

High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS
FALL 1978

BULL and the MATADOR
WHEN YOUNG EAGLES CRY
THE BATTLE
A NIGHT OF KNIGHTS
HOW HALLOWEEN ANIMALS SLEEP

FRED DENVER

1978

High Adventure

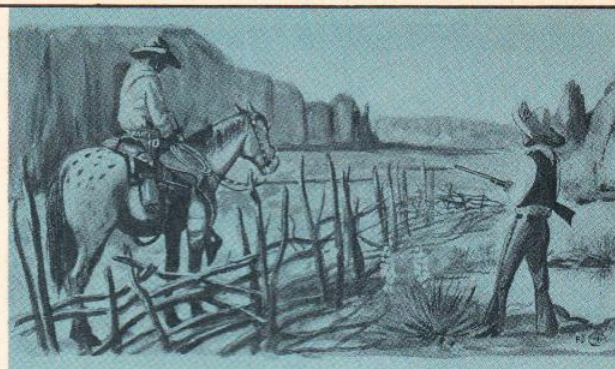
CONTENTS

FALL 1978

- 3 BULL AND THE MATADOR *Brantford Benton*
- 5 WHERE ARE THESE BOWLS? *O. Robertson*
- 6 NIGHT OF KNIGHTS *Larry Bohall*
- 8 WHEN YOUNG EAGLES CRY *G. Brinkman*
- 10 HOW HALLOWEEN ANIMALS SLEEP *E. Witter*
- 11 THE BATTLE *Muriel Larsen*
- 13 BIRD PUZZLE *Richard Parker*
- 13 STRANGE UNSEEN WORLD *M. Larsen*

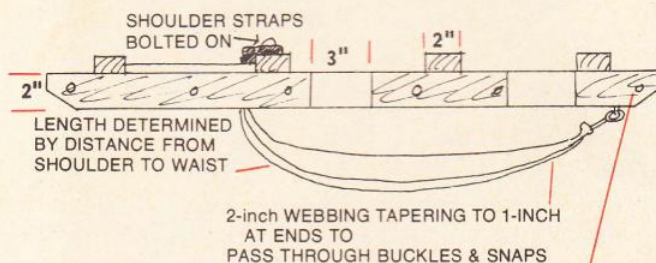
HIGH ADVENTURE STAFF: Editor: Johnnie Barnes
Layout Editor: Dave Barnes Assoc. Editor: John Eller

HIGH ADVENTURE—Volume 8, Number 2 (881180) published quarterly by Royal Rangers, 1445 Boonville Avenue, Springfield, MO 65802. Subscription rates: single subscription \$1.50 a year; bundle (minimum of five subscriptions, all mailed to one address) \$1.30 a year. Copyright 1978 General Council of the Assemblies of God. Printed in USA. Second-class postage paid at Springfield, Mo., and at additional offices.



packboard project

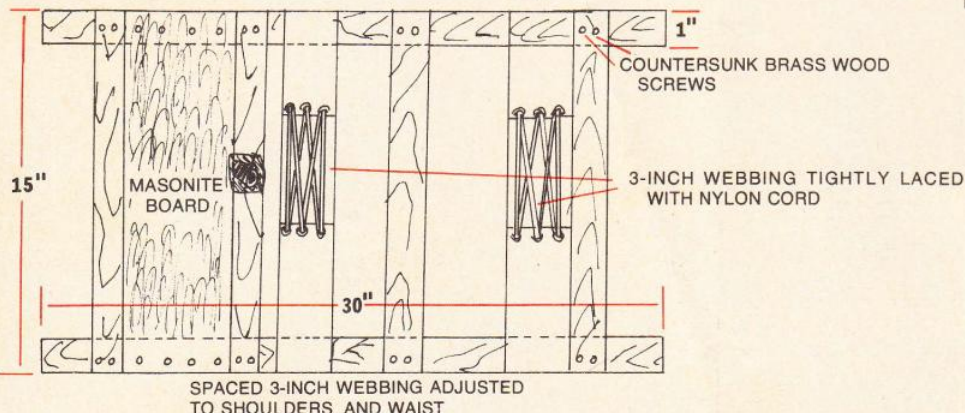
SIDE VIEW



HOLES DRILLED TO LASH ON LOADS
WITH SASH CORDS OR NYLON CORD,
EQUALLY SPACED TO SUIT LOADS
TO BE CARRIED

LIST OF MATERIALS:

- 2 PCS. 1- x 2- x 30-INCH PINE
- 4 PCS. 1- x 2- x 15-INCH PINE
- 16 BRASS WOOD SCREWS
- 3-INCH WEBBING
- 2-INCH WEBBING (TAPER END TO
BOLT, NUT AND
WASHERS)
- NYLON TIE CORD
- BUCKLES AND SNAPS
- MASONITE BOARD
- GROMMETS (FOR 3-INCH WEBBING)



TOP VIEW

Submitted by Warren Bebout
San Luis Obispo, CA

Bull and the Matador

BY BRANTFORD B. BENTON



Stu Holcomb rattled the pages of the Arizona Sun, motioned Bull Morgan into the shade of Tucson's Rincon High School locker room, and pointed to the sports column. "University's coaches will be scouting our game with Nogales for next year's quarterback replacement, and. . ."

Bull snatched the page, scanned it bitterly. "Here's where our glorified matador rides again!"

"Won't be much of a climax against little Nogales," Holcomb responded. "More like like an exhibition game for us and The Matador." He turned abruptly, "Bull, just what have you got against Dellatoro—except he's a Chicano . . . a Mexican?"

Bull groped. So many things. He'd never stopped to analyze each item. "I'm sick of blocking for that Chicano while he runs down my spine to glory!"

"Calling plays and carrying the ball is his job," the teammate countered. "Yours and mine is blocking." Holcomb partially understood what was bugging Bull. He remembered that Fall day, two seasons ago, when Tucson vagrancy police had found the homeless young giant at the freight yard. Coach Morrison had sponsored his release, found a foster home, and arranged a job for him, sharing Holcomb's own part-time janitorial duties at the school. Holcomb also was aware that Mateo Dellatoro was the son of Enrique de Francisco y della Toro, the famous bullfighter who had retired when oil had been discovered on his ranch near Mexico City. Bull had a point there, Holcomb reasoned; all that money and glamor. "The Matador," as the sportswriters had dubbed Dellatoro, had not needed to come to Rincon High, nor even to the States. He already had everything a guy could want.

What neither Bull nor Holcomb knew, and The Matador's pride held secret, was that football had provided the birthright that his father's fame had denied him. Attending a public school in the States had provided escape from too much of everything, and a chance to become his own man. In Tucson he had been able to

escape the drowning adulation with which his countrymen in Mexico unwittingly had overwhelmed their idol's son. At Rincon, Mateo Dellatoro had been on his own and, on the football field, he had been proving to himself at least that he neither wanted nor needed to inherit life on a silver tray—nor to remain in his father's shadow.

"Dellatoro could have stayed in Mexico," Bull judged, "or he could have gone to any of our fancy private schools and stayed with his own set. Why here with us ordinary kids? He wanted to lord it over us..."

"... Poor gringos?" Holcomb suggested.

Bull nodded. "Makes him feel tall in the saddle to use our skulls for stepping-stones. Wants to wear a football 'suit of lights,' like a real matador, and play with us urchins without getting his hands dirty."

Bull waited for agreement, but Holcomb seemed preoccupied with the newspaper. Bull stirred uneasily. "I'll get us a Coke."

Conflicting emotions whirled through Bull's mind as he strode the deserted school corridors toward the Coke machine inside the cafeteria. Had he not heard the lowered voices, Bull would have entered without seeing the three figures grouped in shadows near the kitchen.

"We're just asking you to hold down the score—not to lose the game," one voice argued. "We have pride, *muchaco*. Surely, you must understand."

Bull froze against the wall. Dellatoro's light sweater was almost obscured by the two stocky youths wearing Nogales jackets. Now the second stranger was talking: "Just to play Rincon is an honor," he pleaded, "but we must not be humiliated. We know you will win, but do not disgrace us. After all, *amigo*, most of our team are Chicanos, too. All we ask is that you allow us a close

score that will not crush our spirit. You can still be a hero for Rincon—but also a *hermano simpatico* to us."

As the trio walked out the back door and drove away, Bull hastily coined out the Cokes and barged back to Holcomb. "You asked me why I despise Mateo Dellatoro," he snarled. He related the scene he had just witnessed. "So, win or lose, The Matador becomes the shining knight—and my blocking will serve as the hero's little helper."

Holcomb finished his Coke and started walking away. "That's mighty nasty talk. Let's both forget you ever said it."

