

# High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

SUMMER 1989



LEADERS EDITION

*"I WILL DO MY BEST..."*



# HIGH ADVENTURE

SUMMER 1989

**Ringin' Out for Jesus**  
3

**Shawn Thatcher's Mission**  
4

**The Midnight Ride of ?**  
6

**Tony's Father**  
7

**A Song Is Born**  
8

**Wings Like Eagles**  
10

**Fire!**  
12

**HIGH ADVENTURE STAFF:**  
Johnnie Barnes, Senior Editor; Ken Hunt, Editor; Larry Bangle, Art; Ron Day, Layout

**NATIONAL COMMITTEE:**  
Silas Gaither, Ken Riemenschneider, Johnnie Barnes, Paul Stanek, Mark Gentry

**HIGH ADVENTURE**—Volume 19, Number 1 ISSN (0190-3802) published quarterly by Royal Rangers, 1445 Boonville Avenue, Springfield, MO 65802. Subscription rates: single subscription \$1.75 a year; bundle (minimum of five subscriptions, all mailed to one address) \$1.50 a year. Copyrighted 1989 General Council of the Assemblies of God, Inc., Gospel Publishing House. Printed in USA. Second-class postage paid at Springfield, Mo., and at additional offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to High Adventure, 1445 Boonville, Springfield, MO 65802.

MEMBER **epa** EVANGELICAL PRESS ASSOCIATION





# inging Out for Jesus

Down the road from our house is a large church with a tall belltower. The bell chimes every half hour. On special occasions, like weddings or when calling the people to a certain meeting, the bell peals wildly. It rings over and over, as if to say, "This is a special day. Let's celebrate together!"

In the mid 1700's, the early Americans had reason to celebrate. They had just finished building a brand-new statehouse called "Carpenter Hall." (It was later re-named "Independence Hall.") This was the meeting place where our first Congressmen would later assemble on July 4, 1776, to write the Declaration of Independence. This document declared America an independent nation.

Independence Hall had taken the carpenters and bricklayers 15 years to build. That's an awful long time to look forward to a finished building, isn't it?

When Independence Hall finally stood there completed—the bricks clean and new, the paint gleaming—the townspeople agreed they needed something new to set it off.

Do you know what they decided on? That's right! A BELL! And this was no ordinary bell. It would be a huge bell, 12 feet wide. They wanted it to ring loud and clear throughout the town and countryside.

Unfortunately, nobody in the colonies made such a bell (or at least no one thought so). They ordered one to be made in London, England. At last, a big ship sailed into the American harbor carrying the bell from England.

"It's here! It's here!" someone shouted the announcement. "Our bell has come from England!" The townspeople ran down to the dock to see

the bell unloaded. Children jumped up and down in excitement.

The ropes creaked as the enormous crate was lowered onto the dock. It took several men to pry the boards open and uncover the bell for all to see.

"Ah!" people exclaimed as they shielded their eyes from the sun's glint on the brass and copper bell. They walked around it, amazed at its size. It weighed 2,000 pounds!

"Ten o'clock in the morning, Saturday next!" the town crier said, as he went about calling out the time and date set for the ringing ceremony.

When Saturday came, the people gathered from miles around to hear the bell toll. At exactly 10 a.m., the bell cord was pulled and let go.

The people couldn't believe their ears. The bell had gonged a "dong" instead of a "ding."

"Take that bell down!" someone shouted. "We don't like it!"

"Take it down! Take it down!" a chorus rose from the crowd.

Two men crept quietly to the front of the crowd. They were John Pass and Charlie Stow. They had been bell-makers when they lived in England. The men offered to recast the bell, adding more copper.

Several weeks passed by. The townspeople assembled to hear the ring of the new bell. The 2,000-pound bell was hoisted into position once more. When the clapper struck the inside, it made an odd sound, as bells go.

"Clang!" it sounded.

"Take it down!" the crowd yelled again.

The townsfolk decided to have another bell made in England. When the English bell arrived, the "Pass and Stow" bell was taken down and the new bell hung in its place. The bell-ringer pulled the rope.

Guess what, the people didn't like that bell either!

Down it came. After much discussion, it was decided that the "Pass and Stow" bell would be re-hung.

"After all," the town's citizens agreed, "we are Americans and not English. We should have a bell made here in America."

The bell's ring sounded so much better—*now that the people had made up their minds!*

People are so often like that. James 1:8 says that "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." Do you remember the Bible story about the Israelites wandering around in the wilderness? God had freed them from slavery in Egypt and was urging them on to the Promised Land.

However, the Israelites couldn't decide if they wanted to go backward or forward. As long as they were confused, they remained in the desert.

Sometimes we're confused about which way to go, God's way or the world's way. Jesus said that we can't serve both God and mammon. "Mammon" means the things of this world, the things that each of us love so much. We can't put these things first, and God, too!

When we feel unhappy in our hearts, it's often because we are living for the world, and not the Lord Jesus Christ. When we live for Jesus, our life can *ring out* as joyful witness for Him. Life with Jesus gives us reason to celebrate! ■

by  
Richard Wheeler





by Michael E. Schultz

The night was etched in brilliant white as a jagged trail of lightning lay briefly across the sky. Then it was gone, leaving the thunder to roll away through the darkness, like the beating of a hundred drums. Beneath the starless sky, the waters of the Kanawha River flowed slowly through the dense forest of West Virginia.

Shawn Thatcher was 12 years old and nearly 200 miles from home. He had left his home in Point Pleasant almost a week ago. Now passing Grimms Landing, he was on his final leg of an urgent mission. Straining his eyes and ears into the night, Shawn tried to see and hear what might be waiting in ambush on the darkened banks. Leaning forward and pulling with long, sure strokes, he guided his birch canoe with skill and extreme caution. As the river slipped slowly by, Shawn thought back over the circumstances that had led to his now being alone and so far from home.

Standing on tiptoes at the back of the crowded, smoke-filled room of the meeting hall, Shawn had listened to his father. "Gentlemen, the British are gathering and inciting the Indians to war. Now, I know I don't have to tell you what that means. When they attack the settlements, we'll all need

help. So far, they've stayed to the north of the Kanawha River Valley; but there's no guarantee that they will stay there. We may have a few days or perhaps a week before they attack. So we must send someone to Fort Kanawha to get help."

Shawn felt again the tension and worry of the angry oaths the assembled men muttered. Why, even the old parrot, standing on its perch behind the rough board table, seemed to feel that this was a time for action. Squawking and beating his wings, he seemed to fan the flames of anger. Shawn remembered, too, his excitement. "I can do it!" he had shouted. "I want to go!"

It had taken a long time to convince his father and the others to let him go to the fort. Eventually, though, they

realized that Shawn was the best choice. He was strong, quiet, and knew the river. He had a very good chance of slipping down river without being discovered by the Indian scouts. They would be watching for someone to slip out for help. Besides, all the other men would be needed to protect their families and farms.

Feeling the smooth wood of the paddle in his calloused hands and searching through the night sounds for signs of danger, Shawn wondered how he could be so afraid and yet keep going. It was then that he realized that he felt fear. It was not fear for himself, but fear that he would not succeed in his mission and many



of his family and friends would die. The screech of an owl cut through his daydreaming like a knife. A cold sweat broke out over his body as shivers passed up and down his spine. Something about the tone of that owl did not sound right. His pulse quickened. Had he been discovered?

Suddenly, the canoe tipped crazily and Shawn was tossed violently into the water. Stunned by the sudden impact and the biting cold of the water, he barely had time to think. A rope must have been strung across the river, before he was yanked backwards by unseen hands. With scarcely a sound, his attackers were upon him. He flailed and kicked to escape the strong hands and was rewarded with a gasp and a muffled yell as he succeeded in kicking one of them in the stomach.

As the men gained a firm hold on him, he sensed that his struggle was useless; and a single thought brought tears to his soul even as a knife through cloth: "I have failed!" Agony of his failure and grief for his family swelled within his breast. It threatened to choke the air from his lungs. His brief fight ended as the flat side of a tomahawk glanced across the back of his head. Shawn's grief was engulfed by a curtain of bright red and then total darkness.

"Well now, I see that our young friend is finally awake."

Shawn's mind whirled in confusion and pain as he tried to focus his eyes. Two men grasped him by the arms and hoisted him to his feet. The man who had spoken stood before him. He studied Shawn in the light of a small campfire. "Who are you, lad? Where do you come from and how do you come to be on the river this particular night?"

Shawn just stood there barely seeing the man and said nothing. The man spit into the fire, "Silent type are you?" Another pause followed.

Though shaken and unsteady on his feet, Shawn was determined to tell this man nothing. As his vision began to clear, he saw that the men were dressed in buckskins. They probably were not British soldiers; and they definitely were not Indians, but still he did not trust them.

The man watched Shawn carefully and finally shrugged his shoulders. "Very well," he said, "if you won't tell me who you are, I'm afraid that I have no choice but to take you with us back to Fort Kanawha. I can't very

well leave you here for the Indians, now can I?"

Shawn snapped his head up and focused his aching eyes on the man in front of him. "You, sir" you're from Fort Kanawha?"

"That I am, lad, Major Patrick O'Brien, at your service. Now, may I ask again, who you might be and what you are doing here?"

"Major!" Shawn swallowed hard and rubbed his sore head to clear his mind. "I'm Shawn Thatcher."

His story told, the men broke camp quickly, then set off for the fort. Since it was just after first light when they arrived, Shawn was taken promptly to the fort commander, who listened closely to what Shawn had to say and then began barking orders. "Major O'Brien!" he shouted, "see that young Mr. Thatcher is given warm food and clothing, and then assemble the 2nd Platoon. We march immediately!"

A week had passed since the 2nd Platoon of 75 able men had marched for the Kanawha River Valley settlements. The waiting was terrible and seemed as though it would never end. Shawn stood, as he had each morning since the soldiers had marched, silently watching in the cool morning air. The sun rose slowly over the tops of the stockade wall.

What was that? Such commotion—men running and yelling. "Open the gate!" someone shouted. "A runner has arrived! There's news from Major

O'Brien. Quick! Open the gate!"

Jumping down from his perch and racing toward the gathering crowd, Shawn felt his heart would burst. Shawn pushed, and shoved, and quickly found himself before the messenger. "What word, sir?" he whispered breathlessly. "What news do you bring?"

Smiling, yet near exhaustion, the man grasped Shawn by the shoulders. "The British and Indians are defeated," he said. "Your father sends his love and respect. He bids you come home as soon as possible."

With this welcome news, the soldiers set up a rowdy cheer, and crowded to Shawn and the messenger to shake their hands and pat their backs. As politely and quickly as possible, Shawn left the group. He walked back to the spot where he had stood just moments before. He noted that the sun was now higher in the sky, bright, warming away the fear in his heart. With this new day came an intense eagerness to return home.

Shawn felt good. He had come so far in such a short time and knew somehow that he had passed the test. In doing so, he had crossed into the realm of manhood.

Softly into the morning, Shawn whispered, "Thank you, Lord, for your love and strength."

Smiling, he turned and walked away. He must prepare for his trip home. ■

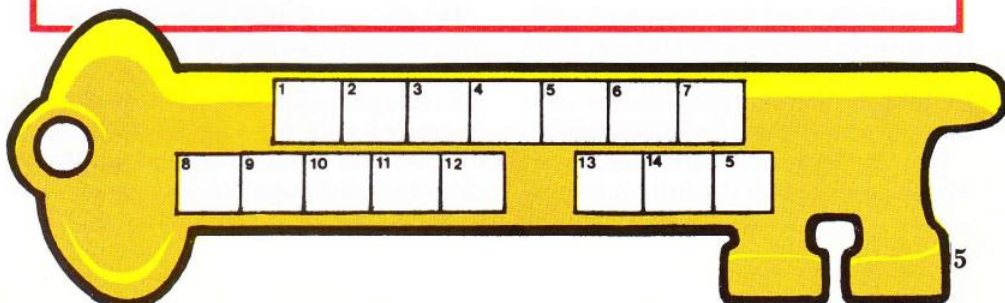
## Key Letters

by M. Senterfitt

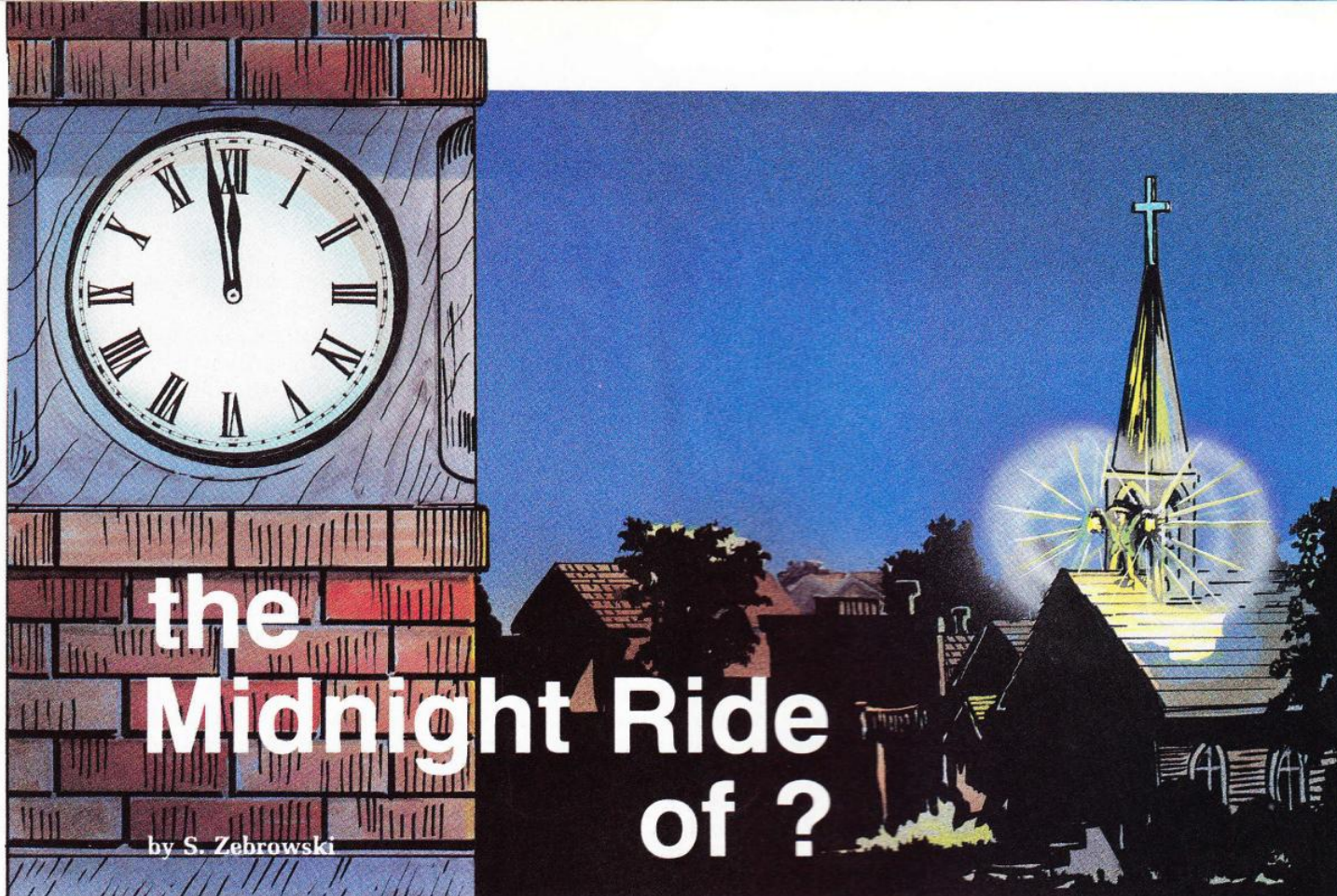
On September 14, 1814, Fort McHenry, located on the north shore of Chesapeake Bay, was bombarded by invading British forces. On that date, aboard a British warship, America's national anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner," was written.

