



The Improvement Era

DECEMBER, 1943

VOLUME 46 NUMBER 12

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

MEAT is PRECIOUS..

make it go as far as possible



FRANKFURTER CABBAGE CASSEROLE

1/4 cup butter	2 cups milk
1/4 cup flour	1/2 head cabbage, cut
1 tsp. salt	in wedges
1/2 tsp. celery salt	4 frankfurters cut in
	half lengthwise
1/4 tsp. pepper	

Make a white sauce of melted butter, flour, seasonings and milk. Arrange the wedges of cabbage in a casserole the dish. Pour the white sauce over the cabbage and cover the casserole. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees) for about 45 minutes. Brush the cut side of the frankfurters with melted butter. Arrange on the top of the cabbage and place under the broiler for about 5 minutes, or until nicely browned. Serves 4. They'll ask for it again.

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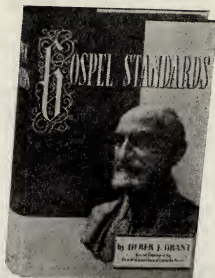
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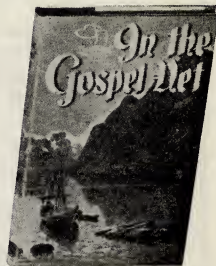
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Exploring the Universe

By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

ARMY doctors have found that novocaine, much used by dentists to kill pain, cures sprains very quickly. At one place, since the novocaine treatment was started, only one man has had to go to the hospital; previously the average time was ten days in the hospital.

DRAGONFLIES can fly either forward or backward with the two pairs of wings placed one behind the other.

WHEN an enemy threatens the darkling beetle, it stands on its head and sends out a stream of poison gas from the end of its abdomen. Gas warfare is probably best developed among the formic ants. When their nest is attacked, these ants prop themselves up, facing the enemy, curl their abdomens forward between their legs, and fire away with small jets of poisonous spray.

COLOR-BLINDNESS is usually inherited, but it may result from injury or disease.

IN eleven western states the value of irrigated land is about sixty percent of the over six-billion-dollar value of all farm lands.

THE growing season is usually shorter in the arid valleys of the northern part of the United States than the southern. Yakima, Washington, has 183 frost-free days; Boise, Idaho, 169; Logan, Utah, 155; Albuquerque, New Mexico, 196; Phoenix, Arizona, 295; and Yuma, Arizona, 355.

SCANDINAVIA and Finland have sixteen million inhabitants while the Territory of Alaska with a larger area has about seventy thousand in a region with the same average latitude.

THE population in Palestine in the time of David (about 975 B.C.) was about three-quarters of a million, and in the time of Isaiah (about 700 B.C.) about a million, compared with about a million and a half at the opening of the Christian era under Roman rule. Professor W. F. Albright's estimates of ancient times may be compared with the population of about a million Arabs and six hundred thousand Jews at the present time.

PROFESSOR T. T. READ reminds us that the first iron coins were made in China almost two thousand years ago; at that time, as now, they were made because of a shortage of copper.

(Concluded on page 742)

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The Improvement Era

"The Glory of God is Intelligence"

DECEMBER, 1943

VOLUME 46 NUMBER 12

"THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH"

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Time Erased

By Della Adams Leitner

THE little boy that used to be
On Christmas morning watched the tree.
He hid beneath a man's disguise,
But, oh, the sparkle in his eyes.

He watched small son with great
delight
And how his heart leaped at the
sight
Of Junior opening up his toys,
And then—there were two little
boys.

One half past three and one—oh
well,
His age in years why need to tell;
It did not matter as they played
With auto, train, and gay parade.

A circus, games, toy pop-gun,
I'm sure I do not know which one
Was happier—the half past three
Or grown-up lad that used to be.

EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL
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The Cover

AT this season of the year, roads have but one turning—the turning home. The distance may be far, as far as Africa or the Aleutians, and there will be little traveling, but wherever they are, men and women will backtrack in their thoughts to the homes they know and the Christmas they remember. This photographic study evoking a wintry but familiar mood is by Harold M. Lambert.

Dona Marina

INTERPRETER FOR CORTEZ

By DR. CHARLES E. DIBBLE

ON the 15th of March, 1519, Cortez, anchored along the coast of Tabasco, Mexico, received the chieftains and leaders of the Tabasco region. They brought, as presents for the Spaniards, bundles of blankets and twenty Indian maidens. Numbered among the twenty women was the none too well known heroine of the Conquest, Dona Marina. Dona Marina, also called "La Malinche," was called the "Tongue" of Cortez. Dona Marina was the daughter of a Mexican chieftain. While she was very young her father died, and her mother gave her to some Indian merchants who traded her to other Indians of Tabasco. She grew up mastering the Indian languages and



DONA MARINA (LA MALINCHE) INTERPRETING FOR CORTEZ

dialects of southern Mexico. After coming to Cortez she quickly mastered the Spanish language and remained by the side of Cortez throughout all his Mexican campaigns.

Ever loyal to the Spaniards, Dona Marina was more than an interpreter. Her knowledge of Indian customs and standards enabled her to aid Cortez in outwitting a numerically superior enemy. Time after time her ability to sense the meaning of Indian ways saved the Spaniards from complete annihilation. At Cholula the conquerors escaped a trap only by the alertness and loyalty of Dona Marina.

Present-day Mexicans look at one of their highest mountains, La Malinche, and remember the Indian girl who interpreted for Cortez.

WINTER

By Catherine E. Berry

WINTER, with hoary breath, blows snow-flakes down
With gentle touch of white to cloak the town,
And all the trees that stood with bare arms raised
Are hung with silver crystals—those who praised
The verdant loveliness of spring's bright flame,
Can find no words for this, no glowing name;
Each season claims a beauty of renown,
But only Winter wears a regal crown!

DECEMBER, 1943



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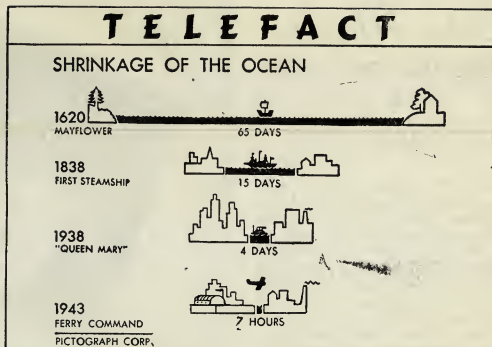
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Exploring the Universe

(Concluded from page 739)

THE Arctic Mediterranean Sea, as the ocean waters north of Greenland, Iceland, and Orkney Islands are sometimes called, is exchanging water with the North Atlantic Ocean continuously, mostly through the Denmark Strait between Greenland and Iceland. It would take about 165 years for a complete change of this northern water, however, even with a change of over four and a half million cubic yards of water each second.

THOUGH the swifts are wonderful fliers, living almost entirely in the air, their short legs are adapted only for clinging. These birds when they get on the ground cannot get off unless they can fall far enough to get play for their long thin wings.

RUSSIAN experience has found that fliers have a particular need of vitamin C since they expend it quickly.

DIAMONDS in small quantity can be produced in the laboratory. This

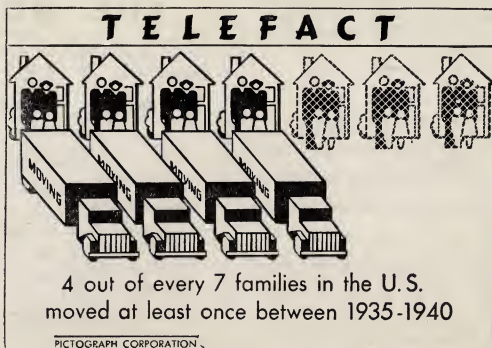
has been established by recent study with x-rays of specimens made by J. B. Hannay in 1880.

MAN, and most animals with backbone, have both rods and cones in the retina of the eye. Some animals which are active only during the day, have a pure cone retina, while others active only at night have only rods.

DIAATOMS, minute marine animals, can not only obtain their silica when dissolved in water, but can also directly from solid minerals such as nacrite.

THOUGH most birds lay eggs decorated with various colors, those birds laying in dark burrows or holes generally have white eggs.

THE average size of comets is from thirty thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand miles in diameter, with the size of a comet getting smaller as it travels nearer the sun. The tail of a comet stretches out frequently fifty million and occasionally one hundred million miles from the head.



Jenny's Letter

By BERNICE BROWN



Ovid, Idaho
Christmas Eve, 1943

DEAR SON:
It is so near Christmas here at the ranch that I can almost see the bells standing on tiptoe waiting to ring in the festive day. Evelyn has spent half the evening popping corn and as fast as it grows into a curly white mound, Bobby sticks in his fist and neatly rations it. I don't know what she would do if you were here snitching, too.

The tree looks like bargain day at the Five and Ten. Little Elna supervised the decoration as always, and the china angels we've had since your first Christmas are kept busy dodging the hodgepodge of candy canes and paper chains. Elna was delighted with the results and has just bounced up to bed. I expect to see her sliding down the banister at dawn and racing with flushed cheeks to the fireplace for the purely scientific purpose of determining the cause of her stocking's bulges. . . .

Dad's rubber boots are irrigating the rag rug by the stove. They have more patches on them than our tires. He's just come from the barn. Your heifer wisely chose this holy night to give birth to her first calf, a fine little bull. Dad says she seems quite pleased with herself and was smugly lapping the wobbly little fellow with her tongue.

The snow is quite deep this year. As I sit here writing, the wet white flakes are pressing damp faces against the windowpane. The window where your service star hangs is bright with holly. I

wish I could send you a few sprigs for your submarine. . . .

Elna begged to play the piano while we sang the carols. Her Christmas spirit invaded the keys and camouflaged the technical errors. Silence filled the places where you used to come ringing in on the tenor. I filled these silences with the echoes of your voice from the first childish warblings to the time when we all smiled (secretly of course) as your voice was trying to leap the hurdles from childhood to manhood when it was a succession of squeaks and bass rumbles. . . .

I remembered the last Christmas you were here. That was when your best girl joined our family sing. Your newly given diamond made a brave sparkle on her finger, tiny snow diamonds still clung to her damp curls, but the bravest, sweetest sparkle of all was in the shining depths of her eyes. . . .

Last year you didn't receive our presents. You wrote saying you didn't mind that so much. . . . just knowing we had sent them was enough.

Christmas will be as faded as the robes of our china angels when this letter reaches you. But tonight I feel that you will know that I'm writing it. You must know that, though we miss you, we are proud of what you have chosen to do.

So on this evening of our Savior's birth we are waiting at home for you to bring peace on earth.

All my love and a prayer,
Your mother.

DEBT OF GRATITUDE

By Albert L. Zobell, Jr.

"I'd like to pay another voluntary instalment on a perpetual debt. If it were not for the love my forebears had for the gospel, which was greater than regard for family, friends, or any worldly thing, I myself might have been a conquered slave in a long overrun country now.

"That debt, of course, is payable in part in tithing—a full tenth of all my substance. It's been a near-century since the heads of my family accepted the warning testimony of two elders, but

the church has yet to send a statement of accounts receivable.

"From the beginning we fared better in this land. Our standards of life have been higher by any method calculated by men than those who saw fit to turn a deaf ear to that message. Lately the dividends have been higher. My home hasn't been bombed, my family and friends, innocent civilians, haven't been casualties of war. . . . Yes, I consider a tithing receipt as a kind of token payment for all the opportunities and blessings my affiliation with the church has given me."

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"No Cussin' "

SAYS THE ARMY

By LT. HORACE J. GUNN
Quartermaster Corps, A.U.S.

A RECENT editorial appearing in a southern newspaper stated that profanity in the army was at its peak. This statement undoubtedly voices prevailing civilian opinion. Reference is frequently made to the supposed use of profane and hard language by the army's generals.

It appears that some of our civilians and members of the press are somewhat misinformed. I am an instructor at a school for officer candidates. As part of the course candidates are told to avoid use of profanity or obscenity when appearing before their men. This information comes from a basic field manual, issued for use by all personnel in the army. It is considered that frequent use of profanity and any use of obscenity, especially by an officer when instructing his men, will result in their losing respect for him. In addition, it will lower his own dignity.

Many individuals going into the army seem to consider it necessary to be regarded as tough in order to be a successful soldier and win promotions. That is not the case. In becoming an officer, the use of rough language is not something to be acquired, but avoided. In army life as in civilian life, constant use of profanity and obscenity indicates limited vocabulary and often an utter inability to control one's temper.

General George Washington's attitude toward profanity is a matter of history:

The general is very sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in an American army, is growing into fashion. He hopes the officers will, by example as well as of influence, endeavor to check it—and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope for the blessing of heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly.

Washington's words to his army over one hundred fifty years ago can well apply today.



TO HEAR *His Voice*

By DAVID A. SMITH

*President, Temple Square Mission and
Acting President, Canadian Mission*

DURING a tour of the Canadian Mission we found a little elderly lady in a woodshed at the rear of her home. She was trying to cut into small lengths a pile of wood which had been placed nearby. It was her first meeting with my companions—two elders I had taken with me.

She did not hear us as we approached and was standing with an ax-handle in her hand, the ax-head resting upon the ground. I reached for the ax-handle and as she looked up she exclaimed, "Oh, you are the elders."

The stinging fall breeze was penetrating. After considerable persuading, she consented to go into the house and permit us to cut and store her wood.

We removed our coats; one began to saw, another to split the pieces, and the other stacked the wood in the shed. When we had finished, we entered her home. She had heated water for us to wash our hands. Her best tablecloth had been placed upon the little table, which was in a small room used as kitchen and dining room. We made our visit while partaking of the food she had prepared for us. . . .

Later this woman, Sister Morden, left her home to reside with her son and his wife, who lived on a farm about twenty miles from the little town where her home was located.

About the middle of February, last year, I awoke early one morning with a feeling that I should go and see this sister. We had a very heavy fall of snow during the night, making the roads difficult to travel. I tried to use this condition as a justification for brushing aside the impression I had received.

After eating breakfast the feeling that I should go was so strong I telephoned the district president and asked him to be ready to go with me.

Upon reaching the road running from the main highway to the farm home, we found it had not been cleared of snow. Taking turns with Elder Willis Taylor in breaking the way, we floundered through the snow above our knees for about one-half mile to the house we wanted. Upon entering the house I glanced at the bed upon which our sister lay. My first thought was that she had passed away. After removing my overcoat and overshoes, I approached the bed and put my hand upon her hand, which was resting uncovered at her side. As I did so I leaned forward and asked if she was awake, for her eyes were closed. Opening her eyes she answered, "It's President Smith. I told Will early this morning that you were coming to see me today. I wanted to see you, and I prayed that the Lord would send you out here so I could talk to you.

Early this morning I saw you coming, and I told Will you would come." She was speaking of her son.

I asked why she wanted me to come at that particular time. Her answer was, "I have a favor to ask of you, and I want you to make a promise." I assured her I should be happy to do anything within my power she desired of me. Her request was, "President Smith, the doctor said I cannot live until another morning. My daughter, who is not a member of the church, wants me to be dressed in her black wedding dress; I don't want to be dressed in black. I want a nice white dress like the one Sister Smith made for Sister Collins."

It was late that night when we returned to Toronto, but the following morning, with my daughter to assist me, we purchased clothing. Several days later we received a telephone call that Sister Morden had died.

With my wife and daughter, who had been with me on similar occasions, and a companion lady missionary, we called at the home, arriving soon after the mortician had completed embalming the body. The sisters prepared to dress the body. After they had laid out the clothing, the mortician asked, "Why go to all that bother? We cover the body with a shroud, which is all that is necessary." I answered, "This woman believed in a resurrection; she believed that in his own time, our Heavenly Father will call forth this body, cleansed and purified to become again the habitation of her spiritual body, again becoming a living soul. She is going to her grave dressed as she desires to come forth at that time."

He answered, "That is a beautiful way to look at it, but I cannot see it."

The funeral service was held at her home; friends filled the small rooms. After the service, during which the teachings of the church regarding death and the resurrection were explained, those attending passed the bier and looked upon the lifeless form. They had looked upon this woman in life as a strange individual, who had left the church of her fathers to become a Mormon. They could not understand that the "same spirit which doth possess our body at the time that we go out of this life, will have power to possess our body in that eternal world."

She is dead, and through life and death has found exaltation and eternal life, for although living alone, she studied the gospel, she paid her tithes and offerings, shared her food with and provided a bed for visiting elders. Her greatest happiness came to her through the gospel of our Lord revealed anew and in the knowledge that death is but a step from mortality into life eternal and to greater happiness than a mortal can suppose. In death she found eternal life and happiness.



So it will be creamy rich all through

AWAY to make milk uniformly creamy, and more readily digestible, was discovered back in the early years of this century. Sego Milk Products Company had been organized just a short while, and as soon as the new process—homogenization—was perfected it was adopted by this pioneer evaporated milk company.

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Poetry

THE PROMISE OF OLD

(A Christmas Refrain)

By Bertha A. Kleinman

THE cedars of Lebanon incensed the night,
The stars hung their pendants resplendent
and bright.
And skies of the orient spanned;
The hills to the mountains are kneeling in
prayer,
A hushed benediction broods over them
there—
The coming of God is at hand!

A sweet adoration breathes out of the sea,
The olive groves whisper the blest mystery,
As angels the message unfold,
The lilies that toil not, and neither spin—
Are waiting to usher the Holy One in—
Messiah the Promised of Old.

The hills to the mountains are kneeling in
prayer,
A hushed benediction broods over them
there,
The coming of God is at hand!

WEAPONS

(Ephesians 6:14-17)

By Kathrine H. Williams

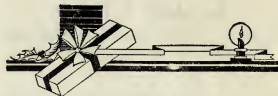
"I WANT with all my might to do my part,"
The young man vehemently said, "to
call
One blow my own that fells so great a
wrong . . .
Did not the men of other times let fall
Their dreams to fight for right! Now evil
shakes
The world again, I cannot idly stand!
And more! I go with even an elation
Of mind! No soldier of the strongest land
More gladly seized his saber, shield or
bow . . .
Because the hour is later than we think . . .
Because the ill is deeper than we know . . ."

His mother's voice, evocative of tears,
Made answer that dismissed their frailty,
"Unloose
The bands of hate, my son, and keep in
mind
The weapons that you carry or the use
Of guns were but abuse . . . you win to lose,
Forgetting what the righteous brave have
known:
Your helmet is the helmet of salvation!
Your shield is faith! Your sword is Spirit's
own!
Your lions are ever girt about with truth!
Your breastplate is righteousness! Oh never
cease
To know your feet are shod with the pre-
paration
Of the gospel of enduring peace . . ."

YESTERDAY AND TODAY

By Elizabeth Jane Leonard

YESTERDAY
He was a little lad
Afraid of the dark and spooky things;
Today he's a fearless, bearded man—
In army parlance, he has his wings.



THE MOTHERS

By Gene Romolo

A GAIN the mothers trim a tall proud tree.
They hang a star upon its topmost limb,
Symbolic of their Lord's nativity,
And placing it, they think of John or Jim
The son who charts his way among the stars.
Does not each waiting mother this night
share
The Virgin Mother's vigil and her scars?
High, high above the earth (they know not
where)
Their brave young sons are flying through
the night,

To save man and reconsecrate the earth
To Mary's Son, that everywhere, the light
That shone so brightly at his hour of birth—
The light of life and love may shine again
Upon an earth reborn for free-born men.

MODERN CAROL

By Mildred Goff

THE night is hideous with noise of battle
in the east.
Deck the hall with boughs of holly for the
Christmas feast.

A million homes are desolate; a million
mothers grieve.
God rest you merry, gentlemen, for this is
Christmas Eve.

The bombers tear the night apart, their
thunder shakes the sky.
Oh, little town of Bethlehem, how still we
see thee lie!

MODERN DAVID

By Frances Hall

HE often thought how great Goliath stood
And mocked with ugly laughter at the
boy,
How none had faith, how shout-provoking
joy
Had swept the unbelieving multitude
To know the young lad's sudden act had
heaved
A longed-for peace. No more need they
employ
The sword and shield. No more could raids
annoy
Or fear breathe mist across the valley's
good.

And often, too, he came to fierce resolve.
"I'll make," he vowed, "my will a valiant
stone
To slay the slothful self whose days revolve
In pettiness." But still the time went by.
The rock decayed. The sling-shot webbed;
and grown
To awesome height, Goliath filled the sky.

RADIO MAGIC

By Helen Maring

A CROSS a sea and continent,
Beyond the war's black worry,
I heard a singing nightingale
Past midnight's hour in Surrey.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Christmas Prayer and Answer

By
THORNTON
Y. BOOTH

From the fighting front, probably somewhere in New Guinea, comes this Christmas message. The author is formerly of Brigham Young University publications staff, and now in the Army of the United States (Infantry).



THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE

—Photograph by Adelbert Bartlett

DEAR Lord:

I can't repeat the usual Christmas prayer
When "Peace on earth, good will toward men" is but
A tragic mockery. Men seem to care
For nothing now except the means to cut
Their fellows down. Good will and peace are stored
For the duration. And glory Thou
On high art given seems in hope Thy sword
Will conquer opposition quickly—now!
Is this, then, what Thy angels meant that night
In singing "Peace on earth"—? Two thousand years
Of carnage, torture, fear, and "might makes right"?
"Good will toward men"— Does that consist of jeers
(Though sometimes clothed in diplomatic cant)
When conquered peoples ask for charity,
Those weak for help, those poor for food? To grant
Such boons in truly Christian rarity.
Though this may sound impertinent, dear Lord,
I ask Thee, wasn't that an unkind touch
Of Godly irony, directing toward
The earth a peace, good-will pronouncement such
As man had never heard before, proclaimed
By angel song, yet followed by a score
Of war and hate-filled centuries that shamed
Most those who claimed to know Thy gospel love?
Is it, then, strange that I am filled with doubt
This Christmas, as to what to pray about?

"MY Child,"

The answer seemed quietly to possess
My doubting soul, dismissing fear and strife.
"The angels' message still rings true to bless
Those who will hear. They sang of him whose life
Made possible real peace on earth, whose love
Best demonstrates 'Good will toward men.'
For this, my Son was sent from here above—
To live the way of fullest joy, and then,
Through power undissipated by one breath
Of sin, he blazed the path of glory back
Into my presence, overcoming death.
He clearly taught the Plan, there is no lack
Of opportunity or help for those
Who really seek for peace. The thousands who
Have found it through their faith in Me, who chose

To learn the gospel plan and follow through
With living it, have overcome their woe,
Not gaining just the peace the earth imparts,
But that deep comfort only I bestow,
Of unafraid, untroubled, joyful hearts.
It may be true that there has been more strife
Than peace since angels sang that Christmas song.
If so, it is because men chose such life
As brought on war. Wrong always fosters wrong.
A kind, unselfish heart, a soul that's pure—
I, even God, can't give men such a thing.
My prophets can but let them know the sure
Inexorable law of harvesting.
Men have my rules, and for themselves must choose
To gain the blessings by obeying them.
Or, as so many have discovered, lose
Their peace—their all—by disobeying them.
When men think they are Christians by the act
They go through once a year of taking care
Of fellow men in want, the ones who lacked
Life's goods the whole year through, let them beware.
And nations, hoping to preserve themselves
By turning eyes aside while tyrants chain
Some weaker people, and cruel power shelves
All promises of justice, hope in vain.
The selfish has his joy cut at the source
Because his year-round habits pinch his soul;
While peoples who ignore the tyrant's force
Will find their own loved land his further goal.
And though the war is shattering your world
You still may pray for peace at Christmas time,
If you can keep the flag of faith unfurled.
And let a love-filled heart beat out the chime:
'Good will toward men.' Though you must crush a foe
For his injustice—you will find more peace
In raging strife than you would have with no
Love in your heart, should wars forever cease."

THE paradox of peace in war! His word,

Familiar, crossed the centuries: I heard—
"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."



M-m-m...m-m-m...

Fels-Naptha Soap!

With your eyes shut . . . you can tell it's Fels-Naptha Soap Suds! It has a smell you'll never mistake. A sweet, clean smell, that only good mild soap and gentle *naptha* can produce!

It's not always so easy, now, to fill your tub or washer with Fels-Naptha Suds. You may have to 'shop around.' You may have to wait. But it's worth the trouble in quicker, easier washing and cleaner, sweeter-smelling clothes.



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FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP_banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

THE Religious Attitudes OF NOTED MEN

By LEON M. STRONG

HON. THOMAS FRANCIS BAYARD, Secretary of State in Cleveland's administration, is quoted as saying:

Religious liberty is the chief cornerstone of the American system of government. . . . Anything that tends to invade a right so essential and sacred must be carefully guarded against, and I am satisfied that my countrymen, ever mindful of the sufferings and sacrifices necessary to obtain it, will never consent to its impairment for any reason or under any pretext whatsoever.¹

Admiral Farragut was a hero of the Civil War. In 1862 he assisted in the daring capture of New Orleans. Just before embarking for the task, he wrote:

I intend to take New Orleans, God being my helper.

Two years after this naval triumph he was assigned to capture Mobile Bay. The night before this successful feat was accomplished, he wrote his wife:

I am going into Mobile Bay in the morning: if God is my helper, and I hope he is; and in him I place my trust. God bless and preserve you, my darling and my dear boy, if anything should happen to me.²

One might hardly expect, at first thought, to find a religious attitude in the intrepid pioneers of early American history. Daniel Boone had helped settle Kentucky and had built him a comfortable home in the wilderness of that state only to be preemptorily dislodged by an unscrupulous land shark who took advantage of Boone's trusting nature. Boone had never thought it necessary to get a U.S. patent to his land holdings. Yet, after being dislodged from his hard-earned property, the old frontiersman moved to Missouri, unsoured by his saddened experience. Talking to his younger companion when his eyes were fast dimming, he said:

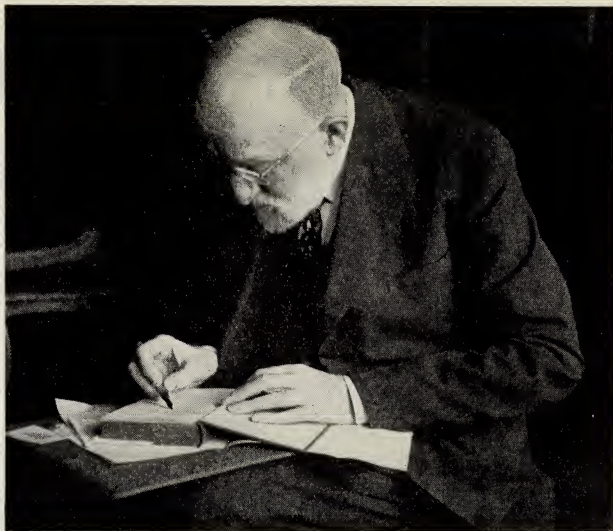
The Lord has dealt kindly with me. I have more than I need and no man can lay a claim against me. . . . It has pleased the Lord to choose me as an instrument for the settlement of Kentucky, but I think my work was done before I left.

I never had much schooling, Hardy, and you know that churches are not over plentiful in the backwoods. I'm afraid my religion is of the homemade kind, and I dare say it wouldn't seem quite the right thing to a parson, but I've used it as a guide through life, son, and it served me well enough. It's just this: To love and fear God; to believe in Jesus Christ. To do all the good to my neighbors and myself that I can, and to do as little harm as I can help. And to trust in God's mercy for the rest.³

¹International Law Digest, vol. IV, p. 80.
²Gordy, *History of the United States*, 1925 ed.
³C. H. Forbes-Lindsay, *Daniel Boone*. J. B. Lip-pincott Co., pp. 315-317

The Editor's Page

PRESIDENT GRANT
PHOTOGRAPHED IN
THE CHARACTERISTIC
OCCUPATION OF IN-
SCRIBING A BOOK TO
A FRIEND. THE PHOTO
WAS TAKEN BY BOB
DAVIS.



With Warmest

Good Wishes and Greetings of the Season

TO MY FRIENDS, MY BRETHREN, AND TO ALL GOOD MEN EVERYWHERE

THERE will be no card this year from me—and so, will you, each and all of you, accept this as my personal greeting. My love and my blessings come with it.

For many years I have sent out cards, books and booklets—thousands upon thousands of them. I don't know how many. One year recently as many as ten thousand cards went out; and one Christmas, not so long ago, I sent out as many as three thousand copies of one book—and many others besides—and through the years there have been many tens of thousands, most of which I have personally inscribed. But no matter how many have gone, there have always been so many more I would like to have remembered—and

this year there are so many so far away, to whom I would like to send greetings, and whom I cannot reach—and so I use the *Era* to reach you all, and would like you to know that it is as though we had clasped hands and spoken greetings to each other.

Always, and more especially at the approach of the holiday season, it is a source of unbounded joy

to me, and fills my heart beyond my power of expression, to contemplate the fact that God our Heavenly Father and our Lord Jesus Christ have visited the earth and again revealed the gospel to man; this fills me with thanksgiving and gratitude far beyond my power to tell.

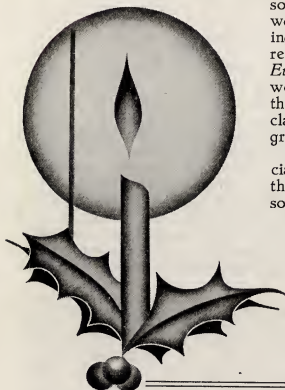
Constantly I pray that the Lord will bless each and every one of our sons and our loved ones who are away this Christmas, and that he will help each of them to live in accordance with the principles of the gospel, so that each may have a claim to the blessings of the Lord. I pray that, so far as it accords with the providences of the Lord, each of them may be preserved from accident, sickness, and death.

Constantly my heart goes out in the deepest sympathy for the comforting influence of the Lord to be given to the fathers and mothers of the sons who are in the war at the present time. I pray with all my heart and soul for the end of this war as soon as the Lord can see fit to have it stop. I pray that the spirit of peace and of increased faith may pervade all nations, and with all the power and authority I have to bless. I invoke God's blessing upon the church as a whole and upon the honest in heart everywhere.

My wife joins me in the wish that you and your loved ones may have a most enjoyable Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year, and an eternity of joy in all the days to come.

Sincerely,

Heber J. Grant



ANCIENT PROPHETS AND THE

Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

* * *

Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise.

The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.

Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

(Isaiah 60:1-3; 18-20.)

IT is Christmas 1943. All the years have led up to the present moment, and as we look back, we can see the spiritual strength of early America, when the love of liberty was a great and abiding force in the lives of our forefathers. People of America prized freedom of thought and speech, of press and assembly. They were fiercely resolved to govern themselves, and they knew that this right would have to be fought and sacrificed for. In our onward march and growth into material wealth, we have tended to forget these truths because life has been made easy for us. For our sacred truths Americans left bloody footprints in the snows of Valley Forge. For these truths, Americans perished in their march to open the mighty West. They fought at Antietam and Gettysburg. They gave their lives to the spread of the Christian religion, to science and social service in sheer devotion to the ideal of a better day. For this better hour, our own men fell in the fury of the Argonne, and as we write these lines, thousands of the youth of America and other countries who love their God, are dying on the battle fronts of the world.

THE PROPHET ELIJAH

Eight hundred years before the coming of the Messiah, the prophet Elijah came unto the people of Israel and said: "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him. But if Baal, follow him." Through the long process of the centuries, even after the Redeemer of the world came and restored life to mankind and gave them the admonition to love God and to stand for the truths of revealed religion, men have been drifting away until the Christian world has refused to commit itself to revealed religion, and in its "open-mindedness," so much in fashion today,

people fear to give themselves to sacred things. In this great conflict going on at the present, it is not only the form and conception of government that are at stake, not only the issue between unrestricted competition and planned cooperation in our economic life, not only our system of education—but civilization is driven to accept or reject the final bases of morals and spiritual life for

at its heart, and subsisted through all its adverse fortunes. The Hebrew religion had a forward look. Though it never forgot past times of divine interposition and revelation, the golden age of the nation was yet to come, when a "greater manifestation of divine grace and glory was to be given than any other time in the past." When the Israelites were taken into captivity at the begin-

EXCAVATORS
UNCOVER
A PAVED STREET
OF ANCIENT
BABYLON
BY DIGGING
DOWN
INTO THE
RUBBLE
OF CENTURIES



Photo by
Underwood's Underwood

which Christ lived and died. The Christian world must rise and hear the words of Elijah of old: "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him. But if Baal, follow him." The world must have a larger vision and come to a holier purpose.

NATIONS RISE AGAINST NATIONS

THROUGHOUT human history, peoples who have risen to worldly power have made war on smaller nations with the sole purpose of conquering and enslaving them. In the seventh century before Christ, Assyria, Babylon, and Chaldea marched with their armies to the cities of Israel to conquer and enslave the people. Jerusalem had become a city of homes. The land was productive and irrigation of the soil made deserts blossom. When the people were forced to war to defend their homes and religion, there were prophets, who had inward assurance that they were divinely authorized to speak for God. One remarkable feature of the Hebrew religion was this undying hope which lay

ning of the sixth century B.C., the innermost spring of their lives was faith in a supreme Being. They "set their hopes in God."

