

High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS / SPRING 1983



PANIC
THE DROPPED JUJU
NATURE-IN-THE-RAW
NOT A KID

RANGERS OF THE YEAR

High Adventure

SPRING 1983

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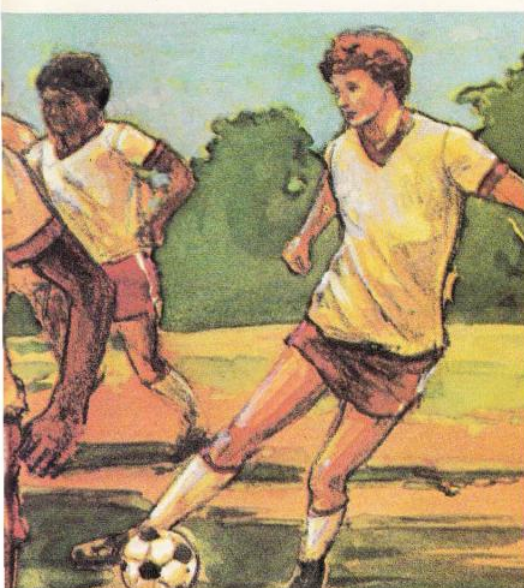
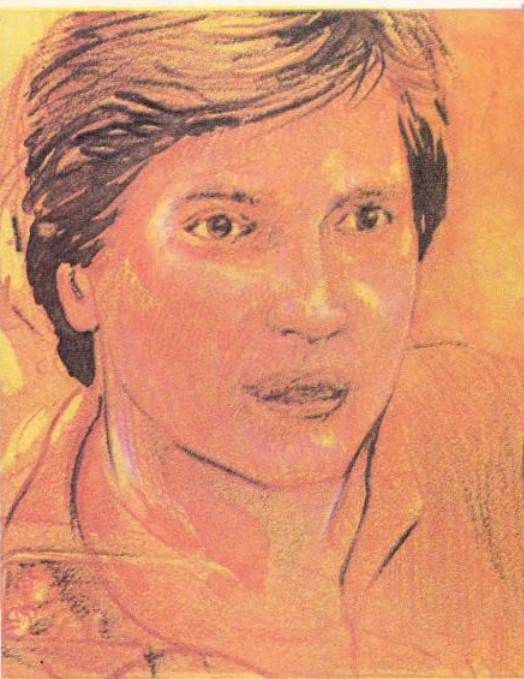
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HIGH ADVENTURE—Volume 12, Number 4 ISSN (0190-3802) published quarterly by Royal Rangers, 1445 Boonville Avenue, Springfield, MO 65802. Subscription rates: single subscription \$1.75 a year; bundle (minimum of five subscriptions, all mailed to one address) \$1.50 a year. Copyrighted 1982 General Council of the Assemblies of God, Inc., Gospel Publishing House. Printed in USA. Second-class postage paid at Springfield, Mo., and at additional offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to High Adventure, 1445 Boonville, Springfield, MO 65802.





He was becoming
more unsure of his route
with each succeeding step.

BY T. M. CRAWLEY

PANIC

“**O**h God get me out of this . . .”
he pleaded underneath his
breath, “. . . PLEASE. . .”

The forest seemed to close in on him from all sides. The lush, green second growth of timber bent under the weight of the most recent shower as the fog continued to silently glide its way up the valley. He was not quite sure when or how he had become confused and subsequently lost but the fact was that nothing looked familiar and it hadn't looked familiar for quite some time. A while ago, as a matter of remembrance, he had become too involved in the deer hunt and forgotten even the rudimentary aspects of a good woods-

man. Now he was frightened.

His hands were cut and bleeding from shoving them through the heavy underbrush of blackberry thorns and other forest brush. The thorny flora grabbed at his pant legs as he tried to force his way through a particularly thick patch, and in his panicked struggle he found himself more tightly ensnared like some frightened, trapped animal. Eventually he had to backtrack and take another path, becoming more unsure of his route with each succeeding step. His breath came in short, swift intervals, as much from the beginnings of exhaustion as from the depths of fright.

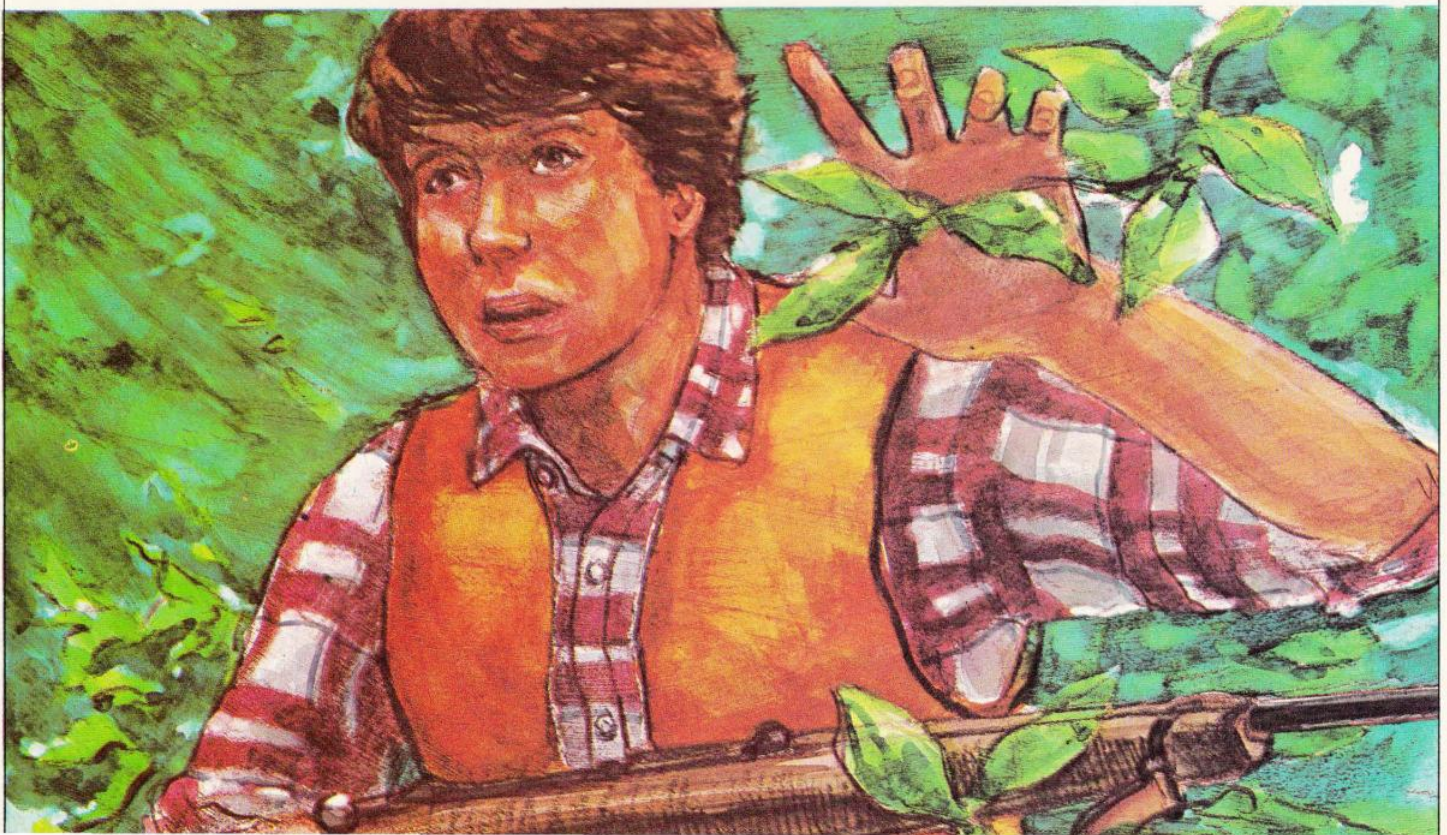
As his broken, stretched trail cut across

the face of the mountain he began to think of all the things he had done and should have done.

“. . . Stupid knife,” he muttered hopelessly, “. . . leaving mine because Skip had his was really stupid. . .” He stopped momentarily to catch his breath and gaze at the foreboding sky, “. . . no matches, no compass. . .”

