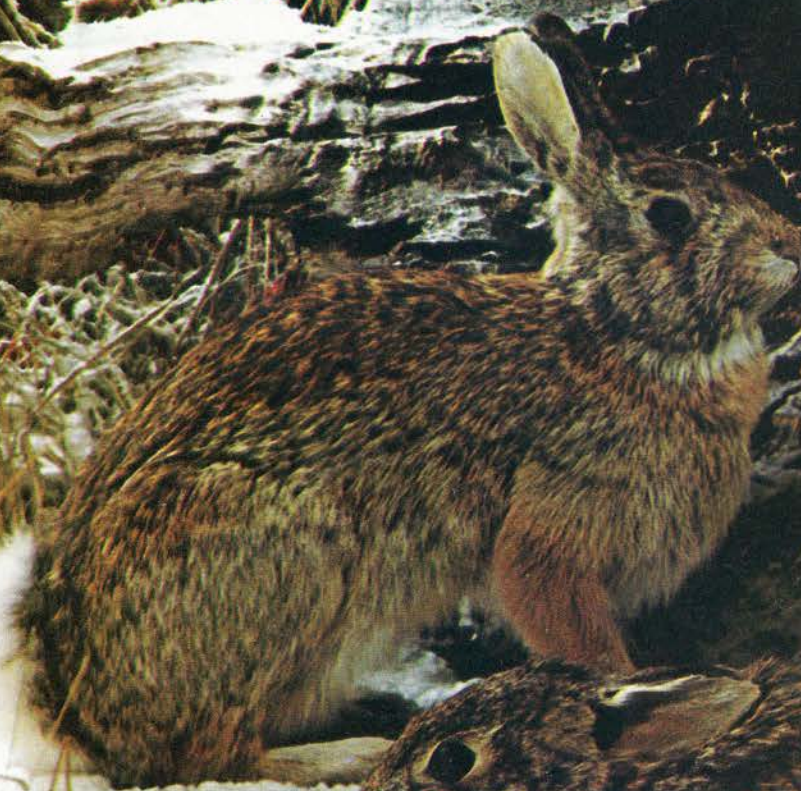


High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS



WINTER 1975-76

ARCTIC ADVENTURE
CHICKEN KILLING DOG
MIDNIGHT CLIMB

Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts

IN THIS ISSUE

ARCTIC ADVENTURE

By Johnnie Barnes

An exciting true life adventure in the frozen north.

THE CHICKEN KILLING DOG

By Hoyt Stone

A heartwarming story of a boys love and loyalty for his dog during a time of crisis.

THE MIDNIGHT CLIMB

By Robert Smith

A challenging story of a climb up Mount Hood.

THE IMPOSSIBLE SEARCH

By R. G. Champion

A potent thought about the most important search in the world.

Plus standing features such as **TURNER TWINS**, and **COMEDY CORNER**.

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editorial:

i love



As we approach our Bicentennial, I have been doing a lot of thinking about the greatness of our nation. The more I ponder, the more I appreciate my country.

Ours is a beautiful country!

My travels have taken me into all fifty of our states, and almost every national park. Every section of our country has its own unique beauty and aesthetic appeal. I've seen her towering mountains, dense forests, glimmering deserts, broad plains, placid lakes, sunbaked seashores, roaring rivers, cascading waterfalls, rolling hills, flowering meadows, intriguing swamps, productive farmlands, laden orchards, and fertile grasslands.

I have hiked her trails, canoed her rivers and lakes, camped in her forests, and driven her highways.

From the frozen tundra of Alaska to the smoking volcanoes of Hawaii, from the rain forests of Washington to the everglades of Florida, from the towering skyscrapers of New York to the Golden Gates of San Francisco, from the Rio Grande Valley of Texas to the lakes of Minnesota, I have seen my country.

I have seen her blossom forth in the awakening of springtime. I've seen her slumber in the warmth of summer. I've seen her grow fruitful and mellow in the glory of autumn. I've seen her lay shrouded in the white mantle of winter. The more I observe her, the more I'm convinced; this is one of the most beautiful countries in the world.

I appreciate our form of government. I'm the first to admit our government is not perfect. However, I've traveled enough to convince me that our democratic form of government is the best thing going. Where else except in a free

society can a man born in a log cabin become a president or a penniless immigrant become a millionaire in a few years? Part of our privilege is the freedom we enjoy, such as the freedom of worship, freedom of speech, and the freedom of assembly. I thank God for this freedom!

I may be a sentimentalist, but I still get goose bumps when I hear a marching band and see Old Glory out front fluttering in the breeze.

I love the people of America!

I realize that the daily newspaper and TV call our attention to a lot of dishonest, violent, and cruel people. However, my contact with the ordinary American has me convinced that the bulk of the American people are some of the finest people in the world!

I have enjoyed observing the different local accents, the different social customs, the different clothing styles, and the different types of food found in the various regions of the country.

To me, the American people are the most interesting and likeable populace I've found anywhere—and I'm proud to be one of them!

I'm very grateful for the blessing I enjoy as a citizen of the USA. Ours is a great country, I therefore encourage you to join me during our Bicentennial celebration in letting everybody know we love America!

Now I realize that some of our *High Adventure* readers are from other countries such as the great country of Australia. May I ask these friends to please indulge us while we brag a little. After all, it's not often that we get the opportunity to celebrate our 200th birthday.

HIGH ADVENTURE FIRST PRIZE WINNER

At the annual 1975 Evangelical Press Association meeting *High Adventure* was awarded first prize in the best art category. The winning art, entitled "Jungle," was submitted by David Barnes, layout editor for *High Adventure*. It appeared in the Autumn 1974 issue. EPA represents over two hundred religious publications with a circulation of ten million. Our congratulations to David for a job well done.

arctic adventure

by Johnnie Barnes

The motor of the snowmobile roared as I squeezed all the way down on the throttle. Dick's instructions flashed through my mind: "When you cross the river, give it the gun. That way if the ice should break, your momentum will put you ahead of the crack." I fairly flew across the ice-covered river. As I neared the shoreline, I noticed that the trail veered sharply to the left. I instantly eased up on the throttle to make the curve. Nothing happened! I jiggled the throttle lever, still no change! I couldn't believe it: The throttle was stuck!

