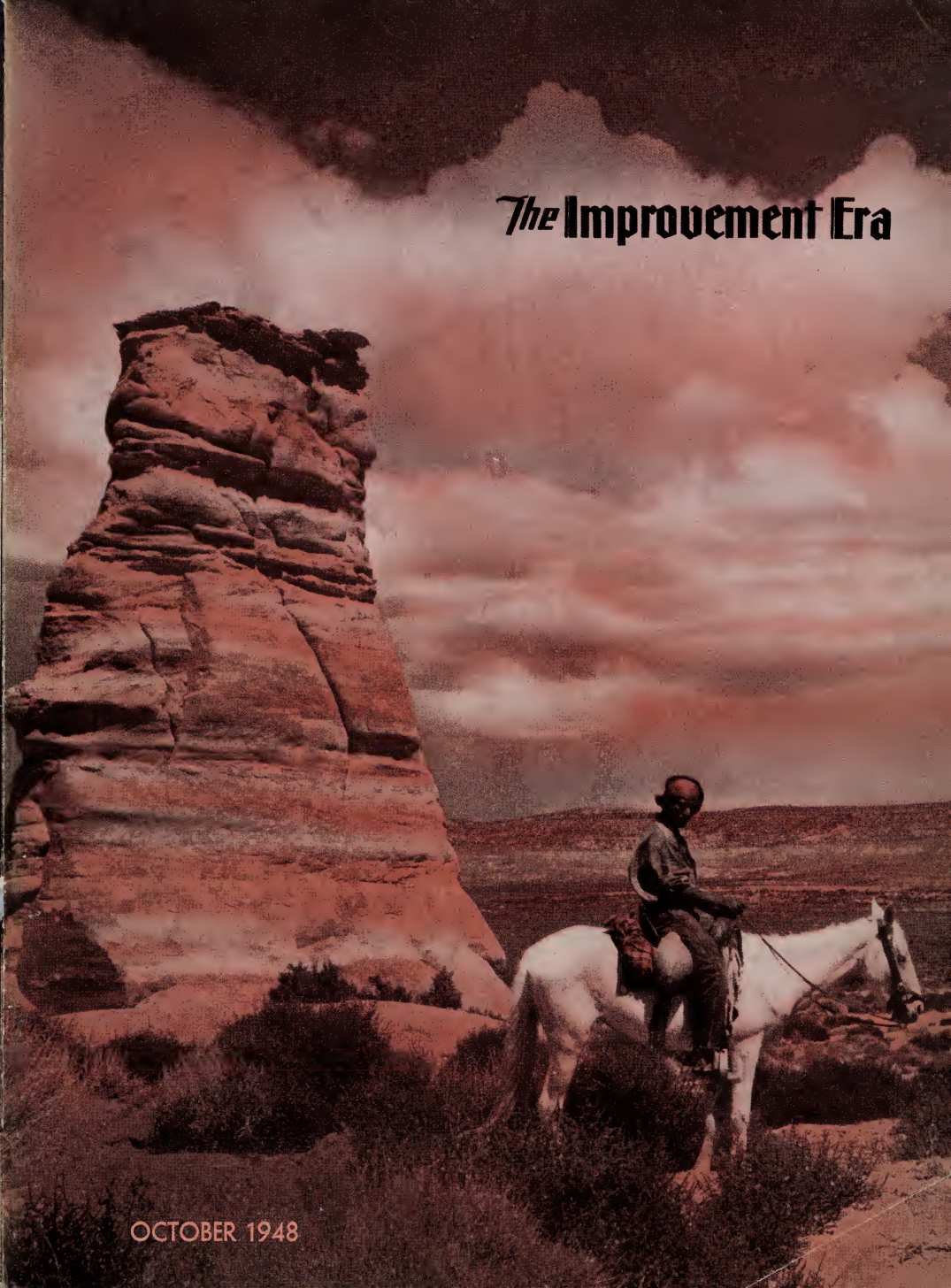


A vintage photograph with a reddish-brown tint. On the left, a tall, layered rock formation rises from a desert floor. In the lower right, a man wearing a hat and dark clothing sits on a white horse, facing left. The background shows a vast, flat desert under a sky filled with dramatic, layered clouds. The overall mood is historical and rugged.

The Improvement Era

OCTOBER 1948

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EXPLORING THE Universe

By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

AUREMYCIN, a powerful new antibiotic, has been found which may aid in combating diseases not affected by streptomycin and penicillin. It has been found to be effective against germs of the staphylococcus family, such as cause eye infections, against some viruses and some germs called rickettsia.

ALFAFA, from the Arabic *al-Alfa*, which originally grew wild in Central Asia was introduced into Spain by the Arabs. The Spaniards in turn introduced the plant into Mexico and South America in the sixteenth century. In 1854, it was taken to San Francisco from Chile. Other Arabian contributions to American agriculture include the windmill, ensilage and silos, sugar-refining, butter and the date palm.

ANEW theory of the birth of our solar system has been given by Dr. Fred L. Whipple. The complete collapse of an enormous cloud of cosmic dust and gas formed planets as the cloud contracted and spiraled. An intense heat, lasting for only a few years, gave the planets a searing roasting just before they developed as we know them now.

ANEW type of watt-hour meter has been developed which utilizes a magnetically suspended floating disk, eliminating bearings. The new, smaller, longer-life device for measuring electrical energy will eventually replace the over 200 million old-style meters now in use in the United States.

DR. WINSOR M. TYLER has reported that hummingbirds' wings beat 75 times a second in flying and 55 times a second when hovering. The bird can fly up to 50 miles an hour.

UNIVERSITY OF UTAH biologists have found that sea gulls born in Utah may travel as far as British Columbia or the southern tip of Lower California, Mexico, in their first year. In three years they return to rear their young in Utah. The gulls live in colonies which vary in population from a few hundred to 80,000.

OCTOBER 1948

Snax



build 'hostess prestige'

It's praise for the hostess . . . generous praise . . . whenever she serves canapes with golden-brown SNAX to embellish the spread. Everyone loves the flaky, salt-tang freshness, and the buttery taste of delicious SNAX. Try the suggestion next time the club meets at your home!

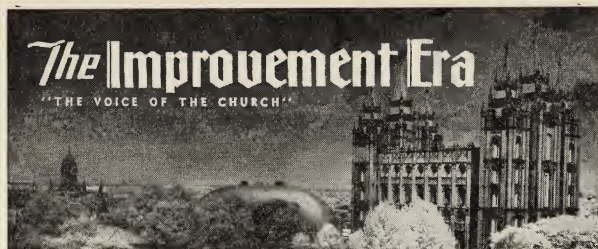
Reach for the bright red package at your grocery store.



Build dainty round tidbits with SNAX and cheese spreads. Adorn each plate with appetizers, such as ripe olives, dill pickle and cold, crisp radishes. Serve with a carbonated beverage.

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October
1948

*

VOLUME 51
NUMBER 10

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

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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 Navajo of Monument Valley," our October cover, is taken in the locale of much of *The Fort on the Firing Line*, by Albert R. Lyman. THE IMPROVEMENT ERA's new serial beginning on page 624. This story, as it unfolds from month to month, promises to be as colorful as the area of southeastern Utah. The photograph by Josef Muench was adapted for cover use by Charles Jacobsen.

*

November Issue

THE November issue of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA will traditionally include the addresses delivered by the General Authorities at the October semi-annual general conference. Since this complete reporting of the addresses requires additional time, the November issue will be a little late in reaching the field. *

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The State of Morals

By DR. G. HOMER DURHAM

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



ALGER HISS and Whittaker Chambers face each other before an investigating committee of the House of Representatives. One of the two, Mr. Hiss, is the president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, succeeding the late Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. As such, this individual's influence touches nearly every schoolroom in the country through the International Relations Clubs sponsored by the Endowment, and through its publications. The other man, Mr. Chambers, is a senior editor of *Time*, the weekly news magazine, perhaps America's most influential journal so far as public attitudes towards current issues are concerned. Both men are in positions of influence. They are greatly in debt to the public they serve. Their testimony flatly contradicts each other. Which one is lying, or, are both something different from what they claim to be? Is Chambers, the supposed ex-Communist now turned repentant, correct? And is he what he claims to be? Is Hiss, the secretary of the great San Francisco conference of 1945 which produced the Charter of the United Nations, the member of the Communist "elite" that Chambers claims him to be? And has he moved from a position of top influence in the government to the Carnegie Endowment, where he can influence, through the International Relations Clubs that dot every college and many high schools in the land, the American youth? Or, is Mr. Hiss what he claims to be?

COULD it be possible that both are lying instead of one; and that the whole episode is part of a typical Communist plot to present conflicting testimony, thereby to confuse and distract the Congress, the public, and so set up the "vibrations" in society which will, in Communist theory, add to its disintegration; destroy the public's faith in their officials, in their officials' ability to ascertain the truth; destroy subscribers' confidence in *Time*; destroy the American public's confidence in capitalism by bringing the name of Andrew Carnegie and one of his foundations under a cloud? What can we believe? The state of morals is certainly at a new low.

WITHOUT reference to any person or group, it may be suggested that, from what we know of communism

and its ilk, the testimony of any Communist, with or without oath, has no value. Actions speak louder than words. The House investigating committee, unfortunately, is buried in a welter of words while the actions of the Communists and their fellow-travelers are shrouded in secrecy. The FBI files, which reputedly contain records of actions as followed by loyal agents before, during, and since the war, are not available to the committee. We can be grateful, however, that some communist actions are open to view in our country, the support of the so-called "new" party of Mr. Wallace and Mr. Taylor, for example. And, when this became evident, such men as Phillip Murray, national president of the CIO, for example, bravely called the new party what it was, a creation and conception and instrument of communism, and called upon his fellow workers to disavow it completely. Mr. Murray's statement, made early this year, reflects long deliberation on the problem. His conclusion, not to mention the warnings of a generation of others, may be accepted as definitive. His dismissal of Lee Pressman as general counsel of the C.I.O. coupled actions with his words.

How can the state of morals be improved? Charles A. Lindbergh has broken into print with *Of Flight and Life* (Charles Scribner's Sons, 1948), to bear his testimony on the subject. Says he, "I now understand that spiritual truth is more essential to a nation than the mortar in its cities' walls." How can spiritual truth be found and used? Again, actions speak louder than words. We must believe in the reality of spiritual truth, act accordingly and then speak and live the truth.

GO TO SUMMER

By Dorothy J. Roberts

Go to a summer, half way over,
Lined with humming, scented clover,
To a day like a golden lavalier
Hung from the necklace of a year,
With thirty links on either side,
Emerald-leaved and petal-wide.
Go, and fathom happiness
That harvest may not yield you less.

Thrifty Meals

If you're trying to save on the cost of food—and who isn't—here are a couple of timely suggestions.



LYNDEN

Parslied Rice Ring

- 2 7/8 oz. cans LYNDEN GIBLET GRAVY
- 1/2 cup uncooked rice
- 1/2 cup cheese, grated
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1/2 cup finely chopped onion
- 1 cup finely chopped parsley
- 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 1/2 cups top milk, scalded

Add grated cheese and butter to hot cooked rice and allow to melt, mixing lightly. Add chopped onion, chopped parsley, salt, and pepper. To the slightly beaten eggs add the scalded milk slowly and combine with the rice mixture. Pour into buttered ring mold. Bake at 325 degrees F for 45 minutes. Unmold and serve with vegetable in the center. Serve with heated LYNDEN GIBLET GRAVY. Serves four to six.



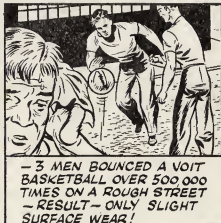
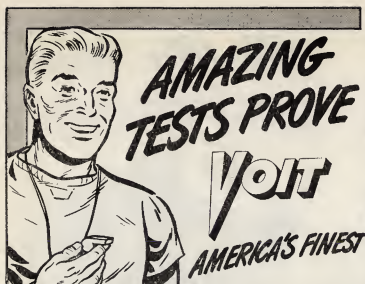
Here's a Way to Stretch LYNDEN Chicken or Turkey

Chicken Pie

- 1 5 1/2 oz. jar LYNDEN SLICED CHICKEN or LYNDEN BONED TURKEY
- 1 7 1/2 oz. can LYNDEN GIBLET GRAVY
- 1/2 teaspoon onion salt
- 1/2 cup cooked peas

To the LYNDEN GIBLET GRAVY add broth from the can of LYNDEN SLICED CHICKEN or LYNDEN BONED TURKEY and enough milk to make 1 cup of gravy. Combine sliced chicken and peas with sauce. Put into casserole. Top with baking powder biscuits, pastry, or toasted bread rounds. Bake at 425 degrees F. for 20 minutes. This will serve two persons.





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MAKING THE BLIND SEE

By
Kathryn Poor

DO you realize how much the blind of our day owe to the Frenchman who invented the Braille system of printing which enables them to read and write?

Louis Braille was born at Coupvray, near Paris, in January 1809. He lost his sight when three years old as the result of an accident, and his life was spent in aiding those as unfortunate as he.

He attended the Institute for the Blind in Paris founded by Valentin Haüy. Haüy was the first to print raised letters. Braille, a brilliant pupil, was only seventeen when he was appointed a professor at the school. He was the first to teach that the Haüy system was unsatisfactory because the question of touch had not been considered. A letter with only a long smooth outline in relief was inadequate for the needs of the blind pupil.

Braille was inspired by M. Charles Barbier's system of serrated type in which the surface of the letters was made up of minute points, but even this was imperfect for with all their methods, the blind could not write.

Braille worked out the rudiments of his system before he was twenty, but it took five years to perfect it.

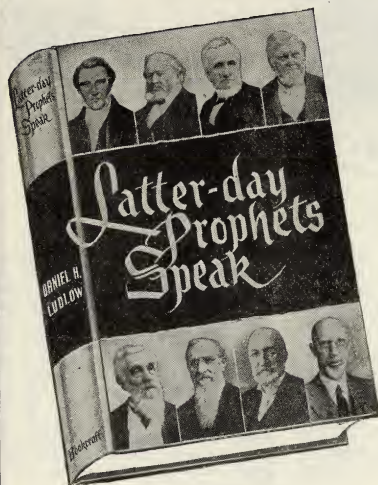
In the Braille system each letter is made in ten fundamental designs. The dots are arranged in parallel columns. Heavy dots indicate the letter, and the remaining light dots establish the position and meaning of the heavy dots.

Combinations of dots indicate contractions of words and signs of punctuation. The blind learn this system easily. It may be written by and for the blind as well as printed. Music also can be read and written in Braille, both vocal and instrumental.

BRAILLE's work has been of incalculable value to humanity. Although he died in Paris in 1852 at the early age of forty-two, he did live long enough to make an indelible imprint on the future of the blind, whose lives have become more useful and happy because of his service to them.

A NEW BOOK... 118 YEARS IN THE MAKING... "LATTER-DAY PROPHETS SPEAK"

by DANIEL H. LUDLOW



"Since this volume is devoted to the religious teachings of God's mouthpieces on earth in the last dispensation of the Gospel—the dispensation of the fullness of times—and since the Saints have a high regard for modern revelation and the teachings of the prophets of God, this book should take its place as one of the valuable and great works of the Church of Jesus Christ.

"This volume will continue for many years to hold a high place among other volumes of Church literature as one of the principal Latter-day Saint reference books on Church Doctrine." From the Foreword by DR. MILTON R. HUNTER

REFERENCES INCLUDE:

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DOCUMENTARY HISTORY OF THE CHURCH	MILLENNIAL STAR
DESERET NEWS	TIMES AND SEASONS
IMPROVEMENT ERA	YOUNG WOMEN'S JOURNAL
JOURNAL OF DISCOURSES	NAUVOO NEIGHBOR

Dr. John A. Widtsoe, of the Council of Twelve Apostles, says:

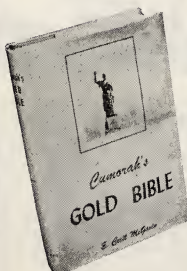
"The arrangement is good, and good judgment appears to have been exercised in the selection of the items under each subject heading. The material will be welcomed by Latter-day Saints who are always eager for the teachings of the prophets of this dispensation."

\$ 4⁰⁰

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By E. CECIL MCGAVIN



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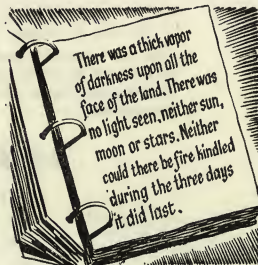
FROM THIRD NEPHI

with sketches by Goff Dowding



1. And it came to pass that there were many cities built anew, and there were many old cities repaired. There were many highways cast up, and many roads made, which led from city to city. There was nothing in all the land to hinder the people from prospering, except they should fall into transgression. And in the twenty and ninth year there began to be some disputings among the people; and the people began to be distinguished by ranks according to their riches. (Chapter 6, v. 5 to 12.)

2. There became a great inequality in all the land, inasmuch that the church began to be broken up. They did defy the law and the rights of their country and did murder the chief judge of the land, then separated one from another into tribes. Their hearts were turned from the Lord, and they did stone the prophets and did cast them out from among them. Nephi, nevertheless having been given the power did minister among them with great authority and did baptize many people unto repentance. (Chapter 6, v. 30, Chapter 7.)



3. On the first month, fourth day, and thirty-fourth year there arose a great storm, such an one as never had been known in all the land. There was thunder so great that the whole earth shook, lightnings such as never had been known before. The city of Zarahemla did take fire. The city of Moroni did sink into the depths of the sea. The greatest destruction took place in the land northward but the face of the whole earth became deformed by the thunderings and earthquakes . . . and all these things were done in the space of about three hours. (Chapter 8, v. 5 to 19.)

4. There was a voice heard among all the inhabitants of the earth crying: I have caused this great destruction to come upon this land and people because of their wickedness. O ye more righteous that are spared will ye not now repent and be converted, that I might heal you? Behold I am Jesus Christ the Son of God. I created the heavens and the earth, and all things that in them are. Therefore, whoso repenteth and cometh unto me as a little child, him will I receive. Behold, for such I have laid down my life, and have taken it up again. (Chapter 9.)

With "Word Portraits," follow to completion the book of Third Nephi in the next three issues of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



—Photograph by Monkmeier

... behold the field is white already to harvest; and lo, he that thrusteth in his sickle with his might, the same layeth up in store that he perisheth not, but bringeth salvation to his soul. . . . (D. & C. 4:4.)



THESE ARE THE THINGS

By Bessie Saunders Spencer

MY heart has raised no chilly cell
Where broken dreams may come to dwell.

There is a softly lighted way
Where cherished memories may stay,
With house and burning log at dusk,
Low words like trailing scented musk,
A furry slipper and tousled head,
Wide eyes when wonder tales were read,
A small boy praying by my knee—
And friends who have been kind to me—
Who saw my heart tight as a band
And did not speak, but pressed my hand.
Here even night is silver whorled—
These are the things that build a world.

LITTLE SONG FOR JOHN

By Elaine V. Emans

ALWAYS, always am I glad
For mothers who bestow upon
Many a tender, bundled lad
The old and simple name of John.

For surely each one wearing it
Must soon discover, or have found,
Stability and even a bit
Of music in its very sound.

AND WILD BIRDS FLYING

By Courtney Cottam

THERE'S a flash of blue-gray feathered wings
Beating up through the misty morning air,
As ducks rise at dawn from the river marshes
That are frowned in cattails: the hidden lair
Of small, brown-furred creatures protects their rest
From marauding enemies' taloned thrust;
Now the night-cooled air holds an Eden glow
As they wing to heights in a perfect trust.
There's a scarlet streak as a pheasant whirs
With swift, darting grace to an azure sky—
When it arrows the morning with moving flame
To answer another wild bird's cry.
There is splendor in a late October's dawning
That is quiet and deep, like the rustle of grasses,
And it casts a spell through the autumn haze
That is answered by wild birds in soaring fashions.

INDIAN SUMMER

By Helen Maring

THIS autumn day is a sunlit patio
With trumpet vines of light along its wall,
Where bougainvillea petals break and fall,
And stones hold warmth, and blue-skied hours glow.

Indian summer moods recall the sound
Of tinkling fountains spun with brighter laughter—
And flowering trees remembered long, long after—
And dancing shadows on the golden ground.

I SHALL RETURN

By Pansy H. Powell

WHEN late October moons recapture day
And stubble fields lie barren in their light,
When foxes scamper through the chilly night,

No power could keep my homesick soul away,
No bonds could hold my eager heart in May

When apple blossoms paint their pink and white
Against a turquoise sky, nor rob my sight
Of wheeling gulls above a sun-warmed bay,
You may not know that I am standing near,
But when October mists begin to rise
Or petals fall upon you as you pass,
Remember one to whom these things were dear.

Then I shall see my shadow in your eyes
And match your footfall on the moonlit grass.

AUTUMN AFTERNOON

By Elizabeth Wall

HOW MANY amber autumns shall I know,
I, who have loved this autumn more than any?

Over the grass the little fresh winds blow;
The sun glints like a newly-minted penny;

Spilled gold of aspen leaves has carpeted
The lanes I walk. A lonely bird, be-

seeding,
Cries from the haloed hills. And overhead
A blue cathedral-vault of sky is reaching.

My treasure-house is fabulous this year,
With wealth too great for all my eager spending.

There will not be such wealth again, I fear;

I shall not want to see this autumn's ending.

Across the valley floor lies purple thunder.
How many autumns are there left, I wonder?

DEPARTURE

By Jean Rasey

I DID NOT see her go—but summer

Left with the dusk, and fall is here;
The vine on the fence, the elm by the pool
Are brushed with gold and bronze veneer.

Who heeded, waved good-bye — did autumn,

While wings of fantails stirred the reeds,
Or brooms of willows swept the lane
Of thistle tufts and milkweed seeds?

Down the windy path went summer,

Across the sill of twilight's close;
Her footsteps making no more sound
Than petals falling from a rose.

NIGHT THOUGHT

By Ivy Ward

HARVEST MOON, you shine on high
Where all may see your beams,
Yet in this tiny, hidden pool
Soft moonlight gleams.
Youthful hopes, I speak of you
That all my world may hear,
Yet in my hidden heart I keep
My dreams held near.

LAUGHTER IN THE RAIN

By Elizabeth Reeves Humphreys

A RAINY DAY has come to mean

Gaiety to me
Small boys splashing through mud puddles,
Laughter, young, carefree,
Little girls in capes and hoods
Running up the street,
Loving rain just like the boys—
But staying clean and neat,
It means the crystal drops that chase
Each other down a tree
Like playful squirrels. A day of rain
Means all of this to me.

SORROW WEARS SILVER

By Lucille S. Jackson

MASKED are her eyes, and hooded is her head.

Sorrow wears silver, like the rain, wind-blown;
And in the hollow where her heart lies dead,

There rests the massive weight of heavy stone.

No one has seen her; it is only those
Who touch her passive hand who might confess,

Only the ones who cherish and hold close
To her somber skirts, who possibly might guess

That Sorrow wears a crown atop the cross
That rests upon her slender shoulder's length.

Within the crucible of bitter loss
Is found the essence of a valiant strength.
And so, for you, who followed where she led
There is reward. Know this; be comforted.

MY PRAYER

By M. G. Fairbanks

I SAW him kneeling there,
A blind man at the gate.
The world was passing by,
Yet he was made to wait.

The Master saw him too,
And with a gentle hand
Placed vision in his eyes,
With prayer and moistened sand.

The Master went his way,
But as I kneel tonight,
I offer up this prayer,
Dear Lord, bless me with sight.

SPENDTHRIFT

By Dorothy Marie Davis

HERE we hoard dollars, but way out there
They use seashells to trade and wear.
One place—shark's teeth, another place—
beads;

One man's wealth is another man's needs.
But we don't need this blizzard of gold
If the poplar is rich as Croesus of old.
Let him drop his coins in the wind's tin cup
But not keep flinging for me to rake up.

MOAN ALONE

By Genevieve J. Van Wagenen

SHE enjoyed poor health to such an extent,
That she bragged of her pains wherever she went.

Her aches grew worse—my, oh! MY!
And her friends grew fewer—you know why!

THE PATH OF PEACE

By President George Albert Smith

THERE never was a time in the world's history when there was greater necessity everywhere for men to repent of their sins and seek the guidance of our Heavenly Father. There has never been a time since the Church was restored in this dispensation when there was greater need for us to humble ourselves before the Lord and seek his guidance.

There are many people who think themselves competent to lead us out of our difficulties, and without hesitation they come forward with suggestions to try this or that as an experiment. And yet our Heavenly Father has advised us that the only plan that will produce satisfactory results and take us back into his presence is the plan of eternal life, the gospel of Jesus Christ, as advocated by his Beloved Son.

The wisdom of the world is not sufficient. What we need is the wisdom of our Heavenly Father. And how shall we obtain it? The Lord has told us that we may obtain the inspiration that we always need by living righteous lives and by prayer and thanksgiving.

