

Fall 1980

Hey Rangers! Get Ready
JOG INTO FALL

An illustration of a man and a boy jogging in a field. The man, on the left, is wearing a yellow and black patterned shirt and yellow pants. The boy, on the right, is wearing a white t-shirt and blue pants. They are both looking forward and jogging. The background shows rolling green hills under a blue sky.

HIGH ADVENTURE

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

**THE SAGA OF KEEN FRICK
THE MISNAMED BIRD
GOOD-BYE MIDNIGHT CAPTAIN
HE'S TRAPPED!**

HIGH ADVENTURE

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HIGH ADVENTURE



HE RAN AGAINST
THE ODDS.
HE HAD BEEN ILL
FROM BIRTH.
COULD HE SURVIVE
THE GRUELING
CHALLENGE OF THE
BOSTON MARATHON?

A True Story
By
Francis X. Sculley

The Boston Marathon is one of the most grueling races in the world. It takes a perfectly conditioned athlete to even finish the tortuous course. Yet, there is a factual story of a chronically ill young man who finished 15th in the great classic, the first race in which he had participated. What is more the sad eyed entrant had had no training, and had logged over 100 miles on foot in order to enter the race.

This is the story of a courageous young man, the saga of Colebrook, New Hampshire's Keen Frick.

Keen Frick had been ill almost from birth, but the worst was yet to come for the long suffering youngster. When he was in his teens he was stricken with rheumatic fever. For months on end young Frick was confined to bed and could remain upright in a wheelchair for but a few moments at a time. The ravages of the terrible disease left Frick a hopeless cripple—or so it was believed—for the remainder of his life. He could not raise his arms without undergoing excruciating pain, and he was unable to walk more than a few steps without the aid of crutches or a pair of canes. At the age of 20, Keen Frick was forced to sit on the sidelines while his buddies performed the heroics for the Colebrook, New Hampshire baseball team. After the game the youngster with the drawn features had to be helped into an automobile for the 10-mile ride to the family home in Dixville Notch.

Keen Frick was no ordinary young man. Every day he exercised his arms and legs and within a year he was able to lift and carry small packages. Walking was still extremely painful, but he was improving with time.

One day the village grocer looked up from his counter and there stood the young man, with a wide grin on his face.

"I made it! I made it! I walked the whole ten miles," shouted young Frick as he pounded on the counter.

Frick had to be helped to an automobile for the trip back home, and for a couple of weeks the villagers didn't see him. The youth had overdone it, so the villagers thought. After all how many other youngster in the village would walk ten miles on a pair of sore legs?

But Frick stuck with it, and by the time he was 23, he had made the long walk to and from Colebrook many times, and on the return trip he would have an armful of groceries. Despite the fact that he had been told he would never conquer the ravages of the affliction, Keen continued and persevered. One day he burst into a sprint and when he bounded into the village grocery store, the townsfolk couldn't contain their admiration.

By the time he was 24 Frick made the ten mile run into Colebrook in a trifle less than 55 minutes, but the trek back—burdened as he always was—took a trifle longer.

"He is averaging a mile in a little over five minutes—and that is fast for a distance runner. Lately he has shown a sprint at the finish. I don't think there is a distance runner in New Hampshire that can beat Keen Frick, although he has never been in a race. His pride wouldn't let him finish second. The town should be proud of this boy," exclaimed one of the villagers at the morning cracker barrel session.

Frick was 25 years old in the spring of 1934, when the people of Colebrook suggested that he enter the Boston Marathon, traditionally held on Patriots' Day (April 19th).

"I wouldn't stand a chance against those guys. I have been running the same twenty miles every day. No—wait, on second thought, I would like to try it. Shucks, I don't even have the \$1.00 entry fee. I'll practice a little harder and maybe something will come up so I can go," answered the young man with the infectious smile.

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The Saga of Keen Frick

Well the young father entered the Boston Marathon. He shook \$5.00 out of the baby's piggy bank to finance his way to Boston, but he couldn't come up with enough to purchase a new pair of running shoes—he would have to go with his almost threadbare sneakers.

On the morning of the 18th of April, 1934, in the midst of a drizzle, Frick headed southward—on foot. A passing motorist picked him up and carried him to Hanover—miles out of his way. When Frick stepped from the automobile it was raining hard. Breaking into a jog, the youth made the 45 mile run into Concord in a trifle over six hours. From Concord he managed to flag a lift to Lowell, Massachusetts. From that city he walked into Boston arriving shortly before midnight.



He had had nothing to eat and had walked and run over 60 miles. Dog-tired the pride of Colebrook, managed to find a flea-bag hotel for \$1.00. Tumbling into the bed, Frick was asleep almost as he hit the sack. It was to be a short nap; the place was crawling with voracious bedbugs. The exhausted man slept in a chair the remainder of the all too short night. Frick was bordering on exhaustion two hours before the race.

Frick looked like the "Sad Sack" of World War II days when he lined up at the starting line. A tattered pair of gym trunks, a moth-eaten jersey, and a frayed pair of sneakers made up his uniform. Bystanders commented on the wan expression on the youth's face.



No racing enthusiast had ever heard of Keen Frick.

He was almost lost in an army of entrants and was far in the rear at the five mile mark. Hitting a steady pace Frick began to pass one runner after another. At mid-point he was among the first forty and was holding his own. He was 22nd, two miles from the finish line. Calling upon every bit of reserve—nothing more than heart—Frick began to inch toward the small cluster of leaders. Bursting out in the clear a few hundred yards from the finish, Frick was in 15th position. He had neither the stamina or the strength for the ordeal of a final sprint. But he fought off challenge after challenge, and ended in 15th position.

**"He was almost lost
in an army of entrants
and was far
in the rear at
the five-mile mark."**

Fading into the crowd almost before anyone had a chance to talk with him, Frick started northward toward his home in Dixville Notch and the adulation of his beloved Colebrook. On foot, and hitching an occasional ride, he made it home in a day. Exclusive of the race he had walked or run 120 miles, had eaten very little, and had had little rest. He had acquitted himself nobly, but unfortunately few in America knew of his heroics.

There are few in Colebrook today that believe that Frick would not have won had he the proper coaching, the rest, and the necessary equipment. The young man never entered another race, and it was not until ten years following his heroics that a Boston feature writer told the story of Keen Frick. America could hardly believe what it read.

"How many of those other racers could have done what he did? Not one," is the universal comment to be heard wherever men gather in Colebrook.

He might have been the greatest warrior of them all. *

A Game To Compare

By Ollie Robertson

You often hear
one object
compared
with another.

Example:

He was as old
as the hills.

Can you
complete
these
comparisons?

Clues
are given
to help you.

1. Dead as a (often meets the hand)
2. Bold as a (jungle animal)
3. Pretty as a (it's often framed)
4. White as a (bedcloth)
5. Hungry as a (hibernating animal)
6. Quiet as a (gnawing rodent)
7. Cold as a (vegetable)
8. Stubborn as a (farm animal)
9. Fit as a (stringed instrument)
10. Proud as a (strutting bird)
11. Quick as a (mouse chaser)
12. Blind as a (flying mammal)
13. Sly as a (hounds' quarry)
14. Heavy as (gray metal)
15. Yellow as (precious metal)
16. Clumsy as an (covered wagon power)
17. Blue as a (angler's equipment)
18. Hard as a (part of earth's crust)
19. Stiff as a (fireplace equipment)
20. Busy as a (domestic insect)

ANSWERS: 1. Doorknob 2. Lion 3. Picture
hook 4. Sheet 5. Bear 6. Mouse 7. Cucumber 8.
Mule 9. Fiddle 10. Peacock 11. Cat 12. Bat
13. Fox 14. Lead 15. Gold 16. Ox 17. Fish-
hook 18. Rock 19. Poker 20. Bee

The Misnamed Bird

Did you ever wonder how a turkey got the name Turkey?

BY BONNIE TAYLOR

Turkey was the main course at the very first Thanksgiving dinner over three hundred years ago. It has been a favorite food for Thanksgiving ever since.

But the Pilgrims and the Indians were not as fortunate as we are today. They had to go hunting for their dinner. This was not always easy because though the woods were full of wild turkeys, nature gave this bird excellent eyesight and hearing, and remarkable speed for its size.

The wild turkey, also called Eastern turkey, wood turkey, and Great American Hen, is still fairly common in some parts of the country.

There is evidence that at least a thousand years ago the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico and Arizona kept wild turkeys in captivity. They were not used for food however. Their feathers were used in religious ceremonies.

Some other Indian tribes did domesticate and raise them for food. They probably fattened them with corn.