THE PROPHET JEREMIAH

God's infinitude in the works of creation, his universal providence in history, were preached with great power by the prophets. Jeremiah, the prophet of the Exile, taught the people the words, found in the book of Deuteronomy: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength." The exiles carried with them the Law of one God, and in the teachings of Jeremiah, they learned the worth of the individual man. George Adam Smith writes:

Jeremiah had found religion in Judah a public and a national affair. The individual derived his spiritual values only from being a member of the nation, and through the public exercises of the national faith. Partly by his own religious experiences, Jeremiah was able to accomplish what may be justly described as the vindication of the individual.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

By President Levi Edgar Young

OF THE FIRST COUNCIL OF THE SEVENTY

al, of his own separate value before God, and of his right of access to his Maker. The prophet was conscious of having belonged to God before he belonged to his mother, his family, or his nation. "Before I formed thee in the body, I knew thee, and before thou comest out of the womb, I consecrated thee." It was in the strength of his solitary experience that he insisted in his famous thirty-first chapter on the individual responsibility of every man's immediate communication with God. Though the prophet felt keenly his separate responsibility and right of access to God, he nevertheless "clave to the people with all his heart, and in this captivity he chose to suffer with them."

And they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord: for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more. (Jeremiah 32: 32-34.)

It was a new era in the history of Israel when the exile occurred, and the year 600 B.C. is suggestive of a period which concerns world changes, as the world was then known, for while the Jews were taken into captivity, many

announced the coming of the kingdom of God upon the earth. He should be of the lineage of David, and who as the Messiah, should be the priest of the Most High God and a teacher of the sons of men.

ISAIAH, A PROPHET OF HOLINESS

IT was in the school of national adversity and suffering of the people that Isaiah's insight was trained and purified. Then, as it is now, when times were darkest, men longed for light. When tyrants trampled liberty, men longed most for freedom. When oppression bore down deeply, men dreamed most for liberty. When war came, men prayed for peace. Man's ultimate dream is for redemption. Man's hope is for salvation. Man looks to the coming of the Messiah.

Isaiah was the prophet of holiness. Sitting one day in the temple at Jerusalem during a period of profound meditation he had a vision of God enthroned in heaven. Then it was that he dedicated his life to the Lord. His problem was to make his conception of Jehovah's holiness the regulative ideal of conduct. He devoted his life in lifting the nation's religion of ceremonial into a religion of character. Holiness to him was the outstanding characteristic of God, and Isaiah gave to him the title of the Holy One of Israel. Though a multitude of Israel fell away, yet through a faithful remnant, the divine purpose would be accomplished. In Isaiah, sixth chapter, this is all expressed in the glowing light of a transcendent vision.

The Assyrians under Sennacherib invaded Palestine and threatened to destroy Judah and Jerusalem. Two hundred thousand strong, and with a reputation of reckless cruelty, this large army inspired terror in the hearts of the people. Isaiah stood before the king and assured him that God would save the city. A plague destroyed much of the army of Sennacherib and the rest went back to their country. It was now that Judah gained control of the valuable Red Sea trade, which meant commercial contact with Arabian, African, and Indian merchants. His work extended over a period of forty years. As resident of Jerusalem, he was a member of the upper class and was a friend of kings. Isaiah ranks as one of the greatest politicians and prophets of all Israel, and in using the word "politician," we mean one who fulfills the definition of Aristotle when he defines "politician"

(Concluded on page 780)



THE
BRICK FLOOR
OF
NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S
THRONE HALL

Photo by
Underwood & Underwood

Beautifully does he tell how every man should teach his neighbor and every man his brother. This is expressed in the thirty-first chapter of Jeremiah:

Not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers in the day that I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt; which my covenant they brake, although I was an husband unto them, saith the Lord:

But this shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel: After those days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be my people.

families left Jerusalem in groups and went to Egypt and other parts of the world. King Zedekiah was a contemporary of Jeremiah, and during his reign, one Lehi with his family was directed by the Lord to go into the wilderness and finally across the seas to a land which in time became known as America. It is in accordance with this sublime trust in God by Israel that a whole series of prophecies are found in holy writ which speaks of God as the directing cause of this new era, which resulted in the coming of his only Begotten Son, to redeem men from their sins and who



PEACE PALACE, THE HAGUE, NETHERLANDS
Symbol of man's hope
—Netherlands Information Bureau Photo

BORDER

By
ELLIS T. RASMUSSEN
and
JOHN ROBERT KEST

Editors:

I AM submitting to you two articles dealing with the evacuation of missionaries from Germany in the late summer of 1939, when hostilities were commencing on the border of Poland. The first article is by Elder Ellis T. Rasmussen, a missionary then laboring in the West German Mission, and the second by Elder John Robert Kest of the Netherlands Mission.

By way of introduction permit me to say that one year earlier when it appeared that war was inevitable the missionaries from the two German missions were removed, those from the East German Mission going into Denmark and those from the West German Mission going into the Netherlands. When through the efforts of Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain of Great Britain peace was temporarily patched up, these missionaries returned to their respective fields of labor. It was agreed at that time that if hostilities should come at a later date the same procedure would be followed, this plan being understood by all of the mission presidents who were concerned.

Thursday, August 24, 1939, we were in Hanover holding a meeting with the missionaries when word was received from the first presidency for us to notify all of the missionaries to pack and be prepared on a moment's notice to evacuate Germany. President M. Douglas Wood left our meeting to send this message to all the missionaries of his mission, and we continued without interruption until we were through. Similar notice had been sent also to President Alfred C. Rees of the East German Mission. That night, August 24, 1939, we held a public meeting in Hanover without giving any intimation that any movement of missionaries was contemplated.

Early the next morning word came from the first presidency for the missionaries in Germany to leave as soon as possible. President M. Douglas Wood and his wife immediately returned to Frankfurt, headquarters of the mission, by air, and Sister Smith and I, accompanied by Elder Arnold Hildebrandt, left by train. When I arrived in Frankfurt, there was a message from the presidency instructing me to move immediately, either into Holland or Denmark, and set up headquarters where I could look after the interests of the missionaries and the missions in the impending trouble. There were several remarkable experiences which occurred at this time, but which I need not mention.

That same night, August 25, Sister Smith and I took train for The Hague, headquarters of the Netherlands Mission, feeling that this point would be more centrally located in relation to the missions. When we reached the border of Holland, to our great surprise we were stopped by the Dutch officials, and after some argument we were finally permitted to enter that country because we had tickets for the boat which was to sail in about twelve days from Bordeaux, France. We were told emphatically, however, that we could have but twenty-four hours in Holland.

On arriving at The Hague, we soon discovered that the missionaries who had reached that border had been stopped, that is, most of them. When we learned this, President Franklin J. Murdock of the Netherlands Mission, on my advice, wired President Wood to have all the remaining missionaries in his mission head immediately for Denmark, and this was done.

When I learned that these missionaries could not enter Holland, I saw that I, too, would have to find my way in some fashion into Denmark. To go by train back through Germany was out of the question. To go by boat seemed to be equally impossible under the circumstances. We therefore sought passage by air. When President Murdock telephoned and asked for passage for Sister Smith and me by plane, he was informed that every reservation for days was taken. We asked that the first opening on the plane for Denmark be granted us. It was Sunday, August 27, in the morning when this request was made. In the early afternoon the telephone rang and the word came that two seats had been vacated on the plane leaving that afternoon at five o'clock, or at seventeen o'clock as they reckoned time. We took them and arrived in Denmark some two hours later, thus arriving before most of the missionaries who were leaving Germany arrived. From this point, Copenhagen, the evacuation of the missionaries out of Europe was conducted.

Now for the stories of these two elders.

JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH
Of the Council of the Twelve

INSIDE GERMANY

By Ellis T. Rasmussen

I GLANCED into my diary today and found:

Donnerstag, den 31 August, 1939; Kobenhavn [Copenhagen]: We learn today that we are to leave for America. We have had a wonderful experience in all here, and have been blessed. Now we must leave these good people and goodly lands to what *Schicksal* [fate] neither we nor they know; we return unto our own homeland, and peace. I am thankful for what I have.

I recall now how we felt about midnight of August 25, just before the war. Ten minutes late for the last train north, and under the stimulus of a score of newly published *Flugblaetter* announcing that all railroads forty-eight hours hence would be put at the primary disposal of the rapidly mobilizing army, my companion and I checked our baggage and sat down on the leeward side of a little wind-shelter out of *Bahnsteig 2* of the main station at Weimar to try to figure out what to do. Trains east, trains west, but none north.

Well, that wasn't so difficult: we simply took a train east, to Halle, where we walked about the streets until 8:30 a.m., bought us a camera, and caught a main-liner out for Hanover and the Holland border. That camera was a good idea, we thought; we could take it with us, but couldn't have taken the money which we paid for it. Later on we wished we had the cash.

I recall, too, how the early morning market-goers that day congested the sidewalks about the print shops of Halle. "*Drang nach Osten!*" . . . *Auch Dirschau befreit!*" Eastward the armies were racing, pushing, blasting their way to "free" the "oppressed" Germans in the Corridor. "*Der Hitler, der kann Alles!*"—he can do any and everything, some of the market-goers were muttering. Others didn't say much; didn't even shake their heads. Maybe they recalled the other war; we had been well acquainted with quite a number of folk who did, vividly, and not pleasantly, and who said wishfully if not confidently, "*Der Fuehrer will keinen Krieg!*"—

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

INCIDENT

*A story from the missionary evacuation
in Europe in 1939 when war stood on
the threshold*

he knew what war was; he would bring them into no war! Thinking of them, we saw but pathos in the tranquil country scenes we traversed, in the mother and her babe scratching about the cabbage-garden near their frugal little *Gartenhaus*, waving to us. We felt it pathetic that she and her babe should seem symbolic to us of the coming loneliness many were probably to suffer. Another young mother in our compartment in the train was taking her babe to grandma's. Yes, he had left last night, she answered the woman next to her; and they said little more—just looked out the window, but none of the swift-rotating landscape caught their attention. We supposed they were just looking because they were expected to impress us, whoever we might be, that they were proud their men had gone.

From Hanover, where we first were able to find seats, or even to crowd into a compartment out of the hallway of the car, we listened to young men talk. But they didn't say much either; they didn't even ask us where we were going, or where we had come from. Everyone usually did that, at least, over there.

WE rolled on toward Holland, hardly feeling we were leaving it all. We ate a luxurious omelet in the diner; a mark and thirty-five pfennige wasn't many cents at our exchange. There weren't many omelets being served.

At Bentheim, all went well. It was our last stop in Germany, and we now had

gathered some other missionaries as companions.¹ We checked over our surplus cash (everything above ten marks); sent it back to someone to hold it for us for a time; perhaps we'd be back to use it later. Some of the brethren sent all they had, thinking it would be useless in Holland anyway.

We looked for the border as we passed, but saw little to mark it. There was a visible line of barbed-wire barricade with little concrete obstructions meant to stop tanks—such as I had seen earlier on the former boundary between Austria and Sudetenland of Czechoslovakia.

Our baggage passed inspection—they merely asked most of us what was in it—and was loaded on for Rotterdam. Then came our first occasion to wonder. The man that had taken our passports a mile out from the Dutch station came with them and told us to follow him. We followed him through our *Schnellzug*, out the other side, and into a little motor-train beyond, where he gave us back our passports and we started east! Didn't he know who we were? Hadn't someone told him we would be cared for by the church if necessary, and that we didn't intend to stay long in Holland? We tried to learn the cause of our "deportation" back to Germany; best we could find was that some sort of blanket-rule prohibited us from coming into

¹Among the group now were Elders Rayo Parker, William Thayne, Clayton Larsen, W. Haws, Frank Knutti, and I.

Holland unless we had steamer tickets to take us on out. Well, we would get steamer tickets if necessary! No use; we were no exception.

Back in Bentheim we chose a spokesman to call The Hague and ask President Murdock of the Dutch Mission whether we were the last left in Germany and what we should do. He wasn't in, but would call when he came. We waited. Night came on—twenty-four hours had passed—and we heard nothing from anyone. We pooled our souvenir marks and took rooms in a hotel for the night, as border police didn't like us around the station waiting-room. We left instructions to forward our awaited telephone call.

NEXT morning we pretended it was Fast Day to save our waning money for emergency use. No call. We wandered down to town about noon and bought a bag of *Broetchen* [bread rolls] and a jar of jam. Served up with Hitler-Jugend knives for cutlery, it filled the hungry spot for a while. Still no call. We decided to go down and try the border again. We didn't know, of course, that Elder Kest of the Dutch Mission had been trying all day to do something for us on the other side, for the station attendant on our side hadn't reported that a call had come for us. We couldn't cross the border; we couldn't go back; we couldn't call Frankfurt; we knew of nothing we could do. But then, there had been other missionaries in more difficult spots, as we knew; we thought quite a bit about some of the brethren who had been called to foreign lands and of the promises made to them, according to our Doctrine and Covenants.

Well, it came. Just as we were about to leave, in walked Elder Kest. I must leave you to his story (p. 793) as to how he crossed the border without a German visa in his passport, passed inspections without surrendering the tickets he was bringing to us, and arrived at the crucial moment. . . .

Then I recall studying a *Kursbuch* of all the train schedules in Germany in hopes of finding a train on which we could proceed inland and toward Denmark. Elder Kest merely explained that few of the brethren were in Holland and that no more could come in, as no foreigners were being admitted. We hoped Denmark wouldn't be that way!

All I got from the *Kursbuch* and the information desk was that the last train through had left for the day. That night, our forty-eight hours would be up. So we decided to try a local train to Salzbögen, and hope for something thereafter. . . .

The gateman at the tracks asked us where we were going. "*Nach Osnabrück*," we said. "Not with this ticket!" Not with that? How then? He looked the booklet of tickets over, turned the

(Continued on page 793)



DANISH LANDSCAPE
"War seemed far removed."
—Photo C. M. Newman



PART X

1847—NEARING FORT LARAMIE

Thursday, August 5. Last night, Taylor's com, which we pass'd at noon, crowded onto our herding place—the herd mixed, &c. We started this mor, after them & pass'd them & sev[er]al other com[panie]s—pass'd a lot of Indian huts—sev[er]al Indians came out to meet us—all quiet—as we came up in the rear of C. C. Rich's com, the road on the left in which we trav. being vacant, Capt. T[taylor] trav. in it. Br. Duel from the right came over & crowded in 2 wagons; except this, all was harmony. We encamp near the fording place. At eve Capt. Peirce returns to the wigwags or rather tents—finds French gentlemen at supper with Indian servants—the meal consisted of light bread, coffee & meat serv'd on the ground with the tin dishes, &c. We have a *sprinkle* of rain—very dry; Indians visit us. Trav. 12½ ms.

Friday, August 6.² Cross the river which here has a stony bottom. We cross below the old Fort—both are built of unburnt brick. We go 5 miles beyond & encamp before 12. Capt. [Jed. M.] Grant having sent for us to stop till they arrive. Ch[arles] D[ilworth] & Br. Ellsworth go to P[arley] P. P[arley] for permission for some to leave the Com[pany] & go ahead—he throws the responsibility upon Capt. [Jos. B.] N[oble], who will not take it by giving consent, &c., &c. The feed good on a little island—we have plenty of wood & water & before bedtime we flatter ourselves, (i.e. Sis[ter] Peirce & myself) that the go ahead feeling will be subdued & all stop & recruit the teams, repair wagons, &c.

²The apostles in the Great Salt Lake Valley renewed their covenants by baptism, and the rest of the company soon after followed their example. Including the detachment of the Mormon Battalion and Saints from Mississippi, who had arrived a few days before, there were about 400 souls in the Valley.—*Journal History*

FORDING THE PLATTE

"Like meeting an old friend," writes Eliza R. Snow as the company makes one of several crossings of the Platte River, which, as a tributary of the Missouri has flanked the pioneer route all the way from Winter Quarters, continuing past Ash Hollow, Chimney Rock, Scott's Bluffs, Fort Laramie, and Red Butte as the North Platte. From Devil's Gate the pioneer company will follow an arm of the Platte known as the Sweetwater River.

—From a painting in the Scott's Bluff Museum. Photograph by George Strebel in the Brigham Young University 1936 Art Caravan collection.

Moth[er] Chase & I have a treat in the eve. Jacob Cloward baptiz'd, &c. My health much better. A Spaniard sup'd with us, John Taylor-enc[amped] on the other side the Island.

Saturday, August 7. All is well—may our union increase—but some things seem calculated to call up the feelings of the human heart & show the selfishness of man. Some of us at least feel somewhat indignant in consequence of a letter from Capt. G[rant] to P[arley] P. P[arley] stating things derogatory to the benevolent feelings of the 1st 50—whether true or false may hereafter be proven. It is nearly night when they arrive—Capt. G[rant] sick—I took dinner with Sis. Holmes & sup'd with Sis. Noble.

Sunday, August 8. A little shower at noon which is a rare thing in this country—the sisters of our com. have a meeting. Sis. Taylor & Leonard come. The Lord pour'd his spirit upon us in a copious effusion—sis. Riter receiv'd the gift of tongues. A move made to start in the eve, but the cattle mix'd with other herds & takes too long to find them. Sis. P[er]ce blest M[argaret] at our meet. & in the gift of tongues & united our hands, &c.

Monday, August 9. Move on—leave the 2nd 50 doing their blacksmith work with coal that father Chase burnt for us, &c. We are now among the much celebrated "black hills"—pass Capt. Edward Hunter & find that P[arley] P. P[arley] has gone on—we stop by the river where we find a patch of grass, currants & buffalo berries—the country

PIONEER DIARY

here is rugged enough—drivers feed with scrubby pine, hemlock, cottonwood, &c., very thinly scattered, with bluffs presenting the appearance of well fortified castles, the inhabitants of which exclude themselves from our view, altho' 2 grizzly bears had been seen. Last night had a fine shower. Trav[eled] 5½ m[ile]s.

Tuesday, August 10. We had a fine show'r in the night—this mor[n]g while waiting for Capt. G[rant] to come up, that he & Prest. [John] Y[oung]—who have trav. with the other 50, might go with us. M[argaret] Peirce baked 2 berry pies, the qualities of which are yet to be tested. We had a treat of wild goose for breakfast, which Sis. Wiler's driver kill'd last night. The road today is very hilly & rocky but hard, & we are not annoy'd with dust, stop & dine on our pies & milk—no feed for cattle—I rode with sis. [Jedediah M.] Grant in the afternoon—she is quite feeble—cross'd some beautiful little streams towards night—one warm spring in the morning—was amus'd to see the high peak which was said to be 50 ms. this side Laramie, surrounded with a white cloud, at some distance from the summit. We encamp 30 m[ile]s from the F[ort].

Wednesday, August 11. We cross the stream on which we encamp'd last night—I am sick all day—the road rough—considerably between bluffs—enc[amp] on a stream near "Kimball's Springs" of good cold water. [Gen. Chas. C.] Rich comes up, trav. 15 ms.

Thursday, August 12. Cross the stream & enc[amp]—find more cold springs & plenty of wood—sis. Mary N[oble] gives birth to a fine girl in her wagon. I din'd with Sis. Wiler on tea & light biscuit. The 2nd 50 come up. Charcoal was burned for the camp blacksmiths, and five gallons of tar made by one of the companies.

Friday, August 13. Spent the day with Sis. N[oble]. Her babe not well. [John] Taylor and [A. O.] Smoot come up—Sis. Hunter calls, informs us of the hail-storm which last eve[n]g threaten'd us, but pass'd round—she said the stones were large as small walnuts & whitened the ground.

Saturday, August 14. Sis. [A. O.] Smoot called on me in the mor[n]g. They had 10 horses & 2 colts stolen by the Ind[ians] night before last. I din'd with Sis. Leonard on pot pie—gave no-

OF Eliza R. Snow

tice to all the 100 & met in the aft[ernoon] for worship—had a glorious time. 3 receiv'd the gift of tongues—the "spirit of the Holy Ghost" was truly pour'd out—last eve the young people met for a dance & br. Baker's boys & others intruded with much insolence—they are tried this eve before the bishop's court, &c., &c. This 50 burn a coal pit—the 2d 50 are having their work done that they may start tomorrow—we are also manufacturing tar—Capt. [A. O.] Smoot's Com. made 50 gallons.

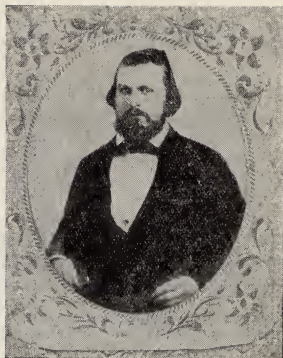
Sunday, August 15. The 2d 50 start —sis. [Loven] Weeks sent for me—I spent sev[eral] hours with her—call'd on sis. Holmes—din'd with sis. [Amos H.] Neff—vis[it]ed sis. Grant, & N[oble] after walking to the tar pit, &c. Capt. P[elrice] loses an ox—yest[erday] saw M. Forsgreen & Sister F. Granger pass sitting in the front of the wagon—[P. P.] P[ratt] & [John] Young, start for the Pioneers, very blustering in the aft[ernoon] but no rain of any consequence.

Monday, August 16. A motion was made to start—when the cattle are

To meet President Brigham Young and company returning from Salt Lake Valley on the way back to Winter Quarters.

brought up, 16 are not to be found—do not find them thro' the day. William [Baldwin] is out on foot & alone for his ox which is gone with the rest—we feel very anxious for him on account of the large wolves & Indians. I go to Moth[er] Chase's—hear that Pioneers [Pres. Brigham Young's company] have arrived at the upper camps—that the City [Salt Lake City] is laid out &c. Sis. H. [?] calls while we are having a rich treat from on high, call on sis. Weeks—find her better—sup at home on a rabbit pot-pie.

Tuesday, August 17. The men go in search of the cattle. The sis[ters] meet in the grove for prayer—we have a time not to be forgotten. Bless the Lord, O my soul, yea, I do praise him for the gift of his holy spirit—before I got out of the grove, I heard that the brethren were on track of the cattle—went home with sis. Young, read the letter from the Pioneers by Porter of the Pioneers & Bro. Binley of the soldiers—the letter brought the most cheering int[erest], dated Aug. 2d, stating that they were in the beautiful valley of the Great Salt Lake, that they had that morning commenc'd surveying the City—that it is "a goodly land" & their souls are satisfied. The soldiers from Pueblo & the brethren from Miss[issippi] have arriv'd & they number in all 450 souls & know not one dissatisfied—I din'd with br. [John] Y[oung] & lady & L. Robinson from Rich's Camp. Sis. P[elrice] sick in consequence of poison which is effecting her hands & face, the sis. remember'd her in their meeting—she heard from her son—that he was well—had not been homesick—that Prest. Y[oung] was going to keep him on his side, &c., which comforted her. We have a smart sprinkle of rain near night—Prest. [John] Young, Capt. [Jedediah] Grant & Capt. Noble rig themselves for herding—they go out and bring in the herd which Captain P[elrice] recommended but was oppos'd in. My heart was made to rejoice at seeing our 3 head officers united in one thing—it surely is in accordance with the prayers of the sis. This morn-



ROBERT PEIRCE

Often mentioned in the diary, he was captain of the ten and head of the family with which Eliza traveled. From an old tintype.

ing Sis. G[rant] is better—thinks the pickled pork I obtain'd of I. Ashby did her good.

Wednesday, August 18. Capt. G[rant] started early to meet the men who are in pursuit of the cattle—commenc'd raining about noon —Sis. P[elrice] is better—the men do not return.

Thursday, August 19. Last night rained in the forepart—between 1 and 2 our cattle brake [break] from the yard—the men go in pursuit & return with them in the mor[n]ing. One of Capt. P[elrice's] not to be found—after consulting, it is thought best to move forward with what strength we have. Capt. P[elrice] goes in search of his ox & we are waiting after the other Tens leave. Sis. Wiler brings me a bowl of tea while waiting in the horseless buggy. The Lord bless her for all her kindness to me. My pray'r for the Camp is that God will pour out his Spirit upon us—we seem to have the most difficulty when the most officers are with us. O Lord! fill them with thy Spirit—unite their hearts—incline them to seek unto thee for thy blessings to rest upon this people—may we uphold them by the pray'r of faith. Capt. P[elrice] finds the ox that stray'd last night & we go on—ascend a hill where every team has to double. Capt. P[elrice's] horses gone after the cattle—he fastens the carriage to a wagon—the women walk. I ride with br. Hendricks. Sis. Love is run over with a heavily loaded wagon. We encamp before night on a small creek—I bake the pancakes for supper—rains quite a show'r before we get supper. M[ar] (Continued on page 783)

THE PIONEER JOURNEY

Dates on the map are those on which the advance company under Brigham Young arrived at these points, but the route is the same described in the diary.



Nearly half of the 143 original Pioneers left Great Salt Lake Valley with ox teams, on their return to Winter Quarters for their families, with Brigham Young in charge of the company, August 26 the second company of returning Pioneers left for Winter Quarters, where they arrived October 31.—Journal History

A Sister Love was run over by a wagon loaded with sixteen hundred pounds. One wheel ran over her breast. She was administered to and was around again in a day or two.—From Kirtland to Salt Lake City, p. 140

CHRIST, CHRISTMAS, and Santa Claus

By T. EDGAR LYON

Associate Director, Salt Lake L.D.S.
Institute of Religion, University
of Utah

NO custom is more universally celebrated by Christians than that of Christmas—a festive occasion in commemoration of the birth of Jesus of Nazareth. Strange as it may appear, however, Christians in various parts of the world are not agreed concerning the date of the Savior's nativity. The members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints participate in the Christmas celebrations traditional in those lands in which they live. They do not, however, accept such occasions as the actual date of the birth of Christ. From modern revelation they know that April 6 is his natal day.¹ In various early periods of the Christian era it has been observed in January, March, April, and May.² Even in this country the major divisions of Christianity are not agreed concerning this day, some celebrating it in December, others in January. The uncertainty of this date is attested by the prefatory note to the Roman Catholic Christmas masses:

The exact day of our Lord's birth on earth has never been revealed to us; but the Roman Church has, from early ages, set apart for its solemn celebration the twenty-fifth day of December.³

In early days of the Roman Church, December 25 was observed as the day of St. Anastasia, a Christian martyr. It was not until late in the fourth century (apparently 353 or 354 A.D.) that the Roman Church first designated December 25 as the day to commemorate the birth of the Messiah.

Why was this done? Apparently the explanation is to be found in the fact that in nearly every western land of the northern hemisphere the closing days of December had, from time immemorial, been the days for the year's greatest festivities. In some northern lands it was the celebration of the winter solstice, when the sun, as it were, was born again. In others, it was the feast of Yule (Jule, Iol, or Iul) in honor of the pagan god, Thor. Romanized lands celebrated with much merriment the Feast of the Saturnalia after December 7. Jews celebrated the "Feast of Lights" (Feast of Dedication) from December 17 to December 25. Mithraism, one of the most widespread of the ancient mystery religions and one of the most serious competitors of Christianity in the early centuries, celebrated the birthday of its god, Mithras, on December 25.

¹Dctrine and Covenants 20:1
²Mathews and Smith, *A Dictionary of Religion and Ethics*, p. 96
³Fr. X. Lasance, *The New Missal for Every Day*, p. 169



In view of these already widespread customs of feasting and celebrating at this season of the year, and the firmness with which these customs were rooted in the lives of the people, it is no wonder that the Christians superimposed the celebration of Christ's birthday upon this season. By so doing, they accomplished three things. First, they capitalized on the traditional period for festival experiences and made it a season of Christ-centered rejoicing. Second, they weakened the influence that surviving paganism might have on new converts to the Christian church by offering a substitute for their customary pagan celebrations. Third, they retained, but re-interpreted, gift-giving, prayers, sacrifices, use of lights, colors or other symbolism wherever they had been part of the pagan ceremonies, giving them a significance referring to Jesus.

An acquaintance with the customs connected with the celebration of Christmas in European lands in this century indicates, however, that while the observance of the Savior's birthday has been adopted as December 25, the old pagan forms were never entirely overcome. For instance, the use of straw goats during the Christmas season in Sweden is evidently a survival of an ancient pagan fertility cult; the Yule Log is another un-Christian symbol; the fruit or Christmas cakes of most lands, and the use of mistletoe and holly are

yet other festival symbols which survived into Christianity for no good reason, except that they were deeply rooted in the social customs of the people.

With the passing of the years, under the teachings of the church leaders, people gradually forgot the ancient pagan celebrations. They entered into the colorful ceremonies of the Christmas season and, after a generation or two, December 25 was accepted in the public mind as the real birthday of the Savior. The newer generations soon forgot the pagan significance of many of the customs they observed in connection with the activities of the holiday season. In each land distinctive traditions were perpetuated and new ones developed, until in modern times Christmas customs in the different Christian lands are more varied than the languages of those nations. The date of Christmas was about the only thing that all of the lands had in common.

IN America we are guilty of having made an addition of doubtful value to the Christmas celebration, namely that of Saint Nicholas or Santa Claus. How did this intruder become identified with the Christmas celebration to such an extent that he has almost crowded Jesus out of the Christmas season? St. Nicholas, according to tradition, was Bishop of Myra, Lycia (Asia Minor), in the early fourth century. He was a man of wealth who used his money to do good deeds, but swore those whom he aided to secrecy. He especially protected and befriended students, and provided the dowries for daughters of impoverished parents, that they might marry to their best advantage.

Following his death, many tales were told by his benefactors concerning his magnanimous deeds, and numerous traditions grew up concerning him. He became a saint through popular acclaim and was adopted throughout Europe as the patron saint of boys, girls, students, young ladies seeking suitable marriages, bankers, pawnbrokers, and sailors. So great was his popularity that at one time he was probably revered more than any other saint, with the exceptions of Peter and Mary.

He became the patron saint of Russia and of many of the Italian and Spanish seaports; numerous church edifices in France, Belgium, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries were dedicated to him; in England alone more than four hundred churches were named in his honor.⁴ His day, in accordance with the Calendar of Saints commemorated by masses in the Roman Catholic Church, is celebrated December 6.

(Continued on page 791)

⁴Encyclopaedia Britannica, vol. 16, p. 416

BAPTISTE

Son of Bird Woman

By

ANN WOODBURY HAFEN

SYNOPSIS OF PART I: *The youth, Baptiste, son of the Frenchman Charbonneau and the Shoshone maid Sacajawea, who won fame as the guide of the Lewis and Clark expedition into the great northwest, has come to St. Louis to seek permission from General Clark, now in charge of the Indian affairs of the west and self-appointed guardian of Baptiste, to go to Europe with Prince Paul, German explorer who has taken a keen personal interest in him. General Clark sees an overseas stay as the means of giving Baptiste skill in many languages, an understanding of many peoples; he visions him becoming the West's foremost guide and interpreter, promoter of good will between red man and white. The general gives his assent, while his thoughts go back in swift review of that marvelous expedition on which Baptiste, as papoose, had accompanied the explorers to the Every-where-salt-water—the upstream haul in the pirogues, the narrow escape from cloudburst in a ravine, the friendly meeting with Sacajawea's own people in the Stony Mountains, and the final wondrous descent of the Columbia. There on an inlet near the mouth of the river, the explorers had camped for the winter. . . .*

PART II (CONCLUSION)

THROUGH the long months Baptiste learned to toddle about on sturdy legs and even to dance at the sound of the fiddle. He helped his father cook elk steaks before the fire. He tugged at the new buckskin shirts and elkskin moccasins which his mother seemed forever to be sewing. He rolled his black eyes when the young men jollied him. And he clapped his hands whenever Clark paused in his endless writing to take the little fellow on his knee or to toss him in the air.

Once Baptiste went by boat down to the big ocean where a whale had been washed ashore. Already the Indians had stripped its bones. When Baptiste and his mother saw Captain Clark stand upright in its open mouth, they were frightened at the hugeness of the bony cave. Some *ecolay*, fat of the whale, the travelers carried back to the fort to vary the flavor of lean elk meat on which they were subsisting.

Since food was none too plentiful in the explorers' camp, with early spring the party started homeward toward St. Louis, over two thousand travel miles away. The bearded long-haired men now wore new buckskin clothes made Indian style—long hunting shirts, leggings, and moccasins.

When they reached the Stony Mountain country it was root-digging time. Consequently, they could not find Sacajawea's people, who had journeyed to the root grounds.



—Illustrated by John Henry Evans, Jr.

ONCE, FOR ELEVEN DAYS, HE WANDERED ALONE, LOST IN THE WILDS, DRINKING WATER FROM A BEAVER SKIN HE HAD FILLED.

Through the dangerous Blackfeet country the explorers made their way on horses until they reached the Missouri waters. Then in boats which they had cached on the outward journey, they floated down the river. Swarms of huge mosquitoes hovered over the water. Sacajawea brushed continually to keep her baby from their hungry bites. When endless lines of buffalo swimming the river held up the boat's passage, the buzzing insects were almost unbearable.

