Big Changes At Buckingham Palace

A notable royal anniversary is being allowed to slip by without celebration. There hasn't been a whisper, let alone fireworks, to commemorate the fact that Buckingham Palace is now the oldest occupied royal palace in the world.

It's just 200 years since a young bridegroom of twenty-four bought Buckingham House for his seventeen-year-old bride. As custom dictated in those days, young King George III intended the place as a dower house for the widow he would leave when he died.

Instead, the young couple moved in, just in time for their first baby — who became King George IV — and in twenty-one years they had a family of fifteen children.

The price of the house seemed a bargain. It was less than $3 for each of the 30,000 fruitful mulberry trees in the garden.

It had been built by a Duke of Buckingham who acted as a jovial local squire, laying out mazes and bowling alleys for people to have fun.

Right to this day the old mansion is still in existence, forming part of the west garden front.

Guests are still apt to stumble between the blue drawing-room and state dining-room, because of the slight difference in floor levels.

It was seventy years before Buckingham House was raised to the status of palace. This came about when George IV decided to move in.

In a fit of economy he directed that his old home, Carlton House, should be pulled down, and the materials used in extending his "palace."

In reality, the architects quarrelled, the workmen took too many tea and beer breaks—and the salvaged materials were time-wasting. Ten years passed and George IV died without moving in — his big ambition was never fulfilled.

Twenty-five mantel pieces still littered the courtyard and were moved to Windsor.

Only recently, our present Queen took a second look at a pile of broken stone in the grounds of Royal Lodge, Windsor. The pieces fitted together into human figures.

They proved to be the work of an important eighteenth-century sculptor and they, too, were part of George IV's futile salvage campaign.

Queen Victoria came to the throne before Buckingham Palace was ready for occupation. People were surprised when she relinquished Kensington Palace to her mother and decided to live in "the new palace" instead. Even then the drains were so bad that the fumes tarnished fresh paint in a single night, and an official report on the Queen's new home revealed that "her doors will not shut, her bells will not ring and her chimneys never stop smoking."

An astute washerwoman, named Sophie Harding, noticed the smoking chimneys and went all out to get the palace laundry contract.

Soot and smoke, she realized, meant a lot of laundry work — and Sophie scooped a contract worth $3,000 a month at today's values.

When Prince Albert married the Queen, the time had come for reform. Carriages could hardly move in the courtyard because the ashes of 200 fires were dumped there each day by the housemaids!

In addition, fumes from the local gasworks filled the palace rooms. It's small wonder that Victoria and Albert decided to spend most of their time at Osborne and Balmoral — as far from the smelly palace as they could conveniently get. During Queen Victoria's long widowhood, the palace was occasionally lent to foreign rulers.

The most discomfiting guest was undoubtedly the Sultan of Turkey, who moved in with his harem, staged a prize-fight in the garden, and is even said to have summarily executed one of his servants in the palace precincts.

The coroner of the Royal Household never succeeded in getting to the bottom of the affair — or in locating the corpse supposedly buried in a remote corner of the grounds.

Last year, however, a corner of the palace gardens was lopped off to make way for the Hyde Park Corner road improvements — and during the excavations human bones were found.

Roughly ninety years old, they were supposedly to be dissection relics from the nearby hospital. But were they, in fact, the vital evidence of the palace murder mystery? asks Helen Cathcart in "Tit-Bits"

King Edward VII rightly called the palace a mausoleum when he took charge at the start of this century.

His father's moth-eaten clothes still hung in the wardrobes. The halls were filled with mournful statuary, and the great classical paintings coated with soot from the gas chandeliers.

Back in gay Edward VII's time, American musical comedies were staged in the ballroom with full sets and costumes.

When King George V and Quen Mary took over, new ideas in entertainment had to be found. At palace garden-parties the Royal Watermen, in their picturesque costumes, were on duty to take guests boating on the lake.

The palace is supposed to be more pompous nowadays — yet only last year, a chimpanzees' tea-party was held to amuse ex-service guests.

Just fifty years have passed since the palace had its great face-lift.

The frontage facing the Mall was looking very shabby and King George V directed that it should be rebuilt with entirely new stonework while he was on holiday.

