

The Improvement Era



JULY 1948

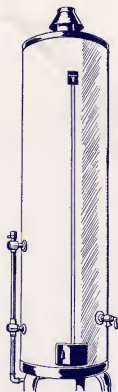


"Where does the *Hot water* come from, Mommy?"

MOTHER WAS STARTLED to realize that she rarely thought of the *source* of abundant hot water, but took its instant availability for granted.

"**IT'S LIKE MAGIC,**" she explained. "We just turn the faucet and the hot water runs out. They say a little elf named 'Steady Flame' sends it, and that he lives in our automatic gas water heater, although you can't see him, of course.

"**JUST THINK,** grandmother used to heat water on the stove and carry it to the tub. Your bath today would have meant six trips with a heavy bucket. How lucky we are to have hot water always on tap...at low cost...with quick, dependable gas!"



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EXPLORING THE Universe

By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

THE great 200-inch diameter mirror mounted in the telescope atop Mt. Palomar, California, was dedicated recently. This modern wonder of the world has been named the Hale telescope in honor of Dr. George Ellery Hale, famous astronomer who first proposed such a telescope. The new telescope will permit a study of eight times the volume of space which can be studied at present.

A NEW high speed rotor has been developed by Professor J. W. Beams which rotates 38 million times each minute with centrifugal forces over 400 million times that of gravity. The rotors are suspended magnetically in a vacuum and spun by a rotating magnetic field.

DR. W. GOETSCH, Austrian biologist, has announced the discovery of vitamin T, important in promoting growth and development. Obtained from termites and other insects that obtain it from yeast and fungi, the new vitamin seems to promote healing of wounds and reduce recovery time from sickness.

AN American Automobile Association survey in Cleveland showed that among students who had special driving training in schools only one-half percent of the women subsequently became involved in automobile accidents compared to 3.8 percent of the men.

LAKE CHELAN, Washington, at an altitude of over a thousand feet is fifty miles long, has an average width of one mile, but for sixteen miles it is a thousand feet deep, with a maximum depth of 1,419 feet going to 340 feet below sea level. It was gouged out by a glacier which was almost a mile deep near the head of the present lake.

SOME recent experiments seem to show that hens lay eggs according to when they get fed rather than according to time of daylight.

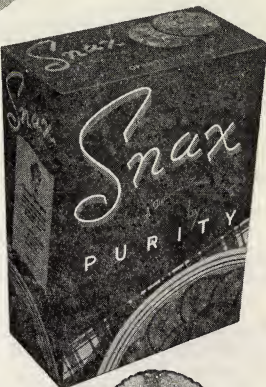
SOME of the new golf balls have a silicone center instead of rubber to get greater distance and greater rebound. The silicones are a type of material which acts like putty when left by itself or pressed slowly, but acts like rubber when hit hard or dropped.

JULY 1948

Snax enliven lunches!



A school lunch can be simply adorable . . . and ever so easy to fix. Just be sure to include plenty of SNAX — the flaky, golden-brown crackers that youngsters never seem to get enough of. And nourishing too, rich in the nutriments of flour, with the delightful salt-tang and buttery taste. SNAX are delicious — right out of the package — and wonderful with any other items that belong in the lunch box. Reach for the bright red package next time you shop.



A delightfully appetizing meal is a bowl of sliced banana, topped with cream and sugar . . . and served with plenty of fresh, flaky SNAX! An excellent supper idea. Try it on the family.

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&
PHOENIX



July
1948

VOLUME 51
NUMBER 7

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS, DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION, MUSIC COMMITTEE, WARD TEACHERS, AND OTHER AGENCIES OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

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Change of Address:

Fifteen days' notice required for change of address. When ordering a change, please include address slip from a recent issue of the magazine. Address changes cannot be made unless the old address as well as the new one is included.

The Cover

"THE Arrival and Encampment of the Pioneers" is the east plaque of the Sea Gull Monument on Temple Square. This monument, unveiled and dedicated on October 1, 1913, "in grateful remembrance of the mercy of God to the Mormon Pioneers," is the work of Mahoni M. Young, grandson of President Brigham Young. The photograph, from the files of the Church Radio, Publicity, and Mission Literature Committee, was adapted to cover use by Charles Jacobsen.

New Subscription Price

THE new subscription price for THE IMPROVEMENT ERA is \$2.50 a year. This rate is for subscriptions in the United States and possessions, Canada, Mexico, South America, and Central America. Subscriptions in all other countries are \$3.00 a year.

For over fifty years the price of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA was held at \$2.00 a year, sometimes under very trying conditions. Unusually high printing and operating costs made the boost in price mandatory.

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The Political Significance of E C A

By DR. G. HOMER DURHAM

*Head of Political Science Department and
Director of the Institute of Government,
University of Utah*

MAN often stands on the brink of overwhelming opportunity and fails to grasp it for lack of knowledge and inspiration. Often as not he plunges into the abyss of destruction, usually because of ignorance. The quest for light and truth is eternal. What is the political significance of the monumental Foreign Assistance Act of 1948, with its establishment, the Economic Cooperation Administration (ECA)?*

It would be folly to admit possession of very much "light and truth" on this subject. But the matter touches the lives of so many people that we are challenged to focus attention on it. In that light the following considerations are offered:



FIRST: *ECA constitutes an additional development in the field of international organization and cooperation.* This is probably its major significance. In addition to diplomacy, treaties, international custom, practice, and the UN, ECA is an additional development. International administration on a large scale is involved. Administration is the essence of government; it is where action touches the individual. Consider the legal bases for ECA as its influence finally touches a man in Belgium: First, a variety of international conferences in the summer of 1947; second, the pageantry of American politics and public opinion during the summer and winter of 1947 and 1947-48; third, the enactment through the 435 members of the American House of Representatives and the 96 United States senators of a bill into law; fourth, its acceptance and execution by the American President; fifth, the negotiation of a multilateral treaty between the United States and the sixteen nations, in Paris, April 1948; sixth, the detailed treaty between the United States and Belgium conforming to the Act of Congress and the general treaty; seventh, the related political process, throughout, of Belgium! Here have been meshed the governmental wheels of western civilization, to grind out the rules to be followed by ECA and the governments affected. This is a remarkable development in the annals of

international relations. Are we on the brink of a parliament of man, of sorts? Who can say? The following can be reported next in order.

SECOND: *The enactment of ECA has provided the impetus for a limited "Western Union" in Europe which may become the nucleus of a United States of Europe.* On or about January 22, 1948, Mr. John Foster Dulles, the distinguished churchman and Republican leader, told the Senate Foreign Relations committee that the ECA measure virtually required closer European cooperation. The very next day, Mr. Ernest Bevin rose in the House of Commons and made his now-famous speech calling for a Western Union in Europe, of Britain, France, Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg.

By the time ECA was in course of final passage, the treaty of Brussels had been signed, and "Western Union" had become a fact—to the extent that those five nations had agreed on military cooperation, a basic element of knitting the governmental process. By May 1, 1948, the "Union" had been implemented by a permanent council, meeting regularly in London, and consisting of representatives of the chiefs of staff of the countries concerned. The chairmanship of the council rotates among the powers, month by month, in alphabetic arrangement. On May 10, 1948, an unofficial "Congress of Europe" composed of interested individuals, met by appointment at The Hague and voted unanimously to create a United States of Europe, including Germany. Winston Churchill was present and spoke in support of the project before one crowd of 30,000. Although unofficial, such a movement has its effect on public opinion.

THIRD: *The United States realizes that peace and prosperity are not the fruit of one great world conference or any single effort, but are goals to be realized every day, day by day, in the life of men and nations.* This realization has finally dawned, if slowly, on the American people, who by dint of their unparalleled wealth and blessings almost deluded themselves into a belief in political magic in recent years. We now (at least a solid majority) seem to know better. Part of this realization expresses itself in a rational preparedness program, while at the same time holding out the olive branch to the Soviet Union. An editorial in *The Deseret News*, May 11, 1948, "United Nations Needs Russia," bears

comment in this connection: "Americans should realize that what Russia needs is conversion, not eviction. She is a necessary member of the family of nations, and with patience, understanding and firmness . . . she may yet make her contribution to human welfare." Some folk expected magical results from UN, then, disappointed, urged a new UN without Russia. The *News* editorial points the sober way. American standardization of arms and equipment-help for the Marshall Plan countries is suggestive of understanding with firmness.

FOURTH: *The geographical picture of American cooperation with Western Union and the other ECA powers is suggestive of a millennial-like world, the vision of which may spur day-by-day efforts for peace.* By means of the new international machinery expressed in ECA (and enumerated in first place in this analysis) the United States is linked in an effective manner, yet one in which all-around national, local interests may be served, in a worldwide system. Look at the map in terms of Britain, France, Belgium, and the Netherlands. What does one see? European landmarks only? No! Virtually all of Africa; the British Empire bases, worldwide; Madagascar; Indo-China; the great British dominions; New Caledonia; the Marquesas, and the islands dotting every seal. What a dream of empire! Yet here is the beginning of a real basis for voluntary agreement and cooperation. Viewed with hope, there is nothing in history to compare with the prospects and possibilities. Girded together with military strength and determination, we may be assured that the Soviet Union pales into relative insignificance.

IN conclusion we may recall the saying, "He who pays the piper calls the tune." That is our position largely. What shall be the tune? Before the June M.I.A. conference in 1940, President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., with keen diplomatic as well as gospel insight declared: "America's ultimate God-given destiny, planned by the Creator and testified by ancient and modern prophecy and revelation, is that out of her shall go forth the law." What shall our tune be, the "law," which shall go out via ECA? This is America's opportunity. The tune must include liberty, righteousness, justice, humility. It must be rendered in the spirit of the Master who said: "He who would be chief among you, let him be the servant of all." Are we worthy of the limited opportunities for service presented by ECA? We may all begin today, at home, not forgetting the "Nineveh cure of fasting and prayer" previously recommended in this column.

*For the details of the enactment of this measure, formerly popularly called "the Marshall Plan," see *THE IMPROVEMENT ERA* for June, p. 335.

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The Church MOVES ON

President Smith

FOR his lifetime of service to the youth of the state, President George Albert Smith has received the Eagle award for civic service in Utah, given by the Fraternal Order of Eagles. Sponsors of the award were the Salt Lake City, Ogden, Murray, Tooele, and Bingham, Utah, aeries, in addition to the grand national aerie of the Fraternal Order of Eagles.

President Smith has also been re-elected to the national executive board, Boy Scouts of America, at a meeting held in Seattle, Washington, and attended by such Church scouts as Elder Ezra Taft Benson of the Council of the Twelve, President Oscar A. Kirkham of the First Council of the Seventy, Superintendent George Q. Morris of the Y.M.M.I.A., and First Assistant Superintendent John D. Giles.

He received the Veterans of Foreign Wars distinguished citizenship medal early in June in recognition of his thirty-five years in scouting.

President Smith also attended the fifty-eighth annual Sons of the American Revolution convention, the thirty-fifth such convention he has attended. In representing the Utah group, he presented the national congress of the organization with a Utah State flag. He pronounced the benediction as the closing session ended in Minneapolis this year.

Relief Society Board

APPOINTMENT of four new members to the general board of the Relief Society has been announced by Belle S. Spafford, general president of that Church auxiliary. They are:

Alta Jensen Vance, president of the Big Cottonwood Stake Relief Society, and who has previously been president of the Mount Olympus Ward Relief Society, and has been active in many of the wards of the Salt Lake Valley.

Christine Hinckley Robinson, who, now a resident of Salt Lake City, has been a member of the Relief Society board of the New York Stake, having spent nineteen years in the east.

Josie Barnson Bay, who, before she came to Salt Lake City to live, two months before this appointment, was president of the San Diego Stake Relief Society.

Alberta Huish Christensen, who, for twenty years, has been active in Relief Society work on both the east and west coasts, and at this appointment, was a member of the Emigration (Salt Lake City) Stake Relief Society board.

Northwest Flood

ALL members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints were reported safe in the recent floods in Oregon. Church welfare assistance was begun almost before the flood waters subsided.

Canadian Ranch

AFTER returning from an inspection trip to the recently purchased Kirkaldy Ranch near Raymond, Alberta, Canada, Bishop Joseph L. Wirthlin of the Presiding Bishopric indicated that the property was in excellent condition and that the Church would stock it with cattle this fall. At first the ranch will not be operated as a Church welfare project; however, that is a possibility later on.

New Zealand Mission

BISHOP GORDON C. YOUNG of the Salt Lake City North Eighteenth Ward has been called by the First Presidency as president of the New Zealand Mission, with headquarters at Auckland. He succeeds President A. Reed Halverson, who has presided over the mission since 1945.

Elders with the message of the restored gospel first went to New Zealand from the Australian Mission in 1854. In March 1855 the first branch of the Church was organized at Karori. At the beginning of the year 1898, the Australian Mission was divided to form the New Zealand Mission. In years past the work has been predominantly among the native Maoris and the Book of Mormon was published into that tongue in 1889. The Doctrine and Covenants and the Pearl of Great Price were published in Maori in 1919. *Te Karere*, the mission magazine that is published monthly, has pages printed in both English and Maori.



GORDON
C.
YOUNG

President Young filled a mission to New Zealand beginning in 1919, shortly after being released from the
(Concluded on page 466)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

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By SIDNEY A. and E. KAY HANKS

The accomplishments of the Latter-day Saints as pioneers in the western wilderness demanded men of the calibre and capacity to be inspired with steadfast, resolute devotion and loyalty to each other and to the cause which held them together. This is the story of one of the most colorful, daring, intrepid and faithful, Ephraim K. Hanks, friend of red men and white, famous scout for Brigham Young, man of many talents and delightful sense of humor.

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* * * * *

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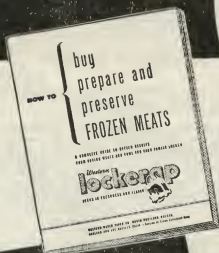
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The Miracle of the Gulls

By *Albert L. Zobell, Jr.*

ALTHOUGH its centennial took place in late May or in early June, the miracle of the sea gulls has become so much a part of the story of the Church in the valleys of the mountains of the West, that the editors of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA planned this for July—the month of the Pioneers.

FOR those of the vanguard their exodus was at an end. Their leader, President Brigham Young, and many of his closest advisers, had returned East for their families the autumn before and had not returned. Great Salt Lake City, a pinpoint on the map, was actually, in that spring of 1848, four hundred log and adobe huts, all located inside the "Old Fort," and over five thousand acres of land under cultivation. Truly the seventeen hundred souls then in the valley were doing their best to "make the desert blossom as the rose."

* * *

Then from the direction of the hills came the black, moving blanket of crickets. And behind that blanket, as it moved, were only darkness and despair, for the horde of insects left not a green spear of grass where but a few moments before, had been prosperous fields of grain.

Every available hand was called to the fields. Every available method of extermination — drowning, burning, clubbing—was tried, but to no avail. Foodstuffs, carried across the plains and the mountains the year before were nearly exhausted. The Saints knew, too, that additional thousands of Church members were on their way to the valley of the Great Salt Lake. All would be dependent upon this crop which was now being destroyed as it grew in the fields.

The leaders, resting momentarily in the fields, discussed the gravity of the problem. "Father Smith," said his second counselor, "it is your duty to send an express to Brother Brigham and tell him not to bring the people here; for if he does, they will all starve to death."

John Smith, president of the Salt Lake Stake, looked thoughtful for a few moments, and then replied:

"Brother John Young! the Lord led us here, and he has not led us here to starve!"

THEN when all else failed, men, women, and children fell to their knees to voice the prayer that had been in their hearts from the beginning. And soon a cloud—a white cloud—appeared in the sky. Was this also destructive? Men looked—and wondered.

These were sea gulls, and as they lit in the fields, sharp-eyed men and women could see that they were gorging themselves not on the tender blades of grain, but on the crickets. Filling themselves, the sea gulls would fly off, disgorge, and return to the stricken fields for more crickets.

This was deliverance!

We know not the date of this modern-day miracle. Some historians have said May 1848, some June, and some May and June. But on June 9, 1848, the presidency of the Salt Lake Stake sent a letter to President Brigham Young and the Council of the Twelve, who were then en route West, saying:

As to our crops, there has been a large amount of spring crops put in, and they were doing well till within a few days. The crickets have done considerable damage to both wheat and corn, which has discouraged some, but there is plenty left if we can save it for a few days.

The sea gulls have come in large flocks from the lake and sweep the crickets as they go; it seems the hand of the Lord [is] in our favor. . . .²

The crops of the next two years were likewise molested during their early growing season.

The insect invaders of 1848, '49, and '50, were crickets, and not grasshoppers, as is sometimes erroneously related.

¹Thomas Callister letter to Elder George A. Smith, dated February 13, 1869; found in *Journal History*, June 9, 1848.

²*Ibid.*

the old RANCH HOUSE

by

Josephine McIntire



WITH leaden feet I walked up to the door.
The old deserted ranch house on the plain
Was drooping under years of drought and rain.
A field mouse ran across the sagging floor
Into the woodshed where we children wound
Our lariats, hung our saddles in a row.
The old corrals, through which life used to flow,
By time were flung to rot there on the ground.

Good-bye, old house! I will not come again
To see you stranded in a sea of grass.
Old memories arise and weave a spell
Around my heart. Soon now encroaching grain
Will shelter you from curious eyes that pass.
My childhood's home, to you a long farewell!



SHE SOUGHT A ZION
By Eva Willes Wangsgaard

I THOUGHT of woman on that pilgrimage
As following a husband, humble, sweet,
Torn from her Eden to a wild of sage
To make a home for man's adventurous
feet.

I mourned for her, her comforts left behind,
Her birth pangs borne in tent or wagon bed,
Which came too often to a hillside, lined
With little mounds which epidemics fed.
Then I re-read her journals, and I knew
How woman's heart was tinder to the spark
Struck by a prophet's flint. Her fervor
grew,
Illuminating ways that else were dark.
Enrapt, she sought a Zion. Man might
doubt,
But followed her whose faith would not
burn out.

WHEN SEGO LILIES BLOOM IN
THE HIGHLANDS

By Margery S. Stewart

WHEN sego lilies bloom in the highlands,
Let me not be there, nor captured,
When they lift pale candles in the hollows,
Let me not be bound, enraptured,
Snared by their whiteness, their fragility,
Lest I read a psalm in their cup,
A proverb in their petals;
Lest I behold where they reach up
From the dour earth of the hillsides,
And seeing how they grow in a gray place,
Cast off my ease and reach for my burden,
Content no longer with pleasure without
grace.

AND THE DESERT BLOSSOMED

By Helen Martin Horne

THE sounds of the grating of hub and
chain
And of creaking wagon box once heard
Among hills that admitted that wagon train
From plains where buffalo roamed in herd;

And the screech of clay in the valley's bot-
tom
When plows in baked desert incision made,
Where hot rocks cooled when the earth
was loosened,
And first crude plantings were hopefully
laid;

The murmuring of voices that planned a
city;
The crashing of logs, ax-felled, until
With the sawing of beam and the crack of
hammer
Boomed building of store and the grinding
mill . . .

These eddied away on the waves of ether
As light rays zoomed from the blistered
clod;

And sounds of voices in the evening, sing-
ing,
Have lifted their praise to the realm of God.

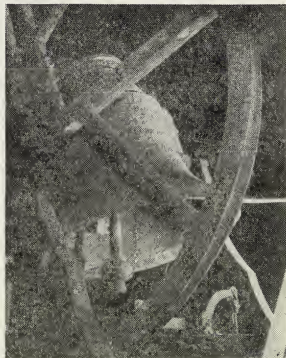
Yet, even their silence is thunder eternal—
Reverberating in chorus from hill to hill—
Intoning, "It's ours—This desert that blos-
somed!"

And "Brigham Young is a prophet still!"

THE YOUNG CHILD
By Hallie Grigg

THE young child, Freedom, reaches up to
take
Your hand, America; then for his sake,
You firmly clasp his infant palm in yours
And lead him on to distant climes and
shores.

With head held high and with no backward
glance
You go, with him, to take uncertain chance
With death. Vicissitudes along the way
Will be forgotten in that happy day
Of lasting peace, and in its mighty gleam
The world will waken from its useless
dream
Of conquest. Then may your stride in-
crease,
Till, with the child, you reach the fields of
peace.



—Photograph by Keystone View Co.

THE PATRIOT

By Ormonde Butler

S SHALL he who patient bears the heavy
weight
Of dull routine, find out the shining gate
Opening for heroes to pass through, his
own!
Without the unseen stone, no building can
be great.

PATTERN

By Jean Anderson

HE lends a hand with garden tools
Or helps a neighbor build a fence—
Pinprick-marks upon the weave
Of days, and yet they can commence
A simple, beautiful design,
Neighbor-used, will grow apace
Until no severing line
Bisects the pattern of the race.

THE SAN JUAN RIVER

By Mabel Jones Gabbott

L ONELY in its solitude, loving all the lone-
liness,
Now the river twists and turns, while can-
yon walls on each side press
Against a distant hazy blue. Here few
people make a path;
Beauty marks the aftermath
Where with sharp tools of time and running
sand,
The sluggish stream has deeply dug into
this lonely land.

An old, old land where lazy clouds are
ghosts
And sun and red, red soil are often hosts
To wind-song from the canyon rim
And storms that waken purple echoes in
the dim
Stern gorges. Still the water winds its way
To meet the Colorado day by day,
Making as it goes in the penmanship of
ages
Its lonely tale on nature's pages.

THIS DAY LOST FEAR

By Fae Decker Dix

THIS quiet conversation
On a hilltop,
This tearless watch in anguish
Has accord.

I break the crystal barricade
Of long delusion
To fling apart the doors
That shuttered fear.
High on a hillside
Cool against the sky,
How swiftly comes the
Sacrament of peace;
How soft departs,
The bitter need to cry,
Out of the fear-seared heart.
The restless mind,
These torn, wan symbols of despair
Shall blend to make a prism
Of our pain,
And still the inner strife,
The quenchless fire.

And silently shall fear take
Soft departure,
As courage wakes the heartbeat
For its own.

REMINDER IN JULY

By Lucretia Penny

WASTE never a scent
Of roses and clover.
Half the year's spent:
June is over!

PEACE

By Christie Lund Coles

A LWAYS, I knew I could find peace
Lying upon a green hill in the sun.
Today, surrounded by these trees and
peaks,
My darkest cares seem healed and done.

And though tomorrow I shall come
Back to the world of realities,
Still the mind can escape with singing joy
To these hills, these organ-sounding trees.

SOME WARNING SIGNS

By President George Albert Smith

I FEEL very much concerned when I think of the temptations that are everywhere present. I am thinking of the time when ancient Israel went astray. They worshiped false gods. They listened to that which was popular, but false. And then destruction overtook them.

We are just in as much danger as were any people who have ever lived upon the earth, unless we listen to our Heavenly Father. His is the only voice, and the teachings of those whom he directs are the only teachings that we are safe in following.

We know that the adversary is alert. If he can betray the rising generation, if he can lay pitfalls for their feet and ensnare them in evil, his desire has been realized, and their downfall is accomplished.

We are living in perilous times. It would seem that the scriptures are being fulfilled; it appears that this is the particular time when "if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect." (Matt. 24:24.)

It is remarkable how easy it is for those who desire to advance their financial interests in the world to find a reason for setting aside the plain teachings of the Lord with reference to their lives. And it is strange to me how many people fall into the habit of listening to those who say things that are contrary to the revealed will of our Heavenly Father.

The very fact that so much money has been made available to many people gives the youth in some instances the feeling that because money comes relatively easy, honest toil is not necessary or desirable. And yet I am satisfied that no people have ever lived upon the earth who, having failed to earn their livelihood by integrity and industry, have not gone to decay.

If our children grow up in idleness, we know that this is displeasing to the Lord.

We should stress the necessity of morality among the rising generation. It is not safe for us to leave to our public schools and to

other institutions outside of our homes the training of our boys and girls with reference to a proper conduct in life.

If we do not teach them the sacredness of these bodies of ours, if we do not inspire in them a desire to build character that is beyond reproach, if we fail to impress upon them the danger that confronts them in their contact with the evils that afflict mankind, we will not be justified by saying that we did not realize how serious it was.

God has warned us that we should teach our children to pray and to walk uprightly before him. He has given us schoolmasters after his own heart who have been instructing us from year to year in the things that we should do.

If those of our household neglect to hold in reverence the things of God, we must know that sooner or later sorrow will come into their lives; and if it comes into the lives of our children, then we too must join them in sorrow and remorse.

It is important that in our home and by our own firesides we take more pains to teach our sons and our daughters those truths which the Lord has made plain to us are necessary for eternal salvation.

What a wonderful privilege it is to live in an age such as this! No such opportunities were ever afforded the human family before. But with these opportunities and blessings there also comes temptation. It is everywhere present. We must not take too much for granted, but be alert. We must feel the importance of our duty as fathers and mothers and safeguard the future happiness of our youth.

I hope and pray that as members of the Church we will be more diligent in the future than we have been in the past, that we will be more earnest than we have ever been in safeguarding the youth against all manner of evil.

The Editor's Page

SOMEONE has summarized the needs of Europe in three words — food, fuel, and faith. To this summary should probably be added another three words — clothing, shelter, and freedom. Whatever the needs, the response to the call for relief has been most generous and is deserving of the highest praise. Shiploads of supplies have reached the ports of Europe and have been distributed where the pressure of necessity has been most acute. These shipments coming from across the ocean, have consisted mostly of food, clothing, medical supplies, and such other items as were needful and urgent to save human life.

Among the most praiseworthy of these charities stands the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Probably no other organization, considering the number of its members, has done so much to meet the demands of the starving millions in Europe's war-stricken countries. Through its welfare organization,

The CHURCH in Europe

functioning in the stakes and missions of the Church, lives have been saved, disabilities removed, suffering alleviated, morale restored, and sinking spirits revived.

The office of the general welfare committee has been most efficient and businesslike in discharging its tremendous responsibility, which has been, and still is, a gigantic task. One scarcely needs to itemize the preliminaries and procedures of such a large-scale undertaking. They consist of assembling, assorting, packing, loading, providing ship and railroad transportation, preparing shipping documents, notifications of shipment, and many other details.

Records, requiring skill and accuracy in their preparation, also must be kept for the offices of the European Mission, the missions to whom the supplies are sent, the transfer companies, and the relief agencies handling the shipments. This is necessary in order to safeguard the consignments and follow them through to their destinations.

THE distribution phase of the welfare program is perhaps the most difficult and the most trying. It requires almost daily contact with the starving populations of the war-ravaged localities. It is no easy matter to listen to the cries of distress day after day, to witness the heart-rending scenes of want and misery, and to dole out common necessities in quantities which can only partly satisfy. Neither is it an easy thing

to negotiate with relief commissions that are dominated by the contending, occupying, and governing military powers. No distribution is made except on a basis outlined by them, as their consent is necessary before supplies can reach those for whom they are intended. Diplomacy, patience, and wisdom must be exercised frequently almost beyond the point of endurance. The administration of relief has many angles, each one of which is a challenge to the best courage and the profoundest intuition.

