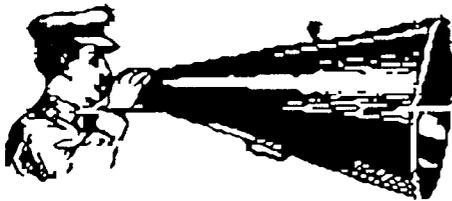


Greetings from Roadrunner

The Christmas Gathering was a great time of food and fellowship. Thanks to all who came and for your gifts. The new year is fast approaching and may in fact be here by the time you get this letter. With all the bad news we are hearing about and the downturn in the economy, this is not the time to draw back in fear. This is the time to see what we can do in '92. Those who have been faithful to the Lord will be taken care of in the time of need. Let us do all we can this year to see Royal Rangers and the FCF ministry go forward. The Shawnee Trail chapter can accomplish great things with your help.

Hope to see you at the next event

The Roadrunner



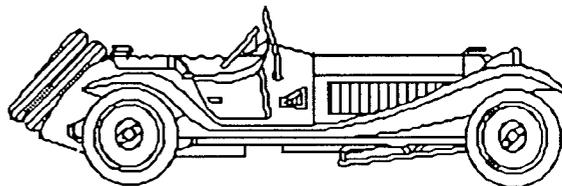
UPCOMING EVENTS !!

BRUSH POPPIN

Feb. 21-22

at

Lakeview



Anyone needing a ride to Brush Poppin
call Bill Harrison at (817)637-2382.

NATIONAL RENDEZVOUS

AT

EAGLE ROCK, MO

JUNE 23-27, 1992

Theme

"GATHERING THE HARVEST"

PREREGISTRATION

\$20 YOUNG BUCKS

\$25 OLD TIMERS

Send Preregistration by

April 15, 1992 to:

Gary Bierschwale

FCF Scribe

Five Carey Lane

Lucas, TX 75002



BRUSH POPPIN'

92

One of the FCF goals within' our district is to get the FCF Village as primitive as possible. This year we will be having "dog soldiers" to police the area. These men will casually inspect each campsite for any visible modern equipment such as Coleman lanterns, stoves, etc. If these items are required in your camp, please keep them out of site. Cover ice chests with blankets or hides. Let's all work together to make our village a primitive one.

For us old timers who arrive on Friday evening, all cars and trucks must be in the parking lot ASAP, at least by bed time. On Saturday, all vehicles must be out of camp one hour after arrival or our dog soldiers will be paying you a visit.

For the trace this year, please bring a blanket item. Let's make an impressive display of frontiersman gear.

Competition this year will be stiff. Each station has been changed, so practice on your FCF skills now. For the flint & steel competition, your tender must be natural materials found on the grounds around the FCF Village. No tender carried in (such as hemp or steel wool) will be permitted.

This year, we will be broken up into brigades. This will help move the competition along and give us old timers time to fellowship. We plan to dismiss around 3:00 pm, so try your best to stay for the entire campout.

Schedule of events:

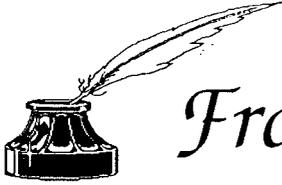
Trace

Buffalo Shoot

Knife & Hawk Throw (combined)

Flint & Steel

There will be a business meeting after lunch.



From the Desk of J. Taylor

Well, brothers, the First Pineywoods Pack-in Perambulation is over, and those I've talked to were glad to have been there, but glad it is over and were somewhat sore. We had a fine time (even though the predictable rain made its all-night appearance) and a few eye-opening events, and at least a couple of good meals. Even though we had decided at the start to be self-contained, we shared foods, equipment and other supplies throughout the camp. Nobody had to lack anything. The fellowship was superior to many camps, and the comraderie of the campers made for a good time of sharing and competition.

On the first night, the locals had set up a large tent for all to share so the travelers didn't have to do much work after their drive. A turkey was already roasted along with the best French Onion soup I ever had. There was as much beef as onions, and the cool breeze seemed to make it even better. We began to eat, joke, lay out bedding and get gear ready for the hike the next day. By 1 or 2 in the morning, most everyone was asleep. It was cool, but we were OK in there. I can't say much for the softness of the ground, except to say it wasn't.

After a breakfast on Saturday morning, we finished our packing, and were shuttled to Bastrop State Park, about 2 miles down the road. We were dropped off beside a small lake, given a short devotional by Songbird (the theme being to make the most of the time we have right now since it's the only time that we can do anything about...) and we set off. We created somewhat of a stir among those fishing by the lake. It seems they'd never seen a group of furry fellows like we were, carrying some of the most unusual pack gear and having so much junk tied on that we really didn't look like more than a pack with legs, carrying large knives, tomahawks, and long rifles. Not many said anything to us, however, since they were probably afraid some of us might take offense and start the second Texas revolution or something.

Now to those of you who have never tried to get all your overnight gear (as much as possible in the 1840 style equipment) including bedroll and shelter on your back for a hike through dense, unmarked woods, let me tell you that it just ain't as easy as you might think! My own pack weighed in at about 35-40 pounds, and that seemed pretty heavy to me, not having practiced sufficiently with my gear to be conditioned to it. If you can do it without sweating then you're in better shape than I am.

The map course was pretty simple on paper. We were to walk in a generally northern direction for about 1.1 miles, following a large ravine, more or less, to the north border of the park, cross a fence line to the Peschke property and show up at the predetermined campsite. That looked to be a fairly brisk 1 to 1.5 hour walk, considering the terrain. The ravine ran pretty much north, and it should have been easy to follow. The topographic map we had was a good one, had ten foot contour lines, and ought to have made the trip simple. Just about the time the hike was to start, the sky became overcast, so we could not use the sun as a direction finder, and most of us soon realized that the closer we were to the main ravine, the steeper were its tributaries. We also found out that many of the side gullies didn't follow the map exactly, being shallow enough not to show, and had a lot more curves than the map demonstrated. My group had a compass, which really saved our hides. We followed the main ravine for a while, but it became too steep, so we veered off to the east for a bit to get to the shallower end of the gulches.

