

SUMMER 1990

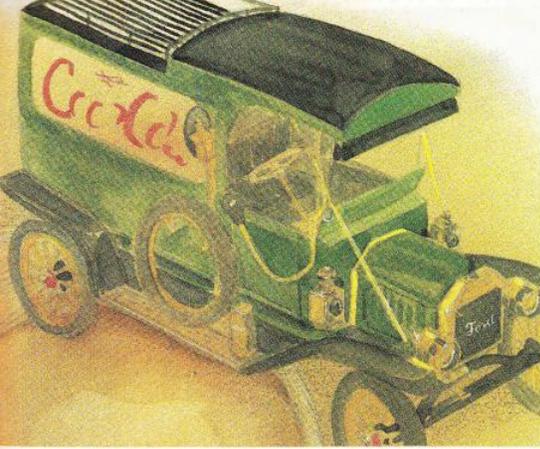
High Adventure

LEADERS EDITION

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS



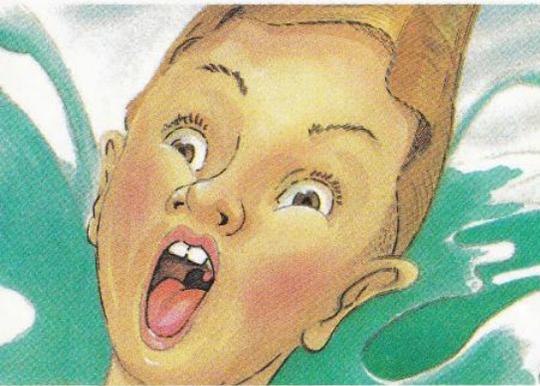
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Cover model is Royal Ranger Joshua Little—Outpost 1, Bethel A/G, Springfield, Mo.

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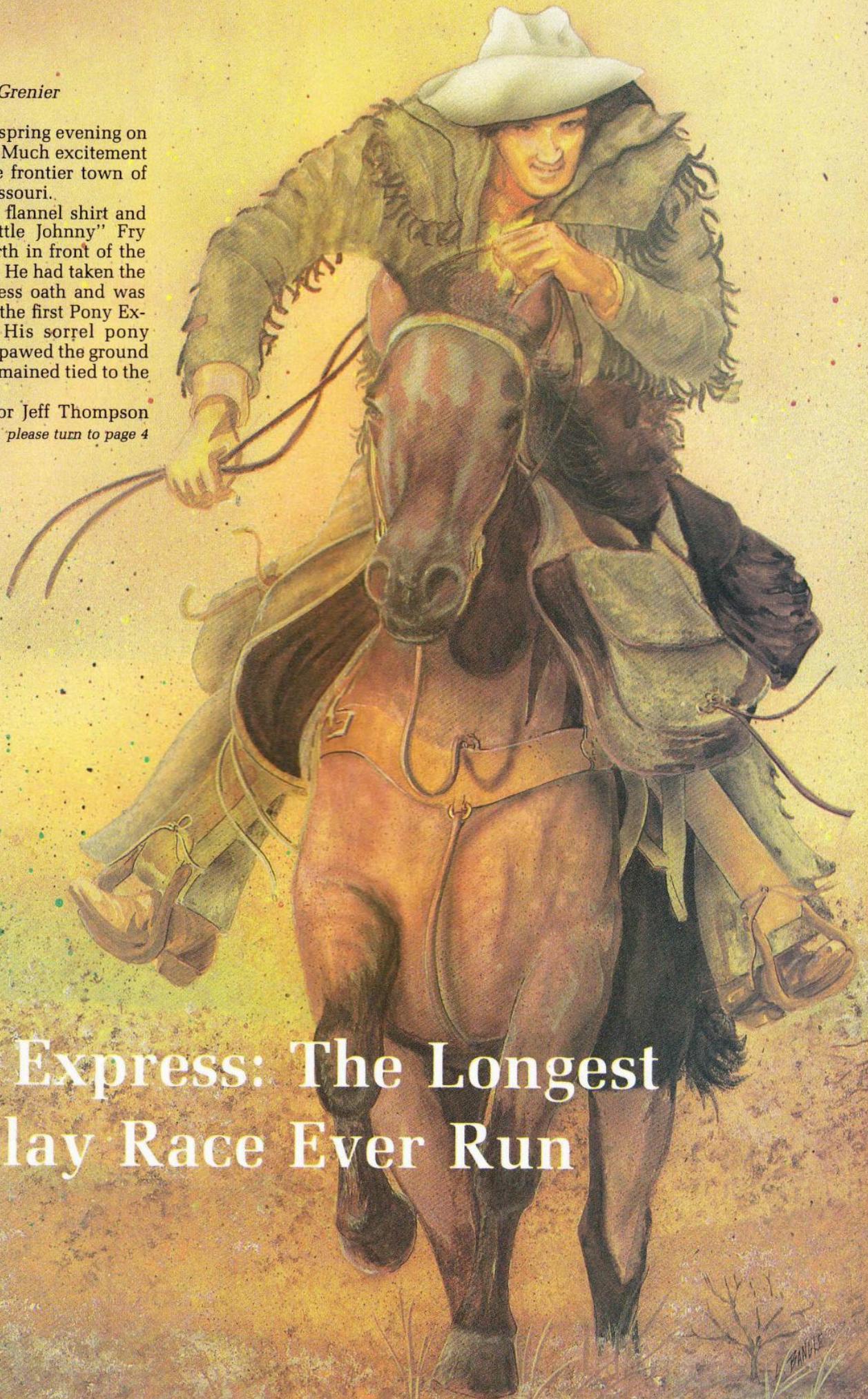
by M.S. Grenier

It was a balmy spring evening on April 3, 1860. Much excitement filled the little frontier town of St. Joseph, Missouri.

Dressed in a red flannel shirt and blue trousers, "Little Johnny" Fry paced back and forth in front of the Pike's Peak stables. He had taken the famous Pony Express oath and was preparing to make the first Pony Express relay ever. His sorrel pony Slyph snorted and pawed the ground impatiently as it remained tied to the hitching post.

Flags flew. Mayor Jeff Thompson

please turn to page 4



Pony Express: The Longest Relay Race Ever Run

made a speech. The band played several pieces. And the crowd clapped as children and dogs ran about.

All eyes were glued to the railroad tracks. The mail, being carried by train, was more than 2 hours late.

Meanwhile, the little railroad engine *Missouri*, hauling its one-passenger coach and the mail from the East, steamed full speed across the state of Missouri. The throttle wide open, a fireman piled wood under the boiler as blue smoke billowed from the engine's smoke stack. Railroad officials in the coach clutched their seats and top hats as the car rocked to and fro around the bends in the track.

As the little locomotive approached St. Joseph, it let out a wailing whistle to warn all to clear the track and to get ready for the exciting event. A mighty cheer went up from the throng who had gathered as a cannon boomed in front of the Patee Ho-

The dangerous and longest relay race in history had begun, and the Pony Express American mail system had been born.

tel.

The train huffed to a stop. The mail it had carried was quickly wrapped in waterproof silk and inserted into a mochila (a leather saddle covering equipped with saddlebags). Then the mochila was swung onto Slyph's back.

Johnny sprang to the saddle. With a wild "whoop," horse and rider dashed to a nearby ferryboat. The boat gracefully carried the two across the Missouri River.

The boat docked, and Johnny and Slyph scurried off and scrambled up the slippery bank into Kansas. Johnny waved to the crowd and streaked westward into the twilight.

Nearly 2,000 miles away in Sacramento, California, another Pony Express rider was eastward bound. Halfway between Missouri and California, the mail being carried from St. Joseph would be exchanged with

the mail being carried from Sacramento. The dangerous and longest relay race in history had begun, and the Pony Express American mail system had been born.

Up to this time transporting mail from the East to California took nearly a month. Mail went by stagecoach the southern route—below the Rockies and the Sierra Nevada Mountains. However, Russell, Majors, and Waddell (overland freighters between St. Joseph and Salt Lake City, Utah) had another plan. They believed that by going a shorter, central route, lightweight relay riders could carry mail between St. Joseph and San Francisco in 10 days.

People laughed at first. "The mountains can never be crossed in deep snow in winter," they hooted.

"The Sioux and Paiute Indians will kill any lone rider crossing their homelands," others said.

But the freighters went ahead with their plans, and this notice appeared in newspapers across the country:

"WANTED young skinny wiry fellows not over eighteen. Must be expert riders willing to risk death daily. Orphans preferred. Wages \$25 per week."

Young men flocked to answer the ad, some of them as young as age 14. Eighty of the best men were picked and hired—all brave, expert horsemen who were familiar with the country they would ride.

The rider could not weigh more than 120 pounds. The equipment they were to carry could not exceed 25 pounds, and the mail was limited to

Remembering the Pony Express

by Jim Erdmann, editor for Men's Ministries

The Pony Express was formed by the Wells Fargo Company in April 1860. It was designed to carry express mail between the eastern part of the United States and the West Coast in less than half the time of previous mail carriers.

The average Pony Express rider covered 75 miles of the total daily relay distance, which averaged 250 miles. Average time from St. Joseph, Missouri, to San Francisco, California, was reduced to about 9 days. When Abraham Lincoln was elected president, however, the Pony Express got the news through in 7 days, 16 hours.

Each Pony Express rider was not allowed to swear or drink. He was also given a Bible at the beginning of his employment.

Over the 18 months the Pony Express was in operation, the number of express stations grew to 190, and more than 200 riders were used.

As the telegraph lines extended toward the West, the distance the Pony Express covered shortened until the final run on October 24, 1861. The telegraph lines met in Salt Lake City, making the Pony Express obsolete.

By that time the cost of sending a letter had dropped from \$5 per ½ ounce to \$1, and Wells Fargo had lost \$200,000.

20 pounds. Letters had to be written on tissue paper, and \$5 per letter was charged.

Five hundred speedy, tough, small ponies were bought. In preparation for the long race, the shortest route was marked out—across the prairie, up the Platte and Sweetwater Rivers, to South Pass, through Utah, across the Nevada deserts, and over the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

Along the 2,000-mile route 100 relay stations were built so that Pony Express riders could get fresh horses. Home stations were placed about

hausted.

"I've done my best: mail first, horse second, self last," he murmured to himself before falling fast asleep.

Pony Express riders who were traveling from California to exchange mail from the East were having a much more difficult trip. The first rider—in the drenching rain, deep mud, and darkness—changed horses (mostly half-wild mustangs good for mountain climbing) eight times, rode 60 miles, and climbed 4,000 feet up the mountains before reaching his home station.

*The riders of the Pony Express
would give their lives before
giving up the mail.*

every 200 miles.

Riders who journeyed for several miles would pass the mail to a fresh rider. The weary rider could then rest until time for him to take the mail back to where he had begun.

Johnny and Slyph dashed across the prairie. Johnny, bent low in his saddle, whispered to Slyph, urging her to go as fast as she could to make up for lost time. When at last the lights of the first relay station twinkled in the darkness, Johnny blew on his horn to warn the keeper to have his fresh horse saddled and ready.

Johnny arrived at the station and hurriedly threw his mochila on the waiting horse. Springing onto the saddle, he raced away into the night.

Riding along an old Indian trail, Johnny clattered with hooting owls and howling coyotes for company. He changed horses at four relay stations before he pulled his sweat-dripping pony to a stop at his home station at Seneca, Kansas. It was 1:40 a.m., April 4. He had ridden 80 miles in 6 hours, 23 minutes and had gained 2 hours on the schedule. Johnny heaved the mochila off his saddle onto the second rider's and watched the relay man and his horse sprint away. "Take care of her," Johnny said to the keeper as he patted his breathless pony. Now he could rest until the rider from the West brought mail for him to take back to St. Joseph.

Johnny's first part of the long race was over. He gulped a bowl of antelope stew then fell onto his bunk ex-

The second rider, fighting his way through a howling blizzard and deep snow and over the mountains, was forced to walk to his next station, carrying the mochila. His pony had gone down in a snowdrift.

The brave pony riders fought off attacking Indians, stampeding buffalo, blood-thirsty wolves, lynx, and cougar. They plunged ahead through raging waters, treacherous swamps, and scorching deserts. They conquered loneliness, fear, and tragedy.

The riders of the Pony Express would give their lives before giving up the mail. The relay race had to be complete in 10 days, or the Pony Express would be a failure.

At 3:55 p.m., April 13, Johnny Fry clattered into St. Joseph with the California mail. Lining the streets, a wildly cheering crowd gleefully greeted him. At 5:30 p.m. that same day the westward-bound rider galloped into Sacramento, bearing the first Pony Express mail from St. Joseph.

All the brave riders were winners in this first race. They proved to a watching world that the mail could go through in 10 days.

The Pony Express continued to operate for 18 months. At that time its usefulness came to an end. A telegraph line had been installed from Omaha to Sacramento. But this thrilling chapter in America's history of the courageous men and thoroughbred ponies will live forever.

How Much Do You Know About Rivers?

by Alan A. Brown

The following descriptions refer to some of the principal rivers of the world. Can you, with the aid of the clues below, supply the names of each of these waterways?

1. This river rises in the Black Forest, empties into the Black Sea, and is the second-largest river in Europe.

2. It's the largest river in the world. It rises in the Andes Mountains in Peru and is called the King of Waters.

3. This French river, which has its source in the Swiss Alps, is regarded as the swiftest river in the world.

4. Its rapid currents have cut deep canyons into the earth's surface. It empties into the Gulf of California.

5. Its source is the Great Lakes. It flows past the Thousand Islands and ends at the North Atlantic Ocean.

6. Columbus, in 1498, discovered the mouth of this South American river, which empties into the Atlantic near Trinidad.

7. This is the principal river of England.

8. The Lewis and Clark expedition explored this river in 1805. It empties into the Pacific Ocean.

9. This river forms the boundary between Texas and Mexico.

10. And on what river, called the Father of Waters, did Huckleberry Finn take his raft trip?

ANSWERS:
1. Danube 2. Amazon 3. Rhone 4. Colorado 5. St. Lawrence 6. Orinoco 7. Thames 8. Columbia 9. Rio Grande 10. Mississippi

The Inventor

Who Changed the World



People at the time thought the automobile was a novelty—a rich man's toy—and saw little practical use for it.

by Raymond Bottom

Henry Ford loved to tinker with machines. As a boy he spent hours taking apart machines and putting them together again. His love for machinery led to his decision to leave the farm at age 16 and to find work as a machinist in nearby Detroit, Michigan.

When the first automobile was invented by Gottlieb Daimler of Germany in 1886, Ford began to dream of making his own. During his spare time Ford experimented with his idea. By 1896 Ford had invented his version of "the horseless carriage."

People at the time thought the automobile was a novelty—a rich man's toy—and saw little practical use for it. But Thomas Edison, whom Ford greatly admired, quickly saw the automobile's value and encouraged Ford to follow his dream.

