Gave Up Teaching To Be A Clown

If a fellow can't run away and join the circus just because he's only 3½, the next best thing certainly would be for his father to quit his job, sign up as a clown—and take junior along as part of the act.

That was the reason there were spangles in the eyes of young Charles Boas as the family's trailer took off from Michigan last month for Alabama and the winter headquarters of the Penny Brothers Circus at Scottsboro. Also in the trailer were Charles' cheerfully long-suffering mother, Kathleen, and his three sisters, aged respectively 4 years, 18 months, and 2½ months. And, of course, there was father — 35-year-old Dr. Charles Boas, a Ph.D. from the University of Michigan and until a few days ago an assistant professor of geography at Michigan State University. All his life a circus buff, Dr. Boas had finally decided to take the big jump from campus to tanbark, specifically to join the Penny Brothers faculty of clowns.

For Mrs. Boas it was "something my husband always wanted to do." For the babies there could be only the dimmest awareness of a change in sounds and smells. For 4-year-old Lolie, "going with daddy to the circus will be fun"—and an hope to "swing on the trapezes."

But for young Charles — or Toby, as he's called — it was a matter of the most solemn importance, marking his own embarkation on a new career as well as his father's. He talked about it with professional seriousness, occasionally breaking up at the thought of the funny things in their act.

"We've got a magic box," he explained. "Me and daddy and some other clowns come out. I have an ice-cream cone and I put it in the box, and daddy puts in a little custard pie. Then I turn a crank, a bell rings, and out comes a great big cone. Daddy is surprised. Then I turn the crank again and out comes a great big custard pie. Daddy says, 'Let me have it,' and I do—right in the face."

What did Toby want to be when he grew up?

"Oh, maybe I'll be a fireman or maybe a balloon man."

A balloon man? Like an astronaut in a balloon, maybe?

"Gosh, no," said Toby with a trace of scorn. "The man who sells balloons."

They Store Apples Under Water !

A traveller who recently returned from a visit to Hungary has been telling of some tasty apples and vegetables he ate straight from the river bed! And before you think this man is off his head—let us say that he did so as a result of an experiment for using underwater beds for food storage.

At twelve sites, including various places on the Danube and Tizza rivers, supplies of apples were sunk in plastic containers. In some instances, the surface of the water froze over—but with no ill effects to the apples.

The authors of the scheme, two horticultural experts, Sandor Fejes and Jozef Kresch, joined forces with an engineer of the Synthetic Material Research Association. Together, they have solved the problem of underwater ventilation. The apples have freedom to breathe and sweat.

The traveller states that apples thus bedded down retain both their bloom and freshness. They taste as delicious as when they are freshly picked.

The new plan will reduce costs in maintaining expensive storehouses, hitherto a must, because of Hungary's big apple crop.

One Way Of Meeting A Great Challenge

In our security-conscious, steam-heated society, boredom and a loss of real zest for life are rather common. People complain that there is no challenge in daily living, that everything moves along in a prearranged, or at least readily predictable, fashion.

It is true that a man can no longer get together a few household goods in a wagon and head west toward a frontier. It is not at all true that there are no longer any challenges that will test the mettle of a courageous man or woman.

We have in mind one challenge in particular. It can be simply stated: Try applying the precepts of your religion, without reservation or suit-trimming, to daily life. Although this may sound rather simple, a challenge not to be compared with the hardships and hostile savages that tested the pioneers, it is actually the most demanding challenge of all.

Suppose that concept of the brotherhood of all men — not merely those whose skin is the same color as ours, whose political and moral ideas are the same as ours, but literally all men—were to be applied unstintingly to our dealings with others? Suppose the admonition to sell all we have and give to the poor were to be followed to the letter? Suppose everyone accepted as a solemn obligation the demand to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, comfort the oppressed—without, be it noted, first taking precautions to assure personal comfort?

Those are only hints of the immeasurably great challenge that confronts us all. There is still plenty of pioneering to be done.—Greenwood (Miss.) Commonwealth.

