No Old Maids Among The Eskimos

On his recent Arctic Circuit, Mr. Justice Sisson granted two divorce decrees to Canadian Eskimos. Thus a new step in Eskimo society, from the human relations' standpoint, began. For until these actions, legalized divorce didn't exist among these nomadic hunters of caribou, seal and walrus. They had always practised a code of marital relations strictly their own which produced strange results.

As Mr. C. W Rowley, adviser to the Northern Affairs Department, testified: "The happiest igloo I ever lived in was occupiel by two couples. And not until I left did I learn that the couples were originally matched the other way round."

After this, Eskimos may perhaps copy Western civilization's marriage customs. So far they have managed very well without any ceremony at all. Youngsters are often matched as prospective mates, in infancy, sometimes even before birth.

The young Eskimo male takes the girl promised to him as soon as he can support her. But, if they do not get on well they separate without any fuss or loss of face. The wife, tribal custom dictates, takes care of the children. But, once children are born, such breakups are very rare.

Until recently, some Eskimo hunters maintained two or three wives. Conversely, a woman was not criticized if she had two husbands. All depended on the availability of males and females.

What mattered was that every adult had a mate, bachelors and old maids being quite unknown. And, with one or other partner able to walk out at will, domestic rows seldom caused trouble in igloo life.

They Send Letters To Juliet!

To the ancient city which was the traditional scene of the world's most celebrated love affair come many letters and notes every week addressed to a girl who has been dead hundreds of years.

The city is Verona and the girl was the lovely Juliet whose wooing by the passionate Romeo inspired one of Shakespeare's greatest tragedies. The letters and notes pour in from lovelorn girls in many parts of the world, some being simply addressed to "Juliet, Verona, Italy."

Nearly all the letters from girls abroad ask the dead Juliet for advice, sincerely believing that she will help them: The tomb of the two lovers is situated in an old disused monastery and is of rough stone. As the tomb is uncovered and the lovers are clearly not inside it, it is usually explained that they are "underneath."

Historians have cast doubt on the Romeo and Juliet story despite the fact that there is a marble plaque under the "lovers' balcony" and other tablets indicating the place where they stayed. They say that Shakespeare borrowed the story from a romance invented by an earlier writer called Masuccio who in turn had been inspired by a story from classic Greece.

I have heard it said that the secret of good health is to eat onions, but I have never been able to understand how you can eat onions and keep the secret.
— Sir Thomas Moore, M.P.

TOP NEWS — As much "for men only" as the cigar, the fedora and the derby are lifted for the ladies this fall. Man-type hats, like these modeled by Ruth Copeland (left) and Inge Gruber, are becoming women's wear, continuing a fashion trend that sa wthe ladies donning mannish straw hats during the summer.

Jazz Is Jumping In Russia!

One of the most fascinating discoveries that has been made since the thaw in U.S.-Russian relations is the size of the beachhead that jazz has established within the well-protected citadel of Marxist culture. Taped from Voice of America programs, pressed on bootleg disks and even X-ray plates, jazz has raised such a ferment within the strict confines of Soviet musical life that the Communist authorities hardly know what to do about it.

When a jazz club began to flourish in Leningrad recently, however, the authorities knew just what to do. This account from a Leningrad jazz buff to an American friend recently told the story:

"The Leningrad jazz club . . . was established here in Sept., 1958 by some of the most enthusiastic jazz fans. They had wonderful ideas of studying the history of jazz, playing real jazz music, and 'foundsting' the Russian style of jazz according to the Russian school of polytonality. The club has some wonderful jazz combos playing in all styles from Dixieland to swing, bop, progressive, etc. One of them was an experimental quintet including such instruments as the violin and the French horn and they sounded so nice.

"The whole world knows that Russia is a very musical nation and they have a real feeling for jazz. The popularity of jazz in Russia is tremendous and a very good example of that is the concerts of the jazz club which were attended by more than 2,500 people each day (in Leningrad). Indeed, it was the finest jazz club in the country. But after existing for about eight months it was closed by the official authorities (end of May '59). The causes of that were explained in this way. They said: 'Probably you do a very wonderful and useful job, but we leaders understand nothing about jazz and so we cannot provide leadership And what can a club be without Communist leadership?'"