But material relief, to be permanently helpful, must be sustained by other factors. Europe is full of turmoil and uncertainty. In many respects the suffering and the anxiety among the people are far more poignant and dreadful now in so-called peacetime than during the war. Whole nations of otherwise normal men and women have lost their courage and incentive to face stern realities and grim possibilities. Discouragement and exhaustion are undermining their creative capacities. Their will to live as a distinct people is rapidly disappearing. Faith, the bedrock of life, has seriously dwindled and lost its significance and power as a force of recovery.

No one who has traveled through Europe in recent months is blind to the distress which covers these lands. Her people are confused and bewildered, and her nations are sinking into a state of economic, moral, and spiritual prostration.

St. Mary Le Bow,
Cheapside, London,
one of London's famous churches.





Wallace G. Bennett, secretary, European Mission, addressing a street meeting at the Custom House steps, Belfast, Ireland. Other missionaries are in the foreground.

Family life is being disrupted; the moral fibre of men and women is weakening; economic stability is threatened; governments are in jeopardy; and the European world is sick with fearful doubts and endless misgivings.

Food and clothing cannot save the struggling nations. Something deeper is lacking, something that is fundamental in the character of a progressive and forward-looking people. That something is a faith in God, a reliance on his providences, and a firm conviction that he will come to the rescue of those who earnestly seek him. If such faith cannot be established, the prospects

Branches of the Church in every mission have been reopened, reorganized, and strengthened. New life has been injected into the various organizations, and the program of the Church has been set in motion with vigor and determination. The young men of Zion, fresh from the army and navy, have accepted calls to preach the gospel of peace in the counties where they had worn the military uniforms. This is an overture of love and good will unparalleled in missionary enterprise.

In comparison to this spiritual uplift which has come to the Latter-day Saints in Europe, other time-honored churches, directed by the highest culture and learning to be found among men, are losing their hold upon the minds and hearts of their adherents. A consciousness of God seems to have disappeared among them, and the powers of darkness are increasing their pressure against the unwary. Religion, once the motivating power behind great and far-reaching accomplish-

ments, seems to have small value in the manifold realities of daily life. Thinking people are naturally alarmed at the widespread outbreak of infidelity and skepticism.

Newspapers in London devote front page space in calling attention to the situation. In a recent issue of London's *Daily Express* the complaint of a forty-year-old vicar of Airedale-with-Fryston is quoted as follows:

I have a parish of 7,000, mostly miners and their families; yet my adult congregation in a modern church is usually twelve—often only three or four. . . . I want now to go somewhere where I can be useful—do some good. Airedale is hopeless.

In another issue of the same paper, under the caption, "Reporters Go to Church," some of the comments of the reporters who attended religious services are as follows:

The Reverend J. R. H. Prophet, vicar of the Holy Trinity Church, seating 500, spoke to eighty people at Sunday's service. At Paisley with only 88 worshippers and 612 empty pews the Reverend John W. Burnside said yesterday after the morning service: "Nowadays people would rather listen to Tommy Handley and Eric Barker [radio entertainers] than their minister." Another young clergyman, the Reverend Ivor B. Cassam, 31, thinks that 200 people in his church is "comparatively satisfactory." It seats 800. In St. Agnes Church

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A common queue in London. Londoners line up for horse meat being sold at a butcher shop. People must queue for hours to get what little food is available.

for a better life in Europe are dismal and disheartening, for "man cannot live by bread alone" nor can he rise above his spiritual concepts.

LATTER-DAY SAINTS must have a supreme sense of satisfaction as they contemplate the scope of the relief and rehabilitation program of the Church. Much effort has been expended to provide physical as well as spiritual comfort to the members who are suffering hardships and privations. While food and clothing were distributed, the spiritual and moral needs were not neglected.



Francis R. Gasser, assistant sovietmen's co-ordinator in Europe and a member of the staff of the U. S. Political Advisor for Germany, shown addressing the L. D. S. conference in Berlin. President Alma Sonne of the European Mission is on the stand with President Walter Stover of the East German Mission, and President Jean Wunderlich of the West German Mission.

THE CHURCH IN EUROPE

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[Bristol] only 150 attended yesterday's service, though the church holds 500. And at Stoke Parish Church, seating 1,600, only one seat in five was occupied to hear the sermon on "The Peace of God."

According to the same London newspaper the bishop of Lincoln is reported to have said,

Here in England, 70 percent of our people are outside of the church, and little effort is made to win them back.

Is it any wonder that the Pope of Rome, according to the Catholic newspaper, *Universe*, should say:

The church today faces a religious crisis among the people which is perhaps the most serious religion has had since the beginning of Christianity.

The cause of this drift from religion can perhaps best be stated in the words spoken to the Prophet Joseph Smith in reference to the religious leaders of his day:

... they draw near to me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me; they teach for doctrines the commandments of men, having a form of godliness, but they deny the power thereof.

A report of a commission appointed by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York on religious conditions in Great Britain calls attention to the decline in Christian morals in words as follows:

Depravity is a sure symptom of spiritual disease. The war has revealed, and also accelerated, a sharp decline in truthfulness and personal honesty, and an alarming spread of sexual laxity, and of the gambling fever. . . . Magistrates have expressed their anxiety at the rise (in the serious nature as well as in the quantity) of juvenile crime. School teachers complain of the difficulty of impressing upon their young charges the abomination of lying and stealing which they copy from their elders at home. The government has found it necessary to resort to poster propaganda against venereal disease, and to issue to all medical officers of health a circular on the problem of illegitimate babies. . . . The gravest feature in the whole situation is that there is so little feeling of shame in loose living, still less in untruthfulness or dishonesty. The sense of responsibility and of duty has become undermined. There is no longer a generally accepted moral standard by which men judge their own actions. . . . Dishonesty in private or public affairs is waved aside as the inevitable result of the economic system. The idea of a man as a responsible person is in danger of disappearing with the loss of a belief in a living God.

One wonders to what extent physical and material rehabilitation can succeed in view of the spiritual and moral disintegration in evidence everywhere. Certainly no church leader can give to others something he does not possess himself. The enthusiasm for religion is gone because the basis for faith has been destroyed, and a large percentage of the people have lived without guidance, and the age-long sources of inspiration have been ignored.

Europe is a land of magnificent churches and cathedrals. Their steeples penetrate the skies from cities, towns, hamlets, and countryside. But where is the spirit which prompted their construction? Where is the faith to sustain their use and preservation? They have evidently disappeared before the onslaught of doubt and false learning and beneath the cataclysm and ruin of war.

WITHOUT doubt many people in

Europe are hungry and desperate, for there is "famine in the land." From dawn to dark it is a struggle for them to live. Homes have been destroyed; cities have been blasted; public buildings, shrines, cherished landmarks, transportation facilities, bridges, roads, cathedrals, churches, convents, monasteries, schools, hospitals, gardens, and places of recreation have been seriously damaged if not completely destroyed. The picture, to say the least, is bleak and forbidding. Social life and home conditions have been profoundly disturbed and one hears much complaint and

SOLO FLIGHT

By Georgea Rice Clark

THE man who dares attempt the trailless flight

And looks into the future without fear,
Shall mount with clearing vision through the night

And lift his craft into the stratosphere.
Undaunted, he must bear the cutting pain
Of jagged sleet and stinging, knife-edged wind,

For he must halt and fall and climb again
And through his punishments be disciplined.
The many stand below and watch him soar
To the uncharted paths they never dream
Exist, then turn to crowd within the door
Where plodding duties fill a dull regime.

The man who claims the upper realm his own
Must be resigned to make his trip alone.

sees many outward manifestations of uneasiness and suspicion.

Long queues wait anxiously for the food and the clothing offered for sale. Housewives, especially, are burdened. They are the custodians of the family ration books, clothing coupons, and ration cards, all required before purchases can be made. Each one has a pressing management problem, for the family, whether large or small, must be fed, clothed, and provided with the ordinary household necessities. It is no easy task, for the controls are rigid, and the black markets thrive. There is something superbly praiseworthy about the composure, the loyalty, the ingenuity, and the innate wisdom of these housewives.

Politically, the nations are floundering. Vain and unscrupulous men have discovered a fertile field in which to disseminate their doctrines of distrust and discontent. Division and discord are paving the way for rule by minorities, and the unsuspecting are being headed toward demagoguery and despotism. The danger is that the flourishing democracies of the past will forsake the principles of government to which they owe their former achievements and upon which their foundations have been laid.

These and many other factors of discouragement weigh heavily upon the people. Their hopes have been shattered, their ambitions crushed, and their deepest aspirations frustrated. One sees on every side evidences of a crumbling civilization. Freedom, itself, so necessary for human happiness and progress, is being lost amid the despair and hopelessness of war's desolation.

Regardless of all these evidences of decadence and uncertainty the response to a higher and better way of life is not altogether discouraging. Despite all adverse influences there are visible manifestations among the people, old and young, of the fundamental virtues and the conquering faith which sustained former generations.

THE gospel message is being presented by means heretofore unknown. It is reaching into the various avenues of society and a better understanding of Mormonism is

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

The Need of the World:

SUPER MEN

By Harold J. Christensen

PROFESSOR OF SOCIOLOGY AND FAMILY LIFE
PURDUE UNIVERSITY

IT IS NOT of comic strip characters that I write, nor is my purpose to entertain by dealing with the imaginative. What I have to say here is both serious and practical, for it concerns forces or powers which make men great.

There is, of course, an analogy between the colorful feats of some comic strip men and the actual accomplishments of superior individuals, for in both cases there is seen a power beyond the ordinary, an achievement far ahead of what is anticipated. We cannot hope to rival the feats of fiction nor should we attempt it, but with the help of God and a will to try, we can, in a very real sense, become "supermen."

Man is all that animal is. But potentially man is something much more—he has an intelligence that can be used to lift him far above the animal. The saddest fact of our age is that this divine potential in man is so seldom turned into an actual force for good. There are too many persons today who continue to live on the animal level; there is too much of the commonplace and too little reaching upward; too much selfishness and not enough bigness of soul.

Yet, never before has the world needed supermen so much as it does today.

Apparently, it is not technological advancement alone that humanity needs, for in this age of science mechanical miracles are being performed daily and the wildest technological dreams are realized in the process. In spite of all this, mankind goes right on suffering, and in an intensively never before known.

COULD it be religion that the world needs? Science without a soul is

deceptive and sterile. Knowledge can be used for evil as well as for good, and it has been all too often. Perhaps, after all, motivation is more important than information when it comes to building a better world. Perhaps attitude, spirit, and drive mean more in lifting men to new horizons than do cleverness and technical skill. Certainly it should be clear by now that a mechanized world does not necessarily mean a better world. The progress concept is in need of moral orientation.

Hitler made the mistake of thinking that he could create supermen out of his people by putting machines in their hands and corrupt thoughts in their minds. Both of these techniques are man-made, and neither is enough. Right makes might, rather than the reverse. No man is made superior by merely thinking he is so, or by treading upon others. Righteousness is the only source of lasting power.

It doesn't take supermen to wage war. As a matter of fact, most wars

are carried out on the sub-human level of activity, not the superhuman. Witness atrocity! But it will take supermen to make and maintain peace.

Others, too, have erred in believing that there are shortcuts to superiority, and in grasping at illusions and substitutions. Like the character in *Oklahoma*, many try to have that "wonderful feeling that every-

thing's going my way." Now, optimism is fine so long as it doesn't cause one to sidestep issues or dodge reality. It is a wonderful feeling to know that all is well, but it is no compliment to feel that way if it isn't so. Sometimes people will drink, solicit praise or flattery, brag, bully, spend money conspicuously in order to demonstrate wealth, or in other ways try to steal the feeling that comes with success or superiority. But these are all substitutes; none of them really makes a man superior; and the "hangover" from their use is sometimes terrific.

Superiority is a quality of the soul that comes from thinking deeply and living righteously and generously. It is based upon knowledge, but it is more than that. It is based upon self-righteousness, but it is more than that also. The superior man or woman is the one who is fair and honest in his relationships with others. It is love, fellowship, brotherhood, and self-sacrifice that are at the bottom of true greatness. Without these

"Superiority is a quality of the soul that comes from thinking deeply and living righteously and generously."

virtues man is common and ordinary; with them he is superior. Greatness is born of humility, not of arrogance; of inward righteousness, not of outward show or force. Christ set the example, and all have the call to be

like him.

Religion is the best possible incentive to righteous living, and the better or truer the religion the stronger should be the incentive. Latter-day Saints, then, have every reason to be supermen.

In the spirit of self-improvement, each of us should ask himself how he measures up. Perhaps some will discover that they are a little bit like

"Knowledge can be used for evil as well as for good."

the farmer who, when instructed by his college son on improved farming practices, answered, "Well, son, I am only farming half as well as I know how, now." This farmer lacked in motivation more than he lacked in knowledge. How many of us are in the same fix

An important part of any religion is its vitality. Theology, too, is im-

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Service to the Young Women

By Marba C. Josephson

ASSOCIATE EDITOR



LUCY GRANT CANNON
President

her active Church service as a Sunday School teacher; she then served as organist, secretary, and counselor in the Primary Association. At the age of eighteen she was made a ward president of Y.W.M.I.A., and from that time forward, she has been engaged in Mutual activity with the exception of three years.

In 1901, she filled a mission to the Western States, one of the first unmarried women to go on a regular mission. In 1917, she was called to the general board of the Y.W.M.I.A. She has acted as counselor to two presidents, Martha Horne Tingey and Ruth May Fox, until she was called to be general president. October 29, 1937, which position she held until April 1948, when her health made it wise for her to be released. Together with her appointment as general president of the Mutual, Sister Cannon became the associate

her sisters addressed and stamped thousands of letters to the membership of the Church, urging their support of this vital magazine.

During the trip to Europe which she made with her father, President Heber J. Grant, she wrote a series of articles titled, "The Log of a European Tour," which ran in THE IMPROVEMENT ERA and revealed delightful qualities of mind and spirit as well as her indomitable faith.

Married to George J. Cannon in the Salt Lake Temple, she is the mother of seven children. She has lived to the heritage that is hers as daughter of President Heber J. Grant and Lucy Stringham—and by dint of her own fortitude Sister Cannon has added to that heritage.

We can be sure that Sister Cannon will carry into her new endeavors the same diligence that she has evidenced thus far in her life. While her activities may not be so widespread as they have been as

general president of the Y. W. M. I. A. which has carried her into nearly every stake and mission in the Church, they will be still conducive of great good among those with whom she labors.

VERNA WRIGHT GODDARD, first counselor to Sister Cannon, has made a place for herself among the young women

of the Church. A daughter of Kindness Badger and Joseph A. Wright, she, like Sister Cannon, early became active in the Church, first as a Sunday School teacher and chorister at the age of fourteen. As ward

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

The Retiring Presidency

FOR thirty-one years General President Lucy Grant Cannon has labored in the presidency or on the general board of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association. The news of her release has touched the hearts of the many Mutual workers throughout the Church who have been privileged to partake of her fine spirit and share her testimony.

Sister Cannon has exemplified the gospel in all of her activities. Her faith has been unwavering; her spirit undaunted in trying to bring principles of correct living to the young women of the Church. She began

manager of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA and has served in that capacity since that time. She has long been interested in the welfare of the ERA, for at the time when her father, Heber J. Grant, decided that the ERA was essential to the Church, she with



VERNA W. GODDARD
First Counselor



LUCY T. ANDERSEN
Second Counselor

of the Church through the Y.W.M.I.A.

THE new general presidency of the Y.W.M.I.A. comes into office with a wealth of experience in working with young people. Sister Bertha Stone Reeder of Ogden, Utah, was appointed general president of the Y.W.M.I.A. at the April 1948 general conference, with the provision that the former presidency and board carry on through June conference. Like her predecessor she has rare qualities of mind and spirit. She has a keen, evaluating intellect and a limitless reservoir of spirituality. She has experienced enough of the vicissitudes of life to develop a sympathetic response to problems which confront young women. Added to these rare and essential qualities Sister Reeder has an infinite capacity for work—a necessary qualification for this assignment.

Sister Reeder and her husband, Judge William H. Reeder, Jr., have recently returned from a mission to the New England states, over which they presided for five and one-half years. Her activity in the mission field gave her a rich, new experience which also will prove valuable in her new calling.

Her wide experience in the Church auxiliaries has given her a varied approach for her new position. She has worked in the various organizations of the Church: the Sunday School, the Primary, the Mutual—as a ward, stake board, or a general board member. She understands and loves camp work and is eager to help all girls experience the out-of-doors in order to enrich their lives further. She feels sincerely the need for all girls having the advantages of Mutual work and is especially eager to find ways of

bringing all young women into enrolment in the Y.W.M.I.A.

Her gracious personality will attract young folk to her; her acute understanding of their problems will hold them; her astuteness will aid her in winning more of them to the Mutual.

Brother and Sister Reeder have two sons and a daughter. (See May 1948 ERA, p. 265, for further details.)

Congratulations are due Sister Reeder on her latest assignment in the Church, but lest anyone think that it is all glory, let him think of the responsibilities that devolve upon one called to an office of this kind. Sister Reeder herself when she learned of her appointment began to launder everything in the house that needed washing since she said she simply had to keep busy and refrain from thinking of the appointment. For three or four nights



BERTHA STONE REEDER
President

The Newly Appointed Presidency



EMILY H. BENNETT
First Counselor



LA RUE C. LONGDEN
Second Counselor

needs and qualifications of those whom she wishes to work with her in filling the assignment. The wisdom and inspiration evidenced in the selection of her counselors are indications of her vision. Her insight into the problems that need immediate solution is almost uncanny. She has been gifted with second sight in her judgment of

after she had been sustained general president, she slept very little.

But she has counseled with the former presidency (another sign of her greatness), has asked direction from the advisers from the Council of the Twelve and the First Presidency, and has learned her responsibilities. She has a clear eye to the

people and has the rare quality of being able to convert people to her point of view.

As general president, although she has a truly hospitable and beautiful home in Ogden, she has determined to spend three days in the

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The Facade and Terraces of the National Library

WALES has bequeathed much to the latter-day Church of Jesus Christ—in music, in spiritual idealism, in the lineage of its leaders and members.

Welsh blood permeates the whole Church. In the final analysis it will be found that almost all families among us, in the earlier stages of their pedigrees, will trace one or more lines of their progenitors to Wales.

Many notable leaders of the past are now known to be of that lineage. These include the Prophet Joseph Smith and his two counselors, Frederick G. Williams and Hyrum Smith; President Brigham Young and counselors Heber C. Kimball, Willard Richards, George A. Smith, Jedediah Morgan Grant, Daniel H. Wells, and John W. Young; Presidents John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Lorenzo Snow, Joseph F. Smith, Heber J. Grant; John Henry Smith, Franklin D. Richards, Joseph Young, Seymour B. Young, and George Q. Cannon; and apostles Parley P. Pratt, Orson Pratt, Orson F. Whitney, Rudger Clawson, and Reed Smoot.

Among present General Authorities of Welsh descent are all members of the First Presidency—Presidents George Albert Smith, J. Reuben Clark, Jr., and David O. McKay; at least half of the Twelve—President George F. Richards, Joseph Fielding Smith, Stephen L. Richards, Joseph F. Merrill, Albert E. Bowen, and Spencer W. Kimball; Patriarch Eldred G. Smith; and also Elders Thomas E. McKay and Clifford E. Young; Presidents Levi Edgar Young, Richard L. Evans,

S. Dilworth Young, and Milton R. Hunter, and Presiding Bishop LeGrand Richards.

The conversion of Wales was a cherished plan in the heart of the Prophet in the very last hours of his life.

On the night of June 26-27, 1844, two representatives of that land, fellow prisoners, lay side by side in Carthage Jail. Whispered Joseph Smith to Dan Jones:

"Are you afraid to die?"

"Has that time come, think you?"

Dan responded. "Engaged in such a cause, I do not think that death would have many terrors."

Prophetically Joseph replied: "You will yet see Wales and fulfil the mission appointed you before you die."

Next day Joseph went to a martyr's death. Dan Jones, earlier sent from the prison by the Prophet on an important errand to Governor Ford, was prevented by the mob from re-entering, and escaped those who sought his life, living to perform the promised mission.

NEARLY a year later, at a conference held in Manchester, England, April 7, 1845, Dan Jones, lately arrived from America, was appointed president of the Welsh Conference, then consisting of himself and wife. An eloquent and fluent speaker of both the English and Welsh languages, by the help of the Lord and the earnest force of his spirituality, he had within the space of two years been the means of baptizing and adding to the Church about two thousand members. Thus he became the recognized founder of

The Record

the missionary work in Wales, which has sent to the Church in the west such a bounteous quota of converts.

That was the auspicious beginning of the harvest of souls in Wales.

One century later began the harvest of Welsh records—records of the ancestry of the many thousands of Welsh descendants in the Church today.

Several years ago Colonel Howard S. Bennion, later president of New York Stake, returned from a genealogical quest in Wales, and spoke in glowing terms of the new National Library of Wales at Aberystwyth, of the scholarly and

Aberystwyth from Constitution Hill



progressive attitude of the librarian, Sir William Davies, and of the excellent work being done in calling in, reconditioning, restoring, and photostating dilapidated Welsh parish registers. He felt that if we were in earnest, official permission might be obtained to microfilm such records as were under the jurisdiction of the National Library.

As the microfilming projects of our Genealogical Society expanded to Great Britain, Elder James R. Cunningham, genealogical chairman of the British Mission, visited the National Library of Wales in behalf of our Society on July 10, 1946. He reported:

I was very well received by the librarian and spent two and a half hours in his office and in being shown around the library. It is a very beautiful structure, one of the finest in the country...

The librarian explained to me that it has already been arranged that all the parishes

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Harvest in Wales

By Archibald F. Bennett

GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

of Wales, some fifteen hundred, deposit their parish registers in this central depository where they will be preserved and cared for. . . . It will take from two to three years to have these records brought into the library and filed, etc. To obtain permission to film these registers we will have to contact the Welsh Church commissioners. The librarian has already indicated that he would be happy to let us film the registers. However, the matter will have to be put before the committee. . . .

Sir William Davies, the chief librarian, is a very fine man. He is a member of the Historical Manuscript Commission of the Public Record Office, Chancery Lane, London, and his influence in Wales is great. He already knows quite a lot about our Church, and he introduced me to a man named Bob Owens, who, I am told, knows more than anyone else about the Welshmen who went to America. He knows about the migration of the early Saints. I found him a typically Welsh gentleman with a copious knowledge of Welsh genealogy.

FOLLOWING UP this first favorable response, on June 21, 1947, we boarded a midnight train from London for Aberystwyth, arriving there



The Promenade and War Memorial,
Aberystwyth

at 10 a.m. the next day. We found Aberystwyth a delightful seaside resort, and throughout the day many coaches came bringing holiday groups from surrounding places. We spent a quiet Sunday, strolling around the beach and the crowded waterfront, listening to band concerts and choral singing. It was a glorious day of sunshine filled with hope and joy. We climbed some nearby hills, and from these eminences saw the shimmering sea, calm and blue, stretching far into the distance. It is said that from this place the entire coast of Wales can be seen.

No destruction of war had

reached this secluded spot. But as we walked through lanes and meadows and golf courses, we held our own individual testimony meeting. For Elder Cunningham related harrowing incidents of the bombings in London and testified simply but impressively how the Lord had miraculously preserved his family and the families of the Saints in Great Britain amid all those threatening perils, so that only one Saint had been killed during the air raids on England.

Next morning was the beginning of a very important day. We were up early to fill our appointment at 11 a.m. with Sir William Davies at the National Library. Aloft on a hill we could see it gleaming, white, and imposing, in a beautiful setting. The future of our microfilming in Britain would depend largely on the result of the interview to be held soon within those halls, for we were about to make formal request for permission to begin one of the largest projects of that nature in the British Isles, one likely to require five years of continuous copying.

By 9 a.m. we ascended the steps and stood within the beautiful and fully modern structure. It did not open to the public until 10 a.m., but, eager to learn all we could, we made our purpose known, and Mr. Evan D. Jones, keeper of manuscripts and records, came at once and showed us through the entire library and rooms filled with precious manuscript collections.

Most interesting to us of all we saw was the immense store of records: pedigree, parish, and probate. There were volumes of manuscript pedigrees compiled by famous Welsh genealogists; photostat and transcript copies of parish registers; wills from all of Wales down to the year 1858; and a book bindery doing unbelievably skilful work in restoring old records.

In one manuscript room Mr. Jones unrolled one huge roll which proved to be the parchment pedigree of

Colonel John Jones, one of the regicides who signed the death warrant of King Charles I in 1649. It stretched out the entire length of the room, thirty-two feet, giving not only his lines of ancestry but all the family coats-of-arms in color.

AMONG the volumes in the Peniarth Collection were two large volumes containing the original pedigrees and coats-of-arms of the celebrated genealogist and antiquary of Wales, Robert Vaughan of Hengwrt. Here were the fruits of his lifelong efforts to seek out the lineage of his forefathers, and from him the links of life are traced back in a veritable network of family connections. Of him and his skilful work we had read, and we knew that his daughter, Jane Vaughan, married Robert Owen, and came with him and their well-known son, Dr. Griffith Owen, to Pennsylvania in 1684. The latter was a surgeon, judge, lawmaker, and a leading minister in the Society of Friends. He induced William Penn to set apart 40,000 acres in the new colony as a Welsh tract, to be settled exclusively by Welsh people and where the

(Continued on page 467)



The National Library of Wales
(The Readers' Room)

THE black bear cub stood at bay against the rear wall of the den. His woolly head was thrust forward, and there was defiance in his little eyes as he watched the flat, yellow thing creeping ever so slowly toward him from the entrance. While he had been drowsing, the dry moss and bracken had been pawed from the doorway, his mother had gone, and he was left alone to face this formless shining thing.

The cub knew nothing of what lay outside. This den in the hollow cedar was his world; weeks ago he had been born here, and until now he had shared it with his mother. This glaring enemy dazzled him. Outside, the warming April wind droned lazily through the evergreens, and the swollen mountain stream filled the den with a vibrant undertone of movement. The cedar branches draping the entrance stirred again, and a spearhead of invading sunlight shot forward and touched his flank.

For a half second he tried to shrink closer to the wall, and then he whirled and cuffed left and right at the gleaming thing. He did not squall for his mother as other cubs might have done. He fought. In this, his first contact with the British Columbia wilderness, his staunch heart would not surrender. In body he was weak, but in spirit Tyee the cub was well fitted for the months which lay ahead.

Then unexpectedly his mother came, and the instant her body blocked the doorway the yellow thing vanished. His mother backed out and called him with throaty, coaxing growls. Warily he inclined his roly-poly body forward, shuffled on all fours to the door and ventured out. Within a few minutes he was accepting the light as unquestionably as did his mother.

