

High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS / SPRING 1985

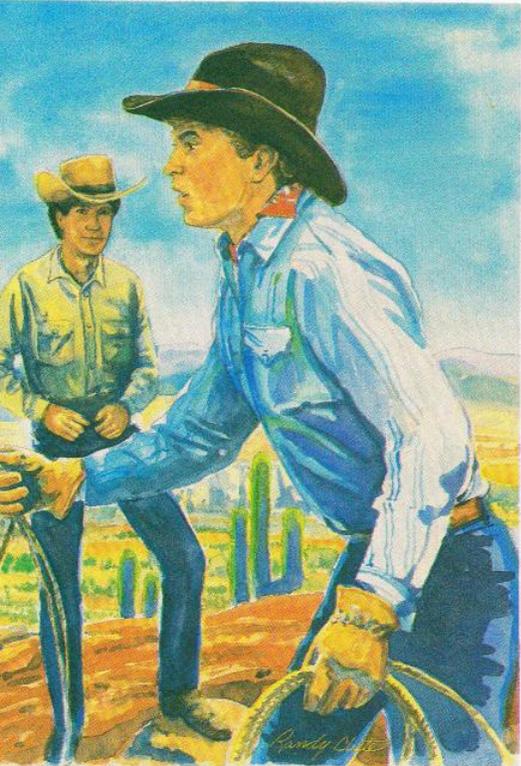


FRED DENVER
1985

THE SUBSTITUTE
RAINY DAY SHELTERS
LARIAT
LIGHTNING TRAIL

High Adventure

SPRING



CONTENTS		PAGE
THE SUBSTITUTE	C. Woods	3
—it was a race that Rick Jeffreys and Jay Collison will never forget		
NUTS	Paul Robieniczak	6
—you and your family can gather them together.		
RAINY DAY SHELTERS	Paul Robieniczak	7
—solve the problem with a ground sheet		
LARIAT	C. Woods	8
—Carlos teaches his friend Rusty how to lasso		
LIGHTNING TRAIL	C. Riles	10
—learn how to survive a severe thunderstorm		
THE RIGHT TECHNIQUE	Muriel Larson	12
—catching crabs and winning souls . . . they both employ similar techniques		
COMEDY CORNER		16

HIGH ADVENTURE STAFF:

Senior Editor: Johnnie Barnes, Copy Editor: Doug Tarpley, Layout Editor: Dave Barnes

HIGH ADVENTURE—Volume 14, Number 3 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 1985 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.



THE SUBSTITUTE

By C. RICHARD WOODS

Rick Jeffreys squirmed on the hard bench, waiting impatiently for the cool shower that would follow Coach Adam's talk. A tall, slender man with touches of grey in his close-cropped hair, Coach Adams stood in front of the sweaty group of boys. He was wearing dark blue sweats with the words SOUTH SIDE TRACK CLUB printed in bold white letters.

Finally looking up from the clipboard that he had been studying, Coach Adams said, "Okay, guys, we had a good workout today. I feel that we're ready for the State Championship Run this Saturday. We beat some mighty good teams in the Regional to get this far, and nobody's going to stop us now.

The boys agreed with a burst of enthusiastic cheers. Rick turned to his friend Jay Collison, who was seated next to him. "Coach is right," Rick grinned, slapping Jay on the back. "We're gonna be state champs."

"All right, meet here at 7 o'clock sharp Saturday morning," Coach Adams continued. "We'll drive over in the van." He pointed a finger at Rick and Jay. "I need to talk to you two after you shower." With a clap of his hands, he said, "Okay, hit the showers!"

Coach Adams was waiting for Rick and Jay at his desk as they returned from showering. "Have a seat, guys," he said, motioning toward the chairs. "I won't keep you

long, but I need to discuss the 10-K event with you."

Rick gave Jay a knowing look as they sat in the chairs. The 10 kilometer, a 6.2 mile run, was Jay's specialty, and the only runner in the state who could challenge Jay

It was the 10-K race (6.2 mile) of the State Championship Run. Two good friends, Jay and Rick, had trained together for the past year or so, but Rick thought himself no match for Jay. The morning of the race Jay took a fall during warm-ups that put him out of the race and left Rick in the spotlight. Rick didn't want to let his club down, but he just didn't see how he could win!

in this event would be competing against him Saturday.

"I feel that the 10-K will be crucial for us Saturday," Coach Adams said. "If we can get a first-place finish in this event, then I

believe that we will win the Run. As you know, Bill Williams from upstate will be running Saturday. He's the only one who can beat us, and we can't let this happen."

Coach looked at Rick. "Rick, you've trained with Jay, and you know how to run a 10-K. I know you're scheduled to run the mile event without you. I think it would be wise if we switched you to run with Jay in the 10-K. It would improve our chances to win. Would you be agreeable?"

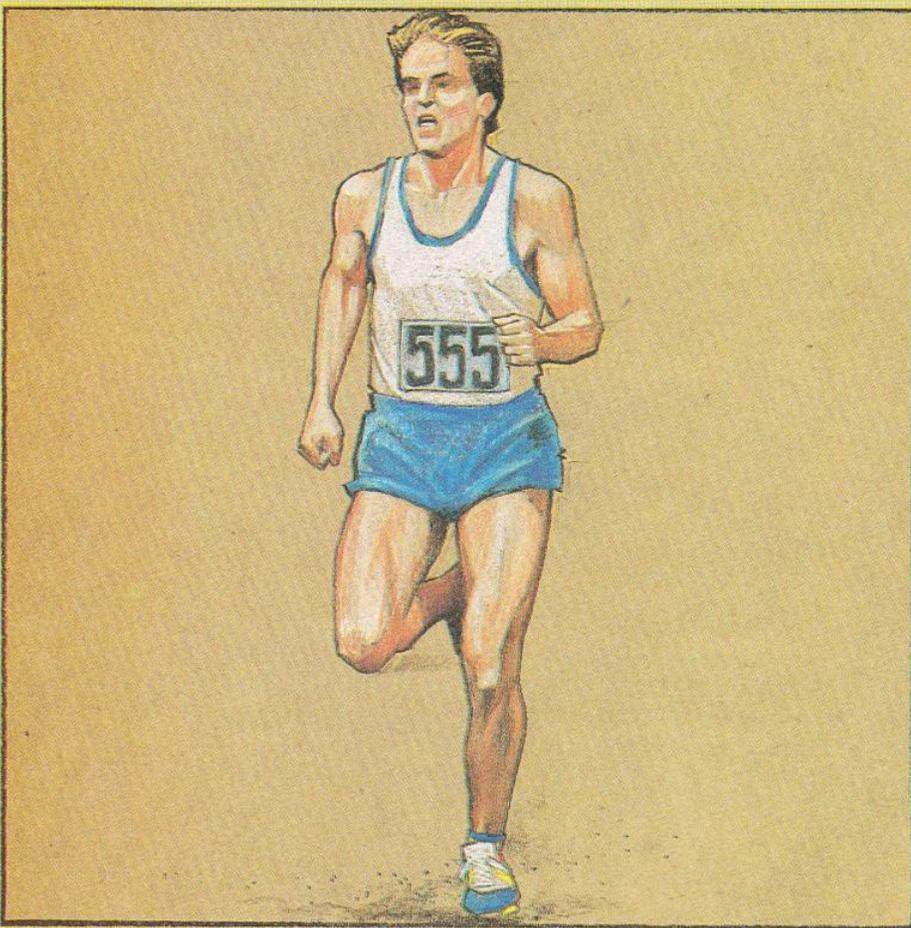
Rick and Jay had trained together for the past year or so. They had done it all; intervals, hill work, and distance running. The result was a big improvement in their running times, but Rick was no match for Jay in the 10-K. He might beat Jay in the mile, but he could not stay with him for 6 miles. However, he would do what Coach thought best.

