



The Improvement Era

AUGUST, 1946

VOLUME 49 NUMBER 8

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Exploring the Universe

By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

INVESTIGATIONS during the past five years by Drs. B. L. Richards and A. S. Rhoades show that the troubles most responsible for serious damage to stone fruit orchards in Utah are virus in nature.

BECAUSE the ancient Romans built aqueducts, it is often supposed that they did not know the principle of the inverted siphon. Actually, they knew the principle, but the difficulty was in constructing large diameter pipes. At Pergamon, an aqueduct dating from about 200 B.C. crosses two valleys on arches sixty feet below the general water level on the ends.

JAPANESE beetle traps, painted yellow, capture fifty to eighty percent more beetles than the green and white traps which previously were commonly used. The yellow color is better than any other color tested by United States entomologists.

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A NEW iron-containing protein, ferritin, has been isolated from the body by Dr. Leonor Michaelis and F. Granick of the Rockefeller Institute. Explaining some of the mystery as to the location of non-blood iron in the body, ferritin is found particularly in the liver, spleen, and bone marrow.

THE North Sea, in normal times, gives a yield of about fifteen pounds per acre of fish to the fisherman, compared to seventy-three pounds of meat from an acre of cultivated land, and one hundred pounds from a well-managed fish pond. Experiments have shown that by fertilizing with nitrates and phosphates in the fish areas, the rate of growth of fish and the number supported can be greatly increased.

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Small quantity chopped pimiento can be added for color if desired.
Re-fill egg whites and serve on bed of shredded lettuce with asparagus stalks garnished with Durkee's Genuine Mayonnaise.
Serves 6.

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The Cover

THIS inviting scene depicting the beauty and invitation of the out-of-doors has the feel of autumn in the air. Taken in the Tetons, the picture reveals the rugged freshness of the Rocky Mountains which appeals so much to those who see it that they return again and again to partake of its virgin beauty. The photograph is by Josef Muench, adapted for cover use by Charles Jacobsen.

★

Autumn

By Thelma Ireland

THE woods should be reported,
The government be told,
The criminal be punished—
The trees are hoarding gold.

★

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Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations

The Improvement Era

AUGUST, 1946

VOLUME 49, NO. 8

"THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH"

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

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My Want

By Berneice Burrn Christman

THE regardless and relentless way of things
May tie a man forever to the earth;
And yet one stranded midnight hour may bring rebirth,
Till round him in the darkness, silence sings.

Forever then, he is a patient, waiting soul
That fed itself through famine and looked up,
Hungry and weak and happy from its little hole,
Seeing but God within the sky's blue cup.

I do not need silver, society, or shoes—
Oh, give me things my needy soul can use!

★

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

Executive and Editorial Offices:

50 North Main Street,
Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

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Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October, 1917, authorized July 2, 1918.

The Improvement Era is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, but welcomes contributions.

All manuscripts must be accompanied by sufficient postage for delivery and return.

A TYPICAL

American Boy

By DONNETTE K. McALLISTER

THERE is a story concerning a "Mormon" boy which I should like to tell, but first, as a background, I feel that you should know something about the place in which he lives.

Scarsdale is a beautiful village of 13,000 people, twenty-five miles north of New York City. It consists of medium and large homes surrounded by cool green lawns, stately old trees, and formal flower gardens. The shopping section is built around the commuters' railroad station, and the buildings are a combination of stone and brick of picturesque English architecture. In the basement of the professional building is a youth center called "The Hangar," which is open to the members of the senior high school. It has bowling alleys, ping pong tables, dance floor with a juke box, and soft drink fountain. Robert Smith Jordan, another "Mormon" boy is president of this center. (There are only four "Mormons" in the high school.)

The people of Scarsdale are very community conscious. The village is governed by a town board and a mayor, elected by the people, and they serve without salary. Our schools are the finest. There are not more than twenty-five children to a class, and our teachers receive the next to the highest salaries paid anywhere in the United States. On Christmas Eve we all meet at our mammoth community Christmas tree and sing carols, accompanied by the high school band. On Memorial Day we all witness the drilling of our twelve hundred Boy and Girl Scouts, and on the Fourth of July we have our own spectacular fireworks. For these three events our village turns out en masse.

The state department of the United States launched a plan for re-educating the German youth. The Interim International Information Service, in cooperation with the American occupation authorities, is securing certain types of material to be presented to the boys and girls of Germany which will give direct and accurate information on secondary school education and other activities as they are conducted, without regimentation, in America.

To illustrate this, they wished to find a typical American boy, and, with pictures and story, follow him throughout his entire daily activities.

The state department chose Scarsdale, as the community in which to find that boy, and David B. Eisenrath, Jr., photographer, and Katherine Sullivan, writer, were sent to prepare the material for the pictorial. Les-

ter W. Nelson, principal of the Scarsdale High School, selected several boys from the senior class, and each boy was appraised privately by the state department officials and Mr. Nelson, as to his habits, hobbies, school activities and future outlook. Isaac Mitten Stewart, Jr., a "Mormon" boy, was chosen!

"Ike" has a gracious, pleasing personality, is a good sport, and is good in his studies. His hobbies are track, football, basketball, swimming, riding, and golf. Every summer he works on a ranch in Utah where he learns to understand nature. The grandeur of the mountains and the earth has persuaded him to study agriculture. He plans to enter Cornell Agricultural College in the fall. "Ike" is the eldest of four children, two boys and two girls, and he has definite responsibilities to perform in his home. He is an active and dependable Church worker (he was asked about this in his interview) and he holds the office of priest.

Pictures of "Ike" were taken in his classes, in extracurricular activities, participating in various social functions, and in his home. This took several days and nothing was omitted which might be of interest in a boy's life. They also took pictures of his family to show the type of home which would produce the "typical American boy."

This boy, his family, in their home, are all active Latter-day Saints, and the pictorial, when presented throughout Germany, will tell a truly American story and a moral one as well.

ATTUNED

By Edna S. Dustin

WITH lofty arrogance the moon sails high
In the deep blue, of the cloudless sky.
Below, a little church, trees brooding there
With arms spread outward—heads bowed low in prayer.

All nature slumbers through the mystic night;
The breeze is breathless, hushed by the lingering light
Of golden moonbeams creeping softly through
Symbolic windows made of rose and blue.

The slanting fingers find their way with ease
To shadowed altar, silent organ keys;
While sweeter still to break the silence here,
There must be angel voices chanting near.

Alone with these I too would like to be,
In tune with His inspiring majesty.
With silent beauty thus the Lord repays
Each weary soul who pauses here and prays.

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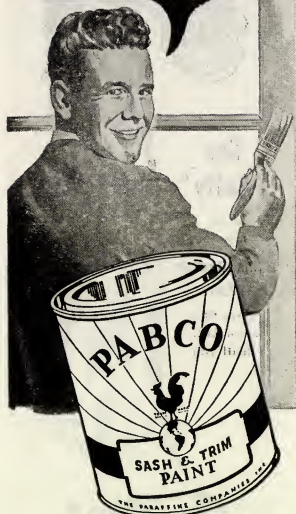
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WAR PRISONERS—*Our Story*

By LT. RAYMOND M. BROOKS
*Public Relations Officer for Prisoner
of War Exposition*

THE shooting is over, but the war is not. That is a stock phrase known the world over, but it bears repeating. It must be repeated day after day until the hungry, impoverished millions in Europe and Asia are fed and clothed again; until the world's schools and churches are rebuilt; until the veterans of all armies are again housed and employed in a peacetime atmosphere. In other words, we cannot afford to forget the miseries and sacrifices of war.

One of the most influential exponents of the "Don't Forget" campaign is the "Prisoner-of-War Exposition" now touring the country. It is sponsored jointly by the Y.M.C.A. and the army air forces, and is headed by one of the leading air force men in the nation, Colonel C. Ross Greening. Seven fliers, all men who from "up where the shooting was" later became prisoners of the German Stalags, accompany Colonel Greening in the display of this exhibit of the P.O.W.'s life behind barbed wire.

Much has been told of the hardships and privations suffered by American prisoners of war, but the world knows all too little of how the average prisoner, with typical Yankee ingenuity, daily achieved small miracles to ease the unfortunate lot of himself and his comrades. In this story we find new appreciation of the fortitude of America's fighting men and at the same time inspiration to do all in our power to work toward that day when men will never again hold other men as prisoners.

It should be remembered that all of



**VIOLIN MADE FROM BED SLATS WITH KNIFE,
RAZOR BLADE, AND BROKEN GLASS**

the P.O.W. activities were carried on despite cold and drafty barracks, hunger, the annoyances of fleas and lice, stern regulations, and in many cases pitifully inadequate supplies. That Yankees established little Americas in Nazi Germany in the face of these obstacles says more than anyone can of their bright hope and courage. The spirit that cut the chain from a shackled world could not be fettered even behind barbed wire.

(Concluded on page 529)

COOKING UTENSILS FASHIONED BY P.O.W.



Emigrants Establish WINTER QUARTERS

in Fort Pueblo in 1846

By Albert L. Zobell, Jr.

A LITTLE-HERALDED group of Saints under the leadership of William Crosby were instructed by Brigham Young to leave their Monroe County, Mississippi, homes and to join with the companies from Nauvoo at a rendezvous in the Indian country. Accordingly, fourteen families started on April 8, 1846. May 26 found them in Independence, Missouri, where they heard rumors that ex-governor Boggs had started for California but had been intercepted by the Mormons and that the Mormons had killed and robbed several companies of emigrants. The Independence townsfolk tried to persuade the Crosby company not to go out on the plains because of the Mormon menace, but the company said they were unafraid.

The group was joined at Independence by some Saints from Perry County, Illinois, and some Oregon-bound emigrants. When the company of twenty-five wagons was well out into the Indian country, the new-found Oregon friends discovered that they were among Mormons and didn't know what to do. Going on ahead, they left the company, but the next day the Mormons passed them. Fearing that they were not strong enough to travel on alone, the emigrants asked for admission into the company again that night. In the days that followed, the procedure of striking out for themselves, only to repent and ask for admission to the company, was often repeated. At the Platte River the emigrants found six Oregon-bound men who had traveled the trail alone, and decided to join them in the journey.

The Mississippi-Illinois Saints were greatly disappointed on reaching the Platte. Here they had expected to join the Camps of Israel or to pick up their trail. They could discover nothing of the Nauvoo companies' whereabouts, but supposing they had gone up the north side of the river, the group continued westward. At Fort Laramie they received the inaccurate information that a Mormon group was traveling up the Arkansas River on its way to the mountains. They turned south and traveled to Fort Pueblo where they arrived August 7. Here they could learn nothing concerning the whereabouts of any Mormons. They decided to remain until they could hear something satisfac-

(Concluded on page 505)



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TEACHER or STUDENT?

By Harold Lundstrom

AN estimate from Washington, D.C., states that there will be as many as three and a half million servicemen of the total thirteen million who will want some kind of education under Public Laws 16 and 346, the Rehabilitation Act. At least one million of these three and a half million are going to want full-time education, the estimate reports. By using even the same low ratio, it would appear that of the hundred thousand members of the Church who served in the armed forces, at least twenty-seven thousand will want some additional schooling, and seven thousand six hundred will want to attend school full time. Because the membership of the Church is noted for its high educational achievements and accomplishments, undoubtedly this ratio and these estimated figures are too small.

Among the problems of these twenty-seven thousand is the one of deciding whether to go back to school or to fill a mission. Each case has among its variable factors to be considered those of age, health, financial background, schooling already attained, family responsibilities, and heart interests.

There probably have been few missionaries in the history of the Church from the time the first missionaries went forth, down to the present time, who have not considered and weighed the opportunities afforded from performing a mission or from remaining at home pursuing some other endeavor. The problem is not a new one. It has confronted thousands.

Certainly why not both a mission and continued schooling? The problem is really one of deciding which should come first: discharging the responsibility placed on the Church of preaching the gospel—"This is the word of the Lord unto . . . all the faithful elders of my church—Go ye into all the world, preach the gospel to every creature" (D. & C. 68:7, 8) or building a program specifically for personal development.

It has been reiterated countless times that peace will never be attained until men have peace in their hearts. And peace is the burden of the gospel of Christ. Through the tragic and stark realities brought about by the war, men are seeking and grasping for fundamental concepts. Now, if ever, is the time that the nations of the earth will listen to the testimonies of the elders of Israel. The Church owes a stricken world another opportunity to hear the glorious message of the gospel.

No benefits of the Rehabilitation Act will be lost to the man who goes on a mission before continuing his

schooling. Under the amended provisions of the Servicemen's Readjustment Act of December 28, 1945, it is provided:

That such course shall be initiated not later than four years after either the date of his discharge or the termination of the present war, whichever is the later: *Provided further*, That no such education or training shall be afforded beyond nine years after the termination of the present war.

Not considering the paramount reason for going on a mission—that of rendering service in the Lord's work—it seems reasonable to assume that in two or three years probably more benefits will be afforded in education: the quality of the educational program should be bettered by the return to the campus of many competent instructors and professors who were drawn away during the war by higher salaries of the government for specialized research work and other reasons; and the current desperate plight for educational facilities should be greatly improved. There is the personal equation, too, that the individual will be better fitted for schooling. The joy of mission work will, in a measure at least, erase some of the memories of warfare, and a wholesome attitude toward mankind will have been re-achieved if it has in part been lost. Two years of serious reflection will give sufficient time to arrive at the best answers to, "What do I want to do?" and, "What am I capable of doing best?"

A mission experience is a thrilling opportunity which comes to too few. The world needs and is waiting to hear the gospel. Many, many of the great and good men of the Church have achieved schooling, degrees, trades, and professions, even with the added responsibilities of families, after having served honorable missions. ". . . seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness." (Matthew 6:33)

A DAY'S JOURNEY

By Miranda Snow Walton

To the dawn is given silver,
Amethyst, and opal dew,
Heralding the day's rich promise:
(So it is when life is new.)

To the noon belongs the turquoise,
Azure skies, and warmth sublime,—
Giving courage for the toiling;
(So it is in manhood's prime.)

But the setting sun is fairest,
For to it is given gold—
A recompense for life's long labor;
(So it is when we are old.)

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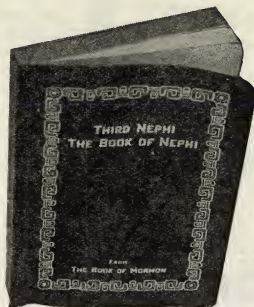
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*"This Is
the Place"*



THE woman started slowly to walk toward the front wagons. The whole company had stopped and no one had spoken. It was a moment of expectancy. It was as if they were waiting for something. President Brigham Young had risen slowly and feebly from his wagon bed. His eyes were far away and searching as he beheld the scene before him. Who knows what thoughts were passing through his mind? Who knows what feelings he had at that moment? Who knows what strange inspiration prompted him to utter those unforgettable words, "This is the place"?

The woman looked straight ahead and saw the valley—a valley bleak and bare. At first, a great loneliness surged up within her. A profound disappointment overswept her. This was “journey’s end.” This great, lonely valley was the place they would call home.

Behind her lay a trail of heartaches. A million silent tears had fallen over an unknown trail. At times she had been so tired she could hardly put one aching foot before the other. Homesickness had made every step a wearisome thing. This was the land of her adoption. Her home was far across the ocean—in another world, it seemed to her. Her heart ached for the green countryside where she had known such a gay and happy childhood. She remembered the sparkling streams, the clean farm home that nestled comfortably against a hill. She thought of the folks back home as the hot sun beat down upon her head.

During that long, weary trek across the plains it seemed that everything had fought against her progress. Gaunt hunger had walked at her side. Cold winds had cut her body and pierced her face. Snow and rain had lashed her heart. She lived again that wretchedly cold night her baby boy was born. One thin, pitiful cry—and that was all. She had given him one tender mother kiss on his little blue lips, even as his life was slipping away from him. His tiny form was cold when they took him from her arms. Somewhere out there—back of her—there was a tiny grave—unmarked, unknown, but part of her very heart was buried there.

She lived again the constant fear of attack by the Indians. Their lives might be snuffed out at any moment. Any moment they might be called upon to die—away from their homeland and loved ones left behind—before they reached their final destination.

What had made her go on and on? What strange power had taken hold of her? It was only one thing—a transcendent faith—a faith in what she believed—a faith in the future.

The huge valley lay before her—the task to subdue it an ominous thing, and yet, too, it was a promising haven—a place where at last they might find peace. For a long time she stood and looked.

THE woman turned and walked back to her wagon. Well, if this was the place, then on she must go. Somehow she knew that there were even yet tears that would be shed, hardships that would be endured, obstacles that would have to be overcome. But just as she had walked those endless weary miles with some great faith overcoming all else, so would she undertake this great new task of making a home from a wilderness.

How could she know on that hot day so long ago that over that very trail where her lonely tears had fallen there would be a huge and mighty railroad which would link the east ocean with the west ocean! Did she see in that valley of sagebrush a beautiful city with green trees, flowers, and lovely homes? Did she visualize a majestic temple whose spires reach forever to the skies like high and lofty ideals which no creed has ever surpassed?

The woman started down the mountainside. A new brave hope was born in her heart that day. What she was to accomplish was not to be done with gold or worldly wealth—for she had none. But who can measure the wealth of courage, the wealth of ideals, the wealth of faith in God?

And so ended that woman's trail into the valley—a trail that is being worn deeper and deeper as more and more people seek this land—this blessed land of ours—which once, so long ago, was hallowed with these words, "This is the place."



MY ROOTS run deep into the heart of this land
That was tilled by my father's and his father's hand.
Though I must arise while the dawn is still gray
And often begin my work of the day
With sleep-misted eyes,
I would not barter my lot for a king's,
When spring is in flower and a bright welkin flings
Its glow on my fields,
To wake sleeping seeds beneath blankets of earth,
And bring to each one—through growth—a rebirth.

A FARMER SPEAKS

When sun-mellowed wheat has been gathered in sheaves,
When boughs in my orchard, with amber-tinged leaves
Have with fruitage fulfilled the promise of spring;
When my corn has been husked and like nuggets of gold
Is heaped into bins till the bins cannot hold
One kernel more; gratitude for the soil,
And its bounteous recompense for my toil,
Bring thanks to the Lord for the gift of the land,
And thanks for the toil and the rest that comes after,
When I sit by my hearth enjoying the laughter
Of my family and friends, at the end of the day,
Who are whiling a comradely hour away.

By
GENE ROMOLO

My heart always wells with infinite pity
For those who must dwell in a man-built city,
Who never have listened at spring of the year
To a wild bird warble its message of cheer
Nor followed a plow to sculpture the earth
In symmetrical furrows nor watched the rebirth
Of life from the bounty of sun-matured seed—
Life to appease a world's hungering need.

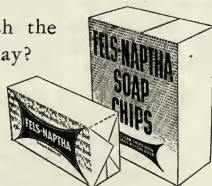
... and Freedom from DRUDGERY

A married woman's life can't always be 'a bowl of cherries.' But it needn't be just a tub of dirty clothes.

The up-to-date housekeeper tries to find a happy medium between work and play. And on washday, her happy medium is apt to be Fels-Naptha Soap.

To the safe and thorough cleansing assured by good, mild soap, Fels-Naptha adds the faster, dirt-loosening action of gentle naptha. This labor-saving team can bring relief from the long, tiring hours of ordinary washdays.

Why don't *you* do your wash the easier, quicker Fels-Naptha way? Remember—all work and no play makes Jill a dull companion, too.



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

These — Times

By DR. G. HOMER DURHAM
*Director of the Institute of Government,
University of Utah*

BERNARD BARUCH, American representative to the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission, proposed on June 14, 1946, that atomic energy be controlled permanently by a world authority. The plan provides that the United States of America destroy its atomic weapons following the establishment of the proper controls. An important condition is that the authority have complete power to inspect and investigate thoroughly all resource-developments of fissionable materials throughout the world. No veto power on such questions is to be left in the hands of any one nation.

A FEW days later, June 19, 1946, Mr. Andrei Gromyko, representative of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics on the Security Council, proposed that the United States of America destroy its atomic might in return for an "ironclad" treaty outlawing future use and manufacture of atomic weapons. Under this proposal, each of the Big Five would retain veto powers over all problems as currently recognized.

AS we are the only power ever to have used an atomic bomb, understandably, from the U.S.S.R. point of view, there is some merit in their proposal. As it also includes the idea of sharing technological know-how, it represents a typical reaction. The Baruch proposal, however, while perhaps not the final American position, recommends itself as the soundest plan thus far advanced.

THE Soviet proposal is unsatisfactory because it is merely the old-style "disarmament treaty" in new form. It has all the disadvantages of the so-called disarmament method and the treaty system. Such a system affords no effective means for enforcement short of war. This has been demonstrated, realistically, over and over again during the past three centuries.

ATOMIC ENERGY developments for peaceful industrial usages, envisioned under the Soviet scheme, would carry no other guarantee than that of national self-interest on the part of each great power. This is far too slender a reed to lean upon under any conditions, let alone the atomic age. Peace—
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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

ON SEARCHING FOR

Family Records

• By PRESIDENT

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH

IN Chicago a number of years ago, during the Century of Progress Exposition, I went into our Church booth one day and inquired of the missionaries as to who had charge of that great cultural and scientific fair.

They told me the man's name was Dawes, and I asked, "Is he the brother of Charles G. Dawes, who was vice president of the United States and also ambassador to Great Britain?"

And they answered, "Yes."

"Well," I said, "I am delighted to know that. I happen to know him."

I said to myself, "I think I will go and call on him. He will be Henry Dawes." I knew Henry Dawes, so I went to the telephone and called his office. His secretary answered and I inquired, "Is Mr. Dawes there?"

She said, "Yes, sir."

"May I come over and see him?" I said.

She said, "There are already a hundred people ahead of you, and they all want a job."

I smiled to myself, and said, "Well that may be true, but I am probably the one man he would like to see, because I have a job."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes," I said, "I am from Salt Lake City. I just want to pay my respects."

She said, "Just wait a minute."

She told Mr. Dawes that George Albert Smith of Salt Lake City was there and wanted to meet him, and he told her to have me come over. So, instead of running me behind a hundred people to wait my turn, she took me to a side door, and there stood before me a tall man whom I had never seen before in my life.

He said, "I am Mr. Dawes."

He was very pleasant, but you can imagine how embarrassed I was. He was Mr. Dawes, and he was Ambassador Dawes' brother, but he was Rufus Dawes. I did not know there was a Rufus Dawes in the world.

"Well," I said, "I have only come to tell you that this is a wonderful fair, and to express to you my appreciation for what you have done in organizing and seeing it through. It is marvel-

ous what has been accomplished, and what an education it is to so many people. Now, I understand that you are a busy man, and that is all I wanted to come and say, and to congratulate you and thank you."

"That is very considerate," he said. "Come in."

"No, that is all I came to say," I replied.

He said, "Come right in."

I said, "No, there are a hundred people waiting to see you."

"None of them will say anything as nice as what you have said."

So I went in, out of ideas and out of breath, almost. He insisted on my sitting down, and the next thing I said was: "By the way, Mr. Dawes, where do your people come from?"

"Do you mean in America?" he asked.

"I mean anywhere."

He said, "Are you interested in genealogy?"

"I certainly am," I answered. "We have one of the finest genealogical libraries in Salt Lake City."

He said, "Excuse me just a moment," and walked out of his office and came back with a carton about the size of an old family Bible. He took his knife, opened the carton, and took out a package wrapped in white tissue paper. He took the tissue paper off and put on the table one of the most beautifully bound books I have ever seen. It was well printed and profusely illustrated, and the cover was elegantly embossed with gold.

As I looked it over, I said, "Mr. Dawes, that is a beautiful piece of work."

"It ought to be. It cost me twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Well," I said, "it is worth it."

He said, "Is it worth anything to you?"

I said, "It would be if I had it."

He said, "All right, you may have it!"—twenty-five thousand dollars worth of genealogy placed in my hand by a man whom I had met only five minutes before! Well, I was amazed. Our visit continued but a short while longer. I

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The Editor's Page

PLAIN TALK TO GIRLS

By President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.

OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY

Address given to the Executives of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, in June Conference, Saturday afternoon, June 8, 1946, in Barratt Hall

WHEN I was in Mexico in the Embassy, there were with me Sister Clark and my youngest daughter, then in her middle teens. Because she was the daughter of an ambassador, she was invited out a great deal, and every time she went out, as she was ready to go, I called her in and said: "Now, Luacine, I want you to remember this evening two things; first, you are a Mormon with certain standards to observe; second, you are the daughter of the American ambassador, and that brings to you certain responsibilities with reference to your conduct. I do not want you to forget that, wherever you go tonight."

Well, I had done this a number of times. Finally she said to me one evening: "Daddy, you do not trust me, do you?"

I said, "No, Daughter. I do not trust myself."

And until we are in the grave, we are not beyond the reach of Satan. None of us is safe, and he or she is most unsafe who thinks he or she is beyond the reach of the evil one.

YOU young people have been told so often that you are the greatest group that the world ever produced, that you are entitled to believe it, and I think perhaps some of you do. You are the greatest group that the world has ever produced in opportunity. No group of youth in the whole history of the world ever had the advantages that you have in the development of science and of arts. There come into your homes from day to day more of culture and uplift than ever came to us who lived three quarters of a century ago. But there also come into your homes, and by the same route, more of filth, more of moronic alleged entertainment, more influences to break down your morals than we dreamed of, and you must take in this life of yours with all of its opportunities, the burden along with the blessing, and you will be perfectly safe in this duality which is yours if all the time you will

WHEN President Clark was called upon to give this address, he stated: "This is what is called, I think, in musical numbers a request number. Some of the request numbers I have heard, I wish had not been requested. I hope, however, that I may escape that fate."

"I have enjoyed very much the excellent advice that you have received thus far, and I am sure that if you will follow the suggestions that have been made, great good will come into the organization of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association. . . . I have spoken on other occasions with a view to trying to awaken our young people to a sense of their dangers. I am sorry that there are not some young men here. I can scold them a little more easily than I can scold you."

remember to pray to the Lord and to live righteously.

You know we are just the same sort of beings today that we started out to be at the very beginning. In one sense—and I hesitate to use this because there is a false doctrine predicated upon the statement that I am going to make—but in one sense we are all Adams and Eves. We all have before us the power to choose the good or to choose the evil, and we can make a mistake at the beginning which will bring to us tears and sorrows and all that go with sin forever afterwards. But we are Adams and Eves in another sense. We have all of the elemental passions which they had, and our modern veneer is very, very thin. Biological man does today whatever he thinks will preserve him biologically, preserve him as a human, mortal being. There have come into our minds and into our very beings, feelings of hate and contempt for human life, revenge and that whole sordid, terrible group of vices. There was a time when I was a boy, and perhaps when you were in school, that you held up your hands in horror, when you read of the terrible massacres in the frontier settlements of this country by the Indians, when men, women, and children were murdered and scalped and

the women outraged. Yet today we look complacently upon the fact that our soldiers have destroyed, under orders, hundreds and thousands of women and children, the aged, the infirm, the decrepit, blotted them out in the fraction of a second. Does that spell very much real love for humanity? Let us put those things out of our minds and out of our hearts, and instead of talking glibly about the brotherhood of men, let us actually have it and live it.