The Lord, when he placed our first parents on the earth, gave them instructions, and from time to time he has sent his prophets to counsel their descendants. We have in the Old and New Testaments the teachings of the Lord, not of man, but the advice of our Heavenly Father, intended to direct us along the pathway that will eventually terminate in the celestial kingdom.

The Ten Commandments given to ancient Israel are a guide to safety and eternal happiness. Whenever we violate any of them, we have strayed from the path of peace.

When Jesus of Nazareth was upon the earth, he pleaded with men to live righteous lives in preparation for immortality, and he gave his life, demonstrating that he was not afraid to die and that the resurrection was a reality, and after he was raised from the dead, he continued to advise the people how to live.

When they have followed that advice, they have rejoiced in the blessings of mortal life and in the assurance of eternal life.

The Book of Mormon tells us that there was one long period of time when the people were righteous and that was the two hundred years after the appearance of our Savior on this Western Hemisphere. They repented of their sins, turned to the Lord, and were prosperous and happy.

When the gospel of Jesus Christ was established in this dispensation, the Lord repeated what he has said so many times in the Old and New Testaments, that the price of peace and happiness is righteousness.

Notwithstanding that knowledge, there are many who appear to think that we can obtain peace and happiness in some other way, but we should all know by this time that there is no other way, and only sorrow and disappointment will result from disobeying the Father of our spirits.

We live in a day when there are many temptations to evil, and each one who submits himself to any of them loses a blessing. Why is it that it is so difficult for some people to comprehend that there is no peace or happiness in violating the wise counsel of our Heavenly Father?

Because of his love for us our Savior has done everything to protect us from the effects of evil, even to the giving of his life, but he will not take from us our agency.

Shall we be careless? Shall we use things which God has forbidden? Shall we dishonor his holy day? Shall we neglect our prayers? Shall we take advantage of our neighbors? Shall we do the things that the Lord has told us not to do, when we know that by so conducting ourselves we may lose his spirit and we ourselves be lost?

During these troublous times when so many are in distress seeking peace and happiness and not finding it, the best recipe that I could give to obtain peace and happiness

(Concluded on page 650)

The Editor's Page



TEMPLE

How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams

With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of Beginnings, Story without End,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!

LONGFELLOW, *Morituri Salutanus* connotes "Home," one of the sweetest of all themes.

I have but one thought in my heart for the young folk of the Church, and that is that they be happy. I know of no other place than home where true happiness can be found in this life. It is possible to make home a bit of heaven; indeed, I picture heaven to be a continuation of the ideal home.

I could not find the little maid content,
So out I rushed, and sought her far and wide;
But not where pleasure each new fancy tried,
Heading the maze of rioting merriment,
Nor where, with restless eyes and bow half bent,
Love in the brake of sweetbriar smiled and sighed,
Nor yet where Fame towered, crowned and glorified,
Found I her face, nor wheresoe'er I went,
So homeward back I crawled, like wounded bird,
When lo! Content sat spinning at my door;
And when I asked her where she was before—
"Here all the time," she said; "I never stirred;
Too eager in thy search, you passed me o'er,
And, though I called you, neither saw nor heard."

—Alfred Austin

Yes, truly, the "maid content" is in the ideal home. Thinking men generally have come to that conclusion. Scientists today say that civilization is to be measured at different stages largely by the development of the home. In history we read about different forms of marriage among early peoples and

racers. Most writers are united in the conclusion that the family stands forth as the highest form of associated life. It is the natural unit of all future civic development. In the home, a word derived from Anglo-Saxon, we find content and happiness.

The Lord has told us that:

... whoso forbiddeth to marry is not ordained of God, for marriage is ordained of God unto man.

Wherefore, it is lawful that he should have one wife, and they twain shall be one flesh, and all this that the earth might answer the end of its creation. (D. & C. 49:15-16.)

By direct revelation, in this passage we have stated in a few words, the purpose of marriage. It is to bear children and rear a family. Let us keep that in mind. Hundreds are now saying, and hundreds more will say—"How can I marry and support a bride in a manner with which she has been accustomed?" "How can I get an education and support a family?" "I cannot even find a place in which to live." These are practical questions, and our boys and girls are facing them. I am willing to recognize these and other difficulties and meet them, keeping in mind what the Lord has said that "marriage is ordained of God for man." And I repeat that the very purpose of marriage is to rear a family and not for the mere gratification of man or woman. Keeping this thought uppermost in married life, we shall have fewer difficulties and more readily find content.

HOW are we going to overcome some of these present-day difficulties? Postponement of marriage is not the answer. I know that there are many parents whose sons and daughters are struggling for an education who say it would be better

if young couples postponed marriage until after they got an education. I am not so sure about it. Each case must be considered on its merits. The principal thing is to be sure the couple love each other. Marriage without love will bring misery. But if they are sure they are mated and have the same ideals, generally early marriages are best.

There was a time in the beginning of this country—it goes back before the beginning of this country—when every girl was given a dowry, and we still have the practice of a girl's preparing a trousseau, which is a commendable practice. I think where parents can help they should help young couples, especially those who have five or six years ahead in getting a college degree. We still retain also the bridal shower, at which, in some countries, people give money. I think this is a good idea because the bride dislikes at first to ask her husband for money. She likes to be independent, especially the first year or so.

I think the government is doing a good thing in giving our returned servicemen a few dollars to help them get a start after their having been discharged from the service. Recently I heard a most interesting report on this subject. The incident happened in Logan at the dedicatory service of a quonset house dedicated for worship on the campus of the Utah State Agricultural College. There were present a number of young married couples, young wives with babes in their arms. At the beginning of the dedicatory services, the presiding officer said, "We have many babes here today. If there be people present who do not like the crooning of babies, we will wait a few minutes now for these people to leave." To encourage thus the rearing of families is most commendable. That house was built expressly for young folk rearing families, young G.I.'s who have started out to build their homes even while they are getting an education.

"There is something wrong," said one man, "with our present-day marriages." The fault, he thinks, lies in the fact that men marry without any thought of fatherhood. They choose their mates from the

MARRIAGE

By President David O. McKay

OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY

"pin-up" girls rather than ask the question, "Will she be a good mother to my children?" And the girls are looking for heroes instead of thinking, "Will he make a good husband and father?" This author says:

One current fundamental thing becomes plain: Nobody teaches *fatherhood* in America. And yet it is the basic reason for the very existence of males! . . . To take the place of fatherhood—and, to some extent, of motherhood also—our society has invented endless forms of child appeasement: radio programs and comic books, movies and kindergartens and summer camps—parent substitutes of every possible sort. . . .

If the home is the foundation of the nation and of society, which it is, we as a people had better begin making real homes and real families. It has become increasingly popular to regard youngsters as a bore and to seize every possible means to escape their company. Children raised by such couples will inevitably be bored by everything in marriage except pleasure. But the good life is not a pleasure hunt. If we want to be happy, we must pursue happiness, not pleasure. And the measure of a happy person is his ability to be tough with himself and tender with others.

If we are to give marriages their proper start, we must change the ideas and values of those who are to marry. The question of the young man must not be: "Who's the cutest number I know?" The young woman must not ask: "Who will treat me like a bride forever?" The question most likely to yield the right lifetime answer is this:

Is she the best mother I can find for my children? He the best father? Or phrase it: Would I want to be her child? His?

Such is the expression of one who senses the responsibility of the home as a place in which to rear children. That is the point I am making, and if we keep that in mind—not look upon marriage as a means of selfish indulgence—we are going to save many misunderstandings, for father and mother lose themselves in the lives of the little babes that come, and in the lives of little children they find content and true happiness.

THE EVIL OF DIVORCE

THERE are too many who are wrecking their lives upon the shoals of divorce, young couples among them! For these broken homes, I used to think that the man was entirely to blame. I grew to

manhood thinking there was no unfaithful woman. My mother was my ideal, my sisters, and my wife. And for all marital troubles in life I blamed the man. I am sorry that I have had to change that ideal, to lower it. The usual causes of divorce are infidelity on the part of one or the other, habitual drunkenness, physical cruelty or violence, union of an innocent girl with a reprobate. I mention these as conditions which seem to justify a separation. If we could remove them, I would say there never should be divorce. It is Christ's ideal that home and marriage should be permanent. To the Pharisee's question:

. . . Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife? . . .

the Savior answered:

. . . Have ye not read, that he which made them at the beginning made them male and female.

And said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh?

Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. (Matthew 19:3-6.)

Marriage is a sacred relationship entered into for purposes that are well recognized. It is claimed by some observers that our present modern marriages tend to frustrate these purposes.

Formerly a married woman had a home

to care for, often several children. Today, in many parts of our country, a married woman continues either to follow her vocation or to spend her time seeking new stimulations—no children to care for—no house to clean—no meals to cook. Under such a condition her leisure-time activities become her all absorbing interests—interests which often lead her away from her husband rather than to him.

A flippant attitude toward marriage, the ill-advised suggestion of "companionate marriage," the base, diabolical theory of "free sex experiment," and the ready-made divorce courts are dangerous reefs upon which many a family bark is wrecked.

AN ever-decreasing birth rate, and an increasing divorce rate are ominous signs threatening the stability of the American home, and the perpetuity of our present form of constitutional government. An editorial in a weekly magazine, published in the capitol of the nation, says:

Since 1890 the United States of America's national birth rate has dropped from 32.9 per 1,000 population to 19.6 per 1,000 population in 1945.

In those same years, the national average for divorces jumped from 6.2 per 100 marriages to 31.0 per 100 marriages.

A falling birth rate plus a rising divorce rate speak ill for one's faith in the future. Hence it speaks ill for the nation's future.

"Our state rests upon our homes," said former President Taft on one

(Concluded on page 620)



TEMPLE MARRIAGE

(Concluded from page 619)

occasion. "And if we cannot keep our homes from this constant demoralizing breaking up, we had better go out of the business of government entirely."

In some states of the Union it is almost as easy to get a divorce as it is to get married. As a result of this laxity, one out of every five marriages ends either in divorce or annulment.

I have here ten years' comparisons of those who married in the temple with those who married outside. It is a little difficult to judge of the Church marriages because some Church marriages are civil, marriages performed which in a few months or maybe a year or so become temple marriages.

In 1945, there was one divorce for every 19.3 marriages among couples married in temples and by stake and ward authorities, and one divorce for every 5.9 marriages among couples married by civil officers. There is cause for concern over the increase of divorces in this country and even in our Church. In one year we had the astounding report of one divorce for every three civil marriages.

Now there is something wrong in a country when a condition of this kind exists.

One contributor to a current magazine says:

We are concerned with the whole community, with you and me and the stake we all have in the preservation of marriage, home, and family as an American way of life.

Promiscuity, sociologists agree, is the greatest foe of marriage. . . . Promiscuity, especially among young people, remains the major source, too, of venereal infections.

That is the condition of the world, but we must remember that this is our country! Our young people look upon their virtue, I hope, as being as sacred as life itself, and if they want to have a happy home, they must ever keep in mind the fact that they are going to lay the foundation for it in their teens before they even choose their mates. I know that there is spreading among the young people in high schools and other places the feeling that we are rather old-fashioned if we keep ourselves clean and wholesome

morally. Sometime ago I quoted a poem to an older group about the danger of young men's acting unwisely and immorally. The poem written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, an American poetess, is entitled "The Price He Paid," in which she tells the story of a young man who disavowed a belief in God and "had his joy of life, and went the pace of the town." Finally he was ready to repent of his sins and settle down to a life of respectability. He married a beautiful young woman of spotless virtue. When their child was born, it was blind, crippled, and weak, and the mother's health was wrecked. The young man learned his lesson bitterly through the birth of his sin-scarred son.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox gave that message of warning to the boys and girls in their teens who some day will become fathers and mothers.

VIEWPOINTS

By Ruth Starkweather

THEY say baby sitters are hard to get,
But I wouldn't know, for I haven't tried yet.
They say life's gay if you have a nurse,
But something restrains me besides my purse.
People apparently have no doubt
That when I'm at home, I'd rather be out.
They tell me, "Your job's too steady."
But in five years babies go to school . . .
And one year's gone already!

Youth is the time to lay the foundation for happy homes. I know there are those who say that repression is wrong, but I assure youth that self-mastery, not indulgence, is the virtue that contributes to the virility of manhood. If you are studying, keep yourself free from the tendencies that will arouse your physical passions, and you will have increased intellectual energy. You know, as every man and woman knows, that chastity is the crown of beautiful womanhood, and when you seek the girl of your choice, you want a woman of virtue. Chastity is the foundation of a happy home. Remember that in youth. Things might come up that would make a heavy heart in the home, but not so heavy as the memory that in youth you proved a traitor to your future marriage covenant. Self-

mastery and chastity contribute to the strength and perpetuity of the race.

Shakespeare was right when he put in the mouth of Adam, the old faithful servant in *As You Like It*, when he pleaded to go out into the woods with his young master—

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.

GOD bless the youth of this Church.

May youth so prepare themselves to be worthy of that form of marriage which God has ordained—the union of a man and woman worthy to have their marriage consummated in a temple of the Most High. There, as true lovers kneel to plight their troth, each may cherish the assurance—

1. That their married course begins in purity—the source of life is unpolluted.
2. That their religious views are the same. The difficulty of rearing children properly is aggravated when father and mother have divergent views regarding doctrine and church affiliation.
3. That their vows are made with the idea of an eternal union, not to be broken by petty misunderstandings or difficulties.
4. That a covenant made in God's presence and sealed by the Holy Priesthood is more binding than any other bond.
5. That if children come to bless the union, they are guaranteed a royal birth—a clean, unpolluted body.
6. That a marriage thus commenced is as eternal as love, the divinest attribute of the human soul.
7. That the family unit will remain unbroken throughout eternity.

May youth look forward to such a marriage and the building of a happy home. To make it so, each must lose himself or herself for the good of the other and for the welfare of the family.

South African Mission

THE First Presidency has announced the appointment of Evan P. Wright to preside over the South African Mission. He succeeds President June B. Sharp whose appointment to that mission was announced on December 31, 1943.

President Wright filled a mission to South Africa beginning in 1930. Following his return to Salt Lake City, he became superintendent of the Y.M. M.I.A. in the University Ward.



JUNE B. SHARP



EVAN P. WRIGHT

He later returned to South Africa, where he and two mission companions established a chain of drive-in restaurants and ice cream factories throughout the Union of South Africa. He served as president of the Johannesburg Branch from 1938-40 and from 1945-47. He was branch president in the Atlanta, Georgia, Branch, Southern States Mission, in 1941-42.

Sister Wright, whom President Wright married in Capetown in 1936, and their three children will accompany him on this mission. They will leave for Capetown and their field of labor after the October conference.

The South African Mission of the Church, like many missions, is nearing its centennial. At a special conference held in Salt Lake City, August 28, 1852, Elders Jesse Haven, Leonard I. Smith, and William H. Walker were called to open the work in South Africa. Elder Haven was called to preside.

The three missionaries went first to Liverpool and then to South Africa, arriving in Capetown, August 19, 1853. Their first meeting in South Africa, several days later, was broken up in confusion by a mob element in the congregation.

However, the work went on and at a conference held at Port Elizabeth on August 13, 1855, "the Church in the Cape of Good Hope" was reported to have three conferences, six branches, and a total membership of 126. On November 27, 1855, Elders Smith and Walker sailed for Utah, taking with them fifteen emigrating Saints.

For a period between the mid-sixties and the year 1903, the mission was in the hands of local brethren. In that

The Church MOVES ON

year, missionaries from Zion were called to reopen the mission, and upon arriving, they found many faithful members of the Church.

Church Welfare

TWO more freight cars loaded with cracked wheat left the intermountain west in mid-August for Geneva, Switzerland, and ultimate distribution to the needy Saints in Germany. Both cars were made up of five-pound bags of the life-giving flour. In all, 110 cars of Church welfare produced and distributed food and clothing have gone to the needy in Europe since the end of hostilities in World War II.

The Church welfare program has now received eight specially-built trailers and five new trucks for hauling coal from the Church welfare mine at Orangeville, Utah. The combined truck and trailers have an over all length of sixty feet, and when loaded have a gross weight of 75,000 pounds. The mine, said to be the largest welfare project in the Church, is operated under the direction of the Emery, Carbon, and North Carbon stakes. Before the new trucking units could be placed in operation, a road capable of carrying the large vehicles had to be constructed on this property to the mine. The road was welfare built.

Canadian Ranch

THOUSANDS of tons of hay were harvested during this first year of operation by the Church of the eighty-one thousand ranch obtained last spring in southern Alberta, Joseph L. Wirthlin of the Presiding Bishopric reported as he returned from an inspection trip of the area.

Pioneer Highway

THE third of four contracts required to complete the Pioneer Memorial Highway from Emigration Canyon to Henefer, Utah, has been awarded. Two earlier contracts for portions of this road which will follow the route of the Pioneers of '47, have been virtually completed. The fourth contract, providing for the construction of the remaining six miles of the road, is not expected to be let until spring.

Summer Primaries

AS in years past, the Primaries throughout the Church held summer sessions to help guide children in

their recreational activities. Among the most successful of these were the ward Primaries of the Uintah Stake of eastern Utah, where the enrollment was greater than the number of children living within the confines of the stake. Many of the two thousand children were from nonmember families. The children produced handicraft of exceptional variety and quality, as part of their summer work.

Canadian Temple

PRESIDENT EDWARD J. WOOD of the Canadian Temple, Cardston, Alberta, has been released from his duties after a quarter of a century of temple service. He has been succeeded by President Willard L. Smith, who was, at the time of this appointment, president of the Alberta Stake. President Smith has been a counselor to President Wood in the temple presidency for several years.

Succeeding President Smith in the Alberta Stake is Gordon Brewerton.

These changes were announced at the quarterly conference of the Alberta Stake at Cardston, September 12. In attendance at the conference were President George Albert Smith, President George F. Richards, who, in addition to being president of the Council of the Twelve is the temple supervisor of the Church, and Elder Harold B. Lee of the Council of the Twelve. More than seventeen hundred Canadian Saints attended the conference.

Temple Square

READYING a new rest-room building to be opened in time for the October semi-annual conference excavating workmen discovered an eighteen-inch layer of granite chips beneath the surface of the ground where they were digging. The man-made rock stratum was evidently the chips that fell as the granite stones of the Salt Lake Temple walls were being made ready for placement. The contractors of 1948 experienced no little difficulty in cutting through the layer. The new building is located on the southwest corner of Temple Square.

Sunday School Board

DR. A. LEROY BISHOP, professor of elementary education and school administration at Brigham Young University, has been named to the general board of the Deseret Sunday School Union. Dr. Bishop has long been active in Mutual and Sunday School work.

Service to Youth



ELBERT R. CURTIS
Newly Appointed Superintendent, Y.M.M.I.A.

A Message From Superintendent Curtis

"I HAVE loved and admired Brothers George Q. Morris, John D. Giles, and Lorenzo H. Hatch through the many years. The Lord has blessed their administration and a great and noble work has been accomplished.

"I feel extremely humble in undertaking this assignment from the First Presidency of the Church. I believe in the youth of Zion and have enjoyed my association and contacts with them.

"It is at once a great challenge and a magnificent opportunity to labor for their growth and well-being. I shall devote myself to the work and with the help and inspiration of the Lord, feel confident that the work will continue to go forward."

—Elbert R. Curtis

The Newly Appointed Superintendency

By Doyle L. Green

ASST MANAGING EDITOR

How the Lord prepares his servants for leadership in the Church through years of training is demonstrated in the life of Elbert R. Curtis, newly appointed superintendent of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. Elder Curtis, who in his forty-eighth year becomes the eighth general superintendent of the Y.M.M.I.A., will carry the torch handed down by some of our great leaders. These include Junius F. Wells, 1876-1880, four Presidents of the Church, and two apostles: Wilford Woodruff, 1880-1898; Lorenzo Snow, 1898-1901; Joseph F. Smith, 1901-1918; Anthony W. Ivins, 1918-1921; George Albert Smith, 1921-1935; Albert E. Bowen, 1935-1937; and George Q. Morris, 1937-1948.

In his new position Elder Curtis will supervise religious and recreational activities of about 67,000 members of the Y.M.M.I.A., and jointly with the president of the Y.W.M.I.A., will direct recreational activities of the entire membership of the Church. Some of his general duties include the supervision of the planning and building of manual and recreational programs, preparation of handbooks and manuals, conducting of conventions throughout all of the stakes of the Church,

and managing the affairs of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA. The great M Men program, and the program of the Boy Scouts of America in the Church come under his direction.

Added to Superintendent Curtis' deep interest in and concern for youth is a rich background of service in numerous positions in the Church, all of which help prepare him for filling his new appointment. In addition, experiences which he has had in business further qualify

him for his present responsibilities.

Born in Salt Lake City on April 24, 1901, he is a great-great-grandson of President Brigham Young, and a son of Patriarch Alexander R. and Genevieve Raine Curtis. His formal education was obtained in the grade schools, the L.D.S. High School, L. D. S. Business College, and the University of Utah. He is a graduate of the Sales Analysis Institute of America at Chicago.

(Continued on page 666)

A. WALTER STEVENSON
First Assistant



RALPH W. HARDY
Second Assistant



through the *Y. M. M. I. A.*

The Retiring Superintendency

By *Marba C. Josephson*

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

SUPERINTENDENT GEORGE Q. MORRIS, newly appointed president of the Eastern States Mission, moves from one position of responsibility to another through his release as general superintendent of the Y.M.M.I.A. to appointment as president of the mission. Throughout his life, Brother Morris has given unstintingly of his time and talents to the Church, and his training and his personal characteristics

have made him one of its beloved men.

By heritage he enjoys the qualities of the Welsh and the English, for his father was Welsh; and his mother, English. He has a delightfully quiet sense of humor that he inherited from the Welsh, and this strikes home when situations need to be lightened by a deft touch. His gallantry and courtesies are innate and have made it a delightful ex-



GEORGE Q. MORRIS
Newly Appointed President, Eastern States Mission

A Message From President Morris

"THE opportunity for service in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints does not lie in one organization or one auxiliary alone, but lies in membership in the Church. From membership we may be called to positions of leadership—and whenever that call comes, we grow if we accept it. My experience in the Mutual has been a happy one, largely because of the unusual people with whom I have been privileged to work. It has been a real pleasure to watch the growth of the Mutual program. There are accomplishments yet to be realized, and I am certain that under the direction of the Lord and under the leadership of Superintendent Curtis the organization will continue to progress and achieve. I am likewise happy to go into the mission field, where I hope to further the work of the Lord upon the earth."

—George Q. Morris

JOHN D. GILES
First Assistant



LORENZO H. HATCH
Second Assistant



perience for those who have been privileged to accompany him on conventions and other assignments of the M.I.A. His consideration and interest have been of great import, and he has made what might otherwise be strenuous trips enjoyable excursions. The work of the Mutual has been foremost, of course, but Elder Morris knows the country because of his association with the Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association of which he has been an executive member for many years. With this knowledge he has shown the interesting spots to the group as they have journeyed to and from assignments.

Blessed with an innate dignity, Elder Morris has brought respect to the organization which he heads. Restraint is his keynote. He is always the gentleman, always the nobleman.

Work with the hands has ever been respected by Elder Morris, both by inheritance and inclination. This respect for honest labor is inherited from both his parents. His mother, Mary L. Walker Morris, evidenced it throughout her life. One particular occasion persists in memory. She was on one occasion visiting the colonies in Mexico

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The Fort on the



This is supposed to be the last of the old fort at Bluff

Beginning a dramatic new serial

CHAPTER I

IN that silent and sunburned solitude two men appeared from the mouth of the canyon, one of them on a horse, the other afoot. Astonished eyes followed them through the mist of heat and distance while they prospected far out across the valley, to return and disappear in the mountain when the sun hung low in the west. Next day a little company of men emerged from that same canyon, made their way through the sagebrush along the tracks made by the two the day before, and when they reached a stream, they stopped and fell to work at once as if with premeditated plan to make that their permanent abiding place.

Nothing like that had ever happened there in all the known ages of the past—white men coming without invitation or permission to inhabit Salt Lake Valley. The Indians gazed in astonishment, dragging their half-filled net of crickets and grasshoppers idly behind them. They must go over there; they must see these white invaders with their animals and wagons and other strange gear.

In three days a long stream of wagons came pouring out of that canyon — fifty — seventy-five — maybe a hundred! And a hundred and fifty—a hundred and seventy-five—maybe two hundred white men. They drove their teams of oxen and horses and mules to where the little company had stopped, and spread out there like an ant-hill in a big camp, buzzing with work and strange preparations.

That company of white men from

the canyon knew that as invaders they would be resisted and possibly attacked by the people of the land.