This consolation was all Ford needed, and it marked the beginning of a lifelong friendship between the two great men.

Ford helped begin the Detroit Automobile Company in 1899 but left it to build racing cars. His new pursuit was unsuccessful, however, because few people could afford Ford's fast cars.

In 1903 Ford started another company with the concept of making a well-built automobile the average person could afford. That car was called the Model T, although it became affectionately known as the "Tin Lizzie."

The car was exactly right for the deep-rutted roads, country lanes, and dry creek beds that often served as roads during that time. It was so successful 15 million Model Ts were built before the company decided to change to the Model A.

Ford's chief claim to fame was the development of mass production techniques in manufacturing the automobile. This marked the beginning of the assembly line. Ford's idea was to move the car frame, from its beginning as a skeleton, along an assembly line to workers who did one specialized operation until the car was finished. The completed car was then driven away.

Ford's idea reduced the car assembly time from about 12 hours to slightly more than 1½ hours. This drastically cut the cost of Ford's automobile, making it financially feasible for the average buyer. America began its love affair with the Model T, and Ford became rich and famous. However, Ford never lost his plain ways and respect for the blue-collar worker.

Ford began the \$5 workday for his 100,000 workers when other factories were paying half that amount. Ford also hired ex-convicts in large numbers. This gave them a chance to succeed and to avoid going back to a life of crime.

Making large profits, Ford turned his attention to other matters. He hated war and chartered a peace ship

in an attempt to stop World War I. When his efforts were unsuccessful, Ford's factories began producing large amounts of war materials for the United States.

Ford became a Michigan candidate for the U.S. Senate but was narrowly defeated. He also considered running for the presidency.

*Ford's idea
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Ford turned over much of the managing responsibility of his company to his son Edsel and several trusted employees. Never losing interest in his business, Ford continued to participate in company decisions until shortly before his death.

With less company demands, Ford had time to turn to other interests. He bought a railroad and turned it into a money-maker before selling it. He also purchased a newspaper and used it as a fighting tool against the use of alcohol and tobacco—both of which he detested.

Ford loved music, especially the songs of Stephen Collins Foster. Ford played the violin and collected violins from around the world.

Ford's interest expanded to antiques of all kinds. For years he filled warehouses with his treasures. He then developed The Edison Institute, named after his admired friend, to display his collections. The museum is chock full of collections that portrayed American life-styles as they were in times past.

Adjoining the museum is Greenfield Village, a reproduction of mills, shops, stores, homes, and schools as they existed in villages during this country's earlier years. Some of the buildings belonged to people Ford admired: Stephen Collins Foster's home, the Wright brothers' shop, the courthouse where Abraham Lincoln practiced law, and the Menlo Park laboratories of Thomas Edison, to name a few.

Late in life Ford traveled and ex-

plored the United States with Thomas Edison, Harvey Firestone, and John Burroughs. Their camping trips were the forerunners of today's camping industry.

When Ford died in 1947, he was mourned by the working people of the world. He had provided good-paying employment for hundreds of thousands of people, pioneered the 8-hour day and 40-hour week, and provided many other benefits that are common to the industry today.

Ford is also remembered for his contributions. He left millions of dollars to the Henry Ford Foundation to provide funds for charitable, educational, and scientific organizations. You see, he wanted to continue the many good things he had begun while he lived. 

The "BOYS" Takeover

by Alan A. Brown

The letters *b,o,y* appear at the beginning or ending of each word below. With the aid of the definitions, can you supply the missing letters?

1. To abstain from buying or using:
boy _____
2. A large glass bottle enclosed in a box: _____ boy
3. A romping girl: _____ boy
4. A hotel employee:
_____ boy
5. A person who is youthful:
boy _____
6. A tall chest of drawers:
_____ boy
7. A courier: _____ boy
8. A dressing table with drawers:
_____ boy
9. A once-popular term for infantryman: _____ boy
10. A berry-like fruit:
boy _____

ANSWERS:
1. boycott 2. carboy 3. tomboy 4. bell-boy 5. boyish 6. highboy 7. postboy 8. lowboy 9. doughboy 10. boysenberry



HIKING The MISSION TRAIL

By Gary G. Gibson

On January 21, 1985, the seemingly impossible had happened. I stepped off a plane in Calcutta, India. Until that time, I had only seen Calcutta through the eyes of others. I was extremely apprehensive. The stories I had heard of this city were so strongly negative, I was concerned whether or not I could handle what I would see.

In anticipation of the trip, I prayed God would grant me two requests. Since I had come to Calcutta to work, I first prayed for protection from anything that would cause sickness and prevent me from doing my job. My second request was even more important than the first. I had heard of many who had come to Calcutta that were unable to stay because of what they had seen. If this were to happen to me, my efforts would be worthless. You see, I had made the trip to Calcutta to take pictures for the Division of Foreign Missions. As a professional photographer and a foreign missionary, I travel around the world taking photographs that missionaries use in their slide presentations.

I prayed God would allow me to see the city and its suffering through the eyes of Christ. In His kindness, God answered both requests.

The stories I had heard about Calcutta were very accurate. When I left the airport terminal, I was surrounded by beggars wanting to carry my luggage in turn for money.

During the long drive from the airport to the church, I experienced things that touched all my senses and emotions. The smells were awful. I saw people bathe and brush their teeth in filthy, contaminated water. There were thousands clothed in rags and living in shacks. Dirty, partially dressed children were playing everywhere. Exhaust from vehicles and fumes from small coal burners com-



Falling in Love With

bined to form the worst air pollution I had ever seen. By the close of my 2-week assignment in Calcutta, I had seen things difficult to imagine in even the worst nightmare.

I understood why so many found it difficult to stay in Calcutta. It was obvious why many never wanted to return. Strangely enough, however, these thoughts never entered my mind. Once I left the protection of the car that brought me from the airport, I truly began to see this city through the loving eyes of Jesus.

Hurting people I had heard about were no longer just numbers—more than 833 million people live in India compared to the nearly 250 million who live in the United States; they

were human beings. Every one of them had a name, and Jesus loves them all. At that moment, a warm feeling flooded my heart. In spite of all its problems and ugliness, I fell in love with Calcutta.

I finished my assignment in Calcutta, and as my plane left the airport runway I looked over Calcutta. Suddenly, I recalled the words I had read 5 years earlier that had been written in a devotional book by the deceased Mark Buntain, missionary to India. The words were, "Oh, how much Jesus loves you." At that moment I wanted to shout those words to the city of Calcutta.

In March 1986 I once again traveled to Calcutta. My job was to doc-

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One-on-One

It was a real "beaut," soft mint-faded green. Few people would have been proud to be the new owner of a '59 *Renault Dauphine* . . . but I was. Dad had just paid all of \$225 for my dream. True, the car wasn't a "mean machine," but there she sat—my first automobile.

I lived on a farm near Eldon, Missouri. So with the beginnings of a school year and football practice, I wasn't able to ride the bus home each evening. But now, all had changed. With a few tightened bolts, a dab of wire here and there, new plugs and points—bingo, I had transportation.

The automobile is one of man's best thought-out plans. It is more than a combination of sheet metal, bolts, and gasoline; it's a creation that results in a spark of life, energy, and action.

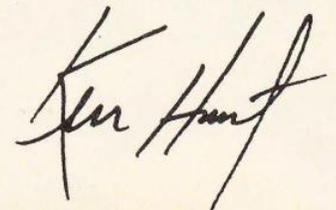
So it is with the Decade of Harvest—a plan designed to reap the souls of lost mankind. There's more to the Decade of Harvest than preaching, words, and fancy advertisements. Here is a plan birthed from the heart of God and lovingly given to responsive men. It speaks of vision, goals, faith, evangelism, and a burden of prayer.

Harvest machines come in all shapes and sizes. Ours for Royal Rangers must be able to win 200,000 boys to the Lord and to enroll an additional 20,000 leaders during the Decade of Harvest. It takes vision to find it and prayer to make it run.

So let's catch the vision. We've a spiritually lost and dying world out there just waiting for us to share the good news that Jesus is Lord.

There she sits, that cool and dreamy harvest machine, awaiting your commands. Fire her up. Try her out. Let's go harvest the world together!

National Commander



No One Knows I'm Broken

by David B. North

Okay, take this sheet of paper and trace your hand on it. Now write one thing on each of the fingers you've traced that makes you you."

"I can't."

"Sure you can. Give it a try."

"I can't!"

"There must be something that makes you special. Try to think of just one thing."

"I won't do it!" Anger could be felt in the silence that followed. Then the 5-year-old looked up at his counselor and spilled his heart. "I'm Humpty Dumpty, okay? And no one even knows I'm broken!"

All of us who have worked in Royal Rangers for any length of time have known boys with deep emotional needs. We rarely see one so blatantly honest in his assessment of his feelings. I believe, however, each boy we leaders deal with comes to us with some degree of brokenness and need for healing.

Grief happens in the "hellos" and "good-byes" of our lives. Whenever there is change, there is at least a momentary grief response, even if the change is positive.

More than half the marriages in the

United States end in divorce. Like a beach ball in the wind, children are bounced back and forth between their natural parents, their stepparents, and their "live-in" parents.

The change factor in children's lives today has grown astronomically—especially within the last decade. Therefore, an immense need exists in our ever-changing society for godly men to give godly counseling—or just to lend an ear. Royal Rangers provides opportunity for this to happen. Will we rise to the challenge?

Royal Rangers leaders can take three steps to help meet the challenge of providing godly counsel to boys.

First, listen to what each boy is *really* trying to tell you. Many times boys act up in Royal Rangers meetings not because they are "bad kids," but because they are trying to gain attention. Often they are in search of someone they think might lend some stability to their lives. We must come to know each boy on a personal level—to learn how each thinks. If we can identify boys' inner hurts, we will be well on our way to helping them work through their grieving.

If you show a boy you are con-

cerned about his needs, he will most likely open up and tell you about his problems. His openness may not be in the form of verbal expression, however. It can be displayed through behavior.

Are we listening?

Second, you can provide godly counseling by concentrating not on your expectations of the boys with whom you work, but on forming relationships with them.

Allow the boys to express themselves. Don't express shock at what they may say or do. If a boy knows you think he is more important than your expectations, he will begin to verbalize his problems. This can provide the Holy Spirit an opportunity to bring about inner healing in his life.

By putting our expectations first, we also create stress, thus dampening the opportunity for real friendships to form. If a boy doesn't trust you, he won't verbalize his problem.

Are we forming relationships?

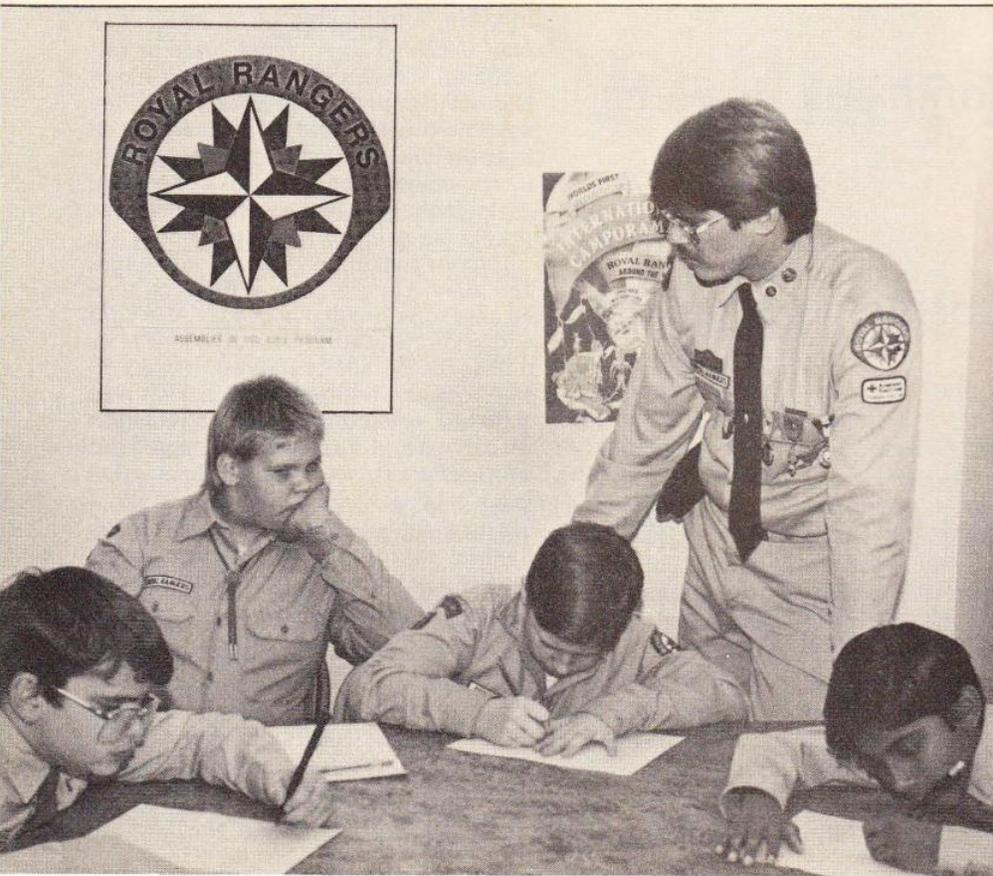
Third, become a godly counselor by leading the way toward a victorious Christian life. Set an example for the boys in your personal, everyday life-style.

