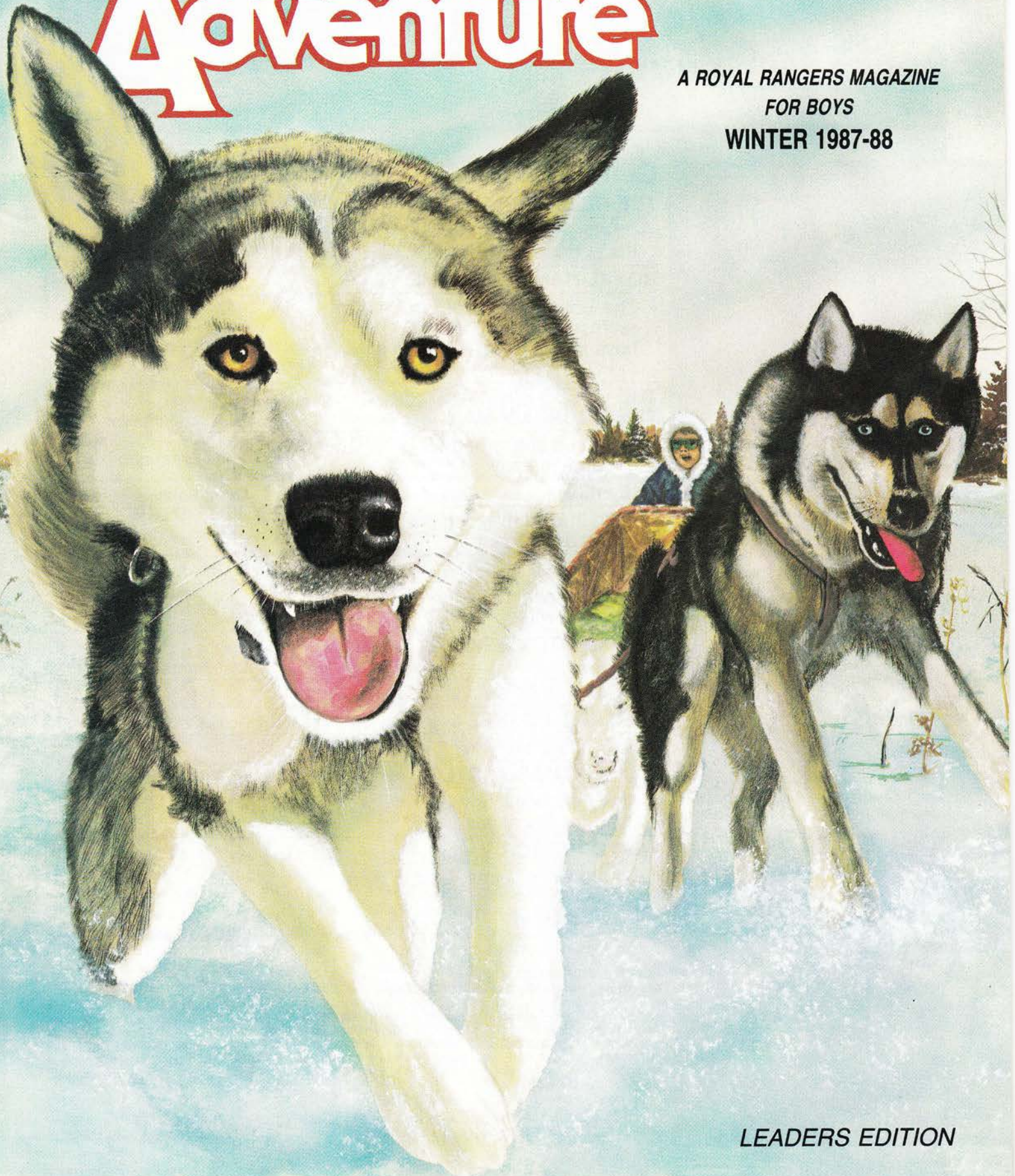


# High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE  
FOR BOYS  
WINTER 1987-88

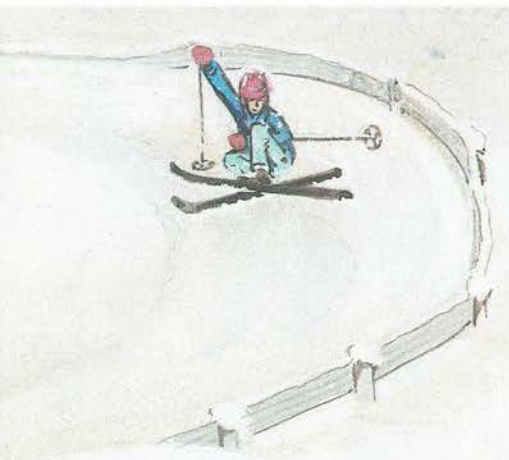
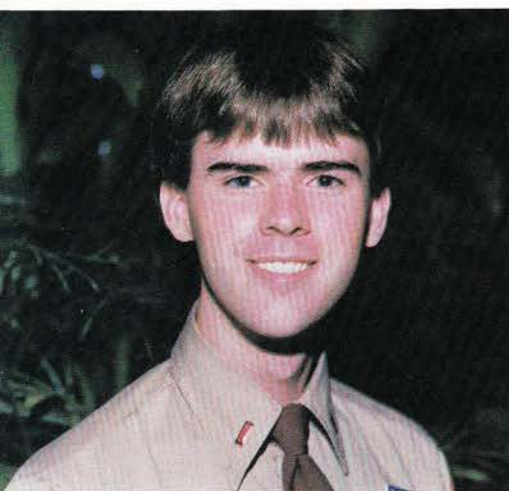


LEADERS EDITION



# High Adventure

WINTER 1987-88



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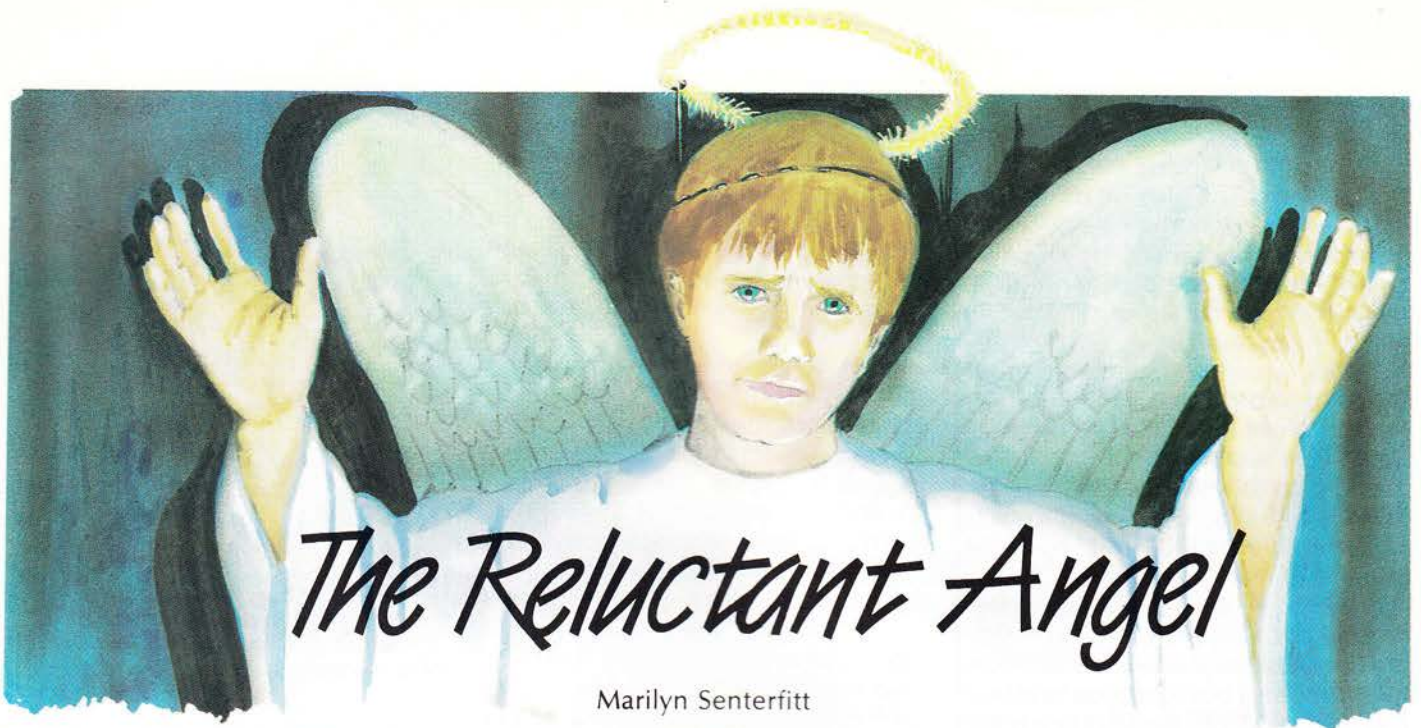
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HIGH ADVENTURE





# The Reluctant Angel

Marilyn Senterfitt

Mark was not all that interested as Mrs. Justice passed out the parts for the annual Christmas play. He was always a shepherd, and the whole thing was getting to be a bore.

"Mark!" called Mrs. Justice. "Mark, stop daydreaming and take your part."

"Sorry," replied Mark.

He half-heartedly glanced at the script. Suddenly the words leaped out from the page. At the top in bold red letters it read, "MARK STONE—ANGEL!"

"Mrs. Justice!" cried Mark.

"Yes, what is it?"

Mark spoke in a whisper, "I can't be an angel. You've made a mistake."

"Oh, Mark, you'll make a fine angel. You have a strong speaking voice," assured Mrs. Justice.

"But I can't be an angel!"

Mrs. Justice started passing out the costumes. She asked, "And why not?"

"Because it's sissy!"

"Mark, I can't believe you said that. The pastor's son, of all people, should know that the angel in the Christmas story is male."

"OK, but does it have to be me?"

"Mark, just take your costume. Believe me, you'll do a good job."

Johnny Earl came over to Mark and said, "What's that white thing for, Mark? Where's your shepherd costume?"

Mark thought fast and replied, "Mom's going to have to dye this one brown."

Mrs. Justice chose then to say, "Mark, you forgot your wings."

"Wings!" exclaimed Johnny.

"Not so loud!" pleaded Mark.

"Hey, guys!" shouted Johnny.

"Mark's going to be an angel!"

The other boys quickly gathered around.

"Mark, you going to curl your hair like the other girls?" teased Max.

"Oh, be quiet!" cried Mark.

Mrs. Justice intervened and brought the class to order. Mark heard very little from that point. His face was burning and he just wanted to be gone.

At home that evening Mark tried to persuade his father to call Mrs. Justice and excuse him from the play.

Reverend Stone instead replied, "Mrs. Justice thinks you can do it and so do I. Do your best and don't let the teasing get to you. There's nothing wrong with being an angel."

"I'll be the only boy with all those giggly girls. I'll have to wear a white dress and those floppy wings—and a halo even!"

Mark slept but he dreamed of angels with curly hair flying over his bed!

Dress rehearsal was the night before the performance. It was almost more than Mark could bear.

Johnny cracked, "Mark, your slip is showing!"

"You're as pretty as any of the girls, Mark!" teased Lee.

Mark endured it all but could hardly wait for the ordeal to be over.

The play was to be presented in the church sanctuary. How Mark wished he was with the shepherds. Instead he waited for his cue to step into the baptistry and look down at

the shepherds. The girls were suppressing their giggles and Mark adjusted his halo.

The narrator said, "And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone around about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them:"

Mark's cue! He stepped out and looked, not at the shepherds, but at the congregation.

Mark thought, *There are so many people!*

The church was filled to capacity and they waited for the angel to speak.

But Mark just stood there with his arms spread out. He could not remember his lines. Mark's mind had gone blank!

The shepherds fidgeted in the choir pews. The other angels whispered and urged Mark to say something.

Mark took a deep breath and began, "You shepherds down there, don't be afraid. I'm not here to hurt you. I've got some really great news for you and the whole world. You see, tonight a baby has been born in Bethlehem. God promised He would send a Savior and this is the time. That baby is the Christ, Lord of all. You can find Him in a stable, lying in a manger. He'll be wrapped in soft white clothes."

A long pause followed and the narrator then continued, "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying:"

All the angels stood on either side of Mark and said, "Glory to God in



the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Mark and the angels moved out of the baptistry. The girls sat down, but Mark went straight to a side door and went outside the church. He sat down on the steps as the play continued. It was there his father found him . . . wings, halo, and all.

"Mark, aren't you cold sitting out here?" asked his dad.

"Yes, sir, a little. These costumes aren't very warm."

"Let's go join everyone in the fellowship hall. You don't want to miss a piece of Mrs. Kemp's coconut cake."

"I can't see anyone!" cried Mark. "I ruined the whole play!"

"Of course you didn't. You did forget your lines, but what you said was just right. You told the shepherds the good news, and that's what the angel did almost 2,000 years ago."

"I made a fool of myself. That's what I get for not wanting to be an angel. I've asked God to forgive me. I hope you're not too ashamed of me."

"I'm not ashamed of you, Mark. I'm proud of you. Now come with me to the fellowship hall."

Mark knew he would have to face everyone sooner or later.

"Yes, sir, if you say so."

The fellowship hall buzzed with laughter and friendly talk. Shepherds and angels moved in and out of the crowd. Johnny and Max came toward Mark.

*Here it comes!* thought Mark.

Johnny said, "Mark, you were great!" "Yeah!" agreed Max. "I would have died if it had been me."

Mark couldn't believe his ears!

Johnny continued, "What you said was really good. It was like I really was a shepherd and you were the angel telling me about Jesus!"

Mark smiled, "Thanks! I thought I had ruined the play."

Mrs. Justice walked over and said, "I nearly had heart failure when you just stood there, but you did just fine, Mark, just like I knew you would!"

"Thank you!"

Reverend and Mrs. Stone motioned for Mark to join them at a table.

Mark sat down.

Reverend Stone said, "Here you go Mark, a big piece of coconut cake. Enjoy!"

"Okay, I will!" replied Mark. And he did.



# Royal Ranger of the Year

On the evening of Wednesday, July 22, 1987, the Royal Ranger of the Year Banquet was held in Springfield, Missouri. Ken Riemenschneider, Secretary of Men's Ministries, announced that Richard Weber of St. Charles, Illinois, had been selected as 1987 Royal Ranger of the Year.



Richard Weber, 1987 Royal Ranger of the Year

As Royal Ranger of the Year, Richard represents more than 125,000 boys in the Royal Rangers in the United States.

Joe Van Est was announced Royal Ranger of the Year, First Runner-up.

Selections for this honor were made from eight regional Royal Rangers of the Year; pictured on the next page.

This achievement was awarded following several days of testing and personal interviews before the 1987 Royal Ranger of the Year Review Board. Those serving on the board were, Ken Riemenschneider; Silas L. Gaither, Director of the Division of Church Ministries; J. Robert Ashcroft, President of Berean College; Ralph Glunt, National Royal Rangers Training Center Coordinator; Terry Carter, Youth Pastor of Evangel Temple, Springfield, Missouri; with the assistance of Paul Stanek, Royal Rangers National Training Coordinator.

Rev. G. Raymond Carlson, General Superintendent of the Assemblies of God, participated in the presentation of the awards.

Guest speaker Silas L. Gaither, challenged the boys with a message entitled "Growing In Christ." He used the Scripture verse 1 Timothy 6:20, to instruct each boy to develop, discover, and dedicate his life to God.