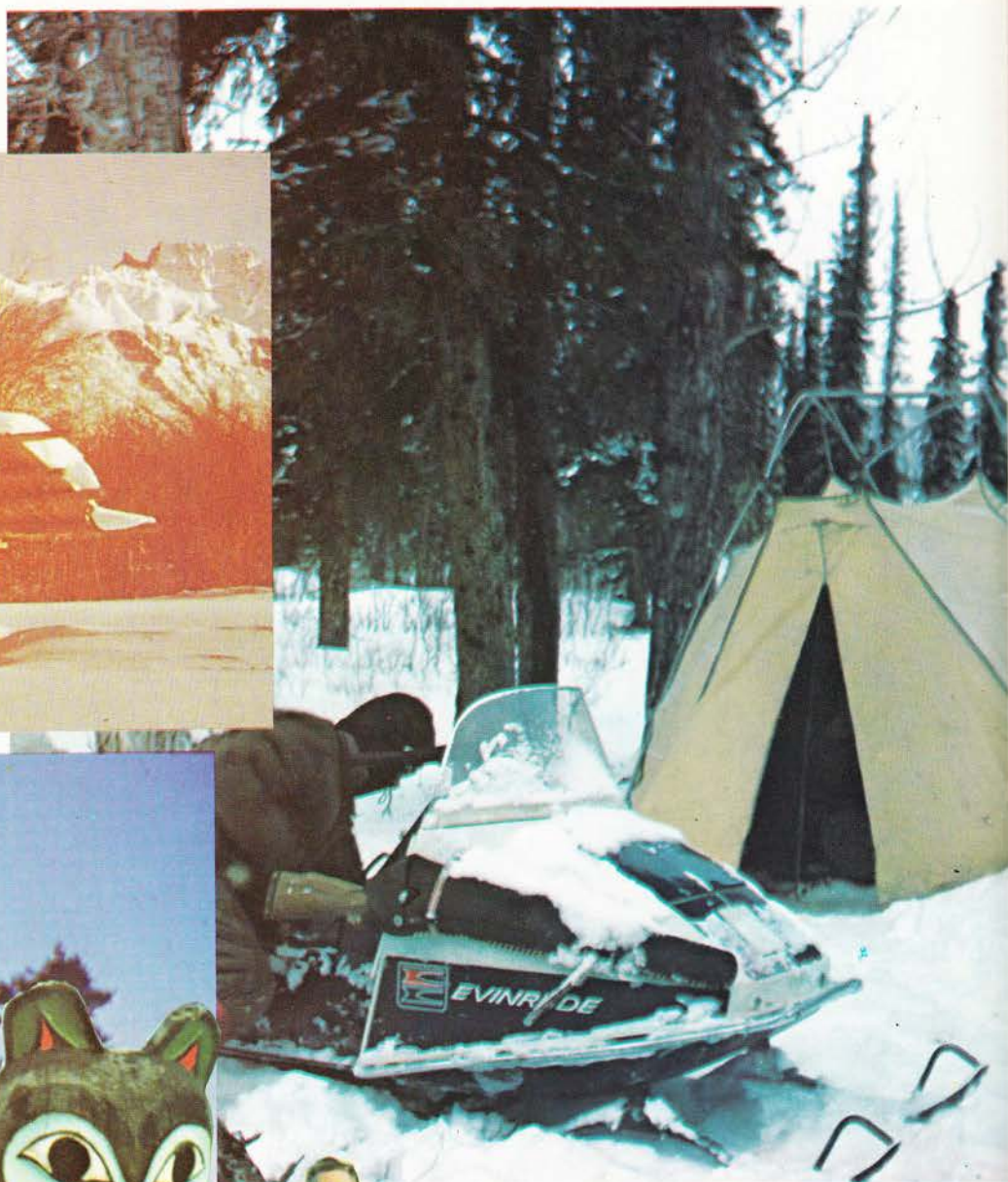
My body stiffened as I prepared to take the curve at full speed. I gripped the handle on the steering column and pulled left. No response; I tried again. Still no response. "This can't be real," I thought. Here I was sailing across a frozen river in the arctic on a snowmobile with the throttle stuck and the steering gone. Looming straight ahead and coming up fast was a steep embankment.

This interesting and unusual adventure had really begun several days before.

I was in Alaska for a tour of the district in behalf of Royal Rangers. What a reception? It was thirty-seven degrees below zero the first night I was there.

During a rally at North Pole, Alaska, I remarked to pastor Roland L. Peretti that one of my ambitions was to go dog sledding in the arctic. It just happened that one of his Ranger leaders had a dog sled, so they arranged for a day of dog sledding. It was a tremendous experience.





I had the preconceived idea that sled dogs were usually sullen and vicious. These were the most affectionate bunch of dogs I had ever seen. When the driver approached the dogs to harness them, they leaped on him and licked his face.

I made the mistake of patting one of the dogs, when suddenly the whole team began to howl and make a "big fuss."

"What did I do wrong?" I asked?

"You'll have to pet them all," he laughed, "They're very jealous when it comes to petting."

From my TV observation, I expected the driver to yell "mush," and a group of barking dogs would plunge down the trail. I discovered instead the word for go was "hike," and the dogs made no sound while they ran.

Skimming over the snow in a dog sled is the closest thing to flying with ground contact I have ever experienced.

The only sound was the creak of the harness and the mumum of the runners. We took turns riding in the sled or

on the runners. Standing upright on the runners and gripping the handlebars, I felt as tall as the snow-laden spruce around me. The frigid wind in my face and the flying sled beneath me was one of the most invigorating experiences I have ever known. And the wonderland of snow and spruce was pure inspiration. I felt at peace within and energetically happy. I can well understand why men still run dog sleds even after their use has all but ceased as a practical conveyance.

This experience really whet my appetite for a longer arctic camping adventure. I expressed my ambition to Dick Copeland, the district commander who was with me, and he said he would make arrangements for such a trip. Our destination would be a wilderness area on the Savage River near Mount McKinley National Park, and our means of travel would be snowmobiles. Mick Hotrum, our Royal Rangers aide-de-camp for Alaska, would also accompany Dick and me.

We drove the truck to the road's end, and unloaded our snowmobile and sled trailers. The rest of the way would be by trail only.

Now let me explain, at this juncture my experience with a snowmobile was totally zero. I'll confess that many times during the day I asked myself if perhaps my big mouth hadn't got me into more trouble than I could handle. However, Dick Copeland and Mick Hotrum were old pros when it came to the Alaskan out-of-doors, so I figured they would get me in and out.

After giving me a few short lessons on how to start and maneuver my machine, we were off.

Steering a snowmobile on a nice road or on an open field with gentle terrain is one thing. You sit on your seat and make gradual turns, etc. But on a rough twisting trail, it's another matter entirely. You kneel on your seat and lean your body with the sharp turns. This is an art you don't learn in a few minutes. I was in and out (and sometimes upside down) of snowdrifts so many times I felt like an abominable snowman.

The temperature wasn't a problem. With insulated clothing and face mask, we kept plenty warm. In fact, one of the things we had to be careful about was over exertion. If you worked too hard getting a machine out of a snowdrift (by the way I wasn't the only one in snowdrifts) you would start perspiring and that could create a problem when you started cooling off.

