The Improvement Era

Centennial Year

JANUARY 1947
VOLUME 50 NUMBER 1
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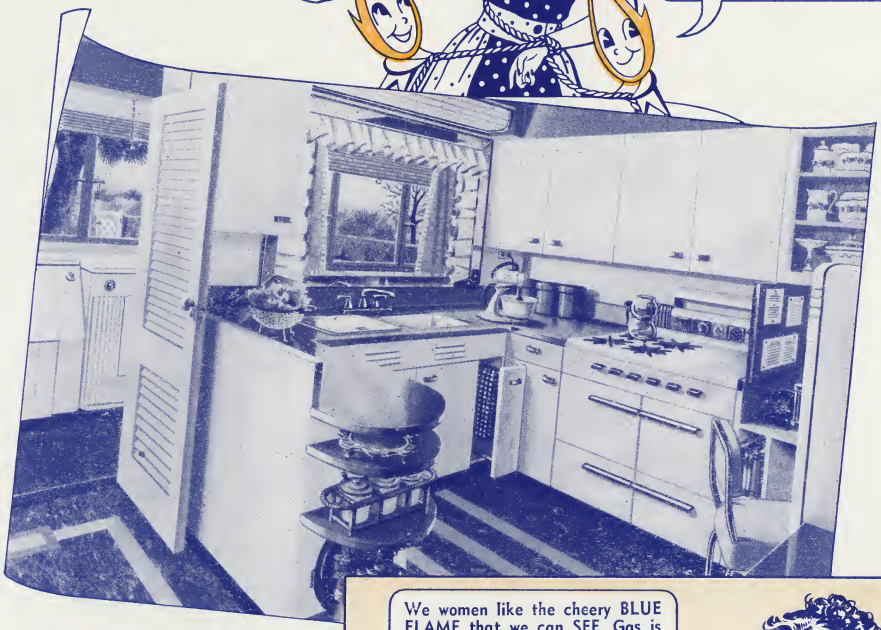
SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

THE FLAME FAMILY...

THE "CAN-DO" ROPE TRICK by Speedy and Flexy Flame

The object, Mrs. Homemaker, is to prove that you really can prepare a scrumptious meal WITH ONE HAND TIED BEHIND YOU... in a New Freedom gas-equipped kitchen.

Think what YOU could accomplish with BOTH hands . . . in a time and work-saver like the kitchen below with adjacent laundry room (left). And how you would enjoy the AUTOMATIC gas range, SILENT gas refrigerator and UNLIMITED hot water! By the way, what color scheme would YOU choose for this charming design?



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EXPLORING THE UNIVERSE

By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

THE delta region which includes Canton, China, is so crowded that there are over three thousand people for each square mile. With such pressing together on the land about two hundred thousand of the people live in boats.

IT is estimated that Thomas Jefferson wrote about 18,000 letters during his life, and about 26,000 letters were written to him.

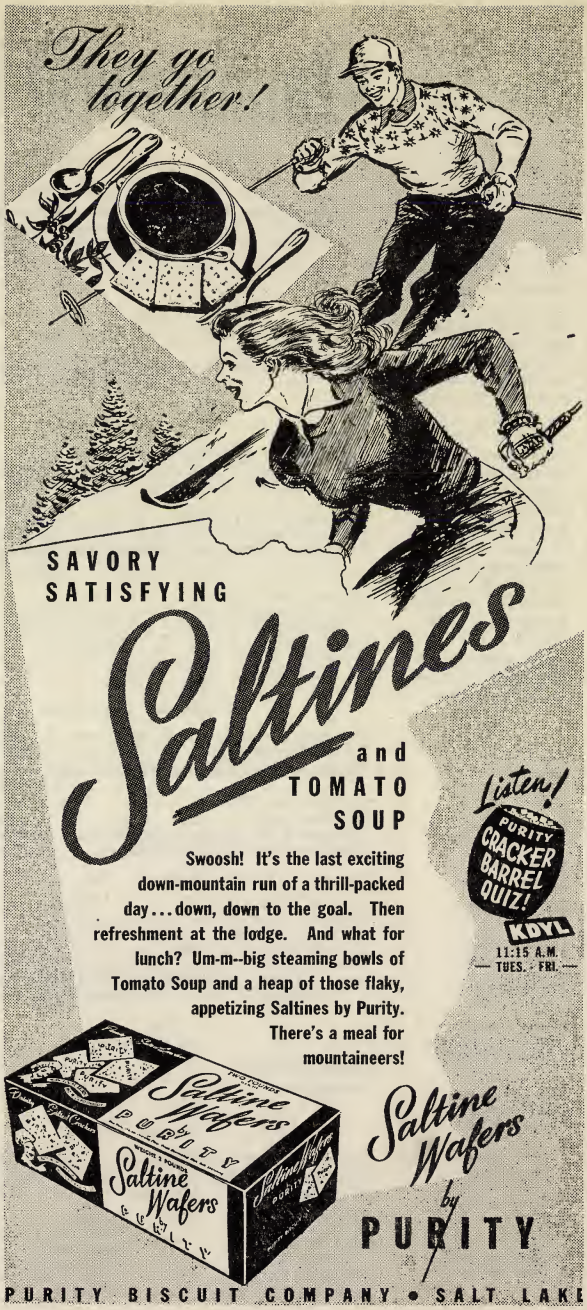
ANCIENT Egyptian women at parties wore lotus flowers in their hair, trailing over their foreheads, and placed a cake of scented ointment in a light framework on their heads. The ointment gradually melted and ran over the head and down into the hair, giving off a pleasant aroma and producing a sensation of pleasant coolness.

THE hair spring of a watch is so-called because hog bristles were first used. In these early springs one end of the short stiff bristle was made fast, and the other bent back and forth by the balance as it swung to and fro, giving an action like a small pendulum to keep the watch running at the same rate. Fine steel wire was soon substituted and coiled to make it last longer.

AN interesting method of stopping sand from shifting has been developed at the Physico-Agronomical Institute in Leningrad, Russia. A ton of bitumen is sprayed over two and a half acres of sand, consolidating the top surface and preventing the sand from moving. The surface lasts for three years and will withstand winds up to fifty miles an hour. For cultivation the land can be treated in strips, or the seeds planted under the treated layer.

ONE species of skate in the Indian Ocean grows to over eighteen feet across its heart-like shape and may weigh twelve hundred pounds. The eggs laid are almost square with corners forming curved points or horns.

SODA WATER and soda fountains get their names from a beverage served at least as early as the eighteenth century consisting of a weak solution of sodium bicarbonate with some acid to cause effervescence. Common "soda water" is now made by dissolving carbon dioxide gas under pressure.



The Cover

"THE Tragedy of Winter Quarters" stands guard over the little cemetery at Florence, Nebraska. It is the work of Dr. Avard Fairbanks and depicts the grief of those called upon to mourn the loss of their loved ones, some six thousand of whom died en route from exposure and travel hardships, and nearly six hundred of whom lie buried in the Pioneer cemetery at Florence. The sculptor is himself a descendent of some of those Pioneers who lie buried in the cemetery. Formerly with the Division of Fine Arts at the University of Michigan, he has recently been appointed head of the newly created School of Fine Arts at the University of Utah.

This photograph was adapted for cover use by Charles Jacobsen.

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Official Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, Mutual Improvement Associations, Department of Education, Music Committee, Ward Teachers, and Other Agencies of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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The Editor's Page

Greetings from the First Presidency 12

Church Features

The Presiding Bishopric Reorganized 10
How the Desert Was Tamed—Part I .....**John A. Widstoe** 14
The Joseph Smith Monument at South Royalton ..... **A. G. Whitham** 18
Formation of the Line of March .....**Albert L. Zobell, Jr.** 29
Evidences and Reconciliations: CXIII—Did Joseph Smith Plan the Westward Migration of the Church? ..... **John A. Widtsoe** 33

Clipping Praises "Mormons" 4
Statement from Brigham Young Concerning the Holy Ghost.... 5
The Church Moves On 30
Priesthood: Melchizedek 42
Aaronic 44
No-Liquor-Tobacco Column.....43
Ward Teaching 45
Genealogy 46
Field Photos 64

Special Features

New Year Celebrations in Pioneer Times..**E. Cecil McGavin** 19
Let's Talk It Over.....**Mary Brentnall** 20
"Scouts of the World—Building for Tomorrow" ..... **Rock M. Kirkham** 21
Pilgrims of the West.....**Jessie M. Sherwood** 22
She Shall Live .....**Alvin D. Day** 23
The Spoken Word from Temple Square.....**Richard L. Evans** 24
Elements of Success in the Classroom.....**M. Lynn Bennion** 28

Exploring the Universe, Franklin S. Harris, Jr. 1
Bread, R. A. McCance 3
These Times, G. Homer Durham 6
On Benjamin Franklin 8
Your Executor, Joseph H. Weston 9
Homing: Hunger for Beauty, Irma Dovey 34
Help Your Red Cross 34
Cook's Corner, Josephine B. Nichols 34
Handy Hints 35
I'm Not a Juvenile Delinquent, Eileen Gibbons 36
On the Bookrack 40
Your Page and Ours 64

Editorials

Centennial Horizon 32
Building Anew .....**Marba C. Josephson** 32

Stories, Poetry

Hole in the Rock—Chapter I.....**Anna Prince Redd** 16
Green Hill Far Away .....**Dorothy Clapp Robinson** 26
The "Valley Forge" of Mormondom.....**J. N. Washburn** 48

Need, Helen Maring 4
Kneel to Rise, Pauline Tyson Stephens 6
The Lesson, Elaine V. Emans.... 8
Lights, Lalia M. Thornton 10
Frontispiece: Living Challenge, Eva Willes Wangsgaard 11
Poetry Page 41
Home, Miranda Snow Walton 51
In Old Nauvoo, Georgia Moore Eberling 55

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You don't need Aladdin's lamp when you wish truly wonderful food. All you need to do is open a handy jar of

LYNDEN *Boned* TURKEY

Here are the makings of the feast —serve it in salads, hot dishes or in sandwiches, just as it comes from the jar.

The next time company drops in—or when you wish to give your family a treat, just try serving it this way:

Turkey Corn Pudding

2 tbs. fat
2 tbs. flour
1 ½ cups milk
1 ½ tsps. salt
Dash pepper
1 5½-oz. jar Lynden Boned Turkey
3 to 4 tbs. diced green pepper or finely sliced pimiento
2 cups cooked whole kernel corn
3 eggs, beaten separately

Make white sauce of fat, flour, milk, seasonings. Cook until thickened. Add turkey, green pepper or pimiento, and corn. Remove from heat. Stir a little of the hot mixture into beaten egg yolks. Add to rest of hot mixture. Fold in stiffly beaten whites. Turn into greased 1½ qt. casserole. Bake at 325° F. 1 hour, or until set. 4 servings.

LOOK FOR
LYNDEN
CHICKEN & TURKEY
at your grocer's

Lynden Canning Kitchens

BREAD*

Artificial enrichment is undesirable

By R. A. McCance, M.D.

A major nutritional reform in the British Isles during the shipping crisis of 1940-1942 was adoption of eighty-five percent extraction flour. The change from seventy percent extraction supplied B vitamins, a good protein mixture and additional iron. Maintaining a high extraction rate of flour is easier, safer, and cheaper than milling to low extraction and adding synthetic substitutes, says R. A. McCance, M.D., of the University of Cambridge, England. Not all the valuable amino acids, minerals, and vitamins removed with the outer parts of the grain can be replaced, and artificial enrichment is biologically and nutritionally unsound.

The wheat grain consists of 12.3 percent (by weight) hard, fibrous outer layers, or bran; eighty-five percent endosperm, containing protein and carbohydrate; and 2.7 percent wheat germ, high in phosphorus and thiamin. Other constituents of the seed are fat, iron, calcium, potassium, riboflavin, and nicotinic acid.

Keeping-qualities of high extraction flour are poor because of the presence of wheat germ. Loaves from eighty-five percent extraction flour become moldy quicker than do the whiter, drier loaves made from seventy percent flour. These factors, important for large users, seldom concern the housewife.

The public, and, therefore, the bakers and millers, prefer flour producing a white, lightweight loaf with large volume and uniform texture. Flour of this type has "strength," a quality varying in direct proportion to the protein content. Canadian wheat, with fourteen percent protein, makes a strong flour; English wheat, with eight to ten percent protein, makes a weak flour, more suitable for crackers than for bread.

The greater part of wheat protein is supplied by the endosperm. A mixture of bran and germ weakens flour for baking. From time immemorial, bakers have discarded as much as possible of the outer layer. With eighty-five percent extraction most of the bran and much of the mineral content are removed, but the greater part of the germ and some of the outer endosperm are retained and iron and vitamins are not seriously reduced. By seventy-five percent extraction, the germ, including much thiamine, is removed. In flour of seventy percent extraction, protein is almost as abundant as in whole wheat.

*Abstract by Modern Medicine of "Bread" by R. A. McCance, from *Lancet* 250:77-81, January 19, 1946.

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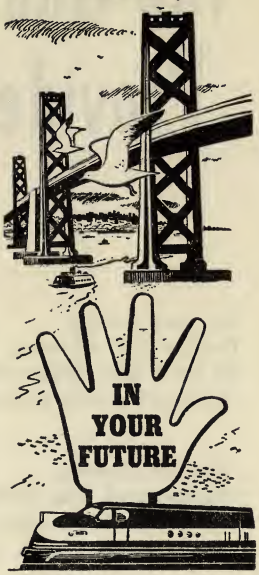

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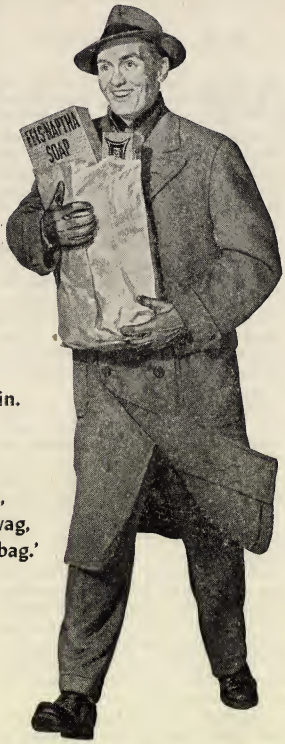

Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit's skin
To wrap the baby bunting in.

* * *

Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy's *back* from hunting,
He landed 'baby' modern swag,
He has Fels-Naptha 'in the bag.'

Even if a man can't manage mink these days, he might do a fair job just keeping 'the little woman' in Fels-Naptha. To a housekeeper faced with a big wash this grand laundry soap is almost priceless.

There's magic in the simple word *naptha*—when it's blended with good mild soap, the Fels way. Magic that makes dirt do a disappearing act—that makes your washing machine a 'quick change' performer.

When buying laundry soap means hunting instead of shopping—Fels-Naptha is the prize 'catch.'

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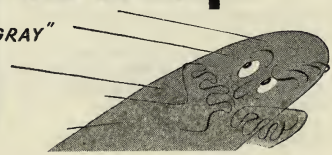

Clipping Praises "Mormons"

•

From Elder Ezra Taft Benson of the Council of the Twelve came this interesting item from London *Tit Bits*, October 18, 1946:

Good Health! We're Living Like "Mormons"

Recently published statistics have raised one of the most astonishing health mysteries in the history of modern medicine. They show that the "Mormons"—whom it should be added are in these days almost entirely monogamous—enjoy better health and immunity from disease than any other community in the world. The "Mormon"—or Latter-day Saint—figures have been compared with the average of the six leading nations of the world, with the following result (the "Mormon" figures are given second):

Diseases of the circulatory system	196	115
Kidney disease	44	23
Tuberculosis	120	9
Cancer	119	47
Diseases of the digestive system	73	56

(The death rate of "Mormons" is 8.1 compared with the other nations 13.8.)

A partial explanation, but only partial, is that Utah, where they live, has an unusually healthy climate, more pertinent is the fact that the "Mormons" strictly adhere to the rigid rules of hygiene laid down by one of their founders. Another point is the fact that their rules of living permit no alcohol, no tobacco or coffee, little meat, plenty of fruit and vegetables. The "Mormons" claim that anyone who follows their health and living rules would have as good a chance of escaping disease as they have.

Certainly food conditions over here help so far as the present difficulty of obtaining spirits and cigarets are concerned.

NEED

By Helen Maring

Truly I am a newcomer,
Trusting the hope and the word,
Need of the bounty of summer
Cries in my heart like a bird,
Need of the autumn's strange glowing,
Need of the winter's white rime,
Need of the spring and the sowing,
And faith in the cycles of time.

Statement from Brigham Young Concerning the

HOLY GHOST

•

I WOULD rather hear men tell their own experience, and testify that Joseph was a Prophet of the Lord, and that the Book of Mormon, the Bible, and other revelations of God are true; that they know it by the gift and power of God; that they have conversed with angels, have had the power of the Holy Ghost upon them, giving them visions and revelations, than hear any other kind of preaching that ever saluted my ears. If I could command the language and eloquence of the angels of God, I would tell you why, but the eloquence of angels never can convince any person that God lives, and makes truth the habitation of his throne, independent of that eloquence being clothed with the power of the Holy Ghost; in the absence of this it would be a combination of useless sounds. What is it that convinces man? It is the influence of the Almighty, enlightening his mind, giving instruction to the understanding. When that inhabits the body, that which comes from the regions of glory is enlightened by the influence, power, and Spirit of the Father of light, it swallows up the organization which pertains to this world. Those who are governed by this influence lose sight of all things pertaining to mortality; they are wholly influenced by the power of eternity, and lose sight of time. All the honor, wisdom, strength, and whatsoever is considered desirable among men, yea, all that pertains to this organization, which is in any way independent of that which came from the Father of our spirits, is obliterated to them, and they hear and understand by the same power and spirit that clothe the Deity, and the holy beings in his presence. Anything besides that influence, will fail to convince any person of the truth of the gospel of salvation. This is the reason why I love to hear men testify to the various operations of the Holy Spirit upon them—it is at once interesting and instructive. When a subject is treated upon with all the calculation, method, tact, and cunning of men, with the effusions of worldly eloquence, before a congregation endowed with the power of the Holy Ghost, and filled with the light of eternity, they can understand the subject, trace its bearings, place all its parts where they belong, and dispose of it according to the unalterable laws of truth. This makes all subjects interesting and instructive to

(*Concluded on page 47*)

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Everything You've Been Wanting

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● Why be satisfied with anything less complete, less convenient, less capable, when you can get the Case "VAC" at a popular price? It's the only tractor in its size and price class that gives you as regular or optional equipment all of these things:

Full 2-row power, plenty for two plow bottoms under ordinary conditions, one where plowing is tough. Four forward gear speeds, to make the most of eager engine power in every field job and in safe, swift hauling. Case valve-in-head engine that holds its steady pull when throttled down, saves gear-shifting. Case full-swinging drawbar that makes turns shorter, easier, with full load; locks itself rigid when backing.

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THESE TIMES

By DR. G. HOMER DURHAM

Director of the Institute of Government, University of Utah

CAN we turn to the "right"? Regardless of the outcome of the 1946 congressional elections in the United States, history will probably record this as one of the major questions of the campaign. As the United States and the Soviet Union face each other across Europe, many persons state their belief that a "right turn" is not only necessary for the American domestic economy, but also vital in clarifying the issues—hence that sought-for basis of non-compromising cooperation instead of conflict—between ourselves and the Soviets.

THE Democratic party, since 1933, has claimed to be the world's champion of political democracy in meeting the imperatives of industrial, collectivizing society; in reconciling liberty with "planning" and the gigantic programs for modern public welfare. The Republican party, beginning concerted opposition to the "New Deal" with whispers of "communistic," in 1936, has increasingly charged that democratic policies are leading down the road to communism or socialism. The 1946 congressional elections will bear some long time scrutiny in terms of public attitudes on this charge. Prior to 1946, the fact that the Democratic party, while disavowing support from socialist and communist groups, nevertheless received and benefited from them, has not seemed to impress the majority of voters that there is danger of the Democratic party leading the nation into socialism. The strength of the "solid south" in the last-named party has always afforded some basis for this view.

IN the meantime, Mr. Truman as President, appears to give the impression that he, personally, would like to follow a middle-of-the-road policy, but that he dares not because of the veto power which organized labor holds over the Democratic party, viewed as a national body.

A "TURN to the right," nowadays, assumes the slackening of government enterprise, a lessening of government controls. Will Republican majorities in Congress slacken the pace, lessen the controls? Take O.P.A. and strikes, two favorite topics for example.

HEAVY production always raises the question of strikes. The basis for the present phenomena in the field of labor relations is the Wagner Act (National Labor Relations Act) of 1935. Sustained by the Supreme Court in 1937, this act requires each employer in interstate commerce (which includes virtually every basic industrial activity) to deal with organized labor if labor wishes to organize in his plant. The employer has no choice in the matter. It is the law of the land. This is the basis for the expansion of organized labor to fifteen million members in unions of nationwide scope.

FIFTEEN MILLION dues-paying members, plus one wife or husband each, totals thirty million. If they all were to vote in a single national election, their combined strength would approximate thirty million votes. The greatest number of people ever to vote in a single American election was forty-nine million-plus (1940). It doesn't take a course in differential calculus to determine that if thirty million people voted as a unit, they would constitute a majority of forty-nine million.

IT is a fact, however, that organized labor does not vote as a bloc. It is true that an overwhelming majority has supported the Democratic party. (A signal reason for past Republican failures to win elections is the size of that labor vote, lost to Republicans largely since the days of Theodore Roosevelt.) But most of organized labor, with their wives and voting children, at least thirty million strong, would certainly oppose repeal of the Wagner Act.

Can we get production? Can we avoid strikes?

So far as the political answers to these questions are concerned, with O.P.A. and the Wagner Act involved, the decisions rest largely with American workingmen in their labor organizations. Any "turning right" will involve their consent, or a considerable portion thereof. This happens to be one of the basic political facts of these times. Is there a "right turn" for labor that is really *right? Right* for labor? *Right* for America? *Right* for the world in the basic sense of *goodness* more than a mere shift from any political "left."?

This is the question of the hour.

KNEEL TO RISE

By Pauline Tyson Stephens

IF thou wouldst rise to unknown heights,
Go on thy knees and pray;
For man in deep humility
Is on the upward way.

Yet heed the message further still:
Kneel down, but do not stay;
For when God speaks to thee, arise—
Stand ready to obey.

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ON BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

•

RICHARD SAUNDERS was the fictitious compiler of the almanac which Benjamin Franklin edited and published from 1733 to 1758. But Poor Richard soon became and will always be Benjamin Franklin. Actually Franklin invented some of his sayings, borrowed more, and improved most of them in brevity and pungency. Here are a few of the thoughts that made Poor Richard famous:

There is no little enemy.

The heart of the fool is in his mouth, but the mouth of the wise man is in his heart.

Do good to thy friend to keep him, to thy enemy to gain him.

Approve not of him who commends all you say.

A little house well filled, a little farm well tilled, and a little wife well willed, are great riches.

Poverty wants some things, luxury many things, avarice all things.

A lie stands on one leg, truth on two.

Sloth and silence are a fool's virtues.

The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise.

Search others for their virtues, thyself for thy vices.

He that falls in love with himself will have no rivals.

Sin is not hurtful because it is forbidden, but it is forbidden because it is hurtful.

He that sows thorns should not go barefoot.

Anger is never without a reason, but seldom with a good one.

There was never a good knife made of bad steel.

The doors of wisdom are never shut.

Half a truth is often a great lie.

THE LESSON

By Elaine V. Emans

NOW I have learned that unspecific prayer
Such as, "Lord, help me through this darkened way
Into the sun again," or "In thy care
I lay my problem," rather than to say,
"Please send me this," or "Let that come about"
Is wiser and more trusting, and more blest
With answer. I have learned to pray without
Telling the Father *how*, when he knows best.

Your Executor

• By JOSEPH H. WESTON

Did you ever think about your estate, that is, the aggregate of your property and affairs at the time of your possible death?

If the friend, relative, or trust company that you have selected as your executor were today called upon to do his duty, what would be expected of him? How much of a job would the winding up of your affairs be? How much of his time would it take? Would you be conferring an honor or a drudgery upon him?

Here are a few of the steps necessary in settling an estate:

Locate the will of the deceased. Ascertain if it is the last one which he executed. File it in probate court.

Present proof to the court as to the legal heirs. Make application for letters testamentary and the oath of the executor.

Assemble all personal assets of the deceased, take possession of them and hold them safely.

Withdraw bank deposits. Assemble securities that were owned by the deceased. Arrange for the collection of all interest and dividends due.

Take charge of the real estate. Determine the situation as to taxes and mortgages against the property. Inspect the property to learn its condition. Arrange for its management and the collection of rents or other income.

File necessary papers and collect all life insurance policies that have been made payable to the estate.

Collect any debts due the estate. Proceed with litigation in this capacity, if necessary.

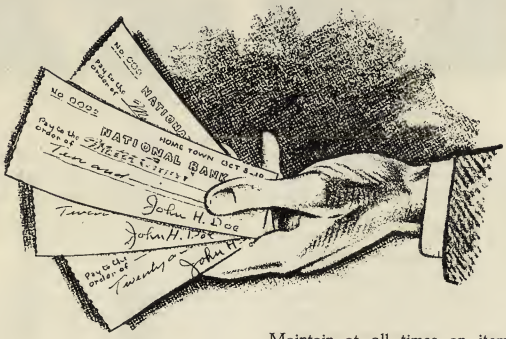
Evaluate all assets and maintain an accurate inventory of them. Liquidate the less desirable assets to provide funds for taxes, claims, legacies, and similar cash requirements, unless the will otherwise directs.

Take charge of all businesses included in the estate. Arrange for their management, sale, liquidation, or distribution.

Determine whether securities ought to be sold or retained, observing, however, the provisions of the will.

Consider all claims against the estate and proceed to contest with litigation any that are unjust or improper.

Prepare state inheritance and federal estate tax returns, and settle these liabilities.



—*Drawing by Charles Jacobsen*

Maintain at all times an itemized statement of all transactions, which is to be later submitted to the probate court for approval.

Pay legacies. Deliver specific bequests that are authorized in the will.

Defend the will in court if it is contested.

Submit a final accounting and report to the court.

These, then, are the principal steps in settling an estate. The more property and the more widespread your interests, the greater the details involved in settlement following your death.

These are the things that you would be called upon to do if a friend or relative named you as his executor. This is what you demand of a friend or relative when you name him for this position of responsibility.

All this, plus the complicated manner in which property is often held these days, plus the great amount of liquidation frequently necessary to settle inheritance and estate tax demands, explains the rapid devolution of most of this business during the past two decades onto the shoulders of trust companies and lawyers who are especially trained in this field.

Like jury duty, however, this task might fall to any responsible citizen. Are you ready?

As you open the door of your room at the Hotel Utah, after a busy or festive evening, there's real satisfaction in seeing that your bed has been turned down, a soft night lamp cheerfully glowing.

This is our way of saying to you "a good night to you, and pleasant dreams." It is but one of many extra services which we try to provide for your complete enjoyment of your stay at the Hotel Utah.

Yes, today as always—

You're Welcome At the Utah!

The PRESIDING BISHOPRIC *Reorganized*

JOSEPH L. WIRTHLIN
First Counselor

LE GRAND RICHARDS
Presiding Bishop

THORPE B. ISAACSON
Second Counselor

THE reorganization of the Presiding Bishopric, made necessary by the death of Bishop Marvin O. Ashton last October 7, was accomplished December 14, when the First Presidency announced that Bishop Joseph L. Wirthlin, formerly second counselor, had been advanced to first counselor, and Thorpe B. Isaacson had been chosen as the new second counselor to Presiding Bishop Le Grand Richards.

Bishop Wirthlin is well known in every corner of the Church. He was first sustained as second counselor in the Presiding Bishopric at the general conference in April 1938, when Presiding Bishop LeGrand Richards was first sustained. He was then the president of the Bonneville Stake. In the years that have followed, Bishop Wirthlin has traveled throughout the Church, attending the stake quarterly conferences as a member of the Presiding Bishopric. He is now advanced to the position of first counselor to Bishop Richards.

Bishop Isaacson has been the first counselor in the Yale Ward bishopric of the Bonneville Stake in Salt Lake City for the past five years. Prior to that he was a member of the stake Sunday School board and president of his elders' quorum.

He brings to his new position a love of youth and of mankind which is fortified by the experience of fifteen years as an athletic coach, teacher, and superintendent of schools in Utah and Idaho. In his own basketball days at Snow College in his home town of Ephraim, Utah, he was selected as an all-state basketball guard. His interest in sports has led him to a knowledge of fishing, baseball, and golf. And what boy does not like a leader who knows the feel of a fish on the end of his line, or enjoys hearing the crack of the baseball on the bat when the bases are loaded and the score is tied? Bishop Isaacson, as a member of the Presiding Bishopric, will assist in the direction of the Aaronic Priesthood activities of the Church.

In recent years one of his Church hobbies has been the adult members of the Aaronic Priesthood. He knows of their problems and sympathizes with them. He now finds that he has been assigned the welfare of these men, as the specific duties of the members of the Presiding Bishopric are broken down.

In height and appearance he stands as a man among men, and his personality matches that height. To be in the same room with him is to catch his enthusiastic yet humble approach to a problem. To hear him describe a project is to create the desire to get behind it and see it through to completion.

Bishop Isaacson left the field of education about ten years ago to enter the insurance business. There he rose rapidly, and at the time of his appointment in the Presiding Bishopric he was general agent of the Lincoln National Life Insurance Company for the territory embracing Utah, Idaho, and Nevada. Two years ago the president of his company designated him as the outstanding life insurance man in America.

Bishop Isaacson was born September 6, 1898, at Ephraim, Utah, a son of Martin and Mary Beal Isaacson. After attending the schools and Snow College there, he continued his educational pursuits at Brigham Young University, Utah State Agricultural College, and the University of California. He is now a member of the board of trustees of the Utah State Agricultural College, Logan, and as such is charged with the school's athletic program.

His wife is the former Lulu Maughan Jones, whom he met while teaching school. They have two children. Mrs. Joyce Isaacson Tribe, and Elder Richard Alonzo Isaacson who is now serving in the New England Mission.

The Church welcomes and sustains Bishop Thorpe B. Isaacson in his new calling.

LIGHTS

By Lalia Mitchell Thornton

I LIKE to stand on a lonely hill
And look to the stars above;
But on wintry nights, 'tis the window lights,
The lights of town that I love.
And I would sail on a vessel fine,
With the moon a beacon fair,
Though with sea for dower I should wish each hour
That lights of the town were there.
I fain would visit the cities great,
That in books have won renown,
But if forced to leave, I should always grieve,
For window lights of the town.