"It sounds pretty funny," the Russian jazz buff wrote, "but it is so."

DRIVE CAREFULLY — The life you save may be your own.

LATE MODEL — This is the latest in buggies driven by the Amish. It has rear view mirrors, headlights, parking lights and taillights. A new state law will require in addition a flashing red light to warn motorists.

TABLE TALKS
Jane Andrews.

Here are a few freezing points, in case you haven't frozen baked goods lately. Fruit, berry, mince and chiffon pies are especially suitable for freezing. Custard or cream-filled pies tend to become grainy. Meringue toughens during freezing and should not be used.

Most pies can be frozen either baked or unbaked. Fruit pies, however, are best frozen unbaked.

* * *

Do not slit the top crusts of unbaked pies until just before baking. This prevents evaporation of juice during freezing. Baked pies should be cooled thoroughly and frozen at once. Wrap and seal with tape.

If pies are very fragile they may be frozen before wrapping. Pie shells, either baked or unbaked, freeze well and should be frozen before wrapping.

* * *

One home economist who had experimented with the addition of fruit to commercial mincemeat for pies recommended the addition of 1 chopped apple, ½ cup raisins, and 3 teaspoons butter to the mincemeat for 1 large pie. You may want to experiment—you may even want to run a taste-test among members of your family to determine which filling is best for your particular pie.

For your 2-crust mince pie, put pie in a 450° F. oven until edges are brown, then turn to 350° F. until pastry is evenly browned.

* * *

The ever-popular apple pie may be made more festive for holiday serving if you combine the usual fruit with bright red cranberries. Here is the way to make one.

CRANBERRY-APPLE PIE

4 tart apples
1¼ cups cranberries
¾ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
Pastry for 2-crust pie

Pare, core and thinly slice the apples. Wash and cut cranberries in half. Line a 9-inch pie plate with pastry. Place a layer of apples in bottom of pie plate; add cranberries; add remaining apples. Sprinkle with the sugar, cinnamon and salt which you have mixed together. Dot with butter. Cover with pastry that has an opening cut in center for steam to escape (if you do not intend to freeze the pie). Seal edges. Bake in 400° F. to 425° F. oven about 45 minutes or until apples are tender and crust is golden brown.

* * *

Another fruit combination which you may want to try is rhubarb and raisin. Use rich, dark raisins and you'll find it is a perfect foil for the bright piquancy of rhubarb. Brown sugar blends these two flavors together in a way you'll like.

RHUBARB-RAISIN PIE

1¼ cups sugar
¼ cup brown sugar
¼ cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
½ cup water
4 cups sliced rhubarb (canned or frozen may be used)
1 cup dark, seedless raisins
Pastry for 2-crust 9-inch pie

Combine sugars, flour, salt, lemon rind, and water in a saucepan. Cook until mixture thickens slightly, stirring constantly. Pour sauce over fruits and mix well. Divide dough in half. Roll one-half of circle about ⅛-inch thick and fit into 9-inch pan. Roll remaining dough for top crust. Pour filling in pan and top with other dough. Flute edges. Bake at 425° F. about 35 minutes.

* * *

APRICOT PIE

1 (12-ounce package dried apricots
2 cups water
2/3 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
1½ tablespoons cornstarch
2 tablespoons cold water
Pastry for 2-crust 9-inch pie

Simmer apricots in the water about 15 minutes. Add sugar, salt, and nutmeg. Simmer 5 minutes more. Combine cornstarch with the 2 tablespoons cold water; add to apricot mixture and bring to boil, stirring constantly. Cook 2 minutes. Line a 9-inch pan with dough and fill with apricot mixture. Top with remaining crust (cut steam slits if you are not going to freeze pie). Flute or press with fork to seal in juices. Bake at 425° F. about 20 minutes, then reduce to 350° F. and bake 15 minutes longer.