WE should hate nobody, and having said that, I wish to urge a word of caution, particularly to you young girls. It is sought today in certain quarters to break down all race prejudice, and at the end of the road, which they who urge this see, is intermarriage. That is what it finally comes to. Now, you should hate nobody; you should give to every man and every woman, no matter what the color of his and her skin may be, full civil rights. You should treat them as brothers and sisters, but do not ever let that wicked virus get into your systems that brotherhood either permits or entitles you to mix races which are inconsistent. Biologically, it is wrong; spiritually, it is wrong.

The Lord said: "Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil." Never go any place where you may not ask the Lord to be with you. So soon as you do, you rob yourselves of the strength and the power of the Spirit of the Lord, and in large measure you cease to be entitled to the protection which you ask. Stay in the places where you may go before the Lord and say, "Lord, help me and bless me," and where you may do it unblushingly.

As to companions, you women had better not trifle with men, and particularly with those whom you know only casually. There is a new spirit that has come into the world with this war. The reports you have read of the universality of the immorality among our soldiers in Europe and elsewhere are too largely borne out

by the reports which come to us. Too frequently men have ceased to be chivalrous, respectful of womanhood, and have come to regard you as the legitimate prey of their passions—as a prey to be seized either by flattery or by force, and it makes little difference to them which. Please, sisters, you Mutual officers, carry this back to your wards and your stakes and try to warn—and I urge this with all of the energy that I have—try to warn your young girls against this terrible sin of unchastity. This is where you can exercise your love and your patience. This is where you can use all of the Spirit of the Lord that you can get in warning those who are not here of the dangers which beset them on every hand.

AND then I should like to say this: You may remember that after the resurrection of the Lord, he saw

Tiberias, that is, the Lake of Galilee, around which so many of the stirring incidents and miracles performed by the Master had taken place. They fished all night, so when the morning came they were about a hundred yards away from the shore. They had caught no fish. A man stood on the shore and said to them: "Have ye any meat?" When they said, "No," he said, "Cast the net on the right side of the ship." And they cast their net, and it was filled. John said to Peter: "It is the Lord," and Peter, with that impetuosity which marked him through his whole life, girded his coat about him, for he was *naked*, and then plunged into the sea, and walked to the shore to meet his Master.

He was *naked*. The Lord is not pleased with nakedness. I am sure you girls do not appreciate, you young people, and it may be not the older ones, that the nudity which

to be ours in every whit. We do not wish to share you even by sight with others.

Sisters, you yourselves, those whom you associate with and guide and direct, for the sake of your posterity and the youth of tomorrow, please resume the modesty that your mothers and your grandmothers had, and if you want to know what that was, talk to them somewhat about what you are doing now, and they will tell you. I say to you that unless we do get modesty back among the Latter-day Saints particularly, and in the world, that we are headed for a catastrophe.

NOW I hope, sisters, that you will pardon my blunt speaking. I have no desire but to help you to help yourselves and to help your posterity, for if they go as far beyond where the youth of today are as this youth have gone beyond the



PART OF WEST POCATELLO CHORUS WHICH FURNISHED MUSIC AT JUNE CONFERENCE. H. LEE FAWSON, CONDUCTOR.

the members of his apostles' quorum on two different occasions, one on the night of his resurrection, when all were present except Thomas, and he called later when all were present, including Thomas. Then, while he was seen here and there by individuals, and on one occasion by over five hundred at one time, he did not appear again to his apostles for some time. Then Peter, he who had been first attracted by the fact that the Lord had told him—he having fished all night without any success—to cast his net on the other side of the boat, which he did and found it filled with fish,—Peter said to some of his associates, Thomas Didymus, James, and John, the two sons of Zebedee, two other apostles, and Nathaniel: "I go fishing." They said, "We will go with you." The record states that immediately they went and got into their boat on the Sea of

your fashions now sanction and indeed call for, has its origin in those minds which seek so to clothe you that you may appeal to the baser passions of men, and if so clothed you shall be assaulted, take at least part of the blame to yourselves. I know the arguments that are made that go through your minds. "I cannot be a freak. Everybody else dresses this way. I must dress this way. I will be shunned; I will not be attractive; I will not be popular." And so on down the whole list of alleged reasons, but really excuses. I know all that, and unfortunately there is too much truth in it, but when the man comes who wants honorably to make you his wife, then, many chances to one, he will not wish you to display your person to others. That is the way we men feel about it, and about those whom we love. When you come to us, we wish you

place where their parents and their grandparents were, many will fall below the standards of the beasts who have one mate and cling to it.

This is a great organization. The Lord loves you. He will help you,—that I promise you with as much certainty as I can promise anything that I can actually hand to you. If you live righteously, he will do whatever you want him to do, that is for your good, and you never ought to ask the Lord for anything that you do not say: "Father, give this to me if it would be for my best good and in accordance with thy will." Then keep your minds open so that if you do not get what you ask for, you can understand the failure was because the Lord knew better than you. Go back to your work, you officers, filled with the enthusiasm which you are getting in this conference, with

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OSCAR A. KIRKHAM

A Leader of Youth



Oscar A. Kirkham receiving special honor at San Jose Region 12 Scout Executives' conference. The special tributes were the Indian headdress from a Scout executive of Region 12, and the etching from the National Boy Scout staff.

Inspirer of youth.
Builder of young manhood.
Recipient of honors from the Boy Scouts of America.
Valiant Church worker.
Distinguished alumnus of Brigham Young University.

THESE were the words said about Oscar A. Kirkham by President Howard S. McDonald on June 5, 1946, as he received the hood of honorary Master of Arts degree from Brigham Young University. Recently Brother Kirkham was honored by the national staff of the Boy Scouts of America—the Region Twelve executives and staff and scores of Scouts and Scouters for having completed thirty-five successful years of leadership with the Boy Scouts of America. During these years his position included the direct responsibility of promoting this organization within our Church. His great prestige in scouting has resulted from the fact that “he has magnified his calling” and made the job and its results much greater than the position he has filled.

Scouting is primarily a volunteer service. Approximately five hundred forty councils in the United States and Hawaii which serve more than two million boys are staffed by more than ninety-five percent non-paid workers. These five hundred forty councils are administered in twelve



regions by a regional Scout executive, his deputy, and assistants. In Region XII are Arizona, California, Nevada, Utah, and Hawaii. A half-time deputy executive has been assigned to Utah. This particular position is the official niche from which Oscar has reached out to serve the Church in scouting and the many other troops sponsored by other churches.

Oscar A. Kirkham has relinquished his official capacity as deputy Scout executive of Region Twelve, having reached the retirement age, and is devoting his full time to his work as a member of the First Council of the Seventy of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. “I am not going out but

going on in scouting,” were the words of Brother Kirkham.

SCOUTING in the age of Elder Kirkham has left its special marks and etchings. First of these marks on the scouting landscape is a registration of boys the like of which does not occur elsewhere in the land. On an index of the number of twelve-year-old boys in the communities, the six councils in the heart of the Mormon country show registration of three hundred forty-eight for Salt Lake, three hundred thirty-three for Ogden, three hundred thirty-one for Cache Valley, three hundred fourteen for Idaho Falls, two hundred thirty-six for Pocatello, and two hundred sixty-six for Zion Park, as compared with one hundred sixty-two for Region XII and ninety-seven for the United States and Hawaii combined.

Another mark is that sponsorship quota of Scout troops in the six councils named is the highest in America. There are more happy boys in scouting in the troops of

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B.Y.U. exercises where Oscar A. Kirkham received an honorary degree of master of arts for his leadership of youth, pictured with his wife, Ida Murdock Kirkham, and youngest daughter, Jane, a graduate at the same exercises. She received a bachelor of science degree.



THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

WHEN SCOUTS GO *Camping*

By S. Dilworth Young

OF THE FIRST COUNCIL OF THE SEVENTY

I FACED the summer of 1946 with considerable dismay because this year, for the first time in twenty-two years, I should not be out camping with the Scouts. No more should I hear the cliffs of the Grand Canyon echo with the shrill cries of adventurous youth; no more would the boys and I stand on the cirque on the other side of the range

hair on end; and a knuckle bring a five-inch spark from the end of a boy's nose, as it did fifteen years ago. These and a thousand other memories crowd upon me and brighten my sorrow. I don't mean that I shall not camp again—I shall. But I fear I shall never lead a group of Scouts camping again, which is a different thing!

to be a Mt. Everest, a Niagara, or a Bryce. It can be a waterfall, a gorge, a cirque, a long view, or an historic spot (if the history is vivid enough). On this page is a picture. Anyone can see it's a high cliff, almost straight up and down, bordering a river. It's hard to get to, even today, but sixty years ago a party of pioneers arrived at a point just below



They drove their wagons to the floor of the canyon down through that long, narrow crack just under the arrow.

—Photograph, courtesy of Mrs. Leland Redd

from the Kintla Lakes in Glacier Park, our pounding hearts echoing at each beat the awe we felt as we gazed into its mighty depths. Never again should we be curled up out of the wind behind the great boulders of the Wind River Peaks while trying to find our place in the scheme of things. No more would the great fish of the middle fork of the Salmon River be in danger from my rod; never again would Charles Petty and I cook a huckleberry pie on the Beckler River or swim in the hot bath at its head, nor would we chase the bears of Old Faithful out of our pack, as they tried to outwit us and take our grub. I'd like to experience with boys the thrill of standing on King's Peak in a thunder storm and have the static electricity stand our

Why did I camp? To build character in boys. What did I learn from it all? That character was built more in me than it ever was in any boy! I was the chief recipient, as is true of anyone who tries to help others. Now I would like to leave some of the results of my experience with the Scout leaders who hit the trail this year—and next year.

ON WHERE TO GO

PLAN to go where, at some place or other, the boys will let out an inward "oh-h-h" long and drawn out, as they come upon some scenic spectacle. This isn't the place the tourists haunt. You will not find the thrill of which I speak if you can drive to it in a car. It doesn't have

the arrow in the picture. President John Taylor had told them to settle the delta lands of the San Juan. They were trying to obey. They had oxen, cattle, wagons, women, children—and it was winter. They drove their wagons to the floor of the canyon down through that long, narrow crack just under the arrow. Impossible? Yes, impossible, but they did it! I would like to take my Scouts and make one last camp at that place. I would like to point to it and thrill them with new faith—as I show them what men did with old faith. I mean something like that when I say pick your place where the "oh-h-h" will be long-drawn and deep. And let it be far enough away and mysterious enough to spell adventure.

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DON'T BE A LOBSTER

By Marvin O. Ashton

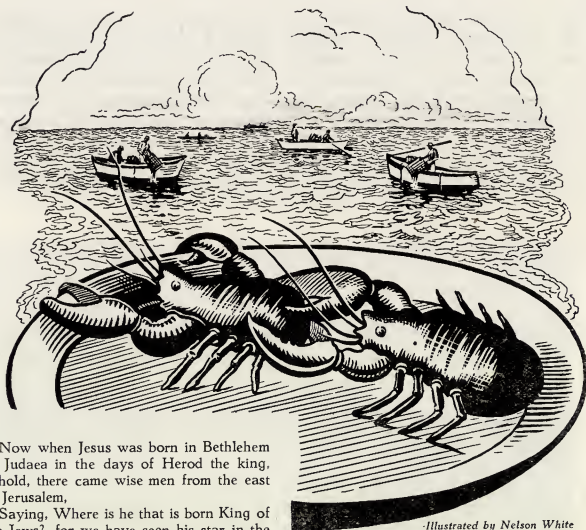
OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC

THE way the story goes, a Hawaiian was out fishing for lobster. He had caught a couple and had placed them in some sort of pan. The sidewalls of the pan were not very high. A stranger came up and remarked to the fisherman, "Why didn't you get a deeper pan in which to place those lobsters? When your back is turned, they'll crawl out." Then came the answer from the fisherman: "Friend, you just don't know lobsters. One lobster will never let the other get up higher than himself if he can help it. If one of those lobsters makes a move to get out or higher in the world, his fellow prisoner will always jerk him back."

When I heard that story I thought what a lesson there was in it. Do we as brothers, or as friends, through envy or jealousy, hold one another back? If one of us gets a little higher in the world than the other, do we instinctively want to pull him down or stop his progress? You know, jealousy is one of the worst things in the world. It does hurt us sometimes to see others progress.

They were having a school program. Every mother was there; each one proud or envious depending upon the importance of the roles her children were playing. A pompous little fellow came to the platform and with all the oratory of a Patrick Henry shouted to the skies: "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears." This display of eloquence was too much for an envious mother. She turned to her seat-mate and with her nose pointed upward proclaimed: "That's the Jones kid. He wouldn't be his mother's son if he wasn't trying to *borrow* something."

Two street sweepers were sitting on the street curb talking together. One of their profession had just passed to the great beyond. Speaking of their deceased friend, one street employee observed to the other, "Bill was a great street sweeper." "But," observed his companion sitting beside him, "didn't you think he was a little weak around the lamp-posts?"



Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,

Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. (Matthew 2:1-3.)

The king was troubled because he wanted no competition in his holding the scepter. The people with good cause were troubled because they knew well to what ends a Herod would go to remove this obstacle.

And this is only one black chapter in the thousands of stories of bloodshed in history—the result of jealousy and envy. Thousands of innocent babies were butchered like cattle in the streets because of the selfishness of one soul.

I ASK you, dear reader, are you free from this venom that has curdled the blood of the inhabitants of the world since history began? Are you pleased to rejoice at the accomplishments of your friends, or are you envious? When you hear of a relative or friend going places in the world, is there gladness in your soul or does the reptile of envy entwine around your throat and choke the virtue within you? Putting it frankly, are

you made happy or are you full of hate because another is up a little higher on the ladder than you?

Don't be a lobster. If your companion can get a little higher than you, don't pull him back.

Oh, jealousy,
Thou ugliest fiend of hell! Thy deadly
venom

Preys on my vitals, turns the healthful hue
Of my fresh cheek to haggard sallowness,
And drinks my spirit up.

—Hannah Moore

Nothing written tells plainer what jealousy will do than the story of Shakespeare's *Othello*.

You see to what length this poison will go, and to what depths a villain will go when this poison we are talking about gets him under its power. Yes, and to go a little further, how the whitest rose will be crushed in the calloused hands of jealousy. I am talking about beautiful Desdemona, the traitor Iago, and the champion of honor, the brave Moor Othello. Iago was jealous of his fellow officer, Cassio, because the latter had been ad-

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

— Transcendent ZION —

By ELIZABETH CANNON PORTER

ZION PARK, covering 94,888 acres in southwestern Utah, is comfortable, warm, and pleasant. It contains a good example of a deep, narrow, high-walled canyon easily reached. It is about as deep as it is wide, though in the Narrows its

called the plateau here Kolob, which means next to the throne of God. Feeling the heavenly atmosphere of the canyon they dubbed it Little Zion. It was also referred to as Joseph's Glory. Was this because Brother Joseph Black sang its



ONE OF THE THREE PATRIARCHS IN
ZION NATIONAL PARK

depth is two thousand feet and its width less than fifty feet.

Zion is Egyptian in the conformation of its rocks, dull red shades blending into slate. It suggests the countries of northern Africa: its cumbersomeness belongs to Moloch; its gayer glints to Solomon.

You enter on the floor and exclaim over the grandeur which towers above you. If you climb to the summit of Lady Mountain or Angel's Landing, you get a breath-taking long view of the canyon, light playing on its kaleidoscopic walls.

Early Latter-day Saint settlers

praises, or did they liken it to the coat of many colors of Jacob's son?

Most of the names reflect the awe that the glories of Zion inspire. There are an Old Man of the Mountain and a Mountain of Mystery. Brooding over the entire canyon, and seen from almost any angle, is the Great White Throne—unscalable, shadowy, inexplicable. The Altar of Sacrifice drips with carnelian. The Mountain of the Sun is yellow headed. There are Natural Bridges, a Spearhead, Castle Dome, Senti-

mental Peak, a Streaked Wall. The Three Patriarchs are hoary peaks in a row. Farther on, are Cathedral Mountain and the Great Organ.

The muddy, meandering river that carved the canyon bears the Indian name for "straight" — *Mukuntu-weap*. Although it has nine times the fall of the Colorado, the "world's digginist river," it is hard to realize that it carries one hundred eighty carloads of ground rock out of the park daily.

The road, entering between the Watchman and the West Temple of the Virgin, skirts the river for seven miles up the canyon and spreads out in the Temple of Sinawava, flanked by black obelisks. From this amphitheater you enter the Narrows where the great rock walls almost come together. From the bottom of the gorge, only a few feet wide at places, the stars may be seen in the daytime in the narrow strip of sky up above. In grassy alcoves beneath the tremendous walls, deer give birth to and nurture their young. The water may rise here forty feet in a few minutes. It is no place to be caught in a rainstorm.

Although Indians had a superstitious awe of Zion and avoided the place, cliff dwellings are found in a side canyon. Did harassed renegades seek sanctuary in this haunted place, or was it a hidden storehouse?

Zion has a refrigerator canyon, a weeping rock like a sponge, and myriad little waterfalls which, after a rain, plunge hundreds of feet down to form emerald pools. It has banks of wild flowers, hanging gardens, and elusive trails. Like a charming person it grows on you and becomes more interesting the better you know it.

GOLD

By Le Nore J. Parker

EACH season has its gold—

Spring: Buttercups and jonquils gay
And dandelions in array,
Like shuffling money in the grass.

Summer: Golden glows and fields of grain
Heavy-headed, speaking plain
Of faith that does all else surpass.

Autumn: Frost-touched trees and pumpkins,
there,
Triumphant still in fields made bare
By autumn winds that chill and blow.

Winter: This season of her gold is shy.
She hoards it in a sunset sky
And in a freilght's gentle glow!

Each season has its gold.

CRUISING ON THE GREAT

By Thomas J. Holland

CRUISING on Great Salt Lake is an exhilarating pleasure. Of course one has to watch out for occasional squalls and gales, but there is little danger with a good boat for you can run before a blow into the lee of some island. Members of the Great Salt Lake Yacht Club, no matter what the cruise, long or short, carry ten gallons of fresh water and some food, also signals and rockets, and all orders are strictly adhered to.

The Great Salt Lake has its moods, its ebbs and flows, its calms, its storms. During times of plentiful snow and rain in the mountains and streams, surplus waters flow through surface and subterranean channels and strata of the earth and finally find their way to the lake. During that period the lake is well filled, and its length then from north to south is nearly seventy-five miles, and its breadth fifty miles. But now, owing to drought, the lake has receded some twenty-five percent and has become more salty. It has no outlet, and evaporation is the cause of its shrinking.

Fifteen years ago, the Great Salt Lake Yacht Club had its first races over a triangular course. The weather was squally; three light sailing craft capsized; the crews were none the worse, however. Captain Edwin G. Brown, who was an authority on the Great Salt Lake, in all his more than fifty years' experience could recall very few serious accidents. He said: "It is impossible to sink: we can walk or pretend to walk with the water well below our arm pits, and lie on our backs and enjoy comfort as if we were on a feather bed. Its water is beneficial and enervating, but it is bad to drink it."

In the lake there is a small shrimp about half an inch in length. It appears mostly in August, and in large numbers. Several other small living things are found in America's "dead sea." The sea gulls come from the West Coast in March and return in September and October. All the sand in the lake is of round particles of calcareous material entirely unlike other sand.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

BEFORE his death in 1937, the late Captain Edwin G. Brown was perhaps the most experienced navigator on the Great Salt Lake, with many years of observation and experience on that unique body of water. Reared in the training and traditions of British seafaring men, he commanded a full-rigged ship when he was twenty-five years of age, and all this knowledge of the open sea he applied as need and opportunity arose to conditions on the heavy water of the Great Salt Lake, finally becoming the mentor of the Salt Lake Yacht Club, a group of amateur sailors, carefully selected from business and trade and professional circles—men who had little knowledge of navigation, but a great enthusiasm for learning the rules of the sea, and the mysteries of the mariners compass and nautical terminology, and the handling of craft under canvas, and the building and rigging of sailing craft. At the time of this cruise, the group herein described owned over forty craft on Great Salt Lake, more than fifteen under sail with many classes of motor boats, some of which were said to be capable of making fifty miles an hour, despite the heavy twenty-three percent salt solution of the lake.

SOME years ago with twelve boats we made a three-day cruise of the islands of Great Salt Lake. Getting our provisions aboard by nine p.m., we were ready to cast off from the boat dock at Saltair pavilion. The night was pitch dark. We were to lead the way across the lake to Stansbury Island, wind due north. Our course given by Captain Brown was west by south one-quarter south, distance twenty-three and one-half miles. Before casting off I said, "Captain, it's a pretty dark night to venture across this lake." He answered, "Friend Holland, fear never enters my mind. We have a good seaworthy boat, a compass, and a log." He then gave orders to haul aft the starboard foresheet, he holding on to the stern mooring line. As she paid off, he ordered, "Let go and haul."

We were off before a starboard beam wind. Dropping the log over the taffrail, it began immediately to register. All the way across he very seldom touched the tiller, but handled *Betty* with her sails. Running our distance down, we "hove-to" for soundings. Hauling in the log line we sailed slowly until we reached the beach at the very spot where we were to wait for the other boats. This was navigation and seamanship. I felt mighty proud to have this "old salt" as my commander.

We drew *Betty* up on shore as far as we could, then built a fire as a

signal. One by one the boats came in. They had followed our mast light all the way. After partaking of a good supper and a run on the sandy beach, we slept. At day break several men were up to watch the sunrise over the Wasatch Mountains. It was a most glorious sunrise, spreading out with what seemed to be hundreds of hues, a sight I shall never forget.

Spending the entire day on this bleak mountainous island, we passed hours looking for a grave, which a colorful and unconfirmed story says was made there over seventy years ago.

On the north end of this island there is a dirty surface well where some animals drink. In 1867, the lake was at its highest since modern records have been kept. This rise uprooted some dozens of cedar trees. A man and his son, named Smart, went over to get these trees to saw them into stove wood. Counting the rings, it was discovered that they were one hundred thirty years old. Sheepmen have driven their flocks over from Grantsville to this island. In our climb up to a high peak we had a view broadly extending over the surrounding country.

ON the second morning, after a swim in the grand, clear salt water, and a good breakfast, we set our canvas and were towed by motor boat to Carrington Island. It will be noted here that some of the islands in Great Salt Lake are named for

SALT LAKE

government officers, who, in the early days, explored them. This island is covered by thick brush. Here we counted fourteen sheep which had become wild through lack of attention. These animals have perhaps never drunk fresh water, but get the dew from the shrubs. There is a landing on the south end. Several went ashore, but seeing no attraction soon returned to their boats.

carion, dead fish, and guano, this island is by no means a paradise. There is not one drop of fresh water there.

After spending an hour at Bird Island, we again started out and made the Lucin Cutoff, where we were towed under. This is a bridge or span built by the Southern Pacific Railroad, on its run from Ogden to San Francisco. We now headed for

salty—indeed only brackish, no doubt owing to the Bear River and other fresh water streams flowing into the lake, and then the Lucin Cutoff damming it from the lower or south part of Great Salt Lake.

We now had lunch, and it was eaten by a group of hungry men. We rested awhile, then up anchor and away to explore the north end of the lake as far as Rozel. Here we found two oil derricks, abandoned, a barge, and small boat, high and dry. The weather looking squally, all sailing craft were taken in tow by the motor boats and headed for the gap. Our masts being twenty-eight feet, and owing to a dangerous current, we deemed it advisable to unship them. This was an order, the reason for which we discovered as we passed under the railway bridge. We then reshipped the masts and set our canvas for Fremont Island. Dropping anchor in a quiet bay while some of the lighter boats were beached, we stretched our legs with a run ashore, and visited the former home of the deceased Judge Wenner, which he built in 1882. Judge and Mrs. Wenner either leased or bought this island from the Central Pacific Railroad. They had come west from an eastern state for the judge's health. They lived here alone on this little island for some ten years, very seldom having visitors or leaving the island. They had a piano, violin, music, many books, chickens, a cow, and a sheep, and a good well of lithia water, as cold as ice even in the hottest weather. (We found the well had caved in.) When the judge died, his wife, alone on the isolated island, prepared the body, dug the grave, buried him, and preached the funeral sermon. We visited his last resting place, and placed some wild flowers on it.

WE took stock of our provisions and found that we had enough, but our supply of fresh water was low, hence it was decided to dispatch the two dinghys with ten empty five-gallon cans to the Brigham Young Ranch, situated on the east side of another island called Antelope Island or Buffalo. Captain Brown sketched on a chart the directions for the crews of these boats to find the water, and while it was a rather lonely route, about twenty-two miles, they would not have run into sand banks, weeds, or shoal water if they

(Concluded on page 532)



—Map made from author's sketch by Nelson White

We again heaved anchor and sailed towards Bird or Hat Island, landing on a sandy beach on the south end. Here we were met by thousands of cranes, pelicans, and sea gulls. Their screams and their boldness were enough to drive one into a state of nerves. And such a stench! For hundreds of years these birds have been coming and going there to hatch their young. For feed, they bring fish seventy-five miles from beyond Utah Lake. What from

Gunnison Island; here we ran into a landlocked bay. We had twelve boats in the cruise, and I doubt if such a fleet had ever visited this island before. A grand picture it would have made, but we had used all our films by this time—which we deplored. Here we found good anchorage and were well sheltered. The birds were numerous—pelicans, cranes, and sea gulls. We also found that the lake water was much less

SANCTUARY

By Elizabeth LeCount

THE first time I saw Aunt Martha was on an evening in the early 1900's when I was thrust at her through the doorway by my mother's irate maid, Ada. However tired Ada was of me, I was even more tired of her, of her threats, of her yanks, and her evil predictions of things to come. I was terrified of the unknown that waited for me behind the door with the colored lights, and instinctively I drew back the minute the door opened, but Ada seized my arm and pushed me inside.

"Oh, no, you don't—trying to run away," she said triumphantly, shoving me into the hallway.

"Come in, Felicity," said my aunt, putting out a hand to steady me, "I'm so glad you're here. Come in out of the night air."

It might have been in me, even then, to have given a suitable reply if Ada had not made her famous braying laugh of derision. "You won't be for long," she jeered. "She has tantrums. And besides," she added spitefully, "she bit me."

For the first time I stole a glance at my aunt. I expected incredulity, horror, and fury, for I was used to these reactions in adult people, but my aunt's face was perfectly calm. It was a beautiful face with frosty blue eyes under a fringe of white hair. The chin, however, was thrust out menacingly toward Ada.

"Why did she bite you?" she inquired unexpectedly.

