



The Improvement Era

JANUARY, 1946

VOLUME 49, NUMBER 1

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Exploring the Universe

By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

A NEW light boat, made largely of plastic, is now being produced. Two people can easily handle its less than one hundred fifty pounds, ten-foot length and four-foot beam. The hull is made of two outer layers of lightweight duck, a core of sisal matting and heavy duck, impregnated with a bakelite resin to give a resilient construction. A piece of canvas and some resin glue permit easy repairs to this self-buoyant dinghy.

THERE are a total of about a quarter million Sumerian tablets and fragments in the museums and private collections of the world. The Sumerians, a non-Semitic, non-Indo-European people, flourished in Babylonia during the fourth and third millennia B.C. and developed an effective system of writing using cuneiform characters made of wedge-shaped or arrowheaded characters. Of the tablets, more than ninety-five percent are economic in character dealing with notes, receipts, contracts, wills, lists of workers, wages, etc. Only one percent of the tablets are inscribed with Sumerian literary compositions.

THE Nobel Prize for physiology and medicine for 1945 has been awarded to Sir Alexander Fleming for his discovery of penicillin, and Sir Howard Walter Florey and Dr. Ernest Boris Chain, all of Great Britain, for work on penicillin bringing it to the stage where it could be isolated. (See *Improvement Era*, August 1944.)

BY injection or mouth, synthetic folic acid, newest member of the Vitamin B complex group, successfully brings up the red-blood cell count and hemoglobin content in anemic persons, with definite improvement noted within a few days. Dr. Tom D. Spies, of Birmingham, Alabama, announced the new discovery of the first synthetic substance to give results in the treatment of anemia, though it is not claimed that it will act in every case as liver does. Folic acid is found in liver, kidney, and yeast.

MEASUREMENTS with a noise meter made during General Eisenhower's visit to New York City last spring revealed that the average sound level as the caravan drove through the streets was about equal to that of a thousand radios being played together at considerable volume. The maximum applause at the City Hall talk was equal to three thousand loud peals of thunder all at the same time.

(Concluded on page 8)

Keen Appetites



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Radio Speakers

ELDER MATTHEW COWLEY of the Council of the Twelve will be the radio-speaker on KSL Sunday evening, January 6, at 9 p.m., M.S.T. Elder S. Dilworth Young of the First Council of the Seventy will occupy that position on January 13. Speakers for the following weeks are yet to be announced.

*

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JANUARY, 1946

VOLUME 49, NO. 1

"THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH"

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

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The Cover

JANUARY snow, dazzling white, reminds of the new year that lies ahead, offering new vistas and greater challenges. The cover is from a photograph by Monkmeyer, adapted by Charles Jacobsen.

*

Change of Address:

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Poetry

COLLECTOR'S ITEM

By Clarence Edwin Flynn

THE art collector turns away
From something painted yesterday.
Bright from the brush; and spends his gold
For something faded, cracked, and old.
He treasures it for every sign
Of time, for every dimming line.
The world bestows its warmest praise
On pictures of the yesterdays.

The heart turns too from scenes of pride
On which the tints have scarcely dried.
And lingers long and wistfully,
Gazing in silence tenderly
At some old picture of a spot,
Or face, or moment unforgot.
The oldest scenes on memory's wall
Are those we treasure most of all.

PEACE

By John E. Donovan

I WATCHED, when but a lad, the marching
men
Returning from the war, and thought how
fine
And brave they looked, those who came
back again
To tie the broken threads of life's design.
I thought, with beating heart, that when I
grew to man's estate, I too would go to
war;
And after victory—when war was through,
Come proudly marching home to hear the
roar
Of crowds acclaiming my great bravery.
(Note well the phrase: "And after vic-
tory!")

I did not know this truth: that victory
Cannot be claimed in full by anyone;
That heavy is the cost, the misery,
Bequeathed by war to all beneath the sun.
The mark of Cain can never be erased;
Historic years are founded overnight;
And men are feral things, are savage-faced.
Let us who see this truth preserve the sight;
Let us bow down, and humbly, without
cease,
Give prayer to Him whose words were all
of peace.

LOMPOC

By Oscar A. Kirkham

HAVE you ever seen Lompoc,
A city dear to me?
Not down where autos go
But up where winds blow free.
It's a place where streets are straight,
And blocks are on the square.
I saw lights come on in a hundred homes:
I knew good folk were living there.

I stood one night up near the cross
When the stars began to shine,
In my heart I felt an evening prayer—
Thanks, dear Lord, a sight divine.

Have you ever seen Lompoc
A city dear to me?
Not down where autos go—
But up where winds blow free.

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT?

By Julia W. Wolfe

WHO would have thought
A poet dwelt in that small house just
down our street?
That she—the woman with the clear blue
eyes and
Homely gown, I often meet—
Could take the common words we know,
And use alike for flower and friend,
To weave such melody
That birds might stay their song and learn
A note or two—
Who would have thought?

We do not think.
So "wadded with stupidity,"
So thoughtful of ourselves, our little busy-
ness—
We walk the streets of life,
And jostle in the throng and press
The saint, the sinner, and the martyr,
Nay, even tramp in dust the hem of one
fair garment.
Nor guess whence comes our healing—
We do not think!

NEW YEAR BELLS

By Lalia Mitchell Thornton

HIGH as the highest star,
Far as the farthest sea,
Bells of the New Year ring,
Bells of the New Year bring
Hope for the days to be.

Shatter the midnight air,
Scatter your joyous notes,
Bells of the New Year sing,
Bells of the New Year bring
Hope from your silver throats.

Into the darkest night,
Unto the direst deeds,
Bells of the New Year wing,
Bells of the New Year bring
Hope that this sad world needs.



THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

LET ME HOLD COURAGE

Inez Clark Thorson

LET me hold courage firmly, Lord, though storms
Beat on my heart and shake its citadel;
Above the tumult whisper once again,
"Fear not . . . all will be well."

And let me walk today with love's pure flag
Aloft before the world, that all who grope
Down ways of doubt and grief, once more
shall eat
The pleasant bread of hope.

And let me make my lamp of faith to shine
While darkness lies across the hearts of
men

That they, encouraged by its glow, may fill
Their failing lamps again!

CALLING CINDERELLA

By Marian Patterson

YOU must go to the ball, Cinderella,
Did you think it was optional?
Did you suppose
That you could sit at home alone,
Your dreams adrift?
You do not dare!

You are the stepchild legend
To those who had not hoped until you rose,
Transformed by faith, to meet your own
dear prince.
They wait in vain for fairies till they learn
God is the magic.
What other story would you tell?
Stepchild, get you gone!

SOLDIER'S RETURN

By Rutheda Feusner

I SHALL be beautiful
When you return —
Not a beauty of lips and face,
But a radiance
Of sweet love and inner grace.
This loveliness you'll find
Will make you look at me
In unfeigned surprise.
You will wonder
At this happiness in my eyes,
Since you've been gone so long.
But this I know,
Thinking of you is like a song
Of faith, beating through me
In harmony, the whole day long.

A PRAYER FOR PEACE

By Jean Richards

OH! Father, look down on this, your earth,
And have compassion with our misery.
Heal the sore hearts, the wounded limbs,
Wash out the weeds of violent hate
That blooms of love may grow.

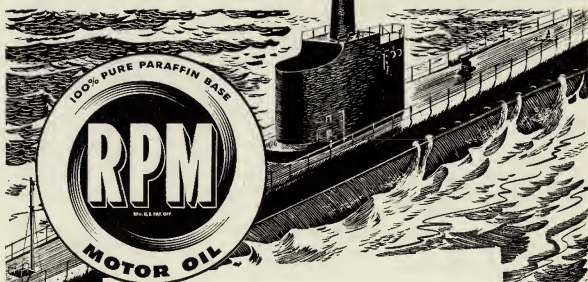
Dear God, you did not mold us thus for this;
Men were not born to destroy but to create.
The trees were not meant to lose their
foliage,

To stand as lone crosses on forsaken graves.
I was not meant to be the mother
Of a son whose duty is to kill.
Dear God, forgive them, though
They know well what they do.

Help us, Father, wash us clean.
Teach us again that all are brothers.
Father, look down and grant this gift:
May all the world be friends again.
For this I pray. Amen.

JANUARY, 1946

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YOU ARE THE

• Composer

IT is easy to create the melody for your own song of life. You help to make the plan for whatever group of which you are a part. You keep the routine and fun in the right proportion. If you are a homemaker, you plan a picnic today, a visit to the photographer next week, a coasting party in winter, a swimming party in summer, a birthday celebration for members of the family, and the month and year take on a pleasant pattern.

Bath time you make fun for the children, and walking with their daddy in the moonlight is memorable for you both. The melody for the day is satisfying. Unpleasant routine you keep subordinated, to thrust the more interesting activities into the foreground. Melody is not hard to write, and you are happy over the results. But the harder half is yet to be composed. Your real task is the harmonizing of your theme.

The skill, diplomacy, and tact you use in handling the bass notes determine whether the whole becomes discord or harmony. Every bit of routine and every situation that arises calls for the skillful harmonizing that sets the entire atmosphere of your home and the lives of those in it.

USUALLY there are two very definite directions these bass notes may take. The old story of the debutante hostess on whose beautiful new formal the butler spilled the food, is a good illustration. She concealed her chagrin at the ruined gown and laughingly exclaimed "the dinner is on me" which set everyone at ease. Had she thought only of herself and ejaculated something about clumsiness or the hopelessly ruined dress, the entire party would have been under a cloud of disharmony. The guilty butler and every assembled guest would have been uncomfortable and remembered an unfortunate party. Instead, they remembered what a good sport their hostess was.

In just the same way we can make or mar every day, every event, every incident by the way we react. Your husband returns home some evening with the lovely pair of blue slippers you had admired. They are two sizes too small. Is it: "I should think you'd know my foot size after being married to me for seven years!" or is it: "You've made a Cinderella of me. I wish my feet were as tiny as you believe! You won't mind if we change them for a larger pair, will you?"

LITTLE Ruth lifts a quart of milk from the refrigerator, and there is a crash and a white pool on the floor. Is it: "Heavens, child, can't you hold onto things? Now, we'll be short of milk for breakfast, and it's all your fault!"



—Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

or is it: "Oh, Ruth! That was heavy and slippery for you. Next time let Mother get it for you, when you want milk."

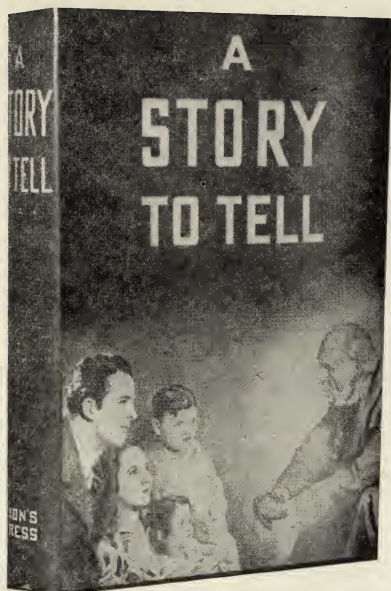
Agnes, Mother's helper for dishes, cleaning, and babies, but not for cooking, or laundry, realizes you are returning late from meeting and tries to help by putting potatoes on to boil. As you come in, your nostrils are assailed by a definite charcoal smell. But she had meant to be helpful. Is it: "Well, so they're burned. I should think you could boil potatoes. What kind of housekeeper will you become if you can't do simple cooking! And such a waste of food!" Or is it: "Weren't you kind to think of dinner. But don't worry, we can put on noodles in a jiffy. Never mind. You were busy with the baby, and he's much more important. It's easy to forget a pan on the stove."

Harmonizing our melody isn't simple at first. It takes stopping to think before we speak. A composer's life isn't

• By HELEN S. NEAL

easy. But if the composition is worth it, we will take the trouble. Of course we care what kind of impression we make on the personalities around us. And we care how our children remember their early years. Certainly we value a harmonious home atmosphere!

We can make or mar the song of our lives, reacting toward harmony and away from discord until it becomes a part of us, natural to us. After we have practiced the better reactions, we find they are easier. We can begin with such seemingly unimportant incidents as slippers that are too small, a fallen milk bottle, or burned potatoes. The way we accept these things creates an indelible impression. Our comments, our reactions, yes, even our facial expressions, make our lives a joy to ourselves and our family—unless we write a discordant bass to our otherwise pleasant melody of life.



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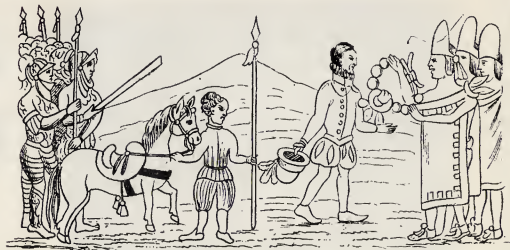
HOTEL UTAH

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BARTER IN CENTRAL AMERICA

By DR. CHARLES E. DIBBLE



AZTEC RULERS OFFER CORTÉZ A NECKLACE OF JADE

AT the time of the Conquest, Aztec dominated Central America had no medium of exchange. Direct barter in the teeming market place was standard commercial procedure. The cacao bean was, perhaps, the nearest approach to a medium of exchange. It was sometimes counterfeited by removing the center of the bean to make the favorite drink "chocolatl."

The Indians did not share our superlative esteem of gold. In the eyes of the natives gold, silver, and cacao were secondary to jade. Jade was called "chalchihuitl" by the Indians. The same word was used to connote "sacrificial blood" because jade and blood to them represented the most precious objects. A piece of jade was placed in the mouth of the deceased Aztec to serve as a heart in the next world.

In the Aztec pantheon appears a goddess associated with jade. Chalchihuitlicue, "She with the jade skirt," was

goddess of water and wife of Tlaloc, god of rain.

When Cortez and his conquistadors executed a nocturnal retreat from insular Mexico City, many of them perished in the lake because they were so heavily laden with golden treasures. Bernal Dias, the chronicler of the Conquest, recalls how he judiciously selected pieces of jade in preference to gold. He also recalls how, during later difficulties, the jade pieces served to secure succor for him and his companions.

Mexican jade varied slightly from Asiatic jade. It reached Mexico City from tribute-paying sections in southern Mexico. The precious stone was used also for earrings, necklaces, nose plugs, arm bands, figurines, and pendants.

EXPLORING THE UNIVERSE

(Concluded from page 1)

A RECENT estimate of the total number of words spoken of all kinds, baby talk, orations, conversation, love songs, Congressional debates, etc., since the beginning on the earth, is a total of about ten million billion words.

AN average of eight thousand tiny holes or pores are found in the average hen's egg. There is a great difference in the number and size of the pores between different eggs. The best eggs have many small pores, with the pores so small that evaporation and escape of gases is slow.

ONLY a few tens of thousands of molecules have been identified as occurring in nature, but now nearly a million new kinds of molecules have been produced in the laboratories.

THE Hawaiian language has an alphabet of twelve letters, half of which are vowels, and half consonants. In practice the vowels are used much more than the consonants.

THE leaves of the hickory, for some strange reason, gather and store the rare-earth elements of the cerium and yttrium families. The role of these elements in the plant is unknown.

A NEW chemical more powerful than quinine or atabrine which is successful in arresting relapsing malaria in sixteen hours, instead of six to seven days, has been announced by the National Naval Medical Center, Bethesda, Maryland.

CHEMICAL elements numbers 95 and 96, the next larger ones than plutonium, have been made by bombarding uranium isotope 238 and plutonium 239, with high energy helium ions.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

"I AM SORRY"

By Alice M. Read

"I AM sorry." They are easy words to say, aren't they? So easy that it would seem we should never forget to say them. If we only stopped to think what a difference it makes to the person to whom we say them, we would never forget.

"I am sorry," when said in a sincere, kindly manner has the power to console and hearten the listener. It isn't necessary to make an elaborate speech in order to tell them that you are sorry they have lost a loved one, that they are sick, or have had some misfortune. As a rule the fewer words you use in expressing sympathy, the more direct and genuine it sounds.

Don't neglect to express your sympathy because you think the person may be tired of hearing the same thing or because you are not a personal friend. When trouble comes, no one can have too many friends. The very moment that you choose to say, "I am sorry," may be the very time when the other person may most need kindness shown him.

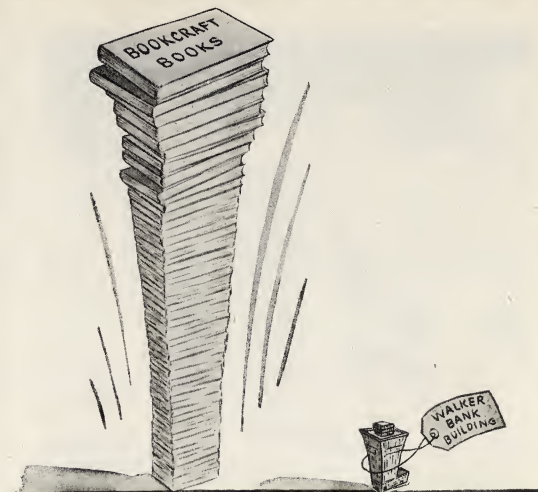
When sorrow comes our way, most of us are apt to feel that we have to face it alone. That is the time that each handclasp and kind word make us realize that somebody cares and that we are not alone.

If you cannot express your sympathy in person, don't fail to write a note or letter which will show that you are sorry. Of course you can buy beautiful cards for this purpose, but many of these are apt to sound very formal and stiff. If you do send a printed card, be sure to add a few lines in your own handwriting. The message will have more meaning.

A short letter or note, written in your own words is certain to be greatly appreciated by the person, who receives it. Don't hesitate to write because you are afraid you won't say the right thing or because you can't think of "flowery phrases." Just write that you are sorry in the most direct words that you can use. It will sound sincere and kind to the person reading it.

Recently I was talking with a lady who was telling me about her son's death on the battlefield. She spoke of the many lovely cards and letters she had received. "You know," she continued, "one of the nicest letters I received was from the janitor that worked in the office building where Jack worked before he went into the army. It was written in pencil on notebook paper, but it was beautiful. I know he meant what he said, because it was so sincere."

It costs so little and takes only a small amount of effort to say or write, "I am sorry." When you remember to do it, you are making your world a kinder, friendlier place in which to live.



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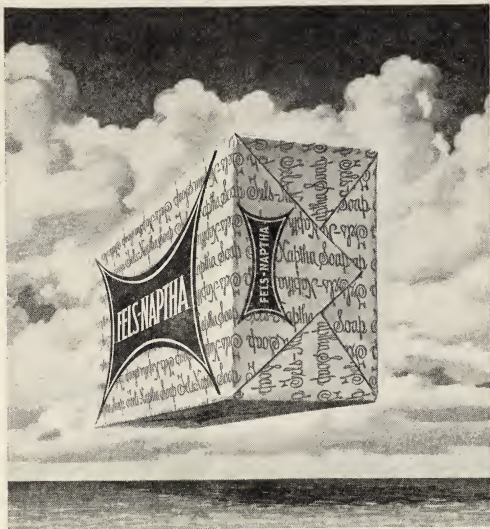
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Not yet, but —

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BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

1945 in Retrospect

ON March 7, Elder Rufus K. Hardy of the First Council of the Seventy completed his earthly mission (7). Twenty-eight hours later, the morning of March 8, Elder Samuel O. Bennion, also of the First Council of the Seventy, succumbed (6).

At the one hundred fifteenth annual general conference convening April 6, 7, and 8, Elders S. Dilworth Young and Milton R. Hunter were called to fill the existing vacancies in the First Council of the Seventy (8).

The Relief Society was also reorganized with President Amy Brown Lyman and her counselors Marcella K. Howells and Belle S. Spafford being released. Sister Spafford was sustained as president with her counselors Gertrude R. Garff and Marianne C. Sharp.

May 8 was Victory in Europe Day. President Grant had the floodlights of the exterior of the Salt Lake Temple, darkened during the war, turned on (3).

At 6:35 the evening of May 14, President Heber J. Grant finished his work on earth (4).

THE First Presidency was reorganized with President George Albert Smith of the Council of the Twelve sustained as President of the Church (14). He chose President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., (15) and President David O. McKay (12) as counselors as they had been to President Grant.

August 14 was Victory over Japan Day. Typical groups of nearly one hundred thousand Latter-day Saint servicemen dotted the globe as they served under their various flags (9). The Church had given a tithe of its membership for the restoration of peace.

September 4 a mass meeting of all faiths was held in the Tabernacle in thanksgiving for the newly-found peace. Pictured are the committee in charge: Elder Richard L. Evans, President George Albert Smith, Reverend W. F. Bulkeley, Father John LaBranche, and Elder John D. Giles (11).

The Idaho Falls Temple was dedicated September 23 by President George Albert Smith. Subsequent dedicatory sessions were held on September 24 and 25 (17).

THE one hundred sixteenth semi-annual general conference began October 5 in the Tabernacle. Feature of the first session was the inauguration of President Smith, and the sustaining of the General Authorities, including Elder Matthew Cowley (10) who was called to the Council of the Twelve (10, 2, 13, 8, 16), by raising right arms to the square in the solemn assembly (18).

On October 27, Elder Nicholas G. Smith, assistant to the Council of the Twelve passed away (5). That same evening Dr. Burton K. Farnsworth, second assistant general superintendent of the Y.M.M.I.A., and on November 4, Elder Joseph J. Cannon, the organization's first assistant superintendent also passed away.

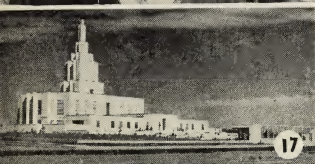
Standing before the Washington, D.C., chapel in the center picture are Joseph W. Anderson, secretary to the First Presidency; Dr. John A. Widtsoe of the Council of the Twelve; German S. Ellsworth of the U. S. Reclamation Bureau; President George Albert Smith; Thomas E. McKay, assistant to the Council of the Twelve; and President Edgar B. Brossard of the Washington Stake, in the nation's capital in November to arrange for the sending of food and clothing to needy European members of the Church. (Photograph, Press Association, Inc.)



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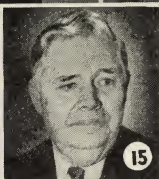
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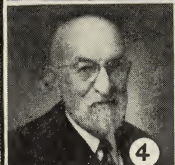
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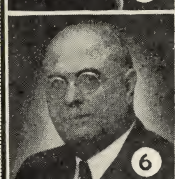
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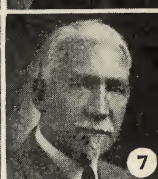
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CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

*from the First Presidency
of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*

CHRISTMASTIDE is a happy—to many the happiest—season of the year. The principal reason for this is because the worthy custom of unselfish giving partakes of the spirit of Christ. Christmas furnishes a good illustration of the truth of the paradoxical saying, “whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.” He who gives happiness to others, subjugating his own personal desires, finds happiness in his own soul.

Peace-loving people everywhere, this Yuletide, have special cause for rejoicing. The cruel and devastating World War is ended, and major criminals who were responsible for it now stand before the bar of Justice.

Armed conflict having ceased, many soldiers who, last year and the year before that, were offering their lives in airplanes, on battleships and cruisers, in fox holes, or lying wounded in hospitals, will spend this joyous Christmas at home. Many who are still serving in foreign lands are thankful that the war is ended, and happy in the thought that they, too, may soon be homeward bound.

To those who have already returned to civilian life, to all who are still in uniform, in whatever land or clime, and to their parents and other loved ones, we send congratulations and blessing inasmuch as they have performed their duty faithfully and maintained the standards of Truth and Justice.

To the young men and women who, though subjected to temptations incident to war, have remained true to the moral standards of the Church, we express hearty commendation, and say to you: In thus keeping your character unsullied, each of you has been true to yourself, to your loved ones who trust you, to your country, and to your God. Even they who openly scoffed when you refused to indulge, secretly admired you in their hearts.

We are particularly mindful of the many—all too many—who will never return. In response to the call of Duty, they have sacrificed not only their own lives but the lives of their posterity that might have been. Their bodies rest where they fell in honor. They died that Freedom might survive.

To their parents and other bereaved relatives we extend sincere condolence. May the message of Immortality given by Him whose birth we now celebrate bring to each of you comfort and peace. Remember that the Son of Man also died, seemingly (to those who did not understand) ignominiously. In the minds of his sorrowing mother, and of his disheartened, discouraged disciples, all hopes were blighted, a glorious Cause seemed defeated. A sense of injustice, mingling with feelings of sorrow and gloom, filled them with despair.

But it was Death that was defeated, not Jesus who was crucified on the cross! He lived, and as the Christ, triumphant, broke the bonds of death forever!

And now to every bereaved parent, wife, sister, brother, sweetheart of the boys who have answered the final Summons, the living Christ, once the Babe of Bethlehem, still proclaims the divine message that He gave over nineteen hundred years ago:

“I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.”

Every person who dies lives as surely as did the Savior while his pierced body lay in the tomb. May all who mourn find in Christ that peace which supplants sorrow with Faith and Hope!



PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.

PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH

PRESIDENT DAVID O. McKAY

—Photograph courtesy "Deseret News"

Our blessings and commendations extend, also, to the people who are destitute and suffering in war-torn Europe, in Asia, and in the Islands of the Pacific. It is a tragedy of war that the innocent must suffer.

Reports from the missions indicate that organized branches even in the countries most devastated by the ravages of armed conflict have carried forward the work of the Lord most commendably, and in not a few instances, gloriously. To the Saints in all these lands we say: Through all your trials and sufferings we are sure that you have found your testimony of the truth of the gospel a constant source of comfort and encouragement. Having accepted of Christ's invitation, you have proved His promise to be true:

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

With the thousands of packages of clothing, bedding, shoes, and food already sent by the Church welfare department, and with the many thousands ready to be forwarded to you as rapidly as possible, we send you our faith and prayers that God's guidance and protecting care will be with you during these tragic days.

You will rejoice to know that activity in all missions will be resumed at the earliest possible date.

To members of the Church everywhere, and to honest, liberty-loving people throughout the world we extend the Season's Greetings, happy and grateful in the knowledge that—

The Church was never more prosperous—God's work never more glorious!

Christ is at the head and is guiding the destiny of his people!

With all our hearts, we repeat the angelic message heralded at his birth in Bethlehem:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

George Albert Smith

J. Reuben Clark

David O. McKay

The First Presidency

Charge TO PRESIDENT

By President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.

OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY



PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.

PRESIDENT McDONALD: Obedient to the practice followed on occasions such as this, I now fulfil my duty and take advantage of an honored and valued privilege, to deliver to you, upon behalf of the board of trustees and of the First Presidency of the Church, the formal Charge which is an essential part of these inauguration ceremonies.

Behind this institution of learning is a background that in some respects is unique in the field of education. I shall call some of that background into view.

It should be in mind that this Last Dispensation of the Fulness of Time was ushered in with a motif that stirred to action the young fourteen-year-old boy, Joseph Smith, earnestly seeking for truth. It was the motif of that intimately personal message of James: "If any of you"—not someone afar off, not merely the rich and the powerful, not only those in high places, but the humblest and the least of us,—

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed.

For let not that man think that he shall receive any thing of the Lord. A double minded man is unstable in all his ways. (James 1:5-8.) [Italics author's.]

So was the motif voiced.

To these great truths, James added this further one:

Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone. (*ibid.*, 2:17.)

So by eternal decree, faith and work must walk hand in hand as we advance

towards the goal of eternal life. For as the Lord said to Oliver Cowdery seeking power to translate:

Behold, you have not understood: you have supposed that I would give it unto you, when you took no thought save it was to ask me. But, behold, I say unto you, that you must study it out in your mind. (D. & C. 9:7-8.)

If we would gain knowledge in this world, we must "study it out in our minds." Work, and the Lord adds inspiration.

As the Lord's work unfolded with the years, this motif, these principles, be-

Olive Leaf, the Lord gave these instructions to his Church:

And as all have not faith, seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning, even by study and also by faith. (D. & C. 88:118.)

Earlier in that same great revelation, the Lord had commanded:

Teach ye diligently and my grace shall attend you, that you may be instructed more perfectly in theory, in principle, in doctrine, in the law of the gospel, in all things that pertain unto the kingdom of

By eternal decree, faith and work must walk hand in hand as we advance towards the goal of eternal life.

came the theme of this Last Dispensation.

MOVING forward in his plan, framed before the world was (Abraham 3:24 ff.), the Lord more than a year before the Church was organized, in a revelation to the Prophet Joseph, put knowledge, all true knowledge, for he made no qualification, alongside the Christian principles and virtues of faith, temperance, virtue, patience, brotherly kindness, godliness, charity, humility, and diligence. He revealed again the key to knowledge he had given to the multitude on the mount in Palestine:

Ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. (D. & C. 4:6-7.)

This great promise, in measure a command, has been repeated, over and over again, by the Lord to us of this day. He has never permitted us to forget it. It is basic to the whole plan of the restored gospel. It means that God still speaks to men in pulpits, before altars, in laboratories, in workshops, in plowed fields, in the bowels of the earth, on the mountain heights, in our secret chambers of prayer,—wherever men move and work and search, there he speaks and reveals to them the eternal truths of the universe, the mysteries of God. (D. & C. 6:11; 8:11.)

But the Lord has been very specific about the search for knowledge. As early as December 1832, two years and a half after the Church was organized, in the great revelation known as the

God, that are expedient for you to understand;

Of things both in heaven and in the earth, and under the earth; things which have been, things which are, things which must shortly come to pass; things which are at home, things which are abroad; the wars and the perplexities of the nations, and the judgments which are on the land; and a knowledge also of countries and of kingdoms. (*ibid.*, 78-79.)

To these commandments, the Lord, a few months later, added this further direction:

... study and learn, and become acquainted with all good books, and with languages, tongues, and people. (D. & C. 90:15.)

BUT the Lord was even still more specific. A little over a year after the Church was organized, now more than one hundred fifteen years ago, he instructed the Prophet Joseph to ordain Oliver Cowdery—

... to do the work of printing, and of selecting and writing books for schools in this church, that little children also may receive instruction before me as is pleasing unto me. (D. & C. 55:4.)

When a school was set up in Zion—Missouri—with Parley P. Pratt at its head, the Lord declared himself pleased, and gave instructions regarding the matter. (D. & C. 97:3-6.)

"Schools of the prophets" were established in Missouri, and in Kirtland, Ohio. The life of the Prophet Joseph shows that he himself constantly sought after knowledge, and that the search

HOWARD S. McDONALD

at his inauguration as

PRESIDENT OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

on November 14, 1945

therefor was a great preoccupation of his mind. In 1829 the Lord told Joseph, almost in impatience, that the "puny arm" of man could not hinder the Almighty "from pouring down knowledge from heaven" and added that pure knowledge "greatly enlarges the soul." (D. & C. 121:33, 42.)

Out of Joseph's own widely embracing knowledge came these two great inspired utterances, filled with divine wisdom and embodying eternal principles of salvation and exaltation:

It is impossible for a man to be saved in ignorance (D. & C. 131:6);

and this further one:

A man is saved no faster than he gets knowledge. (*Documentary History*, Vol. IV, p. 588.)

Thus from the very earliest days of the Church, its members have been told by the Lord to seek and obtain knowledge in its widest meaning.

The early history of Utah is a record of how well this people heeded these commandments and principles. In 1850, three years after the first pioneers reached these valleys after the drivings and mobbings at Nauvoo,

with uplifted hands unto the Most High. (D. & C. 88:119-120.)

Thus God made clear that the gaining of knowledge is not to be like the commonplace work of earning a livelihood. He who invades the domain of knowledge must approach it as Moses came to the burning bush; he stands on holy ground; he would acquire things sacred; he seeks to make his own the attributes of deity, the truth which Christ declared he was (John 14:6), and which shall make us free (John 8:32), free of the shackles of time and space, which shall be no more. We must come to this quest of truth—in all regions of human knowledge whatsoever, not only in reverence, but with a spirit of worship.

In all his promises and commandments about gaining knowledge, the Lord has never withheld from our quest any field of truth. Our knowledge is to be coterminous with the universe and is to reach out and to comprehend the laws and the workings of the vast depths of the eternities. All domains of all knowledge belong to us. In no other way could the great law of eternal progression be satisfied.

*God still speaks to men in pulpits, before altars,
in laboratories, in workshops, in plowed fields,
in the bowels of the earth, on the mountain
heights, in our secret chambers of prayer—
wherever men move and work and search,
there he speaks and reveals to them the eternal
truths of the universe, the mysteries of God.*

the people established the University of Deseret, now the University of Utah.

