

High Adventure

FALL 1981

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS



FRED DENVER
©81

**THE DAY OF THE KILLER
ROYAL RANGERS BASEBALL TEAM
COLOR BLIND
RANGERS IN PARADISE**

High Adventure

FALL 1981

SOMETHING ABOUT OUR COVER ART:

MIRACLE OF FLIGHT

by Fred Deaver

Since man first observed the flight of an eagle, he has dreamed of flying. Many did more than dream, they attached make-shift wings to their bodies and leaped into the air; only to fall on their faces.

Flight was a mystery to men for ages. About 80 years ago the Wright brothers unlocked this mystery at Kitty Hawk. They learned from studying the flight of birds.

However, we know that flight was no mystery to God, for He is the creator of all things.

Look into the sky and see the flight of ducks and geese. They have been flying for as long as the creator made them.

In the cover painting, a commander is explaining the mechanics of flight to two Air Rangers. The remote control airplane is a French spad. The red, blue, and white cocoides are markings used by the USA in World War I. The hat and ring on the plane identifies it as the 94th Aero Squadron; flown by the famous flying ace—Eddie Rickenbacker.



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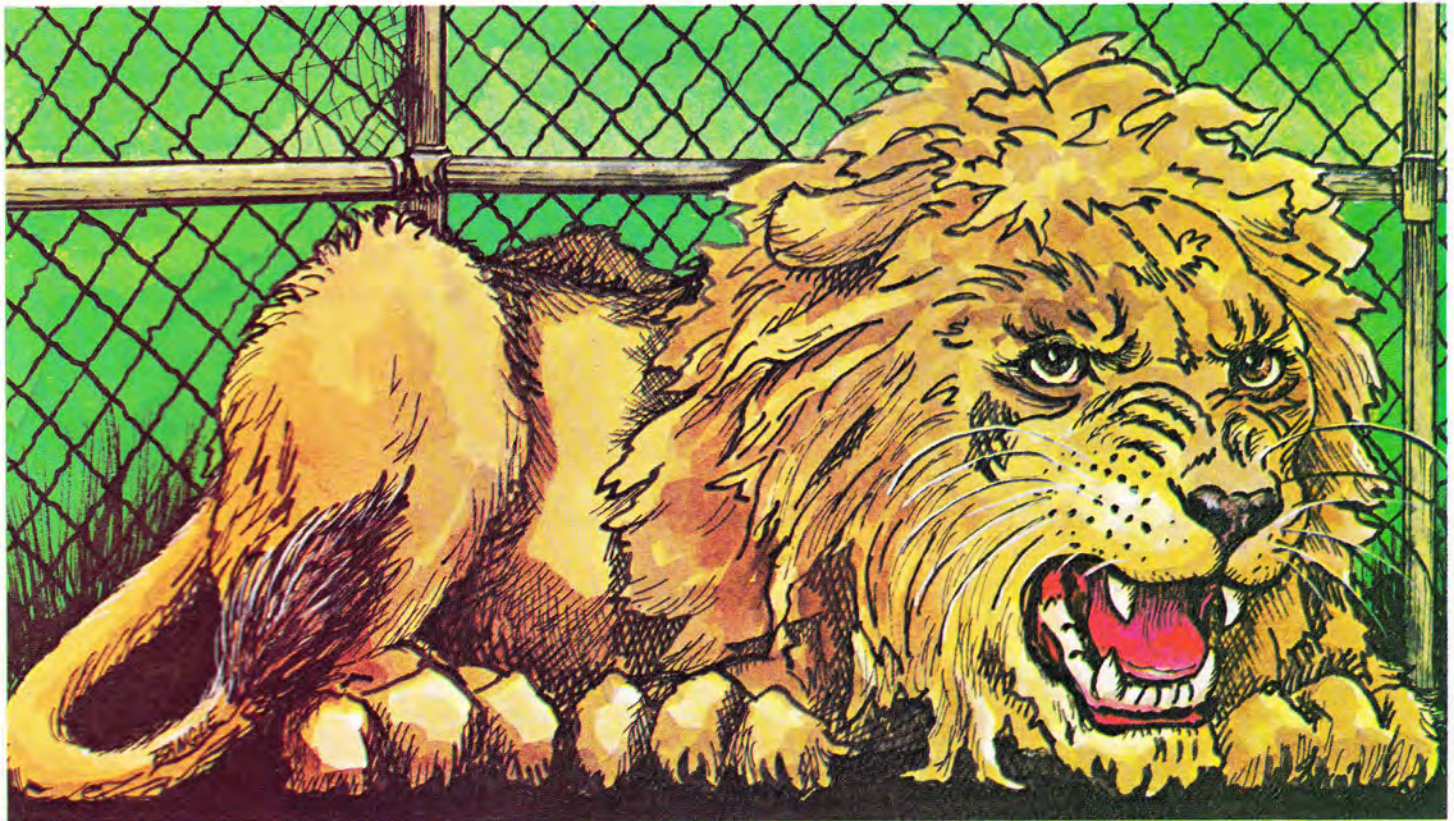
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HIGH ADVENTURE STAFF:
Editor: Johnnie Barnes, Layout Editor: Dave Barnes,
Assoc. Editor: John Eller.

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BY ERIC CAMERON

The Day of the Killer

“Nero the lion was a sorry-looking animal to have the title King of Beasts. His long, tangled mane was filthy and flies buzzed around him. When his great golden eyes met mine for the first time, I tingled from the top of my head to the soles of my feet.”

When I was small my family moved to a little town called Bellington. On the outskirts of the town there was a tumbledown garage and beside it a zoo. It was not the kind of zoo you find in towns and cities today. It was very small and enclosed by a rusty, corrugated iron fence. The fence had been decorated with paintings of animals: monkeys swinging on vines; clumsy lions and tigers snarling at each other; birds in a jungle of trees and vines. The rusty fence looked as if it were being eaten away by a terrible tropical disease. It was an ugly-looking zoo, but my brother, Tommy, and I both wanted to see what was inside it.

We pestered Dad till he took us to the zoo, which wasn't far from our house. Mr. Willis, the garageman who owned the zoo, was a tall, gangling man

who looked like a giraffe in overalls. He took our thirty cents admission and let us in.

Nero the lion was a sorry-looking animal to have the title King of Beasts. His long, tangled mane was filthy and flies buzzed around him. He looked over our heads as if he thought that outside the iron fence was the tall grass he had grown up in. When his great golden eyes met mine for the first time, I tingled from the top of my head to the soles of my feet.

“That sure is a moth-eaten specimen,” my father sighed.

Mr. Willis explained that the empty cage next to Nero's had been occupied by a tiger. The tiger died of pneumonia.