DURING the next few days, the cub learned much of outdoor scents and sounds. Sometimes he trudged at his mother's flank while she went to the bottom of the draw and dug skunk cabbage roots from the black ground. Sometimes he sat, unquestioning and patient, while she reared to her full height and raked her claws through the bark of a small cedar, gouging deep into the white sapwood and shred-

TYEE

The Valiant

By

HUBERT EVANS

ding the outer bark to fluffy streamers in her effort to blunt and strengthen her claws after the long disuse of the winter. Then one morning while the "swamp robins" piped their cool, unvaried song, the old bear led Tyee down the sidehill toward the blue lake in the valley miles away.

Wild things in that northland forest were stirring, in answer to the spring's rousing summons. Blue and willow grouse hooted and drummed. Above the high tops of spruce and cedar, dense flocks of grosbeaks wheeled and spiraled in graceful, joyous flight. Tyee was pleased, curious of all things they passed. But for his mother there was the menace of the enemy who had trailed her so persistently last season; for her the armistice with winter was over, and she must be on her guard.

Last spring, under the big trees through whose shadows she must pass today, she had killed an Indian. She had been crossing a small open place when a rifle shot from down wind had raked her shoulder. As she spun around, clawing at the searing hurt, a young Indian had broken cover from a devil-club thicket, and she had charged him. His second and third shots had missed. He never fired again, but as the bear mauled him, his scream brought his brother to the scene. The bear had fled, followed by a futile shot, but from that day, Kitlobe, the brother of the slain Indian, had taken up the feud. So far, by cunning or by fortune's whim, she had escaped.

After her long hibernation, the old bear was ravenous. The warty roots of the skunk cabbage were edible, but lean and with a cub to feed, she craved flesh. She kept persistently on until, hours later, they reached the valley bottom. Sometimes she drove the cub ahead of her, cuffing

him when he dawdled. At last the afternoon sunlight twinkled through the lichen-dappled trunks ahead, and they heard the faint murmur of waves on the lake's shelving beaches. The old bear stopped, for from the shore the breeze carried to her the intoxicating odor of meat.

Swinging her head greedily she gathered the scent into her nostrils. She started, and when Tyee began to follow, she snarled and ordered him to sit down and wait for her here. Half an hour passed and dutifully he stayed in hiding. A winter wren teetered on the tips of hemlock brush in front of him, singing a song whose jerky trills and liquid staccatos made Tyee lift his ears and crane his neck to watch. Then from the shore a dull explosion sounded. The shy song ceased, the singer vanished, and Tyee was alone.

THE cub knew nothing of man or man's weapons, but the surly vehemence of the report brought a danger warning. A shadow swept over the moss close by, and at the raucous jeer of a Steller's jay he swung onto his fat haunches, his paws dangling to defend himself. But the blue pirate kept on its way. It understood the meaning of that shot and knew there might be feasting in the brush beside the lake.

The afternoon ended. Chilling air currents came to Tyee through the spreading gloom from the snow fields high up the valley. He was hungry, but his mother would soon come to him. She always had. Night found him traveling aimlessly, but because he was Tyee, the valiant, it never occurred to him that he was beaten.

Once, long after dark, he was circling a thicket when a doe bounded up, her sharp front hoofs stabbing the moss in scared defiance. The doe snorted and vanished in

one clean swinging bound. But three hours later, in the blackness just before the gray invasion of the dawn, an enemy that was neither fleet nor wary wounded him.

Whimpering dolorously from hunger and cold, he was plodding around the splayed roots of a spruce when a drab shape directly in his path stirred with a brittle rustling. Tyee read the threat and dealt the creature a cuff on the head, when with surprising agility the porcupine whirled, and a dozen quills remained in the paw's fleshy pad. The cub

of a noisy stream which ran across the timbered flat to join the lake.

Whimpering softly, he sat beside a boulder and licked his smarting paw. He could not cross this creek, and so he put his throbbing foreleg down again and started to limp lake-ward, bedraggled, crippled, but unbeaten. Dawn had come fully when he reached the creek mouth and saw the squat cabin just above the line of driftwood on the beach.

He lifted his forefeet to a fallen log and, craning his neck, he had an unbroken view of the log shack. He

"You're pretty young for that. Have to pull those quills." Powers turned to the door. "Kitlobe!" he shouted.

Kitlobe Joe, the Indian packer, came out and eyed the prisoner.

"Wonder where the old lady got to?" his employer commented. He intended to remove those quills, but first he wanted to be sure the protests of the patient would not bring an infuriated parent to interrupt the operation.

"She no hurt peoples more," the Siwash stated. He started at Tyee with complacent triumph. "Long time I hunt that old bear—now she dead. Sure."

"How you figger that?"

"You know that deer I kill up lake las' week? All right. I leave head, insides. I fix set gun. I know that bear come. That *cultus* bear dead now." Tyee's snarls made him turn.

"You wait here. I fix this one too," he went on and started indoors for his rifle.

"Put that away," the cruiser ordered when the Indian appeared with the weapon. "I want to get those quills out. Go fetch a blanket."

Reluctantly Kitlobe obeyed. This big white man with his silly habit of making pets of squirrels, jays, and any other wild thing that came near the cabin, was certainly unwise in befriending the offspring of a bear who was a killer. The Indian brought the blanket and after Tyee had been bundled up in it, he held the paw of the struggling cub while his employer, with the aid of a pair of pliers, drew out the quills.

Kitlobe Joe felt sure that this cub belonged to the she-bear who had killed his brother. And that afternoon when he returned from up the lake and dumped the hide of the old bear into the woodshed, the cub's behavior was final proof of the truth of his surmise. Tyee ran to it, nuzzling the rumpled fur, whining with such pathetic eagerness and perplexity that Powers gruffly and emphatically ordered the Indian to take it away.

"All right," Kitlobe grunted. This sentimental softness of his employer made him feel superior. He would have nothing to do with such nonsense, and this fostering of the cub whose mother had killed his young brother filled him with deep resentment. But he could wait. His time would come.

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Tyee, still half-crazed by the fight, whirled to face Kitlobe but this time the rifle was not leveled.

saw its lean-to woodshed and the high prowed Indian dugout drawn up on the sloping gravel. The place was very quiet; even the creek slipped soundlessly here between its level banks, and on some point far across the lake a flock of Canada geese were gossiping excitedly as they circled low over some promising new feeding ground. After the sinister gloom of the forest, the weathered cabin and its meager clearing promised a vague security. Tyee scrambled over the log, limped forward and found himself on the trodden ground outside the woodshed door.

THE littered interior held memories of the den he had left, and after a few suspicious snufflings he entered, hobbled to the farthest corner and curled up on a pile of clean smelling cedar shavings he found there. Instantly, like a wearied puppy, he dropped his head and slept.

Half an hour later Tyee swayed, snarling, to his feet. Confused by the strangeness of the place, drugged by fatigue, he sensed the danger. Then he saw the man standing in the doorway.

"No need to get huffy about it, young feller-me-lad," the timber cruiser grinned. "I didn't ask you to den up in my woodshed."

Tyee, at bay, glared ferociously. Then Bill Powers, the cruiser, saw the wounded paw.

shook his paw and stood his ground, snarling. The porcupine waited, signaling defiance with a warning slap of its blunt tail. Then it waddled hurriedly into the gloom.

Tyee watched it go. He shook his paw again, sucking it and gnawing peevishly at the stinging bristles embedded there. Then he too shuffled on his way.

As the long night wore on, Tyee lost all sense of his location. At last, when the first of the dawn began to filter through the thatch of boughs above, he found himself on the banks

"the land NOBODY wanted"

By John D. Giles

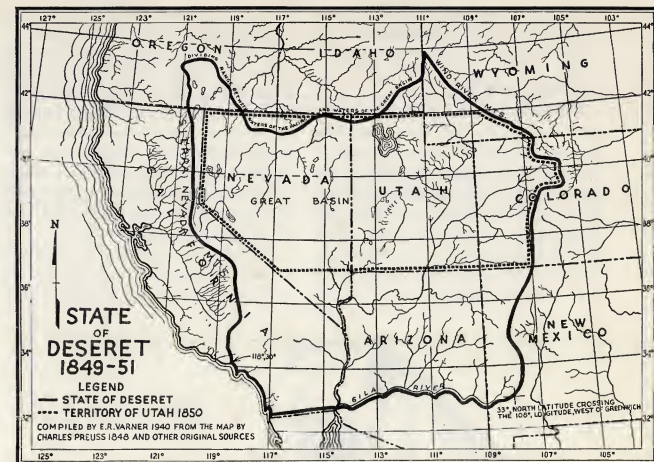
EXECUTIVE SECRETARY,
UTAH PIONEER TRAILS AND
LANDMARKS ASSOCIATION
AND BUSINESS MANAGER
"THE IMPROVEMENT ERA"

WHEN Brigham Young led the Utah pioneers into the valley of the Great Salt Lake in July 1847, he brought them to a land nobody else wanted. Daniel Webster on the floor of the United States Senate had described the entire mountain and plains section as worthless land infested with wild animals, Indians, and rattlesnakes.

When Fathers Escalante and Dominguez, Catholic priests of the Franciscan Order, were in what is now Utah, in 1776, they reported that there might be a few desirable locations for settlement in the Utah Valley and farther south, but they had no enthusiasm for the area to the north. Fifty years later when the trappers under General William H. Ashley came, they saw no opportunity for settlements and carried that word back to the frontier on the Missouri River and elsewhere. When Captain B. L. E. Bonneville came into the mountains in 1832 with a scientific expedition, neither he nor the men he sent out over

As Brigham Young read the reports of those who had explored this region, he realized that just such a country was what the Latter-day Saints were looking for.

this area saw any future for what is now Utah. When Captain John C. Frémont came into the present Utah in 1843, he came with definite instructions to search out places where American colonies could be located. The British-owned Hudson Bay Company was gradually work-



—Courtesy, Utah State Historical Society; from "State of Deseret," "Utah Historical Quarterly," Vol. 8

ing toward the Rocky Mountain region from the northwest, with covetous eyes upon what was then regarded as merely rich fur trapping country.

Senator Thomas H. Benton of Missouri, chief sponsor of the Frémont expedition, realized that a race was on between Great Britain and the United States for what later proved to be one of the world's richest prizes—the Rocky Mountain region. He figured that if we had colonies established in the mountains we would have a claim prior to that of Great Britain.

Captain Frémont, accustomed as he was to areas where vegetation grew everywhere, failed to see the potentialities of this dry and barren desert land. Irrigation was practically unknown in this country, and was used in only a very primitive manner, even where it was being practised in some parts of the world.

gon, then an area of uncertain boundary in the northwest, or to California, of equally uncertain boundary, in the southwest. No one, looking for farm lands, stopped in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains. Under these conditions, as Brigham Young read the reports of those who had explored this region, he realized that just such a country was what the Latter-day Saints were looking for. He told his associates that he was looking for a place nobody else wanted. He could readily see that, at least for many years, there would be little if any competition for land in the Rocky Mountains. So he brought his people to the mountain valley to establish permanent homes and churches where they could worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences.

When Brigham Young met Jim Bridger on the Little Sandy River, in what is now Wyoming, the discouraging picture painted by the man who probably knew the Salt Lake Valley better than any other man then living, served only to increase the determination of the pioneer leader to follow the course he had already charted. Referring to the historic meeting on the Little Sandy, it was reported some years later that as the Mormon pioneers continued their journey westward, Bridger said to the men with him, "I don't care what happens to those

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

I visit the NAVAJOS

By S. Dilworth Young

OF THE FIRST COUNCIL OF THE SEVENTY

MARTIN BUSHMAN, Donald Davis, and I walked swiftly in the cold toward the waiting car. Overhead the stars seemed exceptionally bright in the high dry air. Orion and the Pleiades seemed closer than usual as they swung in their long arc across the sky. In the low east a faint streak of light pre-gauged the coming dawn. It was a great morning, an invigorating morning.

We headed the car north toward Holbrook. Beyond Holbrook we would find the desert—the painted desert—the buttes, the mesas—and the Navajos. So we were animated, eager, and interested.

"The Navajos call Snowflake *To-dhil-thkisth-bee-hee*," observed Martin Bushman. "*To-dhil-thkisth*, means 'black water'—*bee-hee* is the word for canyon—so you have Black Water Canyon."

"The road we are on," he continued, "is called *á-teen* (swallow the 'n'); our car is a *chitti*, so the road we are on is *chitti-á-teen*. One thing you brethren must not do is call the Indian home a hogan. It is pronounced as though it were spelled *ho'-gōne*, swallowing the final *ne* down your throat. You don't want your house pronounced 'hoose.' Well, the Navajos don't want you to *Anne* their home, either.

"The Navajos are very proud people. The Apaches call them *U-tuh-hān*. Sort of swallow the *tuh* and make the *hān* abrupt with the *n* half swallowed. This means high up house—or lives high up."

I interrupted, "Could that be one of the derivatives of Utah, and does Utah mean 'dwellers in the high la..s'?"

"I suppose so—at least I've heard that Utah means 'top of the mountains'—but they don't call themselves that. They refer to themselves as *Dineh*—'the men'—'the people.'"

The Navajos consider themselves superior people—and therefore are indeed "the men," "the people." "I'd like that to be in the hearts of our Scouts," I mused, "the men." Somehow the word makes them larger in our eyes, with new dignity.

WE sped through Holbrook and out into the desert.

"They call Holbrook *D(t)ish-yah-kin*," said Martin as we drove through. "It means 'square houses under the trees.'"

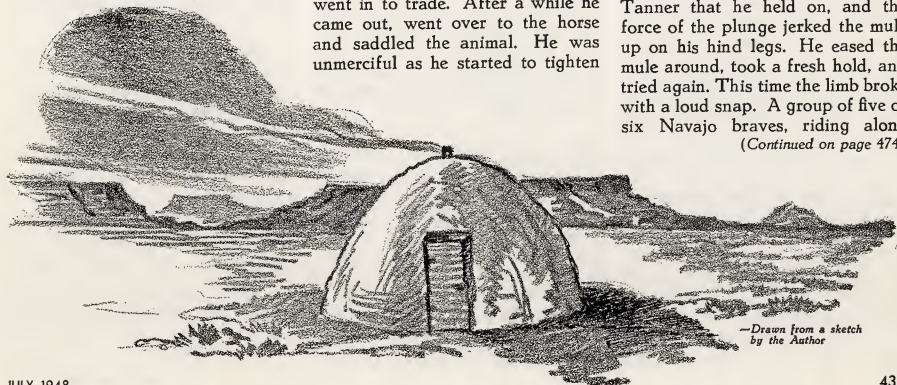
"What are some of the Navajo characteristics?" we asked as we were approaching a long line of buttes and mesas.

"I can tell you a story about that," Martin began. "My grandfather, John Bushman, was the keeper of the storehouse of the United Order in Joseph City. The Navajos called him *Naish-knee*, a trader, or to trade. One day a chief came to the post riding on a buckskin, glass-eyed stallion. He tied up the horse, removed the saddle and went in to trade. After a while he came out, went over to the horse and saddled the animal. He was unmerciful as he started to tighten

the cinch, and did it in great jerks. The horse was thrown off balance, and in the course of its plunging, brought one front hoof down on the Indian's moccasined foot, then left it there. The chief continued to saddle up—his foot pinned down—with no change of expression. When he got through, he reached down, took the horse's fetlock and extricated his foot. Then he walked over to a rock, sat down, took off the moccasin, felt his foot, which was rapidly turning black and blue, replaced the moccasin, walked without limping to the horse, mounted and rode away as though nothing had happened. That is one side of Navajo character.

"But," he continued, "they are also very curious about things. In the early days when people were coming into this country, the pioneers were breaking a road over the Buckskin Mountain (Kaibab plateau), and one of the outsiders was Seth Tanner. Tanner was a large man and had muscles like iron bands. He was riding ahead of the wagon train on a strong mule, marking out a trail to follow. At one place a large juniper limb hung out over the proposed road. He rode up to the limb, hooked the limb with his arm, and grasped the horn of the saddle with his hand. He spurred the mule which lunged forward. Although the limb didn't break, so strong was Tanner that he held on, and the force of the plunge jerked the mule up on his hind legs. He eased the mule around, took a fresh hold, and tried again. This time the limb broke with a loud snap. A group of five or six Navajo braves, riding along

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—Drawn from a sketch by the Author

The story of the HORSE CHESTNUT

By
James H. Heron

HORSE CHESTNUT TREES have again blossomed in our land. Like sweet heralds of late spring announcing the warm summer days to come they kissed our streets and lanes into joyous avenues of beauty. Yet, few of us realize what a magnificent part this exotic tree has played in our history. It is not just another tree in bloom, not just another shade tree to linger under during the hot days of the summer; it is a symbol of the American nation, a memorial and monument to our early beginning as a nation. Yes, that and more, for it has become a greater symbol than it was at first when the Father of this country set out and named thirteen horse chestnut trees for the thirteen original states. This springtime bower of beauty has so adapted itself to our soil and climate that it has become the only tree of all the trees of our land that grows in every state of the Union, according to the Boy Scout handbook. It is truly a monument to our American nation.

Many of our people think that the horse chestnut and the buckeye are one and the same. True, they are of the same family but are quite different in character. The buckeye has leaflets widest in the center while the leaflets of the horse chestnut are widest near the outer edge. The blooms also are different. The buckeye has a greenish-yellowish tinted bloom that has an ill-smelling odor, while the horse chestnut blooms are larger and of a pinkish white in color, with a slight fragrance. The buckeye is a native of this country, coming from the region of the Ohio Valley, while the horse chestnut is an emigrant tree coming from the valleys and hills of Greece. History tells us it came to France in 1600 and was first recorded in England in 1633. In 1699, Sir Christopher Wren, the great architect who built St. Paul's Cathedral was given a commission to landscape the king's

summer palace, Hampton Court, in Bushy Park, just outside of London. On a mile-long, wide avenue approaching the front door, he planted a double row of horse chestnut trees. They are perfect pyramids of grace and beauty today in their two hundred forty-ninth year. The Sunday falling between the 19th and 26th of



FEW OF US REALIZE WHAT A MAGNIFICENT PART THIS EXOTIC TREE HAS PLAYED IN OUR COUNTRY'S HISTORY.

May is named, "Chestnut Sunday," and all London's fashionable society folk parade this avenue of exotic loveliness, just as society in New York parades Fifth Avenue on Easter Sunday.

ON Benjamin Franklin's first visit to London he saw these trees in bloom and arranged with scientist-botanist, Peter Callison, to send a quantity of the seed nuts to botanist John Bartram of Bartram's Gardens, Philadelphia. It is recorded in correspondence between these two gentlemen that only one of the nuts sent by Callison germinated and grew. It was during the summer of

1787, when the Constitutional Convention was in session in Philadelphia, that Washington and one or two intimate associates, upon a visit to Bartram's Gardens, first were attracted by the beauty of the horse chestnut. This lone tree which grew in the front of the botanist's home was much admired by General Washington, and its shade was so inviting that, after the weary sessions of the convention were through for the day, he and his companions would often come to enjoy the rest and fresh air they so sorely needed. Is it little wonder then that we find in his diary:

Ap. 2nd, 1788. Transferred from a box in the garden, to the shrubbery by the garden wall, thirteen plants of the horse chestnut.

This was the spring following the signing of the Constitution and the great man was at his home in Mount Vernon, Virginia, but the young trees were not planted at Mount Vernon. If they had been, there would have been horse chestnut trees of great age there today. Well authenticated tradition tells us the thirteen horse chestnut trees were planted in Fredericksburg,

Virginia, Washington's boyhood town, between his sister's and his mother's homes. It was like the great man to do this, to give into his mother's keeping these young trees he had named for the states which constituted the nucleus of the nation he and his contemporaries profoundly hoped would result in the adoption of the Constitution, and there was much doubt of its adoption at that time. The experience of these monumental trees since their planting would almost prove conclusively the truth of the tradition.

Today, one lone tree remains which now represents the spiritual oneness of the nation, the United States of America.

"WHAT'S SHE GOT?"

HOW OFTEN we hear that question, "What's she got that makes all the boys like her?" Or, "What's he got that I haven't got?" It's usually asked in fun, but it's plenty serious too. All of us want to know what it takes—to make friends, to hold office, to have a happy, social life.

For the young, friends and dates and fun are important—not as important perhaps as some other things—but important because of their immediate joy and their future possibilities. Life is a spiraling sort of thing, and one success ascends to other successes; a little happiness creates more happiness; and if we don't lose sight of the important ends, we can grow from a bright young person to a charming grown person; from a thoughtful young girl, to an unselfish older woman, from a considerate youth, to a cultured man.

We all know this—or should know it. We all know how important it is to feel needed and a part of our group. So don't be ashamed of wanting to be liked—only don't take it too seriously!

With all this in mind, I asked a good many questions of a good many young people. We made lists—lists of what boys like in girls and lists of what girls like in boys. The lists were a yard long and included everything from good manners to good marks, from poise to "poisonality," from a sense of humor to just sense.

We looked the list over, and I observed that I knew some young people who, as far as I could see, had all of these listed qualifications and yet did not quite "make the grade." Why?

"Well," said one young man, "take Carl, for instance. He's good fun, but sometimes he overdoes it. He doesn't know when he's getting too noisy and rowdy, and making a nuisance of himself."

"Or Joan," spoke up one of the girls, "she's poised, and we all would give our eyeteeth to look as well groomed, only sometimes she's just too smooth—she makes everyone uncomfortable."

"Every kid doesn't overdo it. Some of them underdo it," said another. "They have a swell sense of



By
Mary Brentnall

humor until the joke's on them, and then they can't quite take it. They get mad or they burst into tears."

"We're asking quite a bit when we expect perfection in 'teen agers," I observed, "or even in young men

Let's

TALK IT OVER

and women in their twenties. We're all a little overdone or underdone—at least in some spots—and that doesn't rule us out from a fair share of happiness. None of you would rate yourself as 'baked to a turn' I'm sure, yet you're all averagely successful. At least you boys seem to need the family car fairly often, and you girls get out your formals rather frequently."

"Maybe it will help if we go negative and find out what you dislike most in your dating partners. Let's start with the girls."

"One of the things that bothers me most," said Shawna, "is for a boy to treat me like a punching bag."

"You don't mean that boys actually hit you?"

"Oh, not hard, of course," she explained. "In fact, sometimes they don't even touch you. But they go through a sort of sparring motion—do a little shadow boxing all around you. It's a form of nervousness, I suppose, and a little of the 'show-off' instinct."

"The thing that bothers me most is for a boy to treat me as if I weren't even with him, when we're out at a party together." This from Ruth.

"You mean that he pays too much attention to other girls?"

"Not necessarily. He's just so public spirited that he doesn't want anyone to imagine for one moment that I mean anything to him—you know—a sort of 'one-world, and all-men-are-brothers, and all-girls-look-alike-to-me, and Ruth-and-I-just-happened-to-come-in-together,' attitude."

"Well, I get burned up most when a boy has been dating me fairly frequently—dragging me to all the western movies in town and all the hamburger stands—and then something special comes along—a school dance, or a bang-up show, or even one of the final basketball games, and I'm dying to go, and he doesn't ask me!"

"MAYBE we'd better give the boys a chance now," I interrupted hastily. "What do you dislike most in girls, Charlie?"

"A girl that latches on to you, takes hold of your arm, and acts as if she had you signed up for life."

"Comes a time," I murmured. Being feminine, I found myself a little on the defensive.

"I'll take anything but an untidy damsel, with ratty hair and fingernails bitten to the bone; her stocking seams every which way, and her lipstick smeared." Jim was speaking.

"The thing that gets me is a girl who wants to know just where she stands but doesn't give out at all herself."

"What do you mean 'just where she stands'?"

"Oh, you know—do I like her the best—would I rather date her than anyone else—and why don't we go steady? Only, of course, she can't go steady because she isn't the one who does the asking, and it would look funny. So why don't I go steady with her, and she will with me really—only not always!"

"Or the girl who asks all her girl friends what to do about our little misunderstanding, when it should be just between us," complained Dick.

Consternation showed on the
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"WHAT'S SHE GOT?"

(Continued from page 439)

faces of the girls. "Let's try another point of view," I suggested. "What is it about a girl that makes you want to date her the very first time?"

THERE was quite a pause, and then Bill spoke up. "That's a hard one," he said. "I've been attracted by a lot of girls—short and tall—dark and light—gay and quiet—all very different—and the only thing I can think of that they all had was a look of being put together with care, outside and inside. Physically, they were neat—even the curly-haired redhead." We must have looked a little baffled, because he continued: "They were all in one piece. And they looked happy as if they were not all torn with anxieties and doubts. They had some inner assurance. They carried themselves well, and there was a lilt to their voices. Maybe I'm alone in all this, but I think it's what first attracts me."

"There's another thing I noticed," said Charlie; "the girl who appeals to me on first acquaintance is always friendly and interested and yet has something in reserve; and no matter how many times I take her out, no matter how friendly she is and how much fun we have, there's still something in reserve."

"Is that the whole story?" I asked.

"I should say not," said Larry. "What I like is just good looks. I want to be sure that when I take a girl out for the first time, all my friends are inwardly whistling and saying, 'Larry sure can pick 'em.'"

"That's Larry for you," laughed Jim. "And believe me he can pick 'em. Myself, I want them clean and well set up too, but I don't want any whistling—not even inwardly. I want to feel that there's a good chance of going on to a second or third date. So when I look at a girl and consider asking her out for the first time, I think: has she got what it takes so that if we click this time, I'll want to try again? I guess I'm a little cautious."

"How do you find out if she's 'got what it takes'?" I asked.

"I can't always, but I try to talk with her for a while and get some sort of impression. And I notice

who her friends are—who she goes around with because that's usually a clue to her thinking and her principles—not always, of course, but usually."

I turned to the girls. "What do you look for in a first date?"

"Just an invitation," moaned Mary. "Sometimes we kind of pick out a boy and work on him, but if we do, we usually know him well enough so that we're not taking much of a chance. Otherwise we go where and when we're invited and hope for the best."

"You don't mean that you'd go with anyone any time?"

"Not quite. We have to know them a little—unless it's a blind date, and on a blind date, we're cautious as all get out. We go

MOONLIGHT SONATA

By Pauline Starkweather

Adagio sostenuto

ADJUST the dial . . . now this stagnant air
Is cool with moonlight. Quiet waters flow
Serene and deep, and rippling as they go.
The night is still.

Someone is walking there
Alone, someone with moonlight on his hair
And in his heart a new adagio—
This cosmic peace that all the world may
know,
For all the troubled world this pure, white
prayer.

