

# High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS/FALL 1982



GHOST DOG  
GREAT DISCOVERIES IN THE  
LAND THAT COLUMBUS LOVED  
HOW TO BE FREE OF ANXIETY  
STAYING IN SHAPE

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FALL 1982

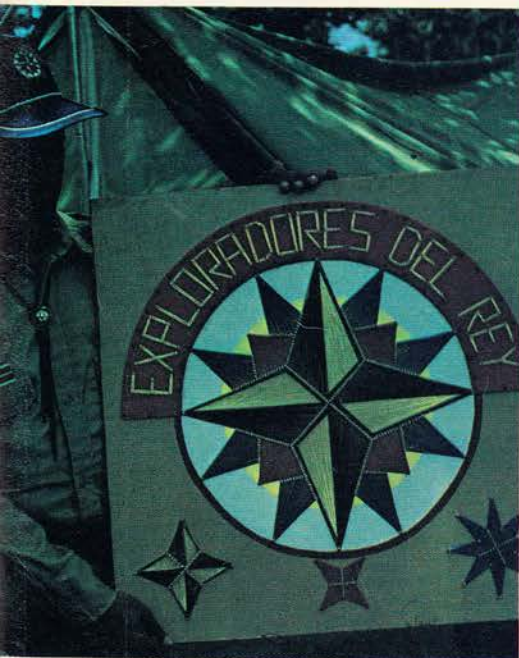
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# GHOST DOG

## Did the mysterious night-time howling belong to dog or wolf?

Bushranger was one of the finest dogs on the range. And then one stormy night, the dog disappeared just as mysteriously as he had come. Binge Colby was determined to prove to his friend, Joey Lance, that his ghost-like canine friend was still alive.



By Grover Brinkman

**I**t was that moment dusk wiped out the last of the sky-fire. Stretched out at the brink of the canyon, Binge Colby tapped the shoulder of the boy at his side.

"Listen, Joey! There it is again!"

Joey Lance, whose father was Shoshone and his mother Irish, shrugged his shoulders. "Sounded like a wolf to me—"

"No, it's Bushranger!"

"Bushranger is dead," Joey argued.

"We never found his body. Slim Bonney might have killed all of the wild dogs, but that doesn't mean Bushranger was one of them—"

"He's dead," Joey persisted.

"Bushranger was always at our side. If he wasn't killed, why isn't he here now?"

Far down the canyon came a plaintive,

long-drawn sound that was either wolf or dog. It came again.

"Bushranger's bark was different," Binge persisted. "His voice was mellow, and there was a little squeak at the end of his bark." Binge held up his hand, suddenly excited. "Listen! Like that!"

Joey was not convinced. "You're imagining things, Binge."

"I hope you're wrong, Joey!"

"Even if it is a dog," Joey argued, "it means nothing but trouble. You know how the sheepmen hate wild dogs."

Joey was right, of course. Stray dogs that ran wild on the range were a menace to all ranchers. In a single night, a dog pack could ravage a flock of woolies.

Binge's uncle, James Colby, was a sheepman. In fact, his ranch was the largest in the valley, bordering the Shoshone Reservation. Binge and Joey had been pals for a long time.

Bushranger had walked up to the Colby ranch after a rainstorm, early in the spring. There was no collar on the big shepherd, no identification.

"Some tourist lost him, or deliberately dumped him," was his Uncle James' ultimatum.

They had advertised in the area papers, giving a description of the dog. But no one answered the ad. Months had passed, and Bushranger was one of the finest dogs on the range. And then one stormy night, the dog disappeared just as mysteriously as he had come.

Now, with the moon painting the desert with tinsel and silver, Binge and Joey lay listening to the noises of a dog pack, ranging on the canyon floor.

"No one saw Bushranger after he disappeared in that storm, did they?" Joey asked.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE ►

“**T**hey came down the shale silent as the night itself, toward the sleeping sheep. ‘Look!’ Binge said. ‘Here they come. Dogs—eleven, twelve—’ ”

“No one we know of. But later, ranchers up the valley complained about a pack of dogs led by a big Shepherd. They presumed it was Bushranger. And then one night Slim Bonney of the Bar X caught the pack with a scattergun and annihilated them.”

“Those are sheep-killers down there,” Joey said. “If Bushranger has turned wild, he won’t have long to live.”

Binge squirmed back from the rim, sat up. “Why would a dog leave in a storm?” he asked at last. “Something unusual happened to him that night.”

“Whatever happened, he wouldn’t be our friend any more.”

“We’d better go home,” Binge said at last. “It’s getting late.”

But sleep would not come to Binge. He kept visioning a beautiful dog, a shaggy head and a cool nose that kept nudging him, ready for a romp.

The following afternoon, however, he rode fast toward the Shoshone village.

When he spotted Joey, busy in the sheep-shearing shed with this father, he pulled up, slid off the pony.

“A dozen ranchers are at Uncle James’ place,” he said excitedly. “For one thing, 20 sheep were killed in the valley last night by the dogs. The ranchers are going after the pack tonight.”

Joey’s face sobered. “But what can we do about it? The pack must be wiped out, Binge!”

“I know. But what if Bushranger is leading them?”

“Binge, there is no Bushranger!”

Binge didn’t argue. Even his best pal didn’t believe that the Shepherd was alive. Possibly Joey was right. Still he had heard Bushranger’s squeaky voice—

“Will you go along with me tonight, to check?” he asked Joey.

“I’ll go,” Joey said, “but we won’t find Bushranger.”

The moon hung like a yellow orange

above the monumental shafts of the mesa as they crawled out on the rimrock. Sheep were down in the canyon, hundreds of sheep, herded for the night. There were ranchers down there as well—with guns.

The minutes ticked by. Ears tuned to the night, Binge heard nothing. The sheep were at rest; no dog pack. Far off came the wail of a coyote, but no dogs.

“It’s midnight,” Joey said at last.

“It’s getting chilly, too!” Binge complained.

“The pack is wise. They’ll keep away from the canyon tonight.”

“You might be right,” Binge agreed.

He stopped, with a quick intake of breath. Moving down from the far rim were a dozen or more tawny shapes. They came down the shale silent as the night itself, toward the sleeping sheep.

“Look!” Binge said. “Here they come! Dogs—eleven, twelve—”

“The lead dog is a big shepherd!” Joey exclaimed.

“Yes,” Binge admitted. “There he goes through that shaft of moonlight—”

The pack raced toward the sheep now. Startled ewes, realizing the danger, ran blindly. Lambs bleated in terror; old bucks stomped the ground. Then the dogs were tearing, jumping atop the startled animals. And the big Shepherd was in the midst of them.

“It can’t be Bushranger!” Binge said.

“What are we going to do?”

