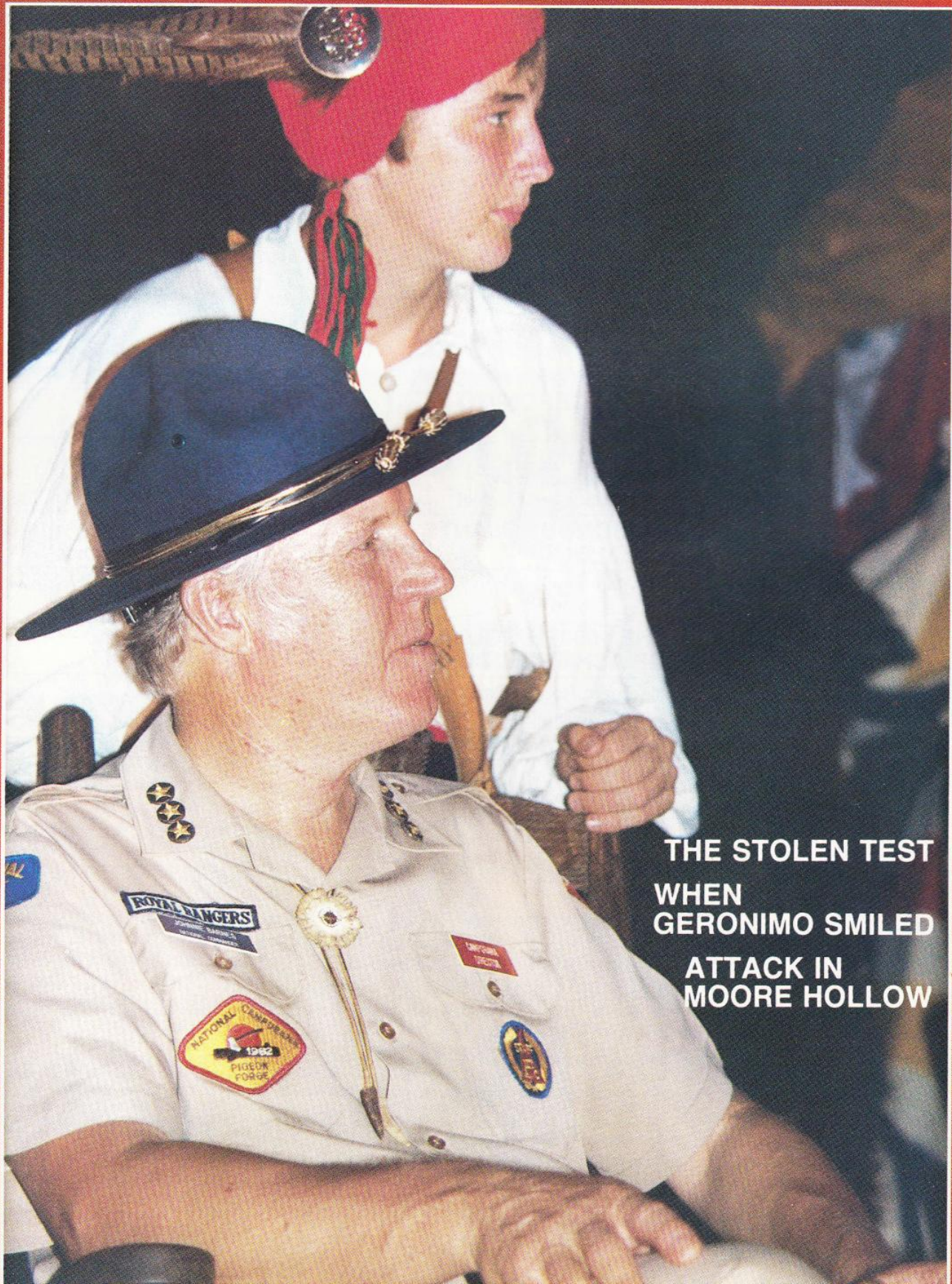


HIGH ADVENTURE

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

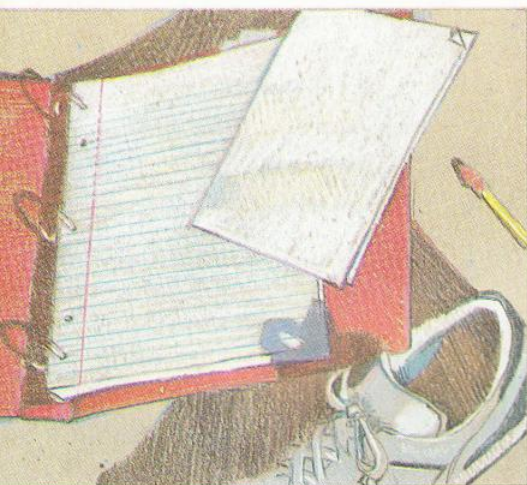
FALL 1985



THE STOLEN TEST
WHEN
GERONIMO SMILED
ATTACK IN
MOORE HOLLOW

High Adventure

FALL

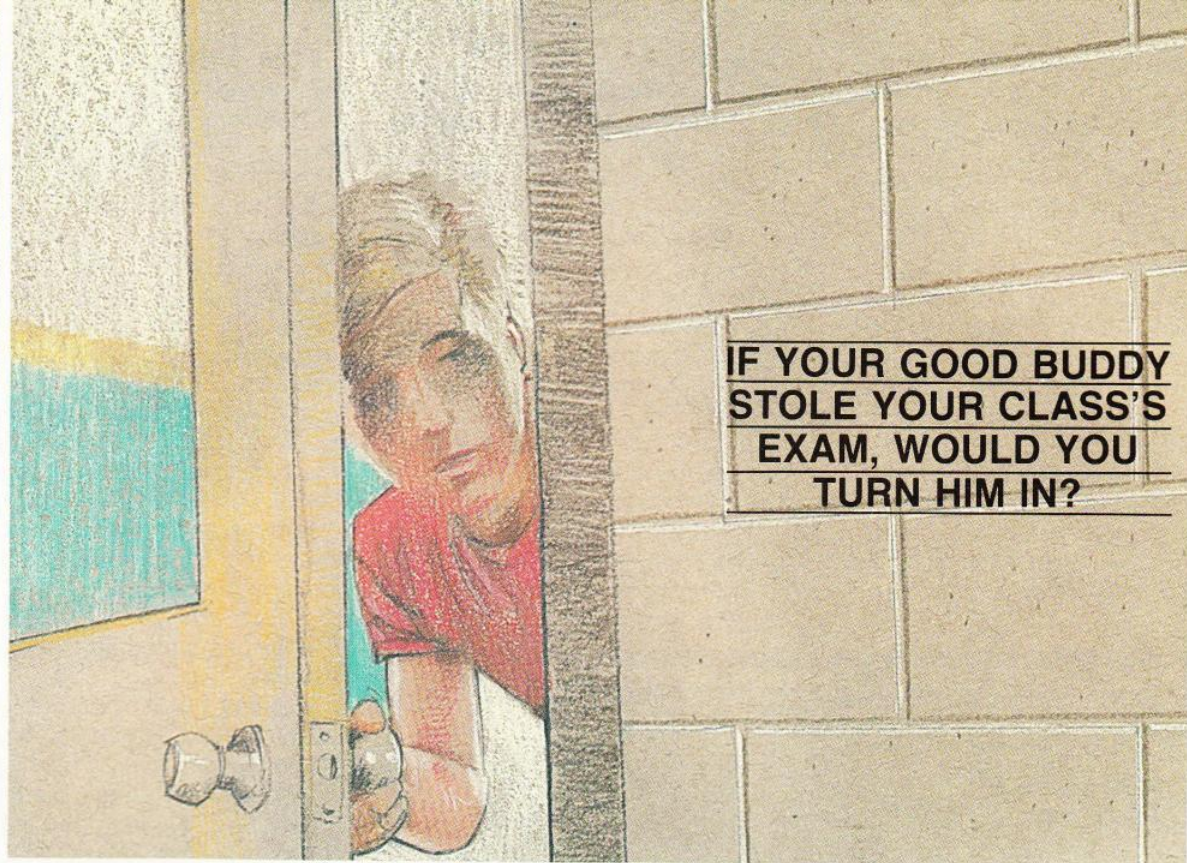


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HIGH ADVENTURE—Volume 15, Number 2 ISSN (0190-3802) published quarterly by Royal Rangers, 1445 Boonville Avenue, Springfield, MO 65802. Subscription rates: single subscription \$1.75 a year; bundle (minimum of five subscriptions, all mailed to one address) \$1.50 a year. Copyrighted 1985 General Council of the Assemblies of God, Inc., Gospel Publishing House. Printed in USA. Second-class postage paid at Springfield, Mo., and at additional offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to High Adventure, 1445 Boonville, Springfield, MO 65802.