Johnnie Barnes, Royal Rangers National Commander, deeply moved by the personal achievement of each re-





**Joe Van Est**, 1987 First Runner-up for Royal Ranger of the Year

gional Royal Ranger, commented that each boy was indeed a winner.

Richard Weber, of the Great Lakes Region, attends First Assembly of God, in Wheaton, Illinois, near Chicago. Charles Meppelink, is his pastor. He lives with his parents, Donald and Alma, and brother Daniel.

mon interests strengthens my Christian walk and helps me see God's plan for my life."

Over the past few years Richard has received the following awards: National Honor Society, High School Theater Award, Gold and Silver Buffalo, and Gold Medal of Achievement.

His pastor comments "Rich is an honorable young man. His personal demeanor and overall attitudes are extremely favorable. I find him to be respectful, polite, alert, and bright.

"Rich is a 'free thinker' and has the courage of convictions to do what is right," states Dawn Anderson, mathematics teacher at St. Charles High School, St. Charles, Illinois.

"After graduation," writes Richard, "I plan to go to college, majoring in premedical or preveterinary medicine. I plan to continue with the Royal Rangers program all of my life."

Joe Van Est is a member of First Assembly of God, Burlington, Iowa, North Central Region. Norman Wenig is his Pastor. His mother is Donna Clark, and he has two sisters, Sheila and Krystal.

Joe's response was one of grateful acceptance, as he honored special contributors to his outstanding achievement.

Prior to Royal Ranger of the Year First Runner-Up, Joe's achievements include winning the Gold Medal of Achievement Award, the Silver Buffalo Award, and the Gold Buffalo Award.

"Royal Rangers has added a lot of value to my life. . . . It has had a life-changing impact on me." (This is an excerpt from an essay written by Joe.)

Says Mike Driver, Children's Pastor of First Assembly of God in Burlington, Iowa: "Joe has earned more awards than any other Ranger in our district. He is a constant leader in our outpost and is admired by all the young boys. He has given them a chance to see that they, too, can earn promotions and advancements.

Richard will receive a college scholarship of \$1,000 as Royal Ranger of the Year; Joe will receive a college scholarship of \$500.00 as Royal Ranger of the Year Runner-up.

Congratulations, Richard and Joe. We are proud of you!



National Commander **Johnnie Barnes** with Royal Ranger of the Year **Richard Weber** and First Runner-up **Joe Van Est**.

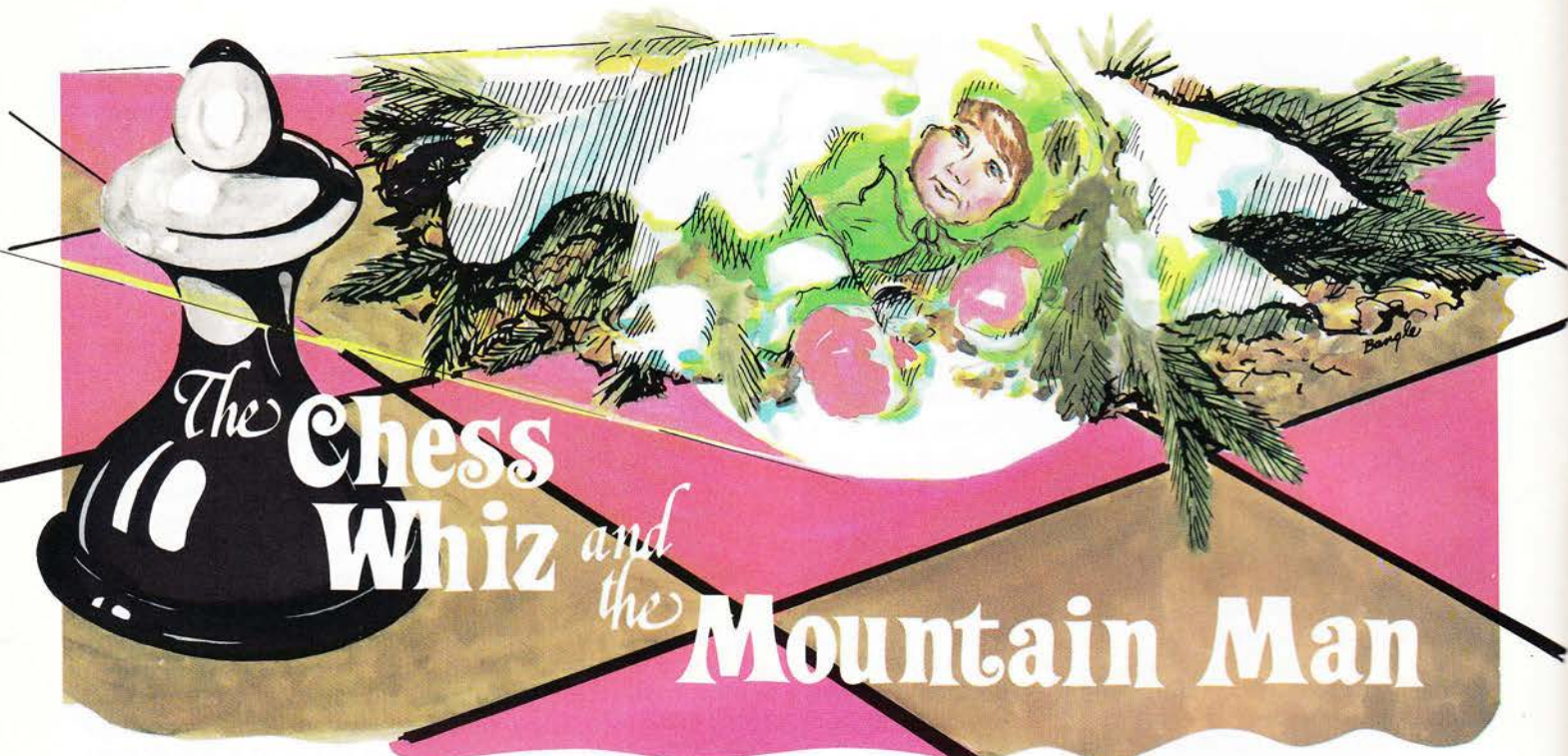
We asked Richard, "What do you enjoy most about Royal Rangers?"

He replied, "I enjoy the opportunity to work with boys my own age and younger. Seeing old friends and making new ones that share com-



Royal Rangers National Commander **Johnnie Barnes** with the eight regional Royal Rangers finalists. They are: seated, **Richard Weber**, Great Lakes; and **Joe Van Est**, North Central; and standing, **Chris Wilmoth**, South Central; **Brad Miller**, Southeast; **Thad Beeler**, Gulf; **Candido Gamez**, Southwest; **Dan Swanson**, Northwest; and **John Bender, Jr.**, Northeast.





by Richard M. Phillips

"Wow, LOOK AT ALL THE TREES!" Doug Foster's blue eyes opened wide. He clumped up the steps, across the wide porch, and into the house. His new hiking boots looked like blobs attached to his skinny legs.

His brother Scott jammed his battered baseball cap down over his unruly brown hair. *Yeah*, he thought, glaring at the steep hillsides blanketed with dark green forest. *Nothing but a lot of stupid trees. I bet there isn't another chess player for a thousand miles.*

"You boys will have to share a room," Mrs. Foster said as Scott went into the house. "I know it's not what you wanted, but your father needed a job, and supervising this pipeline project was the best one he could find."

"Oh great," groaned Scott as he searched through the pile of boxes stacked in one corner of the small room. It was bad enough being stuck here in Crow Valley for the rest of his sophomore year without having to share a room with his noisy 11-year-old brother.

Scott found the box marked "chess" and put his books on the shelf between the beds.

"Hey," Doug's voice erupted in Scott's ear. "Can I put these books on that shelf too?"

Scott looked at the books Doug was holding: *How to Survive in the Woods*, *Tales of the Frontier*, and *The Story of Davy Crockett*.

"No," he answered. "My chess books are going to fill up this shelf."

"But, Scott, Mom said we were sharing this room."

"We are sharing it, dummy. We're just not sharing it equally. You can shove that junk under your bed where it belongs."

By the end of his third week at Crow Valley High School, Scott had discovered that his prediction was true. Not one of the 256 students had responded to his notice about forming a chess club.

*I'll just have to survive on practice games until we move back to somewhere more civilized*, he thought.

When Scott got home, Doug was sitting crosslegged on the bedroom floor scraping a stick with his pocket knife.

"What do you think you're doing?" demanded Scott.

"I'm making snowshoes," answered Doug. "I got the idea from a book on mountain men and fur trappers."

"Well, keep it quiet. I'm going to practice chess and I can't concentrate with you sawing on that stick."

"How can you practice by yourself?"

"I replay a game from a book or try to solve a chess problem," replied Scott, going over to the chessboard.

"Could you teach me to play?" Doug closed his knife.

Scott thought for a moment. "OK," he said. "There were lots of players your age at the chess club in Chicago. I'll teach you how each piece moves, then we can play."

The first game was over in 5 minutes; so were the second and the third. Scott kept having to remind Doug how the pieces moved.

"Now try to remember this time," he said as they started the fourth game.

They played in silence for a few minutes.

"What are you doing!?" yelled Scott. "I told you before, the knight doesn't move in a straight line."

"I forgot." Doug looked down at the chessboard.

"Well, you can just forget about being a chess player," said Scott, sweeping the chessmen into the center of the board. "If you can't even remember a few simple rules, you'll never be good enough to play me." Scott turned back to the board and set up the pieces. "And don't start sawing on those stupid snowshoes again."

"But, Scott—"

"Get out and leave me alone!" Scott yelled. "I'm not sharing a room with any make-believe mountain man."

Doug picked up his snowshoes and hiking pack. A moment later, Scott heard the back door close and Doug's boots clump down the steps.



"Good riddance," muttered Scott as he opened a chess book and bent over the board again. An hour later, he straightened up and looked out the window. The sky was gray and it was almost dark. Scott went to the back door and yelled, "Doug!" No answer came.

*I better go find him before Mom and Dad come home,* Scott thought as he stuffed a flashlight into his jacket pocket. *He's probably in the woods pretending to be a bear.*

It was easy to see where Doug had walked in the meadow. The heavy prints of Doug's boots were plain in the damp, bare ground.

Something soft brushed against Scott's cheek. Looking up, he saw fat flakes of snow drifting down out of the twilight. He shivered and hurried on. His feet were cold inside his tennis shoes.

The snow was not falling so heavily in the shelter of the trees, but it was much darker. Scott switched on the flashlight, but its weak beam only filled the woods beyond with dim shadows.

"This thing is useless!" Scott gave the flashlight an angry shake. As if to prove his statement, the flashlight flickered and went out. For a moment Scott could see nothing at all, then gradually he could make out the snow-shrouded shapes of the trees swaying like ghosts against the dim sky. A puff of wind peppered his cheek with snow causing him to jerk. His heart was pounding.

"Doug!" Scott's voice shook.

From somewhere Scott heard a faint voice calling his name. He turned toward it and took a step, but the ground wasn't there. A sharp pain bit into his ankle and his head filled with flashing constellations.

"Scott, Scott!" Someone was calling him—someone far away. Scott's head throbbed and he felt as if he were spinning through the darkness when he tried to move.

"Scott, where are you?" The voice came closer; then Doug's face appeared, lit by the flashlight he was holding. Scott felt his brother's hand moving over his body. When it reached his ankle, Scott winced.

"That hurts," he whispered.

"What happened?" asked Doug.

Scott explained how he had fallen.

"Well, don't be too hard on this old flashlight," Doug said. "You dropped it when you fell and it went

on again. That's how I found you."

"Where were you, anyway?" Scott felt his anger returning.

"There's a cave in the rocks above here. I found it last week. I was working on my snowshoes and didn't notice how dark it had gotten."

"Help me sit up," Scott said. "This ground isn't very comfortable."

"Don't move!" Doug commanded in a tone Scott had never heard his brother use before. "I think your ankle is broken and your head is bleeding a little. Moving might make it worse."

Doug rummaged inside his pack and pulled out a leather pouch. Scott watched, amazed, as Doug struck sparks from a piece of rock into a ball of cotton he took from the pouch. A tiny glow appeared which blossomed into a bright flame as Doug gently blew on it. He piled a few twigs around it and then some larger sticks.

"How did you learn to do that?" Scott demanded, although the effort of speaking made his head throb even worse.

"From a book. The pioneers used flint and steel instead of matches. It's easy once you learn how."

The snow swirling through the firelight made Scott dizzy and his head felt like a bowling tournament was going on inside it. He closed his eyes.

"Scott?" Doug was bending over him. "Are you all right?"

"Must have fallen asleep," mumbled Scott.

"Well, stay awake," Doug ordered.

"I'll try," said Scott. "But I'm cold and hungry."

"Maybe the rock is ready," said Doug as he went over to the fire. He carefully picked up a rock the size of a loaf of bread. "Yep," he said. "All baked."

"We're not going to eat that rock, are we? Fire from flint maybe, but bread from a rock? No way!" exclaimed Scott.

"No," laughed Doug. "But you can use it to keep yourself warm." He put the rock into his hiking pack and gently put it on Scott's stomach. "Hold this right here," he said. "The warmth will spread through your body."

Scott hugged the rock close. "Did you learn this from a book too?" he asked.

Doug nodded.

Scott tried to stay awake, but the warmth of the rock made him even sleepier. "I'll just close my eyes for a minute," he mumbled. "Wake me up if I fall asleep."

Scott awoke with a start that made his head bang like a drum. Someone was shining a bright light into his eyes.

"He's OK," said the voice. The light went out, and all Scott could see were two huge green spots where it had been.

Gradually his vision cleared. In the bright light of a lantern, Scott saw his father and another man bending over a pile of branches. Doug's pale face was barely visible in the snow-covered heap of pine needles and leaves.

Scott's father came over. "How are you feeling, Son?" he asked, kneeling down.

"All right, I think," said Scott. He looked over at his brother. "But Doug—?"

"He's all right too," the other man said. "Just give him a minute to come out of his cocoon."

"But what are all those branches?"

"It's a shelter," Scott's father answered. "You're all covered up too."

"He must have done it while I was sleeping."

"I did." Doug pushed the branches aside and sat up. "And I put some more warm rocks in first."

"Let me guess," said Scott. "This is something else you learned from one of your books."

Doug nodded.

"What books?" asked Mr. Foster.

"Oh, just books," mumbled Doug.

"They sound like more than just books to me," said the other man, picking up the lantern. "Scott's lucky you were around. Most kids your age wouldn't know what to do in an emergency like this."

"There wouldn't have been an emergency if it wasn't for me," said Scott. "Doug, I'm sorry I got so mad at you."

"I'd still like to be your chess partner," said Doug. "Maybe I could learn from one of *your* books."

"I'm sure you can," laughed Scott. "But only if I can borrow the one that tells how to make fire out of a piece of stone and bread out of a rock."

"Bread out of a rock?" Mr. Foster looked puzzled.

"Sure," said Scott, grinning at Doug. "It's one of the tricks that every real mountain man knows."





# The Hill

Lorna Baja

Dusty automatically loaded the newspapers into the bags on his dad's old bike. His mind methodically ticked off each house where he had to leave a paper. When the muffled knock echoed throughout the garage, he jumped and dropped a newspaper on the floor. "Stupid," he muttered and bent over to pick up the paper.

Dusty met Troy a year ago when he transferred to Scotsdale Junior High in the middle of eighth grade. He felt lost and totally out of place, and trapped in the sea of strangers, when he needed his old friends and favorite hangouts the most. So when he signed up for physical education, he picked soccer. He hoped a team sport would help him get to know his classmates better.

