

The Improvement Era



SEPTEMBER, 1946
VOLUME 19 NUMBER 9
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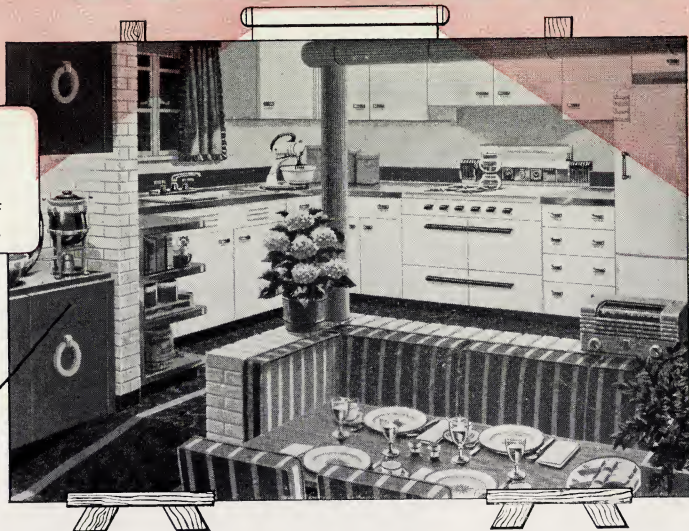
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THE LADIES**
(and do they love it!)

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"NEW FREEDOM FOR HOMEMAKERS"

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... like all New Freedom gas kitchens, it is designed for assembly-line food preparation, saving you countless steps. ★ **COOKING** is automatic, with self-lighting burners, oven heat-control and a time-clock that turns the oven on and off while you're away. Nothing equals the modern GAS range for flexibility, speed, economy. That's why so many homes in this area use GAS for cooking. ★ **REFRIGERATION** is

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Exploring the Universe

By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

SIXTY-NINE words are used for half of all the words used in speech and writing, according to Godfrey Dewey. Such words as: the, of, and, to, a, in, that, it, is, and sixty others are used over and over.

THE famous "Blue Boy" by Gainsborough in the Huntington collection in California has been discovered, by Roman C. Diorio, to have another painting underneath on the same canvas.

THE irrigated area of India is three times as great as the land under irrigation in the United States.

HOPE for sufferers from hay fever, asthma, migraine, and other allergic conditions has been given by the announcement of a new successful chemical treatment. Dr. W. Merritt Ketcham used ethylene disulfonate in from one to six injections which removed most or all of the patient's symptoms for six to eighteen months.

DOUBLE BEDS can now accommodate the different needs and tastes of the two sleepers with a new dual-control automatic electric blanket. The two halves of the blanket are wired separately and can be set at different temperatures to keep both sleepers comfortable.

A NEW phosphorescent plastic which stores enough daylight to keep luminous for six to eight hours after dark will be useful for house numbers, street markers, automobile dashboards, handrails, and marking dials.

TO withstand Siberian winters a special apple tree has been developed which creeps horizontally along the ground instead of growing vertically. This tree is completely covered by snow in the winter and may be covered with straw and fir branches under the snow. The Kiziurin creeping apples produce over one hundred fifty pounds of fruit a tree.

A STUDY in England of bats from the point of view of direction finding and estimating distances from experience with radar has found that a bat can ordinarily estimate a distance to an accuracy of about two feet, by sending out a note lasting a hundredth of a second. It is not impossible that they can estimate distance to about six inches if the duration of the note is only a thousandth of a second.

Back to School!

Lucky bees... that gather their honey from the sweet Chapparral that grows high in the Rockies. And lucky kids... to have nourishing Graham Crackers in their luncheons made with such distinctive sweetening.

Write for your FREE copy of
CARTOON COOKERY--packed
with smart new recipes.



Honey Bee
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MM-M! Orange-Avocado Salad



with
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Genuine **MAYONNAISE**

Smooth, delicious Durkee's Mayonnaise is the perfect touch for finer salads. Gives sandwiches new flavor, too...because this flavorful mayonnaise is made with fresh eggs. You'll really enjoy Durkee's Mayonnaise.

*Here's the
Recipe*

Arrange slices of avocado and orange sections alternately on crisp salad greens. Serve with a dressing made by blending ½ cup Durkee's Genuine Mayonnaise with ¼ cup orange juice and ½ teaspoon sugar.



**ITS THE FRESH EGGS
THAT MAKE IT BETTER!**

The Cover

THE September cover to which special attention is directed, shows President George Albert Smith viewing the sacred Aztec calendar stone in Mexico City on a recent visit. (See Father Lehi's Children, page 556.) Similar in many ways to the more widely-known Mayan calendar stone, the Aztec time counter is set up in two sections. The first represents the religious or ritualistic dates and includes what one writer calls "the core of the Aztec religious system"; the second contains a solar calendar divided into eighteen months of twenty days each with a five-day "unlucky" period interpolated.

In its religious aspects the calendar shows a marked departure from the earliest religion of the Aztecs, reflecting a belief, and dating rituals based upon the worship of numerous gods and idols.

The solar calendar is based upon agriculture, the names of the months being related to crops. This calendar evidently had a more or less accurate astronomical basis, the planet Venus being used as the central point. The day and month names and figures are combined in a manner which prevents confusion or duplication.

✱

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The Improvement Era

SEPTEMBER 1946

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"THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH"

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Indian Summer

By Sytha Johnson

OAK LEAF and sumach, Creeper, flaming still, Autumn's conflagration Burning on the hill! Smokes from autumn fires Mountain tops enfold; Nature stokes her furnaces Against the coming cold.

✱

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GENEALOGICAL GROUPS ACTIVE

SPRINGFIELD BRANCH,
FLORIDA,
GENEALOGICAL
GROUP



Sponsored by the junior genealogical chairman, Ida Starling, thirty-four members of the Springfield Branch, Florida District, arrived in Salt Lake City, Saturday, June 15, to perform baptismal work in the temple. Fifteen juniors were included in the group.

The class chartered a bus and stopped at many places of historical interest along the way, including the Nauvoo Jail, Nauvoo, Illinois, and the Wonder Cave of Kentucky. They returned by the southern route, which included a visit to Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico and reached home June 29.

Ogden Stake Monthly Temple Excursions

WHEN Patriarch Samuel Martin of the Ogden Stake was advised by Salt Lake Temple authorities to speed up, if possible, the endowment work for some two hundred men's and two hundred women's names on his genealogical lines that he and his wife were doing themselves, they took the problem to Heber J. Heiner, stake genealogical chairman. After discussing the matter with Stake President Samuel G. Dye, monthly excursions to the temple were planned, with members of the stake presidency, high council, patriarchs, high priests' presidency, bishoppers, and their wives, invited to participate.

These group excursions were begun in October 1945 and continued through June 1946. Each month the trip was made by chartered bus, and sandwiches

and song helped to pass the miles en route. Upon arrival back in Ogden no one would ever leave the bus until a closing prayer had been offered.

It was difficult at first to arrange a night that would suit everyone, but as the months went by the question was not "Should we go?" but "When do we go to the temple?" The excursions have brought the group closer together than they ever have been in a feeling of brotherhood and good will.

The temple work for the two hundred male and two hundred female names belonging to Patriarch Martin has now been completed as the result of the enterprise of this group.

President Dye has now been succeeded by President Laurence S. Burton, and the new stake president has expressed the desire of seeing these temple excursions continued indefinitely.



OGDEN STAKE
TEMPLE GROUP

—Photograph by Hal Ruml

"KING OF THE COWBOYS" in the August 1946 *Reader's Digest* concerns "Wild Horse Bob" Crosby who has been a top flight rodeo star for twenty-six years, a profession in which few cowboys manage to stay at the top for

more than two years. Crosby has won \$150,000 in prize money during his career, and is described as having never "chewed tobacco, smoked, drunk hard liquor, shot craps or cussed. His favorite expletive is 'Foot,' uttered in a protracted drawl."

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Party "Puffs"...filled with hot creamed chicken or turkey...or with chicken salad...for "at homes."



Lynden
Canning Kitchen

ROMANCE of the Third Edition of the Book of Mormon

By ALBERT L. ZOBELL, JR.

EVERY Sunday School lad can recite with some detail how the Angel Moroni brought the plates to the Prophet Joseph Smith, how the Book of Mormon was translated, and how Martin Harris gave \$3,000 in order that the first edition of five thousand copies could be printed. But that is only the beginning of the romance of getting "Mormonism's" first and most important tract before the peoples of the world.

By 1837 all copies of the first edition were disposed of, and so Parley P. Pratt published a second edition at Kirtland, Ohio, in that year. The second edition is said to be more rare, and hence more sought-after as a collector's item, than the first.

During the winter of 1838-39, the Prophet Joseph Smith and five companions had been held in Liberty Jail, Missouri, on trumped-up charges.

When the supply of the second edition of the Book of Mormon became exhausted, the Church did not have the money to finance a new edition. In May 1840, Ebenezer Robinson, a prominent Nauvoo businessman and a partner of the Prophet's brother, Don Carlos Smith, was inspired to go to the Prophet and say: "Brother Joseph, if you will furnish two hundred dollars, and give us the privilege of printing two thousand copies of the Book of Mormon, Carlos and I will get two hundred dollars more, and we will get it stereotyped, and give you the plates."

Joseph Smith dropped his face into his hands for a moment and then asked Robinson how soon he wanted the money, and two weeks' time was agreed upon.

Don Carlos Smith and Ebenezer Robinson made an immediate effort to raise their share of the money. They found a brother in the Church who let them have one hundred twenty dollars until April 1, 1841, at thirty-five percent interest which was to be incorporated into the note, and all to draw six percent interest, if the note were not paid when due. A few days later the same man gave them an additional twenty-five dollars on the same terms.

Then Joseph Smith came into the Robinson and Smith printing office and said: "Brother Robinson, if you and Carlos get the Book of Mormon stereotyped, you will have to furnish the money, as I cannot get the two hundred dollars."

Robinson replied that they would do it if they could have the privilege of printing an edition of four thousand

copies. Although a strenuous effort was made to raise funds for the project, not another dollar was forthcoming in Nauvoo. Meanwhile the one hundred forty-five dollars was a temptation—it could have very easily been used to pay some of Robinson's and Smith's debts.

In June, Don Carlos said: "Brother Robinson, you take some money and go to Cincinnati and buy some type and some paper, which we must have to continue publishing the *Times and Seasons*."

"Yes, I will go," Robinson replied, "but I will not come home until the Book of Mormon is stereotyped."

The Prophet and Ebenezer Robinson had taken copies of both the Palmyra and the Kirtland editions and compared them, and Robinson started June 18 for Cincinnati with a marked copy of the book to be given to a printer.

AT Cincinnati, he bought the supply of paper that Don Carlos had wanted and saw it safely on board the river steamer. Then he counted his money. With the Spanish coin that he had accepted in change, and which would be accepted anywhere he cared to spend it, he had \$105.06¼. Even he doubted the conviction that he had come to Cincinnati to get the Book of Mormon printed, but he started inquiring for stereotypers. At the second stereotypers, he entered and asked to see Messrs. Gleason or Shepherd, who owned the business.

Gleason introduced himself, and Robinson said: "I have come to get the Book of Mormon stereotyped."

Shepherd came from the back of the shop and said: "When that book is stereotyped, I am the man to stereotype it." After figuring a little he offered to do the job for five hundred fifty dollars. Robinson offered him one hundred dollars cash, with two hundred fifty dollars more in three months, or while he was doing the work, and the remaining two hundred dollars within three months after the work was completed. A contract was immediately signed. Robinson casually mentioned that he needed a bookbinder to bind two thousand copies, and Shepherd

took him to a friend of his who offered to bind the copies in leather at twelve and one-half cents each. This man willingly accepted Robinson's terms—eighty dollars while doing the work, and the remainder within six weeks of completion.

Paper was the next problem, and again Shepherd had a friend. A deal was made for about two hundred fifty dollars' worth of paper, and a contract, similar to the other two, was suggested. The paper dealer said: "Mr. Robinson, you are a stranger here, and it is customary to have city references in such cases." Shepherd calmly replied: "I am Mr. Robinson's backer, sir." He received the paper.

Robinson used the five dollars to engage board and room and had the Spanish six-pence left. He advised Don Carlos, by letter, of what had been done. A campaign was started in the *Times and Seasons* for money. A book was offered for every dollar sent to Robinson while he was in Cincinnati. One hundred twenty books were offered for every one hundred dollars received by September 1. When the books were available on November 1, 1840, they were advertised at one dollar and twenty-five cents retail, one dollar wholesale, and "Extra binding pocketbook fashion for the convenience of traveling elders, one dollar and fifty cents."

Robinson had gone to work for Shepherd, helping set the type and proofreading, for which he received twenty-five cents an hour. The first money he received was a twenty dollar bill from Nauvoo, payable on an Indiana bank. That bank was in good condition, having survived the panic of 1837, and he found the bill was actually worth twenty-two dollars and sixty cents. His own brother and a convert of 1836, sent him ninety-six dollars, which was cashed at the same thirteen percent markup. A convert he had never seen sent him one hundred dollars, which he later repaid. All in all, he paid Shepherd all his money before it was due and had given the binder eighty dollars before he had done any of the work. All the books that were pre-sold were delivered, and he returned to Nauvoo early in October with about one thousand copies.

THE following year Robinson went again to Cincinnati to see Mr. Shepherd. "Mr. Robinson," said the friend, "do you want to know what made me do as I did when you came here last summer? It was no business way; it was not what I saw in you, but," Shepherd pointed to his heart, "it was what I felt here."

(Concluded on page 594)



Today your baby's tiny hands reach out to you. His eyes follow you across the room. He knows that when he's hungry you will feed him. He feels secure . . . because of you.

Not many years from now, he will be grown; ready to take his place in the world. Then, too, he can feel more secure because of you — because of the glowing strength that you can begin to help him build today.

One of the ways to give your child the kind of security that comes from vigorous health is to see that he gets now the very best possible milk — particularly milk containing the vitamin D he needs. It's the combination of Vitamin D and the minerals of milk that help a baby to build a well-developed body, sound teeth, and bones that are straight and strong.

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GUY TOOMBS, Managing Director



ONE MAN'S LIFE

By Clifford Elijah Garrett

He was born in an obscure Vermont village, the son of farmer parents.

He worked as a farm hand until he became an itinerant missionary. He was never schooled. He translated the Book of Mormon. He ran for the Presidency of the United States. He reared a family, had a home, and happiness. He never traveled fifteen hundred miles from the place of his birth. He built a city—Nauvoo the Beautiful—larger than Chicago at that date. He was a humble man. He had no credentials but the testimony of his vision when fourteen years of age. He realized all creeds could not be right. He said in answer to his prayer he had seen the Father and Son. He received revelations of divine import. He established the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He built temples to the God of Israel. He sent missionaries even to foreign lands.

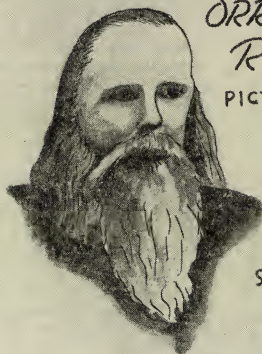
While still in the strength of young manhood, he was spat upon, even tarred and feathered in the night. He saw converts become apostates. He went to

jail like a common felon. He was betrayed by a governor of a state. He saw his trial become a mockery by exhibiting him as "The Mormon Prophet." He was murdered in Carthage jail with his devoted brother. His executioners gambled to take from him the only things he held dear on earth—the companionship of his family and the good will of his fellow men. His murderers fled in fear. His body was taken to a hotel through the pity of a stranger. He was laid at night in a secret grave in his city. His testimony did not die with him:

Persecutions may rage, mobs may combine, armies may assemble, calumny may defame, but the truth of God will go forth boldly, nobly, and independently, till it has penetrated every continent, visited every clime, swept every country and sounded in every ear, till the purposes of God shall be accomplished.

In One Man's Life we read of Joseph Smith, who proclaimed a message neither Catholic nor Protestant, as it came from neither, but built on latter-day revelation. He has done more for mankind, save Christ only, than any man who ever lived.

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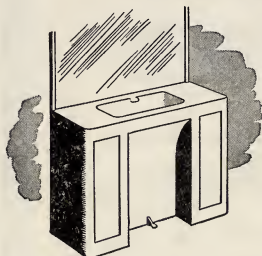
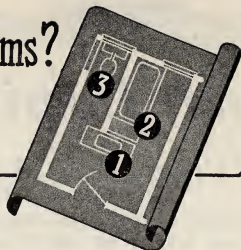
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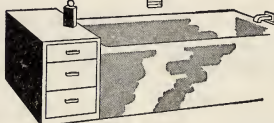
The modern bathroom offers three-way privacy in compartments for (1) wash basin, (2) bath, and (3) toilet.



1 This newly designed wash basin has—

- ☐ Foot pedal water control
- ☐ Fur-lined soap dishes
- ☐ Built-in tooth brushes

Both the flow and temperature of water is regulated by an efficient new foot pedal control—like surgeons use. An efficient, sanitary way to clean the wash basin is with Hexol disinfectant. A few drops on a cloth will whisk away dirt film—brighten the basin in a jiffy. And fresh-smelling Hexol does both bathroom jobs—*fights germs and cleans.*



2 At the foot of this bath tub is a convenient—

- ☐ Dog house for a water spaniel
- ☐ Three-drawer linen cabinet
- ☐ Automatic back-washer

Conveniently located is this three-drawer cabinet for the storage of linens and other bathroom necessities, like your bottle of Hexol. Hexol, you know, is the *modern* cleaner-disinfectant. Two tablespoons added to cleaning water leaves your bathtub, walls, floors, and tiling so fresh and sparkling clean. And because Hexol is non-caustic, it's so easy on your hands.



3 This bathroom corner features—

- ☐ A three-speed floor lamp
- ☐ A leather foot rest
- ☐ A recessed book shelf

Neat storage space for books and magazines is found in this handy, recessed book shelf. Keep a bottle of Hexol handy, too, for deodorizing the toilet bowl. Just pour a few drops in the bowl, let it stand a few seconds, then flush—*clean, sanitary, fresh.* (You'll find many leading Pacific Coast hospitals, physicians and nurses use and recommend Hexol cleaner-disinfectant.)



**GERMICIDE • DEODORANT
DISINFECTANT**

On Sale at All Drug Stores

SKULL DEFORMATION

Among Ancient Americans

By DR. CHARLES E. DIBBLE



BECAUSE of the softness and pliability of an infant's skull, various types of head deformation occur among the American Indians. Artificial head deformations are divisible into unintentional and intentional deformations.

The general and most widely distributed form of unintentional deformation is the flattening of the back of the head, resulting from the prolonged contact of the infant's head with the hard cradleboard. This unintentional compression was widely distributed in the United States and was found with great frequency among the Pueblo Indians of the southwest.

Heads were deformed intentionally in two ways—the flattened forehead and pressure with bandages. The flattened forehead was usually acquired by pressing and binding a board over the infant's forehead or thrusting the baby's

(Concluded on page 584)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

—Photograph by George Bergstrom



Grandmother

By Gertrude L. Belser

HER low, sweet voice recalls the harmonies
Of green pine groves with shadows dark and cool,
And soothing rest beside a quiet pool
She moves with stately grace of swaying trees;
Like flickering sunshine on a distant hill
Her modest beauty smiles, then slips away,—
As beauty of soft twilight, purple-gray,
Dissolves in night before we've looked our fill.
A courtly chivalry surrounds her place,
Remindful of the maids and knights of old,
Historic jewels set in heavy gold,
And mignonette on faintly scented lace.
Now fourscore years her gracious deeds commend
And grateful throngs are proud to call her friend.



Save it with Soap!

Lucky girl . . . to start housekeeping with such a gorgeous table cover! You just can't bear to think of seeing something spilled on it, can you?

It's sure to happen, though, so be careful that it's always washed with gentle Fels-Naptha Soap. Remember that Fels-Naptha loosens dirt and stains so that they wash away easily and completely in the rich suds of mild Fels-Naptha Soap.

Someday, this lovely wedding gift should be an heirloom, admired and treasured by your children's children. Begin to save its beauty right away—with good, mild soap—and that means *Fels-Naptha Soap*.



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

These — Times

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

BRITISH socialism and the enormous expansion of Soviet influence both came as a result of the war. Indeed, some future historian may write: "The global conflict described as World War II really brought but one significant result. This was the envelopment of the world's economic systems by a roughly uniform pattern of state ownership and control. The expansion of the Soviet Union and the rise to power of a socialist government in Great Britain were the initial guideposts in this trend. The new technology occasioned by the atomic bomb, however, occasioned the same result in subtler ways."

WHAT can be done about the worldwide trend to state socialization? It would be folly to close our eyes to the facts and deny the trend's existence. How can authority and liberty be merged, combined, to satisfy man's yearning for security—whether in doctrine or wages; and at the same time preserve the free agency of man essential for life, progress, and happiness?

ALREADY we have had communism, fascism, nazism, socialism a la carte, and new deals as the expression of human responses to this problem. A British scholar some years ago suggested that the "social and political doctrines of Continental Europe were five in number: democracy, Catholicism, communism, fascism, and national socialism."—Michael Oakeshott, *The Social and Political Doctrines of Continental Europe*, Cambridge University Press, Cambridge, England, 1939; Introduction, p. XII.

CERTAIN things appear to be true in the coming struggle for peace and prosperity. Fascism, under that name, is waning, but state control of the economic order, anywhere, is not. Communism is expanding and is as suspicious of non-communist countries as ever. Democratic capitalism (implying something much more significant than corporate enterprise alone) is losing ground. Catholicism, the other active doctrine having significance in terms of the numbers of people involved, has no peculiar economic practice (Concluded on page 599)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

"Speak Up!"

By PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH

ONE of the great and glorious blessings of our Father in heaven to his children is the power to convey thoughts and ideas by means of the spoken word. And in using this gift and privilege, a speaker should endeavor always to be heard and understood by all of his listeners.

The speaker always has the burden of getting and holding the attention of his listeners. Of what use is the spoken word if it is not being heard by the person to whom it is being addressed? If a listener does not hear through any cause or defect whatsoever, it is the speaker's responsibility to do his utmost to help the listener hear what he has to say. And where a listener is inattentive, it is often the fault of the speaker rather than the fault of the listener.

Many speakers speak in a low voice at the beginning of their sentences and then rise to a crescendo toward the end. As a result, only part of the audience may hear the entire sentence, and part may hear only a portion of the sentence. Others speak loudly to begin with, but by the time they reach the end of a sentence, their voices are often lowered almost to a whisper. This habit of raising and lowering the voice alternately makes it difficult for an audience to follow the speaker. Then there are speakers who neither raise nor lower their voices, but who speak in such a low tone all the time as to make it almost impossible to be heard by many of those who are sitting even reasonably close; and with such speakers, listeners are either on a constant strain or lose interest altogether.

No speaker has the right to waste or trifle away the time of others by speaking in such a way that he cannot possibly be heard by the members of his audience. The time of every individual is highly precious, and where several hundred people are assembled to hear a message, and the speaker does not articulate plainly or speak loudly enough to be heard clearly, much loss of precious time is involved. For example, if a speaker speaks for thirty minutes to an audience of three hundred people, and only about a third of them hear the whole of his message while the other two-thirds hear only fragments, there may have been wasted in whole or in part the time of two hundred people, or a total of approximately one hundred man-hours of time. Anyone who has been honored by being asked to address a group of people, or who, by reason of his office or calling in the Church, has that responsibility, should never be guilty of wasting the time of the others by not speaking so that they can hear. Time is far too precious to be wasted in this way—so precious, indeed, that the ultimate salvation and the degree of exaltation of each of us is dependent upon the use we make of it.

The suggestion to "speak up" is not an invitation to become bombastic, but is rather to be considerate of one's audience in order that they may benefit fully from the message intended for their ears. A good rule for all Church speakers to adopt is always to talk to the person in his audience who is farthest from him. If he will follow this rule, there will arise no question as to whether all others in the audience will hear him.

Every person, therefore, young or old, who may be called upon to speak or who may volunteer to talk to any gathering in the Church, whether large or small, should speak up so that every member of his audience may hear what he is saying.

We of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are charged with the great responsibility of disseminating the gospel message. Let us who have this great responsibility never be subject to a charge of presenting it in such a manner as to open the way for indifference toward us or toward the message we bear to the world. May the Lord, who has given us the glorious gift and privilege of communicating with others, bless us with the desire to make ourselves heard and understood whenever it is our responsibility to do so.

The Editor's Page



CONGREGATION ASSEMBLED TO HONOR PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH ON HIS FIRST VISIT TO MEXICO AS PRESIDENT OF THE CHURCH

IN the book of Genesis are found both a blessing and a prophecy, which should be of particular interest to members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at this time. It reads:

And the angel of the Lord called unto Abraham out of heaven the second time.

And said, By myself have I sworn, saith the Lord, for because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son:

That in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea shore; and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies;

And in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed; because thou hast obeyed my voice. (Gen. 22:15-18.)

When Father Lehi, about 600 B.C., left Jerusalem, as commanded by the Lord, the seed of Abraham was fulfilling prophecy—the children of Abraham through Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Ephraim, and Manasseh were marching forward to a destiny little dreamed of by themselves—and one of the strangest in world history. Literally, they were going to a land where the descendants of Father Abraham would become “as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea shore.”

The descendants of Father Abraham in America alone today number many millions. Through Ephraim and Manasseh, sons of Joseph, who was a son of Jacob and whose grandfather was Abraham, descendants as numerous as the stars and of the sands on the seashore now live in the choice land of Joseph, America.

Father Lehi, who led to America the people about whom the Book of Mormon is largely concerned,

FATHER LEHI'S

By John D. Giles

FIRST ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT, Y.M.M.I.A.
AND BUSINESS MANAGER OF THE “ERA”

was of the tribe of Manasseh. Ishmael, whose daughters became the wives of the sons of Lehi, was of the tribe of Ephraim. Therefore, their descendants were all of the house of Israel, through Joseph, who was to become “a fruitful bough” whose branches would “run over the wall.”

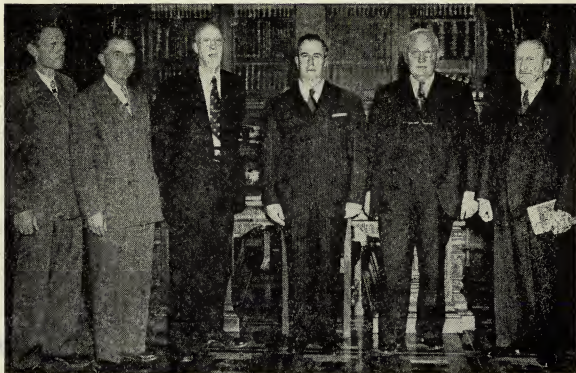
Thus as we speak of Father Lehi's children, we speak also of Father Abraham's children.

