

High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS/WINTER 1978



SNOWBLAZER CAMP

WINTER IN THE MOUNTAINS

I SAW, I HEARD, I FELT THE CAMPORAMA

DECISION ON THE TUNDRA

MAN OF COURAGE

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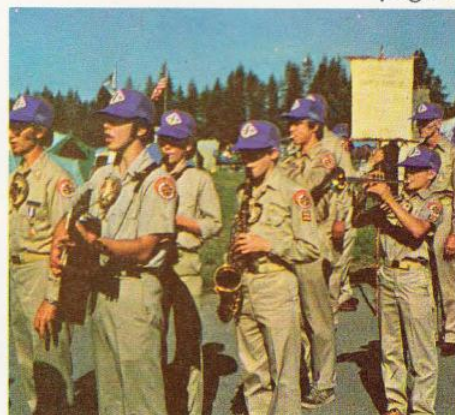
—a devoted thanks to two great "givers" in history



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1

The first white travelers to Montana followed the river valleys westward. The prairies and grassy plateaus gave way to mountains where glaciers dared the sunshine and flashed a message to the world. "And God saw every thing that He had made, and, behold, it was very good."

"It is a land of shining mountains," the travelers declared. But from November until May the mountains shine only part time. For weeks they are darkened by the winter storms. From the Bear-tooths and Absarokas in the south, past the Crazies and the Belts and on north and west, the high peaks are a no-man's-land, a barren land, desolate in the wilderness.

2

As you travel into the mountains the climate changes every few miles. Alpine country is labeled Canadian Zone, Hudson Bay Zone or Arctic Zone. Plant and animal life differs in each. A trip to the peaks is like a concentrated journey from the border of Canada to the arctic. In winter the transition is dramatic. A row of cliffs, the mouth of a canyon, or the sudden steepness of the ranges gives one a feeling that a line has been drawn across creation. On one side winter is civilized. On the other side the land is shrouded in the mysteries of storm.

The sun shines in the valley. A cloud hangs on the ridges. It sits on its



3

nest in the high peaks shedding feathery flakes of icy crystals which fall all day and blow into drifts. Streams of snow are driven into the air by the prevailing winds. Snow climbs above the tops of the mountains, going out, out, out—then silently sifting into the canyons below.

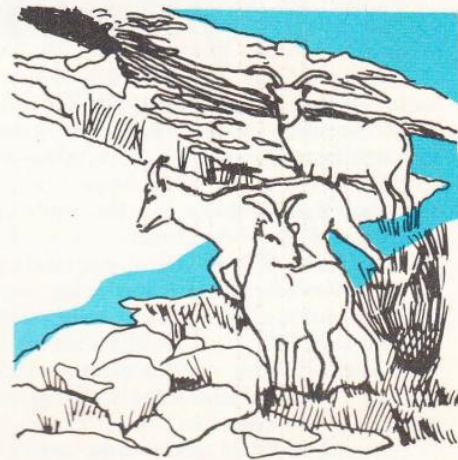
Glaciers grow. Reserves of snow will nourish the streams for the coming year. There will be water for floods. There will be water for irrigation. Ice will cap the highest ridges all summer. On the prairie thirty miles away, tourists will take pictures of the mountain glaciers whose ties to the ice age remind them of the mysterious shortness of man's stay on

this earth.

The clocks of nature run slowly in the mountain storm. The river pools are frozen. Waterfalls are embraced in a shroud of ice. Their roar is subdued to a gurgle as they wait for the winter to pass.

The mountain sheep are on a lower range. The bull elks who roamed the ridges are now part of a giant herd grazing in the valleys. The hoary marmot, like his lowland woodchuck cousin, is asleep. The squirrel, the weasel, the pine martin, the Canadian jay and the chickadee coexist with the winter.

Under the up-ended root of a mountain spruce, mother and father bear



5

wait out the winter. Even the birth of their offspring will not rouse them for long. Their alarm is set for spring. Then they will awaken as cross as you know what, six months is a long time to wait for breakfast.

The storms howl. The ridges are swept bare. A clan of mountain goats, monks in white robes, nibble lichens, and dry grass. At the edges of the alpine lakes, drifted over the snow, the pika cuts tunnels from storehouse to storehouse and den to den.

The storm line holds fast day after day. Clouds boil along the edge of the mass. They venture into the blue sky, then turn tail and hide in the skirts of mother cloud.

6

Then one enchanted night the storm stops. The wind turns to a whisper. The mountain fog creeps out of the valleys. A moon beam hits an icy cliff and breaks into a thousand lights. The cloud lifts from the peaks. It puffs away pretending it never nested in the crags.

The mountains glow.

The night is cold. Snow squeaks. Nostrils freeze together. Crystals of ice jewel the earth. The rising sun kicks the black blanket from the sky. The mountains stand as the opened jewel box of the Creator.

It is a land of shining mountains. They stir up a voice within you, "Behold, it is very good."★



Winter in the Mountains

BY ROBERT B. WARD



The malemute growled deep in its throat, and Jami Anluk laid a gloved hand on the shaggy head, stroked the dog's coat reassuringly. The short Arctic day was fast drawing to a close. Already the blue-black shadows were creeping into the hollows, while ominous gray clouds raced overhead.

Then far off but still penetrating in its utter loneliness came a cry that jerked him up short, face sobering. "Wolf pack!" he said, half to himself, then adding: "But wolves never attack humans." Yet somehow the words gave him little assurance.

The stunted firs were thinning out now, replaced by rock crags and twisted, gnarled scrub cedar. Jami knew he was nearing the timber line, and out there, as far as the eye could reach, was desolation. It was a forbidden land to his people, for it had claimed many a life.

And here he was, a youth of fifteen, alone, except for the faithful dog.

"I am afraid," Jami admitted, "but there is no other way."

Talking to himself, admitting his fear, was at least a relief valve to his emotion. All the Eskimos talked on the trail, as he only too well knew.

Funny, that at this moment he should think of his older brother, Erik, somewhere in this lonely, snow-swept desert, searching for food also.

The wolf cry came again, louder now.

A month before, all able-bodied men in the village had gone south, taking the sleds, to meet the supply boat at Angicock. There had been a little food when they left, but the trip was to consume at the best two weeks. However, the two weeks dragged into three, and still the men had failed to return. Something had delayed them, possible storm or the boat's late arrival.

Day by day the food shortage grew more acute in the little village on the

coastal slope. Children were hungry, and there was very little food to give them. The grain supplies were exhausted, and somehow the coastal waters failed to supply the usual fish.

Each year the caribou herd passed through these frozen wastes on seasonal migration. If only someone could reach the herd, kill several animals for food.

"I am certain I can bring back meat in a week's time," Erik had confided to his brother Jami.

"It is the only thing to do," Jami assured him. "You will be careful."

"All Eskimos are careful," Erik assured him.

