

High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS / WINTER 1981



The image shows two men dressed in Native American-style clothing standing in a grassy field. The man on the left has a beard and is wearing a brown fringed tunic and leggings, with a red and white striped headband. The man on the right is wearing a yellow long-sleeved shirt and fringed leggings, also with a red and white striped headband. They are both holding long wooden staffs. In the background, there are several white tipis and a dense forest of green trees under a clear blue sky. A handwritten signature 'Mark Janney' is visible on the left man's tunic.

BLOODHOUND TO THE RESCUE
THE COMEBACK OF SNOW SHOEING
VALLEY OF ICE
CROSS-COUNTRY AUTO RIDE

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

High Adventure

WINTER 1981

SOMETHING ABOUT OUR COVER PHOTO

Pictured here are Mark Gentry and Mike Cox, two members of the Royal Rangers Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity. A special breed of man in the long list of our country's forefathers was the old frontiersman. He was a rugged pioneer astronaut, he left the last settlement to explore the unknown. Appreciation for these colorful Americans was one of the reasons the national office selected the frontier theme as a basis for the Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity. The FCF gives men and boys the chance to get involved in the advancement program, to develop their campcraft skills, to complete their leadership training and to strive to be the very best in Christian example and leadership.



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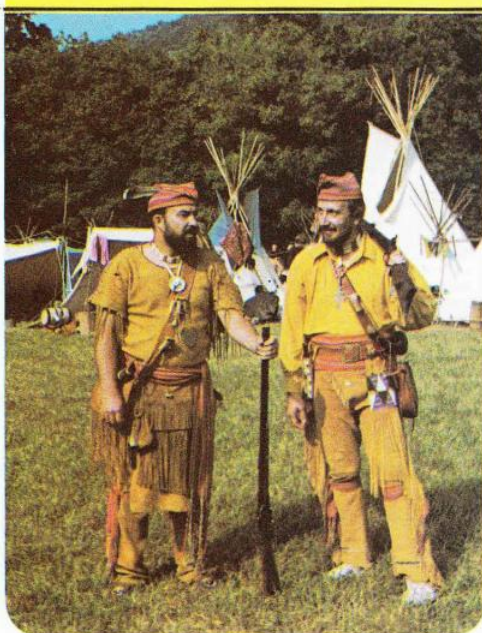
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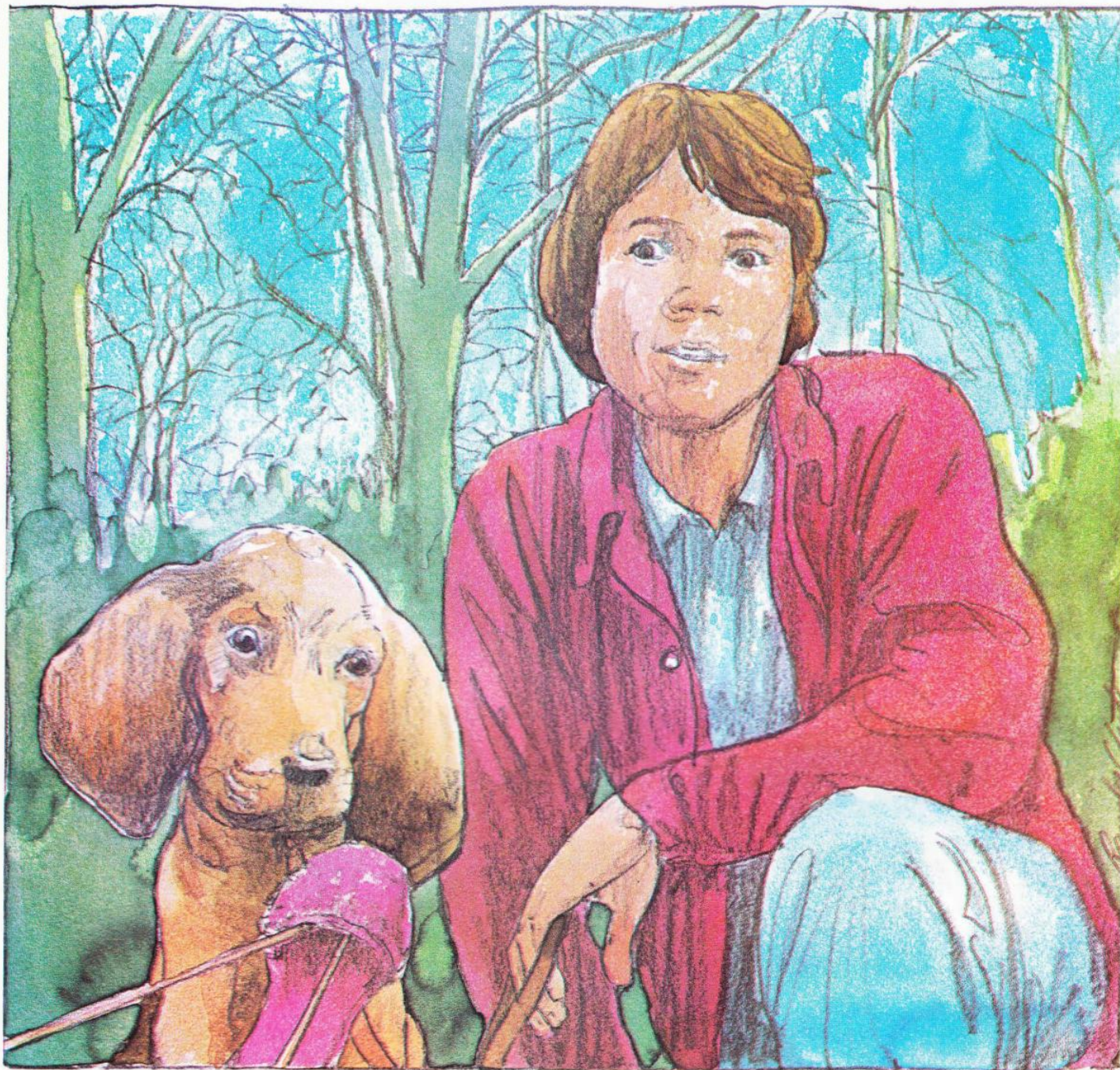
—Two men, a dog, and a 1903 auto.

HIGH ADVENTURE STAFF:
Editor: Johnnie Barnes, Layout Editor: Dave Barnes,
Assoc. Editor: John Eller.