This meant that the work had to be completed within three months. It involved putting 6,000 tons of cut and faced stones in position without removing a single pane of window-glass.

Two weeks had to be spent in putting the scaffolding in place alone.

The work went on day and night. It was completed on time — and the King was so pleased that he staged a slap-up dinner for the 800 workmen at a West End restaurant.

Since then the chief change at the palace has been one of character rather than architecture.

Prince Philip has a marked-out landing place for his helicopter in the grounds. The sentries, in their pale-blue sentry boxes, have been moved behind the railing to avoid disturbance by tourists.

The State Apartments are seldom in use. Far from being the Queen's chief home, the palace becomes increasingly functional as the chief business office of the Monarchy — firmly closed to all save rank and privilege.

EVER HAPPEN TO YOU? By Blake

REUNION — Three of the four surviving Dionne quintuplets got together at christening ceremony for Eric, son of Mr. and Mrs. Germain Allard (fo merly Annette Dionne, left), in St. Bruno, Quebec Holding baby is Yvonne, and at right is Marie. Cecile, ill, was unable to attend. Emilie died in 1954. The famous quints were born on May 28, 1934.

Things Are Spooky Down Underground

Down, down, 3,750 feet, through a labyrinth of caves, lakes, waterfalls, until stopped by an underground river.

That was the recent achievement of a team of British potholers, in the vast Gouffre Berger system near Grenoble, France, who equalled the world record.

They're tough, these cavers who vanish through rock-holes in Britain, Europe, anywhere, as scientific explorers or just for fun.

Why? As a dare, of course — to test their skill and resource, like mountaineers. To challenge a record; penetrate where no other human has trodden; perhaps encounter magical and breathtaking beauty in a subterranean fairyland, as did the world's most famous caver, Norbert Casteret.

Probing over a mile into the Cigalère grotto in his native Pyrenees, he stood speechless in a palce of crystal glittering with colour whose delicate formations surpassed nature's most gorgeous flowers.

Stalactites and crystals sparkled all around him. There were huge needles as fine as cobwebs which trembled and broke from the slightest vibration, silver strings like silk yarn dangling from roof and walls.

He walked on ice-flowers, plunged knee-deep in bushes of the loveliest crystals. Ever new splendours kept him breathless.

That was the dazzling climax to several explorations involving hazards which only a long-tried expert could survive.

In one small tunnel he had to drag himself along, flat on his stomach, his cheek pressed to the ground, his feet flattened out, only to find the end blocked.

To worm into another, a mere crack, he stripped naked to make himself as thin as possible. He lay flat in icy water. His chest ground into the bed, the roof scraped his back. Then his head jammed and he had to squirm back.

But his most terrifying ordeal came when he was lowered on a rope over the brink of a dark abyss by a roaring waterfall.

And when we say "dark" we recall his own words: "No solitude is comparable to the bowels of the earth, no night so dark as the blackness underground."

Casteret wore a trench helmet — protection from falling stones — had an electric lamp in his hand and a whistle in his mouth to direct his descent to colleagues above by code-signals.

A jutting overhang left him swinging free in the void, kicking an ugly black wall at each swing, knocking on stones, occasionally brushing a waterfall.

At sixty feet he got a foothold on a ledge just big enough for his feet, and from this perilous perch he could see nothing below but the column of falling water.

Casteret kicked down a big stone to sound depth. It fell, whistling like a cannon-ball, and crashed far below.

On the bottom, or just an outcrop? He couldn't tell. The rope wouldn't reach that far, anyway, so he whistled three times, then waited to b hauled back.

The rope stiffened, vibrated. He began to revolve in space, whistled again, went up three feet — then down six.

His comrades above were exhausted, thwarted by the weight and friction. He spun like a top, dangled under the waterfall which hammered him, made him heavier.

Again he whistled frantically, but the rope must have got caught. Perhaps it was wearing through? By a desperate effort he swung towards the wall, tried to grip it, but the wet rock was too slippery.

He heard anguished voices, felt in every nerve the frightful tension on the rope. Very slowly he went up by short feeble tugs.