Below are 15 words from the anthem. Fill in the spaces with the missing key letters. Then transfer those letters to the correct numbered blocks and learn who saw "that our flag was still there."

- |            |            |              |
|------------|------------|--------------|
| 1. _LAG    | 6. L_GHT   | 11. _WILIGHT |
| 2. ST_IPES | 7. _TAR    | 12. RAMPAR_  |
| 3. BR_VE   | 8. _AY     | 13. ROC_ET   |
| 4. BAN_ER  | 9. WAT_HED | 14. FR_E     |
| 5. _AN     | 10. H_ME   | 15. EARL_    |







# the Midnight Ride of ?

by S. Zebrowski

In 1861, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow wrote a poem called "Paul Revere's Ride."

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear of the midnight ride of Paul Revere. . . ."

Longfellow created a hero, Paul Revere. But he forgot the real hero of the night, William Dawes. Paul Revere was given complete credit for warning the Colonists of the British troops' nighttime march against them.

On that historic April night of 1775, two men were to ride out and give the warning. One was Paul Revere, a silversmith, and the other was William Dawes, a cobbler (shoemaker).

Contrary to Longfellow's poem, it was Dawes who rode out first, made the longer ride, and did the best job.

This is how it really took place. The British troops started streaming into Boston, during the spring of 1775. The Colonists started preparing for war. They kept their guns at Concord and were getting ready to fight the British.

Thirty men, who belonged to the Sons of Liberty, were sent to watch the British troops' movements. The commander of the Colonial troops, Dr. Joseph Warren, chose Revere and Dawes to be his special messengers.

On April 15, Dr. Warren received a report saying that the British troops

were beginning to move their boats. This meant that the British were going to attack Concord. Dr. Warren sent Revere to Lexington to warn Sam Adams and John Hancock. Revere did so and on the way back he stopped at Charlestown to tell Colonel Conant, also. Colonel Conant wanted to know how he and his men would be warned when the British troops would be coming. So Revere devised this plan; "One lantern if they are marching by land, two if by sea," from the steeple of Christ's Church.

A stable boy heard two British soldiers complaining about a night march on Tuesday, April 18. He ran and told Dr. Warren what he had heard. Dr. Warren knew that war was near but thought the British would attack from the water. He sent Dawes by land to warn everyone.

Dawes rode quickly to Roxbury and hid among some farmers to get by the British guards. Then he rode on through Cambridge shouting these famous words, "The British are coming!"

Dr. Warren was able to reach Revere later that same evening. He told Revere to go by water and warn people along the route. Before leaving, Revere asked a friend, John Pulling, to give the lantern signal at the church. Pulling agreed, and then had

the church's sexton, Robert Newman, signal with the lanterns. He gave a two-lantern signal—by sea.

Revere arrived safely on the Charlestown shore and gave his report to Conant. Conant and Revere did not know that Dawes was riding by land to warn everyone; so Revere set out for Lexington. He arrived at midnight. His shouting alerted the men. Minutes later, a very tired Dawes rode into Lexington.

Revere said that they should ride on to Concord; so Dawes, Dr. Sam Prescott, and he, left together. Soon they clashed with British officers. Dawes escaped, Dr. Sam Prescott jumped a fence and rode back to Concord, but Revere was captured.

When the British officer holding Revere prisoner heard gunshots, he released Revere and moved his troops back to safety. Dawes rode back to Lexington, making his night-ride the longer.

Perhaps it was because Paul Revere became famous for his silverware and William Dawes remained just an unknown shoemaker that inspired Longfellow to write his poem about Revere and not about Dawes.

Else, he might have written, "The Midnight Ride of William Dawes."



# Tony's Father



by B. L. Mell

The moon seemed to duck from one cloud to another. First it shone brightly, then it slid behind another cloud. An owl hooted in the woods, and Miles peered fearfully into the dark.

"That is just an owl," Tony said as the weeds rustled beneath their feet. "It's nothing to be scared of."

"I don't like it out here," Miles muttered. "Why didn't we walk the paved road? And when are we going to be there?"

"Quit complaining! This lane is a shortcut—we'll see the lights soon."

Miles stumbled on a rock and quickly caught his balance. "A guy could break a leg around here!" he grumbled.

"Yeah, I know," Tony agreed. "I wish Dad would get a decent job in town instead of working out here in no-man's-land! Why couldn't he be a dentist, like your dad? or an accountant like Brian's dad?"

Ahead, they suddenly heard a rustle in the leaves; and Tony stopped. One hand pressed against Miles' shoulder. Both boys stared wide-eyed into the darkness. The shining moon outlined a deer who looked at them, then it turned and bounded silently into the woods.

"Whew!" Miles sighed with relief. "I was afraid it was a bear!"

Tony chuckled. "Ah, come on, there aren't any bears around here! Hey, look!" He suddenly pointed. "We're there!"

They broke into a run, sprinting toward the bright glow. This part of the lane was covered with loose gravel; so they ran carefully, trying not to fall. The sudden blast of an air horn brought them to a stop, before the truck roared past them, and the smell of oil and diesel fuel filled the air.

A voice boomed from the guardhouse. "Hey, fellas! What are you doing there?"

Tony brushed his hand over his hair and stepped forward. "I'm Tony Crisp," he called out. "My dad is a mechanic here. He is working overtime; so I brought him some lunch." Tony waved the brown paper bag for the guard to see.

The guard flashed a light over their faces. "Well, be careful," he warned. "Trucks are zooming through here all the time, and it's not a very safe place to be walking. You took a shortcut across Lime Hollow Road, huh?"

Tony nodded. "Yes, sir."

"Well, get going," the guard said. "I believe your dad is working over in building C. Ask someone there."

Tony waved and the boys started toward the building. Then another diesel sounded its horn and they shielded their eyes from the dust as it roared by, heading toward the paved highway.

"Boy, this is some busy place!" Miles shouted.

"I'll say!" Tony shouted back. "I don't know why my dad keeps this job—especially now when he has to work so much overtime."

Tony pushed the door open and stepped into the brightly lighted shop. It looked like a warehouse full of huge trucks. Some were on jacks; others had their hoods raised. Torches glowed and sparked. The sound of air wrenches screeched through the air while men with greasy uniforms and oil-streaked faces worked on the big rigs. The boys stood side by side, looking around for Tony's father.

"Looking for someone?" A big burly

man in blue overalls, towering over the boys, sipped from a cup.

"My dad," Tony replied, "Tom Crisp."

The man glanced at his watch. "Tom should be through soon. But you better wait for him in my office. Only mechanics are allowed in the work area of the shop."

Tony shrugged. "Okay."

They followed the man into a grimy office and sat on the edges of metal chairs. The man sat on the edge of a desk swinging his leg back and forth, smiling. "Your dad has told me all about you," he said pleasantly. "I'm Nat Duncan, the shift supervisor."

"Oh, yeah?" Tony looked interested. "What's he said?"

"Nice things." Mr. Duncan blew into his cup and looked at Tony with clear blue eyes. "He tells me the two of you go fishing every chance you get. I hear you caught a record rainbow trout last year."

Tony fidgeted in his chair. "Yeah, it was pretty big."

"Your dad is one of our best mechanics, son. Did you know that?"

"He never talks much about work."

Mr. Duncan nodded. "Some of our drivers will not even take a rig out until your father has checked it out. That is how well he does his job."

"He's still, just a mechanic," Tony muttered, rubbing a smudge of grease from his hand.

"Just a mechanic?" Mr. Duncan laughed heartily. "If it wasn't for mechanics, not much would get hauled overland in this country."

"Oh, yeah?" Miles asked, suddenly curious.

"Right—mechanics are a little like doctors. Doctors, keep people going, and mechanics, keep machines going. Never thought about it like that before, did you?"

"No," Tony answered thoughtfully. He stood up and walked to a window where he could look out over the shop.

Miles came to the window and stood beside him. "Hey, look!" Miles pointed. "Here comes your dad now!"

Tony watched as his father walked wearily toward the office. His shoulders drooped, and he looked really tired. He wiped his greasy hands on a red cloth and stopped as another man called to him.

"But still, he's only a mechanic,"

*please turn to page 13*



# A SONG



by M. Harmer

On a hot day in August 1814, Martha Villers stood in the middle of her kitchen listening to the pealing of the town bell. She put down the bread she had just baked, seized her bonnet, and rushed down the street. Soon she was joined by other curious neighbors.

"It must be news of the fighting at Washington," said Goody Blake. "Let us hope that it is good news."

By the time the women reached the village green, it was filled with townspeople. Now the bell had stopped ringing and the mayor came out on the steps of the town hall. "Hear ye!" he cried. "The battle in Washington is over and our own brave lads have won."

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" came from a dozen throats. Small boys began to jig and caper about on the green. Soon everyone was joining in the celebration.

Martha's neighbor nudged her arm. "Look yonder at Dr. Beanes," she said. "I warrant he's been celebrating in the grogshop. It isn't like him to be singing and shouting in the middle of the day."

At that moment, the ladies' attention was attracted by the appearance of three British soldiers who came straggling onto the green.

"Could you give us some food and drink?" asked one.

"Aye—and some news," replied Dr. Beanes. "Or, perhaps you have already heard that your troops have been defeated in Washington?"

The soldier shook his head. "We've heard nothing. We were behind our regiment at the battle of Bladensburg. We were trying to rejoin our company."

"I know of a much better place for you!" cried Dr. Beanes. "The village jail, right here in Upper Marlboro, can supply you with a place and meals as well. Come along lads," he called to bystanders. "Give us some help in escorting these fellows to their proper lodgings."

There were volunteers aplenty and before long the British soldiers were housed in the village jail. The cele-



# HERP L • E • A • D • E • R

SUMMER 1989

NEWS FROM THE NATIONAL COMMANDER/2 .....YOUR  
HOME RUN: A DEVOTIONAL IDEA/3.....WHY CAN'T  
WE GET ROYAL RANGERS GOING?/4-5 ..... CANOEING  
THE RIO GRANDE/6-7 ..... FACTS ABOUT FLAGS/8-9  
DISPLAYING AND HONORING THE FLAG/9-10.....GO TAKE  
A HIKE THROUGH TIME/11-13.....CRAFTS/14  
LAUGHS FOR LEADERS/15 ..... TWO BUDDIES/16



# NEWS FROM THE NATIONAL COMMANDER

## ... COMING SOON!

Dear Leaders:

Please note the two, new column spots that we plan to begin.

In the *High Adventure*: "We Salute" (from the National Royal Rangers Committee) gives tribute to those whose unselfish acts of kindness have furthered the ministries of the Royal Rangers. Maybe it's a peer, pastor, parent, or the main emphasis—the Rangers, themselves.

In order to salute "our friends," the *High Adventure* needs your input. Please send names, processed color pictures, and general description—who they are, and what they have done!

In *High Adventure Leader*: "Sound the Trumpet" will report on *significant* spiritual growth and highlights within the Royal Rangers ministry.

How can a leader express the joy he feels when his outpost experiences real growth and hearts are changed. Suddenly, the time spent—it's all worthwhile.

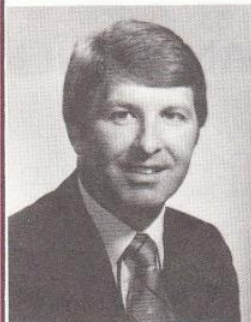
You want to tell someone about it, don't you? Then tell the *High Adventure Leader*!

Send us a brief typewritten report and processed photos if you have them.

Please remember, due to space limitations, we will not be able to print or acknowledge every article.

Send to: *High Adventure* or *High Adventure Leader*; 1445 Boonville Avenue; Springfield, MO 65802.

## INTRODUCING:



Ken Hunt recently was named Editor/Promotions Coordinator of Royal Rangers materials. He began his duties in November 1988.

In his new position, Ken serves as editor for the *High Adventure* and *High Adventure Leader*.

A native of southern Missouri, Ken is the son of an Assemblies of God minister. After graduating from Evangel College with a degree in sociology, he served in the U.S. Army for 3 years, 1 year of which he spent in Vietnam.

Following military service, Ken worked for Southwestern Bell Telephone Co. before going into general contracting business.

He also has been active in his church as a Men's Ministries leader and a Royal Rangers outpost commander. Presently, he serves on the deacon board of Oak Grove Assembly.

Ken and his wife Sharon have two children: Ryan, age 12; and Heather, age 10.

We in the Royal Rangers national office believe that Ken will be a great asset to the Rangers ministry.

## REFLECTIONS ...

This past year was an outstanding year for the Royal Rangers ministry. Thousands of leaders utilized their time and talents to reach, teach, and keep boys for Christ. The following are some of the achievements:

### GOLD MEDAL OF ACHIEVEMENT

There were 155 young men who achieved the highest goal in the Royal Rangers advancement program, "The Gold Medal of Achievement."

### MEDAL OF VALOR

There were 15 young men who placed their lives on the line in 1988 in order to save another's life. We are proud of the "Medal of Valor" recipients. Their quick action and bravery is to be commended.

### LEADER'S MEDAL OF ACHIEVEMENT

Eleven thousand two hundred and fifty-six (11,256) men and women have enrolled in the *Leadership Training Course* this past fiscal year. One thousand six hundred and forty-five (1,645) individuals have earned the "Leader's Medal of Achievement."

### NATIONAL TRAINING EVENTS

A total of 1,123 men and women attended and completed one of our national training events. These events will assist men and women for potential ministry within our local churches.

### NATIONAL FCF RENDEZVOUS

Eagle Rock, Missouri (NRRTC) was the site for the 1988 quadrennial FCF National Rendezvous. Over 800 participants enjoyed many frontier skills, and also were blessed by the outstanding ministry of men such as Rev. G. Raymond Carlson and Rev. Robert Crabtree.

### OVERSEAS MINISTRY

Forty-two countries now are utilizing the Royal Rangers ministry. In 1988, a team led by Mark Gentry and George Davis conducted National Training Camps in two South American countries. In November, a team led by Paul Stanek, conducted three training events in Singapore. In January 1989, I spoke at the Australian National Camporama and was greatly impressed with this very successful event. We deeply appreciate their vast accomplishments in the RR ministry under the leadership of Commonwealth Commander Will Thorne and his staff.

The expansion of Royal Rangers has brought requests from many countries for training, translation of books, and other assistance.

by Johnnie Barnes



# Your Home Run:

**Scripture References:** Ex. 20:17; Gal. 5:26; 1 John 2:9; Eph. 6:17; and Heb. 4:12.

**Advanced Preparation:** List all of the players of the defensive (enemy) team in their positions on a black-board by drawing a diagram of a baseball field.

**Presentation:** In the game of baseball, the parallels between the life of a baseball player and life of a believer are about the same. Both have toughness, endurance, hard training, and discipline.