A week passed. Ten days. Erik did not return.

Jami turned a deaf ear to the old women, packed his sled, harnessed the single dog he owned and headed out. Now, before the blue-black shadows grew too long, he pulled up in the shelter of a rock crag, made camp, rustling



DECISION on the TUNDRA

BY GROVER BRINKMAN

Jami Anluk, young Eskimo boy, needed food for his people. The sought-after caribou herd was clearly in sight, but so was a man besieged by wolves. Who would he go after, the man or the meat?

plenty of wood for his fire.

Once the blaze caught the dry moss entwined in the wood, he sat back, brewing a cup of tea, threw a small fish to the malemute, and ate sparingly from his scant larder. Night clamped down quickly, and Jami dug into the snow, feet toward the fire, the dog at his side. The sleep of exhaustion almost immediately claimed him.

Moments later—or was it hours—he awoke, frightened. The malemute growled at his side, hide bristling. The fire had died down, and quickly he threw dry wood upon it, watched the flames shoot upward. He glimpsed a wolf, staring at them.

He huddled in the snow pit, wrapped in his furs, until the gray of approaching dawn painted out the long shadows. Then he took to the trail again, pulling the sled in tandem with the malemute.

As he forged ahead, the malemute stopped at times, sniffing the air, growling deep down in its throat. Jami turned to him questioningly.

"What do you smell?" he kept asking. "Caribou or the wolf pack?"

It was mid-afternoon when he heard the shot. He was undecided as to the direction. But it sounded as if it came from ahead.

Working up a snow-slope, he heard another sound, a low rumble that seemed to come from the timber edge, still far distant. What was this new, strange sound?

At the foot of the ridge he stopped, puzzled, shading his eyes from the glare of the snow and ice. Ahead was a dark blot on the snow, too far away to be discernible but evidently the figure of a man.

Then he saw other dark spots in the perimeter of the man and his sled. These spots were mobile, weaving in and out. Even as Jami watched, he saw a puff of white smoke, the echoing blast of a shot. One of the dark spots leaped into the air, came down sprawling. All of a sudden the true nature of the scene dawned upon him—a besieged man fighting wolves.

"But wolves don't attack a man," he said to himself. "Why are they doing it now?"

He was pondering this question when the rumble he had detected at the timber edge broke into a rustling sound of many moving bodies. Suddenly he was gazing at a sight he had never seen before. "The caribou herd!" he said excitedly.

The herd was traveling at an angle to his own trail, would cross his back-trail possibly five hundred yards to windward. That meant he must backtrack in a hurry to get in a lucky shot at one of the calves. He started back—stopped.

If he backtracked now, to intercept the herd, he would have to desert the man fighting the wolf pack on the trail

ahead. It might take hours to get close enough to the caribou herd for a lucky shot. What would happen to the besieged man in the interim?

He simply must get food for his people. And the only opportunity that offered was to bag a caribou. But if he did that now, he'd never get back in time to reach the man in the trail, besieged by a wolf pack.

What was wrong with this man? Why didn't he stand up and fight, instead of crouching behind his sled? "What will I do?" Jami asked. It was a momentous question, too big for his comprehension.

The malemute was watching the retreating caribou, straining at its leash, whining, anxious to be in on the chase.

Jami glanced again at the lumbering animals, so close and yet so far. He visioned the empty larders in the village, the hungry children, the emaciated looking women, and his heart tugged within him.

But somehow he got his decision from the gray clouds racing overhead. Somewhere in that vast loneliness a voice spoke to him, wiped the indecision from his face. "I can't let the man die," he said. "Surely this is the right thing to do."

He forged ahead, breaking trail, unlimbered his rifle. All was strangely quiet at the sledge now. He could make out a huddled figure. The wolves were still circling. As he came up from windward he counted seven of the gaunt animals.

As the echo of his first shot rang out, one of the wolves sprawled in the snow. He shot again, and again, just as fast as he could lever the rifle. Three wolves were in the snow now, another limped away. Then with a lunge the malemute broke away from him, bolted down the slope.

Jami fired once more at the retreating wolves, glanced back, trying to spot the caribou herd, but already the animals were out of sight. Wearily he forged ahead to the man at the rock crag, his heart heavy. Perhaps he had saved a life, but in so doing he had sacrificed dozens more by not getting the precious food.

The problem weighed heavily upon him as he approached the black rocks, wondering why the man lay so still back of the overturned sledge.

The man was ill or injured! That had to be the answer. He dropped to his knees at the side of the hooded figure. Then his eyes widened in surprise.

"Erik!" he said gladly. "My brother Erik—!"

Only then did he notice the rude splint on his brother's left leg.

"It is good to see you!" Erik said wearily. "The wolves were getting very hungry, and my ammunition was gone."

In snatches, while Jami righted the sledge, made his brother more comfortable, Erik told his story. He had gone westward for four days, trying to find the caribou herd. He had been unsuccessful. Then on the fifth day he had come across the wolf pack, traveling toward the timber edge at a brisk pace. That revealed something to him: the pack was on the trail of the caribou herd.

He had traveled night and day to keep up. Then two days ago he spotted the stragglers of the herd, grazing among moss-covered rocks in a sunken valley. He had managed to shoot two calves. One of the carcasses he had strapped to the sledge. The other he had pulled up into a tree, safely cached until he could return for it.

He had started the homeward trek in great jubilation. He had enough meat on the sledge to last until the men returned.

Then fate had stepped in. He slipped on an icy ledge and broke his left leg, below the knee. He had cut lose his malemut, hoping he would return to the village and help would come. But the wolf pack had changed that plan as well.

He had holed up at the black rocks, using the sledge as a barricade, to fight it out. All hope had vanished. Only the stocism of his race kept him alive and conscious.

"The wolves smelled the caribou meat on the sledge," Erik said, drinking the hot tea with relish. "That's why they attacked."

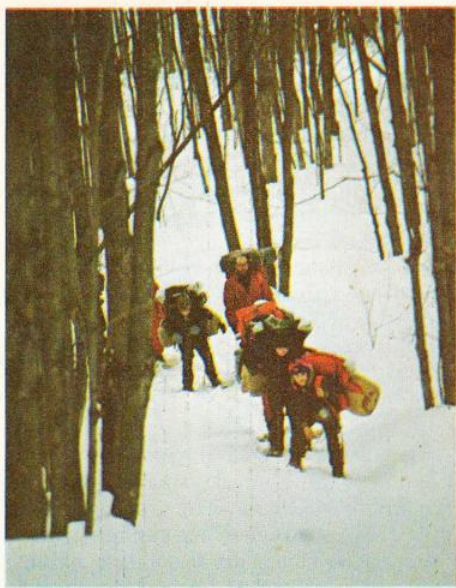
"And to think," Jami said soberly, "I almost passed you by—to stalk the caribou herd for meat—"

"I would have had the same thoughts," Erik said.