Nogales won the toss, elected to receive, and took Bull's kickoff on the ninety-yard stripe. They probed Rincon's line for small gains to the defenders' forty-eight before being forced to punt. Dellatoro spun toward the ball on his two-yard line but his momentum threw him off balance and he carried the ball out of bounds.

"Starting early?" Bull growled as they entered the huddle.

The Matador's lips compressed. "Kick," he ordered, and wheeled into the tail spot in Rincon's own end zone.

The pass from center *might* have been too high, but all Bull knew was that the kick was blocked. Nogales' left end recovered. The scrappy team from the little bordertown had scored... *as a direct result of the two times The Matador had handled the ball!*

Bull tore through the Nogales line and smothered the extra point. He joined Dellatoro who was limping toward his kickoff position. "Save the act," Bull gritted. "You won't need it."

The Matador wasn't foxing Bull. If he couldn't prevent Dellatoro from sabotaging the game, Bull determined that he would pay dearly. Bull threw his blocks—too early and too late. Sometimes he clobbered the backer-up—and let the Nogales end and half-back do a high-low job on Dellatoro. Then he'd yank The

Matador to his feet and grin. At half-time, Doc Gerard had to help Dellatoro into the locker room. Coach Morrison spoke quietly with Doc, then stepped wordlessly among the players. He stopped and stared at Bull, then moved on in silence.

Bull wanted to tell the coach. But tell him what. Tell Morrison what he was doing, and why. Bull had a sour feeling that he couldn't tell the coach, nor anyone else. The Matador was out to throw the game. Bull knew it. But the others didn't realize it and, like Holcomb, just wouldn't believe it.

The coach waited until almost time to return to the field, and then began with surprising reassurance. "Nogales is beaten. But third quarter they'll be temporarily fresh; souped up with their six-point lead. Fourth quarter you'll take 'em." Then the coach's poise shattered, and his eyes sparkled: "Provided Bull doesn't let us down!"

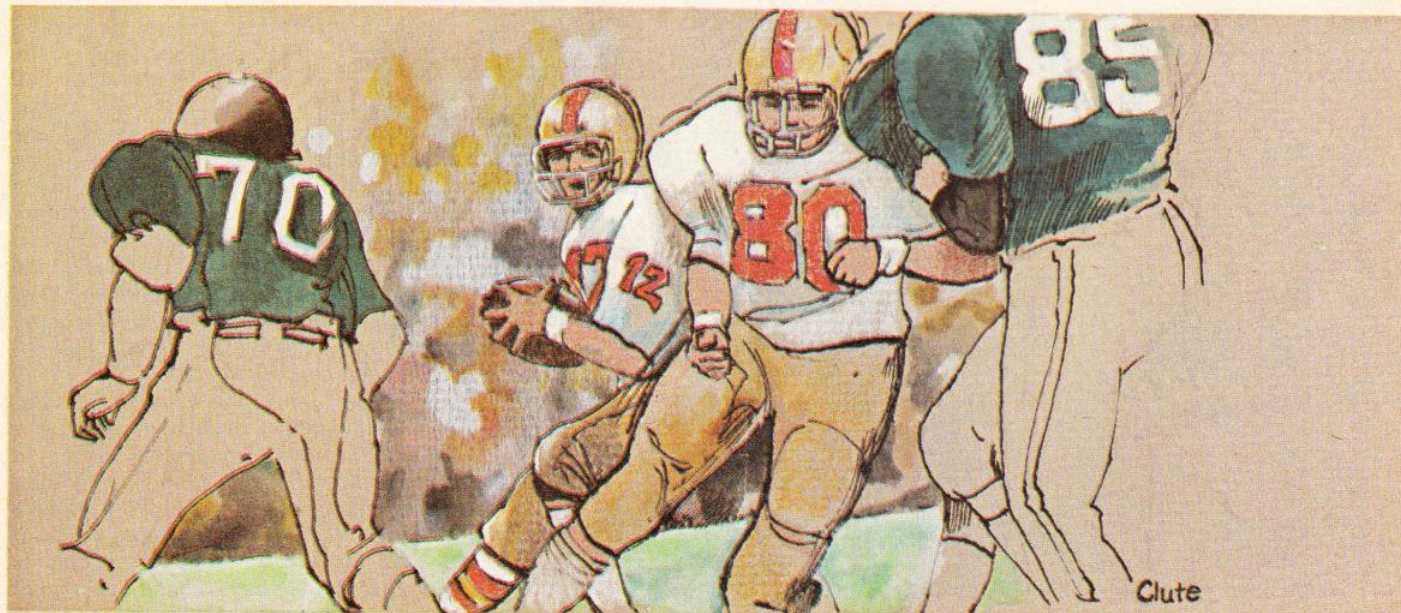
Bull felt every eye burn into him. His world suddenly was upside down. Why? What? How was everything so wrong?

"Easy, guys," he heard the coach cool it. "The only team we have to lick this second half is ourselves."

Bull heaved himself into the doorway and faced his teammates. "You heard the man," he choked. "Let the scoreboard tell the story!"

Chafing but disciplined to Morrison's orders to keep kicking, Rincon spent the third quarter deep in Nogales territory; but strictly on the defensive. The final period found them fresh and eager to uncork an offensive of their own. Rincon had just taken possession on a pass interception on their own thirty-yard line.

"The twenty-two series," snapped Dellatoro, "three plays without a huddle." He scanned the ring of granite faces. "Bull Morgan will personally escort us, first off each tackle, and then wide around right end."



It wasn't that easy. The lines clashed, buckled and heaved like splinters in a log mill. Nogales began double-teaming against Bull to smother the giant's swath of interference behind which The Matador was cutting, swerving, and clawing his way from one white-striped mirage to the next. But all eyes focused, not on the ball carrier, but on the battering ram who ploughed the path. Crashing, slamming, bowling, and brawling breaches into the human wall was the fanatic guard who snarled at his own ball carrier after every play.

"Even if I have to carry both you and the ball," he promised The Matador, "you're going to score!"

Bull lost all sense of time. One play lunged into the next. Savage blocking, not fine ball carrying, scored the

Rincon touchdown. And the winning points, converted on a plunge off tackle behind the raging guard. From far away Bull heard a gun, bands playing, confused shouting and cheering. Then the hands, hundreds of hands. But they seemed friendly, telling him the game was over.

Under the shower, Bull's head cleared and he bristled toward The Matador. Coach Morrison stepped in his path. "You had it wrong, Bull," the coach said. "Holcomb told me. I checked." Morrison nodded toward the quarterback. "After you saw them drive away, Dellatoro reasoned with those Nogales lads. Convinced them that they had a fighting chance to win on their own—or lose with honor... like true *caballeros*."

For the first time in his life, Bull felt weak and uncertain. "Then why didn't the knucklehead say so?"

"You didn't give him a chance, Holcomb broke in. "It all fit together too easy the way you wanted it to."

"Speaking of fitting together," the coach interrupted, "the scouting staff is waiting to talk athletic scholarships with both you jugheads, if you two want to play as partners at the University of Arizona next Fall."

"Sounds solid to me," smiled Dellatoro. He extended an open hand to Bull.

Bull's paw closed firmly around Dellatoro's hand. "How about that," he grinned. "Every game a bullfight—with the bull and the matador on the same side!"