*Navajo twins
towering above Bluff*

They began therefore at once to build a fort, a hollow square of adobe houses to serve as a place of defense while they established themselves firmly in the area around it.

IN the autumn of that year, while the colony worked early and late with an aggressiveness to arouse surprise if not fear in the minds of the staring natives, more people began stringing out of that canyon from which the first had come. Along the twin-wheel tracks worn in the sagebrush the long procession kept coming, coming—a hundred wagons, maybe more. A thousand people—maybe, two thousand!

To the Shoshone and his brother-tribes this was a most serious matter, a grave threat to their further

possession of the precious hunting grounds which their fathers had given them. But, alas, they lacked the essential strength of union; they had always preyed one on another and still cherished deep hurts and bitter differences. Also they lived like wolves in poverty, never having reserve supplies, but devouring what they found from day to day. To form an effective union and resist the wondrous organization which these intruders operated, was far beyond anything they had learned to do.

Through the long cold winter the Indians drew their scanty rabbit-skin robes around them and nursed the little fires in their wickiups while they talked of the adobe fort and its determined builders. From some of their people who begged and spied at the fort, they learned that the strangers wanted to be friendly; but friendly or not, they had come to take the country; and if more of them came, they would no doubt build another fort and a town around it.



A typical hillside in the desert regions of San Juan County, Utah.

When the summer came again, the summer of 1848, other companies did come stringing out of that canyon, startling numbers of them and coming to stay. Scouts from the fort went spying out the country north and south for hundreds of miles, and a good-sized company of them made their way down into Sanpete Valley, built a fort, and made there another beginning a hundred and fifty miles

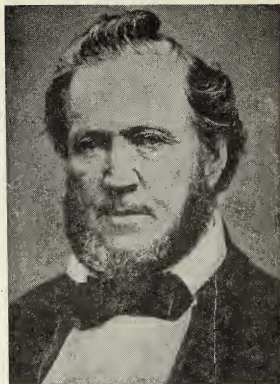
Firing Line ~ ~ ~ By Albert R. Lyman

southeast of Salt Lake. Very soon after that another strong company came out from the city springing up around the adobe walls, put up a stockade for defense near Utah Lake, and began there another center to spread in the regions around it.

Something had to be done or the Indians would lose their inheritance. With their poor understanding of how weak and disorganized they were, and how potent the arm of law and government among the settlers, they came in the nighttime and drove away a herd of horses and cattle from the new stockade at Fort Utah (Provo). With the coming of daylight, they saw the men of the fort hot on their trail. They hurried into Rock Canyon and made the best defense their weapons and their understanding afforded, killing two or three white men, but losing so many of their own men that they scurried as best they could for the

dead, facing winter with nothing to eat, saw no better way to survive than to throw themselves on the mercy of their victorious enemies, and when they had been fed and treated with kindness in Salt Lake till spring, the report of it tended to hush the rising call for war.

THE year 1851 the Mormon chief, Brigham Young, sent a colony to build a fort and establish a place called Parowan, three hundred miles south of Salt Lake. These long and aggressive strides to the south, matched by other aggressive movements to the north, caused Chief Walker of the Utes to consider with alarm what was happening to his country, but he considered, too, the warm friendship of these strange white people, and their eagerness to help the Indians, and instead of reacting with hostile gesture, he made a friendly call on the Mormon chief, telling him where other towns could



PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG

laration of war, there was always danger. Chief Walker had made wordy professions of friendship, but he was not supreme even with his own tribe, and he might at any time change his mind.

The fort was the indispensable protection to each new step farther into the big wilderness, and the extending zone of these protections radiated out from that first adobe fort at Salt Lake City, like the ring-waves in a pool of water from a falling stone. This fort-zone and its firing line was destined to mature in the north and the west, but in the south and east it was to focus at last in one faraway corner, there to build the last fort in Utah.

be made, and encouraging the Mormons to spread out and build up the country.

The sprawling frontier, extending now in a ragged line for hundreds of miles through wild valleys, rock-ribbed canyons, and over-timbered mountaintops, was reinforced at its most important vantage points with forts, stockades, and other structures of defense. Trusting eyes of children, of the old and the defenseless, peered trustingly from the port-holes of sheltering walls at the silent wilderness around them from which unfriendly Indians might appear at any time. It was only the brave or the venturesome who went alone or unprotected beyond the barriers, for whether or not there was open dec-

THIS age and its way of fighting had a tremendous lure, not only captivating mature men, but also infusing into its own children an undying love for the thrills of its peculiar warfare. One of its enthusiastic devotees was Peter Shirts, the Daniel Boone of the Rocky Mountains. In the remoteness of the upper Pahreah, east of what is now Kanab, he with his wife and three children turned their house into a fort and fought Indians there all winter instead of moving away for safety as their few neighbors had done. With a love like that for the firing line, it is only to be expected that Shirts would follow it on and on, and that he will be found

(Continued on page 626)



Looking north
up Comb Wash

Indian
Hogan

shelter of the brush and willows towards the lake.

How sternly they were undeceived by the fight which followed; twenty or more of their braves fell; and the few remaining sneaked terrified away. The families of the

The Fort on the Firing Line

(Continued from page 625)

again trying to find it in the far-away.

Chief Walker of the Ute tribe, did change his mind about that peace policy. When he considered the wholeheartedness with which the Mormons accepted his invitation to spread and build new towns, he raised a howl of protest against them, and incited his people to attack the new settlements.

In 1853-54, he and his people carried on the war with such fury that some of the new forts had to be abandoned. Yet, however dark they made the picture for the struggling settlers, it was more dark still for the Indians, and they began soon to realize that they were not prepared for war. It was not only unprofitable, but also disastrous, more so to them than to the settlers whom they robbed, and Walker was glad to meet President Young at Chicken Creek and agree to a treaty of peace.

That was the official end of the war, though outlaw bands of Indians continued to make raids on livestock and attack unprotected travelers, especially in the southeast. Yet even before the Walker War, and right soon after the settlement was begun at Parowan in 1851, and a little start made on the Santa Clara much farther south, these hardy frontiersmen began gradually to be aware that off to the southeast of them lived a tribe of Indians who were natural robbers, considering it folly to make peace with any people having valuable substance of which they could be despoiled.

THE sturdy explorers and settlers of what came to be called the Dixie Country, found themselves looking away with apprehension at the blue profile of Buckskin Mountain in Arizona. From the dark shadows hovering above it ten thousand inveterate robbers seemed to gaze in eager anticipation at the

precious teams and milch cows the settlers had brought with them.

These robbers, the Navajos, struck always where they were least expected, and they had made such careful preparation for retreat, they got far away in the rocks before their raid was discovered. Elusive and wary as coyotes by ages of training in their vocation as robbers, they were not striking in reprisal for any wrong they had suffered nor because their country was being invaded, but in long and well-planned expeditions from their homeland they were intent on getting horses, sheep, cattle, anything they could use or sell for gain. They



Walker (Wakara) Chief of Utah Indians (from a painting by Carvalho in 1854)

southeast wore their plundering trails deeper every month, the suffering settlers along the border appealed to their leaders for wisdom and a way to survive.

Walker and his braves had been pacified, and comparative peace restored to the settlements, but this Navajo menace seemed ever to be getting into better gear for greater activity. The Mormons had offered peace to the Utes, and sued for peace before taking up arms against them. The logical and only consistent thing now was to send messengers into the distant Navajo country, inviting them to be good neighbors and to have good neighbors, to come over and trade and to live in peace. These messengers were also to visit the Hopis, a very friendly and industrious people whom the Navajos had hated and plundered.

But behold, to the Navajo, his most profitable neighbor was the one on whom he could prey to the best advantage. Jacob Hamblin, a great lover of the Indians and an ardent advocate of peace, made the long, hard journey over desert and mountain and river into the Navajo country with his offering of good will to this nation who had been despoiling his people. He was accompanied by Thales Haskell, George A. Smith, Ira Hatch, and others, and they toiled from place to place, seeking in vain to get a hearing. This kind of plea to the Navajos meant nothing but weakness and fear.

And when the Navajos observed that these peace envoys consorted with the weak, despised Hopis who were always cringing and pleading for peace, they concluded that the Mormons and the Hopis were no doubt alike, timorous and fearful. The Navajos saw no need to be friendly with any people of whom they were not afraid. Especially should they refuse any obligation of friendship to any tribe or nation on whom they could enrich themselves by plunder.

While this tribe from the

Haughty and vain in their declaration that they had no fear of white men who had failed miserably for generations to conquer them, they spurned and rejected these offers of peace. Hamblin and his companions toiled on from camp to camp till they knew by the sullenness and frowns of the Navajos that their lives were in danger if they went on. They looked for a protected place to stop for the night, resolved if they could to get back

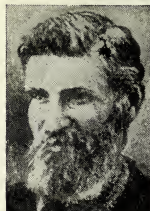
to the river and return home.

The dry unrelenting breath of desert beat against their tanned faces, and the smell of sheep came to them from hills that had been grazed bare.

Distantly to the south the gray monotony of desert was relieved by a blue dome of the San Francisco Mountains, but in all other directions they saw the



THALES HASKELL



PETER SHIRTS

(Continued on page 656)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

"The Girl I Left Behind Me"

(A Note to Missionaries and their Girl Friends)

By
MARY BRETNALL

JIM WEST was taking his best girl friend, Carla, home after his farewell. Next Friday at 6:30 p.m. he was to leave for Australia on a mission for the Church. Carla was trying to be gay and casual, but there was a quiet spot within her. Brother Jones' talk had bothered her. She liked Jim. She had known him for years. She had gone out with him for months—almost to the "steady" point.



It would be easy, Carla thought, to fall in love with Jim, but I'd better not. He'll be away at least two years, and then he'll be in school for another year or two, and maybe we'll both change. I'd be content to let things work out in their own best way—if only Brother Jones hadn't spoken the way he did.

"It was a wonderful farewell, Jim," she said—"something for you to remember all the time you are away—as a matter of fact, something to remember all of your life."

"Yes, it was swell—all but

Brother Jones. Wasn't that the dillest talk?"

"Oh, I thought it was all right. What was it you didn't like?"

"You know what it was I didn't like."

And then they were off on a conversation that left them both a little breathless. They had reached an "understanding," and they both felt better—at least for the time be-

world all the time you're gone. Forget that you ever had a friend at home. Forget your girl friends—you won't have any when you get home anyway. Forget your best girl friend—she'll have married the other fellow. Make up your mind to it."

Let's Talk It Over

There was, of course, some merit in his talk. A mission is, in some ways, another world, and, certainly, a special type of service. Nevertheless, a mission is an interval in a whole life and not a complete life in itself. It's a very concentrated interval. It can be a very happy and profitable interval. It nearly always results in great good to many people and almost without exception in tremendous good to a young man and to his family. But all of this depends to some extent on what has gone into his life before his mission. There is connection both with the past and with the future. There is connection with his family, with his friends, and even with his girl friends. Sometimes, most especially with his girl friends! "The girl I left behind me" is a very important person to the missionary. Whether she remains so or not is another thing.

If, in a mission field, a number of missionaries have gone through the trying experience of having their steady girl friends break the news of other attachments, an interesting attitude develops. It is made up of one part cynicism, one part high humor, one part "elderly" affection, and seven parts anxiety for the cause they serve.

Jim will meet this almost at once. When his companions first learn of Jim's heart interest, it will be "open season" on him. The whole group will attempt to harden him to the possible hurts ahead by needling him thoroughly at the beginning.

"After all," they reason, "it happens all the time, so why not be ready? Jim's too fine a fellow to be

(Continued on page 628)

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

(Continued from page 627)

thrown by a disappointment, and if he's hurt, his missionary work will suffer; so let's face it." They bring out the "percentage" statistics. The Boy Scout motto of "Be Prepared" has no more ardent adherents.

Preparation for all eventualities is, I suppose, a good thing. But it can be carried too far. Courting disaster is just a little hazardous—you must be prepared to win it. Anticipation attracts trouble as a magnet pulls steel. And the lack of faith evidenced, is sometimes at strange variance with the gospel as preached by our friend Jim and his companions. (To paraphrase Mr. Shakespeare) "Cowards lose many times before their loss, but the valiant never taste of loss at all." In fact, to the truly valiant, loss is not only not anticipated, if it comes at all, it isn't even recognized—it's just a blessing in a queer disguise.

So much (right now) for the missionary in the field and his thoughts of his best girl. Now what about the girl, herself, at home? She finds herself in a most perplexing situation. She is obviously expected to disappoint her missionary friend—everyone says so. If, immediately upon his departure, she fails to attract a circle of swains about her, her charms are slipping. She's losing her appeal, if another young man does not take her by storm in the absence of her "steady." Perhaps the missionary, himself, won't think much of her if she is not besieged in his absence. This is all nonsense, of course, but it is just possible that some of it finds shelter in a girl's mind, because, odd as it may seem, isn't that practically what Brother Jones said?

Let's try to keep our thinking straight. There are so many gradations of friendship between missionaries and their girl friends that it would take a sizable book to deal with all of them. For the purposes of this discussion, let's talk only of the missionary who, though he may be friendly with several girls, has one very special *best* girl. These two think a great deal of each other—so much that if circumstances were right—if they were older and his mission behind him—they might be thinking seriously of marriage.

Under these conditions, three things may have happened. They may actually have reached that final stage where they can wait no longer to be engaged—where neither of them is quite able to face the missionary years ahead without the assurance of faithfulness. If this is so—if this engagement must be—then it should be made with the utmost seriousness and kept with absolute integrity. The engaged missionary should meet his heckling companions with serenity—their good humor, fun, and affection taken in the spirit of the moment—but the cynicism met with deaf ears and a staunch heart. And a girl engaged to a missionary should be equally impervious to the sly malice of the unbelievers. She should be thoroughly prepared to give up all social life which calls for "twosomes" unless an indulgent father, an admiring brother, or other sacrificial close relative is available and can "fill the bill." It might help if she, too, considered that she was, in a sense, "on a mission." Although her temptations to break

tion. It may be just an understanding on how often they will write to each other and whether or not by air mail. It may be an understanding that though she will go out with others—if she wants to—she will make no commitments until her missionary friend returns. It may be just a mutual acknowledgment of their feeling for each other and a suggestion that if they feel the same in two years, they will become engaged. Any promises should be asked and given only under the most urgent feelings, but once given should be held to be sacred and binding. Confidence in each other should be implicit.

The third situation reminds me of a friend whose mother—wishing to play her full and gracious role in any romantic arrangement—asked him before he went on a mission, if he and Edith had reached an "understanding." The young man answered:

"No, there's been no understanding"—and then added quickly, "but there's been no *mis*understanding, either."

This third situation could be defined as the "no *mis*understanding" situation. It seems to me to be a most desirable status. Without promises—without anything but an unselfish interest and affection, one for the other—the years are left to time and to the plans of our Heavenly Father. This is the perfect security—the safest of all proceedings for the average young man and young woman whose companionship is interrupted by a mission. They find ways of showing their interest and affection—stronger than words and often more appealing. The shared joke, the warm interest in the life of the other. These things hold—yet both are free from actual responsibility—other than to be true to their ideals. The missionary is free to give his first thought to his great calling, the girl friend free to find herself and search her heart. And the hecklers are silenced because there is, from the world's standpoint, nothing to heckle.

No matter which of the three situations she is in, there is a constant question in the mind of the girl at home:

"What can I do to keep us near

(Continued on page 654)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

HER QUIANT CONCEIT

By Elizabeth Reeves Humphreys

WE sat on a bench, the child and I,
Beneath a cobalt, autumn sky—

She pointed to a sassafras tree,
"It's mad," she said, "as it can be."

"You see how red its leaves have turned?
Well, that's because it's temper burned."

I asked about the hickory's yellow—
She smiled, "Oh, that's a jolly fellow."

"His leaves are bright and full of fun,
Now watch—they're dancing in the sun."

I questioned, "How about the pine
Which stands so tall and green and fine?"

"But green means jealousy," she said,
"I like the golden one instead."

loose and go out "just once with someone I've known for ages who is only a good friend" may be greater than those of her betrothed, she must be aware that her missionary, too, is subject to the constant adulation of members and investigators who cannot help being attracted by a clean, intelligent, young Latter-day Saint—even though he lives up to the full letter and spirit of missionary rules. *And that, of course, he must do!*

The second possibility is, that like Carla and Jim, they have reached an "understanding." This is, of course, subject to interpreta-

WITH the exception of Utah's old-timers, there are few people today who can truly appreciate the pioneers. My husband and I are among this few, because that is what we have been—pioneers. Our experiences have been only minor compared to what those people went through, but we now have a much fuller appreciation of those pioneers.

It was the middle of August that we made the move. Henry had gone ahead to the site we had chosen in Lambs Canyon, built the bridge, set up the tent, and moved what furniture we would need to the spot. Upon the children's and

canyon. We had sold our house in the city, purchased a plot of ground in the canyon, and there we planned to build our home. In the

With this advice in mind, we moved to a new neighborhood on the outskirts of Salt Lake City, but it was not far enough away. We

Pioneering Today

By Wanda Lifferth

meantime we would live in the tent until the house was completed.

It was a puzzle to everyone why we were making such a move. A canyon is attractive to everyone in the summer when the weather is warm but not as a permanent home throughout the winter, too. Such a move was necessary, though, and we had considered it for a long time.

still must move farther. Schooling for the children was no problem, for our eldest child was only three; therefore, we were free to live any distance that we desired from a community. Then Henry found this spot. I just couldn't say no. It was everything he had ever wanted in a place to live. He had always been very fond of the canyons. I knew his health would improve, living here, so we made our decision.

We had to move fast, though. It was already the first part of August; so before I realized what had happened, we were living out of doors. This began our pioneer way of life.

The first night was pretty discouraging. It was raining, so we had to move immediately into the tent. We missed having the bonfire we had planned to build to cook our supper. Instead, we opened a can of meat and made sandwiches from the bread we had on hand. This, supplemented with canned milk, made up the first meal in our new home.

The next morning Henry had to return to the city to take care of the final moving of our furniture to a storage place. The children and I were left to become acquainted with our new surroundings alone. I shall never forget that first day. I was uncertain as to what the future held for us; I was homesick; and I was thoroughly dismayed at my failure in making fires. Successful bonfires were just not in my line.

I kept trying, though, but it took a long time before I finally succeeded. First I tried burning logs, but my log fires never cooked anything. They only smoldered. Twigs

(Continued on page 658)



October was only three days old when we had our first snowfall.

my arrival, I was reminded of other trips to the canyon that we had made on holidays. It was hard to realize that this was to be more permanent than merely a picnic.

Yes, we actually were going to make our permanent home in the

First there was the advice given Henry upon his discharge from the navy.

"Move to a quiet community. City life is too strenuous for your nervous system," the doctor had said.

Servitors of Utah.

To whom it may concern,
 Knowing that I, Brigham Young,
 Governor of said Territory in the United States of America,
 am personally acquainted with the bearer, Levi Savage,
 and know him to be a respectable, high minded, and
 honorable man.

And as Mr. Savage has been visiting Alas, on a
 mission, I cheerfully recommend him to the protection,
 and respect of all Bourgeois, Ministers of State, Magistrates,
 and Police Authorities, and to the esteem of all honorable
 men amongst whom he may sojourn.

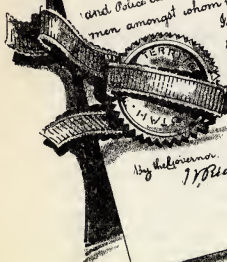
In token of which, I have hereunto
 subscribed my name, and caused
 the seal of said Territory to be affixed,
 at Great Salt Lake City this first day of
 October A.D. 1852. And of the Independence
 of the United States the twenty-seventh.

Brigham Young

By the Governor

W. B. Chase.

Secretary for the time
 Appointed by the Governor.



THE diary of Levi Savage, Jr., called as a missionary to Siam ninety-six years ago this fall, is a small, pocket-size journal, covered in green imitation leather, which has been badly damaged by water. Elder Savage made his entries in ink as he traveled westward toward his appointed missionary labors in the Far East, and THE IMPROVEMENT ERA here presents excerpts from his account. The diary itself is the keepsake of a son, Riley Savage, of Leeds, Utah. Ruth Savage Hilton, wife of President Eugene Hilton of the Oakland Stake, sent us a copy.

Great Salt Lake City, Utah Territory

OCTOBER 6, 1852: The annual conference of the Latter-day Saints convened for the purpose of doing business and instructing the Saints. At this conference there was near one hundred elders called upon to take missions to different parts of the world. Among these elders my name was enrolled with Elders E. Luddington, C. West, and B. F. Dewey, to take a mission to Siam in Asia.

On the sixteenth of October, 1852, Elders Elam Luddington, Chancey W. West, Benjamin F. Dewey, and

myself with a number of other elders went to the Council House to receive blessings, preparatory to our missions, under the hands of Elders Wilford Woodruff (one of the Twelve), Joseph Young, and Jedediah M. Grant (Presidents of the Seventy). This being done, Bro. Luddington and I made arrangements to travel together in one wagon. Our time for getting ready was short, for the company of elders that we were to travel with to the eastern world had their appointments at the special conference held the August before and were ready for the journey at the time we received our appointments. (Brother Luddington and myself.)

We were both destitute of a team and wagon, hence with much exertion we settled our business, purchased our team, and got ready for our long and tedious journey. I left my little boy who was only one year and ten months old, with my sister, Hannah—the wife of Ira Eldrege. He is my only child. His mother died Dec. 29, 1851.

It was advisable to take the southern route to San Francisco where we were to embark for our several places of destination. The northern route not being practical at this season of year. All things being ready, we bid farewell to relatives and friends for a few years.

¹This boy was Levi Mathers Savage and his mother was Jane Mathers Savage.

ON TO THE

We left the Great Salt Lake October 21st. . . .

[December 18.] We arrived at San Bernardino all well; finding the Saints here generally enjoying the same blessing. Here we disposed of our horses and wagons to the Saints who paid us a good liberal price for them and assisted us to go on to San Francisco. . . .

A small brig, called the *Fremont*, arrived just before us with Bro. Addison Pratt and family from San Francisco. They had been to the Tahiti Islands on a mission and were on their return trip to G. S. L. City. We engaged our passage on this brig. . . .

December 29: We embarked on the above-mentioned brig commanded by Europeans and next morning sailed for San Francisco, where we arrived after a very unpleasant voyage owing to the weather, our poor accommodations, and seasickness.

4 o'clock p.m., January 6, 1853: The Captain ordered the anchor let go, but the chain got fouled and would not let the anchor drop. The wind and a strong tide carried our brig against a big ship, damaging both some, and then passed on down the bay nearly a mile before the anchor brought her up. The wind continued to almost a gale attended with heavy rain and continued all night. The next morning we landed and made preparations to collect means by explaining to our brethren and the people the importance of our mission. Most of the required amount was given by Bro. John Horner.

The Siam and Calcutta* mission[s] engaged a passage for \$200 each. It was cabin passage on board the ship—*Monsoon*—S. Windsor, Commander. The *Monsoon* sailed from Boston, August 28, 1852, the very day that some of us were ap-

*1853" usually recorded in the daily entry of the diary has been omitted hereafter.

²This has also been called, in the writings of the Church, the Indian Mission and the Hindustan Mission. Roberts, in *A Comprehensive History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, volume 4, page 72, records these missionaries as Elders Nathaniel V. Jones, Robert Skelton, Samuel A. Woolley, William Fotheringham, Richard Ballantyne, Truman Leonard, Amos Milton Musser, Robert Owen, and William F. Carter.

Far East

FROM THE DIARY OF

Levi Savage, Jr.

pointed to our missions in G. S. L. City.

San Francisco — January 28: About 2 o'clock p.m. the Siam and Calcutta mission[s] went on board of the *Monsoon* bound for Calcutta. . . .

MONDAY, January 31: This morning we were sailing with fair and gentle breeze. Soon after I arose from my bed this morning I perceived that I was quite ill. I remained so all day, not being able to take much food. I supposed it to be the effects of seasickness, but the next morning (February 1st) my

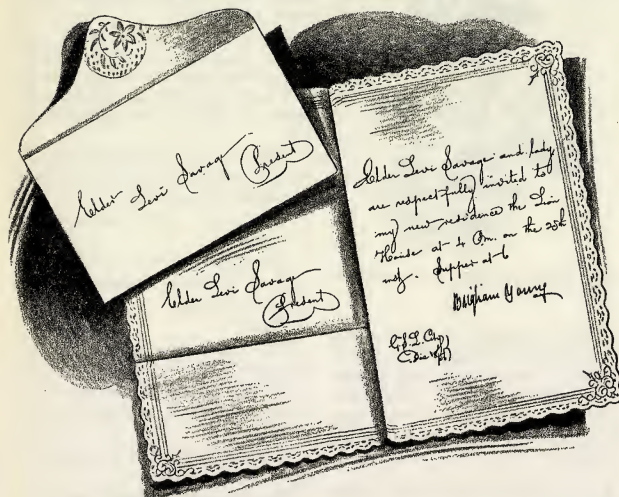
sembled the smallpox, but none supposed that really to be the case. Bro. Ballantyne had been exposed while in San Francisco also by stopping with his sister who was just recovering from that disease but did not suppose it was contagious from her at that advanced stage.