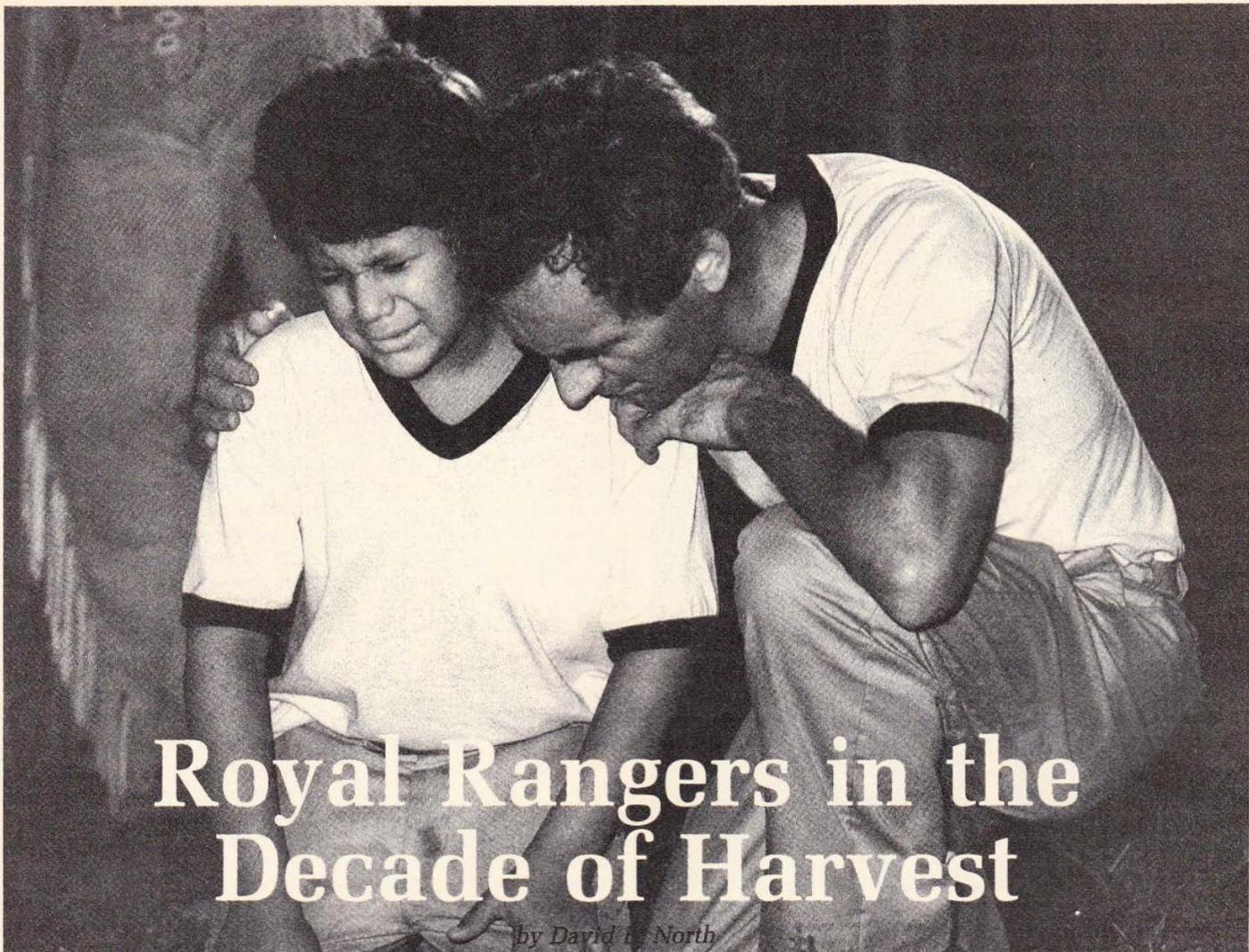
We shouldn't push or pull the boys in the direction we think they should go. Such actions relate back to the realm of "expectations." I've always been amazed when noticing that the best teaching opportunities happen spontaneously. Probably because the "lesson" comes straight from the heart of the person giving it. Our heart-felt words are those to which the boys will listen.

Are we showing the way?

By following these three steps, we can provide God-anointed counseling to boys, thus allowing them to ventilate their anxieties and to work through their crises—whether they be the loss of a parent, a divorce, changing schools, peer pressure, or any other of life's many dilemmas.

Are we friends? Are we forming relationships? Are we showing the way? After all, it may be that "problem boy" who is saying, "I'm Humpty Dumpty, okay? And no one even knows I'm broken!"





Royal Rangers in the Decade of Harvest

by David L. North

A genuine revival is needed in America today. And as we enter into the Decade of Harvest, Royal Rangers boys and men can make a difference in the hearts and lives of thousands who are without Christ.

First, the Royal Rangers can have an impact on the Decade of Harvest through its evangelistic emphasis. In weekly outpost meetings, on camp-outs, and through personal evangelism, thousands of boys can come to know Jesus Christ. These new believers, too, can take the good news to their families, friends, school-teachers, and classmates. The potential for evangelism is unlimited . . . simply through the obedience of one person who is totally committed to Christ. Royal Rangers provides opportunities for evangelism!

Second, the Royal Rangers program can affect the Decade of Harvest through discipleship. Through Bible studies, devotions, and numerous other Royal Rangers activities, we can show boys how to put their new-

As we enter into the Decade of Harvest, we need to be sensitive to the call of God on our lives.

found faith into action. During such times many boys can experience the call of God on their lives. Some boys may become pastors, youth pastors, evangelists, or missionaries. Others may grow up to become fervent witnesses at their workplaces. Royal Rangers provides opportunities for discipleship!

Third, Royal Rangers can be effective participants in the Decade of Harvest by praying and giving—both financially and of themselves. We and the boys we lead must set time aside both at home and during our weekly meetings to pray. We need to pray for our pastors. We need to pray for our

missionaries. We need to pray for those who are spearheading the Royal Rangers ministry.

We need to give of our finances for the furtherance of the gospel. Maybe we should take a portion of dues we collect or moneys we raise and give it to a special missions project?

Maybe—just maybe—God will direct some of our Ranger groups to participate in house-to-house witnessing excursions or on missions trips. Royal Rangers can be involved in prayer and missions!

As we enter into the Decade of Harvest, we need to be sensitive to the call of God on our lives. We need to be committed, more than ever, to the ministry in which God has placed us. You may not see “incredible, life-changing” results in the lives of boys with whom you work. Nevertheless, the influence you have on just one boy will reap a harvest that can never be measured in a mere decade.

You can make a difference. Think about it!



Tennessee Rangers Encounter Near-Death Accident



Sr. Commander Bill Davis (center in wheelchair). Front L to R: Damien McClain, Matthew Johnson, Mark Davis, Rick Hamm, Jeff Kirkland. Back L to R: Steve McNeely, Marquis Dumas, David Ashley, Burnie Wright. Absent was Charlie Mullins.

On Oct. 28, 1989, three Royal Rangers commanders and their group of eight boys were on an outing in Arkansas when their hiking trip suddenly turned into terror.

Outpost 68, from Germantown Assembly of God in Germantown, Tenn., had camped out the night before near Heber Springs, Ark. They had been backpacking and were preparing to cross a suspended walking bridge—it hovered about 60 feet above the Red River.

Seven of the outpost members had begun crossing the 569-foot-long bridge when it collapsed, said the Rev. Richard Hamm, pastor of Germantown Assembly. The Rangers and about 40 others plummeted to the ground and water below.

According to Hamm, Bill Davis, one of the commanders from his church, landed on rocky ground, rendering him unconscious. Davis suffered a broken leg and broken verte-

brae, which did not result in paralysis.

Davis' son Mark also received multiple injuries when portions of the bridge and cable landed on him, embedding him into mud. Rick Hamm, the pastor's son, received minor contusions to the hip when bridge fragments fell on him.

Commanders Steve McNeely and Burnie Wright and Royal Rangers Matthew Johnson and Damien McClain were preparing to step onto the bridge when it fell. Both McNeely and Wright quickly made their way down the embankment to the water then began assisting those who had fallen. Ranger boys who were uninjured also began to help other victims.

Hamm stated that McNeely and Wright attempted to rescue one person who had been trapped under water by fallen debris. As they elevated the man's head above water, the commanders began cardiopul-

monary resuscitation.

"Both commanders had recently taken first aid during their Leadership Training Course," said Hamm. "I believe their effectiveness and alertness can be attributed to this training."

Hamm continued by stating that Wright and McNeely continued CPR until an emergency medical team arrived. However, the victim did not survive.

According to Hamm, the accident killed 5 people and injured 18 others. None of the victims were from Germantown Assembly. After several minutes rescuers were finally able to cut away the bridge debris that entangled Mark Davis. Both Bill and Mark Davis were rushed to a hospital. The other

Rangers involved in the accident were also taken to the hospital and treated or X-rayed then released.

"Our Royal Rangers arrived home at 3 a.m. the next [Sunday] morning," said Hamm. "I emphasized to all the boys the importance of being in church that morning in their Royal Rangers uniforms.

"That morning each boy and commander—with the exception of Bill and Mark Davis—was in church. They sat on the front row, wearing their uniforms. Our congregation was so proud of them.

"Even though they were exhausted, injured, and had been through a traumatic event, they recognized the importance of being in church and of giving God the glory for their safety."

Royal Rangers Participate in Amateur Radio Day

For nearly 12½ hours July 8, 1989, Royal Rangers boys and men across the nation tuned in on shortwave radios to communicate with one another and to learn the skills of the trade.

The national amateur radio event was sponsored by the New Mexico District, Outpost 49—of Bethel Assembly in Hobbs, N. Mex., and radio station KD5RZ in Hobbs. Outpost participants who so requested received a certificate for making contact with station KD5RZ.

Outpost 49 succeeded in completing 101 radio transmissions that day, communicating with operators in 37 states and 1 Canadian province, reported Randy Claunch, deputy district commander of the New Mexico District. Outpost 56 in Albuquerque, N. Mex., reported making 13 radio transmissions.

Roger Christopher, of Bethel

Assembly, and his assistants, a host of Royal Rangers commanders and boys from Outpost 49, began scanning various radio frequencies around 6 a.m. The boys from Outpost 49 were assigned responsibilities such as logging in operators' call signs, time and date, and radio frequencies.

"As the calls came in, we visited with other operators and Rangers," said Claunch. "Contact was initially made with operators in Hollywood, Calif., and Pensacola, Fla."

Claunch continued by stating that he and Commander Mark Davis proceeded to chart locations on a large U.S. map of those who contacted Outpost 49.

Using the call number KA40DF, Commander Steve Guinsler—with Outpost 59 at Warwick Assembly in Newport News, Va.—made one of the first contacts with Outpost

49, Claunch noted. Outpost 49 proceeded to make transmissions around the east coast region.

"Throughout the day we discovered that many whom we contacted were not familiar with the Royal Rangers program," said Claunch. "During those conversations Dan Morando, a Trailblazer with our outpost, informed the other operators about the mission and purpose of the Royal Rangers ministry."

Claunch stated that Rangers from Outpost 49 achieved the difficult task of monitoring 10 radio frequencies throughout the day.

"Dale Heitmann, commander in charge of the radio group with Outpost 56—Trinity Temple in Albuquerque, N. Mex.—was unsuccessful in contacting our outpost that

day," noted Claunch. "He finally reached an operator in Pensacola, Fla., who, in turn, transmitted to us. By using the radio station in Pensacola, messages were relayed between these outposts several times throughout the day."

Before the day ended Outpost 49 had contacted radio operators from coast to coast. Claunch reported that the event was inexpensive, required no special locations, and stimulated much interest because many commanders had access to shortwave radios.

"Even though it was our first, we here in New Mexico consider the national amateur radio event a tremendous success," concluded Claunch. "We now hope to make this an annual event."



Erasmo Valles, Jr. (right) assisting Roger Christopher during the nationwide Royal Rangers Amateur Radio Day.

Outpost 160 Prepares for Fifth Downhill Derby Race

Oologah Assembly of God Outpost 160, in Oologah, Okla., is planning its fifth annual Downhill Derby at the Oologah state park in November. The wooden car races are being held to raise funds for the outpost and to involve boys, fathers, and outpost leaders in a time of good ol' fun.

Outpost 160 will sponsor the races, which will be held November 3. Participants and on-lookers throughout the north-eastern Oklahoma region are expected to attend.

Royal Rangers boys and men

will begin building their racing cars months before the derby. The cars, constructed out of wood and mounted on lawn mower wheels, must be built to particular specifications. Construction regulations vary according to competitors' ages and the divisions in which they will race. Four racing divisions will be held, and each division winner will be awarded a trophy.

The gravity-powered cars are raced about 100 yards downhill on a paved road. Starting point is a wooden platform.

According to Cletis Coe, senior commander of Outpost 160, approximately 150 people attended the Downhill Derby last year, compared to approximately 75 people in 1985.

Coe said Commander Mike Coe and he initiated the idea of holding the Downhill Derby in 1985. From that the concept was adopted, and a five-member committee was formed to plan and monitor the development of the first race.

Commander Jim Stratton was elected committee chairman. He then formulated regulations for building the derby racers and built the first Downhill Derby car as a model.

Other outposts in Oklahoma District's Section 1 were so intrigued by the concept they, too, wanted to participate, Coe said. About three other outposts took part in the first Downhill Derby.

"Did we ever have fun!" stated Coe. "The commanders enjoyed it as much as the boys. What really made the derby a success was the fact that we had fathers participating who had never come to church. Within time we had men without sons helping boys without fathers build their race cars."

After 1987 the Downhill Derby became an annual event. By the following year the event had advanced so that levels of competition and stricter racing rules had to be implemented. Few rules were modified in 1989, and, according to Coe, last year's event "was a great success."

According to Leon Wills, Oklahoma regional aide-de-camp, Oklahoma District leaders have now expressed an interest in having a statewide downhill derby at Oologah.

Another highlight of the annual activity follows the day after, Coe stated. Those who build and race their cars in the Downhill Derby enter their wooden racers in the Will Rogers Day Parade. Thousands gather each year to watch the parade in Claremore, Okla.

"People from across the United States who have gathered applaud us as our pastor, Rev. Bob Rhoads, pulls the racing cars behind his antique '56 Chevy."

If you wish to obtain information on how to begin your own downhill derby, write to: Leon Wills, P.O. Box 456, Oologah, OK 74053.



Downhill Derby held at Oologah, Oklahoma

Have a Progressive Outpost

by Warren Bebout

Advancement is the key to having a progressive Royal Rangers outpost. Advancement is not the only measurement in a progressive outpost, however. So how would you know if you have a progressive outpost? Allow me to list some of the "other things."

You have a progressive outpost if it has excelled in the following ways:

1. All Rangers in your outpost are fitted with complete outfits and uniforms. Of course chartering goes without saying.

2. Your outpost attends every sectional and district event possible.

3. Outpost leaders in each of your groups are nominating boys for the Ranger of the Year award. This indicates that your outpost has boys who are successful competitors and who have excelled in several areas. This also suggests that the leaders in your outpost are actively encouraging their boys to participate in Royal Rangers activities.

4. Your outpost competes in local community parades each year.

5. Some of your boys attend the national Royal Rangers Camporama every 4 years.

6. The 15- to 17-year-old boys in your outpost have attended a Junior Leadership Training Camp in your district, if your district has one.

7. Boys in your outpost have attended the district Pioneer and Trailblazer camps, if your district has them.

8. Each unit in your outpost has one or more patrols, patrol flags, patrol meetings, patrol outings, patrol activities, or patrol projects.

9. Your outpost regularly attains the highest amount of points during its sectional Royal Rangers rallies, if your section conducts such rallies.

10. Your outpost has won the sectional Clean Campers award during a sectional Royal Rangers camp-out, providing your section has this competition.

11. Your outpost has been in the top three standings in a district Clean Campsite award competition during a divisional or a district Royal Rangers powwow.

Now for advancement areas. You have a progressive outpost if your outpost has excelled in these areas:

1. You have at least one boy in each age group who has earned the top rating in his unit requirements.

2. You have at least one Trailblazer boy who has been nominated for membership in the Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity or who is in good standing for this membership.

3. You have boys Trailblazer age or older who have attained a higher Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity status.

4. Your outpost has someone who has been in all five age groups, who has become a junior leader, and who now serves as an adult Royal Rangers leader.