—*Photograph by Eva Luoma*

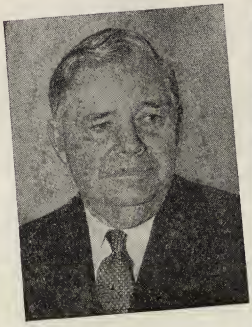
Living Challenge

SOMETHING immortal is around me here.
In earth and air, yet nowhere visible,
It burns and throbs and clings. Each pioneer
Contributed a part before he fell
A victim of his own mortality.
I've felt it lift my chin and make me climb
The one step more which raised my eyes to see
A ray that pierced the velvet folds of time.

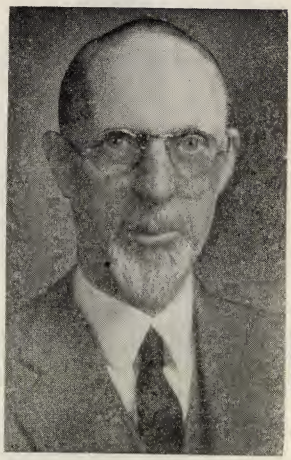
The hut inadequate, the implement
Handmade and crude, and measured food—the voiced
And written word have traced the way they went.
They loved, gave birth; they sorrowed and rejoiced;
And, passing on, with mortal hands they threw
Something immortal back for me and you.

By Eva Willes Wangsgaard

GREETINGS *from*



PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.



PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH

PRESIDENT DAVID O. McKAY

ONCE again "the inaudible and noiseless foot of Time" marks the passing of another year. Once again we approach the most important of all celebrations—the anniversary of the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem, which connotes, as does no other event in all history, Peace and Good Will.

Looking in retrospect over the last twelve months, members of the Church have good cause for gratitude for progress made and success achieved. Membership has increased—seven new stakes and fifty-two new wards have been organized—prospects are brighter for building materials for much needed chapels—necessary finances are available for the erection of such edifices, also for temple work, for all phases of welfare work, for Church schools, for the furthering of priesthood and auxiliary activity, and for the promulgation of the gospel at home and abroad. Of the thirty-eight missions organized before the war, thirty-six are now functioning, and appointments are under advisement for the opening of the other two, and the establishing also of two new missions as soon as conditions are more propitious. Evidences of undaunted faith in the restored gospel, and of increased spirituality are manifest by individuals and organizations in all parts of the Church—in the Americas, in Europe, and in the islands of the Pacific.

True, the enemy of all righteousness is also active. Whenever he discovers a weakness in the ranks of the faithful, he strikes and strikes hard, but his attacks are becoming more and more impotent.

Glancing at the world in general, we see peoples in war-torn nations destitute, discouraged, distracted, and yearning for peace. Common people everywhere are sick of war. Twice in a generation the cruelties, the beastliness of war have sickened the heart of the civilized world. Even though we think we know the causes, and supposedly the justifications of these worldwide holocausts, the fact that they have occurred in the center of so-called Christian lands has caused millions to lose faith in the nearness of the millennium, and shattered confidence in their fellow men. There is a general feel-

THE FIRST PRESIDENCY

of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

ing among the masses that something is wrong in the politics of the world and in the social and industrial relations of men, that war is not the solution of existing problems. Undoubtedly, there are today more people in the world than ever before who are ready to heed the admonition of the Lord given through the Prophet Joseph Smith—"Renounce war and proclaim peace." The futility of war as a remedial factor of social and political ills is becoming more and more apparent. It is timely, therefore, while the recent spread of barbarism and violence over Europe and the Orient is still shocking the sensibilities of humanity, for the nations to seek as never before ways and means of renouncing war forever.

The nineteenth century was marked by a decline in faith in God and an increased faith in science. The accomplishments of science seem to be limitless. In many ways it has made life more comfortable and beautiful, but it has also made life hideous. Though it brings into our homes the music of the spheres, at the same time it slays defenseless women and children indiscriminately. Manifestly, it cannot save mankind from wars, but it can annihilate the human race. The promise of science for human benefits, and particularly as an assurance of peace, is now questioned.

Faith in God is the first essential to peace. It is folly for the United Nations now seeking ways and means to permanent peace to exclude the idea of God from their deliberations. Only through an acknowledgment of the Divine Being as Father can the sense of human brotherhood have potency. Only thus can life have purpose and humanity as a whole live in peace.

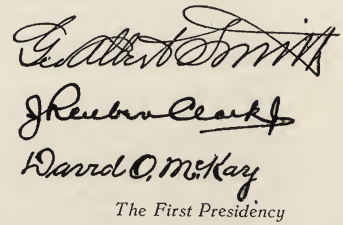
With faith in God must be associated the realization that peace springs from the individual heart. "He that will love life, and see good days, . . . let him eschew evil, and do good; let him seek peace, and ensue it." Jesus taught that "a man's duties to himself and to his fellow men are indissolubly connected." His idea was to have each individual imbued with faith in God, with desires to live uprightly, and to deal justly with his fellow men; then a thousand, ten thousand, such individuals grouped together would constitute a community of worshipful, peace-loving human beings. A thousand such communities would make a nation; and a hundred such nations, a world!

Peace, therefore, is an individual acquisition, a family duty, a community attainment, a national possibility, a world conquest.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is in the world to establish peace among mankind. Though brute power, greed, and lust are today, as in the past, dominant forces in civilization, yet followers of the Prince of Peace must not despair; for in the fulfilment of God's purposes "Peace, unweaponed, conquers all."

Approximately three thousand missionaries—many of them but recently discharged from the military forces of their country—are now contributing their time, ability, and means to the promulgating of peace. Two hundred thousand men and boys who have been ordained to the priesthood are enlisted in the same great cause. Members of the Church everywhere, in every land and clime where the message of the restored gospel has been accepted, are under obligation to live at peace with their families, their neighbors, and mankind, that through their daily acts, they will demonstrate to the world that they accept in reality the message of the angels: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

With this greeting, we send our sincere prayer that peace and the blessings of the Lord that follow may abide in the hearts and homes of members of the Church everywhere, and of honest men and women the world over.



The First Presidency

HOW THE DESERT WAS TAMED

A Lesson for Today and Tomorrow

WHY THIS ESSAY

THE invasion and conquest of the arid section of the United States have become an American classic. Historian and romancer alike have paid eloquent tribute to the courage and fortitude of the people who led the way successfully into the desert places of the United States. In song and story, in bronze and marble, the heroic, unparalleled, path-breaking, often tragic trek of tens of thousands into the valleys of the Rocky Mountains has been acclaimed. Its successes and failures have been recorded in minutest detail. It forms a glorious chapter of victory in the annals of our land.

Along the trail of the Pioneers has arisen a western empire of many states of the Union. In their building, they have borrowed help from the lessons learned by the courageous companies that first entered unflinchingly into battle in a new and arid section of the land.

Though this be true, though our schoolbooks tell the story, there has been only casual reference to the principles put into action to win success in the battle with aridity.

As these principles, which lie imbedded in the work of the pioneers, were used, conquest and progress raised their heads. It is curious that in the abundant literature concerning the settlement of the Great Basin of North America, and the surrounding territory, only scattered attempts have been made to discover the real causes of the success attending the pioneers in their battle with arid conditions. We have been content to know what they did, rather than how the thing was done.

This essay grew out of an attempt to dissect the pioneer achievements and to discover one by one the causes, which acting together, made "the desert blossoms as the rose." As these were revealed, they were, as might be expected, simple, of general use, and known from antiquity. They reveal, also, the things of the spirit which made the pioneers willing to risk their lives and happiness in the westward venture.

As the writing proceeded, the marvel grew that unhappy man, battling bloodily today—and yesterday—for only heaven knows what, will not use these principles everywhere, to give place to peace and plenty, and make a world "good to live in." The lesson of the pioneers is for today and tomorrow. The past has done its work.

This is a life-giving theme to which scholars should give profound study. This essay or sketch is but the briefest approach to the subject.

The word *pioneer*, as here used, refers to those who from July 1847 to May 1869, before the railroad came, entered on foot, with handcart or by ox team, into the Salt Lake valley and surrounding valleys, plains, and plateaus, to bend them to man's will.

I

THERE LIES THE DESERT

THE temple in Nauvoo, Illinois, had been completed and dedicated. Some ordinance work had been done within its walls. It was the largest, costliest, and architecturally the most interesting building in the state. From the hill on which it stood, it overlooked the orderly city—the largest in Illinois—and it caught the sheen of the stately rolling Mississippi which held the city in a curved embrace.

Sadness and anxiety were in the air this autumn of 1845. Men and women, doing their daily work, looked questioningly, prayerfully, hopefully up to the temple, which they had built in faith to Almighty God. The temple, itself, with its upward reaching tower, seemed to brood over the destiny of Nauvoo, the city beautiful, which had been built, amidst toil and sacrifice, within seven years, on swampy land thought unfit for use. Had all been in vain?

In the window of an upper room of the temple, the glow of candlelight could be seen far into the night. There a group of men, leaders of the Church, were assembled. A little more than a year before, their prophet and president, with his brother Hyrum, had been murdered in cold blood, by jealous and unfriendly citizens of neighboring villages. Not yet satisfied, these enemies now demanded that the Latter-day Saints leave Nauvoo and the state. The demand was accompanied by rapine and arson. For over a year the matter had been discussed. At length the conclusion had been reached that the proposed surrender of homes and temple was inevitable. The brethren were now within the sacred temple walls discussing how the evacuation could be made, and where the new settlement was to be.

It was agreed that the new location must be one where the people would be left alone until firmly established. That probably meant some place not generally desired by homeseekers. Where was such a place to be found?

By Dr. John A. Widtsoe

OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

Vancouver Island had been suggested by English missionaries and converts. It was far away; surrounded by water, therefore somewhat inaccessible; and not likely for many years to be invaded by others. British officialdom had intimated that the "Mormons" would be welcome on Vancouver Island, for anti-"Mormon" prejudice had not yet reached much development in the British Isles, and John Bull was much interested in colonizing his many vacant lands. In his possessions were people of all colors, faiths, and practices. He was not afraid of "Mormons."

Several of the brethren pointed to Texas, with its vast unoccupied lands, its fertile soils, and easy climate. Some of them had visited the new state and were full of enthusiasm for it. It was easy to reach. The problems of moving a city full of people, twenty thousand of them, were more easily solved there than anywhere else.

THEN there was the Far West. No one really knew much about it. Certain it was that there was plenty of land in the West, and that it would be possible there to settle far from disturbing neighbors. But, at best, to take thousands of people there seemed hazardous.

Nevertheless, the Prophet Joseph Smith had said that the time would come that the Latter-day Saints would be driven to the Rocky Mountains, and would build cities there. The Rocky Mountains were in the West! The flame of faith in the hearts of the men in the Nauvoo Temple room rose higher. The die was cast. The people would settle in the West. The Lord of hosts would help them find the place.

Having made the decision and won the approval of the people, they set about as intelligent and reasonable groups to learn all about the Far West. Sometime before, an expedition to explore the West had been proposed, but the chaotic conditions of the times had delayed the consummation of that plan, and now the day of departure was forced upon them earlier than expected.

There was, of course, some fairly dependable, though very general knowledge of the West. For at least a quarter of a century trappers had been there. British, French, and Americans had been among them. Smith, Ogden, Bridger, and others were familiar names around American firesides. These men had brought back news about the vast and dimly-known western territory. Often, their stories were exaggerated, and grew in the telling; yet there was nearly always a modicum of truth in each of them.

Moreover, the Oregon Trail had been traveled by homeseekers for nearly a decade. Returning pioneers over the trail had made parts of the West somewhat familiar to the public. Captain B. L. E. Bonneville had spent several years of the 1830's in the West, and had made reports of the conditions found there. Captain John C. Frémont's report to Congress of his expeditions to California was in possession of the Nauvoo expatriates, and gave greatest help. The temple group studied it. Especially was the accompanying map of interest. Faulty as it was, it is remarkable how well the main geographical points are located.

MORE and more the Salt Lake valley seemed best for the great venture. It was off the Oregon Trail, which turned north near Fort Bridger towards the Snake and Columbia rivers. The Salt Lake valley was held to be part of a great desert. Homeseekers would pass it by for the fertile, well-watered coastlands. Frémont's careful day by day reports spoke rather well of the country immediately around the Great Salt Lake. On the westward migration, the Salt Lake region would at least be inspected.

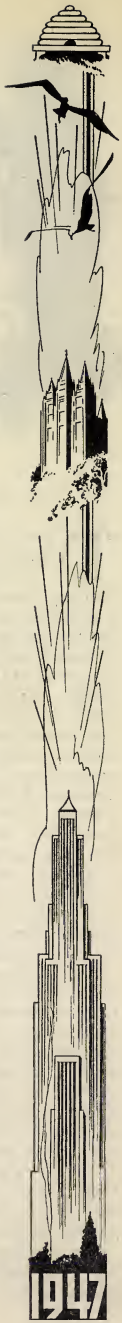
There was some doubt, of course, about the value of some parts of the West. Several maps of the Far West, based on existing data, had been published, such as the Bonneville map of 1837; the Chapin map of 1839; the Robert Greenhow map of 1840; and the J. Calvin map of 1843. All these showed a vast area west of the Rocky Mountains, usually including the Salt Lake region, as a "great desert" or "great sandy plain." At best, it was not an inviting place to go. At best, there might lurk in any settlement dangers that the transient trapper, or casual traveler had not properly appraised.

In the temple room, and of course in the homes of the people, the West and the existing knowledge of it, were discussed, and no doubt argued.

The notable matter is, however, that, after earnest consideration and prayer, the decision had been reached, to move as a body westward; the leaders and the people sought out all available knowledge concerning the Great West, and discussed even such items as irrigation, which the explorers had not mentioned, or discussed very casually.

This would be the natural, intelligent approach to so great a venture. Knowledge would help frustrate many chances of defeat. The procedure to learn as much as possible

(*Continued on page* 60)



HOLE IN THE ROCK

BEGINNING A STIRRING NEW SERIAL

By Anna Prince Redd

Old men shook their heads and peered from their doorways.

CHAPTER I

"*Deseret News! Deseret* telegraph *News!*"

The cry, snatched away by a gust of wind, left a stillness that was broken only by the staccato of swiftly running feet.

Mary Jones ran to the door and opened it. In the street, women and children were hurrying after the racing news crier. Old men shook their heads and peered from their doorways to see where the boy was going, anxious to learn the import of his news. Behind Mary, four other women waited, knowing from the tone of the young crier's voice that the news was not good. And with every tick of the clock, they conjured a new pioneer terror.

"It's Henry Lunt!" Mary cried. "It's the telegraph operator's brother, and he's coming here!"

Sage Treharne Jones leaned forward anxiously, and the other women crowded close. "Yes," she said, waiting, frail and old, against the afternoon sun, "yes, he's coming here." And almost before the boy reached the sandstone step of her house, she had him by the coat collar, pleading, "Young Henry, what have you come to tell?"

"It's a new mission, Sister Jones," Henry Lunt cried. "Another new mission! Un—un—your son, Kumen, was the first one called!"

Mary screamed. Her mother and the four other women pressed against her, and Mary clung to them for support.

"Shame on you, Henry," Elsie Nielson said angrily. "Coming here just to scare a bunch of women. See what you have done to Mary and Sister Jones!"

"I didn't come to scare them," Henry said earnestly. "It's true, what I said, Miz Nielson. Every word is true!"

"Henry," Sage Treharne implored, "tell us how you know."

There was no doubt in her eyes, no hysteria in her voice, but she sounded old, and very, very tired.

"It's—it's a new mission, Sister Jones," Henry repeated, proud of the sensation he was causing. "President John Taylor, he—my sister Ellen, she—"

Unable to stand his stuttering another second, Sage Treharne slapped his cheek, waited for his astonished mouth to close, and then said soothingly: "Now, Henry, tell us."

Shocked at the indignity of being slapped by someone not his mother, Henry stood his ground sulkily. His black, close-cut hair bristled above his black eyes and his straight eyebrows. In all his twelve years of growing up on the frontier, he had never looked so much like a young Indian.

"I told you once," he said. "Can't you understand?"

"Yes, Henry," Sage said patiently, "I understand. I only want you to tell us how you *know* that we have been called. Who brought the word?"

"President Taylor's secretary sent it," Henry explained. "He had the telegraph operator in St. George—where they're having the conference—operate it to Parowan, and Parowan operated it to my sister Ellen down here, and she sent me off to spread the news!"

Relishing the silence that fell at his words, Henry watched the five women in the doorway, and wondered which one would faint. It wouldn't be Mary or her sister Julia, they were too young. It could be Mrs. Arabella Smith, because she was going to have a baby and was awful white. But more likely it would be one of the older women, Miz Jones, or Miz Nielson. And even that didn't seem too promising, so he might just as well be off down the street startin' more excitement.

He jumped backward down the step and turned to run. Then he saw the crowd that had gathered in the dooryard, and at once he became the news crier again, important and terrible.

"It's a new mission," he shouted, pointing his finger, and jumping toward them, stiff-legged. "To the Indians. The murderin' scalpin' Indians!"

Then away he raced, crying, "*Deseret News! Deseret* telegraph *News!*"

And the crowd followed him.

Too dazed for speech, Sage Treharne sank down on a treasured, spindle-legged old chest that stood by the door. She gripped the metal buttons on her basque and let the tears fall quietly.

"Kumen's dream," she muttered. "My son's dream. . . ."

"Yes," Mary said, staring incredulously at her mother-in-law, sitting there on her precious chest as if it were a common, homemade chair. "Yes, Mother Jones," she re-

peated, "I know what you mean. I didn't believe you when you said that Kumen's dream would come true, but now I know that it will. Kumen has known that it would. He's been waiting for more than a year."

There was dull misery in Mary's young voice, and questioning, rebellious pain in her heart. She turned to her own mother and said brokenly, "Mother, what can we do—whatever can we do?"

"We will just go on," Elsie Nielson answered, taking her daughter's hand. "Whatever comes, will be met somehow. Right now we have a quilt to finish."

"Yes, we had best get on with it," Mary said, but she made no move to do so. Her eyes stared after the racing news crier. And when his voice was no longer a part of the March wind, she closed the door and stood against it.

Elsie Nielson went over to the quilt and patted it absently, almost as if it were Mary, herself. There was a faraway look in her eyes. She watched Mary standing there, bewildered and frightened, and it brought back the pain and sadness of her own pioneer years. Two small graves on a lonely plain . . . a long, tired line of handcarts, slowly, slowly moving on. Time and peace had dulled these memories, but would never efface them. If only she could shield Mary from what lay ahead! This call would change her life as surely as an undercurrent changes the course of a river. There would be no new home for Mary, now, no quiet, tranquil days. They would finish this pretty quilt and put it away, just as they would put away their finished dreams.

"Come on and quilt, Mary," she said tenderly. "You can do no good, standing there."

Mary went over to the quilt, threaded a needle, tied a knot in the end of the thread, bit it off, and tied another. Three times they watched her tie as many knots and as many times bite them off. Then Sage Treharne unlocked her cramped fingers and went to Mary's side at the quilt.

"No Redskin is going to stop me from making a quilt," she scolded, taking the needle from Mary's aimless hand. "And," she laughed shakily, "no new-fangled telegraph messages, either."

Puckering her face at the unwillingness of her rheumatic joints, she began to quilt. "Thread yourself a new needle, Mary," she said. "And don't bite the thread; it wears your teeth down."

Mary watched Sage Treharne's needle as it flashed in the last cold rays of the afternoon sun, then she threaded another needle, placed the point on the marked pattern and took a slow careful stitch. . . .

LOCKED in the ice and cold of the long winter of 1879, Cedar City had lain for months in snow that clung in frozen banks to the low, adobe houses and around the roots of the cottonwood trees that fringed the sidewalks and the creeks. Rows of furrowed earth stood starkly out of the snow patches in the near-by fields. Cattle shivered on the river banks, or stood huddled together under sheds and hungry barns. Women and children and the old men stayed indoors by the roaring log fires in their open hearths.

Then, suddenly, it was spring, and there was a stir in the air—not just because it was spring, but because there was to be a conference in St. George, a small, pioneer town sixty miles away. Conference at any time of the year was an event in Utah, but after the idleness and the isolation of the long winters, it was not only an event, it was also a festival, a fervent, religious pageant that held the scattered communities together and strengthened their faith.

But the spring of 1879 had come too early to permit of the usual mass migration, and only the men were planning to go. The roads were little more than wheel tracks in the mud, or scratches on the lava rocks. Vehicles were scarce and had to be used sparingly, so the young men rode their horses, leaving the few light buggies and wagons for the use of the Church leaders.

In the brittle darkness before the dawn of March 15, the young men of Cedar City were ready to leave for the conference. Muffled against the cold, their pockets stuffed with packets of yarrow and sage, hanks of wool yarn, and packets of seeds, they gathered, fifty of them, to lead the procession of buggies and wagons that carried the Church leaders. Frost clung to their beards and crisped their breaths. The breeze that came with the morning light was fragrant with the smell of sap and

(*Continued on page 57*)

Sage Treharne looked at Mary in wonder. There were times when she could see why her son had married this Danish girl of so much vitality.

The JOSEPH SMITH MONUMENT *at South Royalton*

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By

JUDGE A. G. WHITHAM

"A NEWS ITEM recently appeared in this paper that William H. Reeder, Jr., president of the New England Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ, Latter-day Saints of America, had effected purchase of the Lottie J. Salter premises on the Chelsea road, South Royalton, for a religious center and mission of the Great Salt Lake Church, sometimes called the 'Mormon' Church of Utah.

"The foregoing article was prepared by Judge A. G. Whitham, who at the time referred to was a law graduate in the office of Tarbell and Whitham. He is now advanced in years, but remembers well his association with Junius Wells in helping to clear titles and arrange for details of the enterprise. Judge Whitham still holds a very high regard for Elder Wells.—*J. D.*"

—Vermont newspaper, Vol. LXXI—No. 52—3749; White River Valley *Herald* of September 27, 1945.

IN the spring of 1894, the quiet little community of South Royalton, nestling in a right hand pocket of the beautiful White River valley of Vermont, was electrified by the advent into its midst of a western gentleman of the old school—courteous, kind, courageous, enterprising, educated Junius F. Wells. He had been called by the Authorities of the Church to erect a monument at the birthplace of the Prophet Joseph Smith. This was a mission dear to his heart, and when your heart is in something you wish to do, you do it with all your might to make it a success. That was Junius Wells; he was indefatigable in finding just what he wanted to make his life's project a success. He did it.

At first there was some stir of opposition in Vermont, when it became known what Junius Wells had come to do. Some regarded it as a slur on the community. They did not favor having such a monument erected in Vermont, but no one could long entertain hard feelings where Junius Wells was concerned. He won the esteem and outright affection of everyone he approached. Children on the way to school would watch for Junius Wells, run to meet him, glad to be spoken to by him. The remarkable thing was that he seldom forgot the name of any child he met—he knew them all. The boys as well as the girls were welcomed by their own first names. It also had to be admitted that Vermont really was the original starting point of this religion that had grown and blossomed in the Salt Lake valley to such vast proportions. Their second great leader, Brigham Young, came from the little town of Whitingham down in the southern part of Vermont.

The old farmhouse wherein Joseph Smith first saw the light of day was located on Dairy Hill. Throughout the spring, Junius, his horse "Old George," and the top buggy were a familiar sight as he drove back and forth from his hotel to Dairy Hill and vicinity. He had a busy time looking up land titles and boundaries. When Joseph Smith was born, the farmhouse was located in Sharon, but it was later discovered that the boundary between Royalton and Sharon had been changed more than once by various surveys made at intervals. The town line as finally established runs outside the foundations of the old house, close to the old cellar wall which remained standing. The site of the monument was determined to be just over the town line in Sharon.

It took Junius some little time to find what he wanted in the way of a stone for the monument. He was looking for a piece of granite large enough to cut to proper form and be thirty-eight and one-half feet long—a foot for each year of the Prophet's life. It is symbolical, perhaps, that the big stone was finally located on the quarry ground of the far-famed Marr and Gordon quarry, Barre, Vermont. It was a stone forty-six feet long from which the main shaft of the monument was cut and worked to completion. It is one of the finest [and perhaps the tallest] single shaft of polished granite ever to be erected.

NOT until the summer of 1905 was the great stone ready to leave the granite sheds of Barre for transportation to Royalton. It required the genius of a man of Wells' type and experience to arrange for the transportation of such a large, heavy stone. The elevation at the railway station is six hundred feet above sea level, and the elevation where the monument was to stand atop Dairy Hill was nine hundred feet. The approach was up a rather steep, and not too good, dirt highway. The question of the little wooden bridge across the first branch of the White River at South Royalton was overcome in true western style by the energetic Wells. He got permission from the town authorities to shore up the bridge. This was done by a trestle built under the floor. It was an old covered bridge so some of the overhead cross timbers had to be removed to allow passage for some of the large base stones.

The matter of motive power to move such a heavy weight over the then dirt road was a big problem. But like all the other problems, that too was overcome by the ambitious Wells. Eight horses, then twelve, were hitched to the great wagon brought for the purpose. The wagon wheels had tires twenty inches wide, and the axles were eight inches in diameter. Finally twenty-two horses had to be used. Eventually a block and tackle or windlass arrangement had to be resorted to before that immense load was finally carried to the top of Dairy Hill.

Some of the way a gang of young men were kept busy from morning to night laying hardwood planks for the big tires to run on so that they wouldn't sink into the soft road. It was a red letter occasion when that procession of a great wagon with a twenty-two horse team began its trek down the main road. People came from long distances to witness it.

(*Continued on page 55*)

NEW YEAR *Celebrations* IN PIONEER TIMES

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By E. Cecil McGavin
OF THE CHURCH HISTORIAN'S OFFICE

THE New Year was always ushered in by the pioneers amid a whirl of social functions. The precedent had been established in Nauvoo and was faithfully carried out almost every year after the exodus from that city. In Nauvoo, many house parties were held throughout the city as the New Year was welcomed by the Saints.

The last New Year's party Joseph Smith celebrated was a festive occasion never to be forgotten by the many friends who were privileged to share the hospitality of the Mansion House. On such occasions he often entertained one hundred couples in the hotel where his family resided. A platform was erected where the musicians were seated. After the guests had been entertained by feasting, music, toasts, and friendly conversation, the long tables were removed, and the cotillion band played for hours as the many guests found relaxation and friendship in the dance. The party continued through the night, and the guests returned to their homes in the early dawn.

When the year of 1846 dawned upon the Saints in Nauvoo, there were no house parties celebrating its arrival. No dancing party convened in the Mansion House; the customary tokens of festivity were absent; in most homes the lights were extinguished before the midnight hour arrived. But in the temple on the hill, the lights burned until dawn, as the endowment was administered to many during the night. The Saints were planning for a secret exodus from their beautiful city, and they spent the festive season in prayer and worship. At the close of the services of the day, the multitude assembled in a large room and prayed for the blessings of heaven upon their intended exodus from the city and their migration to the far west.

Elder Heber C. Kimball offered the New Year's benediction, expressing thanks for the privilege of receiving the blessing of the Lord's house, and a wish for the blessings of heaven to attend them during their journey westward.

In most of the "Mormon" settlements along the Iowa trail, the historic year of 1847 was ushered in amid the boom of cannon, the sparkle of merry laughter, and the sound of dancing feet.

A few pioneer journals reveal how the pioneers celebrated the first New Year they witnessed in the Salt Lake valley. "Life was as sweet here and the holidays as merry," wrote Parley P. Pratt, "as in the Christian palaces and mansions of those who had driven us to the mountains."

"We have now entered upon another year," wrote Isaac C. Haight. "The Saints have had many trials the past year, including much journeying and fatigue. The Lord has led many of the Saints away from the Gentiles into a goodly land."

A public meeting was called in the old fort at the dawn of the New Year, at which regulations were drawn up to govern the pioneers until the Mexican War should be terminated, and the pioneers should know "what hands we shall fall into."

There is no mention of any special festivities at the dawn of 1849. On that day, however, President Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and Jedediah M. Grant called upon Father John Smith, Brigham Young, and Heber C. Kimball ordaining him Patriarch to the Church.

Though public entertainment was limited that season, the spirit of festivity was not entirely absent. "The young people are getting married by wholesale this cold weather," declared the journal of John L. Smith. "I think there was a wedding every night from Christmas to New Year's, and one evening three couples were married."

As soon as schoolhouses or chapels could be erected, the New Year was celebrated by song and sermon, much like the usual Sabbath meeting. Such a worship service was held in the new schoolhouse in the Fourteenth Ward on New Year's Day, 1851. Two preaching services were held at which the following brethren preached to a large audience: Parley P. Pratt, Wilford Woodruff, Willard Richards, W. W. Phelps, and John Murdock.

During the day, a large party was given in the "Bath House." The bath house parties became a popular feature of the New Year festivities. During some holiday seasons the money received was given to the wives of the missionaries who were in foreign lands.

As the New Year dawned in 1853, there was music in the air. The Nauvoo brass band in two carriages, and Captain Ballo's band on foot, serenaded the homes of the prominent citizens. The members of the Quorum of the Twelve, except Orson Pratt who was absent on a mission,

(*Concluded on page 47*)

"LET'S TALK IT OVER"

By MARY BRENTNALL

DEAR BOB:

The other night your rather laughing allusion to "smooching" started me on a long thinking trail. The word itself arrested me. I thought of the odd meaning of such terms; then of the nature of human emotions and human thinking; then, somehow, of principles and the difficulties we sometimes meet when we try to sort our ideas of right and wrong. Finally, I thought of the complex problems which may arise between a young man and woman when they are extremely fond of one another, yet each unsure, not only of the other's feelings, but even of his own. I wanted to sit down with you and talk it over. I wanted to find out what you were thinking and why, but, even more, I wanted to be sure what I was thinking and why. So I waited. Then the other day *The Improvement Era* editors handed me a letter from a young girl. It stated very directly and simply that she, personally, saw no harm at all in "smooching," but that her mother had told her that to give her boy friends a good-night kiss was the surest way to lose them—and quickly.

"If that is true," she asks in her letter, "why is it true?"

This letter seemed to be nearer my own territory. Being a woman, I could understand both the girl and her mother a little better, I felt, than I could be sure of understanding you. I don't want to interpret your thinking. I might read into it something completely foreign to an eighteen-year-old boy's mind. So I decided to write my own ideas, and in so doing, hope to clarify them for myself as well as for you. I want to tell you what I think was in the girl's mind and, perhaps, in her mother's. If it all means anything to you when I get through, perhaps, sometime, you will feel like telling me what you think. I hope you will.