Ada was so taken back at this question that her big mouth dropped open, and for a second or two she was unable to speak.

Apparently my aunt also saw her opportunity for she moved in like a queen, sweeping the pawns from the board. "I'm sure you must be very tired, Ada, and I know you have a long way to go. We will excuse you now. Felicity and I both bid you good night." With that she opened the door, waited a few moments, and then closed it firmly against my mother's maid and all she represented.

"Well, Felicity," my aunt's blue eyes twinkled down at me, and the tiny diamonds in her ears filled the

hall with a thousand dancing lights, "dinner is ready, and I'm sure you must be hungry. I'll show you where to put your things, and then afterward we can go up to your room."

She led me to the oak hatrack, a kindly wooden beast with a mirrored face and huge iron horns, and helped me off with my coat and hat. "Come out to the dining room after you have washed your hands," she said, indicating the lavatory.

When I pushed past the heavy green portieres and found Aunt Martha standing at the head of the table, I wondered where the other guests were, for it was a large board laid with a shining damask cloth and lighted by heavy silver candleabra.

"Your place will always be opposite me," she nodded toward the other chair at the foot of the table, and as I walked toward it I realized that the silver and the heavy cut glass bowl overflowing with Cecil Brunner roses were for me, aged ten. There were no other guests.

With a little silken rustle my aunt slipped into her chair, and I followed suit quickly. "We will take turns saying the blessing," she remarked, folding her hands upon the edge of the table. "I shall say it tonight, and tomorrow you may say it."

Paralyzed with horror I stared at Aunt Martha. Did she expect me to learn all that at one hearing? In an agony of concentration I listened, but the syllables eluded me. All that I could grasp, all that I could remember was the sound, the joyous sound of praise and thanksgiving.

Possibly I ate something, but I don't recall much about what happened after that. The tinkle of glassware and silver became fainter and fainter, and then I just gave up, drugged by apprehension and exhaustion. When I awoke, it was broad daylight, and the sun was streaming in the closed windows.

IN the kitchen I found my aunt swathed in a long checked apron, standing well away from the

sink where she was slicing oranges. "Good morning, Felicity," she said, smiling down into my sleepy face, "I thought I would let you sleep late this morning because you were so tired."

"Yes, ma'am," I agreed.

"You may choose whether you would like to set the table for me or dry the dishes after breakfast," Aunt Martha moved briskly to the oven and took out the corn bread.

The suggestion sounded suspiciously like a trick to make me do something I didn't want to do. I was familiar with all those adult wiles. The next thing would be threats, and after that there would be bribes.

"I won't do either," I retorted abruptly, backing away and leaning against the door.

My aunt didn't even look at me. She took a yellow dish from the cupboard and began breaking the hot corn bread onto it in great uneven squares.

"This is going to be your home for a long time, Felicity," she said quietly, "and if you anticipate being happy here, you will have to work at it. I am going to do my share, but if I did yours, too, I would be denying you a great privilege."

The words weren't too big for me, either. I got the full impact of them, and I knew right away what was wrong with my other home. Nobody had worked at it. My father had bought it and furnished it expensively. My mother, when she wasn't entertaining there, was berating the idle servants or telling me how disgraced she was to have such a child. Seeing that my aunt's back was still toward me, I slithered over to the table and began sorting the silver pieces I found on the checkered cloth.

Presently Aunt Martha came over and set the corn bread down on the table. "Well, that's good," she said, "you came out just even, didn't you. That extra spoon is for the honey. You may get it from the cooler. Take it out of the saucer of water and put the jar on a clean plate. I always keep it there because of the ants."

No day ever went faster than the first one in my new home. One by one, and with sinking heart, I went over all the blessings I had ever known. The mumbly ones I was too proud to recite, and the one which the children had sung in the school, "Be present at our table, Lord," had such unpleasant memories for me that I couldn't repeat it without shuddering.

Just in time the beautiful words of Coleridge came to my harassed brain. When I took my place at the table, I folded my sweaty hands together, screwed my eyes shut, and said in a slow, frightened voice:

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Down the length of the table I saw the diamonds in my aunt's earrings twinkling with a thousand lights. After a little silence she smiled at me through the forest of roses.

"That is one of my favorites, too," she remarked, and I realized, with a surge of joy, that the first bond of affection was sealed between us forever.

JUDGED by today's standards, my life in Aunt Martha's home was unusual. She never tried to find out what my allergies were nor what I disliked. She had her rules of behavior, and she expected me to live up to them.

For instance, her rule about wearing three petticoats gave rise to the first and only tantrum I had in her home, and it occurred after I argued that times had changed, and everyone had on fewer clothes.

This kind of talk was, alas, the influence of my new school chum, Amy Fairchild, whose mother was being swayed by the modern trends, and who, it was rumored, permitted her eldest daughter, Eleanor, to wear one of those knitted bathing suits when she went into the ocean at Long Beach. Amy told me all about Eleanor the first week I knew her, especially about her beau, Harry, who worked in the bank, but who really wanted to draw pictures of houses. If Eleanor liked him to draw pictures, I did too, but in the early

1900's it was far better, in the eyes of parents, to do something more substantial than draw pictures.

But my mind wasn't on Eleanor's problems. It was on my own. Seeing the adamant look come into Aunt Martha's face when I suggested that I leave the petticoats on the floor, I threw myself onto the carpet screaming, and banging my head against the brass footrail of the bed. Eventually, however, I had to put my head out of the froth of petticoats and take a breath of air.

Aunt Martha was looking past me out the window.

"I can't abide this way of acting," she said in a low voice, "so I am going to the woods. You will find me there if you care to." Unhooking her parasol from the handle of the door, she turned and went out, and presently I heard her close the front door and go down the steps.

Frantically I pushed aside the curtains to see which direction she had taken. Where were the woods in Pasadena? The only forest I was familiar with was the little Red Riding Hood variety, and there, to my horror, was the only person I cared anything about, marching off into its blackness.

With lightning speed I retrieved the petticoats, put them on, chased downstairs to stuff some sandwiches in a paper sack (no telling how long

Aunt Martha intended to remain in the woods), and tore down the street in the direction I had seen her take.

To my surprise, she was walking leisurely past the library, followed doggedly by Harry, Eleanor's beau. My aunt had apprehended him whacking the heads off the zinnias in the parking of the library, and she had indignantly accused him of having no sense of beauty. His shame was so great that he could not speak. He fell in, ten paces behind her, waiting until he could make a suitable explanation, and I, in turn, fell in ten paces behind Harry, grateful that he was the scapegoat. In this formation we proceeded across Walnut Street and eventually came to rest on a bench under the camphor trees near the railroad tracks.

Harry began right away. "I am Harold Davidson—"

"He is in love with Eleanor," I put in helpfully.

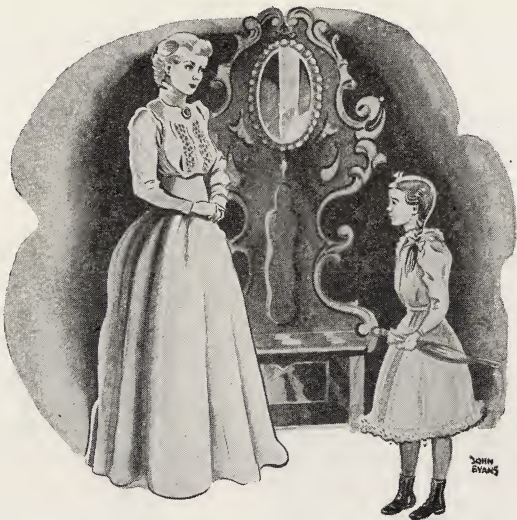
"I know who you are," Aunt Martha replied, disregarding his crimson face. "What I don't know is why you think Eleanor should have faith in you when you have none in yourself."

"I do," he protested hotly. Then he relaxed and said dejectedly, "I've got to get to the World's Fair."

"Well?"

"Dad said he would give me the

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"YE SHALL NOT FEAR"

By Howard S. Bennion

PRESIDENT OF NEW YORK STATE

IN financial and governmental circles one hears and reads of the possibilities of runaway inflation which might wipe out all earnings and, for a time, disrupt the affairs of the people of this nation. The national debt has reached a staggering total, and the people are demanding less taxes and still more appropriations. Each person hopes that the huge national debt will not produce a financial upheaval, at least not in his lifetime, but there is an undercurrent of uneasiness and apprehension which could easily break into widespread panic and despair in the event of much further unfavorable financial and economic developments. Are we as a people reasonably prepared for such an eventuality? I believe we are.

No financial debacle at any time, however widespread or violent its effects, will cause the heart of the true Latter-day Saint to fail him nor will he waste his time and energies in giving way to despair because of such happenings. He is forewarned, and he is sustained by spiritual and material means to serve him under all conditions of need. Of course, a national financial holocaust would thoroughly upset the living arrangements and employment of nearly everyone in this country; but upsets are not overpowering to those who are prepared.

Let us suppose for a moment that a national financial upheaval of great economic consequence were on its way here and would transpire some years from now. What are the bulwarks to give courage and mental stability to a member of the Church against so great a disaster? What are long range measures he can now be taking to ameliorate its effects upon himself and his loved ones? I will name five safeguards against being overwhelmed in such an event; safeguards that can be built up and strengthened by the individual and collective efforts of the members. These are: one, assured reliance on the arm of the Lord; two, assurance of one's own strength and capabilities; three, assurance of the capabili-

ties and love of his family; four, assurance of the help of his Church organizations and his fellow members; and, five, the possession of simple and frugal habits and living requirements.

RELiance ON THE ARM OF THE LORD

THOSE who have faithfully kept the commandments of the Lord, have often tested his promises and have experienced his help, cannot be engulfed in despair by worldly difficulties however menacing, for their faith is firm, and the recorded promises to them are sure. Their own experiences in life, the history of the Latter-day Saint people, and the history recorded in the scriptures of the dealings of God with his people in every dispensation gives assurance of adequate help when they may be faced with starvation, disease, or calamity in any form. Those who have not faithfully kept the commandments cannot possess this firm assurance because the Lord has said they have no promise. Hence they must rely solely on his mercy for succor. The faithful Latter-day Saints, confronted with extraordinary need, will ask in faith as usual and will know that they will receive according to their needs and according to a wisdom greater than their own, and hence they will be calm

and undaunted in spite of great difficulties. Of course, they will not supinely sit in the midst of confusion and wait for the Lord to straighten out the mess for them. Under the guidance of their leaders they will proceed at once to use their God-given intelligence and all their strength and capabilities to improve their own and the general situation; and they will ask the Lord to guide and bless and prosper their strong efforts.

ONE'S OWN STRENGTH AND CAPABILITIES

A FINANCIAL HOLOCAUST may strip one of his life's savings. In the German inflation of the 1920's even home owners lost their property as an outcome of last minute capital levies imposed by the national government desperately trying to check the inflation. But such an upset cannot take away from a man his abilities for doing work. We Latter-day Saints should know how to work with our hands as well as with our heads. We should have more than one string to our bow. This is an age of specialization. Many of us are highly specialized, and in the event of a financial disaster, there might be no demand for our particular specialty. One of my counselors is a research scientist, but he is also a good carpenter. Another of our leaders is a lawyer, but he is also a cabinetmaker. Many of our professional men have skilled hands. Most of us know how to make a garden produce real food and how to preserve the food.

Ability to work depends not only on knowledge and training, but on health and strength. In a time of national distress, health is a vital asset, yet health depends largely on the lifelong exercise of wisdom and care. Many of the ills we suffer had their cause in improper eating or injuries that occurred ten to fifty years before we felt the effects. If we come to this earth with an allotted seventy years, we should use our knowledge and restraint to assure the fact that we will be able to work usefully all our days and not spend the last twenty of the allotment as a debilitated person. The lesson must be learned and applied young.

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—Illustration by Fielding K. Smith

ONE of the most interesting moments in the life of an M.I.A. leader is when he turns to the manual prepared for his particular use and, reading through it visualizes the vast opportunities for the coming season. This year the M.I.A. officers and teachers are fortunate to have available for summer reading and preparation all of their manuals for 1946-47 courses of study, suggested activity programs, the tools to serve as a basis for the best Mutuals yet.

The Manual for Executives and Community Activity Committees is a complete handbook for all ward and stake executives. One of its most helpful sections is the week-by-week chart of the season. This shows the events for the entire Mutual each week and also the chapters from the courses of study and the activities for each department. With its help, an executive can see the entire year's program, and every M.I.A. night he can tell what each department should be studying. Such long-range planning as this affords will eliminate much of the worry and extra work entailed by a too hurried programing of activities.

The Manual for Community Activity Committees is the second half of the *Executive Manual* and is bound separately for cultural arts directors. Within it are the six weeks courses in drama, music, and speech for the thirty-minute cultural arts classes, and also an explanation for the dancing program for 1946-47. A chart of the recreational events in M.I.A. and the program of the cultural arts courses is included. Since next season the centennial will hold everyone's attention, a section on pioneer costumes has been added.

The Special Interest Group Handbook is doubly attractive this year with its outstanding cover showing a stalwart pioneer with his wife, and its complete suggestions for this age group. Eight "thought-provoking, timely, informative subjects for study" during the coming year are suggested. Complete outlines of lessons are included for most of the study courses so that classes may enjoy their lessons with the use of this handbook and supplementary texts, such as the Bible and the Book of Mormon.

The M Men and Gleaner Manual discusses all of the activities of the joint departments—such as dances, banquets, and firesides, and all separate M Men and Gleaner material. The course is *God's Chosen People* by Dr. Milton R. Hunter of the First Council of the Seventy. In it, he tells of those people who since the beginning of time have chosen to live God's commandments.

New Tools for M.I.A.

By

HELENA W. LARSON
GENERAL SECRETARY, Y.W.M.I.A.

Special stress is placed on our Mormon pioneer history and its significance in the lives of our young people today. The author says:

The chapters tell the story of how God throughout the entire course of human history has had a deep concern for his children, the inhabitants of the earth, endeavoring to guide them along the paths which bring eternal happiness to individuals as well as peace and joy to cities and nations.

The Senior Scout Guide Number Four contains enrichment material for the Senior Scout program from our Church viewpoint. Helpful information is given on coordinating the national Scout program with the M.I.A. Bryant S. Hinckley has written eight discussions on "The Life of a Senior Scout and His Religion." The author states that the topics are

... intended to help the young man of senior scouting properly orient his attitudes and life objectives in accordance with the

spirit and doctrine of the gospel of the Master. They are practical in nature and related to questions every Latter-day Saint young man must find an answer to early in life.

The Junior Girls Manual brings back again one of the most popular courses ever presented, *Happiness Ahead*, by William E. Berrett, wherein are discussed the principles of the gospel and their relationship to the happiness of these girls. Equally popular will be the new course, *Some Day You Will Marry*, with such intriguing chapter headings as "Star Dust and Solid Earth," "Increasing Your Assets," and "To Live Happily Ever After." They were written by Mrs. Angelyn W. Wadley, former director of home economics education for secondary schools in Utah. The book also contains suggested activities for the class, a week-by-week chart, and an unusually helpful section, "Suggestions on Leadership."

The Supplement to Scouting in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints coordinates the national Scout program with our M.I.A. A week-by-week activity calendar is included which will enable scoutmasters to get the most out of each program. An interesting new feature is a chapter prepared by J. Spencer Cornwall on "The Singing Voice of the Boy," and to supplement it are some Scout centennial songs.

The Bee Keepers' Handbook contains all of the lessons needed for the three years of Bee Hive work as well as their activities, songs, requirements for awards, etc. In addition, this year a *Supplement* has been prepared which brings Bee Hive up to date with the current M.I.A. theme, reading course, and cultural arts program. It also programs in detail the 1947 centennial swarm day and the standard pattern for award night.

(Concluded on page 520)



—Photograph by Hal Rameil

A Forty-five Year Mission in



Top row, left to right: J. Grant, B.S., B.Y.U. Vida Wentz, M.D., University of Chicago, B.S., B.Y.U.; also attended Iowa State University. Practicing pediatrician and special lecturer at University of Chicago and Northwestern University. Naomi Johnson (deceased), B.S., B.Y.U.; also attended Northwestern University. Leah Jacob, B.S., B.Y.U. Margaret Wentz, B.S., B.Y.U.; also attended U.S.A.C. and University of Oregon. Now head of the home economics department at Dixie College. Dee A., M.S., University of Illinois; B.S. degree from U.S.A.C.; also attended B.Y.U. Professor at U.S.A.C.

Second row: Mary Astrig, B.S., B.Y.U. Mima Hicken, B.S., B.Y.U. Emer E., B.S., U.S.A.C.; also attended B.Y.U. (Released from U.S. Navy as lieutenant (j.g.) in March 1946.) Harvey M., B.S., University of Minnesota; also attended B.Y.U. (Released from U.S. Navy as a lieutenant (j.g.) in December 1945.) Sara M. Paulson, B.S., University of Utah; also attended University of Minnesota and L.D.S. Business College. Helen Jonsson, B.S., University of Utah; graduated from L.D.S. Business College.

WHEN Oliver Wendell Holmes stated that if one wished to improve the race, one must begin with the grandmother, he did not realize that the suggestion would be independently worked out by David A. and Mina Murdock Broadbent. Before they were married in the Manti Temple, May 1, 1901, each had made a careful study of the other's family and had felt that it would be good to combine their heritage. The Broadbents both came from families which boasted eleven children: seven girls and four boys in one, and seven boys and four girls in the other. Their married life bears out the truth of the value of prepared parenthood as opposed to artificial doctrine that is ruining the human race in broken homes and sensual association with childless homes and race suicide.

Exemplifying the tenet that parenthood is cardinal a sacred mission of service, the Broadbents have lived to enjoy the fruition of their plans and ideals. In the five and two score years of their marriage they have reared to adulthood eight daughters and four sons. Two other daughters died in infancy. Realizing that their obligation as parents did not end with providing

their children the physical necessities of life, they have been highly successful in inculcating into their children's lives the aspiration and ideal of service and development.

All twelve of the children have been graduated from college. Their alma maters include Brigham Young University, the University of Utah, the Utah State Agricultural College, Iowa State College, the University of Minnesota, the University of Chicago, Northwestern University, and the University of Illinois.

Unwilling to let their scholastic achievements outreach their spiritual attainments, the family have twelve missions for the Church to their credit, including President Broadbent's first mission in 1898-1900 to the Southern States Mission. Nine of these missions were abroad, and three have been long term missions in the Salt Lake and St. George temples. A total of thirty-four years in missionary service have been given by this family to the Church.

All twelve of the children were baptized on their eighth birthdays. On this day, each child had given to him an account book in which he would keep a record of all his receipts and disbursements. This simple project has served to train the

family in thrift and industry as well as to teach them a full observance of the law of tithing.

The twelve sons and daughters have all been married in the temple with "the conviction that temple marriage is the only perfect and complete marriage." Every member of the family is active in Church and civic service.

In addition to rearing their large family with its many time-consuming problems on the modest income of a professional schoolteacher, President and Sister Broadbent have given unstintingly of their time in Church and community service in addition to the full-time missions. There was as great an amount of community service by each of them as for the Church.

Sister Broadbent became president of a ward Relief Society two years after their marriage, and since that time she has served continuously in ward, stake, mission, and temple executive positions.

PRESIDENT BROADBENT has devoted more than fifty years in service to the Church in various positions since he was sustained as president of his teachers' quorum. He has served in many positions in the aux-

PREPARED PARENTHOOD

AN INTERVIEW WITH *David A. and
Mima Murdock Broadbent*

iliary and priesthood organizations. He served as bishop's counselor of the Heber Second Ward for twelve years. He became stake clerk of the Wasatch Stake and advanced to second counselor, first coun-



MIMA MURDOCK BROADBENT

selor, and on March 11, 1928, was sustained as president of the stake in which position he served for nine years. He was appointed president of the North Central States Mission in May 1937 and presided over that mission for three and a half years. Upon his release in 1940 he became a counselor to President Stephen L. Chipman in the Salt Lake Temple presidency, serving three and a half years.

"Shortly after our marriage on May 1, 1901, in the Manti Temple," notes President Broadbent, "we prayerfully planned the following objectives for our family. First, we would welcome and prayerfully prepare for the coming of every child; second, we would have each child baptized on his eighth birthday, and we would give him an account book for his individual record of all receipts and disbursements chiefly for the purpose of training him in thrift and industry, and so that he would fully observe the law of tithing; third, we would keep each

child busy in all home and farm duties according to his age and train him for full participation in all Church and civic activities, and to keep before him the best in Church and other literature; fourth, we would assist each child to secure a college education if he was academically inclined, or if not, assist him in vocational training so that he could earn a living and be financially independent of government or Church relief; fifth, we would strive to have



DAVID A. BROADBENT

all the boys fill missions for the Church, and we would encourage and assist all the girls who might be called to serve as missionaries; and, sixth, we would endeavor to instill in every child a desire to be married in the temple."

FORTY-FIVE YEARS have now passed since their program was planned. Forty-five years of labor and love have gone into the accomplishment of their ideals. Now, their aspirations have been realized.

"Many of our neighbors, who have had double the income and half the number of children, have wondered, 'Where is their pot of gold? We have not been able to send our children on missions or to college. How do they do it?' The answer is

plain," says President Broadbent. "Where there is no vision, the family perishes. Get an aim. Formulate a plan, and then work your plan cooperatively. We have often wished that our income might have been double what it was, but today, we say, unreservedly, 'Thank God we have never been cursed with either poverty or with riches.' Each one has been privileged to exert and to assert his full power in bringing out the native talents and abilities God has blessed him with."

Emigrants Establish Winter Quarters in Fort Pueblo

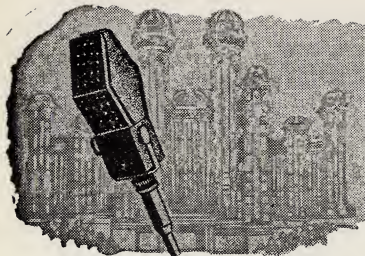
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tory about the movements of the Church from the leaders themselves. They planted garden crops and traded their labor for corn which was worth three dollars a bushel.

On September 1, William Crosby, John Brown, John D. Holladay, George W. Bankhead, and Daniel Thomas left Fort Pueblo for the East to bring west their families which they had left in Mississippi that spring. Near the Pawnee Fork of the Arkansas River they met Elders John D. Lee and Howard Egan who were traveling westward to overtake the Mormon Battalion. From these brethren the Crosby company received the first reliable information of the Church, and that the westward march had been delayed a year because of the call for the Battalion.

Eighty-six men of the Mormon Battalion were invalidated at Santa Fe, New Mexico, and sent north with the wives of the men of the Mormon Battalion who had been allowed to start the march. This group, under Captain Brown and Lieutenant Luddington, arrived at Fort Pueblo November 17, and went into winter quarters. Captain Higgins had preceded them to that point.

These Mississippi-Illinois Saints and the invalided members of the Mormon Battalion joined in the westward march the following year and were one of the first groups to enter the Salt Lake valley.



The Spoken Word

By RICHARD L. EVANS

Division Among Parents and Confusion Among Children

THE question of authority and of unity in the home is always before us. When there is conflict and confusion at home, it is disheartening and discouraging to parents and children alike. Where such conflict and confusion do exist, there may be many reasons for it, among those more frequently named being the restlessness of war, the impact of so-called modern thinking, the complexity and rush of life, and many other causes, all of which must assume their share of the blame for a weakening of the ways of discipline and a relaxing of respect for authority. But there is yet another provocative reason that should be frankly faced, and that is this: Sometimes children are not in harmony with the home, because the home is not in harmony with itself. Sometimes parents are not of one mind or of one purpose. For example, when father is in a lenient mood, mother may be disposed to be strict—or vice versa; and, being alert to such situations, frequently children strategically shop between them, choosing their time and their purpose. Often these differences among parents are superficial and temporary—merely a matter of passing mood. But frequently there are basic differences of beliefs and principles, of ideals and objectives. Sometimes father would like to see Johnny grow up one way, and mother would like to see him grow up in another way. And, sensing the conflict, Johnny either takes advantage of it or is confused by it. It is tragically confusing to children to be placed in the position of being pulled between two parents, in small matters or in large ones. In young and old, much of unrest, much of instability, and much of contradiction in conduct can no doubt be traced to situations where standards and objectives were in doubt, or where principles were a matter of contention rather than of solid conviction. It is difficult enough to rear children to respect authority and to adhere to principles when parents are united, but it is desperately difficult when they are divided. And those young people who plan to take up life together, those who plan making a home and rearing a family, would do well to face these facts with respect to each other, before it is too late, for it is unfair to ask a child to make his choice between two different sets of rules, both imposed by equal authority, or between two people, to both of whom he

is by blood and love and honor bound. When there is division among parents, there is confusion among children.

—June 9, 1946.

Concerning Consequences

IT is about that time again when another school year is left behind, and countless students face the record of their own past efforts, to be graded, and graduated or failed, accordingly. Sometimes, when our performance has not been our best, we may hopefully suppose that the record could be forever closed. But there come times when we want to go to higher activities, when we need credentials to qualify for further opportunities, when we need a transcript of credits—and then the books are opened: there stands the record, and we are faced with the consequences of our own doing, for better or for worse. If such consequences were always obvious and immediate, most of us would take our daily performance more seriously. But some of the premiums and penalties for what we do or don't do are not always immediately apparent. Justice and judgment are often seemingly delayed, are sometimes slow and subtle, and the false assumption that anyone is cheating and getting away with it is actually merely a process of piling up accounts to be paid with certainty at some future time. It doesn't matter whether it is cash or credit, if the sale has been made, the charge is there. Sometimes we ignore the factors of health, and because we feel no immediate permanent effect from some indulgence or some bad habit, we may think we have "gotten away with it." We may think, because we are not spanked at the moment of our misdeeds, that the spanking has been forgotten. But it hasn't. Nature and God and conscience and the record of our lives are inexorable in remembrance, and deliver the consequences in their own time and in their own way, for "there is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven . . . upon which all blessings are predicated—and when we obtain any blessing . . . it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated." (D. & C. 130:20, 21.) This is no mere threat—and it is certainly no more a threat than it is a promise. It is merely the statement of an unfailing truth which we and our children would do well to learn for our happiness and salvation—and the sooner we learn it the greater are our chances for both, for every act of our lives has its consequences, desirable or otherwise.