Suddenly a shot rang out across the valley and with it a succinct tremor of hope shuddered through his body. He stopped and listened as the muffled echoes rolled and faded into the distance. He thought furtively for a moment, then jumped on top of a fallen

A YOUNG DEERHUNTER IS LOST.
HE'S EXHAUSTED, HE'S FRIGHTENED, HE PANICS. ►





He wanted only to be home and warm,
but the forest enclosed around him.

timber while simultaneously trying to jam a .303 shell into his Lee-Enfield. The bolt caught and stuck, chambering only half of the shell. Frantically he removed the clip as the loose shell fell into a clump of undergrowth. He briefly considered getting it, but thought that there wasn't any time, so he forced another round in and this time fired. Several minutes passed with no answering shot and a new wave of panic drowned his short-lived hope and propelled him into blind movement.

He slid off the rotting timber and briefly groped for the lost shell. When he couldn't find it, he grabbed his rifle and once again began to head down and across the slope. "... It'll probably be the shell I'll need. ..." But he was too tired, wet, and scared to spend any more time trying to find it.

He darkly thought how ugly the forest had become. It was no longer beautiful but horrible in its personal war against him. In its vast greenness it wanted to do nothing more than to swallow him; and its friend, the slate sky, was sharing in its onslaught, its trapping, its delight.

The young man was having difficulty in trying to control his feeling of hopelessness and that accompanying drug of panic. He was becoming steeped in thoughtless action, moving for the sake of moving, while his cacophonous humming seemed such a paradox to the still forest that it only added to his fear.

He forced his mind to clear enough to share some semblance of logical thought with the all-consuming one of death. The denseness tumbled him several times as he half walked, half slid down a very discrete deer trail. Somehow, he thought, the road must be somewhere below and so he continued down until the undergrowth prevented any further continuation. He stopped, his panic rising and his hope dying until

it was a barely discernible ember glow and almost out. The only sound was the noise of wetness slipping from the sky and hitting the deadened hulks that lay around him like lifeless, hollow giants. It was not a soothing or compassionate sound.

... Either go back or move to the side ... and the more he stood the more his spirits slid, his thoughts becoming morbid exercises in futility. He wanted only to be home and warm, but the forest answered his whimpering desires with deadened muteness.

He could not stand the inaction any longer and forced himself to shove sideways through a thicket of wet grass and brambles and what he came upon momentarily lifted the lead weight from his chest. An old logging road lay before him, washed out and deeply rutted but it meant someone had been here once before and therefore, must lead somewhere. Since the road of safety was, he doggedly reasoned, somewhere below him, he would merely follow it down to its obvious conclusion where Skip's truck and thermos of hot coffee lay on the floor of the cab. Again, slowly at first, thoughts of being found sitting, wide-eyed against a tree, staring sightlessly into a gray, unforgiving sky crept into and conquered his mind. How would it feel to die of hypothermia, pleasant like sleep, painful and colder than ice held to the skin of an injury? And as this last thought throbbed and took hold, the uncontrollable hand of panic pushed away his exuberant high.

He quickly started down the swath of dirt, and with his first movement another burst of hope permeated his spirit and signalled another upward climb on his emotional roller coaster. Mud sank deeply under his tread while his legs became heavier, sapping the strength from the rest of his body, the ebbing coming not so much now from the clinging of the underbrush but rather from the watery

saturation of his pant legs which painstakingly resisted the swinging forward movement of each leg. Downhill walking had become more and more of an effort and he could feel the energy leaving him; at the same time he wondered what would replace the spentness. Was the dried fish he had eaten—how long ago?—enough to sustain him for a while and exactly for how long?

Despair enveloped him once again as the road narrowed and finally closed out. He desperately hunted through the underbrush for some clue of its continuation but there was none. The forest, as if it had designs on him, had reclaimed it for itself.

... Then the only other way is up. ... He did an about face and began slowly to retrace his original tracks, the empty imprints a study in aloneness. His dejection once again evaporated momentarily with his initial movement but he could feel the element of fatigue doing the work of the forest. "... It wouldn't be long ..." kept echoing in his mind although he somehow knew he could last longer—or could he?

His whistling had died somewhere along the way and all that was left were silent pleas with the Almighty and the coarse, raspy whisper of his breath as he labored back up the road. It wasn't long until that muddy avenue of escape had also narrowed and finally disappeared. There didn't seem to be any choices left except the idea that he would have to hike out across the valley to where he could see that the opposite side had been clear cut. It looked freshly logged and there must be a road and people, he hoped. The distance was deceptive and he vaguely realized this as he estimated his walk to be somewhere around fifteen to twenty miles, most of the time without having the ability to take bearings toward the cleared patches of land. His big question and fear still remained: could he make it before he died, either from lack of water and food or before hypothermia overtook him. It was a depressingly rhetorical question and it seemed to hang silently suspended in his mind.

He was standing on a cut and weather worn stump. He wanted to cry, to call, to do anything that would break up the disastrous silence. He suddenly began to yell out of hopeless despondency. His singular cries of humanity echoed faintly against the hills and died. Nothing. He was firmly cemented into inaction and could not move from where he stood. He faintly continued to yell but it was a choked, brokenhearted yell and lacked any real sign of hope. It was a call of thoughtless discipline.

Quite suddenly there was an answering call from somewhere behind him, up the hill. He began to yell for all he was worth. His friend sounded close, almost too close, and he screamed for him to keep yelling. Five minutes later he passed through a final green obstacle and stepped out onto the gravel road. There stood Skip, and a warm thermos of coffee.

Boy, was he surprised to learn that the road had lain a mere sixty yards away from him. But that's where panic will get you!★

"Deron is an outstanding Royal Ranger and will go far in the Lord's work," says his pastor.

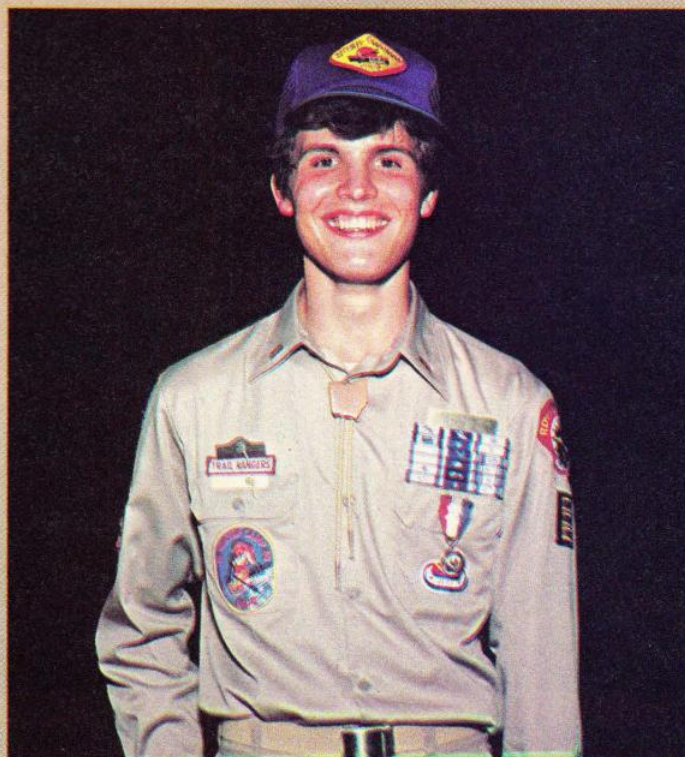
Deron Brock, of Williamsburg, Ohio, has been selected as the 1982 National Royal Ranger of the Year. Deron, one of eight regional Royal Ranger finalists, was presented to a huge crowd of Royal Rangers and Royal Rangers leaders at the National Camporama in Pigeon Forge, Tennessee. Deron is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Russel Large.

Other regional winners who were interviewed by the National Royal Rangers Board of Review were: Brad Ballard, Sikeston, Missouri; Paul Morrison, Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin; Stephen Vantassel, Springfield, Massachusetts; Ron Hornback, Sequim, Washington; Salvador Dorado, Jr., El Paso, Texas; Mike Henry, Orlando, Florida; and Bruce Houlihan, Turlock, California. All of these young men were outstanding and selecting one from the group was a tough decision.