5. Your outpost has boys Trailblazer age or older who have earned one of the following: the God and Country award, the Gold Medal of Achievement award, the Gold Buffalo award, or the Silver Buffalo award.

True, the above does appear to be great . . . but it is attainable. For an outpost to attain each of these attributes, it would have to be perfect. We all know there is no such thing as a perfect outpost. But these desirable attributes should give us something to strive toward—a goal, not out of reach, to strive toward.

Do you want to have a progressive outpost?

Critter Chat

Complete each cliché below by writing in the correct animal name. Example: *Horse* of another color

1. A _____ in her throat
2. Buy a _____ in a poke
3. Teach an old _____ new tricks
4. Black _____ of the family
5. _____ of approval
6. Something to _____ about
7. Keep the _____ from the door
8. _____ Day
9. _____ by the tail

10. Stubborn as a _____
11. Crying _____ tears
12. Let the _____ out of the bag
13. High on the _____
14. A loan _____
15. Like a _____ takes to water
16. _____ business
17. Really got his _____
18. Just can't _____ it
19. Has other _____ to fry
20. A bum _____
21. Trying to _____ out of it
22. Don't _____ me
23. Like a _____ in a china shop

Answers: 1. tiger 2. pig 3. dog 4. sheep 5. seal 6. crow 7. wolf 8. Groundhog 9. tiger 10. mule 11. crocodile 12. cat 13. hog 14. shark 15. duck 16. monkey 17. goat 18. bear 19. fish 20. steer 21. weasel 22. bug 23. bull

Minute Quiz

Which United States presidents had the following double letters in their last names?

1. FF
2. RR (two presidents)
3. LL
4. OO (four presidents)
5. NN

Answers: 1. Thomas Jefferson 2. William Henry Harrison and Benjamin Harrison 3. Millard Fillmore 4. Calvin Coolidge, Herbert Hoover, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Theodore Roosevelt 5. John F. Kennedy



by Lorel Clark

Summer! Lazy days, vacation. . . . Do we cancel our Royal Rangers programs during summer months, or do we take advantage of this great opportunity to "reach, teach, and keep boys for Christ"?

Summer—no school—is a time when most boys are looking for something to do. So . . . give them something!

All the extra energy that summer brings can be put to good use. Regular Royal Rangers can use all the skills they learned this past winter.

Give them an opportunity to work on some of their requirements. Take them out on picnics, camp-outs, and hikes. Let them see God's handiwork first hand. What boy isn't interested in snails, tadpoles, rocks, and plants?

Now is the time to plan with your boys a summer full of activities. Use your weekly outpost meetings to teach boys and to help them prepare

items and skills needed for their outings. Your meeting features can cover habits and facts about animals, insects, plants, and trees they might see on their future outings. Teach them camping techniques to be used on their camp-outs. Take advantage of boys' natural inquisitiveness.

Don't let this marvelous opportunity slip away. Not all commanders and boys will be gone at the same time. Many will remain at home all summer. Even if you have only a handful of individuals for a hike or picnic, a soul won to Jesus or encouraged for the kingdom of God is worth some of our precious time.

Why not take a boat or float trip? Or you could plan a 2- or 3-day bike trip and camp out each night. How about planning a backpacking trip? Camp overnight without tents. Make your own shelter with materials at hand, or find natural shelter.

Keeping Your Boys Active This Summer

Have a Royal Rangers camping fair. Set up a full camp on the church grounds or some other central location. Let the boys demonstrate camping and cooking skills.

But plan well. Keep your boys and commanders enthused. Be enthusiastic about the program yourself.

Keep your boys active this summer!

ATTENTION LEADERS

The national Royal Rangers office is in search of noteworthy news, unique outpost activities, and accompanying photographs to publish in the *High Adventure Leader*. If you have such information to share, please contact Marshall Bruner, *High Adventure* editor. Address: 1445 Boonville Ave., Springfield, MO 65802



Direct observation,
of the orderliness
of the universe is
positive proof that
God exists and
that He is a God of
design.

Our Wondrous Heavens

Photo by National Optical Astronomy Observatories

by Richard Hammar

My hands, numbed by the bitter cold, fumbled clumsily at the controls of the Schmidt-Cassegrain telescope. The stars overhead glittered brightly in the moonless sky. Only the whirring of the telescope's guide motors interrupted the stillness.

Then suddenly, quietly, it appeared—NGC 6205, the Great Globular Star Cluster in Hercules. NGC 6205 is a brilliant, shimmering ball of more than a million suns lying 25,000 light years away (a light year is 6 trillion miles) in our Milky Way galaxy.

I rehearsed statistics long since committed to memory: 25,000 light

years distant, 150 light years across. A 747 jetliner traveling 24 hours a day would take 170 million years to travel across it and 150 quadrillion years to reach it. The fastest spacecraft ever built by man (*Voyager 2*) would take 35 million years to reach it traveling at 2 million miles each day. An incredible distance, yet in our own "backyards" by astronomers' standards!

I stared at the cluster for several minutes, transfixed by its elemental beauty and feeling that special closeness to God that comes at the eyepiece of a telescope. *How ironic*, I thought, *that the glory of God's creation should be appreciated by so few.*

But then, was this not the mystery of Bethlehem's manger? God's presence often comes upon us silently, unnoticed by those not looking for it.

I recalled the words of Emerson that if the world were shrouded in clouds every night but one each century, all of mankind would be on its knees in awesome wonder at the spectacle of the heavens.

I swung the telescope several degrees toward the Orion constellation, which is mentioned in the Book of Job (38:31), and I located the Great Orion Nebula. The nebula is an immense, glowing cloud of hydrogen gas illuminated by the same process that ignites a fluorescent light.

Though I had viewed this object hundreds of times before, I was as dazzled by it this evening as I was the first time I saw it. Lying some 1,500 light years distant and spanning over 30 light years in diameter, this object evokes awe in all who observe it.

The astronomer William Olcott described the nebula as "a glorious and wonderful sight . . . words utterly fail to describe its beauty." C. E. Barnes spoke of "the Great Nebula, before which learned and laymen alike have

*God's love, like
His universe, is
truly
unfathomable.*

stood silently in awe and reverence since the first lens unfolded to man's gaze its true vastness and intricacy."

William Herschel, the great 18th century English astronomer, is said to have been so amazed at the sight of this single object that he made the study of astronomy a lifelong pursuit.

I next located Barnard's Star in the constellation Ophiuchus. This faint red dwarf star, at a distance of 6 light years, is the second-closest star to our solar system. Only the Alpha Centauri system is closer. As I watched this object, I recalled that our fastest space craft would take 60,000 years to reach it. If a ship had blasted off on the day that Moses received the Ten Commandments, the journey would have just begun. Our "second closest neighbor" is separated from us by a distance of more than 4,000 times the diameter of our entire solar system.

Finally, I pointed the telescope toward the Andromeda constellation and soon located the Andromeda Galaxy, NGC 224. The significance of this object dwarfed everything else I had seen. Again I recited familiar facts: a "neighboring" island of 200 billion suns lying 2 million light years (13 quintillion miles) from our Milky Way galaxy. Our fastest spacecraft would take 150 billion years to reach it. If you counted one of its stars each second since the birth of Christ, you would have counted less than a third of its total.

The Andromeda Galaxy is similar in size and shape to our own. Our galaxy contains nearly 300 billion suns—only 6,000 can be counted with the unaided eye.

To put the size of our earth into perspective, consider a simple illustration. If you took an ordinary photograph of our galaxy, you would need to enlarge it until it was the size of the combined areas of the continental United States, Alaska, Canada, and Mexico in order to see a small point representing our sun. The nearest star would be another point 800 feet away. Then, with an electron microscope, you might be able to locate a point representing the planet Earth $\frac{1}{30}$ inch away. And, of course, somewhere on that submicroscopic speck would be 5 billion human beings!

As I took one last look at the Andromeda Galaxy, I recalled the friendly taunts of those who wondered why I would sit outside, watching the stars on a frigid winter evening.

It is a fair question, I agreed. I rehearsed the reasons I had given a hundred times before.

First, direct observation of the orderliness of the universe is positive proof that God exists and that He is a God of design.

In a book, the noted English astronomer Sir Fred Hoyle acknowledged that the universe contains so many "anthropic coincidences" (intelligent accidents) that there is no logical escape from the conclusion that some higher "intelligence" was involved. Hoyle's arguments are even more impressive when one considers his admission: "I am not a Christian, nor am I likely to become one as far as I can tell."

The fact is, the significance of the Creator is always greater than His creations. None of Michelangelo's masterpieces can compare to the miracle of the life that created them. An apparently infinite universe points to an omnipotent Creator.

Second, modern astronomy strikingly confirms in many important respects the Genesis account of creation. Dr. Robert Jastrow, founder of NASA's Goddard Institute for Space Studies, observed: "For the scientist who has lived by his faith in the power of reason, the story ends like a bad dream. He has scaled the moun-

tains of ignorance, he is about to conquer the highest peak; as he pulls himself over the final rock, he is greeted by a band of theologians who have been sitting there for centuries."

Astronomy is the study of God's creation, and it has for too long been surrendered to the forces of secular humanism.

Third, observation of the beauty and immensity of the universe helps one to apprehend the glory and power of God. No one can directly observe the Andromeda Galaxy and deny that "with God all things are possible" (Mark 10:27).

Fourth, and perhaps most important, astronomy tells us much about the love of God. I was thinking of this one day while flying cross-country. I studied a 50-mile-wide stretch of horizon out the airplane window, searching for any sign of curvature in the Earth's surface. There was none. The immensity of our Earth astounded me. And yet, I realized, our Earth is dwarfed by our Milky Way galaxy, and our galaxy is dwarfed by the billions of known galaxies. "Man is a speck on a speck on a speck."

I shook my head in awesome wonder and asked with the Psalmist, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him?" (Psalm 8:4). And yet, despite our insignificance, God loved us enough to sacrifice His Son to save us from our sins. God's love, like His universe, is truly unfathomable.

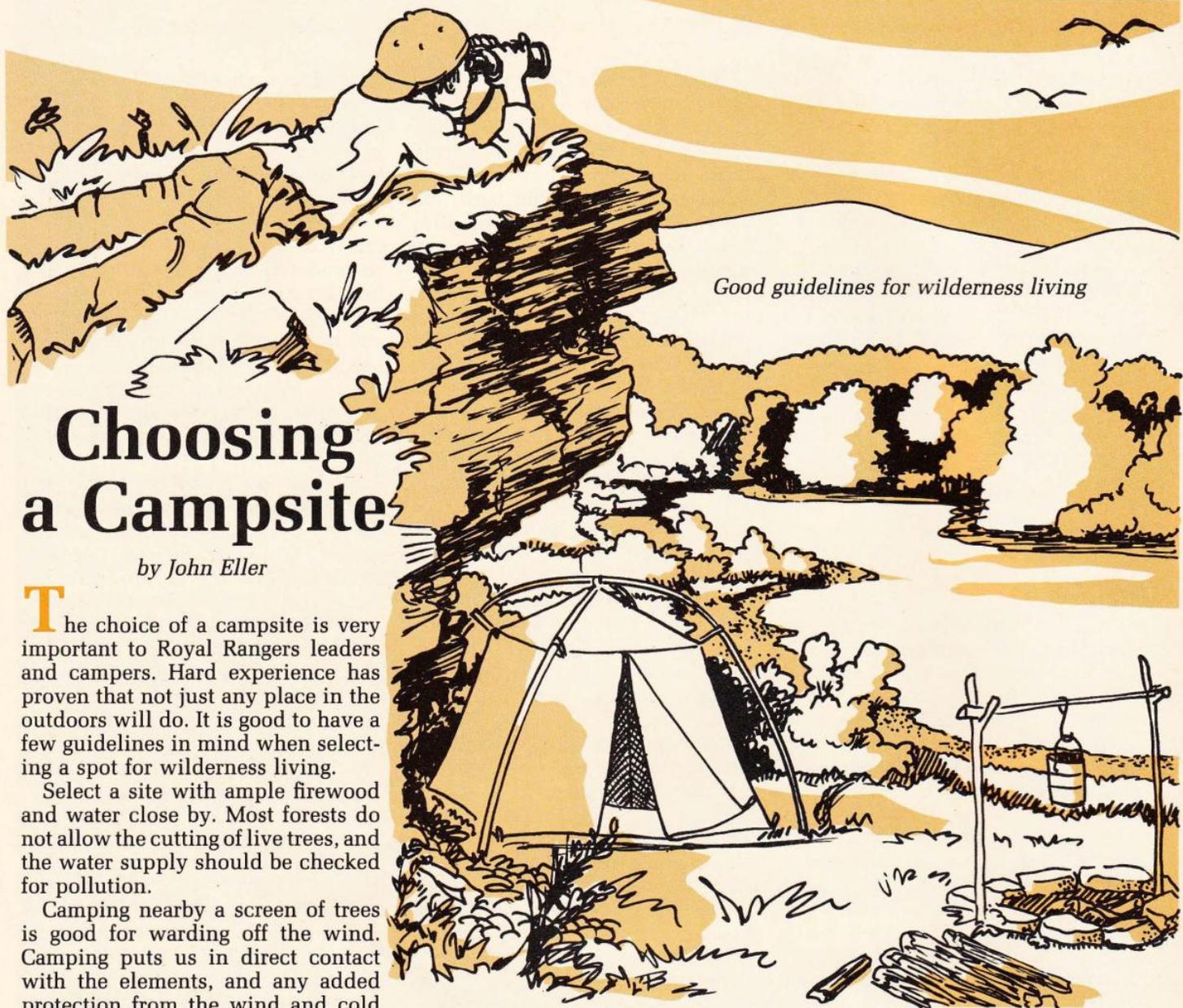
The faint drone of an aircraft high overhead roused me from my thoughts, reminding me I was still outside under very adverse conditions. I disassembled the telescope slowly with half-frozen fingers.

Once everything was properly stowed indoors and my activities chronicled in my observing log, I relaxed for a few minutes in a comfortable chair. My face and fingers tingled as warmth returned.

I felt good. The rigors of the night were far outweighed by the glory I had witnessed. And I understood a little better that our realization of God's glory often depends upon our perseverance and sacrifice. 

Richard Hammar is legal counselor for the General Council of the Assemblies of God. He has served in this position since 1980.





Good guidelines for wilderness living

Choosing a Campsite

by John Eller

The choice of a campsite is very important to Royal Rangers leaders and campers. Hard experience has proven that not just any place in the outdoors will do. It is good to have a few guidelines in mind when selecting a spot for wilderness living.

Select a site with ample firewood and water close by. Most forests do not allow the cutting of live trees, and the water supply should be checked for pollution.

Camping nearby a screen of trees is good for warding off the wind. Camping puts us in direct contact with the elements, and any added protection from the wind and cold will be beneficial.