I finally mastered the technique of snowmobiling enough to start enjoying the scenery. The world lay white and silent around us with a constant panorama of some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. The towering Alas-

kan range contrasted by open tundra and spruce covered valleys was breathtaking. The color was white, except for blue shadows, blue-black spruce and the azure sky. Our bright snowmobile suits stood out like bright banners against the landscape. However, the days were so short that a great deal of the day was a semitwilight.

One scene I'll never forget was the Alaskan wilderness silhouetted against a flaming sunset at two o'clock in the afternoon.

Another was an abandoned trapper's cabin deep in the wilderness—it's dirt roof piled high with snow. There it stood; a tiny one room of peeled logs, with overhanging eaves and a heavy door through which the points of nails protruded at intervals—a deterrent to bears. We speculated that its silent logs could tell many interesting stories if they could only speak.

After about thirty miles of scenery, spills, and photo stops, we arrived at our destination, a spruce covered valley along the Savage River.

By now the premature twilight had turned the snow blue and the forest black. In such a setting with a few northern lights for atmosphere, I could well understand why primitive men were superstitious.

The snow was from 3 to 4 feet deep so we maneuvered our snowmobile back and forth in a crisscross fashion until we had packed down enough snow for the campsite area.

Next we unloaded gear and erected the tent. For our fire pit we dug a large hole down to the ground. Then we packed down the outer ring of snow, making a natural rim of seats.

After my performance on the trail, my ego was rather low, so I laid the fire and impressed my Alaskan friends by starting it with one match.

Since canned goods and water in canteens freeze solid in subzero weather, we used dry freeze food, and water from thermos jugs and melted snow.

In extreme cold your body craves nourishment. Therefore, the dry freeze food never tasted better.

Because of the early darkness and the long night, we remained with the fire as long as possible. I'll long remember that night in the arctic cold enjoying the warm fire and the hot tea, while sharing adventures and experiences. At the same time our ears were alert for the sound of wildlife around us.

Later on it began to snow so we sought the refuge of our tent.

The ritual of getting out of warm clothing into sleeping bags in subzero weather was almost comical, but once inside the bags it wasn't bad at all. I was sleeping in two down-filled bags—one inside the other. I actually had to unzip one of the bags because I was

getting too warm. It's a funny sensation to have frost form around your mouth, yet at the same time be sweating inside the bag.

We continued to talk and listen to the sounds of animals visiting our camp. We were curious to know what kind they were, but it was just too cold to get out of our bags to investigate. We concluded that they were wolves.

We were awakened during the night with our tent shaking. A high wind was blowing and we could hear snow and sleet being driven against the tent. "We sure know how to pick 'em," growled Dick. "There's a blizzard blowing outside."

"Hey, I wanted an arctic adventure," I complained, "But this is ridiculous."

Later we learned that it snowed eighteen inches that night.

The next morning—did I say morning? Anyway, around 6 a.m. we crawled out of our bags into frozen clothing. At least they felt that way.

The wind had died down, leaving huge drifts in its wake. We had pitched our tent well because very little snow was drifted against it. However, our snowmobiles were completely covered.

As we looked at the drifts of new fallen snow, we realized we were going to have a rough day. Snowmobiles do not ride on top of soft new snow. It would be necessary to cut a new trail through eighteen inches of new snow.

We cooked breakfast, dug out our machines, broke camp and hit the trail. It was a day I will never forget.

Dick and Mick took turns breaking the trail and I followed along behind.

As we neared the river, Dick stopped and explained, "Look, its going to be rough beyond the river and we've got to keep moving, so we're going to stay ahead. When you cross the river, give it the gun. That way if the ice should break, your momentum will put you ahead of the crack."

I shot across the river at full speed. It was then that I discovered the throttle was stuck, and a few moments later that the steering was gone.

What do you do when the throttle is stuck and the steering is gone, and you're approaching a steep embankment? That's the very question I asked myself. The machine had no off or on switch, only a choke to kill it with. I could not reach the choke without losing my balance, so that was out. If I jumped off at high speed, I could seriously injure myself on the hard ice. If the snowmobile struck an immovable object, it could be even worse. So I breathed a prayer and hung on.

When I reached the steep bank, I shot up it like a roller coaster. Then I was bouncing across a rough tundra of rugged boulders, bushes, and dips. I felt
(Continued on next page)

totally helpless. There aren't many options in such a situation.

The river made a large curve so it was coming up again. As I went over the hump into the river, the machine threw me onto the snow-covered bank. I was momentarily stunned.

The snowmobile hit the river right side up and continued down the river a few yards, then veered into the bank where it was stopped by a large clump of grass. There it sat still running at full throttle.

After checking myself to be sure I wasn't injured, I walked down the river and shut off the motor.

I sat down beside the snowmobile and surveyed my surroundings. I was still a bit shaken. The mountains and frozen white tundra now looked bleak and foreboding. I seemed engulfed in its lonely silence.

I thought, "What if you were out here alone and this happened? This raw beautiful wilderness could become a killer." I began to speculate on the steps I would take for survival. It was comforting to know that I had the gear and training to survive such a situation if it became necessary.

We had arranged check stops, so it was even more comforting to know it would be a matter of minutes before the other fellows came back to check on me.


With a good tool box and the mechanical know-how of Mick Hotrum, we soon had the throttle repaired and the steering column back in its sprocket.

I'll be honest, it took a lot of courage to climb back on that hastily repaired machine after what I'd been through. However, this was the only transportation back, so I climbed aboard.

The remainder of the day included

plowing through snowdrifts, struggling up hills, crossing streams, and digging out stalled machines. At one stream crossing the ice broke and one of the skis on Dick's sled caught under the cracked ice. By the time we unstuck the sled, a lot of gear was wet, including Mick's feet. Luckily he was wearing arctic "bunny" boots that kept his feet warm even though they were wet.

There were times when we wondered if we were going to make it out that same day. By the time we reached the truck that night, we were three very tired adventurers. However, as an arctic tenderfoot, I felt a real sense of achievement. As Dick put it, "You're a real sourdough now."

A few hours later after a warm meal and a hot bath, we were already planning another adventure. 

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the chicken killing dog

by Hoyt Stone

There's nothing worse than a dog that's tasted blood—especially when he's part wolf!

Arlie Deal stood close to the window of the big house, staring vacantly at the white hills where only yesterday he had romped with Prince in the warmth of the winter sun. Arlie's breath fogged the window. With an index finger he traced the crude outline of a dog on the pane and then wiped it quickly away with his balled fist.

The snow was falling so thick, the big dairy barn and its towering silo appeared hazy and ghostlike in the twilight.

