

A Failed Farmer

HE was just a North Carolina farmer. He wasn't tall. He was known as a soft-spoken man. There was nothing about him that would leave a lasting impression on anyone who met him. At 34 years old, he was deeply in debt and failing as a farmer. His life had been an uneventful failure. Then he gave up. He paid his debts, packed up his family and headed for a land to the west he had heard about called "Caintuck." With his bare hands he cut a road through the wilderness to allow others access to the lush wilderness ahead. Then he established a town and fought the Indians to preserve it until the area was populated and secure. Years later, at age 70 he got tired of the crowds of people who had populated the area so he moved to the St. Louis, Missouri, area and did it all again. Then, in 1820, at the age of 86 he died. He had left the Carolinas, a failure, and never looked back as he marched west and into history. He helped to mold and establish this great nation.

And just where would America be if Daniel Boone had been a successful farmer? **Fight on!**

Rescuing His Wife

JOE Meek was a fur trapper in the Northwest in the 1830's where he had married an Indian woman by the name of Isabel. The men went hunting buffalo one day. The women followed behind and butchered the animals as the men killed them. After the hunt they started back to camp in the traditional manner, men in the lead to protect the women. But Meek's wife had trouble with her horse and was straggling behind the rest of the women. Suddenly a dozen Crow warriors sprang from the underbrush and surrounded her. About this time Meek became aware that his wife was not among the women. With six other mountain men he backtracked to find her. He crested a ridge to see her peril. The men hesitated when they saw they were outnumbered, but Meek never even paused. He just spurred his horse and charged right into the Indians. He fired his muzzle loader, killing one. Spurred by Meek's courage, the other trappers followed suit. The Crows scattered and Meek escorted his wife back to the rest of the party. **Fight on!**

God, a Rock and a Bear

YOUNG Charley Locksley came to California in 1849 seeking gold. That year, as he traveled toward town to retrieve his mail, he made a near fatal pause beneath a giant pine overlooking a 1000 foot drop to the Feather River. The scene before him was of breathtaking beauty. But that day there was something which desired to take young Charley's breath away. As he drank in the beauty before him, he heard an unnatural noise behind him. He turned to investigate. Suddenly, a huge grizzly bear stepped out of the forest between him and the trail he had left. His only route of escape was cut off. Locksley stood there with no weapon and no escape. Death was certain as the huge animal moved toward him snarling and snapping its teeth together.

Knowing his death was certain, Locksley later said, "Alone, unarmed, I looked death in the face. I must meet it, and meet it like a man, it was useless to bemoan my fate; it seemed like folly to resist; better, far better, for me to submit with fortitude, and with Christian resignation meet this wretched death, which could not be otherwise than brief, sharp and decisive."

As the fierce animal closed in for the kill, it rose to its hind legs and gave a mighty roar. Locksley, leaning his hand on a large stone outcropping for support, found his hand gripping a large stone which came loose in his hand. In desperation he hurled it into the beast's mouth as it swiped him with its paw, slicing deeply into his side. Suddenly, the bear dropped to all fours and gagged. Locksley jumped on its back and straight up

onto a tree branch that had previously been out of reach. From his perch, Locksley watched for horrified minutes as the beast thrashed, leaped and gagged. Lockley was about 15 feet above the ground and later said that at times the beast leaped higher than the limb he was perched on. Finally, as the animal thrashed about it lost its balance and fell over the cliff. Charley came down from the tree and continued his trip into town, telling those there of his near-miss with death. Some scoffed at his tale, so they trailed out of town to the base of the cliff where they found the body of the bear. A quick inspection found the rock firmly lodged in the dead beast's throat. Locksley later equated his victory as being similar to David's victory over Goliath, guided by the same God. **Fight on!**