At last the expedition was safely back at the Mandan Indian villages on the Missouri River, where the Charbonneaus first had joined the explorers. Before departing for St. Louis, Captain Clark perched young Baptiste upon his shoulders, and as he capered with the laughing boy he asked:

"Charbonneau, why don't you let me have this little fellow? I would rear him as my own son, educate him. I'd make of him the best interpreter of the West. I'd—"

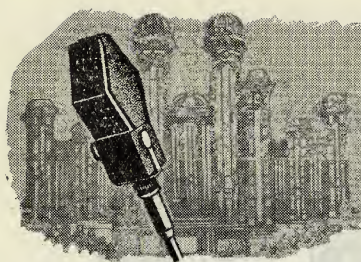
But at the look of fear that came into the young mother's eyes he stopped. "Perhaps when he is a little older you might let me have him then. Of course, he is too young to leave his mother now."

Scarcely had Captain Clark gone his way, when he dispatched a letter urging Charbonneau to bring his family down to St. Louis to live, where Clark might oversee the boy's education.

SOON, Baptiste with his father and mother were floating down the great river to the strange city of the white men. For the next few years, while his father went off on trading expeditions, Baptiste and Sacajawea remained under the care of the kind redhead captain. Sometimes the boy's tutor was a Catholic priest or a nun. Sometimes it was a Baptist minister. But the young half-breed went on learning as the white boys did. With quill, ink, and paper he practiced to become the skillful penman. His lessons were taught to him in French, the language of his father. He came to wear the hat and shoes of the white boy, to share the games of his white playmates. Clark, who had loved the dancing boy, Baptiste, of the overland journey, grew to love the bright-eyed lad of promise.

Thus, with occasional visits to the wilds, went the life of Baptiste. All agreed that he must learn the ways of the hunter and trapper if he were to be-

(Continued on page 784)



The Spoken Word

By RICHARD L. EVANS

HEARD FROM THE "CROSSROADS OF THE WEST" WITH THE SALT LAKE TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN OVER A NATIONWIDE RADIO NETWORK THROUGH KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM EVERY SUNDAY AT 12:00 NOON EASTERN WAR TIME, 11:00 A.M. CENTRAL WAR TIME, 10:00 A.M. MOUNTAIN WAR TIME, AND 9:00 A.M. PACIFIC WAR TIME.

Why Not Try Repentance!

THE characteristic technique of the sleight-of-hand performer is to divert attention from what he doesn't want us to see and focus attention on what he does want us to see. He may employ a casual and disarming line of talk or a few false motions, or both—but all to one purpose: to take our minds off reality and to make unreality seem real. In some respects the illustration would seem to have pertinence to the pattern of our current living—a pattern so complicated, so crowded with immediate problems, so dominated by startling news, that we sometimes stand in danger of thinking too much about *what* is happening and not enough about *why*—too much about effects and not enough about causes—too much about symptoms and not enough about the disease. The doctor who goes about prescribing for symptoms only, may relieve the patient, but the chances for permanent cure are not so good unless he looks beyond symptoms to discover causes. This figure also seems to have pertinence to the pattern of current living, because social and economic upheavals are symptoms of something deeper; and war is a symptom also—a symptom of some underlying cause in the lives of men—and, while we devoutly work and pray for an end to war, and while, as a nation, our immediate problem is unreservedly the winning of the war, if the coming of peace should find the basic cause untouched, a reasonable expectancy would be for the malady to recur. The winning of a war does not, for example, assure personal or national righteousness. It doesn't outlaw greed or hate, or unchastity or incontinence, or deception or inordinate ambition. And yet such things, with their innumerable kindred brood, are the festering causes of war, because they drive peace from the hearts of men. Isaiah spoke the formula these many centuries since: "... the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." (Isaiah 57:20, 21.) And if there is no peace for the wicked, there can be no peace for anyone until the wicked have repented or been confined to their proper sphere. But repentance must go beyond those who are known as "the wicked." It must be a general repentance—repentance from unreality, from false thinking, from treating symptoms while ignoring causes. We must look beyond *what* is happening and give more attention to *why*. If we don't, and if history may be trusted to repeat itself, peace will continue to be merely a breathing spell between periods of conflict. This will not be a popular conclusion. Such messages never have been popular. But the record will show that nearly everything else has been tried without permanent success. Now why not try repentance!

—October 3, 1943.

Some Current Notes on Martyrdom

WE have read somewhere currently a brief statement of a challenging idea: "The greater the truth, the greater the danger." Certainly the record will show that those who have advocated great truths, before the world generally has accepted them, have often stood in great danger. The history of martyrdom in all fields of thought and learning will bear this out. Prophets who have forecast coming events have often died for their testimony, but the generations have lived to see, often to their sorrow, the fulfillment of prophetic word. Those who in the field of science have wrested from the unknown an understanding of things heretofore untaught and unbelieved, have often been the objects of scorn, ridicule, and persecution. Some of them have lived to see their own vindication, and some of them have not, but the long list of martyrs to truth is a frightening monument to human stupidity, ignorance, and intolerance. As one poet-philosopher expressed it: "Against stupidity the very Gods themselves contend in vain." (Schiller.) But martyrs are not all confined to the past, and they aren't all confined to the fields of science and religion. Those who, for example, undertake to crusade against current evils are very often martyrs, with cynicism and scorn and ridicule heaped upon them. Sometimes every act of their lives, including intimate and sacred and personal things, is paraded for public view by those whose business and profession it is to twist words and smear reputations. No matter how irreproachable a man's life may be, if he undertakes to oppose a popular or profitable evil, he may expect to be represented as a public enemy, an obstructionist, a prophet of doom, and a good many other things less printable, by those who have the facilities and motives for doing such things and who haven't the conscience or the scruples not to do them. He who opposes popular but fallacious practices, he who sees and contends against dangerous trends and schemes, is inviting martyrdom in a sense—at least the martyrdom of his reputation—and perhaps social and political martyrdom. But if a man sees a quickening departure from hard-won ideals and fundamentals, and if he sees the gaining momentum of tendencies which are moving his generation or his people toward a precipice at the bottom of which lies certain wreckage, he has an obligation to speak his mind no matter what the currently popular philosophy is. And if he does speak his mind and becomes added to the list of those who have been persecuted for doing so, it is one more evidence of the high cost of presenting a new truth or defending an old one. True, the greater the truth, the greater is the danger, sometimes, to the individual who advocates it. A contemporary generation is slow to forgive those who think and see ahead of them or who invite atten-

from Temple Square

tion to their follies. But the greater the truth, the greater the safety ultimately for all—and martyrs for truth somehow have a way of living forever, with much greater peace and satisfaction in life than those who have opposed them.

—October 10, 1943.

Yesterday's Tomorrow

ONE of the distinguishing attributes of intelligence in men is the faculty of thinking and planning for the future. It is this that causes us to plant so that we may harvest. It is this that gives us the wisdom to save a part of our harvest so that we may plant and harvest again. It is the assurance of a future that induces us to work beyond the point of satisfying our immediate needs. It is in anticipation of a future that we save. It is the promise of future reward that causes us to invest what we save—and we wouldn't do it except for this assurance. It is in anticipation of future happiness that we counsel youth to forego indulgences and dissipations that may tempt them in the present. Indeed, we have learned to deal in futures in all phases of living, and a life that does not look toward an endless future is a frustrated and meaningless and empty life, and leaves too much to be explained. But the glorious certainty that there will always be a future is an assurance that is often abused—an assurance that sometimes causes people to rely too much on the future to the shameful neglect of the present. There are, for example, parents who are always going to get better acquainted with their children—at some time in the future when the pressure is less great. They had better do it while they can. There are those who are going to reform themselves—who are going to give up some of their objectionable habits—sometime when it is more convenient. They had better do it while they can. There are those who are going to start saving, start being neighborly, start watching their health, start living with more discrimination and wisdom—sometime when they get around to it. They had better do it while they can. There are those, old and young, who are going to improve their minds, or train their hands—who are going to prepare themselves for opportunities ahead—sometime. They had better do it while they can. In an eternal journey there is no part of life that is more important than any other. Today is the future for which we were waiting ten years ago. And some of the things we postponed then, we're still postponing for some other future. The promise of things to come is glorious and beautiful and real—"a new heaven and a new earth," in the language of scripture. And predicated upon obedience to certain God-given fundamentals, there are everlasting compensations to be realized—but not by those who don't do anything about it. This is life—this is yesterday's tomorrow—and if we haven't learned to live now, we'll have to sometime. Yes, fortunately and gloriously, there will always be a future—but don't let it make us forget the obligations of the present.

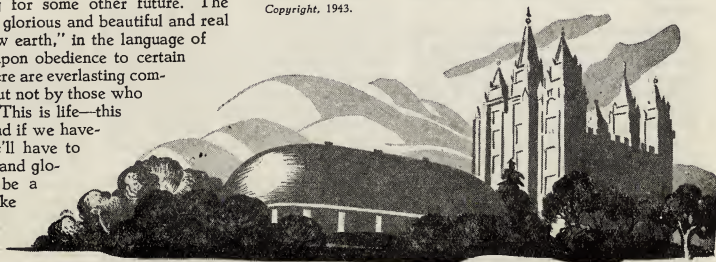
—October 17, 1943.

"The Consent of the Governed"

WILLIAM PENN is accredited with the statement—"If men be good, government cannot be bad." On first hearing, one may be inclined to challenge the idea, but a more studied consideration of it will reveal its fundamental truth. It is true that there may be exceptions; it is true that history records innumerable incidents of conquest, forced slavery, and subjugation of unwilling peoples, by tyrants and usurpers. But these apparent exceptions do not invalidate the rule. In the first place, no tyrant stands alone. He must have a large following to support him in his infamies. And the fact that he can secure a following large enough to accomplish his purposes, and that there is no effective resistance against such an element, is *prima facie* evidence of internal weakness. The very existence of tyranny is, in itself, an indication that somewhere along the line a sufficient number of people have relaxed their standards and their vigilance. Tyrants don't come into being if the personal lives of the people are strong, and sound, and self-reliant. It is true that in a weakened society there may be many strong people, and William Penn's words emphatically do not mean that all people under a bad government are bad. Indeed, the contrary has always proved to be true, and often the leaven of a straight-thinking minority has affected the whole lump and ultimately brought about a correction of evils. But even so, William Penn's statement is a disturbing thought—because it places the responsibility right back where it belongs, and takes some zest from the prevalent and time-honored pastime of criticizing government while sitting back and doing nothing about it. The founding fathers of our own nation gave us the key when they said: "Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." We cannot avoid the responsibility. Governments, in the long run, are largely a reflection of the people who live under them. And if there are evils in government, those who live thereunder had better begin an honest scrutiny of themselves. Generally speaking, and in the long view of things, "If men be good, government cannot be bad." This, from William Penn, is a personal challenge to each of us.

—October 24, 1943.

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The RELIGIOUS GAP

in College

By CALVIN T. RYAN, ED.M.
*State Teachers College, Kearney,
Nebraska*

WHAT happens to a college student's religion depends more on what he is when he enters college than upon his experiences after he enrolls. What his home has done, what his school has done, what his church has done for him during his pre-college years will very largely determine what college will do for him after he gets there. While the atmosphere of colleges may differ, and while the teaching of one college may differ from another, there is no greater variation between the denominational college and the non-denominational than there is among the denominational colleges themselves. Again what he is in his home-town environment will mean more than the kind of college he attends.

I make those assertions on the strength of years of observation and investigation. I make them because in some communities are those who say that colleges are ruining our young people's religion.

Often parents forget the natural changes which will inevitably come to the adolescent during the years subsequent to his high school graduation. Change will take place in the boys and girls even though they remain in the community where they were born.

The breaking away from childhood associates and habits is inevitable when a boy or girl leaves the community to attend college elsewhere. It is likewise inevitable that such a transition will affect the thoughts, habits, and beliefs of youth. Personality both influences and is influenced by environment. When, in 1939, Lincoln B. Hale and his associates published their findings in *From School to College*, they knew a change would come about. These investigators speak of the "gap" in religious life, which so often seems to appear during the transition to the college environment. . . . "Discovering the many problems involved in such a transitional hiatus in religion, these men try to find out what determined the various reactions shown by the students, and what influenced their adjustments."

Granted not all colleges are doing as much as they should to take care of the transitional period; granted, further, that all instructors do not exercise care enough in their presentation or in their living of Christian ideals, we cannot attribute all the problems of youth's "gap" in religious life either to the colleges or to the professors. The response and the adaptation which a given student makes to his new environment are predetermined by his home and church training before he arrives on the campus. Religion, we must remember, is only one of the many factors at

work during this transition period. Since it is only one of many, we do not always find it easy to segregate the religious from the other factors of adjustment or maladjustment. College life, whenever it is normal, provides a total situation. Its main business, ostensibly at least, is to afford the students a chance to get an education. This process is no longer confined to textbooks, lectures, and laboratories. The total situation in which the student finds himself becomes a part of his curriculum. This larger curriculum includes religious development, health and recreation, social development, personality growth—in all that the word has come to mean. In many colleges, a large number of the students work for their existence. They wait tables, sweep halls, clerk, mow lawns, and shovel snow. So the normal college student is very busy—or thinks he is. He may not always spend his time wisely, according to adult standards. But on the other hand, the coonskin-coated collegiate of yesterday is not so much in the news as he once was.

Now in all this milieu, the student's outward show of religious behavior doesn't attract the attention it probably did back in the home town.

Then there are the "bull sessions" in which the boys (why not include the girls?) do not allow their ignorance of the subject to interfere with their discussing it. The subject may be religion, church-going, or simply the church. The unsophisticated youth hears things he never dreamed of hearing. Mary, the church's idol back home, is participating (by her presence at least) in a discussion of atheism, agnosticism, and dozens of other "isms" not preached about in the home town pulpits. Mary is in college now.

Here is a student who came to college fearful of all courses in science. But necessity drove the girl into a required course in science! Providence was with the girl, for her teacher was a woman of complete adolescent understanding, thoroughly Christian. The girl's fear turned to faith. Science helped her understand nature and God. The course solved, or dissolved, the girl's fear.

On the other hand, it seems true that college experience does not make students who were indifferent to church and religion before they came to the campus any more religious. Hale and his associates found that some few stu-

dents admitted their attitudes toward religion had been changed during their college life. But the changes were in both directions; some who came lukewarm or indifferent became interested; while others grew more indifferent. However, they found the changes invariably among those who entered only mildly interested in religion. The deeply-interested entrants remained interested. Reads the report:

Taking all the facts . . . into consideration, of all the things that happen to students in college, religious thought seems to be least subject to change, at least during freshman year, although shifts are occurring in valuations which an observer would probably regard as religious.

BELIEFS play a tremendous part in the young person's life. They are important in his personality growth and integration. Whenever a group of beliefs are held by a community, they become an important integrating force in that community. Obviously they influence all who live there—young and old. Likewise, the youth who leaves that community is bound to take with him the result of what the environment has done to him and for him. What he will do when he transfers to another community will depend upon what he is, how strongly entrenched are his beliefs, his willingness to change, and his ability to adapt himself to his new surroundings, and community of beliefs.

Naturally, in the large enrollments in our colleges and universities, we should expect to find those who are on the outer fringe of social living. Religious living would not appeal to them no matter where they chose to live. Just as naturally we should expect that outer fringe to exert an influence on the more susceptible members of the entering classes. In fact, they even become the heroes of the inexperienced. But again that is just as true in any community beyond the college yard as within the gates.

PARENTS who hold college life religiously suspect can do more to protect their offspring from the "evil" they fear before they enter that broad road of destruction than they can after they enter. Such preparation will include religious development beyond a mere list of *Don'ts*. Such development will even include what the child studies in high school; certainly it will enlist the public school in developing within the child a rather wide knowledge of the universe, and the biological sciences. Quoting the conclusions of Hart again:

(Continued on page 783)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

GLORY IS OF THE SPIRIT

By
DOROTHY CLAPP
ROBINSON

CLEAR and cold—perfect weather for Christmas Eve! The storm hadn't lasted long. As Fran stepped off the porch, the air stung her nostrils like fire. She must make sure everything was secure against the night. A stab of nostalgia that was sharper than the cold brought a sudden weakness to her knees. Silly little chore, making the rounds each night. Yet she and Clayton had made a ritual of it. They had loved doing it because the stock, this place had been theirs. Now they were hers alone. After tomorrow they would not belong to her. She was selling this place, the stock and the machinery. She was going so far away she would never see Clayton's family again, nor know if they had their Christmas morning party. Party. How could they *want* it, and the news just received?

"I know how you feel," her sister-in-law had said earlier in the evening; "but we can't give way to grief and self-pity." She and Ben had brought presents for the twins' stockings. Fran had forgotten.

"You know how I feel? That's a laugh."

"Clay was my brother," Ben reminded her.

"Oh, what's the use," she had flung her hands in a gesture of helplessness.

"Besides, this is my last Christmas here. I am selling."

"You're what?"

"I am selling this place. Clayton left it in my name."

"You must be out of your mind," Ben cried. "Suppose he did put it in your name. That was because he trusted you. This land has been in the Downing family since sagebrush days. It's your children's birthright. Aren't you getting your values crossed?"

"I think not. Running a farm is a man's work."

"It is everybody's work these days. You know how to farm. You owe it to Clayton, to the twins, and to your country to stay with this place. I will help you."

"I have paid my debt to my country."

You have more work now than you can do."

"I can always do a little more."

In the barn, Toby, the dog, left his warm bed by the cows and whined a puzzled welcome. Everything was in order. The door of the root cellar was well-covered. She turned off the lights in the henhouse and started back. Making the rounds alone. That was all life offered now.

By the back steps of the house she stopped to look at the stars. She would miss nights like this when she was in town. She could not remember when the stars were so many or so bright. One was low, even below the line of hills.

Startled, she realized it was not a star but a light. Old Nels was still up. That light was for her. Well—he would need a lot of kerosene for his lamp if he waited for her. She wasn't going there tonight, nor any night. Not ever again.

Billy was lying on the floor before the fireplace looking at a book he had received that afternoon. It was a book of history stories, with colored illustrations.

"Let me see. Let me see this one again," Betty, his twin, snatched at a leaf to keep him from turning it.

"You'll tear it. Darn you." Billy's quick temper flared.

"I'll be careful. Please."

Immediately contrite Billy removed the hand he had slapped over the page. The picture was "Washington Crossing the Delaware."

"Who is this?" Betty pointed to the figure of Washington.

Fran glanced at it. "That is General Washington."

"What for is he standing up?"

"He is the general," Billy explained, out of his deep knowledge. "Like Tommy Turner at school. He gives orders."

Betty ignored his disdain at her ignorance. She pointed to the men rowing the boat.

"Why for don't they stand up?"

"They must row the boat."

"What does it mean, row the boat?"

"The men who are sitting push the boat across the river with their oars." Realizing they knew nothing at all about boats Fran explained in detail. She told

(Continued on page 786)

—Illustrated by
John Henry Evans, Jr.



THE WHITE SILENT NIGHT GAVE
BACK NO ANSWER. SHE WAITED, EX-
PECTANT.

CARD CLUB or SPINGRO

A Mutual Message

By JOSEPH J. CANNON
of the Y.M.M.I.A. Superintendency

DINNER was over and the children were at their studies or in bed when Charles came home late from the office. Mary sat with him as he ate alone. Charles was working as legal adviser in one of the new government offices. Before Mary put on the dessert, she remarked, "We have been invited to join a card club, Charles. There's a nice crowd meets once a week, and they would like us to be members."

Charles laughed. "Members of a card club! Why I don't even know how to play."

"You'd learn in no time. And you'd make a good player, too. I'm rusty, but it doesn't take long to pick it up."

"Who are they, members of the church?"

"Yes, mainly."

"Cards seem like a waste of time to me."

"But it's the people you are with, and the enjoyable evenings you can have together."

"Sooner or later some one wants to put up stakes to make it more exciting."

"But it doesn't amount to anything, even if you lose—no more than going to a movie."

"It's the principle of the thing. It's gambling, isn't it?"

Mary laughed. "Well, just figure that you might have invited someone else to the show with us then. You're out that much, but you've spent a pleasant time and paid for it. You see, the thing is, cards give a nice evening without any trouble getting up a program. Everybody enjoys himself, you have refreshments, meet the friends you like to be with, test your wits and relax. It may help you in business, Charles."

"But it's the gambling idea that I don't like."

"Oh, don't be so particular. You lose a little one night and make a little another. After all it is just paying something for entertainment if you don't win. Nobody misses it."

"Mary, I'm not thinking of the money. But I've never liked cards. The church has always been against them. They're universally used for gambling. I don't think you or I would ever become a gambler, but one of our kiddies might easily have a weakness that way. It wouldn't be comfortable for us to remember that something we had done might have been his justification for starting."

Mary looked sober. "I had never thought of the children. It seems so innocent to me. All the others have children."

"They might never be affected by our playing, but you certainly increase the risk. However, there is something else that has kept me away from cards."

"What is that?"

"They take the place of more worthwhile things."

"Oh, but you've got to have a little recreation sometime."

CHARLES looked reminiscent for a moment. "Once on the Magdalena in Colombia, I had some friends who spent the six days of the trip up-river playing poker. Some days hundreds of dollars would change hands. They were playing for real stakes, and I noticed that one of them was a consistent winner. One day while we were on deck watching the sluggish water go by and the tropical landscape on the banks, I told him that I had never learned to play and wondered whether I had been foolish. He replied that he wished he had never started. He had won thousands of dollars, because he studied the men he played with. Once a banker of Pittsburgh, where he lived, said to him, 'Griff, I go away from here and generally win, but I always lose to you. How come?' Mr. Griffith laughed and replied, 'You raise your shoulders when you have a good hand.' But, he went on to me, that he regretted ever having started to play, because it had taken so much time from his family and from books. The money he had won could never compensate for that."

Mary remarked quietly, "Apparently you don't want us to join this card club and associate with these nice people."

Charles was silent for a moment. "I would like to have the folks in this neighborhood as friends. We are here as strangers in a way, and we want our children and theirs to know one another better because their parents are friendly, but I wonder if we couldn't do it another way."

"We can invite them in occasionally," Mary remarked, "but there are long lapses unless there is something regular about it. And besides, it's always a trouble to think out how to entertain a crowd for a whole evening."

"It's funny you brought this up tonight, Mary, because I've been thinking of something else. One of the counselors of the ward Mutual, the manual counselor, I believe, met me on the

streetcar and suggested that we ought to have another Special Interest class in Mutual. He thought I might help organize one. I wonder if these same people might not join us in such a group. Maybe we could make it just as enjoyable as playing cards."

"I wonder. There is too much formality in a class. It's like a school. No refreshments. No dressing up. It's just another meeting."

"Not the way he told me," Charles replied. "He said we could make it just what we wanted it to be—elect our own officers and our own leader, make it discussion or lecture, or anything we want. We can choose our own subject to study. It sounded grand to me. We can have dances, or dance instruction. We can study plays or music or church history or whatever we want. They have some fascinating outlines. I don't think they would object if we dressed up. In fact I think they'd like it. And I'm sure we could prepare refreshments just as often as we care to, every time, if we like."

"But after all, it would be just Mutual." It was evident that Mary was not feverishly in favor of the suggestion.

"What's wrong with that?" Charles answered. "Bud could go to Scout meeting and Mary to Bee-Hive while we are with our own group. That would be better than having us off playing cards that night. We'd know they were there, and what is equally important, they would know we were there."

"You know, Mary," Charles continued, "I'm crazy to learn more about Latin America. There are a lot of people in this town that have been there, and I'd like to hear them tell about conditions, and I'd like to tell a few things myself. There's so little time to do such studying with all I've got on. It seems to me that this might give us a chance."

"Do you think the others would like to join such a class?" Mary asked dubiously.

(Concluded on page 782)

Mr. Jordan Stake scheduled a party in Draper for July 30, 1943. But what with gasoline rationing and a fire shortage, some members of Sandy Second Ward feared they could not attend. But with a will to get there, four enterprising young persons set to work—with the result shown in this picture. Maxine Sanderson, Bert Elg, Jean Sanderson, and Charles Greenwood are the happy quartet.



A Snowbound CHRISTMAS DINNER

—Illustrated
by
Golf Dowding

By JAMES P. SHARP



"NAME YOUR PRICE
FOR A SANDWICH, AND
I'LL PAY IT."

SLOWLY, and almost silently, the mail train pulled out of Denver late in the afternoon of December 24, 1891. Outside, a two-day-old blizzard raged unabated.

My father, Bishop John C. Sharp, of Vernon, Charles R. McBride, Charley to everyone, of Tooele, and I had been to Chicago with a train load of sheep and had left that city in what we supposed to be ample time to reach home before Christmas, but a freight train in Iowa was wrecked just ahead of us and we were delayed for twelve hours. From then it seemed that every time the wheels turned we lost time until, coming up from Omaha, Charley remarked he thought the Pioneers of '47 had made better time.

In those days, few trains carried a dining car, but the train would stop for twenty minutes at meal stations. We had learned this—about the time the waiter brought our food the conductor would call, "Board," and it was up to us to miss our dinner or our train. So before leaving Chicago we purchased one of those "chip" baskets, you know, the kind with a handle over the top and two lids that are raised from the ends, and in this we had put bread, butter,

some cheese, a stick of bologna, some hard-boiled eggs, a sack of gingersnaps, a shaker of salt and a bag of raw onions, for both Father and Charley did like onion sandwiches.

Just before we left Denver, Father succeeded in purchasing a loaf of bread and a small apple pie which we ate for supper. Outside the blizzard raged and blew the snow in around the windows but inside we were comfortable, for the brakeman kept the two coal stoves, one in each end of the car, red hot.

Along about eight o'clock I made my own private berth by adjusting the chair and went to sleep. Some time in the night I awoke. The train had stopped, but that was nothing unusual, so I went back to sleep. About daybreak I awoke. The train was not moving so I walked to the platform to see why the snow was not drifting in. The snow had drifted against the car and was even with the tops of the windows. Evidently we had been there most of the night.

Thoroughly disgusted with train schedules and everything and everyone in general, I went back inside the coach for this was my first Christmas away from home and I was really homesick. Father and Charley were reading,

Father looked up and asked me if I wanted any breakfast. I told him "No." Then he said it would do us all good to fast till dinner time, for the railroad always put up a good meal on Christmas day, and he thought we would enjoy it better if we did not eat breakfast.

I walked up and down the aisle of the car like a caged coyote.

There were three other passengers in that coach. In one end sat a man with his valise open and a lot of empty bottles, as well as some full ones around him and in the valise. Every few hours he would rouse up and burst forth with about two lines of some cowboy song and then slump back to dreamland (that is if a drunken man can dream). In the other end of the car were a young man and a young lady, possibly 18 or 20 years of age.

About one o'clock Charley finished his book and said, "Bishop, don't you think the turkey is about cooked?"

"Should be," replied Father as he put his book down and placed the lunch basket on his knees. Again I was disgusted. How could those men joke about a turkey dinner when we had only next to nothing to eat?

Just then the brakeman came in and filled the stove full of coal. He spoke to the young man and then came on down the aisle with a grin on his face and said, "Gentlemen, I'll take the drumstick."

"Have cranberries with it?" Father asked.

"No, by the looks of things I won't, but say, I've got a good one. This is supposed to be the crack fast mail train and say it sure is fast—fast in a snow bank."

"How long do you think we will be here?" Charley asked.

"Can't say but no need to worry, for the snow always melts up here come July and then we can back down country." To the other stove he went as Father resumed his bread-cutting and Charley his spreading the butter.

I could see the young man looking at us and talking to the lady. He arose and walked down and said to Father, "Name your price for a sandwich and I'll pay it."

Father looked rather surprised, and before he could answer, the young man continued, "My sister and I have been attending school up in Denver. Yesterday morning she was so excited about Christmas shopping she could not eat breakfast and at lunch time she had to

(Concluded on page 789)

On the Book Rack

HOW TO BE WELL

(Leah D. Widtsoe. Deseret Book Co. 1943. \$2.00.)

THIS up-to-the-minute volume for every home is a "handbook and cookbook based on the newer knowledge of nutrition." At the time of this writing it has not come from the press, and so we haven't seen it yet—but it is promised for December delivery for those who are book-minded at Christmas time. We have seen the manuscript, however, and part of the proofs, and are prepared to say that for anyone who has the problem of cooking, arranging menus, serving, entertaining, or feeding a family—which is someone in every home—here is a book that will pay dividends in many ways—and most of all in health. More will be said about *How to Be Well* later—but in the meantime keep it in mind as a summary of the latest laboratory findings on human diet—plus a household nutrition guide of much practical value.—R. L. E.

SCIENCE, RELIGION, AND THE FUTURE

(C. E. Raven. Macmillan Company, New York. 1943. 125 pages. \$2.00.)

THIS is frankly an attempt to reconcile science and religion in the light of modern knowledge. Both science and religion are blamed for the world's present sorrow; and both together can alone effect a cure. In the first four chapters, the history of events that in modern days parted science and religion are related; in the remaining four chapters the author considers how that disaster may be retrieved through intellectual, moral, and religious efforts. The first chapter, "Seeing Life Whole," is especially noteworthy. The book, accurate in scholarship, is informative and stimulating reading.—J. A. W.

MAN IN THE AIR

(Herbert S. Zim. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace & Co., N.Y. 1943. 332 pages. \$3.00.)

THIS book is an analysis of man's reaction to the tremendous height and speed which airplanes attain. The planes have been thoroughly tested to stand the strain, and experts are now carefully checking man's body to see how well he can take it—and what effect the air has on his heart, his lungs, and other parts of his body.—M. C. J.

HISTORY OF BIGOTRY IN THE UNITED STATES

(Gustavus Myers. Random House, New York. 1943. 504 pages. \$3.50.)

INTOLERANCE forms the ugliest chapter in human history. There has been plenty and to spare in the United States. That is well demonstrated in this compendious volume. Dr. Myers begins with the transmission of bigotry from the Old to the New World. In careful chronological order he traces intolerance, usually in the name of God, from the days of the American colonies to the present day. The blue laws, witchcraft, the strife of creeds, persecutions of Masons, Catholics, and Jews, the Know-Nothings, A.P.A., and Ku Klux Klan, and numerous other intolerant movements are described with adequate references to authorities. Mormon persecution is briefly discussed. This is probably the most complete and reliable treatment of bigotry now available. The reading of this book would be "good medicine" for all Americans, for intolerance may enter the hearts even of citizens of "the land of the free and the home of the brave."—J. A. W.

GOD AND EVIL

(C. E. M. Joad. Harper and Brothers, New York. 1943. 349 pages. \$3.00.)

THIS is in part a personal confession. The author, one of the world's great philosophers, professor of psychology and philosophy at the University of London, has long been known as an agnostic. Here he tells how he has found his way back to belief in God and life hereafter. As he presents his argument, he summarizes the world's thinking on religion and man in the universe. That makes the book of double value to the average reader. The language is that of a philosopher, an academician, but clear and easily understood. He fails to recognize the cohesive forces of the universe and splashes about very often in uncertain waters. However, he knows what he has found, and declares it in no uncertain terms: "I am willing, as I once was not, to bank on the religious hypothesis being true. . . . If the universe has meaning and purpose, this life is not all, and something probably survives the break-up of our bodies. Indeed, unless there is a more abundant life before mankind, this material world in space and time is a bad joke beyond our understanding, a vulgar laugh braying across the mysteries."—J. A. W.

There is little room left today for the agnostic.—J. A. W.

CAT DRAWINGS

(Jack Sears. 716 Fourth Avenue, Salt Lake City 3, Utah. 1943. 49 pages. \$1.00.)

WITH an introduction by no less a person than Mahonri Young, telling about cats, with a poem by Vilate Raile written expressly for this book, and with innumerable



sketches and text concerning the drawing of cats, this book will be of great interest to a multitude of readers. Those who love cats will have an opportunity of seeing the cat in many of its usual and unusual poses.



Artists will be given insight into the working of an artist. The average reader will take keen delight in the various media that the author has used to capture the moods and activities of these graceful animals.—M. C. J.

THE PRIMACY OF FAITH

(Richard Kroner. Macmillan, New York. 1943. 226 pages. \$2.50.)

FAITH is the first principle of the gospel; therefore the most important and most comprehensive concern of life. It has been a subject for discussion throughout the centuries. In this book the relationship of knowledge and faith is discussed. Through a series of thoughtful intelligent considerations faith is defined and given primacy over all other human activities. It is stimulating reading, though the sectarian beliefs of the author shape and color his argument.—J. A. W.

TWELVE SPANISH-AMERICAN POETS

(Edited by H. R. Hays. Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn. 1943. 336 pages. \$3.50.)

IN an era when all folk in the western hemisphere wish to understand each other better, this kind of book will find a receptive audience because it introduces the literature of the Spanish-Americans which is one sure way of feeling the pulse of a people.

