

High Adventure

LEADERS EDITION

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS
Summer 1988



HIGH ADVENTURE

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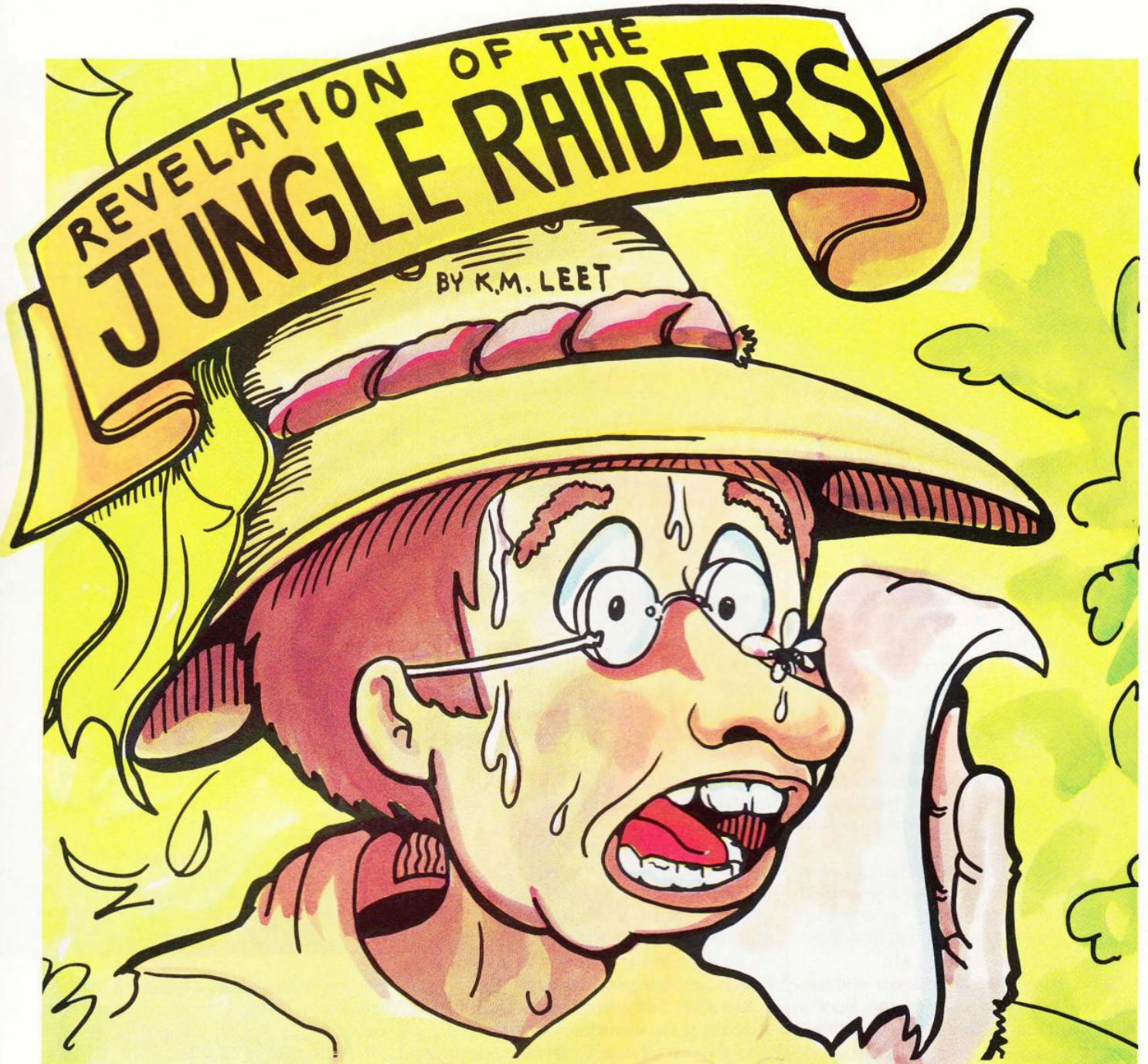
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Cover Art by Johnnie Barnes



Craig bent to scratch his leg for at least the hundredth time. *What a miserable way to spend a vacation*, he thought to himself. Peering intently at overhanging tree branches for snakes, he stumbled over an exposed root.

The pack across his shoulders weighed 20 pounds more than when he'd started. His leg muscles ached as if he had never worked out at all back home. The two men guiding him strode smoothly along, unmoved by the blistering heat. Craig felt dirty, sweaty, tired, and anxious.

They paused briefly for a cold meal of something Craig couldn't identify. His escorts crouched together. They joked easily about the size of the snakes and how they looked like tree branches until it was too late.

Craig resented their cheerful attitude as much as he hated their effortless movement through underbrush that lashed his face and arms. Bugs! Bugs! Bugs! He had never seen so many insects, and all of them considered him their walking lunch.

He was so preoccupied with his list of complaints and resentments that he didn't notice when the men ahead of him stopped abruptly. Craig opened his mouth to ask why they were stopping, but one of the men held a hand out to silence him.

Only then did Craig notice their tense attitude, the concentration in their faces. Without warning a figure burst through the thick growth nearby. He began talking at once. Craig remained tense. Was this a government representative? Had they been caught after all?

The knapsack on his back seemed to burn his skin. Would he be arrested? When Jason talked him into this trip, he'd hinted at the possibilities, but Craig hadn't really taken them seriously. Now he wasn't so sure of himself. Automatically, he found himself mumbling a prayer.

Craig glanced all around, expecting soldiers to crash through the dark green leaves any moment. Surely they couldn't hurt an American citizen. Probably they'd simply confiscate the contents of his pack, haul him back to the coast, and ship him home.

The escorts continued to talk with the stranger. All three men gestured wildly. They seemed to be arguing. Finally one of his guides turned to Craig and spoke in English.

"This man heard you were coming. He begs for one of the books from your pack. We leave the decision to you."

"He heard I was coming?" Craig muttered, wondering how many others had heard of his supposedly secret mission. "These are promised," Craig said, as much to himself as to the guide. The guide turned to translate, but Craig stopped him. "How far did this man come?"

"Twenty-five miles. He says he represents his entire village."

Reluctantly, Craig reached into the pack, removing one of the tightly packed books he carried. He handed it to the newcomer, puzzling over how the man had known and why he had come so far.

The man reached with both hands, taking the book as if it were the most precious thing he'd ever touched. He stroked its inexpensive cover as though it were fine leather.

When he met Craig's eyes, Craig felt a shock of awe pulse through him. The man's eyes blazed with joy.

The guide translated the stranger's words. "He says this is the only Bible for their whole village. He asks a blessing on you and all your family for this kindness, and promises that his village will pray for you always."

The man vanished as swiftly and soundlessly as he had appeared. The escort strode forward again. Craig swatted at something stinging his leg, but his attention was distracted from his own discomfort. One Bible for a whole village. A man willing to walk 25 miles on the slim chance of getting a Bible. It was difficult to understand. Craig couldn't put out of his mind that blaze of joy in the man's eyes.

"We near our goal," commented one of the guides casually as they all paused to sip from flasks of tepid tasting water. Craig felt relief and renewed anxiety. Would government agents lie in wait for him? Obviously, his mission had not been kept so secret after all—or would these villagers awaiting him be dangerous in some way?

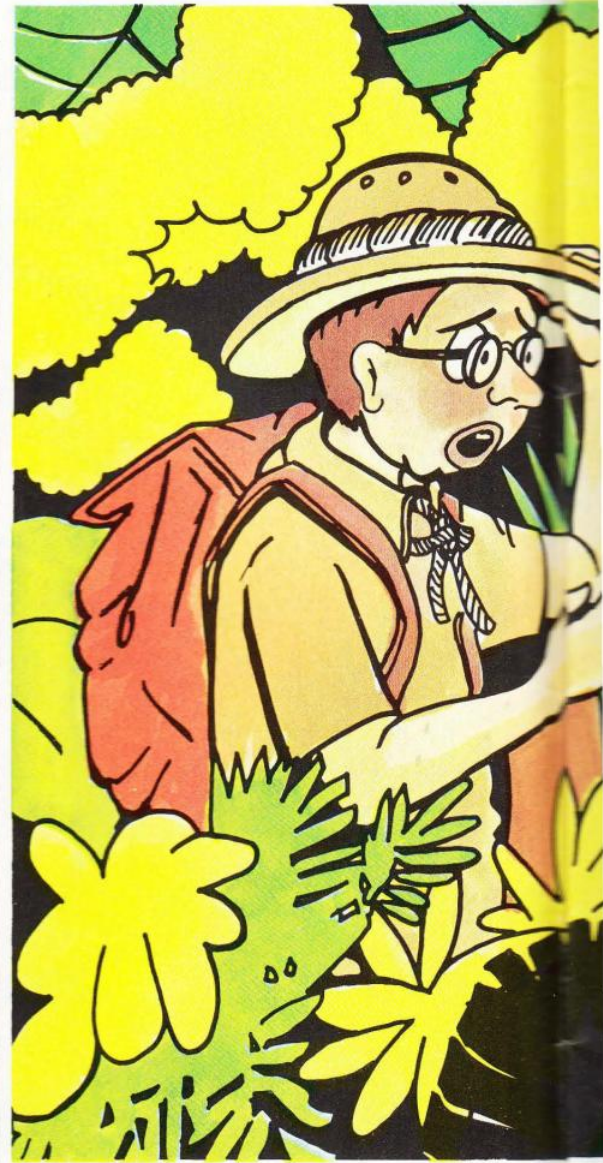
Now and then he found himself wondering what his guides whispered between themselves. He wasn't sure if they were Christians or not. So many unanswered questions chased through his thoughts. That one stranger out of the underbrush might have been an oddity. Perhaps these people wouldn't even want the Bibles he struggled to bring them.

Abruptly they broke through into a clearing surrounded by structures. It might have been deserted. No one was in sight. There were no sounds, no smells—nothing. One of the guides made a guttural noise in his throat, and the village erupted into activity. People poured from huts, rushing to greet them.

Craig was led into a large, airy structure. He was offered in a language he could not understand fresh water, a mat for resting, and food of various sorts. Too hungry to hesitate, he nibbled what looked safest, massaged his aching feet, and splashed water on his neck and face.

"Will you come now?" asked one of the guides who had waited silently at the entrance.

Everyone in the village must have been there. They clustered around him, their faces and voices as eager as small children. One man stepped



*"Craig glanced
all around,
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green leaves
any moment."*



up to him and Craig offered the knapsack. The man groped inside and stared at the Bible for a long moment. Then holding it high over his head, he shouted to the quiet gathering.

Others burst into cries of excitement and triumph. Craig studied their faces as the Bibles were handed around. Even the children received small Scripture portions. Craig had never seen so many people so excited about Bibles.

The celebration lasted most of the night. The recitals amazed Craig most. Everyone in the village gleefully sang out phrase after phrase to entertain him. Craig was astounded that every song they sang was based on Scripture.

Through his interpreter he learned that the entire village owned only two Bibles before his arrival. They had studied those Bibles until they were tattered, the words worn away, the

pages falling from the binding. The people who could not read listened eagerly while others read. All learned verse after verse as songs.

Even small children knew entire chapters of Scripture. Craig listened wide eyed as one old man sang chapter after chapter of the Book of John.

Craig felt shame inside. He had despised these people, expecting little of them. He had only agreed to bring Bibles out of curiosity. They shamed him. How much of the Bible had he memorized? A handful of verses here and there? Thinking hard, he could not come up with an entire chapter, other than the 23rd Psalm.

No one had to smuggle Bibles to Craig. He had a half dozen Bibles scattered around his home. Yet some were dusty with disuse, and the ones he did use were treated carelessly.

Watching these villagers clasp Bibles lovingly made his face flush with embarrassment. Receiving their en-

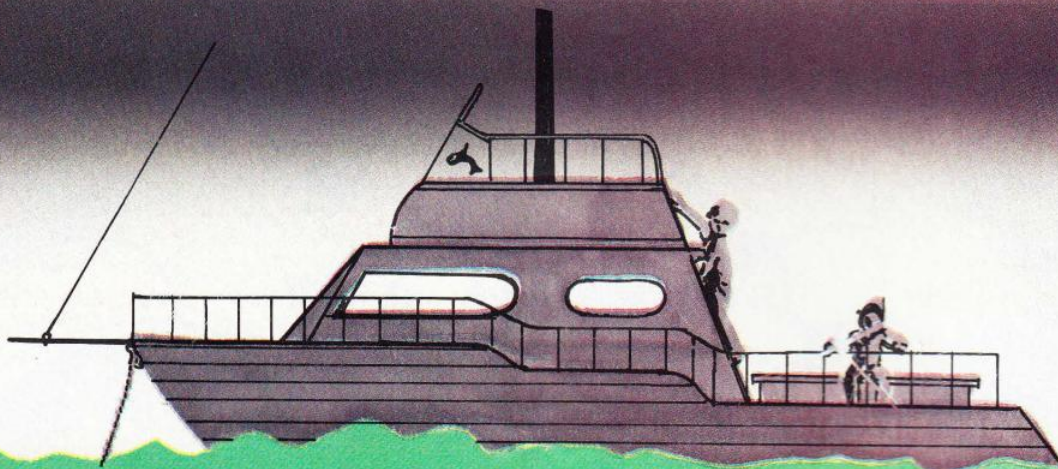
thusiastic thanks deepened the red in his cheeks.