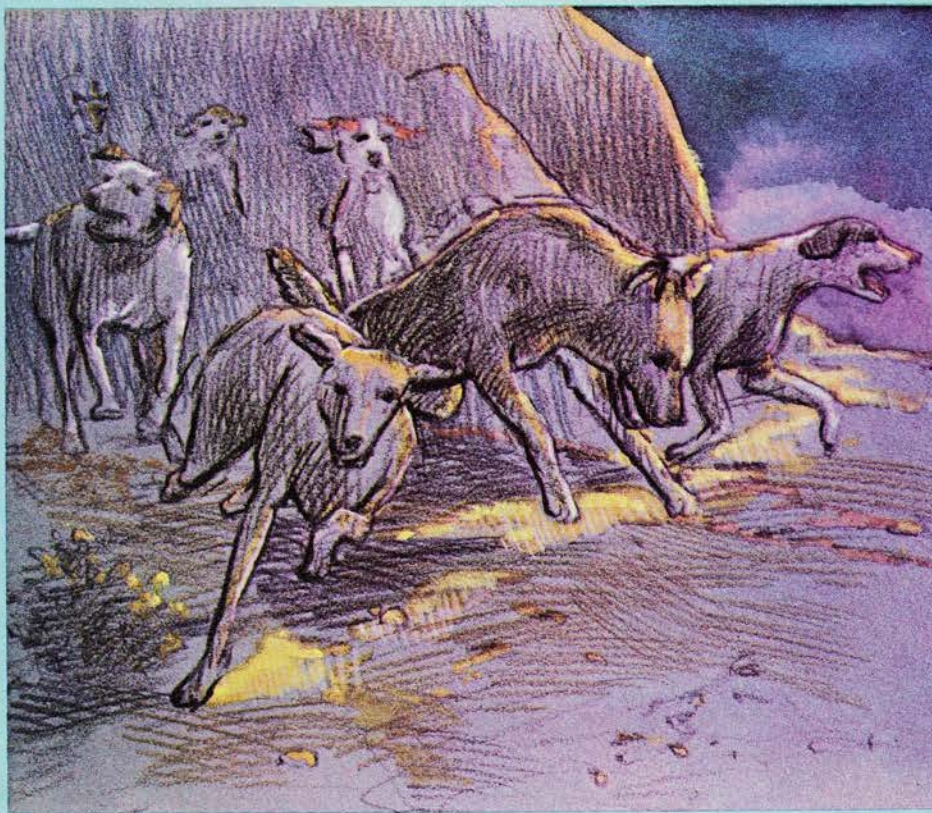
Joey tugged at his arm. “We might get shot, Binge—”

“We can’t sit still and let those sheep get killed,” Binge said. “Come on!”

They started skidding down a shale slide, working to the canyon floor. They ran toward the terrified flock now, shouting, swinging their clubs.

Binge saw a wolflike dog leap for the throat of a ewe, swung the club with gusto. The dog went sprawling. He heard Joey shout, saw him clubbing at a dog.

But they were no match for this dog pack, Binge soon realized. They were in a dangerous spot, even, with milling sheep around them and maddened dogs, more savage than wolves. Twice his club came down. Binge saw Joey swing at a



“Binge saw the newcomer leap for the throat of a dog tearing at a lamb. The two dogs went rolling, with gnashing teeth.”

dog atop a lamb. The dog was a Shepherd. The club came down hard. Was it Bushranger? He swung the club again.

And then some sort of a miracle seemed to take place. From the shale slope suddenly came a charging shadow, into the midst of the fight. Binge stepped back, raised his club ready to swing at this new dog that had joined the pack. Then his club halted in midair.

The new dog wasn't attacking the flock!

He was fighting the dog pack!

Binge saw the newcomer leap for the throat of a dog tearing at a lamb. The two dogs went rolling, with gnashing teeth.

Binge suddenly realized that riders were coming up. Guns were blasting. There were yelps of pain. The remaining dogs scattered.

Suddenly he was at Joey's side, and together they pulled the big Shepherd off his antagonist. Only then did Binge realize that he was gripping the collar of a dog that looked strangely familiar, and the dog suddenly was whinnying plaintively, licking at their hands.

“It—it's Bushranger, Joey!” he said gladly. “Did you see how he came off the mesa to fight the dogs, not the flock?”

James Colby and other ranchers ringed them now. Herders were regrouping the flock.

“We got most of them,” Colby was saying. “I saw this fight, too, Binge. It's Bushranger, all right, and he was fighting the dog pack as you said. But where did he come from?”

Binge shrugged. “All I know is—he's back home!”

Suddenly Joey touched his arm, pointed. “There's a car up there on the mesa trail. I can see its lights. Someone's coming down.”

Momentarily a tall, tanned, white-haired man strode up to the group. “My name is Jed Harris,” he said. “I've been following my dog.”

The time was late, but they were reluctant to call it a day. Bushranger curled on a rug near the fireplace. Joey was staying all night with Binge, and they were still discussing the miracle.

“Just think,” Binge whispered, “Mr.

Harris is willing for us to keep Bushranger, always. But whoever heard of a dog being allergic to storms?”

“Remember some people are frightened of storms as well,” Joey said. “And snakes, and things like that. It could be that Bushranger was frightened by some bad storm when he was a puppy—”

“Anyway, Mr. Harris, who is an artist, was camped on the desert when this storm came up and Bushranger disappeared. Evidently that's when he walked up to the ranch. And he liked the sheep so much he stayed.”

“Until it stormed,” Joey admitted.

Binge nodded. “Then he sought his old master. He couldn't find him, wandered for days, finally located him in Prescott.”

“I'll bet his feet were good and sore.”

“Of course Mr. Harris was glad to get him back. But he noticed, as the days passed, that Bushranger wasn't really

happy. The name, “Valley Ranch” on his collar meant he had been in sheep country. So Mr. Harris packed up and made camp on the mesa, several days ago.”

“Last night,” Joey interrupted, “Bushranger was nervous, howling and barking, trying to break his chain.”

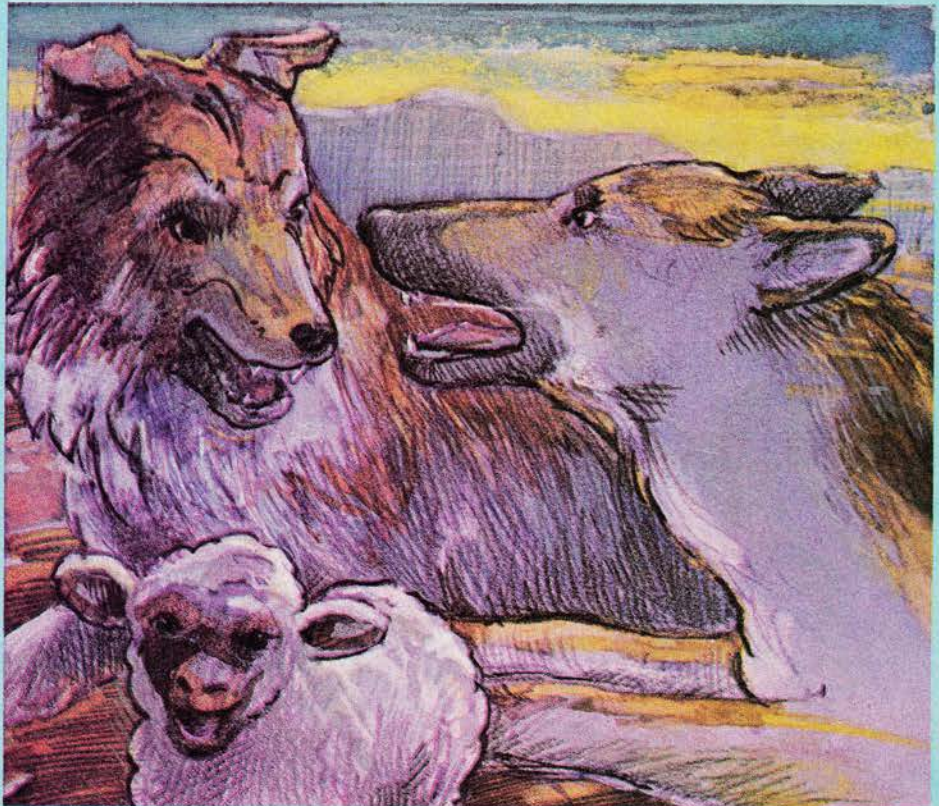
“And tonight, when the fight started down in the canyon, he did manage to break his chain and headed for the canyon floor, with Mr. Harris not far behind.”