Fortunate for us that the disease did not make its appearance sooner. For had that been the case we should have been obliged to have remained on shore at a great expense. Bro. Ballantyne and I were confined to our room which was not in the cabin but opened out upon the main deck. We had endeavored to

Sunday, February 20: Our brethren informed us that they considered it safe for us to have our liberty. We washed ourselves and threw away the clothing that we had worn during our illness and were glad to have our liberty and enjoy the society of our brethren again. We also returned our thanks to God our Heavenly Father, for his bringing us safe through and for so miraculously preserving all on board from that contagious disease, for none have taken it. . . .

[Thursday, March 3]: . . . Brother Jones proposed that a president be appointed for the Calcutta Mission, and he was immediately nominated and sustained as president of the mission.

Brother Chancey W. West then said that he thought the Siam Mission also might as well appoint their president now as at any future time. . . . This I believe all belonging to the mission agreed in; but the man to fill the position was now the subject to decide. Apparently no one was willing to, or at least was ready to make the nomination. . . . After a while Bro. Dewey broke the spell and nominated Bro. C. W. West to be the president of the Siam Mission. Bro. Luddington seconded the motion, and I thirded the nomination which made it unanimous as there are only four in the Siam Mission. After Bro. C. W. West was made president, agreeable to his request, Brothers Luddington, Dewey, and myself lay our hands upon his head and set him apart and blessed him as our president. . . .



sickness presented itself in its true colors, for my face was covered with—nearly—one solid blotch. It was clearly perceived to be the smallpox. Bro. Ballantyne was also taken with the same disease about the same time that I was. We had been exposed while in San Francisco; but I was not aware of it, until I found the disease raging upon my system. This brought to mind the circumstances of my having administered to a child of one of the brethren in San Francisco. She had some blotches on her at the time, and someone remarked that it re-

obtain a room in the cabin but failed in every attempt. There were not enough rooms in the cabin for all and two were obliged to take this room. It fell to Bro. Ballantyne and myself. We can now see the hand of the Lord in it because we are as much secluded from the rest of the ship as we can well be under the circumstances. . . . The disease was comparatively light with both of us, though much more severe with me than with Bro. Ballantyne. . . . We both recovered without much (if any) impressions being made upon our skin. . . .

SUNDAY, March 20: About 8 o'clock we entered the Straits of Singapore and passed the lighthouse at 11 o'clock a.m. At 6 o'clock p.m. passed Singapore, about 15 miles distant. . . . Sometime previous to this Bro. Chancey W. West, the president of the Siam Mission said that he did not know but it might be best for the Siam Mission to disembark at Singapore and then re-embark on some vessel bound up the Gulf of Siam to Bangkok, the capital of Siam. But there was little said upon the subject as far as I know

(Continued on page 652)

"MAIL'S IN!"

That cry sent dashing to the post office everyone in the frontier village of Springfield, Illinois (later to be Abraham Lincoln's home town). When the rider galloped up to Elijah Iles' General Store, also the post office, nearly everybody in town was eagerly waiting.

Mail was precious in 1821. First, it made a long, slow journey by river boat. Then it was carried one hundred miles on horseback through roadless prairie. A letter from "back East" cost the receiver as much as twenty-five cents. Some people brought money with them; others lugged goods to trade for the postal charge—chickens, homespun cloth, honey, beeswax.

Today, after the letters were sorted, Clerk John Williams climbed up on the counter, looked over the pushing crowd. His eyes narrowed as he saw the man he expected. In John's hand was another letter for Andrew Craven. Would the usual scene be acted out? Well, he'd hold Andrew's letter until the last, meanwhile watching him closely.

"Eliza Hawkes!" John called. The crowd made way for a shawled woman, holding two squawking chickens by their legs.

"It's from Ma!" quavered Eliza, looking at the New Hampshire return address. "Ma must be well enough to write again! I haven't any money, John. Here's two hens and a pound of beeswax." Eliza scurried off to read her precious letter behind the cracker barrel.

"Thomas Kelly," said John Williams, holding high a dainty pink letter about as big as a lady-finger, folded and fastened with perfumed sealing-wax.

"Must be from your girl back in Carolina. Maybe she finally set the wedding day," guffawed a bystander. "When'll we have the charivari, Tom?"

Blushing and grinning, the big young farmer was pushed forward by his friends. The pink letter cost a quarter, which Thomas eagerly pulled from his blue jeans. Before he dared break the seal, he shoved his way outside the store. "Just let us know, and we'll give you a fine house-raisin', son!" the shouts followed him.

"Clementine Berry!"

Pretty Clementine traded a

"Mail's In!"

By
Frances Fowler Allen



—Illustrated by Alvin L. Gittins

Andrew untied a quarter from his big red handkerchief and threw it at John.

length of homespun for a letter from Cousin Bella in Philadelphia. It was worth it to know scoop-shaped bonnets were in fashion! She'd ask Mr. Iles to bring back a scoop bonnet from his next buying trip to St. Louis.

AT LAST, "Andrew Craven!" called John Williams.

The neighbors drew away. Andrew was ill-liked and stingy. He never lent a neighbor a tool, never parted with money if he could help it. True, there *was* that time he'd raked the Russian thistles out of Jed Perkins' hayfield when Jed was down with the ague. When thanked, however, Andrew had only grunted that "Russian thistles was a weed he didn't want started in *his* clover hay."

Andrew had no wife. No woman in her senses would marry such a closefisted man. A settler needs a

wife even more than most men, but who could imagine Andrew making the expensive trip back East to court a girl? Yet apparently he had relatives somewhere, for in each mailbag he got a letter.

John Williams was right. Today the same scene was acted out.

"A letter!" Andrew cried wistfully. "Let me just look at it."

He turned it over and over, finally handed it back with a sigh which came from the bottom of his hobnailed boots.

"I would love to read it, but siller (silver) is too hard to get to be spent on a feckless (useless) letter."

Later, Clerk John Williams hunted up Elijah Iles, back among the casks of molasses. "Mr. Iles, I've been working on an idea. You know how Andrew Craven acts about his letters?"

Elijah Iles laughed. "What can we do if the man has no curiosity? His relatives may die off one by one and leave him a fortune, he'd never know it! Penny-wise, pound-foolish!"

"But I think Andrew *does* have a way of knowing if there's anything important in his letters."

"Nonsense! Can he see through the folds?"

"He doesn't have to. Look at the back of the letter Andrew refused to pay for today."

"Hmml!"

"See those little dots . . . those flourishes after the address?"

"Well! Written by someone who liked to practise penmanship, no doubt."

"Instead, might it be some sort of code?"

Mr. Iles whistled thoughtfully. "I believe you're right, John. These marks must tell Andrew everything's all right back home, so he needn't pay for a letter to tell him so. When he does sometimes accept a letter, the code must tell him, 'Real news in this one!'"

"Then Andrew pays," agreed John, "and how it hurts!"

Elijah Iles spoke with decision. "Next mail, Andrew is not to take his letter in his hand unless he pays *first*. It's not fair to the others, the hard-working folk who pay honest goods or money to get their letters. We'll fix this!"

NEXT mail call, "Andrew Craven!" called John Williams. Shaking his head mournfully, Andrew reached for his letter. "Sorry!" John Williams, a tall, wiry youth, held the letter out of reach. "We can't hand over the letter until you pay. Twenty-five cents, or trading goods of the same value."

"Siller's scarce!" Andrew groaned. "Can't I just hold it a minute? I can't afford to take it."

"Sorry," said John. "Orders."

The farmers guffawed at Andrew's thundercloud face. He untied a quarter from his big red handkerchief, threw it at John. He snatched his letter, broke the seal without bothering to study the outside. Stretching their necks, the farmers saw something peculiar about Andrew's letter. It looked like a sheet of blank paper!

Every mail brought new troubles for Andrew. Time after time he had to part with money to get his regular letters from the East.

Gradually the neighbors agreed that regular spending was doing something for Andrew. He was, they agreed, getting a "mite more openhanded."

"He swapped me the use of his white ox and a half-day's work last week," farmer Berry told the neighbors in Iles' Store. "Offered it, mind you! Andrew is getting right neighborly."

"He come to my house-raisin'," offered Thomas Kelly. "Stayed to supper afterward, too. Put away a big meal!"

"Ain't you got Andrew figured out yet?" Jed Perkins, recovered from his ague, looked up from his favorite corner by the store's potbellied stove. "Andrew's free with

(Concluded on page 650)

CHURCH NEWS IN PICTURES

1. Some of the members of Toronto Branch, Canadian Mission, who participated in the Gold and Green Ball; left to right, President A. Zuber, Ruth Zuber, Eva Conlie, and Mr. A. Conlie.

2. Mission Quintette who presented numbers at the Gold and Green Ball held in Toronto Branch, Canadian Mission.

3. Junior Girls and their mothers, of Hanna Ward, Duchesne Stake, at the Junior Rose Festival. This group is from the smallest ward in the stake. From left to right, front row: Mrs. Nettie Deft, Mrs. Cassie Reid, Mrs. Myrtle Rhoades, Mrs. Delsa Michie, Mrs. Florence Roberts.

Back row: Lena Deft, Joy Deft, Georgia Reid, Darlene Rhoades, Cay Michie, NaDean Roberts.

4. "Pay Dirt"—a western comedy presented by the Eleventh Ward, West Utah Stake, which was well accepted by the members of the stake. Submitted by Itha Hollerman.

5. Provo First Ward, Provo Stake, Gleaner Girls bind their sheaf for the first time, in a candlelight ceremony. Twenty-three girls were presented with an individual sheaf and a corsage, under the direction of Pauline Rasmussen, Gleaner leader, and Elva Pugh, Y.W.M.I.A. president.





Mulek was taken from his barren room, the only home he had had for a long time, and presented before the bar of justice.

caution was needless, effort and interest of little point, for this was one of the shortest cases on record.

The judge asked Mulek many questions in a voice that was low but full of feeling. The prisoner answered truthfully to the best of his knowledge all that was required of him. Then the charge was read, the charge of treason, an attempt to overthrow the government of the country.

"Are you guilty or innocent of the acts enumerated in the accusation?"

Without the slightest hesitation, his fine brow unclouded, his eyes direct, Mulek answered, "I am guilty. I say it to my shame."

"Have you any reason to question any point in the matter or to contest any of the allegations herein set forth?"

"Nay," he answered in a firm voice; "I am guilty of each separate charge as specified. I have sinned grievously against both God and my country and deserve to be punished according to the law, which I consider just."

At that point one of the members of the tribunal motioned to the judge, and together they conferred for a moment.

"We wish to point out," the judge observed soberly, "that we do not here bring you into question for your violation of the laws of God, but for breaking the statutes of our land."

Mulek smiled. "I fully understand the point and thank you for your courtesy. I fear the judgment of God far more than any that can be passed upon me."

"You desire, then, to present nothing in mitigation of your offense?"

"What is there to be said? I have acted in full knowledge of the laws and of the consequences of my conduct. Is envy of the chief captain to be urged in my defense? Is anger an excuse? Shall I ask leniency because I desired to overthrow the government of the judges? Nay, there is nothing to be said."

The lawyers and judges were disturbed; they were not accustomed to such defense. At length they conferred and then pronounced judg-

MULEK of Zarahemla

By J. N. WASHBURN

CHAPTER X—CONCLUSION

THE war dragged on, and every nerve became raw from sacrifice, danger, and anxiety. Transportation was slow; communication, almost non-existent; and for weeks, and even months, families would receive no word from loved ones in dangerous places.

Then came a development which replaced the war as a topic of discussion, as a cause of worry, as a source of heartache. The trials of the king-men began in deadly earnest. Many a home was desolated; many a heart was broken. Justice struck where it was necessary; tragedy, where it would. Many were the stricken mothers and fathers who wished sorrowfully, or thanked God devoutly, that their

tall sons had fallen in the field of honorable battle.

The tribunals were impartial. Everything that could be urged in a man's favor, together with that brought to condemn him, was heard and weighed.

Mulek's turn came along with the others. He was taken from his barren room, the only home he had had for a long time, and presented before the bar of justice. He was perfectly calm as he faced the tribunal.

Pahoran, the chief judge, had left the city, refusing to have anything to do with the case lest it be said that the prisoner's wealth and prominence had influenced him favorably or adversely. He had appointed a competent judge to hear the matter and excellent men of law to accuse and to defend him. So much pre-

ment. Mulek was sentenced to death.

After a moment of tense and freighted silence Mulek turned to his judge and, to the amazement of the whole court, thanked him.

The other men would have liked to say more, to protest their regret, to offer sympathy and understanding, but Mulek's calm self-possession discouraged them. In the end they gave up trying, and the prisoner was led back to his cheerless cell. He went to the window, to his accustomed place and looked out, hour upon hour. Outwardly he was cool as a rock. Within he was like a tempest. He was not in the least aware of his surroundings. He did not think; he could only feel; and all his feelings ran together to one central place which was like a furnace.

THERE was very little light left when Mulek roused himself from his total absorption. As he turned away from the window where he had been so long, he brushed his leg against the Scripture and knocked it to the floor. He stooped and picked it up, almost tenderly, for it represented now his only bond with reality. His eyes fell upon the words, words he had read many times but which seemed now to hold him.

"And it is requisite with the justice of God that men should be judged according to their works; and if their works were good in this life, and the desires of their hearts were good, that they should also, at the last day, be restored unto that which is good.

"And if their works are evil, they shall be restored unto them for evil. Therefore, all things shall be restored to their proper order, every thing to its natural frame—mortality raised to immortality, corruption to incorruption—raised to endless happiness to inherit the kingdom of God, or to endless misery to inherit the kingdom of the devil, the one on the one hand, the other on the other—

"The one raised to happiness according to his desires of happiness, or good according to his desires of good; and the other to evil according to his desires of evil; for as he has desired to do evil all the day long even so shall he have his reward of evil when the night cometh.

"And so it is on the other hand. If he hath repented of his sins, and desired righteousness until the end of his days, even so he shall be rewarded unto righteousness."

When the light became too dim for further reading, Mulek replaced the record on the stool and sat down on the edge of his bed. He was again aware of his surroundings. He believed what he had read with a fervency and faith of which he was soon to give ample proof.

ONE EVENING, a few days later, the guard Amnigaddah tapped respectfully on the door of Mulek's cell. The prisoner, quite lost in thought, at first did not notice. A louder and more impatient knocking, however, soon brought him to his feet.

"Come in," he called.

The door opened, and the jailer entered. He stepped forward, and Mulek noticed that he did not lock the door behind him. He came quite close.

Suddenly, and for the first time since the beginning of his confinement, Mulek experienced a strong urge to escape, like a compelling physical need. It seemed like an insistent call to action. He tingled in every nerve, and his heart began to race.

Could he do it? He believed he could. In equal combat he would stand an equal chance with the other, for he was younger. In a surprise attack he should easily overcome Amnigaddah. It would then be a simple thing to fight his way out into the darkness.

Fight?

He turned suddenly crimson at the thought. Was he, Mulek, going to sell himself now like a slave? Did his new-found gifts of soul, heart and mind, then, mean so little? What price should he pay for physical freedom? What price was it worth?

He had always hated haste as undignified. He had always looked upon flight as cowardly. Was he now less a man than he had formerly been? What good, then, was all his recent achievement of spiritual strength and moral assurance? Was his peace of mind so small a thing? It was for a moment only that he gave place to the temptation to strike the guard and flee. It would

be sacrifice, not safety. He was ashamed of himself.

The guard was speaking, but Mulek had not heard a word; he had seen the movement of lips.

"What is it you say?" he asked, pulling himself together with a profound sigh.

"There is a woman who wishes to see you."

For an instant again Mulek lost himself. A woman! It was Zorah, the thought of whom he had long since resolutely put behind him.

"Is she alone?"

"Nay. There is a man with her, but she desires to enter alone, with your permission."

His momentary hesitation and confusion passed.

"Be so kind as to show her in."

Amnigaddah bowed and went out to return in a few seconds with the woman, heavily veiled, straight as a sapling, her movements rhythmical as water. She raised her veil, disclosing a face in which the eyes were alive.

"I am honored and happy to see you, Zorah," the young man said without strangeness, restraint, or embarrassment. "Won't you be seated?"

"Thank you, Mulek." Her voice was low and tremulous with feeling. For a moment he could not speak.

"You are very pale," he said.

She smiled the faintest of smiles. "I have been ill. I have been again in the city of Zarahemla with my uncle. It was there that I fell prey to a strange malady. But I am better now. And you? Tell me about yourself."

MULEK walked about slowly, his hands clasped. He was not floundering for words, for he had nothing to hide. It was only that he was living again, and all at once, many moments of his old life. Moods, feelings, and impressions tumbled over each other in their haste to find expression.

"I have thought of you often and been the richer for your memory. I am glad to know you have been ill, for it explains why you have not been here before, and I know that I was not mistaken in you. It is sweet consolation." He was silent for a moment. "You have heard of my trial and judgment." It was not a question.

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MULEK OF ZARAHLEMA

(Concluded from page 635)

"That is why I have come. There is, of course, nothing to be done?"

"Nothing. Nor would I ask it."

"You are much changed."

"For which I thank God. I would not give one moment of my present hope for all my former prospects. This is a peace which passes all comprehension."

"You have no fears?"

"None. There is only joy, and regret that it should have come to me so tardily. I have found a life, rich and imponderable, compared with which my former existence was but as a shadow of a dream's image." He had lifted his eyes, and there was in them a brightness that was like stars. Zorah looked at him in fascination, her own eyes riveted on his rapt countenance.

She rose, somewhat unsteadily.

"I am glad I came," she declared softly. "I have been fearful for you, but now I am transported. I came to give you such comfort as was in my power, and I leave, a stronger person for having seen you."

Mulek walked with her to the door and knocked for the guard. She looked up at him at departure, her eyes lingering long upon him.

"Good-bye, Mulek," she said simply. "May God give me one day such strength as yours."

"Good-bye, Zorah."

She went out with that, and the big door closed behind her.

Mulek closed the record and sat down, his head still bowed, his eyes open but unseeing. For hours he had been reading, feeding his soul on the blessed words of promise that had brought him out of hopelessness.

He was tired, tired in body and mind. The day had not been an easy one. He had, of course, known there would come a time that would test his strength and courage, and he had tried to prepare for it. This was that time.

The grass in the temple grounds seemed to be greener than he had ever seen it before, a restful, pleasant green. The fountains that sprayed their goodness like dew-drops upon the flowers, enriching now this bed of color, now that, with the changes of the breeze, must have a touch of magic in them. Mulek felt he could have looked forever and never have enough.

Yet, as he watched the shadows from the west on that day, he knew he was looking upon all those objects for the last time, and he found them far more glorious than he had ever seen them before.

He was surprised that he was not sad, glad that he was thoughtful and at peace. He had been speculating for days upon the possible nature of that land to which he was going.

Would there be grass there, and flowers, and trees, birds, and singing insects? It would be strange if there were, and far more strange if there were not.

Then his restless mind went elsewhere, still pursuing. Would there be people there also? Of course there would, yet strangely, he had never thought about this objectively. An idea came to him as a vagrant thought that returned to hold him enthralled, fascinated, completely lost in the wonder of it. Might he not see Alma and Mosiah, Nephi, Isaiah, David, perhaps? Would his father and mother be there waiting for him? Who was to deny it? Who was to reject the whole pattern, the essence of the word of God? For upon this immortality, this continuing to live, the entire structure of religion was founded. There could be no slightest doubt about it; he would be with those who had lived and gone on to richer living.

Suddenly he begrudged the hours that still must pass. No earthly

pleasure had ever given him half the sheer bliss of this new prospect. He was becoming consumed with a vast eagerness to begin the new life. Then it came to him that there could be no better time for him to say farewell to all he had known. He had found peace. Peace, he had learned, was a thing of the spirit, quite without relation to outward circumstances. A man, quite weaponless on a summer day, could be at war even though alone in a desert waste. Another, in the midst of conflict, could know the perfect ecstasy of tranquility. It was not a question of *where* or *when* but of the state of the soul.

But he rejoiced in more than that. His people, too, would soon be at rest, for the reports from the fronts were encouraging. The war that had for so long ravaged the land would soon come to an end in the utter defeat of the ravager. And from it all the nation had learned much for its eternal good, as Mulek had learned much from his own time of struggle.

None would rejoice more than he to know that the land would once more be safe. Though he would have no part in the victory, and had contributed nothing to it, he was uplifted in contemplation of the universal hope. Though he would not participate in the celebrations that would signalize the end of hostilities, he enjoyed in his spirit the prospect of them. Though countless hearts would require the healing balm of time to make them whole, though unnumbered fathers and mothers would look with tear-filled eyes upon the empty places at their firesides, though thousands of homes that had known the pain of parting would not know the thrill of reunion, the land would be at rest.

Mulek stirred. The shadows had become long, slanting far toward the east. He went once more to the window, to that friend who had been his only confidant throughout his long imprisonment, and looked again at the world and at the city. This was his city; these were his people. He wished them happiness.

Long he remained there, and when at last he turned away, darkness had fallen, and he had in his heart bidden a silent farewell to the world. He waited with exultation the coming of morning.

(THE END)

HAVEN

By Gay Winquist

As one sucked back in rapture's undertow
Lets go his hold and drifts in dreamless space:

Caught in the ebb tide of emotion's flow,
With mind washed clean of thoughts that

red and race;
I come to you for quiet—after din;
You shut the clamor out—the stiffness in.

IN recent days when he was not reading, he had spent the time looking out of the window upon the world he loved, at the city he had loved and dishonored. It was wonderful how lovely shadows could be, how they met and merged, how they embraced each other as it were, how cool, how friendly they could be.

the spoken word

FROM TEMPLE SQUARE

By RICHARD L. EVANS

"Remember the Sabbath Day"

WHEN the Lord God gave the Ten Commandments to Moses, "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy" was considered of sufficient importance to be numbered as one among the ten. And surely whatever is included among the commandments should not be looked upon lightly: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me. . . . Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image. . . . Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain. . . . Honour thy father and thy mother. . . . Thou shalt not kill. . . . Thou shalt not commit adultery. . . . Thou shalt not covet"¹—these are basic principles of inestimable importance. And numbered among them is the one concerning the Sabbath. But why be concerned about the Sabbath? To some it is enough that the Lord God so said. However, for those who want them, there are other reasons: There is a well-known law called the law of diminishing returns, which, for our present purpose, means simply that the expenditure of effort or energy beyond a certain point does not continue to yield increasing or even equal results. Continued fatigue is the forerunner of decreasing effectiveness, of failure, and often of ill health. And from a purely physical point of view a man who relentlessly drives himself all around the week will fail to find the physical refreshment that belongs to those who "remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy." But man is not of the flesh only, but also of the mind and of the spirit—both of which must be fed and refreshed. Men

must have time for their own inner thoughts, time for communing with their Maker, time for contemplation of the meaning of life and all that makes up the universe. And he who fails to take time for rest and refreshment and contemplation is inviting physical and mental and spiritual stagnation. Surely these things belong to the Sabbath day: The spirit of worship, the spirit of rest, the spirit of quiet refreshment. And even if a commandment had never been given, it would still be apparent from all the other facts that the Sabbath is essential to the greatest good of man. The Lord God "blessed it and hallowed it," and set the Sabbath aside. The fourth commandment is still before us: "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy."

¹See Exodus, chapter 20.

—August 1, 1948.

Imperfections in Other People

IT sometimes seems that we are inclined to expect much more of other people than we expect of ourselves, and that we make less allowance for imperfections in other people than we do for our own imperfections. What is ours, we are disposed to defend—even our own faults. We sometimes seem to feel about our faults somewhat as we feel about our children. We may defend them against all outside criticism, and yet reserve the right

to criticize them ourselves. Blind as we may be to the faults of those we love, we are not completely blind. And when we are honest with ourselves, we are not completely blind even to our own faults. And since we know that neither we nor our own children have yet reached perfection, we would scarcely be justified in expecting perfection in others. We would scarcely be justified in expecting others to do things always just as they should be done, any more than we can expect ourselves to do things always just as they should be done. It would hardly be fair to ask from others what we ourselves are not able to give—a perfect performance. Sometimes even when we think we have turned in a near-perfect performance, we later find that others don't think so. Often when we think we have done the right thing in the right way, we later find that we have given others cause for offense, without knowing it. And likewise those who offend us may be sincerely unaware of having done so. And so it would seem that we should not be less willing to make allowances for the faults of other men and other men's children than we are for our own. There is still before us on this subject the Lord's own utterance: ". . . forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors . . . if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."¹ The human race is not a race of perfection. But it has before it the promise and possibility of everlasting improvement—of eternal progress. And we must not become sour or cynical merely because we find imperfections in other people.