As he prepared to leave, Craig noticed several of the villagers setting off through the jungle in different directions, clutching Bibles in their hands. He asked one of his guides where they were going.

"They will share their Bibles with nearby villages that have none at all," responded the guide.

Craig had been shamed before, but now he felt like crying. He'd seen how precious these Bibles were to men and women who had waited years for them, yet these people were willing to share their long awaited treasure with others.

The way back through the jungle did not seem as long. His thoughts were full of beaming faces rather than snakes. He knew he would be back soon with another load of Bibles. They were more valuable than he'd ever realized. ■



by Tom Haesche

A heavy roll of thunder boomed, and the summer sky was pierced by heat lightning. Sea Rangers Tod Winters and Jay West peered apprehensively into the night-darkened sky. They were waiting for their Ranger Commanders, Jack Kenny and Kurt Walker.

"Kind of a spooky night to go patrolling," Tod said. "I wonder why Jack called a meeting tonight. We usually meet on Fridays." Their 20-foot launch, Sea Dragon, rolled gently in its slip.

"It must be important," Jay said, sitting down on the dock with his back against a pile. "And since when were Sea Rangers afraid of a little thunder and lightning?" Both boys were 15, but Jay was the tallest.

"Who's afraid? It just seems so mysterious."

Suddenly a flash of lightning revealed two figures approaching; it was Commander Kenny and Lieutenant Walker.

"Hi, rangers. Been waiting long?" Jack inquired, peering into the night sky.

"No, Jack. But why the secret meeting? Especially with a storm brewing," Jay replied.

"The weather bureau says the storm will bypass us and the meeting, well, let's go aboard." The four Rangers soon were aboard the Sea Dragon.

"Something important has come up," Kurt said, sitting in the pilot's seat. The others were seated at the dinette. "The local fishermen's association has asked us for help. As you all know, the police department has asked us for help because it

doesn't own a patrol boat. So the department is unable to police the bay area, and things are happening out there."

"What do you mean, Kurt?" Tod asked.

"Poaching—lobster poaching. Thieves are raiding the lobstermen's pots. Commander Kenny will explain."

Jack rose and stood beside his lieutenant. "Kurt and I have worked out a plan to help capture them, with the help of the State Police helicopter." Jack went on to explain the scheme. He was the oldest of the Rangers and had more navigational experience than the others.

The horizon was lit with white light as the Sea Dragon slipped away from the dock. Kurt was at the controls. Soon the speedboat was planing across the water. Above it thunder boomed, then faded. "We can't allow the poachers to spot us," Jack said, standing beside Kurt. "Throttle the motor down and cruise slowly until we see them." Kurt slowed down as Jack commanded. "Two poachers are aboard a white cruiser with a flying bridge," Jack continued. "There's only one like it in the area. One stays topside and the other, using scuba gear, dives and raids the lobsterpots." Tod was standing lookout on the stern as Jay, attired in a wet suit, was adjusting his helmet. A length of chain lay at his feet.

"There they are," Kurt said, as a flash of lightning revealed the poachers' cruiser. "Less than a quarter of a mile about 3 o'clock. I hope they don't spot us."

"There are other boats out here night fishing. So I don't think they'll get suspicious if we stand off," Jack reassured him. Then he turned to Jay.

"Are you ready?"

"Almost, Jack."

"Are you sure you know what to do?"

"Sure; swim quietly to their boat as you told me. Then I wrap this chain around their prop and drive shaft, being careful not to be seen. When they try to escape, the chain will tighten and stall the motor. After the chain is in place, I signal you with my flashlight. Right?"

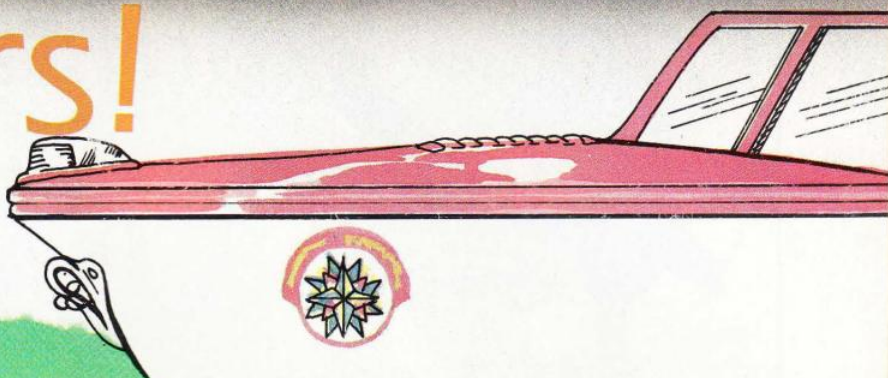
"Correct, and when I see your signal I'll radio for the police helicopter and pull in closer. I'll use the bullhorn to warn them not to try anything. Okay, Rangers! Let's get us some poachers." They watched as Jay flipped backwards over the gunnel and into the water. He soon disappeared into the darkness.

The poachers, working quietly, already had over four dozen stolen lobsters. One of them, a tall, heavy man, was again preparing to dive. As he went over the side, he saw the light from Jay's signal. He quickly climbed aboard and removed his tank and helmet.

"Let's get outta here pronto, Ed," he called, looking over the side. Jay had already submerged and was swimming toward the Sea Dragon. The poacher saw him.

His partner turned the ignition key and started the motor, but when he slipped it into gear it stalled. He did it again and again, with no success. "Joe! The boat won't move," he called with alarm.

Poachers!



"Keep tryin', Ed. I'm gonna get a gun. Somebody's been messin' around." He disappeared into the cabin and reappeared moments later with a rifle. Switching on a spotlight he projected the beam out over the water. Jay heard the crack of the rifle just as Jack called on the bullhorn, "Lay down your arms. You are under police surveillance." Rounds from the rifle whipped the water all around Jay as he dove deeper. The poacher

ignored Jack and kept firing. The Ranger Commander realized that Jay was in trouble and knew that he had to do something quickly.

"Kurt, pretend that we're going to ram them. Maybe they'll stop firing at Jay." Suddenly Tod came forward.

"The helicopter is coming, Jack," he said excitedly. "I hope Jay is okay. They're firing real bullets."

"Stealing lobsters is a federal offense. They're desperate," explained Jack.

Kurt had circled and was now heading straight for the poachers' boat—throttle wide open. "Okay, Rangers! Now we'll play a little chicken." Just then the windshield

was shattered by a round.

"Keep your heads down," Jack cried, crouching beside Kurt. Luckily the police helicopter dropped down and hovered close over the poachers, exposing them in the glare of a floodlight. Kurt veered off at the last moment, creating a wake that nearly capsized the big cruiser. While the police boarded the poachers' craft the Rangers circled and picked up Jay.

"Boy! Was I ever scared," he exclaimed as he climbed aboard. "I thought I was a goner for sure."

His commander grinned and patted him on the back. "The only ones who are goners, Jay, are the poachers. They'll be gone for a long time. Conviction usually means a prison sentence. Thanks to the Sea Rangers, there'll be no more poaching in these waters." ■



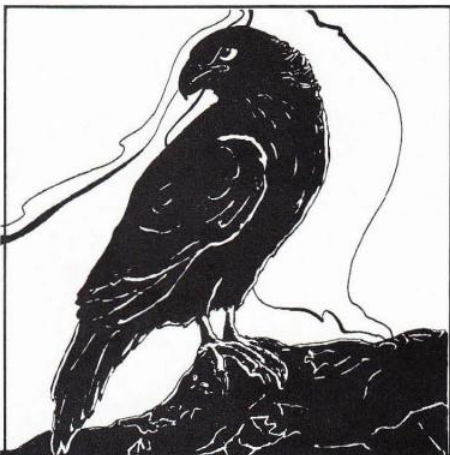
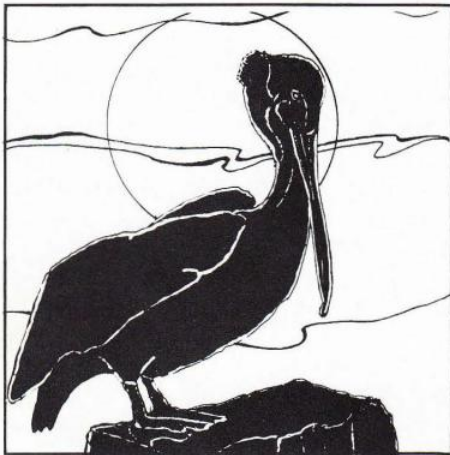


GUESS THAT BIRD

Test your knowledge of the 20 best-known birds

by Evelyn Witter

See if you can name our best-known feathered friends. Score 5 points for each correct answer. A score of 80 or better proves you are a nature lover!



1. What bird, the color of the sky on a spring day, is a symbol of happiness?
2. Which bird is one of the best known and most loved birds in this country, and is often identified as the early bird which gets the worm?
3. Which bird is a stunt flyer—can fly backwards, hang suspended in the air, or fly straight up, and is so tiny that his average length is only $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches?
4. Which bird has a tail as long as his body and thrashes it around when he is excited or angry? The pilgrims called him "Hurry up, plow it up, plow it up."
5. Which merry little bird has a black cap and can hang upside down from a twig? Every day he can eat thousands of moth eggs, which he finds tucked in the bark of trees.
6. What bird is the world's best architect? His babies are rocked to sleep in a nest which hangs from a branch in the top of a tree.
7. What bird is called "The planter of oak forests"? He hides acorns and seldom digs them up. He is also known as a tease.
8. Which bird lines its nest with caterpillar silk and has a green-gold color which blends with the leaves?
9. Which bird is shrewd and fearless and has survived gunfire, poison, and destruction of its nest by men?
10. What bright bird has a black beard and is one of our friendliest and most brilliantly colored birds?
11. What bird clears the air of insects, is a member of the swallow family, and is one of the most powerful fliers?
12. What bird is a mimic and can sing more different notes than any other bird in this country? Its lovely singing often continues far into a moonlit night.
13. What bird is trim and neat and gets his name from the little red wax-like bead on his wings? He is seldom seen alone, likes company, and flies about in a large flock.
14. What bird is a poor mother, laying her eggs in some other bird's nest? These birds are often seen where there are cows.
15. What bird is sometimes called a tree mouse, because his claws are made for climbing? He sings in a low, tinhorn voice as he runs round a tree trunk.
16. What bird is named for a household pet, and sometimes raises three bird families a year?
17. What bird has a head so big and tail so short that he looks top-heavy? He dives for his food.
18. What bird is a carpenter, having his own hammer, chisel, and drill? His mate is not as brightly colored as he is, but is as good a carpenter.
19. What bird eats ants? He has a long, sticky tongue, and belongs to the woodpecker family.
20. What birds nest in strange places, are gay, tireless, and friendly? The male arrives first to look for a nesting place. His mate's name is Jenny.



L • E • A • D • E • R

TRAIL MARKER/2 BUCKAROOS & STRAIGHT ARROWS
EXPERIENCE THE OLD WEST/3-4 TAKING THE
BAIT/4-5 HOW HEALTHY IS YOUR OUTPOST?/6-7
. . . QUICK COMMUNICATION/7 . . . RANGER BUDDIES/8-9
SEEDS WILL SPROUT—IN PLASTIC?/9 THOMAS
JEFFERSON/10-11 STRANGE SURVIVORS/12-13
. THE WET WAR/14 LUNCH ON THE TRAIL/15
PLANS FOR A ROYAL RANGER PATROL CHEST/16

TRAIL MARKER

by Johnnie Barnes

Hey Commanders, listen up!

First of all, let me thank you for your efforts on behalf of boys. We are excited about what God is doing in the Royal Rangers ministry. Together we have an unlimited opportunity to reach multitudes of boys for Christ and teaching them about Him.

In future issues of *High Adventure Leader* we will endeavor to provide more helps to assist you in this challenging task. We would be happy to receive your ideas on the type of articles that will assist you most.

My personal thanks to each of you who are involved in the "Commanders Club Campaign" to help liquidate the indebtedness on our National Royal Rangers Training Center. This is a worthy endeavor that will benefit the entire Royal Rangers ministry. Please encourage



your boys to construct the "Lodge Bank" that appeared in the Spring issue of *High Adventure*. And more importantly, encourage them to fill them with donations for the Training Center.

I am very pleased with the attractive patch, bolo tie, and belt buckle that are available to those participating in this campaign. Your boys will be very proud when they receive these items.

Be assured I too a sense of pride



and will have a very special feeling in my heart when I see these items being worn by these outstanding individuals in the future.

Pulling together, we can wipe out the indebtedness on the Training Center completely. Your cooperation and assistance in making this very crucial campaign a success will be deeply appreciated.