—June 2, 1946.

from Temple Square

Appraisal of Success

THERE are many in life who seem to discover a formula for success, according to their own time and circumstances. Some find it earlier, and some later—and in many different ways, some seemingly with little effort, and some at great cost. When success, so-called, is earned, we cannot help admiring the achievement of those to whom it comes—those who by determination and against difficulties accomplish what more timid men would hesitate to begin or, having begun, would faint or fail. But, like many desirable things in life, there can be too much, even of what we sometimes call success—especially if it comes too early or too easily—and especially if it outruns humility. Indeed, there are those who become so accustomed to success, that their confidence may outstrip their judgment. Tragically also, when a man becomes too self-assured in success, he may sometimes fall into the common error of supposing that he is self-made. But no man achieves success alone. The best of artists must have an audience—and a teacher. The best of doctors must have those to whom they minister, and must have also the experience and knowledge and tools of those who have preceded them. And there can be no leader without followers. And for life itself, for nurturing care given us in infancy, and for the accumulated knowledge of the ages, including our material and spiritual heritage, we can scarcely take credit unto ourselves. Of those who would do so it is written: "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him." (Proverbs 26:12.) "And in nothing doth man offend God, or against none is his wrath kindled, save those who confess not his hand in all things..." (D. & C. 59:21.) In short, success in life may easily turn sour, unless it is kept sweet by the proper mixture of humility, sincerity, and gratitude, for no man is successful alone.

—June 16, 1946.

ideal conditions, but so-called ideal conditions rarely come. If the men who have most enriched the world had waited for ideal conditions before beginning their work, we should have had few inventions, few masterworks, few discoveries. Men have written and painted, thought and planned, worked and searched, often in poverty, sometimes in illness, frequently in unsympathetic surroundings—and against hunger, against discouragement, against misunderstanding. There rarely comes a time in the life of any man when all difficulty, all distraction, and all annoyance are removed. And there rarely comes a time in the life of any of us when we cannot find some plausible excuse for not doing something we could or should be doing. Often people who intend to be generous wait until they are better able to be generous. But it is surprising how their obligations keep pace with their income. Often people who intend to write spend a good deal of time sharpening pencils and clearing desks, waiting for peace and quiet, waiting for an uninterrupted day, waiting for the mood to move—and for many other things which are ideally desirable, but which seldom come all at once. We often wait for more opportune times to set right in our lives some of the more personal things that need setting right. We wait for convenience, for pride to soften; we wait until we think our habits and our appetites will be less demanding, or until our determination to overcome them will be greater, and so the hours pass, the days pass, the years pass, as does life itself, finding us still nursing our intentions. "... therefore," it is written, "I beseech of you that ye do not procrastinate the day of your repentance. . . ." (Alma 34:33.) "... if ye believe me, ye will labor while it is called to-day," (D. & C. 64:25) for the postponement, the putting off, that always waits for supposedly better times and circumstances—that always waits for ideal conditions—is the postponement that steals away life itself.

—June 23, 1946.

(Continued on page 532)

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On Waiting for Ideal Conditions

IT is universally true that we intend doing many things we never get around to doing. There may be many reasons for this. Sometimes we underestimate our capacity and hesitate to begin; sometimes we overestimate it and clutter our lives with more commitments than we could possibly carry through in all the years that are ours. Sometimes we sit and wait for supposedly



Where Our SOLDIERS Worshipped

By GLENN P. HOLMAN
CAPTAIN, U.S. ARMED FORCES



A BASE HOSPITAL CHAPEL SOMEWHERE IN ICELAND

WHEN the grim shadow of World War II fell over the United States, the young men of the nation marched away to war. Leaving their homes and friends, they responded to their country's need of them. They took with them the religion which they had learned at home, and in church. They soon found that under the far different circumstances of military life, they needed more than ever the faith in which they had been reared.

Of course, they could not carry the "little church at home" with them. They missed its warm, friendly atmosphere. At first, the dignified, slant-roofed chapels at the army post seemed strange. The government had erected more than five hundred of these comfortable little chapels throughout the country. It supplied them hymnbooks containing America's best-loved hymns, staffed them with chaplains from the major religious bodies of the country, and then invited the soldiers to worship. The men came, and soon they realized that God was there, too, as he had been in their local church.

Then, one dark day, the soldiers

received their orders to go overseas. With sadness tinged with excited anticipation, they prepared to leave for unknown shores. Late at night, they loaded on the ships, at some port of embarkation. Silently, the great ships headed out to sea, under total black-out. And the churches followed these men. Every major ship carried its transport chaplain. Frequently, during the long, dangerous crossing, the men were invited to attend religious services. Seated on the deck, they sang to the accompaniment of a field organ. Then the

chaplain spoke to them briefly, recalling to their minds the basic foundations of their faith. They listened with earnest hearts to his message.

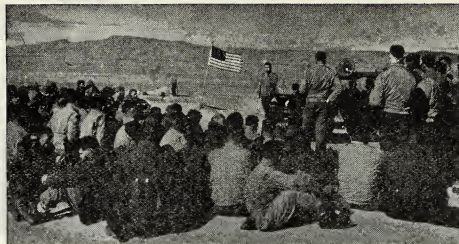
At last they landed—and no matter where they were, the representatives of the churches were with them. The army's eight thousand chaplains were strategically distributed to serve each unit in the army. During the awful battle of Guadalcanal, chaplains were with the men at all times. After the conquest of the island, the soldiers worshipped in a

(Continued on page 522)

CHURCH SERVICES
HELD AT A DEPOT
WHICH THE
ENGINEER AVIATION
BATTALION
IN ENGLAND
BUILT



Left: Captain Lloyd F. Langford conducting outdoor church services for men of an infantry company in North Africa. Right: Chapel at Guadalcanal cemetery.





Poetry

SUMMER'S END

By Mabel Jones Gabbott

THERE is a whisper through the maple trees,
A child-like voice, the soft September wind;
It ticks the listlessness of August heat;
It rustles, sighs—the sound of summer's end.
It blows away the past month's pressed fatigue;

It quickens pulses, frayed with foolish fears;
It laughs a little, gay, caressingly,
And somehow puffs away the piled-up years.

Then, swift and sure the memories return:
Of going back to school with lagging step,
Of football games, and corn roasts, harvest moons,
And of a yellow oak leaf pressed and kept.

So summer slips away on autumn's breeze,
As sweet September whispers through the trees.

HAYCOCKS IN THE MOONLIGHT

By E. V. Griffith

THE dusk seeped softly in. The molten sun
Had, half an hour ago, slipped down the hill.
The murmuring pine trees watched the small boy run

Out through the gate along the path until
He reached the sleeping field where all day long
He'd shocked the hay. He caught the lovely smell

Of blackening heads of clover, felt the strong
Breeze grow as soft as fur. He could not tell
Just why, but when the white moon bloomed and hung

Like some great flower in the amazing night,
A lump caught in his throat. Sheer beauty stung

His youthful heart. The shimmering silver light
Fell on the slumbering cocks of hay, and stirred

His very soul, and held him silent there.
His lifting mind soared upward like a bird
And hung suspended in the moon-drenched air.

When he stole softly back to where the place

Called home was waiting for him, none could see

That he had looked sheer beauty in the face
And had grown up. He knew that he could be

A something great. He had known beauty's sting,

Not present in the glowering sun at noon.
Maybe . . . perhaps he could make lovely things

Like sleeping haycocks silvered by the moon.

THEIR ADVANTAGE

By Lucretia Penny

WE moderns use the dictaphone.
The ancients chanted words on stone.
We're more at ease when we dictate
But not so sure our words have weight.

AUGUST 1946

NIGHT STORM

by Pauline Tyson Stephens

STERN Mrs. Storm, with a black-cold broom,
Is sweeping the darkened sky.
She screams and cracks her lightning whip
To light her path full-high,
And clutching the wind, she rams our door
Through many a fearful hour,
Until exhausted at last she lies,
Stripped of her strength and power.

YOUR WORDS

By Elaine V. Emans

KNOWING the potency of words, and some
Of their deep colorings, and shadings,
too,

And that a few are like old rocks, become
Smooth under water, and that some are new,
And others jagged, knowing that the sound
Of words can vary from a clap of thunder
To bordering of silence,—having found
Some words are feathery-light and gay,
while under

Yet others, hearts are weighted down in-
deed,
And having heard their music and their moan,

I find more lovely comfort than I need
Or can take in at once, hearing your own:
"All we have shared is precious to me well
Beyond the power of any words to tell."

MEADOW TREASURE

By Bertha R. Hudelson

WASIT HIGH, the rippling meadow grass,
Caressed by slanting rain and sun,
Conceals a treasure, heaven-sent;
A nest—with new life just begun.

These living sparks fulfil a plan—
O storms, be kind! Harm, pass them by—
For here God's thought is born: frail larks
To fling bright songs against the sky!

CHOICE

By Grace M. Candland

HOW wise and fair was that great plan
evolved

In counsel when the earth in form was void;
When man of his own will and choice re-
solved

To come to earth forgetting all his past but
buoyed

With that eternal promise of return
Unto his Father's house. The journey's end
Uncertain, and from good and evil learn
Which one was best to fall or to ascend

The star of light that leads him on and on
To whence he came experienced and wise
And pure of heart, and ready now to don
The robes of his reward in paradise.

No suffering for the sins by others sown
But just and certain reaping of his own.

WHEN DISAPPOINTMENTS COME

By Edwin T. Reed

"There is nothing so great . . . in this life
... as to do right."—Heber J. Grant.

How best to fortify the soul
When disappointments come,
To play a self-respecting role
And keep resentments dumb—
Our patriarchs have shown the way,
As clear and plain as light:
Consult your conscience day by day
And do the thing that's right.

Though fortune strip you of your wealth,
And those you loved are lost;
Though toil may seem a foe to health,
And life, not worth the cost;
One sanctuary greets you still
To save your soul from blight,
A beacon on a heaven-kissed hill:
You have been doing right.

A higher power enfolds your heart,
Gives hope and faith release,
Against assailants takes your part
And brings your spirit peace.
A deep conviction fortified
The Savior's martyrdom;
Do right and in his truth abide
When disappointments come.

ANCESTRAL HOME

By Lalia Mitchell Thornton

HE built a house wherein to dwell,
That ancestor of mine;
And there was strength in every beam
And grace in every line.
He roofed it in, with little thought
Of all the days to come,
And yet with patient care he wrought
Each mortise firm and plumb.
Now fourth in line I hold the deed,
Unworthy though I be,
And with the house I take the creed
That he bequeathed to me.

EMPIRE BUILDER

By Milo C. Wiltbank

OLD wagon wheel, you've had your day;
A changing world put you away,
The noisy monsters of power and steel,
Have taken your place, old wagon wheel.

Oh, lie you there, all wrapped with wire,
With rotting fellics and rusting tire,
Your spokes all wrapped with old rawhide,
Your axle grease all caked and dried.

Just wood and metal, without a soul,
All you knew was to squeak and roll.
Oh, iron-bound wheel, so big and round,
Your only voice, a squeaking sound.

You blazed the trails; you marked the way
O'er mountain slope and sand and clay;
Your fame and glory, no one can steal;
You built the west, old wagon wheel.



The Church Moves On

Pueblo Monument

PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH journeyed to Pueblo, Colorado, for the unveiling on July 11, of an imposing monument commemorating the founding of Pueblo in August 1846, by a company of Mormon emigrants from Mississippi and Illinois. He continued to Independence, Missouri, and Omaha, Nebraska, and then started west over the "Old Mormon Trail," arriving in Salt Lake City on Pioneer Day, July 24. (See page 485.)

Dedication

ELDER EZRA TAFT BENSON of the Council of the Twelve and president of the European Mission dedicated the chapel of the Basel Branch, Swiss Mission, April 21, Easter Sunday, as he attended the first missionwide conference of the Swiss Mission held since the war.

Kimball Portrait

LEE GREENE RICHARDS, Salt Lake portrait painter, has recently completed a portrait of Elder Spencer W. Kimball of the Council of the Twelve, which will be hung with the other portraits on the fourth floor of the Salt Lake Temple. The collection is now complete except for the portrait of Elder Matthew Cowley of the Council of the Twelve, which is yet to be painted.

Tahiti Mission

FRANKLIN J. FULLMER, president of the Tahiti Mission from 1911 to 1914, and Alma G. Burton, who presided over that mission from 1926 to 1929, left Salt Lake City in May for a tour of inspection of the Tahiti Mission, on special assignment from the First Presidency. They will report on proposed sites for mission headquarters and other Church buildings.

Aaronic Priesthood Restoration

COMMEMORATING the 117th anniversary of the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood, four thousand boys and their friends attended a special meeting in the Salt Lake Tabernacle May 15.

Speakers were President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., Presiding Bishop LeGrand Richards, and Captain Walter T. Stewart, one-time pilot of the American warplane, *Utah Man*. Captain Stewart is now a resident of Reno, Nevada, where he is in Aaronic Priesthood activity. Music was furnished by a chorus of approximately two hundred fifty boys

from four of the Salt Lake City stakes, under the direction of N. Lorenzo Mitchell, duets by deacons, and selections from the McCune School of Music symphony orchestra under the direction of Dr. Frank W. Asper.

Palo Alto Stake

PALO ALTO STAKE, one hundred fifty-sixth unit of the Church, was organized June 23, from portions of the San Francisco Stake with Claude B. Petersen as stake president and George C. Schiess and Henry C. Jorgensen as his counselors. President Petersen had been president of the San Francisco Stake and President Schiess his counselor in that presidency. President Jorgensen had been a member of the high council.

The Palo Alto Stake is composed of the Burlingame, San Mateo, Redwood City, Palo Alto, and San Jose wards and the Naglee Park and Willow Glen branches.

J. Bryon Barton was sustained as president of the San Francisco Stake which now includes the Balboa, Mission, Sunset, and San Francisco wards. His counselors are Serge Lauper and Thiel Collet as counselors. President Barton was a member of the San Francisco Stake high council, and President Lauper was a member of the old stake presidency.

The changes were effected by Elder Mark E. Petersen of the Council of the Twelve and Elder Clifford E. Young, assistant to the Council of the Twelve.

Church Hospitals

J. HOWARD JENKINS, former superintendent of the Dr. W. H. Groves Latter-day Saint Hospital, has been named coordinator of Church hospitals as the Church hospital administration was reorganized.

Church hospitals now include the Dr. W. H. Groves Latter-day Saint Hospital at Salt Lake City; the Cottonwood Stake Maternity Hospital at Murray, Utah; the Primary Children's Hospital at Salt Lake City; the Thomas D. Dee Memorial Hospital at Ogden, Utah; the Star Valley Hospital at Afton, Wyoming; the Latter-day Saint Hospital at Idaho Falls, Idaho; and hospitals at Roosevelt, Utah, and Panguitch, Utah. Plans for two others are now under way, one at Fillmore, Utah, and the other at Mt. Pleasant, Utah.

Clarence E. Wonnacott has succeeded Elder Jenkins as superintendent

of the Latter-day Saint Hospital at Salt Lake City.

South Idaho Falls Stake

CECIL E. HART, former second counselor of the Idaho Falls Stake, was named president of the South Idaho Falls Stake, as it was created June 30, from parts of the Idaho Falls Stake. President Hart's counselors are LaRue H. Merrill and Reed Blatter.

William Grant Ovard succeeded President John M. Homer, as head of the Idaho Falls Stake. President Homer had been a member of the stake presidency for eleven years, serving the last six years as president. D. William Cook was sustained as first, and Oscar W. Johnson was sustained as second counselors to President Ovard. President A. W. Schwieder retired as first counselor in the stake presidency and was sustained as president of the high priests' quorum.

The South Idaho Falls Stake, one hundred fifty-seventh in the roll call of stakes, has 3,500 members in the Idaho Falls Third, Sixth, and the Ammon wards. Remaining in the Idaho Falls Stake are the Idaho Falls Second, Fifth, and the Lincoln and Iona wards, with a membership of 4,000. It is expected that new wards are to be created in both stakes.

The reorganization was under the direction of Elder Mark E. Petersen of the Council of the Twelve and Elder Thomas E. McKay, assistant to the Council of the Twelve.

Berkeley Institute

A FOUR-STORY HOME has been purchased at 2368 Leconte Street, Berkeley, California, to be converted into an Institute of Religion for Latter-day Saint students attending the University of California. Latter-day Saint students now have a Deseret Club functioning which will give way to the Institute. This will be the fourteenth Latter-day Saint Institute of Religion—others are located in Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, Arizona, California, and Hawaii.

Book of Mormon

THE Book of Mormon has been selected by the Grolier Club as one of the hundred books published before 1900 most to influence American life. Other books named to the list included: Benjamin Franklin's *Almanac* for 1758; Thomas Paine's *Common Sense*; *The Monroe Doctrine*; William McGuffey's

The Eclectic First Reader; Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address*; Louisa May Alcott's *Little Women*; Mary Baker Eddy's *Science and Health*; and Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer*. First editions of the hundred selections were on exhibition at the Grolier Club, 47 East Sixtieth Street, New York City, until June 15. Forty-four years ago the Grolier Club made a selection of "One Hundred Books Famous in English Literature" which is often quoted.

First Council Secretary

DEAN MERRILL McDONALD has been appointed as secretary of the First Council of the Seventy, succeeding Arnold Dee White who is now serving the Melchizedek Priesthood committee.

Elder McDonald is a former California missionary, and a former army air corps pilot.

George Romney

PRESIDENT GEORGE ROMNEY of the Detroit East Branch of the Northern States Mission, was secretary of Detroit's Golden Jubilee Committee that planned the festival held this year celebrating the fiftieth year of the automobile. During the war President Romney served as managing director of the Automotive Council for War Production, which served as the clearinghouse for production secrets among the manufacturers of that industry.

In a recent issue of *The Detroit News* President Romney is described as "a descendant of those sturdy Mormon pioneers driven from place to place in the United States because of religious prejudice. His father and his family took refuge in Mexico, and in 1907 George was born." Later his family were driven from Mexico. After filling

a mission in the British Isles he finished his studies by night attendance at George Washington University and became a tax expert in Washington. Then it was aluminum and finally automobiles that took his attention. Detroit seems well pleased with our President Romney.

Mrs. Heber J. Grant

AUGUSTA WINTERS GRANT, widow of President Heber J. Grant, quietly passed her ninetieth birthday July 7, among her family and close friends. Had he lived, the President would have been ninety this coming November 23.

East Rigby Stake

EAST RIGBY STAKE has been formed from parts of the Rigby and the North Idaho Falls stakes in Idaho. The new stake is officered by President James E. Ririe, formerly first counselor in the Rigby Stake, and Leonard E. Graham, formerly second counselor in the Rigby Stake, and Henry Stanley Lee as counselors. It is comprised of the Clark, Garfield, Labelle, Lorenzo, Palsade, Rigby Second, Rigby Third, and Ririe wards, taken from the Rigby Stake, and Milo and Shelton wards, taken from the North Idaho Falls Stake. The stake membership is 4,166 for the one hundred fifty-eighth stake of the Church.

Remaining in the Rigby Stake are the Annis, Lewisville, Grant, Menan, Rigby First, Rigby Fourth, and Roberts wards, all from the old Rigby Stake, and the Terreton Ward and the Harmer and DuBois branches, taken from the North Idaho Falls Stake. President George Christenson was retained as stake president and chose William T. Berrett and Alden Poulsen as coun-

selors. The stake membership is now 4,507.

Elders Stephen L. Richards and John A. Widtsoe of the Council of the Twelve supervised the changes.

Welfare Farm

SAN JOSE WARD and the Willow Glen and Naglee Park branches, California, have purchased a ten-acre farm in the Santa Clara Valley. The land is planted in apricots, prunes, walnuts, and grapes. As soon as materials are available a modern cannery will be built on the farm.

New Wards

RIVERSIDE WARD of the Riverside Stake has been created from portions of the Salt Lake City Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth Wards, with James H. Budd as bishop.

Fontana Ward, San Bernardino Stake, has been organized from the branch of the same name. James B. Thorup has been sustained as bishop.

Missionaries Released

JUNE

California: Violet Keller, Pocatello, Idaho.

Central States: Daniel Raymond Merrill, Murray, Utah.

East Central States: Marva Thorley Jensen, Brigham City, Utah.

Eastern States: Clyde Jay Bair, Glenwood Springs, Colorado; Martha Grace Nelson, Tucson, Arizona.

New Zealand: Matthew Cowley, Salt Lake City; Elva Taylor Cowley, Salt Lake City.

Northern California: Elva Margaret Davis, Salt Lake City.

Southern States: Sam Cockayne, Salt Lake City; John Reed Parrish, Farmington, Utah.

Texas-Louisiana: Leon Nelson Byington, Wendell, Idaho; Bertha Luella W. Byington, Wendell, Idaho.

Western Canadian: George Cleon Fox, Circleville, Utah; Iva Adell Harrison Fox, Circleville, Utah.

Excommunications

Bertie Adonia Picklin Arceneaux, born January 22, 1904. Excommunicated June 6, 1946, in Gonzales Branch, Texas-Louisiana Mission.

Peter Johann Bertram, born May 9, 1876, elder. Excommunicated June 9, 1946, in Milwaukee Ward, Chicago Stake.

Lucille Lundy Langford, born May 7, 1914. Excommunicated June 10, 1946, in Hiawatha Ward, Carbon Stake.

Farris B. Soly Stephens, born February 12, 1911. Excommunicated June 10, 1946, in Gonzales Branch, Texas-Louisiana Mission.

Millard John Tonsor, Sr., born November 3, 1894, elder. Excommunicated June 9, 1946, in Milwaukee Ward, Chicago Stake.

Fossie Almeda Picklin Vallar, born May 18, 1908. Excommunicated June 6, 1946, in Gonzales Branch, Texas-Louisiana Mission.

Sophia Wilhelmina Carstens Van Ry, born February 19, 1886. Excommunicated May 13, 1946, in Fairmont Ward, Granite Stake.

WEST
LAYTON
WARD
WELFARE
ACTIVITIES



To the call of "Let's get going" by Harold C. Layton, first counselor of the West Layton bishopric and ward work director, thirty men armed with horses, tractors, trucks, shovels and forks turned out at the home of Mrs. Yoletha Tolbet in West Layton recently, and within two and a half hours fertilized, plowed, and harrowed four acres of ground in preparation for planting beets as this ward's part in the Church welfare program.

Six teams, four fertilizer machines, four trucks, four tractors, and numerous shovels and forks were put into action and used by the volunteer workers. Brother Layton is assisted in directing this work by Reuben Kilfoyle, assistant work director. The beets are now all planted and the ditching completed.

The West Layton bishopric is very proud of the splendid work these men have done.

EDITORIALS

On Living Away from Home

AN inconspicuous item among the numerous and significant statistics periodically released by the F.B.I. is the following:

Of the total persons arrested and fingerprinted, 56.8 percent were arrested outside of their state of birth. (*Uniform Crime Reports for the United States and Its Possessions, Volume XVI, Number 1, p. 2.*)

Whatever the reasons and whatever the interpretation of the above fact and figure, the item in question serves to invite our attention again to our responsibility for our young people when they are away, as well as when they are at home. It is not good for anyone, young or old, to live under conditions in which he feels no responsibility to anyone; and, when the members of our families leave home to take up their residence elsewhere, for school or work or for whatever purpose, we should see that they are properly accountable to some responsible person; and we should see further that they are placed in touch with the nearest branch of the Church, and should notify that branch of their coming.

And then beyond this, we have an obligation to keep in touch with them constantly by frequent letter, certainly, and by all other means possible.

Living under conditions under which one feels no responsibility to a family or a home, and no reason to account for his time or his actions, his goings or his comings, tends to encourage carelessness, time-wasting, indifference, and other hazards.

Distance does not relieve us of our responsibility for the welfare of those for whom we have a legal or a moral responsibility. May we never let the ties that keep our young people attached to home be slackened to that point where they feel that they no longer are accountable for how they live or what they do. To keep ever close to home in thought and in spirit is a great factor of safety and of satisfaction.—R. L. E.

Reverence in Our Houses of Worship

"FOR unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much expected," our Savior told his followers many centuries ago. It is truth that should not lose its force for us who live today. To Latter-day Saints has been given much in the way of direction for living a happier, more complete life so that we have no excuse for not living correctly.

During the war, reports came time and time again, as to how well our young servicemen and women in the various countries of the world were living their religion, of how by the force of their

examples they were converting others to an acceptance of the gospel. Many baptisms followed gospel conversations in many battle sectors.

Some of these young men and others who have been converted have become imbued with the idea of gathering to Zion, that is, of moving to a place where there are a great number of Saints living together, so that they may partake more fully of the spirit of the gospel. What do they find when they gather with them? They find many things to admire. The sincerity of the Latter-day Saints is recognized instantly. Their diligence is another admirable quality. Unfortunately, however, there are some things that Latter-day Saints have neglected to watch. One of the main criticisms lies justly in our lack of reverence for the chapels in which we hope to partake of the spirit of the Lord. This lack of reverence is indicated in several ways. Some of them are so obvious and so lacking in grace that we really wonder why we have not thought of them before, or, if having thought of them, have done nothing about correcting them.

One of the most disastrous criticisms is our lack of order. No Latter-day Saint believes in form for the sake of form, but every Latter-day Saint recognizes that if the spirit of the Lord is to enter and remain in his chapel, there must be order. Jesus himself stated emphatically, "My house is a house of order." Surely, during the hours when we are in Church, we can forego unnecessary conversation in order to partake of a spiritual sustenance which will keep us throughout the succeeding week.

Another increasingly bad fault, indicating our lack of reverence, is that of chewing gum in Church. Many people throughout the world have dubbed the United States a nation of gum chewers. Certainly, if gum is to be chewed, it should not be chewed in Church. Nothing could be less inspiring to a speaker than to face an audience, as he frequently must, where many of the members are chewing gum. Nothing could impress a visitor more with our seeming lack of culture than to have him come to our Church and watch many in the audience chewing gum. Gum chewing does not add to the attractiveness of anyone's face. Surely, deacons who pass the sacrament, passing the sacred emblems of Christ's sacrifice for us, should think more of their office in the priesthood than to chew gum as they move through the chapel.

There are other things that can be watched in order that we may more fully partake of the spirit of the occasion and the spirit of the Lord while we attend his Church. With our attractive and adequate chapels, we should do more than we do to indicate our respect for them and to invite the spirit of the Lord to remain in them.

We believe that the Lord wishes his people to indicate in every way that they are a refined people because they have been privileged to receive the restored gospel which is a refining influence.

—M. C. J.

EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

ciii. *What Manner of Boy and Youth Was Joseph Smith?*

IN his early boyhood, Joseph Smith suffered a very serious leg infection. The bone had been injured to such a degree that the doctors recommended the amputation of the leg between the knee and the ankle. At the earnest request of the parents, the doctors made another attempt to cure the malady by scraping the bone. In those days of no anesthetics this was a most painful operation.

The mother relates that Joseph refused to be bound to the bedstead, as was the custom when such painful operations were to be performed. He also refused to drink the brandy which the doctor thought might help the boy withstand the pain.

"No," exclaimed Joseph, "I will not touch one particle of liquor, neither will I be tied down; but I will tell you what I will do—I will have my father sit on the bed and hold me in his arms, and then I will do whatever is necessary to have the bone taken out." Looking at me, he said, "Mother, I want you to leave the room, for I know you cannot bear to see me suffer so; father can stand it, but you have carried me so much, and watched over me so long, you are almost worn out."¹

The operation, though intensely painful to the lad, proved to be successful.