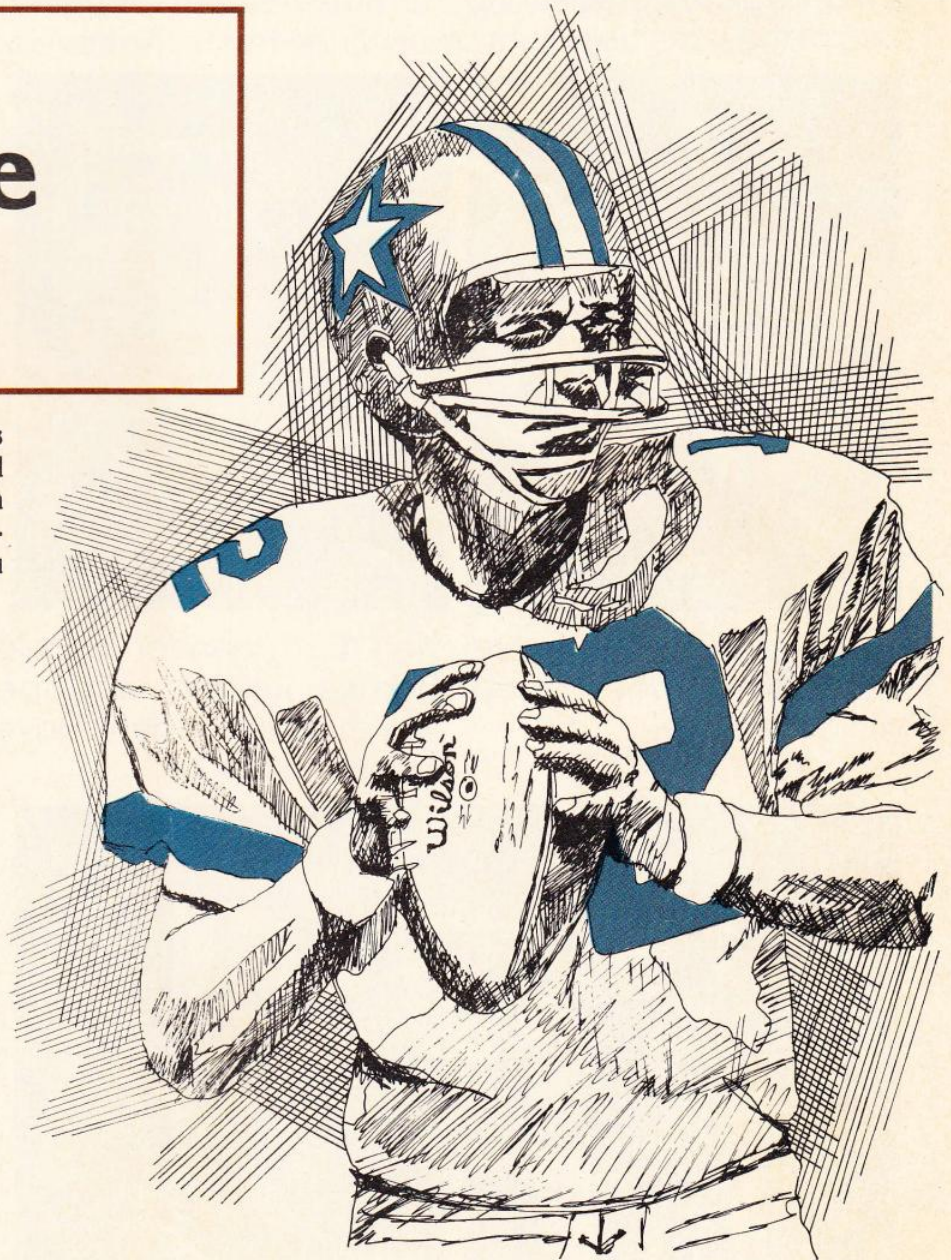


Where are these Bowls?

by Ollie J. Robertson

The numbered column lists sites of famous football bowl games. The alphabetical column lists in jumbled order the location of each bowl. How do you score at matching?

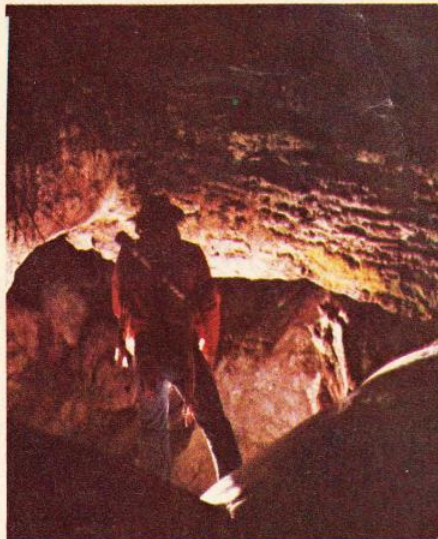
1. Rose Bowl
2. Orange Bowl
3. Sugar Bowl
4. Cotton Bowl
5. Liberty Bowl
6. Sun Bowl
7. Gator Bowl
8. Bluebonnet Bowl
9. Peach Bowl
10. Tangerine Bowl
11. Fiesta Bowl
- A. Houston, Texas
- B. Atlanta, Georgia
- C. Jacksonville, Florida
- D. Dallas, Texas
- E. Phoenix, Arizona
- F. El Paso, Texas
- G. Orlando, Florida
- H. Pasadena, California
- I. New Orleans, Louisiana
- J. Memphis, Tennessee
- K. Miami, Florida



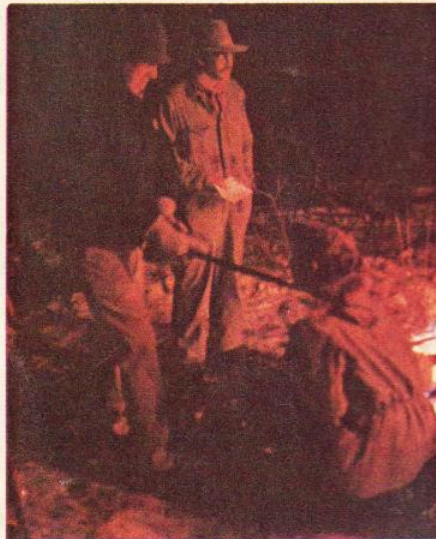
Answers on page 15 



Chi Omega Rho pages and members await the beginning of the induction night ceremonies inside the cave.



The chapter scribe awaits the yellow pages deep within the cave.



Natl. Commander Johnnie Barnes knights a page while former regent Dave Franklin looks on.



It was a night to test the skill and determination of the Chi Omega Rho pages.

Night of Knights

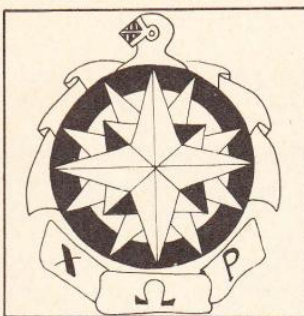
by Larry Bohall

They stood in the cold, eight of them, shivering in the snow, wondering what was going to happen to them. They were dedicated to one thing—reaching, teaching, and keeping boys for Christ. And they were showing that dedication by going through this induction. They were all Bible college students, two of them from Nigeria, Africa, and one of the other six was deaf. Yet they wanted to be involved in Chi Omega Rho, the Collegiate Order of Royal Rangers. To join, they had to go through this series of tests, and, upon successful completion of them, they would be “knighted” by National Commander Johnnie Barnes.

What is Chi Omega Rho? Chi Omega Rho, Greek for the Collegiate Order of Royal Rangers, is a club for college students who want to serve as Ranger leaders. Its purpose is to provide training for its members, as well as lot of fun times. Each prospective member (called “Yellow Pages” by the Knights) must pass through a series of tests in order to prove he has the qualities of being a Knight.

These tests will prove, among other things, that he is resourceful, courageous, loyal, spiritual, etc. Once he has passed these tests, the page will be knighted in a ceremony, assuming the title of Knight Esquire.

Once a page becomes a Knight, he has opportunity to become involved in a large number of exciting activities. The Central Bible College chapter of Chi Omega Rho has gone wilderness camping, canoeing, rappelling, worked as staff at area Ranger Sports-a-ramas and Pinewood Derbies, had camp-outs, cookouts, and many other activities. They have also conducted Red Cross first aid classes, CPR classes, and the Royal Ranger Leadership Training Course. A large chapter (over 34 members) the CBC students are training to serve as leaders in the Ranger program.



After a Knight has been in Chi Omega Rho for at least one year, and he has enrolled either in the Leadership Training Course or a college course in Camp Administration, he is knighted Knight Bachelor. When a Knight is elected to executive office in his chapter, he is then knighted Knight Banneret. Club offices consists of Regent (President), Vice-Regent (Vice-President), Ex-Chequer (Treasurer), Scribe, and Keeper of the Scroll (Historian). Each chapter has a faculty member from their college serving as a Sponsor for the club.

But let's return to our eight Yellow Pages. CBC was conducting induction ceremonies for these students. They had many reasons for coming, but only one purpose: to reach boys. The two Nigerians, Mishael Ogobah and John Ikoni were planning upon starting Royal Rangers in their homeland. James G. Weddle, the deaf student, wants to start a program for deaf boys. All the pages were wanting to be a part of the Ranger outreach.

Chapter Regent Paul Price invoked an oath of silence upon them. They were blindfolded and led away. After the tests were over and the blindfolds were removed, all agreed that it was worth it.

National Commander Johnnie Barnes attended the ceremonies, conducting the Knightings.

After cookies, candy bars and orange drink, the new knights prepared to end their "Night of Knights." However, they did take time to give former Regent Dave Franklin an "engagement party," which consisted mostly of a "snow bath."

Was it worth it? Was all the hassle, all the test, all the "craziness" really worth it? Well, in the first two months of 1978, four boys were led to Jesus Christ by Chi Omega Rho members. Who knows how many boys will be influenced by members of Chi Omega Rho? It was worth it.



The new knights silently prepare to journey down the "aisle" of torches and be knighted.