**IF YOUR GOOD BUDDY
STOLE YOUR CLASS'S
EXAM, WOULD YOU
TURN HIM IN?**

THE STOLEN TEST

BY ALAN CLIBURN

School was back in session after a summer full of swimming, camping, and vacation travel.

Kevin Westgate was dumping the books he wouldn't need in his locker after school when Carl Wells ran past, sticking a sheet of paper in Kevin's hand.

"Quick—put this in your notebook!" Carl hissed.

He was gone before Kevin could question the action, so he shrugged and placed the paper in his notebook as requested.

A moment later his algebra teacher came tearing down the hall, obviously upset.

"Hi, Mr. Peters," Kevin began. "Anything wrong?"

"Have you seen Carl Wells within the last 5 minutes?" the teacher asked.

"Sure," Kevin replied. "Just a minute ago, in fact. He was in a hurry, too."

"I don't doubt it," Mr. Peters said, shaking his head. "When I catch up with—"

The door at the end of the hall opened suddenly, and Carl was marched back inside the building by Mr. Jarvis, the boys' vice-principal.

"Caught him just before he reached the bike rack," Mr. Jarvis told Mr. Peters.

"Let go of me!" Carl protested loudly. "I didn't do nothing!"

"We'll see about that," Mr. Jarvis answered. "My office okay, Mr. Peters?"

"Yes, that'll be fine," Mr. Peters agreed. "That test paper didn't walk away, Wells. Why don't you just confess that you—"

"I don't have your old test!" Carl exclaimed.

"It's not an 'old test,'" Mr. Peters corrected. "It's brand new, and scheduled to be given tomorrow."

The trio entered the vice principal's office then, so Kevin didn't hear anything else. Wow, Carl's really done it this time! Kevin thought. Of course, if I was failing algebra, maybe I'd be desperate, too.

Kevin swallowed. The truth was that he was fighting for a "C" himself. Anything lower than a "C" on the next report card and he could forget about after school sports. His father hadn't been kidding.

"I happen to know you have the God-given ability to do the work," Mr. Westgate had said weeks earlier. "What Mr. Peters told me at Open House bears this out."

"But what does the after school sports program—"

"Kevin, you often come home so tired that your brain can't function properly," Mr. Westgate interrupted. "Besides,

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE ►

math has always been hard for you, which means you have to work doubly hard to make a passing grade, and that's a 'C.' "

Kevin had tried since then, but he still wavered back and forth between a low "C" and a high "D." Mr. Peters graded by a rigid point system too.

I wonder if Carl really did take that algebra test, Kevin thought as he headed for the gym. Carl was his friend, all right, but Carl did a lot of things that he, himself, wouldn't consider doing.

Of course Carl wasn't a Christian, and showed little interest in becoming one. In fact, he had accused Kevin of spending too much time at church.

"Man, I'm glad my folks don't make me go to church all the time," Carl said once.

one who believes in Christ and follows His teachings—does what's right because he wants to, not because he has to."

They hadn't talked about church or religion since that time, Kevin thought as he entered the locker room.

"Hurry up, Kev!" Charley Adams yelled from the doorway. "You're late!"

"Be out there as soon as I change my shoes," Kevin promised.

He was placing his notebook inside the locker when it slipped from his grasp and fell to the floor. Quickly Kevin scooped up the loose papers which had fallen out and shoved them back inside the notebook.

Suddenly he froze. What had he seen? Slowly he opened the notebook and stared at the piece of paper on

What other possibilities are there? Kevin wondered. Several came to him: (1) He could do nothing and just keep the test—not looking at it again, though; (2) He could slip it into Mr. Peter's box in the main office when no one was watching; (3) He could give it back to Carl, since he was the one who took it in the first place. At least Carl wouldn't get mad at me if I did that, Kevin decided.

But was it right to give a stolen test back to Carl just because he was the one who stole it? On the other hand, was it worth losing his friendship to give the test back to Mr. Peters? Any chance to witness to Carl would probably be lost at the same time. Besides, Carl could be suspended.

"Kevin, are you coming or not?" Charley demanded, reappearing in the doorway.

"I guess I won't be able to today," Kevin replied. "Maybe tomorrow."

And maybe never, if I don't pass the algebra test, he added silently.

Why don't you keep the test? an inner voice seemed to ask. That way you could pass the test, Carl won't get in trouble, and he'll think Christians are okay. In fact, he'd owe you a favor and maybe would even agree to go to church with you out of gratitude!

Kevin had been hearing about the "still, small voice" of the Holy Spirit for as long as he had been a Christian. According to the pastor of the church, that voice would offer guidance and comfort to a Christian in need.

Kevin swallowed. It wasn't the Holy Spirit telling him to keep the test. He had been a Christian long enough to know that dishonesty was never God's will, regardless of how logical it might sound at first. Besides, he had heard that other voice before. Every time he had listened to it, he had eventually wound up in trouble.

He picked up his books and left the gym, praying for strength and wisdom. Why had Carl handed him that test paper anyway? The answer was obvious; he was about to be caught and didn't want to have it on him.

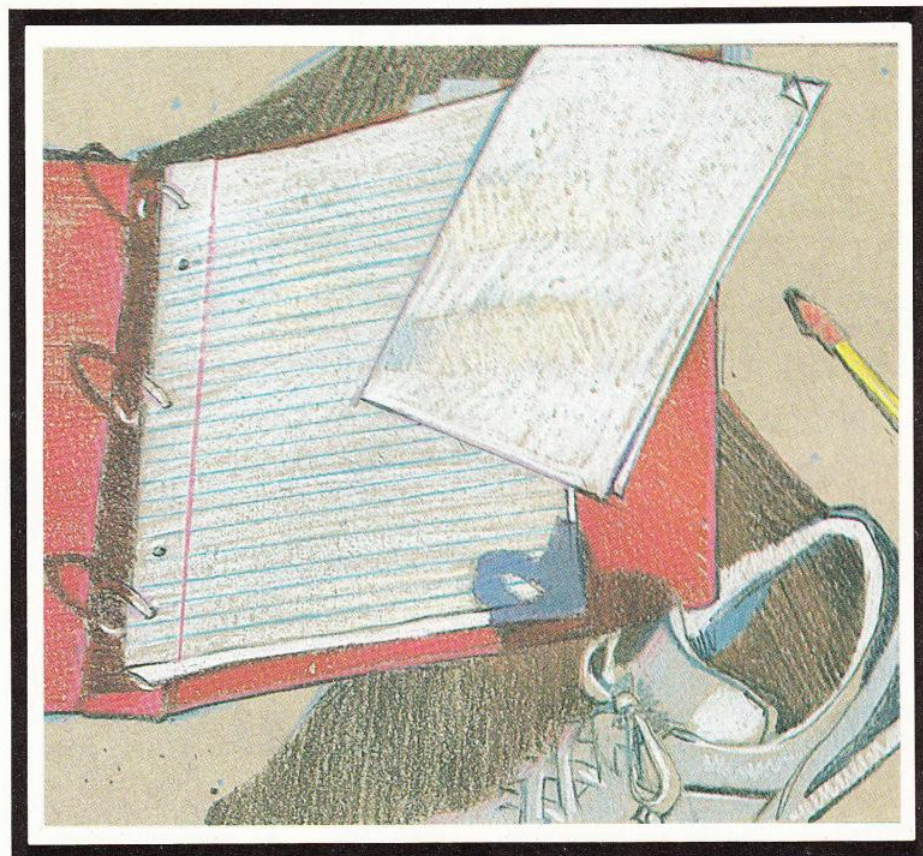
Kevin had almost reached the main building when he saw Carl running toward him. "I've been looking all over for you!" Carl wheezed, out of breath.

