

A black and white photograph of a woman in a hooded cloak, possibly a nun or a scholar, reading a large open book. She is looking upwards and to the right with an expression of wonder or discovery. To her left is a large, ornate lantern with a single candle inside, casting a soft glow. The background is dark and textured, suggesting a night scene or a cave.

The IMPROVEMENT
ERA

December
1949

*Season's
Greetings*



To the festive spirit of
this season, we of the Mountain Fuel
Supply Company add our own
appreciation to our customers for their
patronage, together with
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By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

THE largest turtle that ever lived was the Colossochelys atlas, of the hills of northern India. It was four to five feet high and had a seven-foot shell. The individual tortoise positively known to have lived the longest survived for at least 152 years, possibly two hundred years, on Mauritius Island in the Indian Ocean. It was the last of its kind.



OVER fifteen million books have been published in all languages since the beginning of printing. Of these different books about ten million are available in libraries in the United States. The total number of copies has not been estimated.

DR. B. T. HORTON of Mayo Clinic has reported that 93 percent of 948 patients who suffered from Buerger's disease were smokers. This disease is characterized by a constriction and clogging of the arteries by the formation of blood clots, resulting, in severe cases, in removing of the arm or leg to save the patient's life. Dr. S. Silbert of Mount Sinai Hospital, New York, states he has never seen a typical case of Buerger's disease in a non-smoker in more than one thousand patients studied. He further found when smoking was stopped the disease is arrested and in some cases disappears, while continued smoking makes the disease worse.

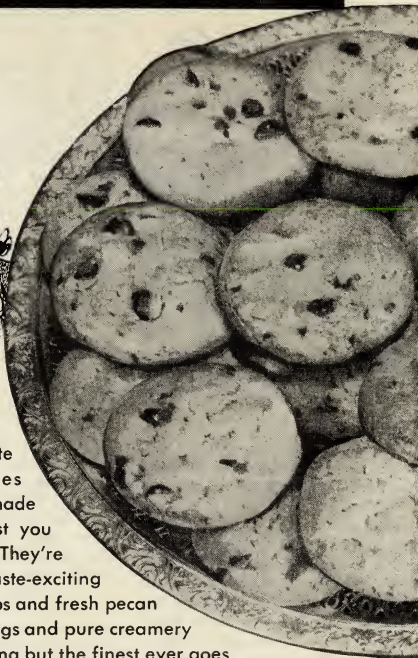
DECEMBER 1949

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S·P

The friendly
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THE CHINA MISSION

By DR. G. HOMER DURHAM
Head of Political Science Department,
University of Utah

It is by no means improbable that one of the most important events of 1949, the year now closing, occurred on July 14, 1949. It has been an eventful year. Harry Truman began his own elected term on January 20, after one of the biggest upsets in American political history. The North Atlantic Treaty, a military alliance fostered by the United States, was signed at Washington on April 4. A new constitution and a new peacetime government went into effect for western Germany, with Dr. Theodor Heuss as president, and Dr. Conrad Adenauer as first chancellor. Russia developed, and according to the president of the United States, detonated an atomic bomb. Britain devalued the pound sterling, with nearly thirty nations or political units falling into line. All were important events in an important year. But it is by no means improbable that centuries hence the events of July 14, 1949, now obscure, may receive attention far in excess of many of the foregoing. What happened? A mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was officially opened to the Chinese people at Hong Kong by Elder Matthew Cowley of the Council of the Twelve, Presidents Hilton A. Robertson, and Henry Aki of the newly-established mission presidency, accompanied by their wives, and the daughter of the Robertsons.

THERE are, Elder Cowley estimated, 465,000,000 people in Asia known as the Chinese, located within the area embraced in the geographic expression, "China." This is, or could be, approximately one-fourth of the human race. Accurate census figures are not available. But at least one out of every five people in the world is classifiable as "Chinese." Opened, as the twentieth century nears the midstripe, is the largest missionary opportunity yet undertaken by the restored Church of Jesus Christ.

CHINESE soldiers confronted Roman legions in the Asiatic middle east as early as 36 B. C. Diplomatic and military contacts were occasioned at intervals thereafter for several centuries. It is possible that Christianity

may have entered China by means of occasional individuals shortly after the Christian era. The Nestorians in 635 A. D. however, (called by the Chinese "The Luminous Religion"), settled at the Chinese capital and in 638 A. D. received official court permission to operate:

... The meaning of the teaching has been carefully examined: it is mysterious, wonderful, calm; it fixes the essentials of life and perfection; it is the salvation of living beings; it is the wealth of man. It is right that it should spread through the Empire. Therefore let the local officials build a monastery . . . with twenty-one regular monks.

Notwithstanding this splendid start, the Nestorian Christians were rudely

suppressed in 845 A. D. In the thirteenth century Nestorians and Roman Catholics again penetrated China, but again withered away after 1368 A. D. In the sixteenth century, European missionaries, particularly Jesuits (Matteo Ricci in 1582) made efforts of sorts. It remained for "the opening of China" to the western nations, around 1842, for Protestant and Catholic missions to gain substantial footholds.

It is interesting to note that the restored Church made an initial effort at a China mission within a decade of the opening of China to the "west." At a special conference August 2, 1852, Hosea Stout, James Lewis, and Chapman Duncan were called by President Brigham Young to carry the gospel to China. The brethren left Great Salt Lake City October 20, 1852, and sailed from San Francisco, March 8, 1853. They, too, arrived at Hong Kong, April 27, 1853—the British settlement and base acquired as a result of the Opium War of 1842. Elder Stout reported that there were some 250 European civilians in Hong Kong "all engaged in commercial pursuits" (with no time for religion), plus about one thousand British troops, described for the most part as "a vicious sort of man." The mission did not prosper, and the brethren returned home.

In January 1921, Elders David O. McKay and Hugh J. Cannon visited China, and President McKay, then a member of the Council of the Twelve, dedicated that land for the preaching of the gospel. President McKay has lived to see the fruition of that occasioned by the opening of China to the west.

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



DAVID SJODAHL KING

*Second Assistant in the General
Superintendency of the Y.M.M.I.A.*

By MARBA C. JOSEPHSON
Associate Editor

THE NAME of David Sjodahl King has many things to commend it and the young man who bears it to the membership of the Church, as he assumes his new position as second assistant superintendent to General Superintendent Elbert R. Curtis of the Y.M.M.I.A. Elder King succeeds in this position Elder Ralph W. Hardy, who now resides in Washington, D. C., where he is audio director of the National Association of Broadcasters. Elder Hardy, however, will retain his membership on the general board of the Y.M.M.I.A.

Elder King is the grandson of J. M. Sjodahl, whose great scholarship and ability have made him a respected figure in the Church. Elder Sjodahl translated the Doctrine and Covenants into the Swedish language; he compiled a hymn book for the German Saints when he was serving on a mission to Palestine and Switzerland; and he also was asked by the General Authorities to present a Book of Mormon to King Oscar II of Sweden. Elder King is the son of Elder William H. and Vera Sjodahl King.

Elder David S. King was born in Salt Lake City, June 20, 1917. His father had been elected to the U. S. Senate the year before David was born, and the family was living in Washington, D. C. However, Mrs. King was in Salt Lake on a visit at the time of David's birth. David com-

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Two
Perfect Gifts

Timed For Christmas

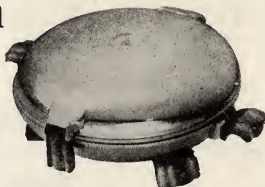
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The IMPROVEMENT ERA

"THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH"

December
1949

VOLUME 52
NUMBER 12

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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THIS delightful caroler is ushering in the Yuletide season for our many readers. The cover is an H. Armstrong Roberts photograph adapted to cover use by Nelson White.

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David Sjudahl King

(Concluded from page 795)

pleted his primary and secondary education in Washington, D. C. He then returned to Salt Lake City, entering the University of Utah, from which institution he was graduated in 1937 with a major in economics.

Following his graduation from the University of Utah, he was called to the British Mission where he served for two years. He returned to Washington after completing an honorable mission and studied at Georgetown Law School, from which he received his law degree in 1942.

In addition to his mission Elder King has always been active in the Church. He has been a member of three stake high councils: in the Washington, D. C., stake, and in the Ensign and the East Millcreek stakes of Salt Lake City. Prior to and during that time he engaged in teaching in both the Sunday School and the Young Men's Mutual organizations, serving in practically every department of each association. In fact, during the past fifteen years not a year has passed without Elder King's being engaged in some kind of teaching. For the past four years, in addition to his active legal career, Elder King has taught morning seminary classes at South High School in Salt Lake City, where the students have learned to admire him and respect his judgment.

The Word of Wisdom lies close to Elder King's heart, and he has helped in the promotion of Word of Wisdom clubs; he is president of one of the five clubs now fully organized. He believes that if we understand fully the import of the entire Word of Wisdom, we shall become indeed a healthy people and have greater mental awareness as a result of that health.

Elder King has other interests that indicate his well-rounded life. As a youth he collected coins. He has always been fond of swimming and hiking. He also likes music and states somewhat ruefully that he used to be able to play the piano until his numerous activities crowded it out. But he still enjoys playing for his own and his family's entertainment. He is a great reader and a talented speaker, having a particularly keen interest in debating. He excels in counseling. His political activity placed him as attorney for the Utah Senate in 1947. He was probably the youngest attorney to hold that position.

He and his wife Rosalie Lehnner King have established a home for their three children in the East Millcreek area of Salt Lake City. And if there is a first in Elder King's interests, it lies in being with his family and trying to bring a happy development to them.

Light Up



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TAVERN CANDLES

THE CHURCH MOVES ON

A Day To Day Chronology Of Church Events

SEPTEMBER 1949

25 ELDER JOHN A. WIDTSOE of the Council of the Twelve addressed the first meeting of an inter-denominational religious service, an innovation this year at Utah State Agricultural College, Logan.

G. Carlos Smith, formerly first counselor in the Big Cottonwood (Utah) Stake, was sustained as president, succeeding Irvin T. Nelson. The new counselors are Rex C. Reeve, formerly second counselor, and Zeph Y. Erekson.

E. Garrett Barlow, formerly first counselor in the Inglewood (California) Stake, was sustained as president, succeeding Alfred E. Rohner. His counselors are Austin Gudmundsen and Clinton R. Cameron. The retiring second counselor is John A. Garrick.

28 THE annual Relief Society Conference convened, with morning sessions for stake and mission officers in departmental meetings, and an afternoon meeting for Relief Society members and the general public. The responsibility of women in obtaining good government was urged.

Escrow proceedings were begun by Church officers in Los Angeles to obtain the Gay Engineering Co. property between 11th and 12th Street on Soto in East Los Angeles as a welfare square. The property occupies more than 107,000 square feet and will house Deseret Industries, bishops' storehouse, and other welfare activities including some major projects now in the planning stage.

29 RELIEF SOCIETY conference sessions continued, and were addressed by Relief Society leaders and by President George Albert Smith, President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., and Bishop Joseph L. Wirthlin.

30 THE one-hundred twentieth semi-annual general conference of the Church began. It continued October 1 and 2. (Addresses of the General Authorities at this conference were printed in the November ERA.) For the first time in history, the proceedings were televised. Previous conferences, beginning in April 1948, had used television to transmit the conference by cable to various overflow congregations assembled on Temple Square.

OCTOBER 1949

1 IT WAS announced that Dr. Howard S. McDonald, President of Brigham Young University, had accepted the presidency of the new Los Angeles State College of Applied Arts and Sciences. He also has been appointed director of the Los Angeles City College.

2 THE CENTENNIAL CONFERENCE of the Deseret Sunday School Union was held in the Tabernacle. Speakers included President George Albert Smith, President David O. McKay, and General Superintendent George R. Hill. Featured during the session was the filling of a box with Sunday School mementos to be opened at a Sunday School conference fifty years hence. The box had been beautifully constructed of fifty pieces of wood, each from a part of the world where the latter-day Sunday Schools are functioning. Music for the conference was furnished by a five hundred voice youth

chorus, directed by Vernon J. LeeMaster. Each voice represented one thousand members that the Sunday School was striving for by the end of 1949.

4 THE FIRST PRESIDENCY announced the appointment of Benjamin L. Bowring, recorder of the Salt Lake Temple, to preside over the Texas-Louisiana Mission, succeeding Glenn G. Smith. President Bowring, second counselor in the Salt Lake Stake presidency, has filled a full-term and a short-term mission in the South. He has been a temple ordinance worker for many years and was supervisor of the temple baptismal department from 1938 to 1942. He has been a Temple Square guide for sixteen years. Mrs. Bowring and a thirteen-year-old son will accompany him to the mission field.

The First Presidency announced the appointment of Waldo M. Andersen as president of the Northern States Mission, succeeding Dr. W. Creed Haymond. President Andersen is second counselor in the Ensign (Salt Lake City) Stake, and regional ward director of the Salt Lake Region of Church welfare. He is a former Sunday School superintendent and former bishop of the Ensign Ward. Mrs. Andersen is a former counselor in the general presidency of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association. Their only son is now a missionary in the Northern States Mission.

9 PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH dedicated the newly-remodeled chapel of the Grantsville Ward, Grantsville (Utah) Stake.

Elder Ezra Taft Benson of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the Santa Clara ward chapel, St. George (Utah) Stake.

Elder Clifford E. Young, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, dedicated the Goshen Ward chapel, Santaquin-Tintic Stake.

"The Voice of Scripture," readings from the Book of Mormon by Francis L. Urry and Roy B. Gibson, began on the Church radio hour on KSL. The series replaces one given by A. Hamer Reiser, first assistant general superintendent of the Deseret Sunday School Union.

College Hill Ward, East Cache (Utah) Stake was organized from parts of the Logan Tenth Ward and the Canyon Heights Branch, which branch was discontinued. Sustained as the bishop of the new ward is Aubrey H. Parker.

10 DR. SIDNEY B. SPERRY, Brigham Young University, began a six-weeks' series of discussions on the Book of Mormon, at Barratt Hall, Salt Lake City, sponsored by the Lion House Social center, in conjunction with the Y. M. and Y. W. M. I. A.

11 IT WAS announced that Dr. Christen Jensen, dean emeritus of the graduate school, had been selected as acting president of Brigham Young University, succeeding Dr. Howard S. McDonald.

12 BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY announced that this year students were enrolled from sixteen foreign countries and from practically every state of the American Union.

(Continued on page 846)
THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

★
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Desert Christmas

By
GRACE SAYRE

—Photograph by Josef Muench



★

I once thought of Christmas as a scent of pine
And prickling holly, with bells of mistletoe,
The warm gleam of church windows, choirs chime,
And jingling sleighbells over new fallen snow.

But here, on Christmas Eve, from the western sky
The one great star like a blessing, shone
On a lone desert shack, and I saw nearby
Gaunt Joshuas stand, like worshipers alone.

In my heart I felt no night or morn
Could match this moment's beauty.
Old ways I do not miss—
I remember only our Blessed Lord was born
On such a night, in such a land as this.

Poetry

IN TRUST

By Eva Willes Wangsgaard

AN angel's voice invaded Joseph's dreams:
"Arise, thou. Take the Child, thyself, and wife
And hasten into Egypt, for it seems
That Herod's wrath would take the Baby's life."
Then Joseph peered upon them sleeping there
Half-hidden by the stable's purple blind,
Those precious lives entrusted to his care,
And fought against the doubt in heart and mind.
But Mary, gently waked from needed rest,
Arose and questioned not his anxious tone.
She made the Child secure upon her breast
Where fortitude and peace were hers alone.
Nor paused to think of weariness of limb.
Long months before she had accepted him.

LITTLE SHEPHERD LEFT TO WATCH

By Anobel Armour

THE smallest shepherd of them all
Watched, there beside the sheep,
And saw the soft blue shadows fall
And could not rest nor sleep;
For starlight still lay on his eyes
And he could hear the song
The angels chanted down the skies—
And though the night was long,
He thought of quiet Bethlehem
And wished that he had been
Stalwart enough to go with them
To find the sacred inn;
Not knowing that the paths of earth
Wind sometimes strange and far,
And that that night a Baby's birth
Touched childhood with its star!

SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

By Bessie Wolvington

WHO can explain the sentiment
That Christmas brings each year?
A warmth, a sense of hatreds spent
With banishment of fear.

A heartfelt glow of brotherhood
Envelops all mankind;
Men stand alike and understood
Communing mind to mind.

If but the concord of this day
Should not tomorrow cease,
Then we would surely find a way
To everlasting peace.

THE LITTLE ROADS

By Grace Sayre

ALL the little roads to town
Where once I heard the lark and thrush.
Are covered with snow's eider down,
Quiet now in winter plush.

800

EARTH WILL WAKEN

By Gay Winquist

PATIENCE—look to earth for fortitude.
She is no rebel to incessant rain.
Whose pulse has slowed its beat to
chastened mood.
Waiting the Spring's return to leap again.
Each stark-limbed tree holds memory of
green;
And Winter wind remembers whirl of
wings:
The lips that suckle at Earth's breast.
unseen.
Are hungering in their sleep. The wise
heart clings
To dreams of summer and admits no
dearth
Of hope—tuned to the muted earth.



—Photograph from Three Lions

PEACE

By Beulah Huish Sadleir

THERE is peace in my garden tonight,
The peace that lifts itself to meet the
early star.

Then rises higher to touch the palm
Of God.
Returning—it blows its animated
Breath over every new growing
Thing.

There was peace in Gethsemane's garden—
When the Master knelt against the mam-
moth rock—

And prayed:
In such a humble way that he might make
The journey to the cross—and say,
"Thy will, not mine be done."

Silent, beautiful peace was in the
Early morning sunshine
That penetrated its way through
The shady forest to lay its
Holy hand upon the boy who
Prayed for truth.

It warmed his fervent plea for
Hope beyond life's parting hour—

That day—he was no boy—but a
Prophet man.
Tonight, within this garden space—
I touch the soil, and who is
There to say it does not hold
Some drops of blood that
Sealed the testimony of
That Divinity.

ONCE IN THE YEAR

By Maude Ludington Cain

I FOUND an ancient locket.
Tarnished and out of place:
Regarding it I touched a spring
And suddenly a face
Looked out at me, revealing there
A smile of charm and grace.

So, once a year, at Christmas
We touch a hidden spring,
And through life's dust and tarnish
Joy shines, a radiant thing—
And something of its glow remains
With us . . . remembering.

THE GIFT OF PEACE

By Amy Bruner Almy

THE joyous Christmas time again is here,
With countless carols praising Jesus' birth
While candles everywhere send out their cheer.

In all this time of happiness and mirth,
Exchanging gifts is uppermost. We say,
"The wise men brought their gifts of
myrrh and gold

And frankincense to where the Christ Child lay.

Shall we not, then, bring gifts an hundred-
fold?"

But, Christian folk, bring gifts that shall
endure,

To worship Christ. Hear now, his loving
call:

"Bring help and kindness to the sick and
poor.

Show mercy, tolerance, and love to all.
So each shall bring again and yet again,
The gift of peace on earth, good will to
men."

CHRISTMAS IS SO SHORT A TIME

By Elaine V. Emans

CHRISTMAS is so short a time
For all the cheer that it inspires:
Holly and laughter and fellowship,
And candle flame and Yule-log fires.

Christmas is so short a time
For all the kindness evident
Where it was unknown recently,
And the unnumbered greetings sent.

Christmas is so short a time
To sing the carols, loving them.
And to adore the Babe who would
Be born in our hearts, as in Bethlehem.

ANGEL MORONI

By Elizabeth Cannon Porter

ATOP the highest peak of temple spire
That spears the azure sky with glint
of gold,

You put trumpet to your lips like crier
To call the tried ones to the Master's fold.
How lithe and beautiful at break of day,
Or warmed and glowing against sunset
sky.

You herald faith that teaches men to pray
That from earth's troubles they may purify

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

"At this Season"



By PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH

May our Savior's peace be in your home this holiday season, and throughout the coming year.

"PEACE I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." (John 14:27.)

These are reassuring words from the Prince of Peace to his faithful followers. Surely there is nothing men need more than the blessings of peace and happiness and hearts free from fear. And these are offered all of us if we will but be partakers of them.

When the gospel was restored to earth in this dispensation, the Lord repeated what he has said so many times in the Old and New Testaments, that the price of peace and happiness is righteousness. Notwithstanding this knowledge, there are many who appear to think that we can obtain happiness in some other way, but we should all know by this time that there is no other way. And yet by his cunning craftiness Satan has persuaded the majority of mankind from walking in the way that will insure happiness, and he is still busy. The adversary of righteousness never sleeps.

But by following the teachings of the Lord, by turning unto him and repenting of sin, by going about doing good, we may have peace and happiness and prosperity. If mankind will love one another, the hatred and the unkindness that have existed so much in the world will pass away.

I pray that the Spirit of the Lord may be in our hearts and in our homes, and that we may have wisdom to set our houses in order while there is yet time. I hope that we may look upon this season as a time for family reunions; that we may gather around us in our homes our children and our children's children and retell the story of the Savior and what his mission means to mankind, and explain to them the restoration of the gospel in our day, and count our blessings and acknowledge with humility and

gratitude what the Lord has done for us—and what he is yet willing to do if we and our families will only be faithful.

Let us live so that our homes will be sanctuaries to our own boys and girls and those who come there as friends. Let us call our families about us, and if we have failed in the past to give them an understanding of the purposes of life and a knowledge of the gospel of our Lord, let us do it now, and as a servant of the Lord, I say they need it now, and they will need it from now on.

Let us unite in gratitude and thanksgiving. Let us appreciate the blessings of our lives. Let the light of peace and love abound within us, that every soul we touch will be richer because of us. Let us remember the unfortunate. Let us be generous in our thoughts, and let us be generous with our substance to all who are less fortunate.

If we seek our Heavenly Father in prayer, we shall not be misled by the sophistries of men and the foolishness of those that imagine things that are vain. And know this, that it is within our power to know not only today and tomorrow, not only at this season, but also now and forever, that God is God, and that Jesus is the Christ, that Joseph Smith was a prophet. We will know this when we are keeping the commandments of our Heavenly Father.

I am thankful to the Lord for the blessings that are ours at this season. I am grateful for everything we enjoy. I think him for the companionship of honorable men, women, and children, and for the faithfulness of all who are anxious to know his desires for us, and who in their hearts are saying: "Father in heaven, show me thy will and I will endeavor to keep thy commandments."

I know that God lives. I know that Jesus is the Christ. I know that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the Lord. I have never been

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My Testimony

By Joanna Bogason

IN 1873 a group of Icelanders settled in the German colony of Curitiba, Brazil, approximately three hundred miles south of Sao Paulo. Among them were Magnus Isfeld, a religiously inclined young man, and his brother-in-law, Jonas Johnson.

As soon as Jonas had accumulated enough money, he made a trip to Iceland with the intention of marrying his fiancée and settling in Iceland. But when he arrived, Jonas found his sweetheart had married another. Disconsolate, he returned to Brazil.

While he was in Iceland, he heard much adverse publicity concerning the Latter-day Saints. He bought some anti-Mormon literature and took it to Brazil, knowing his religious brother-in-law would enjoy reading it. Magnus, being thoroughly versed in the Bible, began reading, but he couldn't find anything in Latter-day Saint teachings contrary to the teachings in the Bible. He desired to learn more about the Church. He was unfamiliar with the English language but knew that there was a settlement of Icelanders in Spanish Fork, Utah, so he addressed a letter there.

It so happened that the mail clerk on the train was a young Icelander who couldn't read the language. As his father was a native Icelander and the section

foreman, the mail clerk took the liberty of tying a rock to the letter and throwing it close to the section house where he expected his father would find it. But several days later, when

he returned home and asked his father what was in the letter, his father said he didn't know what letter he was talking about. They went to look for it but couldn't find it. However, in the spring when the thaws came, the letter was found. It was turned over to Eirikur Olafsson, and he immediately began corresponding with Magnus in Brazil. Magnus became convinced of the truth of the

gospel and resigned from his deaconship in the Lutheran Church. But Eirikur had now become interested in the Reorganized Church, and he tried to convince Magnus that the Reorganized Church was right. However, the gospel seed had taken root, and Magnus was certain that he had the truth already.



WRITTEN in Icelandic,
a letter with an
inquiry about the Lord's
true gospel was tossed
from a speeding train to
lie hidden in winter's
snows for many months,
but it finally reached the
very person who could
read it.



Revolutions were always breaking out in Brazil. To keep his eldest boy from having to fight for what he thought was a senseless struggle, Magnus hid him once for several months. Finally the family sacrificed a thriving brick business and started for California and the Imperial Valley. But because there was a large Icelandic settlement in Saskatchewan and the attraction of free

homesteads, the Isfelds settled in Canada in 1903.

Ten years later Magnus was stricken with a serious illness. All the available doctors told the family he couldn't

possibly live until morning. Sometime during the night he came out of the coma. He told the family that he wasn't going to die, that he would live to be baptized and then shortly die. In 1917 the first missionaries that he had ever met came to Saskatchewan, and late in the autumn he, his wife, and several of his children were baptized. True to his prophecy, though, the influence



JOANNA BOGASON
(AGE 17)

epidemic came the next winter, and in January, 1919, he and three of his children died within several days.

Prior to this, a young man had left Iceland to seek his fortunes in the new world. He came to work for the Isfelds. They were always talking Mormonism to him; being of an argumentative nature, he wanted to convert them to Lutheranism. In order to do this, he had to read their books. After much reading and finally finishing the complete history of the Latter-day Saints, he was convinced that he was wrong and the Isfelds were right; so he was baptized. This chain of events was the way my father, Geir Bogason, obtained his testimony, and it is now part of my testimony.

My testimony is like a patchwork quilt which is made up of treasured bits of material, pieced together to make something beautiful, warm, and protective. The pieces of my testimony consist of many and varied evidences: the interesting story of how the gospel finally reached my father, the influence of my Sunday School and Mutual teachers, the guidance of our good bishop and my parents, the fervent testimonies of others, and that feeling of peace and joy that always comes over me in the house of the

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



From an address delivered at the General Priesthood meeting of the 120th semi-annual general conference, October 1, 1949, in the Tabernacle.

Chastity

By President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.

OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS contain two provisions I wish specially to note:

"Thou shalt not commit adultery.

"... thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife."
(Exodus 20:14, 17.)

It seems to me that the besetting sin today is sensuality, sex perversion, sex indulgence.

There is some belief, too much I fear, that sex desire is planted in us solely for the pleasures of full gratification; that the begetting of children is only an unfortunate incident. The direct opposite is the fact. Sex desire was planted in us in order to be sure that bodies would be begotten to house the spirits; the pleasures of gratification of the desire is an incident, not the primary purpose of the desire.

Remembering that fact, many problems will disappear, particularly the one presented by those who seek full gratification without begetting children.

Our art, literature, drama, movies, television, music, the "ads" in magazines—in great part run to sex. It seems to have become the uppermost thought in many minds. It colors their whole lives. This is all wrong. A mind engrossed in sex is not good for much else.

Unchastity is too common. It is in our schools, from the graders up. It is in our business houses and industrial plants. It is too large a part of our ordinary social life.

Parents are grasping at straws in an effort to hold their children. A cry is raised that the Church needs a book on sex. But what should such a book tell? Already the schools have taught sex facts *ad nauseam*. All their teachings have but torn away the modesty that once clothed sex; their discussions tend to make, and sometimes seem to make, sex animals of our boys and girls. The teachings do little but arouse curiosity for experience. It is said these courses tell enough about the generation of human beings to enable the youth largely to escape parenthood. Books are written, courses are given about courtship and marriage. To what point? We have not too far to go to get to the heathenish abominations and

practices in pre-Christian and early Christian times, against which the Lord again and again lashed out to ancient Israel and to early Christians.

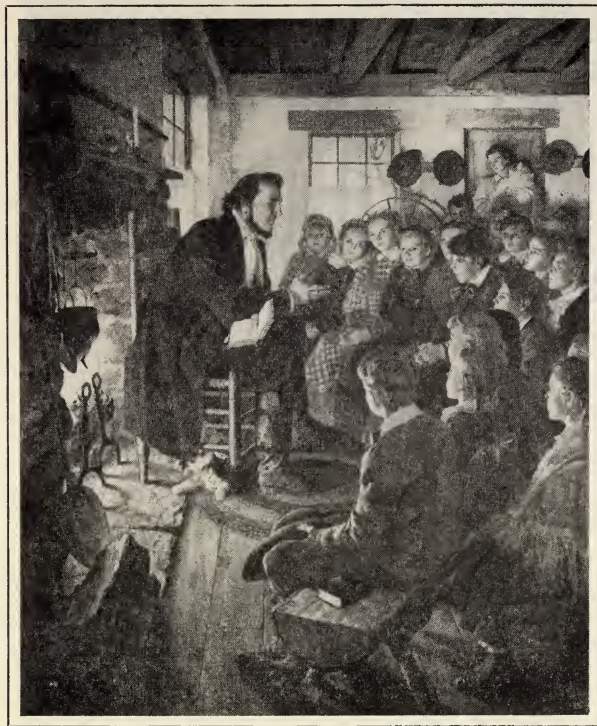
A work on chastity can be given in one sentence, two words: Be chaste! That tells everything. You do not need to know all the details of the reproduction processes in order to keep clean. Be chaste because God commanded it. That is all there is to it. "Thou shalt not commit adultery," said the Lord at Sinai, and he has drawn no fine distinctions such as some would like to draw between adultery and fornication. The Lord used the words interchangeably. (See Matt. 5:32.)

