Behind The Scenes At Grand Opera

Ever been under the couch upon which Otello strangles Desdemona? It's an experience.

Each Spring the Opera comes to Boston. And usually once during the run I am to be found among the audience apparently listening to the opera of my choice. But actually I'm remembering "way back when" the old opera house was a-bloom with jewel-bedecked ladies and opera-caped escorts. It was in those gala days that school friends and I cut classes to be supers.

Now a supernumerary job is a gladsome thing to a youngster caught up by the glitter and glamour of this great event, but with an allowance scarcely able to bear the strain of hearing opera from our "front." The super is merely a filler-inner — a wedding guest perhaps in "Lohengrin," an angel in "Faust," part of the mob in "Carmen." Sometimes we were paid, more often not, but that didn't matter; to us it was the chance of hearing, seeing, and being right in the middle of the opera given. And right in the middle is exactly where we found ourselves one afternoon when the old Chicago Civic Opera Company did a matinee of "Otello."

"Otello" is an opera using several interior sets, thus making it difficult, especially for a super, to watch the action on stage from the wings. With the last grisly scene yet to come, that was bad, so two of us cooked up a plan to get close. We'd crawl under the couch.

Elegantly covered with various velvet throws and colorful pillows, the couch must have looked lush and comfortable from the audience. But we knew it to be a creaky, saggy old relic, and it ultimately became our torture chamber. Cobwebs, sweeping the floor as they did, cut off much of the dusty air but hoarded heat. And pressed flat against the hard boards, unable to move, it seemed to us to take an interminable time for Otello to get on with his murderous work. But when in his last fit of jealous rage he strangled Desdemona on the couch, the old springs brought her down upon us, thump! We really felt that scene, though all we ever saw of it were feet and footlights.

Another vivid recollection was the night the "Met" did "Faust." As usual the house was full. Just who sang the role of Faust that evening isn't clear now, but with Lawrence Tibbett and Ezio Pinza as Valentin and Mephisto it must have seemed to the audience as if they were on the verge of stepping through the pearly gates as they listened to the vocal battles sparked by Mephisto.

However, to those of us chosen as the angels (complete with wings and Gabriel trumpets) to welcome Marguerite to those same pearly gates, heaven seemed a mighty precarious spot. Perched dubiously atop a king-sized stepladder, behind a filmy drop, with spotlights playing on us, we held a long back-breaking pose, swaying dangerously each time anyone passed our ladder, writes Margaret L. Wilson in the Christian Science Monitor.

Everyone backstage had been warned not to come near. But at the moment when the tableau curtains parted, someone, forgetting the human scenery, went dashing by and grabbed the ladder, throwing it off base. Heaven was near collapse; Angels rocked in a most unangellike fashion, trumpets flailed, panic stirred the air, until the ladder was steadied by the crew just in time to save the celestial citizens from a mighty crash into Mephisto's domain.

"Parsifal" and catwalks will always go together in my memory. Actually this opera of the Holy Grail didn't require supers, but an understanding stage manager allowed a few of us to watch IF we'd keep from under foot.

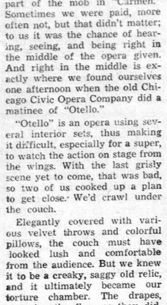
Being pretty familiar with the highways and byways of the old opera house, we'd scurry up to the flies where, wedged between sandbags, we could watch the action below.

On this particular occasion we had been chatting with a few members of the cast, itself a heady experience, when all at once the act started. We were on the wrong side of the house for our perch — the only way open to it was via the catwalk.

A catwalk is usually a grating-type bridge running from one side of a theatre to the other, high above stage (in this case four or five flights up) and hidden from the audience by the cyclorama. It is the essential property of the stage crew, and is used for crossing during performances and when setting up or striking a production.