So fundamental is this gathering of knowledge that the Lord saw fit to direct us as to the kind of place in which knowledge should be gained. In that same great revelation, the Olive Leaf, the Lord said:

Organize yourselves; prepare every needful thing; and establish a house, even a house of prayer, a house of fasting, a house of faith, a house of learning, a house of glory, a house of order, a house of God;

That your incomes may be in the name of the Lord; that your outgoings may be in the name of the Lord; that all your salutations may be in the name of the Lord,

We have established this school here; we have set up our whole Church educational system; we have encouraged and assisted in the establishment and maintenance of purely secular schools,—all to the end that all knowledge, true knowledge, might be gained by us, by our posterity, and by all men; for knowledge is salvation.

All this makes the far background of this school, and it fills in the full horizon of known truth, which, as someone has said, widens and pushes farther back into the realm of the infinite unknown with each new vision of revealed truth, and only by God's mercy and revelation does man find any truth.

Thus we come to understand in

measure that great pronouncement of the Lord to us of this day, set out in that glorious revelation that tells us of the origin of man and that glimpses his destiny:

The glory of God is intelligence, or, in other words, light and truth. (D. & C. 93:36.)

But, while as the Lord has told the people that to him all things are spiritual, that he has never at any time given a law which is temporal, nor a commandment, for to him all things are spiritual (D. & C. 29:34-35); and while the Prophet himself announced that "all spirit is matter, but it is more fine or pure" (D. & C. 131:7), (a statement that no one can glibly call fantastic in view of these days' discoveries of the constitution of the atom and different vibratory fields), yet for us mortals there are two domains of knowledge. As Paul put it,

... There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. (I Cor. 15:44);

and as he further observed:

For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God. (I Cor. 2:11.)

So we speak today of things secular—worldly things—as distinguished from things religious—spiritual things.

In the secular field the Brigham Young University has a great past. Its graduates, in as large proportion as that of any other school in the country, hold positions of trust and distinction in the fields of secular knowledge and endeavor. We feel a humble pride in this, both for the school and for its graduates. It shows that the field of learning occupied by this school embraces all demonstrated secular knowledge. We charge you, President McDonald, to abate no effort to maintain this proud achievement. We view the future of the school, under your direction, with every confidence that more honor and more respect and more usefulness shall come to us in this secular field, as the years go by. This is a heritage of the school.

But these are the worldly things, dealing with the world and our success or failure therein as gauged by the calipers man has made to appraise himself.

(Continued on page 60)

POLL PARROTS OR THINKERS?

By Marvin O. Ashton
OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC



—Illustrated by J. A. Bywater

I MAKE no apology whatever in repeating again the observation of a young man of our Church some months ago. When called on to give a talk in a ward sacrament meeting, he relaxed and told the congregation the innermost workings of his mind. Said he, "When one of our family is to give a talk, Pa writes it; Ma corrects it; and my brother Bill runs it off on the typewriter. Tonight I'm going to say just what I feel."

I have a copy of that talk, and it is an inspiration. It takes hold of you and does something to you. It stirs you.

With all the good intention in the world, that father and mother were on the road to make of that boy and others in the family poll parrots, machines repeating what someone else had thought out. Your arm is made to do things by using it. Strap it down for only twenty-four hours without giving it a chance to operate and see what happens. The mind working through the brain acts accordingly. Think today, and you think more easily tomorrow. Do you parents want to make of your boy an individual or an echo—a generator of thought or a phonograph? I repeat, do you want him to function as a child of God, an individual all of himself, standing on his own feet, or a weather vane whose destiny is shaped by the action of the wind?

I am expressing myself rather emphatically because of what I see in going from stake to stake. Time and time again in going to a stake conference I have seen everyone on the program reading his talk. Sometimes, I must confess, when those talks have been read they have been of the boy's own composition, but invariably he is functioning as a parrot glibly unreeled a line of somebody else's language—yes, using words that pretty nearly strangle his anatomy. This tendency is really alarming. Of course, when he reads it well, it goes over smoothly; but in following a program of this kind, what are we

doing to the boy? I would rather my boy hesitated and flickered and sputtered and blasted his innermost workings for the right words rather than to make of him a talking machine. It will be hard at first to make his talk his own, but it will develop will power, self-expression, and in the long run, self-reliance. Reversing the operation, let him lean on someone else's thought the first time, and he'll lean again, and yes, he'll keep leaning. One of the most sacred things about any of us is our thinking things through and standing on our own feet.

Probably the Church has not developed many greater thinkers than B. H. Roberts. Our Church bookshelves are spotted with his books—textbooks and histories. His discourses are masterpieces. It is said that when he made his maiden speech in school, the attempt was such an effort that his listeners laughed him down. But he wasn't licked—that arm came up; and, pointing to those schoolmates, he accepted their challenge. He thundered back, "Some day you'll listen to me." And they did.

THE story of Demosthenes of Greece is an inspiration. Yes, his first attempts as an orator were crude and very ineffective—yes, they were failures. His failures were his challenges. Several things bothered him when he arose to express himself before his fellows: First, the crowds before him made him self-conscious—they bewildered him; second, he stood before his audience awkwardly; in particular, one shoulder was much higher than the other; third, he had an impediment in his speech; fourth, he knew if he was to be an orator he must study hard and long; and he realized, too, that he liked to go out at night—he was decidedly a

social being, but self-denial must step in here or he would be a failure.

Well, what did he do to overcome these obstacles? To overcome his first trouble, he went out and rehearsed his sermons to the ocean waves as they roared over the rocks. His second trouble—he gave his orations in a shed standing below two suspended swords hanging one over each shoulder. If one shoulder went a little higher than it should, the sharp point of the sword was a gentle reminder. To overcome his speech impediment he put pebbles in his mouth—he said to himself: "If I can give my speeches with pebbles in my mouth, I certainly can talk with ease when the pebbles are out." Now to top off his self-education, so that he wouldn't go out at night, he shaved just half of his beard. (Of course that would keep any man home at night.)

But when this fellow Demosthenes was through with himself, all Greece listened to him. When some other men orated, people said they were remarkable. When Demosthenes spoke, he put such fire into their souls that they went out and subdued their enemies. When Demosthenes spoke, all Greece arose. Probably the world has not produced a greater orator than this fellow, and yet I remind you again of what an unpretentious start he made.

We are encouraging the reading of too many speeches among young people. Yes, I'll agree with you that you are putting out a more nearly perfect specimen of English composition when they are read, but what if every "i" is dotted, so to speak, and every "t" is crossed, what about it? What is a talk for? It is to stir us, not to show how

(Continued on page 58)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

The Legend of the TRIBE OF VERY MUCH WIND

I
"WILD INDIANS"

IT was the first Sunday of 1930—promotion day in Sunday School. My class of girls had just been promoted, and I waited in the classroom for my new class to arrive. Only five minutes between two adventures in Sunday School teaching!

What does one think about during such an important interlude? I thought of the young girls with whom I had just parted so reluctantly, and I knew I was going to miss them very much. But I remembered my failing for thirteen-year-olds, and they were almost fifteen now, so I resolutely turned my attention to the new adventure ahead with many grave misgivings. Why had I promised to teach a class of deacons this year, the problem class of the Sunday School? I had been warned about them: "The bishop's wild Indians," they were called. I had never taught a class of boys. Would I be able to win their confidence, I wondered. But it was too late to change my mind now. That fateful interlude was over, and my new adventure had started. How was I to know that it would be one of the richest experiences of my life?

I only knew that I was facing a roomful of average American boys, from twelve to fourteen years of age, who seemed to have enough surplus energy to supply a whole tribe of wild Indians. How was I to direct so much energy for practical purposes in Sunday School? Just how did one proceed to tame wild Indians? Surely that was a challenge for the bravest of Sunday School teachers.

For several weeks, I tried all my favorite classroom methods—to no avail. Those "Indians" remained as wild as ever. It was then I drafted Bohunkus, my faithful Chevrolet coach, into their service, and began to plan ways to absorb some of their surplus energy, out-

An Adventure in Sunday School Teaching

By RUBY K. SMITH

side of Sunday School. A party, at which healthy young "Indians" consumed large quantities of hot chili and waffle gingerbread, served to break the ice—and to initiate "Bohunkus" in the art of providing transportation for a whole Sunday School class at once!

But I was impatient for spring to come, so I could turn my "Indians" loose somewhere out in the open. On the top of Ensign peak, for instance, their war whoops wouldn't disturb any one. So the day before Easter, we climbed that historic peak at sunrise. There, I discovered, they were really in their element. With great zest, they built a bonfire, and enjoyed breakfast, after which their merry shouts echoed over the hills, as a dozen "Indian" scouts explored the mountaintop. Before we went home, they had so completely won my heart with their boyish enthusiasm and good sportsmanship, that I decided I was going to like my new adventure in Sunday School teaching after all. Never had I found more delightful companions.

It was not long before we understood each other very well. The boys knew that Bohunkus and I were always willing to go anywhere with them on week days, provided they were "good Indians" on Sunday. And it was surprising how remarkably good they could be when they tried. But just as a matter of record, we began a system of weekly credits—for regular attendance, punctuality, good order, and participation in class activities. Then, when we planned a trip, we knew exactly who was eligible to go.

How much more we enjoyed our Sunday mornings together, when a very much subdued, but eagerly responsive class caught the real spirit of Sunday School. They learned to love the stories of great men who had served God in Old Testament days, and freely participated in our class discussions. Also, when their turn came, they willingly appeared before the Sunday



AT FAIR GROUNDS—SEPTEMBER 1930

School to give short talks about our lesson heroes. (Why not, when they could earn some extra credits that way?) Now they were always in their places when Sunday School started, ready to assist with the passing of the sacrament, to the hearty approval of the bishopric.

Meanwhile, how eagerly we looked forward to our week-day adventures. It was during my association with that remarkable group in the months which followed, that I learned some of the joys a Sunday School teacher may find, by making friends with the young people under her direction.

All through that summer, it was amazing to see with what ease Bohunkus always assembled a capacity load of boys, whenever a trip was scheduled.

Our favorite adventure was a trip to Rotary Park, at the head of City Creek Canyon, for a breakfast at sunrise. Just at dawn—after the jangle of alarm clocks had aroused them to stealthy preparations in a dozen different homes—boys would appear from every direction, drawn to the waiting Bohunkus as to a magnet. Then our seven-mile drive, up the winding canyon roadway, with all nature still shrouded in the hush of night, was always an enchanting experience. But when my "Indians" arrived on the scene, they soon brought abundant life into the quiet picture. We cooked our breakfast on long sticks over a fire in one of the fireplaces—sometimes dawdling, to prolong the enjoyment of it, and sometimes hurrying to make time for a hike on one of the near-by mountain trails. But when our time was up, everyone returned promptly to Bohunkus for the ride down the canyon. But the joy of those early morning hours together sent us on our way with a song in our hearts.

AFTER school closed for the summer, we found time for swimming parties, which absorbed plenty of surplus energy. Then we discovered tennis.

(Continued on page 56)

ONE SUNDAY MORNING—JULY 1930



LOOKING *Forward*

By

W. GLENN HARMON

of the Oakland State Presidency

For Zion must increase in beauty, and in holiness; her borders must be enlarged; her stakes must be strengthened; yea, verily, I say unto you, Zion must arise and put on her beautiful garments. (D. & C. 82:14.)

THERE have been many interesting prognostications made during the past century regarding the future of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In 1934, one of these predictions appeared in the *American Magazine* under the title, "Kingdom in the Desert."¹ The writer, Morris Markey, foresaw the failure of the Church and the scattering of its adherents in the following words:

I think it fair to say that Mormonism, in our own day, proceeds simply under the momentum supplied by Brigham Young. For three generations now the Mormons have lived decent, upright lives—not very distinguished, not very rich, not very fecund in the arts and letters.

But it is clear, I think, to any unbiased observer, that the forward thrust given them at the outset by Young, powerful and splendid as it was, cannot keep them moving forever. Particularly the youth of Mormon [sic] are in sharp need of new stimulus, a reiteration and further illumination of the first glowing dream. So many of the girls and boys I talked to said, in answer to my question: "What am I going to do? Well, as soon as I finish school I'm going East" or "I'm going to the Pacific coast."

I would have you note the writer's idea that Brigham Young, rather than Joseph Smith, was the genius of Mormonism; note also the giving of credit for the achievements of the Church to a mortal man. I suppose this is natural in a skeptical world. Since the physical evidence of the achievements cannot be denied, the effort to explain them away, as merely human achievements, serves to rationalize the otherwise incredible. That Brigham Young, and not Joseph Smith, should be given the major credit for the movement probably comes from the fact that the first Prophet was killed at a time when the foundation had just been established. It is so easy, sometimes, to overlook foundations, which have a tendency to become buried, and to forget their fundamental importance.

This utterance of Mr. Markey's was by no means the first time a failure of the Church had been predicted. It is more than a century since Joseph Smith was martyred, and it was freely believed and stated at that time that his passing spelled the death of the movement. Indeed, it was to bring about this objective that he was killed.

But what happened? Driven out of their homes and into the western wilderness, the Mormons settled in a region where many thought it would be impossible for them to survive. But they subdued the desert, reclaimed its wastes, grew and prospered, until by 1930, which was the Church's centennial, it had grown to number 700,000 living souls and was spreading in all directions.

And by that time a change in attitude on the part of the public had become noticeable, a change which no doubt had its part in dictating a change in the tactics of its opponents. Here is another statement, published in 1918, which evidences that change and also contains a prediction for the future:

Mormonism has reached the zenith of its supernatural visions, is receding, gradually fading in the Mormon consciousness itself. The time spirit will cure it of its abnormalities. It will die amidst its own worshippers.

The way to oppose Mormonism is not to throw mud upon it. A campaign of detraction only helps it to grow. The thing to do is to treat it with candor and fairness. . . . It must fall of its own weight if it is to fall at all.²

THE centennial year of 1930, closing one hundred years of continual and healthy growth for the Church, brought forth considerable comment, attempts at explanation and efforts to read the

²William Oeschger, secretary, Nebraska Christian Churches, in *State Journal*, Nebraska, November 24, 1918.

future. Some of these commentators, with the wisdom born of hindsight, professed to see where the early persecutors had unwittingly accomplished the very thing they sought to prevent; it was said the martyrdom had bound the Mormons together with a martyrdom complex, and withal had given the movement an impetus which literally "made the Church," as one writer put it.³ None of these commentators, so far as I have discovered, was willing to credit its survival of the superhuman difficulties placed in its path to the divine guidance and blessings which its adherents have claimed.

Forced to concede the irrefutable facts as evidenced in the material successes of the Church, most writers nevertheless denied its spirituality. Thus, the Reverend Claton S. Rice, writing in the April 1930, *Missionary Review*, said he could appreciate the pride of a Mormon in the material accomplishments of his Church, but was confident no deeply religious Mormon was wholly happy with the lack of accomplishment in the spiritual life of the people. His prediction was:

Ultimately, in spite of its promising present and immediate future, the Church is bound to crash unless there are marked transformations.

He was echoed a year later by another (Concluded on page 54)

³Bernard DeVoto in *American Mercury*, January 1930; see also Rev. Edward Laird Mills, "One Hundred Years of Mormonism" in *Missionary Review*, December 1930. It is only fair to Mr. DeVoto to quote from an article which he wrote for the Autumn 1945 issue of *Rocky Mountain Review*, titled "Reevaluation." This first paragraph reads: "Many years have passed since I would have attempted any justification whatever of my early two articles on Utah. They were ignorant, brash, prejudiced, malicious, and, what is worst of all, irresponsible. They were absolutely in the *Mercury* mood of illegitimate and dishonest attack. They represented the only occasions in my career when I yielded to that mood. I have spent practically all my literary life attacking other manifestations of that mood, and I have always regarded my yielding to it on those occasions as an offense which can be neither justified nor palliated."

⁴Robert McKennan, First Congregational Church, Ogden, Utah, *Christian Century*, September 23, 1931.



¹American Magazine, July 1934

He was sitting on the grass with his arm around a dog when I drove down the road on my way to work. He was there when I returned at noon, still with his arm around the dog. When I went back after dinner, they were in the shade of a tree. The dog was sitting like a statue. The boy had his arm around the animal and was slumped over against the dog, sound asleep. If I missed drilling certain spots in a field of grain that afternoon, I have one good excuse for so doing, for I was thinking of the time many, many years ago when I had been a boy and had a dog that meant more to me than all the rest of the world put together.

When I returned that evening, they were standing alongside the road. I took a good look at the boy who was about seven years of age. He was wearing a pair of worn-out rubber boots, many sizes too large for him. His clothes were patched but clean. His face was one mass of freckles, and his hair was a bright brick-red color and stood out like the quills of a porcupine. He smiled, and I stopped the team. Then he asked:

"Can I ride up the road with you?"

"Sure, climb in."

"And Mungo, can he ride?"

I wanted to see really how much he liked his dog and said, "The horses are mighty tired, and I don't know whether they can pull both of you."

"Then let Mungo ride, and I'll walk."

I looked at the dog. It was black



MUNGO

The Story of a Boy and His Dog

By JAMES P. SHARP

and white and had exceptionally short legs. He picked the animal up and set him in the back of the wagon box; for the rear endgate was out. Then I said, "Get in with him, and we'll take a chance on the horses pulling both of you."

He climbed in and sat down beside the dog. I drove the team up to my yard, not over a city block away, and stopped. He jumped out; the dog jumped after him; and down the road they ran without another word.

The following day he rode up at noon, and also at night. He never said a word; neither did I. I just stopped where he and the dog were; they climbed in; I drove home, stopped, and they climbed out.

THE next morning when I went to work they were out waiting for me.

"Can we ride up to the canal with you?" the boy asked.

"Sure."

They got in. I was sitting on a sack of grain. The boy sat down on another with the dog between us.

"Don't be afraid of him. He only bites thieves and won't hurt you," said the lad, for the dog was mighty close to me. I knew enough about dogs to realize that when one has a happy look on his face and is enjoying himself, there is no need to be afraid.

"You see, I had three fishhooks, but Stubby stole two of them—"

"Wait a minute. Are you sure Stubby stole them?"

"Well, Mister, he throwed me down and just took 'em from me. Ain't that stealing?"

He continued, "Last night I was a-fishing up in the canal and lost my other hook. It got caught on an old stump, and I'm taking Mungo up to help me find it, for he always can find lost things, and we just got to find it else Grandma won't have no fish to eat."

I stopped the team on the canal bank and undid the checkreins, for every time I crossed that canal those horses just had to stop and drink. The boy watched in silence. When the horses had had enough, they crossed over. After I had fixed the checks, he said, "That's the stump, over there."



"MUNGO"

I waited for him to get out and finally said, "I sure hope Mungo finds that fishhook so you can catch some more fish for your grandma."

"Well, please, can we ride to the farm with you?" he asked.

When almost to the grainfield, he said, "You want to hire a good man?"

"No. You see, I have only one grain drill so I can not use a man, but Mr. Jackson or Mr. Stoble would hire one if they could find him."

"But I don't want to work for them. I want to work for you."

So he was the "good man" that wanted work. I thought for some time and then asked, "Why do you want to work for me?"

"'Cause you have a nice fat team and are good to them and let 'em drink all the water they want every time you cross the canal, and 'cause you are good to me and Mungo, and don't swear at us, and when I get to be a big man, I'm going to be just like you."

I changed the team from the wagon to the drill and went to work. Again that boy had given me something to think about.

When I was a boy like him, I too had my ideal man. I tried to walk and talk just as he did, in fact I tried to imitate his every act. Then a few months later I saw my mistake, for he was not what I had expected him to be. As time went on, I nearly lost faith in the entire human family on account of his deeds and actions. I wondered if, in years to come, I would still be this boy's ideal man or I would fail in his estimation just as my ideal man had failed in mine.

A MORMON WIFE

XI

FINANCIAL CRISIS

BESIDES managing a large home and making the adjustments which a family of seven children and three adults were bound to call forth, there were financial difficulties for my mother to face. It was very soon after



HEBER J. GRANT—PHOTOGRAPH
TAKEN IN THE NINETIES

she came to live at 14 South Second East Street that a nationwide financial crash occurred, and my father went down with thousands of others in what was often referred to as "the panic of '93." Both he and my mother were glad that Lucy had been spared a knowledge of just how bad conditions really were.

In four short months, my father went from the place where he was worth \$100,000.00 to one in which he found himself \$30,000.00 in debt. No wonder he referred to that time as one in which "lightning struck me financially." As the effects of this major depression became more and more far-reaching, his assets continued to shrink and his liabilities to increase until, within the next few years, he was "\$100,000.00 worse off than nothing." Besides having his own troubles to worry over, he was given some very difficult financial problems of the Church to solve. Hurried business trips were often made to New York to save the financial life of this or that Church institution. My mother ac-

companied him on many of these trips, and at one such time she wrote: "Oh, that financial panic of 1893! We lived on cipher dispatches, I used to say. They would come in the early morning, at twelve o'clock at night, at almost any unseasonable hour. Heber would take the telegram, and I would get out the code, and we would decipher it word by word. It was usually blue as indigo, a wail from the bank or other places, something to the effect of 'Help, or I perish!' and Heber would sigh, 'Ho, ho hum,' and look so troubled that my heart ached to help him, but I was powerless except to aid him by my sympathy, encouragement, and condolence, and he needed all three most of the time. But he met each crisis and got through just at the last minute by the 'skin of his teeth' we used to say, and we felt that it was only the Lord that came to his rescue every time."

My father's financial status during this trying time was not generally known, but a few of his trusted associates understood the situation. They begged him to take advantage of the bankruptcy act which, they contended, had been created for just such emergencies. But he was determined to weather it through and eventually paid back every cent of what he owed. His financial difficulties, following as they did, close upon the death of his wife, and the serious illness of his daughters, taxed his strength almost to the breaking point. My mother stood valiantly by his side and did her full share to help out in the crisis. Household expenses were cut to the bone. In her schoolteaching days "Miss Winters" had earned a hundred dollars a month; now all my father could allow her was seventy-five dollars a month, and half of this amount was in tithing scrip. How she managed to stretch the sum to cover the family budget, including clothes for herself and the younger children, food for ten, and some of the operating expenses of our home is a matter still to be marveled at. But some way or other she did.

A confirmation of these facts is to be found written by my father to a friend: "She fed and partially clothed a family of ten with the enormous amount of seventy-five dollars a month! And part of the amount was tithing office scrip. When the children asked for a second glass of milk, they couldn't have it, because we couldn't afford that much

The Life Story of Augusta Winters Grant

milk. Meat was quite a scarcity in our home. She made not one word of complaint, although she had at one time been drawing a salary of considerably more than the allowance on which she had to take care of the family."

The lessons she had learned in the home of her thrifty and resourceful pioneer mother came to her rescue at this time. Mary Ann Winters never



AUGUSTA WINTERS GRANT AS SHE
APPEARED IN THE NINETIES

wasted so much as a crust of bread. "If you had crossed the plains as I did and sometimes had gone hungry," she would say, "you would never throw away a morsel of food." To her it was an actual sin to waste, and the same standard had been passed on to her daughter.

Some of her pet economics that I have not forgotten were the "trying out" of fat and its saving for future uses, as shortening, etc. There were many uses for stale bread. It might be steamed and eaten hot, or utilized for bread pudding, or fried till nice and brown and eaten with what we chil-

dren called "Grant stand-by," in other words, creamed chipped beef gravy. Sour milk was never discarded but was made into cottage cheese, hot cakes, or "Johnny" cake, or combined with healthful whole wheat flour to make muffins which we called "gems." The shortening of these muffins was likely to be chicken fat that had been saved after Aunt Susie Bennion had sent us a chicken.

out of season. In our home we didn't taste strawberries until Utah berries were on the market. The same was true of watermelons, cantaloupes, grapes, peaches, or anything of the like. Perhaps this is one reason I have never ceased to exult at the marvel of our modern refrigerated freight cars and the variety which is possible nowadays in the average home.

During this time of stress Rachel and

for about the first time in their lives. But they hung up their stockings and were very sweet about it all. They were pleased with the toys and other things that they received.

She goes on to say that though there was little for the family, her husband wanted to do something for "the poor and needy, and I don't know who is more so than struggling artists. Johnny Hafen appealed to him to buy

By MARY GRANT JUDD, *Daughter of President Heber J. and Augusta Winters Grant*

FRUITS and vegetables were plentiful and cheap in our younger days, and there was always an obliging Chinese truckster who would take part "tithing office money" in payment for our orders. In the summer hundreds and hundreds of quarts of fruit were bottled and stored in the cellar along with bushels of winter potatoes that, to the disgust of us children, must be sprouted periodically. Here, too, were different varieties of apples that kept well—Rhode Island greenings, bell-flowers, and my father's favorite "hardheads" or winter pearmaines. Here could always be found a five-gallon can of "frozen" Vernal honey which must be laboriously dug out and melted before it was ready for table use. Then there were Dixie molasses and pine nuts and almonds to take care of our healthy appetites.

I remember with what awe in those days I regarded anyone who ate food

Lucy were old enough to be told of the financial reverses the family had suffered. Uncomplainingly they gave up their schooling at the Latter-day Saint high school and took office jobs to help out with the family expenses. Even my mother learned typing and did some work at home adding her small earnings to the family income.

Grandma Grant darned and mended, mended and darned, made beautiful buttonholes for cotton underwear, or perhaps a kilt for Heber, or a skirt for the older girls out of some woolen dress she had discarded.

THE only time when my mother seemed to feel a bit sad was when Christmas came around and she realized that the children must go without their accustomed tree. On her second Christmas day at 14 Second East Street she recorded in her journal: "The children had no Christmas tree

one of his pictures. The artist did not ask nearly what it was worth, but he couldn't sell his beautiful pictures at any price. Well, I got the picture, which Heber bought for my Christmas present, and I prize it very highly."

As for us children, we were, for the most part, serenely unconscious that the family fortunes had suffered a setback. No youngsters could have had a happier home life than we. There were, however, a few economies touching our private lives to which we objected. Not that it made any difference! The economies proceeded just the same.

For example, when our long-sleeved woolen dresses wore through at the elbows, there was always a piece of bright new material raked out of the piece-box in mother's closet with which the frayed sleeves were "half-soled" from elbow to wrist. This was humiliating, to say the least, for although the upper and lower portions of the sleeves were of the same material, one part was new and bright while the other was of a somewhat faded hue as a result of wear. But it was pointed out to us how neat Grandma's patching was and how nice our dresses looked with the white starched pinafores that we wore over them to school.

ONE article of clothing that we loathed was the long hand-knitted woolen stockings that we always wore. Long underwear we didn't mind so much, for one really needed that protection in the more frigid regions of the house, and, walking the mile to and from school twice a day, or in our out-of-door sports, it seemed appropriate; but how glad we were when we finally graduated from those homemade stockings! The saddest feature about them was that after repeated washings they changed hue considerably. Perhaps the dye lots of several pairs were slightly different, or one of a pair had worn out or was lost. Did mother discard the old stocking? No indeed. She was far too economical for that—result: a pair of stockings, one of which was a *greenish* black and the other a *purplish* black.

I remember that one compensation to my childish embarrassment when I grew into such a tall, slim child was that eventually my school dress began to look stylishly short like those of my more sophisticated playmates. But alas! just as my ego became a bit inflated,

(Concluded on page 60)



MARY GRANT
ON HER
SECOND
BIRTHDAY



—Illustrated by Charles Jacobsen

THE CAR STALLED. THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT WALK.

SARAH sat in the kitchen rocker pretending to be deeply engrossed in the green of the quilt block she was piecing, but actually she was watching Joe. He was hunched over the big table with an old mail-order catalog. Every night he sat in the same position, head bent so that she could see the place on top, where his brown hair was starting to grow thin.

"I wonder why they call it *growing* thin?" she thought, "when it's growing thin, it's not growing!"

Joe wrote some figures on his paper. This was his regular procedure. Over and over he would figure how much it would cost to buy the tractor he wanted. He would jot down the amount they'd managed to save and subtract that from the total in the catalog. Last of all he'd try to estimate how much they could save this month.

"Sarah, how much do you think we'll have this month? With fifty more I'd order it and pay the balance during the summer." Joe looked as excited as he had the first night he'd started all this.

"But, Joe," Sarah answered, "did you forget? That's not this year's catalog, and tractors aren't even listed this year." She knew immediately there was something Joe hadn't told her.

"Guess I let the cat out that time," he smiled. "I didn't mean to tell you till I brought it home! Abe Schultz

rented his land to Henry, and he's gone to work in the city. He wants to sell his tractor, and Henry hasn't any cash to buy it himself."

Sarah thought of the difference owning their own tractor would make in doing the work on their fifty acres. This year Joe planned to sow some in barley, ten in corn, and ten in rye, a few could go into buckwheat, and there were already ten with winter wheat. Henry's farm joined theirs and Abe's was on the other side of the road from Henry's.

"If we could really get it!" Sarah said. "You could earn the balance by working out with it."

"Henry will have to get help, and we thought if I had the tractor we'd swing it on shares," Joe explained. He looked down at his figures again. "We only put in ten dollars this month."

HER thoughts went back to her girlhood when Joe took her home from the Sunday School picnic, and she'd been teased about marrying a Dutchman. The teasing had become a warning as time went on and people saw Joe was serious. They said he'd be "near," which meant stingy. But he never was, and they'd been very happy. There was just one trait which bothered her and she could never bring herself to accept. This was Joe's belief in su-

perstitions. And this reminded her of her quilts.

"Joe," she began hesitantly, "my quilts are worth money. Why don't I sell them? I want to help!"

Joe frowned and his fingers tightened on his pencil. "You do plenty to help," he said.

"I mean by earning real cash," Sarah argued. "There must be six or seven quilts in the chest upstairs. We don't need them, but we do need the money they'd bring."

"We've talked about this before," Joe answered. "There isn't any use going over it again. Every time you earn money something goes wrong, and it has to be spent fixing things up."

"How can you believe that my earnings bring bad luck? That's foolish, Joe!" Sarah tried to keep her voice steady, but she was close to tears.

"What happened when you sold those greeting cards and the fancy wrapping paper?" Joe asked grimly.

"It wasn't anyone's fault Bella got sick so we had a vet bill just at that time," Sarah declared.

"What about when you did papering for Miss Hannah?" he interrupted.

"You fell and broke your shoulder blade—but that hasn't anything to do with the fact that I had just made a few dollars!"

"There isn't any use talking about it," Joe said, rising and putting his papers away in the catalog. "You know how I feel."

Sarah looked at him with exasperation. How could she prove to Joe that he was simply holding fast to a silly superstition? His stubbornness would injure them all. In fact he had harped on his superstition so long that she herself had become nervous about them.

Now he was obsessed with the idea that because the times she had earned money they had bad luck, this would always be the case. Somehow she must sell those quilts so Joe could buy Abe's tractor, and at the same time prove to him how silly he had been, as well as reassure herself!

DURING the next few days Sarah spent every waking moment devising plans whereby she could get to town. There seemed to be a flaw in each one. She could leave the farm only on a Friday when Joe himself would be gone.

Suppose she used the old truck, driving it to the garage for inspection, and while they were checking it over she would try to sell her quilts? There was just enough gas left in it to get her to town and back. Joe would be furious at first—but when he realized what the money meant to them, he would have to admit the idea a good one.

"Look, Joe," she said one night as he was bent over his figures, showing him the way each pine tree block of her new quilt was neatly done.

WOMEN'S WORK

By Margaret Pitcairn Strachan

"Looks fine," he replied, and turned back to his paper.

The more she sewed, the angrier Sarah felt. Each time she looked at Joe's bent head with its thin place on top she wanted to cry. Joe's attitude toward the quilt seemed to call it "women's work," but he refused to let her turn it into anything worth while.

"Life's a crazy quilt," she said suddenly. "Just a jumble of pieces without a pattern."

He looked up, confused for a minute, his mind still on his figures. Then he smiled, "Well, crazy quilts are pretty, aren't they?"

Sarah rose abruptly to put her work away. He would never give up trying, and she wasn't any help. But she would be! He must be made to see!

Friday morning Sarah woke to find the ground covered with snow. It was falling so heavily she could see only a small piece of the barn.

"Looks like we're really in for it," Joe said at breakfast. "The wind's rising and the milk truck got stuck on Geil's Hill."

Sarah felt an uneasy chill. If she had trouble because of the snow, she might be late getting back home. She waved good-bye to Joe and the children as he drove out the lane, giving Sally and Tom a lift to the school bus at the crossroad. As soon as they were out of sight, she scurried frantically from job to job so she could be on her way.

