

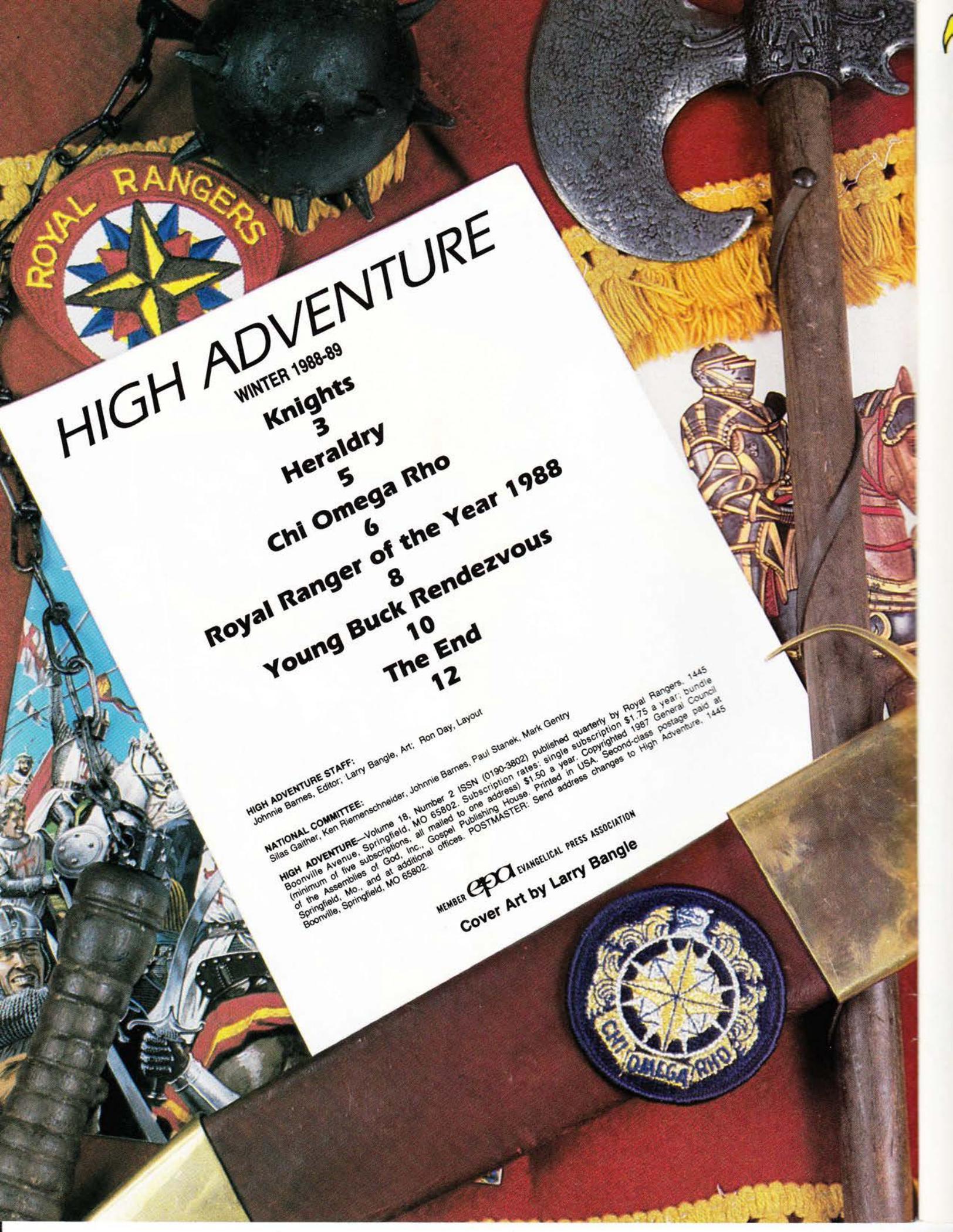
WINTER 1988-89

High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS



LEADERS EDITION



HIGH ADVENTURE

WINTER 1988-89

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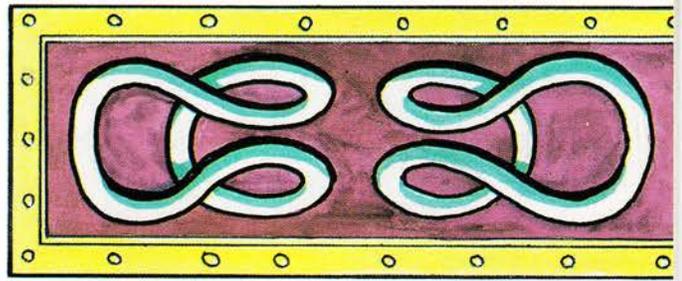
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Cover Art by Larry Bangle



NIGHTS

by Dr. Stephenie Slahor

THE BOOK OF PAGES



The highest honor a fighting soldier could attain was to be made a knight. Very often, a soldier who had performed a deed of heroism and bravery on the battlefield was dubbed then and there by his king and made a knight. But it became apparent that the service of a knight was such that a man might prove himself worthy of the honor even though he was not dubbed so on the battlefield. And so, it became possible for a man to prove himself worthy of the honor and literally work his way from page to knight.

A child was raised by his mother, nurse and other women of the castle until the age of 7 or 8. He was taught to read and possibly to write. When a little older, he was given his very first pony. He learned from that early age, how to ride and how to care for that pony.

Then at age 7 or 8, the boy was given over to the service of a baron or knight. He served in the household and was under the tutelage of his masters to prepare him for the ways of squirehood and knighthood.

The page had simple duties. He was expected to wait on and serve his master's household at meals, run errands, assist the ladies of the household and perform other such tasks.

He was also taught the importance of courtesy. He learned how to bow, to speak only when addressed, and to wait patiently until his services were needed.

His religious education was not neglected. He learned how to live according to Christian principles and morals.

He attended "school" of sorts, but the lessons were in the skills he would need as a squire, then as a knight. He learned how to ride, how to hunt, how to leave and follow a trail so that he would not become lost. He learned the basics of the use of arms—the sword, lance, and shield.

He practiced with a dummy called a "quintain." He rode a wood horse pulled by other boys. The rider held a wooden lance and attempted to hit the quintain or drive a lance through a hole on a piece of board. The page also learned the use of the crossbow.

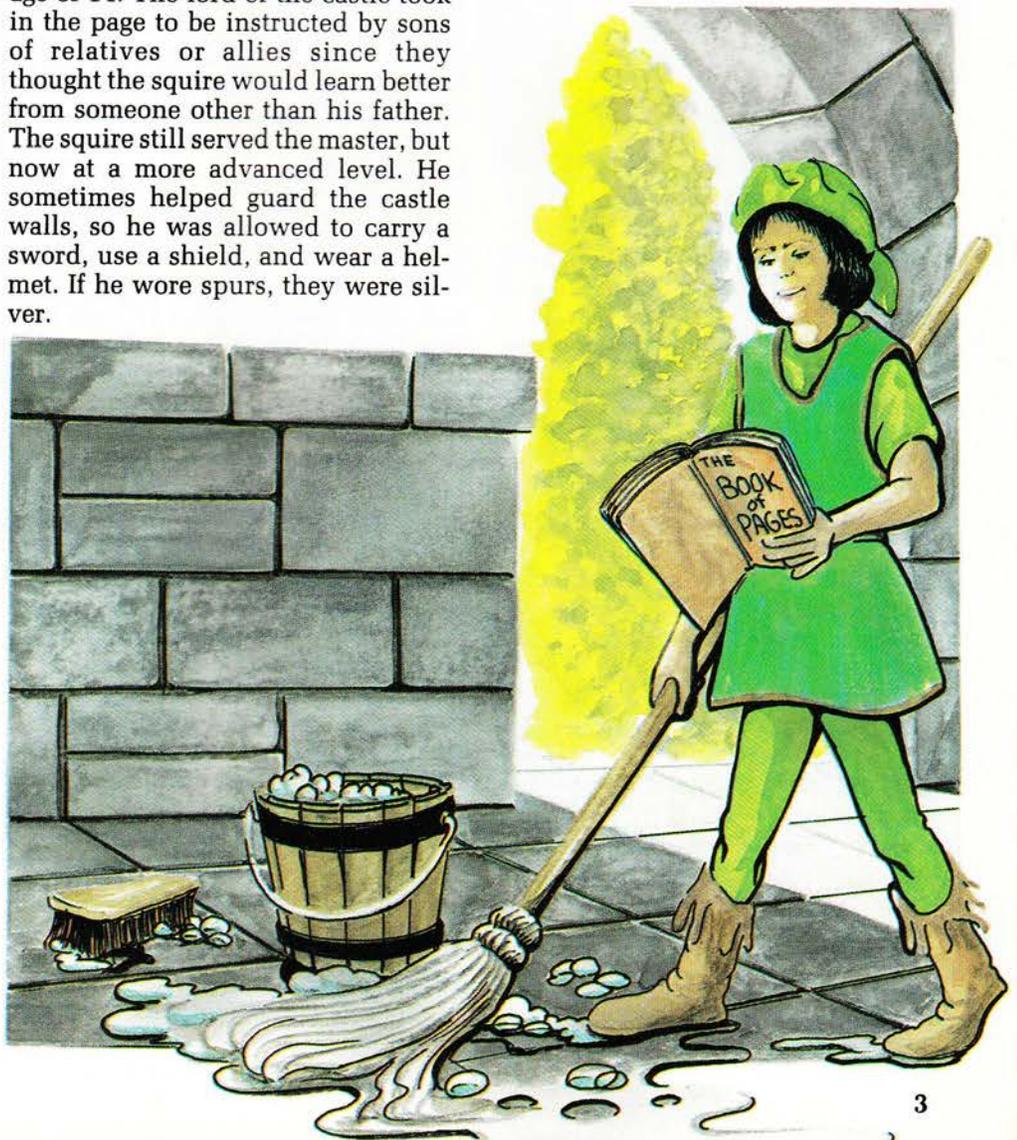
It wasn't all work and no play. The page could play such games as ball, stilts, seesaw, bowls, and checkers.

The worthy youth who learned his lessons well was permitted to progress to the next stage on the road to knighthood by becoming a squire.

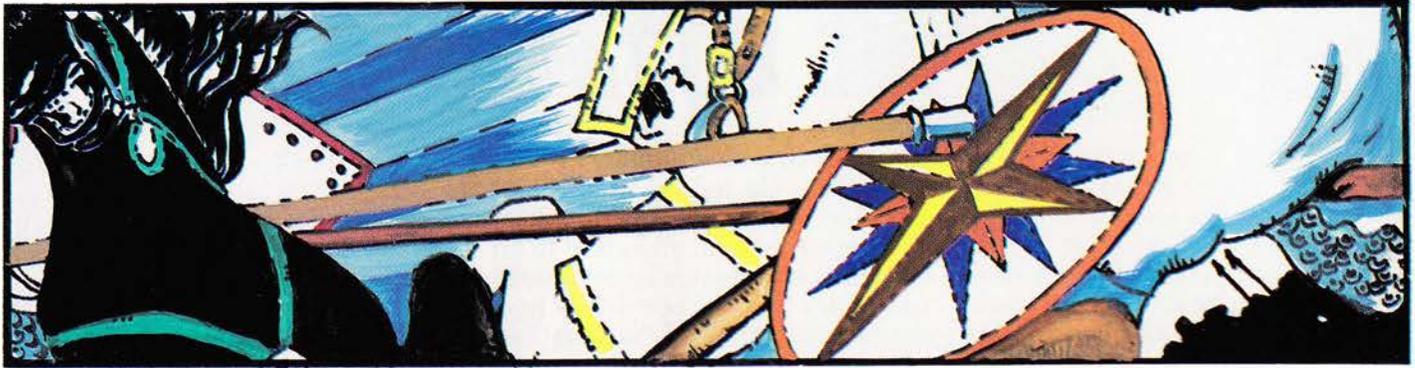
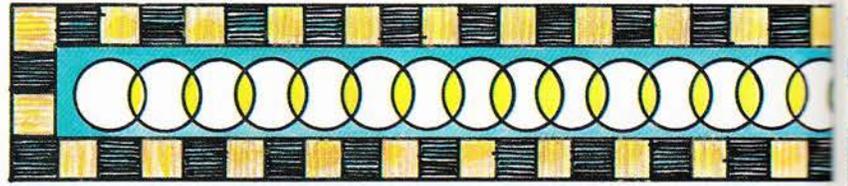
This usually occurred around the age of 14. The lord of the castle took in the page to be instructed by sons of relatives or allies since they thought the squire would learn better from someone other than his father. The squire still served the master, but now at a more advanced level. He sometimes helped guard the castle walls, so he was allowed to carry a sword, use a shield, and wear a helmet. If he wore spurs, they were silver.

His lessons in the arts of hunting and skill at arms continued so that he became a master of horsemanship and fighting. He became expert at the use of the sword and lance.

If the master was called into battle, the squire accompanied him into battle carrying the sword, lance, and shield to serve the master. The squires were sometimes in the second line of defense in battles. The squire helped his master into his armor and kept that armor maintained. He guarded his knight's prisoners until they were ransomed.



K NIGHTS



The squire learned the rules of chivalry so that he knew what code of behavior would be expected of him upon attaining knighthood.

The squire might attain the honor of being known as the "first squire," which meant that he represented his master when greeting visitors to the castle who were of less than equal rank to the master.

He slept across the threshold of the knight's doorway to prevent him from surprise attack during the night.

Culture was also a part of his education. He learned to make conversation, sing, play an instrument, and to appreciate poetry, the arts, and dance.

Mock tournaments and lessons from knights further instructed him in the skills and behavior he had to possess to be a knight. It gave his mentors the opportunity to see if he had the qualities to earn him that honor. The squire spent most of his recreation time in such play as wrestling, fencing, boxing, swimming, chess, checkers, and backgammon. He also practiced wearing armor to build his strength.

His duties also extended to the care of the master's horses, hawks, and dogs, so that he would know and understand the importance of these. Besides being constantly evaluated about his worthiness to be a knight, the squire was expected to prove his readiness by a display of skill at arms or some act of bravery.

