

## What It Means for America to Be Great (cont. from page 1)

Greatness comes to signify vulgar displays of wealth, pleasure and power. A “great” person is one who does whatever it takes to keep the grand party going. Tragically, it can even mean severing our link with God when it obstructs the easy pursuit of whatever.

I ardently yearn for America to be great, but if that greatness be not true, and comes at the price of virtue, duty and honor, I prefer that we as a people say “no.” And if our “no” brings upon us the fury of those who promise the false greatness of the world, then so be it. For in that act of collectively saying “no,” America will have achieved a true greatness.

The questions that need to be addressed today are not those of taxes, jobs, economy or benefits.

Although they are all important issues, they can more easily be resolved when sanity returns to the nation. We now enter a critical time when we must choose the path of true greatness over false, honor over money, God over the world. If we ardently desire a return to order, then we must be convinced that America can only be great if she is good and Godly. What will decide America’s future will be what has always decided her future—the character of her people.

**John Horvat II** is a scholar, researcher, educator, international speaker, and author of the book *Return to Order*, as well as the author of hundreds of published articles. He lives in Spring Grove, Pennsylvania, where he is the vice president of the American Society for the Defense of Tradition, Family and Property. You can find more information at: [www.returntoorder.org/2016/04/what-it-means-for-america-to-be-great](http://www.returntoorder.org/2016/04/what-it-means-for-america-to-be-great). *This article is published with permission from John Horvat II.*



### SENIORS Are you concerned for the younger generation?

Tell them about

#### **“Creation Experience Museum”**

Where they will have their faith strengthened in the Bible supported by real science, and come yourselves.  
Handicap accessible.

**FREE ADMISSION FOR ALL AGES**

4180 US Hwy. 65 N at Hwy. 160 — just north of Branson  
Open Wednesdays through Saturdays 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.  
417-561-0750

# My Experience as a Logger

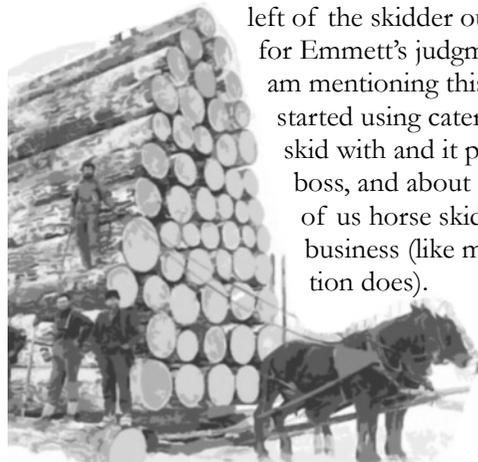
BY C. J. GREER

Now I must tell you a little about my experiences as a logger. I had made arrangements to stay with the Hughesbees on nights when I couldn’t catch Emmett Alleman to ride down to the mill with. Emmett was a log hauler and he hauled the logs I would skid to the sides of the road. I was so lonesome up there on the top of the world. If I couldn’t connect with Emmett I would walk the four miles down to the camp lots of times. I kept my team in Hughesbees’ barn, and would ride back up with Emmett, going after his first load of logs.

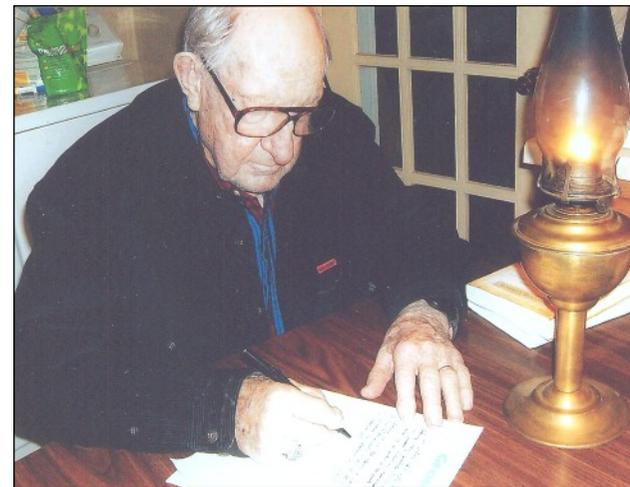
Emmett Alleman was a most unusual man. A. C. Neiman said he was one of the hardest workers he ever had and he could tear up more machinery than anyone he ever saw. I remember one time he had borrowed a big log skidder from the mill, and although it had to sit in the narrow mountain road, I could take the cable and pull it three or four hundred feet up the mountain, and Emmett would wrench it down to his truck. One time he got it stuck right on the edge of a cliff, pretty close to the mill. He borrowed a team, and took me with him to get the skidder. I took one look and I knew that skidder was going over the bank if we fooled with it. He insisted it would be alright, for me to get in and steer it as he had to work the team.

Emmett starts the horses up and he’s beating John on the ribs, so he’s really pulling. John pulled, and over the cliff went the skidder. It landed upside down, with me sprawled in the network of angle irons that held the truck up off of me. Fortunately, the hole was not too deep, and since the truck was on top, it didn’t pull the team down on me. Thank you, Lord, I’m still alive!

Little Jim Neiman (those boys could all drive since they were nine or ten years old), brought the big and only caterpillar we had at that time, and got what was left of the skidder out—so much for Emmett’s judgment. While I am mentioning this, they started using caterpillars to skid with and it put the timber boss, and about four or five of us horse skidders out of business (like most automation does).



Now, I’ve got to tell you about Harry,



C. J. Greer, (1921-2013) recalled this story as well as many others while writing his memoirs by an oil lamp. Rev. Greer, my father-in-law, was a real cowboy from Gillette, Wyoming, and founding pastor of Highway Assembly of God church in Brighton, Missouri.

the timber boss. He was also a skidder and broke the skidding horses. He was the best hand with horses I ever met. He knew the timber business inside and out. He had worked in saw mills in the Black Hills all of his life. He marked our trees to be cut. One morning it was twenty-nine degrees below zero. Emmett had a full load of logs on his truck, and it wouldn’t start. It was parked in the big yard, or court, in front of the main ranch house.

Harry told Emmett, “I can pull that truck with my teams and get it started for you.” Immediately the betting began. I can still see that scene: all the saw mill crew, the ranch crew, the logging crew, standing around waiting to see the outcome, and lots of betting going on. It was a beautiful scene, clear but cold! Harry finally comes up with two of his best teams. Emmett’s in the truck. Harry eases the horses into their collars. They fly back. He eased them a second time and they pull a little harder. The third time he yelled, “Hit it!” Those horses pulled until their bellies were almost on the ground. The truck starts easing away, and those four horses are still pulling with everything they’ve got. Not a one flies back or lets up. Faster and faster! The truck starts rolling. A lurch and a cough and begins to run. Boy, all the shouting, caps flying in the air, the slapping of backs, it was really a sight to behold.

I don’t know which phase of my life I’ve enjoyed most, but I’ve enjoyed living in so many different phases. God has been really good to me, and by His mercy, I’ve had a wonderful life!