"I looked up at the racing clouds," Jami continued. "And suddenly I knew what to do. Do not ask me to explain."

Erik made no rebuttal, but his eyes glistened warmly.

The following morning an unusual sight went unnoticed on the icy trail—a single malemute, tugging at a laden sledge, and a slim youth pushing at the gee poles, while on the vehicle rode a youth whose cheeks were pale, but whose eyes were as merry as those of his brother who pushed so valiantly at his back. They were going home with precious food, and the children would stop crying. ★



YOUR HIGH ADVENTURE WORLD

Snowblazer Camp

by DON PRENTISS

The Southwestern Section holds its annual "Snowblazer Camp" at the Assemblies of God Northern Michigan Campgrounds, Lost Valley, Gaylord, Michigan. Camping in the "Fourth Dimension" always proves to be the greatest challenge as well as the most rewarding of all Royal Rangers activities in the out-of-doors.

Snowshoeing, backpacking, wilderness camping and frontier-style cooking are the main themes at Snowblazer Camp each year. Added extras such as snowshoe hikes, nature study, advanced compass and contour map reading, wilderness lean-to construction and life and advanced cooking techniques all help to make the Snowblazer Camp creative and educational as well as just plain great winter camping!

While most boys and men find the indoor "craft" and "guest speaker" method of getting "through" winter months, the Rangers and Commanders of the Southwestern Section have the opportunity to meet nature at her majestic best!

Each year interested men and boys

are carefully screened at pre-Snowblazer Camp orientation and Advanced Training Camp for their overall skills in the areas of great importance in winter camping. They must attend the above mentioned orientation and training as well as prove their ability and show their skills in many areas of winter camping. They must also have met very stringently enforced clothing and camp gear requirements before they can attend the greatest winter experience—Snowblazer Camp!

Preparation always helps take the edge off of unforeseen problems in camping, and in the realm of winter camping, that premise is doubly true. When you prepare for and expect the unexpected, you usually find that many aspects of winter camping become a challenge rather than the end of an unhappy experience. The very things that would


shelters after dark, breaking camp in blizzard conditions, all help make Snowblazer Camp an experience that will make a man out of a boy. As winter camping reminds us of some values in life that have been forgotten or discarded because of the "easy life" that Americans have become accustomed to, values that can only be experienced under stress conditions. Add to that the plus of men helping to bring boys to the full knowledge of God's winter world and you have the ingredients for a fourth dimension in camping.

There is a continually growing spirit among the men and boys. An undefined bond between God, man, boy, and nature. It was apparent that we were here to take what nature had to offer, not with grudging hearts or haughty spirits, but with a willingness to learn about her at her very best! To take what



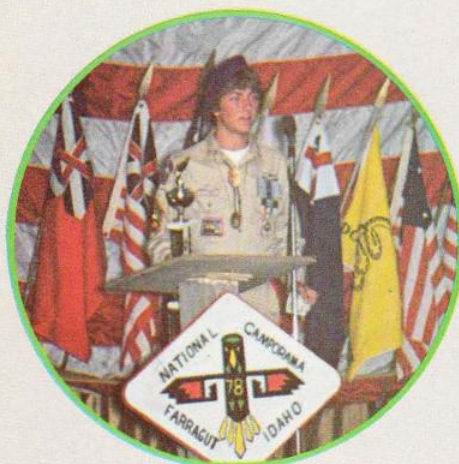
usually send you scurrying for home because the most exciting and rewarding part of snowblazing!

Four- to twelve-foot base snows, numbing cold, snow showers, blizzards, furious winds, wet bunks, fallen shelters, sloppy wet gloves, broken harnesses and straps, lost pins to backpack straps, overweight packs, the strain of snowshoeing with all your gear up steep grades as well as down, having to break trail, cooking in snow storms, building

nature had to teach us and accept it as a learning experience to help prepare us for life, our life in Christ. Our times of reflecting around the council fire, chatting together on the trail, and worshipping together all help to weave the Snowblazer Camp into one of the greatest experiences in our lives for Christ. We're thankful for Michigan winter weather and what it can mean to our spiritual, physical, mental, and social growth as Royal Rangers. 

RANGERS

in the news



Tony Long

ROYAL RANGER OF THE YEAR

For the first time in its history, the Royal Rangers program has selected a national Royal Ranger of the Year.

During the recent national Camporama, the national Royal Rangers Executive Committee interviewed 14 top Royal Rangers to make this selection. Each candidate had already been selected as district Ranger of the Year. Each boy was graded on his attitude and responses to a series of selected questions.

Tony Long, age 15, of the South Texas District was selected as the first national Ranger of the Year. He was presented with a large trophy and a crisp one hundred dollar bill.

The national Ranger of the Year will also sit as a voting member of the National Council for the ensuing year.

Tony joined Royal Rangers as a Pioneer at age 8. He earned his Gold

Medal of Achievement (the top award in Royal Rangers) in 1977. In 1977 he was selected as the South Texas District Ranger of the Year, and in 1978 he was selected as regional Ranger of the Year for the south central region. He has attended JLTC and JLTT, and is also a holder of both the Gold and Silver Buffalo Awards. He has assisted in starting other Royal Rangers outposts in his area.

Tony made a decision for Christ at a Royal Rangers Council Fire, and has an outstanding Christian testimony. Tony states, "I have grown stronger in every area of my life through the Royal Rangers program. I hope to help other boys do the same. I pray that all other boys will let God move in their lives like He has in mine."

Tony is a member of Outpost 23 in the First Assembly of God in Nederland, TX.



NATIONAL F.C.F. SCOUTS ELECTED

During the recent biannual meeting of the FCF members held in conjunction with the national Camporama, two important elections took place. That of the National Scout and the Assistant National Scout.

Not only do these young men represent the total FCF membership throughout the U.S., but they also serve as members of the national FCF Committee and the national Royal Rangers Council.

Elected to serve as National Scout was Steve Benesh, 17 of Beaumont, TX (Longhorn Chapter—South Texas District).

Elected to the post of Assistant National Scout was Dale Stout of Bakersfield, CA (Sequoia Chapter—Southern California District).

Our congratulations to these two top young men. We know they will do a great job in this capacity.

Retiring as National Scout was Danny Bixler of Kansas City, MO (Daniel Boone Chapter).

Outgoing Assistant National Scout was Dave Osborn of Salem, OH (Johnny Appleseed Chapter).

These young men have served the FCF program with distinction over the past two years.