"What happened in Mr. Jarvis' office?" Kevin wanted to know.

Carl grinned. "Nothing. What could they do? I didn't have the paper and they couldn't prove I took it!"

"What made Mr. Peters think you took it in the first place?" Kevin asked.

"He saw me coming out of his room



"They don't make me go," Kevin corrected. "I go because I want to! Why don't you go with me sometime and find out what it's all about?"

"Somebody stands up there and preaches at you—right?"

"Well yeah, but—"

"And if you're a Christian there's a lot of stuff you can't do—right?"

"Yeah, but—"

"Sounds too much like school to me," Carl told him. "Somebody talking and and telling you what to do. I get enough of that 5 days a week."

"But it's not like school at all!" Kevin had exclaimed. "A Christian—some-

top, swallowing.

The algebra test! In all the excitement he had forgotten about the sheet of paper Carl had given him a short while earlier.

So Carl did take it, Kevin thought. It was the test for their class, all right, because the problems were the very kind they had been doing the past week.

So what do I do now? Kevin asked himself. He could take the test paper directly to Mr. Peters, but it wasn't quite as simple as that. Naturally the teacher would want to know what Kevin was doing with the test.

after school," Carl explained. "I told him I was in there to copy down the homework assignment. After I left he discovered the test paper missing."

Kevin shook his head. "Carl, that was wrong!"

"It was Peters' word against mine—especially when they couldn't find the paper on me," Carl said. "Let's have it."

"Have it?" Kevin repeated. "What?"
"The test paper!"

Kevin looked at Carl. Giving the paper back to Carl had been one of the possibilities he had considered earlier.

"I can't," he replied.

"Why not?" Carl demanded. "You still have it, don't you?"

"Sure, but I looked at it myself."

"So what? From what I hear, you could stand to raise your own algebra grade a notch or two."

"Not by cheating, Carl. Excuse me."

"Where are you going?"

"To see Mr. Peters. I'm giving him back this test paper." Kevin walked past his friend and into the building. "You do that and we're finished!" Carl called after him. "I mean it, Kevin!"

Kevin continued on, feeling rotten but still convinced that he was doing the right thing.

Mr. Peters was sitting at his desk when Kevin reached the room. "Could I see you a minute?" he began.

"Certainly, Kevin. What can I do for you?"

"It's about the missing test paper," Kevin went on. "I have it."

The algebra teacher frowned. "You have it? Are you saying you took it from my desk during those few minutes I was out of the room?"

"Oh no!" Kevin replied quickly. "I didn't take it, but—well, somehow it wound up in my notebook."

"Somehow?" Mr. Peters repeated. "Don't you mean that Carl Wells put it there?"

"No, Carl didn't put it in my notebook," Kevin corrected truthfully.

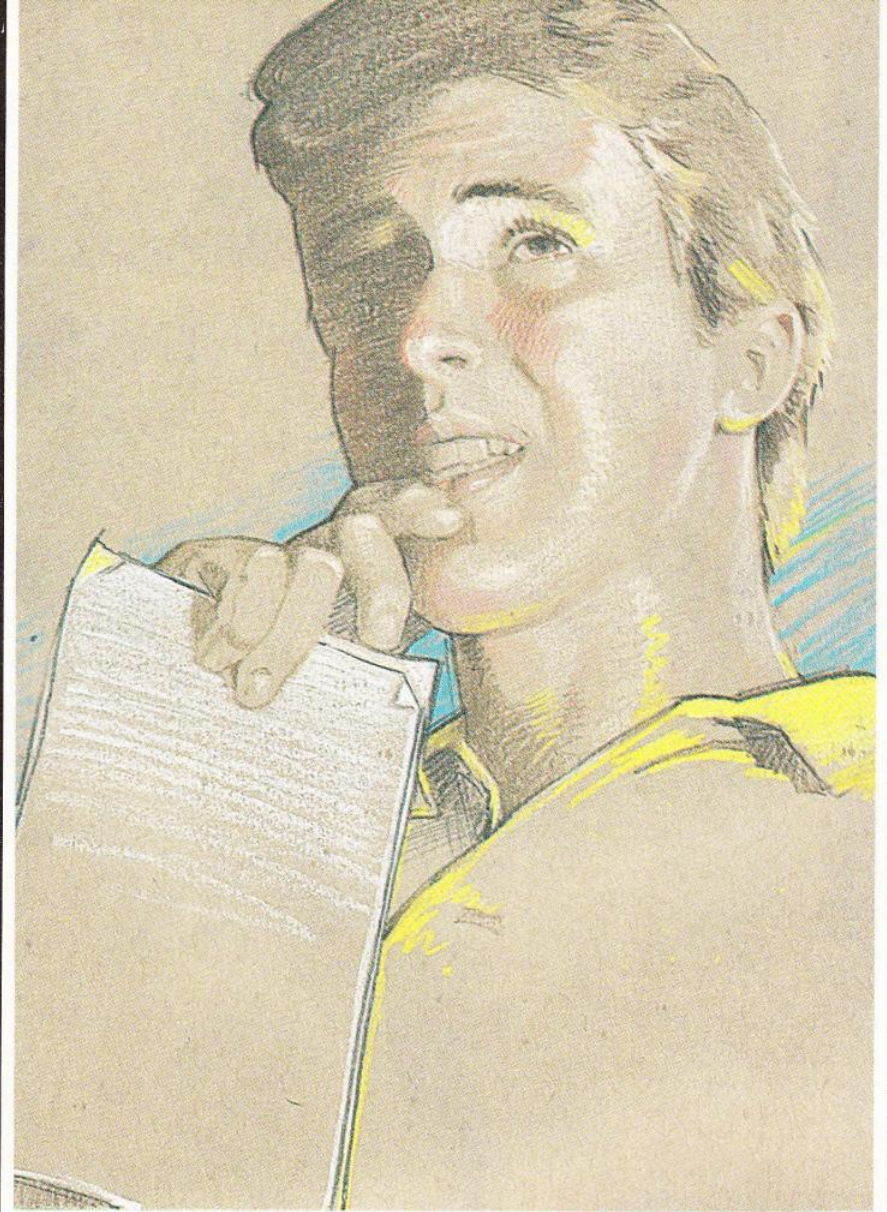
"But he gave it to you, didn't he?"

"I can't say," Kevin replied. "But since I glanced at the test myself—after I discovered it in my notebook—I felt you should have it back." He put the paper on the desk.

"I'm glad you brought it back," the teacher said, "even though I'm making up a whole new test now. I'm not leaving my room unlocked in the future, either."

"Well, I'd better go now," Kevin answered. "I want to study for the test."

"Aren't you involved in the after school sports program?" Mr. Peters



"An inner voice seemed to ask, 'Why don't you keep the test? That way you could pass the test, Carl won't get in trouble and he'll think Christians are okay.'"

asked.

"It won't hurt to miss once in a while," Kevin explained.

He left the room and ran right into Carl, who apparently had been waiting in the hall. "Carl—"

"Sshhh!" Carl hissed, motioning toward the open door. "Wait 'til we're outside!"

They remained silent until they were out of the building. "It's too late," Kevin began. "I already gave it back. Besides he's not even using the test."

"Yeah, I heard," Carl said. "Thanks a lot for not telling him I gave you that paper."

Kevin shrugged. "There was no reason to. He knows it was you."

"Yeah, but he can't prove it," Carl replied. "Where are you going?"

"Home—to study for the algebra test," Kevin answered. "It's my hardest subject."