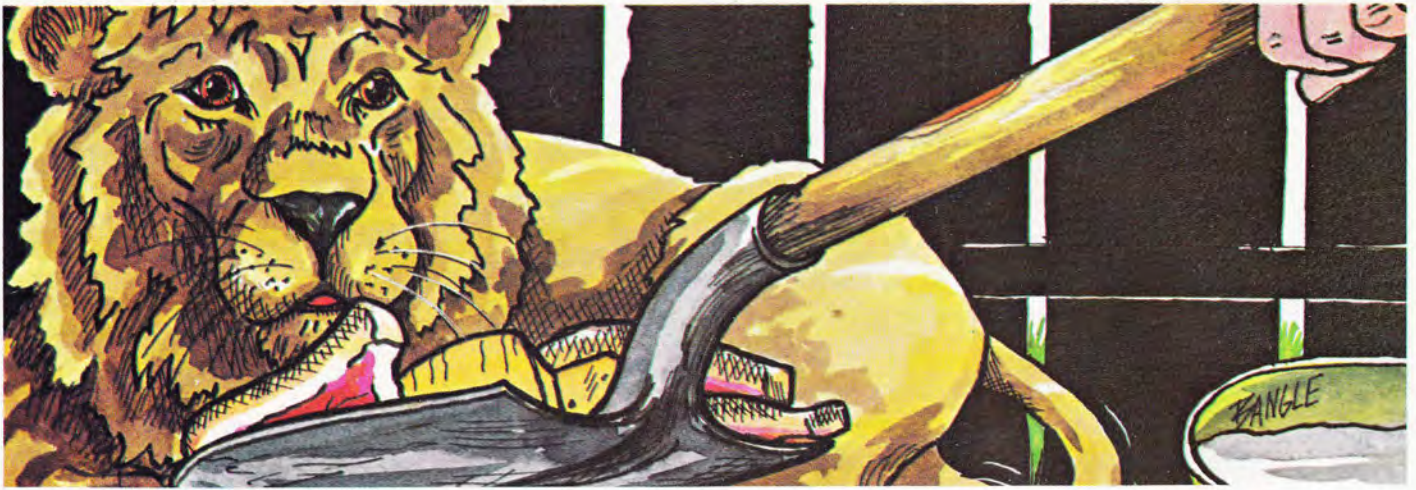
“Got 'em both from a small circus that went broke,” Mr. Willis told my father. “I always wanted to work for a circus but the missus wouldn't hear of it.”

We looked around the shabby zoo. A dusty black bear guzzled a bottle of pop. An old timber wolf lay in his cage with his head on his paws. His eyes followed Mr. Willis with a chilling look.

My father took Tommy and me to the little zoo every Sunday. Mr. Willis let us hose out the cages for him. The animals liked the spray of cool water. They always seemed to be waiting for us to arrive. Whenever Nero saw us coming he would growl softly and get ready to eat the scraps of meat and bones my mother had put aside during the week.

Our Sunday afternoon visits continued without a break through September. During the second week in October there was a sudden snowstorm. Tommy and I were enjoying a snowball fight

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“When I put the food about a foot from his paws, Nero drew a pork chop closer, sniffed it, then gulped it down with barely a crunch.”

when Dad returned from work. To our surprise he refused to join us and in spite of our protests, herded us into the kitchen.

“What is it, Don?” Mother asked when she saw his grim face.

“That lion from down the road is loose.”

“How on earth did it get away?”

“I suppose Willis forgot to lock the cage door when he went in to shovel out the snow. Anyhow, the brute’s escaped and the town is scared stiff. There’s talk of closing the school. But only till they shoot the lion,” he added.

“They can’t shoot Nero!” I objected. Dad said, “They’ve never had anything more dangerous around here than bears.”

“Couldn’t they trap it in a net?” I asked.

He shook his head. “The town council has been trying for years to close that smelly zoo, but it’s outside the town limits. And now the farmers are afraid for their livestock.”

“Are they looking for Nero tonight?” asked Tommy.

“Nobody around here is that brave!” Dad laughed.

“What’ll he eat?” I asked.

“Rabbits?” Mother suggested.

Dad looked doubtful. “He probably couldn’t catch ’em. And if he could, a rabbit or two would only make a mouthful for a lion. I reckon he’ll freeze to death if they don’t track him down first.”

“I suppose they’ll use dogs for that,” Mother said.

“No. The police said dogs might only make the brute mad with their yapping. The chief ordered all dogs tied up for

now. He claims they can track the lion in the fresh snow tomorrow.”

The next morning, enormous snowflakes were coming down so thickly we knew that Nero’s tracks must be covered.

“There’ll be no school for you today,” Dad stated at breakfast.

“But no playing, either,” Mother added firmly. “You’ll study just as if you were in class.”

Dad suggested that as we were going to be home all day, Tommy and I could bring in a supply of firewood from the shed at the end of the yard.

After Dad had trudged off to work in the swirling snow, Tommy and I shoveled snow off the back porch and steps and cleared a narrow path to the woodshed. The door was ajar because Dad had been planning for two months to repair the broken latch.

After the dazzle of snow the inside of the shed seemed like a gloomy cellar. When my eyes began to adjust to the dim light, I noticed what seemed to be a black, long-haired rat scurrying back and forth near a sack of potatoes lying on its side in the far corner. Tommy’s small hand closed on my arm. Suddenly the “sack of potatoes” became the shape of a lion. Nero, with his muzzle on his paws and his tail (the black rat!) twitching from side to side, appeared to be crouching ready to spring.

When the massive head lifted from the paws, Tommy gave a dry little gasp of terror, but was too petrified to move. The great jaws opened to display the glistening fangs and a huge red tongue. Then the woodshed shook from an explosive sneeze that stirred up a small dust storm on the dirt floor. Nero’s

head slumped down once more and his eyes narrowed to slits. He gave a long, moist sniff that sounded like the suction of our old washing machine draining the tub.

“What’re we gonna do?” Tommy quavered.

“He smelled our tracks out in the road and crept in here last night,” I replied. “He must be awfully hungry.”

Tommy gave a low, whimpering exclamation of fear.

“Don’t make a fuss,” I commanded uneasily. “If he was going to attack he’d have done it by now. He hasn’t even growled. But we’d better get him something to eat.”

Nero paid no attention as we backed slowly from the shed and gently closed the door. We knew if we told anyone it would be like killing Nero. The problem was to feed him before he became restless.

We sneaked into the pantry and snaffled four pork chops, a half loaf of bread, a slab of cheese, nine eggs, and a quart of milk.

The lion greeted our return with a twitch of his tail. His breathing was rasping and from deep in his chest came a rumbling sound like distant thunder rolling.

“He’s purring!” Tommy whispered.

Placing the pork chops and cheese on a shovel, I held it out before me. When I put the food about a foot from his paws, Nero drew a pork chop closer, sniffed it, then gulped it down with barely a crunch. The remaining food vanished just as quickly. But to place the bowl of milk before him I had to get much closer.

Whether it was a desire to be a hero



“When he entered the room, the door blew shut with a thud. Startled, Nero sprang to one side with a snarl.”

in the eyes of my younger brother, or in my own imagination, I reached out and patted Nero’s head. He was too busy slurping up milk to notice.

“What do we do now?” Tommy asked.

“Carry in some firewood like Dad said,” I replied, feeling rubbery at the knees.

We went to work. When the woodbox was full, Mother made us settle down to our schoolbooks. All we could do was hope that the lion wouldn’t roar.

Mr. Allen, a farmer who delivered milk, butter and eggs, made his morning call and warmed his hands over the stove while Mother fetched the empty bottles.

“It’s the strangest thing, Mr. Allen,” she said. “My memory must be failing, because last night I was sure I saw a quart of milk, at least two pounds of cheese and nearly a dozen eggs in the pantry. But they aren’t there now.”

“Be glad to get what you need from the truck,” he said, taking the empty bottles.

After Mr. Allen went out, Tommy and I kept our eyes on our books. When I glanced up I saw Mother staring into the yard with an expression of horror. Nero was sniffing along the path, following our scent to the back porch. Seconds later he was gazing curiously through the glass panes in the kitchen door as Mr. Allen’s truck roared away toward the town.

“Quick! Run upstairs!” Mother cried.

She dragged Tommy with her, but I waited to see what Nero might do next. When he stood up with his paws against the door for a better view, it swung open. When he entered the room, the door blew shut with a thud. Startled, Nero

sprang to one side with a snarl. The snarl gave him a rather unpleasant expression, so I stepped into the front hall, closed the door and slid the small bolt. I crouched and peered through the keyhole.

After exploring the kitchen, Nero flopped down with a sigh. As his tail swept slowly back and forth across the cracked linoleum, it sounded like a small broom, and from his chest came a wheezing noise.