Father Lehi's children, who still live on this continent, which was to be their “land of promise” are now

called, generally, Indians. Among Latter-day Saints they are known as Lamanites, having descended from Laman, son of Lehi.

THE term Indian, as applied to this people is most unfortunate. Instead of being Indians, they were, we believe, the earliest Americans. Long before the white men came, America—both North and South—was their land.

President Smith (left center) visits President Manuel Avila Camacho of Mexico (right center).



When the first white men came, they found Indian bands, tribes, and nations occupying the land, with most of it divided among the different groups, in much the same way that land is divided among the states today; each nation or tribe had its own lands, fishing grounds, and hunting grounds.

The coming of the white man changed all that. Gradually, the white men took over more and more of the land, and finally the Indians were gathered together on reservations.

This change of conditions at one time appeared to threaten the very existence of the North American



President Smith with missionaries serving in Mexico

Zion shall flourish upon the hills and rejoice upon the mountains, and shall be assembled together unto the place which I have appointed. (D. & C. 49:24, 25.)

In the Doctrine and Covenants Commentary appears this statement:

There are two distinct predictions in these paragraphs. One says that "Jacob shall flourish in the wilderness, and the Lamanites shall blossom as the rose," before the great day of the Lord shall come; the second tells us that "Zion shall flourish upon the hills and rejoice upon the mountains." The first of these predictions refers to the Indians; the second, to the Latter-day Saints. Have they been fulfilled?

The American Indians are, indeed, flourishing today. . . . In Indian territory they have attained a high degree of both civilization and prosperity. Indians now occupy government offices and seats in legislative assemblies, in schools and pulpits, and in every walk of life. They are flourishing. This is all the more remarkable because at one time the general belief was that they were a vanishing race. When the United States became an independent nation, the number of Indians in North America was estimated at three millions, and in the year 1876 at only one million three hundred thousand. In 1907 the decrease had been checked, and an increase to one million four hundred and seventy-four thou-

sand was reported. Only a prophet inspired by God could have foreseen such a decided turn in the tide of Indian affairs. (Commentary to section 49, verses 24, 25.)

Elder James E. Talmage effectively establishes the identity of Father Lehi's children in this manner:

David, who sang his psalms over a thousand years before the "meridian of time," predicted: "Truth shall spring out of the earth; and righteousness shall look down from heaven." And so also declared Isaiah. Ezekiel saw in vision the coming together of the stick of Judah, and the stick of Joseph, signifying the Bible and the Book of Mormon. The passage last referred to reads, in the words of Ezekiel: "The word of the Lord came again unto me, saying, Moreover, thou son of man, take thee one stick, and write upon it, For Judah, and for the children of Israel his companions: then take another stick, and write upon it; For Joseph, the stick of Ephraim, and for all the house of Israel his companions: And join them one to another into one stick; and they shall become one in thine hand."

When we call to mind the ancient custom in the making of books—that of writing on long strips of parchment and rolling the same on rods or sticks, the use of the word "stick" as equivalent to "book" in the passage becomes apparent. At the time of this utterance, the Israelites had divided into two nations known as the kingdom of Judah and that of Israel, or Ephraim. Plainly the separate records of Judah and Joseph are here referred to. Now, as we have seen, the Nephite nation comprised the descendants of Lehi who belonged to the tribe of Manasseh, of Ishmael who was an Ephraimite, and of Zoram whose tribal relation is not definitely stated. The Nephites were then of the tribes of Joseph; and their record or "stick" is as truly represented by the Book of Mormon as is the "stick" of Judah by the Bible. (James E. Talmage, *Articles of Faith*, chapter XV:275, 276; 1924 edition.)

The Book of Mormon identifies the Lamanites as of Israel and also prophesies concerning them:

And now, I would prophesy somewhat more concerning the Jews and the Gentiles. For after the book of which I have spoken shall come forth, and be written unto the Gentiles, and sealed up again unto the Lord,

(Continued on next page)

CHILDREN

Indian. Freely it was predicted that the Indians were a vanishing race and that eventually they would become extinct.

Those who made such predictions were not aware that in the providence of the Lord, the children of Father Lehi were destined to play important roles in the last days in both the Americas.

In a revelation given to Joseph Smith in March 1831, is this reference to the future of the American Indian:

But before the great day of the Lord shall come, Jacob shall flourish in the wilderness, and the Lamanites shall blossom as the rose.

President Smith met former President Herbert Hoover in Mexico City.





Meeting of priesthood members with President Smith



President Smith addressing group with the aid of an interpreter

(Continued from previous page)

there shall be many which shall believe the words which are written; and they shall carry them forth unto the remnant of our seed.

And then shall the remnant of our seed know concerning us, how that we came out from Jerusalem, and that they are descendants of the Jews.

And the gospel of Jesus Christ shall be declared among them; wherefore, they shall be restored unto the knowledge of their fathers, and also to the knowledge of Jesus Christ, which was had among their fathers.

And then shall they rejoice; for they shall know that it is a blessing unto them from the hand of God; and their scales of darkness shall begin to fall from their eyes; and many generations shall not pass away

among them, save they shall be a white and delightsome people.

And it shall come to pass that the Jews which are scattered also shall begin to believe in Christ; and they shall begin to gather in upon the face of the land; and as many as shall believe in Christ shall also become a delightsome people.

And it shall come to pass that the Lord God shall commence his work among all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people, to bring about the restoration of his people upon the earth. (Book of Mormon, II Nephi 30:3-8.)

President Brigham Young declared their lineage through Israel in these words:

The Lamanites or Indians are just as

much the children of our Father and God as we are. . . .

They are of the House of Israel; they once had the Gospel delivered to them; they had the oracles of truth; Jesus came and administered to them after his resurrection, and they received and delighted in the Gospel. . . . (Discourses of Brigham Young, page 122.)

Most easily identified of Father Abraham's children today are the Lamanites. Because of their distinctive racial characteristics, they are readily recognized. While other representatives of the tribe of Israel are present in the western hemisphere in large numbers, the Indians or Lamanites are the most easily identified.

PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH is the friend of the Lamanites. During his entire lifetime he has shown marked interest in their welfare. Whenever the opportunity has presented itself, he has gone out of his way to help them and to bless them.

In recent years he has visited on their reservations the Shoshone, Bannock, Blackfoot, Blood, Ute, Goshute, Hopi, Zuni, Navajo, Arapahoe, and other tribes in North America. A few years ago he spent many months among Father Lehi's children on the islands in the South Seas. Here he made friends for himself and for the Church in large numbers. President Smith maintains many of his contacts with these people by correspondence, occasional remembrances, and revisits wherever possible.

Frequently Lamanite brethren and sisters visit him at his office. No man, whatever his station in life, is greeted with more respect and friendliness or is shown more cour-



The churches of Mexico City were visited by President Smith



President Smith with President and Mrs. Pierce and Elder Joseph W. Anderson



Part of the congregation inside the chapel

tesy than are these descendants of Father Lehi.

One of the most important missions of President Smith's ministry as President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints took him recently into the very heart of the land of the Lamanites. He journeyed to Mexico, a land which today is the home of more than thirty million of Father Lehi's children, for a series of important and dramatic meetings with the members of the Church in the vicinity of Mexico City.

Among the Lamanites of many countries are members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In Mexico large groups of them have joined the Church. As the years go by, there is good reason for the hope



Written in flowers for President Smith's visit.

and belief that thousands more will accept the gospel of Jesus Christ, which came to their ancestors directly from the Master himself.

Among the thirty million Lamanites in our neighboring nation to the south in whose veins the blood of Israel flows, are some of the very

(Continued on page 601)

Presidents Smith and Pierce and Elder Joseph Anderson visit the ancient ruins under the present Mexico City.



President Smith visited the people and saw their many activities. Top to bottom:

The burros with their loads of straw

Threshing by oxen as in Biblical times

Washing done at the well and dried on the ground in the sun

Plowing with oxen

An address given Sunday evening, June 9, 1946, in the Tabernacle, for M. I. A. June Conference which officially welcomed home the servicemen and women.

I APPROACH this task with fear and trembling and a desire for an interest in your faith and prayer.

Tonight's meeting is the culmination of dreams that our servicemen the world over have been dreaming for the last four or five years. During the absence of you young men away from your homes, the most oft-repeated statement that has been made here at home has been "when the boys come back home." The girls have said it, those who had sweethearts, married and unmarried, in military service, and whose courtships with those sweethearts have been rudely interrupted. It has been said by fathers and mothers who, in your absence, have been left to carry heavy burdens, trying to hold things together "until their boys came back home." It has been said by businessmen who have been planning for expansions that must be planned in line with expected demands for certain goods, such as automobiles, clothing, houses, furniture, and baby goods—all being determined by the anticipated increases upon your return.

It has been said by school executives who have been planning for the next fifteen years, and what your coming back is going to mean to the school population! Those in higher education have had to do some figuring on the increases in their institutions. It has been said by politicians in major political parties, in labor groups, and by ex-servicemen's clubs who have been laying their plans to capture your vote and your membership, by inducements and by invitations, not always wholly ethical.

Your Church also has been waiting for this day with an eye to your spiritual welfare. Throughout your military service, the Church has had in mind that you were laboring against overwhelming odds, and so even before war was declared, when compulsory military training went into effect, Elder Hugh B. Brown was called to be a Church coordinator and go to camps and organize

A CHALLENGE TO Youth

By Harold B. Lee

OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

our Latter-day Saint servicemen into service groups, called M. I. A. organizations. Group leaders were named. In order to maintain proper direction it was found, as this organization grew to number one hundred thousand men, scattered in every part of the world, that it was necessary that there be additional assistants to President Brown, so thirteen assistant coordinators were called to serve here in the United States, in the Hawaiian Islands, in Europe, and in the Pacific Isles. In addition, there were mission and stake supervisors who were called to assist. We have had thirty-eight army chaplains, and eight navy chaplains, who were members of the Church. And finally, in addition thereto, according to our best estimate, we have had about a thousand or more group leaders who have been set apart or who have assumed leadership as they have been authorized without having been set apart, together with some two or three thousand additional assistant group leaders, thus forming a great army who have directed the work of blessing with brotherhood and with strength this group of servicemen who are represented by those who are in this meeting tonight.

In addition, we have had our girls in the nurses' corps, the women's branch of the army, the coast guard, the navy, and elsewhere. They, too, have performed a monumental service in assisting with these activities.

WHEN the war started and the rigors of your trials became evident, the First Presidency delivered an inspired message from Temple Square and directed a part of that message to the men who were then

in service. This message in part reads as follows:

To our young men who go into service, no matter whom they serve or where, we say live clean, keep the commandments of the Lord, pray to him constantly to preserve you in truth and righteousness, live as you pray, and then whatever betides you, the Lord will be with you, and nothing will happen to you that will not be to the honor and glory of God and to your salvation and exaltation. There will come into your hearts from the living of the pure life you pray for, a joy that will pass your powers of expression or understanding. The Lord will be always near you; he will comfort you; you will feel his presence in the hour of your greatest tribulation; he will guard and protect you to the full extent that accords with his all-wise purpose. Then, when the conflict is over and you return to your homes, having lived the righteous life, how great will be your happiness—whether you be of the victors or of the vanquished—that you have lived as the Lord commanded. You will return so disciplined in righteousness that thereafter all Satan's wiles and stratagems will leave you untouched. Your faith and testimony will be strong beyond breaking. You will be looked up to and revered as having passed through the fiery furnace of trial and temptation and come forth unharmed. Your brethren will look to you for counsel, support, and guidance. You will be the anchors to which thereafter the youth of Zion will moor their faith in man.

Latter-day Saint servicemen, those were the admonitions, the instructions, and the promises that were made by the inspired prophets of the Lord, and whether or not they have been or will be fulfilled as they were promised depends upon you now who have received those promises.

I SHOULD like to pay a tribute of respect to the faith and devotion and activities of our boys in service by reading you statements from two chaplains. One from our own Elder Marsden Durham who is missing from tonight's meeting, one of our splendid boys who was taken in an

unfortunate accident. This is his statement:

It is amazing how signs and placards advertising Latter-day Saint services have appeared almost automatically, tacked to convenient telephone poles and coconut palms along the main roads. "Burma shave" proportions almost! A recent article in *Harper's* (October 1944, "A Soldier Looks at the Church"), an attack at the decadent Protestant world and its failure to influence the lives of its communicants, can certainly have no application to Latter-day Saint men, because the Church is an integral part of their lives—one of the values of a practical religion. The influence of the "gathering" spirit is as predominant in the Philippines today as it ever was when the Saints began to "gather to Zion." As a chaplain, I have experience with many groups, many denominations, and I have yet to find another organization which evidences this same characteristic with all its desirable results.

Then there is an interesting comment by Lieutenant Colonel Ira Freeman, not a member of the Church, who was the post chaplain at Fort Ord, which during the war was one of the ports of embarkation and one of the great training centers through which thousands of our Latter-day Saint boys passed. This is what he said in tribute to our Latter-day Saint boys:

During several years of service in the United States army, especially since Pearl Harbor, I have had the privilege of ministering to the needs of many members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The Mormon boys whom I knew intimately overseas were outstanding soldiers in every sense of the word, and I found myself wondering from time to time if they were a specially-selected group, the salt of Utah. But when I came to Fort Ord I had to dismiss that idea.

The Mormon boys on duty at this post have what it takes! There's something about a Mormon soldier! He loves the United States. He is loyal to Almighty God. Apparently, no real Mormon lad leaves his religion at home when he accompanies the colors to the battlefield. Undoubtedly, that is the chief reason why it is comparatively easy for him to carry on without shaming, without shirking, without sniveling. Anyway, neither worldliness on the one hand nor roaring of guns on the other, affect their faith in or loyalty to God or country. Naturally, therefore, as an American, I am proud of them. . . .

The nation's eyes are upon its defenders today. Therefore, in my humble opinion, when the history of this global war has been written and read, and when Uncle Sam is ready to reward "every man according to his works," Americans of all faiths will say: "God bless our Mormon soldiers!"

No matter where you go from here, American soldiers of the Mormon faith, I want you to remember my faith in you is unbounded, that I shall follow you in spirit, that I shall remember you in my prayers.

Now as we pause here tonight in honoring these boys, naturally our thoughts go out to those who are not here, and who will not come back to such a meeting here in mortal life. According to our best estimate, if those of the Latter-day Saints who have fallen in battle were to be brought here tonight they would form a congregation that would more than fill the body of this hall. It is estimated that approximately five thousand of some of the choicest of our Latter-day Saint boys have died in battle or in training. How have they felt about it as they faced possible death, and what shall be said of them in our welcome tonight? From the letters of some who have gone back to their eternal home—those who have gone back home in a more real sense than you are back home now—can be gleaned some ideas of their true feelings. Here is a closing

paragraph from a letter of a Latter-day Saint serviceman to a sweetheart of a buddy of his who had fallen:

I needn't tell you that he died loving you and wearing your bracelet, Bobbie. Keep your chin up, kid—and if I see Jimmie before long, I'll give him your regards—and I hope my fiancée is as brave as I know you are.

And the writer of that letter in less than a month, himself, had gone "home" to meet Jimmie.

How do the fathers and mothers of the boys who went back to their eternal home feel? One letter from a father who lost his son reads as follows:

His mother, as usual, has been wonderful and shows daily how sincere she was when she told him as he left, "Brave sons must have brave mothers, and I'll not fail you, my son."

We are not complaining at having to make this sacrifice although it involves bleeding hearts. Millions of parents throughout the world are suffering similar losses and few of them have the hope which the gospel gives to us.

I, like other fathers, wish I could have gone instead of him, but war always takes the young and the promising.

Many times in my preaching I have quoted the words of David when his son was lost in battle: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee." (II Samuel 18:13.) But until now I did not realize how earnestly he

(Concluded on page 600)



—Photograph by
Hobart from Monkmeyer Press

"DON'T FENCE ME IN"

"DON'T fence me in!" Youth, that's what you say to your fathers and mothers. Youth, that's what you cry to your teachers in school. That's the language many of you use in your rebellion against some of us who would interfere with you and your rights as free-born American youth.

With a twinkle in his humorous eyes, Brigham Young, one of the greatest friends to red-blooded Mormon lads and lassies, is reported to have said, "You young people *think* we old people are fools. We *know* you are."

Youth, let me get close enough to you to see the whites of your eyes and talk to you. One humorist observed something like this: When a boy reaches the ripe age of seventeen, he looks at his father and wonders how long it will be before his father will know as much as he knows. When he becomes twenty-five years of age, he marvels at how fast his dad has progressed in the realm of learning and understanding.

The cartoon of our lamb was taken from a photo used by the *Arizona Highways*. When I spied it, I told Jim Smith, one of the highway commissioners, that whether he liked it or not I was going to have J. A. Bywater make an ink copy of it and use it. He made no objection, and here it is.

Now this venturesome lamb—you can see by the set of his jaw and squint of his eyes that he'd like to break through that fence and do some exploring. You don't have to do any tall thinking to tell in an instant that there is something across the Mason and Dixon line that is mighty interesting. The only thing that is holding him back is that forked stick with a piece of baling wire held over his head. That stops his taking part in the game on the highway or in the field adjoining.

Now that half-grown sheep, although he is "dead sure" he could conquer the world with the flip of his little hoof, still needs his mother. When mealtime comes around, he will get up close to his mother and demand refreshments from the commissary department. When the night gets dark and he hears the

yelp of the coyote, he will cuddle up close to that warm fleece, the owner of which gave him birth. For weeks from the time he had learned the mechanics of getting his daily nourishment he had been satisfied to stay close enough to her to hear her beck and call, but lately he has nibbled a few blades of grass and thinks he's grown up and craves other worlds to conquer.

YOUTH, you are just like that lamb. Yes, we fence you in. Yes, and then sometimes when you get too hilarious, we get a forked stick to keep you from breaking through. "Don't fence me in," you cry, but, in plain English, just where would you land if you had your entire way? Some of you, in less time than it takes to tell it, would lose your hide and land in a lump on one of the highways of life.

Happy is the boy or girl who has confidence in his parents to the extent that he will sit up close to them and take their advice. Boys and girls, we have been in the forest for many years—we know the game trails. We know of those who lie in wait to fleece you. We know the wolves in that field next door who would take advantage of your innocence and skin you alive. There are reptiles in that dark forest who, if they caught you offguard, would entwine themselves around you, python snake fashion, and crush your life's blood out of you. That's why we want to fence you in. This little lamb has never met a coyote; he doesn't know the destruction of the slap of the paw of a grizzly, or the terrible accuracy of the fangs of the timber wolf.

Yes, we are talking in parables, but we are not telling you fairy tales. We are talking real life. You don't like that forked stick nor the fact that we have fenced you in. We are only trying to save you against yourself.

I repeat, boys and girls, we want to protect you against yourselves. President David O. McKay has told a story of a beautiful colt on his ranch, one of those colts that they weren't very successful in fencing. He would go through the fences, untie the rope on the gate, and do

By Marvin O. Ashton
OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC

everything but unlock the padlock. He would no sooner be in a field and thought secure than they would find him breaking over the traces. He was really a problem, but they loved him because of his beauty and strength. One day he broke through, got into a granary where there was a sack of grain poisoned for gophers. Their beautiful animal that day was stretched out in death because he didn't see the wisdom of honoring the safeguards placed for his benefit.

"ETERNAL VIGILANCE is the price of security."

A painting struck me very forcefully a few years ago. It was a picture of a mountain lion and her two cubs resting on the brink of a precipice such as you might see in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. The mother of those kittens watched every move her children made. Overhead soared an eagle. What a dainty morsel for breakfast one of those young cats would make! Yes, no maneuver of that carnivorous bird escaped her vigilant eye. The mother knew too well that other enemies would take from her those she loved or that one false move in the capers of those cubs would land them with every bone in their bodies splintered to bits, a thousand feet below the rock where they rested. I repeat, on that stage the lioness was playing a major role in "eternal vigilance." She knew that was the price of security for her brood.

Boys and girls, your parents are as anxious for your welfare as that big cat of the Rockies was for her cubs. If we watch every move you make, it is only because you are sitting, as it were, on a precipice where one false move would make you a "goner." There are wolves in the forest, eagles in the air, and if it weren't for the vigilance of those who love you, you'd be torn to pieces.

Youth, we've lived longer than you have—that's why we know bet-

ter than you the "booby traps," the hidden mines that would blow you to atoms.

I said we were not talking fairy tales to you. We're not. Aesop wrote some fables that have value. At least once a year, read Aesop's *Fables*. They will keep your mind and judgment physically fit.

Let me tell you one of those stories—it fits here. A lion once radioed throughout the neighborhood that he was sick nigh unto death, and summoned all the animals to come to hear his last will and testament. (Curiosity will kill a cat, and others, too.) The first to enter the cave of the king of beasts was a lamb followed by a calf. The lion seemed to recover his health and strength immediately after the visit of those unsuspecting creatures. He came to the mouth of his cave, and there beheld a fox who had been waiting outside for some time. "Why don't you come in to pay your respects to me?" said the lion to the fox. "I beg your majesty's pardon," observed the wise, little animal, "but I noticed the tracks of the animals that have already come to you, and while I see hoof marks going in, I see none coming out. Till the animals that have entered your cave come out, I prefer to remain outside."

Now if I use my imagination, before that lamb broke through the fence and galloped to the home of the lion I can hear him mutter as he runs, "Don't fence me in." If that young lamb had stayed close to its mother, the lion wouldn't have had lamb for breakfast. If that young heifer hadn't jumped the traces that day and disregarded the old cow's advice, she wouldn't have had her name in the obituary columns of the town paper.

YOUNG FOLKS, there is always a juicy bait on a hidden hook waiting to land you when you are not on your guard. There is a predatory animal along every path of the forest crouching in the grass waiting to take advantage of your innocence. Young lady, there are innkeepers who are happy in the profit on a pint of whisky even though that profit means the losing of your virtue. Young man, there is an army of men who would stay up all night and spend a hundred dollars on you to get you to take your first drink and make another customer for John Barleycorn. Yes, there are a thousand vicious "joint" keepers in every American city of any size that, spider-fashion, would spin a web to catch a boy and girl off guard.

We older folk know this, and many of you young people don't know it, but we stand on the border of the forest like an old hunter to warn an innocent traveler of the man-eating tigers and lions lying in wait. Believe us, young folks, we stand as a lighthouse to warn you of the treacherous rocks just under the waves that would dash your little soul crafts to pieces. "Many brave souls are asleep in the deep, so beware, beware."

Let the lower lights be burning;
Send a gleam across the wave;
Some poor fainting struggling seaman
You may rescue; you may save.

That's the only role we want to play. We have been tossed about on the stormy waves of life, and we know where the rocks are. After all, there is no substitute for experience. We have been exposed to the elements, and some of us are carrying around with us a little rheumatism as a result of exposure.

You of the next generation, we know what the weather will be, and we don't want you to expose yourself too thoroughly and get yourselves wet. Young lady, your mother doesn't want you to be tied to her apron strings. Young man, we don't want you to be a hothouse plant or a "pantywaist." We want you to be vigorous, courageous entities, able to face the storms of life. When we were your age, we were just as you are now. We were no better than you are, but don't forget we who have weathered best are we who heeded the advice of our parents. It means just what it says, "Honour thy father and thy mother"—just why?—"That thy days may be long upon the land."

We don't want to be regimental of every move you make. You don't like that program, and you shouldn't. All we want to do is, with our arms around you, guard you against the pitfalls of life.

Next time your soul rebels against our cautions to you, "Stop, look, and listen," think before you leap. You know, we could make a wonderful team, you with your vitality and vigor, and we, with forty or more years' experience, walking side by side with you to help you appreciate the things which have made us happy. Yes, and we'll get around the piano and sing with you to our hearts' content, "Don't Fence Me In."

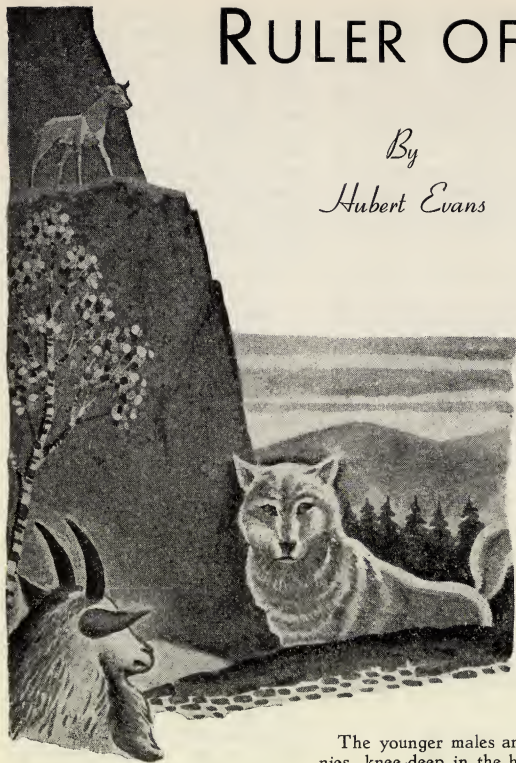


—Illustrated by J. A. Bywater

RULER OF THE CRAGS

By

Hubert Evans



Illustrated by
John Evans

FEET bunched, his hulking shoulders high, Blackspike, the leader of the band of mountain goats, rose from his resting place on the brink of the highest cliff, and stood silhouetted against the slowly flooding light. At this season he had shed his thick white hair and the shaggy "chaps" which in winter gave him an appearance of rugged symmetry. In his scanty coat he seemed ungainly, his head, with its two ebony spikes, disproportionately large. Short neck lowered, he stood in that precarious place, staring unconcernedly at the avalanche courses spreading fanlike from the base of the cliff. From shallow depressions in the rock behind him other goats were rising, and already one impatient yearling was moving down to the feeding grounds. But still the big leader kept his lookout, scanning the mountainside to see that all was safe.

The younger males and the nanies, knee-deep in the heather and ground hemlock, remained motionless, facing the east as if in performance of some rite without which their day could not begin. The several awkward, narrow-chested kids gamboled waggishly. Close behind Blackspike, two were engaged in mock battle for possession of a small outcrop of rock. A mile below and six miles distant, the big river curved between its flanking spruce forests. The morning mist lay over it like a silver scarf flung westward toward the sea. Far down against the mist two golden eagles traced exquisite curves and spirals.

Satisfied that the band's feeding grounds were free of lurking menace, Blackspike started the straggling procession downward. Most fearless and sure-footed of the crag dwellers, they stepped confidently onto the ledges where one misstep, an instant's error in judgment, would have launched them into space. Down the cliff face they came, the kids moving as expertly as their

elders. Fifty feet from the bottom, the ledge broadened into a flat bench into which several fissures, or "chimneys," dropped almost vertically. From this lower lookout Blackspike surveyed the ground below, then shambled lower.