PILOT TO BE SKY PILOT — Canadian Pacific Airline pilot Tom Elden catches up on some school work between flights. He is studying at the University of British Columbia to be a minister and logs 3,000 miles a week between classes.

TABLE TALKS

Elone Andrews

MOULDED CHICKEN

Minced chicken and finely chopped almonds are combined to make these delicious chicken molds.

2 packages unflavored gelatin
¼ cup cold water
2 teaspoons chicken soup base or 2 chicken bouillon cubes
2 cups hot water
½ cup mayonnaise
¼ teaspoon pepper
Dash cayenne pepper
2½ cups minced cooked chicken
½ cup finely chopped celery
½ cup finely chopped almonds
Salt to taste
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
Stuffed olives, sliced.

Soften gelatin in cold water. Dissolve chicken soup base or chicken bouillon cubes in hot water. Add softened gelatin. Stir until dissolved and well blended.

Cool mixture, then stir in mayonnaise, pepper and cayenne. Add minced chicken, celery, almonds. Salt to taste. Chill until mixture begins to thicken, then fold in whipped cream.

Rinse 8 individual molds with cold water. Place a slice of stuffed olive in bottom of each. Fill with chicken mixture. Chill until firm.

To remove molds, hold for a second in hot water. Invert on a serving platter.

DEVILLED EGGS

3 hard-cooked eggs, peeled
1 tablespoon mayonnaise
½ teaspoon vinegar
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
½ teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon paprika
2 drops tabasco sauce

Halve eggs lengthwise. Remove yolks and mash. Mix yolks with mayonnaise, vinegar, salt, pepper, mustard, paprika, and tabasco. Blend well.

Refill egg whites. Chill until serving time.

STUFFED EGGS

3 eggs
Cold water
1 tablespoon mayonnaise
1 drop anchovy paste
½ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
6 small stuffed olives
Pimiento.

Place eggs in saucepan. Cover with cold water. Cover saucepan, place over low heat, and bring slowly to boiling point. Reduce heat and simmer eggs for 20 minutes.

As soon as they are cooked, remove from hot water and plunge into cold water. This prevents egg yolk from discoloring, and the eggs shell more easily.

Remove shells. Halve eggs lengthwise. Remove yolks and mash. Mix yolks with mayonnaise, anchovy paste, salt, and pepper. Blend well.

Place a small stuffed olive in each half-white. Fill with the yolk mixture. Garnish with pimiento. Chill until serving time.

CORN STICKS

1¼ cups flour
¾ cup cornmeal
1 tablespoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup grated cheese
2 eggs
¼ cup sugar
⅔ cup milk
⅓ cup melted shortening

Sift flour, cornmeal, baking powder and salt into a bowl. Stir in grated cheese with a fork, so that cheese is mixed all through the flour-cornmeal mixture.

Beat eggs until very light. Add eggs, sugar, milk and melted shortening, all at once, to flour-cheese mixture. Mix together but do not beat. Stir just enough to mix the ingredients.

Fill 12 greased cornstick pans. Bake in 400 oven for 18 minutes.

If you haven't any cornstick pans, bake in 9-inch-square baking pan for 20 minutes, and cut into squares to serve.

MAPLE CHIFFON PIE

1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin
2 tablespoons cold water
½ cup milk
½ cup maple syrup
⅛ teaspoon salt
2 egg yolks, beaten
½ teaspoon vanilla
2 egg whites
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
1 9-inch baked pie shell
2 tablespoons finely chopped walnuts.

Soften gelatin in cold water. Combine milk, maple syrup and salt. Heat in the top part of double boiler. When hot, slowly blend in beaten egg yolks. Add gelatin and stir until well blended. Remove from heat, stir in vanilla. Chill until slightly thickened.

Beat egg whites until stiff, fold into cooled mixture. Then fold in whipped cream.

Fill baked pie shell with this mixture. Sprinkle with finely chopped walnuts. Chill for 4 hours and serve.

RHUBARB COMPOTE

2 cups rhubarb
1 cup sugar
1 cup water
1 tablespoon minute tapioca
4 tablespoons grenadine.