"Looks like a rough one, doesn't it?" said Aunt Jessie, coming into the room with her two big lumps of red and white knitting yarn. Arlie had been living with her and Uncle Mack for almost six months, and, up until now, things had gone better than at any of the other places he had lived. Aunt Jessie took the easy chair beside the lamp and the fireplace and looked at him for an answer.

Arlie grunted, "Yeah." His voice was dead.

Aunt Jessie's needles clicked. A log crackled in the big fireplace. "Arlie—" "Huh?"

"Your Uncle Mack isn't just being mean about the stray dog." He likes dogs. Really, he does."

Arlie didn't answer or look around.

"Why, I remember when he had four of them here at one time. Dogs running everywhere. But, like he says, there's nothing worse than a dog that's tasted blood. First thing you know, he moves from killing chickens to killing sheep."

"But, Aunt Jessie, I scolded him about the chickens. I scolded him real mean!" Arlie moved toward her, hope flickering again in his blue eyes. "And he whined something awful. Like maybe he was promising he'd never do it again. It's not right to shoot dogs for doing wrong just once. It's just not right, Aunt Jessie."

Aunt Jessie heaved a sigh and looked down at her knitting. "Well, Mack ought to be back shortly," she said. "I reckon you can ask him again."

But Arlie knew it was no use. Uncle Mack wouldn't understand. Not really. He'd just say, "Keep him a week longer if you like. Until market day. Then I'm taking him to the pound. Can't have a killer dog running loose in this country."

Arlie stopped his pacing and stood suddenly stiff. Above the hum of the wind he heard three barks, far off and muffled by the walls of the house.

"Listen," he said. Aunt Jessie's needles stopped. Again he heard the barks.

"Something's wrong, Aunt Jessie! That's Prince!"

Arlie ran to his room and came back almost immediately with his heavy fur-lined coat, cap and gloves.

"Now just hold on, Mister. You're not thinking of going out in this storm!"

"I've got to, Aunt Jessie! I've just got to. You've got to listen to a call for help."

Aunt Jessie raised herself heavily from the couch and started for the kitchen and the back porch. "Sakes alive, I've never seen a boy take on so over a dog! Let's take a look."

By now Arlie was in his coat and struggling with the strap that hooked his cap under his chin. Aunt Jessie pushed open the back door, and the wind blew fine snow into their faces.

"It's getting up fast," Aunt Jessie said, pulling the door in to where there was only a small crack. "Mack ought to be back."

"No need worrying about Uncle Mack. Not with that new snowmobile of his. It's Prince I'm thinking of. All chained up in the barn like a criminal."

"Well, that's what he is; a chicken killer."

Anger rose in Arlie, but he could see the worry in Aunt Jessie's rough face as she peered into the last few moments of light for sight of Uncle Mack. He decided to say nothing more about it.

"Don't hear a thing now. I guess—" Jessie's words choked off at the loud, clearer barks from the barn.

"Hear that? I told you! Something's bad wrong!"

Jessie flipped the switch that turned on the barn lights. That made Prince bark more than ever.



Arlie slipped into his rubber boots and buckled them hurriedly. "He's probably all hung up in that chain." There was bitterness in his voice. "A dog ought never to be chained. It's worse than poison. Heard of one that hanged himself."

Jessie was silent. But her lips moved back and forth in that peculiar manner that twisted her nose. Arlie guessed she was praying. He stepped across the porch, slipping and almost falling on the powdery snow.

"Arlie, now you be careful! Hear? And hold the guideline!"

Arlie nodded. "Sure, Aunt Jessie, sure. All I want to do is make sure Prince is all right. I'll be back in no time flat. Something's wrong, or he wouldn't bark so."

Arlie felt his way cautiously down the steps and into the fluffy snow that came up past his ankles. He could see the barn lights as he followed the swaying rope leading right to the door. Uncle Mack had put out the rope after a neighbor had frozen to death a few years back. Arlie shivered, partly at the cold and partly at the thought of being lost in such a storm.

"Be careful, Arlie," Aunt Jessie called again.

Prince was still barking. Arlie yelled to him, but the wind grabbed his voice and carried it off into the night so quickly he doubted that Prince had heard.

Once he had left the shelter of the house, the wind hit Arlie full force. Fine snowflakes stung his face and made him lower his head. The barn had never seemed so far away. Arlie gulped for breath and felt the cold deep in his lungs. Dampness worked through his left glove where he was letting his hand slide along the rope. Numbness crept into his fingers.

Arlie fumbled for the latch and pulled at the big barn door. It didn't budge an inch. He gave two or three desperate pulls before he realized how much snow was banked up at the bottom of the door. He kicked the snow aside and squeezed through to the warmth and familiar smells of the barn. Prince was on the end of his line, jumping and barking like crazy.

"What's the matter with you, boy? Huh? What's wrong with my Prince?"

Arlie knelt and put his arms around the big dog's neck. Prince licked his face and then pulled away and barked.

Arlie was puzzled. Prince wasn't tangled in his chain and he wasn't lonely, or he wouldn't run off like that.

"What is it, boy? Huh? What's the matter?"

Arlie unsnapped Prince's chain and patted him on the head. Prince turned and ran quickly to the back of the barn. He barked at the big door where, not long before, Uncle Mack had gone out with his snowmobile. Could it be that Prince sensed something was wrong with Uncle Mack and was trying to tell him?

Prince stood by the door, looking up at Arlie and wagging his tail so hard, half his body shook. Prince whined and pawed at the door.

Arlie unfastened it and started to slide it back. Prince pushed against his legs. Pausing, Arlie hurried back to the front of the barn for Prince's leash.

"I guess you'd better wear this, old boy," he said, fastening the clip to Prince's collar, "or I'm likely to find myself out in the snow alone and wondering where you've run off to."

Prince leaped out into the darkness, and Arlie felt the tug of the leash. For a moment he couldn't see a thing. He tried to keep up with Prince and tripped forward on his face. Prince barked, and Arlie felt the leash cutting into his wrist.

"Now you just take it easy, boy. Take it easy. A fellow with two legs can't go as fast as you can with four and all that wolf in you besides. We'll find Uncle Mack. Don't you worry, we'll find him."

Gradually Arlie's eyes adjusted to the night, and he could see a little. Prince headed toward the north pasture, where Uncle Mack had gone for a final check on his prize herd of cattle. Arlie stumbled after him, farther and farther from the barn.

As long as Arlie followed, Prince kept quiet. When Arlie fell or paused for breath, Prince barked and jerked at the leash. The cold felt like little needles in his toes. He rubbed a stiff damp glove
(Continued on next page)



down over the numbness of his face. His hand felt detached, almost like it belonged to someone else.

"Prince—" Arlie's voice was weak from the wind and the thought that had crossed his mind, "I sure hope you're not out here chasing a wild cat or a fox or something like that."