“It's all too good to be true,” Joey said.

“He'll never leave again,” Binge promised. “I'll even watch the barometer each day. If it looks like storm, I'll take Bushranger up to my room, and lock him in.”

“You might even sleep with him,” Joey said, smiling, “just to make sure.”

Bushranger whined, and Binge turned to Joey. “He does have a squeak in his voice. You heard it just now and so did I.”



# Cooking With Waugan Sticks

## Fall Ranglercraft

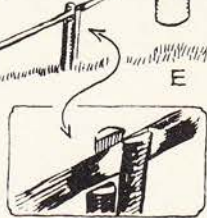
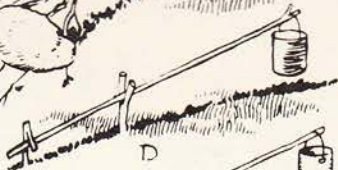
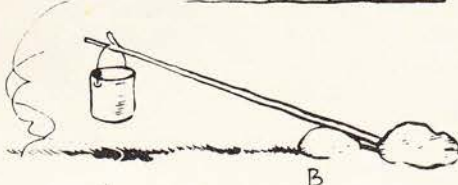
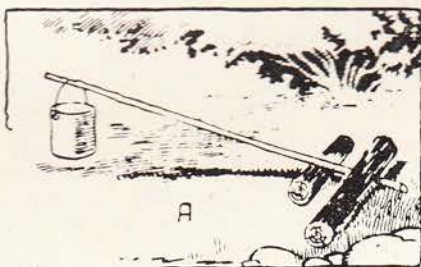
**C**all them whatever you wish—waugan-sticks, wambecks, spy-gelias, sasters—they are pot-hangers for holding a single cooking pot. The Indians who once lived in Maine called them *chiplok-waugans* or *kitchiplok waugans*, so that is where we get the name.

There are about as many ways to make a waugan stick as there are fleas on a dog. Much depends upon availability. Figure A shows one held up by logs, with Figure B using rocks. Figures C and D use forked sticks. If none are handy, you can use a split stick as in Figure E, with a stake driven underneath to keep the waugan from slipping.

The rule of thumb is, never hunt very far for material. Just use the nearest thing you have. An Indian guide was once observed propping his waugan with his feet while the pot boiled, thinking this was easier than to go looking for something better.

Most campers prefer Figures A and B because they are easy to make and allow the pot to be adjusted with less problem. Which one do you prefer?

If you have more than one pot in use at the same time, you would need a crane, but this is a subject for another time and



INDIAN WAUGAN

place. The waugan stick is for the quick lunch. Hikers in the Northwoods use it to boil tea on the trail. But it also has many uses in the regular camp situation.

### INDIAN WAUGAN

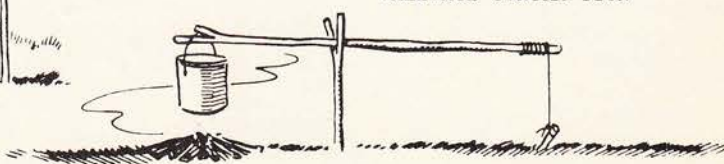
The redman's favorite waugan was to lean a long pole against a log or stump, hang a kettle and build a fire. To lower, move the stick nearer the support, and slip the pot along until it is over the fire once more. To raise, move it farther away from the support. Should the pot handle slip too far, just hack a small notch with your hatchet.

White man's woodcraft would be foreign to an Indian. Paleface contraptions were not always to his liking. But a clever rig can be made which adjusts the pot by means of a string at the end of the pole. Wrap the string around the pole to raise the pot, and unwind the string to lower it. The rig itself may be handy, but is a bit more troublesome than the Indian types.

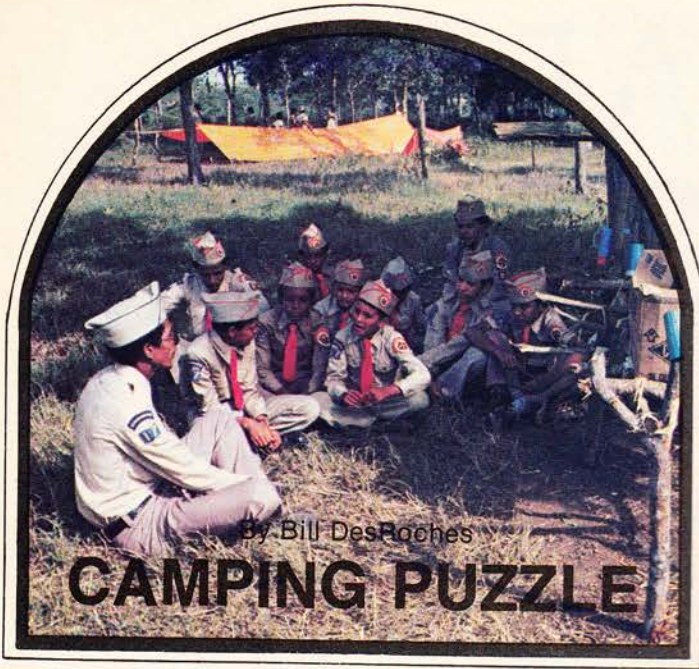
Caution: *the waugan stick must always be torn down before leaving camp—always!* The Indians thought it was a bad omen to leave it up. Anyway, the old-timers in the woods are dead set on tearing the waugan down soon as the pot has boiled. Better tear yours down, too.



PALEFACE CONTRAPTION



BY  
JOHN ELLER



By Bill DesRoches

## CAMPING PUZZLE

T I K D I A T S R I F T R S  
 N W G A B G N I P E E L S S  
 A A B C L S V S W B D B D A  
 L L D R E N E P O N A C T L  
 L K J S T K G H R D E N F G  
 E I O M A U L R C D E M L G  
 P E K N I J E Q O T A R A N  
 E T S D Q T C O M P A S S I  
 R A E R A A W O C T E M H Y  
 T L R W N E F L I N T J L F  
 C K D T R T J O W D L A I I  
 E I E I C V N G R O A O G N  
 S E F C O S J Q E K C R H G  
 N S N A K E B I T E K I T A  
 I B K C A P K C A B C D B M

See who can complete this game first. You or your friends? Find the following camping words first and you've won! Go up, down, left, right, but not diagonally. Here are the words:

BACKPACK CAN OPENER, CANTEEN,  
 COMPASS, FIREWOOD, FIRST AID KIT,  
 FLASHLIGHT, FLINT, GUIDE, INSECT RE-  
 PELLANT, MAGNIFYING GLASS, MAP,  
 MATCHES, RADIO, RATIONS, ROPE, SLEEP-  
 ING BAG, SNAKE BITE KIT, SNAKES, TENT,  
 WALKIE TALKIE, WATER.