To get back to the expression, "smooching." I don't like that word. And yet I could see that you thought it very gay and amusing—or am I doing some of the "interpreting" which I promised not to do? Through the years the words have varied—"spooning," "necking," "wooing," "smooching"—I remember all those. Before you read this, someone may have "dreamed up" another. None of these are "pretty" terms. None of them seems to mean much—though it doesn't take much imagination to get the idea of "necking" and "wooing." From my standpoint, the reason they are not pretty is that the whole idea is not pretty. Affection and its various manifestations are usually beautiful, but there is something about all this which falls short—emotionally, aesthetically, and intellectually. There is something about it that makes a half-humorous, half-contemptuous title, thoroughly fitting. Anything which has this connotation must change its name frequently. Humor and contempt are both largely dependent upon change and novelty for their power.

EVEN though the terms are new, the idea is old. It is probable that nearly every human being has indulged to some degree—even if only by thinking about it—which, you must agree, might be quite an indulgence. Caresses, in the main, are pleasant things. Holding hands with the right girl or boy has considerable satisfaction attached to it. And it is good for all of us to know this feeling of admiration, of love, of affection—both given and received.

If it is all so pleasant and agreeable, then why the problem? Anything, we are told, becomes a problem when there is mental conflict—when decision and judgment are involved. For the thoughtful, and I know that underneath your fun, you are thoughtful, Bob—there is bound to be a question as to the wisdom of it all. No one wants to be stiff or "Victorian," but you cannot fail to wonder what there is in it for you. If I interpret the very frank letter from the girl rightly, she is very young—younger than her years. The younger we are, the more important the immediate seems to us—the hour's pleasure, the moment's fun. Conversely, the older we get, the more intrusive becomes the future. Prophets, who look far beyond their generations are old men—if not in years, then always in spiritual insight. The girl who wrote the letter, though young, is growing up, and the thought of next year is beginning to occur to her. The most telling spot in her mother's warning, however, was the word, "quickly." She understood that best. It is when we begin weighing the values of the immediate with the future that we get into the realm of problems.

If I read this mother's remark rightly, she understands this young daughter well. She knows that the girl needs to start thinking instead of merely responding. The daughter had evidently accepted, at least to some degree, the truthfulness of her mother's remark. Yet it puzzled her, and she was not quite ready to sit down with her mother and find out why she spoke as she did. The daughter wanted to be fortified by someone else's opinion first. It would help her if we could find a satisfactory answer. Perhaps an answer lies in weighing the immediate view with the long view.

This is the immediate view. Provided, of course, that a girl and boy like each other very much, an expression of affection may be very pleas-

(*Continued on page* 56)

"SCOUTS OF THE WORLD
Building for Tomorrow"

By ROCK M. KIRKHAM
NATIONAL DIRECTOR, L.D.S. CHURCH SERVICE
BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

"SCOUTS of the World—Building for Tomorrow," is the theme for the thirty-seventh anniversary celebration of the Boy Scouts of America. Yes, it is more than that; it is a statement of hope and faith in the future that can fire the imagination of every Scout and Scouter to see his relationship in a growing world citizenship through the world brotherhood of scouting.

The First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has approved February 2, 1947, as Scout Sunday throughout the Church to open Boy Scout week. The Sunday evening service will be devoted to a special scouting program with uniformed Scouts, Senior Scouts, and their leaders, participating in the program. Scout leaders will cooperate with the bishops of their wards in making arrangements to recognize properly the Boy Scout program as part of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association program in the Church.

The theme to be inaugurated during Scout week will give color to the major activities of the scouting program throughout the entire year, with the Pioneer Centennial Scout Camp and the Sixth World Jamboree as the climaxing dramatic events in world Scouting. There are 4,413,-139 Scouts and Scouters around the world; those primarily from the western states will gather in Salt Lake City next July 21, 1947, for a five-day demonstration of the values of the scouting program. They will camp on the Fort Douglas reservation. This encampment will climax a year's activity and advancement of scouting in the Church. Full details

will be released through local council offices. All units coming to the encampment must register their members by May 15, 1947. Applications should be forwarded to their local Scout offices and then to the Pioneer Centennial Scout Camp headquarters at 50 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. A registration fee of five dollars a Scout or Senior Scout should accompany the application.

Senior Scout Camp and Rendezvous

A SPECIAL area will be provided for a separate Senior Scout Camp so that they can demonstrate the three phases of the program and mingle and work with other young men of like interests. An unusual feature of the camp will be a special sunrise rendezvous for only Senior Scouts to be held on Donner Hill, located one mile from the Centennial Camp.

The scoutmaster or unit leader will be the executive officer of the unit, assisted by two assistants, and junior leadership.

Featured in the program will be many events noteworthy of the centennial and scouting: A gigantic campfire flavored with outstanding stunts; scouting calvacade pageant; centennial Scouts on parade through the streets of Salt Lake City with thirty bands; a tabernacle program featuring the world-famed organ and presentation of Church, regional, and national Scout leaders; two gigantic centennial evening parades depicting the history and development of Utah and the West; participation in the "This Is The Place" monument dedication; plus many centennial features and scouting activities.

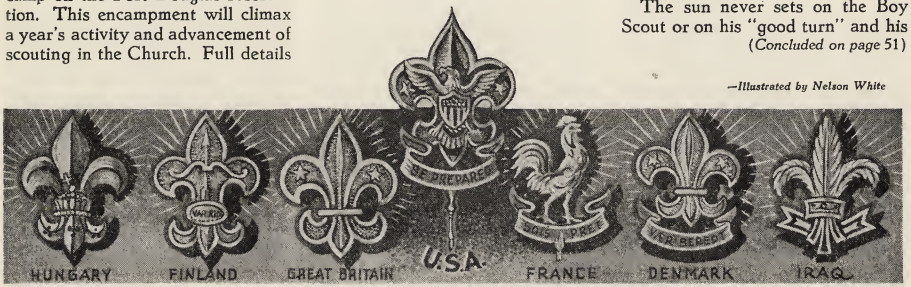
THE Sixth World Jamboree will be held August 1947, in France, on a large estate at Moisson on the River Seine, sixty miles from Paris. The French Jamboree Association is now well along in its program of preparation and is planning this world brotherhood encampment of some 40,000 foreign and French Scouts and leaders. Full particulars will be released through local council offices.

As scouting "Builds for Tomorrow," we must build on good solid foundations.

The sun never sets on the Boy Scout or on his "good turn" and his

(*Concluded on page* 51)

—Illustrated by Nelson White



Pilgrims OF THE WEST

By Jessie M. Sherwood

FROM the Church Authorities came a call for Jane Walton's son, Charles, to join with about a dozen families, all to leave their comfortable homes in Bluff, and make an entirely new settlement in the Blue Mountain region, now known as Monticello, Utah. To issue such a call to Jane's son, was equivalent to commanding Jane to go also, for Charles was under twenty, and her mother love would never permit her to see him start for the wilderness alone.

Looking backward over her life, it seemed to Jane as if change after change had occurred. First, when she was a tiny child living in Scotland, her mother, on becoming converted by a "Mormon" missionary to his faith, determined to journey to the United States to join the Church group there. Shortly after her arrival, the "Mormons" decided to leave Illinois, where they were persecuted and unwanted, and search for a new place in which to live. Their hope was to find a place where they would be able to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences.Then it was that the journey was made to the Salt Lake valley—a desert wilderness. Little Jane, though barely six years old, trudged at her mother's side the entire distance, since the wagons were too full of household goods and the provisions for her to ride. On this journey of some months, filled with hardship and privation, Jane learned her first lessons in courage and endurance.

Again on reaching the valley, there were many difficult experiences which further inured Jane to hardship and rounded out her character. She remained at Salt Lake City until she married, when once again migration was in order. She and her husband were counseled by the Church Authorities, first to settle Woodruff, then Bluff. They ever were obedient to counsel. Now another change must come since they were determined to accompany Charles to the Blue Mountain region.

THE difficulties of this new settlement were manifold. Because of scant rainfall, dry farming must be practised. The altitude of over seven thousand feet caused early frosts. Water for household use was difficult to obtain. Likewise there were Indians, but since Brigham Young had taught his people that it was better to feed the Indians than to fight them, the new settlers hoped to overcome hostility by kindness and foodstuffs. Furthermore, another danger loomed as the greatest of all. Throughout the country were enormous cattle ranches, on which many of the cow hands were fugitives from justice, both wild and brutal in their ways. These cowboys resented any town settlement, as they desired to hold the entire valley for grazing land. Therefore, they came often to the settlement, firing their revolvers at the feet of the new arrivals to make them dance, shooting at the bell in the schoolhouse with school in session, venturing always as near murder as they dared.

There were no doctors, nurses, or hospital. If someone broke a bone, one of their number, Edward Hyde by name, though untrained, set it as best he could. If someone fell ill, the elders anointed him with oil, laid on hands, and offered prayer. There was one digression from this Spartan attitude, and one only. A woman was sent from Salt Lake City to train one of their number as a midwife. Yet they had supreme comfort in all their tribulations through their profound belief in God and the power of prayer. In reading accounts of early Utah experiences, one finds that many human ailments and many a dire situation were cured by prayer. This, then, was the new life into which Jane Walton and those who accompanied her were plunged.

To overcome scant rainfall, the men settlers went on ahead in the fall of 1886, to build irrigation ditches from the mountains to the farming land, living in tents while doing this. In the spring, when the snow melted on the mountains, water would flow into these ditches, giving moisture for their crops. Once these ditches were completed, and their land ploughed, the men returned to Bluff for the winter months. But early spring found them bringing their families, erecting log cabins, and planting their crops. All, men and women alike, toiled to make these crops plentiful.

TIME passed, and summer came.

One day as Jane was hoeing beans, she was startled to find a young Indian, Posey by name, standing near. Posey didn't bear a very good reputation, and Jane was alone. "Me hungry," ejaculated Posey. "Well," parried Jane, "if you will wait until I finish hoeing this row of beans, I will go into the house and get you some food." "Me hungry now," reiterated Posey sharply. "Well," argued Jane, "if you will finish hoeing this row, Posey, I will go at once." "Me no hoe, and me hungry now," bellowed Posey savagely; pointing his gun at Jane, he swore a volley of terrible oaths.

The insolence and profanity thoroughly angered Jane, who, without a thought of consequences, raised her hoe and hit Posey over the head. He dropped to the ground unconscious. Here was a dilemma! Jane wondered if Posey were dead, but anxious though she was, she kept on with her

(*Concluded on page* 54)

SHE SHALL LIVE

By Alvin D. Day

DOES GOD HONOR THE PROMISES OF HIS AUTHORIZED SERVANTS?

IT was a beautiful summer day in the little settlement of Mount Pleasant, Utah. The year was 1862, and the little group of Pioneers had been there but three short years. Already the place had been greatly changed. The sagebrush and the sandstone boulders had been cleared away, and many log homes had been built. Fast growing poplar trees were beginning to bring some shade to the walks along the broad well-laid-out streets. Every home had its vegetable garden, and many had young apple orchards. It had taken hard toil to subdue this little semidesert part of the earth with the very limited number of implements and tools these Pioneers had been able to bring across the plains with them or had obtained later.

Just one and a half blocks north of the partly built rock fort, which had taken so much hard labor to build, lived Nathan Staker and his wife, Eliza. Before two "Mormon" missionaries found him, he had been a Methodist minister, but he recognized the voice of the restored gospel and obeyed it. He had come as a widower with a large family from Ontario, Canada.

Eliza Staker, who had been Eliza Burton, had heard and accepted the gospel with her husband, Joseph Burton, in Yorkshire, England, and promised him on his deathbed that she would bring their two young children to Zion. In spite of all the opposition of her prosperous English family, she had kept that promise. In addition to a hard sea voyage, she and her children suffered the trials of the Martin handcart company.

Nathan and Eliza had met at Pleasant Grove, Utah, and married in 1857. In the spring of 1859, they moved with the original settlers to build their humble home in Mount Pleasant.

ON this pleasant summer day in 1862, Nathan had been working with his young apple trees. He had planted an acre of them, many fine varieties that were to be a delight to his children and his grandchildren. Four-year-old James liked to help his father in the garden and orchard, but his mother objected to his playing in the orchard because of the irrigation ditch which ran through it just beyond the garden gate. He had come in wet more than once from falling into it. Eliza kept a close watch to see that this garden gate was always fastened because of her toddling little Eliza Jane, who was only eighteen months old and who also liked to follow her father.

After his noonday meal and chores, Nathan went back to his work in the orchard. He did not notice that little Eliza Jane had followed him. Perhaps she was just a minute or two behind him.

Eliza soon missed her baby and began to look for her. The little girl was not around the house or garden, so Eliza called to her husband. The baby was not with him, and he hadn't seen her; it was very unusual for her to be lost, so he went to help look for her. They made a search of their premises but didn't find her. They went to their neighbor's, and soon the whole neighborhood joined in the search without success. Then someone thought of the irrigation ditch. Brother Staker hurried through the garden gate to the little footbridge and followed the ditch down to the lower end of the orchard. There, floating in the water, and lodged against the dam which Henry Wilcox had made to divert the water to his garden, he found the motionless body of his baby girl. He lifted her quickly out of the water and hurried to the house. Nathan, his wife, and the neighbors used every method known to them to revive little Eliza Jane, but failed.

During the excitement some of the group had seen a white-topped buggy go by. There was only one carriage like that in the county, and everyone knew it belonged to Apostle Orson Hyde, commonly known as Elder Hyde, who lived in Spring City, five miles to the south. At Nathan's request, a neighbor went on horseback to overtake him and ask him to return and administer to the child. On his return, Elder Hyde walked slowly through the garden to the little two-room log home and past tear-stained faces to where he was shown the body of little Eliza. Nathan asked him if he would administer to his little girl and call her back to life.

Orson Hyde examined the little body in silence. He could detect no pulse, and no beat of the tiny heart. The body was getting cold.

"How long was the little girl in the water?" he asked.

Brother Staker examined his watch. "It's just about an hour since I went to the orchard, and I suppose she followed me."

"I am very sorry, Brother and Sister Staker, but I have examined your baby thoroughly, and she is dead," said Elder Hyde, "and it isn't pleasing in the sight of the Lord that we should try to bring back our dead after he has called them home."

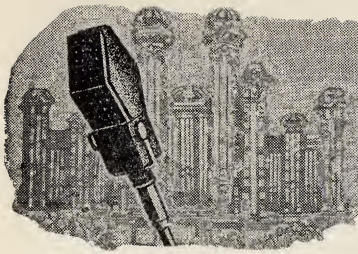
Nathan was quite disturbed by this statement and answered, "Elder Hyde, I have always tried to bow to the will of the Lord in all things, and am willing to now, but one thing troubles me very much. Soon after our little girl was born a year and a half ago, we took her to Bishop Seeley to give her a blessing and a name. I gave her that blessing myself, and I distinctly remember that I promised her that she should grow to womanhood and become a mother in Israel. I sincerely believe that such promises made by the authority of the priesthood will be fulfilled, but now—" he broke off and gestured helplessly.

"In that case," Brother Hyde answered, "I will ask God to restore your little girl to life again, and if that promise was made in the spirit of faith and righteousness, she shall live again to fulfil it."

The exact words that Orson Hyde uttered in his administration to little Eliza Staker at that time are not recorded or remembered, but he called her back to life, and she came. The next day she was playing with her little homemade toys again, toys which by comparison with those of today would seem crude, but which were very dear to her.

She did live to womanhood, and became a mother! She married Eli A. Day, a young schoolteacher who had been chosen in those days of community planning (the '70's) to go to the University of Deseret and study, to introduce new methods of teaching in the Mount Pleasant school. To them were born thirteen children, ten of whom survive today and who are all active in the Church. Eli A. Day died in November 1943, at the age of eighty-seven, but Eliza Jane Staker Day is still alive and in her eighty-sixth year. She lives at Fairview, Utah, where she and her husband made their home in 1886.

The fourth generation of Eliza Jane Staker Day's family is becoming numerous; she now has fifty-two living great-grandchildren. This aged lady has answered well to the sacred promise made to her by her pioneer father. She has lived a long life of love, devotion, and self-denial.



The Spoken Word

By RICHARD L. EVANS

HEARD FROM THE "CROSSROADS OF THE WEST" WITH THE SALT LAKE TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN OVER A NATIONWIDE RADIO NETWORK THROUGH KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM EVERY SUNDAY AT 11:30 A.M. EASTERN TIME, 10:30 A.M. CENTRAL TIME, 9:30 A. M. MOUNTAIN TIME, AND 8:30 A. M. PACIFIC TIME.

On Calling Evil by Its Right Name

ALL this may have been long ago—and it may not have been just as it now appears to have been—but we seem to have remembered or to have read of a time when the demarcation between good and evil was more sharply defined and better understood than it now sometimes seems to be. Perhaps it was not so at all. Perhaps only distance gives it that appearance. But in those days—call them old-fashioned, call them puritanical, or call them what you will—from this distance it would seem that there was a reasonably well-marked borderline, each side of which was known for what it was. Now all this—if it be true—had its inconsistencies, to be sure; for perhaps no man is wholly bad and no man is wholly blameless, and perhaps no line, however sharp, can always draw the mark between them. But this fact must not be ignored: As long as evil appears in its true colors, as long as it is known for what it is, and as long as those who tamper with it, do so with their eyes open, the number who touch it will be smaller. A bare-faced evil issues its own warning. But evil that is permitted to hide behind polished fronts and chromium trimmings and glamorous names is more dangerous and more deadly than the bare-faced variety. False things so often like to masquerade in the appearance of respectability. It gives them admittance and acceptance in places to which they could not otherwise go. And whenever we let a thing of evil take on the appearance of respectability, we have advanced its cause immeasurably, because we have then removed from it one of its most feared penalties—the penalty of moral condemnation. Strip from evil its polished fronts, its deceptive appearance, its false glamor, and paint it in its true colors, and we shall have less difficulty with a growing and impressionable generation of young people. But once let it acquire a respectable guise, and it becomes difficult to distinguish, difficult to discourage. Whatever else we may do with evil, let's not give it the face of respectability.

—November 3, 1946.

Devotees of Defamation

IT would seem that there are always among us some who find pleasure or profit in defaming the character of others. And those who are so inclined don't always confine their activities to people they know. They are often disposed to undermine people they have never known, and to presume knowledge they have never had. From such malicious attacks it is often difficult to protect a man's good name while yet he lives, and often more difficult after he is dead. There are those who would represent every deed of nobility and of heroism, every personal sacrifice, every appearance of righteousness, and every act of altruism as fraud and hypocrisy. It is true that the motives that make history are often complex. It is true that there are no perfect men. And it is true that those who focus attention upon imperfections will always find them. Notwithstanding this, honest and sincere men, living and dead, would seem to be entitled to some protection, as to their lives and their memories, from the devotees of defamation, who peddle opinions about things of which they know little and care less, so long as it is popular or profitable, or serves their purpose. Of course, groundless gossip, irresponsible misrepresentation, and cynical assumption cannot change the record of a man's life nor alter the facts of history. Such things do not hurt the past, but they may hurt the present and the future, by destroying faith and discrediting ideals. Often, perhaps, those who find malicious pleasure or malicious purpose in defaming character or in destroying confidence, are, in fact, expressing something that lies within their own souls. Knowing their own lives and motives, it may be that they find it difficult to impute higher motives to others. Knowing the purposes they serve, it may be that they find it difficult to concede an honest idealism to anyone. But whatever the causes and whatever the result, the commandment "Thou shalt not bear false witness"[1] is still on the statutes, both as to men and events, and as to the present and the past.

[1]Exodus 20:16

—November 17, 1946.

from Temple Square

On Taking Things For Granted

THERE are times, no doubt, when all of us are moved by gratitude, and there are times when all of us become careless and indifferent to our blessings. A favor that someone does for us the first time is almost always appreciated. But a favor received a number of times may soon become a matter of commonplace expectancy or even a source of disgruntled complaint if it fails to be repeated or is slow in arriving. Blessings which have been showered upon us, often come to be looked upon as a continuing right. So many things we take for granted: health—until we lose it; food—until it is difficult to get; life—until it hangs in doubt—and many things besides—but we must not: not the harvest of the year, nor our daily bread, nor the comfort of home, nor the love of those who wait there—nor the blessings of God—nor life itself. Nor must we expect to receive without giving, to prosper without working, to inherit without deserving. And so, taking nothing for granted, we voice gratitude for all our blessings, naming but a few: We are thankful that men may speak their minds; that the right to vote means something; that public opinion and moral force are factors in fashioning our way of life, and that none are beyond their reach—not even those who may have supposed themselves to be above law or bigger than the welfare of a nation. We are grateful for comforts and conveniences, but more grateful for the measure of freedom that has survived in a world where much has not survived. We are thankful for the promise of the future, and for our conviction that it holds no problem too great to be surmounted by thinking, working, reasoning men. For these and all other blessings we give gratitude to God, our Father, and earnestly hope we may never take them for granted, for it is exceedingly hazardous to abuse or to take for granted any right or privilege or blessing.

—November 24, 1946.

Religion and Life

MANY definitions have been given of religion. There is little to be gained by adding to them, but we should like to quote again from one of those most often quoted: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."[1] These few words, of course, make no claim to completeness. There are many things to be done besides; and even James, who wrote them, would and did add more—but the principle is here proclaimed that religion is more than doctrine and dogma: that it is something to be worked at, not merely thought of—something to be done, not merely talked about—something to be lived, not merely printed and read or spoken and heard. Also here implied is the inconsistency of trafficking in questionable things on weekdays and sitting in high places on Sundays. This would hardly be religion "pure and undefiled" and keeping oneself "unspotted from the world." Whenever we cannot take our Sabbath ethics and morals and ideals with us into our weekday business, we would do well to look critically at our business. Whenever we cannot take our Sunday professions into our everyday life, we would do well to make some self-examination. Whenever we cannot take the standards and principles of our religion with us into our social activities, we would do well to scrutinize, and perchance to revise, some of the things we are doing. Religion is something to condition the whole of life—not merely the Sabbath and the special occasions. And if it does less than this, either there is less in our belief than there should be, or less in our practice than our belief deserves. To quote James again in closing: "But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only. . . . If any man among you seem to be religious . . . but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain."[2] In short, however it may be defined, either our religion works in our lives or it doesn't, and if it doesn't, there is something lacking in it or in us. Assuredly, religion has much to do with heaven, but assuredly it has also much to do with earth.

—November 10, 1946.

[1]James 1:27
[2]James 1:22, 26

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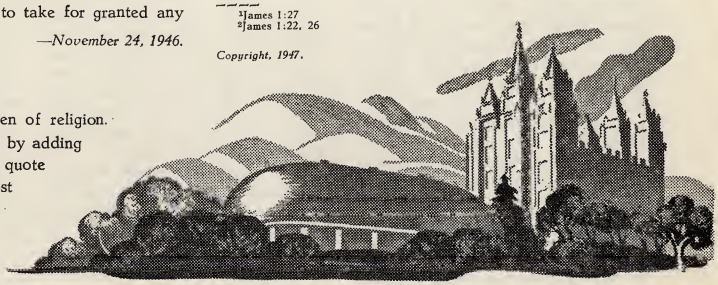
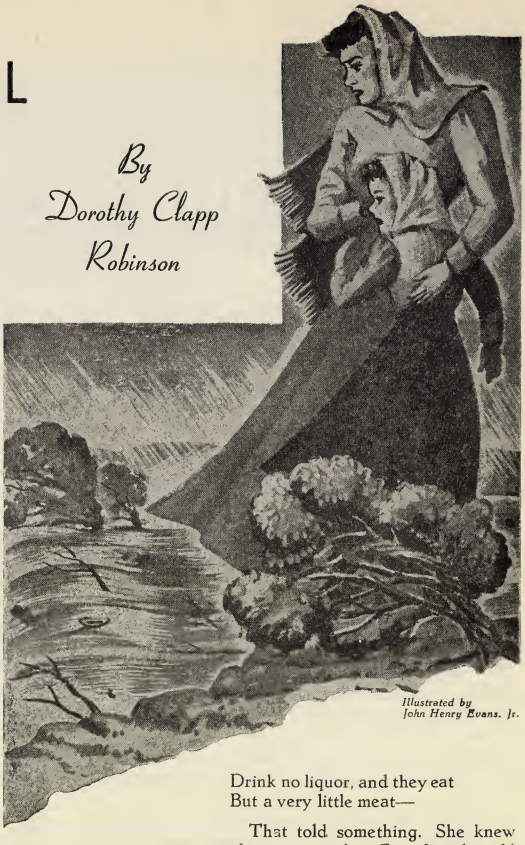


Green Hill Far Away

By Dorothy Clapp Robinson



Illustrated by John Henry Evans, Jr.

Rosamay was sitting on the top log of the sawmill wall. Mostly, it was fun to sit up here, but there was no fun anywhere in the world today, she told herself miserably. To the east the mountains were piling up blue shadows, and she couldn't see a Green Hill among them no matter how hard she 'magined. If she could find her Green Hill, she might get shed of this emptiness inside. She might even know why she heard things instead of playing outside, or why Ma's mouth was so tight she couldn't talk, or why Pa had to make a living so he couldn't put roofs on houses. 'Course, she could get by if she just knew that Pa would come home again. The emptiness twisted—hard.

"Come on down. We're going to play 'chooses.' "

Below, inside the walls, a circle of playmates was waiting for her to join them. She shook her head. She had only one choose, and wild horses couldn't drag it out of her.

Eunice looked up and stuck out her tongue. "Stuck-up."

"You quit calling my sister stuck-up," Lena demanded. Lena was a year older than Rosamay.

"Then why don't she play with us?"

"She likes to think."

"She's stuck-up, that's what. Ma says it is her fancy name."

Rosamay heard, and the ache twisted harder. Maybe it *was* her name. If her name was, well, Hannar, she might have been out playing and wouldn't have heard. If she hadn't heard, she would have believed Pa when he said he was going to Conejos for flour. He wouldn't—he couldn't—but she had heard what she had heard. She wiggled, trying to find a comfortable position on the log.

She was glad Pa hadn't finished this building. Well, she was a little bit glad. 'Cause, if he had finished it, Ma wouldn't be going back to Sanpete County, and Pa would have been back from Conejos two days ago.

The mill was bigger than the two rooms they lived in. Pa had snaked the logs from the canyon above Costilla and laid them to the square, but there had never been a roof. A house without a roof was no good, so Pa had turned it into a sawmill to cut lumber for the next house he was going to build; but the lumber had gone to pay debts; and the jagged-toothed saw had been traded off. Even the sawdust had been hauled away to cellars to smother great blocks of ice.

Albert's shrill voice broke through her dreaming. His "choose" was always "In Our Lovely." Rosamay liked it, too.

Tea and coffee and tobacco they despise,
Drink no liquor, and they eat
But a very little meat—

That told something. She knew about tea and coffee, for the old man at the "rese'voy" had them. She wasn't sure about liquor 'cept it was something Satan put out to snare the Saints, but meat—why was that in the song? Why couldn't she eat plenty of meat? Goodness knows she didn't get the chance very often.

The singing below had changed to "Oh, I had such a pretty dream, Mama." She twisted about to see, and a piece of bark fell into the circle. All eyes were turned to her.

"Tell us yours now," Eunice called. "We are all through with songs but yours."

"Hurry." Eunice was impatient. "Your cross-your-heart-and-hope-to-die one," Jared demanded.

That wasn't fair. Rosamay's lips went a little like Ma's. She'd never, never tell her cross-your-heart song. If she did, she would have to tell why, and then they would call her worse than stuck-up. Besides, there

was no way to tell why she liked "Green Hill Far Away." She didn't even know the words of it, but most of the time the hill was clear as anything in her mind. Its slopes were smooth and velvety green. She looked around. There was Ute Mountain to the south. No-o, it was more blue than green, and the row of pines along its skyline looked like giant knitting needles. No. Ute Mountain was there, and she couldn't 'magine about it. It was quarrels in the night and roofless houses. It was no meat and tight lips. "Green Hill Far Away" was different. On a Green Hill thoughts would come into words, and no one would laugh, or call "stuck-up"! On a Green Hill Ma would smile and Pa wouldn't run away from his family.

"Are you asleep?" Jared called.

Rosamay started to answer but didn't. This was terrible; she just couldn't tell them.

"Come on down, Rosamay," Lena came to her rescue. "It's time to do chores."

That reminded the others of their chores. After many words and much lingering they went their way. Only Lena was left.

"Come on, Slowpoke. Ma will give us a spanking if we leave our chores again."

Rosamay struggled to her feet. She just couldn't leave until there was some sign of Pa. She looked to the west. There was nothing coming but night. It always sneaked up to Warren's hill then dropped, and suddenly every hollow and hiding place along the creek was filled, and it started climbing out of the bottoms and reaching for the sawmill.

"Come on." Lena stamped her feet in anger.

Rosamay began walking along the wall balancing herself with her outspread arms. If she fell she might break a leg, but if she made it clean around without slipping, her wish would come true. She had said her secret prayer, but she might as well try everything. She made it and stopped with her eyes closed to make her wish. When she opened them again, there was still nothing on the road.

When at last they crept hand-in-hand to the kitchen door, Ma didn't seem to know they were there. She had the rocking chair outside and was rocking the baby to sleep. If Pa promised a spanking, they could count on his forgetting, but Ma never forgot. They waited.

"Should we—should we do our chores?"

Ma's head came up. "Of course do your chores."

"Do we have to?" Lena took heart. "Maybe Pa will do them when he gets home."

"No." Her voice wasn't natural, and she rocked so hard she nearly woke the baby.

"Can we just close the yard gate?"

"No. Close the coop door, too. I don't want skunks or coyotes getting my hens."

Holding hands again they started for the chicken yard. It was fenced with willows woven between barbed wire. Once inside they had to feel their way, for the high willows kept out the fading light. As Lena closed the coop door, the chickens stirred sleepily.

When they got back to the rocker again, Ma had put the baby to bed and was knitting. Rosamay never got over the wonder of Ma's knitting. Even when she couldn't see her fingers, she could hear the clicking of her needles. Lena went inside to eat her bread and milk, but Rosamay sat down on the doorstep with her elbow on her knee, chin in hand. The moon came up over the east hills, and Ma's needles made an awful racket in the silence. Lena blew out the light and went to bed. Sand gathered in Rosamay's eyes, and Ma forgot to knit. They sat and sat.