Ultimately it did. During his first soccer class, he and Troy collided when they each tried to gain possession of the ball from opposing teams. Lying in a tangled heap they began to laugh. It started as a soft chuckle and soon burst from them in rollicking waves of mirth. Their coach hauled them from the grass and seeing they were fine, sent the team to the showers. Troy left the field in the midst of a rowdy group of classmates who kicked the ball back and forth between them all the way to the locker room. Dusty watched thoughtfully as he followed at a distance. Why was he so quiet—such a loner—a misfit? He wanted to kick himself. He had the ideal opportunity to make friends with someone and he blew it. He wished he knew how to start a conversation. Dusty's shoulders slumped dejectedly. It would be easier, he decided, to just stay by himself.

The following Sunday Dusty saw Troy at church. Suddenly they had something to talk about, and soon they were the best of friends. It was Troy's idea to share a paper route. A good one too. Except the route ran down Stevens Road.

Dusty stuffed the dropped paper in a bag and hollered, "Come in."

Troy lifted the garage door and walked in stomping snow from his boots and rubbing his gloved hands together. "Boy, it's cold," he complained dusting snow from his brown hair. "It's snowing too."

"It's too cold to deliver papers," Dusty replied unconsciously rubbing his aching knee.

"Yeah." Troy's eyes fixed on Dusty. "Is your knee bothering you a lot?"

"Uh huh." Dusty absently stuffed another paper in a bag. "Mom keeps turning the heat off. It gets stiff and then starts aching."

"My mom leaves the heat off too. I guess that's what happens when you're poor."

Dusty's thoughts drifted back to the better days before his father died, when things like heat weren't important. Life was so much simpler then. He sighed. Would he ever forget? "Yeah, well, if Dad was still around it wouldn't be like this," he said bitterly. "Come on let's get this over with."

Dusty wheeled his bike out of the garage and Troy got on his. They both pedaled down Clark Street throwing papers at odd intervals. When they turned onto Stevens Road, Dusty stopped. He leaned apprehensively over his handlebars. The hill was five hundred yards long and ran straight down. Dusty's memory reeled back to that cold January morning.

"Come on, Dusty," Troy said gently. "I hate this hill."

Troy frowned as he tried to think of some way to help him. "Do you remember what Mr. Simpson said last week in Sunday school?"

"Yeah," Dusty said vaguely. He remembered but he didn't believe it.

"Talk to God and trust Him. You've got to have faith. He'll work it out somehow."

"Look, Troy, God has more important things to do. Why should He care about me? I'm a nobody."

Troy looked down at his feet and kicked at the snow with the toe of his boot. "Please, just try it."

Dusty nodded absently.

Defeated, Troy shook his head. "Come on," he said, and pushed off. Dusty followed reluctantly. His heart began thumping in terror as he picked up speed. He wasn't on his dad's racing skis now, but it didn't matter. The hill still terrified him.

They turned onto Dyer Street and stopped in front of the new Bentwood Housing Project. Dusty's crys-

tal blue eyes watched Troy laugh in excitement. He remembered when the hill thrilled him too. Before he got the paper route, it didn't matter how he felt about Stevens Road. Now he had to deal with it every day. Maybe he did need to pray about it. Dusty sighed and shifted his eyes past Troy.

"Look at that!" he shouted.

"What?"

"That sign." He said pointing behind Troy.

A small, handwritten sign crudely nailed up in front of the Bentwood Housing Project read: Free Firewood—You Cut and Haul.

"That's it!" Dusty said excited. "Mom could burn firewood instead of using the heat. That way she could save some money and still keep the house warm. What do you think?"

"Sounds great. But do you know how to chop wood?"

"Of course I do. Just before Dad died we went up to Mt. Baker and

brought back four cords of wood."

"Okay. So how do we get it home?"

Dusty frowned. His forehead creased making him look much older than his fourteen years should. "I know," he said, "I'll call my uncle. He has an old pickup."

Troy smiled and nodded enthusiastically. "How about Saturday morning?"

"Fine, but Uncle Dean works Saturday mornings. He won't be able to take us so we'll have to ride our bikes. I'm sure he'll give us a lift back though."

"That's okay. It'll give us plenty of time to get the wood chopped."

Dusty's face fell. Saturday he would have to make the trip down Stevens Road twice. He looked again at the sign thinking how God provided in strange ways. He'd gotten his paper route just in time to help Mom buy Christmas presents for his brother Alan. Now here was firewood to heat the house. But both of them put him on a collision course with the one thing he feared most—Stevens Road. Dusty shrugged his shoulders. Somehow he was sure this was happening for a reason. "Let's get



# High Adventure Leader

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## FEATURES

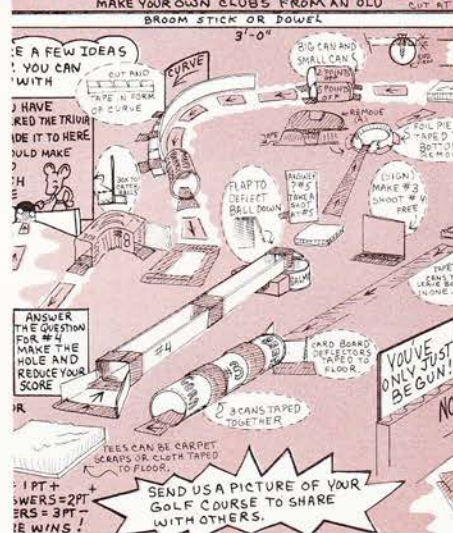
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## FORE! - SLICE

MAKE YOUR OWN CLUBS FROM AN OLD BROOM STICK OR BOWEL



National FCF Rendezvous  
June 28-July 2, 1988  
Eagle Rock, MO



# 25th Anniversary of Royal Rangers

Address by Silas L. Gaither, National Director, Division of Church Ministries, in honor of Royal Rangers National Commander Johnnie Barnes for 25 years of fruitful service. General Council Men's Ministries Luncheon, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Let me begin by saluting those of you who are in any way involved in ministry to boys through the Royal Rangers program. Whether you are involved at the local, district, or national level, your concern for the conversion, conservation, and spiritual development of boys makes a difference. Your commitment to this ministry has never been more needed than it is today. It will be needed even more tomorrow, if Jesus tarries.

The 25th Anniversary seems an appropriate time for us to recall the beginnings, highlight the progress, and anticipate the future of Royal Rangers.

Soon after Burton Pierce was appointed secretary of the Men's Department in 1960, he and Assistant Superintendent Howard Bush began discussing the need for a ministry to boys. The Executive Presbytery approved the idea of a boys program, and in January 1962, Johnnie Barnes, then D-CAP of the North Texas District, was brought in to develop the program. Johnnie was already a writer, an artist, and an outdoorsman. Most importantly, he had a God-given burden to reach boys for Christ.

However, neither Johnnie Barnes nor those who teamed up with him to develop the Royal Rangers program could have foreseen the turbulence the decade of the sixties would bring among our nation's youth.

We can only wonder how many of our boys were kept from being caught up in the restlessness and rebellion of the sixties because they were given a positive alternative through Royal Rangers.

We believe that many who might otherwise have lost their way in those troubled years were kept on course through Royal Rangers.

Of course, such a program did not just spring full-blown from the desire to have one. There were days of work and nights of prayer. Careful consultation and pilot programs led to the original structuring according to age groups: Pioneers, ages 9-11; Trailblazers, 12-14; Air-Sea Rangers, ages 15-17.

Since that time, two programs for younger boys have been added: Buckaroos for ages 7 and 8; and Straight Arrows for the 5- and 6-year-olds. Air-Sea Rangers now have a third option—Trail Rangers. Chi Omega Rho was organized in 1972 for college students.

All these programs called for support and unification through uniforms, badges, leadership training materials, manuals, and handbooks, as well as periodicals.

The national office worked diligently to keep up with the demand.

Gradually a strong district leadership also emerged, and today the district commanders add strength and stability to the program.

The first periodical for the leader, *Dispatch* magazine (now called *High Adventure Leader*), was published in 1963. *High Adventure* magazine for boys was launched in 1971. It now goes to more than 75,000 subscribers.

In 1966, while some university campuses were experiencing riots and burnings and general unrest, a new program offered young men of the Assemblies of God a more productive and positive outlet for their energies.

The Frontiersman Camping Fraternity was developed to cultivate the best in Christian example and service, to teach camping skills to older boys, and to encourage leaders to complete the leadership training program.

The FCF also sought to stimulate Christian involvement and the preservation of the historical primitive skills of our American forefathers. The emphasis was on preservation and restoration at a time when destruction was on the minds of many young people.

Since the inception of the Frontiersman Camping



Ken Riemenschneider, secretary of Men's Ministries, presents plaque to Johnnie Barnes, Royal Rangers National Commander commemorating 25 years of excellent service to God and boys, on August 8, 1987, at the General Council Men's Ministries Luncheon, Oklahoma City.



Fraternity, four national Rendezvous have been held around the nation. Also, FCF chapters are now organized in most districts.

While reaching, teaching, and keeping boys for Christ has always been the central focus of the Royal Rangers program, it is also recognized that well-trained leaders are vital to the achievement of that goal.

To this end, training courses were offered by correspondence from the beginning. Then as the need arose,



**Silas L. Gaither**, National Director, Division of Church Ministries addresses Men's Ministries Luncheon, at the General Council of the Assemblies of God, Oklahoma City.

leaders were offered opportunities for further training in National Training Camps, as well as at several specialized training events. Many districts also conduct Junior Leadership Training Camps.

Four National Camporamas have brought thousands of Royal Rangers and their leaders together for competition, fellowship, and recognition.

More than 150 Royal Rangers have earned the Medal of Valor, awarded for risking their lives to save others.

The Gold Medal of Achievement, which is the highest award the boys can earn within the Royal Rangers program, is worn proudly by more than 1,200 boys.

No doubt you will agree with me that the achievements during the past 25 years of Royal Rangers have been worth every effort, every prayer—even every failure.

We have risked. We have learned. We have grown. We have much to celebrate as we mark this silver anniversary.

Consider the fact that Royal Rangers today is operating in 42 countries. Thousands of boys have accepted Christ. It is estimated that 800,000 boys have participated in the program since its inception. This number will grow to a million in the not-too-distant future.

Over 30,000 men have enrolled in the training program—because they care enough to make the effort to reach and lead boys for Christ. We now have our own Royal Rangers property—1,445 acres in the midst of beautiful Mark Twain National Forest near Cassville, Missouri.

We have indeed many causes for celebration at this point, and we rejoice by giving glory to God. It was He who chose the decade of the sixties for the launching of this now worldwide ministry to boys. He knew just how much it would be needed both then and now.

Such successes and accomplishments have been possible due to the capable leadership and commitment of the national commander, Johnnie Barnes, and the many leaders he has inspired through these years. He has given distinguished leadership to the Royal Rangers ministry from its beginning. His practical and down-to-earth approach has been very effective in winning boys to Christ. His vision has kept the ministry in step with the times. The leadership training has expanded to meet the ever-growing need. Such creative initiative is indicative of his unique abilities.

Johnnie Barnes has left his footprints in the sands of 25 years of Royal Rangers ministry. Men and boys everywhere have been inspired to commit their lives to the Lord Jesus Christ for service. His ministry has resulted in thousands of boys finding Christ and redirecting their future. His heartbeat is to reach, teach, and keep boys for Christ. No nobler purpose could be chosen.

There are men on the mission field today who were among the first Royal Rangers in the sixties. There are pastors and deacons and salt-of-the-earth Christian men who head Christ-honoring families today because someone led Royal Rangers programs in their local churches.

And so, we celebrate.

But the task is not finished. We will soon be entering the last decade of the twentieth century. Looking around us, we know that we are living in what Paul called "perilous times."

How can we possibly gauge the significance of reaching boys for Christ in the time that we have left?

A great deal is being said in political circles these days about accepting the responsibility for what happens on one's "watch."

In closing, I submit to you that since this is our "watch," it is our responsibility to continue to reach as many boys for Christ as we possibly can.

Jesus said, "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."



**Silas L. Gaither** presents a 25-year anniversary tribute to Commander Johnnie Barnes at the District Men's Directors Conference in Springfield, Missouri, February 1987. Mrs. Juanita Barnes is looking on.





THE GENERAL COUNCIL OF THE ASSEMBLIES OF GOD

1445 BOONVILLE AVENUE

SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI 65802

G. RAYMOND CARLSON  
GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT

TELEPHONE  
(417) 862-2781

**A TRIBUTE TO JOHNNIE BARNES**

Upon the occasion of the celebration of the 25th anniversary of the Royal Ranger ministry, the Executive Presbytery of The General Council of the Assemblies of God offers its highest commendation to National Commander, Johnnie Barnes.

There is no way to measure the full effectiveness of this dedicated leader in ministry to the boys of our families. We do hereby, with this tribute, express our deep appreciation and highest regard for a man with vision, devotion, and an unqualified commitment to Christ his Lord.

Johnnie Barnes, we salute you! May God continue to guide your ministry in all of your tomorrows.

Executive Presbytery



## How does it feel to be in FCF?



by John Eller

The question was sure to arise. John David had been in Royal Rangers more than four years. He was officially recognized as a Straight Arrow on his 5th birthday, June 27, 1981, at the Appalachian District Powwow, by District Commander Bernard Webb.

What really surprised me was when he asked. It was near the Christmas season. The tree was up and most of the presents were in wrappings underneath. We were having some quiet family time (which, being interpreted is, no TV, no videocassettes, and no video games). That's when it happened.

"Dad," John D. began with a question mark on his face, "how does it feel to be in FCF?"

"Why do you ask?" was my casual response.

"I just want to know, Dad. You see, my commander had this special thing about FCF, and all the guys are asking. You do know, don't you, Dad?" He was in earnest.

By now, one of his sisters was looking up from her book and raising an eyebrow. We got the message.

"Let's go to my room, Dad, and you can tell me all about it!"

As we settled down on a couple of huge bean bags, I began this saga. The eager eyes and ears of my au-

dience of one made it even more inspiring. Of course, I like to spin yarns anyway.

"Well, it's like this, son. FCF began for your old dad back in 1967. Yes, that was just about a year after the program got underway at a powwow in California. You see, I was at the Illinois District Powwow where Johnnie Barnes was speaker. I was initiated at that time."

"What's 'initiated'?" John D. wanted to know.

"For now, let's just say 'introduced.'"

The change in wording seemed to satisfy him.

"We had this big Council-fire service, and at the close, there was an FCF Callout. I was one of the men chosen, and after a night-long test, was declared an official member of the elite Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity. I was as proud as I could be!"

"Is that all?" he wanted to know.

"No, there's lots more. You see, a few weeks later, the Southern Missouri District called its first meeting of FCF at Fantastic Caverns near Springfield. We spent the night deep in a cave and did some exploring. While there, I was elected the first president of the Daniel Boone Chapter.

"Things began to happen rapidly after that," I continued. "Soon, I was appointed Midwest Territorial

FCF Representative, and in 1970 I became the first National FCF President. I served until 1974, when my good friend Fred Deaver took over.

"Aw, I've had lots of fun in FCF," I bragged. "Why, I've been to Rendezvous in places like Blue Eye and Crossville, Tennessee. Why, it's hard to explain all the fun we've had!"

"What do you do at a Randy-randy" he was having trouble pronouncing the word.

"Rendezvous," I said, so he could get acquainted with the term.