There are  
 ten differences  
 between these drawings.  
 Will you be the first to find  
 them, or will your friend? So,  
 on your mark, get set, go, and  
 circle the differences.  
 This is a tough one, fellas,  
 and may the sharpest  
 Ranger win!

(ANSWERS UPSIDE DOWN BELOW)

## CARTOON PUZZLE



Cartoons by  
DHMS



ANSWERS:

1. Microphone has no lines. 2. Only three spotlights instead of  
 four. 3. Man holding sign has no pencil behind his ear. 4. TV camera  
 is shorter in front. 5. TV camera is missing the letter X. 6. Monkey  
 has no left ear. 7. Man holding pets has no tie. 8. Dog on floor  
 has no tail. 9. No can on right side of table. 10. Sign says stall  
 5 mins. instead of 3.

# HEAP WHAT ON WHO?

BY E. Z. RYDER

*Gary*  
I caught my kid brother just as he was going out the side gate with a garbage can lid full of smoldering briquets from the barbecue.

"Hey, where are you going with those?" I wanted to know.

"Just doin' what the Bible says," he mumbled, not stopping.

"Doing *what*?" I demanded, blocking his path.

"Get out of my way," he ordered.

"You aren't taking those briquets anywhere except back to the barbecue where they belong," I informed him. "Now move!"

He didn't budge.

"What's this all about?" I asked, softening my tone a little. The kid did seem pretty upset, after all. "And how does the Bible figure into it?"

"Weren't you listenin' Sunday?" Gary questioned impatiently, balancing his hot lid on the fence. "The preacher said we're supposed to dump coals of fire on our enemies, and when I get through with Scott Willis. . . ."

"Hold it, hold it," I interrupted. "I don't think you got that quite right. Put those briquets back where they belong and we'll check it out in my Bible."

He just stood there.

"Maybe Dad should be the one to show you," I decided.

I guess "Dad" was the magic word, because he promptly returned the still-smoking briquets to the barbecue pit and followed me into the house.

"Do you remember the Scripture reference?" I asked.

He didn't, of course, so I turned to Romans, chapter twelve. "It was in verse 20," I told him, "but to get the full impact let's go back to verse 19. Follow along now as I read: 'Dearly beloved, avenge not yourself, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

"Yeah, but I still don't see—" Gary began.

"Listen to verse 20 now," I instructed. "It says, 'Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap

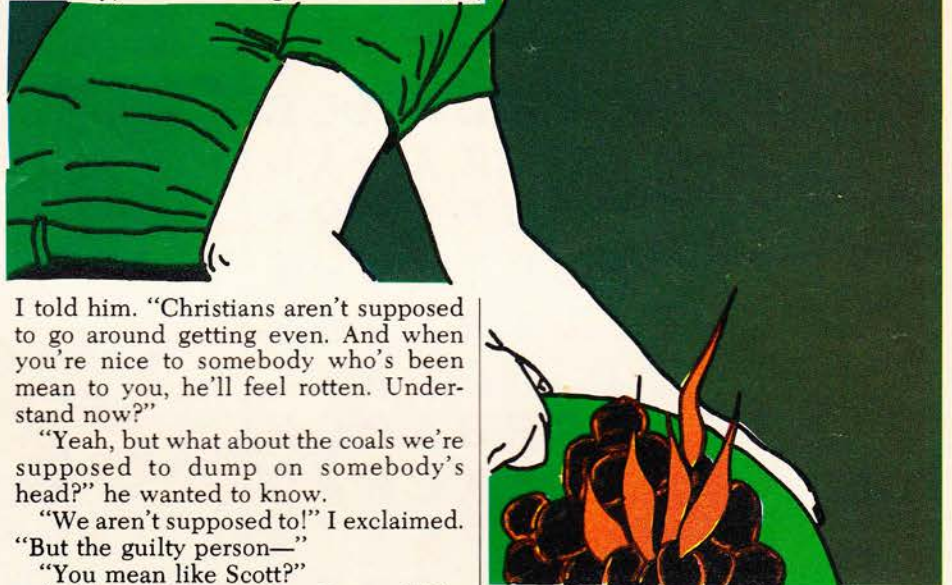
coals of fire on his head.' Understand?"

"But that's what I was going to do," Gary insisted. "Heap coals of fire on Scott!"

I shook my head. He just wasn't getting it. "You aren't supposed to do anything like that!" I explained. "You're supposed to be nice to people who hurt you! Don't you remember the Sermon on the Mount where Jesus says, 'Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth'?"

"Well, sort of," Gary replied.

"Okay, meek means gentle and kind,"



I told him. "Christians aren't supposed to go around getting even. And when you're nice to somebody who's been mean to you, he'll feel rotten. Understand now?"

"Yeah, but what about the coals we're supposed to dump on somebody's head?" he wanted to know.

"We aren't supposed to!" I exclaimed. "But the guilty person—"

"You mean like Scott?"

"Right. If you're nice to Scott, it'll be like you heaped coals of fire on his head! Then he'll be sorry he was so mean to you."

Gary frowned. "But he wasn't mean to me."

"He wasn't?" This wasn't making any sense at all. "Then why are you so mad at Scott?"

"He called you a fat, no-talent creep with a sponge for a brain," Gary began, "and nobody talks about my brother like—Hey, where are you going?"

I gave him a look. "Are you kidding? The barbecue pit, where else? I think there are some hot coals left!"

Then we both started laughing. ★

**A boy teaches his brother what it means to "heap coals of fire" on our enemies! Read on, you'll see . . .**



Young boys from the Dominican Republic are discovering the excitement of becoming Spanish Royal Rangers, known there as "Exploradores del Rey," Explorers of the King.

# GREAT DISCOVERIES IN THE LAND THAT COLUMBUS LOVED THE BEST



**Y**es, it's true. Since 1970 there have been over 100 exciting discoveries in the West Indies Island of the Dominican Republic.

When Columbus landed his ships in 1492, he was amazed at all the tropical beauty and wealth before his eyes. He sent out scouts to explore the island. Further exploration revealed a river on the southern side of the island that formed a cove just perfect for hiding from pirate ships and violent Caribbean storms. A strong fort was soon built on the banks of the Ozama River.

Columbus went on to make other discoveries but Hispanola (the Spanish name for the island), was always his favorite. It is still called the "Land that Columbus loved the best."