* * *

Flavor in Pastry: For special zip in your apple pies, roll grated cheese into dough. For spiced pastry, mix cinnamon and ginger into crust. For mince pies or cream pies, use orange juice instead of water when mixing, and add about 1 tablespoon grated orange rind for each pie.

These Folks Don't Like Confetti!

Young lovers have been warned that their wedding at a village church in the British Midlands may cost them £3 extra from now on — unless they can persuade their exuberant and sentimental friends not to pelt them with confetti afterwards.

To combat what they call the "confetti menace," the parochial council are imposing a "we don't want litter in our churchyard" ban. They demand that before the service the bridegroom shall pay a £3 "good behavior" fee. This is only returned to him if no confetti is thrown.

If there is confetti, the money goes towards the church funds. Couples who get the idea that confetti throwing can start outside the church may have another shock, for the police can class them as "litterbugs" and fine them.

One opponent of confetti at weddings some years ago called it "a relic of barbarism and a survival from the days when the bridegroom captured the bride by force."

Hundreds of tons of confetti worth many thousands of pounds were not only made, sold and distributed in Britain, but were exported annually in pre-war days. Confetti is still in considerable demand despite complaints from vergers that the custom of throwing it at newlyweds gives them a great deal of extra work.

Rice is rarely thrown at weddings to-day, but the custom was widespread in Victorian times. The Chinese threw rice at newlyweds believing that it induced fertility. The Romans threw grain for the same reason. In Saxon times couples were showered with red and white rose petals as they left church.

"Let's revive this petal custom," urged a minister not long ago. "It was picturesque, harmless and much more natural than the use of coloured confetti made of paper."

Charlie Chaplin As He Is Now

The world's most famous and most controversial—morally and politically— comedian was isolated from the world behind what he calls his "wall of silence." Charlie Chaplin seldom strayed far from the book-filled study of his $420,000, 15-room chateau in Vevey, Switzerland. Chaplin was not, however, merely taking it easy. Forty-five years after making his first movie ("Making a Living"), he was up to his acrobatic eyebrows in a project he thinks will prove to be his major accomplishment: His autobiography, spanning 60 years of show business. He is in the final stages, and until the book is finished Chaplin will stay at it, pacing up and down, dictating in a high-pitched voice, correcting himself with great frequency.

In his wood-paneled library recently the 70-year-old comedian took a rare time out from his writing to expound to Newsweek's Lionel Durand on a number of subjects, including: His seventh child, which his fourth wife Oona, 34-year-old daughter of the late Eugene O'Neill, will present him with around Christmas (People ask me if I am pleased. Of course I am. But they should ask their question in ten years — then it will be interesting!"); his future plans ("I want to do a nice big comedy with color, wide screen, stereophonic sound, and all the trimmings. I want to try it once, anyway. It should be great fun to play with these new techniques"), and his favorite movies ("I think I liked 'City Lights,' 'Limelight,' 'Monsieur Verdoux, and 'A King in New York' best").

"I picked the three films for the Charlie Chaplin Revue' because they're full of fun and invention," he went on. "Besides, composing two hours of music for them was an interesting challenge. I may bring out some more, depending on the reception Charlie gets around the world, but I feel I no longer have any association with the little man with the black mustache. I keep a number of half-written scripts in the freezer, mostly comedies, and I'm interested in new projects.

"Comedy, or at least humor, is around us all the time. Once a comedy director asked me: 'What are you making?' I said this: 'Oh, the same old thing — getting people in and out of trouble'."

For Chaplin, the business of getting in and out of trouble has often carried over from films into real life. And his real-life difficulties have been by far the less savory of the two. He lost a much-publicized paternity suit in 1945. In 1952, having become a multimillionaire but not a citizen after 42 years' residence, Chaplin left the U.S. in the midst of much bad feeling over his outspoken left-wing sympathies. In 1956 he got into difficulties over his Federal taxes, which he settled last year for $425,000.

The last new Chaplin film, "A King in New York," was widely criticized as a heavy-handed assault on the United States. This picture (still to be shown in America) of a deposed monarch seeking freedom but finding "hysteria," suggested this question: Did he ever get homesick for the U.S.?