No rapids break the spell, no rocks, no
foam—

Only a river rippling quietly
Its muted obligato to the night;
Only the waters moving toward the sea
Beneath a shining coverlet of light;
And the peaceful waters going home.

in gangs and stay in gangs and the 'blindies' have to be vouched for within an inch of their lives by all the others. But really our situation is different from the boys. Unless it's someone we know well and like a lot, the first date isn't very important. We're too nervous, and we're wondering if he'll ask us out again because if there is one thing that hurts a girl's pride it's to be asked out once and then dropped. The only thing that's worse is to ask a fellow to a girl's dance and be turned down for no good reason."

"What about the second and third dates?" I asked.

"You should always try a second date," said Paul. "If a girl's worth asking out once, she's worth asking out at least twice. The first one isn't a real test. You have to put a girl at ease by asking her out again, and often when the first time isn't a rousing success, the second may be. You're on your way to getting acquainted, and while you won't find perfection, you may find something that looks mighty near it to you."

"Yea, it's on the second or third or twentieth date that you find out if a girl is 'catty.' 'Nay, speak no ill' is one of my most important girl laws," spake Jim.

"Jealousy is the black beast I despise in boy friends," countered Marie sweetly. "It's nice to be allowed to be friendly to other boys without getting glared at."

"I'm tired of boys who feel that a date is no fun unless they've had a round of loving." This from Ruth. "Can't a boy tell that it gets pretty tough for us?"

"Well," said Bill thoughtfully, "a fellow likes to know that a girl likes him. Some girls just have an atmosphere of interest about them that makes you feel good. They have a way of letting you know that they're happy to be with you, and you don't feel that you've got to break down 'cold country' and find out a few things. So you respect their ideas and leave them alone of they aren't the kissing kind—or you aren't. And thank heaven there are still some of us left."

"The things that really get a girl—that she likes best in a boy she dates are the little attentions—the funny notes, the Valentines, and the little unexpected things that let you know a boy is thinking about you." Katherine was speaking for the first time.

"And," Bill answered quickly, "the girl who gets them is the one that *shows* that she thinks it's marvelous."

"What about the moody girl?" I asked. I had been talking a day or two before to a baffled young man about the bewildering moods of girls.

Everyone laughed. "Nearly every girl is a little bit moody. She is often embarrassed about it herself

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

The Fallacy of

MODERATE DRINKING

By Joy Elmer Morgan

EDITOR,
NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION
"JOURNAL"

WILSON DAVIS stood beside the pavement where it curved toward a high bank. He was looking up the road for a passing motorist as he waited near the bodies of his dead daughter and badly injured wife. Davis was not a heavy drinker. He had never been known to be drunk. He was not even a regular drinker, but on special occasions he drank with the others "just to be sociable." He had indulged this practice just before he left the pleasant vacation resort for the home to which he must now take a crippled wife and the remains of his only child.

Like many so-called moderate drinkers, he had not realized that even a small amount of alcohol so poisons the nerves as to make them unreliable in such delicate operations as driving a car at high speed. With variations in detail this case could be multiplied by tens of thousands each year. Frequently it is not the drinking driver or his family who pays the price, but an innocent third party who happens to be on the road at the time.

Percy Moore, the only son of a rich father, came into maturity between the wars when it became fashionable for young men and women to drink together. He married a promising young woman, and they thought to brighten their home life in the evenings by a social glass together with their friends.

Things went fairly well for a few years. A baby girl was born to the union, and there was promise of a happy and successful future for the family. Then the wife began drinking to excess and soon became an habitual drunkard—a heavy liability to the young husband and a danger to the child. What should have been a fine, happy home ended in divorce and disaster for all parties. Another home had been wrecked on the fallacy that moderate drinking in the home is a desirable social grace.

JOHN HARPER was a likable young man. He had earned his own way through college, and had learned how to work and how to lead—two valuable assets in modern life. Having little money during his

college years, he had not used liquor. He went out into the business world where he was popular, and advanced rapidly. He had one salary raise after another, and soon became one of a group of assistant managers. As the manager was nearing retirement, the firm was on the lookout for his successor. John Harper was almost certain to be given the post.

But John, like so many others, could not stand prosperity. A counterinfluence had wormed its way into his life. The set he associated with had cocktail parties. He became a moderate drinker, then an excessive drinker. The quality of his work began to decline. His associates saw clearly that he was slipping. Another man—less able, but with steady habits—was chosen as manager. John Harper had been fooled by the fallacy that one can be a moderate drinker and still attain the highest success in business.

These cases from my own observation illustrate the fallacy of moderate drinking as a solution of the liquor problem. They are true cases, although other names have been substituted for the real ones. Any observant person can parallel them with cases from his own knowledge. They could be multiplied almost indefinitely.

Such incidents mount up to a terrible accumulation of evidence against individuals and to the social disaster that results from moderate drinking. Judgment based on such evidence does not require the added weight of so-called scientific research. It is more than scientific. It is common sense, the kind of common sense that has made every great teacher of all the ages take his stand against the use of intoxicants.

DRINKING in moderation is not the solution of our liquor problem; it is the main cause of that prob-

lem. If one drinks at all, he is likely to be caught in the network of social custom until he drinks to excess. Who has not seen in a railway club car a group of men around a table? One man buys a round of whiskies, and then a second man, and a third, and a fourth—each feeling that if he accepts a favor he must return it, each having less resistance and less sense as intoxication advances.

The moderate drinker is always a candidate for alcoholism. Not one of the 750,000 drunkards in our country—many of them men and women of the greatest possibility and promise—started out with the intention of becoming a drunkard. Not one of the three million men and women who have come to drink to such excess that their alcohol slavery is a constant menace to their lives and careers started out with the thought of becoming an excessive drinker. These excessive drinkers were recruited from the moderates and may at any time be added to the army of drunkards. It is a terrible toll for any nation that calls itself civilized. It has no place in a high-energy, air-borne, atomic age.

It may be for our generation to decide whether we shall follow the path of less advanced peoples and allow the liquor cancer to eat the life out of our civilization, or whether we shall mark out a new path as we have in other fields and raise a standard to which the wise and honest of all the earth may repair.

We can have freedom, peace, and progress as the full power of our technological civilization is used constructively, or we can have license and much drinking. We cannot have both. We shall have to choose and to teach our children to choose. We shall have to meet with kindly reasonableness the efforts of the organized liquor interests to establish "moderate drinking" as a

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MULEK of Zarahemla

By J. N. WASHBURN

SYNOPSIS

MULEK loved Zarahemla, the city of his forefathers, where two factions were striving for power, one ruled by Amalickiah, a man of tremendous powers and winning manners, who had caused a rupture in the country, and Moroni, young chief captain of the armies of the Nephites, who went everywhere, encouraging, instructing, pleading with the people to unite in the country's defense. Accustomed to receiving the adulation of the people, Mulek was consumed with jealousy at his fall from favor. In order to call attention to himself he had mocked the priests of the church and allied himself with Amalickiah. Then, to win their praise he decided to support Moroni's projects. Mulek was eager to win the favor of the girl, Zorah, niece of Amram, a boatmaker. He devised ways of meeting her, but Zorah was too intent on the political unrest to be interested in him, and was lavish in her praise of Moroni, which added to Mulek's envy. Was he never to be free of this sense of his inferiority? But he determined in some way to win Zorah's approval. When, therefore, one of his friends approached him with the idea that he become king—even as his forefathers had been kings—he entertained the thought. A general election was called for and granted by Pahoran, chief judge, as to which kind of government was the more desirable. In the voting the king-men lost, at the very moment when Amalickiah led the Lamanites against the land. When the king-men were asked to support the government, they refused. Beside himself with worry, Pahoran sent word to Moroni, in the land of Bountiful to come posthaste to the defense of Zarahemla.

CHAPTER VII

MORONI, fearful of the outcome, did what a wise commander could do, and it was little enough. He left Teancum and Lehi in charge of matters in the east and went with all speed to the defense of the capital, to pull down the pride and the nobility of the king-men, as he put it.

Meanwhile the king-men were also busy. Pachus and Mulek set about gathering their forces and preparing their fortifications. Certainly they were not to be taken lightly. There were thousands of the king-men, and they were bitter and determined. Knowing they were to fight for their lives, they provided every advantage within their power. Nor did they lack for money, weapons, or food.

One evening word came that Moroni was marching on the city and would arrive next day with his

army. The king-men took up their position and waited the coming of the captain.

Mulek, fuming and fretting in the darkness, his dreams dead, his fine prospects, worse than gone, was literally hot with anger and mad with mortification and disappointment. To make things worse for him, his ultimate degradation, if it were to come at all, would come at the hands of Moroni whom he blamed for most of his troubles.

It was insupportable!

He felt a tap on his shoulder and turned to see a soldier standing in the darkness at his side.

"What is it?" he asked.

"A woman is waiting and wishes to speak with you," the other informed him.

"A woman?"

In surprise he followed the man through the streets to the extreme limit of the position occupied by Pachus' forces. There guards prevented the entrance of any of whom they were not sure. There the woman was waiting. Even though Mulek's eyes were accustomed to the dark, he could not for a moment guess at her identity, so closely was she veiled. Then he recognized her. It was Zorah!

For one brief instant all his heaviness left him. The weights fell from his shoulders; the lines left his brow. He felt an upsurge of pure happiness, of instant relief. He wanted to take her in his arms, but she was so still and unresponsive that he dared not touch her at first. At length he took her hand and found it cold as a stone.

"Zorah," he whispered, "is it really you? If there is any heaven, you stand at the door of it." For a moment she did not speak but at last found her voice.

"What mad thing is this you do, Mulek?" she cried. "What utterly mad thing? Do you not know that it is not death alone you invite but

dishonor and loss of all hopes and prospects? Oh, I could not have believed it of you." She turned her head so that the tears fell upon her sleeve like drops of rain.

Mulek was overcome. But whether he would have told her that all he had done had been done for her, he was never to know. Whether he would even then have turned back had she asked, it was likewise not to be determined. What more either might have said could not be known, for at that moment the girl, overwhelmed, withdrew.

"Good-bye, Mulek," she said and was gone, as she had come, alone, in the darkened street.

For a moment Mulek stood, quite without volition or command. When in the end he realized that she was gone, he knew the full weight of despair and hopelessness. His strong shoulders shook with sobs; and hot tears, unheeded, rushed in a torrent down his face. For the first time in his life he was utterly alone and poignantly aware of his loneliness.

MORONI reached the capital in a towering rage. Had it not been for this, he would have faced the king-men under even greater difficulties than those under which he already labored, for with all the earnestness of his heart he hated having to destroy his own people. Only the depth of their wrong could avail to make him forget that inborn reluctance.

As it was, he fought as he had never fought before. He threw his forces against those of Pachus with all the strength he had. Pachus for his part had the advantage of position but lacked the moral support of a righteous cause.

With terrible slaughter the conflict moved back and forth with first one side winning and then the other. From house to house they fought, and from street to street. The



From house to house they fought, and from street to street.

wounded and dead lay everywhere; cries of the sufferers made the day hideous; and the city and its environs, red with intermingled blood of rebel and patriot alike. Brothers, fathers, and sons became enemies within an hour and lashed and struggled powerfully to destroy each other.

Pachus went everywhere, encouraging his men, pushing them to furious efforts with his praise. He kept up their flagging hopes with new promises manufactured on the spot. Neither truth nor logic had any part in his words, but he gave ample proof of his earnestness in the fury and efficiency with which he struck.

"Come, friends, patriots all," he would shout to any he saw faltering. "we bear the burden of the oppressed. Will you have your children grow up slaves?" There was nothing within his power that he did not offer and deliver on that fateful day.

Moroni, too, was like a fountain from which sprang rich streams of strength. He performed surpassing deeds of valor and of wisdom. Thrilled by his unexampled courage, astounded at his strength in time of

need, his men outdid themselves in feats of greatness.

"For the oppressed!" the traitors would shout. "For the fatherland!" the defenders would answer, and in this way they distinguished each the other, for they fought every man for himself when, how, and where he would. There was little organization; each man was his own commander and command.

Such slashing and screaming as there were! Swords and shields, spears and arrowheads reflected the sunshine until stained to the point where they shed nothing but ruddy drops like rain upon the sodden earth.

Before nightfall one might have said that death had painted a picture and called it "Desolation."

Mulek and his expert blade were known far and near. He was like a mechanical device, as dispassionate, as unrelenting. He had forgotten how to think. In slaughter he found the only release for the tempest of his soul. For hours he persisted. In spite of wishing to lose his life, in spite of inviting the strokes of every weapon, in spite of being in the thick of the unspeakable fray from

beginning to end, he was preserved as by a miracle.

The sun rose higher and higher and seemed somehow to govern the fighting, for with it at its zenith the action reached its highest point and began to wane with the lengthening shadows. The king-men, by then aware of the hopelessness of their cause, started to desert or go over to the enemy.

Moroni, heartened wonderfully by these defections, after a period when he had begun to fear his battle was in vain, called upon his last resources and asked his men for renewed efforts. And they responded nobly with such a burst of vigor as took the remaining spirit out of the rebels. These, in ever-increasing numbers, laid down their weapons and begged only for rest.

Mulek fought to the end—the last to quit—a giant of destruction! Even Moroni could not refrain from expressing admiration for his skill and strength even while he deplored their having been thrown away in a project of anarchy. Worn as night, senseless as a stone, Mulek, under heavy guard, was dragged off to a cold and lonely cell.

(To be continued)

He Makes Me Feel Important



By Helen Gregg Green

IF YOU WANT TO IMPRESS OTHERS REMEMBER THE RULE TO FOLLOW IS TO LET THEM IMPRESS YOU.



"I SAW Tom Collier today!" I overheard a neighbor telling his wife recently.

"Tom Collier! I don't quite place him. Is he the chap we met New Year's Eve with the magnetic personality?" asked Evelyn De Marinis, who has a talent for friendship.

"Oh, no, Evelyn! That was Dick Hughes. Tom Collier is a nice fellow, but he hasn't that kind of personality. He doesn't know how to make the other fellow feel important like Dick Hughes does."

"Make a fellow feel important!" Here was Fred Thompson, one of the most useful, outstanding men in our great city, wanting to be made to feel important.

How true it is that everyone likes to be appreciated! We like to be made to feel important!

John E. Gibson in a recent brief article in *Your Life* writes, "If you want to impress people favorably, here's a cardinal rule to go by. A rule to cut out and paste in your hat. The best way to impress a person is to let him impress you."

It is frequently the case that the more ability one has, the more that person bolsters the ego of those with whom he comes in contact, thus permitting them a feeling of well-being and self-importance. As a rule, outstanding men and women have kindness, compassion, and the interest of others in their hearts; generally they are the most unpretentious, the simplest, the sweetest to know. They

seem to have a feeling of being their "brother's keeper."

Occasionally, however, you are confronted with someone who has developed the habit of deflating the other person's ego.

I met a charming woman, recently married to a brilliant man who had been "pressing his suit" for ten years.

I said, "My, how young and happy you're looking!"

She smiled. "How kind of you to say that. I just met an acquaintance who can deflate one's ego quicker than that," she said, snapping her fingers. "'You're looking well!' she told me, 'but you've gained some weight, my dear, and you're getting gray!'"

THE principle requisite in friendship is the simple expedient of *trying to please*. A note, a telephone call, a clipping mailed of a favorite hobby, any small attention takes but a few minutes.

One of my friends has told me whenever I return to my former home in southeastern Ohio, "It's so good to have you here! You're the

only person who ever makes a fuss over us!"

The crowd of old friends will gather. Soon they are talking of the interests in which, because of my absence, I cannot share. Seldom does anyone think in some tactful way to switch the subject to topics which are of interest to everyone.

So often a wise man whose opinion I value, (yes, it could be my husband!) has said, "Why not talk about what interests the other person?" Isn't reciprocity fair in conversation as in everything else? Should we not encourage everyone within a group to talk? Too often one or two persons will monopolize a conversation like the two end men in a minstrel show.

Living with yourself is dangerous. Psychologists who know what is good for mental and emotional health advise us to associate with happy persons.

Henry Walker Hooper in *It's Nice to Know People Like You* says, "Think of each person as being a distinctive individual whom you try to understand and make a bit more happy. If you practise this fundamental principle, you will find sooner or later that you are popular and influential with others."

The best thing about being liked by others is that in making the effort we find life fuller, richer in every way. Thinking of others, making them feel worth while and important, pays happiness dividends to those who cultivate this fine habit.

WASTED EFFORT

By Mildred Goff

WORRY, says a proverb,
Is like a rocking chair;
It keeps you busy, but it doesn't
Get you anywhere.

the spoken word

FROM TEMPLE SQUARE

By RICHARD L. EVANS

"Into Temptation"

FEW of us actually know our own strength until we are faced with situations that test us to the last limit. We often underestimate our power to endure hardships. And we sometimes overestimate our power to resist temptation. There is an oft-told tale of the boys who were seeing who could lean farthest out of a window. The boy who "won" did what too many people do: he leaned so far that he fell. A man must have wisdom and judgment as well as courage and ability and strength. And wisdom would suggest that we stop somewhere short of testing our strength to the last degree of endurance. Wisdom would suggest that we refrain from getting into things that might carry us beyond where we want to stop. Too many people have leaned out too far and haven't been able to get back in time to avoid tragedy. It is utter foolishness to see how far we can go in a dangerous direction. It is difficult to predict the pulling power of a magnet. And it is difficult to know just how far we can go before we have gone too far. And if we want to resist temptation, we should resist it on our own ground, and resist it at a safe range. Seeing how far one can go is one of the deadliest of dangers. Montaigne quotes Socrates on this subject: "Fly it; shun the sight and encounter of it, as of a powerful poison, that darts and wounds at a distance." It is never smart to trifle on the borderline. If we want to resist temptation, we should never try to see how close we can come to the edge without falling off. To the plea, "Lead us not into temptation," we might also add, "Let us not lead

ourselves into temptation." It may be fascinating to see how close we can come to a poisonous snake. But we would be wise never to underestimate the striking distance of a snake and never to overestimate our own ability to get out of its way, once we have gotten too close.

—May 2, 1948.

³Montaigne's Essays

Living Into Loneliness

IT is difficult for those who are young to understand the loneliness that comes when life changes from a time of preparation and performance to a time of putting things away. In the eager and active years of youth it is difficult to understand how parents feel as their flock, one by one, leave the family fireside. To be so long the center of a home, so much sought after, and then, almost suddenly to be on the sidelines watching the procession pass by—this is living into loneliness. Of course we may think we are thoughtful of parents and of our other older folk. Don't we send them gifts and messages on Mother's Day and Father's Day, and on other anniversaries? And don't we make an occasional quick call as a token of our attention? It is something to be remembered on special occasions, to be sure. But such passing and perfunctory performances are not enough to keep loneliness in its place the whole year round. What they need in the loneliness of their older years is, in part at least, what

we needed in the uncertain years of our youth: a sense of belonging, an assurance of being wanted, and the kindly ministrations of loving hearts and hands, not merely dutiful formality; not merely a room in a building, but a room in someone's heart and life. We have to live a long time to learn how empty a room can be that is filled only with furniture. It takes someone on whom we have claims beyond mere hired service, beyond institutional care or professional duty, to thaw out the memories of the past and keep them warmly living in the present. And we who are younger should never become so blindly absorbed in our own pursuits as to forget that there are still with us those who will live in loneliness unless we let them share our lives as once they let us share theirs. When they were moving in the main stream of their own impelling affairs, we were a burden—or could have been if they had chosen to consider us as such. But now we are stronger and they are less strong. We cannot bring them back the morning hours of youth. But we can help them live in the warm glow of a sunset made more beautiful by our thoughtfulness, by our provision, and by our active and unfeigned love. Life in its fullness is a loving ministry of service from generation to generation. God grant that those who belong to us may never be left in loneliness.

—May 9, 1948.

Parents and Other People

IT is often easy to be pleasant when we have no responsibility. This is a profound fact that young people often overlook. Friends and stran-

(Continued on page 446)



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

THE SPOKEN WORD

(Concluded from page 445)

gers and casual acquaintances may sometimes seem to them to be more pleasant than parents. Other people don't restrict them as do their parents. Other people don't tell them where they can go and where they can't go. Other people don't tell them what to eat and what not to eat. Other people don't plague them to practise. Other people don't pester them to pick up their clothes and get their homework done. Other people don't tell them when to go to bed and when to get up. Other people don't tell them when to go out and when to come in. And if a youngster really wants to make a case of it, he may at times have some cause to conclude that other people are more pleasant than his parents. Why shouldn't they be? They don't have to discipline him; they don't have to keep him well; they don't have to teach or train him; they don't have to answer for his actions; they don't have to see him make his way in life. But parents have a responsibility that they cannot, in good conscience, avoid. And since they have a duty to perform, children may sometimes suppose that parents are difficult and exacting, while strangers are easy and indulgent. Strangers let them do as they please and parents don't. Long before life is over, however, discerning children learn to realize why all this is so, and they learn to appreciate what their parents do, even though it may interfere with some of the youngster's activities. They learn to respect parents who teach them what they need to be taught, who restrict them when they need to be restricted, who discipline them when they need to be disciplined, who encourage them when they need to be encouraged, who counsel them when they need to be counseled, and who hold the reins when the reins need to be held. And a parent who lets children do anything they want to do, who is pleasant to the point of negligence, is not long likely to keep their respect as do those parents who persuade them to perform as they should perform. And before any youngster presumes that other people are more pleasant than his parents, he should remind himself that it is easy to be pleasant when we have no responsibility.

—May 16, 1948.

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*The So-Called "Mass" of Humanity**

QUITE FREQUENTLY we hear people who express themselves as wanting to do something for the great mass of mankind, perhaps for their further enlightenment, or their physical comfort, or their political well-being. Sometimes the motives of these would-be benefactors are sincere and unselfish. Sometimes they may not be. But any person whose purpose it is to improve all mankind en masse should not overlook this point: Fundamentally speaking, there is no such thing as a mass of humanity. The term is often used to describe a large number of people, but men are still men, individually, as are women and children, with all of their separate and distinct differences of countenance and character and body and mind and spirit. You cannot make a mass of people comfortable. A man is comfortable as an individual or he isn't comfortable. You cannot feed a mass of people. A child is well nourished as an individual or he isn't well nourished. You can't educate a mass of people. You can only educate men and women and children as individual entities. Men cannot believe en masse. They must have faith, they must believe, they must give obedience to prescribed principles with each thinking and acting for himself as a child of God with an immortal spirit, an eternal destiny, and an individual intelligence and personality — which is and was and shall always be. Such is the basic principle of democracy; such is the essence of immortality and eternal life: the dignity and enduring identity of each individual man. And that is why those false philosophies and political systems are untenable which seek to move and hold men en masse and which seek to violate the dignity and the identity of the individual man. The condition of humanity does not change as the tide rises and falls. Whenever there is any change in this so-called mass of humanity, it is because men and women have changed individually. For convenience we sometimes say that we teach a class. But men only learn as individual men; men only feel as

individual men; and men only think as individual men. And so, when you want to help humanity, help the individual man to help himself, and the problem of the mass will steadily disappear.

—Revised

—May 23, 1948.

When Death Comes

IN a letter to a friend, Thomas Jefferson once wrote: "There is a fulness of time when men should go." This may be easy to understand when men have reached an age that is old and have become weary of walking the ways of this life. But death is more difficult to accept when it makes what seems to us to be an untimely call—when it takes children who have not lived a fulness of years—when it takes the young, the vigorous—when it takes beloved companions, friends, and close kin. Seldom, if ever, are we ready for it when it visits those we love. There are exceptions to be sure. Sometimes death seems to be welcome and kindly, when it comes to those who wait for it to come—to those who are weary and would be on their way to other work. But it isn't always so. An old man may live long; a young man may die soon. A sick man may linger; a youth may be stricken. All that happens in this world is not of our planning nor to our liking. There are times when decisions are in hands higher than ours. And fighting the irrevocable decisions of the Almighty only adds to the burden and the bitterness. Even though the pattern may not be of our making, nor within our understanding it is what it is, and insofar as we are unable to do anything about it, we must accept it as it is. Even as we expect our own children to accept some things which we do not fully explain, so we, as children of God, our Eternal Father, are expected to have faith beyond the limits of our actual knowledge. We move by faith in many things—because we must. We move by faith or we do not move at all, because there is so much that we cannot now know. And it is for us to remember that life itself is a gift of God, and not to any man that we know of is there given any guarantee of years in this life. But for all men there is immortality

(Concluded on page 469)



Bookrack

THE TRIO'S PILGRIMAGE

(Compiled and arranged by Ellen Bywater Valentine. Edited by H. W. Valentine. Utah Printing. Salt Lake City.)
1947. (\$2.50.)

A LOVING DAUGHTER has here left in printed form the autobiography of her father, James Bywater, and life sketches of his two wives. James Bywater heard the gospel almost by chance, embraced it, and lived it fervently and fully throughout a long life. He was a type of the many faithful men and women who have brought power to the Church. In his courageous faith and devotion he was great. Three times he suffered imprisonment rather than to surrender a principle which he held divine. The story is entrancing reading. It provokes a nostalgic feeling. Would that more of the past simple sturdiness might be incorporated in the hurried present! As public servant, Church member, missionary, husband, father, lover of his fellow men, and leader among men, he wrote his name imperishably upon the eternal tablets.—J. A. W.

THE MISSIONARY'S HANDBOOK

(Published by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
156 pages.)

THIS recently revised edition of a useful volume is now available. It is issued primarily for missionaries to help them in the performance of ordinances and in the conduct of other activities pertaining to their work. It has had considerable material added to it from the pen of John A. Widtsoe and others, and has been ably edited and compiled by Gordon B. Hinckley and the Church Radio, Publicity, and Mission Literature Committee.—R.L.E.

THE HUMAN FRONTIER

(Roger J. Williams, Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York. 1946.
314 pages. \$3.00.)

CHALLENGING, thought-provoking, and prophetic is this effort to beat "a new pathway for science toward a better understanding of ourselves." This science of human beings, to which all other sciences should and in the end must contribute, is called humanics. Only as this science is developed can full peace and happiness cover the earth. In the building of humanics the individual man, differing to some de-

gree from all other men, is of first importance. What should and can be done in this matter is discussed simply and clearly in seventeen chapters that range from the behavior of endocrine glands to international relations. The book is an outstandingly sane contribution to the possible solution of the problems of our harassed world—a book it would do all good to read. The author is one of the world's great biochemists.—J. A. W.

GOD PLANTED A TREE

(Ora Pate Stewart. Published by the author. 116 pages. \$1.00.)

THE "tree" is the chosen people of God. This book is a brief story of their history to the end of the Old Testament. It is good reading for all. Among the younger set especially it should have a wide circulation. The original drawings of the "tree" add much to the understanding of how the "tree" grew, and how the gardener had to prune and care for it.—J. A. W.

"OTHER SHEEP"

(A Saga of Ancient America, Centennial Edition
(Robert W. Smith. Pyramid Press, Salt Lake City. 1947. 70 pages. \$1.00.)