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Bloodhound to the Rescue

BY ALAN CLIBURN

The phone rang. Jeff hurried to answer it. "Hello."

"Hello. Is Mr. Spencer there?" a worried sounding voice asked.

"Just a minute, I'll see," Jeff replied. Then he put down the phone. "Mom, is Dad here?"

"No, he left about an hour ago. Let me take that call."

Receiving important phone calls was nothing new for Jeff. His father was Dave Spencer, owner of International Rescue and Tracking Service, Inc. With his team of trained bloodhounds, Mr. Spencer

**Help is needed quick!
Jeff Spencer
and his pup hound,
Fireball,
heed the rescue call
and are on the
trail!**

flew wherever he was needed, helping to find lost children, missing hikers, or stranded campers.

"I'm awfully sorry," Mrs. Spencer said into the telephone. "My husband is on his way to northern California. His assistant went along, too."

"What's wrong?" Jeff questioned.

"It's Mrs. Phillips down the road," his mother replied. "Her little girl has wandered off."

"Mom, I could help her look," Jeff volunteered.

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE ►



**"On and on they went,
deeper and deeper into the woods.
It was starting to get dark.
Jeff felt like turning back."**

"Well, okay," his mother agreed. "Mrs. Phillips, my son, Jeff, is coming over to help you find Amy. He'll be right there."

"I'll take Fireball," Jeff added when his mother hung up.

"Fireball?" his mother echoed. "Jeff, he's only a pup!"

"Maybe," Jeff admitted. "But he's still a bloodhound. And Dad's starting to train him already."

Mrs. Spencer shrugged. "Well, you can take him, but don't expect him to help you very much."

Jeff went out to the kennel to get Fireball. He gave a friendly little bark as Jeff unlocked the gate and let him out.

"Okay, junior bloodhound, it's time for you to go to work!" Jeff told him.

Mrs. Phillips was waiting for him on the lawn. She was surprised to see Fireball. "Your mother didn't say you were bringing a dog."

"He's a bloodhound," Jeff explained. "Just not a very big one yet."

"Please find Amy!" Mrs. Phillips pleaded. "She's out there in the woods somewhere! Alone!"

Jeff looked in the direction Mrs. Phillips had pointed. The trees were close together, with lots of bushes and heavy brush to go through.

"What's the first thing we do?" Mrs. Phillips wanted to know. "Doesn't your dog need to get the scent or something like that?"

Jeff swallowed. "Well, yes—"

"I'll get one of Amy's slippers," Mrs. Phillips volunteered.

"But there's something we have to do first," Jeff went on. "At least my dad always does it."

"What's that?" Mrs. Phillips asked.

"Dad always says a prayer before he tries to find anybody," Jeff answered.

Mrs. Phillips frowned. "Prayer? There isn't time! If you must, go ahead. I'll get that slipper for your dog to sniff."

"Don't touch it," Jeff warned her, remembering what his father had taught him.

"How can I bring it out without touching it?"

"Pick it up with a stick," Jeff explained. "If you touch it, Fireball will smell two scents instead of one."

Mrs. Phillips hurried into the house, and Jeff bowed his head for a short prayer. "God, help Fireball to find Amy. Please keep Amy from harm until she is found."

Fireball wasn't nearly as businesslike as the older dogs would have been, but he sniffed the slipper which Mrs. Phillips brought out on a wire coat hanger.

"Find girl," Jeff whispered softly into his ear. "Find!"

At first the dog just sat there. Then he began to move out, pulling on the leash impatiently. He sniffed around the house and finally started for the woods out back, barking.

"I think he's picked up the trail!" Jeff shouted to Mrs. Phillips. "I'm coming with you!" she insisted, starting to cry again.

"No, you stay here," Jeff said firmly, "in case she comes home on her own."

A moment later he and Fireball were in the woods. Jeff was scratched and scraped by thorny bushes and low branches but he kept on. He wondered whether Fireball really knew where he was going, or whether he just felt like a romp in the woods.

"Amy!" he shouted. Then he held

Fireball still for a moment and listened.

There was no answer.

On and on they went, deeper and deeper into the woods. It was starting to get dark. Jeff felt like turning back. Amy was only three years old. It seemed impossible that she could have gone so far.

"Amy!" he yelled again. "Amy Phillips!"

Nothing.

He tried to go back, but Fireball had other ideas. He wanted to keep going, straining at the leash and sniffing as much as before.

"God, if Amy is here in the woods, help us to find her soon," he prayed.

Fireball led the way through a clump of bushes, and there she was, fast asleep. Fireball marched over to her, sniffed, and gave a triumphant bark.

"Amy!" Jeff exclaimed.

She blinked a few times and sat up, yawning.

"Hello, Jeff," she said. "Hello, doggie."

"Amy, what are you doing way out here?" Jeff demanded, trying not to sound too harsh.

"Mommy talk on telephone," Amy announced. "I go for walk."

"Well, it's time to go home now," Jeff told her. "It's getting late and your mom is worried."

The three of them—Jeff, Amy, and Fireball—began trudging through the woods.

He let Fireball lead them back. Before long they came out in the Phillips' backyard. Mrs. Phillips was walking back and forth, still crying.

"Mommy!" Amy called out.

"Amy!" Mrs. Phillips rushed over. "Oh, Amy—I was so scared!" She hugged her tightly. "Don't ever do that again." Then she turned to Jeff. "Where was she?"

"Probably about the middle of the woods," Jeff replied. "She was sleeping when Fireball found her."

"Well, I think both of you did a fine job," Mrs. Phillips said.

"My dad always does one more thing when his dogs locate a missing person," Jeff told her. "He says a prayer of thanks."

"Why?" Mrs. Phillips asked skeptically. "God didn't find Amy; your dog did."

"But who gave Fireball the ability to track people?" Jeff asked.

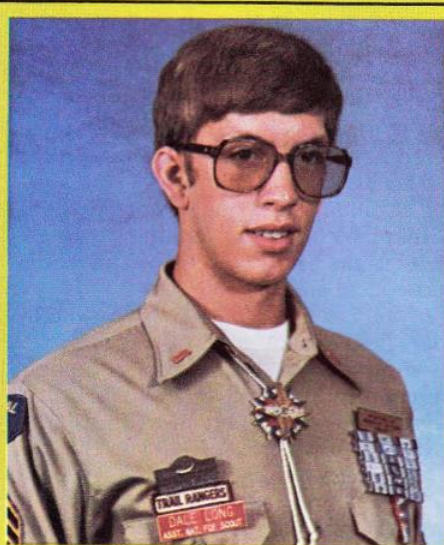
"I don't know," Mrs. Phillips admitted.

