

# Camper Sings Carol All Day Long

By FRED STICKMAN  
Head of the South Fork  
Yuki River

Here is one of the reasons I stay out Christmas and New Year.

Trying to get to heaven another way besides praying—"Sacrifice." I didn't even take a radio so I couldn't hear Christmas carols. But Christmas morning, I started humming "Christmas Was Born on Christmas Day."

## SONG IN THE WILDERNESS

Pretty soon, I singing it loud and all day long, next day and next—so I must still had a Christmas spirit in my heart.

Last year, I was stuck in Bethel, Alaska for nine days heading for Cape Newenham Base. Christmas, I met two young men, one National Guard and one fisherman.

Christmas eve, we went to midnight mass and the church was packed. After mass, these men invited me to their house for Calvert. We had a few and went to bed. After breakfast, we went to 10 o'clock High Mass.

Then after mass, we had a few, then they wanted me to take in the town, visit and meet some people. With Calvert, we had company—three ladies. We couldn't walk fast enough. The town was too big anyway so we hired a taxi.

Taxi is \$15 an hour in Bethel. We had the taxi for four hours—\$60. Then the last twenty we gave him he didn't have no change so we told him to keep the change.

## MET MANY FRIENDS

I met lot of people from the Yukon River that knew me or heard of me. Then we went to their homes—played recorder—had a few more. Then we went to Teeni's Roadhouse for dinner. That's where I was staying. Meet some more people there.

I tell you, Howard, that Teeni's Roadhouse is the best place I seen for eats. Then we went up to the house, played some more records—had a few more. And they started talking dance so we went down to the hall—by that time it was crowded.

## 19 DIFFERENT TWISTS

Next thing I know I was on

the floor dancing.

When I sat out, there was 19 couples on the floor twisting. They were twisting 19 different ways. It lasted till 3 a.m.

Now that's the way I celebrate Christmas every year. So this year I camp out. I ran out of crackers before Christmas—but I didn't want to sacrifice that way.

Twenty-one days without bread is too long. Now I got my radio and crackers and—I intend to stay out here till April.