

HIGH

ADVENTURE

A ROYAL RANGERS
MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS

SPRING
1986



SPORTS
ISSUE

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HIGH ADVENTURE

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WHAT MAKES

A WINNER ?



BY DAVID STAIR, Ed.D.

As Athletic Director at a Christian college, I often meet players who seem to have it all together. They pass the football well, or run very fast, or make a high percentage of their shots in basketball. Many are fine athletes, good students in school, and active Christians in their local churches. Some sing in the choir, while others teach Sunday school or work with Royal Rangers.

On the other hand, I have seen other players who work only when the coaches are watching, who barely pass in school, and who sit on the back row in church, never getting involved with the other young people.

What makes the difference between these two players? What makes the one tick and the other fizzle?

I've decided that a boy's reason for playing a sport is probably the one key to his

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SUPERFICIAL GOALS, LIKE WINNING TROPHIES OR HAVING PEOPLE IDOLIZE YOU, WILL ONLY RESULT IN YOUR UNHAPPINESS!

important to God than anything else. Losing to someone bigger and/or better does not make you a failure. The only failure is the loser who quits.

Several years ago, a senior basketball player on a team I coached had just a few more games to finish out the season. For the previous 3 years, our team had played a team both home and away that we had never been able to beat. Several times the games went to double overtime, but we always lost in the end. This player had determined that we would not lose in his last game against the team that had become our arch-rival.

As usually happened, the game was very close and we were behind two points with three seconds on the clock. My player went to the free throw line. He made the first shot and the fans went wild. After our opponents called time out, he calmly went to the line and made the second shot, sending the game into overtime. One of his teammates gave him a very enthusiastic high five and, as he came to the bench before the start of the overtime period, I saw him grit his teeth and shake his shooting hand. However, when my assistant checked he said it was OK. During the overtime period, the boy went three-for-four from a 15 foot range and won the game for us, finishing the last 25 seconds by putting on a dribbling exhibition to keep the ball away from the other team.

It wasn't until we got to the locker room that I discovered he had a broken finger on his shooting hand. He had played the last five minutes of his career with a broken finger. What better example could you find of the determination to give 100% in an attempt to win. That player would have been a winner that night regardless of the outcome of the game.

Rewards resulting from playing a sport are many. Your body becomes physically fit. You develop lifelong friendships with teammates. You learn to cope with disappointments as well as with victories. And you may win a few trophies and even gain a college scholarship if you are highly successful.

God always rewards us for living our lives according to His game plan, which means putting Him first in all that we do, and doing our best always. ★

success or failure in that sport, and in the game of life. Is he playing to glorify God and to help his teammates defend their honor and that of their school, or is he competing to impress a girlfriend or because his dad wants him to? Does he look into the stands when he makes a good play, to see if everyone is watching, or does he study his opponent, plotting strategy to win?

The Bible tells us to try our best in everything we do so that God can be glorified by our performance. If our goal is to win trophies and have people idolize us, we will be unhappy if those things don't happen. However, if we want Christ to be seen in our lives, we'll do our best in all areas of life and be happy in every way that He uses us as examples to others.

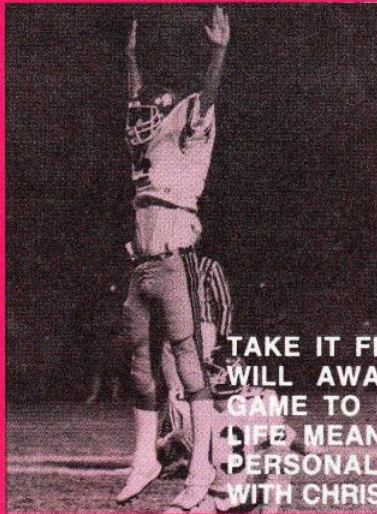
I'm often asked if Christians should be concerned with winning in sports or if we should just play for fun. If winning is not important, then why keep score? Winning in athletics is like acing a big test or making a big sale; it's proof that you have prepared well for the job you've been given to do. Winning is the result of hard work, mental discipline, and skills given by God.

Will Christians always win, especially if they pray before a game? NO! I don't think God is greatly concerned with the winning of athletic contests. However, he does want us to always do our best. If we can walk off the field or court knowing there is not another thing we could have done to win, we are winners no matter what the final score of the game.

There are times when teams are mismatched in size or skill making victory impossible. At those times it is important to know that how you accept a loss is more

T E D C L E M

FOOTBALL PLAYER FOR CHRIST



TAKE IT FROM TED, "THERE WILL ALWAYS BE ANOTHER GAME TO PLAY. WINNING IN LIFE MEANS DEVELOPING A PERSONAL RELATIONSHIP WITH CHRIST."

With just three seconds remaining in the football game, the Troy State University Trojans (Alabama) were trailing the North Dakota State Bison 17-15.

It was December 8, 1984. The two teams were playing in the Palm Bowl at McAllen, Texas. At stake was the NCAA Division II national championship.

The Troy State Trojans' coach sent his freshman placekicker Ted Clem into the game to attempt a field goal.

Ted tells what happened next, "To tell the truth, I had no idea how far the field goal was. When I went out there to put the tee down, I could hear everyone on the sideline yelling . . . 'three, two, one' . . . so I just kicked it as quick as I could."

The referee raised his arms signaling that the field goal was good. The Trojans won a come-from-behind victory to claim the national championship with a final score of 18-17.

"I HAD NO IDEA HOW FAR THE FIELD GOAL WAS. I JUST KICKED IT AS QUICK AS I COULD."

In the locker room following the thrilling game, Ted Clem talked with sports writers.

"I knew with just over a minute to play that it would come down to me and I started praying," Ted said.

He had already kicked two other field goals in the second half scoring six much needed points.

"I knew the kick was good when I hit it. There was no doubt in my mind. The Lord gave me all the confidence in the world. I

give all the glory and honor to Him," Ted testified.

When asked why he gave God all the credit after winning the national championship, Ted Clem answered, "I wanted to praise the One who helped me."

"I accepted the Lord as Saviour when I was eleven," stated Ted. "I've always gone to church while growing up."

But as a college student, he really grew spiritually, becoming involved in a Christian campus outreach ministry.

Among its many programs, the ministry sponsors a summer evangelism program for students willing to spend their school vacation telling others about Christ.

Ted Clem spent his summer in Panama City, Florida, evangelizing on the beaches.

Sports has played an important role in his life.

Playing football in high school and college has taught Ted Clem several lessons. According to Ted, "Football teaches self-discipline in a lot of ways. It teaches you a lot about not being hung up on yourself. In other words, it teaches you the meaning of teamwork."