The quilts had to be packed in boxes—she chose her two favorite patterns to take today—the Field of Daisies and the Sunbonnet Girl. In her excitement she dropped the lid of the chest on one of her fingers and felt a violent stab of pain.

From then on everything seemed to go wrong. The fire in the range was almost out and she had to wait for it to come up before she could leave. Meanwhile she pulled on her galoshes and coat and went to the chicken house. Tom had forgotten to fill the water pans! That done, she went to the old carriage shed they used for a garage and stowed the quilts in the back seat of the Ford. She hastily wrote a note for Sally and Tom, and left the house. When she backed the car out it was rather a shock to find how deep the snow had become. We ought to have chains, she thought, and went back to the tool shed for a shovel. Nothing like being prepared.

Today the drive to town was endless, for she had to go slowly and carefully, staying right in the tracks made by some earlier car.

Her plan was to go first to the houses on Joe's egg route. There she would

be known by name at least. After leaving the car in the garage she started out, carrying one tremendous box in each hand by clutching tightly the ropes with which they were tied.

At the first three houses no one answered the doorbell. Sarah's arms began to ache. She remembered she had had nothing to eat since seventy-three and it was now almost two. It was difficult tramping through the snow, and her stockings were wet above her galoshes. As she approached the fourth house she kept repeating to herself, "I'm Sarah Miller—Joe Miller's wife. Would you like to see my quilts?" Suppose they said no? Panic began to take hold of her and her head felt light.

Determinedly she set down the boxes on the fourth doorstep and pushed the bell. The rest of the afternoon was forever blurred in her memory. Strange faces. Icy steps. Snow blowing in her eyes. The walk where she slipped. The woman who gave her a cup of warm milk. The woman who wouldn't open her door. And then the woman who bought both quilts at once so fast that Sarah thought she was dreaming.

Over and over on her way out from town Sarah kept saying, "Seventy dollars! Seventy dollars! We'll get the tractor! Seventy dollars!"

It must have been because of this that she didn't see the turn quite soon enough, and the wheels of the Ford plowed into the bank beside the road. Sarah quickly tried reverse gear but the wheels spun and the car rattled with nothing happening. She climbed stiffly out and dug in with the shovel. In all the times she had seen Joe do this very thing she had never realized how deep you had to go to hit bare ground, nor how hard-packed the snow is at such a place. By the time she climbed back into the car her feet and hands were icy.

It had stopped snowing, but a strong wind was blowing the snow on the road into drifts which were hard to get through. She knew better than to try Geil's Hill, making the extra five miles round instead. Dark settled down on the countryside, and each time she passed a lighted house she wished fervently she was warm at home.

Suddenly the car stalled. There was nothing to do but walk.

She left the keys in the ignition for the snowplow men in case they came through before Joe got down to dig it out. Then she started up the road.

"If only we had a phone," she thought. "I could stop at Henry's and phone Joe." This was oddly amusing

as Henry had no telephone either. But in momentarily thinking of the cost of the telephone poles she remembered the electric line. Stumbling in the drift of the road bank she waded until her outstretched hands touched the solid wood of a pole. Her breath came in gasps now, for the weight of the snow on her coat and skirt held her back. Slowly she fought her way from pole to pole, falling once and sinking above her waist in an enormous drift. Henry's light was far behind and any minute she should see their own. Her teeth started to chatter and she clenched them in an effort to stop trembling.

Then the light of her kitchen wavered in the distance before her. She moved onto the road again and it was easier to make headway. With home actually in reach, she was filled with dread. Were the children all right? What would Joe say to her? But she had a sense of triumph, too. Seventy dollars!

When finally she burst into the kitchen, the children stared. Soaked from head to foot, her hair straggling from beneath her fascinator, she dropped exhausted on the couch. Sally ran to help her and Tom went upstairs for her slippers and bathrobe.

"I've sold the quilts, I've sold the quilts," she repeated to them hysterically. "Where's Daddy?"

Joe came in from milking Bella.

"Sarah," he exclaimed, "wherever were you?"

"Joe," she said slowly. "I sold two quilts. Look." She opened her purse and handed him the check. He stared at it unbelievably and dropped it on the table.

"Now, you've done it!" he answered. "You know what I said. Why wouldn't you listen?"

The utter despair in his voice brought tears to Sarah's eyes.

"Nothing's going to happen, Joe. I'm back and everything's all right."

But her conviction had no effect on him. He watched her as she moved to the stove and tried to warm her hands.

"You'll get pneumonia, or something! You weren't here when the children came in from school and they played out till I came. They were soaked through."

"I could have been here if you'd taken the quilts," she replied.

"Then it would have been something else. You don't understand." He turned wearily and went out.

But as the warmth of the kitchen began to penetrate through her aching body, Sarah refused to feel upset at Joe's pessimism. When nothing happened he would admit she was right.

Just as she began to put supper on the table Joe returned. She knew at once something was wrong.

"The pigs have the scourers," he stated flatly.

"The pigs?" Sarah and the children chorused.

"What's scourers?" asked Sally. Sarah sat down weakly. Joe would

(Concluded on page 52)

TEACHING THE DEAF

By Edwin Ross Thurston

IN 1891 Thomas C. Griggs, Henry Barrell, and Loren Pratt (the latter a deaf man who could speak well, and a son of Orson Pratt), began to discuss the necessity of teaching the gospel to the deaf. Brother Griggs was a composer of some of our Sunday School songs, among the most popular of which is, "Gently Raise the Sacred Strain." He had a deaf daughter, now Mrs. Ivy Griggs Low, at present a supervisor of younger boys at the Great Falls, Montana, School for the Deaf, for whom he was concerned. This was one reason that prompted him to try and organize, with the help of others, a Sunday School class for the deaf. Finally, one was started with a few members of the faith attending, until it grew to a good size. When, in 1896, the School for the Deaf and Blind was removed to Ogden from Salt Lake City, this original Sunday School class went with them. At first they held their meetings in the institution chapel, and later, held them in the old Ogden Fourth Ward for a number of years. In 1917 the General Authorities of the Church built a new chapel which became the Ogden Branch for the Deaf, with Max W. Woodbury in charge. He still is president of the branch. Nearly all the deaf children from the School for the Deaf, and also a number of adult deaf people residing in Ogden and surrounding towns, have taken advantage of this opportunity, and many have held responsible office and teaching positions in the branch.

Brother Woodbury is greatly loved by all the deaf people for his unselfish work among them. He has sacrificed his own time to interpret for them not only in the branch but in other gatherings as well, such as special conferences, Utah Association of the Deaf conventions, temple marriages, and to go through the temple with them, etc. He has for many years been principal of the school for the deaf. A number of years ago a new boys' hall was built on the campus and named Woodbury Hall in his honor. In April 1944, he was further signally honored with a program and dance, at which Utah's Secretary of State E. E. Monson, President Samuel G. Dye of Ogden Stake, and many other prominent men spoke. He was also presented with a gift.

BECAUSE the majority of the deaf people resided or were attending school in Ogden at this time, the Salt Lake City group held no more classes. A few, who could afford it, often went to Ogden to attend sacrament and priesthood meetings.

It was not until March of 1920 that a few deaf people, who then resided in Bountiful, Utah, became concerned about the inactivity regarding religion of deaf people in and around Salt Lake City. Through the promptings of the late Mrs. George Wright who had five deaf children, a discussion was started

as to the possibility of organizing a Sunday School class for the deaf in Bountiful First Ward. Brother Willard E. Barlow, who incidentally is not deaf, became interested in their welfare. A class was then started with Elder Barlow and his wife, Jessie, in charge. Though not deaf, Sister Barlow was proficient in the dactylology of the deaf.

Led by these people, a group of ten was organized and met for their first Sunday School class in Bountiful First Ward. Soon after this, many deaf peo-

ple five years' existence. There have been forty-two semi-annual conferences held at which time one of the General Authorities have been present. At present they meet in the Beehive House.

In the last few years the Sunday School has been more fully organized. They have set apart home missionaries who have had success with converts baptized into the Church. The purpose of the home missionary work is to help increase attendance at classes (there are three classes at present) so that

OUTING
AT
FAIRMONT
PARK
IN
AUGUST
OF
1945



Committee members, members of the superintendency and their wives, are from left to right, front row: Grant R. Morgan, E. Ross Thurston, second assistant superintendent; Helen W. Thurston, Gladys Burnham Wenger, interpreter; Willard E. Barlow, superintendent; Mrs. Willard Barlow, Mrs. Holger Larsen, Bishop Holger M. Larsen, of the Tenth Ward, a guest speaker, representing Dr. John A. Widtsoe; L. Elgin Jacobson, first assistant superintendent; Pearl W. Jacobson. Back row: Catherine I. Morgan, Naomi W. Olsen, Ivy Griggs Low, Elsie M. Preece, Georgia H. Walker, Rodney W. Walker, Hannah O. Cameron, Florence H. Jacobs, Joseph Phil Thornton.

ple from surrounding towns, especially Salt Lake City, began going to Bountiful, until there was a majority from Salt Lake City attending regularly, which resulted in Brother and Sister Barlow receiving a mission call from the First Presidency, in August 1920, to organize and take charge of the deaf of Salt Lake City. Mrs. Jessie Wright Barlow passed away in 1932. Brother Barlow later remarried and continued to devote much of his time freely without compensation, this being his twenty-sixth year of service in behalf of the deaf. Elder Barlow has also helped many of them through the temple. A room in the Latter-day Saint Bureau of Information building on the temple grounds was provided for them by the General Authorities. From there, the group was moved to a classroom of the Latter-day Saint College. Later they were moved to the old missionary home on North State Street where they met for a number of years. The growth of the class was slow but steady. It was at this time that Gladys Burnham (now Mrs. D. Hart Wenger) was asked to come to Salt Lake City from Ogden every week to take part in teaching the class and to act, when necessary, as interpreter. She, too, has also given many years of unselfish effort toward helping the deaf people. Though partially deaf, she has done exceptionally well in interpreting. The group has been moved to eight or nine locations in its twenty-

they may have sufficient attendance to warrant the building of a branch for the deaf in Salt Lake City.

Since they do not have authority to hold priesthood and sacrament meetings, they have had, from time to time, weekly cottage meetings in order to keep abreast of the teachings of the gospel. Last spring they completed a two-year study and discussion of Dr. Widtsoe's book, *Evidences and Reconciliations*, with E. Ross Thurston as instructor.

The present organization consists of the following: Willard E. Barlow, superintendent; L. Elgin Jacobson, first assistant superintendent; E. Ross Thurston, second assistant; Ferdinand T. Billster, secretary-treasurer; Joseph Cameron, Jr., librarian; Gladys Burnham Wenger, interpreter; E. Ross Thurston, missionary class instructor and head of the home missionaries; Kate O. Keeley, Rodney W. Walker, and Kenneth Olsen, instructors in the gospel doctrine class; Georgia H. Walker, Don C. Jacobs, and Joseph Phil Thornton, instructors in the gospel message class; Naomi W. Olsen, Gladys A. Hind, and Catherine J. Morgan, choristers.

For the past few years, parties, stage shows, bazaars, outings, etc., have been held to raise funds to help purchase furniture and other necessities incident to a new chapel, with considerable success.

(Concluded on page 56)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

ARE YOU Ready? —•

By W. E. STOWELL

*Chief Radio Technician,
U.S.S. Pittsburgh*



—Illustration by Nelson White

MORE years ago than I like to remember, I put on my first long trousers, and with that mask of defiance that nearly every teen-age youth wears to hide his extreme sensitivity, I started out on my bicycle, hoping to be accepted by the world as a full-grown man. I stopped at a nearby service station to put air in my tires. They didn't need it, but I had to have some reason to wear my new apparel out in public. I took a long time at the air hose, wishing some one would come along and call me by my last name or possibly even with a "mister" in front of it. My awakening was rude when I heard the service station operator shout, "Hey son, what do you think you are doing in long pants? Next you'll be wanting to shave." He followed the blast with a laugh that cut me so deeply that even today I have a hard time seeing the funny side of the situation. My surly, "So what?" hid, not the desire to be tough or a bad neighbor, but rather my wounded pride. Later in my Mutual Improvement Association work, I had to think back many times to that incident when some people complained that they were unable to get cooperation from their young people. We often forget that a small measure of appreciation will frequently turn an obstinate, anti-social, young man into one of the most willing workers.

You want your sons to come back to you after they are released from the service. I cannot tell you how to change your sons so that all of them will want to come home to you more than they may want some other things. Neither can I tell you some magic formula which will make you entirely happy when you hear him say, after a short time at home, "Well, it has been nice to be home but I guess I saw too much territory to be satisfied here. Guess I'll be going to some bigger place to get started in business." Some parents upon hearing that believe that the young man really wants to go. Some believe that he has really grown so that his home town is too small. However, I would like to reveal, confidentially of course, to parents only, some of the things that I have seen and know for facts; a short course in readjustment for civilians, as it were.

My experience in Mutual work, primarily in M Men work, covered a period of about seventeen years. When Uncle Sam took practically the last of my M Men, I too followed along by joining the navy. I met the world on Satan's own ground and believe me, Satan is not the suave, polished foe that many people in sheltered Mormon communities have come to believe him to be. I was proud beyond belief when I saw our sons hold up their heads and face the storm. They faced criticism, ridicule and actual physical violence to live their ideals, and they stood out

like great lamps wherever they went. True, a few succumbed to the pressure, but by far the greater number of them have shown up so magnificently compared to the average man, that if you could have seen them you would remember, to your dying day, that, if that was the product of Mormonism, then those long hours of ward teaching, of priesthood work, of Relief Society work, and any or all of the other activities, in which you had spent time and money, were the best investments that you had ever made.

I have yet to meet the boy with a family who does not want to return to his home. I found out by listening to many men, that the state in which each one lived was the best. In that state, city, town, or farm that had been home to him was the finest part of the world that was ever created. Some of the places so described, turned out to be the most desolate, uninteresting spots that can be imagined. Some turned out to be narrow, crowded spaces which were unbearably hot in summer, and miserably cold and damp in winter. Yet they referred to these places in the same manner that the disciples of old referred to heaven. I take that as the finest compliment that they could pay to their parents and families.

Now, let's talk about your sons for a few minutes. The majority of them will return to you, sound in body and mind. They will not want sympathy and will resent any attempt to treat them as psychopathic cases. No one wounds worse than the amateur psychologist. When the lives of a thousand shipmates depended on them, sufficient confidence was placed in them to put them in places of trust, which caused them to rise to the occasion. Some, under heavier strains than they were fitted to bear, became casualties, but especially among Latter-day Saint boys, the percentage was small. There are well trained government doctors who check these cases and make proper recommendations. Their advice is good. However, if your son is allowed to return home without special instructions, the less said about readjustment, the better.

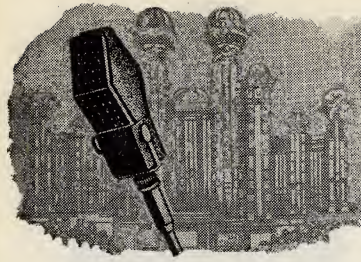
Let me tell you how one mother handled the problem. Her life has known enough trouble to give her an understanding of many things that the more sheltered one might miss. She had several fine boys in the service. She lives in a small town where most of the boys, upon reaching maturity, leave to

find work. Two of the boys returned at nearly the same time. Both had been overseas in the air corps. Each one had about every medal that his chest would hold. Each had suffered combat fatigue and had been hospitalized for a time. They had seen the world, literally. What hope was there that these boys, the type needed to build up and maintain better communities, could be induced to settle in this humble village? Their mother assured me that they would settle there, but I was skeptical. They had been just boys when they went away, impressionable, interested in something new, and ready to test their wings. In this case they were given manmade wings of unbelievable range and speed, and given a chance to see as much of the world as few explorers in the past had equaled.

When they came home, she held them proudly in her arms and said in effect, "My men. How you have grown! You went away boys and came back men. What do you want to do? Here was recognition! The boy part, that part that wanted recognition had not grown out of them. It never does. Many a successful wife will tell you that.

The boys didn't know what they wanted to do. She didn't press them or offer any advice. They would ask for it when they wanted it. They were men. "I'd really be happy if you would stay here for a few days until you decide what you want to do," she said. "In fact, I want you here as long as you want to stay. This is your home. Do as you wish. I just want a chance to look at you for a while. That is like heaven." And her eyes showed that she meant it. Her boys were tired.

(Concluded on page 55)



The Spoken Word

By RICHARD L. EVANS

A Generation Grows Up—Quickly

WITH the passing of a quarter century of radio broadcasting a generation has been born and grown to manhood that has never known what the world was like without it. A generation has grown up accustomed, by the touch of a button, to having a ringside seat at any major event at any time, any place in the world. A generation has grown up in a world, where, theoretically at least, it would be possible for all mankind to hear the same message at the same time, by means which men direct and control in part—but so little understand. A generation has grown up—listening! The fact that all this could be consummated within a scant twenty-five years brings us to a subject that would be trite if it were not so profoundly true: Where men are concerned, time does what it does quickly. How quickly our children grow up, and how exceedingly perishable are our opportunities for teaching them! Each hour adds its weight of impression to the total impressions of life. Each day adds some strength to the force of habit. Each week adds to the structure of character. Opportunities to teach our youth are perishable, because they pass quickly and never come again. It would be impossible to say when the critical time of a boy's or a girl's life is going to be, but if as parents we should become too busy or too preoccupied to keep close to our children, to keep counsel with them, we might find any time that we had missed a perishable opportunity in a critical situation. Because we who have lived longer may have found principles and purpose and ideals that give stability to our lives, we may sometimes conveniently assume that these checks and balances will somehow, automatically, become known and understood by our children as we understand them; but, unless we conscientiously exert ourselves in passing on such knowledge, we have no right to this assurance. True, it is convenient at times to assume that our children are hearing what they should hear, that they are reading what they should read, that they are seeing what they should see, that they are learning what they should learn, that they know what they should know—but if we assume all this too lightly we may find that some of them have been led into the error of believing that old fallacies and ancient evils are new and smart and modern. A generation grows up quickly. A few short years of bad teaching and a generation has been misled. A few short years of neglect, and a generation grows up in confusion. Let no parent assume for convenience that there is time enough to consider these things at one's comfortable leisure. Let no parent become too preoccupied to be concerned about the perishable opportunities for teaching youth. Where men are concerned, time does what it does quickly—as a generation grow up, listening and learning and taking their places among us.

—November 4, 1945.

On Accepting Sound Principles

NOT infrequently children ask questions, and then rebel against the answers—if the answers don't happen to please them: "Why can't I do it? Why is it so? Why does it have to be this way?" To a detached observer we grown-ups must sometimes look very like children. The right answer is often not to our liking. Facts often get in our way. Principles are often looked upon as being most inconvenient. Indeed, it would sometimes seem probable that we live in a world where too many are looking for the solution to problems which have already been solved—where too many are looking for the answers to questions that have already been answered—but some of us don't like some of the answers. The plain truth is sometimes distasteful—especially if it interferes with our accustomed ways of living and thinking. No doubt, there were many in ancient Israel who didn't like the Ten Commandments. There were many in their day who didn't like the Sermon on the Mount. We recall the experience of Jesus the Christ, whom the multitude devotedly pursued when he fed them loaves and fishes, and whom they deserted when he stood trial for his life. And "Jesus answered them and said . . . Ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled." (John 6:26.) Both before and since this utterance, there has been much eager running after those who offered bread, and much deserting of those who offered only sound principles—those who insisted on the right answers. It takes moral courage to stick to first principles, but there isn't any other way to peace, to prosperity, to self-respect, or to anything that is worth while in life—and there are thousands of years of history to prove it, and a good many repetitions of old blunders in our own century to prove it further. And merely because we may not like the right answers is no excuse for resorting to the wrong ones. We can't compromise principle and arrive at the right answers—and part of the answer is that men, communities, and nations cannot live in peace, in prosperity, in happiness, or in safety unless they are honest, virtuous, reasonable, decent, hard-working, self-supporting, self-respecting members of society; unless they speak the truth and live it. And those who spend their time seeking elaborate ways of by-passing the right answers will everlastingly find themselves on the same old detours, in company with all the wreckage of the past. When our children do it, we can see the utter foolishness of rebelling against the right answers. It is still utter foolishness when we ourselves rebel against the truth. That new heaven and new earth of which we often speak will not come until we get down to first principles.

—November 11, 1945.

from Temple Square

On Getting Away from Ourselves

FOR those who are old in years, the past seems to become sharper in memory, and many things which we thought had been obliterated have proved but to be stored away, only waiting to be recalled. For the aged, it is often easier to recall something that happened fifty years ago than it is to recall something that happened yesterday. Also, in the utterance of a fevered illness, or in the wandering words of anesthesia, we often voice long-hidden impressions or speak of obscure experiences which memory has hoarded. We never know when something will touch off a train of associated ideas that will bring from out of the past some thought that has long lain dormant and seemingly forgotten. These are but further evidences, if we needed them, of the ineradicable record of our lives. It is common for us to spend many years storing away useful information against the day when we can put it to some practical purpose; and when we have done so, we expect to be able to recall it at will. Sometimes it requires a little brushing up, a little freshening of memory, but once having learned something, the impressions are there, even though seemingly forgotten. And the same process which records things we would like to remember also records things which we would perhaps rather forget—sorrow, disappointment, mistakes, regret. Perhaps this accounts in part for some of the restlessness of those who always seem to be possessed by an aimless urge to be going, and who never seem to find the contentment of arriving. Perhaps some of us are trying to outrun our own thoughts—trying to get away from ourselves, and that, fortunately or unfortunately, we can never do. The persistence of self is an undeniable and immortal fact which no man ever escapes. We are our own eternal record. It is not necessary for any man to keep score against us. We engrave the facts upon ourselves, ineradicably. And he who thinks he has cause to run from his memories would do better to spend his time reshaping his thoughts and filling his life with such things as he will not hesitate to remember—for peace and quiet thoughts do not come by restless running to and fro. The only way a man can “get away” from himself is to effect some changes within himself. True, the past will always be there, but it may be redeemed by the present and the future. To be going in the right direction gives a great measure of peace and contentment, no matter how far off the course we may once have been.

—November 25, 1945.

On Defacing a Mind

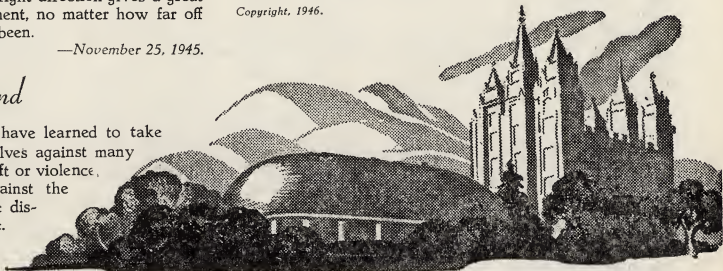
AS a society of people, we have learned to take measures to protect ourselves against many things. Those who commit theft or violence, we endeavor to isolate. Against the spread of many communicable diseases, we impose quarantine. Against those who are responsible for hazards to

public health or safety, we invoke injunctions and penalties. But there are some things against which it would seem we have not been as effective in protecting ourselves—one of which is offensive speech. The voicing of indecent or obscene stories, or the utterance of foul language, leaves impressions which scar the minds of those who hear it. If we were to spread poison where others were likely to be contaminated or injured, we would expect to be summarily dealt with. But those who befoul the moral and intellectual atmosphere with offensive utterances are polluting the air as surely as though they were to spread a physical poison. Sometimes young people, sometimes all of us, think it won't hurt us to partake of such things; we think we can listen or look as we choose, withdraw our attention when we choose, and forget what we choose. But the impressions left upon our minds persist, and are often recalled under circumstances beyond our control. There are many situations in which people are thrown together, sometimes in close quarters, under conditions of necessity or duty, when the speech of one, offensive or not, is heard by all. And under such conditions, offensive speech would seem to be even more offensive than when a listener could walk away from it. The defacement of a piece of property or a work of art is a punishable crime. But how much more despicable is the deliberate defacing and befouling of the mind of man, than which there is no greater work of God, no greater creation. Of course, we cannot isolate ourselves from life. As long as we live with others, we shall see and hear things which are not to our liking and which are not of our choosing. But let no man who deliberately smears his life and his thoughts, or the thoughts of others, take any comfort in the supposed assurance that he or anyone else can forget them when he wants to, because there is no erasing of the substance of memory—but there are many who would give much to forget some of the things they have seen or heard. It would seem, therefore, that our need to protect ourselves from mental infection is at least as great as our need for protection against physical hazards. Freedom of speech is a glorious right and privilege—but indecent speech is an abuse of freedom.

—December 2, 1945.

NOTE: The comment of November 18, appears in revised form as an editorial on page 760, of the December *Era*, under the title “Some Varieties of Gratitude.”

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The MIRACLE of the

The Story of the



of Ascencion early in March, a temporary camp was established. A week later a second company arrived from Snowflake. Additional emigrants continued to arrive during the following weeks.

The influx of so large a group of foreigners aroused the suspicion and enmity of certain local Mexican officials which resulted in an order on April 9 from the acting governor of Chihuahua for the Mormons to leave that state within fifteen days. An appeal to the Chihuahua government proving futile, Elders Brigham Young, Jr., and Moses Thatcher of the Council of the Twelve, were dispatched to Mexico City to bring the case before President Porfirio Diaz.

The Mormon emissaries were successful in having the expulsion order revoked and the Chihuahua governor deposed. President Diaz stated that he was anxious to have the Mormons come and help develop the country and that they were welcome to settle on lands of their own choosing in the states of Chihuahua, Sonora, or anywhere else except in that narrow strip of land along the border known as the *Zona Prohibida*.³

UPON his return from Mexico City, Elder Thatcher advised the colonists to scatter out and rent lands from the Mexicans until such time as suitable tracts could be purchased. This scattering would also serve to allay any anxiety existing among the natives that they were being invaded, or that an armed conquest was in prospect.

When the original camp broke up in April, one party consisting of eleven families went up the Casas Grandes River some sixty miles and located temporarily at the Tres Alamos, about five miles north of the Mexican town of Casas Grandes. Here land was rented from the local Mexicans and crops planted. The place was called Turley's Camp, after Isaac Turley who had been appointed presiding elder. The little group was soon swelled by the arrival of a half-dozen other families. Because of the temporary nature of their residence and the press of work, the exiles lived in tents or wagons or constructed rude shelters known as boweries. Though strangers in a new land, religious duties were not neglected. Sunday schools and sacrament meetings were faithfully held under the

BRIGHAM YOUNG had envisioned the establishing of Mormon settlements in Mexico as a logical extension of his colonization of the Great Basin and adjacent regions, but he did not live to see the fulfillment of his plans, although he did send missionary expeditions into Chihuahua and Sonora as well as Mexico City. Six years after the death of the great colonizer, when the Maricopa Stake was organized among the settlers along the Salt River in Arizona, President Alexander F. Macdonald was instructed to investigate the possibilities for settlement along the Mexican border. Some preliminary explorations had been conducted by Macdonald prior to this time, and in 1884 he acted as guide for elders Brigham Young, Jr., and Heber J. Grant, of the Council of the Twelve, on an exploring expedition into Sonora.

A letter was dispatched from the First Presidency to President Christopher Layton of the St. Joseph

Stake under date of December 16, 1884, advising the Arizona settlers to seek homes in Mexico. This letter was considered of sufficient importance that it was personally carried to Arizona by Elder Seymour B. Young. Before the end of the year several of the Arizona brethren, acting upon counsel, had crossed the border and obtained employment hauling salt to the Mexican Central Railroad at San Jose.¹

During January 1885, Macdonald and Layton made a hasty trip to seek out suitable lands in northern Chihuahua and make arrangements to rent or buy.² On February 23, Elder Moses Thatcher of the Council of the Twelve and Alexander F. Macdonald set out from St. David, Arizona, with a company of emigrants, reaching the Casas Grandes River near the Mexican town

¹Andrew Jensen, "Juarez Stake," Ms., L.D.S. Church Historical Library.

²Andrew Jensen, *Church Chronology*; Salt Lake City, page 117.

³Brigham Young, Jr., John W. Taylor, Helaman Pratt, letter to A. F. Macdonald, written from Mexico City under date of July 11, 1885, quoted in Andrew Jensen, "Juarez Stake," Ms.

PIEDRAS VERDES

Founding of Colonia Juarez

By LESLIE L. SUDWEEKS

shade of the trees or around the campfire under the stars.

As a result of the explorations of Francis M. Lyman, George Teasdale, and George C. Williams, during the summer of 1885, the little company at Turley's Camp, which seems also to have been called San Jose, decided to locate in the beautiful valley of the Piedras Verdes River, where a considerable acreage of land was available for purchase.

At a special meeting held December 4, 1885, Miles P. Romney read a letter from Elder George Teasdale, of the Council of the Twelve, appointing George W. Sevey as the presiding elder for the new venture. Three days later several families, including George W. Sevey, George C. Williams, Isaac Turley, Peter Nielsen, Ira B. Elmore, Joseph A. Moffett, William G. Romney, Hyrum Christian Nielson, Peter N. Skousen, Hyrum Jerome Judd, and Ernest L. Taylor left San Jose and drove some seventeen miles to the Piedras Verdes. They were followed within a few days by Miles P. Romney, Thomas Hawkins, John Bloomfield, Joseph Haycock, and Joseph C. Fish.

THE site selected was a beautiful one, located on the southwest bank of the Piedras Verdes about opposite the mouth of the Tinaja Wash. The valley here was about two miles wide and the land almost as level as a floor. To the west lay the grassy foothills of the mighty Sierra Madres, and to the east, another bulwark of low hills, separating the valley of the Piedras Verdes from that of the Casas Grandes.

Joseph C. Fish surveyed the townsite before the close of the year, and town lots were allotted to the heads of families. The first residences consisted of dugouts and boweries constructed along the bank of the river.

Regular Sunday meetings were continued at the new location, and, to start the new year out right, a choir was organized on Sunday, January 3, 1886. The little colony took much pride in this choir, which furnished music for patriotic and social gatherings as well as religious ones.

On January 6, Senor Gomez del Campo met with the brethren regarding their negotiations for the purchase of lands on the Piedras Verdes, promising them as much as they wanted. Alexander F. Macdonald was selected

by the Saints as their representative to accompany Senor del Campo to Mexico City and arrange the details of the purchase. Macdonald returned on March 6, reporting the acquisition of 20,000 hectares (about 49,000 acres) of land. The President of the Church had appropriated \$12,000 toward this purchase.

At a meeting two weeks later, on March 19, it was decided that the settlers would form themselves into a company and hold the lands in common, with no title passing to individuals. The assignments made to heads of families were to be held merely as stewardships. Irrigation ditches were dug, water being taken out of the Piedras Verdes about two miles above the campsite, and farming operations were commenced.

Meanwhile a meetinghouse, eighteen by twenty-eight feet, had been completed in January, the walls formed by

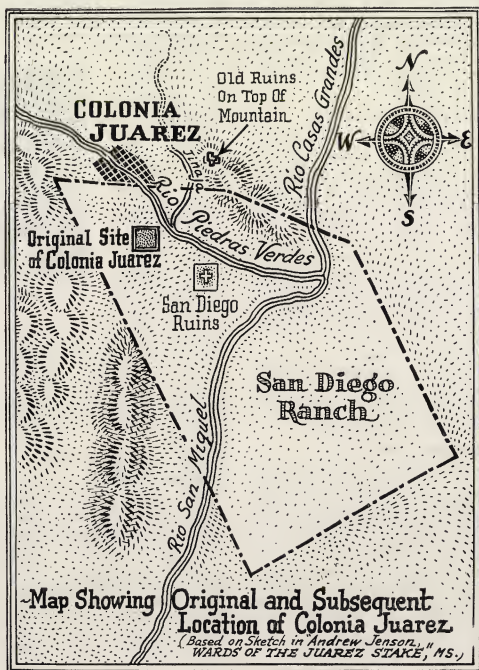
logs set on end as close together as possible and the floor and roof of dirt. Elder George Teasdale preached the first sermon in the new building on January 30, and Elder Erastus Snow preached there on March 14.