Many early settlers complained that the turkey was sometimes a nuisance for

it invaded their cornfields. Because they could not spend all their time in the fields chasing the birds away, it is said that they made "images of men" from old clothing. Could it be they were called "scare-turkeys"?

In some ways turkeys were useful to the farmer because of their fondness for insects, especially grasshoppers. They also fed on acorns, berries, buds, grass, and weed seeds. In early days, when the wild turkey was plentiful in the Atlantic coast states, winter snows would drive them to the beaches where they would feed on shrimp and small fish at low tide.

The hen turkey hides her nest well. She scratches a hollow in the ground, in a sheltered spot, and lines it with grass and leaves. Her eggs, usually from ten to fifteen, are cream-colored with reddish-brown spots. When she leaves the nest in search of food she covers the eggs with leaves. She flies away from the nest so that no tracks will attract the bobcat or fox to her eggs.

For some reason the male turkey will destroy the eggs if he finds them. Hen turkeys have been known to kill gobblers nearly twice their size in order to protect their unborn babies.

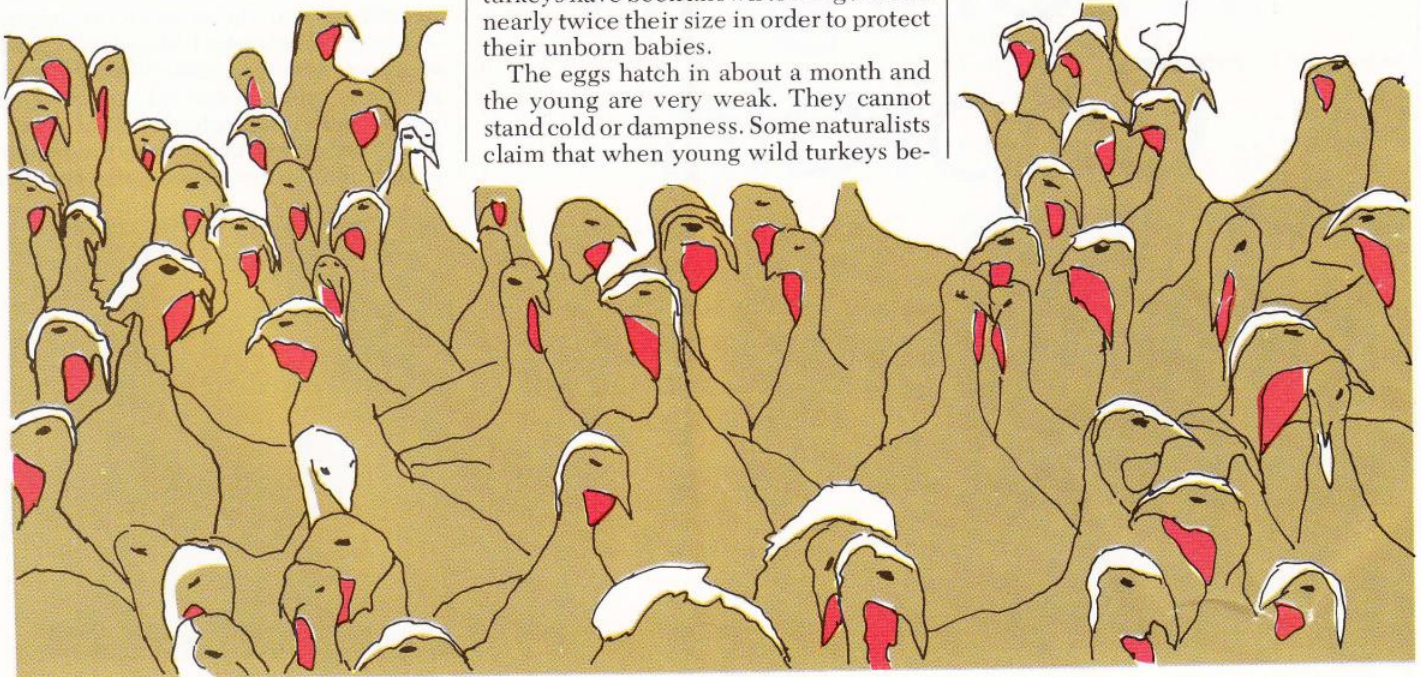
The eggs hatch in about a month and the young are very weak. They cannot stand cold or dampness. Some naturalists claim that when young wild turkeys be-

come ill from getting wet, the mother will feed them the buds from a plant called spicebrush.

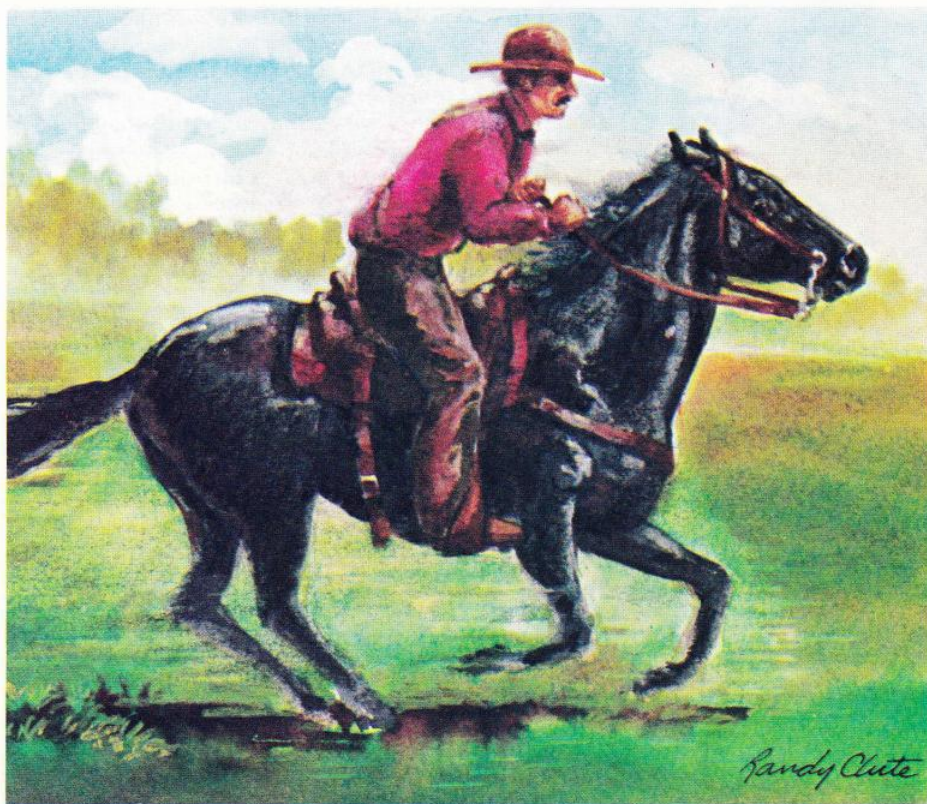
The hen turkey and her babies, while still in the nest, are in constant danger from the bobcat and fox and predators. After the young birds have learned to fly and roost in trees with the adult birds, the Great Horned Owl is their main enemy.

If it hadn't been for a misunderstanding hundreds of years ago, the turkey would probably be known by another name. A type of guinea fowl which was introduced to England from Turkey was called the "Turkey bird." Years later when our early settlers shipped the strange new bird back home from America, it was confused with the guinea fowl. The name turkey stuck.

If Benjamin Franklin had had his way the wild turkey would be our national bird instead of the Bald Eagle. It's probably a good thing it didn't turn out that way. What could be more unpatriotic than eating our national bird for Thanksgiving dinner? *



"It took two weeks of that gentle persuasion, but finally one day Pa was riding the Captain out across the big field behind the house."



Good-bye Midnight Captain

BY LINDA M. EAKES

My grandfather, Charles Smith (Pap to me) was a big man in every way. He stood over six feet tall and carried a note of authority in his voice that made even grown men perk up a little when he spoke. Pap was already gray and a little stooped when I first remember him, but he still tended his varied enterprises with energy and enthusiasm. He ran the village store, the frozen-food locker plant, helped stock his "rolling stores," and fed and doctored the numerous cattle that roamed his farm. Pap's main interest, though, was the fifteen-acre lake he had created by building a dam between two of the hills on his farm.

Pap would talk quietly as we sat on the lake bank baiting our hooks or waiting for a bite, spinning one of the tales of his childhood. My special favorite was the story of his father and the Midnight Captain.

"Pa never had a lot to say, but when he did say something, it was worth hearing," he'd begin, "and Lord, that man loved a good horse." Usually he'd pause and gaze across the water before continuing, "Pa was a hard worker but those worn-out farms he rented never gave him much of a living for the eight mouths he had to feed. It kept him working from daylight to dark.

