

### The Pearl of Great Price

The surface of the lagoon, smooth as a sheet of glass, glowed like the sun sank below the horizon. The vast expanse, more than ten miles across, held but a single sign of life. A mere dot, insignificant between the shores of the lagoon which were marked only by lines of coconut palms seeming to grow out of the water itself, was a small outrigger canoe. In it a young Polynesian boy sat patiently recovering his breath after a long and deep dive.

It was Maki's last dive of the day, his seventh, in fact. He had been down more than seventy feet, about as deep as it is humanly possible to go without any sort of diving accoutrement. He had remained several minutes, actually up to the very verge of the danger limit, because he was anxious to retrieve the poor results of his previous dives. His find, not very satisfactory, lay in the bottom of the canoe—half a dozen oyster shells that he had wrestled from the coral reef.

Regaining his spent breath, he sighed. He was tired, yet he must paddle five miles to the land. His father and his brothers, diving in a distant part of the lagoon, were probably home by now, and there would be no approbation for the scanty results of his own day's labor.

The manner of that labor was the quest for the substance commercially known as mother-of-pearl, that is, the bright-hued inner lining of the shell. By the time the schooner arrived from Papeete on her semiannual visit several tons of this would have accumulated and the schooner's captain would pay for it partly in goods, partly in South Seas money which had value much different from the Continental currency. Out of it all Maki's share, as the youngest of the divers, would probably be no more than a hundred francs. He sighed again, recalling the vivid tales of the schooner's sailors about the delights of life in Papeete, "Little Paris of the South Seas."

It was with a consolation to all this poorly recompensed labor, if a vague one. Now and then a shell might contain a pearl. If it did the gem was the property of the finder. That was the custom in all the peering islands, and encouragement and lure to the native fisherman was this dream that some day he might find the heart of great price.

Maki, before taking up his paddle to begin the long homeward journey, opened with his heavy peeling knife the tough shells in order to dispose of the substance of the oyster, tossing these casually overboard. As he opened the last shell a gleaming round object fell to the bottom of the canoe. Maki picked it up and examined it curiously but without much interest.

It was larger than a good-sized marble, such as Maki and the other boys sometimes bought from the island storekeeper, an elderly Chinaman, Ah Choy. Its color was strange, a peacock-feather green. Some kind of sea stone, Maki thought, that had in mysterious fashion got inside the shell of the oyster, an exceptionally large shell in this case, more than six inches in diameter.

Now the pearls that had been found had, in Maki's recollection, been no larger than peas, rarely even as large. These in fact had been rare. The boy had, he remembered, brought

five hundred francs from the captain of the Papeete schooner. Those pearls had been a milky-white color, faintly iridescent. Not, so it always seemed to Maki, in any way beautiful. He slipped the object from the oyster shell into his breech cloth, thinking that, so perfectly round was it, it would make a good marble. He made up his mind to keep his find a secret, else he would certainly be deprived of it.

But that evening, gathering with some of the other lads at the store of Ah Choy, he lingered when the rest had gone. Impelled by he knew not what, he produced his find of the afternoon.

"He come in a shell," he explained to Ah Choy.

The Chinaman, a wise man who had lived in many lands and knew many things, including the value of pearls, took the object between his thumb and fore finger, peering at it as if at a gem. At last he beckoned the boy to follow him, closing the store and carefully locking the door.

Maki, growing apprehensive because strange tales were told of Ah Choy and of his mysterious powers, followed into the room behind the store where the owner lived. The Chinaman motioned him to a seat and then commenced a curious and rather frightening ritual.

He produced a tiny scale on which he carefully weighed Maki's find. Then he examined it through a magnifying glass, taking what seemed to the boy an interminable time. His tests followed, all without significance or sense to the Polynesian boy. They even included tasting and holding it in the mouth. Throughout it all Maki figured, even more apprehensively than before.