"Sports has taught me about what's really important in life. I've been put in situations where I had to depend on God," Ted added.

Ted believes that God will be with him, win or lose. Ted told one sports writer, "I just pray for the Lord to be with me on and off the field, and He is."

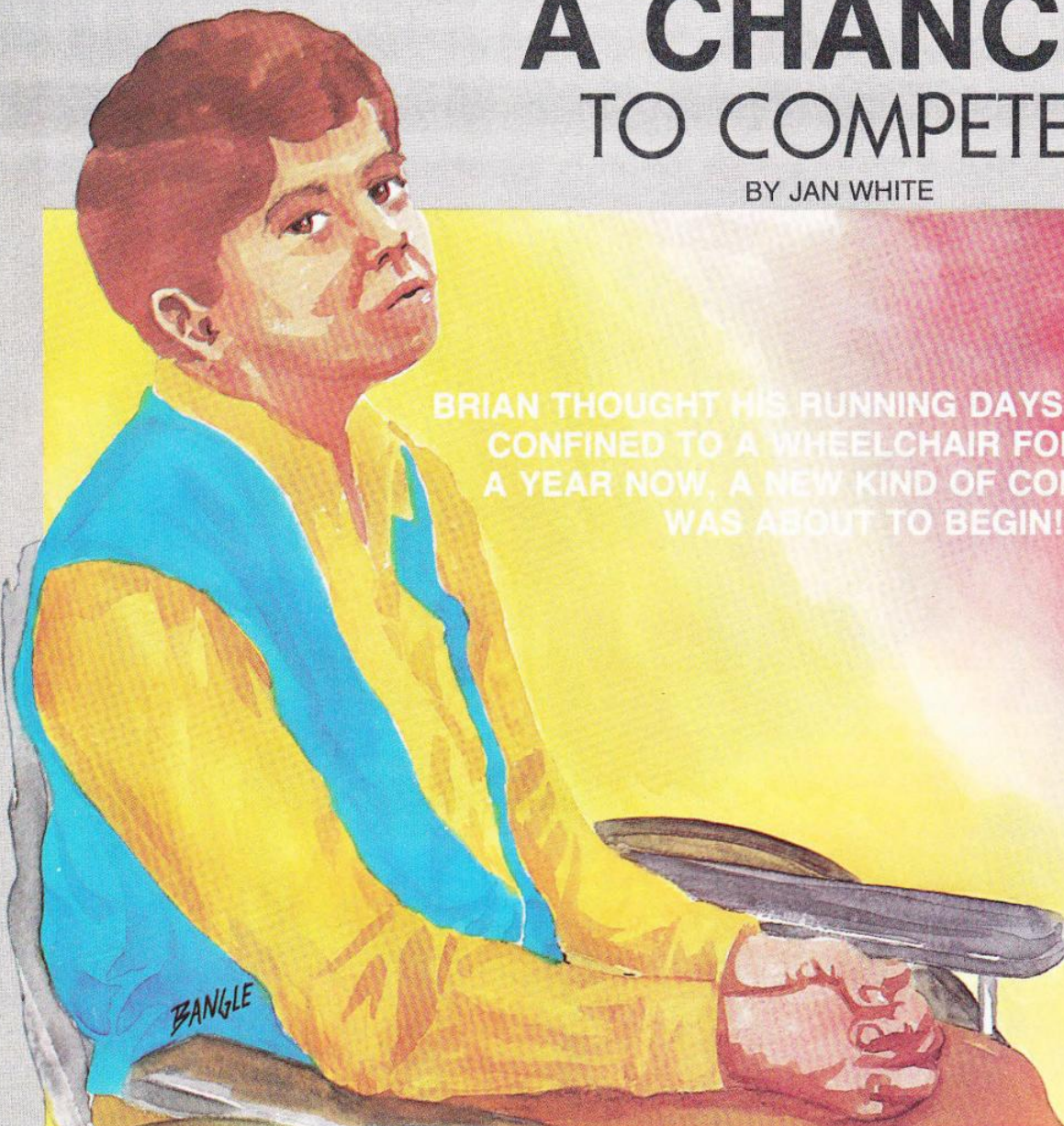
In Ted's opinion, there's more to life than winning the next game. "There will always be another game to play, but you only have one life to live," he said.

Ted Clem sees life as a must-win situation no matter what your age. And he wants every young person to know, "Winning in life means developing a personal relationship with Christ." ★

BY J. WHITE

A CHANCE TO COMPETE

BY JAN WHITE



BRIAN THOUGHT HIS RUNNING DAYS WERE OVER. CONFINED TO A WHEELCHAIR FOR ALMOST A YEAR NOW, A NEW KIND OF COMPETITION WAS ABOUT TO BEGIN!

Crowds filled the stadium awaiting the start of the olympic games. When the athletes began marching onto the grassy field, the spectators cheered and clapped.

A young man carrying the olympic flame ran around the sandy track surrounding the field. After one lap, he jogged toward a platform and placed the fiery torch on a pedestal.

Although the opening ceremonies resembled the international games held every four years, these olympic games were different. These games were special. This competition was the annual Special Olympics Track and Field competition.

Everyone in the community had been looking forward to this competition and the city's special athletes. Everyone that is, except Brian. He sat on the sidelines dreading the day's events.

The track and field competition for special athletes like him was a reminder of how his handicap had sidelined his participation

in sports.

His mind thought back in time. Up until last year, he was one of the best runners on the school track team. But as a 12-year-old boy he began to tire easily and his health weakened. When his parents took him to the doctor a month later, the diagnosis was multiple sclerosis.

By Christmas, Brian found himself confined to a wheelchair.

When the spring semester began and the cold weather ended, it was time for the track team tryouts. Brian came to sit on the sidelines and watch. He didn't sit there in his wheelchair wondering "why me." He knew he would have to learn to live with

"Wheel to wheel, the competitors lined up in their lanes at the starting line."



"Again he felt the wind meeting his face as he propelled himself down the track."

His parents and doctor okayed the activity, believing it would benefit the boy's physical and emotional condition.

So, here he was as the day's special events began.

The stadium loud speaker interrupted Brian's thoughts. An announcer called out the start of the next race. It was time for the 50-yard dash for those athletes in wheelchairs.

Now he felt the same anxiety he'd felt before every big race.

Coach Smith came running over to Brian. "Here is the chance you've been waiting for," he said. "I know you can do it! Are you ready?"

The boy nodded a "yes" with his head and the coach got behind him to push Brian to the starting line.

Wheel to wheel the competitors lined up in their lanes at the starting line.