Select firm young rhubarb. Cut off leaves and stem end. Wash. Peel or not, as desired. Cut into 1-inch pieces and measure 3 cups.

Place in greased baking dish. Sprinkle with sugar. Add water. Cover and bake in 325 oven for 1 hour, until just tender.

Strain off as much of the liquid as possible without disturbing the pieces or rhubarb.

Combine liquid and tapioca in saucepan. Cook for 10 minutes. Remove from heat, cool slightly, stir in grenadine. Pour over rhubarb. Cool, then refrigerate until thoroughly chilled.

Serve with whipped cream, if desired.

Now We Have The Stamp Bootlegger

Stamp dealers in the U.S. badger countries from Afghanistan to Zululand to keep issuing new stamps, essential imports for the $100 million-a-year philatelist trade. Partly due to this pressure, the volume of new stamps has hit blizzard proportions (in 1960, world postal departments turned out nearly 2,000 special issues). But traders last month were complaining louder than ever.

Cause of their troubles: Philatelic free-booters cornering the market. Here's how they work. A broker, usually an American with connections, buys up exclusive rights to the new issue of a cooperative nation, often at a discount, and sells the stamps for whatever the market will bear. One New York firm, for example, peddled foreign 6-cent stamps in this country last year for $8.50 apiece. The over-all take, according to Britain's Philatelic Traders' Society, often runs to about $100,000 on a single issue.

"When you think of collectors who are having to pay fancy prices for issues that will fall in value in a few years, you realize what a racket is going on," commented a broker at the Eighth National Stamp Exhibition in London.

One Latin American collector, unable to buy a new stamp in his own country, raised such a commotion recently that he almost single-handedly forced his government to revoke its exclusive contract with a New York dealer. Despite such rear-guard activity, however, the double-dealing persists. The Maldive Islands, a British protectorate in the Indian Ocean, recently issued, for instance, a new stamp with a face value of $21. "How many Maldive fishermen," wondered a British broker, "can buy such a stamp out of a month's earnings?"

Top pay in the Maldives: About $21 a month.

Cairo Car-Parking Colorful Business

Pulling up to the curb of a downtown Cairo street recently I was accosted by a tall, black-faced man dressed in a long brown overcoat and red tarboosh.

"Leave the brake off when you leave and put the gear in neutral," he said quietly in a deep, powerful voice. "If someone bumps you from the rear the car won't be hurt, you see."

"Oh, yes," I said, taking his advice and prepared to get out of the car.

Then, as I looked away for a moment, there came a thundering shout in Arabic that resembled the liner Queen Elizabeth putting out to sea.

"YA KAWI!"

Looking at the kind-faced man, I found him smiling through big, gold teeth and pointing upward. In another moment there came another stenorian "YA KAWI!"

"Old Sa'ad the car parker here is the most religious man on Kasr el Nil Street," a passerby stopped to tell me. "The Koran says good Moslems should repeat Allah's name as often as possible.

"Sa'ad has such a powerful voice he lets it go every now and then. Allah has about 100 names and Sa'ad is one of the most colorful citizens, foghorn voiced Sa'ad Mirzilni Sa'ad will have to return to his home and King Farouk's former Abdin palace and live off his sons. It will be a sad day for him, indeed.

Cairo might be more efficient without Sa'ad and his colorful colleagues, but one wonders if the city would be as interesting as it is with them on the job.

Q. Is there something I can put on my window screens to help keep my house free of flies during the summer months?

A. One method that has been found highly effective is to paint the screens with a solution consisting of three fluid ounces of quassia extract, one ounce of sugar, and 30 grams of gum arabic. This solution, which is applied with a brush, is deadly to flies, which it attracts, but is harmless to humans and animals.

GUESS WHO? — Believe it or not, this is a Chicago policeman and he's in proper uniform. Patrolman James Nolo wears a new tan smock which will protect uniforms in handling messy work, including loading the paddy wagon in Skid Row.

EASTER PARADERS — The Brennans of Oak Park, Ill., are always the grandest family in the Easter parade. Thomas Brennan, the father, each year makes a complete wardrobe for every member of his large family. That's Mrs. Brennan, far right, back row.