After racing up endless stairs we reached the catwalk breathless and started over. The others, intent upon the opera unfolding below, dashed across as if on terra firma. Their enthusiasm carried me about halfway out when suddenly my predicament registered and I froze, utterly incapable of moving one way or the other. Even the glorious tones of Madam Flagstad's Kundry couldn't melt me. She indeed was the star that day for the paying audience, but high over her head a mere super was the spectacle for the stage crew, as she awaited the "knight" flyman who came and led her to safety — never to cross a catwalk again, "Parsifal" and Flagstad notwithstanding.

Now listening and remembering from my audience vantage point, I tuck in a bit of wondering as well. How many of those around me have any idea of the many little dramas which so often take place in that wonderous world of backstage?



A TRIAL — Actress Greta Thyssen appears in a Los Angeles court to answer a disturbing the peace charge. She was arrested after pushing a traffic cop who stopped her for making an improper turn. Miss Thyssen said she pushed the policeman away because she thought he wanted to kiss her.

The Change

There are hardly two creatures of a more different species than the same man, when he is pretending to a place, and when he is in possession of it.—Lord Halifax.

"STICK 'EM UP" — Six Santa Rosa Junior Collegiate "bandits" are caught by a hidden camera at the moment of a mock holdup in Santa Rosa, Calif. They covered 15 persons with toy weapons, presented the teller with a note attached to a dollar bill which read. "This is a stickup. Give us change." They ended up in jail.

NEWCOMER — Film fans are due for a treat when they see lovely and vivacious Patricia Driscoll in her American film debut in "The Wackiest Ship in the Army." She's the Irish lass who played Maid Marian in Richard Greene's Robin Hood series on the TV screen.

TABLE TALKS
Jane Andrews.

Instead of a regular recipe column this week I thought you might be interested in the following account of how the Persians—or I suppose it should be Iranians—cook rice and other foodstuffs.

* * *

Persian cuisine is subtle, mildly spiced, and enormously varied; and it is based on a slightly different concept from that of European or American cooking. In Europe or America meat is the main dish around which a rich and colorful display of vegetables and salads are arranged, while in traditional Persian cookery meats and vegetables and herbs are all equally important as accompaniments to the main dish, which is rice.

We eat rice served with chicken or partridge simmered in green walnuts and pomegranate juice, or with lamb cooked in a fried mixture of finely chopped tender fern-leafed parsley (the deep green, tightly curled variety common in markets here is unknown in Iran) and fresh green leaves of fenugreek and scallions.

The aroma of this food, when it is simmering on a low flame with a few red kidney beans to relieve the green monotony, penetrates beyond the kitchen confines to fill an entire house. And if you forget to shut the kitchen door, then your next-door neighbor is bound to have a strong suspicion as to what the day's menu is in your household.

In no country in the entire world is rice treated with such affection and artistry as it is in Persia. This versatile grain is grown in many parts of our country, but the finest long-grain variety comes from the shores of the Caspian Sea and is loved by all people, whether it is presented in its white purity or "garbed in gay raiment."

Long-grain Carolina rice prepared according to Persian methods of rice cookery is a fairly good substitute for the best product of northern Iran. Now the method:

1. Wash two cupfuls of rice a couple of times in a bowl of cold water, rubbing the grains lightly between the hands.

2. Allow to soak for four hours in cold water to which has been added a rounded tablespoonful of salt.

3. Have ready plenty of rapidly boiling water—a quart for each cupful of rice. Pour off brine and add the rice to the bubbling water, giving it a whirl or two to prevent the grains from clinging to each other or sticking to the bottom of the saucepan. It is essential that water should be kept boiling briskly at this stage. Remove from stove before grains of rice crush too easily between thumb and forefinger, and drain in a colander. Pour a cupful or two of lukewarm water over the rice to wash off excess starch and avoid the cloudiness which ruins the appearance of many a dish of rice.

4. Return the drained rice by small handfuls to a saucepan in which you have already melted an ounce of butter or solid shortening. Then put on the lid and place over a very low flame. Wait for a couple of minutes until the contents of the saucepan are thoroughly hot and steaming. Melt another ounce of butter in a tablespoon of water and pour it all over the rice and cover with the lid wrapped in several layers of cloth to prevent accumulating moisture inside the lid from returning to the saucepan. Unless you do this, sogginess results as surely as day follows night.