At the base of the cliff the band scattered, seeking the torn snow-slide channels which spread like long fingers far down into the stunted evergreens. On the openings grew small lush plants and twig tips, dainty in their new green. Not once did Blackspike look above him. Untold centuries of confidence in their climbing skill had dulled his breed to the chance of attack from above. So it was that an hour later as he browsed on a mountain ash clump, the old goat did not see the gray form which showed for a moment on the cliff top and then vanished, shadowy and soundless.

The ptarmigan, those trim, grouse-like birds of the altitudes, were the first to learn of the gray wolf's presence on Dome Mountain.

Not even the watchful marmot had time to warn them, so stealthily did the marauder come. Even during their brief mountain summer, roving hunters from the forests below seldom came so high in search of prey.

It was soon after the sun came out that the wolf discovered the goats. The light had found the cliff face and magnified its slight irregularities. Brightness and shadow lay in barbaric patterns upon it. A pair of ptarmigan flashed skyward to catch the widening rays. Higher and higher they dipped and swerved, possessed by the flashing madness of their late season mating flight. From among the rocks to the north of the cliff the wolf watched them, brush lowered, head out-thrust level with his powerful shoulders.

The pair were descending now. With wings spread they were gliding toward the broken ground to the left and slightly below him. They swept parallel to the sidehill, banked, seemed for an instant to hang in air, then dropped neatly among the sprawling bushes. For the time being the wolf forgot the goats.

He circled cautiously in the lee of the rock and commenced his stalk. The sun's warmth was drawing the cool air of the lower slopes upward in loitering currents, and, as the wolf worked slowly to the left, he caught scent of his feathered quarry. Here and there the heather tips moved slightly to mark the erratic courses of the foraging birds. Body close to the ground, haunches and shoulders protruding, the wolf crept nearer. From ahead came the reassuring clucking of a hen conveying her half-grown brood.

With great muzzle cushioned on his forepaws the wolf peered down the slope under the spreading tops of the heather. Once the light disappeared at the far end of a broken opening through the stalks, then winked on again as a bird passed it. Straight below him in a more open place the wolf saw the first of the feeding birds. Although their winter plumage of pure white had been partly replaced by the dark protective colorings of summer, he glimpsed the white feathers. All four paws shifted slightly as he crept on to ambush the covey.

Ten feet farther on he stopped. On both sides of him rose rock walls six or eight feet high, forming a funnel through which some of the ptarmigan must pass on their way up the slope. On the near side of this miniature canyon the heather grew thickly, giving him an excellent hiding place.

Head and tail pressed to earth he waited while the bird scent came strongly to him. The first of the unsuspecting birds was already entering the wide mouth of this trap among the rocks. His stalk had occupied a good hour, but now success seemed certain.

Without warning, a shadow swept across the rock face opposite, and the wolf knew a lone ptarmigan had settled on the wall immediately behind him. The heather tips met over his back, yet his great form sank lower, imperceptibly melting into the mottled shadows. The covey was close.

The cock ptarmigan on the ledge was ignorant of the danger. A golden eagle sweeping low, a marten ranging high in summer, these were foes he watched for instinctively, but a wolf was an enemy new to Dome Mountain. Leaving the rock, the bird was about to settle midway be-

tween the two ledges when it saw the motionless gray shape. It flashed straight up, sounding its staccato alarm.

Instantly the covey scattered downhill, the young birds skimming the heather tops, the hen cutting to right and left behind, driving them on, while the cock high in air clacked belligerently at the discomfited stalker.

A less experienced hunter might have broken cover and rushed after the startled birds. But the wolf, standing now, scarcely watched them scatter down the slope. Then in a long, lithe leap he rose to the crest of the ledge and halted, only his gray head showing above the rim.

ALONG the slide courses he saw several of the soiled white shapes of the goats, some half hidden in brush, others boldly outlined against the green of the valley floor. On the highest outcrop along the slide Blackspike stood staring placidly down.

Dropping from sight, the wolf began a long detour downhill. The full heat of the autumn day lay on the slopes. From eroded patches of bare rock, heat waves shimmered. And while the wolf trotted craftily along a depression paralleling the slide course, Blackspike started slowly toward the cliff path. In the full sunlight and with no wind, the mountainside was becoming uncomfortably warm.

In groups of two and three the rest of the band were also moving up. They had fed abundantly since daylight; now they were thinking of their cool resting places on the snows above the cliff.

From the sloping side of an immense boulder, the wolf could see Blackspike and some of the band already mounting the cliff. He had never hunted mountain goat before, but he seemed to know that tactics he had used upon deer in the lowlands could not serve him here. Hungrily and with a savage stealth he left the rock and started upward, always keeping a rock or clump of brush between himself and the goats. By the time he was close to the frowning wall of cliff he saw his chance, and as he slunk closer there was a grim intensity of purpose in the slightly flattened ears and lowered head.

At the end of the straggling band,

a full hundred yards behind the others, a young nanny and her kid were mounting slowly. Each time the mother stopped to nibble at scattered tufts the kid's antics were renewed. Sometimes it would climb to the gray crown of boulders, sometimes start ahead only to bear down on its mother in short, stiff-legged jumps, its hornless head lowered in mock combativeness. The wolf moved northward, almost abreast of them, a gray shadow flitting to cut them down off from the start of the cliff path.

SUDDENLY the nanny lifted her head with a warning snort, saw her enemy and, with the kid running close beside her flank, dashed away for twenty yards. She was confused, and in her terror she had no thought but flight until the unerring instinct of her kind made her swerve and rush for the start of the path. Her course ran parallel to that of the speeding wolf. His gait was faster than hers, but the broken ground she covered so easily hampered him and she and her offspring reached the gateway to safety a good thirty yards in the lead. Madly she bounded up the steep trail leading to the bench where the trail turned left again. The kid's tiny hoofs thudded dully on the rock behind her as she breasted the ascent.

But the gray hunter was not beaten yet. Haunches and shoulder muscles rippling beneath his thin, summer coat, he bounded after them. He showed a gloating recklessness as he shortened the distance between himself and the terrified kid. The ledge here was wide enough for him to turn easily if the mother showed fight. In one last terrific spurt he closed just as the two goats were crossing the level of the bench. Hurling himself at the kid's flank, he turned onto the expanse of flat rock and, as the mother gained the narrow ledge leading to the cliff top, gathered himself to leap upon his prey.

The kid never knew how narrowly he escaped the bared fangs. In short, zigzagging leaps he was fleeing for the fissures which ages of sun and frost had weathered in the face of the wall.

His effort seemed hopeless, but as the wolf darted with head low and slightly turned for the fatal inward thrust, the young mountaineer

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OUR MEMBERS *in the* Russian Zone

MORE than four thousand members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints today reside in that part of Germany occupied by Russian troops. When a record of their experiences has been compiled, it will represent one of the stirring epics of sacrifice and cooperation in the history of "Mormon" missions.

Because of Polish expulsion orders, the more than fifteen hundred members of the Church who had resided in Silesia now taken over by the Poles, have had to find their way into Germany proper. In Cottbus, fiery, courageous Fritz Lehning last year established a center in one of the schools, and there often as many as a hundred people were quartered until they could be pushed further into the interior to distribute themselves in other parts of Germany. At one time as many as four hundred refugees were provided for by the Latter-day Saint organization in Berlin. When the bombings caused tremendous displacements, the Church leaders of the East Mission created community refugee areas in the Spreewald, Sudeten Mountains, and in Kreuz in Pomerania. An appeal went out to the membership in February 1944, asking for contributions of clothing, bed linens, and other supplies which were accumulated in quantities so adequate that the appeal was shortly voided. Today, of course, there is a general shortage of all clothing and supplies among the members, but in 1944 and 1945 many a person was assisted through trying months because of this self-help action and the cooperation of the membership of the different branches.

From the genealogist Langheinrich, who had been in charge of welfare, I heard a report of the ten days after April 23, 1945, when the Russians occupied the area in which the mission office was located at Rathenowerstrasse 52. The seventy-five people in that four-story house, thirty-seven of them members of the Church, shared their provisions. For two days from April 23 to the 25th, there was little to eat. There were shells bursting all about, but ultimately the struggle ceased. Some of

the people went out and scrounged bread. A mindful member made her way to headquarters bringing rice and other foodstuffs. Two of the brethren made their way out of the city and returned with 1600 pounds of potatoes, a bag of sugar, farina, and bread. Another foraging party came upon Russians slaughtering an ox. The Red troops left them the tongue and less desirable sections of the animal, so they brought back one hundred forty pounds of meat. Others secured vegetables. Through those trying days no one starved, and slowly order was restored.

WITH the end of the war, the desire of the members was to continue their religious activities. The Russians had to be contacted for permission to hold meetings. The ultimate result was an order from General Sokolovsky, noted for his active participation in the battle of Warsaw. That order is today the prize possession of the mission presidency, for it not only permits the holding of the regular services of the Church, but it enables representatives of the Church to move about, and it secures for them a great prize—the largest collection of genealogical records intact in Germany—located by some of the brethren in a mine shaft and other areas where they were carelessly dumped. Ultimately 60,000 volumes of whole family trees and Church records as well as hundreds of films will be made available to the Genealogical Society of Utah, because genealogists succeeded in obtaining the written consent of the Russian commandant to gather these records at a time when most people in Germany were more concerned with other problems.

Today more than forty-five branches of the Church are again functioning in the Russian zone. The Russian officer in charge of propaganda and religious literature has read many of the published tracts, and the mission has permission to publish leaflets when the necessary

By ARTHUR GAETH

paper can be made available. Two automobiles have been freed for Church use by order of the commanding general. At Whitsuntide permission was received to hold a mission conference at Leipzig, and members from many parts of the East Mission gathered in the city where I well recall the priesthood jubilee which I helped to arrange back in 1929.

When I asked Brother Langheinrich how the Church had fared at the hands of the Russians, he replied that all were pleasantly surprised at the consideration given to religious needs. With two missionaries (there are now thirty-one local members called to missions in the East German Mission) I interviewed four members of the High Church Council of the Lutheran Church in Berlin. They gave me the same testimony: contrary to their expectations, they had not been disturbed in any of their endeavors, except where certain large estates were involved. They have been able to establish a book center and although the Russians had little understanding for church charity, which they think is the function of the state, and have been opposed to maintenance of youth and women's organizations by religious bodies, they have now given permission to conduct these on a local basis.

The Church mission also has opened a permanent refugee center for its older members: wives who have lost husbands and for orphans at Wolfsgruen. About eighty people are permanently housed there on an estate which includes forty-five thousand square meters of park and twenty-two thousand square meters of pasture. The inmates engage in handwork and other activities, and the whole atmosphere is one of hope and security.

IN spite of extremely strange conditions and the loss of many values through the destructive nature of war, the major part of the members of the Church have not lost their be-

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

A Promise AND ITS FULFILMENT

By Frank Y. Taylor

PRESIDENT WOODRUFF lived on the same block that we did, and had a fine orchard. We also had a fine orchard and garden. Between our garden and his there was an eight-foot picket fence. President Woodruff knew me almost as well as he did one of his own boys. In fact, I, boylike, felt that his fruit was just a bit sweeter, a little

out in the world to preach the gospel, I am perfectly willing to go anywhere you desire to send me, but I hardly see the necessity of doing it at home."

President Woodruff turned to me and said, "My boy, if you will accept this mission, as a prophet of the Lord, our God, I promise you that the presence of the Lord shall go before you to prepare the hearts of the people to receive your message." This statement and prophecy of the President thrilled me through and through, and I turned to him and said, "President Woodruff, for such a wonderful promise, I will go to the ends of the earth to conform to your desire."

A NUMBER of men were called to act as superintendents or presidents of certain divisions in the Church, and I was one of those selected for that purpose.

We went to several bishops to ask their cooperation and help in our work. When we explained to them our mission, some of them frankly told us that they were not in harmony with it; that they didn't think we could do any good; that they had men in the priesthood quorums and teachers in the ward who could look after their own affairs; that they didn't need any help from us.

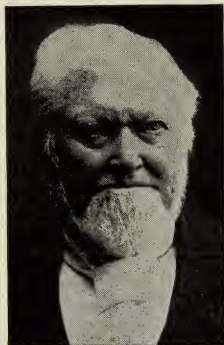
I had in my mind all this time the promise of the prophet of the Lord that the presence of the Lord should go before me to prepare the hearts of the people to receive my message, and I said to my companion, "I think that we need to do a little praying and a little fasting; and, if it's agreeable with you, we will fast and pray until we get the spirit of this mission." We did accordingly; and then one night a spirit came over me that I couldn't describe. It seemed to fill my whole being with light, and I felt almost as if I could fly. I had never had in my life such happiness come to me as the spirit of that light which rested upon me. I didn't hear any voice. I didn't see a personage, but it was made plain to me as to what we should do, how we should do it,

and it brought me an assurance that the promise of the prophet should be fulfilled.

So with new faith we went back to one of these bishops and insisted that he send out couriers to visit all the people in his ward and appoint a special meeting for them to attend. When we arrived at the meeting-house, it was packed to overflowing, and to our surprise everybody stayed throughout the meeting, and everybody wanted us to go home with him. In the morning with the president of the Mutual we started out to visit the homes of the people that were on this list. It so happened, without any premeditation on our part or arrangement, that the first offender happened to be near where we were staying, and we went to his home first. When we arrived he was there in his best clothes to meet us, kept his children home from school, had a fire in the parlor, and received us with courtesy and kindness. We didn't have to do any preaching to him or to call him to repentance. He volunteered before we said anything at all of his misdeeds, of the things he had been doing wrong, put his head down on the table, and cried like a little child and asked if God would forgive him for the things that he had done wrong. And, when we explained to him all the Lord required was for him to put those evil things away and repent before the Lord, that God would forgive him, the people would forgive him, and his home would be a home of happiness. I think both my missionary companion and I shed tears with him and his wife, and I am sure I had never had things happen that gave me greater joy or pleasure than in this home witnessing the spirit of this man who sought forgiveness. And so we were received as we went from house to house with like consideration. It was not necessary for us to do much preaching because the hearts of the people were touched before we met them. All, I felt, ac-

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PRESIDENT WILFORD WOODRUFF

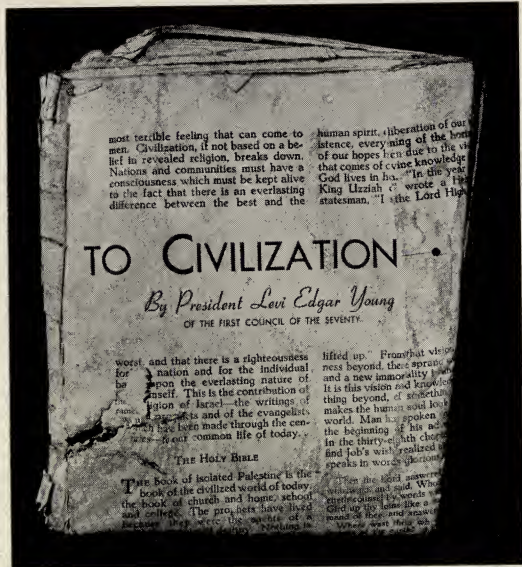
more red to the apple than ours, and so I climbed carefully over that eight-foot picket fence, and many times have I hurried back over it with President Woodruff after me with a long stick.

President Woodruff sent for me and told me that he would like me to go on a mission for the Church. They had decided to send out a group of men in behalf of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association to encourage greater attendance and enlistment to the association, and, at the same time, to call all people to repentance. When he explained this to me I said to him, "President Woodruff, is it necessary in the Church where we have organized priesthood quorums and ward teachers to call our people to repentance? Doesn't this problem belong to the quorums and teachers? For the life of me I can't understand the necessity of sending elders out to call our people to repentance, and I am frank to admit that it doesn't impress me. If you want me to go

An ESCAPE from DEATH

AS RELATED BY

Melden J. Smith



ABOUT five years ago, I was attending a semireligious meeting which I shall never forget, for the speaker, I don't remember his name or sect, gave a talk on faith which I have kept as my guide in life everywhere I go and anything I do. He said that those who live righteously and try to make the best of every situation that arises will find that everything that happens to them is for their own good. This will seem hard to believe for those who have to live in poverty or who are crippled for life or have other trials.

Before our full-scale attack on the city of Metz, France, we received a message from General Patton. He said this was the third time to try to take the city which was believed to be the most powerfully defended city in the world. It is surrounded by the Moselle River on one side and steep hills on the other three sides. These hills were hollow with forts in which the defenders had supplies and arms and artillery. One fort was ten kilometers long or about six miles.

I prayed for the courage to do my part because I didn't feel at the time that I'd be able to go through with it. A few days before the attack I was

most terrible feeling that can come to men. Civilization, if not based on a belief in revealed religion, breaks down. Nations and communities must have a consciousness which must be kept alive to the fact that there is an everlasting difference between the best and the

TO CIVILIZATION

By President Levi Edgar Young
OF THE FIRST COUNCIL OF THE SEVENTY

worst, and that there is a righteousness for a nation and for the individual person the everlasting nature of itself. This is the contribution of religion of faith—the writings of prophets and of the evangelists, which have been made through the centuries—our common life of today.

The Holy Bible

The book of isolated Palestine is the book of the civilized world of today, the book of church and home school and college. The prophets have lived because they were the agents of a message that was necessary to bring us

lifted up." From that vision, beyond these sprang a new immortality. It is this vision and knowledge, thing beyond, of something makes the human soul look at the beginning of his new world. Man has spoken in the thirteenth century and let's wish realized in words that are

"From the Lord answered them and said, 'We will give you the words of the Lord up to the time like a man of the world, and let's wish realized in words that are



TOP: PHOTOGRAPH OF "THE IMPROVEMENT ERA" WHICH WAS CARRIED IN THE POCKET OF BROTHER SMITH'S FIELD JACKET. THE BULLET ENTERED HIS BREAST AND LODGED IN THE OUTER LINING OF HIS HEART.

BELOW: PHOTOGRAPH OF ACTUAL LEAD TAKEN FROM THE CHEST OF ELDER SMITH

given charge of a squad. With that responsibility I knew that those lives depended a lot on me. If a person is given a responsibility it always strengthens him.

ON another occasion, I had just been given a new squad. We were coming to the border into Germany, and our big objective was Merzig. That day we captured a position, and I was turned around. I didn't know in which direction the Germans were, and none of the rest did, either. After dark we finally found a place and dug in, hoping we wouldn't fire on our own men. The

ACCOMPANYING the account by Elder Smith, and the folded "Era" and the bullet, was a letter from Clifford C. Clive, of the high priests' quorum of St. Anthony, Idaho, who wrote, in part:

"As a high priest quorum our special interest in the singular experience of Elder Smith arises from the gratification we enjoy in the thought that this folded copy of 'The Improvement Era' carried in the pocket over his heart at the time the bullet struck him retarded its velocity exactly enough to stop it at the lining of the heart and thus saved the boy's life.

"As one of our quorum projects for the last few years, we have sent all the members of our stake entering the service of our country 'The Improvement Era'...

next morning we were preparing to attack. I was puzzled because I had received no instructions. I had a feeling that something was going to happen to me, and I prayed that I'd not be killed. Well, we went into the attack and had orders to go north. The shooting was coming from the east of us, and my squad was on the right flank closest to the Germans. We came to a trench, and everyone jumped into it. The platoon leader hollered for me to get the men out of the trench and get them going. The only way I could get them out would be to go ahead of them, so I crawled out and started to run north. I got about ten feet from the trench when a machine gun bullet hit me in the chest. I felt as if I had been thrown ten feet. I took my sulpha pills (eight of them) and drank what water I could get into my mouth. I couldn't seem to hit my mouth with it. It poured all over my face. Guess I was a little excited. My pals were in the trench and wanted me to try to crawl on my back to the trench. I couldn't do it, and every time I'd raise my knee a little the machine gun would open up. Those bullets would come thump, thump, thump all around me. Well, I knew I had to move some way. My buddies offered to come and get me, but I knew they would be hit if they tried it. I rolled onto my stomach and coughed up a lot of blood, and it

(Concluded on page 580)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

YESTERDAY AND TODAY

IN spite of the many difficulties and oppressions of the Nazi gestapo, the brethren have succeeded, during the war, in building the work of the Lord. The Spirit of God triumphed over the insignificance of human self-conceit.

Many difficulties incident to war were overcome through the loyalty of the Saints. Food worries, travel prohibitions, lack of shelter, and numerous air raids did not keep the Saints from drawing renewed strength from the gospel to overcome all obstacles. The people were heroic. Their deeds were not of the spectacular kind, but they revealed a deep, soul-stirring greatness. With the help of God and through the strong faith of the brethren and sisters, we held with great success, almost for the duration of the war, regular spring and fall conferences.

Our members suffered heavy losses through the destruction of the cities and homes. Many found themselves after a terrific night attack, in the early morning between the ruins and the glimmering rafters, with nothing in their hands, bareheaded, covered only with scanty clothing, without food and home, but not without hope in God. In all their poverty, they were still truly rich. The losses of life were small, but the material losses were very heavy. Thousands became and still are destitute.

The mission home was destroyed in a bombing attack during the night of November 22, 1943. Of course, we unitedly started the cleanup work. While at work, a still, small voice told me forcibly, "Leave this place with the lady missionaries at once." I did not hesitate a moment to be obedient to this voice. I called the sisters to come with me immediately. We picked up a few belongings hurriedly and left the house. One hour later, the mission home was so heavily bombed by another terrific attack that it literally burned from the cellar to the roof. Had Brother Klopfer, acting mission president, then visiting us on military furlough, his wife, the lady missionaries, and myself, stayed in the house, no escape would have been possible, and we would have burned to death.

In the wake of the war, many homes of the members were destroyed. In Koenigsberg alone, after a night of bombing, thirty-five families were in the burning streets, without roof or clothing. In view of the ever rising need and in spite of limited resources, in January 1944, we inaugurated a relief program. Although the members

themselves had become poor during the war, our call was answered. The Saints contributed linen, dresses, books, and all kinds of household articles. As the cities were evacuated, many members were given shelter in Saxony. As long as the Saints followed the counsel of the priesthood, they were preserved from harm and danger. In Saxony we laid out three camps. At the end of the war, the immense problem of lodging the many homeless members confronted us. The task seemed almost impossible but with the Lord's help we succeeded.

First, the brethren, about one hundred in all, gathered in the hall of the branch in Cottbus. Through the courtesy of the Soviet army officers, we succeeded in getting a former nursing home in the Erzgebirge for a camp. Everywhere we received help through the Soviet administration. On our first visit to Buchholz, Sachsen, the members were living on potato peelings. They were on the verge of starvation. Thanks to the support of the Russians, we could furnish the necessary sustenance. The local German officials provided a small amount of help. Once six



MISSIONARY CONFERENCE HELD IN DRESDEN, GERMANY, MAY 1946

of us were thrown into prison in Zwickau. Someone had falsely suspected and reported us. Through the help of our Father in heaven, we were set free to continue our work.

The districts of Koenigsberg, Danzig, Schneidemuehl, and Breslau are disorganized. Daily displaced members seeking new homes are being met in Berlin. As far as possible, we have gathered whole branches and put the members in previously prepared camps and homes. At the earliest opportunity, Breslau Branch is to come in one large group.

A Picture of the East German Mission

• By ELDER PAUL LANGHEINRICH, Berlin

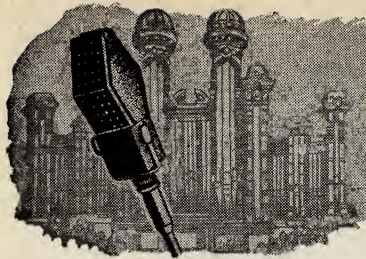
First Counselor of the Mission Presidency

As far as possible, tasks are being performed by groups, according to Church practice, so that the members will become self-sustaining. In Cottbus, knitting by machine is being done. Other camps have new tasks to do. With the available lumber, we can build one and two family dwellings. In Wolfsgruen and Waltersdorf in the Erzgebirge, we could start a modern furniture factory in available rooms, if we had a way of financing the project. With work, and adequate food which would insure continued health, the sorely-tried members would again be satisfied and happy.

In addition to the material needs, stand the sorrow and longing of the soul. We are answering the earnest requests for preaching the gospel. Our own publications, with the approval of the occupation authorities, provide our members again with literature. Soon we are expecting to publish the mission publications *Der Stern* and *Der Wegweiser* in new and approved forms. Until we have closer contact with the Church, the auxiliaries are using our own revised and approved lesson ma-

terial. The number of active missionaries is growing. The people are hungry for the word of God. Now we must and will throw in our sickle and with God's help, reap a rich harvest. The youth is marching forward and is diligent in the work. In order to create an even closer relationship among the members, pictures of the accomplishments of the mission are desirable and necessary. Our photo and film equipment was burned. Due to this fact, successful accomplishments through pub-

(Concluded on page 596)



The Spoken Word

By RICHARD L. EVANS

HEARD FROM THE "CROSSROADS OF THE WEST" WITH THE SALT LAKE TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN OVER A NATIONWIDE RADIO NETWORK THROUGH KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM EVERY SUNDAY AT 11:30 A.M. EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME, 9:30 A.M. CENTRAL STANDARD TIME, 8:30 A.M. MOUNTAIN STANDARD TIME, AND 7:30 A.M. PACIFIC STANDARD TIME.

On Running Away from Life

ON this question of trying to run away from our troubles and from ourselves: We all, of course, have our share of burdens. Some seem to carry them better than others, but there are times, no doubt, when many of us become discouraged to the point where we wonder if facing life is worth the effort. Perhaps not many of us seriously harbor the idea, and yet the shadow of its suggestion may sometimes cross our thoughts. But when life becomes unbearably complicated, when problems hang oppressively heavy, or when the courage to face consequences fails us, there are some few, unfortunately, who become so despondent, so panic-stricken, so baffled, that they contemplate running away from life itself by removing themselves from the scene of this world's troubles and tragedies. There is much that could be said on this serious subject, as preface to which let us ask ourselves these questions: Do we absolve a man of moral blame if he runs away to a far city to avoid facing a responsibility? Is an obligation paid by the deliberate taking of a journey out of this world any more than it is by the deliberate taking of a far journey in this world? Is God, who gave us life, to have us tell him when we have lived it long enough? A man can no more restore his own life than he can the life of another, and he who takes what he cannot restore is doing a gravely serious thing, as is also he who undertakes to assume consequences which he can neither understand nor estimate, and the ultimate results of which he has no knowledge. To him who at any time for any cause contemplates thus seeking to run away from himself, let it be said that men are immortal, that life is purposeful, that justice is certain. These truths we need never doubt. It is such verities that help men to endure to the end, which end, so-called, is but the beginning of things beyond—and he who would run away from life, in this world or out of it, is but inviting the transfer of his troubles to another time and place of settlement—perchance on less favorable terms than are available here and now. Wisdom and the reason of reality would suggest facing the facts and solving our problems on the best terms that we can make with life, not counting on being able to escape from ourselves by restlessly running up and down the world nor by removing ourselves from it. In short, there is no such thing as running away from life, and so we had better learn to live it.