The announcer called out the names of the participating athletes, and the names of their schools. As Brian's name was called he was looking at the black and gold tank top and matching running shorts he was wearing. The pride of wearing his school colors again swelled within his chest as he took a deep breath.

Brian glanced at the sideline and there stood Coach Smith holding his thumbs up. He could hear the coach's words from minutes before. "You can do it!"

Then the boy focused his eyes on the finish line and placed his hands on the wheels of his chair.

A few seconds later, the starting gun fired a single shot. Brian shoved himself forward, forcing his wheels to go faster and faster.

Again he felt the wind meeting his face as he propelled himself down the track. He quickly took the lead and lengthened it.

As he approached the finish line, Brian raised his hands and grabbed the paper tape. As he slowed down and rolled toward the sidelines, the winner met his coach. Coach Smith scooped Brian up out of his wheelchair and lifted him onto his left shoulder.

Later that afternoon, it was time for the awards for the first, second, and third place winners of the various competitions.

As Brian sat in his wheelchair, an official placed a red, white, and blue ribbon around his neck. A gold medallion hung from the ribbon.

A boy had once again experienced the thrill of victory that comes with a chance to compete. ★

his handicap. But there was something he missed about sports.

What Brian missed most was not the warm-up exercises. He didn't miss jogging around the same circular track day after day. The thing Brian missed most was the chance to compete.

His enthusiasm for competition had pushed Brian to run the fastest 50 yard dash, breaking a school record. Even more thrilling was the chance to compete against track teams from other area schools.

Now the force of the wind meeting his face as he propelled himself around the track was just a memory.

He no longer knew the thrill of breaking the paper tape with his chest as he crossed the finish line.

Coach Dave Smith saw the longing look on Brian's face during practices. The two of them had a close friendship, the kind that develops between a coach and athlete. It just so happened that Dave Smith had volunteered to coach the school's Special Olympic team at the city track and field competition.

That's why Coach Smith decided to have a talk with Brian. After practice one afternoon, the coach walked over and knelt beside Brian's wheelchair.

"Brian, I can see that you miss being on the track team," the coach said.

"All I want, Coach, is another chance to compete!" Brian blurted out.

Coach Smith suggested, "You can still enjoy competing, Brian. There's an organization that sponsors activities for special athletes. It's called Special Olympics."

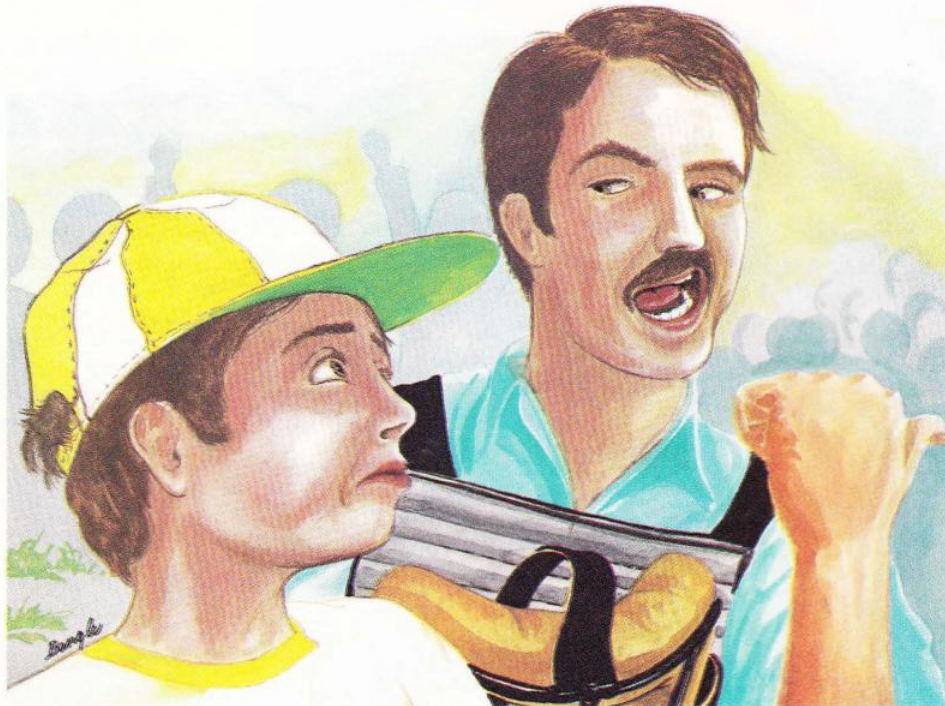
At first Brian seemed confused. Coach Smith told him more about it.

"You see, Special Olympics provides a physical fitness program for the mentally or physically handicapped." Coach Smith listed and explained the track and field events specifically designed for wheelchair-bound athletes.

"By the way Brian, I'm going to be coaching the school's Special Olympic track team," the coach concluded.

The smile on Brian's face let Coach Smith know he had a new member on the team.

Gerald's FAULT



**NO ONE ON THE HORNET BASEBALL TEAM
SEEMED TO ENCOURAGE THE NEW KID.
NO WONDER HE STRUCK OUT THREE
TIMES IN A ROW!**

BY BOB BRASWELL

Don scowled, muttering to himself. As he walked along the sidewalk, he looked for stones or twigs or anything he could kick out of his way to show his disgust. But since he had passed this way every day on his way home from baseball practice, the sidewalk was kicked clean. Don stopped momentarily to look at the street, but there was nothing there to kick either. He scowled and let his bat drop from his shoulder to the sidewalk, dragging it behind him as he started walking again.

Anyone watching Don on his way home that afternoon would have known that something was bothering him. On this particular day, someone was watching. Don heard a voice call, "Hey, Don! What's the matter?" and looked up to see Bobby pedaling a bicycle in his direction.

Bobby was the last person Don had wanted to see. Bobby played first base for the Wildcats, who had just beaten Don's team, the Hornets, two days earlier. And Bobby had also been bugging Don to come to church with him, a topic of conversation that always made Don feel uncomfortable. But Don had been itching for someone to ask him what was wrong so that he could voice all the complaints he had been muttering on his way home from practice.

"What's wrong? I'll tell you what's wrong," Don began. "This was the first year I ever played on a team that had a chance of winning a league championship. We won our first five games in a row at the beginning of the season, and now we've lost five in a row. And it's mostly because of Gerald, the strike-out king. Nobody on our whole team likes him."

Don paused for Bobby to agree or sympathize with him, but instead Bobby said, "You're wrong about Gerald."

Don hadn't expected an argument on that point, but he recovered quickly. "Didn't he strike out three times when we played you guys the other day?" he demanded.