Today, nearly five centuries after Columbus first landed on the sandy shores of the Dominican Republic, great discoveries are still being made. Young

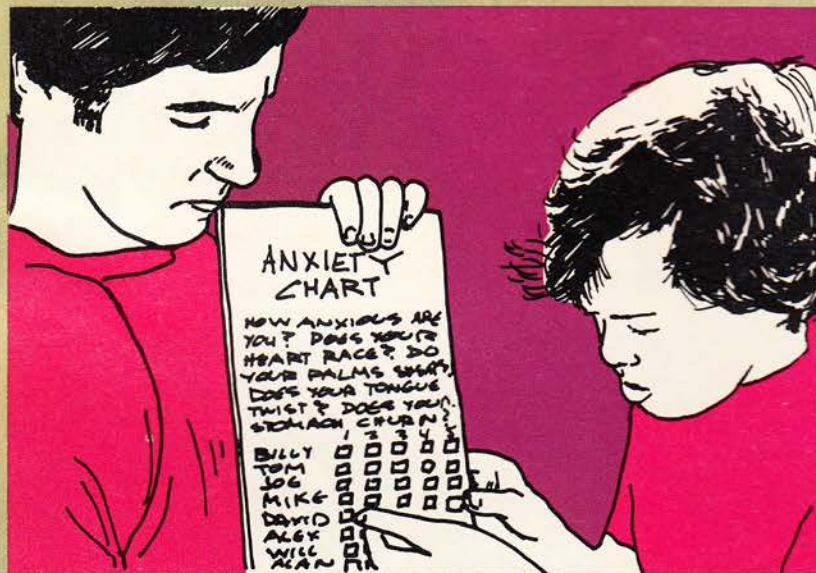
Dominican boys and men are joining with others who have discovered the excitement of Spanish Royal Rangers called "Exploradores del Rey." The year-around warm weather of this tropical island is perfect for camping. Blue, crystal-clear waters invite the passerby to "take a plunge" or "wet a hook." And there is usually a palm tree nearby where one can knock down a coconut and drink the refreshing water.

The greatest discovery of all, though, is not the land or the resources. It is in knowing Jesus Christ as one's personal Saviour. That is why the Dominican Republic is still a land of great discoveries. Over 500 Dominican Explorer's of the King (Exploradores del Rey) proudly proclaim to all the world that they have made the greatest discovery of all... salvation through Jesus Christ! ★

Photos & Text  
By R. Eugene Hunt

How do you react to surprise quizzes?

# HOW TO BE FREE OF ANXIETY



Anxiety causes hearts to race; palms to sweat; tongues to twist; stomachs to churn; and adrenaline to flow.

BY BETTY LOU MELL

Anxiety is that fearsome state of being that causes hearts to race; palms to sweat; tongues to twist; stomachs to churn; and adrenaline to flow. In other words, it causes our "fight or flight" responses. It's like an engine that's racing, but with wheels that are spinning.

Of course, when you meet a grizzly bear who wants to share your bologna sandwich, flight is the best course of action. In that case, anxiety is a good response, for you are ready to compete in a race with the Six Million Dollar Man. But how about when your teacher suddenly smiles and announces, "Okay, class, close your books. We're going to have a quiz."

Oh, boy! You may want to run—or

fight—but neither response is appropriate. There is no way out, so you sit there and worry while anxiety takes over. You may become so up-tight, you can't even remember your own name, much less answer a quiz intelligently!

So, what can you do about anxiety? Well, in the first instance, you can avoid places where bears hang out... especially while eating bologna sandwiches. In the second instance, plan to be absent on those days when your teacher is most likely to spring surprise quizzes. There... two simple solutions to very perplexing circumstances. But what about all the other problems that will crop up during your lifetime?

Everybody has anxieties. Will your allowance cover all your expenses... or

will expenses bury your allowance? Will you be able to keep up your grades... or will your brainpower dwindle away? Will you be popular next year... or will you be ignored? Will you get a job when you get older... or will you be forced to fight for your country's freedom? But don't think anxieties stop there?

Even adults have them. They worry about the energy crunch—what will it be... heat the house... or drive the car? Incomes... will the dollar continue to shrink as the price of everything continues to grow? Health... will it run out before they do? Loved ones... will they be able to meet responsibilities and expenses? The list could go on and on for both kids and adults.

The point is, we all worry and become

---

Overcome anxiety in these two steps:

---

# One: Prepare yourself for difficult situations.

anxious about things that may or may not occur—what's the end of it all? Is there no rest for racing hearts and trembling hands . . . are we meant to worry all our lives? Sure . . . probably some . . . and sometimes it's good to be anxious—like when you meet that bear—but a constant state of anxiety is unnecessary. So, here's the solution, and it comes in two parts.

Part one is to accept those things over which we have absolutely no control. For things over which we do have control, we must prepare ourselves. Okay—how do we do that? Well, God gives us all a measure of time, ability, and personality. If we use these things to the best possible advantage, we are better able to cope.

If we fritter our time away instead of keeping up with our studies, we're bound to be anxious over a quiz. Instead, we must learn to utilize our time properly. If we splurge our allowance, we're bound to be anxious when we look at empty pockets before the week is over. It is better to conserve, plan, and budget our finances. If we treat people crummy, we'll find we have no friends. A person

who wants friends, must relate to others in a kindly way. So the key work to the first part of the solution is PREPARE.

Okay, you're prepared—now what?

The second part of the solution is trust and faith in GOD. Hey, wait a minute . . . how'd we get around to that? Well, we got around to that because it's basic. We came into this world with nothing . . . no friends, allowance, or possessions, and when we leave, we will take nothing with us either. We were given a body, a life, and a soul . . . then left to fend for ourselves . . . but not quite. For, without our even knowing it, God laid the foundation for our trust and faith. He gave us into the care of a human family. You see, someone had to care for each one of us, or we never would have survived. (Just think of the anxiety we would have known if we were aware of that?)

But we weren't aware, so we grew in varying circumstances to become the individuals we are. But as we grow, our anxieties grow too for we become increasingly aware of problems and sometimes we forget what the final goal will

be. We sometimes focus on the here and now, and concentrate on things and events, instead of God and His purpose.

But God does have a purpose for each one of us, and He isn't very interested in what, or how much, we have. He's interested in seeing how we treat our fellow brothers and sisters; in seeing how we use our resources; and what we do with our God-given talents. Most of all, He's interested in seeing what kind of Christian we become.

Think of the word "Christian" and what it means. It means belief in Jesus Christ as our Saviour. True Christians cannot stay in a state of anxiety for long, for they have put themselves in God's capable hands and follow Christ's teachings. And His way is the path that leads to real peace and security—a path where all things of this world pass away, and the final goal is His glorious kingdom.

So, there it is . . . prepare yourself in the best way you know how . . . then leave the rest to God. You take care of the quizzes—He'll take care of the grizzlies. That's how to be free of anxiety—try it—you'll see. ★



True Christians cannot stay in a state of anxiety for long, for they have put themselves in God's capable hands and follow Christ's teachings.

# Two: Let your trust in God help you out.

# Staying In Shape

BY ALAN CLIBURN

Mom was sweeping the porch when I left the house. "And just where are you off to?" she asked.

"I have a date with a couple dumbbells," I replied.

"Steve, that's no way to talk about your friends!" she admonished.

"Mom, I'm going to the 'Y' to work out," I answered with a grin, holding up my gym bag as proof.

"But you just got home from school," she went on. "Didn't you work out there?"

"Mom, that was basketball practice!" I said. "Now I'm going to pump iron."

She looked horrified. "Pump iron?"