Rosamay dozed and sat up with a start. "There he is. I hear him whistling."

Ma was listening, too; then plainer than day they heard Pa whistling and the crunch of wheels on sand. Ma's face broke up like she was going to cry. Instead, she spoke.

"Start the fire, quick." She brushed past Rosamay on her way to the kitchen.

In a matter of seconds the fire was burning briskly. One thing about Pa, he always had plenty of cedar wood chopped. As she worked, Rosamay hummed happily. Shame on her for thinking Pa had meant what he'd said. Ma's face looked just like her wedding picture that was on the organ. The flour mush was made, the table set, and everything ready, but still he didn't come in, so Rosamay went out to meet him.

The moon purposely brightened the hill, the road, and the corral just to show they were empty. Empty and lonely! Not a sign of man or team! Rosamay was afraid to breathe, for the only sound in the world came from some crickets under the house. As she waited, a dog howled. She shivered. A dog always points his nose to the moon and howls before a death in the family. It was Dunn's dog, but still—

"You did hear him, didn't you?"

Rosamay jumped. Ma was standing beside her, very stiff and straight.

"Uh-huh. I heard him whistling, and I heard the wagon wheels on the sand."

"I heard him whistling." Each word stood out by itself, and while they waited, the dog howled again. Suddenly the stiffness went out of Ma, and she stumbled back inside. Rosamay wanted to say, "Don't worry. Pa won't leave us," but Pa was hot-headed, and maybe he had already left them; and words would not crowd past the thickness in her throat. Maybe—maybe he—he wasn't even alive. Hearing him whistling and the dogs howling were bad signs.

In the night Rosamay dreamed she could see her Green Hill, but every time she tried to reach it, the sawmill was in the way. She tried to go through the mill, but it was dark, and inside someone was sobbing. She woke damp with perspiration.

In the morning her dream was gone. So was Ma's friendliness, but her eyes were red and swollen like she had been out in the wind. She banged things right and left, and even scolded little Chris when he fell down and hurt himself. Rosamay went to the sawmill, but she couldn't stand to look west to an empty road, and when she looked east or south all she could see was Ute Mountain.

By evening Ma was quiet. Rosamay could understand a quiet Ma, for she never talked much, but not this kind of quiet. She was glad when it was time to go to bed.

The next morning she sat up in bed just as the sun was peeping through the east window. Ma was shaking Lena.

(*Continued on page 52*)

Elements of Success IN THE CLASSROOM

By Dr. M. Lynn Bennion
SUPERINTENDENT, SALT LAKE CITY PUBLIC SCHOOLS

TEACHERS have often asked me, "How can I help my students become more religious?" My answer is always, "By being a religious person yourself, one who thinks, talks, acts, and lives as a religious man, and whose life is an inspiration to youth. Cultivate a friendship with your students so that they find you and the kind of life you are living appealing. Stimulate them to learn more about the religious life; help them to be critical of themselves and to pass judgment on their mistakes; keep on living with them according to the ideals you talk about. Make of your classroom a small community in which the students not only learn subject matter but also learn to live effectively with one another."

How may we create such an ideal classroom situation? In the first place, the teacher assumes the role of learner. He explores with the students the highways and byways of the problem so that the goal is not missed. This means thorough preparation on the part of the teacher. He must have a comprehensive knowledge of the subject at hand and much interesting information to contribute. Only then will real thinking on the part of the group be stimulated.

While no two teachers will necessarily do or say exactly the same thing in the classroom, certain principles of action must appear if the desired results are to be attained. The effective teacher is firm in expecting cooperation; he is sympathetic in his understanding of individual problems; he has the ability to secure the good will of his students; he tries to be fair in his judgment, and he senses when to grant privileges and when to withhold them.

Not only does the skilful teacher carefully plan his program of activities but in the planning, as well as in the teaching, he also recognizes the differences in the ability of individuals. He realizes that students do not work at the same rate nor do they achieve equal results, but each individual makes his contribution, confident that his teacher understands and is satisfied if he is doing his best. Assignments for groups in the class are noticeably different in quantity and in content, but provide for everyone from the weakest to the ablest. At the same time, the teacher keeps in mind individual needs and talents to be shared. He is not teaching subject matter but human beings whose growth marks his real success.

THERE is one vital element in any successful class: Interest! The able teacher knows that the interest of students is the most important factor in learning, and he knows that motivation is the secret of interest. When the curiosity of people is aroused, they feel a need and a desire to learn. Genuine interest in the activities of the classroom leads to active participation in class discussion. It requires genuine teaching ability to follow the shifting thoughts of youth and to ask questions that guide and at the same time stimulate interest and thinking.

But how may the teacher arouse and hold the interest of his students? As indicated above, part of it lies in the charm and the inspiration of the teacher's own life. Much of it also lies in the relevance of the subject matter to the experiences of the students.

The present is always with us, and the future is filled with uncertainty. We cannot escape the necessity of dealing with both in our thinking. The living situation and the future are always the concern of our students. Must we not make this the starting point and the center of our teaching? Is this not where interest lies? But if we continue to focus our attention here, are not the lessons of the past, treasured within the printed page, likely to be lost to us? Must we choose the one and forego the other? Even if the present living situation is more intriguing, does it not need to be illuminated by past experience? Does not the printed page need to "come alive" again in our present experience?

WE must remember how real recorded experiences were to those who first had them. If you are teaching your students a beautiful hymn, recall the circumstances in the author's life which made him write it. Push your way back through the story or poem or the historical record to the living men and women whose actual experiences have been enshrined there. Who were they? How did they look and feel? What were their motives? Why did they behave as they did?

Perhaps this point can best be illustrated by reference to certain familiar material from the Bible. David was as enamored of his slingshot as any modern boy with his rifle. His grief over the death of his son, Absalom, is as heartbreaking as the grief of any modern father who lost a boy in the war. Teachers must try to get beneath the printed pages to the living men and women and their richly human experiences.

Try to picture them as they were, and as the Bible describes them, with all their human qualities. Do not whitewash them on the one hand, or "debunk" them on the other hand. Describe the food they ate, the clothing they wore, the houses or tents they lived in, their flocks and fields, the contour of their country, with its hills and valleys and trees. This calls for research which interested students will eagerly share with the teachers.

It is not always necessary to "apply" an ancient story to the lives of our students. But it is necessary to bring out its persistent and ever-recurring values.

The scriptures embody the most illuminating account of man's hopes and fears, his struggles and temptations, his sins and virtues, his fail-

(*Concluded on opposite page*)

Formation of the LINE OF MARCH

By ALBERT L. ZOBELL, JR.

FROM that summer day in August 1842, when Joseph Smith prophesied that the Saints would go to the Rocky Mountains, and there become a mighty people, Church members began to prepare for that day—first by reading everything available in print, government and other reports, and by interviewing travelers who had been in the far west; then, after the exodus from Nauvoo, plans went immediately forward to supply the physical needs for the trip.

All this had been done by man—guided by prayerful study. The Saints were now prepared for the next step. This came in a revelation from the Lord, now known as section 136 of the Doctrine and Covenants.

On Thursday, January 14, 1847, President Young met with Elders Heber C. Kimball, Willard Richards, Orson Pratt, Wilford Woodruff, George A. Smith, Ezra T. Benson, and Captain Hosea Stout, at Elder Kimball's home to discuss the problems of the coming season. In the afternoon President Young commenced to give the Word and Will of God concerning the emigration of the Saints and those who would journey with them. At four thirty o'clock in the afternoon the group adjourned, to meet again that night at seven o'clock, this time at Elder Benson's home, where Brigham Young continued to dictate the revelation. The group parted at ten that night, President Young going with Willard Richards to his home, where the writing was completed.

The next day the Council of the Twelve met at Elder Benson's home and decided that the Word and Will of the Lord should be laid before the councils of the Church.

Saturday, January 16, 1847, a meeting of the Municipal High Council of Winter Quarters was convened. Brigham Young counseled the brethren to get timber and season it to be ready for wagon timber one year hence.

Dr. Willard Richards then read the revelation, and each man in attendance was invited to express his opinion concerning it.

Reynolds Cahoon was first to his feet, saying that to him it was the voice of righteousness, and moved that the communication be received as the Word and Will of God. The motion was seconded by Isaac Morley.

In the manuscript Journal History of the Church, the clerk of the meeting recorded the sentiments of those present in a line or two. Typical are these:

—From a painting by Henri Moser

Winslow Farr said it reminded him of the first reading of the Book of Mormon; he was perfectly satisfied and knew it was from the Lord.

Daniel Russell said it was true; felt as he did after the first "Mormon" sermon that he heard.

Horace Eldredge felt to receive it as the Word and Will of the Lord, and that its execution would prove the salvation of the Saints.

Hosea Stout said if there is anything in "Mormonism" that is the voice of the Lord to the people, so is the Word and Will of the Lord. He meant to live it.

That same evening the revelation was presented to the First Council of the Seventy and their clerk, who voted unanimously to accept it.

And so the Camps of Israel were organized in accordance with this revelation, "with captains of hundreds, captains of fifties, and captains of tens, with a president and his two counselors at their head; under the direction of the Twelve Apostles," and the first group began their orderly movement toward the Rocky Mountains the following April.

ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS

(*Concluded from opposite page*)

ures and achievements. Here are recorded the lives of men and women extending over a period of hundreds of years. They behaved in all manner of ways as they faced every conceivable human situation. Not only is human behavior disclosed, but also those deep, underlying causes by which man's restless and aspiring life has been dragged down or lifted to the heights. The teacher must bring this rich heritage of rare experience to his students and make it live again in their lives. Many of the lessons of life may thus be learned vicariously, lessons that would bring sorrow and remorse if they had to be learned through firsthand experience. The scriptures clearly teach that the wages of sin is death. They also teach that despite the chaos of every age of confusion, God is still in his heaven.

This generation needs to know that the love of God is broader than material boundaries, that his moral might and spiritual passion is influencing mankind—that his struggles to elevate and redeem our forefathers has its counterpart in our own age.

'47 The CHURCH MOVES ON

Pacific Mission

ELDER MATTHEW COWLEY of the Council of the Twelve has been appointed president of the Pacific Mission by the First Presidency. This is a newly-created office, and corresponds to the presidency of the European Mission in scope.

Included in the Pacific Mission, which Elder Cowley will direct, are the Hawaiian, Central Pacific, Samoan, Tongan, Tahitian, New Zealand, and the Australian missions.

Elder Cowley is well qualified for this assignment. As a young man he spent nearly five years as a missionary in New Zealand. In 1938 he was called as president of the New Zealand Mission, filling that position until his return to Salt Lake City in the fall of 1945. At the October 1945 general conference, he was sustained as a member of the Council of the Twelve.

Elder Cowley's headquarters will be in Salt Lake City. He will make periodic trips to the missions over which he presides.

Welfare

CHURCH welfare program quotas have been greatly increased for the year 1947. This year it is planned to make each of the ten welfare regions self-sustaining as far as possible.

Mt. Logan Stake

MT. LOGAN STAKE was organized November 17, from part of the Logan Stake, in Utah's Cache County. The new stake, with a membership of approximately 3,775, has the following wards: Logan Seventh, Eighth, Eleventh, Providence First, and Second, and River Heights.

Remaining in the Logan Stake are the Logan First, Second, Sixth, part of the Eleventh, Twelfth, College, and Young wards. The stake now has a membership of 3,727.

A. George Raymond, first counselor in the old Logan Stake was sustained as president of the Mt. Logan Stake, with Emile C. Dunn and W. Loyal Hall as counselors.

President Henry R. Cooper was retained as president of the Logan Stake, with V. Allen Olsen, his former second counselor, as first counselor, and Eldred L. Waldron as second counselor.

Participating in this, the organization of the one hundred sixtieth stake of the Church, were President George Albert Smith and Elders Albert E. Bowen and Mark E. Petersen of the Council of the Twelve.

Relief Society Board

THREE new members have been added to the general board of the Relief Society: Mrs. Mary Jacobs Wilson, wife of David J. Wilson, and president of the Mount Ogden Stake Relief Society. She has also been president of the Relief Societies in both the Ogden Twelfth and Twenty-fourth wards.

Mrs. Florence Gay Smith, widow of the late Elder Nicholas G. Smith, assistant to the Council of the Twelve. Her Relief Society experience includes missions in both hemispheres — the South African Mission as well as the California and the Northwestern States missions in the United States, where she presided over Relief Societies. She has also been matron of the Salt Lake Temple and been active in Primary work in the Church.

Mrs. Lillie C. Adams, wife of Arthur Adams, and president of the Emigration Stake Relief Society in Salt Lake City. She has also been president of the Relief Society of the University Ward, and a member of the Alpine Stake Relief Society board at American Fork, Utah.

New Wards

BEACON WARD, Hillside Stake, has been formed in Salt Lake City with Clarence J. Dean as bishop. The new ward was formerly a part of the Laurelcrest Ward.

Cummings Ward, East Mill Creek Stake, has been formed from a part of the Salt Lake City Wilford Ward, with Virgil F. Hilton as bishop.

Sunset Ward, San Fernando Stake, has been created from a portion of the Burbank, California, Ward, with Joseph S. Stinson as bishop.

Studio City Ward, San Fernando Stake, has been organized from a part of the North Hollywood Ward, with David G. Watts as bishop.

Organ Recordings

THE Church radio, publicity, and mission literature committee has produced transcriptions of twenty-two of the better-known hymns of the Church as played by Alexander Schreiner on the tabernacle organ, to be used by the missions and outlying areas where they have had no accompaniment for congregational singing.

These transcriptions are of the 16-inch slow-speed type used by radio stations and can be played on the portable machines found in the missions and stakes. *They cannot be used on conventional home-type record players.*

West German Mission

APPOINTMENT of Bishop Jean Wunderlich of the Las Flores Ward of the Pasadena Stake, in California, as president of the West German Mission has been announced by the First Presidency.

Bishop Wunderlich is a native of Germany. At nineteen years of age he was called on a mission and served as associate editor of *Der Stern*, the publication of the Swiss-German Mission.

JEAN WUNDERLICH

After moving to Utah, he served as associate editor of *Der Beobachter*, Latter-day Saint German newspaper, while attending the University of Utah. He has also studied at the University of Chicago, and taught German at both the University of Utah and Hamilton College, Clinton, New York. He has lived in southern California since 1932 where he is a practising attorney.

President Douglas Wood left the West German Mission in the hands of local Saints at the outbreak of World War II, in 1939. President Wunderlich will succeed Max Zimmer, Sr., its acting president. Accompanied by his wife, he will make his headquarters at Frankfurt, Germany.

Chapel Dedicated

MOUNTAIN VIEW WARD chapel, Lyman Stake, was dedicated October 27, by Elder Clifford E. Young, assistant to the Council of the Twelve.

Deaths from Disease

CHURCH MEMBERS have a lower death rate per 100,000 population than has the white population of the United States as a whole and the white population of the United States, Germany, France, Netherlands, Sweden, and

Great Britain, the statistics committee of the Church have announced. The tabulation follows:

Deaths from	*Church*	*U.S.**	*Six Nations***
Tuberculosis	4	34	79.5
Cancer	70	134	137.5
Diseases of the Nervous System	71	105	117.6
Diseases of the Circulatory System	208	351	224.0
Diseases of the Respiratory System	56	62	118.8
Disease of the Digestive System	23	53	63.7
Kidney Disease	14	72	
Kidney and kindred diseases (nephritis)	17		56.9
Infant Morality (per 1,000 live births during first year of life)	27	37	
Maternity (per 1,000 births)	1	2	

*U.S. Health Bureau
***International Health Year-Book*

Sunday School Manuals

SUNDAY SCHOOL manuals for the centennial year of 1947 have been enlarged and improved. Three of the study courses, *Life in Ancient America—A Study of the Book of Momon*, by Leland H. Monson; *The Life of Christ*, by Kenneth S. Bennion; and *Old Testament Stories*, by Marion G. Merkley, are replete with colored pictures, a welcome addition in the field of Church literature and teaching aids.

"This Is the Place" Monument

A TWENTY-SIX FOOT panel depicting the pioneer wagon train which was under the direction of Willard Richards, has now been completed as work progresses on the "This Is the Place" monument. The Richards' group arrived in the Salt Lake valley July 22, 1847. The sculptor, Mahonri M. Young, is now at work on a companion panel representing the arrival of Brigham Young and the other company on July 24th.

Salt Lake Temple Recorder

BENJAMIN L. BOWRING has been named recorder at the Salt Lake Temple. In this capacity he succeeds Charles R. Jones who was recently appointed a counselor in the presidency of the temple.

S.U.P. Marks Historic Spots

THE Sons of the Utah Pioneers late in October marked ten spots of historic interest between Henefer, Utah, to the site of the "This Is the Place" monument overlooking Salt Lake City. Places so marked are: Lone Tree Camp, Dixie Creek Pony Express Station, Taylor Creek (where John Taylor established an early sawmill), Bauchman's Pony Express Station, Big Mountain, Birch Springs (at the foot of Big Mountain in Mountain Dell Fork), Ephraim Hank's Mountain Dell Pony Express Station, Little Mountain, Brigham Young's last camp on his way into the valley, and Donner's Hill, from the top of which Orson Pratt and Erastus Snow had their first complete view of the Salt Lake valley.

Navy Day

AT the suggestion of President George Albert Smith who had received correspondence from Vice Admiral A. S. Carpender of the United States Navy, Navy Day was briefly noted at Church meetings throughout the day Sunday, October 27.

Brigham Young University

A RECORD total of 4,330 students registered at Brigham Young University for the quarter just ended, it has been announced.

During the quarter, the Federal Works Agency transferred to the Brigham Young University a cafeteria for five hundred students, a woodworking and machine shop, and a building to

(*Continued on page* 38)

MISSIONARIES ENTERING THE MISSIONARY HOME NOVEMBER 4, AND LEAVING NOVEMBER 13, 1946

Reading from left to right, first row: Russell L. Hulme, Howard L. Marchant, John R. Fish, Earl E. Hansen, Max B. Webster, Earl B. Nelson, Leander N. Boyce, Deer Taylor, Lowell Wood, William Love, Clifton Johnson, LaVon S. Fife, Edwin Lloyd Smith, James Richard Snyder, Tom Harper.

Second row: Wanda Marine Ricks, Joyce Hale, Louise West, Rulon T. Burton, Frances Hunn, Norma Thomson, Mercedes Sorenson, Don B. Colton, director; Vendora C. Gromes, Rulu Rudd, Dale Webb Coombs, Dorathe Anderson, Reva Banks, Willy Fassmann, Parley Wilson.

Third row: Dorothy Bean, Hazel McBride, Laura Johnson, Lillian Johnson, Lillian Bingham, Melba Dean Scott, Adora Kidman, Estella W. Call, Barbara L. Pickett, Burke V. Waldron, Wayne R. Brown, Walter H. Durtschi, Jean Norton, Marilyn Brunson, Max S. Beckstead, Emma S. Bennett.

Fourth row: Donald H. Wallace, Ellis Leland Widdison, Beulah Widdison, Barbara Quinney, Margaret M. Meik, Melva T. Wright, Dorothy Kizerian, Robert L. Phillips, H. Burdella Terry, Amasa M. Terry, Thora Irene Swallow, Esther Rowena Houtz, F. Roy Eckett, LaRue Evans.

Fifth row: Robert L. Borg, Charles W. Martin, Celia R. Bartholomew, Milton L. Bartholomew, Abner McRory Widdison, Mary Ellen Widdison, Millard R. Cosby, Mary J. Cosby, Anna R. Williams, Athenia V. Henderson, Henry A. Anderson, Jr., Howard M. Bethers, Gordon V. Olsen, Ralph Kent Mortensen, John Albert Jelte, Virginia Davis.

Sixth row: Albert Choules, Jr., Lynn B. Evans, Harold E. Shoemaker, Ralph Lundstrom, Darrell E. Roundy, Orville O. Jeppson, Melvina M. Jeppson, Reid Scott, Mary J. Scott, Marion Jepson, Jane Jepson, Iva Lou Peterson, Mildred K. Seegers, Grace Rost.

Seventh row: Paul Stevensen, Clifton D. Stubbs, Hubert W. Satterthwaite, Vivian M. Allen, Robert Lee Hamblin, Wallace Eugene Duffin, Orrawell S. Kapple, Naomi F. Chotfield, A. Kelsey Chatfield, Charles Keith Anderson, Edward Wayne Wright, Betty Jensen, John Hallmark, Stella Titus, Joseph Spurrier.

Eighth row: Curtis L. Parke, J. E. Vanderhoof, Joseph Francis Barton, Roydon N. Rice, Ralph W. Carling, Jock V. Peck, Leo DeLos Gibbs, James Z. Geiger, Nellie C. Kapple, William Van Bishop, Roy George Morgan, Calvin R. Arave, Sheldon L. Baker, Thelma Morgan, Preal Monk, Robert Bradshaw, Eugene Birtcher, Glenn W. Skouson.

Ninth row: Lloyd H. Porry, John F. Clarke, Orvil Scott Hendrix, Sarah Maurine Prestwich, David L. Hanks, Alma Schwab, Vera Hepworth, Dean S. Francis, David W. Parry, Nelda Fae Kirkman, Bessie LaVern Memmott, Venna Louise Jacobsen, Carma Hall, Howard Pearson, Glen W. Bateman, Douglas J Reed, Merrell G. Shupe, Rudger William Ashby.

Tenth row: Oriel Kidman, LaVern J. Wade, Joseph L. Cummings, Jack E. Bingham, Valden Chamberlain, Kelly Thurston, L. Vernon Cook, C. Melvin Spjut, Matthew Leavitt, William H. Garner, Dean Shurtliff, Earl M. Daines, Melva Lois Evans, J. Kenneth Davies.

Eleventh row: Grant Earl Pollard, Everet Dale Crowther, Cecil Dan Carroll, Bernell Ward Evans, Gearld Neal, Richard D. Sabin, Willard H. Bradshaw, James S. Hurst.

Twelfth row: Stephen J. Krider, John E. Nielsen, J. Lloyd Christensen, Eldon W. Lee, Richard H. Dolton, Julian B. Fox, Estella Neilson, Dorothy Bolton, Nora M. Hendriksen, William F. Farnsworth, E. Doyle Robison, Richard D. Andrus, David Beecroft.

Thirteenth row: Robert E. Parsons, Keith H. Swenson, Clare A. Johnson, Richard H. Ogles, Eldon D. Clark, Charles G. Ogles, Robert H. Cook, William C. Parry, J. Wayne Reid, Clive P. Ririe, John R. Rampton, LeRio M. Williams, Donovan E. Webb, Wendell G. Cook.

Fourteenth row: Kenneth A. Anderson, W. Benson Allen, Jack E. Judkins, Ronald S. Peterson, Leslie W. Williams, Eugene P. George, Earnest A. Wordstrom, Stanley G. Steadman, Harold C. Anderson, James N. Wiltbank.

Fifteenth row: William G. Woolley, Milton Romney, Hubert B. Fluckiger, Mark R. Berrett, Lyle Watson, Ray Hulet, Donald Butler, Fay E. Hepworth, Dorsel D. Anderson, George Felsch, Jr., Heber A. Murphy, Hyrum A. Christensen.

Sixteenth row: David W. Meyer, K. Roger Bean, Grant L. Wilson, Sherman A. Child, Rolan R. Christensen, W. Clare Hyer, Robert O. Whitney, Eldon E. Monson.

EDITORIALS

Centennial Horizon

"From the nations of the earth came Utah Pioneers. Through faith and work, our culture grew. With rapidly increasing communication and transportation, and with new perspective, vast horizons lie before us. May the progress of the last hundred years motivate the exploring of the new frontiers. Like a procession we march together toward 1947. *. . . May the Lord bless you and yours with health, opportunity, vision, wisdom, and a desire to serve with increasing faith our Father which is in heaven."*

These words from President George Albert Smith's card of season's greetings could well serve as a centennial keynote.

Always we must look two ways: toward the horizon of the past, for experience and wisdom, and to honor its accomplishment; and toward the horizon of the future for an awareness of the work to be done, of life to be lived, of hopes to become substance.

We would fail conspicuously to honor our pioneer progenitors if we dwelt only upon their accomplishments. Our doing as well in the second century, as they did in the first century (conditions and opportunities considered), would be their greatest honor and our greatest service.

Not alone what we have done, but what we must do, is one of the centennial horizons on which we must keep our vision fixed.

"May the progress of the last hundred years motivate the exploring of the New Frontiers."

Building Anew

A New Year—a new life! Thus all fondly believe as they set out to make the New Year fulfil all the aspirations and dreams of a lifetime. The chief trouble is that we have forgotten that our aspirations can be attained only by a day-by-day building of ourselves into the persons that we desire to become. The old adage, "Rome was not built in a day," can apply equally well to our lives as to material structures. No swift and sudden change is going to transform us or our way of life. There have been but few examples of a Saul becoming a Paul—and even he had to pass through a period of teaching by the disciples before he could be sure of his own changed course of life: "Then was Saul certain days with the disciples which were at Damascus." And again, "But Saul increased the more in strength."

We need to begin in little things that we may grow in large ones. We need not be discouraged because our progress is slow, and our achievement seemingly negligible. Notice that Saul "increased the more in strength." His progress in his changed life was by degrees and by dint of prayerful study. Even after he had been completely accepted because of his good works among the Church members in Damascus, he had to be proved by those in Jerusalem.

To all of us the changing of lifelong habits seems heartbreakingly slow, yet the progress of learning itself is not a rapid one. The law of forgetting operates along with the law of remembering. Each of us must consciously struggle to operate under the desired new action as frequently as possible in order to make it an habitual action; then the old habit will be supplanted by a new habit and life once again can resume a more settled pattern.

And what are some of these desirable characteristics that we want to make habitual? For each of us, these characteristics will be different, since each will have made habitual different ones of them. But we need to check ourselves against the ideal person that we want to become and test how we measure to our standards we have set ourselves. One of the first checks we should make is whether we live by truth. Do we deal in half-lies or ingenious deceptions? Do we delude ourselves and others, rather than face the sharp truth? If we would become the changed person we desire, we must learn to face even the discomfort of the facts in order that we may reach the place where the white light that is truth will illuminate all our ways. And we shall find that the discomfort of the half-truths will disappear and that living in the clearness of truth is a comfort and a joy.

Other characteristics that we may need to struggle to attain are to be more kindly, more honest, more trustworthy, respecting ourselves and our fellow beings more completely and loving them more fully.

Building such a character for ourselves takes a lifetime of endeavor and prayerful adherence to the principles which will make this fruition possible. Yet, when the struggle has been engaged in successfully, there will come a peace, even a peace that passes understanding, which will make the struggles seem as nothing in comparison with the realization.—*M. C. J.*

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

EVIDENCES and RECONCILIATIONS

cxiii. Did Joseph Smith Plan the Westward Migration of the Church?

In 1847 the Pioneer company entered the Great Salt Lake valley. They were the forerunners of the tens of thousands who in orderly procession toiled across plain and desert in search of a haven of peace. Their story of suffering, sacrifice, and eventual success will live while the generations of men endure. It is fitting that 1947 is dedicated to the memory of these intrepid men and women, the founders of the intermountain empire of North America.

The westward movement of the Latter-day Saints was not desired by them. Instead it was thrust upon them. They came west because they were obliged to do so. They would have preferred to enjoy their comfortable homes in beautiful Nauvoo and elsewhere. They were driven out and forced to seek another place of settlement. It was with heavy hearts that they trudged through the winter in Iowa and built temporary homes in Nebraska. Had it not been for the courage born of faith in their destiny, they would have scattered over the country, and the opening of the west would have been delayed by many years.

From the time that the boy Joseph Smith had his first vision, persecution raged around him and his followers. The trail of the Church from New York, Ohio, Missouri, and Illinois, was littered with persecutions from enemies, who stooped to every evil and inhuman device to prevent the progress of the work. The Latter-day Saints declared that God can and does speak to his children on earth. That claim begat the fury of hell in the breasts of men whose faith and lives were unsound and often corrupt. It was a thorny and bloody path that the Saints had to follow.

At length the persecuted people found a peaceful haven, as they thought, in Illinois. They reared a beautiful city upon what was an inhospitable marsh. They were good, state-building citizens. Nevertheless, opposition and persecution did not cease. Among neighboring villages, outdistanced by the city of Nauvoo, hate was fanned into a destructive flame. Reason does not prevail among people governed by intolerance.

That these conditions would ultimately compel another removal of the people became clear to the mind of the Prophet Joseph, the sustained leader of the Church. He began to look around for a place to which his people could move and remain relatively unmolested from unfriendly neighbors. The far west, then being opened on the Pacific Coast, was almost naturally the place to which the Prophet's mind would be directed. None had as yet suggested settlement in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains or on the surrounding interior deserts. That seemed to be a place where the Saints could live undisturbed, at least for a while. The spirit of revelation confirmed this view.

The Prophet then set about to prepare the people for this coming event. Under date of August 6, 1842, he wrote in his journal:

"Passed over the river to Montrose, Iowa. . . . I prophesied that the Saints would continue to suffer much affliction and would be driven to the Rocky Mountains, many would apostatize, others would be put to death by our persecutors or lose their lives in consequence of exposure or disease, and some of you will live to go and assist in making settlements and build cities and see the Saints become a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains."[1]

Anson Call, who was present on that occasion and wrote his recollection of it, says that the Prophet, after uttering this prophecy, began a vivid description of the western country, much as it really is. The Prophet also said that Anson Call, Shadrach Roundy, and others who were present would assist in this building of cities among the Rocky Mountains. He then charged all present to be faithful, so that the priesthood would prevail over all enemies.[2]

More than a year and a half later, on Tuesday, February 20, 1844, the proposed westward movement began to take shape. The Prophet writes:

"I instructed the Twelve Apostles to send out a delegation and investigate the locations of California and Oregon, and hunt out a good location, where we can remove to after the temple is completed, and where we can build a city in a day, and have a government of our own, get up into the mountains, where the devil cannot dig us out, and live in a healthful climate, where we can live as old as we have a mind to."[3]

Prompt action was taken to obey these instructions, as shown by the following entry:

"At a meeting of the Twelve, at the mayor's office, Nauvoo, February 21, 1844, seven o'clock p.m., Brigham Young, Parley P. Pratt, Orson Pratt, Wilford Woodruff, John Taylor, George A. Smith, Willard Richards and four others being present, called by previous notice, by instruction of President Joseph Smith on the 20th instant, for the purpose of selecting a company to explore Oregon and California, and select a site for a new city for the Saints.