There is a heroic quality in this story. It seems to foreshadow the courage that led the boy a few years later to seek, independently of the views of others, the true Church of Christ. It revealed also the tender heart, filled with love, which was manifested in his dealings with all men.

Such is the earliest record of Joseph's childhood. He grew up in a Christian household. Family prayers were always held in the home.² Honesty and respect for sacred things were part of the family life. Pomeroy Tucker, one who knew the family personally, but did not accept the Prophet's claims, spoke of the honesty of the family:

At Palmyra, Mr. Smith, Sr., opened a "cake and beer shop" as described by his signboard, doing business on a small scale, by the profits of which, added to the earnings of an occasional day's work on hire by himself and his elder sons, for the village and farming people, he was understood to secure a scanty but honest living for himself and family.³

Such was the household in which Joseph Smith, Jr., the Prophet, was nurtured. It was a very humble life, of daily, hard work, but of an upward look towards the things of heaven.

Joseph Smith, the Prophet, was an intelligent boy. He had little or no formal schooling. Schools were not plentiful in those days; and he was needed at home to help support the family. Nevertheless, as he grew in years, he learned to read very well. He perused the literature of the day, such as it was; and gave special attention to the Bible until he was able to quote large parts of it.⁴ His friend and disciple of later years, Orson Pratt, speaking of the Prophet as a boy and youth, wrote that as a boy Joseph "could read without much difficulty, and write a very imperfect hand; and had a very limited understanding of the ground rules of arithmetic."⁵ Despite such limited school training, he later gained much learning, and did remarkable work among men. Even the bitterest enemy has had to admit that Joseph Smith was possessed of high mental gifts.

The first vision of the lad, when he was between fourteen and fifteen years of age, and perhaps other early visions, influenced notably the years of his adolescence. Otherwise he followed the usual course of growth. He admits of youthful minor indiscretions.

No one need suppose me guilty of any great or malignant sins. A disposition to commit such was never in my nature. But I was guilty of levity, and sometimes associated with jovial company, etc., not consistent with that character which ought to be maintained by one who was called of God as I had been.⁶

There was no question in the minds of the family—who knew him best—about Joseph's truthfulness. Mother Smith relates how the Smith family would gather of evenings to hear the coming Prophet tell of the spiritual visitations he had had. She says:

We were now confirmed in the opinion that God was about to bring to light something . . . that would give us a more perfect knowledge of the plan of salvation and the redemption of the human family. This caused us greatly to rejoice, the sweetest union and happiness pervaded our house, and tranquility reigned in our midst.⁷

Joseph's brother, William, confirmed Joseph's truthfulness. He said:

We all had the most implicit confidence in what he said. He was a truthful boy. Father and Mother believed him, why should not the children? I suppose if he had told crooked stories about other things we might have doubted his word about the plates, but Joseph was a truthful boy. That Father and Mother believed him, and suffered persecution for that belief shows he was truthful. No, sir, we never doubted his word for one minute.⁸

The first vision of Joseph Smith held to be merely a lad's fantasy, caused little more than ridicule among the few who knew of it and who paid attention to it. But when later he told of plates actually seen and possessed by him, followed by the publication of the Book of Mormon, the devil broke loose in veritable fury. His kingdom of evil was to be invaded!

(Continued on page 542)

¹Lucy Smith, *History of the Prophet Joseph*, pp. 60-63 (1902 edition); p. 57 (1945 edition)

²William Smith, brother of the Prophet, *Deseret News*, January 20, 1894, p. 11

³Pomeroy Tucker, *Origin, Rise and Progress of Mormonism*, p. 12

⁴*Ibid.*, p. 17

⁵Orson Pratt, *Remarkable Visions*, p. 1 (1839)

⁶*Pearl of Great Price*, p. 50, No. 28

⁷Lucy Smith, *op. cit.*, p. 84 (1902 edition); pp. 82, 83 (1945 edition)

⁸*Deseret News*, January 20, 1894, p. 11

A LOOK INTO THE AT BRIGHAM YOUNG

The Church University is Growing

Long Range Planning has been made by the Board of Trustees for the continued development of Brigham Young University as the cornerstone of the educational structure of the Church. The architect's drawing below shows the integrated plan for expansion of the campus during the next quarter century.

Immediate Construction of presently-needed facilities will provide for the rapidly growing student body. These facilities include permanent residence halls, the physical science building, and a central heating plant and other utilities for the federal housing project now being erected for veterans and their families.

KEY TO CAMPUS PLAN

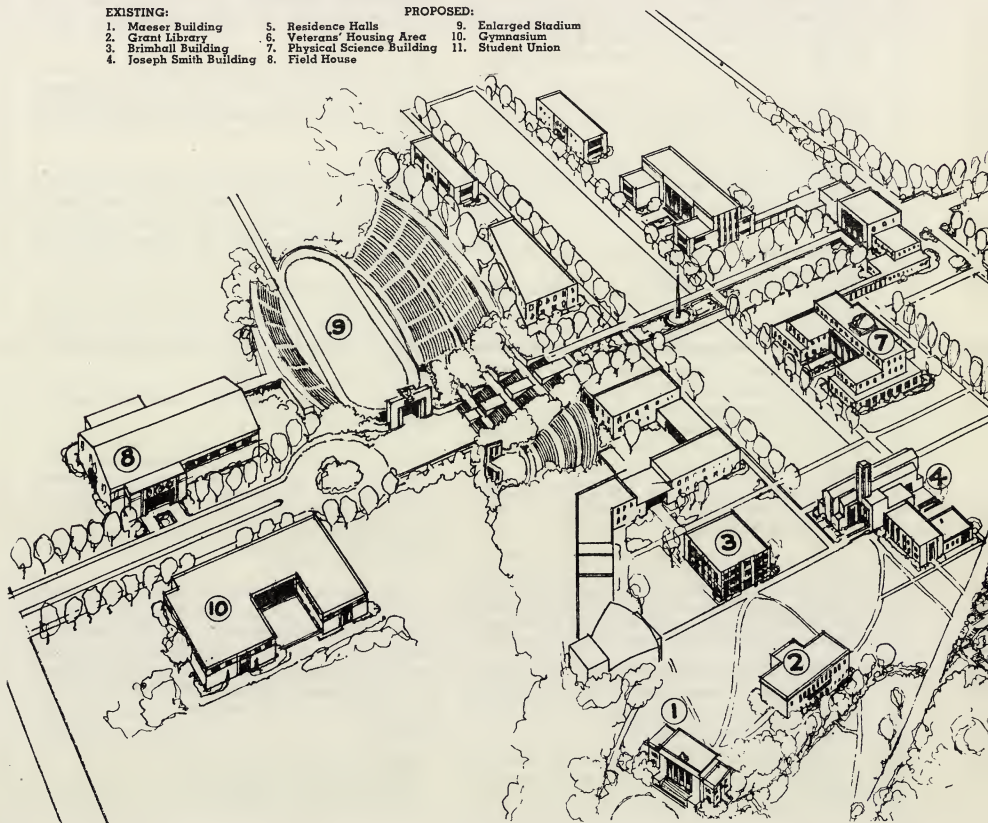
EXISTING:

1. Mueser Building
2. Grant Library
3. Brimhall Building
4. Joseph Smith Building

5. Residence Halls
6. Veterans' Housing Area
7. Physical Science Building
8. Field House

PROPOSED:

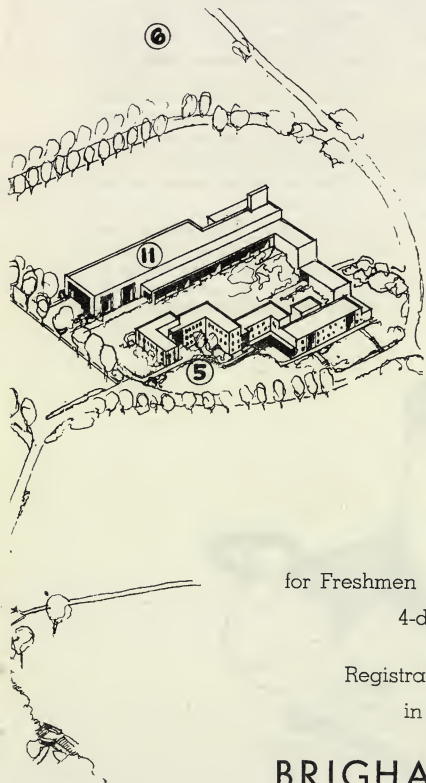
9. Enlarged Stadium
10. Gymnasium
11. Student Union



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Graduate School
Research Division
Division of Religion



Autumn Quarter Dates:

Counseling and Registration
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4-day period beginning September 25

Registration for all other Students: September 30
in the seventy-first academic year at

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
PROVO - : - UTAH

AS MAN EATS AND DRINKS

We believe that, in large measure, as a man eats and drinks, so is he. For food, nature has given us fruits of the sun and soil. These are priceless treasures, conducive to health of body and mind. Besides these, we need no stimulants.

You who agree, will be interested in a delicious drink that is made from grain and fruit. And this delightful, wholesome beverage contains no caffeine, other stimulants, or narcotics.

FICGO is known to millions of people who think sanely about food and drink. It is made of roasted barley and tree-ripened California figs. It is a boon to non-coffee drinkers who admittedly, and rightly, enjoy a wholesome hot drink with their meals. Wholesome FICGO can be freely recommended as a healthful drink for the whole family.

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Homing

AN ACTOR FOR *An Hour*

By J. C. Baker

"WHAT'S this new 'stunt' your family enjoys so much?" Mrs. Wood asked her old schoolmate. "The last time my David spent the evening with your Billy, he came home chuckling. 'Boy, did we have fun!'"

Molly Ray smiled. "We read plays library-style, and that was what he referred to, I'm sure. We were doing *She Stoops to Conquer* then."

"Library-style? How's that done?"

"Many people delight in reading plays—maybe dramatizing them a bit—but they lack time, place, or inclination to memorize and stage them."

"I've felt that impulse myself,"

Jean Wood responded. "How did you get started?"

"There are five of us, you know, including Bill senior and me; though three or even two people can pleasantly read a play with six or eight characters."

"By each reading two or more roles?" Mrs. Wood asked.

Molly Ray nodded. "We began with short, simple plays because of Dotty; she was seven then. The first play I found in a story paper for children. Neither Dotty nor the other two were very accurate in their reading; worse still, they weren't especially enthusiastic about it."

"How do you get enough copies to read from?"

"We borrow from persons who take the same magazine. Extra copies of the classics can usually be obtained from the school or public library. With modern plays we often



J. H. EVANS JR.

buy enough copies; one for each two readers will do. When you consider how many evenings' entertainment we get from a single play, the cost seems little."

"Do you ever reread the same play?"

"Often—particularly special-occasion ones, like the dramatization of *The Christmas Carol*," Mrs. Ray said.

"How do you select plays, so as to avoid those with objectionable language or too sophisticated situations?"

"My husband and I customarily look them over first, though the children's taste is being so formed, they see vulgarity and profanity are usually substitutes for clever ideas."

"How do you avoid slowing up the group reading?"

"Each is required to read his lines at least once beforehand, so he can pronounce the words and be quick on the uptake with his cues. Often the children have read theirs a dozen or more times. It's amazing how their rate of silent reading and their comprehension have increased along with their improvement in oral reading. Their poise has improved, too."

"Do you always sit when reading?"

"Oh, no. Whenever anyone feels like it, he strides across the room, gesturing as if on a real stage. Sometimes we all do. As David told you, it's great fun. You should try it."

"We surely will," Mrs. Wood promised. "Tonight."

FOOD HIGHER NOW THAN IN 1919

WASHINGTON, D.C., housewives paid more for their food in May 1946 than they did in May 1919, during the inflationary period following World War I, a recent study has shown.

The survey showed that in May 1919 a Washington housewife could buy nineteen typical "market basket" items for a total of \$5.74. In May 1946 identical quantities of the same items (if she could find them) cost her \$5.90, not counting subsidies.

In addition to the prices marked on the groceries, however, the 1946 house-

wife pays about seventy-five cents in consumer subsidies for the nineteen "market basket" items. This is added to the family's income tax bill. There were no subsidies in 1919. Counting subsidies, the 1946 market basket costs \$6.63½—which is fifteen percent more than 1919.

All prices for May 1919 are from Washington newspaper advertisements. Prices for May 1946 are from newspaper advertisements except in the case of those items too scarce to be advertised.

Commodity	Unit	Price May 1919	Price May 1946	Subsidy	Total Price May 1946
Round steak	1 lb.	41	40	9.1	49.1
Rib roast	1½ lbs.	35*	48	12.0	60
Pork chops	1 lb.	41	38	6.0	44
Ham	1 lb.	37	46	8.5	54.5
Bacon	1 lb.	50	42	6.8	48.8
Butter	½ lb.	32.5	27	9.8	36.8
Evaporated milk	14½ oz. can	14	10	1.4	11.4
Fresh milk	5 qts.	62.5	75	6.5	81.5
Eggs	1 doz.	48	47		47
Bread	4 loaves	28	36	4.0	40
Flour	4 lbs.	24.8	22	3.5	25.5
Oranges	1 doz.	55	46		46
Onions	1 lb.	7.0	9		9
Green beans	1 lb.	15	21		21
Sweet potatoes	1 lb.	12	12		12
Cabbage	1½ lbs.	12	11		11
Potatoes	5 lbs.	14	23		23
Corn (No. 2 can)	1	12	14	0.9	14.9
Sugar	3½ lbs.	32.9	23	4.9	27.9
		\$5.74	\$5.90	73.4	\$6.63½

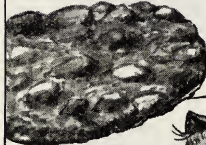
May 1919 prices from advertisements in Washington, D.C., newspapers. May 1946 prices from Washington newspaper advertisements or O.P.A. ceiling prices for group 4 stores.

Cookies!



richer, more flavorful with Durkee's Margarine!

Want your family and guests to enjoy every last morsel of your cookies? Then for flavor and richness use Durkee's Margarine. Durkee's is so mild, so sweet, so country-fresh in flavor. Smooth and perfectly blended, too. No wonder youngsters love it on bread—good cooks prefer Durkee's for cooking, baking, frying! This top quality margarine is famous for food value as well as economy. It's enriched with Vitamin A.



Margie Says...
**Try Durkee's
Margarine in these
Super-Saving Cookies**

Cream together ½ c. Durkee's Margarine, ¼ c. sugar, 2 tsp. vanilla. Mix together 1 beaten egg, ¾ c. corn syrup or molasses. Add to margarine mixture; beat well. Sift together 2 cups flour, ¼ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. baking powder. Combine dry ingredients with margarine mixture, adding 2 to 4 tbsp. milk, until dough is soft but not thin. Drop from teaspoon on greased cookie sheet. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 12 to 15 min. Makes 48 cookies. This basic recipe may be varied by mixing in your favorite Durkee Spice, such as Durkee's Mace, Cloves, Cinnamon, Ginger, Anise Seed or Pumpkin Pie Spice.



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Cook's Corner

Josephine B. Nichols

SUPPER on the porch on a summer evening is as refreshing as a cool swim. Colorful vegetables and sun-ripened fruits need only a platter of cold meat cuts and a basket of freshly baked hot bread to round out delightful easy-to-prepare meals.

PORCH SUPPER

Platter of Sliced Luncheon Meats with
Deviled Eggs
Mixed Green Salad
Tomato Wedges
Square Corn Muffins
Sliced Peaches and Cream
Beverage

Square Corn Muffins

- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1½ teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 tablespoon melted fat
- ½ cup milk
- ½ cup drained whole kernel corn
- ¼ cup chopped green pepper

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and mustard. Combine egg, milk, fat, corn, and green pepper. Add to flour mixture, stirring only when flour is moistened. Fill greased muffin pans ¾ full. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) twenty to twenty-five minutes.

Spaghetti Bunny Lunch

- 4 oz. spaghetti
- 3 quarts boiling water
- 1 tablespoon salt
- ¼ cup chopped green pepper
- ¼ cup chopped celery
- 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
- 1½ cups medium white sauce
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 3 hard cooked eggs
- 1 cup cooked cut string beans
- ½ cup grated American cheese

Add salt to boiling water. Add spaghetti; cook until tender. Drain. While spaghetti is cooking combine green pepper, celery, pimiento, white sauce, salt, and eggs. Add spaghetti. Pour into greased 1½ quart casserole. Make hollow in center of spaghetti mixture. Toss together beans and cheese and place in center of spaghetti. Bake at 325° F. about thirty minutes.

Bit-O-Orange Crescents

- 1 cup sifted enriched flour
- 1½ teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt

- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 1/3 to ½ cup milk
- melted margarine
- 1 tablespoon grated orange rind
- 2 tablespoons sugar

Sift together dry ingredients. Cut in shortening. Add milk to make a soft dough. Turn out on lightly floured board and knead gently one-half minute. Roll out to circle ten inches in diameter. Brush with melted margarine and sprinkle with orange and sugar mixture. Cut in six equal pie-shaped wedges. Roll up, beginning at wide end. Place in greased three-inch muffin pans with point of roll underneath and curling roll to fit muffin cup. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) fifteen minutes.

Crab, Tuna, or Shrimp Salad

- 2 cups flaked fish meat
- 1 cup diced cucumber
- ½ cup chopped celery
- 3 hard-cooked eggs, quartered
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- juice of one lemon
- mayonnaise

Combine ingredients except lemon juice. Sprinkle with lemon juice and moisten with mayonnaise. Chill and serve on crisp lettuce. Garnish with tomato and avocado wedges.

Blueberry Cake Squares

- 1½ cup sifted enriched flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup shortening
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1 egg, beaten
- ½ cup milk
- 1 pint blueberries or blackberries

Sift together dry ingredients. Cream shortening and sugar until fluffy. Add egg and mix well. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture alternately with milk. Place berries in bottom of greased eight-inch square pan and spread batter over them. Bake in oven at 375° F. about thirty minutes. To serve, cut in squares. Serve with cream or top with ice cream.

BROWN STUDY

By Cora Madeline Igou

I don't get these big folks;
When I came in today
Mom said, "Tommy, must you get
so smelly when you play?
Now, go wash your face and hands
And don't forget your knees.
No, no, don't try to kiss me—
Don't lean against me—PLEASE!
I've just done my face and nails
And painted on my sox . . ."
Now why did Daddy laugh and say,
"You modern paradox!"

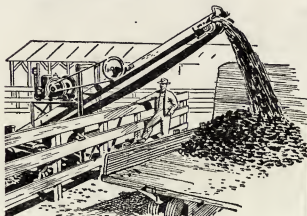
IDEAS

from a neighbor's farm

Safeway's Farm Reporter keeps tab on how farmers make work easier, cut operating costs, improve crop quality. Safeway reports his findings because we Safeway people know that exchanging good ideas helps everybody. After all, more than a third of our customers are farm folks.

Up-and-Over Manure Loader

This is the way manure is loaded out of beef cattle feeding pens at the Gill Brothers ranch at Madera, California. Bulldozer type pusher on front of tractor feeds dry manure to wheel-mounted conveyor. Belt on conveyor, powered by 1½ h. p. motor, carries manure over the fence and into truck.



"Needle in Haystack" saves Pitchfork Work

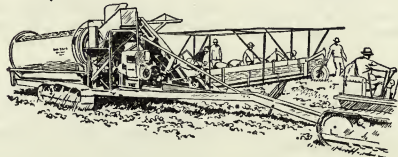
A method of moving hay from stack to wagon which requires only about one-third the physical energy used in pitchforking—yet moves 2 to 3 tons in 10 minutes—has been devised by Claud Butts, foreman of the Norman Elliott ranch in Baker County, Oregon.

Mt. Butts uses a ¾-inch rod long enough to pass through stack of hay. Rod is threaded at each end. On one end of this "needle" he screws a sharp point—then pushes rod through stack until its point protrudes on opposite side. Point of needle is then unscrewed and a shielded hook screwed on in its place. To this hook a

30-foot length of cable is attached, and the needle is drawn back out of the stack, pulling the cable with it. Another cable is similarly threaded through the stack—about 10 feet away—and the two cable ends on side of stack next to wagon or sled are attached to vehicle by chains.

Opposite ends of the cables are joined by an iron ring, to which is attached a third cable. This third cable is passed across the top of the stack to a position 30 or 40 feet beyond the vehicle and at right angles to it. A team or tractor hitched to this cable and driven forward causes the hay to roll from the stack onto the vehicle.

Seed Harvester "Earns Keep" with \$2000 Daily Production



H. L. Sanborn, progressive rancher of California's Sacramento Valley, built this amazing machine to make his vine crop harvest a bigger and better cash crop. It gives him about 2 tons of dry seed per 10-hour day over a harvest period of 2 to 3 months. The seeds (from melon, cucumbers, etc.) bring \$1000 a ton on contract to one of the big seed houses. About half this income is paid out for labor.

As the seed harvester with its crew travels across a field, the men pick fruit from the vines and lay it on a cross-conveyor belt extending 20 feet out from machine. The conveyor belt carries the fruit up to the hopper on top of the machine where it is crushed. Dropped into the rotating cylinder at rear the seeds are separated from the pulp. And because the rotating cylinder is mounted on a slant, with a rear-end drop, the seeds tend to accumulate at the rear of the cylinder for easy collection. Harvester is operated by a 9 h.p. engine and a tractor pulls the entire rig across the field. This outfit, which cost Mr. Sanborn around \$5000 to build, has proved a sound investment in his type of farming.



A Safeway idea that onions and consumers like

Sacks of early white onions shipped in unrefrigerated reefer cars were showing heavy spoilage loss. Safeway produce buyers and State Agricultural College men found that a certain kind of method could cut spoilage loss 30%. Successful method called for (1) ice in car bunkers, to lower temperature and (2) cross ventilation from opened hatchways at diagonally opposite end corners of the car, to check undue moisture. This is just one example of how Safeway works constantly with growers and shippers to improve and safeguard food quality. For quality at fair prices leads to increased consumption—helps give growers a better return.

- Safeway buys direct, sells direct, to cut "in-between" costs. Safeway buys regularly, offering producers a steady market; when purchasing from farmers Safeway accepts no brokerage either directly or indirectly.
- Safeway pays going prices or better, never offers a price lower than producer quotes.
- Safeway stands ready to help move surpluses.
- Safeway sells at lower prices, made possible by direct, less costly distribution... so consumers can afford to increase their consumption.

SAFEWAY—the neighborhood grocery stores



Worth
Waiting
For!

Most Electrical Dealers now have new electrical appliances on display.

Drop in and look them over. When you see them you'll agree they're worth waiting for.

**Utah Power &
Light Co.**

IF —

you have used our Costumes
YOU KNOW THEY ARE THE
BEST for your play or opera
production.

Hillam's Costume Shop

Salt Lake City, Utah

10 ROOMS FILLED WITH SPLENDID
COSTUMES

THESE TIMES

(Concluded from page 490)

time factories quickly convert into war machines, or, are always potential or furtive war machines. We may recall the glider clubs of pre-Hitler Germany which suddenly emerged as the Luft-waffe.

THE Baruch system seeks to overcome these difficulties by (1) elimination of the veto power and substituting a reasoned world opinion (as developed in the United Nations) for national self-interest; (2) worldwide inspection and licensing to prevent furtive atomic armament and to report the nature and extent of peacetime uses—which, as

matters of fact, will reveal dangerous war potential as well. At the same time, under license, the Soviet state could utilize atomic energy under their own peculiar social system; we could do likewise under American conditions. At the same time, world cooperation in a tremendously significant technological field might provide the *unum* whereby an *E Pluribus Unum*—diversity of political creeds but a unity of peace—might be achieved. Russians probably want to remain Russians as much as we want to remain Americans. Perhaps such a solution may be realized out of the discussions flowing from the Baruch report.

NEW TOOLS FOR M. I. A.

(Concluded from page 503)

Again for the coming season one reading course book has been chosen for the entire M.I.A. membership. Third Nephi, the account of Christ's ministry on this continent and sometimes called "The American New Testament" has been selected. To promote its reading, pocket-size editions have been printed.

The *M.I.A. Book of Plays, Volume XVII*, has a most delightful collection of one- and three-act plays and short skits. They range from our own pioneer three-act play which has proved so popular, *It Shall Keep Thee*, to the nonsensical three-act comedy of blundering adolescence, *A Case of Springtime*. In the one-act group there are six plays, some straight and serious drama such as "The Woman in the Freight Car" or "One Who Came to Gettysburg" and some comedy—"The Great Joanne." A new feature is a section of Vignettes and Blackouts. The three pioneer vignettes will prove especially popular for centennial programs.

One Hundred Years of Dancing contains the centennial dance program and the description of many dances, both modern and square. Material for the six weeks cultural arts courses is also included with an excellent section on dance standards in our Church, a problem especially stressed by the General Authorities recently. The delightful silver cover with its old-fashioned dancer presages the delights of all those who learn its contents.

Published previously and still popular and necessary for the M.I.A. workers are the following four books:

Theater Arts by Dr. T. Earl Pardoe of Brigham Young University, is for the drama director and gives information on all phases of play production. Such topics as "To Try Out or Not to

Try Out," "What it Takes to Make an Actor," "Scenery," "Makeup," "Lighting," "Sound," etc., will prove unusually helpful to all.

So You Want Me to Give a Speech by Dr. C. Lowell Lees of the University of Utah speech department, is for all speech directors. This new and unusual treatment of speech techniques was found very stimulating last year. For the coming season six new chapters will be the basis for the cultural courses. Everyone will enjoy reading this book with its fascinating story of the adolescent boy who went to Mutual and was told he was to give a speech. Bewildered he writes in desperation the chapter, "Yes, But What Can I Say?" Later the family help him when he states, "I Am To Be Amusing." The reader follows him through his first attempts until he becomes quite proficient as an M.I.A. speaker. This manual is recommended summer reading for all M.I.A. members.

Let's Dance, published last year, contains many descriptions of dances such as "Memory Waltz" for girls and "Roses from the South." Material on such interesting and necessary subjects as "How to Become a Good Dancer," "Dance Fundamentals," "Leading and Following," "Fox Trot Fun," etc., will continue to keep this book a necessity to be used in conjunction with the new dance manual.

Recreation in the Home published several years ago by the Church auxiliaries, contains games, stunts, suggestions for dancing, drama, music, and hobbies in the home. This is especially timely in view of the instructions to the Church members to have a "Home Evening" once a week.

With such an elaborate and complete assortment of manuals, Mutual for the season 1946-47 should really get off to a good start and make a glorious finish.

ON BUYING BONDS What to take along when you see the city in the sky

PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH in expressing his commendation of United States savings bonds, stated recently in Salt Lake City, "We have nothing more secure in the way of an investment than government bonds. During the war period many people have manifested their patriotism and wisdom by purchasing government bonds. In most cases the bonds are still being held and are earning interest for the holder. This investment has been a blessing to many people and what they have saved will be useful to them in the future. Some individuals, however, are disposing of their holdings and spending their money for unnecessary things, and if hard times come, they may find themselves unable to meet their obligations.