As his head rose above the edge of the overhang there was another stop.

Now he could see his friends struggling to wrench him from the abyss. At last he was safe.

The shock and strain had been so severe that it took them three hours to cover the 500 feet to the surface.

While climbing some falls in the Cigalère system with his wife Casteret was horrified to see her fall back and plunge into a deep pool of swirling, icy water.

But she was an excellent swimmer, and managed to reach the bank. Here she shed her sodden clothes, shared his, and they went on exploring the cave,

WHERE AM I? — Probably happy that his satchel journey is ended, this Burma cat takes a suspicious look at Paris after arriving for the world Feline Exposition.

Picture Painted On A Grain Of Rice

Treasured possession of a Surrey man is a grain of rice—with a picture of Windsor Castle painted on it.

An impossible achievement? No, it was the work of that prince of miniaturists, the late Charles R. Gunner, who received a number of commissions from members of the Royal Family.

His rice-grain Windsor Castle can't be seen with the naked eye. But its conscientious line-work becomes magically apparent when it is magnified.

A portrait he executed of the Queen, when Princess Elizabeth, was designed to be inset into a ring for Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. Gunner also wrote what was claimed to be the smallest hand-written book in the world. The late Queen Mary was so impressed by his patient miniature penmanship that she bought this book, a history of Windsor Castle.

Written on eighty pages, each less than the size of a postage stamp, it measured only three-eighths of an inch by five-eighths of an inch.

Pendulums Made Clocks Accurate

Until the middle of the seventeenth century, clocks were not at all accurate. For this reason they seldom had more than one hand, which indicated the hour only. And their time was continually being checked on a sundial. The invention that made all the difference to accuracy was the pendulum. It has a curious history.

In 1583 Galileo Galilei, a student of eighteen when watching the to-and-fro swing of a lamp on a long chain in Pisa Cathedral, thought that its movement might be a way of measuring time. From this idea he attempted to make a pendulum clock, but we are not sure that he succeeded.

However, in 1657 Christian Huygens, a Dutch scientist, realized Galileo's dream, and revolutionized the clock-maker's art by successfully applying the pendulum to clockwork. In this way accuracy was so much improved that minute hands became the rule, and soon second pointers were added. Huygens designed these pendulum clocks, and Samuel Coster made them. Both the designs and clocks can be seen at Leyden Museum.

Thirteen years later a considerable further step forward in accuracy came with the invention of the "anchor" escapement, often attributed to Robert Hook but first met with in clocks by William Clement, a London maker of about 1670. It got its name from the fact that the gadgets which control the escape of the driving-force were anchor-shaped. In America the various parts of the anchor escapement are to this day known by their antiquated old English names, whereas in Europe the old names have been changed.

These two things, the pendulum and the "anchor" escapement, had an immediate effect on clock manufacture. The greater accuracy now attainable made it worth while to contrive mechanism that would go for a longer period than thirty hours which had been the limit before. Soon clocks were devised to go for a month or more, then for three, six or twelve months. This meant that the mechanism required much heavier weights which unfortunately pulled the bracket holding the clock from the wall; so a tall upright case was provided. It not only strongly supported the clock but enclosed the weights as well. Thus the grandfather clock was evolved, which, when less than six feet tall, is known popularly as the grandmother.

At first these long-case clocks were slender, because the case only needed to be wide enough to contain the weights, as the clock had a very short pendulum. But after Robert Hook had shown by experiment that a long pendulum worked better than a short one, then grandfather clocks had to be made wide enough for the swing of the pendulum as well. A whole new branch of cabinet making was called into being to create elaborate long clock cases, some of marquetry. — From "Clocks" by Simon Fleet.

How The President's Word Was Sped

The second great Cuban crisis had its comic moments which the public may now safetly attend to.

One of these was the summoning of Rep. Hale Boggs of Louisiana to the urgent meeting of congressional leaders at the White House Oct. 22. Mr. Boggs was on a boat 30 miles off the Louisiana coast when an Air Force plane caught up with him. The plane's pilot circled, finally dropped the vital summons to Mr. Boggs in the form of a note in a bottle.