"Sure, Coach," Rick said with a shrug. "Whatever you say."

Coach Adams stood up. "Good," he smiled. "See you Saturday."

Saturday dawned overcast and cool, a good day for running. The track club piled into the van, all dressed in their dark blue sweats, carrying tote bags. They soon arrived at the stadium where the Run was to be held. Runners were everywhere stretching and warming up, a mixture of brilliant colors.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE ►



The van parked, the boys nervously unloaded, talking very little. They found an open area, and began doing their stretching exercises.

After a few minutes, Rick turned to Jay. "Are you ready to warm up?" he asked.

"Yeah," Jay answered. "Let's take a few laps."

They stepped out into the cinder track and started jogging slowly, weaving in and out of the other runners. Rounding the first turn, Jay pointed to the other side of the track.

"Isn't that Bill Williams? In the red sweats?"

Rick squinted at the distant runner, but shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "I can't tell from here."

"Come on," Jay motioned. "Let's catch up with him."

They had just begun to speed up when suddenly Jay let out a yell and fell, clutching his leg. Rick quickly knelt beside him. "Jay, what's wrong? What happened?"

Jay grimaced, holding the back of his upper leg. "I don't know. Go get Coach."

Coach Adams was soon there, parting his way through the onlookers. After a quick examination, he said, "Let's get him off the track. Help him to one of the benches on the infield."

Resting on a bench with his hurting leg being massaged by Coach Adams, Jay angrily shook his head. "Coach, I did a stupid thing. I started to sprint before I was warmed up properly."

"Well, these things happen," Coach Adams said. "I believe it's a hamstring pull, and a pretty severe one at that." He stopped massaging the leg and looked at Jay closely. "You won't be running today, Jay. You can't risk permanent injury."

"But, Coach, maybe I can," Jay protested. He started to stand up, but with a gasp of pain, he sat back down, holding his leg. Tears welled up in his eyes, and he looked beseechingly at Rick.

"It's up to you, Rick. You can win it. Don't worry about Williams. All those hours of training are going to pay off today."

Coach Adams agreed. "You've trained hard for this event, Rick, and you're ready." He glanced at his watch. "You have just enough time for a couple of warm-up laps. I'll meet you at the starting line."

Rick's heart was pounding and his mouth felt like it was stuffed with cotton when he completed his warm-up. He could not believe that all of a sudden it was up to him to win the 10-K.

The runners were lining up at the starting line, which was just outside the stadium. The race course would take them 3 miles out and loop back with one lap around the track at the finish. Rick took off his sweats, and standing in his shorts and singlet, the air felt cold. Coach Adams pinned his number on and took his sweats.

"I think the main strategy for you to remember is to not let Williams get too far ahead of you," advised Coach Adams. "He'll probably go out hard at the start and

you stay with him as close as possible. You'll start to hurt at the halfway mark, but remember; he's hurting, too. I'm confident that if you're close to him at the 5 mile mark, you can beat him." Coach Adams put his hand on Rick's shoulder. "I know that you will do your best, and that's all I can ask. Good luck, Rick."

As Rick joined the other runners at the starting line, Bill Williams turned to him. "Hey, fella," he called. "Too bad about your buddy Collison. I wanted to beat him, not you." He nudged one of his teammates and nodded toward Rick. "It won't be as much fun to beat a substitute, will it?"

Rick ignored the comments and waited for the starting gun. He glanced over his shoulder at the entrance to the stadium and saw Jay leaning up against a wall giving the thumbs up sign. Rick grinned and returned the message. Then he concentrated on the race.

"You'll start to hurt at the halfway mark, but remember, he's hurting too!"

"Oh, no," Rick said to himself. "I can't take anymore hills."

The gun went off and the runners surged forward. Just as Coach Adams had predicted, Williams went out fast and took the lead. At the mile marker the runners' times were shouted out as they sped past. "Oh, no," thought Rick. "This pace is almost as fast as a mile run should be. But I can keep it up as long as he can."

Rick nervousness was gone as he reached the 2 mile marker. He was in fourth place, about 25 yards behind the leader, Williams. He was satisfied with his position for the moment. The pace was still fast, but he was running relaxed, breathing properly.

Just past the 2 mile marker, the runners entered the hilly section. Just gently rolling hills at first, the inclines became steeper. Rick learned forward and pumped his arms going up the inclines, trying to control himself as he sped down the other side. His legs began to tire.

At the halfway point times were called out and cups of water were offered to the runners. Rick saw that Williams refused the water, so he did too. The runner just in front of Rick grabbed a cup and slowed down to drink. Rick sped past him to take third place. The pace was still very fast for such a tough course, but Rick wasn't concerned about the time. He just wanted to win.

The runners encountered the hills again. "Oh, no," Rick said to himself. "I can't take any more hills." His body screamed to stop as he fought his way up the steep slopes. He was slowly closing in on the runner ahead of him, who happened to be Williams' teammate. On one of the last steep downhill slopes, Williams' teammate

stepped on a loose pebble, lost control, and went spinning down the hill. Rick hoped that he wasn't seriously hurt. Now there was only one runner ahead of him. Williams.

At the 4 mile marker the course leveled out. Rick has shortened the distance between himself and Williams to about 15 yards. "Only 2 more miles," Rick thought. "I can do it."

As the two runners passed the 5 mile marker, there were only 10 yards separating them. Williams looked over his shoulder and was dismayed to see his opponent so close. He had set such a fast pace that now he wasn't sure if he had any kick for the finish.

The stadium appeared in the distance, and Rick knew that he had to make his move. His legs felt numb, his lungs were crying for more oxygen, and he was drenched in sweat. But somehow he had to go faster. "This is what you have been training for," he reminded himself. "Now reach back and get it."

Rick started pumping his arms harder and lengthening his stride as the competitors burst through the stadium entrance, a mere 5 yards between the two struggling athletes. The roar from the spectators in the stadium startled Rick as they swung on the cinder track and raced down the first straightway.

The two runners came out of the first turn virtually neck-and-neck. Rick picked up perhaps a yard on the straightway, but as Williams was in the inside lane, they came out of the last turn dead even. They streaked for the finish line and everybody in the stadium was on their feet and screaming.