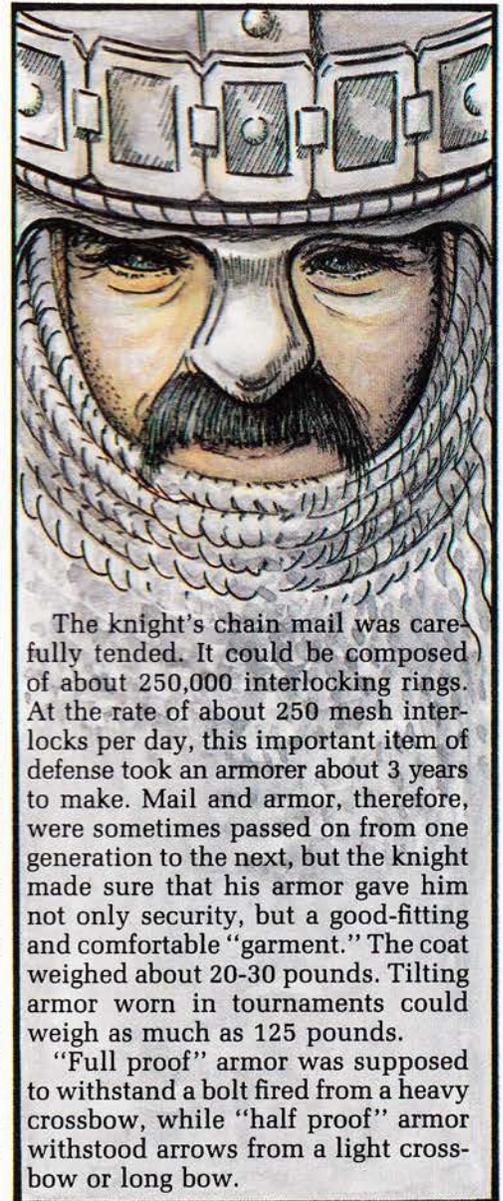
At about the age of 21, the worthy squire was readied for the dubbing ceremony to make him a knight.

His hair was cut to show his humility and he bathed to symbolize washing away his old life and beginning the clean life. He then donned a white tunic. Sometimes the knight-to-be wore black shoes to symbolize death and lay on a bed to symbolize the eternal rest he would gain if he lived a noble life. After a feast, the knight-to-be would observe a strict 24-hour fast.

He recited the rules of chivalry and swore to adhere to them in his life. Then at a "Vigil at Arms" in the chapel he prayed and meditated about his service to God and mankind as a knight. His sword and armor and other weapons were brought before the altar with his helmet and lance. A priest heard his confession and administered Communion. If a bishop performed the dubbing, each weapon or piece of equipment was blessed, then handed, one by one, to the knight-to-be. Only the spurs—golden spurs now—were handed to the knight-to-be by a layman. The bishop then touched the knight-to-be with a sword and fastened it around the knight's waist.

On other occasions, a senior knight or knights might dub the knight-to-be following a sunrise church service.

The older knight handed the initiate his arms and armor. A senior knight gave the "accolade" after the dubbing. The accolade, the blow on the knight's neck, chest, or shoulder, was considered the only blow the knight could not return.



The knight's chain mail was carefully tended. It could be composed of about 250,000 interlocking rings. At the rate of about 250 mesh interlocks per day, this important item of defense took an armorer about 3 years to make. Mail and armor, therefore, were sometimes passed on from one generation to the next, but the knight made sure that his armor gave him not only security, but a good-fitting and comfortable "garment." The coat weighed about 20-30 pounds. Tilting armor worn in tournaments could weigh as much as 125 pounds.

"Full proof" armor was supposed to withstand a bolt fired from a heavy crossbow, while "half proof" armor withstood arrows from a light crossbow or long bow.

The dubbing was usually stated thus, "In the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George, I dub thee knight."

Henceforth, the knight was addressed like all other persons—by his Christian name—but now with the prefix of "Sir" before that name.

Then followed a great feast in celebration of the newest member of the order of knighthood.

The new knight was then allowed to choose his own insignia or coat of arms to identify himself, instead of carrying his former master's identification. Often, the knight's own family coat of arms was used or incorporated.

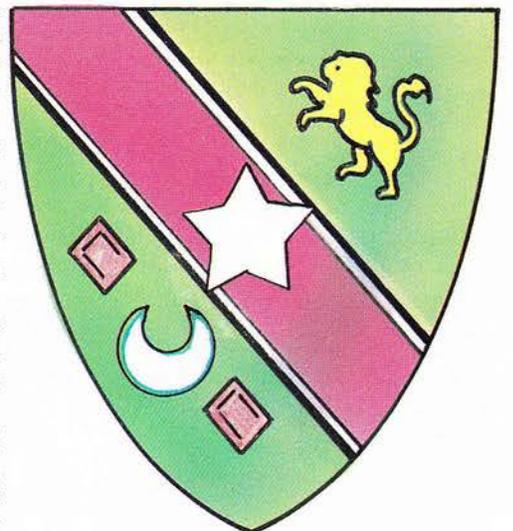
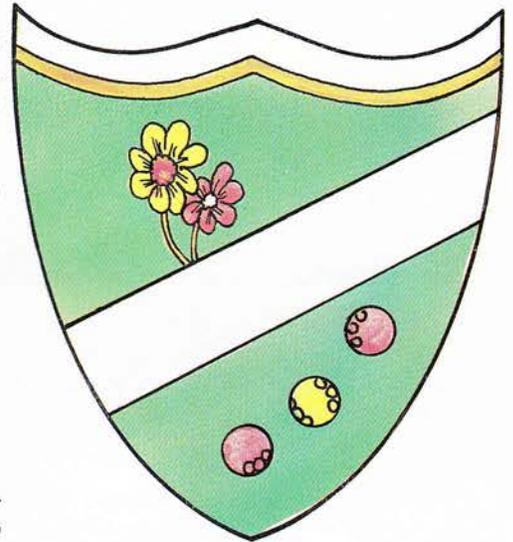
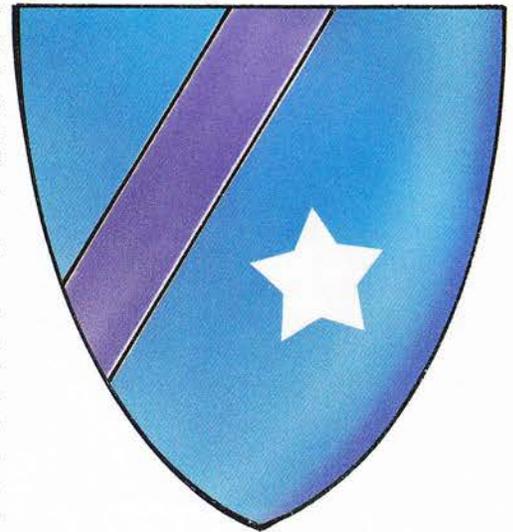
The dubbing was only the beginning of this new life for the knight. He was now bound to the code of chivalry: he must pursue glory, ignore pain or fatigue, not fear death, be generous and fair to his enemies. His most important duty was to the

service of God, using his sword only for good. He was obligated to serve the church and the weak, especially widows, orphans, or the poor. He was honor-bound to treat all ladies with respect. His code required that he help any person who was in distress. He could speak only the truth.

The knight appreciated music, the arts, and poetry.

The knight might have inherited land or been given a fortalice from his family, but often he was not a landowner, instead being a paid retainer to be a noble or the King. Legend says that on St. Stephen's Day, December 26, to show their humility, knights would change places with their pages and squires and wait on and serve them for that day.

The order of knighthood was a great one and many of its precepts remain a part of culture today. It was a serious responsibility given only to those who proved worthy.



Heraldry

by D.A. Woodliff

Imagine for a moment that you are back in the Middle Ages watching a battle. Knights, clad in heavy armor with closed helmet visors concealing their identities, strike out at each other with swords. Their great war horses trample the soil, stirring up clouds of dust that envelop the knights. In the confusion of battle all the knights look alike. Who is friend and who is foe?

Well, the knights' shields have emblems painted upon them. At a glance each knight can be identified by his emblem called "the shield of arms." This same emblem may be embroidered or painted on his surcoat, the cloth coat he wears over his armor, and thus comes the more familiar name of "coat of arms." During battle, a knight's shield serves two important functions: a defense to ward

off weapon attacks and an identifying shield of arms to rally his men to his aid.

Knights choose simple patterns, pictures of animals, birds, monsters, flowers, or even a rebus (word picture) of their names for their identifying coat of arms.

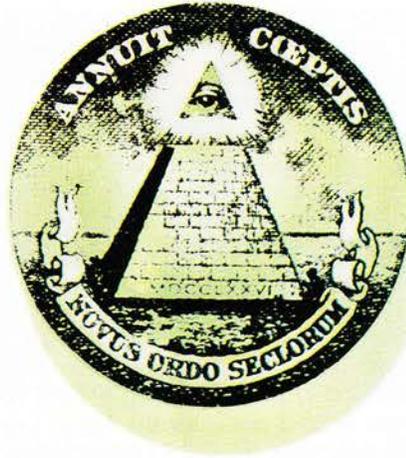
But a problem developed when a knight designed his own coat of arms. Some knights adopted shield patterns and colors so similar that correct identification was confused in battle and in tournaments.

The problem was solved when the kings of various countries appointed their heralds to supervise the designs of all coats of arms.

You can make your own coat of arms. First, draw a shield shape. Then decorate it with animals, plants or objects which describe yourself or your family.

K NIGHTS

The shield, the field upon which armorial designs and insignias were painted, is the only essential element in heraldry. Many coats of arms are embellished with a helm (medieval helmet), a crest above the helm, and mantling (drapery) flowing from beneath the helm, placed above the shield. On either side of the shield may be supporters, usually heraldic animals. Sometimes a scroll bearing a motto was made part of the coat of arms. Today we no longer have knights in armor, but coats of arms are still used by nations, states, churches, schools, and other associations. One of the most familiar coat of arms is that adopted by the United States in 1782.



It is called the Great Seal of the United States and is engraved on every American dollar bill. On the United States coat of arms is the American eagle with a shield upon his chest containing 13 stripes. In one talon he holds an olive branch and in the other talon he holds a bundle of 13 arrows. A scroll in the eagle's beak has the words "e pluribus unum" inscribed upon it. That means "one from many." This American coat of arms tells us in one picture what would take many words to explain.

THE GREAT SEAL of the UNITED STATES is a modern-day herald-look on the back of a dollar bill.

CHI OMEGA RHO KNIGHTS OF SERVICE

Chi Omega Rho. To most people, these words bring a question mark to mind, but to a certain few they are a symbol of pride and honor. These Greek letters stand for "Collegiate Order of Royal Rangers."

The members of Chi Omega Rho are a select cadre of young men in college who are still involved or want to be involved in the Royal Rangers ministry. Chi Omega Rho is not a fraternity, but rather an organization seeking new and better ways to spread and promote Royal Rangers.

Chi Omega Rho members each have their own handbook available through the national office. The handbook describes the Chi Omega Rho ministry.

Because the underlying theme is knighthood, Chi Omega Rho members carefully study medieval lore. Each member chooses a particular character from history and authenticates the character's life-style as closely as possible. For example, if a knight of the Crusades is chosen, the knight's apparel, speech, background, and history would be included in the reconstruction.

There are three advancements in Chi Omega Rho, Knight Esquire, Knight Bachelor, and Knight Baronet. Each knight is required to complete the Leadership Training Course as well as design and construct a medieval style costume.

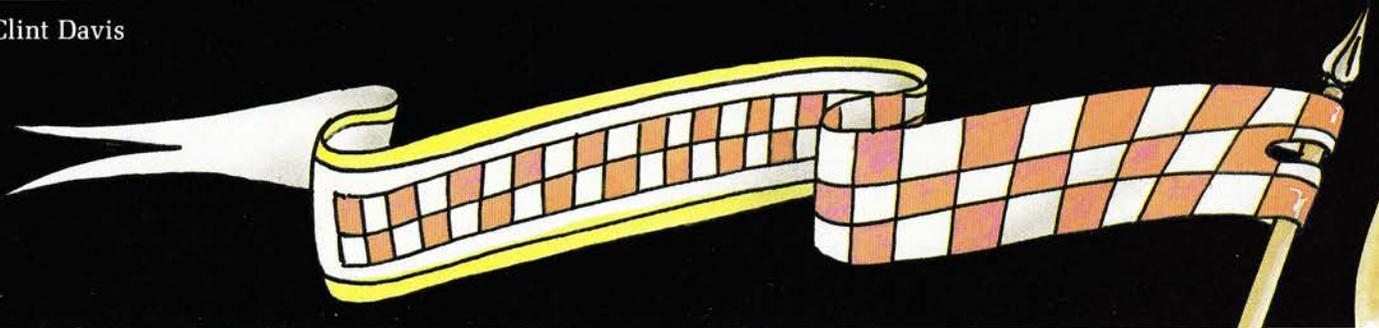
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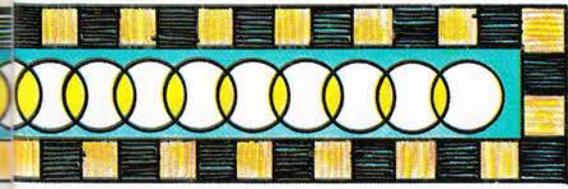
of God organization, but the group is not restricted to Assemblies of God affiliated colleges. If you are a student at any college or university and wish to be involved in Chi Omega Rho, you can start your own chapter by going to your district officials and asking for their help in establishing a shire.

We are all joined together with a like purpose in mind: to live the best Christian life we possibly can and to enable others to have an opportunity to live that life as well.