"No, I really don't," said British subject Chaplin, bristling. "In fact, I'm happy not to be in the United States. I'm much freer here." He added: "I am essentially a showman and I like to amuse people — I have no messages to pass around. An artist, or a comedian, or a clown must comment on whatever surrounds him. But I don't shoot at targets.

"I keep fit by walking, playing tennis, and raising tulips in my garden," Chaplin concluded somewhat abruptly. "I can abide anywhere, in almost any country. I appreciate the basic things of life, a good glass of wine, a good meal, love" — and he added: "And having fun! I think that's very important. I don't know of anything else more important!" —From NEWSWEEK

AGE OF REASON

Summoned by the police to attend court, to answer a charge of driving a motor scooter without a driving licence, William Bryant, aged 88, explained to an Oklahoma court that the reason he had not applied for a licence was because he thought he had to be accompanied by his parents.

GET THE POINT — From h toes to her hairdo, this Pa model is in style. She sports "cosmic" coiffure while displa ing a pair of "missile-style shoes.

Up-to-date Fashion

FIVE-DAY-A-WEEK FAVORITE — the shirtdress with step-in buttoning and smooth lines. Always ready to go, it's made of crisp "Orlon" acrylic fiber and rayon checks that drip dry and let you decide the ironing question. Printed Pattern 4640 in Half Sizes 14½ to 24½. Send **Forty Cents** for each pattern (stamps cannot be accepted, use postal note for safety). Please print plainly **SIZE, STYLE NUMBER, NAME, ADDRESS.** Send your order to Anne Adams, Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ontario.

Autumn Splendor Created For Man

It's I were a brainy State Department official, geared to the perplexing semantics of human affairs, I would hold my summit conference on Porcupine Hill — or some similar sun-drenched October vantage point where the delegates could look off. It is impossible to survey the New England autumn in its rampages of colour and be mad at anybody.

There is more than the foliage, if you need more. The season is frantic with the activity of the inhabitants as they hurry to get the crops under cover, and this is stimulating. It is always good to see people working. From the practical side, there is no time to look off; you've got your hands full anyway. But you do look off; everybody does.

Nothing is so pressing and demanding that you can't take time for the maple red, beech bronze, birch yellow, and deep russet of the oaks. Trucks lumber inwards with the potatoes, apples disappear into the sheds, squashes are piled in yellow mountains by the canning shops. Everything is geared to prosperity; but just when nobody has any time for it, you have to stop and look at the foliage.

Somebody tried to explain to me once how it happens a tree gets up this wild cacophony of brilliance, but it was no use. Something about sugar in the roots and the chlorophyll recipes among the isotopes. A wonderful thing.

Well, there may be those in this world who want to reduce the fires of autumn to an equation. I refuse to be impressed. The thing is much simpler than that. I think the leaves turn pretty so I can look at them and feel good about everything I don't think the sugar content of the sidehill has one thing to do with it. Why would all this take place, like running a railway system, if it was just to satisfy some complicated engineering formula deep in the pores of the wood? It doesn't make sense.

If I wasn't here to look at it, what's the point in doing it? They could change the seasons here just as well, the way they do in other parts of the world, without the fanfare and hoorah. The maple, except for me, could just as well act like a rubber plant — which has the same internal yearnings but never turns colour. The only possible answer is — it's for me. So I enjoy it.

What we do here, and we're not the only ones, is make a little trip. Some folks go over the mountains, but we've found one place is as good as another. I've seen the Intervales, and I've also seen one flaming maple against the spruce of a back pasture. One leaf is like the mountainside. So without any place in mind, we just go until we find the spot that pleases us, and we stop there.

Then we dismount, spread the camping-out stuff from the back of the truck, and stay there until the daylight fades and the last trace of blue velvet has been squeezed from the sky and night is arrived. The fall air is clearer than the fuzzed-up kind in summer. The sun is warm, without being a burden. Very fine, all around.