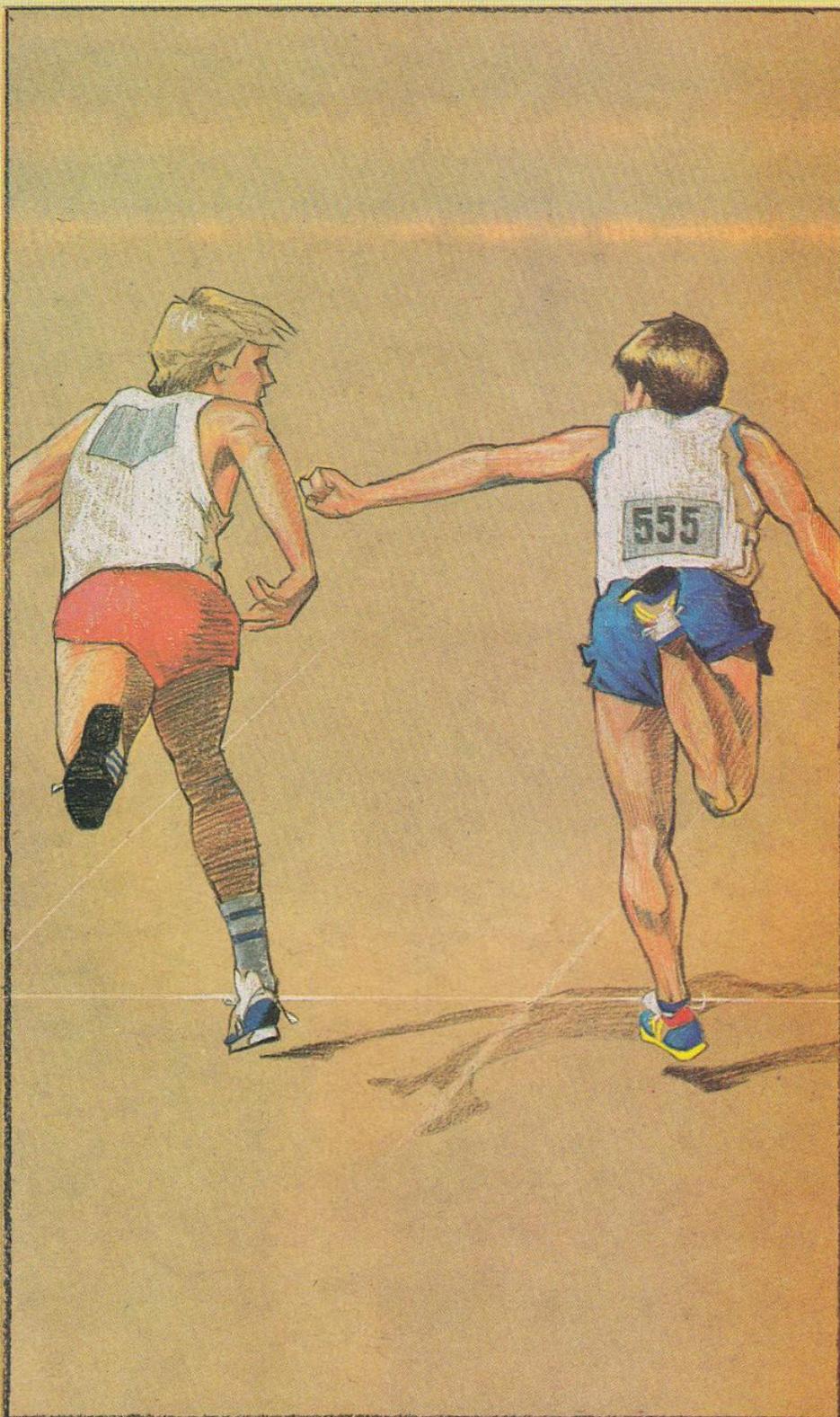
"His legs felt numb, his lungs were crying for more oxygen and he was drenched in sweat."

Somehow in those last few yards Rick gained a step on Williams, and crossed the finish line a breath ahead. He slowed to a staggering walk, gasping for breath, his whole body hurting. He was soon surrounded by his teammates who were screaming, pounding on him, congratulating him.

Jay managed to get to Rick, handing him a cup of water. Rick quickly drained the cup, the cool water reviving his exhausted body. Now he began to feel alive again.

"You did it, Rick!" Jay said, grinning from ear to ear. "You won!"

"No, we both won," Rick said. "All those hours of training together makes us both winners."



Rick was surprised to see Williams push his way through the circle. His hair was plastered against his forehead and he was still breathing hard. "Collison, I'll tell you something," he puffed. "You've got one tough substitute." Williams smiled lamely and offered his hand to Rick. "Congratulations."

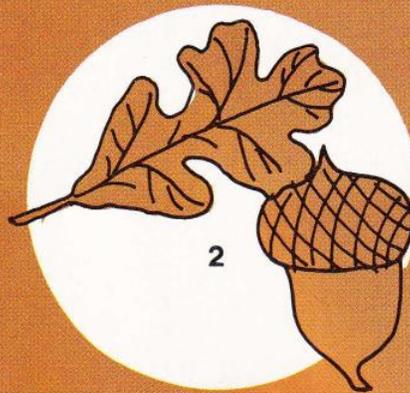
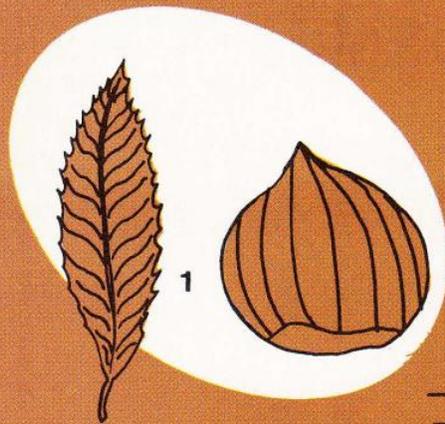
"Thanks," Rick said, shaking his hand. "That was some race, huh?"

Rick and Jay walked to the infield, Jay limping slightly. They were met there by Coach Adams, who had apparently just fin-

ished tallying on his ever-present clipboard.

"Congratulations," Coach Adams said with a big smile, pumping Rick's arm. "That was a great run. And, according to my calculations, we are now state champs!" He thumped his clipboard. "How about that?"

The two runners and their coach put their arms around each other and slowly walked across the infield toward the press box where the announcement would soon be made that the South Side Track Club was indeed State Champ. ★



NUTS

A NUTRITIOUS, HIGH PROTEIN
PLANT FOOD

*You and your family can
gather nuts together!*

BY Paul Robieniczak

A Nutritious, High Protein Plant Food! Nuts are among the most nutritious of all plant foods and they contain valuable protein essential for the growth and repair of body tissue. Several varieties of plants bearing edible nuts are found in the United States. Being familiar with the most common North American nut trees will help you locate the high nutritious food these plants bear.

Most nuts can be eaten and enjoyed in their raw state. But some, such as acorns, are better crushed, steamed, roasted or baked. A nutritious meal or flour can be produced from nuts.

At one time, nuts were an important life sustaining food eaten during the winter months by the American Indians of the southwest. Today the peasant population of some countries uses the meal and flour produced from nuts in their daily diet.

A nut harvest is something that your family can enjoy on their next outing. A walk in the woods in search of nuts is a good form of healthy exercise. It is also a learning experience for the children. Occasionally while looking for nuts they often will encounter animals not noticed during the usual walk in the woods. They may notice squirrels and some previously unnoticed birdlife. The learning will continue with the later preparation of the nut for eating.

Several nut-bearing plants can be found throughout the United States. The following descriptions discuss common types of nuts and where they can be found. Following these descriptions is information about

mush and flour that can be prepared from the nuts.

CHESTNUT (Illustration 1). The chestnut is found throughout North America. It can be eaten raw, boiled or roasted. The chestnut can be found in oak-like trees or shrubs. The nut is covered with rough burr and lined with a soft leathery covering.

ACORN (Illustration 2). The acorn is found in North America. Whereas sweet acorns can be eaten raw, bitter acorns must be boiled in water before they can be eaten. Acorns are found in oak trees. There are many varieties of oak, but the English Oak is typical of those found in the United States.

WALNUT (Illustration 3.) Found in North America, walnuts are generally eaten raw. They are frequently added to recipes such as cakes and cookies because of their pleasant taste. Found on walnut trees, they have very fleshy husks.

HAZELNUT (Illustration 4). As with the other nuts already mentioned, the hazelnut is found in North America and is generally eaten raw. The nut is found in clusters on small branches or trees and is covered by a leaf-like husk.