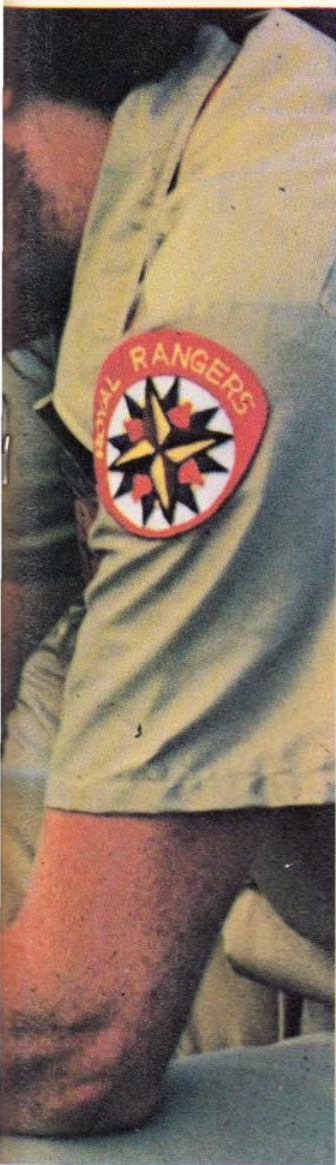
Thank you Danny and Dave for a job well done!



**NEW SCOUTS—
Steve Benesh at right
Dale Stout at left**







i saw, i heard, i felt THE CAMPORAMA

A STORY IN PHOTOS
BY JOHNNIE BARNES

i saw the camporama site in
Farragut State Park, Idaho, a beautiful area
surrounded by scenic lakes, mountains,
and tall pines (upper right).

i saw a tent city spring up
overnight: a city of multicolored
tents, impressive archways
and colorful banners (opposite).

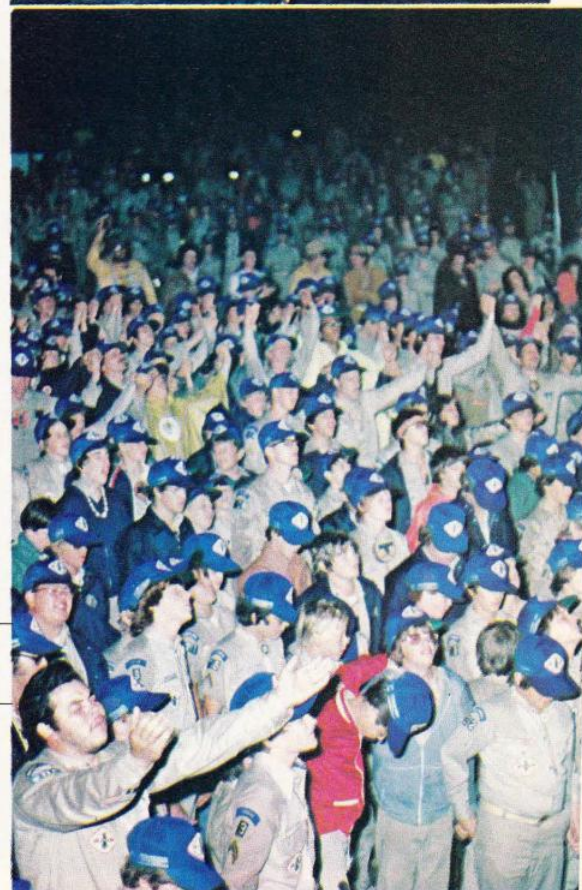
i saw leaders assisting boys in
over fifty special events (opposite, above).

i saw a sea of blue caps
as hundreds of boys tearfully
responded to Denny Duron's
evening rallies (right).

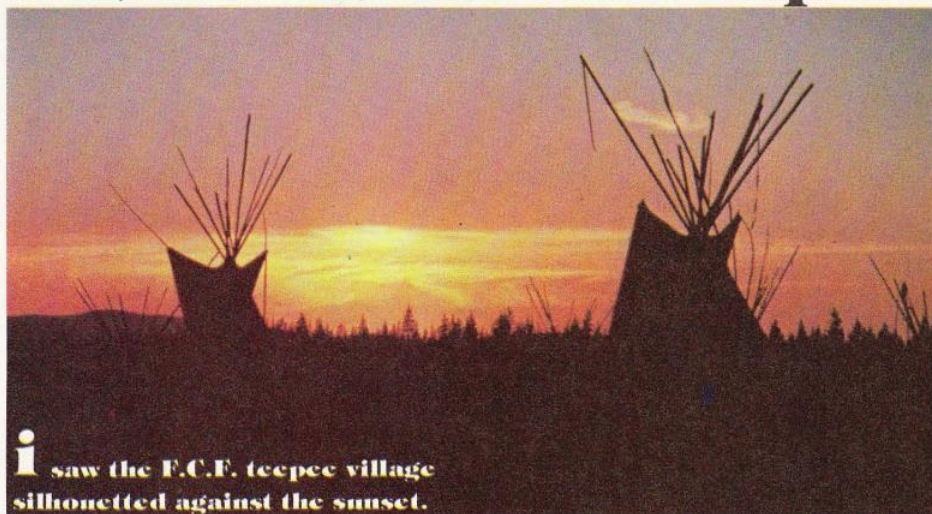
Were you there too?

Photos by Ralph Allan & Bob Staub

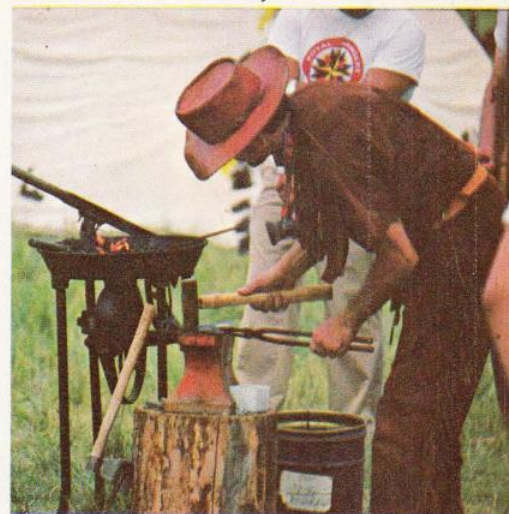
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i saw, i heard, i felt the camporama. i saw, i heard, i