No one has checked on other methods used to inform presidential confidants, but we'd like to believe that for future crises presidential aides will have on hand:

- A carrier pigeon for reaching General MacArthur in the Waldorf Towers when his phone is busy.
- A message tied to an arrow shaft for contacting Secretary Udall in Yellowstone National Park.
- A note wrapped around a stone for throwing through the window of the American Embassy in Grosvenor Square when Ambassador Bruce is besieged by Aldermaston marchers.

And Mr. Boggs might return that bottle. Mr. Kennedy may someday need it to reach the Attorney General in mid-swimming pool. — from the Christian Science Monitor

HEAVY, HEAVY . . . — David Rapaport decides that art can be a pretty weighty matter as he studies "in depth" an exhibit at San Francisco's annual art festival. David's decision: The $350 prize exhibit called "Welded Junk" was just that, for his money.

SYMBOL OF HOPE — Historic St. Peter's Basilica, site of the ecumenical council of the Roman Catholic Church, stands dramatically bathed in floodlights in Vatican City, Rome.

We Need Protection Against The Birds

In my very youth, through the indoctrination of a schoolma'am, I became a proud member of the Audubon Club, and pasted stickers of the lovely birds in a little book. I gazed at them through a glass, and admired their song. Since then, I have grown up, and a great amount of evidence has come my way to show that birds are a pretty domineering lot, and hard to get along with.

This line of thought will distress innumerable people, but it came to me while I was picking grapes this morning and had a stern session with a catbird. These grapes are called "Moore's Early" and they are delicious. They are large in stature, rich and juicy, and come in big clusters. Some of my other grapes are said to make better jelly, but these are the best for eating, as the catalogs say, "out of hand." I can pick these in little strawberry baskets and set them by the road and frustrate the tax gatherer. And I find this catbird likes the grapes as much as people do, and he had been visiting my arbor until he got the impression these grapes were his'n.

I say "arbor" with qualification. I prune the vine every year, and it is supposed to lie upon a pole arrangement I put up to support it. But the vine got away from me, and in addition to adorning the poles it runs up into a McIntosh Red tree and comes down again on the other side. This McIntosh thus produces apples and grapes about bushel for bushel, and the way the tree and the vine have desegregated the harvest is a joint project. I keep a colony of bees under the shade, too, so in pursuing this project some care is exercised. So I was up on a ladder, poking through the jungle, putting apples in one basket and grapes in another, and this catbird discovered me.

He has been around all summer. He lifts his melodious note, according to my Audubon training, when I am at a distance and he is alone. The rest of the time he just meows. He likes to find our stub-tailed cat asleep under a rosebush, and will fly down into the other side of the bush and meow. This throws Stubbie into a tizzy, and is a mean trick. So he tried the same thing, sort of, with me. He flew in from the other side in full possession of the premises, and came face-to-face with me — a blue-black cluster of fine grapes between. He suddenly found that he was being robbed. He jumped a foot in the air and cried out. He was rude. He called me names. He said he had a deed, and ordered me off.

This is typical of birds. Last year a barn swallow flew into our shed and built a nest on a beam. She might have inquired if I cared, but she didn't. She presumed. She didn't even tell me she was going to do it. She installed a clutch of eggs and clapped herself upon them with great secrecy. So one day it looked like rain and I closed the shed door. I didn't pass that way again for a couple of days, and when I opened the door this little swallow lady flew at me and reproached me bitterly. She said many an unkind thing. She went into details. That shed was hers, and the door was hers, and I had done a terrible thing. Her pent-up hatred and spleen had been meditated into a vast tirade. Who did I think I was?

One year I had a crib full of ear corn, and a flock of blejays annexed it. They found a hole and began moving it out. They acted as if they had a permit from the Public Utility Commission. I went down and tacked a piece of wire over the hole, and they flew around and abused me. That is why, later, when I was asked if I would subscribe to the Audubon movement I said that I did not plan to be nice to birds until birds began to be nice to me. I felt things were all mixed up.