There should be a degree of exposure to the breeze, however. This will help keep down insects. Most woodlands are alive with ticks, chiggers, and mosquitoes.

Choose a campsite away from any dominant trees that may attract lightning. Most forests have an occasional split tree trunk as evidence of yesterday's storm. I attended a district event years ago when lightning struck a tree, causing it to fall on an occupied tent between two campers. Miraculously, no one was injured.

The best campsite has sunshine in the morning and shade in the afternoon.

Watch out for threatening limbs overhead. Hunters call these limbs "widow makers." They may seem well lodged in a fork of the tree, but

wind from the right direction can bring them crashing down—without warning.

Check the terrain for any rocky outcropping that could gouge the campers' backbone during the night. A rocky bed is a hard bed.

You need an elevated spot out of reach of flash floods. Getting washed away in the middle of the night takes the fun out of camping!

Pitching a tent in a gully or depression is folly. An arroyo in the West is especially dangerous. The ground may be bone dry when you arrive, but a violent storm, even 50 miles away, could send a flash flood to carry away your outfit.

If you are traveling to a campsite by boat or canoe, look for suitable landing and shelter for your craft. You may need to depart the same way you

arrived.

The ideal campsite is rounded out by a scenic overlook, plus good fishing, hunting, or swimming.

Mother Nature is not in the camping business. Only once in a lifetime will you find such an idyllic spot as described in this article. But seek as many good features as possible. A good rule of thumb is to begin looking early in the day, long before time has come for tales to cross the campfire.

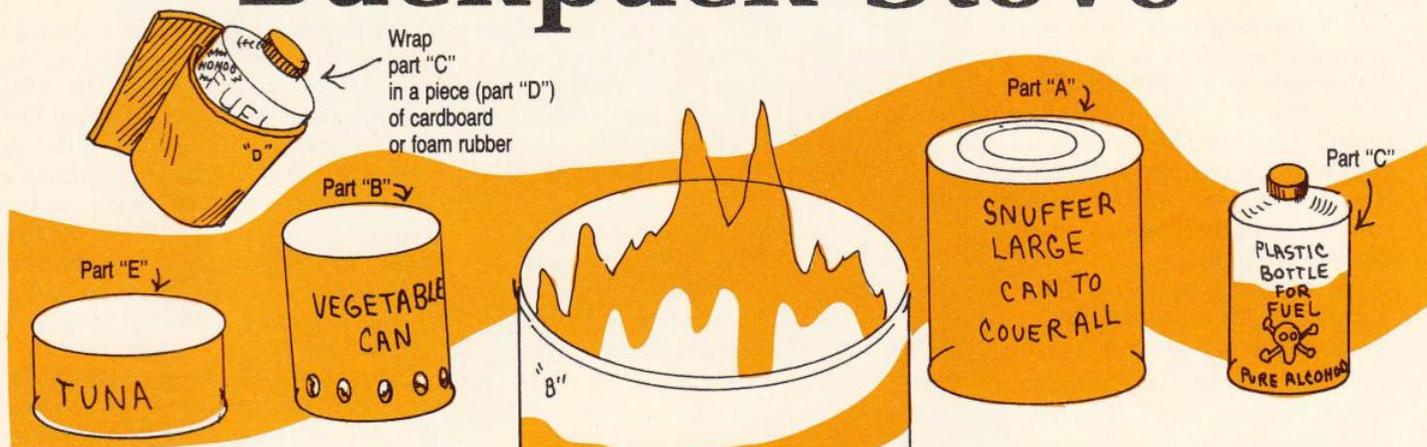
Choose your campsite like you select your gear—with care.

Happy camping ahead!

John Eller is national aide-de-camp. He has served the Royal Rangers ministry since 1962.



Make Your Own Backpack Stove



By Fred Van Horn

Necessity is the mother of invention. A commander and I wanted something lightweight and inexpensive to cook with. So the idea of the backpack stove was born out of necessity. Here are some reasons why we made this stove:

1. Places we go in the summer don't always allow open fires.
2. Most stoves are too bulky to carry 3 or more miles.
3. More than one stove is needed on a hiking trip so each boy can learn to cook his meals.
4. Most boys don't have the money to buy small stoves to take with them.

Perhaps this simple stove will be of help to you and your Rangers during your next camp-out.

Instructions for Tin Can Alcohol Stove:

Use 100 percent pure alcohol. Do not use gasoline or white gas, because they burn too fast and boil over. You may also use cleaning alcohol.

Use away from bushes and tents in case of spillage. Make sure the surrounding area is clear and flat.

Assemble entire kit. Five parts are needed.

1. Part "A" is the flame snuffer—simply a large can that will completely cover parts "B" and "E."

2. Part "B" is the stove. It is made by punching small holes (about ½ inch to 1½ inches from bottom) around the can (a standard sized vegetable can) to allow ventilation.

3. Part "C" is a plastic bottle used to contain fuel.

4. Part "D" is a sheet of cardboard used for protecting and packing the fuel jar.

5. Part "E" is a small can (a tuna can) used to shield wind from the bottom holes and funnel.

Place small tuna can on flat surface and put stove piece inside tuna can.

Pour fuel into stove until fuel is up to or within ¼ inch of the small holes.

Slowly drop well-lighted match into fuel in stove. (The colder the alcohol, the harder it is to start.) Do not refuel stove while fuel is burning.

Set pan, centered, on the stove and begin cooking.

When finished with the stove, put snuffer can over the flame. Push down completely until air supply is cut off.

If a small flame remains around base, blow it out.

Wait a few minutes for can to cool. After it cools, remove snuffer can. If the snuffer can hangs on, gently pull

the stove free from snuffer can.

Pour remaining fuel from stove into tuna can by tipping can at a 45 degree angle. (Hint: Select a particular special hole from bottom of stove to pour remaining fuel out. A flat one works best.) Next, pour fuel from tuna can into fuel jar.

Prepare stove kit for storage by tightly rolling cardboard (part "D") in hands. Drop cardboard into your stove (part "B"). Cardboard will open to proper size. Next, place fuel jar into stove. Set stove inside tuna can, then put both cans into snuffer can.

Editor's note:

On a nice summer day you can gather your boys together outside and show them how to make their own backpack stoves. Inform your boys of the project in advance, so they can begin collecting cans to make their kits. Make a stove the boys can use for a pattern, or photocopy this page; a visual sample will save time. Take to your outpost gathering a hammer, a metal punch tool, scissors, and enough cardboard for the boys to cut up for their kits. Also bring enough fuel for each boy to use that day.

Once they've completed the project, you can instruct them how to assemble, fuel, cook with, and disassemble their stoves. If you wish, you could provide eggs for the boys to cook. They're inexpensive and easy to cook.

Now your Rangers will be ready and raring to use their stoves during the next outing.

The Age of Iron Power

From the editor

The development of the steam locomotive was one of the awesome wonders of the world during the early 19th century. "The railroad represented the first big leap ahead in man's efforts to reduce the effects of time and distance on his travel and communications," states the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

The locomotive got its beginning in Peking, China, around 1681. A Jesuit missionary named Ferdinand

Verbiest invented a self-propelled steam vehicle. In 1769 Nicolas Joseph Cugnot, a French artillery officer, assembled the first full-sized "steam car." Then, in 1803, the first locomotive to do actual work was built by Richard Trevithick.

The railroad era began September 15, 1830, with the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in England. The company began transporting both passengers and freight.

As in England, interest in railroads began to develop in the United States around the same time period. In 1825 John Stevens "built and operated the first locomotive to run on rails in America," states the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. More than 70,000 miles of railroad track were built during the 1880s. Manufacturers, merchants, and travelers for the first time had a fast and effective means of overland transportation.

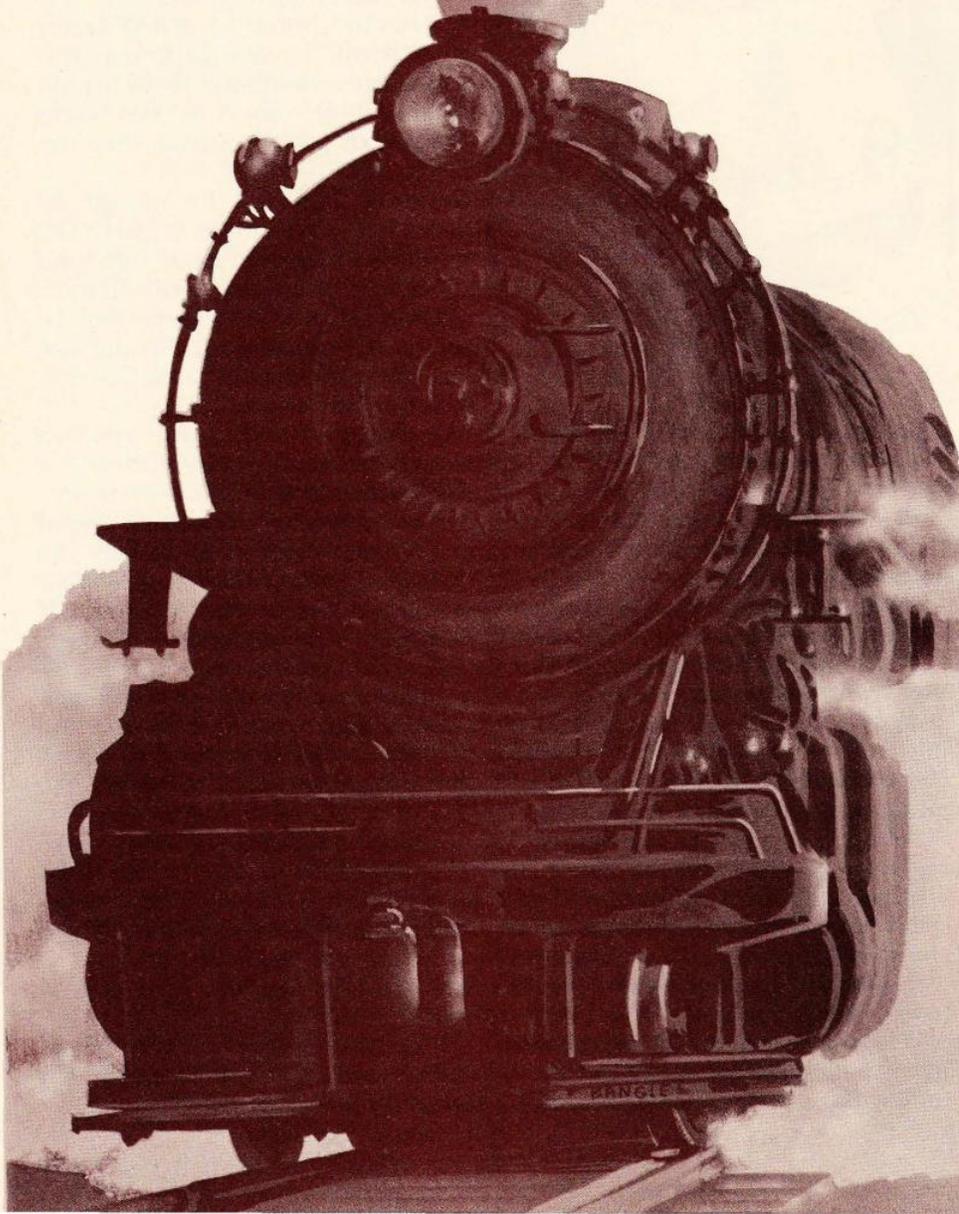
Though love for the passenger train has greatly declined during this century, the railways continue to provide an effective means of transporting manufactured goods.

According to a Burlington Northern spokesman, today's locomotive engine costs about \$1.5 million and weighs as much as 380,000 pounds. The locomotive engine has 16 cylinders, each of which is 645 cubic inches in size. Unknown to many is the fact that the locomotive's diesel engine is used to turn an electric alternator, which, in turn, powers the locomotive.

Touring the nearest train yards would be a great delight for your Royal Rangers. Many train corporations provide daily tours through their locomotive shops. A close-up look at a train engine and its components would alone be a sight your boys will not soon forget.

The best part of helping Royal Rangers understand the power and massiveness of the train is helping them realize just how powerful our Heavenly Father is.

The force of the locomotive can exceed 3,000 horsepower, enabling it to move tons and tons of weight. Yet, our Father is able to move mountains. The mighty locomotive can barrel its way through ice, snow, and water without wavering. But our God can part an entire sea. The loud whistle of a train can be heard for miles. However, our Lord formed earth's heavens, whose thunders dwarf the loudest train whistle ever. And at God's right hand sits the Savior of the world, whom neither earth nor hell could contain. Now that's power! 🚂



Is Royal Rangers Really Necessary?

by Don Franklin

As a father I see the 1990s as the most challenging decade boys will ever face. They'll fight their deadliest enemy—Satan—in daily combat. His clever tricks and smooth deceptions will test them to the limit. Boys will need rock-solid solutions to these enormous challenges.

Boys will have to cope with unbelievably powerful peer pressures that could crush adults. They'll view sophisticated sin with uncertain conscience. Their young, impressionable minds will be bombarded with shock waves of temptation. Their ears will be assaulted by raucous blasts of "music" conceived in hell. Child enslavement will be the "order of the day" as hell enlarges itself to destroy boys with a flood of filth.

The screen will portray spaced-out entertainers parading on stage like peacocks. Boys will stare in wide-eyed wonder at gyrating persons who glamorize lewd life-styles and alley cat morals. Television will show strutting, oddly attractive people who, amazingly, are rewarded for their madness by . . . guess who? Adoring, imitative teenagers will wildly fantasize about those just described.

Pastor, commander, dad, are you as disgusted as I am at the sight of these perversions? Why is it that the rowdiest role models that leave us cold leave kids ecstatic? Zany antics that turn us off turn them on! What diabolical power can hypnotize kids into trance-like states of submission? Who and what is behind this massive corruption?

I think you know the answer as well as I do: Hell has big plans for your boys. *What kind of plans do you have?*

Satan never gives up, never plays fair, and plays for keeps. Sinister powers of darkness will force boys to

juggle virtue and vice, love and lust in a never-ending seesaw of uncertainty. Moral values will be shell-shocked, dazzled, and dazed by the shrewdest liar of them all, Satan. Mysteriously, bad becomes good and wrong becomes right. Even the word *bad* in today's teen terminology means good.

Friend, there must be a powerful solution and a workable answer to

*Did you know that
Royal Rangers
works effectively
as either a
preventative or a
rescue ministry?*

these shocking dangers. This is where Royal Rangers comes in. Praise God, we do have spiritual solutions and biblical answers to sin's whirlpool. Royal Rangers has become a lifeline for boys living in this crazy, mixed-up world.

Royal Rangers merits close investigation. You owe it to yourself to examine the following facts:

1. Royal Rangers presents salvation through Jesus Christ as the ultimate experience—not drugs, immorality, or hedonism.
2. Jesus Christ becomes our divine role model—not some rock star.
3. Rangers are taught there is a heaven to gain and a hell to shun and that there is a God who lovingly dispenses mercy, forgiveness, justice, and judgment—not situational ethics, metaphysics, or reincarnation.
4. Our main textbook is the Bible—not "adult" or atheistic literature.