Deron, age 16, is a Gold Medal of Achievement winner who has been very active in his church, Mt. Carmel Assembly of God in Cincinnati, Ohio. Pastor Robert Perdue stated, "Deron is an outstanding Royal Ranger and will go far in the Lord's work, perhaps into full-time ministry." He also served on his high school student senate and was a leader in the French Club of his school. He recently received the International Foreign Language Award.

Meet Deron Brock

NATIONAL RANGER of the Year



SKY MEDICINE

THE AMERICAN INDIAN SEARCHED FOR IT DAILY. IT HELPS TO EXPLAIN HIS MARVELOUS HEALTH AND GREAT STRENGTH. SO, RANGERS, GET OUTSIDE AND TAKE A 'WHOPPING BIG' DOSE OF IT!

The great dome of the sky is full of radiant tonic that makes for growth and strength in all living things on earth. You find it everywhere under the open heavens—in every sun-covered meadow, at every lake or stream, in every quiet woodland or valley.

This sky medicine kills germs that spawn which make us strong. It is the greatest blessing of outdoor life, coming to us in the bright warm rays of sunlight.

The secret of sky medicine is known to campers and woodsmen who explore the silent places. It was realized by the American Indian who searched for it daily. Sky medicine helps to explain his marvelous health and great strength.

Sky medicine explains why men are more healthy in summer than in winter, for then

we have more of the medicine in the sky. It also tells us why those who lived fenced in by the city walls of the asphalt jungles are of pale countenance and sallow appearance. Those who tramp the wildwood paths and paddle the waterways are ruddy and brown with that supple, outdoor appearance.

The great blessing of sky medicine is that it is open to anyone who will get out and partake of the life-giving rays. Certain skin disorders occur for a lack of proper sunshine.

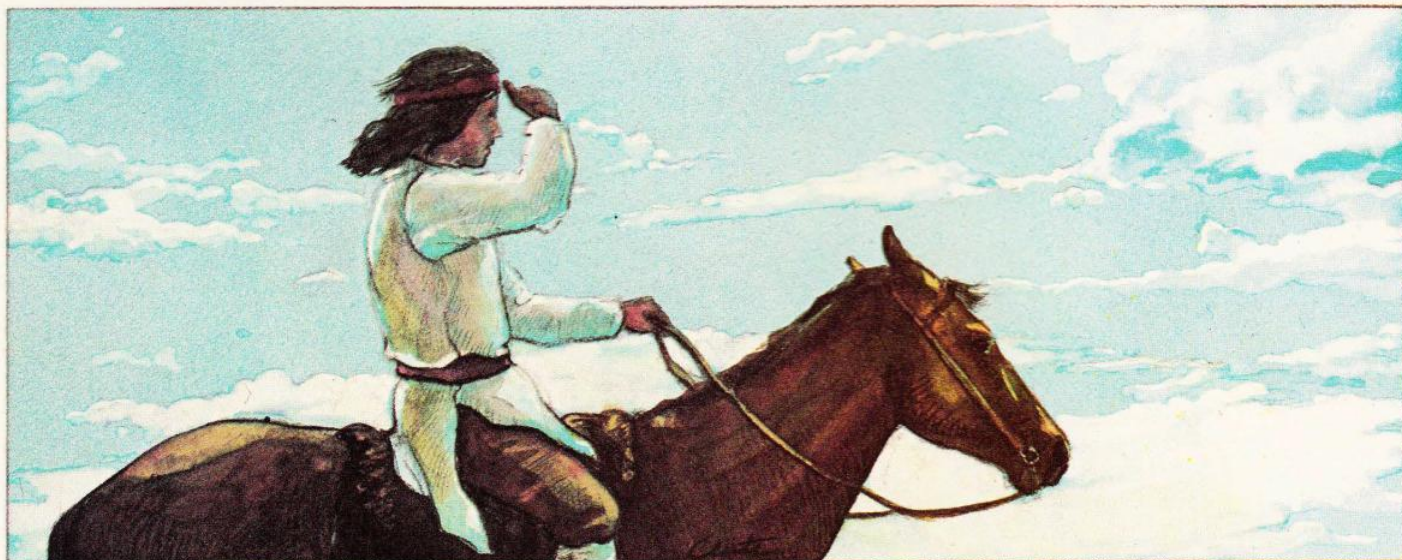
On the other hand, sunburn is a serious matter. It can be harmful to your health, and rob the joy of camping. For this reason, we recommend you take along a greaseless sun lotion. Properly applied to the skin, it will permit your body to absorb more of the sky medicine without injury. Even then, the

first few days require caution.

All tents should be spread open in the morning to allow the sky medicine in. Dishes should be spread before the sun after washing, while blankets and soiled clothes should be hung in it often. The human body needs the sky medicine also—as often as possible and as long as can be without harm.

The sky medicine by day, and the unrivaled rest that comes from sleeping in the cool-scented night air of the outdoors. These are an unbeatable combination which guide us toward the healthy life that is the honored possession of the true outdoorsman.

**Stay Healthy.
Spend some time outdoors!**



BY JOHN ELLER

TUBING IS THE ART OF FLOATING DOWN A RIVER ON AN INFLATED TIRE TUBE. HERE ARE SOME HINTS TO HELP YOU HAVE A SAFE TIME.

WHITE WATER THRILLS

O

n a typically hot, summer afternoon, you can hear squeals of delight from those engaged in the ever-increasing popular sport of "tubing." Tubing is the art of floating down a river on an inflated tire tube. Basically, there are only a few supplies needed. A good quality tire tube, capable of holding air for a couple hours, is a must. It should accommodate its rider comfortably, often necessitating experimenting with different sizes of tubes until the proper fit is achieved. Cut-off jeans or shorts can be worn, and some type of shoe or sneaker with laces is also mandatory. This serves as protection against rocks encountered along the way.

It is vital that you familiarize yourself with the river *before* actually engaging in the sport. A good "tubable" river should have stretches of both calm and turbulent water. The severity of this turbulence or "white water rapids," depends on the expertise level of the tubers. A seemingly calm and serene river may harbor many dangerous currents and unforeseen undertows. Consequently, a life jacket or other flotation device must be worn. And *never* tube a river alone. There is security and safety in numbers, so make every effort to remain in close contact with other members of your tubing party.

Once you've assembled your proper gear, it is wise to choose a calm stretch of the river, free of rapids. To mount your tube, face downstream with the tube behind you, holding the sides of the tube with your hands. Gently lean back and raise yourself onto the front part of the tube. You may find yourself uncomfortable in this position, but in due time, the experience will become second nature. Gradually lean back so that your shoulders and upper back overhang on the



back part of the tire tube. Your shoulders should not touch the water, and your buttocks should be resting on the front part of the tube. Keep your legs free for balance and paddling.

Now that you're on the rubber vehicle, paddle out to the stronger current. There are two cardinal rules to the sport that you must always remember and enforce. One, if you should ever loose your tube, make every effort to retrieve it—your safety depends on

that tube, and two, always face downstream, the direction in which you'll be traveling. Once the current begins to pull you with it, maintain a constant vigil for upcoming white water. This indicates either rocks above or below the water's surface. To maneuver around such obstacles, simply backpaddle with your arms and kick with your legs. Don't make quick, abrupt moves while floating down the river; otherwise, your balance is apt to be thrown off, and you'll take a spill! Undoubtedly, there'll be occasions when it's too late to change course. When this happens, lay back on the tube as flat as possible. As you travel over the rock(s), hold tightly onto the sides of the tire tube, thus preventing it from being pushed out from under you. And keep your legs out straight to avoid hitting the rocks.

Frequent tubing trips will build up your confidence, developing both greater balance and maneuverability while on the tube. Variations apart from the single or "solo" trip can include a "doughnut" fashion in which tubers merely bunch up together, facing every which direction, or a "train" formation in which participants line up one behind the other. Remember to exercise caution, though. These variations are fun, but they reduce one's overall maneuverability and balance, increasing the odds of toppling over into the water!