"Mine, too. Hey, could we study together?"

Kevin looked at his friend and smiled. "I thought we were finished."

"I just said that to stop you," Carl admitted. "Should have known better, though—you Christians are hard to stop!"

"Not hard," Kevin corrected with a grin. "Impossible! Otherwise we wouldn't still be around after almost 2,000 years!"

"Hey, I never thought of that," Carl said.

"Maybe it's time you did," Kevin replied. "Maybe it's time."

THE END.

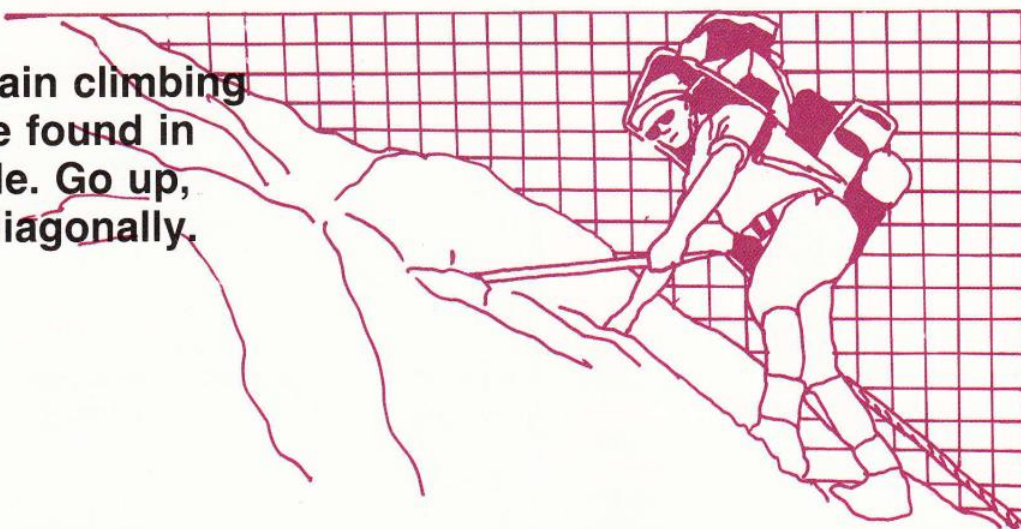
PITON *PUZZLE*

BY BILL DESROCHES

Each of the mountain climbing terms listed can be found in the following puzzle. Go up, down, across, or diagonally.

THE HIDDEN
WORDS
ARE:

ANCHOR ROPE
ASCEND
BALANCE
BELAY
BOWLINE
CLIFF
CLIMB
COUNTERFORCE
CRAMPONS
CREVASSE
DESCEND
FACE
FITNESS
GLACIER
HOLD
ICE AXE
PEAK
PITON
RAPPEL
RIB
"ROCK"
ROPE
SECURE
SLACK
SLING
SLOPE
SNAP LINK
STAMINA
STEEP
TAKING IN
TENSION
TRAIL
TRAVERSING
WALL

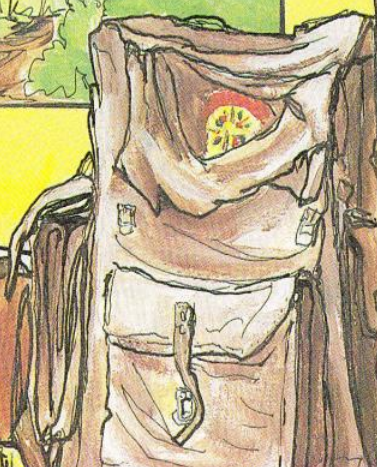
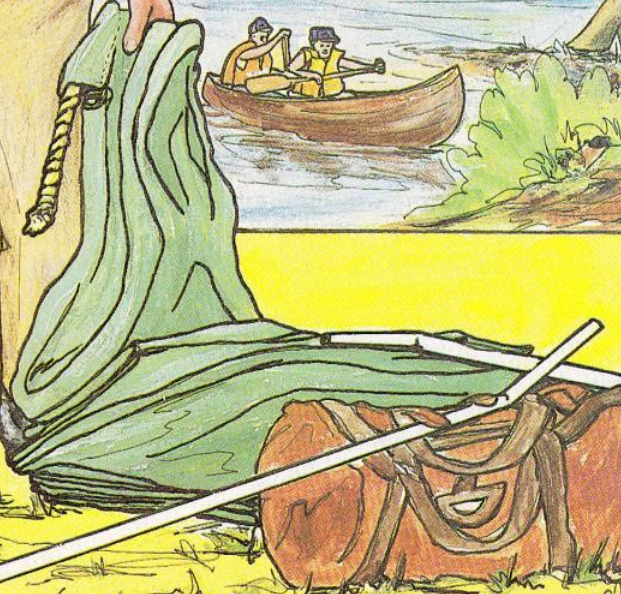
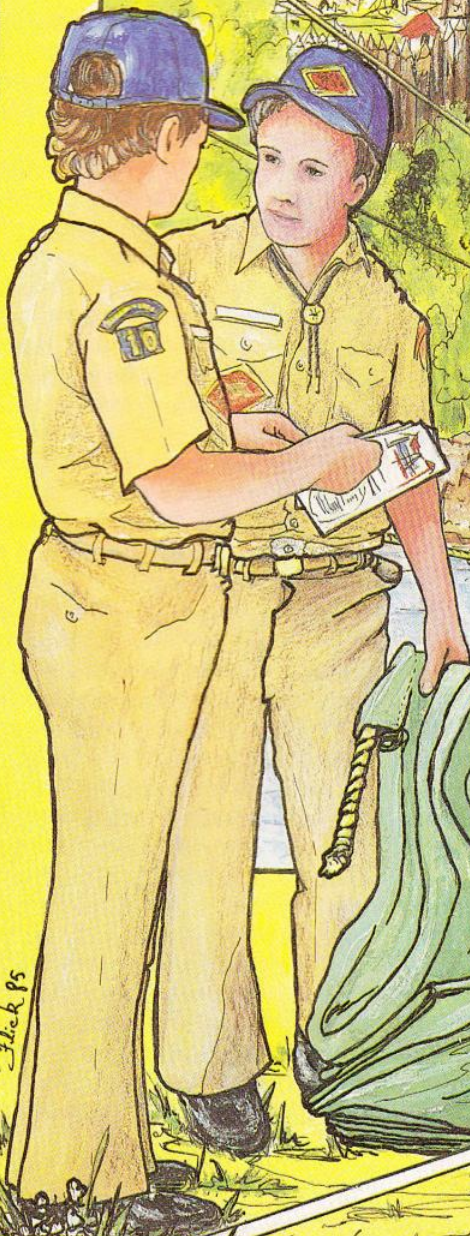


It's tricky, fellas! So, put on your rappelling gear and be the first to reach completion!

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

1986 NATIONAL CAMPORAMA

EAGLE ROCK, MO JULY 22, 1986



Black 85

WHEN GERONIMO SMILED

BY FRED T. CORUM

THE MOTHER HAD WARNED HER YOUNG SONS, "THE OLD INDIAN IS DANGEROUS." SHE SAID THAT HE'D SCALP THEM. BUT, THE WEATHERED, LEATHER-LIKE FACE OF THE FAMOUS APACHE CHIEF WAS IRRESISTIBLE TO THE CHILDREN.

THEY WANTED A CLOSER LOOK . . .

Geronimo" was the battle cry of the American paratroopers leaping from the sky during World War II, for it signified a fierce, death-defying bravery. This was the name of a bold, courageous, and fearless Apache chief who, a hundred years ago, led a band of Indians in terrorizing the American Southwest.

In a series of fiendish atrocities against white settlers he defied the American cavalry.

He was a guerilla commander in two wars against the United States. Again and again he survived in the barren wastelands of the Southwest as white soldiers searched for him in vain. He plundered from the very armies that were pursuing him. Even when on foot he and his band stole cavalry supplies at night, outran them, and always seemed to be just beyond reach.