At last the testing was done. The Chinaman carefully and deliberately put his things away. Then he sat, holding the pearl between thumb and forefinger still, opposite Maki. For a long time he regarded him silently. At last, as it seemed, a deep and profound reflection.

Then, at long last, sighing deeply, he spoke. "It is a pearl of great price. For it will pay your father one hundred and fifty thousand francs!"

Bewildered and apprehensive, through Maki's thoughts into wild confusion. He dashed from the house and toward the beach. All thought of secrecy now vanished, he sought his father.

"Big pearl!" Maki said. "Ah Choy! Much money!" was all he could manage.

His father, grasping the words "pearl" and "money," turned to the Chinaman's house with Maki at his heels. The rest of the family, gathering that something of import was about to follow.

Still Ah Choy sat, deep in reflection, the pearl between thumb and forefinger. The room filled with the people of the village.

Smiling a little sadly, he corroborated Maki's story. Then, rising, he produced from some hiding place a thick package of bank notes. He placed them in the hands of Maki's father, though the man's bewilderment was such that he reluctantly accepted them.

"Ten thousand francs," Ah Choy said. "It is all I have here. When the schooner comes I will go to Papeete, and from the bank of my friend, Chin Fu, I will secure the rest." He sighed again. "I am risking much," he told them. "That it is a rare gem, I know. But never have I seen its like. It may be that I shall lose. Perhaps I may gain much, I wish to be fair."

Honest old Ah Choy! Little wonder he had signed, knowing as he did that a thousand francs would have been great wealth to the men of the peering island. But his honesty was rewarded. Upon instructions to their representatives in Tahiti the Chinaman received from the leading jewelry firm of London and Paris the sum of three hundred thousand francs for the pearl of great price.—By Marc T. Greene in The Christian Science Monitor.

### Body-Snatchers

A man was recently arrested in Wisconsin, after ten human heads were found in his farmhouse. He is said to have confessed that he dug them out of local graves.

From time to time there are reports from different parts of the world that graves have been rifled. In some countries these incidents are linked with dark practices such as woodoo. In the West, however, grave-robbing usually has a severely practical purpose.

In 1828, Burke and Hare were arrested in Edinburgh for robbing graves and selling corpses to surgeons. When they couldn't get enough corpses, they made themselves a few — by murder.

Burke was hanged and Hare, who turned King's evidence, went free — until he was thrown into a lime-pit and his eyes were burned out.



SOAPED DISH—Bathing beauty Vera Day in London bathed over a rehearsal of a television comedy to be shown over the British Broadcasting Corporation. It seems there's been a policy change at the staid BBC, which has been criticized for being too highbrow in the past.

### TABLE TALKS

by Jane Andrews

Serve this sour cream raisin pie warm with a wedge of cheese if you want after-dinner compliments!

**Sour Cream Raisin Pie**  
1 egg or 2 eggs yolk, slightly beaten  
1 cup sour cream or buttermilk  
1 tablespoon vinegar  
1/2 cup sugar  
2 tablespoons flour  
3/4 teaspoon cinnamon  
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg  
1/2 cup seedless raisins  
Pastry for single crust 9-inch pie, unbaked  
Combine eggs, sour cream and vinegar. Combine sugar, flour, spices, and salt and stir into first mixture. Add raisins. Pour into pastry-lined pie pan. Bake at 450°F. for 10 minutes, then reduce heat to 350°F. and bake 30-35 minutes longer or until crust is brown.

Use any leftover juice, spiced filling from this recipe for Canadian favorite pie — apple — with my pie plate and make turnovers for your children.

**Lattice Apple Pie**  
5 cups (2 cans) sliced apples  
2 cups seedless raisins  
1 1/2 cups sugar  
2 tablespoons flour  
2 teaspoons each, nutmeg and cinnamon  
2 teaspoons lemon juice  
Dash salt  
Flaky pastry

Drain juice from apples; combine apples and raisins. Combine sugar, flour, cinnamon, nutmeg, and salt; add to apple mixture. Add lemon juice; mix well. Line 9-inch pie plate with flaky pastry. Fill with apple mixture. Moisten edge of pastry with water; place pastry strips on filling in open woven pattern; press edges together. Trim pastry to 1 inch from edge of pan. Fold under and flute it all around pan. Bake at 425°F. 40-45 minutes.