To become a knight in Chi Omega Rho, a student must be enrolled in one of the Assembly of God colleges (minimum requirement is two college hours enrollment) and either be active in an outpost in the area, or be willing to work in one. The chapter will help him find an outpost if he does not know of any.

If you are a student enrolled in one of our colleges, and would like to start a Chi Omega Rho chapter, contact the National Royal Rangers Office, 1445 Boonville Ave., Springfield, MO 65802.

You will need a faculty sponsor for your chapter and secure the permission of your school's administration.

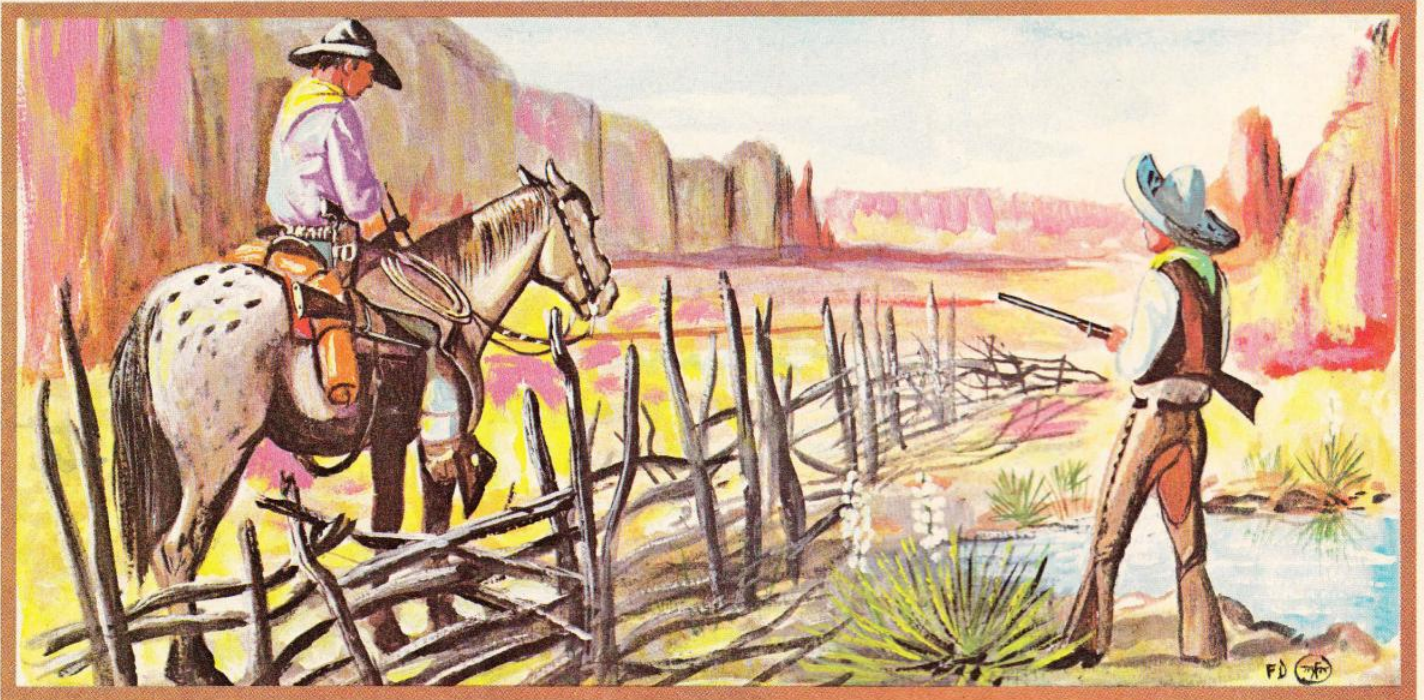
Chi Omega Rho patches are available from the Gospel Publishing House. A handbook membership card, and a constitution and bylaws are available from the National Office.

Maybe Commander Barnes knighted a future district or national leader that night. Only time will tell. But it is possible. In fact, just about anything was possible in that Night of Knights.



When Young Eagles CRY

BY GROVER BRINKMAN



Johnny Conchez sat on an escarpment above the trickling spring, watching the empty land. Perhaps it was the ancient rifle across his knees that made him look older than his fourteen years. Now a dust cloud sprang up at the horizon, and his slim face sobered even more as he watched the slow movement of the dust. It could mean trouble.

The range was bone-dry, parched, badly needing a rain that did not come. Below his perch, surrounded by an Indian stick fence, was the small pond that in normal season was full of water that channeled down from the cliffwall. But today the pond was nearly dry.

Under his dusty sombrero, Johnny's black eyes and high cheekbones attested to his Navajo ancestry.

"That dust cloud might be cattle on the move," Johnny said to the emptiness. "Or it could be Mr. Henderson and Miguel."

He fervently hoped it was the latter. It had been a lonely vigil, guarding the precious water inside the chaparral fence.

"Merely sit tight," Mr. Henderson had instructed. "We'll be back for the lambs as soon as we get the older sheep to railhead."

"It is a dry trail," Johnny said. "Many of the old ewes will die."

"I know. But we'll lose even more if we keep them in the basin. We've never had a drought like this, Johnny."

"That is what my father says—"

"Your father has been a herder for a long time. His judgment should be respected."

Johnny's eyes brightened; he loved his father very much.

Henderson's eyes swung back to the range. "There's a tiny, hidden valley to the left of the Callao Peaks, Johnny. There is grass and water there. But Barry Moss has the grazing rights tied up this summer, and I suppose he needs it as bad as we do. If we had that valley, we could save the sheep—"

But they didn't have the valley. So his boss would take the older sheep to the railhead and sell them, then come back for the lambs—if the water in the pond lasted.

"We'll be back in two days, Johnny. Keep the gate closed and guard that water—"

Johnny nodded.

Mr. Henderson's right hand descended to his shoulder, his smile tight. "I'm glad I have someone I can trust—"

The two days had passed, but Henderson had not returned. Johnny remained at the spring, eyes sharp on the desert. The merciless sun kept beating down. If only it would rain!

Before dusk, he rounded up the lambs, allowed them to drink sparingly, then literally pushed them, one by one, from the corral, relocking the gate.

"Why doesn't it rain?" Johnny asked the starlit sky as he munched his simple meal. "Why do the sheep have to die because there is no water?"

Back on the reservation, before he hired out to Mr. Henderson, Johnny remembered his mother's words, as she related the legends of his forefathers. This was the seventh year of the yellow moon; it meant trouble. The Navajos called it Woz-c'ind, the time when young eagles cry. Now the lambs were crying for water. They were young eagles. He was a young eagle as well.

Johnny shaded his eyes with his hand now, shifted his position on the rock, watching the mushrooming dust cloud. Finally he could distinguish men on horses, a herd of cattle.

He circled the corral now, checked the lock on the gate. It was a good lock. The fence was tight.

Mr. Henderson had ordered him to guard the water, which meant the life or death of the flock. He had given him the rifle and a box of cartridges.

"But does he expect me to shoot anyone who tries to break the lock?" Johnny asked. It was a momentous question.

Now a rider detached himself from the herd, spurred his horse. He rode a gray horse, he noticed, and carried a gun. He noted as well a carbine on his horse.

The rider pulled up momentarily, eyes on the pond. Then he swung to face Johnny.

"Hi, fellow!"

"Hello!" Johnny said.

"Those sheep over there belong to you?"

"Belong to my boss."

"You're lucky, kid. You get real water."

Johnny kept his silence, eyes sharp on the rider.

"We could use some of that water," the rider said, spurred his horse closer.

Johnny shifted his position on the outcropping. "It is all the water we have. Without it the sheep will die."

"Sheep! That's a bad word, fellow!"

Again Johnny kept his silence.

"Now what would you do," the man challenged, "if I shot the lock off your gate and opened the way for our cattle?"

Johnny's thin face sobered even more. "I would try to stop you."

The rider snickered. "You mean that gun actually shoots?"

"It is a very good gun——"

The rider's face changed, hardened. "You got yourself a big job, fellow. But you're the boss. 'Spect I'll ride back and tell Mr. Moss we can't have a drink!"

"You do that!"

He watched the rider gallop off. Johnny realized that his hands were trembling. He set the rifle against the rock, wiped his brow. Instinctively, his eyes swept the heavens. But there wasn't a cloud in sight.

Trouble built in Johnny's eyes. He realized a huge problem had been dumped into his lap, and there seemed no solution. He was a single boy, guarding a spring of precious water. Soon he would meet other men who wanted that spring pond very badly.

What did one do in a situation like this?

Would he be compelled to shoot a human being?

Johnny looked again at the dust cloud. The first rider had rejoined the others. Now he saw a second rider break away, come forward at a gallop.