—July 14, 1946.

"Success is Never Final..."

THERE is a challenging phrase to the effect that "success is never final." It is true that there are many who seem to be successful up to a point—and then something happens. Some win honors and achieve distinction in school years who seem to fail in meeting the real issues of life. There are some who are precocious as children, whose early success is not sustained through later years. There are those who enjoy much popularity in their youth, but who later fail to fulfil the promise of their youth. On the other hand, there are "ugly-ducklings," so to speak, who were overshadowed when they were young, but who achieve distinction in years of maturity. There are those who die too soon for success to reach them; there are those who die in the full flush of success; and there are those who outlive their own success. There are those who go through much of their lives, respected and in good conduct, who later make serious mistakes and lose all the reputation for success they ever had, some on moral grounds, some on financial grounds, some for causes unknown. But if they had died before they made such mistakes, they might well have been accounted successful. Where fair judgment and justice lie in such issues would be beyond the power of mere men to say, and it is fortunate that the valid appraisal of success in life rests with the Lord God and not with any mortal judge. But this much we may surmise: that it is the whole story of a man's life that must ultimately determine whether or not he is successful, and not any single page or chapter of it. And there are none so young but what their performance has its effect upon the whole of their lives, and none so old as to place them and their actions beyond judgment. A little foolishness may destroy a long-standing reputation for wisdom, and a little brilliance may seem to cover a multitude of sins, but life is not a thing that begins and ends at two definable points; it is an eternal journey, to endless destinations; and the highest reward is for consistency of performance—not merely for occasional flashes of brilliance, or isolated acts of goodness, or brief periods of dependability. It is still true, as it was when it was anciently spoken, that to him "that endureth to the end" come the greatest assurance of success and the greatest promise of having the labors of his life pronounced "Well done."

—Matthew 10:22

—July 28, 1946.

from Temple Square

On Solving Our Own Problems

THIS week in the valleys that fringe the Great American desert, we pause again to commemorate the lives and labors of the pioneer empire builders of the inland West. It is ninety-nine years—one year before the Centennial—since they made their entrance into this forbidding wasteland, and, with hard work and the help of God, here created one of the garden places of the world. Recalling these events brings to mind the pioneers and pilgrims of all times past, all who have ventured forth to carve out a way of life for themselves, and one cannot help being moved by how much they sometimes did with so little, and, by comparison, how little some of us sometimes do with so much. Those who succeeded best with least material advantage were those who were driven by firm conviction. Usually they could have lived more comfortably in established places—that is, more comfortably as to the physical man, but not more comfortably as to conscience, for the compromising of principles, convictions, and ideals never brings comfort inside, where a man has to live with himself and all his thoughts. And so they ventured forth in the spirit of self-dependence as to the favors of men, but with great dependence on the providence of God, and set about to do what had to be done. Now a man who is breaking the wilderness a thousand miles from populous places has no one to run to the minute life becomes difficult or the minute problems become perplexing. So they did as men have always done when face to face with necessity: they solved their problems with what they had. Now comes, a century later, the year 1946, with all of its realities, all of its headaches, all of its perplexities, and we are led to ask what would we do if the props and the pampering were taken away from us. It would be shocking to begin with, of course. There would be much confusion, much consternation. Walking is always difficult to one long accustomed to riding—but when the machinery breaks down, forgotten energies and common sense and neglected resourcefulness come gloriously alive again, and some of the artificial props which we seem to be so desperately dependent upon are not missed so much nor so long as might seem to be the case. Our sons have proved this over and over again in the unexpected extremities of war. And, given reason enough for doing so, the same stuff that made men and women self-reliant in the pioneering past would make them so again. It is not good for men "to be commanded in all things." (See D. & C. 58:26.) They should "do many things of their own free will." (D. & C. 58:27.)

—July 21, 1946.

On Moving and Changing

WE see before us these days a generation on the move. There is much of going back and forth, much of running to and fro—much of seeking new sights, new scenes, new situations; and there are many who always seem to be possessed by the urge to be going somewhere, but who never quite seem to be arriving where they want to go. It would be interesting to know how many of us who are on the move actually have business of consequence or purpose of importance, and how many of us are deluded into thinking that merely because we are moving we are getting somewhere. With those who move with constructive purpose there can be no quarrel. With those who are spurred by the wholesome discontent of progress there can be no quarrel nor can there be with those who move with the earnest intent of seeing worth-while things. But those who move aimlessly, those who drift without purpose, are to be pitied in their waste of life and in their want of objective. Aimless motion has little in common with directed purpose. But even more to be pitied are those who keep moving in an effort to elude themselves—those who try to outrun the pursuit of their own thoughts, those who try to solve their difficulties and their troubles by running away from them. This idea that all we need to do to solve a personal problem is to move to another place is an idea in which we should not place too much confidence. It is true that many of our troubles grow out of our environment, but it is also true that more of our troubles than we care to admit are chargeable to us, ourselves. And for such troubles, moving offers no certainty of cure. We may move, and move again; we may alter our apparel, our appearance, and our appellations—but unless with all this there is some genuinely new attitude, some new and real determination, we are running to no purpose, for without some change within, the old self is always there, and the old habits, the old excuses, the old fears, and the old thoughts—and temptation is everywhere. To be sure there is nothing wrong with moving. All of us got where we are because we or someone else moved us there. But let us not expect more of moving than it offers. It sometimes offers an opportunity, but it gives no assurance—and though we were to run restlessly up and down the world forever, we would never merely by moving shake off the shadows that pursue us. Moving is one thing, and changing may be quite another—and the way to change is to change.

—July 7, 1946.

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CHECKING UP

• By Gilbert Andrews

IVAN knew Carol had something on her mind as soon as he entered the warm, fragrant kitchen, but he said nothing. Experience had taught him that the trouble which brought those wrinkles between her eyes would be forthcoming in due time.

"You know, Ivan, a letter came from Roy today. That is, if you can call a half page a letter. It's there—"

"He's going overseas, is that it?" Ivan broke in.

"No, he doesn't think he will have to go now the war's over—unless he enlists for three years—"

"And you've noticed a difference in his letters lately—now he's got so much time on his hands," Ivan filled in.

"How do you know?" asked Carol.

"How could I help it after reading his letters lately. They don't come as often, and as you said, they're just notes now. And then he's mentioned a girl, Jean, and that she has red hair. We don't even know if she belongs to the Church."

"Oh, Ivan," Carol's eyes filled with tears. "He's been such a good boy. He never missed a priesthood meeting when he was here, and he always used to wait until after sacrament meeting before he'd go on a Sunday night date. I can't bear to think of his getting blue or bitter because he's tired of being in the service and maybe going out with the wrong crowd." She began to sob.

For a time neither of them spoke. Then Ivan gave her a smile and went to call the smaller children to supper.

"Do you know, Carol," he said, "I can't remember ever seeing you idle except when you were in bed, and then you generally worried about your work for the next day so you didn't really rest. I'm going to call the depot now and see if we can get a Pullman to Los Angeles next Friday night. We'll go check up on Roy in person, and in the meanwhile maybe we can rub out some of those wrinkles between your eyes. I've always wanted to see Hollywood and maybe get a chance to play opposite Betty Grable. I'll wire Roy we're coming and maybe he can get the week off."

THEY felt very much alone in the big Los Angeles station, that is, until a big six-footer in sailor blues jumped up and came to meet them. With a cry of joy, Carol ran into his arms while Ivan stood by trying to smile and swallow the lump in his throat at the same time. Roy had even arranged for their room. He had planned everything except that he had only Saturday and Sunday off.

"But," he told them, "we'll at least have our evenings together."

On Sunday, Roy took them to Hollywood to see some of the famous places. They spent the afternoon at Ocean

Park. About four-thirty Roy got up from the grass where they were resting and said, "Listen, folks, I'm afraid you've been neglecting your sacrament meeting attendance, so I'm taking you to a ward in Long Beach. It's a long ride. We have to go back to Los Angeles and then to Long Beach. It will take close to two hours counting waits and all."

"Isn't there a ward here in Santa Monica, or couldn't we go to one of the Los Angeles wards and save at least part of that ride?" Ivan suggested.

"But I know some people in Long Beach Ward, and they have the best Firesides too."

It was about a quarter of seven when they reached the chapel. A few people were around waiting for Church to begin as a red-haired girl came up the hall. Roy walked to meet her, and they came back hand in hand.

"Dad, Mother, this is Jean." That was all he said. Ivan looked into the clear eyes and the radiant young face; then he looked sidewise at Carol. What he saw there put his mind at rest. If Carol was satisfied, then the girl was all right.

Ivan suddenly remembered what Roy had said about knowing some people in this ward. No wonder he had insisted on coming here.

"Here, Bishop," he called, as a pleasant-faced man hurried by. "This is my dad and mother. They came down here to check up on me. But I've decided they're the one's that need checking up on. Help me keep an eye on them tonight and see if their church behavior is up to standard."

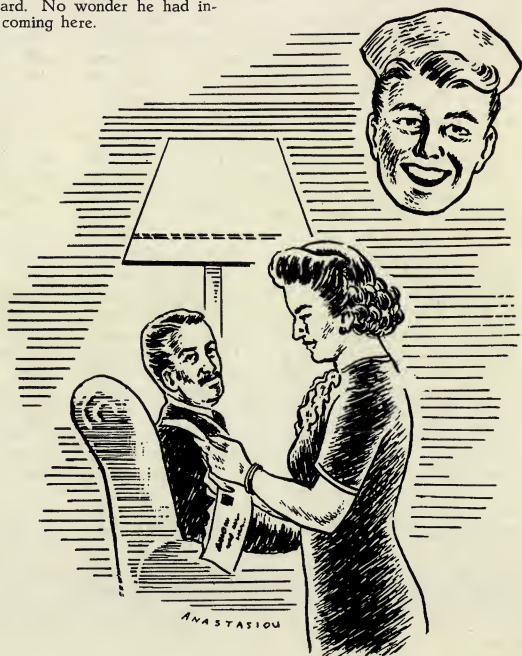
The bishop laughed, "Hate to ask you with your parents here, but we're short on young fellows to take care of the sacrament."

"It's okeh, Bishop, I'll get that sailor buddy of mine over here to help," and he moved away.

THEY were on their way home. Ivan knew Carol had something on her mind, but he waited.

"Ivan, how many times have we stayed home from sacrament meeting rather than walk three blocks? Roy took us about forty miles anyway. And I haven't been to Relief Society for months."

"Yes, Mom," Ivan squeezed her hand. "I'm wondering who really got checked on. Isn't Jean nice?"



Poetry

PEACE IN OUR WORLD

By Charles Henry Mackintosh

THEY are not wise, who think the war is over

Because another battle has been won;
Because no rockets cross the cliffs at Dover,
No bombers roar against the Rising Sun.

The war of hate on love is never ended:
To think it won is to increase the cost;
It is to leave the ramparts undefended,
To count the unfought fight already lost.

Though each may yield to hate in his own fashion,

Yet each will use it to its only ends:
To poison understanding and compassion,
To make new enemies of former friends.

We may have peace, and we shall keep it longer,

If each of us will look into his soul
To see if love or hate is growing stronger
Within the only world he can control.

STAR OF GOLD REMOVED

By Helen Kimball Orgill

I SAW my neighbor across the way
Take down her star of gold today,
That in her window shining through,
Was superseded by the blue.
She smiled and tried to hide the pain
That long within her heart had lain.
Eviding not his mentioned name,
Yet modest of her hero's fame,
I saw beyond the courage won,
A pillow wet with day begun.
The star to her meant many boys,
The one who played with childish toys,
The lad who had with living seethed,
The twinkling eyes and teeth all wreathed
In smiles, who played at games with zest,
And danced and skated with the best.

O wise of earth, men high and low,
What recompense can you bestow?
The star of gold, O let it lead
Away from selfishness and greed,
To beckon on like long ago,
The star of Bethlehem to glow!

LIVING

By Jo Adelaide Stock

OH, there's a time for everything:
A time to laugh and play and sing;
A time for sorrow, poignant deep,
And time for weary hearts to weep;
A time for gentians, robin-wake,
And ducklings riding on the lake;
There's time for mistletoe and heather,
Time for snow and summer weather.

There's time for maidenhood to flower,
And for a bride who waits her hour;
A time for cold gray of the morn
When a woman's son is born,
And comes the lullaby's soft singing,
Merry children's laughter ringing;
And time to watch the falt'ring breath
Of loved ones touched by grace of death.

Hold fast the joys, the tears forgive,
Because it is so good to live!

REAPING WE WONDER

By Lucretia Penny

COULD it be broccoli? Is it a beet?
Tomato? Potato, Irish or sweet?
Could it be maybe a roasting ear?
Bring out the botany and catalogs, dear.
Asparagus? Leeks? Cress as in creeks?
At long last we're reaping the thing we
have sown.
Could it be squash? An artichoke cone?
Spinach? Kraut? The Brussels sprout?
But we raised it! It's ours. We'd better find
out!

THE PROMISE OF FALL

By Edna S. Dustin

DEFYING winter she flaunts her brush
Of flamingo wings and breast of a
thrush.

No Senorita is gayer than she
In her bright petticoats as she paints each
tree.

Her laughter is heard in the tumbling leaves,
As she walks in the face of death and
breathes

A promise that she will again restore
The earth's bright cheeks now grayed with
scar.

YUCCA

By Gene Romolo

YUCCA TREES that rise from desert sand,
Like waxen tapers waiting for the hand
Of God to light them, help man's dust-filled
eyes

Turn from earth's wind-swept dunes to
search the skies.

Yucca trees, with many a low-swung star
Above their chastity of white, are
Lovely, living candles of the Lord,
That well might grace a world communion
board.



—Photograph by Josef Muench

NEW NEIGHBORS

By Bertha R. Hudelson

TWO weeks ago they moved in next door,
west!

The van came in the middle of the night;
Till dawn I heard the shouts of weary men
Struggling with heaviness, testing their
might.

Later, I saw a little boy with eyes
Unsmiling, watch the boys across the
street;
I took his hand, and soon he was their
friend.
Cheering and laughing, racing on light
feet.

I meant to call, solemn, well-groomed, when
she
Had curtains hanging, but I went before.
With hair askew and house dress smudged,
I took
A dozen eggs, new-laid, to her back door.

THE TURN

By Alice Marie Graves

TO feel the aching weight of failure deep
within;

To think back through the years and years
forever past

And see in them sad unfulfilment of youth's
dream;

To glimpse a crossroad far off there with
its wrong turn—
A life thereafter lived but half because not
yours—
That's heartbreak.

For you to drink the bottom of this bitter
well

And further understand that time may soon
run out;

But now to turn the look from all that
should have been

And say, "God helping me, I'll search out
every scrap

Of dream-stuff left. I can do something
yet. I will!"

That's courage.

WOMAN IN PEACH TIME

By Helen Baker Adams

THESE are her brimful days, for well she
knows
Too soon the gold-red peach, the grapes full-
vined

Are gone again—as every autumn goes,
Retracting all its tendered wealth. Her mind
Foretells the deep contentment of her brood
About the supper board on wintry nights
When cook-stove warmth and savory pledge
of food

Set heavy eyes a-dance with hopeful lights.

She hears the dull cicadas from her bed
And, wearily, remembers soon the frost,
The barren trees, the fruitful gardens—dead!
The earth's good gifts can never quite be
lost

When woman's hand the fleeting harvest
stays

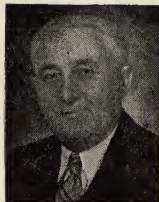
And stores, in shining rows, for leaner days.



The Church Moves On

European Mission

ELDER ALMA SONNE, assistant to the Council of the Twelve, was appointed July 27, as president of the European Mission by the First Presidency. He succeeds Elder Ezra Taft Benson of the Council of the Twelve who has held that position since last February.



ALMA SONNE

President Benson whose appointment to Europe was made for the purpose of reorganizing the mission in Europe and making available food, clothing, and bedding for Church members in all European countries, will return home with his assignment fully accomplished. He has visited all countries of Europe where Saints reside, including western Germany, Czechoslovakia, and France, and has just completed a visit to Holland, Sweden, Finland, and into Poland, making his first visit into the last two countries.

Elder Sonne, who has been an assistant to the Council of the Twelve since April 1941, has a Church background rich and varied. From 1910 to 1912 he filled a mission in England, where he had charge of emigration work, traffic, and transportation in the British Mission office. He has been a member of the Logan Fourth Ward bishopric and of the Logan Ninth Ward bishopric, a member of Cache Stake high council, Cache Stake M.I.A. superintendent, and a member of the Cache Stake presidency for seven years, the last two of which he was stake president. He was born in Logan, Utah, and has always kept his home there.

Mrs. Sonne will accompany President Sonne to the European mission field.

Birthdays To Be Celebrated

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA congratulates both President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., and President David O. McKay of the First Presidency, who have birthdays in September.

President Clark celebrates his seventy-fifth birthday September 1. He was sustained as second counselor in the First Presidency April 6, 1933, and

was ordained an apostle and set apart as first counselor in the First Presidency, October 11, 1934.

President McKay will mark his seventy-third birthday on September 8. An apostle since 1906, he was set apart as second counselor in the First Presidency October 6, 1934.

German Radio

FROM THE NEW YORK *Daily Mirror* comes word that Captain Fred G. Taylor, formerly of Salt Lake City, and "one of those fine 'Mormon' boys who was a missionary in the prewar days and had been in Germany as such, is now operating the radio station at Stuttgart. Realizing that Stuttgart was about to fall, forty Nazi SS men were assigned to wreck the transmitter. It was estimated that it would take at least eighteen months to get the station back into operation. The army had it back on the air in six weeks. Today, under Captain Taylor's direction, it is described as one of the four most important stations in Germany with a twenty-four hour daily schedule featur-

ing fine artists, actors, and newscasters."

Pioneer Day

CHURCH members wherever they have located, fittingly marked the ninety-ninth anniversary of the coming of the Pioneers into the valley of the Great Salt Lake, July 24.

President George Albert Smith and a special party traversed the old Pioneer Trail, covering the entire distance in less than a week, to take part in the laying of the first stone for the \$300,000 "This Is the Place" monument where President Brigham Young uttered those now famous words near the mouth of Emigration Canyon.

Earlier in the day, President Smith and party had taken part in a celebration at Henefer, Utah, where Governor Herbert B. Maw, in a special proclamation, created the "This Is the Place" state park, and made definite promise of completion of a roadway to follow the Pioneer Trail from Henefer over Big Mountain and Little Mountain into the Salt Lake valley.



MISSIONARIES ENTERING THE MISSIONARY HOME JUNE 10, AND DEPARTING JUNE 20, 1946

Those appearing in the picture are: Jack Oliver Hanson, Elbert Joseph Johnson, Christina McCall, Robert Lindsay McCall, Raymond Walker Miles, Ethel Cassleton Miles, Willis Reed Payne, Joseph Verle Porter, Agnes Fraser, Archibald George Henry Webb, Donnell Hanson Whitehead, Wynona Cummings, William Newman Whitehead, Elsie Knighton, Clara McMurray, Leone Andrus Taylor, William B. Taylor, Douglas Wakefield Wells, June Alberto Anderson, Keith Dene Bassett, Robert Louis Brandley, Hal William Fowkes, Lee Kent, Florence Muhlestein, Loren Hill Orr, Ben Hill Booth, Rosa Afton Goodman, Wanda Gurr.

Veda Ellen Kenney, Dora Moulton, Eldon Gane Olson, Lois Ruth Petersen, Elmina C. Papworth, Harold Roy Papworth, Arvel E. Rasmussen, Adah Eleanor Culler, Phyllis Uarda Perkins, Lynner Charles Smith, Simon Lind Baker, Peter Graham Burt, Robert N. Clark, Connie Mae Fackrell, Peggy Lucile Hawkes, Dale A. McAllister, Marguerite Thomas, Ralph Alma Woodward, Mack Kennington, Wilms Clinton Wakefield, Lois Margaret Glod, Rebecca Torres, Ruth Torres, Kathryn Woolley, Hugh Lynn Brown, Wayne Albert Merrill, Phyllis Noall, Helen Lucile Olsson.

Virgie Parker Sullivan, Willie K. Tanner, Norman Ray Woodfield, Oscar Jay Hunsaker, Arlen Q. Lovett, Nels Arthur Nelson, Meryl Reber, William Duane Wardle, Rose Marie Wegener, Betty Ida Lubbers, Enoch Oscar J. Henriksen, Anna Pauline S.

Henricksen, Reed Franklin Lundquist, Myrtle Archa Barton, Sherman Stewart Barton, Hyrum James Hanson, Evelyn Mae Haslam, Jessie Dawana Holt, Carol Johnson, Bernice Rosabelle Randall, Maurine Randall, Norma Shumway, Grace Alene Williams, Daloy Carl Bowden, Kay Lewis Hair, Melvin Hodgkinson, Phyllis Emilie Kametzsch, Evila Ann Shakespear, Erald Clark Wiscoombe, Stanford L. Richards.

Ellen Dame, Lorena Jean Duke, Alda Field, Lawrence Greene, Alene Marie Kotter, Jesse Monroe Layton, LaRae Lamb, Elva Luella Moore, Zina Yae Moore, Sarah Marie Orme, Virginia Rupper, Virginia Burton, Cathryn Elsie Carlson, Selva T. Clauson, Dan Collier, Anna Lucille Kelley, Marie Knighton, Vernon Malcolm Nuttall, Royal Eugene Oakes, Evelyn Peterson, Zelma Winger, Gordon Lovell Wright, LaVana Barber, Viola Burrows, Jessie Orson Carter, Mary Ellen Christensen, Ray Leo Dabb, Ella Melissa Gibbons, Royal Homer Hansen, Neil Kohler Holbrook.

Ether Elvira Holder, James Archie Holder, Dena Kirkland, Joseph Richard Larsen, Betty Lou Marshall, LaVell Smedley, Jacob Moroni Bingham, Gertrude Edna Breeding, Leon Bowden, Irene Blake, Mary Kathleen Chapman, Calvin Willis Craig, Anita Elmer, Nedra L. Lee, Grace Manwaring, Elsie Vam Field, Mary Winch, Bevan Boyd Blake, John Blake-more Laycock, Lorena Brown, Bud Henry Hinkley, Edith Nymon, Larne Shelton, Dean W. Boman, Audra Lucille Call, Lormer D. Ellsworth, A. Leand Erickson, Clifford Wayne Humphreys.



MISSIONARIES ENTERING THE MISSIONARY HOME JUNE 24, AND DEPARTING JULY 4, 1946

Those appearing in the picture are: George Hancock Bowles, Charles Elmo Turner, Mares Owens, William Harper Stoneman, Roy Eyre Turner, Gustave H. Anderson, Mary Lindgren Anderson, LeRoy Eldon Howard, Jr., Nannie Mosley Lowe, Reed Y. Newton, Nora H. Nielsen, Zelle Rust, Sarah Langston White, Edith Young, Kay R. Bendixsen, Delwyn Hirst Fitches, Ralph Lenford Kitchen, John Gayle Morgan, Alden A. Oakes, Dorothy Peck Reese, Zona Walburger, Rex Dee Whitting, Lois Estelle Widdison, John Nelson Baird, Theodore Harry Greaves, Dale A. Harrison, Iris Brown, Richard Lowell Custleton, Edwin Victor Davis, Mary Lalene Hart, Darwin Daniel Madsen, Grace Helen Riches, Ruth B. Thomas, Edith Melgaard, Heber John Barnett, Rachel LaRue Evans, Kathleen Horsley, Roscoe Clinton Loveland, Joyce McKee, Mart A. Nelson, Calvin Dan Pratt, Curtis B. Robertson, Jeannette Seibold, Percia Mae Terry, George Samuel Tibbitts, Bruce William Warren, Orrin Royman Bates, Ethel Reader Carl, Noel Davis Despain, Virginia Edman, John Niels Ipson, Nadlene Renee Meier, James Rowlings Nielsen, Howard Davis Paul, Don Mer Walker, Don Albert Westover, Lucille Young, John E. Anderson, Jack L. Halversen, Cleon Mac Ketter, Elden R. Littlewood, Glenn Samuel Smith, Douglas Wakefield, Claud L. Westenskow, Clarence M. White, John Horace Alkele, Seth G. Mat-

tico, Wynna Rogers, Joseph Lorenzo Van Leeuwen, George Allen, Jr., Stanley Keith Andrus, Reuel Josiah Bowden, Earl Blackburn, Vera Dean Blackburn, Glen Randall Boulton, Arthur Jesse Bott, LeVern Toone Brown, Award Pratt Goodman, Richard Isaacson, Waldo Ean Jacobsen, Grant Wells Madsen, Truman Grant Madsen, Sterling Sessions, Anna White Turner, Benjamin Godfrey Turner, Lois Leone Bigelow.

Don Leroy Fotheringham, Mary Gilson, Nellie May Haggan, Leo Dean Hyman, Lyman Kappie, Jr., Phoebe Estelle Taylor Kappie, Pearl Lanore Lillywhite, Claudia Mortensen, Roma Richardson, Annie Mary P. H. Smith, John L. Smith, Virgil Bushman Smith, Peggy Joan Wilson, Vivian Alice Barton, McKay Call Burton, Guy Erwin Davis, Delbert Hadfield, Julia Helen Hansen, Harold Darrell Johnson, Verona Lewis, Irene Mackay, Ronald Clyde Colford, Betty Buttle, Norman Keith Carroll, Orton Maxwell Ely, Carme Young Hellesen, Mable Amelia Korn, Irene Lee, Rene Lyman, Keith Hansen Meservy.

Marvin Jewell Miller, Charles Martin Plumb, Sharon Mignon Robbins, Eugene Lee Robinson, Thelma Snarr, Thomas Squire Baxter, Bessie F. Cherrington, Roscoe Patten Eandley, George Hugh Gale, Marvin R. Green, Ina Hatch, Ruth Huffaker, Ella Claire Hunt, Donald Bay Hutchings, Carl Walter Jackson, William Grant Sars, Dean Taggart Berlin, Allen Claire Reese, James Banner, Laura Pearl Bronson, Anabel Button, Clarence Ransom Clark, Diana Mary Hollingsworth, Macey A. McMurray, Bea Mendenhall, Doreen Niel-

sen, Clyde E. Palmer, Fern Thacker, Frank Allen Woodbury.