HEIRLOOM — Five generations have prized this quilt. It was made of a quilting bee 139 years ago by the great, great grandmother of Mrs. Cyrus Cooley of Memphis.

lived to be 110." At which point Sa'ad usually lets off another "YA KAWI!"

Sa'ad worked five years in the Egyptian Army in Palestine and Sudan. And before becoming a carparker he served five years with Cairo police.

He makes between a dollar and a dollar and a half a day — a good salary in Egypt for semi-skilled, illiterate work (farm laborers get 50 cents a day). Sa'ad, however, is an exception and is fortunate, as the pile of newspapers by his chair at the curb testify.

Cairo carparkers are part of the city's lower income bracket and most of them have come from the villages. They are also especially religious. Five times a day they spread out a newspaper on the sidewalk, face Mecca, and pray.

New regulations are coming out regulating traffic. Where before car parkers could fill streets with double and triple parking, getting the added painters first went with them, police now are cracking down. In many streets in mid-Cairo double parking is out.

It won't be long, many people feel, before Cairo officials take the opportunity for added revenues and install parking meters. And when they do one of Cairo's most colorful citizens, foghorn voiced Sa'ad Mirzilni Sa'ad will have to return to his home and King Farouk's former Abdin palace and live off his sons. It will be a sad day for him, indeed.

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Tortoises Plague African Farmers

Tortoises, beloved as pets, can be dangerous and pestilential. At least, that's the view South African farmers hold of them. Recently thousands of mountain tortoises lumbered down from the hills to invade their crops and pastures. Prolonged drought and blistering sun had forced them to seek new feeding grounds.

Until recently, it was illegal to interfere with them. For the tortoise, in the sunny African clime, is protected as Royal Game. It could not be trapped or killed without a permit.

But realizing how serious is the tortoise onslaught the Director of Nature Conservation withdrew the ruling. So in a big round-up which has just started, tortoises are being scooped up by the hundreds and either disposed of or earmarked for transfer to distant nature reserves.

One farmer, Mr. Van der Merwe, has come up with an original use for them.

"It's a grand chance for us to get together and found a local tortoise soup industry," he says. Its main outlet, he thinks, would be catering for aristocratic appetites — such as royal banquet and similar functions.

Husband: Have you ever wondered what you would do if you had Rockefeller's income? Wife: No, but I've often wondered what he would do if he had mine.

Comedy Is A Rocking-Chair Fan

The old-fashioned rocking chair discovered in the President's office is not one of the pieces with which Mrs. Kennedy hopes to refurnish the White House.

It is a regular porch-type cane rocker to which she has given the decorator's touch, with a specially made foam rubber cushion and arm coverings. The chair itself has been stained mahogany to match his other office furniture.

Discovery that President Kennedy is a rocking-chair man came as a surprise to reporters recently.

Actually it's an old story. He had the chair in his office in the Senate. He admired a similar chair some years ago in the office of Dr. Janet G. Travell, now White House physician and possessor authority, found it comfortable and ordered one like it.

Now when visitors come in and he wants to "pull up a chair," he takes the rocker.

It makes good sense, according to Dr. Travell, who insists that different chairs have different purposes. A desk chair, for instance, is related to a desk. And a dining room chair is related to a table. Neither are general purpose chairs.

She is somewhat of a specialist on this subject, having designed a proper kind of seat for farm tractors, as well as comfortable seats for airplane pilots who must remain in a sitting position for long periods during flight.

She feels that a person should select a chair as carefully as he buys a suit, or a dress. A chair that is right for a person who is five feet tall is not at all the kind of a chair which will be comfortable for a woman who is six-foot-five, says Dr. Travell.

She claims the average person cannot tell just by looking at a chair whether it is going to be a "good fit." Nor can he judge even by sitting in it, unless he sits for about half an hour, or takes it home on trial.

"It's like sleeping on the sand," she explains. "At first it feels fine, but you can become very uncomfortable if you stay there very long."