"We always had plenty to eat, but pork and potatoes and dried apples get tiresome in the wintertime. Oh, Ma had a cellarful of canned stuff too, and it was fun to sneak down to the cellar sometimes to stick our hands into the kraut barrel. (The kraut always tasted better that way. When Ma cooked it for supper, it was just ordinary.) She could work wonders with those dried apples too—goodness, what I'd give for a piece of her dried apple cake right now," he'd sigh and I could almost taste that dried apple cake. "Our menu lacked variety, but

"Pa loved horses
and he sure
had a way
with a horse."

there was always plenty, such as it was.

"Pa worked hard, all right, but he always took time to stop and look at a good horse or talk about one or even to ride one, if he got a chance. He loved horses and he sure had a way with a horse.

"From time to time, he'd take on a colt to break (he always played like it was just for the extra money, but we knew he did it as much for pure enjoyment, since he had no horses of his own). It was in this way that Pa came on the Midnight Captain.

"Pa had taken two good colts to break for Mr. Wise, who owned the land we worked. He had ridden the colts for almost two months and they were both showing some company manners when Mr. Wise rode over late one afternoon to see how the colts were coming along. Mr. Wise was riding a magnificent chestnut stallion.

"Mr. Wise sat the stallion by the training ring while Pa rode first one, then the other of the gawky two-year-olds. 'Lee' he said, 'you've done a fine job, as usual. Bring the colts on home tomorrow evening. I've got something I want to talk over with you.' Pa dismounted and patted the sweating colt on the shoulder as he leaned against the fence to talk to Mr. Wise. 'All right, sir, I'll bring them home right after milking tomorrow.'

"Pa was real anxious to get the colts home because he had important plans for the money. Ma had picked out some yard goods to make the girls' school dresses and Silas and me needed shoes. (Silas was only four, but he thought he was as grown up as Pa and me. Pa said since the three of us were so outnumbered by our womenfolks, we had to stick together—so maybe that's why Si thought he was so big.) Pa told me too, on the sly, that he was going to buy Ma a cranberry-red lamp with a pretty picture painted on it. He had caught her looking at it the last



time they went to town. Pa had big plans for that cash money all right.

"So, quick as we could get done with the milking the next evening, Pa saddled his mule (he had told me once that this was the only part of the poor condition he would never get used to—nobody should have to RIDE a mule) and he let me go along, riding the other mule bareback, to lead the colts back to Mr. Wise's house.

"Mr. Wise was sitting rared back in one of the big rockers on his front porch when we rode up. A tall man, wearing a light suit and a skinny black string tie was leaning against the porch rail smoking a cigar. I couldn't take my eyes off his shiny black boots with their gigantic silver spurs glittering in the late afternoon sunlight. The tall man was holding a big white panama hat. He looked like a real dude to me.

"Put them colts in the pound and come on in and have a seat, Lee. I want you to meet Mr. Springer from Bowling Green,' Mr. Wise called. 'He's come down to take some of those colts off my hands.'

"Pa did as Mr. Wise said, coming back to shake Mr. Springer's hand and move one of the rockers out from the wall while I hunkered down against the porch rail-

ing to listen. 'What do you reckon them two colts you brought home ought to bring, Lee?' Mr. Wise began. This was another reason Pa would take on Mr. Wise's colts to break—Mr. Wise let Pa know he respected his opinion and always consulted him before he made a horse trade. The men began to dicker over the horses, meandering out to the barn lot and back to the porch two or three times before they made a trade on the two colts Pa had been riding.

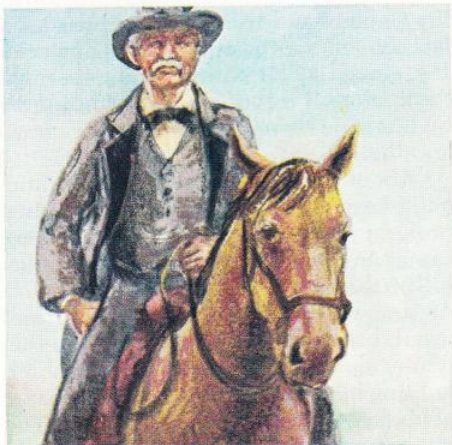
"The trading done, Mrs. Wise brought out a pitcher of iced tea and the men got down to some real horse talk. It was pleasant to sit on the porch at Pa's feet, listening to him talk about his favorite subject and to see the respect both men had for his opinion.

"Finally Mr. Springer set down his tea glass, put on the big white hat and turned to shake hands with Pa and Mr. Wise as he took his leave. In fact, he went all the way to the front gate, those shiny spurs jingling with every step, then he stopped, scratched the back of his head and came back.

"Mr. Smith, you may be just the man I've been looking for,' he confided, resuming his stance on the porch. 'I was just telling Mr. Wise before you got here about my mare, Bonnie Bonita's fine colt. He's by Mr. Faust's Midnight Traveler—he's the Faust over in Clay County.'

"Well, when he said Midnight Traveler, he didn't have to say any more. Everybody in our neck of the woods knew about—or had heard about—or if they were lucky—had even seen Midnight Traveler, the big midnight-black stallion that had won every race meet, Fair show and match race in our part of the country.

"Midnight Traveler was a legend to everybody around home and he was Pa's
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"Midnight Captain
was the prettiest
black colt
you'd ever seen.
He's coal-black, solid,
jet black all over."



"This horse had a look of,
'Boys, I don't want to go
into that barn pound
and you can't make me.' "

dream horse. Three years in a row, Pa had seen him win the Fair meet by two lengths or more. But it wasn't only Midnight Traveler's speed that Pa admired. The horse was a real beauty too (even if he was almost *too* big) and his hair was such a glossy black it looked like oil in the sunlight. What Pa admired most of all about Midnight Traveler was the fact that he had *class*. That's the way Pa always said it, 'That horse has *class*, boys, with a capital C!'

"So, when Mr. Springer mentioned Midnight Traveler, I swear I could almost see Pa's ears perk up—he sort of came to a point like our old dog, Duke, did when he found a covey of quail.

"My Bonnie's about the prettiest mare you'll ever see and she's sure got a good way of going,' Mr. Springer continued. 'I hated to quit riding her long enough for her to foal, but it seemed a waste not to try to get some good colts. I paid Mr. Faust an arm and a leg to breed her to his Midnight Traveler. Why, I could hardly wait for that foal to hit the ground I had such high hopes!' Mr. Springer stamped his foot so hard he sent that silver rowel spinning—he was twisting the hat brim nervously as he talked.

"Sure enough, she dropped the prettiest black colt you ever seen—he's big like his pappy, but finer, like my Bonnie—and he's coal-black—solid, jet black all over and not even a star or strip like his sire. And, boys, his disposition matches his color for that's the meanest colt you ever seen. We've been trying to break him all summer and he's just as rank now as he was when we started. He's done broke my trainer's leg and none of the other boys on my place will try to ride him—we can't even get a saddle on him now.'

"Mr. Springer paced up and down and shook his head as he lamented, 'I don't know what I'm going to do with him. The colt's worthless to me the way he is now.' All at once he stopped and turned to Pa, 'Would you consider taking him and trying your luck? I'll sure make it worth your while.'

"Well, you might as well have asked that thirsty man if he wanted a drink of water or that hungry man if he wanted a piece of bread as to ask Pa if he wanted anything to do with a horse that had any connection with Midnight Traveler. It was quickly agreed that Mr. Springer would send the colt over the next day and Pa would do what he could to gentle him down.

"We were eating dinner the next day when a great commotion commenced in the yard. Amongst the squawking hen



and barking dog sounds, we heard men shouting and then a great crash. All of us ran to the door and there we saw two of Mr. Springer's men on horseback wrestling the ropes on the biggest, blackest horse I'd ever seen. That horse had managed to take down a whole section of yard fence and had drug both their horses into the garden, tearing down Ma's pole beans in the process. He had fought and struggled till his coat was foaming white. Still, he didn't have that wall-eyed look of panic a horse gets when he's scared senseless and just thrashing about looking for a way out. This horse had a look of, 'Boys, I don't want to go into that barn pound and you can't make me.'

"Pa shooed us back to the porch and walked out to the struggling men. 'Here now,' he spoke softly, 'let me have one of them ropes and you boys just kinda ease back.' He took one of the ropes from its frightened owner and began trying to snub it to the wellpost. It sure took some doing, but when he got the rope secured, he motioned Mr. Springer's men out of the way and just let the horse work on himself for awhile.