"Yeah, but I'd probably strike out too if my team acted mad at me all the time like you guys do. It's not Gerald's fault that the Thompson twins' family moved to Iowa and you lost your best two infielders, or that your best hitter broke his leg at the skating rink. That's why your team is having trouble," Bobby answered, "that and the fact that you'd rather have someone to blame everything on than to have a good team."

Don was annoyed that Bobby was telling him about the Hornets and making more sense than Don wanted to admit. "Who told you all that?" he wanted to know.

Bobby had been rolling along as slowly as possible on his

bicycle, trying to match Don's foot-dragging pace. Now he stopped his bike in front of Don, put both feet on the ground, and would have looked Don straight in the eye if Don had not averted his gaze.

"Gerald has been coming to my church ever since his family moved here this winter, and he's in Sunday school and Royal Rangers with me," Bobby said. "He told me all about the trouble he's having making friends with you guys, because you blame him for everything that goes wrong on the team. He told me he was a good hitter in the town where he used to live, and I believe him. But you guys will probably never find out—you'll keep pressuring him until he quits, and then you'll blame him because you don't have enough players. And your whole team will deserve just what you get—last place in the league," Bobby concluded. With that, Bobby took off. He knew Don would try to get the last word, so he stood on the pedals and left as fast as he could.

Don yelled after him, "Oh, yeah? I'll bet we could do better with five players than to have a sure out every time Gerald comes up to bat!" But Bobby never looked back and had disappeared around the corner before Don could finish. Don dropped the bat he had been carrying and kicked it. Then he limped over and picked it up, scowling and muttering, and started hobbling toward home. It would be Gerald's fault if his toe was broken, Don decided.

"Bobby told Don, 'Gerald's in Sunday school and Royal Rangers with me. He told me all about the trouble he's having making friends with you guys because you blame him for everything that goes wrong on the team.'"

The next day was supposed to be a game day, but when Don woke up it was raining. "Oh, great!" he said out loud. He was about to pull the covers back up over his head and go back to sleep, but he realized that his mother was calling him for breakfast. He swung both legs out of bed, bumping his sore toe against a model airplane he had left in the floor the night before. "Owwwwch!" he yowled and bent over to examine his toe. Just then his father stuck his head in at the door of his room.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"My toe got hit by a bat yesterday and it's Gerald's fault!" Don replied.

Don's father walked into the room, bent over, and carefully examined Don's toe. "It's a little swollen," he said. "Maybe we should take you to the doctor and have it x-rayed."

Don didn't like going to the doctor for any reason, so he pulled back his toe and started acting very eager to get up and get dressed. "It'll be all right," he said.

By the time Don had dressed himself and eaten his breakfast, the rain had stopped. Don walked outside and looked up into the sky, hoping to see a rainbow. Instead, he saw a car he recognized as belonging to his coach slow down in front of his house and pull into his driveway.

"Hi, Coach!" Don yelled. "What's up?" Don limped over to the car.

"Hi, Don," Coach Burns replied. "I came over to ask you to come early to the game today. I want to have a team meeting before the game. What's the matter with your foot?"

Don assured Coach Burns that his toe was only a little sore and that he would be able to play. As his coach drove away, Don decided to stop limping and try running. His toe hurt a little, but not as much as he had expected.

The team meeting took a while to get underway. The coach

waited several minutes for everybody to quiet down. Then Coach Burns began, "As you know, we started off this season by winning five games in a row. We were a good team. We played together as a team. We had some bad luck and lost some good players, and I expected that we might lose a few games until we got used to playing without them, but I never expected to lose five in a row. And I certainly don't want today's game to be loss number six. That's why I wanted to talk to you."

Don looked around the dugout. A few of his teammates were staring at their shoes; most were studying their ball gloves as if they had suddenly become concerned about the condition of the leather.

Don started scraping chips of loose paint off the bench as he listened to the coach continue, "Those of you who were starters on this team when we were winning have been quick to point a finger at the boys who have come off the bench to replace the players we lost. I have heard you make fun of them when they make mistakes. But a ballplayer who is making mistakes doesn't need your criticism—he needs coaching, which is my job, and moral support, which is your job. A weak spot on a baseball team is a lot like a sore toe . . ." Don looked up to see his coach looking at him. ". . . If you favor it a little, it'll get better, but if you just keep kicking it's gonna stay sore."

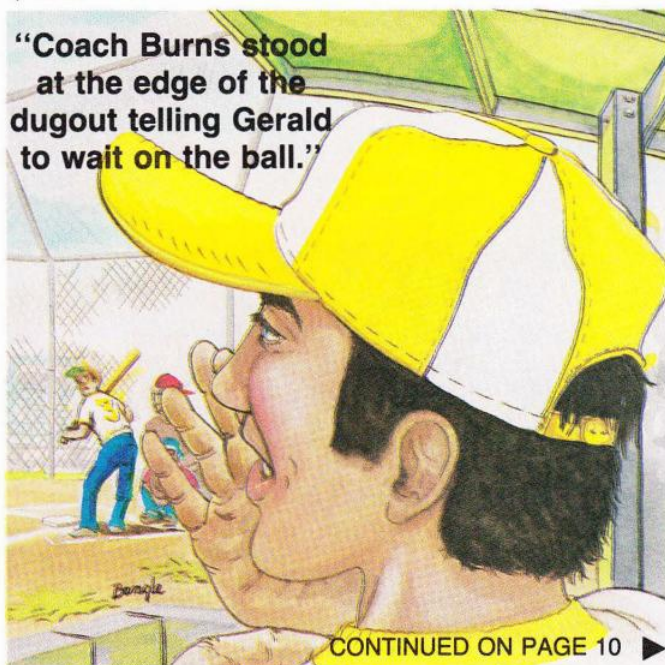
The game that afternoon was a close one. The score had been 2-2 at the end of the first inning, with no other scoring through the bottom of the fourth. As the Hornets took the field for the last of the scheduled five innings, Don wondered whether the Bluejays could be held just once more. His question was answered with a sharp crack of a bat as the first pitch of the inning resulted in a double. The runner advanced and scored on two sacrifice flies before a ground ball to the first baseman retired the Bluejays.

Don was the first batter up in the bottom of the fifth. He swung hard at the first pitch, but only got a piece of the ball. It went straight down into the dirt, then dribbled over between the pitcher's mound and first base and rolled to a stop as Don ran past it. He would have been out, but the first baseman ran after the ball and nobody covered the bag, so Don was safe at first.

The batter who followed Don in the lineup wasn't so lucky. He too only got a piece of the ball, but this time it popped straight up in the air and was caught by the second baseman.