If these directions are followed carefully, in half an hour from the time you poured melted butter over the rice you are able to place on the dinner table a small dishful of light fluffy rice topped with the golden brown crust which has formed in the bottom of the saucepan, writes Farangis Shadman in The Christian Science Monitor.

Variety can be achieved by adding many things to the plain rice in alternate layers while it is being returned to the saucepan in small handfuls after the initial boiling and draining. In every case the fragrant saffron with its rich, golden hue is indispensable.

Of all vegetables, the eggplant is the most highly prized by housewives because it is tasty and versatile. The tall, slender looking variety is preferred to the plump, overgrown kind and is cooked in many ways. We fry it, we cook it with lamb or fowl, we stuff it, we mix it with cooked meat which has been pounded to a smooth paste in a stone mortar and serve this with a by-product of yoghurt and fried flakes of crushed, dried mint.

From the midget eggplant (the size of gherkins) a sour pickle is made which is utterly out of this world." The eggplants are first boiled in brine, skin and all, until they are tender but unbroken. They are then drained and spread on a cloth to dry in the sunshine. When bone dry, they are placed in wide-necked jars and allowed to mature in a mixture of vinegar and juice of tamarinds and pickling spices, among them ginger and turmeric. A suspicion of garlic is favored by some and rejected by others as vulgar.

From the time of Omar Khayyam to this day, bread has been the staff of life to 95 per cent of the inhabitants of Iran. Nourishing whole-wheat bread eaten with a soup-stew combination made from simmering together mutton, chick peas, kidney beans, onions, dried limes, and a dash of turmeric with salt and pepper is a hearty and satisfying meal. It is easy and economical to prepare and is a favorite with lord and laborer alike.

Frying plays an important role in Persian cuisine, and the oil traditionally used for this purpose is the melted butter derived from sheep's milk. But in recent years vegetable oils are invaded the market.

Conservatives maintain that food has never tasted the same since the day vegetable shortenings came into use. Lovers of "progress" claim, on the other hand, that the new oils are wholesome.

A Great American Speaks His Mind

In the recently-published book "Truman Speaks," the Missouri speech cadences and wit and wisdom of Harry S. Truman, 33rd President of the United States, march forthrightly into print. The text is taken from tape recordings of his three days of comments and statements to students as Columbia University's first William Radner lecturer on government and public service.

Mr. Truman has a handy way of putting things, not to be confused with a "gift of the gab," the latter too long popularly supposed to be a prerequisite for advancement along the line he trod "from Precinct to President."

He reveals a gift for translating huge issues into swift sharp messages not a bit less telling because they are homespun. No Jargon here. No vocabularizing. The tasks and trials of the presidency come down to earth, and the problems of national, international and supranational affairs become understandable as a job for the public servant to do.

Consciously and unconsciously he creates a feeling that government by politicians is ultimately more desirable than government by any other kind of specialist.

"I'm proud to be a politician . . ." he says.

His own thoroughly developed political skills becomes evident during hard questioning, especially at a students' "press conference." So does his fundamental faith in the two-party system of government, and the broad representation achieved by Republican and Democratic parties, both having liberal and conservative elements in their weave. He admits, though, that the nature of the presidency demands that party loyalties be transcended.

"The President is the representative of the whole nation, and he's the only lobbyist that all 160 million people in this country have."

These addresses reveal also his reasoning and his reasons.

One is reminded that this is the first man in the world to order the dropping of an atom bomb; that he stepped from the vice-presidency under Franklin Delano Roosevelt, then stepped up and won re-election on a ticket. One remembers too that he narrowly escaped assassination when fired upon outside the White House by an aggrieved Puerto Rican nationalist. That it was he who sent the troops into Korea and later dismissed Gen. Douglas MacArthur from his post as Far Eastern Supreme Commander.

"(The President) . . . is Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces of the United States when they're in Federal Service.