"We believe it comes from God," Jeff replied. "I'm glad He helped Fireball and me find Amy."

Mrs. Phillips didn't argue anymore. She nodded and frowned. Amy had been found, after all.

"Come on, Fireball," Jeff said after Mrs. Phillips and Amy went into the house. "You really did a good job, and Dad is really going to be proud of you. I am too!" ★

National Ranger of the Year



DALE LONG
National
Ranger of the Year

Dale Long of Findlay, Ohio was selected as the 1981 National Ranger of the Year. The selection was made by the Royal Rangers National Review Board during its annual meeting in Springfield, Missouri. Dale was selected from 16 finalists from the eight regions.

Long a senior at Findlay Ohio High School has been very active in Royal Rangers, his church and his community.

In Royal Rangers he has earned the Gold Medal of Achievement (the top award in Royal Rangers), plus the Gold and Silver Buffalo Award.

In the Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity, he serves as Assistant National Scout and has wilderness status, and is a member of the Trappers Brigade. He serves as a junior leader in a Pioneer outpost in his local church.

Involvement in his church includes serving as a vocal soloist, usher, and is very active in his youth group.

He has been involved in many community and school activities including serving as a member of his high school football team, and as a junior leader in the YMCA.

Dale has led several other boys to Christ. He feels a call to the ministry and plans to enroll in the North Central Bible College. As National Ranger of the Year he will receive a \$500 scholarship. This has been matched by a \$500 scholarship from North Central Bible College making a total of \$1,000 for Dale.

His high school guidance counselor, Robert Ansel, states: "Dale has developed a value system that guides him in living out Christian principles in a daily, practical, caring way."

Dale is a member of outpost 118 and attends New Life Assembly of God in Findlay, Ohio.



Some of the National
Finalists at the
Recognition Dinner

National Review Board

Sixteen finalists from eight regions traveled to Springfield, MO for the annual national Ranger of the Year competition. The finalists were:

Jeff Woodard
Thorntown, IN
Dale Long
Findlay, OH
Chris Kevil
Crossville, TN

James Vascoe
Bossier City, LA
Lee Argue
Apple Valley MN
Paul Eugene Morrison
Wisconsin Rapids, WI
Orville Dixon
Rochester, NY
Rick Wescott
Manor, PA
Kevin DeWeber
Spokane, WA
David Pauli
Portland, OR
Juan Antonio Baez, III
El Paso, TX
Danny Langston
Arlington, TX
Chris Shiver
Pensacola, FL
Marshall Billingslea
Jacksonville, NC
Domingo Castillo
Palm Desert, CA
Arturo Avina
McFarland, CA

Paul McGarvey, chairman of the board stated: "The Review Board was very impressed with these young men. Their commitment to the Lord and to their families was an inspiration. Any organization would be proud to identify with young men of their caliber."

Each boy received a special certificate, a national finalist pin, a Bible, and a personal gift from the National Commander. They also enjoyed a special dinner and a day of fun at Silver Dollar City.

Johnnie Barnes states: "This was an unusually sharp group of young men. They are all winners to me! I am extremely proud they are a part of the Royal Rangers ministry."

Jingle Bells. Dashing Through the Snow . . .

In the early 1850's sleigh rides, sleighing parties, and even sleigh races were popular pastimes. And it was these pastimes which inspired a young man to write a sleighing song.

Now no winter songfest is complete without Jingle Bells. It is a midwinter favorite on radio and television.

But James Pierpont, the composer, received so little credit for his song that in most collections, it is marked anonymous, or bears no recognition of authorship at all, or is credited to "J. Pierpont," which most people think means John Pierpont, James' father.

James Pierpont, fifth of the six children of the Reverend John Pierpont, was born in Boston, April 25, 1822, while his father was minister of the Hollis Street Church.

Later, after a pastorate in Troy, New York, from 1845 to 1849, the Rev. Mr. Pierpont became pastor of the First Parish Church in Medford, Massachusetts. It was in Medford that James wrote Jingle Bells.

The story goes that one day this tall, angular, gray-eyed young man left his father's large house on Mystic Street and hurried against the icy wind to the apartment of Mrs. Otis Waterman, about a mile away.

Mrs. Waterman, an amateur singer, had a piano. James Pierpont remembered her explaining that the reason she had access to such a rarity as a piano was that it belonged to one of her boarders, William Webber, the popular music director in the Medford schools and leader of the local singing school.

As soon as Mrs. Waterman opened the door, James made his way to the piano, uncrumpled the sheaf of papers he held clutched in his hand, and explained: "I have a little song in my head and I have written it down to see what you think of it." He began to play and sing.

"Why, I think it is a very merry little jingle," smiled Mrs. Waterman, and began to sing with him. Over and over again they sang Jingle Bells, until they were exhausted.

James Pierpont wrote many other

songs and pianoforte compositions during the early 1850's in Medford, and later in the South, in the style of his contemporary, Stephen Foster. Some are sad and some are spritely. Many, like Foster's compositions, were written for minstrel shows.

But Jingle Bells is the only song by James Pierpont that has lasted not only in America but also in foreign countries. The Russians have been singing it in their language for years. The French version reads:

Vole traineau, vole traineau
Vole comme le vent!
Gais costumes, blanche neige
Quel bel amusement!

With its simple words and catchy tune, Jingle Bells delights and cheers people as much today as it has for the past hundred years. Because of this quality, important orchestras include this little song with compositions by great musicians.

James Pierpont contributed much to the joy of mankind, and at long last should be credited for his good work.



By
Evelyn
Witter

The Comeback Of Snowshoeing

Snowshoeing has made a strong comeback all over the United States and Canada. Last winter a Vermont snowshoe manufacturer found that his supply couldn't keep up with the sudden demand for his rawhide shoes. All over New England, groups of snowshoers—some of them former skiers—set out into the wilderness. The Green Mountains, the White Mountains, the Laurentians all experienced a rebirth of this old method of locomotion. West Coast snowshoers headed en masse for the Sierra Nevadas. Even the "Skier's Handbook," a new best-seller for the fraternity, encourages skiers to go snowshoeing.