"Everything you can imagine, happens at the Rendezvous!" I was waxing eloquent now.

"We have contests with knife and tomahawk throwing; we shoot muzzle-loaders like the old mountain men; we dress in frontier costumes; we make fire with flint and steel; we go to Trader's Row; we cook and sleep outdoors; we listen to great speakers like Johnnie Barnes and Fred Deaver; we go to Kangaroo Court; and. . ."

"Wait, Dad!" John D. was holding up both hands. "What in the world is 'Kangaroo Court'?"

"Well, son, I'm glad you asked that question. It shows that you're listening. A Kangaroo Court is a fun event when people are hauled into the Frontier Judge's court for 'certain' offenses, and put on trial.

(Cont. on page L11)



# OUTPOST COMMANDER'S AWARD

The Outpost Commander's Award is a special achievement award for Outpost Commanders who have demonstrated outstanding service. All points must be earned for service rendered during the current calendar year. NATIONAL TRAINING EVENTS MAY BE COUNTED EACH YEAR. \*

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_ District \_\_\_\_\_ Outpost Number \_\_\_\_\_

FILL IN THE BLANKS WITH THE NUMBER OF POINTS EARNED:

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1. <u>AN UP-TO-DATE CHARTERED GROUP:</u><br/>20 points _____</p> <p>2. <u>COMPLETED LEADERSHIP TRAINING COURSE I-V:</u> 20 points _____</p> <p>3. <u>ADVANCEMENT PARTICIPATION:</u><br/>25 points if at least 50% of boys in your outpost received an advancement, and at least 4 Councils of Achievement were conducted. _____</p> <p>4. <u>OUTPOST CAMPOUTS:</u> 2 points each. _____</p> <p>5. <u>OUTPOST OUTINGS:</u> 2 points each except for campouts. _____</p> <p>* 6. <u>ATTENDING A NATIONAL TRAINING CAMP:</u> 5 points _____</p> <p>* 7. <u>ATTENDING OTHER NATIONAL TRAINING EVENTS:</u> 5 points for each event. _____</p> <p>8. <u>OUTPOST PARTICIPATION IN A DISTRICT POW WOW:</u> 5 points _____</p> <p>9. <u>BOYS WON TO CHRIST:</u> 5 points each _____</p> <p>10. <u>NEW MEMBERS:</u> 2 points each _____</p> <p>11. <u>RANGER OF THE YEAR PROGRAM:</u><br/>5 points _____</p> | <p>12. <u>WEARING PROPER UNIFORM:</u> 5 points _____</p> <p>13. <u>OUTPOST MEETINGS:</u> 1 point each meeting conducted. _____</p> <p>14. <u>OUTPOST USING THE PATROL METHOD PROGRAM:</u> 5 points _____</p> <p>15. <u>GOLD BAR MEETINGS:</u> 1 point each meeting of boy/adult leadership planning the outpost meetings and activities. _____</p> <p>16. <u>CURRENT RED CROSS CARD:</u><br/>2 points for each card. _____</p> <p>17. <u>OUTPOST SERVICE PROJECT:</u><br/>2 points for each project. _____</p> <p>18. <u>ACTIVE FCF MEMBER:</u> 2 points _____</p> <p>19. <u>LEADERSHIP MEETINGS:</u> 2 points each for attending Area, Sectional or District-wide meetings. _____</p> <p>20. <u>OUTPOST VISITATION PROGRAM:</u><br/>2 points for each home visited. _____</p> |
| <p>TOTAL POINTS _____</p>   |  |

## REQUIREMENTS FOR AWARD

1. The outpost must have an up-to-date charter.
2. The Commander must have completed the Leadership Training Course.
3. A minimum of 175 points are needed to qualify.

All Outpost Commanders who meet the above qualifications will be eligible to receive and wear the Outpost Commander's Award. Time period - JANUARY 1 of the current year through DECEMBER 31.

**NOTE:** Please complete your copy of the Outpost Commander's Award Evaluation Sheet and mail it to your District Commander, not the National Office. Your District Commander will supervise the awarding of the Outpost Commander's Award. Seven dollars should be attached to cover the cost of the medal. (Subject to change by GPH without notice.)

If all Outpost Commanders of one church earn this medal, the Senior Commander may wear an Outpost Commander's Award also.



## TRAINING OPPORTUNITIES FOR ROYAL RANGERS LEADERS

Royal Rangers National Training Events are designed to give you the very best of training for all phases of the Royal Rangers ministry, with major emphasis on camping!

NATIONAL TRAINING CAMP is designed to give leaders professional training in camping and leadership, plus the opportunity of outstanding fellowship and adventure in the out-of-doors. See the attached application for locations and dates.



BUCKAROO/STRAIGHT ARROW TRAINING CONFERENCE is designed to give leaders training in various techniques and methods of leadership. Trainees will also receive training in various aspects of the Buckaroo and Straight Arrow ministries. Locations and dates are: Lake Wales, FL, May 5-7; Carlisle, PA, May 26-28; Grass Valley, CA, Oct. 13-15; and Woodworth, LA, May 19-21.

NATIONAL TRAINING TRAILS On the National Training Trail, leaders participate in outstanding rugged outdoor activities surrounded by some of America's most beautiful scenery. Leaders will be on the trail for three exciting days, carrying all their gear and food in backpacks. Location and dates are: Eagle Rock, MO, October 20-23.



ADVANCED NATIONAL TRAINING CAMP is designed to provide Royal Rangers leaders with additional training beyond that offered at NTC. It will also help to inspire leaders to greater involvement in the Royal Rangers ministry. A leader must have attended NTC before enrolling for ANTC. Location and dates are: Eagle Rock, MO, June 20-24. Greensboro, NC, Oct. 19-22.

STAFF SCHOOL is designed to give leaders opportunity for: training in camp skills, leadership development, ideas for teaching and administration, analyzing personal strengths and weaknesses--plus self-improvement tips, and seeing the program from a boy's viewpoint. Locations and dates are: Hartford, IN, May 21,22; Lake Stevens, WA, September 12,13; Cedaredge, CO, September 16,17; and Eagle Rock, MO, October 3,4.



WINTER NATIONAL TRAINING CAMP will give leaders professional training in winter camping, campcraft and various winter-related activities. The camp will be conducted in an appropriate winter setting. This camp is designed to inspire leaders to provide more activities for their outpost during winter months. The camp will be held at Mt. Hood, OR, January 19-22, 1989.

For further information and applications, please contact the national office, your district commander, or your district training coordinator.





# NATIONAL TRAINING CAMP

FOR OFFICE USE ONLY	
Date Received:	_____
Date Packet Sent Out:	_____
Amount Received:	_____
Amount Due:	_____

(PLEASE PRINT)

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY PLEASE NOTIFY:

NAME _____	NAME _____
MAIL ADDRESS _____	ADDRESS _____
CITY, STATE, ZIP _____	CITY, STATE, ZIP _____
HOME PHONE _____ AGE _____	PHONE _____
OCCUPATION _____	RELATIONSHIP _____

You must be in good health in order to participate in the strenuous activities of the training camp. Therefore, it is required that you have a physical examination. After the examination, please sign the following statement. "After consultation with my physician, I know of no physical reason that would restrict me from participating in the camp activities."

(SIGNATURE) \_\_\_\_\_

Any medical facts we should know: \_\_\_\_\_

Because of the limited size and the advanced cost of setting up these camps, a \$40 registration fee must accompany this application. This will be applied toward the total camp fee which will be approximately \$85. A \$10 DISCOUNT will be given at the camp for those who preregister FOUR WEEKS prior to the camp date. NOTE: CANCELLATION POLICY--Your preregistration fee will be refundable (minus a \$10 clerical fee) if you notify the national office at least THREE WEEKS prior to the beginning of the camp. Cancellation after this date is nonrefundable!

## CAMP PREFERENCE

(Check your choice)

- |                    |  |                   |
|--------------------|--|-------------------|
| ( ) FLORIDA        | Flaming Arrow: Lake Wales, FL            | Feb. 4-7, 1988    |
| ( ) SOUTH CAROLINA | Assembly Acres: Greenville, SC           | April 7-10, 1988  |
| ( ) MISSOURI       | Nat'l RR Training Center: Eagle Rock, MO | April 28 - May 1  |
| ( ) MONTANA        | Glacier Bible Camp: Hungry Horse, MT     | May 5-8, 1988     |
| ( ) CALIFORNIA     | Hi-Sierra: Cold Springs, CA              | May 12-15, 1988   |
| ( ) MARYLAND       | Broadcreek B.S.A.: Whiteford, MD         | May 19-22, 1988   |
| ( ) PENNSYLVANIA   | Hebron Camp: Stroudsburg, PA (Korean)    | May 26-29, 1988   |
| ( ) CALIFORNIA     | Camp Pinecrest: Twin Peaks, CA           | August 4-7, 1988  |
| ( ) WASHINGTON     | Cedar Springs: Lake Stevens, WA          | Sept. 8-11, 1988  |
| ( ) PENNSYLVANIA   | RR Mountain: Duncannon, PA               | Sept. 8-11, 1988  |
| ( ) MISSOURI       | Nat'l RR Training Center: Eagle Rock, MO | Sept. 29 - Oct. 2 |

MAIL THIS FORM TO: ROYAL RANGERS, 1445 Boonville Ave., Springfield, MO 65802  
 CREDIT TO ACCOUNT: 001-01-031-4001-000



## NATIONAL TRAINING CAMP

# PERSONAL EQUIPMENT CHECK LIST

### CLOTHING

- 1 Complete Class B Royal Rangers uniform (long sleeve khaki shirt, khaki trousers, khaki Royal Rangers belt--no dress coats or ties are worn.)
- 1 Royal Rangers jacket
- 1 Royal Rangers sweatshirt (for colder areas only)
- 1 Pair Army fatigue trousers, jeans, or other work-type trousers for casual wear
- 2 Royal Rangers T-shirts
- \* \* Extra uniforms or fatigues for fresh change, as desired
- 1 Pair heavy shoes or boots for camp activities and hiking
- 2 Pairs heavy socks (navy or black)
- 1 Poncho or raincoat with hood
- \* \* Underclothing and handkerchiefs
- \* \* Pajamas
- \* Please note: No cap or hat is needed. A special beret will be issued. (Every item except emblem, nametab and district strip should be removed from uniform.)

### PERSONAL ITEMS

- Sleeping bag
- Folding camp cot (optional)
- Toilet kit and mirror (no outlet for electric razor)
- Towels and washcloths
- Mess kit (plate, bowl, and cup)
- Silverware kit (knife, fork, and spoon)
- Canteen
- Pack and lightweight pack frame (for overnight hike)
- Small lightweight tent (for overnight hike)
- Ground cloth (waterproof)
- Air mattress or foam pad
- Flashlight with extra batteries
- Personal first aid kit
- Pocket knife and whetstone
- Hand axe
- 8 inch mill file
- Compass (Silva style preferred)
- Waterproof match container with matches
- "Adventures in Camping" handbook
- "Leader's Manual"
- Small Bible
- Pen and pencil

### OPTIONAL ITEMS

- |                                      |                    |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Ditty bag to carry small items       | Compact sewing kit |
| Insect repellent                     | Survival kit       |
| Folding plastic cup                  | Camera             |
| Thermal underwear (for colder areas) | Sunburn lotion     |
| Small package of facial tissues      | Sunglasses         |
| Nail clippers with fingernail file   | Pillow             |

\*As many as you will need for the camp



## HOW DOES IT FEEL . . .

(Cont. from page 6)

Sometimes they have to spend some time in The Stocks."

John D. was just opening his mouth to ask another question when I anticipated it. Holding up my hand, I continued.

"The Stocks are sometimes called a 'pillory.' It's what the early Americans used for punishment. There are places for hands, head, and sometimes your feet, to be locked into place."

"Out there where everybody can see you?" he wanted to know.

"Yes," I nodded, "and that's not all," I said, rolling my eyes. "They might come by and make fun of you, but we do it all in fun."

"How many kinds of Frontiersmen are there?" he inquired.

"Boy, you're proving me with hard questions, aren't you? Well, let me see. When you first get into FCF, you're a Frontiersman, pledge swearin', card carryin'. After a while, you can move up a notch to what we call Buckskin. Then finally, comes the biggie. We call it Wilderness.

"Wow!" John D. responded.

With new inspiration, I kept going, "And then, you can also get into the Trappers Brigade. Why, you can make Company Trapper, Bourgeois, and Free Trapper!"

I thought "bourgeois" would catch his attention, but it missed him. After all, he is only nine.

"Dad," he said seriously, "do you think I could be in FCF someday?"

"Why, sure you can, boy!" I replied, looking him right in the eye. "Look at all those awards you've earned in Straight Arrows and Buckaroos. Already you're moving up in Pioneers! I know you can!"

Resolve came to his eyes. "I'm going to make it, someday, Dad. I've just got to be with you in FCF and everything! And you'll be proud of me!"

By now, it was bedtime. I tucked him in and we had our usual prayer together.

As I left the room, John D. spoke. "You'll be proud of me when I make it, won't you, Dad?"

Tears filled my eyes, but he couldn't see because of the dark. When I finally swallowed the lump from my throat, I answered, "You bet I will, Son, you bet I will!"



# Those Pesky Phobias

Phobias are intense irrational fears, and lots of people suffer from them. The most common phobia, agoraphobia, is a dread of any open or public place. Another common phobia is acrophobia, the fear of heights.

Unfortunately human beings have an almost limitless capacity for fear. Some people experience the exotic pedophobia, the fear of dolls, or even politophobia, the fear of politicians. When you realize just how many phobias are around, then you can begin to understand just how scary the world is to some people.

See if you know what these phobias are:

1. Cainophobia (A hint: it does not refer to Cain and Abel.)
2. Doraphobia (If you're thinking dumb Dora, you're wrong.)
3. Pantophobia (Has nothing to do with Peter Pan.)
4. Bogyphobia (Isn't referring to Bogart movies.)
5. Dinophobia (No, you're wrong. It has nothing to do with dinosaurs.)
6. Ballistophobia (Wrong again. Baseball is still the nation's favorite pastime.)
7. Sitophobia (Anything about sitting down is wrong; so is anything about a city.)
8. Cynophobia (Sounds like poison, doesn't it? Well, that's wrong.)
9. Belonephobia (It has nothing to do with sausage or sandwich meat.)
10. Ergophobia (Think Latin.)

Now check your answers:

1. Cainophobia—dread of change or novelty.
2. Doraphobia—fear of touching animals.

3. Pantophobia—fear of everything.
4. Bogyphobia—a dread of demons and goblins.
5. Dinophobia—fear of whirlpools.
6. Ballistophobia—fear of missiles.
7. Sitophobia—abnormal dread of food.
8. Cynophobia—fear of dogs.
9. Belonephobia—fear of pins and needles.
10. Ergophobia—an intense dislike of work.

It's funny to think about all these irrational fears. But on the serious side, it is estimated that eight out of ten people have some kind of phobia, and many of those people are miserable. What does the Bible say to people who are afraid?

"The Lord is my light and my salvation—whom shall I fear? The Lord is the stronghold of my life—of whom shall I be afraid?" (Psalm 27:1, *New International Version*).

"Be anxious for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known to God" (Philippians 4:6, *New American Standard Bible*).

"... God has said, 'Never will I leave you; never will I forsake you.' So we say with confidence, 'The Lord is my helper; I will not be afraid'" (Hebrews 13:5, 6, NIV).