Arlie paused and looked behind him. He couldn't see much, not even the barn. A different type knot formed in his chest. What if Prince really was just wanting to get out in the night? What if it was just the wolf in him, like Uncle Mack said, making him just want to be free and wild? Arlie took a deep breath and swallowed hard at the fear in his throat. The leash went slack and Prince's nose pressed into Arlie's hand. Prince whined.

"Okay, boy, go on. I reckon a fellow has to trust his dog sometimes even if his dog is part wolf. Go on."

Prince jerked impatiently at the leash. Arlie pressed his lips into a determined line. Once more he followed the big dog, going farther from home and into the night.

Arlie's right foot stepped out into nothing. He fell forward and rolled head-first down a gully wall. Snow smacked him in the face and worked its way down his collar. He let go of the leash. Prince yelped a few times off to the right, and then all was quiet.

Arlie scrambled quickly to his feet. "Here, Prince! Here! Here! Come on, boy! Here!"

There was only the low hum of the wind. Once, Arlie thought he heard Prince bark. Way over to the right. Or was it to the left? No matter which way Arlie turned, the barks seemed to come from the other direction. Arlie worked his way up the bank, the lump in his chest getting bigger and bigger.

He bent low and tried to find Prince's tracks. It was no use. He couldn't even find his own tracks after a few feet. The wind, like some evil spirit, hurried to fill the tracks as if determined to keep the white blanket smooth and unwrinkled.

A flickering shadow moved off to the left, on the rim of the gully. Fear rose hot in Arlie's mouth. What if it wasn't Prince?

"Here, Prince! Here, boy!"

There was only the wind. Surely if it was Prince he would bark. Yes, it was a shadow. And coming nearer. Arlie turned and ran. The snow clawed at his feet and hung on until he fell, scrambled up, and fell again. Arlie tried to scream, but no sound came. The dark form came closer. Arlie felt its presence. A cold nose touched his cheek. *Prince!*

Arlie slumped into the fluffy coldness of the snow and the fear drained quickly away. He rose on his knees and threw his arms around Prince's neck.

"Boy, Prince, did you ever give me a scare!" Prince whined. Arlie patted his head and rubbed his nose. His hand felt something soft. Uncle Mack's cap! Arlie took it from Prince's mouth, and Prince barked.

"Good boy, Prince good boy!" Arlie slid the leash through his hands and grasped the end tightly. "All right, boy, find him. Go, boy!"

Prince headed into the gully again and turned to the right. By keeping to the upper left side where much of the snow had blown away, they made quick progress. Once Arlie slipped, but they hurried on until the gully narrowed.

Prince barked and jerked harder on the leash. Soon Arlie made out the dark shape of the snowmobile, turned on its side. He found the smaller, crumpled form of Uncle Mack just beyond.

Arlie knelt over Uncle Mack and put his ear to his mouth and nose. He heard steady, smooth breathing.

"Uncle Mack! Uncle Mack! Can you hear me, Uncle Mack?"

"...Arlie rubbed Uncle Mack's face between his hands. No response... Arlie knew he had to hurry, or Uncle Mack would never wake up!..."

Arlie rubbed Uncle Mack's face between his hands. No response. He felt along his legs and arms for signs of broken bones. Arlie knew he had to hurry, or Uncle Mack would never wake up! He was haunted by memory of his bitter words that very afternoon: "No need your thinking a snowmobile is going to take the place of Prince, Uncle Mack."

The skis were intact. Arlie pulled a switch, and two beams of light cut through the darkness. There was power in the battery. He felt for the key. It was switched off. Apparently, Uncle Mack had realized he was going over the bank and had instinctively turned off the key.

Arlie put his shoulder to the snowmobile, grunted, and pushed. The machine toppled forward and landed with a dull plop in the snow. He climbed aboard, cranked the motor, turned on the lights once more and, remembering the driving instructions, eased the snowmobile around until it rested at Uncle Mack's feet.

Even though Arlie was big and strong for his age, and Uncle Mack was not a big man, it wasn't easy getting him on board.

Finally he had tied Uncle Mack pack-saddle style to the seat. Maybe that would hold him.

Arlie eased the snowmobile down into the gully and followed it back past where he and Prince had first entered. Gradually the left bank sloped away. The snow now fell in big, widely spaced flakes that floated lazily down through the beams of light.

Arlie twisted the throttle. The soft purr of the motor turned to a roar, and the rubber cleats dug down. Halfway up the gully, the snowmobile almost stalled. "You've got to help us, Lord," Arlie prayed and hunched forward. Slowly, an inch at a time—then the top. "Thank you, Lord," Arlie said.

Prince barked and loped off in front of the snowmobile, his shadow dancing monstrously ahead. When Arlie saw the barn lights, he was surprised he was so near home. Aunt Jessie was standing in the door. "Lord, just please let Uncle Mack be all right, Arlie prayed. Please."

Together, Aunt Jessie and Arlie carried Uncle Mack into the house, propped him up in bed, and massaged his arms and legs. Uncle Mack groaned and opened his eyes.

"I'm sure he's going to be all right, Arlie," Aunt Jessie said, "but you call Doctor Smithers while I get some hot coffee down him."

It wasn't long until Uncle Mack was sitting up in bed with little more than a red face and a chill to show for his ordeal. When the doctor arrived, he was even in a joking mood.

"Isn't that something, Doc," Uncle Mack said, "finding myself saved by a killer dog? Makes a man's decision kind of hard, don't you think?"

Arlie grimaced at the cruelty of the words. He knew that Uncle Mack wasn't likely to change his mind. He would still do what he felt was right, no matter what

"Arlie grimaced at the cruelty of the words. He knew that Uncle Mack wasn't likely to change his mind."

else Prince had done. That's how adults were, he figured. He had heard all his life—at Hillside, Stokesdale, and at that earlier boy's home where all he remembered was a big man with a scar on his cheek who whipped him with a miner's strap.

Now, here was the same trouble all over again with Uncle Mack. Arlie pressed his lips into a thin line. He didn't plan on letting anyone hurt Prince, that was for sure. Not even Uncle Mack. He'd run first. He and Prince could make it together. Somehow. Although he'd sure miss Aunt Jessie's cooking. Arlie was so absorbed in his thoughts that for a moment the doctors' words failed to register.

"You don't mean that big wolf dog I saw on the porch?" Doctor Smithers paused with his hand in his black satchel.

"That's him. Caught him killing chickens last night. Standing right over two of them, wagging his tail proud-like. Now he comes out and finds me half frozen in that gully. Must have heard me yell. Why, it's—it's—"

"Now, hold on a minute, Mack," Doctor Smithers interrupted. "Some things you can tell me and maybe I'll believe, but you can't tell me that Warden Jones' dog has been killing chickens. Not on your life! Most likely you found him after your killer dog had been run off. Why that dog—"

"Warden Jones?"