Chi Omega Rho runs on people who want more than just an ordinary challenge. Chi Omega Rho is an opportunity of a lifetime; don't let it pass you by.

by Clint Davis



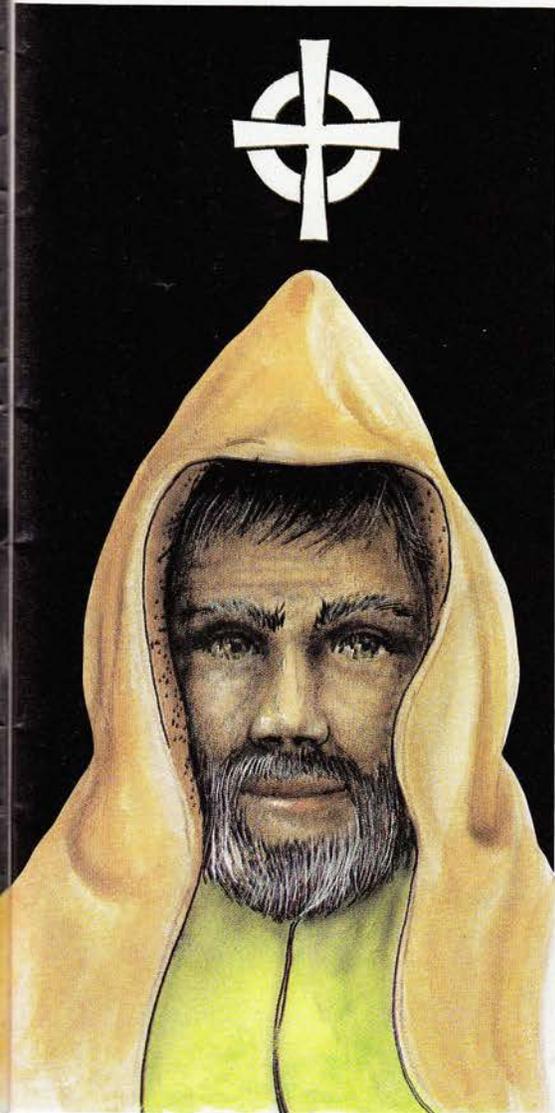


CHI OMEGA RHO CODE

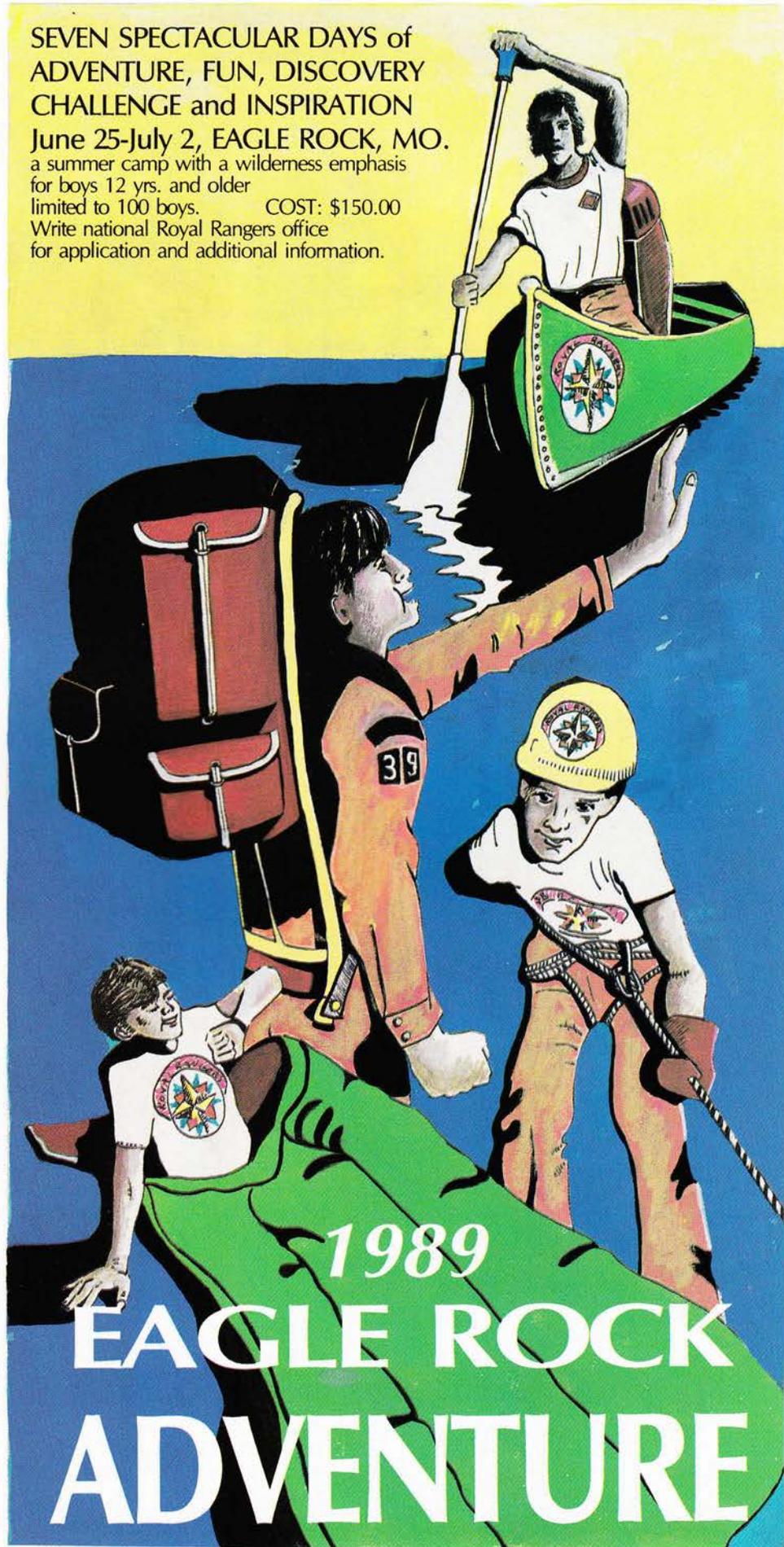
In medieval times, the knight lived by a certain code of conduct called "chivalry." The members of the Chi Omega Rho strive to center their lives around a similar code. The code is as follows:

- 1. Be faithful to the one true God
- 2. Be honorable.
- 3. Be courteous.
- 4. Be brave.
- 5. Be loyal.
- 6. Be just.
- 7. Speak only the truth.
- 8. Be fair to your enemies.
- 9. Help people in distress.
- 10. Help women and show mercy to the weak and defenseless.

As you probably have noticed by now, the code of chivalry is not unlike the Royal Rangers Code.



SEVEN SPECTACULAR DAYS of
 ADVENTURE, FUN, DISCOVERY
 CHALLENGE and INSPIRATION
 June 25-July 2, EAGLE ROCK, MO.
 a summer camp with a wilderness emphasis
 for boys 12 yrs. and older
 limited to 100 boys. COST: \$150.00
 Write national Royal Rangers office
 for application and additional information.



1989 EAGLE ROCK ADVENTURE

ROYAL RANGER of the YEAR



Above: John Caputo, Northeast Region Royal Ranger of the Year, and National Royal Ranger of the Year 1988.

Photos by John Stewart; Assemblies of God Audiovisual Dept.

On the evening of Tuesday, July 12, 1988, the Royal Ranger of the Year banquet was held in Springfield, Missouri. At this meeting, John Caputo, 18, was selected as the 1988 Royal Ranger of the Year. John is from Yorktown Heights, New York—the Northeast region.

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

Benjamin Comer, 17, of Berwick, Louisiana, Gulf region, was selected as Royal Ranger of the Year Runner-up.

These achievements were awarded following several days of testing, demonstrations, and personal interviews before the 1988 Royal Ranger of the Year Review Board. The Review Board was chaired by Rev. Silas L. Gaither, national director of the Division of Church Ministries.

John and Benjamin were selected from seven regional Royal Rangers of the Year pictured here. One young man, Ronnie Sullivan of Waco, Texas, representing the South Central region, was not able to attend the competition because of an emergency operation.

John Caputo, as Royal Ranger of the Year, is eligible for a \$1,000 college scholarship. Ben Comer, as First Runner-up, is eligible for a \$500 college scholarship. The money for these scholarships is provided equally by the national Education Department and the national Royal Rangers Office.



John is the son of John and Joyce Caputo. He has a 16-year-old sister, Lauren. He and his family attend Yorktown Assembly of God. John is active in his church as a Royal Rangers Buckaroo outpost commander and in his youth group. What he enjoys most about Royal Rangers is "witnessing 'my' boys respond to Rangers' teaching and the Word."

Prior to his graduation from high school this past spring, John distinguished himself in NROTC, in the National Honor Society, and in the Society of Distinguished High School Students. He has also earned several scholarships for his scholastic ability.

HAWK

LEADER

WINTER 1988

NOAH, MOSES, SAMSON/2 THE HAWK/5

JLTC MIGHT BE YOUR ANSWER TO OUTPOST MALAISE/11

..... MAKE PIZZA FOR YOUR NEXT CAMPOUT/12

CHRISTMAS EVE REMEMBRANCES/14.....

..... THAT OLD MAN/16.....

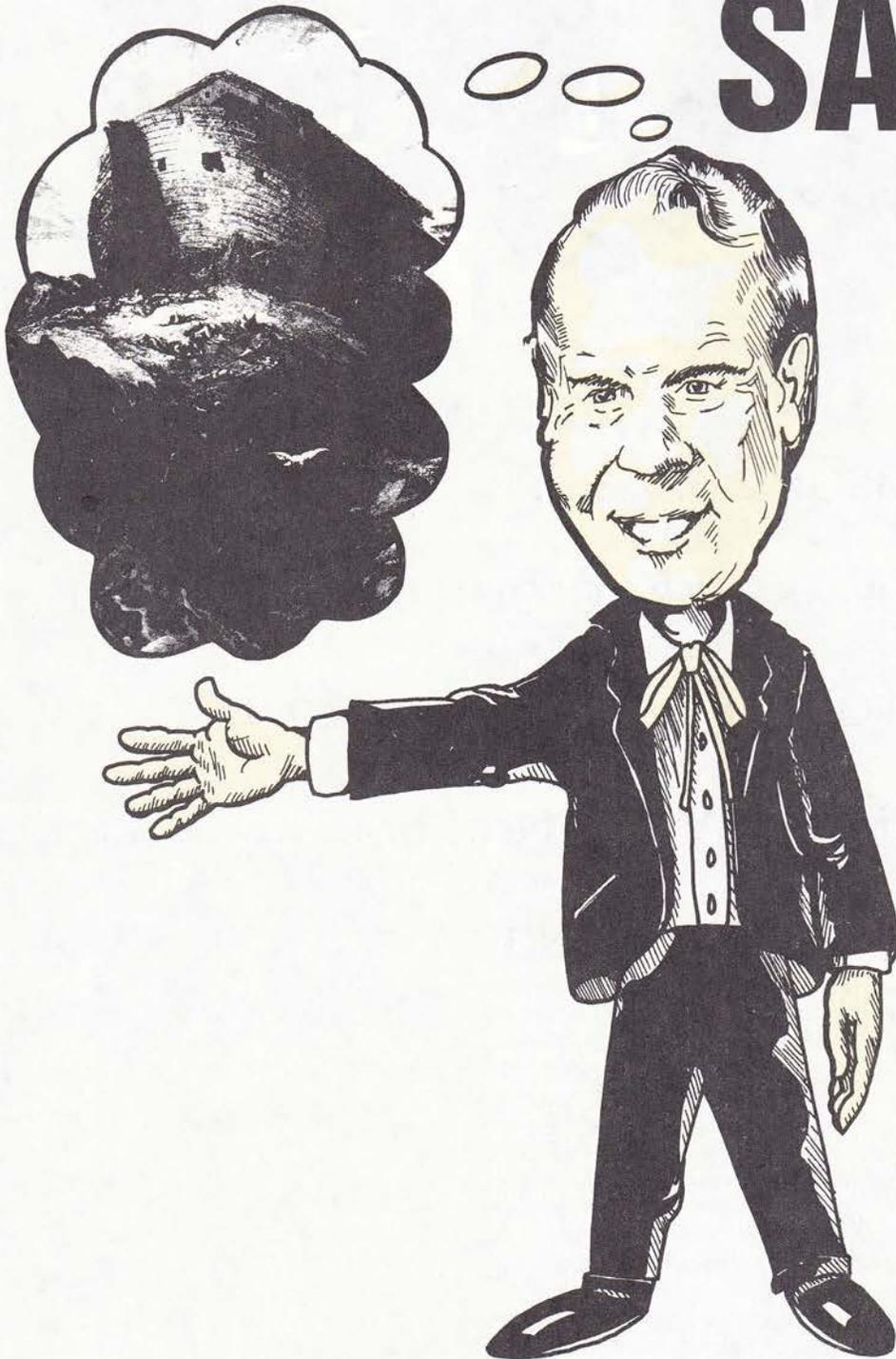
They came from England, Australia, Singapore and all across the United States for the 1988 Nation FCF Rendezvous!

Will Thorne, National Commander of Australia, said it was "excellent to attend an event like this—all the great fun and tremendous fellowship!"

There was a total registration of 475 Old Timers and 288 Young Bucks, for a grand total of 763! The largest delegation was from the Johnny Appleseed Chapter (Ohio) with 51. Second place went to the Daniel Boone Chapter (Southern Missouri) with 48. Largest foreign delegation was 13 from Singapore.

The three night speakers were outstanding, each selecting a biblical character with which to illustrate his message. The names of such famous frontiersmen as Noah, Moses, and Samson will live in the memory of those present, as three outstanding circuit-riding preachers made them come alive.

NOAH, MOSES, SAMSON



NOAH

General Superintendent G. Raymond Carlson spoke of Noah, using Genesis 8:20 and 9:20. He said that Noah built both an altar and a vineyard. Both of these played an important part in this life.

Before the flood, Noah lived in an extremely wicked world, Brother Carlson related. God even repented He had made man, and decided to destroy men. Every imagination of the hearts of men were evil, much like today.

But Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord, walking with God in the midst of all, Brother Carlson said.

Our challenge today is to walk with God, but we will never do so unless we yield our wills to Him.

The general superintendent then issued a challenge to the men and boys present to yield themselves to the Lord in a daily walk of sanctification.

Noah respected God *before* the flood, Brother Carlson said, so God was with him *in* the flood.

Brother Carlson mentioned that he was recently among 18 American religious leaders invited to the White House to meet with President Ronald Reagan concerning child abuse. When asked what he was going to do, President Reagan said, "I don't talk to Him tonight unless I do something about it."

Noah built an ark for safety, Brother Carlson said, and the day came when they went in and God closed the door. Once the door was shut, no one else could come in.

The rains descended. The waters rose. The flood covered all the land, and those not in the ark all perished.

But the day came when they could get out, Brother Carlson said, and the first thing Noah did was to build an altar unto the Lord. Brother Carlson said we should all be men of the altar; men of righteousness.

The altar is your own heart, Brother Carlson stated, where you meet God.

Noah also planted a vineyard. There is nothing wrong with a vineyard, Brother Carlson said, it's a place where you can earn your living by the sweat of your brow. But Noah became more interested in the vineyard than the altar, became drunk, bringing disgrace, shame, and a bitter harvest.