The introduction is a keen analysis of the various stages through which Latin-American letters have passed and are passing, although the editor warns that this discussion is by no means final. The poets included represent Mexico, Venezuela, Peru, Chile, Cuba, Ecuador, Argentina, and Colombia—which afford a good cross-section.

By placing the original opposite the translation, the author has been wise—because those who can read in the original will naturally receive much more than those who can read only in translation. Another good feature of the book is that the editor has included biographical material concerning each of the poets whose work is included.—M. C. J.

THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE

(Edited by Horace Gregory. Viking Press, New York. 1943. 603 pages. \$2.50.)

THIS collection of 300 poems will give spiritual sustenance and uplift, particularly during these times of stress. The divisions of the book are seven: Of Lovely Women and Great Men; Of Wars and Heroes; Of Precious Friends and the Survival of the Private Spirit; Of Love and Earthly Passions; Of the Shades and Visions Seen of Life Renewed on Earth; Of the Celebration of Time and Place and the Eternal Moment; Of Saints and Hymns, Reflections and Devotions of Life Beyond Earth.

The poems represent work from 158 poets and from six centuries of English poetry. Although the individual reader may feel that there are other poems which have particular importance for him which he would like to have seen included, none will disagree that the choice made is a good one.

One advantage of this book is that publishers have made the compilation into a size convenient for carrying.—M. C. J.

KILGOURE'S MARE

(Henry G. Lamond. Illustrated. Morrow, New York. 1943. 124 pages. \$2.00.)

SET in the great plains of western Queensland, Australia, this story of the pedigreed colt, Amatheu, will stir lovers of horseflesh whether they are old or young. The story, which itself is stirring and deeply satisfying, gains vividness because of its unusual setting. Although Amatheu is really the heroine of the book, most readers will take keen delight in the fiery Cascade, mother of the colt.—M. C. J.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

Reviewed by Marba C. Josephson

AMERICAN WARPLANES

(Elizabeth Mallett Conger. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 1943. 161 pages. \$2.00.)

This book, profusely illustrated with pictures of our fighting planes, has been written expressly for children under twelve. The print and the text are both suitable for this age level, although the material may seem a bit heavy for these youngsters to digest.

AIRPLANE ANDY

(Sanford Tousey. Illustrated. Doubleday, Doran and Company, Garden City, New York. 1942. 44 pages. \$1.00.)

ANDY ARMSTRONG was lucky—wasn't his father made flight superintendent of his division? That meant, among other things, that Andy could occasionally fly with his father. But not even Andy could know that on one of the flights, he would prove himself of invaluable aid to his father and to the government in helping save the plane. Young boys particularly will find this book an unusually interesting one.

RUFUS M.

(Eleanor Estes. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York. 1943. 320 pages. \$2.00.)

CONTINUING the appealing story of the Moffat family, this book centers around Rufus, who always signed his name, "Rufus M." Rufus was always creative, and when the family found themselves in financial difficulties, Rufus found the way to help solve the emergency. The wholesome fun and activity related in this book will be of great interest to young people.

THE SEA SNAKE

(Stephen W. Meader. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York. 1943. 255 pages. \$2.00.)

BARNEY CANNON, sixteen, knew the keys along the North Carolina Coast where his fisherman father, John, made the family living. Barney became suspicious of a ship that put out into one of the bays without its lights. Investigating, he found that enemies were manning the ship and also a submarine that preyed on allied shipping. The excitement that followed will make stirring reading for both boys and girls.

THE BOY JONES

(Patricia Gordon. Illustrated. Viking, New York. 1943. 158 pages. \$2.00.)

THIS unusual story has somewhat the flavor of Dickens and Mark Twain, somehow reminiscent of *The Prince and the Pauper*, as well as of *David Copperfield*. The boy Jones was an enterprising orphan, and with a will to see his queen, Victoria, and her palace, room my room, he set out to accomplish his desire. His adventures, the people he met, and how he finally attained his wish make good reading.

KEYSTONE KIDS

(John R. Tunis. Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York. 1943. 209 pages. \$2.00.)

THIS story of two brothers who played the keystone combination in baseball—second base and shortstop—will help satisfy the desire for activity in a wholesome way. In addition to the game itself, the author teaches in an exciting way that good sportsmanship is a part of the whole of life, not just a good baseball game.

COAST GUARD, AHOY!

(Philip Harkins. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 1943. 230 pages. \$2.00.)

How Pete Shute finally managed to become a full-fledged, responsible member of the coast guard forms the basis for this well-written, informative, interesting book. The author has done well in including in the book peacetime activities of the guard in addition to their work in wartime. His story is based on accurate information, and will therefore be doubly valuable.

SOMI BUILDS A CHURCH

(Rafaello Busoni. Illustrated. Viking, New York. 1943. 109 pages. \$2.00.)

THIS is a true story about the Lapps of northern Norway. The names have been changed because the author states that the Lapps are shy. These people, one hundred and fifty miles from the nearest forest, wanted above all else to have a wooden church where they might learn the word of God. This story tells how, through faith, they were able to accomplish the seemingly impossible. And the most remarkable part of the story is that it is every bit true!

BACK TO SCHOOL WITH BETSY

(Carolyn Haywood. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 1943. 176 pages. \$2.00.)

FOLLOWING other Betsy books, this book adds interest to the former and brings back many of the same characters, including the teacher who is now married. The children have their adventures and misadventures, their fun and their work.

Those who read *B Is for Betsy*, *Betsy and Billy*, *Two and Two Are Four*, and *Primrose Day*, will be eager to read *Back to School with Betsy*, as will those who haven't read any of the former.

ADAM OF THE ROAD

(Elizabeth Janet Gray. Illustrated by Robert Lawson. Viking, New York. 1942. 317 pages. \$2.00.)

THIS story of thirteenth-century England is valuable for young readers because its drama is so intense that children absorb the authentic history unconsciously. Dealing with Adam, the minstrel Roger's son, the reader is taken along the road, thus meeting all kinds of unusual and fascinating people, until at last Adam finds his father and Nick, Adam's red spaniel.



WARTIME JOBS FOR GIRLS

(Mary Rebecca Lingentefer. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 1943. 226 pages. \$1.75.)

DIVIDING the book into seven fields, the author treats judiciously the various kinds of work that girls can do and should be considering now that there is a great need for everyone to work. Most of the jobs which the author discusses have peacetime application also, and those who are directing girls now will find the book most helpful in pointing out constructive labor which may become a lifetime career.

MOLLY AND THE TOOL SHED

(Sally Scott. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 1943. 41 pages. \$1.50.)

MOLLY was a lamb who knew what she wanted, even if she didn't want what other lambs usually wanted, for she had been raised for the first part of her life in the Brown kitchen. As time went on, Molly found herself gradually being pushed into the position of leadership among the younger lambs that came to the Brown farm. But she still persisted in her one set desire—to sleep in the woodshed. And that meant that gradually the woodshed had to expand to hold all the lambs that followed Molly.

PEACHBLOSSOM

(Eleanor Frances Latimore. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 1943. 96 pages. \$2.00.)

PEACHBLOSSOM, a Chinese girl of six, is the heroine of this little book, which children will take great pleasure in reading. The story deals overmuch with the war situation in China, which seems rather bad for very young children. Although the book ends happily, with Peachblossom being restored to her aunt, the tragedy of her evacuation might well overpower a sensitive child.

WENDERLEY

(Gertrude E. Mallette. Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York. 1943. 250 pages. \$2.00.)

WENDERLEY, CALIFORNIA, was the center of activity for those who wished to do their part to win the war, for at Wenderley a huge defense project had been built. From their farm, where they had left Mrs. Farnham and the children, including 17-year-old Janet, Mr. Farnham and his daughter, Lesley, came, he to work in the defense plant, and she to keep house for him. How Lesley made herself invaluable in the little trailer community, and aided herself in her time of stress will make valuable reading for the teen-year-old girl.



THE CHURCH MOVES ON

Park Stake

PARK STAKE was organized October 24, from parts of the Liberty and Bonneville stakes by Elder John A. Widsote of the council of the twelve and Marion G. Romney, assistant to the twelve.

The new stake includes the First, Tenth, and Thirty-first wards, from the Liberty Stake, and the LeGrand and the new Emigration wards from the Bonneville Stake, and a new ward, as yet unnamed, created from the eastern part of the Emigration Ward.

J. Percy Goddard, president of the Liberty Stake, was sustained as president of the Park Stake, with Fred M. Michelson and Hendrick Poelman as counselors.

Virgil H. Smith, former second counselor in the Liberty Stake presidency was sustained as president of the Liberty Stake, with C. Alfred Laxman and B. F. Pulham, counselors.

The church now has one hundred forty-five organized stakes.

Sunday School Outlines

SUBJECTS to be studied in the Sunday School classes during the year 1944 have been announced. As in the past, manuals containing the entire year's study course will be issued for every department. Teachers' supplements, an innovation, will be published for all departments, except Nursery, Kindergarten, Primary and Teacher Training groups, which will continue to draw lesson helps from *The Instructor*.

Courses of study for 1944 follow: Nursery, Kindergarten, and Primary departments: Stories from the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Church History; First Intermediate: History of the Church for Children; Second Intermediate: Leaders of the Scriptures; Juniors: History of the Restored Church; Advance Juniors: The Church of Jesus Christ; Seniors: Our Standard Works; Advanced Seniors: Principles of the Gospel; Gospel Message: Teaching the Gospel to Others (No. 2); Genealogical Training: Adventures in Research; Gospel Doctrine: The Old Testament, and Teacher Training (see Teacher Training department in *The Instructor*).

Thirty-Year Scout Award

ELDER OSCAR A. KIRKHAM of the first council of the seventy has received the thirty-year Boy Scout award from national Scout executives. The award is a gold pin and a certificate attesting to three decades of service.

Buckley Field Services

PVT. MARK R. GRAM reports the organization of a Sunday School among Latter-day Saint service men in the army air force at Buckley Field, 766

Church-of-the-Air

PRESIDENT DAVID O. MCKAY of the first presidency will be the speaker on the nationwide Columbia Church-of-the-Air December 19, at 11:00 a.m. M. W. T. Music for the program will be furnished by the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir and Organ.

Colorado. Forty-three men and two women attended the first meeting September 19. Post chaplains are lending their support.

Washington Organist

ROY M. DARLEY of Wellsville, Utah, has been appointed organist and director of the Bureau of Information at the Washington, D.C., chapel. He succeeds D. Sterling Wheelwright. Elder Darley, who has been prominent in northern Utah music circles, recently returned from a mission in the Eastern States, where he served as music director for eleven months.

Ward Membership Records

THE Presiding Bishop's office again points to the benefits that come when church membership is properly filed in the ward in which the member resides. The record is there if ever needed in civil matters—otherwise it may require months of search by correspondence. A person can hold office in the ward only if he is on record; not be-

ing on record will prevent being advanced in the priesthood or given a temple recommend. Children should be blessed and baptized only if parents are on record in the ward.

Comments On Tabernacle Choir

HIGH-RANKING radio executives and millions of listeners consider the coast-to-coast Tabernacle Choir and Organ broadcasts one of their best beloved programs. Mrs. Dorothy Lewis of New York City, coordinator of listener activity, National Association of Broadcasters, said as she visited in Salt Lake City October 17. She stated that listeners are even more appreciative when they discover that the Choir is a group of unpaid singers.

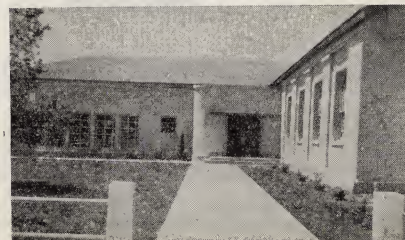
L.D.S. Meeting Places in Britain

Aberdeen: Room 26, 17, St. Nicholas Street.
Airdrie: L.D.S. Hall, 136, Graham Street, Airdrie, Scotland.
Aldershot: 19, Edward Street.
Barnsley: Arcade Buildings.
Belfast: L.D.S. Hall, Well Lane.
Belfast: 122, North Street.
Birmingham
Handsworth: L.D.S. Chapel, 23, Booth Street.
Kingstanding: Peckham Rd. Schools, Sparkbrook: Conway Rd. Schools.
Blackburn: 89, Regent Street.
Bradford: L.D.S. Chapel, Woodlands Street.
Brighton: 77, Grand Parade (first door).
Bristol: L.D.S. Hall, Zion Road, off Clarence Road.
Hanham Co-operative Hall, High Street, Kingswood.
Barnley: L.D.S. Chapel, 1, Liverpool Road, Rosegrove.
Bury: L.D.S. Chapel, 15, Broad Street.
Clayton: L.D.S. Hall, Gordon Street.
Derby: Unity Hall.
Doncaster: L.D.S. Hall, Trafford Street.
Dublin: At Mills Caterers, 8, Merriem Row.
Edinburgh: Library, Church St.
Edinburgh: Enquire 48, London Street.

CHAPEL
AT
JEROME, IDAHO,
BUILT OF
NATIVE LAVA
ROCK.



CAREY, IDAHO,
CHAPEL AND
RECREATION HALL
OF MODERN
DESIGN.



Photos by
Oliver May Cook

Gainsborough: L.D.S. Hall, 46, Silver Street.
 Gateshead: Westfield Hall, Westfield Terrace.
 Glasgow: Masonic Hall, 30, Mansford Pl., C. 5.
 Gravesend: 142, Parrock Street.
 Gt. Yarmouth: Home Branch, 56, Wolsley Road.
 Grimsby: Traffic Hall, 14, Park Street.
 Halifax: 38, Clare Road, of Horton Street.
 Hanley: First Floor, 14, Percy Street.
 Hucknall: Byron Buildings.
 Hull: L.D.S. Chapel, Wellington Lane.
 Hyde: L.D.S. Hall, 29, Bealey Street.
 Kidderminster: L.D.S. Chapel, Park Street.
 Leeds: L.D.S. Hall, 5, King Chap. St.
 Leicester: All Saints' Open, Great Central Street.
 Letchworth: Vasanta Hall, Gernon Walk.
 Liverpool: L.D.S. Chapel, 301, Edge Lane.
 London:
 North: L.D.S. Chapel, 59, Clissold Rd., N. 16.
 South: L.D.S. Chapel, 149, Nightingale Lane, S. W. 12.
 Catford: 61, Gareth Grove, Bromley, Kent.
 Chiswick: 58, Wellsley Road, Gunnersbury, W. 4.

Loughborough: Adult School.
 Lowestoft: L.D.S. Hall, 20, Clapham Road.
 Luton: L.D.S. Hall, Dallow Road.
 Mansfield: 39a, Albert Street.
 Manchester: L.D.S. Hall, 88, Clarendon Road.
 Merthyr Tydfil: L.D.S. Chapel, Penyard Road.
 Middlesbrough: L.D.S. Hall, 21, Bottomly Street.
 Nelson: L.D.S. Hall, 10, Hibson Road.
 Northampton: L.D.S. Chapel, 12, St. Michael's Road.
 Nottingham: The Institute, Radstock Road.
 Norwich: L.D.S. Chapel, 60, Park Lane.
 Nuneaton: Masonic Hall, Newdegate Street.

Oldham: L.D.S. Hall, Neville Street.
 Plymouth: c/o Tom Harris, 16, Hazelwood Terrace.
 Peverell: 30, Peverell Road.
 Pontyfrith: 81, Brynteg Street.
 Preston, Lancs.: L.D.S. Hall, 44, Avenham Street.
 Putney: Home Branch, 8, Fern Terrace, Thorpe Road.
 Raumarsh: L.D.S. Hall, Main Street.
 Rochdale: L.D.S. Chapel, Lower Sheriff Street.
 Sheffield: L.D.S. Chapel, Lyons Road.
 Shildon: L.D.S. Hall, 100, Main Street.
 South Shields: L.D.S. Hall, 36, Fowler Street.
 St. Albans: 49, Spencer Street.
 Stroud: Hazley Wood, Nailsworth.
 Sunderland: L.D.S. Chapel, 18, Tunstall Road.
 Varteg: Memorial Hall.
 West Hartlepool: L.D.S. Chapel, 7, Osborne Road.
 Weston-super-Mare: 23, Chesham Rd., N.
 Wigton: 6, Standsgate.
 Wolverhampton: Washington Bldgs., Queen Street.

(Continued on page 778)

Ensign Taylor Henry Carr, Latter-day Saint who has been given command of the naval guard aboard the "Joseph Smith" recently launched Liberty ship. A graduate from the University of Idaho, Southern Branch, in pharmacy, Ensign Carr joined the naval reserve a year ago. He and his wife are making their temporary residence in the Palo Alto Ward, San Francisco.—Reported by Dallis A. Tueller.



Pictures from Several Fronts

Reading from top to bottom:

TWO CAMPS

Left: Latter-day Saint soldiers are seen here at a Kentucky post about to conduct a sacrament service. Left to right: Rex L. Pratt, Provo, Utah; Keith Facer, Wyoming; A. Sherman Gowan, Tooele, Utah; Howard Robinson, American Fork, Utah.
 Right: From the Middle East comes this picture of Latter-day Saint service men who meet together regularly and have formed a Sunday School. Tents in background, their only meeting place, lend realism. Left to right, front row: Morris Gibbons, Warship, Utah; Morris T. Smith, Wellsville, Utah; Stanley H. Meller, Salt Lake City; Joseph R. May, Malad, Idaho; Marvin S. Carter, Morgan, Utah; Archie Swenson, Sandy, Utah; DeForest D. Sharp, and Stanley B. Erickson, Thornton, Idaho.

JACKSONVILLE NURSING CLASS

Twenty women of the Jacksonville, Florida, L.D.S. branch received honor certificates recently following a twelve weeks' Red Cross course in home nursing. On completing their work, Mrs. Isabel Bowles, instructor, paid the group a high compliment as her most studious, cooperative, and attentive group, a constant challenge to her. She valued her "Mormon class" for calmness, dependability, courtesy, alertness, and physical health, and acknowledged that while she had come to teach them good health, she had herself received enlightenment from the Word of Wisdom and was determined to practice it. The class, she said, had been an inspiration to her.

Pictured, front row, left to right, are Adeline Chase, Mrs. R. J. Rudd, Jr., Nurse Isabel W. Bowles, Nellie Dyal, Vella Strickland; second row: Mrs. Heber Weeks (wife of Southern States mission president), Mrs. A. O. Jenkins, Elsie Starling, Mrs. N. S. Sellers, Mrs. R. J. Rudd, Sr.; back row: Edna Kirkland, Thelma Bonham. Members of the class not present: Minnie Dills, Lucille Conzand, Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. Kinard, Hazel Jacobs, Mrs. Yorkum, Mrs. Wilson, Ruth Atkin.—Reported by Mrs. Heber Weeks.

SAN DIEGO FIRESIDE

Hillcrest Ward, San Diego Stake, holds a Fireside every Sunday evening, well-attended by service men. Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday every week at a special L.D.S. servicemen's center, stake Gleaner Girls provide entertainment. Activities in the San Diego area are thriving under the direction of Chaplain John W. Bond, Jr. (pictured, rear center) and Willard Kimball, L.D.S. coordinator. The Fireside group seen here is typical.
 —Reported by Maurine Francis

UNIVERSITY OF DUBUQUE, IOWA

Organized shortly after their arrival July 1, 1943, this branch of L.D.S. naval reserves seems to be thriving with a smile. They have been allowed the use of the school lounge for Sunday morning meetings. Seen in the picture are, from left to right, front row: Jack Ord, Baker, Oregon; Eric O. Sonnenberg, Chicago, Ill.; W. Reed Brockbank, Warren, Rupper, and Rand H. Clark, of Provo, Utah. Back row: H. Holling Lowe, Preston, Idaho; Malcolm Jeppson, Mantua, Utah; Robert de Preston, Logan, Utah; Henry Smith, Price, Utah; George N. Weston, Lake-town, Utah; Wilbur Jensen, Franklin, Idaho; Clyde C. DeGraff, Heber, Utah; Wendell Rockelley, Smithfield, Utah; Warren Hardy, Gunnison, Utah; Jack B. Watkins, Brigham City, Utah.
 —Reported by Jack B. Watkins, presiding elder.



EDITORIALS



Concerning Synthetic Substitutes for Character

THERE has long been a philosophy too widely entertained that a personal weakness could be offset by a legal device. For example, there have been those who have supposed that if a man weren't fundamentally honest, you could make him honest merely by passing a law against dishonesty, or that if a man weren't disposed to be moral, you could assure his morality by legislating against immorality. And this line of thinking has gone yet further. There was a day, for example, when more business was done on the strength of personal integrity—more on character and less on collateral. But in some places collateral has tended to replace character. But, lest we forget it, integrity of character is still an indispensable element of any transaction, regardless of what other safeguards may be insisted upon. And this isn't true only of personal negotiations; it is true also of national and international relationships, because nations are only groups of people and governments are only men—and agreements are worth no more than the integrity of those who are responsible for them.

He who has the word of a man of honor has something to count on, but he who has a document with a gold seal on it, may have only a scrap of paper, because history, both past and current, has proved that there is no security that can not be "watered," no strong box that cannot be broken, no treaty that cannot be scrapped, no truce that cannot be violated, no fortress that cannot be levelled, no oath that cannot be dishonored, unless behind all these things there stand men of high principle.

The only relationships in this world that have ever been worth while and enduring, have been relationships in which one man could trust another—not relationships in which one man was forced to seek ways of protecting himself against another, because, in the first place, you can't legislate a man or a nation or a people into being good, and there is no legal device yet found that will surely and permanently protect anyone from anyone else who is persistently determined to be false or dishonorable.

Maybe one of these days, if we haven't done so already, we shall begin again to bank more on character and less on collateral, more on personal responsibility and less on legislation, more on private resourcefulness and less on public relief, more on common sense and less on regulation, more on simple justice and less on the involvements of litigation, more on principle and less on expediency—because there isn't any law that can be enforced, there isn't any security that is worth the gilded seal affixed to it, there isn't any promise that's worth the breath that speaks it, there isn't any commitment that's binding beyond the present, there isn't any free enterprise that can be saved, there isn't any future for anyone, except on the basis of personal and national integrity.

But in looking for such a day, we must remember

that there isn't any synthetic formula for the making of integrity. If it is to be had, it begins at the cradle, and for generations back—and permeates every phase of home, community, and national life. And if you can't build on character, you can't build on anything—for long.—R. L. E.

Christmas, 1943

IRONICALLY, Christmas comes this year with the beating of plowshares into guns and pruning hooks into bombs. Yet, in spite of this tragic situation, the persistent hope rings in the hearts of true Christians everywhere that some day there will indeed be a fulfillment of the prophecy concerning the ultimate victory of peace. And everywhere, likewise, Christians are asking themselves seriously, anxiously, what they may do to hasten that time.

Perhaps for this Christmas, restraint would be the better way of celebration—restraint in the accepted hilarity of the festive season, restraint in the riotous spending of money, restraint in the moving from place to place in search of holiday escape.

With the practice of this restraint, some of the true meaning of Christmas may be revived. For many years, Christians throughout the world have felt that Christmas has been too commercialized, that the real purpose behind the celebration has been completely lost in the avalanche of gifts, and in the rush of buying and selling. Because of this rush, there has been too little time to recall the wonder of Christ's life and teachings. It constitutes not only great literature, but also the way of life that has bettered countless millions who have accepted Christianity, whether they live in India, in England, in South Africa, or in the United States. This Christmas, would it not be wise to read together in families and neighborhoods the message in all its force and beauty from the book of books? And in that reading there would come a consciousness of the truth that the gift of gifts which Christ brought has been completely ignored or forgotten, for the Christ said, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

Certainly, the abundant life should include true friendliness. And how shall that be cultivated? Not through expensive gifts nor with elaborate parties, but by a warm cordiality and a genuine affection that make people know there is a genuine interest in them. If this year restraint in buying is practiced, there will be enough time and energy saved from the usual rush to revive the old neighborliness that used to exist. In early days, neighbor needed neighbor and met him with an eager hospitality. This interdependence led to the abundant, generous life. Each had the assurance that, in time of emergency or necessity, he and his loved ones would be aided wholeheartedly. This neighborliness is the essence of Christianity and of the abundant life.

Thus, at this Christmas time, while restraint would be emphasized in material things, on the other hand, the very opposite would be stressed in the generous giving of self.—M. C. J.



EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

lxxiii. Why are the Words "God" and "Father" Applied to Several Personages?

THE supreme, personal intelligence and power in the universe is God. That is his name in the English tongue. He is the Organizer of the universe. He is the one and only God to whom we pray and whom we worship.

We speak of Jesus Christ also as God. He is frequently referred to in sacred writ by that term. On the title page of the Book of Mormon he is called the "Eternal God." The personage known as the Holy Ghost is also called God. Thus, there are God, the Father; God, the Son; and God, the Holy Ghost; the two latter are under the direction of God the Father.

It is evident, therefore, that since the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are distinct personages, the word "God" is not only a name, but may be used also as a title describing an attainment or office. Such application of titles is not unusual. In the Book of Mormon it is stated that the Redeemer of man "shall be called Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Father of heaven and earth, the Creator of all things from the beginning," (Mosiah 3:8.) These are titles that refer to Christ's relationship to the Father and to his mission under the Father.

In the same manner the title "God" may be applied to anyone who has attained to Godhood, that is, who has risen so high as to partake sufficiently of the essence of divinity.

Joseph Smith the Prophet declared that there is a plurality of gods. An indication of such plurality runs through the scriptures, ancient and modern. In the very beginning of time Adam and Eve were promised that they should "be as gods" (Genesis 3:5); and Jesus reminded the Jews that in their scriptures it was written "ye are gods," (John 10:34.) Paul spoke of "lords many and gods many," (1 Cor. 8:5.) Modern revelation presents the same truth when it says "according to that which was ordained in the midst of the Council of the Eternal God of all other gods before this world was." (D. & C. 121:32.)

This implies that many personages may have attained the power and place of Godhood. This does not make them in any sense coequal with God, or with his Son, or the Holy Ghost. Those who are denominated gods have a rank in the eternal councils, with corresponding power to help foster the purposes of the Father. There may be many generals in an earthly government, but only one commander-in-chief. Even so in the government of heaven.

This doctrine is familiar to Latter-day Saints. The gospel teaches that the hosts of intelligent beings here and in the spirit world may progress forever. The condition is obedience to eternal law. These personages are in various stages of progression, some beginning, others far on the way. Some, through the eternities, may already have won sufficient of the attributes of divinity to be spoken of as gods. The destiny of all who are faithful is godhood. Modern revelation makes the promise to all who comply with certain requirements:

"Then shall they be gods, because they have no end; therefore shall they be from everlasting to everlasting, because they continue; then shall they be above all, because all things are subject unto them. Then shall they be gods, because they have all power, and the angels are subject unto them." (D. & C. 132:20.)

The conditions under which Godhood may be attained have not been set forth fully. Necessarily so high a place can be obtained only by rigid obedience to God's laws. Those who aspire to such exaltation must be sealed as man and wife for time and eternity. Then they may continue the work of the Father in behalf of the waiting intelligences in the spirit world. Their "glory shall be a fulness and a continuation of the seeds forever and ever." (D. & C. 132:19.)

This doctrine explains why the word "god" is applied in the holy scriptures to various personages. There is no need to stumble over such use of divine titles, if this is understood.

The word "father" is also applied to different personages. God is the father of the spirits of all men. They were begotten spiritually by him in the pre-existent state. The relationship between God and man as father and son is real. Jesus Christ himself was the First Begotten of the Father. (D. & C. 93:21.) Therefore, we speak of God, the Father, to distinguish clearly among the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. But, the title "Father" is used also in behalf of Jesus Christ, who was commissioned by his Father to create the earth and all things on it. Mosiah, a Book of Mormon prophet, speaks of Jesus Christ as "the Father of heaven and earth" because he was the creator of "all things" as pertaining to the earth. (Mosiah 3:8; also Helaman 14:12; Ether 4:7; II Nephi 25:12.) Adam likewise, being the first man, has been called the father. (D. & C. 29:34.) This is not an uncommon use of the word. George Washington is called the father of his country. A man who creates a great business is called the father of the institution. The Indians are said to speak of the great father in Washington. The leader of any cause is frequently referred to as its father.

Some students, noting this use of the word "father," have become confused. They have thought that Jesus is really God, the Father. Others have attempted to identify Adam with God, the Father, or with Jesus Christ. That these are distinct personalities is made clear in numerous passages in holy writ. For example:

But God . . . called upon our father Adam by his own voice, saying: I am God; I made the world, and men before they were in the flesh. And he also said unto him: If thou wilt turn unto me, and hearken unto my voice, and believe, and repent of all thy transgressions, and be baptized, even in water, in the name of mine Only Begotten Son, who is full of grace and truth, which is Jesus Christ, the only name which shall be given under heaven, whereby salvation shall come unto the children of men, ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, asking all things in his name, and whatsoever ye shall ask, it shall be given you. (Moses 6:50-52.)

If God, the Father, Jesus Christ, the Holy Ghost, and Adam, irrespective of their titles, are not distinct personages, the above words become meaningless and absurd.

Readers should distinguish carefully between specific and general meanings of words, as may appear in the sacred books or in gospel discourses. If this is not done, much confusion of thought may arise. In fact, many who have failed to do so, have been led astray from the truth.

A good example of the unfounded foolish notions that may arise from careless reading is the famous discourse of Brigham Young, used by apostates and enemies of the church. (See *Journal of Discourses*, 1:50.) In this address, Brigham Young spoke of Adam as our father and our god. (Concluded on page 797)



Merry Christmas to You!

By Katherine Dissinger

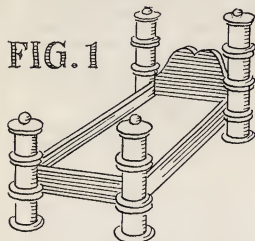


FIG. 1

MAKE this both an economical and happy Christmas for the children. These toys are easily constructed from odds and ends about the house, take only a few hours of a busy mother's time, furnish untold fun and enjoyment for a little girl.

A SPOOL BED AND BEDDING. A little girl will be delighted with this four-poster bed made from spools and the boards from a wooden grocery box and the dainty bedding salvaged from the scrap bag. It can be made to any dimensions to fit any size doll.

Saw out the bottom, the side boards, and the foot and head piece, shaped as shown in Figure 1, and nail together with tiny brads to form a box. Empty spools form the legs and posts. (The number of spools required will depend upon the size of the bed.) The spools are stacked on end and glued with glue or wooden cement, which may be purchased at any drug or dime store. The latter is preferable because it makes for sturdier construction, as the spools when glued thus cannot be pulled apart.

Glue the box to the legs, setting the corners of the box exactly in the center of the spool holes. A piece is sawed out of the spool that fits around the corner of the box, as shown in Figure 2, and the spool is glued in place; then more spools are glued in position to form the posts. A smaller darning cotton spool or large wooden bead may be used to finish each post. The hole in the last spool is filled with crack filler or putty.

When the glue or cement has had time to set, sandpaper very smooth, and paint the bed with enamel, or wood stain.

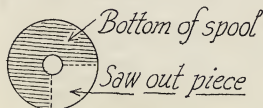


FIG. 2

TOYS FROM ODDS AND ENDS

The scrap bag will furnish material for the bedding. Cut a mattress to fit the bottom of the bed (Figure 3) from ticking or heavy print and seam, piping or cording the seams if desired. Stuff with layers of cotton or cotton batting and slipstitch opening shut. Make two pillows from matching material.

The sheets and pillow cases (Figure



FIG. 3

4) are made from a scrap of muslin. A flower spray of lazy-daisies and French knots takes only a minute to do and makes a dainty decoration.

The quilt (Figure 5) is also made from muslin with colored flowers and border applied in place, and is quilted by hand or machine. Another quilt pattern may be used if desired.

A **BASSINET.** One would never guess that the frilly bassinet, just right for the

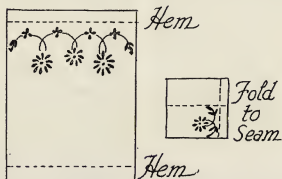


FIG. 4

newest baby doll, was made from a wooden grocery box, several feet of baling wire, a piece of dimity, batiste, or other sheer figured material, and a bit of ribbon or lace.

Cut a piece of material the height of the box plus two inches by once and a half distance around the inside. Seam the ends together and run two rows of machine stitching along each side. Pull up to fit and tack to box, as shown in Figure 1, after first padding the inside of the box with a layer of cotton batting. Cut a pad to fit the bottom, seam, leaving one side open, stuff with cotton, and slipstitch opening shut. Make a pillow and cover in the same way.