—August 8, 1948.

¹Matthew 6:12, 15

Copyright, 1948
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HEARD FROM THE "CROSSROADS OF THE WEST" WITH THE SALT LAKE TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN OVER A NATION-WIDE RADIO NETWORK THROUGH KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM EVERY SUNDAY AT 11:30 A.M. EASTERN TIME, 10:30 A.M. CENTRAL TIME, 9:30 A.M. MOUNTAIN TIME, AND 8:30 A.M. PACIFIC TIME.

THE SPOKEN WORD

(Continued from page 637)

*Wishful Thinking**

THERE is a prevalent practice from which few men are wholly immune, and that is — wishful thinking. Wishful thinking as defined for our present purpose is the practice of deciding what we would like to believe, what we hope might be true, and then settling down and complacently supposing that what would serve our comfort or convenience is true. Choosing to believe that what we would like to believe regardless of the facts, makes final shocks all the harder to meet and reality all the more difficult to face. There was a time, for example, when men wanted to believe that the world was flat, so that they wouldn't have to adjust their accustomed ways of thinking. But the world and truth and reality moved on without them. Many men wishfully think that those rules which pertain to their health or their happiness, to their improvement or their eternal progress, may be ignored, and that by some good fortune or by some kind Providence they will not be held accountable for their disregard for facts. Sometimes also we may think we can

ignore the laws of economics with immunity. But it is wishful thinking to suppose that we shall not somehow reap the rewards or pay the penalties of our own doing. It isn't so much a question of what we want to believe as it is a question of what we have to believe. It isn't so much a question of what we would like to be true, as it is a question of what is true. A truth is often harder to face than a falsehood because you can manipulate falsehood; but you can't manipulate truth, and all the wishful thinking in the world won't change it. Truth is an exacting taskmaster. But it is a rich rewarder of those who respect its metes and bounds. There may be a thousand ways of doing a thing wrong — and only one way of doing it right. There may be a million wrong answers to a problem — and only one right one. But what point is there in arriving at a wrong answer. Even if, for the moment, it serves our comfort or convenience, it only means lost time and the ultimate facing of facts anyway. Where facts and figures and the laws of life are concerned, wishful thinking is a luxury we can't afford.

—Revised

Copyright, 1942

—August 15, 1948.

What is more inefficient than having half the people police the other half? What is more impractical than the destruction of war? Regrettably the principles and the ideals of the Prince of Peace do not at present prevail among men. But one day they will. And what greater happiness could the mind of man imagine than a place of such beauty as this earth, in peace and in providence, with all people respecting the privileges, the property, and the persons of all other people?

—August 22, 1948.

"Let Every Man Sing His Own Song"

WHEN someone has succeeded someone else in some place or position, people sometimes make it unreasonably difficult by expecting him to do just as his predecessor has done. We may in a measure perform the functions of someone else. We may take over an office that someone else has had. We may acquire the titles and the tenure or sit in the chair that someone else has occupied. We may win the affection of people who have lost someone they love. But literally no man ever completely takes the place of anyone else, nor must we expect anyone to. It is quite natural that we should make comparisons among people. But sometimes we may want to make others over unreasonably, as we find ourselves wishing that one person were more like another person in some things, and less like him in others. Sometimes even with our own children we wonder why one is so different from another. And we may expect the second son to follow the pace of the first son. But it is unfair to expect anyone to be anything but himself. We may fairly expect people to improve. We may fairly expect them to perform earnestly and honestly. We may fairly expect them to be teachable and to consider good counsel and to accept sound principles. But it is unfair to expect anyone else to live exactly as we would live or to approach all his problems just as we would approach them. Men are very much themselves. Different people are equipped

(Concluded on page 656)

If All Men Were Honorable

IT is sometimes said that the world would be a peaceful place except for the confusion caused by mankind. To a great degree this is no doubt true. While there is still violence in nature, we have learned to control much that is essential to our comfort and convenience, and for us the earth is a relatively peaceful and provident place except where man meets man in misunderstanding and in unbecoming conduct. Our most pressing problems are concerned with the appetites, the personalities, and the perversities of men. All through life it would seem there are some whom we fear, some against whom we feel we have to protect ourselves. There are some men except for whom we could leave the locks off our doors, some except for whom there would be no

need of bank vaults and burglar alarms, some except for whom we could dispense with police and prisons, some except for whom we could do away with armies and armaments. And it is interesting to contemplate how heavenly it could be on earth if all men were honorable, if all men were even reasonably honest. Indeed, it might well be difficult for our minds to imagine any greater happiness than there could be on this earth with all its beauty, with all its providence, with all its possibilities, if all men would respect each other as they themselves would like to be respected. Of course there are those who say that this old and golden rule won't work. And people who advocate it are sometimes said to be impractical people. But speaking of being impractical—what is more impractical than millions of men using locks and alarms to keep millions of other men from doing what simple honesty would keep them from doing?

ON THE BOOKRACK

THE MORMON PIONEERS

(E. Cecil McGavin. Stevens and Wallis, Salt Lake City, Utah. 1947. 236 pages. \$2.50.)

FROM Nauvoo to Salt Lake City might well be the title of this very informative and interesting book, for it confirms itself, except for a chapter each on the Mormon Battalion and the good ship *Brooklyn*, to that memorable first journey, which will be told and retold in the waiting years. Here it is told in detail, not as a day-by-day diary; but the larger story of the trek, in the souls of men and women, is unfolded. Therefore, there is wealth of quotation in prose and rhyme, much of it unknown to the ordinary student of Church history. The book is beautifully printed and bound. It should find a place in the centennial library of the Latter-day Saints.—J. A. W.

WILLIAM J. FLAKE

(Osmer D. Flake. Phoenix, Arizona. 1948. 181 pages.)

FROM books such as these about people whose stories might be lost except for the diligence of families to preserve them, the great literature of our people will one day be written. Both the heart-warming and the heart-breaking incidents are the very fabric of great literature in the raw. This book has high moments that all will be interested in reading in order to learn first hand of the pioneering in the West.

—M. C. J.

THE GROWTH OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE

(Sir James Jeans. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1948. 364 pages. \$4.00.)

ALL of us owe a tremendous debt to the development of physical science; therefore, it behooves all of us to learn something about how it developed. In this fascinating book by a noted scientist, the history of that development is traced from its dim past, rooted as it was in alchemy, to the present when it is changing the thinking of the inhabitants of the world. This is not an easy book to read, nor one to be digested in large sections, but it is one that will more than repay for the time and study spent on it.

—M. C. J.

ICELAND NEW WORLD OUTPOST

(Agnes Rothery. The Viking Press, New York. 1948. 214 pages. \$3.75.)

THE concluding sentence of the book seems a fitting place to start this review: "Iceland discovered America in the year 1000. It has taken America almost a thousand years more to discover Iceland." The author presents Iceland in the incisive and

yet inclusive style which has made her so popular a travel writer. She has taken time to study her material and to present it clearly and correctly, thus exploding some of the myths that have grown up about this vital island. Yet with all this care she presents the material sympathetically so that the reader closes the book with reluctance, hoping that some day he may experience for himself what the author has made him envision.

In the world of narrowing horizons, we must know all areas of the world. Iceland, which became an important base in World War II, deserves to be well known.

—M. C. J.

"MISS U"

(Margaret Utinsky. The Naylor Company, San Antonio, Texas. 1948. 172 pages. \$3.00.)

THIS tragic and dramatic story of the life of a woman whose nursing ability made her invaluable in the days of the guerrilla warfare in the Philippines creates a particularly vivid war picture. A quotation from Shakespeare sets the stage: "But I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety." This book reveals the unadulterated tragedy and waste of war. The book is gripping in its intensity and is a *must* book for all who may have thought that war was largely a matter of inconveniences and shortages.

—M. C. J.

NO HIGHWAY

(Nevil Shute. William Morrow and Company, New York. 1948. 346 pages. \$3.00.)

THIS unusual novel fits into the scientific development of the day, but in addition it unfolds an unusual story which is of intense interest. Taking its title from one of John Masefield's poems, the story, basically that of nuclear fission, unfolds in the world of aviation. It is the story of a big little man by the name of Honey who, strangely enough, made a highway where "no highway" existed. While some of the activities cannot be wholly accepted by Latter-day Saints, the fact that a little man can amount to something is of great import to many who may have felt that there were in this world of precision today not even little niches.—M. C. J.

FAMILY CIRCLE

(Cornelia Otis Skinner. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 1948. 310 pages. \$3.50.)

DELIGHTFULLY refreshing is this autobiography of one of the talented women of our day. Theater distinctly marks its pages, and nostalgia for the good old days of the "live" stage will be aroused. One of the most com-

mendable features of the book is the picture of family life which it creates. It is good to know that the Skinners had so great a devotion for one another and that though the mother was so talented an actress, she was determined to make a home for her daughter and husband that she gave up the stage.

Into the pages of this book walk the great and near-great of the day when theater extended across these United States instead of being largely locked up on Broadway. The names of the plays and the names of the actors are interchangeably connected. The rare good fun that lies in the book is reminiscent of *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay* and *We Took Our Hearts to Hollywood* which the author wrote with Emily Kimbrough. The book is good tonic for all of us in these days when movies seem to be the most commonly accepted form of amusement.—M. C. J.

THE MAN IN THE STREET

(Thomas A. Bailey. Macmillan Company, New York. 1948. 334 pages. \$5.00.)

THE subtitle of this book indicates the import of the work: "The impact of American public opinion on foreign policy." The author by illustration and fact tells how ignorant and yet how powerful in his ignorance is the ordinary man whose opinion actually shapes foreign policy even while he is apathetic to foreign affairs. The author divides the book into twenty-seven chapters and has a complete bibliography for further reading. The book is indexed to make it even more valuable. All who read the book will discover that there is great value in finding how much influence they exert, and in trying to improve themselves so that they exert a constantly better influence.—M. C. J.

SOMETHING TO LIVE BY

(Collected and Annotated by Dorothea S. Kopplin. Garden City Publishing Co., Inc., Garden City, New York. 197 pages. \$1.00.)

TWENTY years ago the author was told that she could not live to rear her children and decided to compile a book that would substitute for her in their lives. Fortunately, her life was spared. The book is divided logically into subjects of vital interest and importance to old and young, as some of the chapter titles will indicate: What is Happiness? Definite Laws Control Friendship, The Value of Time, The Meaning of God, Brotherhood.

Many of the forgotten bits of philosophy have been gathered into one book and will prove of great value in helping point to better lives.

—M. C. J.

Editorials

The Garnering Season

AUTUMN has become the traditional season for the harvesting of crops against the winter's need. Farmers busy themselves gathering fruits and vegetables. Housewives can and preserve fruits that they may better care for their families when the period of unproductivity of the soil arrives.

The physical well being of loved ones that these endeavors assure is a truly important factor in life. For this reason the infancy of the human race is prolonged—that young folk may be cared for properly. But it is not only the physical side of the child that needs tendance. The heart and spirit of youth need even greater care than does his physical body. And for this garnering there is no time and no season. It is a year-round assignment—and there is a year-round harvest, also, for children, whether we like it or not, of the fruits of our teaching, both formal and informal.

All too frequently, parents impress young folk with the idea of being good and doing as the parents tell them to do. Yet they know that children are influenced more by actions than by words. We ourselves find the same to be true. We tend to lose our trust in people, not through what they say but rather through some action which displeases us or seems inconsistent with what we accept for truth. We need to train ourselves to think clearly, for truth is truth no matter who may regard or disregard it. We need to train our children in thinking of truth independent of people—and this is part of the garnering that is all-important in their lives.

Tragedy stalks those who tie their faith to persons rather than to principles. A person is never free from temptation; a principle never fails. Some years ago a radio broadcast arrested with the startling statement that the time of greatest temptation lies right after the time of greatest success. This, at first, seemed impossible of belief. But a little analysis shows it to be true, for when one has succeeded, the defenses are down, and at such a time the arch foe of mankind can best work his devastation. If we are to guard our young people and guide them to a period of wise harvesting, we must teach them never to cease vigilance over their thoughts, actions, and words. We must likewise warn them that even those whom they admire most may at times fail them, and that they must pin their faith in the abstract truth of the principles and not in the concrete failures of people to live by the principles.

They must learn, therefore, and we along with them, that they must forgive inconsistent actions in others, but never in themselves. This characteristic is one of the qualities that Christ commends

to us: "Judge not, that ye be not judged." (Matt. 7:1.) And in our day he has spoken even more strongly: "I, the Lord, will forgive whom I will forgive, but of you it is required to forgive all men." (D. & C. 64:10.) This matter of forgiving is something that needs tendance in young and old. If we nourish it, we shall be the ones who gain, for through our forgiveness we learn to understand life better; we learn to understand the Christ better. Was he not willing to forgive the sin that had brought death into the world, and forgiving it, was he not willing to give his life that all mankind might be saved? Thus to the flower of forgiveness must be added the fruit of service.

Too frequently selfishness is unwittingly fixed in the minds of young people by parents who, eager to prove that they love their children, impress upon them how much better off they are than their own parents were in their youth. The wrong emphasis is placed on what is obtained instead of the joy of the work. Idleness is more than the devil's workshop; it is death to development; it leads to stagnation and dullness. In order to help the children whom we bear to harvest well, we must plant early a respect for work—regardless of what that work is, so long as it is honest and necessary for the world's advancement.

The garnering season presupposes the planting and the tendance of those qualities that make the harvest worth while. Let us all choose wisely the characteristics that will bear the fruit we desire for ourselves and our families.—M. C. J.

Needed: A Dust Storm

SOMEONE has jested: "We would have a nationwide dust storm if all the Bibles in the country were dusted simultaneously." And we'd be inclined to be in favor of this kind of dust storm sweeping not only the nation but the whole earth. For it might indicate that mankind was sweeping away his false notions, built up by almost countless generations, and getting back to the brotherhood of man as clearly defined in the Bible, and stated and re-emphasized again in Latter-day revelations.

The foreign policy of one nation or a group of nations is the thinking of one man multiplied by one million, or hundreds of million, times. The key to the peace on earth so much desired today may be found by each within the pages of his family Bible. But this key—the brotherhood of man—must be translated into everyday living, in one life, in ten lives, in one million lives, in hundreds of millions of lives. Then, and only then, can the nations live together as neighbors and as true brothers upon the earth.

—A. L. Z., Jr.

Evidences and Reconciliations

ccxvii. Does Temple Marriage Diminish Divorce?

DIVORCE is an evil. It is the result of an unsuccessful marriage. Such a breaking of family ties hurts those immediately concerned, and society as a whole. The welfare of the world depends in large measure on the existence of happy homes in which joyous family relationships blossom. The Church has always decried divorce.

Nevertheless, the Church, which tries to conserve the welfare and happiness of its members, has also realized that in a community of frail human beings, many mistakes may be made. Imperfect acquaintanceships, hasty marriages, undesirable habits, different life philosophies, and many other conditions may make husband or wife wish that he or she had not married. Under such conditions a divorce sometimes seems preferable to a lifetime of unhappiness. So, divorces have not been forbidden by the Church.

Trivial reasons often impel people to ask for divorce. The contending parties fail to exercise self-control. They expect perfection in each other. They do not take their marriage vows seriously. They forget the sacredness of the marriage covenant. When divorce follows such conditions, it is indeed an evil.

The action once taken by President Brigham Young, who nearly always took the woman's part, may well be kept in mind. After listening to a plea for divorce by a sister in the Church, he finally answered: "I will not give you a divorce. Go home, and be good to your husband. And do not expect heaven on earth." Perhaps in that last sentence, if marriage has been entered into discreetly, lies the chief remedy for divorce.

It is a cause for rejoicing that among Latter-day Saints there are fewer divorces than among the American public in general. President David O. McKay in a recent general conference sermon (April 8, 1945) declared that "the ratio of divorce to marriage in the United States is three times higher than in the Church. In 1920 there were 7.5 marriages to every divorce in the United States, while in the Church there were 24.8 marriages to every divorce. In 1935, the United States had a ratio of 6.1 marriages to every divorce; during the same year the Church had a ratio of 17.9 marriages to every divorce."^{*}

While this seems very favorable for the Church, yet the divorces that occur within the Church cause deep regret.

The cure, among our people at least, is the attitude of the contracting parties toward the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. Faith in the gos-

pel and the steady practice of its principles are a sure cure for human social ills. This is confirmed by available statistics.

Customarily, those who have the most faith are married in the temple—sealed for time and eternity. If conditions compel marriage outside of the temple, the sealing ordinance is secured as soon as possible after the non-temple ceremony. Those with lesser faith, or who are unwilling to meet the simple requirements for a temple recommend, have the marriage ceremony performed by the stake president or ward bishop. Unfortunately, they often remain satisfied throughout life with this Church-sanctioned, but lesser form of marriage. Those who are largely indifferent to the doctrine and practices of the Church are content with a marriage, performed by an authorized civil servant, neither bishop or stake president. Such marriages are legal under the law, and, of course, respected by the Church.

Happily, many of those married under civil authority, by civil servants, or by stake or ward authority, in time obtain the vision of gospel beauty, and fit themselves for later entrance into the temple. But, when they thus appear tardily in the Lord's house, for the eternal sealing, it is always with regret in their hearts that the temple ordinance was not performed earlier.

The effect of these varying degrees of faith is well illustrated by divorce statistics. In the period 1923 to 1925, within the Church, there was one divorce to every fifteen marriages performed without any Church authority, but only one divorce to every thirty-three Church marriages—by temple, stake, or ward authorities. In the period 1935 to 1937, there was one divorce to every twelve marriages performed without any Church authority, but only one to every twenty-eight Church marriages.*

As contrasted with marriages performed outside the Church, less than one-half as many divorces occurred among those married under Church authority, whether by ward, stake or temple authority. That brings out the security of marriages by the Church. That should be remembered by those about to marry, and who desire the union to be lasting.

The further question may be asked: In the matter of divorce, how do temple marriages compare with marriages under stake or ward authorities? In finding the answer to this legitimate question, an interesting investigation has recently been made.

All marriages of couples who were married under Church authority in the Salt Lake stakes and vicinity in 1936 were studied.

There were 787 couples married that year in the region chosen. Ninety-six of these could not be found. Therefore, the study concerned itself

(Concluded on page 656)

^{*}David O. McKay, "Marriage and Divorce," THE IMPROVEMENT ERA 48:238 (May 1945)

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Speaking of Juvenile Delinquency

By Agnes Mackfessel

This heartwarming story of the building of Sutter Ward Chapel in Sacramento, California, written by a nonmember, stirs the imagination to the infinite possibilities of activity and what it can mean in building unity of purpose among Church members.

SPEAKING of juvenile delinquency, and who isn't at the present time? I've seen it solved under my nose. True, in a comparatively small way, but what can be done in a small way, can be done on a larger scale.

I am not a member of any church; I'm an outsider. I don't know a single thing about the church I'm going to tell about insofar as what their religious beliefs are. I have no friends among its members. I'm just an observer—a looker-on-er.

When I moved into the block where I live in a city of one-hundred and twenty-thousand people, the big corner lot was vacant. Along with my neighbors, I used to take a well-beaten foot path that ran kitty-corner across this lot to the grocery store. One day, a few years ago, I noticed a dozen little boys, ranging in ages from nine to twelve years, briskly hoeing down the tall lush grass in one corner of the lot. Cub Scouts? I wondered. The next day there were older boys, perhaps fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen years of age beginning to excavate dirt from the spot the younger boys had cleared the day before. These older boys were filling

wheelbarrows with dirt and trundling it up to the front of the lot to fill in low spots. My curiosity got the better of me. "May I ask what you boys are doing?" I inquired. One boy set down his barrow, wiped the perspiration from his face with his sleeve, and grinned proudly. "We're building a church." The important fact was that *we*, the boys, were doing it. Think of it. These boys were having a share in building a church. They were proud of it.

I watched the building of that church for two years, from the cement foundation to the last finishing touch on its stately tower. It was built under the supervision of an experienced contractor and builder, but the menfolk of the Church did the actual work, after their regular day's work was done. The hammering and sawing went on until after ten or eleven o'clock at night. Around six o'clock in the evenings, numerous cars drew up along the curb. Children helped mothers to carry big kettles of steaming food, along with sandwiches and chocolate from the cars to the unfinished building. Flat boards on sawhorses served as tables. Every evening was a picnic, busy fathers putting aside their tools to eat, mothers and wives dishing up food, children and young folk running hither and yon on errands. At long last it was finished—even to



Front view of church built by members, assisted by children

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

the underground water system, the shrubs and grass.

I had watched the building of this church so long. I had seen all the loving care and interest that was molded into its very fiber, by old ladies with snow-white hair and wrinkled faces, patiently painting the window casings in bitter cold weather, men hurrying from the work by which they earned their daily bread to lend their hands to building—and always the children, assisting in every way they could—I had watched this drama filled with love and pathos and human interest so long—that I put on my Sunday-go-to-meeting—and shyly ventured into the services.

I always thought that church was for older people. Not so here. The church was packed. At least two-thirds of the congregation were children, from the month old up to eighteen years. Little folk of three, four, and five amused themselves with papers and pencils. Occasionally a pencil got away and rolled under someone's feet. It was patiently picked up and returned to its owner. Babies cooed and clucked over their bottles. There was a sort of constant rustling sound if one concentrated on listening—the church sounded like a dovecote. Not one single adult eyebrow was raised in disapproval. There wasn't a sound of a "shush" to any childish noise.

Presently the services began. Young men administered the sacrament—eight boys passed the bread and water to the congregation. After that for one hour children so young they were still lisping took turns in rising to their feet, taking part in the services. The choir was composed of all young folk. Every little face in the building was shining with interest. Every child was glorying in the part he was taking. He was a part of the proceedings. He was *It*.

When I arose to leave, a stranger extended her hand and asked if I were a new member. I said, "No, I watched this church being built. I was interested to see what the services would be like. There has been so much love and interest shown by children in building this church. I love the part the children have played both in the actual build-

(Concluded on page 650)

Hold it, Butch!

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Josephine B. Nichols

MONEY-SAVING MAIN DISHES

THE main dish is especially important in meal planning. The rest of the meal is built around this dish. Usually the main dish is the chief source of protein which is so essential to building and repairing body tissue.

Swiss Steak and Vegetables

- 1½ pounds chuck, flank, or round steak
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1½ teaspoon pepper
- 1½ teaspoon thyme
- 2 tablespoons fat
- 4 medium-sized potatoes (whole)
- 4 whole carrots
- ½ cup chopped green onions or pepper

Cut meat into servings. Mix dry ingredients and pound into meat. Melt fat in pressure saucepan and brown meat on both sides over medium heat. Arrange meat on rack; cover with chopped onion or pepper. Add one cup hot water, and whole potatoes and carrots. Close cooker, bring up pressure and process twenty minutes. Let cooker cool gradually. Serve on hot platter; keep hot while making gravy. To complete the meal serve a set fruit salad and tapioca orange pudding.

Tamale Pie

- 1 cup corn meal
- 3 cups boiling water
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- 1 onion, diced
- 1 green pepper, diced
- 3 tablespoons fat
- ¾ pounds ground uncooked meat or cups ground cooked meat
- ¾ cups drained canned or cooked tomatoes
- chili powder and salt to taste

Stir corn meal slowly into rapidly boiling salted water. Cover and cook forty-five minutes in double boiler. Cook onion and green pepper in fat until tender; remove from fat. Add meat to fat. If uncooked, cook until done. Add remaining ingredients and heat. Pour a layer of the cooked corn meal into a greased baking dish, add meat mixture and cover with rest of the corn meal. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) thirty minutes. Serve with crisp green salad and cherry tart.

Cheese-O-Roni

- 1½ cups macaroni, or spaghetti
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 cup milk
- 3 well-beaten egg yolks
- 1 cup grated American cheese
- ¾ cup soft bread crumbs
- 2½ tablespoons chopped parsley
- 3 tablespoons chopped pimiento

- 2 teaspoons minced onion
- ½ teaspoon salt
- pepper
- 3 egg whites (beaten stiff)

Break macaroni in one-inch pieces, cook in boiling salted water until tender; drain. Melt butter in milk. Beat into egg yolks. Add macaroni, cheese, crumbs, and seasonings. Mix thoroughly. Fold in egg whites. Pour into well-greased loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven (325°) one hour. Unmold and serve with hot shrimp sauce. To complete the meal serve shoestring potatoes, stuffed tomato salad, and fruit cobbler.