When it's your time at bat, knock the "stuffings" out of any and all temptations hurled at you by the "enemy of your soul," who will throw you a wicked "fast curve" ball. The Enemy, the defensive team, is out in the field to spoil your chances of making a "home run." The Enemy outfield lineup is strong enough to cause any weak Christian to make a fast "out" and is made up of the following players: *Sin*, in center field; *Covetousness*, in left field; and *Fear*, in right field. They are there to throw you out of the "game of life" when you attempt to make your "run" in life.

by Warren Bebout

The Enemy infield is made up of the following opposition: *Malice*, at 1st base; *Envy*, at 2nd base; *Hatred*, at 3rd base; and *Deceit*, at shortstop. This is tough enemy territory to hit through. These players are cunning and smart; and so is their manager, Satan. They are good enough to shake up anybody's hitting lineup. If you don't have some good teammates hitting behind you in the batting order, your chances of being able to advance in your spiritual growth and reaching home base will be mighty slim. The Enemy infield players are a tough bunch to "outrun" without getting "thrown out."

Watch for "slow curves" thrown at you by the pitcher on Satan's team. He will hurl all kinds of temptation your way using various kinds of pitches. *Selfishness* is the opposing pitcher of record with *Jealousy* doing all the catching.

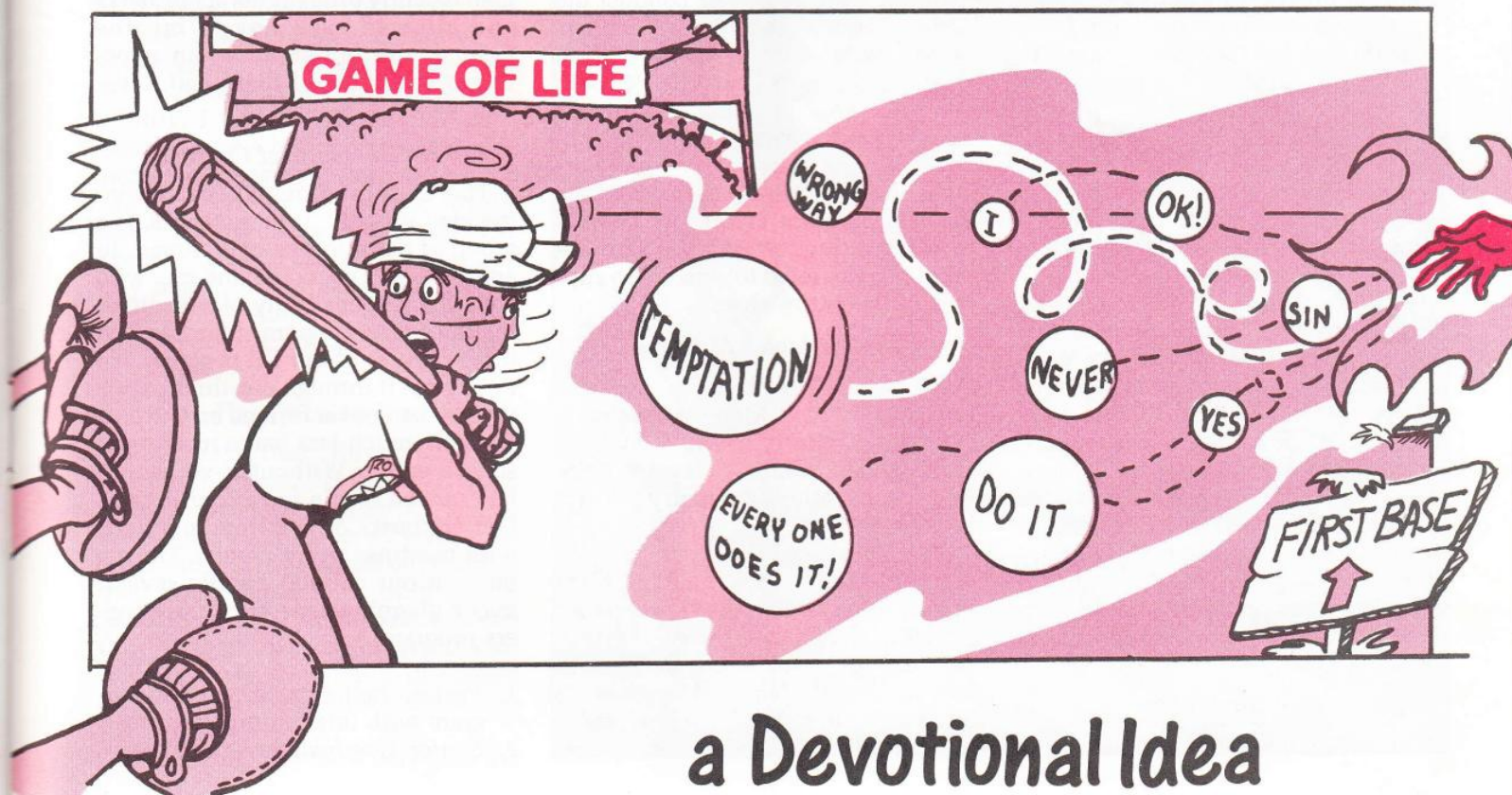
This pair will send out their signals to try to keep you from reaching first base in your "game of life." In order to "get to first base," you must be able to "place" a good hit, out of

reach of the outfield, somewhere so that *Sin*, *Covetousness*, and *Fear* cannot spoil your chances. And in order to advance to the other bases, you must be able to "outmaneuver" their throws to your base. It's tough but with your teammates hitting behind you, you can do it.

Your offensive team members are *Humility*, the team captain; *Honor*; *Love*; *Faith*; *Joy*; *Earnestness*; *Courageousness*; *Cheerfulness*; and *Unselfishness*. What a hitting lineup! You also have some good pinch hitters on the bench who can deliver when needed. They include such players as *Gentleness*, *Goodness*, and *Mr. Patience* himself. These guys are blockbusters themselves. Heaven is your "home base." You are bound to score!

No team can beat you when you have *Jesus Christ* as the manager of your life. Don't forget—when things get tough and you need a key hit, there are some good pinch hitters on the bench. But above all, make sure you know all the "signals" given to you by your manager, Jesus.

Whether you are at bat, in the field, or on base, play for Jesus—score big!



a Devotional Idea



# WHY CAN'T WE GET ROYAL RANGERS GOING?

by Andy Robertson

"I just wanted to see what it felt like to kill someone." This is the heartless excuse that came from a 14-year-old who had brutally murdered a schoolmate with a baseball bat. He had lured the victim into the woods under pretense of sharing fireworks with him. Not only did he mercilessly slay an innocent classmate but later took two friends to view the bruised, bloody, body and to brag about his gory accomplishment.

As I sat in my den watching this news special, I realized again how desperately so many boys need the direction that the Royal Rangers program can provide. And yet my heart sank, remembering that our own program was floundering, almost nonexistent after three unsuccessful attempts to get started. As I looked back and realized our program had fallen from an average of 23 boys each Wednesday, to a small core of 3 discouraged little fellows, it was as if Satan had also taken a bat and dealt our Royal Rangers ministry a fatal blow. *Why can't we get the Royal Rangers program going?* I had asked myself this over and over again. *Lord, this program has the potential to make a difference and yet we can't get it off the ground!*

Now, only a short time later, my feelings are quite different because our Rangers program is emerging as one of our main ministries. Before I came to First Assembly, in Muscle Shoals, Alabama, the church unsuccessfully attempted to begin Rangers. Since then, my two attempts at resurrecting the lifeless program were just as fruitless. But now that we have geared up for the fourth attempt, I am seeing new life breathed into the program. I now am sure that we will have one of the strongest Royal Rangers programs in the whole Alabama District. If you have asked the same nagging question, "Why can't we get the Royal Rangers program going?" then maybe the following "keys to success," will help.

## Key #1—The Church

The church must become aware of

the potential ministry impact that a Rangers program can have. Within the past 5 years, no other ministry in our Assemblies of God churches has had a more dramatic growth rate than that of the RR program. In looking at our own Rangers ministry, we are reaching young boys who desperately need a positive male Christian influence. Approximately one-half of the boys in our outpost come from single parent families whose mom's are eager for their boys to have this type of positive contact. In order to dispel the mistaken idea that Rangers is just a baby-sitting service, we have had our sectional Rangers leaders conduct the entire Sunday's services. This has helped to educate the congregation about the Rangers program. Periodic formal awards presentations in our church, have not only attracted unchurched parents to worship services, but have served to keep the Rangers program before the people. In our first three attempts to start the program, we failed to secure the support of the entire church.

## Key #2—The Men's Ministry

Instead of simply being a "meet and eat" society, our Men's Ministry is being transformed into an active, exciting group of Christian laymen since we gave the Rangers ministry priority in our meetings.

The Men's Ministry financially supports the Rangers program. Most of the men have made monthly pledges, above their tithes, to support the program. This year several hundreds of dollars will be given to buy tents, cookware, rope, advancement patches, and other necessities.

Also moneys will be used to provide uniforms for boys not able to afford them. Uniform scholarships have been set up, and the boys work around the church to earn credits toward them.

Not only have the men pledged moneys, but their talents as well. We took a survey of the men's various hobbies and work skills. Many offered to come and demonstrate these during a Wednesday night outpost meeting. The boys, as a result, are excited about their exposure to basic woodworking, turkey calling, and a host of other interesting topics. One man recently brought his scuba tanks and allowed each boy to breathe through the mouthpiece—an experience that most of them had never had before.

## Key #3—The Outpost Council

The Outpost Council, as recommended in leadership materials, is a group of three to five churchmen, in addition to the commanders, who have the responsibility of coordinating the entire program. After the first three failures of our RR program, we finally got it through our thick skulls that we had never formed an Outpost Council, much less had a meeting of such a group. Without it we would be doomed to die for a fourth time. Our Outpost Council now functions with meetings every month. The six men on our council handle several major planning aspects of the Rangers program:

1. *Pastor*—helps coordinate RR program with total church picture.
2. *Senior Commander*—coordinates



the total Royal Ranger operation, encouraging commanders of each age group.

3. *Finance Coordinator*—plans special fund raising events to support the RR program.
4. *Activities Director*—helps coordinate major events like trips and camp-outs.
5. *Awards Recognition*—makes sure that advancement is recognized in a timely and prestigious way.
6. *Outreach and Publicity*—handles events to put the Ranger program in the public eye and visits new families with prospects.

The first four meetings of this council have already made a radical difference in the success of our program. Don't try to start without the crucial ingredient of an Outpost Council.

#### *Key #4—The Senior Commander*

"You cannot teach what you do not know, and you cannot lead where you will not go." This truthful anecdote illustrates the importance of the role of the Senior Commander. Earlier selections for this position were notoriously haphazard. As a result, the program floundered under the direction of men who were better followers than leaders. A man of strong character and discipline must fill this position or the program absolutely will not go.

After talking to several men in the congregation and finding no one who was willing to shoulder the responsibility, I talked with our associate pastor about a temporary shift in his portfolio. He is now our Senior Commander and able to spend several hours a week encouraging each commander to be prepared for Wednesday night. Future plans include replacing him with a trained lay person, but for now the arrangement is working great!

#### *Key #5—The Training Process*

The Sectional Royal Rangers Training Commander drove 70 miles through tornado weather to be present to train commanders. I was somewhat embarrassed to find out that our own men, some living only blocks from the church, did not show for the third session. Because of lack of participation we eventually discarded this training process. As a result, the RR ministry died.

We learned the hard way that the

Rangers program will not work without trained commanders at the helm. These men are the "bedrock" of the program and must be challenged to enroll and complete the *Leadership Training Course*. This course deals with several key areas such as camp craft, program planning, first aid, the teaching process, discipline of boys, and how to lead boys to Christ. After we made an unrelenting commitment to get through the course, our commanders began to lead with confidence.

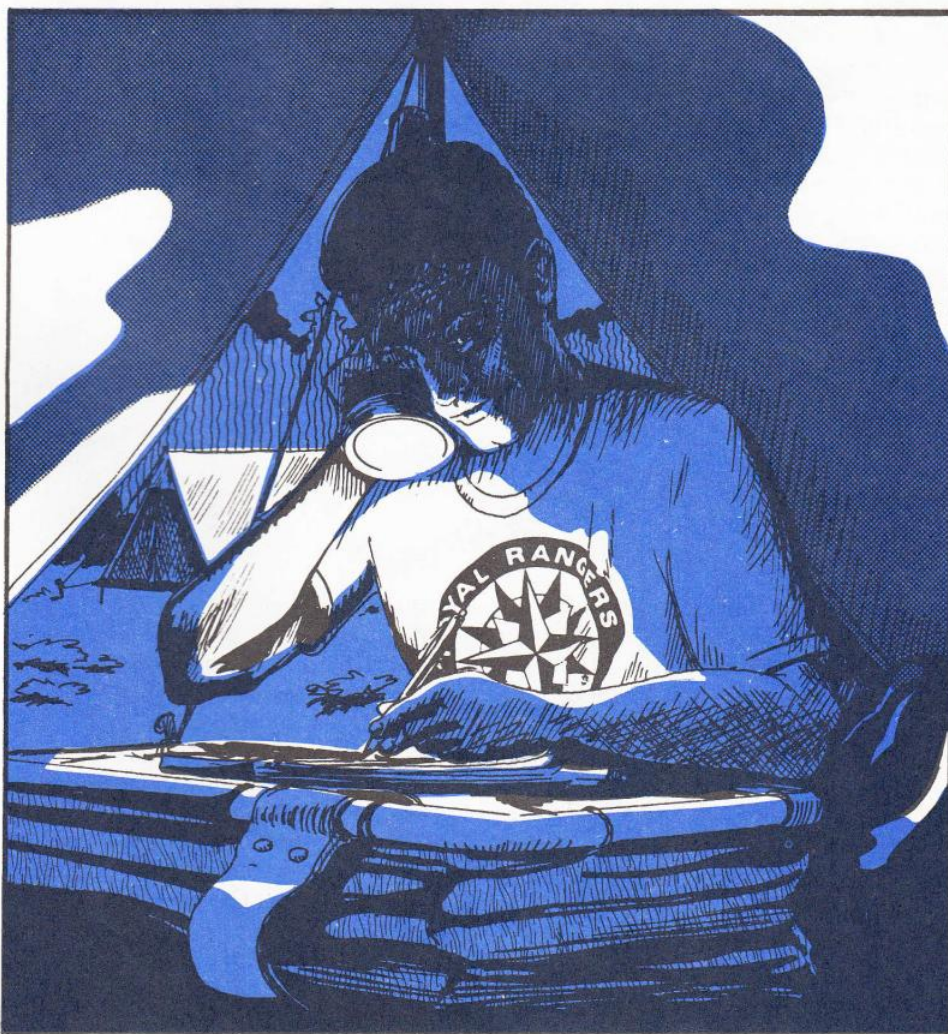
#### *Key #6—The Pastor*

The last key to success is the most important one of all. I did not know that Rangers materials teach that the pastor is "The Key" to the success of the Royal Rangers program. Earlier attempts at starting the ministry had my nod but not my full support. Until I enrolled in the *Leadership Training Course*, I didn't understand this. With so few nights available, I sacrificed my time because I realized we must

get the Rangers program going! I now serve on the Outpost Council and as chaplain for our Royal Rangers group. I wear the Rangers uniform with advanced training bars, proudly, to Royal Rangers functions.

Watching an unchurched family enter the doors for Sunday school, after their son found Christ in a RR meeting, I see the potential for saving boys. Sitting by a fire in an amphitheater, as frontier actors demonstrate their skills, I see the potential for reaching boys. Building a fire and cooking a meal over a pit, I see the potential for teaching boys. Sitting quietly in the night, hearing the lonely hoot of an owl, the wind in the trees, and the music of the whippoorwills, I have the confidence that our RR ministry is going to prosper.