"We might learn a lesson from the ant. He harvests his supplies when they are available and stores them up against the day when it would not be possible to obtain them. The result is that his larder is usually well stocked. The grasshopper, a much larger insect, does not operate that way. He does not lay up anything in store for hard times, but depends upon providence to provide him what he needs, and the result is that most grasshoppers starve to death.

"I fear that some human beings are like the grasshopper and do not take advantage of the opportunities that are theirs in a reasonable way. If they would take a lesson from the ant, they would lay up the food that they need and always have some on hand.

"If those who have purchased government bonds will hold them and gain the benefit that results from possessing them, they will be wiser than if they dispose of their holdings and squander their substance. Surely we have nothing more secure in the way of an investment than government bonds."

President Smith served actively on the executive committee of the Utah war finance committee during the war, and has long been an ardent advocate of thrift.



Hitch a filter to your camera for that jaunt to Acoma. The ancient pueblo and colorful Indians make it a photo fan's dream. And be sure to go on Chevron Supreme Gasoline, because...



This great premium gasoline is "tailored" to fit each different climate zone in the West. Whatever the terrain or temperature, your car gets exactly the kind of Chevron Supreme it needs.



Yes, Chevron Supreme gives you fast starts, quick pick-up, ready power all the way. And take along a Chevron National Credit Card to save carrying extra cash for car expenses on your trip.

The illustration of Acoma water hole in New Mexico, was drawn from one of Standard's Free natural-color Scenic Views. Collect them while you travel.

AT CHEVRON GAS STATIONS AND STANDARD STATIONS, INC.

WHERE OUR SOLDIERS WORSHIPED

(Continued from page 508)

chapel made of thatch and native woods. Constructed by the labor of four thousand natives, this unique chapel was presented to the people of America in honor of the sixteen hundred young Americans who gave their lives to drive the invaders from Guadalcanal.

ANOTHER interesting chapel in the South Pacific was built by the soldiers themselves. Making a bell from a discarded oxygen tank, they attached a broom handle to serve as a clapper—and it worked! The structure was made of wood and canvas, with a fifteen-foot steeple made of jungle logs. Seating two hundred fifty, the chapel was a symbol of the reverent toil of the men who worshipped in it.

Wherever the soldiers went, they improvised their houses of worship. One of the most beautiful chapels was built in New Guinea. Ninety-six by thirty feet in size, the sanctuary, office, and library were built on a raised wooden platform, occupying twenty-eight feet in all. Its floor

was of coral, covered with sawdust. Wooden benches, resting on coconut logs, seated three hundred seventy-five. The thatched roof was made of balsam pole and tar paper, and a steeple was erected at the front. The lower front of the chapel was covered with pungle, the stem of the sago palm. Inside, the chapel was finished with plywood panels.

Men who were wounded or sick needed religious ministrations even more than others, and almost every hospital had its chaplain. One chaplain worked out a unique plan for serving the men of his hospital at Leyte. Drawing up his plans, he presented them to his commanding officer. The colonel seized the sketch, strode outside, and looked intently at the proposed site.

"Hmm," he mused, "your idea is to put the chapel tent opposite the surgical wards isn't it? Why?"

"Because," the chaplain answered, "in that way, men who can't get out of bed can still take part in the services. We can open the flaps of their tents—"

"All right," interrupted the colonel, "we'll do it." Turning, he called to his adjutant. "Captain," he said, "next Sunday is Easter, and I want this chapel *finished* by Saturday night—we're going to have Easter services in it! Get busy."

Working under the chaplain's supervision, the men made rapid progress. They made offices for the chaplain and assistants by attaching small, squad tents to the large tent. Beautiful native flowers and shrubs were transplanted around the chapel. All was in readiness on Saturday night. But, wondered the chaplain, how would the flowers look the next day? They were faded and wilted now. He got up early the next morning to take one final glance at the chapel. Wonder of wonders, the flowers were up, too! They had revived during the night. Proudly, the chaplain and his commanding officer welcomed the men to Easter services, and in the wards the wounded men listened gratefully to the prayers and songs. Again, American ingenuity had won!

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UTAH STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

Logan, Utah

Where Our Soldiers Worshipped

THERE were soldiers in the North Pacific, too. In fact, Alaska was the first place where our soldiers faced the Japanese army, and the only North American soil penetrated by the invader. A few chapels were built by army engineers at major posts, similar in design to those in the continental United States. Elsewhere, the men had to provide their own chapels. Sometimes a converted mess hall was used, or a quonset hut.

Our troops landing in Great Britain were fortunate in their places of worship. Ancient churches, dating back hundreds of years, were offered for their use by the British people. Often, men found themselves in churches which their forefathers may have attended before the discovery of America. Of course, not all the troops could be taken care of in British churches. Many organizations found it necessary to provide their own chapels, using mess halls, quonset huts, or barracks.

At last D-Day came! American troops hurled themselves over the channel, landing on the shores of France. Their chaplains were with them. Only seven days after the invasion, the first permanent United States army chapel was in use in France.

The first stone block chapel in the Mediterranean theater was built by an AAF thunderbolt fighter group in Italy. Skilled Italian workmen and interested soldiers helped build the chapel in two weeks! The bell was donated by a monastery, whose owners were impressed by the sincerity of the Americans' effort to secure a meetinghouse. The entire cost was met by voluntary subscriptions from pilots, officers, and enlisted men of the command.

Wherever they served, our soldiers learned that neither mud nor slime, nor cold, nor all the power of the enemy, nor even the awful reality of death itself, could keep them from worshipping God in spirit and in truth. They learned, too, that all they needed in order to worship was an humble and contrite heart, for they could always build their own chapel, or worship without one. Whether it was in a ruined church in Germany, or in a tent on a jungle-covered island in the Pacific, they found that God was always there!



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Ask your dealer to show you Wool O' The West women's wear fabrics, styled in Hollywood, and distributed by M. Blumberg & Co., Los Angeles.



Quorum Responsibility in Connection with the Welfare Program

By Elder Clyde C. Edmonds
of the General Church
Welfare Committee

THERE is a place in the welfare plan for every priesthood quorum of the Church. It is one of the important agencies which the bishop calls upon for assistance in carrying on the welfare work. The quorum which functions properly will, through its officers, know the true condition of every member and his family, and will be a source of information which is vital to the bishop and to his ward welfare committee in carrying on their work.

A brief analysis of the responsibilities of the quorum may be in order. In the first place, a detailed knowledge of the condition of each member of the quorum, and of each member of his family, is essential if an intelligent approach to the work is to be made. This can be accomplished properly in only one way—by personal visit in the home of the member. The information thus obtained should be in the hands of the personal welfare representative of the quorum or group who is a member of the ward welfare committee, and from him, passed to this committee for recording on the "green cards." Without this information, the welfare program will operate on a hit-and-miss basis within the quorum and the ward.

The personal welfare representative of the quorum or group should accept from the bishop such welfare assignments as he makes to the quorum, and as requested by the ward work director, should supply the manpower for activities on ward, stake, and regional projects. The personal welfare representative of the quorum or group should be prepared to keep the information regarding the members of his quorum up to date by reporting changes in the condition or the personnel of member families at the weekly ward welfare committee meetings. He should see that no member of his quorum is left in need of sustenance by sponsoring the economic independence of all members and reporting cases of need to the bishop.

It is the responsibility of the various quorums of the priesthood to accept budget assignments from the stake presidency or the bishop to produce or manufacture required commodities, or to raise cash. The production of commodities may involve the renting or the acquisition of suitable land for such purposes, and the organizing of the quorum

Melchizedek

membership to do the necessary work. But beyond the tasks of production and distribution lies the great opportunity for rehabilitation—the remodeling and rebuilding of human lives. It so frequently happens that men get into ruts and become victims of their own inability to see ahead or to plan or to improve themselves and their circumstances. A simple suggestion from a successful farmer, for instance, may mean the difference between success and failure to his less successful fellow quorum member. The problems and handicaps of members who are not self-sustaining should have the consideration of the rest of the quorum members to the end that, so far as possible, his handicaps are removed and his problems analyzed and, if possible, solved. Rehabilitation should be a process of helping an unfortunate person to help himself. This can be done in many ways, depending, of course, on the circumstances. Wise quorum leaders will see these possibilities and go to work on them. It is not enough just to send baskets of provisions to a family, when it is within the realm of possibility for the family to provide for themselves. Joy follows compliance with the admonition "by the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread. . . ." Saving the economically "borderline" quorum members and rehabilitating those who have fallen is one of the most serious responsibilities of the priesthood quorums in welfare work.

The representative of the quorum on the ward welfare committee should give loyal support to the bishop, and should do his part in making the weekly meetings interesting and beneficial.

The well-being of the war veterans is a particular responsibility at this time. If the quorum president makes it a point to call on these returning soldiers and welcome them back into the quorum and offer them counsel, guidance, and real help in their efforts to readjust themselves, and in making determinations as to their future plans, it will make a lasting impression on them, and the bonds of fellowship and love will grow stronger. Members who may have been indifferent to quorum activity prior to the war may be rehabilitated spiritually by a display of genuine interest on the part of other quorum members. Conversely, a formerly active member of the quorum may be lost through indifference and neglect. After all, the gospel of the Lord Jesus, is a plan to save souls, and this cannot be

done by carelessness and indifference. Here is a grave responsibility of the quorum, and it is part of the welfare program.

The opportunity for real missionary work among some of the wayward members of the quorum can be found in many phases of the welfare program. Interest can be aroused through project work and other activities and, properly nurtured, may be the means of bringing about the spiritual rehabilitation of many who are drifting.

It is difficult to think of any quorum activities that do not in some manner touch the welfare program. It is equally difficult to think of the welfare program in any of its phases, without realizing the quorums' place therein. Consequently, it becomes obvious that the responsibilities of the quorum in connection with the welfare program are very many and very great.

Ward Teaching

"And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ: Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, . . ." (Ephesians 4:11-13.)

The work of the teacher is extremely important to the Lord's purpose of "perfecting the saints." Just so long as there is any member of the Church who is in neglect of duty, any member who is not strictly conforming to Church standards, or lacking in his appreciation of his responsibilities within the Church, there is work for the teacher to do. If there are poor, or otherwise depressed, or oppressed, in our midst, it is the teacher's duty to report, and seek solution to each need.

Each member of the Church has the responsibility to build up the Church, even to the full extent of his strength and means, and until each, in his heart, is willing to make any sacrifice required for this cause, the teacher's work is not fully done.

It is the duty of the whole Church to be "humble, to call upon the Lord daily, to stand steadfast in the faith." The work of the teacher is all important in effecting this condition. When this condition obtains, each heart will "be filled with the love of God"; each will "retain a remission of sins"; each "will grow in the knowledge of his Creator," and "in the knowledge of that which is just and true."

The Lord hath said that "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." In the ward teaching program of the Church is ample opportunity for service to another and . . .

Priesthood

NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

Conducted by
Dr. Joseph F. Merrill

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

when ye are in the service of your fellow beings ye are only in the service of your God." (Mosiah 2:17.)

All who are now in the Church have come directly or indirectly as a result of missionary service. The ward teaching program is our "missionary service" to the membership of the Church, that those who have come to a knowledge of the Lord, may not be lost, but continue there.

How the Quorums May Assist the Ward Teaching Program

I. By educating all quorum members to the value and importance of ward teaching, from the standpoint of the Lord's assignment to the teacher (See D. & C. 20:53-55.)

- a. Who is to "watch over the Church," "be with and strengthen them"
- b. Who is to see "there is no iniquity in the Church"
 1. "Neither hardness with each other"
 2. "Neither lying"
 3. "Neither backbiting"
 4. "Nor evil speaking"
- c. Who sees that the "Church meet together often, and that all members do their duty"
 1. Attending regularly appointed meetings of the Church
 2. Observing the Sabbath day
 3. Exhorting priesthood bearers to magnify their callings
 4. Encouraging full compliance with all requirements of the gospel
 - a. Personal purity of life
 - b. Family and individual prayer
 - c. Honesty and fair play
 - d. Word of Wisdom
 - e. Payment of tithes, etc.

II. By qualifying its membership for call to service as ward teachers

- a. Teaching gospel standards, and encouraging study
- b. Teaching respect for authority and the importance of responding to call
- c. Kindling within each a desire to serve
- d. Teaching gospel ordinances
 1. Baptism
 2. Confirmation
 3. Ordination
 4. Administration ordinance to sick, etc.
- e. Inspiring membership of the importance and dignity of the program

III. By making known to the proper authority members' availability as they qualify

- a. For this highly specialized service

IV. By inspiring each quorum member to set his own house in order

- a. Paying proper respect to teachers when they visit
 1. By calling their families together
 2. Awaiting their admonition and instructions
 3. Welcoming their services
 4. Manifesting a grateful spirit for the blessing of their visits

What the Ward Teaching Program May Do for Priesthood Quorums

I. Ward teaching affords members of the quorum an opportunity for growth

- a. In making the preparation for service
- b. In the rendering of this worth-while service

II. Ward teaching properly done inspires men

- a. With joy for having rendered service
- b. To greater determination to continue in service and acquire further the blessings of service

III. Since ward teaching reaches each home, it supplements the quorum's effort

- a. In keeping an official contact with every quorum member in further teaching of gospel principles
- b. In the building of ever-increasing faith
- c. In inspiring a greater love for the Lord
- d. In prompting a continued desire for forgiveness
- e. In keeping members reminded of all responsibilities in the Church
- f. In caring for the needs of their sick, poor, or otherwise unfortunate brethren

Qualifications of a Teacher

In the light of the Lord's assignment of duty:

"The teacher's duty is to watch over the church always, and be with and strengthen them: And see that there is no iniquity in the church, neither hardness with each other, neither lying, backbiting, nor evil speaking; And see that the church meet together often, and also see that all members do their duty." (D. & C. 20:53-55.)

1. As a "watchman" over the Church, he is alert and zealous in protecting every interest of the Church.
2. As one appointed to "strengthen" the Church, he must himself be strong, and ever ready and willing to respond to every need, whatever it be.
3. Since he is to "see that there is no iniquity in the Church," he must be himself a man in "whom there is no guile."

(Concluded on page 535)

For Whom Will You Vote?

OF COURSE you are going to vote if you are eligible to do so, for you feel that it is not only your privilege but your moral duty to vote. As long as all who are eligible to vote in our elections intelligently and conscientiously exercise this privilege, America is fairly safe. Undoubtedly the majority of the citizens of our great country want good, clean government—that type of government that will insure to everyone the right "to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," a government that will protect everyone within its jurisdiction in the exercise of his constitutional rights and privileges. But unless everyone is willing, ready, and alert in doing his part to protect his country against those who would destroy it from within as well as without, then the country is in danger. However, a free America is comparatively safe as long as its loyal, freedom-loving, intelligent citizens will do their duty at the ballot box.

Let it not be forgotten, however, that duty imposes obligations that must be met if failure is to be avoided—if the country is to be kept safe. Every voter should act conscientiously, intelligently, and wisely—vote only for loyal Americans who, if elected, will be true to their oaths of office which require them to defend and uphold the Constitution of the United States.

Now to be a little specific: Let us advise our readers that in the states of Utah and Idaho (maybe some others), questions relative to liquor laws will be on the ballots in the November 1946 election. In both states there are initiative and referendum laws, permitting the voters to make or repeal laws. In Idaho an attempt is being made under the sponsorship of The Civic Forces organization to repeal some and make other laws by popular vote in the coming November election. By a similar method the attempt will be made in Utah to make what we believe to be some bad changes in the current liquor laws. Hence this column advises all voters to make a careful study of these proposed changes and act conscientiously on them. (Later: The initiative movement failed to qualify in Utah before the deadline; it succeeded in Idaho.)

Another suggestion to voters is that they use necessary, available means to become well acquainted before election day with the records, attitudes, and

(Concluded on page 531)

Aaronic Priesthood

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

WARD YOUTH LEADERSHIP OUTLINE OF STUDY SEPTEMBER 1946

THE greatest and most constant need of any human being—granted food, water, and air—is love. Everyone needs to love and to be loved. Each of us is social by nature; each wishes, above all else, to be wanted and needed by other human beings. Without love or a feeling of being wanted and needed by others—or at least the memory of these things—a human being is at sea.

Careful students of human nature who study maladjusted persons, trace more personality problems to a lack of affection and the resulting lack of a feeling of affectional security in early life than to any other single cause. Let us illustrate with an example of a Latter-day Saint girl of our acquaintance.

She was born and reared of good Latter-day Saint parentage. Her mother and father were married in the temple and were faithful in their Church obligations and activity. Indeed, the father was quite an expert in doctrinal interpretation, and both parents held positions of responsibility in the ward continuously.

There was just one thing lacking in this home—love. Mother and father quarreled and nagged each other all their days. Never once did this girl see any evidence of affection between them. Nor were the parents any more successful in expressing their affection for the children. The father ruled the family with an iron hand. The girl confessed that she had only fear for him, which grew into hate with the years.

She not only received no affection from her parents, but was also not permitted to have friends. Her father defined them as a waste of time. So she grew into young womanhood without affection and without the ability to win the affection of others—boys or girls. The richest part of her potential emotional life—romantic love, filial love, and love and good will towards her fellow men—had not been allowed to develop. How, one may ask, did this absence of love affect her character?

This innate longing for love, for being wanted and needed by others, began to assert itself with increasing and irrepressible strength. It would be satisfied. Since the home had not and could not provide love, and since she had learned no legitimate source of love, she went where she could get it. She paid the big price to find a type of love



AARONIC PRIESTHOOD MEMBERS OF POCATELLO FIRST WARD, WEST POCATELLO STAKE made an outstanding record during 1945. All four quorums qualified for the Standard Quorum Award and twenty-one of the twenty-four boys enrolled earned the Individual Certificate of Award. Ninety-five percent of the boys participated in the welfare project. Bishop Daniel Martin and his Aaronic Priesthood leaders are to be congratulated.

which turned out to be as the taste of ashes.

Not only did the parents fail this girl in her great need—but workers in the Church did also. She attended Primary, Sunday School, the Mutual Improvement Association, Junior Seminary, and sacrament meetings faithfully. Two or three score teachers and leaders had known her by name and had considered her a member of the class, yes, a regular member. Did any really love her? Did she really love them? In none did she confide.

It is not strange, but only natural, that Jesus made love the first and second great commandments. Love is life, and he who doesn't know love doesn't know life nor the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The first requisite of any successful Church worker is to love each and all whom he serves. His second task is to help them love each other. Our next lessons will suggest how these two goals can be better achieved.

Questions:

1. Why, do you think, is love the first great commandment in the gospel of Jesus Christ?
2. Illustrate or elaborate the effects of the absence of close human ties in the life of an individual?
3. Which institutions can be most helpful in giving its members love and a sense of being wanted? Arrange the following in order of their importance in this regard? School, church, industry, government, home, club.

Youth Speaks

MY IDEAL LATTER-DAY SAINT HOME

(Excerpts from an address given by Donna Zell Willis, Cowley Ward, Big Horn Stake, in a recent quarterly conference.)

DONNA ZELL WILLIS



VICE PRESIDENT OF FUTURE HOMEMAKERS OF AMERICA

ON an ancient tablet unearthed in Babylonian excavations a complaint five thousand years old was found which read: "Alas, the times are not what they were." This statement has an up-to-date ring despite its ancient origin. Certainly it has never been more true than now. The last few years have carried us swiftly and turbulently away from times as they were.

This is particularly true in the home. Family life has gone out of the home because of the development of the press, the motion picture, the automobile, and the radio; parents and chil-



Ward Teaching

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

dren have reached a new status; marriage and the establishing of a home have changed completely in the minds of a great many people. The unity of the home, once the center of training and experience, and the solidarity of the family unit have been forgotten by many and never known by some.

There is a good deal of speculation about the "decay" of the American home. J. Edgar Hoover says that the chief cause of the increase in juvenile crime can be traced to the breakdown of the home. Last year the United States had its largest crime increase in fifteen years. Why are more and more boys and girls "jumping off the deep end"? Is it true that some boys and girls are born just plain bad? Social scientists say that there is no criminal type. Criminals are molded by their surroundings. The homes which stand stripped of their former influence and power over their members are directly responsible.

The end of the war hasn't ended our troubles in the home. There are more broken homes, more underprivileged homes, and more homes where bickering and quarreling goes on than ever before.

Something is happening to family life. Since juvenile delinquency is brought about by the breakdown of the home, let each and every one of us start to do something about it. We represent a goodly number of family units, and a nation is no stronger than each of its family units.

Our homes are what we make them—good, bad, or indifferent. To improve the character of the individual members, increase their happiness, and enlarge their power to do, is the most serious challenge ever addressed to me and all the other girls and women of our Church and nation. Our men have saved our homes physically from the crushing heel of the tyrant. Now we must work together diligently to save mankind the benefits which the home is best able to produce.

Religion is the greatest force in the world today, and no home can neglect having it as a foundation. Presiding at the head of the ideal home is a man who holds the priesthood of God and who recognizes his wife as a worthy partner. Thus they can plan together and work in harmony for the benefit of all the family. Where there is harmony in the home, the rights of the members are respected, thus making a democratic institution of the whole.

WARD TEACHERS

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

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

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

Ward Teachers' Message for September 1946

"REVERENCE"

REVERENCE is the key to sincere and true worship. Without it, worship is but a pretense. To revere, honor, and respect God; his love, power, and that which he has sanctified, is to demonstrate actual reverence. The reverence and divine honor which the human soul pays to God constitute one of the most joyous experiences that can come to man. The truly reverent soul feels that he is ever in the presence of deity. Carlyle said, "Reverence is the highest of human feelings." Such an atmosphere should stimulate the normal man to the highest moral and spiritual effort and conduct. Reverent consideration for the priesthood; the house of the Lord, law and government, and the home, will be indispensable in aiding to realize this worthy objective.

One cannot revere God and at the same time disregard his Holy Priesthood. Through this power, man's spiritual progress and salvation are assured. Eternal life is God's greatest gift to man, yet the highest goal in his kingdom can be gained only through the priesthood. God's servants cannot act in his name unless they bear it. The Lord's work cannot be consummated without it. When we realize the value of this divine power which is lavished upon us, our hearts should swell with reverent thanksgiving and appreciation for such a gift.

The house of the Lord is God's sanctuary and has been consecrated to worship. Here man should offer up his humble supplications and, in return, God will manifest his divine approval by shedding forth the peaceful influence of his spirit upon the faithful. Just as man reveres deity, he should hold in reverence those houses dedicated to him.

Respect for law and government is necessary to assure man's safety. Man should attempt to permit only the enactment of fair and just laws, and after adoption it is his duty to observe them fully. By so doing he manifests a reverent attitude of love and good will toward his fellow men. His responsibility does not end here; he should support and uphold those who administer the law.

The home is responsible for the development of the spirit of reverence. That attitude which is maintained in the home will be displayed by man as he makes his various social contacts. Where devotion is paid to God through the medium of family prayer and the name of deity is always held sacred by parents, it is safe to assume that most children reared in this manner will dedicate themselves to righteous living. The training that is given in the home will reflect in the conduct of the children. If they are taught to honor their parents and to revere the home, then the same spirit of cooperation may be expected to carry over into the Church. The same condition usually prevails when parents observe and uphold the law.

The words of Bailey are fulfilled in the reverent soul when he said, "Respect is what we owe; love is what we give." To the reverent comes the spirit of peace, that peace which enables him to live in harmony not only with deity, but with his fellow men.

Prayer should be a part of their daily lives. "Members of a family grow to good as surely as the plant grows to light."

When parents endeavor to rear children to take useful places in society and to bring honor to the family name, the

(Concluded on page 528)

Liberty Stake Temple Excursion

LIBERTY STAKE temple day on May 20 was attended by one hundred forty-seven persons. There were present in the evening companies, the stake presidency, members of the high council, bishops and counselors, stake patriarchs, the presidency of the stake high priests quorum and many other stake and ward authorities. While the endowment sessions were in progress, a group of workers was engaged in sealing together the ancestors of one of our sisters, who was to leave for a foreign mission.

As on previous occasions, when the Saints of our stake observed special temple appointments, our stake presidency called on the Melchizedek Priesthood quorums to extend every effort to get as many of the brethren to attend the temple sessions as possible. The result was, that fifty high priests, fifteen seventies, and fifteen elders responded to the invitation. There were in attendance sixty-seven of our sisters.

With this support and encouragement we feel assured that the stake temple days allotted to us will, in the future, become more interesting and be considered worthy of better observance by our people than they have been in recent years. We are sure, also, that the active interest shown by our ward and stake officers and the officers of the various priesthood quorums in temple work, the labors of the genealogical and temple workers will be made lighter, and will be performed by them with increased courage and enthusiasm. Stimulated by that influence, many of our worthy Saints, who now show little or no interest in temple work, may be converted to a more serious consideration of these sacred ordinances so essential for the salvation and eternal happiness of our Father's children, both living and dead.

The Prophet Joseph Smith declared the ordinances of the temple to be "this most glorious of all subjects belonging to the everlasting gospel." (D. & C. 128:17.) Should we not then obey the will of the Lord in relation to them with a devotion, "which shall be worthy of all acceptance"?—By Adolph Merz, Chairman, Liberty Stake Genealogical Committee.

Aaronic Priesthood

(Concluded from page 527)
parents themselves must set an example worthy of emulation.

Good housekeeping makes good homes. Poor housekeeping produces only poor ones. "Grapes are never gathered from thorns nor figs from thistles."

When homes are strongly and firmly built physically and spiritually, they be-



Genealogy

DEAR Stake Chairman:

This letter contains instructions on how to avoid wholesale duplication in research and in submitting family group sheets for temple work. . . .

With increased activity in genealogical research, a greater number of Church members than ever before are tracing ancestral lines appearing on their pedigree charts, and finding many helpful records available. Because of the close interrelationships between families, it is inevitable that a number of different families will trace their lineage to the same ancestors. All too frequently the records of the families of such common ancestors are sent in repeatedly for temple work, first by one line of descendants, and then in turn, one after another, by others. Over one-seventh of all names submitted for temple ordinances in the nineteen years between 1927 and 1946 were those of persons already endowed! And the percentage of attempted duplications is increasing. During the year 1944 there were 513,507 names checked for temple work, and it was found that 180,483 had previously been endowed. In 1945, out of 575,259 names checked 176,422 duplications were prevented.

The repetition in checking over so many names which yield nothing for temple work is very expensive to the Church, requiring nearly one third of the time of the staff in the temple index bureau and in the censor and correction departments. And it is also very costly in time and effort to those who search out such records and prepare them for temple work. No one wishes to waste time and effort or to duplicate ordinances intentionally. Hence the need for these suggestions.