Did you know that Royal Rangers works effectively as either a preventative or a rescue ministry? Did you also know that the life-changing

principles planted into boys 10-20 years ago are now being harvested by our Movement? We are seeing those same boys, now grown men, filling roles of church leadership. The circle of seedtime and harvest has become a blessed reality. Why? *Because Royal Rangers works!*

Royal Rangers exists to evangelize boys for Christ and to develop the total boy four ways: spiritually, mentally, physically, and socially. The ministry trains boys to become tomorrow's church leaders. What higher goals are there? It keeps boys in church by instructing, challenging, and inspiring them in the areas of biblical doctrine, Christian service, moral conduct, and the basic beliefs of our church are all presented through interesting and wholesome Royal Rangers activities.

From rich experience I can thankfully say yes, Royal Rangers really is necessary. It makes all the difference in the world. It is heaven's answer to delinquency, moral breakdown, and erosion of traditional values. It re-establishes holiness as a way of life, strengthens the family, and prepares boys for life.

Any way you look at it, Royal Rangers is *vitally necessary*. And don't forget what makes this ministry strong: Royal Rangers is Christ-honoring, Bible-based, and distinctively Pentecostal.

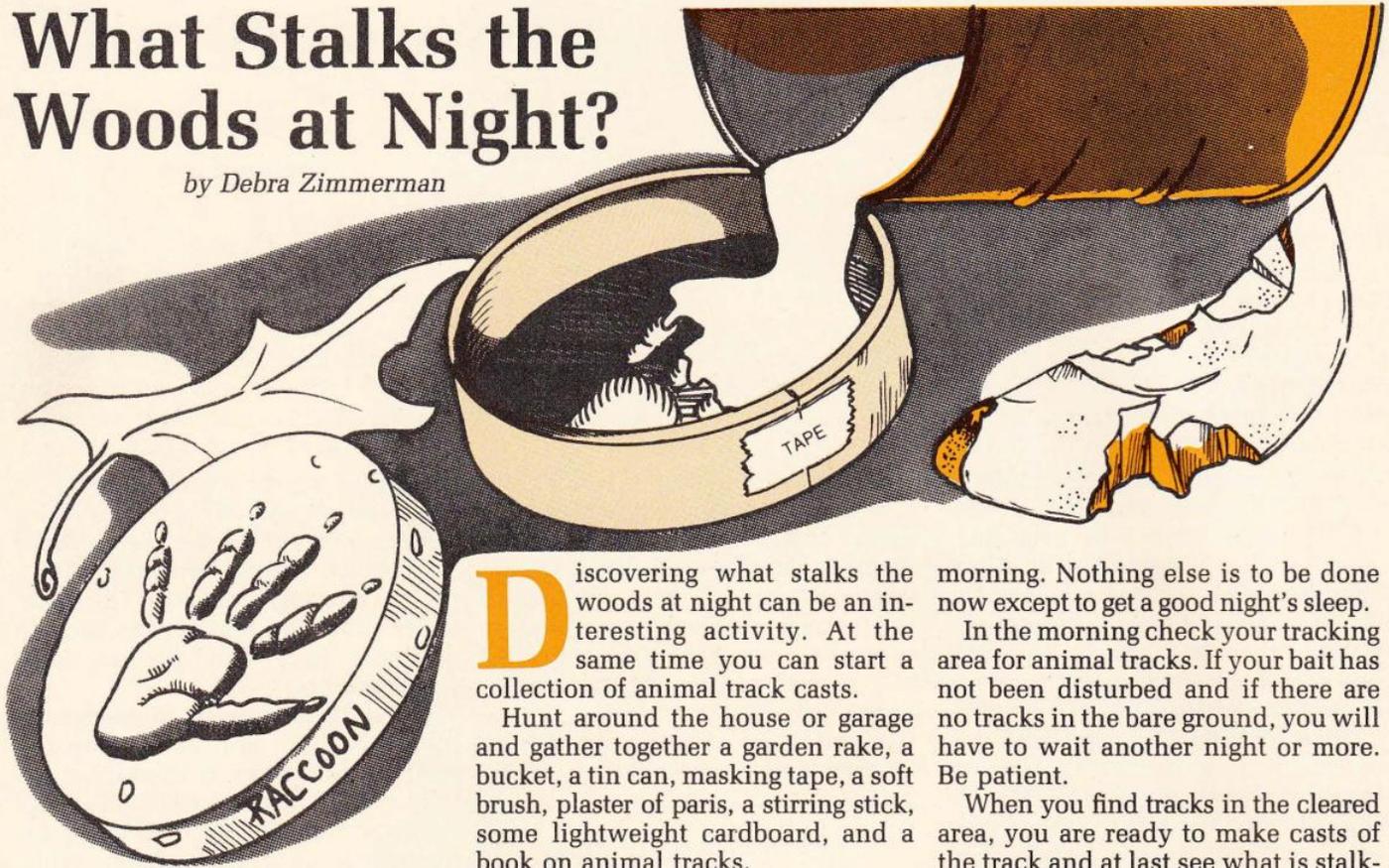
Yes . . . we need Royal Rangers! ☸

Don Franklin has been with the Royal Rangers ministry since 1964. He has served as both national training coordinator and special aide-de-camp.



What Stalks the Woods at Night?

by Debra Zimmerman



Discovering what stalks the woods at night can be an interesting activity. At the same time you can start a collection of animal track casts.

Hunt around the house or garage and gather together a garden rake, a bucket, a tin can, masking tape, a soft brush, plaster of paris, a stirring stick, some lightweight cardboard, and a book on animal tracks.

Now you are ready to begin. First, take the garden rake and find a spot in the woods where you think animals travel at night. Maybe you have caught a glimpse of some animals there or have found tracks in that area. Use the garden rake to clear a patch about 6 feet square of all leaves and twigs. Scratch the ground with the rake to loosen the soil.

Second, find some bait to lure the animals into the tracking area. Apples, corn, dog food, peanut butter, bread, melon rinds, or stale doughnuts can draw animals into your tracking area. Place the bait in the middle of the cleared area. That evening soak the bare ground around the bait with several buckets of water.

Third, all you have to do now is wait. Sitting around waiting for something to happen can be harder than doing the most difficult task. So while you wait you can get your materials ready for making the plaster casts of the animal tracks.

To make the animal track casts you now need these items listed above: plaster of paris, a tin can, lightweight cardboard, masking tape, and a stirring stick. Cut the cardboard into 2-inch strips. Read the directions on the plaster of paris bag, so you will know how to mix the plaster in the

morning. Nothing else is to be done now except to get a good night's sleep.

In the morning check your tracking area for animal tracks. If your bait has not been disturbed and if there are no tracks in the bare ground, you will have to wait another night or more. Be patient.

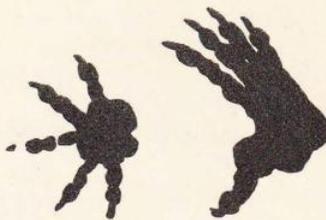
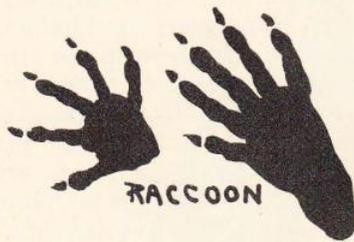
When you find tracks in the cleared area, you are ready to make casts of the track and at last see what is stalking the woods at night.

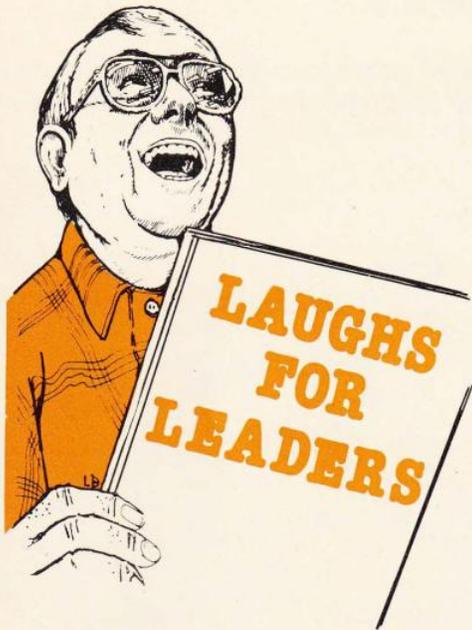
It's not hard to make plaster track casts for your collection. First, for each track you will need to make a mold to hold the plaster of paris. Tape a cardboard strip into a circle to form a mold slightly larger than the animal track. Place the molds around each track. Second, following the directions on the plaster of paris bag, mix a smooth, thick paste in the tin can. Next, fill each cardboard mold with plaster of paris.

After waiting about 30 minutes for the plaster to harden, check the casts. Carefully lift the casts off the ground and peel away the cardboard molds. Use an old, soft brush to brush the dirt off the cast. As the dirt disappears, an animal track will appear.

The last step is to identify the animal track. To find out what nighttime creatures have been stalking the woods, check the casts against the accompanying illustrations or the pictures in a book or article about animal tracks.

By trying different locations for your tracking area and by using a variety of baits, you can add new casts to your collection. Soon you will be able to identify many of the mysterious nighttime visitors.





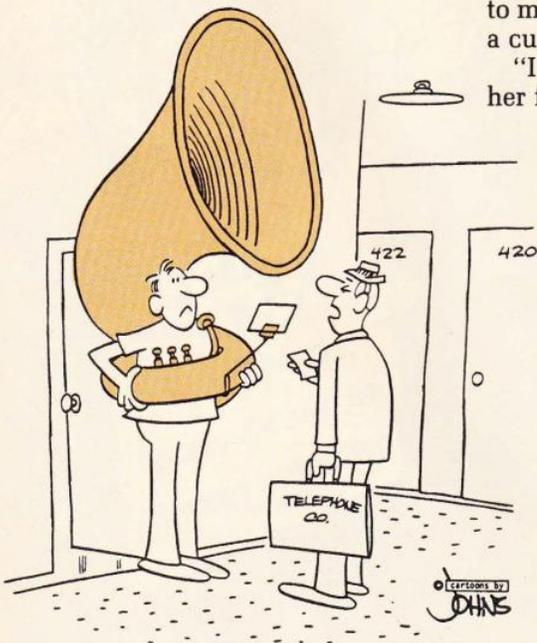
It takes about 10 years to get used to how old you are.

* * *

You know you're getting old when the candles cost more than the cake.

Martha J. Beckman
Granada Hills, California

A small boy watched as a telephone repairman climbed a pole, connected a test set, and tested the



"ARE YOU THE PARTY WHO'S BEEN RECEIVING THE THREATENING PHONE CALLS?"

telephone connection. The youngster listened a few minutes as the repairman experienced trouble obtaining a connection then rushed into his house.

"Mama, come outside quickly," the boy exclaimed. "There's a man up our telephone pole, talking to heaven."

"What makes you think the man is talking to heaven?" his mother replied.

"Cause he hollered, 'Hello. Hello. Hello! Good heavens. What's the matter up there. Can't anyone hear?'"

* * *

A Sunday school teacher asked her young students how Noah spent his time in the ark. When nobody responded she asked, "Do you suppose he did a lot of fishing?"

"What?" responded a 6-year-old. "With only two worms?"

Thomas LaMance
Prewitt, New Mexico

Man to dinner guest: "My wife and I have been married for 28 years, and every time I open my mouth she still corrects me."

Wife: "Twenty-nine years!"

* * *

The husband went into the kitchen to make his wife, who was ill in bed, a cup of tea.

"I can't find the tea," he called to her from the kitchen.

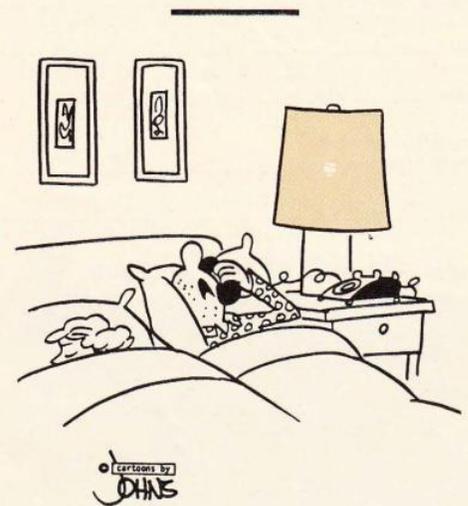
"I don't know what could be easier to find," she replied. "It's right in front on the shelf with the cleaning supplies in a cocoa tin marked 'matches.'"

* * *

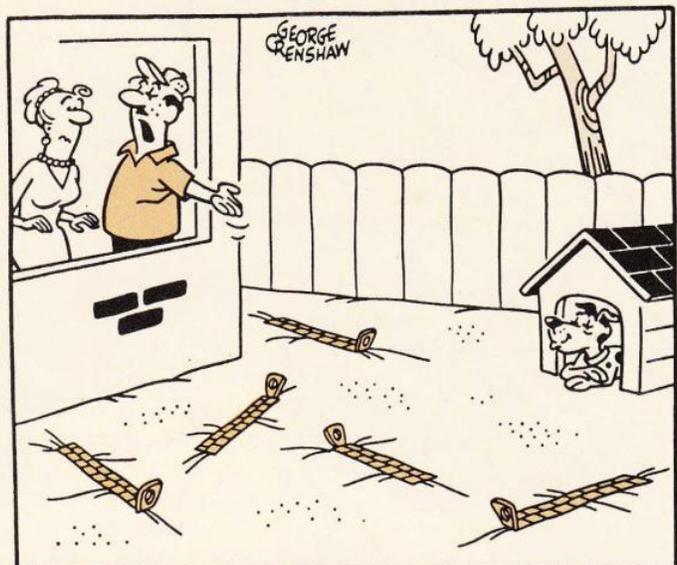
"I'm afraid your little brother is timid," said the hostess to the boy's sister at a birthday party.

"No, ma'am," explained the little girl. "He's not timid. It's just that he's never had a necktie on before, and he thinks he's tied to something."

Joseph Lozanoff
Johnstown, Pennsylvania.



"OF COURSE, I'M AWAKE! YOU SAID YOU LOST CONTROL OF YOUR COW, CRASHED THROUGH AN AUTOMOBILE AND KILLED A FENCE..."



"WHEN YOU INSISTED ON AN ASTRO-TURF YARD, HE HAD TO BURY HIS BONES SOMEHOW."

Stake a Claim

Invest in an acre or more of land for the Royal Rangers National Training Center near Eagle Rock, Mo. Your claim will help provide facilities to train leaders and to hold national meetings and specialized camping opportunities for boys and men. Most importantly, however, the spiritual impact of your investment will last an eternity.