Another important event that will soon be conducted is our National FCF Rendezvous. The setting will be the Buckskin Glade area of our National Royal Rangers Training Center.

National FCF President Fred Deaver and his staff have planned one of the most interesting and exciting Rendezvous ever! The setting is beautiful, and the activities will be super-exciting! Imagine black powder shooting, Tomahawk throwing, knife throwing, archery, flint and steel contest, a Seneca run, frontier food, and trading and bartering with some of the most colorful traders in the world. Each evening will climax with a brush arbor-style meeting with outstanding speakers.

The costumes, the shelters, the activities, and the setting will mentally transport you over a hundred years back in time.

If you are an FCF member, we would like to encourage you to be a part of this major Royal Rangers event.

I'll be looking forward to personally "jawing with you" at the Rendezvous.

I would also encourage you and your outpost to make it a practice to pray for your National Commander and the national staff. We want God's will in every phase of this ministry. ■

Commander's PRAYER

*Each time, before I face my 'Boys'
I hesitate a while,
And ask the Father, 'Help me Lord,
To understand each boy.
Help me to see in every one
A precious soul most dear;
And may I lead that boy
Through paths of wonder-not of fear.
Dear Father, as they look to me
For Christian guidance true,
I look to Thee and humbly ask
That Thou wilt teach me too.'*

- copied -

*calligraphy by commander
Ritchie
outpost #1 Concord, N.C.*



BUCKAROOS & STRAIGHT ARROWS EXPERIENCE THE OLD WEST

FCF MEMBERS MINISTER

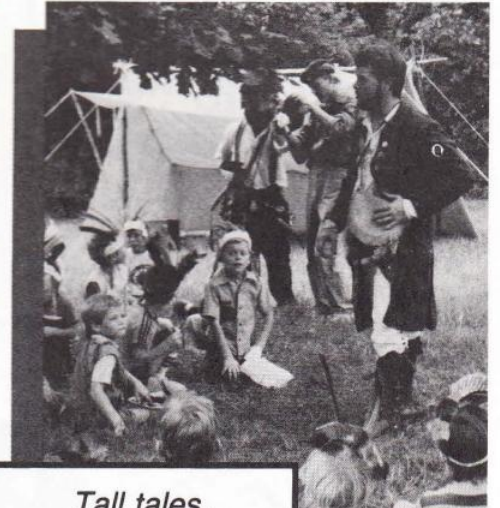
by James G. McHaffee
Riverman Territory Rep

The weatherman predicted a hot, humid day. The three Buckaroo boys seated beside me were not thinking about temperatures or humidity but about seeing Indians and tepees and shooting bows and arrows. We were going to the Straight Arrow and Buckaroo day camp at Cape Girardeau County Park. This year's theme for the annual Southeast Missouri event was "Cowboys and Indians."

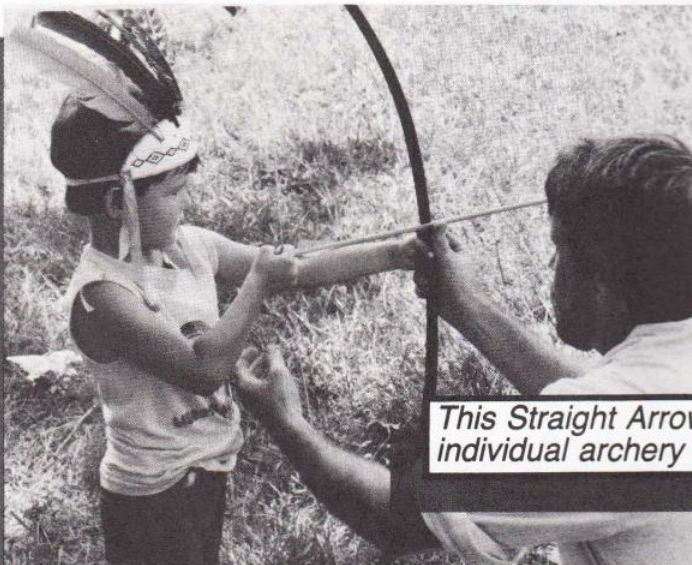
During the registration, each boy was given an Indian headdress and

told that at each event they could earn additional feathers to wear. Large turkey feathers would become cherished prizes.

The men and boys from Southeast Missouri in the Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity set up a small Indian village consisting of a tepee, baker tent, and leanpees. The Buckaroos and Straight Arrows were full of questions about Indians, and they learned of old Indian ways. The furs and skins had a special attraction for the boys. They became quite



Tall tales.



This Straight Arrow receives individual archery instruction.

excited when an FCF member, dressed as an Indian chief with full headdress, demonstrated throwing a knife and a tomahawk at a wooden target. Safety was stressed to the boys during the knife and 'hawk throw. The boys were not permitted to handle or throw the knives or 'hawks. FCF members also provided a demonstration of frontier cooking, and they told tall tales of the old frontier.

Another activity and event for the boys' participation was the buffalo

TAKING

by M. E. Verville



Fish are fascinating creatures, indeed. Not only are they fun to look at, but they are mighty good to eat as well. Man has been catching fish since the Stone Age for those very reasons.

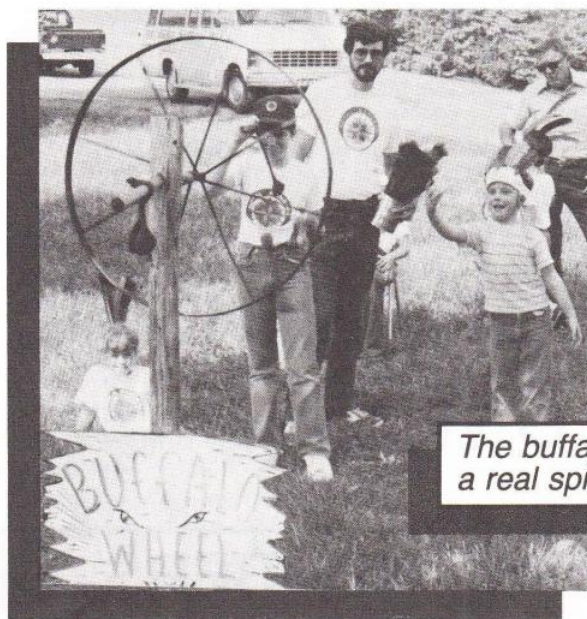
Did you know that three-fourths of the earth's surface is covered by water? It is no wonder there are more than 20,000 species of fish. They range anywhere in size from a tiny minnow, which finds its home in our many lakes and streams, to the mighty whale that inhabits our vast oceans.

Actually, the whale is not really a fish at all, as may be assumed. Although he lives in water, he is really a mammal, which means he is a warm-blooded vertebrate just like you and me. Fish are vertebrates too—that is, animals with backbones—but they are cold-blooded.

You may also be surprised to learn that fish lack eyelids. "Doesn't that hurt their eyes?" you might ask. The answer is a definite "No." Man and all other land animals need eyelids to keep their eyes from drying out. But because fish are always under water, their eyes are naturally kept moist.

Now I know what you're thinking: "If a fish is always under water, how does he breathe?" A fish may not have a nose, but he does have gills. As water passes through the fish's mouth and over his gills, oxygen is picked up by a special substance in the fish's red blood cells. This substance actually pulls the oxygen out of the water, and it is then carried through the fish's bloodstream.

The gills of a fish also have another purpose. When water is pushed through them, the fish moves forward. It's almost like hav-



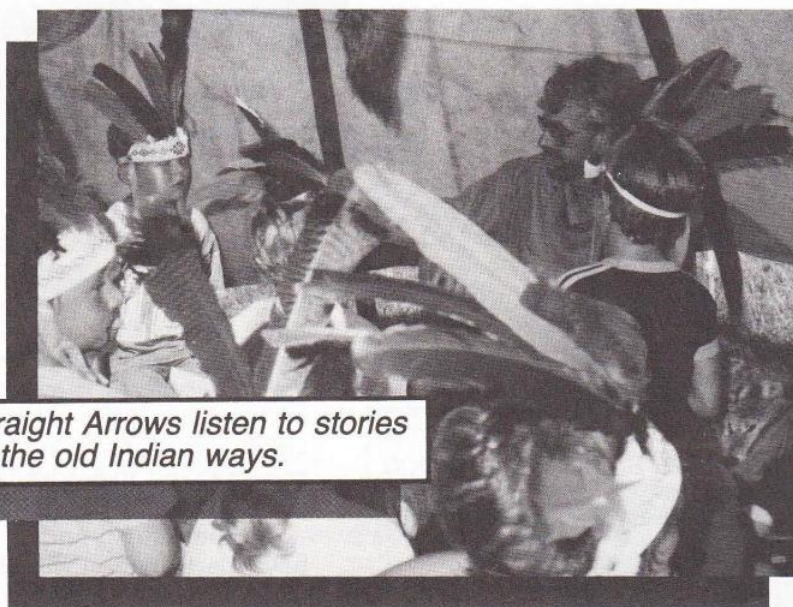
The buffalo wheel was a real spinner.

wheel, in which a special sock filled with pebbles was thrown at an old wagon wheel. The objective was to wrap the sock around one of the brightly painted spokes. Indian wicket was another game that involved throwing. The boys also enjoyed shooting bows and arrows and shooting balloons with BB guns. One event which gave some FCF members an opportunity to cool off was the wet sponge toss. In this event, wet sponges were thrown at an FCF member's face, which was stuck through an old poncho.

The day's activities concluded with a special puppet show pro-

vided by an FCF member and his wife. Cowboy and Indian puppets told stories of the frontier and the importance of living for Jesus.

The weatherman had been correct in predicting high temperatures with high humidity (it was 96 degrees). All the work involved in setting up tepees and shelters and wearing hot leather clothes was over. The poles were loaded, tepees folded, and everything was packed to return home. As the Buckaroos told of their great feats and proudly displayed the feathers they had earned, we determined to do it all again next year. ■



Straight Arrows listen to stories of the old Indian ways.

THE BAIT

YOU DON'T NEED FANCY EQUIPMENT TO CATCH THESE REMARKABLE CREATURES

ing a built-in trolling motor. His fins do not propel him through the water as you might think. They are used to "steer" the fish, just like the handlebars of your bicycle.

Spearheads made of wood, hooks formed from ivory or bone, and



"Fins are used to steer fish, just like the handlebars of your bicycle."

even barbed harpoons from reindeer horns were used to aid the Stone Age fisherman. Since then, great improvements have been made in the ways man has ventured to catch fish.

For the beginner fisherman, expensive and fancy equipment is not necessary. All you really need to have fun is to keep things simple. Even a pole made from a stick, with a piece of string tied to the end of it for a line, is sufficient for your needs. A hook and some bait, of course, will complete the equipment necessary to catch those swimming wonders.

A bobber—used to show you when the fish is actually hooked—is not needed, but it can serve as

an extra helper for the beginner. Imagine the excitement you would feel in seeing your bobber twitch and jump and finally disappear under the water's surface. Whether you've hooked a largemouth bass or a sunfish, the feeling of accomplishment is the same—terrific!

The sport of fishing is a wonderful way to have fun. But fishing is also a means of earning income, a prime source of food for many countries around the world, and a wonderful help to keep nature in balance. Great quantities of fish must be caught and processed every day. Because of this demand, not all fish can be caught with a mere pole and string. With big boats, called trawlers, men set out to sea daily with large nets to catch the very fish that we buy at the local supermarket.

More fish are caught with nets than any other way. Nets have been made for centuries in the world-famous town of Dorsetshire, England. This fine art still exists there today.

But not all fish are caught in bulk by the use of a net. In Rhodesia, for example, bows and arrows are still



"In Rhodesia, bows and arrows are still being used."

being used. Reed traps set in a circle are a popular method in Lake Victoria, East Africa. Cod and halibut are caught in Newfoundland from large ships by the "lining" method. The line is thrown overboard from the boat with a flagged buoy attached and anchored. Attached to the line are several baited hooks. After a time, the line is then hauled in. In Southern France, small octopuses called "poulpe" and sea urchins known as "oursin" are commonly harvested.

The United States has now established special laws regarding fishing. Whether it be for sport or for industry, there are certain rules to follow.

The reason for this is called "conservation," which simply means the wise use of our natural resources to keep them from being wasted or used up.

With all of this in mind, we have the promise of many years of good fishing to come. So, what are you waiting for? Get your pole! ■

"fish lack eyelids"



How Healthy Is Your Outpost?

Twenty Questions a Doctor Might Ask an Ailing Outpost

by Don Bixler

SYMPTOMS & COMPLAINTS:

Lack of Interest by Boys

Low Attendance

Discipline Problems

Leaders Dropping Out

1. RE: ADVANCEMENTS

Are you working on advancements and holding regularly scheduled advancement ceremonies? (This is one of the primary indicators of the health of a group.)

2. RE: LONG-RANGE PLANS

Do you have a long-range plan for your different age groups?

3. RE: INDIVIDUAL MEETING PLAN

Do you have a meeting plan for each meeting at least a week in advance?
Do you follow the plan?

