, the Camporama was held at the all new National Royal Rangers Training Center at Eagle Rock, Missouri, with Missouri Governor John Ashcroft the featured speaker. We had 3,000 at this event, the very first of its kind on the 1,445 acres of Ozark Mountain Country which now belongs to the Royal Rangers. One of the highlights was the dedication of the "Johnnie Barnes Lodge," a two-story log building.

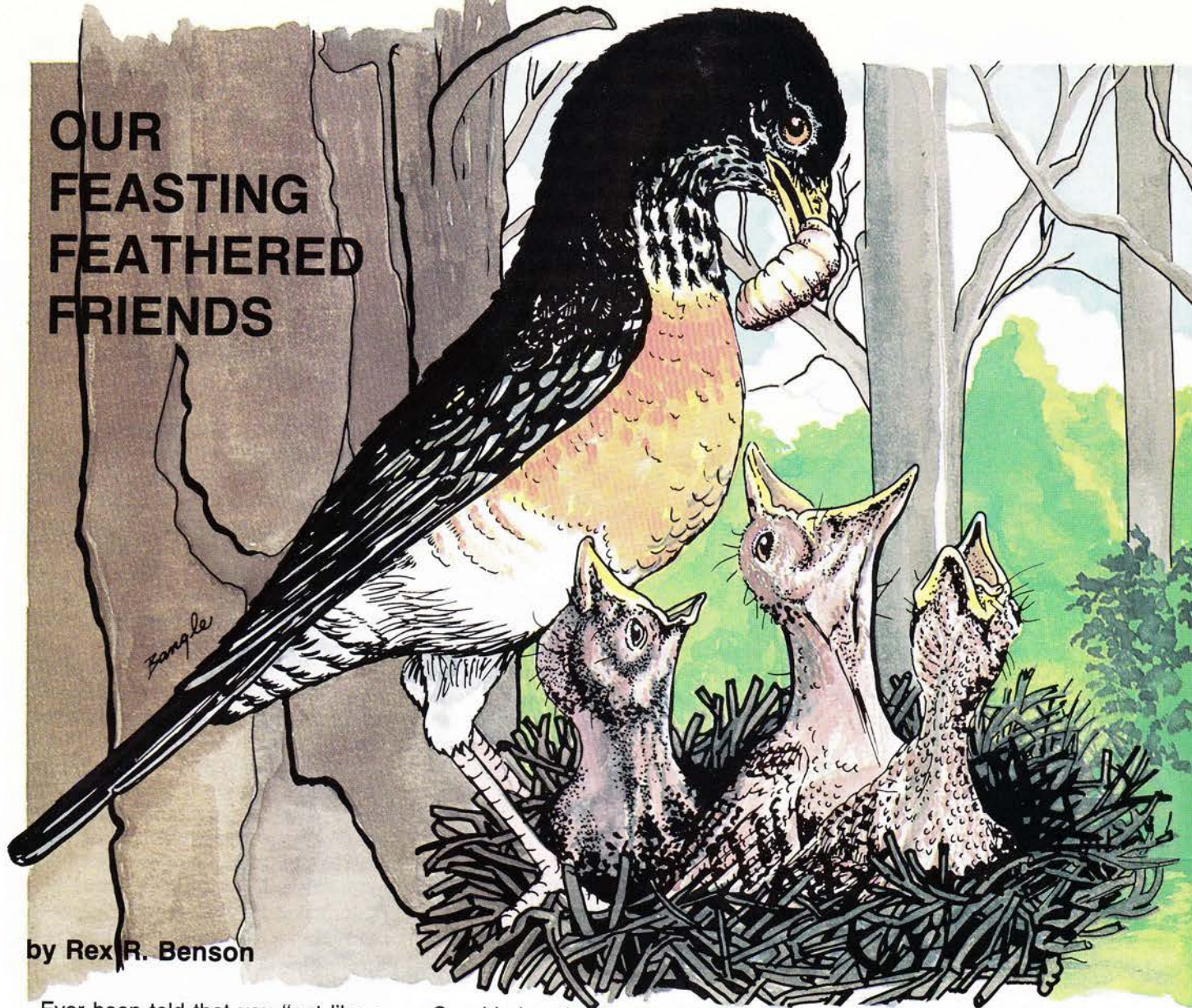
Thousands upon thousands of boys like you have been saved and filled with the Holy Spirit during these past 25 years, and you can expect this to keep happening until Jesus comes.

Right now, we can tell you that the Royal Rangers ministry of reaching, teaching, and keeping boys for Jesus Christ has been characterized by some experts as the fastest growing religious boys organization in the world! It is now growing faster than the population!

The reason, we believe, is because Royal Rangers creates a climate through exciting and interesting activities that attracts boys. When claims of Jesus Christ are presented against such a backdrop, it takes on a new dimension. It becomes an exciting adventure for a boy to accept Christ and live for Him.

Any boy in the world would be proud to be a part of such a tremendous organization as Royal Rangers.