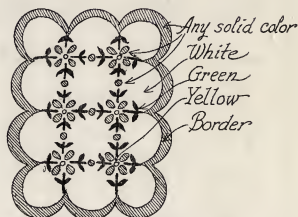


FIG. 5

To make the hood, cut a piece of material, as shown in Figure 2. Finish straight end with ribbon or lace. Run two rows of machine stitching along the back edge. Make tucks, also shown in Figure 2, and insert wire through tucks. Pull up the back edge of the hood so that it fits one end of the box and tack into position to the outside of the box. Cut wire the correct length to form a hood, as shown in Figure 3, and bend ends of wire at right angles for one-half inch. Tack sides of hood to outside edge of box, as shown.

The outside ruffle is cut the height of the box plus one inch for turning down and twice the distance around the outside of the box. Seam ends together,

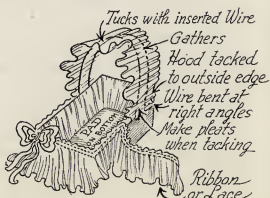
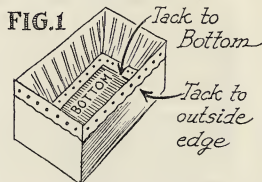


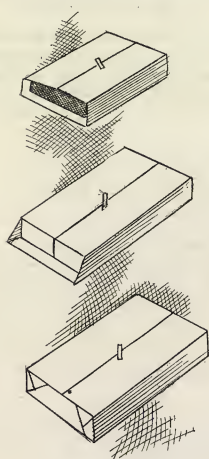
FIG. 3

finish bottom with more of the ribbon or lace. Turn down top and run two rows of machine stitching about one-half inch from edge. Pull up to fit box and baste in place to cover the tacks. Ribbon may be basted around the top edge if desired. Finish the bassinet with a double bow and streamers sewed to one corner.

GIFTS WITH PERSONALITY

A LOVELY wrapping complements the gift inside, makes it doubly appreciated. But your packages always seem to look like a small child's first attempt! Making a neat, smooth package is no trick at all when you do it this way:

1. Cut paper large enough to wrap around the box, allowing for overlapping one inch at the bottom and extending beyond each end of the box slightly less than the depth of the box. If paper is thin and the box shows through, double before cutting or line with plain paper the same size.



2. Wrap around box with overlapping edges on the bottom and fasten with sticker.

3. Fold top of wrapping down on end, sides to center, and bottom up over ends. Fasten with a sticker. Turn package and fold other end.

4. Turn box to right side to decorate.

This year it will be impossible to buy many of the pretty papers, ribbons, and decorations of former years, and packages will be wrapped in plain tissue and simply decorated.

1. A tall box of bath salts is wrapped in red tissue and tied with red ribbon ending in little red and white yarn pompons.

2. Crossed red ribbons and a red candle in holder are glued to the top of a white tissue package.

(Continued on page 772)

LIFE WITH "JUNIOR" by Elsie, the Borden Cow



YOU WON'T GET ANY OF THIS FOR YOUR MASHED POTATOES! DOCTOR SAID BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK WAS FOR ME!

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(Continued from page 771)

3. Boys like smart-looking, tailored packages. Red cellophane tape is applied to white tissue packages.

4. A large box is wrapped in white

tissue with dark blue stars and a single criss-cross ribbon.

5. Silver bell stickers attached to a narrow silver ribbon decorate the top of another package.



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.

An excellent way to economize during these times is to turn your old unused ice box into a child's wardrobe. I painted mine white and added a touch of color with Decals. The ice compartment hold shoes and socks while the space underneath is for hats and caps. The shelves in the side compartment were easily removed and a rod added to hold hangers for suits and dresses. The children love to put away their own clothes and keep it tidy.—Mrs. I. A. J., San Bernardino, California.

When popcorn fails to pop, it is usually because of the low moisture content. A little experimenting will show how much water is needed. One teaspoon of water to a quart of popcorn is the average. Mix it thoroughly, put it in an airtight container. In 24 to 48 hours it is ready to pop.—G. G., Berkeley, California.

Rub inside and outside of fowl with lemon juice for distinctive flavor.—L. C. J., Morone, Utah.

Pine cones may be used as favors at the most elaborate banquet, or simplest party, by smoothing the bottom of the cone, so that it will stand up—then place a bright-colored candleholder with candle in top of cone; a small triangle of colored paper pasted to the cone may serve for the guest's name. This is an excellent way to make money for Bee-Hive girls or 4-H clubs.—Mrs. J. D. McG., Cleveland, Idaho.

To make roast poultry look especially attractive, glaze it with jelly the last half hour before taking it from the oven. Break up the contents of a half cup of red jelly with a fork and spread over the fowl. It will have to be baked over, but it will have a brown, shiny finish which looks and tastes delicious.—Mrs. J. G. C., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

We save and dry our cushaw and pumpkin seeds to toast in the oven; the kernels are good to serve as you serve roasted peanuts, and are very nutritious. We also save our apricot stones (sweet pits) and use the blanched kernels in apple, plum, apricot, and peach butter, or roasted in the oven.—Miss M. F., Wichita, Kansas.

A common pair of tweezers is a wonderful help in pulling pin feathers from a turkey; also a wax candle is excellent for helping to prepare that holiday fowl. It's sure-fire for burning off fine feathers and fuzz.—Mrs. A. J., Blackfoot, Idaho.

To prevent holiday fruit cake from burning on the bottom, before putting the cake

in the oven, get a pie plate or a pan large enough to hold the fruit cake pan. Cover the bottom of it with salt and set the fruit cake in this pan. No matter how long the cake is left in, it will not burn on the bottom.—Mrs. R. K., Miami, Florida.

To prevent filling from soaking in pie crust, dust over bottom crust with a mixture of flour and sugar before adding fruit or other filling.—Mrs. A. J., Mesa, Arizona.

COOKS' CORNER

By Josephine B. Nichols

YUMMY GIFTS FROM YOUR KITCHEN

YOU'LL adore helping the jolly old fellow sprinkle on stars, tie the saucy bow-knots, and splash gay holiday hues over these delectables for eating and giving.

Chicken Timbales

- 3 tablespoons butter or other fat
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1½ cups broth, milk, or thin gravy
- 3 eggs
- salt and pepper
- 3 cups cooked diced chicken
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Make a sauce of the fat, flour, and liquid. Add the well-beaten eggs, seasoning, and chicken. Pour into greased timbale molds or custard cups. Place the cups in a pan of water. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) about one-half hour, or until set in center. Turn the timbales out and serve hot with thin cream gravy or mushroom sauce; garnish with preserved cranberries.

Christmas Salad

- 1 package quick-setting gelatin (orange flavor)
- 1 cup boiling water
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- 1 cup cold water
- 1½ cups uncooked cranberries
- 12 orange
- ¾ cup chopped celery
- ¾ cup diced apple

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water; add sugar and cold water. Put cranberries and unpeeled orange through food chopper; add to gelatin mixture and chill until it begins to thicken. Add celery and apples; pour into mold. Chill until firm. Garnish with mayonnaise. (Serves 16.)

Holiday Cake

- ½ cup butter or shortening
- ¼ cup sugar
- 5 egg whites
- 1½ teaspoon almond extract
- 1¼ cups sifted cake flour
- teaspoon baking powder
- 1½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup candied cherries (cut)
- ¼ cup citron, finely cut
- ½ cup seedless raisins
- ½ cup chopped almonds
- ¾ cup coconut

Cream butter; add sugar gradually and cream until light and fluffy. Add egg whites, one at a time, beating after each addition. Add fruit, nuts, coconut, and flavoring. Add flour, a small amount at a time. Bake in a loaf pan. Line baking pan with brown paper and grease the sheet next to the cake batter. Bake in slow oven (300° F.) one hour and fifteen minutes.

Honey Popcorn Balls

- 1/2 cup strained honey
- 1/2 cup corn syrup (yellow)
- 1 teaspoon vinegar
- 1/2 tablespoon butter
- 1 1/2 quarts popped corn

Cook honey, syrup, and vinegar together, stirring constantly, until it forms a slightly brittle ball when tested in cold water. Stir in the butter. Pour the syrup slowly over the popped corn and mix well. Form into balls, pressing as lightly as possible.

Give the balls a festive appearance by turning some into clowns, pussycats, pretty girls, and many others of your own invention.

The clown may boast a red lifesaver nose, grin with a half lifesaver mouth, and make a cone-shaped hat from gay Christmas paper to perch jauntily over green gumdrop eyes.

The pussycat's whiskers may be three red full-length sippers, held at center with a lifesaver nose. Stick on neatly with popcorn syrup, green gumdrops for the eyes. For her ears, snip a sipper in half, bend each piece in its middle, and stick on with syrup.

The pretty girl's demure face may be made of gumdrops and life-savers, with a perky hat made from a frilly lace paper doilie cocked over one eye.

Turkish Lumps (Gumdrops)

- 3 cups sugar in 1/2 cup boiling water
- 4 tablespoons unflavored gelatin in 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 large orange
- 1 large lemon

Bring syrup to a boil. Add soaked gelatin and boil twenty minutes, before taking from heat; add juice from fruit. Divide into two equal parts; to one part add red coloring and two tablespoons red cinnamon candies; to the other part add green coloring and two drops of peppermint flavoring. Strain into 8" x 8" cake pans to set; it requires several hours. Cut into squares or fancy shapes and roll in granulated sugar.

Stuffed Prunes

Steam prunes over water thirty minutes. Cool and pit. Stuff with chopped candied lemon and orange peel and walnut meats. Roll in powdered sugar.

TRIBUTE

COOKS' CORNER: I find your corner so very helpful and interesting. I should like to submit the following by way of appreciation.

Scripture Puzzle Cake

- 1/2 cup of Judges 5:25
- 1 1/2 cups Jeremiah 6:20
- 1 cup of I Samuel 30:12
- 1/2 cup of Genesis 24:17
- 1 1/4 cups of I Kings 4:22
- 1 1/2 teaspoons Exodus 32:20
- 1/2 teaspoon Leviticus 2:13
- to taste I Kings 10:10
- 3 Isaiah 10:14

Mix in order given; bake 350 to 375° F.; cup cakes 15 min.; layer, 25 min.; loaf 45 to 60 min.

Very sincerely yours,

Jessie M. Beishline

(Answers found on page 775)

ZEST

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GOD MOVES

By O. F. URSENBACH

in a Mysterious Way

DURING the construction of the Weber and Davis counties' reservoir under Perham Brothers and Parker, at the East Canyon "Red Rocks" narrows, because I was somewhat skilled with explosives, I was made powder man, and became known as "Bob" to replace my long, three-syllable name. By reason of unexplained premonition when danger lurked, Pat Fehey, the foreman, often referred to me as "Charmed Life Bob."

On a slope fifty feet above a perpendicular cliff, a gang of men were rolling boulders from a previous blast, when Pat shouted to them to halt while I passed below carrying some giant powder. As I advanced, some unseen yet actual power literally jerked me back, just in time to miss a huge boulder that, had I advanced another step, would have crushed me. Amazed at what had transpired, I leaned against that natural wall and wept in gratitude for divine assistance at this perilous moment.

On the same works, spring had followed a very severe winter, and at the foot of a very high cliff I was thawing frozen giant powder in an oil warmer. Standing near were Hugh Perham, his wife and some visitors. At once I shouted: "Get out of here quickly." A few moments later, a boulder crashed

from a hundred feet up, demolishing the powder warmer, then bounded right to where the group had been standing. Mr. Perham marvelled at my intuition, but to me it was another manifestation of divine inspiration.

Still on the works, I had spent nearly two days springing a twenty-two foot hole that when loaded contained thirty kegs of blasting powder. For such heavy shots Pat and I frequently took refuge in the powder magazine—a tunnel drilled twenty feet in a mountain side, closed with a lumber door. I was warned not to enter the magazine this time, only to have Pat, in his vile profanity that characterized every sentence he spoke, retort with: "Bob, we're as safe there as if we were in God's pocket, for the shot is not pointed that way." We took refuge under a cliff, and Pat gasped as he saw a huge boulder crash into that magazine. It destroyed many kegs of blasting powder, but a ton of giant powder stacked along the sidewalls was untouched.

I recall here one more experience on the works. From a heavy blast the evening previous, nine large boulders lying on the north slope of the dam, had been drilled and loaded for blasting while the crew of nearly a hundred men were at lunch. I ignited all nine fuses,

then took refuge in the mouth of a spillway tunnel in course of boring. I counted eight blasts only, so I concluded that one of two things had happened, either a miss or two blasts had simultaneously occurred. Peeking around the corner of the cliff, I saw the huge six-foot-high boulder with the fuse distinctly visible. For safety I returned and waited perhaps ten minutes for fear of a slow fuse still carrying fire. At length, feeling that it was a miss, I approached the boulder. Then came the explosion. I turned to run, (a foolish thing to do under ordinary conditions) when at once, and the last thing I remembered, was a tremendous thud between the shoulders that knocked me down. When I came to, for I had been stunned only, I was not hurt or even sore from the ten pound stone that had struck me. When the gang returned, and I explained to Pat what had happened and how I had been providentially saved, his retort was that he could not understand my ——— charmed life. Well I realized, in gratitude, the Power that had saved me.

At my wife's solicitation, I definitely quit explosives.

While I was farm foreman of the Knight Sugar Company's sugar farm in Alberta, Canada, James E. Ellison, factory superintendent and general manager, and I had ridden horseback into a field where I had some four-horse teams harrowing grain stubble. Observing that an inexperienced Belgian teamster had his cross checks wrongly attached, I asked him to hold the lines firmly while I passed in front of the two center horses to adjust them. At once the two outside horses—brons—began kicking and running, and I was caught between the heads of four horses, with my only recourse to make a lunge over the coming four-horse even—But, detained in the lines, I failed, passing under the even, and to my horror I went under the new sharp iron-toothed four-section harrow. Following a short dragging, I rolled out behind and, in a cloud of dust, ran for my horse to stop the run-away. I ran in the wrong direction, which caused the horrified Mr. Ellison to think that, while saved, I had perhaps lost my reason. The exceedingly marvelous thing is that I came out without a bruise or scratch, which to me is the most outstanding manifestation of divine protection that has been mine to experience.

In my behalf, God has certainly moved in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. Why have I been protected in the many crises during the years of my hazardous life? The solution, as it appears to me now, must be that I had been foreordained, as the sole survivor of my father's family, to a mission of responsibility and stewardship.

While there have been much loss and alloy in my life, yet from the day of our marriage, my wife and I resolved unflinchingly to have our morning and evening prayer, and to live Latter-day Saint lives as best we could.

(Concluded on opposite page)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

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NEWS FROM THE CAMPS

WHILE attending class in the army finance school at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, the thought never occurred to me that I would have the opportunity to teach the gospel before the group of fellows in my class. The occasion was the last afternoon of our technical training course, during which time we were allowed to entertain ourselves as we desired. . . . Our teacher, a fine young fellow whom we all liked and respected very much, knew I had been a Mormon missionary for two years, and many of the class did, too. In fact, as a nickname, some of them called me "preacher."

The afternoon was proceeding in quite a pleasurable way as everyone contributed his particular talent to the entertainment. Unfortunately many soldiers seem to enjoy questionable jokes, and the fellows who knew some of these stories told them before the class. It was on such an occasion of fun-making that I was asked to take my part.

As I stepped upon the stand before the class, one of the fellows suggested that I tell them about my missionary work. That is just what I hoped would happen! I told them about our missionary system and also several experiences. . . .

Their attentiveness and favorable reaction to all I had said brought great joy to my heart. The teacher came to me later and remarked that many of the fellows do not go to church at all, and what I had told them was just what they needed.

If I had not been trying to apply the teachings of the gospel to my life in the army, the fellows would probably have thought as I was talking to them, "He doesn't live what he preaches; why should we pay attention to him?"

Pfc. Keith M. Peterson

* * *

Hattiesburg, Mississippi

WE do not have a chapel in Hattiesburg, but we hold our meetings in the home of Sister Ida Norton about three miles from town.

Our branch is small and sometimes we do not have a leader until one of the boys from the camp comes who holds the priesthood.

We are thankful Camp Shelby was chosen for the training center for the L.D.S. Japanese-Hawaiian soldiers. They lend much interest to our meetings, and we think it wonderful to hear them bear such strong testimonies.

Pearl M. Thames

* * *

Holbrook, Arizona

WE have organized as "Mothers of Boys In the Service." We meet every Sun-

day evening at 6 p.m. We have our opening song and prayer, the minutes of the last meeting, and read also the letter to be sent out next week.

One of the mothers is responsible for a musical number each week, another responsible for the letter. Each week every one in attendance signs the letters. Those unable to be in attendance and care to send excuses, have their names added.

Then we hold a prayer circle and the spirit of our meetings is so inspirational. They draw us so close together. Each week 36 letters go out.

Now the letters are coming back from our boys and we have great cause to rejoice in knowing the Lord is carrying our message to them and theirs is as great to us.

Maybe this will give other wars and mothers some ideas.

Best wishes for all our service boys and girls.

Emaline Palmer

* * *

Ft. Sill, Oklahoma

THE concept of the endlessness of man as an individual, progressing entity is the greatest inducement to wholesome living that I know of. It is our sure foundation.

Now I can appreciate why the parting words of my father were almost identical to those of Helaman to his son: "Remember, my son, that it is upon the Rock of our Redeemer, who is Christ, the Son of God, that ye may build your foundation . . . a sure foundation whereon if men build they cannot fall."

It is plain now why the story of the Prophet Joseph and the restoration of the gospel was explained to me until I thought it worn out. I perceive now why everything in our home was done in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Perchance it was to engender an implicit trust and faith in our Lord; perchance to ennoble my future by building a sure foundation.

Cpl. Rondo S. Harmon

* * *

Overseas

. . . If the time comes when I cannot write you so often, please do not worry about me. . . . We held church again today.

. . . My Era came tonight so I'm now reading it. By the way, we managed to get the proper facilities and had the sacrament today. You just can't imagine how it seems.

I guess it (religion) is the main thing we are fighting for, isn't it? . . .

Pfc. Wells P. McGregor

The Lt. is glad to have a man so close to God in his outfit, too. You can be proud of him.

Censor

GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY

(Concluded from opposite page)

Dispassionately and in no boasting sense, we have, as a family, filled nine foreign missions. All seven of our sons hold the holy priesthood and are represented in stake presidencies, high councils, bishopric, or other responsible callings. All eight of our children's marriages have been temple solemnized, and we have done ordinance work for more than one thousand of our deceased ancestors.

When called upon to report my stew-

ardship, be the time near or remote, my deep gratitude to my Father in heaven will be my first thought.

SCRIPTURE PUZZLE CAKE

(Answers to Puzzle found on page 773)

1½ cup butter	1½ teaspoons powder
1½ cups sugar	1½ teaspoon salt
1 cup raisins	to taste: spices
1 cup water	3 eggs
1¾ cups flour	



WAR TESTS MEN and MACHINES

. . . and war is proving Stokermatic dependability, despite the shortage of service men.

With sons and husbands in military service, and whole families of home front workers absent from home night and day, a Stokermatic is an essential worker in many homes.

Its month-after-month dependability means fewer interruptions of service in these war days. And the longer the war lasts, the more you will appreciate its dependability.

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Aids in treatment of Canker, simple sore throat, and other minor mouth and throat irritations.

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Wherever They Go . . .

A marine overseas wrote me the other day and told me how much he appreciated and welcomed the arrival of the "Era."

Lois Westover,
San Diego, Calif.

MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD



CONDUCTED BY THE MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE—JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH, CHAIRMAN; JOHN A. WIDTSON, JOSEPH F. MERRILL, CHARLES A. CALLIS, AND HAROLD B. LEE

Personal Welfare

Rehabilitation a Special Work

IN the church Welfare plan, one responsibility of priesthood quorums, among many others, is to look to the rehabilitation of quorum members and their families, spiritually, socially, physically, and economically. In every quorum there are members who need to be built up in one or more of these fields.

The personal welfare committee under the leadership of its chairman, the quorum president, should make a study of each member and his peculiar conditions. Then the committee should inaugurate and carry through activities to build up individual quorum members as their circumstances demand.

Steps should be taken to avoid being lulled to sleep by the current attitude that because most people are employed all is well. We call to mind a Melchizedek priesthood quorum member who, for the lack of half an acre of ground and a few hundred dollars capital, is most unhappy because he is not presently self-sustaining. Would not a little thought and interest given to the solution of this man's problem by his fellow quorum members pay as worth-while dividends as would any other object to which that thought and interest could be given?

Perhaps in your quorum the need for rehabilitation is spiritual or social.

Class Instruction

Teacher Training

HOW concerned are the instructors in the various quorums with their teaching technique, their methods? How many know that there are excellent helps available to them in the church? A conscientious reading of John T. Wahlquist's *Teaching As the Direction of Activities* or of Adam S. Bennion's *Principles of Teaching* (both published by the Sunday School) should give priesthood class leaders new understanding of their role as teachers. And along with that new vision they will acquire some valuable teaching tools. A series of articles, "Talks to Teachers," by Dr. Wahlquist currently appearing in the Saturday church section of *The Deseret News*, is worth the attention of priesthood instructors.

Priesthood instructors could follow with profit the teacher training material which appears monthly in *The Instructor*, the Sunday School magazine, which is entirely devoted to the improvement of teaching in the field of religious education. *The Instructor* is itself thus a teaching tool. Priesthood teachers should make use of it. And, should their schedule permit it, why not

attend the ward teacher training class, which, although designed for pre-teaching training, has much to offer teachers already in service who have never had such specific help. The Sunday School's teacher training class is also the place to send prospective priesthood teachers.

Teacher training should become the long-range as well as the immediate concern of the class instruction committee.

Church Service

Work for Everyone

EVERY quorum should aim to have all of its members perform some service in the church. Loyalty to the quorum implies a willingness to accept responsibility and to be engaged in the work called for in the program of things to be done. This program offers an opportunity for spiritual growth and development. It makes for a happy and satisfying religious life.

Classification of quorum members on the basis of fitness and availability for service in the quorum, ward, and stake is an obligation of the church service committee. A careful study of the card file of individual quorum members will guide the committee in its efforts to encourage activity. Every bearer of the priesthood should receive attention and be urged to assume his responsibility.

The quorum can become a powerful unit in the church if its members are alert and active. The advancement of God's work rests with the priesthood and is carried forward by worthy members who are qualified and ready to act when the call comes. Regular meetings of the committee are the first step towards a better understanding of its duties. "Moreover thou shalt provide . . . able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness." (Exodus 18:21.)

Social & Miscellaneous

Creative Forces

C. A. ELWOOD in his book *The Reconstruction of Religion* states:

Play and amusement are most necessary things in our social life. Upon them, not less than upon serious work, the whole structure of higher civilization has been built. There is good reason to believe that when we have mastered the creative forces latent in play and amusements, education will be easier, social life more joyful, and civilization itself more humane and beautiful. Social religion must seek to control social pleasures so that they will work in this socially constructive direction.

The work of the social and miscellaneous committee, in view of the importance of recreation, should go be-

yond party-planning. Invaluable service can be rendered by promoting worth-while leisure-time activities among quorum members. *Recreation in the Home* is the title of a booklet recently published by the church auxiliaries. It is brimful of home-centered leisure-time activity of a high order. Committee members should become acquainted with this booklet—as well as with other recreation literature to be obtained at the local library—and from time to time in quorum meeting call upon members for descriptions of leisure-time pursuits and reports of successful home entertainments which will stimulate others to follow their example.

Notes from the Field

Point-Saving Projects of 266th Quorum of Seventy

THE 266th quorum of seventy, residing in the Stratford Ward, Highland Stake, reported in a recent stake conference that during the summer they had canned 11,469 cans of asparagus, peas, corn, and beans, having a ration point value of 195,030 points. Eight hundred sixty-nine man hours of labor were expended on the project. In addition the quorum members have spent 440 man hours on garden projects and 176 hours on miscellaneous Welfare projects. Forty-five of a total quorum membership of fifty-seven participated in one or more of the above projects in which a total of fifty-two families were assisted.

Since the report was made more corn and tomatoes have been canned. Quorum members will repair a roof and rebuild a garage for the mother of a quorum member in the service. Other Welfare projects are being planned.

Keeping in Touch

FROM a letter in which Sgt. Alma B. Rigby of the Army Air Corps expresses appreciation for receiving the *Era* in camp, the following paragraph is quoted which may encourage quorums to continue to keep in touch with their members absent in the armed forces or on defense work:

I heartily endorse the advice given to keep in touch with absent brethren in our armed forces. It is indeed a time when they will appreciate that interest and be especially impressed by it. May I relate just one incident that may interest you? I have been attending the San Bernardino First Ward. The bishop there has numerous times made special mention of us as members of the armed forces, even mentioning our names before the congregation. That, in a way, was a small thing, but it certainly went a long way toward making me feel really welcome.

I also appreciate the interest of my brethren at home and their welcome letters.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

Conducted by
Dr. Joseph F. Merrill

Yale University School

THERE was organized at Yale University the past summer a School of Alcoholic Studies, the purpose of which was to present for educational service the developments of scientific research and study relative to the influence of alcoholic beverages on persons and their social living.

This new summer course was attended by college and high school educators, temperance workers, managers of liquor control boards, public safety and health experts, social workers, ministers, psychiatrists, public safety officials, temperance writers, representatives of liquor agencies, and others. As a school it lasted six weeks, and it is said was strictly educational, objective, and scientific in the study of most of the liquor problems of the day.

But the most important approach to the liquor problem—the religious—was absent. In this respect the Latter-day Saint church has a great advantage over all other organizations that study the liquor problem—that of divine revelation. To the Prophet Joseph Smith the Lord revealed the truth that liquor "is not good" for man and it is not meet in his sight that liquor should be drunk. No right-thinking person wants to displease the Lord. This fact is the most potent of all to induce our people, young or old, to be abstinent. However, we hope the Yale school will have a beneficial influence in the campaign for temperance.

Kathleen Norris Says—

"For generations excessive drinking by men has been the curse of helpless womanhood and childhood, has been the creator of want and slums, cruelty and crime.

"For generations the struggles of women to curb this curse have represented the one desperate effort of their lives, the one fervent prayer of their hearts. But now this curse is being expended to women—a bitter reflection upon the code of character of American

women. Drink (also smoking) injures women more than men in body, mind, and soul. A woman is more fine-grained, more delicate, more sensitive than a man. Thus, her body is more vulnerable to narcotics than a man's." The Lord have mercy on the children of mothers who smoke or drink.

Drinking and Driving

The National Safety Council finds that the motor vehicle still stands unchallenged as a killer in America. More than 40,000 dead since Pearl Harbor is the record sustaining the charge.

Judge Wilford Moyle Burton of Salt Lake City Police Court attended meetings of the Traffic Safety Council in Chicago a few weeks ago. From what he learned there he declared the drunken driver is one of the worst menaces confronting the American public today.

The challenging question is how long will the American public stand for this menace. Should not state laws declare

that no one who drinks immediately before or during the time of driving shall be eligible to drive? Why should we longer tolerate this proved and indefensible mortal danger?

Russian Soldiers—No Liquor

All the world admires the fighting qualities of the Russian soldier—his bravery, his endurance, his loyalty and obedience. We could wish that American soldiers were as free from drink as the following pictures his Russian comrade-in-arms:

In an address given in Arcadia, Florida, Valentina Ray Mitz, a naturalized Ukrainian lecturer, made this remarkable statement: "In Russia, if a woman offers a soldier liquor, she has to serve six months in prison. If she gives it to him, she is shot. There can be no drinking by the soldiers while the war is on, for the men must be strong, healthy, and fully possessed of every whit of their strength and ability. This is quite a contrast with what we have in America. Our army camps are surrounded with hundreds of saloons. The call is 'Wake up, America!'"

Melchizedek Priesthood Outline of Study, February, 1944

Text: *The Gospel Kingdom: Selections from the Writings and Discourses of John Taylor*

LESSON 5

ETERNALISM, AN INTERPRETATION OF LIFE

Text: pp. 10-13. Topics: The Vital Problems. Purpose in Life. The Belief in the Pre-Existence. Woman's Place in the Pre-Existence. Conditions of Earth Life.

Discuss: What are the vital problems of life? Of what value is the "struggle for existence" for position, fame, honor? Should one seek to better his position in life? For what purpose or purposes? What is the meaning of the phrase: "... this world is the state of our probation?"

From President Taylor's article, "The Origin and Destiny of Woman," what might we conclude concerning the importance of womanhood in the plan of this earth? In the

family and home? In the church and church government? In society? The use of the phrase "having obtained permission" (pp. 11 and 12) would seem to indicate that not everyone received, as a matter of course, the blessings accorded womanhood in the pre-existence. Are the blessings hypothesized by President Taylor attractive?

LESSON 6

ETERNALISM AND EARTH LIFE

Text: pp. 13-16. Topics: The Doctrine of Eternalism. Earth Life—One Stage of Existence. God's Interest in Earth Life. Some Principles of Earth Life. Nature and Belief in God.

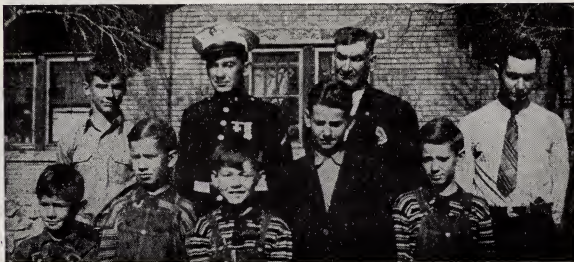
Discuss: Two men are in business. One accepts the doctrine of eternalism. One accepts the belief that this life is the end of existence, denies pre-existence or life after death. Is there any justification for expecting different conduct from the two? In the experience of your group can the idea that a difference will result be demonstrated and verified? What difference does it make, and is the difference important, or do we merely assume it is?

From the experience represented in your study group, what evidences can be brought forward to sustain the affirmation that this life is but "one stage of existence"? What are our beliefs concerning God's interest in this stage of existence? What evidences are there to demonstrate this interest? On page 15 will be found the basic Latter-day Saint statement that knowledge and testimony come from obedience. (*Journal of Discourses* 25:94-95). If this is so, what is the difference between a testimony of the work of God and a testimony of evil and its work? Why is the harmony of nature suggestive of the validity of belief in God? Is there harmony in nature? How might it have been produced, assuming the case, were there no Supreme Being—what can the human mind fathom on such a score? If this problem is tried, the grandeur and depth of John Taylor's conclusion (last sentence, *JD* 1: 151, 152) will be understood.

(Concluded on page 778)

STALWART SONS

William J. Mackelprang of Kanab, Utah, needn't worry about the carrying on of the family name. "I am proud," he says, "to be the father of such a group of young men that can serve our God and our nation." Father Mackelprang, who filled a mission to the Southern States from 1912 to 1915, is seen here with his right sons, as follows: front row, left to right: Romel, Evan, Antone, Dow (deacon), and William J. Jr.; rear left to right: Kent (teacher), Justin J. (teacher, and staff sergeant in the Marine Corps, now attending Loyola University), Brother Mackelprang, and Gaynell (now filling a mission in Canada). The mother of the boys, Hazel Mackelprang, served missions to the Central States and California.



MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD

(Concluded from page 777)

LESSON 7

SOME PROBLEMS OF ETERNITY

Text: pp. 16-19. Topics: Eternal Conflict. The Role of Experience. Eternal Marriage. Law and Justice. Laws and Kingdoms of Glory. Conformity. The Essential Equality of Men.

Discuss: Why should there be antagonism to truth and what elements of human behavior produce such antagonism? Why should experience in "being governed" be prerequisite to competence in governing others? What was Christ's experience in this regard?

What is a basic requirement for entrance into the kingdom of God? What is the significance of the doctrine of conformity

with respect to life in the celestial and other kingdoms of glory? Is it possible to "be strictly in accordance with the . . . law of God . . . in everything that we do"? What does it mean to abide the law of the celestial kingdom? What of the "role of experience" in this regard? (In this connection review the discussion held in connection with the question in lesson 5, "This world is the state of our probation.")

LESSON 8

SOME PROBLEMS OF ETERNITY: DEATH AND RESURRECTION

Text: pp. 20-25. Topics: Death and Resurrection. "It Is Appointed for Men Once to Die." A Soliloquy on Death. Funeral Customs. Priesthood and the Future State.

Nature of the Resurrection. Eternal Judgment.

Discuss: Do the Latter-day Saints fear death? Why or why not? What was President Taylor's testimony on this score? What might well be the proper subject for speakers at funeral services? (See p. 21.) What is the Mormon doctrine concerning priesthood and the future state? What was Joseph Smith's personal belief regarding the nature of the resurrection?

What is the role of the individual in the process of eternal judgment?

Summarize the main features of the doctrine of eternalism. What should be the effects of accepting this philosophy be for the individual? For a society of believers? Are there any evidences of such social effects? In your ward? stake? valley? region?

THE CHURCH MOVES ON

(Continued from page 767)

Missionaries Released

THE following honor roll includes those released during September and October, 1943, and others not previously reported:

SEPTEMBER

California: Lloyd Vaughn Peterson, Salt Lake City; Gordon Hyde Pursey, Preston, Idaho; Grant J. Fisher, Rexburg, Idaho; Verna Mae Sanders, Wilmington, No. Carolina; Hugh J. Sorenson, Salt Lake City; Dean Cook Bruce, Smoot, Wyoming; Central: Charlotte Vilate Martin, Tooele, Utah; Jesse William Davidson, Salt Lake City.