Emily Beth Worlton, Marjorie LaRue Worthington, Kenneth L. Barrick, Wayne A. Malander, Junius Crawford Ruesch, Ingeborg Johnson, Helge C. Johnson, Ruth G. Johnson, Betty Jo Buchanan, Gene Wilton Fradsham, Delmain Charles Kunz, Delbert William Linson, Ralph T. Marchant, William Jay Norton, Lillian Farnsworth, Ray Vincent Milligan, Lara Norman, Grant Peck Packer, Dale Pearson, Mahant M. White, Mary Dett White, Melissa Allen, Edmond Mangefield Andrus, Doris Arnett, Samuel C. Christensen, Lois Virginia Clarke, George Finlison, Twila Dawn Heugly, George A. Hunter.

Ivan P. Olsen, Jacqueline Genevieve Rohde, Lorin Bean Taylor, Ted Kay Van Buren, Vern Young, Harvey Bischof Black, Robert G. Rigby, Owen Blair Williams, Wayne Edward Lamburne, Ervin Albert Standing, Franklin Wood, Paul Reed Anderson, August Waldermaer Nielsen, Seymour Joy Nielsen, Arne Ervin London, Roy Engelbreiten, Zina Rice Engelbreiten, Robert Wendel Jensen, Clara M. Larsen, John Martin Smith, Roscoe, Floyd Edgar Lerdahl, Andrew Archie Swensen, Ida Muriel Swensen, Thomas Grant Farnsworth, William Lynn Allen, Lynn E. Cohoon, Amy E. J. Lundvall, Birger E. Lundvall, Roy Edward Nielson, Hjalmar T. Occason, Carl A. Soderberg, Ella S. Soderberg, Alma Gene Soderquist, Stan Hugo Swanson, Gordon Weed, Glenn Clayton Collette, Wallace Louis Schaer, William J. Nord.

Dimond Ward Genealogical Library

DIMOND WARD of the Oakland Stake has recently purchased forty-two family genealogical histories to be added to the ward genealogical library. The collection of books, now numbering two hundred fifty volumes, will be turned over to the Oakland Stake to form a nucleus for the Oakland Stake genealogical library when the recently projected stake tabernacle is completed.

Phoenix Fourth Ward Chapel Erected

WHEN the \$45,000 Phoenix Fourth Ward chapel and recreation hall was dedicated recently, it fulfilled the dream of two stake missionaries, Otis B. Rogers, Jr., and Josiah Martin, who, in September 1938, had cast in their sickle in the southwest portion of Arizona's capital city, and found that part of the Lord's vineyard ripe and ready for harvest.

In the fall of 1938 the section was blocked off as the eighth missionary district and a corps of missionaries assigned. However, other Church activities claimed the missionaries until only the two men remained.

In January 1939 a Sunday School was organized and met in a rented building. Many wondered how the rent was to be met, but David P. Kimball of the Phoenix First Ward offered to pay it.

A month or so later the Phoenix

Stake presidency made a survey of members and investigators living in the district, and as a result the Phoenix Fourth Ward was organized in March 1939. Elder Rogers was selected as bishop, and he selected Josiah Martin, his mission companion, as first counselor, and Homer Phelps as second counselor. Elder Phelps has since been released.

After meeting for three years in the rented building which first served as a Sunday School, the ward was forced to find new quarters. It was summer, and they met outside for the season. As fall approached, they moved into an old sectarian chapel, but the members wanted to build a chapel of their own. A plot at the corner of Mohave and Eighteenth streets was obtained and dedicated in March 1942.

To begin the chapel an old two-story brick building was purchased for \$350 and carefully torn down and the materials salvaged for the chapel building. Their contractor, George Hoggan, passed away, and the bishopric took charge of the building project. The membership of the entire Phoenix Stake freely donated money and labor. All holidays were designated as "Fourth Ward work days" and on these occasions, as well as many others, the Relief Society served lunch to the workmen on the building.

Today the chapel and recreation hall

are completed and dedicated, but many of the ward's membership remember when the area was organized as a missionary district—a scant eight years ago.

New Wards

IA BREA WARD, Los Angeles Stake, has been created from portions of the Wilshire, Beverly Hills, and Hollywood wards, with George Lynn Hoggan as bishop. Duncan Ward, Park Stake, has been formed from part of the Salt Lake City First Ward, with Lamont F. Toronto as bishop. Idaho Falls Eighth Ward, South Idaho Falls Stake, has been created from parts of the Idaho Falls Third Ward, with George A. Collins as bishop.

Henderson Ward, Moapa (Nevada) Stake, has been formed from the Basic Branch, with Edwin Dee Hickman as bishop.

Excommunications

SARAH VIOLET CLARK ANDERSON, born August 17, 1885. Excommunicated May 13, 1946, in the College Ward, San Diego Stake.

Grilla Alice Bland, born August 1, 1876. Excommunicated May 13, 1946, in the College Ward, San Diego Stake.

Ellen LaVerne Bailey King, born October 28, 1909. Excommunicated April 2, 1945, in the Walnut Creek Branch, Northern California Mission.

James Frederick King, born September 1, 1933. Excommunicated April 2, 1945, in the Walnut Creek Branch, Northern California Mission.

EDITORIALS

The 1946-47 M. I. A. Theme

Let everyone get a knowledge for himself that this work is true—then let every person say: I will live my religion—I will walk humbly before my God and deal honestly with my fellow beings.

—Brigham Young

FOR the year that closes the first century of the Church in the valleys of the West, and for the year that begins the second century of our history here where our fathers found their "land of promise," it would be difficult to find a more fitting theme than this excerpt from the utterances of Brigham Young.

It is fitting because it looks to the present and to the future—which is the worthiest way of commemorating the past.

It is fitting because it affirms the glorious and eternal principle of free agency, ("Let everyone get a knowledge for himself") in opposition to the vicious trends of regimentation, mass coercion, and devaluation of the individual. Here again is a clear and thrilling restatement of the God-given principle of individual responsibility. There is no condoning of "the blind leading the blind," but rather a reutterance of the strength and conviction that come with individual testimony.

The 1946-47 M. I. A. theme is, in short, a call to this generation to know the truth and to live the truth that makes men free—and we shall be free on no other terms. And for this year of war's aftermath, for this day of confusion, for these times of uncertainty, we earnestly commend, for reading, for pondering, and for living, the theme cited above, which brings back the voice of our nineteenth century prophet-leader and pioneer empire builder to call us to face the second century as did they who faced the hazards and the hardships of the first century—knowing the gospel of Jesus Christ—and living it!

R. L. E.

"It Matters Forever"

IN a world of rapid change and cataclysmic happenings, none can expect to journey through life without some upheavals and some disarrangements of even the best-laid plans. Even life itself is an uncertainty in these swiftly moving days. One person alone cannot control the onward rush of events—and probably would not wish to, even if he could, for he knows that what can be used for destruction can also, with some adaptations, be turned into constructive development for man and the world in which he moves. The atomic bomb, which struck horror to people's minds and hearts a little over a year ago, is even now proving a blessing in its application by doctors to some who

are seriously ill. And scientists proclaim that its possibilities for peaceful uses are legion.

The airplane, which created such havoc during the war years, has also served to bring medicine to disease-ravaged towns in inaccessible areas and to carry food to starving people stricken by sudden disaster. Man, who has fought as savagely and as ruthlessly as an animal for his life, has been able to attain a new high in his concern and consideration for others who may suffer from illness and catastrophe.

Disturbances of living would seem to be the order of many ages, but they seem to be the distinguishing mark of this particular era. What, then, can man do? Is there nothing but to succumb to these tragedies? His attempts to stem this tide appear feeble in the avalanche of events. Yet he can do something: He can train himself to meet the changing world, firm in his belief that the Father of man will never let his people perish. He can come to a realization that he is the child of the Father, and with self-reliance, he can meet each day's tribulations, each year's difficulties, confident in the eternal justice and rightness of things.

The following statement, written by a young girl to her sweetheart is electrifying in its profound insight: "It doesn't matter what happens to us, and it doesn't matter for long, but it does matter how we react to what happens to us, and it matters forever."* If Latter-day Saints have lived as they should, they know that this statement is true. If, however, they have contributed by their wrongdoing to the events that have happened, they, of course, must recognize that the results do matter—and likewise, "they matter forever." So long, therefore, as they have done their best and have lived to the truth, they need fear no disaster that may come their way.

For Latter-day Saints the statement is particularly worthy of deep consideration. With the Church belief in eternity, members can develop within themselves a resistance to occurrences that might otherwise tend to discourage if not destroy them entirely. They can come to know of a surety that so long as they are living as they should, "It does not matter what happens to us, and it doesn't matter for long." But equally well they will know that they must train themselves in their reactions to the events since they are building not only for time, but also for eternity.

When they realize this, no physical disaster can be too great to bear, no financial loss too galling in its bitterness. The only fear that they will ever entertain is that they will lack the power to retain their ability to endure whatever may come so that they will be denied the comforting spirit of their Father in heaven. They will, if they believe fully in the gospel, learn to accept without too much questioning whatever happens, studying more fully the gospel which will in turn teach them to live more abundantly in spite of their loss.—M. C. J.

*Kenneth Irving Brown, *Margie*. The Association Press, New York, 1946. p. 105.

EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

civiii. Was Joseph Smith Honest in Business?

THE persecutions of Joseph Smith began when he first announced that he had had heavenly manifestations. They grew in intensity with the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, rose to fury when the Church was organized, and increased in volume until his martyrdom. Every conceivable charge was hurled against him: He was a money digger, impostor, embezzler, and adulterer; he practiced every sin in the calendar; he was the worst character of his generation—so the persecutors said. By every available means, actuated by hate, men sought to destroy him and his work.

It is doubtful if in the history of modern civilization any other person, or any other people, has had to endure such continuous and vicious persecution for matters of belief. It is a black chapter in the story of human intolerance.

In the words of Brigham Young, the Prophet

... was hunted, harassed, tormented, afflicted, and perplexed; taken before this magistrate and that magistrate.¹

He had to defend lawsuit upon lawsuit. He passed through forty-seven lawsuits, and in the most of them, I was with him. He was obliged to employ lawyers, and devise ways and means to shield himself from oppression. Lawyers would come to Joseph, professing to have been his friends, and palaver around him to get a fee. I could see through them and read their evil intentions. He had to struggle through poverty and distress, being driven from pillar to post. I wondered many times that he could endure what he did.²

A favorite charge against the Prophet by enemies of the latter-day work has been that he was not honest in business. Naturally, he and the Church were in business. The Kirtland Temple and other public buildings were projected and built very early in the history of the Church. Lands were bought to help needy Saints, and economic ventures were fostered by the Church. Besides, Church members, as other members of the community, engaged in business.

In the normal course of business, money was occasionally borrowed by Church members or by the Church itself to meet immediate needs, or materials were bought on credit, or lands secured under mortgage arrangements. Such dealings were of the usual, acceptable kind, wherever men do business with one another.

Joseph Smith, as the President of the Church, became of course involved in all Church ventures, for which his signature was required. He also made

purchases on his own account. It is folly to suppose that he could hold his high position among a people who moved from New York to Ohio, then to Missouri, then to Illinois, without doing business for the Church and for himself.

It would be equally folly to believe that men could do business one with another without differences of opinion arising now and then, some of which would have to be settled by courts of law. Especially would this be true where enemies sought out every opportunity to embarrass the Prophet and his people. The records show that on the slightest pretext, these enemies brought trivial transactions into court, which normally could be settled among the principals. Often the lawsuits were brought by people under the instigation of avowed enemies of the Latter-day cause. It is said that it was the custom for informers to receive a part of fines imposed.³ That made such practices profitable.

So low did some of the persecutors fall as to tell that when Joseph Smith repaid a loan of \$3,000.00 to Samuel Brown, it was merely to make friends with him, so that he could borrow again with the intent to defraud him. No comment is needed on such foul charges.⁴

One hundred years of diligent search by anti-"Mormon" writers have brought to light so few business clashes among Joseph Smith and the people of his day, as to be embarrassing to those who charge the Prophet with financial irregularity. No reliable evidence of dishonesty has yet been uncovered. There is no evidence that he at any time attempted to escape his financial obligations. Instead, the evidence is that he sought to meet every honest obligation. For example, after leaving Kirtland where his life was in jeopardy, he made a list of his creditors and the amount he owed each. That was the method of an honest man. There was no subterfuge.⁵ Sooner or later, his honest debts were paid.

Disappointed "Mormon"-haters have usually taken the so-called "Kirtland bank failure" as evidence of the Prophet's financial dishonesty. Fortunately for Joseph Smith's reputation, this well-known "evidence" has not been sustained by the facts found. Instead, those who have trotted out the Kirtland Bank affair to blacken the Prophet's character, have placed themselves in dishonest and ludicrous positions.

Kirtland, Ohio, had been the home of the Church in the early 1830's. There the first temple of the Church was built in the days of the deep poverty of the people. Many members of the Church lived there. After persecution hindered the Church in its Missouri projects, it was decided to give new emphasis to the Kirtland section of the Church. Kirtland was a promising section. Its lands were fertile; it lay beside Lake Erie; settlements were

(Continued on page 604)

¹Journal of Discourses 11:322

²See *ibid.*, 8:16

³J. H. Kennedy, *Early Days of Mormonism*, pp. 160-162

⁴*Ibid.*, pp. 158-159

⁵F. M. Brodie, *No Man Knows My History*, p. 201.



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Homing

"LET'S HAVE MORE MUSIC IN OUR HOMES"

By Alice M. Read

"LET's have more music in our homes," seems to be the desire of many boys and girls. They don't mean by way of the radio or phonographs either. They want "home produced" music.

Most parents would be pleased and inspired if they knew how much their sons and daughters enjoyed an hour or an entire evening that the group had spent around the piano, or maybe the family organ, singing together.

Sometimes this happy scene lives only in memory, because part of the family is scattered. It is a memory that Bob or Mary enjoys remembering and talking about.

"We had the best time last night. We were all at home. Mother played the piano, and we sang. You know we sang for over two hours. We sang everybody's favorite songs," Emma Jean confided to me, as we walked to school.

"That must have been fun," I answered.

Tommy, another of my students, was walking with us. Quickly he spoke up, "When Uncle Dave and Aunt Myrtle

come over to spend the evening, we always sing. Uncle Dave generally brings his violin. He can always play all the pieces that Mom plays on the piano. They always played together, when they were kids at home."

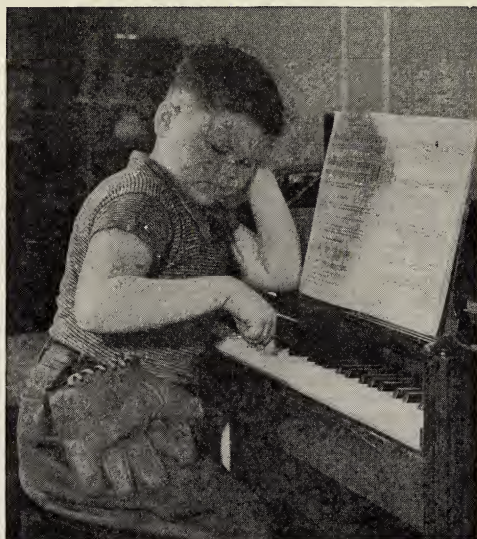
"You are taking violin lessons, too, aren't you, Tommy?" I asked.

"Yes. Dad says if I just learn to play as well as Uncle Dave and make as much use of it, he will be satisfied," continued Tommy. "My little sister is going to take piano lessons, when she gets a little older. Then we can play together, just like Mom and Uncle Dave do."

Children like a great variety of songs. They like to sing folk songs. They enjoy singing the same song over and over again.

"When I was home, we often gathered around our piano and sang for about half an hour, before we went to bed," a friend of mine once told me.

"My folks won't let us go down town to hang around at night," Jimmy confided to me, one afternoon, when he came in to get a library book. "We don't care though. 'Cause we generally have something to do at home. I like



—Photograph, Harold M. Lambert

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

it best when Dad plays his banjo and we sit around the fireplace and sing."

"I wish our family sang together more often," Caroline said, when we were talking about music. "It was fun, when we did it."

Group singing is enjoyed by both young and old. We should encourage everyone in the family to "join in" the singing, regardless of how little they know about music. The young people in

the family will be quick to learn and appreciate old favorites.

A family achieves a closeness in family group singing that they seldom have at any other time. Those hours will soon be looked forward to. They will provide wonderful memories to be looked back upon.

"Let's have more music in our homes."

Cook's Corner

Josephine B. Nichols

SCHOOLDAYS are here again: Make the schoolchild happy and healthy with a good, packed lunch.

It takes time and planning to prepare nutritious box lunches that pack readily and are still appetizing several hours later.

Good packing equipment is almost as necessary as good food, because sandwiches must stay fresh and not become either dry or soggy. Cake and cookies must not crumble or dry out and milk must stay cold.

A regular lunch box or pail is best, but many children dislike carrying lunch boxes back home and prefer a paper sack or carton that can be discarded after use. When a paper bag is used, it is not desirable to carry a thermos bottle. Children can usually purchase milk or soup at school.

Wax paper is practically a must for wrapping food for the lunch box. Small waxed cartons with lids are excellent for salads and desserts.

Lunches packed the night before often lose appetite-appeal by morning, but you can prepare ahead by getting supplies ready, setting butter out to soften, making sandwich fillings (store in covered jars in refrigerator), etc.

A lunch box might include two to four substantial sandwiches, using a variety of breads and fillings, a crisp salad, pickles, raw carrots, celery, or a whole tomato; something sweet like cookies, cake, fruit, and a beverage, and just for fun and to relieve monotony for both you and your luncher, tuck in a surprise, stuffed prunes, salted nuts.

A SCHOOLBOY'S LUNCH

Egg salad sandwich on enriched white bread. (Filling should be as thick as one slice of bread.)

Two peanut butter and jelly sandwiches on whole wheat bread.

1 whole tomato

Applesauce cupcake
Thermos of milk

Egg Salad Filling

- 3 hard cooked eggs, chopped
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped green pepper
- 1 teaspoon chopped green onion
- $\frac{1}{2}$ medium sized cucumber, chopped
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup salad dressing

Combine ingredients, place in covered container in refrigerator, until ready for use.

Applesauce Cupcakes

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 cup nuts
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup applesauce (unsweetened)
- 2 cups sifted flour

May use $\frac{1}{4}$ cups honey in place of sugar and 1 cup whole wheat flour for 1 cup white flour. Cream shortening; add sugar; beat. Add beaten egg, raisins, and nuts. Sift flour; add dry ingredients; combine with first mixture. Add applesauce last. Bake in paper bake cups in muffin pans at 350° F. for thirty minutes.

Whole Wheat Nut Bread

- 1 cup sugar
- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup honey
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup sour milk
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted fat
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup whole wheat flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup nut meats
- 1 cup raisins

Beat eggs and sugar until thick. Add shortening and honey; mix well, then add sour milk. Add white flour, sifted with salt and soda, then whole wheat flour. Fold in raisins and nut meats. Bake in waxed-paper-lined loaf pan at 350° F. for fifty to sixty minutes. Makes two small loaves. Excellent for lunchbox.

(Concluded on page 580)



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Cook's Corner

(Concluded from page 579)

SANDWICH SUGGESTIONS

Meat and Fish

Tuna fish with salad dressing. May also use shredded lettuce, celery, or cabbage.

Chopped meat, hard cooked eggs, green pepper or parsley and salad dressing.

Chicken with parsley and salad dressing.

Tuna fish, olives, and nuts.

Ground ham and sweet pickles and salad dressing.

Any left-over meat chopped and mixed with salad dressing.

Eggs

Hard cooked eggs, minced and moistened with salad dressing. May also use chopped olives, chopped ham, chopped nuts, crisp bacon, water cress, or lettuce leaf.

Cheese

Grate the cheese, moisten with cream, ketchup, chopped pickles, tomato juice, or salad dressing.

Grated cheese with nuts and salad dressing.

Nuts and Fruit

Chopped nuts and salad dressing.

Chopped nuts with dates, raisins, figs, or other dried fruit.

Chopped ripe olives and nuts moistened with salad dressing.

Peanut butter and raisins mixed.

Fruit jelly or marmalade.

Maple Sea Foam Frosting

1 cup dark corn syrup

1 egg white

2 drops Mapleine flavoring

Heat syrup to boiling; boil one minute.

Pour syrup slowly over beaten egg white, beating constantly. Add flavoring and beat until frosting is cool and stiff enough to hold its shape.

YOU

By Elaine V. Emans

LITTLE by little I find and piece together
The variant parts that made the whole
of you:

There was the dog you loved, the sturdy
weather

Of cold white winter, summer on a blue
Lake, and the good companionship of trees;

There were the birds, and Handel, and each
hymn

Your mother sang at twilight, some of
these

Books you've around you now, back in the
dim

Libraries of the past; and there was duty.

There was a city, too, and much of beauty
I have not yet discovered, and may never
(But shall, I think) and dreams I cannot
name,

And surely, like some gently blowing flame,
There was the fear of God in you forever.

An Escape from Death

(Concluded from page 568)

seemed to make me feel better; I crawled to the trench and rolled in. After I was there a moment, I was able to walk. I walked about a quarter of a mile to a cement building. When I got there, I lay down and couldn't get up any more.

I knew I wasn't going to die. I had prayed that morning that I'd not be killed. I felt pretty tough for a few days. I was operated on two months later, and the bullet was taken out of the lining of my heart. There were some very good doctors over there. The nurses and doctors were wonderful, working long hours and doing much work.

I thank the Lord for preserving my life. That sermon has proved true that no matter what happens to you it's for your own good if you have faith and trust in him. I feel that my experiences have benefited me very much. I'm thankful for the teachings I've had that influenced my actions. I'm thankful to be an American where we have freedom and unlimited opportunity.

The doctors say I'm as healthy as I ever was, having no trouble with my heart or anything that time won't heal. I thank my Heavenly Father.

Handy Hints

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

* * *

Try using milk in place of water when making punch from punch powder. It is a delightful new drink. Use same amount of sugar.—N. T., Hood River, Oregon.

To remove mildew, make a very weak solution of chloride of lime in water, using about a heaping teaspoon to a quart, strain it carefully and dip the spot or the garment in it, and if the mildew does not disappear immediately, lay it in the sun for a few minutes, or dip it into the lime water again.—Mrs. E. F., Buffalo, New York.

Not many housewives relish the thought of using dull paring and butcher knives for preparing food. How simple to sharpen them on a piece of crockery! Saves money and takes very little time.—N. T., Maryville, Missouri.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

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6 On the train, children have plenty of room to move around. They aren't "cooped up" as in so many other forms of transportation. And they will get a friendly reception from our trainmen, most of whom have children of their own.

7 Traveling on the train is highly educational for children. They see their country intimately, at ground level.

8 Children love to ride on a train. Remember when you were a child—what fun it was to take a train trip?

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There is Another Side to TOLERANCE

By Bernice Burton Holmes

MOST of us are agreed that more tolerance, much more, is necessary to make and maintain lasting peace. Tolerance should start at home, for the near neighbor as well as the far one. We are willing to be more tolerant of others' words, ideas, and actions, to count to one hundred instead of ten, to turn the other cheek, to walk the second mile, to love our neighbor, to do unto others.

We are willing to give all of this tolerance, to exercise all of this tolerance on behalf of our fellow men. But how often do we unthinkingly or selfishly ask someone else to turn the other cheek, insisting on another going the second mile with us?

There is a side of tolerance that includes making ourselves more tolerable to others.

None are immune to the making of mistakes. A little more foresight, more careful planning, a great deal more willingness to accept responsibility for things which are, or should be, within our control is a crying need today.

We are inclined, everyone of us, to let the unpleasant, the difficult, the bothersome task lie, either hoping someone else will assume the responsibility, or take care of the matter, or that everyone will overlook and forget the unfinished, neglected, or untouched task. This is the most common way to make an overdraft on the tolerance due us.

Have we, have I, have you been guilty of:

Neglecting to teach effectively our children to respect the property rights of others or have we allowed our children to assume that the entire street and adjacent property is a sort of public park? (All excepting our lawn and our shrubbery.)

Religiously attending our Sunday meetings while our children create disturbances throughout the neighborhood or congregate destructively on porches and lawns of momentarily vacant homes?

Suddenly taking boyish scraps and fights as all in a lifetime, as soon as Junior and Johnny are big enough to lick all the "kids" in our neighborhood?

Letting early teen-agers and younger fry out to play, possibly annoy, and loaf, if you please, up and down the street till ten or eleven o'clock at night, even neglecting to check to see if that was his voice yelling imprecations in the direction of some neighbor's house?

Considering stealing apples, etc., as just one more prank to outgrow, or did we point

out that stealing by any other name is still stealing at whatever age or for whatever purpose?

Imposing on the capacity for tolerance of our neighbors when leaving early teen-agers to their own devices for six or eight hours, six days a week, or for regular intervals once or twice a week? (Being old enough to mind one's business is no indication that one will so conduct his affairs.)

Thinking that because a child is able to walk, talk, feed, and care for nature's needs that he can be safely or wisely left alone? (Such care or lack of it seems to have left or kept many a child morally and spiritually barren. The spirit needs food, cleansing, and warmth, too.)

Trusting him where and with whom (the unknown friend) we would not trust ourselves?

Leaving him to decide alone, or with only the vaguest and hastiest generalities, perplexities of social conduct that still puzzle us at times? (Letting him have time and our interested ear to talk to may do as much or more to solve these problems as talking to him.)

Dealing with our children in such a manner as to indicate that admission of, or confession of, one's failings, shortcomings, and sins are all that is morally, and socially binding upon the individual?

Maintaining that our child may be at fault or in error in his dealings with others and yet be the soul of injured innocence when a neighbor confronts us with the fact or the evidence that he not only may be but actually is at fault or in error?

Failing to imprint indelibly in his way of life the principle, right, that most important right—the right to be let alone?

Failing to impress him with that most priceless principle and precious fact that home, your home, my home, the home of the man next door, and the home of the man down the street, is sacred "where none shall come to hurt or make afraid, eavesdrop, annoy or molest in any way by deed or word?"

Oh, how diligently, how firmly, how unceasingly, we must strive to live so that others can and will find it in their hearts to tolerate us. In short a neighbor is to be admired and appreciated as much for his lack of vices as for his possession of many virtues.

SONG FOR A DAY

By Catherine E. Berry

I COOK and sweep and polish pans
And sew a seam or two;
I shop for apples, flour, and spice,
To make a pie for you.

The days seem scarcely long enough
For all I have to do;
But never have I minded, dear,
The things I do for you.