THE Book of Mormon contains much material for the imaginative writer. This is a tale of faith and love, of apostasy and bloody error, with truth conquering in the end when the Savior comes. The book is attractively printed, bound, and illustrated. The author proposes in an enclosed separate pamphlet that out of the Book of Mormon account of the visit of Christ to America a real American passion play could be formed and urges that this be done soon. Properly done such a "passion play" might spread widely the story of the Book of Mormon and encourage greater faith among believers.—J. A. W.

THE STORY OF THE MORMON PIONEERS

(W. Cleon Skousen. 223rd Quorum of Seventies, San Fernando Stake. Address of Author—3509 Marguerite St., Los Angeles (41), California. 1947. 48 pages. 50 cents.)

THE 223rd Quorum of Seventy and the author have here done themselves proud. This pamphlet covers in simple, direct language the story of the Mormon pioneers from Kirtland, Ohio,

to Salt Lake City, Utah. Brief though it be, the brochure has omitted no essential data. All statements are fully documented, implying long and careful study on the part of the author. Moreover, the booklet is beautifully illustrated by Eric and Bland Larson, and equally well printed. It is an excellent piece of work; one of the best condensed histories of the pioneers.

The brochure was a product of the desire of author and quorum to render service in the great centennial year.

—J. A. W.

SIMPLE RHYMES OF MANY CLIMES

(Lars Mortensen. Published 1947 by the author, 3636 Washington Boulevard, Ogden, Utah. 70 pages. \$1.00.)

IN rhymes flowing from the author's heart this pamphlet recites the story of the message of the ages, from Adam to the present day. It is an old story which suffers nothing by being converted into rhyme. And, it bears the imprint of a man who loves truth above all else.—J. A. W.

THE QUESTING SPIRIT

(Selected and edited by Halford E. Luccock and Frances Brentano. Published by Coward-McCann, Inc., New York. 711 pages. \$5.00.)

THIS is a compilation of short stories, poems, plays, and other utterances on religious, moral, and ethical themes. Its contents are taken from American and English authors, many of them eminent, including Aldous Huxley, John Masfelle, John Galsworthy, Edwin Markham, Thomas Hardy, H. G. Wells, Arthur H. Compton, Ralph W. Sockman, William James, Albert Einstein, Robert A. Millikan, and others. It has a useful index of first lines and covers a multitude of quotations for special days and seasons and subjects. Many speakers looking for stories and quotations to fortify their subjects will find this work useful.—R. L. E.

GLEANINGS

(Ora Pate Stewart. The Naylor Company, San Antonio 6, Texas. \$2.50.)

ORA PATE STEWART is no stranger to the readers of the ERA for her poetry and stories have long appeared in the pages of this publication. *Gleanings* includes her poems which have been written as a result of the wide experience of the author in her varied activities and her extensive travels. She has visited every state but one of the forty-eight states. And she has made good use of her senses—plus her woman's intuition as she has traveled. This book should appeal to all who are interested in life.—M. C. J.

Editorials

We Go; We Come

GRATITUDE, appreciation for work well done, overshadowed regret when, at the April general conference, the release of President Lucy Grant Cannon with her counselors and associates on the General Young Women's Mutual Improvement board was announced. This feeling from the people was well-earned, well-deserved. The service of these sisters in building Zion's womanhood toward worthiness cannot be measured by any ordinary standard. They have fitted young lives for maturity in a distraught, chaotic world. They have trained women for the firm establishment of the latter-day kingdom of God. Unstintedly, they have used their time, talents, and labor, earnestly and prayerfully, for the task before them. With eager, urgent desire, by day and in the wakeful hours of night, they have pondered and planned, always for the benefit and blessing of the girlhood and young womanhood of the Church. Such devoted sacrifice has compelled success. Throughout the Church, through this faithful service, womanhood knows the gospel better, is more carefully warned against the world's evils, and is more intelligently fitted for life's work in home and Church.

Knowledge of this is the great reward that will gladden the hearts of these sisters who now retire from active general service. We thank the Lord for them!

Sister Cannon, who really held her position in fulfillment of a priesthood prediction, has filled one of the longest missions among the women of the Church—thirty-one years a member of the general Y.W.M.I.A. board. Quiet, dignified, clinging closely to the "iron rod," with a clear conception of the work placed upon her, Sister Cannon's M.I.A. efforts form an enduring monument to her life's labors.

The tender love of Sister Goddard for girlhood everywhere, and her intelligent planning of assistance to youth, have endeared her to young and old, and won the respect of all.

Sister Andersen's vigorous, courageous, and understanding approach to every assignment has made her an acceptable worker in every branch of the organization.

Sister Beesley, executive secretary, intelligent and dependable, has discharged her duties with enviable fidelity.

All this and more may be said also about the members of the board, without whom the presidency could not have met fully with their obligation. To this group of capable leaders, loyal to one another and to the cause of the Church, who have shown a superb indifference to personal comfort in carrying out M.I.A. policies, all who know recent

M.I.A. progress, give grateful thanks. May the Lord continue to bless them and satisfy their inmost desires!

* * * *

Change is an eternal law. Church positions are seldom held for life. Changes increase our experience. New calls, high or low, (in God's kingdom all calls are high), add to our progress and open the way for experience to others. What power these sisters may add to any future positions to which they may be called! Others take their places. New personalities come, but the old eternal principles and policies remain. Truth and its accompanying light are without beginning or end.

* * * *

At this writing only the new presidency has been announced. We call down upon these sisters the blessings of heaven. They are capable women, stalwart in the cause of the Lord. They will be sustained gladly by the whole Church membership. Of them, when the organization is complete, we shall later have more to say.

Youth of Zion! rejoice and be glad! Give thanks to God for your leadership!

And so, M.I.A., forward and upward!

—J. A. W.

Is the Word of Wisdom A Commandment?

ON February 27, 1833, the Prophet Joseph Smith received the Word of Wisdom which was prefaced:

... not by commandment or constraint, but by revelation and the word of wisdom, showing forth the order and will of God in the temporal salvation of all saints in the last days—¹

And since that time much has been said about this "loophole"—that the Word of Wisdom is not a commandment, and therefore should not receive the prominent place that it has in the teachings and practices of the Church.

But looking at the last phrase in the verse quoted above:

... showing forth the order and will of God in the temporal salvation of all saints in the last days—

Surely, knowing the will of God is enough for his people who are worthy to be called Saints.

The reason, undoubtedly, why the Word of Wisdom is given as not "by commandment or restraint" was that, at that time, at least, if it had been given as a commandment it would have brought every man addicted to the use of these noxious things under condemnation; so the Lord was merciful and gave them a chance to overcome before he brought them under the law.²

¹D. & C. 89:2

²Joseph F. Smith, THE IMPROVEMENT ERA 17:85

—A. L. Z., Jr.

Evidences and Reconciliations

ccxiv. Should Church Doctrine Be Accepted Blindly?

THE obvious and emphatic answer is no. The question is admitted here only because recently it has been asked frequently. Apparently some explanations are necessary.

It seems to be the opinion of some that Latter-day Saints do not think, but accept the doctrines and follow the practices of the Church without an intelligent consideration of what they believe and do. There could not be a more unfounded and erroneous view.

The doctrine of the Church cannot be fully understood unless it is tested by mind and feelings, by intellect and emotions, by every power of the investigator. Every Church member is expected to understand the doctrine of the Church intelligently. There is no place in the Church for blind adherence.

This is indispensable in a Church which rests upon the individual testimonies of its members, and in which there is no professional ministry. Church government lies in the hands of the membership, every man of which may hold the priesthood. That requires more than a blind following.

A Church member who does not study the gospel and try it out in his life is not really in good Church standing. Such a man cannot intelligently perform the work of the Church. With insufficient knowledge he sees things obliquely and obscurely. Indeed, he is a danger to the progress of the latter-day work.

There is nothing new in this. From the beginning of its history the Church has opposed unsupported beliefs. It has fought half-truth and untruth. It has insisted that its members learn the gospel and its doctrine. It has demanded an intellectual as well as an emotional acceptance of the restored truth. It is today a great educational organization. It has urged and urges today, upon every candidate, a good understanding of the gospel before entering the waters of baptism. Though a person be touched in his heart and is baptized when first hearing the gospel, he must later give it further study, else he cannot become a useful member of the Church nor can he rise to the possible heights in personal joy. The case of President Brigham Young is but an example of the general rule. It took him two years of study, prayer and reflection, after having the gospel brought seriously to his attention, before he asked for baptism.

It is this open-eyed understanding of the gospel that makes the Latter-day Saints so certain of their faith. A blind acceptance is an incomplete acceptance, and usually leaves a person in doubt.

After his two years of examination, Brigham Young remained throughout his life firm and unshaken in his faith. He knew from his careful study, beyond peradventure of doubt, that the restored gospel is true. Those who in this Church waver in their faith, need to fortify themselves by prayer for truth, further study of the gospel and practice in gospel living. So clearly understood is the gospel and its principles, that there seldom is an apostasy from the Church except by those who have allowed sin to enter their lives.

To understand the gospel a right beginning must be made. If God and Jesus Christ are accepted, the search for the truth of the restored gospel must be initiated by a study of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his work. Were his claims true—that he had conversed with the Father and the Son; that the priesthood was conferred upon him legitimately by personages from the days of Jesus Christ; that he was authorized to organize the Church of Christ; and that a body of revelations was given him for the guidance of the Church?

A certainty of the divine calling of Joseph Smith must be a foundation of faith in the Church.

Then, it must be understood that some Church practices rest upon unchangeable gospel principles. We may not always understand these, but no amount of argument can change them. The strength of the gospel lies in these eternal, undeviating laws.

Some prefer baptism by sprinkling, but the divine law is that baptism shall be by immersion. Some feel that an inward call is sufficient to perform such ordinances, therefore making the transmission of authority unnecessary. This view is beyond argument, since it violates divine law.

Still others even in the Church may question the law of tithing. Why should not the requirement be a fifth or a twentieth? Why should there not be an upper limit for the rich man? Again, the Church is bound by the revelations of God through the Prophet of the Restoration, Joseph Smith.

The labor question is a live issue. Some would have the Church take sides with one or the other of the many propositions of the day. Again, the Church rests its opinion on the eternal law: that the labor confusion will disappear when all men learn to do to others as they would have others do to them. Whatever leads in that direction invites Church support.

All such queries, designed to question the propriety of the basic laws of the gospel, are a waste of time. Every future revelation of the Church will be in the nature of an extension of these spiritual foundation stones of the latter-day kingdom of the Lord. This is accepted open-eyed, not blindly by Latter-day Saints.

(Concluded on page 478)

**OH, MOM,
EVERYBODY
RAVED ABOUT
MY TUNA
SUPREME!**



**I KNEW THEY WOULD
IF YOU USED THE
NEW
GRATED STYLE!**



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Pattern for a Day

By Helen S. Neal

BECAUSE a woman's life can become so choked and strangled with routine petty jobs as almost to rob her of her sparkle, she particularly needs a plan for each day to keep her soul satisfied. No one can make her plan. In the last analysis she must decide. It does help to hear how others plan, and borrow anything worth while to adapt to her own needs.

Without a plan, days become choked with repetitive routine, but a pattern made for each day is something to look forward to.

Mine is a five-part plan. I must love deeply each day and express it tangibly. I must have definite contact with young growing things, both on the giving and receiving end. I must build toward something permanent. I must learn something new. And I must spend a part of each day in developing skill in something.

Loving deeply must have a concrete form of expression if it be no more than darn my husband's socks. If one has a sick sister or an elderly friend, she can call on her or write to her on some cheerful subject referring to her feeling. One may write a letter to the brother, husband, son, or friend overseas or buy a favorite perfume for her mother, or bake one's husband's favorite cake. She may put in some time with a child, reading or playing games. These tangible and concrete expressions of love keep one's own personality warm and vibrant, and fill the need of one's own soul.

There are dozens of ways of touching the lives of small children, beyond the supervision of their cleanliness and grooming. Our older ones need accompaniments for their music. Sometimes they are unsure of fractions or need drill in their spelling. If Daddy's not home to play ball, they want me to play "Authors" or "India." The next one needs stories at nap time and

bedtime. He loves to make puzzles, and appreciates an audience to approve his speed and facility, and sometimes to participate in assembling the borders. The next one is in constant need of having her shoes tied or her hairbow restored. And she needs activity that can be shared, planned for her. If she can roll the dough or wield the cookie cutter, she is enraptured. If she can get a towel or put a magazine on the table, she admires mother for recognizing her as a helpmate. The baby finds me particularly useful in the feeding program and in making her bed comfortable.

FOR me, obviously, the first two items, love deeply and touch young growing things, overlap considerably. Mothers and teachers find these two categories easily fulfilled. I make a conscious effort each day to show concretely my love for their daddy, since I inevitably spend more hours with the children.

Household routines are discouraging because they have to be repeated. Dust thoroughly today, and tomorrow a new layer of dust will need removing. Wash dishes in the morning, and many of the same ones must be redone at noon, and often again at night. Mended clothes will tear again, and washed ones will soil again, and floors must be cleaned again until the day produces a sense of utility—a rondo that never ends but surges on relentlessly. This is why some corner of each day must be devoted toward building something permanent.

Offices, too, can be choking in their repetitive routine. We file letters only to refer to them, make notations and send answers and have to file them all over again. The day's mail is written, read, signed, sealed, and sent, only with tomorrow comes a similar set to be begun. Perhaps we make a business chart, but it must be constantly corrected and brought up to date. Things don't come to an end like an artist's picture or a composer's score. Even a housepainter finishes a job and goes to new scenes.

Our "something permanent" may take on great variety. I sew for the children, weave dresser scarves and weave items for the gift box, and write articles for magazines, especially on music and children. But there are many other permanent things to work at. One can be planting an avenue of trees or working on a civic project, like planning and carrying out a little theater plan. Perhaps one paints landscapes for recreation. A quilt is tangible and satisfying. One woman may crochet tablecloths or bedspreads, or knit sweaters. All these things take the odium from the jobs that need constant re-doing.

To learn something every day is an easy goal to achieve. If there is not time to sit down with a newspaper or magazine or book for even the traditional fifteen minutes a day, there is always the radio. Keep a little list of news broadcasts and book reviews and round table discussions near the radio. Select one that will be going on during the dusting or dishes or baby feeding. Personally, I enjoy taking reading matter to bed. An alert mind can rise above the tiresome tasks, for it is occupied with a lively interest in things going on and in the books that are being written.

THE last important thing is to work toward developing skill, a little every day. I play my harp and try new pieces. Did you take piano or violin lessons just long enough to wish you had more? Go on with the lessons or lay out your own program of practice with enough time for exercises and scales to restore and maintain your facility. Take an extension course or evening classes. Do you write a little but need a course in typing so you won't have to hire your manuscripts typed for you? You are never too old for new skills. Ella Wheeler Wilcox began her study of the harp after she was seventy, yet came to write music for harp.

Friends of mine have organized a Spanish class, engaged a teacher, and are working toward skill in speaking and reading a language whose importance is increasing. Another friend has put her leisure after nursing hours into painting pictures and attained enough skill that she is invited to exhibit at many art shows.

(Continued on page 452)



Clean smells Sweet

Things that are completely clean have an unmistakable perfume. It's a delicate, fresh, sweet smell that never is noticeable where there is dirt in any form. It tells you instantly—this is clean!



When you unwrap a big bar of Fels-Naptha Soap, you get the immediate impression of cleanliness. This mild golden soap breathes the clean odor of naphtha—the gentle, thorough cleaner that dirt and grime cannot escape.

When you wash with Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, your sense of smell registers "CLEAN" with every swish of suds. Here's where you discover the joy of sneezeless washdays. These husky golden chips shed no powdery dust to irritate your nose. They're the original no-sneeze chips!



Clothes washed the Fels-Naptha way have a fresh, clean smell which proves that golden soap and gentle naphtha, combined, have done a dirt removing job no tricky soap substitutes can equal . . . Next time you wash your baby's things make sure they're completely clean . . . Use Fels-Naptha Soap.



Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha
banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



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Keeps bread fresher — more sanitary. Ideal for refrigerated vegetables.

Order as many as you wish. For each bag send 25¢ plus 1 label. Offer expires Sept. 30, 1948

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MARLO
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STATE

HOMING

(Continued from page 451)

Some skills may lead to a better position, or to a career when the children are grown. One woman developed so much skill in handling young girls when she volunteered to lead a Bee Hive group, that a few years later she became dean of women at her state university. Analyze your talents. Some have potentialities with creative skill, while others have more interpretative ability. Some have organizing and leadership abilities and work best with groups. Remember a skill is more than an inclination, a taste, a desire. It is attained and perfected only by practice which means long, hard work, but brings great satisfaction.

These five things belong in a truly complete day. Love deeply, and express it in tangible and concrete ways. Touch the lives of young growing things, whether they be children, plants, or pets. There must be a give and take, for we learn much while we teach or direct or guide. Build toward something permanent, for life is all too full of the over-and-over task, and the only ultimate satisfaction is to see something permanent taking shape. Learn something new every day, for we are not separate entities but part of a world that is making history daily, and sprung from a past heritage rich in literature and music and history. Our own personalities grow by learning new things. Develop a skill for the sheer satisfaction of being able to do something better and better. It may or may not lead to some lucrative endeavor later, but it will bring a great inner peace all the way along.

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.

To extend life of cut roses: As the roses are cut, place immediately in cold water which permits the water to rush into the stems and excludes the air. The next day place roses in basin of cold water; while the stems are under water, cut off about one inch or more on a slant, holding stems under water for a few moments. Fill vase with cold water and quickly change roses from basin to vase. Roses treated this way



Josephine B. Nichols

PACK-AND-CARRY MEALS

RECIPES that are easy to pack and carry to a nearby canyon, the park, or to your own back yard.

Chicken and Tuna Casserole

- 1 No. 2½ can tuna fish
- 1 5½ oz. jar sliced chicken
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- ½ cup evaporated milk
- ½ cup water
- 1 tablespoon chopped green onion
- ¼ cup chopped green pepper
- 2 tablespoons sliced pimiento
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 3-oz. pkg. potato chips

Heat soup in double boiler. Add remaining ingredients. Place one half of potato chips on bottom of buttered casserole. Cover with tuna, chicken mixture, spread remaining potato chips over top. Bake at 350° F. for 25 minutes.

Spaghetti With Meat

- ¾ cup macaroni or spaghetti
- 2 quarts boiling water
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- 1 onion, chopped
- 2 tablespoons fat
- 1 pound hamburger
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 cups grated cheese
- 2 cups tomato juice
- 1 teaspoon chopped green pepper

Add spaghetti to rapidly boiling, salted water. Cook until tender. Drain and wash with cold water. Melt fat and add onion; add hamburger and cook until brown. Add green pepper and tomato juice. Mix together in a buttered baking dish and cover with grated cheese. Cover baking dish. Bake at 300° F. for one hour. Remove cover and bake ten minutes longer.

Savory Baked Beans

- 1 16 to 18 oz. can pork and beans
- 2 tablespoons brown sugar
- ¼ teaspoon dry mustard
- ¼ cup catsup
- 2 slices bacon, cut in one-inch pieces

Combine ingredients. Bake covered in greased casserole twenty minutes at 350° F. Uncover and continue baking twenty minutes.

every day (whether from your own garden or from the florist) will last for many days. This method is also effective on peonies and some other types of flowers.—Mrs. J. B. H., Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Meal in Salad Bowl

- ¾ cup sliced onion
- 1 small head lettuce
- 2 tomatoes cut in wedges
- 2 cups fresh cooked or canned peas
- ¼ cup sliced stuffed olives
- 1 cup cooked tongue or veal, cut in strips
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup French dressing

Separate onion rings; break lettuce in bite-sized pieces. Arrange vegetables and meat on lettuce; sprinkle with salt; add dressing; toss lightly. Serve with crisp potato chips.

Cherry Pie

- 3 cups pitted, fresh cherries
- 1 to 1½ cups sugar
- ¼ cup flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 recipe plain pastry

Line nine-inch pie pan with pastry. Trim pastry one-half inch beyond rim. Roll remaining pastry one inch larger than pan. Cut in one-half-inch strips for the lattice. Combine cherries, sugar, flour, and salt. Fill pie. Dot with butter. Top with pastry lattice. Flute edge. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) about forty minutes.

Little Apple Pies

- 5 to 7 apples
- ¾ to 1 cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 recipe plain pastry

Pare apples and slice thin; add sugar mixed with flour, salt, and spices; fill individual pastry-lined pie pans. Dot with butter. Adjust top crusts. Bake in hot oven (450°) ten minutes, then in moderate oven (350°) about thirty minutes.

MY OLD HOME TOWN

By Edna S. Dustin

I just returned from my old home town; It's funny how it had changed. I found its Main Street buildings once holding the sky—

Now only half higher than I was high. Its old muddy streets that reached so wide, Now merely four legs in a leisure stride.

The old pole fence I once climbed to sit, Cautiously locking my legs around it, To peer far up at a nest in the tree— That seemed as far off as the clouds I now see;

I was surprised I could now touch the nest with my hand; The fence pole where I sat, my four fingers span.

Where were its folk that once marched like tall trees.

And I running beside them could just chin their knees?

I'm still the same Johnny, just stretched out of size,

Who has lost the magic lens of a small boy's eyes.

JULY 1948



It's just good common sense to

USE THE PECTIN THAT GIVES YOU MORE JAM and JELLY at no greater cost!

Compare M. C. P. JAM AND JELLY PECTIN with Other Leading Pectins

... 1. It Costs You No More. 2. It Makes More Glasses.

LOOK AT THESE TYPICAL FIGURES:

1 PACKAGE PECTIN	STRAWBERRY JAM	STRAWBERRY JELLY
PECTIN #1*	10 Medium Glasses	6 Medium Glasses
PECTIN #2*	8 Medium Glasses	6 Medium Glasses
M. C. P.	14 Medium Glasses	8 Medium Glasses

*Name On Request.

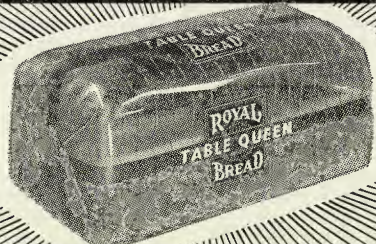
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Ideal for any Meal



Enriched with Vitamins and Iron

Fresh at your grocer's

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HALL'S REMEDY

Salt Lake City, Utah

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Melchizedek Priesthood Monthly Quorum Lesson for August

LESSON SEVEN: August 1948

"Priesthood Ordinations and Setting Apart"

Reference: Melchizedek Priesthood Handbook, Section IX-A, p. 55 to Section XI-A, p. 68.

1. Study the recommendation form for advancement from the Aaronic to the Melchizedek Priesthood.
2. Give the steps in the procedure for advancement from Aaronic to Melchizedek Priesthood.
3. Is the same recommendation form used to recommend a man to be ordained a seventy as is used to recommend him to be ordained an elder or a high priest?
4. Is the same recommendation form used to recommend a man to be ordained a seventy as is used to recommend a man to be set apart as a president of a quorum of seventy?
5. Whose responsibility is it to recommend priests to become elders?
6. Whose responsibility is it to recommend elders to become seventies or high priests and seventies to become high priests?
7. Should the bishops take the initiative in ordaining the seventies and high priests?
8. Study the recommendation form for ordination in the priesthood and the statement to be filled in by the person to be ordained found on page fifty-seven.
9. Who gives final approval for a man to be ordained a seventy?
10. When should formal action be taken in ordaining brethren into each of the three divisions of the Melchizedek Priesthood?
11. Study carefully the eight steps suggested in the ordination procedure from priest to elder.
12. Study the eight steps involved in procedure for ordination to the office of seventy.
13. What are the qualities of character requisite for a person to become a seventy?
14. Who performs the ordination of all brethren to the office of seventy?
15. Who gives approval for ordaining seventies to the office of high priest?
16. Study the seven steps of procedure for ordination from seventy to high priest.
17. Study the six steps of procedure for ordination from elder to high priest.

Melchizedek

18. Point out the principal differences in the procedure of the two.

19. Are there "advancements" in the Melchizedek Priesthood? Explain.

20. How does the procedure of the ordination of the seventy differ from that of elders or high priests?

21. Emphasize strongly the precautions and discretion that officers of stakes should use in approving candidates for ordination into any office of the Melchizedek Priesthood.

22. Should all brethren called on missions be ordained to the office of seventy?

23. Should brethren with physical defects receive the Melchizedek Priesthood?

24. Should brethren mentally defective receive the Melchizedek Priesthood?

25. What procedure should be followed when a Melchizedek Priesthood quorum withdraws the hand of fellowship from a member?

26. Describe the procedure in selecting and setting apart presidencies of high priests' quorums.

27. Discuss the procedure involved in organizing the first high council of a stake and the subsequent filling of vacancies with high counselors and alternate members.

28. Point out the differences in the procedure in selecting and setting apart presidents of the quorums of seventy and the presidencies of high priests' and elders' quorums.

29. Who selects and sets apart Melchizedek Priesthood quorum secretaries?

30. Should group leaders, their assistants, and group secretaries be set apart?

Presiding Bishopric's "Report of Quarterly Stake Conference" Discontinued

AUTHORIZATION has been given by the First Presidency and the Council of the Twelve for the immediate discontinuance of form No. 4 11-47 2M, provided by the Presiding Bishop's office, known as "Report of Quarterly Stake Conference."

This form was prepared by the stake clerks, listing attendance of the priesthood at conference, details regarding the various conference sessions, together with a listing of all speakers,

Use of Quorum Funds for Missionary Purposes

ALL Melchizedek Priesthood quorums may properly collect and disburse funds for missionary purposes. Seventies' quorums, in particular, are encouraged to collect and disburse, each year, substantial sums for such purposes.

Sums received or collected for missionary work should not be diverted to other uses, but limitations on the use of such funds within the field of missionary activity should not be adopted. If such limitations have been adopted by quorums and are now in force, it would be wise to rescind them. When monies are donated to quorums, however, which are in the nature of trust funds, that is, when the donor expressly stipulates that his grant is conditioned upon the agreement of the quorum to spend the funds for a specific purpose, and no other, such funds must be expended in accordance with such agreement.

Quorums should not restrict their expenditures to the interest earned from the investment of missionary funds. The principal itself should be spent and replenished.

It is entirely proper for any quorum to use its missionary funds to aid elders, seventies, high priests, or sisters in their missionary endeavors. The only exception to this would be the case where a donor expressly provides that his grant be limited to a narrower field. Prospective donors to missionary funds should be discouraged from imposing restrictions as to the ways in which their grants may be expended.

Quorums unable to find appropriate uses for their missionary funds within their quorum or stake areas, might properly refer the matter of the use of such funds to the presidency of the stake and if no demand for such funds for missionary purposes be found in the stake, the stake presidency might confer with the missionary committee of the Church as to where the money might be used advantageously for missionary work. Such funds should not be permitted to lie idle. Wise and continuous use is imperative.

THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

subjects treated, etc. The nature of the present quarterly stake conference program outline obviates, in large measure, the necessity for the information shown on this report; hence its discontinuance.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Priesthood

NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

Conducted by
Dr. Joseph F. Merrill

CONDUCTED BY THE GENERAL PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE — HAROLD B. LEE, CHAIRMAN; EZRA TAFT BENSON, MARION G. ROMNEY, THOMAS E. MC KAY, CLIFFORD E. YOUNG, ALMA SONNE, LEVI EDGAR YOUNG, ANTOINE R. IVINS, RICHARD L. EVANS, OSCAR A. KIRKHAM, S. DILWORTH YOUNG, MILTON R. HUNTER, BRUCE R. MC CONKIE

Who Shall Perform Ordinations and Settings Apart?

SOME years ago President Joseph F. Smith gave valuable instructions relating to the seeking of counsel and conforming with the established order of the priesthood. A portion of these remarks follows:

This matter [of conforming to the order of the Church] is generally understood in cases of difficulty, but does not seem to be so well understood in what may be termed smaller, but nevertheless quite as weighty, subjects. We often find instances where the counsel and advice and judgment of the priesthood next in order is entirely overlooked, or completely disregarded. Men go to the president of the stake for counsel when, in reality, they should consult their teachers or bishop; and often come to the First Presidency, apostles, or seventies, when the president of their stake has never been spoken to. This is wrong, and not at all in compliance with the order of the Church. The priesthood of the ward should never be overlooked in any case where the stake authorities are consulted; nor should the stake authorities be disregarded, that the counsel of the general authorities may be obtained. Such a course of disregarding the proper local officers is neither in conformity with the Church instructions and organization, nor conducive to good order. It creates confusion. Every officer in the Church has been placed in his position to magnify the same, to be a guardian and counselor of the people. All should be consulted and respected in their positions, and never overlooked in their places.

In this way only can prevail that harmony and unity which are characteristic of the Church of Christ. The responsibility also of this great work is thus placed upon the laboring priesthood, who share it with the general authorities; and thus likewise, the perfection, strength, and power of the Church organization shine forth with clearer lustre.—*Gospel Doctrine* (1939 edition), p. 161.

Not infrequently brethren of the General Authorities are requested or expected to care for ordinations and settings apart of priesthood members and officers although local brethren are fully authorized to do so. Such actions not only place an unnecessary burden upon these brethren, but result in some cases in a feeling that such procedures are more desirable or perhaps more efficacious. It is therefore considered

timely to clarify this matter and urge compliance with practices as officially outlined in the Melchizedek Priesthood *Handbook*.

Below is a list of various ordinations and settings apart which may and should be accomplished by the stake officers designated:

<i>Office</i>	<i>By Whom Ordained or Set Apart</i>
High priests' quorum presiding counselors	Stake presidency
High priests	Under direction of stake presidency and high priests' quorum presidency
Elders quorum presidency	Stake presidency or high councilor assigned by stake presidency
Elders	Under direction of stake presidency
Quorum secretaries	Under direction of stake presidency
Stake missionaries	Stake president

Stake and ward officers are requested to observe the foregoing instructions and to use wisdom in performing those functions delegated to them, thus following the order of the Church in attending to these important matters.

THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

Question and Answer

Question 69: We still have some quarterly group, quorum, and stake Melchizedek Priesthood report blanks left from last year. May we utilize these during 1948?

Answer 69: No. The reports for 1948 incorporate additional information which renders previous reports obsolete. New instructions are likewise included in the revised roll and report books mailed recently to all stake presidents for distribution to the various quorums and groups.

Alcohol and Its Problems

ALL OVER the country there is a growing public interest in the question of beverage alcohol and its problems—those relating to its manufacture, distribution, and consumption. This increased interest is due in part to the fact that scientific men and medical experts are now giving more attention than formerly to the study of alcohol problems, particularly those relating to the consumption of alcoholic beverages. This increased attention began several years ago when the American Association for the Advancement of Science decided to have a careful study made of the effects resulting from the consumption of alcoholic drinks. In recent years, many books, magazine, and newspaper articles on the subject have been written. Currently, many organizations, some of them recent, have been set up for the purpose of doing something about alcohol.

Among the recent ones is the Yale School of Alcohol Studies at New Haven, Connecticut, and the National Temperance Movement with headquarters at Chicago. The Yale School has set the pattern, which is being more or less followed by experts and laboratories elsewhere, of applying the methods of scientific research to these studies. The National Temperance Movement aims to take the facts coming from these researches and human experience, give them publicity and support movements designed to reduce consumption and lead to total abstinence. Its method is essentially educational.

Under the sponsorship of this movement, there was held in April 1948, at the University of Chicago a four-day conference of "The National Council on the New Approach to the Alcohol Problem." Dr. Sherman S. Brinton, chairman of the Chicago Stake No-Liquor-Tobacco committee and Professor Chauncey D. Harris of the University of Chicago attended meetings of this conference and reported to us some of the proceedings. One of the speakers reported was A. C. Ivy, Ph.D., M.D., vice president of the University of Illinois, one of the ablest students of alcohol in the country. He spoke to the subject "Beverage Alcohol and National Health." From Professor Harris' report, we give herewith the following:

1. *Nature of the Problem*

Alcohol is a drug similar to morphine.
(Concluded on page 460)



The Presiding

WARD YOUTH LEADERSHIP OUTLINE OF STUDY

AUGUST 1948

THE lesson for August will be a review of the study material presented in this column for March and April 1947.

Mimeographed copies of the lessons will be sent to each bishop one month in advance. Bishops are requested immediately to place the material in the hands of the leader who presents the lessons during the monthly meeting of the ward youth leadership committee that he may have ample time to make adequate preparation.

Ward Teaching

Dignify the Teacher

ONE of the recommended objectives for conscientious leaders who supervise ward teaching is to dignify the office of the teacher. To dignify the position adds to self-respect. The bishop holds the key to such an accomplishment. The ward teachers are the bishop's representatives and the recognition given to them will of necessity come as a result of his love for the program.

One of the best opportunities to dignify the teacher comes in the ward teachers' report meeting. Here the bishop may not only instruct, but he can place the proper appraisal upon the value of efficient work. Praise for work well done is a debt we owe the successful teacher, and it will also motivate the efforts of others. An occasional expression of confidence and commendation from the bishop in sacrament meeting will bring about a genuine feeling of appreciation from the ward teachers.

Where a death occurs, it is suggested that the bishop call the teachers

Special to Bishops

Recommendations for Individual Certificates of Award

IT is apparent that there are some misunderstandings among bishops as to who is entitled to receive the individual certificate of award in the Aaronic Priesthood and L.D.S. girl programs. We frequently receive letters asking for exceptions for one reason or another. It has been observed that in still other instances bishops approve young men and young women's receiving the award because they "haven't the heart to refuse them," or because they are "such fine young people," or because it will "break their hearts if they aren't recognized."

One mother, surprised when her daughter received the award, said, "Imagine my surprise, and hers, when she was given the award when we both know she was not entitled to it." Another mother and daughter were seen to return the award and refuse to accept it when they knew it had not been earned.

of that particular district, to go with him to the home to assist in making funeral arrangements. Where possible, some responsibility should be given them in connection with the service. They should also be included when

May we say, in all kindness, but in such way as it cannot be misunderstood:

Only those young men and young women between twelve and twenty-one years of age who have met all of the minimum requirements of the respective individual certificates of award are to be recommended by the bishop, to receive this recognition. No exceptions, please!

Young people know whether they are entitled to receive the award when the year's work is finished. Certainly no good can come from their receiving something to which they know they are not fully entitled.

Stake and ward committees in both programs are asked to give full consideration to this matter now so as to avoid further misunderstandings at the end of the year.

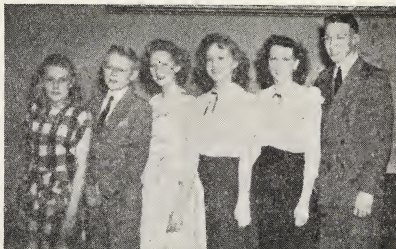
going to administer to the sick. Many assignments can be given in cases of sickness and misfortune. Any service rendered will not only benefit the less fortunate, but it will also enrich the life of him who serves.

CHALLENGING RECORDS Lincoln Ward, Granite (Salt Lake City) Stake

One hundred percent records, ranging from one to five years, are the boasts of these outstanding young people.

For the girls and for the boys it means perfect attendance records at sacrament meeting, Sunday School, M.I.A., and, in addition, priesthood meeting for the boys. Each one has faithfully kept the Word of Wisdom, and has paid a full tithing.

Identification, from left to right, and the number of years each one has maintained this perfect record: Marilyn Marlowe, one year; David Marlowe, one year; Gloria Trautner, one year; Pearl Trautner, four years; Joy Trautner, five years; Dale Curtis, two years.



A CHALLENGING RECORD

Mapleton Ward, Kolob Stake, deacons established a challenging activity record for 1947. The combined records of the two quorums reveal an attendance record of priesthood meeting 80 percent; sacrament meeting 54 percent; Sunday School 66 percent; Y.M. H.I.A. 78 percent.

With the boys in the photograph are Bishop Oscar Whiting, quorum advisers Vance Gividen and Walby Warren.



Bishoprie's Page

Edited by Lee A. Palmer

Aaronic Priesthood

Quorum Officers to Conduct Meetings

ON page 59 of the Aaronic Priesthood Handbook, there are some pointed suggestions for the conducting of Aaronic Priesthood quorum meetings. We are not quoting the suggestions here but are suggesting that stake and ward committees make it an early matter of business to review this material and take such action as will bring quorum procedure in line with the recommendations.

Visits to stakes and wards over the Church indicate considerable room for improvement in this vital part of quorum government.

A quorum presidency cannot be ignored, even in part, and accomplish the high purposes of their appointment. They are the presiding officers in the quorum. They are entitled to be taught how to preside over their quorum as a group and how to preside over the individual members of the quorum. They are leaders by special appointment, and the duties of their offices should be meticulously taught them and every opportunity to put such instruction into action should be afforded them.

Aaronic Priesthood

An Idea from the Field

HERE is another idea with great possibilities. Have you ever thought of handing to each bishop in your stake a picture of the attendance of his Aaronic Priesthood committee members at the special department in the stake priesthood leadership meeting each month? Try it, and see how the bishops will see to it that their general secretaries and quorum advisers take more seriously their responsibility to attend the meeting.

We reproduce the report used in the Bonneville (Salt Lake City) Stake each month. It works, and it isn't difficult to see why.

Attendance at Bonneville Stake Priesthood (Leadership) Meeting of Members of Ward Aaronic Priesthood Committee

	Bonneville	Douglas	Garden Park	Monument Park	Thirty-third	Yale	Yalecrest	Total
General Secretary	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	6
Assistant Secretary	1	0	0	0	1	1	0	3
Priest's Adviser	0	0	1	0	1	1	0	3
Teacher's Adviser	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	2
Deacon's Adviser	2	0	1	0	0	3	2	8
Total	4	1	3	2	2	7	3	22

Number of Visits to Inactive Boys by Members of Ward Aaronic Priesthood Committee During the Month of April

Priests	4	0	0	4	6	3	0
Teachers	4	1	2	0	6	2	0
Deacons	7	2	1	1	14	1	0
Total	15	3	3	5	26	6	0

How many monthly visits do you think would be required to make yours one of the best quorums in the Church?



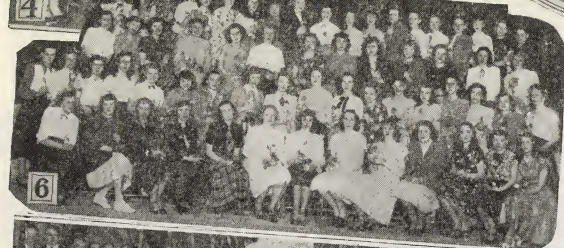
INGLEWOOD STAKE L.D.S. GIRLS RECEIVE INDIVIDUAL AWARDS

One hundred and twenty-eight girls in the Inglewood (California) Stake received Individual Certificates of Award for 1947. Only about one-third of the number is represented in the photograph.

The reception given the girls was attended by 350 mothers and daughters.

Each girl wore a gardenia corsage which was donated by a Japanese florist, Mr. George J. Inagaki, who is reported to have said, when approached by a committee wanting to buy the flowers: "The Mormons were very good to me when I had to live among them in Salt Lake City during the war. I'll be glad to give you the flowers." One hundred and twenty-eight corsages were given free in appreciation of a little human kindness and consideration.

CHURCH



1. Junior Girls of Long Beach Stake with one of the largest groups in attendance ever to participate in the rose ceremony in that stake.

2. Honor Bee Five Girls of Wells-ville Second Ward.

3. Chicago Stake Gold and Green Ball. The queens were dressed in period costumes.

4. Marysval, South Sevier Stake, Bee Hive group.

5. Levan Ward, Juab Stake, Gold and Green queen and attendants.

6. The Junior girls of the Sugarhouse Stake were honored in the rose ceremony after attaining 100 percent membership.

7. Members and queen with her attendants at the Gold and Green Ball held in Pleasant Green Ward, Oquirrh Stake.

8. Modesto Ward, San Joaquin Stake, queen and her attendants.

9. Sugarhouse Stake present awards to forty-three Honor Bee Hive girls with 168 Bee Hive girls participating in the ceremony. Edith W. Snarr, stake president of Y.W.M.I.A. presented each Honor Bee with a beautifully bound booklet autographed by President Smith, and officers of the stake and the Mutual presidency.

10. Reno Ward, Reno Stake, Gold and Green Ball. The Theme "Story Book Land" was carried out.

11. Bend (Oregon) Branch Gold and Green Ball, Northwestern States Mission.

12. Franklin Stake Gold and Green Ball.

13. Young Stake Gold and Green Ball held in Farmington, New Mexico.

14. Houston Branch Gold and Green Ball queen and her attendants.

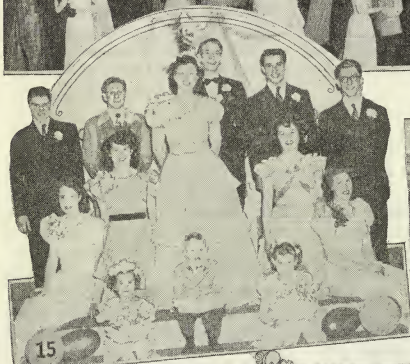
15. Elko Ward, Humboldt Stake, Gold and Green Ball.

16. Meridian Ward Teen Age Chorus which has participated in many Church activities.

17. Ogden Stake Gold and Green Ball in which nine queens participated.

18. The Gleaner Girls of Reno Ward, Reno Stake, bind their sheaf.

ACTIVITIES IN PICTURE



NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

(Concluded from page 455)

The physiology of morphine is well known because it is administered by doctors under prescribed and carefully measured conditions. Similar characteristics of alcohol are not known. For example the range of susceptibility is not known. Dr. Ivy distinguishes three different aspects (1) intoxication, which he did not discuss, (2) habit formation, and (3) addiction. Habit formation is recognized by the feeling on the part of the individual that he must have alcohol regularly. Addiction is recognized by definite physiological symptoms of nervousness, jitters, etc., similar to addiction to morphine.

2. Size of the Problem

Alcohol is a major national health problem; some authorities place it first, and no recognized authority places it lower than fifth. Its importance is due not alone to chronic alcoholism, though there are estimated to be 750,000 chronic alcoholics in the United States and 3,000,000 excessive drinkers. Ivy estimates that there are 4,000,000 persons in the United States with either habit formation or addiction. *Alcoholism is a more serious disease than either cancer or tuberculosis according to the number affected.* Furthermore it has public health effects through its influence on other problems: 25 percent of the insanity grows out of alcoholism, 25-90 percent of the cases of venereal diseases are contracted while the victims are under the influence of alcohol, 20-25 percent of the accidents (automobile) are by persons under the influence of alcohol. Also use of alcohol predisposes a person to the development of tuberculosis, pneumonia, nephritis, and sclerosis of the liver, though, of course, it does not cause these diseases. No disease is helped by alcohol, though alcohol may ameliorate the symptoms.

3. Cause of the Problem

Causes lie in the individual himself, society, and the nature of alcohol. Some people believe that virtually all chronic drinkers suffer from psychiatric deficiencies but recent studies indicate that personality problems are important in only about 25 percent of the cases of alcoholism. Excessive drinking in other cases arises from repeated social over-indulgence in alcohol. The fact that alcohol is a habit-forming drug is also important.

4. Treatment and Cure

Treatments are of two types (1) conditioned reflexes of associating nausea with alcohol (the cure is highly effective for a short period but declines in effectiveness with the passage of time), and (2) Alcoholics Anonymous. *The only sure prevention is total abstinence* and education that alcohol is a serious public health problem, that it is habit forming, and that the feeling of a need for alcohol is a danger signal of alcoholism.

Alcoholics Anonymous

As we have formerly said, most of the authorities in the field of alcohol now, as does Dr. Ivy above, assert that alcoholism is a disease—"the most painful disease known to man." But it is a peculiar disease, differing from all others. No medicine, no surgical operation, no treatment of any kind will ever cure it, so the authorities say. There is only one thing that has ever been known to conquer it—*total abstinence*. An alcoholic who has conquered drink may never taste the stuff again without having the dormant, terrible disease flare up again in all its old time fury. This means the disease is never cured—it has only been made dormant by total abstinence.

Now the most effective method yet found of alcoholics reaching the state of total abstinence, seems to be that employed by Alcoholics Anonymous. Since the beginning of this movement in New York about a dozen years ago, it is now estimated that about sixty thousand alcoholics have become total abstainers. The method employed does not use any kind of medicine and involves no expense whatsoever, except the expense of travel—that of going to meetings. Here the newcomer meets with recovered alcoholics who relate to him how they overcame the drink evil and offer their services gratis to help him do likewise. The method, then, is testimony and personal help and companionship, given at any time, day or night, when the impulse to drink surges up with conquering force.

The Alcoholics Anonymous movement is growing rapidly. It came to Utah a few years ago. Since that time there have been organized three groups in Salt Lake City and one each in fourteen other towns as follows: Ogden, Logan, Provo, Heber City, Tooele, Nephi, Fillmore, Ephraim, Richfield, Monroe, Moab, Vernal, Roosevelt, and Salina. Of course they exist in cities and towns of other states.

An alcoholic who would like to conquer drink should contact one of these groups, where he will find a warm, sympathetic, and helpful welcome.

The post office address of any of these groups may be obtained by writing to Utah State Board on Alcoholism, 248 South Main Street, Salt Lake City.

THE FALLACY OF MODERATE DRINKING

(Concluded from page 441)

permanent part of our American way of life. It may take thirty, fifty, or a hundred years to win this battle, but we shall not rise to our full greatness as a people until it has been won.

It is not and will not be easy to wage a successful movement in favor of total abstinence as a way of life, as against the idea of moderate drinking as an acceptable social custom. Any idea that is widely established is hard to combat. But when the idea is actively promoted by one of the most powerful industries of modern times, the task is doubly difficult.

The liquor industry has reached vast proportions. It can and does spend every year enough money to dominate many of the magazines

and newspapers with the widest circulation. It is one of the richest accounts of the great advertising agencies. It is closely linked with radio and movie interests. It has a definite program for building the drinking of intoxicating liquor into the warp and woof of our American civilization. With the development of new forms of advertising—color television and the like—its power to reach the minds of the people will increase.

The plan of the organized liquor industry is clear. It has a definite line which it seeks to propagate and establish. That line is this: Fix in people's minds the idea that liquor drinking in moderation is a normal, wholesome accomplishment; that all the harm comes from excessive drinking; that drunkenness is a dis-

ease for which neither the individual nor the liquor industry is responsible; that the way to avoid excessive drinking and the disease of drunkenness is to teach young people in home and school and church how to drink moderately so that they will know what to drink, when to drink, how much to drink, and how to carry their liquor.

The ultimate goal of the anti-liquor strategy should be total abstinence by as large a part of the population as possible. We should seek through homes, school, church, and community to produce a generation of men and women with such staunch Christian character and such a high regard for the sacredness of human personality that there will be no place for even moderate drinking in this age.



More "go"... for your dough!

When you come right down to it, what you want from a premium motor oil is . . . *the best possible protection and the least added oil* from the time you fill till the time you drain.

Conoco Nth Motor Oil (Patented) gives you more for your money because (1) when Nth Oil enters your motor, it OIL-PLATES every working part with an *extra* film of lubricant and (2) this *extra*

OIL-PLATING actually stays up on cylinder walls . . . won't *all* drain down, even overnight!

That means you're *extra*-protected against power-clogging sludge and carbon due to wear . . . *extra*-protected against metal-eating combustion acids . . . *extra*-protected against destructive friction.

So, to *keep* your power . . . to get more "go" for your dough . . .



Make a date to OIL-PLATE!

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THE LAND NOBODY WANTED

(Continued from page 436)

men. They are just a lot of . . . religious bigots, but I do feel sorry for the women and children. They will starve to death in the Salt Lake Valley."

In different versions of the story of the meeting of President Young with Jim Bridger, it is sometimes said that Bridger offered a thousand dollars for the first ear of corn raised in the Salt Lake Valley. Another version is that the thousand dollar offer was for "the first bushel of wheat." The fact is that it was for the *first bushel of corn*—meaning the first bushel of *grain*, whether it be wheat, corn, or any other grain. In those pioneer days the word *corn* was used in the same sense we use the word *grain* today. What we know as corn was then called maize, which is its proper name. In some countries the word *corn* still is used to indicate any cereal grain. So Bridger was offering a thousand dollars for the first bushel of corn, wheat, or any other grain grown in the Salt Lake Valley. It was fortunate for Bridger that he didn't make a contract for all the grain grown by the pioneers at the rate first offered of a thousand dollars a bushel. The production of grain in the Salt Lake Valley has run into many millions of bushels.

And now, a hundred years after Brigham Young met Jim Bridger, it is estimated that nearly a third of a million people live in this same Salt Lake Valley which seemed to the early explorers to be a desolate, sunburned, and worthless territory.

FROM Salt Lake Valley, the pioneers expanded east, west, north, and south. They built cities, broke the land for farms, dug canals, built roads and bridges, opened the canyons to travel, and laid the foundation for a mighty intermountain empire. When Brigham Young first set the boundaries of this western Latter-day Saint Zion, they included all of the present states of Utah and Nevada, and parts of Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Oregon, and California. The southwestern tip was on the Pacific Ocean, and the main western boundary was the crest of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. President Heber J. Grant

frequently called attention to the fact that every foot of water in Lake Mead backed up by Hoover Dam comes from the watershed included in Brigham Young's original Provisional State of Deseret.

Within the limits of that original state is an area with unbounded resources. In Utah alone, grains of practically every variety grow. With the exception of tropical fruits almost every fruit used by man is to be found, not only in abundance, but also of incomparable flavor. Wool is grown in Utah in sufficient quantities to supply all the needs of its own people and more for export. Cattle, hogs, and sheep for meat, supplemented by wild meat from the mountains and plains, chickens and eggs, turkeys and geese, with wild fowl in abundance, and fish in the mountain streams, add to the generous supply of food.

Coal, which it is said the people of this area could not consume in less than a million years, wood and timber in forests as yet untouched provide fuel for every need. Recent discoveries indicate that oil may soon become an important Utah product. With the exception of a few very rare metals, Utah has not only sufficient for its own needs, but also a surplus to sell elsewhere.

Scenery that has attracted visitors from all over the world, enough salt to supply America for years to come, sulphur in abundance, and dozens of other natural resources mark Utah as a place apart and one of nature's great storehouses.

INSTEAD of starving to death in the Salt Lake Valley as Jim Bridger had predicted, the women Bridger helped help laid the foundation of a system of education that has attracted the attention of the world's foremost educators. In average years of school completed by adults twenty-five years of age and older, Utah leads all the states, with California and Oregon following in order.

In percentage of income devoted to education in the forty-eight states, Utah ranks fourth. Utah has more high school graduates and more college students per capita than any other state in the Union. Her literacy rate is very high—among the highest of any of the

states. Her students are found in educational centers throughout the country. Of the nation's men of achievement, as reported by Dr. E. L. Thorndike of Columbia University, Utah leads the national average by a wide margin. Of the nation's men of science, as shown by a survey made by Dr. Thorndike and published in his book, *American Men of Science*, Utah leads the next nearest state by approximately thirty percent.

A survey by the United States Office of Education shows a comparison of the educational status of the inductees in World War II. After discussing the states that furnished men of least education, the report states:

"At the other extreme was the mountain state of Utah with only 9.4 percent of inductees and enlistees having completed less than one year of high school; 18.5 percent having completed at least one year of college, and the median years of school completed being two years of high school, or one above the national average.

In the *Scientific Monthly* for May 1943 under the title "Origin of Superior Men," Dr. Thorndike reveals:

We may conclude therefore that the production of superior men is surely not an accident, that it has only a slight affiliation with income, that it is closely related to the kind of persons residing in New England and in the block formed by Colorado, Idaho, North Dakota, South Dakota, Utah, and Wyoming, from 1870 to 1900, and that these persons probably diverged from the average of the country toward the qualities which make persons learn to read, graduate from high school, spend public funds on libraries rather than roads and sewers, own their homes, avoid homicide, be free from syphilis, . . .

In their book, *Education—America's Magic*, published in 1946, Dr. Raymond M. Hughes, president emeritus of Iowa State College, and William H. Lancelot, professor of vocational education at Iowa State College, report:

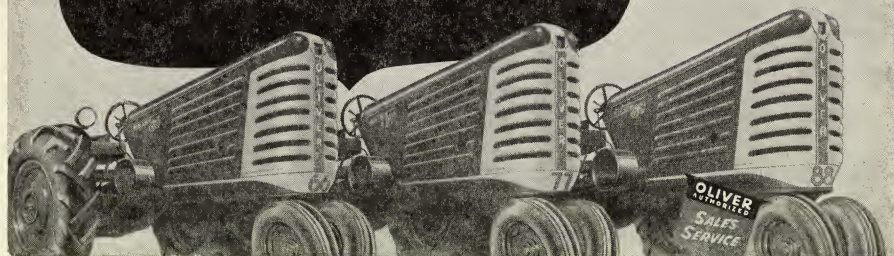
Ability to support education by no means determines the accomplishment of any given state in education. Some, like Utah and Kansas, while only moderately "able," rank very high in accomplishment, apparently holding education in high esteem and putting forth great effort to provide it for their young people. . . . Striking examples are seen in Delaware and Utah, the former of which ranks fifth in ability

(Concluded on page 464)

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"WHAT'S SHE GOT?"

(Concluded from page 440)

and not too eager to be found out so, either that or the excitement of new dating keeps it from being known until you get really well acquainted with her, and by then it's too late. If you don't like her particular brand of moods, you give her up and try another, but the chances are that you like her so well you just overlook them."