A week later, Sunday, March 21, a celebration was held, the townsite being formally dedicated and named Colonia Juarez, after Benito Juarez, the Mexican national hero. Senor Don Urban Zubia, the *jefe Politico* of Casas Grandes, and the Catholic padre were in attendance, and both delivered speeches of welcome to the Mormons. The ceremonies included a Mexican flag-raising. Speeches were also made by Senor Gomez del Campo, Erastus Snow, Miles P. Romney, and Alexander F. Macdonald. The choir rendered several musical selections, including "Oh Say, What Is Truth?" "Do What Is Right," and "Beautiful River." A banquet followed these impressive ceremonies.

In April, Annie M. Romney, wife of Miles P. Romney, was persuaded to become the first teacher of Colonia Juarez, holding school in the log meetinghouse.

THE year 1886 held promise of success for the new colonists. An irrigation system had been completed. Their corn, vegetables, and sugar cane

(Continued on page 40)





The Church Moves On

French Mission

THE First Presidency announced the appointment of James L. Barker as president of the French Mission, during the week ending November 24. Since the outbreak of the war, affairs of the mission have been administered by three local brethren, Paul Devigne for the Belgium District, Leon Fargier for France, and R. Simond for the French-Swiss District.



JAMES L. BARKER

President Barker recently returned from the Argentine Mission where he presided. He served as a missionary in Switzerland and Austria from 1901 to 1904, and has studied extensively in Europe. He is a member of the Deseret Sunday School Union general board.

His wife, Kate Montgomery Barker, a former first counselor in the general Relief Society presidency, will accompany him to his field of labor. They will leave in the spring after President Barker's leave of absence from the University of Utah language department becomes effective.

Idaho Falls Temple

ORDNANCE work was begun under the direction of President George F. Richards of the Council of the Twelve and President David Smith of the Idaho Falls Temple, in the newly-completed Idaho Falls Temple on Monday, December 3, when 352 baptisms for the dead were performed. Font officers for the first baptisms were: Willard C. Dye, baptizer; Joseph F. White, confirmer; Abner C. Snarr, assistant confirmer; William Grant Ovard and G. Henry Johnson, witnesses; and A. Bent Peterson, recorder.

Other temple ordinances including marriage were begun Wednesday, December 5. Ten couples were married during the first temple session.

Scout Executive Wins Award

VERNON L. STRONG, Scout executive of the Teton Peaks (Idaho-Wyoming) Council, Boy Scouts of America, recently received the highest professional award given in scouting. The award, a fellowship in the Scout executives' growth program, is the second to be received by a Scout executive of the Pacific northwest, and was given after the completion of requirements including the writing of a thesis on his assigned subject: "Scouting's Effects on Boys of the L.D.S. Church."

He is a thirty-two year veteran Scout, the last nineteen of which have been spent in professional service. He has held every rank from tenderfoot Scout, when he first joined at Kaysville, Utah, to and including Eagle Scout, and has held every position from assistant patrol leader to scoutmaster, and from field Scout executive to Scout executive. He has served scouting's interests in Washington, California, and Idaho.

Idaho Governor

THE state of Idaho has its first Latter-day Saint governor. When U. S. Senator Thomas died in November, Governor Charles C. Gossett became senator, vacating the governorship to Lieutenant-Governor Arnold Williams. Governor Williams, whose home is in Rexburg, is a member of the 84th quorum of the seventy. He has served for eight years as activity counselor in the Rexburg First Ward Mutual Improvement Association, and previously served for two years in the same capacity in the Rexburg Fourth Ward.

Central Pacific Mission

APPPOINTMENT of Melvyn A. Weenig of Ogden, Utah, to preside over the Central Pacific (formerly the Japanese) Mission, with headquarters in Hawaii was announced December 3.

The thirty-year-old mission president served in that mission from 1937 to 1940. At the time of his appointment he was a member of the Ogden Stake high council. With his wife, the former Georgia Harmer, and their two sons he expects to leave February 1, where he will assume mission responsibilities from Castle H. Murphy, who has been president of both the Hawaiian and Central Pacific Missions.



MELVYN WEENIG

Brigham Young University Inaugural Services

AT colorful inaugural ceremonies held at Provo, Utah, November 14, Howard S. McDonald was installed as president of Brigham Young University. Dr. Edwin A. Lee, dean of the school of education at the University of California at Los Angeles delivered the inaugural address. "The glory of God is intelligence," President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., first counselor in the First Presidency, delivered the official

charge of duties to President McDonald. (See page 14.) Elder Albert E. Bowen of the Council of the Twelve, representing the board of trustees of the Brigham Young University, gave the closing address. Dr. John A. Widtsoe was in charge of program arrangements.

Many of the General Authorities were in attendance, as were delegates from the nation's principal colleges and learned societies.

Washington Visit

PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH, Elder John A. Widtsoe of the Council of the Twelve, and Thomas E. McKay, assistant to the Twelve, were early November visitors in Washington to make arrangements for the sending of needed items to European Saints.

U.S.A.C. President

DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, former president of Brigham Young University became president of the Utah State Agricultural College, Logan, when inaugural exercises were held November 16.

Primary Hospital

NEW officers named by the First Presidency for the Primary Children's Hospital in Salt Lake City are: Mrs. Adele Cannon Howells, general Primary president, as president of the board of trustees; Mrs. Frances G. Bennett of the Primary general board as vice president and acting superintendent; Mrs. Lavern W. Parmley and Mrs. Dessie G. Boyle, counselors in the general presidency, and Mrs. Mildred C. McKay of the general board as the members of the board of trustees; and Mary R. Jack as secretary.

Temple Square Visitors

THE end of the war has brought tourists back to Temple Square in an ever increasing number. On Sunday, September 2, some 3656 persons visited the famous square, more than three times the number that had come on any Sunday during the war period.

Davis Stake

THE organization of the Davis Stake was accomplished October 20, by Elders John A. Widtsoe and Albert E. Bowen, of the Council of the Twelve, from wards taken from the North and South Davis stakes. Sustained as president of the stake was Leroy H. Duncan, with Alan Blood and Orson R. Clark as counselors.

The stake, with a membership of 4169, is made up of the Kaysville First and Second wards, formerly of the North Davis Stake; and the North Farmington, Farmington, Centerville First and Second wards, which were a part of the South Davis Stake.

The North Davis Stake retains the Clearfield First and Second wards, Layton, East Layton, West Layton, Sunset, Syracuse, and West Point wards, with a membership totaling 6169.

It became necessary to reorganize the South Davis Stake when those wards forming part of the Davis Stake, were taken, and President Wesley E. Tingey was succeeded by Thomas Ambey Briggs. Elijah B. Gregory and James E. Burns were succeeded as counselors by Ward C. Holbrook and Horace P. Beesley. The South Davis Stake has a membership of 5659, and now includes the Bountiful First, Second, Third, South Bountiful, West Bountiful, and Orchard wards.

Stake Presidencies

ISRAEL H. CHAMBERLAIN has been sustained to succeed President Charles C. Heaton as president of the Kanab Stake. Daniel S. Frost succeeds President Chamberlain as first counselor, and Thomas L. Esplin succeeds David M. Tietjen as second counselor in the presidency.

HENRY R. COOPER has been sustained as the president of the Logan Stake succeeding President Charles V. Dunn. The new counselors are A. George Raymond and Daryl Chase, who succeeded Edward J. Passey and Joseph H. Watkins.

Albert F. Anderson has been sustained as the St. Johns Stake president, succeeding President Levi S. Udall. Lawrence F. Sherwood and Bryant Whiting have been sustained as counselors, succeeding Edwin I. Whiting and Ashley M. Hall.

New Wards

SOUTH SECOND WARD has been created from parts of the Salt Lake Second Ward, Liberty Stake, with Abraham L. Stout as bishop.

North Second Ward has been formed from parts of the Salt Lake Second Ward, Liberty Stake, with A. Lewis Elggren as bishop.

Brigham City Seventh Ward of the North Box Elder Stake has been created from a portion of the Brigham City Third Ward, with Louis S. Wight as bishop.

Crestmoor Ward, Denver Stake, has been formed from parts of the Denver First Ward, with Joseph C. Frost as bishop.

Arcade Ward, Sacramento Stake, has been created from portions of the Sutter Ward, with Elmer C. Gardner as bishop.

University Park Ward, Portland Stake, has been organized from the St. Johns Branch, with Ira G. Wakefield as bishop.

Blackfoot Third Ward has been created from parts of the Blackfoot First Ward, Blackfoot Stake, with David J. Noack as bishop.

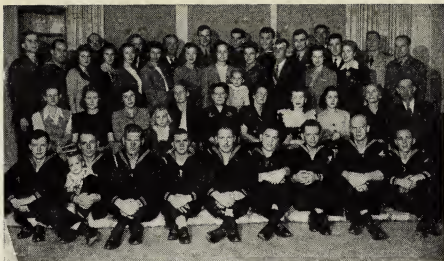
Blackfoot Fourth Ward has been organized from parts of the Blackfoot Second Ward, Blackfoot Stake, with George S. Brower as bishop.

The Rose Crest Ward, East Mill Creek Stake, was created July 8, from parts of the East Mill Creek and Grandview wards, with Golden Haight sustained as bishop.

The Evergreen Ward, East Mill Creek Stake, was formed July 8, largely from a portion of East Mill Creek Ward, and from a part of the Wilford Ward, with W. Francis Bailey as bishop.

The Garden View Ward of the East Jordan Stake has been created from part of the Midvale First Ward, with D. Frank Griffiths as bishop.

PENSACOLA BRANCH FIRESIDE GROUP



Members of the Pensacola Branch, Southern States Mission, organized in February of 1945 a fireside group with an initial membership of six. The above photograph taken in October of the same year indicates the enthusiasm with which the young people accepted this opportunity of meeting together. The group now boasts a membership of fifty. The firesides are held in the recreation hall on the naval air base.

Front row, left to right: Robert E. Walker, Orson T. Casper and son, Brian, James G. Drummond, Edward K. Heiner, A. Leonard Thorstrom, John W. McCardell, Howard A. Schilling, Russ M. Swenson, Ralph G. Hickman.

Second row: Jane Haws, Alta Fuhrman, Gay Hanson, Glinda Odum, Nellie Hale, Belle Brackin, Carlisle Thomas, Bernice Stephens, Betty Smith, Sarah O. McIntire, James A. McIntire.

Third row: Alvin Hanson, Don P. Haws, Adeline Chesser, Ardell Casper, Melba M. Taylor, Ruth Van Alstyne, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Robinette and daughter, Paulena, Joseph W. Hale, Imogene Woodbury, Enid McCardell, Ted Sorenson.

Fourth row: Dean Fuhrman, Helen Benson, Allen A. Taylor, Arvo Van Alstyne, Wally Allen, Wilford B. Gardner, Orin R. Woodbury, Vern B. Andersen, Harry L. McCardell, Lloyd E. Webster.

—Photograph courtesy U. S. Navy

MISSIONARIES ENTERING THE MISSIONARY HOME OCTOBER 15 AND LEAVING OCTOBER 25, 1945



Front row, left to right: Vivian Scoville, Louise Lee, Elaine Eckersley, Don B. Colton, director; Mildred B. Carmichael, Susannah B. Mower, Maurice C. Benson, Reva Lucile Dunyon.

Second row: Joyce L. Spackman, Myrle Tolman, Merle Payne, Delaine Madsen, Mary Waddoups Bradford, Rafael Juarez, William Haddfield.

Third row: Alice Ruth Goddard, Reva M. Judd, Christian Busch, Mary Taylor Busch, Zelina Ward Stolsaker, George M. Stolsaker, Georgia Stam, Symon Stam.

Fourth row: Hazel McMullin, Lydia Dowdle, Ezra B. Parrish, Lorene M. Parrish, Georgiana Young Velma R. Tapp, Robert G. Marshall, Alexander Jensen.

Fifth row: Edward McMullin, Robert H. Dowdle, June Sanders, Lorenzo D. Young, Donald G. Woolley Frederick Barfuss, Richard Palmer, Ruth DeYoung.

Sixth row: Greta Croft, Dale Tapp, Don A. Jordan, William E. Berrett, instructor; Lester C. Miner, Glier E. Vanderhoof, Marie Halvorsen.

MISSIONARIES WHO ENTERED THE MISSIONARY HOME NOVEMBER 5 AND DEPARTED NOVEMBER 15, 1945



First row, left to right: Keith M. Stock, Richard Clinton Low, Virginia B. Cutler, Ralph Cutler, Don B. Colton, director; Johanna Haderlie, Agnes Coles, H. B. Coles.

Second row: Laura Niederhauser, Helen Jean Anderson, Pauline Pearl Johnson, Luther H. Haderlie, Willis H. Muse, Reed Wasden, William H. Munsee.

Third row: Joseph B. Keeler, Ardella M. Curtis, Emil Von Almen, Audra M. Von Almen, Charles A. Olson, Delbert L. Roy, Aiton K. Shreve.

Fourth row: E. W. Godfrey, Julia Godfrey, Elda Lunt, Arthur M. Day, Lynn M. Hiltan, Horace E. Thackeray, Priel Cover.

Fifth row: Ida Lilywhite Allen, Mrs. William E. King, Grace F. Turley, Lowell B. Turley, Elizabeth A. Vance.

Sixth row: W. E. King, May B. Hamblin, Dudley J. Hamblin, Arthur R. Allen, Daniel W. Brown, N. Keith Young, Marion L. Vance.

Seventh row: Merlin L. Lybbert, Dorothy J. Wilson, Hilda Beth Jones, William E. Berrett, instructor; W. S. Huish.

Bishops, Presiding Elders

MILFORD WARD, Beaver Stake, Ira Mitchell Fisher succeeds Carlyle F. Gronning.

Englewood Ward, Denver Stake. An-

drew A. Colman succeeds Samuel L. Morgan.

Port Collins Branch, Denver Stake, Doil A. Smith succeeds R. Welling Roskelley. Torrance Ward, Inglewood Stake, Eugene D. Young succeeds Raymond A. Larsen. (Continued on page 53)

EDITORIALS

"Symbol of Forgiveness Unto All"

The wintry day descending to its close,
Invites all wearied nature to repose,
And shades of night are falling dense and fast,
Like sable curtains closing o'er the past.
Pale thro' the gloom the newly fallen snow
Wraps in a shroud the silent earth below,
As tho' 'twere Mercy's hand had spread the pall.
A symbol of forgiveness unto all.

—Orson F. Whitney

THE New Year has become a symbol of many things — of the closing past, of settlement, of opportunity, of resolution, of fresh beginnings, and of much else that gives new hope to men. But perhaps in nothing does the New Year give greater comfort and blessing than as "a symbol of forgiveness unto all."

To the truly repentant, the promise of forgiveness is the difference between despair and hope, between torment and peace, between miserable drifting and purposeful living. Without repentance, and the forgiveness which follows it, life could not continue to be sweet and desirable to men.

But often when we think of those who have need of repentance and forgiveness, we think only of the more grievous sins and sinners. We think of people apart from ourselves; we think of the sinner who has nothing in common with us—and we pity him afar off. But all have need of repentance and forgiveness—all men, all peoples, all nations.

Our sins may differ. In variety and degree they defy enumeration. But to list only a few that suggest more: There is the sin of extravagance, of living beyond our means, of failure to perform work according to our gifts and energies; of withholding labor that is needed. There is the sin of selfishness, of gossip, of unkindness, of compromising principles for personal gain. There is the sin of wasting time, of loose talk, of evil-thinking, and evil-speaking, and of baseless accusation; of disloyalty, of duplicity, of injustice. There is the sin of indecision, of procrastination, of repudiating obligations, of shunning responsibilities, of neglecting families. There is the sin of false teaching, of smugness, of self-righteousness, of arriving at conclusions without facts, the sin of a closed mind. There are such sins by the thousands—extending far beyond the more obvious, the more easily recognized sins. And also, as there are sins between individuals, there are sins between organizations and institutions, between nations and peoples.

With these reminders before us, let us call upon ourselves—as individuals, parents, children, laborers, businessmen, statesmen, nations, and peoples—to face the New Year in the humility and sincerity of honest repentance. Our generation has need of it. Our world is sick for the want of it. The New Year is "a symbol of forgiveness unto all"—that is, unto all who are earnestly repentant. And on these terms, may it be to all of us a happy New Year.

A New Year Resolution

IF civilization is to survive, the Christian world must return to religion. Indications that the nations have departed from Christianity are too numerous to list completely. Some of the more obvious indications need merely be cited to stimulate the mind to think of others: the increase in juvenile delinquency, the breakdown of

marriage, the rise of gangsterism, hatred, race prejudice, totalitarianism.

Clearly, only the return to the belief that established the Christian world can insure its preservation now. True, some may point with pride to the fact that the Bible is translated and available in one thousand sixty-eight languages and dialects; others may state that in 1944, nineteen million Bibles were distributed by two great missionary establishments. Yet the fact remains, and cannot be gainsaid, that Christianity *per se* is not being lived.

If it were, the Bible would not only be purchased but also read, and its teachings applied. If Christianity were actually functioning, parents would care for their children better, would teach them correct principles of life, would take them to Church with them where together they could learn love of mankind and the word of God. If Christianity were being lived, husband and wife would cleave together, forgiving little idiosyncracies which all people have, loving each other, and building together a home where peace and comfort would abide and where courage could be renewed. If Christianity were accepted, there would be no criminals, for crime is violently opposed, in its very nature, to Christianity. If Christianity were believed, hatred and prejudice would be eliminated. Instances might be multiplied to indicate how people today have neglected to make Christianity a living, working faith. And because it has not been made vital, present-day civilization is losing its force. In fact, with situations as they now exist, we may continue to deteriorate in much the same manner that previous civilizations have, after departure from their ideals, failed.

At this season of the year, the best resolution anyone could possibly make would be to practise the Christian religion in every detail, and to the fullest degree. Even Latter-day Saints who diligently strive to follow Christ's teachings will find ways in which they can improve. They can be a little kinder to their neighbors and associates. They can go a little bit out-of-the-way to help direct a wayward boy or girl in the right way of living. They can make more time to read the standard works of the Church in order to understand more fully Christian ideals. They can go to Church themselves and by force of example as well as word of mouth encourage their friends to do likewise.

If we about face, if we practise that which we know to be right, we have the knowledge that things will turn out all right, for Jesus said, "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.) And again, "And many nations shall come, and say, Come, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths: for the law shall go forth of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And he shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. . . . For all people will walk every one in the name of his god, and we will walk in the name of the Lord our God for ever and ever." (Micah 4:2-3, 5.)

But the prophecies presuppose that there will be first of all a willingness to learn the word of God, and that there will be in the second place a conversion so that "we will walk in the name of the Lord our God for ever and ever."

If we are to fulfil our destiny as Latter-day Saints, the New Year should be a time of rededication to the principles for which our progenitors suffered and died in the early part of our history. It is for us, their
(Concluded on page 47)

EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

c. Was the "Fall" Inevitable?

(For the story of the "Fall" read Genesis, chapter 2: Moses, chapters 3-5.)

ACCORDING to the plan of salvation, accepted by the hosts of heaven in the great pre-existent council, Adam and Eve were placed on earth to become the parents of the human race. They could not, however, perform this mission, unless they themselves became subject to mortality. Why, then, did the Lord command them not to partake of the tree of good and evil, the gateway to mortal life? There has seemed to be a contradiction between God's purpose as embodied in the plan of salvation, and this command to Adam and Eve.

Perhaps a full explanation is not possible with our present knowledge, yet modern revelation has shed light upon the subject.

First, there is the certain knowledge that without the "Fall," Adam and Eve would have remained in a condition in which children with earthly bodies, for whom the earth was made, could not have been begotten by them. The plan of salvation would have been defeated.

This is the emphatic view of the prophet Lehi. His terse statement leaves no other meaning. "Adam fell that men might be." (II Nephi 2:25.)

Equally direct are the words of Alma: "... if it had been possible for Adam to have partaken of the fruit of the tree of life at that time, there would have been no death ... they would have been forever miserable, having no preparatory state; and thus the plan of redemption would have been frustrated." (Alma 12:23, 26.)

Further evidence is supplied by Adam and Eve themselves. After their expulsion from Eden into the earth as it is, Adam exults: "... Blessed be the name of God, for because of my transgression my eyes are opened, and in this life I shall have joy, and again in the flesh I shall see God." And Eve seemed almost jubilant: "... Were it not for our transgression we never should have had seed, and never should have known good and evil, and the joy of our redemption, and the eternal life which God giveth unto all the obedient." (Moses 5:10-11.)

These were not the words of sinners or of repentant sinners. This was spoken by people who had met and accepted a great challenge, with which, as they imply, God was pleased.

President John Taylor recognized that the "Fall" resulted in good for Adam and Eve, and the whole human family: "They would have been incapable of increase; and without that increase the designs of God in relation to the formation of the earth and man could not have been accomplished; for one great object of the creation of the world was the propagation of the human species, that bodies might be prepared for those spirits who already existed, and who, when they saw the earth formed, shouted for joy." (The Gospel Kingdom, p. 96.)

In the joy of Adam and Eve after the "Fall" lies hidden, perhaps, a principle which disputants about this subject have not understood, and which may not as yet be fully comprehended. However, in modern revelation,

a clue to understanding of the "Fall" is given, which may be the key to the apparent contradiction.

After Adam had been supplied with a body made "from the dust of the ground," and placed in the garden of Eden, instructions were given him:

"And I, the Lord God, commanded the man, saying: Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat. But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; *nevertheless, thou mayest choose for thyself, for it is given unto thee*; but, remember that I forbid it, for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." (Moses 3:16-17.) (Italics author's.)

Though a command had been given, Adam was permitted to exercise his free agency. "Thou mayest choose for thyself." The eternal power of choice was respected by the Lord himself. That throws a flood of light on the "Fall." It really converts the command into a warning, as much as if to say, if you do this thing, you will bring upon yourself a certain punishment; but do it if you choose.

Such was the problem before our first parents: to remain forever at selfish ease in the Garden of Eden, or to face unselfishly tribulation and death, in bringing to pass the purposes of the Lord for a host of waiting spirit children. They chose the latter.

This they did with open eyes and minds as to consequences. The memory of their former estate may have been dimmed, but the gospel had been taught them during their sojourn in the Garden of Eden. They could not have been left in complete ignorance of the purpose of their creation. Brigham Young frankly said: "Adam was as conversant with his Father who placed him upon this earth as we are conversant with our earthly parents." (Discourses, p. 104.) The Prophet Joseph taught that "Adam received commandments and instructions from God; this was the order from the beginning." (Teachings, p. 168.)

The choice that they made raises Adam and Eve to pre-eminence among all who have come on earth. The Lord's plan was given life by them. They are indeed, as far as this earth is concerned, our loving father and mother. The "Fall" and the consequent redeeming act of Jesus become the most glorious events in the history of mankind.

In the heavens above, as in the earth below, law prevails. No one can escape the consequences of the acceptance or rejection of law. Cause and effect are eternally related. The Lord had warned Adam and Eve of the hard battle with earth conditions if they chose to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. He would not subject his son and daughter to hardship and the death of their bodies unless it be of their own choice. They must choose for themselves. They chose wisely, in accord with the heavenly law of love for others.

In life all must choose at times. Sometimes, two possibilities are good; neither is evil. Usually, however, one is of greater import than the other. When in doubt, each must choose that which concerns the good of others—the greater law—rather than that which chiefly benefits ourselves—the lesser law. The greater must be balanced against the lesser. The greater must be chosen whether it be law or thing. That was the choice made in Eden.

This view of the "Fall" is confirmed by the scriptures. For example, "... if Adam had not transgressed he would not have fallen, but he would have remained in the garden of Eden ... forever ... And they would have had no children; wherefore they would have remained in a state of innocence, having no joy, for they knew no misery; doing no good, for they knew no sin." (II Nephi 2:22-23.)

(Concluded on page 63)



Homing

THE ORIGINAL AMERICAN MOTHER GOOSE

By ALICE WHITSON NORTON

FOR more than two centuries the children of America and the world have been enjoying the rhymes found in a volume of jingles labeled *Mother Goose*. But even today the identity of the real author is unsettled.

For a long time people said "Mother Goose" was a *nom de plume*, maybe even a myth. Nobody was ever known by such a name. But by-and-by someone took issue, and today it is generally conceded that Mother Goose was a real woman who lived in the city of Boston in long-ago colonial days, and made up the jingles of "Mary's Little Lamb," "Tom, Tom the Piper's Son," and all the other delightful verses which children love, for the benefit of her own small grandson.

In the registrar's office of the city of Boston is a memorandum of the marriage of Thomas Fleet and Elizabeth Goose, performed by the Reverend Cotton Mather, June 8, 1715. It was the child of this couple, many believe today, that first heard the rhymes which were destined to become familiar to all children. And just as they were sung to Baby Fleet by the grandmother



SARAH CATHERINE MARTIN OF LOCKINGE, BERKSHIRE, ENGLAND, 1768-1826, AUTHOR AND LIMNER OF "OLD MOTHER HUBBARD" 1804

on the Goose side of the house, they have come down to the present generation.

To Thomas Fleet, the father of Baby Fleet—a very busy man, burdened, probably by the responsibilities of maintaining a home and rearing a fami-

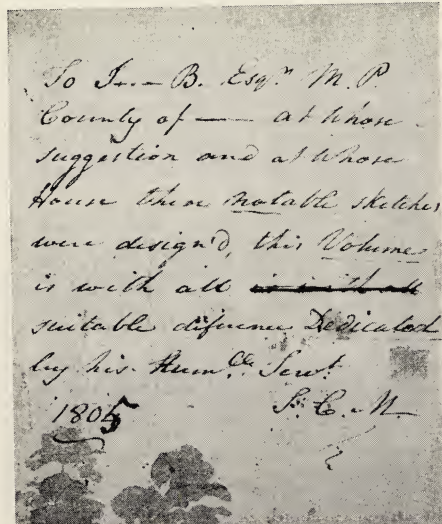
PAGES FROM THE BOOK "OLD MOTHER HUBBARD," ORIGINAL

ly, and who operated a printing shop in Pudding Lane, changed long since to Devonshire Street—we are indebted for the printing of the old classics. The story goes that Thomas Fleet had little patience with the nonsensical rhymes that his wife's mother sang to his child. They irritated him when he went home for his lunch; they disturbed his evening when he felt the need of quiet and rest behind the four walls of his own home. He considered the verses Grandmother Goose crooned to his child as simple and far too ridiculous for a child's ears, and this statement he often repeated.

Nevertheless, Grandmother Goose continued to make up and sing the merry jingles which never failed to bring a smile to her grandchild's face, as well as to any other child's face that happened to hear one of them. Then one day, having been especially bored by the silly jingles his own child was repeating, the thought entered Thomas Fleet's brain that he might make a few extra dollars by publishing a group of the silly creations in a pamphlet.

Thus in the year of 1719, a small volume of Mother Goose jingles, behind a cover page illustration of a big, soft-feathered goose with a wide-open mouth and a long neck, made its appearance on the market. The volume was marked to sell at two coppers each—and to the man's great surprise it immediately found favor among the book-minded colonists, and from the appearance of the first edition, right down through the years, these little jingles which Mr. Fleet thought so distasteful, have continued to be a steady seller.

Strange to say, there is, even to this day, some doubt concerning the true identity of the real author. On a slab above an ancient grave in the Granary



Cook's Corner

Josephine B. Nichols

EASY ways for getting along with less sugar.

1. Do not cook dried fruits with added sugar; they already have plenty of fruit sugar.

2. Breakfast cereals have a better flavor if only a small amount of sugar is added.

3. Serve more fruit desserts.

4. Use sugarless topping and icings.

5. Use sugar substitutes such as corn syrup, honey, molasses, and maple sugar.

The general rules for using sugar substitutes are:

In cakes and drop cookies: For one cup granulated sugar, use one-half cup syrup, honey, or molasses, and one-half cup granulated sugar.

Reduce liquid by two tablespoons.

Add syrup to creamed shortening and sugar mixture.

Baking temperature remains the same.

When honey or molasses is used, add one-half teaspoon of soda for every one-half cup used, in addition to the regular leavening in the recipe. Sift it with flour mixture. These substitutes have a tendency to stick, so pans should be well greased.

Spicy Cake

- 1/2 cup fat
- 1 cup sugar minus two tablespoons
- 1/4 teaspoon Mapleine flavoring
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups cake flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon cloves
- 3/4 cup milk

Sift flour, measure; add baking powder, salt, and spices. Cream fat. Add sugar, cream until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add flour and milk alternately. Add flavoring. Pour batter into well-greased eight-inch layer pans. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) for twenty to twenty-five minutes.

Ice with Maple Sea Foam Frosting and sprinkle with chopped walnut meats.

(Concluded on page 37)

The Original American Mother Goose

Burying Grounds of the city of Boston, where sleep Paul Revere, John Hancock, and Samuel Adams, is this inscription:

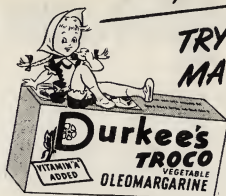
Mary Goose—said to be Mother Goose.

Composer of the Nursery Rhymes

And whether or not the honor is ever rightfully established to the world, we do our hats to the memory of Mother Goose for the joy she has given through her jingles to children the world over.

JANUARY, 1946

Margie Says...



TRY THIS LUSCIOUS MARMALADE BISCUIT RECIPE!



PASTEURIZED
SKIM Milk ADDS
TO ITS GOODNESS



Take a tip from Margie! Use delicious, smoothly blended Durkee's Troco Margarine. It's made by an improved process that churns the pure, nutritious vegetable milk ... and every pound is enriched with 9,000 units of Vitamin A.

SPREAD • COOK • BAKE • FRY

Marmalade Biscuit Recipe

- 2 cups sifted enriched flour } — mix and sift.
- 3 teaspoons baking powder }
- 1/2 teaspoon salt }
- 1/2 cup Durkee's Troco Margarine — cut in with fork, until well mixed.
- 1/2 cup milk (about) — quickly stir in enough to make a soft but not sticky dough.
- 1/2 cup orange marmalade — see below.*



Turn out onto a lightly floured board; knead for 30 seconds. Roll dough 1/4-inch thick; cut into rounds with a 1 1/2-inch biscuit cutter.

*Put a teaspoonful of marmalade on half of the rounds; cover with the remaining rounds; press edges together with a fork.

Bake in a very hot oven (450°) for 12 to 15 minutes.

Serve piping hot with Durkee's Troco Margarine. Makes about 12 biscuits.

SO MILD..SO SWEET..SO COUNTRY-FRESH IN FLAVOR



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Small Susan—and her dad—may balk at *drinking* milk. But they love to *eat* it when made into these delicious renet-custards. Rich in the protective food values of milk—and the renet enzyme makes them more readily digestible than milk itself.

"Junket" Rennet Powder—At grocers. Already sweetened. Six favorite flavors.

Vanilla Chocolate Lemon
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Menu—planning helps for mothers' "Double-Duty Menus and Recipes"; also trial package of "Junket" Rennet Tablets.

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(Just paste this coupon on postcard and add your name and address.)



News from the Camps

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS JOHNNY TSUKANO easily captured individual honors in the recent E.T.O. swimming tournament held at Tourelles stadium in Paris, France, by winning the 400 meter breaststroke, 50 meter free style, and the 100 meter free style races. Tsukano is a member of the L.D.S. Church and his home is in Wailuku, Maui, Territory of Hawaii.

* * *

Peleliu, Palau

Dear Brother Widtsoe:

WE received your letter yesterday with the answer to our questions concerning the Doctrine and Covenants, section 132, and should like to take this opportunity to express our gratitude for it. We were very happy to think that you should take time to write to us, and to answer all our questions.

As soon as possible after the invasion of this island, a small L. D. S. group was organized and started holding regular meetings each Sunday evening. At first it was in a tent with only a few present; however, we now have a beautiful island chapel in which to meet, and our attendance averages about twenty-five each week. Our group leader, Brother Spear, shaped a sacrament set for us from empty shell cartridges. The individual cups are .40 shells cut off and polished, then set in beautifully carved wooden trays. The plates for bread were pounded out of larger shell cases. We have a beautiful and adequate set of which we are very proud.

We have all tried to be missionaries by example and by explaining the gospel when possible. The result is we have always had a number of friends attending our meetings.

The environment under which one is forced to live in the armed forces is usually not too favorable, so when we can meet once a week in worship and partake of the sacrament and meet with other men bearing the priesthood, it is a wonderful blessing to us. The association we have in these gatherings is worth much and something we remember and look forward to all during the week. It is the high light of the whole week.

While being in the service I have certainly learned to appreciate my religion and my testimony has been greatly strengthened. It is like a second mission.

Thank you again for your kind letter and your trouble.