"Jonathan Dunham, Phineas H. Young, David D. Yearsley, and David Fullmer, volunteered to go;

(*Concluded on page* 63)

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[1]*History of the Church*, V:85

[2]*Ibid.*, V:85, 86; Tullidge, Edward, *History of Northern Utah and Southern Idaho*, Biographical Supplement, pp. 271-273; Whitney, Orson F., *History of Utah*, Vol. IV, p. 143.

[3]*History of the Church*, VI:222

HOMING

HUNGER FOR BEAUTY

By Irma Dovey

DEAN had been bringing red poppies to the summer-school class. Every few days he came in with another of these gorgeous flowers. Miss Corwith was happy to have them, for they were so gloriously colorful. One gay red poppy in a bowl of white and yellow blossoms made an attractive showing.

Dean spoke a dozen times a day of the poppy he had brought.

"See, Miss Corwith, it's opening out now!"

"Look! Look at the poppy now!"

"See my poppy? It's getting bigger."

The blossom, it seemed, was more to him than a flower which would soon wilt. It was an expression of beauty. Dean was a sturdy, vigorous boy, at times almost rowdy, so it was rather surprising to find him manifesting this keen interest in anything as aesthetic as the beauty of flowers.

Each poppy had meant so much to him that Miss Corwith was sad indeed when it was brought to her attention that Dean had been taking the poppies from a neighbor's garden. He did not deny it.

"Didn't you *know* that I wouldn't want flowers that were not your own?" Miss Corwith asked.

Dean did not know, or he had not stopped to think. He himself was exceptionally generous and affectionate, and he was eager for approval. He had no flowers at home to bring, although his was a home that supplied good food and clothes, the best children's magazines, and other evidences of thoughtful parental care.

At recess, on the day she had learned of Dean's wrongdoing, Miss Corwith made two telephone calls—one to Mr. Stone, the neighbor whose garden had been invaded, and one to the boy's parents. It was agreed that Dean should return the poppy he had taken that morning.

Mr. Stone had been inclined to show annoyance when the subject was first mentioned, but his irritation subsided when the teacher praised his flowers and described Dean's delight in them.

When talking with Dean's parents, Miss Corwith made much of their son's appreciation of the beautiful and urged that he be given an opportunity to have a garden of his own. Later, his parents, who had no ground that could be used for gardening, tried to locate a small plot elsewhere, but nothing suitable was to be found. The best they could do was to secure the promise of a small corner garden bed for the following year.

Dean returned the last-picked blossom to Mr. Stone, who accepted it gravely. "I think you should pay for the other poppies you took," he said.

"All right," answered Dean rather weakly, thinking of his very small allowance and wondering how long it would take him to do this.

"Suppose you help me with my weeding for fifteen minutes after school for as many days as you helped yourself to my flowers," he suggested.

"In this garden?" asked Dean quickly, his eyes big with wonder and delight.

"No, in the vegetable garden," was the grim response. Then, after a moment's silence he continued, "But when you've paid for the poppies, we might do some weeding here, if you wish. For that work, a few of the flowers would be rightfully yours."

A little more than a week later another flaming red poppy appeared on Miss Corwith's desk. Dean gazed at it ecstatically. "This one is really mine," he confided. "I earned it."

THE major tasks of the American Red Cross in 1947 are:

1. Continued service to veterans and their families
2. Continued service to the men in army and navy hospitals, to those serving with the occupation forces overseas, and to their families
3. Continued service to the community—disaster service, blood donor service, first aid, water safety, accident prevention, nurse's aide, and other health, welfare, and educational services

COOK'S CORNER

Josephine B. Nichols

THESE days, with food prices skyrocketing, homemakers must make every last penny of the food dollar do its bit toward nutritious and palatable meals.

The following menus are low in cost, and include all the necessary food elements required daily.

MENU I

Breakfast

Stewed Apples filled with Oatmeal Cereal
Top Milk Sugar
Toast Butter
Milk

Lunch

Spaghetti and Cheese
Raw Carrot Sticks
Whole Wheat Bread Butter
Milk

Dinner

Beef Loaf*
Baked Potatoes Green Beans
Grapefruit, Orange Salad
Bread Butter
Caramel Custard*

MENU II

Breakfast

Tomato Juice
French Toast Butter
Jam Milk

Lunch

Navy Bean Soup*
Toasted Cheese Sandwiches
Apple Butter

Dinner

Lamb Chops
Scalloped Potatoes Buttered Beets
Mixed Green Salad
Bread Butter
Apricot Upside-Down Cake*
Milk

*RECIPES

Beef Loaf

1½ pounds ground beef
1½ cups bread crumbs
1 chopped onion
1 teaspoon salt—pepper
½ cup milk or tomato juice

Combine meat, crumbs, and seasoning. Add liquid; mix well; place in loaf pan. Bake in oven (350° F.) for one hour. The flavor may be varied by (1) using catsup as part liquid; (2) using one-half teaspoon sage, chopped celery leaves, or parsley; (3) using one-fourth pound ground salt pork.

Navy Bean Soup

2 cups navy beans (soaked overnight)
3 quarts water
1 ham bone
½ teaspoon sugar
1 large onion chopped
1 stalk celery chopped

Cook beans in water until nearly tender. Add other ingredients, cook until beans and celery are soft. Put through sieve and thicken slightly, if desired. Serve hot. Will serve eight to ten people.

Caramel Custard

4 eggs
½ cup sugar
4 cups milk, scalded
½ teaspoon vanilla
½ teaspoon salt

Caramelize one-fourth cup of sugar and add scalded milk. Stir until it dissolves.

Beat eggs slightly, add remaining sugar, salt, and vanilla. Add scalded milk mixture. Pour into custard cups or baking dish. Set in a pan of hot water and bake at 325° F. for forty minutes or until firm. Serve hot or cold.

Apricot Upside-Down Cake

2 cups drained apricots
½ cup apricot juice
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
1 tablespoon butter

Arrange fruit and fruit juice in well greased nine-inch round or square baking dish. Dot with butter and sprinkle with nutmeg.

Cake

¼ cup shortening
½ cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup sifted cake flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon vanilla
5 tablespoons milk

Cream shortening and sugar, add egg, beat well. Sift the dry ingredients; add alternately with milk to the first mixture. Beat well. Add vanilla. Pour the batter over the apricots. Bake twenty-five minutes at 375° F.

Handy Hints

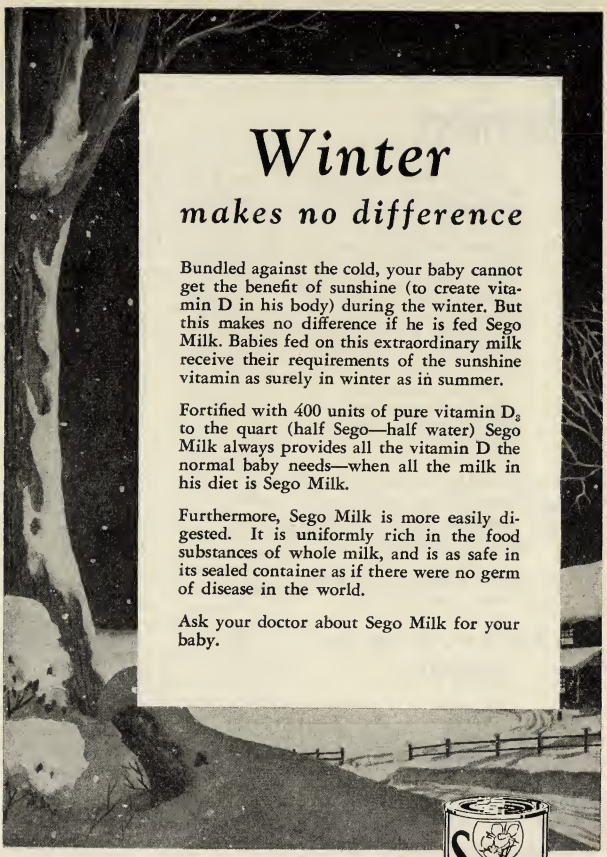
Payment for Handy Hints used will be one dollar upon publication. In the event that two with the same idea are submitted, the one postmarked earlier will receive the dollar. None of the ideas can be returned, but each will receive careful consideration.

* * *

Try snapping shoulder pads in wash dresses. Sew snaps on each corner of the pad and at the place where the point goes along the seam of the dress. This way the shoulder pads can easily be removed and won't need to be washed every time the dress is washed.—*J. C. B., Fairview, Utah.*

When preparing to grate carrots, do not cut the tops completely off, but leave about an inch of green on the carrot. This provides a convenient handle to hold during the operation, and makes it possible to grate all of the carrot with ease.—*N. R. D., Ogden, Utah.*

To separate an angel food or sponge cake into serving pieces without crushing, use two forks. Start at top, work down; gently pull cake apart.—*M. H., Salt Lake City, Utah.*



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I'M *Not* A JUVENILE DELINQUENT

By Eileen Gibbons
A YOUNG WRITER

PRESIDENT DAVID O. MCKAY said a few years before the beginning of this war, "If I were asked to name the world's greatest need I should say, unhesitatingly, wise mothers and exemplary fathers. If mother love were but half rightly directed and if fatherhood were but half what it should be, in example and honor, much of the sorrow and wickedness in the world today would be overcome." How much greater is this need today?

A young girl I know is an example of this worth-while way of living. She is seventeen and a member of a large family. She lives in a home that can really be called a home. Her mother has sympathy, understanding, interest; she likes to do things young people are interested in and her father has plenty of time to talk things over. One of the uppermost factors which keep their home life happy and keeps every member living the best he knows is their religion. They have a religion that affords constant training and takes care of their recreation and fun, too. It supervises their activities and builds their ideals. This girl has a purpose; she knows she wants to be a concert violinist; and she keeps that goal in mind. She has little time to become delinquent. She must do the breakfast dishes and vacuum the living room floor to rate her allowance. She has been taught that idleness is the devil's workshop and that a busy person is a happy person. There is companionship in their family between the children and the parents. It gives every member a feeling of security.

And then there's Jimmy, who lives up the street. He comes from what might be called the "slum area" but what is his home like? When Jimmy gets discouraged, his father puts his arm around him and says, "You're O. K., Jim. I have faith in you, and I always will have. I know you'll do all right." Jimmy believes this because his father means it. When he comes home from school, Mom's there with a glass of milk and a cookie, and she sits down by him to let him tell her about everything. His friends, too, are always welcome. His parents are fine and clean, and they love each other, and they love him. They have to work hard for a living, but they make him feel he's worth it. He wants to make good for them. Every week they have a family meeting to talk over their problems. He's not delinquent.

Bob has a job after school, and he builds model airplanes in his spare time. On Sunday he and his parents walk to Church together. Bob's a tease, but his folk understand. He likes school because he feels his teachers believe in him. He has a super Boy Scout leader who is A-1. Bob doesn't know fear, because where there is faith, there is no room for fear. He's happy, and I guess anybody who is happy can't get into trouble. Bob isn't delinquent. You will find few delinquents where there is a happy home life with a good father and a good mother.

THE feeling of insecurity at home, scolding, and indifference on the part of parents, inadequate living necessities, lack of a standard of values, drinking and smoking, are some of the tragic conditions which breed a juvenile delinquent. These are things which destroy the youth's purpose, his sense of security, his interest in living and the good feeling of being believed in. These are reasons why something must be done.

What will it be?

Yes, Uncle Sam may be able to do much to curb juvenile delinquency. He can clear out the slums. He can replace them with low-cost housing, with adequate light and clean air; he can build recreation centers and playgrounds and gymnasiums. He can pay the highest wages to trained leaders who will take care of children for parents who work. He can understand that the way to guarantee good citizens is to provide plenty of the right things for his children to do. He can deal with juveniles liberally and correctively, and I think he will. But Uncle Sam can't do it all. Mother and father must do the biggest part. Home! What can be done here is much more important than what Uncle Sam can do.

Put a boy in a good home, and he's on the right track. He'll do things. Put another boy out in the street. He's stuck. The major causes of, and the cures for, juvenile delinquency, lie in the home. Every young man and every young woman begins life with the desire to do good. Then, parents, please take careful note of the various forces which, as life unfolds, will influence and determine whether or not we, the youth of today, are the proud fulfillers of a purpose or victims of a condition.

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No one knows exactly what the force of molecular attraction is, but it can be controlled. And by controlling this basic force, Conoco scientists are able to bring you and America's millions of motorists new and better oils.

In fact, by utilizing molecular attraction, a special ingredient of Conoco N*th* motor oil is attracted to working surfaces of your engine. So strong is this attraction that cylinder walls and other parts are OIL-PLATED.

And because molecular attraction holds Conoco OIL-PLATING up where it belongs . . . prevents it from all draining down to the crankcase, even overnight . . . you get these benefits:

added protection during the vital periods when you first start your engine

added protection from corrosive action when your engine is not in use

added protection from wear that leads to fouling sludge and carbon

added smooth, silent miles

That's why you'd be safer to OIL-PLATE your engine now . . . at Your Conoco Mileage Merchant's. Look for the *red* triangle. Continental Oil Company

BETTER OIL-PLATE NOW!

(*Continued from page* 31)

provide twenty classrooms and twenty-four faculty offices. These facilities were originally located at the Ogden arsenal. At the time of transfer, this government agency announced that 2,509 veterans were attending the Church university.

Utah State Agricultural College

An independent branch of the Church has been organized near the Utah State Agricultural College, Logan, Utah. The branch is comprised of all families living in the housing projects adjacent to the college campus. The branch president is Elmer E. Broadbent.

University of Utah

At impressive and colorful rites, completed October 16, 1946, and attended by leaders of Church and state, as well as delegates from many of the nation's institutions of higher learning, Dr. Albert Ray Olpin was inaugurated as president of the University of Utah.

The Church In Utah

The Church statistical committee released these figures late in November:

The Church in Utah has a membership of 467,524, or 74.21 percent of Utah's population, which is estimated at 630,000.

Salt Lake City has a total membershop of 113,943, or 65.11 percent of the estimated 175,000 living in Salt Lake City.

For years it has been popularly believed that the state was sixty percent "Mormon," and Salt Lake City was forty percent "Mormon."

Excommunications

Gwenifer Lenore Bell Dunnage. Excommunicated September 22, 1946, in the Queensland District, Australian Mission.

Beatrice A. Faber, born January 23, 1908. Excommunicated September 21, 1946, in the Miller Ward, South Salt Lake Stake.

Walter Paul Faber, born August 9, 1905, elder. Excommunicated September 21, 1946, in the Miller Ward, South Salt Lake Stake.

Ira Millett, born December 17, 1889, elder. Excommunicated September 26, 1946, in the Fourth Ward, Temple View Stake.

Virgil Ralph Montagne, born January 3, 1916, no priesthood. Excommunicated October 1, 1946, in the La Grande Second Ward, Union Stake.

Jeanie Pritchett McPhillips, born November 30, 1906. Excommunicated September 29, 1946, in the Huntington Park Ward, South Los Angeles Stake.

Calista May Pritchett Meiling Plyler, born September 28, 1901. Excommunicated September 29, 1946, in the Huntington Park Ward, South Los Angeles Stake.

Roberta Meiling Plyler, born July 28, 1921. Excommunicated September 29, 1946, in the Huntington Park Ward, South Los Angeles Stake.

Lina K. Steinhouse, born April 26, 1863. Excommunicated August 11, 1946, in the Brigham First Ward, South Box Elder Stake.

Maud Milner Siler Blight, born June 6, 1922. Excommunicated November 4, 1946, in the Eureka Ward, Santaquin-Tintic Stake.

Arthur K. Deutsch, born January 1, 1892; elder. Excommunicated September 4, 1946, in the San Francisco Ward, San Francisco Stake.

John Henry Edwards, born March 20, 1888; seventy. Excommunicated September 18, 1946, in the San Francisco Ward, San Francisco Stake.

Alan Leon Fonnesbeck, born July 27, 1921; deacon. Excommunicated September 15, 1946, in the Logan Eighth Ward, Logan Stake.

Elna Woodbury Gallaher, born July 13, 1927. Excommunicated November 10, 1946, in the Elmhurst Ward, Oakland Stake.

Frank Valdemar Jensen, born May 30, 1911; elder. Excommunicated November 6, 1946, in the Walnut Park Ward, South Los Angeles Stake.

Weber G. Lund, born December 19, 1922; teacher. Excommunicated October 27, 1946, in the Elmhurst Ward, Oakland Stake.

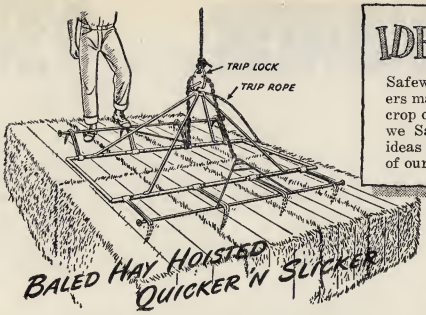
Henry Franklin Perkins, born February 27, 1911. Excommunicated November 10, 1946, in the Logan Eleventh Ward, Logan Stake.

Lewis W. Rhodes, born May 7, 1879; priest. Excommunicated October 20, 1946, in the Claremont Ward, Oakland Stake.

(*Concluded on page* 54)

IDEAS from a neighbor's farm

Safeway's Farm Reporter keeps tab on how farmers make work easier, cut operating costs, improve crop quality. Safeway reports his findings because we Safeway people know that exchanging good ideas helps everybody. After all, more than a third of our customers are farm folks.



Baled Hay Hoisted Quicker 'n Slicker

This special extra-size grapple fork, developed by Oregon State College agricultural engineers, transfers 6 large or 8 small bales of hay at one time from truck or wagon to barn mow. It cuts job time 50% compared with ordinary grapple fork or sling methods. Eight tines or hooks, four on each side of main frame, are inserted slightly inside center of bales as they rest end to end on load. Trip rope pulled when bales enter mow transfers weight from main frame to chains on either side. These chains are connected with iron pipes passing through the bend or elbow of each tine. When weight of bales is transferred to the tines at this point, tines withdraw, allowing bales to drop into mow. Main frame measures 64 inches long by 19 inches wide. Trip mechanism was taken from grapple fork used on long hay.

Lets Lambs Drink Without Drowning

Wesley Krajicek, of Papillion, Nebraska, calls this his "drown-proof" lamb waterer. Note guard board mounted above and around the trough. This board prevents lambs from climbing into the water, or being pushed in, when they come for a drink. So effective is this simple device that Krajicek hasn't lost a single lamb by drowning during 5 years.

Harvest Carriers Fitted To Their Special Jobs...

This field cabbage cart, with wheels spaced to straddle two 2-row beds, is loaded by stoop laborers. Tractor hauls load from field to packing shed where lever at side of cart is pulled to tilt cart, slide cabbages onto floor. Cart was built by Hunt Brothers in the California Imperial Valley.

"Asparagus sleds" are built from old cars by J. R. Gosser of Holt, California. Wheel base is shortened, and chassis width narrowed to straddle asparagus bed. Lever at rear of wood body controls speed. Picker steps off to gather bunches of cut asparagus.

Special rebuilt motor trucks with 4-wheel drive and extra wide wheel base to straddle two 2-row beds are used in lettuce harvest around Salinas, California. The trucks are rebuilt to growers' order in local shops. Resulting speedup in harvest helps get fresher lettuce to consumers.

The Better Tomatoes That Safeway Found in College

Around the Visalia area in California a few seasons back, blight was damaging the tomato crop. Safeway's on-the-ground produce buyer asked the State Agricultural College at Davis for help in meeting this grower problem. Here he learned about a new blight-resistant tomato strain developed at Pennsylvania State College. The Safeway man obtained some of the new seeds and urged Visalia growers to try them. Growers who used the new seed reported excellent results. Safeway produce men *often* recommend ways to improve quality and yield, and such efforts — *by encouraging consumption* — help give growers a more profitable market.

- Safeway buys direct, sells direct, to cut "in-between" costs
- Safeway buys regularly, offering producers a steady market; when purchasing from farmers Safeway accepts no brokerage, either directly or indirectly
- Safeway pays going prices or better, never offers a price lower than producer quotes
- Safeway stands ever ready to help move surpluses
- Safeway sells at lower prices, made possible by direct, less costly distribution . . . so consumers can afford to increase their consumption

SAFEWAY — the neighborhood grocery stores

ON THE BOOKRACK

THE TRUTH SEEKER AND MORMONISM

(Dr. Joseph F. Merrill. Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah. 1946. 269 pages. $1.00.)

THIS excellent book has grown out of continued requests for the series of radio addresses delivered by Dr. Joseph F. Merrill from July through December 1945. It is the testimony of a "scientist, educator, and churchman," who has learned to accept all truth and make it part of his religion. It brings together objective evidence and personal conviction concerning the reality of God who moves "in his majesty and power" in accordance with truth—whether it be the truth which men call science or the truth which they call religion. The twenty-seven chapters of this work on many phases of science and religion will deservedly find many earnest readers.—*R. L. E.*

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

(Marvin O. Ashton. Bookcraft Company, Salt Lake City, Utah. 1946. 332 pages. $3.00.)

WHOEVER listened to Marvin O. Ashton loved him, for he loved people and drew them to him through his graphic figurative language and his pointed stories. This book brings together some of his articles and stories so that those who loved him may have him with them in their homes always. The volume vibrates with his personality, which was a rare combination of wit and wisdom, and abounds in truth which all need to know and apply. The book is fully illustrated, thus emphasizing by drawing the printed word.—*M. C. J.*

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE

(Edgar J. Goodspeed. The John C. Winston Company, Boston, Mass. 224 pages. $2.50.)

SINCE the Bible is not one book, but a library of books, it should be read book by book, and subject by subject, rather than continuously from beginning to end. To make such a reading possible, this book classifies the books of the Bible, and adds brief but helpful comments on each book. It suggests that the reading begin with the Gospels, placing Mark first; then follow the other books, classified as biographies, speeches, orations and sermons, history, poetry, fiction, letters, and visions and revelations. There is also a chapter on the historical background of Bible books; and another on the chronological order of the books for those who prefer to read the Bible that way. A brief history of the English Bible concludes the volume. This classification and the assembled materials should be very helpful to Bible readers. The comments and the chronology are of course subject to the differing theoretical opinions of Bible scholars.—*J. A. W.*

THE MOUNTAINS ARE MINE

(Helen Hinckley. Vanguard Press, New York. 394 pages. $2.75.)

THIS intriguing story of early pioneer days in Utah is told honestly and well. The fortunes of two polygamous families form the basic theme of the novel. Why one is successful and the other a failure is made plain through the very human behavior of the main characters. With great delicacy the inner souls of the people are probed, until the great issues of their lives lie bare. However, this is detected only by the thoughtful reader. The book is not preachy. Rather, it holds the interest from the beginning to the end by a series of events unfolding human loves, hopes, fears and passions. Not a page must be missed.

It is refreshing to find a novel with a "Mormon" background, unusually well written, of compelling interest, which does not need to draw upon untruthful delineations and the garbage of life to make itself interesting. Throughout the land there is a growing revulsion against the sewer-literature which has been foisted upon us in recent years. Miss Hinckley's style is of lasting, classical quality. We have the right to expect much good literature from her mind and pen.

The Mountains Are Mine should be read widely by "Mormon" and non-"Mormon," for the history it contains and the vivid description of the vagaries of the human soul.—*J. A. W.*

FARMER TAKES A WIFE

(John Gould. Morrow and Company, New York. 1946. 153 pages. $2.00.)

THE fun of farm life is the basis for this book, and if it doesn't make most city-bred folk long to get a place in the country, there's something wrong with the city-bred folk—that's all. It also makes a person want to find out something about his ancestors so that he may have some tales with which to regale his grandchildren. The book is conducive to better family life—and more fun in it. It is recommended highly for both rural and urban people.—*M. C. J.*

NEW RICHES FROM THE SOIL

(Wheeler McMillen. D. Van Nostrand, Inc., New York. 396 pages. $3.00.)

THE progress of chemurgy is the theme of this fascinating book. Chemurgy is the development of new industrial uses for farm grown materials, and the establishment of new farm crops. It is the association of science, industry, and agriculture for the common good. Though this movement is less than two decades old, it has accomplished much. Industrial uses have been found for corn, oats, the fibre plants, and many other crops. Farm wastes, such as discarded corn cobs, oat hulls, sawdust and lumber chips, have been converted by science into useful substances with cash values. Starches, oils, industrial alcohol, and even rubber have been won from farm materials. As the work progresses, fear from farm surpluses is vanishing. The combination of farm and factory is bringing about a more profitable and a happier mode of living. In twenty-three chapters the distinguished originator and president of the National Farm Chemurgic Council, who is also the editor of the *Farm Journal*, tells the story of past accomplishments in this field, and gives a glimpse of the future. The book is written in simple, entertaining language. Once begun it will not be laid down until finished. Every farmer and farmer's wife would read it with interest; every industrialist would profit by becoming acquainted with chemurgy; and all citizens who are concerned with our national welfare would have their imaginations stirred by the industrial value of farm products as revealed by science. In the irrigated West, this movement is of particular importance. The initial costs of dams, canals, and farm structures, and of the operation and maintenance of the systems, make a heavy charge against irrigation agriculture, which can be met chiefly by the growing of more intensive crops, notably those that are useful to the factory. The West should keep in close touch with chemurgy. The book itself reads better than most fiction.—*J. A. W.*

THE COLORADO

(Frank Waters. Rinehart & Company, New York. 400 pages. $3.00.)

THIS latest of the rivers of America books maintains generally the high standard of the series. In three main divisions there are discussed the historical background of our knowledge of the Colorado River, the people in or near its drainage basin, and the future use of the river for economic, social, and recreational purposes. There are excellent descriptions of the river and its contributing territory; the historical material is spiced with much Indian and gossipy lore; the magnitude of the river possibilities is presented in a convincing manner. There is a fairly complete bibliography and a good index. All interested in the Colorado River, one of America's greatest resources, will welcome the book.

One wonders, however, why it was necessary to drag the "Mormons" and their history into this volume. Their relation to the Colorado would have seemed enough. Curiously, the story of the march of the Mormon Battalion across Arizona is not mentioned. The thirteen "Mormon" pages are crowded with historical misstatements and the author's personal opinion about a subject of which he clearly knows little, and that inaccurately. After paying unscholarly attention to Joseph Smith, the Book of Mormon, Sidney Rigdon, Brigham Young, and in general to all "Mormons," he charges them with murders as part of a blood atonement practice. For all this he quotes only one author, M. R. Werner—enough said! It is to be hoped that he is unaware that in this field he is far behind historical progress. These pages mar the book greatly, and leave doubt as to accuracy elsewhere or anywhere in the book.—*J. A. W.*

LAND OF PROMISE

(Walter Havighurst. The Macmillan Company, New York. 384 pages. $3.00.)

THIS story of the Northwest Territory—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin—is of special interest to Latter-day Saints, because in this region the Church spent several of its earliest years. The book is essentially a history, and a good one, beginning with the earliest pioneer years. The conquest of America, of which we are properly proud, was much the same everywhere—varying only in the intensity of the labor required. The reading of this book, though in no sense a religious treatise, furnishes a good background for understanding the difficulties of the "Mormons" in Ohio and Illinois. Besides, it is a most interesting chapter of American history, well written, and enlivened with legends, anecdotes, and colorful episodes.—*J. A. W.*

(*Continued on page* 49)

POETRY

MYSTERIOUS GIFTS

By Evelyn Fjeldsted

THE fortress like an eagle fought her way
Against the shrieking headwinds toward her base.
The men were thinking of the grave delay,
When through the "intercom" unchartered space
Brought Christmas carols on the radio,
Remembering through song, the land that sings—
The wonderful free life of long ago—
To Chad was like the hope that sunlight brings.
And then the great plane like the wounded bird
That long has battled with the windswept clouds
Was sinking—sinking into cloud banks blurred
And threatening, rising up with hidden shrouds.

Is time a moment or eternity
When men are lost and not a move to make
Within relentless weird vacuity?
To keep from thinking, yet to stay awake,
With pencil stub, indelible and bold,
Painstakingly Chad wrote the name "Mary"
Upon his grounded parachute's limp fold
And later somewhere in security
In dreams he walked again with Mary Lee;
He saw the bronzed fields at yielding time—
The carved initials in the nooning tree,
Near pasture hills where stillness was sublime,
The old slow moon that rolled above the hills
To throw soft scintillating lights among
The trees that touched the upstairs window sills
Where autumn-painted sweet wistaria clung
And springtime with its measured warmth and cold,
The winds that tumble dust instead of planes,
The half-blown flowers reaching up to hold
Clean melting snow and gentle sunlit rains.

When chimney smoke-wreaths laced the friendly sky,
Mysterious gifts and waiting mistletoe
Expressed the Christmas spirit that drew nigh
To all America's warm hearth side glow,
And there were lights and bells with joyful tone
When Chad reached home—the end of war's long route.
And this strange thing the little town had known.
A Christmas dress made from a parachute
Was Mary's gift—a snow white nylon dress;
Her friends had seen her name upon its folds
And who can know or who can ever guess
The facts this story of the moment holds.

SORROW'S LESSON

By Rey R. Torres
A Young Writer

'TIS well all souls were made to suffer
That each for other's woes might feel;
For pain unlocks the door of mercy—
So learns the wounding hand to heal.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT AN OLD HOUSE

By Ora Pate Stewart

THERE'S something about an old house . . .

It may be an old Virginia mansion
With wide floor boards
That creak beneath ghost feet
Dancing a wild quadrille
In a drawing room,
To the tinkling music
Of the wind
Over broken strings
Of an old harpsichord . . .

It may be a Georgia hut
Squatting in a pecan grove,
Crisped with the southern sun,
And overdone . . .
Its life juices fried away . . .
But through its paneless windows
I can see
The play of pickaninnies
Of another day . . .

It may be the sturdy cabin of the West,
Walled with the ax-hewn lengths of tamarack,
And chinked with buffalo dung
And prairie mud . . .
Dirt roofed, and bloody raftered,
Where the quarry hung
Of antelope or bear . . .
I see the scalp lock of an Indian
As he rides past
On a pinto mare . . .

There *is* something about an old house . . .

It may be that when the flesh and blood and breath
That was the house
Is spent,
The spirit of itself,
Ghost guard,
Is sent
To watch the crumbling bones
Into decay
A silent sentry
Who can know
No death!

NIGHT PLANE

By Harold Gerard

I HEARD a plane go over in the night,
And icy fingers gripped about my heart.
I made a sudden movement toward the light—
How strange that after months I still should start
And tremble once again in sudden fright
Because of just an airplane in its flight.