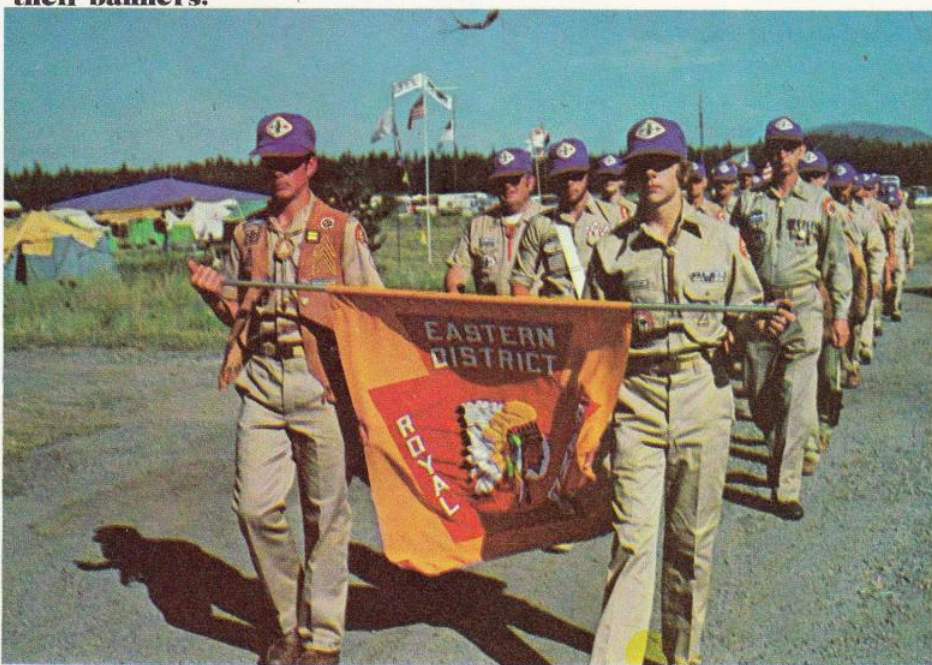
i saw the F.C.F. teepee village silhouetted against the sunset.



i saw demonstration and costumes of our forefathers that took us back over 100 years into our past.

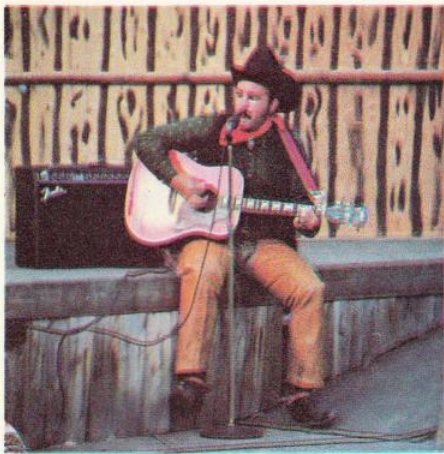


i saw Royal Rangers, 1,800 of them, march into the amphitheater carrying their banners.

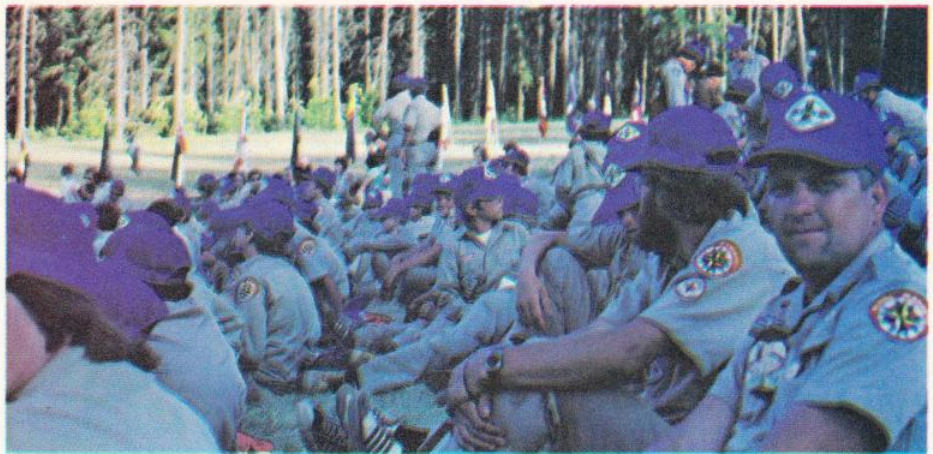


i saw the Australian delegation, reminding us of the worldwide ministry of Royal Rangers.

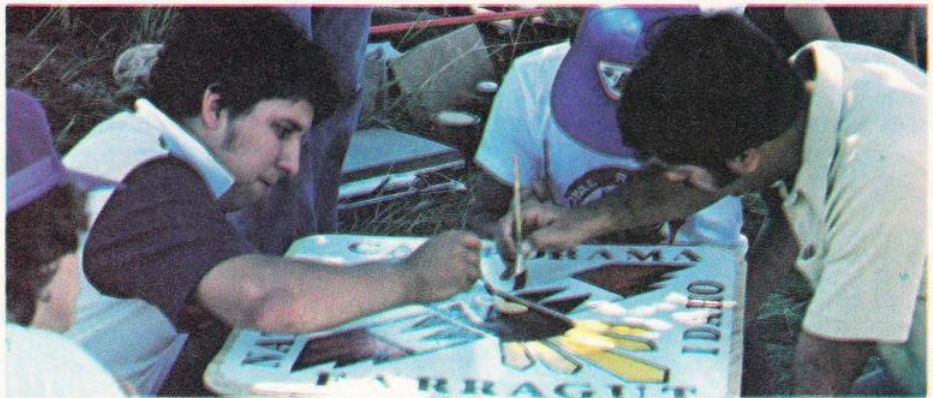
i felt the camporama. i saw, i heard, i felt the campor



i heard the camporama in all the different kinds of music.



i felt it in the joy of sharing with others.



i felt it in the satisfaction of seeing talented people in action.



i heard it in the drone of World War I biplanes.



i heard it in the splashing of swimmers.



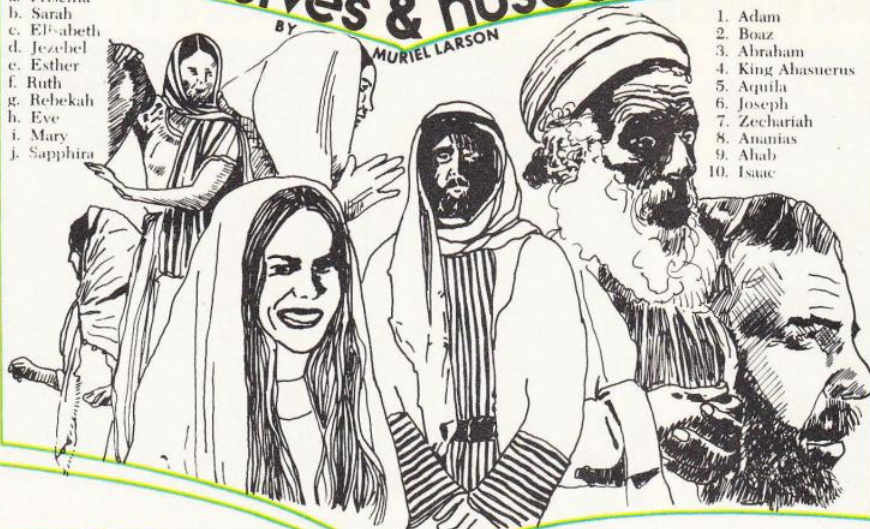
i felt a deep inner warmth toward all those who were there. **I FELT LOVE!** ♦