As to sex in marriage, the necessary treatise on that for Latter-day Saints can be written in two sentences: Remember the prime purpose of sex desire is to beget children. Sex gratification must be had at that hazard. You husbands: be kind and considerate of your wives. They are not your property; they are not mere conveniences; they are your partners for time and eternity.

If you would be chaste, as God has commanded, then avoid conduct and practices that arouse the passions. A wise and pure boy or girl, one that wishes to be clean, will not "pet" nor "neck" nor "love-play," nor practice any other undue physical familiarity, by whatever name known. At best these are gross and provocative indiscretions; at worst they are the preludes to certain and, too frequently, planned transgressions. They are all unclean in the sight of the Lord. If youth will abandon these, if it will decently reclothe itself, and cultivate modesty—a largely lost virtue—it will be a long way on the road to chastity, which will bring untarnished happiness here and eternal joy in the hereafter.

And what I say to youth, I say to you young married people who are said to be, in many cases, far too lax in your morals. What may unchaste parents expect from their children, except unchastity?

And with all this unchastity comes the great evils of divorce, which is increasing amongst us at a wholly undue rate. The Lord has made clear from the beginning that these things are not pleasing in his sight.



—Photograph by Hal Rumel, courtesy of the Sunday School general board.

Arnold Friberg's centennial painting of Richard Ballantyne's First Sunday School. Color prints of this painting will soon be available through the Deseret Sunday School Union.

"... Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" Simon answered, "Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee." Jesus said unto him, "Feed my lambs."

(John 21:15.)

SUCH was the divine injunction given by the Risen Lord to Peter, his chief Apostle, emphasizing the fact that the proper training of childhood is man's most important and sacred duty.

Children at birth are the most dependent and helpless of all creatures, yet they are the sweetest and greatest of all things in the world. They come, or should come, from the Father pure and undefiled, without inherent taints or weakness. This is the responsibility of the parents. Their souls are as stainless white paper on which are

to be written the aspirations or achievements of a lifetime. Whether that life's scroll shall become a biography of a noble, Christlike soul, or a series of blots and blemishes depends largely, if not entirely, upon guiding influences of parents, playmates, and teachers. In the formation of character and guidance of childhood, parental influence is greatest, but next comes the teacher's.

There is true nobility in the soul of that man or woman who sincerely desires and strives to lead children out of contaminating influences into an environment of high ideals and lofty endeavors.

Next to eternal life, the most precious gift that our Father in heaven can bestow upon man is his children. Ideals that relate to God and to little children are indispensable elements to happiness

The SUNDAY

and eternal life. An institution, therefore, that makes heaven its aim, and childhood its obligation, is one with which every loyal heart should desire to be associated. Such an organization is the Deseret Sunday School Union.

My topic is "Toward What the Sunday School is Looking in the Future."

First: The Sunday School looks forward to the time when every girl and boy, every man and woman will be enrolled as a member.

The Sunday School began in 1849 with one superintendent and teacher and thirty pupils. It required forty-seven years — from 1849 to 1896 — for the Sunday School membership to reach the first one hundred thousand. The impetus of that one-hundred-thousand group added another one hundred thousand in eighteen years. With this multiple force of two hundred thousand, only seventeen years were required—1914 to 1931—to top the three-hundred-thousand mark. Think what gains are possible during the next ten years with the accumulated momentum of over four hundred and seventy thousand, the total membership of the Union at the present time!

If every student, every pupil, will make it his or her obligation to bring in one new member, you will have, with the application of just this one means, nearly a million membership. Further than that, no teacher must be satisfied until she makes an effort to have every boy and girl enrolled who in age and ability belong to her class. The Sunday School looks forward to your accomplishing that duty. In handling these seemingly indifferent ones, fellow teachers, will you please keep in mind these three parables: The Lost Sheep, The Lost Coin, The Prodigal Son. The first was lost in his eagerness to

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

SCHOOL

(Address delivered at the general conference of the Deseret Sunday School Union, held in the Salt Lake Tabernacle Sunday, October 2, 1949, 7 p.m.)

Looks Forward

By President
David O. McKay
OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY

seek daily sustenance and wandered too far from the flock. The coin was lost through carelessness of the housewife. The prodigal son became lost because he desired his portion and spent it in profligacy. He did not get back until he came to himself and said, "I will rise and go to my father." Through study and prayer to the best of your ability counteract those three enticing elements as you seek to bring back the lost ones.

Second: The Sunday School looks forward to the time when in every class in the Sunday School the principles of punctuality, courtesy, self-control, respect for authority, studiousness, responsiveness, and particularly reverence and worship, will so impregnate the atmosphere that even the dullard by absorption will be benefited. This is not dreaming; I am not being visionary. The Sunday Schools of

it, fellow teachers, for they named some practical qualities and attributes which impress childhood. In that connection, every Sunday School teacher should come prepared to give his lesson. Did you notice the emphasis one of the children put upon that? And rightly, the Deseret Sunday School Union looks forward to the time when no teacher will come unprepared to his or her class. That means that every teacher will have within his or her mind a sincere and prayerful desire to awaken within at least one heart every Sunday (and we hope in many hearts) the desire to achieve mastery over weak and selfish indulgences; to awaken even in child-

Although President McKay directed this speech to the officers and teachers of the Deseret Sunday School Union, the material that is included in the address should be taken to heart and applied by all officers and teachers in every priesthood and every auxiliary organization of the Church. The messages are of great import when the world is crowding closely in upon us; we need to be aware of the ever-present threat to our members if we as leaders do not give the best possible direction to those whom we teach.

the future may realize just that ideal atmosphere.

Third: The Sunday School looks forward to the time when every teacher will possess the qualities mentioned by these Sunday School children tonight.* You say, "Well, that will be perfection." Granted, then, let us do our best to approach

hood a hope in the boys to become noble characters; in the girls, to become modest, beautiful women. To awaken in their hearts the desire to become friends; also to look forward to the time when they will be worthy companions in loving homes, and, later in life, to be worthy of fatherhood and pure motherhood. These are true ideals of the gospel, but they are practical ones. Finally, the teacher will have

in her heart the desire to awaken a love of the gospel of Jesus Christ, obedience to which brings happiness in this life and salvation throughout eternity.

Fourth: The great Sunday School of the future will have a teacher training class in which not only the active teachers, but also prospective teachers may receive practical instructions in the preparation and presentation of lessons. That is an important factor. To reach the ideals I have mentioned, or even to approach them, the prepared teacher must see clearly the message she is to impart. You cannot give what you do not possess. You cannot awaken in the hearts of children a nobility which is not yours. She must know the details associated with the incidents of her lesson; must through keen observation, and further research and study, gather illustrative material; must organize logically the accumulated material that it may be presented impressively; must exercise discrimination and eliminate that which is irrelevant. This requires not only study, but also intelligent guidance which may be given in these teacher training classes.

If a lesson thus prepared be developed in an atmosphere of cheerfulness, the child cannot help being interested and inspired, and the teacher is doubly blessed. To give a lesson well prepared is like mercy—it blesses him that gives and him that receives. It is true in teaching as in life—"Give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you."

Fifth: The Sunday School of this century—the beginning of this new century—looks forward to the time when, as a principal part of preparation, every teacher will pray sincerely and earnestly for God's guidance on the day she meets the children placed under her care.

There is a story told of General Charles George Gordon—that

each morning, during his journey in the Sudan country, for one-half hour there lay outside his tent a white handkerchief. The whole camp well knew what it meant, and looked upon the little signal with the utmost respect; no foot dared to pass the threshold of that tent while the little guard lay there. No message, however pressing, was to be delivered. Matters of life and death must wait until the little

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*Preparation, presentation of material in the light of the restored gospel, sweet, spiritual, moral uplifting influence, punctuality—in short, a real Latter-day Saint.

Apron

Strings...

HOME APPRECIATION

By Verna W. Goddard

You will have pride in your daughter's accomplishments. You have known she was talented from her first appearance as a little girl in the Primary operetta. Since then she has appeared in many forms of Church activity, as drama, dancing, organist in the ward; or perhaps she sings beautifully. Perhaps she is a peacemaker, a confidante for the younger girls, a conductor of a story hour for neighborhood children, or some other wonderful services. Maybe she is sunny dispositioned, thoughtful, and considerate of others: a charming girl having a good time with her family and friends, both girls and boys, as she travels the road to wholesome adulthood.

You stand by as her helper; she often comes to you for suggestions, and though you are, no doubt, not especially trained in all these fields, you seek information from one who is trained, or time permitting, read up on the subject yourself. You encourage her to accept assignments in the Church and to do her best, realizing the danger in refusing responsibility or in always giving a mediocre performance. To do this is not easy. Sometimes mothers fail, and daughter is hurt rather than helped.

One teen-ager accepted an assignment, neglected her preparation until the last minute, and then rushed frantically to her mother for help. After grudgingly giving her the necessary emergency aid, the mother with some heat said, "Don't you ever accept another responsibility. This is just too much." How much wiser for that mother to have said, "I'm happy to help you with these assignments; they are important to your development, future power, and joy. But the next time let's avoid the embarrassment of a poor performance. Come to me early, and I'll have time to help you do your best." In this way the mother could help her keep her promise by following through and measuring up. Did anyone say it is easy to be a good mother? Take

heart; neither is any other worthwhile profession easy.

With a deep desire to be efficient in this job of motherhood, you should lay hold of every available power and force. One of the greatest of these powers is prayer. Prayer for a mother is as water to the thirsting traveler. To take your problems to your Heavenly Father, knowing that he will hear and answer, brings comfort and support. It helps you rise above the little earthly things to wisdom and great understanding.

What joy to teach baby lips their first lisping prayer; to kneel yourself, whenever occasion indicates; or to bow as a family, with you or Father or one of the children praying for all. It is interesting to hear the children express their individual faith and pray for the blessings they feel are needed by the family. To the surprise of all, one young daughter prayed, "that mother would have more patience." When they arose, the mother humbly said, "Thank you for that prayer, dear. I will certainly try; will you help me?" She readily agreed. What the girl didn't realize was that mother was physically ill, that her responsibilities were extremely heavy, hence the impatience. The daughter's prayer was answered, mother was more conscious of the need, the Lord gave added strength, and the whole family was more helpful and considerate. All were blessed.

Faith and prayer go hand in hand. How best to teach these things to your daughter keeps you constantly alert for opportunities. You know that faith is the key to power, and without it life is empty. There will be times when you and she will kneel together as you talk over her particular needs with your Heavenly Father. A beautiful relationship is daughter, mother, Heavenly Father. How often you have quickly, silently prayed, "Father, help me," as she fired questions at you in quick succession and would brook no delay in the answers. The need was great; you are her mother; you must answer correctly. Someone said, "not the many, but the decisive things shape our lives."

One girl said, "I never really knew my mother until one day I overheard her praying." The girl had come home from school early and as usual looked immediately for mother. As she approached the living room, she heard her mother talking. Coming closer she realized that her mother was praying. As the words became clear, she stood entranced as she heard her mother express thanks for all of her large family and then mention each one by name as she enumerated their good qualities and pleaded for wisdom and patience as their mother to help them overcome their weaknesses. Her heart beat rapidly when her own name was mentioned, and as she listened to her mother's prayer for her, tears sprang to her eyes as she realized that mother did truly understand her daughter's heart and mind, desires and problems. She stole quietly away before the prayer was finished. In her heart was a new understanding

ONE Girl said, "I
never really knew
my mother until one
day I overheard her
praying."

of her mother, greater confidence, and a deeper, stronger love.

Mornings in the home are busy times, full of chatter and activity, and a mother's mind and hands are filled with immediate tasks. But when the family is scattered at school or work then comes the time to ponder and plan for those loved ones, to check up on their needs, to evaluate their conversation, to think over situations, as well as to recharge your own powers and procedures. It may be that, quickened by a consuming desire for their welfare and sensing your own inability to protect them, you pause from your countless tasks and whisper a prayer. With your very

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—Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts
IN THOSE EARLY TEENS WHEN SHE WAS SO UNSURE
YOU DID NOT LAUGH AT THE QUESTIONS SHE BROUGHT
TO YOU

soul you plead, "Father in heaven, bless my children now, wherever they are, protect them from evil, give them the courage to do right." And you resume your work comforted and reassured. It seems that you and their father and the Lord together must surely keep them safe from vicious, insidious outside influences.

You Latter-day Saint women whose husbands and sons hold the priesthood are very fortunate. Your daughter will see this power manifest in your home. Father and brother will administer to any of the household who are sick, in the power of the priesthood rebuking the illness and giving blessing and comfort and, if the Lord so wills it, promising complete and speedy recovery. With your help your daughter will note that her father has poise and power in counseling and advising his children, and in making wise decisions in matters that affect his loved family. She will be conscious of his strength as he performs his duties in the priesthood, in Church activities. From these and other experiences, and your attitude as her mother toward this great

priesthood held by the men of your household, she will decide that the man she marries must possess this same power.

A wholesome, healthy faith in God and his word, in Church leaders as his chosen authority on earth, in family, friends, and self will move her to action and make her life purposeful and worth the living. From her babyhood you have planned for the day she will arise and bear testimony that God lives, that Mormonism is the truth, and that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is a mighty power in the earth.

The great pressing urge of youth is to know the answers. Happy is the girl who can feel, "I'll ask Mother: she will help me." Sometimes mother can in surety answer yes or no, do or don't, but times are many when wisdom dictates such answers as, I don't know, dear, or, let's wait a little longer, or, pray about it more earnestly, or, talk it over again. The important thing is that mother helps. Confidences are precious things, to be cherished always. Remember that summer night by the lake, the crowd



A WHOLESOME, HEALTHY FAITH IN GOD AND HIS WORD, IN CHURCH LEADERS AS HIS CHOSEN AUTHORITY ON EARTH, IN FAMILY, FRIENDS AND SELF WILL MAKE HER LIFE PURPOSEFUL AND WORTH THE LIVING

had gone home and you and she strolled along the trail to your favorite spot, the pine tree on the little knoll? You both sat quiet for a long time, each busy with her own thoughts as you gazed out over the water. The beauty of moonlight and lake and pines was all about you. After a while she leaned closer against you and quietly began to talk. "Mother, what do you think I should do? John says —" With your arm around her as she cuddled close, your love and wisdom, and her sparkling, daring view of the future met and merged and the path ahead seemed a little clearer.

Another mother saw to it that a big comfortable chair stood close by her bed. When daughter came home from a date, it was so easy for her to slip into that chair and talk. What the fellows said and did gradually became what he said and did, and one night with glowing radiant face she breathed, "Mother, he wants me to marry him." "Yes, dear, I know," answered the mother. "Why, Mother, how could you? He only asked me tonight." A broad, knowing smile on mother's face and then, "Well, I guess it has been pretty obvious." "But, Mother, you're pleased, aren't you?" "Yes, dear, I'm very happy for you."

You will want this girl of yours to realize that the old-fashioned qualities of good taste, gentleness, modesty in dress and manner are lovable elements in womankind. She must be beautiful in heart, mind, and body. It will be all right for her to have star dust in her eyes if her feet are on solid ground; the romance of living must be harmonized with life's serious purposes. I can hear you teaching her to pay the price of loveliness, that glamor may be only glitter, that the girl within her should be her ideal, that true happiness comes from one way of life only, that of virtue and goodness. In a world where some movies, best sellers, magazine articles,

(Continued on page 861)

The

TEAKWOOD CHEST

By Mary Knowles



THE chest was heavily carved with Chinese figures, and she ran her fingers over them.

AFTER the delivery man had wished them a Merry Christmas and driven away under the archway of glistening, snow-covered sycamore trees, Kathy, with Linda's help, carried the teakwood chest into the living room and set it before the fireplace. The children cried, "Open it, Mommie!" And Kathy was conscious of the pounding of her heart.

She knelt before the chest. She inserted the key in the lock, and then hesitated, suddenly afraid to open Uncle Nickolas' chest. For her whole future, and that of her children, depended on what the chest contained.

When the letter had come from the lawyer a week ago informing her that Uncle Nickolas had died at the venerable age of ninety-three, and that he had left her a legacy, it had been like a gift from heaven, and for the first time in her life it had mattered a great deal that Uncle Nick had been fabulously wealthy. Mark's untimely death of pneumonia the month before had left her with only enough insurance to cover funeral costs, make another payment on the old house on Sycamore Road, and pay expenses until the first of the year.

In those first grief-stricken days she had hunted a job, spurred on by Aunt Beulah's words, "You're my dead sister's child, and I feel it my duty to advise you. For once in your life be practical, Kathy! Mark's dead, and you have three children to support, and there's none of us who can afford to keep you!" And then two weeks ago Dr. Woodley had told her she was going to have a baby in June, and she

had retreated to the beloved old house to pray for a miracle.

Now the miracle had arrived.

"Come on, Mother!" Linda cried; and little Paul and Barry said, "Open, Mommie!"

"First let me tell you something about this chest." The chest was heavily carved with Chinese figures, and she ran her fingers over them.

"When I was a little girl, once a year, on Christmas day, all the families gathered at Uncle Nick's big house on the hill." Her family had been the "poor relations," and she could see herself, small and pathetically eager for the day at Uncle Nick's. "After dinner he would say to the children—he sounded very cross—'Into the library with you and I'll bring you something to keep you quiet!' And then he would carry in this chest."

"What was in it?" Barry asked.

"Three bags of gold and silver coins and a copy of Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*, some big sea shells, and a book of pressed leaves and flowers." Her cousins had played with the money, stacking it in pyramids, but she had kept the other items. Oh, the sea shells! When she held one to her ear, she had heard the pound of the sea. And the fragile delicacy of the pressed leaves and flowers! But *A Christmas Carol* with its beautiful painted illustrations had been her favorite. Curled up in the window seat she would read through it again and again. She had thought, a bit guiltily, that Uncle Nick was the image of Scrooge, with his long

face, his scowl, his thin, stooped form.

Uncle Nick had never given them presents. "You'd think he could loosen up once a year," Aunt Beulah had said. His only gift had been candy. Always Kathy had passed up the soft candy for the hardtack, and Uncle Nick would say, "You like the common kind best, eh?" And she would say, "Oh, yes, Uncle Nick. Better than any kind. It lasts a long time!" And then he would pat her head and smile and say, "It's my favorite kind too." And then he did look exactly like Scrooge—after Scrooge's reformation!

THAT last Christmas just before her family moved east—she had been ten—after everyone had said good-bye and walked down the hill, she had run back and told Uncle Nick, "Oh, thank you for all the happy Christmases!" And then impulsively she had stood on tiptoe and kissed him, said, "I love you, Uncle Nick," and then at the look on his face run pell-mell back to her father and mother. That was the last time she had seen Uncle Nick.

Now Kathy looked at the circle of faces about her, at Linda, eight, her thick blonde braids hanging over her shoulders; at Barry, dark-eyed and so like Mark; at little Paul, like a blonde cherub in corduroy overalls. And she could feel the warmth of the fire on her face, hear the soft strains of Christmas carols coming from the radio, "Oh, little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie . . ." and behind it

all, like a backdrop, feathery snowflakes falling outside the big window, and it was a tableau of everything she held dear.

With a trembling hand she turned the key in the lock and lifted the lid, and then a little moan escaped her lips, and she was cold with a chill of hopelessness, for the teakwood chest contained no great fortune. It was filled with candy—hardtack Christmas mix!

She heard the children's laughter. "Oh, Mother, a whole chest full of candy!" And she wanted to cry: don't laugh! It isn't funny. This was my last, my very last hope. What shall we do now? Uncle

back the wish. She was glad about the baby. Each child brought with it its own special love and blessing.

"But, Mother! Why should he leave you all this candy?"

Her heart softened, remembering Uncle Nick's almost childish delight because she had liked his kind of candy. He was ninety-three when he died, she thought—an eccentric old man. "He remembered that I liked this kind of candy best, Linda. He thought he was leaving me something extra special."

"But, Mother," Linda persisted. "Cousin Betty says he was a millionaire."

"He was a lonely old man who lived in a gloomy house that smelled of dust and cobwebs." And he must have known that people were nice to him only because they hoped to be remembered in his will. She was suddenly glad that she had run back that night and kissed him.

She got up and wearily pushed back her blonde hair. Her impulse was to burst into tears and to cry: Oh, children, we're in desperate trouble! But she fought back the tears. Since their daddy's death the children had been sensitive, quick to feel her mood. Even now they were watching her.

This above all Christmases must be happy, she thought.

"Well, come on," she cried, "let's trim the tree!" They had been trimming it when the delivery man came. She walked over to the tree, and Barry and Paul scampered after her.

She draped tinsel on the green branches, and her temples throbbed the tom-tom beat of her worried heart . . . no money . . . can't work . . . the house is mine only until the first of the year. . .

"This is good candy, Mother," Linda spoke with her mouth full. "It's the kind Jane likes."

"Jane who, dear?" Barry handed a shiny blue ornament to her and she hooked it on the tree, her heart crying, Oh, Mark, Mark, there's no way out. . .

"Jane Bryan, the girl who lives at Green Gables Orphanage. You remember."

Yes, now she remembered Jane, the shy little girl in the blue denim uniform who had come to play with Linda. Yes, Jane would like candy that lasted a long time.

"May I take her a bag?"

"Why, of course, dear." Why not give the whole chestful of candy to the orphanage, she thought. The exultant strains of "Joy to the World" filled the room, and despite her worry Kathy felt a joyous

(Continued on page 852)

WHEN the letter had come from the lawyer a week ago informing her that Uncle Nickolas had died at the venerable age of ninety-three, and that he had left her a legacy, it had been like a gift from heaven.

Nick had so much. If only he could have left me enough to finish paying for the house! Then, some way I could manage. I could take in boarders—do something. Oh, I wish I weren't going to have this baby! And then, instantly, she took



WHY not invite the children from the orphanage here for a Christmas Eve party? It was a beautiful, an impossible idea. . .



Left to right: President Cornelius Zappey, Archibald F. Bennett, Dr. D. P. M. Graswinckel, National Archivist of the Netherlands, and his secretary, J. L. van der Gouw

THERE are more descendants of the Dutch people of the Netherlands in America today than in the homeland itself. A nucleus of ten thousand Dutch in New York in 1664 had grown by 1790 to a quarter of a million of Holland descent in the United States, one twelfth of the entire white population. These have increased rapidly in each of the five generations since then, and have spread to all parts of the country; while new inhabitants of Dutch birth have been continually added to our population. By 1900, the number of our residents born in the Netherlands was 105,049, while those of Dutch parentage (one or both parents born in Holland) totaled another 283,764.¹

Hence our interest in America in the Archives of Holland!

Sturdy lovers of freedom, the Dutch eagerly embraced the teachings of the Protestants. Soon

they were in heroic resistance to their Catholic overlords from Spain, Charles V and his son Philip II, and the monstrous oppressions of the Inquisition. The great historian Motley writes:

The splendid empire of Charles the Fifth was erected upon the grave of liberty. . . . From the handbreadth of territory called the province of Holland rises a power which waged eighty years' warfare with the most potent empire upon earth, and which, during the progress of the struggle, becoming itself a mighty state, and binding about its own slender form a zone of the richest possessions of earth from pole to tropic, finally dictates its decrees to the empire of Charles.

So much is each individual but a member of one great international commonwealth, and so close is the relationship between the whole human family, that it is impossible for a nation, even while struggling for itself, not to acquire something for all mankind. The maintenance of the right by the little provinces of Holland and Zealand in the sixteenth, by Holland and

England united in the seventeenth, and by the United States of America in the eighteenth centuries, forms but a chapter in the great volume of human fate; for the so-called revolutions of Holland, England, and America are all links of one chain.²

Their soil by the blood of heroes was thereby prepared as a haven of refuge for our Pilgrim Fathers. From their shores came also, as the gathering of the elect, direct ancestors of a great many families in our Church. From the island of Schouw or Schouwen came Claes Cornelissen to New Amsterdam about 1640; many of his descendants were known by the name of Claessen or Clawson; and among them was President Rudger Clawson. William Smoot, progenitor of Elder Reed Smoot and of the Smoot family in the South and in

²Motley: *Rise of the Dutch Republic*. Vol. I. Preface, p. iii

¹*A Century of Population Growth, 1790-1900*, Washington, Government Printing Office, 1909

The Archives of

Utah, was a Hollander, derived from the family of Smout or Smoudt which traces back to 1500 A. D. Anthony De Mil, great-grandson of Laurens De Mil (born about 1520), lived at Haarlem and Amsterdam and came with his family to New York in May, 1658. Among his posterity is Elder Henry D. Moyle. Such examples could be multiplied.

Since the organization of the Netherlands Mission in 1861 to the present, close to four thousand Saints have emigrated from there to America, most of them settling in Utah, and their descendants have steadily increased.

It is a foregone conclusion that all persons of Holland descent in Utah and in America will have a direct interest in the genealogical records kept in that land and in how they can be made available for ancestral study.

The vital records of the Netherlands fall into two sharply distinct classes. The chief source in research for the earlier period are the church registers of baptisms, marriages, and burials. These begin subsequent to the date of the Protestant Reformation. In 1812 the French, then ruling Holland,

Lutheran and Catholic churches. In the larger cities and towns are also preserved other precious records in their local archives.

A recent survey showed enough church registers in these various repositories to stretch for 615 meters, if the volumes should be placed side by side. One meter would represent approximately one working day for one operator. The vital records would require another 1960 working days; the military records 247 days; orphans' records, 945 days; notarial records 7,802 days, etc. "Should only the church and vital records be filmed till 1842, it would take approximately five years, using two operators."¹²

Hence there was much at stake when in September, 1946, President Cornelius Zappey of the Netherlands Mission, Brother G. T. Riebeck, mission genealogical chairman, and Sister Joan Riet, former supervisor of the Temple Index Bureau and then on a mission in Holland,

¹²Report from Pres. Cornelius Zappey, March 16, 1949

called upon Mr. Graswinkel, Superintendent of the Government Archives in The Hague, and requested permission to microfilm the records there. It was realized that his response would greatly influence the attitude of the officials in charge of all the other provincial archives in the Netherlands.

Of the events of that day Sister Riet has written:

Mr. Graswinkel showed great interest in the Society and in the work of all its departments. Having had the privilege of working there for a number of years, I was in a position to answer all his many questions. I told him that if the government would give us permission to microfilm the records the Society was willing to give them a positive film copy free of charge. Mr. Graswinkel then asked if I realized how much money that would involve. I told him I did. I felt that we were really guided by the Spirit of the Lord that morning and that the Lord was on our side and also guided the understanding and attitude of Mr. Graswinkel.

This visit was promptly followed with a formal letter of request. The

(Continued on page 870)

HOLLAND

By

Archibald F. Bennett

SECRETARY, GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
OF THE CHURCH

by imperial edict established a nationwide registration of births, marriages, and deaths. Hence these are the chief and invaluable source from 1812 onwards.

The Netherlands has eleven provinces, each with its record archives in its capital city. The Hague is the home of the chief or national archives. Into these archives are gathered the vital records kept since 1812 and also all the church registers they have been able to obtain. These last are mostly of the Dutch Reformed Church, but there are others of the



Archibald F. Bennett and Secretary J. L. van der Gouw examining an original record in the all-steel fireproof record vault of the Archives at the Hague



A coral atoll from inside the lagoon. The highest point on these islands is but a few feet above sea level. The trees are coconut palms. Native outrigger canoes can be seen around the beach.



A village scene on a coral atoll in the Tuamotu archipelago. The houses pictured here are of similar construction to those the natives were building a hundred years ago, at the time Addison Pratt and Benjamin Grouard were in the islands.

Chapter VIII

TWO THOUGHTS were uppermost in the minds of missionaries Addison Pratt and Benjamin F. Grouard when they met in Tahiti in the Society Islands in January 1846. One was of their families and the Church back in grief-stricken Zion; the other was of the work of the Lord in which they were engaged.

Nearly a year had passed since the missionaries had seen each other. During that time they had learned of the death of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother, Hyrum, and of the persecution of the Saints. This news had come through newspaper clippings as well as through two letters which Addison received from his wife, the only mail which had reached the elders since they left New Bedford, Massachusetts, on October 10, 1843. These letters, which arrived at the same time, were sent in April and August 1844, and the news they brought was a year and a half old. What was the condition of their families and the Church now?