It wasn’t very long before Mr. Allen’s truck screeched to a stop. Several armed men got out. Leading them was my father. Trailing them was Mr. Willis in his greasy overalls, and a battered bowler hat. One of the men was the Chief of Bellington’s five-man Police Department. A fat man with a tremendous belly, the Chief now brandished a revolver.

“Where’s the lion?” my father asked.

“Mr. Allen said he saw it in the yard.”

“It’s asleep in the kitchen,” I replied.

“It’s like I’ve been tryin’ to tell you,” Mr. Willis blurted to the astounded Police Chief. “Nero’s as harmless as a house cat. Just let me take him home and there won’t be no trouble.”

The Chief’s little blue eyes glittered like chips of ice.

He snarled, “It’s a public menace and I’ve ordered it destroyed!”

“What Mr. Willis says is true,” I said.

“We found the lion in our woodshed this morning. When we fed him he purred just like a cat.”

“I don’t care what you do with the lion, but our kitchen isn’t the place to do it in,” Dad told the Chief. “The house is drafty enough without bullet holes.”

Chief Greaves looked at the shivering garageman. “Willis, you lure that animal out into the open where we can shoot it.”

“Leave our lion alone!” I cried, fighting back tears.

“Say, you can have him, sonny,” Mr. Willis offered.

“Get that brute out of my house this minute,” Dad snapped.

“Don’t let ‘em shoot Nero!” I pleaded.

“You’ve said your say for today, young man,” he cautioned me.

Chief Greaves sent three men to the yard and ordered Mr. Willis to drive the lion out through the back door.

Jamming his old bowler hat more firmly on his head, Mr. Willis shambled into the house. Moments later, we heard his thumping footsteps coming back toward the front door.

“Stand aside!” the Chief barked, cocking his revolver.

As Mr. Willis stumbled over the mat and sprawled on the porch we expected to see the huge shape of the lion land on him.

“He—he’s dead! P-p-poor old Nero’s dead as a door-nail,” he gasped.

“Well, that settles that,” grunted the Chief.

“Are you sure the lion’s dead,” my father demanded.

“He’s d-d-dead, all right,” Mr. Willis replied. “Reckon he g-g-got pneumonia. Must’ve been on his last legs when he reached here. I figure he was headin’ back to his cage, anyhow. But those c-c-cats go mighty quick. Same with the tiger last winter.”

The weekly Bellington Bugle printed pictures of Nero and Tommy and me. According to the Bugle reporter, the lion was a ferocious, half-starved beast that had terrorized the neighborhood.

Of course, that’s not how Tommy and I remember Nero. After all, we were his best friends. ★

Royal Rangers Baseball Team Places Second in City.

Billings, Montana, is no different from any other city in America. As summer rolls around, boys begin to play baseball and sign up for teams. This year John Gibson, Royal Rangers commander of the Neighborhood Heights Assembly of God, formed a Royal Rangers baseball team. This outpost is new, only one year old. Many of the boys that played and signed up for the team had not attended Rangers before the season began.

With a rough start, but lots of practice and good ending, the Royal Rangers placed second in competition. The ages of the boys ranged between 9 and 11.

By Keith Elder

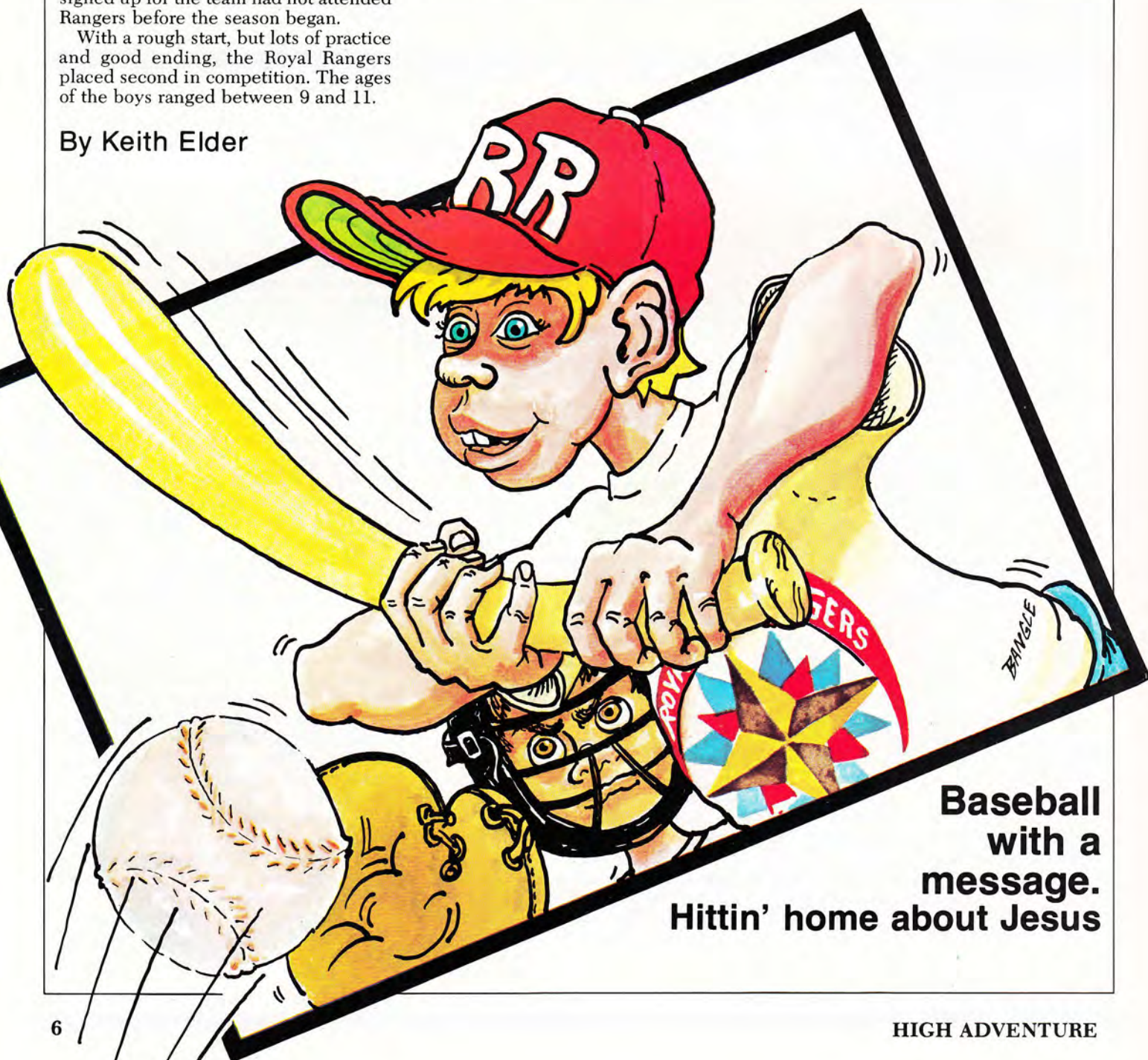
As I went to the games, I observed many parents were sitting in the stand. They often asked, "What is Royal Rangers?" or "Why did they choose the name Royal Rangers?" Time after time we were able to explain the Royal Rangers program and express our appreciation for it and the team.

Boys began to come to meetings on Royal Rangers night. Changes were made in some of their lives as boys who had never been a part of church before began to accept Jesus Christ.

A letter was sent at the end of the ball season to the parents and boys who were part of the team, letting them know that Royal Rangers was to begin again in the fall and there would be an open meeting for questions to be asked and answered.

The Neighborhood Heights Assembly of God Royal Rangers baseball team has become an outreach to both boys and parents of the area.