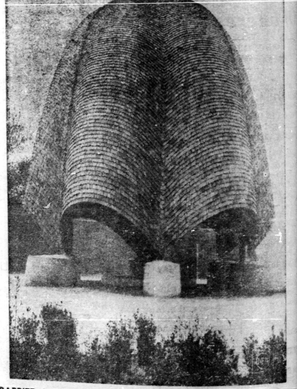
"It's his privilege to appoint generals — and sometimes to fire them when it's necessary.

"If you look through the history of the country, you'll find that James K. Polk had to fire that; Abraham Lincoln had to do it four times, and one of his fellows — after Lincoln had beaten him — ran against him for President.

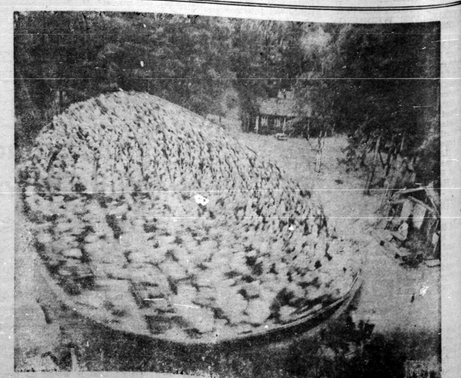
"It didn't happen in my case."

President Truman describes McCarthyism as hysteria, and compares it with several other historical aberrations including the Salem witch trials and the days of the Ku Klux Klan. But he is perhaps in his lectures on the Constitution that he makes his greatest contribution. His emphasis on the Bill of Rights, his observations upon the placement and meaning of the word "welfare" within that document's context are as interesting and stimulating as the occasional notation of student audience reaction suggest.

The walleye, in spite of its large size, is purely a perch family and should never be called walleyed pike, pike perch, pickerel, or other names.



RAPPITE SHRINE — Billowing wooden dome, 57 feet high, covers a bronze statue of the Virgin, done by Jacob Lipschitz. It is a shrine in New Harmony, Ind., built to the memory of the Rappites who came to New Harmony from Germany in 1815. They lived in strict celibacy, believing the world would end within their generation. They are now extinct.



SOME SPINNING FINNS — The rotating spectator section of a Tampere, Finland, theatre turns the audience to face a new scene. The structure can be turned full circle in seconds.

ey Really Battle This Quiz Game

hat President never went to ool?

hat two countries in South erica have no coastlines?

a plane goes 300 yards in ten onds, how many feet does it in a fifth of a second?

hat are meleagrides?

uch are the brain breakers ed at high speed every week General Electric's "GE College Bowl," a CBS-TV quiz that ings up as much excitement ing its intellectually bent as a World Series does ameaseball buffs.

Each Sunday in the shank of afternoon, "College Bowl" its two schools against each other, four students to a team. ilmaster Allen Ludden, a bespectacled Phi Beta Kappa, rattles off posers, and the first student to buzz for attention (frequently before Ludden even finishes the question) gets to answer. If he's correct, he scores points for his team. Ludden doesn't wait long for answers — there is no immediate response, he just pops the answer himself and rolls on.

"Some adults think I go too fast and don't give the kids enough time," says Ludden. "But the students don't think so. It's never the young people who accuse me of that. It's always the viewing adults who are slower.

The competitors on the teams are screened by the schools themselves and students are picked from a group that sometimes runs as high as 75. They check into a New York hotel on a Saturday with one or two alternates and a coach, eat at a restaurant of their choice, and follow it up with a Broadway show. On Sunday morning they meet with Ludden at New York's 47th Street Theatre — site of the show — where they play a practice game with old questions. Ludden himself is briefed for about three hours before each show so the kids won't stump him.

The questions are manufactured by the show's chief writer, Henry Fokes, a Sarah Lawrence-educated former Fulbright scholar, who gets assistance from six contributors, three on a regular basis. She authenticates the questions with the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Questions are deliberately shuffled into a chaotic sequence — a history, a sports, a mathematical question may be tossed out in quick order — to keep the students on their toes. Last month, for example, the beleaguered contestants mulled this one: Who was Hero's hero, according to Christopher Marlowe? (Answer: Leander.) Another muff: What crime did David Pratt commit April 9? (Answer: He shot Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoord of South Africa.) "I can't even read a novel for pleasure any more," says Mrs. Fokes of her job. "I'm always poised with pencil, ready to pick up another idea for a question."