Were it not for the fact that these two missionaries were converted heart and soul to the importance of the work in which they were engaged, chances are they might have deserted the cause and taken passage on the first boat home. But every thought of returning was submerged in a sea of devotion to the gospel and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

As soon as the *pahi Paumotu*, which Elder Grouard's shipwrecked crew had constructed on the island of Mehitia, arrived at Tahiti, the missionaries rushed preparations to leave in it for Anaa, 245 miles

eastward, where Elder Grouard had recently baptized six hundred and twenty persons into the Church. About the only foods on the island of Anaa were coconut and fish, so the missionaries thought it wisdom to take with them a supply of supplementary rations. They could do this because both of them had managed to save a little money from gifts they had received. Addison had sold the hogs, hen, and goat he brought from Tubuai for fifty dollars. Brother Layton had given him twenty dollars; Brother Hill, ten dollars; and Brother and Sister Clifford, four dollars each. All of this he might have used to buy food, much-needed clothing, and other necessities, for he knew not how long he would be on the isolated coral atolls to the east. But every time he thought of buying something for himself, his mind turned to his wife and four young daughters. Undoubtedly they needed the money more than he, so for himself he bought little more than an emergency supply of rice, sea bread, flour, beans, molasses, and other staples. The rest of the money, he decided, he would send to his family. He couldn't trust the mail to carry the money home, but he could trust Captain Hall, skipper of a whaling ship which was leaving soon for Boston. After determining his own needs he found that he could spare sixty dollars for his family. Brother Grouard set aside fifty dollars to send to his wife. This money they gave to Captain Hall, asking him to deliver it to the presiding elder of the Church whoever he might be, at Boston, along with a letter asking the elder to forward the money to Louisa Pratt, Addison's wife, by "the most speedy and safe

conveyance." In a letter which Addison sent to Louisa on the same ship he wrote:

Now if you receive this, as you did the money I sent from New Bedford, Massachusetts, I will be glad, for if I had a million of money it would be your due, but money cannot pay for

M ISSION

the privations and sufferings you have been called to pass through on account of my absence from you. But whose fault is it, my being gone? The Savior's cause made the demand, and I accepted, and I will expect no compensation at his hand for it, but an interest in his celestial kingdom for myself and family, because we have all suffered by it together. . . .

In the same letter, he also wrote:

I must answer some of your questions. You ask if you should buy house lots in Nauvoo. Now, my dear Louisa, I send you sixty dollars and will bring you all I can get when I come, but to stay and enjoy house lots in Nauvoo is what I do not expect to be blessed with, for I have put my hand to the plow, and I dare not look back, for I wish to be fitted for the kingdom of heaven, and to be allowed to stop long in Nauvoo, or even in America, I do not expect it. When the call for labor is so loud among these isles and as we have learned (who are here) to use the tools that are required in this field, I expect we shall be kept at it for life, and I can assure you that I have no notion of being separated from you and the

children another such a term "until death do us part" and so you may make your calculations accordingly. . . . Do not make your calculations to live long in Nauvoo after my return, unless you prefer the life of a widow. If you can get any books from Brother Rogers and have any leisure time, I think you and the children had better attend to the studying of the Tahitian language, for in my opinion you may have use for it within a few years.

On January 13, at sunset, the elders set sail in their *pahi Paumotu*, and about midnight they beached at Point Venus, about four miles east around the north coast of the island, only part way to their destination of Tautira where they expected to spend the night and complete preparations for their voyage to Anaa. But here they ran into strong winds from the east, and heavy rain. The cabin of the frail craft leaked like a shower, and the rain poured into their beds in a stream.

the war with the French, were also short on food and could be of no help to the hapless party. This was the first time since Addison arrived in the islands that he had experienced "hard living."

After ten days of being stranded in this condition the elders decided that if they were to reach Anaa in any time at all, they must seek some other transportation. The rainy season had settled down in earnest and the native craft was not seaworthy enough to attempt the long voyage on the open sea in rough weather. With this in mind, Elder Grouard left for Papeete, and after a few days returned with the report that he had secured passage for the two elders and five natives on the French bark *Mary of Bordeaux* for a fare of one thousand coconuts each, payable at their destination. The vessel sailed on January 27 and reached Anaa three days later. The sea was so rough,

because of their enforced diet of coconuts and fish.

After the greetings were over, Brother Grouard informed the natives of the bargain he had made with the ship's captain for transportation, and suggested that the five villages on the island unite to pay the debt. But the natives at Nake, where the missionaries landed, said that would not be necessary; they would pay the debt themselves. In three days of intensive coconut gathering the natives collected six thousand coconuts, and someone contributed a hog to make up for the seventh. But Elder Grouard thought the animal was worth more than a thousand coconuts, so he set him free and sent word to the natives in another city, Tukahora, to furnish the other thousand. When the pile which they gathered was counted, they found two thousand two hundred; thus the missionaries paid off the debt and had twelve hundred coconuts left over for their own use.

Addison thought the island to be "a grand curiosity." He found it to be about fifteen miles long and half as wide. The land area was composed entirely of sea shell and coral and extended in the form of an oval chain, but a few hundred feet across at the widest point of the links, with a lagoon in the center. The island was covered with a dense grove of coconut trees, the only fruit which would grow on the island. From the coconut tree the Tuamotuan natives built their houses, made most of their clothes, secured much of their food and drinking water, constructed their boats and sails, obtained food for their chickens, pigs, and dogs, braided rope, and wove mats for their beds and floors.

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TO POLYNESIA *By Doyle L. Green* ASS'T MANAGING EDITOR

The Story of Addison Pratt And The Society Islands Mission

There were no conveniences for cooking on the boat, and there was little to cook anyway. The native crew went into the mountains for plantains, but as they could find none that were ripe, they returned with green ones which they cooked on smoky coals on the beach. Fishing was poor, and the natives in the area, suffering from the effects of

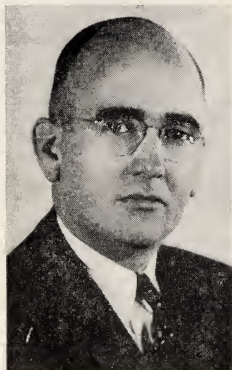
however, that they could not land until February 3. When they finally did reach shore after a thrilling ride over the reef, they found the natives so happy to receive them that they could hardly contain themselves. The people on the island had doubted seriously whether Elder Grouard or any other missionary would ever return to them

Present-day travel on a small native-built sail cutter. Tuamotuan native—and L. D. S. missionaries—use this type of boat today to travel the open ocean.
—Photograph by G. Wayne Mack

Sunset over the island of Anaa, taken from the stern of a copra schooner.
—Photograph by O. Ruden Allied



A. HAMER REISER



GEORGE R. HILL

DAVID LAWRENCE MCKAY



General Superintendency of THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

THE NEW superintendency of the General Sunday School Union commends itself to the membership of the Church because of the variety of experience and the scope of the background it represents.

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT George Richard Hill has had a rich experience in the industrial field, following his activity in teaching at LDS College, at Cornell University, and at Utah State Agricultural College. Since 1925 he has been employed by the American Smelting and Refining Company as director of agricultural research.

A graduate of Brigham Young University at Provo in 1907 and of Utah State Agricultural College in 1908, he taught at the LDS College in Salt Lake City in 1908 and 1909. He then went to Cornell University at Ithaca, New York, where he was instructor in plant physiology. Following a year at the Missouri Botanical gardens as research assistant, he came to Utah State Agricultural College where he remained for twelve years as professor of botany and plant pathology and director of the School of Agriculture for ten of those twelve years.

Impressive as his success in in-

By Marba C. Josephson
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

dustry has been, his achievements in the Church have been even more impressive. From 1926 to 1935 he served on both the Deseret Sunday School Union board, having been appointed to that board in 1925, and the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association general board, on which he was sustained in 1926. When he was sustained as second assistant to Superintendent Pyper in 1934, it became imperative that his entire attention be focused on the Sunday School work, and he was released in 1935 from the Y.M.M.I.A. general board. In the Mutual, Elder Hill had become much interested in the Boy Scout movement, an interest he has maintained throughout the years. As scoutmaster in Logan he had during his ten years of leadership more Eagle Scouts than those required for a full troop. For several years Elder Hill had every boy of Boy Scout age in his ward enrolled in his troop except those whose parents would not allow them to join. His success with boys prompted his being ap-

pointed to the executive board of the Cache Valley Council Boy Scouts of America.

When he became associated with the American Smelting and Refining Company, he moved his home from Logan. He then became chairman of the Oquirrh district for scouting; recently he has been a member of the Salt Lake Executive Council, serving for six years as its president and as its vice president for ten years before that. His meritorious and enviable record has won the respect and love of scouts and scouters throughout Region 12, encompassing the states of Utah, Arizona, Nevada, California, and also Hawaii, and won for him in 1946 the silver antelope award, the highest award on a regional basis for distinguished service to boyhood.

In the Sunday School Elder Hill has served in many departments and acted as ward chorister both in Springville and in Logan, Utah, and as superintendent of the Fifth Ward Sunday School in Logan. He has also served on the Salt Lake and Cache Sunday School stake boards.

In October 1934 Elder Hill was set apart as second assistant to General Superintendent George D.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Pyper. When Superintendent Bennion succeeded Elder Pyper, Elder Hill was made first assistant in the general superintendency, in March 1943. A natural reward for his faith and diligence is his appointment as general superintendent of the Sunday Schools throughout the Church.

Elder Hill's wife, Elizabeth Odette McKay Hill, and his three children have supported him in his work and have attained recognition for themselves.

Elder Hill is an affiliate of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the Botanical Society of America, the American Association of Plant Physiologists, the Utah Academy of Arts and Sciences, and Sigma Xi, national honorary scientific society.

Elder Hill's sweet, firm character, his experimental nature, and his unwavering testimony of the gospel will help keep the Sunday School what it always has been and inspire it to move forward.

A. HAMER REISER has long been an active member of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board. He was set apart as a general board member in November 1924, although he had been general secretary since 1921. His long experience in the Sunday School office, the artery of the Sunday School work, has made him an invaluable member of the superintendency, a position he held as second assistant to Superintendent Bennion from 1943 to the present time, when he now assumes the position as first assistant to General Superintendent Hill.

Elder Reiser is the eldest son of eight children born to Albert and Nancy Ellen Reiser. Elder Reiser's father died when Hamer was thirteen years of age, and he had the

added responsibility of trying to help his mother rear the family.

Elder Reiser graduated from the University of Utah in 1919 with a major in English. During World War I he went to Washington, D.C., to study law, but he returned shortly thereafter and was married to Elizabeth Baxter in 1920, and with her, began to rear his family. From the time he became secretary of the Deseret Sunday School Union until 1942, when he became manager of the Deseret Book Company, he was always the center of activities around the Sunday School offices. He continued to forward the cause of young people and their teachers when he became second assistant in the general superintendency.

Elder Reiser has held many other positions of honor and trust in addition to his appointments with the

Sunday School. He was secretary of the centennial pageant committee for the Church in 1930 and chairman of the centennial pageant, *Message of the Ages*, when it was repeated in 1947. He also served as secretary of the Utah State Centennial Commission during the years of 1938 to 1948. In addition, Elder Reiser served for eight years on the Board of Regents of the University of Utah. As manager of the Deseret Book Company he has been tremendously interested in procuring visual aids to increase the effectiveness of teaching and has developed an especially active film department. His work with motion pictures has been of fifteen years' duration. In 1934 a committee came west and spent six weeks in Salt Lake City investigating the possibilities of films for the

(Continued on page 848)

Retiring Superintendent MILTON BENNION

No release can come to a man who has given so much of himself and so much to the Church as has Milton Bennion, whose long service has been matched only by the great contributions he has made in that service. Years do not matter — except as they count the achievements that they make possible.

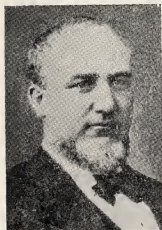
Elder Bennion's experience in the Sunday School has been varied and wide. He knows the problems of the rural Sunday School teacher as well as those of the urban leader; he knows the perplexities of the beginning class instructor as well as those of the experienced director.

He has respect for everyone who comes into the organization, just as he has respected everyone whom

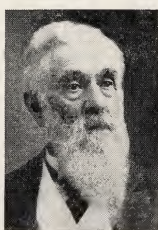
he has met or worked with in any of his numerous activities in the educational field or in his religious associations. And withal he has maintained his droll sense of humor, a dry wit that has saved many of what might otherwise have become serious situations.

Milton Bennion's children are a living testimony to his and his wife's integrity. Cora Lindsay Bennion, for about nineteen years a member of the Relief Society general board, has been stalwart in her support of Superintendent Bennion. Immediately following her release from the Relief Society general board, Sister Bennion was called to be an ordinance worker in the Salt Lake Temple, and for almost ten years she has served in that capacity.

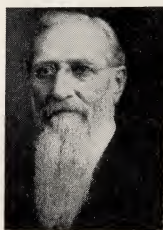
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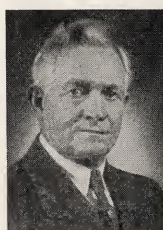
GEORGE Q. CANNON



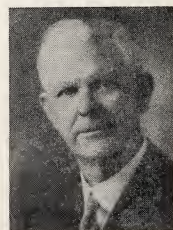
LORENZO SNOW



JOSEPH F. SMITH



DAVID O. MCKAY



GEORGE D. PYPER

RETIRING SUPERINTENDENT MILTON BENNION

Upon one occasion the question was asked one of Elder Bennion's children why they all seemed to be so well-balanced and responsible in Church and civic affairs. His answer was illuminating: "I don't remember my parents ever giving a definite command after any of us reached the age of fifteen." Elder and Sister Bennion evidently laid down the principles upon which they felt their family might build a sensible life; then they left their children to make their own decisions. Of course, Elder and Sister Bennion were eager to have the children consult with them, and stressed their desire to help whenever that help was desired, but they wanted their children to grow in maturity and responsibility.

No mere biographical facts can portray the integrity of Elder Bennion's philosophy; yet they are indicative of the forces that impel him to good. He was born June 7, 1870, in the little farming community of Taylorsville, Utah. Here he sat in the Sunday School, which at the time was not divided into departments, and tried to learn with adults, and largely in adult language, the principles of the gospel and pertinent quotations from the standard works of the Church.

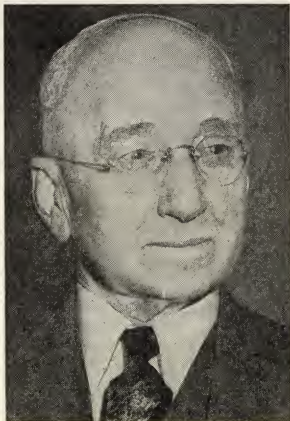
Elder Bennion's father died when Milton was seven years of age. His mother, Mary Turpin Bennion, was a semi-invalid, and her six sons, of whom Milton was the youngest, and a daughter were left to maintain the home and educate themselves. The farm would afford subsistence for them, and so Milton worked on it and thus helped the family.

When he was eighteen, he was asked to teach the four beginners' grades in Taylorsville. This event proved to be the turning point of his life, for prior to that time he had considered the professions of lawyer or doctor. As a student at the University of Deseret, forerunner of the University of Utah, he had not interested himself in the teaching field. However, he undertook the work of teacher and found so deep a satisfaction that he remained from that time in the educational field.

When Elder Bennion was nineteen, he received a call for a mission to New Zealand where he served

for more than three years. There he presided over a district and worked in the Sunday School; and he solved many personal and Church problems by his wisdom and unflinching humor, for even as a young man he merited the confidence of those who have come under his influence.

He continued his education after he returned from his mission, and in 1897 was graduated from the University of Utah with a B.S. de-



MILTON BENNION

gree and teacher's diplomas permitting him to teach both in high school and elementary schools.

From 1897 to 1900 Elder Bennion served as the principal of the Southern Branch State Normal School at Cedar City (later the Branch Agricultural College). The following year he obtained his master's degree from Columbia University. In 1901-1902 he was assistant professor of education at the University of Utah; assistant professor of philosophy, 1902-04; and full professor after 1904. At the University of Utah he was dean of education from 1913 to 1941, as well as vice president of the University in 1940-41. He had completed more than forty years of teaching when he retired from the University of Utah faculty.

Elder Bennion has held positions of great renown in the national and

international picture. For five years he was chairman of the committee on character education in the National Education Association, and in 1923 he served as chairman of Group D of the International Ideals, World Conference, held in San Francisco, where he directed study concerning international ideals including world peace and character education.

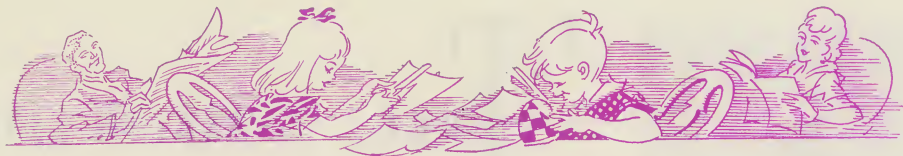
From his educational achievements he has gained recognition throughout the United States, but through his religious activities he has rounded his life to one of service to the entire Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. His call to the general board of the Deseret Sunday School Union came in October 1909—and his release as general superintendent came in September 1949, forty years later. Prior to his appointment to the general board Elder Bennion had served twice on the Granite Stake Sunday School board and also as superintendent of the University Sunday School.

For eight years Milton Bennion was first assistant to general superintendent George D. Pyper. Upon the latter's death, Elder Bennion became general superintendent of the Deseret Sunday School Union, March 2, 1943, the position he has held until his release September 9, 1949, at his urgent request as a result of his ill health.

Superintendent Bennion at the time of his illness displayed his usual dry wit—as well as his sound philosophy and his tremendous courage. He stated: "I am glad that I can go feet first, for the dead limbs can be amputated, and I can still survive." His patience in the face of great suffering and his fortitude in facing altered conditions have been inspirational to all who have been privileged to meet him.

The Church as a whole and the Sunday Schools in particular will be happy to learn that Elder Bennion will continue on the editorial staff of *The Instructor*, which this year is featuring the centennial of the founding of the Sunday School.

The work under General Superintendent Bennion received new impetus, which will continue to advance the cause of the Sunday School throughout the Church.



HOLIDAY FUN

By Marba C. Josephson

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE family that plays together holds together—and since the holidays are just in the offing, how's about playing together and really doing something a bit different to cement the family and help bring light and joy into the family relationships?

The most fun is when everyone from the oldest to the youngest does something. So the party planning should begin early enough to give everyone in the family a chance at the organizing and also to reserve the date and remember that it is a *must*. Of course if the members are old enough to have dates, bring them along—the more the merrier.

The proper planning begins around the family table or hearth or wherever the family gets together on an early evening—with everybody being encouraged to participate. Christmas, New Year's, the patriotic birthdays, Valentine's,—think of the opportunities that present themselves, with all the fancy decorations made by the children in the family, whose nimble fingers will prove more than capable and eager to dress up the occasion. If you haven't any of the very young, why not borrow a few from a harried young neighbor and let her take a quickie at the movie or a jaunt to town? The windows afford an excellent beginning place to whet the appetite for the event; and they have to be washed every so often anyway. So why not have a Santa Claus and his toys tumble onto the clear glass?

Some drawing paper, a pair of blunt scissors—to minimize cut fingers or clothes—some colored crayons will do the trick. Children would love to make a turkey gobbler who can strut his stuff right in front of every person and will

remain there, even after the edible turkey is nothing but a skeleton. Maybe you would rather have a Christmas tree for the place cards.



Think how much fun it would be for the youngsters to cut out and draw fancy little colored balls and then color around them with the green. A jolly little Santa Claus might vie for honors with the Christmas trees. Some of the little bells that come eight on a card for a dime may be tied to place cards

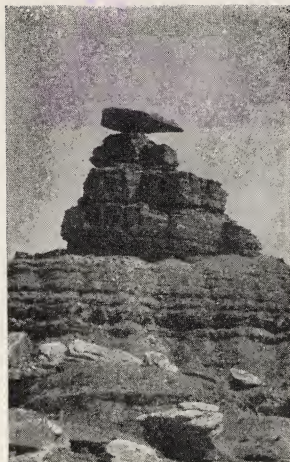
with the names on the cards. It might also be that you would like to tie a bit of gay holly or mistletoe to the place cards. Try out fancy ideas and start a fad for the new ones that you create. Here's one idea that may prove interesting: cut a circle of Christmas-colored papers $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 inches in diameter and then cut around and around inside this circle so that the winding strip is about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide. Place a little star at the top to give a finished appearance as well as significance to the decoration. Then place a large gumball with a small red or green candle in it. By placing the star on the top of the candle, you will have a clever little Christmas tree. It's much simpler than it reads—look at the illustration. By alternating a red and a green tree with red and green gumballs and candles, the decoration becomes festive.

The centerpiece for Christmas might be a little village or a bunch of gaily-colored Christmas tree balls that have been stuck together around a candlestick with a Christmas candle coming from the center. Even at Christmas time the golden pumpkins, luscious grapes, and apples polished to a fare-ye-well, or green squash, and, yes, even onions that have been rubbed with a cloth moistened with a little vegetable oil will make a bright centerpiece. If you use the turkey placecards you might like to use the turkey idea and have the children make three larger ones which can stand upright if pasted to a bowl filled with nuts and goodies of all kinds.

It may be fun to have everyone tell just what Christmas means to him. Sometimes it is good to encourage those who have literary ability to write poems or essays



(Continued on page 864)



Mexican Hat for which the region is named

SYNOPSIS

IN the year 1851, President Brigham Young sent colonies to extend the Mormon territory to the south. Those who went had to fight four adversaries: the Utes, the Navajos, the renegade whites, and nature, which seemed at times the greatest adversary of all. No treaty with the United States could guarantee the settlers from the depredations of the Navajos. Even Kit Carson who displaced the Indians had found it impossible to quell them. Jacob Hamblin and Thales Haskell genuinely loved the Indians, and time after time won them to a reluctant peace, only to have it broken again because of the actions of the renegade whites. But the Mormons persisted in their settlement, in the face of Indian attack and nature.

XV

THE aged bishop came limping alone to meet them. He made no undue haste. Tired and stooping from his work, his step was as slow and as deliberate as at other times, his head leaning forward, the wind playing with his gray hair.

"He is not afraid," Aunt Mary heard them say one to another.

Calmness and unfaltering trust prevailed in Bishop Nielson's bowed head. He had been in greater perils than this—with the perishing handcart companies on the plains in sub-zero weather; he had felt the torturing fingers of death and had seen it bear down the loved ones all around him. His resolute escape from its grasp had left him with that splendid calmness known only to those who have contended long and bitterly.

His composure was not due to any misunderstanding of the deadly intent

The FORT on the FIRING LINE

this painted mob had in its heart. He knew that the mission faced its supreme moment. The issue of Indian wars for more than thirty years and the welfare of unsuspecting homes far away hung on the success or the failure of this forced contact. The hopes and objectives of toiling years hung on the outcome of this meeting between a crippled, defenseless old man and a hundred armed savages "raring" to fight.

From another direction came Kumen Jones, and together they waited for the mounted mob to deliver the message which was of such tremendous import that it took a hundred men with their most deadly weapons to bring it. They began hissing forth their accumulated wrath, two, three, half a dozen all at once in angry excitement. A Navajo seem-

The bishop and his interpreter stood unmoved as if they might be waiting for a little gust of wind to die down before proceeding. Observing the calm faces of the two men and looking in vain for them to shout their protest, the din subsided till one of the older men ordered the others to be still.

"We are ready to talk with our friends," the bishop announced, through his interpreter, "but friends do not cling to their guns while they talk. We have no guns. If you want to talk with us, go stand your guns against the wall and then sit with us here in a friendly circle."

What a tremendous order for the fight-hungry hundred, hugging their weapons and eager to begin. Yet the quality of courage which could face them with no arms at all, had a strange and unmistakable edge over their



Kumen Jones, Bishop Jesse Nielson, and Lemuel H. Redd. These three at one time composed the bishopric at Bluff

ingly had been murdered by a Mormon—shot through the heart in the white man's store! Another Navajo was reported to have been compelled to kill the Mormon in self-defense. The Navajos were ready to fight—right now! They were not sheep to be struck down without protest. Their murderous howl swelled in volume as if it were never going to listen for an answer but would imagine its own answer and go into action. How humiliating all this would have been to Tom Holiday or to Jim Joe.

dependence on horses and numbers and guns. They could recognize the old man's superior position, and it dampened the spirit of their hostility in spite of themselves. They had less to say, but they still sat doggedly in their saddles.

With equal resolution the bishop stood unyielding, one hand resting quietly in the other, and not the least symptom of any compromise. Whenever they became still enough to hear him, he repeated that there would be absolutely no discussion of the affair except in a friendly circle without wea-

pons. He told them he was not there to fight nor to take part in any hot argument.

That this was the supreme moment

By *Albert R. Lyman*

of the years, Bishop Nielson sensed with all his being, and stood like a statue while mothers and children waited in torture of uncertainty to know what was going on, what it could mean, and how it was going to turn. No military force could save the situation by any interference now, even if it were coming on the run. Any outside interference would rob the little colony of the thing it had to do; it must save itself if it was to survive.

Recognizing that there was something strangely impregnable about the stand the bishop had taken, a few of the older Navajos dismounted, leaned their guns against the log store, and sat cross-legged on the sand in front of the two white men, where the conversation was entirely too low for the ears of the braves still sitting stiffly in their saddles. With growing curiosity to know what was being said, more of them stacked their guns and sat to listen.

The conversation in that circle was very earnest as indicated by motions and gestures of all who spoke. What could that old man be saying for himself? The eagerness to know what he was saying brought all the rest of that hundred men down from their horses, and stacking their guns they came as near as possible, to hear every word.

"The Mormon captain sent us here to live with you in peace, to tell you a better way than to fight," the bishop repeated through his interpreter, Kumen Jones. "We do not fight; but we belong to the United States government; we pay taxes to it; and if you want to fight, we can send the word, and there will be an army here right away. Do you want to live with us in peace, or do you want to fight?"

"No, no!" interrupted the older men, raising their hands in protest, for they could remember Kit Carson and the years of humiliation at *Bosque Redondo*. The younger men sat unmoved. All they had seen of Uncle Sam was the little detachment of fighting men who had answered Mitchell's call for help, the bold, fresh fellows who had taken such unforgivable liberties with

the Navajos. They despised those fellows as crawling snakes, but they had little notion of how many more of them Uncle Sam could send.

"Your friend, Old Eye, was not killed by one of our men," declared the bishop, and then he told them how it happened, and told them to ask the Piutes who watched the whole affair.

The little town on all sides waited breathlessly for some indication of what was happening in the prolonged conference.

The young hotheads of the hundred made hateful charges and accusations, but the calmness of the two white men acted on them as sunshine on a frozen bank. Then some of the older men began to beam in glad surprise at what they discerned in the bishop's tone—his firm and steady stand for something better. There was in it some unusual charm they had never known before. They repeated his words to the younger men and began to argue for him more determinedly than they had argued against him, while he stood quietly by and watched them champion the cause for which he had been fighting against the tide. The violent storm was passing; the sun was breaking through the dark clouds.

Some of the older men jumped up and extended their hands, "*Sekiss! Deigese sekiss!*" (Friend! Friend indeed!) they repeated as they clung to the stiff fingers. Then others of them caught the spirit, thawed out, and shook hands. A wave of good will like a burst of light passed over them; they all crowded forward declaring in positive terms that what the bishop had said was very good. The soul force which had carried Jacob

Hamblin's words to the heart of the big chief Barbecenta at Fort Defiance had found its way again through the voice of this old man from Denmark to the hearts of a hundred Navajos, painted and ready to fight.

This was the stock of fighters who warred with Spain for three hundred years, refusing to be subdued even when a multitude of their people were butchered in *cañon de Chelle*. This was the people imprisoned for three years, to remember it with bitter resentment and to look daggers at whoever was mean enough to mention it. They had met a new force, a resistless force never to be forgotten, something which their remote ancestors might have known and long since forgotten. It had brought them down from their high horse; it had conquered them with a tender hand whose grip they loved.

When some of them offered their hands again and said good-bye, the bishop stopped them, "Don't go now," he said, "stay with us till tomorrow. It is late; you are hungry; some of you have come a long way."

"*Ha la na sekiss!*" some of them broke forth in pleased astonishment. They would stay; they wanted very much to stay.

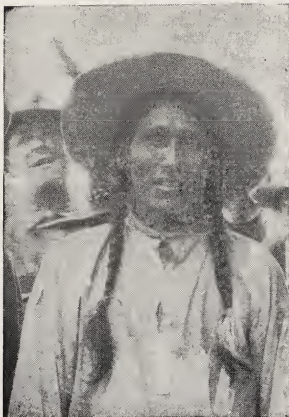
"You can be our guests and eat our food while we tell you more of the kind words the Mormon captain told us to give you," and the bishop asked them to wait till the people could bring them things to eat. He ordered a fat steer for them to butcher; he ordered flour, bacon, and other things from the log store. They built their campfires all over the street, and as they roasted their beef and baked their bread, chatting and laughing as a great company of merry-makers, the gray-haired man from Denmark limped back and forth among them, saying the words and making the pleasing impressions they were to remember always.

When they mounted their ponies after breakfast next morning, they insisted on shaking hands again. "We are friends—always friends," they repeated as they rode away.

This was victory number one, the dawn of a new and better era, never to slip out of memory in all the thrills and terrors yet awaiting the struggling fort-builders on the bank of the far-away San Juan.

The builders of the fort had reached the responsive heart of the wild Navajo. And the wild Navajo, long misunderstood and cruelly punished, had found in this strange people on his border, the important thing for which he had been hunting and hungering without knowing what he wanted till it was forced upon him.

(Continued on following page.)



Tse-ne-gat, a native of the San Juan country

THE FORT ON THE FIRING LINE

(Continued from preceding page)

That hundred men, with a new story to tell, returned to the reservation breathing glad confidence where mistrust had rankled before. They would never again challenge the Mormons who had sent this colony to their uninviting border. Hamblin was dead, but the pleasing spirit by which he pleaded for and offered peace, would go on and on.