OUR FEASTING FEATHERED FRIENDS



by Rex R. Benson

Ever been told that you "eat like a bird"?

The person could have been saying you had a light appetite, but it's truly not a correct expression. Birds are really BIG eaters!

A baby robin, still a fledgling in the nest, has been known to consume 14 feet of that "robin gourmet food" known as the earthworm. And that's a lot of eating on anybody's menu!

Actually both Mama and Papa bird begin a period of tremendous activity once the babies have hatched. Probably no animal consumes so much food in proportion to its size as a nestling bird. Trained observers have noted the following records of parent birds feeding their young in the nest: a martin, some 312 feedings daily; grosbeak, 426 times; and a wren 600 times. Then, there's the recorded instance of a mother house wren, which fed her nestful of babies 1285 times during 15 hours and 45 minutes of daylight. Talk about a busy mother!

Considering the huge amounts of food eaten every day by birds, one can come to the conclusion that they are forever hungry. And that is just about true.

This huge appetite is due to their extreme activity. In their physical make-up birds are the most highly organized animals on earth. The intense pace at which they live is something beyond our conception, even when compared with man's hurried and hectic existence. Every action and reaction of their bodies is carried on at a high speed.

Their normal heartbeat is 120 times to the minute compared with the 70 of man. Their normal body temperature is 110 degrees Fahrenheit as against the 98.6 in humans. Add to this the period of metabolism in birds—that time necessary to convert food into energy—which is very short. Among small birds it is about 45 minutes. In the case of the Allen hummingbird, the rate of metabolism is 50 times faster than that of man.

Certain birds eat animal food exclusively. Others are strict vegetarians, while many use a mixed diet. Their intense activity requires large amounts of food. Food must be available to them every hour or two to replenish the drain on their energy.

Whether you realize it or not, birds are the most important form of life on earth today—far more important than man. For if it were not for them, man would not be here. If all the birds were to die tonight, man could not exist for too long!

Why? The reason is simple enough. Man is dependent upon animal and vegetable food for his existence. He is continually battling insects for his needed food. Yet at no time in his history has he ever had to combat more than a small percentage of the total population of insects. *Birds eat from half to three-quarters of the annual hatch!*

If it was not for this control by birds, the insects with their insatiable hunger

Feathered Friends Awards Day



and unbelievable reproduction powers could lay bare the earth in a matter of 6 months, and man would perish from the earth.

Actually, the largest amount of birds live chiefly on insects which they catch on the ground, in the air, in wood, or on trees. About 98% of a wren's diet consists of insects, while 73% of a meadowlark's diet consists of grasshoppers and other forms of insect life. Then, there are the swallows who eat flies, ants and wasps in enormous numbers. In Massachusetts it is estimated that birds devour 21,000 bushels of insects each day in summer. In New York State the estimated consumption by birds includes about 3,000,000 bushels of insects each season.

Birds are often accused of being destructive to crops, but there is the case of a California rancher who sent the stomachs of a dozen quail he had shot in his vineyard to the National Museum to find out what they had been eating. The analysis showed an average of 2,000 vine hoppers (a small insect destructive to grape vines) in each stomach. The quail the rancher shot were just doing a good job of insect control in his vineyards!

Blackbirds are often said to be the farmer's enemy. However, in grain producing states of the north, it has been found that they destroy five bushels of insects for every bushel of grain they eat. And in Nebraska, along the northern border, by taking a census of the birds and examining the stomachs of those killed for scientific collections, it has been found that they eat an average of 170 boxcar loads of insects

each day during the growing season.

So, the next time you go flitting about with an insect spray—just remember that you are taking food right out of the bird's mouth!

Weeds are another blight to farmers and they cost dollars to keep down. Again, our big-eating feathered friends come to the rescue. Sparrows, juncos, quail, and finches destroy thousands of tons of weed seed each year. Many birds live almost exclusively on such seed diets, and thus do much good annually. Without birds, weed control, like insect control, would actually be a losing battle!

It is estimated that in the states of Virginia and North Carolina, the bobwhites consume 130 tons of weed seed in 8 months time. The tree sparrow is another great helper—in Iowa the sparrows annually consume some 875 tons of pesky weed seed. This figure is based on an average of ten birds to the square mile, remaining in place for 200 days and consuming $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce of weed seed each per day. This, however, is considered to be an ultra conservative figure.

Of course these seed-eating birds work the northern states during the summer months. But it isn't the weather that sends them off on their annual migration to the south in the early fall. And, it's not because they have eaten all the available food in their summering area. The woods and fields are still filled with seeds that have ripened during the summer and are there for the picking. But the sun has already started its southward declination, the days are getting shorter and there simply is not enough time during the few hours of

daylight for the birds to get enough food to carry them through the long hours of the night. They need the longer days in which to get their feeding needs, and thus they move southward.