Scotch Meat Patties

- ¾ pound ground beef
- ¼ cup milk
- ¾ cup quick-cooking oats
- salt and pepper
- 2 tablespoons fat
- 1 cup water
- ¼ cup chopped celery
- ¼ cup chopped green pepper
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce, if desired
- 1 tablespoon flour

Combine meat, milk, oats, one teaspoon salt, pepper. Make very thin patties; brown on both sides in fat in frying pan. Add water and vegetables, season. Cook covered over low heat thirty minutes. Blend flour with a little cold water, add slowly to the mixture, and cook until thickened, stirring occasionally. Serve with candied sweet potatoes, cabbage and carrot salad, with fruit and cookies for dessert.

Onion Creamed Liver

- 1 cup sliced onion
- 4 cups cooked rice
- ½ cup margarine
- 1 cup chopped parsley
- 1 pound sliced liver
- ¼ cup fat or salad oil
- ¼ cup flour
- 2 cups milk

Boil onion in salted water until tender; drain. Combine rice, margarine, parsley; season. Pack into greased ring mold; keep hot. Dredge sliced liver in seasoned flour; sauté in hot fat. Remove liver; blend flour into fat in pan. Add milk; cook slowly, stirring constantly until thick. Add liver cut into inch pieces, and sliced onions. Unmold rice ring; fill with creamed liver mixture and garnish.

Serve with tomato, celery, aspic salad and baked apple or pear.

Baked Salmon Loaf

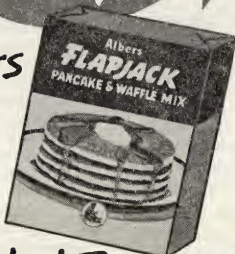
- 1 can salmon (2 cups)
- 1 lemon (juice)
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon grated onion
- ¼ cup minced green pepper
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup milk
- ¾ cup soft bread crumbs
- ¾ cup wheat germ

Beat eggs, add milk, combine with remaining ingredients. Pack into greased ring mold or loaf pan. Bake at 350° F. for forty-five minutes. Unmold; serve with creamed vegetables and a green salad. For dessert, serve hot gingerbread with apple sauce.

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Should Priesthood Members Attend Sunday School Prayer Meeting

ONE question repeatedly asked is whether or not brethren who are engaged as Sunday School officers or teachers should be excused early from their priesthood quorums or groups to attend the Sunday School prayer meeting.

The practice of excusing all officers and teachers ten minutes before adjournment of the quorum meetings where these meetings are held the hour immediately preceding the opening of Sunday School has a tendency to disrupt the work of the quorum meetings. Seeking to find a satisfactory solution the General Authorities of the Church requested the general superintendency of the Sunday Schools to submit recommendations which would overcome this difficulty and meet with their full approval and endorsement. This was done and the following instructions concerning this matter are published herewith:

Where the priesthood meeting is held the hour immediately preceding the opening of Sunday School, we suggest the following arrangement: Where the Sunday School begins at 10:30, we suggest that a prayer meeting for all the women officers and teachers be held at 10:15 and that the superintendent of the Sunday School, or one of his assistants, be excused from the priesthood meeting in time to meet with the sisters in their prayer meeting. This brief prayer meeting should be dismissed promptly at 10:20, the time usually set for dismissal of the priesthood quorum meetings. This will enable all the officers and teachers of the Sunday School and the brethren who have been in attendance in the priesthood meetings to take their places in the chapel promptly and be in order before the beginning of the devotional music, which usually means 10:25. Insofar as possible, all members of the senior Sunday School should be seated in their proper order in the chapel before the beginning of the devotional music. In cases where the Sunday School begins at 10:00 o'clock and the priesthood meeting at 9:00, these arrangements, of course, would be shifted half an hour earlier. Where the priesthood meeting is not held the hour preceding Sunday School, it will not be necessary to change the prayer meeting from the plan already in operation.

Dissonance in matters such as this one is not conducive to the proper spirit or progress. Compliance will bring about a working harmony and result in the maximum good for all organizations concerned. Unity of purpose and action should be our constant goal in keeping with the admonition of the Savior that "Unless ye are one, ye are not mine."

Melchizedek Priesthood Monthly Quorum Lesson for November

LESSON TEN: NOVEMBER 1948

*Miscellaneous Activities — Quorums
in Missions*

*Reference: Melchizedek Priesthood
Handbook, Section XIII p. 79 to
XVI p. 85.*

1. Who directs the campaign for non-use of liquor and tobacco?
2. What are the purposes and objectives of the No-Liquor-Tobacco committee?
3. Whose definite responsibility is it to further this campaign?
4. The No-Liquor-Tobacco committee of the stake is composed of whom?
5. Discuss the duties of the stake No-Liquor-Tobacco committee.
6. What are the duties of ward teachers as set forth by the Lord?
7. Who is responsible for the ward teaching program?
8. Are all priesthood members living in each ward subject to their bishop's assignment to be ward teachers; in other words, are any priesthood holders exempt from ward teaching?
9. Who has the responsibility of the general supervision of the details of priesthood organization and activities in the foreign missions?
10. Who has the direct supervision of Melchizedek Priesthood quorums in foreign missions?
11. Describe the organization, responsibility, and duties of a mission Melchizedek Priesthood committee.
12. Do branch and district presidents have direct supervision or jurisdiction over mission quorums?
13. Who directs priesthood ordinations in the foreign missions?
14. Can mission presidents ordain high priests in their missions?
15. Under what conditions are elders' quorums organized in the missions?
16. What procedure must the mission president follow in order to receive authorization to have an elders' quorum organized in his mission?
17. After a quorum organization has

Melchizedek

Benevolent and Mutual Benefit Associations

INQUIRIES continue to be made concerning the Church attitude toward benevolent and mutual benefit associations. In some stakes burial funds have been inaugurated by a number of the quorums. In recent months, however, most of these have been discontinued.

Extreme caution in such matters is urged. Invariably such organizations have proven to be unsatisfactory and the basis for considerable misunderstanding and dissatisfaction. As a guide to all quorum officers and other interested parties, the official attitude of the Church as expressed in the "Handbook of Instructions for Bishops and Stake Presidencies" is quoted herewith:

A word of caution is given concerning benevolent and mutual benefit associations. The purpose of these associations is to enlist members who pay a specified initiation fee and then agree to contribute sums amounting to \$1.00 or more on the death of an association member, with the stipulation that if anyone fails to pay his assessment the membership is lost.

According to those who have had considerable experience in such matters, this type of insurance usually fails to function with the result that those who remain longest in the organization lose out. In some states these organizations are regulated by law, but other states do not have benefits of this supervision, which increases the financial hazard.

Church officers, as such, are counseled not to permit the organization of a unit of any of these associations in connection with the Church, nor permit their names to be used for the purpose of influencing Church members to subscribe for membership.

been approved by the First Presidency, what procedure is followed to effect the quorum organization?

18. In what ways are priesthood groups and quorums in the mission comparable to those in the stakes?

19. How often should priesthood group meetings be held in mission quorums?

20. How often should quorum meetings be held?

21. Discuss the problem of record and report books and supplies for mission priesthood quorums.

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

SALE BY THE DRINK

A GAIN in Utah we see in the press, hear over the radio, in speech and conversation that a change in the Utah state liquor laws by the incoming legislature permitting sale by the drink will be sought. It is well this question has come out into the open in order that voters might be alerted to find out before the fall elections how candidates for the legislature stand on this question. The position of this column on the question is unchanged from that taken in years that are gone. We are unalterably opposed to the sale of liquor "by the drink." We have many reasons for this position, a few of them being as follows:

1. Sale by the drink would result in increased consumption. This is not an assumption but a fact, as the figures clearly prove. The Distilled Spirits Institute, Inc., Washington, D.C., a statistic, fact-finding organization, has for years annually compiled data on liquor consumption in the United States. The latest figures at hand—those for 1946—show, as they have always shown, that in the 29 license states—those permitting sale by the drink—the average per capita consumption was 1.97 gallons. In the 17 monopoly states—those in which the state is the only legal vendor of liquor, dispensing it in packages—the average per capita consumption was 1.25 gallons. Thus in the license states where liquor is sold by the drink, the consumption was 57.7 percent greater than in the monopoly states. This is easily understandable. The greater the number of outlets—the easier liquor is obtainable—the more the drinking. Hence the evil results of drinking will be multiplied if sales by the drink become legal.

This point is made clear and proved by the following table made from data furnished by the Distilled Spirits Institute:

Year	License States (29 in number)		Monopoly States (17 in number)		% Increase Lic. over Mono.
	Gallons Consumed	Per Capita	Gallons Consumed	Per Capita	
1937	94,660,900	1.25	40,691,792	0.99	26
1941	111,224,272	1.35	46,932,649	1.12	18.7
1942	135,851,256	1.60	56,417,001	1.34	27
1943	105,879,127	1.27	39,650,327	0.94	35
1944	124,414,330	1.47	42,265,305	1.19	23.5
1945	142,219,655	1.68	47,911,105	1.15	46
1946	175,029,301	1.97	55,952,202	1.25	57.7
Ten-year consumption increase:					
80,368,401—85 percent		15,260,410—36 percent			

2. The increase in number of places of purchase would multiply the difficulties of law enforcement. The stores would be

(Continued on page 670)

Stakes Receive Priesthood Activity Analysis

COMPARATIVE priesthood activity charts have been prepared showing the activities over a three-year period in each stake of the Church. This information was secured from the confidential annual reports submitted by all Melchizedek Priesthood quorums. Copies of these charts have been placed in the hands of all stake presidents showing the activities in their particular stakes.

For the entire Church the trend has been very gratifying. Very substantial gains have resulted in the full payment of tithes, in the observance of the Word of Wisdom, the attendance at sacrament meetings, the observance of the Sabbath day, and the holding of family prayers. Although the increase shown in 1946 over 1945 was heartening, the improvement in 1947 over both previous years exceeded expectations. Such progress has resulted largely from the devoted leadership and conscientious planning effected in the many stakes.

In analyzing activities on a stake-wide basis, a majority of the stakes showed outstanding records. Some showed slight improvement while others appeared to be at a standstill. The remaining stakes wavered between erratic fluctuations and serious declines.

Steady improvement and progress are, of course, highly desirable. In the words of President Joseph F. Smith, the priesthood

... is nothing more nor less than the power of God delegated to man by which man can act in the earth for the salvation of the human family, in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost, and act legitimately; not assuming that authority, nor borrowing it from generations that are dead and gone, but authority that has been given in this day in which we live by ministering angels and spirits from above, direct from the presence of Almighty God, who have come to the earth in our day and restored the priesthood to the children of men. (*Gospel Doctrine*, 1939 ed., pp. 139-140.)

Where sincere faith in and an abiding loyalty to the gospel are evidenced in the daily lives of those bearing the priesthood, the Spirit of the Lord has a medium through which to testify of the truth. To the extent that we fail to measure up we may be said to be guilty of the judgment expressed recently by an Indian investigating the gospel: "It is so hard for many of us to hear what you say because of what you do."

One fundamental purpose of these charts is to place in the hands of the stake presidencies a useful tool to assist in more accurately analyzing the condition of the priesthood in the several stakes with regard to the observance of Church standards. It is easy to live so close to and so long with conditions that one is scarcely aware of the general improvement or decline taking place. Much good may result from seriously studying the trends shown if positive steps are taken to correct disturbing conditions or to strengthen and improve favorable aspects. It is always wise and proper to give commendation and encouragement where such are due.

Basically it appears that quorums are no stronger than their leadership. Where quorum officers are unitedly and devotedly observing Church standards the direction of the Spirit of the Lord is made manifest in rich abundance and favorable results accrue. Where negligence or carelessness persists unfavorable conditions generally follow. The axiom that "a sinner is not a very good preacher of repentance" is quite true judging by the close correlation between leadership and membership activity.

Many weeks have been spent compiling this information. Much of the value of these charts will be lost unless every effort is made to carefully analyze them and take such constructive measures as the record may seem to indicate. It is hoped that such information graphically presented will enable stake presidencies to bring about greater faithfulness and devotion and the resultant blessings which follow.



The Presiding

Kanesville Ward, Lake View Stake

Speaking of Sacrament Meeting Records

ONE of the most encouraging reports of attendance at sacrament meeting, and of the conduct of a sacrament meeting, was recently made to the Presiding Bishopric by Lee A. Palmer, our Aaronic Priesthood representative, who attended the Kanesville Ward (Lake View Stake) sacrament meeting as guest speaker August 8. Elder Palmer's report was as follows:

Sixty-nine percent of the ward membership of 238 were in their seats when we walked into the chapel. One hundred percent of all L.D.S. girls, and one hundred percent of all Aaronic Priesthood members (except one in the military service) were present. Percentage of attendance of auxiliary officers and teachers present: Relief Society 100; L.D.S. girl leaders 100; Genealogical Society 100; Primary Association 84; Sunday School 75; ward teachers 67; Y.W.M.I.A. 44; Y.M. M.I.A. 40.

Equally as gratifying as was their remarkable attendance, was the general behavior of the group which ranged in ages from babes in arms to grandfathers and grandmothers—they were all there as the Lord intends they should be. When the preliminary music began, a reverent hush ended all whispering and disturbances. Re-

WARD YOUTH LEADERSHIP OUTLINE OF STUDY

NOVEMBER 1948

The lesson for November will be a review of the study material presented in this column for September and October 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.

spect for the house of the Lord during the entire service made everyone conscious he was in a worshipping assembly from the beginning to the end.

Bishop H. Lawrence Watkins modestly spoke a few words of heart-warming welcome, then said—"Each family in the ward has received a postcard from the bishopric during the past week setting forth the details of tonight's meeting. The service will proceed according to the outline without further announcement."

Congregational singing, the opening and closing prayers, the orderly and dignified administration of the sacrament, a lovely girls' chorus, all unusually appropriate to the occasion, set the standards for an ideal sacrament meeting.

It was thrilling indeed to be in the presence of so many from such a small ward who were doing so much for the cause they love.

As we were leaving, Bishop Watkins said, speaking of the bishopric, "Our biggest job is to find positions for all the members in our ward who want to work in the Church."

The above record for one meeting was not exceptional as witness the ward's average attendance record for the month of June: sacrament meeting 53 percent; ward teaching 96 percent; L.D.S. girls at sacrament meeting 86 percent; Aaronic Priesthood attendance at priesthood meeting: priests 83 percent; teachers 100 percent; deacons 100 percent. There was no "summer let-down" in this ward.

Wards like Kanesville are not developed "overnight." Years are involved in the development of such strong tradition. The present bishopric

Youth Speaks

Priesthood's Blessing to a Young Woman



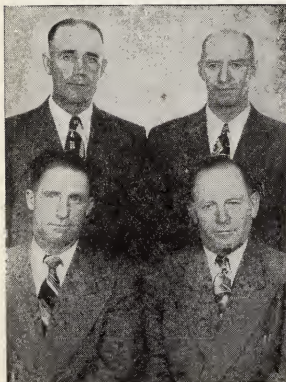
IRENE SPENCER

(Excerpts from an address delivered by Irene Spencer, San Rafael Branch, Northern California Mission.)

I WAS asked to talk this evening on priesthood's blessings to a young woman. I know all young Latter-day Saint girls from the time they start thinking about the future think of having a home and family and how best to govern their home. I know in my future home I want the teachings and knowledge of the gospel of Jesus Christ and priesthood leadership that can be exercised in time of need. I want my family to learn to love one another, to love the Lord, and to walk in the straight and narrow path that will lead them to life eternal.

Everyone can be married in the Church, but not everyone in the Church can be married in the temple. If we don't fulfill the requirements of God and live up to the standards of

felt to give much credit to former Bishop R. P. Green, now a member of the stake presidency, and his counselors together with other previous ward leaders who have set the pace and kept their people united and loyal to the standards of the Church.



KANESVILLE WARD BISHOPRIC

Left to right, seated, Edison Toone, first counselor; Bishop Lawrence Watkins; standing, Alvin Anderson, second counselor; William Schultz, clerk. Photo by Penney's Portrait Studio, Ogden, Utah.

Bishoprie's Page

Edited by Lee A. Palmer



AARONIC PRIESTHOOD MEMBERS, SEVIER STAKE, HONORED IN TRIP TO YELLOWSTONE PARK

One hundred and eighteen members of the Aaronic Priesthood, Sevier Stake, were taken on a one-week vacation trip through Yellowstone National Park as guests of the stake presidency, stake Aaronic Priesthood committee, and ward bishoprics, in recognition of their having earned the Individual Certificate of Award for 1947. One year ago, there were sixty-eight such boys feted by a trip to Los Angeles, Catalina Island, and southern Utah parks. From sixty-eight to one hundred and eighteen winners of the Individual Certificate of Award in one year is a commendable record.

The trip through Yellowstone Park was supervised by President Alton Christensen, chairman, and Wendell N. Anderson, executive chairman of the stake Aaronic Priesthood committee.

Bishop Thorpe B. Isaacson of the Presiding Bishopric, seen in the second row, center, greeted the group in Salt Lake and sent them on their way with good wishes and a friendly, "good-bye."

Where "leaders lead," boys follow every time.

the Church we cannot secure a recommend to be married in the temple. If we do fulfil the requirements and live up to the standards of the Church and are married in the temple, we are sealed together for time and eternity. Worthy Latter-day Saint men and women who so begin lives together find that their eternal partnership under the everlasting covenant becomes the foundation upon which are built peace, happiness, love, and all other eternal verities of life.

When selecting a companion, a girl must remember there is just one that she wants to spend her life with, and he must be a Latter-day Saint. She must make sure that she can trust him; that he will live the gospel; that he

has been taught to honor the priesthood, and to treat a girl with respect. She must determine whether he will take an interest in his family and in the care they receive. Together they must teach their children to grow up with love for the gospel and be good Latter-day Saints.

I am sure that if a man honors the priesthood and fulfils his obligations in it he will make the kind of man that a young woman would like to marry and be with for time and eternity.

I would like to tell now what the priesthood has done in our home and experiences we have had. Our attitudes toward one another, and the way in which we act and talk to each other, are different. There is more love and

affection in the atmosphere of our home. Having family prayer each evening is certainly a wonderful thing that has brought us closer to each other. Recently we had our patriarchal blessings, which gave us a new and wonderful feeling. When we first entered the patriarch's home there was a feeling that lasted the entire evening. When he placed his hands upon our heads there was another glorious feeling that I just cannot explain.

I am very thankful for my parents—grateful for the opportunities they have given me and will continue to give me. I am thankful for being baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and being able to work with such fine people.



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MAIL'S IN

(Concluded from page 633)

his brawn and his time. It's just money he can't bear to let loose of. Have you forgot about them Russian thistles he rooted out of my hayfield?"

"Aw, Jed, he wouldn't take your thanks for that job of weed-raking! Said it was just so's they wouldn't spread to his pasture."

"Of course. He hates thanks. I'm sorry for the man, all alone that way. If he just had a wife to sort of human him down more, I tell you Andrew would be a right good fellow."

Elijah Iles' youngest boy dashed into the store. "Mail's in!" he yelled.

It was a grand mailbag! Mrs. Hawkes learned her mother was up and around again. Clementine received a recipe for making strawberry skin lotion. "Philadelphia belles are using it with great success," Cousin Bella's letter assured her.

And Andrew Craven? When

John Williams held up a gray letter, addressed in delicate handwriting. Andrew looked at it while a slow smile spread over his face, which then resembled a granite rock with warm sun on it. Then he burrowed in his jeans and paid his quarter as if he were glad to do it. He devoured the letter in one glance.

"Friends!" cried Andrew. "Neighbors! I'm making a trip East right away. When I come back, I'll have my wife with me. She's a girl just off the ship from the old country. My Aunt Jeannie picked her out for me. When we get back, we'll have the honor of invitin' you all to our house-raisin'. Aunt Jeannie says Annie's a fine girl," (he patted the letter tenderly into the breast pocket of his jeans). "A fine girl, and thrifty!"

"Once a man gets a wife and home," Andrew Craven went on, "he's satisfied at home. It's naught to him, hearing about the outside world. A man doesn't care if he never gets another letter!"

SPEAKING OF JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

(Concluded from page 643)

ing—and in the services," I told her with sincerity. "It seems to me this church was built for the children." "So it was," she assured me. "We specialize on training and entertaining our children. Children are the most important things in all the world."

"See our dance hall?" She indicated the large and spacious hall with pride. "We open our dances with a prayer and close them with a prayer. And here," she said, as we went out into the hall, "are our Sunday School rooms and our children's playrooms."

"The young folk are divided up

on Sunday evenings after church—and different members take groups to their homes where they are entertained with planned programs. We have little juvenile delinquency problems in our congregation," she said with justifiable pride. "By permitting and encouraging our children to take part in our services, we'd have a hard time keeping them from attending church. They love it—and by furnishing wholesome recreation for all our young folk, they have neither time nor inclination to get into mischief."

I agreed with her heartily that the method they used was the solution to juvenile delinquency.

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

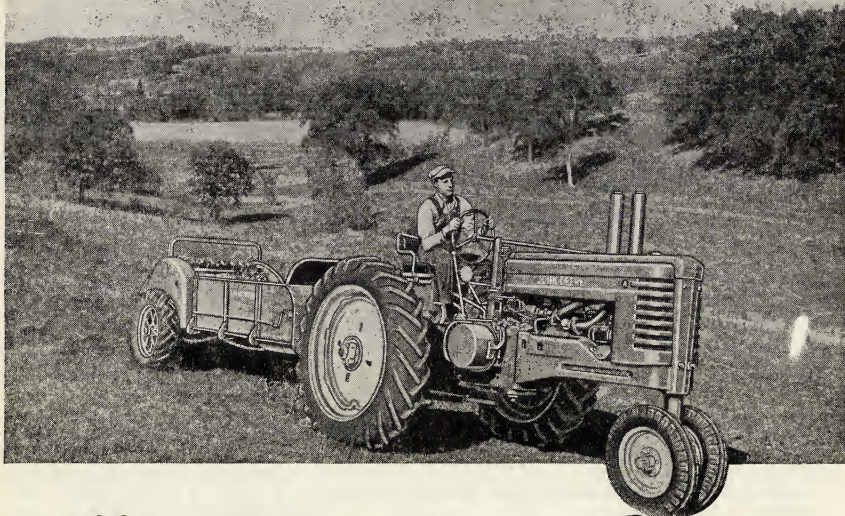
(Concluded from page 617)

would be: Keep the commandments of the Lord.

My advice to this generation is to get the Spirit of God and keep it, and the only way we will retain it is by living near him, by keeping his

commandments. And in these days of uncertainty when men are running to and fro seeking for some new plan by which peace may be brought into the world, know this: that the only way to peace for this world is the gospel of Jesus Christ our Lord. There is no other.

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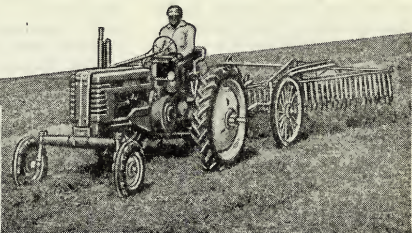
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On to the Far East

(Continued from page 631)

until the day we should arrive at Singapore. Then the Siam Mission was called together to deliberate upon the subject of whether we should stop at Singapore or go on to Calcutta. But as we could get no particular information of the place, we concluded to continue our journey with our brethren to Calcutta. I must confess that at the time we were passing Singapore I was very strongly impressed that was the place that we ought to have stopped, but I said nothing then, for the ship was sailing along briskly, and we were too far along to effect such a landing. . . .

Wednesday, March 30: Today we have a perfect calm. We spent the day in fasting and prayer. . . .

Sunday, April 24: This morning we arrived at the sand heads—the mouth of the Hugli River upon which Calcutta is situated—but there is not a particle of land in sight. . . .

Monday, April 25: We arrived in Calcutta all safe and in good spirits and at 6 o'clock p.m. dropped our anchor at Cooley Bazaar Island, a little below Fort William, being six months and four days since I left Great Salt Lake City and two months and twenty-seven days since we sailed from San Francisco. Elders N. V. Jones and C. W. West went on shore to search for the residence of some of the Saints and remained overnight.

[On April 26 notation is made correcting the time in the diary, losing a day and making it April 27.]

Wednesday, April 27: This morning, Brothers West and Jones returned and informed us that they stopped overnight with Sister McCune who was much disaffected. Her husband is in Burma engaged in the war that the English are carrying on against the Burmese. There are very few, if any, substantial members in the place. We were quite disappointed on hearing this news. From previous information, we expected to find a flourishing branch of 80 to 100 members.

We put our trunks into a boat which conveyed them and ourselves to the shore where considerable strife ensued among the natives who stood on the shore like a numerous army, all wanting the privilege of carrying our trunks to the place of

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

deposit, for pay, of course. But we hired a cart which took them all safe at Sister McCune's, who occupies a portion of a large, commodious house which is hired by Brother James P. Meik, and is situated in Town Bazaar street No. 2.