You might think it's easy to find your way in the woods, but I can testify that it's not at all. Once you make a little jog around a brier patch, go down a steep gully, up the other side and around an acre of too-dense underbrush, it is almost guaranteed that you are not facing the way you think you are. Multiply that by 20 or 30 times, and you are absolutely, precisely turned around. As an example, we were heading in the direction we thought was due north for a while, and if I'd been asked, I'd have pretty much argued that point. When I looked at the compass, however, I saw that we had been heading due east for at least 10 minutes. You see, when you're in the woods, one tree looks pretty much like another.

Some of the groups can testify that some of those trees look pretty much like the same tree, since they passed the same point a number of times in the hike. Of the four groups that set out, only mine made it to the destination. We found the fence line that was the border at its extreme corner, and if we had been just 50 yards further east, we'd have missed the property altogether. We got our directions mixed up half a dozen times that we knew about, and probably a whole lot more than that. We were sure that we would be the last ones in, but that wasn't the case: we were first and only. We set up our camp, got the coffee on, and waited a while.



Finally, the group that had the truck showed up, walking down the trail from the wrong direction, carrying car keys. They'd been so circular in their movements, that they'd finally given up and gone back to the truck (which was the point they were sure about) and driven home. After a while, maybe two hours, we got a message from the nearby house that there were a whole lot of tired, lost hikers at the Ranger station who wouldn't really be too disappointed to see a vehicle pick them up. Cooper went over and got them. We were relieved to see them, and nobody kidded or belittled their getting lost. It was very eyeopening to all of us. The whole experience gave us a new appreciation and understanding of the process of getting lost in the woods: it's nothing to kid around about, but instead is a real possibility for any of us who venture out there. There's a lot of sermons in this experience, but I frankly can find nothing to criticize my fellow campers about: I was too glad to see them to do anything that shallow...

After a welcome home hug, we set out to help them get their shelter up, and pretty much cancelled the remainder of the day's events. We had our supper done first, shared with them, then they made theirs and shared with us. We all had plenty of food, and a refreshing time of rest and belly-filling. Following supper, we had a good time of spiritual fellowship, a good sermon by Songbird, took communion, and sort of began to bed down in the rain. After finding out that our tarp leaked plenty, and figuring that it would likely rain all night, we abandoned the camp and went back to the big tents. We all agreed that if there was anything to prove, it had already been done, or disproved, and it wasn't too bright to sleep in standing water when there was a dry shelter just a couple of hundred yards away. If you want to call us wimps, we don't mind. We just bet that you'd pick beds that were dry over wet anytime. If you wouldn't, we have a name for you: bozo-brains.

Sunday's activities were rushed a little, since we wanted to do both Saturday PM and Sunday AM things in one day. We had shooting, hawk, knife, and woodswalk competition. Cooper had planned the walk so that nobody survived. The scenario was that of rescuing a boy who had been captured by hostile Indians and bringing him out of the Indians' territory, hunting food and escaping an encounter with a grizzly bear. (The writer was rendered 'not survived' for taking a shot at a redskin who jumped out of bush while too close to the village... I got him good, though.) The targets were moving targets, mostly, put up in such a way that they appeared at the proper time and moved into view. Some of them were static, some swung out from behind trees and some did other things. Cooper did an excellent job on the walk. We all owe him a big 'hats off' for his effort.



Following the last competition, we had a tally and awarded the prizes, favoring the Young Bucks on the blanket prizes, and gave out gift certificates to the individual winners. We gave an additional award to the member we chose as the most deserving. A short sermon on the difference between wheat and chaff was given by J. Taylor, and we were dismissed and packed for the return trip. It was a very good camp in all, and those who decided not to come who could have attended, definitely made the wrong choice. Maybe next time... until then,

Try to stay dry while camping!



**This pretty page
could have had a
nice article if
someone had taken
the time to write
one and send it to
the scribe.**

Think about it...

) **1992**
National FCF Rendezvous

National Royal Rangers Training Center
Eagle Rock, Missouri
June 23-27, 1992

Theme: "Gathering the Harvest"

Individual Pre-registration Form

Name

Address

City,

State,

Zip

Present Status in FCF: Frontiersman ____ Buckskin ____ Wilderness ____

Registration Fee: Young Bucks: \$20 Old-Timers: \$25

I am enclosing the \$ _____ registration fee.

Registration

Please send this form with the registration fee to your district FCF Scribe at NTD FCF Scribe, Five Carey Lane, Lucas, Texas 75002, postmarked by April 1, 1992. After your application has been received by the chapter, it will forward additional information to you regarding the FCF Rendezvous.

Please Note

If your chapter does not plan to bring a delegation to the National FCF Rendezvous, you as an individual may register and attend. When registering as an individual, you should send your application form postmarked by April 1 directly to the national Royal Rangers Office at: Royal Rangers, 1445 Boonville Avenue, Springfield, Missouri 65802-1894. Two patches will be provided to those who preregister.

Rules

Those entering the black powder muzzleloader shoot must have an approved state or national shooting card.

Meals

Food will not be furnished. Each person will be responsible to provide and cook his own meals.

Nothing is a waste
that makes a memory...

Gary Bierschwale
FCF Scribe
Five Carey Lane
Lucas, Texas 75002



ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

JONATHAN TROWER
3112 PIONEER CIRCLE
WACO , TX 76712