There is nothing wrong with having a job and making money, Brother Carlson said, but we must keep our priorities right. God doesn't meet us at the vineyard, but at the altar. We should keep the altar first as a place to find and know the will of God, and then use the vineyard for His glory.

The general superintendent closed with a poem from WWII.

Tonight, Shanghai is burning
And I am dying, too.
But there's no death so real
As the death inside of you.
Some men die by shrapnel,
And some go down in flames.
But most men die inch by inch,
Playing petty games.

Which is more important, bringing home the bacon or bringing in the sheaves?

MOSES

The second evening speaker was Ohio District Superintendent Robert Crabtree, who spoke from Exodus 19:1 and Deuteronomy 32:11,12. He related the Song of Moses, the man of God, who spoke of eagle's wings.

Brother Crabtree spoke of the powerful wings of the eagle, making it possible for her to build a nest high in the mountains. She lines the nest with animal skins, furs and feather down, but places sticks and briars underneath.

When it is time for the young eagles to fly, she stirs up her nest and flutters her wings. The eaglets understand her message. They get off

the briar and climb on her wing. She flies high, shakes them off, then, swoops under to catch them. Finally, they learn how to fly.

Mother eagle teaches her young to fly high and face the storm, then ride above it, Brother Crabtree said. And by the same token, we must learn to face adversity and rise above it.

Moses delivered a people with a slave mentality, Brother Crabtree said. Moses learned that just because things aren't going the way you'd like them, it doesn't mean God isn't there.

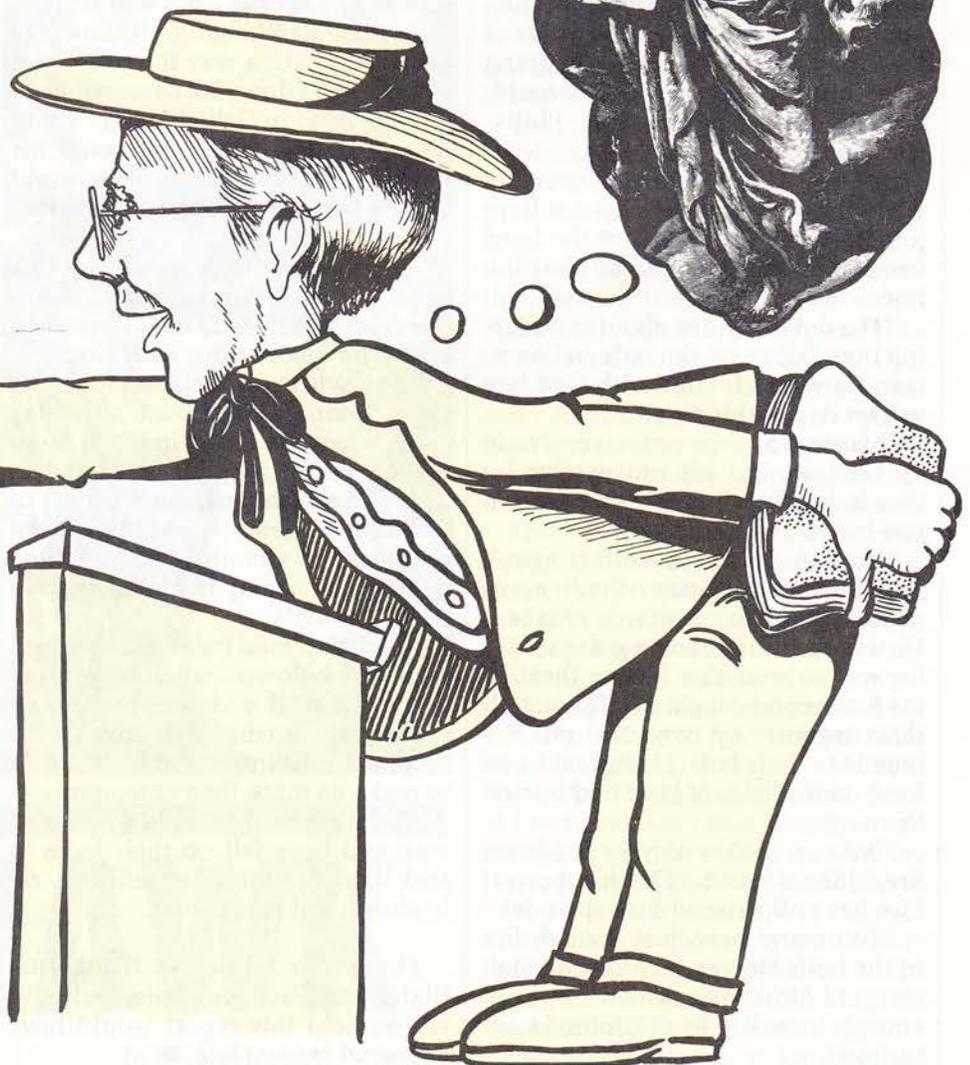
The same force that can drive us down can lift us up, Brother Crabtree said. The same is true in working with boys. You can't be a little kid and enjoy the benefits of manhood.

Brother Crabtree challenged the men to become the man in the life of a boy from a broken home. He said leaders should maintain high standards in achievement, and make sure the quality goes in before the name goes on.

Brother Crabtree said leaders and boys could survive the wilderness,

but could they survive the world of religious double standards? He challenged both Old Timers and Young Bucks to be faithful to God and the Church. "We need examples and role models more than four color manuals," he said.

Brother Crabtree said Royal Rangers is training the future preachers of our Movement. He challenged everyone to rededicate their lives to their calling in Royal Rangers.



SAMSON

The final evening speaker was the Rev. Johnnie Barnes, founder and national commander of Royal Rangers, and national chairman of the Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity.

"This Rendezvous has been uplifting to me," Johnnie said, "your expressions of friendship and love have lifted me up. There is nothing more uplifting than to hear testimonials of what God is doing."

"At this Rendezvous, we have gone from hot, parched, and dry conditions to wet, humid, and monsoon conditions," the national commander observed.

"The forces of evil are battling to destroy the work of God," Johnnie observed. "We need the infilling of the Holy Spirit to lead by example. We can then do all things through Christ, who strengthens us."

Johnnie then referred to Samson in Judges 14. He pictured him as a young man with a dedication to God, until the love bug bit him. Instead of doing what his parents hoped he would, Samson looked toward the Philistines for a wife.

One day, when Samson was on his way to see his fiance, he met a lion, Johnnie said. The Spirit of the Lord came upon Samson, and he slew the lion.

"The devil is going about as a roaring lion, fellows," the national commander warned, "but with God, we can be devil-whippers!"

"Marriage arrangements were made for Samson, but his prospective father-in-law found a more prospective son-in-law," Johnnie said.

"His fiance married another man," Johnnie told the very attentive audience, "and Samson was crushed. He was sad, and then he got mad. He became so mad that he ran through the forests and caught 200 foxes, tied them together by twos and put fire brands in their tails. He turned them loose on the fields of grain and burned them up.

"We can set the devil's fields on fire," Johnnie said. "Fire has power! Fire has enthusiasm! Fire spreads!

"Too many have just enough fire in the boiler to generate just enough steam to blow their whistle, but not enough to pull a load!" Johnnie exclaimed.



"The Philistines were mad as hornets," Johnnie described, "so they went after Samson. But Samson picked up the jawbone from an old donkey, killed a thousand of their men, put the rest of the army in flight, and was standing there yelling, 'Come on back you big bunch of sissies and fight!'"

"The Philistines set a trap for Samson and locked him inside the city gates," Johnnie related, "but Samson just picked up the gates and walked off with them, singing, 'I know the Lord will make a way for me!'"

"Samson's downfall came when he laid his head in Delilah's lap," Johnnie said. "His head represents his thinking, her lap represents the world and his hair cut off represents his loss of dedication.

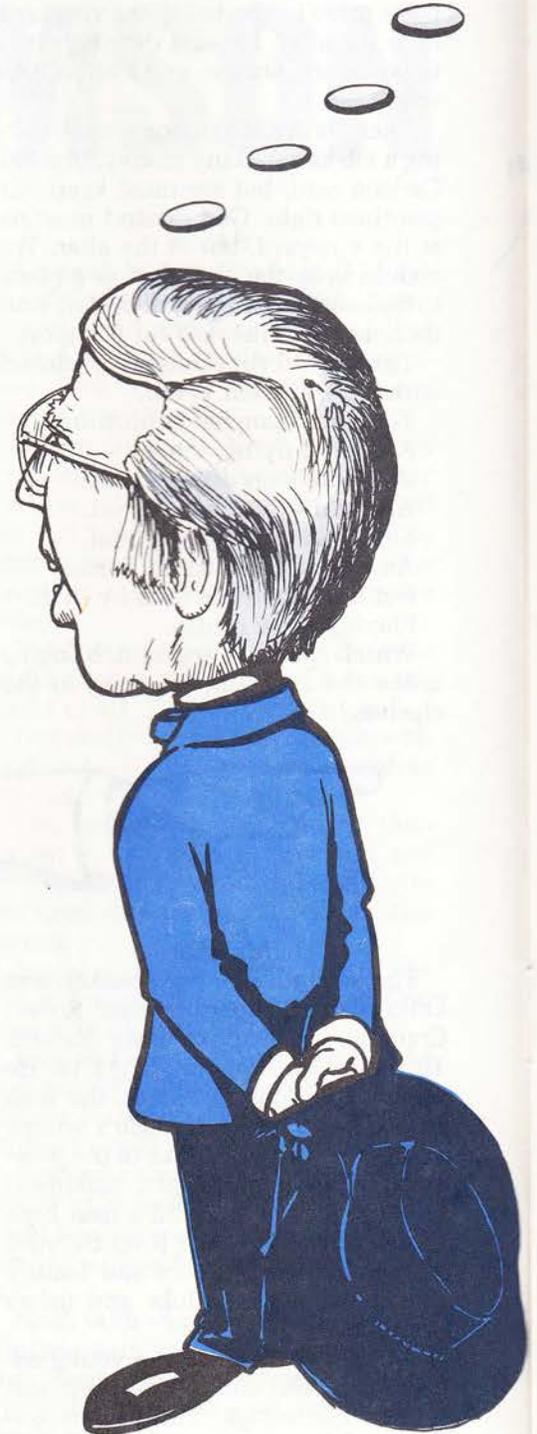
"Samson lost his power, he lost his sight, and he became a slave," Johnnie described. "He is the picture of a man who has lost out with God.

"But while in prison, his hair grew," Johnnie continued. "The day came when the Philistines put Samson on public display. He asked to be led to the the two main pillars of that heathen temple, and there Samson made a victorious exit, killing more of the enemy in his death than in all his life!

"Christian men today are involved in a knock-down-drag-out, spiritual battle. There is a vicious enemy determined to crush and destroy us. We need the infilling of the Holy Ghost to make us more than conquerors."

At the close of Johnnie's message, men and boys fell on their faces to seek God for infilling, refilling, refreshing, and restoration.

The writer wishes to thank Don Bixler and Paul Rainwater, without whose help this report would have appeared incomplete. ■



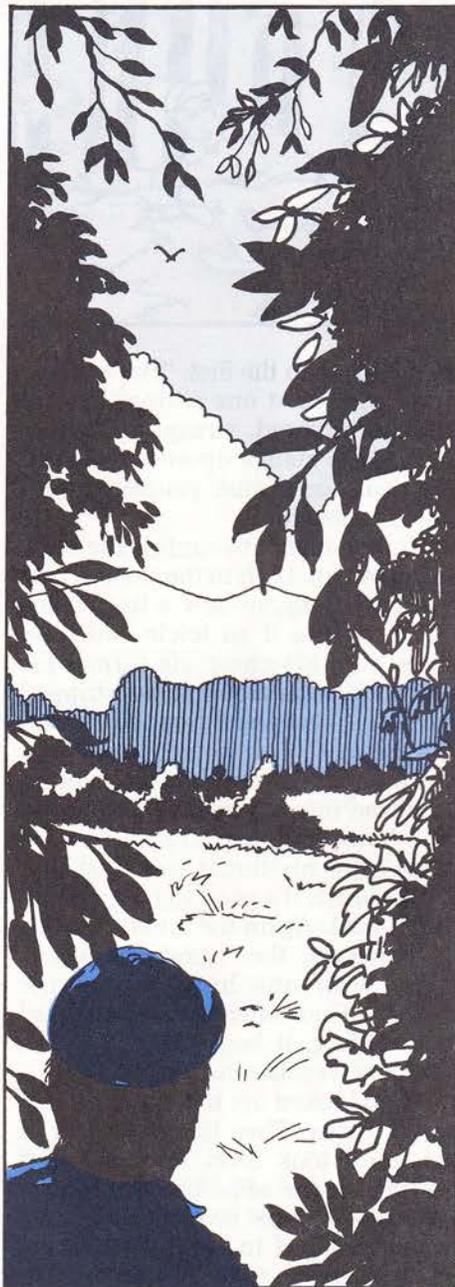
Lost three days in the forested mountain of southern Colorado, crazed with fear and hunger, David Foster stumbled out of the woods onto a meadow just turning green with early spring grasses.

He had driven his car to a place northwest of Durango, parked and hiked in. His doctor had warned that if he did not get away for a couple of weeks, he would run the risk of a breakdown. The first few days in the mountains it all had gone okay. He had camped a few miles from the road next to a stream and spent most of the time just watching the flow of the water as layers of tension began to loosen. It would all be different when he went back, he determined. No more twelve and fourteen hour days, with heartburn and palpitations from too much coffee. No matter what, Sundays he'd stay away from the office and keep his phone off the hook. Two of his friends had already had their first coronaries.

At night, as he lay in his down-filled sleeping bag gazing up at the stars, David began to formulate plans for pulling out of the rat race. Give it another four or five years. In four or five years, he'd still be on the safe side of fifty. Both of his parents had made it into their seventies. Maybe he'd take a crack at going back to school.

Inexperienced at being off by himself, for the first week he was careful to remain close to his campsite. The old logging road he had followed into the mountains guaranteed that he would be able to get back to where he had left his car. But after the first week, gaining confidence, he started exploring. He ventured a little further from the camp each day. And just before sunset, the sixth day of the second week, waking from a snooze, he found himself uncertain about which direction led back. And as chance would have it, he had forgotten to carry his compass.