"Lift weights," I explained. "See you later."

"Don't hurt yourself!" she called after me.

Mom was okay, but she sure didn't know anything about staying in shape. Of course she had never met Coach Forrest.

"If you expect to play on my team you'll get rid of the flab!" he barked the first day of tryouts. He looked at us and shook his head. "Frankly, most of you won't be able to take it, and that's fine with me. I only want the men who can."

Right then I decided that I was going to be one of those "men" that made the team. When my arms were turning to jelly on the 34th push-up I wasn't so sure, but seeing other guys collapsing all around me just convinced me to work harder.

"Man, is he a coach or an army sergeant?" Dale Winslow wheezed as we took a lap around the gym.

"This is good for us," I replied, even though my legs were telling me they were undergoing cruel and unusual punishment.

"Another lap!" the coach yelled.

There were groans and some of the guys dropped out, but not me. I was going to take whatever that guy dished out.

"Man, I am dead!" Dale had com-

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plained on the way home. "How about you?"

"I'll live," I replied. "I'm gonna make the team, too."

"Good luck," Dale said. "By the way, are you coming to Bible study tonight?"

"I'm too tired," I decided. "I want to get to bed early so I'll be ready for tomorrow."

I was ready, too. Only about half the guys who had shown up the previous day were there for tryouts, but Coach Forrest didn't seem to mind at all.

"And we'll cut this number in half," he warned. "Jumping jacks! One! Two! One! Two! A little more enthusiasm, gentlemen!"

The muscles I had used the day before were screaming in pain, but I pushed myself. I was no quitter. Dale wasn't either, I guess, because he was there, too.

"You should have been in Bible study last night," he told me as we walked home. "It's just really interesting how things written so long ago apply to the world today."

"Did you see that one shot I made?" I asked him. "You know, from halfway across the court? I could tell the coach was impressed."

"We're starting a new visitation program," Dale went on. "We'll visit kids who have visited the church and share Christ with them. The pastor is going to teach us how to witness."

"Good. Guess we'll find out tomorrow. Who made the team, I mean."

"Right," Dale agreed. "Well, see you later. Think about joining us for the witnessing class."

"Yeah, sure," I said. But I didn't. Think about it, I mean. I was too busy thinking about making the team. My muscles may have been sore and all that, but I kind of liked all the pressure I was putting on myself.

Besides, I didn't need to attend the pastor's class to learn how to witness. I was a Christian, wasn't I? Anyway, one of my old Sunday school teachers taught

me how to witness years earlier.

Dale and I made the team, and I started putting more and more time into working out and getting in shape. Strangely enough, the more I worked out, the less my muscles ached. Sure, I still got tired, but I bounced back a lot faster than before.

On this particular afternoon, the weight room at the "Y" was almost deserted when I got there. Man, what is this? I wondered. Sure, there were a few of the older guys around, but hardly anybody my age, and nobody from the team. Just not dedicated enough, I decided.

"Excuse me," I asked one of the old-timers. "Are you using these dumbbells?"

"Help yourself," he replied. He glanced at me. "Now that's what I call a perfect specimen of young manhood!"

"Thanks," I said, blushing slightly. I took the weights to the nearest incline board.

"You know, Harry," I overheard that guy telling his friend, "I used to be built like that."

"So what happened?" Harry answered.

It was hard not to snicker. The first guy had a big potbelly and was obviously out of shape.

"Oh, I got the flu and then I got weak, and the weaker I got the less I felt like working out," the first man explained. "I figured I'd wait until I was feeling strong again."

"Makes sense to me," his equally out-of-shape friend Harry agreed.

It made no sense to me at all. You get stronger by working out, not waiting until you suddenly feel strong! I felt like telling them that. I was living proof, too. I was really weak before Coach Forrest got a hold of me. The more I worked out, the stronger I got.

I was doing some tricep extensions when Dale finally showed up. "Can I work in?" he began.

"Okay," I answered. "Of course you'll have to reduce the weight a little!"

"Very funny," he replied, starting to use the same weight I had been using. "Hey, you weren't kidding! I can barely budge it!"

I shrugged. "Told you so."

He did his set, then looked at me. "You have really gotten stronger the past couple of months!"

"I've been working at it," I said simply. "Pays off."

"You know, we've been missing you at church," he went on.

"I'm there every Sunday," I reminded him, starting another set.

"Yeah, but I'm talking about at Bible study and visitation and other stuff like that," Dale continued. "You're missing out on most of the youth group activities."

I finished my set. "There's only so much time in a day, you know. "Your turn."

"I have a guy I want you to meet," Dale told me.

"You mean here?" I asked, glancing around.

"No, he's new in my neighborhood and he's a fan of yours," Dale explained. "He's seen you play in a few basketball games."

I was flattered, of course, but not surprised. I really was pretty good by then. "Sure, anytime."

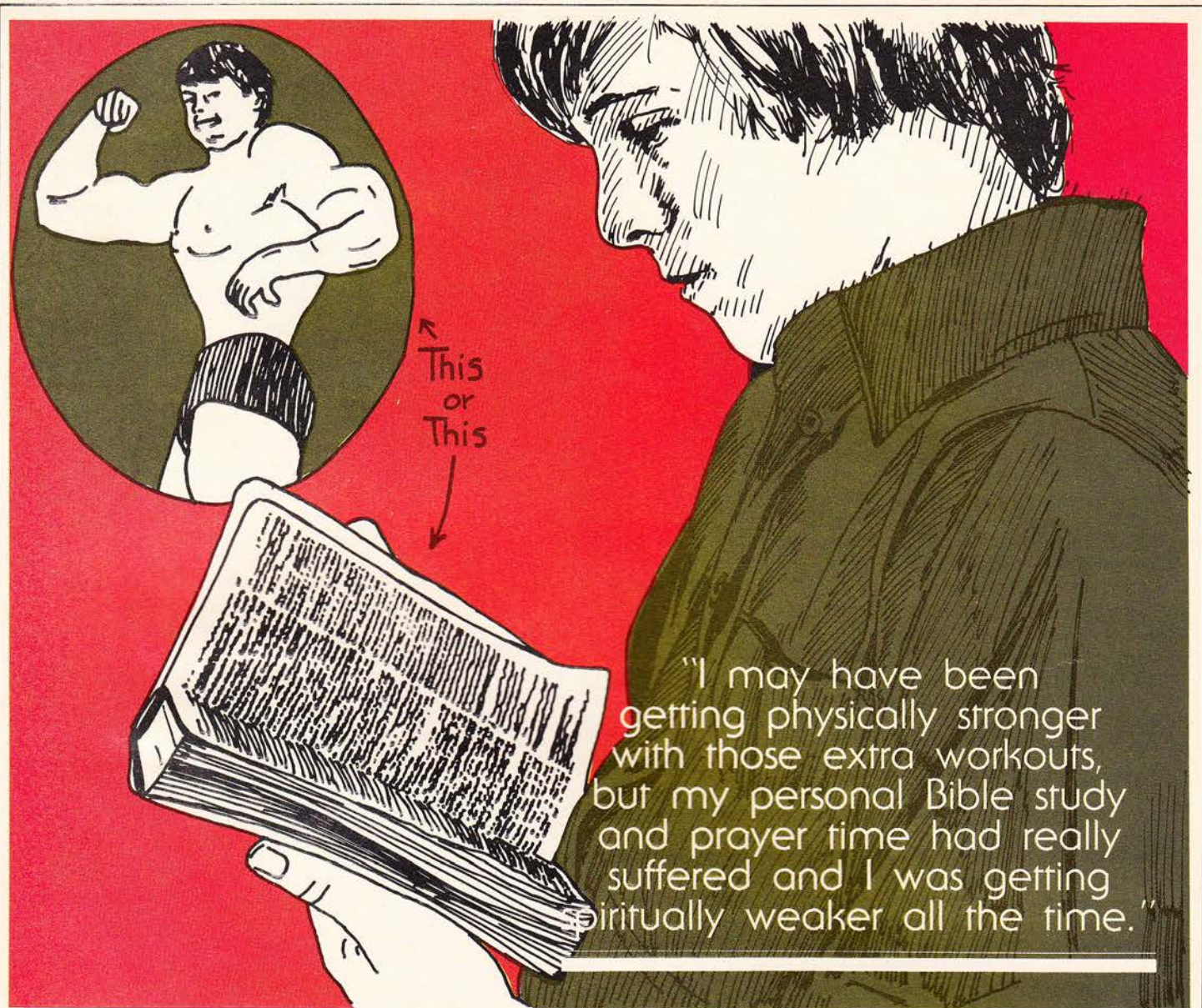
"Why don't you come over to my place Saturday afternoon," Dale suggested. "We can play basketball and you can meet Gary."