I know it will because I, the pastor, am the key to its success. I also know that I am willing to be that key—as I write this article by flashlight, seated on the floor of a small tent—the time? It's now 1 o'clock in the morning. ■







# CANOEING the RIO GRANDE

by Steve Guinsler

It was like canoeing through the bottom of the Grand Canyon, but we were far from Arizona and our native flatland of Eastern New Mexico. This was the Rio Grande River flowing gently at times and then gushing through the 1,200-foot canyons of Big Bend National Park on the Texas-Mexico border. Big Bend is a haven for Ranger activities such as backpacking, rafting, and horseback riding; but the 17 Rangers from Outpost 23, of Clovis First Assembly, had come to canoe the 33 miles of Boquillas Canyon. All the canoe prac-

tice at the city park and Lake Sumner last fall paid off because the action and excitement was nonstop once we slid our canoes into the murky green water.

We spent the first hour getting used to paddling and guiding our sleek canoes past the numerous rocks which were reaching out to snag our canoes. Then we entered the deep and quiet Boquillas Canyon with sheer rock, nearly straight up, on both sides of the canyon. Trail Ranger Eric Stoddard, remembered well our recent rappelling trip, but those 150-foot

cliffs of central New Mexico were dwarfed by these awesome 1,000-foot walls that God had created here along the Mexican border. Before long we came to an abandoned stone bathhouse overlooking a hot spring gushing out of the rocks and forming a natural bathtub with 102-degree water. We affectionately named our discovery "Ol' Boots Hot Springs" for the old pair of gaucho cowboy boots we found waiting for us. The spring was so enticing that we decided to camp there that night. Do you know how many Rangers can soak in a hot spring 3 feet wide and 6 feet long? The answer is unknown, but we had arms and legs everywhere. We also discovered thousands of fossils in the rocks near the spring and marveled at all the strange looking prehistoric figures that were captured in stone. Cooking and cleanup that first night on the river was a breeze! A constant supply of crystal-clear, hot spring-water was a rare pleasure for all of us. While he was sitting there on a cliff, watching a full moon reflect off the river and cascade down the canyon, Eddie Marez made his decision to walk with Jesus. Praise the Lord!

Our second day on the water provided more of God's beauty as the canyon seemed to be endless. We took several opportunities to jump from the rock ledges. Al Saenz and Lance Akers are now known as "the Cliff Divers of Clovis."

By this time, we were finishing Matthew 17. God's Word can become so real when there is not a TV set around for 100 miles. We felt quite small and humble in these same canyons that were being formed while Jesus walked by the Jordan River.

Bryon Guinsler discovered gold in "them-thar" canyons. "This place is great," he shouted excitedly. "I caught a turtle while fishing, and now I'm rich!" The gold flakes did not make us rich, but this was a valuable memory none of us would ever forget.

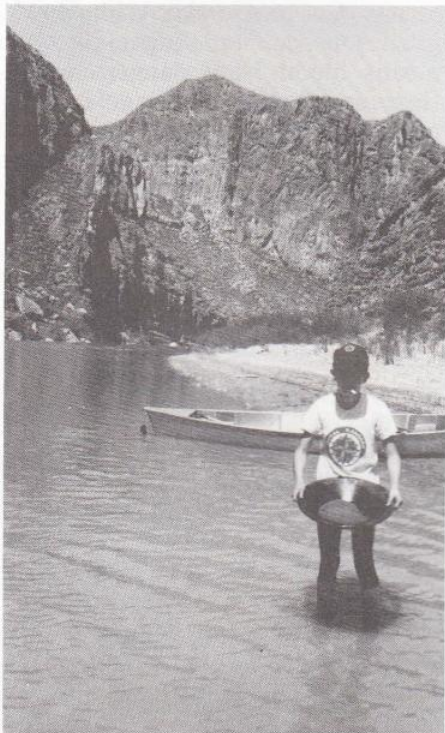
The river continued with an endless display of wildlife, caves to explore, and side canyons to hike. The river was always challenging our canoeing skills. There were several class 1½ rapids, an S-turn, and a monster of a class 2 at the end of our trip. The water moved along at about 2 miles per hour, and there were many small rapids to help us sharpen our J-strokes and sweeps. By the second



night, Robert Beal was ready, "Bring on the white water."

This particular night we camped on a huge, white, powdery sandbar. Firewood was plentiful and the sunset, beautiful as the sunlight, stair-stepped down the Chisos Mountains that surrounded us. The beauty set the stage for a touching testimony service around the council fire. Two more young men gave their hearts to the Lord.

The third and final day of our journey was mostly flat water, and we each traded canoeing positions to share the experience and to take it easy on our muscles. Where was that hot spring now?



Bryon Guinsler pans for gold in Boquillas Canyon

Suddenly, the roar of gushing rapids dawned on our senses, and we pulled quickly to the shore to scout out "the Big One." Here the Rio Grande, normally 75 feet wide, funneled through a chute 20 feet wide which was flanked by a sheer cliff on the left and low rolling boulders on the right. We grinned, checked our packs to be sure everything was tied down, and pushed off. We headed for the "V" in the center of the chute and rode the big standing waves for nearly 100 yards! We took on some water but everyone made it without rolling. It was just like a wet roller coaster.



Basking in the 102-degree crystal-clear waters of "Ol' Boots Hot Springs"

Laughing, shouting, and splashing, were the order of the day for the last 2 miles of our trek.

We had done it. . . . Two days ago we had started the trip as rookies; and now, with our skills polished, we were ready, ready for anything—through Christ Jesus who strengthens us!

As we approached the little Mexican town of La Linda, our take-out point, it was time to thank the Lord for His protection and confirm our

obedience to Him. There in the swift current of the Rio Grande we held a baptismal service, where 11 Rangers confirmed Jesus as their Savior.

The trip was now complete. We had completed more than just advancements: we had developed canoeing skills, finished the book of Matthew, and canoed 33 miles of magnificent scenery. We had each completed a chapter in our walk with God that had made us new people. Praise the Lord! ■

Outpost Councilman Bill Grissom shares from the Bible







# FACTS ABOUT FLAGS

by Dr. S. Slahor

People have been using flags for more than 5,000 years not only as a means of identifying a country, but for many other reasons. In Medieval times, flags and banners were used to identify knights. Because they wore armor and all looked very much alike, it was important that their flags and banners identify them and which side of a battle they represented.

The study of flags is called "vexillology," from a Latin word which means "standard" which is another name for a type of flag.

We not only use flags for the nations of the world, but for states, churches, clubs, cities, counties, agencies of the government, and other groups. National flags are important to each country of the world in war, and in peace. Flags are even used to

honor some people who have died by flying the flag at half-mast or by draping a flag over the coffin of the dead hero.

The part of the flag which we see when the flagstaff is on the left is called the "obverse" side of the flag. The back side is called the "reverse."

Most of the national flags are rectangular in shape, but some are not. History tells us of all sorts of shapes for flags, including squares, triangles, and pennants.

Flags are adopted to show something about the country in its history, people, culture, struggles, religion, or other common background. Colors are also important and can symbolize certain things. Blue usually means loyalty, law, and justice. White means purity, peace, and surrender. Red means blood from danger, revolution, and battles. Orange usually means courage and sacrifice. Green means safety, and it can also be the color associated with the religion of Islam in nations where that religion is dominant. Yellow usually means sickness, caution, or a warning of some danger. Black is associated with death or revolution and anarchy.

We are certainly familiar with our own flag and some of the other flags of the world, but there are many unusual flags of other countries which you might like to learn about.

Anguilla is a nation on an island in the east West Indies. Its flag has three dolphins in a kind of circle. The dolphins are to symbolize strength.

One of the oldest flags in continuous use in the world is that of Austria. It goes back to the year 1230, and history says it may have been used in 1191, at a battle.

The flag of Bahrain, a nation of islands in the Persian Gulf, has a zigzag serration separating its white portion from its red portion. That saw-toothed separation dates back to 1820, when the British asked the Persian Gulf nations to have white on their flags; so Bahrain separated the red from the white with the serration.

The island of Barbados in the east West Indies has a trident on its flag like Neptune's trident in mythology. The shaft of the handle of the trident is broken to show that Barbados broke with its past and is now an independent country.

Belize, a nation on the east coast of Central America, has its coat of arms in the center of its flag showing



two men with logging tools and an unusual motto, "I flourish in the shade."

Bermuda, a nation of about 300 islands in the Atlantic Ocean, has a flag with a red lion holding a shipwrecked boat. The ship is the *Sea Venture* in which the first settlers came to Bermuda.

Burma, in southeast Asia, has a rice plant as a part of its flag's design because of the important role rice plays in Burma's history and present.

You can probably think of a few flags with eagles or hawks on them; but Dominica, a nation in the south-east West Indies, has a parrot on its flag. The parrot is their national bird.

The temple of Angkor Wat appears on the flag of Kampuchea, a nation of southeast Asia. Kampuchea used to be known as Cambodia.

Lesotho is a kingdom in southern Africa. Its flag has a hat on it. The hat is a traditional piece of wearing apparel in Lesotho and is shaped like a cone with a top.

The nation of Mozambique in southeast Africa, has a fairly new flag, redesigned a bit in 1983 from the flag made in 1975. Among the things on the flag are a rifle, a hoe, and a book.

Nepal is the only nation in the world to have a flag which is not rectangular. It is two pennants joined together.

We think of flags as having very straight lines to separate the colors. But the flag of the nation of Seychelles, an island group in the west Indian Ocean, separates the red upper portion from the green lower portion by a wavy white band to represent the waves of the Indian Ocean.

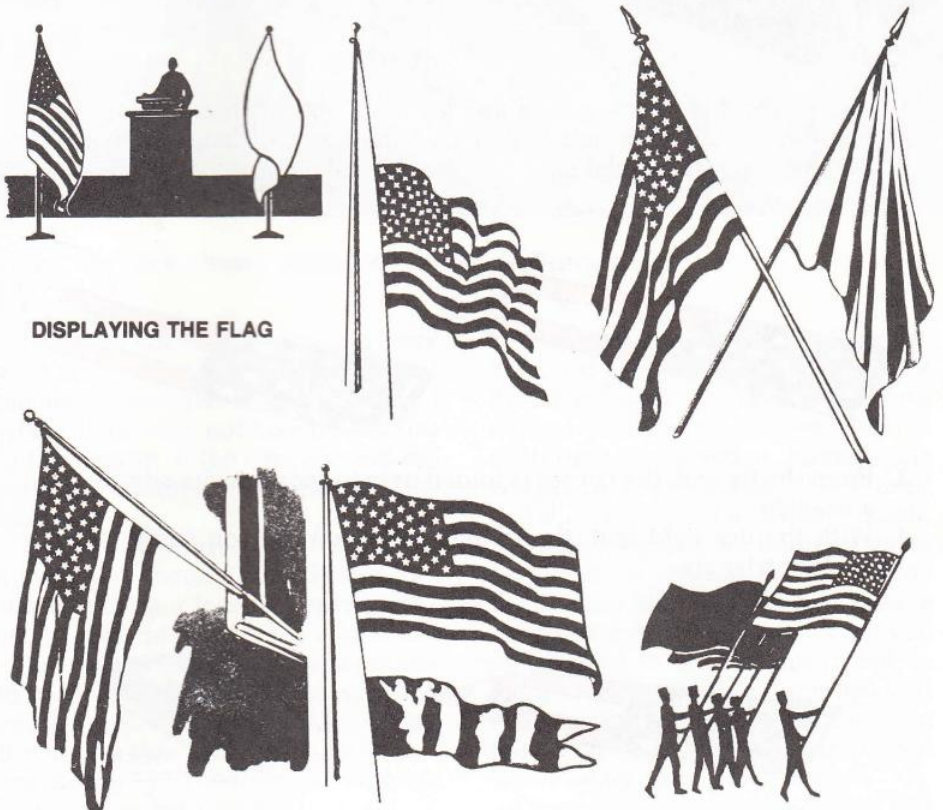
The Turks and Caicos Islands, southeast of the Bahamas, is a nation which has a conch shell, a spiny lobster, and Turk's head cactus plant on its flag.

The British Virgin Islands of the West Indies has a picture of a woman with oil lamps near her. She represents the story in the Bible, Matthew 25, in that the women who were prepared with oil lamps were ready to greet the bridegroom when he arrived for the wedding.

Books about flags, and your encyclopedia, can show you many other interesting facts about flags. As you now know, flags are more than just decorations. They are an important part of a country's identity and unity.

## DISPLAYING and HONORING the FLAG

1. The national flag should be raised and lowered by hand. It should be displayed only from sunrise to sunset, or between such hours as may be designated by proper authority; and it should not be flown while it is raining. Do not raise the flag while it is furled. Unfurl, then hoist quickly to the top of the staff. Lower it slowly and with dignity. Place no objects on or over the flag.
2. When used on a speaker's platform, the flag, if displayed flat, should be displayed above and behind the speaker. When displayed from a staff in a church or public auditorium, the flag of the United States of America should hold the position of superior prominence in front of the audience, and in the position of honor at the clergyman's or speaker's right as he faces the audience. Any other flag so displayed should be placed on the left of the clergyman or speaker, or to the right of the audience.
3. Do not use the flag as a portion of a costume or athletic uniform.
4. When displayed with another flag from crossed staffs, the flag of the United States of America should be on the right (the flag's own right) and its staff should be in front of the staff of the other flag.
5. When it is to be flown at half-mast, the flag should be hoisted to the peak for an instant and then lowered to the half-mast position. Before lowering the flag for the day, it should again be raised to the peak. On Memorial Day, the flag should be displayed at half-mast until noon only, then hoisted to the top of the staff.



DISPLAYING THE FLAG

Please turn to page 10



6. When the flags of states or cities, or pennants of societies, are flown on the same halyard with the flag of the United States of America, the latter should always be at the peak. When flown from adjacent staffs, the Stars and Stripes should be hoisted first and lowered last.

7. When the flag is displayed from a staff projecting horizontally or at any angle from the windowsill, balcony, or front of a building, the union of the flag should go clear to the peak of the staff (unless the flag is to be displayed at half-mast).

8. When carried in a procession with another flag or flags, the Stars and Stripes should be on the marching right, or when there is a line of other flags, our national flag may be in front of the center of that line.

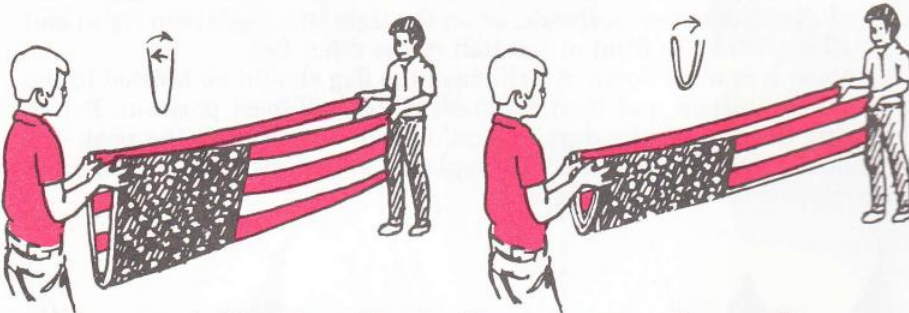
9. When a number of flags or cities, or pennants of societies, are grouped and displayed from staffs with our national flag, the latter should be at the center or at the highest point of the group.