**Apple Raisin Turnovers**  
Roll out remaining pastry about 1/8 inch thick. Cut in 5-inch circles. Place some of the remaining apple mixture on half the circle. Fold under and fold under; seal with fingers or fork. Bake at 425°F. for 10 minutes; reduce temperature to 350°F. Bake 25 minutes longer.

Here is a pie with glistening red cherries peeping through an ornamental lattice of crisp pastry. Tart, pitted red cherries are used for the filling.

**Lattice Cherry Pie**  
1 cup sugar  
3 tablespoons cornstarch  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
1 cup cherry juice (optional)  
3 cups drained, water-caking tart pitted cherries  
2 tablespoons butter  
Pastry  
Mix sugar, salt and cornstarch in a saucepan. Add juice and coloring; stir until smooth. Cook until thickened and clear, stirring. Remove from heat; add cherries and butter. Pour into unbaked pastry-lined 9-inch pie pan. Cover with lattice top crust. Bake at 425°F. about 40 minutes.

### Hypertension A Major Factor

By A. C. CORCORAN, M.D.  
Cleveland Clinic Foundation

Written or NEA Service  
Cleveland, Ohio—NEA—As our medical scientists probe for the definitive knowledge regarding the causative factors behind atherosclerosis — among them nutrition, hormones, exercise and heredity—they have at hand conclusive evidence that hypertension (high blood pressure) is to be listed among the causes.

No one dies of hypertension itself. People who have high blood pressure die as a result of the blood vessel and heart disease that follows in its wake. This disease is atherosclerosis, the most serious form of arteriosclerosis, or "hardening of the arteries."

Apparently, the impact of months and years of high blood pressure damages the vessels. They lose their elasticity because the little fibres of elastic tissue in the walls of the vessels become stretched, split, and broken.

This is a substantial accomplishment. It is important to remember that a majority of the people who die of atherosclerosis — such as a stroke, a heart attack, rupture of a large vessel or kidney damage, in the words, we had relieved the immediate situation for many, but blood pressure is not enough. It is the vessel damage that we are to be concerned with. It is the vessel damage that we are to be concerned with.

Doctors have recognized for a long time that high blood pressure and atherosclerosis were closely associated diseases. But, until recently, we had no firm views on the nature of this association.

Formerly, most doctors thought that the hardening of the arteries occurred first, and that, as a consequence, the blood pressure rose. This rise of pressure was even considered beneficial because, they reasoned, it helped maintain blood flow through the thickened vessels.

This view, no longer held, retarded and delayed research on high blood pressure for many years. We now know that high blood pressure is one of the common causes of atherosclerosis, and an increased risk of one of its complications.

Happily, research has achieved important advances in the treatment of high blood pressure. About five years ago, doctors everywhere were provided with drugs which were truly effective in controlling this disorder. A five-year study of these drugs was recently completed. We reviewed the histories of a group

**QUICK SPIRIT**  
In Detroit, Mayor Louis Miriam opposed any plan to low bars to stay open until a.m. commented: "Any one who drinks should be stiff by 2 a.m."



PLANT LIFE—Although the begonia is ordinarily a short-lived plant, this impressive specimen is threatening to become a centerpiece. Already 50 years old, the angel-wing begonia is flourishing and shows no sign of withering. It is owned by Eula Stricker, above, who was given the plant by her mother-in-law.



LUCKY, LUCKY ME—Service station operator Ray Enlow smiles and wipes his brow amid the wreckage of his station after it was hit by a section of an Air Force C-119 Skymaster military plane in Los Angeles. Not so lucky were the 48 persons killed when the four-engine military transport collided with a Navy Neptune bomber. All 41 aboard the Skymaster and all of the eight on the Neptune died. One civilian, a housewife in Norwalk, Calif., was killed when wreckage from the collision struck her home.