4. RE: WELL-BALANCED MEETINGS

Does each meeting plan contain all of the essential ingredients of a successful meeting?

5. BOY INVOLVEMENT AS LEADERS

Are the boys involved as active leaders in the group, or are they just leaders on paper? Training? Campouts? Service? Fundraising?

6. BOY INVOLVEMENT IN PLANNING

Are the boys involved in the long-range meeting plans: or are leaders trying to guess what the boys are going to get excited about?

7. REGULAR OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES

Are you having regularly scheduled outdoor activities with adequate variation in types and places to go?

8. RE: COMMANDERS/AGE GROUP

Do you have at least one (and ideally two) commander(s) with each age group plus a senior commander?

9. RE: JUNIOR COMMANDERS

Are you involving older boys as junior leaders to keep them involved and challenged?

10. RE: ATTENDANCE & FOLLOW-UP

Do your boys know that you missed them when they weren't there? Do you call, send a card, or go to see them to help work out deterrents?

11. RE: PRIDE IN THE UNIT

Are the leaders wearing their uniforms each week to the meeting and at other appropriate times? Are the boys required to have and wear a uniform once a month, minimum?

12. RE: PROMOTIONAL ACTIVITIES

Does your group take advantage of "ROYAL RANGER WEEK" and other opportunities such as "ROUNDUP DAY" to get recognition before the church membership?

13. RE: CHURCH NEWSPAPER OR BULLETIN

Do you take advantage of the church's bulletin or weekly newspaper to announce accomplishments and upcoming events in order to attract others into the program?

14. RE: SERVICE PROJECTS

Is your group involved at times in service projects for others which will help them learn what the Golden Rule really means?

15. RE: PARTICIPATION IN A CHARTERED GROUP

Is your group chartered and receiving *High Adventure* and *High Adventure Leader* magazines? Having a group without a charter is like driving your car without a license.

16. RE: IDEAS FOR MEETINGS

Do you keep a file of *High Adventure Leader* magazines for meeting ideas and devotions? Does your group have an extensive reference library to get ideas for meeting features, hobbies and crafts, Bible studies, devotions, camp craft items, etc.?

17. RE: PARENT INVOLVEMENT

Are parents involved in advancement activities, camp-outs, parents' night, and fund-raising.

18. RE: SPIRITUAL EMPHASIS

Are you taking advantage of Bible study and devotion time to really ground your Rangers in the Word of God and prepare them to lead others to Christ?

19. RE: SOUL WINNING

Are you taking advantage of devotion and council fire times to win souls for Christ and encourage them to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit?

20. RE: PURPOSE OF YOUR PROGRAM

Do you allow the Holy Spirit to speak to you, guide you in your planning, and remind you that the primary purpose of Royal Rangers is to reach, teach, and keep boys for Christ? ■

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QUICK COMMUNICATION

A mother complained to her brother about her son's failure to write home. Away at college, he seemed too busy or too uncaring to take time to write.

Her brother boasted, "I'll show you something about boys, Sis. I'll get your son to write me a letter without even asking him to."

To prove his point he wrote the boy a short note telling him how proud he was of him. He also wrote that he knew that school was expensive, so he was sending \$20.00 for the boy to spend as he liked. However, he failed to enclose the money.

Very shortly he received a letter from the lad thanking him for his

BY THOMAS B. WELCH, JR.

concern—and mentioning the oversight.

The man's prank highlighted how quick we often are to look after our own interests. Something else was also apparent. The mother could easily have used the same trick, but it would not have gained what she wanted. She wanted her boy to communicate with her because he loved her, not just because he wanted something.

There is a lesson in this for all of us who neglect to talk to our Lord in prayer. When we do get around to talking with Him, is it because we love Him? ■



RANGER BUDDIES

BY STAN SINCLAIR

One of the many survival and safety techniques taught at the U.S. Army Ranger School is the Ranger Buddy. The Ranger Buddy is the one man you can depend on. In the hazards of all-out training, in all weather, in the jungle, water, desert, or mountains, the Ranger Buddy is often the final safety valve. The Ranger Buddy is "on belay" to catch a falling rappeler. He sits opposite his partner in the rubber boat and paddles stroke for stroke while watching that he is not swept into the ocean by the waves. Ranger Buddies watch each other for frostbite. In the dark of night when sleep is not allowed, Ranger Buddies insure that the road-marching patrol stays together.

Royal Rangers are familiar with some of the functions of the Ranger Buddy, and outposts often use Ranger Buddy techniques. For example, Royal Rangers Commanders know that the buddy system is essential for swimming. Swimming buddies should be evenly matched in swimming ability. They carefully watch each other to insure that they do not get into trouble while playing and diving. Buddies can watch each other much better than the lifeguard can watch each man. When the commander or lifeguard yells, "Buddy Check," swimmers have five seconds to link up with their buddies. Good Rangers don't have to scramble across the pool. They stay close to each other. Buddies enter and leave the swimming

area together to insure no one is left on the bottom of the pool.

When camping, Royal Rangers are often paired up in tents. No one wants to sleep in the same tent with a smelly, loud-mouthed, or selfish camper. Those characteristics don't make a good Ranger Buddy, either.

Royal Rangers should not hike alone. They should not go to pick up the camp food, invite the campsite guest, or fill the water jug alone. Two Rangers can more easily carry the load. Usually two heads can better find the way. If one Ranger is hurt, a buddy can provide first aid or get help. Even the anti-crime dog says, "Don't walk alone."

Royal Rangers may also rappel, canoe, boat, road hike, or rock climb. Buddies make dangerous activities safer. Royal Ranger buddies should also know how to watch for frostbite, sunburn, heat exhaustion, and dangerous conditions.

Royal Ranger Buddies must be loyal friends. Heat, boredom, or hard work should not distract a



Ranger Buddy from vigilance. Buddies must not fight, lie, or accuse each other. They should not be jealous of one another's success or awards. A Ranger Buddy will protect his companion from danger and be the one to help when he's in trouble.

Where do you find a Ranger Buddy you can depend on, and who will work well with you? Every real Royal Ranger has all the characteristics of a good Ranger Buddy because he lives by the Ranger Code. Some buddies are assigned by the Commander or the Patrol Guide as tent mates and on the Duty Roster. Friends and compatible workers are routinely assigned together. While some Ranger Buddies may first meet at Royal Rangers meetings or activities, others are neighbors and friends. Most Royal Rangers will have many Ranger Buddies throughout their years in the Royal Rangers Ministry.

Many older Rangers, and even commanders, remember the fun





they have had with their Ranger Buddies. They can tell of the times their buddies prevented a serious accident or helped them when they were in the worst kind of trouble. Commanders tell how valuable a friend is who will support their leadership. Their friendship continues even if one moves away. They stay in touch by mail or phone.

The Bible tells of many sets of Ranger Buddies. Joshua and Caleb supported each other in their attempt to persuade the Israelites to enter the Promised Land. Forty years later, after all the doubters died, they each took a turn as leader of the nation.

Prince Jonathan, with his assigned buddy, an armor bearer, conquered an enemy city. Later, Jonathan saved the life of his chosen Ranger Buddy, David, and gladly surrendered the kingship to him. Andrew brought his buddy and brother Peter to meet Jesus.

Some day each Royal Ranger will stand in final inspection before the Master Ranger. The Rangers will not be wearing their Royal Ranger uniforms. They will be wearing the Christian uniforms: spotless white robe. One of the questions Jesus may ask each Ranger is, "Did you bring your Ranger Buddy with you?" Although each person must decide for himself whether he will ask for his sins to be forgiven, Ranger Buddies do tell each other how to get to heaven. Ranger Buddies keep each other going to church. They pray for their buddies and help them stay Christians. I hope to see Ranger Buddies, and even whole outposts of Ranger Buddies, standing near each other as they hear the words, "Well done, my good and faithful servants!" ■

Seeds Will Sprout—in Plastic?

by Janet M. Taylor

This experiment and fascinating illustration of Genesis 1:11 and 12 can be done as a Royal Rangers project. It is simple, inexpensive, yet very informative. It's called the "plastic bag germinator"!

For setup, fold and place a paper towel inside a plastic bag. Place a row of staples across the bag about 2 inches from the bottom. Place two or three of two kinds of seeds (soaked overnight) in the bag along the row of staples. Then add a small amount of water slowly to the bottom of the bag. This will saturate the toweling and provide moisture for the seeds.

Next, the plastic bag must be folded across the top and stapled or taped down. The zip/lock style bag can be pressed shut. This will prevent early evaporation. On a piece of masking tape, print the Royal Ranger's name and place it on the bag. The bag may be tacked on the Royal Rangers' bulletin board at church, or taken home to be observed.

After setup, the closed bags seldom need watering. Seeds will begin to grow at different rates, just as some plants grow faster than others. Marigold and pea seeds germinate before corn and bean seeds. After spouting, a small opening may be made at the top of the bag to allow the shoot room to grow. Extra water is needed if this is done.

Now the close observation begins! Royal Rangers get to observe that "What you seed is what you get!" Genesis 1:12 states, "The land produced vegetation: plants bearing seed according to their kinds and trees bearing fruit with seed in it according to their kinds. And God saw that it was good" (NIV). The pea seed will produce a pea plant. The bean plant will not grow a carrot!

Growth rates may also be observed. Young boys may want to do things ahead of time, before they are mature enough or strong enough for a special task. Even in nature growth

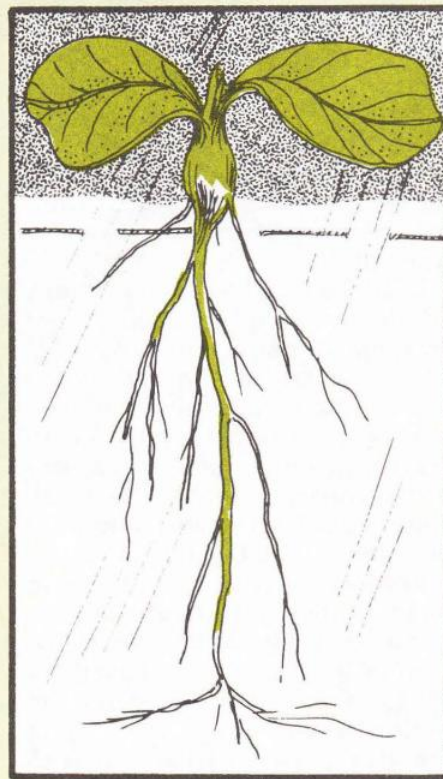
seems uneven; yet with proper care and nourishment, nature will bear its fruit at the appointed time, just as that Royal Ranger will become a fine young man as he commits his life to Christ.

As a Royal Rangers activity, the initial growth of the roots, stems, and leaves can be observed in the embryo plant. Seed coats, cotyledons, roots, stems, and leaves can be identified.

The visible roots may provide an important lesson. Without roots there would be no nourishment. Watching those roots grow in the see-through plastic bag reminds us that we all need "see-through roots"! Do we nourish ourselves by daily Bible reading, reaching deeply into the Water of Life? Can others observe our doing it?

Finally, the overgrown plant can teach a young Ranger that "the grass withers and the flowers fall, but the word of our God stands forever" (Isaiah 40:8, NIV). And we who are so much more than plants to our Heavenly Father are told specifically not to worry about what to eat, drink, or wear. We are told to seek first His kingdom (Matthew 6:28-33).

The plastic bag germinator can be an excellent tool to improve a Royal Ranger's observation skills while teaching him principles of the Christian life, God's creation and extraordinary design! ■



AMERICA'S FREEDOM

Mr. Independence himself was interested in everything from astronomy to religious freedom

by Hayward Hensley

With his quill pens and scholarly judgment, Thomas Jefferson was a superstar in the great American drama of 1776. He was a genius of the highest rank, the like of which has not been seen in the Congress or White House ever since.

Jefferson's authorship of the Declaration of Independence, America's most important document, might seem achievement enough for any man. But for colonial America's top writer and statesman, it was only the beginning of many extraordinary accomplishments.

His interests ranged far and wide, running the gamut of law, botany, astronomy, architecture, invention, and literature. His prolific pen turned out millions of words without the benefit of a secretary or typewriter.

In addition to his literary genius, consider some of Jefferson's other accomplishments. He served his country as engineer of the *Louisiana Purchase*, founder of the University of Virginia, minister to France, governor of Virginia, our first secretary of state, vice president under John Adams, and third president of the United States.

Yes, "Achievement" should have been Thomas Jefferson's middle name. Even his hobbies were extraordinary. He could calculate an eclipse, break a horse, and play the violin. He was also a collector of literature. His 10,000 volumes

formed the nucleus of the Library of Congress.

Jefferson spent his long and active political life trying to secure for his fellowmen and their descendants liberty, religious toleration, and education. His feelings were exceptionally strong on matters of

"He could calculate an eclipse, break a horse, and play the violin"

education. "If the children are untaught," he wrote, "their ignorance and vices will, in future life, cost us much dearer in their consequences than it would have done in their correction by a good education. He also called bigotry "the disease of ignorance, of morbid minds," and said that, "education and free discussion are the antidotes of both."