When I first met this famous Indian, I was about 5 years old. My father was the station agent for the Frisco Railway near Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Geronimo, then a prisoner of the Army, was living there together with a number of Indian families who were incarcerated. He had no choice but to be content with his lot. The military provided food and shelter for the Indians.

Each day two or three trains stopped at the station. The Indians learned they could sell crafts and souvenirs to the passengers. The women would sell moccasins and beaded work; the men, handmade bows and arrows.

Those traveling through on the train were glad for an opportunity to see this famous band of Apaches.

The greatest attraction, of course, was Geronimo. He was, by this time, rather heavy. He wore the white man's clothing, but he always had an old, black, wide-brimmed hat on his head and a bandana around his throat.



Many asked for his autograph. Geronimo could not read or write, but he had learned to scrawl his name, which he did for "two bits." He pronounced these words with a grin.

My parents, with four small children, lived in a section of the freight depot until our house was finished on a government claim near Lawton.

Large, barbed wire fences surrounded the prisoners' compound. Entry was strictly limited, and soldiers were stationed at every gate. The gov-

ernment maintained a school for the Indian children who were there. A large herd of cattle was kept so a beef ration could be given from time to time.

During the summer Geronimo would come down early to the Frisco station to wait for the trains. He would lie on the freight platform dozing under the hot sun of that treeless prairie. It was so warm the resin would rise out of the pine planks of the platform, and my bare feet could not stand to touch them. But Geronimo would lie there sleeping, never showing any evidence that he felt the heat.

Mother warned her children that the old chief was dangerous. It was said that his own children had been murdered by white renegades and that he had developed a deep hatred and desire for revenge.

One hot day I saw him prone on the station platform. He had lain still for so long that I thought he must have died. My little brother and I cautiously stole down to investigate, creeping along in the shadow of the platform.

That fascinating face still stands out in my childhood memories. It had a leathery texture, a sun-parched complexion, and had what seemed to be lines of cruelty. But it was now relaxed in a deathlike sleep.

While I was pondering this face, one of his eyes slowly opened. He was very much alive and had been aware of my presence! My palpitating breath was so close to his face . . . it was too late

this quiet young Frisco Railway agent who patiently explained Christ to him.

"Is it possible that God will forgive me for my wickedness?" inquired Geronimo. "I wake up in the middle of the night groaning and very sad when I remember the helpless little children. Often I would steal up to the homes of white settlers and kill the parents. In my hatred I would even take the little ones out of their cradles and toss them in the air. They would like this and would gurgle with glee, but when they came down I would catch them on my sharp hunting knife and kill them. Would God forgive this?"

"Is it possible that when I die, I will have a chance to go to the heaven your Bible describes? I would gladly give what remains of my life if it were possible to bring back the lives of all those whom I have destroyed."

ren" conducted services on the reservation. Geronimo attended the services and became a member.

The old Indian no longer wanted little children to be afraid of him. Like many Indian people I have met, Geronimo took a great deal of pride in his own dignity.

In his younger days he had been shrewd and cunning; he was able, courageous, defiant, and bold. His word was law among those he led. But now he was mellowed with the wisdom of age and experience. He was no longer defiant, no longer a savage, but still proud—proud of his Indian heritage and of his personal dignity.

He enjoyed soaking up the sunshine and contemplating man's purpose on the earth. His savagery was still a scar upon his memory, but now he had peace of mind when he meditated upon

to escape! I felt petrified!

Then both of his eyes opened, and he quickly surveyed us at close range. Suddenly a hundred wrinkles in that fierce face rearranged themselves into a friendly, warmhearted smile. I knew then that my mother was mistaken when she had warned me that Geronimo would kill little children, for in his old wrinkled face I saw kindness and gentleness.

He sat up and spoke to me in his broken English, something about being a friend. I knew he had no desire to scalp white boys after all; but little Paul and I scampered back to Mother's protection racing barefooted over the hot pine planks of the freight platform.

Our boyish courage and friendliness fascinated the old Indian. Thereafter he would come almost daily to talk to my father. He told him that after seeing his little white "papooses" he could hardly sleep at night because he was troubled with bad dreams.

"Of all the evil things I have done, I regret most the killing of little children," he told my father.

Geronimo would talk with my father for hours about Christianity and the salvation of the human soul. Father had been a Sunday school superintendent. He gave Geronimo a Bible, and the old chief would have the young Indians attending the government school to read it to him. Then he would return to have it explained.

The old warrior was humble before

"I wake up in the middle of the night groaning and very sad when I remember the helpless little children. Is it possible that God will forgive me, for my wickedness?" Geronimo inquired.

Astonished by his confession and amazed at his sincerity, my father pointed out to him that there was an atonement for his sins if he truly desired to be a Christian. Father read to him, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow: though they be red like crimson, they shall be like wool" (Isaiah 1:18). And, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16).

Geronimo replied, "Is that all I have to do, just believe?" With simplicity of faith he learned to pray and trust Christ.

He was always pleased whenever Father found time to talk to him. A church organization called "The Breth-

the love of Christ and how a little child had led him to seek the simple truths found in his father's Bible.

Geronimo was 80 years old when he died in 1909. His last years were not filled with thoughts of his prowess in battle and his achievements in the Indian wars, but with contemplation of the eternal glories that awaited him beyond the grave.

Through his intelligence and skills he had become a leader whose name is an American legend. With the wisdom of age he sought what seemed to him the greatest goal of life—that of eternal peace. Geronimo's last years were a happy time of life for the old warrior. ★

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POISONOUS PLANTS PUZZLE

BY BILL DESROCHES

YOUR PARENTS CAN POINT THEM OUT IN YOUR OWN BACKYARD, BUT YOU FIGURE OUT THE PUZZLE! YOU SHOULD BECOME VERY AWARE OF THESE PLANTS. SOME ARE PRETTY TO LOOK AT, BUT DEADLY WHEN EATEN!

ORMSENGGLISHIVYF
ATJVDEEWNOSMIJE
YELLAVENTFOYLIL
VPFAHYACINTHNMK
IMBUSAIRETSIWP
NUMRTQROSUMSRTI
ORAEHWEYSSAEDAW
STR LGHYSWEDOWTI
ILISIRIELNOLMIR
OEJWNCEAAHLIEE
PGURRTZESOODSNP
ONAAPALKSLBOTSO
IANEMONEWLEFLJI
NIATGOLUBYLFEPS
SOENMNKPNIIATRO
ECPAOAAVOCADOIN
TCYHODSRYTUIEMO
TARPRRBDDQALLRA
IBAEHPOPPYVTUOK
AOSLSEIRREHCOSC
ITOEUTMAYAPPLEI
CLRDMUINIHPLEDR



THEY'RE HIDDEN IN THE GRID.
TO FIND THEM, YOU MUST
READ UP, DOWN, FORWARD,
BACKWARD, AND DIAGONALLY.

ANEMONE
ANGEL TRUMPET (TREE)
AVOCADO (LEAVES)
AZALEAS
CHERRIES
DAFFODIL
DELPHINIUM
ELEPHANT EAR
ENGLISH IVY
HOLLY (BERRIES)
HYACINTH
HYDRANGEA
IRIS
JIMSONWEED
LAURELS
LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY
LOBELIA
MARIJUANA
MAYAPPLE
MISTLETOE

MONKSHOOD
MUSHROOM
NARCISSUS
NIGHTSHADE
OAK
OLEANDER
PERIWINKLE
POPPY
POINSETTIA
POISON IVY
POISON OAK
POTATO (SPROUTS)
PRIMROSE
RANUNCULUS
ROSARY PEA
SWEET PEA
TOBACCO
WISTERIA
YEW



THE 1000th GOLD MEDAL OF ACHIEVEMENT WINNER

by Doug Tarpley

Robert "Robbie" Davis was the 1,000th boy to win the top award of the Royal Rangers program. In August 1984 National Commander Johnnie Barnes contacted Robbie to congratulate him for his "outstanding achievement" and to inform him of the award.