10. Take every precaution to prevent the flag from becoming soiled. It should not be allowed to touch the ground or floor or to brush against objects.

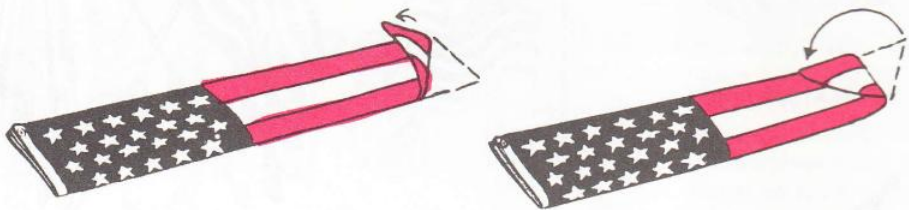
11. The flag may be mended or dry-cleaned. When the flag is soiled or torn beyond repair, it may be destroyed in a dignified way, preferably by burning.

12. During the ceremony of hoisting or lowering the flag, or when the flag is passing in a parade or in a review, those present in uniform should render the right-hand salute. Men not in uniform should remove their hats and women should salute by placing their right hand over the heart.

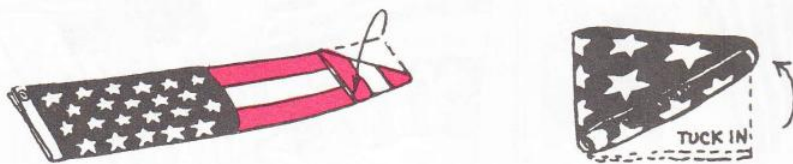
## FOLDING the FLAG



1. One person hold each end as the flag must not touch ground.
2. The flag is folded in half lengthwise, then in half lengthwise again, keeping the union outside.



3. From the fly end, the corner is folded over to the opposite edge to form a triangle.
4. With the flag held taut, the triangle is folded over on itself, forming another triangle.



5. Repeated triangles are formed until the entire flag is neatly folded.

## Two Buddies

*continued from page 16*

Verlin did, too. We used to attend Sister Hall's backyard Bible club at Hattie Moon's place."

"You lost both your buddies about the same time, didn't you, Dad?" J.D. said as the truth dawned on him.

"Yes, Son, about 4 months apart in that fateful year of 1959. And I wonder sometimes why God spared me," I concluded.

We found Dad's grave, then paid our respects to our forefather, with the illustrious and honored name of Lester Nevels Eller, and left for Georgia.

The Pow Wow went great. I told the fellows about our stopping at the graves of my two buddies, on the way here, and how important it is at any age to be ready to meet the Lord. Many responded at the altar call for salvation.

Nothing more was said about the cemetery visit until we had finished our work at the Pow Wow and were approaching Chattanooga, Tennessee, on our way home. I had promised that our next stop would be at his favorite eating place, so was not surprised when J.D. broke the silence.

"Dad," he began, with a question mark in his voice, "I don't know why God took your two buddies; but I can think of at least 250 reasons why God let you live."

"What do you mean, Son?" I asked, quite curious at this profound announcement.

"There were 250 boys who needed to be saved at the Pow Wow, and God wanted to use you to reach them!" he said with emphasis.

I was overwhelmed. Glancing his way, I saw a kind of hero awareness in J.D.'s eyes. I reached across the car seat and gave him a big hug.

"Thanks, Son," I managed, fighting back tears. "Thanks a lot!"

"And there's one other reason," J.D. continued, smiling. "It was so that you and I could be buddies!"

That one caught me with all my defenses down. I was choked up. The big lump in my throat made it impossible to respond verbally. I just reached for his hand and squeezed it. A boyish smile spread across his face.

"Now, about that stop at McDonald's..."





# GO TAKE A HIKE THROUGH TIME

by Gail Gustin

To your right and left are rock-chasm walls, sculptured in fantastic

shapes of protruding bluffs and towering buttes. You can expect to see some of the 70 species of mammals crawl, stroll, or race past you. Over 250 kinds of birds fly by your very face. You may spot at least 25 reptiles and 5 amphibians in this vicinity. And if the season is right, a blaze of wildflowers spreads out in front of your eyes.

No, you haven't been dreaming or watching an old science fiction rerun. You've just hiked the 4,500 feet to the bottom of the world's most spectacular example of the power of erosion—the Grand Canyon in Arizona.

If this is the year your family will vote as to where to spend your va-

cation, and you have 2 weeks to work with, then consider visiting one of the natural wonders of the world. And while there, why not hike the 9 miles to the bottom of the canyon, and experience another world beyond belief!

To prepare yourself for this hiking event, you need to build up the strength in your legs, not only for the actual descent, but for the additional weight of the backpack. If you choose to rent a backpack, most sporting goods shops have equipment rental. If you feel this could become a serious hobby, you just might want to buy a nylon backpack.

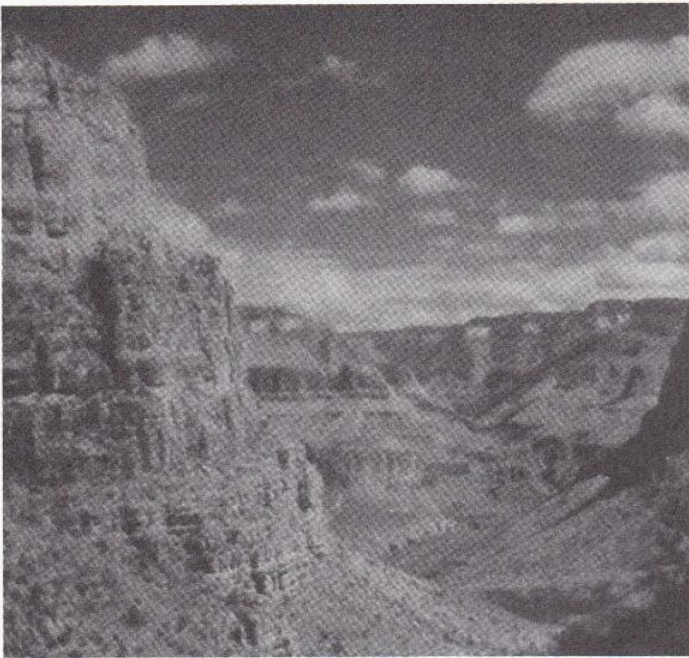
The main thing is to prepare yourself physically. Find a footpath in a

nearby park, or a hill or small mountain, and get used to walking. You'll find it relaxing as you notice things around you you've not seen before. Each time you practice, increase the weight in your backpack, (we used bed sheets) to build up your strength.

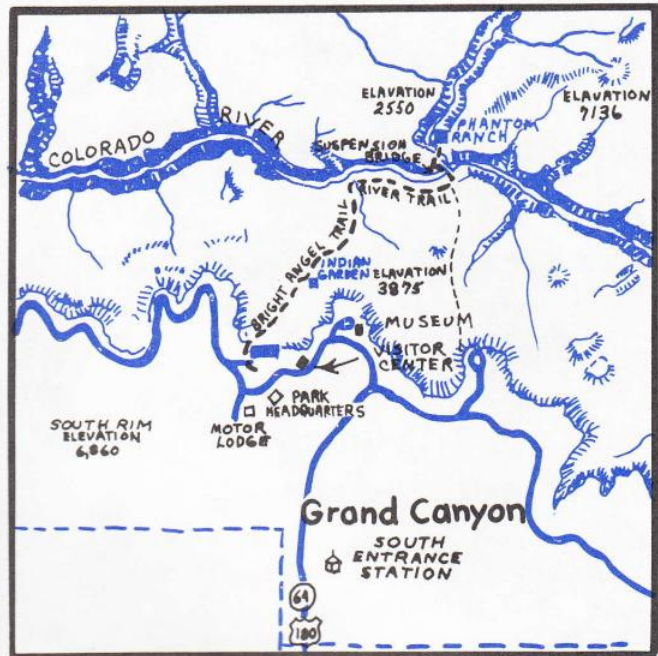
Usually a good pair of brand name tennis shoes will do the job. Many people buy hiking boots which have good support for your ankles, but you really need to break them in before going on a 9-mile hike. Your feet will be doing the major work on this trip; they have to be comfortable or you won't enjoy your adventure.

Once you have prepared your feet and body, it's now time to consider what to backpack into the canyon.





Scenic view of Grand Canyon South Rim



Map of Grand Canyon at South Rim

Depending on the time of year, the most important ingredient is water. The main thing is to allow at least 1 gallon of water per person. A preventative measure is to take salt tablets at timely intervals, while descending, to avoid cramps in the calves of your legs. Beef jerky and trail mix are a hiker's best friend. You can experiment with your taste buds.

Since fires are not allowed at the bottom, you can rent propane stoves to carry. Then, the obvious food choice is a vacuum sealed, processed

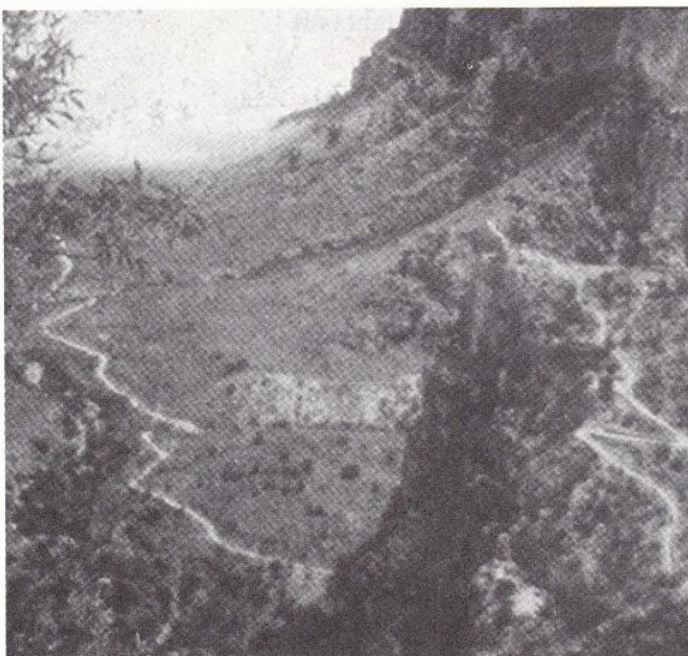
food, such as "Ala Carte" by Kraft, Inc. True enthusiasts will argue that the former weighs more than dehydrated food, but the taste is far superior to dehydrated food. So for a few extra ounces, you won't go to bed hungry. We also packed popcorn, which on our little propane stove, popped into a real treat.

At the bottom, there is a store at Phantom Ranch. You can buy very expensive candy bars, pop, and ham sandwiches. But if you can avoid it, it's much cheaper and tastier to bring

your own goodies. There is also a restaurant at Phantom Ranch, but the two dinners that are prepared (beef stew or steak) are not always available. Those staying in the cabins get first crack at the dinners. Go ahead and plan to cook; besides, half the fun of camping is the cooking of your meal!

Be sure to pack a first aid kit which includes mole skin (for blisters), bandages, foot powder, and bug spray. A flashlight should be taken, as well as games to play. You may not want

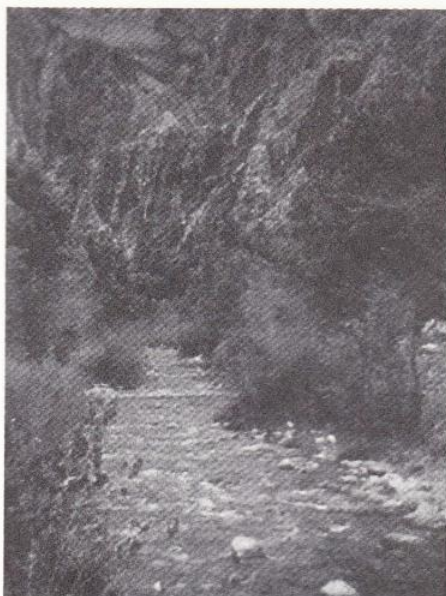
Narrow switchback paths



Colorado River







Indian Gardens

to explore the whole time you are there.

Once you arrive at the Grand Canyon South Rim, you can obtain maps of the trail you'll be hiking. Just go to the book and gift shop, across from the ranger's office where you reconfirm your reservations. If you've never seen the grandeur of the South Rim, you'll be amazed at its beauty, especially at sunset or sunrise.

After a good night's rest, you are ready for your descent. It's usually 20 to 30 degrees warmer at the bottom than at the rim. We went in September, and the weather was perfect

Devil's Corkscrew



for hiking. Remember you have a rest stop (with water facilities) only 1.5 miles from where you begin. These trails were carved by the National Park Service out of the sides of the cliff. And although it's a narrow and switchback path, the views are unbelievable. I hope you take lots of film! Just you imagine what Don Lopez de Cardenas, a captain in Colorado's expedition, thought when he discovered the canyon in 1540!

Your next stop is the 3-mile rest house where you will meet people from around the world. You will then descend Jacob's Ladder and hope the angels are with you on your way back.

of camping at one of the most unusual places man has ventured to go. No, it's not a dream! Just enjoy that reality and all the surrounding beauty!

For reservations the first thing you need to do is write: Grand Canyon Back Country Reservations; P. O. Box 129; Grand Canyon, AZ 86023. Give them your name, a home phone and work phone number, the number of campsites you'll need (per tent), and the dates you wish to stay. Keep in mind, the holiday weekends are almost impossible to reserve. You need to have several alternative dates in case they cannot grant your first



At the bottom looking up

As you near Indian Garden, tomorrow evening's campsite, you'll notice how lush the vegetation looks. That's because you are getting near the Colorado River. Be prepared for how muddy it is—like Willie Wonka's giant vat of chocolate milk.

Between Indian Garden and the river is a section known as The Devil's Corkscrew. It looks like what you would imagine, a real contrast from the Garden you have been through.

The suspension bridge over the river may remind you of something out of "Romancing the Stone." I hope you're not afraid of heights! But once across the bridge, it's all downhill to Phantom Ranch and your first night

choice. Request the Bright Angel campsites for your first night, and Indian Garden campsites for the second night. A note to the wise: don't try to hike the entire 18 miles (round trip) in 2 consecutive days.

To reserve campsites at the South Rim, for the night before your descent and the night after your ascent, you can call your local travel agency and ask for the phone number for Mather Campground sites at the Grand Canyon. You should first wait until your reservations are confirmed for the bottom campsites.

Believe me, it's an adventure your whole family can enjoy; a vacation you won't soon forget! ■



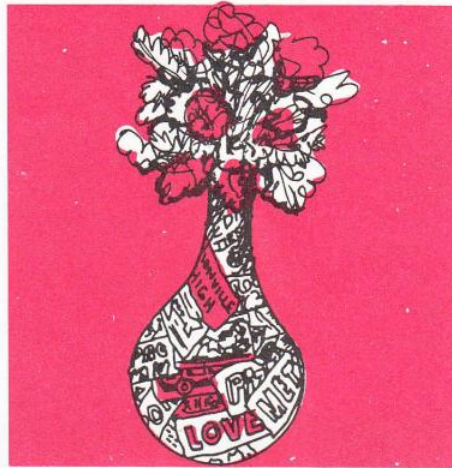
# MORE THAN JUST A BOTTLE

by D. A. Woodliff

What good is an empty bottle? A lot of good if you use it to make a very special gift for a friend. Choose a nicely shaped bottle, clean it, and prepare to have fun making this unusual gift.