"The black horse fought and plunged—he kicked and rared up—once he even fell over backwards—but all the while Pa stood quietly by the well talking kind of low and soothing to him. Finally, after what seemed like an hour (but was probably only fifteen minutes or so) the horse began to move more slowly back and forth. At last he slacked off the rope and stood and looked at Pa as if to say, 'I can take the worst you can dish out and more.'

"Pa just stood in that hot noonday sun and talked to the horse, finally moving slowly out to where he stood. The black horse jumped once or twice, then stood like a statue. Pa just touched him, still talking soft and low. We couldn't hear what he was saying, but it sure seemed to impress that horse. 'That's the beatinest thing I've ever seen,' one of the sweating

men said as Pa kind of inched the black horse into the barn pound.

"Maybe you boys haven't tried to win that horse's confidence,' Pa said when he returned, taking off his battered old hat and wiping his forehead on his shirt sleeve. 'Sometimes you can't make an animal do something without making him WANT to do it first.'

"So, that was the beginning of Pa's acquaintance with the Midnight Captain. It was rough going with the big horse at first. But, when the Captain showed one of his spells of 'spirit,' as Pa called it—instead of using force, Pa would just sort of ease back and talk to soothe him. It took weeks of that gentle persuasion, but finally one day Pa was riding the Captain out across the big field behind the house. He wasn't using the long-shank bit that Mr. Springer had sent along, either.

"I guess Pa rode the horse about ninety days before Mr. Springer rode up on his bay late one afternoon. Pa was way over the hill on the Captain, so we sat and waited for him to come back. You never saw such a big smile as Mr. Springer had when he saw Pa riding over the hill on the fine black horse. They made a pretty picture.

"Mr. Springer was tickled to death with the way the horse had come along. Midnight Captain went through all his paces for Pa and Mr. Springer was fairly busting at the seams. 'Mr. Smith, that's the most amazing thing I've ever seen. You've sure done a fine job,' he exclaimed as Pa dismounted. The two men ambled slowly out of earshot, Pa leading the horse on a loose rein. I guess they were settling up for the training because I saw Pa show Ma some bills when he went in to supper. Her hand flew to her mouth when she saw how many there were. Then Pa slipped the money into the cookie jar where he kept the little cash that came his way.

"Pa didn't look too happy, though, after Mr. Springer rode away—leading the Captain and still spouting praise. In fact, Pa sort of drug around all that week. It seemed like he was just going through the motions. I'd even see him standing off by himself staring at nothing every now and then.

"About two weeks went by and late one afternoon, the dog's frantic barking brought us around front again. There came Mr. Springer riding slowly over the hill on the bay, those spurs jingling away. At first we didn't notice anything unusual, but as he drew near, we saw the white cloth draped over his shoulder holding his right arm up. The whole side of his face was scraped raw and a patch of

"Pa finally said,
as sharply as I ever heard
him speak to anyone,
'The horse is not
for sale.' "

hair was missing on that side of his head. He looked rough.

"Pa went out to meet him but they didn't come back to the house. We couldn't hear what was said, but we could see Mr. Springer gesturing and now and then a shouted word drifted back. When Pa returned, he saddled the mule and told Ma he was riding over to Springer's to bring the Captain back for some more work. According to Springer, the horse was 'right back where he started from.' I heard Pa tell Ma, 'I told him to keep that big spur away from the Captain if he ever wants to ride him.'

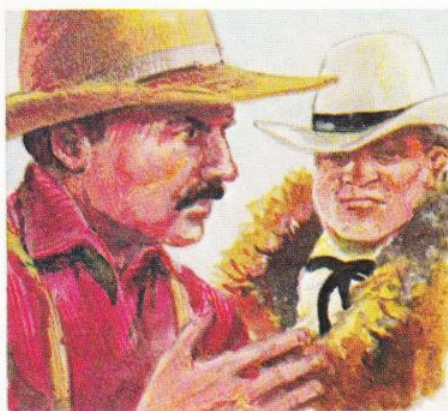
"Well, that trip was just the first of many that Mr. Springer made that summer and on into the fall. Pa would bring the horse back and get him straightened out—then Mr. Springer would take him home—and in a few days he'd be back again.

"Late one afternoon, just as cold weather was setting in, Mr. Springer and one of his men rode over the hill. The man was leading the black horse. 'Take this horse and good riddance,' Mr. Springer shouted, as he clambored down from the bay. His hired man flung the leadrope to Pa. Springer's arm was back in the sling. He and Pa talked for awhile, then Pa went into the house and came out with the cookie jar. Every cent he had in the world went into Mr. Springer's hand. We found out later he had also agreed to break all of Mr. Springer's colts for next two years—but now the Captain belonged to Pa.

"Pa was happy. That man loved that horse, but no more than the horse loved him. Owning the Midnight Captain was just like having his wildest dream come true. As time went on, the horse even gentled down to where I could ride him some, but he did best for Pa. That year that he had the Captain must have been one of the happiest of Pa's life, for he had realized his greatest dream and he had big plans for the horse to look forward to.

"Pa entered the Captain in a few race meets and won them all handily, but the Fair was over before he bought the horse. He began to plan for next year—winning the Fair show would really cap it all. Pa rode the horse everywhere he went. Nobody else was allowed to feed him and Pa even went out to the barn and stood and talked to him at night sometimes. It just brought a smile to your face to see the two of them together, for they were in tune somehow. That year passed in a hurry.

"Early in the fall, we heard that Midnight Traveler had broken a leg in a race and had to be put down. Hardly a week



went by until Mr. Faust rode over and tried to buy the captain. Pa turned him down nicely, but the man just persisted. Pa finally said, as sharply as I ever heard him speak to anyone, 'The horse is not for sale.' From time to time, as the fall days passed, Mr. Faust would show up and try again, but each time, Pa gave him the same answer.

"Fall faded into the worst winter anybody could remember. It began to snow before November was over and I don't think the ground was clear till the first of March. Right after Christmas, it snowed and then began to melt. Just as the water had really began to run, we had another hard freeze. Every tree branch was wrapped in a capsule of ice. At first, it was a beautiful sight but then the limbs began to break off and the big trees broke and fell from the weight of the ice. Then it snowed again and the temperature dropped.

"Our house was part log, part frame, and it was very old. Pa had tried to chink every crack, but it seemed like there was no way to get good and warm. The wind whistled in and upstairs where Silas and I slept, we had to knock the snow off our quilts before we got up in the mornings. Unless we sat right by the fire, we were always cold. Pa tried to make Silas stay inside, but the little fellow thought he was as big as we were—he wanted to help with the chores. Despite Ma and Pa's watchful eyes, Silas went outside several times and the cough that had started in November gradually got worse.

"Ma finally moved Silas' bed down by the fire and his trips outside stopped; he was too weak now to slip out. She used all the remedies that ordinarily worked, trying to clear up his cough. But in spite of the flannel shirt reeking of camphor and the doses of coal oil, and sugar, Silas just got worse.

"Then, one night we woke to a strange and frightening sound. This wasn't a

cough, it was more like a sharp groan, followed by a rasping whine. I went to the ladder and looked down. Pa was holding Si in his arms and pounding his back while Ma held a steaming kettle of water under his face. Si's little body would be racked by one of the groaning coughs, then by a high-pitched effort to draw breath. It was awful. All through the night they struggled and by morning, Si was limp and blue.

"We sat silently by the fire as Pa bundled up and went out to saddle the Captain. He had to try to go after the doctor even though the snow was drifted too high for safety. My little brothers and sisters huddled together by the fire while Ma and Amy, my oldest sister, and I worked with the struggling child. All day, it seemed like every breath he drew would be his last.

"The day was an eternity, but I guess only a few hours had really passed when the dogs let us know Pa was back. We ran to the window and saw old Dr. Greer struggling through the drift to the door. He and Pa stomped inside as we gathered around them. 'I never would have made it on any horse but the Captain,' Pa said. 'I gave up more than once but he broke trail for Doc's horse and kept going.'

"Dr. Greer worked with Silas all night and through the next day before he finally felled down his sleeves and sat down to eat. As he did, Pa went to sit by Si's bed, where he lay sleeping now.

"It was slow going for Si, though. He'd feel better one day and then the next he'd have that gray, pinched look again and wouldn't be able to get up. The weeks crawled by and Ma was down to skin and bones herself. Pa always had a worried frown and the laughter had gone out of his eyes.

"Finally, late in March, during one of Dr. Greer's weekly visits, he closed Si's little flannel shirt and pulled the covers up, then motioned Ma and Pa into the other room. The door closed and it seemed like they would never come out.

"After the doctor left, Pa stood and looked out the window for a long time. Ma was nowhere to be seen. Late in the afternoon Pa and I went out to the barn—I thought it was to feed the animals—but he saddled the Captain and wouldn't say where he was going. He just rode slowly out into the gathering shadows.