Robbie attends Glad Tidings Assembly of God, Hurricane, West Virginia. Robbie's father, Bob Davis, is a District Training Coordinator and Commander. Participating in the Royal Rangers Program there, Robbie worked through nearly 30 awards during the past few months, among them CPR, Christian service, safety, physical fitness, survival, and others.

Barnes said, "Robbie is to be commended for his work and efforts in earning the medal." And he challenged Robbie saying, "As a newly commissioned Junior Commander, you will have the responsibility of being an example to all the other boys in your

outpost. We trust you will be faithful in doing your best to carry out this responsibility."

Robbie said, "Royal Rangers has helped me to set my values in life. God is first in everything." He said that Rangers taught him how to witness to his friends, and encouraged him to be faithful to his church, family and outpost. He liked the way that Rangers helped to make him more self-reliant. As he said, "There are those times when you can't turn to your parents and when you have to take care of your own things." He learned a lot about himself and increased his skills in many areas, he said.

The Gold Medal of Achievement may be awarded to a boy after he has earned the highest rating in either the Sea Rangers, Air Rangers, or Trail Rangers. Three requirements are necessary before the award can be made. A boy must read the *Royal Rangers Leader's Manual*. The commander

must submit a written statement to the national office that the boy qualifies for the award. He must also submit a list of all the advanced awards the boy has earned. Finally, the boy must write a 500-word theme, entitled "The Value of Royal Rangers."

At the same time the Medal is awarded, the boy is commissioned to the rank of Junior Commander in the local outpost. The newly commissioned Ranger has the privilege of wearing the Junior Commander bars on his uniform, and has the opportunity to become a Lieutenant Commander.

Robbie summarized the value of Royal Rangers by suggesting that life is enriched for boys through associations with Christian men and other boys, and through the activities and awards that are part of the Royal Rangers program.

"I am proud to be a part of this great program," he said. "The program can help many other boys as well." ★

● EDITOR'S NOTE ● OUR CONGRATULATIONS TO J. DOUGLAS TARPLEY

MANAGING EDITOR OF HIGH ADVENTURE

J. Douglas Tarpley, Ph.D., managing editor of *High Adventure* magazine, was awarded the prestigious Gold Key Certificate of Merit by the Columbia Scholastic Press Association recently during ceremonies at Columbia University, New York.

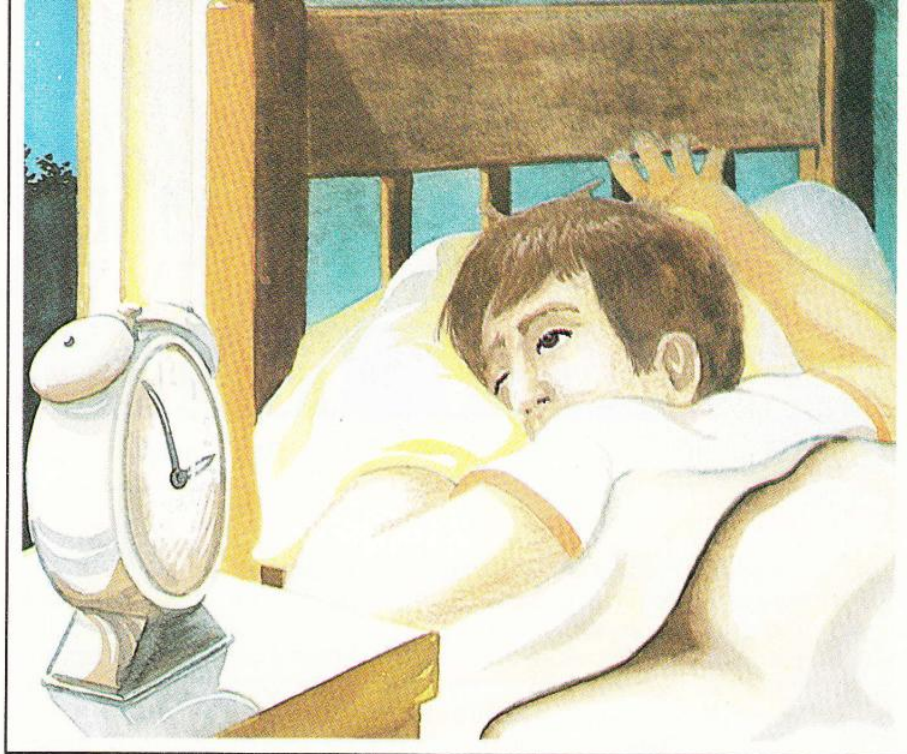
He was cited by the award's committee for his "continued and

outstanding contributions to college journalism."

Dr. Tarpley is chairman of the Communications Department, Evangel College, Springfield, Missouri. He teaches journalism courses and advises the college's student publications. He also serves on the board of directors of journalism education associations

and is executive director of the Society for Collegiate Journalists, an international honorary society.

He is a free-lance writer and photographer, and media consultant. He and his wife Patricia have three children. His two sons are active in the Royal Rangers program at Central Assembly of God, Springfield, Missouri. ★



Dan Bilyeu was out to prove that his young coonhound, Buck, was as good a coon-hunter as any dog on the farm!

ATTACK IN M O O R E H O L L O W

BY C. RICHARD WOODS

The reflection of the bright winter moon was dancing on the ripples where the swift waters of Railey Creek were merging with the sluggish current of the mighty James River. These same sparkling waters of Railey Creek had just rushed past the farm of the sleeping Bilyeu family, which was nestled in the rugged Ozark hills about 2 miles upstream.

The faint barking of a dog was drifting across the creek, penetrating the slumber of one of the occupants in the two-story farmhouse. Dan Bilyeu slowly rolled over in his bed and lifted his head,

his senses awakening. Above the steady breathing of his younger brother across the room, Dan could hear his dog, Buck, barking. He knew that Buck had some kind of critter treed, probably over in Moore Hollow.

Dan hated to leave his warm bed, but he realized he had no choice. As he had to do everything possible to train Buck to become a good hunter, he could not let his dog's bay go unanswered. Dan's father believed that every animal on the farm had to be productive, and this included Buck. If Buck could not hunt wildlife whose

hides could be sold to the tanner in Springfield, then he wasn't pulling his own weight, and he must go.

Dan swung out of bed, and dressed quickly in the soft moonlight that filtered through the window and filled his room. He frowned as he pulled on his boots, recalling the disheartening event of the previous day. Buck had been barking frantically up on the hillside behind the barn where Dan and his father were working. They dropped what they were doing, and ran to see what Buck had treed. Dan would like to forget the look of disgust in his father's eyes when

Buck's prey turned out to be the neighbor's cat. And that wasn't the first such incident.

Dan finished buttoning his coat as he crept down the stairs, carefully avoiding the step that had the squeaky board in it. At the foot of the stairs he quietly opened the door to the small storage room and picked up the lantern. Seeing the 12-gauge shotgun resting on the gun rack, Dan remembered the warning his father had given him.

Henry Walker, who lived a mile or so upstream, claimed that he took a shot at a big cat a few nights ago when he went out to the barn to see why his cows were bawling. He said he figured he hit the varmit as there was fresh blood on a near-by fence post, but the animal had disappeared into the night.

Dan's father was skeptical of the story for two reasons. First, a cougar had not been seen in this part of the country for years. In fact, Dan's father had never seen one. Grandpa Bilyeu had told of seeing the tawny-colored cats, but when the settlers moved in, the big cats were driven out. And secondly, old Henry had a well-earned reputation for telling tall tales. Any account that came from him had to be qualified. However, just as a precaution, Dan's father told him to take the shotgun with him anytime he was going out in the hills alone. Just in case old Henry was telling the truth for once.

Heeding his father's advice, Dan slipped some buckshot shells into his pocket, and with the unloaded shotgun in one hand and the lantern in the other, he stepped out into the cold night air. Dan had hunted in these hills many times before at night, and the dark held no fear for him. The canopy of twinkling stars was always fascinating to him, and he quickly located the Big Dipper, his favorite star formation. Usually he could see distant pinpoints of light radiating from other hunters' lanterns, but he did not see any tonight.