Why is snowshoeing "in" again? The reasons are easy to understand. For one thing, snowshoeing is just *winter hiking*. You don't need any lessons; you learn to walk with your webbed contraptions in minutes. Age is no factor, and women do

just as well as men. Snowshoeing is healthy; that's why you find many doctors devoted to it.

Physicians will also point to the safety record of snowshoeing. In a typical Pacific Northwest group, for instance, some of the most physically fit members admitted their predilection for snowshoeing because fractures—and even sprains—were next to impossible. If you fall, the "harness" (or binding) lets your foot go at once.

You can go almost anywhere on snowshoes! Up the steep winter meadows of the Canadian Cordilleras, across the gentle mounds of Michigan.

Snowshoeing is inexpensive. You need only be warm. You can dress in your oldest sweater, the most beat-up windbreaker, a plain cap, an ancient faded sports shirt; no one will judge your income from the pants, either. Any kind of boot will do, including the kind used

for hiking. All this drives down the cost.

Snowshoe equipment is astonishingly reasonable. In a major city like Denver, Colorado, for instance, you can *rent* a good pair of shoes with harness. What's the charge for the weekend? Two dollars or so. At an average Army-Navy type of retail store, you can buy a pair of snowshoes for the price of \$25 to \$40. The higher sum gets you the "deluxe" model (it has a slightly tighter network of webbing). An Alaska trapper snowshoe, which is upcurved and excellent for trail breaking, sets you back about \$50. If you shellac or varnish snowshoes once a year, this gear can last a lifetime.

Ask any person who has tried snowshoes and you'll hear about the contact with the land. The snowshoer moves at a slow pace, and every detail around him emerges sharply; the snow dappled with aspen leaves, dimpled by animal tracks, changing colors with the hours.



By
Curtis
Casewit

"A storm came, and
came and came.
Huge drifts piled up
atop the tents of Washington's men.
Some men
froze to death."

VALLEY OF ICE

BY KARL EDD



Some miles to the northwest of Philadelphia the Schuylkill River twists and foams against dun-colored banks. In summer the red-winged blackbirds build strange, pouch-like nests in shrubbery along the banks. Wintertime brings a buildup of clumps of ice in slow-moving, shallow spots or where the bank turns in slightly to make a kind of cove.

December 19, 1777 General George Washington's men began to make camp at Valley Forge alongside the Schuylkill River. A skilled surveyor, Washington realized the campsite was not ideal. Terrible, freezing winds would sweep over and through the men's tents. However, the rolling ground, the river and the scattered bluffs would make splendid defense positions.

General Washington had to think mainly of defense as his men had been through fierce battles with crack British Dragoons and were in no condition to attack. Time was needed for the lightly wounded to heal so they could fight again. Those who were not wounded needed some peace and rest and more training. The training would be given by Baron von Steubenville who believed in the ideas of the new, young country.

Quietly, almost subdued, Washington's men began to move into the camp area. There was none of the usual whistling and singing. The men were

tired. Many men had died in the fierce fighting. Some officers had been captured and hanged by the British because they had once held commissions in the British Colonial Army. Clothing was tattered. Many men wore no shoes. Some had managed to use cord and cloth to fashion a crude sort of foot covering. They were short of the wax used to waterproof tent canvas. No pay had reached them for months, and the rumor was that Washington was fighting with the Continental Congress for their pay.

Worst of all was the rumor that food rations, already dangerously low, would be cut back. Many of the men's gums were bleeding from scurvy, and they joked that soon they—like their commander—would be wearing wooden false teeth. So quiet were the soldiers that they were not heard by Wilhelm DeVoor, son of a Dutch-immigrant farmer in this part of Chester County. This was unusual as most often Wilhelm was up and about early with his sister, Janna. But the night before, the two children had helped their father until quite late with a sick horse.

After they rubbed sleep from their eyes and got dressed, the two children ate a hasty breakfast.

"We've got to get some ice from the river for the sausage house," Wilhelm reminded Janna.

Janna nodded. "I don't really like

to haul ice," she said.

"You know why we have to do it," Wilhelm put on his cap. "Uncle Hans explained to you before he joined Washington's Army. If we put ice into the sausage house at least once a week during the winter, it won't melt and there'll be enough piled up when spring comes that we can keep our spring sausage fresh all summer."

Frowning, Janna said, "Oh, I know it works. We have a lot of sausage left from last year. I just don't like to drag the sledge full of ice."

"I help," Wilhelm said quickly. "Bet you don't know why the ice lasts all summer."

"I do so, smarty," Janna retorted. "The sausage house has *two* thicknesses of walls, and there's fourteen inches of oak sawdust in between. That ins . . . in . . ." "Insulates." Wilhelm pulled on his gloves and leaned toward his sister. I don't like to haul ice either. Maybe someday someone will invent another way to keep things fresh.

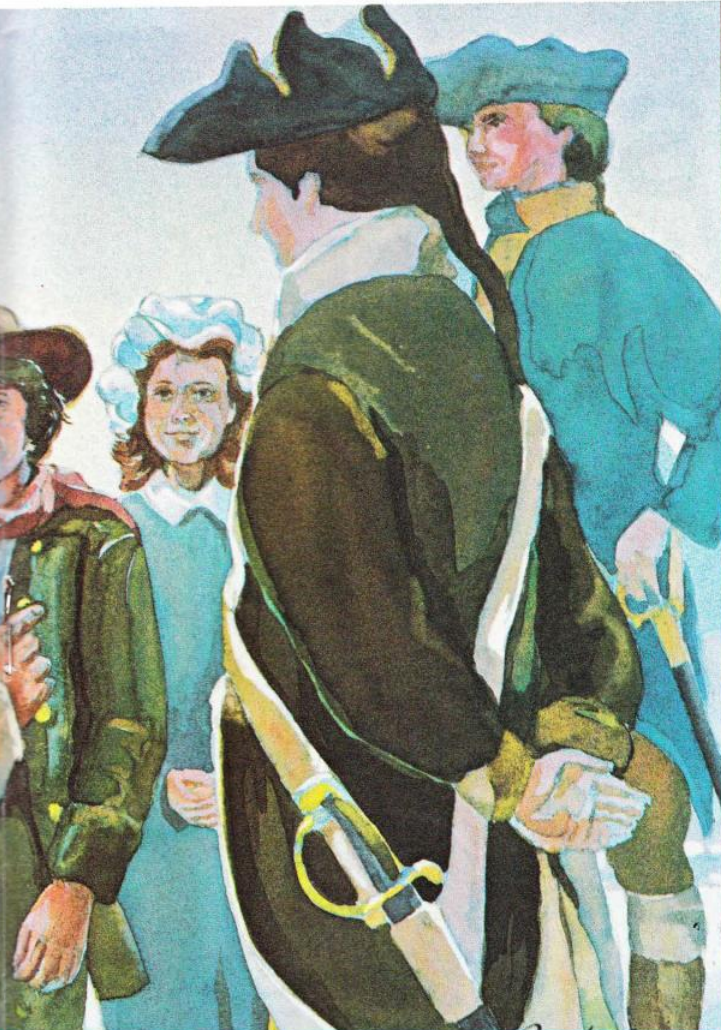
"Huh! Dreamer. Let's get to work."