Eastern: Grant Lester Anderson, Garland, Utah; Dee Heston Barker, Salt Lake City; Robert Frederick Dynes, Salt Lake City.

Japanese: William Charles Blair, Salt Lake City.

Mexican: Henry Wesley Bowman, Colonia Dublan, Chihuahua, Mexico; Oscar Leath Cluff, Colonia Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico; Mac Bluth, Colonia Dublan, Chihuahua, Mexico; Clyde Alford, Colonia Garcia, Chihuahua, Mexico; Alma Dyer LeBaron, Jr., Colonia Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico; Rowena Robinson, Colonia Dublan, Chihuahua, Mexico; Milton Alvin Romney, Colonia Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico; Raul Rangel Ruiz, Corpus Christi, Texas; Ernest Platt Taylor, Safford, Arizona; Rey Tolla Thayne, Farmington, New Mexico; Miss Ada Whetten, Colonia Juarez, Mexico.

New England: Alvin C. Lamoreaux, Chandler, Arizona; Marvin Dee Smith, Thornton, Idaho.

North Central: Reid Elwood Bankhead, Logan, Utah; Juliana C. Hall, St. George, Utah.

Northern: Daniel Carl Ballacatt, Brighton, Utah; Frances Jo Wadsworth, Pasco, Nevada; Norma Voloy Andressen, Cleveland, Idaho; Marie Engel Dumelester, Salt Lake City; Fay Bosshardt, Redmond, Utah; Elwin Harry Anderson, Pocatello, Idaho.

Northern California: Donna Tanner, Payson, Utah; Southern: Alton Louise Kunkler, Rosette, Utah; William P. Whitaker (mission president), Pocatello, Idaho; Mary Hawley Whitaker (wife of mission president), Pocatello, Idaho; Paul Robert Cheesman, San Diego, California; Eugene Douglas Dana, Phoenix, Arizona; Norma Dredge, Malad, Idaho; Verna Bohl, Rexburg, Idaho; Lowell M. Blesard, Tooele, Utah.

Spanish-American: Frank B. Fox, Salt Lake City; Clarence G. Teerlink, Salt Lake City; Raymond Junior West, Salt Lake City; Harold E. Weise, Ogden, Utah; Arnold Lynn Green, Salt Lake City; Lillian Lee, Tooele, Utah; William F. Andra, Jr., Preston, Idaho.

Texas: Phoebe LaPreal Sanders, San Francisco, California; Floyd Martin Carlson, Long Beach, California.

Western: Rachel Agnes Beutler, Salt Lake City;

John George Cannon, Salt Lake City; Merritt Daryl Neubauer, Newdale, Idaho; Margaret Peirce, Springville, Utah; June Vincent, Los Angeles, California; Alecia B. Melan, Ogden, Utah; Elfreda A. Malas, Ogden, Utah.

Western Canadian: LaVar Henry Barker, North Ogden, Utah; Stuart M. Manookin, Salt Lake City, october

Brazilian: Kenneth Rulon Ross, Garland, Utah; Willard B. Call, Brigham City, Utah; Moses Carl Gibson, Las Vegas, Nevada; Rulon B. Hacke, Woods Cross, Utah; Paul Lewis Henson, Provo, Utah; Jay Byron Hunt, Salina, Utah; Sargent Grant Rice, Glenns Ferry, Idaho; LeGrande C. Silver, Salt Lake City; Gerald P. Werrett, Salt Lake City.

California: Elmer Joseph Niederhauser, Logan, Utah; R. LaMar Sainsbury, Salt Lake City; Ardell Washburn, Farmington, New Mexico; Emily Mary Shurtliff, Ogden, Utah; Charles Bernard Schlerer, Boise, Idaho.

Canadian: Marion Lee Anderson, Idaho Falls, Idaho; Robert Arthur Clark, Albuquerque, New Mexico; Vergil Charles Fewkes, Long Beach, California; Raymond Ernest Foulger, Salt Lake City; Junius W. Gibbons, Phoenix, Arizona; Rex Andrus Orlay, Elba, Idaho; Albert Lorenzo Payne, Duncan, Arizona; Howard Joseph Thayne, Salt Lake City.

Central: Abraham Neerings, Salt Lake City; James Richard Palmer, Grantsville, Utah; George W. Fenn, Richfield, Utah; Paul Alberto Toronto, Salt Lake City.

MISSIONARIES LEAVING FOR THE FIELD OCTOBER 27, 28, 1943

First row, left to right: Drucilla Fenn, Inez George, Maxine Hall, Adele Harris, Don B. Colton (home director), Hilma Tanner, Elaine Ellsworth, Evelyn Knowles, Almina Carter.

Second row: Franklin T. Nelson, Etta J. Nelson, Alice L. Watts, Violet S. Gray, Eloise Conner, Jesse L. Mortensen, Thelma Wagner, Elaine Bluth, Orpha Lauder.

Third row: H. Fred Bushman, Katherine D. Ross, Gerald F. Ross, Stephen A. Simmons, Manuel S. Torres, Alene Farnsworth, James D. Rawson, Thomas R. Cope, Ida H. Rogers, S. R. Rogers, William E. Berrett (instructor).

Fourth row: Roy C. Anderson, William F. Butler, C. H. Pearce, John W. Porter, Arno Bockme, David L. Stone, Harry E. Anderson, John W. Stoddard.



MISSIONARIES LEAVING FOR THE FIELD, SEPTEMBER 29, 30, 1943

Front row, left to right: Miriam Royce, Idella White, Doris E. Brian, Don B. Colton (mission home director), Lucille Claver, Alice Egbert, Alice Mae Anderson.

Second row: Ralph T. Mitchell, Sarah O. Mitchell, Merlin N. Cook, Catherine Holley, Murene Wood, Joseph S. Pearce, Ruth Sloan, Helen Bay.

Third row: Harold W. Dance, Oneta J. Hansen, William E. Berrett (instructor), Shirley A. Syhus.



AARONIC PRIESTHOOD

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

Youth Speaks



ROBERT
F. REED

ROBERT is president of the deacon's quorum in Glendale West Ward, San Fernando Stake. In a recent address he specified five ways in which a deacon may honor the priesthood:

"I believe I would list first a clean mind. All the things that we do are first conceived in the mind. God says, 'I will not hold him guiltless that taketh my name in vain.' Also, clean moral thoughts; and the best way I know to obtain these is continuous, humble prayer.

"Second: A clean, strong body, obtained by obedience to the laws of the 'Word of Wisdom.'

"Third: We can also honor the

priesthood by a study of the scriptures; especially the Doctrine and Covenants scriptures, which teaches us our duties in the priesthood.

"Fourth: By honoring those who preside over us, in always being willing and ready to do everything that is required of us.

"Fifth: By regular attendance at our quorum meetings, and thus preparing ourselves for promotion in the priesthood.

"God says in the Doctrine and Covenants, section 136, verses 19 and 20: 'If any man shall seek to build up himself, and seeketh not my counsel, he shall have no power, and his folly shall be made manifest.

"Seek ye; and keep all your pledges one with another; and covet not that which is thy brother's.'"

WARD BOY LEADERSHIP COMMITTEE OUTLINE OF STUDY

JANUARY, 1944

Text: HOW TO WIN BOYS Chapter XIII: The Average Boy

Quotations from the Text:

1. Some years ago we listened to Dr. Payson Smith, commissioner of education of Massachusetts. He said (I quote verbatim, for the words stuck in my memory): "There is no average boy. If there is, what color are his eyes? Or his hair? How long is his

nose? What does he eat? What does he like? What are his home conditions? Who are his companions? What is his hobby?"

2. "There is no mass technique in handling boys and girls."

3. Boys are not alike. Brothers are not alike. *Twins are not alike.* All of which leads us to some sane and brief conclusions. *There is no religious herding.* You can herd cattle and horses. You can never herd souls. *Each boy is an individual.* His qualities may tally with the boy next to him to the point that we are deceived into imagining that the selfsame approach, the same method, the same illustration, the same warning, the same punishment, the same reward will work for both. This is not true.

4. You are wanted as teacher and leader in a field made famous by Jesus of Nazareth. *He knew each disciple!* He knew the impulsive Peter; he knew the warm, tender heart of John; he knew the financial ability of Matthew; he knew the doubting heart of Thomas. To him they were blundering little children. And so great was his human sympathy and understanding of each one of them that even in the Garden of Agony when they deserted him, his severest criticism was a patient comment—"Could you not watch one hour with me?" The King of heaven so thoroughly read that little "class" of his that his patience and tenderness is a byword of the nations even today!

5. *The Maker has not made carbon copies of boys' souls!*

(Concluded on page 780)



SOUTH LOS ANGELES STAKE AND WARD AARONIC PRIESTHOOD LEADERS PLAN PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST

Karl H. Miller, chairman of the South Los Angeles Stake Aaronic priesthood committee, writes the following account of an unusual project:

"On August 7, 1943, the South Los Angeles Stake Aaronic priesthood committee, together with the general secretaries and a member of the bishopric from each ward, met in an all-day session in the lounge at the stake house to perfect plans for an extensive stake Aaronic priesthood public speaking contest.

"The main purpose of the contest is to have each boy in the priesthood give at least one five-minute talk in a sacrament meeting, also to give them assistance in an organized method. This will not only increase their attendance at sacrament meeting but should also help to hold up our attendance at the weekly priesthood meeting.

"We have divided our stake into two divisions, with five wards on the east and five wards on the west side of our stake. Our plans are to have boys of the respective wards exchange talks with each ward, thus giving the boys an opportunity to speak in different wards of the stake.

"We have asked each ward to provide suitable awards for the winners of their own wards. Also each ward will have its own elimination contest. The winners from each ward meeting in semi-finals, with the winners thereof meeting in stake finals. We are planning on furnishing trophies for the finals, with a grand prize for the best ten-minute talk on liquor and tobacco."

Leaders in the above photograph are: back row, left to right: Harold Tolman, Arthur White, Robert Singleton, J. A. P. Jensen, Henry Goldsmith, Don Pearce, Noble Waite, of the stake presidency; Owen B. Robinson, superintendent of stake Y.M.M.I.A.; Karl Miller, chairman of stake Aaronic priesthood committee; Howard Sedgwick, stake secretary; Alvin E. Duncombe, Richard Henderson, Don Montgomery, Arthur Hamblin, G. E. Crandall, Robert Hatch, Rto Ellsworth.

Front row: Lin D. Miller, Oren Hunter, Clifford Jones, Hal Sperry, Garth Grem, Jack Lee, Lambert Barber, Howard Fife, Bill George, William G. Stevenson, Jesse Wardle.

WARD TEACHING

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

Aaronic Priesthood

(Concluded from page 779)

6. Each boy in front of me is capable of some sort of leadership. I must do a little prying, if it means I entertain him in my home or hint strongly enough and become a guest in his. I must know his folks. I must know him through what he likes, his hobby, his own personal reactions to politics or athletics, or citizenship or school or religion and a half dozen other themes. I owe it to this boy to read his life chart made up of likes and dislikes, of moods and phobias and longings. Yes, I must pry into his dreams without his even suspecting it.
7. Do you know the methods of the gardener? He does not *herd* plants or blooms. Each one is a matter of *personal attention*. Some plants have pretty bad habits. Some respond to sun and water and artificial forms of cultivations. But each plant is perfected. Each gets individual care. Each is nourished. Each is watched for flaws. How much more, how times more precious are the boys in front of you who must sometime yield fruit—fruit of service and kindness and neighborliness and performance of duty!

Helps for the class leader:

1. Stress the importance of studying each individual boy.
2. Have the class assist you in suggesting at least ten ways in which a teacher may learn to understand the individual pupil, such as a long walk together, etc.

Ancient Prophets

(Concluded from page 751)

as one who understands "the science of government." Isaiah understood government in all its meaning and scope, and he had that insight into political life which constituted statesmanship. Yet he was no less a prophet. He looked at the problems of his nation from a religious viewpoint, and his messages from God to his people are among the most epochal of prophetic history. He had a sublimity of imagination, and not only makes one see the truth, but he glorifies it in all his writings.

His political policy alone has challenged the thought of some of the greatest writers on political science. He taught that justice lies at the root of all good government.

Justice shall rule the hearts of the people, the spirit of mercy shall be the ideal of the children, and reverence, which is the recognition of the voice of God, shall be the guiding principle of all men. . . . We have a strong city; salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks. Open ye the gates, that the righteous nations, which keepeth the truth shall enter in.

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 January, 1944

"AS WE FORGIVE"

JESUS taught us to ask our Father in heaven to forgive us "as we forgive." This indicates that unforgiving souls are unworthy to be forgiven. And if we, even the best of us, be not forgiven, what chance have we for exaltation?

Our attitude toward the weaknesses of our fellow men, therefore, becomes a great factor in determining our own status hereafter. Only the forgiven soul can be exalted, since all have sinned. Only the soul who forgives will be fully forgiven.

Strange that any of us should permit "the thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight, to destroy long years of friendship and estrange us." Strange that men who would obtain mercy, could become unmerciful; who appreciate kindness, could become unkind; who have need for forgiveness, could refuse to forgive.

How unchristianlike to "gather false impressions, and hug them closer as the years go by, till virtues often seem to us transgressions." What cruelty is the issue of the unforgiving heart.

Jesus gave us the perfect example of the principle of forgiveness. None were made more happy than those who received his assurance that their sins were forgiven them. Even when lifted upon the cross, he prayed, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

It is safe to assume that nothing Jesus did brought him more joy than to forgive his fellow men. He gave his very life that Adam's transgression may be forgiven and that we be spared the consequences thereof.

Let us each look back over his own life and recall the time when he has forgiven someone. Has any other joy been more gratifying? Has any other feeling been more uplifting? The destructive feelings of smallness, pettiness, and hate, or longing for revenge, are crowded out by the attitude to forgive. "Forgiveness is better than revenge; for forgiveness is the sign of a gentle nature, but revenge the sign of a savage nature."

How many times shall we forgive? Jesus answered Peter and said, "I say unto thee, until seven times; but until seventy times seven." The implication is that we shall never tire of forgiving one another if we would be approved.

If this were the judgment day, how many of us could say, "Father, I could ask nothing more than that I be treated as I have treated my fellow men—that I be forgiven as I have forgiven them?"

Let us so live that we may be forgiven "as we forgive."

Here is a prophecy which forecasts the time when the world will recognize the conscience of nations. The idea itself, according to William Jewett Tucker, is a working principle and is being slowly evolved under the conditions of modern civilization. The conception of the state as a moral person is not new. The Old Testament has many statements to this effect. Greek philosophy taught that the "end of the state is not only to live, but to live nobly." The old Puritans believed Milton when he wrote that a "nation ought to be but one great Christian personage,

one mighty growth or stature of an honest man, as big and compact in virtue as in body."

Even in times of distress, Isaiah admonished Judah to take advantage of its isolation and to trust in God's purpose and character rather than in political intrigue and expediency for safety. Isaiah's whole being was illuminated by a sublime faith in the true and living God, and a knowledge of the coming of him, the Messiah, who would redeem the world and vouchsafe unto every living soul, salvation in God's kingdom through obedience to the laws of God.

• The WARD MUSIC GUILD •

THE FUNCTIONS OF AN ORGANIST

THIRD GUILD MEETING: DECEMBER

By Dr. Frank W. Asper
Tabernacle Organist and Member,
Church Music Committee

THE organist has three functions to perform in the church service: first, the solos on the organ, consisting of prelude, postlude, and sacramental music; second, the accompaniments to the choir; and third, the accompaniments to congregational singing.

Let us consider this organ solo music. It should be planned and selected so that it may help every individual to an attitude of reverence, humility, and worship. The organist must try, so far as is in his power, to make his prelude worthy of being listened to. It is possible for the organist to disturb the serenity of worship by selections that may be ill-chosen. No number should be used that has secular connotations, such as operatic melodies or love songs. Sacramental music must surely be sacred. When hymns are used as organ music, it is best to play slowly, softly, and with an occasional change in registration. The postlude may be played fairly loud, though not necessarily with full organ. It may well be short.

The importance of an organist as accompanist to the choir is seldom realized except by the director and the organist himself. Of all the qualifications that go to the making of an indispensable organist, the ability to read and play fluently at first sight is the most important. Those who wish to improve their sight-reading abilities should devote a few minutes each day to the playing of unfamiliar material. Such material should be well within his technical grasp. No matter how slowly it may need to be played, the tempo should be kept even. It is only a matter of practice until one can read music as easily as a book or a newspaper.

In general, accompaniments should be softer than the voices. For this reason it is sometimes erroneously thought that the organ should never be heard above the choir. When the organ part is written independent of the voice parts, the

PROGRESS OF THE GUILD

By Alexander Schreiner
Tabernacle Organist and Member,
Church Music Committee

THIS is the third in a series of six articles concerning the work of the ward music guild. This work, as before stated, is under the direction of the ward music chairman, who is a member of the ward bishopric.

Reports from various sections of the church indicate that the ward music guild program is having a very satisfactory success. If it will continue to stimulate our church musicians toward more inspiring music for our worshiping assemblies, we shall indeed be pleased.

We may be sure that not any of us are perfect in the music which we offer on the Lord's day. If we strive toward the improvement of our weak efforts, our music, now humble, may some day become strong and mighty.

organ is equal in importance with the choir part, being a sort of organ and choir duet. On the other hand, when the instrument plays the same notes as are sung by the voices, then the accompaniment should be used only to support the voices.

To accompany hymn-singing well is a fine art. The sounds of the organ should reflect the general sentiment of the hymn. The organ tone must be kept light enough so the people can hear themselves, and at the same time strong enough so that they feel some support for their voices. Too many changes in registration should not be indulged in. Hymns should be announced by the organ in the tempo in which they are expected to be sung. The organist should strive, together with the director, to maintain that tempo. But neither organist nor director should ask for an increase in tempo, once it is set. To do so is distracting to those who sing to worship.

QUESTIONS FOR CONSIDERATION

1. Is the organist receiving due courtesy and attention from the choir members and director at the time of the prelude? See July Era, p. 429.
2. In small wards and branches where pianos are now being used, are plans now

under way toward the purchase of a reed organ? See October Era, p. 622.

3. Have we purged ourselves from the use of music which is foreign to the spirit of worship? Are we guilty of playing love music or operatic melodies?

4. Are our organists as regular, prompt, and dependable in their duties as is the bishop of the ward?

5. Does each organist know that church music is like drink to a thirsty soul, and that he will "in nowise lose his reward"? See Matthew 10:42.

6. How can choristers and organists cooperate with respect to tempos, dynamics, and mutual understandings?

7. Let four organists be assigned to prepare and present at an organ examples of effective prelude, postlude, and sacramental music.

8. Announcement. The subject for treatment at the fourth meeting will be "What is the Matter with Choral Singing?" Look for the article on this subject to appear on this music page in the January Era. Both organists and choristers should be prepared to discuss their opinions together.

9. Bibliography to be consulted: *The Organist's Manual*, by Tracy Y. Cannon; *Organ Voluntarys*, by Alexander Schreiner; *Devotional Organ Album*, by Frank W. Asper.

Lakeview Ward Choir

THE accompanying photograph shows a large choir from a small ward. Lakeview Ward, Tooele Stake, with a ward population of one hundred ninety, has a choir of some forty-four singers. Let this be an encouraging example to the timid soul who feels that his ward is too small to afford a choir. Twenty-three percent of the ward population in the choir is indeed a splendid record.

This choir has sung for stake conferences, ward conferences, missionary farewells, and funeral services in its own as well as in other wards. These singers report that they especially enjoy singing from the green hymn book. Each month they carefully learn and perform for the congregation the recommended hymn of the month.

Each member is made to feel that he is a vital part of the organization. When this choir felt that it wanted new choir seats, the members merely dug into their pockets, and contributed sufficiently to pay for them.

The personnel is as follows: Dewey A. Whipple, bishop; Donna S. Dixon, director; Eva S. Shields and Martina D. Duffin, organists; Jesse W. Duffin, manager.—Alexander Schreiner.

LAKEVIEW
WARD
CHOIR



Genealogy

THE WEISS FAMILY TREE

By Karl Weiss

As one tangible result of the present churchwide endeavor to check family pedigrees and ascertain whether all temple work possible has been done, Karl Weiss recently brought to the genealogical library a unique "Weiss Family Tree," covering the years 1622-1943. He writes the accompanying explanation.

For enquire, I pray thee, of the former age, and prepare thyself to the search of their fathers: (For we are but of yesterday. . .) (Job 8:8-9.)

OUR Weiss Family Tree begins with Johan Weiss, living in 1620, who married a wife named Eva, and shows the names and relationship to him of 898 descendants. Large families of from ten to fifteen children are found in every generation. There were no divorces. My father, Henry Weiss, came from a family of fifteen children; his father was one among ten children; his wife was from a family of nine children. I am the father of ten.

Old-fashioned homes they built, thriftily and happy. Patiently and lovingly did they devote their lives to toil and service. Their aim was not pride and ostentation and the gratification of selfish desires, but to fulfil a high conception of duty and to obey the laws of God. They were firm believers in the democracy and the altruism of Christ.

On this family tree we have an unbroken line of ten generations. The oldest ancestor emigrated in 1620 from Silesia to Bavaria. Members of the tenth generation, our family emigrated from Bavaria to Utah in 1923. Between these two migrations are three hundred years of eventful family history, faith-promoting and inspiring. The earliest ancestor, named at the root of the tree, because of his religious convictions was persecuted and driven, and in the midst of the Thirty Years' War proved himself a stalwart supporter to the founders of Protestantism in the free city of Nurnberg (Nuremberg). Here the famous peace treaty, the Truce of Nurnberg, was drawn up, at the end of this terrible religious war. Branches of the family took root in the city of Neustadt and a dozen surrounding villages; and descendants became pioneers in tilling the soil and turning the wheels of industry. They distinguished themselves by their skill and thoroughness as stonemasons and architects, sculptors and painters. Early in the eighteenth century some of this posterity migrated to London, and were settled by Queen Anne's government on the shores of the Hudson in New York State, in what is known as the Palatine emigration; a number later moved to Pennsylvania.

In each generation they lived, worked,

laughed, and wept; they struggled, succeeded, and failed; and they left their children and children's children to carry on in their stead. To us this family tree is a symbol inspiring each descendant to live worthily and produce ever richer and finer fruits. Ours is the responsibility to make a survey and appraisal of the human stock from which we have come, and seek to improve our pedigree through ourselves and our descendants. Plutarch says: "It is indeed a desirable thing to be well descended, but the glory belongs to our ancestors."

It is our satisfaction to know that for all the families of this tree the temple work has been done completely, and all are linked together in a chain of life. Group by group we have checked over the names to make sure that no one has been omitted, and that saving ordinances have been administered for all.

Work at Great Falls

SIXTEEN members of the Great Falls, Montana, Branch genealogical class recently spent two and a half days at the Cardston Temple. They performed seventy-one baptisms, forty endowments, 137 sealings, and nine received their patriarchal blessings.

The group furnished their own names and were able to supply names for others also.

There was a severe drouth in the country and a special prayer for rain was offered. Answer the following day was witnessed with gratitude for the goodness of the Lord.

The majority of the class members, con-

verts to the church, are diligent researchers.

Having themselves experienced many discouragements and having overcome them by earnest and prolonged effort, it is the conviction of every class member that "Sacrifice brings forth blessings."—From a report by Jean T. Hardy

Mutual Message

(Concluded from page 762)

"I believe they would. You know, the only reason so many people play cards is that outside the relish they have for gambling they don't use their imagination. As you said, the evening is all arranged for them. I can't speak for the women, but I bet I could sell the idea to some of the men around here that I've met."

"Shall I try to sell it to the women?" Mary asked with more enthusiasm than she had shown since the conversation began.

"No," Charles replied. "Let's sneak up on them. We'll invite them to the house and show them a good time. Give them some of that black currant juice you put up and anything else you want, but end up with some of your glorious lemon pie. Their resistance will be pretty weak after that. When I start in, you'd better not be too much on my side. It's good sometimes to have a confederate in the other camp. You might raise objections even. When I answer them, the others may be convinced, too. Let's see if we can't make a fine Special Interest group in this ward that will be a credit to the Mutual. They call it SP-IN-GRO. What say, Sweet?"

"Okay by me, dear."

THE WEISS FAMILY TREE, 1622-1943

An unusual pedigree representation, whose story is recounted in the accompanying article



PIONEER DIARY

(Continued from page 755)

garet], E[dith] & I crawl under a wagon, the rest get in, &c.—trav. 8 ms.

Friday, August 20. Last night Br. Love & [John] Dillworth who went for the cattle return'd—said they went 10 ms. beyond [Fort] Laramie—found them in possession of the French to whom they were sold by the Ind[ians]. They were oblig'd to give one pair to get the rest. Stop'd at [Fort] Laramie overnight, where they were hospitably treated & drove from there the next day—When about 1½ m[ile]s from the Camp, the cattle broke & ran for our herd, where they were found this mor[n]ing. Capt. P[eirce] gets an ox of Br. Love to pair with the odd one & we go on in our usual style. The road is up & down hill—high peaks to be seen at the right & left—showers falling on them & we sometimes get sprinkl'd. Recent rains cause the way to be rather muddy. We enc[amp] on a brisk little stream with a range of bluffs on the left—I take a walk along the sides & scare up a mighty large rabbit. Sup'd with fath[er] & moth[er] Chase on rabbit pot-pie. Trav. 12 ms.

Saturday, August 21. We start very late. J[oseph] Y[oung], B[righam H.] Y[oung], [Jedediah M.] Grant's & J[os. B.] Noble's teams in front—we had not gone far when to the general joy [J. M.] Grant, [Levi] Riter & another, who went back to meet them with the stray cattle came up after recruiting their strength with a repast which was left on a post at our last night encampment. Our road was round about between bluffs & over hills—the sides of the Bluffs and for a distance the road were nearly the color of well burnt

brick—sometimes the red of the bluffs being strip'd with nearly a chalk color, the little green shrubs & herbage give it a romantic appearance. We stop'd on a stream at noon—pass'd over sev[er]al—trav. till nine at night. This mor. I heard that sis. Love sat up & comb'd her hair. This is truly a manifestation of the power of God. Trav. 17 ms.

Sunday, August 22. Very late when we start—then we wait a long while for something to be adjusted—we see the front of the Com[pany] forming a ring on the top of a hill, at about half past one. Capt. P[eirce] stops on the stream below. Capt. L[athrop] proposes going three ms. farther—they yoke up or rather hitch up—ascend the hill after swallowing a hasty dinner—Capt. G[rant] & others meet [Capt.] Lathrop who is in front & object to the move—after much talk they drive back & form in the ring—a meeting is called for adjusting matters. Capt. G[rant] saying he was willing for us to travel in 10's or otherwise, but wanted an understanding, [to] have it done by the general voice. Some new arrangements for herding were made & liberty giv'n for any 10 to start when ready without regard to the upper authorities, &c., &c. Call on Sis. Love—she is quite smart. Trav. 8 ms.

Monday, August 23. This mor. Sis. P[eirce] broil'd some buff[alo] meat which Capt. [Josiah] M[iller] kill'd yes[terday], but it seem'd to have been the father of all buffalos & uneatable.

We start at 8 with Capt. N[oble] in front and Prest. [John] Y[oung] & Capt. Y. [or Z?] in the rear. In about 3 ms. cross a stream—come onto the Platte in about 8 ms., which seems like

meeting an old friend—find an inscription "90 ms. to Ft. Johns" [John]*—go 2 ms., cross Deer Creek, bait [feed] & dine—a dish of tea is very acceptable—The day clear—the road pretty smooth, but very hilly & barren. A windy thunderstorm before night. Trav. 15 ms.

Tuesday, August 24. Prest. [John] Y[oung] B[righam H.] Y[oung] & Capt. [Jed. M.] Grant take the lead—before noon br. Love breaks a wagon. We encamp about 1 o'clock—they go back for the wagon, &c. Br. Baker kills a buffalo—The road not bad—on our left, far in the distance, a ridge or mountain rises in majesty behind the ranges of smaller bluffs between, having the appearance of dense blue clouds. A shower of hail & rain adds variety to the afternoon scenery. Trav. 8 ms.

Wednesday, August 25. The Camp moves out in the mor[n]ing, leaving Capt. P[eirce] & Capt. M[iller] in waiting for the wagon maker & the broken wagon. We start between 11 & 12. The weather cold—the road smooth, but deep ravines, pass a board saying 110 m[ile]s from Ft. Johns—pass a ferry where the inscription says 8 ms. to another. Pass another way-mark, 120 ms. from Ft. Johns [Laramie]. Encamped—sun an hour high & do not reach the Camp. The cloud-capped bluffs on our left look dreary on a cold day. Trav. 14 or 15 ms.

(To be continued)

*Fort Laramie, first called Fort William, was named for William Sublette, who with Robert Campbell established the fort in 1834. These men hoped to control the Indian trade between the Missouri River and the Black Hills. A year later it was bought by James Bridger and others who rebuilt the fort at a cost of \$10,000. At this time it was also known as Fort John, however, it became better known as Fort Laramie, the name of the river on which it is situated, a tributary to the Platte.

THE RELIGIOUS GAP IN COLLEGE

(Continued from page 760)

... we are led to state that one of the main reasons why students appear to be less influenced by religion during the transition period is that the contacts they have had with religion in the precollege period have not been of the nature that readily fits in with their enlarging knowledge of the universe and its interpretation in more or less scientific terms.

There is real danger for the child who is too soon directed into the vocational subjects with the mistaken idea that he is preparing himself for a "job." The famous Regents Inquiry of New York found that the so-called practical subjects often turned out to be the most unpractical. Homer P. Rainey, director of American Youth Commission, says in *Youth Tell Their Story*:

Since the vast majority of youth cannot get jobs until after eighteen years of age, and since the vast majority of them can be trained for their specific jobs in short-term courses, it is clear that the high school period is going to be free for training of a more general character.

The adolescent needs a chance to develop his mind-sets and attitudes, for

what they are will determine what he is to be as a Christian citizen. Knowledge alone will not suffice. There must be a developed imagination. As Richard Kroner said in his *Bedell Lectures* at Kenyon College, "... for thought is only a fragment of the mind, whereas imagination embraces the totality of our existence." And for Dr. Kroner, the part played by one's imagination is most vital in his behavior. In truth, he says:

The trend of his imagination indicates the nature of a person, the height of his moral standards, the very worth of his character, the level of his spirit. A pure heart is proved in a pure imagination, a sublime mind in sublime images.

When we are shocked by the mortality list disclosed by noting the number of youth in Sunday school and noting those in the following church services, we might begin to suspect the cause. Again, when we note the relatively small number of young people who become active church members, as compared with the number who are in Sunday School, we might pay some heed.

It is rather futile to condemn higher educational institutions for their poor showing in religious development until we do something about the material which we send to those institutions. Nor should one attempt the unprovable claim that colleges and universities always stress religious development as much as they should. In order to keep religion out, some schools are willing to shut God out, too. As a consequence, we get students in our history and literature classes learning for the first time what Christianity has meant to civilization, while they are being denied the privilege of studying the history of Christianity.

The "gap in religious life," then, seems to be in the first place something to be expected from adolescents. They show a changed attitude whether they are subjected to college life or not. Doubtless environment plays an important part, but the particular personality involved plays a part also in the manner in which it responds to that environment.

(Concluded on page 784)



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THE RELIGIOUS GAP IN COLLEGE

(Concluded from page 783)

In the second place, more depends upon what the student is when he enters college than upon what the college does for him, apart from what he is. His reactions to the environment are largely predetermined. What he

has been at home, in his own school, and in his own church will shape his responses to the new life he is called on to lead. For that reason, school, home, and church are more significant religiously to the prospective college student than is the college he selects.

BAPTISTE, SON OF BIRD WOMAN

(Continued from page 757)

come the first-class guide and interpreter.

When he was eleven he was met by Hugh Monroe with the Mandan peoples. To this traveling white man Sacajawea told her life story—her exciting journey across the mountain with the Lewis and Clark explorers, and her earlier capture by the Minnetarees. To his sorrow, Monroe saw Charbonneau gamble away the horses which had been given to young Baptiste. Years afterward, Monroe was to meet Baptiste again when he had become a fine understanding man who spoke English and French very well and served as interpreter for Jim Bridger at his fort on Green River.

When Baptiste was eighteen he met the twenty-five-year-old adventurer from Germany, Prince Paul, who was delighted with the unusual boy who had an Indian mother, a French-Canadian trapper father, and who spoke French with scarcely an accent. It was Prince Paul, avid seeker of knowledge, who eagerly awaited General Clark's approval of the boy's journey to Europe.