Tubing attracts more and more people outside each year, offering them the enjoyments of the outdoors and the importance of clean rivers. It is a very stimulating sport as well, developing the shoulder, arm, leg, and stomach muscles. If you use good "river sense" and safety precautions, you can turn those hazy, hot days of summer into thrilling adventures. ★

A superstitious African tribe fears a
missionary boy's impending death.
Will the witchdoctor's curse
destroy him, or
will his faith in Jesus prevail?



The Dropped Juju

BY DAN BROCK
AS TOLD TO MURIEL LARSON

My parents are missionaries in Benin, Africa. I've always considered myself a missionary too. That's why, one afternoon when I was 17, I had to face the most frightening challenge my faith had ever known. I knew that my response that day might mean eternal life or death to those who watched me.

It was an ordinary afternoon in the village of Guene, in Benin. As usual, I'd started at 5 o'clock to play soccer with our village team. Since the villagers had little money to buy equipment, I'd been supporting the team by buying some for them. I figured that playing with and helping the guys could be a way to begin to reach them for Christ.

Halfway through the game, though, something happened. Suddenly all the players ran off, leaving me alone on the field. The spectators also took off into the bush. I had just received the ball and was close to the goal. What's going on here? I wondered.

Looking around, I saw some guys in the bush waving at me. "Come on," they yelled. "Don't just stay there! Somebody just dropped a juju!"

Now I knew why they had all run for their lives. A juju was a witch doctor's charm, a small pouch which he had given to the devil to protect the wearer alone. According to the superstition, if anyone else touched it, or even got near it, he would die. Because the people believed the superstition so strongly, some had actually died from massive heart attacks brought on by fear when they touched the juju. I knew it wouldn't be right for me to run for cover.

"No," I called out. "I am not leaving the field. I'm going over to pick that thing up and show everyone God has more power than the devil. You all will see that if a person believes in God, he does not have to fear! You will know then that the witch doctor has been cheating you and taking your money for nothing!"

With about 500 people watching, I deliberately walked down the field toward the pouch. "Stop! Stop!" my team members

“I got about
three feet
from the juju.
‘You see,’ I said,
‘I’m not dead yet.’”

screamed. “Don’t go any further!”

A small spear of fear touched my heart, but I kept on walking. This might be the greatest chance I would ever have to show these guys that there was only one true God, and that Jesus was His Son.

I got about three feet from the juju. “You see,” I said, “I’m not dead yet. Now I am going to prove to you that that thing is false, and Jesus Christ is the answer. I am going to pick it up.”

“Don’t! Don’t!” hundreds of voices shouted.

I bent down and snatched up the pouch. A sigh arose from the crowd in the bushes. As I held the juju in my hand, I looked out at the people, whose eyes were fixed on me. “See, I said, ‘I’m not dead. I have proved to you that God is the only One who can keep you strong and take the fear out of your hearts. OK, who can answer me? What is in this thing?’”

Various answers were called out. “I am going to open it,” I declared, “and we’ll see.”

“No, no, no,” the crowd cried. “You will surely die!”

“Here, somebody—give me a knife to open this!” I shouted.

No one responded as I stood there for a minute, waiting. So I put the pouch to my mouth and ripped it open with my teeth, as the hundreds of eyes watched.

I pulled out a two-foot piece of string. “See, this is what you are afraid of,” I exclaimed. “The witch doctor has deceived you and made you afraid of this little string. He takes your money from you just for this!”

I went on to explain why we missionaries had come to Benin. “We haven’t come to make you afraid; but have come to reach out to you in love. God sent His Son, Jesus Christ, to earth because He loved us; and Christ died to pay for our sins. Just think! God gave His only Son for you! Would you give your only son for the sins of the people as God did?”

“No way, man!” came shouts from the bushes. “No way, man!”

“Well, Christ died on the cross for our sins to give us salvation,” I continued. “We don’t have to be afraid He’s going to kill us at any time. If we accept Him and believe in Him, we will serve Him out of love, not fear, Jesus said. ‘I am the way, the truth, and the life!’”

Darkness was falling and people were starting to leave. “Hey,” I exclaimed, “If any of you have any questions about following Christ or about witch doctors or fear, come and see me. That’s what I’m here for, to help you!” Then I walked off the field.

My team members gathered around me, all talking at once. “What you did just now,” one said, “proved to us that the witch doctor has been deceiving us!”

“Yes, we will never buy anything again from a witch doctor,” vowed another.

“Good!” I said. “And if you want to know more about the Gospel, and get over being afraid, come see me.”

Even though Guene had a population of only about 500, it had a number of witch doctors. As I rode home on my motorbike, I thought, I have to go through the village to get home, and by now the witch doctors probably know what happened. One of them might kill me!

A prong of fear stabbed my heart. I was young; I didn’t want to die! Their juju couldn’t kill me—but they could. Then I felt the Lord comforting and assuring me, as though He were telling me He was not finished using me yet. He would protect me. Knowing He was with me dissolved the fear.

I rode through the village in peace, confident that God was protecting me. When I got home, Mom had supper on the table. I told my folks what had happened, and they were concerned for me. But, like me, they were glad for the wonderful opportunity I’d had to talk about Christ.

Later, while I was working in the Bible school building, an educated witch doctor who spoke three languages came to see me. Issa had been on the soccer field that day I had picked up the juju. He had killed quite a few people with his “magic.”

Issa had the same fear in his heart that the ordinary villagers had. “When I go into the bush,” he said, “fear fills me and I start running. How could you do what you did that day?”

“If a person belongs to Christ,” I said, “he doesn’t have to fear. Even if I did die, I would die in peace, knowing I would go to heaven. My life is the Lord’s, and when I do die, it will be His time for me, no one else’s.”

“I want to learn more of this way,” Issa declared. So I took him into my father’s office and spent three hours showing him in the Bible how he could have his sins forgiven if he would receive Christ as his Saviour. Finally I asked him, “Do you want to accept the Lord Jesus Christ?”

“Yes,” he answered. “But I’m afraid of my people because I am a witch doctor.”

“Well,” I replied, “if you are truly a child of God, you can ask the Lord to protect you.”

So he bowed his head and prayed, asking the Lord to forgive his sins, to make him a new person. Then he looked up with a big smile and said, “I want to read the Bible some more!”

During the next eight weeks I taught Issa, going through God’s Word with him. Then he began to study God’s Word and learn God’s way on his own.

He became active in the church in our village. He went out to reach other villages with an evangelistic group from the five churches my father had established in the area. He enrolled in the Bible school my father had started.

Issa’s decision to follow Christ was an example to the whole village. One day he was poisoned, probably by a witch doctor. He came to the Bible school deathly sick. We prayed for him, and he lived—and has continued to be faithful to the Lord.

I’m sure a number of others have come to Christ as a result of what happened that day on the soccer field. And I’m thankful that Christ gave me the courage to use a dropped juju for his glory!

PRAISE GOD!



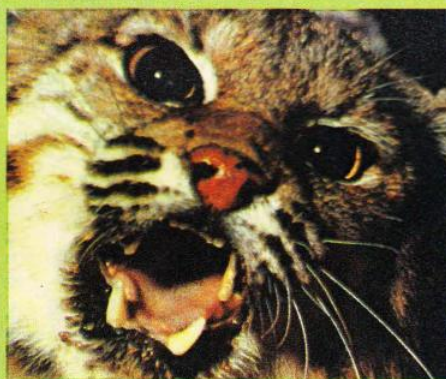
“‘If a person belongs
to Christ,’ I said, ‘he
doesn’t have to fear.
Even if I did die, I
would die in peace,
knowing I would
go to heaven.’”



WILDLIFE

NATURE-IN-THE-RAW

In the distance
I can hear
what is surely
a triumphant cry
of the victor.



"The wilderness
holds one
very basic law;
**THE WEAK
MUST FALL
PREY TO THE
HUNTER.**"

I am photographing the sunrise while traversing Picacho Peak; an unusual craig north of Tucson, Arizona. There is no wind this early September morning. Sound travels fast in the crisp, clear desert air. The cry of a bobcat causes me to stop instantly and stand motionless. Overhead a cactus wren declares its concern at something going on in a ravine just within my sight.