Mother DeVoor smiled to herself as the two children left the house.

Soon the two children were back with a wood sledge full of ice chunks.

"Mother, Mother—we've got to tell you the news."

"Mynheer Schooster's sheep are in the river again?"



"No, soldiers are camping at Valley Forge. Maybe Uncle Hans is with them."

Mother DeVoort tipped her head back slightly and looked up at the sky. She clucked a nervous, mother-hen sound. "Poor boy if he is. A storm's coming."

She was right. A storm came, and came, and came. Huge drifts piled up atop the tents of Washington's men. Some men froze to death. A few of the cavalry's horses were slaughtered and eaten. Men took turns beating each other with old blankets to keep the blood moving in the veins.

Washington called in a corporal who wrote a fine, flowing script. Painfully, with cold hands, the corporal wrote—as requested—notes promising to pay for food when the Continental Congress sent money to the camp. Two groups of men were sent out with these notes and attempted to obtain food. They got a little from Mother DeVoort and one or two other farm houses, but so little that the men had to boil tree bark as a base for a soup. Word among the Chester County farmers was that Washington's Army couldn't last long and that if you honored the notes, the British would hang you when they regained the territory.

A couple miserable days passed. One morning Washington was writing his despair in a diary. The ink would freeze as he wrote. No new snow was falling, but the old snow lay in clogging drifts.

Horses whinnied piteously. Then, suddenly, camp dogs began to howl. Guards readied their musket as rafts approached across the Schuylkill River. Soldiers hoped the priming of their muskets would not be so damp the spark would not flash properly. Out of the river mist came . . . children, with *food*. Burlap sacks filled with cold storage root crops, and sausage.

Later, as his men ate sausage and cabbage and carrots and spinach, Washington stared open-mouthed—forgetting his false teeth—and asked Wilhelm and Janna DeVoort, "How did you manage to get this food from the farmers? We've tried giving Continental Notes—we didn't want to *take* food though we could have, or we'd have been as bad as the British Army."

Wilhelm smiled, and put an arm around Uncle Hans—who was one of Washington's couriers. "First," Wilhelm said, "we told them that Uncle Hans was with your army. The farmers weren't very much impressed. Then we told them you'd honor those notes for sure after the war. They weren't impressed. Worthless paper, they said."

Outside the tent the men were beginning to sing, and the way Washington smiled you could see he knew he had an army again. "So out with it. How did you manage?"

Wilhelm shuffled his feet, and for a

moment imagined himself as a drummer boy with Washington. "We . . . we told the farmers that your men were going to have to chop the ice away from the edge of the river—for *ten miles*—to let a Navy riverboat get in here with food and supplies if you couldn't buy any. Well, sir, they'll take your notes now."

Washington began to laugh in surprise. "What—what does *chopping ice* in the Schuylkill River have to do with our being able to buy food?"

"You see," Wilhelm explained, "all winter our people chop river ice for our sausage-houses. Most of the people in this valley are of German or Dutch descent. They *make* sausage. They *eat* sausage. They *love* sausage. No *ice* would mean no sure way to preserve our sausage all summer."

General Washington began to laugh. Outside the tent a full-stomached sergeant began to sing *Yankee Doodle* in a full, rich baritone voice.

"I had you in mind as a drummer boy," the General told Wilhelm. "But it looks more like you'd make a good supply sergeant. I want you with us next year. And you tell your people we're going to win this war for independence—and when it's over, every paper note will be honored."★

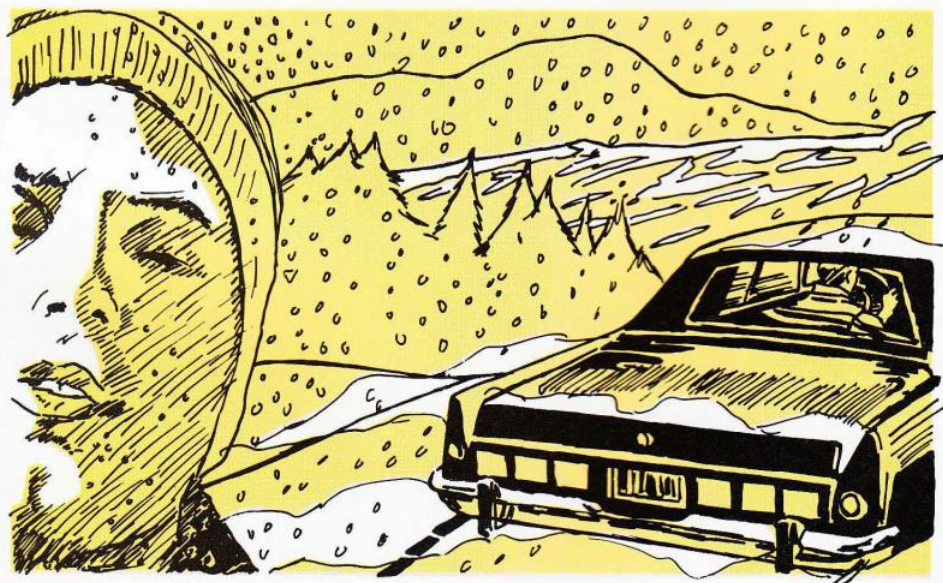
YOU'RE LOST ON A MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY. YOUR CAR IS SNOWBOUND.

A sudden and swift snowstorm hits and the car stalls. All of a sudden you face the fright of knowing that you're snowbound until help arrives. But this need not be cause for panic if you've prepared for just such an emergency. Remember that if you reside or travel through an area that can get snow, you must recognize that being snowbound is a possibility. Here's what you can do.