Sincerely your brother,
Grant R. Lamb

Dear Editors:

FOR several weeks after the war ended in this theater I thought that I would soon see you, but our group was one of three fighter groups in the 8th Air Force to be assigned to the occupational air force here in Germany, and we moved to our new base about two weeks ago. We are now stationed six miles southeast of Munich. You are probably quite familiar with this section and know how beautiful it is. Munich itself is practically all ruins with very few buildings left undamaged. It is easy to see that it was once a very beautiful city.

About two weeks before we moved over here an Elder Lowe from Spokane, Washington, had started L.D.S. services in Munich and they are attracting many Mormon fellows. The first Sunday I attended there were seventy-nine there. Last Sunday Elder Leon Flint, our L.D.S. chaplain, was in attendance so you will no doubt get a complete report from him. It is truly a thrill to be able to attend such meetings regularly again. I hope we can contact some of the German Saints in this area in the near future. One of the big thrills for me was to meet two of my missionary companions from the northwest the first Sunday there.

It is quite a coincidence that up to now the meetings have been held in a room of the building that has become famous as the beer hall from which Hitler began his rise to power. Beginning next Sunday we are meeting in a room of a museum which will give us much more room.

We don't know how long we will be over here, but it may be an interesting experience. Like many others, I am anxious to get home and be married and settle down. The Lord has been very good to me though, and the protection I have enjoyed borders on the miraculous.

I saw the picture of my plane in the *Era*. Thanks very much. May the Lord continue to bless you.

Sincerely,
Roland Wright

TIME

By Lucretia Penny

WHETHER it's standard
Or whether it's war,
There's never enough
For what it's for.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION GROUP



For their activity program, the M.I.A. group of Calicoan, Philippine Islands, organized a Mormon chorus. When they had learned some hymns they requested their chaplain to let them sing at the Protestant church services. Dubious at first as to their intentions he inquired why they wished to sing. When he learned that they desired the pleasure derived from singing praises to the Lord he readily gave his permission. Since then they have had many requests to sing and the Mormon hymns have always been well received.

—Reported by Rex D. Terry, SC2/c

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Miner Mike SAYS

"Brigham Young in 1873 of Utah wrote: 'There is no safer place to be found in the United States where prosperity of every kind is less taxed and better protected—all reports to the contrary notwithstanding!' He was a great leader.



METAL MINING INDUSTRY
OF UTAH

Cook's Corner

(Concluded from page 35)

Cornstarch Pudding

1 egg
5 tablespoons cornstarch
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup honey
3 cups milk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup well-drained diced mixed fruit

Beat egg in top of double boiler. Add cornstarch, salt, and honey; stir until blended. Gradually add milk and stir until smooth. Cook over boiling water until thickened, stirring occasionally. Add flavoring. Cool. Fold in fruit. Pour into serving dishes; chill until firm. Serve with whipped cream.

Date Pudding

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon baking powder
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup boiling water
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup coarsely cut dates
1 teaspoon soda
3 tablespoons shortening
1 cup corn syrup
1 egg
1 cup coarsely chopped walnut meats

Sift flour, measure; add baking powder. Pour boiling water over dates and soda. Cream shortening; gradually add corn syrup, mixing until well blended. Add egg and beat well. Add nuts and stir until mixed. Add flour mixture, dates, and water alternately, mixing well after each addition. Pour into well-greased square cake pan and bake in slow oven (325° F.) for forty-five minutes. Serve hot with your favorite dessert sauce or whipped cream.

Apple Pie

6 to 8 medium-sized cooking apples
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup white corn syrup
1 tablespoon flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon
pastry
2 tablespoons butter

Wash apples, peel and core; cut into one-eighth inch thick slices. Combine apples, syrup, flour, and spices. Line nine-inch pie pan with pastry rolled to nearly one fourth inch thickness. Trim off edges. Moisten; place fruit mixture in pastry; dot with butter. Roll pastry for top crust thinner than lower crust. Cut design in top to allow steam to escape. Place on pie; trim edges, allowing one-half inch of pastry to extend over sides. Tuck edge of top crust under lower crust; pinch together with fingers. Flute side. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) for twenty minutes; reduce temperature to moderate oven (350° F.) and continue baking forty minutes longer or until apples are tender.

Cherry Topsy-Turvy Cake

2 cups sweetened cherries
1 tablespoon cornstarch
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shortening
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
1 egg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup all-bran
1 teaspoon grated orange peel
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk

Thicken cherries with cornstarch. Pour into greased eight-inch square pan. Cream shortening and sugar. Add beaten egg, bran, and orange peel. Sift flour, salt, and baking powder. Add to bran mixture, alternately with milk. Pour over fruit. Bake forty minutes at 375° F. Serve with cream.

For A-I-derful meal



TRY THIS—

Stir milk or water into Globe "A1" Pancake and Waffle Flour. Pour on the griddle, and quicker 'n a wink you'll sing out, "Come and get 'em."

GET THIS—

Golden brown, de-lectable pancakes — with a come-hither aroma and tempting buttermilk-and-straight-wheat flavor that will make the family sing out for more, more, more!



THEN THIS—

You'll be Queen of Hearts with everyone—'cause Globe "A1" Pancakes melt the hearts of the choicest eaters. Serve 'em any meal—and for hearty, down-east flavor, try Globe "A1" Buckwheats.



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FLOUR I SELL
IS GLOBE "A1"



"BUTTERMILK AND STRAIGHT WHEAT"...

It's an A-I flavor treat!

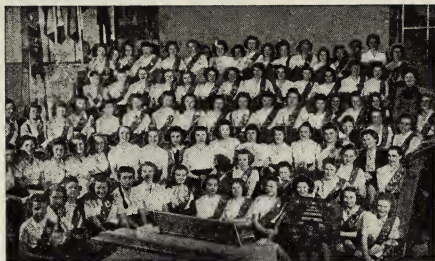
EAST
MIDVALE
WARD
"GOLDEN BEES"



First row, left to right: Violet Sharp Cutler, Daisy Milne Hughly, Margaret Farbush Bishop, Luetta Milne King.

Second row: Eunice Greenwood Jensen, Mable Gustafson Asplund, Beekeeper Mrs. Golda Soffe, Olive Swenson Sharp.

Back row: Leona Thayne Beckstead, Beatrice Simper Greer, Mirla Greenwood Thayne, Blanche Glover Rosenhan, Lula Jacobson Millerburg, Melva Barrett Evans.



The photographs of the Scouts and Beehive girls were taken at the evening session of quarterly conference, the first conference held by the newly organized North Box Elder Stake. Sister Lillian Felt is the stake Beehive director and Wm. H. Barnard the Scout commissioner in charge of the program.

Other interesting high lights were the Gold and Green Ball held April 14.

—Reported by Annie R. Tinney; Stake Era director



LANAKILA M.I.A. CLOSES COLORFUL SUMMER PROGRAM



The Lanakila Mutual Improvement Association, Honolulu, T.H., ended its very impressive summer program with a dance at the International Institute room, Y.W.C.A., on August 25, from 6:30 to 9 p.m.

The summer program consisted of social dances, athletic games, group singing, picnics, and open forums for the discussions of various present day social problems.

The officers and leaders who conducted the summer program were Frank Chow, dance director; Ramualdo S. Manuel, drama director and ward editor; Maybelle Nauwa, Gleasoner president; William Lelepal, second counselor, Young Men's M.I.A.; and Martha Hoakano, first counselor, Young Women's M.I.A.

Front row, left to right: Clara Mack Sing, Victoria Kekuakalani, Elisa Ah Look, Martha Hoakano, Mary Lindsey, Mildred Towle, guest speaker.

Back row: Lewis Lindsey, Mokihana Nauwa, Cecelia Kekaula, Hannah K. Kalilimoku, Emma Kinalau, David Ah Look, Lei Kaune, Elfrida Chow, Maybelle Nauwa, Frank Chow, Benjamin Nauwa, William Lelepal, Ramualdo S. Manuel, William Kamesani, Francis Karamiti.

Mutual Messages

"Golden Bees" Honored

THE "Golden Bees" held their annual reunion in August at the home of Mabel G. Asplund. This group holds the distinction of being the first three swarms from the East Midvale Ward, East Jordan Stake. The three swarm leaders and twelve members were present.

The East Midvale Ward M.I.A. was organized in 1920 with Sister Bessie Burgen as president of the Y.W.M.I.A. Her counselors were Sisters Laura M. Tripp and Golda Soffe.

Through the untiring efforts of Sister Soffe, in charge, the Bee Hive group has continued a pleasant association by holding an annual reunion. Last year an organization was effected and in honor of their faithful leader and friend they chose the name of "Golden Bees."

Two interesting activities of the group are the making of a scrap book which will include a history of the group since its first organization as well as a personal history of each of the girls, and the exchanging of handmade gifts. Through the year each girl makes some useful handmade gift, the material not costing more than \$1.00 and at the reunion they are exchanged.

Report from Medford, Oregon

MEDFORD, OREGON, reports that: The Y. W. M. I. A. planned a Thanksgiving day dinner in the chapel for a few families that were to spend the day alone—people who had moved here away from their families and the day would be a lonesome one for them. The movement grew like a snowball started down hill. At the final count around the festive board were seventy-one guests. A good old-fashioned dinner like grandma used to cook was served at one o'clock. Between courses a planned program was given. Community singing and games occupied the rest of the afternoon. After a six o'clock snack, everyone departed, expressing their gratitude for a day of pleasure. —Reported by Nellie B. Robinson.

PROMENADE

By Jack Gormley

HIGH heels clicking down the street,
Silk gown swishing about her feet,
Hat attil on her golden curls,
Brooches, earrings, and strings of pearls,

Long white gloves, and a parasol,
Under one arm her favorite doll.
She is a lady, half past three,
Dressed in her mother's finery.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Handy Hints

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

* * *

A HANDY HINT FROM A NINE-YEAR-OLD:

I was helping my mother thread the curtains on the rods. I ran a dinner knife through the hem and moved it up and down. When I took it out the curtain rod slipped through easily.—*B. S., Adrian, Oregon.*

For rough and dry hands rub goose grease from the holiday dinner into your hands and cover with heavy gloves. Don a heavy, dark apron—blue denim is effective—with two large pockets, or three pockets, across the bottom of the apron, gather dust cloth, damp cloth, and polishing cloth, and clean the house. One pocket may be used for misplaced articles. By the time you finish with the house and wash your hands, your hands will be soft and smooth.—*R. H. M., Palmyra, New York.*

A paint brush that has become hard with paint, can be cleaned by soaking it in hot vinegar, and by washing it afterwards with soap and water.—*B. W. H., Los Angeles, California.*

A neat way to slice eggs without crumbling them is to use a knife which has been dipped in boiling water and wiped dry, repeat when knife gets cool.—*Miss M. F., Wichita, Kansas.*

Save your old rubber sheet and use it instead of rubber pants for your baby. Cut it into pieces the size you fold your baby's diaper and insert it in the outside fold, leaving two folds of diaper next to the baby's skin and one fold on the outside of the rubber sheet. It can be used day and night with no irritation to the baby and can be inserted into each diaper as it is ready to be put on.—*Mrs. H. E. C., San Antonio, Texas.*

The Case for Tears

By Ora Pate Stewart

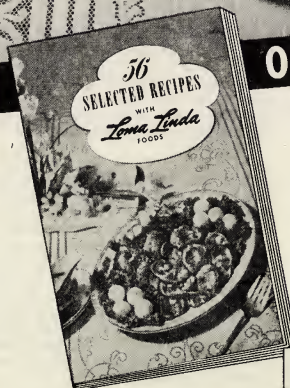
TEARS are the salty tributes of the heart. They flow from the clear springs of the soul. There are tears for certain kinds of joy, of gratitude, for sorrow, and compassion. The face that knows not tears is like a barren woman, having never known the joy or anguish of a selfless love; it is like a span of desert where no oasis offers refreshment.

The face too near to tears is apt to be a damp swamp to the mind, where patterns warp, and purpose molds in the mildew of self-pity.

The case for tears is not for swamp nor desert. It is for moistened clay, that the Potter of Life may mold according to his mood the likeness of himself in human stuff. We find, amidst the joy, the charity, and love, that "Jesus wept."

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ROMAN
MEAL
Porridge**



**ROMAN
MEAL**

SOME WAY... EVERY DAY

THE MIRACLE OF THE PIEDRAS VERDES

(Continued from page 29)

did well, and the wild grass on the hill-sides provided ample forage for their cattle. A thriving store was operated by Ernest L. Taylor and George W. Sevey. The population of the colony now numbered about thirty families.

Then came the stunning news that their townsite was located two miles below the northern boundary of the San Diego Ranch and not on the lands which they had purchased. The legal owner stubbornly refused to sell or trade, although he was offered twice as much land in exchange. There was nothing left, therefore, but to pull up stakes, abandon their improvements, and move two miles north to the land to which they held title.

On November 3, Alexander F. Macdonald commenced to survey the new townsite. George W. Sevey and Miles P. Romney located the line for a new canal on the northeast side of the river. This ditch was three miles long and was completed within a few months.

On New Year's day, 1887, a party of settlers drove up in their wagons and carriages to dedicate the new townsite. The sun shone brightly, and the day was sufficiently warm that an outdoor meeting was not unpleasant. Services commenced at 11:00 a.m., with Elder Erastus Snow, of the Council of the Twelve, conducting. Elder Moses Thatcher offered the dedicatory prayer. He petitioned the Lord that every hard feeling might be banished from the minds of the Saints. In simple eloquence he continued:

We thank the Lord for liberty. We give this town the name of Juarez. May it be a place of liberty for the Saints. As the Nephites were destroyed for desecrating this land, may we, O Lord, be willing to obey thy laws. O Lord, bless the land, the water, the elements. May the gospel go forth from this place to the house of Israel. . . . We pledge ourselves to strive to do thy will ever more. Increase the water, we pray thee, and the principal street shall be known by the name of Anahuac.*

In the afternoon Elder Snow preached. He drew a parallel between the move now forced upon the Saints and the betrayal and flight of Benito Juarez in the dark days of Napoleon's intervention in Mexico. He stated that if in the wisdom of God, the Saints should eventually be permitted to repossess their lands as President Juarez was permitted to return to his capital, they should freely acknowledge the hand of God. Continuing:

I feel to bless the land and waters in the name of Jesus Christ; that the water may be pure and healthy, and the land yield in abundance. If any should come here who do not want to serve God, I hope they will not remain here long.⁵

In addition to Anahuac, the names of Toltec, Aztec, Diaz, and Mariscal were suggested and adopted for the principal streets bounding the public square and park.

Immediately after the dedication, Sextus Johnson moved his family and belongings to the new townsite, followed shortly by the other settlers. The construction of a tithing office was begun, to be used for religious purposes, socials, and other gatherings. By May, the canal was sufficiently completed so that water could be brought to the new townsite.

The same month, Erastus Snow and Helaman Pratt arrived from Mexico City with a company of native converts, who had been furnished free transportation by the Mexican government. Lands were assigned to these families, but most of them eventually became discouraged and returned to their former homes.

On June 5, 1887, the Juarez Ward was organized with George W. Sevey as bishop and Miles P. Romney and Ernest L. Taylor as counselors.

Construction of a road up San Diego Canyon to Corrales Basin was undertaken to open the timber resources of the Sierra Madres and supply their sawmill.⁶

FOLLOWING up the Piedras Verdes from the old townsite of Colonia Juarez to the new, the picturesque valley narrows from a width of two miles to approximately three fourths of a mile. Hills rise abruptly on each side to a height of two hundred feet above the floor of the valley. Through the center winds the channel of the Piedras Verdes, whose banks even in 1887 were lined with cottonwood trees together with a sprinkling of walnut, sycamore, blackwillow, and ash, forming one of the chief natural attractions of the valley.⁷

The soil, however, was coarse and gravelly and somewhat inferior for field crops to that lower down. Some two hundred fifty acres were placed under cultivation during the summer of 1887, while on the west side of the river an estimated five hundred acres of arable land awaited only the building of an additional canal.⁸

The summer heat and drouth come early in northern Mexico, and June 1887 was no exception. With the rainy season at least a month away and the water rights of the San Diego ranch below to be respected, the receding Piedras Verdes was pitifully small. Then came the answer to the prayers of the faithful. Writing from Colonia Juarez under date of August 26, 1887, a correspondent who signed himself

*Idem.

⁵Andrew Jenson, "Wards of the Juarez Stake," *Mt. Salt Lake City*

⁶Idem.

⁷*The Deseret News*, Salt Lake City, September 21, 1887. Vol. XXXVI. No. 36, p. 574

⁸Idem.

"Amram," penned the following vivid word picture:

All at once, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the earth began to quake and tremble. Our old huts began to sway to and fro. Women and children ran out of them with blanched faces, many of them exclaiming, "It is an earthquake! It is an earthquake," and immediately all eyes were turned toward the Sierra Madres, the entire length of which for thirty miles seemed to be swaying backwards and forwards, and from their precipices could be seen falling huge masses of rock, causing an immense dust to rise a mile high in the air.

This dust was immediately followed by smoke, and in a short time fires could be seen along the entire range in places as far as eye could penetrate. These fires we think were caused by the friction of the falling rocks, and at night they presented a truly grand sight, and some of them continued to burn for weeks.

Now, strange to say, the following day the water in the Piedras Verdes River, which was getting low, began to rise until it was increased one third in volume and has continued so ever since, and we all felt thankful for the shaking and are willing to stand another (even though it does produce a queer sensation) if its effects will prove as beneficial to us; for by that providential event we have had an abundance of water for our crops and the Mexican population below us feel that we will not be of any injury to them, as they also have plenty of water. . . . We give God the praise for the increase."

Thus was the prayer of Elder Moses Thatcher at the dedication of the new Colonia Juarez, less than six months before, so dramatically answered.

Idem. The correspondent does not give the exact date of the disturbance, merely remarking: "The earthquake that visited this country in June last was quite an event."

TIME

By Beatrice Mathews Sparks

I NIMBLY took the winding stairs
And slammed the office door,
My father asked me what my age,
I answered, twenty-four;
He smiled upon me fondly
And fumbled with his pen—
Said he: "How much I'd love to be
Just twenty-four again."

In twenty years I walked the stairs
And leaned against the door,
My father asked me what my age,
I groaned: "I'm forty-four!"
He smiled upon me fondly
And fumbled with his pen—
Said he: "How much I'd love to be
Just forty-four again."



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Attention— Quorum Presidencies and Class Instructors

A SPECIAL effort should now be made to conclude your present course of study and to begin the new year with the new course of study, *The Gospel Through the Ages*, by Dr. Milton R. Hunter of the First Council of the Seventy. This new course of study has been prepared under the direction of the general priesthood committee of the Council of the Twelve and is intended for study by all quorums of the Melchizedek Priesthood for 1946.

The book—which contains forty-one chapters—is intended to provide a one-year course of study. It presents the history of the gospel of Jesus Christ from the time Father Adam received his first revelations from God, down to and including our dispensation, and explains the relationship of the true gospel of Jesus Christ to similar teachings which exist in paganism and world religions.

TEACHER OUTLINE AND HELPS

The topics in the book are plainly given in the text of each chapter and it is suggested that each teacher follow the text-book and discuss the various topics given. At the end of each chapter will be found a list of suggested supplementary readings, which have been carefully selected because of their bearing on the subjects under discussion. Teachers can materially enrich their store of information each week by studying as many of the supplementary readings as time will permit. If, in addition, each member of the priesthood group will read from the supplementary list as opportunity will permit, the class as well as the individual will be enlightened.

Each book contains a section on "Problems and Activities" for the guidance of class instructors. These will be found to be of great help, and will obviate the necessity of printing lesson helps in *The Church News* and *The Improvement Era* each month.

BOOKS NOW AVAILABLE

The Gospel Through the Ages is published in large and readable type. It is well bound and attractive and is now available at the Deseret Book Company, 44 East

Notice to All Stake Presidents and Chairmen of Stake Melchizedek Priesthood Committees

SUFFICIENT copies of the instructions (letter number P-13, which was published in the December *Improvement Era*) concerning supervision of Melchizedek Priesthood quorums have now been sent to every stake president, for each quorum president and Melchizedek Priesthood committee chairman.

It is desired that each time a new quorum presidency is set apart, a copy of this material be given them in order that our brethren may not be uninstructed concerning their duties and responsibilities and proper procedure in presiding over the quorums of the Melchizedek Priesthood.

Melchizedek

Thank You!—and a New Year's Greeting!

IN extending our kind wishes for a Happy New Year to all officers and members of the priesthood, we look back upon 1945 with a feeling of deep appreciation for the loyalty and devotion of our brethren. Through your fine efforts, the close of the year finds the work of the Lord in the priesthood quorums in a healthy and growing condition.

Sometimes, in the rush of things, we assume that those of you who carry the responsibility of presiding in the stakes and quorums know how we feel toward you, and thoughtlessly we are apt to devote these pages to problems, reports, and instructions, rather than to expressing the appreciation we feel. We want you to know that your devotion and encouragement is appreciated, and it is apparent that the Lord is blessing your efforts.

We are grateful for the kind way you have received the recently announced plan for supervision of the Melchizedek Priesthood, and we are confident that as the suggestions this plan contains are carefully followed, further growth and blessings will come to the priesthood of the Church.

... And so, as we pause to say "Happy New Year" we want you to know that we sincerely mean it, and it is our wish that our Heavenly Father's choicest blessings may attend you through the coming year, and that 1946 may bring to you even more and greater happiness as you strive to serve him and your fellow men.

THE GENERAL PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

South Temple Street, Salt Lake City 10, Utah, and at the Bookcraft Company, 18 Richards Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. The special price to priesthood quorums is \$1.30 a copy. Presidents are urged to encourage the purchase of this book by quorum members for study in priesthood classes.

ANNUAL VISITS

Letters we are receiving indicate that many quorums have their personal interviews in connection with the annual report completed. We desire to encourage all quorum presidents to complete their annual visits at once in order that your annual reports be not delayed.

The annual visit holds such wonderful opportunities for blessings for the member of the presidency making the visit and for the individual visited.

On Being Shepherds

WE sometimes sing "Make us thy true under-shepherds," as in song we tell of the love of the Shepherd for his sheep. The Lord has placed shepherds over each quorum of the Melchizedek Priesthood, whose responsibility it is, as "under-shepherds" to guard, protect, and care for the flock.

Once each year the presidency is asked to give a personal check up on each quorum member and to give an accounting of their stewardship.

This is not a mere routine. It cannot be

done by mail, by telephone, or by sending out questionnaires. It is intended that each member of the presidency take the responsibility of visiting a portion of the membership; that he go alone and interview his brother "man-to-man"—not in the presence of wife or family, but in a manner that will permit the quorum member to open his heart and talk freely of his love of the gospel, his testimony, his family problems, etc. Care should be exercised to avoid any embarrassment to the member.

Quorum officers are to keep the confidence of their fellow members and they should not overlook the fact that this is a confidential interview. The information obtained is a sacred trust which worthy leaders will not violate.

This visit is intended to be a blessing for visited and visitor, and it is the testimony of many of our brethren that the visits made last year in this connection constituted the most soul-satisfying experiences they have had, and have resulted in a feeling of brotherhood and cooperation not before enjoyed.

Brethren, make the most of this opportunity. If you have failed to complete these visits, try to do so now, these first days of January. Try to become acquainted. The purpose of your going is not just to fill out a report or form. This is a splendid opportunity to become better acquainted with quorum members, to encourage them, and to make them feel the warmth and strength of priesthood brotherhood. Go out with a prayer and a blessing in your heart and you

REMEMBER: Both annual and final quarter reports are due to be in the hands of the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee on January 7 and summaries are to be sent to the general priesthood committee by January 15.

Priesthood

NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO

COLUMN

Conducted by
Dr. Joseph F. Merrill

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

will be received in a spirit and manner that will give joy to your hearts as you discharge this trust that has been placed upon you.

... Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs." (John 21:15.)

Suggested Program for Monthly Priesthood Leadership Meetings

THE recent instructions for "Supervision of the Melchizedek Priesthood" stated that an outline of material to be considered at each monthly priesthood leadership meeting for the entire year was being prepared by the general priesthood committee.

This material will soon reach you in pamphlet form for the entire year. However, it will also be published one quarter at a time in *The Improvement Era* and *The Church News*.

This program has been prepared in response to an ever-increasing demand for help. It is intended to be "merely suggestive," and stake Melchizedek Priesthood committees may feel at liberty to change it or add to it, as local needs may require.

No doubt, there will be additions from the office of the general priesthood committee from time to time.

The program has purposely not been outlined in detail, to allow stake Melchizedek Priesthood committees to adapt to their requirements and to avoid any attempt at regimentation.

We urge department leaders to watch the Melchizedek Priesthood pages in *The Improvement Era* and *The Church News* for supporting material to assist in the conducting of these departments.

PERSONAL WELFARE DEPARTMENT

(For quorum presidents and personal welfare committee members)

Objective of Personal Welfare Committee: To help every bearer of the Melchizedek Priesthood attain to the degree of economic independence and material well-being that will assure adequate food, clothing, fuel, housing, and other needed physical comforts and educational advantages for himself and his family. (For duties of this committee, kindly see Letter P-13 from President George F. Richards of the Council of the Twelve.)

Suggested Topics for 1946

January

Discussion of welfare projects assigned to quorums.

Map out program for personal interviews for coming year.

February

How to approach and convert the smoker: Obtain from the General "No-Liquor-To-
JANUARY, 1946

bacco" Committee such literature as: Scientific Proof for the Word of Wisdom; How Can I Quit Tobacco? The Way to Stop Smoking; How to Cure the Cigaret Habit; I Whipped an Enemy; Why Smoke? etc. All literature is free.

March

Clean-up and beautify projects.
Gardening and production projects.

QUORUM ACTIVITY AND CHURCH SERVICE DEPARTMENT

(For quorum counselors assigned to this responsibility and members of the Quorum Activity and Church Service Committees)

Objective of Quorum Activity and Church Service Committees: To bring to every member of the Melchizedek Priesthood, spiritual and mental well-being; to help establish the feeling of true brotherhood that should characterize priesthood quorums; and to provide through quorum activity and service, including adequate class instruction, ward teaching, temple work, active missionary service, socials, outings, etc., a feeling of fellowship, faith and love that shall meet all the needs of the membership. (For duties of this committee, kindly see Letter P-13 from President George F. Richards of the Council of the Twelve.)

Suggested Topics for 1946

January

Arrange for a "100% attendance at quorum meeting Sunday."

(Continued on page 44)

1946 SUPPLIES

EACH chairman of a stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee has received an order blank for Melchizedek Priesthood supplies for 1946, with the request that he complete the order and mail it to the general priesthood committee for filling immediately.

All requests for Group Roll and Report Books, (B-1); Quorum Roll and Report Books, (B-2); Master Roll and Report Books, (B-3); Stake Committee Report and Minute Books (B-4); Minute Books for Quorums and Groups, (B-5); and for Roll Pads, are to be placed through the chairman of the Melchizedek Priesthood committee, and all materials will be shipped to him for distribution.

If your chairman has not yet ascertained your needs in this connection, for the year, please communicate with him at once so that you will be equipped to keep proper rolls and records, and be prepared to gather and compile the requested reports in 1946.

There is no charge for this material.

The Curse of Liquor

... inasmuch as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good, ... (D. & C. 89:5.)

Drink brings cruelty into the home; it walks arm in arm with poverty; ... it puts chastity to flight; it knows neither honesty nor fair dealing; it is a total stranger to truth; it drowns conscience; it is the bodyguard of evil; it curses all who touch it. (First Presidency, October Conference Message, 1942.)

Alcohol paralyzes the inhibitions, renders the physical urges more obvious, disarms the critical faculties, breaks down reasonableness and prudence, blurs fineness of perception and taste, without necessarily creating the state of intoxication. Alcohol is the best procurer known, and is a constant and essential stock in trade for the promotion of prostitution. (*Alcohol—Its Effects on Man*, page 82, Dr. Haven Emerson.)

Beautiful Women Don't Drink

How can we popularize the slogan, "It is smart not to drink"? For several years we have been looking for an answer. So, hearing that Mrs. Emily H. Bennett learned of a "beauty school" in New York, where drinking was absolutely banned, she kindly consented to send us the following statement:

"The fabulously famous head of one of the largest health and charm schools in New York City has expressed herself emphatically on the subject of drinking. No one is permitted to drink alcoholic beverages while under her tutelage. If a girl or woman is found to be drinking, in disobedience to this specific instruction, she is expelled from the school, because, as the directress expresses it, "no beautiful woman drinks." A famous beauty herself, her advice is sought by thousands of other women. She insists that the drinking of liquor is one of the most weight-promoting of all habits. Alcohol is placed number two in her list of fat producing "foods." Experience has taught her, she maintains, that alcohol is detrimental even to the hope of good looks. It undermines health, the basis of beauty, and tears down its various components. Lassitude replaces vitality. Nervousness substitutes for poise. Under its influence facial muscles relax unpleasantly, grossness stamps the features, skin loses freshness and delicacy, eyes are blurred, hair is dulled. Attraction becomes repulsion. Liquor has effectively erased every trace of charm.

"When asked how the actresses and other "glamor girls who imbibe are able to retain their beauty," she explains that, in the vernacular, "they do it with mirrors." That is, they merely seem to drink. Special arrangements are made with waiters at the various hotels and restaurants which they frequent. When

(Concluded on page 46)

MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD

(Continued from page 43)

Discuss quorum activity participation and recognition of other Church service.
Prepare social calendar for 1946.
What makes a successful social?
Prepare for first social on calendar.

February

How can a quorum encourage the gathering and compiling of genealogy?

March

Make assignment to each quorum to visit temple, completing your portion of 100,000 names project.

FACT-FINDING AND STATISTICAL DEPARTMENT

(For counselors assigned to this responsibility, members of the fact-finding and statistical committees and for quorum and group secretaries)

Objective of Committee: To provide constantly, in usable form, up-to-the-minute, complete information concerning the members of the quorum, that will enable the presidency to perform its assigned responsibilities in the most effective manner. (For duties of this committee, kindly see Letter P-13 from President George F. Richards of the Council of the Twelve.)

Suggested Topics for 1946

January

Study all record books, forms, and instructions relative to quarterly reports and check progress at meetings. Be assured you are prepared for keeping vital records of the quorum.

February

Analyze completed reports. How to interpret reports, making them usable and vital?

March

Obtain information on men away from home.

Prepare for quarterly reports.

See that (green) welfare cards are up-to-date on your quorum members.

CLASS INSTRUCTION DEPARTMENT

(For all class instructors. To be conducted under the direction of a member of the high council assigned by the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee under the direction of the stake presidency.)

The approved course of study for 1946 is *The Gospel Through the Ages* by Dr. Milton R. Hunter of the First Council of the Seventy. Each book contains, beginning at page 299, a list of problems and activities, with topics for discussion for each chapter.

In addition, there will appear in *The Improvement Era* and *The Church News* from time to time suggestions for teacher training, lesson helps, etc.

AARONIC PRIESTHOOD DEPARTMENT AND DEPARTMENT FOR LEADERS OF ADULT MEMBERS OF AARONIC PRIESTHOOD

Material for these two departments will be found in the Aaronic Priesthood Handbook of Instructions.

DEPARTMENT FOR BRETHREN NOT REQUIRED TO BE IN ONE OF THE FOREGOING SIX DEPARTMENTS

(To be conducted by a member of the stake presidency or high council)

The material to be considered in this department is listed under the general title of "Gospel Themes." Twelve subjects have

been suggested, with sub-topics and references under three general headings.

- I. The way to perfection
- II. The Latter-day Saint home
- III. Citizenship in the kingdom of God

It is suggested that one theme be treated each month. The themes for the first three months are:

1. Faith—the foundation of a righteous life.
2. Repentance—the road back to truth and happiness.
3. Knowledge of the gospel of Jesus Christ (of truth).

Sub-topics and references will be found in the program folder for the year.

A Quorum and Recreation

ONE of the great needs in our priesthood work has been stated thus: "A need to help establish a feeling of true brotherhood that should characterize priesthood quorums and to provide through quorum

It is suggested that this material be "clipped" for consideration by the quorum activity and Church service department at the January leadership meeting.

activities and church service, including socials and outings, a feeling of fellowship, faith, and love that shall meet all the needs of the membership."