I remove my backpack and wait anxiously to see what is happening; a big bobcat moves slowly along the floor of the ravine with two kittens; so small that they are barely able to keep up with the mother cat.

The old cat is doubtless giving her young a lesson in rock-climbing, but she has committed a serious error in bringing her little ones to this particular spot, as she seems to realize in a moment; after a few sniffs of the ground and in the air, the hair on her back rises in a line from the top of her head to the end of her short stubby tail. Catching one of her kittens

by the loose skin on the back of its neck, she jumps upon a large boulder; scrambles to a small overhanging ledge and deposits the kitten close to a crevice along the ravine wall, not more than thirty feet from where I'm standing.

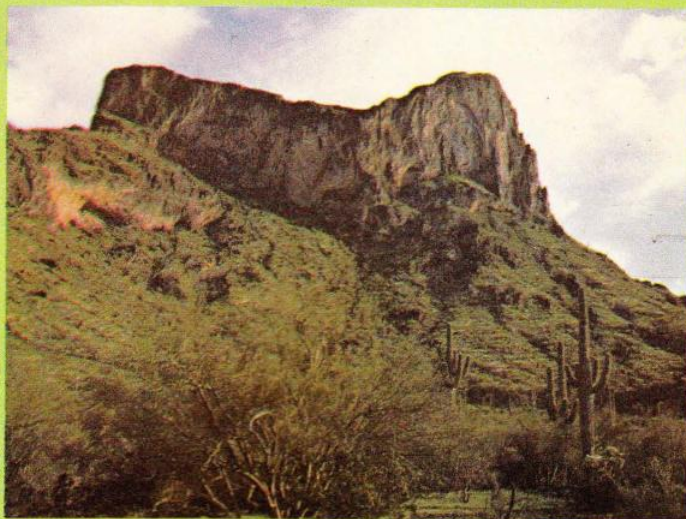
Leaving the startled kitten there, she quickly leaps back into the ravine; grabs up the other young one just as an enormous javelina dashes out of the underbrush, closely followed by a sow with a litter of six pigs about the size of rabbits. The cat barely makes her escape; before she climbs a giant cactus, the old boar is stamping and grunting in baffled rage at the cat's feet. I can't understand how this cat can so graciously float over the hundreds of sharp, spiny needles on the huge cactus.

Firmly holding the kitten in her jaws, the cat makes one long, ascending leap onto the ledge. She places her cub beside the sibling, and bolts back to the towering cactus. The

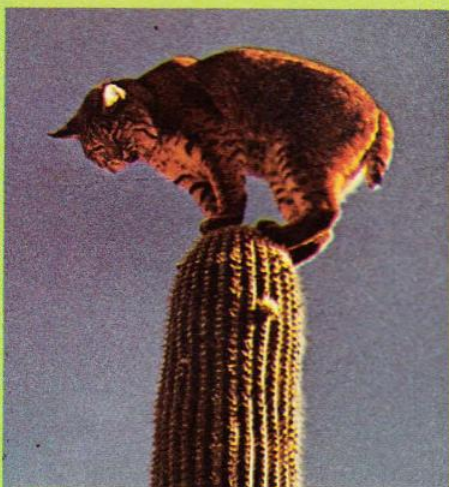
Article and photos by S. Lee Rourke

HIGH ADVENTURE

"Sound travels fast
in the crisp, clear desert air."



"An enormous javelina
dashes out of the underbrush."



wild boar is tearing around the ground, foaming at the jaws, and snapping his great teeth with rage.

Neither of the predators see me. I can understand why the boar, with his poor eyesight, isn't aware I'm here; but there seems to be no logic why the female bobcat, with her keen eyes, overlooks my presence. I am standing on a ledge just off to the right, not more than fifty to sixty feet from her towering fortress, nervously fumbling through my pack for a camera lens.

I stand here forgetful of the sunrise and look on, wondering what the old cat is up to; she had some particular objective in mind when she took up her position. I am convinced she intends to spring upon the wild boar and fight it out then and there. She knows better than I that the battle would be no match; a full grown bear would hesitate to take on a javelina.

I soon learn the old wildcat has no intention of testing the fighting abilities of the wild

boar; though she keeps a close watch on his movements. Meanwhile the sow and her pigs seem to be satisfied that as long as they have the protection of the boar they are entirely safe. It isn't long before they begin to feed upon the sagebrush not far from the bobcat's outpost.

Another predator arrives; an eagle circles overhead, seemingly watching and waiting for just the right moment to plunge earthward and grasp a young pig, or perhaps a cub, in its razor sharp talons.

Three young pigs stray from their mother. The sow snorts a couple of times and quickly herds two of the babies back to her litter. She has overlooked one of her babies; a pig quietly roots in the ground below the giant cactus. The bobcat seems to have quite an interest in the young pig; as she watches it wander further away from the old sow. I catch a slight movement of the bobcat as she crouches lower and lower. A second later she springs from her spiny platform and lands on the unsuspecting pig. With an agonizing little squeal from the pig, the cat bounds away with the wild boar in hot pursuit; the cat carrying the victim in her mouth, much like a hunting dog carries a felled game bird. Bounding along a narrow shelf in plain view, the cat seems barely able to keep out of reach of the formidable tusks of the boar. Over rocks and boulders they run; the boar sometimes so close that it looks to me as if he will overtake the cat in another second. Then into the underbrush; across boulders; behind cacti; they disappear for a moment, to reappear with the cat still ahead.

The kittens seem to show little interest in this game of the hunter and the hunted. Each will occasionally yawn; look my direction and then rest heads on outstretched paws.

How long this chase has lasted I didn't know. I can see the cat at the foot of a sheer cliff at least a hundred yards away. One glance must have convinced the bobcat that she should not try to climb the cliff weighted down by the pig. She throws it aside just as the old boar crashes through the sagebrush a few feet away. With a screech of victory, the cat springs upon the rocks and disappears; leaving her enemy champing and frothing over her pig.

The eagle has lost all interest in this simple drama. Higher and higher he circles; catching a strong wind current to become a tiny speck in the distant skies.

I glance back into the ravine below me. The sow and her family have also disappeared into the sagebrush. The kittens are still lying calmly on the ledge. I wonder if the mother will return to claim her family.