1. *Cooperate with your family organization and the family genealogist.* Family organizations should be formed of all descendants of a common progenitor, and the research and preparation of names for temple work should be centralized under the direction of the appointed genealogist for the family. Should a descendant find what appears to be new data on the family, he should communicate with the genealogist and ascertain if these new facts have been already utilized.

2. *Send in a few sample groups from a new record for checking before submitting all names from the entire record.* If no family organization is actively functioning, then a person finding a genealogical record, such as a printed family history, should not immediately transcribe upon family group sheets all names found and send them to the index office. Instead, he is strongly urged to select a few sample family groups at intervals from the record, and send these for checking. If they return to him with virtually all names previously endowed, this is good evidence that the whole record has probably been cared for by some other family.

3. *Ascertain if any book of family genealogy found is already in the library of the Genealogical Society.* Those contemplating borrowing a book on a loan privilege from an eastern library, or purchasing a copy with a view to temple work, will find it the part of wisdom first to write and learn if the book is in our genealogical library in Salt Lake City. If it is, then it has been accessible to others, and work may already have been done from it by them. Instances have occurred where books have been borrowed by those living at a distance from our library, and transcribed in their entirety, in the limited period that they are in possession of the borrower. As a result, some hundred or thousands of family group records have been sent in for checking, and it is discovered too late to prevent this waste of effort, that all names recorded thereon have been endowed already.

Please utilize your public genealogical meetings on the evening of the fast Sunday for September, and the visits of your home teachers, to present these devices to the members of your stake.

Sincerely your brethren,

THE GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
Joseph Fielding Smith, President
Archibald F. Bennett, General Sec'y

come fortresses from which the battles of life can really be fought.

As a young Latter-day Saint girl, I have been taught that the home is a most sacred and holy institution and that family life is the most important of

all human relationships. I believe this because I believe in an immortality of the spirit. I believe in a continuation of the family ties throughout eternity. I want to weld those ties so firmly here that they will endure forever.

WAR PRISONERS—OUR STORY

(Concluded from page 484)

FOOD—you don't know how much it means till you haven't any. The need for cooking food brought out some of the most ingenious devices invented in prison camps. With nothing but old tin cans and practically no tools, prisoners in my camp fashioned clever high compression blowers to get the last bit of heat from the meager supply of wood, paper, or ersatz coal provided by the Germans.

You'd be surprised what you can make if it must be made. Men became experts in repairing shoes because someone had to repair them. And then the work of fixing the shoes kept their minds and hands busy. Other men became tailors and repaired uniforms and made stage costumes. The outstanding piece of handicraft in the exhibit is a beautiful violin made by a prisoner from bed boards, a packing case, the

back of an old chair and pieces of barbed wire. It took the prisoner two months to make the violin—two months in which he might otherwise have sat around and brooded. Some other men constructed a tin can clock. It kept good time. The Y.M.C.A. supplied us with all kinds of athletic equipment and gave medals for sport leadership. Most camps required periods of exercise so that the men would stay in as good condition as possible. Competitive games, such as volleyball, baseball, and basketball were preferred to calisthenics, but not everybody was physically able to take part in them.

The real escape of most prisoners was in reading books and going to educational classes. The library at Stalag Luft 1 contained 15,000 volumes, sent in from America. Classes were taught by Americans who were experts in that field in civilian life. Practical subjects,

which could be of help in civilian life, drew the steadiest attendance, but there were classes in almost any high school or college course you could name. We got our books and educational supplies from the Y.M.C.A. Some of us read hundreds of books.

There was no temple for our Lord
When we were banished to this place
Of soldier-exile. Yet, we saw
Within the barbs of His lonely face.

Prison camp religion had a practical quality about it that appealed to us. Perhaps that was because it really was part of us—if we wanted religious services, they had to come from within ourselves, and if there was to be a chapel, we had to build it with our hands. There were times, like Easter or Christmas, when we did something a little extra in the religious way. The "Y" helped us by supplying the religious articles of all faiths for services.

SANCTUARY

(Continued from page 501)

time off from the bank but not a penny to make the trip."

"Is that all that's the matter?"

"All—" Harry ran his hand through his tousled black hair, and his tone implied that a chasm yawned beneath his feet over which he could not leap.

"Is your father's bank the only bank in Pasadena?" inquired my aunt obliquely, and while the chasm at Harry's feet closed, she turned to me. "Felicity, I'm glad to see that you brought some refreshments. You may pass whatever you have, now."

I untwisted the paper sack and doled out the food. Aunt Martha made no comment on the sandwiches, although she had some trouble getting her mouth over the slices of bread, and she had to swallow hard before she was able to speak.

"The last time I walked along Colorado Boulevard I counted nine banks, and I daresay I could have found more if I had tried. Go and see Mr. Haggerty at the Security. He is a friend of mine—"

My bewildered eyes followed Harry's long legs down the street, but Aunt Martha stood up calmly and brushed a few crumbs from her lap. Then she turned her head sideways to get a better view of the foothills.

"Faith can remove mountains, Felicity," she said, chuckling a little, "I want you to remember that."

"Yes, ma'am," I replied, believing implicitly that Mt. Lowe would start toward us at the slightest sign from Aunt Martha. In some alarm I noted its size. "Yes, I know that," I repeated hastily, "but I don't think Eleanor does. I think we ought to go and tell her about faith right now."

"No," Aunt Martha answered, moving along the shaded walk toward home. "Eleanor will have to learn by precept, I think. The person we'll have to talk to is Mr. Haggerty at the Security Bank."

SOME time after the petticoat incident, and my Aunt Martha's strange conversation with Harry under the camphor trees, I was allowed to go to the Fairchild's to dinner, although I know I went against my aunt's better judgment, for it was February, the wet month, and she looked out anxiously at the darkening sky as she bade Amy and me good-bye.

"Keep your coat buttoned, Felicity, while you are out in the night air," she admonished as we skipped down the steps, "and remember that if it rains, I shall come for you."

Amy and I spent the whole afternoon giggling and discussing Eleanor and Harry. "Mamma thinks she's

sick," Amy confided in a loud whisper. "She said she was sick and tired of seeing her moping," Amy sniffed a little. "Mamma bought her some medicine. It's called beef and iron, and she makes her take it every day." After a minute she lowered her voice, "I tried some the other day. It's bitter—like a green walnut, and after you swallow it your teeth stay furry for a long time."

If only I had thought to ask Aunt Martha what a precept was, I could have brought one and given it to Eleanor. It was too late for that, and I didn't have a chance to speak to her until Amy was called to the kitchen to help her mother with the dinner. I found Eleanor in the dining room. Going over to her, near enough to touch the forget-me-nots in her challis dress, I said softly, "I know where Harry is."

"Where is he?" Eleanor demanded feverishly.

"He's at the Fair," I whispered. "I think he took his pictures with him," I added, raising my eyes to look at her.

Her face was flaming, and I thought she was crying because she covered her eyes with her hands. Now was the time to tell her about Aunt Martha being able to remove Mt. Lowe.

"Faith can—," I began, and then I knew it was no use because Eleanor

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SANCTUARY

(Concluded from page 529)

had to learn by a precept and I didn't know what that was. Bitterly I realized that it was too late. I got to my feet and went out.

Thaddeus Fairchild was in a jovial mood that evening. He had reached home before the rain started. Sitting at the head of the table, his bald head glowing softly in the candlelight, he glanced around benignly at the three females who graced his board.

"Well, Eleanor," he boomed, "glad to see you have an appetite tonight. I told you last week that if Harry didn't show up again, there were plenty of other fish for you to hook." His great laugh rang out, rattling the china plates against the rail.

"Thaddeus!" implored Mrs. Fairchild.

Eleanor, who was about to reply, was saved the bother by the rain which had waited for just this moment to break in upon the dinner. It fell with a tremendous, pelting onslaught, crystal clear against the dining room windows, and thunderous and heavy upon the roof upstairs. In one of the bedrooms a door slammed, and Eleanor, with a sigh of relief, fled from the table and went to close the windows. The candles wavered in the sudden gusty wind that swept through the house. Amy and I clutched each others' hands under the table, shivering deliciously at the feeling of protection from the bleak outdoors.

AFTER dinner Amy beat me soundly at parchesi, three games in a row.

"There," she exclaimed triumphantly, throwing a double one and pushing her last man safely "home," "I won!"

Mrs. Fairchild looked up indulgently from her Honiton lace work. "Glad to see you happy, dear. Now put the board away and go up to bed. Felicity may wear your new nightgown if you like."

"Oh, I couldn't do that," I protested, "go to bed, I mean. Aunt Martha said she would come for me if it rained."

Mrs. Fairchild regarded me in horrified amazement, and then she laughed, a little tinkling laugh of adult amusement. "Maybe she did 530

say that," she conceded graciously, "but she had no idea it would rain like this. Now run along and don't talk any more about it."

Amy gathered up the parchesi and thrust it into the cupboard underneath the bookshelves; but I made no move to help her or go with her when she slithered nervously out of the room. Sickeningly, the little brass clock on the green mantel chimed eight o'clock, and I knew my aunt should have come half an hour ago.

"Felicity," Mrs. Fairchild said sharply, "aren't you going?"

"No, ma'am."

"Ridiculous!" Mr. Fairchild snapped the evening paper to the sports page and put his finger down to mark the place.

Mrs. Fairchild suddenly changed her tactics. She began grimacing at her husband, forming words with her lips as if I couldn't understand. "What shall I do? You know she is a tantrum child."

"You don't need to do anything," I answered, "I shall wait out in the hall."

THE house grew deadly quiet as I took up my lonely vigil on the first step of the stairway. I made no sound, listening to the noise of gushing water, with which the streets were overflowing, spreading three-foot rivers on each side of the avenue.

Soon I began to feel sleepy.

To keep myself awake I resorted to counting things. First—the green glazed tile in the simulated gas fireplace: twenty tiles to the mantel.

MAPLE TREES

By Solveig Paulson Russell

SOMETHING sweet is tangled

In the old-time yellow rose.

And dignity lies hidden

Where the hearty hawthorn grows.

Laughter's in the blossom boughs,

And trust in violet eyes;

But oh, there's gallant courage

Where the maple skims the skies.

There is, about the maple's

Flaming torches in the fall,

Something that arouses

The spirit with its call.

Something that cries out to man

To meet his trials and woes

With the same brave surging upward

That the burnished maple shows.

twenty-four across (number nineteen was cracked like the Mississippi River), and twenty down to the floor again. After the sixth round my head began to nod, and I shifted my gaze to the banisters in the hall railing. Number thirteen and fourteen were falling together against my will when I heard the footsteps on the porch. I leaped to my feet and flung open the door in time to see Aunt Martha carefully setting the open umbrella on the porch.

"Well, Felicity," she said cheerfully, coming inside while little rivers of water ran from her ulster, "I'm glad to see you remembered what I said." She gave herself a little shake, and the diamonds, twinkling from her earrings sent a shower of light through the hallway.

SUDDENLY the room filled with noise. Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild were clucking at Aunt Martha, telling her she would surely catch her death of cold and other inconsequential banalities.

"I would have been here sooner," said my aunt calmly, "if Herkimer Street wasn't flooded." She smiled at the bewildered faces, and then she said briskly, "Get your things on, Felicity. We must go back right away."

I was fumbling with the clumsy rubbers, stamping my feet into them, when I felt the soft arms of Eleanor encircling me. Her warm, fragrant hair brushed my cheek, and she kissed me, giving me a tight little squeeze.

"You precious lamb," she whispered, "I'll never forget what you taught me tonight."

Only dimly was I aware of her words because I was hurrying to get away. Struggling into my coat, I turned to make my farewells, for I knew my aunt would not permit me to leave before I did. Advancing directly in front of Mrs. Fairchild I put out my hand and did my prettiest drop courty.

"Thank you very much," I said distinctly, "for a pleasant evening."

I didn't see the startled look on Mrs. Fairchild's face nor the laughter in Aunt Martha's eyes. After that, all I remember was the warm feeling of Aunt Martha's hand as we went out triumphantly into the night air.

No-Liquor-Tobacco Column

(Concluded from page 525)

promises especially of candidates for county sheriffs and county attorneys for the purpose of determining which candidates, if elected, are most likely to enforce the laws, especially those relating to liquor and morals. Even with good laws, conditions may be very bad because of nonenforcement of the law. Liquor and underworld elements always unite in efforts to elect judges, prosecutors, and sheriffs who will be lax in their efforts to enforce liquor and moral laws. Can good citizens knowingly vote for such candidates? A word to the wise should be sufficient.

Booze and the Working Man

"WHAT has booze ever done for the workingman?" A labor journal asks this question, and answers:

Booze fills prisons, poorhouses, insane asylums, reform schools, inebriate asylums. Booze causes more unemployment than all strikes and lockouts, is the prime cause of poverty, robs women and children, sends children to work to compete against workmen and women, deprives the children of drinkers of an opportunity to fit themselves for the struggle of life. Booze is no friend of the workman, it is a scab in the ranks of union labor. Its chief work is to create disorganization and inefficiency. . . . Booze is the bane of the world, the curse of the poor man, the foe of all humanity. —*The Trade Unionist* (10-10-18), reprinted in the *Spotlight*, January 1946.

A "Model" Saloon

Forty years ago Bishop Henry C. Potter dedicated with a religious service a bar known as the Sub Way Tavern, in New York City. This saloon was to be a model of refinement, in which all bad features of the liquor business were to be eliminated. The patrons were to be entertained with high-class music and good reading matter, and only "pure liquors" were to be served. A sign was hung in front of the building, "This Is the Place Dedicated by Bishop Potter. You Are Welcome." It was claimed that a "reformed saloon" would be the solution to the drink problem. But in a short time, as one newspaper reported, it was found to be true that "there is just as much drunkenness in a drink taken at a canonized bar as at a regular whiskey shelf." Conditions finally became so bad that in disgust the company sold out to a man who announced: "This saloon is going to be run as a saloon should be run—as a gin mill. It is no use trying to play with the Lord and run with the Devil." The *Chicago Inter-Ocean* summed up the matter editorially: "What they failed to see was that the reform, which this saloon professed to promote, is, and always will be, from the viewpoint of the church, a sham reform. For the church to choose between two evils is for the church to sanction evil." It is just as impossible to reform the saloon as it is to reform a rotten egg. It can't be done.—*The Temperance Bulletin*.

AUGUST 1946

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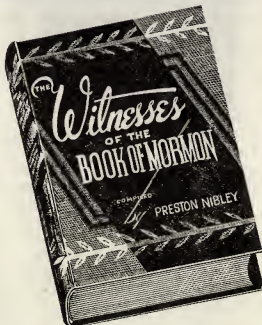
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CRUISING ON THE GREAT SALT LAKE

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had adhered to it. As it was they were over two hours late getting back. However, "all's well that ends well," and they returned with plenty of water.

In the evening we witnessed the most glorious sunset. Captain Brown announced that he would entertain the club by reciting a poem, and picking up the big megaphone he began.

SUNSET VIEWED FROM FREMONT ISLAND*

Gigantic canvas of a hand immortal,
What gifted artist could repeat thy hues,
Those brilliant, blazing, almost blinding
colors
That lavish nature o'er thy expanse strews?
Who says, there is no God? Why friend,
look yonder,
What mighty mind conceived that mighty
scene?
What earthly hand could mix such won-
drous colors,
That flaming red, that vivid amber green.
That's just a sample, friend, a glimpse of
glory.
A promise of the greater things in store,
A little peep between the gates of heaven,
What Christian soul could ask for any
more?

Who says there is no God, with that before
him?

That even brings the tears to savage eyes,

—It is not known whether Captain Brown was the
author.

Look! Look again, before the sunlight fal-
ters.

Before that golden God-made radiance dies.

My shipmate held the megaphone in silence for a moment or so. He was then requested to repeat the wonderful verse. All seemed to be spell-bound, and the glow of that sunset remained in the western sky all that night.

Sleeping on the lonely island that night, at times in the distance we could hear and see by their lights, trains, speeding across the giant trestle over the Great Salt Lake.

Early next morning, after a swim, and after bathing our faces in fresh water for the first time on the cruise, we breakfasted, and soon, getting under way, we shaped our course for White Rock, seeing there just a few gulls. Leaving there we headed into White Rock Bay, at the north end of Antelope Island, to get a good view of the buffalo, of which there are thirty or more, a few cattle and sheep, with plenty of feed and good water.

We now shaped our course for home, and rounding Elephant Head we came to a sandy beach, and took another swim, and ate; then hoisting our anchors we headed for Saltair pavilion.

THE SPOKEN WORD FROM TEMPLE SQUARE

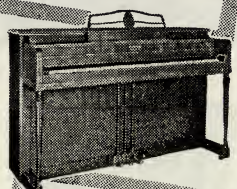
(Continued from page 507)

On Understanding Freedom

As days of patriotic observance come and go, there is much said about freedom. Like all other principles with which men are concerned, freedom in theory may be one thing and freedom in practice may be quite another. It is a term comparatively easy to define academically, but sometimes difficult to define in the everyday relationships of life—difficult to say where encroachment begins and ends, to say when it is violated and when it is respected, because men have so many different ideas of freedom, and so many misconceptions concerning it. There are some, for example, who are committed to the principle of freedom for

everyone, and others who want it only for themselves. It is they who have forgotten that no man's freedom is safe, so long as any man is in bondage. Then there are those who want freedom to abuse their freedom—who want complete license, freedom from all restraint, freedom from the necessary discipline of life, freedom from law and order. It is they who mistake freedom for anarchy. Most of us, no doubt, want our freedom to complain and to criticize. We may not always use this freedom, but without it we are not free. And then there are some of us who expect not only freedom but also a free living. But there is a great difference. Freedom must include freedom to work but not freedom from work. Freedom from want without effort may sound like Utopia, on the face of it, but actually it is but the prelude to

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The Spoken Word

tragedy. There are many other so-called freedoms which some of us sometimes think we want, but which no straight-thinking man actually does want when he understands where they lead—and among them are freedom from responsibility, freedom from troubling ourselves with the issues of the day—and even freedom from thinking for ourselves. But when we indulge these freedoms we do so at great cost, because he who does not carry his share of the burdens of his own day and generation cannot long expect to have the blessings of freedom—and he who does not think for himself is never free. God be thanked for freedom, for, withal it is abused, and neglected, and misunderstood, anything for which we could exchange it would be a bad bargain.

—June 30, 1946.

Plain Talk To Girls

(Concluded from page 493)

the spirit which comes to you from this conference, and go back to it with a determination that you will do your part, each of you, to stem this tide of immorality which threatens to engulf the world. You women can do it. We men will not.

May the Lord bless you. Again I ask you to be good enough to excuse my blunt speech, but I feel there come times when things must be said even as Jacob of old declared. And I would like you to read when you go home the second chapter, I think it is, of Jacob, in the Book of Mormon, because you stand just where Jacob stood, even as do I, where your duty is to warn the world, and particularly your own sisters of the evils that threaten them. The Lord said on one occasion when he was preaching: "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Mark 8:36, 37.) And remember the philosophy of Paul when he spoke to the Romans and said: "I find then a law, that, when I would do good, evil is present with me." (Romans 7:21.) You can overcome that evil so present by living the commandments of the Lord, and that you may be able to do so, I humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.



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THERE'S A FULLER PAINT DEALER NEAR YOU

"YE SHALL NOT FEAR"

(Continued from page 502)

THE FAMILY

ACCOMPLISHMENT should always be the result when energy is expended. Yet, like a dizzily spinning top, many businesses go 'round in the preparation of advertising and get nowhere. Month after month, the same thing happens again and again and nothing is accomplished but the expenditure of dollars that could be made to produce results. The function of a printing organization today is to help clients to plan printing that builds sales—to take copy and dramatize it, make it so irresistibly attractive that it must naturally draw the reader's attention. The waste of which we speak is often due to lack of understanding. Realization of this has made us sales minded. Your selling problem is our problem, and our experience puts us in a position to print your sales story so that it will get results.

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THE Lord designed the family for mutual help and support. The English workman for generations reared a large family in the prime of his life as an old-age security. In France, for decades the small family has been the rule, and reliance has been upon conservation of inherited property. Black misery, as the French expressed it, faced the old folk without living children who lost their property.

The 1940 census of the United States showed that half of the nation's 35,000,000 families had no children under eighteen years of age, and only one third of the families had any children under ten years of age. Have you observed that plans of postwar dwellings generally show a small house for two people with a basement game room and a built-in garage but no rooms for children?

For old age and disability we have old-age pensions, social security, and relief payments. In case of runaway inflation, how long could the young and productive people of this country be expected to burden their lives for the old to whom they have no blood ties?

The family is the social security unit. Young couples who proceed now to rear large families will encounter discouragements, adverse counsel, and ridicule, but when their years of struggle are past, they will reap the economic security of a large family properly trained as has always been and always will be so. In case of inflation wiping out all savings, the poor family with several boys and girls able to go to work is well set to cope with the changed conditions.

A PRACTICAL CHURCH

IN unity there is strength. Especially is this true when one is united with an industrious, thrifty, trained, and capable people, possessing integrity, character, and high purpose, who have been taught the commandment to help each other and who have been organized to make this help effective. Among such people, there is opportunity for exchange of services and profitable trade and employment, even without money to serve as a medium of exchange.

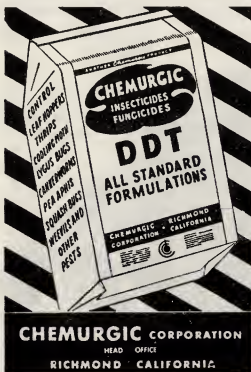
When the pioneers came to Utah, they gave food and clothing to the educated man and woman who in exchange taught their children. They traded the necessities of life with the shoe- and harness maker, etc.

For those who are needy, the Church has set up relief organizations which are supported by the work and offerings of the members. It has distressed me on a number of occasions to hear Latter-day Saints, even some in responsible positions, affirm that they would rather starve to death than accept the help of the welfare program. No true Latter-day Saint will despise the program and the organizations set up by our Heavenly Father to safeguard the well-being of the members of his Church. None of us knows when he may be brought low financially. The quality of humility is most important in time of distress. A hardworking, humble people can be of real help to each other. It should be the purpose of every able-bodied Latter-day Saint in need of help to get on a self-supporting basis as soon as possible. He will reach that point most surely and quickly if he is humble and uses the means provided by the Lord to supplement his own effective exertions to get back on his feet.

SIMPLE TASTES AND SIMPLE NEEDS

THE family with simple tastes and needs is better prepared to meet the ups and downs of life than the family with a costly establishment and expensive living habits. The former can face future uncertainty with relative equanimity. In the great depression of the thirties I was dismayed to see men who had lost their money or their jobs take their lives or embezzle funds, or forge checks, or beg and borrow relentlessly rather than move their families into smaller houses or a poorer neighborhood or give up the use of their cars or take grown children out of school to go to work. Extravagance is a great financial liability at any time but especially so in a period of economic distress.

The Latter-day Saint should not live in a miserly or niggardly fashion, but he can live thriftily and unostentatiously and can cultivate a love for simple things. Only the Lord can give his children the power of lasting enjoyment and satis-



"Ye Shall Not Fear"

faction and the power to love, and these divine gifts can accompany the simplest things of this life. They are more often found in the homes of the worthy poor than in the homes of the well-to-do.

In contemplating these things, one can readily see why the Savior of the world, in telling his people in this dispensation of the dire calamities that were to befall them before the hour of his coming, could yet ask them to have glad hearts and cheerful countenances. One can also understand the feelings of the Psalmist when he said, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

Melchizedek Priesthood

(Concluded from page 525)

- Since it is his responsibility to "see that the Church meet together often," he must visit among the people, keeping them informed of the Church services they are expected to attend. He should inspire them with the desire and determination to attend. He should himself be on hand at the appointed hour to receive them and to make them acquainted with ward officials and their fellow worshippers.
- The teacher is appointed to "see that all members do their duty." He must therefore know what the duties of the Latter-day Saints are and teach them to his people in a way that they will respond fully to duty. He must himself be true to every trust. He must be a true servant of the people and the Lord.

"Therefore, what manner of man ought ye to be? Verily I say unto you, even as I am." (III Nephi 27:27.)

Hints on Ward Teaching

- Go joyously about your work; you have been called of the Lord.
- Have a blessing always in your heart for the families you visit.
- Be humble, but confident and determined; you have a dignified calling.
- Be studious, ever increasing your knowledge of the word of God.
- Approach each home with a prayer in your heart.
- Be alert, accomplish the purpose of your visit, but avoid giving offense.
- Do not waste your time, or the time of those you visit.
- Deliver an appropriate message, and bear your testimony.
- Teach an abiding love for the Lord and respect his word.
- Teach his word and you will build faith.
- Be a gentleman in all things.
- Adapt your visit to the convenience of those you are assigned to visit.

- Go by appointment when possible.
- Visit each family monthly, or oftener if occasion requires.
- If you are not welcome back after hav-

ing visited a home, see if you can determine whether you made some mistake, and if you did, make it right and avoid repeating it.

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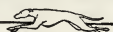


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WHEN SCOUTS GO CAMPING

(Continued from page 495)

ON THE METHOD OF TRAVEL

MAKE certain that the boys can reach the place only by their own efforts. Nobody has a right to take the deep lessons of life out of our eternal hills without paying for them. I need not fear about the right to do it—for no one can do it anyhow unless he does pay. That pay is simple. It is the simple expenditure of honest sweat to reach the spot of beauty. Anyone who approaches a beautiful mountain or lake or waterfall or trees with the speed of the modern motor car may see a little of its beauty, but he will never feel its depths or catch its lessons. He will be like the girl on the edge of the Grand Canyon who, casually looking over the edge, as casually said, "Some gulley." Not one boy of the thirty who went with me down the fifteen-mile trail to the depths of the Grand Canyon, stopping for noon under the sheltering rock while the sun blistered the hot earth, and who by evening light struggled up the long trail to the south rim, will ever forget the canyon. Like the mysterious smile of the Mona Lisa, it will grow in memory, each thought catching a new and different facet of meaning as the light of years comes upon each boy. Each bend in the trail, the campfire on the river, the climb out of Granite Canyon, the final burst of energy as they topped the southern rim are etched upon their souls. Of the return trip they cannot forget, if they would, the torture of the final five-mile climb to Bright Angel Point. And the supreme memory of all is their final view of the canyon from Bright Angel Point again—this time as conquerors of one of the most stupendous facts in nature. No Pharaoh ever returned with greater or more important booty than did these modern wanderers as they faced their parents and told them of what they had seen and heard and felt. But no boy ever won such a prize without sweating for it.

ABOUT EQUIPMENT

ANY sporting-goods house has camping equipment. Each article bears the endorsement of the man who went out into the hills and forests, and, finding the need, in-

vented the article to satisfy himself. Such articles can be bought for a price—but that is the end of them. They give little lasting satisfaction.

