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JOHN F. MAGOR
President

J. R. AYRES
Editor

G. P. WOODSIDE
General Manager

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He that believeth . . .

AND when the sixth hour was come, there was darkness over the whole land until the ninth hour.

And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eloi, Eloi, lama sa-bachtha-ni? which is, being interpreted, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

And some of them that stood by, when they heard it, said, Behold, he calleth Elias.

And one ran and filled a sponge full of vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave him to drink, saying, Let alone: let us see whether Elias will come to take him down.

And Jesus cried with a loud voice, and gave up the ghost.

And the vail of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom.

And when the centurion, which stood over against him, saw that he so cried out, and gave up the ghost, he said, Truly this man was the Son of God.

There were also women looking on afar off; among whom was Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James the less, and of Joses, and Salome:

(Who also, when he was in Galilee, followed him, and ministered unto him;) and many other women which came up with him unto Jerusalem.

And now when the even was come, because it was the Preparation, that is, the day before the sabbath,

Joseph of Arimathaea, an honourable counsellor, which also waited for the kingdom of God, came, and went in boldly unto Pilate, and craved the body of Jesus.

And Pilate marvelled if he were already dead; and calling unto him the centurion, he asked him whether he had been any while dead.

And when he knew it of the centurion, he gave the body to Joseph.

And he bought fine linen, and took him down, and wrapped him in the linen, and laid him in a sepulchre which was hewn out of rock, and rolled a stone unto the door of the sepulchre.

And Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of Joses, beheld where he was laid.

And when the sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, had brought sweet spices, that they might come and anoint him.

And very early in the morning, the first day of the week, they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun.

And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?

And when they looked, they saw that the great stone was rolled away: for it was very great.

And entering into the sepulchre, they saw a young man sitting on the right hand side, clothed in a long white garment: and they were affrighted.

And he saith unto them, Be not affrighted: Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: he is risen; he is not here: behold the place where they laid him.

But go your way, tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him, as he said unto you.

And they went out quickly, and fled from the sepulchre; for they trembled and were amazed: neither said they anything to any man: for they were afraid.

Now when Jesus was risen early the first day of the week, he appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast seven devils.

And she went and told them that had been with him, as they mourned and wept.

And they, when they had heard that he was alive, and had been seen of her, believed not.

After that he appeared in another form unto two of them, as they walked, and went into the country.

And they went and told it unto the residue: neither believed they them.

Afterward he appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat, and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen him after he was risen.

And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.

He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be damned.

—The Gospel according to St. Mark,
Chapter 15, Verses 33 to 47
Chapter 16, Verses 1 to 16

INTERPRETING THE NEWS

Old British-Boer rivalry complicates strife

By JOSEPH MacSWEEN
Canadian Press Staff Writer

A new-old element in the South African tragedy has been brought into the open by reports that the British government fears a revival of intra-white feuding—between Boers and Britons.

The spectacular struggle between Negroes and the Nationalist government's racial policies was suddenly switched to a new sphere Saturday when a wealthy British-born settler tried unsuccessfully to kill Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd.

The traditional rivalry — a mild word — between the Briton and the Afrikaner (man of Africa), once known as Boer, is easy to understand. South Africa was a rich prize in colonial days and has become richer since.

Smaller than Quebec but with a population approaching that of Canada, South Africa is the richest country in the world in gold and diamonds and one of the richest in uranium —to mention only mining.

An A-B-C of the background goes like this:

Of a total population of 14,000,000, there are 10,000,000 Bantu (which simply means "people"), 1,000,000 colored (mixed blood), 500,000 Asians and 3,000,000 whites, of whom 60 per cent is Afrikaner and most of the remainder of British origin.

Although the Nationalist party, supported stoutly by the Afrikaners, holds two-thirds of the seats in Parliament, it won less than half the popular vote in the last election which excluded the vast majority of the population.

During the last 10 years Afrikaners, who formerly were mostly farmers—Boer means farmer in Dutch—have moved into commercial life. They have heavy investments in banks, insurance companies, construction and mines.