Among the top competitors on the show thus far, Ludden remembers Georgetown, Barnard, Missouri, Kansas, Dartmouth, and Purdue. Purdue was the only college to defeat as many as four other schools.

"We try to display a wide range of interests," said Ludden. "We may start with the Battle of Hastings (1066), and ask them to multiply the date by the number of lines in a Shakespearean sonnet (fourteen), and divide by the number of players in water polo (seven)—which makes the answer: 2,132).

"I couldn't make one of these teams. I'm not up to their level. I'm weak in everything compared with these youngsters," said the 42-year-old quizmaster, who holds a Master's in English from the University of Texas.

The competition is fierce (when Notre Dame defeated Georgetown, the college band and student body turned out to welcome the victors home), but, says Ludden, there have never been hard feelings. He likes to single out one Air Force-Minnesota match in which he blurted out an answer before an Air Force man had a chance to speak. "The Air Force team went into a huddle," recalled Ludden, "and afterward, the captain told me: 'That's all right, Mr. Ludden. We didn't know the right answer anyway'."

From NEWSWEEK

HIS FUTURE'S ON FILM — A Hereford calf, less than 10 days old, is X-rayed at Falklands Farms. The film will reveal whether the animal has a compression in the last four or five thoracic vertebrae at the base of the spine. Such defects indicate that the calf will be a dwarf or a dwarf gene carrier and therefore unsuitable for breeding.

THE FARM FRONT
by John Russell

Wheat surpluses have posed a problem to both the Canadian and United States Governments, as we all know, for many years. But south of the border they have at last done something about it as this dispatch from Neal Stanford in the Christian Science Monitor, clearly shows. Just what effect this action will have on our Canadian surplus — well, your guess is as good as mine!

* * *

The 17,000,000-ton grain deal between the United States and India becomes more impressive the longer one studies it.

It is not just the largest single United States surplus transaction on record — nearly four times as big as the largest previous one made three years ago, also with India. The dollar value of that one was $362,000,000; the dollar value of this one is $1,276,000,000.

This is that added mite — albeit a big one — that is expected to make india agriculturally self-sufficient by 1966. And if India can solve its food problem in the relatively brief space of 6 years, through its own efforts and American help, humanity will have won a startling victory and democracy a devoted disciple.

The details of this historic transaction need to be understood, for while it is a business transaction (17,000,000 tons of grain over four years to be paid for in rupees valued at $1,276,000,000) a large chunk of these rupees is going to be returned to India for economic redevelopment projects. The Indians pay for the wheat and rice in their currency, but Uncle Sam is ready to turn back roughly 75 per cent of the rupees it collects to help increase agricultural production.

Roughly $1,000,000,000 of the total will be turned over to the New Delhi government — half of it as loans and half as grants. In plain language what this means is that some $500,000,000 of this will be a gift, or present to India — an American contribution to help India solve its food problem.

It is always important to remember that India is striving mightily to solve this problem by its own effort — that 85 to 90 per cent of the fight against hunger and famine and famine is financed by India and fought with its own forces. What Uncle Sam is providing, though, is that extra minimum necessary for victory.

The United States grain contribution should have innumerable results. It is going to permit India, for the first time in man's memory, to stockpile food for its millions in case of famine. It is going to provide India with nearly a billion dollars in rupees to be used to improve irrigation, fertilizer production, storage facilities, and a dozen other activities related to food production.

It is going to assist India in raising its per capita daily food consumption from about 2,000 calories to 3,000 calories. And it is going to contribute much to helping India raise its annual increase in agricultural production from 2.8 per cent during the first 5 year plan to 4 per cent during the second, to 5.7 per cent for the third 5-year plan, beginning next April.