Gather up old newspapers, magazines, and school papers, along with white glue. Clip names and phrases or small pictures from these papers that relate to your special friend. For example, if your friend has a dog named Charlie, clip out that word from the papers when you come across it. Clip out other words from the papers such as the name of the school your friend attends, a favorite football team, a movie or movie star; favorite foods, television shows, and so forth.

Glue these words onto the bottle with the white glue, in random order.



When the bottle is completely covered with words and small cartoons, spray the bottle with a few coats of spray varnish allowing the varnish to dry between coats.

Tie a ribbon around the neck of the bottle or prop a few flowers inside and your empty bottle has been transformed into a very personal gift.



## GOURD BIRDHOUSES

### You'll Need:

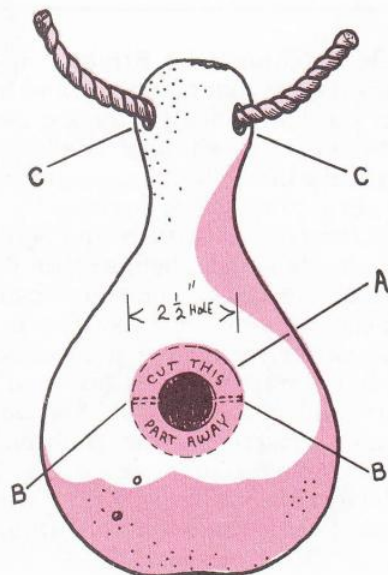
Hand drill  
Small knife  
Heavy twine  
Large dried vegetable gourd

### Procedure:

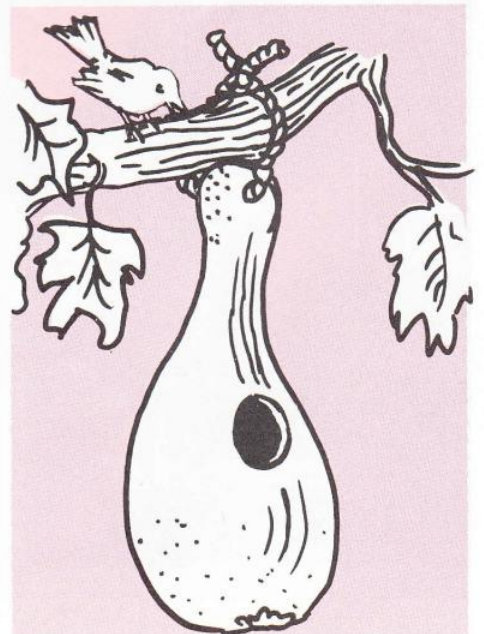
1. Drill a hole just above the center of the largest part of the gourd (A). Insert a knife into this hole and work it around in circles until the hole is 1" all around.
2. Cut a  $\frac{3}{4}$ " slit on either side of this hole and enlarge both sides slightly with the knife (B).
3. Shake all the seeds out.
4. With the hand drill, make a tiny hole near the top of the gourd (small end), through one side and out the other (C).

5. Thread a piece of heavy twine through this hole. Your birdhouse is now ready to hang.

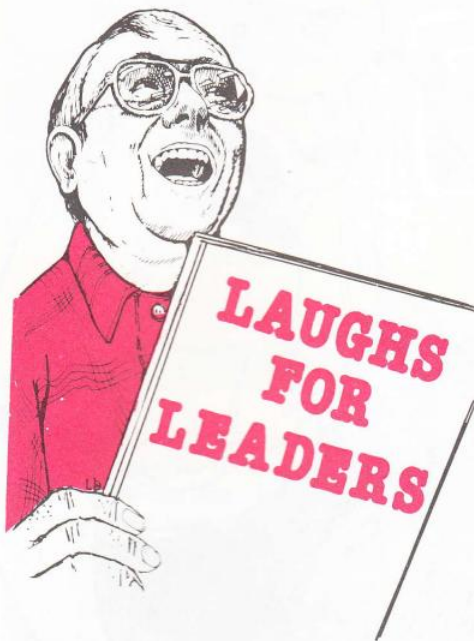
If you'd like, paint, lacquer, or wax your birdhouse to give it a finished look.



by Gerry Sherman







The Catholic school children were selling candy bars, I turned down one little salesman explaining, "I'd like to help, but I can't. I'm a diabetic."

"That's okay," he said, "lots of Protestants are buying them."

Thomas LaMance  
Prewitt, N. Mex.

Standing on an Old West street corner, a woman belted out a song.

A man walked by and said, "Ma'am, you belong on stage."

The woman stopped singing, "Why thank you," she said.

The man smiled, then added, "I believe the next one leaves in 10 minutes."

Warren Bebout  
Atascadero, Calif.

*Ranger Chef:* Sir, for tonight's meal I have baked two different kinds of biscuits. Take your pick.

*Commander:* Forget the pick, son. I'll just whack 'em open with this shovel.

Warren Bebout  
Atascadero, Calif.

*Customer:* To what do you owe your extraordinary success as a house-to-house salesman?

*Salesman:* To the first five words I utter when a woman opens the door: "Miss, is your mother IN?"

Thomas LaMance  
Prewitt, N. Mex.

*Father:* Why are you asking questions all the time! What would have happened if I'd been so inquisitive when I was your age?

*Son:* Well, maybe you'd be able to answer more of my questions.

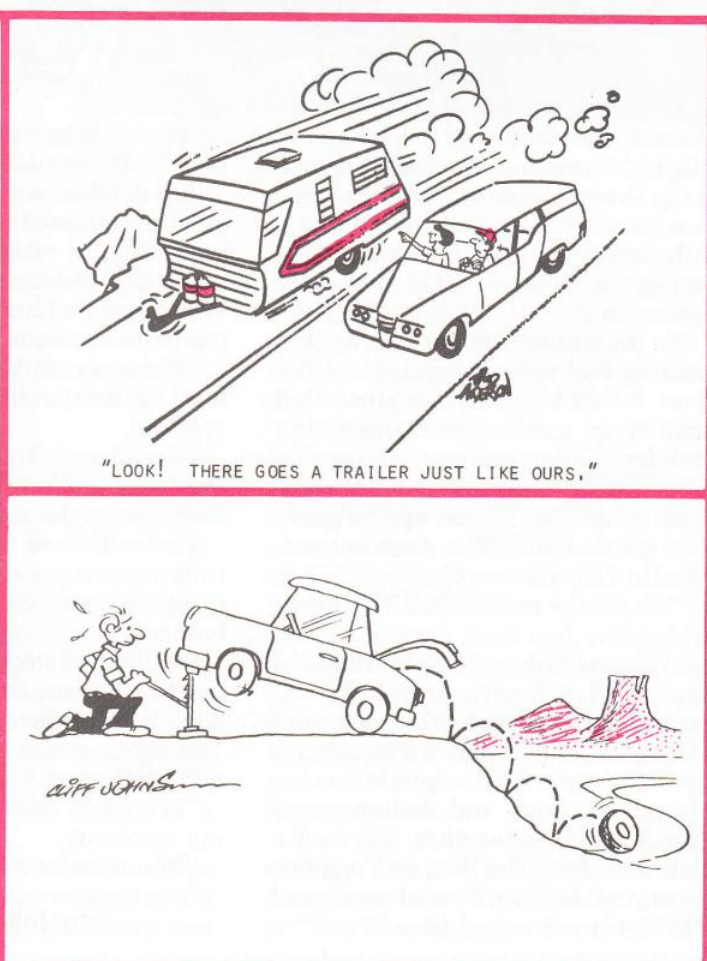
Thomas LaMance  
Prewitt, N. Mex.

*Customer:* I want to return that red, white, and blue suit I bought here yesterday.

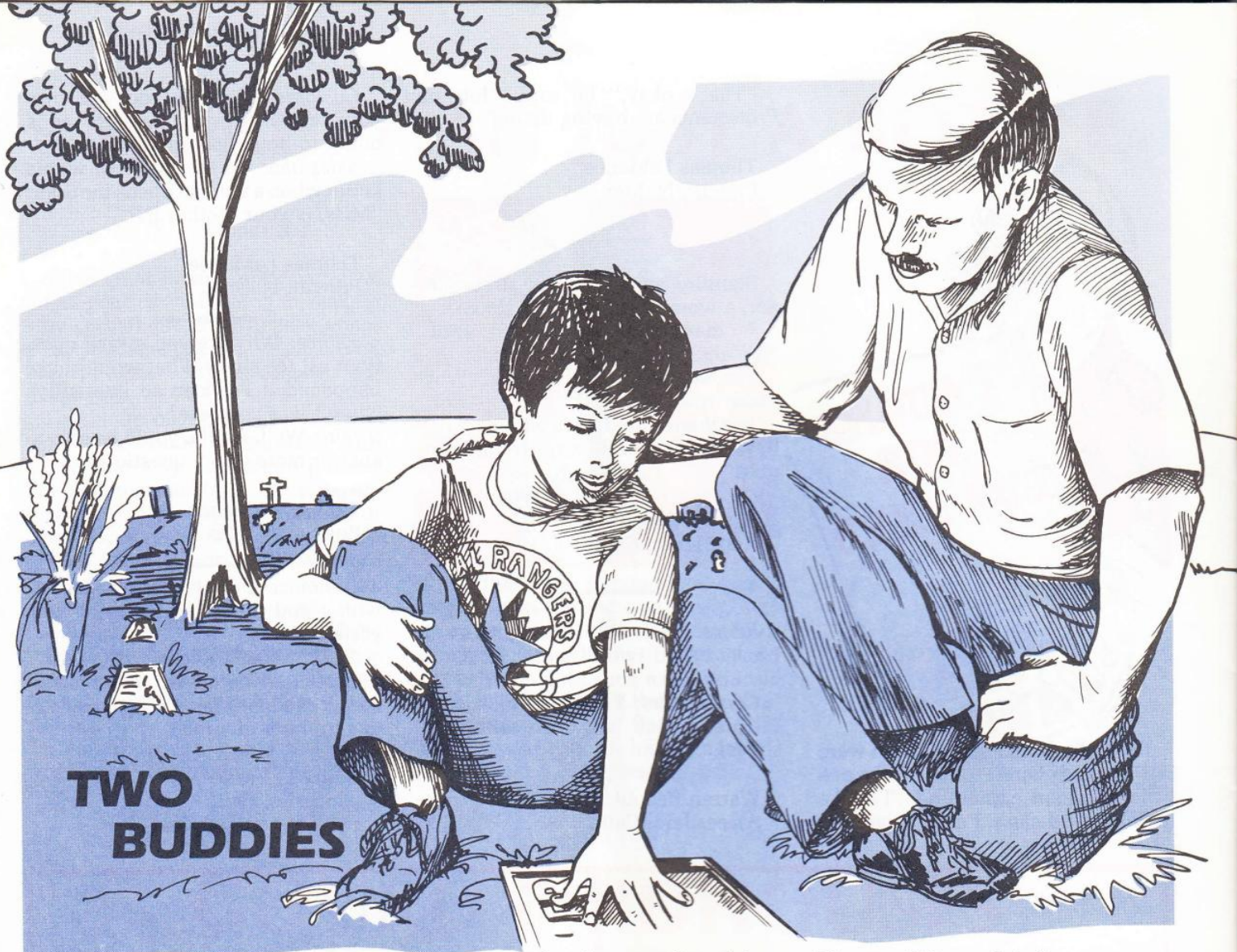
*Clerk:* What's wrong with it, sir?

*Customer:* I yawned on a street corner, and two people dropped letters into my mouth.

Henry E. Leabo  
Lancaster, Calif.







## TWO BUDDIES

It was the summer of '88, when my son and I were on our way to speak at the Georgia District Royal Rangers Pow Wow. We decided to stop by a little town in upper South Carolina on our way. I wanted J.D. to see my dad's grave.

We found the cemetery easily, but locating Dad's grave required a little time. It had been 4 years since Dad went away, and the landscape didn't look familiar anymore.

Walking through the neat rows of bronze markers, I came upon a grave that startled me. The marker read, "Verlin Lee Sizemore."

"What's the matter, Dad?" J.D. was asking.

"This was one of my buddies," I explained. "Verlin and I fished, caught crawdads at the creek, and played baseball when we were your age. Why, we built a pirate's cove, played cowboys and Indians, and even took trips together. We had a club we called 'The Pioneer Trailblazers of America,' with a clubhouse and all. Verlin was a real friend."

"Wow! What happened to him, Dad?" J.D. wanted to know.

"Well, when we were both 20 years old, Verlin joined the Navy, and I was preaching," I related. "Then I came home one February and heard that Verlin had lost his life in a tragic automobile accident."

"Were you sad?" J.D. asked, in a most understanding way for a 12-year-old.

"Yes, Son," I answered, "it was about the saddest day of my life. Nobody can replace a boyhood chum."

We walked on down the row, arm in arm, as my very own son sought to console my moments of remembrance.

Suddenly, I stopped again. Right in front of us was the grave of yet another buddy who died that same year. The aging marker read, "P.R. 'Ronnie' McKinney."

"Who was this?" J.D. could sense my emotions.

"Ronnie was my singing buddy,"

I began. "We used to have a group we called 'The Har-Melodies.' Ronnie sang first tenor and I picked up the bass. Two other boys from the church sang with us. We even got calls to sing at other churches!"

"Did he have a wreck, too?" J.D. wanted to know.

"No, Ronnie drowned," I told him. "He was out swimming one afternoon with another friend and took cramps while in the deep water. The Greer Fire Department and Chief Colvin tried for over an hour to revive him, but he was gone."

"But you know something, J.D.," I continued, "that very day, Ronnie told his friend he was ready to meet the Lord. And when our pastor, Brother J.L. Gallman, preached his funeral, he told us that death was 'gain' if we went to be with the Lord as Ronnie did."

"Did Ronnie love Jesus?" J.D. inquired.

"Yes, he did," I replied, "and

*Please turn to page 10*

by John Eller



# IS BORN

brating went on for the rest of the day; then events took quite a different turn. A hatless rider dashed up to bring word that the British not only had won the battle but had set fire to Washington as well.

Dr. Beanes and his friends hastened to the jail to release their prisoners. But before they could reach the door, two redcoated officers blocked their way.

"Which one of you is Beanes?" they asked.

"I sir," answered the doctor in considerable fear and trembling.

"You are under arrest for false imprisonment of British soldiers," said the officer. "You will come with us."

The unhappy doctor had no choice but to march off in custody of the enemy. His friends were very much alarmed and with good cause. They knew the doctor could be deported or suffer some other severe penalty.

The mayor called a meeting of the town council. "Something must be done," he said. "We can't let our friend be punished for an act he did merely in celebration, however unjustified. He meant no real harm."

"We'll have to get a good lawyer to look after his interests," said Elihu Blake. "Why not ask Francis Scott Key?"

The others agreed and a committee was named to call upon Mr. Key. Key replied that he would go at once and try to rescue the unfortunate Dr. Beanes. He engaged Colonel John S. Skinner to go with him. Then the two Americans were taken aboard a small boat, the *Minden*, to the flagship of the British fleet.

They were courteously received by Admiral Cochrans who promised to look into the matter after more important affairs had been settled.

The two Americans were kept on

board where they learned that the "important" business at hand was an attack upon Baltimore. Before the attack began, they were returned to the *Minden* with orders that they were to be kept under close guard until the battle was over.