The enforcers of apartheid (racial separation), they are descendants of a group of Dutch pioneers who settled in 1652 at the Cape of Good Hope, so named earlier by the Portugese, who didn't stay. The English also came earlier, planting the Union Jack at what now is Capetown in 1620, but they didn't stay at that time.

The British and the Dutch went at it from the start. They spoke different languages, the British attitude toward the natives was more liberal and—although both sides were Protestant—there were differences in religion, too.

When the British colonists freed their African slaves, the Boers trekked off to the north again and set up an independent republic in what now are the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. But the British followed and conquered them in the Boer War, which ended in 1902.

Eight years later the entire area was welded into the Union of South Africa, a self-governing Dominion within the Commonwealth. But the nationalistic cleavage in the white population lived on. The government has been talking strongly of severing connections with the Crown and Commonwealth.

While the Afrikaner is the architect of apartheid, the idea of white supremacy is no stranger on the British side, either, and both branches of the white race have traditionally lorded it over the blacks, using them as a work force at abject wages.

Observers feel it is in the labor arena, particularly, that the black man could bring the white economy of the wealthy country to its knees.

It's believed the Bantu could easily cripple industry—and force the government to bargain—and this was indicated in erratic work stoppages since the current crisis began.

But the same observers say this would be for the future—the Bantu now lack the organization and resources to stage such a campaign. Often living from hand to mouth they would face virtual starvation by undertaking such action now.

CONTENTED MOTHER cat Koko, has no intention of being disturbed by two lively kittens, Elmer, (right) and Esmeralda (left). Photo was taken by Daily News photographer Ken Specht in home of his parents Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Specht, of 135 Second Avenue West.

The Packsack of Gregory Clark

Copywright: Canada Wide Feature Service Ltd.

Mr. Khrushchev quoted a Russian proverb: "The cat that has tasted butter never forgets the flavor."

Butter is always getting a boost like that. In our language there are dozens of proverbs and allusions that butter butter up. But in the opinion of some, myself included, butter is highly over-rated.

In that old far-off war of 40 years ago, I was the guest of three French officers at the famous cafe in Boulogne called Money's. I had had the privilege of being of some assistance to one of their comrades, a pilot, who had been shot down in our lines.

They ordered the dinner, starting with moules marinieres, a sort of stew of tiny black clams; then chicken roasted on a spit; then veal cutlets with a famous sauce. There was typical lovely French bread. But no butter.

I observed the French officers using the bread as a sort of sponge between bites. A sip of wine. Then a pinch of bread. A forkful of veal. Then a small swipe of that glutinous, gorgeous bread.

I followed suit. My opinion thus for 40 years has been that butter spoils the flavor of bread. Good bread, that is.

Enough of my worries doc, now you lie down on the couch

By HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP) — Remarks psychiatrists get tired of hearing:

"How come you charge my wife $30 an hour to listen to her—and I've been listening to her 25 years for nothing?"

"Enough of my worries, doc. Now you lie down on the couch and tell me what's on your mind."

"What do you charge to cure an oedipus complex? I don't mean a big one. I mean a small one."

"No, he's not a real doctor, he's one of those head shrinkers."

LOVING SON

"Now don't you try to tell me I secretly hated by mother. Why, when she died, I bought her the biggest headstone in the cemetery."

"I came to see you about my son. He's 53 years old and keeps talking about wanting to run away from home. Do you think if he got married it would help him?"

"Night after night I have this weird dream of flying through the air with my neighbor's wife. I can't understand it. She's the homeliest dame in the block."

"Before I lie down, I'd like to ask you one thing. Do you accept credit cards?"

"My problem is that lately my wife seems to be getting better looking. Do you think it's my eyes that are going—or could it be my mind?"

PEOPLE ARE FUNNY

"The only caller you've had so far this morning, doctor, was that gentleman who collects pancakes. He left you one batch—and said he'd be back later in the day with some more."

"It's about my husband. He mumbles in his sleep. No, I don't want to cure him. I just want you to find a way to make him speak more clearly."

"It's about my young son. He won't look at television. All he wants to do is play games or stick his nose in a book. A kid like that can't be normal."

"Now don't tell me what I need is a new hobby. My husband has a new hobby, and that's why I'm here. His hobby is his secretary."