The nights that bred this fear were long ago,
But there are little children who must weep
Whenever peaceful airplanes fly too low
And arouse them troubled once again from sleep.
May God forbid that future children know
As did these present ones, such things are so.

SNOW

By Lalia Mitchell Thornton

THE snow, a veil of loveliness, has made the whole world new,
No longer parched and withered fields where once spring blossoms grew,
No longer dusty wayside shrubs; but how was I to know
It was God who sent to bless the world, his benison of snow.

I watched it drifting soft and still, over roofs and garden ways;
I sighed because I thought it meant the end of perfect days;
I saw familiar objects fade; and how was I to tell
God sent it as a blessing to the world he loves so well.

SHOSHONE CANYON

By Martha Stewart
Age, 12 Years

GOD made Shoshone Canyon for all to see and enjoy,
And as he sat thinking of what kinds of nature to employ,
He thought wouldn't it be wonderful to make
A cathedral of spires and domes, pinnacles and pines,
Small blooming flowers and green, creeping vines,
To give to all mankind an inspiration
And instil it deep within their hearts and minds.

And so he set in motion the elements of nature,
The rains to sweep, the winds to blow,
The frost to chisel and chip, the rivers to gouge,
The sun to beat and the cold to bite and nip.

So now, we see before us the great canyon of Shoshone.
And isn't it grand to live in a land
Where God to us can loan
Red sandstone cliffs and sloping hills
And the River of Shoshone?

A QUESTION FOR THE PRIESTHOOD—

MELCHIZEDEK

Where Would I Be, Without These Things?

And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come. (Matt. 24:14.)

For though I preach the gospel, I have nothing to glory of: for necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel! (I Cor. 9:16.)

THE preaching of the gospel to the entire world is the great mission which the Lord assigned to the priesthood of his Church. The Lord by revelation has repeatedly declared to inquiring individuals that the thing which would be of "greatest worth" to them would be to cry repentance unto the world.

Due to priestcraft and transgression, the inhabitants of the earth close the heavens against themselves. Many, because of this, lose faith in some of the most basic realities in true religion; but to those who love and serve the Lord in righteousness and truth, the mysteries of the kingdom are revealed through the gift and power of the Holy Ghost—by which gift and power men "may know the truth of all things." Take from the Church of Christ the divine principle of revelation, and it would be reduced immediately to "creed" status. Dogma, the teachings of men, would soon be taught for doctrine. Faith in the true and Living God would soon give way to some form or other of idolatrous worship. Light would give way to overwhelming darkness. Such was the case for centuries prior to the restoration of the gospel.

As with the Church, so it is with individuals. Take from a man who has seen the light, the Spirit of the Lord, and the gift of the Holy Ghost, and he becomes as "other men." He is soon

. . . walking in his own way, and after the image of his own God, whose image is in the likeness of the world, and whose substance is that of an idol, which waxeth old and shall perish in Babylon, even Babylon the great, which shall fall. (See D. & C. 1:16.)

No brother can lose the Spirit, forsake the ministry unto which he has been called, and still retain faith in the gospel of our Lord. Each priesthood bearer must therefore make frequent search of his soul to learn whether he is giving ". . . diligent heed to the words of eternal life," and whether he is striving to "live by every word that proceeeth forth from the mouth of God." (See D. & C. section 84.)

Those who enjoy a testimony of the truth do so because "flesh and blood have not revealed it" but our Father which is in heaven. ". . . the Spirit enlighteneth every man through the world, that hearkeneth to the voice of the Spirit. And every one that hearkeneth to the voice of the Spirit cometh unto God, even the Father. And the Father teacheth him of the covenant. . . . (See D. & C. Sec. 84.) Those who come not unto the Lord "lieth in sin, and groaneth under darkness and under the bondage of sin. And by this you may know they are under the bondage of sin, because they come not unto me. For whoso cometh not unto me is under the bondage of sin." (See D. & C. 84:49-51.)

Those belonging to the priesthood should pause occasionally and reflect upon the great things made known, without which the term "salvation" could have little meaning, but with which is the promise of "eternal life," an objective worthy of every human effort.

The great sin of all ages has been that of idolatry—the mother of all vices. For this reason, and knowing the great influence of Satan in the earth, the Lord declared first to ancient Israel:

I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. Thou shalt have no other gods before me. (Exodus 20:2, 3.)

The world has set up "other gods," but to us has been revealed anew:

1. The true and Living God, whom to know is "life eternal"
2. His relationship to us, his children, made in his image, and existing with him in the spirit before the earth was created for the benefit and blessing of his offspring
3. Our utter dependence upon Jesus Christ, the "Only Begotten Son of God in the flesh," as our Savior and Redeemer; the promise that we may become "joint heirs" with him in the kingdom of our Father, through the power of the resurrection and our obedience to the gospel as taught by our Savior, and restored anew through the Prophet Joseph Smith

With the loss of the knowledge of God, and man's relationship to him came the loss to man of many things pertaining to the Lord's plan of salvation. Revelation ceased being a continuing living thing with the people for their guidance.

The earth also is defiled under the inhabitants thereof; because they have transgressed the laws, changed the ordinance, broken the everlasting covenant. Therefore hath the curse devoured the earth, and they that dwell therein are desolate. . . . (Isaiah 24:5, 6.)

With our understanding by revelation of things pertaining to eternal life we are indeed a favored people. With this knowledge there is born a faith and hope that is not known in the world, and gives true purpose to life.

The problems of life can only be solved in the light of the understanding of basic principles governing life, the gospel pattern. With this understanding all things fit into a harmonious pattern, and faith is justified, and true joy is derived. This is as it should be, for "man is that he might have joy." Without this understanding the pattern becomes distorted, there is a lack of harmony, things do not seem to bear proper relationships to other things, with a resultant loss of faith. Without faith, life appears aimless and meaningless, with confusion, disappointment, and discontent inevitable.

Without this knowledge men cannot find the things in life it is natural for them to hope for and expect from life.

It is veritably true that "man is saved no faster than he gains knowledge," and that "the glory of God is intelligence." The religion of the Latter-day Saints is superior to all others because it possesses by revelation greater knowledge of things pertaining to eternal truth. It has been truly said: "The man will live best, who has the best recipe for living."

Take this revealed knowledge of things pertaining to eternal life from us and we are indeed poor. The world generally lacking divine revelation lacks this understanding. There is no price any man who is honest in heart wouldn't pay for knowledge of these things if he were but sure he could search and find it. He would brave the wildest storm, climb the highest mountain, ford the most raging torrent. There would be no peril, even at the cost of life that would not be faced gladly.

We are the possessors of this "pearl of great price." We must be eternally vigilant to retain it, and the surest way of retaining it is to live by it and teach it

PRIESTHOOD

CONDUCTED BY THE GENERAL PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE—JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH, CHAIRMAN; CHARLES A. CALLIS, HAROLD B. LEE, SPENCER W. KIMBALL, EZRA TAFT BENSON, MARION G. ROMNEY, THOMAS E. MCKAY, CLIFFORD E. YOUNG, ALMA SONNE, LEVI EDGAR YOUNG, ANTOINE R. IVINS

Confidential Annual Reports

THE reports from all the quorums should by this time have been completed, and the stake reports made ready for transmittal to the general priesthood committee's office. Stakes not having completed their reports should make every effort to complete them at once. Reports received too late lose much of their value to the general office.

The reports will reveal the strengths and weaknesses of the various quorums. It is urged, therefore, that they receive consideration in the various departments of the next priesthood leadership meeting. It is urged that individual quorum reports be given early consideration in each quorum presidencies' council meeting. These reports will prove valuable to the quorums only insofar as plans are laid and made operative to correct any condition that is not wholesome in the quorum. Approach to the respective problems may vary from place to place, and there may be varied degrees of effectiveness according to the approach. However, presidents of quorums who meet frequently and under the inspiration of the Spirit of the Lord and who plan in the interests of their quorums, are on the way toward more effective quorum supervision.

The quorum presidency is remiss in its duty which is not striving constantly to serve the best interests of its quorum, and to improve the effectiveness of its presidency.

The responsibility of presidency is indeed great. The responsibility of membership in a priesthood quorum is great. In this the new year, it would be most fitting for each member, and each quorum president, to resolve that "each tomorrow" will find him "farther than today."

> And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity. For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. But he that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins. Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall. (II Peter 1:5-10.)

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to others. None need suppose that he can do too much for the building up of the kingdom of God in the earth. This great work requires consecration and dedication. Sad will be the man who neglects his solemn duty, while great shall be the joy of those who devote their talents and energy to the bringing of souls unto Christ; who bear faithful witness of him in the earth.

The priesthood bearer has special obligations in this most important work. The priesthood must give leadership thereto. The priesthood is the power through which the Lord will accomplish his purposes in the earth. The slothful and negligent servant will forfeit his blessings and lose the promise. The faithful servant will "enter into the joy" of his Lord. The Savior said:

> I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work.

This is a good resolve to every brother in every priesthood quorum.

> . . . work the works of him that sent you, while it is day. (John 9:4.)

Where would I be, without these things?

Last Year and This

THE year 1946 is now history. It has been an eventful year. It has been a year of great achievement for many quorums of priesthood within the Church. If there are any who have neglected opportunities, this is an appropriate time to resolve that mistakes of the past will not be those of the future.

The Lord would have us look ahead. He expects that there be a constant effort toward the ideal. This requires that each priesthood quorum make in this year a little greater effort than ever toward the perfecting of the lives of its members; toward an increased service; toward a more united quorum; toward all righteous endeavor.

NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

Conducted by Dr. Joseph F. Merrill

Idaho Initiatives Fail

THE Idaho Civic Forces sponsored three initiatives which were placed on the November ballot, but they went down to defeat in the election. We are sorry for this and greatly sympathize with those who worked untiringly for the success of these measures. One of them would have given "local option" to the counties in Idaho; another would have repealed the law permitting the slot machine and gambling; the third would have tightened up current laws relative to the liquor traffic, and prohibited local advertising of intoxicating alcoholic beverages.

All these measures were vigorously opposed by the liquor interests. Billboards, newspaper ads, leaflets, the press, the radio, and other means of publicity were lavishly used, including the efforts of a large number of paid canvassers and workers. So many half-truths and falsehoods were widely publicized that many electors became confused and therefore did not vote at all on the proposed laws. The measures were defeated not by a majority of all who voted in the election but by a majority who voted on the proposed measures.

The results teach a lesson—the need for more education of the public, the longer time of preparation for an election, and more complete organization of proponents. Undoubtedly the great majority of the voters in Idaho desire good government, good laws, law enforcement, and the elimination—at least strict control—of demoralizing agencies. Yes, education and hard work by right-minded citizens will yet win in Idaho. Let none of them be discouraged.

International Luther League Speaks Out

The following statement issued by the board of directors of the International Luther League was printed as a paid advertisement in the Minneapolis, Minnesota, Sunday *Tribune* of May 19, 1946, by order of the board:

> Our young people are being made the target of insidious liquor advertising. They are being subjected to pressure from all sides to look upon drinking as an innocent habit. Even teen-age boys and girls are becoming victims of alcohol. The result is an increasing spiritual breakdown and an inevitable moral collapse, indicated already in the widespread prevalence of juvenile deliquency.
>
> In the face of these conditions . . . the

(*Concluded on page* 46)

AARONIC PRIESTHOOD

CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC. EDITED BY LEE A. PALMER.

WARD YOUTH LEADERSHIP OUTLINE OF STUDY

FEBRUARY 1947

NOTE: *This course of study is prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric for presentation during the monthly meeting of the ward youth leadership to be conducted by the bishopric in each ward. Members of the ward Aaronic Priesthood committee and of the ward committee for Latter-day Saint girls are expected to attend this meeting.*

OUR PROBLEM: How can we make attendance at sacrament meeting more attractive to boys and girls?

The responsibility for what takes place in sacrament meeting rests squarely on the shoulders of the bishop. Though the responsibility is his, it is one all members of the ward should share. For this reason we discuss it here. Perhaps we can find ways to lend tangible support and encouragement to the bishop. We may be able to suggest how youth may find increased interest in this sacred service.

The interest of our boys and girls in sacrament meeting will depend, we believe, on two things: (1) the degree to which sacrament meetings fulfil their purpose, and (2) the extent to which youth is used to help realize this purpose.

THE PURPOSE OF SACRAMENT MEETING

The Lord commanded us (see D. & C. 59:9-12) to "go to the house of prayer and offer up thy sacraments upon my holy day." Central to the sacrament meeting is the privilege of partaking of the sacrament. This we do for two reasons: (1) to remember the life, teachings, spirit, and also the suffering, sacrificial love, and death of our Savior, and (2) to renew the baptismal pledge to be his true disciples "at all times and in all things, and in all places." (Compare Mosiah 18:8-10 with Moroni 4:3.) The primary purpose of the sacrament meeting then, is to worship by remembering and by renewing our faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Two other intimately related purposes should be kept in mind. People come to sacrament meeting to be built up in the faith—to receive hope, comfort, encouragement, and inspiration—and also to gain a greater understanding of the principles of the gospel. Each sacrament meeting should be planned and conducted to create the spirit of worship, to build faith, and to increase our appreciation of the gospel. A poor or mediocre meeting is one which fails to realize these purposes; a good sacrament meeting is one which fulfils them.

Boys and girls are naturally quite idealistic, full of faith, and eager to learn. They can be responsive to the true purposes of a sacrament meeting. This has been demonstrated.

Some things mar the spirit of worship. Often the worst offender is a long series of announcements which neither promote worship, build faith, nor teach the gospel. Let us put them on a bulletin board, on a printed page, or take them to the homes of people. Except in emergencies, they have no place in a sacrament meeting. Tardiness, lack of attention to details, talking on the stand or in the body of the hall by adults, unnecessary disturbances incident to moving windows during the services, an untidy or unclean meetinghouse, poor ventilation, and ill-chosen music further inhibit the spirit of worship.

The purposes of the sacrament meeting are enhanced most by quiet, dignified, reverent, orderly, and punctual administration, careful selection of music, adequate attention to little things, tactful suggestions to those who shall speak, and by a simple, sacred, and beautiful administration and passing of the sacrament.

The purposes of the sacrament meeting are taught best by simply revealing them in the fine quality of the service. Other things can be done too, however, which will help boys and girls appreciate the meaning of the sacrament.

We can also teach them the meaning and purpose of the sacrament in places other than in the sacrament meeting. Each leader of youth should have a good understanding of the subject himself. Then all of us, under the direction of the bishop, might well ask ourselves: where are we teaching the meaning of the sacrament to our young people? Do we just talk to the boys about their specific duties or do we relate their duties to the overall purpose of the sacrament?

Let us not overdo it but as a group examine ourselves in this respect and decide just when, where, and who shall teach the fuller meaning of the sacrament to all age groups in the ward. Priesthood quorums, Sunday School, and Mutual Improvement Association classes, and personal counseling afford us opportunities. Check your courses of study. Is everyone receiving a fine lesson on the meaning of the sacrament?

(Next month we shall suggest several specific ways in which boys and girls can feel a greater interest in sacrament

(*Concluded on page 52*)

SHELLEY STAKE AARONIC PRIESTHOOD AND GIRLS' CHORUS

Combined Youth Chorus, representing all wards in the Shelley Stake, furnished the music for their recent quarterly conference. Bishop Joseph L. Wirthlin of the Presiding Bishopric attended the conference and gave an enthusiastic account of the performance. Members of the Aaronic Priesthood and the Latter-day Saint girl groups practised in their respective wards for several weeks, then came together for three all-stake rehearsals in preparation for the conference. The chorus was under the direction of Lynn Barker. Over two hundred young men and young women participated. —*Photograph by L. W. Bacon*

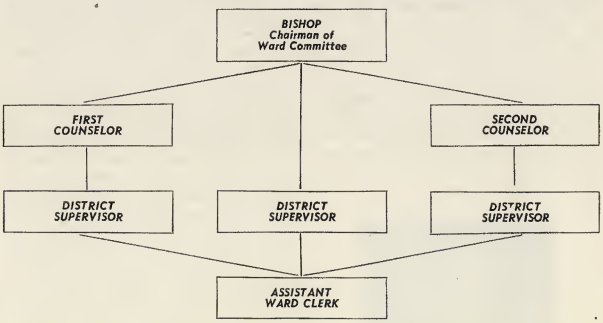
WARD TEACHING

CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC. EDITED BY HENRY G. TEMPEST.

PRESENT WARD TEACHING FORMS TO BE USED UNTIL JULY 1947

In the past, the Presiding Bishop's office has supplied the wards with new ward teachers' report forms at the beginning of each calendar year. However, the year 1947 will be an exception. The press delivered the 1946 supplies so late that to avoid waste it is thought advisable to use the present forms until July 1947. At that time new forms will be available to cover the period from July 1947, to December 1948. Thereafter, the forms will be prepared to cover the usual twelve month period, beginning January of each year.

CHART OF ORGANIZATION OF WARD COMMITTEE ON WARD TEACHING



The ward committee on ward teaching, as indicated in the above chart, is composed of the following members: The bishop, who is the chairman; his two counselors; three district supervisors; and the secretary (assistant ward clerk).

The bishop, as presiding authority and the one responsible for the spiritual and temporal welfare of his members, is the chairman. He cannot delegate this authority to others. His counselors should, however, share this responsibility with him; and, as presiding officers in the ward, they will work together in the promotion of the ward teaching program.

The ward should be divided geographically into three districts, with each area having, if possible, an equal number of families. One member of the bishopric should be assigned to each of the three districts, and he will be directly responsible for ward teaching in his respective district.

To aid in the discharge of this responsibility, three district supervisors should be appointed, with one supervisor to assist each member of the bishopric. The district supervisor should endeavor to relieve the bishopric of as much of the detail work as is possible, following through on personal contacts, assignments, and check-ups.

The appointment of a secretary (assistant ward clerk) completes the organization of the ward committee. The secretary is responsible for the compiling of the ward report on a monthly basis, and to aid the bishopric, the quorums, the ward clerk, and the ward teachers, with transfers, new arrivals, and any other information that will be of assistance in coordinating the work.

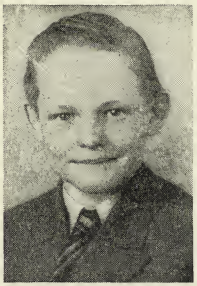
It is the primary responsibility of the ward committee to see that each district is thoroughly organized with a member of the bishopric at the head, a district supervisor and a sufficient corps of ward teachers that will only require each pair of teachers to visit a reasonable number of homes monthly.

It is the duty of the bishopric to select the best qualified members of the Melchizedek Priesthood to serve as ward teachers. All worthy teachers and priests of the Aaronic Priesthood should be called to assist these brethren in ward teaching.

Youth Speaks

WHAT I LIKE MOST ABOUT THE WARD TEACHERS' VISIT

(Excerpts from a talk given by Denzle Williams, a deacon. Name of ward and stake were omitted when submitted to the Presiding Bishop's office.)



DENZLE WILLIAMS

I like our ward teacher because he is dependable. We are sure that sometime during the month he will visit our home with the ward teachers' message. If it happens we are not at home we are sure he will return at a later date to give us the message he has for us, which makes us children feel the importance of the ward teacher's visit.

I like his attitude and friendly way when he enters the home. He always shakes hands with each member of the family from the eldest to the youngest and makes each one of us feel that the message is for us. He brings with him a young man from the teachers' or priests' quorum and he takes his turn in giving the lesson.

I especially like some of the lessons, such as tithing. After hearing that message I was impressed with the importance of paying a full tithing. I have

(*Concluded on page* 50)

GENEALOGY

Alpha Loader Jaques of Sugar City, Idaho

ALPHA LOADER JACQUES, handcart emigrant, pioneer, business and civic leader, was born in a tent on the plains at Cutler's Park a few miles west of Florence, Nebraska, August 27, 1856. Alpha's parents, John and Zilpah Jaques, emigrated from England in 1856 with their daughter, Flora. In their company were five sisters and a brother of Mrs. Jaques, together with her parents, James and Amy Loader. (See *The Improvement Era*, December 1946, p. 790.)

ALPHA L. JAQUES

Becoming a part of Martin's handcart company, the Jaques family suffered untold hardships with their fellow emigrants. Grandfather Loader was buried at Ash Hollow. Flora Jaques died en route to Salt Lake valley, but her body was carried to the end of the journey for burial. Arriving in Salt Lake City, little hope was held for baby Jaques, but after Elder Franklin D. Richards administered to him, he immediately began to mend. Some years later he played baseball in the same group with President Heber J. Grant.

In 1876 Alpha Jacques was married to Amy Ricks in the Endowment House by Elder Joseph F. Smith of the Council of the Twelve. In 1885, in company with Seymour Hinckley, Brother Jaques drove a team from Cache valley to Rexburg, Idaho, his wife following on the train to Market Lake (Roberts) soon after. Making their home in Rexburg for eighteen months, they then moved to the new Salem community about five miles north, where five of their children contracted the deadly diphtheria of that day. Receiving valuable aid from "Dr." Nick Wilson of Shoshone Indian fame, they saved all but one of their children.

Alpha Jaques hauled logs from Warm River, some thirty miles distant, with which to build the first church in the community. He was a school trustee for seven years and president of the Salem Irrigation Company for forty years. Until 1941, he raised sugar beets on his small farm, doing much of the thinning and harvesting of the beets himself.

Until his death at eighty-nine he had one of the best gardens in Sugar City each summer. Alpha was the second child of John Jaques, author of the words of the song, "O Say, What Is Truth?" and for eleven years assistant Church Historian. (*As dictated to and at the request of Leon M. Strong.*)

NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

(*Concluded from page 43*)

board of directors of the International Young People's Luther League adopts the following:

1. We vigorously oppose the legalized liquor traffic which is sweeping an ever greater number of American youth into a stream of drunkenness, immorality, and crime.
2. We vigorously protest the treacherous and misleading liquor advertising which is directed primarily at the youth of America, presenting the use of liquor as desirable and unharmful.
3. We call upon the Christian youth of our land to take a firm stand, out of faith in Christ and love for his righteousness, against the liquor traffic and the rising tide of intemperance.
4. We extend the support of the young people we represent to the law enforcing agencies of our various communities to combat and correct the existing conditions.
5. We urge the support of our Christian young people of the many temperance organizations which are at work in our communities to conquer this liquor menace and to foster law enforcement and sobriety.

"The Voice" Comments:

No nation has ever been able to drink itself prosperous.

There is one way and only one way to "control" the liquor traffic and that is by police action backed up by the power of public opinion.

Legislatures cannot "legislate" morality. They cannot legislate health. They *can* pass laws intended to reduce the prevalence of disease.

It is a probability that during the year 1947, someone you know and love will be killed, seriously injured, or have his or her life placed in extreme jeopardy by the irresponsibility of a had-been-drinking driver. The man who will sell him the liquor is no doubt already licensed to do business in partnership with your government.

Why Spoil a Good Movie?

We frequently receive letters suggesting that we should recommend motion pictures which we find free from objectionable features. We have not undertaken to do this because there are so few motion pictures offered to the public which are not marred by harmful suggestion. It is a great pity that this is true.

Drunken Driving on Increase

The Deseret News recently printed a press dispatch from Chicago as follows:

Drunken driving remains a leading factor in the new higher cost of automobile public liability and property damage insurance.

A nationwide survey by the American Business Men's Research Foundation among companies writing this form of insurance brings out that there is no question but that the postwar period has brought a tremendous increase in driving after drinking.

UPS INSURANCE RATES

The increase in drunken driving and the added cost of repairs, together with higher demands for injuries, have all combined to force automobile insurance companies to increase their rates.

Experience of insurance companies with the increase in drunken driving is in agreement with findings of the National Safety Council, which recently states that drunken driving accidents are at the highest frequency in history, the Foundation said, in releasing the survey facts.

YOUNG DRIVERS

Much of the increase, company executives said in response to questioning, is found among younger drivers. A large share of this is attributed to readjustment and aftermath of the war.

Citing comments of insurance executives, the Foundation noted that drunken driving is one of the major factors in increasing the severity of claims. . . . There has been a decided increase in drunken driving, not only in the older generation but also in the younger people as well, particularly the returning G.I., and, in many cases, drunken driving has been an important factor.

These executives cite the experience that claims arising from drunken driving cost the companies from two to three and four times the normal rate. Courts and juries, they cite, are becoming increasingly severe where drunken driving is concerned.

Much of the increased insurance cost can be eliminated, they said in comments to the Foundation, when public and police apathy toward drunken drivers is abolished.

Should not laws be made in every state prohibiting a drinking or drunken driver to be at the control wheel of any motorcar on the public highways? Alcohol in the blood of a motorcar driver can easily and quickly be ascertained. Thousands of lives are sacrificed annually in this country because alcohol lessened the efficiency of drivers at motorcar controls. Should not a general move be made to lessen or eliminate this needless sacrifice?

Brigham Young Concerning the Holy Ghost

(*Concluded from page 5*)

them. But the case is quite different with those whose minds are not opened and instructed by the power of God. Sermonizing, dividing, and subdividing subjects, and building up a fine superstructure, a fanciful and aerial building, calculated to fascinate the mind, coupled with the choicest eloquence of the world, will produce no good to them. The sentiments of my mind, and the manner of my life, are to obtain knowledge by the power of the Holy Ghost. —Brigham Young, *Journal of Discourses*, I:89, 90.

New Year Celebrations in Pioneer Times

(*Concluded from page 19*)

followed the musicians as they serenaded at the homes of the First Presidency. At President Young's home "the governor saluted the two bands with a 'Happy New Year,' and received in exchange some excellent music."

In the afternoon of that historic day, the Social Hall was dedicated, and what a time of celebration it was —speeches, songs, drama, and dancing.

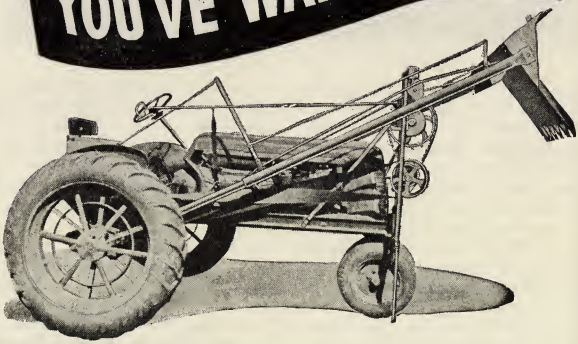
For years the pioneers celebrated the dawn of the new year much as they did in 1853. Often the brethren engaged in shooting matches, the losers paying for a banquet.

In 1855 during the New Year's Day celebration in Social Hall, one of the United States officials of the Territory of Utah was invited to take part on the program. His speech included these significant words:

I can scarcely realize that we are here, ten or fifteen hundred miles from civilization; and yet we are in the very midst of it, not only civilization but the most perfect refinement. I am reminded of the words of Daniel Webster at a celebration of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. "The same heaven is over our heads," he said, "the same earth under our feet, but all else—how changed." The same remarks may be appropriately applied to this territory. When we consider that only seven years have passed since this people landed here with scarcely sufficient food to support them until they could raise a crop, and behold now the splendor, the magnificence and the taste that has been displayed on this occasion, we may wonder and be astonished, and yet my soul ascribes it to the Providence of that Good Being who controls all things for his glory and the well-being of his creatures.

The new year was a time of thanksgiving, rejoicing, and merrymaking in the settlements the pioneers established. It was their sincere prayer that the coming year might be a little less severe and rigorous than the year that had just passed away.

HERE'S THE LOADER YOU'VE WAITED FOR



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This "PLUS hired man" handles anything—manure, sand, gravel, dirt, cobs, lime, coal, snow—it loads, hauls, mixes, lifts, excavates, fills—by finger tip control from the driver's seat. More than just a "loder," it gives you many **extras** in speed; economy, ease of operation, including:

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"TWO PERSONS — ONE CHARGE"

THE "VALLEY FORGE" of Mormondom

A True Short Short Story

By J. N. WASHBURN

In Winter Quarters on the Pioneer Trail the sufferings of a stricken and homeless people were almost beyond endurance. Winter Quarters has been called by one man the "Valley Forge" of Mormondom. Day after day the burial wagons drove out to the pitiful cemetery with the broken and emaciated remains of Saints whose strength had not been equal to the task imposed upon them. The usual diet of those driven souls was corn bread, salt bacon, and a little milk. Scurvy, resulting from the lack of vegetables and fresh meat, was making such incursions into the ranks of the pioneers that it was feared before long that all might be sleeping on the hill. It was heartbreaking. Daily there came among them some who had been left behind because of the disregarded promise of their enemies that they would not be molested until they were stronger. They at least had the privilege of dying among their friends. Their coming added immeasurably to the burden and to the severity of the disease.

One day President Brigham Young went to the crude cabin occupied by the family of Lorenzo Young. "Lorenzo," he said, "if you will hitch up your horses and go down into Missouri, the Lord will open the way so that you can bring us some hogs and give this people fresh meat." It would have been difficult to imagine anything less likely than that the Missourians would take part in any transaction that would benefit the Latter-day Saints.

Nevertheless, Lorenzo Young went. (People didn't ask questions or do what *they* thought best in those days when they were given assignments.) Brother Young had only three horses. These he hitched to his wagon and set out. The first night he stayed with a wealthy man. A fine horse caught his eye, and he asked his host how much he wanted for him.

"That's Messenger," the man replied, "and he's one of the best animals I have. I'll take one dollar for each mile I've driven him today." He had that day driven Messenger thirty-five miles, and Lorenzo Young gave him thirty-five dollars for the animal.

When Brother Young got to St. Joseph, he found a condition that he had not thought to find any place in Missouri. Whereas he had expected to encounter bitterness and anger, he found friendliness and some show of hospitality. How had this come about?

Some little time before, a family of Saints had left Winter Quarters and gone to St. Joseph. One of the girls of the family had obtained employment in a tavern and had spread word of the sufferings of the pioneers. Her stories had touched the hearts of the people of the community. Some of them even offered to give merchandise to the people on the plains. Brother Young, however, soon gave them to understand that he wasn't after charity. His was a business trip.

The first thing he did was to borrow a thousand dollars from a Jew, and what do you think he did with the thousand dollars? He went out and bought forty acres of unharvested corn. He paid four dollars an acre for it and estimated that he would get sixty bushels to the acre. He gathered the corn and put it into bins. Then he advertised for pigs.

He got his pigs. It requires a lively imagination to picture what happened after that. In these days of near meat famine we can at least enjoy the telling of the story.