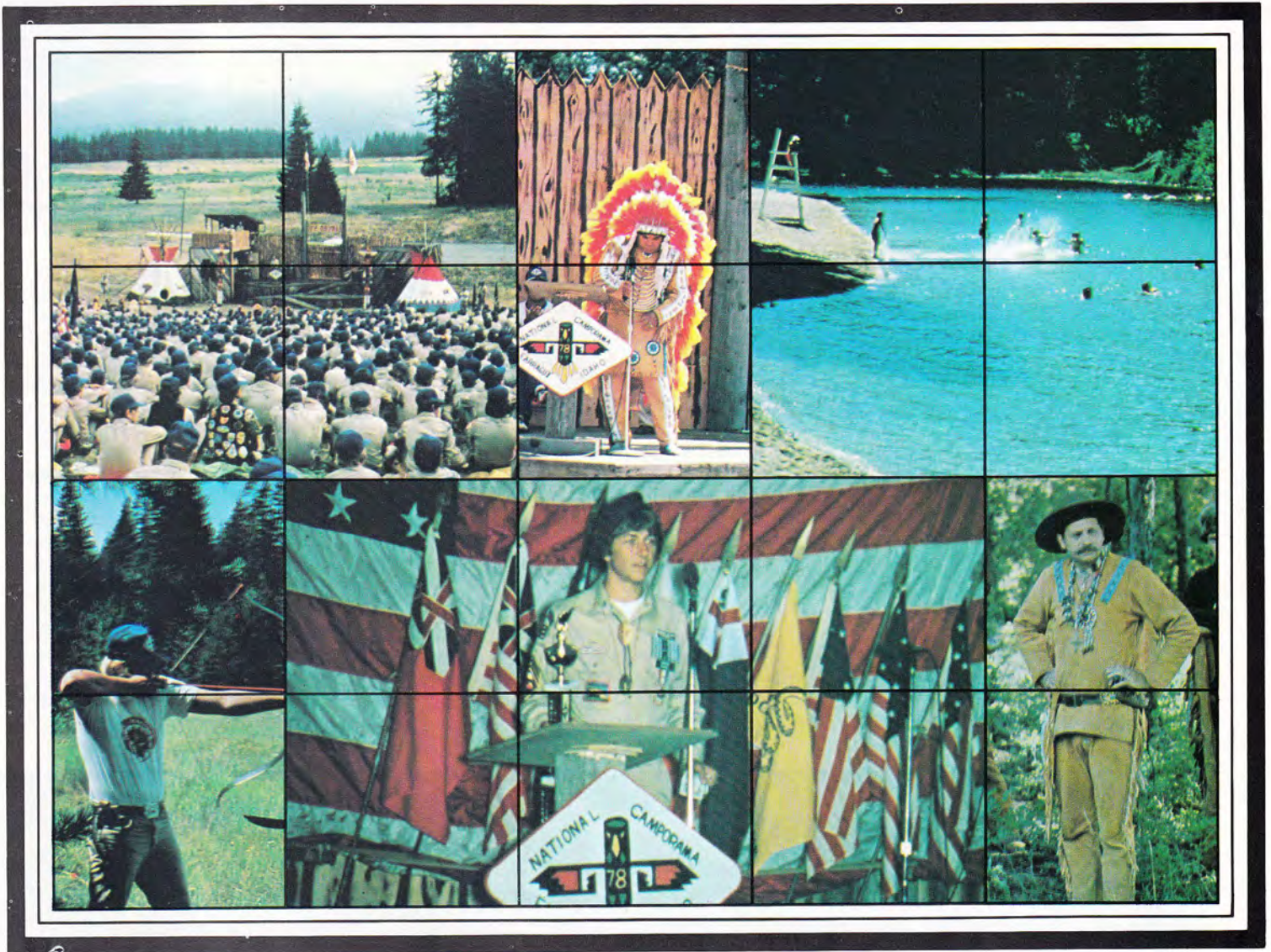
I praise the Lord for the vision of men to be with our boys. They are God's ministry to the youth. ★



**Baseball
with a
message.
Hittin' home about Jesus**

So, what's a National Camporama?

Why, it's just the biggest event in Royal Rangers history!



1982 National Camporama

Come meet Rangers from all across the nation. You'll participate in handicrafts, obstacle courses, archery, swimming and canoeing. There are inspirational evening programs with celebrities you won't want to miss. Don't forget the black powder demonstrations, a frontier village and tomahawk throwing. You'll have lots of opportunities to test your physical fitness and knowledge of Ranger camping skills. It's like nothing you've ever experienced! So, gather up your Royal Ranger buddies and plan on attending!

Fort Heritage
Charlotte, North Carolina
July 27-31

Color Blind Color Blind Color Blind Color Blind Color Blind Color Blind

"There's one of them now!" I heard a voice hiss. I glanced over my shoulder and saw a group of white boys descending on me—the same boys who seemed to be after me all week!"

BY ALAN CLIBURN



I didn't want to go to the sports night. Well, maybe part of me did—just a little bit—but most of me wanted to stay home and watch TV. I wasn't allowed to watch it if there was school the next day, so I looked forward to Friday.

"You can watch television tomorrow night," my father said. "It's important that you take part in school functions."

"You'll have a good time," my mother promised.

"And maybe you'll meet some girls!" my older brother added, grinning.

I blushed, but of course it didn't show. That's one thing about being black, nobody can tell if you blush or not, which is probably just as well.

Until this year, I hadn't thought too much about the differences between blacks and whites. I had grown up in an all-black neighborhood, attended an

all-black church, and went to all-black schools. That's just the way it was, so I accepted it.

Then along came the busing program in our school district, with a bunch of kids from our school being bussed to a school in the white section of the city. Nobody had to be bussed if he didn't want to be, but my name cropped up at the top of the list.

"I don't want to go," I told my parents when the notice was sent home. "Check the little box that says 'No.'"

"Maybe we'd better talk this over," my father began.

I knew what that meant, and I'll have to admit a lot of what he and my mother said that night made sense. Stuff like, "When the Lord opens a door, you'd best go through it," and "You were picked because you're an excellent student; it's

an honor." I still didn't want to go, but that was beside the point. As a Christian I did what my folks told me.

It's probably rough for any twelve-year-old who's small for his age to start junior high, but when you're black and the vast majority of the other kids are white, it's nearly impossible. I had nightmares about it.

Since all us blacks arrived on the same bus—and not all of us were small like me—everybody was nice to us that first morning. In fact, the student body president and school principal—both white, of course—were there to welcome us as we stepped off the bus.

The expressions on the faces of the other whites watching us "invade" their school were mixed. I saw a few smiles, a lot of "we'll wait and see" looks, and a few angry stares.





It was a beautiful school, there was no doubt about that and the teachers were friendly but strict. I made it through the first day without any trouble at all.

A bunch of white boys had been waiting at the end of the hall as I hurried from my last class to catch the bus, but they didn't do or say anything. Of course, a teacher had entered the building at the same moment; I wasn't sure what would've happened if he hadn't!

There had been other "close calls," as I referred to them, ever since. I wanted to think that it was my imagination, but it happened too often. I managed to stay in groups as much as possible.

That was one reason I didn't want to go to the sports night. The fact that it was at night meant there would be plenty of shadowy areas for those boys to hide in. At the same time, the sports night was in

honor of the seventh graders and all new students to the school. Since I was both a seventh grader and a new student, my parents felt I should go. I wasn't too enthusiastic about it as they drove me across town.

"With gas prices so high, you really shouldn't drive so far," I told them. "And think of all the time you'll waste, driving back and forth. Why don't we just. . ."

"We won't waste any time at all," my mother informed me. "There's a meeting at a church just a few blocks from the school. It gets out at the same time as your sports night."