He headed in what proved to be the wrong direction and was over-



taken by darkness. Had he stayed where he was till morning, he might have been able to locate the stream, and then work his way back along its bank. But it was cold, and he thought he now knew the direction, so he kept on walking.

It was a long night. Except for a night in Korea patrolling the demilitarized zone years earlier, it felt like the longest night of his life. By morning he knew he was lost, yet foolishly he kept on moving. The following day, although grim and deathly cold, still contained elements of hope as he searched for some familiar landmark. But as the wintery sun began to slip behind the snow-topped peaks to the west and the wind came up, David knew he was in the worst trouble of his life.

That night, as he huddled under an overhang of rock trying to gain a little protection from the wind, was worse than the night in the demilitarized zone.

There, in spite of all the horror stories, he had been certain he would make it through till morning and then be relieved by another soldier. But huddled under that shelf of rock, his teeth chattering, his stomach rolling from hunger, he knew nothing would be different in the morning except he'd be hungrier and more desperate.

The next night, if anything, was worse. By morning he was close to insanity—crimson and purple thoughts gyrated through his brain. He heard voices, terrible voices. Twisted shapes appeared at the periphery of his vision and shrank away when he turned to look at them. And he was starving. It was in this condition that David Foster stumbled out of the forest onto that meadow and collapsed on the soft grass and lay there, his arms and legs trembling in spite of the warming rays of the sun. *Since I have to die, it's better out here in the meadow than back there in the forest, he remembered thinking. At least here I'll have the sun.*

He didn't know how long he had

THE HAWK

by Daniel Panger



lain there. Perhaps he had slept. Suddenly a harsh sound over his head caused him to look up just as a hawk, having spied a rabbit browsing out in the meadow, plummeted down with a rush of wings, impaling the creature with its talons. A single scream, a thrash of legs, and the rabbit went limp as the hawk's beak struck at the base of its neck. Then with easy motions of its wings, the bird rose, the dead creature dangling, and glided over the tops of the trees into the brightness of the morning. Tears filled David's eyes as he murmured, "Poor little fellow." Then the tears spilled out, and he rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand.

It took several minutes before his vision cleared. Then he saw a second rabbit emerging from the woods. It hesitated in the shadows, testing the air with its quivering nostrils. After several seconds, it darted out into the meadow to the same clump of vegetation on which the first rabbit had been feeding.

David raised his eyes to the sky—there was no hawk. "Haven't you heard what happened to your brother?" he called out in what was left of his voice. "It's dangerous out here. Go and hide!"

The rabbit didn't seem to care, or perhaps it hadn't heard. It rose up on its hind legs and pulled down a bud-laden twig with its front paws. With quick bites, it stripped the twig, then started to comb its whiskers. Rising up again, it pulled down a second twig, this one more heavily laden

with buds than the first. "Haven't you eaten enough at one sitting?" David thickly muttered, struggling against the urge to glance up at the sky. "If you continue to stuff yourself, you'll have indigestion."

No longer able to control the urge, he looked up. High in the eastern portion of the sky, he saw a tiny, black dot. It was as if an icicle had been thrust into his chest. He turned his eyes back to the rabbit. It had stripped the second twig and hopped several feet away.

A thought like a glob of thick, black tar oozed into his mind. "Go back to your home and take a nap," he tried to say. But his throat was dust dry. "After lunch it's good to take a nap," he croaked. Again the rabbit combed its whiskers, then scratched vigorously with one hind leg on the ground. Then after raising its head and sniffing, it hopped back to the clump of vegetation.

David looked up; the black dot had grown larger. Then the glob of tar in his mind took form: if that rabbit feeding on the same clump of vegetation where its brother had been taken managed to survive, then he, too, would survive. He laughed. It

would be so easy. All he had to do was walk the forty feet to where the rabbit was and chase it back into the woods. He tried to rise, but his legs wouldn't work. He tried to crawl, but his arms were too weak.

The rabbit hopped to one side of the clump of vegetation, sniffed at the twigs, then hopped back to the place where the buds were thickest. It reached up and began toying with a twig. David looked up. The black dot did not appear to have grown any larger. The rabbit took several bites from the twig, then again started scratching with its hind leg at the ground.

"You are in terrible danger," David tried to call out, but there were only croaking sounds. "Move into the shadows. Please, please move into the shadows." The rabbit hopped behind the clump of vegetation where David couldn't see it. Now the black dot was growing larger.

The rabbit reappeared, chewing a blade of grass. The black dot was taking on the shape of a hawk. The rabbit again leisurely scratched itself. Now the hawk was directly overhead.

The rabbit raised its head, then as if hurled from a sling, rushed for the woods as the bird plummeted down.

There was a rush of wings and a scream just like the first time, and David buried his face in his hands. He was a dead man. He could hear the beat of the bird's wings as it rose. Then silence. Finally, after trying to cry, but a dead man has no tears, he opened his eyes.

There, just at the edge of the shadows cast by the trees, the rabbit stood scratching itself. It was the same little fellow. Unhurt. It was David who had screamed.

Somehow David managed to get to his feet and reentered the woods, moving by fits and starts in an easterly direction. Late that afternoon, he met up with a man from the Colorado Department of Fish and Game, who radioed for a helicopter. ■

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:

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

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

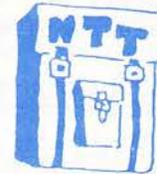
Royal Rangers National Training Events are designed to give you the very best of training for all phases of the Royal Rangers ministry, with major emphasis on camping!

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: Huntsville, TX, February 16-18, Falling Waters, WV, April 27-29, Cedaredge, CO, Sept. 14-16, Ogden, IA, Oct. 19-21, Grass Valley, CA, Oct. 12-14.

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 12-15.



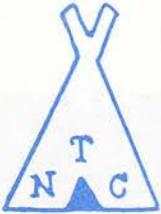
ADVANCED NATIONAL TRAINING CAMP is designed to provide Royal Rangers leaders with additional training beyond that offered at NTC. It will also help to inspire leaders to greater involvement in the Royal Rangers ministry. A leader must have attended NTC before enrolling for ANTC. Location and dates are: Eagle Rock, MO, April 12-16, Catalina Island, CA; June 7-11.

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-employment tips, and seeing the program from a boy's viewpoint. Locations and dates are: Eagle Rock, MO, Sept. 4-5, Fresno, CA, Nov. 17-18.



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 _____
OCCUPATION _____	RELATIONSHIP _____
DISTRICT _____	OUTPOST # _____
	RR POSITION _____

camp preference

(Check your choice)

()	FLORIDA	Lake Wales, FL	February 2-5,	1989
()	TEXAS	Huntsville, TX	April 6-9,	1989
()	MISSOURI	Eagle Rock, MO	May 11-14,	1989
()	IOWA	Ogden, IA	May 18-21,	1989
()	VIRGINIA	Richmond, VA	May 18-21,	1989
()	CALIFORNIA	Sonora, CA	May 18-21,	1989
()	WYOMING	Hulett, WY	May 25-28,	1989
()	CALIFORNIA	Twin Peaks, CA	July 6-9,	1989
()	NEW JERSEY	Medford Lakes, NJ	September 7-10,	1989
()	MISSOURI	Eagle Rock, MO	September 7-10,	1989
()	OREGON	Wamic, OR	September 7-10,	1989

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 pre-registration fee must accompany this application. This will be applied toward the total camp fee, which will be approximately \$90. 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! Please send your application in as early as possible.

MAIL THIS FORM TO: ROYAL RANGERS, 1445 Boonville, Springfield, MO 65802
 CREDIT TO LEDGER: 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

JUNIOR LEADERSHIP



**It could revive
your ailing
outpost**



We tried to get a Royal Ranger ministry off the ground at our church for sometime. As a pastor, I saw that trained workers were important if the ministry was ever to be successful with the boys of our church and community. I tried to encourage some of our men to take the L.T.C. The sectional commander said he would teach the course at our church if I would join those men in taking the training. Well, here was my opportunity to show them just how much I believed in training workers and leaders for ministry. Here was my chance to practice what I preach.

I completed L.T.C. and attended N.T.C. that same year. It was quite an experience! I completed my Instructor Certification which enabled me to conduct the L.T.C. for other men interested in the Royal Ranger ministry. That same year I also packed up our family and went to Warner-Robbins, Georgia, to attend Regional Commanders Conference and receive more ideas and instruction.

I had all this training and no place to use it. How could this be? You see our main meeting night for Rangers is on Wednesday. While the boys are tying knots, conducting patrol corners, listening to Indian tales or inspiring devotions, I am in the sanctuary with their parents conducting our mid-week service. All that training and I could not even be with the boys on their main meeting night; at

least not on a routine or weekly basis. Oh, yes I attended campouts, pow wows, and field days, but it is not the same thing.

Then I was invited by our district commander to attend and be an instructor at a Junior Leader Training Camp. It was a great opportunity! It was a door divinely opened by The Master Ranger! Where else could I put together all the Ranger training I had received, my love for boys and the Ranger ministry, and my vision for training workers and leaders for the future! J.L.T.C. was the answer for me! I thoroughly enjoyed myself and I have recently written to our district commander to sign me up for next year when they will be offering a J.L.T. Canoe Trails. I can't wait!

Pastor, if you love boys and the Ranger ministry and see the benefits it can bring to your church then I want to encourage you to take the leadership training. If your schedule does not permit you to work with your boys on a weekly basis you can become involved with young men on a district level. You will be working with the "cream of the crop"—young men who have proven themselves in the Ranger program and are earning their right to be tomorrow's leaders. You can have a part in shaping the Ranger leadership of your district or state by becoming an instructor at a Junior Leaders Training Camp. ■



MAKE PIZZA FOR YOUR NEXT CAMPOUT



Have no camp oven? Make one—with a cardboard box! Costs only pennies to make and works as well as your oven at home!

by Mary Ann Kerl

The next time you go camping, make a pizza. If you don't have a camp oven, make that too.

No joke.

Our special camp pizza takes only minutes to prepare and tastes great. And the camp oven isn't difficult to make either.

Here's how.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR MAKING A CAMP OVEN

Items needed: cardboard box
4 or 5 coat hangers
plastic oven wrap
string or 1 large rubber band
pliers
knife
oven thermometer
small charcoal grill

Directions: Cut off the flaps from the open end of the cardboard box. Next cut a hole in the opposite side of the box; make the hole

slightly smaller than the measurements of your grill.

To make the oven rack, straighten the coat hangers into long pieces by using a pliers. Then cut the straightened hangers about three inches longer than the width of the box. Stick each end of the hangers through the box in a straight line.

The hangers should be spaced about 1½ to 2 inches apart for proper support and the ends bent so they will not slide through the box.

To hang the oven thermometer, place another hanger wire through the box several inches above and to one side of the rack you just made.

Presto! There's your camp stove. To use, place the pizza on the oven rack. Cover the open end of the box with plastic oven wrap and secure with string or a large rubber band. The large bands that come in a box of Tinker Toys works nicely for a medium sized box. The oven wrap can be purchased in almost any grocery or department store for a few cents. Next place the oven over a bed of hot charcoal in your small charcoal grill.

It will take only a couple minutes for the thermometer to record the temperature inside the oven. Regulate the temperature accordingly.

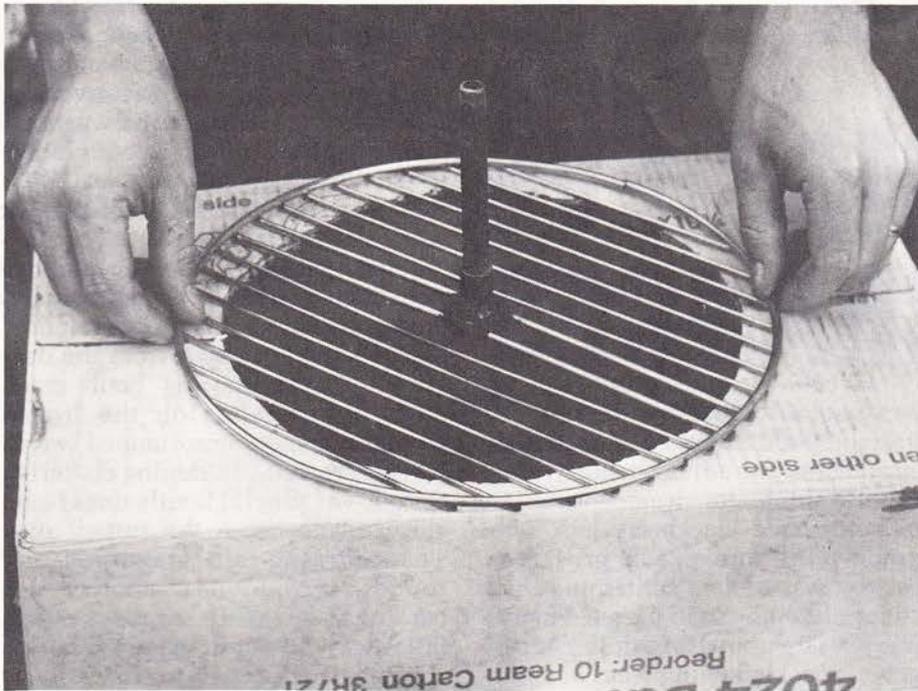
CAMP PIZZA

Ingredients needed:

For crust: 3 cups biscuit mix
¾ cup milk

For sauce: ½ pound sliced pepperoni
1 cup mozzarella cheese, grated or sliced thin
1 8-ounce can tomato sauce
½ teaspoon basil
½ teaspoon oregano

Cut a hole in a cardboard box slightly smaller than the measurements of your grill.



Directions for crust: Check the measurements given for mix and milk on back of the biscuit box with the measurements above. Different brands vary. Use measurements given on your box if they differ from above. Then stir biscuit mix and milk together until blended. Shape in ball and place on greased cookie sheet. Press dough with hands into a thin crust. (To make dough easy to work with, dip hands in flour first if dough is sticky. Rub hands with a little shortening if dough is dry.)

Directions for sauce: Mix spices, basil and oregano, with tomato sauce in the can to save dishes. Then spread seasoned sauce onto crust.

Add sliced pepperoni and top with grated or thinly sliced cheese.

Place prepared pizza oven in camp stove and bake at 425 degrees F. Regulate the temperature by raising or lowering the box. Bake for 20 to 30 minutes or until crust is nicely brown and done in center and cheese is melted and bubbly. ■



Here Bob Kerl hangs an oven thermometer in the homemade camp oven.