Nearby, at Fort McHenry, waved the magnificent flag, recently completed by Mrs. Mary Pickersgill. The largest one yet made for the new Republic, it measured 42 feet in length and 30 feet in width. Francis Scott Key had been present when it had been hoisted over the fort and had thrilled at the glory of its broad stripes and bright stars. What would be its fate now? What would be the fate of Baltimore and, indeed, of the new Republic itself?

They watched in deepest suspense as the British ships slipped past the fort. They heard the cheers of the soldiers, jubilant at getting past the fort without being detected.

As Key and Skinner had hoped, the cheers were also heard at Fort Covington. At once the guns from the American barges on the bay began pouring a terrific fire upon the enemy.

Now the entire picture changed rapidly. The British were forced to retreat. This time there was no chance to slip quietly past Fort McHenry. With all of the garrison aroused, the guns and cannon were turned upon the British in full force.

From the deck of the *Minden*, Francis Scott Key witnessed one of the fiercest battles in American history. The sky was pierced with flaming shells. At times the violent explosions seemed equal to that of a volcano.

Key and Skinner watched in deepest anxiety. Which way was the battle going? No one could tell. There was

an hour or so of most intense fire-power. Then all was quiet again—a deathlike stillness.

"This suspense is terrible," said Colonel Skinner. "If only we could get some idea of how the battle ended!"

"We'll know in another hour," said his companion. "When dawn comes, we'll be able to see if the flag still waves over McHenry."

With the first faint light, Francis Scott Key turned his eyes hopefully toward the fort. But there was nothing to be seen. A heavy fog of mist and smoke covered the sky.

Still he watched. Finally the sun broke through the mists and the "gleam of the morning's first beam" fell upon the *star spangled banner*. Pierced through by enemy fire, it still waved proudly in the breeze.

"Thank God!" he cried. "I can see our flag. It still waves over the fort."

His heart was overflowing with relief and happiness. He could hardly find words to express his joy. *He must find words*. A moment such as this came only once in a lifetime.

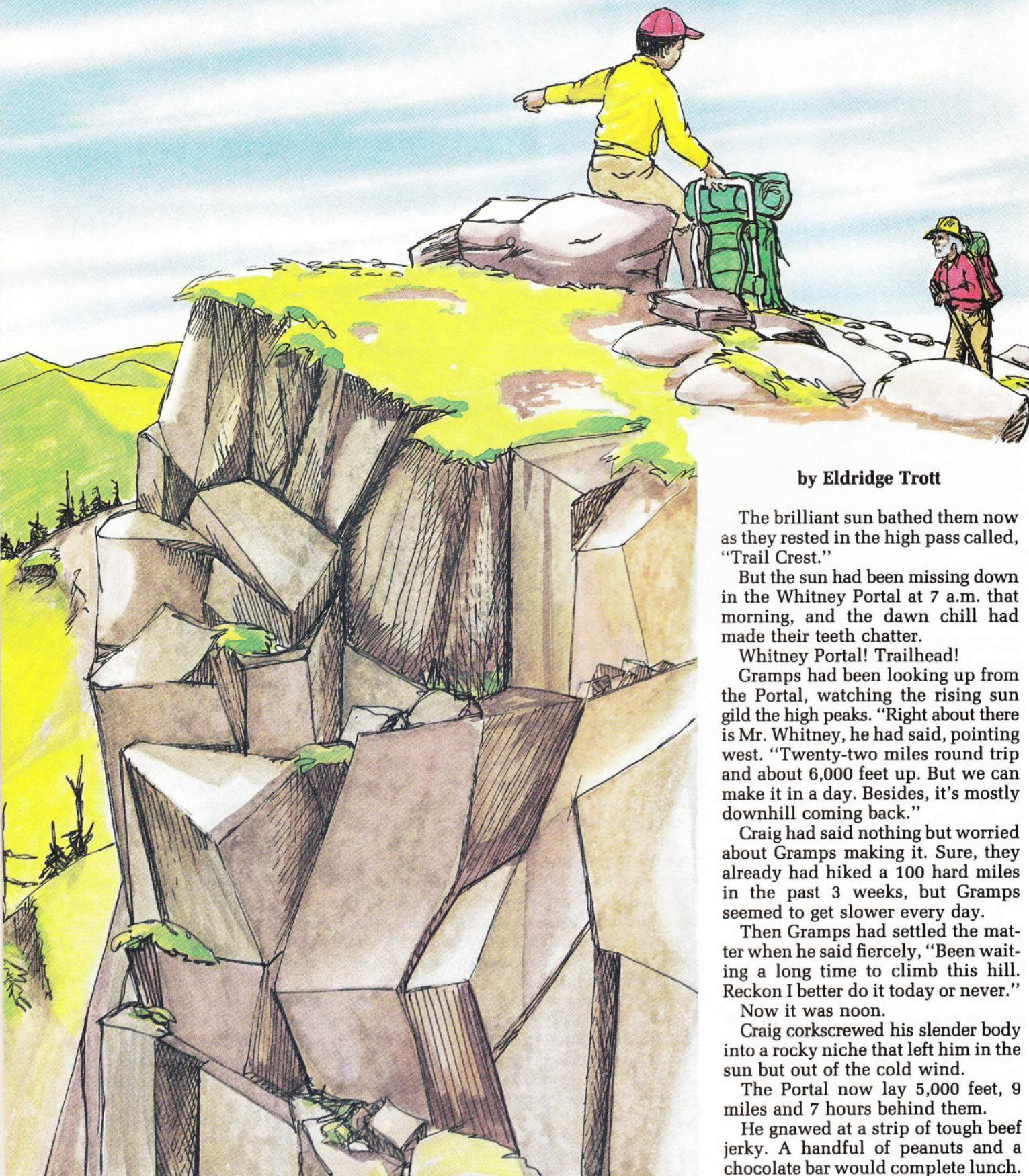
Snatching a letter from his pocket he began writing down the thoughts that had been inspired by the stirring events of the night. Before he had quite finished, an officer came up and said, "Very well, men, you are now free to go ashore."

They lost no time and within an hour had landed at Baltimore. Mr. Key rushed to an hotel and finished writing a complete draft of his poem. Very shortly it was adapted to music and was sung from the stage of a Baltimore theatre.

Soon the song was sweeping the country, and ever since the hearts of Americans have thrilled to the words of "The Star Spangled Banner." ■



# Wings Like Eagles



by Eldridge Trott

The brilliant sun bathed them now as they rested in the high pass called, "Trail Crest."

But the sun had been missing down in the Whitney Portal at 7 a.m. that morning, and the dawn chill had made their teeth chatter.

Whitney Portal! Trailhead!

Gramps had been looking up from the Portal, watching the rising sun gild the high peaks. "Right about there is Mr. Whitney, he had said, pointing west. "Twenty-two miles round trip and about 6,000 feet up. But we can make it in a day. Besides, it's mostly downhill coming back."

Craig had said nothing but worried about Gramps making it. Sure, they already had hiked a 100 hard miles in the past 3 weeks, but Gramps seemed to get slower every day.

Then Gramps had settled the matter when he said fiercely, "Been waiting a long time to climb this hill. Reckon I better do it today or never."

Now it was noon.

Craig corkscrewed his slender body into a rocky niche that left him in the sun but out of the cold wind.

The Portal now lay 5,000 feet, 9 miles and 7 hours behind them.

He gnawed at a strip of tough beef jerky. A handful of peanuts and a chocolate bar would complete lunch.



Gramps leaned against a rock on the opposite of the John Muir Trail, not seeming to mind the wind but looking awfully tired.

Craig craned his neck around his sheltering rock and looked westward to the awesome range of mountain peaks that made up this portion of California's Sierra Nevada.

Gramps pointed. "That lake over there, that's Guitar Lake, about 2,000 feet down from here. And behind that far ridge is the Crabtree Ranger Station. Bears hang out there a lot. Bears know that people mean food. Can't see Whitney yet, but it's about due north from here."

Craig's legs still ached, but the lunch break had provided new energy.

Gramps looked tired, more tired than usual. "Bet he doesn't make it to the top, Craig thought.

A scraggly, gray, 3-week-old beard partly covered the elderly man's wrinkled face.

Gramps must be 100 years old. "Well, 76 or so," Mom had said. Mom had warned Craig when Gramps suggested the summer hike on the John Muir Trail. "He can be a cantankerous, ornery old man. Won't talk much; stubborn as a mule."

"Come on, Mom," Craig had responded. "Gramps is okay."

Mom thought for a while then smiled. "I'm glad that you're going. I want you to get to know your grandfather, to love him. Just like me, "I've learned to love him through the years, despite everything.

Craig remembered her words now. Sure enough, his grandfather had proved ornery. There were times when Craig had poked along the trail, maybe his feet had been hurting somewhat, and before he knew it, Gramps would be out of sight. Gramps walked at a fast clip on level trail. Craig would look up to find himself alone in forbidding country. Tears had welled up on such occasions. No use complaining, though, because Gramps wouldn't sympathize.

A couple of times Gramps had rolled him right out of his sleeping bag onto the ground. "When I awaken you in the morning, boy, you crawl right out." It didn't make any difference that frost was on everything.

And Gramps didn't talk much. Too much of what he said was quoting scripture. Craig got a little tired of that, particularly about how the

apostle Paul had walked hundreds of miles, converting the gentiles to Christianity.

The sun stood straight overhead, time to move.

"I'm going on, Gramps," he said tentatively.

Gramps seemed asleep, but he grunted. Finally he said. "You go on, boy. I'll be right behind you."

Craig plodded slowly up the trail, stopping frequently to rest or talk to another hiker. His legs hurt and breathing became more difficult.

He looked back frequently, but no Gramps.

Finally, Mt. Whitney, 14,495 feet above sea level, "I'm at the highest point in the country," he thought.

The scene didn't impress him. He had expected a sharp, pointed peak. Instead, a massive rock field sloped gently toward the east. Otherwise, he saw only giant boulders and a weathered rock house.

He checked the hiker register and found the name of a 7-year-old girl who today, already had reached the top.

Craig wandered to the very eastern edge of the slope and looked down. He gasped and stepped back, frightened. Carefully he edged forward and then got down on his stomach to peer over the edge. The cliff ran straight down, down . . . and down. He said out loud, "Looks like God just took a sharp knife and cut off the side of a mountain and then forgot to put a bottom in it."

Craig checked the trail again, still no Gramps. Part of him said, "Good, Gramps has no business tackling this trail." But another part said, "I hope he makes it. This means a lot to Gramps, and he's so close."

Then he saw a figure far down the trail. No mistaking that faded, red flannel shirt and the floppy, sweat-stained straw hat. Step by step he came up the trail. For several minutes, Craig watched Gramp's progress, and then suddenly he knew the secret. He never stops. He just keeps coming, slowly but steadily.

When grandfather finally reached the top, Craig yelled, "You made it, Gramps!" The old man lifted his hand in a casual response and said, "Piece of cake, son." But Craig saw how slowly Grandfather dragged his feet.

They explored for awhile and then seated themselves on a sun-kissed rock. Without speaking they looked

at the grand world spread out in front of them—while clouds flung across a brilliant blue sky, towering, craggy peaks marching into the distance, and immense valleys yawning at their feet.

After a time, Gramps spoke softly rather than in his usual gruff tones. "I'm glad that you came with me, Craig, and that you waited for me at the top. Kind of a special time for me, an old man sharing a grand moment, with his young grandson."

In surprise, Craig answered almost without thinking. "You're not old, Gramps, not ever. Old people can't do what you just did."

He caught his grandfather's hand and squeezed it. After a moment, he felt a responding squeeze.

With his eyes focused on a far peak, Gramps said, "This reminds me of a favorite Scripture of mine. I don't suppose that the prophet Isaiah ever got close to peaks like these, but he sure was comfortable with the high places. He once wrote something that fits in with us and this place:

"The Lord is the everlasting God. . . .

He gives strength to the weary and increases the power of the weak.

Even youths grow tired and weary, and young men stumble and fall; but those who hope in the Lord will renew their strength. They will soar on wings like eagles; they will run and not grow weary, they will walk and not be faint" (Isaiah 40:28-31, NIV).

Craig said, "I like that, Gramps. It sounds like Isaiah knew us. And this sure is the place for eagles.

A sudden thought jolted him. "Someday I'm going to be 76 years old. It will be a long time, but it's going to happen. I wonder if I will bring my grandson to Whitney."

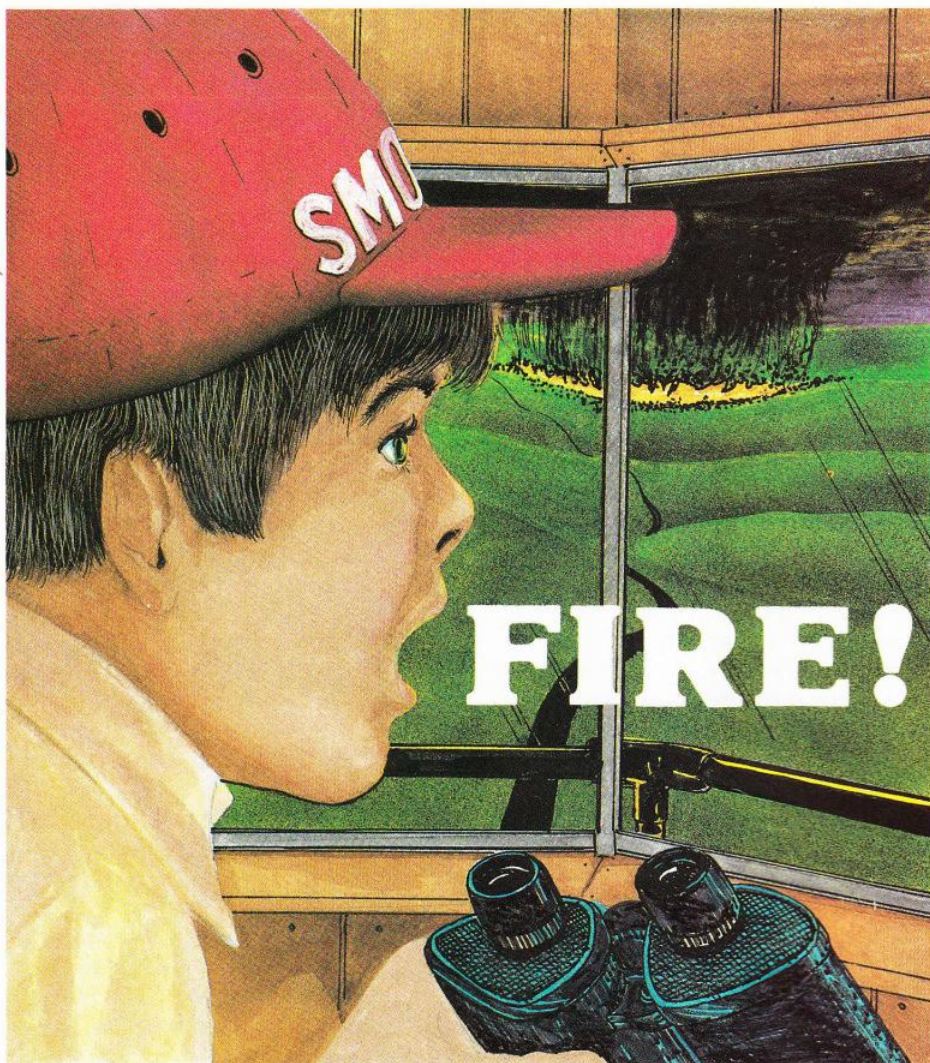
Out loud, Craig said simply, "Thank you, Gramps, for bringing me here." ■

Answer: Francis Scott Key

EARLY.  
PART, 13. ROCKET; 14. FREE; 15.  
HOME; 11. TWILIGHT; 12. RAM-  
STAR; 8. SAY; 9. WATCHED; 10.  
BANNER; 5. CAN; 6. LIGHT; 7.  
1. FLAG; 2. STRIPES; 3. BRAVE; 4.