In that country there are hundreds of miles of oaks, and the pigs feed well upon the acorns with little trouble and no expense for anyone. When Lorenzo Young asked for hogs, the farmers began to round them up.

They came singly, in twos, in herds. Before very long Brother Young had all the hogs he wanted, a thousand head. They weighed from one hundred fifty to four hundred pounds. What do you think he paid for them? The astounding price of seventy-five cents a head!

Thus the Saints got their fresh food and were enabled to continue their journey with some assurance of health. Did the Lord provide any more miraculously for Hagar in the desert or for the children of Israel in the wilderness or for the widow to whom he sent the Prophet Elijah?

There we have our formula: a people in need, humbled, broken in spirit, and chastened to the dust; a great cause, worthy of the notice of God; human longing and effort—effort that knows no place to stop; sacrifice, and often suffering; dark clouds all about that threaten to overwhelm; the prayers of faith.

We have most of these ingredients now. We can enjoy the help of heaven today in our extremity if we will but put forth the effort that is within our power. Let us emulate the faith of our fathers at Valley Forge and Winter Quarters; let us give as they gave, work as they worked, hope as they hoped. We may then safely trust to the future, that liberty will once more come.

On The Bookrack

(*Continued from page* 40)

SYNOPSIS LIFE HISTORY OF JENS CHRISTENSEN WESTERGAARD
(J. C. Westergaard. Published by the author. 1961 S. E. 26th Avenue, Portland 15, Oregon. 155 pages.)

IN the ripeness of his years, (he was eighty-eight years of age March 4, 1946), Brother Westergaard relates in this book the story of his life and of the life of his wife Petrine. In a true Latter-day Saint spirit, he tells of his early life in Denmark, his conversion to the Church, the new life and many struggles as an emigrant in America, his later missionary experiences, the beginnings of the gospel work in Portland, Oregon, largely due to his active faith, and other intimate details of his many years. He does not forget to enumerate the blessings that have come to him. It is a plain, unvarnished tale well told which reveals to the thoughtful reader the strength of "Mormonism." On his eighty-eighth birthday, he wrote, "The closer comes the journey's end, the more highly we esteem character and the less we grapple for riches. The nearer draws the parting day, the more deeply we cherish the peace of an untroubled conscience and the less we value the superficial approval of man." That is a good message to all, young or old.

—*J. A. W.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN CUTHERS (1876-1946)
(160 pages. Cloth $1.50, paper $1.00.)

AT about twenty-six years of age the author left his native England, where he was born of "Mormon" parents, for Utah and later for California. The book tells the simple story of devotion and service familiar to all faithful Latter-day Saints. After a brief biographical sketch, he gives the story of Arnold, Nottingham, his native village: then he prints a number of letters written to him in the course of his Church work; followed by a collection of his essays, sermons, talks, debates, and poems.

The volume is really Brother Cuthers' Book of Remembrance. Clearly, he has lived a wholesome, useful life.—*J. A. W.*

THE COUNTRY YEAR
(Mark Van Doren. William Sloane Associates, New York. 1946. 136 pages. $2.75.)

USING the seasons as a framework for his poems, the publishers have begun with Mr. Van Doren's spring poems and have concluded with his longest poem, "A Winter Diary," which is particularly stimulating. One section will appeal to Latter-day Saints especially a selection from which follows:

. . . So, in December, we ourselves stand ready.
The season we have dared is strong and heady,
But there is man a weapon we can trust.
Five cellar shelves that were but layered dust
Are wiped to kitchen neatness, and confine
Clear jellies that will soothe us when we dine:
Crab-apple, quince, and hardly ripened grape,
With jam from every berry, and the shape
Of cherries showing pressed against the jar;
Whole pears; and where the tall half-gallons are,
Tomatoes with their golden seeds; and blunt
Cucumbers that the early ground-worms hunt.

Certainly, those who love the land will be delighted with this book; and those who don't will find that they have been missing something and will hasten to change their minds.—*M. C. J.* (*Concluded on page* 50)

New Books For The New Year

In his book, TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, Marvin O. Ashton still "gets his arm around folks," guiding them into the right path . . . showing where life's better values lie.

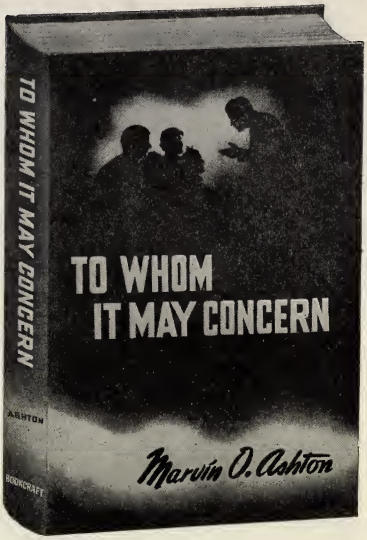
"Bigotry and intolerance have made more scorched earth than all the fires in history."

"We are all God's people or we wouldn't be here."

"Stories are to a lesson what raisins are to a cookie."

Everyone who dips into this book, even for a page or two, will have a wiser, more wholesome outlook on life.

Illustrated **$3.00**



* * *

NAUVOO, THE BEAUTIFUL
By E. Cecil McGavin

The complete story of Nauvoo, from swamp land to largest city in Illinois—and on to the present. Every reader of L. D. S. Church or American history will find it interesting and worth while. Illustrated. $3.00.

* * *

THE GOLDEN PLATES
By Florence Pierce

This is a beautiful book—a worthy addition to Utah's Centennial literature. The cover is a rich golden color. Subject matter: The Book of Mormon story, with emphasis on the various plates connected with it. Illustrated. $2.00.

* * *

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS
By Timberline Riggs

In his direct, simple, refreshing style, the author considers the Ten Commandments, showing how each is necessary in the foundation of successful living. Pocket-sized . . . an excellent gift item. $1.00.

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ON THE BOOKRACK

(*Concluded from page* 49)

THE GOLDEN PLATES
(Florence Pierce. Salt Lake City, Utah. 1946. 195 pages. $2.00.)

THE cover of this book, made to simulate the golden plates about which the book is written, is most attractive and should draw people to it. The inside of the book is replete with cuts which greatly enhance the text. The book will make a very good volume to add to one's own library and to give to others who are interested in the Book of Mormon.

The book will make an especially appealing gift book.—*M. C. J.*

STORIES FOR TALKS TO BOYS
(F. H. Cheney. Association Press, New York. 1946. 356 pages.)

THIS reprint of stories is well worth investigating by teachers and parents of boys and girls, for they are pointed and valuable in teaching much-needed lessons. Latter-day Saints will be particularly happy at the inclusion of some stories which indicate that tobacco is not good for young people. This collection will be particularly helpful in indirect character building, since the moral is inherent in the story and not pointedly tacked on.—*M. C. J.*

MY TALE IS TWISTED
(Colonel Stoopnagle. M.S. Mill Co., New York. 1946. 145 pages. $2.00.)

CRAZILY delightful, this book will afford many pleasant home minutes with the family trying to outdistance each other trying to talk "Stoopnagle." While we cannot recommend it for too long a period or for anything approximating steady diet, still it's good for a change, or as Stoopnagle might say it, "ill stit gis ood chor a fange." The book should afford complete relaxation and plenty of family fun for those times when everyone feels like letting down.—*M. C. J.*

HAYDN—A GOOD LIFE
(David Ewen. Henry Holt and Company, New York. 1946. 245 pages. $2.75.)

A KNOWLEDGE of the lives of our great artists gives us a keener appreciation of their contribution to the world. This biography of Franz Joseph Haydn by a capable writer on music gives us this appreciation. The author deals lucidly with those factors that shaped the destiny of the lad and turned him from the vocation of priest which his parents wished him to become to that of composer.

There is much to be gleaned from the book for those who as parents or leaders work with youth. And there is likewise much for youth to gain in the way of determination, endurance—and disregard for poverty.—*M. C. J.*

A RIVER NEVER SLEEPS
(Roderick L. Haig-Brown. William Morrow and Co., New York. 1946. 352 pages. $4.00.)

MEN will dote on this book, dealing as it does with year-round fishing—and women will obtain an insight into the fascination that lies in fishing. But the book is more than that, it is the keenest kind of nature study, introducing the reader to the voice of nature as she speaks through her various media: the river itself, the wind, the mountains, the lakes—and man.

For those who live in crowded city streets, this book cannot be recommended too highly since it will give the reader a sense of calm and measured leisureliness that all need today.—*M. C. J.*

NO WOMAN'S WORLD
(Iris Carpenter. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 1946. 338 pages. $3.00.

THIS realistic account of "war in the rough" was written by a woman who experienced that war and saw it at its best and its worst. The title might well be expanded to "No One's World," for surely no one should be called upon to pass through most of the experiences recorded so graphically in this book. The book deserves to be read, if only to make all of its readers determine that war must go from the earth—and set about to find a sure way of abolishing it. If war is to be abandoned as a way of settling grievances, women must take a big part in making the plans for outlawing it—and so *No Woman's World,* this reviewer hopes, will forecast womankind's dedication to the cause of peace.—*M. C. J.*

WARD TEACHING

(*Concluded from page* 45)

tried to pay an honest tithing since he told me of the blessings that come from paying a full tithing.

Another message that impressed me was on reverence. Reverence is the key to sincere worship. Without it, worship is but a pretense. It has taught me to be more reverent when I am in the house of the Lord. I am sure that all boys that heard the message on reverence are better boys in Church.

My ward teacher is always well-dressed, which indicates that he believes he should be clean and neat and well-dressed while doing the Lord's work. I hope that when I become a teacher, and am asked to go ward teaching, that I will be able to go with a man just like him.

When he comes, we try to show respect and set aside anything that we might be doing, and he in turn shows his respect by making the lesson short if any of the family has appointments to keep.

I feel that if I have any problems I could go to him, and he would give me good advice, and he wouldn't tell anyone else! Because our ward teacher comes every month, we have become very close friends, and we look forward to his visits. I have heard some boys say that they didn't like the ward teachers because they stayed too long and talked about everything but the lesson. But this isn't so with our ward teacher. After the family is seated, he gives his lesson, then we have an opportunity to ask any questions we want to. Then he tells each one of us good night, shakes our hand, and leaves.

Scouts of the World

(*Concluded from page 21*)

cheerful smile. The Scout oath and law, with slight verbal variations in different countries, are known the world around. Scouting has been organized in practically every civilized country in the world.

Scouting has been adjudged a potential factor in the promotion of world peace. At a recent gathering of Scout leaders, one of our national Scouters stated that the final chapters of peace will be written around scouting principles of the Scout oath, Scout law, and world brotherhood. The total active world membership is now over three million. More than seventy-three different nationalities have adopted the Scout program for their youth. There have been Scout troops in Alaska and in India, in China, and in Czechoslovakia—all carrying on the same basic program—all striving toward and dedicated to the same general ideals of useful living and friendliness.

Scouting has come to be an accepted program for any and all of the various religious, racial, and class groups of the boyhood of America and the world. The idea of "Scout Brotherhood" has swept around the world.

Scouting has promoted international good will and friendship, by emphasizing those points which nations have in common, not their differences.

HOME

By Miranda Snow Walton

PERHAPS there is no beauty in the land
from which you came;
Perhaps it's just a barren place, but you
love it, just the same;
Perhaps the house is not so much; it may be
just a shack,
But it is home, and all you want is the joy
of going back.
For home is not a land, nor place; home's
not a house you own;
A house can be a prison to a man who is
alone!
But home is where two hearts have loved,—
love cherished through the years;
Home is where a dear caress has healed
your pain and tears.
Home is where a dream is born, where another's faith in you,
Like a blessed benediction, gives you courage, holds you true.
Home is something you are bound to by
affection's golden chain,
And no evil dims its luster; time nor distance
cannot stain.
When the years are long and lonely, and
the heart too old to roam,
Grant, dear God, that in some heaven, each
man finds his way back home.

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GREEN HILL FAR AWAY

(*Continued from page 27*)

"Wake up, Lena, I want you to make the mush and feed the boys. I am going to borrow a team."

Rosamay knew instantly where Ma was going. "I want to go, too." Then as her mother hesitated, "Please, please, let me go."

After a moment Ma said, "Get ready then. I'll see if Sister Dunn will let the boys and Lena stay with her."

Rosamay had never moved so fast in her life. She was washed and dressed in two shakes of a lamb's tail. She didn't look at Lena, but when Rile Neilson came driving into the yard with Ma on the seat by him, Lena set up a howl. Ma told her to take three eggs and go to Mortenson's for candy; Rosamay almost wished she was staying.

When they left the babies at Dunn's, Brother Dunn said there was no great hurry, Pa might have been held up at the mill, but Sister Dunn said she would have been hunting him yesterday.

They were across the creek and on to the sandhills when Rosamay mentioned the dog's howling last night.

"That's bad," Rile shook his head. "That's bad. I left the mill Monday, and, if I'd a knowed Joe was in Conejos, I'd a waited for him. Funny I didn't see him. A man's got no business driving alone these days. The Rio Grande was so high the day I crossed I liked to lost my team fording it. I shore hope Joe ain't tried to cross since then."

Rosamay was standing in the wagon holding on to the back of the seat. When Ma turned quickly, her bonnet fell back, and Rosamay saw her eyes. They made her feel sick.

"Then the river might have held him up?"

"It's the river you're worrying about, ain't it? You don't expect him to run away, do you?"

Ma sort of collapsed and pulled the bonnet over her face again. Rosamay knew she had been thinking just that; but Rile, thinking he had hurt her feelings, tried to smooth things over.

"He might have gone by Del Norte and the bridge," he said, "but he's had more than time enough for that, too."

MA still didn't talk, but Rile didn't seem to notice. He went on to tell how his wagon had overturned once when he was fording the Rio Grande, and he had to cut the team loose to save it. Then he told how bad the gray wolves had been for a few years—as if Ma didn't know. Once a pack had jumped him when he was watering in the east field. He'd had to beat them off with his shovel. Rosamay wished there was a pack of gray wolves right behind them to make this slow-pokey team pick up its heels. No—o, she didn't, either. What if they went clean to Conejos and still hadn't found Pa? That would make a great how-do-you-do in the ward. It would mean the end of everything.

They reached the top of the last sandhill. Ahead a dark gash snaked its way south. That was the canyon of the Rio Grande; beyond it was a huddle of dark rocky hills.

They left the wagon and walked to the one place where the river wall was broken. One look at it and there was no use hoping. Pa was gone, by the river or the—the other way. The water was frothy at the mouth and slapped at them like everything when they went too close.

"I never seen it so high and wild," Rile said, and all the bragging was gone from his voice. "I'll follow down the canyon a piece and see what I can see."

That meant he thought Pa had tried to cross. Knowing Pa you couldn't tell. Sometimes he—he tried things, like carrying a calf once when he couldn't make it lead. If she never, never saw him again, she prayed he wasn't in this wicked river.

While Rile was gone, Ma stood so close to the water her shoes got wet. Rosamay tugged at her hand trying to pull her back. She might as well have tugged at Ute Mountain; then she tried just waiting, but the swirling water made her so dizzy she was afraid she would fall in. She moved back and sat on a big rock. Beyond that huddle of dark rocky hills was Manassa and way beyond there was Conejos and the flour mill, but where was Pa?

When she could not stand it one minute longer, Rosamay started to cry. Ma heard above the roar of the water. She looked at Rosamay as if she hadn't known she was there, then taking her by the hand she started walking along the rim of the canyon. Once they stopped and looked across to the other side where someone had camped not long ago.

Rile came back. He had been a couple of miles downstream, he said, but the sand bars were all under water, and he didn't see any wreckage. When he looked at Ma, his face went gray under its sunburn. He tried to talk to her, but she didn't hear.

"He could have tried to ford it without realizing how high the water was. I did that once myself. Them high walls are deceiving. If he tried to cross, he is probably halfway to Mexico by now."

Ma heard that. "If he tried it, he'd make it across."

ROSAMAY's heart warmed. Why, Pa knew more about rivers and teams in a minute than Rile would ever know, and he could swim, too, better than anyone in town. But then if he hadn't tried—

"We'd better be getting back," Rile said at last, but he said it three times before Ma turned. "I'll get some help and come back. Some of us had better make a trip to Conejos to see if he ever left there." He walked toward the wagon.

"Good-bye, Pa." Rosamay said the words in her heart. This was

Aaronic Priesthood

(*Concluded from page 44*)

meetings by greater participation therein.)

Questions

1. What are the purposes of a sacrament meeting?

2. Using a blackboard, list in two opposite columns: (1) things which promote these purposes, and (2) things which mar their realization.

3. Why do we partake of the sacrament?

4. What is the relationship between baptism and the sacrament?

5. When, where, and by whom is each group of boys and girls being taught the meaning of the sacrament?

References

Read Mosiah 18:8-14 in conjunction with Moroni 4 and 5; III Nephi 18; and D. & C. 59:9-12.

really good-bye. Ma, too, turned for a last look.

A strong wind came puffing at them like a wave of good-bye from the river. Something—there was something—moving with the wind—there, among the rocks back from the rim. Rosamay snatched her hand from Ma's and went dashing toward it.

It *was* something. With a loud shout Rosamay took the corner of that something and pulled it from under the rock that anchored it. It was Pa's big red handkerchief. The wind had caught the loose corner and waved it at them. Ma had it almost as soon as Rosamay did and was untying the knot in it. Inside was a piece of brown wrapping paper with the writing made by a burned match. Rile had followed them and over Ma's shoulder he read aloud:

"Taken outfit by bridge, Joe." Rile exclaimed, then "Paper in hat crossen—got lumber."

Wasn't that just like Pa to tell the news last? 'Magine him swimming that awful river with his hat on so tight the paper didn't get wet. All Ma said was: "I knew he could cross if he took a notion."

Rile must not have liked it 'cause she didn't get excited. "Do you realize what that means?" he exploded. "He's been afraid to risk his outfit so he risked his neck to keep you from worrying."

"You didn't need to tell me that. I knew it."

"Well, he ain't good enough to swim it when the water is this high." Rile was still nettled. "He must have put the note there four, five days ago, but no matter when, he took a big chance swimming that stream. Probably swum a horse across and held onto its tail."

Going home was easy. Ma held Rosamay close to her. and once when her bonnet fell back, Ma kissed her several times on the forehead. Her lips weren't tight at all but soft and warm. Rosamay felt herself going to sleep, when suddenly, as plain as day, she saw her Green Hill Far Away, and a singing went through her. She loved her fancy name, for it was Pa's "choose." He was sure to bring candy, flour, and lumber, and—and now what was it about lumber?

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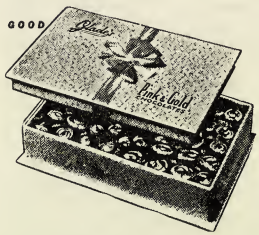

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PILGRIMS OF THE WEST

(*Concluded from page* 22)

work. Just as she finished the row she saw, from the corner of her eye, Posey slowly rising. Her heart leaped to her mouth, dreading what he might now do. Just then hoofbeats sounded, and Jane realized Charles was returning home, and that the Walton dog was with him. Posey became aware of these sounds too, and realized his game was up. Grasping his gun, with a blood curdling whoop, he hurriedly tried to reach his horse, but could not move quite fast enough. The dog became very much interested in the seat of Posey's pants, was quite successful in obtaining same, and Posey, sans trousers seat, with another yell, mounted his horse and raced away.

On hearing his mother's story, Charles was gravely concerned, while all the settlers were thrown into consternation, as they feared an Indian attack would be made. Days passed, however, and gradually their fears were forgotten. Weeks later, Posey again came asking for food, and as he slid through the doorway he averred, "Me no mad," which caused Jane and the whole village to be easy in their minds as far as Indians were concerned. Indeed, a deep and lasting friendship sprang into being between the Walton family and the Indians.

For two years events moved hardly noticed to Pioneer Day, 1891. This being a big day in Utah and Church history, endeavors were made to celebrate it as joyously as possible. There were a parade, sports for the children, and at night a dance, which the entire countryside attended, the cowboys inviting themselves to be present. Since money was practically unknown, tickets were purchased with vegetables, which were carefully stacked and later given to those in need.

Charles' father tuned his violin; Charles himself played the old parlor organ. Bishop Jones added to the hilarity with his harmonica; John Rogerson called the dances. The strains of "Twin Sisters" had died away, and it had been announced that "Money Musk" would be the next dance. Suddenly galloping horses, shouts, and revolver shots were heard outside. It proved to be Tom Roach, a notorious outlaw, accompanied by a friend. As Tom was very drunk, his friend endeavored to persuade him not to enter the dance hall. With an oath, Tom turned and shot his friend, and kicking him where he fell, reeled into the room demanding dances of every pretty girl. Pandemonium reigned! John Smith pushed two girls with whom he had danced to a rear window, helped them through, quickly following himself. After getting them home, he hastened to his own house, took his father's Winchester from the wall, and raced back. Everything was still in an uproar, Tom Roach pushing and pulling in an effort to get his dance. Smith leveled the Winchester, but the outlaw, sensing his danger, in a flash pulled Jane in front of him. The report sounded, and Jane murmuring, "You have hurt me," dropped to the floor dead. Suddenly sobered, Tom Roach rushed out, mounted his horse and galloped away. A posse of white men was quickly made up to search for him. To show their love of the Walton family, the Indians made another posse, which Posey joined, vowing eternal vengeance on Roach. The outlaw was never found, although the Indians kept up their search long after the white men gave up in despair. Jane was gone, but to her descendants she bequeathed many noble qualities, such as kindness to all in need, an intrepid spirit with which to face the trials of life, and unswerving obedience to the Church Authorities.

THE JOSEPH SMITH MONUMENT AT SOUTH ROYALTON

(*Continued from page* 18)

Junius Wells himself was as much of a drawing card as his great procession. Everyone wanted to see this western gentleman who could order and direct such a stupendous piece of business. He was agreeable, halting many times in the midst of his busy directing to answer questions popped at him by men and women who had come to witness this great feat.

Some of the questions asked were personal. A great many had to do with the thoughts: "What are these 'Mormons' going to do next?" "Will they try to run this country?" "Who told them they could come here?" The question of plural marriage sometimes came up. To all such gibes and questioning Junius Wells never showed the slightest peeve or dudgeon. Every answer was presaged by a smile or a cheery greeting.

THE great caravan wound slowly up the stiff grade along the narrow highway by the aid of men, horses, windlass, toil, and sweat until it came to the McIntosh farm. Here it had to turn off across a meadow before reaching its resting place on the Sharon knoll. Time was running short. It was definitely arranged that the dedication of the monument was to take place on December 23, 1905, the anniversary of the birth of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and it was now mid-December. A little swamp hole in the meadow became a serious difficulty. Stones were dumped into the hole. They sank from sight. An effort was made to build a corduroy road across the swamp but every time it was tried, down it went into the quicksand. As Junius said, "My heart sank with it." He was truly disturbed. Not often did you see that courageous spirit so down. His efforts had failed. With all the horses and men at his disposal he had not been able to cross the diabolical little swamp hole that lay in his path.

That night some friends gathered to console him. They asked, "What are you going to do about it now, Mr. Wells?" Junius never showed ostentation about his religion, or tried at any time to force his views on others, but that he was of a deeply religious nature there can be no doubt. After thanking them cordially for their evident kind interest, he quietly said, "Gentlemen, do you believe in answers to prayer?" Some allowed maybe they did, some snickered a little, others looked ashamed and said nothing. Junius wished them all a good night and said, "I am going to pray about it." He did. His great heart burst forth its petition to the Unseen. In all sincerity and truth he asked meekly and humbly for the help of the great Forgiver and Lover of humanity. For some time the neighbors had been congratulating Junius on the fine "Mormon weather" he had brought with him. Day after day was sunny, warm, and pleasant—ideal for out of doors work. During the night that his friends had left him on his knees in fervent prayer to the God in whom he so devoutly believed, the thermometer dropped thirty or more degrees. The next morning when Junius arrived at the swamp hole, it was frozen solid. The horses neighed, the whips cracked, and without further ado, the great wagon with its load rode over the hole without a hitch.

When the foundation for the base of the monument was laid, an aperture of about two feet square was left in the center of the base before the upper base stone was laid over it. It was then that Mr. Wells called on his clerical help and had them issue an invitation to all the local celebrities, judiciary, lawyers, doctors, merchants, and rank and file, bidding them to meet him at his hotel for a party. Everyone was requested to bring some article such as a Bible, prayer book, old newspaper, photographs of their families or some such trinket. Before taking leave of the party, all lined up single file to pass by the table in the center of the room whereon sat a shiny copper box. As each guest passed by, he or she dropped the souvenir or article brought with him into the box. These, together with copies of the affidavits showing the site of the birthplace of the Prophet and a statement concerning the erection of the monument were dropped into the box. It was then soldered shut. In the morning Junius took the box and laid it gently and reverently in the aperture in the base of the great monument. It was then cemented in and covered for all time with the big base and monument above. It was a great thought of a great personality. Some of the boys called him "Genius Wells."

THE day finally came to raise the great pedestal in the air and set it down on end upon the foundations atop the "die" bearing the inscription record. A great crowd assembled in the bleak wind on Dairy Hill with coat collars turned up and earlaps down. Mr. Howland, the engineer who had set the big pillars up in front of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, was in charge. Everyone asked the same question. "How can he do it?" His contrivance was so simple it was a surprise to see how it was done. Two uprights with a cross timber atop, all safely guyed to "dead-men" set firmly in the ground, the pulleys down from the crossbar at the top, and twelve horses marching around on sweeps to turn the windlass like an old-time western threshing machine, drew the big shaft up and up endwise until it swung free in the air. It was then let down slowly and placed in the exact spot that had been prepared for it. Not a bump, scratch, or chip—a perfect drop into place. The cap was sent up on the pulleys to Mr. Howland to lay in place in a bed of cement on the head of the shaft. Junius told him that when he had the top laid, to signal him by waving his cap.

When the signal was finally given, the crowd started cheering, but only for a moment. They were set back on their heels by Wells at the foot

(*Concluded on page* 56)

IN OLD NAUVOO

By Georgia Moore Eberling

THE ghosts of those long-gone still walk today
The streets of old Nauvoo. You hear the tread
Of heavy boots, and all the martyred dead
Move silently along their unseen way.

The river in its mist of silver-gray
Rolls restlessly within its mighty bed,
And whispers of a bitter day, now fled,
Hints of dark secrets of an ancient fray.

The world moves slowly on its crimson course
From bigotry to tolerance and peace,
And slowly comes to know the one great Source
Of understanding, where all conflicts cease.
When Love with calm-eyed Reason, supplants Force,
God's plan will know fruition and release.

THE JOSEPH SMITH MONUMENT AT SOUTH ROYALTON

(*Concluded from page 55*)

of the monument. He was waving his arms frantically and shouting, "Stop! Stop!" The cheering ceased and to the surprise of all, he fell upon his knees at the foot of the monument and offered a prayer—a prayer of thanksgiving that he had been permitted to do this thing. When he had finished, he jumped to his feet and yelled, "All right, boys, now I am with you, let her go!" Then the crowd did yell and shout, "Wells, Wells, hurrah for Junius Wells!"

The subsequent dedication services; the beautiful singing of Emma Lucy Gates the granddaughter of Brigham Young, and Bob Easton the Metropolitan Opera tenor; the soirees and all the other ceremonies participated in by the Church Authorities who came on by special train from Salt Lake City is all a matter of record. Junius Wells has passed on to his forefathers, but will long be remembered in South Royalton and Sharon, Vermont. Some people thought it was an extravagant outlay of time and money to place so great a monument in so remote a place where it could be seen by only a limited number of people. Its cost was not such a vast sum as viewed in these days, but to the men of Junius Wells' faith it is a shrine of inestimable value. Many people wend their way up Dairy Hill to that spot to gain inspiration for their work in life, and who shall say their faith is in vain? Near the spot where the baby Joseph Smith was rocked in his old-fashioned cradle by his mother stands the tall granite shaft, pointing steadily toward the blue vault of heaven where God alone is supreme and where all races, creeds, and tongues are equally subject to his mercy and justice.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

(*Continued from page 20*)

ant. If their sense of good taste gets in the way, they may not want to make an exhibition of themselves in public, and if their feelings are at all sensitive or protective, they may not want the word "smooching" applied to a sincere expression of their feelings.

And the long view at your age, or almost any âge this side of marriage, is that all this probably will not last. It is impossible for anything to stand still, and since this thing can go only so far, before it must stop, the chances are that both will get tired of the "stalemate," and it will all "blow up."

THE mother knows that under the intense modern stimulation of movies, books, dancing, cars, it is very natural for the romantic interest of the average boy and girl to develop rapidly and to find quick outlet in demonstration. What happens may be something like this: If it is the first love experience of either or both, they may feel very near and dear and wonderful. They feel a bit responsible for one another and perfectly sure that they have found the right one, and that some day, in the not too far future, they will marry. They feel that never will there be another whom they could care for so much. At first, of course, they just hold hands, or if they are in the back seat of the car, it's late, and she's feeling tired, her head is on his shoulder. Then they decide that a good-night kiss would be all right. And then, in a very little while one kiss isn't enough! Perhaps you have noticed that I have been dieting recently. Do you know why I never eat a piece of candy? One piece of candy wouldn't be so terrible—even on a diet. But experience has taught me that if I eat one, I want—and probably take—ten. So with a kiss—one calls for more—much more. Somewhere along the line,—in all decency,—one has to stop. Then it is exactly as if a fast racer were brought up abruptly against a strong, taut, finish line. The line will neither snap nor give, as the ordinary finish lines does, and so the racer is knocked out. Romance should not be a dash. Speed has to be controlled sufficiently so that either participant can stop abruptly without anyone's being greatly injured. To change the figure a bit—emotion can be as deadly as a fast car—unless the person at the wheel can keep it under complete control. And who of us can be *sure* of that?

"I like my boy friend—but not too well," says our young correspondent. "I can handle this. I'm not going to be swept off my feet—he doesn't mean that much to me. A little of this 'come hither' will keep him at my call so I can get around and see other boys. This way, I may meet the right one. And all the time I'm waiting, I'm having a very good time."

Well, *is* she? Can you have a good time playing around with someone who really doesn't mean anything to you? It isn't quite honest, and dishonesty of any kind harms the perpetrator—first and last. It dulls the fine, full power of our own ability to care. It takes some of the ecstasy away. I believe firmly that "smooching" with someone for whom you don't care, is even more dangerous than getting in a little too deep with one for whom you do. You risk losing much in the last instance, but you never had anything to begin with in the first. In the long run, my little defender of "smooching" would be better off without her date. Even right now she'd probably have a great deal more fun popping corn around the living room fire with her younger brothers and sisters.