One of the counselors of each Melchizedek Priesthood quorum presidency has been given the responsibility of seeing that a program is built and carried out that will fill this great need in the lives of quorum members. A committee is organized around this counselor, as chairman, to plan carefully and carry out a program that will "bring to every member of the Melchizedek Priesthood, spiritual and mental well-being; to help establish the feeling of true brotherhood that should characterize priesthood quorums; and to provide through quorum activity and service, including adequate class instruction, ward teaching, temple work, active missionary service, socials, outings, etc., a feeling of fellowship, faith, and love that shall meet all the needs of the membership."

The recreational and social program represents an important part of the quorum activity and Church service committees' responsibility.

The committee should now prepare a social calendar for the quorum for the year 1946. Consideration should be shown for other Church agencies in stakes and wards to avoid conflict of dates.

It is desired that each quorum have at least once each three months, a major social activity which will bring together the members of the quorums and their wives.

Recreation has been a potent factor in the lives of Latter-day Saints since the organization of the Church. Our people, in addition to religious fervor, believe in play, and we desire to encourage amusements, recreation, and clean fun. In line with this thought, President Brigham Young instructed bishops to provide suitable places for amusement, particularly for dancing and drama, almost as soon as settlements began to be established.

Most of the work within the home and

on the farm in those early days was done in connection with social life—quilting parties, carpetbag bees, barn raisings, corn-husking bees, and preparing fruit for drying. Refreshments, games, and a program of music and recitations were a common part of these gatherings. Down through the years recreation halls have been built by the Church wherever the Saints have established themselves, and our meeting houses have been widely used for recreational purposes. The Church has sponsored recreation and amusement in each community and our people have established standards in a manner to an extent that is universally acclaimed.

Our quorums should recognize that the standards of life are pretty well determined by what we do when the pursuit of food, clothing, and shelter are temporarily removed and we are free to follow our inclinations, pursue our ideals, and seek entertainment. We should develop leadership for constructive, creative, and cultural expression.

When people laugh together, play together, work together, pray together, yes, and weep together, the feeling of brotherly love is enhanced. A bond is formed that brings about the realization that we are brothers—all children of our Father in heaven, and that next to the commandment to love our God with all our hearts, he has placed the obligation to love our neighbors as ourselves.

Successful socials do not just happen. They are the result of careful study and planning, and through the years capable leaders have developed a fund of information and helps for your guidance. The auxiliary organizations of the Church have published a booklet entitled *Recreation in the Home*. It contains splendid suggestions and helps on music, drama, dancing, reading, story-telling, games for all occasions, parties, hobbies, a chapter on special days and events with suggestions for holidays and anniversaries, and many other splendid factors. Your stake (future president undoubtedly has this little pamphlet, as well as *Camptivities*). This latter will prove invaluable in planning out-of-doors affairs. Some of the headings are Transportation, Day Camping, Campfire Programs, Food, Fuel and Fun, Music In Camp, and Stunts and Games.

Wide-awake committees will develop undertakings to meet situations within their own quorums.

One of our quorums is busy just now preparing a lovely affair to honor its oldest member, eighty-six years of age.

Another quorum is planning its annual memorial service, at which time tributes will be paid to members who have passed away the past year. There will be flowers. There will be appropriate music. There will be comforting addresses.

Some quorums hold a Thanksgiving service each year which is a beautiful affair for members and wives.

Special days and special occasions provide opportunities for getting the quorum members and their families together in a common cause that knits them together.

Your quorum can "come to life" socially, and through welcoming our brethren and their wives into social activity, give them a feeling of being at home and part of things that will cause them to want the "bread of life" and the spiritual activity of class participation.

Build your social and recreational calendar for 1946 carefully now. Let its aim be to bring in, in some way, every quorum member. Brigham Young said "Recreation and diversion are as necessary to our well being as the more serious pursuits of life. . . ."

(Concluded on page 47)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Aaronic Priesthood

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

WARD YOUTH LEADERSHIP OUTLINE OF STUDY

FEBRUARY 1946

Youth Speaks

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

DAROLD
CHAMBERS



THE SPIRITUAL RESPONSIBILITIES OF A QUORUM PRESIDENT

(Address delivered by Darold H. Chambers before a recent quarterly conference of the Ogden Stake. Darold is president of the teachers' quorum in his ward.)

PRIESTHOOD is the government of God.

It is power and authority given to men and boys to act in the name of the Lord. A great responsibility rests upon all who have received the priesthood, especially those who have been set apart to preside over priesthood quorums.

The Lord has declared that priest-

hood members are responsible for the "perfecting of the saints," the building up of the ministry, and the living and teaching and preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

hood members are responsible for the "perfecting of the saints," the building up of the ministry, and the living and teaching and preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

It is generally accepted that the Melchizedek, or Higher Priesthood, has to do with the spiritual welfare of the Church and that the Aaronic or Lesser Priesthood deals only with the temporal welfare of the Church. This may be true to a certain extent, but as I understand it, the Aaronic Priesthood is a sort of preparatory priesthood which has the responsibility of training young men to receive the Higher Priesthood with all of its spiritual blessings which are necessary for our exaltation and eternal life.

As president of my teachers' quorum, I like to feel that I have been made captain over a company of young men and that it is my duty and responsibility to see that each man under my command is turned out as a commissioned officer to help lead the armies of Jesus Christ in battle against the devil, to fight against sin and evil in the earth.

I must see to it that the training program outlined by my superior officers is carried out. I must have experienced advisors and qualified teachers. I must have two good lieutenants and a good adjutant to assist me in the work outlined.

If one of my company is absent from class, I must see that he is contacted at once. If he is ill or discouraged or backward, I must help him and encourage him. I must do everything in my power to see that all rules, regulations, orders, and standards are obeyed and carried out by every man under my leadership. I must know and understand the program. I must set the proper example before my men.

Now, in this great army of Jesus Christ we have the following "general orders" which are a part of our training program.

Faith, prayer, partaking of the holy sacrament at sacrament meeting, attendance at priesthood meeting, Sunday School, Y.M.M.I.A., the payment of tithing, the keeping of the Word of Wisdom, keeping the Sabbath day holy, serving as a ward teacher, refraining from taking the name of the Lord in vain, keeping ourselves morally clean, being honest and dependable, reverent and orderly, obedient to those in authority over us, and remaining true and loyal to the Church and kingdom of God.

It is my responsibility as president of the teachers' quorum to carry this training program of the Church into the lives of every member of my quorum.

A FARMER prepared an acre of ground for a pasture. He leveled it carefully and marked it off for effective irrigation. Business called him away for a few days before he had time to plant it. Upon his return he found that his seven-year-old son and the lad's playmates had made a medieval castle with numerous subterranean passages in the center of it.

The father's first impulse was to chastise the boy, but remembering his own childhood adventures, he put his arm around him and said, "Son, I don't mind your digging up the place, but I wish you would dig near the house and not where I am about to plant something."

A night or two later, when the father walked across the front lawn in the dark, he fell into a pit. The lad had obliged him by digging a hole close to the house.

The son's innocent but mischievous activities had the father perplexed until one day, when he was trying to irrigate a field of oats, the thought flashed into his mind: "How like water is human nature! Why I can no more keep my son from digging holes (or doing something else) than I can dam off this water in every direction."

This father discovered a great truth—that we are born into the world to function, to be active, to be creative. Life means activity. A child who cannot function freely and happily will not develop normally. Even when he is forced into verbal silence and physical inactivity, his mind and feeling are at work building up antagonisms and resentment against those who crush his innate urge to function.

To be happy in the Church, a boy or a girl must be active. Because of our very legitimate desire to protect them from the evils of tobacco, liquor, stealing, and unchastity, and to keep them quiet in the classroom, we Church workers naturally tend to restrict activity, to block off many outlets of energy frequently indulged in by youth. This is well and good, if we know how to do it. However, let us remember that a young person is much like an irrigation stream, he will "run" in some direction. Young people will not be denied all adventure and creation. If thrilling activity cannot be found for them in constructive and wholesome channels then they will get it in a reckless ride in an old car or by stealing chickens from John Brown.

The teacher or leader of youth should not think so much of corralling boys and girls as of finding ways in which they can give vent to their energies in harmless and helpful ways. The word *discipline* comes from

the same root as the word *disciple*, which means a follower. Church leaders should inspire young people to follow them into real religious living.

Too often we think in terms of doing things for them—giving them parties, banquets, awards. These have their place, but it is much more important to give youth something to do—something interesting, adventurous, creative. What shall this be? What priesthood, Sunday School, Mutual Improvement Association activity challenges the whole life of a boy—his body, mind, and heart?

Evaluate your ward activity program for youth. Next month we shall present some concrete suggestions on Church activities for youth.

Questions and Projects:

1. Is there any way in which human nature is like water in its behavior?
2. Is the quiet, subdued boy or girl necessarily better off than the energetic, even somewhat rowdy type? Justify your answer.
3. Does a youth have less need to express himself in Church than he does at school or home?
4. What is the literal meaning of the word "discipline"?
5. Why do young people sometimes get the idea that religion acts as a damper on life?
6. What truly interesting, energetic, challenging, and adventurous activities take place in the youth organizations of your ward?



Ward Teaching

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

Aaronic Priesthood

(Concluded from preceding page)

Latter-day Saint Girls' Program is Under Way

JANUARY 1 signalled the beginning of the new Latter-day Saint girls' program throughout the Church. Every stake and ward has had plenty of time to become fully organized since the program was announced during the October 1945 general conference, and full printed instructions were sent to each stake president and to each bishop shortly thereafter. Duplicate sets of individual record cards have been sent to each ward filing an order therefor. Other printed supplies will be sent as rapidly as they are received from the press.

We should like again to emphasize the instructions sent to stakes and wards:

It should be clearly understood by each worker in this program, whether he is a member of the stake committee or a member of the ward committee, that there are to be no new class organizations effected, no additional meetings held, no new courses of study provided, no additional social or recreational activities introduced for young women. It should be remembered that the sacrament meeting, Relief Society, Sunday School, and Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association provide a well-rounded Church program for the spiritual, intellectual, social, and recreational development of Latter-day Saint girls, and any attempt to supplement these programs, or to assume, in any way, the prerogatives of these respective agencies should not be permitted.

The Presiding Bishopric will welcome any correspondence or personal visits which will assist in making clear the objectives of this program and methods of procedure.

YOUTH'S BRIGHT WINGS

By Grace Sayre

Oh, let this small lad keep his fearlessness,
His upright outlook on a bewildering world
That suddenly seems gone mad. May his eyes hold
The eagerness of youth's bright wings unfurled.

May he be granted freedom from the stress
That weights the hearts of older boys and men;

He is so young,—let him have time to laugh
And build his dreams,—for he is only ten.

Yet may he share a sympathy with all
Who battle for the weak ones,—and the small.

WARD TEACHERS

The teacher's duty is to watch over the church always, and be with and strengthen them;

And see that there is no iniquity in the church, neither hardness with each other, neither lying, backbiting, nor evil speaking;

And see that the church meet together often, and also see that all the members do their duty. (D. & C. 20:53-55.)

Ward Teachers' Message for February, 1946

"LOVE AND KINDNESS"

MOST of us have a tender feeling of sympathy for a friend or neighbor who is stricken with affliction, but sometimes we fail to respond to the inner urgings to shed love and kindness each day unless moved upon by another's sorrow.

Every day should be a sabbath of love and kindness. Cheerfulness, thoughtfulness, good wishes, tender courtesies, helpfulness, and gentleness should begin with our first waking moments and should continue throughout the day. Love and kindness in all their simplicity should go out in the world to comfort those who are weighted down with grief, to uplift the discouraged and to revive interest in lives that are oppressed and lonely.

Many of us will never have the opportunity to do very much which the world considers great, but we can give constant consideration to the welfare and happiness of others; we can pause to be kind and thoughtful; we can render obliging services to our fellow men and thereby obey the divine injunction, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

In the description of the last judgment, recorded by Matthew, the qualities of love and kindness toward our fellow men are shown to be determining factors of our final destiny. In chapter 25, verses 34 to 40 we read:

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

After reading the foregoing verses it is evident that a love for our fellow men is proof of our love for Jesus Christ. There is no such thing as love for God which does not have its setting in our love for man. If we truly love the Redeemer of the world and the Father of all righteousness, our hearts will be full of love for our fellow men and this love will demonstrate itself outwardly in kindness and in loving service to others.

Let us, then, cultivate the inborn characteristics of love for others. Let us be kind and gentle toward one another. Let us incorporate into our lives the spirit of Christ which is the spirit of love and kindness.

No-Liquor-Tobacco

(Concluded from page 43)

a "Martini," "Manhattan," or other alcoholic drink is ordered, the waiter brings grapefruit juice, ginger ale, or any other nonalcoholic beverage which can be "dressed up" to look like the drink specified. The hotels practice this mild deception, happily, when the full price of the alcoholic drink is paid for its substitute.

"Our sense of integrity may resent this deception—at least to the point of not wishing to practice it ourselves.

But perhaps we could learn something from this somewhat surprising performance. That things are not always what they seem is only one of the obvious conclusions. The other is more important. Women who are professionally experienced in the fields of charm, success, and good books, know that beauty is short-lived indeed, when it takes on the innumerable burden of alcohol. 'No beautiful woman drinks'—neither her face nor her figure can take it."

Yes, it is "smart not to drink."



Genealogy

November 19, 1945

Dear Stake Chairman:

ONCE again it becomes our privilege, by official assignment, to present the program in the evening meeting of last day, January 6.

A number of wards have displayed gratifying ingenuity in presenting demonstrations, on similar occasions, of remarkable impressiveness. This time, therefore, we are suggesting that each stake or each ward work out the final details of this presentation, so as to make it most effective for their own local group.

We recommend that the meeting, including appropriate songs and music, be not longer than one hour to one and a quarter hours. The instruction given should be in the form of a dialog, a panel discussion or a brief and simple dramatization.

Examples suitable for this are found in the book, *Teaching One Another*. You may desire to read over these chapters and select one or two which

you consider most appropriate. From the story portion of lessons 1 and 2, with the aid of a reader and three characters, a pleasing demonstration could be readily worked out. Those participating should learn their parts and strive for effective and lifelike delivery. Or other chapters might be selected, such as 6-7, or 10-20, or 21, or again 37 and 42.

Please make your selection of material at once, complete arrangements with bishops for this evening to be reserved for the Genealogical Society, and have the chosen characters begin their rehearsing now.

We will deem it a favor if you will report to us, after this January meeting, the form your program took, and how successfully it was presented.

Sincerely your brethren,

THE GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY,

Joseph Fielding Smith,

President

Archibald F. Bennett,

Secretary

MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD

(Concluded from page 44)

Let this phase of the quorum activity and Church service committee work be outstanding in 1946, and watch your quorum grow!

Send to the general priesthood committee reports of your activities with pictures.

Organization and Functions of the Stake Melchizedek Priesthood Committee

THE responsibility of directing Melchizedek Priesthood activities rests with the stake presidency. As an aid to the stake presidency, it has been recommended that a stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee be appointed to assist in carrying out this important work. The stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee is composed of a member of the stake presidency who is the chairman, and as many members of the high council as is necessary but in no case less than three. It is recommended that each stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee appoint a committee secretary, who should preferably be the stake clerk, or assistant stake clerk, said secretary to maintain contact with group and quorum secretaries as a means of obtaining, checking, and transmitting quarterly, annual, and other reports of all Melchizedek Priesthood quorums within the stake.

It is understood that the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee has equal authority and responsibility in the supervision of the elders, seventies, and high priests, under the direction of the stake presidency, bearing in mind that this committee does not preside, but supervises, under the direction of the stake presidency.

It shall be the duty of the committee:

1. To train quorum officers in their duties

so that they might become more effective in their leadership.

- a. By conducting a monthly leadership meeting with the officers and leaders of the quorums or groups. (See section 7 of Letter P-13, "Supervision of the Melchizedek Priesthood program of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, November 7, 1945.")
- b. By stimulating and assisting quorum and group officers and leaders and assisting them to make their work more effective.
- c. By keeping in touch with the work and activities of all Melchizedek Priesthood quorums in the stake.
- d. By visiting the meeting of every quorum and group at least quarterly.
- e. By encouraging regular council meetings of the quorum presidency and by attending such council meetings from time to time, giving assistance through suggestions in wise planning.
- f. By seeing that instructions of the

Editorials

(Concluded from page 32)

descendants, to live gloriously by those principles, in spite of calumny and hostility, in spite of revilers within and without the Church. For if we do, we shall know in very deed of "the peace that passeth understanding," and we shall know furthermore that by our adherence to these principles, we have done our part to help preserve the best in our civilization.—M. C. J.

Council of the Twelve, relative to quorum activities are carried out.

2. To report promptly to the stake presidency any vacancy in a quorum presidency.
3. To make a quarterly report and to collect quarterly and annual quorum reports and send them to the Council of the Twelve.

Stake presidents are asked to give the organization of the stake Melchizedek Priest-

1946 Stake Conference Programs

THERE has been mailed to each stake president a supply of the 1946 stake quarterly conference programs, together with the scheduled dates of each conference.

hood committee careful thought and study and enter the new year fully organized and familiar with the recommended procedure.

This important committee acts as an executive and planning group, under the stake presidency, and will need to be very active. The objective is to bring all the Melchizedek Priesthood quorums into full activity. It is asked that everything practicable to obtain this objective be done.

Questions and Answers

FROM time to time we publish the important questions submitted to the committee, and the answers thereto, and it is suggested that the secretary of the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee preserve this information for the future guidance of the committee. The same procedure could well be followed by quorum secretaries, and in fact by all priesthood officers.

Question 29: We desire to send a high priest on a mission. Is it better to raise missionary funds by the quorum as a whole, or as groups, having the group undertake to maintain a missionary?

Answer 29: We recommend that funds be raised by the quorum as a whole for this purpose, to keep a missionary or missionaries from whichever groups are able to furnish such missionaries. The high priests quorum is a stake quorum, not a ward unit. It is desired that groups be quorum conscious and not independent units.

Question 30: Page 8 of the new outline for "Supervision of the Melchizedek Priesthood" states: "It is recommended that this combined monthly meeting be exclusively a priesthood meeting, and that the stake presidency meet with the presidencies and superintendencies of auxiliary organizations at another time for their leadership meeting." Does this mean that the genealogical workers, the stake missionaries, etc., are not to meet in connection with this meeting?

Answer 30: It is our recommendation that this combined monthly stake Melchizedek Priesthood meeting and monthly priesthood leadership meeting be limited to priesthood attendance, and that other leadership and union meetings be held at another hour.

If, in the judgment of the stake presidency, this is the best available time for the Latter-day Saint girls program leaders to meet, it is recommended that they meet in a separate place and not with the priesthood.



On The Bookrack

THE GOSPEL THROUGH THE AGES
(Milton R. Hunter. Stevens and Wallis, Salt Lake City. 320 pages. \$1.30.)

This is the 1946 course of study for the quorums of the Melchizedek Priesthood. It is based upon the doctrine, unique to Mormonism, that the gospel was revealed to Adam, the first man. The author proceeds to show that men, yielding to the temptations of the evil one, soon corrupted the simple doctrines of the gospel, and that this explains the fragments of truth found in nearly all religions. Such departure from the original and later revelations led to a succession of apostasies from and restorations of the gospel of Jesus Christ, culminating in the last restoration in these days. In developing this historical truth, nearly every gospel principle is passed in review. It is a fascinating theme, unusually well organized and written by Dr. Hunter, a member of the First Council of the Seventy, and a notable historical scholar.

Forty-one chapters, of easy length, fit into an equal number of quorum meetings during the year. For those who wish to make a deeper study of the subject, supplementary readings are suggested at the end of each chapter. At the end of the book itself are a set of problems to help teachers and students. A comprehensive index closes the book.

This study course will not only prove interesting and informative to quorum classes, but will find a permanent place in every priesthood bearer's library, for gospel information and reference.—J. A. W.

THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM
(Wendell J. Ashton. Bookcraft Company, Salt Lake City. 371 pages. \$2.00.)

No more fitting title could have been chosen for this book. Hosts of faithful men and women, loyal to their leadership, have built the kingdom of God. Since they have not occupied high official positions, their faith and achievements, often amidst much tribulation, have seldom been brought to general attention. But their names are inscribed in the Book of the Lamb.

From among the multitude of such personalities, the author has chosen eight for his book: Aurelia Spencer Rogers, Truman O. Angell, George D. Pyper, R. M. Bryce Thomas, Thomas L. Kane, Evan Stephens, Richard Ballantyne, and Dan Jones. Each one rendered service in his day from which we are now benefiting. The life lessons of each one may well be used by us of a later day.

The work has been done with unusual care. It is a scholarly piece of work. And, the author's style colors and makes vivid each story. The book is not only interesting, but most readable. It is a book for every home.

It is to be hoped that this volume is but a beginning in a poorly tilled biographical field.—J. A. W.

SOLDIERS OF GOD

(Christopher Cross, in collaboration with Major General William R. Arnold. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York. 370 pages. \$2.75.)

The chaplains of the army and navy in World War II turned men's hearts toward the powers of the unseen world, towards God; they comforted those sick in body or soul; they built faith for those who were to go into action; they dedicated

with words of hope the graves of those who had fallen on the battlefield. Sparing no risks, they shared the soldier's life, so that he might be buoyed up in the ugly though necessary tasks of warfare. The story of these devoted men is here told in collaboration with the former chief of the United States army chaplains. There are thirty-four pages of illustrative pictures. There is also a full list by name, church affiliation, and home address, of all chaplain casualties and decorations—and they are many.

—J. A. W.

THE WISDOM OF ISRAEL
(Lewis Browne. Random House, New York. 784 pages. \$3.95.)

This anthology will please all who have interest in the covenant of God with Abraham, and the long and tumultuous history of the sons of Jacob. The seven divisions best indicate the contents of the book: 1. The Old Testament; 2. Between the Testaments (The Apocrypha); 3. The New Testament; 4. The Talmudic Period; 5. Medieval Noon; 6. Medieval Night; 7. The Modern Period. In each part are judiciously chosen selections from the period represented. This makes a story of Israel's thinking and culture from the national beginning to the present form of the dispersion. It sets forth the first faith of Israel, deviations therefrom, and the outreaching for a return. There are humor, and pathos, and sound wisdom in every division. Jew and Christian alike will find interest in this work. The work is unusually well done, within the restrictions that are put upon any anthology.—J. A. W.

HEART THROBS OF THE WEST
Volume 6

(Kate B. Carter, Editor. Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City. \$2.50.)

The sixth volume of this excellent series is well up to the high standards set by the earlier issues. In fact, the contents of this volume make it well nigh indispensable for lovers of pioneer history. William Clayton's journal of the pioneer company is printed in full; in addition, there are stories of handcart pioneers, rugged men of the West, Indian wars; a list of pioneer undertakers, sextons, and cemeteries; the story and list of the monuments erected by the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers; and a list of the governors of Utah. The journal of the Forsgren Company gives a day by day account of the journey of a pioneer Danish company from Copenhagen to Utah; also sketches of the pioneer Peter E. Forsgren and Peter A. Munk, a member of the company.

This readable, interesting and informative volume adds to the already large credit of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers.

—J. A. W.

PROBING OUR PREJUDICES

(Hortense Powdermaker. Harper and Brothers, New York. 1944. 73 pages. \$1.00.)

In this postwar period, it is of tremendous importance that we make a study of our prejudices. This book is a particularly well-prepared treatise for high school students. The analysis of the topics is sound, and the questions for discussion are also well thought out and provocative. The five major divisions of the book will give an insight into the fundamental issues discussed and will indicate the worth of this study: What

Is Prejudice? Prejudice in the World Today, How We Get Our Prejudices, What Prejudice Does to Us, and What We Can Do About It.—M. C. J.

FIGHTING LIBERAL

(Autobiography of George W. Norris. Macmillan Company, New York. 419 pages. \$3.50.)

This volume records in Senator Norris' intimate style, the story of a man who dared to battle for his opinions, though he sometimes stood alone. The book is also a clear history of life and politics in the United States during the last half century. Such inside events as this book reveals are not easily obtainable.—J. A. W.

LONG'S BIBLE QUIZ

(J. C. Long, George W. Stewart, Publisher, Inc., New York. 91 pages. \$1.00.)

For real fun—in addition to learning more of the Bible—purchase this book for quizzes and have a good time around the family table, or when guests come to visit, or when you have church parties.

The book has fifty-two quizzes, one for each week of the year; so that if you want something to keep the family happy on Sundays, you may take time to read from the Bible—and then spend a few minutes on the quizzes.

The last two paragraphs in the Foreword are well worth recalling: "The real basis of *Long's Bible Quiz* is the feeling for the Bible as great literature, human, inspired, modern, applicable to the present day.

"A knowledge of the Bible is, in fact, essential for any one who wishes to appear educated in modern times. The war has directed public attention to the Mediterranean, the Near East, and the Far East. The spirits of centuries past rise and sit beside us as we read the daily news.—M. C. J.

THROUGH THE YEARS

(Emma H. Wakefield and Ramona F. Cottam. Provo, Utah. 1945.)

A NEW edition of *Through the Years* is off the press. This book with its arrangement and classification should be a great help in collecting family data, with an additional section for babies. It is a looseleaf journal in narrative style with instructions and illustrations on how to write one's personal history. Although it is not the official form adopted by the genealogical society, those who keep this record will have all the material at hand if they wish to place the information on the Church record sheets later.—E. J. M.

MY TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

IN CHINA

(John B. Powell. Macmillan Company, New York. 436 pages. \$3.50.)

In February 1917, the author stepped off a cargo boat in Shanghai, China, to begin a quarter of a century of life as a newspaperman in that country. Mr. Powell went to work for Thomas Fairfax Millard, prim and precise, but who refused to print anything in his paper for policy's or for money's sakes. The paper was titled, *Millard's Review of the Far East*.

The author indicates the wisdom and the foresight of China's grand old man, Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who had foresight enough to indicate what should be done by all in order that China might win her freedom, and that democracy might prevail in that part of the Far East.

The book is personal which makes for interest, but it is also factual which makes it of vital importance today when people in the United States are trying to find the truth about the great country who has been our ally.—M. C. J.

A STORY TO TELL

(Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah. 1945. 506 pages. \$2.00.)

HERE, compiled under one cover, are more than one hundred thirty stories for "teachers, parents, and children"—stories of the pioneers, stories of the Presidents of the Church and of the nation, stories of bravery, courage, honesty, loyalty, and reverence, stories for special days and seasons, stories from scripture, from history, from life—stories from our own Church literature and elsewhere, for reading by youth and for telling to youth. This commendable and attractive collection is the work of a joint committee of the Sunday School and Primary general boards. It fills a need acutely felt—the need for more Church literature for our children; and also a need acutely felt by adults in their teaching of children. When the *Grass Grow*, a new story appeared on page 748 of the December 1945 *Improvement Era*, is one of those which appears in this collection. And we confidentially predict that we shall find many adults reading these stories for their own entertainment and refreshment. *A Story to Tell* is a good book to have in any home, and its competent compilers and sponsors are deserving of earnest commendation for making it available.—R. L. E.

FROM MY LIBRARY WALLS

(William Dana Orcutt, Longmans, Green and Company, Inc., New York. 1945. 246 pages. \$3.00.)

FROM a full life as publisher, author, book designer, Mr. Orcutt has culled his richest experiences to include in this book which he subtitled, "A Kaleidoscope of Memories." The title gains special significance since in Mr. Orcutt's library are the stimuli which prompt these reminiscences.

Through England, Italy, France, as well as America, the author leads his delighted reader, and weaves so much of real and literary history, geography, and biography that he adds materially to a liberal education, and arouses the reader to become broader and better informed on the finer things of life. Every subject through Mr. Orcutt's writing brings to the reader a fuller joy and a more complete sense of well-being.—M. C. J.

AGAINST THESE THREE

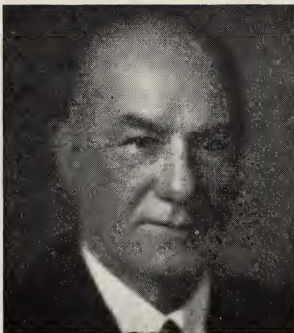
(Stuart Cloete. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston. 1945. 472 pages. \$3.50.)

FASCINATING biography of the three great men of Africa: Lengoula, Paul Kruger, and Cecil Rhodes, this book becomes one of the most significant of recent publications. The author, himself a native African, descendant of Jacob Cloete who landed in Africa in 1652 and received the first grant of land given to a white man at the Cape of Good Hope, knows the background, the biography and, furthermore, has a genuine interest in telling the truth about the three unusual characters whose influence in South Africa is still dynamically felt.

The author states in the first page of his book, "No incident, no moment, can be isolated in history. History is a continuous process in which effect, the result of previous cause, becomes the new cause of new effect." Since this is true, those who would understand the current picture of South Africa must learn of the early history of this region. And, surprisingly enough, many of the events and situations in this biography will point the way to some solutions in our own troubled times.—M. C. J.

Happy New Year!

• JOHN DANIEL FORD



JOHN
DANIEL
FORD

Music Typesetter

By

HAROLD H.
JENSON

SETTING type has always been regarded as an art. Once all type was hand-set. Then men dreamed dreams and invented machines. Gradually the setter of type gave way to machines that could do it and do it faster. That is, except in one field: music. A machine was never perfected to set music type. Therefore, the printing of music was expensive, not only because it had to be set by hand, but because the typesetter himself had to have a knowledge of music, and few have become proficient in this field. But the Deseret News Press has such a man in John Daniel Ford, their oldest employee, who is believed to be the only person in Utah who can set music type.

This is Brother Ford's story:

"I was born in Portsmouth, England, April 11, 1867, the son of John and Mary Ann Clark Ford. I was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the town of my birth in June 1876, by Abraham O. Smoot of Provo, and confirmed by Thomas Wilkes, president of the Portsmouth Branch. I came to America in 1879 and resided for a number of years on the North Bench of Salt Lake City, then called the 'Dry Bench,' as no drinking water was available for several blocks distant.

"I entered the employ of the Deseret News Publishing Company the latter part of 1885 when eighteen years of age, commencing in the press-room of the old adobe building where the Hotel Utah now stands. It was then under the management of the late George C. Lambert and foremanship of Carl Poulton. In three years I was transferred to the job department under the late Bishop Joseph S. Tingey, when I was asked by Manager Lambert to lay the music type in cases and to start to set music. In this work I was materially assisted by Professors Evan Stephens and Joseph J. Daynes.

In addition to this I was one of the first Linotype operators for the Deseret News when these machines took the place of hand composition.

"I married Miss Julia M. Hopfenbeck on June 17, 1891, in the Logan Temple, with Elder Marriner W. Merrill officiating. Eight children have blessed our home. On December 23, 1906, I was called as second counselor to Bishop James Maxwell of the Twenty-seventh Ward, Ensign Stake (now Emigration Stake), and was ordained a high priest and set apart by Elder Francis M. Lyman and President Richard W. Young of Ensign Stake. On March 3, 1918, I became first counselor to Bishop Maxwell, being set apart by President John M. Knight, and was honorably released February 12, 1922.

"I have had the privilege of setting the music for the *Deseret Sunday School Songs*, the Hawaiian and Samoan Sunday School song books, the *Primary Song Book*, and many other compositions of our local musicians. I recently completed sixty years of service in the employ of the News. I enjoy good health and still work daily on the fourth floor of the News building on Richards Street."

WE will again take up the story, for Brother Ford, in his quiet, unassuming manner has left much untold. He stands today six feet tall, and as straight as an arrow.

To set music in type, the whole piece of music must be laid out, and the staffs set, making due allowance for any extra notes; then the words are inserted exactly in their proper place. One must have a knowledge of music to know where sharps and flats occur, as well as the many markings that only musicians know. Such men as the late George D. Pyper, veteran superintendent of Sunday Schools, and the Church music committee have vouched for the worth of this man.

ENTERTAINING *Angels* UNAWARES

By Julia W. Wolfe

ANNE ROSS had always wanted to run a bookshop—new or second-hand, she didn't care which; school-teaching was not her bent, she had concluded, so this summer she had taken her savings and invested them in an old bookstore. The business was located in a rather large summer resort town, and the building was not in the pink of condition by any means. Living quarters were over the shop. With a grand air she had told her people that the investment was promising and that the little seaside village was delightful. But she suspected them of guessing the unbusinesslike truth, that she had succumbed to the temptation of having three thousand books of her own. Now she felt obliged to have a profitable season, if only to show them she was a "practical business woman."

In the old shop there were books everywhere. There were even books piled high in her living rooms. There were a few old pieces of furniture thrown in. Now all this was hers.