He was one boy, against determined men. In the Bible, David had killed a giant with a slingshot. But this was different. He had promised Mr. Henderson to guard the pond. They needed every drop of that water——

"But I can't kill a man!" Johnny said through tight lips. "I'll shoot high, try to frighten them away——"

He saw a familiar face now as the new rider came up. Mr. Moss, who had the grazing rights to the hidden valley!

"Hello Johnny!" the cattleman said. He was smiling, and the smile seemed sincere. But his face had a granite hardness about it as well.

"Hello, Mr. Moss!" Johnny said.

The rancher pulled his horse closer to the outcropping. "Johnny, my herd is dying for water. We need your pond——"

Johnny was long in answering. "Mr. Moss, our lambs also need the pond. Mr.

Henderson took the older sheep to Wachita, the railhead. As soon as he returns, we'll let the lambs drink, then start out——"

"You mean, no water for my cattle——"

"I am sorry. But that is the way it is."

"Henderson gave you a difficult job, Johnny!"

"I realize that, Mr. Moss."

"Do you think a lone boy can stop my herd, Johnny?"

Johnny shrugged. "I must try——"

"What if I dismount and unlatch the gate?"

Johnny felt his hands trembling. His lips were tight, but his voice came firmly: "Don't force me to shoot you, Mr. Moss!"

The rancher laughed, but it was far from carefree. "You wouldn't do that, Johnny. We're old friends——"

"Mr. Moss, please——"

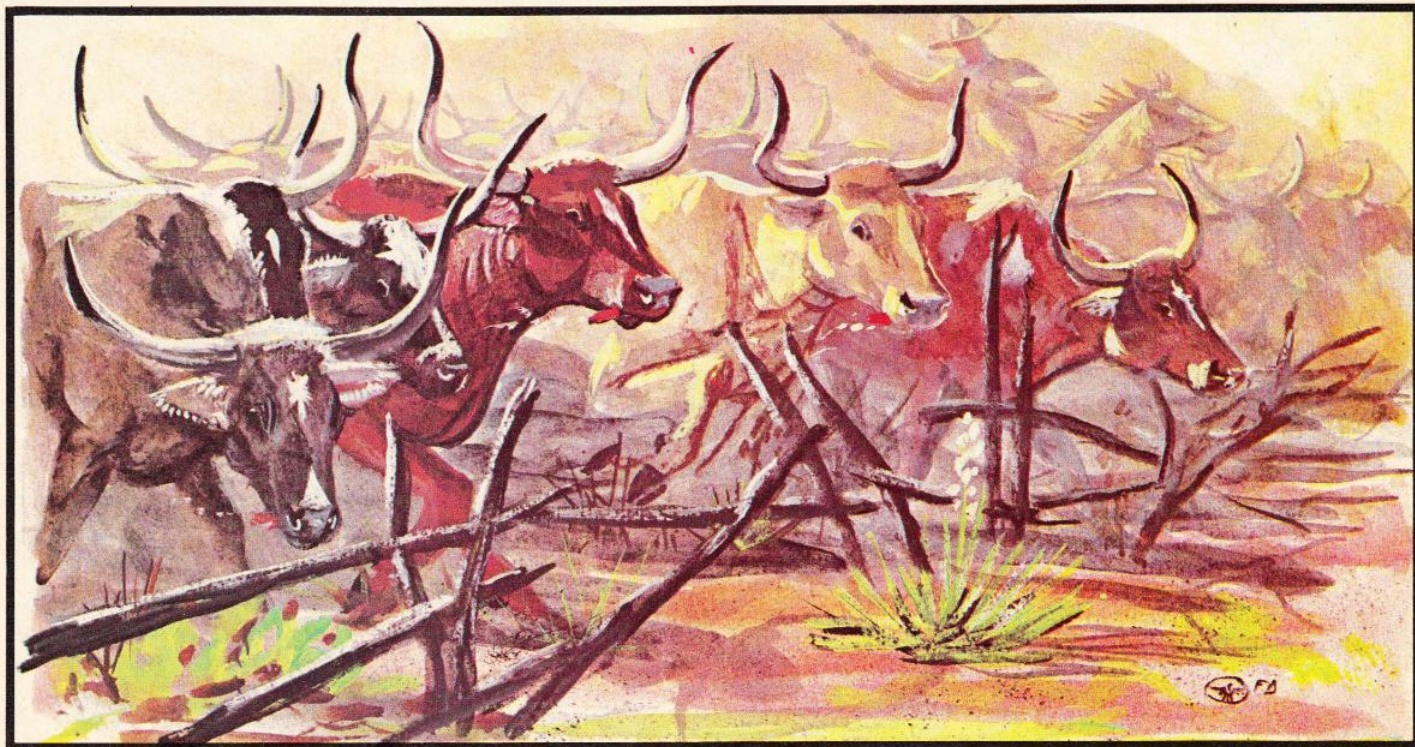
The rancher swung down from his horse, approached the gate. Johnny's hands were trembling more than ever now, yet he raised the ancient rifle, aimed, fired.

The bullet chipped wood, inches from Mr. Moss' head. The rancher quickly stepped back, faced the boy on the rock ledge, surprise on his wind-whipped face.

"Please," Johnny entreated, "don't make me shoot you, Mr. Moss!"

The cattleman stood there, frozen. But he didn't try to open the gate. He was watching Johnny's face, and suddenly a hard smile broke his lips. He mounted, rode to the rock ledge, then leaped up to Johnny's side.

"You're a good, faithful boy, Johnny!" he said, "and I want to tell you something right now, before the herd gets



here. You've tried hard to save the pond. For that you have my respect. I shall tell your boss how brave you are—"

"I gave him my promise—"

"That you did." Suddenly Mr. Moss' right hand was on his shoulder. "But Johnny, nature is far bigger than both of us now. Look at the herd!"

Johnny lifted his gaze. He saw hundreds of frenzied cattle forging forward. Nothing could change the direction of the herd at this moment. They smelled water, and they stampeded toward the pond.

Mr. Moss shouted in his ear. "No one can stop them now, Johnny. Not me, my riders, or even you! You tried, but this is out of our hands—"

Johnny's eyes were sick as he watched the cattle stampede into the fence.

"You are right," he admitted. "No one can stop them now!"

The forerunners of the herd were pushing against the fence now. There was a splintering of wood, and suddenly the fence was down, and cows were wading into the pond.

"Johnny, you tried so hard!" Mr. Moss shouted at him. "I'm sorry this happened, but no one could stop it—"

Mr. Moss shoved some kind of paper into his hand, shouting words he didn't understand. Moments later the herd was gone as well. The pond was nothing but a mud puddle.

Johnny was so engrossed that for a moment he could not decipher the writing on the paper. He turned away from the dust. Then he saw the words clearly and suddenly tears were in his eyes. He scrambled off the rock, to round up the lambs.

The sun was setting. Possibly, if he drove the lambs slowly, through the night—"

Mr. Henderson and Miguel found him, two days later, on the far side of the Callao Sinks, in the hidden valley, where there was still a bit of grass and water—not enough, perhaps for a herd of cattle, but enough for a small flock of Spring lambs.

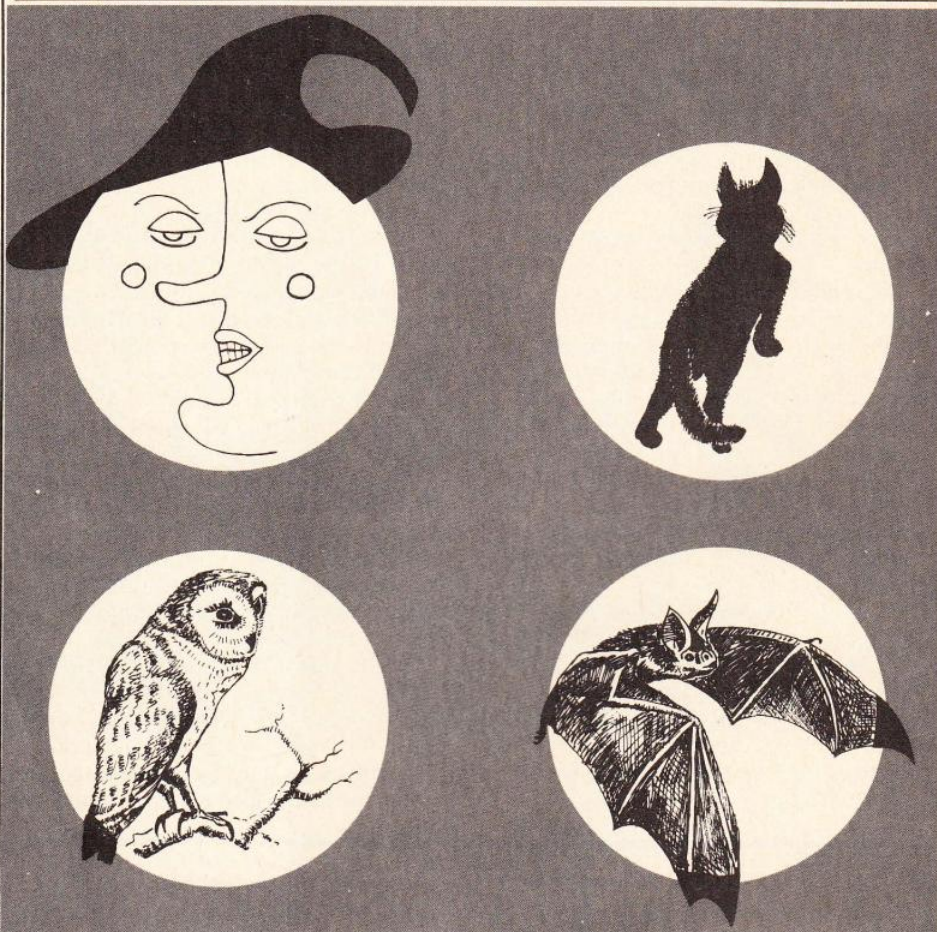
Johnny started to explain, but his boss' hand on his shoulder stopped him. Mr. Henderson's eyes were smiling, thankful.