Brother Meik and family are living 8 miles down the river on a place called "Acre Farm." On hearing of our arrival, he started up immediately and arrived here at 3 o'clock p.m., and made all necessary arrangements for our comfort. Brother Meik informed us that there are only eight members in the branch. The others have apostatized. Elder Joseph Richards (who first brought the gospel to India) and Elder William Willes have gone up the country.

THURSDAY, April 28: Some of the elders are rather destitute of decent clothing for men of their calling, and all are destitute for suitable clothing for this warm climate. While in San Francisco, the Siam Mission was furnished with one hundred dollars more than it took to pay our way to Calcutta and Brother Dewey also had a hundred dollars of his own money. Consequently we could buy such clothing as we pleased while some of our brethren had not the means to buy a single garment. I did not feel right to dress myself in the fashion of the country while my brethren, for the want of means, were obliged to wear their thick, warm clothing. Consequently I proposed to Elders West and Dewey that we give the elders of the Calcutta Mission a little money that they could have some light clothing as well as ourselves. My proposals were complied with and we gave them 63 rupees.* Then several of the elders and I went to the clothing shops and purchased clothing.

Friday, April 29: Today, 10 o'clock a.m., agreeable to previous appointments, the elders of the Calcutta Mission together with the elders of the Siam Mission, and a few Saints met in the capacity of a conference in the Latter-day Saints chapel which is provided by Brother James P. Meik, situated in Town Bazaar No. 2.

*An almanac published at Salt Lake City for 1859 gave the value of a Bengal rupee at 55.5 cents.
(To be continued)



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YOURS can be the richest baby in the world. By every inch of growth your baby makes, by the promise of a sound, straight, strong body and vigorous health — these are lifetime riches beyond price.

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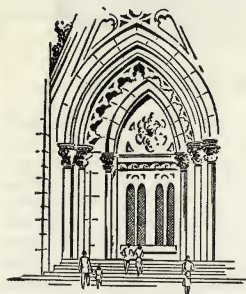
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THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

(Concluded from page 628)

while we are apart? I know that either or both of us may change—anything may happen, but I don't want it to be through any fault of mine. What can I do?"

The minute her boy friend leaves town, nearly every girl tries to "lose" herself in something. She tries to "kill" time. She may join a club or "go out" for strawberry queen or enter the swimming contest. The time ahead looks long. Time ahead always looks long, and time behind always looks short. So if you want to achieve some sort of balance, temper your dismay at the stretch of years ahead of you with a startled survey of the disappearing years behind you. Look back too and see what you wish you had done with the last two years. The unflinching response of missionaries to this glance over their shoulder is, "I wish I had studied harder. I wish I knew more—particularly about the Church. I feel unprepared." One wrote to his mother, "Everything would be perfect if I had the family, Betty (his girl friend), and a greater knowledge of the gospel."

Nearly all of us are twelfth hour people. We do things when we must—not when we should. We study lessons a minute before we must teach them and memorize lines a second before we must know them by heart. This system leaves us a prey to regrets over lost time and lost opportunities, so let's not "kill" time just because it happens, at the moment, to look so long-lived. Let's try to use it vigorously instead.

Again let me ask—how would you use your spare time if you could go back two years? Would you study music, take dancing lessons, learn to make all of your own clothes, practise planning and preparing meals, learn something of the world's best literature? Then do it right now. You have these two years.

And remember—your missionary friend is spending all his time intensively learning the gospel. He has no spare time. The essentials of meals, sleep, and "cleaning up" are given as little time as possible, and the rest is taken up with tracting, studying, gospel conversation, street meetings, cottage meetings, and more meetings. He is learning rapidly. If you want to stay close

to him, you, too, must learn. Go to church. Work in the auxiliaries. Learn all you can, even at that you won't quite keep up with him, but he'll enjoy taking the lead, and your effort to keep pace will keep you close.

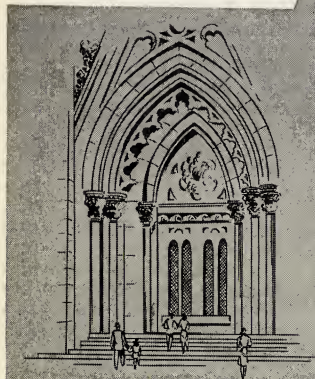
Letters are your entire means of communication, so they are important.

Another thing, if you have agreed to write—not too frequently, but regularly—do it, both of you. Don't keep the other wondering too long. And whether it takes three days or three weeks to hear from each other, you must remember that three days or three weeks have passed between the time the letter is written and the time it is received. When you are together, misunderstandings may not be very serious because they can be cleared up immediately. In letters they can't. So, be yourself, but be sure it's your *best* self. If you give way to pettiness—jealousy, excess teasing, faultfinding, even misplaced humor—you may find it returned in kind next week or next month and then cumulatively built up from letter to letter. On the other hand a little personal gaiety, a little real understanding can also volley back and forth until time builds it to generous proportions. Letters are like savings accounts. They add interest and then compound it, so keep your entries on the credit side—if you know what I mean.

One more "free-for nothing" reminder. I have a little five-year-old friend who sings loudly at break of day, "Air your room you left this morning." His mother who is a good housekeeper cannot fail to approve, even though she laughs at his verbal confusion. Anyway it serves to remind everyone, "Did we think to pray?" What would missionaries do without prayer? What would missionaries' girl friends do without prayer? What would any of us do without this solace and assurance? What, possibly, can go wrong with your friendship if both of you are studying the gospel, trying to live the gospel, and relying in faith on your Heavenly Father to keep you together—if it is right that you be kept together? Not one single thing can go wrong—honestly!

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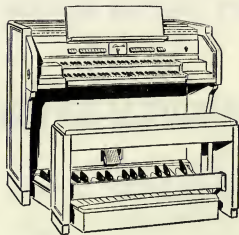
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EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

(Concluded from page 641)

with 691 couples. Of these, 381 couples were married in the temple, and 310 by stake or ward authorities.

Of the couples married in the temple there were 23 divorces; but of those married outside the temple by Church authority there were 47 divorces. That is, according to this study it appears that temple marriage doubles the protection against divorce. True, the survey considered only one year, in one temple district. Yet later studies will undoubtedly show a similar definite reduction in divorces among those married and sealed in the temples of the Lord.

The survey also indicated the present Church activity of the couples married in 1936. Of the 381 temple-married couples only 23 were inactive in the Church; whereas of the 310 married by Church authority, outside of the temple, 101 were inactive in Church affairs. The right start in any event is felt in the ending.

Wise young people would fit

themselves for temple marriage. Then at once after marriage, and regularly thereafter, they would follow gospel practices. From the beginning, the couple should have daily family prayer, keep the Word of Wisdom, participate in Church meetings, and yield obedience to other Church activities, tithing, etc. Then it may be foretold that the marriage will be lasting, on earth and in the eternities to come. Instead of a home broken by divorce, there will be a life-long, increasing companionship to make life truly joyous.

Yes, according to all our studies, temple marriages do decrease divorce.

Why not marry right while we are about it?—J. A. W.

For further reading:

West, Roy A., *Family Eternal* (at bookstores).

Skidmore, Rex A., "Increasing Happiness and Solidarity of the Family," (*THE IMPROVEMENT ERA* 51:365 (June 1948); also see p. 618 in current issue.)

THE SPOKEN WORD

(Concluded from page 638)

to do different things. And we do a grave injustice when we expect anyone to do identically as someone else has done, or when we expect anyone to perform precisely as his predecessor performed, or when we expect anyone completely to take the place of anyone else. All men have their individual eternal identity, distinct from all other men. And in the use of their free agency all men have in some respects be-

come different from all others. And, as one wise man has said, we must "let everyone sing his own song in life," according to the gifts and powers which the Lord God has given him. We must let every man make his own contribution to his own time and generation: "Let every man sing his own song in life."

—August 29, 1948.

²quoted from Dr. John A. Widsooe

THE FORT ON THE FIRING LINE

(Continued from page 626)

heat legions dancing above the dull stretch, and mocking images of mirage where the skyline melted away. Writing of it in later years Jacob Hamblin said, "The very heavens seemed to be brass above us."

With dark visages and never a word to indicate their intention, the Navajos hemmed the company up against a bluff, compelling them to climb to a little tableland above, where they kept vigil till morning,

While they prepared in the morning to move, a young Navajo approached George A. Smith, and in a gesture of friendship asked to take his gun. It had become an aphorism that the Indian who is trusted will not betray the trust, and with this in mind young Smith, trusting and generous, handed over the gun. With the weapon in his hand, and without a word of warning, the Navajo turned the gun on his own-er and shot him near the heart.

(To be continued)

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PIONEERING TODAY

(Continued from page 629)

make the best fires, but so many are needed. Five ordinary cardboard boxes of twigs were used merely to boil potatoes. I soon realized that I must spend the majority of the time of each day gathering firewood. As soon as one meal was over and dishes washed, it was time to prepare for the next one. If I did not do that, we would find ourselves eating the evening meal around eight-thirty or nine o'clock at night.

It took several days to complete our moving. There was the material needed for the house that had to be brought up to the camp site. The furniture in the tent had to be put in order, the small electric plant that we had purchased set up, and the weeds removed from the plot where the house would be built. It was an important day, that first day of September, when we finally broke ground for the house.

We had wonderful plans for that house. Even the size alone was large, perhaps too large when we considered the short time we had left in which to build before winter set in, but we were still determined to go through with our plans.

It was then, though, that we found how kind people can be. We had friends, and we will always be grateful to them. They came up and gave us assistance. Some helped at one job, others at another. Then there was that group of eight who came up and laid the concrete floor in the kitchen. We could never have completed the house when we did if it had not been for their help. We thanked our Heavenly Father many times that there are people like that in the world today.

Living outdoors as we did had its difficulties, but it had its compensations, too. During September it would have been hard to live indoors amidst the beautiful surroundings that made up our environment. I had never before realized autumn could be so beautiful, and yet it was frightening. It meant winter was coming.

Yes, my attitude towards winter was actually that of fear. So many people had opposed our plan, declaring it as actually being dangerous to our lives and those of our three children that I could not help

being afraid of the winter before us. They said we would be snow-bound in the winter; the cold would be more than we could stand; and the solitude during those winter months would be unbearable. We had to go through with it, though. There was no other place for us to live. Besides, it was a challenge, and we were both young enough to accept it and enjoy seeing it through.

We soon learned what our biggest danger really was. It was the creek that ran along the side of our property. It was an asset, supplying us with all the water we needed, but it was an attraction to the children. One experience with it, though, taught the children its dangers. This experience was had by our little two-year-old daughter when she fell into its waters. She was just climbing out as Henry ran down to get her. She was soaked but unharmed.

Everything that September had in ideal autumn weather, October had not. The month was only three days old when we had our first snowfall, and it snowed on an average of every four or five days from then until the month was spent. The damp weather, the cold, the discomfort of life in a tent, all summed up, brought Henry and me to the same conclusion: We had to find a better place for the children. Relatives offered to take them into their homes temporarily, and I shall never forget how grateful I was for their kindness. It was hard seeing the children go, but we knew it was for the best. They would be well taken care of, and I was more free to help on the building of the house.

The following six weeks were pretty bad. We missed the children terribly; we were always cold; and we were always battling new snowstorms. Yet it was interesting. I ceased being a housewife entirely. Instead, I tried my hand at every job that is involved in the building of a house.

Then came the happiest day of my life, that fifteenth day of November, when we made a trip to the city, gathered up our three children, and returned to the canyon to live in our new house.

It really took imagination to call

(Continued on page 660)

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Pioneering Today

(Continued from page 658)

that place a house. The lateness of the season had prevented us from making it the home we had planned. The ground froze early, and we were not able to put in the pipes that would bring water into the house from the nearby stream, nor were we able to build the facilities that would provide us with the indoor bathroom we had hoped to have. We were able only to lay a cement floor for the kitchen. The rest of the house, except for the upstairs, was made up of plain dirt flooring. I mean it was dirt after the first two weeks had gone by. Until then it was the softest, wettest mud I have ever seen. We all wore galoshes both in the house and outside all the time. The floor upstairs was only rough, unseasoned lumber. After we laid it, we found it shrank so it left cracks a half inch wide between the boards. The walls, both inside and out, were the bare concrete bricks with which we had constructed the house. All in all, it was far from the house we had hoped to complete, but to us it was a palace. It was really our own home, and we were all together in it as a family again.

Now that we were in the house, I felt much better about the winter. I was not afraid of it any more, for we had adequate shelter now. Also, as soon as we moved in, the weather improved. The October snowfalls had temporarily closed the road, but November brought a lull in the stormy weather, and the road could be used again. We were even able to visit the children's grandparents in the city for Thanksgiving and even Christmas.

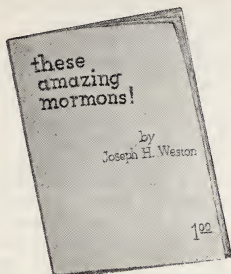
Then it happened. Two days after Christmas we had the snowfall we had expected but always wished against. We were now really snowbound, except for travel by snowshoes. In a way, it was a relief. The expectancy was gone. We were actually in it.

Then began the weeks of solitude, the solitude people had warned us against. I was surprised, though, how contented I was during those following weeks. We were not lonely; you cannot become lonely with three lively children around all the time. The bond within our family group grew as it

(Continued on page 662)

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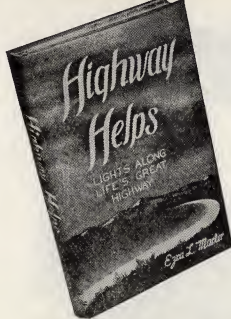


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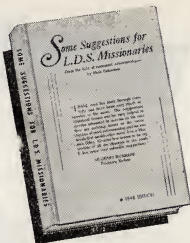


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GOD	A personal spirit variable being; omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent.	God is an infinite, eternal spirit, source and support of all things. Without soul and body and is the source of perfect Spirit from beginning.	God the Eternal Father a separately exalted personage, having a tangible immortal body, in whom things are wrought out and in whom the highest attributes of his omnipotent and co-eternal.	God is a spirit and as such is changeable.
THE HOLY TRINITY	Consists of three persons: God the Father, a spiritual being; Jesus Christ, a being of same nature and essence as the eternal Father; Holy Spirit—God, representing power.	Consists of one, and only one God, capable of manifesting three distinct personalities: Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; all equal in perfection, distinct in office, but one in substance.	Three distinct personages: The Eternal Father, His Son Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost. These constitute the Godhead and are in purpose and action.	Three persons: God the Father, Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost.
THE HOLY GHOST	The third Person of the Godhead; the Executive of the Godhead; whose presence is the presence of both the Father and the Son.	The third person, or attribute of the one, and only one, God (Spirit).	Third member of the Godhead; possesses attributes of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and is in purpose and action.	It is a gift of God.
THE HOLY BIBLE	Is the infallible word of God, written by men moved upon by the Holy Spirit. Only infallible rule of Faith. Contains all of God's teachings for our salvation.	Believes to be the absolute truth. Contains all of God's revelations to man. There are no other scriptures.	We believe the Bible to be the word of God as far as it is translated correctly. It is accepted by us as a guide in all things except where it is contradicted by the Standard Works of this Church.	We treat as assemblings of spirits, of the Father and Son, minister of the Godhead exercising will of the Supreme Council.
THE PRE-EXISTENCE OF MAN	A human being commences his existence when he is born into this world. He has no previous existence.	Do not believe in pre-existence. Jesus Christ (God) only had such or lived before this life.	Man, before the Bible to be the word of God as far as it is translated correctly. It is accepted by us as a guide in all things except where it is contradicted by the Standard Works of this Church.	It is a gift of God.
ECCLESIASTICAL AUTHORITY	Divine authority has been invested in the Church for teaching and governing. This authority is vested in any one man. Other churches can have authority, if they are in harmony with God, and His word.	No assumption of authority. Other churches may have equal authority, as authority comes from within the group itself through their righteousness and desire to serve Christ.	Apoptosis from Church full of authority minister. Friendship divine authority to administer the same as was received by Joseph Smith.	It is a gift of God.
BAPTISM	The act which expresses personal faith in Christ the Son of God, who died for us. Only by immersion. Acceptance of our sins only on condition.	By immersion only. Infants are baptized, candidates must first believe. Accept baptism of other churches if necessary in salvation.	By immersion only. Infants are baptized, candidates must first believe. Accept baptism of other churches if necessary in salvation.	It is a gift of God.
VIRGIN BIRTH	Christ—very God, remaining His divine nature, voluntarily took upon Him mortal flesh conceived by the Holy Spirit, born of the Virgin Mary without sin, both men and God.	God dwelling to link man, was born of a woman, and taken on the Son (person) as the Christ.	He organized father, mother, and child.	It is a gift of God.
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Pioneering Today

(Continued from page 660)

never had the chance to grow while we lived in the city.

We were not as isolated as we thought we would be. It was surprising the number of skiers we saw. On the average of every ten days, a party would ski past. Some would even stop in.

I found how relaxing living can be. I had never had time before to relax. There, secluded as we were from all outside interferences, I found time to enjoy the children, my husband's company, books and magazines, the scenery, and a real rest every night. I found time to sew and even to write. We were all more content than we had ever been before in our lives.

Then Henry had his work. He made trips to the city every other week to sell various ornamental items he had made. At first he traveled in the model A Ford we had then, but after the road was closed, he walked out of the canyon on snowshoes and then would catch a ride with a passing motorist to the city. I always hated to see him go on those trips. His absence left us entirely alone for two or three days at a time, but it was always a joy to have him return again and bring in our mail and the latest news.

The storms came, and the snow piled up higher and higher. At last it reached its peak following a big storm during the first part of March. Four feet, it was then. We could walk on top of the snow and be above the window sills of the house. As we went out the back door, we had to climb a stairway of snow. When I hung the washing out, I had to fold articles of clothing two or three times over the line to keep them from touching the snow.

Then we began to notice signs of spring's coming. The temperature rose above freezing during the daytime. In spite of the snow all around us, we began to see buds appearing on the trees. In our kitchen, we even had pussy willows on the table. Yes, spring was on its way.

Then, at last, for the first time in many, many weeks, we heard a car come driving up the road. Our snowbound days were over! We had made it. Many people doubted that we would stay in the canyon

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throughout the winter. Others told us later they were sure we would suffer from colds and even pneumonia throughout those winter months.

They were very wrong. We had spent one winter snowbound in the canyon and had suffered no bad effects at all. On the contrary, we had all benefited by it. We had certainly accomplished the main purpose for our moving up there—improving Henry's health. He had gained several pounds in weight, and his nerves had lost the tension of the previous summer. My health had improved, too. As for the

children; they were the picture of health. Three husky, rosy-cheeked youngsters were what we showed off to everyone when we made our first trip to the city. Not one of us had had a sick day, not even a cold, during those days we were isolated. It was after we visited the city that we caught our first cold of the year.

It was a relief to have that experience behind us, though. Now we can face winters with more assurance.

Perhaps it will be better when the children grow older, to move to

a community at least during the winter months, so that the children can attend the neighborhood school. We would hate to leave this place, though; this is our home.

The thing we really hope for is that others will move up here and be our neighbors the year round. If others besides ourselves lived here, the country may be willing to keep the road open throughout the winter. They might even provide us with a school bus, if necessary.

We are the pioneers here now. Perhaps in ten or twenty years, this canyon may be a thriving community. We can only wait and see.

(Continued from page 623)

where a daughter lived. Rather than be idle, even though she was supposedly enjoying a vacation, she directed a class for sewing among the young girls, and in order to foster culture, she organized the same group into a singing class. Brother Morris' father, Elias Morris, was a mason and general contractor and in pioneer days established a business which Elder Morris has carried on in the name of Elias Morris & Sons Company.

This respect for honest work has carried over into the association which Brother Morris has headed for the past eleven years. He has expressed appreciation for the work done by those who have worked under him—both for the Young Men's and the Young Women's boards.

His activities have been of such nature as to equip him for his new appointment. From 1904, when he was called to be superintendent of the Salt Lake Stake Y.M.M.I.A. until the present he has been active in the organization of the Church. Prior to that time he served on a three-year mission to England, where he officiated as president of the London district for over a year. His activities have included such offices as a member of the bishopric, a bishop, a member of the stake presidency, stake board member, general board member, first assistant to the general superintendent of the Y.M.M.I.A., as well as general superintendent. He was called to the position of first assistant in January 1935 and became general superin-

SERVICE TO YOUTH

The Retiring Superintendency

tendent in April 1937 when Elder Albert E. Bowen was called into the Council of the Twelve. In every position that Brother Morris has filled, he has earned the whole-hearted cooperation of his co-workers.

George Q. Morris was married in 1905 to Emma Ramsey, a most talented musician. They have three daughters, Marian, Helen, and Margery, all of them gifted and lovely.

ONLY one thought has been uppermost in Superintendent Morris' mind and that has been to advance the cause of God and be of service to his children upon the earth. The question has never entered his mind as to whether the work would be hard to accomplish, or require endless time and energy. There has been only one question he has ever asked, and that is, "Is it the right thing to do?" If the answer was in the affirmative, the work was done.

The amazing factor in all of Elder Morris' Church assignments is that he has been willing to sacrifice so much time from his own work in order to perform his assignments in the Church. He has held positions of trust and responsibility in the community in addition to his professional work. He is president and general manager of Elias Morris and Sons, chairman of the board of directors of Prudential Federal Savings and Loan Association, di-

rector of the Travelers' Aid Society, vice president of the Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association, in addition to other positions such as in the Salt Lake Chamber of Commerce.

Brother Morris' experience in business has been invaluable in his management of the Mutual and of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA. His keen business sense has been the means of keeping the organization and the magazine on the safe side of the ledger.

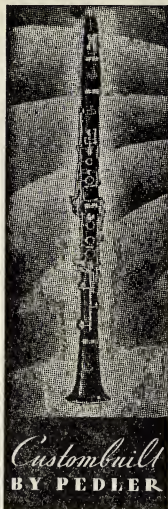
Everyone who has worked with Brother Morris wishes him success and happiness in his new assignment. His friends and associates know that as he has built surely in his previous appointments, so he will build in this new one. As he has helped build lasting monuments in stone, so he is building lasting monuments in the lives of the people with whom he has worked and will work. They will miss his quiet drollery and his incisive judgment, but they will know that his service still continues—for our Eternal Father and his children.

Assistants to Elder Morris

THE way of service in the Church is to act where called until released, and continue to serve in other positions to which one may be called. Brother Giles and Brother Hatch have evidenced this way throughout their lives. They have served in position after position in the Church, and they will continue to serve wherever they may be ap-

(Continued on page 664)

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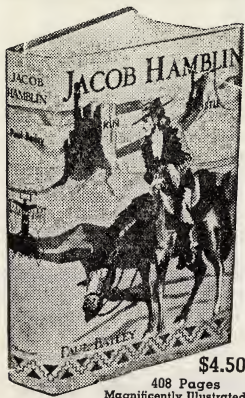
(Continued from page 663)

pointed. Their years of service in the capacity of the superintendency of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association commenced in January 1946. During this time and all of the years before in other Church positions, they have been valiant in the cause of youth.

Elder John D. Giles, first assistant superintendent under Brother George Q. Morris, has been a member of the Y. M. M. I. A. general board since 1929. For ten years of that time he served as field representative for Scouts, Explorers, and M Men. For fifteen years before he was appointed to the general board, he served as superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. in Ensign Stake. Moreover, he has been associated with the Scout work for all but the first three years of its adoption in the United States. He began his work with the Scouts in 1913. In 1936, Brother Giles received the Silver Beaver award "for outstanding service to boyhood." In 1944, he received the thirty-year veteran award. He also was influential in making the M Men an important department in the M. I. A.

Service to young men has long been uppermost in Brother Giles' mind, especially since he served both the Mutual and the Aaronic Priesthood, the latter under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric. In October 1941, he was called to a mission in the Bureau of Information at Hill Cumorah, Palmyra, New York, and he labored there for three years. A member of the American Pioneer Trails Association, he has been exceedingly busy as executive secretary for many years. He has also been executive secretary for the Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association, satisfying an urgent desire to honor those who made our growth a reality. The crowning work of this position is undoubtedly the monument that now overlooks the valley at the point where the pioneers first saw the land they were to call home.

Elder Giles was married to Una Pratt, June 20, 1906. They have been blessed with four children, Parley Giles, Dorothy Giles Topham, Lucille Giles Gardner, and one son who died in his youth.



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ELDER LORENZO H. HATCH, second assistant superintendent to Elder George Q. Morris and principal of Granite High School in Salt Lake City, has had an active life in Church leadership. He began in the Y. M. M. I. A. with a position as teacher in Franklin Ward, Oneida Stake, Idaho. In this same ward he later became a member of the Sunday School superintendency. A veteran of World War I, he has been concerned with civic questions and has affiliated himself with various civic organizations.