So I did. I was going to practice shooting baskets anyway, and it didn't really matter where I did it.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," Dale whispered when Gary went chasing a runaway ball down the driveway. "I've been trying to get Gary to go to church, but he hasn't been too interested. Maybe if you invite him, he'll come."

"Yeah, okay," I agreed.

We played for a while longer, then Dale's mom called us in for some hot chocolate. It was getting a little cold outside, so that hot chocolate really tasted



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good.

"I have a phone call to make," Dale said suddenly, giving me a look. "Be back in a few minutes."

So this is invite-the-kid-to-Sunday-school time, I thought, not too thrilled about it. Still, it was no big deal. "What are you doing tomorrow?" I asked.

"Nothing much," Gary replied. "Why?"

"Why don't you go to church with me?" I said.

I guess I expected him to jump at the chance, since he was supposedly a fan of mine, but he didn't. "I don't think so," he answered. "I don't really care anything about church. Why do you go?"

That stopped me for a second. Why did I go to church? I never really thought about it; I just always went! I always had! "Well, to worship God," I managed. "See, I'm a Christian, Gary."

"So what does that mean?" he wanted to know.

"What does it mean?" I repeated. "Well, I—I'm going to Heaven when I die and—" Suddenly my mind went totally blank and I couldn't think of an answer.

"What if somebody doesn't believe in Heaven?" Gary asked.

There had been a time when I would've known the answer to that, but all I could do was stammer and stumble around until Dale came back. I couldn't believe what I was hearing then. Dale went right through the gospel, telling Gary exactly how a person can receive Jesus as Saviour and why it was necessary for Jesus to come to earth in the first place. He even let Gary know that Heaven and hell wouldn't just vanish because a person didn't believe in their existence.

"If something is true, it's true regardless of what anybody thinks," he added. "Just because people used to think the world was flat didn't make it

any less round, you know."

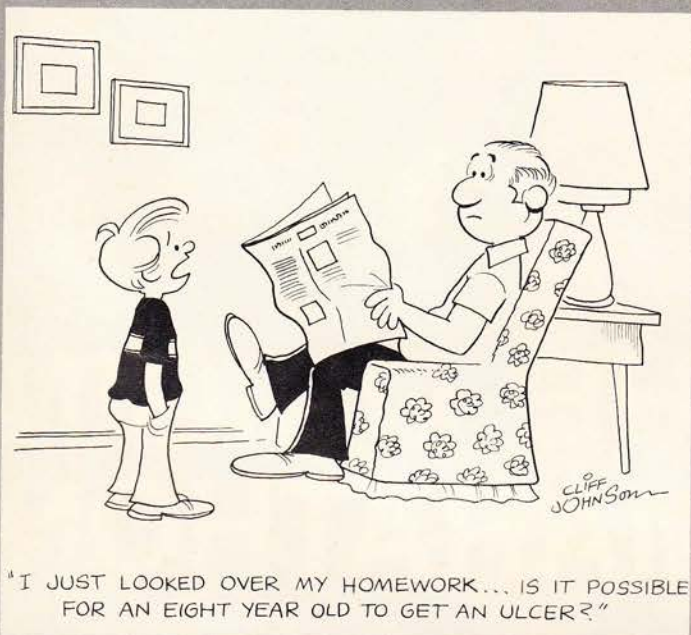
"Where did you learn all that?" I questioned after Gary went home. He hadn't accepted Christ, but he had at least agreed to go to church.

"On Thursday nights, in the pastor's witnessing class," Dale explained. "I wish you'd start coming, Steve."

I started to tell him that I didn't have time, but I wouldn't let myself.

I had as much time as anybody else; I just had to decide how to use it. I may have been getting physically stronger with those extra workouts, but my personal Bible study and prayer time had really suffered and I was getting spiritually weaker all the time. My feeble attempt at witnessing to Gary had convinced me of how out of shape I was. Spiritually speaking, that is.

Give up the basketball team? Wasn't necessary to do that, but I sure made some changes in my priorities after that afternoon. This was one Christian who wasn't getting a spiritual potbelly! ★



**Bill:** "I spent 10 hours over my math book last night.  
**Tom:** "You did?"  
**Bill:** "Yes, it fell under my bed."  
Henry Leabo  
Tehachapi, CA

**John:** "Do you know how deep that river is?"  
**Linda:** "It must be shallow because it only goes up to that duck's stomach."  
Henry Leabo  
Tehachapi, CA

**Teacher** (answering telephone): "You say Tommy has a bad cold. Who is this speaking?"  
**Voice:** "This is my father."  
Henry E. Leabo  
Tehachapi, CA

**Lady in a pet shop:** "How much is the canary?"  
**Clerk:** "Ten dollars."  
**Lady:** "Good. Send me the bill."  
**Clerk:** "Can't do that, lady. You have to take the whole bird!"  
Henry Leabo  
Tehachapi, CA

**Customer:** "Please give me some prepared monoaceticacidester of salicylic acid."  
**Druggist:** "Of course you mean aspirin, don't you?"  
**Customer:** "Yes, but I can never think of that name."  
Henry Leabo  
Tehachapi, CA