BIBLE Wives & husbands

- a. Priscilla
- b. Sarah
- c. Elizabeth
- d. Jezebel
- e. Esther
- f. Ruth
- g. Rebekah
- h. Eve
- i. Mary
- j. Sapphira

BY MURIEL LARSON

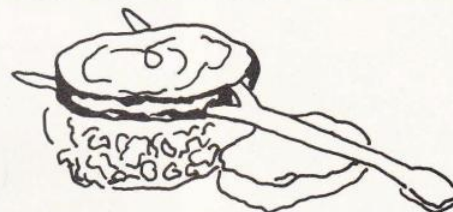
- 1. Adam
- 2. Boaz
- 3. Abraham
- 4. King Ahasuerus
- 5. Aquila
- 6. Joseph
- 7. Zechariah
- 8. Ananias
- 9. Ahab
- 10. Isaac



ANSWERS **MATCH THEM** PAGE 15



RANGERCRAFT



FORKED STICK WITH
TWO SHARPENED
PRONGS FOR BROILING

Caveman Cookout

TENNIS RACKET BROILER



MEAT

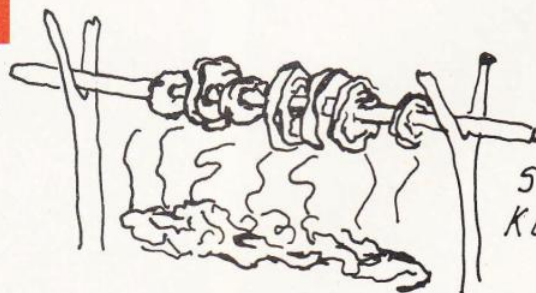


BAKE POTATOES
UNDER
HOT
COALS

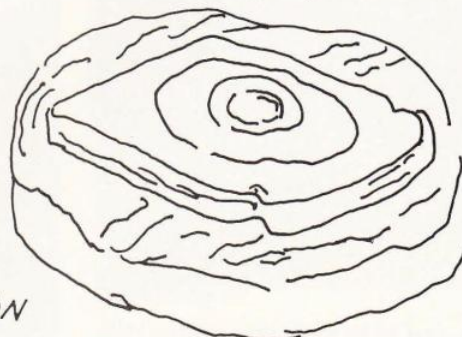
ORANGE-SKIN POT



HOLLOW OUT HALF
AN ORANGE. PUT ON
HOT COALS.



SHISH-
KEBAB



EGG ON BREAD
HOT ROCK COOKING



ERNEST SHACKLETON—*Man of Courage*

BY MABEL HARMER

A small group of men stood on the wind-swept Antarctic shore. In front stood their leader, Ernest Shackleton. The year was 1914 and the men had spent the past six months exploring the wintry wastes of the region surrounding the South Pole.

Now it was time to return home. But unfortunately their ship, the *ENDURANCE*, had not lived up to its name. As the men stood helplessly looking it was slowly being crushed by ice.

The men had salvaged all that they could from the doomed ship. They had brought three lifeboats ashore and supplies that would last them for only three weeks. When they were gone the crew would have to depend upon seals and penguins for food.

They watched in silence until there was nothing but splinters left of the *ENDURANCE*. Then they turned sadly away to store their meager supplies in the tiny lifeboats, now their only hope of ever returning to their homes.

For a time they rode an ice floe that was slowly drifting north. Then one day Shackleton said, "I believe that we are now about 100 miles from Elephant Island and that we can risk starting out in our lifeboats."

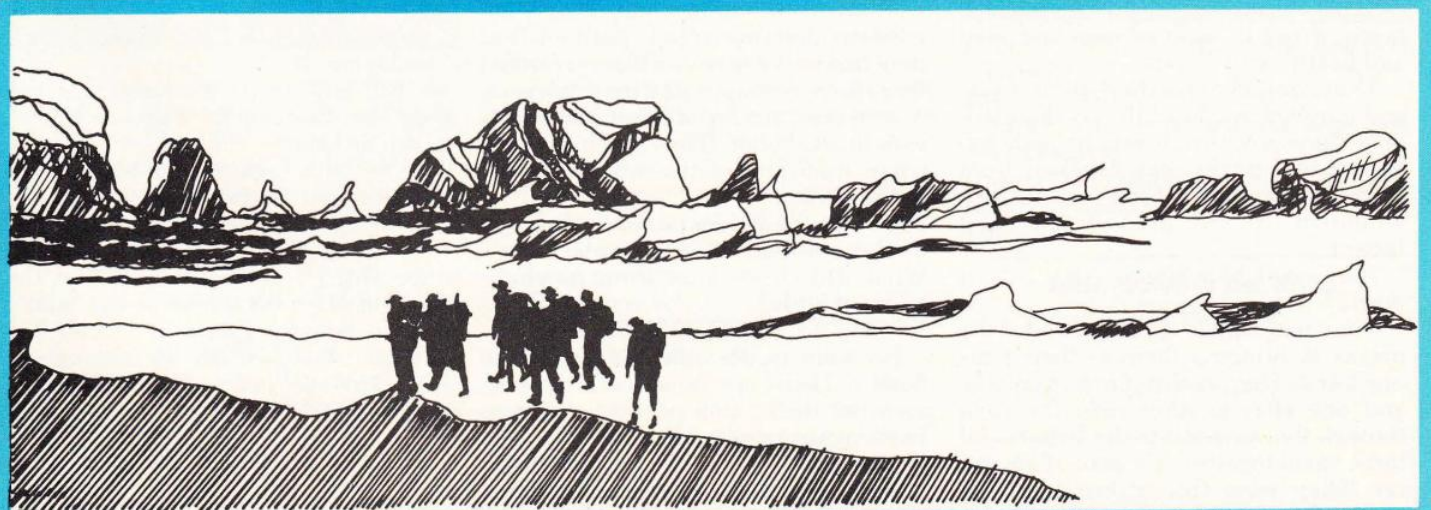
With their few remaining supplies, along with snow and ice for water, they started out in the open ocean. Some of the men fell ill, many suffered from frostbite and they were always hungry.

Their water supply of snow and ice gave out and the first thing they did

when they were able was to rush to a glacier. They seized chunks of ice for their parched throats.

For a few weeks they were able to live on the fish and fowl near the shore. As the winter months drew ever more close, Shackleton said, "The seals and birds will be leaving for the north. We'll starve if we stay here. Some of us must take a boat and try to reach the whaling station of South Georgia. It's 800 miles and our boats are in bad shape, but we have no other choice."