And now, on this October day in 1823, Baptiste stood in Clark's colorful council room that looked down upon the yellow spotted Mississippi. Eager for new adventures across the sea, Baptiste awaited the word of this man who was dearer to him than was his own father. Though Clark was a busy person, he put aside everything to help Baptiste prepare for the life ahead.

WITHIN a week after visiting William Clark, Prince Paul and Baptiste found passage on the steamboat *Cincinnati*, which was taking a heavy cargo of lead to New Orleans. With the blessings of General Clark, and good wishes from a host of friends, the travelers left St. Louis November 3, 1823. The prince had in his baggage many fine natural specimens which he had gathered in the wilds of America. He was anxious to make the hazardous home voyage without mishap.

Because of low water, the heavily-laden boat ran on shallows several times, but luckily it was freed again. Then a strong northwest wind arose, driving snowflakes before it. The air became painfully cold. All passengers took to shelter. Suddenly there was a terrific impact. The *Cincinnati* had run upon a snag, on one of those dangerous tree trunks lodged in the river bed. The bottom of the ship was pierced through and through.

"She's sinking!" came the terrified words.

Before the *Cincinnati* sank, however, the crew managed to get all passengers and most of their belongings safely on shore, though everything was drenched.

For a month, impatiently the travelers waited at St. Genevieve for another down-river boat. Finally the steamboat *Mandan* was put in readiness to pick up the ill-fated passengers. On December 5 they were again slowly feeling their way toward New Orleans. Through dark nights and shallow waters they crept. They passed banks of beautiful cypress, covered with Spanish moss. In the region of magnolias and palms, a spring-like air dispelled the ice of winter. On December 19 they reached the chief city of Louisiana—New Orleans.

Five days later they boarded the brig *Smyrna* for the overseas journey. But the winds were not right. For two weeks the three-masted vessel drifted about on the Mississippi, or lay at anchor where mosquitoes swarmed and alligators nosed above the waters. At last, news came that the wind was favorable, and that the *Smyrna* would be piloted out to sea.

But when she reached that part of the channel where the salt water and the river mix, strong counter-currents formed heaps of silt and earth to endanger the navigation. Freed of that hazard, at last the *Smyrna* struck the gulf waters and quickly left the coast behind. To Baptiste, this was indeed a strange new world.

By January 10 they were in sight of Cuba. The weather was favorable. Gloriously day by day the sun rose and set, illuminating the horizon with a wonderful red glow. Above the mirror waves, flying fish and seagulls played.

The last of the month, a hard west wind blowing, they met the chill of the banks of Newfoundland with the mercury fourteen below. Though thunder shook the sails and lightning speared the sky, with mast creaking and rigging whistling, the brig rode the liquid mountain of the deep. On . . . on . . .

Safely she cut through the fogs of the English Channel, passed the lighthouses of France, and slipped into Havre de Grace on the fourteenth of February—three and one-half months after departure from St. Louis.

FOR the next six years Baptiste did not see his native land. He lived with Prince Paul in a fine castle at Stuttgart and studied the languages which

BAPTISTE, SON OF BIRD WOMAN

later marked Baptiste as the expert linguist. He visited the interesting spots of France, homeland of his father's people; also of England, Germany, and Africa. He carried with him the culture of his strange race, and absorbed the Old World learning. Prince Paul wrote a book in 1828 telling of his American journey and the finding of his Indian friend in the western wilds. This was subsequently published. Later he prepared another book manuscript telling of later experiences of the two young men, but through the years it has been lost. Consequently, the interesting details of the adventures of Baptiste while traveling in Europe can only be imagined. For many years a painting, "Prince Paul and His Indian Boy," hung in one of the school buildings in Germany.

In 1829 Prince Paul made another journey to America. Baptiste, who was now a cultured young man twenty-four years old, returned with him. Again the Prince obtained, through General Clark, who was still superintendent of Indian affairs of the west, a passport to visit and study the interior Indian country.

The polished Baptiste obtained employment with the American Fur Company. Soon he was living the outdoor life of the fur man, the life which his forefathers had lived. He trapped the cunning beaver in the wooded mountain streams. Prime pelts he garnered to be sent across the ocean to make fine beaver hats for the nobles he had amused when in Europe. He ate the simple food of the mountaineer, broiled venison steaks and beaver tails over the coals of his camp fire. Riding a horse and leading his pack mule he traveled the Rockies from New Mexico to Oregon. By night around the glowing coals he listened delighted to the tall tales of seasoned mountaineers, and in his clever manner spiced the trapper talk with wonderful stories of overseas adventure.

At summer rendezvous, when trappers from all over the West met at some appointed mountain valley to barter with traders from the States and with Indians from their various hunting grounds, Baptiste responded to the colorful gathering. With abandon he joined in the horse-racing, dancing, gambling, wrestling, or story-telling that enlivened those annual carnivals of the early West. And when the year's harvest of furs was ready for freighting to St. Louis, often Baptiste made the trip down to the fur emporium. Doubtless he celebrated with old acquaintances in the familiar city, or visited with his aging guardian, Clark, who until his death in 1838, continued as Indian superintendent of the West.

For fifteen years Baptiste traveled the western trails practicing the arts of the mountain men. In 1830 he was serving with the western department of the American Fur Company under the leadership of Joseph Robidoux. Once, for eleven days, he wandered alone, lost in

the wilds, drinking water from a beaver skin he had filled; and finally made his hungry way to Cache Valley and on to Ogden's Hole where the fur men spent the winter. In 1832 he was a trapper working for Jim Bridger and Thomas Fitzpatrick, partners in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company.

In 1839 he was one of the two hunters hired by the Vasquez-Sublette party freighting trade goods to the mountains. Five weeks' travel brought the mule-drawn wagons to Vasquez Fort on the South Platte, forty miles north of present Denver. Two days later, Baptiste proceeded to Brown's Hole on the Green River in northeastern Utah, where he ran onto his old friend, Kit Carson. The two men had begun their mountain experiences in the same year—1830.

In the spring of 1840 Baptiste, with six companions, took a mackinaw boatload of buffalo robes down the South Platte River and on to St. Louis. This was one of the few successful voyages down the shallow island-studded stream. In the summer of 1842, again he was carrying furs down the Platte in a flat-bottomed mackinaw to market at St. Louis; but because of low water he was stranded on an island which he facetiously named St. Helena. As he waited for the stream to rise above the troublesome sandbars, he camped under the big cottonwoods. Through the tedious summer, travelers came his way.

"Welcome to St. Helena," he suavely said to John C. Fremont, the pathfinder, who was on his first westward journey of exploration.

"St. Helena?" Fremont and his men wondered if they heard aright, and studied their maps.

"Exiled like the great Napoleon, here we wait," explained Baptiste. "But rest you. We'll fix a mint julep to cool your throats." And with mint from the river bank he concocted a true western thirst quencher.

Shortly after Fremont's visit, the traveler and writer, Rufus Sage, was welcomed to "St. Helena." He, too, went away bearing a delightful memory of the soft-voiced trapper host who had a classic education, a quaint humor, and a fund of travel lore.

THE next year (1843) Baptiste served as guide and cart-driver for Sir William Drummond Stewart, a prominent nobleman from England who had gathered up a great party at St. Louis and had come west to hunt buffalo. Among the eighty-five sportsmen were the son and the nephew of General William Clark, Baptiste's old guardian. Though the good general had been dead some five years now, Baptiste was elated to see the young boys and to teach them the arts of the buffalo hunt.

It had been thirty-eight years now since Sacajawea, with Baptiste upon her back, had led the redhead captain west-

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ENJOY INEXPENSIVE PRIZE-WINNING ORANGE MARMALADE

It's Easy To Make Anytime
With This Simple Recipe

6 Medium Sized Oranges
(2 lbs. Sliced)

6 Cups Water

½ Cup Lemon Juice

(About 6 lemons)

1 Package M.C.P. Pectin

9½ Level Cups Sugar
(Measured ready for use)

1. Cut oranges in cartwheels with very sharp knife to make slices thin as possible. Discard the large flat peel ends. Sliced fruit should weigh 2 pounds.
2. Put sliced fruit in 8-quart kettle. Add the water and lemon juice.
3. Bring to a quick boil; boil gently for 1 hour (uncovered). If peel is not tender in 1 hour, boil until tender.
4. Measure the cooked material. Due to boiling, the volume will be reduced below 7 cups. Add water to make total peel and juice exactly 7 cups.
5. Put back in kettle. Stir in M.C.P. Pectin; continue stirring and bring to a full boil.
6. Add sugar (previously measured). Stir gently until it has reached a full rolling boil, and BOIL EXACTLY 4 MINUTES. Remove from fire; skim and stir by turns for 5 minutes.
7. Pour into jars. If you use pint or quart jars, seal hot and invert jars on lids until Marmalade begins to set. Then, shake well and set jars upright. This keeps the peel evenly distributed throughout.

NOTE: This recipe works equally well with *Navel Oranges* or *Valencias*. When either variety is over-ripe and peel is soft, use ¾-cup Lemon Juice instead of ½-cup. (Be sure to discard any seeds.) This recipe makes 7 pounds of prize-winning Orange Marmalade.

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BAPTISTE, SON OF BIRD WOMAN

(Concluded from page 785)

ward. And now Clark's dream of Baptiste as interpreter and guide had come true.

Clad in buckskin, straight black hair falling about his shoulders, clever tongue conversing with Frenchman, German, Spaniard, American, or any of the numerous Indian breeds, Baptiste the guide was an arresting figure. In 1844 and '45 he served as hunter for Bent's Fort on the Arkansas, and daily brought in buffalo, antelope, or deer to feed the motley gathering in the trading post. Here, too, he brushed shoulders with important travelers of the West who paused for refreshment at this way station on the mountain branch of the Santa Fe Trail.

"The best man on foot on the plains or in the Rocky Mountains is Baptiste Charbonneau," wrote William Boggs, son of the governor of Missouri, after he had lived with Baptiste at the fort. And that was the verdict of many; though some thought the same of Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, and Thomas Fitzpatrick.

WHEN the Mexican War broke, and Colonel St. George Cooke led his Mormon Battalion from Santa Fe to San Diego, California, Baptiste Charbonneau was one of the guides to pilot the army on the long, hard journey. A trip of any nature over this country with its troublesome arroyos, mountains, and long waterless stretches, would be difficult to make. But on Cooke's Battalion rested the obligation to take wagons across the whole uncharted way. On that undertaking might hang the success of the conquest of California.

Before they could cross the Colorado River at its mouth, the Battalion must cut a seven-hundred-mile road through thorny mesquite-covered table lands; cross sandy deserts with watering places days apart; ford creeks with quick-sand

bottoms; and struggle over passless mountains.

In double file the half-clad men tramped ahead of the wagons, clearing a way for the creaking wheels. They slashed the spiked cactus and yucca, rolled boulders from the course, laid brush on the heavy sands of arroyos. Up steep mountains the wagons toiled; down steep mountains the wagons were steadied by ropes. Through rocky defiles, where a road could not be had, the impossible wagons were knocked apart and were carried piece by piece.

But this Battalion of half-naked, half-fledged Mormon boys, living on wild animals, slaking thirst from alkali pools or improvised wells, finally struggled through to San Diego. Baptiste the guide had piloted an army westward from Santa Fe to the Pacific Ocean, and had brought the wagons, too. The road left behind was to become an overland highway.

As the weary but exultant Baptiste looked out upon the ocean, his heart turned to the redhead captain who, forty years before, had broken trail through an unmapped land and looked triumphant on this same Pacific, from the mouth of the Columbia River. Baptiste wished that his old guardian could have seen the expert mountaineering of Baptiste the guide along this southwest trail, for he knew that Clark's hand would give benediction, his lips speak approval. As the half-breed's black eyes studied the distant horizon, riding the organ swell of the deep, came the voice of William Clark. It spoke of dreams fulfilled in this courageous Baptiste Charbonneau, "best man on foot in the plains or the Rocky Mountains."

YEARS passed. The West became an open book. When the land was occupied by settlers, the need for guide and interpreter disappeared. With that

change, Baptiste went home to his mother's Indian people and married a Shoshone girl. There he could help his Indian people toward an understanding of the white man's road of life. For a time he settled in the Bridger Valley, then moved to the Shoshone Reservation in Wyoming where his mother, Sacajawea, was spending her last days. His active years of travel and adventure but made him happier in the new-found peace of the family tepee where he settled contentedly to the uneventful life of the reservation.

But often in the hush of evening, with his children, grandchildren, and friends about him, his soft voice told strange tales of his youth. Dark eyes widened with wonder as he pictured ocean journeys in great houses on the waters. Faces looked incredulous when he told of strange people across the ocean who wore not moccasins, but wooden shoes. Wooden shoes! So unbelievable did this picture seem to the soft-treading Indians, they came to speak of Baptiste as the Wooden-Shoe-White-Man.

In the later councils and arguments of the Shoshones, Baptiste took little part. Let the young men have their say and do the petty governing. He had his dreams and his memories. As age came upon him, more and more he kept to himself. In a lone lodge, somewhat apart from his fellows, he dreamed his declining years away.

When he died in 1885, a year after the passing of his famous old mother, his body, bearing Sacajawea's Jefferson medal, was taken to the hills and lowered between two cliffs.

One night, as if the Earth Mother yearned to hold her son forever against her heart, millions of tons of shale avalanched down the mountain side and deeply buried Baptiste and his medal. There today in the wilds of Wyoming hills sleeps Baptiste, son of Bird Woman.

GLORY IS OF THE SPIRIT

(Continued from page 761)

the story of the crossing and the victory that followed. The twins listened breathlessly.

"Is Daddy a general?" Billy asked.

"No, dear."

"Is he a pusher?" Betty demanded.

"I think he might be called one."

"I'm going to be a general when I grow up."

"I'm not. I am going to be a pusher."

Billy was through with that story. His agile mind went quickly to another. Fran told them the story of the first Christmas, but she told it badly. She was listening for the telephone. Mr. Haddon, the real estate agent, was calling about the farm. She wanted the twins to be in bed by then. She didn't want to answer their questions tonight. Not that it mattered particularly. Christmas eve was no different from any other evening.

THIS hour of the evening had once been the high spot of their day. Before the fire, telling stories to children, talking over the morrow's work together, that was the way they had planned it. For Fran to be alone with the farm and the children had had no part in their dreams. Neither had this numbing aloneness, this unreal waiting that would never end. Desperately she looked about for something to break the treadmill of her thoughts. The newspaper lay on the radio where she had flung it. She looked again at the picture monopolizing the front page. Bob Dunn in flying togs. He had left before Clay. There hadn't been that look in his eyes then. Bob had never been serious. Over the picture was the caption, "Hero Given Posthumous Decoration."

Bob had died in the same battle as

Clayton; but Clayton had—just died. One of many. His fall had been unnamed and unmarked. There was a picture, too, of Lois, Bob's wife, receiving the medal. It and its presentation would help in a small way to fill the void left by his going. It would be a story to tell Bobby. Something to hold to when memory would not be denied. Crushing the paper in her hand, she threw it in the fire. Rising, she went to the window. It was a good night to be inside. Over the radio a baritone was singing "Silent Night."

Why the mockery of Christmas? Where in all the world tonight was there a hint of Christmas spirit? Long ago a mother had watched her son die to bring peace to a troubled world. Now, mothers' sons were dying the world over for the same thing. After two thousand years the world was still

Glory Is of the Spirit

in chaos. Of what use then was their sacrifice?

"What do you see?" Billy crowded between her and the window.

"Emptiness. Just emptiness."

"I can't see any." He raised his face and she saw the trouble in his eyes. "Mommie, why can't Daddy come home for Christmas?"

"Daddy is too far away." She pushed the words over the thickness in her throat. Sometime soon she must tell them.

"When I am a general, I am going to have Kings-X for Christmas so all the daddies can go home."

"I am going to be a pusher." Betty had brought their pajamas so they could undress by the fire. "You can't get home 'less I push."

"I am going to be a general," Billy screamed.

"I am going to be a pusher." Betty's voice, like her father's, was always unruffled.

"Shall we hang the stockings?" Fran asked quickly. This would go on all night.

Immediately they forgot their differences in the joy of hanging their stockings, and later, having said their prayers, the children went to bed.

FROM out on the road came the jingling of sleigh bells. They stopped before the gate and happy, youthful voices singing "The First Noel" set her heartstrings aqiver. Stubbornly she refused to acknowledge the courtesy.

The caroling ceased. The sound of bells receded, then stopped at Nels'. Again the sound went on and was lost in the distance. Curious, she went to the window. The light was still shining. Stubborn old coot. Still clinging to symbols. She jerked the blind down.

Grandfather Downing had brought Old Nels Olsen and his wife from the old country. Only he had been young Nels then. The first year he had met with an accident. For a long time he had hovered between life and death, yet he had outlived his wife and son, and Grandfather and Father Downing. He was in his late eighties yet lived alone in the two-roomed cottage the Downings had built for him on a corner of their land.

While a ward of the family, he made but one concession to their desire to help. At Christmas time he would accept gifts. In fact, he was quite autocratic about his receiving. Every Christmas Eve he put his lamp in the window, and there it stayed until every Downing had laid his or her gift at his feet.

Someone was telling of Bob Dunn over the air. His townspeople were making much of his glory. And rightly so. Clayton had just died.

"Darling," her anguished heart cried. "It is so unfair to you. You deserved so much."

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Vogue

100% VIRGIN WOOL

New wool regulations permit us a limited civilian production of blankets. We chose to loom *only* the beautiful VOGUE, a blanket in which we have put all our WOOL O' THE WEST peacetime skills. When you see the VOGUE...we know you will agree with our policy of "not how much but how good".

● See the VOGUE in these harmonizing colors: DUSTY ROSE, PEACH, BLUE and GREEN.

PORTLAND WOOLEN MILLS

PORTLAND, OREGON

LOOMED BY

WOOL

O' THE

WEST

GLORY IS OF THE SPIRIT

(Concluded from page 787)

Into the stillness of the room the telephone shrilled. At last this bridge would be burned.

"Mrs. Downing? Haddon speaking. I would have called sooner but got tied up. You have decided, have you? I think I told you I want the place for a Christmas present for my son. He wants to try his hand at farming. I'll run out and give you a check to—"

"No. No, don't," she cried, panic rising unaccountably to her. "I'll discuss it with you tomorrow." She hung up in sudden distaste. Try his hand at farming!

She turned off the lights and filled stockings by the flicker from the fire-place. A rush of warmth went over her in thankfulness to Donna for doing the shopping. To have failed the twins would have been tragic. Children needed symbols. Old men didn't.

Every move was an agony of remembrance. As she rehung the stockings, she shivered with cold. The temperature must have dropped. Restlessly she

went to the window again and raised the blind. The soft darkness of the room made the world outside more vivid by contrast. Against her she looked across the field. Still burning!

Abruptly Fran went to a closet for her wraps. Everyone conspired to keep her remembering. Even Old Nels. She must find something for him. Perhaps then she could sleep.

Hanging on a high hook was a sweater. A warm, warm sweater of wool. Clayton had hung it there himself. Nels had always liked it.

At its touch a pain that was the essence of all the misery in the world went through her. She held it against her cheek, but none of its warmth crept into her flesh. She began shivering. Hastily, then, she reached for her coat.

At his door she stopped to get her breath before knocking. The wind lifted her skirt and numbed her legs above her overshoes. At his faint "Come in," she turned the knob. Creaking with frost the door swung back. She slipped through and closed it quickly.

The room was only faintly warm and was lighted only by the lamp in the window. The old man was sitting in a low rocker before his small cookstove. His feet rested on the oven door. A wool shawl covered his wide shoulders and was held in place by one large-knuckled, emaciated hand. Old Nels had been an enormous man in his day. The flesh was gone, the bones were stooped, but his spirit was unconquered. He turned his head slowly to face her.

"You are up late, Uncle Nels." The old man rose and hobbled to the window. Fetching the lamp he placed it on the table. That done, he returned to his chair.

Fran laid the sweater on the table. Her fingers clung to it. Suddenly she wanted to talk. To make him see that life had changed.

"Why did you wait?" she demanded. "You know Clayton is gone. Why go through the motions of Christmas when there is no Christmas?"

"It is a good sweater. Thank you," he said placidly.

"Did you hear me?" She beat her fists on the table. "Christmas is gone. Clayton is gone. He was young and strong—"

The old shoulders made a piteous attempt at straightening. She remembered Old Nels had been younger than Clayton when he had been reduced to this husk of a man. Then her voice rose in argument. "It was all wrong. He shouldn't have gone."

"Duty is never wrong."
"But he had his family."
"So much the better. You are not alone."

"It was so—so useless, Uncle Nels. To—just die when he—oh, look what Bob Dunn did. He left something by his going." There, it was out. She breathed with relief.

The points of fire that were his eyes

burned with startling intensity. His shoulders under the shawl shook with anger.

"So, it is jealousy—not grief."

Fran's anger matched his. She drew her coat about her and jerked open the door. Quickly, unheeding, she stepped onto the icy path. Her feet went from under her and she sat down—hard. For an instant she just sat, too stunned and numb to move. Then feeling came into one hand and her thighs with the sting of a thousand needles. It was hard to rise. She tried to laugh, but the sound was a hollow croak. She reached the gate and leaned against it for support.

A FEW straggling clouds were coming up from the west. Surrounding them the sky was deeply blue. A light, below the clouds, was moving swiftly from west to east. Head up-tilted, she watched, forgetting her aching limbs, the keen bite of the cold. Hope fluttered to sudden life.

"It's coming this way. It's coming this way. Could it be—possible—" With both hands she grasped a cold picket of the gate.

The light swept nearer, dropping lower and lower. It was going to stop. It was. There had been a mistake. A ghastly, horrible mistake. He had come back.

Above her the light seemed to poise. Her hands tightened and she heard the picket snap. As though the sound were a signal, the plane rose slowly. She cried aloud, trying to hold it, to bring it back. It could not go on. But it did. Soon she could see it no more.

"Clay! Clay! Come back."

The white silent night gave back no answer. It waited, expectant. Then that something within her grew bigger and stronger until it burst, and she wept.

Cold, creeping through her veins, brought self-control. She felt better. There was an answer here if she could find it. Her glance fastened on another star more vivid than the others.

Had Mary remembered the Bethlehem Star the night of the crucifixion? Or had she resented the ignominy of his being hung between thieves?

"What am I thinking?" she cried aloud, and the words were her answer. She came out of her nightmare, and peace was in her heart. Perhaps Nels had been right.

In all ages, in all conflicts, there were those who had gone as Clayton had gone, shattered and broken where no man could mark the spot—where no wife could lay a wreath. Yet, though they died unnamed and unsung, they were no less immortal than the heroes.

Because of the pushers of the earth its freedom would never perish. Glory is of the spirit, not of achievement. She threw back her head and laughed aloud. She must hurry home. She must make ready for the party and find presents for the family. She must tell the twins the story of their father.

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A SNOWBOUND CHRISTMAS DINNER

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rush her packing so did not eat lunch, and now it is well over forty hours since she has eaten, and I must have something for her."

Father looked at the food and then at Charley and said, "What about having a community dinner, and inviting everyone in the car to it?"

"Fine idea," voiced Charley who continued, as he spoke to me, "While this young man brings his sister, you go wake up our singing cowboy friend and invite him to dinner."

I went and shook him, then told him to come to dinner. With bleary eyes he looked at me and shouted, "I'm billed for Rifle Creek. Whoopee." Then he slipped back into an easy position and was dead to the world.

Evidently the young man was having some trouble getting his sister to come, but finally reluctantly she came down the aisle, and when they arrived she said, "Can you imagine my humiliation in having to beg for something to eat?"

"Can you imagine our humiliation at inviting company to dinner and having nothing more to offer them than we have?" asked Charley.

She sat down next to him while Father finished slicing the bread and onions and Charley finished spreading the butter. While they were doing this, she said, "About fifteen minutes ago I offered up a silent prayer to God, asking him to send me something to eat, for I was famished and almost desperate. It seemed useless, but look at the food he sent me."

"Are you Christians?" Father quietly asked the young man.

"Yes, Methodists."

"We, too, are Christians. Mormons," replied Father and continued, "Brother McBride, if we were home neither of us would think of sitting down to a meal without thanking the Lord for his goodness to us and asking him to bless the food. Will you return thanks?"

Never before nor since have I heard such a prayer. He just seemed to be talking to God like one man to another and then—

"Especially do we thank Thee for the food we are about to partake of. Bless it to our use and bless the strangers who are with us that they may accept our humble fare with the same spirit in which it is given. Amen."

We all echoed "Amen" and then there was a long silence. Possibly the others were like me—thinking of that wonderful prayer. It was Charley who broke the silence.

"Besides our regular turkey dinner we have—one cheese sandwich, and one bologna sandwich, and being the guest of honor, lady, you may choose the one you wish."

"If it's all the same—" she hesitated. "Sure. Go right ahead."

"Then I'll take an onion sandwich for I have a failing for that kind. Often up at the boardinghouse when I had been studying quite late I would sneak

down to the kitchen and get a piece of bread and butter and then rummage around and find a raw onion. Then back to my room I would go to thoroughly enjoy myself."

Me? I got the bologna one and really imagined I was back home enjoying a turkey wing, my favorite part of the holiday bird. That was a jolly party and finally Father said, "And for dessert we have neither mince pie, pumpkin pie, nor plum pudding, but we do have some ginger snaps, so eat them and imagine you are eating your favorite dessert." I did and believe it or not—no mince pie Mother ever made tasted better than that ginger snap, for it really did taste like mince pie to me.

When the meal was over, our basket was as empty as Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard. All that remained on one of the lids was one-half of an onion and some salt in the shaker. But we were happy.

We talked and joked for a short time and then there was a jar from the rear of the train. Then from an engine up in front faintly came four or five long blasts of the whistle which were answered by two short blasts from an engine in the rear. Then there was a lot of puffing and spinning of drive wheels, but finally the sand on the rails furnished traction and we slowly moved ahead.

Not long after, the brakeman stuck his head in and shouted the name of some station I could not catch and said, "Twenty minutes for dinner."

"Hear that, Sis?" excitedly asked the young man.

"Sure, but who wants any more dinner?"

"No. This is where we get off. We're home," said the young man as he arose and shook Father's hand, thanking him most sincerely. My hand he shook and then Charley's. The young lady stood up and shook Father's hand and as she did, great tears began to form in her eyes which soon began streaming down her cheeks. Her voice trembled when she spoke. She shook my hand and when she took Charley's she choked up and could not utter one word. Again he was master of the occasion for he said, "Too bad we could not have eaten the other half of that onion and then it would not have caused those tears to come in your eyes."

She straightened up, swallowed hard and bit her lip to get hold of herself, and although the tears continued to run down her cheeks, there was no tremble in her voice when she said, "They are tears of gratitude and thanksgiving. Gratitude to you gentlemen for providing me with the most enjoyable meal I have ever eaten. Tears of thanksgiving to God for hearing and answering my prayer."

The drunken cowboy in the end of the car began to sing. What a difference between him and this young lady and her brother, all living in the same world, or were they?

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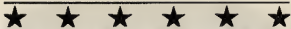
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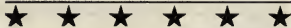


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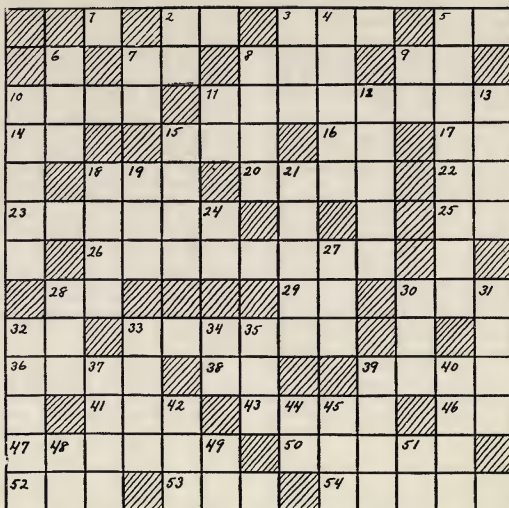
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Scriptural Crossword Puzzle—The Parable of the Good Shepherd

"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."
—John 10:10.



HORIZONTAL

- 1 "... have power to lay it down" John 10:18
 - 2 "I ... come that they might have life" John 10:10
 - 3 "for they know not ... voice of strangers" John 10:5
 - 5 "even ... know I the Father" John 10:15
 - 7 "because he ... an hireling" John 10:13
 - 8 South American monkey
 - 9 "but I lay ... down of myself" John 10:18
 - 10 "what ... thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life" Matt. 19:16
 - 11 "one fold, and one ..." John 10:16
 - 14 Old Testament
 - 15 Women's Christian Association
 - 16 Father
 - 17 Dialect of Eastern Assam
 - 18 "To him ... porter openeth" John 10:3
 - 20 "there is none ... but one, that is, God" Matt. 19:17
 - 22 and 51 down "... man taketh it from ..." John 10:18
 - 23 "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for ... is the kingdom of heaven" Matt. 5:3
 - 25 Grain
 - 26 "But he that entereth in by the door is the ... of the sheep" John 10:2
 - 28 ... John
 - 29 Western continent
 - 30 "Thou ... the Christ, the Son of the living God" Matt. 16:16
 - 32 Tellurium
 - 33 "my Father ... you the true bread from heaven" John 6:32
 - 36 "they shall ... my voice" John 10:16
 - 38 A Benjamite I Chron. 7:12
 - 39 "Therefore doth my Father ... me" John 10:17
 - 41 "and he calleth ... own sheep by name" John 10:3
 - 43 "because I lay down my ..." John 10:17
 - 46 I am (cont.)
 - 47 Smoothed
 - 50 Froths
 - 52 "... they know his voice" John 10:4
 - 53 "and ... wolf catcheth them" John 10:12
 - 54 "and the ... follow him" John 10:4
- A saying of Jesus is 1, 2, 3, 10, 11, 18, 20, 26, 33, 41, 43, 52, 53 and 54 combined

VERTICAL

- 28 "... th the wolf coming" John 10:12
- 30 "Why make ye this ... and weep" Mark 5:39
- 31 "... also I must bring" John 10:16
- 32 "The ... cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy" John 10:10
- 33 Broad smile
- 34 Number of chapter in Matthew beginning "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men"
- 35 ... king (Scandinavian and German poetical mythology)
- 37 Another Benjamite I Chron. 7:12
- 39 Jacob's first wife Gen. 29:16-25
- 40 Device for holding objects
- 42 "A city that is ... on an hill cannot be hid" Matt. 5:14
- 43 "by me ... any man enter in, he shall be saved" John 10:9
- 45 Field Officers
- 48 Left-hand page (L.)
- 49 Deadhead
- 51 See 22 across

Christ, Christmas, and Santa Claus

(Continued from page 756)

He was originally depicted in a long robe of bright red, trimmed with gold braid, with a bishop's pointed headdress, wearing sandals and carrying a staff. When his fame spread to western Europe, the tradition was expanded, and he acquired a donkey and later a white horse on which to ride. Then, in keeping with the custom of gentlemen in medieval Spain, a black slave boy was added to the tradition as an attendant who carried the gifts in a sack which never became empty.

During the days when Spain ruled the Spanish Netherlands (Belgium and Holland) St. Nicholas was adopted as the patron saint of children. Legend soon had him make an annual visit from Spain to the Netherlands, where he rode through the streets, followed by Black Pete, his slave, on the evening of December 5. Children, upon retiring, left hay and carrots in their wooden shoes for his horse to eat while he left gifts for them. His coming was distinctly a children's treat—grown-ups were excluded from his beneficences. It was the time when children acquired the toys and games to keep them entertained during the winter days when they were forced to play indoors.

When the Protestant Reformation swept the Netherlands, the people stormed the Catholic churches, smashing statues and stained glass windows and destroying or plastering over the mural paintings, which they viewed as idolatrous. In their endeavor to destroy further the outward signs of Roman Catholicism, they abolished the observance of days commemorative of the saints and symbols reminiscent of them. St. Nicholas, however, was so much a part of childhood joy that he alone of all the saints was allowed to remain, and in the traditions continued to wear the regalia of the ancient bishop and make his annual mysterious visits.

THE settlement of New Amsterdam and the Hudson valley by the Dutch early in the seventeenth century, resulted in the importation of Saint Nicholas into the American colonies. By the time the British took over the Dutch colonies and New Amsterdam was rechristened New York, the annual visits of the generous saint had become so endeared to the hearts of the settlers that no amount of British opposition could halt his activities. England was at war with Catholic Spain and anything that was reminiscent of either Catholicism or Spain was distasteful to the British mind. Apparently under the stress of this tense religious and political feeling, the tradition of St. Nicholas and his activities gradually underwent some drastic changes in the minds of the colonists in America. His homeland was changed from Spain to the North Pole. A horse, being unsuited for the snowy north, was exchanged for a

(Concluded on page 792)



Your family will surely cheer this luscious fruity cake with gleaming white frosting! And you'll be guaranteed perfect results or your money back for all ingredients. See the amazing unconditional guarantee below . . . and try this famous flour in your own kitchen. Its A-1 quality will speak for itself!