"For you did not receive a spirit that makes you a slave again to fear, but you received the Spirit of sonship. . . . The Spirit himself testifies with our spirit that we are God's children" (Romans 8:15, 16, NIV).

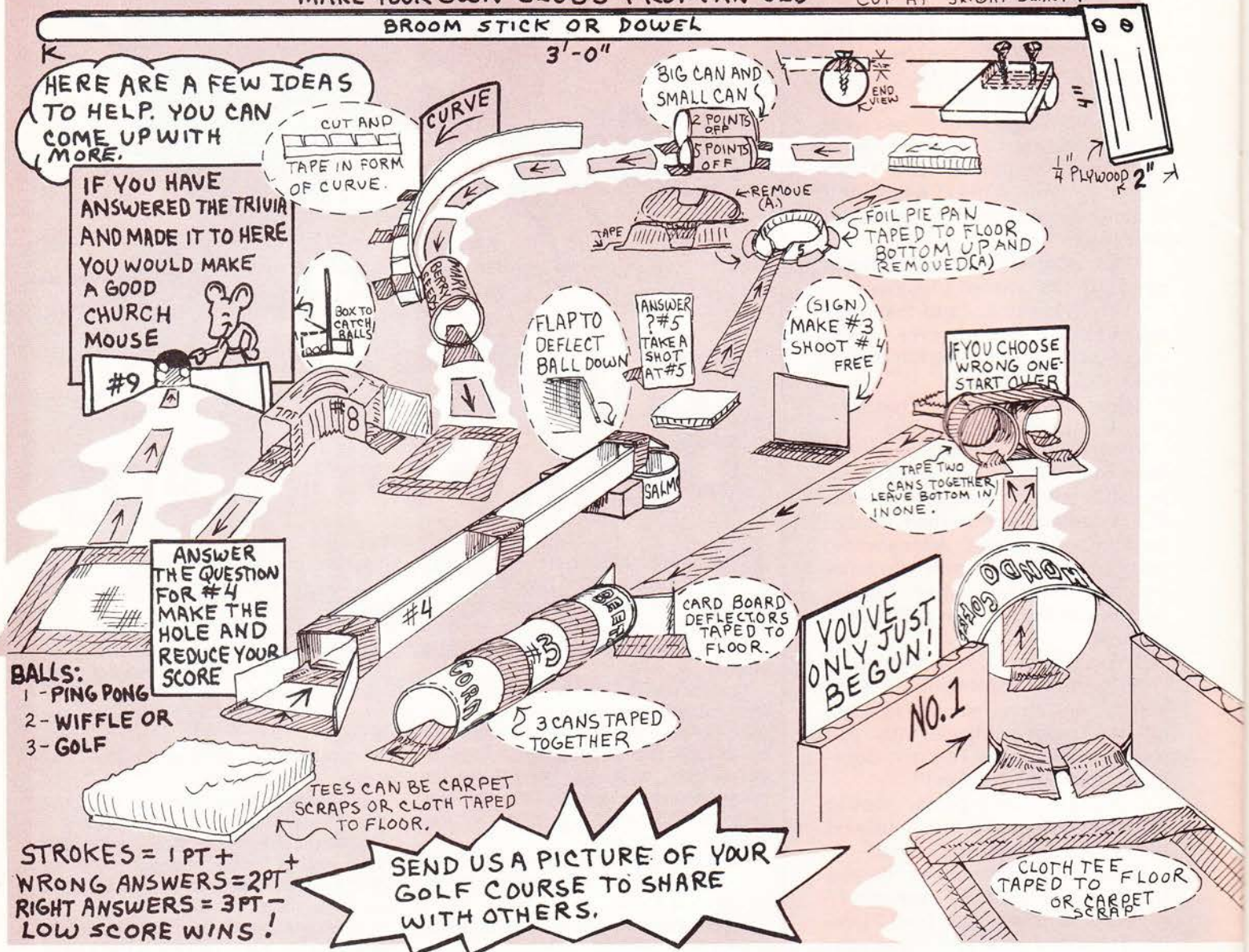
Sometimes you may be bothered by a phobia or you may know someone who is handicapped by fear. Remember that God's Word contains comfort for the fearful, and that God himself has power over all that makes people afraid.



# FORE! - SLICE

MAKE YOUR OWN CLUBS FROM AN OLD

CUT AT SLIGHT SLANTY



When it is blustering and snowing outside, I have found that a great indoor game for Pioneers (9-11) and Trail Blazers (12-14) is "Mid-winter Miniature Golf."

## COLLECT:

- 9 to 18 tin cans (different shapes and sizes)
- 1 roll of duct tape
- 2 large poster boards (cut into 12 equal parts)
- 1 box of Magic Markers (variety of colors)
- 30 to 50 Bible trivia questions (depends on the number of players and the size of golf course)
- Golf clubs and balls (depends on the number of players)

## PREPARATION:

- You'll need a wide open area for the fun.
- Step 1: Chart, with the duct tape, the direction of your golfing area. At the starting point, place one of your poster-board card signs (written with a phrase, "You've only just begun," or something similar).
- Step 2: At the "first hole," tape the largest can to the floor. Beside the can tape your card sign (with a phrase, "Now you are on your way").
- Step 3: Continue to the 2nd, 3rd, and remaining holes, charting your way with duct tape. Remember to tape the cans securely (working from the largest to smallest or most

difficult can). Don't forget those "fun card signs" at each hole. The boys will enjoy reading these.

## DIRECTIONS:

1. In order to earn three swings the player must be able to answer the Bible questions correctly, at each hole.
  2. If one player cannot answer, then the next player takes a turn.
  3. You will have to gauge your questions to the age, maturity, and spiritual level of each boy.
  4. The player that completes the course first is the winner.
- Here are some sample questions in varying degrees of difficulty. You may want to make up some of your own questions too.



## Possible Questions and Answers to Fore-Slice

### EASY: (Multiple Choice)

- In the beginning God created the heaven's and the \_\_\_\_\_. (trees, fish, earth)
- The first man was named \_\_\_\_\_. (George, Adam, Aaron)
- What animal tricked Eve? (lion, serpent, worm)
- God placed an angel with a flaming \_\_\_\_\_ at the entrance of the garden. (sword, crown, laser gun)
- Joseph received a coat of \_\_\_\_\_. (buttons, patches, colors)
- Moses led the Israelites out of \_\_\_\_\_. (Egypt, Jerusalem, Texas)
- David was a(an) \_\_\_\_\_. (architect, shepherd, teacher)
- David slew Goliath with a(an) \_\_\_\_\_. (wet noodle, arrow, stone)
- Jesus was born in a \_\_\_\_\_. (castle, stable, hospital)
- The mother of Jesus was \_\_\_\_\_. (Mary, Elizabeth, Freda)

### MEDIUM:

- On the second day God created \_\_\_\_\_. (Sky or firmament, Gen. 1:6)
- Adam and Eve had three sons named in the Bible: Cain, Able and \_\_\_\_\_. (Seth, Gen. 5:4)
- Joseph was sold to traveling \_\_\_\_\_. (Merchants, Gen. 37:28)
- In the wilderness Moses saw a \_\_\_\_\_. (Burning bush, Ex. 3:2)
- The spokesman who traveled with Moses was \_\_\_\_\_. (Aaron, Ex. 4:14)
- Before killing Goliath, David killed what two animals \_\_\_\_\_. (Lion and bear, 1 Samuel 17:34)
- Jesus was born in the city of \_\_\_\_\_. (Bethlehem, Matt. 2:1)
- Who was king at the time of Jesus' birth? (Herod, Matt. 2:1)
- When Mary, Joseph, and Jesus left Bethlehem, they traveled to \_\_\_\_\_. (Egypt, Matt. 2:14)
- Recite the Golden Rule: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them" (Matt. 7:12).

### HARD:

- Name Cain's gift of worship to God. (Fruit of the ground, Gen. 4:3)
- Name Abel's gift of worship to God. (First of his flock, Gen. 4:4)
- Joseph lived with whom in Egypt? (Potiphar, Captain of the guard, Gen. 37:36)
- David's father's name was \_\_\_\_\_. (Jesse, 1 Sam. 17:12)
- Elizabeth named her son \_\_\_\_\_. (John, Luke 1:60)
- The name of John's father was \_\_\_\_\_. (Zacharias, Luke 1:13)
- At the time of Jesus' birth who was governor of Syria? (Cyrenius, Luke 2:2)
- To whom was it revealed that he should not die until he see the Lord's Christ? (Simeon, Luke 2:25)
- Give the meaning of the Royal Rangers emblem. (Page 7, Pioneer Handbook)
- List 5 parts of the Royal Rangers Code. (Page 8, Pioneer Handbook)

## A CRAFTY IDEA!

(Made by Redcliff Buckaroos)

Most Rangers enjoy making something to take home to their Moms. This is a small project which could be completed in two Rangers sessions.

**Requirements:** Empty tins, acrylic paint, brushes, tin snips, hammer, nail, potting mix, plants suitable for potting.

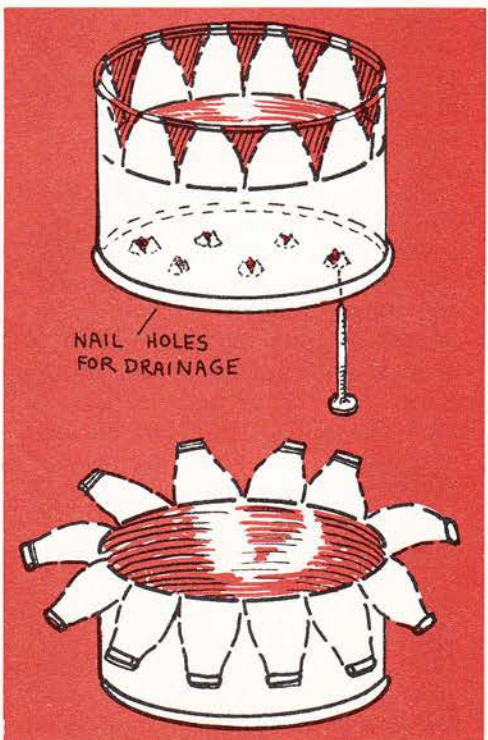
**Leader's Preparation:** Cut the tins about 2 inches to form a petal pattern using snips. (Curved blade snips make it easy.) Older Rangers could do their own cutting.

Leave about 1/8 inch of the rim on each 'petal' as points can be a hazard.

### Rangers:

- Step 1.** Bend the petals to make your pot attractive.
- Step 2.** Hammer some nail holes in the bottom for drainage.
- Step 3.** Choose a color and paint your pot (two coats preferably).
- Step 4.** Fill with potting mix.
- Step 5.** Pot your plant. (Water it when you get home. Why?)

There are enough drips in your car without a dripping pot.





# Make It a Successful Job Interview!

by Dr. Stephenie Slahor

**LEADER'S RESOURCE ARTICLE:** This article contains excellent information in counseling boys for job opportunities.

The mere prospect of a job interview often gives you butterflies, but it is a necessary step toward getting the job that you really want. So, hone your skills, and learn how to make that interview result in successfully landing a job.

Once you hear about a job opening you have to decide if you really want that job. If you do, you must focus all your energies toward doing the right things to help you land that job. Nearly all of those "right things" will occur during the initial interview.

Interviews are very similar to sales—only in an interview, you are the salesperson and your product is you, your education, and skills. Just as in the purchase of any other product, you, as salesperson, must convince the "buyer"/interviewer that your product will be the best possible choice for the job to be done.

Your approach must always be sincere and honest, and you must always be positive. Accentuate all your good qualities and your attributes.

Like it or not, the world still judges people by first impressions, and the world still categorizes and "stereotypes" people on such superficial things as style of clothes or manner of speaking. You may have even found yourself saying something like, "That person doesn't look like a \_\_\_\_\_ (fill in the occupation)." That is because you are accustomed to thinking in terms of roles, stereotypes, and first impressions. And so is your interviewer.

To make a favorable first impression, you have to look good and act right. A simple thing like arriving early (rather than just on time) for your interview may help you earn bonus points.

You must look conservative—from head to toe. A man should wear a suit and tie. All clothes should be clean and pressed. The shoes should be clean and shined. The hair should be clean, well-groomed and nicely, but conservatively, styled. Your hands and nails must be clean. Be sure that you have clean, nice-looking accessories such as handkerchief, briefcase, or whatever else you are carrying or wearing. Don't carry anything more than what you absolutely need for the interview. Don't wear anything which is at the extremes of fashion like sandals, too baggy clothes, outlandish jewelry, etc.

You might find it helpful to have along a resumé of your experience and education. But be sure to check it carefully and tailor it to the education and skills that the interviewer is seeking for the job. Emphasize the points in your resumé which most closely match the job qualifications.

Also, be sure you have (at ready access) the extras you might need such as the names, addresses, and phone numbers of references, previous employers and the dates you worked for them. Be able to list your social security number, schools you attended, special credentials or certificates you have earned. Have a pen or pencil and paper with you in case you need to write down something.

Manners are important. Remember all the little things that mark you as a person of responsibility and tact. Don't sit down until you are invited to do so. Shake hands firmly if the interviewer offers his/her hand. Sit still and sit straight. Look interested and alert. Maintain eye contact with the interviewer, and

speak clearly when you answer questions or discuss the job.

Anticipate questions before you go into the interview. Interviewers often ask such broad-based questions that it is good to have a plan of action in mind. Questions such as: "Tell me about yourself," "Why did you apply for this job?" and "What was your last job like?" are favorite openers for interviewers. Anticipate such questions and have an answer or set of answers ready.

Naturally you are seeking the job because you want to make money. You know that and the interviewer knows that. But it should be the interviewer who brings up the subject of salary and benefits. Once the topic is open, you can proceed with whatever questions you have about remuneration, advancement, and responsibility.

An interview often looks like a one-way street with the interviewer leading everything, but don't be afraid to make it a two-way street by asking questions so that you can determine if the job is right for you.

Avoid any talk of your personal problems and keep aware of the directions that the interview is taking.

If it should sound like you aren't being seriously considered for the job, you might want to ask about other upcoming job opportunities which are in a similar line of work. (After selling your capabilities for this job, you don't want to change directions completely and ask about work that isn't at all similar. Only in rare instances would you be able to do that successfully.)

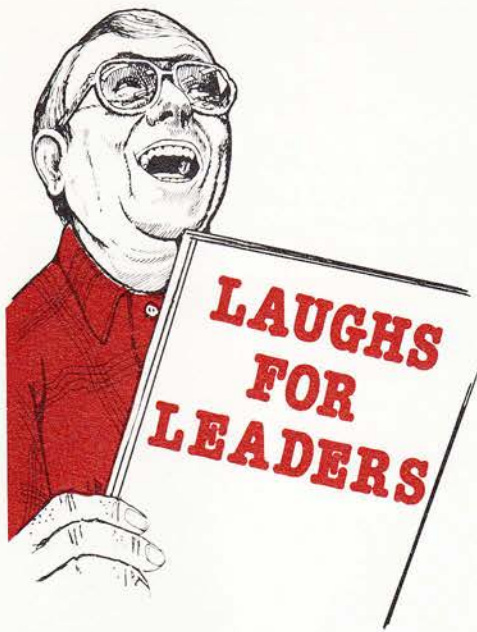
The interviewer should state when a final decision is expected to be made, but if the information is not given, ask.

When the interview is concluded, stand up, shake hands, and thank the interviewer for the time spent with you.

You may want to follow up with a phone call or short note expressing your thanks for being considered and your continued interest in the vacancy. That little touch could mean landing the job.