First, she attacked the shelves. Some of the volumes were almost new; some of them were two hundred years old. The price marks in the old ones were higher than the new. She dusted from John Adams to John Zwerner. Before two o'clock her back was aching with dusting old biographies and tales of missionary journeys. Suddenly she heard a thumping on the old door.

An odd figure was standing in the street, surveying her mildly through heavy glasses. He must have been at least seventy-five years old. There was something childlike in his odd expression. He wore a hearing aid, and his dress was almost shabby. He said: "I saw you working with the books. I thought, I'd come to call and read awhile."

"But I am not ready for customers," she shouted to him.

"That does not matter to me at all," he assured her. "I am not going to buy. I'll just take a chair and sit in the corner—as I used to do when Miss Cook had the shop."

He sat down, and rather than lift her voice again, Anne let him pick out a volume of poetry and settle himself; but she was exasperated with him and herself because she had meant to be so businesslike. It was a poor beginning to have as a visitor this strange person who frankly said he meant to be a reader—not a buyer. Wouldn't her twin brother, William, have thought it a joke!

BACK to work she went, but the flying dust failed to rout her visitor. He merely sneezed and read on and on.

It was not until Anne said she was closing that he took his departure.

She asked a person down the street: "Who is that queer old man?"

"I suppose he seems queer to you," said the woman. "But we are used to him. His name is Edward Rice. All the children and young people like him; he seems to do nothing but read."

"He's no ornament to my shop, though," said Anne.

"No, I don't suppose he will be. He lives off a little pension. The previous owner of the shop spoiled him, I guess."

Anne decided she would be firm. "I'm dusting all the poetry books today," she said to him the next morning, for he had appeared bright and early. "You won't find it convenient to read."

"I'd just as soon read philosophy today," he answered accommodatingly. "Poetry I like for steady ration, but I enjoy philosophy, too, when I feel equal to it."

Anne stood helplessly by while he picked out his book. She could not summon courage to renew the argument; instead she went on with her work.

So many problems arose in the next two weeks that Anne had but little time to spend on her visitor. Moreover, even when she finally put up a sign—"Ready for business"—many questions remained unanswered.

One day a fine looking old gentleman stepped out of a handsome car and asked, "Where is Miss Cook?"

"Oh, she has gone to California. I bought her shop and its contents," replied Anne.

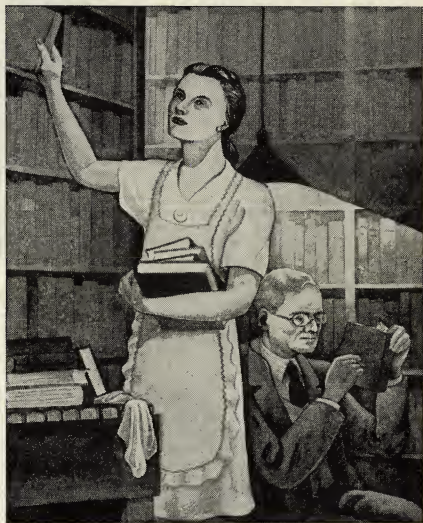
"Umph," grunted the man, "Where are the old schoolbooks?"

Anne remembered the pile of dog-eared primers and spellers and readers she had carried into the rear room.

"I'll bring them out for you," she told her customer, and soon spread out a lot of them before him.

"Anything new?" asked the old gentleman.

"Why, yes," said Anne. "Here are a couple I just priced." She had found them upstairs still unpacked.



—Illustrated by Robert Shepherd

The old man brightened as he looked them over. "How much?" he asked, holding up one.

Anne considered. It was a curious old volume, dated 1812 and illustrated with coarse wood cuts of impossible children; a cover of figured calico protected the back. "Twenty-five cents," she decided offhand. "It's in good condition."

The old man examined the unoffending book suspiciously and then slapped it down on the table and slammed the door as he hurried out.

"He must have wanted me to make him a gift," said Anne to her old steady visitor.

"What is the matter?" asked the man. "Let me look at it. That book is worth ten dollars. You had better look it up and see. It's one of those rare old primers printed in an out-of-the-way printer's shop. When you asked him only a quarter, he thought there was something wrong. He's a collector and knows all about books."

So Anne used her evenings examining Miss Cook's trade books and journals. She must learn her business. She studied first editions; she found that old volumes of Thoreau, Burroughs, Lowell, and Hearn were so amazingly expensive that they were almost impossible to pick up at auctions.

August was proving much more profitable than June or July. Miss Cook's old friends came in; they liked Anne's eager interest and rather ostentatious use of bookseller's terms that she had picked up.

"Don't let stocks get too low," one friendly customer said to Anne one day. "You have not purchased much this year."

"I haven't," said Anne. "I don't know yet what items to buy or where to find them."

"Learn by buying. Almost any farmhouse sale includes books. There will soon be a number of auctions. Why don't you try buying on judgment on some of the lots?"

Anne was impressed with the advice, and when the next week she heard of an auction in the village, she shut up shop, without telling her daily sitter about it. The village was small and auctions were really social events; it seemed to Anne that half the town had turned out to attend it. Edward Rice was there, too. He spied Anne and came up to her and said, "If you have come to buy, you ought to look out for Brown. He's a dealer from Dalton, and he's tricky. Miss Cook never had anything to do with him."

Anne was tired of hearing about Miss Cook's wisdom. There were ten piles of books stacked up. Anne looked them over; she found it hard to get an idea of them and hesitated to untie the bundles. There was a set of Waverley Novels that she decided to bid on; there was quite a demand for them, she had learned. A man on the other side of the table spoke up: "You don't want them; the edition is no good."

Anne glanced at him quickly. Then he added casually: "I see a fine copy of *Pickwick Papers* that you might like. I don't pay much attention to Dickens, but I'll make a bid—a small one."

Back in Anne's shop was a very desirable set of Dickens. When all the volumes were there it would be worth many dollars; she lacked *Pickwick Papers*. She began to feel interested.

Anne nodded. Her pocketbook held ten dollars.

"See here," proposed the stranger, leaning closer than was necessary, "What'll you give me not to bid on that lot? Nobody else knows what it's worth. You can get that book for fifty cents, I'll wager."

"And are you not bidding?" asked Anne.

"There are some items here I want in a few of these odd lots," the man lowered his voice. "Nothing much, but I can dispose of them. This is an unusually good auction. Suppose you don't bid against me on lots five and eight and nine, then I'll not bid against you on this lot with the *Pickwick Papers* item. We will divide when the auction is over."

"I did not come here for that sort of bidding," said Anne, shortly.

"My word! Why not? They can't do anything about it."

Anne walked away disgusted.

"Very well, then; I'll bid on *Pickwick Papers* myself," said the stranger.

THE auctioneer was now beginning—that important personage was in fine spirits. By the time he had moved over to the books, Anne had laid her plans. She meant to get lot number one with the *Pickwick Papers* if it took her last cent. Then, for all that, that other dealer might have all the others.

She saw at once that she had not followed Edward's advice. The stranger she had talked to was the bookdealer of whom he had warned her. It was too late to remedy the mistake now. She would have to bid high.

"Lot number one of ten fine books," the auctioneer chanted. "Number one books, all of 'em. What'm I offered?"

"One dollar," said Anne promptly.

"One dollar," roared the auctioneer.

The thin hand of the stranger went up: "Make it two."

"Two twenty-five," said Anne.

"Am I offered three dollars for this pile of books?" asked the auctioneer. "Let me see—one family book on medi-

"Five and a quarter," said the stranger. Anne dropped back; she did not raise her bid. She saw the auctioneer's clerk hand the books to the highest bidder.

As the auction continued, Edward Rice, of all people, was bidding against the strange book buyer. His devices for keeping track of the bidding diverted the crowd and exasperated the stranger. Edward never quite bought a thing, but he always stopped just under the stranger's top bid. The stranger was getting in a bad humor. When the sale was over, he dumped his books into a station wagon and drove off.

"Don't know when I have had so much fun," laughed Edward. He was grinning from ear to ear. "It was like a guessing game, and I guessed right every time."

"What were you doing?" asked Anne decidedly.

"Same thing that man tried to do," he answered blithely. "Only he guessed wrong. He thought you'd pay more than five dollars for that lot, but then he had to take them and pay for his poor guess. What was it you wanted in the lot?"

"*Pickwick Papers*," said Anne.

"Lucky for you you didn't get them. That copy had several pictures missing. I looked through all the books this morning."

"So he got an imperfect copy?" asked Anne.

"I wouldn't worry," said Edward. "He knew well enough it was mutilated. I saw him opening the books before you came. He never meant to buy it. He only wanted to make you pay high."

Then Anne felt humble and told him of her encounter with the book buyer. "Well, you will learn," said Edward. "Now come around to the back of the house with me."

On the outside cellar steps was an old bushel basket piled high with rare old books. "They were going to burn them," explained her adviser.

The basket held treasures. There were primers of the eighteenth century; spelling books that had been printed on

Anne had been a schoolteacher—now she was a bookdealer—

but she was to become—but that would give the story away!

"How I wish I dared look through those books!"

"See here," said the stranger, "You are the new owner of Miss Cook's shop, aren't you? Did she ever complete her set of Dickens?"

"Did she tell you about it?" asked Anne eagerly. "No; it needs this item." The next moment she wondered if she had been tactful. She dismissed the thought.

"Lucky you!" said the man not dropping the subject. "That set is worth a neat sum today. You bid high on this—when it comes up."

cine, one Cook's poems, one volume of Dickens and others too numerous to mention. Now, who the dickens will make it three?"

"Three," said Anne.

"Four," shouted the man in the rear. The crowd chuckled.

"Make it five," shouted the auctioneer.

"Five," said Anne hopefully.

"Five I have—"

By this time the stranger had walked close to Anne and was studying her closely.

"Five and a quarter," said the auctioneer.

remote presses; old histories with woodcuts of country towns in New York and Pennsylvania and Virginia when those states were partly wilderness. Anne's eyes fairly shone.

"Won't they take the eye of your old gentleman when he comes back," asked Edward.

"What will they want for these?" asked Anne.

"Well, Mr. Taylor said he did not want them in the auction because they were too old and musty. He did not want to burn them, either. I told him you would give him five dollars for the

(Concluded on page 52)

WOMEN'S WORK

(Concluded from page 23)

blame her for this. He would never see that it had nothing to do with her selling the quilts.

"It's like when you ate too much green corn last summer," Joe replied grimly. "Only we had the doctor for you, and he gave you medicine. We can't get the vet in this storm."

"What would he do if he came?" Sarah asked. "Can't you do it?"

"Those pigs are doomed," Joe said. "There's one thing we can try—and that's pap."

He went to the kitchen cabinet and began measuring flour and then brought morning's milk from the cellarway.

"There'll be no hams, no bacon, no shoulders," he said. Sarah was silent. Her mind went on naming things Joe hadn't—scrapple, sausage, lard, canned pork.

"How do they look?" she managed to ask.

"They look," he emphasized, "bad!" Then added, "They're weak in the back legs and kind of mokey already."

"I'm coming out with you," Sarah told him, hastily going upstairs for heavy clothes. She kept saying to herself, "It isn't because of the quilt money—it isn't." Going out to the barn with Joe she asked, "What could they have eaten?"

"I don't know," he answered. "I remember Dad's pigs got scouers from eating green apples in the orchard one spring, but ours can't get out."

THEY reached the barn after plowing through the heavy snow, and Sarah held her breath when they neared the pens.

"All five have it," Joe explained, "but the red one's the worst."

The black and white one which the children called Spotty looked pretty weak too. She watched as the pigs lapped the mixture. Their usual greedy grunting was missing.

"How long does it take for the pap to work?" she asked.

"We'll know before the night's over," he said.

She leaned against the pen and closed her eyes. Even with them closed she could still see the pigs. And pork was bringing sixteen cents a pound.

Joe brought milking stools, and they sat on them close to each other. Sarah cupped her chin in her hand. Time crawled by. They could hear Bella breathing in her stanchion and now and then Dolly stamped in her stall.

"Joe," Sarah said at last. "You can't blame me for selling the quilts. We needed the money so badly. This trouble with the pigs hasn't anything to do with that. They must have eaten something other than their regular feed."

"Something was bound to happen," he insisted.

There was no convincing him with

words. She would have to find what they ate.

"I'm going in to talk to Tom," she said.

Joe scarcely heard her. He was watching the pigs critically. "Some people give painkiller or paregoric," he said as though half to himself. "But I hate to dope my hogs."

Sarah left the barn. The children were undressing for bed, making a quick job of it because the second floor was cold. She sat down on Tom's bed.

"Tom," she asked, "did you feed the pigs lately?"

"Not today," he answered. "Are they bad, Mom?"

She nodded. "Think, Tom. What about yesterday?"

He shook his head. Discouraged, she kissed him good night and went to the kitchen. She stood there staring unseeingly at the table when suddenly her eyes focused on a plate of apples she had put on the table this morning.

"Tom," she called up the stairway. "Where did you dump that half-barrel of rotten apples I asked you to get rid of?"

Utter silence gave Sarah her answer. Then Tom replied, "I dumped it in the pigpens, Mom. Did that do it?"

"It must have, but never mind. You'll know better next time."

Back in the barn she told Joe, but he paid little attention.

"It doesn't matter," he said. "If it hadn't been the pigs, it would have been something else."

"Joe," Sarah said vehemently, "those pigs aren't going to die just because I sold my quilts. They'll live and be the living proof that superstition is foolish."

Joe said nothing, and they took their places on the stools again. Each hour Joe returned to the house for more pap. Ten o'clock. Eleven o'clock. She was ready to drop from weariness. Her eyes

burned. Those afternoon hours plodding from door to door were another existence. The journey through the snow was a lifetime ago.

MIDNIGHT passed and the pigs still lived. At two o'clock Joe said, "One more feeding, and we'll call it a night."

The pigs grunted and shoved as they lapped up the last in the trough. Spotty tried to crowd the red pig aside, but this time he seemed to have strength enough to hold his own.

Sarah scarcely dared breathe. Joe was gripping the pen tightly and leaning all his weight on it. They saw the red pig suddenly push Lily and plant two feet firmly in the trough. Two pigs lumbered off to the corner and sank down sleepily on some straw. The others grunted discontent at the empty trough and turned to look at Sarah and Joe.

"Sounds natural," Joe said, his voice husky.

They left the barn together, Joe helping Sarah where the snow was deep.

"I could sleep the clock round," Sarah said.

"I hope you learned something," Joe replied. "Some things you can't go against."

"I did learn something," she answered smiling. "I won't worry next time you're upset because one of the fruit trees is in bloom out of season, or because a sheep strayed into the churchyard! And in the spring I'll plant without worrying about the moon!"

Joe shook his head at such madness. He watched her fix the stove for the night.

"And, Joe," she added as they went upstairs, "after the plow comes through I'm going to town with two more quilts. We're going to put more trust in the Almighty!"

ENTERTAINING ANGELS UNAWARES

(Concluded from page 51)

lot, maybe. You don't have to pay him all at once if you can't. I'll carry them to the shop for you."

"I'll take them this minute," said Anne.

Though Anne was quite as capable of carrying the books as the old man, he picked up an armful and was off, shouting: "I'll be right back for the others."

When they reached the shop, Anne asked: "Why did you not buy these books yourself? You would have made a neat sum."

"Why should I want to deal in books so long as you let me read all I want at the shop? Besides," he said diffidently, "I can't do things like other folks. I

stutter, and I am just an old man with poor hearing. But I like to have friends that are strong and interesting like you, and if I can help them it is my greatest pleasure."

There was a remorseful lump in Anne's throat, but she spoke distinctly so that he could not miss a word. "We are friends!" she said. "Here is my hand on it."

She grasped Edward's awkward hand and gave him a smile of understanding gratitude. Thus disappeared Anne's pest, and in his place appeared her particular adviser and friend. Anne's shop made expenses that year. And that night Anne wrote home: "No one can ever again tell me that angels do not come unaware."

THE CHURCH MOVES ON

(Concluded from page 31)

Logan First Ward, Logan Stake, Wilhelm Pedersen succeeds Henry R. Cooper, Bennington Ward, Montpelier Stake, James A. A. Crane succeeds Clarence L. Wright.

Mt. Emmons Ward, Moon Lake Stake, William R. Evans succeeds Walter F. Kersiek.

Bear River Ward, North Box Elder Stake, Vernon L. Johnson succeeds Charles Checketts.

Burbank Ward, San Fernando Stake, Robert Roy Duke succeeds Walter F. Dailey.

Heber Ward, Snowflake Stake, Wilmer W. Porter succeeds Donald G. Crandell.

Midway Second Ward, Wasatch Stake, Joseph Jorgensen succeeds Alma Huber.

Missionaries Released

DECEMBER 1944

Canadian: David T. Edwards, Willard, Utah.

East Central States: Mark Martin Knight, Ogden, Utah; Sarah Rosett Y. Knight, Ogden, Utah.

Spanish-American: Fred C. Adams, Ogden, Utah; David M. Gaisford, Berkeley, California.

Texas: Gertrude U. Baker, Ogden, Utah; Mavis Baker, Ogden, Utah; Christine J. Ellefsen, Salt Lake City; Elias Ellefsen, Salt Lake City.

Western States: Clifford James Bell, Salt Lake City; Oneta Johanna Hansen, Moroni, Utah.

MAY

Argentine: Delbert Junior Harris, Layton, Utah; Donald Charles Hughes, Salt Lake City; Jack Lamar Huish, Douglas, Arizona; Ostler Hugo Jenkins, San Diego, California; George Russell Kerr, Los Angeles, California; Robert Riggs McKay, Salt Lake City; Eldred Carlyle Olsen, Provo, Utah; Grant Ricks Thomas, Sugar City, Utah.

California: Albert William Harrison, Rupert, Idaho.

Central States: Edward Addison Everett, St. George, Utah.

East Central States: Samuel Keiser, Sr., Salt Lake City; Mrs. Maxine Rice Hall, Parker, Idaho; Mable Mecham Winn, Preston, Idaho; Heber Ephraim Winn, Preston, Idaho.

Eastern States: Glade Byron Colton, Salt Lake City.

New England: Joseph Smith Wilson, San Diego, California.

Northwestern States: Doris Elsie Brian, Ogden, Utah; Charles William Brown, Fairview, Wyoming; Ernest Frank Charles Demke, Salt Lake City; Meta Zigahn Demke, Salt Lake City; Drucilla Fenn, Benson, Arizona; Sarah Catherine Holley, Thornton, Idaho; Donna Montague, Nampa, Idaho; Thomas Lloyd Redford, Salt Lake City; Nelma Tolman, Bountiful, Utah.

Northwestern States: Iris Fern Hamilton, Salt Lake City.

Texas: Elaine Dredge, Malad, Idaho; Maggie Mae H. Fletcher, Springville, Utah; Brent D. Hall, Nephi, Utah.

Southern States: Helen Bay, Salt Lake City; Emma Fannie W. Bryan, Tooele, Utah; John C. Bryan, Tooele, Utah; Esther Violet D. Camp, Malad, Idaho; William P. Camp, Jr., Malad, Idaho; Aaron Linden Cheney, Fairview, Utah; Brownell Z. Cox, Oakland, California; Eliza R. Manning, Farmington, Utah; George C. Manning, Farmington, Utah; Achsah S. McOmber, Pocatello, Idaho; Calvin D. McOmber, Pocatello, Idaho; Ellen B. Peterson, Fairview, Utah; Peter Lewis Peterson, Fairview, Utah; Emily Louise C. Vickers, Nephi, Utah; Thomas William Vickers, Nephi, Utah.

Spanish-American: Philon Benjamin Robinson, Boise, Idaho.

Western Canadian: Alton Bromley I. Miller, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada; Walter Miller, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada; William Wallace Roberts, Woolford, Alberta, Canada.

Southern States: William Francis Moss, Driggs, Idaho; Janie Graham M. Moss, Driggs, Idaho; Leendert Versluis, Salt Lake City; Lula Fox, Springville, Utah; Lorene K. Hoff, Los Angeles, California; James C. White, Susanville, California; Sam Jefferson Black, Phoenix, Arizona.

AUGUST

California: Albert G. Meyerhoffer, Salt Lake City.

Eastern States: Valmai P. Hennessy, Ogden, Utah; Virginia Price, Salt Lake City; Elaine Richards, Salt Lake City.

East Central States: Bernice Bingham, Ogden, Utah.

New England: Lizzie T. Horsley, Ogden, Utah.

North Central States: Silas A. Bushman, Salt Lake City; LaRee Turner, Riverton, Utah; Marjorie Elizabeth Yeates, Salt Lake City; Amy Verona Stucki, Idaho Falls, Idaho; Norma Baldwin, Sacramento, California.

Northwestern States: Evelyn Vilate Abraham, Kanosh, Utah.

Southern States: Idella Smith White, Clearfield, Utah.

Texas: Harriet Elizabeth Dale, Salt Lake City; Bertha Elizabeth Hiatt, Plain City, Utah; Parley Parker Butterfield, Riverton, Utah.

Western States: Mrs. Lula B. Carson, Venice, Utah.

SEPTEMBER

Central States: Niels Martian Lund, Fountain Green, Utah; Myrum E. D. Lund, Fountain Green, Utah; Mary Ann Hancock Jones, Ogden, Utah; William Squire Jones, Ogden, Utah; Norma Jones, Salt Lake City; Helen Elizabeth Pay, Salt Lake City.

Eastern States: Catherine Bowles, Nephi, Utah; Waltrout Gleue, Salt Lake City; Marvel Murphy, Ogden, Utah; Clara DeLores Stevenson, Salt Lake City.

New England States: Charles M. Maurer, Oakland, California; Ethel D. W. Maurer, Oakland, California.

Northwestern States: Charles C. Allred, Olympia, Washington; Eldon E. Eklund, Salt Lake City; Maurine G. Hiatt, Salem, Utah; Molly C. Lindell, Sandy, Utah; Glen L. Mehr, Logan, Utah; Esther Phelps Whatcott, Mesa, Arizona.

Northwestern States: Hilma Tanner, Fremont, Utah.

Texas-Louisiana: Jennie J. Biesinger, Salt Lake City; Thomas Kropf Biesinger, Salt Lake City.

Western States: June Taylor, Salt Lake City.

Excommunications

EDWARD MORRIS NORVELL, born July 30, 1895; no priesthood. Excommunicated October 21, 1945, in Mesquite Ward, Moapa Stake.

Horace Clayton, born October 27, 1890; no priesthood. Excommunicated May 10, 1945, in Ogden Twenty-second Ward, Weber Stake.

Idea May Clayton, born November 19, 1890. Excommunicated May 10, 1945, in Ogden Twenty-second Ward, Weber Stake.

Edla Stendhl Swanson, born April 20, 1866. Excommunicated October 25, 1945, in Hollywood Ward, Los Angeles Stake.

Lincoln Palmer, born November 22, 1896, a seventy. Excommunicated November 4, 1945, in Pittsburg Ward, Oakland Stake. Bessie Andrew, born September 6, 1903. Excommunicated, November 11, 1945, in LaGrande First Ward, Union Stake.

Arlene Ruth Doherty, born December 18, 1924. Excommunicated December 3, 1943, in Bangor Branch, New England Mission.

Ivan Fitzgerald Gardner, born April 18, 1905, deacon. Excommunicated October 28, 1945, in West Jordan Ward, West Jordan Stake.



COLONIAL HEIGHTS WARD CHOIR, PORTLAND STAKE

The choir of Colonial Heights Ward, Portland Stake, keeps two objectives always before it; the one: "Service to the Church," and the other: "Enjoyment of one another's company." These two objectives are sufficient to guarantee the success of any ward choir. This is the modest report of William T. Geurts, director of the choir.

Vera D. Riggs is organist; W. W. Hardy, choir president; William Powell, secretary; Flossie Pointer, librarian; LaVaun Holton, attendance officer. Scott H. Portridge is the appreciative bishop of the ward.—A. Schreiner.

LOOKING FORWARD

(Concluded from page 18)
other minister writing in the *Christian Century*.⁵ What their concept of spiritual values was they did not say. They conceded the fine organization of the Church, its high birth rate, its proselytizing spirit, its intense loyalties, the great brotherhood spirit it develops, its provision for wholesome supervised recreation for its young people—yet asserted it lacks spiritual values.

What would their comment have been, had they had the benefit of the research of Dr. T. T. Brumbaugh of the Wesley Foundation (student) of the Methodist Episcopal Church into the subject of religious education in the universities and colleges of some twenty-two states? Results of that research were not available, however, until 1938 when they were published in the *Christian Century* under the title "Mormons Show the Way."⁶ Here is an excerpt from Dr. Brumbaugh:

Unfortunately, . . . many denominational groups, both national and local, have not learned the lesson of association with others of kindred spirit in the common cause of combating materialism and greed with united stress on spiritual values and moral good. In realizing the importance of this, educators are in many places far in advance of religious leaders. In one state university I found that though the campus authorities were willing to grant recognition and college credit for courses in Bible, church history, and religious philosophy, the Methodists, Presbyterians, and other Protestant groups could not get together on a united plan. Great was the surprise, therefore, when it was found that the Latter-day Saints had met the university's requirements in a basic and nonsectarian presentation of the Bible and the spiritual interpretation of life, and were starting such courses of instruction under competent teachers in the local Mormon student center. . . .

Let this be taken as an example of undesirable Mormon aggressiveness, it is well to add parenthetically that there is no religious body in America today more alert, progressive, and cooperative in the field of religious education in academic centers than the Latter-day Saints.

Bernard DeVoto said:

Today it is no longer an experiment; it is solidly established and spectacularly profitable. As a society, it is in many ways admirable. Mormons live together in greater peace than the majority of Americans. They are conspicuous for all the civic virtues. In community health, elementary education, bank savings, ownership of land free of encumbrance, per capita wealth, infrequency of divorce and infanticide, and of crimes against persons or property—in all these things you will find the Mormon standard considerably higher than the American average. Statistically, Mormonism is an overwhelming success. And what is more impressive, it is a whole. The Saints . . . form a community with recognized objectives in the realization of which every member has an active part.⁷

He then asked why, these things being true, Mormonism had not swept the land. Because, answered he, it is self-

limited. It could be successful only on the lowest level of intelligence. It comprises beliefs almost incredibly absurd; it tried to include all the imbecile dreams that were contemporary with its rise, and every metaphysical, theological, and liturgical insanity of that period. It epitomized, said he, the religious nonsense of a full half century. Then he concluded:

Mormonism reflects perfectly its origin and authorship. It originated among the illiterate outscourings of the frontier; it has been recruited always from the ignorant and bankrupt; its growth must continue to come from them. . . . *The True Church cannot ever be proportionately larger than it is today.* [Italics author's.]

THOSE are rather strong words. If the observation was correct as to the origin of Mormonism and the source of its recruits, and was also correct in conceding to Mormons a conspicuousness for the civic virtues that gives them a standard high above the American average, how can Mormon doctrines be so ridiculous, insane, so imbecile, so incredibly absurd?

I am not so concerned over an accusation that the Church membership came from the dregs of humanity, even though it be untrue. Remember the words of the immortal Lincoln to the effect that God must have loved the common people; he made so many of them. Recall, too, that Jesus the Christ was born in a stable. It is not so important where this Church or any other church recruits its members, but it is important what it does for those members after they are recruited.

And if it is capable of lifting the least of humanity so far above the American average, is that not at least some proof of the soundness of its doctrines?

Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? (Matthew 7:16.)

And why should doctrines be self-limiting? If good for the common man, why should they not be of some worth to the so-called intelligentsia? What of the researches of Dr. Edward L. Thorndike of Columbia University into the origins of American men of science who have achieved distinction, and of Americans generally who have achieved distinction. Dr. Thorndike made the discovery that the state of Utah, whose population at the time under investigation was seventy-five percent Mormon, led the entire nation in both categories.⁸ In producing scientific men of distinction Utah was more than double the national average and thirty percent above its nearest competitor. In producing men of general achievement as measured by those listed in the American *Who's Who*, it again doubled the national average and was twenty-two percent above its nearest competitor, blue-blooded Massa-

chusetts. Further research by others following up Dr. Thorndike's report has disclosed something of the bearing had on these facts by the doctrines of the Mormon Church. Men from its ranks who have achieved distinction have freely given credit to such teachings as the doctrine of eternal progress, "The glory of God is intelligence," "Man is saved no faster than he gains knowledge," "Know the truth and the truth shall make you free," and that beautiful concept, "As man now is, God once was; as God is, man may be."

Do those doctrines sound self-limiting? Do they sound as though the forward thrust given at the outset is dying out?

The onward march of events is supplying the answers to those questions. In the decade from 1930 to 1940, while the nation's population was increasing 7.2 percent and churches generally averaged but little more than holding their own at 7.86 percent, and some actually lost ground, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints grew 14.7 percent or nearly double the national population increase; and if the fourteen-year period from 1930 to 1944 be considered, its growth was from 700,000 to 937,050, or thirty-four percent.

It is true, as some of these commentators have said, many young people have been leaving Utah for the East and for the Pacific coast; but not as they infer, to the loss and disintegration of the Church. These young people are carrying Mormonism with them and spreading it. Just as Joseph Smith predicted, stakes of Zion are being established and strengthened everywhere.

We have with us today Ezra Taft Benson, one of those who left his home a number of years ago in search of opportunity. He removed to Berkeley, California, to do graduate work at the university. In due time, his abilities were recognized, and he was called to Washington as the general secretary of the National Council of Farmers Cooperatives. There, mingling and working with the nation's great, he yet had time for his Church, and served as the first president of the Washington Stake. And then, with the tempting opportunities of riches in the business world within his grasp, at the call of his Church, he turned his back on them to take up the service of the Master.

Nonsensical? Absurd? Yes, by worldly standards, even insane, perhaps. But that is what has made the world move forward. That is what Mormonism does; that is why the Church has grown and grows.

For Zion must increase in beauty, and in holiness; her borders must be enlarged; her stakes must be strengthened; yea, verily, I say unto you, Zion must arise and put on her beautiful garments. (D. & C. 82:14.)

(NOTE: From an address delivered at the commemoration of Oakland Stake's tenth anniversary.)

⁵"Men of Science," *Improvement Era*, p. 76, February 1944

⁶*Christian Century*, April 20, 1938
⁷*American Mercury*, January 1930

⁸*Science News Letter*, August 31, 1940; *Scientific Monthly*, May 1943

Are You Ready

(Concluded from page 25)

very tired, at first, but with home cooking, good sunshine and rest, youth heals rapidly.

In a few days she mentioned that she had hoped to get a certain walk in by fall so that the rain wouldn't make so much mud; not a request, or a hint; just a statement. A couple of days later one of the boys asked where she had planned on getting the cement for the walk. She told him that she had a charge account at the lumber yard. He said no more, but next day he brought the cement home in his mother's little car, and by night he had prepared the ground and made the forms for the walk. She didn't ask questions. At dinner he told her that he had expected her to be out telling him how to run the walk and how wide to make it. She replied that he could do a better job than she. Thus relieved to find that she looked with pride upon his job and still thought him capable of doing it by himself, his pride did not enter into it when he asked her how high above the lawn she wanted the walk. Again she simply gave information about the amount of water that ran by during a rain and left the rest up to him.

EQUALLY skilful, she waited for the other to step back into normal life again. She welcomed and opened her heart and home to the two new wives that her boys brought. She complimented them on their choice and tried very hard to let the girls know that it was real love that she had for them. The result? The two brothers pooled their savings and bought a farm and are bending every energy to getting homes built on it, and the community has two very fine new families. The mother has little stars in her eyes because her boys have become men and want to be near her. The community has gained more fine citizens.

Recently I visited the farm, and, while one of them showed me where he was going to plant this crop or that crop, I noticed that he overlooked one piece of flat land. I asked him what he was going to plant there and he replied, "Oh that? That place is firm all the year round. That is to be our landing field. We're buying a plane to fly berries and such things to market while they are still fresh."

Your son has become a man. He is no longer a child. Respect him, and he will turn to you for advice. He still has much to learn. Treat him as you would any other man whom you respect but without ceasing to show your affection for him.



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Until Our Boys Are Home...

please travel only when absolutely necessary. Transportation and hotel facilities in the West are still crowded with men coming home from the Pacific. But when travel is necessary, make your hotel reservations well in advance and cancel those you don't need. Thank you!

Hotel Temple Square

Clarence L. West, Mgr.