"Yeah. Polk County. I recognized old Duke right off. I meant to ask you. The warden's father passed away about a month ago and he got transferred to Montana, so he could care for his mother. He left Duke with the Elberts over in Smithton, saying maybe he'd come back for him later. The Elberts had an ad in the paper Saturday asking folks to look out for the missing dog."

"Well, now, doesn't that beat it all!" Uncle Mack rubbed the knot on his head reflectively.

Arlie stood at the foot of the bed twisting and squirming on first one foot and then the other. "I told you he wasn't a killer, Uncle Mack! I told you! I knew it all the time. Now, didn't I tell you?"

Uncle Mack grinned and threw a pillow at Arlie. Arlie ducked and laughed.

"That's not a bad son I've got there, either, Doc. You know that? Came right out after me in the middle of that storm. Yes-sir-ree. Arlie's the kind of boy that makes a dad smile proud."

Arlie's face flushed red. He grinned and went to the kitchen, where Prince lay stretched out next to the door. Arlie knelt beside him.

"Boy, Prince—or Duke, I reckon it is—you should have heard that. Uncle Mack finally said it! Aunt Jessie told me he probably never would. She said she guessed he couldn't say it, not after his own son Jamie died of a fever when he was five. But he did. He called me his son right out."

Arlie stretched out on the floor and pillowed his head on Prince's shaggy back. The kitchen seemed especially warm and comforting. Arlie breathed deeply of the smell of coffee and looked up at the ceiling.

"You know what I'm going to do, Prince? Just as soon as Doctor Smithers leaves?"

Arlie scratched Prince under the chin, and Prince licked his hand.

"I'm going in that bedroom, right up beside him, and I'm going to say it right out too: 'Something I can get for you Dad?'"

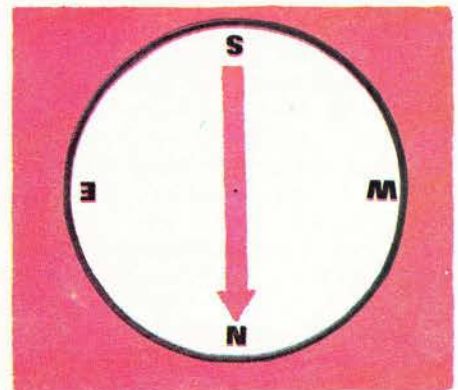
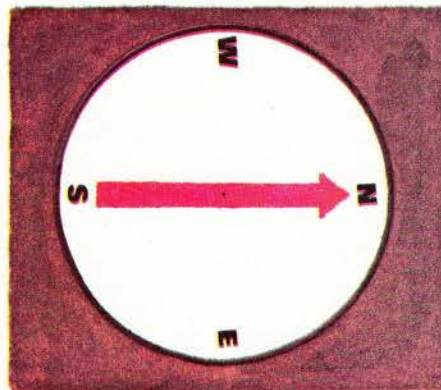
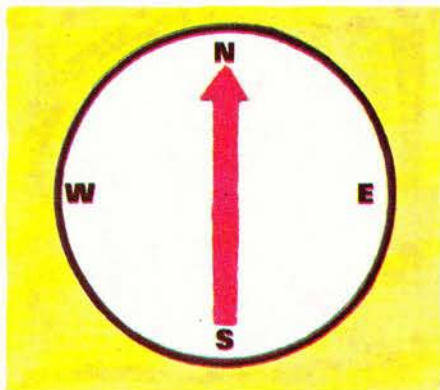
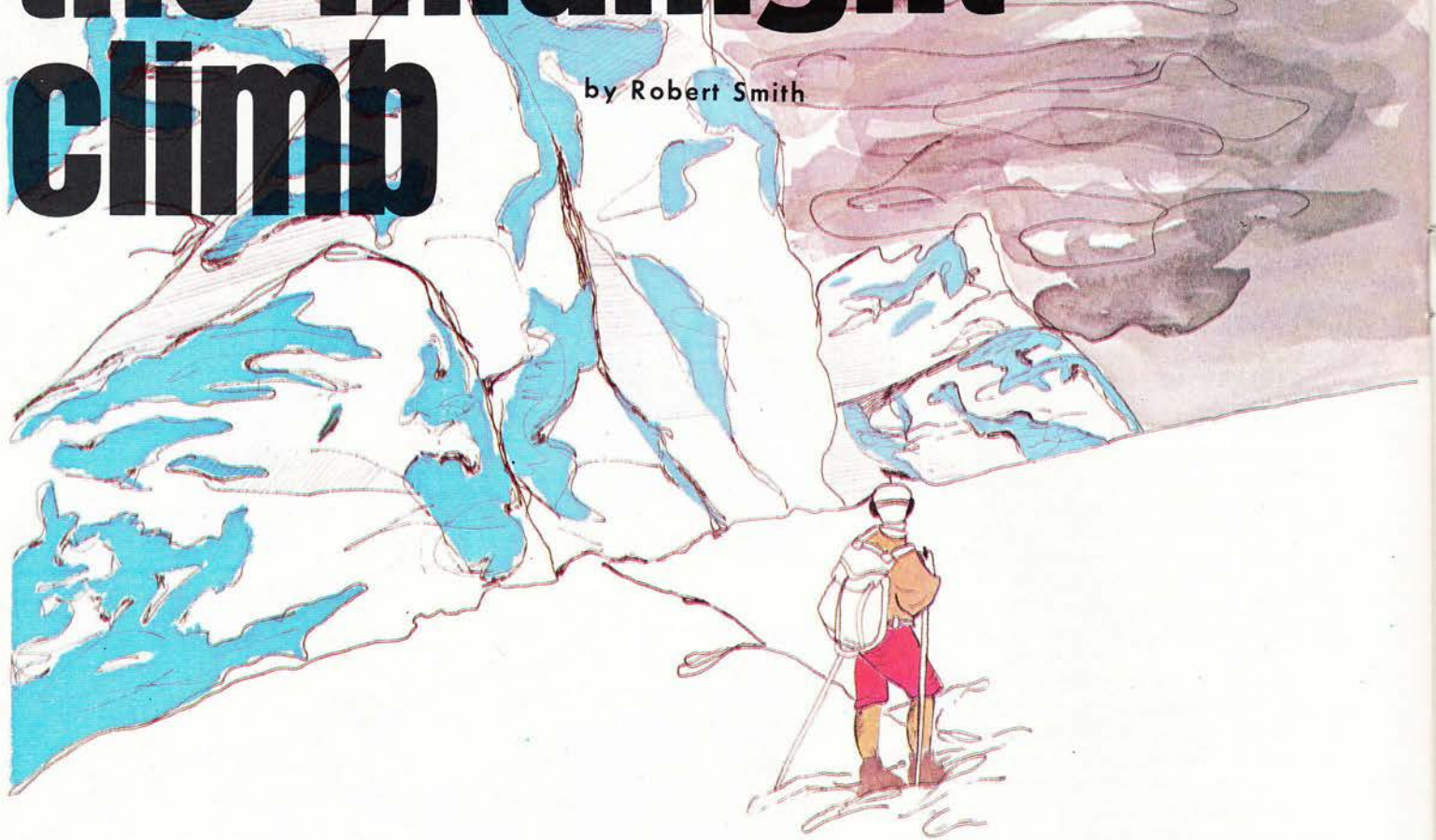


"Dad—Dad—I've never said that word before, Prince. Never. It sure is a good word, though—especially when you say it right out!"



the midnight climb

by Robert Smith



—when the chips are down do we follow the needle that points the way?