"I know everything," he was saying. "I met Moss, coming back from Wachita. He assured me how brave you were, how you tried to stop him, but the cattle smelled water, tore down the fence. The water saved his cattle, Johnny, so he gave you the grazing rights to the little shut-in valley, to save our sheep."

Johnny was too happy to answer. ★

how halloween animals sleep

BY Evelyn Witter



When the sun comes up most animals wake up. But some animals like the owl, the bat, and the cat think about going to sleep. Maybe that's why they are thought about as Halloween animals. They like to wake up at night!

The owl wakes up when the sun goes down and night begins to darken the sky. He moves slowly along in the air.

His eyes, big and round, can see especially well at night. The owl looks for mice and other small animals. He likes them for a tasty meal.

When daylight comes the owl glides back to his tree, his body close to the trunk, so no one can see him. His lids close over his eyes and he goes to sleep.

The bat stays awake at night looking for food. He likes to eat moths and other insects. All night he flies around and around. Sometimes he dives to catch an insect.

When the sun comes up the bat looks for branches to hang from. When he

finds just the right-sized branch he hangs upside down on it. He curls his claws around the branch and gets a strong grasp before he drops to his peculiar upside down position. He doesn't get dizzy in his upside down position. For a bat this position is the best way for him to sleep!

The cat takes many "cat naps" throughout the day. He sleeps in many positions. Sometimes a cat sleeps on one side and then on another. Sometimes he rolls himself into a ball before he goes to sleep. He may sleep in his own bed or on a chair. A cat sleeps wherever he pleases.

A cat likes to take walks at night. He sees very well at night.

Because the owl, the bat, and the cat like to be awake at night many night stories are written about them. The owl, the bat, and the cat can be found in almost all Halloween stories. ★

Here is an unusual person, a stranger belonging to another world.

His father is the King of the Universe—good, kind, loving, faithful.

His most vicious enemy is the prince of the world in which he now lives—evil, malevolent, vindictive, conniving.

A battle rages between the King of the Universe and the prince of the Planet Earth. The conflict frequently involves this unusual person's heart.

At one time this person was a citizen of the Planet Earth, completely under the dominion of its prince. Then one day he learned a strange thing. He learned that the King of the Universe had sent His own Son down to the Planet Earth to become a human like himself. This had been done for the express purpose of delivering inhabitants of this planet from the dominion of its evil prince and from sharing in his doom.

Something even stranger! The Almighty King had allowed a diabolical plot of the evil prince to succeed in getting rid of the King's Son! And although the King's Son could have called to His Father for 12 legions of angels to deliver Him, He went willingly to the most horrible death ever devised by the inhabitants of this planet. Three days later He had been resurrected bodily by the Father.

The reason given for this sacrifice (for that is what it was) was that the Father and the Son loved the inhabitants of the Planet Earth very much. In fact, they loved them so much that they wanted to save the humans from spending eternity in the terrible lake of fire which had been made for the future disposal of the evil prince and his minions. The King had long before devised a beautiful plan whereby He and His Son would rescue from sin and destruction as many as would turn to them for help and commit their lives to them. So, the King had sent His Son to give His life and blood in payment for the sins of whosoever would receive Him as Saviour and Lord.

As the human had heard this beautiful and true story, he found to his surprise that tears rolled down his cheeks. How could anyone love him so much? He had done so many wrong things (he suddenly realized). He was so unworthy. Yet, that good, holy King and His pure, sinless Son had loved *him* with a love beyond description! It broke his heart.

"O, great King, I'm sorry for the way I broke Your law!" the human cried. "Forgive me! I throw myself on Your mercy: I receive Your Son as my Saviour and Lord!"

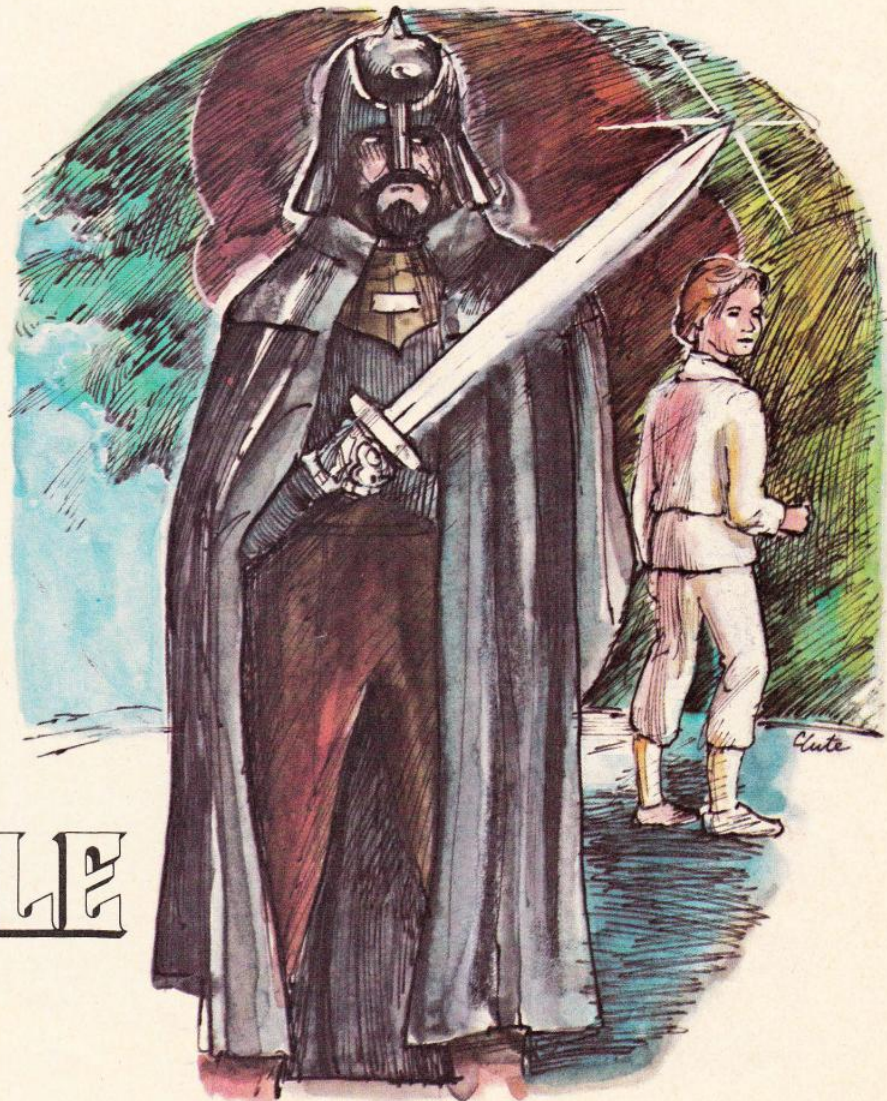
In that very moment some amazing things happened. The Holy Spirit of the King came to the human (Eph. 1:13, 14). He was instantly transformed into a new creature (2 Cor. 5:17), a child and heir of the King of the Universe (Rom. 8:16, 17), a child of light (1 Thess. 5:5), a stranger and pilgrim in this world (Heb. 11:13), a priest and ambassador for the King (1 Peter 2:9) and a saint (Phil. 1:1) with a strong desire to live for his Lord.