(Continued from page 24)

cess so far. The last one, an outing marking the twenty-fifth anniversary, was a great success with over two hundred in attendance. At this outing Elder Richard L. Evans, of the First Council of the Seventy, representing the General Authorities, spoke to the more than two hundred persons present. Bishop Holger M. Larsen, of the Tenth Ward, also spoke, representing Dr. John A. Widtsoe of the Council of the Twelve, who has charge of Church activities for the deaf. On November 3, a successful bazaar was held in which many worth-while articles of clothing, household necessities, toys for Christmas, etc., all made by deaf people, were sold.

At the present time the membership in the Sunday School class rolls stands at sixty-four. There are about one hundred thirty-five deaf people in Salt Lake City and its suburbs. About eighty-three percent of these are members of

the Church. Of this number about twenty-five or more couples have been married in the temple. A few others have received their own endowments. Many others who have married in the temple have moved out of the state where they are gainfully employed.

In conclusion, so far as the desire for religious learning by the deaf is concerned, they are ready and willing to absorb all that is offered them. What they need most now is the privilege of having a fully organized branch with all its Church auxiliaries, and the necessary facilities for holding the various meetings, parties, recreational activities, etc., but before this can be realized a chapel and amusement hall will need to be built, and it is for these that all the deaf people of the Salt Lake valley are working and praying.

... O Lord, thou art our Father; we are the clay and thou our potter; and we all are the works of thy hand. (Isaiah 64:8.)

TRIBE OF VERY MUCH WIND

(Continued from page 17)

My "Indians" never did anything by halves, and soon we were invading the University tennis courts, at daylight, two or three times a week. How rapidly they developed skill and speed. Of course, a tennis tournament was inevitable, which ended in a brilliant, evenly-matched championship game, one beautiful morning in August. And when it was over, one of the youngest boys in the class was our tennis champion. And only I, knew that the older boy who was defeated—after having led the field since the beginning of the season—had lost the championship by the spontaneous sacrifice of a doubtful point, in favor of his younger opponent; but good sportsmanship was characteristic of my "Indians."

After the tennis tournament was over, we turned our attention to the adventure which was to climax our summer activities—a trip to attend Sunday School at Brighton, in Big Cottonwood canyon. The boys had been working for this trip all summer, and had faithfully earned it. To enjoy the familiar exercises of the Sunday School, in the picturesque setting of the rustic Mutual home, high in the mountaintops, was a hallowed experience, made perfect for us, when some of our boys were asked to assist with the sacrament just as they did at home. But when I recall that eventful day, I like best to remember a quiet hour of Sabbath inspiration with my "Indians," out in the open with a superb panorama of scenic beauty surrounding us. It was there that I first told them the real story of the tennis championship game. Did I just imagine that the surpassing beauty of the scene made the story more impressive?

There was still time for one more summer adventure after that. Through a friend, who belonged to the National Guard, we were allowed to use some

army horses—and the boys added skill in horsemanship to the long list of their accomplishments. Was there anything they couldn't do?

At last our joyous summer was over, and what a wealth of gifts, both physical and spiritual, our good times together had brought us. What an inspiration the boys had been to me, with their spontaneous enthusiasm, their good sportsmanship, and their clean habits. Never had questionable language or discourtesy marred the spirit of our happy association.

AFTER the first snows of winter had blanketed our favorite trails, I wondered what my "Indians" would do with all their surplus energy. Then, after attending an "Indian" party one night, at which my hostess had presided as Nokomis, I had an inspiration. My pals had been such good "Indians" all summer, I would give them an Indian party.

Without delay, I began to plan the details. For one whole evening, we would be an "Indian" tribe, and I would be Nokomis. Of course we would hold a tribal council, with suitable ceremonies, during which each of them would be given an Indian name. My only knowledge of Indian lore was limited to school day memories of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," and similar stories. But surely I could think of a dozen Indian names which would serve my purpose for one evening. So almost at random, I made my list.

Cooper's *Last of the Mohicans* suggested the name of "Hawkeye," which I assigned to one of the most enthusiastic of our adventurers. For our youthful tennis champion, the name "Little Warrior" was remotely suggestive. Our tennis tournament hero became "Firebrand" for no better reason than that his hair was red. Then other names, such as Red Feather, Lone Pine,

Grey Owl, were assigned to other members of the class, for no special reason at all. As for the name of the tribe, I would borrow that from the friend who had given me the party idea—"The Tribe of Very Much Wind."

With my list of Indian names complete, I turned my attention to Indian costumes. Nokomis would need an Indian blanket and a feather headdress, and she needed feathers and war paint for each member of the tribe. I had a blanket with a colorful Indian design which I could use, and lipstick would serve as war paint. Then I secured some chicken feathers from a poultry dealer, which I sewed to red calico headbands, and my costumes were ready.

But when I began to plan the "tribal council," my imagination ran wild. The more surprise, mystery, and suspense I could introduce, the more my "Indians" would love it. Of course my own home would become the "Wigwam of Nokomis," but that would be a surprise. I would send them on a long trail to find it, guided by mysterious messages they would find along the way. When they finally found it, Nokomis would be ready to receive them in tribal council, and would wait in solemn silence for them to take their places. So I prepared place cards, by which they would find their places, and learn their Indian names. Last of all, I wrote some messages for Nokomis.

FINALLY the day arrived, a clear, frosty evening in late November. When the boys were all assembled, almost bursting with curiosity about the surprise they had been promised, they were given in the following:

Old Nokomis sends this message,
To the Tribe of Very Much Wind!
Choose ye now from those among you,
One you wish to be your chieftain;
He will lead you on your journey
To the Wigwam of Nokomis.
There you'll meet in tribal council
With the friendly Old Nokomis,
There you'll learn the tribal secrets
And receive the tribal symbols.
There you'll roast the tender deer meat
From your last successful deer hunt.
O'er the red-hot glowing embers,
Which Nokomis will have ready.
There the tribe will all make merry
Feasting on the roasted deer meat,
Having many other good things
To refresh the tired warriors.
Meanwhile will your paleface teacher
Haste away to join you yonder
At the Wigwam of Nokomis.

A chieftain was soon appointed, who was given the first of the messages which would guide them on their trail. Then away they went, and never did a band of Indian pathfinders follow a trail with greater ease and dispatch! When they reached the end of the trail, and found a strangely familiar, blanketed Nokomis solemnly waiting for them, they promptly accepted their own roles, and found their places in silence. Then each one in turn answered to his new Indian name, and knelt before Nokomis to be decorated with war paint and feathers. Then they learned the tribal chant, and Indian dance, and

soon, a strange new, befeathered Indian tribe began to prance, to the lively accompaniment of their chant.

And for the rest of the evening, there was no more silence or solemnity! With characteristic wild Indian hilarity, they roasted their wiener "deer meat" under the "red-hot, glowing" coils of an electric broiler, and no venison was ever consumed with greater relish.

Then, with their usual resourcefulness, those "Indian warriors" took charge of the affairs for the rest of the evening, promptly discarding plans for indoor activities, and soon the frosty

night air rang out with the war whoops of a dozen "Indian braves," as they escorted Nokomis on breath-taking flights down a snow-covered coasting hill not far away.

So the "Indian party" ended with a thrilling finale. But the "Indian tribe" which was born that night, the tribe which had been conceived so lightly, for one evening of fun, refused to die. All through the years since then, its legend has lived in the hearts of its members, binding them together with everlasting ties of friendship and loyalty.

(To be continued)



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SOUTHGATE WARD, LOS ANGELES STAKE, GLEANERS



Southgate Ward, South Los Angeles Stake, Gleaner Girls, who have met regularly for three years. Many of these girls are planning to be Golden Gleaners. They have sung in four wards of the stake and in one of the outside wards.

EAGLE SCOUTS



Eighteen Scouts of Troop 192, Sugar House district, received their Eagle Scout awards at traditional and impressive ceremonies at the Edgchill Ward, December 2. This is believed to be a national record. Each boy had to win a specified number of merit badges including the coveted life saving and the identification of forty species of birds in the field. A total of fifty nights camping for each Scout had to be accomplished to fill requirements. Those Scouts receiving the award ranged from thirteen years old, who had completed the minimum of eighteen months scouting, to boys considerably older. Speakers on the program included D. E. Hammond, chief executive of the Salt Lake Council; G. R. Hill, president of the Salt Lake Council; Thomas Wheeler, president of the Sugar House Stake; and Mayor Earl J. Glade.

Troop 192 is the largest in Salt Lake City, having seventy-three members. Three additional Scouts received their Eagle award during 1945, and the troop has four other Eagles, making twenty-five Eagle Scouts in the troop. Alma Janke is its scoutmaster. Joseph H. Grow is Sugar House district commissioner.

POLL PARROTS OR THINKERS?

(Continued from page 16)

well one can put things together. Someone has said that the English language should be used to express thought, but often it is used instead of thought.

I want to make myself clear: Our conventions and meetings of like nature are programmed with too many written talks. Very often if the audience didn't have manners and were not as thoughtful as they should be for the fellow reading the manuscript, they would groan in unison when they see him unroll his frozen discourse. I repeat again, what is a talk for? It is to stimulate! Written talks as a rule do not stimulate—we tolerate them. If we who listen would be more kind and less critical, people, who are put on the program to guide our thoughts, would feel more at ease and would give us more to think

about. When the speaker is before us, we want to see his eyes sparkle and his countenance send a message along with what he says. I repeat again, the test for a talk is not in how does it look in print, but what does it do to us?

LET'S teach our children to talk to us, not at us. When they appear before us, let's encourage them to be themselves, and of course their better selves. Let us encourage them to read much, converse much, study all angles of what they are going to present, seek in every way to get the best thought—yes, and if necessary make notes to guide consistently and thoroughly what they're going to say. We want to be stirred by the spirit.

Good sense dictates that there are occasions when a talk should be given

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Poll Parrots or Thinkers?

word for word. This is especially the case in most talks over the radio. Many official instructions from the leaders of our Church and nation must be constructed carefully and given verbatim. In these observations I am keeping these occasions in mind, but I am emphatic in saying we are overdoing it. We are frightening people to death in our expecting perfection—we are driving too many to read talks because we are not more kind. "... The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." Let us have more life.

I shall never forget a twelve-year-old deacon giving a talk some time ago in a stake conference. He started off at a good clip, but halfway through he stopped. He was like the fellow who was stuck with nothing to unload. Well, it sounded as if Pa wrote it; Ma corrected it; and Bill ran it off on the typewriter. Some of those words were just too big for his tongue. He hesitated—he turned red—the poor little fellow was embarrassed to death. I sat immediately behind him—I could touch him. Seeing his predicament, I finally pulled his sleeve, and I said to him, "Young man, wouldn't you like to tell us right from the shoulder what is in your heart?" He straightened up, put his chin to the sun; fear left him. Then words came to him like fresh water from a spring. Not every man there had his handkerchief out, but that boy that morning "melted" the priesthood of that stake.

May heaven's blessings ever be with the boy or girl who makes such humble beginnings.

Let us not raise parrots—let us, with the inspiration from our Heavenly Father, develop devout thinkers.

Prepare... or Repair— Prevent... or Repent

MORE Americans have been killed and injured since Pearl Harbor by traffic accidents than have been killed and wounded in the war, and winter is a salient element of the traffic safety problem. Major winter hazards are skidding and reduced visibility. Practical precautions and sensible driving practices will minimize those added hazards.

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1. Maintain visibility
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6. Signal intentions clearly as possible

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The ERA

A WELCOME GIFT
THROUGHOUT THE YEAR!

A MORMON WIFE

(Concluded from page 21)

Grandma would decide that it was immodest to wear such a short dress and would let the hem down. If I objected, that now instead of being too short it was too long. Grandma's comment was always the same: "Never mind, you'll grow to it." This reminder, being so deadily true, gave me scant comfort.

If my mother minded using the lowly tithing office scrip which her husband received as part of his salary and which was passed on to her, she gave no sign, but we children heartily disliked this church money. It meant that after mother had made her purchases we must go and pick them up, since there was no delivery. Mother didn't seem to appreciate the fact that little girls have their pride and that it doesn't exactly expand their egos to be met by their friends lugging home a wash boiler, a new broom, or something of the kind. Father said that such pride was false pride.

Yet who shall say that the "seven lean years" which our family knew before things began to pick up were not "all for the best" as dear Grandma Grant always contended they were? Certainly they brought about a family solidarity that could not have been so well effected otherwise and gave us a sense of the true values of life.

WHEN quite young each of us was given a personal allowance. Under mother's supervision, which she gradually relinquished as we grew older

and more capable, we bought our own clothes and learned that we "couldn't eat our cake and have it too." I have ever been impressed by my father's absolute fairness to his children in giving us those allowances. When we were older, we went to his office and received a monthly check. We were taught to pay the Church requirement of one tenth on this money, not that we had earned it, but in order to form the habit. I have often heard my father say that "the purse is the tenderest part of the human anatomy," and he wanted us to learn early to release the purse strings.

In our childhood the only help that could be afforded in our large home was that contributed by a schoolgirl who worked for her board and room. Obviously, there was much more to be done than she could take care of, which meant that each member of the family must be responsible for certain definite duties. Nothing could have been better for our development. After our fortunes bettered and we had a full-time hired girl, as she was called, the same rule obtained that each must do her share to supplement the work of the maid of all work, for there was still more to be done than one pair of hands could accomplish. While we were still in grade school, Edith, Anna, and I, besides our individual tasks, did the lunch dishes. This was worse than it sounds. The older girls came home from their downtown jobs to lunch, for we lived but two blocks from Main Street; we, too, hurried home from school during the noon hour; Mother of course was there, Father often; Grandma always, and per-

haps a visitor or two. The dishes were "scrapped and stacked" ready for us. The minute we returned from school we must take off our school dresses, don our play dresses and go to work. How I hated those dishes! They had dried from standing, and as I recall them now it seems as if the stacks of plates and saucedishes stretched skyward. I acquired a distaste for dishwashing at that time that I never expect to overcome. Give me a broom, or a mop, or a dusting-cloth any day in preference to a dishcloth!

When we did extra tasks, such as helping with the spring house-cleaning or sprouting the lowly potato, we were paid for them, thus giving us a sense of the worth-whileness of our efforts and encouraging us to save. After the tithing had been paid on these amounts, we could do with the remainder as we chose.

The custom in the Sunday School, which still obtains, of asking each child to donate ten cents towards the expenses of the organization, was in effect at this time. We never thought of asking our parents for the amount, but when we brought the little envelopes home from Sunday School which we had been asked to return in a week for "Dime Sunday," we put them carefully away and began looking about for something we could do for pay. Our parents had impressed us with the fact that we were not really giving unless we sacrificed some money that our own efforts had produced. A small sum—ten cents—but a big lesson went with it.

(To be continued)

CHARGE TO PRESIDENT McDONALD

(Continued from page 15)

But there is another measure of achievement.

Jesus, teaching his disciples his crucifixion and resurrection, and the meaning thereof, urged them "to take up his cross and follow him," declaring:

For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? (Matt. 16:26.)

On another occasion, speaking of the doctrines he taught, he said:

If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself. (John 7:17.)

This is a fuller measure, a new aim and purpose, another and supreme value as against things worldly, the salvation of man's soul. It brings us back to the beatitudes, with their beauty and eternal wisdom and their everlasting promises and blessings: Blessed are the poor, and the meek, and those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, and the merciful, and the pure in heart, and the peacemakers. (Matt.

5:3-9.) It brings us to the Lord's promise in our day:

But blessed are the poor who are pure in heart, whose hearts are broken, and whose spirits are contrite, for they shall see the kingdom of God coming in power and great glory unto their deliverance; for the fatness of the earth shall be theirs.

For behold, the Lord shall come, and his recompense shall be with him, and he shall reward every man, and the poor shall rejoice;

And their generations shall inherit the earth from generation to generation, forever and ever. (D. & C. 56:18-20.)

THUS we deal here in these school precincts with the mind and the body not only, but with the soul also—the immortal man, that which endures forever, in peace or in trouble as his days on the earth demand. We are now concerned for the just and the unjust. We are now mindful of goodness and righteousness. We come to Paul's wisdom:

For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. (I Cor. 15:22.)

We must know the way of Christ,

that we shall live in happiness, for God has made known in our day that—

... men are, that they might have joy. (II Nephi 2:25.)

These everlasting principles bring realization that life in eternity is now involved, and since eternity is infinitely greater than time, we cease to think primarily of time and regard only eternity as finally essential.

Thus the school has a dual function, a dual aim and purpose—secular learning, the lesser value, and spiritual development, the greater. These two values must be always together, neither would be perfect without the other, but the spiritual values, being basic and eternal, must always prevail, for the spiritual values are built upon absolute truth.

The philosopher, in his worldly way, may speak of relative truth in the field of ethics and worldly knowledge, a concept that today and here may be truth, but that tomorrow and there may be error, a truth based upon man's development, his learning, his ethics, his concepts, his hopes, his aspirations, his

Charge to President McDonald

environment, his economics, his society, his government, and therefore varying as these constituent elements vary.

BUT this, President McDonald, is not the truth we are to learn here. We here deal with absolute truth, rarely the whole, the complete truth, for that we may not comprehend, but that part of it which we can understand, and which never ceases to be truth even when the full measure is finally revealed. Man has his limitations, the limitations of the finite mind and intellect which obviously cannot encompass the infinite. Quarrel has been raised with the account of the creation as given in Genesis. But I wonder if man can yet grasp much more than that account, even with our great progress in knowledge. If, responsive to the well-known maxim that in the face of three variables man's mental powers and equipment are helpless, if under this principle man cannot develop a formula that will embrace the interrelationship of three heavenly bodies, what could he do with a formula covering the interrelationship of the members of our whole solar system, and then with the interrelationship of that system to our universe, and then to the interrelationship of that universe to others dimly glimpsed in the far reaches of the mighty deeps? We are likewise limited in the domain of chemical and physical formulas, and in the secrets of biology, and indeed in the mysteries of life itself.

Well did the Lord declare to Job:

Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?

Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me.

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding.

Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it?

Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner stone thereof?

When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy? . . .

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?

Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?

Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth? . . .

Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts? or who hath given understanding to the heart?

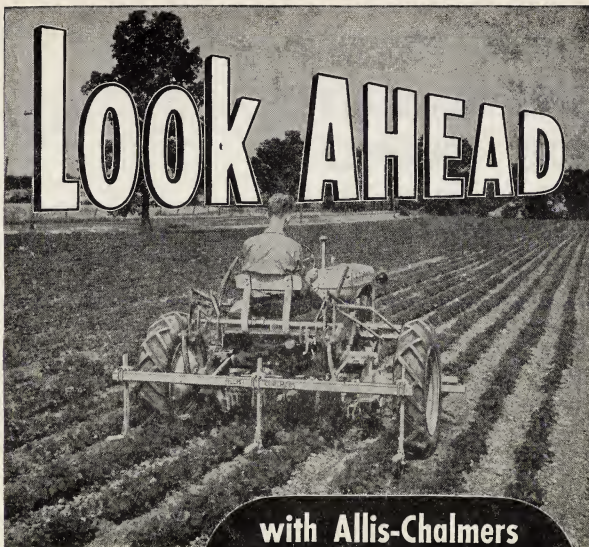
Who can number the clouds in wisdom? or who can stay the bottles of heaven.

When the dust groweth into hardness, and the clods cleave fast together? . . .

Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks? or wings and feathers unto the ostrich? (Job 38:2-7, 31-33, 36-38; 39:13.)

And so on through the long list of incomprehensibles to Job. Surely Job spoke in wisdom when he answered

(Continued on page 62)



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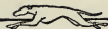
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CHARGE TO PRESIDENT McDONALD

(Continued from page 61)

God, declaring his own littleness, which is the inherent incapacity of man for the infinite. As our knowledge has widened, we, to Job's incomprehensibles, have added almost a universe of unknown physical phenomena. Others come daily, and so it shall be to the end.

But we here, President McDonald, have at our hands, unchanging, ultimate truths which God has vouchsafed to us for our guidance, salvation, and exaltation.

They are our shields against temptation, and our redemption from sin.

They give us the light for our feet; they guide us on our way.

They draw aside for us the curtains of heaven, that, like Stephen of old, we may see the

... glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. (Acts 7:55.)

They are the rocks upon which we build our house that the winds and storms wash not away.

They are the bridge connecting time with eternity, mortality with immortality; over it we walk from worldliness into salvation.

GOD has revealed to us that he is the Father of all, and that he loves and cares for the righteous everywhere, and seeks ever to bring back the wayward to his ways.

He has made known that Jesus is the Christ, the Only Begotten of the Father, the Redeemer of the world, the First Fruits of the Resurrection.

He has shown to us that as Jesus died, lay in the tomb, and was resurrected, so shall it be with every son and daughter of God.

He has manifested to us that he is a person, that Christ is another person, and that the Holy Ghost is a third person, and that these three make the Trinity of the Godhead.

He has taught us the immortality of the human soul, itself a trinity of intelligence, of spiritual body, and of mortal body, and that after the resurrection, our trinity reunited, we become perfected beings.

He has given to us the knowledge that our spirits existed in the spirit world before they came to the earth and took a body; that they live here on the earth in our bodies; that they will live hereafter through the eternities, finally being reunited with our bodies after the resurrection.

He has again restored to the earth through the Prophet Joseph Smith, his Holy Priesthood, which he had taken from the earth because of the wickedness of men, and we now enjoy the blessings of that priesthood, we exercise its powers, we partake of its privileges, and with the priesthood has come the fulness of the restored gospel to lead us to eternal life.

He has reassured us that the great truths of the Decalogue, given at Sinai,

still stand as the guardians of society, as the foundation of government; and as the measure of the righteous life that leads to salvation.

He has declared to us that the heavens are not shut, that he can and will still speak to his children, that he will from time to time declare to them his purposes, that he will counsel, admonish, advise, reprove, reward, and punish, as our acts shall merit or require, and as his wisdom shall direct.

He has shown us both his love and his mercy, and that his justice knows no rank or favor.

He has promised us that for our good deeds he will reward us, and that for our evil deeds there will follow their own punishments.

He has made us to know that the rules and principles by which our lives shall be guided, are contained in the holy scriptures he has given us; and that whether we harken thereto or disobey, is for us to determine, in the exercise of the free agency with which he blessed us in the beginning.

He has revealed the great law of eternal progression, and that he who waits to grow and progress until he passes to the other side, will sorrow in a delay he can never retrieve.

He has declared that he will pour out knowledge upon men in never ending streams, to men's salvation and exaltation.

PRESIDENT McDONALD: These are some of the ultimate truths, not relative truths, which God has revealed to us. These truths endure; they are the same in all lands, and among all peoples, and at all times. They are changeless. They are the truths which must take precedence over all contrary theories, dogmas, hypotheses, or relative-truths from whatever source or by whomsoever brought. These ultimate truths may not be questioned. All secular truth will, must, finally conform to these ultimate truths.

He wounds, maims, and cripples a soul who raises doubts about or destroys faith in the ultimate truths. God will hold such a one strictly accountable; and who can measure the depths to which one shall fall who wilfully shatters in another the opportunity for celestial glory. These ultimate truths are royal truths to which all human wisdom and knowledge are subjects. These truths point the way to celestial glory.

In the indenture creating the trust in accordance with the terms of which this institution was founded, the donor, Brigham Young, after setting forth the secular subjects that the educational standards of the time required to be taught, had this to say about the spiritual training and teaching that should be carried on in this school:

The Old and New Testaments, the Book of Mormon and the book of Doctrine and Covenants, shall be the standard textbooks, and shall be read and their doctrines in-

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

CHARGE TO PRESIDENT McDONALD

culcated in the Academy, and further no book shall be used therein that misrepresents, or speaks lightly of, the Divine mission of our Savior, or of the Prophet Joseph Smith, or in any manner advances ideas antagonistic to the principles of the gospel.

These, President McDonald, are your navigating orders. They are not sealed; they are open to the world. The world will expect you to follow them.

We shall expect you to build into the minds and hearts of the youth and of the mature who come here, all the Christian virtues. We shall expect you to teach the students to follow the commandments of God, for God never demands obedience to error.

We shall expect you to recognize that science and worldly knowledge must question every demonstration, every experiment, every conclusion, every phenomenon that seems a fact, for only by this method may the truths of the natural law become known to us, save by specific revelation.

But we shall also expect you to know that, in matters pertaining to our spiritual lives, God's revealed will, his laws, his commandments, declared not only directly by himself, but by and through his servants, must be taken unquestioned, because they are the ultimate truths that shape and control our destinies.

I know, President McDonald, that in all this I already have your assent, because I have declared only that which makes the warp and woof of our restored gospel.

WE look confidently forward to an increased spirituality in this school, for spiritually we move onward

or we recede; we never stand still. We must go forward every day, becoming a little stronger, a little more certain, a little nearer perfection. No truth is more deeply bedded in the restored gospel than that of eternal progression. That progression began in the life before this, is here on this earth and now, and will be with us throughout the eternities. It need not and does not wait for eternity for a beginning.

We expect you to make Latter-day Saints of those who come to you here, that they shall live observant of the Christian virtues, that they shall gain testimonies of the truths of the restored gospel, and having this that they shall, obedient thereto, live as righteous members of the Church and as upright, patriotic citizens of the republic, dedicated to the support and preservation of our divinely inspired Constitution and the government of free institutions set up by the fathers under it, that they shall so live that all may secure the celestial bodies of which Paul spoke (1 Cor. 15:40) and enter the celestial glory of which God has spoken in the revelations of our own time (D. & C. 76).

May God give you health and strength and power, inspiration and wisdom and humility, may the incomings and outgoings of yourself, of your faculty, and of your students be in the name of the Lord, and may you make your salutations, not in the long, pious faces of the hypocrites, but in the frank and open countenances of men and women whose hearts are filled with the joy to which our Heavenly Father has declared they were entitled, all as the Lord commanded. I humbly pray.

EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

(Concluded from page 33)

The role of Satan in this drama is not difficult to understand. He seeks to overthrow the work of God. By inducing Adam and Eve to disobey the Lord, he thought to have them in his power. He forgot, or did not know, that by their very "disobedience" the purposes of the Lord with respect to his spirit children would be accomplished. The temptation of Eve turned upon him to the defeat of his evil designs. This often is the fate of evil.

The Lord himself in these latter days has spoken of the place and mission of Adam: "... Michael, or Adam, the father of all, the prince of all, the ancient of days." (D. & C. 27:11; 88:112; 116:1.) "The Lord God... hath appointed Michael your prince, and established his feet, and set him upon high, and given unto him the keys of salvation under the counsel and direction of the Holy One." (D. & C. 78:15-16.) These are eloquent words, which could not well have been spoken of a sinner; only

of one who has filled his mission well. Indeed, in the true gospel of Jesus Christ there is no original sin.

It is a thrilling thought that Adam and Eve were not coerced to begin God's work on earth. They chose to do so, by the exercise of their free agency. It is the lesson for all their children: Seek the truth, choose wisely, and carry the responsibility for our acts.

Considering our full knowledge of the purpose of the plan of salvation, and the reason for placing Adam and Eve on earth, the apparent contradiction in the story of the "Fall" vanishes. Instead the law of free agency, or individual choice, appears in distinct view. God's command is qualified by his great purpose to bless his children. Adam and Eve rise to the position of helpers in initiating the divine purpose on earth. They become partners with the Lord in making eternal joy possible for the hosts of heaven.

We, the children of Adam and Eve, may well be proud of our parentage.

—J. A. W.



Days of Destiny

WE ARE stepping into 1946-1947 with important days in our common destiny ordained in the years ahead. At no time has it been more important that we be kept fully informed.

For the events of each day, throughout the world, are forming the pattern of our future.

The Sunday Salt Lake Tribune is designed to inform you fully on this fast-moving world. Five great news services are augmented by the nation's recognized news analysts and columnists. To these, the Tribune adds its own staff of news writers and interpreters. Only in the Sunday Salt Lake Tribune can you find this complete coverage interpreted for the Intermountain West.

The Sunday Salt Lake Tribune is only 41/3c when taken with the daily Salt Lake Tribune or Salt Lake Telegram.

★

The
Salt Lake
Tribune

Your Page and Ours

Dear Sirs:

Hondo, California

I WANT you to know how much I enjoy *The Improvement Era*. It is a wonderful comfort and joy to me, as I am bed-ridden and even though I am down, all the Church news comes to me through its pages.

I am sometimes very lonesome, so my very good friends, Bishop Halls and Brother Rogers, gave me names and addresses of forty-seven of our Latter-day Saint boys in the service.

At first I didn't think I could write to them all and decided I'd write one letter and copy the rest from it. Well, as I got started, I enjoyed it, and every letter I write is different. I also sent a page of Church news to everyone, because I know how hungry I get for news of the Church, and out there where they are, God bless them, I know they'll enjoy it.

My spine and legs are "out of whack" so I pile pillows on my stomach and get my writing board, and go to work. I'm thankful I can still write.

Devotedly,
Lillian Davis

Dear Editors:

Hsin Ching, China

I WISH to thank you for the *Era*. It is my only link with the Church out here. This field is clearing out, and the other boys left some few weeks ago. Reading the wonderful testimonies of our leaders gives me the feeling that I am with all of you back home, and not ten thousand miles away.

I was very fortunate in being able to attend the first conference of Latter-day Saint men in China, held in Kunming, the latter part of August. It was very inspirational, and the testimonies were the finest I have ever heard in the eleven months I have been a member of the Church.

May the Lord be with you in the fine work you are doing.

Your brother,
Cpl. William H. Rescorl

"Good morning," chirped the telephone operator, "this is Williams, Jones, Brown, Spry, Thurston, and Black."
"Oh," said the startled voice at the other end of the line, "good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning, and good morning."

Substitute

"Tommy, what is a synonym?" the teacher asked.
"A synonym," said Tommy, wisely, "is a word you use when you can't spell the other one."

Repetition

Daddy: "Don't you know it's bad manners to answer a question by asking another?"
Bernie: "It is?"



THE ELDON A. JOHNSON FAMILY WITH THEIR CHILDREN

—is the boast of the Victor Ward, Teton State. Front row, left to right: Yelda Johnson, baby Kathleen, Lewella, George, Lynn, Terry, Monty, and Eugene.
Back row: Bart, Arlene Vanica, Cleo, Rhao, and Eldon A. Johnson.
All the children of age are active in the ward.

That's It

"Dad, what is a counter irritant?"
"A person who shops and shops and doesn't buy a thing, my son."

Practice Makes Perfect

"Your cough sounds much better this morning," said the doctor in a complimentary tone.
"Why shouldn't it?" rasped the disgusted patient. "I've been practicing all night."

Definitions

Parasite: A person who goes through a revolving door without pushing.
Ballet dancer: A jitterbug with a Russian accent.
Bachelor: A man who makes mistakes, but never at the marriage license bureau.
Influence: Something you think you have until you try to use it.
Pedestrian: A person who failed to keep up payments on his automobile.
Punctuality: The art of guessing correctly how late the other party is going to be.



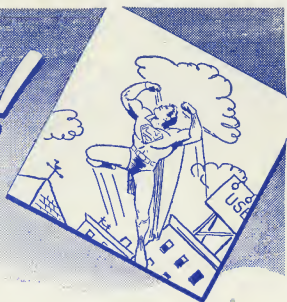
THREE-ACT PLAY, "CINDERELLA"

Three performances of Lucaine Clark Fox's play, "Cinderella," were presented to over-packed audiences by the Palmyra Stake M.I.A. in the high school auditorium. Trumpeters colorfully began the play with appropriate fanfare and the story proceeded as the Golden Book Fairy turned the pages of a mammoth story book and the Story Teller told the tale of the most beloved of all fairy tales.

The play director is Mrs. Eula N. Crabb.

Salute to You!

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He'll beat an arrow's getaway—and he dares jet-planes to pass him! Yet Superman might as well recognize worthy rivals—like you and your car! . . . with your strictly new-day acceleration and power . . . with all your surplus of anti-knock power, from **Conoco N-tane**—the new gasoline! . . .

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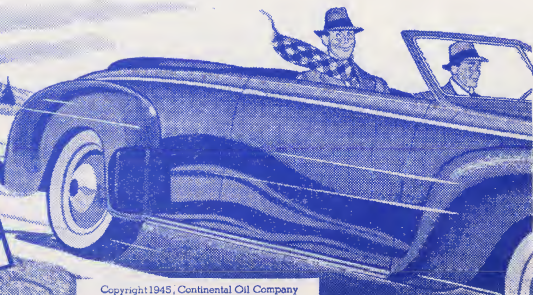
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