Buck's determined barking was coming from Moore Hollow, as Dan had figured. Moore Hollow was just beyond the first hill across the creek. It would not take Dan long to get there. He walked across the wooden bridge spanning the gurgling creek and started up the steep, rocky hill, enveloped in a circle of subdued lantern light.

A once magnificent creature that had been drawn to the frigid waters of Railey Creek that night seeking relief from its agony crouched in the shadows of the bridge as Dan walked

across. Its mind was confused, and pain was racking its body because of the infection caused by the gunshot wound in its shoulder. Somehow through its torment, it knew that the footsteps of the one above were from the same type of being that had inflicted this terrible suffering, and a

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sense of rage welled up from within its blurred consciousness. With a low snarl, the tortured cougar limped noiselessly up the bank, and with its head to the ground, stealthily followed Dan up the hill.

Buck was a young coonhound, mostly black with touches of tan around his nose and feet. When he saw Dan approaching he began barking more excitedly while circling a tall oak tree

that towered over the small stream that trickled through the hollow. He would spring at the tree, in an apparent attempt to climb, his large ears flopping.

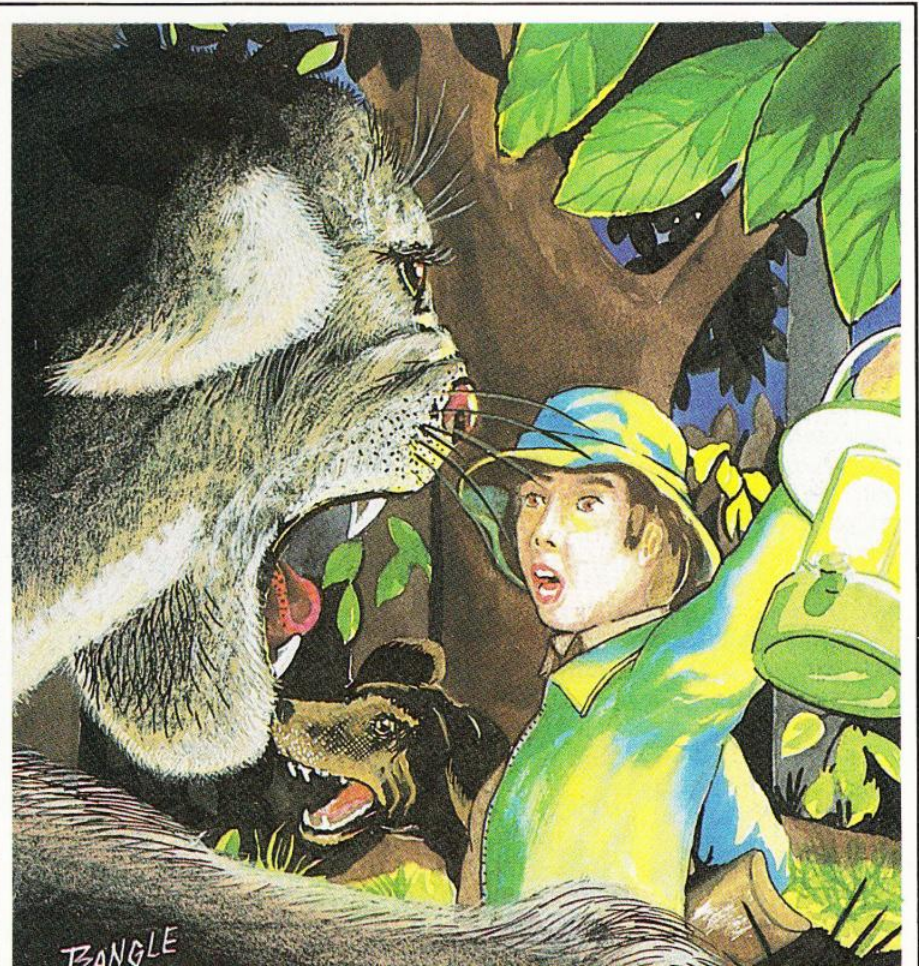
Dan hurried to the tree, and after placing the shotgun against the trunk, raised the lantern high over his head. Two bright shining eyes were staring down at him from one of the lower branches. Dan felt a rush of pride and excitement as he realized that it was a large furry raccoon.

"Good boy, Buck!" Dan exclaimed. Then he saw that Buck had lost interest in the treed raccoon. The dog was growling at something behind Dan, his body stiffening.

Dan whirled around, holding the lantern out, and fear seared through the pit of his stomach as he saw the cougar at the edge of the circle of light. The big cat was crouched, ready to spring, but Dan's sudden action had caused it to involuntarily hesitate. Its long, pointed teeth were barred in a ferocious snarl, and its eyes shone like mirrors as they reflected the lantern light. A large, angry patch of red that was caked on the cat's muscular shoulder was spreading, rapidly draining the animal's strength.

With his heart pounding and not daring to take his eyes off the tensed cougar, Dan slowly stepped backwards toward the oak tree, fighting the urge to run. His terror heightened as he re-

CONTINUED ►



membered that the shotgun was unloaded. As he reached behind him for the gun, the cougar suddenly sprang. Dan screamed and instinctively threw up his hands in self-defense, sending the lantern spinning to one side.

The cougar's charge was met head-on by a coonhound that was willing to fight to the death in defense of his master. The momentum of the larger cat bowled Buck over, and the two animals tumbled into the shallow stream with a splash, spitting and snarling. Dan quickly grabbed the shotgun and reached into his pocket for the buck-shot with shaking hands. The cougar summoned its waning strength and smote the smaller coonhound a powerful blow. With a yelp, Buck was knocked out of the stream, rolled over once or twice, and lay still. The enraged cat whirled around toward Dan and started to leap. By that time the shotgun was loaded and with one squeeze of the trigger, Dan ended the cougar's torment.

The echo of the blast still reverberating up and down the hollow, Dan jumped over the stream and knelt beside his bleeding dog. Buck raised his head with a whimper, struggled to stand up, but could not do so. "Easy, Buck," Dan said, gently stroking his dog's heaving chest. He rose and looked toward home. "I've got to go get help. I'll be right back." Giving Buck a reassuring pat, Dan raced across the hollow and ran up the hill, leaping over fallen logs and stumbling on the loose rocks that were not detectable in the moonlight.

Soon Dan and his father were back in Moore Hollow, breathing hard from their laborious hike. "Over there, Dad," Dan pointed. "By that big oak tree." Dan was reassured when he saw Buck standing shakily by the stream, lapping up the cold water.

Dan's father stopped by the dead cougar's emaciated body and frowned, shaking his head. "Son, all I can say is you certainly had a close call. The good Lord was surely with you tonight." He looked across the stream at Buck who was trying to lick his wounds. "Come on, let's take a look at ol' Buck."

Setting the lantern down nearby, Dan's father gently probed Buck's body with his calloused hands. Buck trembling, consented to the examination, and would only whimper when a tender place was touched. A hoot owl somewhere in the hollow was beginning to sound its lonesome call.

Finally Dan's father turned to Dan

and smiled. "I think he mainly just had the wind knocked out of him. He may have a cracked rib or two, and some mean cuts, but nothing that some good ointment and rest won't cure. He's going to be fine."

**"With a yelp, Buck
was knocked out
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Dan started to let out a whoop of joy when he suddenly remembered what had started the night's events. He picked up the lantern and scrutinized the branches of the oak tree. The raccoon had escaped.

"Dad, Buck treed one of the biggest raccoons I've ever seen in this tree tonight," Dan said. He lowered the lantern. "But he's gone now."

Dan's father chuckled, "Well, Buck's in no shape to do any more hunting tonight. We'll get that raccoon some

other night." Looking over at the fallen cougar, Dan's father turned serious. "Look, son, Buck's proved his worth tonight. He's proved himself to be brave, and looks like he's going to make a good hunter yet."

Picking up the shotgun, Dan's father said, "I believe Buck can make it back by himself if we take it easy. If he can't, I'll carry him."