Job competition may be stiff nowadays, but there's no reason why you can't make your interview successful by careful pre-planning and the use of the right techniques toward getting yourself in the job you want.





A man was grooming his horse one Sunday morning as the pastor walked by on his way to church. "You know, Parson," he remarked, "They say that cleanliness is next to godliness." "Yes," the pastor replied thoughtfully. "Maybe the horse will make it."

by Thomas LaMance

First Russian: "What was the nationality of Adam and Eve?"

Second Russian: "There can be no doubt that they were citizens of the Soviet Union. They had nothing to wear, nothing to eat but an apple . . . and yet they were told they were living in paradise."

By Thomas LaMance



A young woman was upset because her man friend did not help her into his car. "Where is your chivalry?" she asked.

The young man said, "Didn't you notice? I traded it in for a Buick."

by Martha Beckman

A restaurant owner advertised on his front window, \$500, reward if we can't furnish any food item you can think of." No one claimed the reward for a long time, but one day a fellow came in, sat down and asked for an elephant-ear sandwich. The waitress who took his order went back to the chef-owner and said, "Better get ready to fork over that \$500. A guy out there wants an elephant ear sandwich."

"What?" yelled the chef, "Do you mean to tell me we're out of elephant ears?"

"No," said the waitress, "But we're out of those extra large buns."

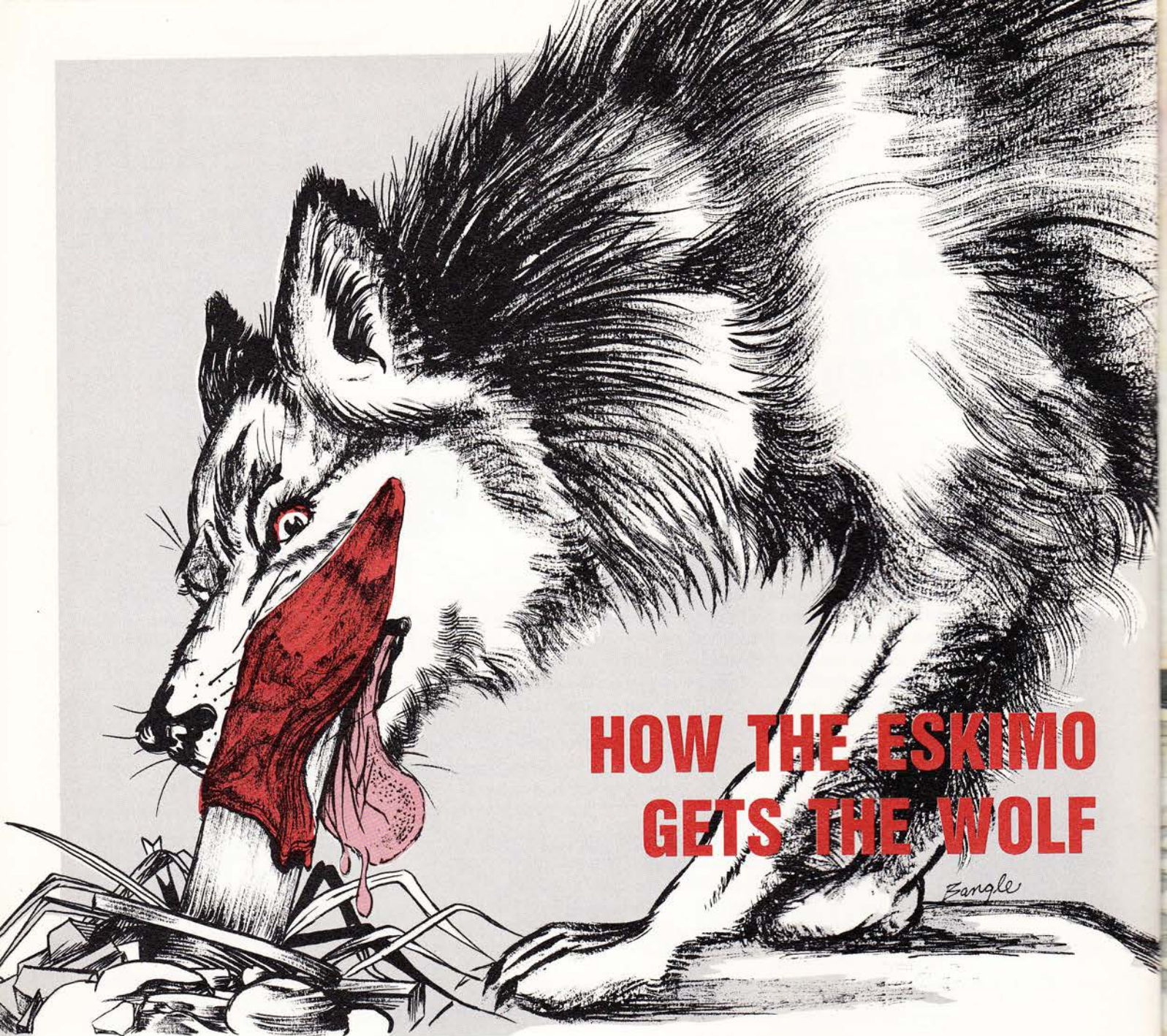
by Martha Beckman



A woman waiting at the living-room door ready to go to church had her arms full of coats. Four children stood at her side. As her husband came down the stairs, she handed him the coats. "This time you put on the children's coats, and I'll go out and honk the horn."

by Martha Beckman





## HOW THE ESKIMO GETS THE WOLF

by John Eller

**R**adio Commentator Paul Harvey tells how an Eskimo kills a wolf. It is a grisly account, yet, it offers a fresh insight into the consuming, self-destructive nature of sin.

First, the Eskimo coats his knife blade with animal blood and allows it to freeze. He then adds another layer of blood, and another, until the blade is completely covered and concealed by frozen blood.

The hunter then forces the knife handle into the ground with the blade up, returns to his igloo, and waits. He knows the wolf has a very sensitive nose, and once the bait is discovered, will lick it, tasting the fresh frozen blood.

The wolf will begin to lick faster, and more vigorously, lapping the blade until the keen edge is bare. Feverishly now, harder and harder, the wolf licks the blade in the Arctic night.

So great becomes his craving for blood that the wolf does not notice the razor-sharp sting of the naked blade on his own tongue, nor does he recognize the instant at which his insatiable thirst is being satisfied by his own warm blood.

His carnivorous appetite just craves more until the dawn finds him dead in the snow!

Fellows, there is a force, if not dealt with in our lives, that can destroy us like the wolf was destroyed. It is a fearful and frightful thing to realize we can be consumed by our own lusts.

A very wise apostle once wrote, "But every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed. Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death" (James 1:14,15).

Only the grace of God can keep you and me from the fate of the wolf. God cares enough to help us maintain victory over sin.



going," he said. "I want to call Uncle Dean when I get home."

Saturday dawned cold and gray. The air felt crisp and exhilarating, but the sky was heavily laden with dark, threatening clouds. A hangover from last night's snowfall, Dusty hoped, as he once more tried to replace the rusted chain on his bike. He glanced at his watch, groaned and turned the wrench in frustration. He was going to be late meeting Troy, and all because of his stupid bike. Angry, he hit the chain with the wrench and then finally managed to pry it back

on with a screwdriver. He grabbed his dad's hand ax, tied it to the handlebars and wheeled his bike out to the street.

Dusty pedaled through last night's snow, standing to get extra leverage against it. Sweat beaded on his forehead and the veins in his neck stood

out as he strained to keep his bike moving. The snow wasn't just deep; it had patches of ice underneath. Occasionally he hit the ice and his wheels spun viciously, jerking his throbbing knee. A block from his house he stopped, exhausted. "This isn't going to work," he muttered. "Guess I'll have to walk."

Dusty pedaled back to his house. He parked his bike in the corner of the garage and yanked the ax from its handlebars. As he turned, his blue eyes fell on his dad's racing skis hanging from the wall. He shivered inwardly and ran a hand over his knee, as if to reassure himself that it was still there. Last January's fall on Stevens Road, the rock, the searing pain as his knee shattered, and then the darkness, came back as if it had happened yesterday. "No way," he said defiantly to the silent skis. "I'll crawl first."

Dusty left the garage, carrying the ax, and walked down the driveway. When he stepped on Clark Street he slipped, twisting his knee. Disgusted, he turned and walked back to his house, intent on calling Troy to cancel the woodcutting.

After dialing the phone and listening to it ring for what seemed like an eternity, Troy's sister finally answered.

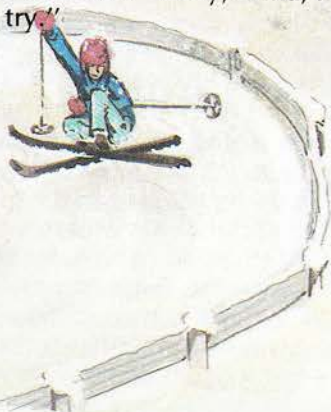
"Ann, is Troy still there?" Dusty asked.

"No, Dusty, he left about 10 minutes ago. What's wrong?"

"The snow is too deep to ride my bike. The only way I can meet Troy is on Dad's skis, and I don't want to do that."

"Troy is on his skis," she said. "You won't be alone."

Dusty heard the sympathy creep into her voice. "Okay, Anna, I'll give it a try"



He hung up the phone, went to the garage and pulled the skis from the wall. Quickly, he fastened the worn leather straps and set off for the Bentwood Housing Project.

Dusty skied down Clark Street without incident and turned onto Stevens Road, hesitating at the top. The road, normally full of snow-sledding children, was barren. Mustering all of his will, he held his breath and tucked the wood poles under his arms. He kicked off. The cold wind rushed by his ears leaving them numb as the first splatterings of wet snowflakes smacked his face. He squinted his eyes. "Great. Just what I needed," he said. Two hundred yards down the hill he hit a patch of dry asphalt. It threw him off balance and sent him sprawling to the ground. Shaken, Dusty gasped for air. "I'm going home," he said. Then he remembered how much they needed the firewood. God was providing it, but he couldn't get past his fear. Dusty remembered what Troy said about trusting God. It couldn't hurt. He dropped his head to his knees and quietly said, "Please help me, God," then jerked his head back up when

he heard a noise bearing down on him. Afraid that it might be a car, he stole a quick glance over his shoulder, as he scooted sideways across the road. Troy flew by on his skis.

"Dusty! You okay?" He yelled trying to slow down to a stop.

"Yeah! Go ahead. I'll catch up."

Dusty watched Troy raise a gloved hand, the pole dangling from it, and shake it in response, then he sped down the hill. Suddenly Dusty felt a surge of strength. Maybe it was stubbornness. He didn't know. But if Troy could ski down with so much confidence, so could he. He stood and followed. He felt calm, at peace, as he quickly skied to the bottom of Stevens Road.

Dusty saw Troy and his uncle standing next to a truck full of firewood when he skied into the Bentwood Housing Project. He frowned as he stopped in front of them. "What's this?" he asked pointing towards the pile of freshly cut wood.



"Your firewood," his Uncle said, chuckling at Dusty's wind blown hair and rosy red cheeks. "What does it look like?"

"Firewood," Dusty said flatly. "We wanted to do this ourselves."

"I know. I admire you boys for thinking of it. I saw the storm brewing earlier this morning, and knew you would never finish it by yourselves. So I took the day off and came down here. I hope you understand."

"Yeah, I guess so," Dusty said gloomily. His mind returned to the nasty trip down Stevens Road. What a waste of time.

"Besides, it looks like you've accomplished something anyhow," his uncle said eyeing the skis fastened to Dusty's feet.

Dusty looked thoughtfully at his dad's skis, then stooped and unfastened them. He picked them up and laid them carefully on top of the firewood. A smile spread over his face as he climbed into the cab and sat down next to Troy. "Thanks," he said.

"For what?" Troy asked puzzled.

"I did what you said. You were right. God really does care."



# The Epic of Nome

by Francis X. Sculley

Without question, America's greatest hero of the roaring twenties next to Charles Lindbergh and Babe Ruth was a coal black, massive-headed, Eskimo husky named Balto.

As gentle as a basset hound, the regal canine spent his declining years far from the Arctic where he was born and achieved immortality. As a reward for service far above and beyond the call of duty, Balto was honored with the largest enclosure in Cleveland's Brookside Zoo.

Until the day of his death, the noble animal was viewed by royalty, American senators and congressmen, along with scores of theatrical personalities. But to thousands of school children along the Cuyahoga River, the great dog had no equal. The pennies collected by Cleveland's school children had earned Balto's release from a shameful death in some animal shelter. The coppers also paid Balto's transportation plus his medical care. Daily he was visited by hordes of his tow-headed friends. Sound asleep in his enclosure, Balto must have dreamed of the days when he was the greatest sled dog in all history—"Balto the Magnificent."

This is his story, and that of the men and dog teams that made history sixty years ago.

In mid-January of 1925, Nome's only physician, Dr. Curtis Welch, prepared himself for the one-mile hike to the miserable hut of an Eskimo villager. Two of the family's children were "big sick," and when the messenger added that the youngsters had a sore throat for days, he was fearful that deep trouble was in sight.

Arriving at the shack, he quickly walked to the bedside of the whimpering tot, shaking like an aspen. The village doctor knew that there were no laboratory facilities in Alaska. He could not make an accurate diagnosis, but he was afraid he had uncovered two cases of diphtheria, the scourge of children for centuries.

The children perished the next day, despite the efforts of Curtis, who remained at the sides of the tykes until they died. Almost asleep on his feet, he called to another hut where the throat of an ill child showed the dreaded white patches. There was no longer any question about it: the

greatest killer of the children in the world's history was loose in Nome. Every child in the village would perish unless he procured adequate antitoxin. But where? He had 75,000 units with which to treat several hundred patients, and even that was five years old. Dr. Welch faced an almost impossible situation, plus the fact that his own health was deteriorating. Immediately, he imposed a rigid quarantine upon the village. Then he directed the town telegrapher to wire to Fairbanks, asking for every available unit of antitoxin, and imploring that it be shipped to Nome. He was aware that it was over a thousand miles to the territorial capital, and the life-saving serum would have to be carried by dogsled in the middle of a frightful Arctic winter.

Within the hour, Welch learned that the nearest large supply of diphtheria antitoxin was in Seattle, worlds away from 20th century Alaska—but it could be flown to Anchorage. Dr. Welch was fearful that the life-saving serum could not reach Nome in time to save the village from extermination.

A new ally entered the fight: the United States Signal Corps. Throughout the long and bitter night, telegraphers remained at their stations hour after hour, sending out their dots and dashes of mercy to the most distant points. Every Eskimo village in the northland was made aware that expert dogsled drivers and teams were urgently needed.

On January 26, 3,000,000 units, stored in serum vials encased in a round container insulated by several layers of cloth, left Anchorage by rail for Fairbanks. It was 298 miles through a vast white wilderness. The Northern Commercial Company, in a display of planning ingenuity, assembled its best sled dogs and drivers at designated points between Fairbanks and Nome. Everything must be done with perfect timing and cooperation, it was explained to the Eskimos, Indians, Irish, and others who would participate in getting the serum to Nome. The lives of everyone in Nome were at stake.

At midnight, Bill Shannon met the train at Fairbanks. Within moments, he was on his way to Tolovana. The greatest relay race in history was un-

derway. It was 52° below zero. Wolves howled the entire length of Bill's 52-mile run, which he completed in 12 hours.

As he handed the precious cargo to Dan Green, Shannon learned that four more children had died, and the death chants of the natives were heard at all hours. Help must arrive within the week, or the population would be exterminated.