"When I went in the back door, I found Ma looking out of the window as Pa rode away, tears streaming down her cheeks. 'What is it ma?' I asked, for she never

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE ►

"Pa said, 'I won't ever forget the captain but it's a real pleasure for me to saddle this mule and know my boy's well again.'"



cried. 'Dr. Greer says we've got to take Silas down to Nashville to the hospital for treatment or he won't get better,' she said. She was trembling all over. 'But where's Pa going?' I asked. Ma just shook her head and didn't answer.

"Midnight came before I heard a harness jingle and ran to the front door to see Pa climbing down from Mr. Wise's wagon. He lifted his saddle onto his shoulder and looped the bridle over his arm as he and Mr. Wise walked to the house. 'We need a cup of coffee, Bessie,' he told Ma as he walked over to feel Silas' forehead. 'Mr. Wise will stay the night and take us to the station in the morning. It's been a long day.' Pa brushed my questions aside and said goodnight.

"Early the next morning, Ma packed their bags and bundled Silas up for the trip to Nashville. 'Take care of the little ones,' she told Amy and me when we stood on the porch as they prepared to leave. It seemed that we could hear her clear out of sight, 'Take care of the little ones. . . .'

"Days went by that seemed like weeks and finally, after six of them had passed, the wagon returned, carrying only Pa this time. We ran to the door, almost afraid to open it. 'Where's Ma, how's Silas,' we all cried at once. Pa grabbed the baby and whirled her around before he even took off his coat. 'Silas is going to be all right. He's got to stay in the hospital for awhile and Ma's staying with him, but the doctors say he'll be fine.'

"It was much later before I really had a chance to pin Pa down. 'Where's the Captain? Pa, what happened to Midnight

Captain?' I demanded when we were finally alone. He looked into the fire for a long time before he answered. 'I sold him to Mr. Faust.' He said it slowly and reluctantly, as though he couldn't believe it himself.

"I blurted, 'Oh no, Pa, you didn't let the Captain go!' before I thought. The tears came in spite of my efforts to hold them. I knew how much that horse meant to Pa. 'Oh, no,' I just couldn't stop saying it. Pa touched my arm, 'Don't worry about it son. It was just a pure privilege to own that horse, if only for a year or so. It's wonderful to be blessed with owning one good horse in a lifetime, but it don't stand a light to being blessed with healthy children. I reckon the Lord just sent the Captain along when He did to provide a way to get Silas to the hospital. Don't you fret about the Captain for Mr. Faust owned his pappy before him and he'll take good care of him. He promised me no spur would ever touch him.'

"But I knew no one would ever love that big black horse like Pa had; I knew too, that Pa would never own another horse like the Captain, if he lived to be a hundred. It was all I could do to stop the tears, but I knew I had to, in the face of my Pa's courage.

"We sat by the fire till daylight, then went to the barn to milk. Pa hung the saddle on a rack near the mule's pen, but he kept Midnight Captain's bridle in the house and never did use it again.

"Si came home in a few weeks and you wouldn't have known it was the same boy that left our house. He was almost back to his old self—only a bit bigger in

his britches—almost too big for them, in fact. I knew I could take that out of him in no time, though.

"Later on, whenever I'd see Pa saddle that old mule for a trip to town, it was all I could do to keep from mentioning the Captain, but I never did, but once. He was getting ready to ride to town for First Monday sale day and I couldn't help saying, 'Oh Pa, how can you ride that mule after riding Midnight Captain?'

"Pa turned and looked at me a minute before he answered, 'Son, I don't want to ever hear that again. I can ride this mule because when I ride out across the yard, I see your brother playing—laughing and running with the others. I won't ever forget the Captain, but it is a pure pleasure for me to saddle this mule and know my boy's well again. Let's just thank the Lord for our blessings and don't count the little heartaches.'

"That was the last time we ever talked about the Captain with regret. We often recounted his virtues and gloated over Pa's accomplishments with the horse, but never again did any of us say a word of sorrow about letting the horse go. He never had a lot to say, but when he did say something, it was worth hearing."

And so, Pap would end his story. He usually sat for a few minutes, looking out across the lake waters after he told it. Knowing how much he had admired his father, it seemed to me that Pap's Pa got a lot more than the money for a hospital bill when he sold the Midnight Captain. He not only got the money for the horse, but also his son's undying admiration and respect. *

A Lizard Grows A New Tail, And Other Marvels

ONE DAY A BOY, whom we will call Mike, was out exploring among the desert rocks, and a lizard ran across his path. A sudden impulse caused him to take out after the lizard and try to catch it. After darting from rock to rock in an effort to escape Mike's pursuit, the lizard finally came to rest under the shade of a sagebrush with his tail sticking out. With a quick thrust of his hand, Mike grabbed at the tail, and in an expression of triumph exclaimed in almost a whisper, "I've gotch ya." Sure enough he did. But to Mike's amazement, when he held up his hand, all he had in his fist was the tail. While Mike's attention was focused on his prize, the front half of the lizard had scampered off, leaving its tail behind. It was only then that Mike remembered the stories he had heard about the tails of lizards breaking off, and a new one growing in its place. He hadn't believed it was true until now.

A cultured pearl business was having trouble with starfish getting into their oyster beds, and eating their oysters. It had become so bad that they decided something had to be done. Their plan of attack was to take every starfish they could find, cut them up into pieces, and toss them back into the water, giving them no chance of living to bother the oysters



again.

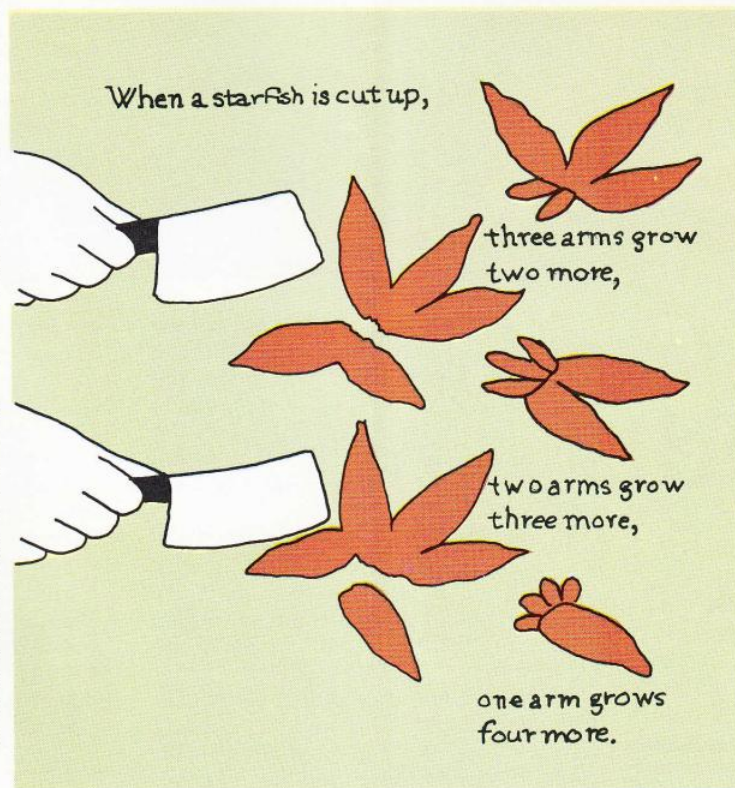
This went on for several months until they began to notice that there seemed to be more starfish than ever. What they didn't know was, the starfish has the ability to replace the parts it loses, and every piece of the starfish that had been cut up, and thrown back, grew into another starfish.