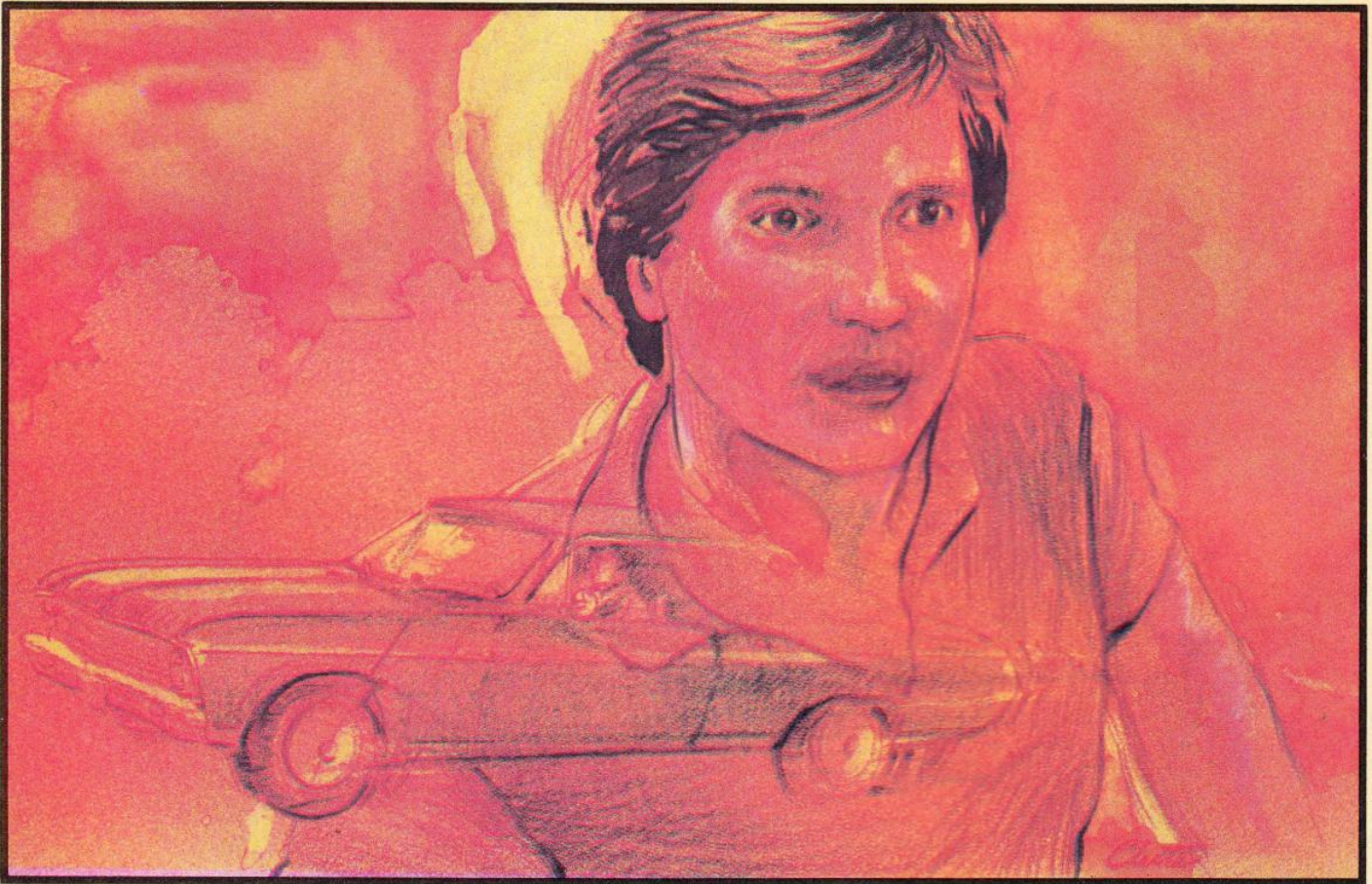
I scan the ravine floor through my telephoto lens. The old cat is creeping silently through the underbrush. She cautiously moves out into the open; springs up to the ledge where her kittens are waiting; looks my direction; snarls; grabs one of the kittens in her mouth; jumps from the ledge and places the little bobtailed baby on the ground near the giant cactus. She jumps to the ledge again and returns with the remaining kitten. Now the bobcat completely ignores me. She fondles over her cubs, just like an old house tabby. Then she trots off, followed by her family, and disappears into the underbrush.

The sun is high in the Eastern skies now; shadows crisscross the mountain terrain; crystalline minerals sparkle in the sunlight; a ladderback woodpecker announces his arrival on the cactus that earlier was a stronghold of the bobcat. In the distance, perhaps from a ledge or cave within the craig, I can hear what is surely a triumphant cry of the victor.

★

NOT A Kid

Rick has his first job. He still lives at home.
His Dad asks him for rent. What will he do?



By Alan Cliburn

The frame house shook as Rick Mason slammed the front door and ran to his old jalopy. He gunned the motor loudly and burned rubber as he peeled away from the curb.

A few moments later he eased his foot back on the accelerator and let the car coast. All he needed right now was a traffic ticket! He couldn't afford to lay out money for anything except the bare necessities of life—thanks to him.

He pulled into the parking lot behind Sammy's Drive-In restaurant and shut off the motor. He felt sick and angry at the same time when he thought about what his father had said just a few minutes before.

"Congratulations on getting a job, son," Mr. Mason smiled. "Your mother and I are proud of you."

"Thanks a lot, Dad" Rick had replied. "I was kind of glad to get it myself."

"You know, now that you're graduated and don't plan to go to college—" Mr. Mason began. "You haven't changed your mind about college, have you?"

"No, sir," Rick answered firmly. "To me it's a waste of time. I'll start working at the plant, just like you did, and all I need is a high school diploma. I thought you and Mom understood. . . ."

"We do," Mr. Mason interrupted. "I was just checking. I wonder if you've thought about paying rent?"

"You want me to pay for living in my own house?" Rick asked, swallowing.

"Not for living here," Mr. Mason told him. "But you should help out with the food bill. If you're going to be working a man's job, you should get used to some of the other things a man has to take care of."

"Why—"

"It isn't the money," Mr. Mason said. "It's

the principle of the thing. You shouldn't get the idea that you can spend your money just on yourself."

"But I'm the one who'll be earning it," Rick announced, his face flushed. "Why shouldn't I spend it all on myself?"

"Why shouldn't I spend my paycheck on myself?" Mr. Mason asked. "Maturity means responsibility—you might as well learn that now."

Rick was silent for a moment, then his eyes flashed. "What about Judy?" he demanded. "Is she paying anything?"

"Your sister's in college," Mr. Mason reminded him. "That makes a difference. She's not earning any money."

"She'll work this summer, the way she always does," Rick challenged.

"And she'll make just enough money to pay her way through another year of college."

"But that doesn't make any sense," Rick replied. "She's two years older than I am and she stays here for nothing and you want me to pay."

"The difference is that you'll be getting a weekly paycheck during the winter, and she won't."

"She could quit school and get a job," Rick snapped, pacing in front of his father.

"We don't want her to quit college," Mr. Mason said trying to remain calm. "I told you that the money doesn't mean a thing—it's the principle."

"The principle is that you and Mom are sore because I'm not going to college!" Rick exclaimed, heading for the door. "Well, it won't work!"

"Rick, that's not true. Come back here." But Rick had slammed the door and kept going.

That's all it was, he thought as he slumped in his car. A lousy plot to get me into college.

He sat up suddenly. *Or they're trying to squeeze me out of the house. He slumped again. That wasn't it. But maybe they are trying to see how much it's worth to me to live there. Nothing—exactly nothing. If I'm going to pay, I might as well get me a little apartment and be free. I'm supposed to be a man, huh? OK I will be.*

Rick snapped off the radio. Maybe that wasn't such a bad idea. Responsibility, huh? Maybe that was what he needed. He wasn't a kid anymore; he could handle his own life.

He jumped out of the car and jogged around to the other side of the restaurant. He was in luck—good ol' Phil was parked in his usual stall.

Phil Goodwin grinned when Rick suggested they get an apartment and share expenses. "Sounds solid, and we can get a maid to do the cleaning and cooking."

"Yeah, maybe we could," Rick nodded. "Man, what a blast."

"Cool it, Tiger," Phil said. "I was just kidding. I already have a place to live and somebody to clean and cook for me."

"You have?"

"Sure, I live at home and my mother works cheap."

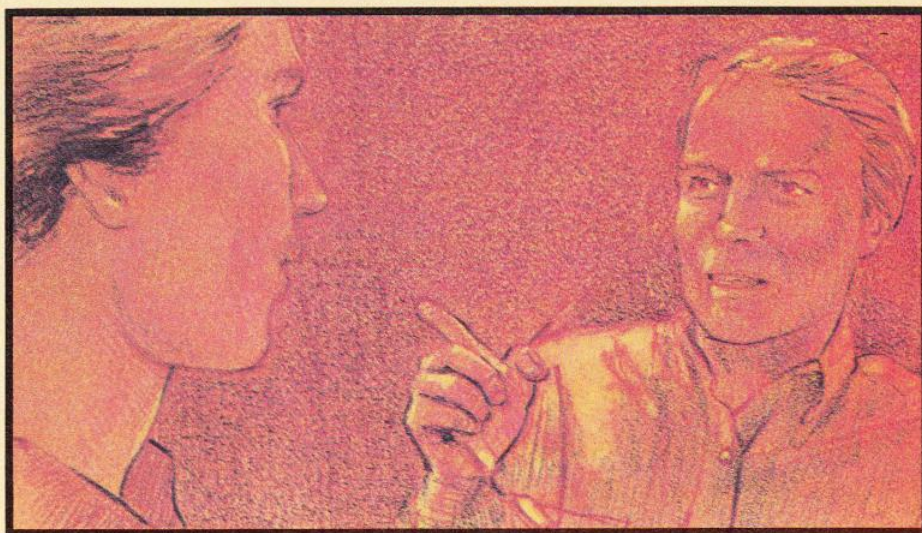
Rick swallowed. "I mean it, Phil. Think of it, an apartment! We could come and go when we feel like it; total freedom. Wouldn't cost much, if we went in together."