In his fight for religious freedom he said, "I have considered religion

as a matter between every man and his Maker, in which no other, and far less the public, has a right to intermeddle."

July 4, 1826, was a sad day for America. On that Independence Day Thomas Jefferson, the man who had been most able, dedicated, and involved in securing American independence, died.

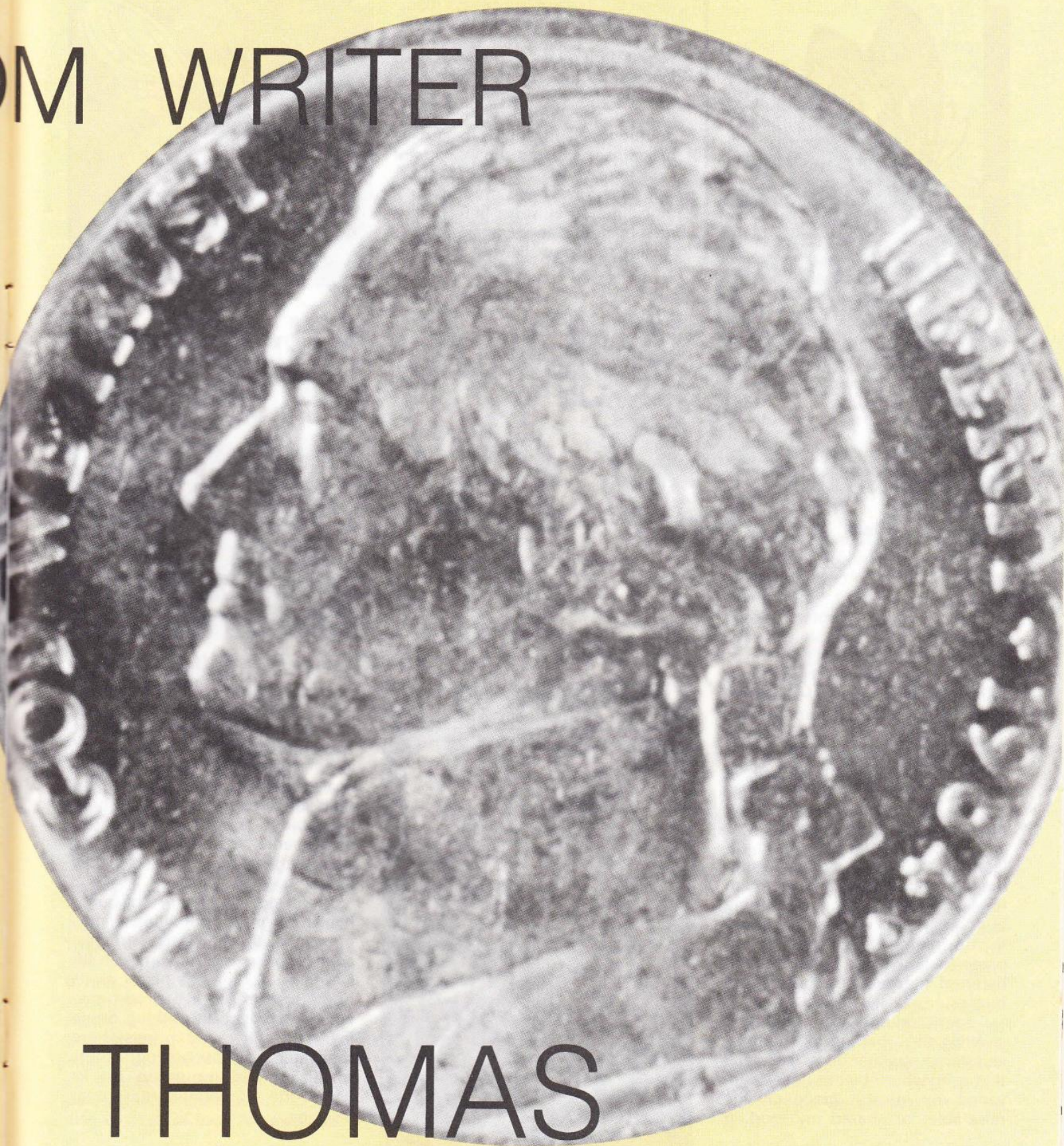
Carved in stone on the Jefferson Memorial, the great man's words express his attitude in a nutshell: "I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

It is particularly appropriate to think of Thomas Jefferson this Independence Day, as America struggles with some of its most serious and baffling problems in 121 years of independence.

America—and the world—needs the wise and understanding council Thomas Jefferson could give.

I believe that President John F. Kennedy paid the most fitting tribute to America's Freedom Writer at a White House dinner honoring Nobel Prize winners in the Western Hemisphere: "I think," said Mr. Kennedy, "that this is the most extraordinary collection of talent, of human knowledge, that has ever been gathered together at the White House—with the possible exception of when Thomas Jefferson dined alone." ■

OM WRITER



THOMAS JEFFERSON



wasn't until recently, however, that I began to look upon God's little six-legged creatures with a great deal of awe and respect. Their uniqueness and ability to survive make insects extraordinary parts of God's creation.

Insects have been around for a long time. They were here before man made his appearance.

Nine-tenths of all living creatures



STRANGE SURVIVORS

Bugs have shorter lifespans than other animals, but they may be able to survive nuclear war.

by E. G. Houston

Insects provided me with many hours of entertainment when I was a child. I spent a lot of time during the summer months watching ants and chasing butterflies. Thoughtlessly, I used to tie strings around the legs of June bugs and use them for living kites. I caught lightning bugs, put them in jars, and watched their twinkling glow. I caught bumblebees in hollyhock blossoms and listened gleefully to their angry buzzes.

I spent equally as much time swatting flies, batting mosquitoes, and stomping water bugs. It seemed that everywhere I went, insects invaded my privacy, made my life miserable, or shared my food. It



on the face of the earth are insects. There are more different kinds of insects than there are plants and animals added together. In size, insects range from microscopic beetles, able to crawl through the eye of a needle, to the giant walking stick that can reach fifteen inches in length.

The insect is a creature of queer habits and amazing abilities. In proportion to its size, it is the strongest animal on earth. A tiny ant can lift a weight 50 times as heavy as its body. Insects can live almost anywhere on practically nothing. Some live in the mud of hot springs where the water is almost boiling; others dwell in cold mountain cracks where the temperature stays near freezing.

An insect breathes, but it has no lungs. It smells, but it has no nose. It can hear, but it has no ears on its head. Its heart pumps blood, but it often reverses and pumps backwards. Its skeleton is outside its body and often changes from week to week. Unlike other living creatures, the offspring often bears no resemblance to its parents. Some insects seem to have only four pur-



poses for being on earth—to be born, to mate, to reproduce, and to die—all of which they may do in one day. In fact, the life span of many insects is so short that there is no time for learning. They behave instinctively in most of the things they do. The insect knows virtually as much on the day it is born as on the day it dies.

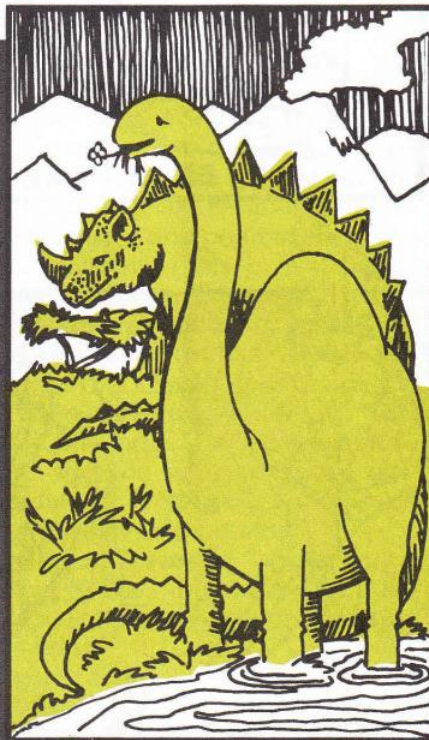
It is common knowledge that insects play an important part in the pollination of flowers. A large majority of insects spend most of their lives waiting on flowers—fetching and carrying pollen in return for nectar. There would be practically no crops without them. Without their presence the earth would be littered with decaying corpses of animals and birds, because insects act as scavengers, eating and even burying dead animals. Insects are also sources of food for many ani-

mals. Some people even consider them a delicious treat. All the honey, all the silk, and all the shellac in the world come from insects.

Despite the good that insects contribute to our world, we are constantly at war with them. They annoy us, bite us, and infest us with diseases. They destroy our crops, attack our livestock and pets, invade our homes, and damage our property. It is estimated that the damage caused by insects runs into the billions of dollars yearly. However, only a few of the more than 600,000 species are known to be enemies of man.

Fortunately, the insect world is divided against itself. More than half the insects prey upon other insects. Their world is a world of endless

*“the insect is
the strongest
animal on
earth”*



struggle. The balance of nature keeps them well under control.

We cannot ignore insects. We cannot dismiss them as insignificant little pests that we could well live without. We are far superior to



them; we can crush them between a thumb and finger. However, we must acknowledge with utmost fascination their unusual ability to endure. That, too, is a kind of strength. Down through the ages, insects have struggled to survive and have succeeded. They have adapted themselves to almost all types of living conditions, which is more than we can say for the dinosaur. Many insects have even developed resistance to pesticides. Some scientists believe if man were so foolish as to destroy the human race with nuclear weapons, insects would still survive. Their endurance is a tremendous success story.

Nature provides us with numerous success stories—exemplary blueprints to aid us in facing life with courage and fortitude. The ability to adapt quickly to change is a life-saving attribute. It has strengthened the insects' successful struggle for survival. In spite of our limited knowledge of their mysterious world, facing inevitable changes with faith in God is one great lesson we can learn from insects. ■

THE WET WAR

by Chris Low

Each team must have an equal number of participants.

EQUIPMENT REQUIRED:

- (1) plastic bags punched with many holes.
- (2) big bottles of equal size.
- (3) big pail containing water.

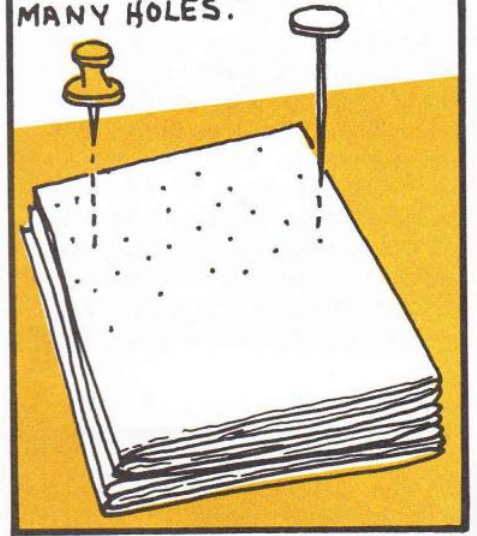
HOW THE GAME IS PLAYED:

One member of the team will take an empty bottle with him and squat down with the bottle on his head at a distance of about 50m from his teammates. The rest of the team will line up in a row with a pail of water in front of them.

Once the whistle is blown for start, the first member will scoop water from the pail with a plastic bag. When the bag is filled, he places plastic bags over his head and runs toward the member who is squatting. He then transfers the water over to the bottle. The bottle must remain on the head at all times. The member will then run back with the plastic bag to the next player.

This will continue until the winning team fills the bottle full of water.

POKE A STACK OF PLASTIC BAGS WITH A PUSH PIN OR A SHARP NAIL, MAKING MANY HOLES.



PLASTIC JAR OR BOTTLE FOR HOLDING ON SQUATTERS HEAD

PAIL OF WATER

PLASTIC BAG POKED FULL OF HOLES



Lunch on the TRAIL

by John Eller

Lunchtime on the trail should not be a time-consuming experience. Usually there are many hills to climb before sundown. Don't let your trail lunch get you off course or off schedule.

Forget about utensils! Noonday meals are best cooked on the trail without utensils, while the really big meal at evening requires the mess kit. With proper planning, you should never need to waste time in the middle of the day washing dishes.

Many meals can be cooked without pots and pans. We all know about the convenience of kabobs. The best ones alternate meat chunks with vegetables on a green stick. Add to this menu bread and butter, raw carrot strips, and "lotsmores."

Hamburgers can be cooked on a forked stick with smaller sticks worked around the fork to form a grill. Add to this menu buns, whole tomato, and "s'mores."

Ever try steak on a spit? There is none better! Just use a green stick with two forked sticks in the ground. It will make your mouth water!

"Lotsmores" are made with marshmallows and chocolate bars. Sharpen a slender stick on one end. Partially slit the marshmallows through the middle. Insert a small square of chocolate. Put it on the stick and toast slowly over the coals. When your marshmallow is thoroughly brown, the chocolate should be melted. (You will want lots more of these; hence their name.)

"S'mores" are made with marshmallows, graham crackers, and chocolate bars. Sandwich chocolate between two crackers. Toast marshmallow slowly over coals, then add to the sandwich on top of the chocolate and press. (Chocolate-covered grahams are even better, and you won't need the candy bar.)