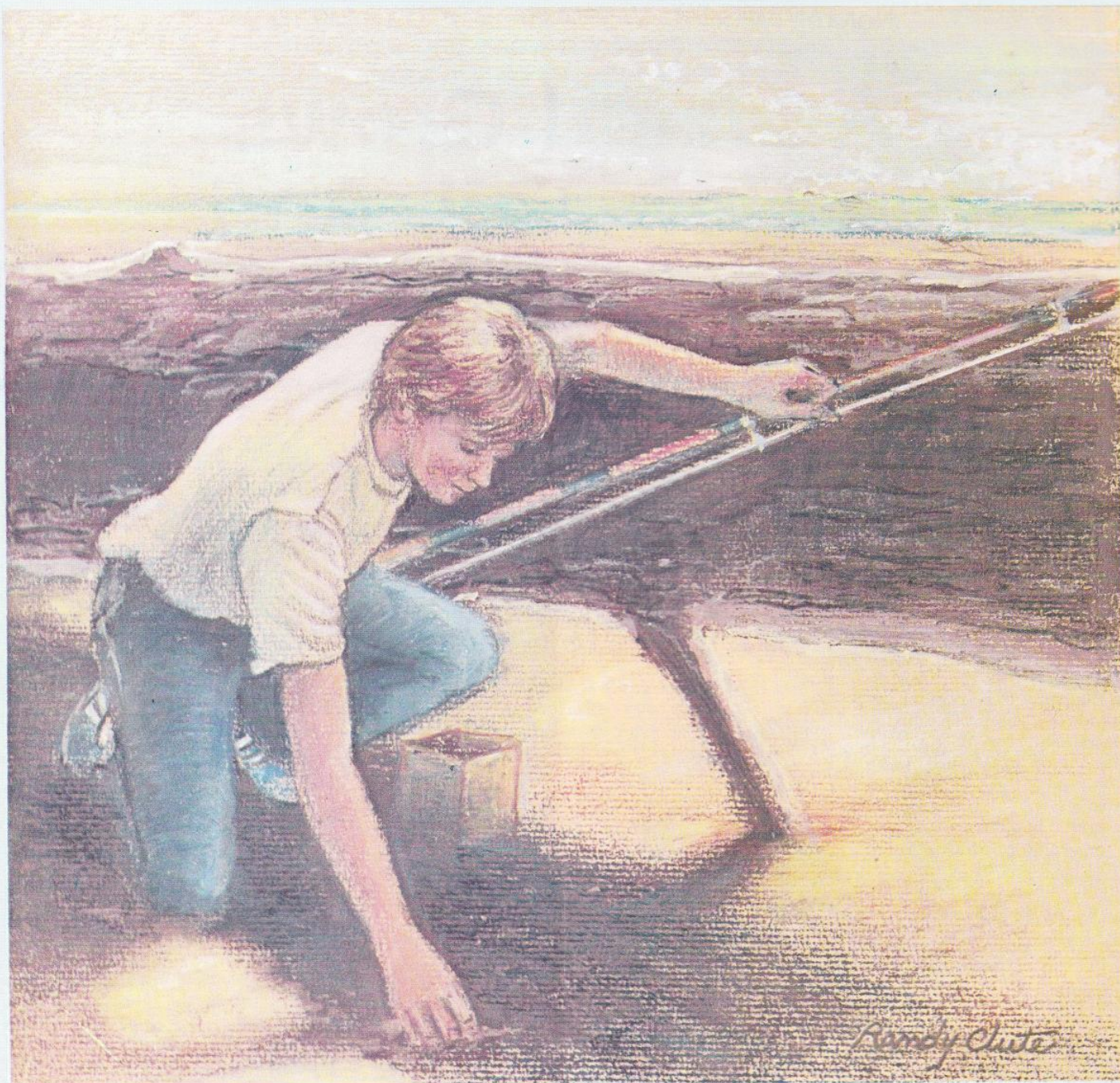
These are just two examples of how nature provides a way for animals to replace a lost part, or even grow a new body from one small piece. This wonderful ability that the lower animals have to regenerate lost parts has not been given to the higher animals or humans.

Something like this goes on in the plant kingdom, when new plants are grown from cuttings instead of seeds. You can experiment with this by trying your luck at growing new plants from cuttings. When you have mastered the technique, you will be able to reproduce a number of new plants, and have them ready to give as gifts, or share with someone who is ill or a shut-in.

It seems that God has many interesting surprises for those who will make the effort to learn about the world that He has created.

BY
HAYWARD
BARNETT





He's Trapped!

BY FRANCES MATRANGA

"The water reached out for him hungrily. His sand pit was filling; his hips were submerged."

The driftwood log, slanted toward the Atlantic diagonally across the beach of the South Jersey cove, was huge and water-soaked. Its roots had been worn to round, smooth knobs and only one short limb remained on the trunk. On this limb the log rested, poised in perfect balance on the sand.

In the shadow of the log the sand was cool, moist, and wriggling with sandworms. Seventeen-year-old Jerry Webster poked among them, dropping each one into his bait carton as he captured it.

Scratching at the sand near the trigger limb of the log, he disturbed its delicate balance and, like a giant stirring in his sleep, the tree trunk rolled over ponderously. The boy whirled instinctively to face it, and rolled over on his back in an attempt to ward it off; but it settled across his lap, its waterlogged weight pressing

him deep into the hard, wet sand.

He raised himself to a sitting position and, as he viewed the enormous, gray shape lying across his lower body, pinning him down, his startled surprise turned to fright.

"What are you doing?" It was Skipper, running toward him across the sand.

Jerry turned sideways to face his little brother, bracing himself with one hand. He tried to speak calmly, "I was looking for sandworms and the log fell on me. But don't worry, I'll get out okay."

"Hurry up then. You said we were going fishing."

"As soon as I get free."

"Can't you get up?"

"Well . . . let's see now. . . ."

Jerry braced his hands in the sand and tried with all his might to pull his legs out from under the dead weight. But they were anchored solidly in the damp,

hard-packed sand.

He lay back, breathing hard, trying to still the panic he could feel rising in his chest. His legs didn't hurt much; they just felt pinned down, pinched, numb. He tried to wiggle his bare toes but could not tell if they moved.

Jerry began to claw at the sand, raking it in low shallow scoops from along his sides and flipping it away. If he could dig a hole and sink into it, he might be able to pull himself out from under the log.

Soon he could feel his body sinking a little. He turned his head to look at the water's edge and saw a long piece of seaweed lying on smooth sand. As he watched, the sea came forward to spew it even higher on the beach. The tide was coming in.

Jerry swallowed. With the tide full in, the water would be over the log!

Skipper watched him. "I know how you can get out, Jerry," he said expectantly.

"Yeah? How?"

"Ask God to help you. He will."

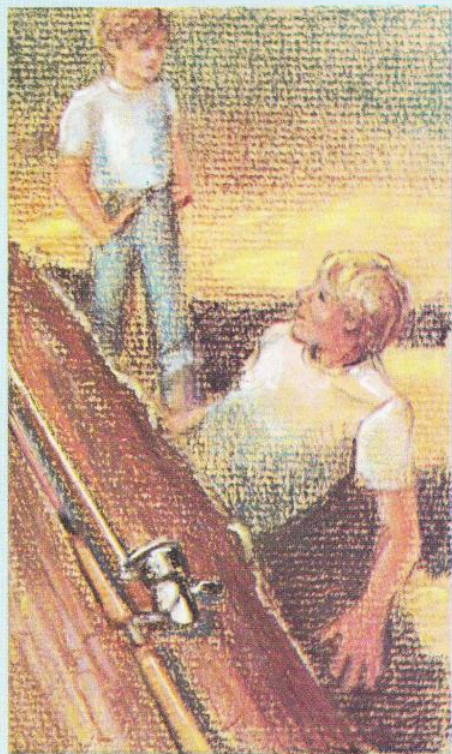
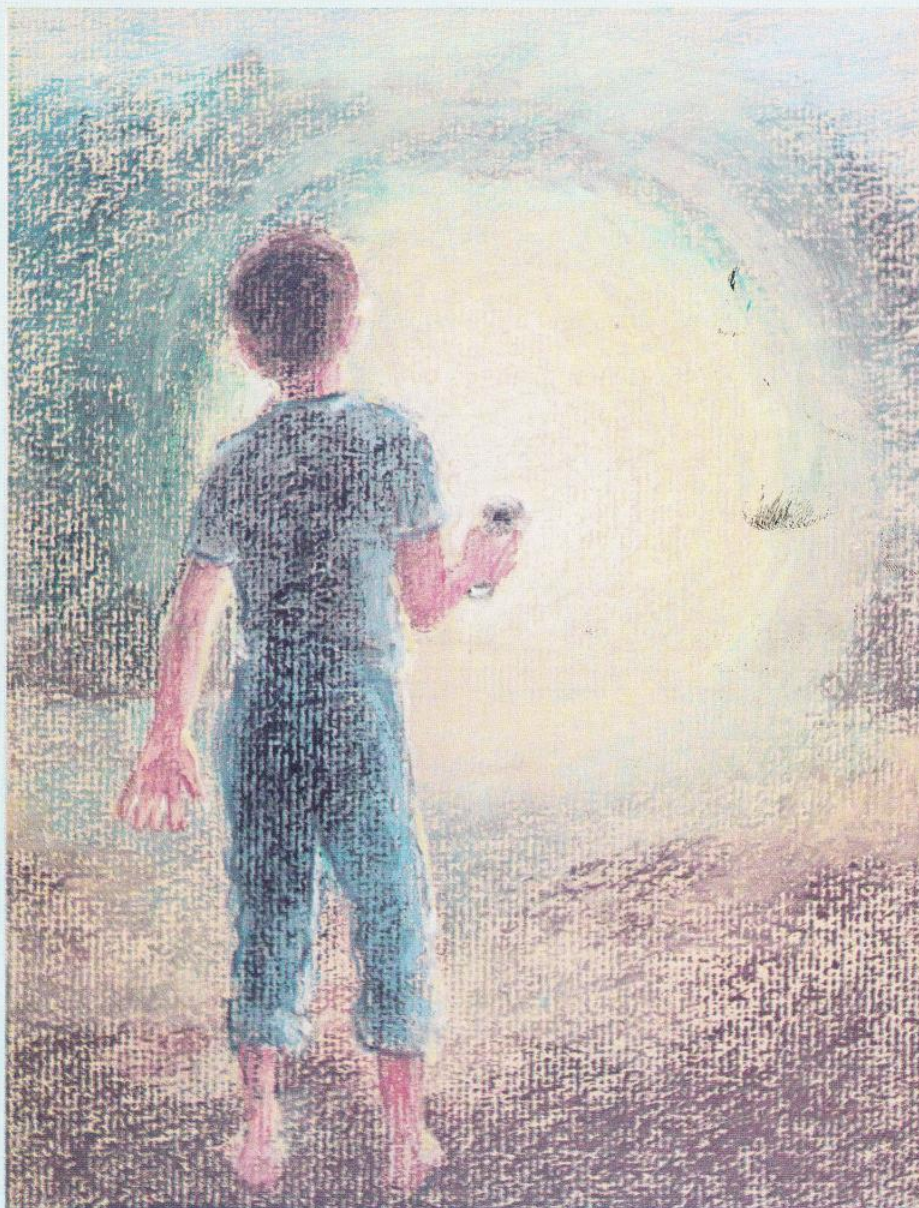
Jerry frowned and gave a mirthless laugh. "Now you sound like Mom."