2½ cups sifted Globe "A1" Flour
3¼ teaspoons baking powder (or
2¼ teaspoons double acting)
¾ teaspoon salt
½ cup shortening
½ cup sugar
1 cup light corn syrup
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ teaspoon almond extract
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Sift flour once, measure; add baking powder and salt, sift three times. Cream shortening. Add sugar gradually, keeping mixture light. Add corn syrup; beat well. Add dry ingredients alternately with milk and flavoring, beating well after last addition only. Carefully fold in egg whites, beaten stiff but not dry. Bake in 3 greased, lined 8 in. layer pans in moderate oven (350° F) for about thirty minutes. When cold, spread the filling between layers.

FILLING

3 cups ground cranberries
1 cup ground raisins
½ cup light corn syrup
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
Combine cranberries, raisins, and corn syrup in a saucepan. Cook until thickened, about ten minutes. Add rind. Remove from heat; chill thoroughly. Spread ½ of filling between layers. Frost top and sides with the following sugary frosting. Garnish top with swirls of remaining cranberry filling.

FROSTING

Combine ¾ cup light corn syrup and 2 egg whites. Beat over boiling water 4 minutes, or until thick. Add ¾ teaspoon vanilla.



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Christ, Christmas, and Santa Claus

(Concluded from page 791)

sleigh and eight reindeer, the names of which show a combination of English, Dutch, and German influences. His bishop's clothing likewise underwent a transformation, with the bishop's mitre being elongated into a stocking cap, the cloak shortened into a coat, stripped of its gold braid, and ermine substituted for it. A pair of trousers was the essential complement of the coat. Boots were substituted for the sandals, and a wide black belt, so common on the clothing of gentlemen of the day, drew the coat tightly about him. The Moorish slave was discarded, and the newly garbed saint was able to continue his visits unmolested.

Two additional changes were made. First, the dignified formality of his Dutch name, "Sint Nicolaas," was corrupted in the speech of children and parents alike into the more easily syllabicated "Sinter Klaas." The dropping of the "r," which became customary on the Atlantic seaboard, soon led to "Sinta Klaas," which was anglicized into "Santa Claus." Second, to get away from the Calendar of Saints and its implications, his gift-giving was identified with the gift of the Christ-child, and his visit was timed for the eve of the traditional birthday of Christ.

Thus, in America, Saint Nicholas was transformed from the Catholic bishop of legend into the jolly, fat Santa Claus we know today, and superimposed on the Christmas observance. His popularity was so great among both children and adults that returning colonial officials carried news of the reconstructed saint back to England. Soon he was exported to England, and from there his fame spread throughout the empire, where he is now popularly known as "Father Christmas."

Such, after nearly two centuries, is the strange accompaniment of the Christmas celebration. The trappings which time and occasion and many peoples have added have sometimes seemed far removed from the original advent, but without exception they have sought to promote the spirit of rejoicing, of harmony and good will which is the essence of Christmas. There is little logic and much of fabrication in the celebration as we know it, but there is abiding truth in the essential and meaningful observance that remains at the heart of it. Santa Claus may seem to have overshadowed Christ in the popular mind, but to those who listen, penetrating the obscurity of myth and legend, tradition and social custom, the message of the angels sounds above the folk carols; to those who see, the star of Bethlehem shines brighter than tinsel or pagan candle; and to those who feel, the greatest of all gifts is still the gift of the Son whom the Father sent, not to condemn the world, but to redeem it.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

BORDER INCIDENT

(Continued from page 753)

leaf that said "Oldenzaal to Bentheim" and punched the next one—passed!

The next unpredicted occurrence to relieve us was a waiting train in Salzbergen—held over to meet our train.

On to Osnabrueck, transferred again, and due in Hamburg by 9:30 p.m. Deadline announced on the red-colored *Flugblaetter* was 10:00. But everyone seemed to be going somewhere. Mainliners, freights, flatcars, cars loaded with horses, cars with tanks and trucks and armored cars and men, were all going eastward. So our train was late into Hamburg.

"*Es muss doch einen Zug geben!*" I argued with one of the station attendants; but there wasn't any train going north, or anywhere else for us, he insisted. What to do? We knew of nothing we could do about it. And then—someone heard of a train leaving Hamburg-Altona for points north, due out about 1:30 a.m. We rushed to Altona; some of the brethren didn't have tickets for Altona, but no one bothered us about that. At Osnabrueck we had met another group, coming from another border station where President Wood (of our mission) had sent Elder Norman G. Seibold to intercept any coming that way and bring them to Denmark. We all took the train northward, as far as Neumuenster. From there it went to Kiel, and we could have bought steamer tickets from Kiel to Copenhagen but little easier than we could have taken the stationman's advice at Hamburg, to buy a ticket and sail away to America!

At Neumuenster again we knew of no train, but hoped for one to come and take us northward. We bought a glass of warm milk apiece, and a long *Frankfurterwurstchen* with a little roll to eat, and had a combined Sunday supper and Monday breakfast. They didn't object to our staying in the waiting room there; so we slept a bit leaning over the tables.

NEXT morning we learned of a possible *Bummelzug* which was to go north about 10:30 a.m.

Our slow train came in, and we climbed aboard; but it didn't leave. So we inquired about the cause, and learned of a fast train due any time. It was "aussteigen" again—and another wait.

It came, we climbed aboard, met the German *Grenzpolizei* for the last time, heard with thankful ears a Danish *Welbekommen*, sent a telegram to Copenhagen that the lost were found, and chatted easily as we sped over prosperous Danish terrain, rolling dairy country, farms, waterways—tranquil, prosperous, then.

We had a wonderful experience in all. The more I think about it, the more significant I find it. I am thankful for it, especially when I think that always in what has gone before lies a promise of what may be. Of course there is a condition upon which confidence in that "something unpredictable" must be based; otherwise we may come another time to the "crucial moment" and re-

main helpless. May we do what the Lord directs, that we may have his promise!

INSIDE HOLLAND

By John Robert Kest

THERE was tension in the air that 26th day of August, 1939. For almost a year the people of Holland had clung desperately to the message of hope delivered by Neville Chamberlain, when, at the conclusion of the Munich conference of October, 1938, he had announced, his voice ringing with deep sincerity, "Peace has been preserved." All believed him—believed him because they wanted to so badly. "He (Neville Chamberlain) has preserved the peace!" became a motto of hope to the people of Holland. Tablecloths, napkins, dish towels, handkerchiefs, copper figures, chinaware—souvenirs with this motto inscribed were everywhere obtainable.

On this blustery day, the mood of the Dutch matched the somewhat gloomy weather. The peace had not been preserved! A great many people sensed that at that very moment war was closer than it had yet been.

The neat, brick-paved Laan van Poot, an orderly avenue of pleasant Dutch residences, on which the Latter-day Saint mission home was situated, was swept clean by the early autumn wind. The dunes, a mighty natural barrier protecting the city from the treacherous North Sea, stood firm sentinel. Little whitecaps licked the even Dutch coastline. Wind blew in sudden, unexpected gusts along the beachheads. It seemed like any other early autumn day: crisp and cool. But it was somehow different. Many of us felt that electric "something" which seems to precede a storm.

Within the mission home there was also tension—and activity. Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, who was soon to direct the evacuation of the L.D.S. missionaries from Europe, was speaking with President Franklin J. Murdock of the Dutch mission. Intermittently throughout the day the telephone had relayed messages from various parts of the continent. From Switzerland, Denmark, and Germany the calls came. By early evening the telephone was ringing every hour or so. "Yes," Elder Smith was saying, "all the missionaries must be moved out of Germany, and that immediately." Grave message this, that we elders working in the office heard drifting from the president's office on the opposite side of the room.

Sometime after 10:30 p.m., President Murdock received a call from President Wood in Germany informing him that a number of missionaries were arriving in Holland by way of Oldenzaal, a tiny village on the eastern border of Holland, not more than seven kilometers from the German border city of Bentheim. A number of elders from Germany, he said, were to arrive sometime

(Continued on page 794)

MUSIC

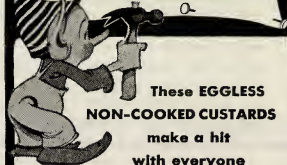
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Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Weaver,
Provo, Utah

Border Incident

(Continued from page 793)

the following day. As a matter of fact, the six elders comprising the group at Benthem¹ crossed the border into Holland late on the night of the 26th but were hurried back to Germany after having emphatically been refused entry to Holland. This, President Murdock learned as a result of a phone call received much later that same evening.

BECAUSE of these phone calls and the help the elders at Benthem obviously stood in need of, Elder Smith and President Murdock decided I was to go to Oldenzaal with sufficient funds to conduct the brethren from that point to the mission home. It was assumed, of course, that we would have no trouble transporting the elders across the border as we thought they had been refused entry because of lack of funds and not having had through tickets to England in their possession. I would be able to guarantee the government officials their passage to England, and would be carrying enough money to assure these same cautious officers the young men would in no way be a burden to the Dutch government while in Holland. It was also decided to send Brother Glen Hawkes or Brother Taylor to another border town considerably further south, as President Wood had indicated some slight possibility existed that other elders from Germany might arrive in Holland by way of a more southern route. Since Brother and Sister Smith were leaving for Copenhagen, Denmark, at the first opportunity in order to work out plans for evacuating the Scandinavian missions, there was much to discuss; it was nearly one o'clock before we finally retired.

It was necessary to arise about 5:30 a.m. in order to catch an early train to Oldenzaal. Over night the storm had calmed and the sky—even at that early hour—was bright and clear. The rain had left the streets wet and glistening. How peaceful everything seemed! In the center of The Hague, the public outdoor markets were coming to life. The sweet melody of multi-voiced chimes called early worshippers to church. A city was rousing itself, coming to life. I pinched myself. How could war be so near? Surely the threat of war was but an ugly dream from which we would all presently awaken. Riding my bicycle over the clean Dutch cobblestones that beautiful morning, I could not bring myself to believe that the elders in Benthem had been refused entry into Holland and were even now expecting help from us.

Arriving at the station there was cause for wonder at the quiet of the usually cheery bicycle attendant, who gave me my parking check without his usual "Goedenmorgen, Mijneer." Quickly I boarded the train for Oldenzaal.

¹This group consisted of Elders Rayo Parker, William Thayne, Clayton Larsen, W. Haws, Frank Knutti, and Ellis T. Rasmussen.

BORDER INCIDENT

The train sped by green and well-kept fields. Black and white Holsteins were grazing in lush pasture. Everywhere one could see flax fields and truck gardens, and here and there, especially as we neared the German border, patches of grain ripening for the harvest soon to come. It was a beautiful panorama reflecting the hard work, industry, and faith of the stable Dutch people.

There were innumerable delays. The train trip, which could usually be made in two hours, took well over four, and it was after 11 a.m. when the train finally arrived in Oldenzaal. The station master there, a portly fellow whose fantastic English phrases made me smile, proved very helpful. "Yes," he said, "a number of young American missionaries were sent back to Germany late last night and have not crossed back into Oldenzaal since." This was upsetting news, for we had fully expected the brethren to be waiting at Oldenzaal, needing only money and an assurance of transportation to England in order for the Dutch authorities to consent to their passage to The Hague. Even after the phone call President Murdock had received the previous evening, we thought the elders had been delayed by some triviality—probably minor border regulations. Already a good twelve hours had elapsed since they had been

returned to Germany: something must be very wrong indeed.

Attempting to call Bentheim in order to learn the whereabouts of the elders proved of little value and after three hours I gave up the job as hopeless. Telephone connections with Germany had been cut off. (Afterwards it was found that the elders in Bentheim had been trying to call The Hague for hours, likewise without success.)

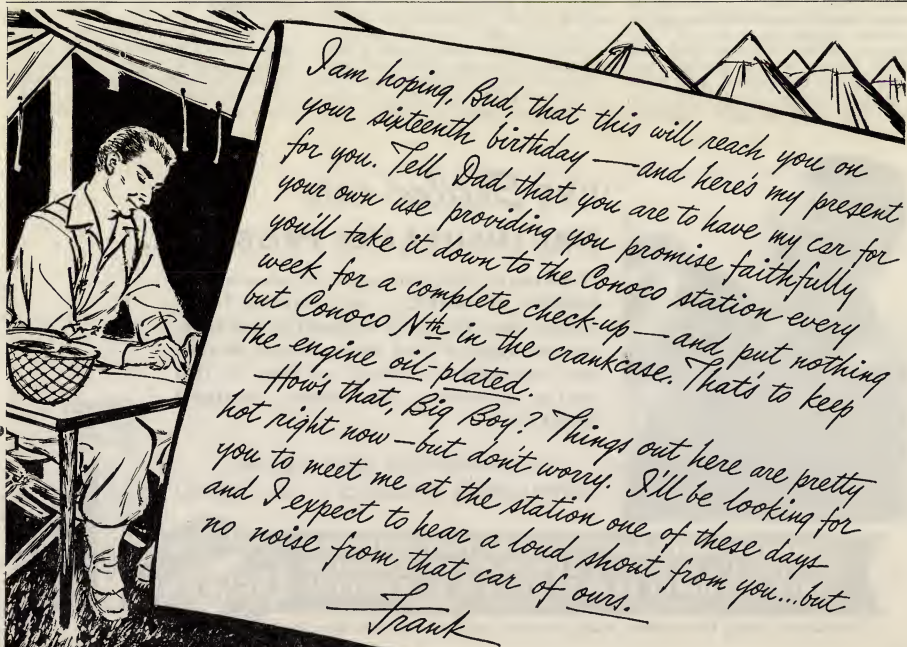
I phoned President Murdock in The Hague along about 2:30 p.m. and told him that it had not been possible to contact the elders, all attempts at phoning them had proved fruitless; it was impossible to contact Bentheim by phone. The station master told me the young men had been almost without funds and had nothing except cameras to declare at the Dutch border. It was obvious that they had no tickets in their possession and probably scarcely enough money adequately to take care of their needs. Therefore, the fact that they were obliged to return to Bentheim began to assume even more serious proportions. President Murdock had said the elders must be helped at any cost. "Do your best and use your judgment as to what should be done, Brother Kest." This advice that President Murdock had given me kept repeating itself in my mind. But what should be done at the moment?

THE decision to go to the Dutch border had been made in such haste by Elder Smith and President Murdock that there had naturally not been time to obtain a visa, which would have legally enabled me to enter Germany. In fact, at the time no one thought such a move would be necessary. For an hour I phoned The Hague, the American Consulate, the Dutch Embassy asking if a visa might not somehow be arranged. They all said it was impossible. Hundreds of phone calls had been pouring in begging them to take care of stranded Americans and other Europeans who were desperately attempting to get out of Holland, and some of whom were begging help to extricate relatives and loved ones from Germany. It was impossible to handle the sudden abnormal volume. Their office forces had been working sixteen to eighteen hours straight; no help could possibly be given me.

After thoroughly discussing the matter with the station master and finding that under no circumstances would they allow the brethren to enter Holland, it became apparent that I must go into Germany, visa or no visa.

President Murdock had given me something over 300 guilders; it was thought this amount would take care of any eventuality which might arise. It took almost this entire amount to purchase tickets from Oldenzaal to Copenhagen, Denmark. President Wood had

(Continued on page 796)



BORDER INCIDENT

(Continued from page 795)

said only the night before, that many missionaries had been pouring into Denmark, so it was reasonable to suppose the border there would still be open. It seems ten tickets were purchased, for it was a speculation how many brethren were stranded in Bentheim. The ten tickets used up nearly all the funds and I hoped there would be sufficient transportation to take care of the elders' needs.

The 2:30 train sped on toward Bentheim. Why the Dutch authorities allowed me to board that train, never asking for a visa, is a mystery; it was most irregular. Sitting tense and excited on the hard seats, the thought reoccurred again and again: "Is this the right thing to do?" Here I was speeding into Germany without a visa, under circumstances that were hardly promising, hoping somehow the brethren might still be there. The train stopped; we had arrived.

A moment later there was a sharp clicking of heels. German Blackshirts stepped quickly through the car, their eyes cold as steel, taking in at a glance the occupants of each car. Handing the leader my passport, the inevitable question was shot at me: "Why is no visa stamped on the proper page?" This thought suddenly flashed through my mind: "Brother Kest, you have always enjoyed acting. If you have ever acted a part well, do it now!" I explained in exasperatingly slow and deliberately incoherent English that at present I was living in Holland, had heard that some of my friends were in Bentheim and knowing that railroad and train transportation was being curtailed, wanted to visit them while possible. Suspicion

shone from the cold eyes of the officers. I rambled on, deliberately, on utterly pointless tangents, hoping all the while they would have great difficulty understanding me; which they did.

Suddenly, curtly came the question: "Can you speak no Dutch? No German?"

"No," I replied, "I've been here a comparatively short while and have not learned the languages well. A few simple phrases I can understand—nothing more."

It was fortunate that the German officer in charge spoke rather poor English. As I went on, talking disjointedly, tossing in a Dutch or German phrase here and there, the effect I wished to produce took hold of the men. They must have concluded that here was a simple, foolish American trying to see some friends for no good reason.

Inside the little cubicle in the station where they had taken me for questioning, they searched me thoroughly. What would they do to the precious tickets which I had in my suit coat pocket? This thought was paramount. In my possession was a folder in which were M.I.A. lessons written in English which we were translating into Dutch to be used the coming winter season. These they read over thoroughly, finally deciding they were harmless. They confiscated binder, papers, passport, all the money on my person and started going through each pocket in both coat and vest. I took the ten tickets out of my pocket and placed them on the table before me. *No one seemed to see the tickets.* The officer in charge gave me a receipt for the money, binder, papers and all my personal effects, and said, "You have forty minutes to catch the return train to Holland. After that time we cannot guarantee your safety."

Taking the tickets from the table I stuffed them in my pocket. *Not an eye flickered. I had the strong impression that the action had been entirely unobserved.* Hurriedly I left the station, my knees weak, my palms sweating. Few people on the street seemed to know where any American boys were staying, but finally someone directed me to the Hotel Kaiserhoff. There the elders were, trying to determine what course they should follow, as they were almost out of money and could no longer afford a hotel bill.

After quiet introductions and firm handshaking, my message was quickly delivered. Giving the tickets to Brother Ellis Rasmussen, who seemed to be in charge of the group, I told them quickly that these tickets from Holland might, with luck, insure their passage to Copenhagen. "You must leave immediately, brethren, and try to make connections into Denmark, as all railroad transportation is being cut off at an alarming rate!" The elders needed no urging, and in less than five minutes were ready, having very little luggage with them.

Quickly kneeling down, we held a prayer circle and asked our Father that we might be safely conducted to our respective destinations. As the seven of us knelt in fervent prayer, we all felt a closeness and unity experienced very infrequently in life. We were truly united and prayed with power and faith, believing our request would be granted, for we realized the desperate nature of our situation.

After prayer we rushed to the station where Elder Rasmussen and his group finally managed to catch a train for Osnabruck, finally getting to Hamburg and by wonderful circumstances catching an express train to Copenhagen—



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BORDER INCIDENT

one of the last out of Germany carrying civilians.

AFTER the brethren had left, and we waved each other good-bye, I hurried back to the office of the Blackshirts only a few yards away, where my passport and effects were being held. The station master gave me my money and papers immediately, but a Blackshirt guard stuck my passport in his wide cuff and marched insolently before me as the passengers boarded the train for Holland. The whistle of the train was blowing, and I noted the clock indicated only three minutes until departure time. What was going to happen? Finally the Blackshirt strutted over and with a sneer handed me my passport, muttering some deprecatory remark under his breath. He pushed me to the ticket window where I was obliged to buy a German ticket to Oldenzaal even though my Dutch ticket assured passage to Bentheim and return. It was necessary to run in order to catch the train—the wheels had just begun to turn. I sank into the seat, grateful for the brethren's

escape and my own now certain and safe return.

Upon arrival in Oldenzaal, I informed President Murdock by telephone as to what had been done. He told me to stay in Oldenzaal that night, and if anything unusual occurred I would then be there to help. This I did. But the following day at noon, having received word from no one, I returned to The Hague.

The following Friday, September 1, war was declared. The night before, Elder Smith phoned from Copenhagen informing us that the elders had arrived in safety. Everyone had escaped from Germany. The Lord had indeed been kind.

I know that the hand of the Lord guided me and made it possible to deliver tickets to the elders which subsequently enabled them to escape to Denmark. Surely German officers would have confiscated the tickets had they seen them, since everything else was taken. It is my sincere testimony that the Lord does watch over his children today even as in days of old.

EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

(Concluded from page 769)

Reference to the preceding and following paragraphs of the sermon makes clear the intention of the speaker. President Young used the words as titles. The apostate world had long taught that Adam and Eve were the basest and most sinful of the human race. They had brought sin into the world. President Young, in contravention of this false teaching, pointed out that Adam, a son of God of high degree, was called to be the progenitor of the human race. What he did was in harmony with a preordained plan. Adam was in reality the noblest of mankind and would ever stand at the head of his earth family, as the presiding officer and patriarch, even as a god. These were the clear ideas of Brigham Young. Every contemporary commentator, and there were several, speaking from personal knowledge of President Young, made this intention and doctrine clear. (See *Milennial Star*, 15:801.)

In the sermon referred to, President Young places Adam unequivocally as a separate character, "Michael," under the dominion of the Trinity. "The earth was organized by three distinct characters, Elohim, Yahovah, and Michael." There was no substituting of Adam for the God to whom we pray. Likewise, the term "father" was consistently applied by Brigham Young to Adam, because Adam was associated with Jesus Christ in the making of the earth; and also in a more literal sense, because, as the first man, he was the father of the race. Yet there are those who have nursed the irrational conclusion that President Young implied that Adam and God, the Father, are one and the same individual.

Brigham Young's much-discussed

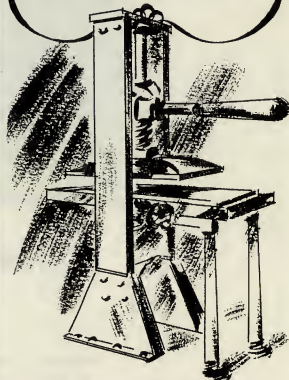
sermon says that "Jesus was begotten in the flesh by the same character that was in the Garden of Eden, and who is our Father in heaven." Enemies of the church, or stupid people, reading also that Adam is "our father and our God," have heralded far and wide that the Mormons believe that Jesus Christ was begotten of Adam. Yet, the rational reading of the whole sermon reveals the falsity of such a doctrine. It is explained that God the Father was in the Garden of Eden before Adam, that he was the Father of Adam, and that this same personage, God the Father, who was in the Garden of Eden before Adam, was the Father of Jesus Christ, when the Son took upon himself a mortal body. That is, the same personage was the Father of Adam and of Jesus Christ. In the numerous published sermons of Brigham Young this is the doctrine that appears; none other. The assertion is repeatedly made that Jesus Christ was begotten by God, the Father, distinct by any stretch of imagination from Adam. This is a well-established Latter-day Saint doctrine.

Absurdities of the first order may arise unless the meanings of words are carefully sought. And any statement in doubt should be compared with other statements on the same subject by the same speaker. Then the true meaning will be revealed.

Again, the warning: Read the scriptures with care; do not become mystified by words; remember that the same word is often used in several ways; and defeat the evil one who is the lover of confusion. And, there is no profit in dealing with those who deliberately and usually unscrupulously "wrests" the scriptures. They do not love the truth.

—J. A. W.

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Salt Lake Tribune



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What's the word you think most of at Christmas ?

THERE'S one word men of good will everywhere associate with Christmas.

That word is "Peace. Peace on earth"...

There can be no peace this Christmas. Not one of us would want the only kind of peace there could be, an inconclusive peace.

But we do want the right kind of peace as soon as possible. And this Christmas we

can help hasten the coming of that wonderful day, by making War Bonds our chief gift.

Every Bond you buy brightens the chances of a better world than man has ever known.

How, then, could you possibly give a better present than Bonds, Bonds, Bonds? Give them to each member of the family. Give them to your friends. Give them to everybody.

Give War Bonds for Christmas

This advertisement prepared under the auspices of the U. S. Treasury Department and the War Advertising Council.



The Church Moves On

(Concluded from page 778)

Ruth May Fox Anniversary

RUTH MAY FOX, for many years general president of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, observed her ninetyeth birthday November 16. Innumerable friends and associates paid tribute at a reception prepared in her honor. Born in Wiltshire, England, in 1853, she has been a devoted church worker all her life.

Dedications

THE Helper Ward chapel of the Carbon Stake was dedicated October 24 by Bishop Marvin O. Ashton.

"Patrol Ushers"

SEVERAL members of the teachers' quorum of the Salt Lake City Fifth, Twenty-second, Thirty-fourth, Waterloo, McKinley, and Bryan wards have been appointed as "Patrol Ushers" to act as guards of the pedestrian crosswalks and nearby intersections both before and immediately following church services.

This program, still in the experimental stage, is sponsored by the presiding bishopric who have recommended that each boy be released from this work after serving a period of not more than six months.

Monuments of Cooperation

By Olive May Cook

THERE are more imposing structures, but few that are backed by the perseverance and cooperation that have made possible the chapels at Carey and at Jerome, Idaho. The major part of the work was performed, as in other communities, by the church members. The one at Jerome is especially noteworthy because it was built from material at hand, natural lava rock.

At Carey, within a very short period a community of only approximately 500 persons raised by donation almost \$23,000—\$13,000 in cash, the rest in labor—to complete the recreation hall annex at a total cost of over \$45,000. The church matched the local contribution.

The Carey structure is cheerful within and without, classrooms abundantly lighted, the recreation hall spacious and modern—a wonderful place to supervise recreation so badly in need of direction today.

Also impressive is the honor roll of boys in the service, representing a large percentage of the population of the community. Inscribed are the names not only of young L.D.S. men, but also of all who have answered their country's call from the district.

Carey, in common with other communities, shows the cooperative spirit in other ways, too, besides in church and recreational activities—the tangible willingness and material to help a neighbor when fire or other disaster strikes.

See also photos on page 766.

NEW-VITAL

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YOUR PAGE AND OURS



Editors:

Bountiful, Utah

IN the September *Era*, illustrating Levi Edgar Young's article, there appeared a photograph of Michelangelo's statue in marble of Moses, which I believe is in St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome.

Did you carefully notice the head of this statue? If you did, or when you do, you will plainly see that there are two small horns on the head of Moses. But when I say small, that is only in a comparative way with other horns. On the head of Moses they could not be so considered, for they appear quite prominent when observed.

Horns on the head of Moses! Why were they put there by this great sculptor, probably the world's greatest?

My understanding of it is this (and of course it goes back to the point we frequently bring up of the Bible's being translated correctly): Michelangelo lived during the era of 1500; at that time Bible scholars had misunderstood that part of Exodus, chapter 34, verse 29, and had not properly distinguished between the words *karan* and *keren*, one meaning *horned* and the other *shone*.

And so, as related, when Moses came down from Mt. Sinai after talking with God, and when the people of Israel were afraid of him because of his appearance, with the dilemma of the conflicting words before the translators of that era, instead of moulding the words into "And Moses wist not that his face shone," which was the very likely result of being in the presence of the Almighty, they placed the unlikely but more terrifying condition of "And Moses wist not that he was horned."

And so what could the great Michelangelo do, after reading that part of Exodus as the Bible was then translated, but put horns on the Moses he was to carve out of marble? For there in the Bible he read it very plainly indeed.

Several years ago I clipped from a newspaper Ripley's picture and explanation of the above in one of his cartoons of "Believe It or Not." I believe it to be authentic and the explanation is very reasonable.

Sincerely,

Wendell B. Hammond

J. R. Dummelow, in his *Commentary on the Holy Bible* (Macmillan, 1937, p. 84), gives the following explanation:

"The Hebrew verb rendered 'shone' in this passage (Exodus 34:29) is derived from the word meaning 'horn,' which is used figuratively to denote rays or flashes of light proceeding from a luminous object (see e.g. Hab. 3:4 . . .). The Vulgate (Latin version) accordingly says of Moses' face that it was *cornuta*, which has led to the curious representation of Moses with horns, as seen in early art."—Ed.

Subscriptions to Soldiers Overseas

TO conserve cargo space for vital war materials, the post office requires that *new* gift subscriptions (this does not apply to renewals) for army personnel overseas be entered only if the soldiers have requested the magazine. Simply note on your order that the soldier has made such a request, if you wish to send him a *new* gift subscription at any of the following addresses:

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This post office ruling applies only to army personnel overseas—not to navy, marine corps, or coast guard.

Dear Editors:

RECENTLY I was moved to North Africa far from the church. Today (Sunday) I received *The Improvement Era*, and I can't express my emotions as to how welcome it was. It informed me of an L.D.S. service meeting being held here, which I will try to locate.

To those who make this perfect gift possible, I wish to give my sincerest thanks.

Jack Chappell
Medical Corps

Green River, Wyoming

Dear Editors:

TODAY the price of my *Era* subscription was returned to me with interest. In Brother Thomas E. McKay's conference report was a greeting to the church from the Danish mission. It meant a great deal to me because Brother Orson B. West is my second cousin. Although he and I have never met, we did write to each other until the war. I have wondered about them. You will never quite know the feeling I had when I saw his name. May the Lord continue to bless our *Improvement Era*.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Blossom R. Schwab

Tough Customer?

Diner: "I want to see the manager. I never saw anything as tough as this steak."

Waitress: "You will when you see the manager."

Heartfelt

Bride: "Boo-hoo! To think that cake would turn out this way when I put my very heart into it! Boo-hoo!"

Bridegroom: "Never mind, honey. Next time try baking one when you're lighthearted."

Centigrade?

"Here's an article that tells how paper can be used to keep a person warm."

"I know that from experience. I'll never forget how a 30-day note kept me in a sweat for a month."

Break vs. Brake

Wife: "What a nerve this farmer has to charge us \$10 for towing us only half a mile!"

Husband: "I'm making him earn it. I've got the brakes on."

Exhaustive

Reporter: "What is the professor's research work?"

Professor's housekeeper: "It consists principally of hunting for his spectacles."

Fitful Slumber

Rastus: "What's the matter o' you, Mose? You looks so pol'y."

Mose: "Ah is got what de doctors call insomnia; ah keeps waking up eve'y two or three days."

Hereditary?

Little Willie: "Mom, you said the baby has your eyes and daddy's nose, didn't you?"

Mother: "Yes, dear."

Little Willie: "Well, you'd better watch him; he has grandpa's teeth now."

Lost, One I. Q.

Father (facetiously): "Don't you think our son gets his intelligence from me?"

Mother (likewise): "He must. I've still got mine."

Boot Definitely

Freshman: "Were you ever bothered with athlete's foot?"

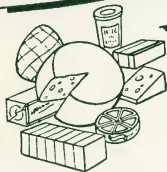
Sophomore: "Yes, once when the captain of the football team caught me with his girl."

Pointed Pictographs

Letter from son in college: "Dear Dad: Gue\$\$ what I need most of all That's right. \$end it along. Be\$st wi\$he\$. Your \$on, Knowlton."

Letter from Dad: "Dear KNOwlton: NOTHING ever happens here. We kNOW you like your school. Write us aNOTher letter aNOn. NOra was asking about you. You kNOW NOra; NOw I kNOW NO news. Dad."

2 WAYS TO GO TO MARKET



Your grocer stocks cheese . . . probably carries from 8 to 16 different kinds.

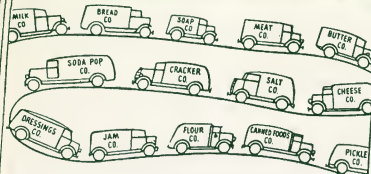


And the average grocer stocks about 12 different flour items, too.

And some 20 different tomato products.

All in all the average grocer stocks a total of about 2,500 items

Question is: How do all these 2,500 items get to the grocer?



This is the old-fashioned way it was done. Frequent calls by many competing suppliers. On the average about 60 different trucks called on a grocer, each truck bringing a part of the items he needed.

We Safeway people have worked hard to perfect a more efficient way . . .



Our idea is to get **ALL** the items together first . . . and then have them go out to our stores regularly, all together.

You can see this cuts out a lot of costly waste motion.

It saves manpower; frees men to help build ships and planes—and to work on farms.

It saves vital equipment.

And saves a tremendous number of truck tires.



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By eliminating needless marketing costs, the Safeway method has helped increase the farmer's share of the consumer's dollar. Boosted consumption. And offered consistent savings to consumers.

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SAFeway

P. S. You buy foods as well as sell them. We invite you to shop at your Safeway grocer's for one full month . . . and compare what you save.

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trail or jungle path—all the
roads of all the world are vi-
brant with the memory of those
who have gone forth . . . and
the hope of their return.

*What assurance have you, when you set out, that
you will return to those who wait? Make sure now
that—whatever happens—they will be provided for.*

BENEFICIAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY

Huber J. Grant, Pres.

Salt Lake City, Utah