The direction in which he had been heading was completely reversed. Things he loved before now became abhorrent to him. Things that had bored him before now became exciting. And suddenly he had a tremendous reason for living! Suddenly, he had peace where there had been no peace, and joy where there had been no joy. Truly, he was an unusual person in this world, so different from the average citizen. Oh he wanted to tell everyone this good news that had changed his life.

But now the battle began in earnest. For while the new creature now had the Spirit of his King dwelling in his heart, he still lived in the body of flesh in which he had been born. It was a decaying house full of its own desires; desires that rose up to tempt the new creature whenever his thinking took one step in the wrong direction (Gal. 5:17, 24, 25).

The prince of this world and his followers kept a watchful eye on this new servant of the King of the Universe. This human could cause much havoc to the prince's program; he could lead many out of the dominion of the prince and into allegiance to the King. So the prince lay in wait like a lion (1 Peter 5:8) watching, planting evil thoughts and sending his own human servants to tempt the new creature.

One day the new creature became bogged down with his own concerns. He forgot to read the Good Book of instructions and encouragements he had been given by his King. He forgot that the King's Son had warned, "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation" (Matt. 26:41). He forgot to communicate with his King.



THE BATTLE

BY MURIEL LARSEN

He stumbled and fell. He listened to the whisper of the prince of this world in his mind. He obeyed a desire that arose in his flesh. Perhaps it was a gross, obvious thing, or perhaps just an insidious thing like envy or thinking evil thoughts or harboring a grudge.

After this he felt miserable and cranky frequently, and he took it out on other humans with whom he came into contact. He began slipping more and more into old ways. He didn't realize that he had been tricked by the enemy. And when the Spirit of the Great King spoke in his heart, he drowned out the sound with chatter, stereo music, TV—any noise available. For he wanted to do what he wanted to do.

Before this had happened, the other creatures on this planet had been able to see a definite resemblance in this new creature to his new Father, the King. They had seen a light in his face, a lift in his step and a love for other humans that surpassed understanding! They had seen something in this human's life that they themselves yearned for.

Now it was gone. Now this human looked like the natural citizens of the

Planet Earth—worried, fearful, self-centered, prideful.

He stumbled along blindly. He had lost the desire to read the Good Book. Subconsciously, he feared it might tell him something from the King that he didn't want to hear. He also stopped communicating with the King, except in a perfunctory manner. His words were just words, automatic, learned by rote, meaningless. They were a good front.

Sometimes he couldn't avoid hearing something that told him, "Get right. . . . Get right. . . . Get right with your king." But after that first misstep in the wrong direction, he had somehow continued on that path. Twin hooks led him by the nose like an ox to the slaughter—the hook of his flesh and the hook of the evil prince of this world.


Other pilgrims on the Planet Earth, friends of the human, discerned what had happened to him. They began calling on their King daily in behalf of their brother. "Help him, dear King," they cried. "Help him, we pray in Your Son's name! Bring forces to bear to catch his attention. Then he will look up and see that the wall of sin between You and

him and apply Your Son's sacrifice to dissolve it!"

According to the rules of warfare, these petitions from the King's children on behalf of their straying brother released the power of the King in the human's life. One day the human came to himself. "What am I doing in this pigpen, starving?" he asked himself. "Why, I am a child of the King! I shouldn't be living like this! What a fool I've been! I'm going back to my Father and fall before Him and ask His forgiveness!"

So the human ran eagerly back to his King, crying all the way. As he ran, the wall that had been between himself and his Father fell down. Suddenly he saw his Father standing there with outstretched arms, waiting for him.

"My child," cried the King, "my child! Welcome home!"

Oh, how good it was to be in the King's arms once more, forgiven, feeling loved and full of peace and joy. Never would he let anything come between him and his Father again! 



BY RICHARD PARKER

tow
 buffle
 bird
 bob
 wax
 pie
 a

yellow
long
eye
catcher
golden
night

throat
head
will
dee
hatch
king
o
back

sand
blue
piper
canvas
nut
wing
red
mag

link
fly
fisher
start
chick
poor
lark

whip
pool
meadow
hee
hawk
red
spur

ANSWERS ON PAGE 15

BY BOB FOX

Pictured on this page are some of the new signs you might see if you and your family travel on our nation's highways this spring and summer. Even though these signs have no words, they are easy to read. Study them carefully, then write the correct numbers in the answer boxes below.

- A. STEEP HILL
- B. NO BICYCLES
- C. SCHOOL AHEAD
- D. SIGNAL AHEAD
- E. NO U-TURN
- F. NO RIGHT TURN
- G. KEEP RIGHT
- H. MERGING TRAFFIC
- I. NO REFUSE
- J. FALLING ROCKS
- K. BIKE CROSSING
- L. CURVE AHEAD
- M. SLIPPERY WHEN WET



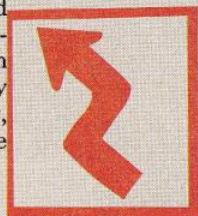
1



6



11



2



4



9



12



7



1



3



5



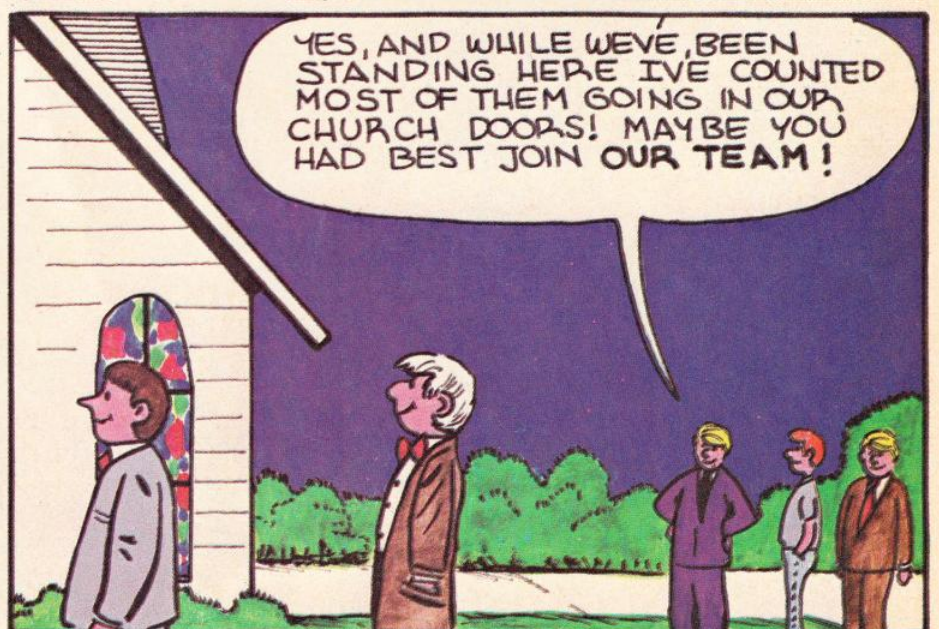
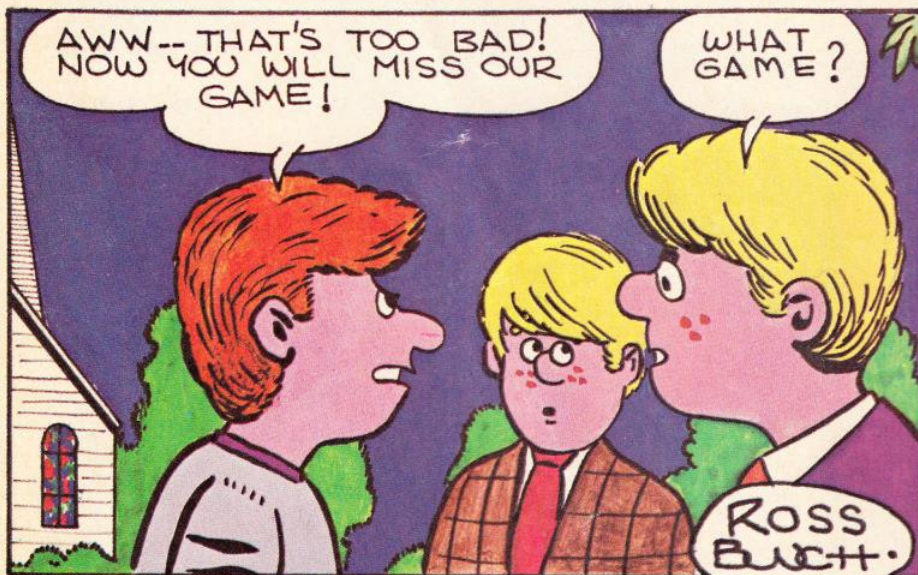
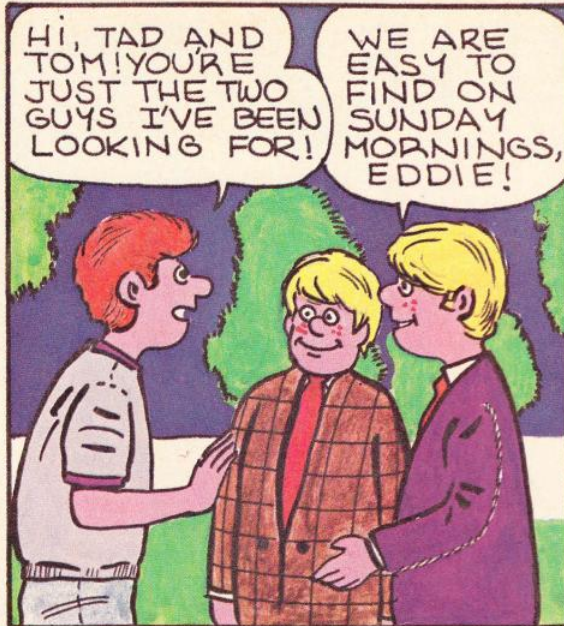
8