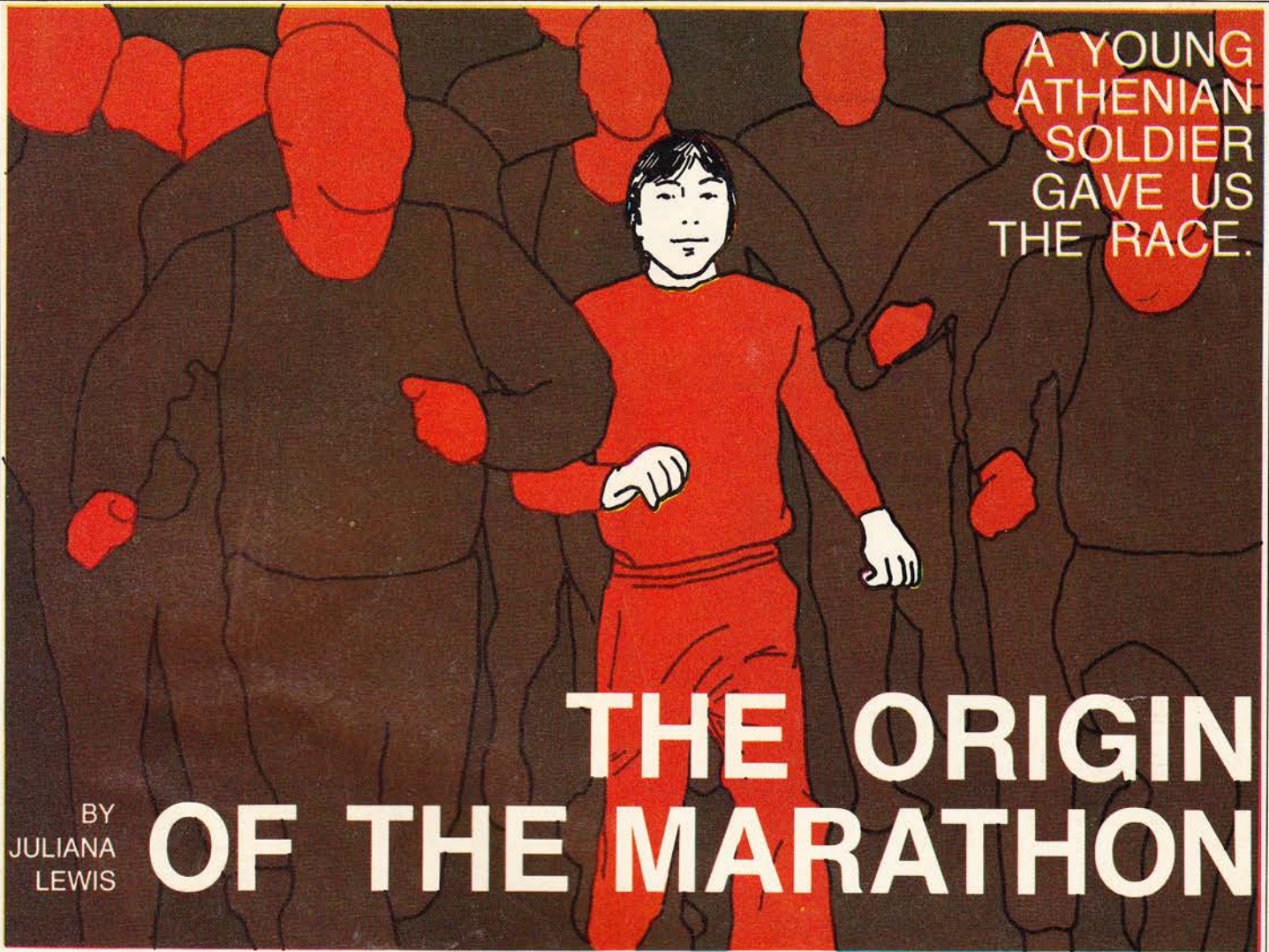
A wife asked her husband to go to the store and buy a head of cabbage. He asked her what size he should get, and she told him about the size of his head. On the way to the store the man met an old friend, and told him of his errand. The friend said, "Help yourself to one from my garden." Later on, a neighbor met the friend and asked, "Say, who's the man in your garden going around trying his hat on your cabbages?"  
Henry Leabo  
Tehachapi, CA

"Does your clock tell time?"  
"No. You have to look at it."  
Henry Leabo  
Tehachapi, CA

Well Staffed . . .  
A woman walked into a shoe store and asked the manager, "Could you show me something in loafers?"  
"Yes, ma'am," answered the manager, "we have quite a selection of loafers. I'll see if I can get one of them to wait on you."  
Lucille J. Goodyear  
Guatemala, Central America

Have you ever noticed that most knocking is done by guys who don't know how to ring the bell?  
Lucille J. Goodyear  
Guatemala, Central America

**Mother:** "How would you like your medicine?"  
**Billy:** "On a fork."  
Henry Leabo  
Tehachapi, CA



A YOUNG  
ATHENIAN  
SOLDIER  
GAVE US  
THE RACE.

BY  
JULIANA  
LEWIS

# THE ORIGIN OF THE MARATHON

Since the Greeks first lit the Olympic torch, there has been included in the sporting events a unique race known as the marathon. Most of us know that the marathon is a test of endurance, but do you know how it got its beginning and why it is called the marathon?

One day in September, 490 B.C., ten worried Athenian generals gathered for an urgent meeting. The consequence of their decision—a fact they did not realize at the time—was to influence mankind's whole future course.

Athens, capital of Attica, was the promoter of Greek culture and home to these generals. At this time, Athens was threatened with war, and the generals were to decide whether they should do battle to uphold their position, or surrender to the powerful Persian troops who lay in wait on the nearby plains of Marathon. The answer to this problem was not easy, for they had only a small number of men. But the decision was made to defend their families and their homes.

Commanding General Miltiades gave the orders to prepare for combat. His men, armed with spears, shields, helmets, and breastplates, were

assembled in groups. Common military practice at the time would have been for these groups to advance in one slow, uniform line. Miltiades, however, was a military genius. He devised a more strategic approach. Distributing his men over as much territory as possible, in order that they not be outflanked, he then ordered them forward on a run.

Trumpets gave the signal, and the Athenians streamed from the mountains toward the mighty Persian hordes. Without horses or bowmen they came, and the Battle of Marathon was on.

The Persians, outmaneuvered, scattered in fear. The highly outnumbered Athenians won a magnificent victory.

An exhausted but happy young Athenian soldier named Phidippides—scarcely more than a boy—lay on the ground, resting. He was sent for by Miltiades and asked to deliver a message to the people of Athens, twenty-two miles away. Without the slightest hesitation, Phidippides took the note and ran toward his home city.

Mile after mile he ran without slowing down or stopping to rest. Seventeen more miles to go, then fifteen, ten—the boy ran on through the night.

The citizens of Athens were gathered in the streets and at the marketplace. They had not been able to rest; their future was threatened should their soldiers fail to win that vital battle at Marathon, and they anxiously awaited news of its outcome. Suddenly they caught sight of a figure running toward them and hurried to meet him. This was the bearer of the message they so desperately wanted to hear.

Phidippides quickly made his way to the center of the crowd of Athenians and, raising his arms in triumph, delivered his message of victory. Then he sank to the ground, dead.

To our present day young men yet test their strength and endurance in the Olympic marathon, a fitting tribute to that battle-weary young Athenian who set a standard for endurance with his remarkable twenty-two mile run.

The apostle Paul knew all about the Olympic Contests and perhaps witnessed them. He compared the Christian life to the races that were run. In the Olympian races only one could win in any contest. In the Christian life, all of us may win if we follow God's rules as found in the Bible. ★