When twilight comes and silver stars
Come twinkling through the blue,
The crowning moment of my day
Is watching, dear, for you.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



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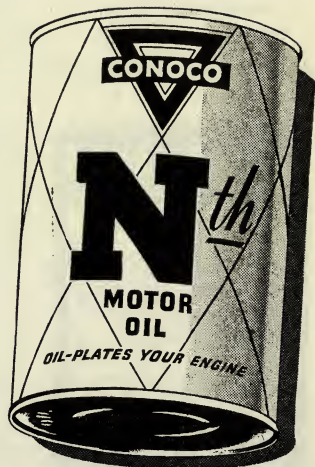
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ACCOMPLISHMENT

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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"Beauty Food is Duty Food"

By Dora Loues Miller

"EVEN the nation's animal life is being called upon to support the present thirty-nine-point food conservation program recommended by President Truman," says Ann Delafield, nationally known health and beauty authority. "But," she added, "this conservation will pay dividends in added health and vitality for the farmer and his family and at the same time help to 'save a life.'"

It is a commonly known fact that Americans are the best fed people in the world and so are their animals.

Miss Delafield pointed out that the first step in supporting the conservation program begins with changing your food habits. "Eating is a habit," she said, "that is too important to break, but it certainly can be altered to provide a sufficient and nutritious diet without stuffing one's self or overloading the table so that there are leftovers.

"The new food saving program," the noted beauty authority continued, "is a program for health and beauty as well as patriotism. Broiled foods instead of fried foods will not only save fats, but is better for your blood, your figure, and your general health," she said.

The basis of a sound diet is plenty of fresh fruit, vegetables, lean meats, or fish or eggs. "There is no prescribed diet that will fit everyone's needs," Miss Delafield said. "Rather, it is a prescribed program for eating which emphasizes nutritious and vitamin-packed foods instead of starches and sweets and fats

"Here is your chance to see for yourself that food habits can be changed and to your benefit, while you are responding to the President's request," Miss Delafield said. "'Beauty food is duty food' is one of my maxims, but if you follow the President's suggestions, duty food is also beauty food. For you not only will help save the lives of people who face starvation unless we share our food supplies with them, but you will also improve your own health and appearance."

If you eat as many of the following foods as possible, Miss Delafield, who is also a trained dietician, said, your body will get all it needs to function properly and to your best interest. Oranges, grapefruit, lemons, and all citrus fruits; lettuce, tomatoes, raw carrots, greens, pepper, watercress, asparagus, spinach; dried prunes, apricots, currants; lean meat, fish, egg yolk; whole or dried milk; whole wheat germ and one hundred percent whole grain cereals; dried beans and peas.

Our Members in the Russian Zone

(Concluded from page 566)

lief in the message which they embraced for its spiritual values at one time or another. Meetings in Berlin (there are eight branches functioning in that area alone) show the effects of war in that there are startlingly few young men present, but all the branches hold at least two or three functions a week. Soon the offices of the East Mission will be moved from the war-damaged headquarters secured when the mission home was destroyed at Haendels Allee to a sizable villa in what was the fashionable area of Berlin-Dahlem. Never in peacetime did the Church enjoy such prestige.

All in all, I found conditions better than I expected to see them, and the East Mission in the Russian zone in some aspects may find it easier to develop its activities than the West Mission with headquarters in the American Zone in Frankfurt. Why should any Christian endeavor which aims primarily at providing spiritual and physical aids to people as well as a message of peace and happiness find opposition in a world which so badly needs it?

Skull Deformation

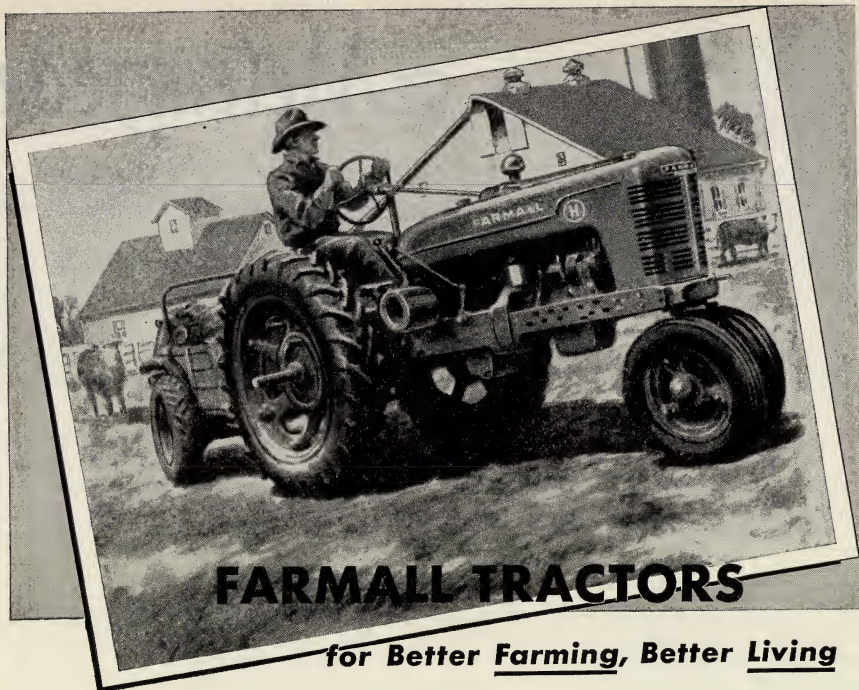
(Concluded from page 552)

head into a V-shaped board. The resultant deformed head exhibited an almost continuous line from the tip of the nose to the crown of the head. This type of head was common among the Maya of Central America, the Natchez of the Gulf of Mexico, and the Chinook of the northwest coast. Among these and other tribes the deformation came to be regarded as a mark of distinction and social correctness.

Intentional deformation by binding the infant's head resulted in a truncated or conical head with the resultant deformation of both the front and back of the head. This unique method was common practice among the Inca of Peru.

The harmful result of various deformations has not been established. The tribes who practiced it do not show evidence of a larger percentage of imbeciles or neuropathic persons. In fact, the Maya and the Inca were outstanding for their intellectual achievements.

It is true that these deformations persisted throughout the life of the individual, but there is no evidence of the deformation's becoming hereditary.



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What Might We Have Done?

"ZION MUST ARISE"
(D. & C. 82:14.)

IN April 1830, the Church was organized with a membership of six. Its appointed head was Joseph Smith, Jun., a young man about twenty-five years of age. The Book of Mormon records had been recently translated and the book published. This handful of Saints commenced their sacred labors of establishing Zion.

In the one hundred sixteen years since, the membership of the Church has increased to 979,454; thousands have lived and died in the faith. More than fifty-two thousand missionaries have been sent into the world. The gospel has been proclaimed among the nations. Branches of the Church have been established in many lands. The missionary activity continues at an ever increasing tempo.

One hundred and fifty-eight stakes of Zion have been organized comprising twelve hundred five wards. Places of worship by the hundreds fairly dot some sections of our land. Temples have been erected, and others are projected in distant areas. The labor of salvation goes forward. Truly a marvelous work and a wonder has been achieved in a relatively short period.

What has been accomplished, however, has been done with but a fraction of our potential strength. It is reasonable therefore to suppose that if we increase the devotion and faith of our membership generally, our achievements will be proportionately greater. All principles of the gospel are principles of promise—promised blessings for obedience to eternal law. These blessings come to the membership as a whole and to members individually according to their obedience.

Behold, mine house is a house of order, saith the Lord God, and not a house of confusion. Will I accept of an offering, saith the Lord, that is not made in my name? Or will I receive at your hands that which I have not appointed? And will I appoint unto you, saith the Lord, except it be by law, even as I and my Father ordained unto you, before the world was? I am the Lord thy God; and I give unto you this commandment—that no man shall come unto the Father but by me or by my word, which is my law, saith the Lord. (D. & C. 132:8-12.)

From the beginning of this dispensation, through our partial neglect of duty, we as a people have denied ourselves many blessings which otherwise we could have claimed. It is the Lord's good pleasure to secure these blessings to us, when through righteousness we are prepared to receive them.

Behold, I say unto you were it not for the transgression of my people, speaking concerning the church and not individuals, they might have been redeemed even now. But behold, they have not learned to be obedient to the things which I required at their hands, but are full of all manner of evil, and do not impart of their substance, as becometh saints, to the poor and afflicted among them; And are not united according to the union required by the law of the celestial kingdom; And Zion cannot be built up unless it is by the principles of the law of the celestial kingdom; otherwise I cannot receive her unto myself. And my people must needs be chastened until they learn obedience, if it must needs be, by the things which they suffer. (D. & C. 105:2-6.)

As great as our power and influence in the world are, they are still infinitesimal compared to what they are destined to become through an increased devotion to the Lord's work and to the wel-

fare of humanity. As a matter then of sound judgment, we should not be content with but a mediocre performance of duty.

The Lord requires that *all* priesthood bearers "live by every word." He requires that all "endure to the end" if all would obtain the promised blessings in store for the faithful. "Peace on earth, good will to men" would then become a matter possible of achievement rather than a remote something only to be hoped for.

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

For even yet the kingdom is yours, and shall be forever, if you fall not from your steadfastness. (D. & C. 82:24.)

Quorum Leaders to Encourage Members to Store Commodities

By Fenno B. Casto, of the Church Welfare Office

And it is my purpose to provide for my saints, for all things are mine. But it must needs be done in mine own way; . . . (D. & C. 104:15-16.)

KNOWING that every word of the Lord will surely be fulfilled, we have in this declaration the greatest guarantee of temporal security that can be given to man. And it requires of us but two things:

1. That we must be classed as the Saints of the Lord
2. That we are willing to accept our provisions in his own way

The Savior, while on the earth, emphasized the concern of the Father in heaven over our temporal welfare by listing as the first direct request in the perfect prayer a supplication for "our daily bread."

This prayer reads:

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. (Matt. 6: 9-11.)

We may well ask, "What is the Lord's own way?" It is immediately apparent that first we should ask the Lord in prayer as he suggested: "After this manner therefore pray ye." We should

prepare ourselves to recognize the answer to our prayer for daily sustenance. What good would it do a gold miner to dig and dig if he didn't recognize the gold when he reached it?

DEPRESSION YEARS RECALLED

During the trying years of the early thirties, thousands of Saints faced with real want for bread and other daily necessities; faced with the loss of a life's savings; faced with the loss of homes; petitioned the Lord: "Give us this day our daily bread." Many of us at that time may have felt that our prayers were not answered, and probably many of those prayers were not, because in years past we had been very much like the foolish virgins, and had not adhered to the repeated counsel of the General Authorities to get out of debt, to store the things we need, and to save for days of hardship and tribulation.

THE LORD ANSWERED OUR PRAYERS

However, the Lord remembered his promise as stated by Amos:

Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets. (Amos 3:7.)

and did inspire our prophet and leader,

Priesthood

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

President Grant, to give us the Church welfare plan. In this plan, which certainly is a response to our prayers for our daily sustenance, we have further answer to, "What is the Lord's own way?" We are taught that in addition to asking the Lord in prayer, we are expected to do all in our power to provide our daily needs, and to save and store all that we can for the future.

We should also remember the admonition of James:

What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and hath not works? can faith save him? If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, And one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit? Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone. (James 2:14-17.)

In harmony with gospel principles each of us should do all we can to help provide for those who are less fortunate.

CALAMITIES FORETOLD

The Savior, in his first advent to the earth, told his disciples in detail of the calamities that would be poured out upon the earth in the latter days, concluding with this statement:

And except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved: but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened. (Matt. 24:22.)

And to the Prophet Joseph Smith he again enumerated and added to the warnings given in the Bible, specifying among other things:

And there shall be a great hailstorm sent forth to destroy the crops of the earth. (D. & C. 29:16.)

SAINTS WARNED TO PREPARE

After reviewing the calamities which were then facing the world, President Clark, in his conference address given in April 1937, stated:

What may we as a people and as individuals do for ourselves to prepare to meet this oncoming disaster, which God in his wisdom may not turn aside from us?

First, and above and beyond everything else, let us live righteously, fearing God and keeping his commandments, that we may in part claim his blessing as of right, and not as of mercy only. . . .

Let us avoid debt as we would avoid a plague; where we are now in debt let us get out of debt; if not today, then tomorrow.

Let us straitly and strictly live within our incomes, and save a little.

Let every head of every household see to it that he has on hand enough food and clothing, and, where possible, fuel also, for at least a year ahead. . . . Let every head of every household aim to own his own home, free from mortgage. Let every man who has a garden spot, garden it; every man who owns a farm, farm it.

Let us again clothe ourselves with these proved and sterling virtues—honesty, truthfulness, chastity, sobriety, temperance, industry and thrift; let us discard all covetousness and greed.

In the message of the First Presidency to the Church, given at the April conference in 1942, they counseled:

Times approach when we shall need all the health, strength, and spiritual power we can get to bear the afflictions that will come upon us.

We renew the counsel given to the Saints from the days of Brigham Young until now—be honest, truthful, industrious, frugal, thrifty. In the day of plenty prepare for the day of scarcity. . . .

We renew our counsel and repeat our instructions: Let every Latter-day Saint that has land, produce some valuable, essential foodstuff thereon and then preserve it; or if he cannot produce an essential foodstuff, let him produce some other kind and exchange it for an essential foodstuff; let them who have no land of their own, and who have knowledge of farming and gardening, try to rent some, either by themselves or with others, and produce foodstuff thereon, and preserve it. . . .

As the Church has always urged since we came to the valleys, so now we urge every Church householder to have a year's supply of essential foodstuffs ahead. This should, so far as possible, be produced by each householder and preserved by him, and his family. This course will not only relieve from any impending distress those households who so provide themselves, but will release just that much food to the general national stores of foodstuff from which the public at large must be fed.

ANOTHER SEEDTIME AND HARVEST ARE GIVEN

In his mercy and long suffering, the Lord has given us another seedtime and harvest, even though our sins and iniquities are great, and the world is ripe and ready for the judgments which will

(Concluded on page 590)

NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

Conducted by
Dr. Joseph F. Merrill

Bad Law Proposed

THE Liquor Control Act, proposed for enactment by the voters of Utah in the election next November, will not be on the ballot because of the failure to secure the requisite number of legal petitioners, (at least 25,000). According to the newspapers, the promoters say they will go to the next legislature and try to get their bill enacted into law.

What does this bill provide? Among other things the following:

1. A repeal of many of the provisions of the current state law, including one which requires a permit before any person can legally buy liquor.

2. Increases by many fold the places at which liquor could be purchased—hotels, restaurants, fraternal organizations, and social clubs, being among them, thus taking retail sales from the state and turning them over to private licensees.

3. For the sale of liquor by the drink as well as by the package, the only legal method of sale under present laws.

4. Gives the power to license places of retail liquor sale to local units—cities, towns, and counties.

The impression became widespread in the campaign for referendum signers that sale by the drink was to replace sale by the package. This impression was wholly in error. Retail sales by the package would continue, and be made, not by the state, but by one or more licensed private dealers in every county, who in turn would sell packages to individuals for personal consumption and to a multitude of licensees—hotels, restaurants, fraternal organizations, social clubs, saloons, etc., for resale by the drink. The state would continue as the only legal wholesaler, its function being to supply the locally licensed private retailers.

All retailing, both by the package and by the drink, would be made by private holders of licenses who were in the business for making money. The current law puts the state in the business solely for the purpose of supplying the demand, not to promote drinking—a vast difference therefore between the state and the license holder.

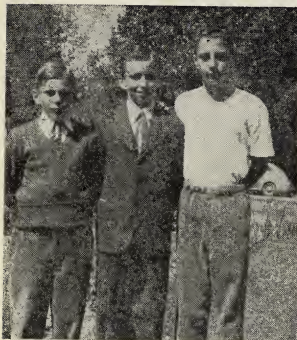
Further, the state sells only to holders of permits, given only to responsible adults—not to minors, etc. Under the proposed law, permits to buy liquor are not required.

And so the proposed law would greatly increase the number of places at

(Continued on page 594)

Aaronic Priesthood

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



WINDER WARD, BIG COTTONWOOD STAKE boasts an unusual circumstance. They have three brothers who are active members of the Aaronic Priesthood in the deacons quorum. They are, reading from left to right, Maurice Durand Cook, age 12; Clifton Arvin Cook, age 13; and Louis Severn Cook, age 14. Louis is president of the quorum and Clifton is secretary. They are sons of Clifton Louis and Maurine Stokes Cook.

WARD YOUTH LEADERSHIP OUTLINE OF STUDY OCTOBER 1946

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

LAST month we discussed in this column the need each boy and girl has to love and to be loved, and the responsibility of every teacher and leader of youth in the Church to help youth satisfy that need. The first obligation of the leader of youth is to win their love.

This is particularly true in the Church because the boy's or girl's relationship to the Church is purely voluntary. They may be under some parental compulsion to go to Church but they are largely and eventually free to come or to go as they please. A girl is forced to go to school and embarrassed if she does not perform fairly well. A boy is forced to be regular if he would hold a job and receive his wages for his labor. Not so with his relationship to the Church for it is based on interest, good will, and inherent satisfaction associated with Church participation itself.

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Boys and girls live in quite a cold, impersonal, selfish, and busy world. The average adolescent—for all his apparent cocksureness—feels uncertain and is in need of friendship and understanding. He normally possesses feelings of inferiority. He is also quite uncertain about many personal problems—vocation, love, family, and his sense of values generally.

Boys and girls need understanding adults in whom they may feel free to confide. Sometimes their parents are too close to their problems and too much involved personally to be approachable by their children. The Church worker is in an ideal situation to win the confidence of youth. He meets him on a voluntary basis in an idealistic environment. Youth is idealistic by nature and normally responds favorably to the qualifications of a good Church worker. (Read D. & C. 4.)

Every Church worker should ask himself these two questions occasionally: (1) Do I love those I serve and work with in the Church? and (2) do they love me? Without that bond of feeling between the shepherd and his flock, the shepherd of boys and girls labors in vain and, to quote Paul, he is "become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

How can we strengthen the feeling of love between us and those we serve. The following are suggestions which you may illustrate and to which you will doubtless add.

(1) Let us take an interest in each one under our care—talk with him about himself, his interests, his plans without imposing ourselves on him and without prying into affairs which do not concern us.

(2) Let us show confidence in our youth by giving them, on occasion, words of praise and encouragement and also responsibilities.

(3) Let us have fellowship with them in priesthood and M.I.A. groups. They will like us when we do things with them which they like to do—eat, play, serve, create.

(4) Let us try to put ourselves in the position of boys and girls—learn their problems, their home, school, and social backgrounds—so that our efforts will relate themselves to the entire lives of the boys and girls whom we serve.

Questions:

1. What is the difference between a boy's (or girl's) loyalty to his

Church and his loyalty to school or a job?

2. What attitudes of a Church worker are most consistent with the nature and objectives of the gospel?
3. Can discipline be achieved in Church without a bond of good will or love first existing between the disciplinarian and the disciplined? (Justify your answer, and read D. & C. 121:40-46.)
4. Think back on teachers and leaders in the ward you had as a boy or girl. Which of them did you love most? Why?

References:

- D. & C. sections 4, 12, 121:40-46.
Reader's Digest, June 1946, pp. 121-126.

Youth Speaks

THE EVILS OF PROFANITY

(Excerpts from a talk given by Frank Bradshaw at a recent Wells Stake quarterly conference. Frank is a priest of the Browning Ward.)

NEXT to idolatry there is perhaps no habit in common practice so opposed to refinement and spirituality as profanity. It is Satan's way of expres-



FRANK
BRADSHAW

sion. He dislikes God, therefore, he delights to desecrate his name.

Jesus said, "... Swear not at all ... But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." (Matthew 5:34, 37.) Multitudes followed Jesus to hear him talk. No evil or unclean word ever passed his lips, only pure language—so simple that all who listened could understand. As in everything else he set us a pattern for speech.

Speech is an index of character. We



Ward Teaching

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are judged by the way we express ourselves. Mr. Baird said:

If one would find profanity developed to a fine art he must go down to the slums of a big city or to the prisons. The lower he goes into the dens of vice the more of it he will hear. When he travels in the opposite direction he will hear less and less. In the best homes, in churches, in respectable schools and all places of genuine refinement profane swearing is not heard at all. To swear in public is to pin a sign on yourself to the effect that you belong to the lower strata of social culture.

It breaks down one's character. It leads one to the extremes of evil. It goes without saying—no gentleman ever swears—others should not. Civic organizations are aware of these evils of profanity and steps have been taken to curb this practice. Our Church preaches against profanity. Other creeds have organized anti-profanity societies having the "Third Commandment" for their slogan, and all people are asked to join with them in their efforts to suppress the vicious custom of blaspheming the sacred name of Deity.

California passed a law in which persons could be fined as much as two hundred dollars or given ninety days in jail or both for using profane or indecent language in public places in the presence of women and children. San Francisco has a city ordinance fining five hundred dollars or six months' imprisonment for using profane language in public.

Thus we see this evil is recognized and must be stamped out. The greatest damage of profane swearing is done to the spirit—nothing is more destructive. It has been compared to a gas which exists in deep coal mines known as "black damp." Its danger lies in its seeming innocence—it cannot be felt, seen, or smelled—but is detected by the miner's lamps slowly fading out, and if he does not quickly get away, his life will also flicker out. In a similar way when God's name is taken in vain, spiritual life and light begin flickering out.



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 October 1946

"GOOD TEMPER"

WHEN Solomon said, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city" (Prov. 16:32) he was visioning the potential strength of justice and personal discipline. A triumph over the spirit strengthens the soul, but to subdue a city adds nothing to a man's moral virtue. Few men have occasion to vanquish a city but to every man is given the opportunity to conquer the wrath of his spirit.

Almost daily we come in contact with someone with a "cranky," touchy, irritable disposition. There are those who would excuse the fault as a family trait or weakness. It cannot be dismissed so easily. The ingredients of ill temper are made up of jealousy, envy, anger, conceit, harshness, cruelty, and unkindness. Each element is a vice within itself, capable of producing misery, laying waste to homes, ruining cherished relationships, embittering life, and generating disunity. To put hatred into the world, is to plant the seeds of revenge, the spirit of which is retaliation and reprisal. Such an attitude can never be expected to produce other than malice.

We have just emerged from one of the most devastating conflicts ever waged. If the causes for this recent combat were enumerated, it would be found that all of those elements which make up ill temper would be listed.

We cannot live in total isolation, therefore we should be conscious of the influence our behavior will have upon our associates. This is one of life's most serious responsibilities.

Each of us is a ruler over our own mind. Whatever we give our attention to is the thing that will govern us. We select our thoughts, make our decisions, and are responsible for our reaction to emotion. If in our thinking we give place to the ugly and sordid, it is bound to find expression, while on the other hand, if our thoughts are elevated to the joyful and sublime, then those qualities will be reflected in our lives. "... whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." (Gal. 6:7.)

If an inventory could be taken each day of the number of those offended, it would be shocking. Unkind words will be spoken today that will produce bitterness and ill feeling that will endure for a lifetime. "A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger." (Prov. 15:1.) When Paul analyzed the principle of love when writing to the saints at Corinth, he set forth those elements which were indispensable in its operation; patience, kindness, generosity, humility, courtesy, unselfishness, good temper, guilelessness, and sincerity. His entire analysis is centered around good temper. It "... is not easily provoked." (I Cor. 13:5.) It is the key to the successful operation of all the other virtues.

In conclusion let us consider the words of Jesus and strive to avert the evils of ill temper with full intent for higher regard for our fellow men. "But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire." (Matt. 5:22.)



Genealogy

Genealogical Activities

THE Salem Ward of Palmyra Stake reports a fully organized genealogical committee. All members of the committee attend the genealogical training class in Sunday School each Sunday morning. They have a good attendance and all the class members display a lively interest in it.



Junior Class of Salem Ward, Palmyra Stake, organized in May 1945, which has twenty active members.

Among the projects of this ward genealogical committee is one carried out in connection with the Melchizedek Priesthood temple project by which a representative has been maintained to attend the Salt Lake Temple. He reports having done one hundred ninety-four endowments and witnessed eight hundred thirty-two sealings of parents and five hundred sixty-five to parents, and performed 19,056 baptisms in addition to having assisted in other temple ordinances.

In order to finance this temple project for 1946, the genealogical committee assisted by the juniors put on a dance, and sufficient money was raised to carry on this endeavor for at least a year.

Committee members and the juniors have also participated in a home-teaching project, visiting, assisting, and encouraging many members of the ward in their record keeping.

The junior class was organized in May 1945, with Ruth C. Warren as junior leader, and Helen C. Davis, assistant. Class work has been carried on each Monday evening with twenty active members. They are now working on their tenth activity in their Book of Remembrance. For their reading course the book *Added Upon* was read and discussed in class. Preparations are now under way for the group to be

given their patriarchal blessings. They are also looking forward to the opportunity of going to the temple to do baptisms for the dead.

TESTIMONY

During a genealogical meeting held in Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada, March 1932, several testified that the spirit of Elijah helped them to locate their ancestors. Sister Elizabeth Fisher, one of our Scotch Saints, who is now over eighty-four years of age, did not know who her grandfather was. All she knew was that he lived at one time in northern Ireland. One night she had

(See also page 547)

MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD

(Concluded from page 587)

surely come to pass. Time is short, for God's judgments come quickly. It therefore behooves each to think seriously about the counsel given by our leaders, and see that nothing goes to waste, but that every morsel of food be harvested, that in our homes the storage rooms are filled to capacity so that we will be able to provide for ourselves and our families in a day of want.

PRIESTHOOD LEADERS' RESPONSIBILITY

One of the great challenges which today faces presidents and group leaders of the Melchizedek Priesthood quorums in filling their assignments as personal welfare representatives is to see that every member of the quorum or group becomes actively converted to this very timely counsel. They should visit with the brethren of the quorums and help them lay plans as to what should be stored and how to store it. The quorum members should be taught to sit down with their wives and children as a family unit and make up a list of all their needs for one year or more. They should then strike from this list perishable items which cannot be stored and also strike out scarce items which should not be obtained at this time. These sacred family circles, meeting under the inspiration of prayer, should then budget their income and their means to put in storage at least one year's supply of the items which they have listed.

Great care should be exercised to see that spoilage is kept to an absolute minimum and that storage of items that

a dream that her own father came to her and told her that his father's name was Robert Armour, but that they called him "Robin" Armour, and that he lived at Antrim, Ireland.

Armed with this information, coupled with faith, she wrote a letter to the postmaster at Antrim, Ireland, asking him to hand the letter to the oldest Armour. A search was made for this town, but Sister Fisher could only find a county. In about a month a letter was received from a postmaster at Lisburn, Antrim County, Ireland, in which he said that he did not know why the letter was sent by the post office authorities to his place—however, he was glad to say that the letter had been given to a man whose mother was an Armour. Further correspondence revealed that his grandfather and the grandfather of our Sister Fisher, were brothers; and both of them had died there. Quite a number of names were gathered as a result.—Recorded by G. Gordon Whyte.

are not needed is avoided, for both spoilage and hoarding of scarce or unnecessary items tends to work against the economic welfare of the individual as well as the nation. The family storage program should be a long range program and should consist principally of those things they produce or make with their own hands. Along this line the Lord said:

And again, thou shalt not be proud in thy heart; let all thy garments be plain, and their beauty the beauty of the work of thine own hands; And let all things be done in cleanliness before me. Thou shalt not be idle; for he that is idle shall not eat the bread nor wear the garments of the laborer. (D. & C. 42:40-42.)