Don fidgeted at first as the next batter took three balls in a row. With the count at 3 and 0, the coach called from the dugout, "Let him walk you!" But the next two pitches were strikes. The batter swung hard on the sixth pitch, and missed. Don muttered to himself, "Great. Tying run is on first, two outs, and Gerald is up next."

"Coach Burns stood at the edge of the dugout telling Gerald to wait on the ball."



CONTINUED ON PAGE 10 ►

Gerald looked a little pale as he stepped to the plate. Everyone knew that if Gerald struck out, the game was over. The Hornet side of the field was almost silent except for a voice calling from the bleachers, "Come on Gerald, you can do it! Get a hit!" Don recognized Bobby's voice.

Gerald set his jaw and swung at the first pitch. He hit it foul along the third base line. Don started running, so he came back to first to tag up. He did so by kicking the base, as was his habit. Then he remembered what the coach had said in the meeting. He looked over at the Hornet dugout.

The Hornets looked like they were already beaten. They were sitting silently. Some were watching the pitcher get ready to deliver the next pitch, others were watching Gerald.

Suddenly, Don yelled, "Come on, Gerald, you can do it!" Everyone in the Hornet dugout looked at Don with mild surprise. Gerald looked up with a stunned expression on his face as a

pitch zipped by, missing the strike zone, bringing the count to 1 and 1. Don smiled at Gerald and Gerald smiled back. Then Gerald, almost calmly, stepped back out of the batter's box and rubbed his hands in the dirt.

The Hornet dugout was taking the cue. They all began to yell for Gerald, to encourage him. Gerald stepped up to the plate, and took a mighty swing at the next pitch, but he was too eager; his swing was early and the ball went foul over the bleachers on the third base side of the field. Coach Burns stood at the edge of the dugout telling Gerald to wait on the ball.

The next pitch was a fast ball out over the plate, and Gerald's swing was a little late, but he hit the ball solidly down the first base line. The ball went over the first baseman's head and too close to the boundary stripe for the Bluejay's fielder to have a play on it. He chased it as it rolled past the edge of the fence, into the parking lot, and under a car. Don streaked around the bases and waited at home plate to congratulate Gerald. Gerald was rounding third base when the throw came harmlessly from somewhere out in the parking lot and landed in an empty center field.

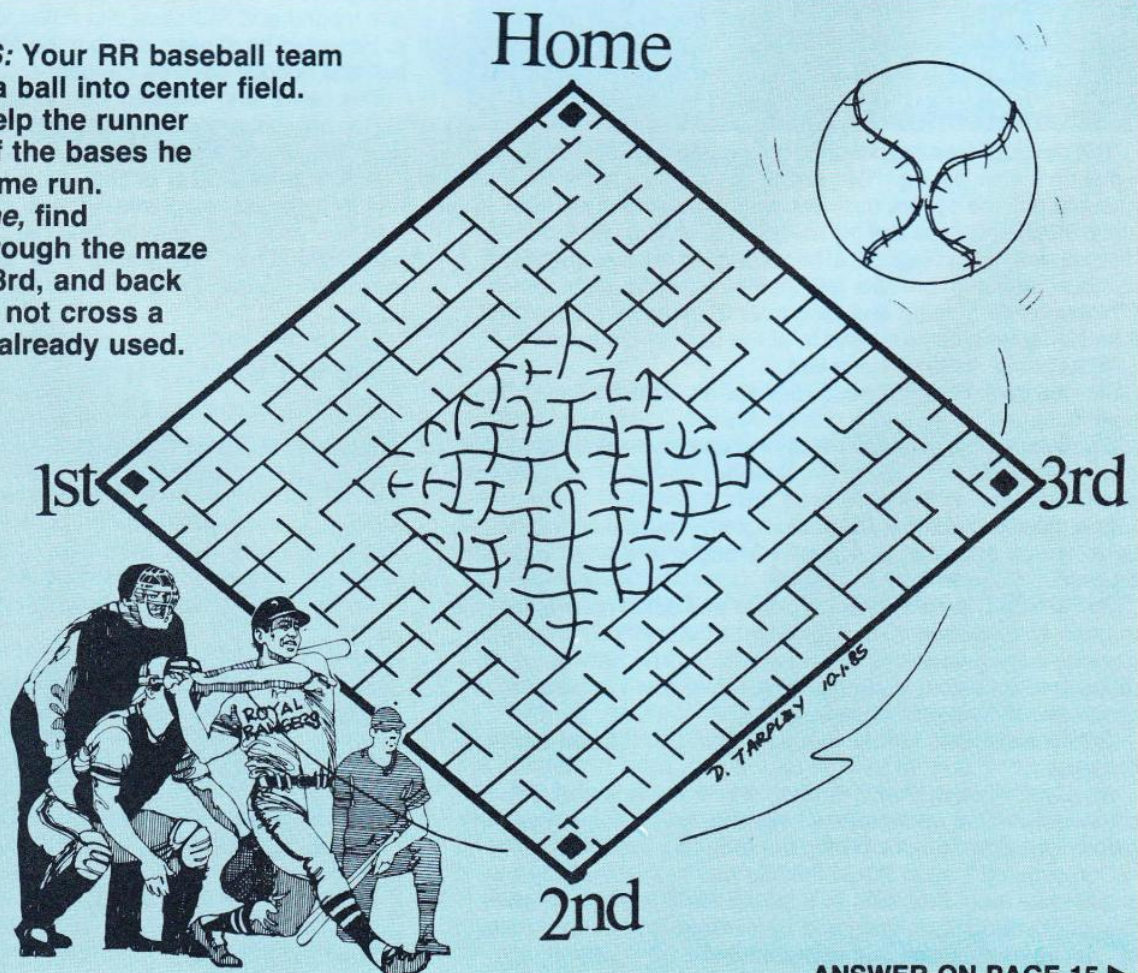
There was a celebration at home plate in which Don's sore toe got stepped on, but he hardly noticed. The group of yelling players moved toward the dugout, where Bobby was waiting to congratulate Gerald. Don saw the two boys hug unashamedly and heard Bobby say, "Way to go, Brother!" In that instant, Don felt left out of something that he wanted with all his being to be a part of. He remembered the way Bobby stood up for Gerald the day before. Don decided that if Bobby asked him to go to church with him again, this time he would say yes.

Bobby stuck out his hand to Don and said, "Looks like I was wrong. You guys aren't going to be in last place after all."