From that day, when a Navajo saw a stranger in Bluff, he would inquire of one of the old settlers whether the new man were a Mormon, or a *Beelicon*. If he were not a Mormon, they regarded him with the persistent suspicion they held for the white race whom they had been fighting for centuries.

Another problem was swelling like a mountain stream after a heavy shower; horse thieves, train robbers, red-handed killers of men and the worst desperados of the western trails following the beaten path through to San Juan. They swarmed to the cow-camps at Blue Mountain, riding banteringly and defiantly with a six-shooter on each hip and a Winchester on their saddles. From a dozen states they gathered as by some common impulse, yet so far lack of employment and lack of welcome tended to hold them away from Bluff.

But Bluff was not to enjoy its immunity as in the past; a change was already in the offing. The underground trail from Texas, kept always hot by men who were hunting the safety of distance, became so much traveled and so much in demand that a cattle outfit of the Lone Star State came with something less than three thousand head of typical Texas long-horns to make their headquarters in San Juan.

Their great bawling herd, a mile long, came straggling down the river through Bluff—yellow cattle, white, black, brindle; all of them starving and hollow from the long trail; all of them coyote-like in form, little better in size. And horns! such a river of horns as you might see in a nightmare—horns reaching out and up, out and up again in fantastic corkscrews. The children of Bluff laughed at the sight of it, but their parents looked on with alarm. The snaky little bulls, narrow and sunburned, could compete successfully for existence with goats on a rock. They were to father the incorrigible "pinion-busters" for which the San Juan rough country would sometime be notorious.

This indestructible Texas stock would crowd the Bluff cattle against the rims, starve them to death, and

predominate over them by their native toughness. The men who followed that bawling herd, who urged them on with Comanche yells and unspeakable names, who swung their lariats or fired their pistols, were even more unpleasant to see and to hear than the cattle they followed. These cattle had come ostensibly to occupy the vacant sections of the range, but in reality they had come to occupy the range.

They drove through town and on down the river ten miles, making their winter camp at the lonely Rincone cabins, left now to neglect and decay. With never a thought for the people who had been toiling for eight years to establish themselves in and make this stubborn solitude a livable place for civilized man, this outfit from Texas appropriated the range in all directions.



With their red branding-irons they printed in big letters on the left side of every calf, beginning somewhere behind the ear and stopping somewhere short of the root of the tail: E L K M. That was supposed to make it perfectly clear from the left side of the calf that it belonged to The Elk Mountain Cattle Company. And then to make it clear from the other side of the calf whom it belonged to, they whacked the right ear off close to his head. They foresaw that their program would involve the question of *meum* and *tuum* with confusing frequency, and they intended that *meum* should always be the winner.

This Texas outfit came with more uncompromising nerve than the builders of the fort had found before in all their eight years on the front. They had been greatly concerned to retain enough range from the big expanding L C outfit for the increase of their little herds, and now they were to be crowded into the rocks by this E L K M Company. It was a prospect to inspire anything but good will for the present or hope for the future.

When O'Donnel planted himself in their dooryard with his sheep, he was generous enough to leave a possible way of escape, and they bought him out. This Texas outfit had no thought of selling; they had not come to sell but to establish a permanent business,

to capitalize on the needs and the services of desperate men coming from everywhere. The fellows who came on the run with just one thought in their distracted minds: to keep out of sight, to dodge starvation till the smoke of their mischief could blow away would give the Texas outfit their services; in fact, they would give anything they had to be kept from arrest, to be safely concealed or directed beyond the reach of the law.

A big adjunct to this cattle business would be a thriving hotel or roost for men who found it necessary to depart suddenly from Texas or from any one of a dozen other states or territories. This shelter for buzzards at Rincone was advertised in the underworld as the surest of all retreats, a stopping place with competent guides, shrewd spotters, and a thousand impenetrable dens in which to hide. No warrant of arrest had ever been served here, and any man who could ride a horse could get at least his board.

Responding to this unusual prospect, great flakes of human scum came floating in from every direction. Some of them arrived by pre-arrangement in the nighttime, held whispered confabs with some trusted ally, and rode on in the darkness.

Bluff and its cattle had to take what this swaggering Texas outfit left them—there was nothing else to do. It was only by keeping a sharp lookout and making aggressive claims that the people of Bluff kept from being wiped off the map. It was imperative that they have one or more of their number riding the range all the time, and they had to ride and camp and associate on more or less equal terms with the vitiated hands of the Texas outfit and the L C outfit, who were receiving five or ten dollars a month, or possibly only their board for their services.

The newcomers aspired to set the pace for everything in San Juan, industrial, civic, and social, not omitting the dances and the ward gatherings in the log meetinghouse, where they were as welcome as an invasion of skunks. Once when a dance was ready to begin, they arrived on the lops at the door, a jumble of chaps, spurs, red bandanas, and wide hats. They trailed in through the doorway as fresh and as much at home as if each one had received a written invitation. They carried their six-shooters on their hips, wore their long spurs. The appearance of this self-invited gang brought the party to an astonished halt; men drew protectively to

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (1749-1832), whose bi-centennial the literary world has celebrated this year, was one of the most versatile writers of the world. Besides his native tongue, German, he mastered other languages, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Italian, and English, and was versed in others. His contemporaries recognized him as an authority in history, literary criticism, physics, chemistry, botany, anatomy, geology, and political science. He was a lover of music and of art and participated in both. After obtaining his doctor's degree in law at Strassbourg, he returned to his birthplace, Frankfurt am Main, but was soon called to tutor the young duke, Karl August of Weimar. While there he held many important positions of state until he was finally made privy counselor.

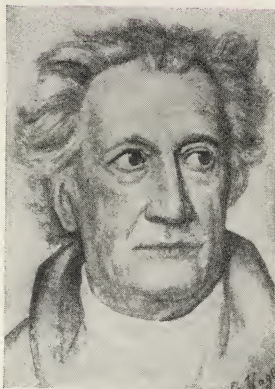
However, it is in none of these fields of endeavor that we know him best, but as one of the world's greatest poets! His most noteworthy contribution to the literary field is *Faust*, which has given inspiration to western civilization because of its poetry, imagery, and philosophy.

Goethe obtained his inspiration for this masterpiece from the stories of *Faust* which were prevalent throughout the Middle Ages. Johann Spiess collected many stories into the first *Faust* Book in 1587. Two years later Marlowe published his play. In both these instances *Faust* is finally condemned to damnation, and his soul is lost. The opera by Gounod ends in the same tragic way. Goethe, however, based his work upon his own personal belief that a man may be saved who constantly aspires to great ideals, even though he may err in his endeavor toward his goal. Goethe gives hope, inspiration, encouragement. Based upon Goethe's own philosophy of eternal progression, the narrative takes *Faust* through life's difficulties and tribulations but never lets him lose sight of the divine, and brings him finally to the Christian ideal of finding happiness and joy in service to his fellow men.

Goethe gives us an insight into his own faith in the immortality of the soul and of his belief in eternal progression in Eckermann's *Gespräche mit Goethe*:

SALVATION

in Goethe's Faust



From a pencil portrait by E. Hagen-Bruck

The period of doubt is past; men now doubt as little the existence of a God as their own. . . . A French philosopher of the most recent times begins his chapter confidently thus: "It is acknowledged that man consists of two parts, body and soul; so we will begin with the body, and then speak of the soul." . . . I doubt not of our immortality, for Nature cannot dispense with the entelechy. But we are not all in like manner immortal; and he who would manifest himself in the future as a great entelechy must be one now.¹

Goethe's longing for the eternal and for a future life lay deep in his heart, giving him hope and an objective toward which he strove:

I would by no means dispense with the happiness of believing in a future

¹Eckermann, *Gespräche mit Goethe*, Sept. 1, 1829

By

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existence, and indeed would say with Lorenzo de Medici that those are dead even for this life who hope for no other.²

Goethe was not bound to any particular creed or dogma and felt that any useless speculation as to the nature of the spirit was a waste of time because the nature of immortality, other than being progression, and also the nature of our souls remain to mortals eternal problems.³ He did feel, however, that the soul remains indestructible:

At seventy-five, one must of course think sometimes of death. But this thought never gives me uneasiness; for I am convinced that our spirit is indestructible, and that its activity continues from eternity to eternity. It is like the sun, which seems to set only to our earthly eyes, but that in reality never sets but shines on unceasingly.⁴

Goethe emphasized the necessity of building our happiness in this world by ceaseless activity, for "the world means something to the capable." If man performs his duties in this life to his fullest extent, he will thus prepare himself for continued activity and progression in the world to come.

Man should believe in immortality; he has a right to this belief; it corresponds with the wants of his nature, and he may believe in the promises of religion. But if the philosopher tries to deduce the immortality of the soul from a legend, that is very weak and inefficient. To me, the eternal existence of my soul is proved from my idea of activity; if I work on incessantly till my death, nature is bound to give me another form of existence when the present one can no longer sustain my spirit.⁵

Preoccupation in contemplation of immortality to the detriment of activity in this life was frowned upon by the poet:

This preoccupation with immortality is for people of rank, and especially ladies, who have nothing to do. But an able man, who has something regular to do here, and must toil and struggle and produce day by day, leaves the future world to itself, and is active and useful in this.⁶

The Divinity works in the living, not in the dead; in the becoming and changing, not in the become and fixed.⁷

Thus we see that Goethe's religion was founded on a belief in

(Continued on following page)

²*Ibid.*, Feb. 24, 1824

³*Ibid.*, Sept. 1, 1829

⁴*Ibid.*, May 2, 1824

⁵*Ibid.*, Feb. 4, 1829

⁶*Ibid.*, Feb. 13, 1829

SALVATION IN GOETHE'S FAUST

(Continued from preceding page)

God, in faith in eternal life, and in eternal progression, but the emphasis was placed on a practical application of religious principles in this life. Religion must be *in* man, not *above* him. In his life work, *Faust*, which took Goethe sixty years to complete, this philosophy is reflected in his hero's search for something of permanent value.

In the "Prologue in Heaven" Mephistopheles appears before the Lord and claims that Faust can easily be led astray from the righteous path, provided that he, Mephistopheles, may have a free hand in tempting him. God accepts Mephisto's wager, for the Lord knows that Faust cannot be destroyed so long as he possesses the desire to strive for a high objective; certainly Faust must experience many setbacks, for "man will err as long as he strives." Hence God says to Mephisto:

Very well! What thou hast asked is granted.

Turn off this spirit from his fountain-head;

To trap him, let thy snares be planted, And him, with thy, be downward led; Then stand abashed, when thou art forced to say;

A good man, through obscurest aspiration,

Has still an instinct of the one true way.

The Lord recognizes that Faust is possessed of a deep faith, a longing to reach a high ideal — objectives which Mephisto cannot comprehend.

However, Faust's path can possibly lead to destruction through Mephisto's influence unless Faust retains his connection with God through constant striving.

Twin brethren dwell within me, twins of strife,

And either fights to free him from the other;

One grips the earth in savage lust of life.

Clutches the ground and wallows in the mire;

The other lifts himself and struggles free,

Tearing the chains that bind him to his brother,

Beating the air with wings of vast desire

Toward the far realm of his great ancestry.

He must go through life maintain-

ing a constant drive for greater knowledge and understanding. It is the Lord's will that every man seek and search and finally decide for himself what his relationship and attitude toward life, the universe, and God shall be. In the words "In the beginning was the deed" Faust establishes the fundamentals and bases whereon this striving should rest.

According to the agreement between the Lord and Mephistopheles, the latter must satisfy Faust in order to gain his soul. This Mephisto hopes to accomplish by offering him sensual enjoyment. If Mephisto succeeds in satisfying him to the extent that he is deceived by thinking that he has reached his goal by indulgence in pleasures, then Faust will be lost. As long as Faust's heart is restless, however, and unsatisfied, he will still remain master of himself. Therefore, Faust is very frank and informs Mephisto that worldly joys can never satisfy him and that all of the devil's power cannot bring it about, but Mephisto, believing otherwise, offers him the wager that such satisfaction can be found.

Mephisto attempts first of all to divert Faust in Aurbach's Cellar, where carousing and alcohol might stun his senses. The attempt is entirely unsuccessful because Faust remains completely aloof from this society and utters but one expression: "To leave them is my inclination."

Mephisto hopes next to destroy Faust by stimulating his sensuous desires. Faust is made twenty years younger by a potion and introduced to Gretchen. Aroused voluptuous appetite turns to real love, however, when he becomes well-acquainted with the maiden and realizes the naivete of her childlike innocence and faith. Mephisto whisks him

away before Faust can take steps toward marriage and, on Walpurgisnacht, leads him to the Witches' Kitchen. As soon as Faust hears that Gretchen is in prison, his noble spirit immediately emerges from dissipation. He demands of Mephisto that Gretchen be freed. From this moment on, he no longer allows Mephisto to lead him but demands that the latter follow his orders. The table is turned. Faust becomes the master and Mephisto the servant. Although Gretchen cannot be saved from her prison, her soul is saved by the purity of her love and the unselfishness of her devotion.

In the second part of the story, Faust turns from personal gratification to action, to the creative deed. He experiences a step upward to a new level of existence. At the court of the kaiser, the "larger" world of society and government, where riches, culture, and power abound, Mephisto believes Faust will succumb, for here he is offered fame and recognition. Again, however, Faust sees nothing that will satisfy his longing.

He demands that the beautiful Helen of Greece be brought to him, for in her he sees the ideal of beauty. His marriage to Helen is symbolic of a merging of the Greek ideal with that of the German spirit and illustrates the striving for a nobler existence. Since the union with Helen does not bring satisfaction to Faust, Mephisto realizes that any further search for joys of the flesh would be fruitless. Faust claims that he must struggle, overcome, climb. "The deed is everything, the glory nought." To reign, or to possess power are objectives as false as to seek satisfaction in personal worldly pleasures.

In the fourth act, Faust breaks completely with the past, wherein personal gratification was the ultimate end, and turns exclusively to the world of "action." He saves the kaiser's kingdom for him and obtains as a reward a tract of marshy land which, if drained, can be made to furnish food and occupations for many people. Mephisto, thinking that Faust de-

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



Overcoming STAGE FRIGHT

By Louise Linton Salmon

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II

THERE is no magic which will eliminate the phenomenon which the speaker calls "stage fright."

For one thing, no two cases of stage fright are exactly alike. Some are caused by a previous speaking failure, some by a lifelong fear of people. Some are revealed by such symptoms as shaking knees and a dry mouth, others by a lapse of memory.

To some speakers stage fright is an advantage, for it expresses itself in a heightened responsiveness to the situation, the ideas, and the audience. Many great speakers attribute part of their success to this phenomenon; a thoroughbred waiting for a race is never calm and quiet, they say. To other speakers, however, stage fright is devastating. It robs them of the efficient functioning of their minds and bodies.

What are the characteristics of your stage fright? Whatever they may be, they are deeply rooted in your total personality; they are a result of the qualities of your body and mind, your past experiences, and your dreams for the future. Eliminating them is a complicated individual problem; nevertheless, if you will take the following four simple steps, you'll be pleased with your steady, though perhaps slow, improvement.

Think the right thoughts about yourself and your listeners. First say, "I will," not, "I can't." Defeatism has never won any battle. On the other hand, success begins with the knowledge that you can succeed.

Second, drop all pretenses. If you are pretending to be something you are not or to know something you do not know, you cannot feel secure.

Third, respect your listeners. Usually they are intelligent people who are listening because they hope you have something worth while to say; only petty individuals are looking for your mistakes. Most listeners give you all the moral support they can—they want you to succeed.

Fourth, forget yourself and concentrate on your subject. The idea you want to put across is much more important than the angle of your tie or the pitch of your voice. Be so interested in your subject that you forget everything except sharing it with your listeners.

Prepare thoroughly and prayerfully. Know more about your subject than your listeners do. Know so much about it that you feel confident that you have something to contribute to your listeners; we always feel more secure if we are giving to someone. Be so well prepared that you could talk an hour on the subject rather than the allotted five minutes. Never memorize a speech—memorization forces you to concentrate on words rather than thoughts—but plan your ideas so carefully that you have no doubt about their sequence.

Such preparation is well worth the hours it will probably take, for it not only gives you self-confidence, but it also makes you worthy to receive inspiration from God. If you prepare thoroughly and pray humbly, you cannot fail.

Relax! First, try to relax mentally by concentrating on the words of the speakers who precede you on the program. But if you are still excessively nervous, you must concentrate on relaxing physically as well as mentally. Relaxing your

body always lessens your nervous tension.

Begin at home by trying various relaxation exercises and thus learn how to relax easily. Then while you are waiting to give your speech, try some of your exercises. Relax your arms, your fingers, your neck muscles—inconspicuously, of course. Breathe deeply and evenly. Walk up slowly to make your speech, as if you were confident of yourself. Look at your audience for a moment—and perhaps smile at them.

Then plan to tell a humorous story—appropriate of course—at the beginning of your speech or whenever you begin to feel nervous. Laughter is a great aid to relaxation; and if you and your listeners can laugh together, you will both feel better.

If you cannot find a suitable joke or story, plan to show a picture or an object to your listeners, or if there is a blackboard, draw a diagram on it—anything appropriate that will give you something to do with your hands and your body. If you can be active, you will have an outlet for your nervous energy; and released energy is much safer than pent-up energy.

Speak whenever you have the opportunity, and do your best each time. When 877 freshmen were tested at the University of Iowa, it was found that the poorest speakers were those with the least speaking experience. Not only will a successful speech give you valuable practice on the essential speaking skills, but it will also significantly increase your self-confidence. Successful experiences always breed self-confidence. On the other hand, a hastily prepared, ill-conceived speech will only establish more firmly your bad speech habits; and the resulting feeling of failure will retard your progress. It is important, therefore, that you make each speech the very best speech of which you are capable.

William Jennings Bryan said, "The ability to speak effectively is an acquirement rather than a gift." Therefore, get a record of successful speaking experiences behind you.

Good luck to you! Remember—the first one hundred speeches are the hardest.



THEIR childish expectant eyes gazed hopefully at the mysterious bag.

CHRISTMAS

C. O. D.

By John Sherman Walker

QUINTUS H. CLAYBAUGH, soberly sipping ginger tea, settled deeper in his Morris chair, ruddy light from the fireplace casting his shadow angularly up the wall to the high ceiling of the old-fashioned front room.

He glanced out of the great window, comfortably contemplating the snowflakes hazing the glare of street lamps and buffeting passers-by hunched against the wind.

Mr. Claybaugh did not exactly gloat over the discomfort of his fellow men caught in such a storm. To gloat, one must assume the semblance of a smile, and the fleshy jowls of Mr. Claybaugh had not creased themselves into a smile for longer than he or any of his household could rightly say.

True, he stayed within the law

when he pressed his close contracts with those in his debt. But his close-fisted policies had caused many a man to dislike him wholeheartedly.

He now had accumulated a mausoleum of a mansion, a staff of three to care for his bachelor needs, a shiny new sedan, a substantial bank account—and the dislike of everyone whoever had business dealings with him.

The master let a pudgy hand fall on a nearby handbell. Almost immediately his "gentleman's gentleman" appeared. Mr. Claybaugh spoke with the husky tones of one who is hampered with a cold.

"You can bring it in now, Keyes, and turn the lights up a bit."

"Very good, sir."

Keyes wheeled in a caddy with a tray of most tempting food—an exquisitely-turned filet mignon, potatoes souffle, buttered asparagus tips, fluffy biscuit, a crisp salad, and fruit cocktail.

Spoiling the pleasing effect, there reposed also, at one end of the tray, a little box labeled, "Dyspepsia Tablets."

Placing the tray in readiness before Mr. Claybaugh, Keyes turned up the floor lamp.

"Will that be all, sir?"

Mr. Claybaugh grumpily thrust a finger at the pill box. Lacking those particular pills, his meal would have been considered quite incomplete. For a full minute he glared at the open carton, then exploded.

"KEYES!—where are my pink pills? These are purple—!"

Keyes could only stare in horrified disbelief.

"They're marked in the usual way, sir. But I'll send Preston at once to exchange them. The stores will still be open, I'm sure—it being Christmas Eve."

"Christmas Eve!—that's the cause of all this infernal negligence!"

Mr. Claybaugh bounced to his feet, nearly upsetting the tray with its untouched food, and strode back and forth in front of the fireplace.

"Christmas—just another bit of commercial falderal to draw gullible people down to the stores—to buy tinsel and toys and Christmas trees!"

He blew his reddening nose vigorously and blinked cold-shot eyes.

"Why, confound it, I can't eat a bite without those pills."

Snatching up the box of offending pills, Quintus H. stomped toward the door, throwing a great-coat about his shoulders.

"We'll see about this. I'm going down there and rout out that nitwit clerk at Salms personally. Call Preston, and have the car out here right away. *This won't happen again!*"

"I hope not, sir. I'll have the car around at once."

It is conjectural what might have happened in the tinsel-strewn festivity of Salms, Inc., drug and department emporium if, at the moment, Mr. Claybaugh had been in full voice as he glowered at the titian-topped information clerk. As it was, Mr. Claybaugh, his ample mouth open to deliver a tirade, became suddenly aware that his voice had all but disappeared.

The discovery, in wave-of-the-wand fashion, changed Quintus Claybaugh from a charging wild bull into the mildest lamb—against his raging will, of course. His lips demanded, but mutely, "I want to see the manager of the complaint department."

The pretty girl lip-read his wild-eyed but silent demand.

"Elevator to your left, sir. The adjustment department is on the basement floor."

The downward plunge of the elevator did not help the queasy uneasiness of Mr. Claybaugh, who wondered if his vocal organs had become permanently impaired.

He wrenched open the door of "Adjustments" and hurled his large

person inside—into as movie-mad a scene as he ever hoped to witness again.

In stupefied amazement he glared at the bizarre bedlam — of Kris Kringles—dozen of them—in red pants and blouses and black boots; white-whiskered, masked Santas, in every stage of costuming—clerks hovering around them with helping hands.

For just one moment Mr. Claybaugh started in frustration, then even he could not remember exactly what happened to him.

A strong-armed clerk helpfully propelled him to a chair, relieving him of his coat and barking instructions into his ear.



"HUNGRY, Kris? . . .

There's oodles of Irish stew.

Care for that?"

"Here, my man, sit down and take off your shoes. I'll help you. All the others are ready. Where have you been? Truck leaves in ten minutes. Hey, Tom—10-A boots for Number Nine, he's just come in. And bring the toy-bag over. Snap it up—he's the last to fix up."

Someone was hurling red mantles before his eyes. A red, white-trimmed cap was clamped on his head; a red blouse and pants were flung on his knees; and his feet were being squeezed into high black boots. His perspiring, purpling face was almost smothered in a stiff mask, tied at the back of his head.

"Stand up, please; just pull the pants on over your others."

Mr. Claybaugh stood up with a jerk—to fight. But his feet were hobbled with a pair of crimson pants. To allow locomotion, Quintus pulled them up. Gamely again he tried a gesture of defiance, flinging his arms upward—exactly the right position for having them encased in the red arms of a blouse, which plopped down over his head and shoulders.

The tinsel nightmare now caught him up in a stampede of Santas for

a side door, outside into the nippy air, before the open end of a truck.

A Santa on the truck grabbed his hand in an unbreakable grip, and a helpful Kris gave him a powerful allee-ooop from the rear—to deposit him among other Santa Clauses, his feet anchored by bulging bags of toys.

He shivered as sleety snow beat against the truck, now whisking along through the night, he knew not where. Several times the truck stopped, and the driver came to the rear opening and called out a number.

Number one, his bag on his back, had been left three blocks back; number two was being helped out now—and so it went. Three, four—and finally number nine was called out as the truck lurched to a stop.

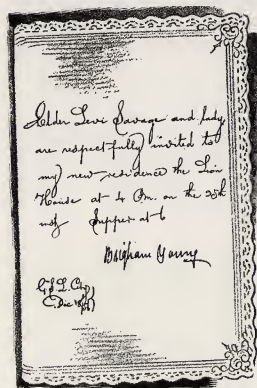
"Number Nine, let's go! Here's your house. Just knock at the door and deliver your toys. You can wait inside until we come back to pick



you up. Your pay will be ready for you at the office after you're through. Number Nine—"

The big Santa next to him gave
(Continued on page 866)

“...it being



President Brigham Young's invitation to Elder Levi Savage, returned missionary from the Far East, to a Christmas party, 1855

CHRISTMAS...

By Albert L. Zobell, Jr.

turned from missions through Kentucky and Tennessee, having traveled fifteen hundred miles, of which nine hundred were on foot.²

In 1841 Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Orson Pratt, Wilford Woodruff, John Taylor, and their wives and Willard Richards spent the evening at Hiram Kimball's home in Nauvoo, and after supper, Hiram Kimball gave each of the Twelve Apostles a fractional lot of land lying on the west side of his two additions.³

After the heart-rending exodus from Nauvoo, Robert S. Bliss described that first Christmas in pioneer Utah:

The snow is now nearly gone and the weather fine. Today we awakened by the firing of cannon and the day was spent in work by some and in amusements by others and at night dances and plays by the young people. I visited one of my old neighbors who was driven out of Illinois with myself and partook of a fine Christmas dinner.⁴

Captain Pitt's band of twenty-six musicians promenaded the streets of

Great Salt Lake City on Christmas day 1852, on horseback, playing before the houses of the First Presidency and the members of the Council of the Twelve.⁵

Christmas was regularly a day of thanksgiving and of dedication. On that day, in 1854, the Seventies' Hall was dedicated,⁶ while 1860 saw the dedication of the private school-house of Brigham Young.⁷

President Brigham Young gave an entertainment in his new residence, the Lion House, on Christmas evening, 1856, for a large number of missionaries lately returned from foreign missions, and a few brethren and their wives. President Young gave a fatherly welcome and counseled his guests to enjoy themselves in singing, conversation, praying, and preaching. The report of the occasion went on:

Brigham Young remembered, as he often does, that in inviting guests to a party, the only limitations to numbers, in his feelings, was the extent of room for their accommodation, hence had he suitable room, he would never wish to stop until he had invited every Latter-day Saint in all the world.⁸

²*Ibid.*, December 25, 1852

³*Ibid.*, December 25, 1854

⁴*Ibid.*, December 25, 1860

⁵*Ibid.*, December 25, 1856

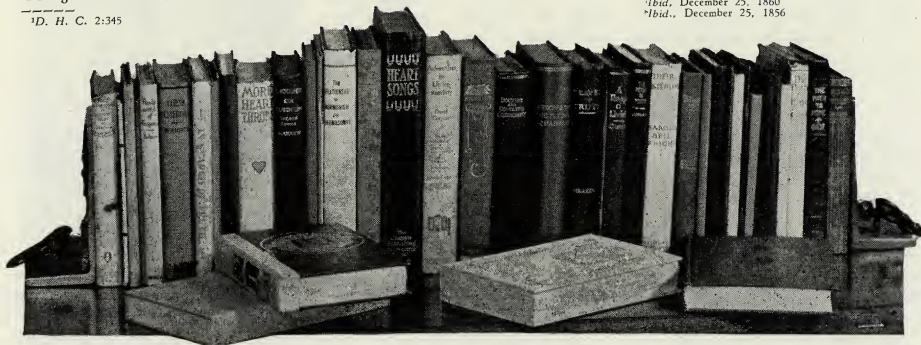
CHRISTMAS—it's a magic word to help us remember that season of years gone by. And as you have your family gathered about you, have you ever wondered how the Prophet Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, and other Authorities of the Church have spent the day?

On Christmas day 1835 the Prophet Joseph Smith recorded:

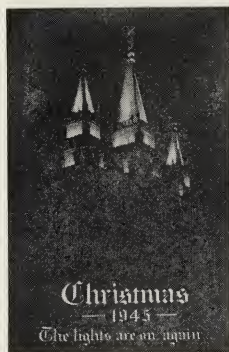
Enjoyed myself at home with my family all day, it being Christmas, the only time I have had this privilege so satisfactorily for a long period.⁹

Three years later, Christmas Day 1838, there were many thrilling experiences retold as Don Carlos Smith, the Prophet's brother, and George A. Smith, his cousin, re-

⁹*D. H. C.* 2:345



The bookshelf of the late George D. Pyper, composed of books presented through the years by President Heber J. Grant.



President George Albert Smith's Christmas greetings, 1945, 1946, and 1947.



During the Civil War, 1862, the Salt Lake Theatre had as its Christmas feature the plays "The Honey Moon" and "Paddy Miles' Boy," and a patriotic address "The Banner of Our Country."⁹

The first Christmas cards seem to have been printed in London about 1846. It is believed that not quite one thousand cards were printed that year. However, the custom of sending cards to friends and acquaintances did not become popular until about 1860.¹⁰ How long it took the idea to come across the sea to the American west is not known, but with missionaries and converts coming from England, and from all the world, Salt Lake City was sure to find itself more cosmopolitan than many of the cities on the eastern coast.