Mock angel food requires a loaf of bread, Eagle Brand milk, and shredded coconut.

Trim crust from the bread. Cut the center into cubes about 1½ inches square. Dip quickly into the condensed milk, sprinkle with coconut, place on a pointed stick, and toast over the coals.

Baked bananas are good when thrown right on the hot coals. Turn occasionally until the skins are black. This usually takes about 10 minutes. Remove the skins from only one side, add melted butter, and sprinkle with sugar. Eat immediately. Cold baked bananas are worse than cold potatoes!

If lunch leaves an "empty spot," plan your evening meal with utensils. Here are a couple of good suggestions:

Camp Chili

Needed:

- ¼ lb. bacon
- 1 lb. hamburger
- 1 large onion
- 1 can kidney beans

- 1 can cream of tomato soup
- 3 tablespoons chili powder
- salt and pepper

Dice the bacon and fry until crisp. Remove bacon and put in the kettle. Chop onion and add to kettle. Fry hamburger until done (keep stirring). Add hamburger, then dump in everything else. Cook 20 minutes.

Corn Chowder

Needed:

- ½ lb. bacon
- 4 medium potatoes
- 1 can tomatoes
- 2 cans corn
- 1 onion
- salt and pepper

Cube potatoes and boil in 4 cups of water. Meanwhile, dice bacon and fry until crisp. Remove bacon and fry onions in the same grease until they're golden brown. When done, add potatoes and bacon to onions; put them in with the corn and tomatoes. Add salt and pepper to taste. Boil about 15 minutes.

Meals on trails can be fun! ■

PLANS FOR A ROYAL RANGERS PATROL CHEST

by Don Bixler

A well-equipped patrol chest can make the difference between an enjoyable camping experience and a miserable, unorganized event that you wish you could forget. Like most new outposts' first campout, we soon found out we needed to be better organized and better equipped for our campouts.

During the weeks prior to our first campout almost twenty years ago, we had gathered up all of the items we thought we might need on the campout. Then on the day of departure we loaded them all in the back of a pickup truck and headed for the campsite. The boys and most of the leaders rode in the church bus, with a couple of leaders responsible for getting the equipment there.

Once the equipment was unloaded, and when the campsites for each age group were being set up, chaos, confusion, and criticism began to prevail. "Why do the Trail Rangers have three shovels and we don't have any?" wailed the Pioneers and Trailblazers.

"Don't use a hand axe to drive the tent pegs!" scolded the Trailblazer commander.

"The Pioneers have all of the hammers," moaned the Trailblazers.

"Use a bow saw instead of a hand axe to cut up that dead limb," cautioned the Trail Ranger commander.

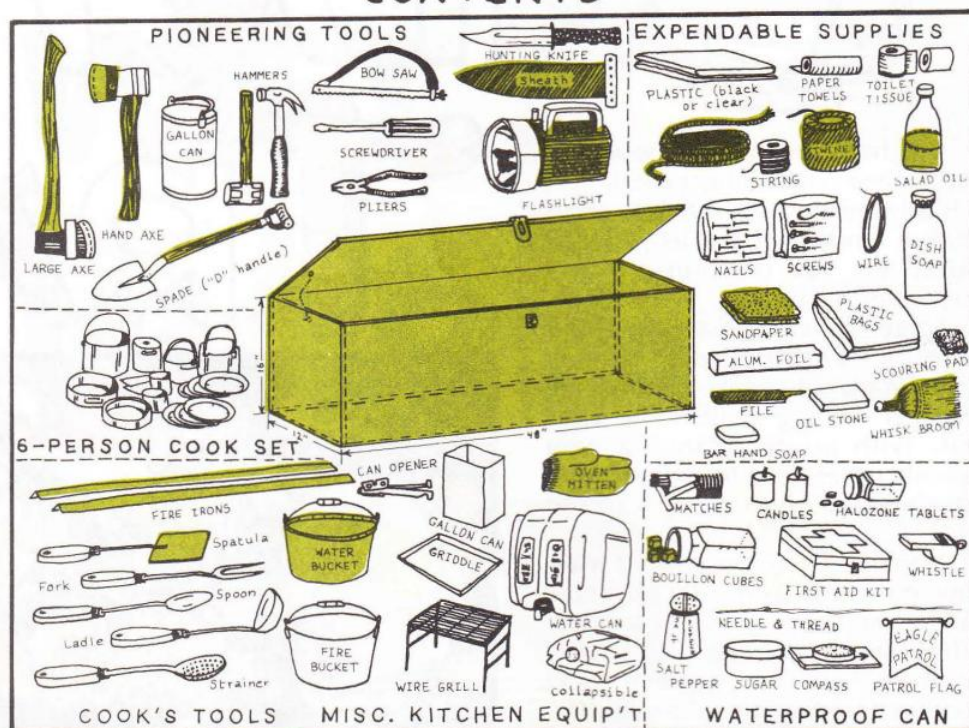
"I couldn't find a bow saw," replied the irritated Trail Ranger.

"Oh . . . I guess we forgot to get them out of the room before we left," stuttered the embarrassed commander.

And so on and on it went, one "event" after another.

Out of this horrible experience grew the idea for a patrol chest, described here. Three patrol chests 12" wide, 16" high, and 48" long can be made from two pieces of 1/2-inch plywood and a small section of 3/4-inch plywood (see illustration, figure 1). Be sure to follow the instructional notes in the illustration, such as gluing the joints (preferably with a waterproof resin glue). ■

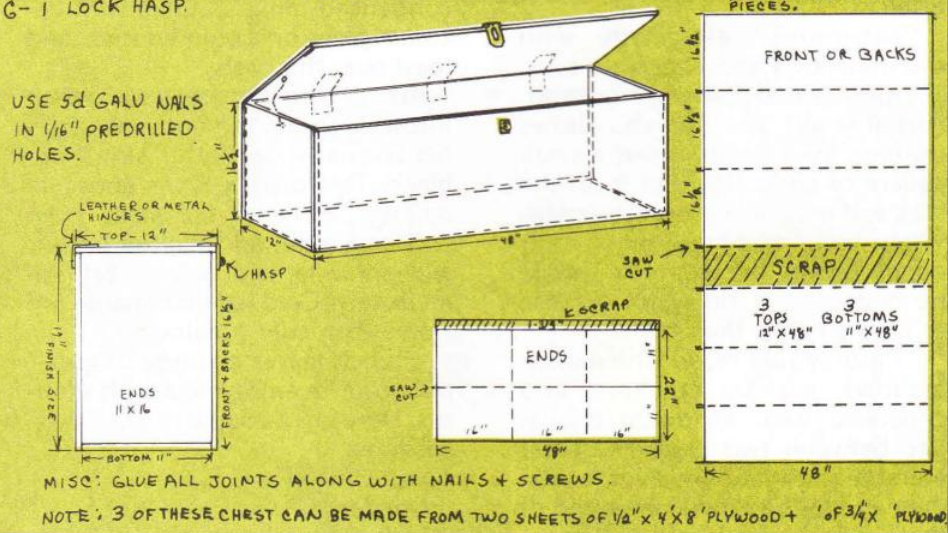
CONTENTS



LIST OF MATERIALS

- A- 2 PIECES 3/4" X 11" X 16" PLYWOOD FOR THE ENDS.
- B- 2 PIECES 1/2" X 16" X 48" A/C FIR PLYWOOD FOR FRONT AND BACK.
- C- 2 PIECES 1/2" X 12" X 48" A/C FIR PLYWOOD FOR TOP AND BOTTOM.
- D- 2 PIECES DOOR PULLS FOR HANDLE ON EACH END.
- E- 1 PIECE CHAIN W/ SCREWS FOR LID CONTROL.
- F- 3 PIECES 4" STRAP HINGES
- G- 1 LOCK HASP.

TO ACQUIRE PARTS FOR 3 CHEST USE:
1 PIECE 3/4" X 2 X 9'
25 SHEETS 3/4" X 4 X 8'
A/C FIR PLYWOOD
CUT AS FOLLOWS
ALLOWING APPROX. 1/2" FOR SAW CUT BETWEEN PIECES.



A Fish Finder

by Marilyn Senterfitt

Fish abound in the fresh and salt waters of the world.

There are 28 hidden in this word find. They are swimming up, down, across, backwards, and diagonally!

ANGEL	FLOUNDER	SHEEPSHEAD
BASS	GROUPE	SHINER
BLUE	MACKEREL	SPECK
BREAM	MARLIN	STUMPKNCKER
CARP	MINNOW	TARPON
CAT	PILOT	TROUT
COD	RED	TUNA
DARTER	SALMON	WHITING
DEVIL	SHAD	
DRUM	SHARK	

F	I	B	A	S	S	N	I	L	R	A	M
A	T	R	O	U	T	E	N	B	L	U	E
D	R	E	D	N	U	O	L	F	R	W	A
A	D	A	H	S	M	P	E	D	E	H	I
E	L	M	N	O	P	R	A	T	P	I	R
H	S	H	A	R	K	A	N	O	U	T	C
S	A	L	M	O	N	C	U	L	O	I	A
P	M	I	N	N	O	W	T	I	R	N	T
E	A	S	P	E	C	K	A	P	G	G	I
E	A	M	A	C	K	E	R	E	L	O	R
H	D	A	R	T	E	R	L	I	V	E	D
S	H	I	N	E	R	A	C	O	D	L	M

Answers on page 15

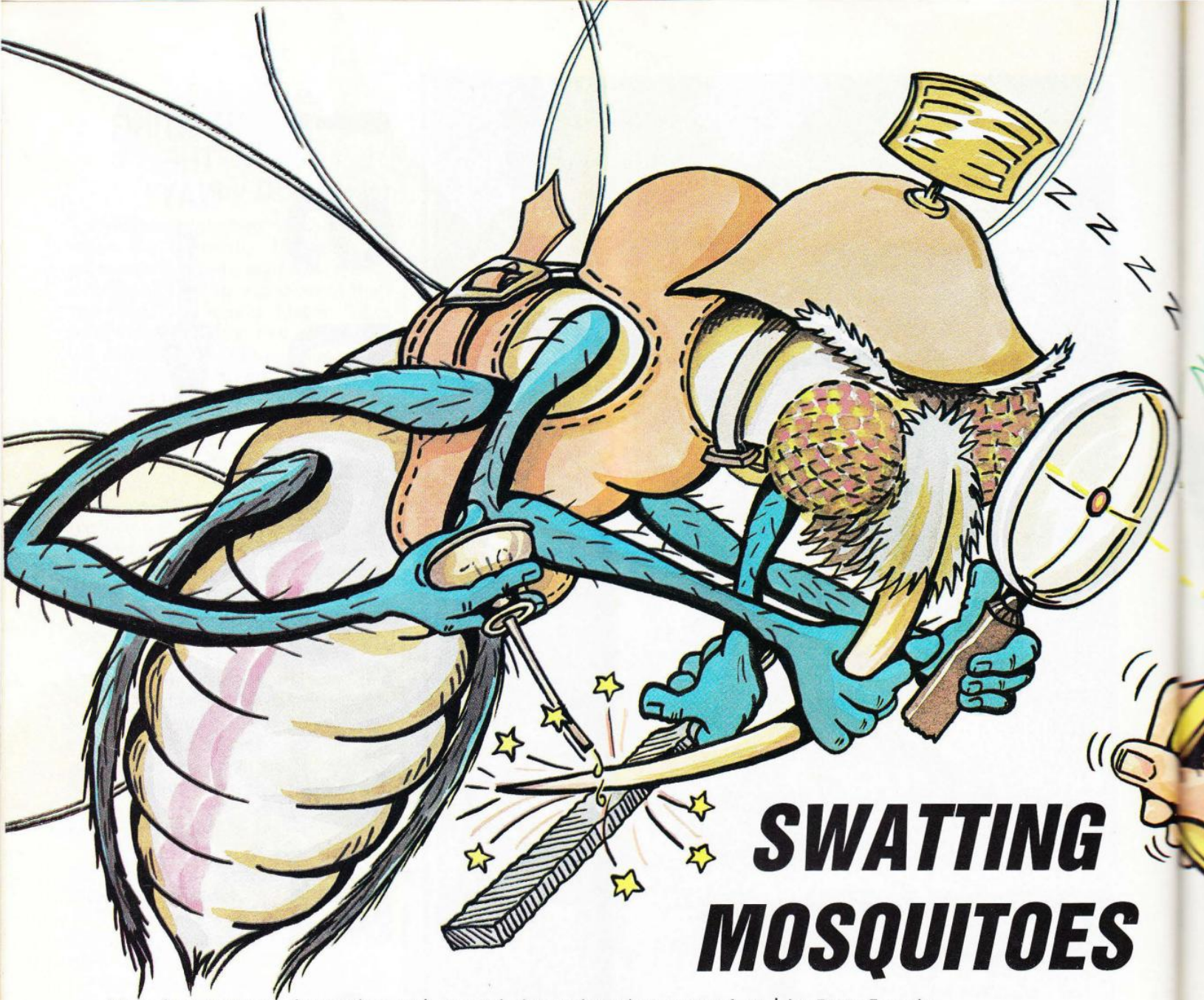
RENDZVOUS!