PINENUT (Illustration 5). The nut of the Pinon pine and the Coulter pine is found in the western United States. The trees produce cones which contain seed-nuts that are not only nourishing but tasty. The seed-nut is eaten raw.

It is relatively easy to prepare a mush for flour from the nuts. Boil the nut and grind it into a paste. To make mush simply add

water to this paste and after it has dried, then boil it. To make flour, spread the paste thinly on a sheet pan or other available utensil, and allow the paste to dry. This dried paste, or flour, can be cooked as fried bread in a pan or even made into cakes and baked.

Some nuts, such as the acorn must be boiled for at least 2 hours. Acorns contain a bitter tannin. After boiling the nuts, wash them with water several times. Allow the nuts to soak in cold water for 3 or 4 days, occasionally changing the water. Prepare the nut as previously described to obtain a mush or flour.

Should you, one of your children, or any other of your family ever find themselves lost in the woods, nuts and their by-products can be an important survival food. The time to learn to recognize this nutritious food product is now, possibly on your next outing.

Chestnut

The chestnut is covered with a prickly burr and lined with a leathery covering.

Acorn

The acorn is the fruit of the oak tree and is found throughout the United States.

Walnut

The walnut has a fleshy husk and is often eaten raw.

Hazelnut

The hazelnut is found on small bushes or trees.

Pine Nut

The pine nut of the Pinon and Coulter pine is found in western United States.★



RAINY DAY SHELTERS

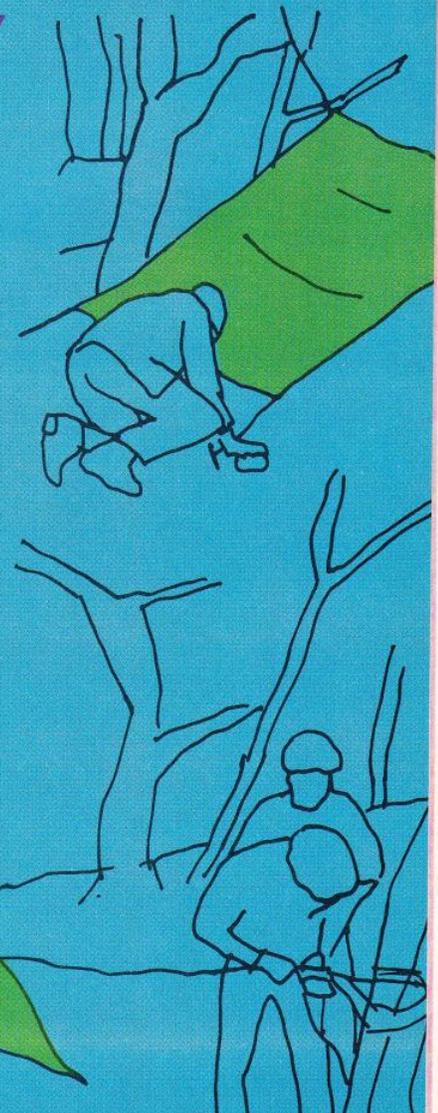
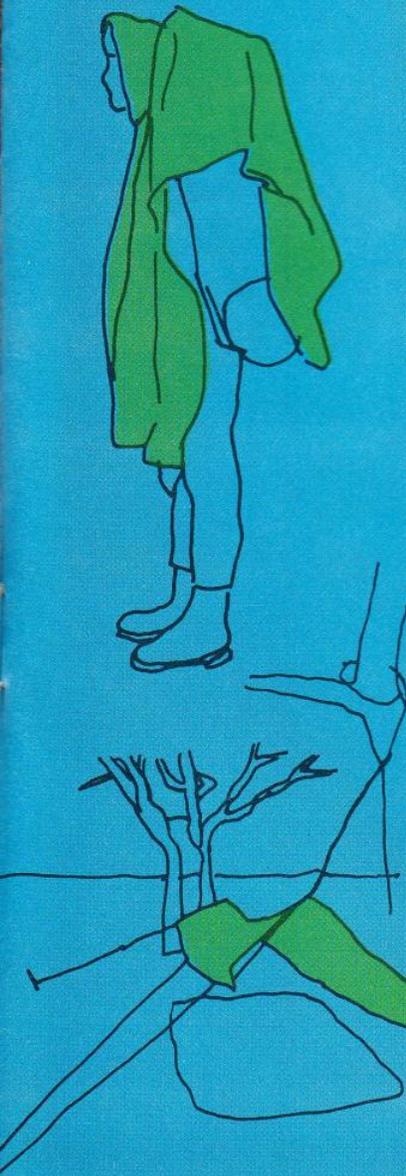
BY PAUL W. ROBIENCZAK

How many times have you been on a 6 to 8 hour hiking excursion in the country and been caught in a rain storm?

Packing a tent for such a short trip is inconvenient, and standing under a tree attempting to remain dry is usually futile.

YOU CAN SOLVE THE PROBLEM WITH A GROUND SHEET. It can be purchased for just a few dollars. It's easy to carry, sets up in a short period of time, and makes an excellent temporary shelter.

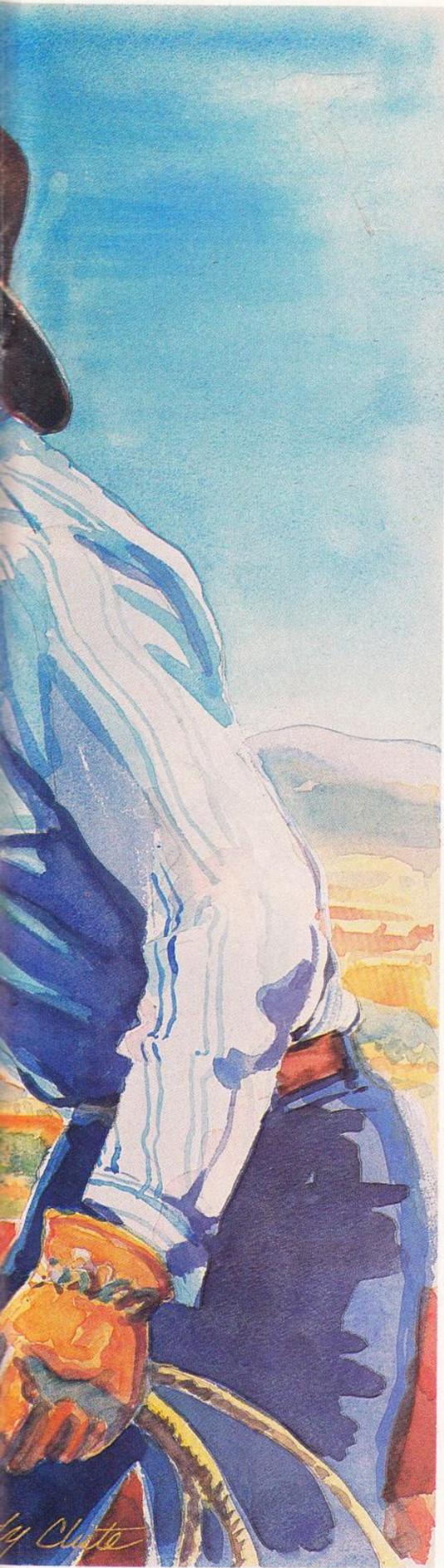
A 6' x 8' size is generally adequate and lightweight. The plastic ground cover may be rolled onto a belt for easier hiking. Examine the following illustrated methods you might employ under various ground conditions. Remember *never* set up a shelter in a hollow, wash, or dry creek bed. ★



Carlos had been teaching his friend Rusty how to lasso for some time now. But Rusty felt like he just wasn't catching on.