"Overlook nothing," Robert burst in, "it's a challenge to a fellow to pull her out of them—that is, if you like her. Of course, if she's too much that way or just enjoys showing off or keeping you in a fever, it's best to say 'good-bye.' Life's too short for a constant round of moods, but a little variety is just plain interesting."

"What about morals?" I managed.

"A clean boy is the only date I'm at all interested in," said Jane.

"Likewise for girls," Bill was emphatic.

There was a strong chorus of "I should say."

MOST of this group were pretty solid Church youngsters, but not all of them had this background. Nevertheless, the reply was determined and unanimous. They all wanted clean friends.

I tried to summarize for them. Boys and girls in the main want their dating companions to be good looking—not necessarily handsome or beautiful but neat, well-groomed, and clean. In fact, they want them

clean in every way. They like them to look alive and happy and to seem to enjoy themselves. They want them to have good manners and to be considerate and "at ease." They like them to "fit in"—to be as ready for a canyon party as for a formal dance; as happy with a simple evening as a big one but, if they're boys, to produce a "big" evening occasionally and, if they're girls, to appreciate one when it is offered. They like them to have a sense of humor, to be tactful, and thoughtful. They like them to be a little smart at thinking up new places, new ideas, new fun. They like the girls occasionally to offer entertainment—individually or in groups—in their homes or organizations. They like them to be polite and considerate to their parents. They like them "well balanced."

"How," asked Martha, "is one to get that way? It seems to me that only girls who have dated a great deal and are very experienced can be all of those things. What are the kids to do who just haven't achieved all this and yet must try to 'break in'?"

"You'll meet that problem all your lives in one way or another, so you might as well get used to it," I suggested cheerfully. "That's why three things are important to remember:

"First: A lot of preliminary training is offered freely in homes, schools, and churches, and the wise avail themselves of these opportunities from their early youth. They

practise treating their own families with consideration. They learn to dance and play. They learn the forms of courtesy and a few grooming techniques. If they have done this early in life, they find that they 'jell' pretty well with groups as they come into their middle and late teens.

"Second. If this training isn't taken easily or early enough, you are bound to overdo or underdo—in fact, you will to some extent, anyway. So don't take yourself too seriously. It won't matter if someone laughs at you a little. Set up your own standards, fix your own 'sights,' know where you want to go and what you want to be, and you'll be doing the last laughing—unless you've learned to be too polite for last laughing. Take criticism kindly. Let your brothers and sisters give you a word of counsel about make-up and manners. None of us can see ourselves, so it's best to be seen by critical but loving eyes, before we must meet the critical who aren't so loving.

"Third: Knowing your own imperfections, remember that many girls and boys you see have potentialities for greatness along with their present funny mannerisms. Be the smart girl who recognizes in Bob the marvelous man of tomorrow—even if he does stutter and blush now when he meets new people. Be the bright boy who sees in Ruth the unselfish, fun-loving pal she really is—even if her nervous young laugh does make you wince at times. Perhaps you are a boy with a beautiful mother, and you have decided that you 'want a girl, just like the girl who married dear old Dad.' Then let me assure you that if you had known your mother when she was seventeen and judged her by your present Hollywood-tintured standards, you would have passed her by. Dad was smart. Or perhaps you are a girl who thinks your father the most wonderful man in the world. Remember then, please, that he grew that way from an unimpressive, shy boy. Mother just knew how to 'pick her man.' Get to know the real girl and her real possibilities, the real boy and his real possibilities when you're looking for a date. Ask yourself honestly, 'What's She Got?'"

THE LAND NOBODY WANTED

(Concluded from page 462)

and thirty-fourth in accomplishment, while the latter ranks thirty-second in ability and first in accomplishment.

The conclusion of the study is:

Utah has first place among the states by a wide margin. . . .

While ranking thirty-second in ability to support education with an income of only \$1,680 a child, and fourth in effort, it still ranks first in educational accomplishment, in the degree in which accomplishment is commensurate with ability, in efficiency, and in the level of adult education.

This appears to be due almost wholly to the high value placed on education by the people of Utah, coupled with high efficiency in the expenditure of funds de-

voted to school purposes. Indeed, this combination of great effort and high efficiency and the utilization of school funds seems to have operated in a remarkable manner to overcome the handicap of relatively low ability. Utah easily outclasses all other states in over-all performance in education.

Utah is famous, too, for its beautiful and imposing churches. All the major religious groups have congregations here and all live together in peace and unity.

All told, Utah is the home of some of the happiest people in the world.

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THERE'S A FULLER PAINT
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THE CHURCH MOVES ON

(Concluded from page 420)

armed forces of World War I. During that mission he served as president of the Ngapuhi District. He acted as interpreter for President David O. McKay, then a member of the Council of the Twelve, when he and the late Hugh J. Cannon made a worldwide tour of the missions of the Church.

President Young has been active in the work of the Church auxiliaries wherever he has lived. He was a member of the Granite Sunday School board several years ago.

Mrs. Young and two children will accompany him to the field of labor. The couple have two married daughters, also.

Elder Cowley

ELDER MATTHEW COWLEY of the Council of the Twelve, and president of the Pacific Mission, was in Salt Lake City for a short time during June, reporting his six-months tour of the missions and getting ready to visit the remaining island mission, Tahiti, for which he sailed on June 27.

He and Sister Cowley, who accompanied him on most of the tour, covered some distances in hours, as they traveled by air, that it took the first missionaries of that area months to travel by sailboat, and later missionaries days and weeks, by steamship. During part of the journey he kept in touch with the missionaries on Samoa by amateur radio. He acted, for a time, as president of the Samoan Mission after President John Q. Adams was released.

He and Sister Cowley toured the Australian Mission, and then their old

mission, New Zealand, which proved to be a homecoming. He reports that the Saints are anxious to have the Church college re-established in New Zealand. The agricultural college was opened in 1913 at Korongata, near Hastings, on North Island, and, at times, had as many as two hundred Maori boys as students. The college has been destroyed by fire.

After visiting the Tongan Mission, they went to Hawaii, where they visited the Oahu Stake conference, a ward conference, and a conference of the Central Pacific Mission, as well as conferring with the authorities of the Hawaiian and Central Pacific missions.

Although he did not visit the Japanese Mission, Elder Cowley reported that President Edward L. Clissold sends word that the mission is being well established, and he is awaiting the arrival of regularly assigned missionaries.

Welfare Regions

ONE Church welfare region has been divided to form two regions, and a second region has been dissolved, and its stakes affiliated with neighboring welfare regions, Elder Harold B. Lee of the Council of the Twelve and managing director of the Church welfare program, has announced.

Formed from a portion of the Northern California Region is the San Francisco Bay Region, comprising the four stakes of that area, San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, and Palo Alto.

The Northern California Region now includes the Sacramento and Gridley stakes, from the old organization, and the newly organized San Joaquin

Stake, and the Reno, Nevada, Stake, which has functioned outside of a welfare region since its creation several years ago.

The Southeastern Idaho Region has been dissolved, and the Star Valley Stake has joined the Eastern Idaho Region, and the Bear Lake and Montpelier stakes have become a part of the Cache Region.

At the close of 1947, there were 110 bishops' storehouses functioning in the Church welfare plan. Each storehouse served all the way from a ward to a complete region.

Radio Series

BEGINNING Sunday, July 18, Elder William E. Berrett, a member of the general board of the Deseret Sunday School Union, will begin a series of radio discourses on the Church radio hour over KSL at 9:00 p.m. Elder Berrett, who will join the faculty of Brigham Young University in September, will speak to the general subject: "What Shall Man Believe?" Music will be furnished by Alexander Schreiner, Tabernacle organist, and by a guest soloist.

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., will conclude his popular radio series on this hour, July 11.

Mission Home

APPROXIMATELY four hundred missionaries of the Church—the largest number ever sent at one time—entered the missionary home June 21, for their pre-mission training. In June 1947, 287 elders and lady missionaries entered the home, which was the largest single class until that time.

MISSIONARIES ENTERING THE MISSIONARY HOME MAY 3, AND DEPARTING MAY 12, 1948

Reading from left to right, first row: Verlyn D. Blenz, Joyce Johnson Nixon, R. Howard Warnick, Maurine Becraft, Dan B. Colton, director; Vivian Green, Garth A. Luke, Robert C. Swenson, Jean Chesley.

Second row: Leone Seamans, G. E. Muir, Rolf C. Wolf, Phoebe Wald, Arthur J. Harris, Josephine Laproy, Emeline R. White, Valois R. Bybee, Boyd H. Lee, Max E. Wilson.

Third row: Cornelius Van Ry, Helen Seamans, Shirley C. Driscoll, Elsie W. Carlson, Keith A. Carlson, Elizabeth Ann Garley, Rose D. Bankhead, Valena Jones, Harriet L. Jones, James S. Jones.

Fourth row: Harold Gale Schwider, Glen A. Christensen, Ivan J. Henrie, Douglas E. Bolton, Mark A. Benson, Walton Hunter, Boyd D. Harris, Keith H. Wessman, LaRue Williams, Anna Joy Burton, Norma Jane Clark, Leatha Wade.

Fifth row: Herbert A. Johnson, Kyle Paul Thueson, Vern R. Montgomery, Joseph Lee Goodge, Gordon D. Jones, Gordon W. Wilde, Frank G. Farnsworth, Kendall O. Gurr, Gerald J. Maxfield, C. Bailey Sainsbury, William Jenks, Yel Young.

Sixth row: Richard D. Herrick, Van H. Washburn, Frank H. Gifford, Glen J. Flittton, Richard Dale Stead, LeGrand E. Day, Eldon S. Paxman, Wesley S. Schow, Carl E. Morgan, Kenneth B. Sothberg, Darrell D. Atkinson.

Seventh row: Lavar Clawson, LaMar J. Barlow,

Fred Schouten, Lewis Patterson, Bud M. Harrison, Glenn W. Huffaker, Gordon S. Savage, DeWayne W. Perkins, John H. Windish, Joseph G. Jensen.

Eighth row: Edward H. Hale, Jr., Don Byron Wilson, Dee E. Hipwell, David G. Clark, Paul A. Foulger, Neil R. Sorenson, Lowell S. Hartley, Lyle E. Murdock, William R. Master, Van K. Hoderlie.

Ninth row: Easton Blake, Darrell Hansen, Lloyd G. Givman, Kenneth Bennion, Gordon Gresson, Doyle B. Tanner, Melvin S. Bushman, Joseph William Flett, Leonard Beckman, Wilford W. Hunsaker.

Tenth row: Thamer Shuler Hite, Heber J. Anderson, Don Steven Brunt, Elwin T. Christensen, G. Thomas Pace, Lynn J. Larsen, Paul B. Andrus, James A. Crookston, Blane E. Hendricks, Jay W. Kotter.



THE CHURCH IN EUROPE

(Concluded from page 428)

under way. The favorable publicity given the Church during the Utah centennial year has reached the readers of newspapers and magazines throughout the world. Persecution and crinations belong in the past. The missionaries are well received, and the suspicions and prejudices of former years are melting away. Large and enthusiastic gatherings of Saints and friends in the various European missions indicate the response to the missionary work as at present carried on.

In Berlin recently, more than two thousand people crowded into the famous *Staatsoper*, built by Hitler before the war, to attend a religious service conducted by the Latter-day Saints. In Frankfurt, Germany, the only halls available have been filled to capacity, and in Karlsruhe on a weekday 362 people turned out in the afternoon to greet Presidents Stover and Wunderlich and me. At the missionwide conference of the British Mission held in the city of Bradford last summer, 1,157 were in

attendance at the Sunday evening session. This is perhaps the largest gathering of Latter-day Saints to assemble in the British Isles since the turn of the century. At three public meetings held during missionwide conference of the Netherlands Mission in Amsterdam the average attendance was above one thousand. Meetings, similarly well attended, have been held in Oslo, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Helsinki, Basel, and within the past few days, President James L. Barker of the French Mission reports the holding of a meeting at Strasbourg attended by four hundred. A like number were present at a public meeting conducted by President Wallace F. Toronto in one of the suburbs of Brno, Czechoslovakia.

Surely a new day is dawning for the Church, and a spiritual awakening is at hand. Out of the terrible agony of war and its disconcerting aftermath may come a greater hope, a deeper faith, and a firmer hold on the everlasting things which shall not entirely perish from the earth.

The Record Harvest in Wales

(Continued from page 433)

Welsh tongue should prevail. Griffith's daughter, Jane Owen, married Jonathan Coppack, and these were the fourth great-grandparents of President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. So as we examined these pedigrees of Robert Vaughan, we remembered that every forefather therein was likewise a progenitor of President Clark, and that the film copies of these manuscript pedigrees, if made, would be of great interest to many families of our Church.

Passing to other rooms we found workers unrolling and sorting by parishes huge piles of bishops' transcripts of parish registers—copies of births or baptisms and marriages and burials made by the parish minister annually and sent to his bishop. Each record was being classified, pressed out flat, and filed away in order in a box or drawer. There must have been about six hundred to eight hundred of such boxes, each containing one hundred to one hundred fifty sheets; and there were

(Continued on page 468)

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THE RECORD HARVEST IN WALES

(Continued from page 467)

one hundred large bound volumes of them. There were one hundred photostat or handwritten transcriptions of original volumes of parish registers, for each time a book is sent to the National Library for repair or rebinding, a photo copy is made for the library; finally we came to the large rooms filled with wills; wills in large bound volumes, recorded copies; original wills folded and filling row after row and shelf after shelf, from all the probate dis-

tricts of Wales, down to the year 1858; which a later itemizing estimated at about 300,000 pages.

In the repair rooms were volumes in every stage of rehabilitation. The aged bookbinder in charge showed us how sometimes the pages of ancient registers came in torn to bits, and even damp and rolled into a ball of paper pulp. He explained how each fragment was meticulously fitted into its proper placement, how the paper of the original sheet when completed was split in half and each

half backed with a durable sheet, and the erstwhile scrap paper was restored to service as a precious record volume.

In his eyes glowed the pride of accomplishment as he demonstrated each phase of his skilled occupation. "You enjoy this work, don't you?" I asked. "What pleasure is there in life," he replied fervently, "if you cannot take these old fragments and make them of use once again?"

PROMPTLY at 11 a.m. we were ushered into the office of Sir William Davies, the librarian. He received us very graciously, and said that some of their old and valuable manuscript collections had already been filmed by an American firm. So he was fully acquainted with the process and sympathetic with our request, for he prized these records gathered there. The library itself had on order a fully modern microfilm camera, which he suggested we might use in copying their records. To obtain official sanction he suggested that we submit to them a letter of request, which he would present to his large library council of prominent officials. He himself volunteered to apply in our behalf to the Representative Body of the Church of Wales at Cardiff for permission for us to film the parish registers and transcripts which were the property of the Welsh church. This permission would also apply to the registers from all the churches of Wales to be assembled at the National Library within the next four or five years. The wills were under the jurisdiction of the Principal Probate Registry at Somerset House, London, and he advised us to seek from them permission to make microfilm copies.

Gratified with the favorable opportunities before us, we signed our names in Sir William's register book, and left with his good wishes.

Prompt action followed, and the applications were duly made and answered.

On July 8, 1947, came this official word from Sir Henry Norbury, senior registrar of the Principal Probate Registry:

I have submitted your letter of June 25 to Mr. Justice Hodson who is acting for the President in his absence. The judge has

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authorized me to say that he is prepared to give authority for the microfilming of the recorded or the original wills pre-1858 at the National Library of Wales and the indexes thereto on the understanding that the cost of the project is borne by the Genealogical Society of Utah and that a positive copy of all films made of the wills is provided for our use without cost to us, as you kindly suggest.

And from the librarian at Aberystwyth on July 14th:

Your letter which is dated June 25 was considered by my Council at its meeting on July 3. After the proposal had been thoroughly discussed, and some members who were uneasy in regard to the risks involved owing to the inflammable nature of the microfilms had been assured that every care and precaution would be taken, it was finally resolved that the Council give its blessing to the undertaking, and that the details be left to the Records Subcommittee, which was given power to act.

Since the library has recently purchased a microfilm camera (the delivery of which I am expecting daily) it seems to me unnecessary for you to allocate another machine for the work which is to be done here. Arrangements can be made for your operator to use our machine, the terms and conditions to be decided later.

I will, as you desire, approach the Representative Body of the Church of Wales on your behalf for permission to film the Church of Wales records, and will let you know the results.

We promptly assured them that all our microfilming was being done on safety film, which was not highly flammable. It will melt slowly if a match is attached to it, but when the match is removed the smoldering is immediately extinguished.

Just a few days before my departure from England came the following letters, enabling the filming there to begin on October 1:

From Sir William L. Davies, September 29:

I send herewith a copy of a letter which I have just received from Mr. L. S. Whitehead, secretary and treasurer of the Representative Body of the Church in Wales, Cardiff.

Included in the latter communication was this paragraph:

I have now been able to give careful consideration to the application of the Genealogical Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and in view of the contents of your letter of August 19 last and of the decision of the Council of the Library, I, on behalf of the Representative Body, give consent subject to such terms and conditions as you (being the custodian of the documents) think fit to impose.

With kind regards,
Yours sincerely
L. S. Whitehead

That was our signal to commence. David Gardner was sent from London to make an itemized inventory of all desirable records to be filmed. Weekly reports from our operator, John F. Leach, an earnest and exemplary young man of twenty-one years, who served as a missionary for six months during the war, show that he had microfilmed there from October 1 to March 15, 23,800 feet of record film, approximately 285,600 pages of records including about 18,000 pages of parish registers of many Welsh parishes.

This is an excellent beginning, but of course, *just the beginning* of a prospective five-year program of copying.

The Spoken Word

(Concluded from page 446)

—both for us and for those we cherish and love. "I tell you they have not died."¹ And surely we can trust him who gave us life, to give equal or greater meaning to death and to the life that extends eternally beyond.

¹Gordon Johnstone

—May 30, 1948.

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It has been our privilege for the past several years to supply Church books in ever increasing numbers to missionaries in the field. Needless to say, the steady rise in the cost of living is making it more and more difficult for missionaries to build the reference libraries they want and should have.

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The Need of the World: Super Men

(Concluded from page 429)

portant, for it provides the rationale for better living, but spirituality, since it supplies the major drive, is even more essential. Too many people today are taking their religion passively, indifferently; and too many others are going through the motions of worship without feeling the spiritual urge or using it to magnify their lives. Too many are living on the fringe of real religion. Too many are slipping into a state of spiritual atrophy.

There is a pulse for bigger things throbbing through the Church that some but dimly feel, if at all. Each can reach these higher things if he will but keep close enough to the divine to call forth the latent powers within himself. Each person can be a superman if he will but grab hold of the bootstraps of his soul and pull. He will not travel through physical space, but travel he will, and the heights to which he will soar and the spiritual lift he will feel can leave him no doubt about the power that is his. And then, but not until then, can man contribute substantially to the peace of a better world.

Tyee the Valiant

(Continued from page 435)

As the weeks slipped past and spring merged into summer, the Indian could not prevail on Powers to part with the cub.

"Sure he's a nuisance," the cruiser agreed, "but he's an amusing one. You leave him alone."

Once Tyee realized that Powers did not intend to harm him, his first distrust changed to friendliness. While the cruiser and the Indian were away during the day, he would roam about the clearing and the nearby woods, immensely interested in everything from empty tin cans to butterflies, seemingly content to be alone. But as the shadows lengthened, he would invariably return to the creek mouth and when the canoe appeared, he would be waiting with bright, eager eyes, to welcome them.

One night, while the full moon flooded the lake with its disturbing magic, Tyee came out of his shed growling. From a point far down the lake there came the discordant

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

clamor of many dogs, huskies, and mongrels that had been left to forage for themselves or starve by the Indians whose village was deserted while they visited their summer hunting grounds.

For the young bear, there was something challenging in the sound. The fur on his back and shoulders rose, and not until the last of those harsh voices had died in the vast silence of the night did he lie down again.

But in the morning he was waiting for Powers, impudent and droll as ever.

"Didn't like that howling, eh? Heard you moving around," the cruiser greeted, as with towel over his shoulder he went down to the beach to wash. "They see a lot more mealtimes than meals, those dogs. If ever they range up this way, you better tree or they won't be enough of you left to wad a shotgun."

Tyee capered heedlessly ahead, throwing his hindquarters ridiculously high at each short bound. He scampered toward a small hemlock, climbed a yard from the ground and peered impishly at Powers first from one side of the trunk then from the other. This was his invitation to play, to have the man rush at him, buffet him with his old felt hat while he either shadow boxed or climbed in burlesqued terror to some perch which Powers could not reach.

"Too busy for a roughhouse this morning," the cruiser evaded, flipping his towel at the cub as he passed the tree. "Got to do a lot today. We're heading for the Outside tomorrow. After that you'll have to rustle for yourself."

AFTER breakfast Powers gave Tyee the head of a large char which he had caught off the creek mouth the evening before. Holding it against the ground with his paws, the young bear crunched and tore with noisy relish, and soon afterward the two men departed for their last day's work in this valley.

Powers was the first to leave. Tyee docile and appeased by the fish head trudged down to the beach and watched while the dugout was launched and headed across the lake in the late September sunlight. Returning idly to the cabin he met Kit-lobbe coming out, rifle in the crook of his arm, ready for the trail.

(Continued on page 472)

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TYEE THE VALIANT

(Continued from page 471)

Moved by surly impulse, the Indian brought the rifle to his shoulder and sighted along it, aiming at a point just under the cub's chin. His finger lay lightly on the trigger while Tyee eyed him indifferently. There was a hint of hostility in the Indian's attitude, then with a grunt he turned away. For the present the orders of the big white man must be carried out. Soon he would be his own master again.

Kitlobe started down the lake shore to collect the tools he had been told to bring in. And as his mind dwelt with satisfaction on his next year's meeting with the cub, he forgot that he had neglected to latch the door—the door which was the only barrier between their perilously small grub supply and any marauder.

For an hour after he had been left alone, Tyee made snuffling explorations behind the woodshed, licked the cedar shake on which the char had been cleaned, expended much effort to climb to the flat top of a high stump only to slither immediately down its other side, and then wandered purposelessly back to the cabin. The savage clamor of the Indian dogs had cost him part of his night's rest. He looked about for a place to sleep, and, seeing the door swinging slowly in the freshening lake breeze, he entered, circled the low walled room and at last hoisted himself into Power's bunk and curled up in the worn blankets which still held some of their owner's bodily warmth. Tyee pawed them until the rumpled folds made a bed more to his liking. Five minutes later he was sound asleep.

The sun swung higher, the block of sunlight in the open doorway shortened, and at last Tyee stirred uneasily and lifted his head in the shadows at the back end of the bunk. A lean flanked Siwash dog was edging craftily into the room. Another, its head and powerful shoulders already inside the room, was making a crouching advance, and a third, hidden at first, was moving toward the stove behind which, on open shelves, the cruiser's few remaining pounds of grub were stored.

Tyee did not stir. The hunger-maddened strays from the village had not yet discovered him. In their search for anything that could be

eaten they would ruthlessly loot this unprotected cabin. Food, leather, moccasins, whatever their powerful jaws could tear, in half an hour all the cruiser's outfit would be wrecked. Tyee lay low. He seemed to know these vandals had cornered him.

Then the nose of the foremost dog found him. It growled, and slowly, inch by inch, Tyee stood up, his black head thrust defiantly forward, his eyes angry, his back to the bare logs of the wall. A second later all three thieves were leaping and snapping at him.

In their frenzy to loot the unguarded cabin they might have allowed him to escape. But Tyee was betrayed by the same aggressiveness which had made his mother charge the man who had shot at her. So now, when the gaunt head of the first dog flashed at him, Tyee's paw shot out, struck him across the eyes and then in one scrambling leap the cub left the bunk and gained the table top, only to be sent headlong as the table was overturned by the Indian dogs' massed rush.

In an instant they were over him in a snarling wave, but he shook free and before he had regained his feet, he whirled and smote the leading attacker a lightning blow on the side of the neck. Every ounce of Tyee's strength was behind that swing, and the dog's head struck the stove with sickening impact. Dazed, it tried gamely to fight on, only to be felled by a paw which crashed down on the small of its back and left it, twitching and broken, on the floor.

CRAZED with anger, the leader of the pack recklessly abandoned his in-and-out tactics and hurled himself at Tyee's undefended shoulders, his fangs ripping deep into the flesh. Tyee reared up, clawing vainly for him with his forepaws, while the third dog, a noisy coward, dodged in and out, nipping savagely at the young bear's haunches.

Tyee struggled to shake free, but each time the leader's teeth went deeper. Then as he shook free, the big dog's hindquarters whipped around within reach of his mouth, and Tyee's jaws crunched, to leave a leg dangling. Frenzied by the pain, the dog leaped clear trying on three legs to face gamely the black fury. Tyee charged, and the craven-hearted mongrel fled for the sunshine

outside. The leader, his body wedged between the back of the stove and the wall, stood his ground with desperate courage. Then a human form darkened the doorway, and Kitlobe, panting from his long run along the shore after remembering about the unfastened latch, stood surveying in alarm the disordered room.

As he ran to examine the untouched store of food, Tyee, still half-crazed by the fight, whirled to face him, but this time the rifle was not leveled, and as the Indian turned from the shelves, a look of awed comprehension showed on his stolid face.

AN hour later when Powers came back, and Kitlobe Joe had related what he had seen, he was still unmoved by what the cruiser regarded as Tyee's courage. For the Indian there had come out of that shadowy but very real world of native totems and taboos a revelation of some superhuman plan. Some great being had ruled that the young of the bear who had slain his brother was to defend the food supply without which their long trip to the Outside would be fraught with bitter hardship and perhaps with death. Yes, it had all been decreed.

"I think more better we stay here one more day," Kitlobe suggested with quiet earnestness. Powers, half-comprehending, agreed.

Next morning Kitlobe went alone with his ax and chopped an entrance into the base of a hollow cedar near the clearing. He lined the hole with moss, and that afternoon went across the lake to return at sundown with the canoe half-filled with spent salmon from a spawning stream on the opposite shore. He carried them across the clearing and left them near the den he had prepared.

At dawn, the high prowed dug-out headed up the lake through the wisps of mist lying over the still water. Tyee watched it go. He did not know that he was never to see these two men again; he did not know of Kitlobe's longing to appease the brooding Northland. And so when the canoe was hidden from him, he turned and shuffled across the sand and over the bleached driftwood to where Kitlobe's feast of peace was waiting close beside the moss-lined den.

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I VISIT THE NAVAJOS

(Continued from page 437)

a short distance away, had stopped to watch the performance. When the limb broke, the Navajos betrayed their surprise by the customary grunt, 'a-yah.' "

"Then the chief got off his horse, and walked over to Seth Tanner. He took hold of Tanner's arm and felt the rippling muscles. Then he called him *Hah-steen-shush*."

"What does that mean?" I asked. "Mister Bear," he explained with a chuckle.