I will invest in _____ acre(s) of land for the Royal Rangers Training Center at \$500 an acre. (A claim conveys no legal interest.)

I will pay my pledge of:

\$540 per acre within 1 year
(12 monthly payments of \$45)

\$600 per acre within 2 years
(24 monthly payments of \$25)

Name _____

Mailing Address _____

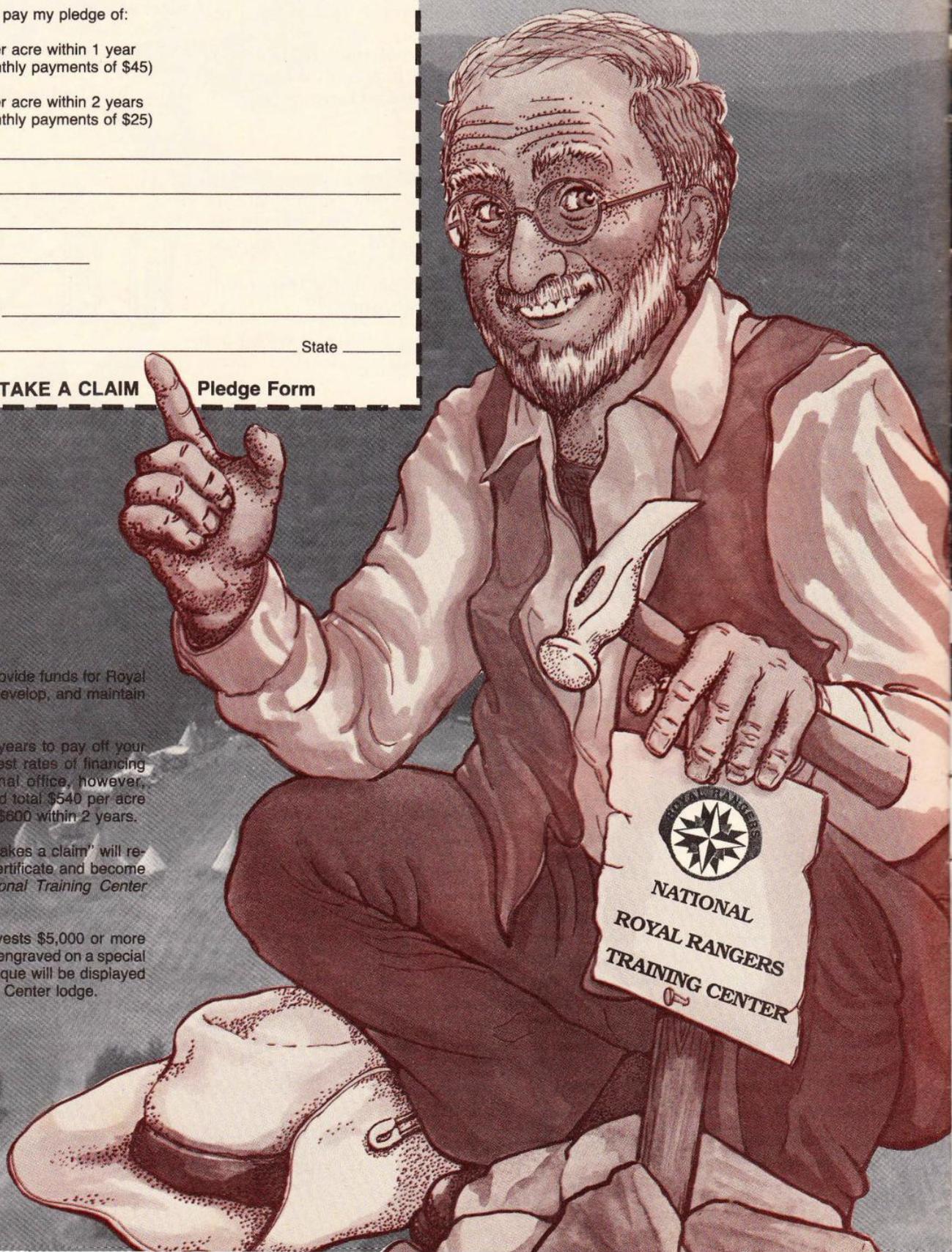
City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Church to receive
World Ministries credit _____

City _____ State _____

Royal Rangers STAKE A CLAIM Pledge Form



- Each \$500 claim will provide funds for Royal Rangers to purchase, develop, and maintain one acre of land.
- You may take up to 2 years to pay off your claim. Due to the interest rates of financing available to the national office, however, pledge payments should total \$540 per acre if paid within 1 year or \$600 within 2 years.
- Each individual who "stakes a claim" will receive a special claim certificate and become a member of the *National Training Center Stake a Claim Club*.
- Each individual who invests \$5,000 or more will also have his name engraved on a special honors plaque. This plaque will be displayed in the National Training Center lodge.

Facts About India

Official name: Republic of India

Area: 1,266,595 sq. mi., about one-third the size of the United States

Population: 833,422,000

Capital: New Delhi

Government: Federal republic

Official languages: Hindi, English, Assamese, Bengali, Gujarati, Kannada, Kashmiri, Malayalam, Marathi, Oriya, Punjabi, Sanskrit, Tamil, Telegu, Urdu

Main ethnic groups: Indo-Aryan (north) Dravidian (south)

Major religions: Hinduism (83%), Islam (11%), Christianity (3%), Sikh (2%)

Leading industries: Agriculture, manufacturing, construction, tourism, mining

Number of Assemblies of God missionaries to India: 19

Geography

From the north clockwise, India is bordered by China, Nepal, Bhutan, Union of Myanmar (formerly Burma), Bangladesh, the Bay of Bengal, the Indian Ocean, the Arabian Sea, and Pakistan.

History

India has one of the oldest civilizations in the world today. Its history dates back at least 4,500 years.

Life in India

Because of the hot climate, most people wear light, loose clothing. Many men wear a simple white garment that is wrapped between the legs to form loose trousers. Turbans are common.

Most Indian women wear a straight piece of cloth that is draped around the body to form a long dress. A round dot made with red or black powder is frequently worn in the middle of the woman's forehead as a mark of beauty.

Religion

The life of many Indians is almost completely dominated by their religion. Their clothing, food, marriage customs, and occupations are dictated by their religion. Hindus believe that after death a person's soul continues to exist in another living being. Muslims worship God but not Jesus Christ.

Muslims believe in Allah (God). But they believe Muhammed, who lived during the 16th and 17th centuries, is God's last prophet to bring spiritual truth to the world.

Millions upon millions in India are being deceived by false religions. They are without Christ and His Holy Spirit. Please pray that a great outpouring of God's Holy Spirit will sweep this vast nation and, as a result, that multitudes will come to Christ.

I had the privilege of seeing that love lived out through Missionaries Mark and Huldah Buntain. I purposely found time to spend alone with Mark. I sat quietly and listened as this humble man poured out his heart for the lost and broken of India.

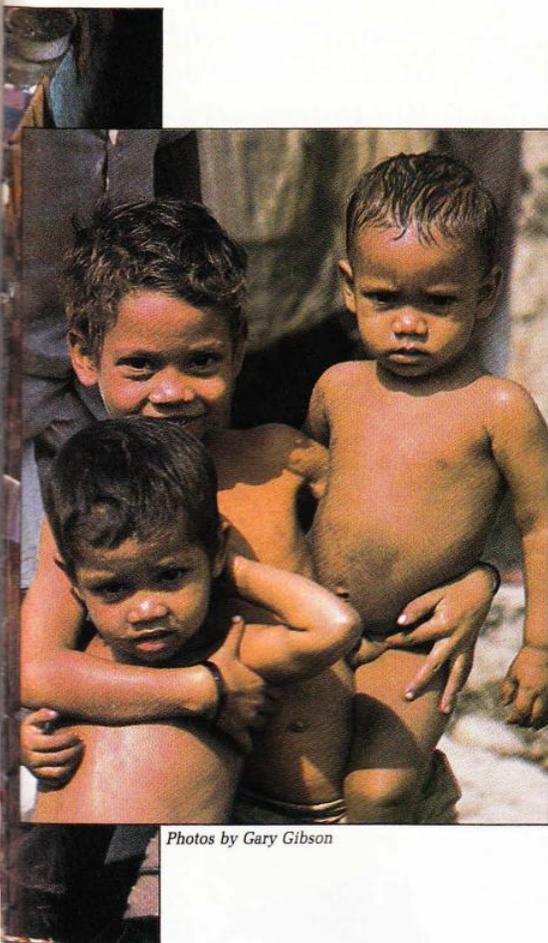
Toward the end of my trip, I again was saddened by the thought of leaving. I found several opportunities to be alone with my camera to reflect my many experiences in Calcutta. Early one morning I went out onto the porch off the room where I had been staying with the Buntains.

As curiosity got the best of me, I took my camera and climbed onto the edge of the roof. There in the warm morning sunlight, I saw something that moved me to tears. What I saw was the back of the Buntains' home. It was in desperate need of paint. The window shutters were broken, and small trees grew out the side of the decrepit, old building. I marveled that Mark and Huldah would be willing to leave the comforts of the United States and to move to Calcutta to share the love of Christ.

As I sat there, contemplating what I saw, I once again remembered the words that so moved me that day 8 years before. I was reminded that **Jesus loved the world so much He gave up the glories of heaven to come to a decaying earth to bring it life.** Because of what Christ did on the cross, I could understand why the Buntains stayed to share the precious message, "Oh, how much Jesus loves you." 

Article taken from The Cry of Calcutta, a missions publication of the Mission of Mercy

Editor's note: Mark Buntain loved the people of India so much he chose to be buried in Calcutta. He died in June 1989. Now his beloved wife Huldah carries on the ministry that has introduced thousands of children to Christ—the Calcutta Mission of Mercy. May we all learn such a love for the spiritually lost and dying world.



Photos by Gary Gibson

h Calcutta

ument the dedication of new facilities for the Calcutta Mission of Mercy. The mission is a program founded by Missionary Mark Buntain to help underprivileged children.

This trip, though shorter than the first, brought back memories of Christ's love for this special place. Once again I left the sadness of Calcutta.

I returned to Calcutta for a third time in 1988. The purpose was to again photograph the city and its people. This trip was different than my first two. I felt at ease with my camera with a greater freedom than I had experienced before. I lived each day in Calcutta with a unique awareness of Christ's love for that city.



What you will learn from this hobby far exceeds the money spent.

Photos by Marshall Bruner



RC Car Racing

by Aaron S. Greenwald

The radio control (RC) car, the successor to slot cars, is one of the most exciting and fastest growing hobbies in the nation today.

The hobby started in the 1970s. The RC car models are built one-tenth the size of a real car. These cars run indoors or outdoors, depending on their suspension and tire configuration.

RC car racing is an international hobby. With thousands of racing devotees eagerly awaiting the starting gun, classes and categories of cars were formulated. The six classes or

categories, formed by the Radio Operated Automobile Racing Association, generally used are Novice, Sportsman, Stock, Super Stock, Modified, and Super Modified.

1. Novice class is for those classified as first-time drivers. They are the ones who have won less than three races. The Novice may race any car, from the least to most expensive models. Beginners in the hobby should start off with the popular priced Japanese imports. Tamaya, Kyosho, or Cox have different models and price ranges.

2. The Sportsman class encompasses racing plastic cars only and has a kit price limit of \$150. This class beckons the serious beginner who wants to learn racing with the smallest investment of money. Models in this class must consist of six dry cell batteries and a stock motor—no modifications.

3. Stock class is for the “big boys.” These cars have higher performance and are more expensive—\$150-\$200. They are correspondingly more challenging to build, but more rewarding in their performance gained from the

experience of racing Novice and Sportsman.

4. Super Stock is the class of the classes. These are sophisticated cars known for their light weight yet super strong chassis and suspension. Direct-drive cars such as *Predator* eliminate gear boxes found in less expensive plastic cars.

5. Modified class is for those who want to modify or alter their kit cars by installing more powerful motors and more dry cells to power them. Some drivers also modify the suspension and shock absorbers. All these modifications are done by owners and drivers. What better way is there for you to learn how your family auto is assembled or to appreciate the expenses incurred in owning one?

6. Super Modified is the ultimate class for the thoroughly experienced and dedicated drivers. This class is for the A.J. Foyts, the Mario Andretti, and the Bobby Allison in one-tenth scale RC racing. Models in this class are the *Predators*, the *Eliminators*, the *TRC Pro 10s*, and any direct-drive car that has been altered or modified from a kit. It also includes cars built from scratch with any type of electric motor or six-cell battery pack.

*Whatever you
build, whenever
you get started,
give it your best
shot.*

But what kind of money is required to begin this hobby? The following prices listed were current at the time of writing. Sportsman class covers cars under \$150 and can be as inexpensive as \$65. The less expensive kit can be put together with a small Phillips screwdriver in a few evenings, excluding painting and detailing the body. The more refined kits cost as much as \$200.

A radio to control your car costs from \$65 to a few hundred dollars. An added expense is the type of batteries needed to power the RC cars. Nickel cadmium batteries, not the typical batteries that can be found at a local market, are either required or strongly suggested. RC battery packs

cost \$20-\$70. Chargers for these packs are AC/DC and cost \$50-\$75.

Of course there are little extras—such as custom painting the polycarbonate clear plastic body of your car. Special paints are a must. Then there are those decals of real-life commercial sponsors of real race cars.

To sum it up, becoming an RC racing hobbyist will require a minimum investment of \$200. I say investment because what you will learn from this hobby far exceeds the money spent.

Most racing tracks also maintain hobby shops on the premises. These shops stock replacement parts and kits and provide ways to upgrade models. Racing at speeds of 30-50 miles per hour around curves backed with wooden walls can be dangerous

to the health of your model. This is why the more expensive and sophisticated the car, the fewer parts there are to break and replace.

So how do you afford such a hobby? I bought my sons their first cars and helped build them. Once my boys went beyond running their cars on the basement floor or the back yard and reached for the gold of racing, I placed the financial burden squarely on their shoulders. So I thank God for paper routes, growing grass, and falling leaves.

But whatever you build, whenever you get started, give it your best shot. The thrill of winning will be the reward for your efforts. And if you don't win, think of all the fun you had playing at it. 

You Can Make a Survival Kit

by John Eller, national aide-de-camp

You can make a survival kit! I did in 1969. And while I have replaced certain items because of age, the basic contents remain the same.

Start with a clear plastic box you can see through. The one I have measures 2¾ inches by 4½ inches by 1½ inches. Mine is divided into four sections inside.

Your kit should contain two pieces of tinfoil folded into small squares (for cooking and drinking), water purification tablets (mine has eight), and two aspirins. Being lost can produce a headache!

Fishing gear includes a line, two sinkers, a hook, and a fly. You can get a pole and bait in the woods.

Next, include bandages (mine has six), two candles (the birthday cake size), a wad of cotton, a razor blade (for cleaning game, etc.), and a bar of soap.