QUORUM PROJECTS

To supplement the individual family's ability to produce or otherwise acquire the items it desires to store, the quorum might locate production projects to be operated on a group basis. In addition to helping the quorum members in providing the things they need, such projects will do much to increase the unity and activity of the quorum. No greater service can be rendered by the quorum leaders to their members than for them to take a personal interest in seeing that each member learns his duty along this line, and then without procrastination takes the necessary steps to provide the things that he and his family will need in the day when the Lord pours out his judgment upon the earth in such fierceness that a seedtime and a harvest will be no more.

A Promise

(Continued from page 567)

According to the promise of the prophet of the Lord to me.

In the wards which we visited, we went to Huntsville in Ogden Canyon. It was very cold when we arrived; it was twenty degrees below zero in the daytime. A heavy snow had fallen. At the home where I stayed, I was assigned a room in a story and a half house with no stove in the room. While there was so much bedding on the bed that it weighted me down, the cold was so intense between those quilts that it drew all the warmth out of my body until I lay shivering all night long. I don't know how cold it was during the night.

In the morning we followed the usual procedure. We went to the Mutual president and had him make out a list of Mutual people who needed to repent. We took the list to the bishop of the ward who was Bishop David McKay, father of President David O. McKay, one of the sweetest, kindest, loveliest men I have ever met. His wife was a real mother to us, and it was a pleasure to be in their home. Bishop McKay was in perfect harmony with our procedure and offered to assist us in any way possible. In fact, he was very much pleased at our purpose and the mission we had at hand. We handed him the usual list that had been prepared. He looked it over.

He said, "Brother Taylor, I approve that you visit all on this list except one family." And he marked his pencil through the name of that family. And I asked, "Why shouldn't we visit him?"

He replied, "This man hasn't been in our meetinghouse for twenty years. He has apostatized. He wouldn't receive you. He hasn't received our teachers or anyone for years. You would not be welcome at his home."

I asked, "Who is he then?"

He said, "This man was with the Prophet Joseph Smith in Kirtland and helped build up that city. He had a fine home. When the Saints were driven from the place, he left and followed with them and went to Independence, Missouri, where he built another home and endured the mobbings of that place. He was driven out again, and then he went

(Continued on page 592)

What to take along when you take a trip to Tahoe



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On The Bookrack

PAGES FROM THE BOOK OF EVE
(Ora Pate Stewart. The Naylor Company,
San Antonio, Texas. 1946. \$3.00.)

LITTLE EVE is charming. In straightforward, simple English she tells of life just as it happened to her in the pioneer days of the west. Some of the episodes cause laughter; others compel tears to flow. That is always the way of real life.

She also paints a picture of man's toil for the necessities of life. This is a good tonic in our day, when the love of labor is becoming flabby, and selfishness works under the cloak of honor. Little Eve does not know that she is preaching a big economic lesson to her readers. And, some of the readers may not realize it.

Then, when some of us would be engulfed by emotional upheavals when disaster overtakes us, Little Eve walks straight on, hopefully facing the enemy with clenched teeth. That is also a lesson to be learned by all who want happiness in life.

However, to enjoy to the full a few hours of leisure, forget all lessons and teachings, lean back, with Eve's book in hand, in the easy chair, or maybe on the grass under the maple tree; let Eve tell you her story. Laugh with her; cry with her; plan with her—and life will look better to you, and people will look lovelier to you, and you will feel refreshed as if on a warm day you have had a refreshing drink.

Pages from the *Book of Eve* is a unique but captivating story.—J. A. W.

WOMAN AS FORCE IN HISTORY
(Mary R. Beard. Macmillan Company,
New York. 1946. 369 pages. \$3.50.)

THE author of this book has long been known for her very exceptional historical work, along with her husband, Charles A. Beard. This study of woman's position throughout the years has been the subject of painstaking research on the part of Mrs. Beard. Mrs. Beard blames the acceptance of the idea that women were a subject sex to two factors: the rebellion of American women who felt that there were too many restraints on their liberty, and Sir William Blackstone, author of *Commentaries on the Laws of England*, in which work he considered women legally subject to their men folk.

One statement that it is interesting to recall is one made by Dr. Philip M. Kitzay: "... the present-day attitudes toward women have been largely made by men. Since many accept prevailing opinions as facts, women as a rule fall into the same opinions as men, and therefore see themselves through male eyes."

The book is well worth reading—for both men and women—for the scholarship of its work as well as for the interest in the subject.—M. C. J.

THE UNITED STATES MOVES
ACROSS THE PACIFIC
(Kenneth Scott Latourette. Harper and
Brothers, New York. 1946.
174 pages. \$2.00.)

PROBABLY no question looms so vitally before Americans as that of our position in the Far East. And probably no other author than Dr. Latourette has had the experience that would warrant his writing such a book. In addition to being an authority on the Far East, Dr. Latourette is

a recognized scholar in the entire Oriental field, having published *Development of China*, *Development of Japan*, *Early Relations Between the United States and China*, and the outstanding work, *A History of the Expansion of Christianity*.

The author lays a clear and unmistakable pattern for what occurred on the fatal day of December 7, 1941. And from the scholarship that goes into this study one can ponder long this book for a more thorough understanding of our position in the Pacific.

—M. C. J.

MARGIE
The Story of a Friendship
(Kenneth Irving Brown. Association Press.
New York. 1946. 255 pages. \$2.50.)

THIS refreshing story of young love will bring quickened awareness of youth to the old who read the story and heightened idealism to the young who read it. Told in large part through Margie's letters to Dick, their vivid friendship, bound as it is with their burning belief in God, stimulate all who read the book to try to measure to their own standard of applied Christianity.

Those who have read and loved *Larry* will be doubly glad that this book has been published, for it will reveal as lovable and as stalwart a girl as Larry was a boy.

Margie is a welcome book, a book that deserves to win wide acclaim for its interest, its idealism, its genuine worth.

—M. C. J.

ARABIAN NIGHTS
(Collected and edited by Andrew Lang.
Illustrated by Vera Bock. Longmans,
Green & Co., New York. 1946.
303 pages. \$2.00.)

THIS beautifully prepared edition of *Arabian Nights* will delight old and young alike. The illustrations certainly enhance the stories and seem an integral part of them.

In this new edition a foreword by Mary Gould Davis indicates why some of the old stories have been omitted and why some new ones have been added. She states: "... there is a great deal in Scheherazade that will appeal to modern girls. In meeting a truly desperate situation she showed intelligence, courage, poise, and a ready wit."

And the stories themselves, although told primarily to entertain, also give indication of correct principles of living. Certainly, no child should willingly grow up without an introduction to the *Arabian Nights*, and particularly this edition of the stories, because of the beauty of the format as well as the selection of tales.—M. C. J.

LIGHT FROM THE ANCIENT PAST
(Jack Finegan. The Princeton University
Press, Princeton, New Jersey. 1946.
500 pages. \$5.00.)

THE preface states: "The purpose of this book is to give a connected account of the archeological background of the Hebrew-Christian religion. And the difficulties of obtaining that background is well set forth in the author's introduction. But, the author states, "... through the application of highly scientific techniques and by the cooperative efforts of scholars in many lands, the shattered mosaic of the past is slowly being fitted together again."

For Latter-day Saints, this book will prove of tremendous value since it indicates further proof of the authenticity of the Biblical account of the world. M. C. J.

A Promise

(Continued from page 591)

to Far West where he built another home. This man witnessed the mobbings of that place especially when the mob militia arrested the Prophet Joseph, his brother Hyrum, and others and told them to bid good-bye to their wives and families because on the morrow they would be shot. Of course, this edict was frustrated and didn't happen. This man stood shoulder to shoulder with the Prophet Joseph during all these troubles and all these mobbings, and when they were driven from Far West, he went to Commerce, later renamed Nauvoo, on the Mississippi River, and built a new home, a splendid place, and had a farm and was doing well until the mobbing took place in this city. He helped to build up that city of over twenty thousand people, the largest town in the state of Illinois at that time, and helped construct the million-dollar temple that stood on the hill, but through the hate of the enemy, he was driven out again, and he joined a party of the early pioneers who crossed the plains and started a new home here in the valleys of the mountains."

WHEN Bishop McKay told me the story of this man who had been true to the Prophet Joseph Smith and had gone through the privations and mobbings that were incident to the establishment of "Mormonism" on the earth, I forgot all about any wrong that he had done or his rejection of the teachers, and my heart and soul went out to him. I made up my mind if I visited no other person in that ward that I would visit that old man. One day as we were running down through the snow, running to keep warm, we saw a log house located in a grove of cottonwood trees. As we were passing the place, I said to the young man taking us around, "Do we go into this place?"

He said, "That is the place, Brother Taylor, that the bishop thought perhaps we should not visit."

"Well," I said, "I feel impressed that we should visit them."

I knocked at the door, and, when it was opened, I put my foot in so they couldn't shut the door on us and turn us out. They invited us in. Sitting around a cookstove to keep warm were an old gentleman, possibly past eighty years of age, and

A Promise

his wife, both of them feeble and old, and two, big, husky men about thirty years of age whose faces were bloated with the evidence of drink. I was rather perplexed as to how I should open the conversation, but finally felt impressed to ask an account of his life.

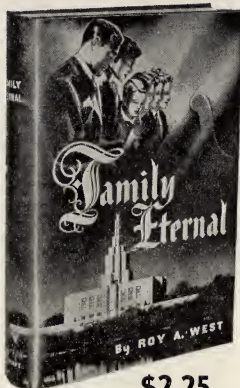
He told me what the bishop had told me. He related his experience in Kirtland, in Independence, in Far West, in Nauvoo, and of his final trek over the plains. He told instances in connection with the life of the Prophet Joseph and the mobbing and things that were among the most intensely interesting to which I had ever listened. At the time I would have given nearly anything to have had a stenographer present to have taken down his dramatic story because it was dramatic to me and filled my whole being with delight. After he had finished telling the story I turned to him with love and affection.

When we explained to them the desire of the Lord and how anxious the bishop and all the people in that ward were to welcome them and treat them as they used to be treated, we told them that if they would be prayerful and humble, God would bless them and forgive them if they would only repent. Those two big boys put their heads down and with tears running down their cheeks sobbed like little children, thanking the Lord for our coming into their home and promising us that with the help of the Lord, they would turn over a new leaf and do right in the future.

After we had finished Weber County, we went to Salt Lake County. It was then getting late in the season, and we couldn't visit very many wards, but we had excellent results. That mission which was performed by different people who were called as I was, performed a wonderful work and resulted in a great amount of good. The group that was with me, and they were fine, faithful, devoted men, men of experience, men of faith, did Trojan work to accomplish the mission that we were called to perform.

I don't want to be boastful because I never felt any credit belonged to me, but we enlisted and caused, among those people who were not doing right, three thousand men and boys to repent in that work.

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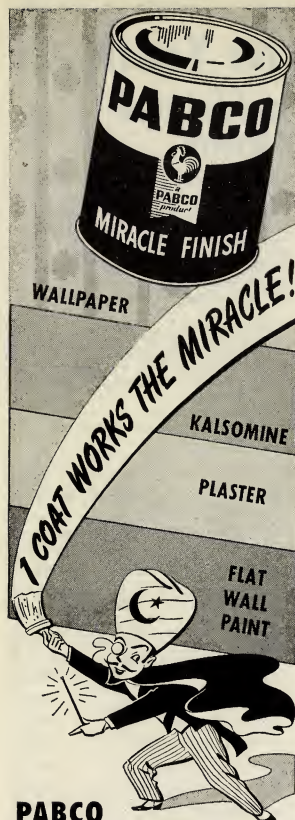
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ROMANCE OF THE BOOK OF MORMON

(Concluded from page 549)

The title page of this 1840 edition carries the phrase "carefully revised by the translator." This was thoroughly checked, years ago, when President George A. Smith was Church historian. It was then found that only about thirty corrections had been made in the 1840 edition over the original edition. For instance: "my" was changed to "they" on page 67 of the Palmyra edition; "hath" to "had" on page 83; "went" to "sent" on page 380; "prisoners" to "provisions" on 387; "sign" to "signal" on 453; and "Angelah" to "Angola" on 521. In seven instances omissions of words or parts of sentences were supplied, and in fifteen, corrections had

been made by omitting superfluous words or tautological expressions.

Although not as valued as the first and second editions, copies of this third edition, like copies of other rare editions of the Book of Mormon, are prized far beyond the original purchase price. Such books are interesting to have, to hold, and to compare with the editions that we know and use today. But if you want to study the text of the Book of Mormon and its inspired contents, buy the latest edition. The inexpensive missionary edition, costing much less than a dollar, places helps and indexes at your fingertips which no previous edition ever had to aid you in grasping the eternal message of the Book of Mormon.

NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

(Continued from page 587)

which liquor could be legally bought, would legalize sale by the drink as well as by the package, and would give retailing into the hands of private promoters whose sole purpose would be to make money, some of whom would likely do as many promoters have always done—try to find ways of circumventing and violating the law. In the state of Utah it is illegal to sell liquor to minors. Under the current law the state will not issue permits to buy liquor to minors—those under twenty-one years of age. The proposed law repeals the section requiring permits. Does anyone believe the private vendor would always make sure that all purchasers were over twenty-one, and that they were otherwise responsible persons?

Under the proposed law licenses are to be issued by cities, towns, and counties. Would there not be a tendency for friends of drinking to unite in efforts to get friends of liquor as commissioners, sheriffs, prosecutors, judges, etc.? What does history teach relative to this matter? Liquor interests are widely reputed to exert a sinister influence in local politics.

The record shows drinking is on the increase among women. What would be the effect on this tendency in Utah if sales by the drink were made in restaurants, clubs, cocktail lounges, etc.?

All Utahans averse to loosening up on liquor laws will stoutly oppose the changes above indicated.

Cocktail Lounges

Behold, it is not coming; it *has come*—the Cocktail America. I lived through a generation of the saloon. Then, no woman could enter a saloon, embrace the brass rail, and ever live down the disgrace. But

I have lived to see a disgrace a thousand-fold deeper.

In one of America's greatest hotels I recently saw a cocktail lounge—I beg your pardon, a "Ladies' Cocktail Lounge"—the largest drinking place I have ever seen in my more than four-score years. The managers told me their average daily customers, totaled three thousand. America's death is in that spot.

Some six hundred years before Christ there lived a hero by the name of Jeremiah. He said: "There are among my people wicked men: they set traps, they catch men." Were Jeremiah living today he would exclaim, "What a perfect picture of the liquor brood and all their cohorts!"

When, alas, this government threw wide open the camps of our boys to the traps of the liquor oligarchy, all the devils in hell clicked their glasses, and all the brewers and distillers held high carnival. They well knew they had set their traps for America of tomorrow. They placed their cards well. They set and baited their traps, and they caught the choice young American manhood.—Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Helms in *The Voice*.

Kathleen Norris wrote:

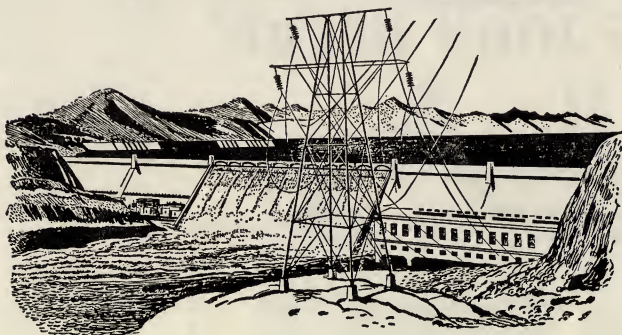
For generations excessive drinking by men has been the curse of helpless womanhood and childhood, has been the creator of want and slums, cruelty and crime.

For generations the struggles of women to curb this curse have represented the one desperate effort of their lives, the one fervent prayer of their hearts.

It is a sorrowful thing, it is a bitter reflection upon the code and character of American women today, that this curse is being extended to include them; that thousands of our women—and by no means our poorest women, by no means the women who have sunk to the lowest stage of degradation—are voluntarily placing themselves in the group of the drunkards.—*Chicago Herald American*, September 28, 1943.

(Concluded on page 596)

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August 22, 1945
I purchased my John Deere Model "A" Tractor February, 1935. I have farmed an average of 200 acres per year. This year, however, it has covered 258 acres. During those years the entire cost of upkeep will not exceed \$300, including a paint job.—Curtis W. Shaffer, Bridgeport, Indiana.

December 6, 1945
I bought a Model "B" in December, 1939. Just had it in the shop for the first time and the overhauling expense was \$25.22, which is all I have had on this tractor in 6 years of operation.—Joe Yostmayer, Rush Hill, Missouri.

August 30, 1945
In April, 1937, I purchased a Model "B" John Deere Tractor. My total repair bill on this tractor during this time amounted to \$2.00.—Paul F. Hince, Shiner, Texas.

June 8, 1945
I purchased my Model "D" in the fall of 1924 and have used it every season since. During this long life, I have spent in the neighborhood of \$150 for repairs.—Charles A. Kohns, Capoe, Michigan.

November 19, 1945
My John Deere Orchard Tractor is 11 years old, and I have spent less than \$60 for repairs in all that time and the tractor runs as well as it did the first year.—J. C. Knoke, Modesto, California.

August 13, 1945
Do we like John Deere Tractors? Indeed, we do! We own three Model "A's", one eleven years old, one eight years old, and one we purchased this spring. Repairs are hardly worth mentioning. I don't believe we spent over \$50 on all three tractors, and their total years of service adds up to about twenty years.—D. D. Denman, Cortland, Ohio.

ASK YOUR
NEIGHBORS
WHO OWN A
JOHN DEERE

JOHN DEERE
MOLINE - ILLINOIS

No-Liquor-Tobacco Column

(Concluded from page 594)

Cigarets and Alcoholic Beverages

In Utah during the fiscal years 1945, 1946, the figures of sales here given are official:

	1945	1946
Cigarets	\$ 4,978,196	\$ 6,856,215
Beer	11,197,806	12,096,603
Liquor	10,862,677	12,822,668
Total	\$27,038,679	\$31,755,486

Thus the over-all increase for the year 1946 was 17.4%. The over-all increase during the five fiscal years 1941 to 1946 was from \$11,372,056 to \$31,755,486, or 2.8 times.

President David O. McKay says:

GOD has made America great; man must make and keep the nation great.

... I must mention an insidious evil that is destroying, termite-like the foundation of character as well as that of the home and nation. I refer to the appalling increase in the use of tobacco, particularly among the young. Of its uselessness, expensiveness, injuriousness to health, I will say nothing. I shall refer only to its undermining effect on character and to its slovenliness.

(From address "Nobility of Character Essential to a Great Nation," delivered in Salt Lake Tabernacle, Sunday, April 4, 1943.)

Yesterday and Today

(Concluded from page 569)

licity are not possible. Just now the use of such articles would be very valuable.

We are resolved to meet the emergency by bringing into play all of our resourcefulness. When we ourselves have exhausted all possibilities, the Lord's help is always there. Of this, loyal and active members are fully convinced.

The priesthood is united and devoted, and rests on its loyalty to the Church. It awaits closer contact with the other continent. It prays always: Preserve our children, encourage the widows and the orphans, cheer the afflicted and those who mourn, plant in the hearts of thy children the banner of hope and love, and give to them victory over disease and death. May the tender glow of peace, oh, God, come over us and lend us the radiant sun of a new and better world.

(Translated for *The Improvement Era* by Fred Tadjie, former president of the German-Austrian and the Swiss-German missions.)

Ruler of the Crags

(Concluded from page 565)

leaped for the crevice in the wall. He hung there for a split second, seemed actually to bounce to the opposite side of the fissure. Up that yard-wide vertical crack he clambered in apparent defiance of the laws of gravity. With short forelegs spread and his clinging, rubber-like hind hoofs striking wildly for foothold, he scaled a slightly overhanging shelf ten feet above the bench. Below, the wolf was leaping high, scrambling in a desperate effort to drag him down.

The kid bleated for its mother who had vanished. He looked above, but the fissure was shallower there and absolutely smooth. He could climb no higher, and below the gray wolf trotted back and forth, back and forth, waiting for him.

From the ledge trail somewhere overhead came the anxious voice of the mother. The kid answered, then waited. The wolf was searching the entire length of the wall along the bench for a possible means of ascent to the precarious refuge, but he found nothing he could scale.

The kid reared on its hind legs, its little front hoofs testing vainly for a foothold higher up, for a way, however dangerous, that would lead him up to his unseen mother. Again and again he called, but the answering voice was distant, distraught. He was alone, and below him the wolf was waiting.

When the evening feeding time came and the westering sun cast long shadows across the slide courses, none of the band came down. They knew that an enemy lurked below. The sun went lower. The signal star for night to come hung low in the west. The lean upper air seemed haunted by an uneasy foreboding. The kid's thin, despairing call was answered only by the marmot's whistle. All outlines were overcast as night deepened the drab tapestry of the dusk. Only the stealthy padding of the wolf's feet reached the ears of the young mountain goat.

ONCE again the slow fingers of the dawn reached over the southeast ranges, shredded out the thick curtain of the night, tinting the snowfields with faint color. On the cliff top the goats were stirring. Hungry, deprived of food the evening before, they stood near the

(Concluded on page 598)

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RULER OF THE CRAGS

(Concluded from page 597)

commencement of the down trail, Blackspike at their head.

Below on the slide courses was food; below also was an enemy different from any Blackspike had ever known. There was an implied challenge in its presence on the mountaintop where for so long he had been supreme. One of the kids moved impatiently. A moment later, in a stolid, matter-of-fact way, Blackspike commenced the descent.

A lifetime of confidence in his ability to outclimb any enemy fortified him. Every morning for several summers he had been among the first to take this tortuous path to the feeding grounds. The band followed in a straggling line. Lower and lower they went, and not until he had rounded a turn twenty feet above the bench did Blackspike become aware of the wolf standing at the junction of the bench and the trail.

The wolf's fangs bared in a silent threat. Blackspike's head went down, and his hoofs smote the rock angrily. The ragged tufts of hair on his shoulder rose, and he took a few threatening steps down. The wolf stood its ground, but still the old king of the range advanced, his eyes glowering beneath his lowered horns.

Instead of retreating down the path to the cliff base, the wolf backed onto the ledge, determined to stand between this intruder and the kid it had trapped in the crevice. Above, several of the band stood on the narrow shelf at the turn, half minded to pivot on bunched hoofs and go back the way they had come. But Blackspike had no intention of going back. He snorted, pitched his head warningly and came straight for the enemy in a series of short, stiff-legged jumps.

A thin, excited bleat came from the kid at sight of one of its kind. The wolf leaped sideways and back. Often, far below in the river valley, he had dragged down deer much larger than this ungainly animal. A flashing rush at an undefended flank would give him the victory. He backed off, swerved, waiting his chance. Then suddenly he seemed to realize that Blackspike's attack was deliberate, that the goat did not merely want to pass down the path, but instead was in-

tent on closing with him. He crouched and began to circle.

But always that awkward body swung to face him, always it advanced step by step, forcing him against his will to the far end of the bench. A rumbling, barbaric growl came from his throat. His confidence deserted him, and he realized that he was battling for his life.

SNOTTING at every abrupt jump forward, Blackspike was blocking him from reaching the down-trail. On the wolf's right and behind him the sheer side of the cliff loomed. He fainted, dodged, and with head sweeping low snapped at a foreleg. One rapier spike raked his shoulder, and he flung himself clear. Like a flash Blackspike was on him again, driving hard, leaving him no room for crafty maneuvering. And at that instant the kid, seeing a chance to escape, left its shelf in a scrambling rush and gained the level rock. Its little hoofs went pounding along the up-trail toward its mother.

With a last throaty exhalation of rage, the wolf flung himself straight at Blackspike's throat. The two jet horns came forward and up, and, as the combatants staggered toward the drop-off of the ledge, horns and fangs locked them together.

The lurching of that powerful body all but threw Blackspike from his feet. With every ounce of strength in his tough neck he tried to shake free. He stumbled, came to his knees, the wolf's body half across his neck. Then with a final Herculean effort he reared up and shook clear and, hoofs on the crumbling edge, saw the enemy go jolting down the steep pitch to the heather sixty feet below. For a full moment the wolf lay there, then, coming to its feet, limped down the slope toward the shadowy forest far below.

Stolid, ungainly, the ruler of the crags watched the gray form thread its way over the uneven ground to timberline. Blackspike had kept his kingdom inviolate.

From a rivulet far down the slide courses a water ousel greeted the return of day with riotous delight. The full dawn lay on the snow fields in slowly deepening pools of color. From his lookout the marmot whistled cheerily as Blackspike led his band to feed unmolested on the mountainside.

These Times

(Concluded from page 554)

tice, but rather an elaborate set of political and ethical doctrines, based on the Roman Catholic faith, which historically have been applied in whatever system of government Catholics have inhabited. Yet, Professor Oakeshott believes that Catholicism is a vital ingredient in the shape of things to come.

THE roots of state intervention in the modern economic order go back to the mid-nineteenth century. What has caused it? (1) Technology and industrialization, (2) economic depression, (3) war.

TECHNOLOGY brought urbanization, then collectivization through giant corporations and giant labor organizations. The twenty or thirty giant corporations that dominate American business are much easier to control by big government than half a million individual small businesses. Depressions and unrest brought the demands for government control. War not only caps the climax, but after postwar depressions, people say (as Americans said after 1929), "The government did it in wartime, why not in peacetime?" Right now, most people expect government to solve the housing, food, and clothing problems of America.

IN democracies, people have to learn not to ask for what is not good for them, for, to the democratic politician, "The customer is always right." Therefore we must be careful not to ask for things we do not want. We must find out what is good and what is bad and ask only for that which is good.

THEN we shall have to learn how to organize and control society in terms of the centralizing implications of technology. How many private businessmen can invest two billion dollars in an Oak Ridge plant? How avoid more and more concentration of authority as the atomic age proceeds? How organize and control the authorities necessary to that age?

Too, we shall have to learn how to eliminate depressions without making economic life static—full employment opportunities but not "fixed" employment. Finally, war as organized social conflict, and the highroad to a totalitarian world, must be eliminated. Here are some good opportunities for a gospel genius—to solve these human problems.

THESE times afford a wonderful occasion for men of future greatness to learn of "... things which have been,

things which are, things which must shortly come to pass. . . ." (D. & C. 88:79.) Knowing is prerequisite to shaping a better world. "Men are that

they might have joy"; but the prophets also teach that men cannot be saved in ignorance of the times in which they live.