We had a robin build a nest once atop the fuse-box for the barn, and when lightning blew a fuse one day this robin blamed it on me. She would waggle her tail, which I gather had been involved in this mischance, and would berate me miserably. When I tried to open the box and insert a new fuse she would fly at me and threaten me, and say terrible things. I said to myself, what this government needs is a robin-to-people program.

So, I think some of these birds are bad characters. Warbling their native woodnotes, wild, they hang around as if they were adorning the scene in a purely artistic manner, but all they are doing is waiting to take over. My mallards, content and domestic in the farmyard pond, tolled in some wild ducks, and these wild ducks parade to the hopper and eat my hard-earned grain as if they'd been invited, and when I approach all innocent of this intrusion they squawk and holler and thresh around and take off leaving a loud streak of calumny and vituperation in their wake. It leaves me feeling unwanted, and forlorn.

I think the birds are getting more and more possessive and abusive every year. It is time we stood up for our rights. — By John Gould in the Christian Science Monitor.

Strange Tales Regarding Tails

When it comes to a tail, animals are one up on the human race! They make the most of their extra appendage too, using it either as a fly-swatter, catapult, propeller, parachute, blanket, plough, rudder, periscope, grappling hook, or as an emotional outlet.

While the horse and cow use their tails mainly for swatting flies, other animals are more ingenious. The kangaroo uses his as a prop or shooting stick.

The woolly monkey also believes in making himself comfortable. He curls his tail into a loop, stiffens it and uses it as a portable chair.

The fox and cat wrap their tails around them as a blanket. Anteaters of West Africa use their armoured tails to block their burrows against hostile invaders. The ant-lion, when digging a pit-trap, walks backwards using its tail as a handy plough.

The beaver uses his as a rudder for swimming and a prop when standing on dry land. He will also slap it against the water to warn other beavers whenever sensing danger.

The squirrel's bushy tail has many uses. It acts as a steering rudder when he jumps from tree to tree, a balancing parasol while crossing a narrow branch, and even as a parachute!

Squirrels have been known to fall as much as sixty feet without suffering any injury.

The cat balances on a fence largely with its tail; the woodpecker uses his as a prop and brace while clinging to a tree.

The male damsel-fly comes equipped with a coupling device at the end of his tail. When a female takes his fancy, he simply hooks on to her and hauls her through the water like a locomotive engine drawing a train!

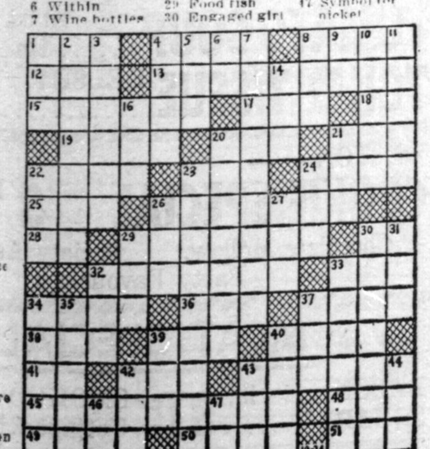
Whether or not the female objects to this has never been established.

The female opossum carries her young on her back like a subway strap-hanger. She simply curves her tail back over her body and the young hang on to it with theirs.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1 Noah's first son
4 Slide
8 Drama
12 Biblical character
13 Enter
15 Burro
17 Dove's call
18 Tantalum symbol
19 Bound
20 Chart
21 Possesses
22 King of the jungle
23 Is able
24 Wagon
25 Eternity
26 Manage
28 Atop
29 Harden
30 Note of the scale
32 Ceramics
33 Storage place
34 Deposited
36 Bitter vetch
37 Become ragged by rubbing
38 Hen fruit
39 Printer's measures
40 Lima
41 Land measure
42 Baseball implement
44 Medical lotion
45 High regard
48 Baste
49 Tidy
50 Deceased
51 Conger

DOWN
1 Mournful
2 Feeling
3 Servile agent
4 Hastened
5 Solution
6 Within
7 Wine bottles
8 Golf instructor
9 Note of the scale
10 Oil of roses
11 Ferment
14 Acme
16 Knowledge
20 Cribs
21 King Henry
22 Constellation the Lion
23 Self satisfied
24 Mountain pass
26 G. I. bed
27 Beans
29 Food fish
30 Engaged girl
31 At all
32 Metal casting
33 Cook a certain way
34 Find out
35 Accord
37 Marshy swamp
39 Auricle
40 Reared
42 Wager
43 Expert
44 Shoemaker's tool
46 Seacoast State (ab.)
47 Symbol for nickel



Answer elsewhere on this page

COMING THROUGH — Joan Borgstede, 20, will reign as Miss Grand National over the 18th Grand National Livestock Exposition at the famous Cow Palace in San Francisco.