"Couldn't have planned it any better," my father added. "We've been wanting to hear this speaker for a long time, but probably wouldn't have driven over here just to hear him."

"If he's so good, maybe I should hear

him, too," I suggested hopefully.

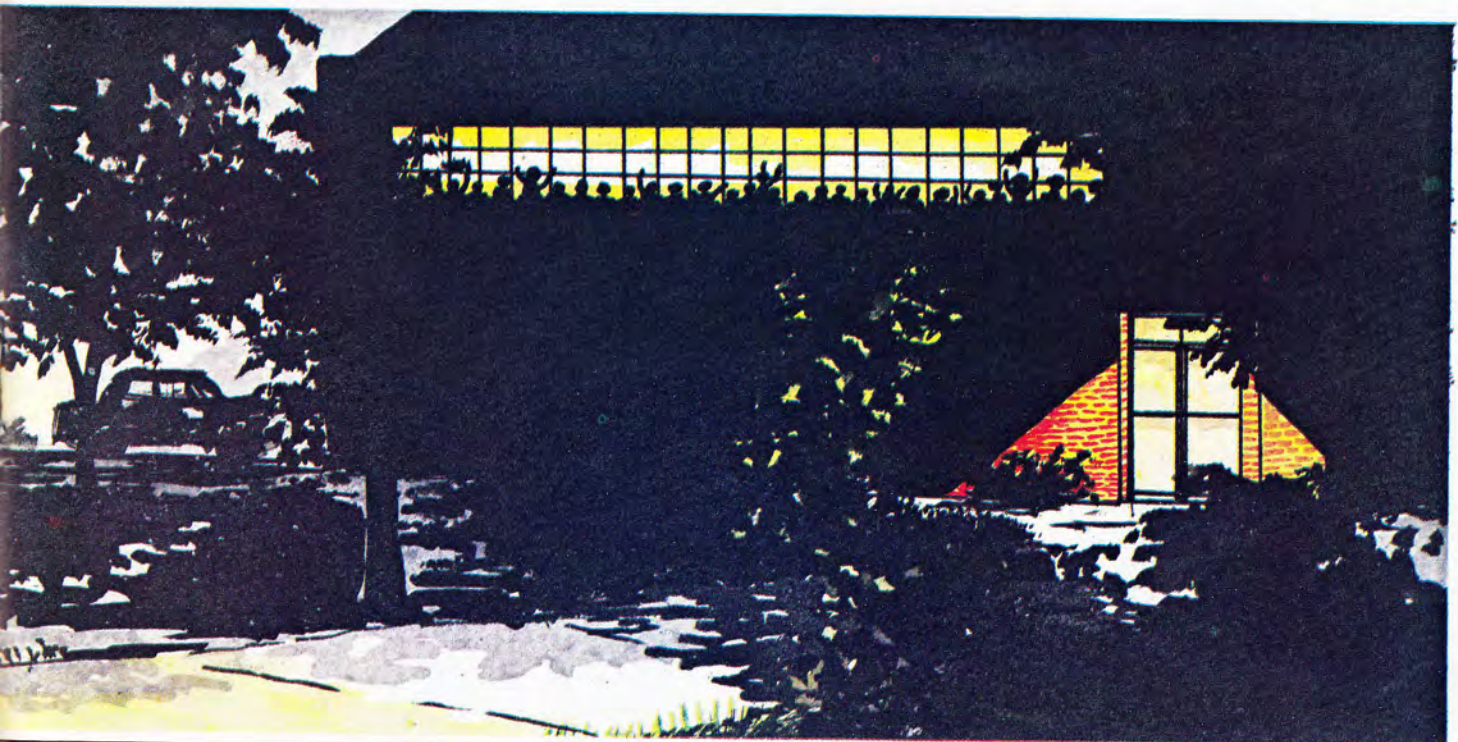
"You belong at your new school with your new friends," my mother said.

They dropped me off at the gate closest to the gymnasium. The gym itself was brightly lit and there were yard lights on between the street and the building, of course, but there were also many areas not illuminated.

"We'll pick you up here in a couple hours," my father told me.

Suddenly the car was gone and I stood alone under a street light. I kept hoping some other parents would drive up and drop off their kids, so I wouldn't have to make the walk from the sidewalk to the gym by myself. But I had arrived late and probably everyone who was coming had already arrived.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE ►



I resisted the desire to run, but walked very quickly toward the gym. Once I was inside, I knew I would be all—

"There's one of them now!" I heard a voice hiss.

I glanced over my shoulder and saw a group of white boys descending on me—the same boys who seemed to be after me all week!

My reflexes took over and I raced away from them, straight for the gym. I was small, but I was fast—in fact the two sort of went together.

Unfortunately the gym door was closed and locked, so I pounded on it and kept going, planning to circle the building. I hoped that by the time I got around to the main entrance again a teacher would've heard my knock and opened the door to investigate.

But I didn't get to that door again. The group chasing me had evidently split in half; anyway they came after me from both directions. Panicking, I tried the rear door of the gymnasium, which led to the locker rooms and coaches' offices. It was unlocked!

I raced inside and down the corridor trying every door I came to. All of them were locked until I came to a custodian's closet. I rushed in and closed the door behind me, locking it at the same time. It was pitch black in there, which didn't bother me one bit.

Soon there were noises in the hall, and I heard boys' voices as door knobs were being rattled. Then they were right outside the closet.

"He has to be somewhere," I heard one of them say. "We saw him enter the building."

"He just disappeared, same as the other guy," a second voice answered. "Let's try all the doors again."

I held my breath until I couldn't hear them anymore, but I still didn't open the door. I wasn't taking any chances, not at this racist school. "Help me, Jesus," I prayed softly.

"Yeah, we could use a prayer about now!" a voice right behind me said.

I think my heart stopped beating and I nearly jumped out of my skin. "Who-who's there?" I managed finally, swallowing.

"Somebody else who outran those guys," the voice replied. "Only I forgot to lock the door."

"I think you scared me more than they

did," I told him, still breathing hard. "Sure is dark in here. I can't even see you."

"I can't see you, either, but I don't mind having a little company."

"Do I know you? Do you ride the bus?" It seemed like a strange question, but I didn't recognize his voice.

"Yeah, I do. My name's Jim."

There was a Jim who rode the bus with me. I didn't know him well at all, but he was kind of small for his age, too. "Now I know who you are. My name's Barry Andrews."

"I recognized you when you came in," Jim said. "I was hiding behind the mops and brooms, but I got a glimpse of your face before you closed the door."

"How long do we have to stay in here?" I wanted to know.

"I don't know. This is my first time. Hey, do you pray all the time, or just when you're in trouble?"

"All the time," I answered. "I'm a Christian."

"Me, too. I go to First Church on Welton Avenue."

I frowned. "Never heard of that one. How long have you been a Christian?"

"A couple of years. How about you?"

"Nearly four. I was raised in a Christian home, so it was just the natural thing to do. Is First Church near the junior high?"

"Junior high? You mean here?"

"No, I mean the one we would've gone to if we hadn't been bussed here."

"I don't know what you're talking about. This is the school I'm supposed to attend. Sure, I ride the bus, but it's the regular city bus. I live too far to walk and too close for the. . . Wait a minute, now I know what you meant! You think I'm. . ."

He was laughing so hard that I didn't even hear what he said. By that time I was totally confused anyway. If he didn't come on the same bus that I came on, that meant he wasn't black! But if he wasn't black, why was he being chased by that group of boys?

"What color are you?" I heard myself ask. I guess I had never asked that question before, because it really sounded dumb. Of course, normally there was no reason to ask.

"White. I sit right behind you in English, Barry."

I nodded. "Oh, *that* Jim."