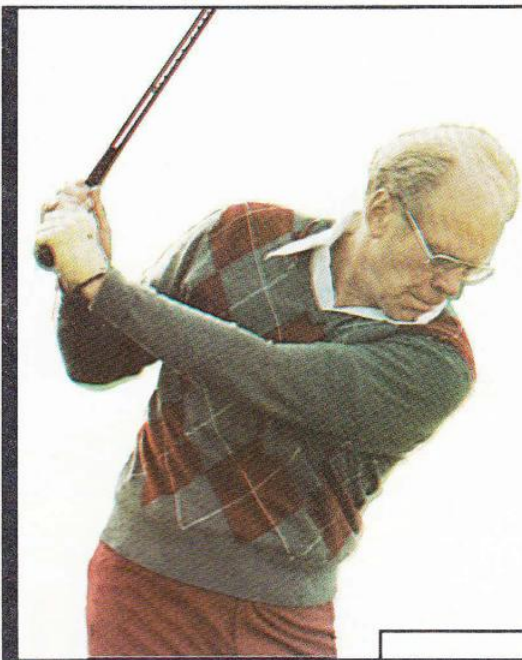
Don was grinning wryly as he shook Bobby's hand and said, "Yeah. And it's all Gerald's fault." ★

"Gerald looked a little pale as he stepped to the plate. Everyone knew that if Gerald struck out, the game was over."

DIRECTIONS: Your RR baseball team has just hit a ball into center field. If you can help the runner around all of the bases he will get a home run. Start at *Home*, find your way through the maze to 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and back to home. Do not cross a path you've already used.



ANSWER ON PAGE 15 ►



PRESIDENTS PLAY, too

BY DR. S. SLAHOR

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, ABRAHAM LINCOLN
PLAYED **MARBLES** IN THE WHITE HOUSE!

Play and recreation are important to everyone. They help people to relax, reduce stress, and relieve worry. People never outgrow their need to play. Physical recreation is just as important as sleeping and eating. In fact, the harder people work, the more they need to set aside time for play and recreation.

Probably one of the most difficult jobs in the world is being President of the United States. The many problems, issues and worries of this high political office demand a lot of energy and time. But even these high political figures have remembered historically that "all work and no play" not only "makes Jack a dull boy," but also is an unhealthy way to live.

You may be interested to learn how our Presidents unwound and relaxed. You may find it interesting to learn about some of the sports and activities in which former Presidents were involved.

George Washington was a very athletic person. Like many others of his day, he had to ride horseback as the chief means of transportation. He became an excellent rider and often participated in fox hunts. Washington also enjoyed hunting and fishing.

Thomas Jefferson, too, was an excellent horseman. He had stables for many horses at his home in Monticello, Virginia. He also enjoyed swimming.

John Quincy Adams used to take 5-mile walks in the neighborhoods around the White House. He, too, liked to ride horses and often rode the animals for 10- or 15-mile rides. But it seemed that his favorite recreational sport was swimming. Adams often hiked from the White House to the Potomac River to swim. He once told the story of how one morning someone stole his clothes! He had to hide in the bushes until a man came along who could go to the White House and bring back some clothes for the President!

John Tyler was another President who enjoyed marbles. When President William Henry Harrison died, the people who were sent to notify Vice President Tyler that he was now President arrived to discover Tyler playing marbles with his sons.

Ulysses Grant enjoyed "driving" horses. The story is told that once he was driving his horses so fast in a Washington, D.C., street that he was actually arrested. The officer was shocked when he discovered he had arrested the President of the United States, but Grant insisted that the officer carry on with his duty. So the President had to walk home to the White House while his horse and buggy were impounded at the police station! Grant also loved to play baseball. He often joined neighborhood boys playing baseball near the White House.

Teddy Roosevelt
had a gymna-
sium added to
the White House.

Grover Cleveland loved the outdoor sports of camping, hunting, and fishing. He even wrote a book about those sports.

Theodore Roosevelt had a gymnasium added to the White House so that he could exercise there. He also enjoyed the sports of judo, wrestling, hiking, tennis, and boxing.

William Howard Taft loved baseball. In fact, he began the famous baseball tradition of throwing out the first ball to open the baseball game. He was also the first President to take up golfing as a regular activity. President William McKinley had tried playing golf, but he didn't stay with it.

Woodrow Wilson carried on the tradi-

tion of golfing even though he was bothered by poor eyesight. He also enjoyed baseball, and became the first President to attend a World Series game while in office.

Calvin Coolidge liked such sports as fishing, horseback riding, and shooting. His secret service agents introduced him to shooting.

Herbert Hoover enjoyed fishing.

Although **Franklin Roosevelt** had a paralysis in his legs from polio, in 1933 he added a fifty-foot swimming pool to the White House.

Dwight Eisenhower was an expert shot with firearms. He enjoyed fishing too. But probably his favorite recreational activity was golf. He liked it so much, in fact, that he played golf more than any other President had before him.

John Kennedy liked golf too, but he had an injured back from his service injury in World War II, so he couldn't swing the golf club without aggravating his back. So swimming became one of his favorite pastimes. He also spent a lot of time sailing and fishing.

Lyndon Johnson was a swimmer, too. He enjoyed horseback riding and racing motorboats.

Richard Nixon carried on the golfing tradition, but during the winter months, he liked to bowl.

Gerald Ford was a football star in his college days. He enjoyed golf a lot.

Current President **Ronald Reagan** is an excellent horseman. President Reagan also enjoys playing golf. A more usual pastime is his log splitting for the family fireplace at the ranch in Santa Barbara, California.

Even though the athletic and recreational activities of these national leaders were varied, these men valued recreation and exercise in their busy schedules. They each made time for fun, recreation, and exercise. ★