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

Has the time come for a complete examination of retailing practices in the distribution of fruits and vegetables?

This question is agitating officers of the Ontario Fruit and Vegetable Growers' Association as they watch the scene unfold, writes M. M. Robinson in "The Grower".

Over the years, the retail trade, especially the advertising retailers who are largely the corporate chains, have striven to develop an image with the consuming public. The image is one of large volume at low prices, and it can be said that the consuming public pretty well accepts the picture as it has been painted.

* * *

To those who seek to supply the retailers — farmers, shippers and wholesalers — the image is a vastly different one. The feeling of the Ontario Fruit and Vegetable Growers' Association is that the time has come to examine the facts of trade and pour a little light on the image — the real image.

Two aspects of the retailing of fruits and vegetables — fresh and processed — are concerning the industry. One is the cost of doing business with the large retailers through the media of rebates, advertising allowances, payola and other gimmicks which have been accepted, under pressure, as standard practices. The other aspect is the unusually high mark-ups being taken except in the weekly advertised specials — the come-ons.

* * *

The objectionable features, of which so much is heard, have become part and parcel of merchandizing through the agency of fear, in some cases abject fear for nothing can be mcre disturbing to a grower or dealer than loss or threatened loss of a regular market home. The Ontario Fruit and Vegetable Growers' Association is fully aware of the nature of the objectionable practices, but finds it difficult to secure the kind of proof, in the worst incidents, that would permit of clean-cut charges simply because of the fear of retaliation. In nearly every case brought to the attention of the Association, the complainant backs away when invited to permit the Association to use the information for the purpose of direct charges.

* * *

The nature of the exorbitant mark-ups are not difficult to prove. The extent of the rebates and advertising allowances is established, but use of the information becomes difficult when those complaining clam up in the face of any threat of publicity. In the matter of payola, for supply. They are under constant pressure from individual sellers and selling combinations. In the periods of ample supply when the hunt for a market home is constant and, at times, a rather hectic business, the buyer can almost dictate his own terms. The result is the development of a system of trading that has lost many moral aspects as power corrupts.

* * *

In the matter of rebates and advertising allowances, the payments go directly into the coffers of the retailers. With payola individuals benefit. Combining the rebates, allowances, direct payments to the nature of retail mark-ups, one can only come up with one answer — that the cost of doing business below retail level becomes oppressively exorbitant.

* * *

Growers have tried to meet the system by developing compulsory marketing plans and establishment of co-operatives, but even these have not been successful in off-setting some of the practices. The result is a growing demand for a full-scale investigation — a Royal Commission — so that all facets of the trade in fruits and vegetables may be examined, with power to summon witnesses and examine them under oath.

* * *

Much is made of the powers contained in the Combines Investigation Act and the continual examination that goes on when suspicion of pricing combinations, aimed at preventing price-cutting, develops. In the opinion of the writer, such price-setting combinations are to be preferred to a lot of the things that are left untouched for it can be argued that restraint of trade is not confined entirely to those aspects of trade which those administering the Combines Investigation Act are interested in.

* * *

The general public is untouched by most of these things, for the general public is far removed from what can be termed the market place and entirely ignorant of what goes on in the movement of produce from farm to consumer. Perhaps the consumer is not interested, certainly not as long as the retailers are able to maintain the image which they have succeeded in establishing. This is indicated by the general belief on the part of Mrs. Consumer that the farmer is to blame when prices seem high. Mrs. Consumer has little opportunity to compare the price at the farm with the store price. She, for instance, doesn't know that at the end of August, when she was called upon to pay 89¢ for a basket of tomatoes the wholesale price was 40¢ and the price to the farmer less than that. Mrs. Consumer can't be faulted for her ignorance. She has no opportunity to ascertain the facts. She would, we believe, be interested if she knew the measure of mark-up and the added cost of doing business because of the gimmicks of rebates, allowances and payola.