President Heber J. Grant used to recall how, as a young man, he wrote New Year's cards:

I once made twenty dollars on New Year's day by writing forty dozen cards with "Happy New Year" and the man's name written in the corner. The next New Year's day I made \$37.50 in five hours. I wrote on fifty dozen cards the words "Happy New Year" and sold them all, and had to write more.¹¹

The passage of the Edmunds-Tucker law brought persecution to

the Church, and the resultant break-up of happy family life dampened the outward manifestation of the spirit of Christmas. With the clearing up of the difficulty there were theater parties and recitations like old times. Bishop Orson F. Whitney's readings during an intermission of the Christmas play at the Salt Lake Theatre in 1892 brought the "most generous applause."¹²

President Lorenzo Snow, who presided over the Church at the turn of the century, used to write poetry, which he sent to his friends as his seasons' greetings.¹³

President Heber J. Grant used to buy books to give to his friends. Ofttimes he would buy an entire edition of four or five thousand copies of a book he particularly liked. During the 1935-36 university year, President Grant went to Brigham Young University where his portrait was to be unveiled in the Heber J. Grant library. In answer to an inquiry the school's president, Dr. Franklin S. Harris, told President Grant that the library had over one hundred thousand volumes. In his address that followed, President Grant said that while he had never kept track of the number of books he had given away, he believed that the number, too, would be about one hundred thousand.¹⁴

President George Albert Smith's Christmas greetings have been beautiful with the essence of simplicity. The year 1945 saw the lights go on again all over the world, and his card pictured the lighted spires of the Salt Lake Temple. Inside the card bore a scriptural reminder—from the Beatitudes. The following two years, 1946 and 1947, were years to recall history with the Utah Centennial. His cards were "A Pioneer Horizon" and the "This Is the Place" Monument, and last year his card was the appropriate:

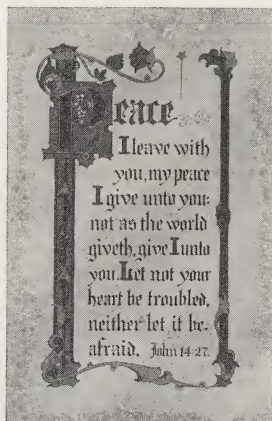
Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.¹⁵

Today there are more called to administrative and teaching positions in the building up of the kingdom than at any time in the history of the Church. We hope that each can say this year, as the Prophet Joseph Smith recorded 114 years ago:

Enjoyed myself at home with my family all day, it being Christmas, . . .

And to the thousands of missionaries in the field, each with his proud yet humble family at home: May that wonderful Christmas soon come when you join your family and enrich their lives by retelling experiences in the mission field.

¹⁵John 14:27



President George Albert Smith's 1948 Christmas card.

⁹Ibid., December 25, 1862

¹⁰The Christmas Eve Book, Lynn, Mass., 1945, p. 15

¹¹THE IMPROVEMENT ERA, 39:702

¹²Journal History, December 25, 1892

¹³Conversation with Lerol C. Snow

¹⁴THE IMPROVEMENT ERA 39:704

(Field Enterprises, Inc., Chicago, Illinois. 1949. 14 volumes. \$69.50 for deluxe edition.)

THIS new edition of *Childcraft* contains in its fourteen volumes some three thousand three hundred pages of well-selected, edited, and illustrated reading material for children of all ages and their parents. Seemingly no effort or expense has been spared to do the best possible job. The selection of the poems, stories, articles, and illustrations has been made with great care. The layouts are pleasing, the printing superb, the index complete, the bindings attractive and durable. Volumes one through six contain an anthology of poetry and stories and provide a foundation of the best in childhood literature. Large type assures easy readability for children. The work of one hundred ten of the country's leading child artists is included in the books. Volume seven, "Exploring the World Around Us," will help acquaint the child with nature. One hundred thirty-two pictures are reproduced in full natural color in this book. Volume eight, "Creative Plays and Activities," provides a guide to constructive pastimes and hobbies. Volumes nine, ten, eleven, and twelve are designed to aid parents in solving problems of child rearing from babyhood through pre-adolescence, written by some of the best-known child psychologists and educators. Volume thirteen, "Art and Music," contains reproductions of famous paintings, historic homes, biographical sketches of famous composers, description of instruments, songs especially written for young people, to develop a child's appreciation for the arts. Volume fourteen is an up-to-the-minute book on science and industry with discussions of radio, television, transportation, telephone, telegraph, and plastics. This set of books can fill an important need in schools or in homes where there are growing children.—D. L. G.

FOXIE

(Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. Doubleday & Co., Garden City. 1949. \$2.00.)

THIS author-illustrator pair have prepared so many good books that another one always makes news in the children's book industry. This is the story of a little dog who was lost for a time and learned circus tricks. But when he gave his act, his own master recognized him—and so all ended happily. The illustrations are exceptional and the story of interest to the very young.—M. C. J.

ON THE CHILDREN'S

Bookrack

THE LITTLE HILL

(Written and illustrated by Harry Behn. Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York. 1949. 58 pages. \$2.00.)

THE LITTLE HILL—a small, attractive volume of poems weaves a pattern of delightful imagery in its simple verses which will no doubt be enjoyed as much by grownups as by children.

The poems are centered around familiar objects, and the drawings in color lend a special magic. Some titles are Cat and Cactus, Nap Time, Thunderstorm, and last of all Spring Rain.—E. J. M.

THE DOOR IN THE WALL

(Written and illustrated by Marguerite de Angeli. Doubleday and Co., Inc. Garden City. 1949. 112 pages. \$2.50.)

THE re-creation of the early Norman period in England is unusual enough for those who love romance, and the story of courage as it is unfolded in the life of Robin de Bureford is strong enough for those who want a lesson. The illustrations are beautifully executed by the author. The very young will enjoy hearing it read, and the ten to twelve will enjoy reading it for themselves.—M. C. J.

NATIONAL VELVET

(Enid Bagnold. William Morrow & Co., Inc., New York. 1949. 307 pages. \$3.00.)

WHEN this book appeared in 1935, it became instantaneously a best seller both in America and England. Today, after having been filmed, it is republished with double page illustrations by Paul Brown that enhance the stirring story of a horse race. The Brown family, and particularly Velvet, become an interesting story even apart from the piebald horse who won the grand national. There is no age limit to those who will like this book.—M. C. J.

SEARCH FOR GLORY

(Kevin Guinagh. Longmans, Green and Co., New York. 1946. 220 pages. \$2.50.)

EIGHTEENTH century France is the scene of this book, and Pilatre, a pharmacist who experiments with the Paris sewer gases and goes on to invent a gas mask, is the central character. His great experiment and achievement, however, is with hot-air balloons.—A. L. Z., Jr.

BRIGHT ARROWS

(Grace Livingston Hill. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 1946. 247 pages. \$2.00.)

EDEN THURSTON, orphaned and in trouble with scheming relatives, faces the difficulty of life unafraid and with great faith. Her "bright arrows" start shining through as she meets and falls in love with a young lawyer who helps her untangle the problems of her life.—A. L. Z., Jr.

DARK HOUSE ON THE MOSS

(Constance Savery. Longmans, Green and Co., New York. London, Toronto. 216 pages. \$2.50.)

THE orphaned Louis and Periwinkle Courtenay find many strange things going on around the treacherous marsh regions which surround the home of their Uncle Morville, who has taken them into his home. Following a near-catastrophe, when the marsh breaks its boundaries and threatens the lives of nearby villagers, many mysterious events are untangled and many hearts are softened toward the man who had been unjustly hated by his tenants.

This is one mystery tale full of suspense which can be recommended to young folk.—D. L. G.

THE VERY LITTLE DOG

(Grace Skaar. William R. Scott, Inc., New York. 1949. 20 pages.)

FOR the very youngest of the reading public—all about this very little dog—and how it grew. The book has three-color illustrations.—A. L. Z., Jr.



—Photograph by Elizabeth R. Hibbs



—Photograph by Hulton from Monkmeier

PLAY WITH PLANTS

(Millicent E. Selsam. Pictures by James Macdonald. William Morrow & Co., New York. 1949. 63 pages. \$2.00.)

THIS book will prove of great interest to everyone in the home—and will be provocative of interesting activity during the months that lie ahead. The author suggests also that experimentation may go forward—even if the book does end.—M. C. J.

SNOWSHOE PAWS

(Written and illustrated by Margaret S. Johnson. William Morrow & Co., New York. 1949. 63 pages. \$2.00.)

THIS book is printed in large type that will be a pleasure for the beginning reader to entertain himself with. It is the story of Lanny, a six-toed kitten, and Impy, a Pekinese dog.—M. C. J.

VIC—A DOG OF THE PRAIRIES

(Thomas C. Hinckle. William Morrow & Co., New York. 1949. 192 pages. \$2.00.)

THE story of a dog—a dog of the prairie—and his devotion to his young master form the basis of this story. Episodes include the capturing of horse thieves, and the mistaking of Vic for a renegade dog who is destroying cattle—and how the dog gets some poisoned bait that is used by a trapper.—A. L. Z., Jr.

DAVID'S RAILROAD

(Catherine Woolley. William Morrow & Co., New York. 1949. 159 pages. \$2.00.)

SIX-YEAR-OLD David, his pals, and his dog, get into trouble designed for six-year olds, not the least of which is with David's railroad, which he received for Christmas.—A. L. Z., Jr.

A SUNDAE WITH JUDY

(Frieda Friedman. William Morrow & Company, New York. 1949. 192 pages. \$3.00.)

WHEN Judy Marshall was not in the candy store helping her father, she was in the midst of some community project to help promote neighborliness. Perhaps that is one reason why so many of her friends met at the confectionery for those special sundaes which her father had taught her to make. Judy proves that life to an eleven-year-old can be most exciting if work and play are blended.—E. J. M.

CADMUS HENRY

(Walter D. Edmonds. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. 1949. 137 pages. \$2.75.)

ADULTS who thrilled to *Drums Along the Mohawk* will be glad to turn to this book by the same author for their children. Written for high school students and up, the book deals with the Confederate Cadmus and his flight in the balloon over Union lines. His friendship with a Northern girl leads to—, but that would give the story away. For the twelve to sixteen years olds it will be of interest.—M. C. J.

MORE DANISH TALES

(Retold by Mary C. Hatch. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. 1949. 237 pages. \$2.50.)

THIS second collection of Danish folk tales retold by Miss Hatch comes from the Sven Grundtvig classic *Folktaeventyr*. The stories deserve to become part of the heritage of every child who will learn much in an interesting manner from them. Teachers will likewise find the stories valuable for use in lessons.—M. C. J.

MELINDY'S HAPPY SUMMER

(Georgene Faulkner. Julian Messner, Inc., New York. 182 pages. \$2.50.)

THE summer held much embarrassment for Melindy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gray, until they discovered that her "bragging" was unintentional, and that although frightened of animals and water she risked her life to save Baby Peggy from drowning. The climax comes when Melindy, a colored girl, is allowed to sing the part of Gretel at the Treestops Music Camp.—D. L. G.

MAKE IT AND RIDE IT

(C. J. Maginley. Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York. 120 pages. \$2.00.)

IF your boy is one who has to be making things or helping Dad, here's the book for him. Concise

directions and clear diagrams are included for making a variety of vehicles ranging from scooters, jeeps, wagons, etc., to a model which can be entered in the annual Soap Box Derby. Materials for all except the Derby racer can be obtained from inexpensive sources such as fruit crates, and necessary tools can be found in almost any home or school workshop.—D. L. G.

HANK AND THE KITTEN

(Ruth Dudley; pictures by Louis Darling. William Morrow & Co., New York. 1942. 62 pages. \$2.00.)

FOR the child who is ready to thrill to the experience of reading for himself, this book is fascinating. Hank is the pup who has to share with a new kitten. But when the kitten disappears, Hank realizes how much it meant even to him.—A. L. Z., Jr.

SPHINX—THE STORY OF A CATERPILLAR

(Robert M. McClung. William Morrow & Co., New York. 1949. 48 pages. \$2.00.)

THE author is an assistant in the department of Mammals and Birds at the New York Zoological Park, tells the story of the sphinx caterpillar from egg to moth. Half the pages of this kiddies' book are done in two colors.—A. L. Z., Jr.

THE SMALLEST BOY IN THE CLASS

(Jerrold Beim. William Morrow & Company, Inc., New York. Illustrated. 1949. 52 pages. \$2.00.)

THE children called him Tiny because he was the smallest boy in the class, but his name was really Jim. Jim hated being so small, and so he tried his best to make more noise than anyone else and drew the largest pictures on the blackboard. His playmates laughed at him. Then he had an experience that showed the children that stature is not measured in feet and inches, and he earned the right to the name Jim.—E. J. M.

THE BEST CHRISTMAS

(Lee Kingman. Illustrated. Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York. 1949. 95 pages. \$1.50.)

THE story of how Erkki Seppala made Christmas for every member of his family when he and they thought that Matti Seppala, the eldest in the family, had been lost at sea, does much to restore the true Christmas spirit. *The Best Christmas* comes when each gives something of himself, and Erkki gave of himself to each member of the family.—M. C. J.

the spoken word

FROM TEMPLE SQUARE

By RICHARD L. EVANS

Counting on Character

THERE has long been a philosophy, too widely entertained, that a personal weakness could be offset by a legal device; for example, there have been those who have supposed that if a man weren't fundamentally honest, you could make him honest merely by passing a law against dishonesty or that if a man weren't moral, you could assure his morality by legislating against immorality. And this line of thinking has gone yet further—to the point where sometimes collateral and contracts and written commitments are presumed to replace character. But, lest we forget it, integrity of character is still an indispensable element in any transaction, regardless of what other safeguards may be insisted upon. This isn't true only of people individually; it is true also of organizations and institutions, and even of nations, because nations and other institutions are only people, governments and other organizations are only men—and agreements are often not worth much more than the integrity of those who are responsible for them. He who has the word of a man of honor has something to count on, but he who has only a written document may have only a written document, because history, both past and current, has proved that there is no security that cannot be sabotaged, no strong box that cannot be broken, no treaty or trust that cannot be violated, no oath that cannot be dishonored, unless behind all these things there are men of high principle. The only relationships in this world that have ever been really worth while and enduring, have been those in which one man could trust another—in which men could trust men. And maybe one of these days, if we haven't done so al-

ready, we shall begin to count more on character and less on collateral, more on individual responsibility and less on legislation, more on simple justice and less on litigation, more on principle and less on expediency—because there isn't any security or any safe and sure future for any one except on the basis of personal integrity and individual responsibility. If you can't count on character, you can't count on anything—for long.

—October 9, 1949

Revised

Dangerous Delays

THINGS that are done too late don't count. At least, they don't count as much as things that are done when they should be done. Time is an element in everything we do—and it often runs out on us when we indulge in dangerous delays. Often when children are asked to do something, they answer, "In a minute!" But their minutes are often multiplied. And when they finally do what they have been asked to do, it is often at their own convenience. But there is a big difference between doing something when we ought to do it and doing something when we get "good and ready." Performances after the show is over don't mean much. Touchdowns made after time has been called don't count. Medicine administered after the patient has recovered—or died—doesn't do any good, either. The doctor's prescription had better be taken when the illness is acute, without waiting for fatal or favorable results. Kindness and comfort and consideration that are offered too late don't count for much, either. We need kindness and encouragement when we need it. And one encouraging word at a critical time would mean much more than a thousand words after

it is too late. Things that come too late often find that something else has filled their place. Sometimes when people are struggling to establish themselves, there are some few friends who give them what help and encouragement they can. But when they finally "arrive," they find many "friends" flocking to them. And those who wouldn't lift a hand when it was most needed often eagerly extend open arms. When people are "out of the woods," the windows open, and offers of services and assistance are poured out upon them where there were none to be found before. Sometimes when people are under attack, their friends fade away—except perhaps one or two, or a few who prove themselves to be "friends in need." And then after they have been through the battle, their fair-weather friends begin to drift back and wish them well. There are many things in life that must be done when they must be done. When time runs out, we may make some recovery. We may be permitted to play again another day. We may convince others that we have repented. But it is hazardous to leave things too late. Great regrets often come from dangerous delays. It is much safer to score before the gun has ended the game.

—October 16, 1949

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On Escaping Penalties

SOMETIMES the question is asked:

Just how effective is the threat of punishment in keeping men from doing things they shouldn't do? To this, we must frankly answer that often the mere threat of punishment doesn't seem to be very effective—perhaps because so many men are apparently willing to gamble on the chance of avoiding punishment for their errors. In contemplating some

misdeed, they often weigh the supposed pleasures against the possible penalties and then they weigh the chances of escaping the penalties and act accordingly. Especially would it seem that punishments which are postponed to a remote hereafter are often not very effective in causing men to give up the error of their ways. Heaven sometimes seems so far away—and what seems far away may hold little fear for the present. But quite apart from the prospect of remote punishment, it would be well to consider the absolute certainty of immediate punishment. If we do something we shouldn't do, even if no one else knows it, the gnawing accusation inside is one form of immediate and unavoidable punishment. The accusation of others is only intermittent, but our own inward accusation can be constant. There may be those who we may think have done some misdeed or participated in some malpractice without punishment, but if we think so, it is only because we don't know what goes on inside them. There is no misdeed which does not exact its own penalty. There is no kind of malpractice, the consequences of which are reserved wholly for the hereafter. We may gamble on outsmarting the law; we may gamble on the seeming remoteness of heaven and the hereafter; we may gamble on the leniency of men and the mercy of God—but there is nothing more certain in this world than the certainty that every thought and act of our lives has its impact upon us,

whether it is known to others or not—and anyone who gambles against this fact has already lost his gamble.

Revised

—October 23, 1949

The "Bliss" of Ignorance

IT HAS been some two centuries since Thomas Gray wrote this sentence: "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," thus perpetuating a much-quoted phrase on a much-misunderstood assumption: that what we don't know doesn't hurt us. There comes to mind an old, old story of the giant who was complacently confident of his invincibility. But he was challenged by a contender who had a sword of exceeding sharpness, which sword with one mighty stroke cut through the giant's body, so quickly and cleanly, so says the story, that the giant didn't feel it. He was enjoying the bliss of ignorance, not knowing that he was cut in two, until his challenger said: "Shake yourself." And when the giant shook himself, he fell apart. When some of us shake ourselves and face facts, we may not be nearly so "happy," in a sense, as when we ignored facts—but *the facts were there all the time*. What we didn't

know did "hurt" us, but we didn't know that it "hurt" us. And that is not intelligent happiness. It is a dangerous and unhappy kind of so-called happiness. Sometimes if we would shake ourselves sooner and face facts earlier, we might be better prepared for some of the sharp swords we have to meet in life. And yet we sometimes seem to like to be deceived. Many men make a good living out of other men's willingness to be deceived. The professional magician is an honest sort of deceiver. We know beforehand that his purpose is to deceive us, and we are not pleased with his performance unless he does. But the dishonest deceiver is quite another thing. And perhaps the worst deceivers of all are those who deliberately deceive themselves. We may think it is fun to be fooled. We may think that what we don't know doesn't hurt us—but if bacteria have been undermining us without at first producing symptoms, we have still been "hurt." If termites have been boring at the beams without our knowing it, the house has still been "hurt." If thieves have looted the safe without immediate discovery, the owner has still been "hurt." There may be some pleasant and permissible deceptions, but it is wiser to face facts and to change unfavorable facts if we can and adjust to them if we can't. Safe and sound happiness sees through open eyes—and is not the false "bliss" that refuses to face facts.

—October 30, 1949

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HEARD FROM THE "CROSSROADS OF THE WEST" WITH THE SALT LAKE TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN OVER A NATION-WIDE 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.

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

(Concluded from page 801)

anywhere that I have been ashamed to testify to these truths. I do not know why a man should be ashamed of knowing the truth because somebody else does not know it, especially when it pertains to the gospel which is the power of God unto salvation.

I pray that we may continue to worship the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,

through his beloved Son Jesus Christ, to the end that we may gain exaltation in the celestial kingdom when our life's labors in mortality are completed.

And at this season, and at all seasons, may the Lord bless us with health, opportunity, vision, wisdom, and a desire to serve with increasing faith our Father who is in heaven.

Editorials

Our Sunday School Jubilee

ONE HUNDRED years ago, in 1849, Richard Ballantyne, convert from Scotland, organized the first Sunday School in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains. Salt Lake City was then barely two years old. The population was gradually increasing as the pioneers filtered slowly over the toilsome, desert roads. It was a time of pioneer hardships. Richard Ballantyne's heart grew tender as he saw the children of the travel-worn pioneers. The future lay in the hands of the children! They must be nourished with the truth for which their parents had entered the uninviting, forbidding wilderness!

So the Sunday Schools were born in the Rocky Mountains. In this year, 1949, the Sunday Schools have been celebrating, joyously, the hundred years of continuous, expanding, noble service.

It is a churchwide jubilee, for all members of the Church look back, the adults with a touch of nostalgia, upon the Sunday mornings, scrubbed and in best clothes, they spent in Sunday School. The teachings of those days have echoed throughout life, have been as foundations for worthy efforts of life.

The Sunday Schools have grown. Now they offer instruction and time for needed spiritual contemplation to all, from childhood to old age. In the sacred, restful Sunday morning, in well-organized classes, the vast but simple gospel message is taught and discussed, as perhaps nowhere else. The Sunday Schools may well claim to be our church university of theological lore.

Tens of thousands of gospel-loving men and women, lesson writers, teachers, and officers, have made possible the notable career of the Sunday School. It has taken thought and forethought, planning and execution of plans. These workers may be forgotten by name, but the results of their sacrifices live and are imperishable.

The devoted army of Sunday School workers has had magnificent leadership. Two presidents of the Church have been general superintendents: Lorenzo Snow and Joseph F. Smith. Such men as George Q. Cannon, Karl G. Maeser, George Goddard, Joseph M. Tanner, David O. McKay, George D. Pyper, Milton Bennion, and an unnumbered host of general, stake, and ward officers have, from time to time, shaped the destiny of the Sunday Schools. Men and women, great and small, have felt honored to serve the Sunday School movement.

The printed organ of the Sunday Schools, first the *Juvenile Instructor*, now *The Instructor*, has

left for the passing years an invaluable record of history and prophecy, and has inspired the present.

The Lord has blessed the Sunday Schools greatly; and they have been a blessing to the Church. We thank the Lord for them!

Before the Sunday Schools lies an immeasurable opportunity. It uses the choicest period of the week for the work, when in young and old there is a sense of freedom from the routine of life. Within the Sabbath Schools lies the power to develop in every Church member a firm, intelligent testimony of the truth of the eternal gospel restored through Joseph Smith, Prophet of God.

The recently appointed capable superintendency, Dr. George R. Hill, A. Hamer Reiser, and David L. McKay, trained in the spirit of the work, will build distinguished years upon the foundation laid by the labors of the past.

May the Sunday Schools be prospered by the Lord on their progressive way!

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA and its readers salute the Sunday Schools of the Church upon their distinguished centennial record and pray that their coming years may spread far and wide, through human hearts and works, the message of eternal truth.—J. A. W.

CHRISTMAS SEASON

By Leah Sherman

THROUGH endless years of crisp December days
The Christmas spirit has endured, to now;
The blase commercialism of our ways
Cannot keep tinsel from the hollydough.
Cold winds are warmed by fanning
friendship's fire,
As gifts are planned for friends and
those we love.
Christ's spirit enters home and churchly
spire
With essence misted over from above.
The night our Mary mothered, at the inn
A Son destined to rule the world of men
Was but a transient hour's lapse of sin
To heartless tyrants, as the men were
then.
Now Christmas spirit is a warming flame
That enters hearts of men, at Jesus' name.



Evidences and Reconciliations

xl. Are There Many Gods?

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS believe in one supreme God.

He is God, the Father, to whom we direct our prayers, in the name of Jesus, the Christ. Associated with the Father are his Son, Jesus the Christ, and the Holy Ghost. These three separate and distinct personages constitute the Godhead, the governing council of the universe.

In confirmation of this view, Brigham Young said, "There is a Power that has organized all things from the crude matter that floats in the immensity of space. He has given form, motion and life to this material world; has made the great and small lights that bespangle the firmament above; has allotted to them their times and their seasons, and has marked out their spheres. He has caused the air and the waters to teem with life, and covered the hills and plains with creeping things, and has made man to be a ruler over his creations. All these wonders are the works of the Almighty Ruler of the universe, in whom we believe and whom we worship."¹ . . .

"All the creations are his work, and they are for his glory and for the benefit of the children of men; and all things are put into the possession of man for his comfort, improvement and consolation, and for his health, wealth, beauty and excellency."²

President Young continued his testimony by declaring, "Our faith is concentrated in the Son of God, and through him in the Father; and the Holy Ghost is their minister to bring truths to our remembrance, to reveal new truths to us, and teach, guide, and direct the course of every mind, until we become perfected and prepared to go home, where we can see and converse with our Father in Heaven."³

"The Holy Ghost, we believe, is one of the characters that form the Trinity, or the Godhead. Not one person in three, nor three persons in one; but the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are one in essence, as the hearts of three men who are united in all things. He is one of the three characters we believe in, whose office it is to administer to those of the human family who love the truth. I have stated that they are one, as the hearts of three men might be one."⁴

The Church believes and teaches that the personages of the Trinity are distinct personalities but that they are as one because they are united in all things of faith and action.

Undoubtedly, in working out the Father's plan of salvation, the three members of the Godhead may have had different assignments. Jesus was commissioned to organize the earth, to place man upon it, to secure for man eternal association with his body, through his atonement upon the cross, and when the time comes, to present to the Father the results of man's journey on earth so that proper judgment may be rendered.

The Holy Ghost was given the high office to help weak man searching for truth win salvation. This he would accomplish by establishing contact between him-

self and every person on earth. By that contact he may warn against sin, point out the path to righteousness, give guidance to all who really love the gospel, and become a witness of truth when it is found. Thus, through the influence from the Holy Ghost, man is never alone but may always be in the presence of divinity.

This revealed doctrine of the composition and nature of the Godhead teaches that there are at least three Gods. The Prophet Joseph Smith, challenged by unbelievers that he taught a plurality of Gods, replied in a sermon, "I will preach on the plurality of Gods. I have selected this text for that express purpose. I wish to declare I have always, and in all congregations when I have preached on the subject of the Deity, it has been the plurality of Gods. It has been preached by the elders for fifteen years.

"I have always declared God to be a distinct personage, Jesus Christ, a separate and distinct personage from God the Father, and that the Holy Ghost was a distinct personage and a Spirit; and these three constitute three distinct personages and three Gods. If this is in accordance with the New Testament, lo and behold! we have three Gods anyhow, and they are plural; and who can contradict it?"⁵

However, in the restored gospel the word god does not always refer to the governing council of the Gods: the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. There are in the universe innumerable intelligent beings, some of whom have come to this earth. These beings, if faithful to the law of the Eternal Father, are steadily progressing toward his likeness. Those who have risen high in their progressive development are often spoken of as gods. This is thoroughly consistent with the doctrine that all are children of God the Father, therefore of his nature, and capable of rising towards his image. This promise is clearly stated in a revelation to the Prophet Joseph Smith, wherein the destiny of the faithful is discussed:

"Wherefore, as it is written, they are gods, even the sons of God."⁶

Likewise, speaking of the faithful, "then shall they be gods, because they have no end."⁷

The plurality of gods is further stated in contemplation of the wonderful laws, things, and properties of the universe.

"According to that which was ordained in the midst of the Council of the Eternal God of all other gods before this world was."⁸

While then, there are many gods there should nevertheless be a clear distinction between the Holy Trinity and those who because of righteous labors have won the title of gods.

With this doctrine in mind, President Brigham Young preached the sermon⁹ which has been construed by enemies to teach that Adam is the God to whom we pray and whom we worship. President Young merely followed the sound doctrine taught by Joseph Smith that when the earth story is finished, the heads of all the dispensations will deliver their stewardships to

(Concluded on page 864)

¹Discourses of Brigham Young, (1943 ed.) p. 18

²Ibid.

³Ibid., p. 26

⁴Ibid., p. 30

⁵Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith, p. 370

⁶D. & C., 76:58

⁷Ibid., 132:20

⁸D. & C., 121:32

⁹Journal of Discourses, 1:50

Melchizedek Priesthood

MISSIONARY WORK

at home

Wherefore, you are called to cry repentance unto this people.

And if it so be that you should labor all your days in crying repentance unto this people, and bring, save it be one soul unto me, how great shall be your joy with him in the kingdom of my Father!

And now, if your joy will be great with one soul that you have brought unto me, how great will be your joy if you should bring many souls unto me! (D. & C. 18:14-16.)

MANY people believe that one must be called on a mission away from home, perhaps to a foreign land, in order to partake of this promise of modern scripture. But during the year 1948, an average of 3636 stake missionaries were quietly spending their evenings and their spare afternoons, discussing the gospel with their non-member friends and neighbors. And during that calendar year a total of 2494 baptisms were reported by the stake missions to the office of the First Council of the Seventy, directors of the program. From all indications, based on a study of the first nine months of 1949, that enviable record will be equaled or exceeded in the year now drawing to a close.

Think of it! Nearly twenty-five hundred converts to the Church in the stakes of Zion by missionaries who are called, not to leave their families and their employment, but to labor a minimum of two evenings a week, and more if they can so arrange it. In 1948 they spent an aggregate of 511,767 hours in missionary work, which brought the Church a convert for every 205.2 hours of activity, or statistically, 686 baptisms for each missionary called to the service. Some 248,524 tracts and pamphlets were dis-

tributed during the year. (Over one hundred titles covering almost every subject of the gospel were available in from four to thirty-two page tracts and pamphlets.) These missionaries also loaned 3453 and sold 5601 copies of the Book of Mormon during the year.