CHRISTMAS EVE REMEMBRANCES

1938

It was cold and dark at 5:00 a.m. that December morning in 1938. I awoke with a start. I sat straight up before realizing it was the rooster crowing! I felt like calling him a few choice names, but my feelings instantly mellowed when I realized what day it was. It was Christmas Eve.

It seemed only minutes later I heard my father's booming voice saying, "Johnnie, it's time to get up."

I could smell the tantalizing odor of baking bread and frying bacon drifting in from the kitchen. There's no greater incentive for a boy to leave a warm bed on a cold morning than the aroma of a country kitchen.

By the time I flung on my flannel shirt, stuffed it in my jeans, and pulled on my cold boots, Mother was already calling us to breakfast. Everyone was seated when I arrived at the table. In the middle of the table mother had set a large plat-

ter of hot biscuits. Now I'm not talking about those small store bought size. These were the big fluffy kind. Next to the platter were several jars of homemade blackberry jam, wild grape jelly, and peach preserves. Nearby was a plate containing thick slices of home-cured bacon. Then finally a large bowl of white country gravy; speckled with pieces of home-cured sausage. There were no eggs because the eggs were being used for the Christmas cakes and pastries. Be assured I ate my share.

At breakfast Dad shared the plans for the day. While my older brother Billy did the chores such as milking, Dad and I would take a wagon load of bailed hay to the cattle on an adjacent place about a mile away. He had spotted a nice cedar tree in a spring hollow. We planned to cut the cedar and bring it home for our Christmas tree. My sister Frances assured us that they would have the decorations ready when we arrived back.

The first glow of dawn began to illuminate the frost-covered landscape as my father, Billy, and I walked to the barn.

My father called, "Son, you'll get a lot warmer if you'll help us load this hay." I grabbed a hay hook and was soon involved in loading blocks of bailed hay onto the wagon. Plunging the metal hook into the end of a bail made it easier to maneuver the hay from the barn into the wagon.

Dusting the straw from our clothes we climbed onto the wagon seat. With a wave good-bye to Brother Billy, we were on our way.

What a morning! The first sun rays of morning had turned the frost-covered grass into a billion diamonds. I had to shield my eyes from the dazzling light. The horses' hoofs made clop, clop sounds on the frozen ground while the iron-rimmed wagon wheels created a humming clattering sound. The playful family dogs raced ahead of us down the rutted road. The morning air magnified the sounds. I could hear another dog barking at the Whitaker place over a mile away. The chill made the horses spirited. They began to trot. Dad let them have their head (set their own pace). The increased speed made the air feel colder. I pulled my flannel-lined denim jacket about my ears and stuffed my hand deep into the pockets. As a boy I dreamed of "one horse open sleigh" racing across a winter wonderland. But no boy could have a greater sense of excitement and adventure than I did that Christmas Eve morning.

By the time we reached the wooden bridge over Sandy Creek, my feet and nose were tingling with cold. I covered my nose with my hand and stamped my feet to get warm.

When we passed through the gate of the Anderson place I beat on the gong made from an old plow blade. The cattle soon came running. We were soon surrounded by eager livestock waiting for their weekly supplement of hay. Many began crowding around the wagon to bite at the hay bales. While I drove the team, my Dad stood in the wagon bed, breaking the wire on the bales and scattering the hay to the stock.

After we finished unloading the hay and dropped off two blocks of cattle salt, my dad announced, "Now, Son, let's go look for that Christmas tree."

As I approached the cedar tree, suddenly there was a commotion and

BY JOHNNIE BARNES

whirling near my feet. I gasped an intake of breath. A covey of bobwhite quail had just flushed from almost under my feet. Like buzzing missiles they were disappearing in the bushes ahead.

I heard the laughing voice of my dad behind me. "You jumped like you saw a rattlesnake."

I chuckled back, "Yeah I know, they always take me by surprise."

We stood a few minutes admiring the tree and speculating on how it would look in front of our fireplace.

Dad cut back some of the bushes so he would have room to swing his axe. Then with a few well-aimed blows on either side of the trunk the tree was down. I quickly grabbed the

tree and felt the sharp needles of the red cedar irritating my hand.

"Better put on your gloves," Dad advised. I never forgot the aromatic fragrance of that fresh cut tree as my father and I half-carried, half-dragged it across the stream and up the slope to the wagon. I experienced a sense of pride and achievement as we loaded our evergreen treasure into the wagon.

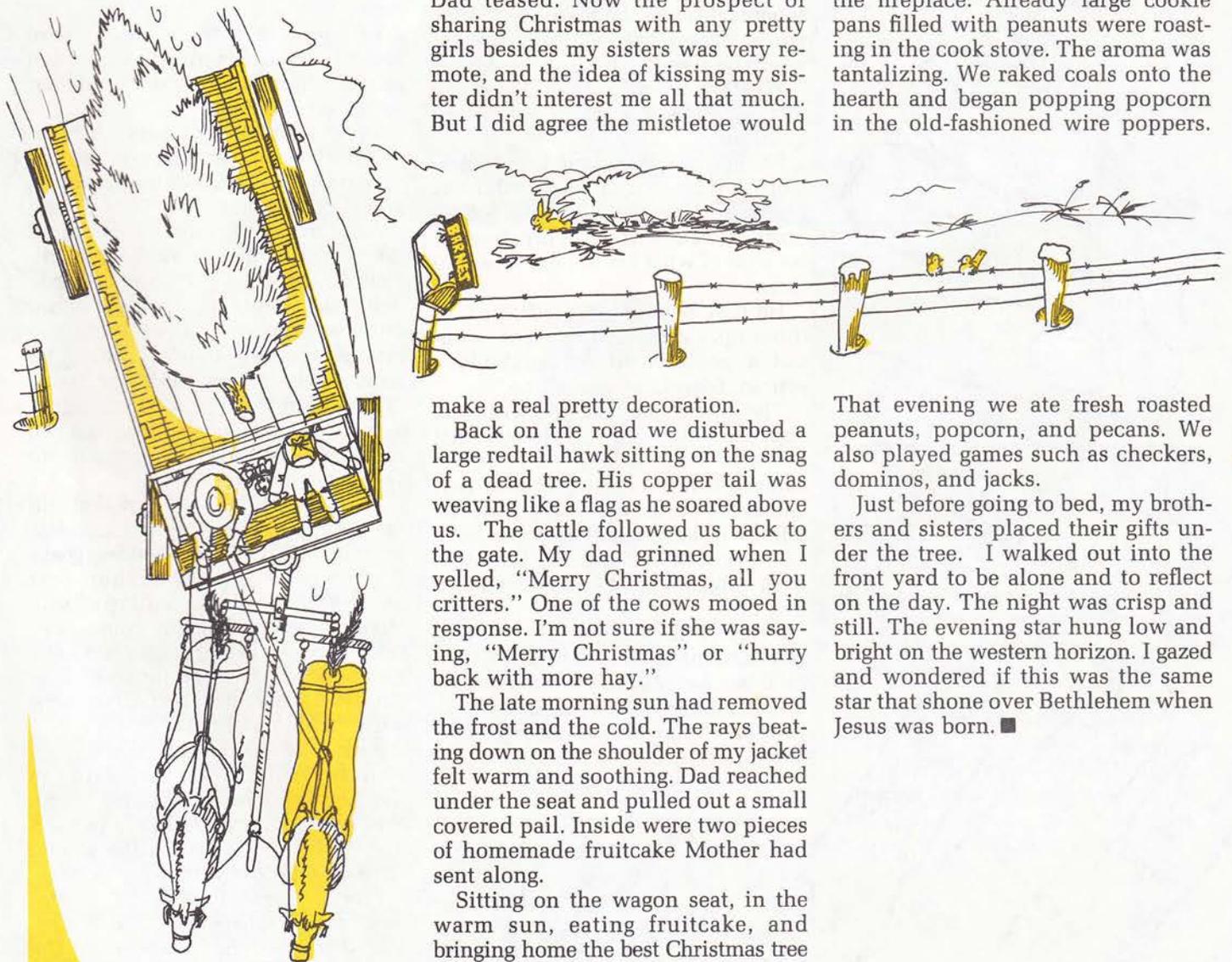
On the way back to the road, Dad stopped the wagon under an old mesquite tree. In its branches were many clusters of mistletoe. Dad and I stood in the wagon and broke off several handfuls of the gray/green parasite sprigs.

"You can hang this over the door and kiss any girl that walks under it," Dad teased. Now the prospect of sharing Christmas with any pretty girls besides my sisters was very remote, and the idea of kissing my sister didn't interest me all that much. But I did agree the mistletoe would

nally stood it beside the fireplace. I don't know why we always argued where it should stand. It was finally placed in the same spot as always.

My sisters, Lenona, Bertha, and Frances, were true to their word. The decorations were ready. There were popcorn garlands, multi-colored paper chains, chinaberry streamers, and paper lanterns. And we even secured some of those store-bought tinsel icicles. When we had finished it was a delight to our eyes.

That evening we gathered around the fireplace. Already large cookie pans filled with peanuts were roasting in the cook stove. The aroma was tantalizing. We raked coals onto the hearth and began popping popcorn in the old-fashioned wire poppers.



make a real pretty decoration.

Back on the road we disturbed a large redtail hawk sitting on the snag of a dead tree. His copper tail was weaving like a flag as he soared above us. The cattle followed us back to the gate. My dad grinned when I yelled, "Merry Christmas, all you critters." One of the cows mooed in response. I'm not sure if she was saying, "Merry Christmas" or "hurry back with more hay."

The late morning sun had removed the frost and the cold. The rays beating down on the shoulder of my jacket felt warm and soothing. Dad reached under the seat and pulled out a small covered pail. Inside were two pieces of homemade fruitcake Mother had sent along.

Sitting on the wagon seat, in the warm sun, eating fruitcake, and bringing home the best Christmas tree ever is a memory I'll never forget.

The next few hours were busy and exciting. We built a stand for the tree and attached it in an upright position. After much speculation, we fi-

That evening we ate fresh roasted peanuts, popcorn, and pecans. We also played games such as checkers, dominos, and jacks.

Just before going to bed, my brothers and sisters placed their gifts under the tree. I walked out into the front yard to be alone and to reflect on the day. The night was crisp and still. The evening star hung low and bright on the western horizon. I gazed and wondered if this was the same star that shone over Bethlehem when Jesus was born. ■



THAT OLD MAN



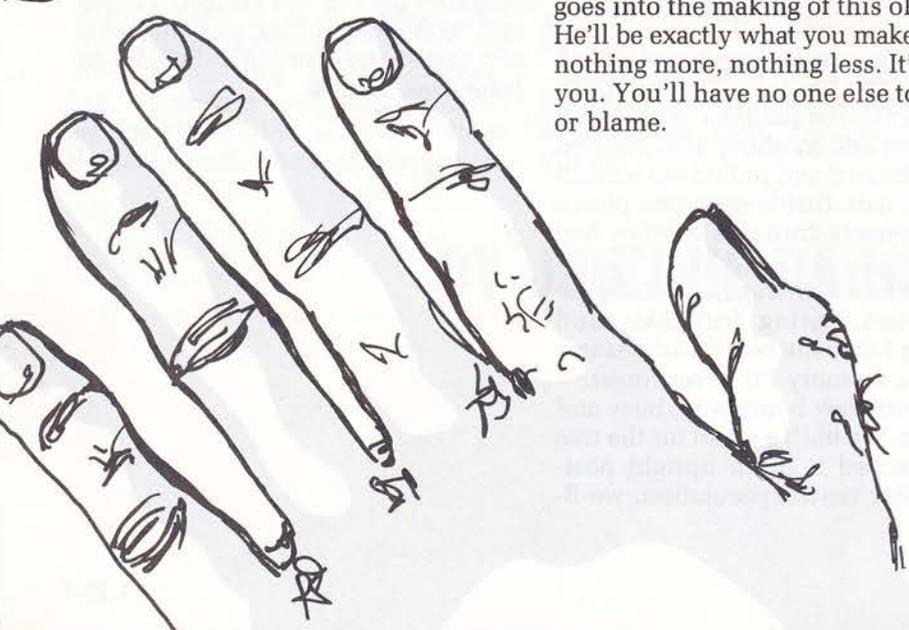
You're going to meet an old man someday! Down the road ahead—10, 20, 30 years—he's waiting there for you. You'll be catching up with him!

What kind of old man are you going to meet? That's a rather significant question!

He may be a seasoned, soft, gracious fellow—a gentleman who has grown old gracefully, surrounded by hosts of friends who call him blessed because of what his life has meant to them.

He may be a bitter, disillusioned, dried-up, cynical old buzzard, without a good word for anybody—sour, friendless, and alone.

The kind of old man you will meet depends entirely on you. Because that old man will be you. He'll be the composite of everything you do, say, and think—today and tomorrow. His mind will be set in a mold you have made by your attitudes. His heart will be turning out what you've been putting in.



Every little thought; every deed, goes into the making of this old man. He'll be exactly what you make him—nothing more, nothing less. It's up to you. You'll have no one else to credit or blame.

Every day in every way you are becoming more and more like yourself. Amazing, but true! You're getting to look more like yourself, think more like yourself, talk more like yourself. You're becoming yourself more and more.

Live only in terms of what you're getting out of life and the old man gets smaller, drier, harder, crabbier, more self-centered.

Open your life to others, think in terms of what you can give to life, and the old man grows larger, softer, kindlier, greater.

A point to remember is that these things don't always show immediately, but they'll show up sooner than you think. These little things, so unimportant now—attitudes, goals, ambitions, desires—they're adding up inside, where you can't see them, crystallizing in your heart and mind. Someday you'll harden into that old man, and nothing will be able to soften or change them.

The time to take care of that old man is right now—this week, today. Examine his motives, attitudes, goals. Check up on him. Work him over while he's still plastic, still in a formative condition. The day comes, awfully soon, when it's too late. The hardness will have set in worse than paralysis. Character crystallizes, sets, jells. That's the finish.

Any wise man takes personal inventory regularly. We all need to in the light of Christ and His Word. You'll be much more likely to meet a splendid old fellow at the proper time—the fellow you'd like to be.

“Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap,” (Galatians 6:7). ■

Below: National Commander Johnnie Barnes with Royal Ranger of the Year Finalists—seated: Dannon Brown, Southeast; Commander Johnnie Barnes; Kevin Bushnell, North Central; standing: Scott Harms, Northwest, John Caputo, Northeast; Ben Comer, Gulf; Joe Eisenman, Southwest; Scott King, Great Lakes.



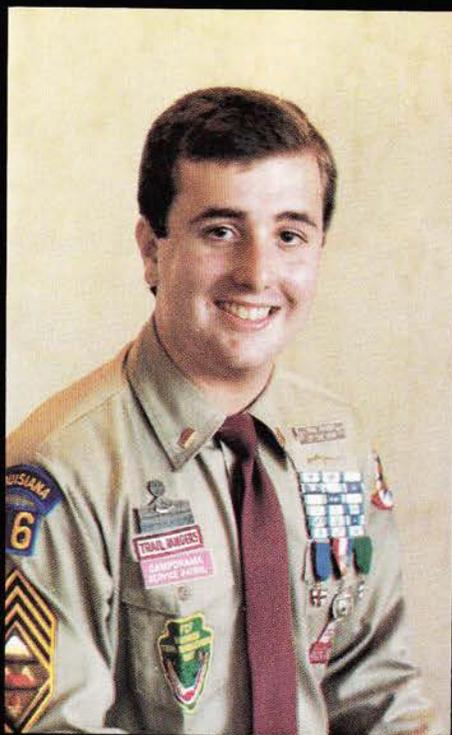
Left: Royal Rangers National Commander, Johnnie Barnes pictured with National Royal Ranger of the Year First Runner-up, Ben Comer, Gulf Region, and John Caputo, named 1988 National Royal Ranger of the Year, representing the Northeast Region.



John's hobbies are electronics, sports, reading, photography, and the space program. He has an exceptional aerospace collection, some of which he shared with those who attended the banquet.

His immediate goals in life are to serve the Lord and America as a Christian witness and to study astronomical engineering and physics. His long-term goal is to someday be president of the United States.

Ben Comer, First Runner-up, is the son of James and Louise Comer. He has a 14-year-old sister, Holly. What makes his family so special he says, is that they all work and play together.



Above: Ben Comer, Gulf Region Royal Ranger of the Year, and National Royal Ranger of the Year 1988, First Runner-up.

Ben has been active in the life of his church, Berwick First Assembly of God. He helps clean the church weekly, changes the church sign on a regular basis, has been youth group officer, and is active in a nursing home ministry.

Ben has been listed in "Who's Who Among American High School Students" for 2 years. He is also active in several school organizations. He testified before those attending the banquet that God had healed him of a broken foot with ligaments so severely torn that doctors said he would never participate in competitive sports again. However, because of God's touch, he is on the football and basketball teams, and he enjoys lifting weights.

Ben hopes to get a degree in education which will help him in ministry to youth not only in America, but in foreign countries as well.

Ben likes Royal Rangers: "I like exploring new adventures and learning new skills."

John and Ben had so many Royal Rangers pins, ribbons, and awards on their shirts that National Commander Johnnie Barnes had difficulty finding a place to affix their pins denoting their new status in Royal Rangers.

All eight of the regional finalists were also given certificate plaques and bronze medals with ribbons for their achievements in Royal Rangers.

The other five young men who represented their regions in the final competition were:

Dannon Braun, 16 Pensacola, FL Southeast region

Kevin Bushnell, 18 Omaha, NE North Central region

Joe Eisenman, 17 Hollister, CA Southwest region

Scott Harms, 16 Hillsboro, OR Northwest region

Scott King, 18 Goshen, OH Great Lakes region

Commander Johnnie Barnes challenged the boys to be their best for God. He stated that, though there could be only one Ranger of the Year, all the young men were winners for giving their very best.

1988

It was a Young Bucks Rendezvous from start to finish! Almost 40 percent of those registered at the National FCF Rendezvous at Eagle Rock, Missouri, June 28—July 2, 1988, were the Young Bucks! (boys under age 18)

It was one of those unforgettable events in the Royal Rangers Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity that boys could enjoy to the fullest, and they came from everywhere to join the fun!

Brian Cobble from Outpost 4, Columbus, Mississippi, found the entire week filled with excitement and adventure. Brian is 14 and had been initiated into FCF less than 2 weeks before, but he did a good deal of trading getting his costume together for his Buckskin advancement.

Shawn Shockey of Outpost 53, Lonaconing, Maryland, thought it was the greatest campout he ever attended. He got to spend some time with his friends and made lots of new ones. He even traded an Old Timer out of his prized wolf hide!

J. D. Eller of Outpost 69, Springdale, Arkansas, traded a handful of patches for a rifle, shirt and trousers. He even got a pair of suspenders and a drinking horn thrown in to boot. (You should have seen that Old Timer running around looking for a drink of water!)

Aaron Borrelly of Outpost 43, Tampa, Florida, really enjoyed the Hawk throwing and the Flint and Steel competition. Aaron, who is 14, is heavy into patch trading and found some of the Old Timers with lots of trading to do.

Lloyd Marsh of Outpost 72, Dallas, Texas, said the Rendezvous was real encouraging. He remembers the excitement of lives being moved for God. Lloyd, age 14, was impressed that General Superintendent of the Assemblies of God Rev. G. Raymond Carlson would take time from his busy schedule to speak at this event and share from his heart.



by John Eller

YOUNG BUCK RENDEZVOUS

Virgil King of Outpost 12, Newton, Iowa, enjoyed the fun of sleeping in tepees and cooking his own food. Virgil, age 12, said that worship in the woods made him feel close to the Lord. He hopes to make the next Rendezvous 4 years from now.

Everyone was impressed with the delegation from Singapore, "the land flowing with milk and honey." This group of 13 brought such interesting trade items as Chinese cloaks, chopsticks, fans, flutes, Chinese lanterns, Chinese chess, fireworks, costumes, and even some British pith helmets! It was like "Thieves Alley" in the old "Lion City."

Max Concepcion of Outpost 88, Spanish Eastern District, and a resident of West New York, New Jersey, was surprised at the cross section of

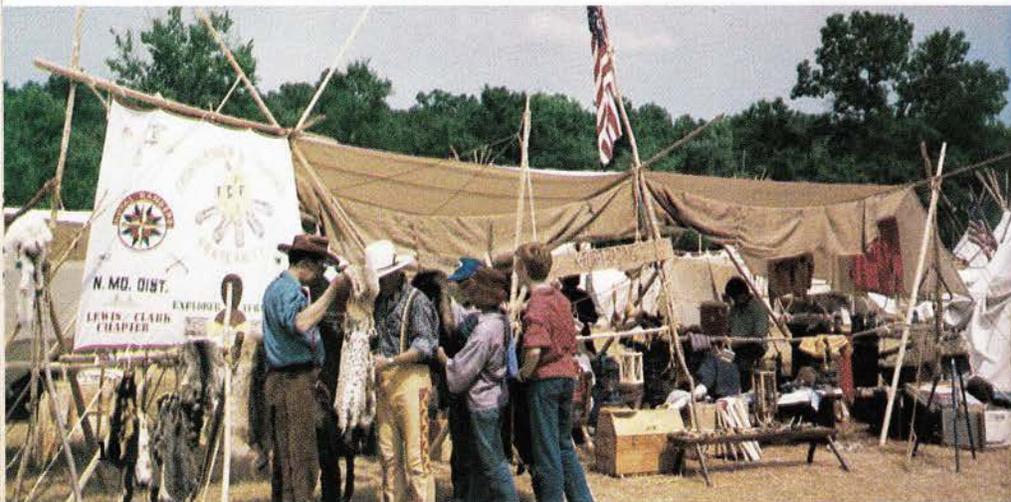


frontiersmen represented at the Rendezvous. When interviewed, Max was on his way across the meadow to visit Winter Hawk, who claimed to be a direct descendent of the Comanche Indians.

David Page of Outpost 8, Brunswick, Ohio, was attending his very first Rendezvous. He was impressed by the authentic and colorful outfits, and will always remember Will Taylor plucking on a banjo, and Howard Gentry sawing on a fiddle.

Matt Burres of Outpost 23, Plymouth, Michigan, found the Rendezvous to be more fun than he even imagined. Matt, who is 13, recommends FCF to other boys who want to achieve and enjoy the benefits of true wilderness camping.

Jeffrey Hockett, from Houston, Texas, said it was the most spiritual Rendezvous he had ever attended. Jeffrey is FCF Scout of the Longhorn



HIGH ADVENTURE

Chapter in South Texas.

Jeffrey is just turning 18 and is enrolled already in a Master's degree program at Oxford University (England), pursuing studies in International Business.

Things some of the Young Bucks had never seen the like before was Old Grizz Regan forcing his food on any unsuspecting frontiersman. But who could resist such delicacies as "Bird's Nest Soup" (a little crunchy, but nourishing), and "Armadillo-a-la-mode" (a little crusty, but cold)?

Other great memories for the Young Bucks include:

-Alan Gell and Robb Hawks telling jokes too corny to repeat and singing songs too old to remember.

-Young Bucks praying with Old Timers and other Young Bucks.

-The Razorbacks of Arkansas making their presence felt crying, "Woo Pig Sue!"

-National FCF President Fred Deaver trying to define "Dame Bramage," while displaying some of the finest artwork in America or the world.

-Several round men eating square meals.

-The Adirondack Chapter's Conestoga wagon.

-Hide tanning, gunsmithing, and a blacksmith at a working forge.

-All the Circuit Riding Preachers in costume.

-The hopeless search for the coyotes who ate the staff's turkeys.

-The rain that ran people into church.

-National FCF Vice President Sonny Green taping videos with a musical background on a jam box.

-Southern California District Commander Jim Price setting up one of those newfangled camp grills for Johnnie Barnes.

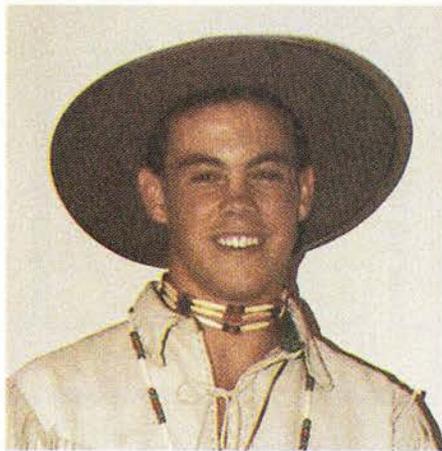
-Dr. Virgil Shepherd telling us that a certain popular bath oil is an excellent insect repellent.

-Obvious omissions from the demonstrations such as pickling deer's feet, making turkey gobbler gravy, and mule skinning.

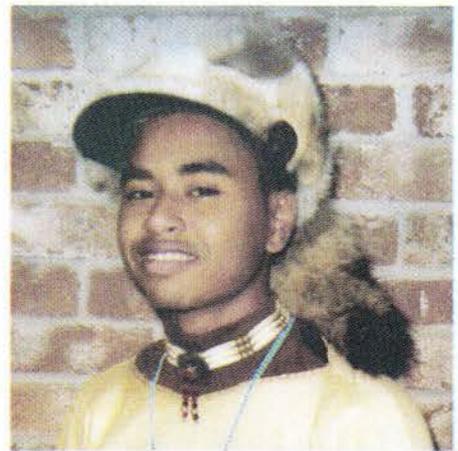
Just as this report was ready to be filed, a memo arrived in the mail from Bob Fox, an Old Timer with a big heart for boys in Patterson, Missouri. It reads as follows:

"At the Rendezvous were 4 boys and a commander from Jackson, Missouri.

"The church had furnished a van and gas money and one meal traveling to and from home.

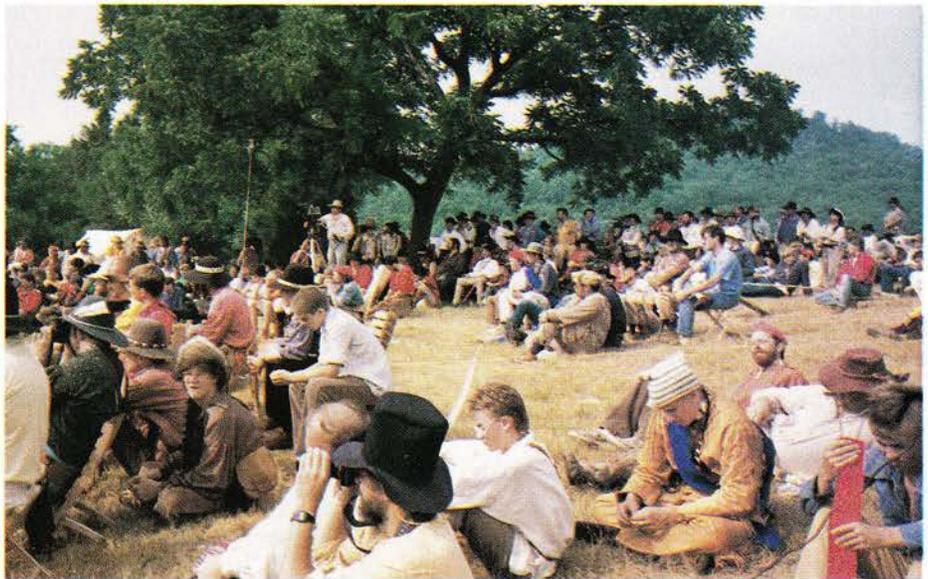


Christopher L. Harkness, National FCF Scout



Virgil Rhames, Assistant National FCF Scout

Photos by Rev. Robert Crabtree



"A friend was talking with the boys while Commander Seabaugh was away and said, 'Boys, Commander John is a real buddy to you guys, isn't he (bringing you here and all)?"

"The boys almost in unison said, 'He's not a buddy; he's like a daddy to us.'"

This brought tears to this friend's eyes as he related the incident to me. This was the first national event of any kind the boys had attended, and they were so thrilled.

This was repeated over again among the many boys who came. Some of the Old Timers were observed virtually giving expensive leather, fur and beadwork to the Young Bucks. It was heartwarming to see the glow of appreciation in the eyes of these boys and to know their hearts and lives would be affected for years to come by the love and compassion of the Old Timers.

Like someone said, "The Young Bucks are following in the footsteps of their dads."

During the Rendezvous, Chris Harkness, of Orange Park, Florida, was elected National FCF Scout, and Virgil Rhames of Fort Smith, Arkansas, was elected as the new Assistant National Scout.