* * *

Those who live in the world of trade are in agreement as to the measure of viciousness that pertains. There has been a lot of off-the-record ranting and a lot of verbal protests. Perhaps the time has come for a look at it all in the hope that trade can be a little cleaner and some of the pressures removed. If such a look is made possible, it is more than likely that some of the images will topple.

The question is, who has the courage to tackle the big, bad wolf?

FOR SURLY WAITERS

It's round and silvery and about an inch across, and next to your plate in a restaurant it looks a lot like a quarter. Instead, it's a booby prize for rude waiters. "Zero Cents," it reads on one side. "This Coin . . . Matches Exactly the Value of Your Service." Pictured on the other side is an empty, upturned palm.

The no-tip coin is the creation of a 36-year-old New Yorker named Roy Morser, who sank almost $1,000 into a supply of 20,000 slugs and a month ago began selling them by mail at eight for a dollar. He doesn't intend to use them himself. "If anything," he says sorrowfully, "I am an overgenerous tipper."

Upside-down to Prevent Peeking

S	E	M	■	S	K	I	D	■	P	L	A	Y
A	M	I	■	P	E	N	E	T	R	A	T	E
D	O	N	K	E	Y	■	C	O	O	■	T	A
■	T	I	E	D	■	M	A	P	■	H	A	S
L	I	O	N	■	C	A	N	■	C	A	R	T
E	O	N	■	C	O	N	T	R	O	L	■	■
O	N	■	C	O	N	G	E	A	L	■	F	A
■	■	P	O	T	T	E	R	Y	■	B	I	N
L	A	I	D	■	E	R	S	■	F	R	A	Y
E	G	G	■	E	N	S	■	B	E	A	N	■
A	R	■	B	A	T	■	A	R	N	I	C	A
R	E	V	E	R	E	N	C	E	■	S	E	W
N	E	A	T	■	D	I	E	D	■	E	E	L

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Redemption: Man's Response
Acts 16: 25-34; Romans 10: 4-13; I John 1: 5-10

Memory Scripture: For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God. Ephesians 2:8.

This is a great lesson. In the first part which tells of the conversion of the Philippian jailer, we have a graphic illustration of the response man must give to God's call to redemption. A man, convicted of his sin, cries out, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved? God's messengers, who until the earthquake had sat or lay with bleeding backs, their feet fastened in the stocks, replied, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." How simple! Some protest saying "Where is the call to repentance so clearly set forth by the prophets, and the apostles? Did not Jesus Himself say, 'Repent ye, and believe the Gospel'?" Mk. 1:15. But repentance was already evident in this man. The fruit of it was seen in his washing of their stripes.

The next portion of the lesson emphasizes that we are saved by faith. "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." But this is not a mere mental assent to the truth of the Gospel but a commitment of ourself to Jesus Christ as our Lord and Saviour. We must say as Saul of Tarsus, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Romans 9 and 10 set forth two sides of the coin. Romans 9 deals with the sovereignty of God in His World: "The potter has a right over the clay." But Romans 10 shows that this sovereignty does not overrule our obligation to God. The Apostle sets forth both sides without trying to harmonize them. There are two sides to the same coin and human understanding can only look at one side at a time.

I John was written to safeguard against Gnosticism which said that though man's spirit could be saved it had still to live in an evil body. John urged that a genuine knowledge of God would manifest itself in transformed moral character. The abiding result of true faith is very evident in these verses. This lesson certainly makes clear the way of salvation.

TURTLE FARM — Diane and Steve Thomas over look the beginnings of a turtle farm. Neighbor gave them present of turtle last June They found a dozen eggs soon afterward and now it's a big coming-out party

CHINESE COMMUNISTS TROOPS — Chinese Communists soldiers based in Tibet are shown in this photo taken in the border area and just released by the Indian government.