Her theory is that every chair should be selected with the purpose for which it is to be used in mind. "You wouldn't think of using a lounging or reading chair at the dining room table," she points out.

Not that she recommends a "posture chair"; just one that fits. Each chair has its own particular use. There is no "all-purpose chair," in her estimation, any more than there is an all-purpose shoe for all occasions and weather. —By Josephine Ripley in the Christian Science Monitor.

SEVEN CHILDREN DIE IN FIRE — Charred bed frames rest in the smouldering remains of the Raymond Floyd home near Excelsior Springs, Mo., March 15, where seven children, ranging in ages from 2 to 11, burned to death. Their parents had driven into town to do the family laundry and left the youngsters alone in the house.

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

In conversation among Midwest U.S. farmers you are likely to hear talk of "this new MT." The speakers are referring to a simple, successful way to cut the cost of soil preparation and cultivation. MT means minimum tillage, the reduction of the number of trips over the field preparing the seed bed.

* * *

Harry Galloway, Purdue University agronomist, says he is impressed by the willingness of Midwest farmers to try out the new tillage methods tested at the experiment stations. In Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and some other states, as well as in Indiana, practical farmers have put the MT methods to the test and are getting results, Mr. Galloway says. Field men of the Purdue University extension service interviewed 57 farmers who raised their corn by the MT method and heard 56 of them say "MT pays off." Most of them figured it saved them from $2 to $3 an acre. The one farmer who disagreed found the method he used not adapted to his muck soil.

* * *

Mr. Galloway sat down in the lounge of Purdue's Memorial Union one evening and explained to me the fundamentals of minimum tillage, diagraming soil structure on a sheet torn from his notebook. He made it plain that in certain soils much of the discing and harrowing done in the traditional methods is not necessary or conducive to the highest yields under today's conditions. The methods developed with horse-drawn plows were not designed for use with heavy modern machinery which pounds the earth as the horse-drawn machinery never did. What's more, today's price squeeze and the scarcity of farm labor encourage farmers to eliminate as many motions as possible, writes Dorothea Kean Jaffe in the Christian Science Monitor.

* * *

MT seems to be doing this. Conventional soil treatment, said Mr. Galloway, calls for some 11 trips with the tractor over the field from early spring to harvest time. With MT methods, these can be cut to as few as six, although they may run to eight or nine, depending on the particular technique used.

The most striking form of minimum tillage is known as wheel track planting. Instead of discing twice and perhaps harrowing also to prepare what used to be regarded as "a nice fine bed," the MT farmer plants in the track left by the wheels of the tractor that pulls the plow. The field is left rough except for the tracks. In them the weight of the tractor has broken the clods and impacted the soil sufficiently to give the seed a starting bed. ("Ever notice how weeds grow in the footprints on a spaded garden?" Mr. Galloway asked. "Same principle.")

* * *

There are advantages to this method other than saving trips around the field. By leaving the soil rough except for wheel tracks it remains more porous, more water absorbant, less inclined to puddle. Moreover, weeds don't grow so fast in loose soil as in the conventional "good seed bed." This postpones the need for cultivation and gives the farmer a chance to do other jobs demanding immediate attention.

There are various other minimum tillage methods. Farmers have names for them—"plow-plant," "plow then plant," "limited tillage." Each is a definite procedure, adapted to a particular soil or situation. Labor is also eliminated by combination of jobs. For example, a farmer may attach a sprayer behind his wheel track planter to include pre-emergence weed spraying in his planting labor. He may plow with a mulcher attached to his plow, eliminating the need for discing and enabling him to plant in the conventional way.

* * *

Up to now, MT has required no new machinery. Farmers have adapted their present equipment to the new methods.

"They're wonderfully ingenious about it," said Mr. Galloway. "They study MT in our winter schools, then go home and improvise. Some farmers change the wheel spacing on their tractors and add two extra wheels in order to put the tracks where they want them. One farmer hitched his planter so the right runner followed the inside edge of soil compacted by the rear tractor wheel and the left runner planted in the front wheel track."

* * *

This farmer, working his field alone, made a practice of plowing several rounds with one tractor, then leaving it and mounting the other tractor to which the planter was hitched. In any case, planting must be done not more than half a day after plowing in order to get good results.