Dan felt tired and his eyelids were growing heavy. The cold was beginning to penetrate his clothing. He yearned to be back in his warm bed, nestled under the heavy blankets.

"Come on, boy," Dan softly called back to Buck. "Let's go home."

The man, boy, and dog moved slowly across the hollow and up the steep hillside, the dog limping slightly, but responding to the encouragement from the man and boy as they made their way around decaying logs and outcropping boulders. The trio eventually disappeared over the top of the hill, and Moore Hollow was quiet once again except for the desolate call of the hoot owl and a soft splashing in the small stream as a large furry raccoon slapped at an elusive crawdad. ★



**THIS ISSUE'S
FUNNIEST JOKES**

"So you want to be my son-in-law, do you?" demanded the girl's father.
"Not really," shrugged the girl's suitor, "but since I want to marry your daughter, I don't see how I can avoid it."

Joseph Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA

**COMEDY
CORNER**



A man phoned a nurse and asked her to take good care of his wife, who was about to have a baby.

She gently assured him and then asked, "Is this her first child?"

The man answered, "No, this is her husband."

Joseph Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA

Al: "Why is an empty purse always the same?"

Sal: "Because there's never any change in it."

Henry E. Leabo
Lancaster, CA

Daffynishion: Kindergarten teacher: one who makes little things count.

Henry E. Leabo
Lancaster, CA



Tex: "My uncle can shoot a gun faster than any other man in the West. He can even shoot without removing the gun from his holster."

Cal: "What do they call your uncle?"

Tex: "Toeless Joe."

Henry E. Leabo
Lancaster, CA

Tim: "What did the man say when he was run over by a steamroller?"

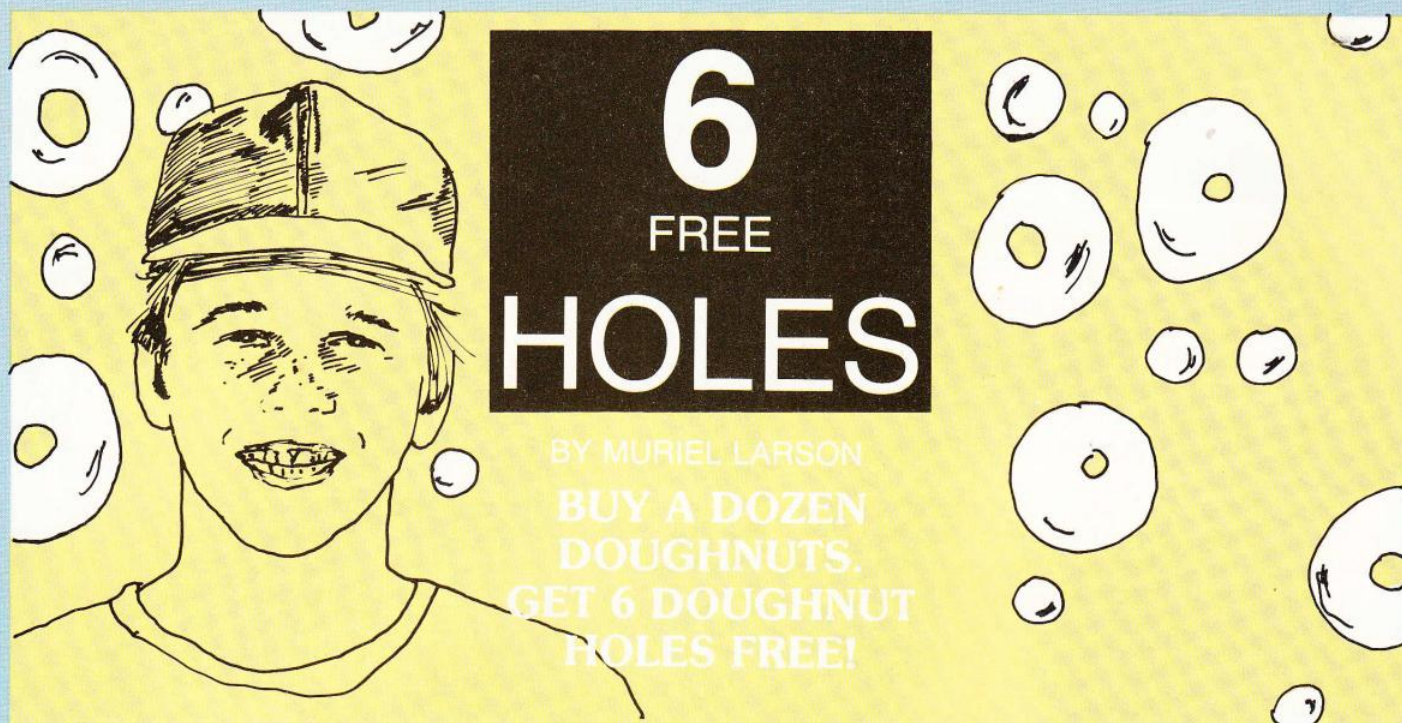
Jim: "Nothing, he just lay there with a long face."

Henry E. Leabo
Lancaster, CA

Spot: "How are dog catchers paid?"

Rover: "By the pound."

Henry E. Leabo
Lancaster, CA



THAT'S A GOOD DEAL, RIGHT? O R I S I T ?

Six free holes with a dozen doughnuts" reads a sign outside a doughnut shop located on the bypass highway of Greenville, South Carolina.

"Six free holes." Sounds funny, doesn't it? Of course, those who are familiar with doughnuts know that sign refers to the crisp balls of doughnut dough cut from the center when the doughnuts were made. Doughnut lovers, in fact, usually like them best!

But what are doughnuts made of? Refined white flour, shortening, sugar, and grease are the main ingredients. Are they nutritious? Far from it! Are they fattening? Yes! Are they good for

**Temptations from
the devil are a lot
like the junk food
which the world
offers us!**

your body or your teeth? No! But they do taste good when they're in your mouth, don't they? Most Americans have an addiction to sugar they don't even realize and it keeps them eating things they know to be bad for them.

Unfortunately, most people in the world have an addiction to sin they know is bad for them, but they continue to indulge in it. They settle for "six free

holes" and a dozen doughnuts in life when they could have a juicy, tender steak, fruits, and all kinds of delicious spirit-building goodies.

What am I talking about? The "junk food" which the world offers us in contrast to the "milk and meat of the Word" the Lord wants to give us. The world and the devil offer things that appeal to our fleshly appetites. These things may look good and taste good—but after we've tried them, we find they leave us feeling empty inside. A steady diet of that kind of "food" leads to decay and malnutrition . . . which can be fatal if carried far enough.

Haggai 1:6 says, "He that earneth wages earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes."

Former drug addicts frequently state that they never dreamed they would become addicts. But when they did, every bit of money they could get hold of, honestly or dishonestly, went for drugs, in itself an illegal activity. No one intends to get hooked like that.

One man got into the gambling habit when he was a teenager. It was a lark. Now he takes the money meant to pay bills and gambles it all away. His habit causes him and his family nothing but misery.

The Lord Jesus told about the possibility of a life that doesn't have any empty holes, though. He said, "Sell that

you have, and give alms; provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also" (Luke 12:33,34).

If we set our affections on Heaven, with eternity's priorities always in mind rather than earth's, we can provide ourselves with a treasure that will be ours for eternity (Colossians 3:2,3).

But even here on earth there are rewards for those of us who don't go for the "holes" the world offers. For one thing, we'll never destroy our lives or families if we put Christ first and follow God's will for our lives. For another, by living pleasing to the Lord, we will experience love, peace, joy, and help in times of difficulty . . . the very qualities the world searches for in the cheap imitation things but never finds. Our hearts experience no empty feelings when we have Christ's fruit in our lives. It gives real meaning and purpose to life.

Have you seen settling for "free holes" when you could have God's "nutrition-packed" gifts? The free holes aren't really free—you pay for the doughnuts—and their spiritual "flab." But God's blessings are yours for the asking along with a healthy spiritual life. ★