

# RAWHIDE ROUNDUP

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## COWPOKE CHAT

"Does anyone in your cabin snore?" We asked a few cowpokes from the Barbwire Boys the first morning at camp. Luke Robertson, Josh Carpenter, and Simon Wilkie all agreed, "Nope." "Nobody." "It was silent." But Luke added, "Well, except for Mr. Michael Schaadel, of course."

Word is that Gretchen Seelenbinder stalled on the zipline. We plan to fill her with sugar and get her to functional zipline weight so the canoers don't have to lend their aid again.

## THE WEATHER'S LOOKIN...

High of 71°

 We got us some relief from da heat. But tut tut, it looks like thar may be a storm.



## COWPOKES SUFFER BRUISIN' START ON THE TRAIL



deposited their goods in the deputies' collectionatin' spot to be accounted fer.

Following a delicious lunch and some afternoon free time, the drovers met once again on the field of battle to duel with their enemies. As four groups crossed the prairie while corralling 4 foot volleyballs, other cowhands wrassled steers (inner tubes) in a head-to-head competition. Tori Wiginton, Hannah Healey, and and Rachel Houtz scored two beef bucks by making the impossible shot. After shedding of sweat and tears, the trail hands left the field bruised and sore, but ready to fight another day.

The fighting among the teams in not without reward. The current score has the two ranches neck-and-neck cattle each. As the competition pro-will continue to add to their herds in hopes of having the most cattle to sell at the end of the week.



## TRAIL MEETIN' REPORT

Trail Meetin' times are one of the fews times a reverent hush falls over the beautiful plains of Peniel, as we set aside the competition and gather together for worship and exhortation from the Word. In the morning, we were inspired by two examples in Luke 5: the perfection of Christ's life, which is the pattern to follow, and the power of Christ's Words—the foundation on which we build.

On Tuesday evening, Pastor Pringle prodded us to search whether the devil has a foothold in our life.





## SO THEY SAY...

Cowpokes Heidi Barnett and Kaylene Brooks are havin' a bit of trouble keepin' up. We don't know if it's from bein' so di-rectionally challenged, but they have now been tardy in their arrival to camp, and were also late to morning chapel (THEY SAY because the bell didn't ring). At any rate, if anyone finds either of these gals wanderin' around prior to a Rawhide Trail event, please help them find where they are a-goin'.

Did we mention that Eddie Wilkie likes to find lost items? He had been at camp no more than 20 minutes when he volunteered to help search a spot in the woods for a missing equipment cable. The deputies hope to enlist his help in finding the missing air hockey puck. Rumor has it one HooDoo Brown may have absconded with it?

Jacob Brazeal was the first customer at the snack shop this afternoon and ordered the inaugural ice cream cone. The famous first ice cream cone of camp vanished in about 20 seconds. Talk about a moment in the spotlight. We almost missed it.

Shiloh Keck, 8, named "Deputy to Dad" for the week, announced this morning that he had his swim trunks in his pocket, "just in case." In the afternoon Jeremiah Keck, 10, followed through with similar intentions and ended up in the lake, without concern about there being girls about. "I really don't care about them," he explained.

## YOU HEARD BOUT THEM STAFF?



At the conclusion of some cowpoke canoein', Trail Boss Amy Corey exclaimed disappointedly, "oh no, can you believe it?"

I broke another nail!"



Deputy Robert Hatchett conducted an experiment with last night's after-chapel snack. He has observed that when left in one's pocket for an afternoon running the ropes course, a small baggie of trail mix turns into a fantastic... candy bar, now known as "The Hatchett."

The snack shop team is on a learning curve. Cookie Anna Vincent and Mrs. Rodgers may have a bit of a rivalry



going over who could at least make an upright, edible ice cream cone from the touchy soft-serve dispenser. Dusty Boot and



Cactus Clyde, resident Rawhide Trail Officers of de Law, dutifully got in line for quality control inspectionatin'. When Mrs. Rush struggled to make a perfect swirly frozen treat for Marshall Rush, it was decided to call it an afternoon and try again in the evening—when exceptionally experienced Mrs. Betty Dahlhausen proved the problem is *not* with the machine.



It has come to the Courier's attention that Trail Boss Mr. Nick Mauer struggles with acros-tics. Nevertheless, he wrote an acrostic cheer for "R-e-d" and "W-i-n." We hope he gets those letters in the right orders by the end of the week.