1. Place a survival kit in your cars, trucks, and RV's right now. This kit can mean a great deal in terms of physical, emotional, and psychological comfort during a period of being snowbound. Right now is the time to rig up a set of supplies that you will need in each vehicle.

For starters, these items should be included: a shovel and sand to help you dig out; a good supply of matches; plumber's or other small candles; a metal coffee can; (you can put clean snow into the can and hold the candle beneath the can to melt the snow into drinking water. Eating snow has a tendency to make you more thirsty, so you must melt the snow first.) Add flares, a working flashlight with spare batteries and bulb, a "space" blanket (usually bright orange on one side and silver foil on the other), and the biggest sized plastic garbage bags. The bags can serve as a waterproof "poncho" to slip over your other clothes. Just make a hole for your head, and if desired, for your arms. Extra wool clothes or blankets (wool is the only fiber that can still insulate even if it's wet), non-perishable, high energy food, boullion cubes, hot chocolate mix, etc., can also be carried in your vehicles. If you live or travel in heavy snow areas, you'd be wise to install a C.B. radio in your vehicles for emergency help.

2. You'll probably want to turn on the



WHAT WILL YOU DO?

GET READY NOW
FOR WINTER'S WORST!
SELF-HELP
WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST.
By Stephenie Slahor, Ph.D.



engine for a few minutes every hour or so to heat up the interior of the car. So it is a wise practice to keep your gas tank topped off at all times. Try not to get below half-full so that you have plenty of reserve gas if you need to run the engine to get the heater going.

3. Follow the warnings you hear along your way about traveler's advisories and traveler's warnings. They are meant for you. Even stockmen's warnings can keep you informed of potentially dangerous conditions in an area through which you may be traveling. Pay heed to such warnings.

4. If, despite your care, you do become snowbound, it is probably safer for you to stay with your vehicle. When you are going to turn on the engine, get out and check the tailpipe to be sure it is clear of any snow or slush in or around it. This keeps the carbon monoxide from getting back into the car. Set out some flares or other signalling devices and give your location on the C.B. radio. Some colorful cloth tied to the antenna, door handles, etc., can aid even further in helping you to be spotted.

If it seems necessary for you to remain overnight in the location, or you're going to be there awhile before help comes, take the time to make yourself something warm to drink or eat some of your food. This helps you psychologically as well as physically. Set up a routine of checking your passengers, checking the tailpipe, resetting flares, and seeing to your own comfort throughout the time you are snowbound.

By planning ahead for such emergencies and facing them with self-confidence, you are able to cope with the possibility of being snowbound in your car.

"Purchasing a brand-new Winton automobile from L. C. Rowell of the Wells Fargo Company, and signing the brilliant Crocker as second in command, Jackson made ready for the trip."

BY FRANCIS X-SCULLEY



The First Cross-Country Automobile Ride

With its drive chain flailing at the pavement like the anvil chorus, and its body bespattered with the mud of twenty states, the heaving, grinding Winton automobile headed down Fifth Avenue toward the finish line and immortality. The intrepid crew of Dr. H. Nelson Jackson of Shelburne, Vermont; Sewall Crocker of Tacoma, Washington; and a purebred English bulldog named "Bud" were on the verge of making history. They had crossed the United States from San Francisco to New York City in two months and nine days.

What's more, they had done it the hard way, traversing the entire length of California from north to south before heading eastward. While not a soul was on hand to greet the dauntless trio and their trusty automobile (affectionately named "Vermont"), that feat of the summer of 1903 still ranks as one of the greatest accomplishments of the ages. Bear in mind, under extreme pressure the Winton could attain 20 miles per hour, on sound, level pavement.

Dr. Jackson had a few things going for him. First, and perhaps foremost, he had more nerve than an aching tooth. Second, he was financially secure—else he could not have underwritten the cost of the trip. Third, he had better than an elementary knowledge of geography—(road maps were unknown at the time). Fourth, he acquired the services of the courageous, intelligent Sewall Crocker, one of the most knowledgeable authorities on the automobile of that time.

Jackson painted himself into a corner, in the University Club in the city of Dons, when he boldly proclaimed that the automobile was capable of making it from coast to coast. He was immediately challenged by some of the club's more affluent. The young Vermont man accepted the challenge, he would make the trip himself.

Mrs. Jackson nearly flipped when she

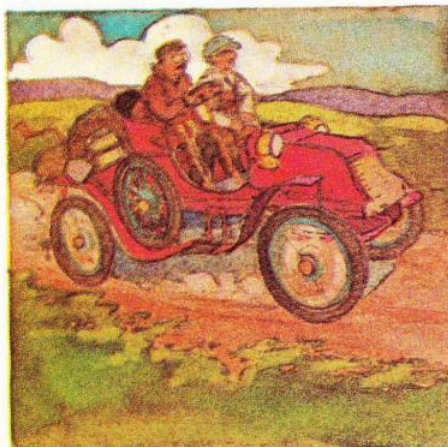
"They moved over
the hardpacked earth
at the unheard-of speed of
twenty miles an hour."

learned of her husband's plans, but accepted them when she saw how resolute he was. With his shout ringing in her ears that he would see her within six weeks to six months, the attractive housewife headed home to mother. Historians have failed to record the in-laws' reaction to "Jackson's Folly," as the California papers proclaimed it.

Purchasing a brand-new Winton automobile from L. C. Rowell of the Wells Fargo Company, and signing the brilliant Crocker as second in command, Jackson made ready for the trip. The two-chair automobile with its paper thin tires was loaded with enough equipment for a later-day invasion force. Included were the following: waterproof sleeping bags, rubber mackintoshes, leather coats, corduroy suits, canvas suits, telescope, and valise, a rifle, shotgun, pistols, fly rods, tools and spare parts, block and tackle, spare tires, cylinder oil, twelve gallons of gasoline, an ax, canteens, cooking equipment, a portable stove, and a lister bag filled with water. The total weight of the car and the equipment was 3,000 pounds.

They left San Francisco on Saturday, May 23rd, just four days after the challenge was made. Heading northward, the Winton made remarkable progress for the first two or three days, moving over the hard packed earth at the unheard-of speed of twenty miles an hour. The car was running like a top, and already hours ahead of schedule. The jubilant Jackson and his aide foresaw an earth-shattering record.