John Muir said that one who faces a storm prepared for, and in harmony with it will learn some of life's greatest lessons. One of the greatest preparations for such harmony is the conception, the planning, and the execution in the making of the equipment with which a boy goes camping out and faces storms.

We used to sleep out in quilts and blankets. When I went overnight hiking as a boy, my bed, with the canvas cover was so heavy that for two of us to stagger half a mile with it was a feat gargantuan in its nature. On the day I sat down and figured out what keeps one warm at night, and why feathers are better than wool, and why wool is better than cotton, and the relation of body heat to air space to be heated, I won half a victory; and when a friend and I sat up until three a.m. sewing eight flour sacks (one hundred-pound size) and four pounds of kapok into a crude sleeping bag, and then with it, discovered that we had solved the problem of how to make an eight-pound bed that would keep us warm on camping trips—we became like Columbus—we had discovered a new America. I claim that I discovered the sleeping bag. Let no one mistake my meaning. I only discovered it for myself—but that was as great a discovery to me as was that of the fellow years ago who discovered that reindeer skins make good sleeping bags. Any good leader of Boy Scouts will make it his prime purpose to turn Scouts into youthful Balboas whose he will then permit to discover their own Pacific Oceans. There are so many things to discover about your own equipment, made at home, as nearly as possible from materials at hand.

There is the homemade tent which will keep you snug and dry in the greatest storms.

There is the homemade reflector oven which will deliver hot, savory bread or muffins—upon call—or which will cook a trout caught on a homemade hook, over a fire ignited with a homemade friction set.

There is the homemade Yukon-style — or Nelson-style — pack, whichever you like best, or several other styles if you prefer them—or

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

When Scouts Go Camping

you can figure up your own style after wearing blisters on your back with one of the kind which has body and parts—but no soul, as I mentioned at first.

There are many better homemade cooking utensils than the smartly painted kit bearing a price tag of \$1.75, and they're lighter and more useful too. There is a strange truth about Boy Scout camping equipment. The inventor cannot pass along the romance and fun and development, when he sells you the finished article. Camping out with that sort of stuff is a synthetic experience, vicariously practiced upon the purchaser. That's why it's dead material. It comes to life like Snow White—only when kissed by the prince. In this case the prince takes the shape of the Scout who spends long hours sewing or hammering while his body and his fingers, fused together into the tools, form the kiss. All the time he is working, his heart and his soul are climbing a Mt. Everest.

There is no camping equipment to be prescribed. I have my outfit geared to my needs and pleasures, tested and improved by more than five thousand miles of hiking. In the kingdom of the wilderness trail, the living soul is in the homemade outfit; its rites and authority find their only complete expression in the singing heart of the boy who makes his own.

ON THE METHOD OF YOUR GOING

THIS is the real crux of the whole matter of camping: You can make the long hike a nightmare of aching shoulders, blistered feet, dust and disgust, or you can give the boys the exalted thrill of the pioneers—how? *Let them find their own way!* Give them each the map and the compass. Let them be full of the fear of getting lost. A boy who's not sure he's on the right trail isn't going to spend much time worrying about how much his pack hurts.

The most hateful thing I ever did in my life was to line up ninety boys in a row and hike them single file from the head of the Beekler River over the divide to Shoshone Lake, Yellowstone, 1929, stopping every fifteen minutes while they counted

(Concluded on page 538)

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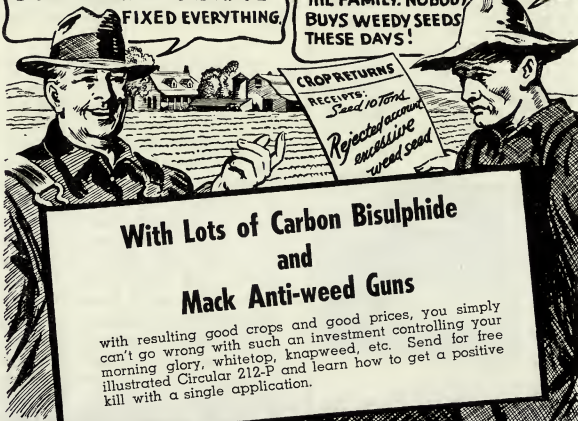
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WHEN SCOUTS GO CAMPING

(Concluded from page 537)

off. The only one who had any fun on that walk was the man in front who had the map and the compass. The remainder just trudged slowly along, each boy eating the dust of the boy in front, heads down, thinking about the heat, and their aching shoulders—while up every glade could have been high adventure. I never did it again—and I've never lost a boy. The next year we went back with each pair of boys equipped with map and compass. At the head of the Becker River I allowed the Scouts to form in hiking groups to

suit their own fancy. Then I called them together, and on the map pointed to where we were. I pointed out Shoshone Lake eight miles to the east on the map. Then I electrified them by saying, "Good-bye, boys, I'll see you there at sunset." Some groups left at once on a high lode, while others, not so sure of themselves, lingered for one more lesson with map and compass. Emery Wight and I hiked leisurely over the ridge, through the timber and arrived at the lake, thinking we would have a long wait before all of our boys were accounted for. No one was in sight. Then suddenly with Comanche yell the horde was upon us. Springing from behind rocks, trees, and bushes, the whole troop performed a perfect ambush. Not a boy was missing—all were present. That night they voted it the best hike they'd ever had.

Please don't assume that I've ever taken much chance on losing boys. Sherman Barton and I, as professional campers have hiked better than three thousand miles with a total of more than four thousand

boys, and we never did lose a boy. We've been lost with boys several times—but we were all lost together—never alone. Several times boys have thought they were lost—but we knew where they were. If any of you scoutmasters want to know how to do that, we'll be glad to tell you what we've learned.

There's a great deal more to tell—but the telling would give away the great secret. No outdoorsman can tell you much about it. He can tell about the times he killed the bear or caught the big fish, but he can never tell you with words the meaning of the fir, the spruce, the thin air of the mountaintops, the rain, the hail, the dark, the daybreak, the smell of the earth, the feel of the ground under the sleeping bag, the crackling wood of the fire—no, he cannot tell it—and he would not if he could. There are some things too sacred, too full of meaning to be told; but on the long trail, the good trail, you can drink your own heart full of the good things—according to the size of your soul.

OSCAR A. KIRKHAM—A LEADER OF YOUTH

(Continued from page 494)

communities in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints than anywhere else. Elder Kirkham has been the file leader for these boys with a smile. His slogan, the "fun-way of scouting" has been a rallying cry.

As Scouter of the world, Brother Kirkham has been chief morale officer of the American contingent at all of the International Jamborees since their inception in 1920 including the National Jamboree in 1937, Washington, D.C. He was one of seven officials at the World Jamboree in Holland to represent America in the international conference of youth. His many friends include Lord Baden-Powell, chief Scout of the world, James E. West, chief Scout of America, Count Teli, director of scouting in Hungary, and many other world recognized Scouters who looked upon him as the spiritualizer of scouting. He stood for the Word of Wisdom, the Scout oath, and the Scout law, and with his great singing voice was an inspiration to boys of every land.

WHAT national leaders think of him is reflected in the comments of Dr. Elbert K. Fretwell, president of the National Council and whose friendship covers a period of many years, who wired as follows:

Oscar Kirkham is to me the living embodiment of the scouting spirit, devoted to his God, and to his country, and to helping other people. He has the rare ability of helping people to help themselves. He has been and always will be a great national leader in scouting.

H. W. Hurt, national scouting director of research and statistics states in a letter:

For more than a quarter-century we have labored in a common cause—to facilitate the development of youth into responsible citizenship....

Across these years our contracts carried, always the impact of spiritual force.

Somehow, you have symbolized, to me, a modern version of sturdy religious vigor of the prophets of old. I know that thousands have been made more aware of the eternal values of life by the challenge and wholeness of your example whether as a citizen, or churchman, or as the husband and father of a marvelous family.

The Scout movement is richer because of these values which you have embodied as you worked in it.

Imagine that!
An EGGLESS,
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RENNET-CUSTARDS
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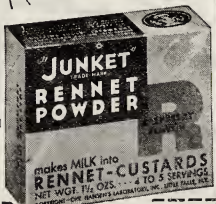
A feller can get tired of drinking milk at any age, but milk he can eat with a spoon is different! Eggless, non-cooked renet-custards are delicious, colorful milk desserts for the whole family—more readily digestible than milk itself. They retain all the food values of milk.

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

Oscar A. Kirkham— A Leader of Youth

Mr. Harold F. Pote, national director of personnel for the Boy Scouts of America was chosen to pay tribute to Brother Kirkham at both the San Jose conference of Region Twelve Scout executives and the Buck Hill conference of national staff members. He writes:

The written word is too cold to do justice to the subject, i.e., Oscar Kirkham and what he has meant to scouting through these many years.

It seems to me that your associates of the national staff have, because of what you have stood for, recognized in you a fast friend. On many occasions I have heard men speak of their feelings of "steady support" from you in times of need. You may not recall it, but when I was under the greatest pressure at the 1944 conference at Buck Hill Falls, you wrote a special message to me, quoting a man by the name of Sweitzer which was designed to help me think through my responsibilities and to relieve me from pressure. This has been characteristic of your leadership through the years.

In the international conference, I know your counsel and advice helped Dr. West, as chief of our group of six delegates, tremendously.

We insist that even though you retire you remain as one of us. A special title must be devised for you. In times of old, the patriarchs were given special status as elder statesmen. . . .

Dr. Ray O. Wyland is well known to scouting and to Scouters in our Church in his official capacity as national director of the religious emphasis of the program. He says:

When I think of scouting in the Latter-day Saint Church, I think of you, for in no small measure, your leadership has contributed to the outstanding record of the Mormon Church which enrolls more than seventy percent of its boys in scouting, leading all churches, as Utah leads all states, in the percentage of boys who are receiving Scout training.

It is natural that we should think of you as the ambassador of scouting to the Church, but I am equally appreciative of your mission as the ambassador of the Church to scouting. Because of your personality and unexcelled spirit, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is held in high regard among all our Scout leaders.

I believe you are the best missionary in your Church, and it is entirely fitting that you should be designated as one of the Seven Presidents of the Seventy, selected to supervise the missionary program of the Church throughout the world.

We will miss you in scouting circles. No one will ever fill your place, but I am happy to report that your son, Rock M. Kirkham, is making an excellent record, and he will carry on the work which you have so well established.

(Concluded on page 540)

For Picnic Sandwiches

During this picnic season, it's very important to use bread sparingly and waste none. Sandwiches made with Royal Bread are deliciously nutritious.



HUNGRY CHILDREN?

Give them Bread and
TEA GARDEN JELLY

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Meat Sandwich
Tea Garden Jelly on
Nut Bread
Apple Cocoa

Because it's made like Home-Made

The Quality Soap for PARTICULAR Housewives!



OSCAR A. KIRKHAM—A LEADER OF YOUTH

(Concluded from page 539)

I am one of the many who cherish your friendship and the happy associations we have had through a quarter of a century. . . .

C. J. Carlson, regional Scout executive directing the scouting activities in the four western states and Hawaii to whom Brother Kirkham was deputy Scout executive says:

Your contribution to the Boy Scouts of America is rather unique and noteworthy. Because of your personality and outlook on the richer and fuller things of life you have richly endowed the personnel of scouting with a spiritual touch that will long be remembered. You have truly left living monuments along the trail of scouting.

D. E. Hammond, Scout executive of the Salt Lake Council and member of the scouting committee of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association has been closely associated with Brother Kirkham for many years, first as his assistant in the Salt Lake Council, and since then with the Y.M.M.I.A., the sponsors of the scouting program in the Church. Brother Hammond writes:

It is interesting to observe that Oscar A. Kirkham's initials spell OAK. As you think of his life and accomplishments, his great

service to his community; to scouting locally, nationally, and internationally and to his Church, it is easy to compare him to a great sturdy, deeply rooted, immovable, stately, wide-spreading oak tree—one that stands alone on the country side.

Oscar is sturdy in stature, stately, deep-rooted and immovable in his convictions as to honor, justice, fair play, and Christian goodness. His influence, helpfulness and 'sheltering' service to thousands has been widespread and far-reaching. He has the unusual faculty of seeing, feeling, understanding, and interpreting the human side of life. He touches people's hearts and moves them to action.

John A. Stiles, chief executive commissioner of The Boy Scouts Association of Canada, and a lifelong friend of both Brother Kirkham and the Latter-day Saint people, writes:

For twenty-five years I have watched Oscar Kirkham, the militant Christian

Scout, in action. The fibre of the man, his intense loyalty to fundamentals in scouting and religion; his love for his fellow men; his ability to lead, and his great sense of humor withal, have been an inspiration to me. To see and hear him, as I have many times, lead an audience of fifteen hundred or more Scout executives in the great songs of the Church and scouting has been something to remember for many a day. . . .

I regard Oscar Kirkham as one of the great pioneers of scouting, a regular individualist on the side of God and humanity. . . .

And so to Oscar A. Kirkham, these tributes serve as but a challenge for his ever-increasing devotion to youth, that young people may live to the best that lies within them, challenged to that best by his ever-wise, ever-friendly leadership.

—From material by Dr. George Stewart and other sources.

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

(Concluded from page 491)

told him how delighted I was to have it and that I would place it in the genealogical library in Salt Lake City.

Before I left the room, he said, "Mr. Smith, this is my mother's genealogy, the Gates' genealogy. We are also preparing my father's genealogy—the Dawes' family. It will be one just like this. When it is finished, I would like to send you a copy of that also."

Fifty thousand dollars worth of genealogy!—and just because I tried to be polite to someone.

I do not think that was an accident. The Dawes family is one of the most prominent families in the United States; and in that line is the Gates family, including Jacob Gates. Other Church families also run through these books.

This man Rufus Dawes died before the second volume was finished. He left word with Charles G. Dawes, his elder brother, to be sure to send me a copy of that book when it was finished. Well, I was afraid that Charles G. Dawes didn't know anything about it, so about a year later I called on him and told him how I had obtained the other volume. He said, "I know all about it, and we will have another of my father's line for you as soon as it is completed." And this second volume,

according to promise, also came to me.

The Lord is helping us; it is marvelous how the way is opened and how other people frequently are prompted to prepare their genealogies. But sometimes we fail to take advantage of our opportunities to prepare our genealogies, notwithstanding the Lord has very pointedly said that unless we take care of our temple work we will be rejected with our dead. This is a very serious thing. This is something that we cannot change, if we have wasted our opportunities until life passes.

There may be other such men—there may be a Charles G. Dawes or Rufus Dawes in your line, or mine, someone who is prompted by the Lord to gather these wonderful records. And if there is, we shall have been greatly blessed—if we use such findings for the purpose for which they have been given us. But we cannot expect others to do this work for us.

So the Lord, in one way or another, encourages, advises, and counsels us to do our work. Some families who can't do the work themselves have someone else working all the time on their temple genealogy, and records.

If we do our part, our genealogies will be unfolded to us—sometimes in one way, sometimes in another. So I want to suggest to you, my brethren and sisters: let us do our part.



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Don't Be a Lobster

(Continued from page 496)

vanced to a position Iago wanted himself. He set a trap for the good Cassio and lowered him to the dust. Then he plotted against his commander, accusing Desdemona of infidelity, until in a rage of jealousy the Moor himself killed his lovely wife and then with a dagger ended his own life. As a boy would say, this was a double feature in this story of jealousy.

Pick up the history of any nation. There is a trail of murder and crime as a result of this thing called jealousy. Brothers poisoning brothers to get the throne is an act played throughout the ages.

Jealousy is a cancer of the worst type, and like a cancer, the only hope of escaping its terrible punishment is to destroy it in its very early stages. It is better by far not to let it get the slightest encouragement to fasten itself to you. Jealousy is like the octopus of the seas.

Another person we read of in holy writ, in a fit of jealousy, slew his brother. Ever since this chapter when Cain played this role with his brother, this octopus of the human makeup has been taking its toll.

When your brother, your friend, and even your competitor, attain recognition in this or that, rejoice with him. Then you show your bigness—then you show you are proud to be called one of God's children.

Are you a musician? Do you become envious of the other fellow when he sings or plays well? Are you a mechanic? Do you rejoice when another is skilful? Are you ambitious as a speaker? Do you feel badly if a competitor, as it were, in this business of oratory does very well? Are you an artist? Is there resentment in your soul when another artist gains recognition for a portrait or a landscape? Are you a pigmy or giant in your soul?

Don't be a lobster!

WHILE attending a stake conference a few months ago, I heard President George F. Richards tell a story that warmed me to the bone. It was a story of Cain and Abel in reverse. Here's the story:

Abram and Zimri had worked harmoniously together for years. Their main crop was wheat. One night during harvest time they had spent considerable time in confiding

together as brothers will. The result of this meeting was that each brother went to his home with some rather definite plans for the night. Something happened in the exchange of confidences that brought the hearts

of these two souls even a little closer than ever. Each went to his bed with some definite resolutions.

Abram arose from his bed. Said he to himself, "When I go home at

(Concluded on page 542)



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**The
Salt Lake
Tribune**

DON'T BE A LOBSTER

(Concluded from page 541)

night a loving wife greets me with a well-cooked supper and my children climb upon my knee. Zimri goes home to a cold house with no one to put a kiss upon his brow. I'll arise and take some of my sheaves and place them upon his stack." He arose and with the help of the moon increased the heap of his brother's grain.

But Zimri, too, was stirred with an emotion that had to be satisfied with a like noble deed. Thought he, "As Abram goes to his home tonight there are many more mouths to feed than there are under my roof. Unknown to him I will take some of my sheaves and place them upon his stack." He arose from his bed and carried sheaves to increase his brother's stack. Then he went to bed to pleasant dreams.

Lo and behold, the next morning

as each one visited his respective piles of grain he noticed that it looked about the same, although some sacrifice had been made in each case in the direction of the other.

The next night Abram took his sheaves again and carried them to the grain of his brother. He then lay behind his own heap to solve the mystery. He didn't have to wait long. His brother, with the same emotions, was increasing the granary of Abram.

Abram arose and caught his brother Zimri in his arms and wept upon his neck and kissed his cheek, and Zimri saw the whole and could not speak, neither could Abram for their hearts were full.

... Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky;
Oh, there's one who smiles on high
When there's love at home.

EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

(Continued from page 513)

The resulting mass of anti-Mormon literature did not hesitate to blacken and malign the Prophet's early years. These effusions of hate may be reduced to three charges: 1, The Smith family were unworthy people; 2, Joseph Smith, the Prophet, was a money digger; and 3, he was a user of peepstones.

The charge against the character of the Smith family was based upon several affidavits from people in Palmyra and neighborhood. These affidavits were collected by one P. Hurlburt, of unsavory fame, who had been cast out from the Church for adultery. In revenge he proceeded to write a book against the Mormons, in which these affidavits were included. Even a casual examination of them shows that they were written by one hand in opposition to Joseph Smith and his claims. It was easy to secure signatures. It is easy today. The same method employed in our day, might even secure affidavits that white is black. Competent students have refused to accept the value of these affidavits; or have ignored them." It is also to be noted that Hurlburt's reputation was such that the publisher dared not use the Hurlburt name on the title page,

but instead used his own, E. D. Howe, thus leaving an infamous heritage to later generations.

The charge that Joseph Smith was a money digger rests first upon the established fact that he once was employed to dig for a "lost" silver mine. One Josiah Staal so employed the young man. Joseph Smith has fully acknowledged this employment, which did not last long.³⁰ Scandal has multiplied this fact into a career of digging for money upon the part of Joseph Smith, until the reader of unprincipled anti-Mormon literature is left with the impression that the citizens of Palmyra did little else than dig for piratical gold under the leadership of a half-grown boy. The further fact that the Book of Mormon plates were buried in a hill, helped to spread the money digging stories. The hunting for "lost" treasure was not unique to that time and place. It is going on merrily today. But it has never achieved community proportions. There is no particular blame attaching to Staal for hunting for the "lost" silver mine, or for employing Joseph Smith to do the digging. The Smiths sought employment, and in the words of Pomeroy Tucker did such labor jobs as were available, including "gardening, harvesting, well-digging, etc."³¹

³⁰See, for example, J. H. Kennedy, *Early Days of Mormonism*, p. 17; also most of the books on Joseph Smith, published during his lifetime.

³¹Elders Journal, July 1838, p. 43

³²Tucker, op. cit., p. 12

Evidences and Reconciliations

Honest historians cannot safely make the charge that Joseph Smith was a professional money digger.

Likewise, no credence can be placed upon the charge that Joseph was a peepstone user. Anti-Mormon writers are prone to suggest that the Prophet spent his time in leading people into many a fruitless chase for lost money supposed to be revealed by peepstones. Included in these stories are incantations, digging in the full of the moon, sprinkling the chosen spot with blood from a black sheep, and other like absurdities. According to these writers, every form of black art was practiced by this lad. From the age of fourteen on, he must have had the whole community by the ear. It is curious that in the Palmyra newspaper of the day, seldom is a mention made of such affairs! Perhaps the editor was himself a party to these negotiations with Lucifer!

The claims that Joseph Smith had had communication with supernatural beings furnished the foundation for the later tales of Mormon-haters about Joseph's peepstone activities. Then, by the usual accretions from many lips, the story grew, and was fed and fostered by those in whose hearts was a hate of the work to which Joseph Smith was called by God. All of the Prophet's history points away from superstition, and towards belief in an unseen world in which God and his associates dwell.

Carefully examined, the charges against the Smith family and Joseph Smith, the boy and young man, fail to be proved. There is no acceptable evidence to support them, only gossip, and deliberate misrepresentation. The Smith family were poor but honest, hard-working, and religious people. Joseph Smith was not a money digger, nor did he deceive people with peepstone claims. It is almost beyond belief that writers who value their reputations, would reproduce these silly and untrue charges. It suggests that they may have set out to destroy "Mormonism," rather than to detail true history.

The life of Joseph Smith as boy and youth, was normal, and worthy of imitation by all lovers of truth.

—J. A. W.

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Leavitt Family Reunion Draws 430 Descendants To Cardston

FOUR HUNDRED THIRTY descendants of Thomas Rowell Leavitt, pioneer of the Cardston district of Alberta, Canada, met recently in Cardston for a family reunion. The family has an enviable record in genealogical research, and a fund of one hundred dollars was collected to continue this activity. Thomas R. Leavitt homesteaded east of Cardston in 1887, and later



The Baker sisters present are: Mildred B. Matkin, Martha B. Leishman, Charlotte B. Olson, Annie B. Matkin, Esther B. Lynds, Mary B. Larson, Phoebe B. Bushman, Alice B. Gonier, Zima B. Stott, and Hattie B. Jensen.

built the first home in Cardston. The town of Leavitt was named for him. He married three times and was the father of twenty-six children.

Twenty-one of his descendants were at the reunion who had been members of the armed forces; others were still serving overseas or were en route home. Six had made the supreme sacrifice.

Also present at the reunion were ten Baker sisters, granddaughters of Thomas R. Leavitt, who were reunited for the first time in thirty years.

During business sessions of the reunion John L. Redford was reelected as president of the organization, with Rulon Leavitt and Darius Leavitt as vice presidents, and Matthew Leavitt as secretary-treasurer. Esther Baker Lynds was named head research worker.

Dear Editors:

ALONG TIME already, I want to get a membership on *The Improvement Era* and I asked my fiancée to do it for me, but I'm afraid she forgot it.

I'm a Dutch member of the Church, being baptized not long ago (October of last year) in Holland, and immediately I had to sail to the Indies. I heard of the gospel and became a serious examiner of it when I was a prisoner of war in Germany for three years. We had a very active elder there, Lieutenant Commander Vlain, preaching the gospel everywhere and after two years, we had a small community of eleven interested persons, having meetings every Sunday and the last monthly M.I.A. meetings too. It was a marvelous time there. In Holland and England, I met such line Saints, too. So it is a great loss to be isolated in the Indies now. I've got some books and old *Eras*, but I want to remain acquainted with all Church news and activities.

The payment, however, of my membership remains the difficulty, for how to do it? I can send you Dutch money, perhaps a bit English, too, but to pay in dollars seems impossible. But perhaps you will know a way. I have some English and Australian pounds available.

Hoping to hear something of you and to be able to receive your so much appreciated *Eras*, I remain,

R. R. Rirschaum, Sub-Lieut. (S)
H. M. S. Kortenser
Royal Netherlands Navy
Batavia

Landed Aristocracy

"Why do they call him a gentleman farmer?"
"Because the only thing he raises is his hat."

Responsibility Fixed

"For this particular position we need a very responsible man."

"That must be me," declared the applicant. "In all my other jobs when anything went wrong they always said that I was responsible for it."

Tit for Tat

He had found some holes in his socks and said: "Wife, dear, why haven't you mended these?"

"Hubby, darling, did you buy me that coat for Christmas, as you promised?"

"N-no."

"Well, if you don't give a wrap, I don't give a darn."

Old Flame

"Mrs. Jones is very determined that her husband shall resign from the fire department."

"How so?"

"Well, it seems he's been paying too much attention to an old flame."

Sure of One End

Irate executive on phone: "Hello, hello. Are there any blithering idiots on this line?"

And a meek little voice replied: "Not on this end, sir."

Understatement

"There's a terribly large cavity in your mouth," said the dentist.

"Yes, I know," replied the patient; "you're looking down my throat."

Definition

Cynic: A person who speaks from a coldly logical mind instead of a warmly human heart.

Waterloo

"You say the circus rope walker and juggler has gone insane?"

"Yes, he tried to balance the family budget."

Audible References

Second hand car salesman: "This car is sound in every part."

Prospective buyer: "So I hear."

Proof of the Pudding

"Shall I ask the new cook for references?"

"We can't eat references—get her to submit samples!"

Plenty of Room

"Now that I have my degree from college, I'm looking for a large field in which to exercise my talents."

"Well, the forty-acre field is about ready for fall plowing."

Never Run Down

Judge: "How do you know that you weren't breaking the speed limit? Your speedometer was stopped."

Man: "I know, but my wife wasn't."

Description

"Don't you think she sings heavenly?"

"I don't know about that—but I know that it's unearthly."

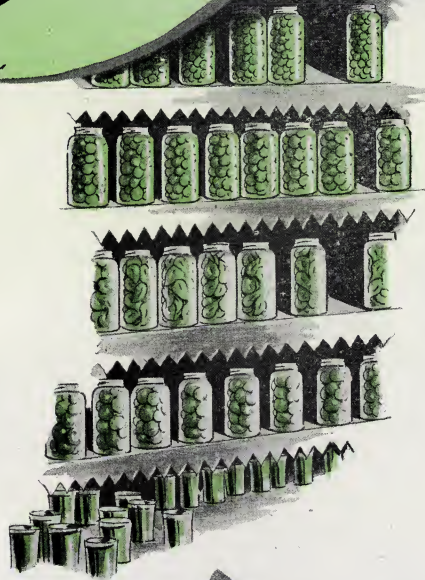
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