It was cold—no, I mean *really* cold—not like the midwest cold that stings your face, but like only the northwest can produce that cuts and scapes like a dull razor! Nine degrees and a forty-mile-an-hour wind! It was 11:00 p.m., December 31, at Timberline Lodge, the 6,000 foot level on the south slope of Mt. Hood.

The storms come from the west—the Pacific, and when they reach the unprotected south side of the mountain the falling snow and that on the ground are blown horizontally into a blinding curtain of white.

Ken and I retreated into the lodge to recheck our gear and ponder our knowledge that the conditions were mild compared to those on the vast expanse above. We sat back to relax the last few minutes before midnight when the annual New Year's race for the summit of Mt. Hood would begin. Then, as the tempo of the New Year's party in the main lobby above increased, we and perhaps thirty other climbers stepped into the parking area to fasten on snow shoes.

Then, at the turn of the year, we were off—not like normal racers but like tortoises! The snow conditions were worse than bad. Snow shoes mired almost a foot into the soft snow and provided no traction on the windblown ice ridges. We labored on, trying not to perspire, as any dampness will drain warmth and energy. The group started to spread and Ken and I joined a threesome we had climbed with before.

Huddling close, we worked our way along, using each other as a wind break and switching leads to break the trail. Visibility was about thirty feet and the blowing snow made flashlights useless—like headlights in a fog. The blowing wind rattled our nylon parka hoods like a motorcycle engine and communication was difficult. We placed wands, small bamboo rods to retrace our steps not knowing that the snow would cover the wands which the wind did not blow away!

During a short rest and discussion, we discovered a case of badly frostbitten hands and one case of hypothermia, lowered body temperature causing mental slowness, and the decision was made to turn back.

With our trail obliterated, we had only our knowledge of the terrain, a map and a compass with which to work. The south side of Mt. Hood is like an inverted funnel. Route finding on the ascent is no problem—almost everything leads to the top. But going back down in a storm is another story!

We knew full well that the mountain tended to slope away to the west, and many lost climbers and skiers have been found in the canyons of this area. And not far to the east of where we were was White River Glacier and a fall from its vertical sides could mean tragedy.

Checking the compass, we made the proper adjustment for obtaining true north from magnetic north, but simply could not believe the direction it indicated. Somehow the compass had been damaged or was affected by the metal we were wearing.

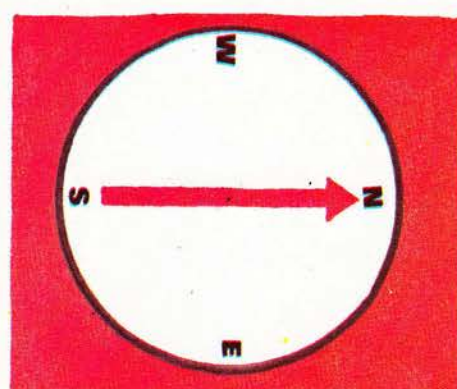
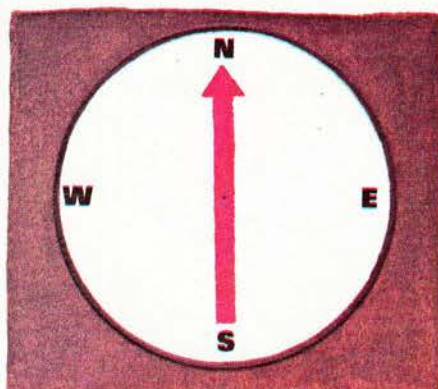
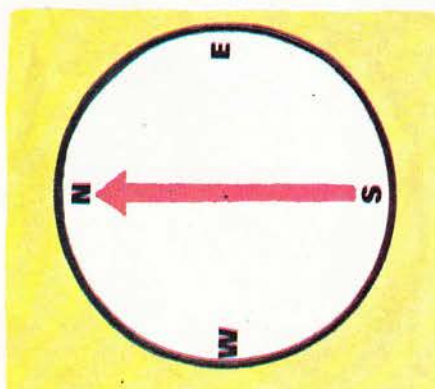
Ignoring the faulty reading, we headed more to the east, moving slowly but in a group for communication and encouragement. At 7:00 a.m. we spotted the lights of Timberline Lodge to our west and downhill. We then realized that for the past two hours *we had skirted the rim of White River Canyon!* The compass had been right all along!

We are climbing for our lives! We know the Guide Book and Map well. We have had experiences that make us able to survive and know how to handle problems that arise. But when the chips are down, do we follow that thin wobbly needle on our compass that points the way?

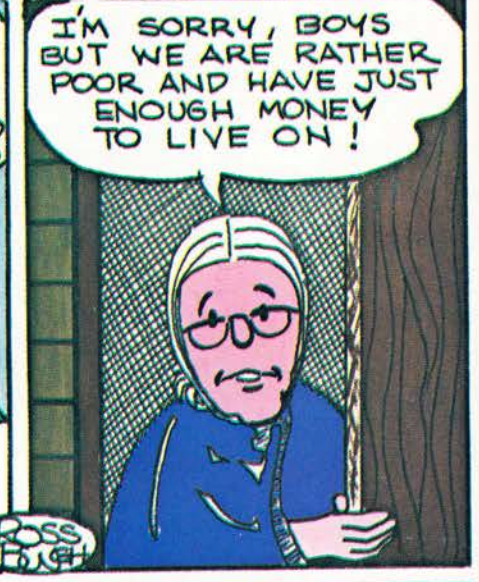
Many of us can quote the Bible almost as well as the T.V. schedule or the football scores. But when it points in a direction opposite to that which we think is right, are we willing to trust it?