Both of these young men will also serve as members of the National Royal Rangers Council during their term of office.

This article is the view of the 1988 National FCF Rendezvous by just one reporter. If every one of the 763 who registered wrote down their impressions of this great event, we could still be publishing when the next Rendezvous rolls around 4 years from now.

As one Young Buck said, "It was better felt than telt!"

Editor's Note: The FCF program is divided into two age divisions. Those under 18 are called "Young Bucks." Those over 18 are called "Old Timers."

THE END

by Edward J. Ryan

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, on a shelf in the library, there was a storybook which had everything in it that a good storybook should have: kings, and queens, a prince and princess, a black knight, and of course, a happy ending.

Well, it didn't quite have a happy ending. You see, *The End* was not very happy.

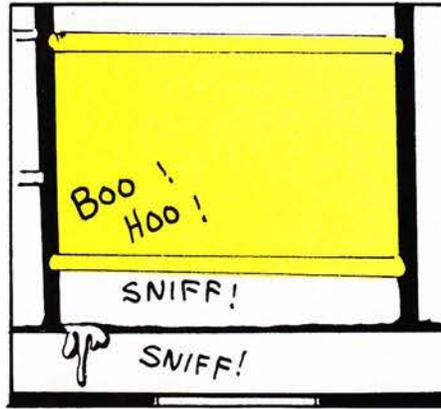
Last, *The End* would think to himself, I'm always last. It's not fair. I never get a chance to be first or even in the middle. I'm always last. I guess nobody likes me. If they did, they wouldn't always put me last. Not always.

Now the more *The End* thought about being last, the more unhappy he became. And the more unhappy he became, the more he brooded about being last. Finally he made himself completely miserable. Hot tears ran down from the cross in his T and he cried and cried and cried.

But you can't cry forever and soon *The End's* tears turned to anger. And his anger grew and grew and grew until he felt like he would explode. Then he did something that no other part of the story had ever dared to do. He left his appointed place.

"I'm going to be first," he said between clenched teeth. "I'm going to be first and I don't care what happens."

Now the prince and princess who



were living happily ever after were surprised to see *The End* pass them.

"Why wherever are you going?" asked the princess.

"To the beginning!" snapped *The End*. Then he turned away in shame; for the princess was good and kind, and it was churlish of him to answer so sharply.

"Why, dear, you've been crying," said the princess as she gently turned *The End* towards her.

"I'm always last," *The End* said, all his sorrow pouring into his words. "Always! I want to be first. I don't always want to be last. Not always!"

"But you belong at the end, old boy," laughed the prince. "In fact, you are *The End*."

Now the prince was only trying to help, but all *The End* could see was the prince laughing at him. He became more angry than ever.

"You don't like me," he cried. "None of you ever liked me. Well, I'm going to be first whether you like it or not!"

He ran off so hot and angry that he paid no attention to where he was or to what was going on around him. Suddenly he ran into someone. He bounced off them and fell down with a big *kerplunk*. Then he realized where he was and his little heart froze.

He was right in the middle of the final battle between the prince and



the black knight. The prince had been knocked to the ground, his sword broken; the black knight stood above him about to finish him off. The princess was in chains begging for the life of the prince. And *The End* had run into none other than the black knight.

"Egh," grunted the black knight, "what are you doing here?"

"G-G-Going to the beginning, sire," stammered *The End*. The black knight loomed above him, huge and terrible to behold.

"Get ye back to your appointed place," answered the black knight. "I've trouble enough without . . ." An evil smile crept across the black knight's lips. He pointed his long, sharp sword at *The End*.

"If the tale ends here," said the black knight in a low, evil voice, "I triumph. You will stay. You will end the tale here!"

Cold horror swept over *The End*. The prince and princess were doomed. What had he done!

Suddenly the prince was on his feet, grim of face, a broken stump of a sword in his hand.

"Run, *The End*!" he cried. "Run!" *The End* was away like a shot, the awful clang of swords ringing behind him.

"A king's ransom for the man who brings him to me!" roared the black knight. And *The End* ran as fast as his little n's and d's would carry him.





Now *The End* was in a terrible fix. When all the villains in the story heard the black knight's cry, they left their appointed places in the story to catch him. *The End* had to hide from the robbers and go the long way around to avoid the evil sorcerer.

Worse, *The End* got lost. When he left his appointed place in the story, and when the villains left their appointed places, other parts of the story left their places too. The story became an awful jumble and *The End* couldn't tell whether he was going frontwards or backwards or sideways.

Finally one of the king's soldiers found him hiding under a stray question mark. Tired and shaking, he was brought before the king and queen.

"Well, *The End*," said the king, "this poor story is in quite an upheaval. Would you like to tell me about it?"

The king was a man of great power and wisdom, but he was not frightening like the black knight. *The End's* story came tumbling out.

"I'm so sick at heart, sire," he finished. "I thought I was put last for spite because nobody liked me. Now I'm so tired and confused I don't know what to think."

"Why, dear," said the queen very softly and gently, "you weren't put last. A story can go on forever—some bad ones seem to go on forever and

ever—but a good story has to have a place to end. You were put in the very happiest part of the story because that is the best place to end the story. And you are the very best way to end the story. You are *The End*."

The End wasn't sure he really understood everything the queen had said, but she made him feel much better.

"I guess you'll want me to go back, sire," he said slowly and sadly.

"Yes," answered the king, "but not just yet. The story is in such a mess that it will take my men some time to put it straight. You may stay with the queen and me until things are set right."

The End's heart leapt for joy. He was first, well, almost first. He thought that he was going to be as happy as any *the end* could be.

Soon the storybook was taken off the shelf by a little girl. She had bright blue eyes and yellow hair in braids and thick glasses which kept falling down on her nose. She was the best speller in the third grade and she loved books with princes and princesses and lots of romance.

"Once upon a time," she read, "a long, long time ago, in a faraway land, there lived a king and a queen who ruled wisely over a happy kingdom. The End."

"Hey!" she exclaimed. She tried to read the rest of the story, but it was

all a jumble. "This one's no good," she said and she went off and left the book on the table.

Soon a little boy sat down at the table and picked up the book. He had dirt under his fingernails and patches on the knees of his jeans, and a pet frog named Alexander the Great. He didn't like spelling, but he did like stories about knights and lots of action.

"Once upon a time," he read, "a long, long time ago, in a faraway land, there lived a king and a queen who ruled wisely over a happy kingdom. The End."

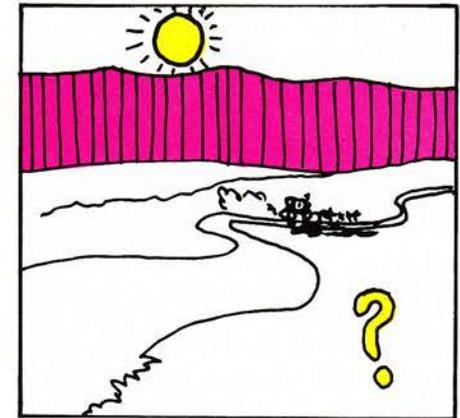
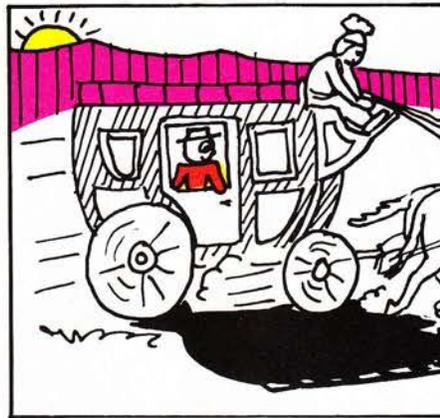
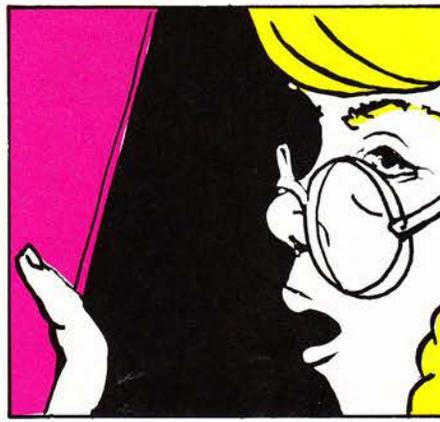
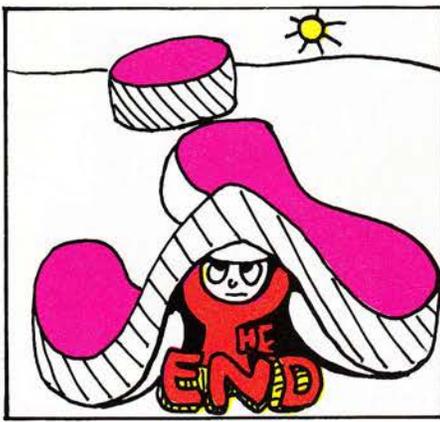
"Nuts!" he said. He tried to read the rest of the story, but it was all a jumble. He went off and left the book on the floor.

Later the assistant librarian picked up the book and flipped through the pages. "Oh my," she said, "this certainly isn't right. The head librarian must see this." She left the book on the head librarian's desk with a note for her to look it over.

"I've ruined the story, sire," said *The End* feeling more miserable than he ever did at the end of the story. "Now we'll be pulled off the shelf and no child will ever read us again."

"I'm afraid you are right, *The End*," answered the king. "My men are doing the best they can, but I'm afraid there's not enough time."





The End looked deep inside himself. He swallowed hard and asked, "Sire, if I go back to my appointed place of my own free will, do you think it would help?"

"The others might follow your example," answered the king, "but the road is long and hard, and there is always danger from the black knight."

"I've been thinking only of myself, sire," said *The End*. "I was so wrapped up in being last that I forgot how happy the story makes the children. I couldn't hear them laughing when they came to the end of the story because I couldn't laugh. By your leave, sire?"

"Well spoken!" said the king with a smile. He ordered up a coach with four white horses to take *The End* back, and he sent a company of knights to guard him on the way.

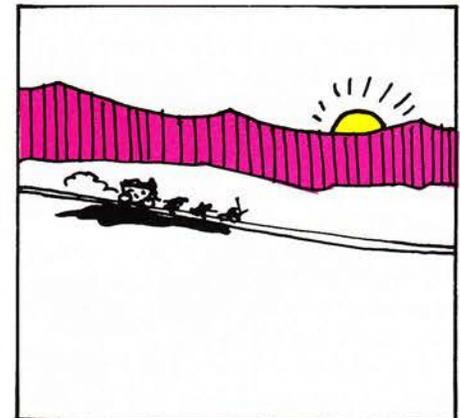
The journey was an exciting one.

From the coach window *The End* watched a story unfold which was filled with romance and excitement and enchantment. And he saw that every part of the story and every character—even the black knight—was important.

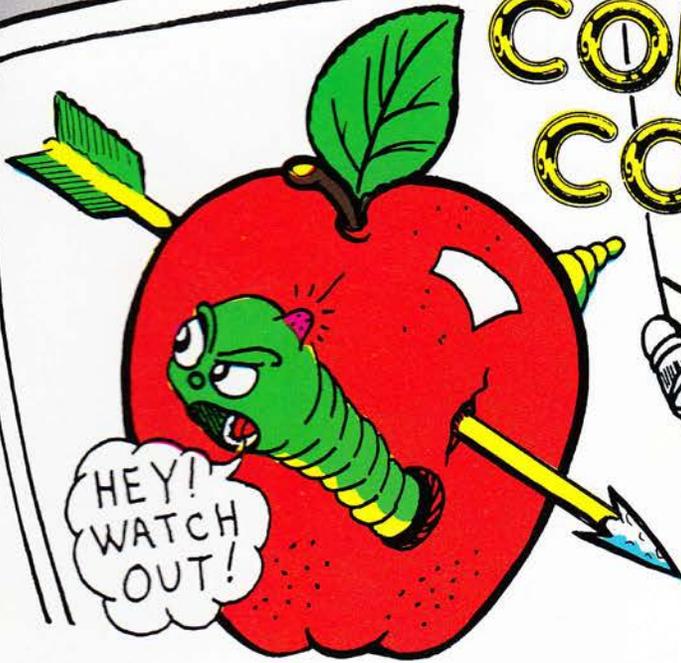
And when he came to the end of the story, he saw that it was indeed the happiest part.

The prince and princess were delighted to see him. "We were so worried about you," said the princess. *The End* tried to tell how sorry he was, but words failed him. "It's all right, dear," soothed the princess. "We all make mistakes. The important thing is that we learn from them."

And *The End* was glad to be back in his own part of the story and he settled down to do his very important job. And he lived happily ever after as: *The End*



COMEDY CORNER



His horse had lost the race and the owner was shouting at the jockey. "I told you to rush that last turn. Why didn't you?"

"Because," the jockey retorted. "It just didn't seem fair to leave the horse behind."

"What possible reason can you give for acquitting this man," the judge shouted at the jury.

"Insanity, sir," the foreman replied.

"All twelve of you?" bellowed the judge.

A waiter tells a diner, "You can have the chef's salad after all. He doesn't want it."

The headmaster of a posh New England school was astounded to see one of his students wipe his fork on the tablecloth. "Do you do that at home?" he asked sharply.

"No, sir. At home we have clean forks."

My uncle plays the trumpet so high only dogs can hear it. He doesn't make any money playing the trumpet, but last week he picked up \$75 in rewards for lost dogs.

Jokes by: M.J. Beckman
Grandad Hills, California

One December afternoon a farmer took his visiting grandson on a search for an evergreen tree. They examined tree after tree but the little boy could not find one suitable to decorate the farmhouse. Finally, at dusk, the farmer informed the lad that they would just have to take the next tree. "But Grandpa," protested the boy, "you mean even if it doesn't have lights on it?"

Ronald D. Day
Springfield, Missouri



"He's nice, but I really had something a bit smaller in mind."



"IS THIS ALL?"



So use every piece of God's armor to resist the enemy whenever he attacks, and when it is all over, you will be standing up.

But to do this, you will need the strong belt of truth and the breastplate of God's approval.

Wear shoes that are able to speed you on as you preach the Good News of peace with God. In every battle you will need faith as your shield to stop the fiery arrows aimed at you by Satan. And you will need the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit—which is the Word of God.

(Ephesians 6:13-17, TLB)