When Green reached Manley Hot Springs, his face was frozen and he was too numb to untie the bundle and hand it to Johnny Folger. Folger made his 26-mile run in 2 hours and 40 minutes, despite having to break the path for his team. He was unaware that every home in America was following his progress. By telegraph, Anchorage kept the rest of America posted on the progress of the race. It was the talk of every town, village, and city in America.

Titus Nockoli, a Tlingit Indian, made the next run to Tallands. He handed the serum to Dave Corning, who averaged 8 miles an hour to Nine Mile Cabin. His sled overturned twice and he worried over the condition of the serum. If it froze, it was useless. Corning was incoherent when he arrived at Bishop Mountain. Fearful of damage to the life-saving fluid, Charlie Evans warmed the container for two hours before departing into a frost fog so thick he could not see the lead dog. Two of the dogs developed muscle spasms, and Evans floundered into Nulato at 10 a.m. on the 28th.

So far, 390 miles had been covered, and a dozen dog teams and drivers were exhausted. Valuable time had been lost, but Tom Patsy took to the Kaltag Iver ice, making up three hours of lost time. He was surrounded by wolves most of his journey, though they did not attack. Tom was relieved by an Indian known only as Jackscrew. Disappearing into the teeth of a howling wind, Jackscrew showed up five hours later, though reeling like a punch drunk boxer. Jackscrew had made up valuable time, though he had paid dearly. He handed the package over to Victor Anagick, an Eskimo, who disappeared into the darkness. Nome was 207 miles away.

It was 3:30 a.m. when the Eskimo,





Anagick, staggered into Unalakleet. Shortly before he arrived out of the fog, Miles Gonagman left to break a trail to Shakotolik. Drifts were monstrous. Henry Ivanoff, a Russian, followed his trailbreaker, but a mile or so out, a herd of caribou crossed in front of the team. They went into a frenzy, and Ivanoff had to tear the dogs from each others throats. Slashed by a number of wounds and badly mauled, Ivanoff might have perished if Leonard Seppalla had not been coming from Nome.

Transferring the serum to his sled. Seppalla headed across the channel, unaware that the ice was crumbling due to the savage wind. In utter agony, he learned that he could not take the shortcut which would save 20 miles. He was forced to take the mountain pass, but first there was the little matter of Norton Sound. Togo, his lead dog, found his way in cavernous darkness, half dragging his master past the treacherous cracks and crevasses.

Stopping at an Eskimo igloo to warm the serum, Seppalla found that some of his best dogs could not continue. He would have to go on with part of a team. And he did—91 miles of torture. When he reached Colovin, the dogs dropped in their tracks, and Seppalla was a basket case.

Charlie Olson took over at this point, and hardly had the young Swede hit the trail when a blast of wind flipped the sled into a mountainous drift. Olson lost his gloves and his hands were freezing. He was so numb he could barely cut a blanket into boots for his lead dog. Olson

was more dead than alive when he handed the precious package to Gunnar Kaasen and his noble lead dog, Balto.

Nome was 53 miles away, across a treeless plain that skirted the rim of the Arctic Sea. It was more than 50° below zero, and the wind was nearly 70 miles per hour. None but a madman would venture across such desolation, but Kaasen was no ordinary man, nor Balto an ordinary dog. Donning extra sealskin mukluks, pants, wool shirt, sealskin parka and a windbreaker over all, Kaasen took to the trail.

The wind knocked him off his feet. It was almost impossible to see Balto at the lead. As they started across the rough ice of the Topkok River, Kaasen had a premonition of danger. Balto would go no further. Whining, the dog inched backward on his belly, as water began to spread over the ice. A few more steps and the sled would have dropped into the black, watery hole. Balto was soaked and in danger of freezing.

Desperately, Kaasen rolled the big dog in the dry snow to allay the danger of the swift effects of freezing. Balto was back straining in the harness within a moment, but Kaasen was utterly lost in the midst of breaking ice on all sides. He was utterly helpless.

Inch by inch, the gallant Balto pulled the sled and half his fallen team mates through the maze of cracking ice. Death was but inches away; the fate of hundreds of desperately ill children rested on the raw courage and the sure instincts of a noble animal.

In three hours of utter agony, Balto reached the safety of shore, but his master was becoming incoherent. A sudden gust of wind lifted the sled high in the air, burying all of its contents under a mountain of snow.

Kaasen had lost the serum.

Falling on his knees, the Norwegian raised his arms in supplication. Reaching in front of him by a miracle, he found the canister, but he was certain that it was frozen solidly.

Two of the dogs were more dead than alive, but none would give up. Big-shouldered Balto with a yelp of exultation and a furious victory surge, broke into a run, fairly dragging the sled, its driver, and the other dogs into the village of Nome.

Kaasen and his canine heroes had made the 53 impossible miles in 7½ hours. The serum had covered 674 miles in 127½ hours. But for Balto, and the gallant efforts of a dozen drivers, and a few score forgotten canine heroes, all efforts would have gone for nought.

Nome was saved. Within a few days the dread epidemic had been halted and the quarantine lifted.

The drivers became national celebrities, and several appeared in great city theaters.

Balto never recovered from his ordeal, and in 1927, he was brought to Cleveland's Brookside Zoo. Thousands of Cleveland schoolchildren had collected pennies to pay the expenses of transporting and caring for the heroic dog. He spent his final days in the zoo.

Few sagas can compare with the epic race to Nome during the awful winter of 1925.





# Washington's Royal Ranger Mission

by Stan Sinclair

In September 1753, George Washington, then a Major in the Virginia militia, was sent on a Royal Ranger mission. He was given a packet of dispatches to be delivered to the commanders of several French forts, ordering them to leave the forts and territory claimed by the English.

Although George Washington was not a member of a Royal Rangers unit, he was a representative of King George and therefore "Royal." He was a ranger embarking on a dangerous trip through hostile wilderness. It was a mission because he was sent.

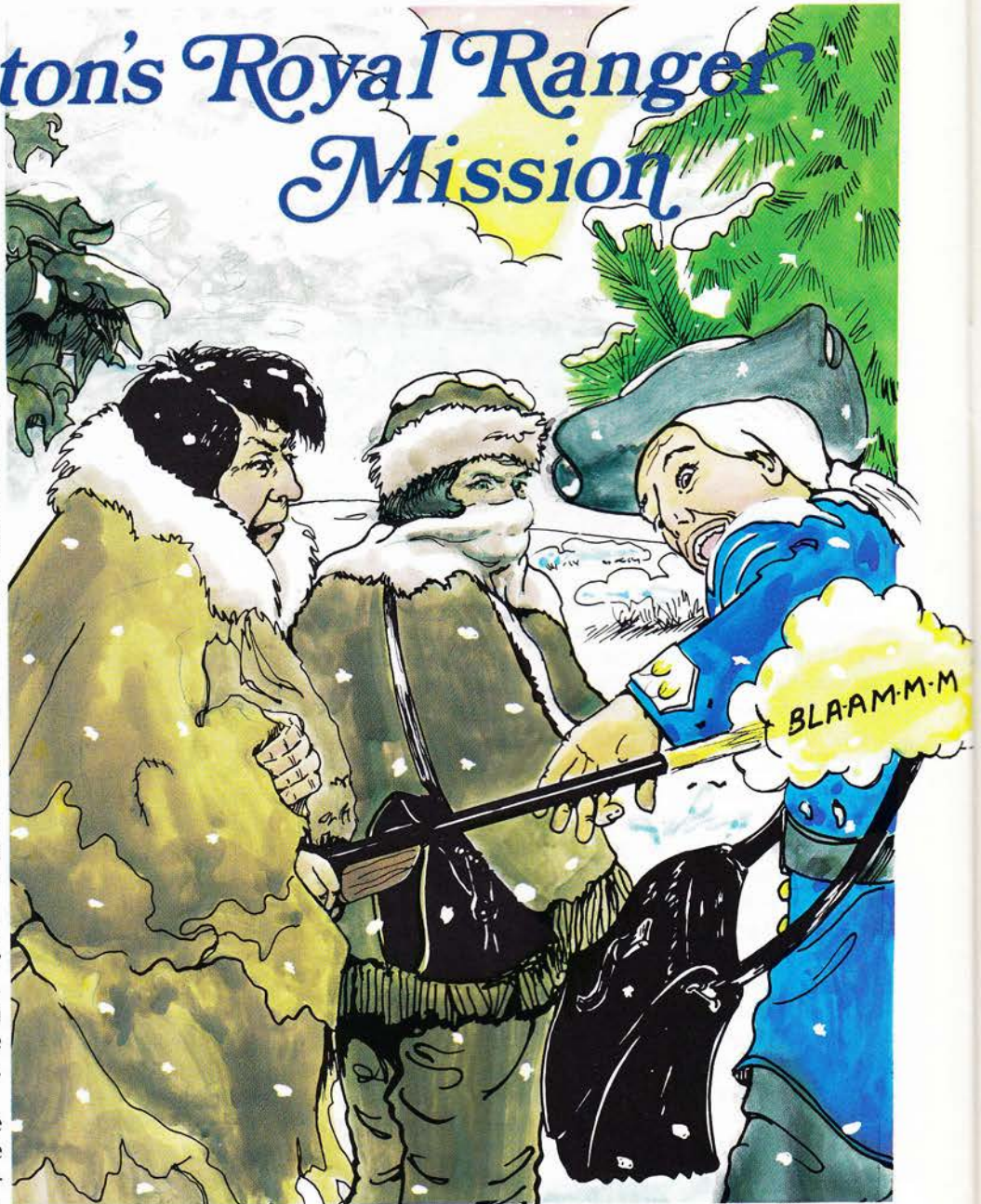
The trip covered over 500 miles of wilderness, and the weather soon turned the worst in anyone's memory. Storm after storm dropped the temperature way below freezing. Blizzards were interspersed with freezing rain which soaked clothing and covered the woods with a dangerous glaze of ice.

Washington was accompanied through the territory of what are now the states of Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, by a French interpreter, several Indians, a couple servants, and his wilderness guide, Christopher Gist.

As the expedition approached the French fort called Venango, the group surprised the French commander, Captain Daniel Joncaire. However, he greeted and treated them in a most friendly manner. But as he gave them a feast and shelter from the weather, he tried to convert the Indians to the French cause. Then he sent them forward to his superior at Fort Le Boeuf.

Captain Jacques Legardeur de Saint-Pierre also fed his adversaries and sheltered them from the savage weather. After receiving the written notice of eviction, he composed his reply over several days. During that time, he enticed the Indians with gifts and strong arguments, hoping to draw them to his side. Even after delivering his written reply to George Washington, he allowed them to rest another day before they proceeded.

The bad weather continued, and though the return trip to Venango



was only 40 miles, it took them 5 days to complete. The horses were so exhausted that the patrol rested at Venango to follow later. George Washington and Christopher Gist continued home on foot.

As Washington and Gist continued, the weather became even worse, with zero temperatures and more snow. When they *could* find dry wood, the fire shed little heat in the bitter cold. They each had only one blanket, and as they curled up beneath it, they could not sleep for fear of freezing to death.

Each day their pace slackened and they entered territory unfamiliar to Gist.

In this new territory they encountered an Indian warmly dressed in furs. He said he was from Murdering

Town and he could certainly take them to Will's Creek. After arguing between themselves, the two white men agreed to follow him. After they had traveled a mile in the new direction, the sun suddenly appeared between the clouds, and Gist realized they were heading west—not east. Washington turned and found the Indian aiming his musket at them. Washington yelled, and both men jumped to the side as the Indian fired.

Unhurt, they both jumped up and began chasing the Indian. Gist ran him down and was about to slit the Indian's throat when Washington stopped him. Angrily Gist released the Indian and demanded a reason from Washington. He explained that the unlikely excuse of an accidental discharge might actually have oc-



curred. They were strangers in Indian territory, and the Indian's account of their mercy might improve the tribe's esteem of the English.

They continued on and finally found the Allegheny River. In spite of the extremely cold weather, the Allegheny was not frozen. Always before it had frozen much earlier in the winter and would have allowed a dry crossing on the ice. Not willing to stop or to freeze there, they used rawhide thongs that Gist carried in his pack to build a raft. They cut poles to propel them across the river and to push away the floating ice chunks.

As they poled across, the current grabbed the raft and began pushing it downstream—not across the stream as they had intended. Washington set his pole firmly to change their direction away from a looming ice boulder only to have it wrenched from his cold hands. Gist pushed against the ice and his pole shattered. The raft hit the ice, knocking Gist off his feet and hurling Washington into the icy water. Struggling to the surface, God guided his hand into Gist's to be pulled back aboard the raft. The raft drifted aimlessly without the poles, and soon darkness came. They then spotted an island and began paddling with their hands toward it. The raft ran aground in ankle-deep water, and they floundered ashore. Washington huddled beneath Gist's dry blanket and Gist gathered wood and started a fire with flint and steel. Gist got very cold and his hands became frostbitten, but finally he was able to try to thaw himself out at the fire.

The island protected them from any possible pursuit. However, in the cold morning, they found themselves trapped on the island. Though the river had not frozen solid enough to support the men's weight, God miraculously provided a log jam to give them a shaky but dry passage to the other side of the river.

After walking along the shore of the Allegheny for nearly 30 minutes, they turned and began walking away from the river. They followed a break in the snow until Gist shook Washington from his frozen stumbling shuffle and pointed to a cabin. A trader named John Fraser had recently built it in a small clearing near the Monongahela River. The plume of smoke, showing life and warmth within the cabin, was the most beautiful sight they had ever seen.

On January 6, 1754, they reached

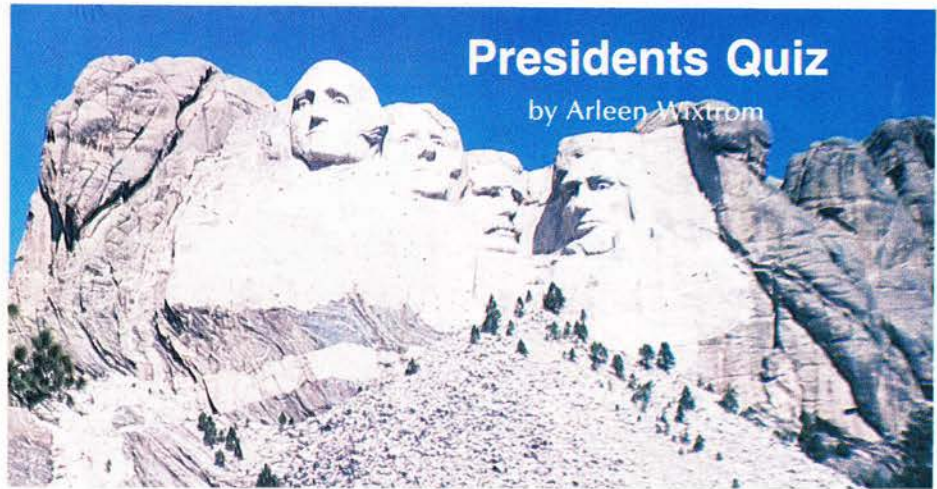
Will's Creek Station, and after a brief rest, Washington continued on to Williamsburg to report to Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia and to receive a hero's welcome.

Rangers, our environment may not seem nearly as hostile as the wilderness and weather George Washington faced. Yet, we too have been sent on a Royal Ranger mission into a world owned by God, but occupied by His enemies. We have been sent to tell others about Jesus and how He can change them into Christians.