ANSWERS TO: KEY LETTERS





I'm what you call a real city slicker, an uptown dude if ever there was one. So what is Ted Eames, dyed-in-the-wool New Yorker, doing in the wilds of Maine? It's all my father's fault. Dad was brought up in this part of the country—fresh air, back-to-nature, and all that jazz. That summer, before my last year of high school, he got me a job as a forest ranger trainee at Baxter State Park.

Now the closest I've ever been to a bear was Superbowl '85, which was from the security of an armchair in front of the TV. But suddenly, I'm in charge of a fawn with a broken leg, two wild rabbits, and a baby raccoon. Learning to drive the 4-wheel Bronco over rough roads was fun; learning to ride a huge 4-legged bronco named "Blaze" was, well, a horse-of-a-different color. It's not all hiking and hard work, though. I also got to take classes on forestry, conservation, fire fighting, and rescuing tourists from the local wildlife—or sometimes the other way around. My friends from

by E. Knowles

the "Big Apple" have started calling me "Smokey."

Worst of all were the midnight-to-eight firewatch shifts. Rookie rangers always got the night-owl hours. It was hard to stay awake in the silence of the tower peering at the dark through a pair of old worn binoculars. There I sat thanks to dear old Dad, rubbing my eyes, interspersing eyeglass duty with studying chapter 5 in the *Fire Fighter's Manual*, and wishing I was back in New York City.

When it did happen, I was totally unprepared. A speck of light appeared deep in the woods where no light should have been. I splashed cold water on my face and had a second look. The light was still there glowing like false-dawn. The sound of my own heartbeat pounding in my ears told me what I was seeing. It had been a hot, showerless summer; the forest was as dry as the throat of a scared city boy facing his first fire.

I stumbled to the radio and lifted the mike. "Fire!" I croaked, my voice like static. I gulped and tried again, this time remembering the procedure. "Station 4 reporting forest fire in Northeast Sector, Green 22."

"Ted, is that you?" crackled the voice of my boss, Jim Reilly.

"Jim, there's fire. I can see fire, and it's spreading fast."

"Okay, Ted. Call the fire station in town and have them send word to all the regulars and volunteers. Then pack all the available equipment in the Broncho and get to Green Sector. We'll all meet you there."

Jim sounded calm, cool, and collected, the veteran of hundreds of fires. I wondered if I would survive my first fire, and vowed if I did, it would be my last. I'd spend what was left of the summer dangling my toes in the municipal pool.

I hightailed it downstairs and into the Broncho, stopping only to gather axes, shovels, the asbestos blankets, and my first aid case. Chapter 5 in action; I wished I'd got to Chapter 6. The air was heavy with smoke and heat. Hissing embers flew past my sweat-soaked face as I drove. I heard the twin engine planes with their loads of extinguishing foam buzzing overhead. The bushes were teeming with scurrying-furry things, running for their lives. I wanted fervently to turn and run with them. I swerved to avoid a fear-crazed doe and drove smack into a wall of flame. A blazing limb crashed across the hood.

"Ted, over here!" I backed the Broncho and followed Jim Reilly's disembodied voice to my left. A soot-blackened face loomed up out of the shadows. "Put on your pack, grab a shovel, and follow me." I jumped to obey as other rubber-coated figures took over the car and equipment.

It was spooky in the flickering light as if the whole world were aglow. The forest floor was a maze of stubble where fire fighters had cut trees and brush to make the firestop. I tripped and nearly fell into the ditch. I was hot, unbearably hot; and somehow I had lost sight of Jim. I startled violently as a hand touched my shoulder. "We're digging the trench over here, son. We could use your help."

I bent my shovel to the task. All around me I could hear the ring of metal on wood, but ever increasing in volume was the roar of the fire. My back ached, the blisters on my palms



broke; and my lungs burned with the effort to breathe in the smoke-laden air. But I dug as if my life depended on it.

Sparks stung my cheeks and hands. I looked up to see the flames reaching for me. I shot backwards out of the trench searching wildly for a safe passage through the fiery furnace. All around me, trees were engulfed by the hungry blaze. I was trapped!

"Help! Somebody help me!" I screamed. I panicked and ran, but everywhere I turned there was a wall of fire. I couldn't breathe, stumbled, and fell to the ground. I felt a rubber-coated body under my fingers. One of the other volunteers lay collapsed at my feet. He was breathing, shallow and jerky, but unconscious. I couldn't move him or leave him.

What was choking me? I reached up and felt the webbed strap of my knapsack around my throat. My fevered brain cooled for a second, long enough to let one rational thought seep in. Inside the pack was an asbestos blanket. We could lie in the trench covered by the blanket and let the fire pass over. It wasn't much of a chance, but it was the only chance.

I buried myself and the unknown fire fighter deep in the forest floor, wrapped in that precious cloth, and prayed. At the age of 16, you don't think about dying. You think you will live forever. People think death is ice-cold, but my idea of death is blood-hot and smoldering.

It must have been my tortured imagination, but it felt cooler. Then an ooze of white seeped under my blanket. I reached out a disbelieving hand to touch the cloudy stuff. It was foam, extinguishing foam. As the blanket lifted off my shoulders, I raised my smudged face to meet Jim Reilly's grin.

"Just like a rookie," he said. "Sleeping all comfy while the rest of us work."

A strong arm grasped mine and pulled me to my feet. I glanced around at the mounds of foam steaming from the heat and looking for all the world like a *Star Wars* set.

"There's another guy with me," I choked. "He's hurt!"

Several rangers rushed up with a stretcher to carry my companion to a waiting helicopter.

"How did you think of using the blanket?" asked my boss.

"It was the last page of chapter 5,"

I answered shakily. "Good thing I did my homework."

"A good job all around, Ted," Jim said seriously. "You spotted the fire, reported it quickly and coherently, and your fast thinking saved several lives. You're on your way to becoming a first-class ranger."

#### **Tony's Father** *Continued from page 7*

Tony muttered fiercely.

"Is it so important what he does for a living, son?" Mr. Duncan asked kindly. "Just being your father makes him a pretty special guy. He makes a living the best way he knows how. Right now, he's putting in a lot of overtime because it's available and he wants to save money for your education."

Tony looked up in surprise. "Is that why he's doing it?"

"He says he wants to give you a better start in life than he had. That way, you can do anything you want."

Tony blinked and looked toward his father as he once more made his way across the shop floor. When he opened the office and saw Tony, a big grin brightened his face.

"Hi, son! Miles!" he greeted. "It is nice of you fellows to come way out here! And with a lunch, I see. But I've just finished up. It's time to go home." He shrugged. "Oh, well, now I'll have company riding home. We'll stop and pick up some ice cream, too. I think your mom bought bananas. How does a banana split sound?"

He reached for his jacket and put his hand on Tony's shoulder. "Good-night, Nat," he said as he grasped the doorknob. "Thanks for taking care of my son and his friend. I'll see you tomorrow."

As they were about to leave the building, a driver hurried up. "Hey, Tom!" he called. "I know you're done for the day, but would you listen to my rig for a minute? I don't like the way it sounds."

The driver put a friendly hand on Mr. Crisp's shoulder as they walked toward a big yellow rig. The driver climbed into the cab and started the engine. Tony's father climbed to where he could see under the hood, listening carefully. He made a few adjustments and in a minute the big motor was purring smoothly.

The driver flashed a grin. "Thanks,

Just a few hours ago, I'd promised myself a one-way ticket back to New York. But now it occurred to me that Maine wasn't a half-bad place to spend the summer, especially if I spent it doing an important job.

Let the guys call me "Smokey." I'd earned it. ■

Tom!" he called. "Thanks a lot!"

Putting the truck into reverse, he backed out of the space. Tony's father nodded and waved, then he turned to the boys, and the three of them headed toward the guardhouse. As his father filled out his time card, Tony watched the men coming in and going out. They stopped to pat his dad on the back and ask him questions or make comments about their trucks. Tony noticed that his dad took time to talk to each of them. It was the first time he had seen his father at work; and for a moment he felt as though he were seeing his dad for the first time.

Then the guard came into the shed and glanced at the boys. "I see you found who you were looking for," he grinned.

"Yes, sir," Tony said proudly. "This is my father!"

His father glanced up from his time card and smiled. ■

... coming  
Soon!

Dear Rangers:

With your help we plan to add a new column spot to the *High Adventure*. "Viewpoint" will feature your questions to National Commander Johnnie Barnes, and his written responses to you. Also, he will express his opinions on a variety of subjects.

Your questions may be about general Rangers subjects; such as, organization, awards, training, ministries, hobbies, concerns, and so forth.

*Due to space limitations, only selected entries will be printed or acknowledged.*

Send to: High Adventure; 1445 Boonville Avenue; Springfield, MO 65802. ■





*WORLD'S FIRST*

# INTERNATIONAL CAMPORAMA

**INTERNATIONAL  
CAMPORAMA  
EAGLE ROCK,  
MISSOURI, U.S.A.**

**JUNE 26 - 30, 1990**

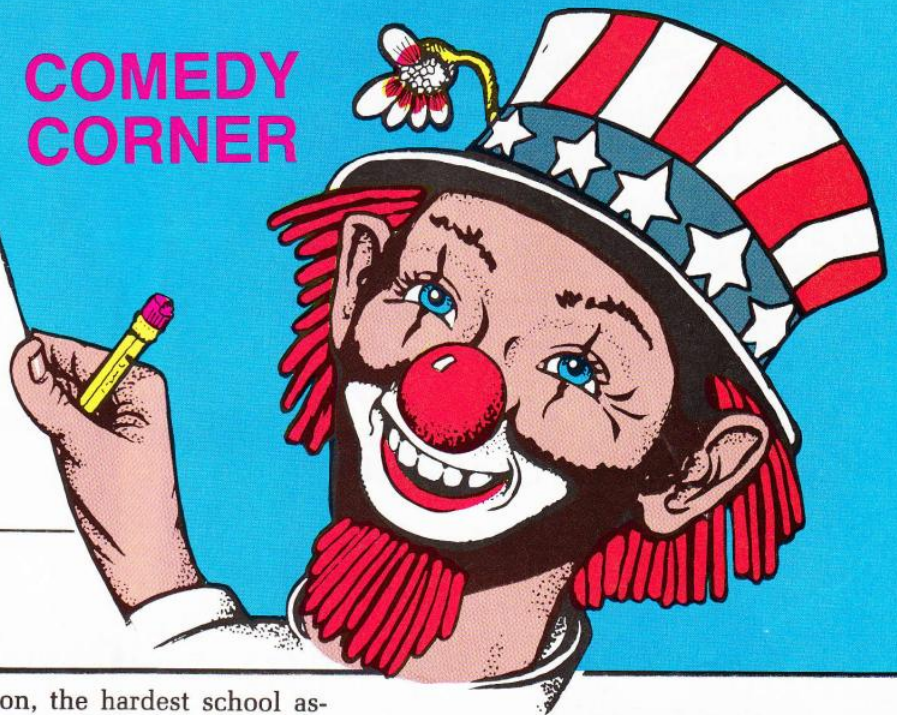
**CONTACT YOUR  
DISTRICT COMMANDER  
FOR APPLICATIONS  
AND OTHER  
INFORMATION**



## COMEDY CORNER



"DID I TOUCH A NERVE?"



A tourist traveling through the Texas Panhandle got into a conversation with an old settler and his son at a gas station.

"Looks like we might have rain," said the tourist.

"Well, I hope so," replied the native. "Not so much for me as for my son here. I've seen rain."

Thomas LaMance  
Prewitt, N. Mex.

**Q:** What is both an animal and a vegetable?

**A:** Horseradish.

Bill Chapin  
Orlando, Fla.

**Father:** Son, the hardest school assignment I ever had was in biology.

**Son:** What was it?

**Father:** I had to write an essay on the belly of a frog.

**Son:** Wow! How'd you get the frog in the typewriter?

Warren Bebout  
Atascadero, Calif.

**Tim:** What did George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and Christopher Columbus have in common?

**Jim:** They were all born on holidays.

Henry E. Leabo  
Lancaster, Calif.

**Boss:** Did you mark the carton "Fragile—This Side Up" before mailing it?

**Employee:** Yes, sir. And to be extra safe, I marked it on both ends.

Henry E. Leabo  
Lancaster, Calif.

Two monks set up a fish-and-chip stand in front of the monastery during the tourist season.

A customer asked one, "Are you the fish fryer?"

"No," he replied, "I'm the chip monk."

Warren Bebout  
Atascadero, Calif.

Two rangers were helping their Patrol Guide move some furniture!

"Quick!" said the first Ranger. "Come over here and help me move this chest."

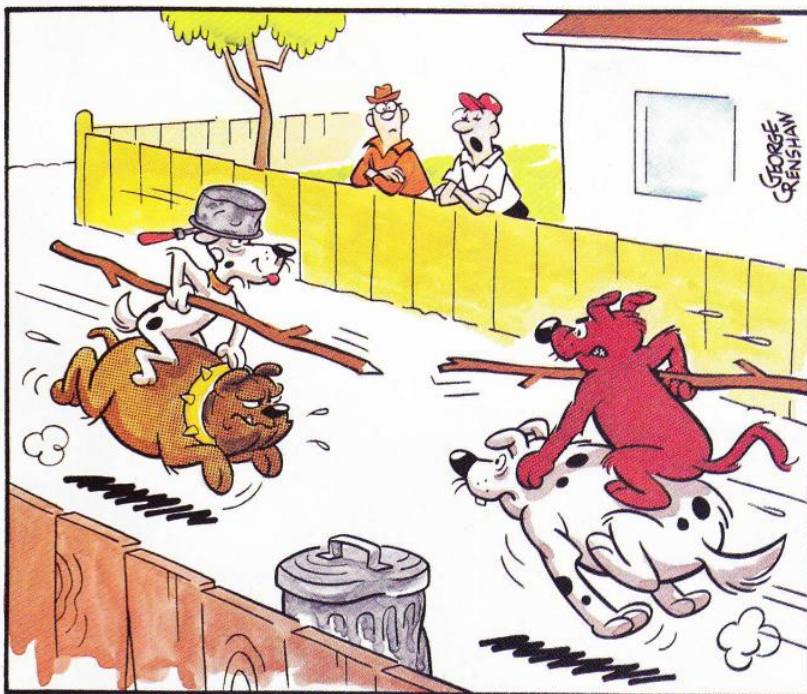
"Why now?" asked the second Ranger. "Did the Patrol Guide say to?"

"No," answered the first Ranger.

"Then how do you know he wants it moved?"

"Because," the first Ranger said, about to lose his patience, "he tried to move it himself—and now he's under it!"

Warren Bebout  
Atascadero, Calif.



"DOG FIGHTS IN THE ALLEY JUST AREN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE."





## Royal Ranger Pledge

WITH GOD'S HELP, I WILL

DO MY BEST TO SERVE GOD,

MY CHURCH AND MY FELLOW

MAN. TO LIVE BY THE RANGER

CODE. TO MAKE THE GOLDEN

RULE MY DAILY RULE.