Missionaries are called to serve in the stake missions for periods expected to be two years in duration. Stake mission presidents usually serve longer. During this period it is advisable that they be released from all other Church activity, so that they can spend as much time as possible in this important work.

Ogden Stake had an average

has recorded, over the twelve year period from 1937 to 1948, 1248 baptisms through stake missionary endeavor, or an average of 104 converts each year.

Woodruff Stake of southwestern Wyoming reported from twenty-seven to thirty-three missionaries on stake missions during 1948. And they baptized seventeen persons over fifteen years of age, and sixteen persons under fifteen years of age, and brought 126 inactive members back into Church activity.

Long Beach (California) Stake, one of the largest stakes of the Church, has one of the largest and most effective missionary forces. In 1948, with a missionary force of between 103 and 119 members, they baptized 137 persons, forty-seven of whom were over fifteen years of age.

More Than Door-to-Door

STAKE missionaries of the Moapa (Nevada) Stake are doing more than tracting from door-to-door: but the change was suggested in an interesting way.

The ministerial association of Las Vegas conducted a survey in the city schools to determine the religious affiliation or religious preference of the students.

A surprising number of students wrote in "L. D. S." as a preference.

There was no representative of the Church in the association, but the minister separating these cards into groups contacted Moapa Stake President Bryan L. Bunker to show him something "interesting."

President Bunker obtained the cards. The stake missionaries are now using these cards from children who indicated an L. D. S. religious preference, and are contacting their parents with very gratifying results.

of nineteen missionaries in the "field," and they performed forty-nine baptisms in 1948.

The stake which now bears the name San Fernando* (California)

*For the first several years this area was known as the Pasadena Stake.

Weiser Stake, largely an agricultural stake with wards in both Oregon and Idaho, had between forty-two and fifty-three missionaries in the field as they reported month by month, during 1948. They baptized twenty-four persons over

fifteen years of age and fourteen persons under fifteen years of age, and brought forty-seven inactive members of the Church back into activity.

Liberty (Salt Lake City) Stake, with a missionary force in 1948 of between forty-nine and sixty-seven, baptized seventy-eight persons, twenty of whom were adults. During 1947 this stake baptized 120 with a missionary force of between fifty-four and sixty-six in the field. With from forty-seven to fifty-one missionaries laboring in the year 1945, 104 baptisms were reported in this city residential area.

St. Joseph, a rural Arizona stake with from twelve to seventeen missionaries called in 1948, baptized thirteen adults and four persons between the ages of nine and fifteen.

At least three of the stake missions have radio programs to help them spread the glad tidings of the restored gospel: Lyman (Wyoming) Stake, Moapa (Nevada) Stake, and Maricopa (Arizona) Stake.

Temple View (Salt Lake City) Stake, a stake that has a great many tourist lodges within its boundaries, for the past several years has been tracting among the tourists who yearly visit Salt Lake City.

While we think of baptisms performed when we think of missionary endeavor, these missionaries—our neighbors—brought more inactive members of the Church back into activity in 1948 than they baptized converts—3227 members who have found the joy of working in the Church and its organizations again.

These examples from the stakes were selected to show what *can* be done—what is being done—in rural and in urban communities, in communities where the Church is strong and full of the pioneer tradition, and in communities where the Church and its stakes are comparative newcomers.

The Church and its membership is under a divine obligation to preach the gospel to the world—to all who will receive it. And while missionaries at their reunions might proclaim their mission field to be the “best of all,” we cannot, we

must not suggest any means that will aid in reaching those who would have their hearts touched by the message of the gospel. And it seems that the people who live right around the corner, or halfway up the next block, are in a missionary field that is as receptive as any.

The First Council of the Seventy has, for years, directed the stake mission program for the Church. While the preaching of the gospel

is one of the responsibilities of the office of a seventy, this does not mean that all stake missionaries must be ordained to that office. A great many high priests, elders, and sisters have been called to this activity. And those who love the restored gospel and have a burning desire to share it with their neighbors are reaping a harvest and a satisfaction that is beyond their fondest dreams.

NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO

Column

Conducted by Dr. Joseph F. Merrill

On the Trail of the Alcohol Problem

UNDER the above title, the *Clipsheet* reported that the liquor traffic is profoundly disturbed when men and women begin to think about the alcohol problem. The traffic has good reasons for this as indicated by the overwhelming recent defeat in the election in Oklahoma of the proposition to repeal prohibition.

The tactics used are measured at present by two movements:

1. The effort to convince the people that there is no alcohol problem but only a problem of alcoholism
2. The effort to convince the public that alcoholism is not due to the use of alcohol but to underlying personality deficiencies which constitute the true problem

But the truth is if there were no alcoholism whatever, there would still be an alcohol problem of vast social and economic significance.

A recent newspaper clipping reports that a peacemaker father was shot to death when he intervened in a fist fight between his two sons. One of the boys was critically wounded and the other arrested on a murder charge. At the end of the story, we find the significant words, “James and his brother had been out drinking together.”

These two young men were not alcoholics. The unfortunate affair was no part of the problem of alcoholism. There is no fact in the reported evidence that either of the two young men was drunk. It seems they were just “under the influence.”

Hundreds of such reports come from all parts of the country. They present an infinite variety of detail. In the aggregate, they constitute a national disaster every day. It is a problem of alcohol and the alcohol custom, and

the common use of alcohol as a beverage. It is in only small part, a problem of alcoholism. The thousands of men who appear in our courts every morning, particularly after the weekend or a holiday, are not, in the majority of cases, alcoholics.

Alcoholism, as a matter of fact, despite its being our fourth public health problem, is not the major part of the alcohol problem. It is clearly absurd, not to say reprehensible, to pretend that all alcoholism arises out of the psychological peculiarities of abnormal individuals. It is true that a large proportion of the problem has such an origin, but an even larger proportion arises out of the custom of drinking alcohol.

Doctors Leo Alexander, Merrill Moore, and Abraham Myerson say:

Irrespective of what anyone may claim about underlying personality problems in the chronic addict, the fact remains that without alcohol taken to excess alcoholism does not occur.

Listen to Dr. E. M. Jellinek, Director of the Yale School of Alcohol Studies:

In a complex society, with so many tensions at work, we have the neurotic or diseased personality. It is natural that they should take recourse to intoxication to a larger degree than others. They probably constitute forty percent of the inebriate population, but sixty percent comes to alcoholism from an entirely normal origin and only in the course of drink. They are not seeking release. They are conforming to certain habits of their set.

And again: “Any normal person may become an alcoholic.”

In the words of Dr. Robert Fleming of the Harvard Medical School:

It takes some people longer than others to attain addiction but no human being can be regarded as immune.

(Concluded on page 848)



The Presiding

L.D.S. Girls

Aaronic Priesthood

Youth Socials to Include All Members Whether Award Winners or Not



The Boy's Point of View

GEORGE leaned on his elbow in his bed and raised the blind just high enough to see what was going on across the street at 5:00 A. M. A large bus had just rolled up in front of the chapel; it wasn't one of those "puddle jumper" buses either; it was the kind that any boy of sixteen would give plenty to ride in—deep seats, high, adjustable backs, and gadgets galore.

It was time for the take-off. Twenty-five boys were there—his Aaronic Priesthood pals from the ward. George heard their mingled voices filling the air with enthusiasm. That "can't-wait-to-get-go'in'" feeling never was more in evidence.

The driver loaded their luggage while the fellows rushed in to grab a favored seat. Pops and moms stood by as the sleek monster rolled away. It would be ten days before they returned from the thousand-mile trip with every mile and every hour packed with fun—boy's fun.

George? He just swallowed a little heavier than usual and laid back down—to think—to wonder why they had said he couldn't go. Of course, he had not earned the Individual Certificate of Award but surely they knew of his long and unfortunate illness last fall. Or did they? No one had called to see why he had suddenly stopped coming out to his meetings—he had hoped some of his leaders would call, but—"O well! I suppose they were too busy."

"I wonder," said George, "if Jesus would have left me behind, or any other boy, if he had planned that trip."

The Girl's Point of View

BEVERLY had listened for fifteen minutes while her companions, Donna and Pat, had recounted the fast-moving events of the night before when the bishopric and their workers had given a very special party for the L. D. S. girls, that is, for certain of the L.D.S. girls.

Pat's detailed description of the heart-warming welcome at the door, the tables and decorations, the five-course turkey dinner, the spicy, never-dull program, and even the charming outfits the girls wore, left nothing to be desired in such a social for "girls only."

"And the speaker!" Donna broke in, "we never heard so many wonderful suggestions. He had a rich sense of humor and knew exactly when to use it for that come-up-for-air feeling to punctuate those tense moments when he analyzed our problems and suggested our conduct."

The more they said about the party the more Beverly wished she were not present to listen. She did not forget to go—she simply hadn't been invited—nor had the matter of inviting

was warmed when she recalled that once he had said, "forbid them not."

"How could they forget his example?" she mused, as she opened the front door to her home and said, "O well! at least I am welcome here."

Not Invited

STAKE and ward leaders of the

Aaronic Priesthood and L.D.S. girl programs will easily recognize in these homespun parables the fact that any such experiences are most unfortunate and should be carefully avoided in the planning of all our social programs for youth. We cannot afford to offend. We seriously question whether it is ever possible, under any circumstance, to do honor to a special few without offending or disturbing the feelings of many, if not all, of the less fortunate who were not invited.

We know of no special function, for award winners only, which has not provoked some such observation from one or more leaders—"It is really too bad that those who needed this the most were not here tonight." When you feel to say, "they were not here tonight," go one step further and say, "they were not even invited to be here tonight." Now you are not only aware of the fact that they were not present but your attention is directed to the reason for their absence. And the reason for their absence becomes the more serious when it rests in the decision of leadership and not in the choice of youth.

There is no difference between not being invited to attend, and in being expected to remain away. Think seriously of the effect of either, or both, of these on youth left out.

When award-honor events are planned for the successful Aaronic Priesthood members and L.D.S. girls, it is recommended that all members, in the age bracket being honored, be invited and urged to attend. Give special attention to those least likely to be present. Make everyone feel welcome.

Special Recognition

A suggestion: Where local authorities desire to give special recognition to award winners, or to those meeting



her been overlooked. The party was only for those who had qualified for the Individual Certificate of Award.

When the fifteen-minute review was ended, Beverly turned and sauntered homeward. "I could have earned that award, too," she said to herself, "but when the family spent the summer out on the ranch, what chance did I have to attend my meetings?"

Beverly instinctively trained her reflections on the life of the Master and wondered, "Would Jesus have left me out of that party?" Inside she



POMONA WARD BISHOPRIC, SAN BERNARDINO STAKE.
HONOR L.D.S. GIRLS AND THEIR MOTHERS

Bishop John O. Reeve and counselors, and their wives, Pomona Ward, San Bernardino (California) Stake, were hosts to the L.D.S. girls and their mothers in a lovely formal reception designed to acquaint them with the objectives of the L.D.S. girls' program.

Stake President Vern R. Peel, Evelyn Hendry of the stake committee, and Hilda Peel, adviser, were the speakers whose correlated addresses emphasized the purposes of the work.

Stake chairman, Rita Miller, summed up the event—"This reception proved so stimulating and successful that we feel to share our idea with others."

Aaronic Priesthood

Proper Form in Addressing Leaders

SOME have felt that to permit members of the Aaronic Priesthood to address the bishop of the ward and the president of the stake by their given names gets rid of an unnecessary formality and places the boy more at ease with his leaders. But have those leaders who feel this way about it given consideration to the possibility of the development of the very opposite attitude toward leadership?

The boy who addresses his bishop as "Tom," or his stake president as "Ed," never could be expected to have

the same depth of respect for these leaders as if he were always to address them as "President" or as "Bishop." These titles of respect cannot but remind a boy that he is addressing a presiding authority, whereas their given names may easily be spoken without a single suggestion to the mind of the boy that he is addressing an officer in the Church.

We are confirmed in the opinion, and in the recommendation, that our Aaronic Priesthood members should be taught always to address these leaders,

and always to speak of them, as "President," and as "Bishop," respectively. Any other form in addressing them, or in speaking of them, should be looked upon with disfavor and corrected.

Aaronic Priesthood members should also be taught to address the counselors to the stake president as "President" and the counselors to the bishop as "Brother."

Let us not wait until we are confronted with this practice before doing something about it. Ward leaders are urged to present this recommendation during a lesson on proper respect for our leaders, and at an early date.

special requirements, let this be done before the entire assembly on award-honor night (1) that those excelling may receive due commendation and encouragement in their good works, (2) that all others may catch the spirit of success and be moved to greater effort in personal excellence.

All promises and commitments to special groups for achievements during the current year 1949 should be fulfilled—we must not break faith with our youth. However, when these obligations are discharged, let all projects and social functions for youth follow the pattern herein suggested, i.e., that all members of the group be invited and urged to attend and participate regardless of whether an award was earned or not.

DECEMBER 1949

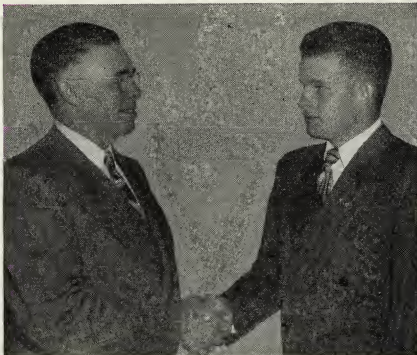
CHALLENGING RECORDS

TRENTON WARD BENSON STAKE

Challenging records are the accomplishments of both Bishop Cliff Wiser and Velay Griffin, Trenton Ward, Benson (Utah) Stake. Bishop Wiser has presided over his ward and over the priests quorum for eighteen years.

Velay Griffin, a priest, is receiving the warm congratulations of his bishop on having established a perfect attendance record of priesthood meeting, sacrament meeting, Sunday School, and M.I.A. for three and one-half years.

Two champions! Two challenging records!



BOOKS

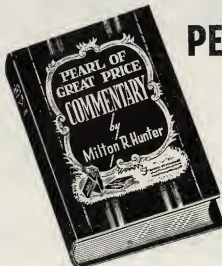


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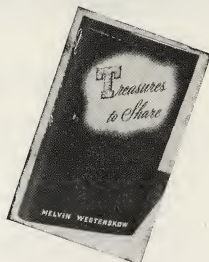
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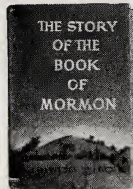


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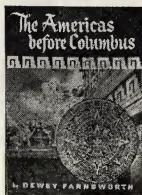


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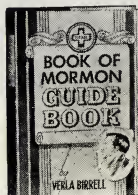


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Today's Family



Sweet is the smile of home; the mutual look where hearts are of each other sure.—John Keble

—Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

Trimming the CHRISTMAS TREE

By M. Louise C. Hastings



—Photograph Harold M. Lambert

TRUE indeed is the saying, "Doing things together is one of the secrets of a happy home life"—at the Christmas season this is particularly important to remember. For instance, the entire family should have a part in selecting and trimming the Christmas tree—every member, from the youngest to the oldest.

It is great fun, of course, to go to the woods, cut down the tree, and bring it home. Not without delight, too, is buying the tree together and conveying it home from the store.

Decorating a living tree or shrub that grows near the home graces it with happy memories that are supplemented year by year. If these plans are impossible, there is always the artificial tree at one's disposal.

(Concluded on page 842)

Thrifty GIFT WRAPPING

By June Foulner

ONE of the best ways to get in on the Christmas spirit, and to convey it to others, is by putting a little imagination and originality into your gift wrappings. Try adding a friendly touch to your holiday wrappings this year, and at the same time be economical.

A good place to start is with odds and ends around the house. Pieces of tinsel too short to put on the tree add sparkle and interest to



tissue-covered presents. Leftover ornaments nestled in the bows of wrapped gifts add a festive touch, and bells might well dangle from others.

Wallpaper is an ideal wrapping material. Large patterns look well on those monstrous gifts, while plaids, stripes, or polka dot papers cleverly take care of some of the smaller ones. Now stop and think about it. Don't you have pieces of wallpaper in your attic that seem just right?

Neither need fabrics be shunned. A dainty package is one done up with dotted swiss or organdy over white tissue. And it's especially nice topped with a puffy bow tied from the same material. The edges of the bow will look extra perky if trimmed first with pinking shears.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



Almost any home has a special corner on a shelf or in a drawer for bits of yarn left from sweaters mother has knit. This yarn has possibilities, too. Any gift receiver would be flattered to see his name written on the package with it (a little glue and patience will do the trick). Then accent it with a fluffy ball or two of the same or different colored yarn.

Sachet bags tied to a gift show special thoughtfulness and become very practical ornaments. They are quickly and inexpensively made from wide satin ribbon and sachet powder.

For a special treat adorn your package with a sprig of holly, or pyracantha, a similar evergreen with red berries. Pine cones and sprigs of pine will also add the Yuletide touch. Far too expensive for most gifts, a detachable flower or corsage is lovely for a very special feminine recipient.

*It's the personal
touch, not the
cost that counts*

The possibilities are unlimited for the person who will look around and use a little imagination. Such tricks as standing candles upright on the package are novel, too. In effecting this, just sew a button to the bow already tied to the gift and stand a candle on it by first dripping hot wax on the button.

Perhaps you are among the fortunate who have received gifts from artistic friends who have made

(Concluded on page 843)

**"When you come back,
be sure that bag's full of
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP"**

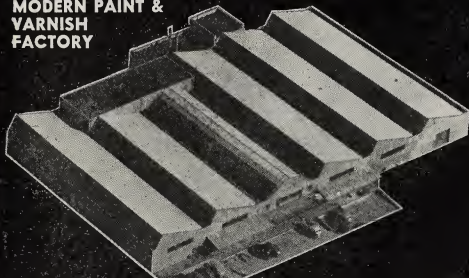


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Trimming The Tree

(Concluded from page 840)

These are not expensive and they can be folded up and kept from year to year. Some families make their own trees by tying cross pieces firmly to a tall stick and covering the framework with green paper.

Naturally, you would let the children make at least some of the trimmings for the tree. Last year I heard a little girl remark, "We made Christmas this year." This meant that the family had made the trimmings with which they had decorated the tree. When I was a child I strung popcorn and cranberries and made paper chains. There are children who are doing the very same today. If no colored paper is available, children will enjoy crayoning some paper before they make the chains.

In case tiny table trees are to be trimmed, holly, black alder, or wintergreen berries are suitable in size for stringing. Even pretty little buttons, placed back to back, and beads—either singly or in groups of two, three, or five—make attractive ornaments if appropriate colored ribbon or green cord is used for combining and looping. The meats can be taken out of English walnuts and the shells filled with little gifts. Then the halves should be glued together and the nut painted with gold paint or in contrasting colors to the tree decorations.

One of the most pleasing trees for Grandmother or Grandfather, or both—especially if they are at home a great deal—is a letter-shower tree. Let their friends know that you are preparing such a tree, and ask them to write to Grandmother or Grandfather. Then allow the children to hang the cards and letters that result on the branches of their tree. Write also to the postmaster of the town where each grandparent was born, or taught school, or worked, or where different years of their married life were spent, and ask for picture postcards (enclosing stamps). Church friends and neighbors will also wish to contribute. Keep all this as a complete surprise, and—with Father and Mother enjoying the fun—present the tree.

"Making Christmas" in the home leaves memories that grow very precious as the years move along.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Thrifty Gift Wrapping

(Concluded from page 841)

sparkling designs on the paper with metallic luster. Instead of using commercial products, try crushing broken Christmas tree ornaments—they add color as well as brilliance. On the paper-covered package outline a star or Christmas tree, or a reindeer or Santa Claus if you're more artistically inclined. Then fill in the outline with a thin layer of glue, and sprinkle crushed material over it. The effects are delightful, and you'll enjoy doing it!

Above all, remember that it's the personal touch, not the cost that counts, and let your imagination have a play-day when it comes to wrapping your gifts



Photograph by Harold M. Lambert

HEALTHFUL HOLIDAY FEASTING

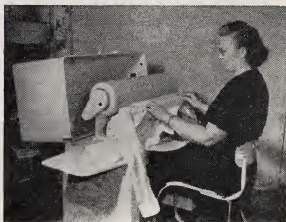
By Bessie Shafer

MERRY CHRISTMAS! Do you celebrate the glad season by getting together in family gatherings and eating family Christmas dinners? We hope you do, for there is no better way to catch the spirit of love which should permeate our festivities. Here are suggestions for that dinner, with an idea for a breakfast to precede it.

One main suggestion we would like to make right now — help Mother prepare the dinner. She loves doing it, but she will have a merrier Christmas if we all lend a hand. (Continued on following page)

DECEMBER 1949

"MY IRONRITE, MY MOST PRIZED CHRISTMAS GIFT..."



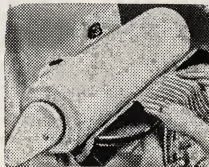
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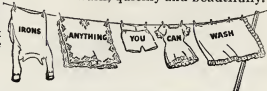
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Healthful Holiday Feasting

(Continued from preceding page)

The following menu has been drawn up with an eye to taste appeal as well as to the laws of health. Of course there are many compromises between these two, for we expect folks to overeat a bit on this day of all days, and we know there will be an emphasis on rich and sweet foods. But we can serve a palatable dinner using wholesome, natural products such as whole grains, fresh fruits, and vegetables.

BREAKFAST

At our house we have a long spell of visiting and admiring gifts between breakfast and dinner on this day, so we suggest waffles. However, we might say that a bowl of fresh fruit, chopped apple and ripe bananas with top milk, would be better to precede Christmas feasting.

Whole Wheat Waffle Recipe

- 1½ cups sifted whole wheat flour
 - 4 teaspoons baking powder
 - ½ teaspoon salt
 - ½ cup wheat germ
 - 3 egg yolks, well beaten
 - 1 teaspoon sugar, added to egg yolks
 - 6 tablespoons drippings or Wesson oil, added to egg yolks
 - 1½ cups milk
 - 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
- Mix dry ingredients. Add alternately with the milk to yolks. Lastly add the egg whites—do not stir—cut and fold them in. Serves four or five. Serve with honey maple syrup.

(Leah D. Widsoe, *How To Be Well*.)

Honey Maple Syrup

- 2 cups honey (grease cup and have honey in liquid form to facilitate measuring)
 - 1½ cups water
 - 1 teaspoon maple flavoring
- Bring to a boil; remove from fire and add flavoring.

CHRISTMAS DINNER MENU

Fruit cup
Hors d'oeuvres
Turkey with dressing

Mashed rutabagas Baked carrot and
Fresh frozen peas parsnip sticks
Mashed potatoes Cranberry sauce
Salad plate with bran muffin
Christmas pudding with sauce

Fruit Cup

Diced fruit and (or) berries, fresh, preferably, but frozen or canned may be used. Three or four kinds of fruits in a variety of colors look pretty in the glasses. Pour over them a mixture of fresh grapefruit and orange juice, to which has been added

the juice of one lemon with honey to taste, depending on the tartness of the fruit. This is an appetizer and should not be too sweet.

Hors d'oeuvres

Fill sections of a dish with ripe olives, dill pickles, and celery pieces spread with creamed cheese.

Roasting the Turkey

Truss up the bird by twisting wings around underneath the back. Rub salt over the skin, then dry flour. Place in hot oven at first, then slow it down. Don't baste until somewhat brown, then baste about every twenty minutes using water in which has been melted about one-quarter cup of shortening, till the drippings from the turkey are ready to be dipped up over the bird. (We like our bird well done and roast even a small one four hours.)

Dressing or Stuffing

- 1 loaf whole wheat bread, stale, (preferably homemade)
- 2 cups milk (approx.), heated
- ½ cup butter, melted
- 1 apple, chopped
- ½ cup raisins, chopped
- 1 cup celery, chopped
- 1 cup onions, finely chopped
- Giblets, if desired, chopped
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 2 teaspoons sage

Rutabagas

Cut in cubes so they will cook quickly. Boil in just enough water to cover bottom of kettle. Add one-half teaspoon honey. Season slightly with salt before mashing. Serve immediately. Cooking time, about five minutes.

Baked Carrots and Parsnip Sticks

Place in buttered casserole, with one-fourth cup water. Cut carrot sticks slightly thinner than parsnips as it takes longer to bake carrots. Place in oven half an hour before turkey will be done. We hope you will have room in your oven for this casserole as these vegetables are delightful and different served in this way.

Uncooked Cranberry Sauce

At least two weeks before Christmas put raw cranberries through your meat chopper, medium blade. Mix the ground cranberries cup for cup with honey and seal in sterile jars. Soak the lids in boiling water so the rubber is hot and will seal. Time improves the cranberries prepared this way, and they are even better four to six weeks after bottling. (We do the same with crab apples, putting them through a colander when we open the bottles.)

Salad Plate and Bran Muffin

Make your salad colorful and pretty with fresh vegetables available: shredded

cabbage, tomatoes, radishes, green peppers. If you must have bread in some form to complete your meal, we recommend bran muffins, which are less starchy than rolls and are easily and quickly prepared.

Christmas Pudding

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins chopped
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup almonds chopped
 1 cup currants
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dates, chopped
 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. peel and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. candied fruit may be added
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon allspice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons nutmeg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely grated raw potato
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely grated raw carrot
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups brown sugar
 2 eggs
 2 cups raw whole grain cereal (not flour)
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chopped suet
 Combine fruit, nuts, spices, carrot, potato, and half the cereal. Any whole grain cereal will do, but if you have your own grinder to crack wheat in your home, so much the better. Mix chopped suet and the other half of the cereal and add. Finally add the sugar and eggs. Butter pudding bowl and pack to within one inch of the top. Cover with waxed paper or cloth and steam three to four hours.
 Serve reheated with your favorite sauce.

Editorial Note—A heavy meal is best followed by a light dessert—sherbet, ice cream, or fruit jello. Many ills may be brought on by overtaxing the digestive system with rich foods during the holiday season. By all means enjoy Christmas pudding, but save it for those occasions during the holidays when lighter meals are served.

Buffet Surprises

Why can't we keep unwholesome candy away from the children and have them contented with the following confections within easy reach on the buffet:

- Seeded muscat raisins.
- Dates stuffed with ground Brazil-nuts moistened with honey and butter.
- Turkish delight made with apple juice or other fruit juices and dark brown sugar.
- Fruit balls made by grinding raisins, dates, figs, and even prunes in meat chopper. Roll into balls in very finely ground walnut meats.
- Uncooked Peanut-butter Candy:
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup peanut butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup powdered milk

Cream together; spread in a pan and cut in squares.

Puffed Wheat Candy

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or margarine
 1 cup brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup corn syrup
 1 to 2 tablespoons cocoa (optional)
 7 to 8 cups puffed wheat
 Cook syrup to soft ball stage and pour over puffed wheat. Press into buttered pan and cut in squares.

DECEMBER 1949

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KNIGHT OF THE KINGDOM
(Conway B. Sonne. Deseret Book Co., Salt Lake City. 1949. 230 pages and 6 pages of family pictures; illustrations by Marianna C. Israelsen. \$2.25.)

UNDER this apt title, his great grandson tells the inspiring life story of Richard Ballantyne; and it is told well! As a "knight in shining armor," this man moved among the people of his generation, driving evil into its filthy lair, and rescuing human souls for the kingdom of God. The restored gospel of Jesus Christ found him in his native Scotland. Thenceforth, full of gratitude, the battle for righteousness in terms of the gospel became his constant concern. With a heart tuned to love he saw in every child the coming man and woman. Despite the claims of pioneer hardships he found time to give children instruction in the ways of the Lord. He organized the first Sunday School in the "valleys of the mountains." Others followed his example. As the Church grew and spread, the Church took over his efforts. Half a million strong, Sunday School members the world over turn with loving hearts to the gifts that flowed from the life of Richard Ballantyne.

His great, undying Sunday School work was only a part of his life's story. He helped tame the unwilling desert; around the world he traveled to preach the gospel, as one of the first missionaries to India; at home he helped build Zion. His was a life of glorious achievement, but such as every faithful man or woman may attain in his own field. Sacrifice alone leads to true greatness.

This book was written as part of the celebration of a century of Sunday School work in the West—1849-1949. Down the years it will carry the enlightening and encouraging study of

Richard Ballantyne, a man of the people, but a knight of the kingdom, as all may be. It also portrays past life in the Church, tumultuous and joyous. It is a good book to read.—J. A. W.

HEART THROBS OF THE WEST
(Compiled by Kate B. Carter for the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. Salt Lake City. 1949. 487 pages.)

VOLUME TEN of this exceptional publication deserves a wide acceptance by all members of the Church. The first section assures the worth of the magazine since it deals with "Political Parties." The second is likewise invaluable, treating as it does: "Trails and Pioneer Freighters Who Followed Them." Another particularly interesting issue deals with "Western Folklore." The section dealing with "Horticulture in the West" has already proved of great value.

One of the tenderest stories in the entire book is that of "The Story of the Blind," which in itself is worth the entire price of the book.—M. C. J.