Manufacturers are watching minimum tillage experiments like hawks, said Mr. Galloway. Allis-Chalmers is offering a wheel track planter this spring, he said. Deere & Co., studying experiences of users of their machinery, report a Wisconsin farmer in the northern limit of the corn belt who gets 100 bushels to the acre by wheel track planting, more than he ever got before.

Purdue University offers a table showing the average cost of conventional and MT methods. It shows in every case a lower plowing cost per acre, counting labor, power, and equipment.

"There's no fool like an old fool," goes the saying. No, you certainly can't beat experience.

MOON SHOT? — No, this is not a scene at Cape Canaveral. The unusual picture was made on a farm. The structures are silos, with the moon as a backdrop.

Ben's Pockets Were Always Crammed

My brother Ben followed in his father's footsteps in the matter of filling his pockets so that Mother used to remark, "Ben outcrams his father." Mother could not take with Ben the same measures that she took with me because the pockets in a boy's clothing were too numerous to be sewed up. She tried scolding him. She sought to reward him when he remembered to keep his pockets clear and clean but neither blame nor praise could change his ways.

Even as a small child, my brother was a confirmed berry-picker. It was he who always found the first sweet strawberry in the meadow grass and harvested the last tart cranberry in the frosty marsh. Mother was pleased that he liked to pick berries but she deplored his practice of depositing them in his pockets where, crushed and mixed with chalk and marbles, they became entirely unedible. Father, who himself was a great berry-picker, pleased both Mother and Ben by suggesting a device that solved the berries-in-pocket problem. He showed Ben how to cut a band of bark from a white birch, how to fashion it into a cup and pin the edges together with a briar or a sharp twig. Birch baskets filled in turn with strawberries, blueberries, raspberries, blackberries, and cranberries were welcome offerings which Ben brought to our kitchen table.

When Ben was older, he did not cease to pick berries but he also gathered objects of a less attractive nature. One year, he collected lizards and tree toads. Another year, he amassed a collection of rocks and mosses, and for several seasons he centered his interest on sea shells. Whatever he collected, he placed in his pockets so that his pockets had often to be turned wrong side out for cleaning and washing. Finally Mother hit upon a novel solution. She used heavy blue and white ticking to make holders that fitted into each pocket. In this way the overworked pocket was saved from much wear and tear.

In the winter, Ben found fewer objects to collect. There were no berries; rocks and mosses were covered with a blanket of snow. Spruce gum was about the only outdoor object that was added to his pocket collection of odds and ends, writes Esther E. Wood in the Christian Science Monitor.

One winter afternoon, when he was walking leisurely to school, he stopped at Herman's carriage shop, where his cousin was painting a sleigh. In the corner of the shop was a broken wasp's nest with bodies of the insects scattered upon the floor. Ben was curious about the wasps and he gathered a dozen or so of them for later study under his magnifying glass. He gently tucked the insects into the pockets of his mackinaw, and hurried to the schoolhouse which he reached just as the teacher was ringing the bell. The other children had removed their outdoor wraps and hung them on the wall nails near the stove, leaving the nail nearest the stove for Ben. The belated pupil removed his cap and mackinaw, hung them on the nail, and hurriedly took his seat.

The pupils soon became involved in a busy afternoon of geography and history. At about three o'clock when the older were busy reciting the capitals of the western states, we little girls in the front row were disturbed in the reading of our history lesson by the buzzing of insects about our heads. The heat of the stove had brought Ben's wasps to a lively rejuvenation. Just as Cousin Austin said with confidence, "Idaho-Boise," Alice cried out in alarm, "Bees, bees, bees."

In a moment the school room was in an uproar. Desk tops were banged, books were dropped; children sprang to their feet. In the excitement, Olive upset the water pail and I kicked over a dinner pail on the hearth of the stove. It was Miss Mason's firm hand that brought order out of the chaos. The little girls were told to go to the entry and close the door. The older girls were asked to open the windows while Miss Mason and the older boys armed themselves with scarfs and caps with which they drove the offending insects out of doors.