In the fall the woods get a little livelier. The animals are on the move, enjoying the scenery and getting ready for winter. A deer sometimes wanders out patty-foot to look us over. The squirrels come head-first down a tree and chatter. We even had a skunk once. Skunks are friendly, really, and don't mind company. And you almost have to fight off the Canada Jays. They are thieves, and care not for anything, and will fly in for miles at the sound of a bread crumb dropping.

After a bit, what I do is throw some odd rocks together for a fireplace, and get a bed of coals. Afterward, I start the potatoes. I have no idea what these potatoes taste like at home, for I've never had any at home. I get a pan hot, and then throw in a jorum of chopped-up bacon. When it has dried out some, but hasn't begun to crisp yet, I put in some onions.

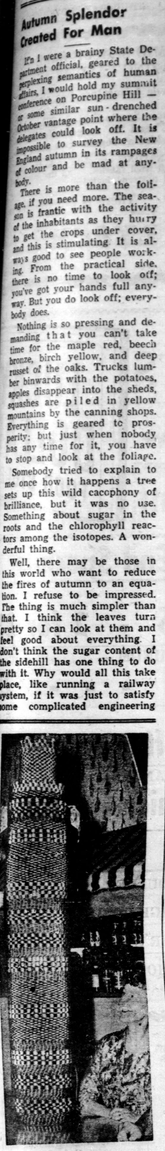
I don't know if you have ever heard a pan of onions cry out on the fall air the way these do. It is as good as a fire siren, and will echo off distant hills. There may be braver noises than a pan of onions in foliage time, but they're hard to beat.

After the onions have worked a little, I fill the pan with diced potatoes, and slip on a cover. The cover tends to quiet the onions a bit, but it also starts a kind of steaming process which I like. I don't urge the potatoes on too much, let them osmosify slowly. They'll take it. Next I sort of rub down the steaks, and open a package of peas, and start the cornbread and gingerbread. Then I . . .

But there, I shall spare the intimate details, or too many will envy me. I don't mean it that way. We spend some time assessing the woodsmoke and the onions, letting the olfactory sense confuse itself with the visual properties of the periphery. In short, we just loll back and let autumn entertain us. It causes a day of days. There may be dark and care, but not here.

And I always, some time during the day, reflect on what a waste this would all be if I weren't on hand to enjoy it. I lie back and never once reflect on the isotopes in the cambium. That's absurd. The whole thing is spread out there just for us, and we're glad. — By John Gould in The Christian Science Monitor.

The main thing to save for your old age is yourself.

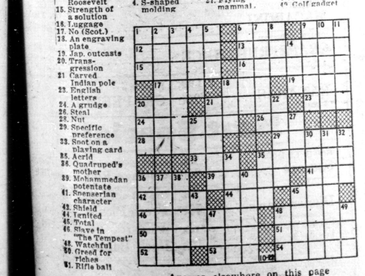


PILLAR OF CHARITY — On display at Gorleston-on-the-Sea, England, is this towering column of coins, mostly penny and three penny pieces. The piller contains about $400 in coins donated by vacationers to provide holidays for the physically handicapped.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Stonecutter
6. Young socialite (ab.)
9. Outcome
12. Mohican Indian
13. Mrs. Roosevelt
15. Strength of a solution
16. Luggage
17. No (Scot.)
18. An engraving plate
19. Jap. outcasts
20. Transgression
21. Carved Indian pole
23. Starlish letters
24. A grudge
26. Steel
27. Net
29. Specific preference
33. Snot on a playing card
35. Acrid
36. Quadruped's mother
39. Mohammedan potentate
41. Spenserian character
42. Shield
44. Terrified
45. Total
46. Slave in "The Tempest"
48. Wasteful
50. Bread for riches
51. Rifle bolt
52. Monetary unit of Japan
53. Mountain (Scot.)
54. Name