### Midwinter Picnic

A brilliant idea came to me recently, and wrote to a friend in California to see if he had a black and white float for the Tournament of Roses parade next year — for people without money to go to the parade. My friend's reply is now at hand, and he mentions weather. Why is this?

He doesn't indicate my suggestion prompted overthinking, but he does mention my suggestion at all. He just spends his time on the weather, and he says it is a "know-how" in their use of weather. People who have high blood pressure die as a result of the blood vessel and heart disease that follows in its wake.

Monkeys, it so happens that we had a picnic here on the precise same day he had a picnic there, and while no glamorous personalities passed by, we didn't miss them much. Of course, a picnic, when arranged by somebody like myself who knows what it's all about, is not just the usual, rough-and-tumble thing generally presumed about picnics.

I've seen these articles in magazines telling how to cook frankfurters 150 different ways so you can have variety at your cook-outs, and I am not talking about that kind of delusion. Cooking is done by the cook, and not by the fire, and when we say "picnic" we don't just mean for everybody to rush up and burn a hamburger. Anything you can do in a kitchen for a best-seller and linen show-off party can be done by a woods cook, if you get a woods cook.

So about midweek, when my kitchen help asked what might be good for Sunday dinner, I said, and I quote, "Remember that feed of fried chicken we had at Lake Helen?" She said she did. We were camping out across Ontario, and we saw so many people picnicking out of lunch

**GETTING READY**—Elvis Presley in a move to prepare himself for an impending Army haircut, shows how he has had his locks trimmed to a "normal" length, including abbreviated (for him) sideburns. Presley, photographed in Hollywood, will report for Army duty in Memphis after completing a movie.

### CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS: 1. Mr. Lincoln's great-grandfather. 2. Aboard. 3. Jeweler's. 4. Distant. 5. Distant. 6. Distant. 7. Distant. 8. Distant. 9. Distant. 10. Distant. 11. Distant. 12. Distant. 13. Distant. 14. Distant. 15. Distant. 16. Distant. 17. Distant. 18. Distant. 19. Distant. 20. Distant. 21. Distant. 22. Distant. 23. Distant. 24. Distant. 25. Distant. 26. Distant. 27. Distant. 28. Distant. 29. Distant. 30. Distant. 31. Distant. 32. Distant. 33. Distant. 34. Distant. 35. Distant. 36. Distant. 37. Distant. 38. Distant. 39. Distant. 40. Distant. 41. Distant. 42. Distant. 43. Distant. 44. Distant. 45. Distant. 46. Distant. 47. Distant. 48. Distant. 49. Distant. 50. Distant. 51. Distant. 52. Distant. 53. Distant. 54. Distant. 55. Distant. 56. Distant. 57. Distant. 58. Distant. 59. Distant. 60. Distant. 61. Distant. 62. Distant. 63. Distant. 64. Distant. 65. Distant. 66. Distant. 67. Distant. 68. Distant. 69. Distant. 70. Distant. 71. Distant. 72. Distant. 73. Distant. 74. Distant. 75. Distant. 76. Distant. 77. Distant. 78. Distant. 79. Distant. 80. Distant. 81. Distant. 82. Distant. 83. Distant. 84. Distant. 85. Distant. 86. Distant. 87. Distant. 88. Distant. 89. Distant. 90. Distant. 91. Distant. 92. Distant. 93. Distant. 94. Distant. 95. Distant. 96. Distant. 97. Distant. 98. Distant. 99. Distant. 100. Distant.

askets that we thought we'd educate them. We agreed to outfit, and dispatched neat invitations to certain tents and trailers where we had picked up our friends, and they all came with their appetites hanging down about two feet.