"POINTING
THE
WAY"



JUNE 28-
JULY 2
1988

EAGLE ROCK,
MISSOURI



SWATTING MOSQUITOES

by Betty Francis

It's a hot summer day and your temper is ready to flare. There's a mosquito buzzing around you; he's already left one red welt and is coming in for another sting. Swat! On your arm is one dead mosquito. "That'll teach you to fool with me," you smirk, as a satisfied look crosses your face.

While this direct retaliation against the source of your anger is acceptable in this instance, it's about the only one that is—if you're a Christian. Christians know that, in day-to-day relationships, to take revenge is a sin and, furthermore, to let anger be your master is compounding your guilt.

So what did you do when a friend(?) made a snide remark about you? Or what about the time you lost your temper while you argued with your sister? Or how about when you were seething inside after your parents

grounded you for what seemed an unjust cause?

Three things should be emphasized at this point. Anger is inevitable. Not only that, but anger is necessary if you are to grow emotionally and help bring about social change. Anger must be expressed. This means learning ways to master your anger and let it serve you.

It's OK to be angry; what you do with your anger is what counts!

The first step is to admit you're angry. Being angry doesn't mean you're bad or sinful or wrong, even if it makes you feel uncomfortable. It's natural for you to be angry at your parents at times, even if they're the most loving, generous parents in the world.

Seething inside over what you consider to be an unjust punishment is suppressing anger. Doctors tell us that keeping all those furies inside

can lead to diseases like high blood pressure and peptic ulcers.

What can you do? How about sitting down with your parents when you are both calm and talking to them in a rational, reasonable way? They probably will be so impressed by your maturity that a solution will be worked out. This is letting your anger work for you!

Thomas Jefferson once said, "When angry count to ten before you speak; if very angry count to one hundred." This goes along with James 1:19, 20: "Everyone should be quick to listen, slow to speak and slow to become angry, for man's anger does not bring about the righteous life that God desires" (New International Version).

If you "forget" yourself and say the first hateful thing that pops into your head during a heated discussion, you'll probably live to regret your hasty words.

Sometimes it's best to run from a searing argument until you're cooled off. Or write letters so hot they're almost curling around the edges, promising not to mail the missiles until you're rational and can edit them carefully.

One way to get the best of anger is to determine why you're angry. If you find yourself blowing off steam at every little annoyance, or finding fault or being disagreeable in general, you can assume that there's

something wrong.

Maybe your older brother is home from college for the summer and you have to share your parents with him, or maybe you've taken on too many after-school activities along with a heavy academic schedule, or your date life is at a standstill. It's surprising how many trivial things can seem to make you angry when what's really bothering you isn't obvious. If you've tried, but still can't get at the root of your anger, it may be the time to seek help from a parent, teacher, minister, or counselor.

If you've been hurt by a friend's snide remark, take that friend aside and explain that his remark hit a sensitive target. He may be unaware of your feelings. If done in a calm way, your explanation will probably bring an apology.

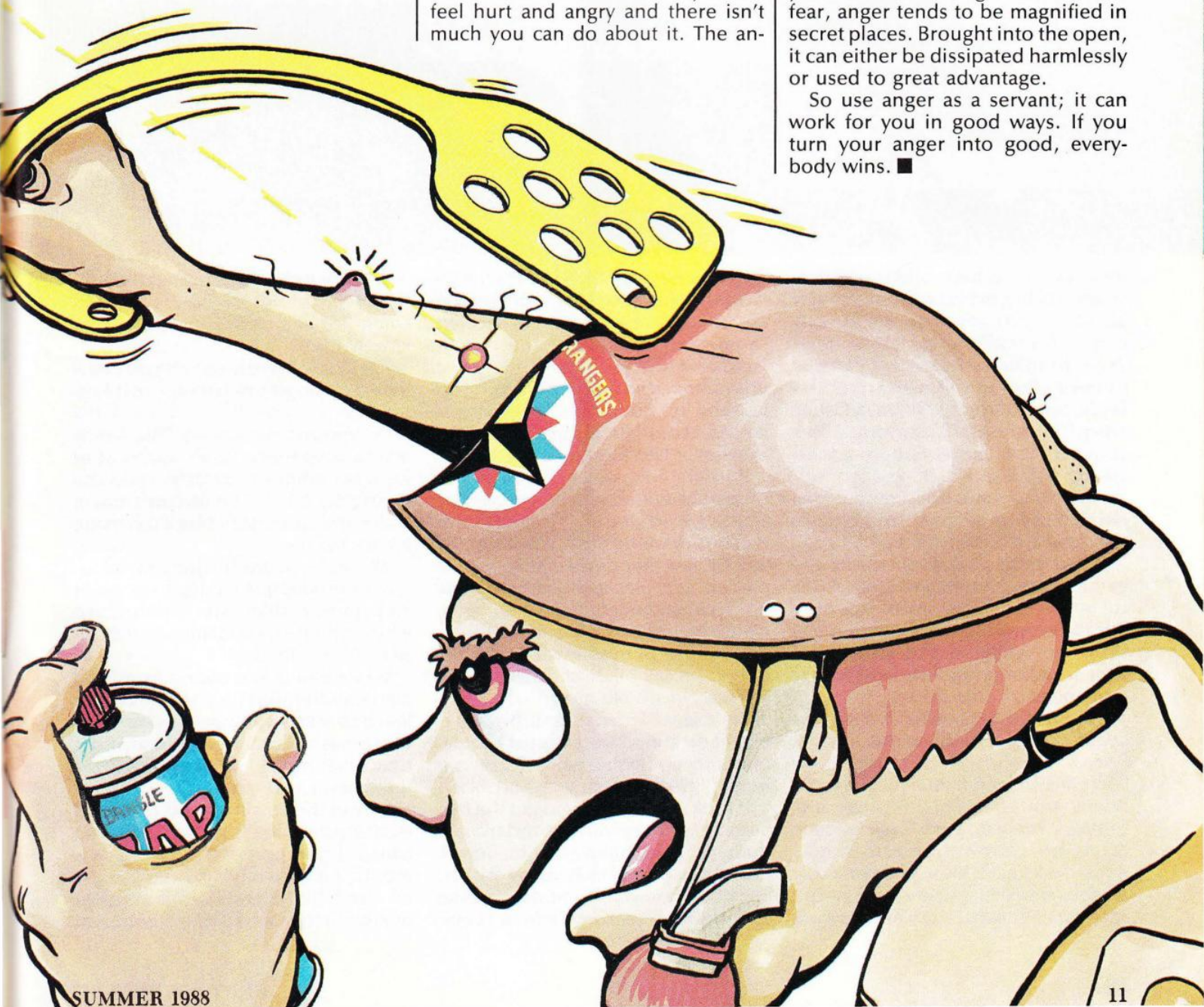
There will be times when you will feel hurt and angry and there isn't much you can do about it. The an-

swer then is to work through your anger in a harmless way. Surprise your mom by cleaning your room from top to bottom, or surprise your dad by washing and waxing the car. Go jogging or play a rousing game of tennis with a friend. All of these things can restore your emotional balance, and you'll probably find you feel better than you did before you became upset.

Another way to soften your furious feelings is to take the long view. Will the remark Harvey made mean anything in the year 2001? Or will the time the kids teased you about wearing two different-colored socks amount to anything but a funny story to tell in later years? Putting things in perspective will water down your temporary discomfort and anger.

Anger is a natural emotion. It gives you the muscle to fight evil. But like fear, anger tends to be magnified in secret places. Brought into the open, it can either be dissipated harmlessly or used to great advantage.

So use anger as a servant; it can work for you in good ways. If you turn your anger into good, everybody wins. ■



Jim Turner saw two things in the window of Ryan's Bike Shop: the large, gold-plated "Pony Express Award Cup," and a reflection of the tanned and impeccably dressed Cecil Bord standing behind his expensive Peugeot street bike.

The sneer on Cecil's face accented his words, "Take a good look, turkey, because that is about as close as you will ever get to it."

His high-pitched laugh cut into Jim. He tried to control himself. "When are you going to grow up, Bord?"

The reflection in the glass leaned

ner and his job at Bortoli's Restaurant, he looked down at the cement sidewalk and wondered what Cecil was doing behind him. The warmth of his pockets could not erase the feel of Cecil Borg's cold, rocklike knuckles in his palm. His steps quickened as he approached the front door of the restaurant. It swung open just as he got there and the tall, lean figure of Lorenzo Bortoli appeared.

"Jim, glad you're here early." There was concern in his voice.

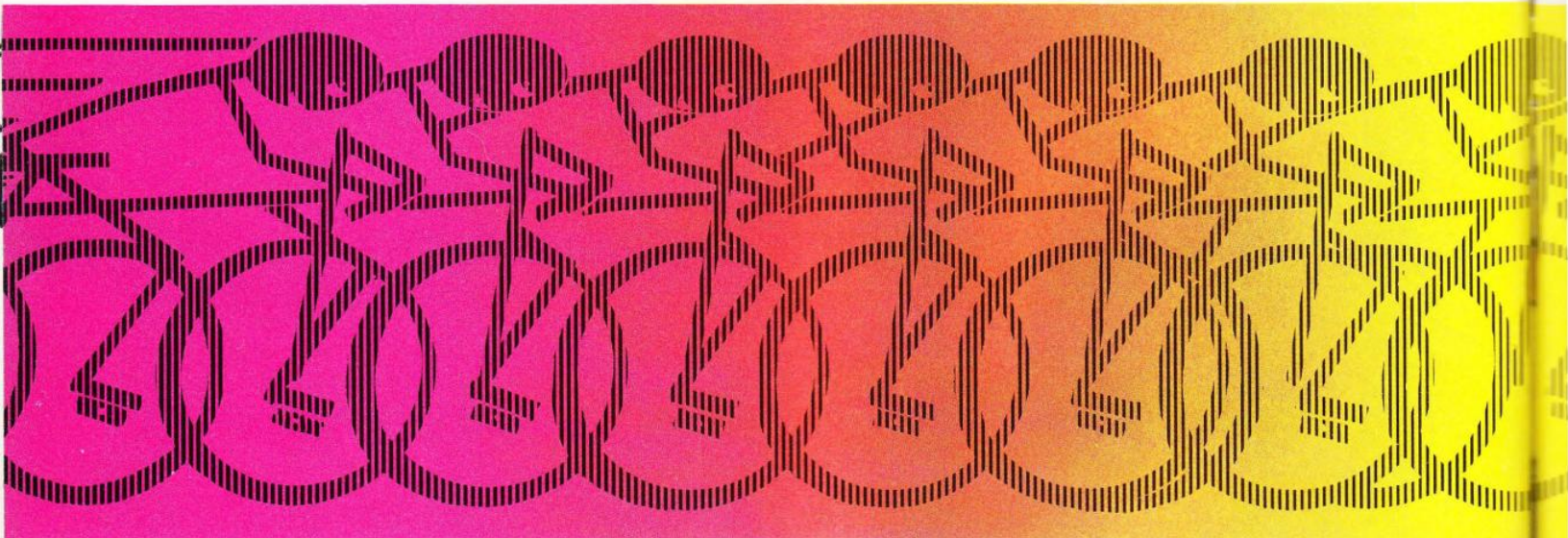
"What's wrong, Mr. Bortoli?"

petition meant to the boy. The bicycle represented days of work and seemingly endless sacrifices, plus the fact that if he did not race, Cecil Bord would never let him forget it.

From the kitchen they surveyed their work. "That does it, Jim. We're just about finished. I am sure all will look much better in the morning." It was Mr. Bortoli's feeble attempt to cheer Jim up.

"Yes, sir," he replied in a flat monotone.

Bortoli looked at the despairing young man. "Look, Jim, why don't



over the thin bike and nervously squeezed the hand brake as though he were trying to choke the life out of it. "Turner," he said scornfully, "you qualified last week on that \$50 can of bolts you call a bike, but the finals on Saturday will be another story." Cecil Bord continued to squeeze the brake handle as he spoke. "That is when we pros will make mashed potatoes out of tin-horns like you." A contrived blonde curl fell across his forehead.

Jim's face became flushed with anger. He spun around and looked Cecil in the eye. The sneer faded as Bord's eyes widened in apprehension. Jim gripped the hand that squeezed the brake lever and held it motionless.

Jim barked the warning, "Bord, I could take you with a rusty Radio Flyer."

Their eyes and hands locked until finally Jim released his grip and turned away in disgust. Cecil was enraged. His narrow eyes burned into Jim's back, and his right hand resumed squeezing the brake grips again. As Jim walked toward the cor-

ner as he shrugged his shoulders and waved his hands dramatically. "Somebody broke into the restaurant last night. What a mess!"

Jim looked inside to find the restaurant in complete disarray. It looked more like a hostile act than burglary. "Did they steal anything?"