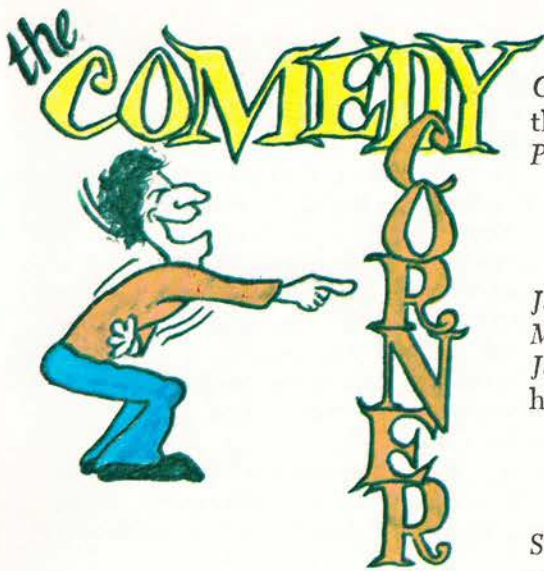
Not to trust the Bible as our guide is toying with disaster!

Bob Smith, is a member of the Mountain Rescue Association of Oregon and the Mt. Hood Ski Patrol.



THE TURNER TWINS





Ken: Why were the Rangers so tired on April 1st?

Len: Because they had just finished a 31-day March.

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

Customer: Is this a secondhand store?

Clerk: Yes. Can I show you something?

Customer: Yes. I want a second hand for my watch.

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

Ned: I've owned this car for ten years and never had a wreck.

Ted: What you ought to say is that you've owned this wreck for ten years and never had a car.

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

Grandpa was bragging that he never missed a duck while duck hunting. His grandson said to him, "Grandpa, you say you never missed a duck? Can you prove it to me?"

"Sure, come on down to the lake!" As they arrived one lone duck flew directly over Grandpa's head. He aimed, fired, and missed the duck completely.

"Look, Sonny," Grandpa cried, "Do you know what you've just seen? You've seen your Grandpa kill a duck and it's still flying."

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

Commander: Who is the oldest settler in the west?

Pioneer: The sun.

Lennie A. New
Norwalk, CA

Joe: I went riding this morning.

Moe: Horseback?

Joe: Oh, yes—he got back two hours before I did!

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

Sam: Excuse me, but I think you are sitting in my seat.

Bully: Can you prove it?

Sam: I think so—if my pie and ice cream are on it.

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

Jim: If you stay at my house tonight, you'll have to make your own bed.

Friend: That's all right with me. I don't mind.

Jim: Good. Here's the hammer and the saw.

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

Question: Why do they hang a bell on a cow?

Answer: Just in case it's horns don't work.

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

Jim: Quick, let me have a shovel. My friend is stuck in the mud up to his shoelaces.

Joe: His shoelaces? Why doesn't he just walk out?

Jim: He went in head first.

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

Arithmetic teacher: "Timmy, if you mowed lawns for 20 people and they each paid you a dollar-and-a-half, what would you get?"

Timmy: "A new bicycle."

Ray Lambert
Middleburg Heights, OH

A man thought he would try one of those 1c weight scales that tell your fortune. He was waiting for his train so he had time to spend. He put a penny in and a card came out. It said, "You are a salesman, 34 years old, and traveling west on the 3:10." "That's amazing," said the salesman. So he ran into the train station, changed some clothes, and put on a disguise. Then he put another penny in the machine. A card came out. It said, "You can't fool me. You're still a salesman, 34 years old, and you just missed your train."

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

Tourist: Say, is that old axe really the one George Washington used to chop down the cherry tree?

Antique Salesman: Yes, sir!

Tourist: It sure doesn't look that old.

Antique Salesman: Well of course not. It's had 10 new handles and 4 new axe heads since then.

Tom Sanders
Springfield, MO

Ron: Did you know that all the animals went into Noah's Ark in pairs?

Don: Yes, all except the worms. They came in in apples.

Bradley Mon
Mont Alto, PA



impossible search

by R. G. Champion

The first Saturday in December—that was when Dad used to take me looking for our Christmas tree. Not in a tree lot on a busy city corner, but in the deep woods of Northern Michigan.

Dad put a great deal of effort and thought into finding just the right tree. And our search was usually an all-day affair. Sometimes I thought it was an impossible search.

We'd find a tree that seemed to me just right. But Dad would say, "Well, it's not too bad. But that one side isn't very full. Surely we can find something better."

And when we did—and I thought it was time to go home—he'd say, "We'll mark this one; but let's look just a little longer."

I'd get cold and discouraged and frustrated. But somehow Dad always managed to find just the right tree for us. And I can remember how proud I was when the neighbors and friends admired it as the prettiest tree they had seen that year.

My discouragement with the search didn't seem so important then. And from those experiences I learned the importance of searching; of not being satisfied with something that was almost good enough when we could find something better; and of not losing sight of the good—in case there was nothing better.

Christmas is strongly associated with a search. You spend time looking for the right tree, the right gift for a loved one, the right cards to send to your friends, the right expression of love. And sometimes it seems to be an impossible search.

The Wise Men might have felt that way as they came searching for the Christ-child. Their search brought them to the logical place—the capital of the Jews to seek the One who had been born King of the Jews. But He wasn't there. So they went on searching—until the star guided them to where the young Child was.

King Herod encouraged their mission. He told them: "Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also."

Herod really wanted the search to be successful—but not for the reason he gave the Wise Men. Joseph was warned of the real reason for that search: "Herod will seek the young child to destroy him" (Luke 2:13). What a terrible reason for seeking—to destroy! Seeking to destroy God!

Sin could be defined as man trying to destroy God—trying to replace God. This was the original sin: "Ye shall be as gods. . . ." We refuse to accept God's rightful authority as King. We think it threatens our status, our identity, our pride. And "we will not have this man to reign over us."

But man can never destroy God.

We can cause untold suffering in our efforts to destroy Him. Think of the poor mothers in Bethlehem whose


children were killed because Herod was trying to destroy God. Think of their suffering.

God is always at least a step ahead of our destructive plans. And He is there at every turn, reminding us of our sinfulness and guilt and need of cleansing.

We go on seeking Him, trying to destroy God and save ourselves. But we will never find Him until we seek Him to worship Him—to admit He is truly King of kings and Lord of lords of all the earth—and of us. As He said, "Ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart."

So let your Christmas seeking—for a tree, for gifts, for cards, for expressions of love—remind you of your ultimate search for God.

You can't destroy God. You can't replace Him. You can't outsmart Him. So give up your impossible search. It will only bring death and despair and heartache and sorrow.

Instead, begin the search that's guaranteed to be successful. Ask Christ to forgive your sins and cleanse you. Invite Him to accept His rightful place on the throne of your life as your King. He is the end of your search, for, as the angel told Joseph: "Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins" (Matthew 1:21). Only God can do that. 

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