"Right. And I think maybe it's safe to go out now. As much as I appreciated finding this closet unlocked, it's not the kind of place where I'd like to spend the night!"

"I know what you mean," I agreed.

A moment later we were both peeking out the door. The hall was empty, so we cautiously left our hiding place. I instantly recognized Jim from second period English. With his blond hair and fair complexion, he and I were about as opposite, color-wise, as it is possible to be. And it still didn't make any sense; why would those guys who were after me have been chasing Jim, too? Were they color blind?

"One of these doors leads to the gymnasium," Jim said. "Maybe if we knock real hard, somebody will open it. Might be safer than going outside and around to the main entrance. Those guys are probably lurking there, waiting for another unsuspecting seventh grader to come along."

I looked at Jim. "Seventh grader?" Not just black? I added silently.

"Hazing and 'scrubbing' seventh graders is illegal, and they can even be suspended if they get caught," Jim continued, "but some of the older guys feel it's their duty to carry on the old traditions. One of my friends got caught by them yesterday after school and went home with lipstick all over his face, shaving cream in his hair, and his clothes ripped. Of course, they didn't mean to rip his shirt—that happened when he tried to get away."

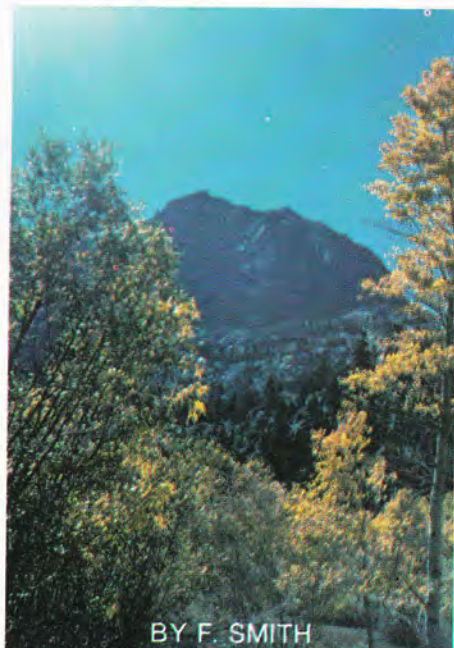
A teacher opened the gymnasium door and we were ushered into the sports night, which was well underway by that time. It didn't take long for Jim and me to get involved in one of the volleyball games, and anybody looking at us would never have guessed that we had sought refuge in a smelly custodian's closet for fifteen minutes.

I didn't have any special fondness for dusty brooms or ammonia-laden mops, but I would always remember the time I spent in that closet. It taught me a lot about myself, my prejudices, and jumping to conclusions.

God is always teaching me things in the strangest ways and places! I kind of hope He always will, despite my resistance and objections. ★



The colors of Fall: Look around you!



What makes the leaves turn red, yellow, orange, or just brown? Why are there several colors on one tree? Actually, much of the color is already in the leaves during the summer, but it can't be seen. The superabundance of green chlorophyll masks the other colors. However, in the fall, something happens to the chlorophyll in broad-leaved trees.

Deciduous trees, as contrasted with evergreens, lose their leaves every year. The blazing colors each fall are just a reflection of the physical and chemical changes occurring at that time. The chlorophyll in their leaves uses sunlight all summer to make sugars from water and carbon dioxide in the air. The leaves draw up water from the soil for this purpose. Of course, much of this water evaporates.

However, during winter little water is available, often being frozen in the soil. Therefore, this vital loss of water through the leaves must stop. Trunks and branches must also be sealed off against

the freezing weather. As the sunlight lessens, during the period before winter starts, the deciduous trees shut down their food production. As the days shorten, a layer of special cells forms between the leaf stem and the twig from which it grows. This corky layer cuts off both the supply of water to the leaves and the flow of sugar to the leaves of the tree. When this sealing work is complete, the weight of the leaf and its twisting in the wind will snap it off.

But why the colors? When water and the summer sunlight are cut off or depleted, the chemical lab in the leaves no longer has raw materials. The unstable chlorophyll begins to break down and fade away, revealing the colorful pigments remaining. These are mainly carotenoids from pale yellow (xanthophylls) to carrot color (carotenes). Carotenoids are more stable than chlorophyll and so remain in the leaves of aspen, poplar, cottonwoods, and birches to give the landscape a look of

pure gold.

The red colors are created by anthocyanin. This makes apples red, cabbage purple, violets blue, etc. Anthocyanins are so prominent in some trees (red Japanese maple and purple-leaved plum) that these colors are seen all summer. In most plants, this pigment is formed only in the fall. Also, anthocyanins are quite sensitive to outside influences. If the leaf fluids are acidic, they are red; if neutral, violet; if alkaline, blue. Any fluctuation in the chemical composition can give a wide range of colors.

Since pigments are made from sugars, and sunny days make good sugar production, variations in the fall weather also causes variations in the colors. If sunny days are followed by cool nights, the chill slows the movement of sugars from the leaves into the trees. Sugar concentrations build up and create vivid color. If the days are cloudy, and the nights

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"Fall colors truly are a creation of a chemist without equal."

warm, the colors are more subdued.

Anthocyanin production in some plants is so sensitive to light that if one leaf shades another, an image of the top leaf will appear on the lower one (in green or yellow, outlined in red where the sun hits). The parts of a tree that are exposed to more sunshine will be brighter while other parts exhibit little red coloration.

Browns occur because of the aging of cells (as when a cut apple turns brown on exposure to air.) In Beech and Oak trees, the brown is vibrant because the leaves are quite alive when the brown is formed. Some leaves turn brown only when dead.

Attractive fall colors require a large number or a variety of trees with the general genetic ability to produce pig-

ments. (Many varieties do not produce anthocyanins.) Bright, sunny, crisp weather produces brighter coloration. The loveliest colors are found in the northern hemisphere in the eastern United States and southeastern Canada. However, for trees of pure gold (aspens and cottonwoods), the Rockies and Sierras are beautiful.

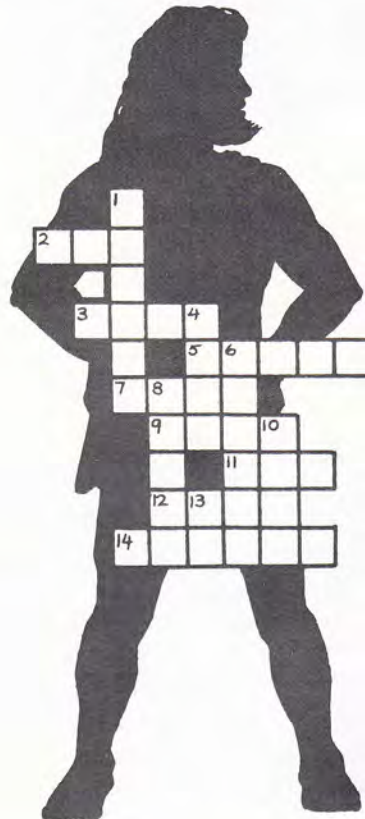
Fall colors truly are a creation of a chemist without equal. ★

Bible Crossword Puzzle —Samson—

Read Judges 13-16

Across:

- 2—Samson was never to _____ his hair.
- 3—Nazarites left their hair _____ and did not drink wine.
- 5—The Philistines _____ Delilah to help capture Samson.
- 7—Look at.
- 9—Front of the head.
- 11—Male sheep.
- 12—The Philistines put out Samson's _____.
- 14— Delilah loved _____ things money would buy.



Down:

- 1—Samson was not _____ after his hair was cut.
- 4—City where Samson was a prisoner.
- 6—Delilah discovered Samson's _____ for the Philistines.
- 8—Samson realized Delilah was his enemy _____ he was blind.
- 10—Direction of the sunrise.
- 13—You.