We had a quart of an acre of plump chicken breasts we had bought about 100 miles back. I made gravy, and cream-tartar biscuits, and gingerbread, and whipped cream, and creamed some onions, and I lapped the potatoes into smooth joy, and even stumped up a turnip. It was a notable occasion at Lake Helen.

Thus I offered to repeat, and on this particular midwinter afternoon I loaded my gear on a toboggan, laced on the snowshoes, and proceeded to the clearing in the far piece, where the January sun was slanting in with more pretense than effect, and the tall pines were decked in snow. There was a comely bed of embers by the time my friends arrived, and I lit a smaller fire to cook over.

Some came on snowshoes, some on skis, and some wallowed through the deep snow puffing like porpoises. Each, at a point in the road, paused to sniff the woodsmoke, as I expected they would. I had things under control when they came up to me on the logs by the fire. No picnic should begin until the guests have had sufficient time to make wise cracks about the weather. They wouldn't be happy if all they did was start to eat.

I threw some biscuits at them, but they complained because they had been frozen solid on the way from the house, so I moved it nearer the fire, and when I was near looking through the pucker-burn, wondering if some glamorous movie star might happen on to us we could wave, but none did.

I always get in trouble when I mention fried chicken, but I must make it clear this is a Northern Fried Chicken, and good to eat. I do not wish to impugn any other kind, but I cook the entire region lights up with almost a hallowed glow, and people talk in whispers — as when in the presence of awe and majesty.

I kind of slap the chicken around, keeping it moist and free from the indolence of sedentary living. I let it brood a bit, and then take it up by moving it on one side of my good days are worthy of being framed and hung on the august walls of the Smithsonian Institution. Excuse me, I am carried away.

It was a wonderful picnic, in deep snow and in a chill winter temperature which kept the glamorous personalities away, as well as mosquitoes and ants. We devoured the assorted sundries and went into a huddle to discuss the future of the state's agriculture. They were agreed on what constituted the main problem: research. Yet just what could or might be done about it, beyond what federal and state appropriations were doing?

From three institutions the bold slaying "Nickels for Know-How" idea took form. The name—and the program—stuck. It involved calling a statewide referendum on the question of whether or not they would pay a nickel extra for each ton of feed and fertilizer they

bought over a three-year period. The plan was that this money would be turned over to the North Carolina Agricultural Foundation at North Carolina State College in Raleigh, which in turn would channel it into vital research and educational projects.

Farmer voted virtually unanimously for the program, and has seemed to like it from the beginning. The referendum, compassing every one of the state's 100 counties, was conducted with voluntary help and not a penny of taxpayers' money was expended. At the end of the initial three years, the farmers approved the program for another three-year period.

as far as is known here although State Agriculture Commissioner L. Y. Ballentine says that some inquiries are received from time to time.

In the first five years of the program, the nickels grew into a tidy sum of more than three quarters of a million dollars. That figure doesn't include the 1957 collections. Commissioner Ballentine estimates the program costs the average individual farmer about 30 cents a year.

For one thing, of course, the research is conducted in North Carolina on problems directly concerning the North Carolina farmer, and it is done by trained researchers who know the problems of the state's farmers. The program has, of course, involved almost every conceivable phase of agricultural research and encompassed every crop of any consequence in the state.

An important and significant part of the "Nickels for Know-How" plan, however, is that marketing programs are actively supported in all major commodity areas, with the objective of expanding the market for all farm products and reducing the costs of market.

For instance, working both with farmers and marketing firms, specialists engaged in the program are constantly bringing the know-how of marketing methods to the processing, packaging, and sale of the state's farm commodities.

This is considered perhaps the primary objective of the program—to get the abundance of farm commodities into the hands of consumers, to make them more enticing and serviceable and, for the farmer, more profitable.

The real strength of the unique program, according to Mr. Ballentine, is that it allows research specialists at the state college to move into areas of needed research without having to wait for federal or state appropriations.