"Mama says God answers prayers," Skipper went on solemnly. "I'll help you pray, Jerry."

"Listen, Skipper, everyone's got to take care of himself in this world, understand? I've got to get myself out of this mess. Maybe you can help. But as for God working some kind of miracle, forget it! I'm not even sure there is a God," Jerry replied sharply.

"Mama says. . ."

"Mama's too naive for her own good," Jerry cut in harshly. "She's not realistic. She thinks all she has to do is pray and everything will turn out for the best. Well, it's not like that, Skipper, and I wish she wouldn't fill your head with such nonsense."



"I believe in God," stated Skipper emphatically, sounding older than his years.

"Sure. Me too when I was a kid" Jerry admitted. "But when you get older, you'll find you gotta depend on yourself, not on God nor anybody else."

He braced himself up on his hands again and glanced toward the ocean. How close already! Foam sprayed out where a wave struck the jagged end of the log. The water hissed forward toward him then retreated reluctantly.

He felt his mouth go dry. There wasn't a soul around besides Skipper and himself, and a deep stretch of woods lay between them and the highway. Despair engulfed him. At this moment he felt more like 7 than 17. Small and helpless.

Discouraged, he set it lengthwise on top of the trunk and pulled himself up so as to hug the log. "Come close to me, Skipper," he said in a voice he hardly recognized as his own. "Now listen carefully. I'm stuck tight under here and I can't get out. You want to help me?" He phrased his words with care so as not to scare the boy.

"Sure, Jerry. You wanna pray now?"

"What pray! I want you to walk to the road and get help. When you get there, stand on the side of the road and wave and holler until a car stops. Bring the driver back here. Make sure it's a man. Two men would be better."

"But the dark is coming!" Skipper was looking at him, big-eyed.

"If you hurry you may make it before dark. Take my flashlight. It's in the knapsack."

"B-But. . ." The little boy's lips were quivering. "Do I have to walk through the woods like we came?"

"I'm afraid so, Skipper. It's the only quick, direct way to the highway. Now hurry. No, wait. Give me a hug first."

He pressed the small figure close. "Okay . . . go, go, go, Batman! Straight through the woods to the road. Keep walking away from the sound of the ocean. I'm depending on you, understand? Be a hero, like your TV friend, Batman."

Skipper swallowed, nodded. He went to the knapsack, got the flashlight and climbed up to the side of the dune. Jerry ►

saw him pause at the crest and then he was gone.

He was alone. Alone with the sea and the sand and the monstrosity that held him prisoner. Would Skipper make the highway? It was only a half a mile away, but he would be too scared to walk through the woods in the dusk. He would cry, start imagining things. . . .

Jerry began to thrash about wildly until he wore himself out. Still the log remained solid and the damp sand beneath his legs stayed firm.

He closed his eyes and lay still, the liquid lapping sounds of the sea in his ears. Then he heard a voice calling. He opened his eyes and Skipper stood there, small and forlorn in the graying dusk.

"There was a tiger after me," he announced in a small voice. "In the woods."

Jerry held out an arm and his brother scampered to him. They held each other close. "There are no tigers around here," Jerry said softly, though he knew Skipper's "tiger" was his fear of the dark, something he wouldn't admit to.

"Oh, but I saw one," the little boy insisted. "He had red eyes."

"Maybe it was a rabbit, huh? Look, you sure you don't want to try again? After all you're pretty big now and smart for your age."

A nod. "But I don't wanna go in the woods all alone. I'll stay here with you an' go when it gets light." Skipper peered at him closely, touched his cheek. "Hey . . . you been crying?"

"Guess so."

"Your legs hurt now?"

"No, it isn't that." Jerry took a deep breath. "Look, I didn't want to scare you . . . but maybe that's what you need to get you going. Anyway I'm going to have to tell you."

"Tell me what?"

"Remember that time Billy held your head under the water? Remember how it felt?"

Skipper scowled and nodded vigorously. "I couldn't breathe. I choked an' choked. It was awful! He almost made me dead. Like Brownie."

Brownie was his puppy, run over by a car two months before. It was Skipper's first experience with death and had made a strong impression on him.

"If you don't help me," Jerry said, "that's what will happen to me. See the ocean? It's rising higher and higher . . . and pretty soon the water will be over my head. And then. . . ."

Skipper stared at him fearfully, his eyes as big and round as an owl's as he suddenly understood.

They both heard the slap as a wave struck against the end of the log and the water flowed in to lap along its sides. Jerry stretched out a hand and brought it back dripping.

Skipper gulped and sprang away from him. "I'll go, Jerry, I'll go!" he shouted, picking up the flashlight and breaking into a run. I'll pray the 'Our Father' all the way," he flung back over his shoul-

der, "an' I'll lick that tiger if he tries to stop me!"

Jerry watched the small figure disappear for the second time. Could Skipper lick his fear of the dark? And even if he did, would he bring back help in time? It seemed unlikely.

The sun almost rested on the horizon now. Soon it would sink out of sight, taking its last rays with it. Jerry glued his eyes to it, lying quietly now in his sandy pit, disregarding the strain on his hips. A strange calmness flowed over him, a sense of unreality that cushioned him gently. His eyes glazed over and he thought of home.



"He found himself thinking of God and raised his eyes skyward. Was there really a God up there somewhere?"

The sun was sinking in the water now, a huge glowing ball. The sea lapped at it eagerly, waiting to extinguish it.

Suddenly it was gone, plunging everything into shade. An involuntary cry burst from his dry lips.

He thought of Skipper. "I'll pray the 'Our Father' all the way," Skipper had said, as if that would fix everything.

He found himself thinking of God and raised his eyes skyward. Was there really a God up there somewhere? A college student friend of his almost had convinced him otherwise. But what did it mean to him—at this moment—in this life and death situation? That there was no one to turn to. No one.

But if there was a God, did He care what happened to Jerry Webster? He needed that belief now. Surely there must be a God who knew and cared about what was happening to him! He could not help himself or depend on himself now.

Tears filled his eyes as his lips formed familiar words, long unuttered but not forgotten: "Our Father which art in heaven. . . ."

He lay motionless against the log, the odd sense of unreality enveloping him once more. He found it soothing. The water was up to his waist now. His arms were getting numb; his body seemed to belong to someone else.

And then he noticed it, had been in fact looking at it unseeingly for some time, a long, dark object that floated in front of him and to his right, some 15 feet away. He raised his head and stared through the soft, gray net of dusk.

It looked like an oar, probably the one Skipper had mentioned seeing.

Jerry's heart gave a great leap against his rib cage. "This way . . . over here . . . please!" he heard himself whispering, as to a living thing.

It was hopeless of course. Though the tide was bringing the oar to shore, it was nowhere within his reach.

Then he remembered the fishing rod. And his heart pounded. Could he?