Rangers in Paradise

BY PHIL WAYMAN



Yes sir, I have been there and back again. Being a Royal Ranger is exciting enough to stir the heart of any adventure-some boy. A journey to paradise is one of the serendipities of the program. Serendipity comes from an old-timer who visited the island of Ceylon known in early times as the island of Serendip which meant "unsought blessing." So serendipity is an unexpected blessing or benefit.

Anyhow, I have been to the paradise island of Ceylon, now known as Sri Lanka. It is a Third World country, meaning that it is not friendly with the USA, or the communist world, but strives to be neutral and receive any benefits they may get from either.

I was invited by the superintendent of the Sri Lanka Assemblies of God to introduce the Royal Rangers boys program to the Third World Conference that convened in Colombo, in August of 1980.

Bob Unruh, one of my Royal Rangers commander friends, was able to accompany me on the long 17-hour trip across the Pacific. After spending 24 hours in the city of Bangkok, where we visited the exotic architecture of Buddhist temples amid the raw life of the masses of river people, we flew to Colombo, Sri Lanka.

Now, National Commander Johnnie Barnes says I should shorten my story. That's as hard to do as getting a hound dog to tree a coon as soon as he's untethered. I could tell of the riots on the street that threatened to stop the confer-

ence and how God intervened, I could tell how we met in the beautiful conference hall built as a gift from Red China. I could tell about delegates from 40 countries turned on to Jesus. I could tell about the curiosity and excitement we exchanged with those delegates as Bob and I moved in the conference in our Royal Rangers uniforms. I could tell you how we were begged to come to 12 different nations of the world, now in the center of world attention, to help them with their Royal Rangers. I could tell you how the boys in the churches responded with wide eyes to our gestures of friendship. I could tell you about the wall-to-wall children on the streets and suburbs of cities flocking to receive anything we could offer. I could let you in on the fellowship we felt and spirit manifested with brothers of many countries as we ate together and talked together in a strange land.

The festival of the Sacred Tooth of Buddha was being celebrated in Kandy, 74 miles inland in the center of the island of Ceylon. It wasn't at such a national festival that we involved ourselves, but upon the hill above Kandy is an orphanage run by Jacob Perrera, the assistant superintendent of the island. Our second week in Sri Lanka was spent here on the orphanage site of 20 acres.

We had planned to run an NTC structure for men first and then a powwow for boys after the men were trained to help us. However, the boys couldn't come

without coming with the men, so we were involved with boys and men at the same time.

Now a Royal Ranger is **READY FOR ANYTHING**. So, we improvised a National Training Camp structure with a Leadership Training Class structure and let boys attend where applicable. We found the boys sat through the sessions all eyes and ears. They are not TV kids, and will listen much longer than American children.

We improvised a schedule and felt our way by the leading of the Holy Spirit for four days with 25 men and 25 boys. The one event that is outstanding was the day "Uncle Bob" taught the men how to win boys for Christ, while "Uncle Phil" took the boys on a "Follow the Leader" game.

After one hour of instruction the boys were brought back where each man paired off with a boy, and used the learned techniques to win the boy to Jesus. In 15 minutes time, every man and boy were in prayer as the Holy Spirit confirmed the method by touching and winning every boy to Jesus. The country is 95 percent Buddhist but the boys are open and were touched deeply. Boys in Sri Lanka talk very loudly because of the competitive, noisy world they live in. After these boys were saved they literally noised abroad what Jesus had done for them. You cannot put a boy in jail for telling about Jesus, can you? The implications of this procedure make this old Ranger emotional all over again as I remember it. ►

On the final night the council fire was attended by both men and boys. Commitments made there are typical of our procedures here. The people neighboring the orphanage, hearing the sounds of young voices in the night air around the blazing council fire, gathered in the shadows and observed the goings on. The Holy Ghost was faithful to fill with His power several of the people that night.

After consultation and observation, Palitha Jayasooriya, a young Buddhist man whose father is in parliament, was made National Commander of Royal Rangers. Palitha had an incurable disease until he was 18 years old, but Jesus healed him, and saved him. Now he wants to work with boys in the church. Pastor Jacob Perrera was given the assignment of National Chaplain. Three provincial Commanders were selected out of those at the camp, to form a National Council to carry on and promote Royal Rangers in Sri Lanka.

Bob and I met the parents of Palitha in

Colombo the following week. We were invited to a meal of chicken, curried beef and rice, green beans, and spicy coconut. The meals were hot and needed lots of water to cool the tongue. The water had to be preboiled to be drinkable for us.

I almost forgot to tell you about the morning at the camp when I was healed. By the end of the second week I was sick, sore throat, fever, congestion in lungs, and climatic problems. Bob had the boys gather around and pray for me, and God touched my body, I gathered my strength and never missed a lick the rest of the time. I will tell you young'uns that this old Ranger has slogged through the jungles in the South Pacific in World War II so I'm no weakling. I confess, however, that my spirit runs like a rabbit, but my body like a tortoise. If it weren't for Jesus, I couldn't have made it through.

The flowers are forever in Sri Lanka, the trees always green, the crops are produced constantly and rice twice a year. There are four seasons: 2 wet and 2 dry. We were there in a wet season. Tempera-

ture is 70 or above all the time and still not too hot, especially in the mountains of Kandy. The mountains are beautiful and people are gracious. It is an island like Hawaii only with many more people. I could tell you about the congested traffic that threatens your life, the shortage of food for such a population, the inroads of inflation that threaten the meager wages of the workers, the world of reality mingled with the world of commerce, the rich and the poor contrasts. On the other hand, I could remind you of the Tea Capitol of the world, the coconuts that grow year around, the bananas of exquisite flavor, the beaches, the mountains, the ocean breezes, the beauty of nature. No doubt the ancient bard who wrote of the island of Serendip felt like he found unexpected delights in the land. I must say I did also, but my delight was in the souls of boys who are precious to Jesus no matter where they are. Yes sir, I've been to paradise perhaps, but America is my home and I was glad to get back again.★

Be it Ever So Humble

By Juliana Lewis

When bothered with a thorn in his foot, or urged on by the need for a meal or siesta, a dog or cat will head for home with the persistence of a lone horse returning to his stable after a day on the range. This urge, or homing instinct, is well recognized in domesticated animals—in cows, sheep, and even pigs, for instance. And of course, one knows that a carrier pigeon wings homeward as surely as a chicken at sundown flies onto his roost.

But did you ever stop to think that some of the smaller, undomesticated creatures inhabiting this earth may be equally bent on going home again? And because of their very smallness, the process may become a very arduous one. An experiment, conducted by Martin Thornhill of England, with a common toad, is a point in proof. First, he took the toad from its favorite lily pad at the side of his garden pool and placed it in a hedge about 50 yards away. On next observance, it was back. He then carried it one-fourth mile to a friend's garden. Within a week it had returned again. Marking it with a red paint spot, he transferred it a mile distant. In less than ten days, the toad once more had returned. His last experiment was to deposit it at a



stream some three miles away. His amphibian doggedly hopped across country and through town to settle himself permanently this time, it hoped, by the side of his favorite lily pad.

Butterflies, too, have their homcomings. These little beauties must locate their homes where there is a plentiful supply of food to their liking. Most of them, with the exception of the monarch and a few others, never venture very far from their birthplace. The monarchs, however, travel long distances, some across the ocean, some in large groups to the south; but in the spring their homing itch will once again send them winging their way back north.

Probably the hardest working little home lovers are the honey gatherers of the bee colonies. These bees, inhabiting hives built in hollow trees, caves, or holes in rocks, bring home the bacon—or nectar—for the whole colony. They find flowers they like and suck up the nectar until their honey sacs are filled—and although they may have to go from flower to flower for a great length of time, they immediately set their course correctly and arrive home by the shortest, most direct route.