LARIAT





BY C. RICHARD WOODS

Goat Hill stands at the foot of Raton Pass in northeastern New Mexico, vigilantly overlooking the sleepy town of Raton. Its white chalk-like bluffs contrast sharply with the vivid blue sky that is prevalent in this land where the rugged Rocky Mountains come tumbling out of Colorado and spill out into the vast Great Plains.

A trail that is traveled mostly by horned toads and bordered with yucca plants and cactus winds its way from the edge of Raton to the top of Goat Hill, skirting dry arroyos and pushing through stands of scrubby piñon pines. On this bright Saturday morning two boys are hiking along the trail, each shouldering a backpack and one carrying a coiled rope. The trail is becoming steeper and the backpacks heavier. Finally the taller one, Rusty, turns to his friend.

"Hey, Carlos. How about taking a break?" Perspiration was beaded on Carlos' olive skin. "What's the matter," he teased, "Am I setting too tough a pace for you?"

Rusty just grinned and unshouldered his backpack. It was true that even though Rusty was bigger than his friend, Carlos could walk him into the ground on any given day. Carlos was one tough hiker.

Both boys dug out their canteens and took a long drink, squinting their eyes against the sunny sky. The cool water was refreshingly sweet.

"Ah, that's good," said Carlos, licking his lips as he replaced the canteen cap. He then picked up the rope and passed one end through the knot on the other end to form a loop. He pointed toward a stump that sat perched on the edge of the arroyo that ran alongside the trail.

"Watch this, my friend," Carlos said as he expertly twirled the rope over his head. *With a flick of his wrist the rope sailed toward the stump, the loop landing perfectly around it.* With a war hoop Carlos jerked on the rope, tightening the loop, and dug his heels in the rocky soil, as though he had just lassoed a wild stallion.

With a big smile on this face, Carlos walked to the stump and loosened the rope. He carefully wound the rope and offered it to Rusty.

"Here, you try it," Carlos said. "Remember, it's all in the wrist movement. Nothing to it."

"Yeah, sure," Rusty frowned. "Easier said than done."

He tried to imitate Carlos' movements exactly, but the rope missed the stump with the loop disappearing over the edge of the

arroyo. Rusty retrieved the rope, Carlos slapped him on the back.

"You're getting better," Carlos said encouragingly. "You wait and see, I shall teach you as my uncle taught me."

Carlos' uncle had been a rodeo performer for years, and was regarded as one of the best with the lariat. In fact, it was said that he possessed a *lazo mágico*, a magic lariat. He had patiently instructed Carlos in the techniques of roping until the young nephew had mastered the art. Carlos was now determined to pass this knowledge on to his friend.

The boys jostled into their backpacks and resumed the hike. The trail curved away from the arroyo and snaked up toward the steep bluffs. The going was getting tougher now, as the trail narrowed and was often blocked by fallen rocks. The boys were up high now, and could see the tops of the trees below.

The trail twisted up and around the bluffs and eventually emerged on top of Goat Hill. The boys, breathing hard, quickly struggled out of their backpacks, and with canteens in hand, sat on a large rock and surveyed the panorama before them.

Shadows from the clouds that had begun to march in over the mountains drifted towards the flat-topped mesas that rose from the prairie floor in the distance. The town of Raton was spread out beneath them, the adobe houses clustered along the tracks on which the Santa Fe Railway trains sped through town, leaving behind their lonesome whistles.

Pointing to the darkened sky, Rusty said, "We better eat our lunch, Carlos. Looks like rain may be on the way."

The boys eagerly ate their food, their appetites ravenous after the climb. Ordinary sandwiches became culinary masterpieces; stale cookies turned into luscious desserts. Not a word was spoken until the last morsel was washed down with a big gulp from their nearly empty canteens.

"Okay, amigo," Carlos said as he picked up the rope. "Let's practice a while before we start back."

The boys had taken only a few tosses with the rope when the big pines around them began to sigh with the rising wind. A bolt of lightning flashed across the sky, almost simultaneous with a thundering boom.

"Wow!" Rusty exclaimed, his body tensed. "That was too close for comfort. Let's get our raingear and head down."

"Right," Carlos agreed, digging into his backpack. "It looks like a real gully-washer."

By the time the boys had donned their raingear and backpacks, rain was pelting

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14 ►

Two brothers, Steve and Scott, were trying out their new backpacking gear on a rocky mountain trail when suddenly the western sky darkened, the wind started to blow, and the air became frigid. A storm was fast approaching. Where should they go for safety? ... Under trees? By the stream? Or, just lie down?

LIGHTNING TRAIL

BY C. RILES

We've been working around this cabin a whole week and I still haven't made it up the mountain yet, Steve thought to himself. Today is perfect for climbing. There's not a cloud in the sky.

"Dad, could Scott and I take a hike up the mountain today?" asked Steve as he grabbed the last of the firewood to be stacked. "We could use a break."

"I think we could all use a little time off," said Mr. Robbins. "Finish stacking that armful of wood and you both can go."

"Scott, Dad said we could go backpacking today and try out our new gear," hollered Steve as he finished the last of the wood.

"Sounds great! Mom just laid in a fresh supply of food," said Scott. "You may be 18, but I'll bet I can beat you to the kitchen."

A few minutes later both boys were busy filling their packs with canned puddings, dried fruits and sandwiches for their trip up the mountain.

"Well, it looks as if you boys have a good supply of food," said their father as he walked through the kitchen. "Don't forget to save room for your first aid kits and your ponchos. It's best to be prepared when you're hiking on the trail."

"But the weather report said that today

was going to be sunny with no chance of rain," said Steve.

"The weatherman has been known to be wrong," said Dad. "You do remember what to do if you are caught out in a storm, don't you?"

"Sure, I remember Dad," said Steve. "After that survival camp I went to last year, I don't think I could ever forget. We'll be taking the trail up the mountain until we reach the timberline. We should be back by 7 p.m. tonight."

Scott and Steve finished packing the food and their rain gear and headed out the door.

Time passed quickly as they climbed up the rocky trail.

A few hours later the boys had slowed their pace as they were getting close to the timberline.

"I think we should stop for lunch," said Scott. "Maybe that will help lighten this load."

"Nothing like a hike to make you hungry," replied Steve. "Somehow this new pack doesn't feel any lighter than my old one."

The boys quickly ate their food and then stretched out to enjoy the view of the valley below. The fields were a patchwork of various shades of vivid green's and golden

browns.

"We had better get going," said Steve, "or we won't make timberline. Mom and Dad won't like it if we're out late."

The boys hurried along the path to make up for lost time, not noticing that the western sky was beginning to darken. Suddenly the wind started to blow and the air felt frigid.

"A storm is coming," said Steve as he looked up at the sky. "Looks like it could be a bad one."

"You said it wasn't going to rain," said Scott. "I don't want to be caught out here if a thunderstorm is coming. Let's head back for the cabin."

"We'll never make it," said Steve as he silently prayed for God's help. *Dear God, thought Steve to himself, please keep us safe from this storm and help us to make it to safety. Please don't let anything happen to my little brother.*

"We'd better look for shelter, Scott," said Steve out loud.

"Where can we go?" asked Scott. "I didn't see any building on the way up."