If these things can be accomplished by the end of this third 5-year plan, as both Indian and American statesmen hope and expect, India will have solved its battle of the centuries — its fight for food. In perspective this achievement may well rank as equal to any in India's long and dramatic history.

This grain agreement is a direct result of President Eisenhower's visit to India last December and an integral part of his food-for-peace program. There is no reason to believe that the United States would not have signed a food pact with India had President Eisenhower never visited that subcontinent. But nothing of the magnitude of this deal would have resulted.

It is recalled how at the time not a few persons thought the President was being carried away by the emotional impact of the tumultuous receptions extended him by millions of Indians in promising to help them really solve their food problem this time. He may not at the time have envisaged just this kind of aid extended—but if this food agreement does help India solve its agricultural troubles by 1966 then his promises of help and assurances of concern have more than been fulfilled.

It is no secret that wheat-exporting countries are not a little concerned over this sizable American surplus grain transaction for it could upset the international grain market. However, India will still be buying some 400,000 tons of grain annually through regular commercial channels. This grain aid program was not arranged to disrupt normal grain market sales, but to provide the grain India needed but could not afford to buy because of shortage of foreign exchange.

These countries may be disturbed, but they are quite aware of the basically humanitarian aspect of the deal and will find it hard to object for that reason.

* * *

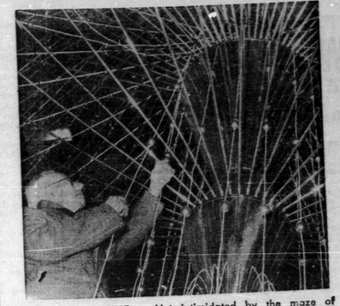
Don't you like that last paragraph about the other countries finding it hard to object because of the "basically humanitarian aspect" of the deal? That, in the language of the teen-ager, is a real gasser!

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Picturesque
7. To be
12. Soaked bread crumbs
14. Guide
15. Proverbs
16. Stick
17. Remark (ab.)
18. Close cut
20. Dead
21. Be aware
23. Anglo-Saxon king
24. Let it stand
25. Marked with bars
27. Movie actor
28. Average
29. Performed
30. Hurry
32. Treats
34. Be undecided
36. Cleansing implement
39. Nearest
40. Boy
41. Uncanny
43. Spring
44. Hardens
46. Rubber
47. Soup dish
49. Choose
50. Russian
51. Prairie
52. Candies

DOWN
1. Particles of fire
2. Having flow or rhythm
3. Charm
4. Horse
5. Roman date
6. Bank officer
7. Drudges
8. Grant
9. College cheer
10. Conceive
11. Dealer in textile fabrics
12. Good-looking
19. Moreover
22. Made dry
24. Auto
26. Cushion
27. Large
29. Lower
30. Tears asunder
31. Nutlike seed
32. Tolerate
33. King (Fr.)
34. Tenant under a lease
35. Await
37. Commences
38. Intervening (law)
41. Cry
42. Famous American actor
45. Corded cloth
47. Mate liquor

Answer elsewhere on this page.



LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING — Not intimidated by the maze of wires around him, Arthur Rollason makes adjustments on an Electrolier. Resembling a household chandelier, it will illuminate a London arena for an electrical engineers' convention.

Weather Vanes Of Old Boston

In a chapter about the arteries of a great city it is surely no impropriety to devote one section to the vanes . . .

Nearly all of these old landmarks have disappeared — gone with the wind. But a select few, constant in their inconstancy, still mark the winds that blow over our ancient, narrow, and crooked streets.

In 1744 a church was built on Berry Street (now Chauncy). A weather vane, the gift of Governor Hancock, was installed on its lofty steeple. The pastor, Rev. John Moorehead, watched his vane with understandable pride and was disturbed to note that as the days passed it was not moving at all. A steeple jack made the difficult — and expensive — trip to the top of the spire. Descending, he reported that all was well. And he reminded the pastor — after he had collected his fee — that the wind had been due east for a fortnight. The church, the vane and even the street have ceased to be, but Boston's east wind is as faithful now as it was then.