DOWN
1. Witticism
2. Silly
3. Diabolical
4. S-shaped molding
5. Grandfather of Saul
6. First appearance
7. Snapping beetle
8. Solicit
9. Growing out
10. Pecan
11. Trim
14. A lifetime
15. Lettuce
20. Trench
21. Overdress
22. Main theme
25. Graph
27. Flying mammal
28. Pupil
31. Plant's climbing device
32. Period
34. King's residence
35. Part of a bridle
36. Disintegrate
37. Century plant
38. Italian city
40. Sun flax
42. Title
45. Royal person (Hawaiian)
47. Child's napkin
48. Norse county
49. Calf-length



Answer elsewhere on this page

STRAIGHT AND NARROW — Francoise Groulx keeps everything lined up as she plows a furrow at Dundas, Ont. At 14, Francoise was the youngest contestant in the International Plowing Match.

THE FARM FRONT
by John Russell

The following article by the Farm Editor of the Christian Science Monitor is of especial interest to Canadian farmers, and so I pass it along to you.

* * *

Being a good neighbor is not always easy — especially when the man next door does something himself very much like what he objected to your doing earlier. Something like that has been happening lately between the United States and Canada. Being friends from way back, these two good neighbors will doubtless find amicable ways of solving their individual problems in ways to avoid stepping on each other's toes. The question is: How?

Two important commodities are involved: wheat and pork.

Canada, like other wheat producing nations burdened with surpluses of their own, has not been happy about some of the efforts to dispose of American wheat abroad, feeling that this disposal has cut into Canadian markets.

Now the United States is concerned about a Canadian governmental program on pork which threatens to flood the United States with pork at a time when American farmers have depressed heir own prices by producing too many hogs.

* * *

The situations in wheat and pork are not exactly parallel, but they are similar enough that Americans now face a little taste of what it's like to have another nation handling its agricultural surplus in a way that threatens to upset American markets.

Canada built up its pork surplus in approximately the same way the United States acquired its tremendous stockpile of wheat: through government price supports which stimulated overproduction by guaranteeing farmers a profit.

When the Canadian stockpile of pork reached a reported 120,000,000 pounds, the government felt forced to change its program. Pork, as a perishable product, cannot be stored for years as wheat can.

The new Canadian program for pork calls for "deficiency payments" similar to those proposed some years ago for American farmers in the still controversial (and far from defunct) Brannan Plan.

* * *

Under the new system, Canadian pork producers will sell their hogs on the open market for whatever price they can get. At the end of the year, Canada will pay to farmers the difference between the average market price and the support rate, which is figured on the basis of 80 per cent of the average market price for the preceding 10 years.

This subsidy will be paid to each farmer at year's end on only a limited number of hogs. Current guesses as to the number were recently reported by the Wall Street Journal as ranging from 60 to 200. Canadians are hoping the new program will aid the small farmer and hold production down; but some believe that even this plan may encourage overproduction. Why shouldn't a small farmer who usually raises only a few hogs step up his production to the limit to get as much from the government as he can?

* * *

Both Canadian and American farmers are concerned about what will now happen to the American market for Canadian pork. Canada doesn't want to lose its American market which has been taking an estimated 7 per cent of Canadian pork. But American farmers don't want their prices forced lower still by an influx of cheap pork from Canada.

Among the organizations demanding action to protect American farmers now is the American Farm Bureau Federation, which in mid-October sent identical telegrams to Secretary of State Christian A. Herter and Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson following up messages sent in June and asking "that the United States take effective action to prevent dumping of Canadian pork onto the United States market," by imposing duties.

* * *

"United States producers can compete on straight economic basis with anyone, but we cannot allow our livestock prices to be wrecked by subsidized competition arising out of deficiency payment schemes instituted by another government," said the telegram.

While the pork problem is thus threatening an international crisis of a sort, it is not so far reaching nor is it likely to be as long lasting as the wheat problem. But it may demand international cooperation of the kind now developing between two good neighbors in regard to wheat.

* * *

Within the last two weeks, the Canadian-American Committee, sponsored by the (American) National Planning Association, and the Private Planning Association of Canada, consisting of about 60 representatives of business, labor, agricultural, and professional interests in both countries, issued a statement "Towards a Solution of Our Wheat Surplus Problems."