He notes that there have been some interesting outgrowths of the program. One, he says, is that there has been a decrease in the number of highway accidents and crimes in which liquor has been a factor. In this matter the greater part of the church has lost its voice. How can people who drink help those who happen to get into trouble on some occasions when they drink? Paul says, "They that are drunken are drunken in the night." But if he were to attend many of today's conventions, political and otherwise, he would find drunkenness long before nightfall. When will we waken to the evils befalling society through the use of strong drink? Drink increases our troubles. Jesus Christ can cure them.

Intellectual: Someone who knows when to quote what some bright fellow once said.

**Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking**  
Most of the cinemagans in the town of Gapan in northern Luzon are now expert rat-killers! Basilio Manuel, mayor of Gapan, couldn't persuade his townspeople to help kill the numerous rats in the district. But the people love going to the pictures, so Mayor Manuel had an idea and offered a free cinema seat for every ten rats' tails delivered to his cinema, one of the biggest in the town.

### THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren, B.A., B.D.

The Church's Influence on Society (Temperance Lesson) Matthew 5:13-16; 1 Thessalonians 5:4-8; James 3:14-17.

Memory Selection: Learn to maintain good works. Titus 3:14.

Influence can't be accurately measured, hence there are vastly different opinions as to the church's influence on society today. Some say that the church has become so worldly that her voice is no longer heard. At any rate, it is not the pronounced influence of the church in the past that have the greatest impact for good but the everyday living of holy men and women.

Jesus said to His disciples, "Ye are the light of the world." As salt preserves food and makes it palatable, "so the disciples are to purify the society in which they move, setting a good example and countering every corrupt tendency." As light they are to dispel darkness and by their lives and their words bring enlightenment to those who are in darkness. Their faith will find expression in good works.

The committee which sets up the International Sunday School Lessons designates one lesson each quarter as the Temperance Lesson. Some Sunday School commentaries ignore the reference. Do you wonder why? Our guess is that it is too touchy a subject in many churches today. Many parents don't want temperance cranks telling their children that there is anything wrong with drinking. They feel it disturbs the children and may undermine their esteem for their parents who have drinking parties in their home.

Drinking reached an all-time high in Canada last year. Alcoholism is on the increase. So is the number of highway accidents and crimes in which liquor has been a factor. In this matter the greater part of the church has lost its voice. How can people who drink help those who happen to get into trouble on some occasions when they drink? Paul says, "They that are drunken are drunken in the night." But if he were to attend many of today's conventions, political and otherwise, he would find drunkenness long before nightfall. When will we waken to the evils befalling society through the use of strong drink? Drink increases our troubles. Jesus Christ can cure them.

**Rat's Tails As Movie Tickets**  
Most of the cinemagans in the town of Gapan in northern Luzon are now expert rat-killers! Basilio Manuel, mayor of Gapan, couldn't persuade his townspeople to help kill the numerous rats in the district. But the people love going to the pictures, so Mayor Manuel had an idea and offered a free cinema seat for every ten rats' tails delivered to his cinema, one of the biggest in the town.

There were so many rats' tails within a few weeks that Mayor Manuel had to set aside a special night for those holding rat's tail cinema seats because the cinema couldn't cope with the crowds. Rats in the meantime are swiftly dwindling in Gapan.

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**RELIC OF THE QUILTING BEE**—This is one of the quilts on display in the Shelburne (Vt.) Museum, where more than 600 bed coverings in a large display in America have been gathered together by Mrs. J. Watson Webb, founder and head of the museum. This covering, in a pattern called "Princess Feather," dates back to about 1835. The coverings are relics of the quilting bees, so popular in 19th-century America but rarely seen today.

**NORTHERN BANANAS**—Ronald F. Lauer, of North Olmstead, Ohio, examines the fruits of his home-grown banana tree. Lauer, an amateur grower of orchids, picked up a banana bud while in Florida several years ago and now the tree has just about crowded everything else out of his greenhouse. Once each year the tree bears a stack of bananas like the one above. This year, Lauer's family and friends will enjoy 156 northern-variety banana splits.