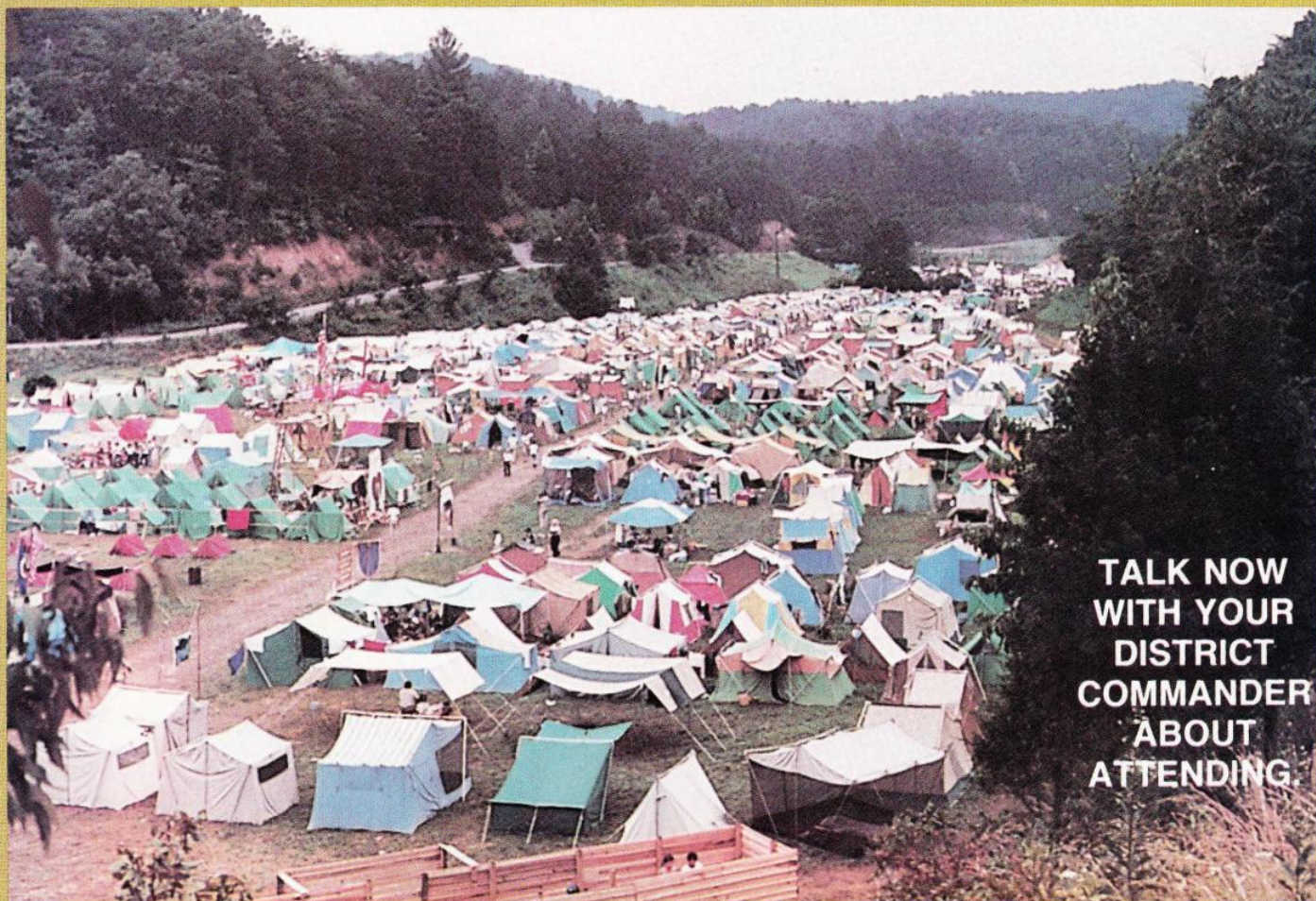
1986 CAMPORAMA

FEATURING:

OUR
PIONEER
AMERICAN
HERITAGE



A SPECIAL
SILVER
ANNIVERSARY
PATCH IS
AVAILABLE TO
PARTICIPANTS



**TALK NOW
WITH YOUR
DISTRICT
COMMANDER
ABOUT
ATTENDING.**

You absolutely do not want to miss it! The 1986 Camporama will be a very special experience for you.

The 1986 Camporama will kick off "A Year of Jubilee," the once-in-a-lifetime 25th anniversary celebration of the national Royal Rangers program. Other activities are scheduled August 1986—August 1987 at the regional and local levels to celebrate the anniversary.

The 1986 Camporama is designed with you in mind:

- This very special 1986 Camporama will feature the theme "Our Pioneer American Heritage."
- There will be a Heritage Trail along which individuals will demonstrate the kinds of skills boys were required to know in pioneer days. A *Heritage Trail Patch* will be issued to those who complete the trail.
- A special *Silver Anniversary Patch* will be available to all who participate in events.
- *Special activities* are planned to make this Camporama one of *your* best, most exciting and interesting experiences in *your* Royal Rangers career. Pioneer Heritage Fun-a-rama; hot air balloon for a limited number to ride; demonstrations and displays; inner campsite visits; swap area; lots of special events—rifle range, archery range, BB rifle range, rope course, boat rides, frontier encampment; lots of contests; treasure hunt; trading post; refreshment center; pre-evening rallies; and many more activities.
- Camporama is a place where you can learn about many new things, and meet some "great" people.

Talk *now* with your district commander about attending the 1986 National Camp-orama. Be sure to register before the *May 1, 1986 deadline*.

The 1986 Camporama is scheduled to be held July 22 through July 26 at Eagle Rock, Missouri. Because of the special nature of Camporama, only boys ages 12-17 may participate. ★

CONTINUED FROM BACK PAGE

Montavons. Les Montavon and I both lived in Palo Alto, California. And we went to the same Christian school together.

Les' grandmother had a ranch about 200 miles south. I was invited to go with them to the ranch. And the most exciting thing about the invitation was that Les' uncle had a motorcycle down there that was all set up for dirttrack racing!

I really worked on Dad before we went. He finally said, "Well, I guess if you'll just be riding a motorcycle around the ranch, it won't be too dangerous."

"Hooray!" I said. I didn't realize that soon everybody including myself, would feel differently about the decision!

The weather on that special day at Les' grandmother's house was perfect.

We loaded the motorcycle onto a pickup truck. And soon the six of us—Les, his sister Cheryl, his mother and father, his grandmother, and I—left the house and headed for some hills in the truck and station wagon.

When we got there we unloaded the motorcycle and decided that I would ride it first. Although I had never ridden one before, I knew how motorcycles worked. The others drove on ahead in the truck, and Scout and I took off into the grassy hills.

Later, coming down one of the hills, I saw the three women walking on the road below. I was going towards them down the hill about 30 mph when suddenly it seemed as if the hill became steeper. I attempted to downshift, but the gearbox stuck in neutral, causing me to coast faster and faster! The last thing I remember was thinking I had to stop, and slamming on the rear brake.


Later I learned that I had gone off a 30-foot cliff. I landed at the bottom of the cliff with the bike on top of me. The women on the road ran the 100 yards to where I was lying. When they reached me, they found that I wasn't breathing! Mrs. Montavon knelt quickly and began giving me mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Cheryl ran to get Les and his father. Les' grandmother knelt and started praying.

The men came with the truck and carefully laid me on a board and put me into the truck. They drove me to the hospital, where X rays showed that my back was broken. I had no feeling or movement in my legs.