Bortoli took a deep breath and clasped his thin hands before his face as though in prayer. "I didn't have much they could steal, but they did take a few imported spices—" he paused and placed his hand gently on Jim's shoulder, "and your *bicicletta*."

Jim couldn't believe it. "They ripped off my bike?" he screamed. "Yes."

Jim's jaw hardened and his angry fist made a loud slap against the flat of his palm. "I should have taken it home," he groaned.

It took several hours to get the restaurant into reasonable order, and during that time Jim and Mr. Bortoli did not exchange too many words. They both knew how much that bike and the 30-mile "Pony Express" com-

you call your mama and tell her you eat with me tonight and I fix us both some 'tortellini e salsa.' You always like that."

Jim liked Lorenzo Bortoli and knew he was trying to make him feel better.

"Come on," he coaxed, "it will only take a little while, and maybe after we have eaten we can talk about the *bicicletta*. OK?" The Italian's warm smile and understanding face made it easy for Jim.

"Sure, Mr. Bortoli," Jim moved toward the kitchen. "I'll phone Mom and set the table." Jim didn't know why, but he was feeling better already.

When dinner was over, Jim did feel a little better, but he knew his problem had not gone away. He also knew there was no way he could afford a new bike, much less get it ready for the race in 4 weeks.

Across the small, square table Mr. Bortoli gently pushed his dinner plate away, then pensively patted his mouth with the napkin and placed it on the table. He looked about furtively as if in fear of being overheard.

Then he leaned toward Jim and whispered, "I know where to get you a good bicycle." He waited for a reaction.

Jim looked up disinterestedly, "I appreciate it, Mr. Bortoli, but you know how I feel about borrowing."

"It would not be borrowed," he affirmed indignantly.

Jim's heart went out to the kindly man. "Some kinds of charity are just as bad——"

"It isn't charity either."

Jim's interest perked, "What is it then?"

portant to me. There is always next year."

He relaxed and thought the matter was closed when suddenly Mr. Bortoli bolted from the chair.

"What's wrong, Mr. Bortoli?"

Lorenzo raised his clenched fists before him. "Maybe they stole my bicycle too!"

Together the two rushed down the wooden stairs to the cool shadowy storage basement below the restaurant. The comforting smell of hanging sausages and spices permeated the room. In a far corner Lorenzo

DREAMBIKE

DREAMBIKE

DREAMBIKE

DREAMBIKE

by Ned Pendergast

Lorenzo sat back in his chair and announced with pride, "I have a *bicicletta* . . . err . . . bicycle."

Jim became more curious, "Tell me about it, Mr. Bortoli."

Lorenzo Bortoli picked up the napkin from the table and wiped his hands as though he were going into surgery. Jim saw an expression on his face that he had never seen before. It was the serious countenance of a man who had something important to say.

"In my old country, the *bicicletta* is a great sport, a serious sport like your football, and many young men do it. When I came to America over 40 years ago, I brought the bicycle with me because it had been a very important part of my life. I dreamed that maybe someday there would be a son and he would become a great *cyclista*—"

Jim saw a faraway look come into Lorenzo's eyes and knew the man was stepping back to a place and time with mixed memories. He felt guilty for having led him this far. "That's OK, Mr. Bortoli, you don't have to talk about it. The bike is not that im-

kicked and pushed cartons aside as he dug his way through boxes half filled with canned groceries and supplies.

Jim found himself praying Lorenzo Bortoli would find whatever he was searching for.

Pale and confused, he turned to the boy. "It's gone! Stolen!" he said bitterly.

"What kind of a box was it, Mr. Bortoli?"

Bortoli was disheartened. "Is not a box, it is a *baullo* . . . er . . . chest, flat and black."

Jim smiled, and Bortoli was offended. "Why are you laughing?"

"Look above your head, on the ceiling, Mr. Bortoli."

Lorenzo looked overhead, and his eyes widened and a broad grin crossed his face. Above him, hanging from the floor joists, was the flat, black chest now covered with a gray dust.

It did not take them long to get it down and start removing the many bicycle parts. The precision handmade hardware felt good in Jim's hands. He loved bikes, and this was

like an unbelievable grab bag. Each part had been carefully packed in a gray felt sack, and within each bag the parts were painstakingly wrapped in thick parchment paper that cracked sharply as it unfolded. A coat of expensive oil proved to be their fountain of youth. The cached parts were as good as new.

Under the main tubular frame Jim found a metal tab stamped, "MORENZINI SPECIALE Numero 324." His heart beat wildly. It was a dream bike, one of the world's finest racing machines. Morenzini had been out of business for over 20 years, but his handmade bicycles were still in demand all over the world.

Jim found it hard to control himself. "Mr. Bortoli, do you know what you have here?" he questioned.

"Is it not good enough for you?" asked Bortoli innocently.

Jim lowered his eyes, "Too good I'm afraid." He pointed with reverence at the disassembled bicycle. "This is a rare and valuable piece of equipment. I can't accept it."

Lorenzo Bortoli pondered a while, then almost reluctantly reached into



the chest. He withdrew an old album and handed it to Jim. "Before you decide, look at this; then we can talk again."

Without waiting for a response, Bortoli climbed the stairs to the restaurant, leaving Jim alone as he turned the dusty cover.

An hour later, Jim emerged from the storage room and "saw" Lorenzo Bortoli for the first time. The newspaper clippings in the scrapbook revealed that at one time Mr. Bortoli had been a cyclist of national rank as well as three-time Olympic Silver Medalist for his adopted country. It also told the story of a father whose sick and frail son died of polio during a time when medical cures were still in the experimental stage.

"Mr. Bortoli," he said, "let's put that Morenzini together and find out if everything they say about it is true."

Bortoli looked at Jim, then at the clock, and knew it was going to be a long night.

Minutes turned to hours, but finally they finished. Jim stood back and looked at the beautiful, sleek, green racer. He could see himself speeding to victory at the Pony Express competition. Jim could also see the young Lorenzo Bortoli astride the black leather seat, and finally, the sad, pale little boy stretching thin legs that were destined never to touch the pedals.

Bortoli's words snapped Jim from his fantasy. "If you want to win, you have to learn. I will teach you." At this point Jim knew good things had started to happen.

They told no one about the bike. At daybreak Lorenzo and Jim smuggled it several miles away to a seldom-used county road east of town. The old man shared all the special knowledge that years of cycling competition had taught. Specialties like low profile, energy conservation, weight to speed ratios, and dozens of other physical and engineering differences Jim learned that told him how little he really knew about competitive cycling.

At that same time, from an obscure hilltop overlooking that particular county road, Cecil Bord watched enviously as Jim Turner and the Morenzini Speciale clocked speeds he

knew could easily win the Pony Express competition.

"You haven't won yet, turkey," he hissed as he squeezed the brake lever with a vengeance.

It was only a day before the race, and when Jim saw the notice posted on the window at Ryan's Bike Shop his heart sank. Inside, the shop was empty except for Ryan Biggs. He looked up from his work. "Hello, Jim. Ready for the race tomorrow?"

The boy pointed to the sign in the window. "What is that all about?"

"It's a new rule the bike committee put in for the race. All it really means is that you have to finish the race on the same bike you qualified with. It's a rule we should have put in years ago. The rule is fair."

Ryan could see Jim was distressed and continued, "You, more than anyone else, can appreciate it. It protects the little guy with one bike and limited resources."

"In this case it eliminates me," mumbled Jim bitterly.

Ryan didn't understand. "What do you mean?"

"My bike was stolen 3 weeks ago and I've been training on Mr. Bortoli's equipment."

The shopkeeper nodded his head knowingly, then snapped his fingers in frustration, "Of course, that explains it! Guess which member of the competition committee suggested the change."

"Tell me," demanded Jim.

Ryan Biggs spoke slowly, "Cedric Bord, Sr.! I should have known. I thought for once he was doing something constructive for all of you instead of just his own kid." Ryan was angry.

"Can we do anything about it? Anything at all?"

"Bord is pretty influential and runs the committee. I'm afraid the rule will stick." He walked around the counter and patted Jim's shoulder, "I'm sorry, Jim. Really."

At home, Jim took a bite from the apple just as the phone rang. It was Ryan Biggs.

"Guess what, Jim. A friend of mine who deals in secondhand bikes over in Ramsey says a kid brought in a bike to sell. When my friend asked him for its registration, the kid said

there was none. It seemed he found the bike while hiking in Wells Canyon and figured he could make a buck by selling it. The bike had my maintenance sticker on the main tube, so he called me to be sure it wasn't stolen." He paused, "I think it's your old bike."

Jim could hardly believe what he was hearing. "I'll pick it up today!" he yelled happily.

Later that day, Jim and Lorenzo Bortoli took the truck to Ramsey and picked up the old bike.

* * *

The race was almost over. Most of the contenders were far behind. At the last mile, Cecil Bord worked hard to maintain his narrow lead. Behind him, riding a modified Cascade, rolled Tom Kearney. Several yards behind Kearney, Jim struggled to shorten the space between himself and the leaders. He shaved two turns dangerously close to the inside while his competitors took them slightly wide. The gap narrowed. Most everyone knows that Barclay Meadows always carried a stiff breeze at this time of day, so Jim arched his body low to maximize dynamics and minimize resistance. The swoosh of air rushed smoothly over him, eventually pushing from the rear. Bord was ready for the breeze, but air friction cost him some speed. Kearney, not as familiar with the course, was caught unawares and fishtailed onto the dirt shoulder, completely out of control as Jim whizzed by.

Jim knew there couldn't be more than 100 yards left to the finish line. He was tired and his leg muscles felt as though they had turned to stone. He could hear the hum of Cecil's Peugeot as it glided smoothly over the asphalt just a few yards ahead of him. Jim gave it everything he had to overtake Bord, and both bikes crossed the finish line at the same time.

That night at the awards dinner Jim knew Cecil would claim victory and would also do his best to embarrass him, but it was different now. Cecil Bord could not hurt him anymore.

Jim remembered what Bortoli had taught him during training, "Men, not machines, win races." ■

A Fish
Solution

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COMEDY
CORNER

A cartoon illustration of a clown with a large red nose, blue eyes, and a green hat with a yellow band and a pink flower. The clown is holding a green and yellow striped stick. The background is yellow.

15

by Paul Morgan

Steve carefully twisted the sharp, barbed hook into a fat, wriggling maggot, and with all the strength of both arms, he cast his line into the river again.

As the bright red and white float bobbed to-and-fro on the rippling water, the thought crossed Steve's mind: *I wonder how that maggot breathes underwater? I'm sure he would rather be somewhere else!*

Somewhere else! Steve's mind temporarily left his new fishing rod as he thought of his Sunday school class, and he realized that he was in

that coming to fish in the river instead of going to Sunday school was deserting Jesus in exactly the same way as the disciples did. Instead of being faithful and loyal to his Sunday school and Royal Rangers' outpost, Steve knew he had hurt Jesus by preferring to go fishing.

"I didn't mean to desert you, Jesus," said Steve to himself, as he sat down on the grassy part of the bank. The fishing rod didn't seem as interesting anymore. Steve knew God wanted him to choose which was the most important thing: a love for Jesus, or a love for fishing?

Steve remembered a Bible verse Bob had told him when they were fishing in the boat. Bob said there was nothing wrong with fishing, but

A Place for Fishing

a different place than where he ought to be. Bob Evans, his Sunday school teacher, would perhaps think Steve was ill, since this was the third week the river bank had been Steve's Sunday morning hideout.

Bob was a good fisherman. He had sometimes taken Steve with him in his little fishing boat, and they'd had great fun paddling up and down the river. Bob always seemed to be the one who caught the fish, but Steve liked riding in the boat anyway. Bob never went fishing on Sundays because he always taught the Sunday school class.

Steve was 12 years old, and liked Sunday school, but it had been so hot during these last few weeks that the thought of the river had been especially attractive.

I had better check my maggot again! Pulling in his line, Steve saw the hook gleam as it came up out of

the water—empty! "Must be intelligent fish here," mumbled Steve, and this time he made the maggot really secure by pushing the hook right into the slimy creature's squirming body.

As the second maggot dived under the surface of the sparkling river, Steve remembered the last Sunday school lesson in Bob's class. Jesus the Son of God, had left His wonderful place of glory in heaven. He came down to earth, to be born and live in this world which isn't nearly so nice as the place from which He came.

Steve thought, *Jesus must have wished He was somewhere else when all His fishermen friends ran away, and left those Roman soldiers to nail Him on a cross to die. I wouldn't have deserted Jesus like that!*

As he looked down on the muddy bank, Steve suddenly understood the truth of his thoughts, and realized

we should seek first of all to serve God and His kingdom, and then all other things would become more enjoyable when they were given second place in our lives.

Pulling in the fishing line, Steve saw that the maggot was gone again. He didn't really mind now, because he had decided that he wasn't going to fish on Sunday morning anymore. He determined to be faithful to his Sunday school and Royal Rangers' outpost from now on.

I'm willing to give God the most important place in my life, thought Steve. *And next week I'll even be early at Sunday school so I can tell Bob I'm not just coming to earn another Rangers award, but I'm coming to be loyal to Jesus.*

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