With the classics

Rubrum lily

The filament and anther protruding at least
The length of its diameter, the anther,
Orange-maroon, so delicately
held as if to drop,
Wax petals, curled and mottled, a splotched carmine,
Seen as complete, the rubrum lily leans upon its stem,—
Somewhat forward, as if to listen,—and one
Has the feeling of being sensed by it . . .
In the pale vase, under grey light it leans,
Delicate, and perhaps aware of the world.
—Willis Eberman.

Lighter side

The man and his wife had been waiting in their stalled car when the highway police drove up.

"Glad you're here," said the husband, stepping out of the car. "Now, I'll acquaint you with the cause of the trouble."

The officer nodded politely to the woman. "Glad to know you, ma'am," he said.

✣ ✣ ✣

A Texan got into a poker game with some Englishmen. The cards were dealt and the Englishman to his right bet "One pound."

Looking at the four aces in his own hand, the Texan said, "Ah don't know how you-all count your money, but ah'll raise you a ton."

✣ ✣ ✣

Friend: "So you were asked for an opinion of that amateur's playing. What do you think of it?"

Master Musician: "He plays in the true spirit of Christian charity."

Friend: "What do you mean?"

Master Musician: "His right hand does not know what his left is doing."

gems of thought

Amusement is the happiness of those that cannot think.
—Alexander Pope.

Many a man thinks he is buying pleasure, when he is really selling himself a slave to it. —Benjamin Franklin.

You can't live on amusement. It is the froth on water—an inch deep and then the mud. —George Macdonald.

WORD TO THE WISE

The man who wakes up to find himself famous has not been asleep.

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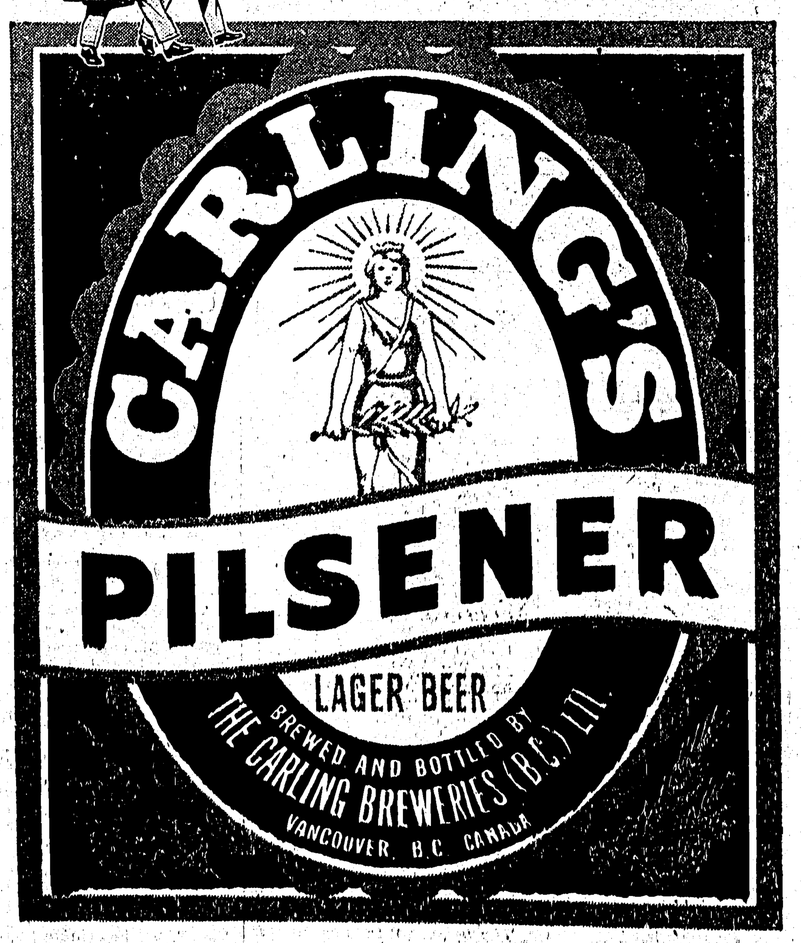

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