Mr. Montavon called my folks and broke the news to them. The doctors decided it would be best to have me flown home by air ambulance. There the doctors operated on me for several hours that night.

The head doctor told my parents that the doctors held little hope that I would ever walk again.

My father arranged an all-night prayer vigil for me at the hospital that night. Les called some people from the Christian school where I had been the president of the high school student body. They all prayed for me.



"Suddenly it seemed as if the hill became steeper. I attempted to downshift, but the gearbox stuck in neutral, causing me to coast faster and faster!"

Does God answer prayer? The next morning the neurosurgeon came in and asked me to move each foot. I did! Then he ran some sensation tests on my feet and legs. Finally he walked out of the room and approached my haggard, hopeful father in the waiting room. The doctor smiled.

Considering the marvelous way in which God saved my life, and the way He answered prayer so that I could walk again, I am convinced that He has a purpose for my life. Before the accident, I knew I'd not been doing as a Christian should do. But the Lord used it to make me realize that my life belongs to Him. I don't live for myself. Too bad it took an accident like that for me to realize it!

Seven weeks after the accident I was on crutches, wearing a brace, and learning to walk again. And three months after the accident, I was able to walk without the brace or the crutches. The doctors termed my recovery miraculous.

I am less fascinated by motorcycles. I've discovered that there are many ways other than motorcycles to have excitement and fun. There are certainly safer ways.

Now my main goal in life is not riding fast vehicles. Now I know the Lord has a more useful purpose for my life. ★

THIS ISSUE'S FUNNIEST JOKE

Benny: "When I'm down in the dumps, I buy new clothes."
Denny: "Oh! So that's where you get them."



The teacher gave the first grammar lesson of the new year by writing on the blackboard: "I ain't had no fun this summer."

"What should I do to correct this?" the teacher asked the pupils.

One student timidly raised a hand and said, "Get a friend."

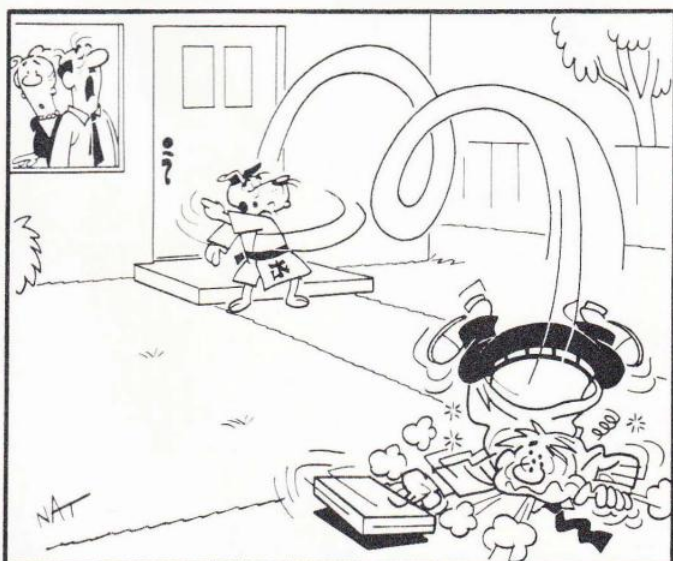
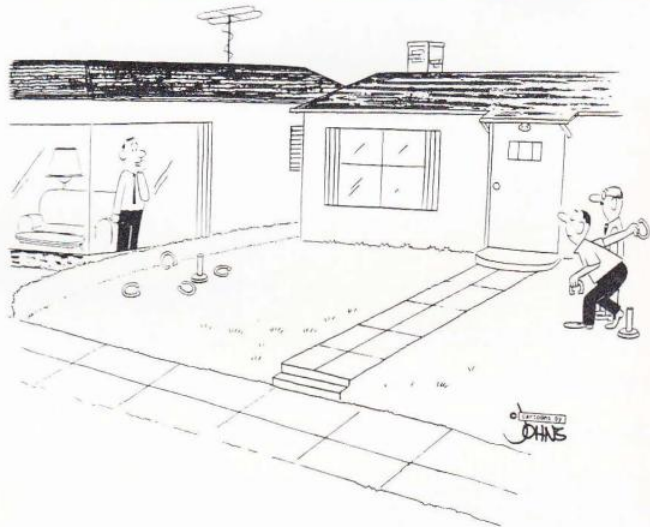
(ALL JOKES BY HENRY LEABO, LANCASTER, CA)

George: "I hear your brother is a boxer."

Harry: "That's right. His name is Kid Candle."

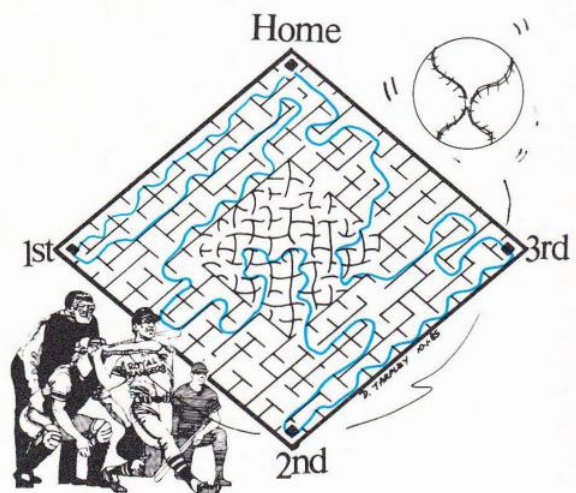
George: "That's a funny name for a boxer."

Harry: "Well, one blow and he's out."



"WHY CAN'T HE JUST BARK AT PEDDLERS LIKE OTHER DOGS DO?"

ANSWER TO BASEBALL PUZZLE FROM PAGE 10





Miles Mibank, 15 years old, was bored with minibikes. They were kidstuff. He wanted *more* action, *more* speed. Only a motorcycle could fulfill that *desire*.

No, Son, you can't have a motorcycle," my dad said firmly. "You're too young and reckless, and your mother and I don't want anything to happen to you."

"Aw, Dad," I argued, "nothing will happen to me. I'd only ride it in the hills. And you know all the experience I have on go-carts and minibikes."

"I know you're good at driving Miles," Dad answered. "But you're only 15 years old. Besides, you love to speed. I'm sorry. The answer is no. You just continue enjoying your minibike."

"Kid stuff," I muttered under my breath. "Well, one of these days..."

"One of these days" popped up before very long. It came during Easter vacation as an invitation from my best friend's family, the

◀ CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

I PLUNGED OFF A CLIFF

BY MILES MIBANK, AS TOLD TO MURIEL LARSEN

HIGH ADVENTURE