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A CHALLENGE TO YOUTH

(Concluded from page 561)

wished it could have been or how poignant was his grief.

As I heard the testimonies of the returned veterans here this morning who testified that because of their clean living they believed they had come back safe. I wondered what the parents of those boys who didn't come back have thought. Have they wondered if their boys fell because, somehow, they had not proved true? The words of the scriptures must bring consolation to those who thus question. Said a great prophet-warrior:

Do ye suppose that, because so many of your brethren have been killed it is because of their wickedness? I say unto you, if ye have supposed this ye have supposed in vain: for I say unto you, there are many who have fallen by the sword; and behold it is to your condemnation;

For the Lord suffereth the righteous to be slain that his justice and judgment may come upon the wicked; therefore ye need not suppose that the righteous are lost because they are slain; but behold, they do enter into the rest of the Lord their God. (Book of Mormon, Alma 60:12,13.)

What a great promise and what a great consolation to those whose sons have gone to their eternal rest!

It has been suggested that we should bow our heads for just a brief moment, in obedience to our feelings, and give silent reverence to the boys who are not with us here tonight.

[Then followed a moment of silence.]

Now that you are back home, you

Latter-day Saint boys, go to the homes of the parents whose sons are being missed so greatly. Give comfort to those who stand in need of comfort, and mourn with those who mourn. There are those who have strayed away on forbidden paths, and they did not meet with you very often in your groups out there. They are not here tonight. You, better than anyone else, can go out and reclaim those boys. May we place that upon you as a charge?

Remember that you are apt to become a prey to some who are teaching false philosophies which contradict the basic principles of honesty and high civic morality. Our anxieties are increased when we read things such as appeared in this morning's paper. This is datelined Los Angeles:

Ten out of one hundred and thirty thou-

sand work. The state paid a hundred and thirty thousand claimants unemployment insurance here this week. In the same period, marked by urgent pleas from agriculturists, eleven men signed up for orange-picking jobs while several thousand other jobs are open.

I hope our Latter-day Saint boys will never be in the ranks of those who are drawing the so-called "arm-chair compensation." Be true to the name you bear. This pioneer land was never reclaimed by men who sought to draw that kind of compensation. Latter-day Saints who have come back, may we plead with you to forbid any such practice!

May I mention one thing more. This year in some states there will come a test at the voting polls to see whether or not we shall have open sale of liquor in saloon fashion. You have seen the deadly effects of these things in the service. Now, as you come back and have a chance to vote your convictions, may we again plead with you young men, you young women, and your companions, to forbid a step towards the establishment of sales by drink in saloons which will place curses upon your children that you have hoped might be forbidden from the peaceful valleys where your homes are. May we call upon you to become a militant organization in forbidding such a program!

Finally, may I bring to you this thought as we welcome you home here now, in this great meeting. The Lord has said:

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne. (Rev. 3:20,21.)

Latter-day Saints, returned war veterans, may you learn to wait patiently on the Lord, to get the comfort that comes from such communion. May you see that figure of the Master standing at your door and knocking, and if you will open the door by living the gospel of Jesus Christ, he will come in to you and sit down with you in the solution of problems that are too great for human strength or wisdom.

God bless you as we welcome you home and bid you into the company of the faithful who are here in these valleys, I pray humbly, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Father Lehi's Children

(Continued from page 559)

best citizens of that land. They are intelligent, many of them are well educated, and most of them reflect in some degree their noble heritage.

To this land of the Lamanites, the land which has furnished so many external evidences of the authenticity of the Book of Mormon, went recently President George Albert Smith on a truly Lamanite mission.

Since the first mission to the Lamanites called by direct revelation in 1830, probably no more important mission to the Indians has been undertaken by any member of the Church. Because of the nature of the mission it could be performed best by the President of the Church. It was the first time in the history of the Church that a President had visited the Saints in the Mexican Mission, and it proved to be a time of rejoicing among the people, many of them Lamanites and many others of the house of Israel through other genealogical lines.

The purpose of the visit of President Smith was to welcome back into Church activity some hundreds of members who had been out of harmony for the past ten years. When that important step was taken by this group of Father Lehi's children, it must have caused great joy in the spirit world among those who had labored and given their lives for the salvation of the people who sprang from the little group who left Jerusalem by command of God and established a great civilization in a new land.

Father Lehi, next to the Master himself, could well be envisioned as leading the rejoicing among his descendants, the Book of Mormon prophets, down to Moroni, last of the Nephites, who mourned the fate of his own people and that of the Lamanites, because of their disobedience.

The return of this large group to the fold occurred in Mexico City. For several years Elder Arwell L. Pierce, now president of the Mexican Mission, and himself a native of Mexico, had labored with great zeal to bring about this result. Knowing the Mexican people, through life-long contacts, and understanding and respecting them and knowing their origin and destiny, he was es-

(Concluded on page 602)

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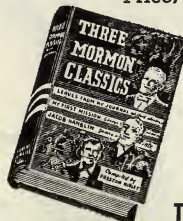
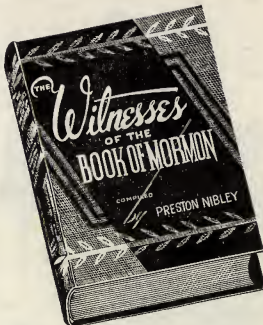
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Father Lehi's Children

(Concluded from page 601)

pecially qualified to counsel and guide these Lamanite brethren in this most important action.

Bringing with them an outstanding choir to furnish special musical numbers for the various conference sessions and accompanied by their leaders, the returning Saints participated in the exercises in humility and sincerity.

The dramatic highlight of the impressive occasion came when one of the leaders of the reconciled group, declared: "There is only one President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and he is here today: There is only one president of the Mexican Mission, and he is here today."

Reports indicate that no group of Saints anywhere has received the President of the Church more cordially, more respectfully, or more reverently than these descendants of Father Lehi received President George Albert Smith. And certainly no Church official who ever visited Mexico ever greeted them with more friendliness, more deference, or with more interest in their welfare.

To Father Lehi's children we are indebted for the preservation of the early records taken from Jerusalem, for the earliest written history of this continent, and for the fullness of the gospel of Jesus Christ as contained in the Book of Mormon. For these contributions to our knowledge and the contributions yet to come, the whole world eternally will be under obligation to these descendants of Joseph, who are destined to play stellar roles in the drama of life in the Western Hemisphere.

Father Lehi's children are numerous. Their destiny is made clear by prophecy both ancient and modern. They are God's children. At the proper time, those who prepare themselves will play important roles in the nations in which they live. Much as they have contributed to the world in the past, their contributions of the future will undoubtedly be much greater. Much as representatives of their race have been honored in the past, greater honors lie in the future.*

A people of prophecy and of destiny are Father Lehi's children.

*"This Is the Place" Monument, to be dedicated July 24, 1947, as a part of Utah's Centennial Celebration includes an heroic size bronze statue of Washakie, chief of the Shoshone Indians. Other recognitions of Lamanites are under consideration.

Your cleaning

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PAR-icular Housewives

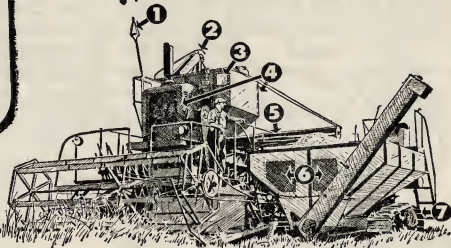
Ideas from a neighbor's farm

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

Machines equipped by the Heidrick brothers on their farm near Woodland, California, incorporate ideas that make for extra efficiency. Ideas at work in their rice fields (indicated by numerals on machine and below) include . . .

1. Flag operated from driver's seat signals bank-out rig when combine is ready to unload bin
2. Curved rod can lift telephone wires as much as 3 feet as combine moves into and out of fields
3. Window in bulk bin permits combine operator to check fullness of bin by glance over shoulder, without stopping machine
4. Two 60 h.p. Diesel engines — mounted ahead of and behind bulk tank — give plentiful power with

Everywhere you look — Time and Grain Savers

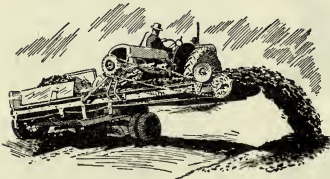
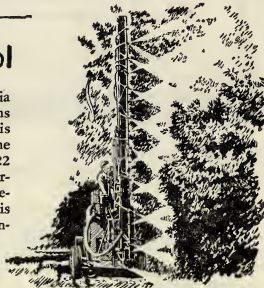


reduced fuel costs. One engine powers threshing mechanism — the other propels combine

5. Extra large 12-inch pipe with built-in screw conveyor speeds unloading of grain into bank-out rig
6. Screen windows in front of bank-out rig aid driver at rear to avoid obstacles when driving to combine before tank has filled
7. Tracks equip bank-out rig to operate over any kind of ground, in any weather

Getting up in world Pays in Pest Control

This new boom sprayer for fighting scale and brown rot in California citrus orchards has a 22-foot main tower, maximum capacity of 140 gallons per minute. Developed by K. W. Loucks, of Yorba Linda, the sprayer is hand-regulated to various tree heights by an operator stationed at the boom. Cut-off valves control nozzles on the upper part of the boom. 22 "guns" spaced at 16 inches in two series set at different angles, are operated simultaneously by a small motor. For supplemental coverage in close-up work, an independent 12-foot stationary upright with 10 nozzles is provided. Pressure is maintained at 500 pounds. The sprayer gives intensive tree coverage while moving at about 1 to 1½ miles an hour.



Homemade Machine Builds Terraces — Stops Soil Erosion

Instead of buying or renting road machinery to terrace his Texas farm land, J. E. Hancock of Lubbock built the original terracing machine you see in action here. The Texas A. and M. College Extension Service is interested in it. Pulled by tractor around contour of field, this machine throws a stream of dirt to build terraces. Mechanism consists of the scoop and elevator portions of a potato digger hooked up with a cross conveyor belt. These units are powered by an auto engine mounted above and to one side of the elevator. Dirt is scooped up, loaded aboard the machine, then fed off to side by conveyor.

A Modern Safeway idea is on-the-ground buying



Safeway divisions which buy farm produce for Safeway stores maintain offices all through the areas where the produce is grown. In telephone directories these Safeway divisions are listed as "Easwest Produce Company."

Each Safeway buying division specializes in buying certain specific kinds of farm produce. So Safeway men are able to keep close in touch with local growing conditions on each crop, and they know local grower problems. Safeway buyers do not accept commissions, allowances or brokerage fees. They pay the going price or better, never offer a price lower than producer quotes.

- 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 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

Kill Noxious Weeds at the Roots!

THIS PULLING NOXIOUS WEED TOPS IS DRUDGERY AND NEVER SEEMS TO GET ME ANYWHERE. I'VE BEEN DOING IT FOR YEARS.

I HAVE NO NOXIOUS WEEDS NOW, THANKS TO A MACK ANTI-WEED GUN AND A FEW GALLONS OF CARBON BISULPHIDE USED YEARS AGO. THE COST WAS MODERATE AND THE JOB WAS EASY.

I KILLED THE WEEDS AT THE ROOTS.



Try it, not sometime, but NOW!

CARBON BISULPHIDE

through a Mack Anti-Weed Gun

will kill those deep-rooted noxious weeds that are taking your farm—one application kills morning glory, knotweed, whitetop and many others. Send for circular 212P and learn more about this tried and well proven material.

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TEA GARDEN PRESERVES taste like home-made because they're made like home-made. Same fine table fruit—orchard-ripe and fresh...same pure sugar...same slow, gentle cooking, so the fruit is true in color, rich in flavor.

MENU HIT!

To give your menu a fling serve two or three kinds of Tea Garden Preserves... put them in a sectional glass dish to show off their appetizing colors!



Evidences and Reconciliations

(Continued from page 577)

springing up everywhere. It had the possibilities of a metropolis. A city of Zion was platted, and duly recorded with the city officials. Lands were bought by the people within the projected city, to be laid out as city lots, just as is done today in growing localities. Farm lands were also secured in the vicinity of the "city." Industrial and commercial enterprises were begun, such as a tannery, sawmill, printing establishment, and mercantile organizations. In short, the Church planned to establish here an important center of its spiritual and material activities, and Church members cooperated in the regular ways of business.

The older settlers saw themselves surrounded by the abhorred "Mormons." They feared that their own prosperity was jeopardized by the larger, active plans of the Church. The "Mormon"-haters there, of whom there were many, diligently fostered this nonsensical fear.

When the Saints began to buy land, the fear vanished speedily. If the price were right, and it was usually greatly inflated, the land-owners were quite willing to sell, even to "Mormons." Often, the buyer paid some money down, with the owner holding the mortgage. There was always then the possibility that the "Mormons" could not continue their payments, and the property would revert to the owners through foreclosures. That was one way to make money.

At that time, as every student of American history knows, there was in the Kittland region and elsewhere a severe inflation. Settlements were planned everywhere. Land prices rose far beyond the ability of the land to repay. Wild speculation was evident. Money was spent freely. The national bank was defunct by congressional action. Paper money issued by local banks flooded the country.

The Latter-day Saints were caught in this whirling excitement. Undoubtedly, many members of the Church bought lands at excessive prices. Industrial enterprises were financed in part by borrowing. Merchants bought goods at inflation prices, feeling secure that equally

*Kennedy, op cit., pp. 155, 156

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Evidences and Reconciliations

increased retail prices would yield them a profit.

At the height of this economic drunkenness came the financial panic of 1837. The speculative bubbles burst. Just as in other such panics, communities that could not pay their debts were ruined. Banks by the hundreds failed throughout the country. Speculation, not dishonesty, was at the bottom of the calamity, though frequently, dishonest persons took advantage of the situation.⁷

During this period, before the panic, members of the Church with full Church good will, undertook to form a bank, in which the common good should be paramount. Because of this idealism, and probably also because of anti-"Mormon" feeling, the application for a state charter was refused.

Then the Saints undertook, in 1836, to form the Kirtland Safety Society Anti-Banking Company. This was to be an industrial stock company. The management was to be in the hands of the respective occupations: agriculture, mechanical arts, and merchandising. The articles of incorporation included some farseeing principles which would have been very beneficial to the stockholders had the society continued. Paper currency, or due bills, was issued by the society as was the custom in that day.

When the financial panic broke, this company collapsed before it had really begun to operate fully. The collapse was hurried by dishonest employees. Each stockholder was obligated, under the terms of the agreement, to redeem the currency issued to the extent of his holdings in the concern. But many of these persons had secured their stock by pledging lands at the prevailing inflated values. When the worth of the lands fell to a fraction of the former values, the society had to bear the loss. Other stockholders had also lost money in the debacle and could make no redemption of the currency for which they were responsible. Yet a brave attempt was made, and most of the debts of the company was paid.

(Continued on page 606)

⁷Chas. A. and Mary R. Beard, *A Basic History of the United States*, pp. 234, 235; J. T. Adams, *The Epic of America*, pp. 211-213.



A girl must know how high she stands

In that young man's affection,

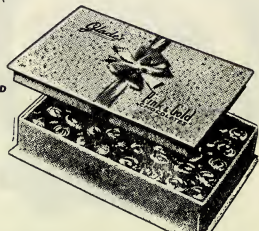
Who thinks of her then chooses Glade's .

The brand of such perfection!



IF IT'S GLADE'S IT'S GOOD

Glade's
CHOCOLATES



For the MISSIONARY ...

HIS MANY MANSIONS, by Rulon S. Howells, is a brief survey of 13 leading Christian churches—their beliefs, history, and organization. Authoritative . . . concise . . . understandable. Especially helpful to the missionary, teacher, or student of contemporary religions.

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Evidences and Reconciliations

(Continued from page 605)

All reputable writers on the subject, even many unfriendly to Joseph Smith, agree that in forming the Kirtland Anti-Banking Safety Society there was no dishonest motive, rather a high altruistic one. It was one of hundreds of similar failures during a nationwide panic. Joseph Smith himself resigned his office in the bank and disposed of his interest in it.

As far as possible the currency of the Society had been redeemed, but some was still among the people. It seems also that some of the redeemed currency had been stolen from the vaults and was being offered for sale by the thieves. The honesty of the Prophet was evidenced by the fact that after the failure, he inserted a signed notice in *The Messenger and Advocate*, warning people against investing in the currency of the society for possible redemption.

CAUTION

To the brethren and friends of the church of Latter Day Saints, I am disposed to say a word relative to the bills of the Kirtland Safety Society Bank. I hereby warn them to beware of speculators, renegades and gamblers, who are duping the unsuspecting and the unwary by palming upon them those bills which are of no worth here. I discountenance and disapprove of any and all such practices. I know them to be detrimental to the best interest of society, as well as to the principles of religion.—Joseph Smith Jun.

Later he inserted a more emphatic notice for three successive weeks, in *The Nauvoo Neighbor*.⁸

In the wild orgy of inflation, people in the Kirtland section who held mortgages on lands, tried to collect on the excessive prices, rather than to receive their lands or to accept the normal prices. This led to legal and personal troubles, aimed in the main at the "Mormons" who were blamed for whatever happened, on earth, in the moon, or the sun.

Pathetically the Prophet writes in his journal about the Kirtland Safety Society that

... no institution of the kind, established upon just and righteous principles for a blessing not only to the Church, but to the whole nation, would be suffered to continue its operation in such an age of darkness, speculation, and wickedness.⁹

One act of the society, malicious-

⁸*Messenger and Advocate*, August 1837, p. 560; *Nauvoo Neighbor*, June 12, 19, and 26, 1844.

⁹*History of the Church*, Vol. II, p. 497.



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Evidences and Reconciliations

ly played up against the Prophet, shows the venom of anti-"Mormon" writers, and reflects the boundless depths to which hate may go. In the expectation that the state would approve the request for a bank charter, Oliver Cowdery had secured the necessary printed currency in Philadelphia. When the charter was refused, and the new society formed, rather than go to the expense of printing new bills with the delay that would be occasioned, the old bills were used, but there was printed on them additional words that clearly designated the name of the society. As honest people, they did not foresee the evil use that would be made of their action. In fact, this use of the bills shows the essential honesty of the people. They could not hope to hoodwink intelligent people by such a transparent device. Detractors of "Mormonism" make themselves ridiculous by this charge.

Decently examined, the Ohio events culminating in 1837 show no dishonesty on the part of Joseph Smith or most of his people. "Mormons" and non-"Mormons" were caught in a deluge which they could not control. The persecution of the "Mormons" in that Ohio period throws shame upon the people who were parties to it.

However, enemies to the Church assisted by apostates from the Church, fomented a persecution so furious that Joseph Smith to save his life, not to escape his debts, was forced to leave the state.

Wherever the Prophet operated, he preached honesty and practiced it—that is the conclusion of any person who will examine, with an unprejudiced eye, his writings, and record.

It is beyond belief that a dishonest person would write in his journal, as Joseph Smith did: "... it is the delight of my soul to be honest. O, Lord, that Thou knowest right well."²⁰

Read:

History of the Church, Vol. II.
Comprehensive History of the Church, Vol. I: chapter 31 (pp. 393-413.)

W. A. Linn, *The Story of the Mormons*, Book II, chapter 5, pp. 142-152 (1902 ed.).

J. H. Kennedy, *Early Days of Mormonism*, pp. 153-173 (1888 ed.)

—J. A. W.

²⁰*Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 281

SEPTEMBER 1946

The Salt Lake Tribune Brings You Fall Fashions



Sunday, September 8, the Salt Lake Tribune presents a full 24-page rotogravure showing of new fall fashions! Grace Grether, Tribune women's editor, visited New York in July... personally interviewed the world's leading designers... saw this fall's clothes being sketched, advance models being made.

The high fashions she viewed are brought you in The Tribune of September 8. Stores and shops, in addition, add their own exclusive pictorial record of this gala fall.

Here is a section every woman will want to read... the gay, glorious outpouring of the new season.

To receive this section — plus a full month's subscription to the Daily and Sunday Salt Lake Tribune, clip and mail the coupon.

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Salt Lake Tribune
Salt Lake City 1, Utah

Please send me The Salt Lake Tribune for one month, including the Fall Fashions issue of September 8. I enclose \$1.50. (If you live outside the Intermountain states, please send \$1.75).

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(This offer is restricted to the continental United States. Orders must be received in our office by September 8, 1946, to receive the Fall Fashion Section.)

The Salt Lake Tribune.



"THE M.I.A. MARCHES ON"

M.I.A. "Key of Happiness" Float in Fourth of July parade at Bountiful, Utah, depicted the forward marching of the Mutual Improvement Association everywhere. Thousands lined the shady side of the streets to view the mile-long parade, which was dotted with many floats, representing various organizations of wards of South Davis Stake.

Photograph by Daisy G. Roberts

Essential Labor

"She's got the leading part in a theater."
"Start?"
"No, head usher."

No Trouble at All

"Are you having any difficulty meeting expenses?"
"Absolutely not. I meet them at every turn."

Could Be Contagious

Absent-minded professor: "Mary, I believe I have lost the road."
His wife: "Are you sure that you had it when you left the house?"

Nothing Hidden

"What do you know about your neighbors?"
"Everything. I go home with them every night on the interurban bus."

What He Wanted

Student: "Did you give me my grades in round numbers?"
Professor: "Yes, I gave you zero."

Late

"Have you anything to offer the court before sentence is passed upon you?"
"No, your honor; my lawyer took the last dollar I had."

Early Bird

"In my day I was a bird of a stenographer."
"I know the kind. Sort of an Underwood pecker."

Choice

"How many pieces of candy do I get for a penny?"
"Oh, two or three."
"I'll take three."

Yes and No

"You couldn't loan me five dollars, could you?"
"No, but how did you know?"

Typed

"How would you classify a telephone operator?" said the census taker. "Is it a business or a profession?"
"Neither. It's a calling."

Point of View

"Did you summer in the country?"
"No, I simmered in the city."

Too Much So

"So your brother's an efficiency expert at the fire department?"
"Not any more."
"What happened?"
"He put non-breakable glass in the alarm boxes."

Progress

"One more payment and the furniture is ours."
"Good—then we can throw it out and get some new stuff."



SUNSET MEETING OF SALT LAKE AND RIVERSIDE STAKES

An annual sunset meeting of the Salt Lake and Riverside stakes was held on the Utah State Capitol steps Sunday evening July 7. The meeting was sponsored by the Mutual Improvement Associations commemorating Independence Day. Dr. Royal L. Garff delivered the address and President Lincoln F. Hanks the invocation. Songs were sung by the congregation, and four selections by the Millennial Chorus were rendered under the direction of Bertram T. Willis. Members of Boy Scout Troop 81 presented the flag raising and lowering ceremony. Benediction by Joseph W. Dunlop.

Photograph by Roy N. Holton

FOR YOUR DINNER TABLE
NEXT WINTER



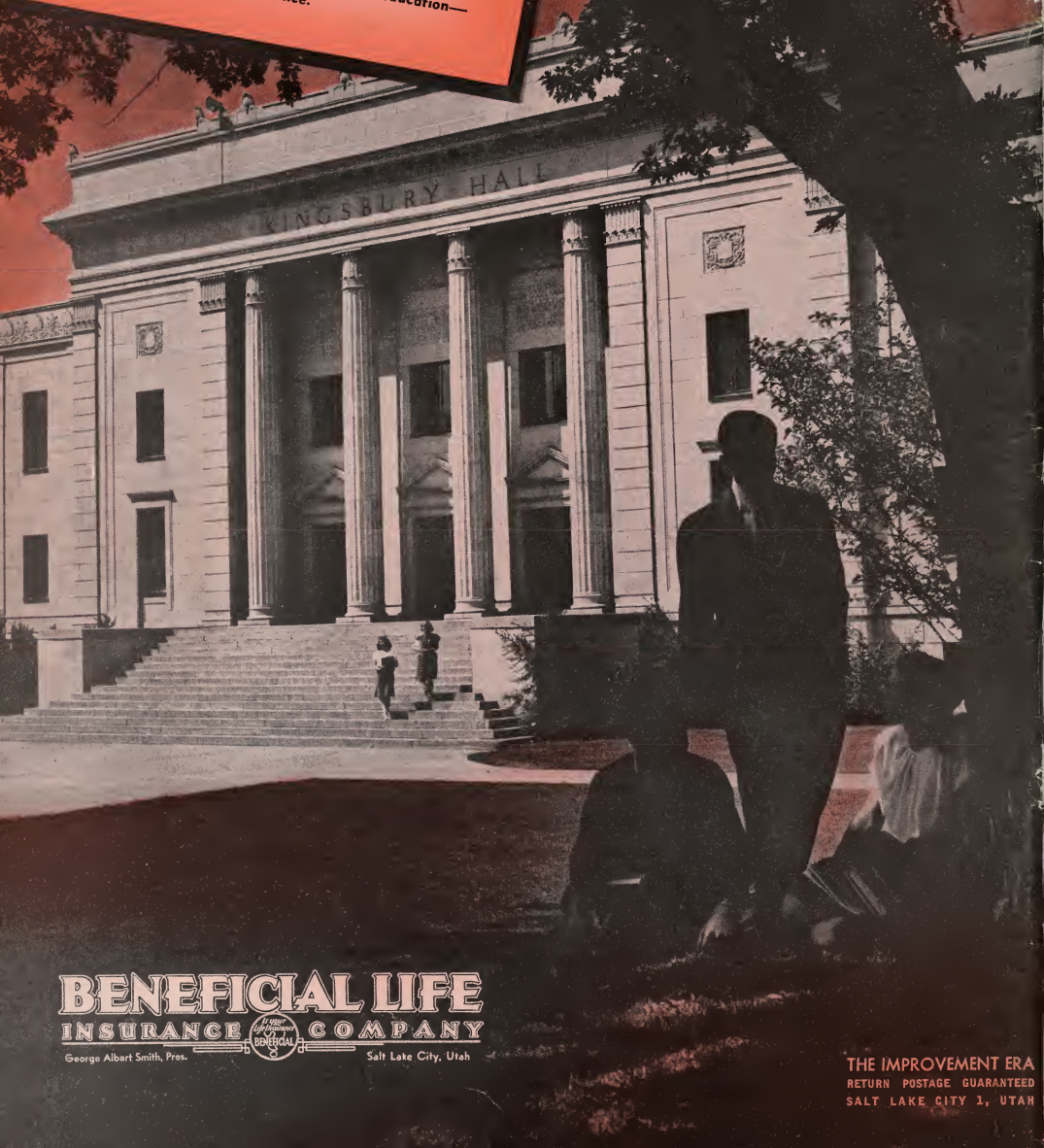
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EDUCATION—

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September is the traditional back-to-school month. This year more students than ever before will be entering our universities. Surely America believes in the divine injunction: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

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