As can be seen, all birds are big eaters, but with each class of birds the beaks vary depending on the nature of the food and the manner of obtaining it. The strong, hook-shaped beak of the hawk and the owl is a familiar adaption of the birds of prey. The very sharp chisel-shaped beak of the woodpecker enables him to drill deep into the trees for food. Birds like the swift, nighthawk, and the whippoorwill—which catch insects on the wing—have weak but enormously wide beaks, often edged by hair-like feathers, making a regular trap in which to catch their food.

Sparrows and finches have short, straight beaks for crushing seeds, while the hummingbird has a delicate tubular beak, which enables him to suck the nectar of flowers and to extract insects that may be trapped therein.

There is no variation in the beaks of male and female birds, except for the huia of Australia and New Zealand. These are small birds that live on the ground and in the underbrush and get their food intake from the insects they find in rotted logs and stumps. They are the only case in bird life where the beaks of the male and female are entirely different in size and shape. The male has a straight, chisel-type beak like that of a woodpecker, while that of the female is long, slender and semi-flexible.

With his heavy beak the male can drill into rotted wood or open up cracks in the bark where insects are hiding. But, unlike the woodpecker, he has not evolved the long, extensible, spear-pointed tongue with which to reach in and drag out his victims. So the male opens up the passageway to the insect booty, then calls for help from his mate. She reaches in with her long, slender beak, hauls forth the catch and drops it on the ground between them. Sort of a "Dutch treat" in birdland!

And so it is, year in and year out, the birds in all parts of the country, in all parts of the world, go on doing "their own thing." And all the while man is gaining benefit from it all. Just think of the number of biting, stinging, crawling pests that the birds save you from having to swat at. And what of the weed control that they work on annually. No matter how you look at it, they are our feathered friends. But, don't let anyone tell you that you "eat like a bird"—that's really for the birds!



Frank: What do you get when you cross a midget with a computer?

Hank: A short circuit.

Henry E. Leabo

Lancaster, CA

A young lad was being tested for glasses, but he couldn't focus his eyes on the chart, and the optometrist was having a hard time of it. Finally he took a paper bag, cut two eyeholes in it and placed it over the boy's head. "Now tell me what you see," he requested. The boy began to cry.

"What's the matter?" the doctor asked.

"I want wire rims like my brother's," sobbed the boy.

M. J. Beckman

Granada Hills, CA



A man from Ohio was bragging about all the Presidents who had been born in Ohio. Finally he asked a Down-Easter if any big men had been born in Maine.

"Nope, only little babies."

M. J. Beckman

Granada Hills, CA

"What time does the library open?" the Pioneer Ranger asked over the phone.

"Nine a.m.," the librarian answered. "And what's the idea of calling me in the middle of the night?"

"Not until 9?" asked the disappointed voice.

"No, not until 9! Why do you want in so soon?"

"Who wants in? I want out!"

Warren Bebout

Atascadero, CA

A Pioneer came home with muddy clothes one day.

"What happened to you?" his mother asked.

"I fell in a puddle."

"With your new pants on?"

The Pioneer boy looked up, and said: "I didn't have time to take them off."

Warren Bebout

Atascadero, CA



A private asked his sergeant, "How many successful jumps must a para-trooper make before he can graduate?"

The sergeant replied, "All of them!"

M. J. Beckman

Granada Hills, CA

Joe: What did the papa lightning bug say to the mama lightning bug?

Moe: I don't know. What?

Joe: Isn't Junior bright for his age?

Warren Bebout

Atascadero, CA

"I WAS OVER AT JIMMY'S HOUSE PLAYING CHURCH. WE JUST BAPTIZED HIS CAT"

HOW MOTHER'S DAY BEGAN

by O. J. Robertson

One of the Ten Commandments tells us to honor our mother.

Miss Anna Jarvis wanted *everyone* to do just that. It was Miss Jarvis who worked to have a special day set aside to honor mothers.

The celebration of Mother's Day is really a modern thing. It was on May 8, 1914, that the Congress of the United States signed a resolution to set aside the second Sunday in May as a National Mother's Day. A white carnation was chosen as the emblem of the day. President Woodrow Wilson was the first president to wear the carnation as a token of respect for all American mothers.

Miss Jarvis who lived in Philadelphia wished to honor her own mother, and seeing the need of establishing a special day for all mothers, worked hard to get her idea before the public. For many years she traveled about the United States, delivering speeches, writing letters to newspapers and magazines. Finally her efforts aroused the interest of the people.

Miss Jarvis' mother was especially fond of carnations. She often gave flowers to those who had none, to shut-ins, to the sick, and was known as an ideal mother. She had eleven children who loved her.

The white carnation, chosen to honor Mrs. Jarvis, symbolizes a pure heart and the unselfishness of motherhood.

Today many people give their mothers gifts on Mother's Day. No doubt flowers are the most common of all gifts.

Do you plan to remember your mother in a special way on Mother's Day? You should!

If you have a gift in mind, something simple carries as much love as an expensive present.

Everyone can say: "Mother, I love you, today and every day!"

And when you say your prayers, remember to thank God for the wonderful mother He gave you!