"Me either," said Steve, "but the thunder in the distance makes me wish we had. Next time you see, a lightning bolt, count the seconds afterward until we hear the



thunder. Then we'll be able to tell how far the storm is from us."

"Look, there's a bolt," said Scott.

"Wow, only 6 seconds," said Steve, "That's less than 2 miles. We've got to act fast."

"Well, what are we going to do?" asked Scott. "There's no place to run for cover except those three."

"Trees are one of the worst things to be under during an electrical storm," said Steve. "The first thing we're going to do is get our ponchos on and get rid of these backpacks and anything else that has metal on it."

"I don't want to leave my brand new pack out here," said Scott. "We'll lose it."

"No, we won't." We'll be back to get them later. Be sure to leave your pocketknife with it. Metal attracts lightning," said Steve as he looked around the rocky slope. "There's a good place over there near the stream between those two big rocks," said Scott.

"No, never get closer than 80 feet to a stream," said Steve. "Lightning usually follows it. Look, there's some big flat rocks

only a few hundred feet from here. We could crouch down between them until the storm is over."

"Let's just lie down," said Scott.

"Lightning strikes easier that way," said Steve. "Crouch like I am with your hands on your knees, your feet close together and your knees touching."

"Steve, do you think God is going to get us through this storm?" asked Scott as the rain started to fall.

"God is always with us, Scott, and I know He won't forget us now. Let's say the Lord's Prayer and ask God's help," said Steve.

The two boys prayed together as the wind and the rain belted their ponchos. Bright bolts of lightning danced across the darkened sky. As they ended their prayer a firebolt struck near the stream. Then as quickly as the storm had started, it stopped.

"I sure thought that storm was never going to let up," said Scott as he got up. "Did you see where the last lightning bolt hit?"

"I saw it and thank God we weren't near there then," said Steve. "Let's get our

backpacks and head home. We've had enough excitement for one day."

Scott replied, "I think we had enough for 1 year. What would we have done if there hadn't been any rocks to hide between?"

"Dad says a building is really the safest place. But if you're caught in the open, you're supposed to crouch down on a pile of cloths or a sleeping bag," said Steve as he cautiously walked down the muddy trail. "What you don't want to do is lie down on the ground. It also helps to stay away from anything tall like fences, trees, utility, and flag poles."

"How did you know to stay away from the stream?" asked Scott.

"That's another mountain safety rule I learned at camp. It's also better to stay at least 50 to 80 feet away from cliff faces and narrow rock crevices since lightning usually follows those paths," said Steve.

"Hey, look there's the cabin," said Scott. "I'll race you to it."

"That's not fair," yelled Steve as he started running and slipping in the mud, "you got a head start."★

SOME SAFETY TIPS

Each year lightning kills or injures several hundred people in the United States alone. Some of the deaths occur as a result of direct electric shock or burns. But surges and voltage differences occurring on the ground near a discharge can also be fatal.

The following precautions should be taken if lightning is near:

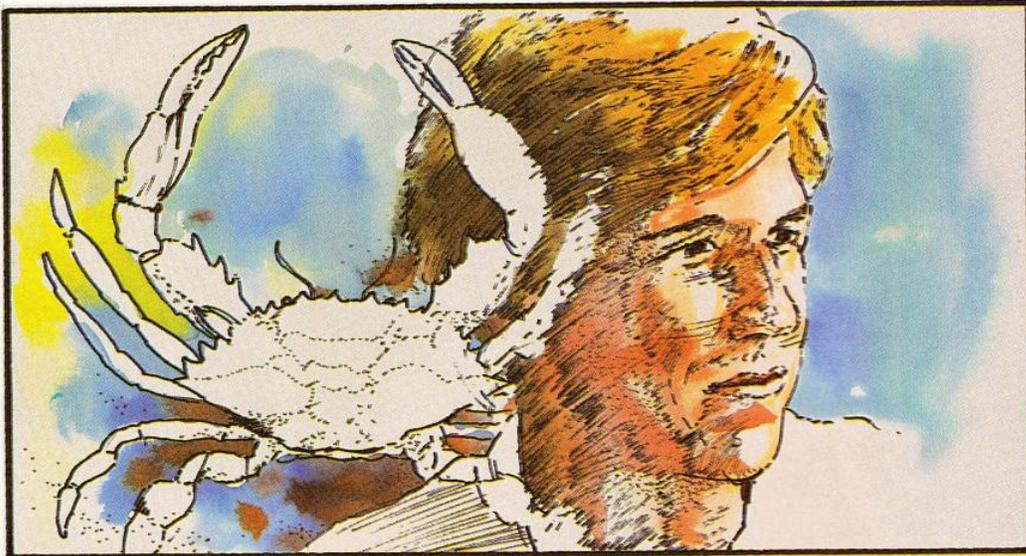
1. **Do not touch metal fences or other metal objects**, such as vehicles. Poorly grounded, these objects may give severe shock if lightning even strikes nearby.
2. If possible, **avoid being out in the open** or exposed on a high place.
3. **Try to avoid being near isolated trees or shelters**, since these are also likely targets for lightning.
4. **Never handle inflammable fuels**, such as gasoline, during a storm.
5. **Don't be caught on or in water** during a storm.

IF YOU WANT TO SURVIVE A STORM LIKE THE ONE THAT STEVE AND SCOTT FOUND THEMSELVES IN, YOU'D BETTER LEARN NOW THE DO'S AND DON'TS OF THUNDERSTORM SURVIVAL!

CATCHING CRABS AND WINNING SOULS . . .

THEY BOTH EMPLOY
SIMILAR TECHNIQUES:

1. GOOD BAIT
2. PREPARE LINES
3. THE NET
4. THE BASKET



THE RIGHT TECHNIQUE

BY MURIEL LARSON

Have you ever seen or caught a blue crab? They're usually found scuttling along the bottoms of inlets from the ocean. If you've ever gone crabbing, you probably know that it takes a definite technique to catch one. My brother and I, who grew up in Ocean Gate, New Jersey, knew all the angles.

Technique is also needed at times to win a lost soul to Jesus Christ. Let's look at the principles behind catching a hardshell crab. They might give you some good ideas for winning a hardshell unsaved friend or relative.

First you have to have some *good bait*. Brother and I would beg some old soup bones with meat from Mr. Johnson, the owner of the general store. Other experienced crabbers use fish heads or chicken backs.

Then we'd *prepare lines*. We'd tie one end to sticks that would hold them fast into the boardwalk, piling, or rowboat.

We tied sinkers near the bait in order to

“Let's look at the line. Along with the bait goes your own personal witness. You don't clobber your friend with it, but you slip it in occasionally.”

take the line down to where the crabs were. We took a net to catch them up, and a basket in which to keep them.

The successful crabber must have three virtues: patience, wisdom, and good timing. And so must the soul winner. But let's

see how the principles of crabbing can be applied to soul winning.

First, you need the bait. You may be able to reach some of your friends by inviting them to a Christian rally or campout, especially if there promises to be an interesting speaker or activity. Perhaps some will even come if invited to go with you to church or evangelistic services. Carrying a Bible might also be considered bait. When someone asks you why, you have a natural opening!

You yourself can be bait. Recently a young man named Paul told me, “When I was just a kid, my friend Eddie started witnessing to me about the Lord. I saw something different about him, something I liked very much. His older sister, who also talked to me about the Lord, had that certain something, too—a real happiness. I liked

to be around them.”

Eventually Eddie got Paul to go to church with him. Then one night Eddie's sister led Paul to Christ. Eddie had prayed and worked on Paul for 8 years. Paul is now preparing for the Lord's service.