They all knew of the many dangers of such a trip. They would lack both food and water. The boats were in very bad shape. But every man of the crew offered to go. Shackleton chose five of



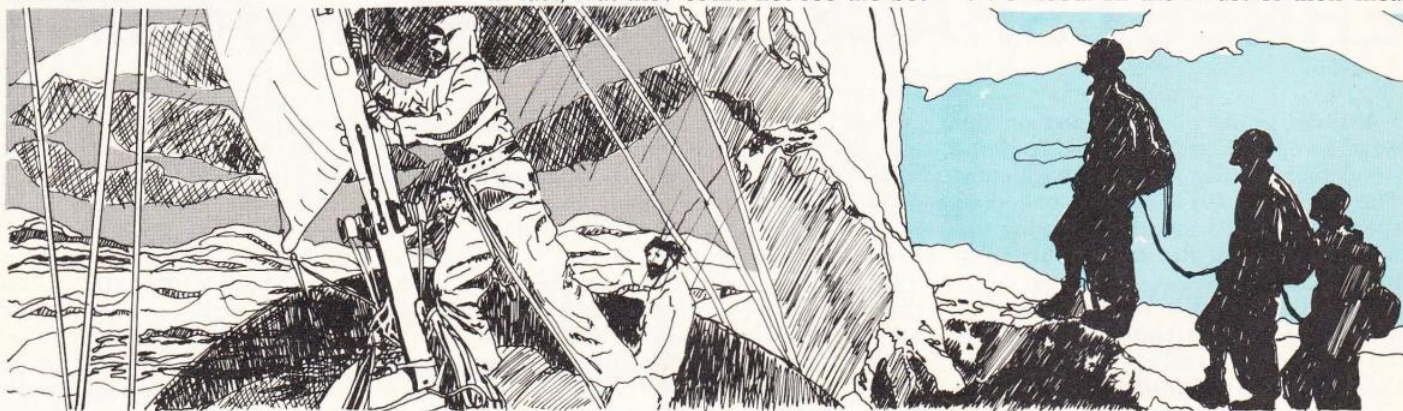
the most able and they set off in the largest of the three lifeboats.

The others stood on the shore and bid them a fearful farewell. If they were lost, all would be lost. No boat ever made a stop in this bleak harbor and the two boats left were all but useless.

For 800 miles the men in the open boat suffered every danger and hardship. They fought a hurricane, a tidal wave, hunger and thirst. The boat began to leak and they were never dry in that bitter weather. One morning they found the mast, rigging and foredeck all under a heavy coat of ice. It had to be chopped off with spoons and knives.

After three frightful weeks of the most intense suffering they managed to reach the shore of South Georgia. Shackleton gazed at his crew as if he couldn't believe his eyes. "We made it!" he said numbly. "We are still alive."

"Yes," said Worsely, a crew member, "but it so happens we are on the wrong side of the island. The whaling station is another 150 miles away and the boat wouldn't hold out for another five miles."



they heard a whistle. They could not believe they heard right. They waited not daring to speak. Then the whistle blew again.

Now each face lit up with joy. "It must come from the whaling station on the other side," said Worsely. "It's calling the men to work."

"That means we are in hearing distance, if not in sight of men and food and boats," said Crean.

They quickly finished their meal and climbed another hill. To their dismay they saw that the only path between two peaks was blocked by a thirty-foot waterfall. There was no way whatever to get around this last hazard.

"So," said Shackleton, "we ride it down."

Once more their rope was to be the means of bringing them to their journey's end. They made it fast in a crevice and one after another rode the rope through the waterfall to the bottom. All three stood together in a pool of ice water. They were free at last from the perils of peaks and chasms. They hardly

It was a tragic fact. Shackleton turned and looked up at the icy peaks. "There is only one thing we can do. We'll have to climb across."

They rested for a few days and then Shackleton, Worsely, and Crean started out on the fearful journey. They were seamen—not mountain climbers, but they knew enough to take a rope to bind themselves together. They also took an adze to cut out steps in the ice.

The ones left behind knew that they would have a struggle to stay alive until help came—if ever. But they had great faith in their daring leader and bid him, and the other two, a cheerful farewell.

The rope proved to be the vital piece of equipment that was to save the men's lives. That, along with their great courage. They fought their way upward, climbing 2,500 feet in two hours. A fog crept over them and they could barely see each other's faces. They moved slowly along without knowing what the next step would bring.

When the fog lifted they were on the edge of a deep chasm. It was so deep, in fact, that they could not see the bot-

tom. They made their way slowly around the edge. For the next three hours they climbed an icy peak. At the top they looked down upon a sheer 1,500-foot drop. They turned and climbed another peak. There was no way down. They climbed another and yet another.

At the top of the third peak, Crean said, "We'll freeze up here. It would take days to chop our way down—and we don't have enough days."

Shackleton looked grim for a moment. Then he said, "I have an idea. It's an awful risk but it's our only chance. We'll have to slide down."

The other two stared at him in amazement. Crean looked at the awful drop and said one word. "How?"

"We'll make a toboggan. Start rolling the rope."

The fifty foot rope was coiled into a makeshift toboggan. The three men sat down on it, wrapped their arms around each other's waists and shot down. They were at the bottom in three minutes. They stared at each other in joy and relief.

They stopped for a brief rest and a bit of food. In the midst of their meal

noticed their wet clothing as they made their way to the whaling station.

Their faces were dark from the beating of the sun and wind. Their clothing was in tatters. They were gaunt from lack of food and bone tired from their frightful climb and descent.

It was no wonder that the children who saw them ran in fright. They were used to meeting rough seamen, but they had never seen any that resembled these three who appeared from nowhere. A workman, staring at them rubbed his eyes in disbelief. These men had not come from any of the whaling ships in the harbor.

He was even more puzzled when one of them asked, "Is Mr. Sorle here?" What did these men from nowhere know of Sorle?

"Yes," he gulped, "I'll call him."

He went to the office and called to Sorle. "There are some awful looking men out there. One of them seems to know you. Anyway, he asked for you by name."

Sorle went to the door. He saw three strangers, their hair and beards matted,

their boots nearly worn through. "Who in heaven's name are you?" he gasped.

The man in the center asked, "Don't you know me?"

Sorle shook his head. "I do seem to know your voice," he said after a pause.

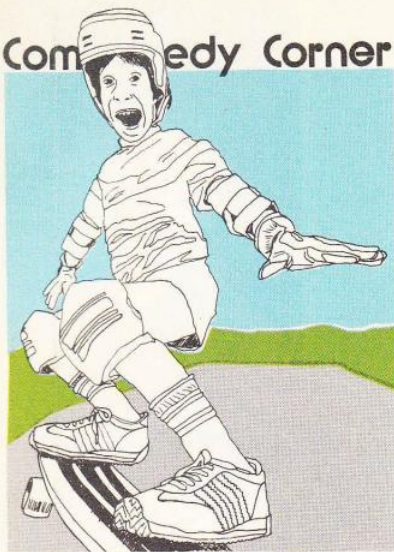
The man gave a half smile. "My name is Shackleton."