The rod rested atop the tree trunk. Seizing it in his right hand, he clung to the rough wood with his left as he made a cast.

He missed short of the oar. Now came the difficult part, that of using both hands to reel in while sitting up without any support for his slanting back.

By the time he got the line wound on the reel, his lower back muscles were quivering with tension. Fatigue dribbled out of his hair in beads of sweat. He rested against the log before making another attempt, if "rest" it could be called.

He flexed his right arm to increase the circulation and tried to judge carefully the distance between himself and his objective. This next try must be a good one, for night was lowering its soft web and soon he would be unable to see the oar at all.

He cast the line beyond it this time, reeled in several feet and felt the hook grab at the paddle.

Very carefully, and with his back muscles straining mightily, he reeled in his hope of salvation, made a grab for it, dropped the fishing pole and fell backward into the water.

Exhausted, he pulled himself up with the greatest effort, one hand holding on to the precious oar. He had in mind to shove the paddle end under the tree trunk, and using the oar as a lever, shift the weight of the log off his legs just enough to withdraw them.

It didn't work out. The oar, evidently rotted with age, broke in two, leaving him with just the handle in his grasp.

He hugged the log, both arms thrown

over it and thought despairingly: "It's no use . . . no use."

The water was up to his chest. Oh, where was Skipper?

He found himself staring at the piece of oar still clutched in his right hand, at its jagged end, and felt hope welling up once again. Leaning back and supporting himself with his left hand, he reached under the water with the stick and began digging into the sand around his right leg. He pushed and poked and probed. The sand he disturbed, thoroughly wet now, was carried away by the tide.

Soon he felt his leg drop below the other. Quickly he shifted the stick to his left hand while the right took over the job of supporting his weight as he dug around the other leg.

It too dropped. He eased himself out backward, holding his breath, hardly able to believe he was free at last, free to go on living.

"Thank you, God."

He was on his hands and knees now, scrambling away from the log. On his first attempt to stand he fell flat, his numb legs like wooden clubs. On his second try he stood wobbly and uncertain, then began hobbling toward the woods.

Seeing the trees outlined against the darkening sky, he suddenly was aware of their beauty as never before. And the sky itself, how lovely it was in all its changing moods and colors. Even the ground beneath his feet assumed a new importance. Oh, the sheer joy of being alive!

But where was Skipper? The poor kid probably was wandering around in the woods, lost and crying. He called out and went on to search, hoping he wouldn't get lost himself. It was quite dark under the trees.

Five minutes later he heard his little brother's piping tones and the sound of deep male voices. Skipper had made it!

"Skipper! Skipper!" he yelled. "It's me, Jerry."

There were answering shouts and then he saw the beam of a flashlight through the trees. He walked toward it and met his would-be rescuers, two of them. Skipper leaped into his arms and Jerry hugged the little boy as never before. "We both made it, kid," he said through the lump in his throat.

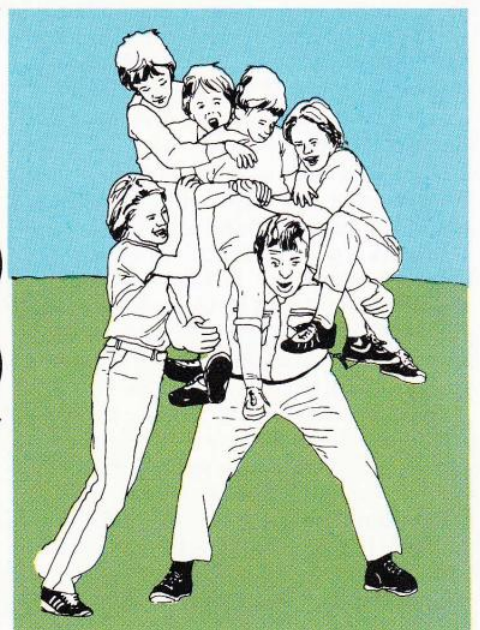
After having described his escape to the men, he was offered a ride home. His state of exhaustion was obvious and his legs were bleeding where he had jabbed them with the broken oar.

Skipper held his hand as they walked through the woods, following the lead man with the flashlight. Looking up at Jerry, Skipper said: "You see, Jerry? I licked that tiger. I looked him in the eye and said 'Our Father' and that ol' tiger turned an' ran away."

Jerry pressed the little boy's hand. "You keep on praying the 'Our Father,' you hear?" he said huskily.

"Say," he remembered. "Tomorrow's Sunday, isn't it? How about the two of us going to church together? I've got a lot of catching up to do." *

COMEDY CORNER COMEDY CORNER COMEDY CORNER



"JUST THE BALL, BANGLE! PASS THE BALL!"



"WHERE WERE YOU ON THAT LAST PLAY, JOHNSON?"

Man: "My hair is coming out pretty fast. Can't you give me something to keep it in?"

Barber: "Sure, take this empty box."

Hal: "What state reminds you of a small beverage?"

Sal: "Minnesota."

Driver: "Officer, I want to report that I struck a cow accidentally."

Officer: "Was it a Jersey cow?"

Driver: "I didn't see her license plates."

Teacher: "Use this book wisely. You'll find it will do half your work."

Pupil: "Good. I'll take two."

Customer (in pet shop): "I like this dog but his legs are too short."

Clerk: "Too short? Why, ma'am, they're all right. They reach clear to the floor."

Joe: "Is your refrigerator running?"

Moe: "Of course it is."

Joe: "You better go catch it."

Drip: "See that dog chasing his tail."

Dope: "Poor little guy! He's trying to make both ends meet."

Teacher: "Give me a sentence with an object."

Student: "You're very beautiful, teacher."

Teacher: "What is the object?"

Student: "A good grade."

She: "Which state were you born in?"

He: "New York."

She: "Which part?"

He: "All of me."

Larry: "Is your house warm?"

Harry: "It ought to be. The painter gave it two coats last week."

Tim: "What makes you think Atlas was a bad man?"

Jim: "The book says he held up the whole world."

JOKES SUBMITTED BY
HENRY E. LEABO

Do you know the name Danny Beaver? Probably not. Perhaps the only way you might know Danny Beaver is if you are from Purdue University or keep records on the champions—the record holders.

Danny Beaver is a missionary's son. He attended the University of Illinois and was a place kicking specialist.

Illinois is playing Purdue. The score is 12 to 14 in favor of Purdue University. Danny had kicked 4 field goals for all 12 points of the University of Illinois, and now with less than one minute to go it is 4th and 1 yard to go for a score for Illinois.

Shall the coach send the big fullback up the middle or allow Danny Beaver to kick again? The coach makes the decision. The crowds shout. On one side of the stadium you hear, "Hold that line!" and the visiting Illinois yelled, "Go! Go! Go!"

Now the odds are against 5 field goals in a row. It would be a collegiate record if it happened.

Beaver gets the nod from Coach Blackman. As he marks the spot for the quarterback to hold the ball, the quarterback, Jeff Hallenback, pats him on the back and says, "Don't worry, Danny. God loves you if you make it or if you don't."

We don't earn God's love—it's an unconditional love. He gives it. Isn't that super!

Quarterback Hallenback took the snap—placed the ball and Beaver won the game—tied the national record of 5 field goals in one game.

I'd like you to note that scoring a field goal or extra point demands 100% team effort. A field goal is an excellent example of team effort for success and victory. Each part of the team must be right.



1. The ball had to be placed just right with seams in front.

2. Danny Beaver had to kick it in perfect timing and right in the middle of the ball.

3. The line had to block the opponent out. If just one player gets through it, it could ruin the play.

4. But the key to the whole effort lies in the center.

What was his name... who knows? Craig Morton, Haven Moses, Jim Turner, Earl Campbell, but who is the center? Everything starts with the center. In my opinion, the center is the most important position on the team.

As a high school coach and staff, we graded our players—all of them on every play—and we discovered over many seasons that for us to win, the center must score 85% perfect in the game.

In 1973 we had a perfect season. The center on that team had a grade of 98% correct on *all* the plays of the season.

In a season in which we were 4-5, we noticed the center's season grade was 70% correct. The center is the most important position on the team.

In every team you must have a center. Nothing really happens until the center starts the play. Every person, young and old needs Christ as the center of life. If you want a meaningful, exciting, and truly successful life, be sure Jesus Christ is at the center.

Here's the big question, who is the center of your life? Who is ruling and guiding me?

Romans 1:17 (Living Bible): "This Good News tells us that God makes us ready for heaven—makes us right in God's sight—when we put our faith and trust in Christ alone to save us. This is accomplished from start to finish by faith." As the Scripture says it, "The man who finds life will find it through trusting God."

Who's at Center?

By Paul McGarvey