Let's look at *the line*. Along with the bait goes *your own personal witness*. You don't clobber your friends with it, but you slip it in occasionally. It's not hard to steer the conversation to religious subjects. Often the other person gives you a natural opening.

The sinker must go with the line. It carries the message right down to where the crab—uh, prospective disciple—lives. *The sinker is the Word of God*. The Word of God works in hearts.

The Bible says, "For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart" (Hebrews 4:12). That's why it's important for you to memorize portions of God's Word, so that you are able to use it when opportunity arises.

Then there's *the net*. It's hard to catch a crab without this. The net brings him in. If you don't know how to land a person who is nibbling, ask someone who is a good netter to teach you.

The basket holds the crabs. And there's nothing better to help keep young Christians growing in the Lord than getting them into a *good Bible preaching church*. Your

encouragement can go a long way toward this.

Patience, good timing, and wisdom are needed to catch people as well as crabs. Sometimes you have to wait a while for the crabs to bite. You have to be careful when you draw in the line.

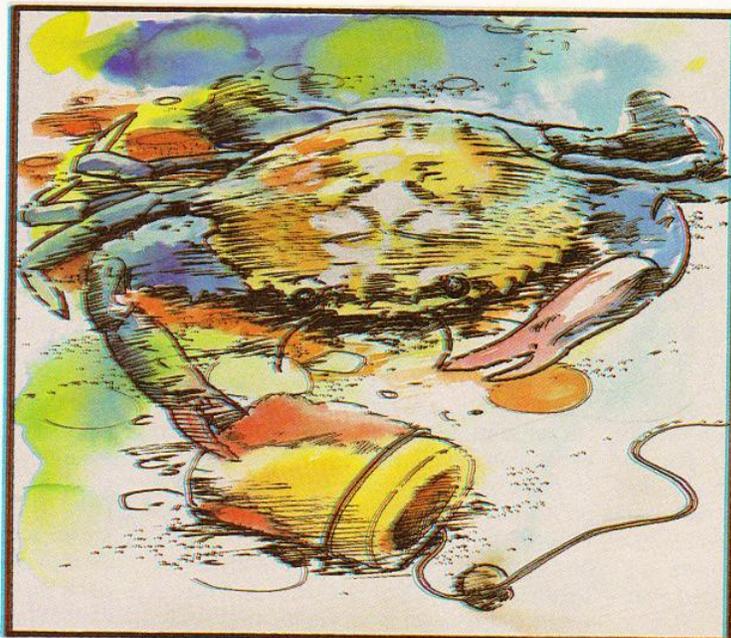
Eddie spent 8 years seeking to win his buddy to Christ. His sister wielded the net, and her timing was perfect. You have to easily insert the net into the water and perfectly bring it up under the target. But, of course, in the case of someone who needs the Lord, you have a mighty powerful and skillful worker, God the Holy Spirit. In answer to prayer, He guides you and He also convicts lost persons of their sin and need of a Saviour.

Wisdom is needed lest you be too hasty. Some crabs are skittish and at the least sign of danger they're off and running. If a crab lets go with one claw, a good crabber just lets the bait hang there until the crab gets less wary and interested enough in the bait to put his two hooks in again.

Paul told me that after he came to know the Lord he had more zeal than knowledge. He pitched right in on his parents, and antagonized them. This drove them into full rout. Now that Paul knows more, he realizes that he probably offended them. But he is praying for their salvation and waiting for the day when he can get them on the line again.

If you will put the Lord first in your life and seek his wisdom, He will help you catch others for him. ★

**"If a crab lets go with one claw,
a good crabber just lets the bait
hang there until the crab gets less
wary and interested enough in the
bait to put his hooks in again."**



LARIAT

Continued from pg. 9

“The trail will be slippery. I’ll carry the rope. Let’s go.”

down, enveloping Goat Hill and the surrounding mountains in a grey haze. The thunder that accompanied the streaks of lightning seemed to be a continuous bel-
low.

“We’ve got to be careful going down,” Rusty said, leaning close to Carlos so he could be heard above the storm. “The trail will be slippery. I’ll carry the rope. Let’s go.”

The boys slowly made their way down the trail, carefully stepping over the wet rocks around which rivulets of water cascaded. The tree tops below them swayed spasmodically in the gusts of wind, as though a giant hand was trying to uproot them.

The thunderstorm finally began to dissipate, and by the time the boys descended to the base of Goat Hill, only a light shower remained. The wind had ceased, and the sky began to lighten.

As the trail leveled out and approached the arroyo, an ominous roar could be heard. The boys stopped, listening.

“What is that?” asked Carlos, his brow furrowed in concentration.

“It’s coming from the arroyo,” answered Rusty, pointing. “I bet it’s flooded with the runoff from the mountains. Let’s go see.”

The boys hurried to the gorge, stopping a few yards from the edge.

“Look at that,” gasped Carlos. “It’s a real flash flood.”

Red-colored water was churning through the chasm, tearing at the sides and pounding against the bank where the arroyo turned. Debris of all sorts went spinning past, disappearing quickly around the bend. The boys watched as a log rushed by and slammed into the curved bank with a dull thud. The powerful current forced it sideways against the embankment and held it there, bobbing up and down, until it finally slipped around the bend where the arroyo suddenly dropped, and a roaring waterfall was formed. The log made a loud splintering noise as it crashed into the rocks.

Carlos stepped closer to the edge to get a better look. Suddenly the weakened bank gave way to the force of the current and collapsed. *He screamed as he felt the ground crumble beneath him and frantically tried to jump to safety, but it was too late. With a splash he disappeared into the cold raging torrent.*



“Carlos!” Rusty yelled as his friend tumbled out of sight. Ignoring the danger of another cave-in, Rusty ran to the edge of the ravine, searching the muddy water. Suddenly Carlos popped to the surface, spitting and arms flailing wildly.

“The rope!” Rusty shouted at the top of his voice. “Grab the rope!” Clutching one end tightly, Rusty heaved the coiled rope with all his might. It landed with a splash just out of reach of the struggling Carlos. Rusty’s heart sank as he rapidly pulled in

A flash flood collapsed the bank that Carlos was standing on. “He screamed as he felt the ground crumble beneath him and frantically tried to jump to safety, but it was too late. With a splash he disappeared in the cold raging torrent.”

the rope. He knew that the weight of Carlos’ backpack and hiking boots would quickly take its toll. Carlos was tough, but the fury of the water would soon drain his strength.

The current had swept Carlos against the opposite bank where it turned and pinned him there, sending wave after wave of dirty water over his head as the torrent surged against the bank. Carlos was spitting and threshing like a windmill, helpless against the power of the flood.

Rusty saw that Carlos was already tiring and knew that he had to do something quick. Time was running out.

I’ve got to lasso him, Rusty thought. He realized that Carlos was probably too exhausted to hold the rope long enough to be pulled across the roaring water. *It’s the only way I can get him out.*

Throwing off his backpack and raincoat, he quickly formed a loop, fervently trying to remember Carlos’ instructions. *Make a plenty big enough loop,* Carlos had said.

Coil the remainder of the rope loosely around your other hand, making sure that you have hold of the end.

The current was now sweeping Carlos around the bend in the arroyo. Rusty knew that he would have time for one throw before Carlos would plunge over the waterfall. Rusty knew that he could not miss.