Sometimes, God will cause our enemies to give us help when we most need it. But be very careful not to allow the enemy to entice any of our outpost members away from the Master Ranger.

Other times we will meet treachery and deceit as did Washington and Gist. When God turns enemies into our hands, don't get revenge. God says vengeance is His. Remember, we have been sent to change the world through our message and example. People are watching us. They know whether we are like them or like Jesus.

Finally, remember that we can't complete this mission on our own. Oh, we can quit and die. We can slow down and give up. But when we have given God our best shot in following His orders, and are still sinking down, God will pull us from the icy water and with His own hands direct us in our Ranger skills to survive and to walk on to victory.



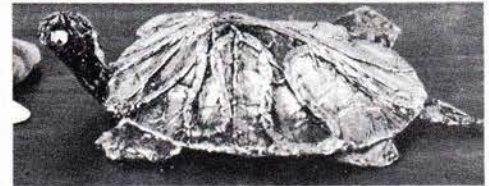
Can you match the names in the first row to the names in the second row to make the names of some of the presidents of the United States?

- |                      |               |
|----------------------|---------------|
| _____ 1. Grover      | a. Kennedy    |
| _____ 2. Harry       | b. Jefferson  |
| _____ 3. Theodore    | c. Johnson    |
| _____ 4. Franklin    | d. Lincoln    |
| _____ 5. Ronald      | e. Ford       |
| _____ 6. George      | f. Pierce     |
| _____ 7. John        | g. Truman     |
| _____ 8. Woodrow     | h. Cleveland  |
| _____ 9. Abraham     | i. Wilson     |
| _____ 10. Rutherford | j. Nixon      |
| _____ 11. Lyndon     | k. Washington |
| _____ 12. James      | l. Eisenhower |
| _____ 13. Thomas     | m. Carter     |
| _____ 14. Dwight     | n. Hayes      |
| _____ 15. Richard    | o. Reagan     |
| _____ 16. Gerald     | p. Roosevelt  |

(Answers are on page 15)



# A Christmas Turtle



by D. A. Woodliff

## Make an aluminum foil turtle for Christmas

This aluminum foil and cardboard turtle looks as if it were crafted from a heavy piece of metal. Aluminum foil turtles are fun to make and you have most of the materials right in your home.

Start the turtle by cutting an oval shape from a light-weight cardboard cereal box. At each end of the oval, cut in about an inch. (Fig. 1) Overlap one side of the slit on top of the other

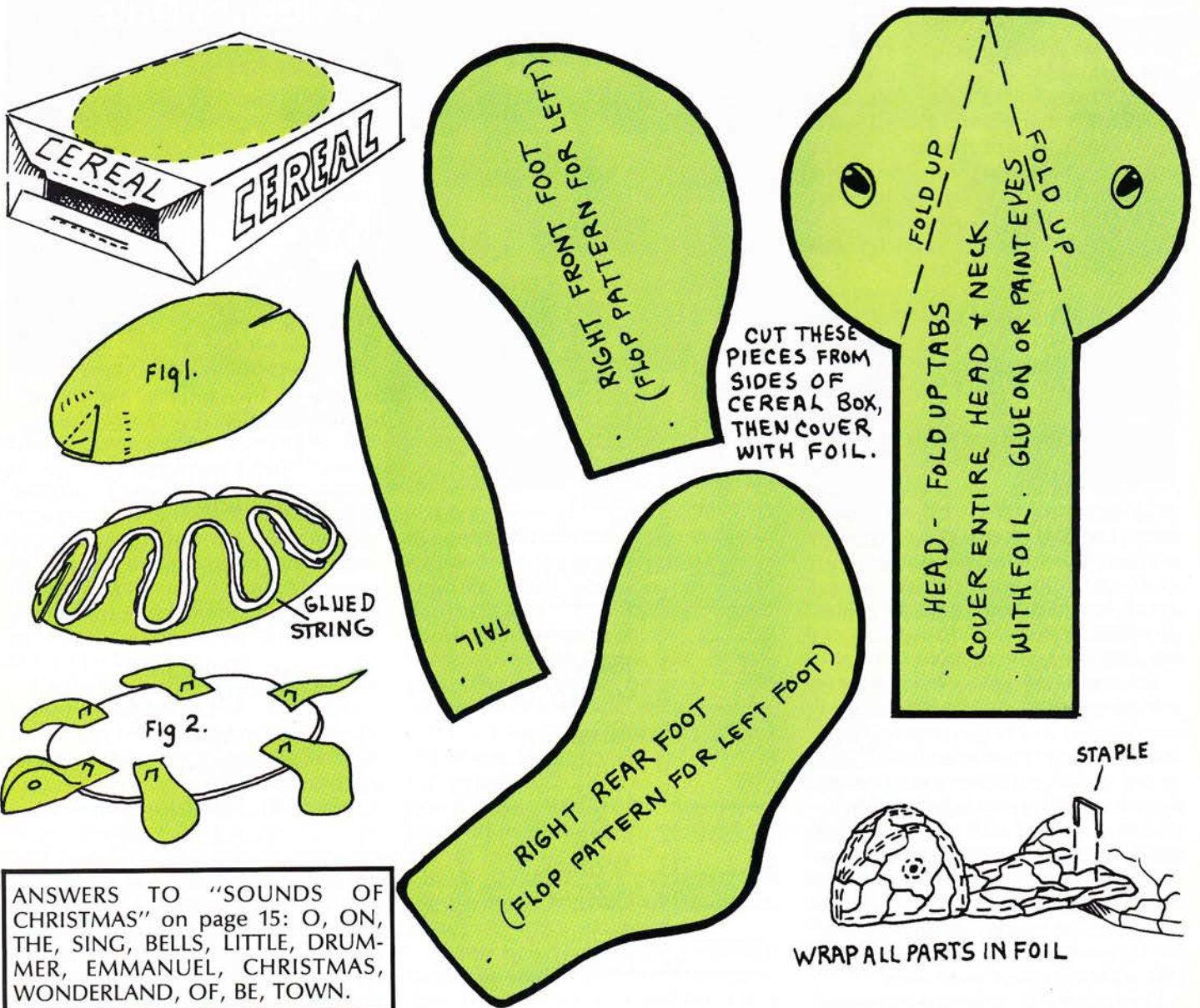
at both ends of the oval. Staple or tape in place. This forms the turtle shell.

Take a length of ordinary string and soak it in white glue. Make a design on the top of the turtle shell with the glue-soaked string. Let the glue dry. Now cover the turtle shell with a piece of aluminum foil. Gently press the foil over the string design. Tuck the excess foil under the shell.

Cut another oval piece of cardboard that will fit on the bottom side of the shell. Put this oval piece aside for a minute while you shape the tur-

tle's head and feet. Make the head, feet and a tail from aluminum foil. Staple the head, feet, and tail onto the oval bottom cardboard in the proper place. (Fig. 2) Glue the bottom of the shell onto the top of the turtle shell with glue that will bond aluminum foil.

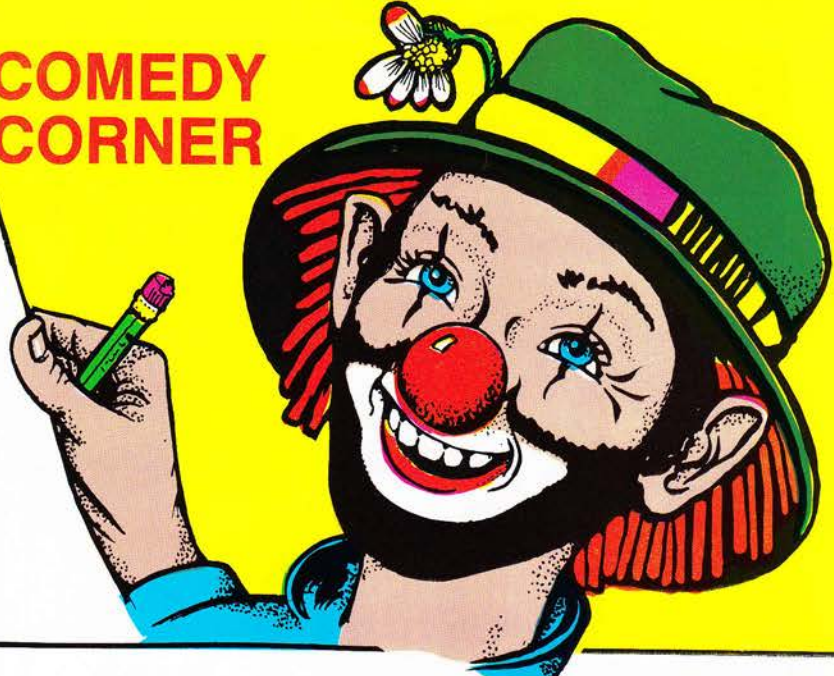
When the glue is completely dry, paint the aluminum foil with black acrylic paint, oil paint, or shoe polish. Wipe away the excess color with a soft rag but allow some color to remain around the fold and shell design. This creates a real metal look.



ANSWERS TO "SOUNDS OF CHRISTMAS" on page 15: O, ON, THE, SING, BELLS, LITTLE, DRUMMER, EMMANUEL, CHRISTMAS, WONDERLAND, OF, BE, TOWN.



# COMEDY CORNER



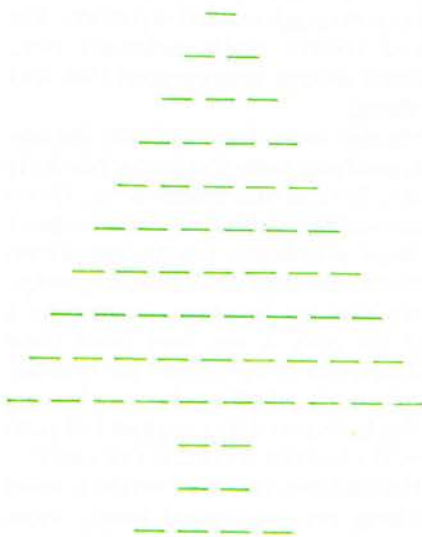
"I CANNOT TELL A LIE----I DID IT IN HONOR OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY."

## SOUNDS OF CHRISTMAS

M. Kyle

Write each missing word on the same line, using the spaces provided.

- \_\_\_ Tannenbaum
- I Heard the Bells \_\_\_ Christmas Day
- \_\_\_ First Noel
- Hark! The Herald Angels \_\_\_
- Silver \_\_\_
- Have Yourself a Merry \_\_\_ Christmas
- Little \_\_\_ Boy
- O Come, O Come, \_\_\_
- White \_\_\_
- Winter \_\_\_
- Angels from the Realms \_\_\_ Glory
- I'll \_\_\_ Home for Christmas
- O Little \_\_\_ of Bethlehem



(Answers are on page 14)

Bert: "What did Adam say the day before Christmas?"

Steve: "I don't know."

Bert: "It's Christmas, Eve."

Henry E. Leabo

Tim: I fell over 50 feet this morning.

Jim: Fifty feet! Are you alright?

Tim: Oh, I feel fine. I was only walking through a crowded school bus.

Warren Bebout

My cousin Ronnie is a real clumsy basketball player. The only way he'll make a lot of baskets this year is by enrolling in a basket weaving course.

Allen Melton

### ANSWERS TO PRESIDENT'S QUIZ

- |     |     |      |      |
|-----|-----|------|------|
| 1-h | 5-o | 9-d  | 13-b |
| 2-g | 6-k | 10-n | 14-l |
| 3-p | 7-a | 11-c | 15-j |
| 4-f | 8-i | 12-m | 15-e |







## White Terror

by Karen M. Leet

Thom stared out the window, but nothing was visible except a blank white wall of snow. He knew the drifts around the cabin must be awfully deep. The thick drifts had finally muffled the storm's piercing shrieks.

He paced the bare wood floor, kicking at the red rag rug in the middle of the room. He had to do something. Dropping into the desk chair, he jiggled the buttons on the short wave radio, praying fiercely that this time it would click into static life.

"Uhhh, Thom? Thom, are you there?" Thom straightened from the silent radio. To his fearful ears, the voice sounded weaker, vague and confused.

"I'm here, Dad," he answered, struggling to keep worry and discouragement from his voice.

"Has the storm stopped?"

Thom stalled for time, bending to pull up one of the heavy wool blankets he'd piled on his dad's bed. The familiar eyes were glazed and feverish. Thom didn't want to look at his dad's injured leg, but he knew he must.

As he stalked past the fireplace, Thom rolled the last log onto the dwindling flames. The reassuring stack of wood they'd chopped two days earlier might as well be back home. Only six feet from the cabin to the storage shed was too far to chance in this blinding storm.

Thom had never seen anything like it before. His dad used to joke about

when he was a boy and walked to school through waist deep drifts. But Thom hadn't really believed him. Parents always exaggerated that sort of thing.

His dad tossed restlessly on the tiny cot, pushing away the heavy blankets again. For the hundredth time, Thom searched the cabin for some answer to their problems. No phone. Radio broken. No way of contacting help.

His dad lay helpless, injured by a bad fall only a few feet from their isolated cabin. Even their car was beyond reach, sheltered in a clearing at the bottom of the rugged hill path they'd climbed to reach the cabin.

His dad moaned and twisted, fever shaking his weakened body. How long could his dad survive? Even if the storm stopped and Thom could reach their stock of firewood to keep them warm in the bitter cold, would his dad make it?

It might already be too late. Half the time his dad's mumbled comments were irrational.

"Thom," called his dad. He almost sounded like his normal self. Thom rushed to his side.

"Is the radio working?" asked his dad urgently, peering intently at Thom's face. Thom simply shook his head. "There's no way to reach help then," muttered his dad. "Thom, you must not go outdoors, do you understand? No matter what."

Looking away from his dad at the white walls outside the tiny win-

dows, Thom wondered what to say. He couldn't stay inside and wait for his dad to die.

"Thom, promise me. Trust God, Son. Don't try to do it yourself. This is too big for you—or me. Trust God, Thom." Before Thom could decide what to answer, his dad fell back onto the rumpled pillow, moaning with pain and fever again.

Thom made his decision. He had to go for help. He had to try. But how would he get out? The drifts were even higher than he'd realized. The door was completely blocked by snow. Both windows were jammed shut and pressed by solid walls of snow.

He even considered the chimney, but shuddered at the thought of getting stuck. He'd never felt so helpless before. He had no choice but to obey his dad and stay inside the tiny cabin watching the fire die and maybe his dad too.

"Oh God, help," Thom whispered. He wanted God to make all the trouble go away. He wanted instant miracles. "Make Dad well. Make the storm stop. Send help please, God," begged Thom.

Then a bit of Scripture flashed through his mind. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him" (Job 13:15). Could he trust God that much? Thom wondered? Could he trust God, even though the storm might not stop and his dad might not get well?

He felt calmer. If his dad did die, if help didn't come, Thom knew with absolute certainty that his dad would be with their Lord. They'd prayed together earlier, as they had so often. The familiar, much-used Bible rested close to his dad's limp hand on the bed.

His dad loved God with all his heart. Thom had no doubt of that fact. Faith was the center of his life.

Taking a deep, quiet breath, Thom murmured a new prayer, "I trust You, God. Even if Dad doesn't get well, if the storm doesn't stop in time, if help doesn't come soon enough, I trust You."

He felt a deep peace. Then like a reflection of his inner calm, he noticed the roaring storm outside had quieted. Very soon it seemed, he heard what sounded like a helicopter. Perhaps help was on the way. Perhaps they would be saved in time.

"Thank You, Lord," Thom said softly, knowing he could trust God whatever happened.