In his Church work he served as president of Granite Stake for ten years, being released from that position at the time he became a member of the general superintendency of the Y. M. M. I. A. It is interesting to note that the newly appointed general superintendent, Elbert R. Curtis, served as stake clerk to President Hatch and later became one of his counselors in the stake presidency.

Under Brother Hatch's leadership of Granite Stake, it was one of the first stakes to have every quorum qualify for the Aaronic Priesthood Standard Quorum Award. In other ways, too, this stake, under the capable leadership of Elder Hatch, had advocated other programs which have proved effective in youth leadership and have become part of the general youth program for youth leadership.

Brother Hatch was married to Ina Porter, June 20, 1917. They have four children: three sons, Wayne L., Hyrum P., and Robert L., and one daughter, Catherine.

Those who have worked with these three men know without a shadow of a doubt of their fervent testimony and their earnest desire to act in any capacity to which they may be called under the direction of the priesthood. The blessings and thanks of the membership of the Church as a whole go with Superintendents Morris, Giles, and Hatch in whatever positions they may hold in the Church.

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SERVICE TO YOUTH

The Retiring Superintendency

(Continued from page 665)

goes with them into whatever work in the Church to which they may be called.

Those released are:

Aldon J. Anderson, Richard M. Ball, M. Elmer Christensen, Merrill D. Clayton, J. Spencer Cornwall, Roy M. Darley, Richard L. Evans, Floyd G. Eyre, Dr. Philo T. Farnsworth, Doyle L. Green, Dr. Wayne B. Hales, D. E. Hammond, Dr. George H. Hansen, Dr. Franklin S. Harris, Charles J. Hart, Creed Haymond, Werner Kiepe, Oscar A. Kirkham, Rock M. Kirkham, Axel A. Madsen, Frank W. McGhie, W. LeGrand Maxwell, Mark H. Nichols, Dr. T. Earl Pardoe, Alma H. Pettigrew, Reed H. Richards, W. O. Robinson, Stanley Russon, Verl Scott, Stringam A. Stevens, Dr. L. A. Stevenson, Dr. George Stewart, Clark N. Stohl, Homer C. Warner, T. Frank Williams, Elwood G. Winters.

SERVICE TO YOUTH

The Newly Appointed Superintendency

(Continued from page 622)

EARLY positions held in the Church were secretary of a ward M.I.A. and superintendent of a ward Sunday School. At the age of twenty he was called on a mission to Great Britain, during which time he served for twenty-two months as mission secretary, working under President George Albert Smith, Orson F. Whitney, and President David O. McKay. In this position he also served as editor of the *Millennial Star*, mission publication. The training he received under these men proved invaluable in later stake and mission work.

His first stake position was that of superintendent of Sunday Schools in Cottonwood stake. Later he became a member of the stake high council. For several years he served as clerk of the Granite Stake before being made a member of the Granite Stake presidency.

In 1941, Elder Curtis was called to preside over the Western States Mission, and remained in that position until 1945. On returning home

(Continued on page 668)

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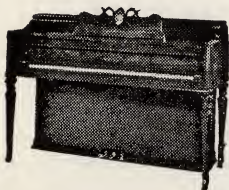
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SERVICE TO YOUTH

The Newly Appointed Superintendency

(Continued from page 666)

he served as secretary of the Melchizedek Priesthood committee of the Church. He later became a member of the presidency of the Sugarhouse Stake, and at the time of his new appointment is serving as president of that stake.

Elder Curtis was married to Lucreal R. Curtis in the Salt Lake Temple in June 1924. They have three children, Bruce R., Kathryn, and Lucreal Jean. Bruce is now serving in the mission field where his father first labored—Great Britain.

Sister Curtis is the daughter of Samuel Rockwood and Esther Larson. Her grandfather, Albert Perry Rockwood, served as a member of the First Council of the Seventy of the Church, and was also the first warden of the Utah state prison.

Sister Curtis attended the East High School and the University of Utah in Salt Lake City. She studied dramatic art and elocution under Maude May Babcock and has been prominent for many years as a dramatic arts performer. After finishing her training at the University of Utah, she taught school for two years and has also acted as a private instructor in elocution and dramatic arts.

Sister Curtis has also been active in the Church from an early age, having served as a teacher in the Primary, Sunday School, and M.I.A., a counselor in a ward M.I.A., president of the Y.W.M.I.A. of Holladay Ward for four years, member of a stake Mutual board, and member of a stake Primary board. In the mission field she was president of the Relief Society organization, with some fifty-five organized groups under her direction.

Along with May Green Hinkley and others she helped organize the Gleaner Girl program for the Church, having first helped to organize the first M.I.A. Gleaner group in the Church in the Sugarhouse Ward of the Granite Stake.

Those who know Brother and Sister Curtis intimately say they have always worked together as a splendid team, and have turned down no opportunity to serve the Lord. They are both happy, yet

very humble about this new appointment. Brother Curtis, who has been in business most of his life, is already making preparation to arrange his affairs so he can give what time is needed to his new responsibilities.

Assistants to Elder Curtis

A. WALTER STEVENSON of Ogden and Ralph W. Hardy of Salt Lake City, assistants to Elbert R. Curtis in the general superintendency of the Y.M.M.I.A., come to their new positions from years of service to the Church. Both have filled numerous callings in the Church, including missions to Great Britain, both have outstanding records in community service, and both have succeeded eminently in their chosen fields.

At the time of their appointment, Elder Stevenson is first counselor in the Mt. Ogden Stake presidency. Ogden, Utah, and Elder Hardy is bishop of the East Ensign Ward, Ensign Stake, Salt Lake City.

Elder Stevenson, who will serve as first assistant in charge of activities, was born in Ogden, October 6, 1900, the son of Alfred and Merribe Bramwell Stevenson. He is a graduate of the Weber Junior College. Among the many positions he has held in the Church are: president of his ward deacons and teachers quorums; Sunday School teacher; missionary to Great Britain, 1921-1923; home missionary, 1923-1924; member of two Sunday School superintendencies; member of a stake Sunday School board; first counselor (1934-1937) and bishop in the Ogden Twelfth Ward bishopric; second counselor to President William H. Reeder in the Mt. Ogden Stake presidency, 1939-41; first counselor to President Earl S. Paul, Mt. Ogden Stake, 1941 to the present. He is a former member of the Explorer advancement committee of the Ogden Gateway Council, Boy Scouts of America. He is a member and past president of the Rotary Club; member of the Chamber of Commerce; chairman of the local Red Cross; member and past president of the Executives Association in Ogden; a district governor of the Rocky Mountain region, National Stationers Association.

Elder Stevenson was married to Effie Peck of Ogden in the Salt Lake Temple in 1925. They are the par-

ents of four children: Mitzi, 22; Patricia, 19; Geraldine, 17; and Walter Peck, 9. Mitzi is a graduate of Brigham Young University and is now working in her father's business. Patricia is a sophomore at the Utah State Agricultural College, Logan. Geraldine is a senior at the Ogden High School where she is president of the girls' association. Walter is attending grade school.

Sister Stevenson is the daughter of Leo and Adeline Benson Peck and a cousin of Ezra Taft Benson of the Council of the Twelve. She has been active most of her life in the M.I.A., Primary, and Sunday School organizations. Her father was, for many years, a bishop at Holbrook, Idaho.

ELDER RALPH W. HARDY will serve as second assistant in charge of manual work. He was born on May 6, 1916, in Salt Lake City, the son of John Kay and Clare Williams Hardy. He is a great-grandson of President John R. Winder who served as a counselor in the First Presidency under President Joseph F. Smith. In 1939 he married Maren Eccles, the daughter of Royal and Cleone Rich Eccles of Ogden. Four children, one boy and three girls, have been born to bless this union. They are: Ralph, Jr., 7½; Claire, 5½; Alison, 3; and Maren 1.

In his early youth Elder Hardy served as an officer of his Aaronic Priesthood quorums and was active in the Sunday School and M.I.A. organizations. He has been a Sunday School teacher for many years. He is a Life Scout, still passing merit badges, and hopes soon to fill his Eagle requirements. He is a Master M Man, having received this award in 1937.

Elder Hardy spent the first two months of his mission to Great Britain, 1935-37, in the London district. He was then appointed to a special assignment and spent the remainder of his mission traveling to many parts of the British Isles giving lectures on the Book of Mormon. Upon returning home, Elder Hardy became a guide on Temple Square and has been serving the Church in this capacity ever since, directing on an average of three companies a week around Temple Square.

(Concluded on page 670)



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LOS ANGELES

"TWO PERSONS — ONE CHARGE"

SERVICE TO YOUTH The Newly Appointed Superintendency

(Concluded from page 669)

When the Ensign Ward was divided on February 11, 1941, he was named second counselor in the bishopric of the East Ensign Ward. On December 1, 1942, he became bishop and was at the time of his appointment one of the youngest bishops in the Church. Elder Hardy was employed by radio station KSL soon after returning from his mission and is now executive assistant in charge of public affairs. He is also head of the Public Relations Division of the Salt Lake County Community Chest, vice president of the Utah Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, a member of

the advisory council of the Salt Lake Chamber of Commerce and a member of the Home Service Committee of the Salt Lake County Red Cross. In 1945 he was awarded the Junior Chamber of Commerce distinguished service award, having been selected the city's outstanding young man of the year.

Sister Hardy is a descendant of two well-known Utah pioneers. She is a granddaughter of David Eccles and a great-granddaughter of Charles C. Rich. She has been an active Church goer all her life and has spent many years teaching in the Primary and Mutual Improvement Associations.

NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

(Continued from page 647)

owned by private persons engaged in a business that tends to make drinkers less moral and less law abiding, liquor commonly being a factor leading to crime in its many manifestations. The less liquor consumed and the fewer the drinkers, the less immorality and crime. With law enforcement officers this is a well-known truism.

3. The fact that current liquor laws are violated is no sound reason for removing restrictions and regulations that govern the sale and drinking of liquor. Shall laws forbidding the sale of liquor to minors be repealed because they are violated? Shall laws making crimes of theft, burglary, larceny, and murder, be repealed because they are broken? Such an argument would logically require the repeal of all laws governing human conduct. The fear of punishment is one of the strongest deterrents to wrongdoing.

4. Another reason for opposition to sale by the drink is that it would bring back the saloon to Utah, as it has done in every license state. And the advocates of repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment in 1933 promised that the saloon would never be allowed to return to America—a promise not kept in license states. Do Utahns want the saloon? The saloon has always been in the local politics where it is permitted to exist—a subtle, corrupting influence in government among law enforcement officers and in the moral life of the community. No person who knows anything about the ways of the underworld in America can truthfully deny these factual statements.

5. Conditions in Utah relative to liquor are not ideal, say those acquainted with the situation. The needed changes should be made—those that will tighten up but not loosen up. But retailing by the state must not be turned over to private licensed vendors—persons in the business for the

money they can make out of it. Such a change would be a big backward step. If we must have liquor, let the state dispense it, not private individuals, but under strict regulations that will eliminate the likelihood of dishonesty and corruption. In the light of recent events, apparently some additional regulations of this character are needed.

LABOR AND LIQUOR

THE Utah Federation of Labor held its annual convention in August at Ogden. According to press and radio reports, the convention adopted a number of resolutions, among which was one asking the legislature to legalize the sale of liquor by the drink. To us it would have seemed far more appropriate and logical, because greatly more beneficial to laboring people (as well as all others), if the convention had gone on record with a demand that the legislature provide for an intensive campaign of education for total abstinence. If abstinence from alcoholic beverages existed in every workingman's home, a vivid imagination could hardly picture anything better than this for the peace, harmony, and good of that home. The curse of liquor drinking generally strikes harder in the homes of laboring people than elsewhere. It is strange and past understanding that representatives of these people should favor a condition that would result in their drinking more rather than less. Sale by the drink would be such a condition, as figures in the preceding article show. If you want to bless a home, help it to avoid drink. Are labor leaders friends of their men when they resolute to the contrary?

This Month With CHURCH PUBLICATIONS

The Children's Friend . . .

THE October issue of *The Children's Friend* is the Home Builder number—of special interest to girls. Some of the titles of the features will indicate the interest that lies in the magazine: "A Hat for Hepsy" by Estelle Webb Thomas, "The Halloween Joke" by Sara O. Moss, "The Kanga Goo" by Glen W. Perrins, "Let's Watch What We Say" by Grace North Monfort, "The Prettiest Girl in Town" by Mary Grant Judd. In addition the regular features, such as the pictures for young people to cut out and color, the books—this month dealing with Ernest Thompson Seton, written by Abbie H. Wells; "Fun with Music" by J. Spencer Cornwall; and "We Listen to the Radio" will all add zest to this special issue.

The special feature for parents is "Training the Children," written by Joseph L. Wirthlin.

The Relief Society Magazine . . .

THE October *Relief Society Magazine* features a story, "Curtain Call," by Maryhale Woolsey in addition to several articles that should prove of value. One is titled "Braided Rugs Are Beautiful" and was written by Delma Peterson. The poetry boasts the names of many gifted writers: Beatrice K. Ekman, whose poem becomes the frontispiece, Grace M. Candland, Evelyn Fjelsted, Marijane Morris, Mabel J. Gabbott, Caroline E. Miner, Marvin Jones, and Dorothy J. Roberts. The lesson material for January also appears in this issue of the magazine.

The cover features the Salt Lake Temple at night and is from a photograph by Warren Lee.

The Instructor . . .

The *Instructor* for October is full of material for those interested in Sunday School. The usual features abound, including the lesson material for December meetings. The Sunday School will present two special programs during December; the conjoint meeting for the evening of December 5, and the Sunday School session of Christmas week. The general board of the Deseret Sunday School Union makes suggestions for each program in the October issue.

OCTOBER 1948

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Your Page AND OURS

"SPEAK THE SPEECH"

IN September we have use of two words that tie into the M.I.A. program. The affectionate title of the M.I.A. is Mutual—and how we do abuse it! The difficulty lies in the pronunciation of the *tu* sound. The tendency is to make it *chew*—and certainly we don't want to have to eat our words! The same sound exists in the word *nature*. The sound has a slight *ch* value tied closely to the vowel that follows; in *Mutual*, for instance, the grouping, is *mu, tu*, with the *u*, pronounced as in the words *unite*, *al* with the *a* pronounced as in the word *account*. The accent falls on the first syllable. The other word we need to consider is the *manual*. There are three syllables in this word: *man, a* is in *add, u*, as in *unite, al*, *a* as in *account*. Like *Mutual*, this word carries the accent on the first syllable.—M.C.J.

Firth, Idaho
August 13, 1948

Dear Editors:

I WOULD like to say to you and have you relay the word to H. R. Fea that, in my opinion, you reached an all-time high when you published "Tomorrow Is Another Year" in the ERA for August.

It is the biggest little story I have ever read. I find in it everything that the people of the present time seem to be missing. We are a restless race, rushing here and rushing there, burning gas and making wars but missing the purpose of life. Kathie found it all in the good earth and the security of a good man's arms.

The story is *beautifully* told, with not one word that could be spared, not one that should have been omitted. I hope there may be many from the same pen.

Sincerely,
Agnes Just Reid

Durango, Colorado

Dear Editors:

I HAVE just finished reading the story, "Ye Who Are Called to Labor," by Juanita Brooks, which was most interesting. I particularly enjoyed it as I am a descendant of Thales Haskell, mentioned in the story.

Sincerely yours,
Leland H. Barton

Auckland C.L., New Zealand

Dear Editors:

I HAVE just finished reading the adaptation from Elder Benson's speech, "Survival of the American Way of Life," in the June 1948 edition of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA. In my opinion it could be very profitably read by advocates of any other present-day system than that of free enterprise.

At a time when reports are many and varied as to those who would replace that system, it is certainly most heartening to realize that our Church leaders at home continue to support our God-given right of free agency, insured by our Constitution.

This is another of the many appreciable messages that make the ERA so valuable.

Your brother,
Glen A. Horspool

U. S. S. Franklin D. Roosevelt

Dear Editors:

I AM writing you this letter to inform you of my new address and also to congratulate you on your splendid work. I have read THE IMPROVEMENT ERA for quite some time and have enjoyed it very much. I believe you are doing a wonderful job by sending such a good magazine out, which is welcomed by both members and non-members.

I thank you!

Sincerely yours,
C. D. Hallstrom

ALBERT R. LYMAN, the author of *The Fort on the Firing Line*, went into southern Utah in his mother's arms in the eighties and lived in the fort at Bluff, Utah, during his early childhood. He rode the range from the age of eleven until he was nineteen, at which time he went to England on a mission where he remained for a year and a half. In 1902, he married Mary Ellen Perkins. In 1905, they were the first settlers to Blanding, Utah. The Lymans have fifteen children, forty-eight grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.



ALBERT R. LYMAN

Elder Lyman's Church work has been varied and interesting. He was stake superintendent of the Y.M.M.I.A. in San Juan Stake for three years. At that time the stake stretched over six hundred miles into Colorado, New Mexico, and Utah. He was called to the San Juan stake presidency in 1909 and held the office of counselor for twenty-seven years. The past eight years he has been the stake patriarch to San Juan. Four years ago he and his wife were called on a special mission to the Navajos of Utah, New Mexico, and Arizona, the last two years of which he has served at Blanding, Utah, actually helping teach the Navajos in addition to doing missionary work among them.

His vocational interests have been of wide scope. In addition to riding the range, he has been at various times a farmer, a storekeeper, a logger, a schoolteacher, a seminary teacher. In fact, in 1908, he taught school in a tent, the only place available for the school. In all of these activities he has had many thrilling times with the Indians, about whom he writes so knowingly.



Missionaries who attended Conference at Oslo (Norway) on April 3, 4, & 5, 1948, with District President Roy Ingebretsen second from right, back row.

The old miser stomped into the local doctor's office, pounded the floor with his cane, and wheezed: "You're an old fraud! I came to you in 1904 for a cold, and you charged me three dollars."

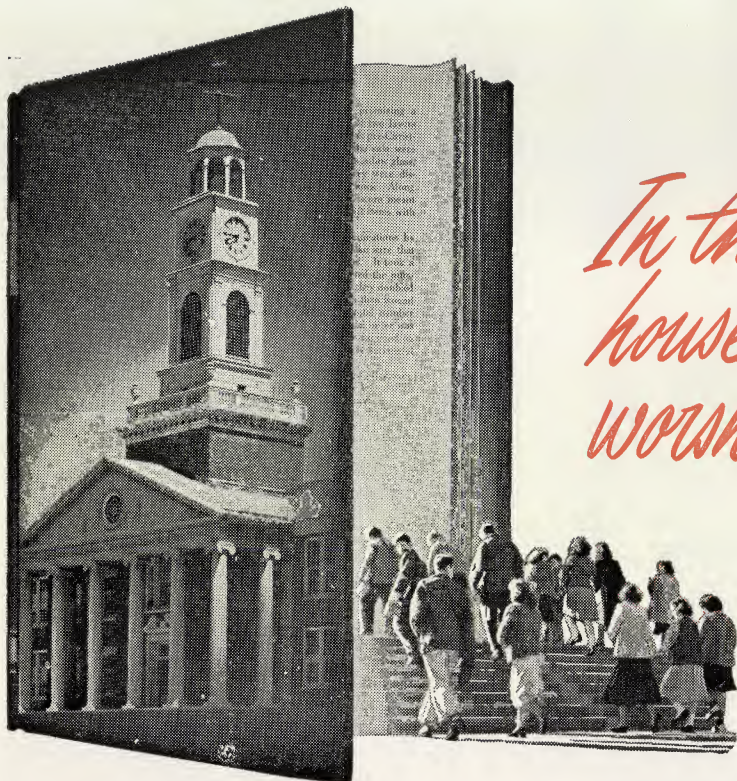
"I cured you, didn't I?" asked the doctor.
"Cured mel!" stormed the former patient. "Look at mel I'm sneezing again."

—Bolling Beam

A little girl was proudly showing her playmates her new home.

"This is my daddy's den," she said. "Does your daddy have a den?"

"No," was the answer, "he just grows all over the house."
—Woodmen of the World Magazine



*In the
houses of
worship—*

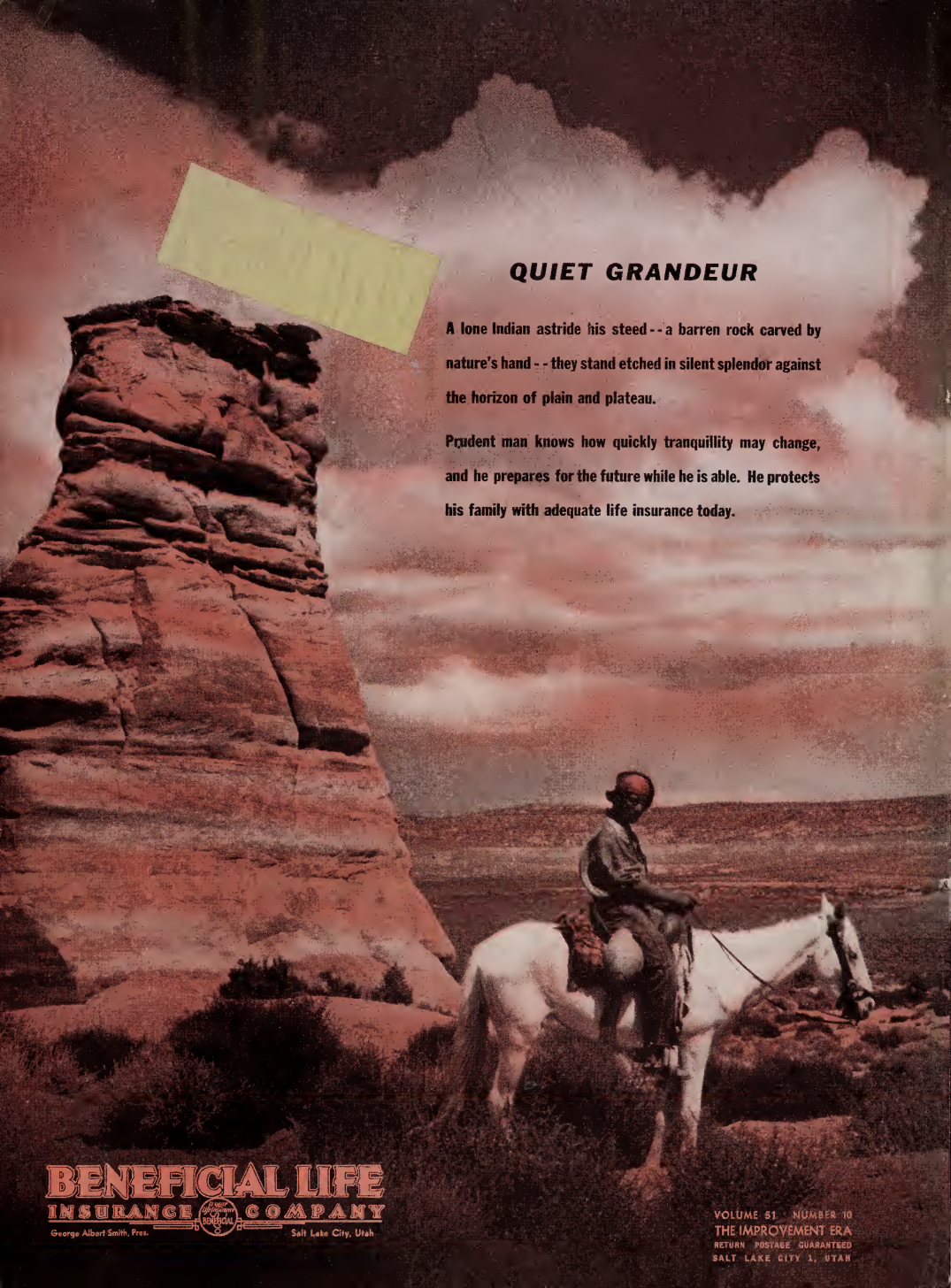
BRICK *builds for the ages..*

In all Christian lands the church is held to be — along with the family and the school—the greatest factor in shaping the course and conduct of our lives. What better reason, therefore, than to build with brick . . . the very symbol of strength and beauty. For brick is made from the imperishable materials of the earth . . . endowed by nature with unfading color and uncommon strength. It is easy to work with for both the builder and the architect . . . and in the years ahead becomes a never-ending source of pride to those whose efforts planned and built a house of worship.



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A dramatic landscape photograph. On the left, a tall, craggy rock formation rises vertically. In the lower right, a Native American man sits atop a white horse, looking towards the camera. The background shows a vast, flat plain under a sky filled with large, billowing clouds. A bright yellow rectangular shape is positioned in the upper left quadrant of the image.

QUIET GRANDEUR

A lone Indian astride his steed -- a barren rock carved by nature's hand -- they stand etched in silent splendor against the horizon of plain and plateau.

Prudent man knows how quickly tranquility may change, and he prepares for the future while he is able. He protects his family with adequate life insurance today.

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George Albert Smith, Pres.



Salt Lake City, Utah

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