To become world famous would seem to be an impossible achievement for a mere weather vane, but the grasshopper atop Faneuil Hall has this distinction. Made by "that sunning artificer" Deacon Shem Drowne, in 1742, it became a noted landmark and guide for ships entering the harbor. It is said that foreign consuls used to ask the question "What is the Faneuil Hall weather vane?" as a test for those who claimed Boston as their home port . . .

When Boston ceased to be a colony, becoming a royal province, and the governors were housed in what had been the mansion of the wealthy Peter Sargeant, the octagonal cupola of the house was ornamented by a unique vane. This was four and a half feet high, in the form of an Indian with a drawn bow with the arrow in place. It was an exact copy of the Indian that appeared on the old Colonial seal of Massachusetts. As the ancient records say, "Shem Drowne made it," glass eyes and all . . .

Constantly moving, let never leaving its appointed place, looking everywhere but going nowhere — that is the normal life of a weather vane. Yet there is one vane that recently made a tour of the whole United States in person.

When the steeple of the historic Christ Church was blown down by "Hurricane Carol" on August 31, 1954, little was left to be salvaged save the beautiful old weather vane, another Shem Drowne masterpiece made in 1740. The vane, a banner surmounted by a star, was escorted on a tour of the United States, a trip made to remind the people of the entire country that the spire where the Revere lanterns were hung must be restored and that here was an opportunity to help.

The old vane was successful in its objective and the spire has been replaced by an exact copy of the original. — From "Boston Ways, High, By, and Folk," by George F. Weston, Jr.

* * *

The common brown hare raises her young in solitary manner. After they are a few days old, she finds a separate form for each and visits them each night for suckling.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Rich Toward God
Matthew 6: 19-21, 24-34

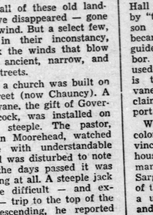
Memory Selection: Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where your treasure is there will your heart be also. Matthew 6:20-21.

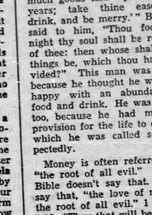
In youth he came to Canada with very little money. By hard work and wise investments he is now wealthy. One day he was talking of his money to his friend. He showed him credit cars for hotels in cities around the world. His friend asked, "Have you a ticket for heaven?" He smiled a little sadly and put his cards away.

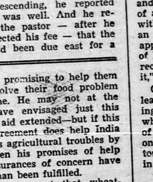
The person who lives for this world is sure to be disappointed. Jesus illustrates this truth in his parable of the rich fool. As this man contemplated his new and larger barns filled with his bountiful crops, he said, "I will say to my soul, 'Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.'" But God said to him, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?" This man was foolish because he thought he would be happy with an abundance of food and drink. He was foolish, too, because he had made no provision for the life to come, to which he was called so unexpectedly.

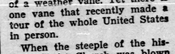
Money is often referred to as "the root of all evil." But the Bible doesn't say that. It does say that, "the love of money is the root of all evil." 1 Timothy 6:10. "They that will be rich fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." Money is a necessity. It is valuable in meeting our needs and the needs of those dependent upon us. We can help others, too. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." A minister is becoming discouraged in trying to get his people to give. He asked, "How can I get my people to understand their responsibility of stewardship?" Paul speaking of the churches of Macedonia, "How that in a great trial of affliction the abundance of their joy and their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality," and said, they "first gave their own selves to the Lord." That's the secret. To be the Lord's is to be a good steward.

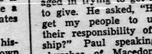
Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking











SO WHAT'S IT LOOK LIKE TO YOU? Photographer Ronald Kuntz wound out the extension bellows on his camera, zeroed in on a few household objects and pinpointed to them an other-worldly look. What do you see in them?

ANSWERS: 1—shoe polish brush. 2—mouth of a soft drink bottle. 3—bowl of a pipe. 4—fishing bobber. 5—corkscrew. 6—toothpaste tube cap.