OUR PROMISED LAND

(Marie Musig Barton, 72 pages and 18 large sheets of outline figures, \$1.75, published by the author, Mt. Pleasant, Utah.)

THIS series of lessons should be a welcome addition to the literature for teaching the Book of Mormon to boys and girls. The lessons are told simply but completely and correctly. Taken in succession they cover much of the Book of Mormon field.

The accompanying sheets of outline figures or pictographs, each one corresponding with one of the lessons in the book, will be most helpful in using the book with children since they not only visualize the lessons but also afford an opportunity for color exercises. They increase greatly the value of the volume.—J. A. W.

THE CHURCH MOVES ON

(Continued from page 798)

15 THE FIRST PRESIDENCY announced the appointment of Carl C. Burton of Salt Lake City to preside over the Great Lakes Mission, (activated October 30 by a division of the Northern States Mission). Mrs. Burton will accompany him on this mission.

One hundred ten cubic yards of concrete were poured for the first floor of the new Primary Children's Hospital in Salt Lake City.

16 NEARLY seven hundred Spanish-speaking members of the Church

opened the two-day annual Lamanite conference in Mesa, Arizona. President David O. McKay was in attendance and addressed the group, his remarks being translated by Elder Eduardo Balderas. Mesa Temple sessions during the week were held in Spanish.

President David O. McKay dedicated the Phoenix First Ward, Phoenix (Arizona) Stake, chapel.

19 THE announcement was made that the general offices of the Church welfare plan were now located at 40 North Main Street in Salt Lake

City, in offices recently vacated by the Presiding Bishopric and its staff.

The Sugar House (Salt Lake City) Region of the Church welfare plan announced the acquisition of the old Hyland telephone exchange building, 847 South Eighth East, to be the welfare center of that region. The announcement was also made that June B. Sharp, recently returned from the South African mission presidency would be acting coordinator and storehouse manager for that region.

The First Presidency announced the appointment of John P. Lillywhite as president of the Netherlands Mission. This will be the fourth mission for President Lillywhite among the Dutch people. Accompanying President Lillywhite, who has been a seminary instructor at the Box Elder (Utah) High School for twenty years, will be his wife and sixteen-year-old daughter, Dorothy.

23 HIGHLAND VIEW WARD, East Mill Creek (Salt Lake) Stake, was organized from portions of Rosecrest Ward, with D. James Cannon as bishop.

President David O. McKay dedicated the La Cienega Ward, Inglewood (California) Stake chapel.

26 THE NEW *Recreational Songs* book of the Church was introduced at a special meeting in Barratt Hall

My Testimony

(Concluded from page 802)

Lord on Sunday. My quilt, though small now, will surely grow.

I look forward to the day when I shall be privileged to enter one of those sacred temples of the Lord. That experience will surely add another precious piece to my quilt. I expect to add after piece after piece to my most prized possession. Why is it my most prized possession? Because its beautiful colors keep me from being lonesome when my friends are out having fun on the Sabbath day! It protects me from evil influences. When I choose new friends, I ask myself, will the design of their characters fit in with the design of my quilt—my testimony?

Through the years it will grow dearer to me, and through eternity, it will be a comfort to me.

DECEMBER 1949

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NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

(Concluded from page 835)

The majority of alcoholics are average people, no more neurotic than the rest of us. Their alcoholism is the result of drinking alcohol because of the "compulsions of their environment." As Dr. Fleming says:

Whatever the initial cause of drinking, be it social or physical or psychological, and whatever the nature of the person, be it normal or neurotic, true addiction will ultimately develop if heavy drinking is continued long enough.

Dr. Horatio M. Pollock of the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene says:

The great majority of persons who develop alcoholic mental disease are average citizens who showed no marked abnormality prior to the formation of the alcohol habit.

The tap-root of alcoholism is not neuroticism but the drinking custom. Alcoholism, in the majority of cases, has many basic social roots. The best way to "cure" it is to prevent it. The way to prevent it is to stop the use of alcohol as a beverage. If it cannot be prevented, it can be reduced in

extent by reducing the consumption of alcohol and probably in no other way. "Teaching moderation" won't do it, and we know this because it never has done it—teaching abstinence will help.

Another argument, far-reaching for mischief, is the contention that "gentlemen," those whose consumption is controlled, never become addicted to alcohol. Four percent of the population supplies us with twenty percent of our psychotic alcoholics.

But the figures show the higher in the social and economic scale the individual is, the more likely he is to suffer addiction and alcoholism if he drinks.

The most terribly damaging effect of alcohol upon this country and upon every European country, is the impairment of leadership.

The people of America should face the truth, the truth undiluted by the vicious efforts of those having an economic interest in promoting the use of alcohol as a beverage. No total abstainer ever became an alcoholic.

"Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENCY

(Continued from page 815)

Church. Elder Reiser was appointed by the General Authorities as secretary to that committee. He helped the visitors see the Church in action. Today the University of Chicago owns the *Encyclopedia Britannica* which absorbed as its affiliate this same organization with whom Elder Reiser worked in 1934. Recently, Hamer Reiser was presented with a ten years' service award from the *Encyclopedia Britannica* for his outstanding accomplishments in the field of motion pictures.

He also is the chairman of the Film Screening Council of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. This council tries to increase the useful films that can be taken into the wards to further the development of young people. In connection with his interest in films he has again assumed the leadership of a Special Interest group in his own ward—he had previously served for three years in that capacity—and he brings to his class some of the films which they discuss prior to their presentation. Two of the shorts already

shown the Special Interest group deal with emotional health and the feeling of rejection and its effect on people.

Elder Reiser states that his hobbies are people and books. He has made them his life's work as well. He has used books to give him insight into people and people to give him an insight into life.

DAVID LAWRENCE MCKAY has been selected as second assistant in the general superintendency of the Sunday Schools. His experience on the board as a member since 1939 has been one of responsibility, for he has been chairman of the standards committee of the general board for several years. In addition he is also currently the chairman of the 1950 convention committee. Moreover, he has been among the number most willing to fill assignments, even dropping important work in order to do so.

He received his legal training at the University of Utah, attended the Sorbonne at the University of Paris where he received a certificate in psychology, enrolled in George

(Concluded on page 850)

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SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENCY

(Concluded from page 848)

Washington University and Harvard, receiving his master's degree from the latter institution in 1936. At the present time he is a practising attorney in Salt Lake City.

His experience in Church work is likewise impressive. He filled a two and a half year mission in the French part of the Swiss German Mission, and also was associate editor of the *Millennial Star* in the British Mission for six months. His proficiency in the French language enabled him to teach at the University of Utah and in high schools in Washington, D. C., while he was attending school. In the latter city he also taught business law to high school students.

David Lawrence McKay is the eldest son of President and Mrs. David O. McKay and was born in Ogden, September 30, 1901. He is

the husband of Mildred Calderwood McKay, who is a member of the general board of the Primary Association.

His Sunday School experience includes that of activity on two stake boards: the Salt Lake Stake in which he served as first assistant and teacher trainer, and the Bonneville Stake where he was superintendent until the time of his call to the general board of the Deseret Sunday School Union.

THE new general superintendency, working on the foundation laid by former superintendencies, will advance the cause of youth throughout the Church. To aid them will be the general board of the Deseret Sunday School Union which will consist of these who served under General Superintendent Bennion.

SALVATION IN GOETHE'S FAUST

(Concluded from page 822)

sires the land for personal riches, is willing to help; Faust's objective, however, is not a selfish but an entirely altruistic one.

Between the fourth and fifth acts years have passed by, and the newly obtained land is ready for settlement. Still Faust is not satisfied with his striving and achievements but rather has obtained further impetus for greater accomplishments. When Mephisto burns an old couple's hut to force them from a piece of land that is to be developed, Faust is disgusted: "Exchange I wanted, not robbery." Faust now wishes to become entirely free of Mephisto's influence. When the symbolical old women, "Want," "Guilt," "Care," "Necessity," appear to plague him, he refuses to call upon magic spells to ward them off:

If I could banish Magic's fell creations,
And totally unlearn the incantations,—
Stood I, O Nature! Man alone in thee,
Then were it worth one's while a man
to be!

He visions the greatest work that he has ever undertaken, namely to create more and more useful land where millions of people can find active work and build homes. The

moment which he envisions as his goal has not arrived; he sees it as something in the future. It is a moment of absolute unselfish activity.

Faust has constantly maintained something of the eternal within him, love for fellow men and the continual striving for an ideal; therefore, the angels appear and declare that unceasing aspiration and unwearying endeavor have saved him. They take Faust's immortal soul from earth to realms of further progress, thereby confirming the words of the Lord:

Though still confused his service unto
Me
I soon shall lead him to a clearer
morning.

Faust's thirst for knowledge and his active endeavor, though bounded by mistakes, have led him to an unselfish activity, and because he strove untiringly toward this goal, his errors are forgiven, and his soul is saved:

Yes! to this thought I hold with firm
persistence;
The last result of wisdom stamps it
true;
He only earns his freedom and ex-
istence,
Who daily conquers them anew.



Why this isn't your 1950 model car

This gasoline buggy, now safely tucked away in dusty photograph albums, was quite a car in its day. It buzzed along at 20 miles an hour, had a jaunty, rakish air, and the people who could afford to buy one thought it was perfectly wonderful.

In fact, it was so good it might still be the car you drive but for one reason. Competition. Healthy competition among both automotive and oil companies that resulted in constantly better, lower-cost automobiles and steadily improved oils and gasolines.

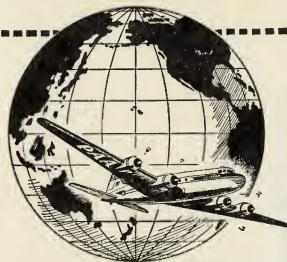
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THE TEAKWOOD CHEST

(Continued from page 809)

quickenings of her heart. "Joy to the world, the Lord has come. . . ." This was the season when the world paused to pay homage to the King, the season when self was forgotten in the divinity of giving.

She thought: why not invite the orphan children here for a Christmas Eve party? It was a beautiful, an impossible idea, and she could almost hear Aunt Beulah say, "A party indeed! When you don't even know what's going to become of you and the children!"

But the idea was a bright flame that grew, warming her. She continued to dress the tree, and each ornament reflected the big homey room with its graceful white stairway, the old piano that gave such sweet clear notes, the crackling fire in the fireplace. Look, it's such a perfect place for a party, and it would cost practically nothing, her heart told her. A few cookies and some punch. We could dance and sing and play games, and as they left, we could give them each a red stocking filled with Uncle Nick's candy. The bunch of red tinsel bells hanging in the window seemed to tinkle, "Oh yes . . . give . . . give . . ." and the voices sang, "Joy to the world. . . ."

Kathy swung around, her cheeks bright. "Oh, children," she cried, "let's give a party! Let's . . ." she poured out the plans that were in her heart, and the children cried, "Oh, yes, yes!"

"Come then; we'll telephone the orphanage. Tomorrow night is Christmas Eve. There isn't much time. You'll all have to help!" The children took hold of her hands and danced, and hearing their laughter she thought, "I'll forget my worries until Christmas is over."

BUT worries thrust themselves upon her like vengeful gnomes. Early next morning the telephone rang. It was Mr. Wadsworth, the real estate man. "I have a buyer who wants to look at your house, Mrs. Holmes."

Her hand tightened on the receiver. "Yes?"

"Will you be home today?"

The children love this old house so, she thought. If people come to

look at it, they will know something is wrong. Nothing must spoil their Christmas. "I'd rather they came the day after Christmas," she told Mr. Wadsworth.

There was a pause. "I think you are making a mistake, Mrs. Holmes. These people have enough money to buy your equity."

Be practical, Kathy, her mind warned. The equity would pay your hospital bill. You could rent an apartment. But her heart wept. Sell the house? She looked about her. Mark with his skilled workman's hands had painted the woodwork satiny white, papered the high-ceilinged rooms, made the large window that overlooked the orchard and the brook and the winding road into town. Let me have my house in peace, only these last two days, she thought.

"The day after Christmas," she said. "Please!" And Mr. Wadsworth said, "Well, okay." She hung up just as the children came running down the stairs. They were washed and combed and fully dressed.

"When do we start, Mother?"

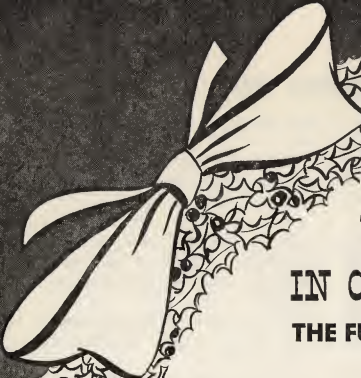
"Now, dears. Come into the sewing room." She led them into the sunny room off the kitchen. "We must make stockings for thirty-six." She spread out red tarlatan on the table. "Here, Linda. You cut them out from this pattern. I'll sew them, and then the boys can fill them with candy. Then I'll make cookies. The children from the orphanage will be here at seven."

Mrs. Bloomquist, the orphanage matron, had been delighted. She'd said, "Oh, indeed, they'll come. Mrs. Holmes. It's very kind of you."

It was just before noon when she saw Aunt Beulah's tall, thin figure coming up the walk. She had a feel-

(Continued on page 854)





WHEN YOUTH CAN GROW IN CHARACTER . . . THE FUTURE IS SECURE

More than any time in history, the destiny of tomorrow is linked with the youth of today. With a full realization of this, the new church spires that dot our mountain valleys have been planned to be a welcome symbol to our youth . . . offering a place of recreation as well as worship . . . a place to grow in spiritual, mental and physical stature. As long as leadership is so keenly aware of the needs of our youth . . . as long as it so willingly offers sound guidance and wholesome recreation . . . the future is secure.



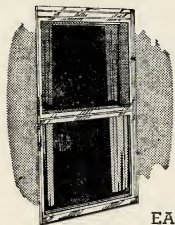
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THE TEAKWOOD CHEST

(Continued from page 852)

ing of panic, and she wanted to swoop into candy and stockings and hide them in a drawer, and then she thought, but why should I? I'm not doing anything wrong.

She went to the door and opened it wide. "Merry Christmas, Aunt Beulah!"

Aunt Beulah did not return the greeting. She stepped across the threshold and said, "Hello, Kathy," and her disapproving green eyes reminded Kathy that Aunt Beulah did not approve the mother of three children wearing "bluejeans" and a flannel shirt, of letting her hair tumble down around her shoulders. "Where are the children?"

I've never in my life seen Aunt Beulah smile, Kathy thought. Maybe she can't. Maybe her face is frozen that way. "In the sewing room. They—" She was instantly sorry she had told her, but it was too late. Aunt Beulah was already in the sewing room, and the children were crying. "We're making Christmas stockings for the orphans!"

"Isn't that Nickolas' teakwood chest, Kathy? What's all that candy doing in there?"

"That's Uncle Nick's legacy to me. He—he knew that was my favorite kind of candy."

Aunt Beulah sniffed. "He was childish in his old age. But at least," she said with bitterness, "he did remember you. Cut the rest of us off without even so much as a gumdrop. Turned every cent of his fortune over to charity!"

Barry held up a stocking filled with candy. "We're going to have a party tonight."

"A party!" Aunt Beulah turned to her. "What nonsense now, Kathy?"

Kathy saw the apprehensive look on her children's faces. "Come into the living room, Aunt Beulah. You go ahead, children, and then you can help Mother cut the cookies out. How's that?"

IN the living room, Kathy sank down on the couch, and Aunt Beulah sat on a straight-backed chair facing her. "Giving a party! That's just the sort of romantic silly thing you'd do! Wasting your good time making Christmas stock-

ings when you should be hunting a job."

Kathy wet her lips. "I—if I got a job I couldn't keep it. I'm going to have a baby in June."

Aunt Beulah's mouth fell open and then clamped shut, biting off the words. "Well, if that isn't a fine mess. Of all the impractical things!"

You don't call a baby an impractical thing, Aunt Beulah, she thought wildly.

"You've always let your heart rule your head. You married Mark instead of John Cardon. John would never have left you penniless!"

John Cardon was old enough to be my father, she thought. And I loved Mark, Aunt Beulah. And the years I had with him were full, happy years. Nothing, not even death, can take them from me. She looked at Aunt Beulah, sitting there, grim, unsmiling, and she thought of what her mother had said. "Aunt Beulah was so terribly practical that she wouldn't say as much as 'how-do' to a man unless he had a house to offer her, a good paying business, and \$5,000 in the bank."

Poor, lonely Aunt Beulah, she thought. She's never known any real happiness.

"But now this is once you've got to be sensible. Last night the family had a meeting." Kathy stiffened. "And we decided that I would take Linda. Grace said she'd take Barry. You could keep Paul. But now—"

"Take my children away from me and separate them?" Kathy stood up, and the thought was pain, more intense than she had known when Mark died. "Oh, no!"

"Well, just what else can you do? None of us has enough money to give you!"

Kathy walked over to the window; she had a feeling of being trapped. "I think we're all being pretty generous," she heard Aunt Beulah say. She thought, Linda with Aunt Beulah? Oh, no, not sensitive Linda who needed warmth and affection. And Grace hated boys. She'd said so in so many words. And yet what could she do!

"Well, Kathy, what do you say? You can't keep the house."

Kathy turned around, her hands-

(Continued on page 856)
THE IMPROVEMENT ERA.



THE TEAKWOOD CHEST

(Continued from page 854)

held tight behind her back. "I haven't lost it yet. I have until the first of the year." She clung desperately to the thought. There was enough food in the house to last that long, too.

Aunt Beulah stood up. "And maybe by that time the family will have changed its mind. Then you can see them land in an orphanage!"

AFTER Aunt Beulah had gone, Kathy went into the sewing room. She gathered the children in her arms and kissed them. She held them tight as if they might be snatched from her arms.

"Mother, what's the matter?" Linda's voice had tears in it.

"Matter? Why, nothing, darling!" She swallowed her tears and made her voice gay. "I'm just happy that we have each other. Come on, let's get busy."

She went through the rest of the day in a sort of daze, mixing the cookies, rolling them out, watching while Barry and Paul cut out stars and brownies.

Linda came in to the kitchen and held up a plump red stocking. "That's the last one."

"Is the candy all gone, dear?"

"No. There's still a little bit left."

Enough to fill their stockings tonight, Kathy thought!

It was six-thirty, and Kathy went upstairs. She bathed, put on a black dress. And then she looked at herself in the full-length mirror. She looked pale, worried, sad. I mustn't look like that tonight, she thought. She opened the closet door and took down her white hostess gown. It was a lovely thing of white velvet and frothy lace.

Mark had bought it for her in a burst of extravagance after Barry was born. She had said, "Oh, Mark, you shouldn't have!" And he had smiled, "But, sweetheart, it isn't every day I'm presented with a son!" And she'd put the gown on, paraded before him, and he'd said, "You look like a fairy princess—no, by golly, you look like Snow White!"

Now she put the gown on and stood before the mirror again. She brushed her hair until it was spun gold. There now, she thought,

that's better. Now I look like a gay hostess.

She heard the chime of the front door and Linda called, "Oh, Mother, here they are!"

"Yes, dear. Let them in. I'm coming."

She walked down the curved stairway. The little girls from the orphanage were standing in a group around Mrs. Bloomquist's substantial form, so shy and quiet that one would not have known they were there. As one, they lifted their faces to watch her and she heard their murmur of, "Oh, pretty . . . pretty . . ." and she prayed, please, let it be a happy party.

And it was. She went to the piano and played gay, happy songs, and as the children sang, she could see their shyness disappear. There were games, musical chairs, and a Virginia reel; after that, punch in sparkling glasses, and plates of cookies, and paper napkins trimmed with fat Santa Clauses. But the napkins they did not use. These were folded, oh, so carefully, like some priceless possession, and put away in pockets.

All too soon it was time to go. Linda carried the candy-filled stockings from the kitchen, and Kathy gave one to each child as they cried, "Oh, thank you, thank you!" Mrs. Bloomquist herded them out, hesitating a moment, her eyes glistening. "You've given them something they'll never forget," she said. "May God bless you, Mrs. Holmes."

Kathy walked to the door. "Merry Christmas, children!" she called.

SMALL GIFTS

By B. Y. Williams

YOUR gifts are but small, you say!
And the threatening foe is strong?
Already the conflict is lost?

Wait—you may be wrong.

Once there was a king's son
who saw his father's soldiers
losing the battle.
Seizing a broken fragment of sword
from a failing hand,
he headed the charge
and led his army
to victory.
Just a broken fragment of sword . . .
But a king's son—
mark well—a king's son.

Your gifts are but small, you say?
But great victories wait to be won.
Lay hold on the broken blade!
Prove yourself a king's son!

They turned towards her, and their faces in the moonlight were happy, and their voices rang out like bells on the still, cold night. "Merry Christmas to you!"

She thought, poor motherless children! And then—where will my children be next year? Again alone in the house, the children clustered around her. "Oh, Mother," Linda said. "I'm so glad they came. I've never been so happy."

Kathy kissed her. "That's because you feel the true spirit of Christmas, dear. We had no expensive gifts to give them, but we gave of our hearts." She kissed the small boys. "Now, off to bed so that Santa Claus can come!"

She stood at the foot of the stairs and watched them run up to bed, and she knew a feeling of letdown. She covered her face with her hands, and an indescribable feeling of loneliness filled her.

When all was quiet and the children were asleep, she placed their toys around the tree, and tears stung her eyelids. Oh, Mark . . . how happy he had been selecting the electric train for Barry, the red dump truck for Paul, the doll and warm robe for Linda.

And now he was gone, and she was alone. Worry swept over her again. She'd have to sell the house. You had to be practical. But separate the children . . . oh, no, please, no. . . .

She took a bowl into the sewing room. There was only a thin layer of Uncle Nick's candy left in the chest. Your legacy brought happiness to many, Uncle Nick, she thought. Because of it we gave them an evening they will treasure forever.

She scooped up a handful of candy, and on the bottom of the chest she saw a long, official-looking envelope. She put down the bowl, and wondering, picked up the envelope. It was addressed in a shaky handwriting, "To my niece, Katherine." She opened the envelope and took out a letter. She read:

My dear niece:

Having lived too long and seen too much of the greed and selfishness of humanity, I am taking

(Concluded on page 858)

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THE TEAKWOOD CHEST

(Concluded from page 856)
this unorthodox way of remembering you in my will.

If you are the same gentle child who preferred A Christmas Carol, some shells, and a book of pressed leaves and flowers to bags of tainted coins, you will find this letter. And if you do, will you, out of the kindness of your heart, forgive the whimsy of an old man?

If you are still that dear person who preferred common Christmas candy to chocolates, you will thrust aside your own disappointment in your desire to share with someone the gift I have given you.

Then and only then can I with a clear conscience pass on to you a legacy of material value. My lawyers have been instructed to

hold for you until January 1 the sum of \$10,000.

This is not a great fortune. I could give you many times that. But I love that little Kathy who ran back one winter night to kiss and thank an old man far too much to corrupt her or her children with great wealth. I know of your desperate need, and this sum will be only enough to give you a breathing spell, to provide for you until your children can help support themselves.

And now, my dear, a Merry Christmas to you.

Affectionately,
Uncle Nickolas.

A bright tear slid down Kathy's cheek and splattered on the paper. "And a Merry Christmas to you, Uncle Nickolas," she whispered.

MISSION TO POLYNESIA

(Continued from page 813)

Without the coconut tree it is most doubtful that these coral islands could support human life.

From the coconuts the natives also made coconut oil, which they traded for cloth and other goods when schooners called at the islands; but it grieved Addison to see how the white traders took advantage of the natives in the exchanges. For a gallon of pure coconut oil the natives would receive but one yard of common calico, and for a wood ax they would have to part with eighteen gallons of oil.

WITH the two missionaries on the island the work of the Lord went forward in earnest. Sometimes the elders worked together, but oftentimes they would separate as there were so many calls made upon them. Baptisms also continued, with more natives joining the Church every week. Typical entries in Addison's journal regarding this are:

Tukuhora. . . Here I baptized and Brother Grouard confirmed ten persons.

Putuahora. . . We spent the Sabbath here, and I baptized, and Brother Grouard confirmed nine persons.

I stayed at Tukuhora till the 23rd. On the 22nd I baptized and confirmed

thirteen persons. Went to Tamarie and on the first of the month, baptized and confirmed two persons.

Baptized and confirmed twenty-eight persons. Among them was an American by the name of Patrick Cooney.

March 5, 1846, was a day long to be remembered by the two elders, for on that day they received a letter from Brother Wilford Woodruff of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, dated November 1844. This was the first communication they had had from the General Authorities since they left Nauvoo, Illinois, in May 1843. Sixteen months had passed since the letter was sent. "Though old as the letter is," Addison wrote, "it contains news that is as refreshing to us as cooling water to a thirsty soul." Although there was no word in the letter about their families, still it awakened fresh memories and gave the missionaries something to talk about whenever they met, for weeks afterward. In the same package with the letter came some newspapers from the United States, printed in 1845. Telling of these Addison recorded:

From these we get the threats of mobs' determination to destroy Nauvoo if the murderers of Brother Joseph and Hyrum are brought to justice.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

What is our country coming to? There are threats of war with England and Mexico, and if she does not see justice administered to her subjects, I believe the Lord is preparing a heavy scourge for her back.

On June 6, 1846, Elder Grouard left in a native vessel with a crew of natives from Anaa to make a pioneer missionary trip to other coral atolls in the Tuamotu group. Addison remained on Anaa to continue the work there and look after the branches. When Elder Grouard returned three months later, he reported they had visited ten islands: Faaite, Fakarava, Toau, Kaurua, Makatea, Vairaatoa, Rangiroa, Tikahau, Arutua, and Apataki, and baptized one hundred sixteen persons. "Could I have remained longer," he wrote, "many more would have been baptized."

How great was the need for laborers! The natives of many islands were literally crying for missionaries to come to them. The branches at Tubuai wanted a missionary to return to assist them. There were great prospects on the islands which Elder Grouard had just visited, and there were dozens of other islands in the Tuamotu group which had not even been touched by the missionaries.

Feeling certain that if the General Authorities of the Church understood the conditions in the islands they would send help, the elders decided that Addison should return to the States following the general mission conference which had been called for September 24, "recruit" as many missionaries as possible, and return with them and his wife and family. Elder Grouard would remain in the islands and keep the work going as best he could.

The Church assembled at Putuhara on the date set aside, and the following branches were reported: Tubuai with sixty-one members; Metia [Mehetia] with fourteen members; Anaa, five branches numbering six hundred fifty-one members; Makatea, forty-one members; Aura [probably Arutua], seventeen members; Rangiroa, ten members; and three other islands with eighteen members. All of these Saints were in good standing in the Church.

(To be continued)

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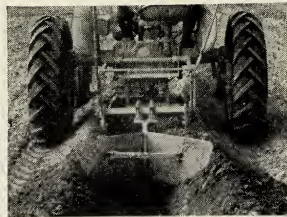


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The Fort on the Firing Line

(Concluded from page 820)

their wives, boys to their sweethearts. It simply wouldn't do. Every man and boy with the courage and purpose of the fort in his veins resolved it should not be tolerated. Bluff might be the back of the backwoods, and its social customs might be ten years out of date, but the standard was not to be compromised. The womanhood of the fort was as free of stain as the desert flowers around it, and the spirit of the fort resolved that these birds of the underworld should not compromise the sacred standards by taking part as equals in that party.

But what was to be done? These desperate fellows would be furious at any public show of disapproval—they might make serious trouble, now or in the future. Let them think as they pleased and do their worst; this was no place for compromise; the fortitude which could face a hundred bloodthirsty Navajos to save the lives of the community could face any lean-brained challenge to its cherished standards.

The floor manager, for no dance went on in Bluff without a supervisor who had standards and backbone, approached the most prominent figures of the gang, and told them quietly that their participation in the activities of the evening would not be tolerated. As the word was passed among them, they exchanged questioning glances and glared with indecision at the silent, waiting crowd. Some of them seemed to blush, but others longed for the courage to do something spectacular. The wild elements of their resentment sputtered and hung fire as something about to explode.

After whispering back and forth in confusion, they turned and went swaggering towards the door, the tread of their heavy boots resounding like hoofs on the silence. Reaching the outside they mounted in jostling haste, jingle and rattle of stirrup and squeak of leather, and lighting astride their horses they headed away on the keen jump, firing their pistols, and piercing the night with hideous yells.

The spirit of dancing had gone from the log meetinghouse—everyone paused indignantly as the roar of the coarse insult reached their ears. The firm stuff which had stopped the intruders and turned them back, raced after them in the night and warned them never to try that shooting act in the streets of Bluff again. Just what would happen if they did, they were left to guess, or learn by experience if they had to know. They cursed and mumbled, but were left to think it over and use their best judgment.

(To be continued)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Apron Strings

(Continued from page 807)

and current talk are sick, distorted, impure, untrue, and even nauseating in their lewdness, she must keep sweet and pure. With all the power you possess, you will see to it that these vicious destroyers are ruled out of the life of your loved daughter.