Rusty took a deep breath and started to swing the rope. *Twirl the loop directly over your head, Carlos’ voice seemed to whisper in his ear. Concentrate on your target, and when it feels good, let the rope go with a snap of your wrist.*

The lariat flew gracefully out over the torrent and descended around Carlos’ battling figure. Carlos desperately grabbed the rope as the loop tightened beneath his arms. Rusty quickly wrapped the rope around a nearby stump for leverage and began pulling with all his strength.

Carlos finally reached the bank and clawed his way up the muddy slope, the rope feeling like it was cutting him in two. He crawled over the top and scrambled to safety a few yards from the edge of the bank, and collapsed, panting like a dog after a long run.

Rusty knelt beside Carlos and loosened the rope that was digging into his body.

Carlos nodded weakly, his chest still heaving. “That was a close call,” he puffed.

“Yeah, but you made it,” Rusty said with a big grin. “You’re too tough for some old flash flood to get you.”

“Ah, amigo,” Carlos said as he sat up and slipped the rope over his head. “The reason I made it was because of your skill with the lariat. You saved my life.”

“Hey, come on,” Rusty said, helping Carlos to his feet. “I had a good teacher. Besides, this is probably one of your uncle’s magic ropes.”

A rainbow had formed, its brilliant hues of colors shimmering against the fresh blue sky. The arch seemed to stretch from behind the white bluffs of Goat Hill to where the trail started at the edge of Raton. The mountain creatures began to stir from their shelters, resuming their daily forage for food. There was a promise of new life in the air, and no one felt it more strongly than the two boys as they started toward home, each burdened with a backpack and one carrying a coiled rope.★

THIS ISSUE'S
FUNNIEST JOKES

DOC: "Take one of these blue pills every morning with a glass of water; one of the red ones at noon with a glass of water; one of the green pills every night before bed with a glass of water."

PATIENT: "O.K., Doc, but give it to me straight, what's wrong with me?"

DOC: "You're not drinking enough water."

M. M. Savoie
Brady, TX



A man was passing a seafood store and noticed two tubs of lobsters side by side. One had a sign "\$3.00 each," and the other a sign "\$4.00 each." As the man watched, one of the lobsters from the \$3.00 tub inched its way over the edge, and climbed into the tub marked "\$4.00." The man nodded to himself happily, "Only in America," he said, "only in America."

Martha J. Beckman
Mission Hills, CA

The patient awakened after an operation to find all the blinds closed. "Why are the blinds drawn?" she asked.

"Well," responded the nurse, "They're fighting a huge fire across the street, and we didn't want you to wake up and think the operation had failed."

M. M. Savoie
Brady, TX



A landscaper was out in a farmer's field preparing to blast a large stump out. The farmer watched anxiously as he carefully calculated the amount of dynamite needed and packed in the sticks. As they retreated to the landscaper's pickup truck, he prayed that he had used enough dynamite to do the job, but not enough to blow the whole farm away.

As he plunged the detonator in, the stump rose majestically and flew slowly in an arc to land beside them on the top of the cab of the truck.

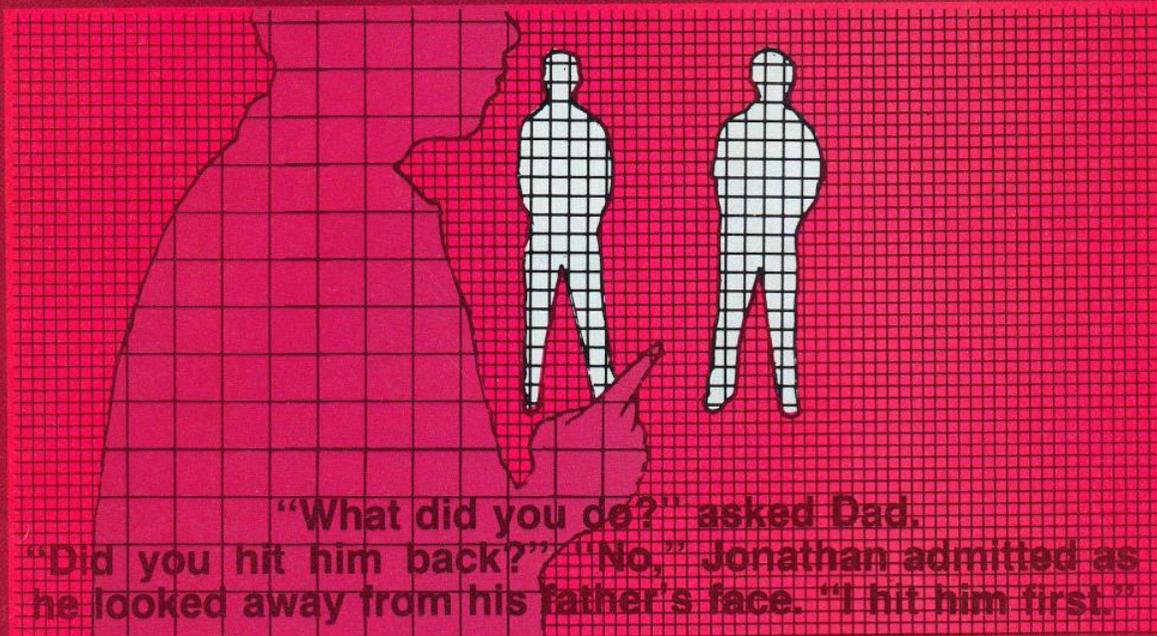
As the landscaper gazed in despair at the totaled cab, the farmer said admiringly, "Son, you only missed by 5 feet. When you get more experience, them stumps will land in the truck bed every time."

Martha J. Beckman
Mission Hills, CA

ANGRY BROTHERS

A LESSON IN SHARING

By Doug Tarpley



Jonathan was furious as he ran into the house and slammed the door, angrily stomping each foot as he walked to the couch and plopped down. Dad sat down on the couch next to Jonathan and put his arm around his 8-year-old son. He hugged the boy with a big squeeze.

Dad asked, “It can’t be as bad as all that, can it? Tell me what happened.”

“David punched me,” Jonathan blurted out. David was Jonathan’s older brother. “We were playing soccer with the other guys and David just hit me.”

“Why did he hit you?” asked Dad.

“Because he wanted to play forward during the whole game. He didn’t share. He said that just because he’s 11 I should let him do what he wants.”

“What did you do?” asked Dad. “Did you hit him back?”

“No,” Jonathan admitted as he looked away from his father’s face. “I hit him first.”

What do you think about the boy’s problem? Who was right?

This story shows us several things. First, **there are often two sides to an argument.** If Jonathan had not hit David, David probably would not have hit his brother. But, if David had **shared the team position** during the game with Jonathan, Jonathan more than likely would not have been upset enough to hit David. Most of the time

people’s **selfishness makes enemies.**

Second, **physically hitting somebody usually doesn’t solve problems.** Jonathan only made the problem worse when he hit his brother. The team activities suffered as well as the brothers’ relationship. David and Jonathan would have been happier if they had tried to **talk** to each other about their feelings.

Third, **sharing or thinking about other people instead of ourselves will make people happier with us.**

God teaches, “Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.” (Matthew 22:39) We are happier with ourselves when we think about other people and try to make them happy. People get along better when they are considerate of each other.

The Bible also tells us that “He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth (or controls) his spirit than he that taketh a city.” (Proverbs 16:32)

It is easy for us to want our own way. It is so easy for us to become angry when we don’t get our way. God has taught us that it is wrong to become angry and uncontrolled.

But the Bible also teaches us that “If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive our sins.” (1 John 1:9) When we have become angry and have behaved selfishly, God will forgive us when we ask Him because He loves us.

Others will forgive us too when we apologize.