"Can't afford it," Phil said. "All the money I make this summer goes into the bank. College is expensive, you know."

"OK," Rick said sullenly, "I'll find a roommate somewhere."

He walked back to his car slowly. It would be awhile before Johnny Henderson's black bomb made its nightly appearance. Rick didn't have to worry about saving his money for college. With his grades he couldn't go even if he wanted to. Rick frowned slightly. Johnny wasn't exactly the ideal guy to room with, especially if he brought his drums along. But he was better than nobody, and they had been friends since grammar school.

Half an hour later Rick's thoughts were interrupted by the continuous blare of an extra loud horn and the screech of brakes.



Rick's father said, "Maturity means responsibility—you might as well learn that now."

Johnny had arrived. Rick sat quietly for a few more minutes, recalling his father's words again. They gave him all the incentive he needed.

Johnny seemed receptive to the idea right away. "Hadn't thought about it before," he said. "Fill me in on the details."

"It'll be great," Rick replied enthusiastically. "And we wouldn't have to spend a lot of money, not if we split the rent fifty-fifty."

"I didn't think about the money," Johnny admitted. "How much do you think it'd take?"

"Well, we'd have to get a furnished apartment," Rick said. "I figure that would be about a hundred bucks a month."

"A hundred!" Johnny exclaimed. "Just for the apartment."

"That's only fifty each."

"Oh."

"Then maybe twenty-five for food and stuff," Rick shrugged.

"Wow!" Johnny whistled, "I don't know if I can hack it."

"But you're working, aren't you?"

"Yeah, but I only pay ten dollars a week at home for everything. It'd be something else having an apartment, but not if it's going to cost me twice as much as I'm paying now."

"You—pay rent at home?" Rick stammered.

"Have been since I was sixteen. As soon as I got that first job at the gas station, I decided to help my folks out."

"You decided?" Rich echoed.

"Sure. I felt like a little kid letting them support me."

"But parents are supposed to support their children," Rick argued.

"Look, there's no law that says I can't give 'em some dough every week if I want to," Johnny interrupted.

Rick wanted to get away from Johnny. He was making him feel uncomfortable. Still, there was no one else. "John, you're throwing money away," he went on. "You could be spending that money on yourself. Parents owe their children room and board. We didn't ask to be born."

"No, I guess not," Johnny replied quietly, looking straight ahead. "And maybe you figure your folks owe you something, but it's different with me. I owe everything to them. I'd give 'em my whole check if they wanted me to."

Rick had never seen this side of Johnny before, and it bothered him. "Say, have you been brainwashed?"

"No adopted," Johnny smiled.

"Adopted? I never knew that. How come you never mentioned this to me before?"

"No reason for me to blab it all around," Johnny shrugged. "But I guess that's one reason they don't owe me anything. You can't really appreciate a home and a mom and dad until you've lived in an orphanage, like I did. I think my folks are great, but I don't go around talking about them. Everybody would think I was nuts!"

Rick grinned. "Yeah, I guess they would."

"How come you want to move away from home?"

The grin faded and Rick blushed. "Who said I did?"

"You just did. Don't you remember?"

"Oh yeah," Rick said flippantly, "but it was nothing definite. I was just sort of sounding you out."

"Your folks always seemed OK to me," Johnny continued.

Rick looked at his friend. "They are," he agreed. "They don't treat me like a kid either."

"Do you pay anything?"

"What do you think I am, a leech? I'm going to pay the same you do, ten bucks a week." It sounded different to him, sort of grown-up. "Just ten measly dollars."

"And you wanted to pay fifty bucks for an apartment plus money for food and laundry?" Johnny laughed. "Boy, and I'm supposed to be the dumb one! You can't even add!"

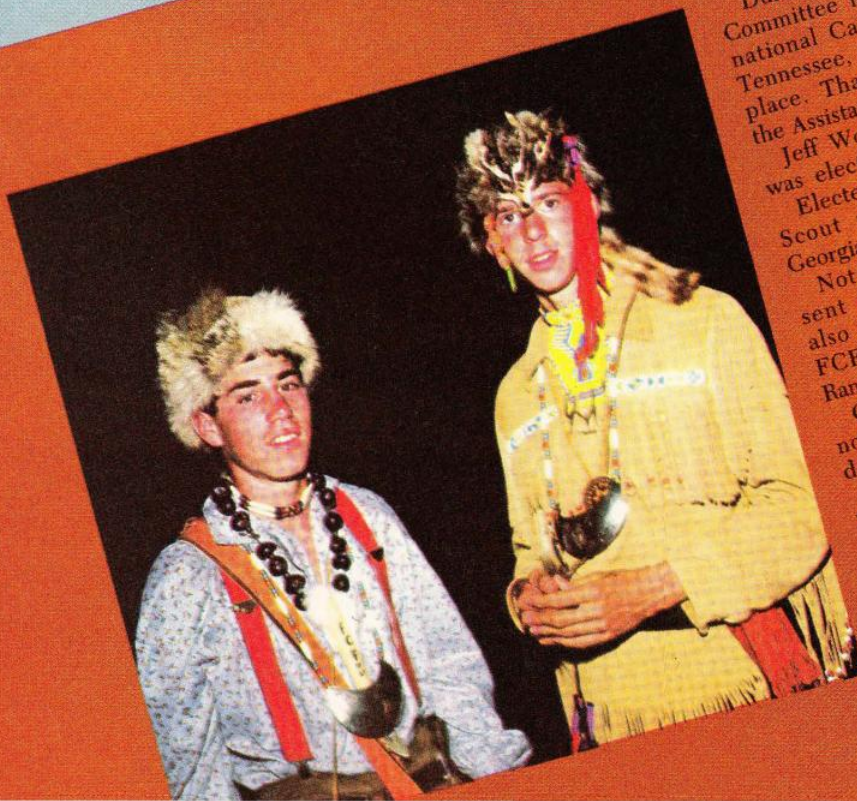
"Give me time," Rick grinned. "I'm not a kid anymore, but I'm not an adult, either. Hey, honk the horn for service and I'll buy you a Coke."

THE BIG ADVENTURE

JULY 11-16, 1983

EXCITEMENT—ADVENTURE—FUN—FELLOWSHIP
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Backpack into Idaho's spectacular wilderness
View some of America's most beautiful scenery
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Contact national Royal Rangers office for
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FCF ELECTION RETURNS



During the recent meeting of the FCF Committee held in conjunction with the national Camporama at Pigeon Forge, Tennessee, two important elections took place. That of the National Scout and the Assistant National Scout.

Jeff Woodard of Thorntown, Indiana, was elected to serve as National Scout. Elected to serve as Assistant National Scout was Roger Moore, Columbus, Georgia.

Not only do these young men represent the total FCF membership, they also serve as members of the national FCF Committee and the national Royal Rangers Council.

Our congratulations to these two top-notch young men. We know they will do an outstanding job in the capacity. Retiring as National Scout was Rick Wescott of Manor, Pennsylvania.

Outgoing Assistant National Scout was Dale Long of Findlay, Ohio. These young men have served the FCF program with distinction over the past two years.

COMEDY CORNER



A city man was bragging, "I got up at dawn to see the sun rise."

"Well," said a native of the area, "You couldn't have picked a better time."

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Woman: "I'd like to buy a chicken."

Butcher: "OK, do you want a pullet?"

Woman: "No, I'd rather carry it."

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Nit: "Must you make so much noise?"

Wit: "How can I play tennis without a racket?"

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Mother: "Everything is going up . . . the price of food, toys, everything. I wish something would go down."

Son: "Take a look at my report card."

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

A man invented a formula that turned people into monkeys; the world went ape over it.

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA



City Lady: "Look at that bunch of cows."

Cowboy: "No, herd."

City Lady: "Heard of what?"

Cowboy: "Herd of cows."

City Lady: "Sure, I've heard of cows."

Cowboy: "No, a cow herd."

City Lady: "What do I care what a cow heard? I've got no secrets from a cow!"