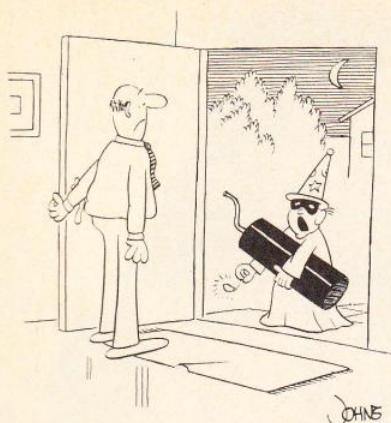


13

(Answers: A-10; B-12; C-8; D-7; E-13; F-1; G-11; H-6; I-3; J-4; K-5; L-2; M-9)

THE TURNER TWINS





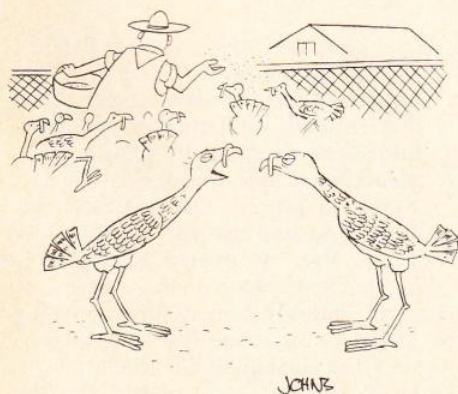
"TRICK OR TREAT, MISTER?"

Answers to Bowl Games

1. H
2. K
3. I
4. D
5. J
6. F
7. C
8. A
9. B
10. G
11. E

Answers to BIRD PUZZLE

- | | |
|-----------------|----------------|
| 1. Whippoorwill | 11. Waxwing |
| 2. Meadowlark | 12. Goldeneye |
| 3. Nighthawk | 13. Nuthatch |
| 4. Longspur | 14. Chickadee |
| 5. Bluebird | 15. Magpie |
| 6. Yellowthroat | 16. Sandpiper |
| 7. Redstart | 17. Bufflehead |
| 8. Bobolink | 18. Canvasback |
| 9. Flycatcher | 19. Towhee |
| 10. Kingfisher | 20. Redpoll |



"WHATEVER HAPPENED TO 'FATSO'?"

Jokes in this issue provided by Henry Leabo, Jamestown, CA

A foreign visitor to Yankee Stadium, unable to understand the game of baseball, left as the scoreboard read:

1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

When asked by a kid outside the gate, "What's the score?" the man shrugged, "Oh, it's up in the millions."

"Open wide," demanded the dentist as he began his examination of a new patient. "Good grief!" he said, "You've got the biggest cavity I've ever seen—the biggest cavity I've ever seen!"

"You didn't have to repeat it," snapped the patient.

"I didn't," said the dentist. "That was the echo!"



"DID YOU HEAR ABOUT JIM'S CLOSE CALL LAST YEAR?"

A customer in a flower shop kept buying roses, eating the blossoms, and throwing away the stems.

"What's wrong with him?" the salesman asked the man's friend,

"He's crazy, all right," the friend said, "everybody knows the stems are the best part."

One day at a major-league training camp the coach called in one of his rookies.

"Remember all those batting tips, double-play pivots, and base-running hints I gave you?"

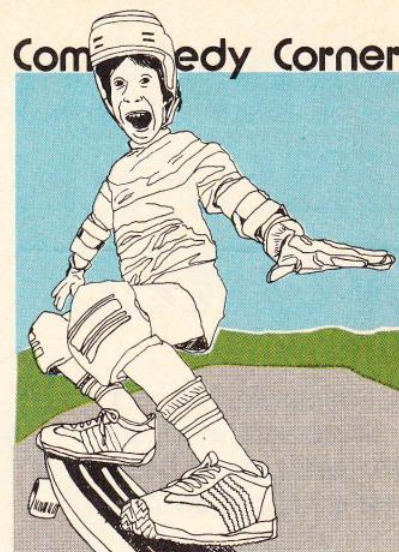
"I sure do," replied the player.

"Well, forget 'em," the coach advised. "We just traded you."

Scientist: "I've just made a wonderful discovery—how to make wool out of milk."

Friend: "That's great, but it must make the cow feel a little sheepish."

Comedy Corner



Two fishermen sitting on a bridge, their lines in the water, made a bet as to which would catch the first fish. One got a bite and got so excited that he fell off the bridge.

"Oh, well," said the other, "if you're going to dive for them the bet's off!"

Two goats wandered into an alley behind a movie theater looking for dinner. They found a can of film which one of them ate.

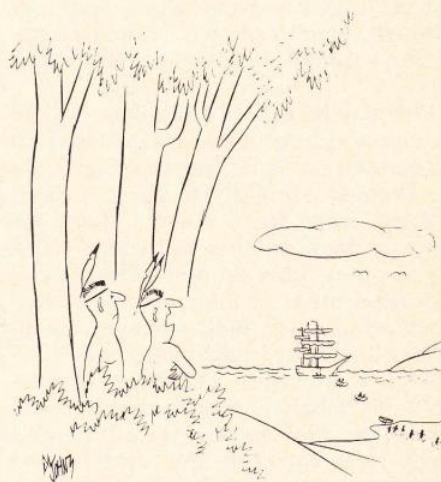
"How was it?" asked the first goat.

"All right," said the other goat, "but the book was better."

Panting and sweating, two men on a tandem bicycle finally got to the top of a steep hill.

"That was a stiff climb," said the first man.

"It certainly was," replied the second man, "and if I hadn't kept the brakes on, we would have slid down backwards."



"AW, LET 'EM STAY... WHAT POSSIBLE HARM CAN THEY DO?"

UNSEEN WORLD

Leeuwenhoek discovers a microscopic world alive with thousands of God's most unnoticed creations

By Muriel Larsen

Three hundred years ago a Dutchman named Antony Leeuwenhoek discovered a strange new world. A thousand kinds of little living creatures lived in this world. Some were ferocious and deadly, and others were friendly and useful. Their effect on mankind is profound.

Although Leeuwenhoek was a storekeeper and a janitor at the city hall of Delft, and was considered an unlearned man, he had a strange passionate interest. He loved to grind lenses and peer through them to see what he could see of those things not visible to the naked eye.

One day he turned a fine lens he had made on a drop of water he took from an earthen pot in his garden. Suddenly he shouted excitedly to his daughter, "Maria, come here! Hurry! There are little animals in this rainwater—they swim—they play around! They are a thousand times smaller than any creatures we can see with our eyes alone! Look—see what I have discovered!"

Thus this curious Dutchman discovered the fantastic world of subvisible creatures that have existed in and with man through the centuries—microbes, viruses, bacteria that have some influence in the scheme of things in this world.

When Leeuwenhoek examined some white stuff he scraped off his teeth, he saw an unbelievably tiny creature

leaping about in the water of his tube "like the fish called a pike." Another kind of creature swam forward a little way, then whirled about suddenly, then tumbled over itself in pretty somersaults. Some moved sluggishly, others moved quickly. The creatures came in all different shapes.

Imagine discovering such a strange world of tiny intricate beings living in your mouth, your rainwater, in and on practically everything! We know now that many of these little creatures have a definite purpose. As we consider the variety of detail and purposes seen in them, we can't help but stand in awe of our Creator who made them. The Bible says:

Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains

in scales, and the hills in a balance? . . . Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: he calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power; not one faileth . . . Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of his understanding (Isaiah 40:23, 26, 28).

Yes, even as God created the universe, even as He created us, so He created those tiny creatures we can't even see! He knew they were there all the time, and they were doing a work for which He had designed them. So He has a purpose for each one of us.