After the wasps had been banished, the windows closed, and the children reassembled in the cold room, Miss Mason asked the pertinent question, "Children, did any of you bring those wasps into the school room?"

A subdued Ben raised his hand to reply, "Please, Miss, I brought a pocketful of wasps to school. I meant no harm. They were sound asleep for the winter. I never expected them to wake up."

"Pocketful of wasps indeed," exclaimed the teacher. "It is too cold for school to continue. All the pupils except Benjamin are excused to go home."

Miss Mason's mild correction of Ben took an unusual form. She asked him to look up the word pocket in the dictionary and to write the definition on the back blackboard. The next morning when we came to school, we read the sentence, "a pocket is a small bag inserted in a garment for carrying small articles, as money." Each day for a week, Ben was bidden to read aloud the sentence at the close of the day's session.

The incident of the wasps and Miss Mason's punishment suggested to the boys a nickname for Ben. During the following months of the winter term, he was called "Pocketful Ben."

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

When the Righteous Suffer
Job 2: 3-6; 19: 13-21

Memory Selection: Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him. James 1:12.

The problem of suffering is always with us. The book of Job faces these problems realistically and answers some of them. Let us consider three of them.

(1) Suffering is not necessarily punishment for the individual's sin. God's testimony of Job was, "A perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil." Even after his loss of property and children, "In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly." Then after Satan's second vicious attack, this time on Job's body, the comment is, "In all this did not Job sin with his lips." Job's so-called friends said he must have sinned to have incurred such suffering but God's word of him is good.

(2) Suffering is a test of faith. While pain has its origin in the nervous system, the pressure upon man's spirit is terrific. This is evidenced in Job's laments such as, "Let the day perish wherein I was born." This is the time when faith is a great source of strength. Job said, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Faith thus tested in the fires of affliction, comes out stronger.

(3) Let us continue in our efforts to alleviate suffering, but we shall never eliminate it. We have made marvellous progress in the control of T.B., but cancer increases. This world isn't heaven. Pain accompanies man in his earthly pilgrimage. The Christian must learn to receive benefit through his suffering. Job exclaimed, "When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." Job got a clearer vision of God. This is especially seen in the last chapter. He was chastened and humbled. He learned patience. So for us all. We must capitalize on our sufferings. When Paul's prayer for the removal of the thorn from his flesh was answered with a promise of grace sufficient, he said, "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." The Christian can, by the grace of God, be triumphant in the time of suffering.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Word of commiseration
6. Fold up tightly
8. Spring
12. Spectre
13. Hurtful
14. Pull at
15. Pentagram
16. Cleans
17. Coach
20. Give forth
21. Intense pain
24. Friendship
27. Hawkeye State (ab.)
28. Sprites
29. Hall bird
31. Curve
33. Ex-premier executed for treason
37. And not
38. Actual
39. Depressions
40. Worry
41. Organization (ab.)
41. Island in Firth of Clyde, Scot.
42. Accompanies
45. War god
47. Independent Ireland
48. Re-examination
51. Covenant
54. Herb eve
55. Honest
56. Siouan Indian
57. Egg
58. Stone paving block

DOWN
1. Beast of burden
2. Abraham's nephew
3. Cockatoo
4. Fabric
5. Jubilee
6. P.t. yam (var.)
7. Fully grown
8. So. American ruminant
9. Depot
10. Cooking vessel
11. Reverence
17. Edges
19. Tumble
21. Coronet
22. Scarce
23. Spinning receptacle
25. Fresh-water fish
26. Tales (colloq.)
29. Soft cloth used for inlings
32. Desert trails
34. Places
37. Persian hook
39. Blindness
43. Dizziness
44. Ooze slides
46. Lasso
48. Father
49. Tear
50. Dust
53. Not in
54. Pro and —
55. Yarn measure

Answer elsewhere on this page

TRYING TO PALM HIMSELF OFF — Thorny character is a tenrec, a prolific animal from Madagascar which feeds mostly on earthworms. An admirer holds it in the London Zoo.