However, they were soon to learn that one ball game does not make a season. With no windshield and no roof, and with two headlights that were little better than matches, the pair were to endure the darkness. They had to spend two days in Sacramento while a new acetylene headlamp was attached. While this gave out about as much light as a miner's headlamp, it was better than



sheer darkness.

Through the mountains of northern California over roads almost axle deep in ruts strewn with sharp-edged stones protruding almost a foot above the surface of the ground, through mountain streams which could be trickles or rapids, they persevered.

Once in the darkness, they plowed into the rear of a haywagon, scattering their cooking utensils all over the road. For the next fifty miles, the disgusted Jackson trailed the vehicle, picking up material that had been catapulted from "Vermont" as if it had been fired from a launching pad.

Then came the rain and the red clay, which clung to the wheels in huge gobs, giving "Vermont" the appearance of a circus wagon. Finally, the Winton was so encumbered that it would no longer move, and Jackson and Crocker had to clean off every ounce of the clinging red muck before proceeding. Ten times during the frightful trip down the length of California "Vermont" was mired in the ooze as securely as if it were in the clutches of a giant octopus.

When the car stalled in the middle of a mountain stream, Jackson had to anchor the block and tackle to a tree and pull the car from the rapidly rising muddy water.

Then followed a hair-raising ride in the darkness, at least a thousand feet above the floor of the valley, on a tortuous road with no guard rail or protection against the landslides.

Jackson had to wire for more tires when they reached Alturas. This was followed by a broken front spring which held them up for another week.

So the battered automobile and its red-eyed crew arrived in Silver Springs, Oregon. Gasoline was becoming more and more difficult to obtain, and at one point Jackson had to pay \$5.25 for five gallons, an unheard-of price in 1903.

In Caldwell, Idaho, a broad shouldered bulldog named "Bud" joined the pair, and promptly crawled in under the front seat. He was a seasoned passenger within a few miles, but never failed to get out and sleep along the roadside whenever the car stalled, which was frequently.

Before "Vermont" left Idaho, the speedometer dropped off, and the crew no longer knew how fast they were going. In the mountains of the potato state the car was caught in a torrent, and Bud bailed out and headed for shore. Sitting on the opposite bank, the bedraggled canine watched the ludicrous efforts of his friends as they attempted to extricate their vehicle. Once more, luck was on the side of Jackson. The storm subsided, and the water level rapidly dropped, and the oftbeaten Winton once more made it to the opposite shore.

The following night, almost the identical incident occurred, and only the block and tackle saved the "Vermont" from being carried down the canyon.

Wyoming was a wasteland of sagebrush; the Winton now began to eat into the miles. But then came the dry sand. "Vermont" behaved like Charlie Chaplin in the famed escalator scene. It could not move. So Jackson and Crocker cut sagebrush thickets and brakes and laid

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE ►



"In Caldwell, Idaho,
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Cross-Country Automobile Ride continues



them in front of the wheels. With the alternating between driving, cutting, and laying, the vehicle inched its way across the desert. Poor Bud looked like the Foreign Legion deserter of Beau Geste, so red rimmed were his eyes from alkali dust.

Now traveling by compass across barren wasteland, miles from any road and even further from habitation, the resolute foursome continued their dogged way eastward. It was hard to tell which was the most spent—the two humans, the automobile, or the bulldog. All were coming apart at the seams, and the trip was not half over.

Seventeen times in one day the men had to block and tackle the ton and a half vehicle over the Great Divide, almost moving from tree to tree. The travelers were now on terrain never before traveled by horseless carriage. But they made it to the edge of the Great Plains—Cheyenne.

By now all of America was watching the Vermont physician and his gallant effort. Jackson's and Crocker's names were on every lip in America. Few had heard of Bud as yet.

So, through tornadoes, cloudbursts, and searing heat, with almost daily tire failure, the dogged pair and their tail wagging buddy, looking more now like a snapping turtle than anything else, headed across America's cornbelt. The

feat of the Vermonter was now the talk of America.

"Vermont" clanked into Cleveland, almost like a visitor from another planet. The Winton people, immediately anxious for a little glory of their own, wanted to overhaul and clean the machine—and perhaps glean a little publicity for their automobiles. Already the pair were being called agents for the Winton factory.

"I want every speck of mud that we gathered in crossing America to show when we reach New York," declared Jackson in refusing every offer from the Winton authorities. The Winton company instantly offered a \$10,000 reward to anyone who could prove the pair were frauds. No one stepped forth to claim the reward, and Jackson, Crocker, and Bud and a revived Winton headed eastward.

Following the shore of Lake Erie, they made it through the fruit region of Westfield, Silver Creek, and Dunkirk to Buffalo, where the pair were almost mobbed by thousands of adoring fans. Almost—until Bud, whose fuse had grown noticeably short since the Cleveland incident, showed a police officer two perfect rows of teeth. It was in the Bison City where Bud treed a Persian Angora, almost within sight of the City Hall.

Between Buffalo and Rochester, the Winton struck a hidden object and catapulted its passengers into a hayfield. Miraculously, the motor continued running, and the crew and a baleful Bud reentered the thumping machine which was now heaving like a spavined horse.

Near Albany, Bud threw in the sponge and crawled in with a stranger who was driving one of the more expensive vehicles of the day. Determined not to rejoin Crocker and Jackson again, Bud took his position next to the driver. But when "Vermont" headed southward on its last lap he let out a wail and leaped to the ground. It took the bull shouldered dog almost a half hour to catch his friends, who were not even aware he was missing.

On August 1st, Jackson and Crocker completed their historic ride, the first crossing of America ever made by automobile.

From Europe, Alexander Winton telegraphed to the world. "It is now up to me to manufacture cars which shall equal if not excel the great record made by Dr. Jackson and Mr. Crocker."

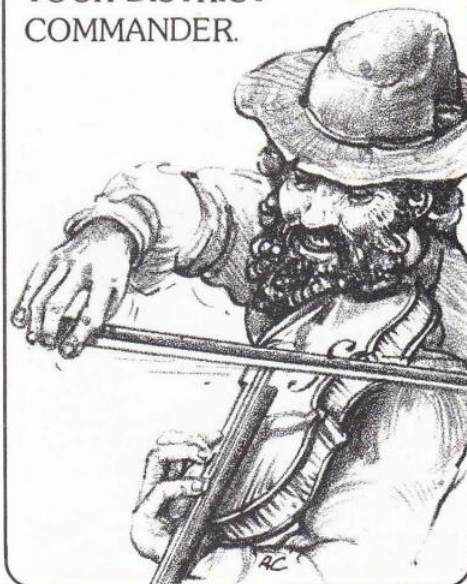
After a short rest, Jackson and his friends headed north where they were given a hero's welcome in both Shelburne and Burlington. "Vermont," still intact, towed Jackson's brother's vehicle behind it into Burlington. In the port city, the Winton's drive chain finally snapped. "Vermont" was finished.