I WRITE you all this because usually, but not always, it is the boy who initiates the idea. In general, you are the aggressor. It flatters a girl to think that you want a little loving from her, and she may not want to offend you. But, on the other hand, sometimes a boy thinks that a girl expects it, and that if he doesn't try something, she will think him a complete "dud." There are all kinds of girls—just as there are all kinds of boys, so it may be that some girls expect this type of attention just as it may be that some boys are unwilling to take a girl out who will not cooperate. But I am banking on your desire for only the best in life, and I am counting also on the power of my young friend to "grow up" and look ahead, and when I say that, I don't think there is any lasting satisfaction in "smooching" for either of you—for any of you.

Your sister Jane once said to me that she didn't actually like all this

loving. Oh, it had its pleasant side, but she really wanted to save her kisses for the "one and only," and—"if you are actually going to do that, you really have to wait until you are sure—wait and wait." She said it with a little shamefaced laugh because she felt that the remark branded her. Some of us older women who have had the satisfaction of loving deeply in marriage could understand her feelings, but it would probably have been laughed at by many of her friends because it is natural for the young to want to be part of popular thinking. She also said that she thought most girls indulged because they were not only confused but also a little bored.

To me, it seemed a decidedly troublesome idea that our own lack of vitality and enthusiasm should lead us in paths which inevitably end in still less life and energy, in complete boredom. With this in mind, it would seem highly intelligent for boys to take out girls who are interesting and vital—not just pretty and tantalizing. It would seem smart for girls to keep themselves rested and gay and resistant. I wonder if late hours—(ending in early hours)—don't bring us nearer to that dullness of mind and body which calls for the drug of "smooching"?

I can hear you say, "You're getting pretty serious about this, Mother." I don't want to seem too serious, yet it gives me real concern to believe that the main reason youngsters break loose is because they are not quick witted and smart enough to think up a better form of entertainment. "Smooching" is the lazy couple's way out. It takes energy, tolerance, good nature, quick wit, and real tact to handle the situation. True, not every girl or boy possesses these qualities—but they are qualities worth working at.

JANE tried to pin me down once on methods.

"Now, Mother," she said, "Just use your imagination a little. Here is Dick, and here am I. I like Dick. I hope Dick likes me. He asks for a good-night kiss. I don't want to kiss him. I like him very much, but somehow I don't want to kiss him. Maybe I'm afraid I like him too well—maybe I'm afraid I don't like him well enough. I don't know exactly how he feels, but I think maybe he feels about as I do, only he is willing to risk more—boys seem willing oftener than girls. Now, how do I *not* kiss him and still *not* hurt his feelings? How do I not kiss him and yet leave him liking me even better, I hope?"

A hard one? Perhaps. I'm not so very wise—but, I do know that if they both like each other, it can be done. The heavy hand is out. It requires a light touch. The girl who first started the series of answers, a sample of which was, "I never kiss anyone unless it's exactly 3:16 on Monday morning," had something. But it's been done so much that its freshness has vanished. It is nothing but a "line," and is so recognized. A touch of humor mixed with warm sincerity—a girl's own way of answering—is the best.

Betty's reply appealed to me, "I think I'd probably like it very much, but if I shouldn't, I just don't want to find it out tonight. I want to keep you wondering about me."

Maybe there is too much of the "come-on" about it. She may have to make herself clearer, but since it was essentially true, it serves well until a more definite move becomes necessary.

I tell you this because I think it may make you more understanding. Perhaps you won't want to put a girl you like "on the spot." Let me try to say it this way:

FRIENDSHIP between boys and girls or men and women is not so much a mad race as a journey, ending, we all hope, in the lasting loveliness of true marriage. This journey may be long, venturesome, and at times, unmapped. You will, of course, have plenty of company on this journey. But remember, that one doesn't always want, need, or profit from too much company because it may be that you will see beauty where others are blind, hear music where others are deaf, and have inner yearning which the crowd's mad dash cannot satisfy. Instead of racing along with the world, you will have to be a little choosey, and discriminating—even slow. I hope you will walk with your girl friends—not asking too much of them or of yourself—just happy in good company—content to let them know you as you are and discover them as they are. I hope you won't over-extend yourself lest the journey becomes wearisome, or you miss its best parts, or you arrive unfitted for your destination.

Does all this seem too fanciful to you? If so, we'll try again. To be worth while, a friendship should bring out the best in both of you—that is one of the ultimate tests of love. Love is not really blind. All the virtue it sees, actually exists and develops under its warm stimulation—but "smooching" puts blinders on us all. If friendship grows without the aid of too many caresses, we come to know and understand each other unenslaved by our senses. On the other hand we miss a lot of honest feeling in our romantic lives by drugging our senses too early and too much. Emotion can be satisfied in happier ways if wit and good sense are brought to this greatest adventure of life. Your own vast energy and gaiety should lend great help to this happier way—particularly if you feel, as I do, about "smooching"—that "there's no future in it." Your loving Mother.

HOLE IN THE ROCK

(*Continued from page* 17)

cedar berries, and held a promise of warmth for the journey.

Kumen Jones, a young man of twenty-four, lithe and graceful in spite of his ill-fitting pioneer clothes, maneuvered his horse to the low, white gate of his mother's home, where she and his wife waited to tell him good-bye. The sprawling log house back of the gate was little more than a thin shadow in the gray dawn; but the two women in their white wool shawls made a patch of light that guided him.

"I've not forgotten a thing," he cried, leaning down to take his wife's hand. "I'm to report what the women are wearing, what the prospects are for getting some leather for shoes, and cloth for new dresses. I'm to deliver the contents of my right pocket to your friends, Mary, and the contents of my left pocket to Mother's friends. Anything else?"

Mary smiled up at him, knowing that a quirk would be tugging at the corner of his lips, as it always was when he was happy. It was all

(*Continued on page* 58)

AS MAN EATS AND DRINKS

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HOLE IN THE ROCK

(*Continued from page 57*)

that kept his face from being too serious, and it was never quite effaced unless he was displeased or angry.

"Poke fun if you like," she said laughingly, "only don't forget to bring me a present. Flowers, remember. They'll be blooming down there."

"I'll not forget, my dear. And I have a real surprise planned, if I can get it for you. And don't ask any questions," he warned. "Or you'll get nothing."

They laughed happily, and Mary stood on tiptoe to kiss him good-bye.

"Go on with you, Kumen," Sage Treharne said, a little piqued at their confidential voices. "You're as anxious to be off as that bad-mannered horse you're riding. He'll paw my gate down if he has to wait any longer. Good-bye, and hurry home."

Mary loosened her clinging fingers from Kumen's hand and waved to him as he rode off, galloping after the fifty other horsemen already out along the way. "What a feathery morning!" she cried, filling her lungs with the clean smell of spring earth. "How I'd love to be riding away in it as Kumen is."

Sage looked at Mary in wonder. There were times when she could see why her son had married this Danish girl of so much vitality. That feathery business, now. That was exactly the way the air seemed. Maybe Kumen hadn't made a mistake after all. She liked Mary real well this morning.

"We'll get the log cabin quilt into the frames and have it out again before Kumen gets back," she said. "There isn't room in a house for a man and a quilt at the same time."

"There will be in my house," Mary said quickly. "Or else I'll not make quilts."

Sage Treharne sniffed. "Just you try it once, my girl," she advised. "You've got a lot to learn yet."

Her thin, straight nose was quivering with vexation as she hurried toward the house.

Mary followed. "I wish I could ever remember to think first and talk afterward," she sighed. "I always seem to say and do the wrong things. Why do I, when I want so much to please?"

At the door, Sage Treharne turned and said crisply, "I carried the scraps for this quilt across the plains in my bustle, as you very well know, because there wasn't room any place else. I've hoarded those few silk scraps for years, for Kumen a wedding quilt. I don't want to be another dozen years getting them quilted!"

Mary closed her lips on an impatient retort. Sage was old and set in her ways, and it was not up to a daughter-in-law to question her. But it was sometimes hard to be obedient and domestic when spring was just around the corner.

She opened the door for Sage Treharne, and, together, they went inside.

Down the street from the Jones' house, Mary's mother was at that minute deciding that the best way to spend the time, while her husband was gone, was to make a batch of soap. Her "Yense" didn't like the smell of stale grease and ashes lye, but she loved it. Her nostrils fairly itched for the frugal smell. And she liked the sight of the curlicued old cracklings as they melted to a velvet liquid in the lye bath and went rolling from circle to center of the big, pot-bellied kettle that hung from a tripod in the back yard, with fire flames lapping at its sides.

This was going to be a good year, she predicted, getting her materials together for the soap. There had been plenty of snow, and, now, an early spring for the planting of crops. They were surely blessed. After the hardships they had endured for years, it was good to settle down and just live. They would prosper this year—barring drought, crickets, floods, hailstorms, and Indian raids!

She laughed a rare, crisp laugh, and lighted the fire under the big kettle. Yes, it was good to be alive!

Elsie Nielson was a small, capable woman, unassuming and quiet, loving her home and her family and her Danish husband inordinately. Where other women were Mrs. Bullock, Miz Duncan, or Sister Smith, depending upon their positions in the Church, or in civic affairs, she was the town's *Aunt* Elsie. Owing to the prominence and de-

pendability of her husband and her pride in him, there were times when she hardly remembered that she had another name.

Not having had any sons of her own, her love for her daughter's husband was second only to that which she lavished on her "Yense." Mary was married to such a good man, she said often, and someday Julia would be, too. And then she would have sons enough for any woman. And that was something to be thankful for. Of course, she had to remind herself, Julia wasn't married yet, but the man she would marry would be good, like Kumen and her papa, "Yense." And just as soon as she got her soap made, she and Julia would go up to the Jones' house and work on Mary's quilt. Which, of course, wasn't Mary's quilt, but Kumen's, according to his mother.

Aunt Elsie poked the fire angrily. Sage Treharne almost never spoke of anything as if it were Mary's—not even a quilt. Everything was Kumen's. And she, Mary's mother, was pretty sure that she knew why. She wasn't the town's Aunt Elsie for nothing! She had been told plenty about how Sage was worrying over Mary's not having a baby. But what of that? Men could live without sons, couldn't they!

Measuring and stirring, with the vehemence of her thinking evident in every stroke, Aunt Elsie made her soap, tasted it for sharpness, rubbed it between her fingers for blend, and pronounced it done. She scattered the fire brands under the kettle and, brushing the smudges from her hands and apron she went into the house.

An hour later Aunt Elsie and her daughter Julia were on their way to Sage Treharne's house.

"I don't see anyone else going toward Sage's house, Mother," Julia remarked, looking up and down the street. "Do you suppose there will be some others there?"

"Goodness, I hope so!" Aunt Elsie exclaimed. "It will be dull if there isn't."

"I'll bet Arabella Smith will be there," Julia said.

"Why, of course she will," her mother agreed. "She and Mary are bosom friends."

Julia took her mother's arm affectionately. "I think there is another reason why she'll be there, Mother," she said. "The town's folk say it is because Arabella is going to have a baby."

Aunt Elsie was scandalized. "In my day young girls didn't talk about such things," she said sharply, forgetting to skirt the mud puddles. "And besides, what could that have to do with Mary?"

"Influence, they say, Mother. Silly, isn't it?" Getting no answer, Julia hurried after her mother in silence to the Jones' house. Then, "Here we are, Mother," she said briskly, "and Sage Treharne is looking out of the door."

"She would be!" Aunt Elsie muttered. "We've talked along until we are late, and Sage can't abide people to be late."

Sage Treharne greeted them with the remark, "Elsie, do you know that Ann Decker is going to have a baby?"

Aunt Elsie started guiltily. "Well, what of it?" she snapped. "Her last one is two years old, and she has a perfect right to have another one if she wants to."

"I know of some that have not had even one yet," Sage said pointedly. "But come in, come right on in!"

Julia looked quickly at Mary. What a cruel thing for Sage to say.

Mary's face was scarlet. She began to quilt rapidly, but her eyes were blinded with tears, and she pricked her fingers till the blood ran. She dabbed a bit of white wool from the edge of the quilt to her finger angrily. Let them talk! What should she care? Arabella had told her many times that it didn't matter what people thought and said, it was all in the way you took things yourself. But Arabella had her children, two of them. It was easy for her to give advice. She had never been the subject of their measuring eyes and speculative tongues. Please, please God, she prayed, let me be as others are. Let me win Sage's love by giving her son a child!

PRETENDING to be tired of quilting, Mary went to stand at the window, wondering who would break the silence that had fallen at Sage's unkind words. But no one spoke. There was the click of scissors, the

(Continued on page 60)

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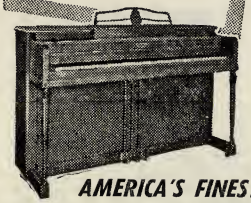

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HOLE IN THE ROCK

(*Continued from page* 59)

slow deep breathing of restraint, and that was all. But there was always one shining hope for her. Soon she would be living in a home of her own, alone with Kumen. There it stood now, framed in the window like a picture, needing only the doors and windows for its completion. How proud she was of it! She and Kumen had moulded every brick and hewn every timber that had gone into it. It would have glass windows and a board floor, too; and few pioneer houses had those luxuries. Soon she'd move from Sage Treharne's log house—three rooms in a row—into her own home of brick and lumber, and for the moment she was happy. But try as she would to have faith, to hope that she would have a child, there was the dull conviction that she never would. And without children a house was never home.

Poor Kumen, Mary sighed, tracing a pattern in the soft slivers of the wood of the window sill, perhaps he'll wish, someday, that he had married one of the pretty Welch girls his mother wanted to pick out. As it was, Sage never let her forget that she was a big Danish girl who couldn't do her woman's part by giving her husband a son.

Mary's eyes flashed as she turned from the window. They had no right to keep talking about her all the time. Let them like it or not, Kumen had married her. Nothing, nothing in all the world could take that assurance away from her. She tossed her head and went back to the quilt, but through all her life she remembered the bitterness of that hour with its frightening implications.

Into that mood came the news crier's voice. Louder and more terrifying with each racing step came the cry: *"Deseret News! Deseret telegraph News!"*

Dimly and far off, as though it had come out of Kumen's year-long dream, Mary heard young Henry Lunt's words: "It's a new mission, Sister Jones. Another new mission!"

The quilting needles flashed in the last cold rays of the sun that slid past the red hills. Night settled upon the town, spreading a physical gloom to oppress their already heavy hearts. A vulture flew over the roof tops and into the shadows to wait the onslaught of a new day.

(*To be continued*)

HOW THE DESERT WAS TAMED

(*Continued from page* 15)

about the country to be entered but illustrates and explains the methods used by the Pioneers, intelligent people, on the long trek to the "valley," and in reducing the "great desert" and "great sandy plain" to the needs of communities of men. It is characteristic of Latter-day Saints to expect help from heaven, but also to be prepared to use it practically when it is received. It is equally true of their belief that by self-help they may best invite divine help.

WHEN the Latter-day Saints set out from Nauvoo, they knew they were going into the heart of the Great West. Just where they would settle had not been finally decided. But they were certain that when the right place was found, the leader and the followers would know. Brigham Young indeed declared that in a vision he had seen the place of settlement, even to the location of the temple. He would recognize it when he saw it.

So it happened. After a trek of over fifteen hundred miles, the leader looked down upon the Salt Lake valley, and exclaimed, "This is the place." The Pioneers were prepared for the tasks awaiting them. Therefore, they conquered, they had the world's knowledge of the place, meager as it was, in their possession; and they had brought with them enough of tools and food to begin the work of conquest.

Preparation for their work was a first factor in their work of redeeming the desert. That is the first lesson taught by the Pioneers.

II

THE CONQUERORS COME

THE evacuation of Nauvoo was forced on the Saints in the dead of winter. The first company, headed by John Smith, ferried across the Mississippi among ice floes on February fourth, eighteen hundred and forty-six.

John R. Young, a lad of nine years, awaking from his night's sleep amidst much hustle and bustle in the

house, saw two men carrying out the household goods and loading them into two wagons. "My mother looks pale, and when I ask her 'What is the matter?' she takes me in her arms, kisses me and says, 'We are going to leave our home, and will never see it again.' "

Other companies, from Nauvoo and elsewhere, followed in steady succession. The temperature fell. The river was frozen over part of the time. But the evacuation continued. Soon the westward trail through Iowa became a highway. The Church as a whole was moving to the promised but unknown place of peace in the West.

Temporary settlements were made on the way, where the earlier companies grew crops for later ones, and otherwise arranged to help the moving Saints. The chief of these was Winter Quarters, near what is now Omaha, Nebraska, where a veritable temporary city was built.

In the spring of 1847, Brigham Young led the Pioneer party over the plains and mountains to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, which he recognized from his vision to be the place of settlement.

Thenceforth, until 1869, when the railroad came, there streamed across the plains orderly companies of "Mormons" bound for the Utah haven. They came with ox teams, handcarts, and on foot. The whole story has no parallel in the world's history.

Suffering there was and plenty of it among the emigrants. Birth and death became commonplace on the emigrant route. A monument in Omaha honors the memory of those who laid down their lives on this march. It is estimated that six thousand emigrants found their graves by the "Mormon" trail during the twenty-three years following the settlement in the Salt Lake valley.

WHO were these people—the intrepid "Mormon" pioneers of the intermountain West of North America—the people who dared to enter the unsettled scarcely charted wilderness to make their homes?

The founders of the Church, and the first converts, were mostly Americans with pedigrees running back to the early settlement of New England. As the Church grew, converts were gathered in from the other states of the Union. Members were also won from European groups that had settled in the United States, such as the Norwegian settlement of LaSalle in Wisconsin. The British Mission, opened in 1837, and the Scandinavian Mission, opened in 1850, brought through the years a flow of tens of thousands of new Church members. From other European countries came believers in the new-found gospel, though not in such large numbers. Whatever their origin, the new converts sought to join the main body of the Church. The pioneers who settled in the Great Basin of North America were, therefore, a mixture of many nationalities.

These conquerors of desert places were generally of the stout middle class in nineteenth century society, such as farmers, tradesmen, small merchants, and a sprinkling of schoolteachers and other professional people. In the middle of the last century college training was very limited; yet the Church gathered in a number of college men. As in every

(*Continued on page* 62)

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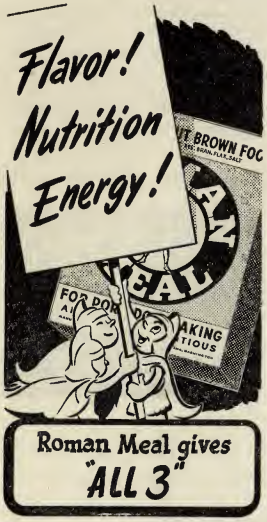
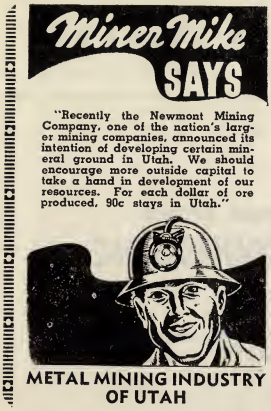
HOW THE DESERT WAS TAMED

(*Continued from page* 61)

group there were some ne'er-do-wells, but they were few, since "Mormon" life did not lend much satisfaction to such people.





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HALL'S REMEDY

Salt Lake City, Utah

Different as they were in origin, training, and life's experience, they had some qualities in common.

They were lovers of truth. Nearly all of them, only after long inquiry—Brigham Young took two years to make up his mind about "Mormonism"—yielded to the new message, and then because doctrine for doctrine they found the scriptures and "Mormon" claims to be in harmony. Those alone to whom truth loomed large would make the sacrifices required, parting with old and cherished beliefs, facing contempt and ridicule, separating from family and friends, and often adopting a new land with new ways. That same love of truth explains today the educational growth among the "Mormon" people, now second to none in the world.

Then, they had a common purpose. They were to prepare the world for the Lord's coming; they were to build on earth the kingdom of God; they were, because of their acceptance of truth, a chosen people; they had a mission to perform. To have available three meals a day and the other usual creature comforts would not satisfy them or be the end of their existence. They had a spiritual purpose. Whatever they did—plowing, building, or exploring, was done to establish the kingdom of God. With such a common purpose, minor differences vanished; the people moved forward as one body to accomplish desired ends. Such a group is always irresistible. For them the taming of the desert, or other huge tasks, could have no terror. They had the courage born of the conviction that they were on the Lord's side. They were ready to surrender themselves and all they had to the cause in which they believed, which was the common cause of the pioneers. By such surrender a group is always victorious.

It took faith, vision, and courage to project a great city in the Salt Lake valley, before a dwelling house was built, or to lay the foundations of the four million dollar temple, while sagebrush still grew in the streets of Salt Lake City. But this illustrates the unique quality of the people, which made them conquerors of the desert.

"Mormon" migration to Utah was orderly and proceeded according to careful planning by the Church. This was in great contrast to the helter-skelter, hurried travel of other homeseekers or gold seekers along the trails to Oregon or California. Before the people left Nauvoo, they were organized in companies, each with officers to lead, guide, or restrain. When the major and more difficult crossing of the plains began, the word of the Lord came to Brigham Young, outlining in detail the organization of the emigrant companies. The emigrants were to be organized with "captains of hundreds, captains of fifties, and captains of tens, with a president and his two counselors at their head." They were further to covenant that they would walk in "all the ordinances of the Lord." No military movement could have been planned or executed better. The successful moving of a whole city, and of innumerable people later, over desert and mountain, under conditions strange to the travelers, is an achievement second to none in history's annals. It was made possible not only by skilful leaders of huge natural gifts, but also because the people were of high intelligence and were so certain of their destiny under the gospel banner that they were willing to conform to the regulations laid down.

The conquerors of the desert were fitted for the task before them. They were strong men and women.

Many a problem now disturbing the countries of the world would vanish if men had a common purpose. The United States came into being because the majority of the people of the colonies were united in their desire for liberty. Within our own age, countries have suffered irreparable shock, through division among themselves. Even evil gains strength when many men support it. A group or a nation united upon a common righteous principle will in the end be successful in solving its problems. When many countries do so, the world's problems will be solved. That happy condition, when it comes, will not mean the end of independent thinking or free speech. Nor does it mean restricted action. But it does mean that whatever is thought, said, or done, should in the end contribute to the common purpose, which in our land would mean a higher and more complete freedom.

(*To be continued*)

EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

(*Concluded from page* 33)

and Alphonso Young, James Emmett, George D. Watt, and Daniel Spencer were requested to go.

"Voted the above persons to be notified to meet with the council on Friday evening next, at the assembly room.

"Willard Richards, Clerk."[4]

Two days later on the 23rd of February, the Prophet met with the Twelve concerning the expedition.

"I told them I wanted an exploration of all that mountain country . . . 'Send twenty-five men: let them preach the gospel wherever they go. Let that man go that can raise $500, a good horse and mule, a double-barrel gun, one-barrel rifle, and the other smooth bore, a saddle and bridle, a pair of revolving pistols, bowie-knife, and a good sabre. Appoint a leader, and let them beat up for volunteers. I want every man that goes to be a king and a priest. When he gets on the mountains he may want to talk with his God; when with the savage nations have power to govern, etc. If we don't get volunteers, wait till after the election.' "[5]

There was no lack of volunteers. Within a week over twenty men had volunteered.[6] The proposed expedition was widely known. In a letter written to James Arlington Bennett, March 4, 1844, Willard Richards, under the Prophet's instruction, says, "We are now fitting out a noble company to explore Oregon and California."[7] On March 11, the Prophet spoke to the Council about the desirability of securing "a resting place in the mountains, or some uninhabited region, where we can enjoy the liberty of conscience guaranteed to us by the Constitution of our country."[8] Anticipating this westward movement, the Prophet also wrote and sent to Congress, "An Ordinance for the Protection of the Citizens of the United States Emigrating to the Territories, and for the Extension of the Principles of Universal Liberty."[9] This document, which Congress ignored, was clearly designed to protect the migration of the whole people after a suitable location had been found.

During this time, while the expedition was being formed, the persecutions of the people reached an unprecedented height. At last, the life of the Prophet was seriously endangered. For his own safety, he left Nauvoo, and as would appear from the records, intended to go westward himself, to explore the country. He was recalled to Nauvoo before the journey had begun, and, on June 27, he and his brother Hyrum were foully assassinated.

There can be no question about Joseph Smith's intention to move the Latter-day Saints to some favorable spot among the Rocky Mountains.[10]

After the martyrdom, the Twelve, with Brigham Young at the head, took over the leadership of the Church. The death of Joseph Smith had not stilled persecution. An exodus from Nauvoo was inevitable. Several places of refuge were presented, as Texas and Vancouver Island, but in accordance with Joseph's prophecy, the then unknown west among the Rocky Mountains was chosen, and the memorable westward migration began.

Brigham Young in all that he did, repeatedly admitted the leadership of Joseph Smith, even in the journey to the Great Salt Lake valley. For example, this on March 16, 1856:

"The Prophet Joseph has been referred to, and his prophecy that this people would leave Nauvoo and be planted in the midst of the Rocky Mountains. We see it fulfilled . . . it was declared to the people long before we left Nauvoo."[11]

That the famous trek from Nauvoo to Salt Lake valley was a fulfilment of prophecy, does not detract from the glorious achievement of Brigham Young and his fellow pioneers. That he repeatedly admitted it, publicly and privately, and gave the Prophet proper credit, rather enhances the greatness of the foremost pioneer. President Young's loyalty to the Prophet was always unsullied. To him, the Prophet was the great restorer of the Lord's eternal truth. His own magnificent work in carrying out the prophecy, subduing the desert, and finding peace for his people, made him one of the world's really great men.—*J. A. W.*

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[4]*ibid.*, VI:223
[5]*ibid.*, VI:224 (The national election would be held the following November.)
[6]*ibid.*, VI:223-227
[7]*ibid.*, VI:232
[8]*ibid.*, VI:261
[9]*ibid.*, VI:275

[10]See also B. H. Roberts, *Succession in the Presidency of the Church*, Second Edition, pp. 113-117
[11]*Journal of Discourses*, III:257, 258. See also IV: 203; VIII:356

The Salt Lake Tribune

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★

The Salt Lake Tribune

YOUR PAGE and OURS

Robert L. Walton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Walton has a most unusual number of grandmothers.
They are, top row, left to right: Mrs. L. J. Storer, Mrs. William Walton, and Mrs. Lyle Walton.
Front row: Mrs. Fred Storer, Mrs. Mark Herd, Robert, and Mrs. John Johnson. At the time of his birth his great-great-grandmother Herd was 79 and his youngest grandmother, Mrs. Lyle Walton, was 36.

Reynolds, Georgia

Dear Editors:

JUST a word to thank you for such a magazine as the *Era*. Not living near enough to any branch of the Church to contact other members, the *Era* is like a visit from one of the General Authorities. And we thank God and you for this wonderful messenger. . . .

Susie R. Cotney and family

A Mouthful

"You take another mouthful like that," said the stern father, "and you'll leave the table."

"Another mouthful like that, Dad, and I'll be through, anyway."

Gentle Hint

"You've been a pretty sick man, and you're not very strong yet. Try to be careful."

"All right—and you remember that, too, doctor, when you send your bill."

"Where There's A Will . . ."

Some people are planning a Scotch vacation again this year—staying at home and letting their minds wander.

The Wrong Approach

"The thing for you to do, young man, is to forget all your troubles and bury yourself in your work."

"Gosh—and me a well-digger."

Cart Before the Horse

"Won't you drop my coat off in town when you go?"
"Sure—where do you want me to drop it?"
"I'll tell you when we get there—I'll be inside it."

The High Cost

"I've put a fortune into my daughter's face!"
"Plastic surgeons' bills mount up?"
"No. It's her appetite that keeps me broke."

Secret Diplomacy

Actually, women keep secrets as well as men—it just takes more of them.

The Answer

Nature couldn't make us perfect, so she did the next best thing—blinded us to our own faults.

He Didn't Give Two Toots

The young man entered a jewelry store to buy an engagement ring.

He picked up a sparkling diamond and asked its price.

"That one is one hundred dollars," the jeweler replied.

The young man whistled in surprise. He pointed to another ring and asked: "How about that one?"

"That one, sir," said the jeweler, "is two whistles!"

Reason Enough

"Do you know why I refused you?" said the girl to the man that had just asked her to marry him.

"I can't think."

"That's right," she said sweetly.

Economy Plus

An economist can be defined many ways:

Someone who has a plan to do something with someone else's money.

A man who tells you what to do with your money after you have done something else with it.

A man who can save money by cutting down on some other person's expenses.

It Always Works

When you need a helping hand—try the one at the end of your own arm.

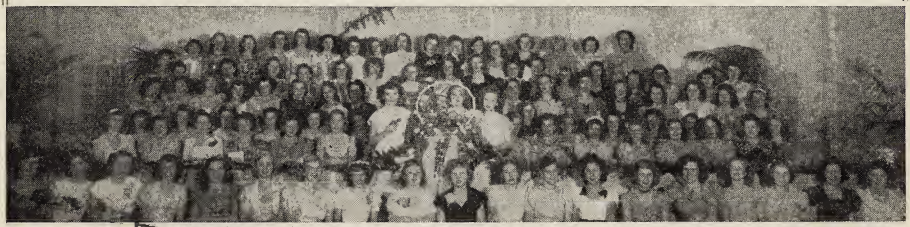
Style Note

As for many years past, next year will find little change in men's pockets.

It Always Broadens Something

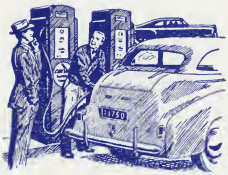
"They tell me Jones has traveled extensively. Has it broadened his point of view?"

"Can't say that it has—but it's sure lengthened his conversation."



Utah Stake Y.M.I.A., Provo, Utah, boasts one hundred percent attendance of all the Junior M.I.A. girls between the ages of 15 and 16 enrolled. The Stake Rose Bouquet was tied November 8, 1946. Each of the ten wards previously tied the bouquet in the individual wards. There were one hundred sixteen girls in all. Sister Zelma W. Colton is president of the stake Y.W.M.I.A.

To a man counting the days



Just waiting gets on a fellow's nerves, we know. But cooping yourself up won't speed the welcome word—"IT'S HERE!" So until your new car arrives, let Chevron Supreme Gasoline help you have more fun in the old one. This great premium gasoline will help restore pep the old car lost long ago.

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