Sorle seized him in his arms. "Ernest Shackleton. It's been over a year since we had any word. We were sure you were lost. Come on in. What comes first, a bath or food?"

"The bath," answered Shackleton. "We just had our last in an icy pool."

After the men had bathed, eaten, and rested they told their strange story. At once ships were sent to rescue the men on the other side of the island and on faraway Elephant Island. Not one man had lost his life throughout this perilous journey over ice and ocean. □

Comedy Corner



Nit: "What would you get if you crossed a kangaroo with a sheep?"

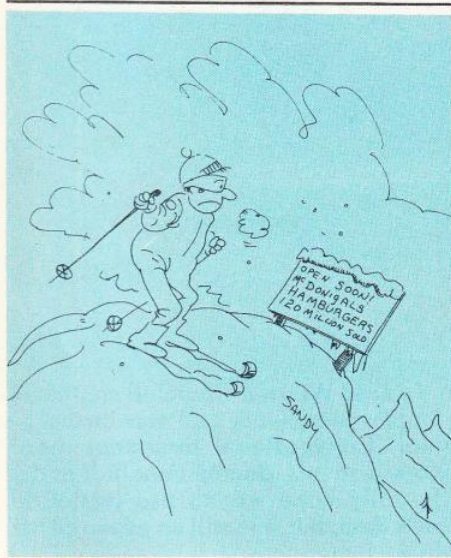
Wit: "A woolly jumper."

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

Tracy: "How do you keep a dog off the road?"

Spacey: "You put him in the barking lot."

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA



The door-to-door salesman had insisted on demonstrating a vacuum cleaner to the rural housewife. Scattering debris all over the living room he proclaimed, "Madam, I'll eat every bit of this stuff my vacuum doesn't pick up within two minutes."

The woman started to leave the room and the salesman asked where she was going.

"To get a spoon," she replied. "They're working on the power lines and the electricity is off for the rest of the afternoon."

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

A youngster, presented with a huge German shepherd for his birthday, looked at the big dog in wonder, then turned to his father and asked, "Is he for me or am I for him?"

Henry Leabo
Jamestown, CA

A man's car stalled on a country road one day. When he got out to fix it, a cow came along and stopped beside him. "Your trouble is probably in the carburetor," said the cow.

Startled, the man jumped back and ran down the road until he met a farmer. He told the farmer his story.

"Was it a large red cow with a brown spot over the right eye?" asked the farmer.

"Yes, yes," replied the man.

"Oh! I wouldn't listen to Bessie," said the farmer. "She doesn't know anything about cars."

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA



Door-to-door salesman, to youngster sitting on front porch: "Is your mother home?"

Youngster: "Yes, she is."

Salesman (after knocking for several minutes): "I thought you said your mother was home."

Youngster (skipping off): "She is—but this isn't my home."

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

The first grader asked his mother why his father brought home a briefcase full of material each night. She explained that he had so much work to do that he couldn't get it all done at the office.

The youngster pondered this for a moment then asked, "Well, why don't they just put him in a slower group?"

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

"If the boy next door bothers you practicing the piano," said a high-pitched voice on the telephone, "you might try complaining to my mother."

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

Tenant: "Last night those annoying people upstairs banged on the floor until well after midnight."

Landlord: "Did they wake you up?"

Tenant: "No, fortunately I was up playing my tuba."

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

The father had been listening for what seemed forever to his 7-year-old practicing the violin, while the dog howled dismally nearby. Finally he asked the child, "Can't you play something the dog doesn't know?"

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

Driving Instructor: "If there's any kind of emergency, you must put on the brake."

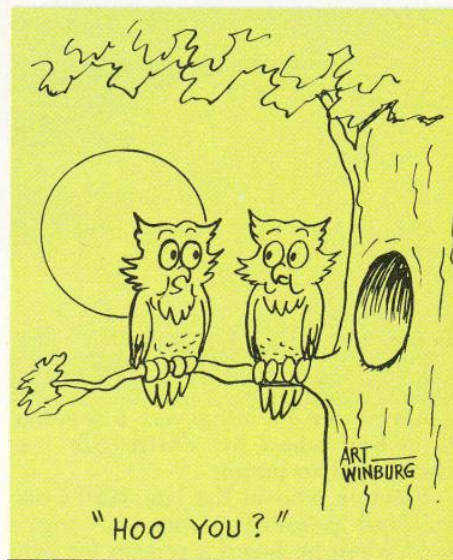
Hayseed: "Doesn't that come with the car?"

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA

Riddle: When night falls on one side of the world, what happens on the other side?

Answer: Day breaks

Warren Bebout
Morro Bay, CA



"HOO YOU?"

Doctor: "What was the most you ever weighed?"

Patient: "136 pounds."

Doctor: "And what was the least you ever weighed?"

Patient: "7½ pounds."

Henry E. Leabo
Jamestown, CA

BIBLE HUSBANDS AND WIVES

ANSWERS

1-h; 2-f; 3-b; 4-e; 5-a; 6-i; 7-c; 8-j; 9-d; 10-g



GIVE and Receive

BY RICHARD BAUMAN

Alexander Fleming was a teenage farm boy when his entire life was changed in an instant.

Fleming who in the late 1920's discovered penicillin was plowing a field when he heard a scream for help coming from a nearby lake. Dropping the plow, he raced to the water's edge and spotted a struggling swimmer. Without a thought for his own safety, Fleming plunged into the icy water.

He reached the sinking youth, grabbed him around the chest and towed him to shore. The young man was revived and a few days later left Scotland for his home in London.

Fleming continued to work the family farm, and he'd virtually forgotten the incident, when a couple of years later the youth he'd saved returned to Scotland with his parents.

They met Fleming, and belatedly thanked him for saving their son's life.

In the course of conversation they asked Fleming what he intended to do with his life.

Fleming confided that his dream was to become a doctor, but his parents had little money so he would be a farmer instead. But they had a different idea. They would pay for his education. "You risked your life for our son, allowing him to pursue his life's goals. You should have the same chance," they told him.

Of course it's history now that Fleming did become a doctor and researcher. In 1928 he gave the world its first "wonder drug," penicillin. However, it was almost totally ignored by the medical profession until 1939 and the outbreak of World War II. Then its need became apparent but having been forgotten for so long it took several years more to perfect it for human use.

In 1943 Winston Churchill contracted double pneumonia and was at death's door. Conventional treatment didn't work and his doctor concluded that the only hope was to use penicillin, even though it was still an experimental drug.

The precious small quantity available in England was rushed to Churchill's doctors, and within hours of being administered his condition had improved dramatically.

Ironically Winston Churchill's life had again been saved by Fleming, for it was young Winston that Fleming had dragged from the lake decades before.

You have to wonder what would have happened to the world if both Fleming and the Churchills hadn't given of themselves unselfishly, and by doing so received more in return than they ever expected.