You will also need a whistle (much more effective than yelling), wire for

an animal snare, a small compass, a short pencil, tape, paper, and chalk. Most of these items would be very handy if you were lost.

You might need to build a fire, so waterproof several kitchen matches (use paraffin or nail polish), or use a small metal match.

Food should include small packages of sugar and salt, two bullion cubes, and a tea bag. I also included two small peanut logs and some sugar babies, as I had the room.

Include a quarter as some pay telephones (if you could reach one) require a coin to get the operator.

With a little trial and error, you can get all this into a small compact package. On the very top, put a list of everything in the kit just for reference. The list may come in handy one day.

When you go on a hike or camp-out, take your survival kit with you. It's not much good when left at home!

Stay Away From the River



David immediately went under. I could see him just below the surface, but the current was moving him downstream.

by John Rivard Davis

Stay away from the river," my mother said every time I went out to play. I was 9 years old and had heard her say this to me as long as I can remember. I usually listened, but occasionally my buddies and I sneaked down to the river anyway. We enjoyed throwing in large rocks to see who could make the highest splash. We also skipped flat stones, trying for a record number of skips.

One particular day my best friend David met me at the end of our block. David was going through an embarrassing time. He had gotten a bad case

of ringworm. But poor David had been really unlucky. His sore was in the middle of his head, so the doctor had to shave off all his hair.

To make things worse, his mother put a nylon stocking over the top of his head instead of a hat. The poor kid had to go to school like that. The kids in school endlessly reminded him how silly he looked.

Anyway, this was Saturday—a chance for David to escape the taunting of the other kids. He suggested we go to the river, catch minnows, then fish. I hesitated, telling David of my mother's warning.

"Since when did that stop you?" he said with a laugh.

David had a point. Often my mother's warnings didn't stay with me very long. Something magnetic drew me to the river. It probably was simply the thrill of getting away with something I wasn't supposed to do.

Well, we went directly to the river. On the way we picked up a couple of empty soup cans in the alley. They were good for scooping up minnows.

This time catching our bait wasn't as easy as we had planned. Thousands of tiny minnows often swam closely together along the edge of the river bank. We would hold on to and lean over the steel railing, which was supposed to keep people away from the water. Then we would quickly drag the can through the water. This time, however, few minnows were in sight. Every time we tried to scoop up what we did see, they scattered.

David was getting frustrated, so he began scooping recklessly at everything he saw move. As I suggested we leave, David took one last, desperate scoop. Without warning his other hand slipped from the steel railing, and he fell into the river.

The main reason we were told to stay away from the river was because of its swift current. Another reason was that David couldn't swim, and I was still taking lessons at the YMCA. But when you're trying to catch something important like minnows, you don't think of those things.

David immediately went under. I could see him just below the surface, but the current was moving him downstream. Luckily he was staying

close to the edge. I followed along, holding onto the railing as tightly as I could with one hand and trying to reach down to grab him with the other.

Suddenly, his head popped above the surface. I reached down to grab his hair . . . but all I got was his nylon stocking. He went back under. I threw the stocking down and kept following him as the current pushed him downstream. David surfaced once more. I reached for the top of his head again; this time his slippery scalp slipped away from my fingers. He went under again.

For some reason I kept thinking about the saying I had always heard: a drowning person always comes up for air three times. David had already come up twice. I figured I had one more chance to save him—I hoped.

The saying must have had some truth to it because David surfaced again, gasping for air. Again I reached for whatever I could, but his slippery head was all I touched. That did nothing more than push him under again.

I decided not to test the “three times” theory. I immediately ran about 20 feet past David and jumped into the river. I held onto the slippery concrete wall with one hand and waited for the current to bring David to me.

It worked! David drifted right into me. I grabbed him around the waist and tried to lift him out of the water enough for him to breathe.

I could feel my own fingers slipping from the concrete wall. Suddenly, four arms reached down and grabbed both of us out of the water.

Two large men had come to our rescue. They said they didn’t come sooner because they thought I would be able to rescue David myself. When they saw David’s bald head, they understood what my problem had been. We thanked the two men then stretched out on the grass to let the hot sun dry us.

Our main thoughts were wondering what our parents would say if they found out. The fact that David had almost drowned seemed secondary to him; his father used a belt for discipline. David almost seemed mad at me for saving his life.

I was worried about my parents too. But they wouldn’t beat me—I

thought. They always used the “you should feel ashamed of yourself” technique, which usually worked.

The sun was hot and our clothes quickly dried. We took off our shirts, tennis shoes, and socks and spread them out carefully. We turned them occasionally, just like barbecued meat. Within 2 hours we were fully dressed and ready to go home. We

*I grabbed him
around the waist
and tried to lift
him out of the
water enough for
him to breathe.*

had gotten away with this one. At least we thought we had.

How is it that parents find out about everything no matter how smart a kid thinks he is? It’s like parents have private detectives following their children from the time they’re born.

It just so happened that a young

couple my parents knew were sitting on a hill by the river when our adventure happened. As soon as the men pulled us out, the couple rushed to tell my mother. She was waiting for David and me when we arrived home. When I saw Mom’s face, I could tell she knew everything.

I immediately started crying. Sometimes that tactic worked. But she just stared at us and put her hands on her hips, so we spilled out the whole story.

“There’s one thing I never want to do,” Mom said after we had finished. “I never want to have to bury any of my children.” She brushed away her tears then went into the kitchen to prepare dinner.

She didn’t yell or scream. She didn’t hit. And she never told my father. Best of all she didn’t tell David’s father; she knew what he was like. But to David and me the punishment was pretty severe. We kept thinking about the “burying my own children” comment, and it haunted us for several weeks. We didn’t want to be buried before her either. And, most of all, we didn’t like tears in her eyes.

Water Safety Tips



Don't swim alone. And . . . learn to swim correctly.

Don't swim without adult supervision or without someone who is trained in water safety.

Don't swim near swift currents.

Don't depend on a tube. Wear an approved life jacket.

Don't dive into strange waters.

Don't go near water during storms.

Don't enter water when you're overheated.

by Catharine Brandt

Have you seen your dad lately—really looked at him with 20-20 vision? If you're nearsighted or self-sighted, your dad's too far away for you to see.

Many young people submerged in school, dates, sports, part-time jobs, and spending money are too busy to take a good look at Dad.

Why not take a few minutes to consider the following points on dads? They will take only 3-4 minutes to read.

If you open your Bible and read the references given at the end of this article then pray about you and your dad, it will take at least 13 minutes. You may end up seeing your dad in a brighter light.

1. How old is your dad? That's easy, you might say. He's old—35, 40, or 50 years old. If your dad is 35 or 40 years old, he has probably lived only half his life, about three times as long as you have lived. He's still learning about life and people and God.

Your dad is doubtless in need of advice and encouragement. Advice from you would seem corny, but what about encouragement?

2. Does your dad carry a big load? The everyday drudgery of a job can be a terrific load. The responsibility of providing for a family is a heavy load. A father carries a big load with teenagers to buy for—not a Honda on your 16th birthday, but food, clothing, and doctor and dental bills until you are on your own.

There are other loads—heartbreaking ones—that many fathers have to cope with. Are you near enough to your dad to talk with him about his burdens?

3. Is your dad groping for truth and God? Some dads work so hard they leave little room for God and the church, yet they know they should. Other busy dads who are solid Christians are discouraged because there is little they can do for the church.

Some of the pranks boys and girls indulge in are big headaches and disappointments to fathers and trip them in their quest for faith. Some dads

have chores around home that a son or daughter could easily help with.

4. Is your dad fun to be with? Do you have fun together with games, music, sports, crafts, and hobbies? Or haven't you bothered to look at what your father does in his leisure time? Almost any activity your father does well or enjoys is something you might profit by learning.

5. What about nature? Have you gone on campouts together, discovered the wonder of the stars, birds, and forests? Have you had the thrill of catching a walleye or seeing wild animal footprints along a wooded road? Have you suggested such an outing?

6. Does your dad answer your questions—about math and space, books and sex, life and death, what he did when he was your age? Do you ask for his advice?

7. Does your dad teach you manners? He does if he shows you how to get along with other people. One of our American poets puts it this way: "Manners are the happy way of doing things."

8. What about respect for law and order? Closely akin to manners and getting along with others is respect for authority. If your dad obeys the law, you may be sure he wants you to do so too.

9. Are you one of those young persons who has an absentee dad—not home because of work, divorce, or

death? Your Heavenly Father understands, and He is Father to the fatherless (see Psalm 68:5).

10. Have you, perhaps, overlooked the love your father has for you? Some dads don't find it easy to express in words their love for a son or daughter, but the love is there—warm and kind, waiting for you to see and receive it.

Perhaps your dad doesn't score 100 percent on all these points. But if you start looking closely at your father, you'll find how he does shine.

It helps to remember that your dad is a boy grown to manhood. It's not an easy job for fathers. In fact, a lot of them never make it, with disobedience, rebellion, and blindness on the part of a son or daughter.

Your father may be wiser or less wise than you will be at his age. He may be wiser or less wise than the average dad. But deep inside his heart, he's longing for you to see him for what he is. He wants to be a father you can be proud of.

Have you seen your dad lately? Have you told him what he looks like to you? Have you told him how much you love him?

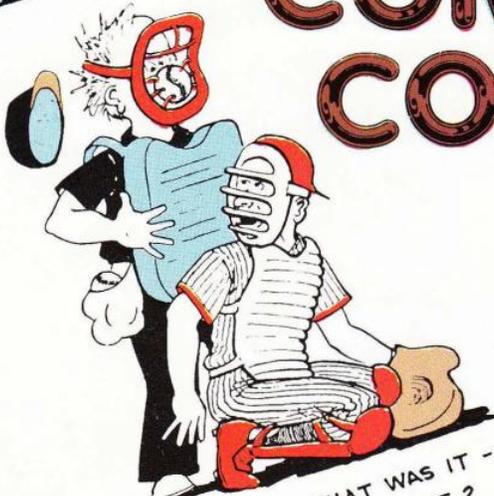
Read and meditate briefly on these Bible passages: Deuteronomy 6:6,7; Psalm 127:3; Proverbs 10:1; Ephesians 6:1-3; Colossians 3:20; 1 Timothy 3:4.



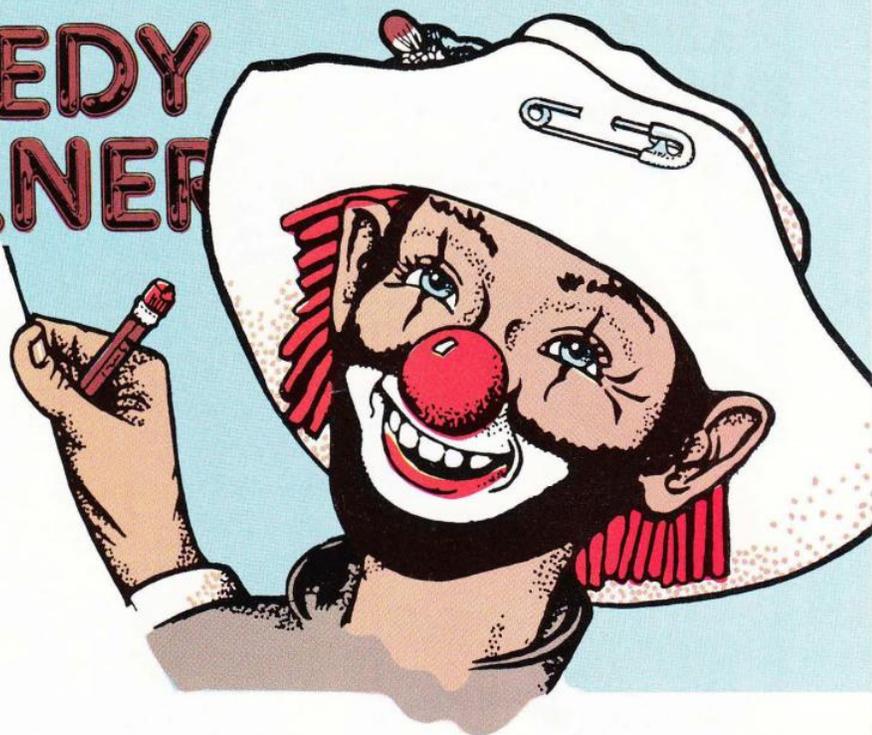
Photo by Marshall Bruner

Seen Dad Lately?

COMEDY CORNER



By Simons
WELL UMP, WHAT WAS IT --
A BALL OR A STRIKE?



A boy from New York was being led through the swamps of Georgia.

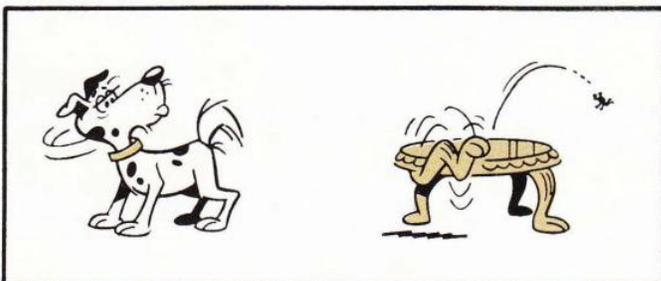
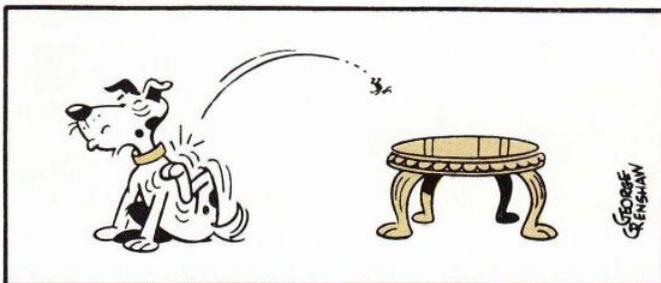
"Is it true," he asked, "that an alligator won't attack you if you carry a flashlight?"

"That depends," replied his guide, "on how fast you carry the flashlight."

Henry E. Leabo
Tehachapi, California

Living in the city gives people a distorted sense of distance. I know a city gas station that has a big sign out front that states, "Last Gas Station for Next Half Mile."

* * *



My only attempt at farming was a failure. I was growing a crop of corn, but the field caught fire. Now I have a warehouse full of stale popcorn.

Michael T. Shoemaker
Alexandria, Virginia

A man was doing some carpentry work while a friend watched. After observing for some time, the friend finally spoke, "Boy, you hammer like lightning."

"You mean I'm that fast?" the man asked as he beamed at the compliment.

"No. I mean you never strike twice

in the same place."

Martha J. Beckman
Granada Hills, California

A lady was going the wrong way on a one-way street. She also didn't stop at a stop sign.

A police officer saw her and yet did not give her a ticket. Why?

She was walking!

Bill Chapin
Outpost 23, Calvary Assembly
Orlando, Florida



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