On October 3rd, Jackson was arrested for speeding. He was caught driving seven miles an hour within the environs of Burlington. *

SPECIAL NOTICE

CHANGE IN LOCATION FOR NATIONAL CAMPORAMA

NEW LOCATION WILL BE PIGEON FORGE, TENNESSEE, AT THE GATEWAY TO THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS NATIONAL PARK. THE SITE IS ADJACENT TO SILVER DOLLAR CITY, A NATIONALLY KNOWN CRAFTS AND AMUSEMENT PARK. CAMPORAMA FEE INCLUDES FREE ADMISSION TO SILVER DOLLAR CITY. ALSO INCLUDED A DAY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR IN KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE, 30 MILES AWAY. ALL MEALS WILL BE CATERED. THE MENU WILL MAKE YOUR MOUTH WATER. MANY NEW FEATURES! STANDARD EVENTS WILL BE UPDATED! NOTHING LIKE IT BEFORE. JULY 27-31, 1982. FOR APPLICATION CONTACT YOUR DISTRICT COMMANDER.





COMEDY CORNER COMEDY



"EVER STRING CHRISTMAS LIGHTS BEFORE, FRED?"



"WHY DON'T YOU RING A BELL LIKE THE OTHERS?!"

Teacher: "Which is more important—the sun or the moon?"

Johnny: "The moon."

Teacher: "Why?"

Johnny: "The moon gives us light at night when we need it, and the sun gives us light only in the daytime when we don't need it."

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Joe: "Did you have an interesting time at the dentist?"

Pat: "Oh, no. I was bored to tears."

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Doctor: "Did you go to another doctor before you came to me?"

Patient: "No, I went to a druggist."

Doctor: "What foolish advice did he give you?"

Patient: "He told me to come to you."

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Counselor: "How do you make a bed roll?"

Camper: "Push it."

Henry E. Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Doctor: "The check you gave me last week came back."

Patient: "So did the pain in my chest."

Henry E. Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Customer: "When I bought this cat, you told me he was good for mice. He doesn't go near them."

Clerk: "Well, isn't that good for mice?"

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

"Tell me two things you can never eat for breakfast?"

"Lunch and dinner!"

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Mr. Grim: "Hi fellows. Did you hear the joke about the roof?"

Fellows: "No."

Mr. Grim: "Oh well, it's just as well. It's over your head."

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

"When should a baker stop making doughnuts?"

"When he gets tired of the hole business."

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Old Man: "Yes, sir, I'll be ninety tomorrow and I haven't an enemy in the world."

Visitor: "A beautiful thought."

Old Man: "Yes, sir. I've outlived them all."

Henry Leabo
Tehachapi, CA



Don't Go Alone

by Larry D. Bohall

Jack London, the author of *"The Call of the Wild,"* wrote many short stories about the Alaskan wilderness. One of his best was entitled "To Build a Fire."

In it, a man sets out across country with his dog during the middle of an Alaskan winter. The temperature has fallen to around 75 degrees below zero, and it is so cold that the man's saliva freezes before it hits the ground.

The trail that the man is following runs beside a river, which should not be dangerous, for it is covered with thick ice. However, under the snow there are many springs that will not freeze—these are dangerous. So he sends the dog ahead of him. Somehow, though, the man falls into one of the springs. Instantly, the man finds himself in a life-or-death situation: if he does not build a fire quickly he will die.

He does not panic, but sets right to work. Soon he has a fire blazing, but he chose the wrong place to build it—under an evergreen tree. The fire melts the snow on the branches, which in turn puts out the fire.

The man, in the meantime, begins suffering from a condition known as hypothermia. This occurs when the body becomes extremely cold and wet. The muscles begin shaking uncontrollably in an attempt to recover lost body heat. He soon was unable to pick up any wood or matches to build his fire with. If he did not get warmed up soon he would die.

Since he was unable to build another

fire, his only hope lay in the dog. If he could kill the dog, he could warm his hands by sticking them inside the dog's body. He caught the dog, but because of the loss of feeling in his hands, he was unable to hold onto it. Suddenly grasped by panic, the man ran blindly into the wilderness. Before long, he dropped with exhaustion. The story ends with the man's death.

The man made several major mistakes. He did not really understand the dangers of the environment around him. Nor did he listen to advice from those who had been in the wilderness longer than he had. He also allowed panic to get control of him. However, the biggest mistake was going into the wilderness alone. Had he taken one or two others with him, they would have been able to save him. Because he went alone, he was totally dependent upon himself.

The perfect number for traveling in the wilderness (or woods) seems to be three. With three people, if one person needs help, one companion can stay with him while the other goes for help. This is especially important in a situation involving first aid—such as mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. One person can give the necessary first aid while the other gets help. If there were only two, you would be forced to leave the victim behind, or not go for help—neither are good alternatives.

However, you are far better off to go with only two people than to go alone. If you have at least one buddy with you,

you will have someone to rely on should you get into trouble. The key is not to go alone. Going alone could mean an ending similar to that of London's story.

Yet, just as you should never go into the natural wilderness alone, you should never venture into the spiritual wilds alone. Many people do. And like the man in London's story, they seem to have very little understanding of the dangers that surround them in their spiritual environment.

We are all traveling in life, and around every curve there are great dangers. They may come from our friends, from things we do, from poor choices that we make. And once we get into trouble, we are totally dependent upon ourselves—or so it seems.

But it does not have to be this way. There is one who will travel with us, and will lead us through the wilderness. His name? Jesus. With Him by your side, you are never alone. He will strengthen you, and guide you, and help you through the rough spots. All you need to do is ask Him to forgive you of your sins, and take control of your life. He will.

It is a dangerous thing to venture into the wilderness alone. It led to the man's death in London's story. But it is even more dangerous to journey through the spiritual wilderness alone. You don't have to—let Jesus go with you.