Snails also can cover considerable

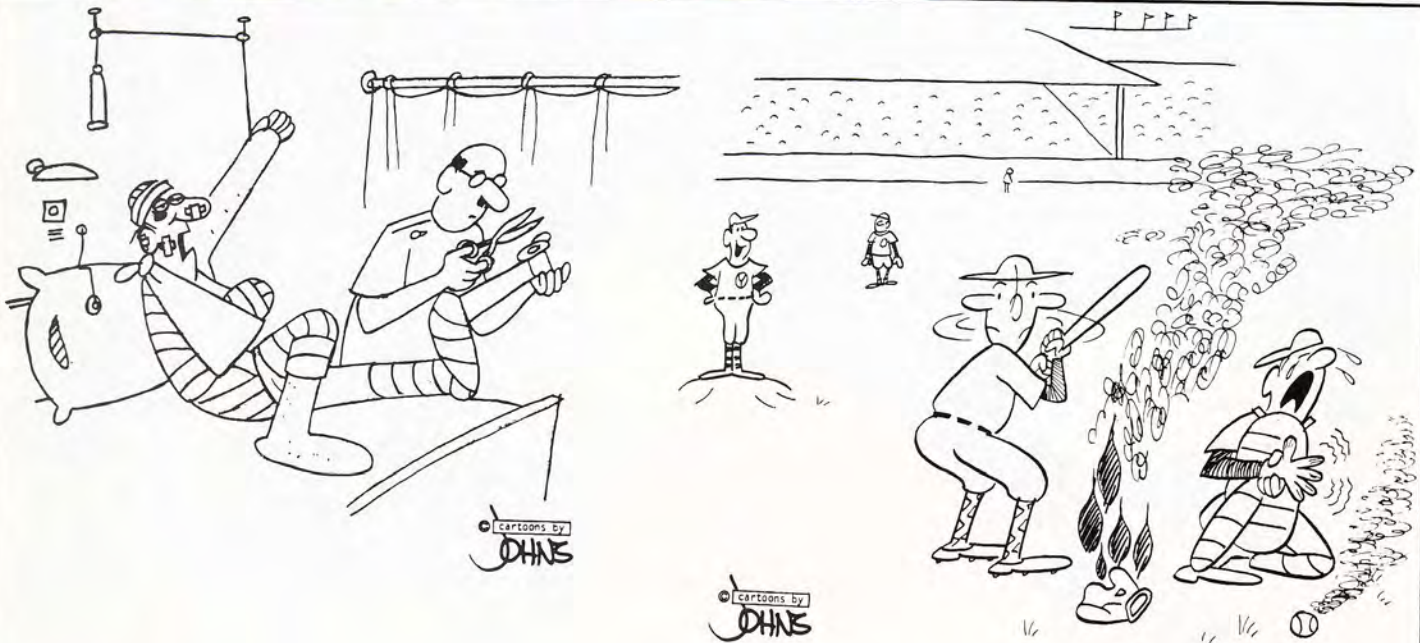
ground on a homing trip. Should they be removed from a back yard, they will make every effort to return, climbing over and around many obstacles in the process. Desert tortoises and crabs, too, are known to feel this nostalgia; and crabs, taken as far as 60 miles up coast, have successfully found their way back to their own original shelter.

Nor is this homing instinct confined to those who live on the surface of the earth; it is shared as well by some of those who belong to that strange and mysterious underworld of water. The Pacific salmon which for the first year of its life inhabits fresh water streams, later goes to the ocean and stays for several years. But for their most important event—the laying of eggs—the species will leap through rapids, up waterfalls, and over dams in the determination to get back to the fresh water stream first called home.

It would seem, then, that this extrasensory urge is by no means limited to one's pet dog or cat, as flattering to our ego as it might be to think so. Home is where the itch of the "heart" takes one and whether it be on a lily pad, or in a hive, or in the cold, cold deep, there's no place like it.★



COMEDY CORNER COMEDY



" IN MY NEIGHBORHOOD, 'TRICK OR TREAT' IS NO IDLE THREAT. "

First angel: "How did you get here?"

Second angel: "Flu."

Helen Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA

An Ozark native, aged ninety or thereabouts, ambled into a doctor's office in a neighboring village and announced, "Doc, I seem to have picked up a first-class case of insomnia somewhere. I keep wakin' up every few days."

Helen Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA

Usher: "How far down do you wish to sit, Madam?"

Old lady: "Why, all the way, miss—I'm kinda of tired."

Helen Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA

Two women were just ready to board a big airliner. One of them turned to the pilot and commented: "Please don't go faster than sound. We want to talk."

Helen Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA

Teacher: "Judy, what is your favorite flower?"

Judy: "Chrysanthemums."

Teacher: "Spell it."

Judy: "I just changed my mind. I like roses much better."

Oscar H. Brown
Tehachapi, CA

A lady was standing in the middle of a busy street. She asked the policeman how to get to the hospital. The policeman replied, "Keep standing where you are."

Oscar H. Brown
Tehachapi, CA

" HOW DO YOU LIKE MY 'FAST BALL' ? "

Husband: "I've just discovered oil."

Wife: "Wonderful! Now we can get a new car."

Husband: "We'd better get the old car fixed—that's where the oil is coming from."

Oscar H. Brown
Tehachapi, CA

Sign in a front yard: You may use our lawn mower, providing you don't take it out of our yard.

Henry E. Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

Pete: "I can tell you the score of the ball game before it starts."

John: "Well, what is it?"

Pete: "Nothing to nothing."

Henry E. Leabo
Tehachapi, CA



LOOK OUT
A FOREST OF
CHOKING
DESTRUCTION!

BY MURIEL LARSON

20 MILLION SEEDS

The state of Florida has a big problem. Fast-growing melaleuca trees are threatening to choke conservation areas. "We don't know how to stop it," say Florida officials. "The scientists tell us that 24 percent of south Florida might be solid forest by the end of the century!"

The melaleuca is a member of the large myrtle, or eucalyptus, family of trees (Myrtaceae). It is already choking swampland in Florida. "Killing one of these trees is risky business," says one biologist, "because it can release 20 million seeds at death. If it's cut, the stump will sprout several new trees."

Have you ever stopped to think that many things we say and do are like seeds of some kind? Our actions and words are constantly having some effect on others. Something we may casually say or do may have a profound effect either on our lives or on someone else's.

Lying about something, for instance, may hold the seeds for numerous other lies. Once we seek to deceive, our deception has a tendency to grow. We may have to keep on lying to cover up. The more we lie, the more hardened our conscience becomes, and this is bound to have a profound effect on our character. No wonder the Bible says, "Lying lips are abomination to the Lord" (Prov. 12:22).

Talking against other people seems to give many of us lowly human beings a certain satisfaction because when we drag their reputations down with our tongues, we may feel better about ourselves. But doing this has a vicious effect not only on our victims but also on our own souls. In building up our own egos, we may release numerous harmful seeds that may cause discord, dissension, and distrust, and we may hurt the cause of

Christ.

The Bible says, "An hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbor" (Prov. 11:9). We might say just one little thing about someone, but if others add to it, our comment might become a full-blown forest of choking destruction!

If we allow one little thought of resentment toward someone else to linger in our minds, it could multiply the way melaleuca trees do. It could fill our hearts with seeds of bitterness, hatred, revenge, malice, and anger. These things grieve the Spirit of God (Eph. 4:30, 31) and separate us from the Lord. They kill our testimony for Christ and rob us of peace and joy.

Why let something grow to the place where you don't know how to stop it? The time to catch harmful words, thoughts, and actions is when we're first tempted. Call on the Lord immediately and He will deliver you from the temptation. (Matt. 6:13). ★