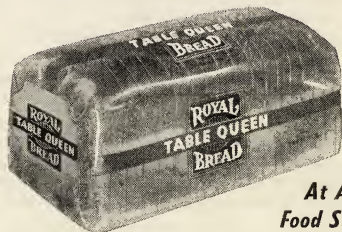
It is from you she should learn respect for the human body as you discuss with her its important functions. It is your responsibility to give her the truth about love and its proper emphasis in boy-girl relationships, courtship, and marriage. It is you who should teach her that to be chaste is more important than life itself; that she should not be too obvious in preferences for men; and that her love must be guarded and cherished for the one God-fearing man to whom she may be married for the eternities in one of our holy temples.

There have been many times during your years of motherhood when you have been weary, discouraged, have felt imposed upon, neglected and left out. Queer, wasn't it, how in those days of tedious, tiring routine that baby care requires, one tiny smile from your wee one sent a flood of love surging over you, and some of the weariness seemed to slip away. Just so now, a word of thanks, an expression of admiration, a thoughtful kindness from this grown daughter restores energy, supplies new strength. When everything is taken into account, the good days and the bad ones, the joys and the sorrows, sickness and health, successes and disappointments, it has been worth the price. The good has far overshadowed the bad. Achievement in any field is not built on the plan of something for nothing. All too soon this daughter of yours will leave your home to establish one of her own. Since her babyhood you have worked to prepare her to meet her new life with intelligence, faith, courage, and sweetness. When that day finally comes, no sweeter joy can come to you than to have her say as one young girl said recently to her mother, "I hope I can make my home as happy and have the same sweet spirit that yours has always possessed."

When her marriage day approaches, you will take pride in her trousseau, parties, and wedding plans, but your great concern will be that for her inner feelings, her faith and convictions. A bond of love and understanding between you will give her poise and security as she approaches this important step. You have been welcome in her affairs because you always

(Continued on following page)

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Apron Strings

(Concluded from preceding page)

had time for her. In those early teens when she was so unsure, you did not laugh at the questions she brought to you. You listened respectfully, saw her side of the situation, remembered when you were young, and led her tactfully, though sometimes painfully, to the proper solution. She never dreamed how difficult this was for you at times; she only knew that mother was "tops." You were always interested in her friends. You made your home their "hangout." It wasn't too hard always to have the makings of a sandwich in the icebox, and a healthy snack soothed many a troubled mind.

Truly, marriage is an art. Every mother in every generation has faced the problem of keeping a constant, refreshing, refueling, revitalizing attitude to keep the true viewpoint. You brought to your marriage the freshness and sweetness, the charm and vitality of your youth; to preserve these virtues in your association with your daughter will be to possess the magic key to her feelings and attitudes. They will open her heart and mind to you, in confidence that you will understand her, and will give weight and persuasion to your denial of her desires, if such your love directs. If you can, however, wholeheartedly concur in her wishes, you will both know the rich sweetness of mutual affection.

Those "apron strings" which held her close in babyhood and childhood, that were loosened slightly during adolescence, now in adulthood bind and hold her heart and mind and spirit to you, her mother, in a holy bond of mother-daughter love. At the same time, because of the principles you've taught her by precept and example, she is both free and well-equipped to stand on her own feet and make her own wise decisions. It has never been your plan to do her thinking or living for her.

Again you feel as you did long ago when night had fallen and you moved softly about among those sleeping little ones—Father, for these do I consecrate myself!



THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

The Sunday School Looks Forward

(Concluded from page 805)
signal was taken away. Everyone knew that God and Gordon were communing together.

Prayer is just as important in times of peace as in war. Teachers, begin the preparation of your lessons in prayer. Teach your lessons with a prayerful heart. Then pray that God will enrich your message in the souls of your children through the influence of his Holy Spirit.

Finally, the Deseret Sunday School Union looks forward to night, and we hope it is beginning today, when nobility of character will be recognized as being greater than intellect; when faith in our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, when loyalty to the standards and principles of his restored gospel, will be the motivating ideals in the life of every child and youth in the Church. May God's nearness and his guidance, to which all pupils and teachers are entitled, hasten that day. I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

These Times

(Concluded from page 794)
casion in the inaugural events of July 14, 1949.

HONG KONG is still a European base; and for all practical purposes, a temporary European island in the Asiatic world—perhaps the greatest port in the world. But Canton, the great southern capital, is nearby—the ancient gateway for the Europeans who came to the Far East. Chinese history runs through nearly forty dynastic periods. With nearly three hundred souls to each square mile in China proper, can we imagine possible future stakes of Zion for those who freely choose the gospel? What might we all do to comprehend Chinese cultural traditions and make the proper, worthy approach to a great people? It will test our faith, ingenuity, and intelligence in these times.



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Evidences and Reconciliations

(Concluded from page 833)

Adam, who in turn will deliver them to Jesus the Christ, under whose commission the earth work has been done. That places Adam, the first man, foremost in the family of men (Jesus excepted, who was begotten of God the Father). The Prophet Joseph said that:

"The Father called all spirits before Him at the creation of man, and organized them. He (Adam) is the head, and was told to multiply. The keys were first given to him, and by him to others. He will have to give an account of his stewardship, and they to him."

"Adam holds the keys of the dispensation of the fulness of times; i.e. the dispensation of all the times [that] have been and will be revealed through him from the beginning to Christ, and from Christ to the end of the dispensations, that are going to be revealed."

Certainly, under Christ, Adam stands at the head of the human race; as certainly, he will be blessed with the title God.

Moreover, in the sermon referred to, Brigham Young spoke of Adam as Michael, the archangel, the Ancient of Days, so that nowhere can an intelligent reader confuse Adam with either member of the Godhead.

The answer to the question at the head of this writing is that there are many gods.

—J. A. W.

¹⁷Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith, p. 158

¹⁸Ibid., 167-68



Holiday Fun

(Continued from page 817)

to express their feelings about Christmas. If you begin by calling on the youngest, you will be assured of unusual responses, which will prove stimulating to the adults.

After the dishes are washed and the dining room gathered together, games are in order. There are many that can be played; a colorful and gay one is the cat game. Want to try it? See how many words you can think of that begin with the word cat. Now frame questions that will draw the correct answer you want from those who

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

are playing the game. Here are a few to start with: What cat was used as punishment? Cat-o'-nine-tails is the answer. What cat is found in Rome? Catacomb. What cat becomes an inventory? Catalogue. What cat becomes a tree? Maybe you'd like to guess that for yourself. Oh, you wouldn't? All right, it's the catalpa. Easy, wasn't it? An abridged—and if you are particularly flush, an unabridged—dictionary will prove of invaluable assistance and will help expand your vocabulary at the same time.

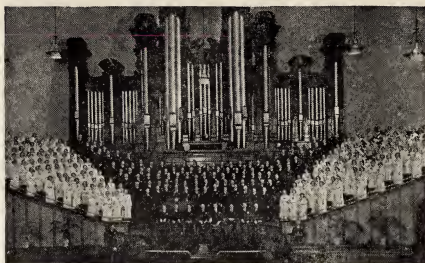
How about inventing a few games of your own? After all, how do you think games came into being in the first place? Someone had just a bit more ingenuity than the rest—and lo and behold, another game was invented. The possibilities of fun are infinite, limited only by your imagination and your time which should be limitless if you begin early enough and commandeer the efforts of the entire family.

If you are fortunate enough to have a copy of *Recreation in the Home*, published by the auxiliary organizations of the Church in 1942, by all means put it to work, for it is full of suggestions for fun. But do think up your own games; be as creative as possible, and who knows, it may be that you will initiate a game that will sweep the country and become more popular than Pit or Flinch.

As an example of ingenuity, one game popped up last year that is both inexpensive and fun. Get some of the egg crate dividers from your grocery store, one for each player. Then get enough marbles to fill every egg hole but one, and enough marbles for each of the egg dividers. The object of the game is to remove all but one marble from the board—and it can be done! The jumping of the marbles is done similar to checkers, only it occurs at right angles only, and not in kitty-cornered fashion as in checkers. Removing all the marbles takes skill, but it is fun to do. Two ways can be used in playing it, one for skill and one for speed. Little prizes can be given after each game; this adds to the fun. Balloons, pencils, sticks of

(Concluded on following page)

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HOLIDAY FUN

(Concluded from preceding page)
gum—anything for fun—can be given.

Whatever you do, be sure to reserve time in the evening to tell the old, old Christmas story as it appears in the gospel of Luke or in Third Nephi of the Book of Mormon about the coming of Christ to this continent. The fun you have had will become even more meaningful if it is made part of

our religious heritage. Sometimes some of the Pioneer Christmas celebrations from one's own ancestors or those of others may also be added to the Christmas story to show how our heritage is part of the great history of our people.

Certainly we should welcome every opportunity to make our family life one that will endure because of our common experiences both recreationally and religiously.

CHRISTMAS C.O.D.

(Continued from page 825)

him such a sharp elbow jab that Quintus lost his seat entirely, skidded down the slippery floor of the truck, out the rear end, and, fortunately, upright on his feet, where the driver promptly hoisted a horn-of-plenty bag of toys on his back.

Presently he found himself standing alone before a little lighted cottage, watching the tail light of the truck fading out of sight amid a flurry of falling snow.

Mr. Claybaugh seemed to be jumping around on some giant checkerboard — some squares of which were of the dream world, and some realistic enough.

He made a double jump to the next square, knocked with cold, unaccustomed knuckles at the shabby door of the house, and plomped heavily into a small front room. He was almost overthrown by three hilarious children, who helped with the bag of toys.

Still in this fantastic dream, Quintus discovered himself face to face with the most charming and lovely lady he ever encountered—the matronly, be-aproned lady of the house—auburn hair in queenly coils on her head, her hazel eyes lustrous.

The lovely lady was saying,

"Welcome, indeed, Santa! Now, Mannie, do you believe there's a Santa Claus? But, Santa—surely all these wonderful presents can't be just for us!"

At this juncture, Mr. Claybaugh caught his reflection in a mirror. For the life of him, surveying the glamorously arrayed, laughing Kris Kringle, he could think of only one

greeting—and much to his astonishment, the words boomed out,

"Merry Christmas!"

Quintus H. jumped back on a checker-square of reality, feeling his throat in relief—his voice was again in working order! He would have tried the greeting again, but the happy shouts of the children made it superfluous.

As their childish expectant eyes gazed hopefully at the mysterious big bag, Quintus Claybaugh was lost in a reverie. He was seeing another Christmas tree, with gaily-wrapped gifts piled at its base, the tang of the pine tingling his boyish nose as he excitedly unwrapped them—and his eyes, shielded by the mask, grew thoughtful.

Slowly his big, awkward hands unloosened the draw cords and opened the bag wide for the three gleeful children as he said,

"All for you, children."

In the pandemonium that ensued, Mr. Claybaugh breathed freer, then leaned toward the lady beside him.

"Madam," he whispered, "I am Quintus H. Claybaugh. I must make a phone call at once. Do you have a phone here?"

"I'm Kathryn Connor. No, I'm sorry, the nearest phone is at the little hamburger stand up the road."

At the mention of hamburgers, Mr. Claybaugh realized suddenly that he was hungry, *really* hungry, and that for some minutes the delicious odor of cooking had been assailing his nostrils.

His subconscious visualized savory vegetables and tender meat tidbits simmering in their spicy, onion-flavored juices. An Irish stew it was, nothing less.

Quintus glanced longingly to-

ward the kitchen, an act not unnoticed by the lady of the house.

In a whisper she asked,

"Hungry, Kris? Tell you what—go and make your phone call while I'm getting the kiddies to bed. When you get back, we'll have a bite—there's oodles of Irish stew. Care for that?"

Quintus inhaled a little deeper, then capitulated.

"Yes—yes, I do. I'll make the call—then, I'll be back!"

His departing words were gruff but convincing. He quoted from a dimly-remembered verse.

"Merry Christmas, children—and to all a good night."

The pealing of the childish voices, bidding him warm farewell, lingered with him as he trudged up the slippery road toward the distant light of the little food stand to make a phone call to his chauffeur.

After some difficulty with his call to Salms, directing the clerk to contact his chauffeur outside, Quintus wearily banged the receiver and stood peering around the stand at the empty shelves. The hamburger man shook his head.

"Sorry, Kris—not even a pickle left tonight. I'm just locking up. Good night — and Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas." It was easier to say this time, and hungry as he was, somehow the exchange of greetings lightened his walk back to the cottage.

Half an hour later, with a sigh of satisfaction, Mr. Claybaugh leaned back in the kitchen chair—after two helpings of the Irish stew, deep-dish apple pie, nippy cheese, and a tall glass of milk.

Then he thought of his dyspepsia tablets. Where had he left them? Lavender or not, he was going to need them quickly—or was he? The usual attack of gastritis was not materializing!

An expansive smile spread over his large face. Now, when he smiled, Quintus Claybaugh was not a bad-looking fellow. His eyes were friendly enough when the smile lighted them.

Kathryn Connor rather liked this Santa that Salms had sent. At his next question, however, Miss Connor turned on him the most puzzled of smiles.

"Mrs. Connor," began Quintus

H., "your husband—is he away this Christmas?"

Quiet steps coming up the front porch of the little house answered the question for her. As a rather careworn but cheerful little woman entered and came into the kitchen, Kathryn held out her hands and drew the other into a chair. The tired little lady, tears shimmering in her eyes, could only repeat,

"Bless you, God bless you, my dear, for all you've done for us tonight. Are they asleep?"

"Yes, dear. They've had a wonderful Christmas, thanks to Mr. Claybaugh—the Santa from Salms, you know."

Quintus H. was undergoing an enlightened shock as Miss Connor explained.

"You see, Mrs. Hewley's husband died recently, leaving her with the three children. I'm secretary to the manager at Salms, Inc., and I heard of her plight through the store.

"We got Mrs. Hewley a job; and I've come out to tend the children a time or two. Tonight she worked late during the Christmas rush—and so, here you found me."

Miss Connor glanced at her wrist watch.

"I hope the truck won't be late getting back. I have a little office work left to do before going home. I'd planned to ride back with the driver when he comes to pick you up."

It was Mr. Claybaugh's cue for a surprise, as he said,

"That won't be necessary, I think, Miss Connor. May I drive you to town in my car?"

This time it was the rather condescending rap on the front door by the chauffeur, Preston, that answered the question. Preston dazedly recognized his employer, and, musing mightily, went before Miss Connor and Mr. Claybaugh to hold open the door of the limousine.

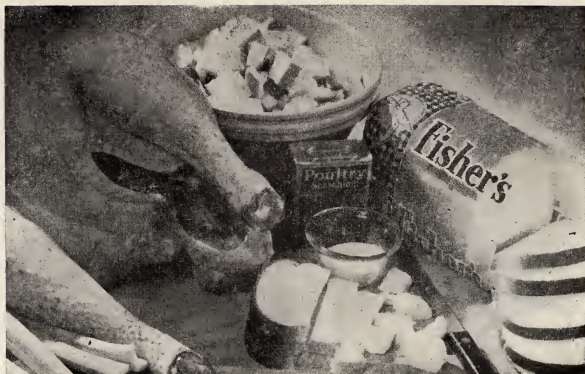
As they settled in the luxurious warmth of the car, Kathryn turned and looked at Quintus H.

"May I ask, Mr. Claybaugh, who you are—when you're not doubling for St. Nicholas? You let me believe all along that—"

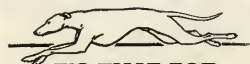
"Just as you let me believe that—"

They both laughed, and as the big car whished through the night,

(Continued on following page)



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CHRISTMAS C.O.D.

(Continued from preceding page)
Quintus told of his eventful evening. As the city lights loomed up, Miss Connor was saying:

"Each Christmas it's the custom of the store to find a number of needy families and provide a merry Christmas for them. Businessmen of the city send checks, and Salms make up the toy bags and hire Santos to deliver them.

"Tonight the 'Adjustment Department' was used for this work. We call the organization, 'Santa Seconds.' Sort of a Christmas C. O. D. arrangement, you might say."

Arriving at Salms, Inc., Miss Connor went to the manager's office, and Mr. Claybaugh proceeded to the basement to "report in" and receive his pay for the evening's work.

It seemed a fatal door, that portal to the "Adjustment Department," opening on some new adventure each time. The clerk stared blankly at him as he made his entrance.

"Number Nine! Didn't you wait for the truck, man?"

"I had my own transportation back," smiled Quintus. "The toys were all delivered in good order, your Miss Connor will verify that. I brought her back."

Their conversation was cut short by a large individual, unwinding himself from a curled-up position on an office bench. At the mention of "Number Nine," he lumbered up and stopped just short of Mr. Claybaugh.

"Look, chum, I'm Number Nine—get it? The clerk there kin tell you I was here when they passed out the numbers this afternoon. Right?"

He turned belligerently to the paling clerk for verification.

"Now, see here, men, we'll have no trouble. There seems to have been a mistake made somewhere."

"Mistake, nothin'! This guy just crowded in, and I'm goin' to crowd him out—"

Oddly unperturbed, Mr. Claybaugh said merely, to the clerk, "I'll take my pay now."

Taking up the crisp five dollar bill which the clerk laid on the desk, Quintus looked levelly at his beetle-browed opponent.

"You need this more than I do, I think, sir! And as long as I'm going to wear these boots home, you

can have my shoes—and the overcoat, too."

To the clerk, who had come forward again, he continued,

"It's all right, fellow. I want to buy this outfit—all of it. How much?"

"It's very irregular—but, say, ten for the boots—and twenty-five for the rest—"

The two stared as Quintus counted out the bills, and as he turned to go, he called out, "In the coat pocket you'll find a box of pills; they're for dyspepsia, I think. Merry Christmas!"

The other "Number Nine," new shoes in hand, the overcoat over his arm, could only mumble, "Well, thanks, pal—thanks a lot. Merry Christmas."

Kathryn Connor glanced up with a smile as Quintus entered her office.

"I shan't be long. I'm totaling the checks from our 'Santa Seconds'—a nice sum they make too."

Sitting opposite the lovely lady, Mr. Claybaugh, on impulse, reached for checkbook and fountain pen. As he pushed a check towards her, he said quietly,

"Please see that the Hewleys get this, will you, Kathryn?"

Miss Connor gazed at the check for a thousand dollars, then, with deft fingers, totaled it with the others.

"Yes, Quintus, I'll personally see that Mrs. Hewley gets it. It's very generous of you."

"I haven't been generous for a long, long time."

Letting his lips twist into a smile again, he queried, "There's something I'd like to ask you, Kathryn."

"Yes?"

"Tell me, did you *really* make that—wonderful Irish stew?"

Kathryn Connor, verging on laughter, pursed her lips soberly, and placing hands on hips, she spoke with an exaggerated brogue, "Sure, now, me dear old mither made the best Irish stew in all County Mayo—I have the recipe from her." Her laugh captivated him completely.

At her apartment entrance, bidding her good night, Mr. Claybaugh asked, "May I call again, Kathryn? I'd like to keep track of the Hewleys, you know."

Miss Connor contemplated the

genuine smile of Quintus. "Please do, I'll be very glad to keep you informed of the Hewleys. Good night. Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas, Kathryn."

As he spoke the increasingly familiar words, something seemed to choke him up, as though his soul were expanding in the right proportion to his ample body.

When, with the help of the amazed Keyes, Mr. Claybaugh had divested himself of the crimson clothing and black boots, and settled himself into the big chair before his own fireplace, he again called for ginger tea.

To Tresa, the cook, who set it before him, he said, "Tresa, can you make old-fashioned Irish stew?"

"Irish stew is it, sir? Faith, an' me sainted mither made the best Irish stew in all—"

"Not in County Mayo?"

"—in all County Cork, sir. It's her own recipe that I be still havin'."

"Good. Perhaps we could start the New Year off with a taste of the fine old dish."

"We could indeed, Mr. Claybaugh. I'll see to that, sir."

Keyes, with the crimson Santa outfit in hand, held a little gingerly, though not unwillingly, asked in formal but smiling reserve, "The ah—costume, sir?"

Quintus H. turned and regarded fondly the gay apparel that had clothed him so effectively and happily that Christmas Eve, and quietly said, as though the uniform were a part of his everyday life, "Will you polish the boots, Keyes? And have the suit cleaned and pressed—and just add the whole outfit to my wardrobe. I may be needing it again—another Christmas Eve."

The master's eyes roved around the big room, at the heavy-draped windows and staid, somber furniture, and to his waiting man he musingly suggested, "Keyes, could you, d'you suppose, get something nice in a Christmas wreath for the window? Looks a little bare without it at this time of the year, don't you think?"

"It does indeed, sir. Might I suggest also, that if Mr. Claybaugh desires, a small tree and ornaments could be procured—"

"Do it, Keyes. Get us a tree. We'll make a Christmas of this yet—and I wouldn't be surprised if we

(Concluded on following page)

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CHRISTMAS C.O.D.

(Concluded from preceding page)
have a few visitors up to see it
during the holidays."

"Very good, sir. I'll make all
arrangements. Pardon, sir, but your
ginger tea is getting cold. And may
I ask, were you able to get the
dyspepsia tablets?"

Mr. Claybaugh sipped appreciatively of the ginger tea, then unconcernedly smiled.

"No—no, I didn't get them, Keyes" he said. "But, d'you know, I don't believe I will be needing any more pink pills."

THE ARCHIVES OF HOLLAND

(Continued from page 811)
written response from Mr. Graswink
was heartwarming. It read:

The Hague, Holland
10 October 1946

In reply to your letter of 23 September 1946 I herewith inform you that I have no objection whatever to permit you, under the conditions mentioned in your letter, to microfilm all the baptism, marriage, and burials registers which are stored in the General Government Archives, and also the records belonging to this Archive which are now in the custody of some of the municipal archives.

I have requested permission from the Minister of Education, Arts and Sciences to authorize me to ask for the cooperation of the Archivists in the provinces; and I anticipate within a short time a favorable decision from them. I hope to discuss with you in the near future the practical procedure of microfilming these records.

The General Archivist,
JHR. DR. D. P. M. GRASWINKEL

In transmitting this letter President Zappay added,

We are grateful to our Heavenly Father that our efforts have been successful, as we realize that this means so much to the people of Dutch descent who trace their ancestry back to Holland. It will greatly simplify the research work.

In August 1947 I had the privilege, in company with these same able representatives of our Church, of meeting Dr. Graswinkel and receiving a renewal of this official permission. By now he had obtained consent from all the eleven provinces. Practical details were worked out for the commencement of the microfilming at The Hague. This began on December 1, with Brother Rinze Schippers, a branch president and a professional photographer, operating the newly imported Model E. Recordak camera. In a short time he had perfected a book holder which simplified and speeded up the operation.

In the months since then volume

after volume in unending sequence has passed beneath the retentive eye of that camera. On August 4, 1948, I was able to record in my journal:

This was a full, busy day. After a preliminary discussion with President Zappay, we drove to the town of Gouda. There in the town archives in a building, formerly a Catholic church, we met Brother Schippers busily engaged in microfilming church registers. I found his device for a book cradle the most satisfactory I have seen, as it will accommodate any size of book. I asked for a blueprint of it. He works rapidly and efficiently and seems intensely devoted to the work.

We took him with us to the Rijksarchief at The Hague where we made an investigation of other records to copy there—wills, deeds, orphans, military, naval, and court records—enough probably to keep one machine busy for ten years.

Two days later came an event of consequence. Again I wrote:

At the Rijksarchief we met Dr. Graswinkel by appointment and presented to him the first two hundred rolls of film as the copy for the Archives. He was highly pleased and responded with the following statement which he read:

"When your Society in the person of Mr. Zappay asked me, about one and a half years ago, if it would be possible to make microfilms of the so-called baptism, marriage, and burial registers, which are now in the General State Archives, I did not hesitate long to give you my consent. I considered the importance of this plan so great, that I informed His Excellency, the Minister of Education, and asked his permission to obtain the assistance of my colleagues in the Provinces. These were willing, every one, regarding his Province, to ask the assistance of the communal archivists; and it seems to me that the practical results are quite according to plans.

"It is for your society of the greatest importance to have a complete copy of the registers; the negative and a positive film copy will be stored in Great Salt Lake City. It is clear that this is of interest to the Netherlands; in case of calamity in Europe and disaster overtaking the original registers, there will always be a copy in Utah.



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"I will conclude with the hope that you will accomplish this work to your greatest satisfaction. Once more I thank you cordially for your welcome present."

We thanked him warmly for his fine, helpful cooperation, and told him of our plans for expanding operations there. Later the assistant showed us through the great, modern, fireproof library.

By that date over 600,000 pages had been copied. Soon a second operator was hired. Brother Johann Schippers, a brother of the first. Each week a thrilling report is received, showing steady progress. It is with supreme satisfaction that I scan these reports from the beginning to the present.

The last report received from Holland on May 19 shows that in the week ending April 30 the two operators of the one machine photographed 75,672 pages of vital records, surpassing all previous records. Frequently before, they had totaled 40,000, 50,000 and 60,000 pages each in a five-day week.

At present a total of 2800 rolls of film of one hundred feet in length or fifty-three miles of film for the negative alone have been used. As two positive copies are printed for each roll of negative (one for the archives in the Netherlands and the other for use by the public in our own library) a total of 159 miles of film in all have been used for the project in Holland.

These negative film rolls have been shipped by the hundreds to Utah, and many are already available to the public upon our shelves at the Genealogical Society. Five hundred more rolls are now ready for shipment. And the copying goes steadily on.

The final satisfaction comes as we see patrons of Dutch descent seated daily at the reading machines in the library, studying enlarged reproductions of the original records, and finding with joy therein the records of their own kindred.

Across the ocean the archives of Holland have come to them!



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Sunderland Co., Durham, England

Dear Editors:

It is my desire to obtain, if possible, copies of the series of articles entitled "Baptism For the Dead in Ancient Times" by Hugh Nibley, Ph.D., which appeared in the following issues of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA: December, 1948; January, 1949; February, 1949; March, 1949; April, 1949. Because of the dearth of material on this important subject, I have found these articles to be of inestimable worth in my missionary labors.

My companion and I find THE IMPROVEMENT ERA very instructive and helpful in our work. The only thing wrong about it is we only have one copy between us, but nevertheless we utilize its contents to the greatest extent.

Thanking you very kindly for your cooperation in this matter, I remain,

Sincerely your brother,
Elder Victor E. Gilbert

Mill Valley, California

Dear Editors:

I certainly like the October issue of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA. Actually I've enjoyed and appreciated every issue I've received during the past couple of years since my subscription began.

"Without Benefit of Insulin" is one of the most stirring things I've ever read. Can't we have more features like it, straight from the heart of the pioneers?

I'm writing today to ask you to send my parents a subscription for the coming year. Please begin with this October number. I don't want them to miss it.

/s/ Mrs. Robert D. Goff

Liverpool, England

GREETINGS from faraway England, where we find the ERA more valuable to us than ever in our missionary work. We have placed some copies in the hospitals here. We also use the ERA in our advanced tracting contacts with good results.

Elizabeth Souter and Florence Baird



ADDRESSES OF L.D.S. SERVICEMEN'S HOMES

1104 24th St., Cor. 24th & "C," San Diego, Calif.
615 "F" St., Marysville, Calif.
1594 So. Beretania St., Honolulu, T.H.

Los Angeles, California

Editor:

I WISH to thank you for the lovely illustration for my poem "Rail Fences" in the August issue. It is always a pleasure to appear in such a worth-while magazine as yours, and I enjoyed reading it.

Sincerely yours,
Alice Josephine Wyatt

THE LIGHT TOUCH

"You grow up the day you have your first real laugh—at yourself."—Ethel Barrymore.

The office manager frowned at the elderly clerk and said: "I'm afraid you're ignoring our efficiency system."

"Maybe I am," admitted the clerk, "but somebody has to get the work done."

"Crop failures?" asked the old-timer.

"Yes, I've seen a few in my day. In 1898 the corn crop was almost nothing. We cooked some for dinner, and my father ate fourteen acres of corn at one meal!"

Philosophizing

Philosopher: "It is hard, indeed, to lose all one's relatives."

Financier: "Hard? It is impossible!"

No Wonder

Customer at garage: "I've been watching that mechanic for fully fifteen minutes, and there's a man who knows his business! He didn't spill a drop of oil; he put the hood down gently, fastened it securely, left no fingerprints on the car. He wiped his hands before opening the door, spread clean cloth on the upholstery, meshed the gears noiselessly, and drove away carefully."

Bystander: "Yeah, that's his own car."

CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT

The crowning achievement of Leona Potter's many active years in Church work was her election as West Pocatello stake queen at the Gold and Green ball. Leona has a very outstanding record. She was the only girl in the stake who hadn't missed a day in the eight years she was in Primary, and all her books were completed. She lost one day in her three years of Bee Hive work because of illness. She was an Honor Bee, and was president of Bee Hive two different years; was president of her Junior class and had perfect attendance for two years.

She received her awards in L. D. S. Girls for three consecutive years. At the present time she is vice-president of her Gleaner class and her aims are to be a Glorious Gleaner, fill a mission, and someday to become a mother in Zion.

Through her efforts and outstanding work she undoubtedly helped her father to see the light of the gospel. He joined the Church, and Leona, with her sister and two brothers, father and mother, went to Salt Lake City and were sealed for time and all eternity. She is the daughter of Lawrence and Zenneth Potter.

Clara Jean Redford, Gleaner president, and Donetta Hutcheson, vice-president, were the queen's attendants, and both girls had outstanding records in their stake.

Dick Welch, who had the honor of crowning the queen, is an M Man.



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