The general aim, concluded the committee, "should be to restore the balance between supply and effective commercial demand as quickly as possible. . . . Such a solution requires as an ultimate objective the elimination of government pricing policies that require export subsidization, various forms of restrictions against imports, and other devices which effectively undermine the operation of market forces."

* * *

Cooperative action between Canada and the United States should be considered, reports the committee, at least in the form of a joint program for using wheat surpluses in the two countries for famine relief and special emergency purposes, and possibly in a broader program "which might envisage the establishment of national reserve stocks of wheat in underdeveloped countries."

It would hope to draw other wheat-exporting countries into the program. This, of course, comes close to the "food for peace" plan now being explored by five nations at the government level.

These are economic objectives, which seldom have easy sailing when launched, as they must be, on the heaving waters of national and international politics. And so, even when neighbors agree—informally or officially—on desirable objectives, the question still remains: How can these objectives be attained for the good of all, and to harm none?

DANGER SIGNAL

The tail of the white-tailed deer is feathery and snow-white. When the deer is startled and begins to run, its tail stands straight up. In midsummer, the white-tailed deer has a red coat. When winter approaches, the coat turns to a light bluish grey. Males along the Canadian border sometimes weigh more than 275 pounds.

A Torontonian recently saw his wife off safely in a plane at Malton Airport on a trip to New York.

When he had at last fought his way back home through the traffic, he found a wire reading: 'Arrived safely. Love, Mary'.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Saul Confronted by Christ
Acts 9:1-9

Memory Selection: Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name given among men, whereby we must be saved. Acts 4: 12.

The conversion of Saul of Tarsus was one of the greatest events in the early church. This man had stood by the clothes of those who stoned Stephen to death. He was a leader in the fierce persecution that followed. As he went to Damascus in this diabolical work he was confronted by Christ. In addition to the account of this experience given in our lesson by Luke, we have the record of Paul's own testimony to it before a mob in Jerusalem (Acts 23) and again before King Agrippa (Acts 26).

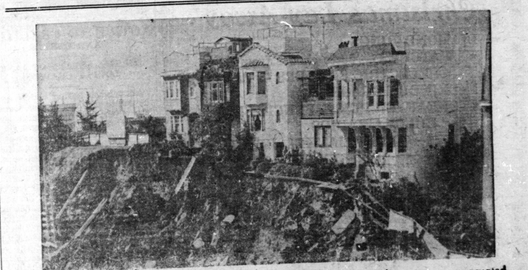
Saul, later known as Paul, became the chief apostle. In fact, most of the remainder of the Book of Acts is an account of his ministry to Jews and Gentiles in Asia, Macedonia, Greece and Italy. He steadied the church when it threatened to split into Jewish and Gentile groups. Peter precipitated this emergency at Antioch. Paul, whose understanding of the roots and the body of Christ was clearer, rebuked Peter and saved the day. Paul, was a learned man, having been taught by Gamaliel, one of the most noted teachers of that day. Paul was the chief theologian of the early church as a reading of his 13 or 14 letters shows clearly. History states that he died as a martyr.

How was Saul converted? First, he was convicted for his sin. When he heard the words, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" he asked, "Who art thou, Lord?" The answer came, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." Saul trembled and was astonished. He surrendered to the One whom he had been persecuting, saying, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" He yielded his will completely and trusted in Jesus Christ. From this faith he never parted. A miracle had happened. The persecutor became a humble and obedient disciple of the One whom he had persecuted. He himself suffered much for his witness for Jesus Christ.

Lord Lyttleton, an avowed atheist, studied the life of Paul to prove that his alleged conversion was a myth. As a result he became troubled about his own sandy position and was eventually transformed into a devout believer.

Upsidedown to Prevent Pecking

GUARDING THE GUARDS — Steel barriers protect a Buckingham Palace guard in London, England. Harassment by spectators of guards standing outside the palace grounds was cause for retreat. Henceforth the fence will separate them.



CLIFF DWELLERS — Residents of five San Francisco, Calif., apartment houses were evacuated after a landslide into the site at a 16-story building.