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

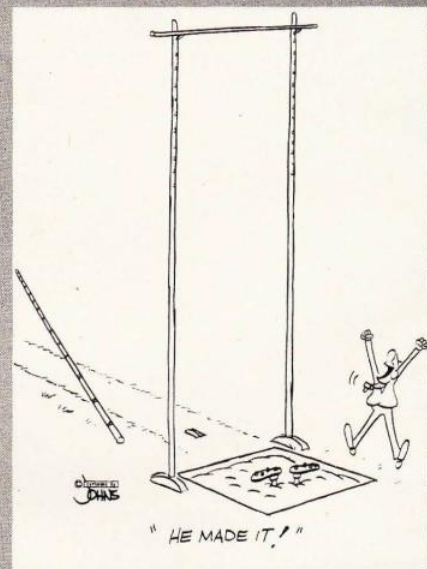
A minister says that when a man is in love his heart swells and often moves him to unusual acts of generosity. To illustrate he tells about the day he performed the marriage of a shy young farmer and a pretty country girl. When the ceremony was over, the farmer drew four bright silver quarters from his pocket, extending them toward the minister in his open palm he said feelingly, "There you are, just help yourself until you're satisfied."

Thomas LaMance
Modesto, CA

A young fellow looking for a part-time job as a strawberry picker was asked: "Do you know how to do the job?"

"Of course!" he replied. "Give me a stepladder and I'll show you!"

Juliana Lewis
El Paso, TX



Rob: "What goes 'da-da-da-croak, dot-dot-dot-croak, da-dot-da-croak?"

Bob: "A Morse toad."

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Mabel: "What are you doing, James?"

James: "Watching my coat."

Mabel: "Would you stop watching the coats and eat dinner?"

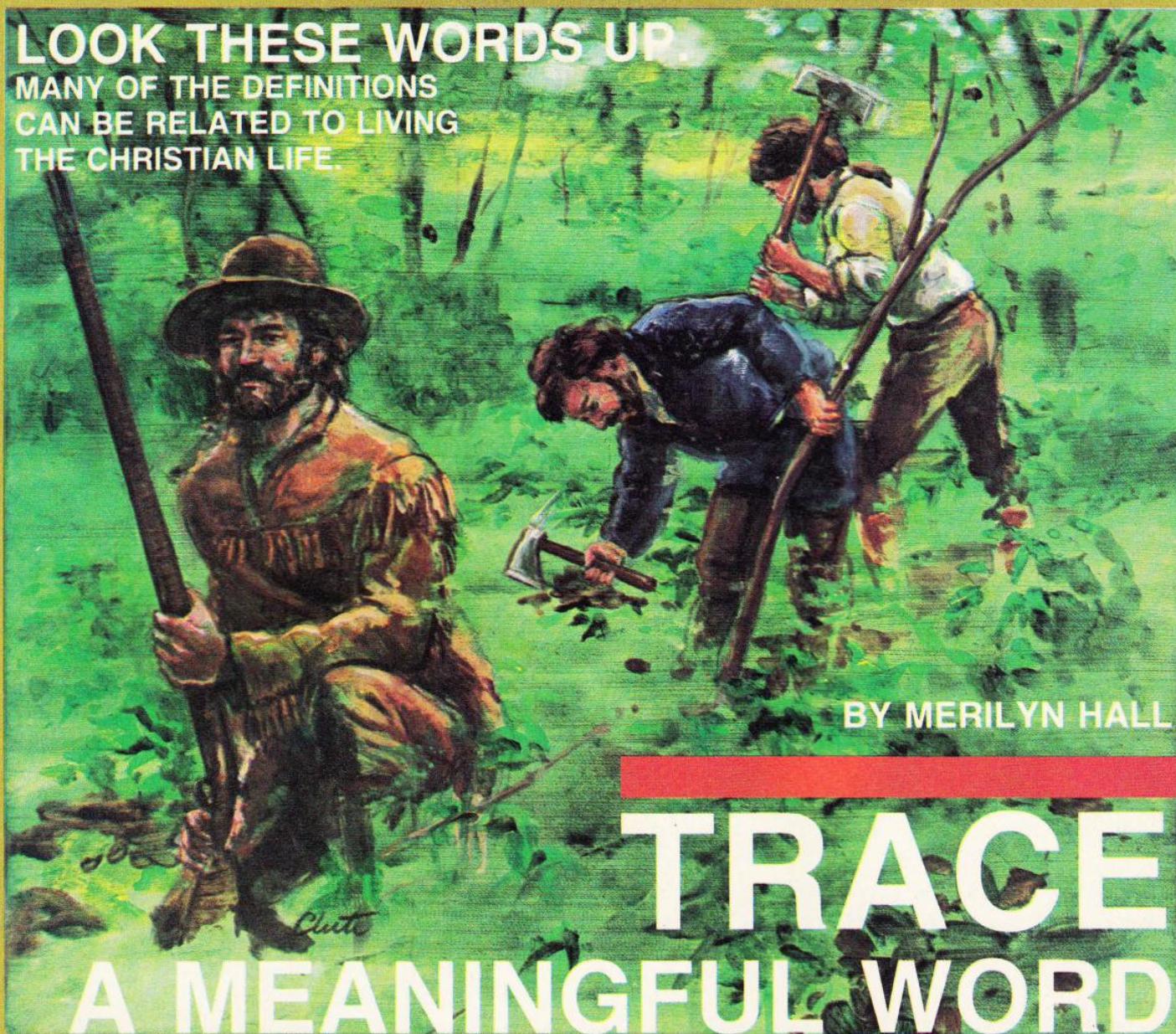
James: "I'm only watching mine. Yours disappeared a half hour ago."

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA



LOOK THESE WORDS UP.

MANY OF THE DEFINITIONS
CAN BE RELATED TO LIVING
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.



BY MERILYN HALL

TRACE

A MEANINGFUL WORD

When Daniel Boone slashed his way through 300 miles of forest and mountains in 1775 it wasn't just a game of cowboys and Indians. Boone's famous Wilderness Road went from Virginia to the Cumberland Mountains of Kentucky and every foot of it went through dangerous Indian territory.

Some of the roads that were hacked out of the forests in the early 1800's were much shorter and were called "traces." A trace is a trail or path that has been beaten through a wild or unenclosed region. In 1808 Zebulon Pike travelled the Osage Trace made by the Osage Indians who lived between the Missouri and Arkansas Rivers. Another 19th century frontier road is the Natchez Trace in Northeastern Mississippi that went from Natchez to Nashville, Tennessee. Roadmaking then was a long and tedious job but the pioneers knew where they wanted to go and they stuck to it until they got there.

The word trace has many different meanings. Some of them can be related to living the Christian life. Have you ever heard the expression "kick over the traces"? That

comes from the 1800's when traces were the leather straps that harnessed a horse to the wagon. If the rebellious horse could get his leg over the traces, he could free himself from having to do what he didn't really want to do—work. As Christians we know that rebellion doesn't really lead to freedom but instead makes us slaves. Paul tells us in Romans 7:18 and 25 that when we are constantly thinking of ways to satisfy ourselves (instead of choosing God's paths), we have picked the wrong road, a road he calls "the law of sin."

The commonest meaning of trace is to follow—like the dot game where you connect the dots and wind up with a picture. Other synonyms are outline, mark out, draft, sketch, draw, copy, and to convey an impression. Each time we put into practice something we have learned about living the Christian life God is making his mark on us so that we can represent Him clearly to other people. Telling others about knowing God through Christ is good but John 13:35 says that the best way for others to get a true

picture of God is for us Christians to show our love to each other.

Here are some more unusual meanings of the word trace and some scriptures to look up. If you obey the road signs you find in your Bible you will be able to stay on the difficult road called Christian Living. Even though it is sometimes a very hard and dangerous road this is the key to making a "mark" on the world for Jesus.

Odor—Philippians 4:18 and Revelation 5:8
A radar signal, output or reflection—Psalm 17:5 and II Corinthians 4:6
Course—Proverbs 12:11 and 1 Timothy 6:11, 12
The tiniest bit—Mark 12:41-44 and James 2:10

To pursue doggedly—Colossians 3:1-3 and Hebrews 11:6

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