AWAY OFF in the morning sunlight, we could see the rounded earth heaps of a group of hogans. Some distance off to the right stood the steel tower of a windmill. It looked a little odd to see this sign of civilization in such a lonely, wild place, but Martin told us that the government had placed these at intervals so the Indians can water their stock when the water holes dry up.

"Let's go over there," Martin advised; "that's a very good example of a hogan, and I know those people." We turned into a dim road across the valley, skirted the windmill and its accompanying water trough, and drove half a mile to the hogans. There were three of them, the door of each to the east. These doors were of lumber, about five feet tall. The hogans looked like inverted mixing bowls covered with clay, with the doors fitted against one side of each. Just as we approached, the door opened, and a Navajo woman faced us. Martin Bushman shook her hand and said something to her. She smiled and went back into the hogan, and he followed her in, motioning for us to follow.

In the center of the room was a small, two-hole iron stove, with its pipe disappearing through the two-foot square hole in the center of the roof. On the side opposite the door, reclining on a sheepskin for a bed, covered with a lavender cotton blanket, was the master of the house, a Navajo man about sixty years of age. To the left stood an iron bed on which lay a dirty cotton mattress. On the bed sat a bright-eyed two-year-old child, attended by his mother, a woman of about thirty. On the right, sitting

on another skin, the wife of the man busily carded wool. Behind her was a homemade cupboard consisting of half a dozen wooden boxes stacked on end. Against the far wall were old-looking trunks. Over everything was sprinkled the ageless dust of the desert. This served to blend the colors of the various articles of furniture and the furnishings generally with the floor, which was of the earth. The water bucket, disappointingly one of galvanized iron, stood full of water on the floor by the door. This had been carried by one of the women the half mile between the hogan and the windmill.

The hogan was intensely interesting. I had thought to see clay walls and eroded mud on the inside. No clay was visible. In a circle about fifteen feet in diameter the builder had planted juniper posts so close together that no dirt sifted through. These rose to a height of about four and one-half feet, then the sloping roof began. The juniper poles, six inches in diameter and about six feet long, are fitted in such a manner that each one rests snugly on the two below. Imagine shingles six feet long and made of six-inch poles and you have the idea.

One can understand how dirt can be piled on the roof to give the house its bowl-like appearance from the outside, and yet not have it sift through into the room below. The roof of the hogan in which I stood commenced at the walls about four and one-half feet from the floor, and finished at the hole in the roof, about nine feet above. This roof was a solid corrugation of tight-fitting juniper, tight and snug-looking and giving off the pleasant aromatic odor of the wood. It was like living in an inlaid cedar chest so far as the odor was concerned.

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WHILE we were satisfying our curiosity as to the construction of the hogan, a young woman entered from one of the other hogans. She could understand a little English, and we were able to talk to her.

I admired some silver shell ornaments on the dress of the baby and wanted to buy a few as souvenirs. I asked about the price and was told it would be five cents each. I produced thirty cents for six. The mother calmly cut six off the baby's dress and gave them to me. I started to remonstrate, but Martin told me that she'd get more and replace them.

I wanted to see how moccasins were made and asked if I might see one. Obligingly Martin stooped over and unceremoniously pulled off one of the moccasins of our host. The moccasin was a work of art; try as I might I could not see the stitches which held it together. When she saw my interest, Mrs. Navajo produced a partly finished moccasin, got out her awl and a length of sinew, and showed me how she did it. It looked easy, but the ease was because of long practice. The sinew was most engaging. As a boy I read in Ernest Thompson Seton's book, *Two Little Savages*, how the Indians took the sinew which ran along the backbone of larger animals (such as buffalo and horses) dried it, and used it for thread. This piece was about two feet long and looked for all the world like a strip of dried Norwegian fish one can buy in a fish market. I tried to strip off a thread. I split off quite easily a thread about as fine as No. 20, two feet long and very stiff. The old man reached up, took the thread from my hand, put it in his mouth until it was pliable, and rolled it along his thigh, using his palm. Then he smiled and handed it back as much as to say, "There, white man, is a thread that is a thread." And it was. I tried to break it but could not. Then the woman took the thread and sewed around about three inches of the moccasin sole with it. She was an artist and a craftsman of the highest order.

We asked to see the process of weaving. The young woman took us to the next hogan and showed us the whole method. A piece of virgin wool is carded with wire cards until

it is pliable; then by hand, using a homemade spinning "stick," the piece is whirled into a loosely twisted yarn. Then she sat down at her loom on which was a partly completed small blanket. The warp was held in a frame, the strings up and down. A stick inserted at a right angle to the warp held the strings apart. The yarn was laid at the apex of the "V" thus made and pounded tightly against the apex with a wooden comb. Then the stick was changed, and the strings at the front became the strings at the rear and vice versa, after which another yarn was inserted, and the process was reversed. It was slow work, but we were surprised that she did not pass the yarn in and out around the strings but made the loom perform that for her.

WE visited, next, the corral which contained about eighteen sheep of varying breeds. The three women and children (now swelled to eight in number), followed us out.

While we stood talking, a little six-year-old girl ran into the corral, and immediately a half-grown lamb ran up to her and showed signs of great affection. The little girl dropped to her knees and clasped the lamb about the neck, rubbing her face in the soft wool behind the ears and down the side of the lamb's face. The little creature returned caress for caress.

We turned to go. I took a look back. The women stood silent and motionless as the eternal sandstone buttes in the distance. The children still bashfully peered out at us from behind the voluminous folds of their mothers' skirts, but in the corral the little girl played with her lamb, her purple bodice and bright, red skirt a pleasing contrast to the light gray of the surrounding sheep and the long, blue shadows of the distant hills.

I have seen dignity; I have seen poverty, but never before have I seen such quiet dignity and pride in the demeanor of the poverty-stricken. They seem to say, "You robbed us of our land; you have stolen our game; but you can't take away our manhood, our pride, our dignity, for we are *Di-neh*—the men, the people."

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LOS ANGELES

"TWO PERSONS — ONE CHARGE"

THE RETIRING PRESIDENCY

(Concluded from page 430)

choir leader she was given a silver cup for her efficiency. She also worked as counselor in the Primary Association and as teacher in the Religion Class. Following her graduation from the Latter-day Saint University, she studied nursing under Dr. Margaret S. Roberts. She was a guide on Temple Block, where she met J. Percy Goddard, whom she married in the Salt Lake Temple, and became the mother of four children, two boys and two girls, three of whom have served on missions for the Church.

Following her marriage she became active in her new ward where she served as Gleaner teacher and as Relief Society leader in theology. Sister Goddard's work in the Relief Society culminated in a pageant called the "Gospel Dispensation." She was also in the presidency of the ward Y.W.M.I.A., and for the Mutual she wrote and directed many ward shows. In 1935, she was called to serve as president of the Liberty Stake Y.W.M.I.A. During this time she also acted as leader of the Women's Division in the Sunday School in her ward and as chairman of the Brighton Girls' Home. She was called to the position of second counselor when Sister Cannon became president, and upon the release of Sister Helen Williams in July 1944, Sister Goddard became first counselor in the presidency.

LUCY TAYLOR ANDERSEN was appointed to the general presidency as second counselor to Sister Cannon July 5, 1944, when Helen Spencer Williams was released as a result of ill health. Sister Andersen, like the other members of the presidency, began her Church activity in her youth, for she was only thirteen when she became a teacher in the Sunday School. From that time until the present she has been active in the various organizations of the Church.

While she was attending the University of Utah, she acted as part-time secretary to her grandfather, Heber J. Grant, then president of the Council of the Twelve. When

her father, John H. Taylor, a member of the Y.M.M.I.A. general board, and later called to the First Council of the Seventy, and her mother, Rachel Grant Taylor, who served altogether for twenty-seven years on the Y.W.M.I.A. general board, were called to head the Northern States Mission, Lucy accompanied them. For two years she served in the office as her father's secretary. She later acted as a regular missionary throughout Indiana and Wisconsin.

It was during her stay in Chicago that she met Waldo M. Andersen, of Logan, Utah, whom she married in 1926 in the Salt Lake Temple. They have one son, who has gone into the same mission field in which his grandparents and parents served. Shortly after the Andersens established themselves in Salt Lake City, Sister Andersen was called to the stake board of the Y.W.M.I.A., first as Lion House representative and later as Bee Hive and Gleaner leader. She was called to the general board of the Y.W.M.I.A. in December 1937, and was appointed to the Bee Hive committee, later being named its chairman, which position she held until she was called to the general presidency of the organization. In addition to her Mutual work she has been a regular missionary on Temple Square.

The general board was released with the general presidency at the April conference. The general board released is constituted of: Ethel S. Anderson, Minnie E. Anderson, Norma P. Anderson, Alicebeth W. Ashby, Marjorie Ball, Clarissa A. Beesley, Emily H. Bennett, Hazel B. Bowen, Carol H. Cannon, Leora C. Cropper, Virginia F. Cutler, Ione Duncan, Ruth H. Funk, Irene Hailes, Gladys E. Harbertson, Polly R. Hardy, Winnifred C. Jardine, Freda Jensen, Katie C. Jensen, Marba C. Josephson, Ann C. Larson, Helena W. Larson, Florence B. Pinnock, Lillian Schwendiman, Erma R. Stevens, Sarah D. Summerhays, Bertha K. Tingey, Marie Waldram, Margaret N. Wells, Vella H. Wetzel, Virginia Wigginton, Erda Williams, and Sara D. Yates.

THE NEWLY APPOINTED PRESIDENCY

(Continued from page 431)

general offices in Salt Lake, tending to the duties of her calling; the other counselors will take turns the remaining days. When one realizes that the general presidency serves without any remuneration whatever, this is really a greater contribution than many people realize, and calls for much sacrifice on the part of the new presidency—even as it did on the part of the former presidency.

In addition, Sister Reeder and her counselors will be called upon constantly to give of their time, talents, and energies to the peoples in the various wards and stakes, branches and missions. There will be many blessings that come from this work—they will constitute the remuneration for the hours of diligent, prayerful labor. There will be satisfactions—which will help pay for the sacrifice of home duties and many pleasurable social hours with friends and loved ones.

So while we congratulate Sister Reeder, Sister Bennett, and Sister Longden, let us also remember that they, like all the former presidencies of the Y.W.M.I.A., will make many personal sacrifices in order to help better the conditions among the young women of the Church.

EMILY HIGGS BENNETT, newly appointed by the First Presidency as first counselor to Sister Reeder, is one who has learned the value of things through her own diligence. Orphaned of her father, Jesse B. Higgs, while she was yet young, Sister Bennett, with her three sisters and brother, was encouraged and sustained by their valiant mother, Emily Hiram Higgs, who was for twenty-one years herself a member of the general board of the Y.W.M.I.A. When Sister Bennett was old enough, she too began to share in the responsibility of the financial end of the household, as she had early shared in the domestic duties. Her generosity is well known and her thoughtfulness of family and friends proverbial. She and her husband, Harold H. Bennett, have done many good deeds which are not generally known, since they accept literally the statement of the Master: "But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," (Matt. 6:3.)

A graduate of the Latter-day Saints University she early evidenced rare qualities that placed her among the top scholars of her class, and won for her a prized Heber J. Grant award for scholarship. She began to demonstrate her unusual gift for writing, which, after graduation from the University of Utah, carried her into the advertising field, where she might have gone to the top, if she had not decided on marriage and motherhood instead. And Sister Bennett has made a career of wifehood and motherhood. She was married to Harold H. Bennett in the Salt Lake Temple, and they are the parents of eight children—four boys and four girls. Two sons recently left for the mission field, one for the California Mission, the other for the British Mission, both of them entering the mission home on the same date, June 21, 1948.

Sister Bennett maintains a well-organized home where her children feel free to entertain—and where guests of the Bennetts appreciate the easy hospitality that awaits them when they meet in their home or in the large back yard with the beautiful canyon stream running through it. Day and night there is welcome at the Bennett home.

The entire family attends to its religious duty. John, who is now serving in the California Mission, was in the Mutual presidency this past season. And the others likewise are busy in the Church.

Sister Bennett served in the presidency of the Tenth Ward Y.W.M.I.A. and has taught Gleaner and Junior classes in the Mutual. She also was president of the Primary of the Twentieth Ward. Following her marriage she and Harold spent a year in England where her husband was studying music and where their eldest son was born. An insight into the character of Sister Bennett can be gained from the fact that after she began earning money she studied piano. Although she insists that she is not a musician, she is an accomplished accompanist, frequently playing for her husband, whose rich voice has enhanced several presentations of *The Messiah*, and who has contributed greatly to the musical culture of the community.

(Concluded on page 478)

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THE NEWLY APPOINTED PRESIDENCY

(Concluded from page 477)

Sister Bennett has served on the general board of the Y.W.M.I.A. for the past ten and a half years. She has served on the Junior and Gleaner committees, becoming chairman of the Junior committee.

It is a happy experience to be around the Bennetts: their love for each other is so deep, and their joy in their family is so great. Yet each person in the family is an individualist—a rare tribute to the Bennett family life that has made such development possible. Brother Bennett is general manager of the Z.C.M.I. as well as being on the high council of Bonneville Stake and a member of the Church auditing committee.

TARUE CARR LONGDEN, daughter of Alex E. Carr, and the late Caroline Edward Carr, has been appointed second counselor in the general presidency of the Y.W.M.I.A. by the First Presidency.

She has always been active in the Church, having been appointed secretary to the Sunday School stake board when she was only sixteen. Prior to her marriage and for a short time afterward she was ward president of the Y. W. M. I. A. in the Nineteenth Ward—acting in this capacity for four years. She was on the Y.W.M.I.A. board of Salt Lake Stake also.

She also served for about six years on the stake board of the Highland Stake as Gleaner adviser. From this activity she was called to be the stake president for the Y.W.M.I.A. of Highland Stake. She held this position for four and a half

years. It was while she was serving as stake president of Highland Stake that the Gleaner Girls of that stake bound their Gleaner sheaf—the first Salt Lake City stake in the Church to achieve this distinction. It is typical of Sister Longden that she takes little credit for this achievement, saying that it was the people under her who achieved. Yet anyone who knows her understands that it is her exceptional leadership that encouraged those who worked with her to attain the high goals they did.

Sister Longden also feels a sincere debt of gratitude and respect for those who have preceded her in the positions to which she has succeeded. She appreciates that each group makes its own particular contribution to the work and that the success of succeeding officers is built upon the achievement of the preceding.

In her positions in the various Y.W.M.I.A. activities she has been kept exceptionally busy in writing and directing skits, roadshows, and plays. Twice her one-act plays have won prizes—and she herself was too modest to submit them until others insisted on her doing so. One play was titled "Flanders' Field" which won first place in the Ladies' Literary Club contest; her one-act play "Secrets" won third place in one of the M.I.A. contests and was included in the 1934 *Revue Sketches, Designed for Roadshows, Merry-Go-Rounds, and Other Entertainments*.

For the past ten years Sister Longden has done a tremendous amount of good in adding to the

literary culture of the community through her popular play and book reviews. She has been in constant demand among civic, literary circles, and among Mutual groups. Recently she has also been social science teacher in the Stratford Ward Relief Society. She has been active in the Girls' Committee, encouraging the young women in her stake to attend to their religious duties that they might further increase their capacity for joyful living.

She, too, has been busy assisting her husband, John Longden, in his work, for he has been active in the community and the Church, having been bishop of the Nineteenth Ward for five years, and a member of the high council of Highland and Salt Lake stakes. He was coordinator for the service men for the L.D.S. Church during the war and is the manager of the Westinghouse Electric Supply Company. They lost their first child who would have been twenty-three had she lived, and are the parents of two living daughters, Gail, eighteen, and Sharon, twelve.

Sister Longden's earnest desire is to be a good wife and mother and keep close, as she said, "to the lovely daughters of Zion."

THE newly appointed board consists of: Norma P. Anderson, Pearl Bridge, Carol H. Cannon, Virginia F. Cutler, Irene Hailes, Gladys E. Harbertson, Marba C. Josephson, Ruth H. Funk, Helena W. Larson, Jeannette Morrell, Gladys D. Wight, Sara D. Yates.

EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

(Concluded from page 449)

However, there are practices within the Church of less fundamental nature.

The Saints must gather in meetings. That is a divine commandment. But the time of the meetings is set by the people of the Church upon the recommendation of the sustained leaders. There may in many cases be a justifiable difference of opinion as to the best time.

The Saints must study and learn. That is in the revelations to Joseph

Smith. But the value of the various study courses provided by the different Church organizations may with propriety be discussed by all.

Whether tithing shall preferably be paid in kind or in cash, is a question dependent on existing circumstances. It is subject to lawful discussion.

Every open-eyed Latter-day Saint, who refuses to accept things blindly, will distinguish clearly between the fundamental and the derivative, the essential and the

non-essential, in the program and practices of the Church.

Those who confuse the two are either immature, perhaps honest seekers after truth, or faultfinders, perhaps enemies of the Church.

But Latter-day Saints who sustain their leaders, are always willing to try out debatable regulations, before passing judgment on them, and then report their objections, if any, to the proper Church officers.

Latter-day Saints should not and do not accept Church doctrine blindly.—J. A. W.

This Month With CHURCH PUBLICATIONS

The Deseret News . . .

The Deseret News, which May 16 began publishing a seven-day paper, has added many new features in the past few months.

Most interesting to Church members, however, is the expanded Church section, which now includes twenty pages weekly. The twenty pages carry news and pictures from all parts of the Church. It is sectionalized. For instance, there is a section for mission news, a page for the Melchizedek Priesthood, another for the Aaronic Priesthood, a column for genealogy, and pages for the auxiliaries. In addition, there are several new features. One of these is a weekly picture from the old scrapbook, for which cash prizes are awarded.

In addition to the enlarged Church section, the *Deseret News* carries features and news of interest to the entire family.

The Instructor . . .

The Instructor for July highlights Mormon pioneering—but of a little different variety from the usual July fare—"Latter-day Saint Colonization in Mexico" by Thomas C. Romney, and "Latter-day Saint Settlement in Canada," by C. Frank Steele are continued. The cover of the magazine is a picture of Jennette Evans McKay, the mother of both President David O. McKay of the First Presidency, and Elder Thomas E. McKay, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, and there is a biographical sketch of this mother in Israel written by Jeannette McKay Morrell.

And have you seen the bibliography on the Church and its teachings that is now appearing in the issues of this magazine? True, it has been selected for Sunday School teaching helps, but the Sunday School program is so varied—encompassing the cradle roll to the gospel doctrine departments—that few questions concerned with everyday religion will be unanswered in this bibliography before many months roll by.

The Relief Society Magazine . . .

The Relief Society Magazine for July features many things that should prove of interest and value to women. The lead article is "The Women of the Mormon Battalion" by former President Amy Brown Lyman. "Here Comes the Parade" by Grace A. Woodbury is well timed for the month of July as are "The Seventh Handcart Company" by Anna S. D. Johnson and "Flow-er Arrangements" by Vesta P. Crawford. "Principles and Laws Governing Good Music" by Florence J. Madsen should help parents and teachers.

The lesson material for the 1948-49 season commences in the July issue with a preview of the courses together with notes on the authors of the lessons. The editorial is particularly provocative: "Thrifty as a Way of Life" by Vesta P. Crawford. The regular features, including the usual beautiful poetry, are included in the July issue.

The Children's Friend . . .

The Children's Friend for July is replete with patriotic features as well as Pioneer day features that should be pleasing to both parents and children. In addition a new serial, "Pepper"—*What a Horse!* by Louise Price Bell commences in the July issue.

Some of the patriotic features include "The Cost of Freedom," part of a radio dramatization presented over *The Children's Friend* of the Air during the Freedom Train Week; "Lafayette and the Sentry," and "July, the Month of Patriotic Holidays" by Jennie A. Russ; "Long May It Wave," the story of the flag that inspired the writing of the national anthem, by Esther E. Lincoln; "The American Eagle" by Ethel E. Hickok; and "Army Insignia" by Nellie Tucker Segree. Pioneer day features include "Old Blindeye, the Good Ox" by Marie Larsen and "Prairie Friends" by Elvira Pennell, and true pioneer stories.

You'll Love It, Too!

This hotel business gives us our greatest pleasure in the hot summer months. We love it! We love to see the relief on the weary faces of new arrivals when they step into one of our comfortable air - conditioned rooms. We love to see them so happy in our cool, refreshing Coffee Shop. We love our hotel's summer comfort. You'll love it, too!

Hotel Temple Square

Clarence L. West, Mgr.



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Your Page AND OURS

"Speak the Speech"

PROBABLY no surer index of character exists than the correctness of the language we use. The pronunciation of words correctly is an indication of our care and usually carries over to items other than language—and shows further our desire to do right even in the matter of speech. One word that is used a great deal and that rightly belongs to a religious people is the word *sacrifice*. The pronunciation of this word is identical for both noun and verb. It is pronounced *sak* with the accent on this syllable and the *a* pronounced as in *add*; *ri* with the *i* as in *charity*; *fis* or *fiz*—but the *i* sound is the same in both cases as in the word *ice*.—M. C. J.

At Sea, February 2, 1948

Dear Editors:

WHILE writing you, to give you my new address, I like to tell you that THE IMPROVEMENT ERA is a splendid edited and illustrated magazine.

From the first time I saw and read it, I was delighted. That was in a German P.O.W. camp while I was investigating the gospel, preached to me by an elder of the Church. I'm very thankful God sent his elder my way.

Till now, while I'm serving in the Navy, I appreciate it very much, and it gives me a very good feeling to see everybody, member or not, taking it with pleasure. Especially I liked the Centennial number and the numbers containing the addresses of the Church Authorities during conference.

May we be able to help to make all children of our Heavenly Father subscribers of your fine magazine is my very wish.

Sincerely yours,

J. C. Humphrey Poolman,
Lieut. (E) R. Neth. Navy
Batavia (Java)



TROOP 181, DALLAS, TEXAS

Led by Elder Lenard B. Allen of Seattle, Washington, Elder Hollis D. Smith of Smithfield, Utah, and Brother Don Williams of Dallas, and with the cooperation of C. C. Booth, and Ray Frim Pool, Jr., these young citizens are swiftly putting into practice those principles so needed in the world today—hard work and right thinking.



PHOENIX THIRD WARD EAGLE SCOUTS

Eight Eagle Scouts from the Phoenix Third Ward, and their scoutmaster, Brother Paul Petty, Troop 38, Roosevelt Council, Boy Scouts of America. The names, left to right, are: Vance Whipple, assistant scoutmaster; Layne Black, Curtis Jansen, David Beebe, Norman Nelson, James Walser, Donald Jansen, Thomas Brashers, and Paul Petty, scoutmaster.

ADDRESSES OF L.D.S. SERVICEMEN'S HOMES

1104 24th St., Cor. 24th & "C," San Diego, Calif.
1836 Alice St., Oakland, Calif.
615 "F" St., Marysville, Calif.
1594 So. Beretania St., Honolulu, T.H.

Naval Station Services

L. D. S. servicemen are asked to note the following information:

"L. D. S. services are held each Friday at 8 p.m. in Frazier Hall, 245 West 28th St., Norfolk Naval Station, Norfolk, Virginia."

Wandering Coat

WE chuckled at reading the story of Mrs. Eliza Crabb of Lehi, Utah, in our daily paper:

Sister Crabb spent an afternoon at a Relief Society workshop meeting in the Lehi Second Ward, where the project that day was the preparation of rags for rag rugs. Late that afternoon after the job was done, she promised to return in several days to help make the rugs which would be sold at a ward bazaar. But she couldn't find her coat anywhere in the ward building. She finally went home without it. That night she returned with her husband and he found a button from her coat in the building. The search for the coat was given up.

And then Sister Crabb made a discovery as she sat at the loom at the next Relief Society work session. Those rags looked familiar indeed. She remembered laying her coat near the rag pile on that first day, and . . .

Oh, yes, Sister Crabb is now wearing a new coat to Relief Society meetings. She bought it. She also has the old coat, too. She brought the rug at the bazaar.

Burt Oliphant, author of the following letter, informs us that he has been presenting a fifteen-minute radio show "Viny-lite Vignettes," featuring semi-popular and semi-classical music in which one of his brief comments is read daily.

Insufficient Evidence

Sunday School teacher: "Danny, would you like to live during the Millennium when 'the lion shall lie down with the lamb?'"

Danny: "Well, I don't know. It don't say that the lion is going to lie down with people too, and also it don't say where the lamb is—on the outside, or on the inside."

Toledo 5, Ohio

Dear Editors:

I AM a Latter-day Saint girl fifteen years of age. I would like to write and tell you how much I enjoy reading THE IMPROVEMENT ERA.

I am trying to learn as much as I can about the religion. The most enlightening articles I have read came from the ERA. Many times, here in the Toledo Branch, I have been called upon to give talks in church. I usually read such interesting articles in the ERA I can't help repeating them to everyone.

Sincerely,
(signed) Barbara Sturgill

Atlanta, Georgia
February 2, 1948

Dear Editors:

I CAN say I have greatly enjoyed reading this wonderful magazine, as have several of my friends. I gave one of my collectors a copy and he was very interested. I had a daughter in Grady Hospital here about nine weeks last summer and fall, and I took her the magazines. She read them and passed them to other patients and they greatly enjoyed them.

Respectfully,
Mrs. J. Ernie Owens

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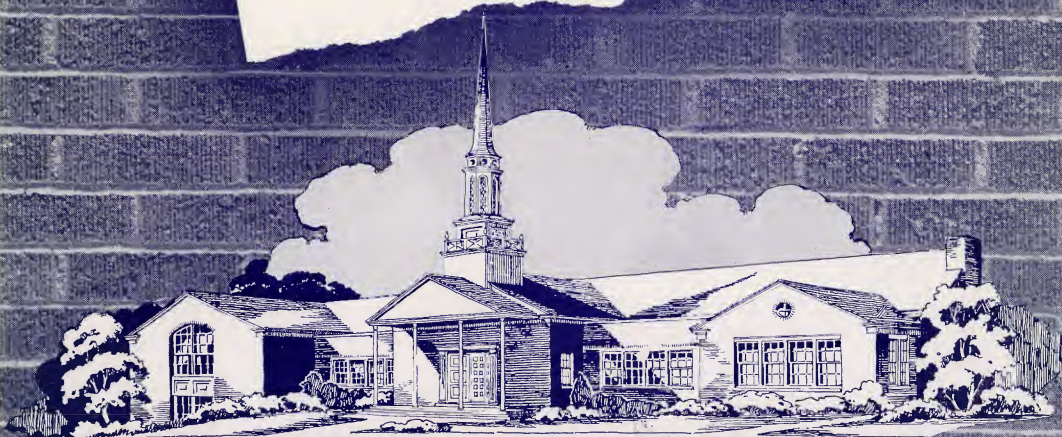
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Architect's perspective of the new LDS Springview
Word Chapel, 7th East and Jeppson Avenue, Salt
Lake City - Wm E Nelson, A.I.A. Architect.



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